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PUNCH

Vol. CXL.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1911.

ADMONITION

THE
LORD'S
PRAYER

Our Father
in Heaven,
Hallowed be
Thy Name.

Thy Kingdom
come,
Thy will
be done
on Earth
as in Heaven.

Give us
this day
our daily
bread,
and forgive
us our
debts,
as we
forgive
our debtors.

Lead us
not
into
temptation,
but
deliver
us
from
the
evil
one,
the
wicked,
and
the
devil.
For
Thou
art
the
God
and
Father
of
all
mercy,
and
Thou
art
our
Father.
Amen.



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1911.

AP
101
P8
1911



Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.

CALENDAR



F.H. TOWNSEND 1910

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"COME ON, 'ENERY, IT'S FINE. OFF WIV YER CLO'S."

"YUS, AN' GET 'EM STOLE!"



"OH! WHAT DO I DO NOW?"

"LAND IT, OF COURSE, SILLY!"

"BUT—HAVEN'T I GOT TO PLAY IT OR SOMETHING?"



Novice (who had hoped to inscribe "Veni, vidi, vici" in the diary of his three days' deer-stalking). "WELL, MY RECORD CAN BE DESCRIBED AS 'MIST, MIST, MISSED!'"



Despairing Keeper. "CA' THEM OFF! CA' THEM OFF! DIN YE NO MIND NEXT WEEK 'S THE TWAIFTH?"
Territorial Colonel (very much "out of bounds"). "EH, MON, BUT YE CANNOT STOP A BATTLE!"



Edna. "MAMMA, WHEN YOU TOLD NURSIE TO CHANGE MY SHOES, DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE DID?"
Mamma. "No, DARLING." *Edna.* "WELL SHE DIDN'T."



Doting Mother. "AND WHOM DO YOU LOVE BEST, DADDY OR MUMMY?" *Johnny.* "DADDY."
Doting Mother. "OH, BUT, JOHNNY, MUMMY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SO KIND TO YOU."
Johnny. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT WE MEN MUST STICK TOGETHER!"



"GENTLE DISPOSITION! WHY, HE WANTS TO BITE THE HEAD OFF EVERY DOG HE MEETS. I'VE BEEN SWINDLED."
"YOU DIDN'T OUGHT TO KEEP DOGS AT ALL, MISTER. THE ANIMALS YOU OUGHT TO KEEP WIV YOUR TEMPERAMENT IS SILKWORMS!"



Sweet Simplicity. "AND I'LL HAVE A BOTTLE OF THAT DENTIFRINE—(to friend)—I MUST TRY SOME OF THAT. ALL THE ADVERTISEMENTS SPEAK SO WELL OF IT."

THE STRANGER AND THE CAPERCAILZIE.



"I WOKE AT ONCE AND LAID HIM OUT."

He came among us — none knew whence,
 And very few could tell you why—
 Reeking of dollars and immense
 At buying all there was to buy;
 Restored the Castle's ancient state,
 Flung right and left a regal bounty,
 And was regarded as a great
 "Social accession" to the County.

Experts who studied points of style
 Assessed his parentage at *nil*;
 The man, no doubt, had made his pile
 From porkers in Chicago (Ill.);
 Though 'neath the best electric lights
 Much shining armour flanked the gallery
 To prove his sires were noble knights
 Such as occur in Master Malory.



"THE THING THEY CALL A CAPERCAILZIE."

Spoil of the chase, of various brands,
 Dumb witness to his deadly aim,
 Showed he had coursed through many lands
 Extracting all the biggest game;
 On every wall great antlers shone,
 Lettered below in rich enamel;
 At every step you tripped upon
 The hide of some exotic mammal.

And there were legends, tall and steep:—
 "Yon rhino, with the horned snout,
 He charged me in my beauty sleep;
 I woke at once and laid him out!
 That puma's skin—a distant speck,
 I saw him fastened like a vice on
 A galloping bison's gory neck;
 My other barrel dropped the bison!"

Then I: "How relatively trite
 Appears my own poor class of bag—
 A hare, or coney (sitting tight)
 And now and then a paltry stag;
 Nothing outside the common beat:
 Nothing but what is slaughtered daily,
 Except—did you, Sir, ever meet
 The thing they call a capercaillie?"

A moment's pause the Stranger made,
 His brow with furrows overcast,
 As one who seeks by memory's aid
 To recompose the storied past;
 Then, "Sir, I reckon I'd forgot;
 But, now I give it my attention,
 I well remember how I shot
 A sample of the thing you mention.

No head among my trophies here
 Recalls the feat. His fall through air
 Produced an impact so severe
 It spoilt his figure past repair.
 I left him. Though I knew the worth
 Of these superb elusive creatures,
 I knew no stuffing-man on earth
 Could reconstruct his speaking features.

'Twas in the Rockies. There he stood
 Upon the yawning cañon's brink
 (Two bears, emerging from a wood,
 Left me no leisure time to think);
 Full in his heart he took the blow—
 No shot has ever made me prouder—
 Then fell a thousand feet below,
 And had his horns all smashed to powder!"
 O. S.





THE
LONDONERS'
ALPHABET

Every child that means to be smart
Should get this Alphabet off by heart.



A is an Actress who rolls at a rink;
Annoyed to be recognised—I don't think.



B is a Butterfly—O what grace!
I love to see them about the place.



C looks best in a hat that's shady.
C is a back-row Chorus-lady.



D is a Débutante, quite alive
To the number of beans that total five.



E is an Earl, whose pride of race
Is plainly shown on his noble face.



F is a Fairy who ought to appear;
So she will, when she's finished her beer.



G is one of those German waiters
Playing the spy as he hands the taters.



H is a Hobbler, **H** is her Hat,
And she's visiting friends in a top-floor flat.

Punch's Almanack for 1911.



I's an Impostor selling a ring;
Also an Idiot buying the thing.



Here we have **J** in all his glory,
J—best type of our Jewness dory.



K is a Knight who has cornered cheese,
Or painted pictures—whichever you please.



L is a Labour Member—see
How he sits on the Terrace and takes his tea.



M is a Mannequin—want of space
Is the reason I couldn't include her face.



N is a Novelist—ghastly side—
And the stripes on his trousers much too wide



O has his stripes made even wider,
But **O** is simply a rank Outsider.



P is a Peeress who'll unbend
To anyone with a pound to spend.



Q is a Quack, and I much regret
That he mocks at medical etiquette.



R is a Roué, and rather plucky ;
He's just addressed a barmaid as "Ducky."



S is a Socialist on the boil,
Sowing his seed in virgin soil.



T is a Tea-shop girl. Ah, well !
It must be a nuisance to answer a bell.



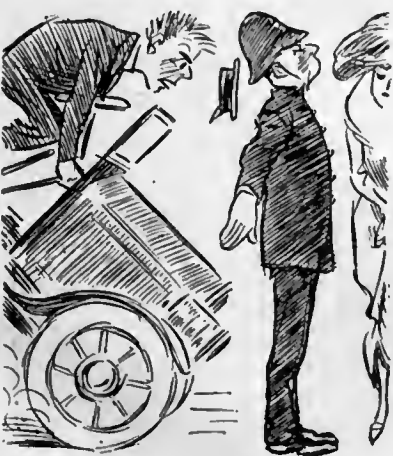
What is the reason why **U**'s annoyed ?
U's a professional **U**n-employed.



A Caterpillar, a horrid hairy'un,
Is worrying **V**, who's a Vegetarian.



Dignity, grace, and beauty too—
The modern **W**altzer is **W**.



X is **X**, and it must be grand
To stop a motor by raising your **H**and.



Y is a Yankee cousin—he
Is all that a husband ought to be.



Z's a Zoologist, tucked in bed—
Rotten—but what can you do with **Z** ?

NEW GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS.



FOR ART CIRCLES. PUTTING THE ARMS ON THE VENUS OF MILO.



FOR COUNTRY HOUSE-PARTIES. "SPOT THE JABBER." THE PLAYER UNDER THE RUG MUST GUESS WHO HOLDS THE FORK.

NEW GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS.



HOME ALPINE SPORTS.



THE OMNIBUS GAME—TO SUIT ALL TASTES.

MINCEMEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

A FEATURE of nearly every juvenile party at this season is Father Christmas, with a cotten-wool beard; and a wonderfully pretty effect is sometimes obtained by setting him alight — like the Christmas pudding.

It is so difficult to know what to give one's wealthy relatives as a Christmas present that it is good to find that an enterprising firm has now produced the very article in the form of "The Millionaire's Pocket Calendar." This is a really magnificent production, measuring three feet by six.

A mistress remonstrated with her new girl for handing her the letters with her fingers. "Always bring in everything on the silver salver," she said. Shortly afterwards she rang for her baby. The stupidity of some servants passes all belief.

Auntie (to little niece who is making faces). "Do you know that when I was young I used to be told that, if I made faces, I should get struck like that for ever." "And did it happen, Auntie?"

A long-haired Scotsman stood silently contemplating a notice in the window of a barber's shop:—

HAIR CUTTING ...	6d.
SHAVE	2d.

Then he went in. "I'll just hae my head shaved," he said.

It was a most unfortunate misunder-

standing. The Minor Poet was striving to impress an old lady with his importance. "Yes," he said, "they've put me in *Who's Who*." "Whose Zoo?" she asked.

A German professor claims to have

Another of Life's Little Tragedies. "Very well, then," cried the eldest son, after a heated controversy with his father, "I leave your house, and nothing will ever induce me to set foot in it again!" and the door slammed behind him. Five minutes

later there was a ring at the bell. He had forgotten his umbrella.

A gentleman who signs his letter "The Other Cheek" writes to complain that he has found a certain book on Manners distinctly misleading. The manual in question recommends you, if you accidentally step on any one's feet, to apologise with the words, "So sorry: your feet are so small that I did not notice them." Our correspondent (who is now convalescent) tried this on a policeman a week ago, and it was not taken at all nicely.

The husband who promised his wife a new mantle for a Christmas present, and then gave her a gas mantle, is, in our opinion—we will not mince words—a despicable cur.

It is again stated that the fringe is coming into fashion in the *coiffure* of ladies. It has been in vogue for some years past among men of a certain class, and, if the ladies are wise, they will



Professor. "I REALLY THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT MY HAT, FOR THIS MORNING SOME LITTLE BOYS ENQUIRED WHERE I HAD PURCHASED IT, AND DO YOU KNOW, MARION, FOR THE LIFE OF ME I COULDN'T REMEMBER."

found a means of abolishing indigestion. He has discovered that cannibals never suffer from this scourge.

To prevent chilblains and chapped hands a medical journal recommends the wearing of kid gloves lined with wool. To prevent chilblains from appearing on the nose a single finger-stall in these materials is sufficient.

look at these and hesitate.

Housewives are complaining that there is quite an epidemic of bad eggs. Is it not possible that this is due to the increase of egg-laying competitions? The birds are in such a hurry to beat the record that they do not give themselves time to make the things properly.

The Princess that Was to be the Prize of Valour.



Now it befell that a certain King had a Daughter who had been long in the Market, and no Takers, and he bethought him that he would let cry a Competition (with no Entrance Fee) and so made Proclamation that Whosoever would slay the Dragon which ravaged his Kingdom should for Reward have the Hand of his Daughter in Marriage. Yet by reason of her Ill Looks no one was taking any and so he was fain to increase the Recompense saying, In Addition I will reward him to the Half of my Kingdom.



Thereupon certain Princes and Knights came to make the Adventure but when they viewed the Princess they straightway departed saying One to Another, Wot o! Not me



But now arose a certain Allan, the Third Son of a Swineherd of that City, and he said, Give me a Sword and Buckler and I will even make the Assay.



Therewithal at Daybreak he met the Dragon and slew him and lightly and fiercely cut off his Head.



Anon he tied the Head up in his Docket-handkerchief, and brought it before the King and laid it down at his feet.

And the King clasped him in his Arms and said, My Son, take her, she is thine.

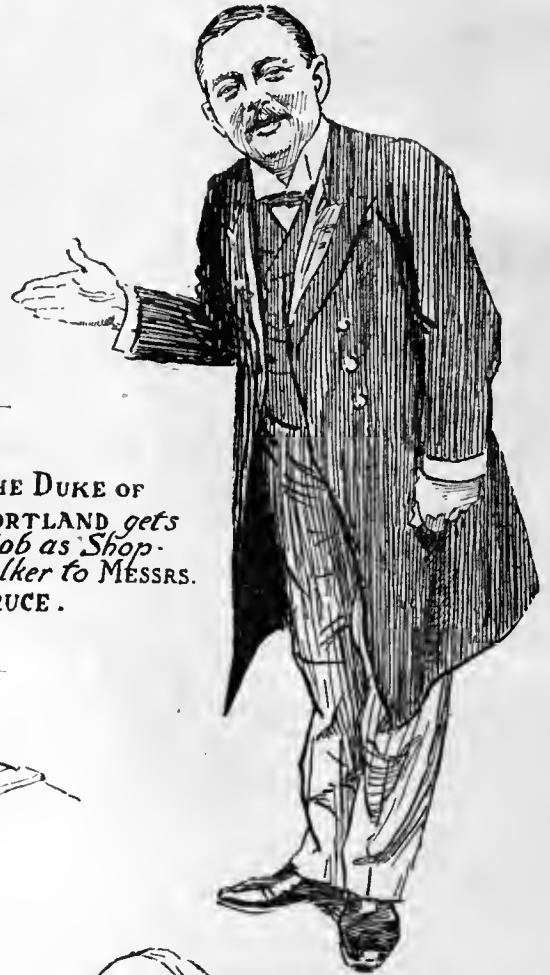


Steady on, said the Swineherd, 'Tis a mo! The Half of thy Kingdom I will take and that right gladly but as for the Head that may not be. Now go Sir? said the King. Sir, said he I would have you to wit that I am already Married.

LORD DESBOROUGH secures the position of Lock-keeper at Boulter's.



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND gets a job as Shop-walker to MESSRS. DRUCE.



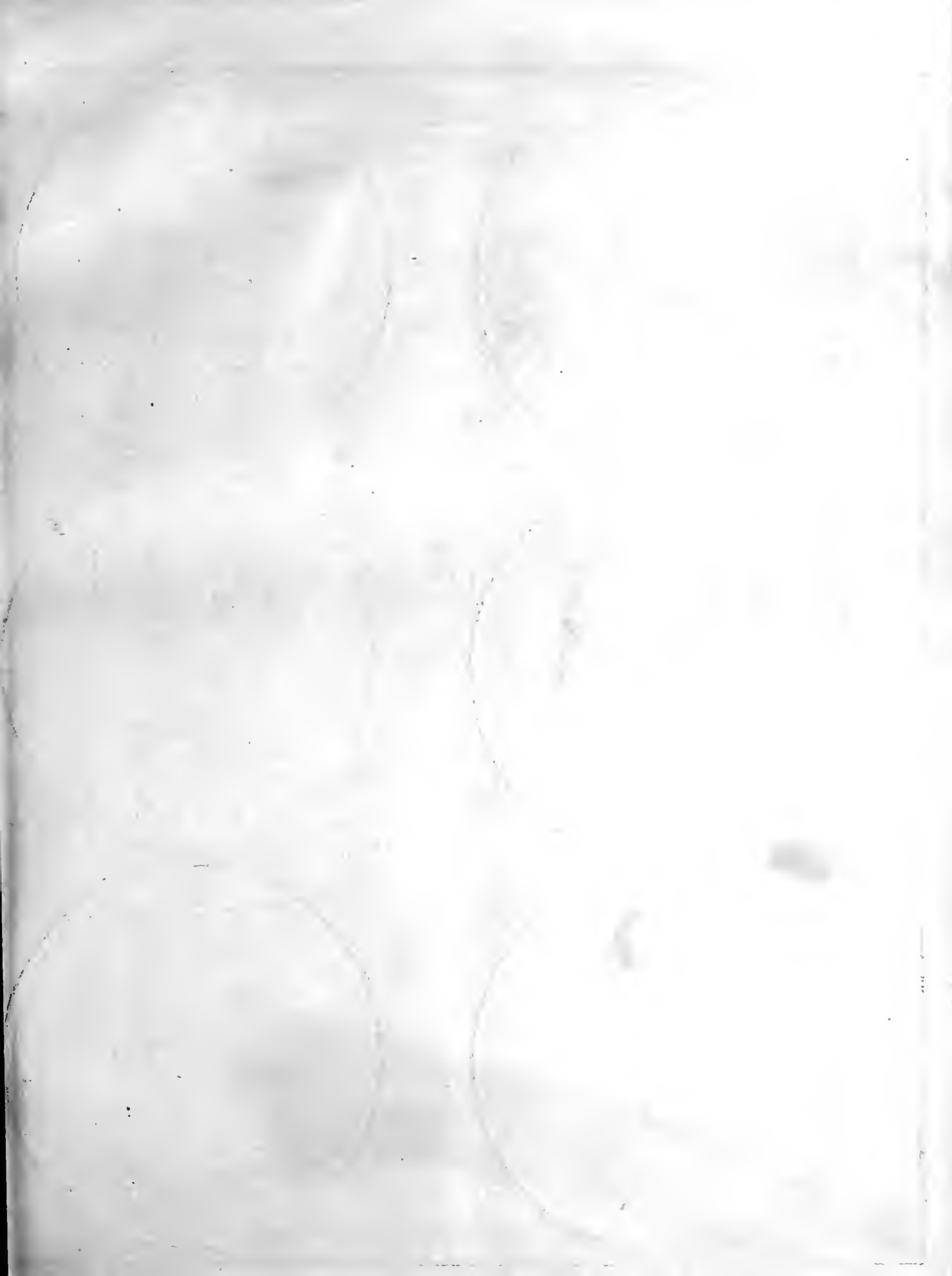
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE tackles the crossing outside his town mansion.



LORD ROSEBERY finds scope for his oratorical talents as a City Toast-master.

MR. PUNCH'S REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOME PRESENT PEERS JUSTIFY THEIR EXISTENCE BY EARNING AN HONEST LIVING.





1.



2.

1. M^R H.G. PÉLISSIER.
2. M^R GEORGE R. SIMS.



5.



6.

5. M^R HALL CAINE.
6. M^R JAMES BRAID.



9.



10.

9. M^R E. SANDOW.
10. M^R ISRAEL ZANGWILL.



3.



4.

3. M^R GEORGE ROBEY.
4. M^R PELHAM F. WARNER.



7.



8.

7. M^R RUDYARD KIPLING.
8. M^R GEORGE ALEXANDER.



11.



12.

11. M^R EDWIN ABBEY.
12. M^R W. W. JACOBS.





LORD SPENCER
at last realises
a long-cherished
ambition, and becomes
an Agricultural Labourer.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK
turns to account
his well-known
skill in the selling
of Old Masters.



LORD LONSDALE has a succès fou as a
Droll on the Variety Stage.



While LORD
RIBBLESDALE
soars to the higher
flights of the
"legitimate.."

Bernard Partridge.

MR. PUNCH'S REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOME PRESENT PEERS JUSTIFY THEIR EXISTENCE BY EARNING AN HONEST LIVING.

THE DISAPPOINTING GHOST.



Gibbering Gilbert.



Punctured Percy.



Geoffrey of the Gloomy Gizzard.



Palsied Pomfret.

A PAGE FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE STORES (PSYCHICAL DEPARTMENT).

THE list of guests for Christmas at the Towers had been made out, and the invitations sent off. Sir George (who consented to anything that demanded no active assistance from him) had approved the names, and had now retired to the library with *The Times*. But he was not destined to sleep for long. There was a tap at the door, and Lady Bendish came in.

"So sorry, George," she said. "Are you busy?"

"I am, rather," said Sir George, taking *The Times* off his head. "What is it?"

"There's something I wanted to ask you about. Don't you think we might *launch out* a little more this year—so as to have a really good old-fashioned Christmas? You know, we have a good many *young* people coming down this time."

"Well, didn't you say something about a Father Christmas coming round at dinner with presents? What more do young people want—or old ones either?"

"It was writing to the Stores about the heard that put it into my head. Will that be enough? Now what about—it is just my idea—getting a *Ghost* in too?"

"A Ghost?" said Sir George thoughtfully.

"Yes; you know, everybody says that this house *ought* to have a Ghost. I thought if I asked the Stores to send one down, a thoroughly nice one, of course, it would amuse the children,

and make the place look more—more *homey*. In most nice houses, you know, they have a ghost who *always* appears on Christmas Eve and—and disappears, and so on."

"Where would you put him?" asked Sir George, after a pause for reflection.

"Oh, a Ghost can sleep almost *anywhere*. I thought the still-room would be a nice quiet place for him."

"I suppose he'd have meals with us, and so on?"

"Of course not! How silly you are. He wouldn't want meals at all. But he could come into the drawing-room after dinner and show us one or two little tricks with the lights out; and when it's wet we can put up the

shutters in the gallery, and he can amuse us there."

"Well, look here, we can't run to much. Everything's so confoundedly expensive nowadays."

"Thank you, dear. I'll just write to the Stores, and tell them we want something *quite* moderate. But he *must* be a gentleman," she said as she went out.

"We are in receipt of your favour of to-day's date," wrote the head of the Psychical Department at the Stores, "and in reply beg to quote you the following lines all of which we can strongly recommend:—

(1) *Palsied Pomfret*—known in the eighteenth century as the "Pride of Poeklington." Our Mr. Pomfret may be described without hesitation as a perfect gentleman, having succeeded to the Poeklington barony on the sudden and lamented death by poison of his uncle, five cousins, father and seven brothers. Palsied Pomfret has met with much success in country house life, and his amusing way of appearing on the stroke of midnight at the bedroom windows, with a rope round his neck, has brought him many admirers.

(2) *Crimson Leonard*. The "Moody Marquis," as he was called in his prime, may be recommended to those who care for something a little more reserved. Crimson Leonard's wailing in the chimney corners is never forced, and, occur-



"He had to ask eight people to point out the direction before he received a coherent answer."

ring as it does at the most unexpected moments, claims the merit of spontaneity—a quality which is sadly lacking in most of the lower-priced ghosts.

(3) *Jasper the Lily-livered*—whose speciality is disappearances. He reappears again in the most unlikely places, thus causing great fun and amusement to the younger members of the house party.

These are our chief lines, and we are able to do you them on strictly moderate terms, viz., 200 guineas a night, together with first-class fares both ways, and washing. In addition to these we have a cheaper article at 100 guineas, at which price we can offer you any of the following: Geoffrey of the Gloomy Gizzard, Spotted Spencer of the Barge, Punctured Percy, Filleted Ernest or the Boneless Dago, Gibbering Gilbert and Sigismund the Split-eared Stevedore.

In conclusion, we may mention, perhaps, a ridiculously cheap line at ten guineas—Reticent Roger of the Rolling Eye—which we can offer on these special terms solely because we are unable to give any guarantee with him. He has been in stock for some years now without exhibiting any decided individuality; and it must be distinctly understood that he can only be sent down at hirer's risk.

Awaiting your esteemed patronage, we have the honour to be, etc."

"It's absurd," said Sir George; "I shouldn't think of giving more than ten guineas."

"Then we shall have to have Mr.—er—Mr. Roger," said Lady Bendish. "I hope he's a gentleman."

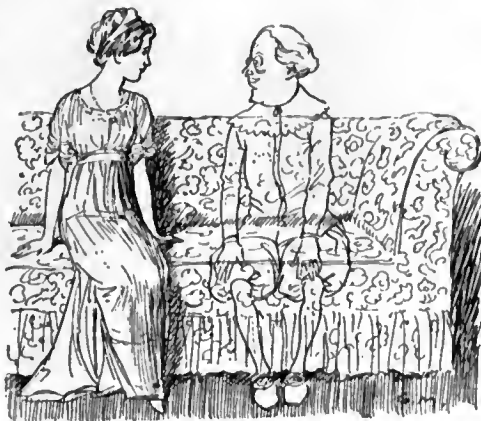
CHAPTER II.

Reticent Roger arrived by the six-twenty on Thursday evening. A trap drove down leisurely to meet him, and covered the three miles back in ten minutes, without him, the horse having been introduced to him a moment too soon. Roger accordingly picked up his bag and set out for the Towers on foot. The country was strange to him, and he had to ask eight people to point out the direction before he received a coherent answer. It was, in fact, instinct which finally led him to his destination.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr.—er—Roger?" said Lady Bendish. "We were just wondering about you. You must make yourself quite at home, please. Everybody says that this is such a quaint old house—just the place for a Gho—for Psychological Research. The house-keeper will show you your room, and see that you have

everything you want. Yes. Then we shall see you in the drawing-room after dinner? How delightful! I am sure you will have many amusing tricks for us."

Reticent Roger bowed low. He was a little puzzled, but he had caught the



Retient Roger's Entry into Society.

word "dinner" safely. He followed the house-keeper upstairs with dignity and a certain sombre satisfaction.

Once in his room he made a careful toilet for the important occasion of his entry into society. His suit was a little old-fashioned, being cut in the knicker-bocker style, of some faded purple plush material; but it had been a good suit in its century, and Roger had always had the utmost confidence in it.

He arrived in a full drawing-room as the clock was striking eight. Lady Bendish, looking considerably surprised, bustled forward to meet him.



The Great Disappearing Trick.

"But I am afraid you are very early," she said; "we haven't even begun dinner yet . . . Ten o'clock at the earliest . . . So silly of them not to have told you . . . However, let me introduce you to Mrs. Somers—she is so anxious to meet you. Clara, dear, this is Mr.—er—R. Roger of the R.E."

"Madam," said the ghost in a faded voice, bowing deeply to a stout Mosaic lady, "your humble servant."

"Let me see, Anna," said Sir George, "who is Mr. Roger taking in?"

Lady Bendish looked uncomfortable. She drew her husband on one side and talked volubly to him. "Nonsense, nonsense," he said. "Since he's here—Angela, where are you? Mr. Roger, will you take in my daughter?"

Angela was young, pretty and romantic, and possessed of a tact which she did not inherit from her mother. Thus, though the most pressing observation seemed to her to be an expression of surprise that ghosts wanted to eat, she did not make it; instead she asked her table companion if he had been to many dances lately.

"I have not been out for two hundred years come Michaelmas," said Roger in his melancholy way.

"Then you haven't seen *The Dollar Princess*?" said Angela. "It's jolly; I've been three times."

Conversation languished for a moment—it is difficult to know what to say to a person who hasn't seen *The Dollar Princess*—and then she tried again.

"Do you mind if we talk about yourself?" she asked.

"I prefer it," said Roger simply.

"Oh, how lovely! Then tell me all about the old Moated Grange and the beautiful Lady Rosamund, and the duel you fought because wicked Sir Hubert insulted her, and how you saved the King's life and—oh, tell me everything about the lovely old times. How I wish I had lived then!"

"I may not say with truth that I saved his Majesty's life," said Roger complacently. "Yet of a surety I measured him for a hat which went through many high adventures with him."

"Measured him for a hat?—what a funny expression," laughed Angela. "It sounds as if you were a hatter."

"I was a hatter," said Roger. There was a stifled scream from Angela.

"The best in Bristol," he added proudly.

"I s—see," stammered Angela.

It was her first great shock. She had had an idea that everybody who lived two hundred years ago was nobly born—that every ghost was the ghost of some member of a titled family. The idea that there might be such a thing as the ghost of a hatter with social aspirations had never occurred to her.

"Whatever you do, don't tell mother," she said at last. "We don't ever talk about trade here."

So for the rest of dinner she told him about life at The Towers and the fun that they had on Christmas Day, and how Father Christmas (who was Bunton the butler) was coming round with a sack of presents, and nobody knew beforehand what they were going to get, because all the parcels were locked up in father's study. And what would Mr. Roger like? because perhaps if she told father—

Reticent Roger thought he would like a Velocipede. He had heard them well spoken of at the Stores some years ago.

CHAPTER III.

By his tactless appearance downstairs before dinner, Ghost Roger had dropped considerably in his hostess's opinion; his performance after dinner caused him to fall out of Society altogether. Never was a Ghost so disappointing.

"Now then, Mr. Roger," said Lady Bendish, "we are all ready. If you would like the lights out, or anything of that sort, please say so."

The Ghost, who was sitting nervously on the edge of a sofa with Angela, looked at her blankly.

"Don't do anything too alarming at first," said Angela with a friendly smile.

"But I don't sing at all," protested Roger.

"How would it be, dear Anna," said Mrs. Somers, "if he disappeared through the ceiling, and came back down the chimney, with his head under his arm? Or some little thing like that. Just for a beginning, I mean; and then work up to something difficult."

"Don't be hustled, Sir," said Lionel Somers. "Take your time."

"I think," said Sir George, "we must leave it entirely to Mr. Roger. No doubt he will think of one or two tricks which will be new to us."

"I want to hear him clank chains," said Mr. Blundell gloomily.

At the word "tricks" the Ghost got up with a pleased little smile.

"I have one small trick," he said, "which I should esteem it a privilege to show you."

"That's right," said Lady Bendish. She turned to her neighbour. "Do you know if it leaves a mark on a carpet when you disappear through it? I shouldn't think so, would you?"

The Ghost rubbed his hands round each other and beamed upon the company. "For this trick," he said, "I shall want a hat and a pack of cards."

He placed the hat on the ground, retired five paces from it, and began solemnly to throw



"In his middle age he had been held to be the best raconteur in Bristol."

the cards in one by one. His aim was poor; half-way through only three had reached their proper destination. The little company watched breathlessly, expecting the *dénouement* at every moment. It was not until some twenty seconds after the last card fell that it

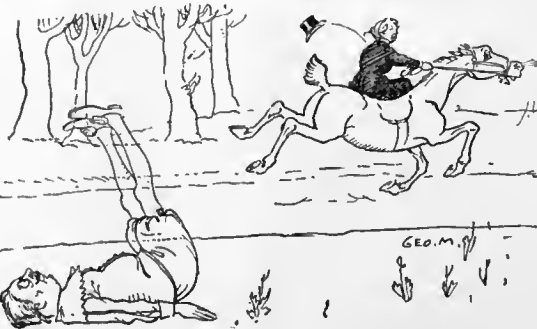


"Taking a steady trot round the sun-dial."

became clear that the trick was complete in itself.

"I'm afraid," said Roger apologetically, "that I am a little out of practice. At my aunt's house at Bristol I once got in no fewer than thirty-seven."

There was a tremendous hush. Then Lady Bendish prepared to speak, and it was obvious that she had something picturesque to say. But Sir George was before her.



"Mrs. Somers . . . met him in the drive doing some kind of Swedish drill."

"One moment, dear," he said. He turned to the Ghost. "Thank you very much. I like that immensely. But—the fact is—most of the—er—Spirits that we—Lady Bendish has met before, have gone in for—have exhibited a certain power of illusion—appearing and disappearing and the like; and we wondered whether perhaps—"

"I have heard tell of them," said Roger with dignity. "There *are* ghosts of the nobility so lost to shame, so entirely without reserve, that they make public spectacles of themselves. For my own part I have always had my pride."

There was another awkward silence. Nobody seemed to know what to say—except Lady Bendish, who murmured to Mrs. Somers, "Then I shall certainly expect to receive the money back." But help was at hand. Miss Mervyn broke in eagerly: "Perhaps Mr. Roger would tell us some stories of those delightfully wicked old times. I am sure he must know a great many."

Roger was not unwilling. In his middle age he had been held to be the best *raconteur* in Bristol. Many a gentleman of those days bought a hat simply in order to listen to him.

"Well," he said complacently, "I can tell you one rather good one. Quite the latest, as you might say."

Mrs. Somers settled herself comfortably in her chair. "Such a sense of humour they had in those days," she said. "So free and unrestrained. *Honi soit*, you know." And she smiled fatly to herself.

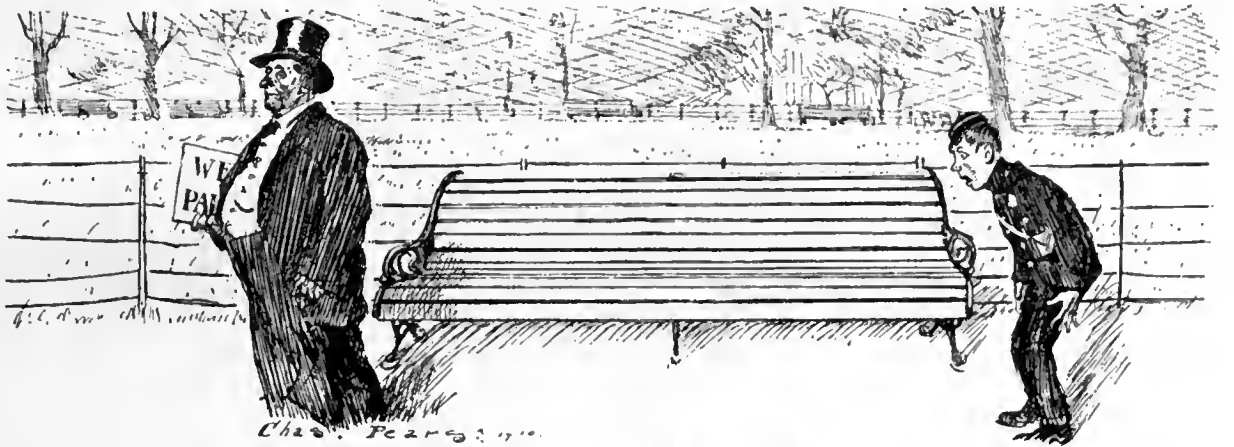
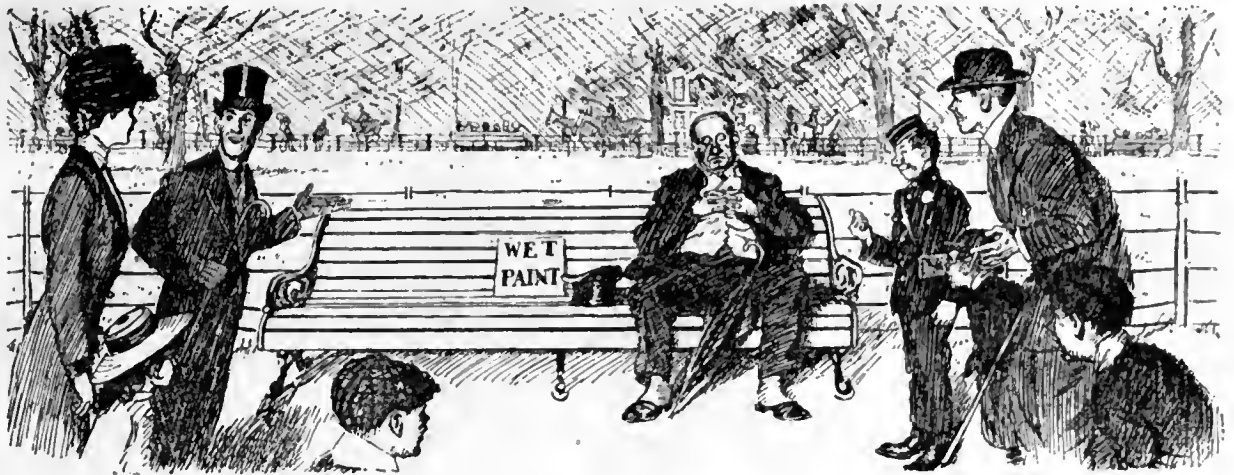
"Of the following events I was an eye-witness," said Roger. "Three men of my acquaintance laid a wager as to who should tell the biggest lie. While they were disputing, a certain dignitary of the Church approached and enquired of them the reason of their quarrel. 'For shame!' he said, when he was made acquainted with the position; 'I have never told a lie.' 'Give him the money,' said my three friends with one accord."

Again there was a solemn stillness—broken at last by a long, low whistle from one of the men. Then Lady Bendish forgot her manners altogether. She walked across to Roger. In her rage she almost struck him.

"Get out of my house!" she cried furiously. "You miserable impostor! Go! Not another word—Go!"

The Ghost looked round the room; no friendly face met him but Angela's. Too dazed to think he stumbled to the door . . .

Outside in the drive, with his bag at his feet, he remembered who he was. The spirit of a



THE MAN WHO WAS NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKED;
OR, THE PORTABLE LABEL FOR THE PREVENTION OF OVERCROWDING.

thousand hatters filled him, and urged him to revenge. Striking a melodramatic attitude he called upon the lightning to shiver the house to fragments, and split all the inmates but one. . . . He waited expectantly.

"No," he said after a pause, "it isn't doing it. I hardly thought it would. Well, there are other ways. Ha!" And he picked up his bag.

CHAPTER IV.

Officially, Ghost Roger was not seen again at The Towers. Miss Mervyn, however, said that she caught sight of him from her bedroom window next evening taking a steady trot round the sun-dial; and Mrs. Somers, returning in the morning from equestrian exercise, was understood to have met him in the drive doing some kind of Swedish drill. That, at any rate, was the reason given for "Samson's" sudden arrival at the stable without his mistress. One way and another it seemed probable that Roger was getting into training for something. . . . And at night he must have been very busy.

* * * *

Dinner on the 25th, enlivened by the presence of the children, went with its usual swing. There was the cracking of the usual jokes, followed by the usual laughter; Miss Mervyn screamed when the crackers were pulled, and Miss Hall blushed and said that she simply *couldn't* read the mottoes, they were too silly. Then Father Christmas came in with pomp, and everybody suddenly became quiet.

"I do hope I get something nice," said Angela excitedly to herself.

Mrs. Somers' presents came out first. One was evidently a book—"To dear Clara with all love from Anna;" the other something more bulky—"With best wishes from George."

"Anna, dear!" she said, "how sweet of you! I believe this is the very book I was telling you I wanted."

Lady Bendish smiled. "George said he would give you something more personal," she added.

Mrs. Somers cut the string, and invited the attention of her neighbour to a book for which she had always longed. That astonished gentleman read the title—*Scalped by Mochontas,*

or the Prairie Squaw. He turned and looked at Mrs. Somers with a new interest, but she was engrossed with the "something more personal" from Sir George. "Now," she said loudly, as she took the layers of paper off, "let us see what dear George has hit upon."

He had, apparently, hit upon a toy pig—fat and with a squeak. . . .

* * * *

Shall the curtain come down here? or shall I skip a scene of fury and strenuous explanation, and tell you of little Betty Bendish's case of razors (one for every day in the week) and Lady Bendish's present from her husband—a small bottle marked POISON? It were better that the curtain should come down, but let it descend on Angela looking with wondering eyes at the diamond necklace which she holds in her hands. It is not the value of the gift which impresses her—for she guesses the truth now, and knows that, having been taken from Mrs. Somers' room, it cost the giver nothing—but the kindly thought. Even a Ghost, she says to herself, has his feelings.

A. A. M.



UNEXPRESSED THOUGHTS.

Tyro (on rather free-jumping hireling). "AND THIS IS WHAT I PAY TWO GUINEAS FOR!"



UNEXPRESSED THOUGHTS.

Sportsman in Ditch. "I CALL THIS ADDING INSULT TO INJURY!"



Porter (as train begins to move). "HERE'S YOUR TICKET, LADY; FOUR AND TUPPENCE IT COST."
Flurried Passenger. "THERE'S FOUR SHILLINGS. KEEP THE TUPPENCE FOR YOURSELF."



Mother. "I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE A SOLDIER, TOO, WHEN YOU GROW UP, BILLY?"
Billy. "HOW MANY HOURS A DAY SHALL I HAVE TO FIGHT?"



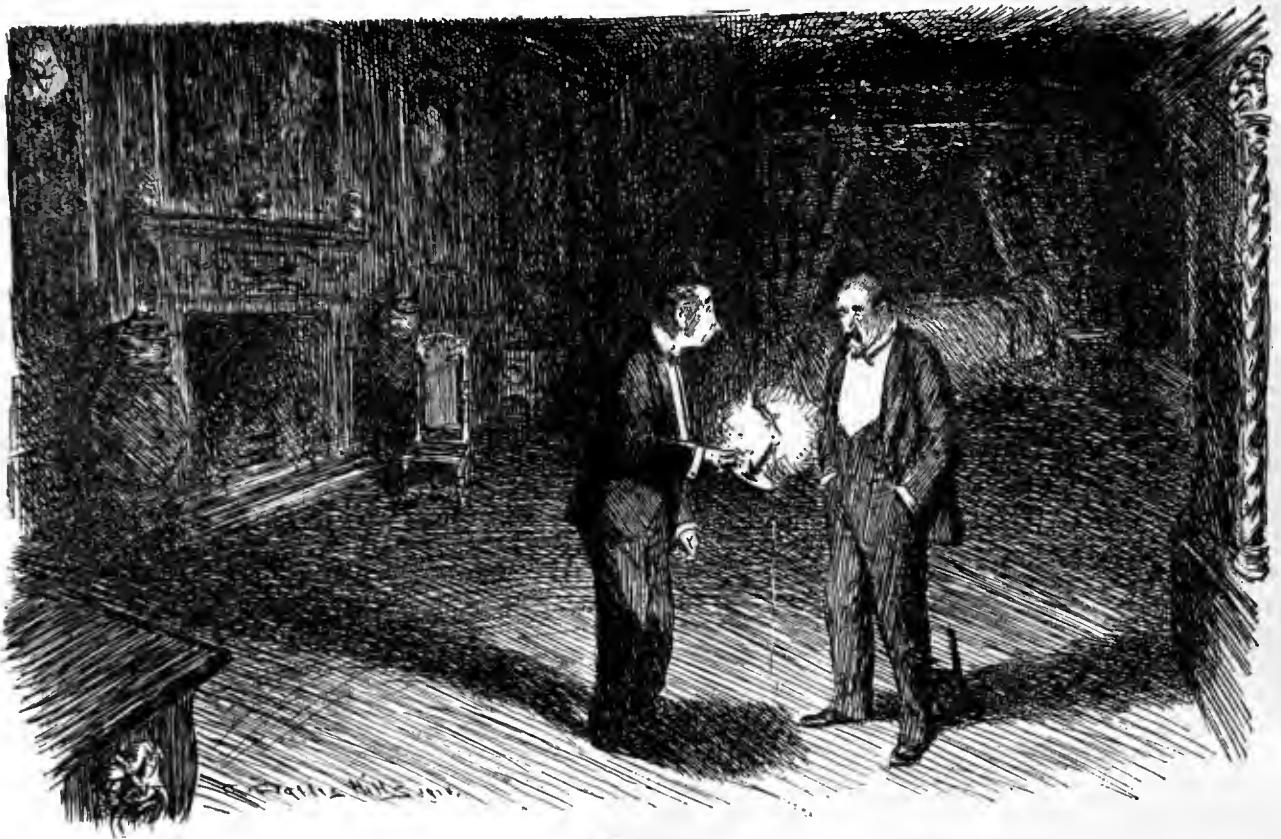
IN THE GARB OF PEACE.

CERTAIN GENTLEMEN OF ORDINARILY HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES (IN A POLITICAL SENSE) WHO UNDER THE CHASTENING INFLUENCE OF A "CONFERENCE" HAVE BEEN ENDEAVOURING TO SEEM AT HOME IN THE ABOVE UNWONTED COSTUME.



AH! THAT'S BETTER! BACK TO THEIR WAR-PAINT.

WHEN "CONFERENCES" ARE OVER THE POLITICAL BRAVES SOON RECUR TO THEIR NORMAL HABITS.



COMFORT.

Host (to nervous Guest). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, IF YOU HEAR ANY NOISES IN THE NIGHT, IT'S PROBABLY ONLY THE RATS—AT LEAST, WE ALWAYS TRY TO THINK SO!"

WINGS AND WEATHER.

To those that spend much time, with small success,
 In airing theories, more or less absurd,
 Of our late Summer's long unpleasantness,
 I wish to speak a word.

They have their own peculiar fancies. One
 Would have it "cyclic;" others hold it due
 To Halley's comet or a spotted sun;
 They blame Marconi, too.

Some, with an earthier range, go rather strong
 On icebergs from the pole, or tell you flat
 It's the Gulf Stream; when anything goes wrong,
 They always say it's that.

And so forth. And, for all they have to show
 In net results, they might have spared their pains;
 But I—I've kept a diary, and I know:—
 It's all these aeroplanes.

Let me recall the facts. While yet the Spring
 Bordered on Summer, into yon blue skies
 Airmen of all shapes took erratic wing
 Like whirring dragonflies.

That was too much. At once the Weather Clerk,
 Whose sense of humour nothing seems to dim,
 Woke up, and started a colossal lark,
 Or so it seemed to him.

And, as the airman likes his weather mild,
 He promptly loosed from their confining bag
 Wind upon wind, while he looked on, and smiled,
 Being a merry wag.

Later, again, when came the crowds to see
 Great aviation meetings, to the gales
 He humorously added, for a spree,
 His finest rain, in pails.

Then, having duly worked his merry joke,
 When all the crowds had gone, and every line
 Had run its last excursion, at a stroke
 He made the weather fine.

Such is the truth. 'Twas much the same last year.
 And, while his taste in humour goes unchecked,
 And men will try to fly, it isn't clear
 What else we can expect.

DUM-DUM.



Sporting Tenant. "WHY, PAT, WHAT'S BECOME OF ALL THOSE BIG PLYMOUTH ROCKS I BROUGHT YOU OVER LAST YEAR? I SEE YOU'VE GONE BACK TO THE LITTLE FELLOWS."

Pat. "WELL, SOR, THIM FOWLS WAS TOO TALL ALTOGETHER, AND WHIN THEY STOOD UP UNDER THE BED YOU FELT THEM."



Young Lady. "WELL, MRS. HIGGINBOTTOM, AND HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? WON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF CAKE!"

Old Woman (with an eye to the ham sandwiches). "WELL, MUM, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'D RATHER 'AVE A TASTE O' SUMMAT AS HAS DRORED BREATH!"



SOME LOVELY MUSHROOMS



JUST A FEW FERNS

SOME OF THIS HEAVENLY SILVERSAND (FOR THE CARNATIONS, YOU KNOW),



ONE OR TWO FIRCONES FOR FIRELIGHTERS



Ernest H. Shepard



AND



OH, JACK, WHAT PERFECTLY SWEET LEAF MOULD!



REFINEMENT IN OUR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENTS.

PIERROTS SINGING BEFORE THE MAYOR AND SONG-CENSORSHIP COMMITTEE OF SHRIMPLETON-ON-SEA.

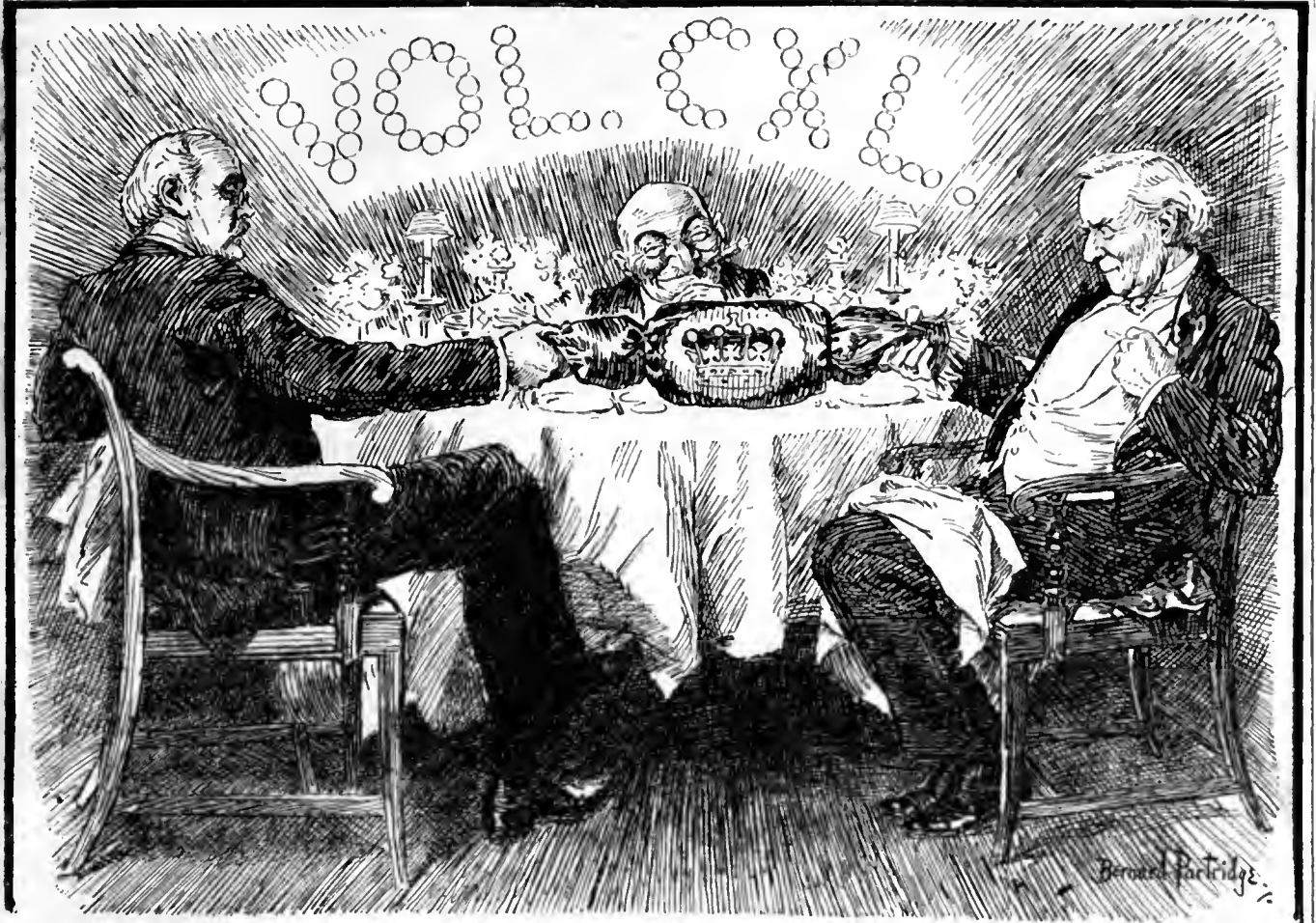


[“Nowadays, when the sport attracts such enormous throngs of hard riders in many counties, a joint mastership is the only practical means whereby a man can hunt his own hounds.”—*The Times*.]

Joint Master. “HOLD ‘EM HARD, OLD MAN! I’LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU NEXT TIME.”



"OUR DANCE, I THINK?"



THE ORATOR TO HIS TUB.

[A Rejected Candidate, after seeking temporary oblivion in the orgies of the season, turns his thoughts to one who did him faithful service in the late campaign.]

DONE are the days when you used to accompany
 Me, while I bumped you and banged you about;
 Never again shall I hammer and thump any
 Barrel whose sides are so solid and stout.
 Scattered the hustlers and hecklers—so sly a tribe,
 Armed with the frail and ubiquitous egg,
 Making the orator skip to his diatribe,
 Dancing a two-step on top of his keg.

Dead is the contest, and I, your Diogenes,
 Seeking again my legitimate trade,
 Gratefully send you, my barrel, to lodge in ease
 Up in the tool-house with mattock and spade.
 There may you lie like a veteran "warrior
 Taking his rest," while I, full of the past,
 Wonder if, after the fight, you are sorry or
 Glad you have won to a haven at last.

Have you a wish even now to be at it? You'd
 Still wish to hector and fluster and rage,
 Mouthing the sesquipedalian platitude,
 Pessimist, patriot, prophet, and sage?
 Harping again on the wrong and the right of it—
 Language and libel and laughter and lies—

Making, as folks say, no end of a night of it,
 Spouting unspeakable swank to the skies?

No! I had rather (if one quite so far gone ought
 Ever to preach to a comrade in crime)
 See you a sort of a voluble Argonaut,
 Telling brave tales of an alien elime;
 Spinning your yarns to the tool-house habitué—
 Lawn-mowers hang on each word that you say!—
 Pleased with your lot, while your hearers admit you a
 Regular dog of a tub in your day!

But, if it's otherwise, this be your nemesis:—
 Oaths I have taken of terrible strength
 (Time that I ended! It seems that my MS. is
 Running to quite an inordinate length)
 Never to rise in forensic apparel and
 Roar through the night the eternal refrain;
 Never to squat on the top of a barrel and
 Never to take to tub-thumping again!

"The Purser told a Press representative that the voyage had been a delightful one. Madame Melba had been unable to take part in the concerts on account of a cold she had contracted. He added that the Cunard Company had given the whole of the crew two days' extra pay in honour of the occasion."—*Manchester Evening News*.

We are sure the Purser could be nicer than that if he tried.

A HOLT FROM THE BLUE.

THE recent Elections, which served to tide *The Daily Mail* over the interval between the two most thrilling events of the century—the CRIPPEN case and Mr. HOLT's trip to Washington—have sunk into their proper insignificance, and the universal topic of conversation during the festivities of Christmas and the New Year has been that stupendous achievement of *The Mail's* representative which marks a new epoch in the History of Travel.

While yet this World-feat, whose memory we shall not willingly allow to die, is fresh on the lips of every lover of England, let us fix in our minds its fascinating details. At noon on December 10 Mr. HOLT, whose greatness was still only in the stage of promise, left Euston. Later in the day he stepped on board the *Mauretania* bound for New York, and never once quitted the *leviathan till the passage was completed*. Thus early in this historic adventure he proved that he was not the kind of man to relinquish his quest in mid-ocean.

Alighting on earth at Jersey City, he entered a train which carried him to Washington. Here he shook hands with several people, and then returned, with brief stoppages at Baltimore and Philadelphia, shaking hands as he went along. Throughout his triumphant progress he showed the same relentless tenacity of purpose which characterised his nautical effort. Never once did he suffer his car to be side-tracked from its course.

On arriving at New York his quick eye at once took in the characteristic sky-scraper; and next afternoon, after a tedious delay of nearly twenty-four hours, he again embarked on the *Mauretania* amid loud clicks of the camera, having snatched from the Western hemisphere that Record for Hustle of which the possession had hitherto been the envy and admiration of the Globe. A new fillip was thus given to the failing life-blood of the Old World.

Meanwhile let us not forget the part played in this moving drama by the *Mauretania* herself, for, after all, she was the instrument, however humble, without which the achievement of Mr. HOLT might never have been realised. While our hero had been sitting in trains and shaking hands and taking notes of local phenomena, the *leviathan* had not been idle. She had actually turned round within a day and a half—a performance for which five days is the customary minimum allowance.

On the homeward voyage—executed

in one piece without a break—Mr. HOLT was the eynosure of half-a-dozen different decks. Even Americans admitted that he had proved himself the equal of PEARY in daring and endurance, while in point of pace he had easily eclipsed the Polar veteran.

Landing at Fishguard, Mr. HOLT proceeded to London by a non-stopping train, and reached *The Daily Mail* office at 3.39 A.M. on December 23, having completed some 7,000 miles in 12 days 15 hours 39 minutes, at an average speed equal to, if not surpassing, that of the best suburban trains on the South-Eastern Railway.

Mr. HOLT shows singularly few signs of the awful strain which he must have undergone, especially during the ten days at sea, where he had to face the terrible rigours of modern life on a floating Ritz. His three-quarter-figure photograph covered some twenty-three square inches in *The Daily Mail* two days after his unparalleled exertions in the United States, but after his return he occupied the same space, in the same paper, with his mere head and shoulders. His face is now a household joy in a million happy British homes; and his tremendous feat is the object of veneration among five times as many people as are served by any penny London morning paper.

From the meagre seven columns which Mr. HOLT was allowed in *The Daily Mail* for the story of his impressions as an explorer, one tries to visualise his personality. For a man who had proved himself possessed of such adamant resolution, the glimpses of his character which may be culled from his articles seem strangely elusive. But it was easy to recognise the modesty which came unspoiled out of a triumph that might well have turned the head of a smaller hero. It is true that some of his statements (as, for instance: "I broke the record between New York and Washington; I broke the record between Fishguard and Paddington") might appear to be tinged by egoism; but, after all, to have distributed the credit among the minor performers—obscure engine-drivers, stokers, traffic-managers, etc.—would have been the merest pedantry and affectation.

To illustrate his impression of the *Mauretania's* outward voyage, I notice that he quotes these lines:—

"When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the Equinox."

The word "Equinox" throws a fresh light upon the blind courage of this intrepid passenger. If he really supposed that mid-December is the usual period for the Equinoctial gales this

reveals an elemental inexperience of the natural laws governing our planet which adds, if possible, a new touch of bravado to the astounding contempt of danger displayed in this maritime achievement.

If England occupies to-day a higher place in the estimation of all true Americans than she has held since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, she owes it to her HOLT. He has made History, as History can never have been made before. O. S.

GHOSTS OF PAPER.

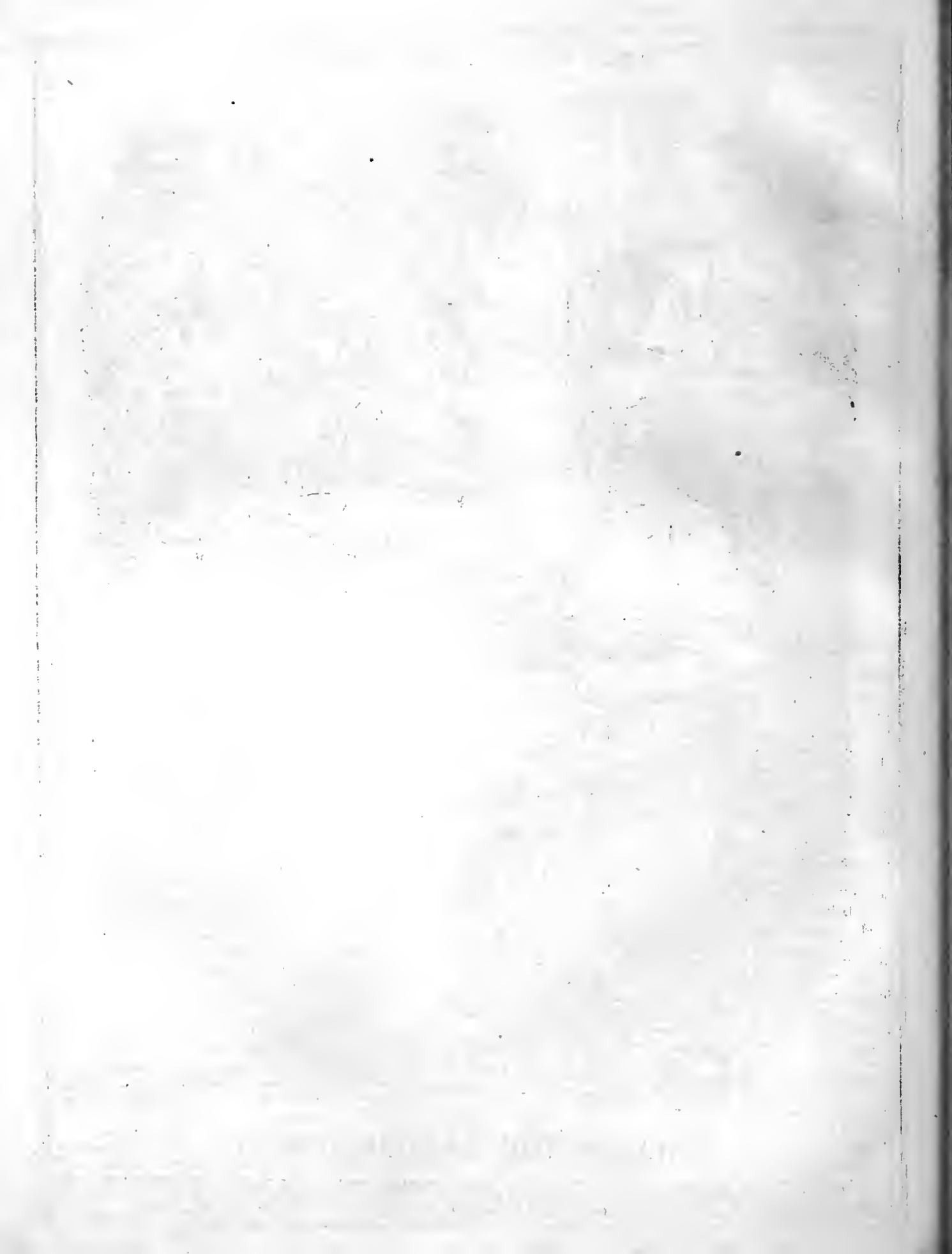
SHOULD you go down Ludgate Hill,
As I'm sure you sometimes will,
When the dark comes soft and new,
Smudged and smooth and powder-blue,
And the lights on either hand
Run away to reach the Strand;
And the winter rains that stream
Make the pavements glance and gleam;
There you'll see the wet roofs rise
Packed against the lamp-lit skies,
And at once you shall look down
Into an enchanted town.
Jewelled Fleet Street, golden gay,
Sloughs the drab of work-a-day,
Conjuring before you then
All her ghosts of ink and pen,
Striking from her magic mint
Places you have loved in print,
From the fairy towns and streets
Raised by Djinn and fierce Afreet's,
To the columned brass that shone
On the gates of Babylon;
You shall wander, mazed, amid
Pylon, palm, and pyramid;
You shall see, where taxis throng,
River lamps of old Hong Kong;
See the ramparts standing tall
Of the wondrous Tartar Wall;
See, despite of rain and wind,
Marble towns of rosy Ind,
And the domes and palaces
Crowning Tripolis and Fez;
While, where buses churn and splash,
There's the ripple of a sash,
Silken maid and paper fan
And the peach-bloom of Japan;
But, the finest thing of all,
You shall ride a charger tall
Into huddled towns that haunt
Picture-books of old Romaunt,
Where go squire and knight and saint,
Heavy limed in golden paint;
You shall ride above the crowd
On a courser pacing proud,
In fit panoply and meet
Through be-cobbled square and street,
Where with bays and gestures bland
Little brown-faced angels stand!

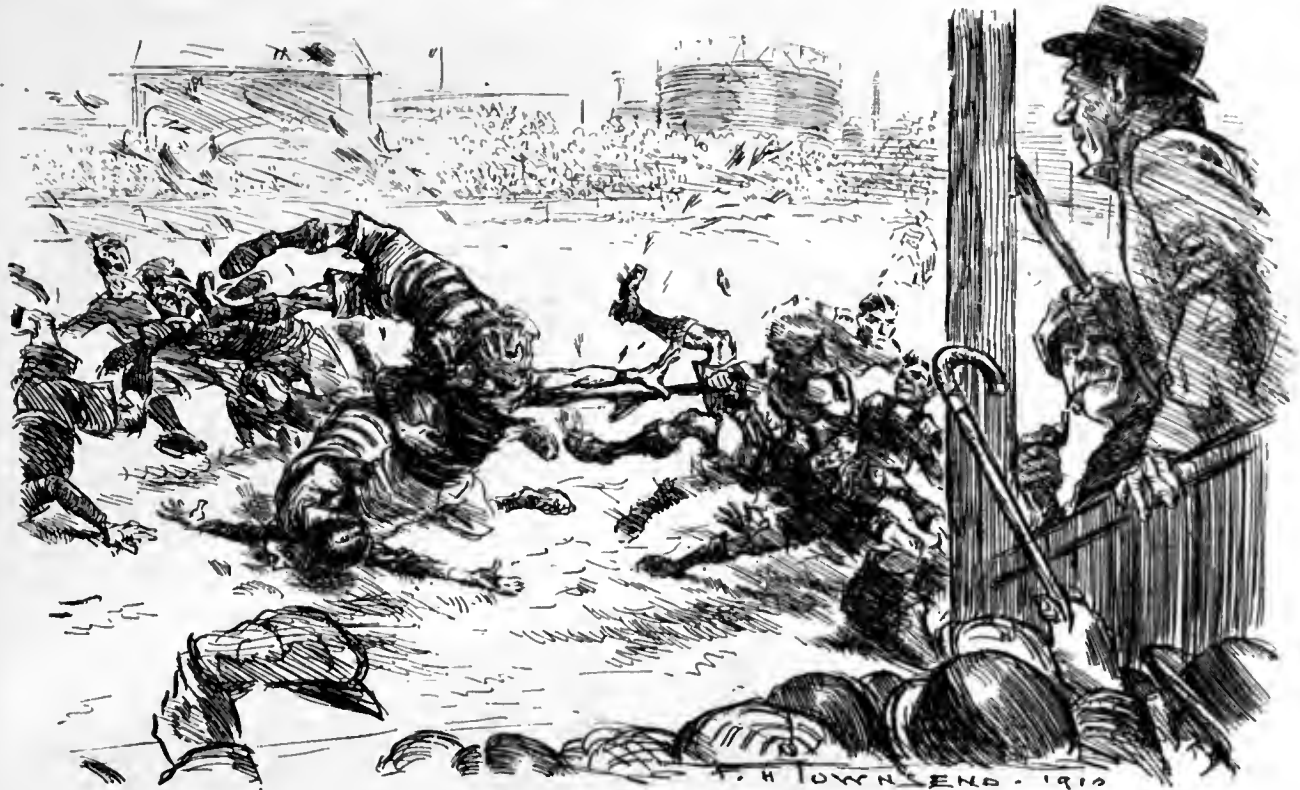
* * * * *
These are some of things you'll view
When the night is blurred and blue,
If you look down Ludgate Hill,
As I'm sure you often will!



TOWARDS THE RAPPROCHEMENT.

CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY (in India, writing home). "DEAR PAPA, I AM DOING MYSELF PROUD. THESE ENGLISH AREN'T HALF BAD FELLOWS WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW THEM."





Londoner (to Pat, seeing a Rugby game for the first time). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, PAT?"
 Pat. "BEGORRA, IT 'UD BE A JEWEL OF A GAME IF THEY ONLY HAD SHITICKS!"

OUR SEASONABLE SYMPOSIUM.

WHEN there is nothing much happening the complete editor does his best to get his paper written (free) by illustrious persons. There is never less doing than in Christmas and New Year weeks, hence the following columns of negligible matter. We have sent a circular to a number of well-known men and women requesting their answer to the question, "Are Christmas presents and New Year gifts worth all the trouble of thanking people for them?" A selection of replies will be found below.

Mr. ASQUITH writes: "A Christmas present of a majority of 126 is worth any trouble."

Mr. BIRRELL writes: "Your question leads to another. What should one say when, instead of receiving a present at Christmas, one has one's property abstracted? Here there is doubtless considerable choice of expressions. Personally, I am very glad to see 1911 and get out of a year which assisted me to a strained leg and the companionship of such attentive cross-Channel thieves."

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD writes: "I am too busy with my new *Cornhill* serial, *The Case of Richard Meynell*, to be able to accede to your request."

"Mrs. MEYNELL writes: "I would reply at once were I not so immersed in my critical study of ARTEMUS WARD and his English kith and kin."

Mr. A. G. BENSON writes: "The query is a deep one leading to profound meditation. In some—I am glad to say rare—moments of pessimism I might be disposed to answer in the negative. This is when I find my Christmas breakfast-table covered with votive offerings from my myriad readers while I am suffering from writer's cramp with complications. It is then that, if I were not so bitterly opposed to capital punishment, I might be tempted to exclaim, 'Hang it!' But happily my better nature triumphs; and my mature opinion is that presents are worth while."

Mr. ROGER FRY writes: "To my analytical mind it all depends on what kind of Christmas presents or New Year's gifts one receives. If, for example, it is a canvas by a straightforward painter who has brought to bear on his faithful delineations of nature all the knowledge of his greatest predecessors, I shall say certainly not. It is not worth a thank you. But, on the other hand, for a naked Tahitian woman by GAUGUIN, sprawling and ungainly, and cruder than a gingerbread figure, or a frameful of MATISSE'S

palette scrapings, how could one's gratitude find adequate expression?"

Mr. JOHN SMITH writes: "In my opinion Christmas presents and New Year gifts are not worth the trouble of saying thank you for. At least, that is what I have decided after attempting to write different replies to the three persons who have given me paper knives (of which I had a dozen before). Next year I shall distribute a printed form stating that it was 'exactly what I wanted.'"

"PATERFAMILIAS" writes: "I have not enough gratitude in my body for the manager of *The Times* for his Christmas gift of the classified index once more. I did not know where I was during the week or so that he stopped it."

"In the birth-throes of the present General Election there is a brood of possibilities whose momentum no man can measure."

This is the beginning of a leader in *The Camberwell Borough Advertiser*, headed WHAT NEXT? We are longing for some more.

"Mr. Nugent Monck was easily recognisable as Satan," says *The Eastern Daily Press* in its account of the Norwich Mystery Play.

"The Devil a Monck would be."

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to "*The Times House of Commons*," we understand that our contemporary would like it to be known that it is not responsible for the composition of that body, which it considers faulty in many respects.

M. JEAN LONGUET, in his account in *L'Humanité* of his conversation with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, stated that the interview was readily granted by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on the understanding that a distinction should be made between what he said "*en 'gentleman'*" and what was said for publication. An unfortunate distinction, not infrequently made by some of our more combative politicians.

M. LONGUET now tells us that all the statements which he attributed to the CHANCELLOR were sent before publication to one of Mr. GEORGE'S political friends, who returned them after revising and making certain modifications. Who, we wonder, was this friend? Was it Mr. REDMOND? Or was it Mr. KEIR HARDIE? Anyhow, it is most interesting to know that the CHANCELLOR has a manager.

The Yarmouth Town Council has been discussing the prodigious appetite of the sea-gulls, whose numbers are constantly increasing, to the great detriment of the fisheries. No fewer than three times a Bill has been passed by the House of Lords to deal with this question, but, unhappily, the fate of the measure has always been the same—to be talked out in the House of Commons. Really it is time that the Lower House was abolished.

And why, we would ask, should a Liberal Government be so fond of gulls?

THE HOME SECRETARY having refused to sanction a by-law prohibiting roller-skating on the footpaths in Stoke Newington, nervous pedestrians, it is thought, will now be compelled to take to aeroplanes.

What to do with our Barons? Baron ALBRECHT VON KNOBELSDORFF BREKENHOFF has been appointed

official instructor of wrestling and self-defence to the City Police.

We hear that, as a result of the recent trial of Captain TRENCH and Lieutenant BRANDON, the local scenery of the Frisian islands is, with characteristic German thoroughness, to be entirely altered so that any information which may have leaked out may be rendered useless. Mountains, we hear, are to be erected at once (on the lines of the Mid-Surrey Golf Club's new Alpine bunkers), and the "church-

appearance in pantomime as a Dodo he has forsaken the boards.

It looks as if Mr. PÉLISSIER is to have a rival in the potted play business. The title of Mr. PINERO'S forthcoming comedy is *Preserving Mr. Pannure*.

A novel feature of the Palladium, the new music-hall, is a box-to-box telephone service, which will enable members of the audience recognising friends on the opposite side of the house to ring them up during the performance. This, it is thought, will be far less objectionable than shouting across the theatre, a proceeding to which many highly strung artistes have an almost insuperable objection.

By-the-by these classical names for music-halls seem to be growing in favour. We now have a Palladium and a Coliseum, and it is even rumoured that we are to have an Amuseum.

At a time when all thoughtful persons are of the opinion that a vulgar display of jewellery is a thing to be discouraged, it seems regrettable that a lady, on arriving in New York the other day, should have been fined £1,000 for concealing a pearl necklace in the brim of her hat.

"GUIDE TO PARENTS" is the heading of an advertisement paragraph in *The Daily Mail*. This should certainly supply a want. So many persons make a mistake in the choice of parents.

Wide-awake people are already beginning to cater for the airmen. The most perfect map of the moon ever made has been completed by Mr. WALTER GOODACRE, F.R.A.S., after seven years' work.

An advertisement announces "THE PRICE OF HOME RULE. By L. COPE CORNFORD. 6d. net." So the price to be paid is not so terrible, after all!

According to the Hayward's Heath correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle*: "A huge hall of fire passed over this district last evening, being followed shortly afterwards by shooting stars." This is interesting as showing that the



Lady. "CAN'T YOU FIND WORK?"

Tramp. "YESSUM; BUT EVERYONE WANTS A REFERENCE FROM MY LAST EMPLOYER."

L dy. "AND CAN'T YOU GET ONE?"

Tramp. "NO, MUM. YER SEE, HE'S BEEN DEAD TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS."

tower" which was mentioned in the course of the evidence is to be converted into a windmill.

The Home Office authorities have instructed the governors of prisons to relax certain restrictions and to allow prisoners more liberty than hitherto. This is wise. We are convinced that the strictness of the regulations has kept many people from entering these institutions in the past.

The *Observer* tells us that *The Piper* is "produced by Mr. E. F. BENSON, who himself takes the title rôle." This is wrong. Since Mr. E. F. BENSON'S



SEASONABLE CAUTION.

IF YOU HAVE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO PULL A FEW CRACKERS WITH THE LITTLE ONES, REMOVE ALL TRACES OF THEM BEFORE YOU START ON A VIOLENT DISCUSSION OF THE VETO.

apparition was evidently regarded in the heavens as a dangerous body.

A remarkable scene in Rotten Row was described in a police-court the other day. Between twenty and thirty horses were bitten by a bulldog. "When the dog was eventually captured," we are told, "he showed no sign of bad temper." How characteristic of dear doggie's good nature.

Eighteen door-keys, a Yale-key, a chisel, a screw-driver, a needle-and-thread, and a piece of soap were found in the pockets of a man arrested for loitering in Hastings last week. The police incline to the theory that he is a burglar.

Dr. EMIL BUNZL, of Vienna, states that yawning is of the greatest possible value to health, and the writer of these notes hopes to be yet acclaimed as a public benefactor.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether Englishwomen will adopt the "harem skirt." Yet it ought to go well with the "searom hat."

"When women fly," says a contemporary, "some such garment will have to be adopted." And then the men will fly too.

The fact that a French artist should only have been sentenced to one month's imprisonment for murdering his wife is being much commented on, but we are informed that the reports published in our papers are not quite correct. The judge, in addition, gave the murderer a talking-to, and told him quite plainly that in future he must not give way to these petty displays of temper.

MY ALMANAC.

(A Threat to the New Year.)

Nineteen hundred and eleven!
 Year with hope and promise gay,
 Multiple of three and seven,
 Rhyming perfectly with heaven,
 List my lay.

Lo, while all the woodlands briery
 Still no trace of colour grant
 (Save where hips are gleaming fiery),
 I've been sent a sort of diary
 By my aunt.

This I shall not fill with racy
 Oozings from the midnight lamp,
 Sentimental odes to Gracie,
 Essays of the Mr. A. C.
 BENSON stamp.

No, another plan I'll follow,
 Rather shall this pious tomo
 Check the failures of Apollo,
 Once supposed to gild the hollow
 Sapphire dome.

Every day the god's unpleasant,
 I shall write this epigram
 In my aunt's delightful present—
 Just a single effervescent,
 Heartfelt "Hang!"

Nineteen-hundred and eleven!
 Thus, when worn and wan with
 snow,
 Multiple of three and seven,
 Rhyming perfectly with heaven,
 Out you go,

All the noons when Phœbe slumbered,
 All the hours when earth beneath
 Lay with mist and mire encumbered,
 I shall hurl, precisely numbered,
 In your teeth. EVOE.

THE YEAR'S PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH you are still dating your letters "1910," the fact remains that we have slipped once again into a New Year. The change occurred (so remorseless is the flight of time) on the stroke of midnight last Saturday, at a moment when you were round the wassail-bowl, and was duly noted by our lynx-eyed Press. I propose now, if you are awake, to discuss with you the coming events, as far as they can be forecasted, of 1911.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Most of the advertisements of the year 1911 will be inspired by Cambridge University. For this reason a Chair of Literature has recently been endowed at the famous seat of learning, the first appointment to it being that of Mr. HOOPER. Mr. HOOPER's style is, if anything, more mellow even than it was in 1903, and it is expected that with the present year his intellectual powers will reach the extreme height of their expression. His great Scholarship scheme will be announced by the University during 1911. But you should order your set *now*.

BUDGETS.

There will be one of these.

CORONATIONS.

There will be one of these, too. The actual affair will take less than a day, but for weeks and weeks beforehand you will have to read Coronation odes and Coronation articles. You may as well begin at once. *Mr. Punch's* historical pamphlet, containing an account of the coronation of every sovereign from Harold Hardshanks to the present May-Queen of Cricklewood, will be out to-morrow.

DRAMA.

Many notable additions to dramatic literature will be made in 1911. Several entirely new plays will be performed, whose plots hinge upon the fact that the sinister Mrs. Dufrey is attempting to blackmail John Sterne by means of a packet of letters which he had written to her in a moment of mistaken enthusiasm. Luckily John gets a telegram to say that she has died suddenly on her way to Dover. In the world of musical comedy the rich and beautiful Angela will change places with her maid, thereby evading several unwelcome proposals.

ELECTIONS.

There will be *none* of these. This is a promise. If by any extraordinary chance there should be one, come to

the office and ask for your money back. You won't get it, but we shall be glad to see you. Note the missionary-box on the left-hand side of the door as you pass out.

FRENCH.

A lot of French will be spoken in 1911. *Hors (concours and d'œuvre), entre nous, jeu d'esprit, Jupiter Pluvius, eureka and ben trovato* will be among the most popular remarks of the day. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, or something like that, will be the 1911 catch-phrase at the music-halls.

GEORGE (LLOYD).

I had hoped to get through without referring to this, but I feel that it would be wrong to pretend that there will be no mention of him in the 1911 papers. His name is *bound* to crop up. Look out for it and see if you can spot it before your friend does.

HIATUS.

There is going to be a hiatus now, until we get to L. It is obvious that I cannot mention all the wonderful things which are going to take place in the New Year, and in any case there's no prospect of anything very exciting in the I or J line happening in 1911.

KORONATION.

This is another way of spelling Coronation. I only just want to remind you that this is the year for it.

LORDS (OLD).

It will be a memorable year for the House of Lords. The great battle of 1911 will take its place in the history books of the future with Hastings and Waterloo. The broken square of Newtons, the final rally of the De La Warr Die-hards, the mad charge of the Death-or-Glory Middletons to the warcy, "A Saye and Sele!"—these will be subjects for the battle pictures of to-morrow.

LORDS (NEW).

But first there will have to be lots and lots and lots of these—perhaps.

MARQUESSSES.

Even two or three brace of these. They might just possibly ask you or me! It is a solemn thought.

NOËL.

It seems too bad to remind you that we shall be hearing all about this gentleman again before the year is over. He will turn up in 1911 all right, depend upon it. This won't exactly be a notable feature of the year, but there will be a good deal of talk about it later on.

PARENTHESES.

(I ought to have said before that Coronations are *de rigueur* this year.)

REBELLIONS.

The date of the Rebellion in Ulster has not definitely been settled yet; but due notice will be sent to all the papers in time for the early sporting editions.

STORY (SENSATIONAL, OF WEST END CLUB).

With any luck there will be about three of these during the year—one from Soho, and one from Hammer-smith, and one from Notting Hill.

TUBES.

Tubes will enter upon an entirely new era. In future no smoking will be allowed in the lifts, and the attendants will see to it that everybody is standing clear of the gates. The lift will then descend, and you will be in time to see the tail lights of one of those jolly little trains.

WEATHER.

There will be much too much of this in 1911. *Much* too much. However, we may get a fine Sunday towards the end of July or August.

X. Y. Z. (or rather, N.B.).

It has been decided that there shall be a Coronation this year. Don't go getting the date wrong—1911.

A. A. M.

THE LAST ILLUSION.

[Lines written in dejection and December darkness.]

WITH what excruciating mental aches
We learnt our early faiths were all untrue;
How deep the iron entered when we knew
That England's Darling never singed the cakes!
That stout Sr. PATRICK set about no snakes!
That never was apple split by TELL in two!
That no *Bill Adams* charged at Waterloo!
That all are fancies, fictions, fibs and fakes!
E'en with such grief my soul is torn to-day;
For lo, descending with my kin and kith
To breakfast, suddenly, methought, Sol shone,
Until I realised the gas was on!
And so my last illusion passed away.
The Sun is but another Solar myth!



First Loafer. "WOT I LIKES ABANT STARTIN' A NOO YEAR IS THAT ALL THE DISTURBIN' RUSH O' CHRISTMAS IS HOVER!"

Second Loafer. "AH, SAME 'ERE. AN' WIV THREE 'UND'ED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS AHEADIN ON YER THERE AIN'T NO CALL TO 'URRY OVER NUFFINK!"

RESOLUTION AND RETRIBUTION.

PETER was playing sulkily with an engine that had only three wheels; Margaret threw aside the book she had just finished reading for the third time and yawned; Norman searched half-heartedly for the nib of his new fountain pen which he last remembered seeing in the coal-scuttle two days before; and Joan—Joan, bless her heart!—was the only happily engaged one of the lot, for she had discovered a garment on the chief of the new dolls which could do with an extra button, and she was busy attempting to thread a bodkin.

"D' you suppose father never tells a lie?" asked Peter, defiantly.

"Of course he tells 'em," said Norman, bluntly. "Ask Uncle Bob if he doesn't."

"Norman!" exclaimed Margaret, shocked. "Remember that Joan is here, even if you feel anxious to make a cruel attack on your own father."

"What about the attack he made on me, then?" asked Peter. "Just because I said it wasn't me that fired the air-

gun through granny's portrait, he jaws me for half-an-hour about making good resolutions for the New Year, and then stops my mince-pies."

"Peter," sang Joan, "can I have your mince-pies what you're not allowed to eat?"

"Peter's quite right," said Norman. "Father gave me ten minutes of it this morning because I was late for breakfast, and he was only early himself because his bedroom clock was fast."

"Norman, how dare you say such things?"

"Well, it's the truth, and he's told Peter to speak the truth, so there can't be much wrong in me speaking the truth too."

"If I hadn't made a resolution to be kind and gentle to my brothers and sister I should be very angry with you two," said Margaret quietly.

"New Year's Day ought not to come so near Christmas," said Norman, detaching another wheel from Peter's engine. "They let you have a pretty fair time at Christmas, and then when all your presents have got lost or broken and you feel you want cheering

up they worry you about turning over a new leaf and all that. And then the old ladies who come to tea grin at you and say, 'Happy New Year, my dear! Happy New Year! They've got a funny idea of happiness.'

"They know what you appear to forget, that true happiness comes from being good," said Margaret.

"Well, Father wasn't particularly good to me," said Peter, "so he ought to be jolly miserable, and I shan't much mind if—"

Margaret sprang at Peter and shook him furiously. "You dare say that about Father!" she cried breathlessly. Joan came to aid her, but happily it was a bodkin and not a needle that she brought with her. Norman laughed and murmured, "Kind and gentle!"

"I don't care if I have broken it," said Margaret.

"In addition to having a water supply second to none Tillicoultry dairy men can congratulate themselves upon upholding the prestige of the place so far as the milk is concerned.

The Devon Valley Tribune.

We don't remember having seen it put with such shining candour before.



Aunt. "I suppose you're about the youngest boy at your school, aren't you, Tommy?"
Tommy. "Good gracious, no! Why, some of our chaps come in prams."

THE LAST CHANCE.

[A hint to the young Hopeful on how to get the present he wants.]

THE most urgent duty of all young people at this happy season of giving is (of course) to keep their relatives up to the scratch. It may be that most of your uncles and aunts have already remembered you this Christmas or New Year; but there are sure to be one or two black sheep amongst them. These may still retrieve their position before the holidays are over if a little tact is exercised in reminding them of their faults. Let us suppose that Uncle John and Aunt Jane, one on each side of the family, are the culprits. Let us also suppose (which is less likely) that they don't know each other's address or for some reason are not on speaking terms. Take two nice clean sheets of note-paper, an ink-pot and a pen, and carefully holding the last-named so that the top end, if produced, would rest on the right shoulder, make a copy of the following model epistles:—

DEAR UNCLE JOHN,—Thank you most awfully for the toy aeroplane you so kindly sent me this Christmas. I

don't think there's anything I wanted so much, unless it was *Treasure Island*. I hope your gout is much better.

Your aff. nephew, N. (or M.).

DEAREST AUNT JANE,—Thank you very, very much for *Treasure Island*. It was good of you to send it me. You could not have thought of anything I should like so much, except, perhaps, a toy aeroplane. I hope Tabitha is keeping well. Believe me,

Your very loving nephew,
N. (or M.).

Now address two envelopes, one to Uncle John and the other to Aunt Jane, and put Uncle John's letter in Aunt Jane's envelope, and *vice versa*. If after this you don't get *Treasure Island* and a toy aeroplane before the holidays are over, I'm afraid that Uncle John and Aunt Jane are both past redemption, and no further notice need be taken of them. Anyhow, you will have done your best, and no child can be expected to do more.

The Search for Beauty.

"A thin face will look ever so much plumper and prettier if puffed out as widely as possible at the sides."—*Evening News*.

Plumper, certainly, but not prettier.

THE LITTLE FAT BOY.

AN ECHO OF CHRISTMAS.

THE soupe came in, and the soup was good. The little boy gobbled as fast as he could, And I frowned reproach, as an uncle should.

Followed the fish with its sauce of pink; Did the boy say "Yes" to it?—I don't think!

Is sherry a thing that a child should drink?

In came the turkey sausage-flanked, Deeply breasted and stoutly shanked. The boy came twice. Why are boys not spanked?

Beef if you wanted it—*That* boy did! Wanted it twice, the untanned kid! I caught his eye and he drooped one lid.

In came the pudding, a blaze of blue. Wider the eyes of the fat boy grew. They piled his plate, and he went right through.

Oranges next. He disposed of three; Smuggled a fourth to his shameless knee; Reached for an apple, and grinned at me.

After dinner his steps I traeked. His waistcoat buttons were all intact; And the tale I've told is a simple fact.



CORONATION YEAR.

THE NEW YEAR (to HIS MAJESTY). "AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!"



THE RENDEZVOUS.

I TOOK a dislike to Peter Gurney for the following, amongst other, reasons. He bought a gate-leg table on which I had cast the purchasing eye, and married the lady upon whom I had set my heart. Speaking generally, he is a grasping fellow, but his last and worst effort has been to take the set of residential chambers in the Temple which I particularly wanted. Its official number is 5, Inner Court, fourth floor, North.

I dislike Perkins because he is a new porter in the Temple, and Temple porters ought not to be new; because he wears a gold band on his top hat, and top hats look much nicer without gold bands; and because he never touches his hat to me when I pass, and porters' top hats, even when made of gold, are meant to be touched.

My dislikes were not so marked as to prevent my calling on Peter Gurney in his new rooms in the Temple on the second night of his occupation. But my dislike for him became so marked at the end of the visit that I left prepared to do my worst by him. I felt that he might have kept his householder's pride for someone else under the circumstances. He should have said, "These rooms are not so good as they seem. There are drains;" or, "These rooms are not so good as they seem. There are no drains." He did no such kindly act. He pointed me out all sorts of additional and unsuspected advantages, and, having had his gloat, he put me out of his front door in a frame of mind bordering on the homicidal. The mere sight of Perkins at the Temple gate after that was enough to make me loathe him for ever. The Temple gates are locked from ten at night till six in the morning, and to-night it was Perkins' melancholy duty to sit by this gate and attend it during those hours. Even that thought, however, did not appease my hatred of him.

"Do you wish to go out, Sir?" he said foolishly, starting to unfasten the bolts.

"Oh, no," said I, "that is the last thing I want;" but the sarcasm was lost on him.

"Then what do you want, Sir?" he said.

"I want," I said, "I want . . ." and I paused to conceive the most unlikely thing I could want. Instead, I hit on an idea.

"No," I continued, less ironically, "I do not want to go out. In fact, I live in here. When I have lived here a little longer you will know me better. My name is Peter Gurney, and I live

at 5, Inner Court, fourth floor, North. Now, I want to catch a very early train in the morning, but doubt if I shall wake up in time. My servant does not come in the morning till seven-thirty, and my train leaves King's Cross at six-fifteen. If I am left to myself I shall wake up at three o'clock, four o'clock, and eight o'clock. When I want to be awake is, of course, at five. You, I understand, will be hereabouts till 6 A.M. to-morrow. Will you come and knock loudly on my door at five? Five o'clock sharp; and loudly, mind."

"Yes, Sir," answered Perkins, the porter, "five o'clock sharp, Sir."

"Thank you," I said, "I will rely on you. Here is a shilling for yourself." But I paused in the act. Why should I give him the shilling? Why should not Peter Gurney? "Look here—I won't give it you now. You may forget, and, even if you don't, the mere fact of your knocking on my door

doesn't guarantee my getting up, does it? Let us leave it like this; you come and knock at my door—Peter Gurney, remember, 5, Inner Court—knock loudly at my door at five, and go on knocking till he—I come to the door and give you the shilling."

Then I made my way out of the Temple by another gate, pleasantly warm within at the thought of the meeting between Peter Gurney and Perkins at five o'clock, five o'clock sharp, on a cold and frosty morning.

Two extracts from one issue of *The Daily Chronicle*:

"A holiday crowd of between 2,000 and 3,000 people witnessed the meet of Blankney hounds at the South Park, Lincoln, yesterday."

"Unusual scenes were witnessed yesterday at Lincoln, when the Blankey hounds met in the city. Fully 10,000 people assembled."

Funny that the Blankey should be so much more popular.



CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—II.

MR. SANDOW IN THE THROES OF LIGHT VERSE—WHICH WE UNDERSTAND HE VARIES WITH A LITTLE NEEDLEWORK OR DELICATE EMBROIDERY.

SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

THE EDITOR AND HIS GOLFING EXPERT.

DEAR MR. BILTON,—You have now discussed in the 6,000 odd articles you have written for us every conceivable normal phase of golf, and I am beginning to notice a certain tendency to ring the changes in your otherwise excellent papers. I wonder whether you could see your way to discuss the pastime under any novel, abnormal, or even imaginary conditions. I have consulted the editor of our Sporting Supplement, and with his approval send you the following suggestions:—

Golf in the Arctic Regions.

Golf in the Jungle.

Golf in Mars.

Golf as a ground for Divorce.

The Hobble Skirt as a Golfing Handicap.

Golf on Horseback.

Post-Impressionist Golf.

Please remember that the more you strike the literary note the better. Do not be afraid of a touch of preciosity or even a Greek quotation. It may attract the unathletic reader and lead to an interesting correspondence. And do not scruple to refer to NIETZSCHE, BERNARD SHAW, DEBUSSY, STRAUSS, ANATOLE FRANCE, VAN GOGH, YEATS, FOGAZZARO, HENRY JAMES, or MADAME ACKTÉ, if you can drag them in somehow. Yours faithfully,
ADRIAN FLAIR.

DEAR MR. FLAIR,—Many thanks for your letter and the helpful suggestions for widening the range of my articles. I am afraid that my Greek is rather rocky, and I confess that I had never heard of some of the people you mention. NIETZSCHE, for instance, and VAN GOGH are not to be found in *Who's Who*. But I have a sister who is very keen on art and music and the classics, and she has helped me with the enclosed article, which I submit as a sort of trial trip over the new course. I need hardly say that the whole thing is entirely imaginary, but that is what you said you wanted.

Yours very truly, BERNARD BILTON.

JUNGLE GOLF.

It is one of the peculiar merits of golf that it can be played not only at all seasons but under all atmospheric and climatic conditions. The ideal golfer should always be capable of rising superior to circumstances and asserting himself *ἐπὶ μίρον*, as HOMER says. Still there is a limit to human endurance, and the fate of a young Scots enthusiast, who insisted on

practising mashie shots in a blizzard in Montana, should serve as a warning. As the great NAPOLEON said, *il faut se borner*. Jungle golf, however, though one of the most arduous and exacting forms of the game, is distinctly within the range of possibility. It was NIETZSCHE who observed in his famous work, *Der Fall Wagner*, "*il faut méditerraniser la musique*." So the modern golfer feels the insistent need, with a view to effecting a *rapprochement* between East and West, of orientalising the Royal and Antient game.

Danger, which lends spice to all true sport, is the very essence of jungle golf, which bears much the same relation to the suburban variety as a picture by VAN GOGH does to a canvas of VAN

through the jungle, a fact which reduces the clubs required to two—a niblick and a putter. But if fewer clubs are used the number of balls needed is legion. The Maharajah of GUTTIALA once lost 238 in a famous match with the Begum of JELICORE, but won by 3 up and 2 to play in 25,427 strokes. The game only lasted three weeks. Each player employed 300 caddies; of these 72 perished from snake bites and 79 were carried off by man-eating tigers.

It is an open question whether players of jungle golf should be allowed to carry firearms. Here local rules differ. In Bhopal, where the course was laid out by MR. VALENTINE CHIROL with a view to allaying Indian unrest, Mauser pistols are habitually carried. At Udaipur, on the other hand, the players use an ingenious form of niblick, the shaft of which contains an air-gun.

From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that the jungle-golfer cannot count on getting a long drive from the tee. There are many reasons to account for their lack of length, but it is best to treat the matter philosophically and, instead of bemoaning your own shortcomings, try to obtain consolation by watching others who suffer from a similar affliction. Besides, as KEATS says, there is always "a budding morrow in midnight."

DEAR MR. BILTON,—The article is, in the main, so excellent that I am sure you will not think me captious if I criticise one or two minor points. About the inmates of the jungle—are the birds you mention quite correct? You might verify your list before the article appears. Then the phrase, "simian population," strikes me as a little Telegraphese. I confess to a slight disappointment that you have not introduced any reference to the "whole tone scale." You see the proprietor is a great admirer of DEBUSSY, so I think it would be politic to gratify him in this respect. I return the proof for you to make these corrections and additions. Yours faithfully,

ADRIAN FLAIR.

P.S.—You might add to the list of suggestions "Golf in Lunatic Asylums" and "Golf in the Grand Sahara, or The Riddle of the Sands."

In its advice upon the making of Christmas cake *Tit-Bits* says:

"Pinch mixed spice."
*Optional."

In matters of conscience we shall certainly not be dictated to.



THE GOLF MANIA SPREADING.

BEERS. Here is not the enervating languor of "silken Samarcand," but a constant strife with the deadliest forces of elemental Nature. Contact with the *Thanatophidia*, the swift onslaught of the greater *Felidae*, await the player at every turn. As ANDREW KIRKALDY remarked in a luminous phrase, "it's juist one long suicide." Then there is the physical strain of barging through the jungle, amid the terrifying shrieks of macaws, parrakeets, cockatoos, and other fearsome wild fowl, the derisive hoots of the simian population, and the trumpeting of rogue elephants. But the fascination of the pastime is proportioned to its perils, and the jungle golfer comes of the same strain as the aeroplanist and the football referee.

To come to particulars, it may be well to explain that the holes are located in clearings, but they are all approached



Mistress (hearing a crash). "WELL, COOK, WHAT IS IT NOW? TWO BASINS BROKEN!"
Cook. "YES'M. MARY BROKE THAT ONE, AND THIS 'ERE ONE JUST COME TO PIECES IN MI' 'AND."

AT THE PLAY.
"THE PIPER."

If anybody goes to the St. James's Theatre in the hope of seeing Mr. BENSON handling an army of Hamelin rats, he will be sadly disappointed. This striking episode is all over before the curtain rises. Thus shorn of its most intriguing feature there is not enough of the legend to go round, and it has to be drawn out thin with a perfunctory love-interest. This is provided by *Michael*, a sword-swallower in the strolling company of *The Piper*. Here again something is taken for granted, for he never swallowed anything like a sword while I was looking. But he and the Burgomeister's daughter fall in love at sight and she is condemned to a nunnery at Rudesheim, partly to teach her not to respond to the *beaux yeux* of the first sword-swallower she meets, and partly in penance for the sins of Hamelin. *Michael*, extremely anxious to get her into his arms, persuades *The Piper* to spirit her away from the prospect of perpetual virginity.

The forest scene, through which passes the procession of

townsfolk conducting her to her incarceration (we can all understand why they wanted to go to Rudesheim, where the hook comes from), reminded one a little of the scene of the monks' progress in *Tannhäuser*, only here Mr. BENSON, in the title rôle, is trying to conjure Venus out of a nunnery into the Hørselberg. So well does he do his

proxy-woing that *Michael*, in the part of a dummy spectator, grows suspicious of the process and silently protests. He can swallow swords (as alleged), but this is rather more than he can comfortably stomach. However, all comes right in the end.

The little lame boy (prettily played by Miss HETTY KENYON) is not, as in the legend, left out of the hollow of the hill, and the loss of him provides Miss MARION TERRY with a chance, as the mother, of pleading with *The Piper* for his restoration. A tedious argument leaves him stubborn, but he yields at last, moved by the figure of the "lonely man" on the wayside calvary.

The author, JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, writing in blank verse (a fact that I only discovered well on in the Third Act) has embroidered the old wind-myth with many pleasant touches of poetic sentiment. Thus *The Piper* is not just a professional vermin-killer; he goes through the world, like BROWNING'S *Herakles*, putting wrongs right, letting caged things out of their prisons; and that is why, rather than from motives of revenge for the loss of



Mr. F. R. BENSON (*The Piper*). "Go to a nunnery? No, you shan't. You are meant for the joys of life and love!"
Miss VIOLET FAREBROTHER (*Barbara*). "Ah!"
Mr. ERIC MAXON (*Michael, the Sword-Eater*). "I say, old chap, don't forget that this is really my show, and not yours."

his guilders, he pipes the children away from their narrow confinement among the sordid burghers of Hamelin; and not to their destruction, but to a life of fun and freedom in the caverns of the enchanted hillside.

So long as the children were on the scene the play was full of natural charm and delightful movement; but in their absence there was a deal of dull stuffing. Mr. BENSON, who managed his large family very cleverly, was not himself quite the Pied Piper of one's imagination. Possibly the absence of all disguise from his head and face spoiled the illusion. And I missed, except at rare moments, the note of sincerity. He just threw off his lines with the ease of an actor who does this sort of thing every day of his life, and will be ready to-morrow to play you any part in reason with equal fluency and detachment. I need hardly say that he indulged in some nice athletic interludes, picking up children and treating them like dumb-bells whenever it occurred to him. O. S.

"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

I should like my opening words to be, "Mr. COLLINS has surpassed himself," because that seems to be the beginning and ending of Drury Lane criticism, but, alas! I have no authority to write those words. Wait till next year and I will see what I can do for you. But this year (I blush to think that some sophisticated young gentleman of ten may read these lines) I have to start with a confession—I went to *Jack and the Beanstalk* in STEAD-like innocence, having seen many pantomimes, but never a Drury Lane one before. (And I have always missed the Lord Mayor's show too: one can't explain these things—they just happen.) So poor Mr. COLLINS may have surpassed himself in every scene, and yet I cannot mention it! What else, you wonder, is there to say?

I think I shall imitate *Robinson Crusoe* (another pantomime character), and make a list of the good and the bad, as it seemed to me.

Pro. The idea of excusing in advance all improbabilities of plot by showing the pantomime as the dream of a Boy Scout was very good.

Con. But it was a pity to leave out so much of the excellent story of Jack and the Beanstalk.

Pro. The staging was wonderful—

particularly in "The Giant's Garden."

The ballets also were beautiful, but—
Con. I had too much of them. (*Do children like it?*)

Pro. Mr. GEORGE GRAVES as *Mrs. Halleybut* was a perpetual joy. He is a real actor and a real humorist.

Con. Messrs. HARRY RANDALL and GEORGE BARRETT, as *Prince Spinach* and *Rupert Halleybut*, bored me beyond expression. I have never seen anything so unfunny (and I have listened to most of the red-nosed music-hall stars) as their long burglary scene in the Second Act.

Pro. There was one good song.



HAROLD.

"PAINTING THE LILY."

Mr. GEORGE GRAVES *Mrs. Halleybut.*
Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST *Priscilla, the Cow.*

Con. But only one. ("We don't want a girl from Tooting Bec; she washes her face and forgets her neck. . . . We don't want a girl as thin as a lath; she slips down the plug when she's having a bath," and other songs had not even the merit of catchy tunes.)

Pro. Mr. BARRY LUPINO (who did some wonderful acrobatic feats, including that of jumping through the window of a taxi-cab), Miss JULIA JAMES (a lovely principal girl), Miss MAUDIE THORNTON (a jolly maid), and Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST (the cow, *Priscilla*) contributed greatly to my enjoyment.

Con. The bunches of children in the choruses didn't. Children on the stage are either delightful or detestable. In any case it is unkind to ask them to sing.

The truth is, I am afraid, that Mr. GRAVES spoilt the pantomime for me. It was when I was waiting for him that I grew bored with other people; it was when nearly three hours had gone and we were still at the First Act ballet, that I longed impatiently for *Mrs. Halleybut* to come back before I had to fly out for food. Perhaps if Mr. GRAVES had not been there I might have been amused even by *Prince Spinach*. I suppose stranger things have happened.

But I must go to *Jack and the Beanstalk* again. It begins at 7.30 and ends at 1 or so, and I think I have solved the problem of the meal. Mr. GRAVES does not come on till 8.30, so that an early dinner might be managed; but one would miss a little of Mr. LUPINO. Supper after the pantomime is over is impossible. My discovery is this—that the last three scenes of the First Act can be missed at a second visit; they are beautiful, but they need only be seen once. I shall slip out at 9.15 and get back by 10.30. At 11 o'clock I shall be in the right mood to revel in "The Giant's Garden." That was delightful last night; it will be even more delightful when Mr. GRAVES has had time to think of some more funny things. M.

From a notice in a cracker:

"Light the thick end, and hold steadily in the hand until part is burnt away, when the fireworks will begin."

You get the effect of this better when somebody else is doing it.

"Capt. C F. Moek gave an exposition of his paper on 'The Spermatogenesis of *Stenobothrus viridulus*, with Special Reference to the Heterotropic Chromosome as a Sex Determinant in Grasshoppers.'" *Athenæum.*

Thank heaven it has been done at last—and by an Englishman!

From a poem in *Le Progrès* (Cairo):
"If this extent of space, O friend,
Doth but contain our tombs, not more;
Then where are tombs gone, should we count
From days of Ad—those days of yore?"
The censorship in Cairo must be pretty strict, to judge from the slurring of the "dam" in Adam.

"The — Company Limited have received the honour of a Royal Warrant of Appointment as Soap Manufacturers to His Majesty King Edward V."—*Advt. in "The Stirling Journal."*
"Manufacturers to Edward the Black Prince" would be a much more telling title for a Soap Company.

OUR LIFT.

I LIVE in a flat. The hall-porter lets me go up and down in the lift all by myself.

It isn't one of those electric things where you simply press a button marked "fourth floor," and it stops of its own accord. They're not much fun.

Ours is one of the old hydraulic sort, where you pull a rope down to start it and pull it up to stop it. It is no child's play.

One day last week I came out of my flat in my immaculate morning coat and silk hat, opened the cage door and pulled the rope. I suppose I ought to have looked down first, but I have acquired a sort of reckless daring in dealing with the lift. Familiarity breeds contempt, as you know.

The lift rose with intense speed. Inside was the surprise of a lifetime. A frightfully pretty girl in an enchanting hobble skirt was sitting on the floor. I recognised her as an inmate of a lower flat.

I have the usual *savoir faire* of the man-about-town. I raised the silk hat.

"I beg your pardon. Were you using the lift?"

"Yes, but I've finished with it," she said. "As soon as I can get up I'll get out."

"Stay where you are," was my gallant reply. "I am coming to the rescue."

I was as good as my word. I entered the lift and placed her on her feet.

"Trust yourself to me," I said, closing the barrier. "The intrepid aeronauts prepared to descend."

"I think I'll walk down," she said.

"I never aviate with strangers. Besides, you drive too fast. I thought I was going through the top of the building just now."

"Nonsense," I said. "You cannot walk down. The charwoman is at work. Communication is cut off. Have no fear."

I manipulated the rope.

Accidents will happen. It was not my fault that the lift stuck midway between two floors.

I worked the rope violently and switched the light off as they do in the Tubes when the train sticks. But nothing came of it.

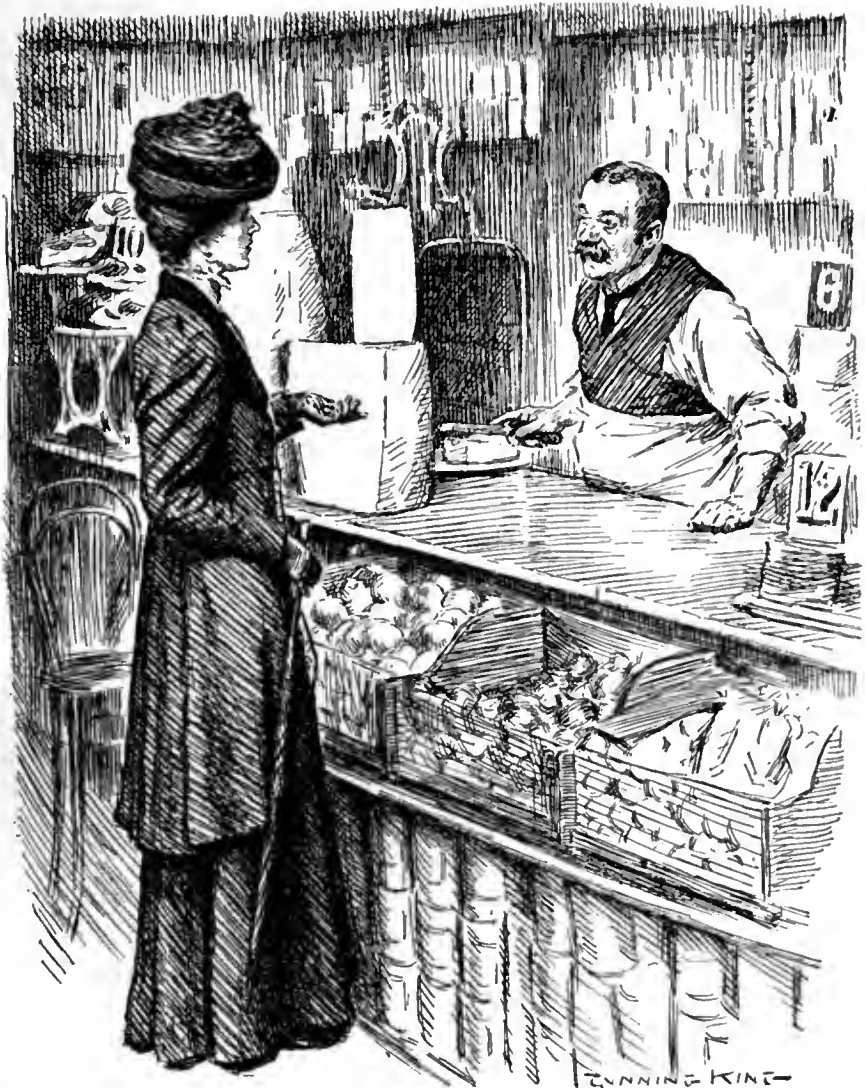
We were in complete darkness, cut off from the world without an introduction.

"What happens now?" she said.

"Keep quite calm," I said. "First we will have some light on the scene."

I switched it on again.

"We must face the situation," I said. "For all we know we may



COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.

Obliging Shopman (to *Lady* who has purchased a pound of butter). "SHALL I SEND IT FOR YOU, MADAM?"

Lady. "NO, THANK YOU. IT WON'T BE TOO HEAVY FOR ME."

Obliging Shopman. "OH, NO, MADAM. I'LL MAKE IT AS LIGHT AS I POSSIBLY CAN."

spend the rest of our lives here together. We have not been introduced. Let us waive formalities."

We waived them for two hours.

* * * * *

Yes. For two whole hours we were suspended in mid-air.

I smoked the inevitable cigarettes of the phlegmatic aviator, and talked to her in a natural and reassuring manner.

Eventually somebody did something somewhere, and we made a graceful descent. The crowd of welcomers included the girl's mother and several aunts and people.

The porter released us with an offensive grin.

True to my habitual modesty I did not thrust myself into the public eye.

I stood in the back of the lift while she landed.

"My dear child," said her mother, "how often have I told you not to play with the lift?"

"I didn't break it," said the ridiculous girl. "Let me introduce Mr.—"

But I was disappearing again quite quickly. Only my immaculate boots and very immaculate spats were still in view.

I don't know what the etiquette is. One must be guided by instinct at such a moment. I waved one foot.

Madame DONALDA, the famous *prima donna*, is no relation to the editor of *The Daily Chronicle*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In this age of travel everyone of us must know somebody who is familiar with, or at least interested in, Japan. Personally, my own previous experience of the country did not extend beyond the confines of Shepherd's Bush, but this has by no means lessened my enjoyment of Lady LAWSON'S fascinating book, *Highways and Homes of Japan* (FISHER UNWIN), which seems to me indeed a model for works of its kind. The author, for one thing, obviously knows her subject, and has enjoyed what appear to have been exceptional opportunities for studying the home life of the people about whom she writes. She has, moreover, the journalistic eye for picturesque and essential detail, a style that manages to convey information without boredom, and a perfect genius for photography. The illustrations which her camera has provided are altogether charming, more especially several delightful snapshots of Japanese kiddies at play; and a thing about these pictures that struck me with a shock of gratified astonishment was that in every case they are inserted so as to coincide with that portion of the text which they illustrate. Would that of all similar volumes one could say the same.

Undoubtedly the best way of solving the domestic servant difficulty is to write a charming book about the vagaries of the species as ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL has done. It is a subject, too, which gives the writer a great advantage over the ordinary novelist who pillories his friends and relations; for I don't suppose that the cooks, helps, and charwomen who succeeded one another in *Our House* (FISHER UNWIN) are ever likely to read it and recognise their identities; though, I should imagine, it would make them *that* wild if they did. Mrs. PENNELL'S experiences were perhaps rather more lively than the average mistress need expect to undergo, but that was because her "generals" were recruited from what she insists on calling "The Quarter," that is to say, Soho. It is all the more to her credit that, if she failed to find many "perfect treasures," she unearthed vast quantities of the gold of humour at every attempt; and, when I mention that amongst the constant visitors at *Our House* were WHISTLER, R. A. M. STEVENSON and HENLEY, it will be quite clear that it was not for lack of interesting friends in the drawing-room that she has chosen to make capital out of the kitchen. Of all the characters (though that is rather a tactless word) who figure in these pages I think I like *Trimmer* best: *Trimmer* of whom Mrs. PENNELL writes, "I am convinced that if I had said, '*Trimmer*, there is a lion roaring at the door,' she would have answered, 'That's all right, Mum! thank you, Mum!' and rushed to say that we were not at home to him." Readers in search of good situations are strongly recommended to try *Our House*.

Fortuna Chance (CONSTABLE) is a novel of some length,

concerned, but not over concerned, with the life of a lady of that name. She so far forgot the traditions of her ancient family as to marry a Nobody of Nowhere, a mere lawyer, and to bear him a son of the name of *Roland*. The ancient family disowned her, Mr. Nobody deserted her and became, as mere lawyers will, a great judge, while *Roland*, being deprived of a father's philosophy and guidance, never put his nose out of his door without getting it into somebody else's trouble. In the earlier eighteenth century there was rather a lot of vicarious trouble lying about for enterprising young gentlemen of Jacobite professions, and *Roland* ends in the dock, charged with treason and a murder committed by his rival in love. If you have any acquaintance with other novels which touch upon the law, I need not tell you who was the judge that sat upon his case nor in what an irregular manner the trial was conducted. Rather it must be shown with what effect Mr. JAMES PRIOR tells his story. One feels that he has spent all his pains upon his selection of words and left his narrative to look after itself, and yet, in spite of him, it is the narrative that pleases and the elaborate language that tends to irritate. But on the whole I may say that I quite enjoyed the book, and hope that you will have the patience to do the same.



The woman. "EXCUSE ME, MY LORD, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO CHOOSE BETWEEN PARTING—(firmly)—WITH THIS TABLE OR WITH ME. IT EMPHASISES THE PHYSICAL DEFECTS OF MY LOWER LIMBS!"

to be loved, and *Monsieur le Curé* tended his weather-beaten flock and shot the good wild duck with impartial zeal *Suzette*, more a little daughter than a servant, achieved the rarest *soufflés*, and *The Essence of Selfishness* was a cat. They lived for adventures, now romance, now a mere escapade, more often a delightful nothing, once a stirring incident of melodrama. In the background were the dogs and the guns, the tragedies of poverty, the comedies of officialdom, the relentless sea and the gay Bohemian life. Whether Mr. BERKELEY SMITH is (as he pretends to be) that same American, or whether no such person ever existed, I care not one little blow. I care not whether so excellent a lot of rogues were in fact created by heaven or invented in fiction by an author (incredible in either case); I only know that I never want to read a book lighter, prettier, merrier, daintier, more touching or engaging than *A Village of Vagabonds* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON).

"To clean a picture frame which has had silver leaf on it instead of gold leaf, take half a dozen medium sized English onions and boil them in their skins in about a pint and a half of water. Wash and polish them with soft rags."—*Evening News*.

The writer is getting away from the point. We don't want to know how to clean onions.

CHARIVARIA.

It has only just occurred to us—now that we are in 1911. Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX's *Great War of 1910* never came off. Very annoying for him.

With reference to the Portuguese unrest it is gratifying to read that numerous requests have been received for the despatch of British flags to be hoisted as a protection in the event of any disorders. The German factories, we hear, have been working overtime to cope with the demand.

A painting commemorating a joke made by the KAISER during manœuvres has just been hung in the mess of a convalescent home for officers in the Taunus. His MAJESTY, in tasting some of the men's pea-soup, burnt his tongue, at which he cried, "Ow, William! Now you have burnt your snout again properly!" It is said that, with a view to encouraging art, His MAJESTY intends to make a joke every year in future.

Six hundred of the late King of SIAM's widows attended his funeral. We still think that, although not so spectacularly effective, our simple, unostentatious old custom of restricting the number to one has points in its favour.

Much has been heard quite recently of threepenny-bits in plum puddings. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has now hit upon a novelty. He is thinking of issuing stamps in rolls.

The waitresses in a certain café in Boston, U.S.A., have been forbidden to say anything more than "Good morning, Sir," to male patrons (and this only when they are addressed first), because so many of the girls marry customers, and the staff is always changing. The surprise may well be imagined of the young gentleman who says, "Will you marry me, fair maiden?" and gets the reply, "Good morning, Sir" (especially if it should happen in the evening).

It is rumoured that, to signalise the

granting of a knighthood to himself, Sir JOSEPH LYONS intends shortly to raise Sir Watkin Pudding, which figures occasionally on the menus of his restaurants, to the peerage.

Our newest Music Hall is evidently to be conducted on severely decorous lines. "On Monday," we read, "Madame Edyth Walker commences her engagement at the Palladium, when she will sing songs *in costume*." The italics are ours, the idea the Palladium's.

The sunshine statistics for the past year make melancholy reading. Yet

should have thought of taking the little orphan to the Gnu Gallery Restaurant.

M. LOUIS LAPICQUE asserts, in a communication to the Academy of Science, of Paris, that large eyes indicate a big brain. Unfortunately, in several cases known to us, they are the only indication.

The Feminist movement would appear to be making giant strides in the provinces to judge by a card which has reached us from the David Lewis Northern Hospital stating that "The Lord and Lady Mayoress have kindly consented to visit the Hospital," etc.

A dear old lady writes to us apprehensively about a notice she has seen, headed "Election Petition." "Surely," she says, "they can't be petitioning for another General Election!"

The French Academy of Science has refused to immortalise Madame CURIE. In coming to this decision the members consider they are acting in self-defence. Immortelles, they say, would be a sign of death.

The Daily Mirror publishes a photograph, entitled: "President Fallières (with a beard) driving from the Elysée." Is not our contemporary aware that they are inseparable companions?

Official permission has been given to the London Scottish to have a march in Scotland this year. We understand that they have secured the services of an interpreter.

"Two mid-ocean games of chess have, by the aid of wireless telegraphy, been played between the steamships *Briton* and *Medic*."—*Daily Mail*.

"Mate!" telegraphed the *Briton*, and the game had to be stopped while they looked for the first officer of the *Medic*.

"The general growth of the town is indicated by the fact that twice within a dozen years the authorities are contemplating further enlarging the post-office."—*Western Morning News*.

But they mustn't be in too great a hurry. One more contemplation and then in 1922 the great work can be put in hand.



OUT OF THEIR RECKONING.

Pilot. "WHERE ARE WE?"
Mechanic (who is taking fog soundings). "PICCADILLY, I RECKON!"

can one really blame the sun for coming out so seldom, seeing what wretched weather we had?

Meanwhile we hear that the official excuse for the poor beginning of the present year is that there is a certain amount of bad weather over from last year which must be worked off.

Two black Orpington hens exhibited at the Philadelphia Poultry Show were valued at £2,400 and £2,000 respectively. Their eggs are worth £5 a-piece, and the miserly creatures are said to be hoarding them up.

The infant gnu which was recently born in the Zoological Gardens has lost its mother and has been refusing food. It seems incredible that no one

A LADIES' REFERENDUM.

[A bachelor, on becoming engaged, invites the approval of his women friends.]

LADIES, your verdict! By your leave I wish you
To fill this form (enclosed), wherein is set
A question on a very vital issue
Touching the case of fair young Henriette
(The party, Mr. ED.,
Whom I particularly want to wed).

Briefly, for I rely on your inscrutable
Instinct for seeing through your sex and kind,
Is she—I put it to you—quite a suitable
Companion for the subtler sort of mind?
Is she, or is she not,
Qualified for the post—to share my lot?

You know my taste, in virtues as in clarets;
Well, will she make a satisfactory bride?
Is she pure gold, or only fifteen carats,
Sound to the core, or simply fair outside,
This Henriette (or Harry)
Whom I particularly want to marry?

Ladies, you well deserve this referendum,
For, when I chose, I had your charms in view;
Could I have seen that she contrived to blend 'em,
Had they not struck my notice first in you?
Her gifts your own recall,
And, wedding her, I seem to wed you all!

Kindly confirm my choice and you enhance her,
If possible, in my profound esteem;
But if, upon the other hand, your answer
Should throw discouragement on love's young dream,
Then hold me not to blame
If I proceed to wed her just the same.

For it is you (not she) are on your trial;
This is a test case meant to prove your worth;
And, if the bulk of you pronounce denial
That she is far the nicest thing on earth,
Such verdict will denote
That you are still unfit to have the Vote. O. S.

MANNERS FROM OREGON.

PORTLAND, the metropolis of Oregon, was founded in 1844, and became a city in 1851. Though it stands about 100 miles from the ocean it is a prosperous port. It has churches, schools, sawmills, canneries, breweries—in short all the complex apparatus of an advanced civilisation. In spite of these manifold blessings Portland has never been sufficiently famous. This defect I propose to remedy.

There is, it appears, in Portland a newspaper named *The Oregonian*, a mouth-filling and splendid title; and *The Oregonian* sometimes devotes such leisure as it can spare from the pursuit of politics, literature, and general news to matters even more closely pertaining to the conduct of life. Recently it published an article on the etiquette of the table, by PRUDENCE STANDISH—Miss PRUDENCE STANDISH as I may, I think, presume her to be.

It is an engrossing but a desperately difficult subject, surrounded with pitfalls of varying depth and danger. How shall an aspirant attain to perfect correctness and ease so that those who see him (or her) sitting at table may say, "Lo, there is one on whom at least twopence was expended

in early youth. He is quite sure about his napkin; he knows what to do with his knife and fork; the management of his bread and the lifting of his tankard of stout are equally child's play to him. Why can't we be like him?" You will be like him, I answer, if only you will read PRUDENCE'S article.

In the *Book of Snobs* (chapter 1) we are asked to believe that Englishmen of rank and distinction must not make use of their knives in order to convey peas, those mercurial and elusive vegetables, to the mouth, but that foreigners of rank may do this without reproach. "I have seen," says the author, "the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long may the knife carry food to those lips, the reddest and loveliest in the world!" On this vexed question PRUDENCE remains almost silent. Even Lady GROVE, our own British classic, says nothing about it.

Listen, however, to PRUDENCE on napkins: "When everybody is seated at table—not before—the napkin is taken up from the plate across which it lies, and opened out across the knees. However beautiful a gown or splendid a gentleman's evening get-up, it is the height of bad taste to pin the napkin up to the bodice or tuck one end into the waistcoat. One shake—the two hands held to the right of the sitter—unfolds it sufficiently, and without more ado it is laid upon the lap. After the meal, when dining with friends the napkin may be folded and laid by the plate."

I daresay all this is quite sound—though, I fancy, some high authorities forbid the folding of the napkin when a meal is over. They consider that it argues a mean regard for economy, an intention, in fact, to use the napkin on some subsequent occasion, and they prefer the reckless daredevil custom of leaving the napkin in a chaotic condition on the floor. My own special trouble with napkins, however, arises from their being sometimes built up in the shape of boats or mitres, in which state they often contain a roll of bread hidden in their recesses. It's ten to one with me that the bread rolls out of the napkin on to the floor, and if I and the other guests used the method of PRUDENCE—"the two hands held to the right of the sitter"—there might be quite a dangerous fusillade of rolls. To give or to receive a roll in the eye would be but a poor beginning to a party. As to the tucking or pinning of napkins, I agree with PRUDENCE. Not even thick soup and a heavy moustache will excuse a man who callously tucks one end into the waistcoat. Let him lean his head forward or sacrifice the waistcoat. Finally, "the guest may lay down his or her eating implements at any time, but the napkin is not taken from the lap until the hostess removes hers." This is a counsel of perfection. My experience is that when napkins are highly starched and glazed they remove themselves over and over again. Nothing breaks the ice better than to bring your head into a collision with a lady's as you both stoop to recover her fallen napkin.

I pass now to some matters on which our own barbarous customs appear to differ slightly from those of Portland: "The knives and soup-spoon are at the right of the plate, and the various forks used at the left." So far, I think, we agree, but "the smaller knife will be used for the



THE BLIND SIDE.

GERMAN OFFICER. "GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO FORTIFY YOUR SEA-FRONT. VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE, THESE ENGLISH."

DUTCHMAN. "BUT IT WILL COST MUCH."

GERMAN OFFICER. "AH, BUT SEE WHAT YOU SAVE ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER, WHERE THERE'S NOBODY BUT US!"

100



Sporting Farmer. "COME ALONG, SAM, YOU AIN'T FRIGHTENED BY A DROP O' WATER! THEY 'RE RUNNING LIKE BLAZES!"
Sam. "GO ON, LAD, GO ON! I BE LOOKIN' FOR A POND THAT USED TO BE IN THIS FIELD. MAYBE YOU 'LL FIND UN."

entrée and the larger for the roast; the two forks for these courses are generally the same size. The knife is held in the right hand and is used exclusively"—here PRUDENCE hints at the Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter—"for cutting food, and *after this*" (my italics) "the fork is shifted to the right hand for eating." First chop your food, then fork it, is a good motto. "But save for such very small vegetables as peas and beans, or for rice, the fork is not used spoon-wise, but rather to lift conveniently shaped pieces with the ends of the prongs. It is not thought elegant to mash up food with the fork before eating, or to turn the fork over and pile up the other side with food, as some persons do; and though these things seem fairly trifling, they count in the summing up of perfect table deportment." Here again we agree.

Let me give a few priceless maxims:—

- (1) "One must not say, 'I don't like' a thing when it is offered, but simply, 'No, thank you,' if it is not desired."
- (2) "Salt must not be put on the table-cloth for radishes or celery, but on the side of the plate."
- (3) "The host carves, the hostess serves the soup (if there is a turcen), and gives the signal for beginning the meal by taking up her soup-spoon." (But what happens where the hostess, under dietary regulations, takes no soup? Does she still wave her otiose soup-spoon?)
- (4) "Oysters, clams, and terrapins are also fork foods, and it is thought a break in good manners to eat any of these things with a knife." (But what shall we say about

kromeskies or patties? I have known a chicken-patty stand out against the most powerful fork.)

(5) "Where a hostess has a very stylishly dressed table, and there is a guest" (myself, for instance) "who is likely to be green in the employment of the right utensils, it is considerate and well bred of her to give the cue by taking up the proper implement for the course, as the great variety of forks and spoons now used on a smart table is sometimes embarrassing." (But if her chicken-patty is softer and more amenable than mine, and she takes up a fork for it, must I abstain from using a knife for my obstinate one? I simply refuse to forfeit my chance of the patty. I shall commit "a break" and use my knife.)

(6) And last. "Boiled eggs, for a polite effect, are eaten directly from the shell, and the home habit of breaking them in a glass should not be encouraged."

PRUDENCE does not tell us how they deal with asparagus in Portland. It is a fearful problem. Perhaps the hostess waves her hand for a signal and then everybody falls to with fingers in the primitive British fashion which gains in convenience all that it loses in elegance. Possibly PRUDENCE will continue to instruct us. In the meantime I bid her a grateful farewell.

Foresight in the Suburbs.

"Order your Christmas numbers at the bookstall, Railway Station, High-st., Putney."—*Evening Times* (Jan. 3rd).

SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

II.

THE EDITOR AND HIS MUSICAL CRITIC.

DEAR MR. KITE,—Although your contributions to our columns have hitherto lain in the sphere of sport and pastime, the retirement of our musical critic, Mr. Blandy, has decided me to offer you his post for the following reasons. The appeal of music is no longer confined to persons who lead sedentary or artistic lives. Musicians, whether amateurs or professionals, are increasingly addicted to outdoor exercises—golf, motoring, cricket, &c. Secondly, women, who form the great majority of the concert-going public, are nowadays habitually trained in muscular and athletic pursuits. Hence the need for treating music in a manner which will meet the altered conditions. Of course I do not want you absolutely to disregard the technical side of the art, but I have no doubt that you can pick this up as you go along. I should like you to attend the next Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall and submit a trial article on these lines.

Yours faithfully,
G. KENNEDY
BROWN.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—This is rather a tall order, but I have done my best, and hope that my article will prove satisfactory.

Yours very truly,
ANGUS KITE.

QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The inclusion in Saturday's programme of Sir Alexander Bulger's new symphonic concerto for violin, with Herr Kreisler as soloist, naturally drew a huge audience to the Queen's Hall. Indeed the gallery was so tightly packed as to suggest an old-fashioned Rugby scrum of the "seventies" rather than the looser formation adopted by up-to-date exponents of the national game.

Sir Alexander Bulger's concerto is laid out in four movements. A brief prologue, in which there are some beautiful brassy shots for the trombone, leads without a check into the opening

Allegro. The first subject, which is of a rather flip-flap character, is given out by the solo instrument and is then passed from one group of instruments to another with a Stoop-like precision. Some interesting "essipodes," as Mr. Dan Everard would call them, then follow before the second subject, marked *nobilmente* in the score, emerges in all its luscious grandeur. After the customary *reprise* comes the working-out section in the form of a free fantasia, and the peroration is at once jubilant and majestic. The slow movement in 6-8 time is, strange to say, entirely melodic in character with occasional explosions in the percussion department, but the *Presto, a moto perpetuo*, has all the exhilaration of a toboggan

halved the match amid tumultuous applause.

Of the other items in the programme, which comprised the *Siegfried* Idyll, TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "1812" overture, and the *Vorspiel* of the *Meistersinger*, it is not necessary to speak, but a few words are due to the solo vocalist, Madame Vinolia de Sapiolo, who made a very favourable impression on this her first appearance before a Metropolitan audience. Madame de Sapiolo is a robust soprano, of the type of a Cornish forward, who attacks her high notes with the intrepidity of an aviator. Her voice is no *voix blanche*; it strikes her hearers pink at every shot. In *Ocean, thou mighty monster*, she never once fozzled an approach or got into

the rough, but plugged away through the green with the undeviating straightness of JOHN HENRY at his best. Later on she displayed her *bravura* in an air by Alabiéff, in which she sprinted all over the gamut with the utmost agility. Her shake is no flabby wobble suggestive of the agitation of a shape of jelly, but a genuine seismic perturbation of the vocal chords, and it fairly knocked the audience.



PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE.

Governess. "EAT UP YOUR FOOD, YOU UNGRATEFUL CHILD. THE DAY WILL COME WHEN YOU WILL WISH THAT YOU HAD SUCH A NICE RICE PUDDING TO EAT."
Little Girl. "WILL IT, MISS PEARSALL? PERHAPS I'D BETTER KEEP IT TILL THEN."

trip down the Cresta run. The *Final* is at once grimly pathetic and capriciously humorous. It is full of unexpected happenings, abrupt modulations, unearthly squawks from the wood wind and stifled groans from muted horns. But its beauty is incontestable, and the solo instrument dominates the whole with a weird pertinacity. Herr Kreisler, who adopts a stance which is curiously reminiscent of ROWLAND JONES, was in fine form throughout, and in the cadenza in the first movement made some lovely lofting shots into *altissimo*. The fantastic *Presto* is marked by some transitions which come off the pitch with the delusiveness of a googlie, but they were all negotiated with consummate ease by the gifted executant, who raced neck and neck with the band down the home stretch and

particularly pleased that you have used the words "grim," "pathetic," and "happening," which are absolutely indispensable just at present.

Yours faithfully,
G. KENNEDY BROWN.

The *Ladies Home Journal*, describing some charades, says:

"The Princes in the Tower, the landing of the Normans, and King Henry haunted by his eight wives were given, the latter being very difficult to guess."

No wonder; we ourselves can only give six of them.

"CHESTER V. TRANMERE.
Half Time: Crewe, 1; Nantwich, 0.
Result: Burnell's Ironworks, 1; Saltney, 0."
Sunday Chronicle.

There is nothing like a thoroughly sporting game, with the result in doubt up to the last minute.



Detective. "Now, Mrs. SMITH, we think we have at last found your husband for you. It is possible that he may be disguised, so will you look carefully at each of these men and say whether you can recognise Mr. SMITH?"
 One of the Eight (in a whisper). "Blimy, Bill, I 'ope the old dear don't make a bloomer an' pick me!"

A FEUILLETON EXAMINATION.

[With acknowledgments to the Editor of *The Cornhill* and his new scheme of examination papers on various authors.]

1. "'This is so sudden,' said Amelia." State roughly, in years, how long Amelia had been working up to this *dénouement*.
2. "Adolphus had drunk deep of the tree of knowledge." Show, from his subsequent career, the dangers of this vegetarian diet.
3. "'You lie,' hissed Jasper." Explain fully how Jasper accomplished this, laying careful stress on the absence of sibilants in his remark.
4. "His whole history was written on his face." From what you know of the handwriting of authors, would you consider that Vera was justified in saying that she "could read him like a book"?
5. Give some account of Count Ferrari's chameleon-like qualities, citing the occasions when his bronzed features turned—(a) green with envy; (b) purple with rage; (c) blue with fear; (d) red with shame; (e) grey with horror.
6. "Marjorie would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea." How did she retrieve them? Is any light thrown upon the process of their recovery by the statement that "her dog would look up into her face as if he too understood."
7. Sketch the probable change in the course of events, if—
 - (i.) The Count had been detected in the act of concealing a sardonic smile beneath his moustache.
 - (ii.) Lady Dalston's face had been square instead of a perfect oval.
8. "You hound, you have deceived me." Write a letter purporting to have come from a member of the Belvoir

Kennel, deploring this aspersion on his race. Calculate the heightening or lessening, as the case may be, of the dramatic effect had Vera said, "You tomtit" (or, alternatively, "You yak"), you have deceived me."

9. Give some account of the first-aid remedies you would have applied to Jasper when he—
 - (a) Dug his teeth into his lips until the blood came.
 - (b) Broke out into a bath of cold perspiration.
 - (c) Was withered by a look from Belinda.
 - (d) Fell from the turret to the moat with a sickening thud.

IN MEMORIAM.

Samuel Henry Butcher.

BORN, 1850. DIED, DECEMBER 29, 1910.

DOWERED with the glamour of his native isle
 That fired his tongue and lit his ardent gaze,
 That lent enchantment to his radiant smile,
 And grace to all his ways,

He spread the light of Hellas, holding high
 The torch of learning with a front serene,
 A living witness of the powers that lie
 Within the golden mean.

And whether in the groves of Academe,
 Or where contending factions strive and strain
 In the mid-current of life's turbid stream,
 His honour knew no stain.

Heedless of self, he played a knightly part,
 Bowing to none but Duty's stern decrees.
Nil peccavisti unquam, noble heart,
Nisi quod mortuus es.

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

"Is that you, uncle?" said a voice from the nursery, as I hung my coat up in the hall. "I've only got my skin on, but you can come up."

However, she was sitting up in bed with her nightgown on when I found her.

"I was having my bath when you came," she explained. "Have you come all the way from London?"

"All the way."

"Then will you tell me a story?"

"I can't; I'm going to have my dinner. I only came up to say Good-night."

Margery leant forward and whispered coaxingly, "Will you just tell me about Beauty and 'e Beast?"

"But I've told you that such heaps of times. And it's much too long for to-night."

"Tell me *half* of it. As much as *that*." She held her hands about nine inches apart.

"That's too much."

"As much as *that*." The hands came a little nearer together.

"Oh! Well, I'll tell you up to where the Beast died."

"*Fought* he died," she corrected eagerly.

"Yes. Well——"

"How much will that be? As much as I said?"

I nodded. The preliminary business settled, she gave a little sigh of happiness, put her arms round her knees, and waited breathlessly for the story she had heard twenty times before.

"Once upon a time there was a man who had three daughters. And one day——"

"What was the man's name?"

"Margery," I said reproachfully, annoyed at the interruption, "you know I *never* tell you the man's name."

"Tell me now."

"Orlando," I said after a moment's thought.

"I told Daddy it was Thomas," said Margery casually.

"Well, as a matter of fact he had two names, Orlando *and* Thomas."

"Why did he have two names?"

"In case he lost one. Well, one day this man, who was very poor, heard that a lot of money was waiting for him in a ship which had come over the sea to a town some miles off. So he——"

"Was it waiting at Weymouf?"

"Somewhere like that."

"I spex it must have been Weymouf, because there's lots of sea there."

"Yes, I'm sure it was. Well, he thought he'd go to Weymouth and get the money."

"How much monies was it?"

"Oh, lots and lots."

"As much as five pennies?"

"Yes, about that. Well, he said Good-bye to his daughters, and asked them what they'd like him to bring back for a present. And the first asked for some lovely jewels and diamonds and——"

"Like Mummy's locket—is *that* jewels?"

"That sort of idea. Well, she wanted a lot of things like that. And the second wanted some beautiful clothes."

"What sort of clothes?"

"Oh, frocks and—well, frocks and all sorts of—er, frocks."

"Did she want any lovely new stockings?"

"Yes, she wanted three pairs of those."

"And did she want any lovely——"

"Yes," I said hastily, "she wanted lots of those, too. Lots of *everything*."

Margery gave a little sob of happiness. "Go on telling me," she said under her breath.

"Well, the third daughter was called Beauty. And she thought to herself, 'Poor Father won't have any money left at all, if we all go on like this!' So she didn't ask for anything very expensive, like her selfish sisters, she only asked for a rose. A simple red rose."

Margery moved uneasily.

"I hope," she said wistfully, "this bit isn't going to be about—you know. It never did before."

"About what?"

"Good little girls and bad little girls, and fings like that."

"My darling, no, of course not. I told it wrong. Beauty asked for a rose because she loved roses so. And it was a very particular kind of red rose that she wanted—a sort that they simply *couldn't* get to grow in their own garden because of the soil."

"Go on telling me," said Margery, with a deep sigh of content.

"Well, he started off to Weymouth."

"What day did he start?"

"It was Monday. And when——"

"Oh, well, anyhow, I told Daddy it was Tuesday."

"Tuesday—now let me think. Yes, I believe you're right. Because on Monday he went to a meeting of the Vegetable Gardeners, and proposed the health of the Chairman. Yes, well he started off on Tuesday, and when he got there he found that there was no money for him at all!"

"I spex somebody had taken it," said Margery breathlessly.

"Well, it had all gone *somehow*."

"Prehaps somebody had swallowed it," said Margery, a little carried away by the subject. "By mistake."

"Anyhow, it was gone. And he had to come home again without any money. He hadn't gone far——"

"How far?" asked Margery. "As far as *that*?" and she measured nine inches in the air.

"About forty-four miles—when he came to a beautiful garden."

"Was it a really lovely big garden? Bigger than ours?"

"Oh, much bigger."

"Bigger than yours?"

"I haven't got a garden."

Margery looked at me wonderingly. She opened her mouth to speak, and then stopped and rested her head upon her hands and thought out this new situation. At last, her face flushed with happiness, she announced her decision.

"Go on telling me about Beauty and the Beast now," she said breathlessly, "and *then* tell me why you haven't got a garden."

My average time for Beauty and the Beast is ten minutes, and, if we stop at the place when the Beast thought he was dead, six minutes twenty-five seconds. But, with the aid of seemingly innocent questions, a determined character can make even the craftiest uncle spin the story out to half-an-hour. "Next time," said Margery, when we had reached the appointed place and she was being tucked up in bed, "will you tell me *all* the story?"

Was there the shadow of a smile in her eyes? I don't know. But I'm sure it will be wisest next time to promise her the whole thing. We must make that point clear at the very start, and then we shall get along.

A. A. M.

DOUGH.

JACQUES loves the English tongue,
although

He finds the spelling tough,
And when he does not really knough
He does a little blough,
And spells the termination sough—
Making the queerest stough.

For when he tries himself to plough
His way with trouble through
The words he jotted down but nough,
He finds it will not dough;
He gazes stupid as a cough,
And fails to find a clough.

When back across the Channel's trough
He sails, as pale as dough,
He fears his countrymen will scough
To see his spelling gough
Even in French a little ough,
And hardly *comme il fough*.

THE FEMALE ECONOMIST.



THE SHABBY FOOTSTOOL.



REMNANT DAY: 4 A.M.



IN THE QUEUE: 5 A.M.



THE BATTLE OF THE REMNANTS



VICTORY (2s. 4½d. SAVED).



THE CONQUEROR STAVES OFF COLLAPSE.
(COST OF LUNCH 22s. 6d.)



THREE WEEKS LATER.
THE FIRST WALK OF THE CONVALESCENT.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

"WILLIE, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE OTHER CHILDREN?"

"MOTHER SAID I WASN'T TO GO NEAR THE CANDLES, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT A CELLULOID COLLAR ON!"

A HOME FROM HOME.

THE Anarchist who dwells abroad is not a happy man ;
Unfeeling Governments refuse protection to his clan ;
I simply shudder when I think how hard his lot would be
If England gave no welcome to the foreign refugee !

When other nations cease to view with nonchalant *aplomb*
His automatic pistol and his effervescing bomb,
When, harassed by a cruel foe, he has to take to flight,
It's "Oh to be in England!" (with a ton of dynamite !)

When Hamburg grows too sensitive at loss of life and
limb ;
When Paris firmly intimates she has no use for him ;
When even Barcelona gets a little bit too hot,
Who is it shakes him by the hand ? It's England, is it
not ?

Though other countries turn him out and pulverise his
dens,
We couldn't be so impolite to foreign citizens !
Our port authorities don't pry about and make a fuss,
But straightway take him to their hearts and hail him one
of us !

I know some nervous Loudoners display a deal of fear
And shake their heads and talk about the Coronation Year ;

How can they be so foolish as to think they'll be attacked ?
They're safe as any p'liceman while we have our Aliens'
Act !

O England, to yourself be true ; remember you are free !
You *can't* belie the name you've got for hospitality.
The British Burglar cannot be too mercilessly curbed ;
But leave the Alien Criminal—he mustn't be disturbed !

Overland Route for Ships.

"BOMBAY.—The English Mail Steamer was signalled this morning
at 5.20 and is expected to arrive at the General Post Office, Calcutta,
by special train to-morrow night."—"Empire" (Calcutta).

The *Daily Express* has thrown a strong flashlight on
the Clapham Common mystery. "The double 'S' brand,"
it says, "may represent the Polish word 'Szpion,' which
means 'Sps or Traitor.'"

"Country" asks how to bleach a faded print dress. The directions
given to 'Our Wee Mary' (Coburg) should be followed. . . . 'Our
Wee Mary' (Coburg) asks how to remove longstanding rust stains from
steel fire-irons."—*Melbourne Argus*.

In following the directions which are given, the great
thing is to remember what it is you're trying to do.
Otherwise you only bleach the tongs.

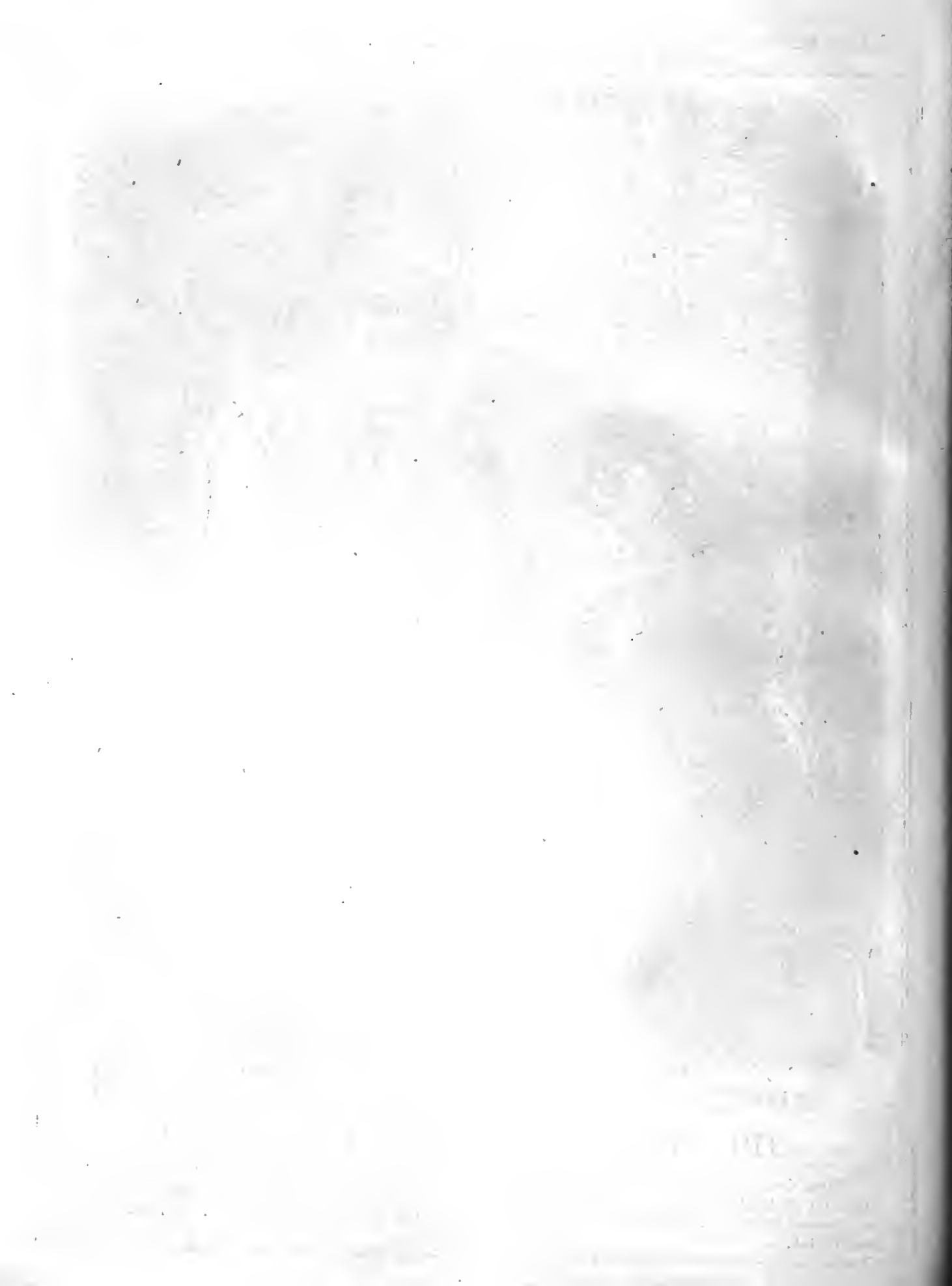
"Who were the two men who fired from 100, Sidney St. ? It is generally
accepted that one at least of them was Fritz Svarrs."—*Daily Chronicle*.
Or two at most ?



THE BITTER CRY OF THE UNDESIRABLE.

FIRST CRIMINAL ALIEN. "THIS COUNTRY WON'T BE QUITE SO SNUG AN ASYLUM FOR US ONE OF THESE DAYS. THEY'LL STOP US CARRYING ARMS FOR SELF-DEFENCE."

SECOND CRIMINAL ALIEN. "YES, AND DEPORT US ON SUSPICION BEFORE WE'VE KILLED ANYBODY."



THE SCARAB.

SPOIL of the tomb of kings,
Snatched from the shadows solemn,
Where the wide falcon-wings
Brood o'er the pylon's column,
Scarab (oh blue of the artist Egyptian),
How goes your curious carven inscrip-
tion?

Emblem of Life and Sun,
How do its letters run?
Spells it of magic and censers a-swing
Ere you were vowed to Miss Lilian's
ring?

Tells it of girlish throng,
Homage and graceful pose, if
Pharaoh should chance along,
Pharaoh who knew not JOSEPH?
Down the dim coolness of corridors
going,

Out to the noon on his rose gardens
glowing;
Where by the fish-pond's brink
Ibises coral-pink
Stood in a sacred and somnolent row,
Ages and ages and ages ago?

Spoil of the pyramid
Where the old shadows linger,
Now as a mascot slid
On to a dainty finger,
If I might fathom the secret you fetter,
Hazard each cryptical, long-ago letter,
Emblem of Life that's gone,
I would say, "Love lives on";
Surely a proper and plausible thing,
Since you are vowed to my Lilian's
ring!

THE BATTLE OF LONDON.

SOME SHOTS FROM A SPORTING RIFLE.

CERTAIN legal purists are asking:
Had the military the right to fire before
a magistrate had read the Riot Act?
We believe this is so in the case of an
armed invasion.

A satisfactory feature of the battle
was the attitude of the local peasantry
who were watching the fight. Again
and again the cry was raised, "Ach,
dese tamd aliens!"

There is, we hear, considerable
discontent among the Territorials
because they were not called out and
given a chance of sharing in the glory.

It argues an astonishing lack of enter-
prise, which makes us blush in the
presence of Americans, that not a
single 'bus proceeding eastwards on
the great day exhibited a notice:—

TO THE BATTLE.

Seeing that our Home Secretary
appeared on the scene, and has been
immortalised in the historical photo-



CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—III.

MR. PÉLISSIER PLAYS PUCK. THE SCENE AT THE REHEARSALS WAS OF THE MOST ANIMATED DESCRIPTION. THE EFFECT OF THE STRAIN ON THE EXTERNAL STRUCTURE OF THE THEATRE WAS WATCHED DAILY BY LARGE AND EXCITED CROWDS.

graphs, we really cannot be too grateful
that on this occasion he wore his high
hat and not his little Trilby.

By the way, we are authorised to
deny the rumour that Mr. HALDANE
was present disguised as a *vivandière*.

It is scarcely surprising that the
German papers should have made
sneering comments. The Germans
have always been jealous of our suc-
cesses on the battlefield, and have
their own account of Waterloo.

Considerable sympathy is being ex-
pressed for *The Daily Graphic*, whose
coming-of-age number was issued the
same day as the report of the battle,
and was to have been the talk of
England. Such are the horrors of war.

An abominable thought. Was the
battle perhaps arranged by the Cine-
matograph company who secured some
capital films of the hysteric event?
Was it merely a Fight for the Empire?

"Abuse of Hospitality?" cried an
angry pro-Alien. "What about the

treasurer of the London Hospital lend-
ing the police some sporting guns?

Panic is to be deprecated, but it is
well that it should be realised that, if
the authorities continue to take strong
action in the East End, England will
soon forfeit the affection of Anarchists
all over the world.

Finally, if we might give a hint to the
police, it is this. As we write, PETER
THE PAINTER is still at large. Let
them search for him among the Post-
Impressionists, some of whom have
already perpetrated more than one
outrage on English soil.

Our Lett Criminals.

Why do the police concentrate their
efforts on the East End, in face of the
oft-repeated statement—"Letts all go
down the Strand?"

A correspondent with a grievance
against the S.E. & C.R. Railway suggests
in the *Times* "a determined stand on
the part of the 1st class passengers."
But many of them have already done
all the standing they really care about.

MR. PUNCH'S MEDICAL NOTES.

[A correspondent of the *Lancet* says:—"Smoking just before meals is to be deprecated, because the pungency of the pyroigneous products contained in tobacco smoke renders the buccal mucosa insensitive to alimentary stimulation—in fact, their effect is to dull or abolish the olfacto-gustatory reflex, thus depriving us of what Pawlaw calls Appetite juice."]

Mr. Punch also offers a few similar homely tips on domestic hygiene:—

(1) Chocolate Creams before meals are apt to produce ante-post-prandial burstis, collateral with sub-acute lesions of meticulous patronymics. The

potency of the saccho-therapeutics causes definite lollypoposis, and renders the sufferer (particularly in advanced infancy or supra-nipperhood) unamenable to the pathogesto-epicurean excitation of cold mutton.

These strictures do not apply to Turkish Delight (Golumptious Orientalis), which, in carefully graduated minims, as prescribed by a Physician, has considerable value as an anti-squallutic. Pawlaw also commends its forcible administration to patients of advancing years in cases of choleric exacerbation.

(2) Nothing, Pawlaw states, is

so menacing to national hygiene as the decadence of the Bath Bun. He obtained four hundred bath buns from as many bakers, and subjected them to five years' research. He found only 2 per cent. of the buns approximated to standard as fixed by the Treaty of Berlin. Most of the buns under spectrum analysis showed achromatic eccentricity; 50 per cent. refused to vibrate to the violet reaction; Röntgen rays disclosed foreign bodies within six out of ten, and ninety-four showed evidence of tilted stratification and igneous petrification. Two hundred buns showed no recovery from an application of undilute sulphuric acid, and eighty-one displayed symptoms of febrile spleen with intermittent arthritic conjunctivitis. Monocular examination of bacterial cultures revealed

four billion polyperphera per cubic millennium. Nine buns displayed incipient rabies; sixty-three senile dementia; eighteen acute delusional hysteria; and no fewer than half of them chronic schlerosis of tissue and dangerous deficiency of currants. At the expiration of five years the whole of the buns lacked gusto-olfactory dynamics of nutrition. Pawlaw therefore discourages the use of bath buns as a staple human diet but permits moderate indulgence in them by lady typists and polar bears in captivity.

(3) Many people are victims of the

DARING RESCUE IN THE CITY.

It happened in Princes Street, which is one of the busiest thoroughfares in the City. But for a minute—just as there comes a lull in the conversation at the most garrulous dinner-party—the street was free from traffic. At that moment there appeared, seemingly from nowhere, a miniature carriage, drawn by a tiny horse, driven by a diminutive driver. Everyone stopped to gaze at the apparition in amazement. One had to rub one's eyes to make sure that one was not dreaming of fairyland. But there could be no doubt as to the reality of the thing. There it was moving gravely down the street. The daring of it! The amazing pluck of it!

Suddenly, in the distance, one hears the dread clanging of a fire-bell; and, in a moment, round the corner dashes a fire-engine—surely the most thrilling sight to be seen in this city of ours. But the frail little carriage—what of that? The driver seems not to hear. He must be deaf. The carriage proceeds demurely on its way. Will no one help? The spectators appear to be paralysed by the horror of

the situation. No one moves. Then, when disaster seems inevitable, a rough man, a wastrel, one would have said, his clothes quite ragged, with nothing heroic in his face, rushes forward and effects a gallant rescue.

One would have expected a storm of cheering. But no.

"How much?" asks a stolid bystander. "A hob, Guvnor."

The mechanical toy changed hands.

Our Amazons.

"Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, all sizes 10³/₄d. to 2s. 9d. per yard."—From a *Devon Draper's List*.

Sweated Labour.

From a Provincial paper:—

"Sparrows are paid for on production at the rate of 3d. a dozen; rats 6d. a dozen; keepers and rat catchers 3d. a dozen."



SANGFROID.

[In the practical examination of Majors for promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel great importance is attached to coolness of demeanour upon receipt of information.]

Excited Staff-Officer (reading urgent message from Headquarters). "YOUR MAIN ATTACK HAS FAILED, YOUR CAVALRY HAS BEEN ANNIHILATED, TWO BATTERIES HAVE BEEN CAPTURED, AND THE ENEMY HAVE CUT YOUR COMMUNICATIONS!"

"Fed-up" and weary Candidate. "OH! THEY HAVE, HAVE THEY? WELL, JUST HOLD MY MAP WHILE I BLOW MY NOSE."

distressing complaint which Pawlaw indicates as "Dormitoryitis Hibernalis." The chief symptom is a desire to resume slumber when aroused at 7 A.M. on Winter mornings. If the disease is suspected it should be promptly treated by the abrupt denudation of the cutaneous tissues of the patient and the immediate application of not more than five gallons of hydro-perishitis (common water lowered to a temperature of 33° Fahrenheit). If the disease is present there will be immediate reflex action of the moto-muscular centres, together with effusion of vocal profanitis. Severe and chronic cases may be cured by a compress of ice or the application of a hyper-caloric, preferably the ignited end of a match.

Pawlaw deprecates fuses as being too drastic.



A SUBTLE BEAUTY.

"YOUNG HALLORAN SEEMS TO HAVE A GREAT ADMIRATION FOR YOUR DAUGHTER, MRS. MCCARTHY."
 "SURE 'T WAS THE SAME WID ME WHEN I WAS A GERRI, MISS. AH, MANNY'S THE BRAVE YOUNG HEART WAS BROKE BY MY FACE!"

THE NEW SCHOOL OF WAR.

"Quo fas et gloria ducunt."

It was the second month of the siege. For weeks great masses of troops, England's best, had been poured into Blackwall by road, rail and river, till the pavements within a four-mile radius were hot with their bivouac fires and the traffic was obstructed over all East London. Every garrison town of the South and Midlands was stripped of its defending force, having sacrificed itself to the country's instant need. The flower of the nation's manhood was concentrated on Blackwall.

Here, in the Theatre of War, permanent gun-positions were established on the roofs of every brewery. The noise of the bombardment and the accidental pulverising of a few private dwellings had been made the subject of letters to the Press by certain testy residents on whose tender nerves the roar of the twenty-four horse and field

batteries, and the heavy armaments of the Channel Squadron in the river had begun to tell.

Cheap excursion trains and steamers brought sightseers from all parts of the kingdom, and behind the infantry lines the specially-erected steel towers and flip-flaps, which gave a splendid view of the besieged attie, were crowded to suffocation.

At the end of the sixth week every available man, child and regimental goat in the Army, Reserves, Territorials, and Boy Scouts had been requisitioned; the river was stuffed full of Navy, and an appeal for help had been sent to the Colonies.

Then came the day when the evening papers broke out in crimson and orange stripes and their staffs foamed at the mouth. The besieged criminal was reported to have escaped. The next morning there was a view-halloa from an aeroplane over Clapham Common, and the Blues, the 1st Life Guards, and four Regiments of Cavalry of the Line

charged from Clapham Junction, joining hands on both flanks with the entire alphabet of R.H.A. batteries, whose nimble guns at the gallop searched the bush of the Common with well-directed fire.

What happened to the criminal nobody knows. He was never heard of again. But the voice of the Boy in the Street, who happened to be a Scout, was heard to express a preference for the good old days when *Sluth-Hound Dick* captured his misereants in his own quiet way, and soldiers were kept for fighting.

"A writer remarks in a controversy that the Church will never get the best men for clergy till the services are rearranged under the guidance of the conviction that it will not suffice to banish from creeds, prayers, psalms, and lessons, only every sentence respecting which all that can be hoped is that, if adequately explained, it will do no harm, but also every sentence which is not importantly true."—*Advocate of India.*
 It is all very well saying things like that, but the trouble is to do something.

AT THE PLAY.

"IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"

No bachelor should attempt to solve this riddle, but, if you asked me a similar question about the play that propounds it, I could hazard a shrewdish guess. Of course, with a British audience, it is not in mortal playwrights to command failure, but the German authors of this so-called "light comedy" have at least gone a good way towards deserving it. The play has an excellent idea to start with. The discovery of a technical flaw in their marriage ceremonies at a certain church sets free a variety of couples, and it is a question how many of them will take advantage of their liberty. The men are at first unanimous for freedom; and the women combine to reduce them to submission. Here are the makings of yet another *Lysistrata*; but the frank coarseness proper to ARISTOPHANES becomes mere vulgarity when modified to meet the requirements of Teuton provincialism. These things, once again, are managed better in France.

There were some pleasant, if obvious, touches of half-serious comedy between one pair of separatists (played sympathetically by Mr. CHARLES BRYANT and Miss EDYTH LATIMER), but much of the rest was rather second-rate fun, like the stuff you get in a musical comedy, only without the music.

What humour there was arose for the most part out of fairly commonplace situations, and seldom belonged to the dialogue as such. Surely it is late, at this time of day, to repeat the hallowed wheeze—"Is life worth living? That depends on the liver"; or the ancient scintillation about the route to a man's heart lying through his stomach.

Mr. CHARLES BRYANT was an attractive figure, and I freely forgive him his palpable imitation of the vocal methods of the lessee of the Criterion. I wonder if Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, looking down from his box with grave, veteran air at the stage that has been the scene for him of so many triumphs, recognised the echo of his own voice. Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS was wasted upon her surroundings; and if Miss ROSINA FILIPPI as a mother-in-law found herself in the picture the credit is due to the accommodating qualities of her art. Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS, always very much at his ease, seemed to take more interest than usual in his part, treating it less like a passable private joke between himself and the other actors. He was quite good in his scenes with the one unmarried girl of the piece, played by Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX, who had her happy moments,

though she did what she could to handicap herself with her photographic smile. Mr. DENTON was usefully employed to bring down the first two curtains; and Mr. PAUL ARTHUR was well in his element, and we had better leave it at that.

There was one gentleman, rather amateurish, who played the part of a moral prig, and was described as a lecturer on BROWNING. This must be an original inspiration on the part of Herr LEO DITRICHSTEIN, the adapter, and I recommend him next time to choose some more likely poet for the encouragement of milk-and-water orthodoxy.

As for the scene, I never quite made out where we were. It was always the



A SOLID PROPOSITION.

Lulu Wheeler ... Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX.
Paul Barton ... Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

same room of a private house known as Rosedale, in the provinces, with a staircase leading out of it into vague regions beyond. People kept going up and down it, no one knew whither or whence. Everybody seemed to come and stay in the house whenever it occurred to them, and I shall never understand how this very middle-class establishment contrived to shelter at any one time such an astonishing collection of married supers.

I hope I have not been too captious, but on the second night in a sparsely-populated house I found myself located in a stall of Row H, where you crouch with your knees adjacent to the back of the pew in front, and have to keep dodging about for a glimpse of the stage. And this does not make for geniality.

O. S.

OBSERVATIONS ON SKI-ING.

THEY call us the Suicides' Club, and Meyer, the one German in our hotel, distractedly hovers about the American Bar buttonholing people and trying to induce them to expound the etymology of the name. Until he came to Wengen a week ago, Meyer flattered himself that he understood English. Now he perceives that the tongue possesses pitfalls whereof his Berlitz professor left him unwarned. Why is the beginners' ski-ing class universally known as the Suicides' Club? Why should the easiest ski-ing slope in Helvetia be characterised as the Death Trap? And why is Meyer, when he seeks enlightenment on these palpable confusions of thought—why, oh why, is he a Nut?

Meyer, who fondly imagined that he had conquered the chief entanglement of our language when he learnt to say "awfully," is rather resentful. His sojourn at Wengen will, however, not be barren of profit, for he will be able to return to Potsdam and baffle his friends (who only know "awfully" and "old fellow") with the latest correct Anglicisms. As thus: "You are, old fellow, awfully a Nut." Or; "When I in the Berner Oberland was, I joined the Suicide-Club of Ski-Läufing and at the Death Trap to run learned."

As for the Death Trap, it is (as Meyer has ventured to point out) perhaps the only undulation in Switzerland where the ski-ing novice could not break his neck even if he tried. That is why (no, Meyer cannot see it!) the Suicides' Club have chosen it as their meeting-place. Here we stagger up, up; up, and here we reel down, down, down; and here, when we have pirouetted on to our noses, we announce that we have practically executed a Telemark. Here, also, the slackers sit in a row on a fence with their Kodaks and hoot at us.

The ski is a wanton and freakish implement of human progress. When you are lurching along the level on skis they are boards strapped to your boots. When you totter down a hill the skis are boards to which your boots are strapped. It is a delicate distinction. I have tried several pairs of skis. They were all proficient at ski-ing; but I was not. As I told Meyer (who gives you quite a good cigar if you will talk English with him), what I wanted was a pair of skis which had to begin at the beginning—skis which had to learn. These skis knew how to ski already, and they ski-ed energetically whenever I should have preferred to remain in a dignified repose. They could do Christiania Turns, they could

brake and herring-bone. And they did all these before I could stand upright. Sometimes they started doing them the minute I took them out of their shed and laid them down on the snow preparatory to buckling them on. One of my skis performed a magnificent run down to the hairdresser's last Sunday while I was looking for my ski-pole in the hotel porch. I couldn't have ski-ed down to the hairdresser's to save my life, much less to show off before the lunchers in the verandah. "Vat is it—to 'show off'?" asked Meyer. "Oh, to put on side, you know; to swank. Yes, I don't mind if I do have another of your cigars. They're very sound—top hole, in fact." "Vat is it—'top hole'?" "Top hole? Oh, that's the place where the bit comes from that you cut off at the end."

It is disgustingly bad manners of these skis to be so uppish. Skates don't behave like that. You never saw a Mount Charles, left by itself on the edge of the rink, hop off on to a rocker. And when you have put on your skates they don't start cutting threes and things. They wait for you to tell them that your ankles are feeling in the mood this morning for a little inside-edge. These skis take the bit between their toes without the slightest sympathy for their rider. When I have floundered to the top of the Death Trap I say, "Now I'll pause to get my breath and to look at the cloud-shadows on the Jungfrau." Not a bit of it! My skis have no soul for cloud-shadows. They respond, "Nonsense; we'll jab the old fellow who is lying on his back in that drift down there." In ten seconds, sure enough, they have jabbed him. And I, who have followed, protesting indignantly, am blamed! In vain I point back up the slope, where my track is marked by (1) my dropped eye-glasses, (2) my cap, (3) my tobacco-pouch, (4) my pipe, (5) its dottle, and (6) a spot of my gore. The jabbed gentleman is unconvinced. My aim has been too unerring. No mere tyro, he insists, could have achieved such a fine shot. And, in truth, no mere tyro has. My skis have been at it for years.

I am persuaded that the construction of skis should receive the attention of some humane reformer. Instead of being so preposterously polished underneath they should have hob-nails. The Hob-Nailed Ski—that is my idea. In process of time friction would wear down the nails; and when the neophyte had mastered the art his skis would be smooth enough for anything. On the up-hill journey the hob-nailed ski would be perfection. With the present absurd slithery skis you can



Broker (to wealthy but stingy Client). "GLAD YOU DID SO WELL WITH THOSE SHARES I TOLD YOU TO BUY."

Client. "WHY, I LOST A POT OF MONEY OVER THEM."

Broker. "WHAT! YOU BOUGHT AT TWO AND SOLD AT SEVEN, DIDN'T YOU?"

Client. "AY! BUT THEY WENT UP TO TEN AFTER!"

never prophesy, when you take a step, whether it is going to be forward or backward. And on the downhill trip the hob-nailed skis' rate of progress would afford you leisure to enjoy the beauties of the scenery and to laugh at the beginners tumbling.

But they are very conservative here at Wengen. Meyer is the only man who appreciates my hob-nail notion—and he is unable to try it because he is suffering from sciatica, complicated by a stiff neck, after attempting to participate in an English-style figure round an orange on the rink. ("My skate he did swank into the top hole, and I did put on side. I lie on the sofa therefore. A cigar you will soundly smoke with me, yes?") And the secretary of the Suicides' Club wouldn't hear of my skis. He said they would spoil the snow. *Spoil the snow!* He cannot have seen the place where my non-hob-nail skis showed me yesterday how a long jump should be done.

"BEADLES. — The meet of Major Allott's beadles on Saturday was at Keddington Osiers." —Hull Times.

What we really want to see is a meet of churchwardens.

"We cannot learn too soon or too well that in ourselves is lodged whatever force is needed to send us along the path of a successful life; that close behind us is the work which our hands are to do." —Edinburgh Evening Despatch.

This rather takes the edge off the motto, "When once you've put your hand to the plough, don't look back." You almost *must*, if it's behind you.

"Owing to the General Election, Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson are postponing the publication of Mr. Bram Stoker's new work, 'Famous Impostors.'" —The Bookseller.

We beg to observe, in our best cynical vein, that it was a pity to miss such an appropriate moment.

From a catalogue: "THE REPEATER: During the Sale we shall offer, as usual, this well-known Skirt."

It must go off this year.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WALTER SICHEL'S discovery of *The Glenberrie Journals* (CONSTABLE) was not quite so happy a find as that of *The Creevey Papers*. Their period is pretty much the same as that through which CREEVEY lived, plotted, and wrote his diary. All unconscious of rivalry as a chronicler Lord GLENBERVIE had an instinctive dislike of CREEVEY, whom he refers to as "the *accusateur officieux* who tried to obtain eminence (unsuccessful attempt!) by personalities in the absence of the parties concerned." Lord GLENBERVIE, having a wide acquaintance among public men, had not the gift his contemporary was endowed with of making his surroundings interesting. He was, to tell the truth, a dull man. The sentence quoted gives some indications of his literary style. His journal, written chiefly at the uncongenial hour between six and seven in the morning, is through many pages as dreary as if the work he was engaged upon was the posting up of the family laundry-book. Still here and there we catch a pleasant glimpse of how people lived in the good old days. Such an one is presented in the story told by Lord MALMESBURY how in the year 1774 the Duc de BRON came from Versailles to Berlin on a secret commission, and Lord MALMESBURY lodged him in his house for a twelve-month, "during which he thought he was outwitting his host, who found easy means of reading all his despatches and taking copies of such parts as he chose." Lord GLENBERVIE makes no comment on this domestic arrangement, which seems to have been up to date. Mr. SICHEL makes provoking references to spicy passages omitted lest they should make the book too lively. His own style occasionally suffers, probably from sympathy with the diarist he edits. Cataloguing GLENBERVIE'S distinguished friends, he says, "he was the intimate of Lord Sheffield, through whom he was thrown with Gibbon." Whether the two were thrown by a single *tour de force* or one after the other, and what became of the riven peer, are details not disclosed.

Once upon a time—but it must have been before Mr. ROOSEVELT had added so largely to the list of the world's extinct mammals—a sporting English millionaire went off to get a little big-game shooting on Afric's burning shore. And while he was away a letter offering him the mastership of the Mullenboden hounds fell into the hands of his young cousin and namesake, *Derrick Bourke Herring*. Now *Derrick*, junior, was rather hard up, and instead of sending the letter back, in which case Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS couldn't have written her book—*Two Impostors and Tinker* (HUTCHINSON)—he was persuaded by his charming sister to pretend that he was the millionaire. So for nearly a whole season he hunted the Mullenboden

hounds, while beside him sported on the green of the Irish hunting-field his little sister *Josephine*, disguised as his first whip by breeches and boots and the wearing of the pink. At this point I confess that I very nearly went home. I couldn't see even Miss VESTA TILLEY carrying out this part of the imposture with success. However, I knew that Irish bullfinches are often not so stiff as they look. So I crammed my hat over my eyes and scrambled over somehow, and was rewarded by a rattling run after the two *Herrings*, with some very pretty love-making thrown in when we all came home tired from hunting. And if you have a taste for sport and Irish ways and scenery and pleasant people and a happy ending I advise you to follow my example. I ought to add that *Tinker* was the fifth part of the only other pack besides the Mullenboden which *Derrick* had ever hunted, and that he saved *Josephine* from drowning when she met with the inevitable accident by which her sex was at last revealed.



"I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU SHOULD REMEMBER ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS."

"WHY NOT? SAME FACE, ISN'T IT?"

awful name of *Hamechester*? To invite anyone to call himself an "Old Ham," or even an "Old Chesterton," is surely to court refusal. "Hamestrian" is also unthinkable.

I'm pleased with H. J. SMITH the way
He wields the novel-maker's pen;
I like the style of HARRY J.
(Although sententious now and then);
His theme, a strong one ringing true,
I like; I also like the twang,
The metaphors, to me quite new,
Of HARRY JAMES'S Yankee slang.

In books that hail from over-sea
I look, to justify the trip,
For something of a high degree
In all the points of authorship;
In none of these does HARRY fail;
But one thing which I haven't found
Is why on earth he calls the tale
(From CONSTABLE) *Enchanted Ground*.

Since reading *Master and Maid* (MURRAY) I feel that I missed something during my schooldays, for when I was dining with my house-master no charming girl ever burst upon us and took possession of him, me and the place. But then my house-master was married, while *Anthony Bevan* was only thirty-seven and a bachelor, and if *Lallie Clonmell* had arrived (and I wish she had) there would not have been the complications with which Mrs. ALLEN HARKER has amused me. *Lallie* was not exactly pretty, but she was Irish and had a "way," and her arrival was rather awkward. How awkward it was, please allow Mrs. HARKER to tell you. There is not an incident in her story which might not conceivably have happened, and she has been supremely successful in reproducing the atmosphere of a public school. But why, I wonder, did she choose the

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that another dockyard is to be constructed on the East Coast. This, we suppose, is part of the admirable policy of laying down two Kiels to one.

The formation of the Leeds and District Liberal Clubs' Brewery Co., Ltd., is announced, and some interesting advertisements may now be expected. For instance, "Haldane Stout is the best."

With reference to a recent remark of ours about an agitation for the abolition of the Lower House a correspondent draws our attention to the fact that there is already a Commons Preservation Society in existence.

There is some probability, it is said, that the Turkish Government may make the study of German obligatory in all schools in the Ottoman Empire. We believe it is a fact that only those who have heard German spoken with a Turkish accent have any idea of the musical possibilities of the language.

We are pleased to read in *The Times* that the late Mr. GARDSTEIN has been repudiated by all respectable Anarchists in this country.

To those newspapers which are expressing the view that too much fuss has been made about the Sidney Street affair we would say: Why quarrel with your bread-and-butter?

A barometer, and not a baronetcy, as was stated by a careless contemporary, has been awarded to a brave skipper who made a rescue off the Mull of Galloway last month. It was a stupid mistake. Baronetcies are not given for doing things.

The Daily Mail, speaking of a certain costume, says, "The coat can be turned inside out with marvellous celerity, and its appearance is so absolutely changed by the transformation that to believe the garments one and the same model is really difficult." We can readily believe this. We tried the process with our own coat the other day.

Everyone goes in for business nowadays. M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION declares that the recent earthquakes are due to the globe contracting.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, speaking at the L.C.C. Teachers' Conference, advised stage lessons for children, on the ground that, if one acts the part of a noble character, one becomes noble. This may explain much in regard to some of those actresses who take the parts of ladies with a past.

Our decadent age! Where is it going to stop? A circular concerning the forthcoming Fancy Dress Ball of the Chelsea Arts Club says:—"Costume must be worn." So far, excellent. But wait:—"Venetian Capes

a certain English railway company striking his breast and saying, "Thank Heaven, this could not happen on our line!"

On the 11th inst., Lord ROBERT CECIL moved a resolution in favour of the Upper Chamber in the Hampstead Parliament. Though Lord ROBERT is not a Peer, this episode lends colour to the rumour published by us some time ago to the effect that London's model Parliaments might be induced to offer a limited number of seats to Peers in the event of their eviction from the other place.

It is stated that the burglars who recently broke into 49, Old Bond Street, wore gloves. But then one would expect Bond Street burglars to be dressy.

From an advt. of an hotel for sale: "There is accommodation for nearly 70 visitors, all in excellent repair and thoroughly well furnished." The business of the new management will be to keep up this high standard of vicarious catering.

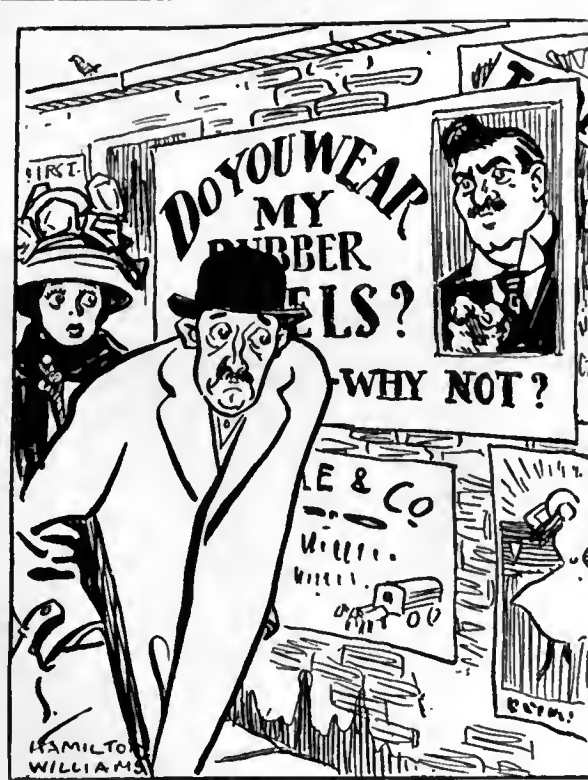
AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

MY DEAR GIRL,—I shall never, I hope, make such an ass of myself as to attempt to instruct you in any point of behaviour or even suggest that you have a fault, but I do wish you would listen a little more closely sometimes when I am speaking. I know I am a dull fellow, and such things as I have to say to you are not profoundly interesting, but it does mean so much to me to be heard, and you are now and then so fearfully short with me. Don't

be angry, will you? We have known each other too long for that, haven't we? It must be—how long?—five years since you were first bored by my remarks. No wonder, then, that you are getting less and less patient with me and oftener and oftener ask me to say it again. There must, I think, be something wrong about my voice. If so, I am truly sorry. I will go to a vocalist, or whatever you call them. This will perhaps save you from going to an aurist, which I should never dream of asking you to do. But meanwhile, when I succeed in attracting your notice, you will try a little harder to attend, won't you?

Your friend, —

To the Girl at the Telephone Exchange.



THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN DELINQUENT.

and Turkish Caps will be considered sufficient."

A Paris contemporary informs us that among the anniversaries which could be celebrated this month is that of the "quadrature du mouchoir de poche." It is to be hoped that much publicity will be given to this event, with the result that one of the most useful inventions of all times will be brought to the notice of those persons who are at present ignorant of it.

A French gentleman has been awarded £2 damages against a railway company because a train by which he intended to travel started out of the station two minutes too early. One can picture the Managing Director of

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

[In a leader, entitled "Imagination and Fact," *The Daily Chronicle* remarks that "anybody who looks at all closely at the Tory papers must be struck by some curious things just now;" and, having developed this general observation with comments upon certain feats of political fancy, issues the following authoritative statement: "Thus are imagination and facts at strife. When it comes to the test of the division lobbies the facts will win."]

NURSED on opinion of the looser kind,
Fed up with foolish talk and vacant tracts,
How oft it eases my Platonic mind
To think on regions where they know the Facts;
To feel that somewhere on Olympian heights,
Within a zone of perfect calm located,
Mocking Imagination's mortal flights,
Stands the abode of Truth Unmitigated.

So in our little world of party feuds,
Where daedal Fancy takes her chartered fling,
And everyone portentously intrudes
His own perversion of the Actual Thing,
How well it is, when politicians urge
Each man his private fiction like a hobby,
To pause serenely till the Facts emerge
From the infallible Division-Lobby.

While some will tell you how the recent poll
Condemned a rotten Peerage to the axe,
And some, who claim to read the People's soul,
Say that it turned upon the tummy-tax;—
While thus Conjecture rides the vast inane
Wafted by various Fancy-made propellers,
I trust to Truth to make the matter plain
When she conveys the verdict through her "tellers."

None else can say just what the Public meant;
None but the speaking Truth can tell us why
With such precise exactitude they sent
The two great Parties back to make a tie;
Look to the Lobby, when the bells ring out!
Though Falsehoods meanwhile flourish for a wee bit,
ELIBANK is her prophet; he don't doubt
Magna est Veritas et praevalabit.

O. S.

The New Coinage.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have before now hurt the sacred feelings of some of your Scots clients by wrongly referring to the inhabitants of Great Britain as "the English." It may please you therefore to have your attention called to a letter in a Radical journal of Jan. 12, where the writer pleads against the use of a dead language on our new coins. "Is not the English language," he asks, "more widely spoken, and has it not a greater literature than any other?" (I should not dare to answer the second riddle, but as for the first I am very nearly sure that the English language is more widely spoken than Latin or any other dead language.) "Latin," he continues, "is all right in its proper place, but when it obtrudes itself on our modern English coinage it becomes an absurd anomaly." I italicize the word "English," because the letter is signed "DEI GRA. HIELAN' LADDIE." It almost looks as if the writer might be a Scot. What do you think?

Yours cannily, A MON AN' A BRITHER.

"The first photograph is that of a fourteen pound pike taken in a backyard from the top of a step-ladder."—*Country Life*.

Why go to Norway to fish? Buy a step-ladder and fish in your own backyard.

THE GOOSE.

SCENE—*The dining-room at luncheon time. He and She are there with four children (three girls ranging in age from seven to eleven, and a boy of three and a half). Also a Mademoiselle. They have just taken their seats and the meal is about to begin. A youthful footman is hovering about.*

He. Halloa! Why's the goose in front of me? Where's Parkins?

She. I told you all about it, but I suppose you didn't listen. Parkins has gone to London to see his daughter married, and you've got to carve the goose.

He. Oh, come, I say! That's rather a stiff job, isn't it? A goose is such a rum bird to carve.

She. My dear Charles, you've always told me you were a sort of heavy-weight championship carver.

He. So I am at legs of mutton and chickens and hams. I simply can't be beaten at hams; but a goose!

She. Well, if you won't I must.

He. Never.

She. Hurry up, then. We're all starving.

He. If I must, I must, so here goes. (*To the little boy*) John, tell your mother not to allow you to choke yourself with the spoon. Here's for a peerage or Westminster Abbey. (*He plunges the fork into the bird's breast and sets to work with the knife.*) This is easier than I thought. There! I've cut you two of the daintiest slices I've ever seen.

She. Don't forget the stuffing.

He. Good heavens! Stuffing! Which end is it?

She. Don't be absurd, Charles.

He. Can nobody tell a gentleman where a goose keeps its stuffing? I suppose I must chance it. (*He does.*) Wrong, of course. What a mercy there's only one other end. (*He gets at the stuffing and inserts a spoon.*) Here's stuffing for the million. It's more exciting than digging for diamonds. My, what a bird this is for stuffing! I must say it's extremely creditable to you and cook to choose a bird like that. You might have picked a goose without any stuffing at all, and where should we have been then? [*He continues carving the breast.*]

The Eldest Girl (to the Second). Dad's making a joke now.
Second Girl. No, he isn't. That wasn't a joke. Dad meant that.

Third Girl. Never mind, Dad. I like your jokes.

He. Thank you, Betsy. You've got a kind heart.

She. Do get on a little faster, dear. You're keeping the children waiting, and we shall never finish luncheon at this rate.

He. That's a nice thing to say to a man when he's doing his best. I'm all among the legs and wings now, so I mustn't be hurried. This looks like a wing, but where's its joint? (*He begins to perform feats of strength with the carving-knife.*) I take back everything I said in praise of this blessed bird. It hasn't got a joint anywhere. (*More feats.*) If—I—don't—get—through—something—directly—you—can—count—me—out. I'll—

[*At this point the goose, having been incautiously elevated, drops back into the dish with a splash.*]

The children yell with joy.

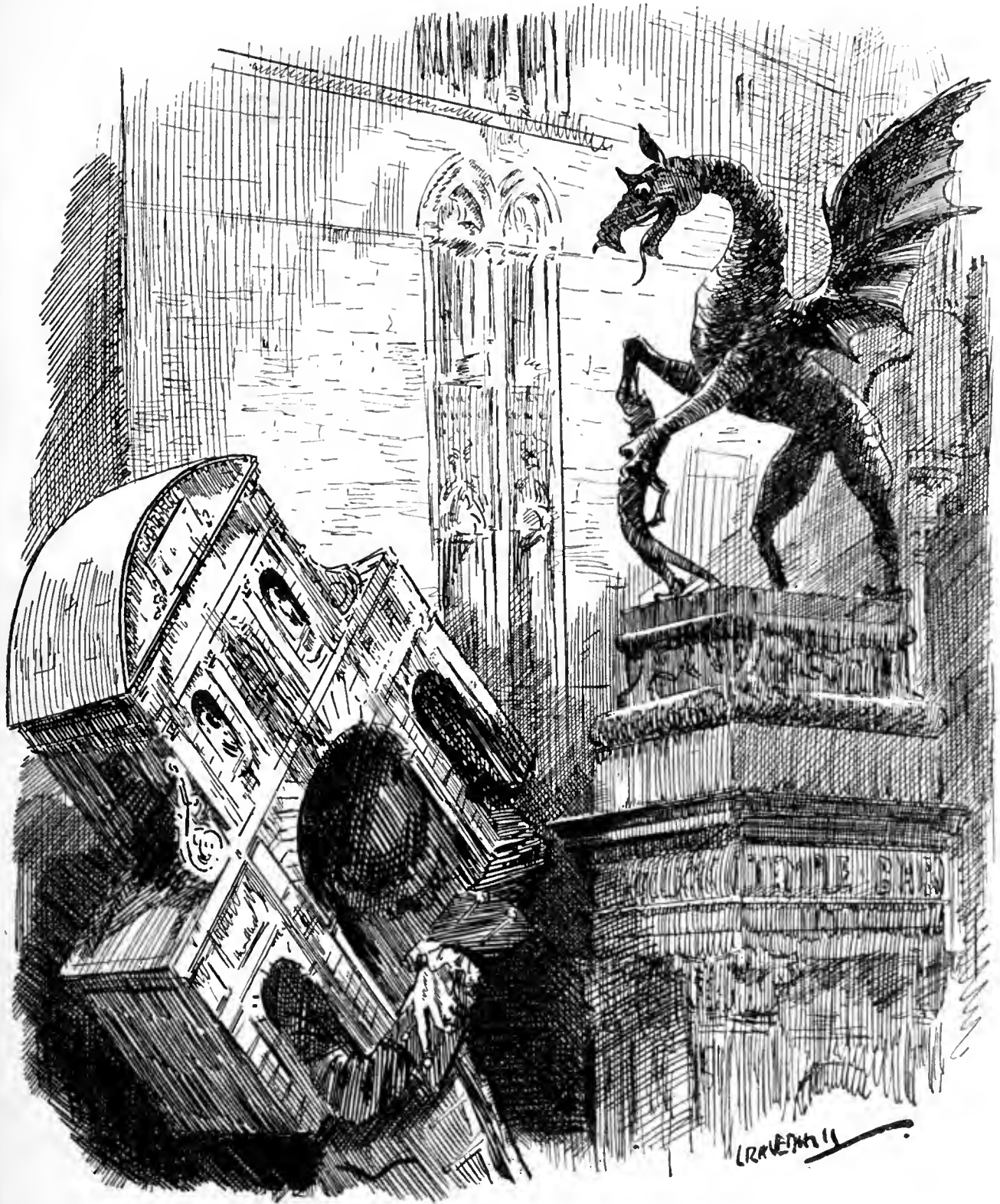
Third Girl. You've splashed Madamazelle in the face.

He. Mille pardons, Mademoiselle. La sauce—

Mademoiselle. Ce n'est rien, Monsieur. Vous avez visé juste, même trop juste. Je l'ai reçue dans la bouche.

The three Girls (more or less together). Dad's splashed Madamazelle. Dad's spoilt the table-cloth. There's a big splash on the silver cup. Doesn't it make your face look funny in the cup? There's a splash on my hand, &c., &c.

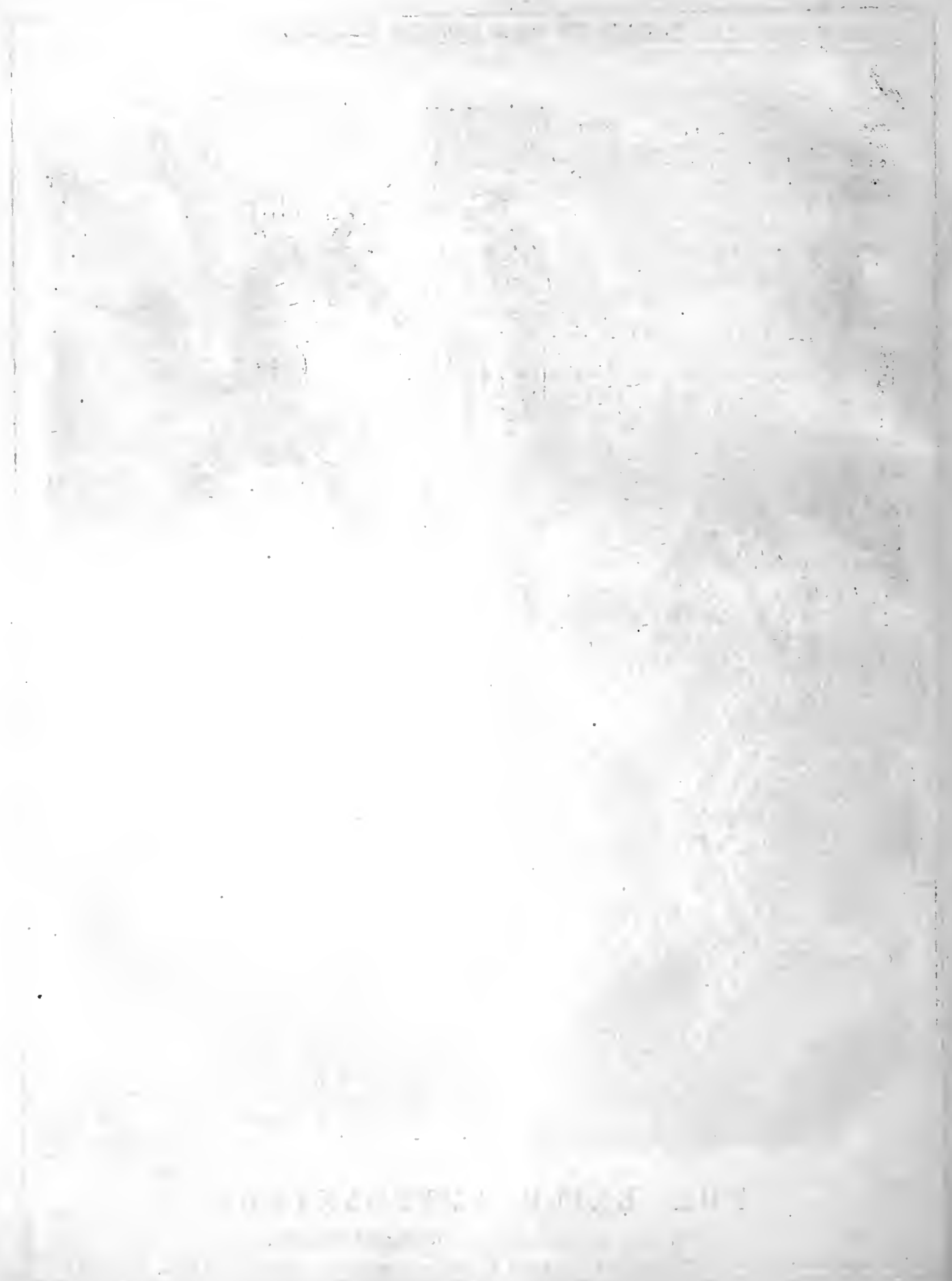
He (in a voice of thunder). Silence, ungrateful children. You ought to be thankful you've got any gravy to be



THE EXILE SUPPLANTED;

OR, THE *ENOCH ARDEN* OF FLEET STREET.

[There has been a rumour, generally discredited, that Temple Bar may be re-established in London, though not on its old site.]





WHY NOT?

THE FELINE FUR-CLEANING ASSOCIATION. FURS CLEANED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW AND NATURAL PROCESS.

splashed with. If I hear another word there shall be no apple tart.

Third Girl. Oh, Dad, you mustn't. I like your carving, Dad.

She. You have just touched the clean table-cloth, haven't you, dear?

He. Yes, just the tiniest little pet of a spot.

Second Girl (reproachfully). Oh, Dad! I've counted twenty-six and I haven't finished yet.

[At last he completes his carving and sinks back into his chair exhausted.

He. I hope Parkins hasn't got any more daughters.

She. Hear, hear!

AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that Public Opinion is being so very much exercised as to the wisdom of allowing foreign undesirables to use our tight little island as a refuge, don't you think, Sir, that this would be an admirable opportunity to get something done with regard to that most undesirable of all aliens, our Weather?

As far as I can make out, Sir, we have no weather of our own—at least, if we have, it never gets a chance to show itself, being quite overshadowed by these abominable foreign importations. Whenever I look at the weather reports I find something like this: "The Scandinavian cyclonic disturbance is advancing rapidly in the direction of the British Isles, while the Icelandic depression is already encroaching on our northern shores," or "The deep cyclonic

system which is at present centring in the southern part of these islands has travelled over from Siberia, and may be expected to increase in severity for some days."

Now why should we put up with these foreign miscreants any longer? Why should our island be the popular resort of every meteorological desperado in two continents? Their own countries won't stand them, that's evident. And there is good reason to suppose that they never display their full malevolence until they reach us. Other places have their little climatic trials, I admit; but though the behaviour of these disturbances and depressions is bad enough over there to merit their immediate expulsion by the clear-headed foreigner they reserve their most fiendish outrages for British soil. We offer them a refuge and they repay us with the blackest treachery.

No, Sir, the strictest regulations must be drawn up to prevent this abuse of hospitality. Let every doubtful depression and disturbance that fails to guarantee a reasonable modicum of sunshine *per diem* be resolutely deported back to the country of origin. What we want is Protection; we must refuse to be the climatic dumping-ground of Europe. For I am old-fashioned enough to believe, Sir, that, given a clear field, we ourselves could manufacture here in England all the weather that is required for home consumption. Whatever the results of our first unskilled attempts, they couldn't very well be any worse than these imported specimens. With "British Weather for British Consumers and Down with Foreign Depressions" as our battle-cry,

Yours, etc., PATRIOT.

THREATENED BILLIARD DEADLOCK.

GRAY'S BREAKS LEAD TO TROUBLE.
AUSTRALIAN FURY.

THE spectacle of the classic and superb DIGGLE (who has recently beaten STEVENSON by several thousand points) being kept in his seat for two whole sessions (*défense de rire*) while GEORGE GRAY, the Australian marvel of eighteen, was compiling more records off the red, at last brought matters to a head, and the Billiards Control Association are now hard at work trying at the same time to come to a conclusion with regard to the stroke, to appease DIGGLE and to pacify the warlike sons of an outraged Commonwealth.

But, first, what is the stroke? Well, it is quite simple. It is merely going in off the red into one or other of the middle pockets and then doing it again and again until you do it oftener than any one else and your father kisses you to a pulp. We can all make the stroke, but it has never occurred to us—not even to our professionals—to go in for so much of it. One or two, and then the ordinary amateur—you or I—turns to other and more attractive fields of action, to the cannon, to the white loser, to the failure to score, and even to the miss-cue. Our game is varied; the boy GRAY's is monotonous. Clever he may be, but tedious and tiresome. And think of DIGGLE seated there with his chin on his knees for four long hours; and people in the hall, who had paid to see him too! Something, of course, had to be done. Billiards was threatened; our best professionals made to look foolish.

It is not the first time the authorities have had to act. There was a stroke once called the push. Where is it now? To be found in its perfection one must seek the giddy haunts of bagatelle. There was a stroke called the spot. A little man named PEAL used to make it. His head just appeared above the table, but he could make the stroke for ever, and since this shot, too, injured the game as a whole it had to go. Then came the anchor, and that also had to go, but not before REECE had made nearly a quarter of a million points from it at the top end in the watches of many nights, while the reporters slept in

balk and elsewhere on the table. And, lastly, a run of direct nursery cannons (which you and I can do so beautifully) was limited to twenty-five.

With such a record behind them the Billiard authorities naturally would not have shrunk for a moment from tackling young GEORGE GRAY and the red losers, had it not been for one thing. GEORGE GRAY is an Australian; and, they asked themselves, is it wise to excite Australian anger? One knows those Antipodeans—how keen they are, how proud of their sportsmanship. Would it be a sensible act to clip this



First Caddie (to second ditto). "WOULDN'T COST 'IM MUCH, NOT IF 'E WAS PLAYIN' WIV NEW-LAID EGGS."

young kangaroo's wings? Would any of the Billiards Control gentlemen be safe? Think of the boomerang, how deadly! *The Sydney Bulletin*, how lethal! The cassowary champagne, how flaming!

Deciding, therefore, that it was best to feel the pulse of Antipodean opinion before taking too decisive action, a number of cablegrams to prominent Australians and Australophils, with answers prepaid up to a reasonable amount (considering Australian eloquence), were sent out by the Association. The replies are subjoined:—

Clem Hill.

GRAY must not be touched. He is one of our glories. My only regret is that he is right-handed.

The Hon. W. R. Deakin.

If anything were done to depreciate or discourage the natural and acquired genius of the wonderful boy, GEORGE GRAY, of whom the Daughter-Country is so rightly proud, I can assure England that no good would follow. Painter-cutting would inevitably result.

The Editor, "The Sydney Bulletin."

Nothing can save England, if GRAY's stroke is barred or tampered with, from a wholesale revolt amongst the mar-supial population of Australia. It is enough to make a dingo despair.

Madame Melba.

I trust that the poor boy will be allowed to go on as he is. We all delight in his *bravura*.

Mr. Victor Trumper.

My view is that 214 off the leather with SINCLAIR and LLEWELLYN bowling is better than any number off the red ivory. All the same, should seriously resent any interference with GRAY.

Madame Ada Crossley.

I regard the proposal of the Billiards Control as an act of treason against the Southern Cross. I shall never be able to sing "*Robin Gray*" without a painful consciousness that the first word ought to be spelled with two b's.

Lord Dudley.

I am prepared to withdraw my resignation if by so doing I can in any way support my friend GEORGE GRAY against this attempt to impair his supremacy.

Mr. Richard Jebb.

This is worse than the Referendum. *Morning Post* staff absolutely solid in denouncing contemplated action as worthy of Lord Robert le Diable.

"The Australian's magnificent effort terminated by failure, after losing the red and his own ball, to screw into the top pocket."—*Daily Mail.*

With only his opponent's ball to play with he ought to have had no difficulty in getting it into *any* pocket.

"Quite an epidemic of burglary and house-breaking appears to be raging in London, no fewer than four cases coming before the magistrates in various courts."—*Royal Cornwall Gazette.*

Really it's hardly safe to sleep at nights. One house in every half million!



RISING TO THE OCCASION.

Ritualistic Vicar's Wife (to New Cook). "AND YOU ARE A HIGH-CHURCH WOMAN, I HOPE?"
New Cook. "OH, YES, MUM, HIGH CHURCH, AND AS THE CHURCH GETS HIGHER I GET HIGHER."

ORDO EQUESTRIS.

[A new method of settling the unfortunate differences between Peers and Commons.]

I AM not one of those whose swords
 Are pointed to assail the Veto,
 Nor yet do I defend the Lords
 Against the Socialist mosquito;
 I rather strum the tuneful chords
 Of harmony, and foot the boards
 Of state-craft with a free toe.

For when these civic fouds are rife
 And men with raucous tones or fruity
 Have made a burden of my life
 (We bards were meant to live for Beauty),
 To cut the Gordian knot of strife
 With reason's penetrating knife
 Would seem to be my duty.

They say—I get these newsy whiffs
 From friends who talk above their toddy—
 That ASQUITH, tired of verbal tiffs,
 With half a thousand peers of shoddy
 Will fight the Upper Chamber's sniffs,
 A move that absolutely biffs
 That legislative body.

Well, I'm no-single Chamber chap;
 The Constitution's woven tissues
 In such a case I trow would snap,
 The use of Power be turned to mis-use;

But when *two* Councils have a scrap,
 One needs a *third* to join the gap
 And judge their jarring issues.

Nor idly thus you'll understand
 With peaceful voice my Muso has twittered;
 A House of Knights is what I've plannod
 To heal the rage of hearts embittered—
 Men of a sound commercial brand,
 Mayors and the like, with whom our land
 Is positively littered.

These are the nation's very soul,
 And ought by rights to rule her courses,
 Whom not the favour of the poll
 Nor accident of birth endorses,
 But bacon, beer, and boots and coal;
 So to our help, O Knighthood, roll
 Up with your champing horses.

EVOF.

"Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, is spending a few days at the Isle of Mull, on the East Coast of Scotland."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

Apparently the Isle of Mull is also spending a few days on the East Coast of Scotland.

"All the bridesmaids," says the *Liverpool Courier*, "wore gold jewelled breeches." We are not surprised to read that "the wedding attracted a great deal of attention."

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

The difficulty of finding suitable one-Act plays for country house theatricals has often been commented upon. The real trouble, however, is not that there is a scarcity of such plays, but that there are too many of them. But while there are many plays there are not more than half-a-dozen types, and it is felt that if the choice of the amateur impresario were restricted to single examples of these plays he would, without losing anything of artistic value, be a considerable gainer in the matter of time. We propose, therefore, to indicate, once and for all, the types at his disposal.

I.—“FAIR MISTRESS DOROTHY.”

[Penalty for performing this play, one guinea. Second offence, twenty-one days.]

The scene is an apartment in the mansion of Sir Thomas Farthingale. There is no need to describe the furniture in it, as rehearsals will show what is wanted. A picture or two of previous Sir Thomas's might be seen on the walls, if you have an artistic friend who could arrange this; but it is a mistake to hang up your own ancestors, as some of your guests may recognise them, and thus pierce beneath the vraisemblance of the scene.

The period is that of Cromwell—sixteen something.

The costumes are, as far as possible, of the same period.

Mistress Dorothy Farthingale is seated in the middle of the stage, reading a letter and occasionally sighing.

Enter My Lord Carey.

Carey. Mistress Dorothy alone! Truly Fortune smiles upon me.

Dorothy (hiding the letter quickly). An she smiles, my lord, I needs must frown.

Carey (used to this sort of thing and no longer put off by it). Nay, give me but one smile, sweet mistress. (She sighs heavily.) You sigh! Is't for me?

Dorothy (feeling that the sooner he and the audience understand the situation the better). I sigh for another, my lord, who is absent.

Carey (annoyed). Zounds, and zounds again! A pest upon the fellow! (He strides up and down the room, keeping out of the way of his sword as much as possible.) Would that I might pink the pesky knave!

Dorothy (turning upon him a look of hate). Would that you might have the chance, my lord, so it were in fair fighting. Methinks Roger's sword-arm will not have lost its cunning in the wars.

Carey. A traitor to fight against his King!

Dorothy. He fights for what he thinks is right. (She takes out his letter and kisses it.)

Carey (observing the action). You have a letter from him!

Dorothy (hastily concealing it, and turning pale). How know you that?

Carey. Give it to me! (She shrieks and rises.) By heavens, madam, I will have it!

[He struggles with her and seizes it.]

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. Odds life, my lord, what means this?

Carey (straightening himself). It means, Sir Thomas, that you harbour a rebel within your walls. Master Roger Dale, traitor, corresponds secretly with your daughter.

[Who, I forgot to say, has swooned.]

Sir Thomas (sternly). Give me the letter. Ay, 'tis Roger's hand, I know it well. (He reads the letter, which is full of thoughtful metaphors, aloud to the audience. Suddenly his eyebrows go up to express surprise. He seizes Lord Carey by the arm.) Ha! Listen! "To-morrow, when the sun is upon the western window of the gallery, I will be with thee." The villain!

Carey (who does not know the house very well). When is that?

Sir Thomas. Why, 'tis now, for I have but recently passed through the gallery and did mark the sun.

Carey (fiercely). In the name of the King, Sir Thomas, I call upon you to arrest this traitor.

Sir Thomas (sighing). I loved the boy well, yet—

[He shrugs his shoulders expressively and goes out with Lord Carey to collect sufficient force for the arrest.]

Enter Roger by secret door r.

Roger. My love!

Dorothy (opening her eyes). Roger!

Roger. At last!

[For the moment they talk in short sentences like this. Then Dorothy puts her hand to her brow as if she is remembering something horrible.]

Dorothy. Roger! Now I remember! It is not safe for you to stay!

Roger (very brave). Am I a puling child to be afraid?

Dorothy. My Lord Carey is here. He has read your letter.

Roger. The black-livered dog! Would I had him at my sword's point to teach him manners.

[He puts his hand to his heart and staggers into a chair.]

Dorothy. Oh, you are wounded!

Roger. Faugh, 'tis but a scratch. Am I a puling—

[He faints. She binds up his ankle.]

Enter Lord Carey with two soldiers.

Carey. Arrest this traitor! (Roger is led away by the soldiers.)

Dorothy (stretching out her hands to him). Roger! (She sinks into a chair.)

Carey (choosing quite the wrong moment for a proposal). Dorothy, I love you! Think no more of this traitor, for he will surely hang. 'Tis your father's wish that you and I should wed.

Dorothy (refusing him). Go, lest I call in the grooms to whip you.

Carey. By heaven— (thinking better of it) I go to fetch your father.

[Exit.]

Enter Roger by secret door l.

Dorothy. Roger! You have escaped!

Roger. Knowest not the secret passage from the wine cellar, where we so often played as children? 'Twas in that same cellar the thick-skulled knaves immured me.

Dorothy. Roger, you must fly! Wilt wear a cloak of mine to elude our enemies?

Roger (missing the point rather). Nay, if I die, let me die like a man, not like a puling girl. Yet, sweetheart—

Enter Lord Carey.

Carey (forgetting himself in his confusion). Odds my zounds, dod sink me! What murrain is this?

Roger (seizing Sir Thomas's sword, which had been accidentally left behind on the table, as I ought to have said before, and advancing threateningly). It means, my lord, that a villain's time has come. Wilt say a prayer?

[They fight, and Carey is disarmed before they can hurt each other.]

Carey (dying game). Strike, Master Dale!

Roger. Nay, I cannot kill in cold blood.

[He throws down his sword. Lord Carey exhibits considerable emotion at this, and decides to turn over an entirely new leaf.]

Enter two soldiers.

Carey. Arrest that man! (Roger is seized again.) Mistress Dorothy, it is for you to say what shall be done with the prisoner.

Dorothy (standing up if she was sitting down, and sitting down if she was standing up). Ah, give him to me, my lord!

Carey (joining the hands of Roger and Dorothy). I trust to you, sweet mistress, to see that the prisoner does not escape again.

[Dorothy and Roger embrace each other, if they can do it without causing a scandal in the neighbourhood, and the curtain goes down.]



F. H. POWELL END of A. MANTON

I.—TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF SHOOTING-PARTY GROUP.

II.—DESIGN FOR SOMETHING FRESH.



FIRST AIDS TO HORSEMANSHIP.

SCENE—A Training Stable. Boy just returned with exhausted horse.

Head Lad. "I'LL LEARN YER TO LET THAT 'ORSE BOLT WITH YER, YOU YOUNG RAT!"

Boy. "O-OH, PLEASE, I COULDN'T 'ELP IT, I COULDN'T 'ELP IT!"

Head Lad. "'ELP IT—O' COURSE YOU COULDN'T 'ELP IT. IF I THOUGHT YOU COULD 'AVE 'ELPED IT, I'D KILL YER!"

THE SIMPLE SHEPHERD.

A WINSTON-AND-LLOYD GEORGIC.

— An aged man,
Still hearty and still hale,
A simple swain from out the West,
What should he know of gaol?

He had a rustic woodland air,
He plied his humble art
On uplands where the hinds prepare
Sheep for the mutton mart.

He loved his flock, he knew them all,
Nor lost them, like Bo-Peep,
And to his side by name could call
Each individual sheep.

One day, when after work he stood
Beside an old church door,
He found a little box of wood,
'Twas labelled, "For the Poor."

Within the box, as he could see,
A silver florin lay,
"The Poor," he cried; "nay, that
means me,"
And took the coin away.

And so because, o'ercome by ale,
He took what wasn't his'n,

For thirteen years, so ran the tale,
They shut him up in prison.

Far from the sheep he loved so well,
Companioned by despair,
They left him in a narrow cell
With nought but prison fare.

At last two gentlemen came by
Of credit and renown,
Seeking a good election-cry,
From famous London town.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And many a time and oft
Their tears had flowed in rivulets,
For, oh, their hearts were soft.

A soldier's coat the one had worn,
A lawyer's robe the other,
And now, in loyal friendship sworn,
They joined to help their brother.

The soldier sighed; "Foul shame," he
cried;
"And yet I think," said he,
"This tale of woe may serve to
show
Our famous clemency."

"I grieve to see," the lawyer wept,
"This poor old shepherd's vile end;
I fear this scandal can't be kept
From my good friends at Mile End."

For months and months they thought
it o'er,
To be or not to be;
Then opened wide the prison door
And set the Shepherd free.

In Wales a nice retreat was found
Where he might come and go,
Though ere he left it he was bound
To let his patrons know.

On Saturday his toil began,
On Sunday where was he?
Ask it of those who made the plan,
The plan to set him free.

Where did that gentle shepherd go,
And how shall end our tale?
I rather trow that we shall know
When he comes back to gaol.

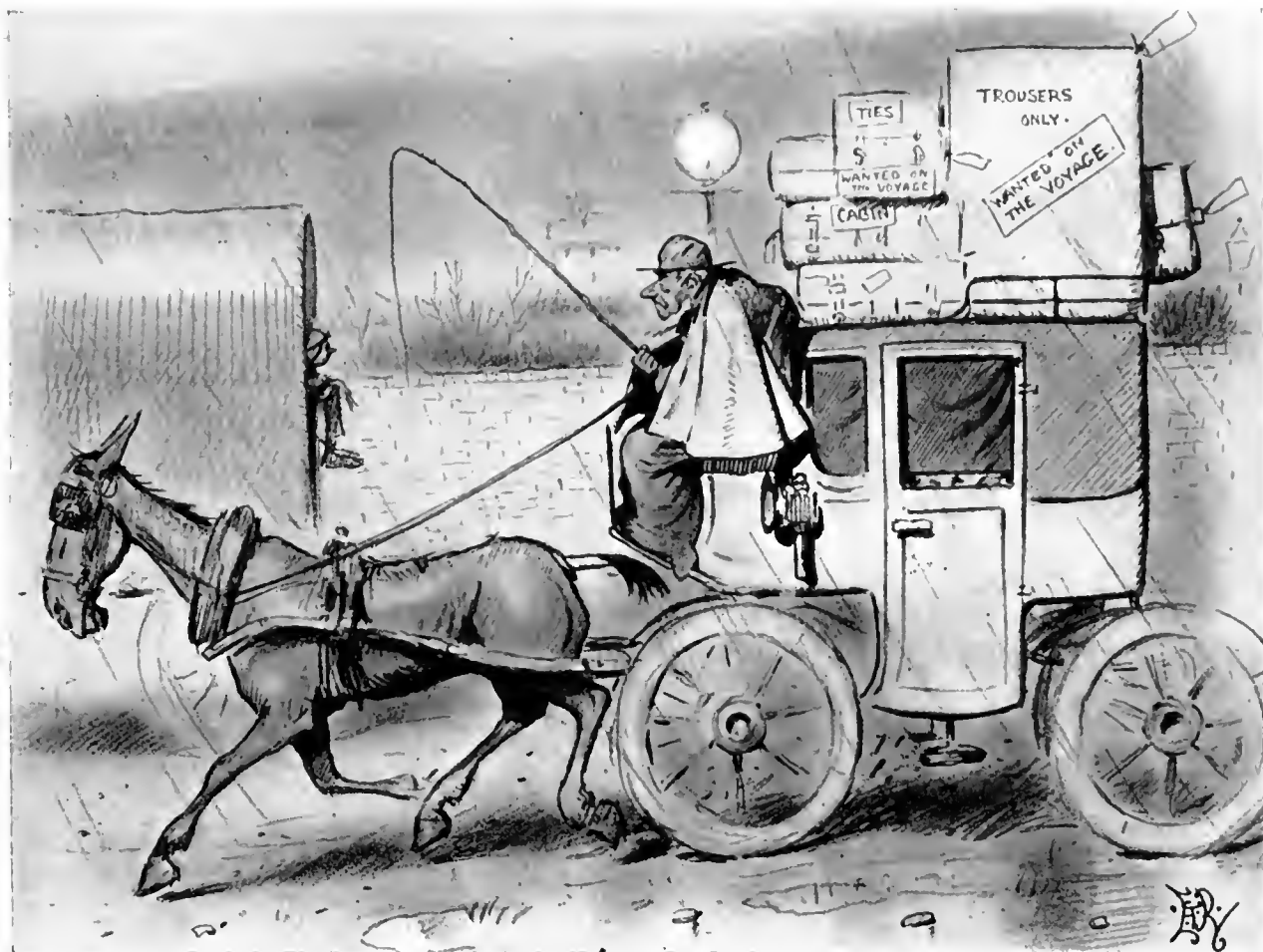
For there 'tis plain we'll see again
This man from Dartmoor (Devon),
Whose toll of years was thirty-eight
Of prison-service to the State,
The rest but twenty-seven.



AFTER THE POTSDAM OVERTURE.

FRANCE } (in unison). "I FEAR NO { FOE } IN SHINING ARMOUR!"
RUSSIA } { FRIEND }





CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—IV.

OWING TO THE INOPPORTUNE BREAKDOWN OF HIS PRIVATE MOTOR-CAR, THE ABOVE UNOBTUSIVE VEHICLE (THE ONLY KIND AVAILABLE AT THE TIME) CONTAINS, BEHIND CAREFULLY DRAWN BLINDS, AN ACTOR-MANAGER *EN ROUTE* FOR A TRIUMPHAL TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES. MEMBERS OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS AND CINEMATOGRAPH FRATERNITY WHO WERE TO HAVE IMMORTALISED HIM AS HE MOUNTED HIS CAR, HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO PROCEED TO THE STATION AND THERE TAKE HIM IN HIS GOING-AWAY TROUSERS WITH ONE FOOT ON THE STEP OF A RESERVED SALOON.

TO THE PAVILION CLOCK.

AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

AROUND the ropes the tumult swayed
On rows of myriad feet,
The stands were packed with those that paid
A shilling for a seat,
And faces blue and faces red,
And wild eyes starting from the head,
Confessed some little heat.

And now from every side arose
Full many a voice to prime
Their friends to newer zeal, their foes
To play the game (or gime),
While sounding threats, extremely free,
To scrag the whistling referee
Assailed the thick sublime.

And I, too, though of sober mood,
Letting my zeal outrun
Discretion, bellowed, howled and booded,

And carried on like fun ;
Till suddenly, thou thing of Awe,
I lifted up my gaze, and saw
Thy face, majestic One.

From thy high gable near the roof
Thou gazed'st on the show
Supremely, icily aloof
From them that raged below ;
While they, with puny fires, waxed hot,
Time's very flight concerned thee not,
Thou didst not even go.

Alone above that purpled crowd
Thy face was all unflushed,
Where every other voice was loud,
Thine, thine alone, was hushed.
There, while the world beneath thee
raved,
Thou wert the one thing well-behaved ;
I really felt quite crushed.

And, gazing on thine awful face,
Upon my spirit came

A numbing sense of dull disgrace,
A sudden chill of shame ;
The moments passed unheeded by,
The sport concerned me not, though I
Had money on the game.

In vain I strove to keep my glance
Fixed on that paltry fray ;
Thy grave unsmiling countenance
Seemed somehow to convey
A mute contempt, a settled scorn
Too righteous to be tamely borne—
I had to go away.

O Clock, O cold and self-serene,
Bitter it was to see
How low that unbecoming scene
Appeared to one like Thee ;
And sad—O grave and lucid brow—
To think that we were Britons, Thou
Wast made in Germany.

DUM-DUM.

WAS JULIUS CÆSAR EVER IN LONDON?

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to settle this vexed question once and for all. A few years ago there was, in the neighbourhood of Herne Hill—and it may still be there if a criminal disregard for historic monuments has not allowed it to fall into decay—a neat and attractive erection bearing the inscription, JULIUS CÆSAR SUMNER HOUSE, and some reference to rustic work which, being extraneous, I have now forgotten. GARRICK, we know, had a villa at Hampton, POPE a grotto at Twickenham, BRUCE a castle at Tottenham, HADRIAN a villa in Northumbria, and so on. The interesting relic in South London not only establishes the fact of CÆSAR'S presence, but indicates that in the early days of the Roman occupation it was customary to have a period of summer here in our metropolis.

Yours faithfully,

HISTORICUS.

SIR,—JULIUS CÆSAR never visited London. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE lived on the spot 300 years nearer his time, so that he was in a better position to form an accurate judgment. Yet SHAKSPEARE makes no reference to the alleged incident, and he was a writer of great distinction, and generally accurate with regard to historical detail.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who also at one time resided on the spot, has written a play on the same subject. Mr. SHAW is fully capable of making up his history as he goes along, and the fact that he never invented this myth shows that he did not think it worth inventing.

The public and the press have—as usual—got the thing wrong. In the present case they have probably confused some hazy recollection of Sir JULIUS CÆSAR'S tomb in the City with something, inaccurately related, which they have recently misread about the Cato Street conspiracy.

Yours truly,

ADELPHIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—Possibly the solution of this burning question is to be found, not so much by examining local evidence as in the conscientious study of the conditions which existed in the palmy era of Rome's ascendancy. In this connection there is no more agreeable way of acquiring the necessary information than in the perusal of sound literature, dealing—frequently in the palatable guise of wholesome fiction—with the period concerned. Here I am reminded of a little work which was received very favourably by the press (*The Clackfelly Herald* said, I think, "Painstaking . . . and displays . . . signs of . . . ability.") It is called,

if I remember the title rightly, "*Thumbs Down! or, Ave, Cæsar!*" The author has evidently made the epoch the subject of close study and much thought, and—being entirely disinterested—I can warmly recommend the volume (it flashes across my mind that it is published at 6/-, with the usual discount) to those who are fond of dwelling on the times that have passed away for aye.

Yours most sincerely,

V. CRUMPLES.

DEAR SIR,—Whether JULIUS CÆSAR actually visited London or not, the



BETTY HAS GROWN TIRED OF TEDDY BEARS, SO NOW HER GOVERNESS IS QUITE IN THE FASHION.

weight of evidence is overwhelming that the Phœnicians landed in Cornwall (aptly termed the Riviera of England) at a much earlier date. The reason is not far to seek. Here, at St. Blazes, while the climate is invigorating, the mean annual—

[You may send the Illustrated Booklet if you insist, but this letter must now cease.—Ed.]

"Elegance is, again, a different quality, and a woman may dress with 'chic,' but may not really attain elegance, while, on the other hand, there are some women who have 'chic' and yet who lack the very subtle gift of elegance."—*Evening News*.

The chances of missing elegance seem rather numerous.

STUDY FOR A POPULAR BALLAD.

WON'T you come, my dearest girlie,
At the hour of dawning day,
When the dewdrops bright and pearly
Mirror back the Milky Way!
When the owl is gently hooting
On the oleander tree,
And the nightingale is fluting
Tira lira, tra la lee?
Oh, put on your daintiest kirtle
Ere the turtle dove turns turtle
And the magic of the myrtle
Turns to ashes at our feet;
Come and listen to my pleading,
For 'tis you that I am needing,
And my tender heart is bleeding
For your love that is so sweet.

Wake and hurry with your toilet,
Little bonnie girlie mine,
Ere the petals of the violet*
Wither in the noonday shine.
Lo! the world its best apparel
Has ecstatically donned,
And the song-birds raise their carol
In your honour, Hildegonde;
And the kindly cows are mooing
As the cud they're gently chewing,
And the cuckoos are cuckooing
And the merry lambkins bleat.
Come and listen to my pleading,
For 'tis you that I am needing,
And my tender heart is bleeding
For your love that is so sweet.

*Pronounce "voilet."

THE NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

IT was Jones who began it by saying excitedly, "Of course you've read *Pink Poppies*, the book of the publishing season, that everybody's going crazy over?" I said, "No; do tell me about it," and Jones gave me a *résumé* of the plot, which, as he said, was a remarkably fine one, and described the characters, all (it seemed) wonderfully interesting, and yet exactly like the people one meets in everyday life; but there was a something more about the book, an atmosphere which had to be experienced to be believed, which it was impossible for him to attempt to communicate. I yawned and said I would read it.

The lady whom I took in to dinner the same evening almost immediately opened fire with, "Of course you've read *Pink Poppies*? What do you feel about it?" And I (I hope I may be forgiven) told a pink lie, and answered, "Isn't it splendid?" adding hurriedly, "but I would rather know what you think of it." So I got a second account of *Pink Poppies*, in which the characters (and even the plot) seemed rather different but none



NOW THAT PET DOGS ARE A RECOGNISED PART OF THE NATION'S LIFE, IT IS SURELY HIGH TIME THAT RESTAURANTS SHOULD MAKE SPECIAL PROVISION FOR THIS INFLUENTIAL SECTION OF THE PUBLIC.

the less beautiful and stimulating. Human nature, after all, is full of these inconsistencies, and it was now that it began to dawn on me what a wonderful book *Pink Poppies* must be. Later on in the drawing-room I managed to obtain a third synopsis from another lady (some of the characters seemed to have altered their names in the meantime, but that, too, has been known to occur in real life), and I began to find myself taking strangely individual views about the heroine, and differing from the ordinary opinion about the great emotional crisis of her life.

After that I read eagerly all the newspaper reviews of *Pink Poppies*, and they all agreed in praising it, though all for quite different reasons; other people also insisted on discussing *Pink Poppies* with me and growing enthusiastic about it until gradually out of the mist of warring motives and changing events there grew up in my mind a clear and beautiful memory: *Pink Poppies* became a part of my life, and I could more readily have borne the death of either of my great-uncles than the loss of the new friends I found in its pages. I became an

authority on *Pink Poppies*, and was celebrated as one who knew its hero more intimately and appreciated his mental struggles better than anybody else. I began to see the world through pink spectacles, and whenever I met Jones I would thank him effusively for being the first to introduce me to the book.

I have not yet read *Pink Poppies*, and I shall never bring myself to do so now, for I feel sure I should be horribly disillusioned.

A LOVE-SONG.

(Out of Season.)

HER name is merely Sarah Cooke;
 She's not so bad a wench;
 She knits and sews and even knows
 A smattering of French;
 And, what is more, her father's on
 The local petty bench.

Her wit is of the nature which
 Not frequently expands,
 But, when it rips, produces quips
 Which no one understands;
 She has, as all her friends admit,
 A useful pair of hands.

Her teeth remind observant folk
 Rather of gold than pearls;
 Her hair is sound and hedged around
 With artificial curls;
 Her eyes (a greyish-greenish-brown)
 Are much as other girls'.

Her singing voice is strong and large,
 She has a powerful throat;
 Her hats suggest the cheaply dressed,
 Her boots suggest the vote;
 And she is undefeated by
 The longest *table d'hôte*.

Her waist is of the size that most
 Suggests security;
 Her competence is not immense;
 Her age is forty-three;
 I cannot say what makes me think
 She is the girl for me.

From the Secretary of the Victoria and Albert Museum:

"Sir,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter received yesterday which will receive attention."

This is one of those letters which cannot be dictated off-hand, demanding as they do the leisure of the study for their composition.

WHEN WE ALL HAD A THOUSAND A YEAR!

I CAN'T say for certain, but I suppose the sportsman who happened to be Prime Minister at the time must have been a bit on the Socialist side. Anyhow, he'd brought in a Bill for providing every grown-up male and female with a thousand a year for life. If anyone had more than that already, the State would collar the surplus—but nobody was to have less.

Which was fair enough all round. For, as he put it, a thousand a year was as much as the richest required for all but purely artificial luxuries, while on such an income the poorest would be enabled to lead a cultured existence in hygienic surroundings.

Where all these incomes were to come from I have forgotten now, but I know that the financial side of the scheme, as *he* explained it, was as simple as shelling peas. But of course the Nation had to be consulted first, and so the Bill was referred to a Poll of the People. The People seemed quite to take to the idea—the Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Possibly the fact that the number of voters with an income approaching a thousand a year was comparatively insignificant helped to make it popular. I myself was a clerk in one of the Government offices, and my own income, from all sources, just reached six hundred. But, although a bachelor and with no very expensive tastes, I found I generally exceeded it. An extra four hundred a year would leave me quite a comfortable margin. So of course I voted for the Bill.

As soon as it became Law my first step was to send in my resignation to my Chief. I didn't see any sense in going on drudging from ten to five when I should be getting more than three times my salary for doing nothing. And a lot of other fellows felt the same. All the shopkeepers, for instance, retired promptly. What with Competition and Bad Seasons and incessant General Elections, they said, it had been as much as they could do to make anything like a thousand a year. Now that that income was assured to them under any circumstances, it simply wasn't good enough to remain in business, especially if the profits were to go to the State! The streets were an extraordinary sight, with every tradesman in such a hurry to clear that he was positively foreing his stock on anyone whom he could get to carry it away for nothing. I remember that, in the course of a short stroll through some of our chief thoroughfares, I found myself burdened with a patent carpet-cleaner, an earthenware filter, a cut crystal chandelier, a calf's head, and a tray of glass eyes, none of which I really required, but the people were so pressing that it would have been downright rude to refuse.

Most of these articles I managed to shed as I went along, but I was not allowed to return empty-handed. There must have been some which I hadn't the moral courage to deposit on anyone's doorstep, or I could hardly have arrived at my rooms with a hair-dresser's dummy under one arm and a large gilded cow from a model dairy under the other. And when I got in I had an unpleasant surprise. My landlady informed me that she would be obliged by my finding other rooms as soon as possible. "The girl," whose father had been employed as a road-sweeper by a District Council, had departed to live at home in ease and affluence, and Mrs. Simeox did not feel equal to cooking for and waiting on me single-handed. Besides, as her husband's and son's joint incomes would, with her own, now amount to three thousand a year, it was clearly beneath their dignity to let lodgings.

I tried to get rooms elsewhere, but without success. I couldn't see a single fanlight that exhibited a placard with "Apartments." I suppose it was only what I might have expected. But what I own I *hadn't* been prepared for was the unanimity with which all classes were giving up their previous occupations. Even professional criminals decided that honesty on a thousand a year was infinitely preferable to small and precarious gains with the risk of imprisonment. And a good thing they did, too, because every constable in the force had chucked his job already. But so had the Railway Servants, and the Postmen, and, in short, all the sort of people one had come to depend on. It was most inconvenient to the Public, of course, and beastly selfish and inconsiderate into the bargain—but there was no arguing with the beggars! They'd only worked because they were obliged to, they said; now they were independent, and would see the Public blown before they'd do another stroke!

Still, we might have got along without them, somehow. What really upset us was the discovery that all the Butchers and Bakers and Provision Dealers generally had closed their shutters and set up as country gentlemen in suburban villas, as they could now well afford to do. As we had to have food, the Prime Minister ordered them all to come back at once and sell it to us. This they politely declined to do, unless they were permitted to pocket all the profits on their trading. Which, of course, would have knocked the bottom out of the Prime Minister's financial arrangements, so he wouldn't and couldn't give way on the point. At least, not until there were riots and some pressure was put on him; then he explained that the Government had never intended to discourage individual enterprise. So in a very short time business was going on as briskly as ever. Only, somehow or other, everything seemed to cost ever so much more than it used to. It is true that wages were higher—a fellow who has a thousand a year already has to be paid pretty handsomely before he'll take on any job—but I fancy prices must have gone up higher still. Whether the Government had got into arrears with the incomes, or whether even a thousand a year was no longer enough for the barest necessities is more than I can tell you. All I *do* know is that things had come to such a pass with *me* that I was just in the act of debating with myself whether I should go into the Workhouse or try to get taken on at the Docks as a "casual" for a paltry guinea an hour, when—well, as a matter of fact, I woke up. . . .

It had only been a dream, and I daresay no more sensible than my dreams ever are. Even when I'm awake my Political Economy is a trifle weak—when I'm asleep I expect it's absolutely rotten! As likely as not a Bill for giving everyone a thousand a year would work out quite differently. It *might* be a brilliant success. I mean, you must wait till it has actually been tried. And we mayn't have to wait so *very* long either. F. A.

"The eagle-owl now preserved in the Natural History Department of the British Museum is a case in point. This particular bird, according to a naturalist writing lately in the *Scotsman*, had spent no less than seventy-two years of his life in captivity. If this is true, then I may fittingly conclude this article by wishing an owl's life to my readers."—*Country Life*.

Always happy—never at a loss!

"The observer should be facing the northern horizon at about eight p.m., with the east on his right and the west on his left."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

Even then he will be all wrong unless he gets the south firmly behind him.



UNAPPRECIATED TALENT.

Sportsman (without enthusiasm, watching recent purchase). "BRILLIANT HUNTER, FAST, JUMP ANYTHING, STAY FOR EVER."

SNAPSHOT LITERATURE.

SPEAKING on the importance of economising odd moments of time, Mr. W. E. HARVEY, M.P. for Rochdale, the other day stated that he had read nearly the whole of Shakspeare whilst shaving and putting on his collar. Earnest frequenters of Paternoster Row and other students of English literature will accordingly be gratified to learn that the idea is being developed for their benefit. We are promised, during the forthcoming publishing season, a "Dressing-table Gibbon" in 6,500 half-page leaflets, crown octavo, long primer type, printed only on one side and tied together by the top left-hand corner, so as to be hung on the corner of the looking-glass. The operator, therefore, will not need to squint very badly while directing his razor with one eye and improving his classical knowledge with the other. This edition should last him nearly eighteen years, using a leaflet each day.

We hear also of the "Wash-stand Waverley Novels," divided into 10,958 sections on celluloid tablets, impervious

to soapsuds and not liable to damage by water. This is calculated to supply the studious time-economiser with masterpiece-instalments for thirty years exactly (counting leap-years), while he is, or should be, busy at the same time with his ablutions and teeth-cleaning.

Another highly improving production is the "Coat-rack Milton," to be issued with a single line on each page, and capable of being fastened upright on the wall of a vestibule or front hall. The diligent bank-clerk or the intellectual shop-walker, it is estimated, will just have time to master a single line of *Paradise Lost* as he seizes his hat and dives into his great-coat previous to rushing forth to catch the train. A line a day will see his lifetime out.

"The Tube-lift Tennyson Poster" offers culture to those soaring (or descending) souls who would otherwise be wasting the daily ten seconds of their journey up from, or down to, the depths of the earth. There is also the "Strip-Kipling Ticket," providing six verses, one for each secular day of the week.

TO A TERRIER.

CRIB, on your grave beneath the chestnut boughs

To-day no fragrance falls nor summer air,
Only a master's love who laid you there

Perchance may warm the earth 'neath which you drowse

In dreams from which no dinner gong may rouse,

Unwakeable, though close the rat may dare,

Deaf, though the rabbit thump in playful scare,

Silent, though twenty tabbies pay their vows.

And yet mayhap, some night when shadows pass,

And from the fir the brown owl hoots on high,

That should one whistle 'neath a favouring star

Your small white shade shall patter o'er the grass,

Questing for him you loved o' days gone by,

Ere Death the Dog-Thief carried you afar!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

GOLDWIN SMITH, whose *Reminiscences* (MACMILLAN) have been skilfully edited by Mr. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, was a Superior Person, even to a fuller extent than HORSMAN reached, or a more modern instance has attained. Looking around him, commenting on men and matters, he found little that was good. His memory of the Duke of WELINGTON is limited to the veteran's appearance in connection with the Oxford Commission appointed by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, when "he seemed to proclaim his inauguration by making false quantities in reading his Latin speech and wearing his Academical cap wrong side before." LOWELL he dismisses in a word. Of EMERSON he writes: "I heard him read his own poetry aloud, but it remained as obscure to me as before." I note these characteristics without prejudice, rather in despite of grateful acknowledgment of rare personal compliment. GOLDWIN SMITH quotes with approval two little japes, long since passed into currency, which, in the exuberance of youth, I fastened, one upon DISRAELI, the other upon ROBERT LOWE. With many other authorities he accepts as a matter-of-fact a parentage of which those eminent persons were innocent. He is at his best in his early reminiscences, where the intellectual austerity of the man is mellowed by the memories of boyhood. Other interesting passages are found in the chapter devoted to the American Civil War. Outside academic circles GOLDWIN SMITH is perhaps best known as "the Oxford Professor" introduced by DISRAELI into *Lothair* as "a social parasite." This gratuitous attack deeply wounded GOLDWIN SMITH. "Your expressions," he wrote to DISRAELI, "can touch no man's honour. They are the stingless insults of a coward." All the same the sting remained to the end. In his *Reminiscences* he finds it as difficult to keep out reference to his old enemy as did *Mr. Dick* to avoid allusion to the head of KING CHARLES THE FIRST when drafting his memorial. In spite of, perhaps because of, certain foibles on the part of the diarist the book is full of interest.

Heretics (and even infidels) may gather some faint gleams of encouragement from Father BENSON'S latest book; for, though the heroine of *None Other Gods* (HUTCHINSON), if indeed I may call her by so flattering a name, jilted her fiancé with a shamelessness only to be expected from a girl brought up in the Protestant faith, there is a Cambridge friend of the hero's (of no very definite religious views) who is really quite a decent fellow; there is an atheistic doctor in Yorkshire whose devotion to toxins is recognised as not wholly discreditable, and a young clergyman down at the Eton Mission who seems to be doing his best according to his very inferior lights. *None Other Gods* is the story of an undergraduate who suddenly feels that

he has a "call," and leaving his university in the guise of a tramp enters upon an Odyssey of complete worldly failure and spiritual triumph. In case I have seemed somewhat querulous I had better state that the author held my interest chained from beginning to end, and that, although the book is in certain ways carelessly written, and I was always a little sceptical about the necessity for *Frank Guiseley's* complete renunciation of his normal destiny, there is no doubt that Father BENSON has a peculiarly vivid power of pictorial presentment; and I am glad that he admits (at least in the case of the Yorkshire doctor) the possibility of earnest devotion outside the pale of his own Church; otherwise I should have challenged him to impute Laodicean tendencies to a Grand Lama, let us say, or a howling Dervish in his next novel.

Some time back, I put Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH in a place very high up on my list of women who write good novels, and her latest story, *Spell Land* (BELL AND SONS), contains nothing to make me change this opinion. Indeed it has so far strengthened it that, if I were to state exactly the position which I believe this author will take among the great masters of English fiction, you might accuse me of exaggeration. Not, however, that I would have you suppose her books are pleasant to read. Far from it. Personally, they produce upon me the most uncomfortable effect; and in this regard *Spell Land* was, if anything, worse than its predecessors. Like them, it left me mentally bruised from contact with its sombre and masterful strength. *Spell Land* is the name of the Sussex farm where lived the three *Shepherd* brothers, yeomen, of whom *Claude*, the youngest, is the protagonist of the tale. It tells of his upbringing, of his relations with *Emily*, whom he loves, and *Oliver*, his rival; and



THIS IS MR. TOOTING BECK, AND HE HAS NOT GOT A COLD. HE HAS JUST BOUGHT A PEDALLO PIANO-PLAYER, AND HAS READ IN THE PAPER THAT PADEREWSKI, BEFORE PLAYING, IMMERSSES HIS HANDS IN HOT WATER IN ORDER TO MAKE HIS FINGERS MORE NERVOUSLY SENSITIVE.

of the ruinous end in which this love overwhelms them. The truth of it all is wonderful. At least, this is always my own feeling for Miss KAYE-SMITH'S work. Never for one moment does one feel that the persons of whom she writes are characters in a story; all of them are tremendously, even a little frighteningly, alive. It is this which produces that impression of solidity in her telling of the simplest episodes. If only sometimes she would laugh a little. After all, one laughs quite often in real life; and the fact that it takes no count of this seems to me the one flaw in work of extraordinary quality.

The Great Squinters' Strike.

"The three men laughed; then stopped suddenly as the eyes of each met those of the other across the table."—*Daily Mail* Feuilleton.

Fashionable Intelligence.

"The Shields district was to-day visited by a buzzard."—*The Globe*.

"The brigade was called and distinguished the flames."—*Evening Times*.

It is something to recognize the fire when you see it.



NICETIES OF CASTE.

Mrs. Opkins, of Brixton (sensitive about the dignity of the Dress Circle). "WE'VE GOT LAMBETH BE'IND US, I SHOULD THINK."

TO A VANISHED VILLAIN.

[“We don't have villains now—not in a serial story (*Laughter*).”—
From the evidence of a lady story-writer in a recent law-suit.]

Is nothing here for tears? Shall none be dropped
For one on whose career is written “*Fruit*,”
Who, in our homely mother-tongue, has “popped”?
Yes, I myself will do it.

I mourn you as I never did lament
Your colleagues whom the hand of Death has beckoned—
The goatee-bearded Transatlantic gent
Who always “guessed” and “reckoned;”

The penniless hero, wrongfully accused
Of murdering a Hebrew moneylender
(Being, of course, conveniently confused
With you, the real offender);

The aged Peer, immaculately bred,
Who made his daughter's spirits sink to zero
When he declared he'd rather see her dead
Than married to the hero;

The heroine, whose heart was torn in two
Between the claims of love and filial duty;—
These I could spare; but, when it comes to you,
I murmur, “*Et tu, Brute?*”

For they, proceeding in their well-worn groove,
Could give me not the slightest titillation;

It bored me hugely when their every move
Came up to expectation.

But *you* would baffle all along the line;
You were the mystery; and what it all meant
Each day we were unable to divine
Until the next instalment.

Now you would strike your fellows pink and dumb
By throwing out some awful innuendo;
Now 'twas a bomb; with you there, things would hum
In one prolonged *crescendo*.

Oh, that “sardonic smile,” that “livid glance,”
That “snarl of hate,” that “neatly waxed imperial!”
Yours was the very spirit of romance—
In fact, you *were* the serial.

Well, now that you are dead, and I bereaved,
I care not who usurps your place hereafter . . .
But I could wish the news had been received
Without that ribald “(*Laughter*).”

“A reservoir holding eighty thousand gallons of water was created. It was 144 miles in length—long enough to stretch from London to Nottingham, and still leave enough water over to make a second Windermere.”—*Evening News*.

The water must have got very thin by about the 130th mile.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MILKY WAY."—By the Military Secrets Act it is forbidden to shoot cows with a kodak on the Island of Guernsey, but you are at perfect liberty to pot lobsters on Sark.

"HEDONIST."—We regret extremely that we are not in a position to answer *The Daily Chronicle's* poignant question, "Can any one give the address of the place where you get mignonette sauce for oysters?" But orchids can be got anywhere, and we always wear one of these simple flowers in our hair when eating the best Natives.

"PATRIOT."—We sympathise with your disapproval of Esperanto. If, as Bishop WELLDON anticipates, English is to be the universal language, then it is the first duty of every true Englishman to help forward that great consummation by speaking nothing but his native tongue. Every French word you speak in France, every German word you speak in Germany, helps to retard the forward movement and undo the splendid work achieved by centuries of devoted insularity.

"HISTORICUS."—*Mr. Punch's* little joke, "Advice to persons about to marry: Don't," was not lifted from CHARLES READE. It appeared in *Punch* in 1845, fourteen years before CHARLES READE reproduced it in his French play. When the historical critic wants to determine which of two events followed the other, it is always a good plan to ascertain their respective dates. One date is never really quite enough. That was the trouble with the gentleman in *The Academy* who said he was certain that *Punch* plagiarised from CHARLES READE.

"DISTRICT PASSENGER."—We have answered your complaint before. On its platforms the District Railway provides you with nougat shops and tobacco emporia; you can't expect them to supply time-tables too!

"MIDDLE EAST."—You are right in supposing that Taurus, the name of the mountain range which is likely to prove the only real obstacle to the German Baghdad Railway, is the Latin for Bull. But it has no connection with John Bull. That's the annoying thing.

"DOM MIGUELITE."—We are not a bookie, and we cannot say how far the odds against the Portuguese Pretender have increased since his published interview with *The Daily Mail*. Have you tried Lloyds?

"A LOVER OF HOSPITALITY."—We understand you to say that, owing to a favourable testimonial from a member of the present Government, you were acquitted when last charged with

burglary, and you ask whether an action for damages would lie against this Minister on the ground that he had caused you to be deprived of the State's hospitality to which you had grown accustomed. This is a question for counsel, but we warn you against forming too sanguine a deduction from the result of the recent Society slander case. In regard to the second part of your letter, you may absolutely trust to our discretion, just the same as if you had reposed your confidence in the ear of LORD SPENCER.

"BRITON."—Yes, you're all right. Another First Sea Lord has spoken, and the "Navy Scare" has once more been "Exploded" (see *Radical Press*). So you can go to sleep again. O. S.

POSTAL INTELLIGENCE.

THOMAS has been trying for about a week to post an important letter for his stay-at-home mother. Every morning she begs him to remember not to forget it, and every evening he confesses with tears in his eyes that he has forgotten to remember it. On Saturday morning she talked to him seriously about it, and he promised that, if he could guarantee nothing, all that human skill and determination could do should be done. Accordingly I was called in to help.

In the late afternoon we found ourselves, quite by chance, in one of our leading post-offices. "They tell me," said I, "that there is a miniature of the late King here which is well worth seeing." So we approached the counter, and were greeted with that old-world courtesy which one only finds in the busier post-offices.

"How d'you do?" said Thomas to the lady behind the counter.

"Nicely, thank you," she answered.

"Much doing in the postal order trade?"

"No-o," she drawled, leaning her arms on the counter and gazing dreamily into space. "People have not much money nowadays, or if they have they don't send it to their relatives. However, we must not get depressed, for the post-cards are still stout. But I beg your pardon; I dare say you want to buy something. I must not keep you here talking. What can I show you?"

"Have you any stamps?" said I.

"Stamps? We have them in stock size, or we can, if you insist, make them to measure. About what price did you want to give?"

"Money is no object," declared Thomas; "it is a question of colour.

I want something that will not clash with this envelope."

The letter was produced.

"I suggest, if I may," and she smiled with deference at us, "that nothing goes so well with white as a nice shade of pink. We have just the thing you want." She produced a book and opened it at the pink page.

"Very nice indeed," said Thomas politely, "but these are just a wee bit common, are they not? What about the rarer tints?"

Begging the lady's pardon, he leant across the counter and turned over the pages of the book.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with sudden rapture, "this chocolate and blue is the very thing! Striking and original; bold and very nearly *outré*. We will take one of those."

She protested that the price was no less than ninepence, but, as Thomas explained, ninepence is only ninepence, and we did not object to the letter going nine times as fast.

"Shall we send it down for you?" she asked, tearing one out and preparing to wrap it up.

"No thanks, I think I will post it," said Thomas, licking its back.

"It is a fast colour," she added, "and is guaranteed not to shrink in the wash. Good day."

Had we taken her hint and gone then we might have met with more success in our original venture, but Thomas declared that it was only polite to stay and chat a little. When at last we made our way to Thomas's home, his mother greeted us with a question which, he says, is becoming rather hackneyed.

"Did you post my letter?"

Thomas felt automatically in his pocket and produced the familiar envelope.

"Not quite," he said. "But," he added with pride, "we very nearly did."

"Dr. Lawrence, M.A., D.C.L., will give 12 lectures on 'The Making of Modern England on Friday evening.'"—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

The superstitious will say that this accounts for the motor-omnibus and the hobble-skirt.

From a catalogue of conjuring tricks:—

"Two green handkerchiefs are tied together by the corners, the conjuror simply strokes them with his empty hand, when they are seen to change to green. Anyone can do it."

We seldom believe these statements about the easiness of a trick, but we do this time.



THE NEW HAROUN AL RASCHID.

A DREAM OF BAGHDAD, MADE IN GERMANY.





Lion-Keeper. "WOT 'UD 'APPEN IF THEY WAS TO GET LOOSE!' WHY, I'D GET THE SACK SHARP!"

TO ONE IN SORROW.

(A TRAGEDY OF MY EVENING PAPER.)

WITH what I can of tears and token
Of sympathetic rue,
I take the lyre, O poor heart-broken
Scribe of the Fleet, for you;
Vainly in hours like these mere words are spoken,
But let me whimper—do.

For this: that halfway down that column
Of "fashionable" pars
Wherein you paint the rich, extol 'em,
And talk about their cars
(Giving to Brown and Smith a sense of solemn
Communion with the stars),

I found this awful item (darker
Grew every face when told;
One strong stern man, a billiard-marker,
Refused to be consoled):
That you were "grieved to hear that Lady Larker
Had somehow caught a cold."

All round, upon the hard macadam
There poured a ton of rain;
Though I was sure, dear Sir (or Madam),
Despite your dolorous vein
You did not know the invalid from Adam,
I wept and weep again.

But still, if Lady Larker muffles
Her neck up pretty tight,

And gets no end of game and truffles,
Perhaps some future night
"The patient" (we shall hear) "has ceased her snuffles;
The land once more is bright." EVOE.

HOW TO LIVE FOR EVER.

THE AUTHORS' REPUTATION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

AUTHORS who are apprehensive that in the course of one short year the work on which they have spent untold effort will be forgotten are advised to communicate with the above.

The Company guarantees not only that your name will be known and mentioned next year, they undertake that it shall be on men's lips as long as there are lips on men.

How, you naturally ask, does this wonderful agency effect the boon it offers? LISTEN!!!

On payment of a small capital sum (£100 only) the client makes certain of the following services:—

(1) For one whole week, every year, upon our own special hoardings scattered throughout London and the provinces we post your portrait with the inscription beneath it:—

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

(2) Once a year, in some paper published in London or, if you are an eminent provincial, in your own locality, we make you the subject of a biographical sketch, under the heading:—"NAMES WE WOULD NOT WILLINGLY LET DIE."

(3) We erect a bust of you in our own freehold Pantheon (or Valhalla) overlooking populous thoroughfare, admission 6d., free to genuine students Wednesdays.

(4) We decorate your bust on the anniversary of your birthday with a laurel wreath or forget-me-nots, according to your taste.

FAME AWAITS YOU! WRITE TO-DAY.

WAS CLEMENT SHORTER EVER IN ST. HELENA?

(From "The Daily Chronicle" of 2011.)

THE mystery long attaching to a certain event in the life of the famous *littérateur* and editor has been, if anything, deepened by an interview with Mr. Pieter Van Houten Cronjé, the descendant of the famous Boer General. Mr. Cronjé, who is an absolute image of his illustrious forbear, save that he is so peaceable by nature as to be not only a vegetarian but to refuse to play bagatelle with anything but composition balls (on account of the pain given him by the thought of the elephant in the dentist's chair), now lives in hushed retirement on Balham Common, where he was yesterday visited by one of the representatives of *The Daily Chronicle*.

"Why I sent for you," he said, "is because, on going through my ancestor's papers the other day, I found a letter with some bearing on the great controversy. Writing from St. Helena during the Boer War, while a prisoner there, my great-grandfather says, 'We are all well, but very tired of our captivity. But it will be better soon, as then [here a tear in the paper] shorter.'

"That tear," said Mr. Cronjé, showing me the paper yellow with age, "comes at a very critical point. The sentence might read thus: 'But it will be better soon as the nights are beginning to get shorter'—that is to say, the days are beginning to get longer and they can be out of doors more. Or, on the other hand, suppose it ran, 'But it will be better soon as the next boat is bringing Shorter.' This would mean that the weary hours were to be cheered by the brilliant conversation of the London lion straight from the clubs and coteries of the capital. Even allowing for the size of the 's' in 'shorter,'" added Mr. Cronjé, "I am disposed to favour the latter theory and consider this letter a proof that the English *SAINTE-BEUVE* really did visit St. Helena."

Mr. Cronjé's contribution to the matter, it is agreed by all those who are following it, is of importance. Indeed so valuable did we deem it that we sent out a proof of the interview to all the leading *savants*, asking for their views. Among the replies which have reached us are the following:—

Mr. Heinemann Primrose Gosse: "Should like to think my great-grandfather's old friend visited St. Helena,

but cannot consider evidence yet complete."

Sir Jowett Nicoll, Bart.: "The discoverer of CHARLOTTE BRONTË and NAPOLEON did so much so well that I have no doubt he also did St. Helena."

Mr. Pimpnel Pemberton: "During a recent visit to St. Helena I was struck by the extraordinary interest shown by the inhabitants not only in the romances of my great-grandfather, MAX, but also in the calm philosophical discourses of Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL. These, with *Jane Eyre*, are the favourite reading of the islanders, and since my great-grandfather was the pet novelist and NICOLL the most acceptable homilist of the great critic I think we may draw a very natural inference. In other words, I feel sure that CLEMENT SHORTER did visit St. Helena. If not, so much the worse for St. Helena. And also, if not, *where did St. Helena*

scholars of European fame have put it beyond doubt that C. K. S. were the initials with which this encyclopædic commentator always signed his hebdomadal thunder. Very well, then. Over the famous signature I found this sentence:—'I am proud to say that it is my steady privilege to add to my library the admirable books published by my old friend, JOHN LONG. Would that he published more!'

"Now to the casual eye this is merely a friendly reference to a publisher, one of many in the great critic's weekly letter. But to the eye of a deep student of the controversy it is something more. Note the 26th and 27th words in the sentence. What are they? 'Long' and 'would.' Put them together and say them quickly—*Longwood*. What was Longwood? The famous house where NAPOLEON, CLEMENT SHORTER's hero, passed the last years of his life. Surely this is very significant."

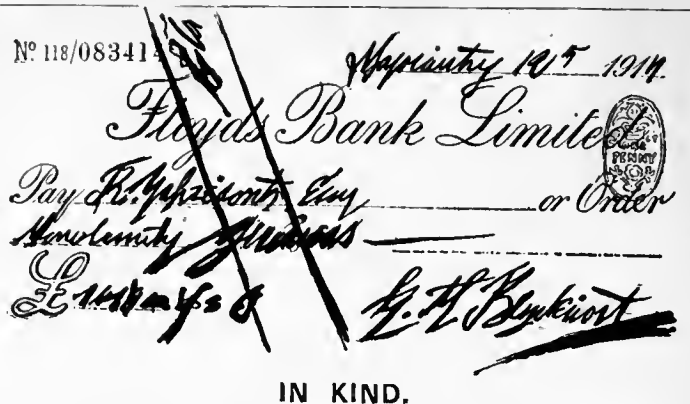
For want of space we are forced to exclude the next eight pages of Mr. BURNS's letter, in which he amasses arguments to prove that CLEMENT SHORTER undoubtedly did visit St. Helena; but we may quote a table of dates which he gives by way of fortifying his position:—

TABLE OF DATES.

Born . . .	circa 1861
Learned to read . . .	1861
Began to form library	1863
Civil Servant, Somerset House . . .	1877-1890
Founded <i>The Sketch</i> . . .	1893
Discovered CHARLOTTE BRONTË	1894
May have enlisted in Boer Army . . .	1899
Probably captured by Lord ROBERTS at Paardeberg . . .	1900
Sent to St. Helena . . .	1900
Became Editor of <i>The Sphere</i> . . .	1900
Discovered NAPOLEON . . .	1908

Upon Professor Meredith Clodd Mr. BURNS's theory fell like a thunder-bolt. "Very, very interesting. Profoundly interesting," was all that he could say for some time. "But we must not trust too much to cryptogrammatic evidence," he subsequently remarked to representatives of the Central News and Press Association. "Although Mr. BURNS's discovery goes to support my fondest hopes, I shall not place undue reliance upon it. No, I shall not. It will not appreciably influence the conclusions at which I have arrived in my monograph on the whole matter to be published in the autumn."

Perhaps the question may now be left until that epoch-making work is issued.



IT IS SAID THAT A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD HIS PORTRAIT PAINTED BY A POST-IMPRESSIONIST PAID FOR IT WITH A POST-IMPRESSIONIST CHEQUE.

get its very individual literary taste from?"

We have also received a letter from Mr. Will Keir Burns, a great-grandson of a poet-statesman-pugilist of the early years of the last century, remembered now chiefly by his defeat of JOHNSON in Australia, his public improvisations of Scotch love-songs in Trafalgar Square, and his admirable schemes for providing every unemployed man in London with a Court-dress. His descendant, named after two of his great-grandfather's closest allies, seems to have made a life-long study of the great SHORTER problem, and he is of opinion that the distinguished censor and controller of taste was in St. Helena once, if only for a few moments—but long enough, of course, to master its literature and history.

"Looking through an old file of *The Sphere*," writes Mr. BURNS, "I came upon this sentence in the 'Literary Letter' signed C. K. S. But first I would state that the researches of Trübner, Erlich, Von Glehn, Saccofanti and other

**YIDDISH FOR POLITICIANS;
OR, THE NEW LIMEHOUSE.**

The Morning Post, in an article upon Yiddish, shows that the language is a patois, not difficult to understand for anyone with a knowledge of German and English, if Roman characters are substituted for Hebrew. Our contemporary proves this by the following advertisement quoted from the *Teglicher Yiddish Express*:—

"Fers. Wir kuifen dsshob stoks fun fers for spot kesh," which is, being interpreted, "Furs. We buy job stocks of furs for spot cash."

With so many naturalised voters in the East End it would be good strategy for opportunist Ministers to give an occasional speech in Yiddish. Some of the words seem to lend themselves very happily to the Limehouse method.

We offer a sample:—

"Shentlemens All. Vy for am ich hier kommen. Hein? Vot for? Ich am kommen zu dell der Druth! Ve monopolize Druth and Rightjoostneth in our Barty—der Dories and Beers monopolize Gabidal and Greedt! But ich give it zis dime der Beers in der Nek!

Zis is der day of der Boor Man—der Boor Man hath ihmself arouthed—der Boor Man hath thaid, 'Ich vill dermandt der right not zu vork—der right zu make der Gabidalist pay für das vork ich dond do.'

Ach! Shontlemens, ich am a Boor Man also—ich underthand zeirthorrows, bekorth ich habo thorrows meinthelf—ich also dond get all the moneth ich vont. Ach ich am zo boor! Mein only proberdy ist Rightjoostneth. Mein only gabidal is love für mein Goundry—Vales! (Vales is goot—looken zie, Shentlemens—Vales ist also a chothen People!)

Ya! der People ith arouthed! All der Gread Beople vot thay, 'Dies landt ith ourth—our Vaders vos robt of it—our Vaders vot vos von it py naduralizathion and der thweating of thub-tenants!'

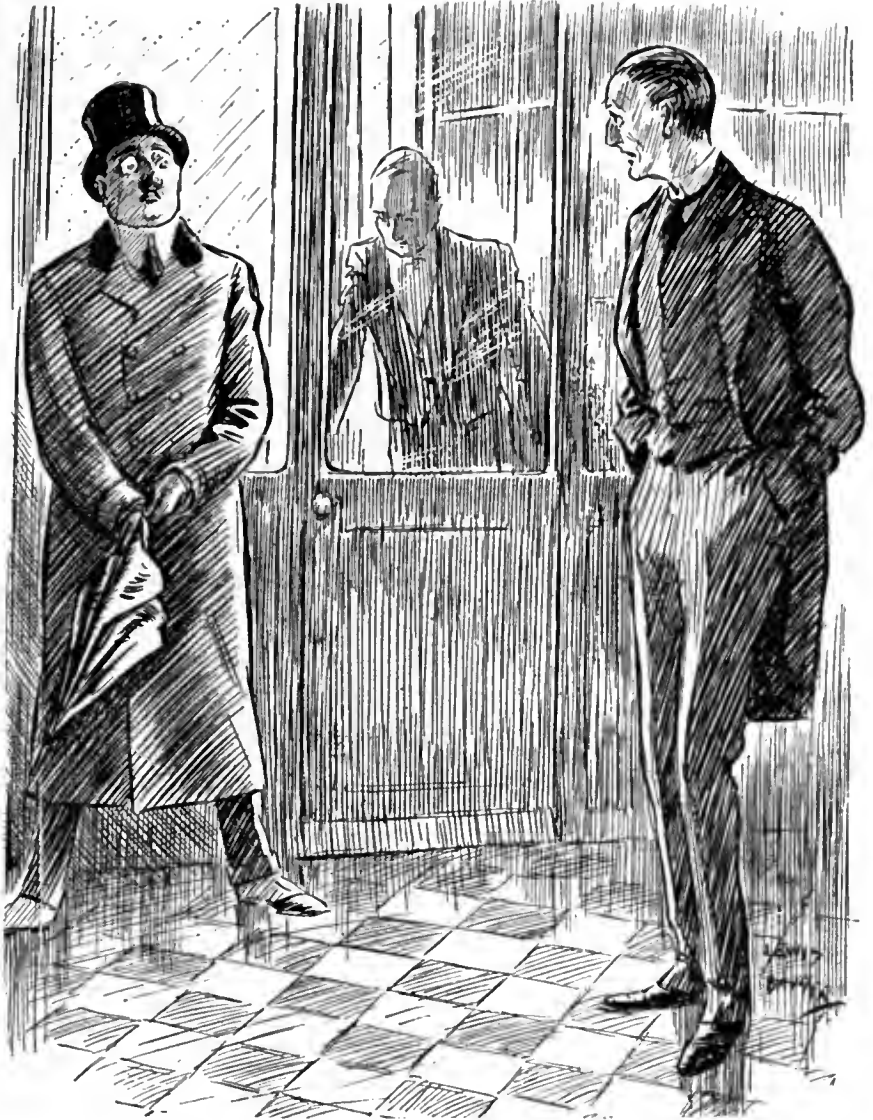
Der People will trive dose dirty plackard Beers zu Gehenna!

Shentlemens, ich habo proken a Beer's brod und tranken lith woin—ich habo daken hith hosbidity, zo ich kann dell you! Vy! who kann dell better?

Shentlemens—zey are all plackards—der Beers mit balasses und Fiinf Tousand Poundts a year! Vot gann a man do mit zo much? Der ist only von man in Englandt vot is verth it!

Ich dell you now zomesing of diese Beers' prutality.

Von of diese Beers Kinder nod long since was shump in der river and bull outd a girl vot vos trowing! Looken



"I SAY, OLD MAN, YOU 'VE NEVER RETURNED THAT UMBRELLA I LENT YOU LAST WEEK."
"HANG IT ALL, OLD MAN, BE REASONABLE—IT'S BEEN RAINING EVER SINCE."

zie, Shentlemens, die Boor may not trown now vidout a Beer's bermis-sion! Himmel! Zey thay, 'Get off der earth,' and now zey thay, 'Get outd of der wasser.' Vere can der Boor Man go? It vos vorse zan die mittel ages!

Beers dond live in Limehouth! Ach nein! Zey live in balasses mit modor gars—and zey havo goff, und bummels in der South of Franth! Ich dell you der Beers ave all der moneth—nopoddy elth! Looken zie, Shentlemens! Not der boor company bromoters—nod der boor chocolad makers—not der boor boliticians!

Effery rich man ist ein Beer! Zo arouthe you and thmash zem—and der Navy—and der dam foolth badriodism. All Englandt ith arouthed—all Great Englandt vot vos love odder gountries

best—all der real John Pull, vot vos vin Vaterloo!

ADVERTISEMENT.—Koronetz. Wir sellon Fünf hundert dsshob stoks koronetz for spot kesh."

"The chiffon frock worn by Mrs. — was of the shade of blue seen sometimes in the heavens on a still clear night when the moon is in the last quarter."—*Sheffie'd Independent*.

It must not be supposed that a paragraph of this kind is admitted into the columns of the press without the closest scrutiny. The reporter in the ordinary way would forward a piece of the chiffon to the editor, who would wait for a still clear night (the moon, of course, being in the last quarter) to give himself a chance of confirming the statement before he passed it for press.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

II.—"A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING."

The scene is a drawing-room (in which the men are allowed to smoke—or a smoking-room in which the women are allowed to draw—it doesn't much matter) in the house of somebody or other in the country. George Turnbull and his old College friend, Henry Peterson, are confiding in each other, as old friends will, over their whiskies and cigars. It is about three o'clock in the afternoon.

George (dreamily, helping himself to a stiff soda). Henry, do you remember that evening at Christ Church College, five years ago, when we opened our hearts to each other . . .

Henry (lighting a cigar and hiding it in a fern-pot). That moonlight evening on the Backs, George, when I had failed in my Matriculation examination?

George. Yes; and we promised that when either of us fell in love the other should be the first to hear of it? (Rising solemnly.) Henry, the moment has come. (With shining eyes.) I am in love.

Henry (jumping up and grasping him by both hands). George! My dear old George! (In a voice broken with emotion) Bless you, George!

[He pats him thoughtfully on the back three times, nods his head twice, gives him a final grip of the hand, and returns to his chair.

George (more moved by this than he cares to show). Thank you, Henry. (Hoarsely.) You're a good fellow.

Henry (airily, with a typically British desire to conceal his emotion). Who is the lucky little lady?

George (taking out a picture postcard of the British Museum and kissing it passionately). Isobel Barley!

[If Henry is not careful he will probably give a start of surprise here, with the idea of suggesting to the audience that he (1) knows something about the lady's past, or (2) is in love with her himself. He is, however, thinking of a different play. We shall come to that one in a week or two.

Henry (in a slightly dashing manner). Little Isobel? Lucky dog!

George. I wish I could think so. (Sighs.) But I have yet to approach her, and she may be another's. (Fiercely) Heavens, Henry, if she should be another's!

Enter Isobel.

Isobel (brightly). So I've run you to earth at last. Now what have you got to say for yourselves?

Henry (like a man). By Jove! (looking at his watch)—I had no idea—is it really—poor old Joe—waiting—

[Dashes out tactfully in a state of incoherence.

George (rising and leading Isobel to the front of the stage). Miss Barley, now that we are alone I have something I want to say to you.

Isobel (looking at her watch). Well, you must be quick. Because I'm engaged—

[George drops her hand and staggers away from her.

Isobel. Why, what's the matter?

George (to the audience, in a voice expressing the very depths of emotion). Engaged! She is engaged! I am too late!

[He sinks into a chair and covers his face with his hands.

Isobel (surprised). Mr. Turnbull! What has happened?

George (waving her away with one hand). Go! Leave me! I can bear this best alone. (Exit Isobel.) Merciful heavens, she is plighted to another!

Enter Henry.

Henry (eagerly). Well, old man?

George (raising a face white with misery—that is to say, if he has remembered to put the French chalk in the palms of his hands). Henry, I am too late! She is another's!

Henry (in surprise). Whose?

George (with dignity). I did not ask her. It is nothing to me. Good-bye, Henry. Be kind to her.

Henry. Why, where are you going?

George (firmly). To the Rocky Mountains. I shall shoot some bears. Grizzly ones. It may be that thus I shall forget my grief.

Henry (after a pause). Perhaps you are right, George. What shall I tell—Her?

George. Tell her—nothing. But should anything (feeling casually in his pockets) happen to me—if (going over them again quickly) I do not come back, then (searching them all, including the waistcoat ones, in desperate haste), give her—give her—give her (triumphantly bringing his handkerchief out of the last pocket) this, and say that my last thought was of her. Good-bye, my old friend. Good-bye.

[Exit to Rocky Mountains.

Enter Isobel.

Isobel. Why, where's Mr. Turnbull?

Henry (sadly). He's gone.

Isobel. Gone? Where?

Henry. To the Rocky Mountains. To shoot bears. (Feeling that some further explanation is needed.) Grizzly ones, you know.

Isobel. But he was here a moment ago.

Henry. Yes, he's only just gone.

Isobel. Why didn't he say good-bye? (Eagerly.) But perhaps he left a message for me? (Henry shakes his head.) Nothing? (Henry bows silently and leaves the room.) Oh! (She gives a cry and throws herself on the sofa.) And I loved him! George, George, why didn't you speak?

[Enter George hurriedly. He is fully dressed for a shooting expedition in the Rocky Mountains, and carries a rifle under his arm.

George (to the audience). I have just come back for my pocket-handkerchief. I must have dropped it in here somewhere. (He begins to search for it, and in the ordinary course of things comes upon Isobel on the sofa. He puts his rifle down carefully on a table, with the muzzle pointing at the prompter rather than at the audience, and staggers back.)

Merciful heavens! Isobel! Dead! (He falls on his knees beside the sofa.) My love, speak to me!

Isobel (softly). George!

George. She is alive! Isobel!

Isobel. Don't go, George!

George. My dear, I love you! But when I heard that you were another's, honour compelled me—

Isobel (sitting up quickly). What do you mean by another's?

George. You said you were engaged!

Isobel (suddenly realizing how the dreadful misunderstanding arose which nearly wrecked two lives). But I only meant I was engaged to play tennis with Lady Carbrook!

George. What a fool I have been! (He hurries on before the audience can assent.) Then, Isobel, you will be mine?

Isobel. Yes, George. And you won't go and shoot nasty bears, will you, dear? Not even grizzly ones?

George (taking her in his arms). Never, darling. That was only (turning to the audience with the air of one who is making his best point) A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

Naval Supremacy.

"Lady Curzon-Howe will perform the ceremony of laying the first plate of the King George V. at Portsmouth.

"TO-DAY'S DIARY.—Lanching of the King George V. at Portsmouth."—*Daily Express*.

If any other nation can do it more quickly than that we shall be surprised.

"ENGLISHMAN'S ADVENTURE
TIED UP TO A TREE
BY SPECIAL WIRE."

Daily Telegraph.

Not barbed wire, we trust.



Schoolmistress. "AND AM I TO GIVE THE CHILD RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION?"

Mother. "I DON'T CARE WOT YER DO SO LONG AS YER DON'T BASH 'ER ABOUT THE 'EAD."

OUR DEBT TO MR. DOTT.

[A letter signed P. McOMISH DOTT appears in *The Outlook* of January 14th expressing the fear that England is falling into senile decay.]

THOUGH a man of simple nature, living in a humdrum way,
To the spell of nomenclature I have always fall'n a prey;
Names with me are an obsession, thickening the thinnest
plot,
But my tastiest possession is the last, McOMISH DOTT.

Latterly, while curio-hunting, I acquired some splendid loot,
Bracketing Sir PERCY BUNTING with his friend Sir JESSE
BOOT,
Now in even fuller measure there has fallen to my lot
New and valuable treasure labelled P. McOMISH DOTT.

I've collected Mustard, Smellie, Hog with but a single "g,"
Jubb, Earwaker and Whalebelly, Worple, Montecuccoli,
Gollop, Polyblank and Szlumper, Didham, Bultitude and
Sprot,
But I give my vote—a plumper—unto P. McOMISH DOTT.

LOWTHER BRIDGER's lucubrations long have ceased to give
me joy,
KIPLING COMMON's coruscations my fastidious palate cloy;
But a rapture fine and frantic, such as centred in Shalott,
Lurks within the rich, romantic name of P. McOMISH DOTT.

Somewhere in the Boreal regions first his sanguine star
arose,
Where the Macs abound in legions, alternating with the O's;
There he tossed the caber daily, there the golden eagle shot,
There the giant capercailzie fell to P. McOMISH DOTT.

Fed on mountain dew in Jura, and eschewing Saxon swipes,
Soon he mastered the *bravura* of the devastating pipes;

Or amid the glens and corries traced the stag's elusive slot,
Far from dull suburban "swarries," sturdy P. McOMISH
DOTT.

Then he swept the board at college, gathering in his mental
net
Every earthly form of knowledge from CONFUCIUS to
DEBRETT;
Till—for so the gossips tell us—Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT
Grew inordinately jealous of his friend McOMISH DOTT.

Next in retrospective vision southward I behold him fare,
England, rent by indecision, nobly striving to repair;
Hand-in-hand with GILBERT PARKER stopping ev'ry fiscal
rot,
Hand-in-hand with ELLIS BARKER—happy P. McOMISH
DOTT!

Last of all we see him, scorning our misgivings to assuage,
As he trumpets forth his warning in *The Outlook's* central
page,
Telling us that by to-morrow England will have gone to
pot,
Less in anger than in sorrow—noble P. McOMISH DOTT.

P.S.
Query:—Is the P for Peter, Parsifal or Peregrine?
Any of them suits my metre, but to Parsifal I lean;
Still, I think I like him better in the form *The Out-
look's* got,
Prefaced by a single letter—simply P. McOMISH DOTT.

"Old Age Prevented.—Eat orange flower honey."—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*
Can this be yet another example of commercial candour?



He. "VERY INTERESTING THESE MORRIS-DANCES. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANY BEFORE?"
 She. "NO. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO MORRIS WAS."

THE SECOND WHIP EXPLAINS.

Oh, gatherin' 'ounds is a job I like
 W'en the winter day draws in,
 W'en shadows are lyin' by every dyke
 And creepin' out o' the whin;
 W'en 'Armony's missin', an' Houtcast
 too.

An' the master 'e says to me—
 "Jim, you go back to that gorse we
 drew,
 For it's there them beggars 'll be!"

Oh, gatherin' 'ounds is the job I love,
 W'en the dark comes down on the
 thorn,
 An' the moon is 'ung in the sky above
 Like a glitterin' 'untin' 'orn;
 W'en I ride the banks like a glidin'
 ghost

An' the dips like a witch o' fear—
 This is the job wot I loves the most
 In the darkest days o' the year.

Though it's me that knows that the
 cunnin' old rags

Will be 'alfway 'ome by now,
 O' course if you're sent for a 'ound
 wot lags

You must do as you're ordered 'ow;

An' it's allus the custom, so I've found,
 With a pack worth callin' a pack,
 That a whip goes back for the missin'
 'ound,

An' it's mostly me goes back!

Though I know the beggars is runnin'
 the road

On a breast-'igh scent o' soup,
 Will I use my brains? No, I'll be
 blowed

If I'd ever so 'umble stoop.
 If they think that a fox-'ound don't
 'ave wits,

Let 'em think so, then, I say;
 Some folk must gather up sense by bits
 As a fed 'oss gathers 'is 'ay!

No, I don't 'alf mind keepin' long late
 hours,

For it's all in the day for me,
 An' I know there's a glass to be 'ad at
 The Towers,

An' there's Oakwood Farm for tea,
 With a pail o' gruel all mixed, I
 guess,

An' a stall that the old 'oss knows,
 An' a seat by the kitchen fire wi' Bess,
 W'en the cook an' the 'ousemaid
 goes!

An' that's wy I ride so cheery back
 W'en the master says to me,
 "Jim"—wi' 'is keen hoye over the
 pack—

"I am two 'ounds short, or three!"
 An' that's wy I'm Houtcast's honly
 friend,

An' 'Armony's lifelong pal,
 Because if they kept wi' the pack to
 the end,

Well, 'ow would I see my gal?

From *The Queen* of Jan. 14th:—

"A new story from the pen of Mrs. Molesworth can never fail to be welcome, and especially at this season, with Christmas presents looming in the near future."

Have we got to have it all over again?
 Help!

"The painter, whose art is of a well-curbed and moderate modernity, has, however, no very strong artistic personality: you would not stand before one of his pictures and say 'That is a Leech!'—*Daily Telegraph*."

We know one painter before whose pictures you would not stand and say, "That is a Cow." At least not with any certainty.



THE PREAMBULATOR.

[The Preamble to the Parliament Bill is threatened with strong opposition from the Labour Party.]





CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—V.

AN AFFECTING AND ENTIRELY FANCY PICTURE OF MR. SELFRIDGE ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND.

[In case any human being *should* come along he does the best he can with his frontage, but materials are scanty, and unfortunately he is far from the track of passing vessels.]

THE LAST COCK-PHEASANT.

SPLENDOUR, whom lately on your glowing flight
 Athwart the chill and cheerless winter-skies
 I marked and welcomed with a futile right,
 And then a futile left, and strained my eyes
 To see you so magnificently large,
 Sinking to rest beyond the fir-wood's marge—

Not mine, not mine the fault: despise me not
 In that I missed you; for the sun was down,
 And the dim light was all against the shot;
 And I had booked a bet of half-a-crown.
 My deadly fire is apt to be upset
 By many causes—always by a bet.

Or had I overdone it with the sloes,
 Snared by their home-picked brand of ardent gin
 Designed to warm a shivering sportsman's toes
 And light a fire his reckless head within?
 Or did my silly loader put me off
 With aimless chatter in regard to golf?

You too, I think, displayed a lack of nerve;
 You did not quite—now did you?—play the game;

For when you saw me you were seen to swerve,
 Doubtless in order to disturb my aim.
 No, no, you must not ask me to forgive
 A swerve because you basely planned to live.

At any rate I missed you, and you went,
 The last day's absolutely final bird,
 Scathless, and left me very ill content;
 And someone (was it I?) pronounced a word,
 A word which rather forcible than nice is,
 A little word which does not rhyme with Isis.

Farewell! I may behold you once again
 When next November's gales have stripped the leaf.
 Then, while your upward flight you grandly strain,
 May I be there to add you to my sheaf;
 And may they praise your tallness, saying "This
 Was such a bird as men are proud to miss!" Tis.

"Reading of the girls who are coming with 'The Slim Princess' show, we notice that one of them, Henrietta Pansoffer, is described as weighing 186 pounds. Nevertheless, we intend to stop right here and not attempt to clay-model a witticism out of Henrietta's other name and its relation to her weight."—*American Paper*.
 Pansoffer . . . Pansoffer . . . Pansoffer . . . No, we've missed it.

CHARIVARIA.

TURKEY has been complaining that she was not consulted by Germany about the *pourparlers* at Potsdam. Turkey has yet to learn that good little allies should be seen and not heard.

* *

The Triple Entente is a League of Peace, declares *The Spectator*. The worst of Peace is that it is apt to cease as soon as War begins.

* *

Prominent Nonconformist leaders have been discussing the advisability of a conference to consider the decline in membership among the Free Churches. It seems curious that the use of the pulpit as a political hustings has failed to attract.

* *

"It is rather difficult," says *The Agricultural Economist*, "to account for the prejudice which exists against goats." Is it possible that the influence of Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is at last making itself felt?

* *

"LOVE LETTERS TO A WIFE FOUND IN A SAFE" is the startling heading of a paragraph in *The Daily Mail*. While we like to see a man take care of his wife, to place her in a safe is surely carrying caution too far.

* *

Mr. FRANKFORD MOORE's latest book, *The Common-Sense Collector*, should supply a want. So few people know how to collect Common-Sense.

* *

Another prison reform, it is said, is now engaging the attention of the kind-hearted authorities. It is the institution of a White Maria—a vehicle which will fetch prisoners at the end of their term, and set them down at their own doors.

* *

And yet another experiment, we hear, is to be "Week End Convicts." So that the sentence of imprisonment may not interfere with their ordinary occupations prisoners will be allowed to work off the sentence by instalments, and, to save them trouble, the Black Maria will call for them at their own residences.

* *

A Liberal governor of the High Wycombe Royal Grammar School has

protested against the following sentence being given out for translation from English into Latin:—"The safety of the Empire is only assured by the House of Lords being preserved." In our opinion the disservice was to the Unionists. Every healthy boy acquires a hearty distaste for the stuff of his Latin prose.

* *

The latest American invention to be placed upon the market is an electric mouse-trap, which may be connected with the usual lighting installation. We understand that at present mice look upon it merely as "an amusing toy."

the next court than what was happening in his own. One day he heard an outburst of laughter in the next court, and a jealous frown appeared on his face—until it suddenly struck him that it must have been *his* joke that had missed his audience and reached the adjoining room.

* *

The announcement that Turkish baths are to be built by the Southend Town Council has, we hear, caused great satisfaction among Anglophils in Constantinople, and is being used as a counterblast to the attacks on British diplomacy in connection with the Baghdad Railway.



Visitor. "HULLO, OLD MAN, WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?"
Lodger. "POKER PATIENCE, I CALL IT."

Now that the University of Cambridge has taken over *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, further developments of the commercial spirit may be looked for, and we shall not be surprised any day to see a poster appear in the streets:—

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
WANTED
BRIGHT LADS.

* *

The latest fashion in jewellery, we are told, is paste. One advantage of this, we imagine, is that such jewellery is easier to stick to.

* *

An interesting tale is being told of Mr. Justice DARLING, who complained recently at the Old Bailey that he could hear better what was going on in

WINTER SPORT FOR TAX-PAYERS.

AMONG the indoor games which help to brighten the short winter days for me there is none that I enjoy more than my annual bout with the income-tax fellow. I suppose I must admit that he had the best of it three years ago, when he discovered that I had won some thousands of guineas in a Lamerick Competition—I had really forgotten it—but I smote him hip and thigh in 1908-9; and last winter it was a draw. It just petered out. We both got tired.

This time he has delighted me exceedingly by a fine energetic display of that misdirected ingenuity which is one of his most charming attributes. I do love to see him follow up a clue to the bitter end. Where he fails is in choosing his ground at the outset. I really do try to be honest about my

income tax. That is one of my little fads. But I am convinced that by now, so well do I understand the workings of his mind, I could, if I cared to, batten upon vast sources of wealth without their ever reaching the light of day in the columns of his little blue papers. On the other hand, if ever I happen to pick up a windfall of no intrinsic value whatever, such as a tip in a restaurant when I have been mistaken for a waiter, or a prize for a guinea-pig at a local agricultural show, he is bound to track me down and take his toll of it.

This time he got going earlier than usual, in the month of October. I had published a book, about a year ago, upon my special subject of the treat-



Visitor. "I'VE JUST COME FROM THE DOCTOR'S FUNERAL, BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANY OF YOU THERE."

Hostess. "NO—MY HUSBAND DIDN'T CARE TO GO, AS FUNERALS ALWAYS UPSET HIM."

Visitor. "OH, WELL, IF YOU NEVER GO TO OTHER PEOPLE'S FUNERALS I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EXPECT THEM TO COME TO YOURS."

ment of window-boxes. It was called *The Garden on the Sill*, and was brought out at 3s. 6d. by Messrs. Williams and Anstruther. The season opened when a blue paper arrived demanding a statement of royalties received. I replied that I was both surprised and gratified to learn that my opponent had heard of my little book. (It was gratifying, you know, for I fancy it had been forgotten months before by the whole of the gardening public.) And I sent him an order form. He simply wrote reiterating his demand. Then I told him that since he pressed the point I must admit that I was perhaps a little sensitive about the outcome of my book. I was quite satisfied with its success as literature, and I was sure he would agree with me that mere monetary return was not to be accepted as the only test of its value. He replied very briefly, "Please furnish the address of Messrs. Williams and Anstruther." That I declined to do. I pointed out that it was not quite playing the game; that they

might have some reason (one never knew) for not wishing to make their address known. I did not care to take the responsibility. I felt it would be more satisfactory if he would write to them direct for it. This he must have done, for his next communication was a demand for payment of tax at 9d. in the pound on the amount of royalties received. The royalties were eighteen shillings, so it worked out at eightpence.

I now began seriously to defend myself. I told him (1) that this sum of eighteen shillings had already been entered in my first return under the heading, "Promiscuous profits from sundry sources," also (2) that even if he could thus isolate it for special treatment, it was a question of the average profits accruing to me during the last three years from publication of books. That made it about 2½d. Did he think it worth collecting? I also asked him, in a postscript, to send me a packet of those jolly little yellow envelopes of his marked "Official

Paid," where the stamp ought to go, so that I might be in a position to carry on the correspondence on equal terms. He had sent me one or two of these before, but never in sufficient quantities.

In his reply, which was ingenious but inconclusive, he made no reference at all to my demand for envelopes; and this really became the crux of the situation. For the contest came automatically to an end yesterday when I wrote and pointed out that I had now expended on stamps the whole amount of the tax claimed. I therefore regarded the incident as closed. The Government had got my money. It only remained for him to see that the sum in question was transferred from the Post Office to the Inland Revenue Department.

But still the thing is hardly fair. His letters cost him nothing, while I am all the time incurring heavy expenses in note-paper. I must have the packet of envelopes next time. Otherwise I shan't play.

"THE ONCOMERS."

I CONFESS that I felt a little nervous when I found myself the other afternoon in the Oncomers' line of charge, though I understand that this Society with the menacing name is established for the harmless purpose of giving provincial actors an opportunity of appealing to Metropolitan tastes. The lights of The Little Theatre had gone out and from the Egyptian darkness of the stage an unseen chest threw off one of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S *Poems of Pleasure* in the approved elocutionary manner that emphasizes every word and the gaps between. For a moment I thought I should have to be an Offgoer. But it was soon over, and two figures did a praiseworthy step-dance indicative of the origin of the Opal. It appears that the Opal is the direct result of wedlock between a Sunbeam and a Moonbeam.

Then there was a great interval, during which a lady came on (or encame?) through the curtain and sang, with perfect British decorum, one of *Carmen's* most full-blooded songs, and a pianist played and played in a corner by the door till I thought nothing else was ever going to happen. At last a gong sounded and I sat up; but it was only the dressing-gong; and there was more delay before the dinner-gong sounded and we got to work on the piece of resistance. Its name was *The Trap*, and it was rather a pleasant Light Comedy, by ALICE CLAYTON GREENE, about a husband who disguised himself as a burglar and held up his wife and her lover. A nice play for private theatricals, and really quite as good as some things that find their way on to the London boards. And it gave good chances to Mr. PHILIP CLAYTON GREENE as the husband, to Mr. WYNNE WEAVER as a butler, to Miss NELL DU MAURIER as a French maid, and to Miss NANCY YORK as a precocious and oncoming young thing. Miss DAISY ATHERTON played well, but was hampered by a lover who was rather sticky in a thankless part. Miss ANTON LANG spoke as if she were really saying good things; but this was a misapprehension.

The little play had its *longueurs*, but they were as nothing compared with those of the intervals. The performance held the interest of an audience not too intelligent (if one may judge from the fact that a good many of them never found out till the end that the husband and the burglar were one); but it was their patience in the intervals that more than anything else impressed me with the prehensile quality of the entertainment.

O. S.

SOUR GRAPES.

[“I would like to see the poets elevated to a place beside Mrs. Beeton.”—*Mr. Dixon Scott.*]

LET those who will aspire to fill
The shelves of calf and vellum
Where poets wait to titillate
The cultured cerebellum;
Ay, let them crave a binding brave
With lots of gaudy gilt on
To stand there shut, unread, uncut,
With SHAKESPEARE, BURNS and
MILTON.

Not mine to bore young brats with lore
Of what analysis is,
Nor may my verse become the curse
Of little pig-tailed misses,
Discoursed upon by learned don
And dry-as-dust professor—
The spot my muse would rather choose
Is on the kitchen dresser.

What joy were mine if Mary Jine,
When *menus* overweighed her,
Would turn from dreams of tarts and
creams
To trifles I purveyed her!
Each time that need arose to feed
Her sacred fire 'twould fall so
That while her pot was thus kept hot
She'd keep mine boiling-also.

Yes, down below I fain would go
To set the kitchen sobbing:
There may my heart have power to start
The cook's great heart a-throbbing.
There isles of grease shall never cease
Appearing on my pages,
And I'll have flung my lot among
The sage, if not the sages.

TOWSER.

I MET him on a July Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park. Several dogs were amusing themselves bringing chips of wood out of the Serpentine for the visitors to throw in. And this fellow appeared to be stage-managing the show. A rough Scotch Terrier *cum* Dandie Dinmont, with matted towlsed silver-grey hair and a gaily waving tail. He disdained to touch the chips himself. He gave instructions to the other fellows. Swimming out after every piece as it was thrown in, he circled round it and swore until it had been seized upon and removed by the nearest unemployed dog. Sometimes he would make a dash for the shore, look round for a nice new summery frock, and shake himself dry in its immediate neighbourhood. The resulting screams and giggles, alarums and excursions, always made him roll on the floor in fits of laughter; then into the water again he'd leap with a shout of, “Now then, you fellows, get those chips out,

will you!” Really a jolly dog to meet on a dull day.

At last a sudden shower scattered the visitors and all the dogs, except my stage manager. When the poor beggar realised this unexpected desolation he gazed at the world in amazed silence for a moment or two. Then he gave a contemptuous bark expressive of his private opinion of dogs and humans afraid of rain, and set himself to collect all the chips still floating in the water. These he piled carefully in a heap on the sand, looked invitingly at the nearest group of people under the dripping trees, and barked in eager anticipation of joys to be repeated . . . Pause . . . Another intimation to the world that it might come and amuse itself with his sticks. . . . Then, as the truth dawned upon him, with slow-descending, disappointed tail, *he sat down and wept!*

In the guise of a Good Samaritan I introduced myself. After a little persuasion he decided he *would* be comforted. Never had heard of Rachel; but thought she must have been rather silly to keep on in that way when chocolate creams. . . . By the way, was Rachel offered the same kind of creams? I explained that I did not know very much about the lady, and gradually drew him on to talk about himself.

He was an outcast, he told me. Never had a father, and could only dimly remember his mother. Never been in constant employment. No, hadn't applied to the Labour Exchanges; had no faith in them. Picked up a living as best he could as a Butcher's-Boot-Dodger. And came to Hyde Park whenever he could spare the time. The grass was lovely to roll on, but the water was a treat beyond words. Admitted that getting people to throw sticks into the Serpentine was not what could be called a high form of intellectual recreation for a dog with his organising capacity, but urged that as a pastime he enjoyed it, and with his limited leisure hours he had to be content with what offered in that way. No, did not know anything about rabbits. Believed he had heard other fellows tell tales of adventures with things with a name like that, but didn't credit 'em. Knew more about cats than he cared to tell to a stranger—but rabbits, no. Was too knowing a Londoner to be caught with such chaff. Knew very well there were no such things as those outside Christmas Trees.

It was a mean thing to do, I know; but a dog that has never chased rabbits and calmly calls you a liar (as



Huntsman (galloping to a h lloah). "WHERE'S THE FOX GONE?"
 Boy. "WE BE'UNT A-HOLLERIN' NO FOX. WE BE CHEERIN' 'CAUSE COUSIN MAGGIE'S WON A PUZZLE IN FIRESIDE SNIPS."

gently as his native London politeness and remembrance of recent chocolates will allow) when you insist that rabbits are real living entities and not myths or idle visions of a dog's dream, well, that sort of animal puts you on your mettle, don't you know. I resolved that he should eat his words—and also his rabbits if he cared. *I stole the brute!* I tempted him with chocolate creams, and he followed me to Euston, where I took a ticket to Scotland for him.

Towser and I went to an hotel on the East coast at a place where rabbits are at a discount, and next morning I took him along the cliffs to be initiated. He exhibited a mild interest in the new variety of scents to be found, tracked a few smells on the footpaths to little holes in the ground, wondered a good deal at the big stretch of water—into which he tried to jump from the top of a cliff 200 feet high—but, on the whole, looked unutterably bored, until Brer Rabbit appeared. Then he sat down and laughed. I hissed him at the game, but my friend sat and grinned up at me. "It's a good joke, guv'nor," he said, "but you don't get over me with a Teddy-bear. I know them things." Brer Rabbit hopped off a

bit. Towser stood up and stared. Brer Rabbit turned towards us. Towser put his tail between his legs and bolted for home!

Next day he waited to see if Brer Rabbit would really attack him before he moved. As nothing happened he made friendly overtures, which Brer Rabbit resented and ran away from. Then came the great awakening. There were hundreds of these things about, and every one of them was afraid of him—of him, Towser—and they disappeared like taxicabs before you could make up your mind which to catch. This was something like, this was the land of real adventure, this—oh, Joy!!! . . . I lost him that day. He returned to the hotel at night a physical wreck. Chasing hundreds of disappearing scents without a working plan in his head must be hard work for an inexperienced dog. But the joy of battle was in his eye. And next morning I discovered that he had learned to associate the scents on the paths with the disappearing fluffs, and both with the holes in the ground. He had apparently been working at the problem overnight, for without the slightest hesitation he made straight for a rabbit-hole as soon as we reached the cliffs,

and, in his efforts to get the prize, jammed himself so far and so tightly in that I had to dig him out. He did not stop to thank me, but, full of the joy of life, with short, sharp, eager yelps, ran from hole to hole shouting for the denizens to come forth and give a fellow a chance. . . .

Later in the day I heard my friend whining pitifully. On going in search of him I found Towser pawing gently a little rabbit he had done to death, turning it over and over, and trying to lick it back to life again. He looked up at me mournfully. "He's stopped playing with me, guv'nor," he said; "there's something gone wrong with him." And he licked it again caressingly and whined.

The Dublin Evening Mail's advice to those about to repair tablecloths:—

"Lay the tablecloth quite flat, with the hole uppermost."

But why not keep the hole undermost? Then nobody would notice it.

The judges for the Oxford Circuit are Mr. Justice BRAY and Mr. Justice BANKES. "Ye Banks and Braes."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It does not often happen that I am disappointed in a HEINEMANN novel, but I confess that, till about half-way through, I thought *Young Life* was going to prove one of the exceptions. Even after the interest had quickened, I cannot say that the reading of it gave me all the enjoyment I had begun by anticipating, though I freely admit that Miss JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON has written a clever and original book. What plot it contains is of the slightest, the interest being provided by a character-study of a girl, *Hester Stanton*, the orphaned ward of *Stephen Garfield*, whose "young life" it is that, coming into the placid existence of a number of middle-aged persons, leavens it with most mischievous results to their peace of mind. At least, this is the scheme of the tale as I understood it; but the fact is that Miss HERBERTSON'S style is so bafflingly elusive that much of her intention may well have escaped me. Of course, in the end *Hester* marries *Garfield*—wards and guardians are the matrimonial certainties of fiction—but before this is settled we have the episode, far the best thing in the book, to my mind, of *Mary Leverson*, the rather priggish matron, and the musician, *Dalziel*. Even here, however, Miss HERBERTSON tends to overburden a clever idea with adverbial description; throughout one feels that (in the words of the poet) it is "not what he said, but the way that he said it" which is her chief concern. And too much of this makes inevitably for weariness. When Miss HERBERTSON has mastered a more restrained and simpler medium, her real intuitive skill will have the chance that it deserves.

The days of good Queen BESS we see,
And those of traitor STUART MARY
(Or sainted M. and wanton B.—
You take your choice; opinions vary)—
These stirring times we find displayed,
If not exactly at their greatest,
Still, entertainingly portrayed
In *Pam the Fiddler*, SUTCLIFFE'S latest.

"Not at their greatest." That implies
That for his tale our author uses
No Spanish galleon's high emprise,
No circumnavigating cruises;
Only some fiery bickering
With those who deemed it heaven's order
That they should oust Queen BESS and bring
Queen MARY from across the Border.

It's nought against the tale, of course,
That it should deal with minor matters;
This theme is fresh and those perforce
Are very nearly worn to tatters;

Moreover (history apart)
Intrigue and love and thrilling foray
Are blended with seductive art
Throughout the book (produced by LAURIE).

The Mountain of Gold (MILLS AND BOON) ends where it began, but is quite enjoyable in the part between. Miss E. S. STEVENS was, I imagine, divided between an inclination to discourse upon the religious, philosophical, social and political controversies of the Near East, and a desire to write a sex-problem novel. *Mrs. Greville* and *Robert Underwood*, whom she sends to Mount Carmel, are both typical of the enterprising European, but handicapped, the one by an absentee husband, the other by a pair of crutches. Jointly and severally they undergo a sequence of incidents, receive a number of impressions, and impart their views to each other in able, if unusual, dialogue. The incidents are well told and of considerable interest; the impressions are striking and subtly impressed; there is much clever characterisation, and on the whole our author has put together a good book. She may call it a "novel" if she likes (almost anything written comes under that elastic

term, even if illustrated, as this is, with photographs); but if she does I shall not call it a good novel. The dramatic touch is wanting, and the reader is not at any moment excited, curious, or even intrigued to know how it all ends. The truth is that it never does end, as it really never began, but while it lasts it is entertaining and suggestive and certainly worth reading.

The scene of F. WARRE CORNISH'S *Darwell Stories* (CONSTABLE) is laid in the country which belongs "by

geography to the Midlands, by character to the Northern Counties—a land of grave aspect," and so it is perhaps natural that the heroes and heroines of these tales should not be especially exciting people. Apart from one dramatic and unexpected calamity the author has avoided sensational incident, and although I feel that the analysis of character is thoroughly sound, I feel also that it is rather dull—like, if I may say so, the analysis of a bowler who is thinking more of maidens than of wickets. Still, I have been able to derive some placid enjoyment from this book; for if it does not reveal striking powers of imagination it is, at any rate, full of conscientious workmanship.

"Airmen are extremely fond of mascots. From the death-rate amongst them, we should fancy it was not only foolish but a dangerous superstition."—*Sheffield Guardian*.

Let this pass, though one would have thought that if it was foolish there was nothing in it, and so it could not be very dangerous: but when the writer goes on to say:—

"It is curious the superstitions of sausages should flourish in a century of science,"
we confess that he is taking us right out of our depth.

"Rat-killing has been stopped at Hadleigh, Suffolk, for want of sufficient rats."—*Halstead Gazette*.

Of all unsporting animals commend us to the rats of Hadleigh.



STUDY IN EXPRESSION AT AN AMATEUR DRESS REHEARSAL.
GENTLEMAN WITH A ONE LINE PART WAITS FOR HIS CUE.

CHARIVARIA.

"It is expected that the wedding of Lord CHELSEA and Miss MARIE COXON will take place before the Coronation." This will be a relief to the Coronation Committee, who had feared that the events might clash.

"*Liberal Opinion*" has been muled in Liberal damages, and yet it is not pleased.

The question whether Ulster is arming or not is still being discussed by some of our newspapers. All we can say is that an ulster without arms would be a fairly useless article.

"Mr. ZEE, the new Chinese Attaché, has arrived in London." It is, we believe, an open secret that he may be elected an honorary member of the Society of Somersetshire Men.

In regard to the Flushing fortification project the official view of the German Foreign Office is stated to be that, as a Sovereign Power, Holland has the right to do as she pleases in her own territory. It will be a rare joke if Holland takes advantage of this permission.

We have before alluded to the way in which the candour of some newspaper placards stultifies the reticence of others. There is always at least one blackleg among them. We were anxious, the other day, to know the issue of a certain slander case. We saw "RESULT" on a contents bill, and put our hand in our pocket. Then we remarked another bill:—

"RESULT DAMAGES."

We still hesitated—until a third placard caught our eye:—

"RESULT HEAVY DAMAGES."

This was all we wanted to know, and we retained our coin.

"The sardines which left the coast of Brittany," a telegram tells us, "have

been found in large numbers off the coast of Morocco." One day, perhaps, the thrilling story of this escapade will be told in full, showing how, tired of the constant attacks made on them, the little fish one night, under cover of darkness, when the Bretons were sleeping, stole away, swam silently without a stop to the Mediterranean, there lived for some time a life of ease and luxury within touch of the African

GALTON was the inventor of the system of identification by finger-prints. It is good to know that what was considered by a certain section of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects to be an ugly blemish on an otherwise useful career has now been removed.

A Local Government Board enquiry has been held at Wolverhampton to decide what shall be done with the South Staffordshire Smallpox Hospital, which was erected six years ago at a cost of £18,000, and has not had a single patient. It is thought that a strong appeal to local patriotism will be recommended, calling upon public-spirited residents to acquire the requisite disease within a stated period.

A stag which was uncarted preparatory to a run with Lord ROTHSCHILD'S Stag-hounds, the other day, near Leighton Buzzard, got on the railway line and was killed by an express train almost at once. Now that the superiority of express trains over stag-hounds has been demonstrated, it is thought that the former will be exclusively employed in the future by wealthy hunting-men.

From *The Daily Mail* Fashion Page:—

"NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.

Charms for Coronation Year Bridesmaids."

The insinuation that the bridesmaids of this year are lacking in charms has caused no little pain in some quarters.

An oculist, interviewed by *The Mirror*, has been recommending one to roll one's eyes round and round as a means of strengthening the vision. The only difficulty, we imagine, is taking the eye out and putting it back again, but no doubt this only requires a little practice.

Aviation in this country has received a serious set-back. Damages were awarded last week to a gentleman who was injured at the Star and Garter Hotel, Kew Bridge, by a flying cork.



The Critic. "MY DEAR, JUST FANCY HAVING YOUR PORTRAIT PAINTED IN YOUR CAR. WHY, A MOTOR-CAR GOES OUT OF FASHION IN A SINGLE YEAR!"

Riviera, ultimately to be discovered and harried once more.

Mlle. MARTHE STEINHEIL, it is reported from Paris, has taken the veil, and become a Carmelite nun. This has caused a considerable amount of quiet gratification at Carmelite House, where it is taken as a compliment to the admirable way in which the sensational case was reported in *The Daily Mail*.

It is denied that the late Sir FRANCIS

THOUGHTS ON THE COMING CENSUS.

[Due April 2, 1911.]

ARAMINTA, ere the statistician
Comes to take his census-toll,
And, behaving like the Inquisition,
Bids you bare your secret soul,
Let me now, two months before the day, seize
Such a chance to air my gift for gag;
Let me write at once *Eheu fugaces!*
Ere the pens begin to wag
Of my rivals busy working off the old Horatian tag.

Envious Time, that often likes to print a
Crow's-foot on the ageing cheek,
Favours your façade, my Araminta,
Leaves it superfinely sleek;
Yes, the years for you have been soft-handed,
Still—for moments fly (this must be so)—
You are not the same young thing, so candid,
Who, but just ten springs ago,
Lightly told the fact-collector every word he wished
to know.

Twenty-one you were and un-selfconscious,
As became the prime of youth,
Never nursed a doubt, like PILATE (PONTIUS),
On the attributes of Truth;
But with riper years I shouldn't wonder
If, in drawing up this next report,
On the point of age you made a blunder
Of a not unusual sort;
No, it wouldn't greatly shock me if you got the total
short.

I have noticed, when they reach the stages
Where conjecture serves for guide,
Women, if they err about their ages,
Err upon the *minus* side;
Thus, when April rounds the decade's circuit
And you do the little sum that 's set
(10 + 21), I think you 'll work it
Out at 27, net;
27 is the answer which I seem to see you get.

And with every ten years, as they flow on,
You will add a lessening few
To your summers—five and four and so on,
Sticking fast at forty-two;
There in future, permanently dated,
You 'll defy the periodic quest,
Till in due course by the gods translated
To the Islands of the Blest,
Where the decades cease from troubling and the
queries are at rest. O. S.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S POST-BAG.

["—, the photographer, of —, having purchased an aeroplane, is desirous of placing same at the disposal of budding airmen, who may be photographed on it. Passenger flights can also be arranged."
—*Morning Post*.

THE following correspondence is anticipated as an outcome of the above advertisement:—

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON begs to inform Mr. — that he will be very glad to sit for his portrait, if a suitably caparisoned elephant, with competent mahout, can be in attendance next Friday afternoon at 2.30 p.m. Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON has little doubt that the enterprise

shown by Mr. — in consulting the taste of his aeronautic *clientèle* will enable him to provide a proper *mise-en-scène* on the present occasion. In case there is any difficulty, however, Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON suggests that Mr. — should approach the authorities at the Zoological Gardens, stating the purpose for which the elephant will be required.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the HOME SECRETARY to inform you that if you can furnish convincing guarantees that the men who will take part in your realistic group, "Winston the Conqueror," are genuine and desperate anarchists, he will be very glad to give you a sitting next Monday morning.

Faithfully yours,

E. H. MARSH.

Home Office.

DEAR SIR,—I am anxious to celebrate the impending twenty-fifth anniversary of the appearance of my monumental monograph on the Mammoth and the Flood: With a view to placing on record this interesting event in a suitably pictorial manner, my friend, the Editor of *The Times*—to whose journal I have contributed more than 10,000 columns of correspondence—has suggested that I should be photographed with him and a specimen of the gigantic but unhappily extinct quadruped mentioned above. I should be glad if you could arrange to procure either a skeleton or a good "reconstitution" of one of the mummies discovered in the frozen tundras of Northern Siberia [Here a column and a half of interesting matter dealing with the Flood, Mr. Cobden and other cognate subjects is unavoidably omitted] and let us know on what day and at what hour it would suit you for myself and the Editor of *The Times* to attend. I propose to appear in costume suitable to the geographical *habitat* of the *Elephas primigenius*, i.e. a long walrus-hide coat with stereognathous leggings and sandals of mercerized mink. The Editor of *The Times* will probably appear as a hunter or trapper with a kinkajou cape, a waistcoat of striped bandicoot, and Turkish trousers of padded wolverene, with tigerskin spats and Boston rubbers.

Faithfully yours, H. H. HOWORTH.

Mastodon Mansions.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you make a speciality of realistic surroundings, I beg to call your attention to the fact that I am prepared to let you have, at most reasonable terms, first-rate massive family vault, never used owing to bankruptcy of the gentleman who ordered it. Would make a superb background to full-length portrait of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

Yours faithfully, MORTLE BROS.

Euston Road.

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX presents his compliments to Mr. — and regrets that he is unable to avail himself of Mr. —'s offer. His position renders it undesirable that he should be photographed in the entourage of any but a reigning or *de facto* sovereign.

DEAR SIR,—As I have been pressed by a great many of my readers to prefix my portrait to my next volume of poems, "The Ecstasy of Effusion," I should be obliged if you could let me know whether you possess amongst your scenic outfit such a thing as a genuine college window, at which you could pose me in a suitably introspective attitude. Believe me to be,

Faithfully yours, A. C. BENSON.

Magdalene College, Cambridge.

DEAR SIR,—Please expect me at 10 sharp to-morrow, with my *fiancé*. Yours winningly, ZENA DARE.



A PROUD PARENT.

NEPTUNE. "SHIP AHOY! WHAT SHIP'S THAT?" FATHER THAMES. "THUNDERER. LITTLE THING OF MY OWN."
[H.M.S. *Thunderer*, the first *Dreadnought* built on the Thames, is to be launched from the Thames Ironworks on February 1.]



THE BUTLER SCANDALISES.

[Being a specimen of the new Society journalism for American consumption. See "Householder's" recent letter to *The Times*.]

DEAR MADAM,—I take up my pen to give you another batch of good gossip for our lively cousins on the other side of the Great Pond to repeat to each other through their nasal organs over their pie and gum, which are, I understand, their national provender, washed down with cocktails and iced water. To one who, like myself, prefers his meals beefy and regular, it is a problem how the Americans live at all; but however short their lives may be they tip merrily and brightly while they last. Which reminds me, dear Madam, that I have not yet received any remuneration for my last letter. Times under the present Government being so hard, I must request a speedy remittance.

My principal item of news comes from a scrupulously untainted source—no less a person than Sir Elihu Crusher's own valet having given it to me. Sir Elihu, it seems, recently opened a new branch at Chelmsford, and who do you think was the first customer? Lady Wirridge's French maid, for a shilling's-worth of rat poison. When I tell you that Lord Wirridge has since been very ill and that the French maid has disappeared, you will no doubt draw such conclusions as America requires.

You know, of course, that LORD GEORGE SANGER gave up the circus business some few years since. I have it on the best authority that his Lordship cannot feel comfortable at night or get good repose without a Teddy bear on the counterpane at the foot of the bed. His Lordship has recently been visited by Sir JOSEPH LYONS, and this, too, has reminded him pleasantly of old times.

The latest news of Sir JOHN BARKER, of Kensington, is that his establishment was visited recently by the Duchess of Sunderland under the impression that it was Harrod's Stores, but she stayed there and made a number of purchases, including a Virginia ham. I had this from a friend of mine in the Packing department, and can vouch for it.

Perhaps a few facts concerning gratuities (or *honoraria*) might yield material for one of your spicy and highly-paid articles. The Earl of Rosherville gives butlers ten shillings and footmen five; keepers a sovereign. The largest present I ever received was a fiver from the late Marquis of Clacton, but its value was depreciated by his borrowing ten pounds from me



THE STAY-AS-YOU-PLEASE CINEMA PALACE.

Boy (to Lady just arrived). "PLEASE, WILL YOU TELL ME THE TIME, LADY?"

Lady. "HALF-PAST ELEVEN."

Boy. "WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHEN IT'S SIX O'CLOCK, LADY, COS I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND SELL PAPERS!"

the next day and never paying it back. The readiness with which the young and more spirited nobility will extract loans from men-servants is not the least of the blots on the peerage.

In conclusion, dear Madam, let me say that I have three friends all most advantageously placed to hear interesting things—a chambermaid at the Walrus, a waiter at the Mermaid Restaurant, and a page at the National Radical Club; but they refuse to divulge without a little encouragement. I must therefore again request you to forward me something, if only a trifle, on

account. My experience is that no palm is properly open until it is oiled.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Your obedient Servant, —

From a letter in *The Guardian* :—

"I wonder whether Mrs. Shearman has met with the description in Herodotus of the excessive hardness of the skulls of the Egyptians, and their immunity from sunstroke because they cause their children from earliest infancy to meet the elements bareheaded."

HERODOTUS might have gone on to give bachelors some idea of the precautions they should adopt.

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.

"Now, Miss Barlock," I said to my typist, as I entered my writing den, "if you're quite ready we'll begin at once, please. Title: THE SYNTHETIC PILGRIM; a *Post-Impressionist Romance*. Have you got that?" Miss Barlock had got that, but she looked puzzled, and, as she seems to take an intelligent interest in my work, I thought it better to explain the idea before proceeding. "It's like this," I said; "we are assured by competent authorities that, in spite of the warnings of Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND, Sir ALFRED EAST, Mr. SARGENT and others, all the Art Students now at the Academy will within the next ten years have become Post-Impressionists. That is, they will set down their impressions of Nature with the *technique* of a very young child whose powers of observation have not had time to become paralysed by any instruction in drawing. Well, Literature, being so closely allied to Art, is quite certain to be affected sooner or later by the new Movement. It will throw off the shackles of style and composition, and be primitive and go-as-you-please. I'm going to be the Pioneer of Post-Impressionist Fiction. You see what I'm *trying* for, don't you? Very well, then. Chapter One. *The Hero, and how he became a Pilgrim* :—

"He was quite a simple ordinary kind of man. His outlines were hard and black. He had a small, roundish head with three dots in it, one above the other. His body was triangular, and all down it was a row of little circles. These were his buttons. His arms were straight and quite thin. They ended in three prongs like toasting-forks. It was the same with his legs. . . ."

I noticed a slight elevation in Miss Barlock's eyebrows at this point. "It's all right, Miss Barlock," I assured her. "I am merely adopting the method by which an unsophisticated mind invariably represents the human form. Probably that is the shape in which *all* of us would see it if our vision had not been warped by civilisation, or tradition, or something. Anyhow, no one ever yet failed to recognise that it *was* a man. And an author may devote pages and pages to description and analysis of his hero and never even get as far as *that*. Why, for instance, should I tell the reader that my Man had long nervous muscular fingers when these simple tridents amply suffice to express the handiness of his hands and the footiness of his feet? . . . You don't know? No more do I—so let us get on.

"He lived in a really and truly artistic house. It was an irregular parallelogram, and the roof was bright pink. The door and windows were stuck in anyhow, and there were little corkscrew-things coming out of the chimneys. These were the smoke. There were trees about. Not any particular trees, because I don't know one tree from another and couldn't bother to describe them if I did. Just trees—with bright blue and green and chocolate foliage like the loveliest woolwork. There was a bow-wow outside the house, and inside it a fat cat sat on a mat. But at last the hero got tired of living there, so he called for his gee-gee. Gug-gug.' . . . Yes, Miss Barlock, I *did* mean that to be typed. You see, I'm taking the point of view of an infant of very tender years, who at this stage of the narrative would inevitably make that remark. It gives the necessary note of *naïveté*, and I shouldn't wonder myself if there were a deep and subtle meaning in it somewhere. So down it goes. . . . Chapter Two. *About His Gee-gee* :—'Unless you were told you would not have known it for a gee-gee at all. It was the sort of gee-gee you see when it is a long way off and you are rather short-sighted. But it *was* a gee-gee right enough. It had all the essentials of gee-gee-iness. If it hadn't, our hero

wouldn't have been seen with it. And so he said good-bye to his bow-wow and the fat cat, which couldn't be seen because it was inside the house, and he got on his gee-gee and his travels began. Goo-goo.'

"I insist on having that 'goo-goo' typed, Miss Barlock," I told her. "It's part of my *technique*. You are merely one of the Public, so you mustn't try to dictate to me how I should express my temperament. Besides, I'm dictating to *you* . . . Chapter Three. *His Adventures among Masterpieces* :—

"Well, and so he rode and he rode, till at last he came to a country which was entirely composed of little prismatic smuts, so that you couldn't make out what it was like unless you went ever such a distance off, and then it was disappointing. So he didn't stay there *very* long. And the smuts did not suit his gee-gee at all. So on they went to the next place, and there the sky was all neatly paved with small slabs of paint, and the inhabitants were all completely out of drawing and perspective, and had no anatomical nonsense about them. But the gee-gee wasn't very well even *there*. . . ."

Here Miss Barlock ventured the criticism that, so far, my novel did not appear to have much plot. "It has none whatever," I said, with some pride, "and it's not *going* to have. I'm depicting Life as I've observed it. Have I detected any kind of plot governing my own or others' experiences? I have not. Then why, I ask you, Miss Barlock, should I undertake the mental labour of inventing one? No, no, let us be true to Nature as we happen to see it. . . . Chapter Four. *His Further Adventures* :—

"So he got on his gee-gee again, and he rode and he rode and he rode. And soon he came to a land where there were huts and palm-trees and things, and all the natives were brown and quite flat, exactly like people made of gingerbread. Only they were not so nice to eat. So the gee-gee was very sick indeed. Gug-gug. Goo-goo-goo. . . ."

Miss Barlock glanced up at me over her typewriter with some anxiety. "Are you *quite* sure," she inquired uneasily, "that this sort of thing will be really popular?"

"Not immediately," I admitted. "Every inventor of a new literary style has to go through a period of misunderstanding, and even derision. Look at CARLYLE and BROWNING and MEREDITH, for example!"

"But surely," she objected, "that isn't *quite* the same thing. I mean, they didn't write like *babies*—'gug-gugging' and 'goo-goo-ing,' and all that."

No doubt Miss Barlock didn't mean to do it, but somehow she put me off. I have made no further progress with my great Post-Impressionist Novel. But it is merely biding its time.

F. A.

Commercial Candour.

"It would seem possible that almost any woman, no matter what the extent or depth of her wrinkles, might have been removed entirely and for ever by means of this lucky discovery."—*Adv.*

"'Women's Friendships' forms the subject of an article in the February number of 'The Quiver,' written by Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser. A description of the foreign churches in London, illustrated by photographs, throws a light on this subject."—*Publishers' Circular*.

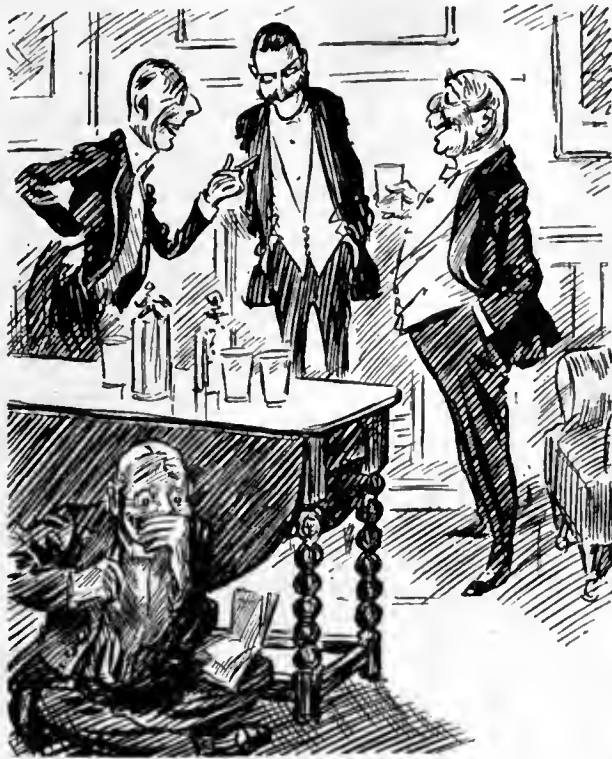
Not a searchlight, of course, nor the fierce kind that beats upon a throne; but just a few candle-power—a sort of dim religious light.

"Mr. — is too well-known locally to begin expatiating at any length upon his vocal excellencies."—*Ilkley Gazette*.

The writer shows a wise caution.

JOURNALISM IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

SEE *THE TIMES* ON THE RECENT REVELATIONS OF THE WAY IN WHICH SCANDAL ABOUT ENGLISH SOCIETY GETS INTO THE AMERICAN PRESS THROUGH INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY SERVANTS.



THE SECOND FOOTMAN NEARLY GIVES HIMSELF AWAY WHILE GETTING MATERIAL FOR HIS COLUMN IN *THE MILWAUKEE SPICE-BOX*.

THE BOOT BOY GETS EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION FOR HIS WEEKLY LETTER TO *THE CHICAGO EAVESDROPPER*.



WHILE THE ARRIVAL OF THE NOTORIOUS LADY X. DISORGANISES THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

III.—"MISS PRENDERGAST."

As the curtain goes up two ladies are discovered in the morning-room of Honeysuckle Lodge engaged in work of a feminine nature. Miss Alice Prendergast is doing something delicate with a crochet-hook, but it is obvious that her thoughts are far away. She sighs at intervals, and occasionally lays down her work and presses both hands to her heart. A sympathetic audience will have no difficulty in guessing that she is in love. On the other hand, her elder sister, Miss Prendergast, is completely wrapped up in a sock for one of the poorer classes, over which she frowns formidably. The sock, however, has no real bearing upon the plot, and she must not make too much of it.

Alice (hiding her emotions). Did you have a pleasant dinner-party last night, Jane?

Jane (to herself). Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. (Looking up.) Very pleasant indeed, Alice. The Blizzards were there, and the Podbys, and the Slumphs. (These people are not important and should not be over-emphasised.) Mrs. Podby's maid has given notice.

Alice. Who took you in?

Jane (brightening up). Such an interesting man, my dear. He talked most agreeably about Art during dinner, and we renewed the conversation in the drawing-room. We found that we agreed upon all the main principles of Art, considered as such.

Alice (with a look in her eyes which shows that she is recalling a tender memory). When I was in Shropshire last week— What was your man's name?

Jane (with a warning glance at the audience). You know how difficult it is to catch names when one is introduced. I am certain he never heard mine. (As the plot depends partly upon this, she pauses for it to sink in.) But I enquired about him afterwards, and I find that he is a Mr.—

Enter Mary, the parlourmaid.

Mary (handing letter). A letter for you, Miss.

Jane (taking it). Thank you, Mary. (Exit Mary to work up her next line.) A letter! I wonder who it is from! (Reading the envelope.) "Miss Prendergast, Honeysuckle Lodge." (She opens it with the air of one who has often

received letters before, but feels that this one may play an important part in her life.) "Dear Miss Prendergast, I hope you will pardon the presumption of what I am about to write to you, but whether you pardon me or not I ask you to listen to me. I know of no woman for whose talents I have a greater admiration, or for whose qualities I have a more sincere affection than yourself. Since I have known you, you have been the lodestar of my existence, the fountain of my inspiration. I feel that, were your life joined to mine, the joint path upon which we trod would be the path to happiness, such as I

Jane (rather pleased with herself). Well, really—I—this is—Mr. Bootle! Fancy!

Alice (starting up). Was that a ring? (She frowns at the prompter and a bell is heard to ring.) It is Mr. Bootle! I know his ring, I mean I know—Dear, I think I will go and lie down. I have a headache.

(She looks miserably at the audience, closes her eyes, and goes off with her handkerchief to her mouth, taking care not to fall over the furniture.)

Enter Mary, followed by James Bootle.

Mary. Mr. Bootle. (Exit finally.)

Jane. Good morning, Mr. Bootle!

Bootle. I beg—I thought— Why, of course! It's Miss—er—h'm, yes—How do you do? Did you get back safely last night?

Jane. Yes, thank you. (Coyly) I got your letter.

Bootle. My letter? (Sees his letter on the table. Furiously.) You opened my letter!

Jane (mistaking his fury for passion). Yes—James. And (looking down on the ground) the answer is "Yes."

Bootle (realising the situation). By George! (Aside) I have proposed to the wrong lady! Tehck!

Jane. You may kiss me, James.

Bootle. Have you a sister?

Jane (missing the connection). Yes, I have a younger sister, Alice. (Coldly.) But I hardly see—

Bootle (beginning to understand how he made the mistake). A younger sister! Then you are Miss Prendergast? And my letter— Ah!

Enter Alice.

Alice. You are wanted, Jane, a moment.

Jane. Will you excuse me, Mr. Bootle? (Exit.)

Bootle (to Alice, as she follows her sister out). Don't go!

Alice (wanly—if she knows how). Am I to stay and congratulate you?

Bootle. Alice! (They approach the footlights, while Jane, having finished her business, comes in unobserved and watches from the back.) It is all a mistake! I didn't know your Christian name—I didn't know you had a sister. The letter I addressed to Miss Prendergast I meant for Miss Alice Prendergast.

Alice. James! My love! But what can we do?



"ERE Y'ARE, GENTS, NOW'S YER CHAWNCE, THE CRITE PERNOUNCIN' DICSHUNRY."

have as yet hardly dared to dream of. In short, dear Miss Prendergast, I ask you to marry me, and I will come in person for my answer. Yours truly—" (In a voice of intense surprise) "Jas. Bootle!"

[At the word "Bootle" a wave of warm colour rushes over Alice and dyes her from neck to brow. If she is not an actress of sufficient calibre to ensure this, she must do the best she can by starting abruptly and putting her hand to her throat.]

Alice (aside, in a choking voice). Mr. Bootle! In love with Jane!

Jane. My dear! The man who took me down to dinner! Well!

Alice (picking up her work again and trying to be calm). What will you say?



Poetic Lady. "AH, SIR CHARLES, WHEN YOU SEE YOUR WIFE LOOKING SO BEAUTIFUL IN HER EXQUISITE FURS, DON'T YOU REPEAT TO YOURSELF THOSE CHARMING LINES——"

Crusty Fox-hunter (cutting in). "WHAT I REPEAT TO MYSELF IS, 'A HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN POUND TEN AND NO SECOND HORSE!'"

Bootle (gloomily). Nothing. As a man of honour I cannot withdraw. So two lives are ruined!

Alice. You are right, James. Jane must never know. Good-bye!

[*They give each other a farewell embrace.*]

Jane (aside). They love. (*Fiercely*) But he is mine; I will hold him to his promise! (*Picking up a photograph of Alice as a small child from an occasional table.*) Little Alice! And I promised to take care of her—to protect her from the cruel world. Baby Alice! (*She puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*) No! I will not spoil two lives! (*Aloud*) Why 'Good-bye,' Alice?

[*Bootle and Alice, who have been embracing all this time—unless they can think of something else to do—break away in surprise.*]

Alice. Jane—we—I——

Jane (calmly). Dear Alice! I understand perfectly. Mr. Bootle said in his letter to you that he was coming for his answer, and I see what answer you have given him. (*To Bootle*) You

remember I told you it would be Yes. I know my little sister, you see.

Bootle (tactlessly). But—you told me I could kiss you!

Jane (smiling). And I tell you again now. I believe it is usual for men to kiss their sisters-in-law? (*She offers her cheek. Bootle, whose day it is, salutes her respectfully.*) And now (*gaily*), perhaps I had better leave you young people alone!

[*Exit, with a backward look at the audience expressive of the fact that she has been wearing the mask.*]

Bootle. Alice, then you are mine, after all!

Alice. James! (*They k—— No, perhaps better not. There has been quite enough for one evening.*) And to think that she knew all the time! Now I am quite, quite happy. And James—you will remember in future that I am Miss Alice Prendergast?

Bootle (gaily). My dear, I shall only be able to remember that you are The Future Mrs. Bootle!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

"We hope Mr. Atkinson will keep his word, and with the ability which he has always shewn, tear to shreds and tatters the subterranean methods of the clique which at present rides the high horse."—*Wharfedale and Airedale Observer.*

This, we foresee, will be one of the events of the coronation year.

Judge WILLIS, as reported in *The Evening News* :—

"I don't want to detract from the great works of Browning but I never got any great advantage from reading his works. Judge WILLIS may be at ease. He has not detracted from them.

"The exceptional wealth of fauna possessed by sunny Italy is ransacked for this floral carpet with striking results."—*Sunday Circle.*

The famous centre-square, made of buttereups and tigers, should be noted particularly.

"SAFE, Milner; suit tradesman; 60s.; drilling machine, 70s."—*Advt. in "Daily Express."*

The drilling machine should have been offered afterwards—to somebody else.



Small Boy (to friend). "I SAY, HAROLD, DO GIVE MY MOTHER A TURN, SHE'S NOT HAVING MUCH OF AN EVENING."

TO A HAIRPIN.

O PIN that didst of yore constrain
Some lady's would-be wanton mane
With dear enslavement,
Till wind or luck, rude autocrat,
Expelled thee from that maiden's mat
On to the pavement.

What story hast thou? Was the head
Thou tired'st hazel, black or red,
Gold or peroxide?
Had it a parting? Did it wave?
Was it in mode demure and suave,
Or on the shock side?

Didst thou, with hidden guile, attach
Some cunning tresses bought "to match,"
To hide a lacking?
We can but trust, if that be so,
The hair hung on, despite the blow
That sent thee packing.

Ah me! No doubt a deal of care
Was spent to bring that head of hair
To full perfection;
We wonder if, for all her toil,
Thy tragedy went far to spoil
The whole erection.

It may be; for that man, indeed,
Who begs, to serve his direst need,
A pin—a hair one—
To clean his pipe, is ever met
With hackneyed statements of regret
That "she can't spare one."

He may not doubt. Yet, truth to say,
Judged by the free and casual way
These maidens scatter—
E'en as his quills the porcupine—
Their pins abroad, this fall of thine
Should hardly matter.

O hairpin cast upon the earth,
'Tis not for man to ask thy worth
Or probe thy history;
He only knows that, being one
By which a lady's hair is "done,"
Thou art all mystery.

But, lowly though thy present state,
Thou hast for memory this great
And deathless blessing,
That thou—oh joy beyond eclipse!—
Didst lie between a maiden's lips
When she was dressing.



Bernard Partridge
[after Daniel Maclise, R.A.]

LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

(After Maclise's picture of the Meeting of Wellington and Blücher.)

FIELD-MARSHAL ASQUITH. "CAPITAL BATTLE WE WON A FEW WEEKS AGO."

FIELD-MARSHAL REDMOND. "YES. HADN'T WE BETTER BE PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER LIKE THIS—IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENS?"





THE PARLIAMENTARY BALLERINE TRIP SMARTLY FORWARD TO THE FOOTLIGHTS AGAIN.

(The Artist was so overwhelmed by the charms of the first few who presented themselves that he has had to omit six hundred and sixty odd *coryphées* of hardly less attractive mien.)

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

[An American Counsel, in the course of a case of alleged poisoning, has swallowed in a cocktail a dose of arsenic of the same strength as that alleged to have been employed by the prisoner, in order to demonstrate its harmlessness. Foreseeing many developments of such action in the future, *Mr. Punch* makes no apology for printing the following forecast of a newspaper article of 1926.]

It is with great regret that we record the sad loss which newspaper readers and all frequenters of law courts have sustained by the untimely decease of Sir Robert Riskett, the eminent King's Counsel. It was known that Sir Robert had been suffering from ptomaine poisoning ever since the Great Marine Stores Case, in which he ate three blown tins of salmon in open court in proof of his client's contention that they were quite wholesome. He was believed, however, to be making his usual good recovery, and the news this morning will come as a shock upon a public accustomed to regard him as the ablest exponent of spectacular advocacy. From the day, a dozen years ago, when he shot the instructing solicitor in the leg with a pocket pistol in sup-

port of the theory of the prosecution in the Great Railway Mystery, his career has been one long series of dramatic triumphs.

It was, of course, unavoidable that such a man, in the course of such a career, should make occasional enemies. We believe the solicitor just mentioned—in spite of the fact that the case he had presented was definitely established by Sir Robert's *coup*—could never be induced either to brief him again or even to sit in the same court; and it is an open secret that a certain law officer of the Crown never forgave him for the blow on the point of the jaw with which, in the trial arising out of the Club Prize-fight Scandal, Sir Robert dissipated in a moment his wordy sophistries upon the inefficacy of the "knockout."

But, putting aside criticism arising from merely personal or petty feeling, we are of opinion ourselves that there is something to be said on public grounds against the strenuous advocacy now so much in vogue. For one thing, it cannot be maintained at this high pitch without ultimate damage to the

personnel of the judicial Bench. Much though we admired at the time the devotion to duty of the talented K.C. who a year ago allowed himself to be trepanned in the well of the court by the medical client whose skill had been slanderously impugned, yet we cannot shut our eyes to a possible connection between that operation and the reversal on appeal of nine out of ten of his judgments since his elevation to the Bench.

We will not, however, dwell upon this aspect of the subject, for there are obvious compensations. Judges who have been previously, during years of advocacy, broken upon the wheel of their clients' necessities, may not prove capable of sustained attention or connected thought, but their histrionic ability abides. In proof of this we need only cite Mr. Justice Leary's display in the Hypnotic Pocket-picking case last summer, when he himself went off into a trance during his summing-up, and was found, after restoration to consciousness by a doctor and the leader of the Circuit, to have the watches of both in his possession.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

SCENE—A large library. TIME—2.45 P.M. Most of the usual furniture has been removed, and the body of the room is filled with rows of chairs. At the end of the room, and facing the chairs, a little platform has been erected. He and She are inspecting the arrangements.

She. Come, Charles, you must admit that the servants have done wonders. Parkins and William have worked like Trojans, the maids have surpassed themselves, and the gardeners—

He. Yes, I heard them. You can't mistake a gardener's step when he does get into a house. You might just as well let a traction-engine in at the front-door. But oughtn't you to have a gangway down the middle?

She. Oh, it's only for children. They won't mind about gangways. Besides, we've only just got chairs enough for them all as it is.

He. What are you going to do with the mothers and nurses?

She. They'll be in the back rows.

He. But if their children refuse to be separated from them?

She. Then they'll have to go into the back rows, too. Any more difficulties?

He. Well, personally, I think it would have been better to have the platform at the other end. It's not too late to make the change. Let's—

She. What? Move every chair round? You must be mad.

He. Oh, never mind. But if you didn't want suggestions you shouldn't have asked for them.

She. I don't call that a suggestion. I call it lunacy. Besides, I didn't ask for any.

He. Well, I won't press it. What's the ventriloquist's name?

She. I don't know. They only said they'd send one of their best men.

He. When's he coming?

She. He ought to be here now. William's gone to the station to meet him and bring him along. There he is at the front-door. Just you dash out and meet him, and help him in with his dummy figures.

[He goes out. She shifts a chair or two and puts in some final touches.]

He (re-entering with a stranger dressed in a frock-coat suit, high collar and black tie). This is Professor Borradaile, my dear. Professor, let me introduce you to my wife.

She. It's very good of you, Professor, to come down and help us to amuse our little ones.

The Professor (to himself). We put his thoughts into words. Little ones! What on earth—? Oh, it's a joke. (Aloud) Yes, indeed. Little in knowledge. But we shall improve in time, no doubt; everything must have a beginning, and then it spreads.

She (to herself). What a funny ventriloquist! (Aloud) That depends on the voice, of course.

The Professor (to himself). She's mad. (Aloud) No doubt the voice has something to do with it.

He. Have you brought your figures, Professor?

The Professor. Of course, of course. I always bring them.

He. Can I fetch them in for you?

The Professor (to himself). He's mad too. (Aloud) Oh, pray don't trouble. I always carry them in my head.

He and She (to themselves). He's mad.

He (to the Professor). Ha, ha, that's capital. The new ventriloquism, I suppose.

The Professor. Oh dear, no. Merely a matter of memory. Memory can be trained like everything else.

She. Oh, no doubt, no doubt. I am sure it will all be most interesting and amusing.

The Professor. Amusement is not considered to be our chief object; but we do try to amuse while we instruct, and generally we find we succeed wonderfully well.

She. Ah, here comes the audience. I must help to get them seated.

[The audience, consisting of children ranging in age from 4 to 12, all dressed in their best and bringing with them a sprinkling of mothers and nurses, begins to troop in. The seats are gradually filled.]

The Professor takes his stand on the platform and, silence having been established, he begins to speak.

The Professor. I have to thank you for inviting me to come amongst you this afternoon. I own that this is the first occasion on which I have had the privilege of addressing an audience so largely composed of the young of both sexes. However, in such a matter as this it is impossible to begin too early. Knowledge acquired in the impressionable years of youth remains firmly implanted throughout life, and I therefore welcome joyfully the chance of sowing seed which will in due time grow into a beneficent and plentiful harvest of wisdom. The subject of my discourse is, as you all know, "Domestic Hygiene." [A small child here begins to cry and is hastily removed.] "Domestic" is, as you are aware, derived from *domus*, a Latin word meaning house, and "domestic" therefore means of or belonging to a house. "Hygiene" is from the Greek word for health, and "Domestic Hygiene" may therefore be described as the science of health in relation to the household arrangements amid which our lives are passed.

[The Professor proceeds in this fashion for nearly an hour, and ends with an impassioned appeal to his hearers to enrol themselves as members of the Domestic Hygiene Central Association.]

* * * * *
Extract from "The Chorsleydale Standard" of the following Saturday:—

"The Lowmead Village Hall on Wednesday last was filled with an enthusiastic meeting of members of the Lowmead Scientific Association, who had gathered for one of the series of scientific afternoons which have formed such an outstanding feature of the proceedings of this body. Unfortunately Professor Borradaile, who was to have lectured on Domestic Hygiene, was unable to be present, but his place was supplied practically at a moment's notice by Lieutenant Dobbs with his well-known and refined scientific Ventriloquial Entertainment. The members are to be congratulated on having provided for themselves and the rest of the audience a most enjoyable afternoon. The Lieutenant was heartily applauded throughout, and we hope shortly to see him again in Lowmead."

The extent to which the twentieth-century boy is expected to look after his parents may not be realised by some; but two extracts (one from a notice of Long Leave at Eton and the other from *The Acton Gazette*) may serve to show the tendency of the modern movement:

"Long Leave will be granted to Parents or Guardians of all boys who apply for it."

"Two schoolboys, aged respectively seven and thirteen, were charged with being found wandering at Acton-lane, Acton, and having a parent who did not exercise proper guardianship over them."

"The Chairman stated that before they went into voting for a president he should like to say there was no one who could appreciate the honour the society had done to him by re-electing him to the presidency in succession, as they had done as much as he had."—*Rugby Advertiser*.

The punctuator of this speech is determined to show that the duties of the president are merely nominal.



Hostess. "WILL YOU HAVE SOME BREAD-AND-BUTTER, DARLING?"
 Small Boy. "BREAD-AND-BUTTER! I THOUGHT THIS WAS A PARTY!"

THE SWANKERS AGAIN.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY VERSION.

I. SCENE—Any Girls' School.

First Girl. Where've you been?

Second Girl. London, most of the time.

F. G. Been to any theatres?

S. G. Heaps. Almost every night, except when there were parties.

F. G. What did you like best?

S. G. Oh, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. Simply ripping. I adore FRED TERRY. Did you see it?

F. G. Yes; but I like *Count Hannibal* best.

S. G. Did you go to *Peter Pan* again?

F. G. Rather: six times. Isn't it topping?

S. G. Topping. But I missed the old *Wendy* horribly, and there's a new *Captain Hook*, too.

F. G. And *The Blue Bird*—did you see that?

S. G. Yes—twice. Isn't *The Joy of Being Thoroughly Naughty* a pet?

F. G. Oh, isn't he? The darling!

S. G. The duck! Hullo, there's Beryl! Beryl, did you go to many parties?

Beryl. Millions.

F. G. Were they good?

B. Absolutely ripping.

F. G. Did you go to the Jacksons'?

B. Of course. Why didn't you?

F. G. I had a cold.

B. What a pity. It was miles the best. They had a cotillon. I got a pair of opera glasses. It was lovely.

S. G. I say, what do you think? I learnt to smoke. Uncle Guy taught me. Isn't it ripping?

B. Didn't it make you ill?

S. G. Of course not. It's as easy as anything when you know how. I knew how directly.

[And so forth.]

II. SCENE—Any Boys' School.

First Boy. Where've you been?

Second Boy. St. Moritz.

F. B. We were at Montana. Top-hole, but too many headmasters. Aro you good at skiing?

S. B. Rather! But bob-sleighing is what I like best. Ourerowd simply flew.

F. B. Did you win anything?

S. B. No; we were screaming favourites, but a mouldy dog got in the way and just spoilt everything. We beat the record up to then, though.

F. B. How fast?

S. B. Oh! nearly seventy miles an hour, the judge said.

F. B. I had a ripping toboggan.

S. B. *Luge*, you mean.

F. B. Yes, *luge* if you like; same thing.

S. B. Was anyone killed at your place?

F. B. No, no one actually killed, but plenty of accidents. One girl broke both her legs.

S. B. We had a man killed outright—only a Swiss, though. Have many dances at Montana?

F. B. Heaps and heaps. Jolly girls there too. I say, don't tell any one, will you? Swear you won't. Well, I'm engaged.

S. B. Oh, rubbish! You're not.

F. B. Yes, I am. She's the best skater there. We're going to live in snowy countries all our lives—go from one to the other for skiing and all that.

S. B. Oh, skittles! Don't be such an idiot. You're only fourteen.

F. B. Well, some boys of fourteen are grown up. She's willing to wait, anyway.

S. B. How old's she?

F. B. She's younger than I am, as a wife ought to be. She's twelve.

S. B. Have any fun in London?

F. B. Not much—Switzerland was best. Did you?

S. B. Not had. But I'm sick of conjurers, and they had them everywhere. Why don't conjurers learn something new? I knew how everything was done.

[And so on.]

AT THE PLAY.

"PRESERVING MR. PANMURE."

WE were warned to be in our seats punctually, as the interest threatened to begin practically at the same time as the play did. This was misleading, for one might easily have evaded the First Act and lost little by it except the irresistible pedantry of little Miss IRIS HAWKINS. A short synopsis would have put us in touch with the facts. Thus: *Mr. Panmure*, a gentleman of rather dotty physique (the result of early excesses), having ostensibly reformed through the ministrations of a pious wife and clergyman, and got into the habit of delivering discourses at family prayers twice a week, still retains some irrepressible relics of the old Adam. These break out, and in a moment of amorous gallantry he violently kisses the pretty governess of his daughter.

To the exordium here epitomised—of which the humour may be judged from the fact that it secured one of its most poignant effects by means of a dollop of powder smudged across the child's nose, which had suffered from the weather—two brilliant Acts succeed. Wind is got of the outrage done to the governess, but the identity of the delinquent remains in doubt. A great and glorious quest is set on foot by the ladies. For a moment, when I saw a spasm of suspicion cross the devout face of *Mrs. Panmure*, I feared that Sir ARTHUR PINERO was going to break through that tradition of detective stories which requires that the actual culprit should be the last person to be suspected. However, it passes, and the innocence of *Mr. Panmure*, stoutly asserted by the injured party, is eventually confirmed to the satisfaction of the ladies by a little man staying in the house—the most unlikely of Lotharios—who, at the girl's request, takes upon himself the guilt, and receives from *Mrs. Panmure*, as the guerdon of his honesty and courage in confessing, the badge of the Order of Fine Souls (First Class).

The scene now shifts, for the last Act, to the house of a *Mr. Stulkeley*, M.P., who had been a guest of the *Panmures* in the preceding Acts, and had offered hospitality to the governess in her predicament. Here we get right away from *Mr. Panmure*, except that he is briefly dragged in with a family crowd that we may hear of his ultimate confession, and that the author may have an opportunity of showing that he has not absolutely mislaid the title of his play. (Incidentally it transpires that the confession was wrung from *Panmure* by the revelations of a footman who over-

heard the smashing of a plate during the stormy interview which followed the Kiss, and subsequently found his master engaged in retrieving the fragments. Unfortunately, when I assisted at the second performance, the plate bounded along the floor intact.)

The interest now centres in a competition for the hand of the governess, as between *Mr. Stulkeley* and his Private Secretary, the little man who had assumed the guilt of the outrage. This Act contained some fairly good fun of its own, but had obvious difficulty in dragging out its slow length. Its failure was not the common one of last Acts—the failure of an author to maintain interest when clearing up the threads



Miss IRIS HAWKINS (*Myrtle*). "The programme tells you where my Mamma and my governess go to get their costumes; but Heaven and Pinero only know why I'm dressed like this."

that have been already unravelled. Its fault lay (apart from its undue expansion) in the attempt to establish interest at that late hour in a side issue.

Sir WING describes his work as "a Comic Play," and I bow to his authority. But he might well have called it a Farce, for some of his characters were sufficiently incredible. I am not sure that I quite believed in *Mr. Panmure*, that amalgam of irreconcilable elements; and I know I never believed in the loud crudity of his sister-in-law, or in the familiarity of *Woodhouse*, the M.P.'s Private Secretary. I have had the privilege, beyond my deserts, of acquaintance with many Parliamentary Private Secretaries, but I have never known one who was on

terms of such contemptuous intimacy with his chief. Of course, in the case of cousins it may be different, but it can't be so different as all that.

MISS MARIE LÖHR, as the governess, bore the brunt of the work, and did it with great intelligence and versatility. I was sorry that she was made gratuitously to appear in a scratch costume, minus gown and stockings, because it looks as if this kind of episode, coming so soon after her pyjamas scene in *Tantalising Tommy*, might grow into a habit with the people who write for her or manage her. I was sorry, too, that in the end she should have had to choose, for a husband, between a puppet and a prig, for in this latter category I must reluctantly place *Mr. Stulkeley*, M.P., who carried his platform manner into the domestic circle. For the sake of the human interest, such as it was, the author might well have allowed him, in the act of proposing marriage, to throw off his oratorical style and behave less like a gramophone on stilts. There are some things that are not fair in love or war, and elocution is one of them. MR. DAWSON MILLWARD, in this not very grateful rôle, was, as always, an admirable figure, though perhaps he marched and countermarched about the stage a little too much and too rapidly.

MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, as *Panmure*, did not commit the mistake which he made in *Vice Versa*, but showed excellent restraint when tempted to conduct himself farcically. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE was a very perfect *Mrs. Panmure*, and MR. DION BOUCICAULT took advantage of his many chances, though his methods were sometimes a little irritating.

Regrettably the chief attraction of this rather unequal play disappeared quite early when the precocious *Myrtle* was despatched to bed. I venture to join in her protest at this premature dismissal. It is true that she had nothing to do with the play except to afford the governess a reason for existence, and could not conceivably have been the child of either of her parents. But this only helped her to be a thing apart and wonderful. I never saw anything to compare with Miss IRIS HAWKINS for sheer aplomb, and I only wish she could have been there all the time. O. S.

"One of these men, a Calabrian named Motta, went to his partner's shop and tried to shoot him while he was engaged in shaving a customer. The bullet shaved the face of a boy who was waiting."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

And very likely the lad had only dropped in for a hair-cut.



A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

Visitor. "I WONDER HOW YOU MANAGE TO HUNT AT ALL WITH SO MUCH WIRE."
Resident. "ONLY THING THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE, MY BOY! WOULD NEVER HAVE AN EXCUSE TO TURN AWAY FROM ANYTHING WITHOUT IT."

TO THE MODERN QUACK.

[After reading the early history of medicine.]

YE makers of fortunes gigantic,
 Quack vendors of potions and pills,
 Who now give us nothing romantic
 Except your advertisement bills,
 Consider the wondrous concoctions
 Put up in the bottle or box
 By doctors aforetime and, wasting no
 more time,
 Just pull up your socks.

"Digestion," they'd ask, "misbehaving?"
 Or, "Blisters on both of your heels?"
 Tut, tut! Take an ivory shaving
 Thrice daily, an hour before meals."
 Such sorts of medicinal dainties,
 Backed up by a ponderous mien,
 They'd foist upon folly as certain of
 jolly
 Well curing the spleen.

They'd (almost) put up in a flagon
 And afterward offer for sale
 Pink hairs from the head of a dragon,
 Blue tufts from a unicorn's tail.
 And, could they have only got at them,
 No doubt they'd have mixed with
 their drinks

For troublesome tummies the wrappings
 of mummies,
 Or chips off the Sphinx.

But *you*, did we ask that a pimple
 Be cured with a Balsam of Bats,
 Would only look hopelessly simple,
 Or rudely ejaculate, "Rats."
 Come, give up your commonplace
 nostrums,
 Present something quaint to our
 view;
 Those picturesque liars could always
 find buyers,
 So why shouldn't you?

"The above is a facsimile of a cheque enclosed with every 2/9 bottle of —, and £10 reward will be paid if the cheque is not as good as gold at said bank for 2/6."—*Advertisement.*

If it is as good as silver it will be good enough for us.

"The birds were somewhat wild, but all thoroughly enjoyed the sport."
The Englishman.

We'll hope they did, anyway. We know the fox enjoys it, so why shouldn't the birds?

THE FATAL DRAWBACK.

[Pantomime in its present form is of quite recent origin.]

ONCE, if I read in story books
 Of mediæval deeds of daring,
 And how the baron said "Gadzooks,"
 Instead of "Dash it all," when
 swearing,
 I prated of the "good old" times,
 But now their goodness is forgotten,
 Since life bereft of pantomimes
 Would be, to put it mildly, rotten.

If matters happened to annoy,
 The baron could not soothe his
 "paddy"
 By harking while some leading boy
 Burst loudly into "Yip-i-addy!"
 He could not feel a moistening eye
 As someone (on a princely salary)
 Warbled a strain repeated by
 The fireman's infant in the gallery.

Not his our laughter loud and free
 At clowns who give policemen toko;
 It was not even his to see
 The humour of the ruby boko;
 Some motley fool his case beguiled,
 Punning with tedious persistence,
 A thought that makes me reconciled
 To twentieth-century existence.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Simpkins, the agent, was not popular in Ballymoy, and the question was how to get rid of him. The Rev. J. J. *Meldon's* idea was to marry him to Mrs. *Lorimer*. Mrs. *Lorimer* had just been acquitted on a charge of murdering her husband, the general feeling being that she was lucky to get off. In the *Miss King* who had taken Ballymoy House, *Meldon* thought that he recognised Mrs. *Lorimer*; if he could only induce *Simpkins* to marry her, there was a chance that she might murder *Simpkins* too. As a casual suggestion, thrown off after dinner, the joke would be well enough; as the basis of a novel—even of a wild farce by GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM—it does not bear emphasis. *The Simpkins Plot* (NELSON) is written for the most part in dialogue—or rather in monologue by *Meldon*, with occasional interruptions from other characters. A sufficiently humorous *Meldon* might have carried the book to success; Mr. BIRMINGHAM has tried his hardest to make him sufficiently humorous, but he has only succeeded in making him a bore. How the other characters stood him I cannot imagine; if I had lived in Ballymoy there would have been a "Meldon Plot." I am sorry to say this, remembering the delight which a previous book of Mr. BIRMINGHAM's gave me, but I am afraid that he is trying to force the irresponsible note, and it is the duty of every lover of irresponsibility to give him a word of warning.

No, Mr. MASEFIELD, I refuse to be put upon. When a man starts a story with a mingled flavour of *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*, steers us to the Spanish Main, and then goes on to introduce Indians, and the gold of Incas concealed in a desolate and mysterious temple, that man has got to make his hero lift the treasure before the end of the book, or I shall get my machete into his ribs. Of course you will answer that your story is entitled *Lost Endeavour*, and that I must have known what to expect from the beginning. To that I can only reply that it makes no difference, it's not cricket (or even pelota), and that the name of your publisher is NELSON, who obviously ought to have known better. He ought to have said, "Now, Mr. MASEFIELD, you have a wonderfully fertile imagination, and you know everything there is to be known about sailing sloops and chopping a path through unexplored forests; also you have given us some very pretty characters here, notably *Diek*, the smuggler, and Mr. *Theodore Mora*, the Spanish schoolmaster who was destined to be a god. Why should you leave us with this unsatisfactory ending? It's

sheer perversity, that's what it is. Kindly do that last chapter over again, and bring back the ingots slung over your shoulder in a sack this time, and we might call the book *Success*, or something of that sort."

When you begin to read *Lady Fanny* (METHUEN) the chances are that you will consider it a very ordinary society novel, a little more obviously feminine perhaps than most, about a young wife who goes to Switzerland for a "rest-cure" from a boring existence in the Shires, and is there fallen in love with by two men, one of whom knows, and the other does not know, that she is already married. This, certainly, is the bare outline of the tale; but by the time that Mrs. GEORGE NORMAN has got fairly into her stride, and you have been made acquainted with the *Brabazon* party at Lucerne, the conviction will probably dawn upon you that you are in for a usual story written with a quite unusual degree of skill. Later, when *Lady Fanny* has fled to Volpera, and the affair of *Prince Maurice*

has developed itself, you will begin (I hope) to feel some of the pleasure which I myself have just experienced. This story of the love of two persons, hopelessly parted by circumstance, is really beautiful. It is told with delicacy and restraint, and a kind of tender humour that adds enormously to its effect. I have seldom read anything more moving in their own kind than the final chapters; the rush of them, indeed, carried me off my feet, and I have reason to suspect that Mrs. Nor-



MRS. STUBBINS, FROM THE COUNTRY, THINKS FOLK IN LONDON "UNCOMMON SOCIABLE."

MAN may have been as strongly moved in writing them, because (though I hate, rather, to mention it) there were certainly two instances in which her grammar would not bear the cold light of reflection. But this, after all, is no great matter. Syntax is of less value than sincerity; and for this virtue above all others do I subscribe myself the author's most appreciative and grateful debtor.

The Odd Job Man.

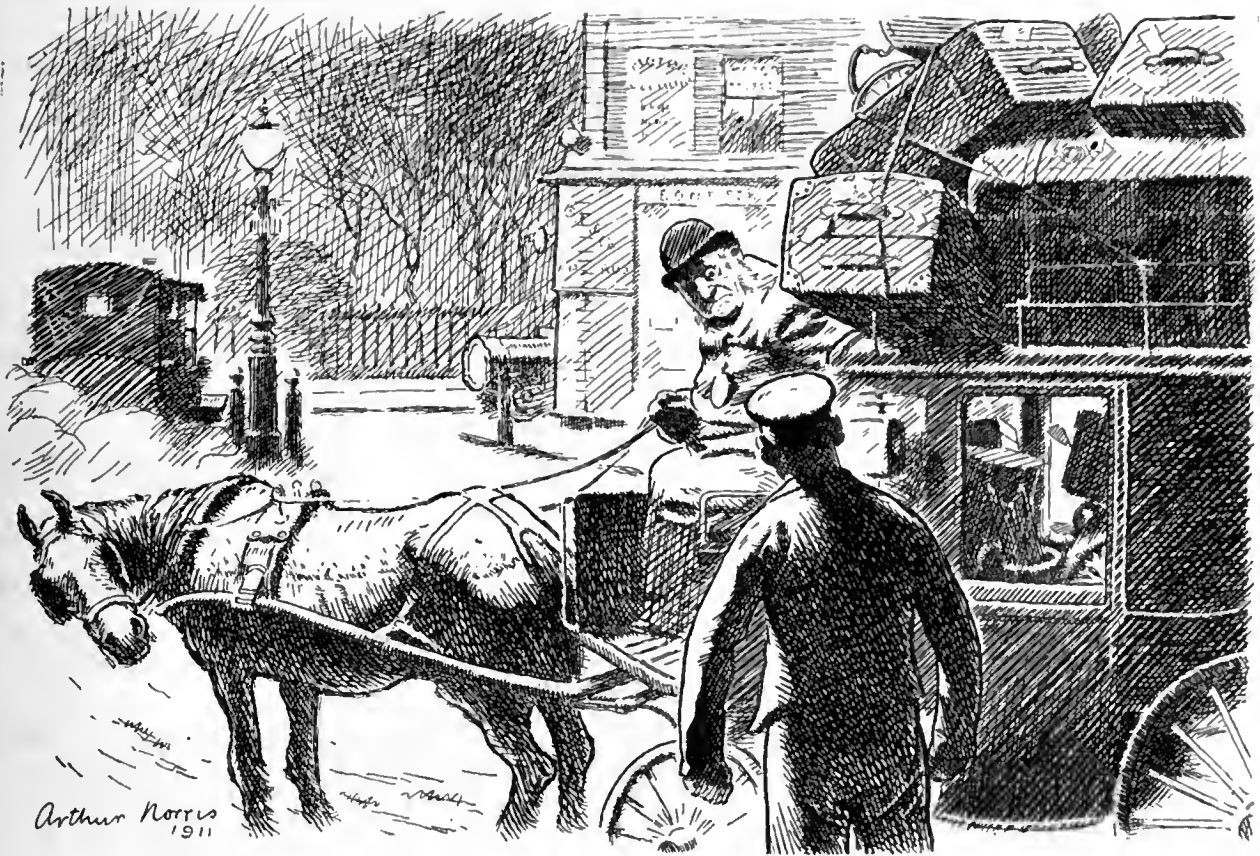
Beneath a drawing in *The Illustrated London News*, illustrative of aboriginal rites in Australia, these words appear:

"Only men are present and there may be as many as fifty of them, all with white streaks painted on their bodies. (Drawn by our special artist.)"

No doubt he makes quite a nice little addition to his income in this way.

"As a steamer was discharging her cargo at the Quay Ernest Renaud, Nantes the quay began to move and slipped bodily into the river, with a large crane, piles of merchandise, and a wagon. The foundations of the quay are thought to have been faulty."—*Daily Mail*.

Surely not.



A LARGE ORDER.

Cabby. "WHERE TO?" *Porter.* "YOU'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THE TAXI."

CHARIVARIA.

"THERE are no English Cabinet-makers," said a witness to the Alien Immigration Board. Mr. REDMOND, of course, is of Irish extraction.

* *

A few years ago, Dr. AKED was persuaded to take up duty in the United States. Now the well-known Nonconformist Minister, Dr. JOWETT, has received and accepted a similar invitation. Might we draw the attention of our American cousins to the claims of Dr. CLIFFORD?

* *

"Nerves," says the KAISER, "will win the next war." Times change. An earlier CÆSAR overcame the Nervians.

* *

"£14,426,700 DOCK SCHEME
EVERY DOCK IN LONDON TO BE
IMPROVED."

This is misleading, and calculated to cause serious disappointment to those persons who imagine that when next they appear at the Old Bailey they will find themselves in a richly upholstered dock provided with a lounge chair in crimson plush.

"How can they afford it?" remarked a playgoer at a certain Music Hall. LOIE FULLER had just presented for the first time in London a charming unpublished ballet by MOZART—and the very next turn was MOZART himself—"in his original and execruciatingly funny Travesties on Every Day Events."

* *

"Women," says Lord ROBERT CECIL, "are more self-sacrificing than men." We agree with his lordship. Show us the man who would be willing to make a guy of himself for the sake of being in the fashion.

* *

It is a curious fact, not, we believe, mentioned by any of our contemporaries, that the late Mr. MACWHITER's pictures were never popular among schoolboys. We understand that they resented the frequency with which this distinguished painter glorified the birch.

* *

"We stand," says *The Field*, "in a much better position in aviation relatively than we did in motoring ten years ago. . . . Our aviators probably run into three figures." Yes, the motorists ran into more than that.

There is, as a rule, so much jealousy between our daily papers that it is a pleasure to find *The Daily Mail* inaugurating a campaign in favour of "Standard" bread.

* *

The warders of our prisons are now agitating for an improvement in their conditions of employment. To mention but one hardship, it is said if a warder, while in charge of men, should be seen to turn his head away for a moment, he may have a shilling deducted from his pay and lose his Saturday half-holiday. We understand that even the prisoners, whom one would not suspect of having much sympathy for the warders, are in favour of having this grievance removed.

* *

Burglars entered the Archdeaconry library at Huntingdon, the other day, and stole several volumes of valuable theological works. They did not stay to read them, fearing, no doubt, lest they might be surprised asleep.

* *

We are glad to see that our Royal Academy still sets its face against sensationalism. It will be noticed that its list of new Associates did not include the name of PETER THE PAINTER.

THOUGHTS ON THE COMING CENSUS.—II.

[If any member of a household is deaf and dumb, blind, a lunatic, imbecile, or feeble-minded, the fact has to be given.]

WHEN last your father filled for you
The census-roll, he had no knotty
Riddles to guess; he knew your name,
Your age and health of mind and frame;
Thus: "Betty, spinster, 15.2,
Not deaf, nor blind, nor dumb, nor dotty."

Since that occasion I have wooed
And found you stiff with indecision;
So if he knows the facts about
That fatal error he will doubt
Whether your senses still include
The almost priceless gift of Vision.

Blind to my charms! or, sadder yet,
You had your mental optics blinded;
You loved my nose, but failed to trace
A corresponding inward grace,
And so your sire will have to set
His daughter down as feeble-minded.

I have admirers, men of weight,
Who hold that I, too, lost my head (you'll
Pardon this view); I, too, was blind
(To your defects of form and mind),
And ought to have my shocking state
Frankly recorded in the schedule.

Two cases, similarly sad!
Yet there's a solace to beguile 'em:—
Let you and me, my dear, repair
Each to the other's arms, and there
Win what they need, the blind and mad—
A safe and permanent Asylum. O. S.

THE GREATEST LITTLE LION.

THE house was in that part of West Kensington which is better known to its inhabitants as Kensington, W. My host came out of his drawing-room the moment the bell rang. It was his invariable custom thus to waylay the arriving guest and whisper into his ear the names and achievements of those already assembled. Everybody you met there had achieved something.

On this occasion he wrestled with an unusual amount of subdued triumph. "So glad you've come. You're just in time to meet Evelyn Starker. Just dropped in quite informally, you know. No ceremony or anything of that sort."

"Very glad to meet her," I murmured.

"Her! My good man, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Evelyn Starker? You've read his books, anyway. He wrote *Fallacy or Phantasy* and *The Duke's Diogenes* and—and lots of others. Come on in. You'll find him awfully affable and nice—considering what he is."

I found the Greatest Little Lion standing with his back to the fire. Before him in a semi-circle sat the Great Little Lions. Beyond these stood a fringe of Lesser Little Lions.

I was introduced to Mr. Starker. He acknowledged my presence by closing his eyes for nine seconds and then glancing in my direction for nearly two.

"Editors," he remarked, "are consistent only in their inconsistency."

The Great Little Lions looked at each other in delighted amazement, and I noticed one of the Lesser Little Lions hastily scribbling upon his shirtcuff.

I shook my head. "I am not an Editor," I said. Mr. Starker started violently. "I didn't say you were," he remarked shortly. "I was continuing the conversation which was interrupted by your arrival."

I retired hastily to the outer fringe of Lesser Little Lions. The inner circle would have to turn right round if they wanted to look at me like that again.

"Editors," he continued, "so rarely recognise that they are the slaves of the Contributor—and not his masters."

"Hear! Hear!" roared four of the Lesser Little Lions in chorus.

"I mean by 'Contributor,' of course, a man who has made his mark in the literary world. I do not refer to the legions of would-be Contributors who vent their spleen and disappointment by abusing Editors."

"Hear! Hear!" cried two of the Great Little Lions.

"I will give you an example which occurred to myself. It was in connection with a paper which has established for itself the reputation of being the leading journal of poetic culture."

"That's *The Warbler*," explained our host in a stage whisper. "He writes for it."

"The Editor has actually had the impertinence to return my work with criticisms on it!"

"Never!" roared the Lions of all degrees. "Impossible!"

"Criticise it and point out what he considered to be its faults!"

"I wish more Editors would do that," I said regretfully.

The Greatest Little Lion carefully adjusted his glasses, put back his head, and regarded me with patronising interest. "What would be an encouragement," he said slowly, "to a young beginner is, I repeat, an insult to a man who wrote before the Editor of *The Warbler* had ever been heard of. To criticise a finished author—"
He paused impressively.

"Oh, no," I said. "Don't say that. I expect you've only run dry temporarily. All great writers suffer from that."

Mr. Starker put his head back still further and blew shortly and sharply through his nose.

The artist in the front row, who had "quite nearly" had a picture hung, turned on me reprovingly. "Mr. Starker never dries up," she said.

The great author still regarded me fixedly. "Perhaps," he remarked ponderously, "we regard the matter from opposite ends of the literary ladder. I repeat that I consider it downright impertinence of the Editor to return the work of a man who has published no fewer than five books of serious verse."

"But you have had something in *The Warbler*?" implored our host.

He stroked back his raven locks with one hand and smiled quietly but triumphantly.

"*The Warbler* published a little thing of mine called 'Rulers of Rimmon' about two years ago," he remarked with unconvincing carelessness.

"Ah!" said the Little Lions rapturously.

"Really? Was that yours?" I asked.

The Greatest Little Lion unbent. "Why? Did you see it? Do you remember it after all this time?"

"I have got it pasted in a book at home," I replied.

"Some day," he said, beaming patronisingly upon me, "people may cut out some of *your* work and paste it in a book. Don't be disheartened. Go on trying. Remember my encouragement next time you read my little poem in your book."

"I'm afraid I can't read it now," I explained, when the applause had subsided, "because it's on the sticky side. You see, it happened to be printed on the back of one of my own."

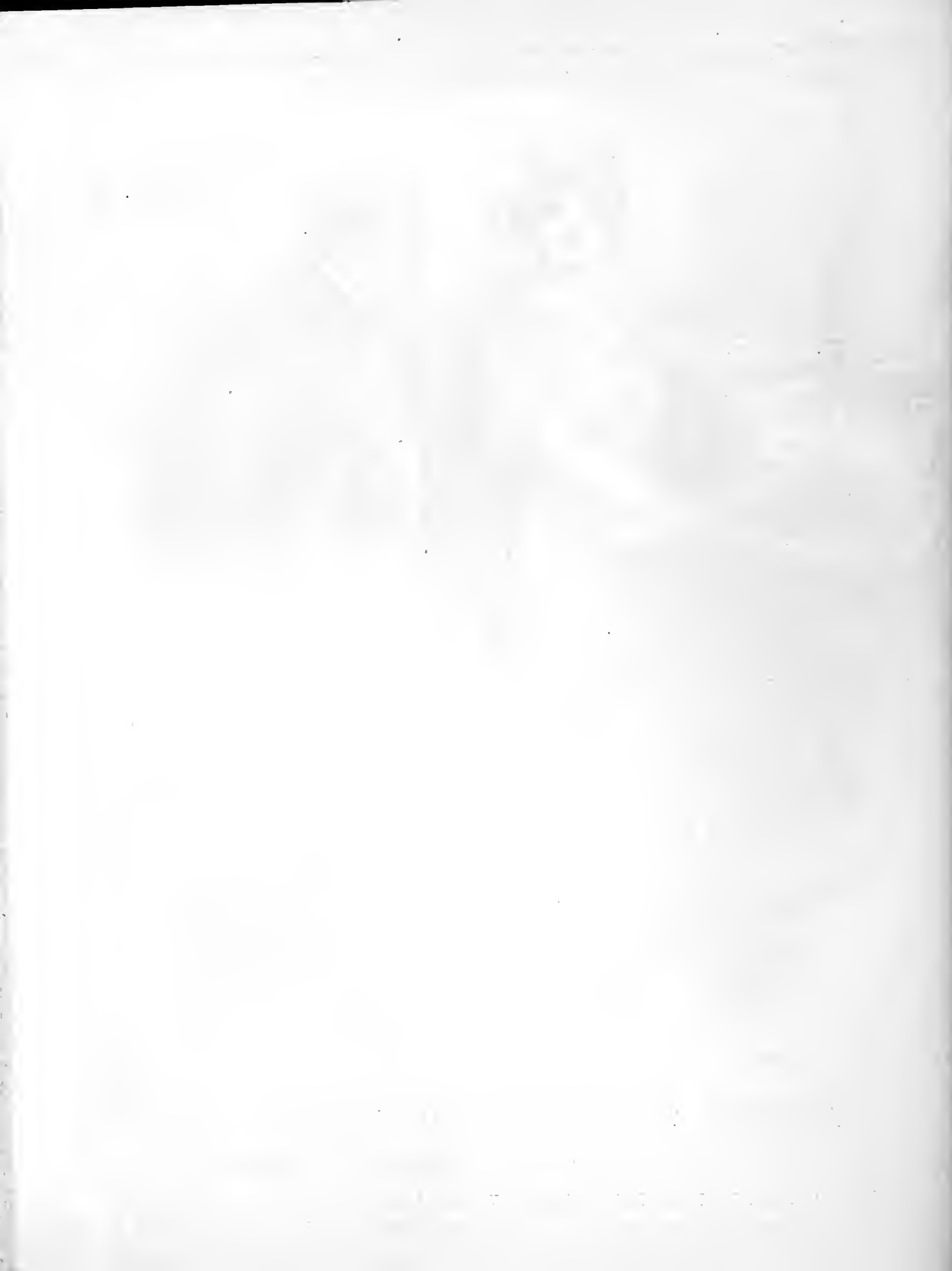


ANOTHER "DECLARATION OF LONDON."

LONDON (*with plan for a vast development of her Port*). "I DECLARE THIS SCHEME WELL AND TRULY LAID."

JOHN BULL. "WISH ALL YOUR DECLARATIONS WERE AS SOUND AS THAT."

[The International Agreement known as the Declaration of London, which still awaits ratification, contains certain rules of Naval War which have met with strong protest on the part of various Chambers of Commerce.]





Niece. "AUNTIE, DO COME IN THE GARDEN—I WANT TO SHOW YOU TO THE DUCKS."

THE CREW.

(To F. C. B.)

LAST week it was my lot, dear FRANK,
A tow-path horse bestriding,
Along the Cam's familiar bank
To witch the world with riding.

With all the undergraduate's rash
Contempt of wintry weather
The zephyred crew set out to flash
Their eight blue blades together.

Their catch was fair, their swing was slow
(Though much their coxswain chid it);
Their faces showed they meant to row,
And pretty well they did it.

That arbiter of life and death,
Their coach, had lots to teach them;
He spoke a shade above his breath,
And thus contrived to reach them.

Beginnings were, he said, the root
Of his aquatic system;
The lack of these entailed the "boot"—
He marvelled why they missed 'em.

And, not as one who quoted hymns,
But yet with moderation,
He mentioned all their youthful limbs
And each articulation.

He praised a wrist, reproved an arm;
Their legs, he thought, were so-so.
Their hands, he added, did the harm
And really made them row so.

"Your strokes," he said, "should be designed
With something nearer vigour.
Reach out and grip it well behind,
And dislocate your rigger."

And so with many a cheerful shout
He scored his patient eight off,
Declaring Three must hold it out
And Six must get his weight off;

With wise advice to all the rest:
How they might charm beholders
With straightened back, or bulging chest,
Or hips, or knees, or shoulders.

He spoke them fair, he spoke them free,
Imparting stacks of knowledge,
And did his best that each should be
A credit to his College,

And row the race so well that you
And I may see them win it.

P.S. I write about the crew
Because your grandson's in it!

Tis.

A Morning Post-Impressionist—the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

IV.—"AT DEAD OF NIGHT."

The stage is in semi-darkness as Dick Trayle throws open the window from outside, puts his knee on the sill, and falls carefully into the drawing-room of Beeste Hall. He is dressed in a knickerbocker suit with arrows on it (such as can always be borrowed from a friend), and, to judge from the noises which he emits, is not in the best of training. The lights go on suddenly; and he should seize this moment to stagger to the door and turn on the switch. This done he sinks into the nearest chair and closes his eyes.

If he has been dancing very late the night before he may drop into a peaceful sleep; in which case the play ends here. Otherwise, no sooner are his eyes closed than he opens them with a sudden start and looks round in terror.

Dick (striking the keynote at once). No, no! Let me out—I am innocent! (He gives a gasp of relief as he realises the situation.) Free! It is true, then! I have escaped! I dreamed that I was back in prison again! (He shudders and helps himself to a large whisky-and-soda, which he swallows at a gulp.) That's better! Now I feel a new man—the man I was three years ago. Three years! It has been a lifetime! (Pathetically to the audience.) Where is Millicent now?

[He falls into a reverie, from which he is suddenly awakened by a noise outside. He starts, and then creeps rapidly to the switch, arriving there at the moment when the lights go out. Thence he goes swiftly behind the window curtain. The lights go up again as Jasper Beeste comes in with a revolver in one hand and a bull's-eye lantern of apparently enormous candle power in the other.]

Jasper (in immaculate evening dress). I thought I heard a noise, so I slipped on some old things hurriedly and came down. (Fingering his perfectly-tied tie.) But there seems to be nobody here. (Turns round suddenly to the window.) Ha, who's there? Hands up, hlow you—(He ought to swear rather badly here, really)—hands up, or I fire!

[The stage is suddenly plunged into darkness, there is the noise of a struggle, and the lights go on to reveal Jasper by the door covering Dick with his revolver.]

Jasper. Let's have a little light on you. (Brutally.) Now then, my man, what have you got to say for yourself? Ha! An escaped convict, eh?

Dick (to himself in amazement). Jasper Beeste!

Jasper. So you know my name?

Dick (in the tones of a man whose whole life has been blighted by the machinations of a false friend). Yes, Jasper Beeste, I know your name. For two years I have said it to myself every night, when I prayed Heaven that I should meet you again.

Jasper. Again? (Uneasily.) We have met before?

Dick (slowly). We have met before, Jasper Beeste. Since then I have lived a lifetime of misery. You may well fail to recognise me.

[Enter Millicent Wilsdon—in a dressing-gown, with her hair over her shoulders, if the county will stand it.]

Millicent (to Jasper). I couldn't sleep—I heard a noise—I—(suddenly seeing the other) Dick! (She trembles.)

Dick. Millicent! (He trembles too.)

Jasper. Trayle! (So does he.)

Dick (bitterly). You shrink from me, Millicent. (With strong common sense) What is an escaped convict to the beautiful Miss Wilsdon?

Millicent. Dick—I—you—when you were sentenced—

Dick. When I was sentenced—the evidence was black against me, I admit—I wrote and released you from your engagement. You are married now?

Millicent (throwing herself on a sofa). Oh, Dick!

Jasper (recovering himself). Enough of this. Miss Wilsdon is going to marry me to-morrow.

Dick. To marry you! (He strides over to the sofa and pulls Millicent to her feet.) Millicent, look me in the eyes! Do you love him? (She turns away.) Say "Yes" and I will go back quietly to my prison. (She raises her eyes to his.) Ha! I thought so! You don't love him! Now then I can speak.

Jasper (advancing threateningly). Yes, to your friends the warders. Millicent, ring the bell.

Dick (wresting the revolver from his grasp). Ha, would you? Now stand over there and listen to me. (He arranges his audience, Millicent on a sofa on the right, Jasper, biting his finger nails, on the left.) Three years ago Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace was stolen. My flat was searched and the necklace was found in my hatbox. Although I protested my innocence I was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years penal servitude, followed by fifteen years police supervision.

Millicent (raising herself on the sofa). Dick, you were innocent—I know it. (She stops back again.)

Dick. I was. But how could I prove it? I went to prison. For a year black despair gnawed at my heart. And then something happened. The pri-

soner in the cell next to mine tried to communicate with me by means of taps. We soon arranged a system and held conversations together. One day he told me of a robbery in which he and another man had been engaged—the robbery of a diamond necklace.

Jasper (jauntily). Well?

Dick (sternly). A diamond necklace, Jasper Beeste, which the other man hid in the hatbox of another man in order that he might woo the other man's fiancée! (Millicent shrieks.)

Jasper (blusteringly). Bah!

Dick (quietly). The man in the cell next to mine wants to meet this gentleman again. It seems that he has some old scores to pay off.

Jasper (sneeringly). And where is he?

Dick. Ah, where is he? (He goes to the window and gives a low whistle. A Stranger in knickerbockers jumps in and advances with a crab-like movement.) Good! here you are. Allow me to present you to Mr. Jasper Beeste.

Jasper (in horror). Two-toed Thomas! I am undone!

Two-toed Thomas (after a series of unintelligible snarls). Say the word, guv'nor, and I'll kill him. (He prowls round Jasper thoughtfully.)

Dick (sternly). Stand back! Now, Jasper Beeste, what have you to say?

Jasper (hysterically). I confess. I will sign anything. I will go to prison. Only keep that man off me.

Dick (going up to a bureau and writing aloud at incredible speed). "I, Jasper Beeste, of Beeste Hall, do hereby declare that I stole Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace and hid it in the hatbox of Richard Trayle; and I further declare that the said Richard Trayle is innocent of any complicity in the affair." (Advancing with the paper and a fountain pen.) Sign, please.

[Jasper signs. At this moment two warders burst into the room.]

First Warder. There they are!

[He seizes Dick. Two-toed Thomas leaps from the window, pursued by the second Warder. Millicent picks up the confession, and advances dramatically.]

Millicent. Do not touch that man! Read this!

[She hands him the confession with an air of superb pride.]

First Warder (reading). Jasper Beeste! (Slipping a pair of handcuffs on Jasper.) You come along with me, my man. We've had our suspicions of you for some time. (To Millicent, with a nod at Dick) You'll look after that gentleman, miss?

Millicent. Of course! Why, he's engaged to me. Aren't you, Dick?

Dick. This time, Millicent, for ever!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.



Jason Blogg (of Pittsburg). "WELL, HYPATIA, WHICH OF 'EM HAVE YOU CONCLUDED TO TAKE?—THE EARL OF OLDFARK OR COUNT APOGGIATURA?"
Miss Hypatia. "I'M GOING TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS, POP. IF THE EARL LOSES HIS VETO, MAYBE I'LL TAKE THE COUNT."

RECORD NOVELIST.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. SILA SHOCKING.
A GREAT MANUFACTURER.

MR. SILA SHOCKING is indeed to be envied. Though still in the prime of life—he wears a full beard hardly touched with grey, and is the proud possessor of a golf handicap of 36—he is admittedly the Captain-General of the most typical modern industry—that of novel-making. *The Daily Chronicle* has already told us the thrilling history of his early years and the noble principles which inform his new masterpiece, a great cricketing story with a strong ethical interest, which is appearing serially in a leading journal, but some further particulars, gleaned by a plucky representative of *Punch*, who scaled the heights of Highgate in the pursuance of his duty, may not be unacceptable to those who love to learn of the prosperity of our prominent penmen.

In his early years, Mr. Shocking was almost entirely immersed in the study of theology, metaphysics, conchology and kindred subjects, but the call of romance was not to be resisted, though for long he turned a deaf ear to these siren voices. "Often enough," he said, "the impulse came upon me, and plots evolved themselves almost unconsciously in my mind, but I put the temptation aside. It was not till many years had elapsed that I became convinced that my capacity for influencing my fellow men for good would be enormously enhanced by my abandoning the pulpit for the pen—by my turning my sermons into novels. Since then my pen, or perhaps I should say my phonograph, has known no rest. The process of preparation is arduous, involving long journeys, nights spent in sleeping-cars, horseback riding—I was once run away with by a Mexican mustang, another time I was badly shaken by a fall from a camel in Egypt—but when once my material is collected it is plain sailing. Formerly I wrote, now I dictate everything to the phonograph."

"Have you any time for meals?" timidly queried our representative.

"Not much," replied the intrepid *littérateur*. "A thimbleful of tea at 8 a.m., a hasty snack at 1 o'clock, and a poached egg and a banana before I retire to rest at 12.30—that is my usual regimen. I drink barley-water most days, but in the summer I own to a weakness for gingerbeer and raspberry vinegar."

"Do you hold any views on the Bread question?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Shocking, "I am a whole-hearted whole-mealer. I once

wrote a novel on a diet of white bread, but it barely sold 100,000 copies. It was a romance of the Cornish Riviera describing the abortive attempt of a South African millionaire to establish a Casino at Tintagel, and his terrible end. I took the greatest pains to make my meaning perfectly and unmistakably clear. But somehow or other my tragedy and comedy became hopelessly and inextricably mixed, and my characters became quite unmanageable. The book, in short, was a failure, and I only cleared £5,000 by the sales."

Turning to the question of his colossal *clientèle*, Mr. Shocking said that his readers could be numbered by millions in the Midlands before the sale of his books climbed into hundreds of thousands in London. It was only by degrees that he had stormed the citadel of metropolitan fame, and even still there were houses in Mayfair where his name was practically unknown, except in the basement. Of late, too, he had begun to sell widely in the Isle of Man and Stratford-on-Avon in spite of strenuous local competition. Beyond these areas, Manchuria, Japan, Korea, Heligoland and the Falkland Islands were countries where Mr. Shocking's stories are every day gaining a wider vogue. Translations already exist in Romany, Urdu, Basque, Aztec and Esperanto.

The statistics relating to Mr. Shocking's output are worth recording. The total number of copies of his books in circulation is estimated at ten quintillions (it will be remembered that a quintillion—a billion penillions). The paper on which these copies is printed, if spread out flat, would carpet the entire Solar system, and, if piled in a vertical heap, would reach to Mars. The amount of printer's ink consumed on these immortal tomes would fill the Caspian Sea. In writing his books, again, before he took to the phonograph, Mr. Shocking used up 2,743 quill pens, 590 stylographs, 411 fountain pens, and 33,775 steel nibs. The process of revision accounted for three tons of blue lead, and 70,398 sheets of blotting-paper were exhausted in drying the manuscript. Furthermore Mr. Shocking has, in the search for the requisite local colour, travelled 30,000 miles on bicycles, 160,000 miles in motor cars, and 24,000 miles on donkeys, camels and elephants. Mr. Shocking has been interviewed in all nearly five thousand times, and he is the proud recipient of the Order of the Purple Patch (Serbia), the Golden Gasometer (Costa Rica), and the Hokey Fly (Ireland), besides being an Honorary LL.D. of the University of Tipperusaleem, and a D.D. of Monte Carlo.

TO THE PERENNIAL RABBIT.

THE Savage by primeval Thames,
Lurking, the mammoth to waylay,
Amid the awful forest stems,
On some far, dim, forgotten day,
As that vast bulk of bravn and beef
Squelched off unscathed through lone
morasses,
Would turn, I doubt not, with relief
To where you scuttled in the grasses!
Perhaps my cave-man blood's to blame,
For—atavistic taint—I too
Have dropped a more exacting game,
Bunny, to have a bang at you;
The driven partridge missed in front,
And eke behind, lacks serious merit
Beside a sunny hedge-row hunt,
A terrier and an active ferret!

Give me a summer afternoon,
An air-gun and the drone of bees,
The water-meadows lush with June,
A stalk among the Alderneys;
Then, hit or miss, I care no-ways
In such surroundings I consider
You're worth a hundred storm-swept
braes
And all the royals in Balquidder!

Indeed, wherever I may go,
Through summer woods, by wintry
fell,
I've found you, in the sun or snow,
A friendly little Ishmael;
Along the southern trout-stream banks,
Or with the ptarmigan consorting,
You've always earned my grateful
thanks,
And in all seasons acted sporting!

Hushed is the hairy mammoths' roar
And gone the mastodon uncouth
Down to decay with dinosaur,
Aurochs, and fearsome sabre-tooth;
But you, small beast in hodden-gray,
Survive, and will, I take for granted,
Be here when I am dust, to play
In moonlit covers still unplanted!

"A gentleman, 34 years of age, tall, strong and healthy, shortly returning to Australia, wishes to meet a lady and marry her before doing so."—*Advt. in "Matrimonial Times."*

Advice to those about to marry: Meet the lady first.

From *The Daily Telegraph's* account of a dinner of the German colony in London:—

"The speeches were entirely in German, the remainder of the evening being devoted to harmony."

This is the kind of report that does so much for the softening of Anglo-German relations.



Sportsman. "I SHOT A WRETCHED PIG BY MISTAKE WHEN AFTER SNIFE NEAR FOO SING. THE VILLAGERS WOULD NOT LISTEN TO MY APOLOGIES, BUT BEHAVED IN A PERFECTLY SCANDALOUS MANNER—TAKING AWAY MY GUN, KNOCKING ME DOWN—AND—AND—JUMPING ON MY STOMACH UNTIL MY BLOOD BOILED."

THE PURIST; OR, ANY EXCUSE.

[*"I beg to again most respectfully call your attention to the above overdue account previously rendered, and trust you will now favour me, etc."*]

Sir, when I noticed the message appended to
This your too-frequently rendered account,
Grabbing my cheque-book I fully intended to
Settle at once for the mentioned amount;
Reached for the ink-pot—then, glancing again,
Sadly closed cheque-book and laid aside pen.

What, my dear Sir, did you wantonly, viciously,
"Beg to again most respectfully call?"
Most of your missives arrive inauspiciously—
This was the bitterest blow of them all!
English infinitives, may I submit,
Are not, like sodas, the better when split.

So, as I gazed at this bill for my raiment that
Seemed to go back such a horrible way,
All the brave plans for immediate payment that
Once had loomed rosy now faded to grey;
"Beg to again most—" no, let the thing rest—
Out on your vilely constructed request!

No, Sir, I would have discharged with celerity
All of the items set forth on your claim,
But I must handle with fitting severity

One so completely devoid of all shame
As to quite unprovoked, callously go
Splitting a harmless infinitive so!

THE PURPLE PRESS.

With acknowledgments to "The Observer."

"THERE for the moment we may leave this soul-shaking announcement. It would be impossible even for us to over-estimate its portentous gravity. No more insidious solvent has been administered in our time to the cement which binds together the stately fabric of Empire. The struggle of the next few years will irrevocably decide the future of Great and Greater Britain and its place amongst the Great Powers of the world—if, indeed, we are to keep any place among them. Already the writing is on the wall, the words of warning shine out in luminous fluorescence for all who have eyes to see—if, indeed, the power of vision is still possessed by our politicians. But we are not pessimistic. Never have we felt less so. The spectacle of impending peril has always nerved heroic souls to make their supremest efforts. There must be no faltering or paltering with the enemy. Under the oriflamme of an unshakeable resolve the Party must go forward in serried ranks to shatter into infinitesimal smithereens the motley hordes of the squalid coalition. For our feet are upon the mountains and our face is towards the rising sun."



Master. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR FATHER DIED LAST NIGHT, GEORGE. I'D NO IDEA HE WAS SERIOUSLY ILL."

Jarge. "WULL, 'TWERE THIS WAY. DOCTOR 'E COME IN THE MARNIN', AN' MOTHER SHE ASK 'UN WHAT SHE WERE TO GI' FEYTHUR, AN' DOCTOR 'E SEZ, 'GIE 'UN ANYTHING 'E 'VE A MIND TO ASK FOR;' AN' MIDDLE O' THE NIGHT, FEYTHUR 'E ASKS FOR A QUART O' BEER; MOTHER SEZ, 'AIN'T GOT NO BEER,' GIVES 'UN A GLASS OF WATTER—KILLED 'UN!"

THE SCHOOL FOR VARIETY.

MR. GRAYSON recommends the establishment of a school for music-hall artistes so that the public may be spared some of the less successful turns.

SCENE—Comic-patter class.

Professor.—It is a wise plan to think out all one's jokes for one imaginary person in the audience and never get above his head. A typical gallery boy for choice or, when addressing the ladies, a gallery girl. It is true that other people will be in the hall, but if you can make these two laugh you

will make enough of the others laugh also; never by any chance say anything new or fine. Keep it all to the lowest level by cynicism and suspicion. See the worst of everything and everybody. For example, if you sing about the sea let it be either of the sickness upon it, the fleas in the lodging houses beside it, or the adventurer on the pier who took your watch and chain. Remember that in any narrative there is nothing really funny but failure. For briefer gags bear in mind that all music-hall audiences are conservative; and it has become safe and popular to use whatever language you like about both the

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the HOME SECRETARY. After that there are always sausages and bananas and kippers; the mere mention of such will convulse any audience.

SCENE—Pronunciation Class.

Professor. Take great pains to keep your voice strictly to street pitch, and with a street accent. I mean, of course, those of you who are not Scotch or Lancashire comedians. These may do as they like when in any towns not in Scotland or Lancashire. But all you London singers must be most scrupulous to retain your cockneyisms. Thus, when singing of, say, a man named Brown living in London town, be watchful to say both "Breown" and "teown." Much depends on it.

SCENE—The Serio-Comic Class.

Professor. The first thing, Ladies (or shall I say, "Dears"), that I want you to understand is that the seat of the serio-comic voice, if it is to be successful, is not the chest, but the back of the head. Some of you seem to have acquired the elements of voice-production. These you must forget as quickly as possible. The music-hall public does not want anything but what it has had for generations. Remember that. It expects heady nasal notes, and you must give them.

SCENE—Comic Costume Class.

Professor. The first essential of a comic singer's clothes is that they do not fit. If they fit, the song cannot be comic, whatever the words. Some of you, I see, have trousers that are not patched. What kind of chance in the profession you expect, I cannot imagine. Others have shirts when the simplest gallery boy knows that, when the waistcoat is lifted up (being made loose for that purpose), a dicky should be all that can be seen, or, possibly, in really funny men, a pair of very ancient corsets. Thus attired you will succeed in whatever you sing: there will be enough members of every audience to persuade the rest that you are funny. The boots should be too large, the hat too small. Paint your nose red, your mouth large, and give your eyebrows an arch. Never omit to carry a stick, as every time you hit yourself it will convince your audience that your last remark was a joke, and they will laugh, and the more they laugh the better for you. That indeed is why your clothes have to be so carefully thought out: it is so that immediately you are seen the audience will know you are funny and will be practically bound to laugh. It is a kind of hypnotism.



ALL IN DUE COURSE.

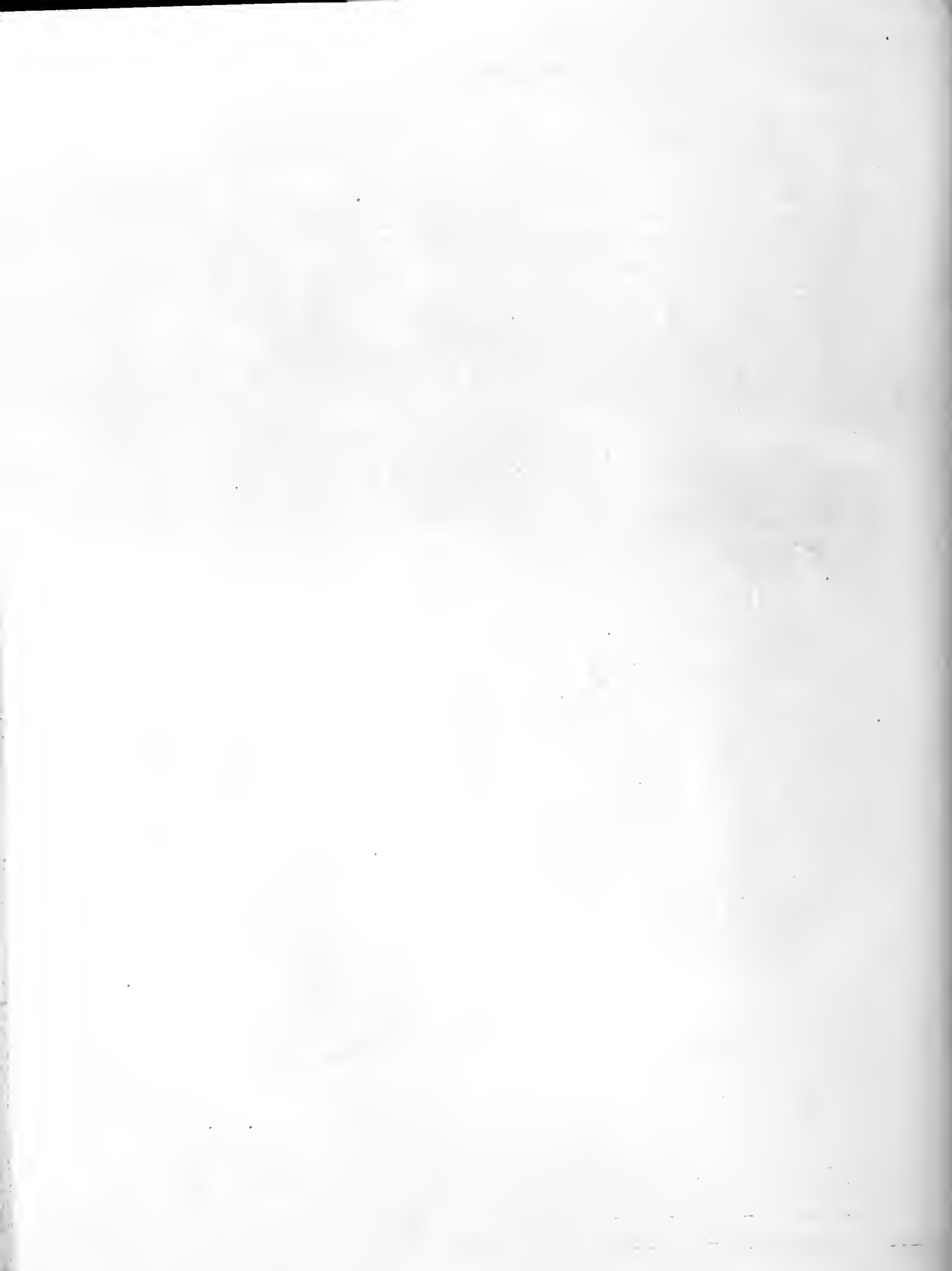
CATESBY (MR. CHURCHILL). "MY LIEGE, THE DUKES, ETCETERA, HAVE BEEN TAKEN."

RICHARD THE THIRD (MR. ASQUITH). "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! SO MUCH FOR DUKES, ETCETERA."

CATESBY. "MY LIEGE, E'EN NOW THEY PRATE OF SELF-REFORM."

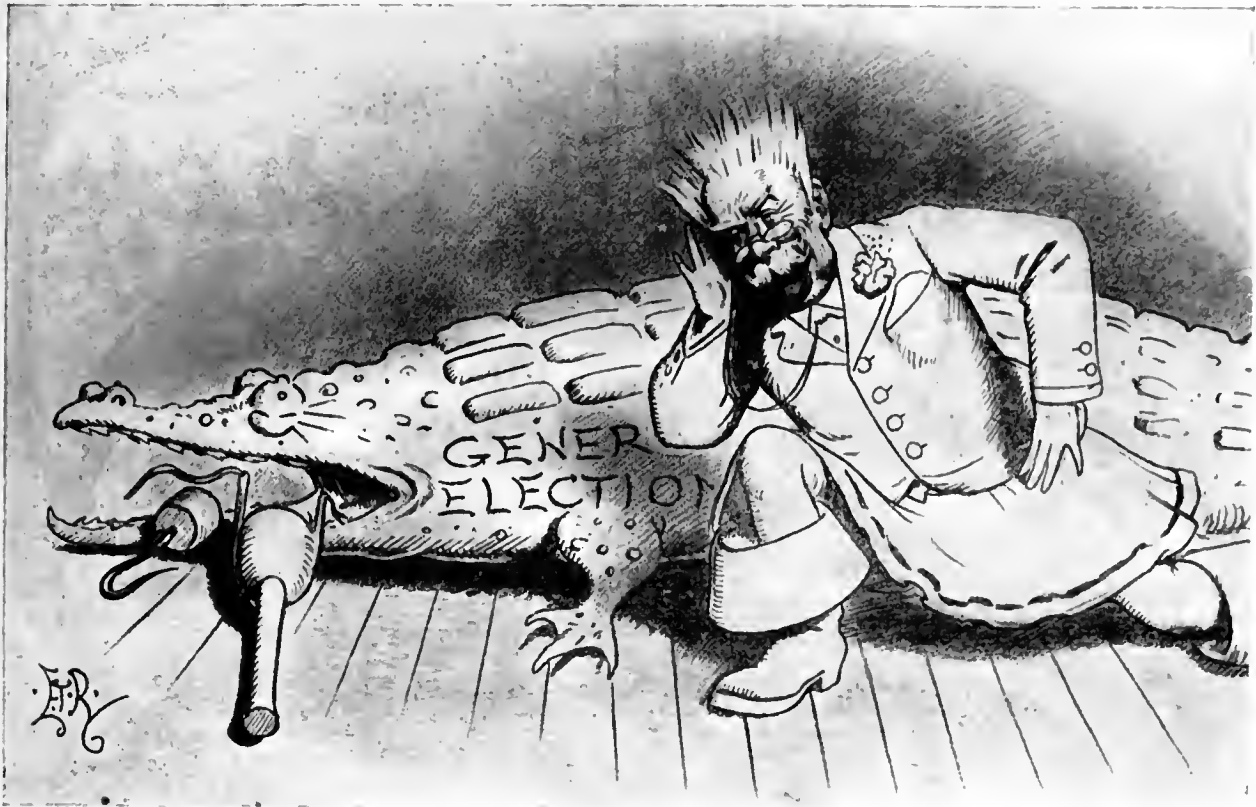
RICHARD THE THIRD. "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! WE WILL REFORM 'EM LATER."

"Richard the Third" (Colley Cibber—"Punch" version), Act IV., Scene 1.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



TOBY SEARCHES FOR THE MISSING "CAPTAIN HOOK" (OF KING'S LYNN).

Snee (Sir Toby, M.P.). "AR-RE YE THER-RE, MY NHOBLE CAPTHUN!!—IT'S YER LITTLE SNEE, CAPTHUN!—HE'S THER-RE!!! THE CROCODHOIL'S GOT 'UM!! THERE'S RIMNINTS OF 'UM IN THE CRAVTHUR'S MOUTH, SO THERE IS!!!"

Tuesday, Jan. 31.—New Parliament meets for first Session. Quite exciting scene in Lobby. Everybody shaking hands with WILLIAM JONES, who, hatless and smiling, bustles about. That he should smile not an uncommon thing. That everyone should, after brief parting, want to shake hands with him equally habitual. But where's his hat? Can it be that, owing to LLOYD GEORGE'S financial extortions, he has been obliged to "put it down," as millionaires and landlords have under same malign influence "put down" carriages, horses and the odd boy in the garden?

This question murmured by stranger looking on. Old Parliamentary Hands recognise the sign. According to quaint custom, whose origin is lost in the murk of dead centuries, a Whip never shows himself in the Lobby with his hat on. One remembers how, when TWEEDMOUTH occasionally visited scene of the labours of EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, Liberal Whip in Mr. G.'s last Administration, he was for a moment hardly recognisable under his hat. WILLIAM JONES comes to new Parliament a Junior Lord of the Treasury, enrolled

among the Whips under the Mastership of ELMBANK.

Off with his hat. So much for North Carnarvon.

Appointment not one of high degree, such as a Secretaryship of State with seat in the Cabinet. But it distinctly strengthens position of Government by increasing its corporate popularity. Only drawback to satisfaction shared equally in both political camps is that the Member for North Carnarvon henceforward must needs give up to the Whips' Room what was meant for mankind in the House. Simple, unaffected, undervaluing himself, he is one of the most eloquent speakers known at Westminster during last fifteen years. The unwritten law which forbids a Whip to wear his hat in the Lobby also precludes him from taking part in debate. Thus the House becomes the poorer by a well-merited and universally acclaimed promotion.

Business done.—Mr. LOWTHER elected Speaker for fourth time.

Thursday.—Looking round on busy scene, watching Members struggling for opportunity to sign the roll of

new Parliament, one thinks with profound sorrow of one whose presence will charm the House no more. Re-elected without opposition for one of the many Universities on whose rolls of honour his name stood high, HENRY BUTCHER looked forward with keen interest to the coming Session. Sickenings with a vague disease, he, shortly after the General Election, took to his bed and died, whilst others were preparing for the fray at Westminster.

His name did not loom large in the eye of the public. It appeared but rarely in the Parliamentary reports. But in the House, as in the Universities, his unobtrusive personality was equally admired and esteemed. Conservative representative of an exclusive community, he was singularly broad-minded in his views, ever courteous in manner.

A scholar of rare distinction, a speaker of polished lucidity, intimately acquainted with the drift of public affairs, he was of the limited group of men who are the salt of the *mélange* of humanity that goes to make up the House of Commons.



Huntsman (cheering his hounds). "FORRRARD! FORRRARD! FORRRARD!"

Stout Gent'eman (unaccustomed to the language of the chase). "'FORRRARD'? YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO GET FORRRARD AS FAST AS I CAN!"

LINES TO A "LONDON PARTICULAR."

MAYBE you've not the luscious flavour
Of fogs of fifty years ago,
When all the world was stouter, braver,
But, ah, if that be so,
Would I could taste the sort of stuff
Our grandsires used to eat! Enough;
It's not your taste I'm out to puff,
But something more—Hello!

(The worst of this confounded nimbus
Wherein I wander like a ghost
Is, when I try to dodge a dim bus,
I dash against a post).
What was I saying? Fog; oh yes!
Where others curse I came to bless;
I rather like your rich caress,
I call you London's boast.

For beautiful, no doubt, are cities
Whose fronts are ever kissed with gold;
And Paris sneers and Naples pities
And Tunis calls us cold;
And Romo has her imperial pride,
And lots of other towsns beside,
With or without a local guide,
Are gorgeous to behold.

But never do they wear the armour
Of modesty and coy reserve

That makes our London such a charmer,
When every square and curve
Is wrapped in folds of thick pea-soup
(Ye gods! that was a tasty stoup);
The only drawback is that (Whoop!)
One needs no end of nerve.

You weave about her form, O vapour,
The mystic spell that holds the mind
(Under a street-lamp's glimmering taper)
Of buildings half defined:
She looks her best, I fancy, thus,
And that is why I make no fuss
Save only when a motor-bus
Barges me from behind.

EVOE.

A fierce controversy which was raging in *The Staffordshire Sentinel* has been closed by the Editor in these inspired words:—

"We cannot insert any more letters on this subject. The question put by a correspondent was:—'A cat and a half kills a rat and a half in a minute and a half: how long will it take 60 cats to kill 60 rats?' A 'cat and a half' cannot 'kill a rat and a half,' and there may be some catch in that; but, accepting the question as a mathematical problem, the answer is obviously one minute. For a cat and a half to kill a rat and a half in a minute and a half is at the rate of one rat per cat per minute, and, at that rate, 60 cats would kill 60 rats in one minute."

Come, come! Is Staffordshire to lag behind the other counties in intellect? Have at it again, Stafford!

THE CRIMINAL.

THE accused with great precision arranged himself into a semi-circle on the hearthrug, indolently wagged his tail, and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Despite this evidence of a clear conscience, the pleading face of the suppliant showed signs of agitation.

"He didn't do it. I'm certain he didn't," she protested.

"That," I informed her, "is the attitude of the Defence all the world over, and carries no conviction."

She made an effort to smile, in case my remark was funny, and edged herself between the object of my wrath and me.

"Besides," she said, with that depth of scorn in her voice to which youth alone can reach, "it was only a slipper."

The suppliant threw herself on the ground by the accused, and roused him from sleep by kissing the tip of his ear.

"He wouldn't do a naughty thing like that, would he?" she asked.

He looked up at me with deliberate innocence and slowly licked his lips.

"He convicts himself," I said, "out of his own mouth."

The Defence was equal to the occasion.

"If he did then," she informed me in a phrase choking with verbs, "I don't believe he could have known he mustn't. It's no good smacking him if he doesn't know he's been naughty, is it?"

I raised a threatening hand at him. With limp tail he skirted the arm-chair and took refuge under the sofa.

"Is that," I inquired, "the action of a dog conscious of moral rectitude?"

She clung desperately to my hand.

"But there's no need to punish him now that he owns he's done wrong, is there?" she said.

Directing my voice towards that end of the sofa beneath which I imagined the dog to be now cowering, I made an inquiry regarding the whereabouts of a certain whip.

With my mangled slipper in his mouth, the accused brazenly stepped out from the sanctuary of the sofa and, after gazing fondly into my eyes, sat demurely at my feet and tried to stare my lowest boot button out of countenance.

"Is this," I asked, "the shamed attitude of the penitent?"

Now that punishment seemed inevitable, there was, on the part of the Defence, an accommodating change of front. Aware that her pleading for the accused had left me unmoved, the Suppliant assumed an expression of stern and inexorable wrath.

"The wicked dog," she exclaimed,



First Tragedian. "Ah! DEAR BOY! THE CHANCE OF MY LIFE CAME LAST NIGHT. IZAAC-STEIN OFFERED ME THIRTY SHILLINGS A WEEK TO PLAY HAMLET. THE CONTRACT WAS DRAWN UP—HE LENT ME HIS FOUNTAIN-PEN TO SIGN WITH, WHEN—"

Second Tragedian. "YOU WOKE UP!"

First Tragedian. "DAMME! HOW DID YOU KNOW?"

Second Tragedian. "BY THE SALARY, MY PIPPIN. I'VE DREAMT LIKE THAT MYSELF!"

"let me smack him. I'd beat him awfully hard."

"Difficult as it may be," I said, "you must endeavour to restrain your righteous indignation. His behaviour convinces me that punishment would be wasted on him. There is nothing for us to do but to assume he has no moral sense."

She gave a sigh of relief as she climbed on to my knee.

"Yes, let's," she begged, "then we needn't bother, need we?"

Removals by Air.

"Last summer Mrs. Dunville steered her own ballroom across the Channel to France, with Lady Milbanke as a passenger."—*The Queen.*

The ball-room does not seem to have been overcrowded, so perhaps it wasn't very difficult to steer in.

ELECTION SEQUELS.

LAW COURTS DELUGED WITH LIBEL ACTIONS.

INTERESTING echoes of the General Election (which, it may be remembered, was held towards the end of last year) will shortly be heard in the Law Courts, and we are fortunate in being able to give our readers advance details of some of the more important libel actions that are down for hearing.

BULLION *v.* BLOOD.

One of the earliest on the list is connected with the exciting contest in West Toffshire, where Sir John Bullion, Bt., the well-known City magnate and former Liberal Member for the division, succumbed by only three votes to the Hon. Arthur Blood, younger son of Lord Backwood. It is alleged that on the eve of the poll the Unionist Candidate distributed a circular to the electors making a personal attack on his opponent, and containing in particular the following paragraph:—

"Quite apart from questions of Party politics, it is in the highest degree essential that, for the sake of its good name, West Toffshire should be represented in Parliament by a well-dressed man. Can it be said that Sir John Bullion fulfils this condition? One or two facts will suffice by way of answer. On December 5 the Radical Candidate was seen to address a meeting with one trouser-leg turned up and the other down. On the following day he toured the constituency in a froek-coat and a bowler-hat. . . . And, worst of all, he buys his clothes in the City! Electors, think of your reputation, and

VOTE FOR BLOOD AND STYLE!"

In his affidavit Sir John characterises the allegation touching his trouser-legs as a malicious invention, and affirms that the second charge made against him contains a serious *suppressio veri*, inasmuch as no mention is made of the fact that on the day in question his froek-coat was covered by a stylish overcoat with velvet collar. Sir John further states that the circular, which was issued too late to permit of a contradiction, lost him the seat, brought him into social disrepute, and caused him great distress of mind. With regard to the general appearance of plaintiff's clothes (whose civic origin is not denied), several sartorial experts are being called to give evidence on either side.

"THE PEOPLE'S FOOD."

Some significant revelations are promised in the action which Mr. Will Barrow, who unsuccessfully contested Grimesby as an Independent Working Man, is bringing against Mr. Alf Pint,

the Labour Party's nominee. Mr. Barrow complains that during the campaign his opponent repeatedly made a most dastardly allegation against him, to the effect that he (Mr. Barrow) was "the sort of man who never stood a pal a glass." Unfortunately, owing to the stringent provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act (which many leading politicians in the district would like to see amended), plaintiff was unable during the course of the election to disprove the charge in a practical manner, and was even debarred from promising to do so on the conclusion of the contest. Such a statement was bound to exercise a tremendous influence over the electors of Grimesby, where beer is the principal article of food, and in consequence, Mr. Barrow asserts, he only polled seventy-eight votes against over ten thousand given for the Labour Candidate. The case will be followed with great interest by the local publicans.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

The contest in Puddenhead will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the division as one of the most embittered in its history, and little surprise will be caused by the announcement that Mr. Ebenezer Bloggs, who championed the cause of Tariff Reform, is instituting an action for libel against the newly-elected Member. Mr. Bloggs takes exception most of all to a poster with which the entire town was placarded, and which bore the following words in huge letters:—

"Don't Vote for Bloggs. For years he has been Continually Growing Madder! Plump for SAWNER and SANITY."

Plaintiff contends that this statement imputes mental infirmity to him, and was evidently so interpreted by a majority of the electorate, since there could not conceivably be any other reason for his defeat. Defendant, however, repudiates all knowledge of the poster in question, and alternatively denies that the words complained of bear the construction put upon them, and further pleads that they are literally true, plaintiff being the head of the dyeing firm of Bloggs & Son, which is engaged in the cultivation of madder. In reply Mr. Bloggs has filed an affidavit stating that for some years, owing to the increased rigour of foreign competition caused by our so-called Free Trade system, he has had to give up growing any madder.

AN ECHO OF BILLINGSDITCH.

Damages to the amount of £10,000 are being claimed by the Conservative Candidate for Billingsditch against *The Billingsditch Observer*. It is com-

plained that an article appeared in the local organ stating, among other things, that the Candidate in question had opposed in Parliament the provision of free life-annuities for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. This, plaintiff says, is a gross distortion of the truth, the real facts of the case being that, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, he actually spoke in favour of the proposal, his sole protest being directed against the reprehensible procedure by which it was "taeked" on to a Budget Bill. The allegation, he maintains, constitutes a most damaging reflection upon his character, holding him up to popular execration as a monster of inhumanity, callous to the sufferings of the poor, and deaf to their legitimate demands upon the State. It was also the cause of intense mental and physical discomfort to him during the Billingsditch Election.

MONTMORENEY OR — ?

Yet another case—that of *Montmoreney v. Grab*—is likely to prove especially rich in piquant details. The plaintiff is Mr. A. Fitzalan Montmoreney, who conducted so strenuous an anti-alien campaign in the Crackling Division of Porkshire, and who grounds his present action on the fact that his Socialist opponent placarded the constituency with the legend:—

"Where was Montmoreney when the Light went out?"

Mr. Montmoreney denies that his name is really identical with that of the great Hebrew law-giver, as he declares this query to suggest, and says that he is taking this step to vindicate his character in public as a true Briton, patriot and Christian gentleman. Among Mr. Grab's witnesses, we understand, are a number of gentlemen resident in Whitechapel, including Mr. Montmoreney's father.

"The Mayor was attired as a gentleman of the time of Charles I., and the Mayoress was gowned to represent Night."—*Manchester Evening News*.

This can be done cheaply in a night-gown.

"There were 1,190 inmates in the Tranmere Workhouse, as against 1,191 for the corresponding period last year, the decrease being due to the increased amount of work in the town."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

What, we wonder, was he doing?

"A new miniature dance-opera, based on the story of 'Salome,' is to be produced at the Hippodrome. The principal character will be played by Salary-Djeli, who will give as a special feature the Dance of the Seven Dials."—*The People*.

We have often seen children doing this round a barrel-organ.

SOME OUTFITTING NOVELTIES FOR THE COMING SEASON.



THE BRICK-WALL SUITING FOR BURGLARS.



THE "INVICTA" TROUSER-PRESS.



THE LITTLE DUSTMAN.
A NOVELTY IN BOYS' SUITINGS.



THE LANGUAGE STERILISER.



THE THREE-SLEEVED COAT FOR STRAPHANGERS.



THE "QUICK-CHANGE" UMBRELLA.
Press the knob, and your perfectly good umbrella loses its attraction for the borrower.



THE "TICH" BOOT FOR VIEWING PROCESSIONS.



PNEUMATIC RIDING BREECHES FOR NOVICES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE present edition of *Tillers of the Soil* should be recalled and a second published with print enlarged, cover brightened, and preface omitted. The first sight of so much small print depresses an eye already a little discouraged by the severity of the cover, and Mr. J. E. PATTERSON'S apology for his methods does no more than put the reader on his look-out for faults, which he would not have otherwise noticed and which probably do not exist. For the book itself is bound to be a pleasure to all who love the land or can appreciate in others a passion they do not feel. For myself, a townsman, I was made intimate with agricultural conditions and even canvassed in the matter of certain farmers' grievances and their proposed remedy, without having my entertainment suspended for a moment. *Abe*

Shuttleworth, a cheerful farmer with large ideals, an unruly tongue and an irresistible optimism, is certainly a person to meet, and I know of few better portraits in fiction of an ardent reformer with a past—a past which reappears in the midst of the reforms and becomes only too present. With the exception of *Ola*, his indefinite daughter, and *Lucian*, her American and poetically-inclined lover, the minor characters are most natural and true to their rural environment. The Rector is perhaps a little too narrow, but the rectory party are delightfully fussy and typical. I ask Mr. HEINEMANN, if the book runs to another edition, to send me a copy, partly that I may review it a second time (for I have further words of recommendation up my sleeve), but more particularly that I may place it on my shelf of Books Worth Keeping and Reading Again.

There are onions that make you weep, and onions, as the Athenian hoplites knew, that make you warlike, or perhaps that make your enemies take to their heels. There is also, in a class by himself, Mr. OLIVER ONIONS, who wants to make your flesh creep. The text of his book, *Widdershins* (MARTIN SECKER), is the quaint petition for deliverance "From Ghaisties, Ghoulies, and long-leggity Beasties and Things that go Bump in the night." Its title means—in what language I know not—"Contrary to the course of the Sun," that is to say, contrary, as I hope, to Nature. For I should not at all like to think that the creepy happenings described in these extremely ghoulish stories could possibly come my way. I don't want to be driven to starve myself by a beckoning fair one who haunts my rooms, paralyses my work, slays my love, and causes my arrest as a suspected murderer. Nor do I relish the

idea of listening for the footsteps of a man who is always coming up behind me and passing the molecules of his body through the molecules of mine, until at last I go mad and kill myself in my efforts to get rid of him. Nor, if I were a sculptor, should I care to achieve fame in the hour of my death by the crazy design of exerting my will-power to force my own flesh and blood and bone into the marble of my *chef d'œuvre*. Weirdly imaginative, and with an uncanny air of unreality, often effectively heightened by the skilful way in which Philistinism and art and the material and spirit worlds are placed side by side, these stories by Mr. ONIONS are told so cleverly that some readers might find that almost they persuade them to be believers in Ghaisties and Ghoulies and long-leggity Beasties and Things that go Bump in the day as well as in the night.

Sleuth-hound fiction has already scented out a style of its own; the characters talk in a kind of correct journalese

which takes no account of idiosyncrasies, when they narrate their past histories or the terrible events which have recently happened to them. For this reason *Gilead Balm* (FISHER UNWIN), which is Mr. BERNARD CAPES'S incursion into this species of romance, suffers from a certain lack of homogeneity, since the author every now and then shows glimpses of his real self and allows flashes of humour or pages of really literary description to intrude into the story. *Gilead Balm* (I am not quite sure whether this name is so funny as Mr. CAPES seems to imagine, and the same applies to a supposed villain whom he has christened *Wisom Wyllie*) was a young man who, on

suddenly becoming a millionaire, decided to spend his life in sifting the advertisements for financial succour which appear in *The Daily Post*, and relieving all genuine cases of distress. In pursuit of this generous avocation the author has allowed his hero to range through a considerable variety of cases, from the purely comic to the mysterious and spiritualistic, but always with the detection of crime as a dominant motive. There is no one like Mr. BERNARD CAPES for describing the horrors of a dark and empty house; he has some very ingenious ideas for crimes, and he often says some very good things; as for instance, "But if there is no morality in art, you can hardly expect it of its dealers;" and therefore, although he has been unable to maintain the dead level of melodrama which is the tradition of this kind of novel, I can confidently recommend *Gilead Balm* to those in search of yet another literary hair- tonic.

"The Territorial band played the hymns as well as the church organ."

No comparisons, please.

The Scout.



WHY NOT SLEEP ON THE LINKS?

YOU COMBINE HYGIENE WITH GOLF AND GET OFF BEFORE THE CROWD.

CHARIVARIA.

If it is not too late we would still like to ask Mr. GINNELL, M.P., to consider seriously whether his refusal to shake hands with the SPEAKER was not a more severe punishment than Mr. LOWTHER deserved.

The volume of criminal statistics just issued by the Home Office contains an introduction by Mr. H. B. SIMPSON deploring the amount of sentimentality that enters nowadays into the administration of the criminal law. A prefatory note explains that Mr. SIMPSON'S view must not be taken to be official. The Dartmoor shepherd is still at large.

Sir JOHN FULLER, M.P., has been appointed Governor of Victoria, and Victoria is asking what it has done to deserve the Whip.

A Southend boy scout pursued two thieves, who had stolen a purse from a lady, for over a mile. When he came up with them he secured the purse by means of a clever ruse: he pretended that there were other people in pursuit close behind him. The mortified miscreants are said to be considering now whether they cannot institute proceedings against the boy for obtaining money by false pretences.

The recent great fall of cliff at Dover has, we hear, caused the keenest satisfaction to Little Englanders.

"Motor omnibuses," we read, "went over Blackfriars Bridge for the first time yesterday." If there should be much more of this careless driving we may have to heighten the parapets.

A Judge in the King's Bench Division, the other day, requested a stranger who was troubled with a severe cough, to leave the Court. His Lordship remarked that it was a Court of Law, and not a Hospital. As a matter of fact, we understand, the ignorant fellow had imagined that it was a Variety Theatre.

It seems strange that while it is considered necessary to have a Keeper of the Tate Gallery, yet the Post-Impressionists are allowed out without a keeper.

In the spring, we are told, a new type of hat for ladies will come into fashion. The brim of this will be turned up, and at last it will be possible to see the wearers' faces. Some awful revelations are expected.



Theatre Attendee (to enthralled playgoer in throes of tragedy). "ARE YOU THE GENTLEMAN THAT HAD AN ICE AND DIDN'T PAY FOR IT?"

"Colour-blind persons," declared Professor EDRIDGE-GREEN in a lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons, "are generally above the average in intelligence." Colour-blind persons have known this for years.

A dog named Cæsar, residing at Winchester, has been presented with a collar and enrolled in the "Brotherhood of Hero Dogs" for saving the local Guildhall buildings from fire in December last by giving the alarm. We understand that there was some difficulty in explaining to the little fellow what the honour was for. Hero-like he had thought nothing of the incident—had, in fact, quite forgotten it.

There is more in the so-called superstition that 13 is an unlucky number than some persons think. A young man who has been convicted 13 times for offences in respect of his motor

bicycle has now been fined a 14th time at Godalming.

"A woman," we are informed, "who told a police officer that she was SARAH BERNHARDT, was remanded so that she could be kept under observation." That is probably the best way to settle the question of her claims.

The fact that a young lady who recently received a number of blows on the skull from a violent burglar is said to owe her life to the possession of a fine head of hair will, it is thought, lead to many ladies sleeping with their hair on.

"The trade in Chinese pigs is now firmly established in this country," we read. When one remembers that it was CHARLES LAMB who, in a famous essay, first drew attention to their excellence, one realises how long it takes for a new idea to catch on with us.

OF A WELL-KNOWN PARROT, NOW MORIBUND.

[If Imperial Preference has been killed by the proposed Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the United States, as the Radicals cheerfully assert, then they cannot have much further use for the election cry of Dearer Food which has done them so great service in the past.]

A PRINCE of parrots, such as seize
Upon the spoken word,
Master of one most poignant wheeze—
The deadliest ever heard,
He stood apart without a peer, this undefeated bird!

For years he worked the old refrain—
"YOUR FOOD WILL COST YOU MORE"—
Without a sign to show the strain
Had left his larynx sore;
Until the thing became a most abominable bore.

The Liberals loved to hear that cry
Boom like an eight-inch gun;
The moment he began to try,
Election-wars were won;
But now I fear he's on the moult; I fear his day is done.

He had but this one phrase in stock
Touching your loaf's expense;
It's single purpose was to knock
Imperial Preference.
But now the point of that remark has ceased to give offence.

For lo! the Tory fiend that he
Laid himself out to slay
Has died of Reciprocity.
Imp. Prel., in fact, is clay,
And cannot be expected to resume the hoary fray

That was the one he used to keep
His beady eye upon,
And now, with Food for ever Cheap,
His occupation's gone,
There seems no reason why the bird should care to linger on.

Then, Liberals all, prepare the bier
Whereon to lay your dead
Who might have stopped his foe's career
By screeching off his head,
Only the latter went and died another death instead.

And Tories, too, when o'er your friend
You raise a pious howl,
And tears for his untimely end
Bedew the haggard jowl,
Spare one, in courtesy, for this indomitable fowl!

O. S.

IN THE GRIP.

Scene: The Library, 4 p.m. A bright fire is blazing. He is sitting limply in an armchair with a rug wrapped round his legs. She, also wrapped in a rug, is extended on a sofa in front of the fire.

She. Charles!

He. For heaven's sake, don't.

She. Don't what?

He. Don't frighten a chap.

She. I only said "Charles."

He. I know, but I can't stand the shock of having my name called suddenly. You don't seem to appreciate—

She. Oh yes, I do. I appreciate everything.

He. Well, what do you want?

She. What's the time?

He. Something struck just now.

She. I know; what was it?

He. I didn't notice.

She. Can't you see the clock?

He. No. Can't you?

She. I could if I lifted my head, but I can't lift it.

He. And I can't pull my watch out. Makes me shiver even to think of it.

[A pause.]

She. Don't you think we've got influenza very badly?

He. Yes—at least I know I have. I'm not so sure about you.

She. I'm sure nothing could be worse than mine.

He. You can't know how bad mine is.

She. If you don't admit that mine's worse than yours, I'll never speak to you again.

He. Oh, very well! Have it your own way.

She. That's not an admission.

He. If you talk to me like that I shall cry—I know I shall.

She. You'd have been crying long ago if you'd only got my head.

He. I have, and much worse too.

[A pause.]

He. Have you got aches and pains all over your back?

She. Not yet, but I feel them coming. You haven't—wouf-ouf-ouf-ugh-ugh—you haven't got a horrid hacking cough, have you?

He. It's there, but it won't come out. That's always the worst kind.

[A pause.]

She. Do you feel as if you'd got any bones left in your whole body?

He. Yes, I've got nothing but bones, and they're all in the wrong places, and every bone's got a pain in it.

She. Except your backbone. You said you hadn't any pain there.

He. I haven't got a backbone.

She. I wish I hadn't.

[A pause.]

She. Do you think you'll ever be able to get up again?

He. Never.

She. What would you do if Lady Lampeter called and Parkins showed her in?

He. I should scream. Let's ring and tell Parkins not to.

She. I can't get at the bell,

He. Nor can I.

[A pause.]

He. What are the children doing?

She. Children? What children?

He. Haven't we got any children?

She. Let me think. There were some children about this morning. Were those ours?

He. Ye-es. I fancy they must have been.

She. Do let's be sure about it. Bring your mind to bear on it.

He. I can't. I haven't got a mind.

She. Poor dear! Nor have I.

[A pause.]

He. I'm going to have a pino-menthol lozenge.

She. Do. And I'll have a eucalyptus lozenge.

He. I shall take two.

She. You mustn't overdo it, Charles.

He. I see what it is. You want to rob me of all my little luxuries, but I'll take two all the same. [Takes two.]

She. Charles, if you talk to me so cruelly I shall just wither away.

He. I've withered long ago.

[Left sucking lozenges.]



THE MORE FAVOURED NATION.





Photograph'r. "A LEETLE BRIGHTER! BRIGHTER! STILL BRIGHTER! AH! TOO BRIGHT! MOISTEN THE LIPS AND START AFRSH!"

HOMO EX MACHINÂ.

(TO A TUBE-LIFTMAN.)

CONDUCTOR to the dim Tartarean levels
 And satellite of that infernal "link"
 Whose ceaseless round no accident dishevels,
 What do you dream on as we softly sink?
 Tell me, young man, the nature of your revels
 When not on duty: do you dance or rink?
 Or punt a leathern ball with thows of oak?
 And (this is most important) do you smoke?

Immobile-featured as a marble statue,
 You stare me in the eyes, ingenuous youth;
 You make no answer to my questions, drat you!
 No sound of sorrow, mirthfulness, or ruth;
 Either because you think I'm getting at you
 Or (much more probably, to tell the truth)
 Because I have not said these things aloud,
 But merely thought them, wedged amongst the crowd.

Let me get on, then. Do you know the fevers
 Of common men on earth, unskilled to slam
 The irrevocable gates and ply the lovers?
 Do you take marmalade for tea, or jam?
 And wherefore have the Fates, those sister weavers,
 Doomed you to work a lift and not a tram?
 (Ah, who may read the riddles of the Fates?)
 And what's your surname? Robinson? or Bates?

And would you seem to browse on sudden clover,
 And tread mysterious heights and valleys strange,
 With CORTEZ or some rare old English rover,
 If haply for recuperative change
 The Company should shift you on from Dover
 To Down Street? Did you ever chance to range
 Through "faëry lands forlorn" of light and myth,
 Shunted to Finsbury Park or Hammersmith?

And does some damsel greet you with embraces,
 Some charming girl about to be your wife,
 And bid you tell her of adventurous cases,
 The haps and hazards of your strange stern life?
 The whims of passengers, their clothes and faces,
 Whether they touched the gates, and all the strife?
 And does she call you Alf, or Herb, or Reub?
 (I rather hope the last—it rhymes with tube.)

These things I cannot answer, and it's wearing
 To go on talking bunkum all in vain;
 But some day I have sworn that, greatly daring,
 While others pass, the poet shall remain.
 Yes, you and I, for hours together faring
 Shall hold high converse and beshrew my train!
 Downwards and upwards we will fall and climb,
 And you shall punch my ticket every time. **EVOE.**

The Dartmoor Shepherd Again.

Aux gais enfants les amusettes sont chères,
 Et jeunes Ministres font maintes folies bergères.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

V.—"THE LOST HEIRESS."

The Scene is laid outside a village inn in that county of curious dialects, Loamshire. The inn is easily indicated by a round table bearing two mugs of liquid, while a fallen log emphasises the rural nature of the scene. Gaffer Jarge and Gaffer Willyum are seated at the table, surrounded by a fringe of whisker, Jarge being slightly more of a gaffer than Willyum.

Jarge (who missed his dinner through nervousness and has been ordered to sustain himself with soup—as he puts down the steaming mug). Eh, bor, but this be rare beer. So it be.

Willyum (who had too much dinner and is now draining his sanato-gen). You be right, Gaffer Jarge. Her be main rare beer. (He feels up his sleeve, but thinking better of it wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.) Main rare beer, zo her be. (Gagging) Zure-lic.

Jarge. Did I ever tell 'ee, bor, about t' new squoier o' these parts—him wot cum hum yesterday from furren lands? Gaffer Henry wor a-telling me.

Willyum (privately bored). Thee didst tell 'un, lad, sartain sure thee didst. And Gaffer Henry, he didst tell 'un too. But tell 'un again. It du me good to hear 'un, zo it du. Zure-lic.

Jarge. A rackun it be a main queer tale, queerer nor any them writing chaps tell about. It wor like this. (Dropping into English, in his hurry to get his long speech over before he forgets it.) The old Squire had a daughter who disappeared when she was three weeks old, eighteen years ago. It was always thought she was stolen by somebody, and the Squire would have it that she was still alive. When he died a year ago he left the estate and all his money to a distant cousin in Australia, with the condition that if he did not discover the missing baby within twelve months everything was to go to the hospitals. (Remembering his smock and whiskers with a start.) And here du be the last day, zo it be, and t' Squire's daughter, her ain't found.

Willyum (puffing at a new and empty clay pipe). Zure-lic. (Jarge, a trifle jealous of Willyum's gag, pulls out a similar pipe, but smokes it with the bowl upside down to show his independence.) T' Squire's darter (Jarge frowns), her baint't (Jarge wishes he had thought of "baint't")—her baint't found. (There is a dramatic pause, only broken by the prompter.) Her ud be little Rachel's age now, bor?

Jarge (reflectively). Ay, ay. A main queer lass little Rachel du be. Her baint't like ons of us.

Willyum. Her do be that fond of zoap and water. (Laughter.)

Jarge (leaving nothing to chance). Happen she might be a real grand lady by birth, bor.

Enter Rachel, beautifully dressed in the sort of costume in which one would go to a fancy-dress ball as a village maiden.

Rachel (in the most expensive accent). Now, uncle George (shaking a finger at him), didn't you promise me you'd go straight home? It would serve you right if I never tied your tie for you again. (She smiles brightly at him.)

Jarge (slapping his thigh in ecstasy). Eh, lass! yer du keep us old uns in order. (He bursts into a falsetto chuckle, loses the note, blushes and buries his head in his mug.)

Willyum (rising). Us best be gettin' down along, Jarge, a rackun.

Jarge. Ay, bor, time us chaps was moving. Don't 'e be long, lass.

[Exit, limping heavily.]

Rachel (sitting down on the log). Dear old men! How I love them all in this village! I have known it all my life. How strange it is that I have never had a father or mother. Sometimes I seem to remember a life different to this—a life in fine houses and spacious parks, among beautifully dressed people (which is surprising seeing that she was only three weeks old at the time; but the audience must be given a hint of the plot), and then it all fades away again. (She looks fixedly into space.)

Enter Hugh Fitzhugh, Squire.

Fitzhugh (standing behind Rachel, but missing her somehow). Did ever man come into stranger inheritance? A wanderer in Central Australia, I hear unexpectedly of my cousin's death through an advertisement in an old copy of a Sunday newspaper. I hasten home—too late to soothe his dying hours; too late indeed to enjoy my good fortune for more than one short day. To-morrow I must give up all to the hospitals, unless by some stroke of Fate this missing girl turns up. (Impatiently) Pshaw! She is dead. (Suddenly he notices Rachel.) By heaven, a pretty girl in this out-of-the-way village! (He walks round her.) Gad, she is lovely! Hugh, my boy, you are in luck. (He takes off his hat.) Good evening, my dear!

Rachel (with a start). Good evening.

Fitzhugh (aside). She is adorable. She can be no common village wench. (Aloud) Do you live here, my girl?

Rachel. Yes, I have always lived here. (Aside) How handsome he is. Down, fluttering heart.

Fitzhugh (sitting on the log beside her). And who is the lucky village lad who is privileged to woo such beauty?

Rachel. I have no lover, Sir.

Fitzhugh (taking her hand). Can Hodge be so blind?

Rachel (innocently). Are you making love to me?

Fitzhugh. Upon my word I — (He gets up from the log, which is not really comfortable.) What is your name?

Rachel. Rachel. (She rises.)

Fitzhugh. It is the most beautiful name in the world. Rachel, will you be my wife?

Rachel. But we have known each other such a short time!

Fitzhugh (lying bravely). We have known each other for ever.

Rachel. And you are a rich gentleman, while I —

Fitzhugh. A gentleman, I hope, but rich—no. To-morrow I shall be a beggar. No, not a beggar if I have your love, Rachel.

Rachel (making a lucky shot at his name). Hugh! (They embrace.)

Fitzhugh. Let us plight our troth here. See I give you my ring!

Rachel. And I give you mine.

[She takes one from the end of a chain which is round her neck, and puts it on his finger. Fitzhugh looks at it and staggers back.]

Fitzhugh. Heavens! They are the same ring! (In great excitement) Child, child who are you? How came you by the crest of the Fitzhughs?

Rachel. Ah, who am I? I never had any parents. When they found me they found that ring on me, and I have kept it ever since!

Fitzhugh. Let me look at you! It must be! The Squire's missing daughter!

[Gaffers Jarge and Willyum, having entered unobserved at the back some time ago, have been putting in a lot of heavy by-play until wanted.]

Jarge (at last) Lor' bless 'ee, Willyum, if it baint't Squire a-kissin' our Rachel!

Willyum. Zo it du be. Here du be goings-on! What will t' passon say?

Jarge (struck with an idea). Zay, bor, don't 'ee zee a zorto' loikeness atween t' maid and t' Squire?

Willyum. Jarge, if you baint't right, lad. Happen she do have t' same nose!

[Hearing something, Fitzhugh and Rachel turn round.]

Fitzhugh. Ah, my men! I'm your new Squire. Do you know who this is?

Willyum. Why, her du be our Rachel.

Fitzhugh. On the contrary, allow me to introduce you to Miss Fitzhugh, daughter of the late Squire!

Jarge. Well this du be a day! To think of our Rachel now!

Fitzhugh. My Rachel now.

Rachel (who, it is to be hoped, has been amusing herself somehow since her last speech). Your Rachel always!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.



Superior Little Boy (to Governess). "REALLY, MISS BROWN, IT'S NO EARTHLY TAKING BABY TO LOOK AT ZEBRAS—HE'LL SIMPLY SAY 'GEE-GEE!'"

CHIVALRY.

"*Fruit autem pudor,*" said CICERO, no doubt waving his right hand in the air and pouring himself out a glass of water with his left, "*fruit humanitas!*" "The age of chivalry is gone," explained BURKE to a generation which had forgotten what CICERO meant. But they were both wrong, for there is always Thomas Watts.

He and I work together, but had been for some days separated because it had been holiday-time. That is invariably the occasion on which my relations, friends, acquaintances and dependants fall ill—some noisily, some importantly, some heroically, some boastfully, some priggishly, none unobtrusively, but all in such a manner that I have to sympathise with them and hear them out. To escape the local depression I had returned to London a little before my time, and, when last of all Thomas arrived heavily scarfed and sighing deeply at short intervals, I felt that everyone except me was ill, and I the one poor unfor-

tunate left to do all the sympathising. I could bear it no longer.

"For heaven's sake," I shouted, "don't. I will assume that you feel absolutely rotten, that you simply cannot understand it, that your temperature has been over everything from 98° to 110°, that it cannot be due to anything that you have eaten, that you ache all over. I assume everything, and let that be the beginning and the end of it. Now hear my tale. I have met nothing but invalids during the last weeks. I have listened to symptoms for hours. I have said, 'I am so sorry,' and 'I am so sorry,' more often than I care to remember. If you are a gentleman," I concluded, "you will not even mention your malady, much less describe it."

Thomas was not annoyed, not even a little short with me. On the contrary, "My dear fellow," he said with a hurried and apologetic sneeze, "how stupid and thoughtless I have been. If only I had known how it would inconvenience you, I would never have gone and caught this chill."

LETTERS TO A DISTINGUISHED IDLER.

"DISTINGUISHED IDLER, tired of doing nothing, asks men who have done much to outline for him a scheme of life which will combine activity and usefulness," etc.—*The Times*.

REMEMBER that the gods help those that help themselves. JOHN BURNS.

I have grave doubts as to your distinction, but none at all that you are an idler. Come round to the G.P.O. and help our customers stick their stamps on. HERBERT SAMUEL.

We are just creating a new post in this office—a kind of tallyman to keep count of our libel actions. I daresay it might suit you if you cared to apply.

EDITOR *Daily Chronicle*.

"ENGLISH CUP. St. Petersburg. In the re-played cup tie between Oldham Athletic and Birmingham the former were successful by two goals to none."—*The Statesman*.

The idea of re-playing cup-ties on neutral ground is good, but it need not be pushed too far.

TALKS WITH THE GREAT.

STUDY IN THE MANNER OF
MR. FRANK HARRIS.

HAVING met everyone, it follows of course that I was on terms of intimacy with BROWNING. No one, in fact, can withhold friendship from me. There is something about me—a *je ne sais quoi*, as dear BAUDELAIRE used to put it—which impels confidence, kills reserve. I slip my arm through theirs, hold it in the vice of friendship, and they give way. As BROWNING used to say, "My dear Frank, you're wonderful. The Old Man of the Sea isn't in it with you." Poor BROWNING! How extraordinarily ordinary his conversation could be! Few things have perplexed me so much as that. We would walk along the Paddington Canal morning after morning from Warwick Gardens, and all the talking would be left for me. Once I remember I was developing some daring fantastic theory with more than usual brilliancy, when I found that the poet had disappeared. In my excitement I had let go his arm and he had lost his way, or something. But that was a slip; it never occurred again.

How different was NEWMAN! In the safe silent security of Edgbaston, he was always sweet, always patient. Hour after hour have I spent with this great if utterly misguided man—I almost wrote gentleman—pouring out floods of what must have seemed to him terrible heterodoxy if not positive free-thought. But he never stopped me. I did my best to get him to stay at Monte Carlo with me, but in vain. It was, I think, my only rebuff.

TENNYSON I saw rarely in London, but both at Aldworth and Farringdon in the Isle of Wight he and I were inseparable; but I preferre I BROWNING. There was something a little vulgar, a little provincial, and also something far too snug for my palate about TENNYSON. He looked as if he might read the lessons in church, as I said to him one day. He took it very well. "Do I?" he said. "Well, Frank, you don't!" "No," said I; "and what's more, ALFRED, by ——! I don't want to."

In the afternoon he gave his guests one of his tiresome readings of *Maud* and I made a number of criticisms; but his was too parochial a mind to appreciate them. None the less I am not sorry to have talked with him. He meant well in the main.

HUXLEY was made of sterner stuff. He met every argument with another and, as I once said to him, if his pistol missed fire he knocked one down with

the butt end of it. "Very good, Frank," he replied, "that's one of the best things I ever heard. Where did you get your wit?" But who can answer questions like that? Just as I had helped NEWMAN with some of his real sermons, so did I help HUXLEY with a lay sermon now and then. But it was useless to try to get style into the man. His knowledge, however, was encyclopædic and his observation very keen. I remember one instance of both. I had gone to see him one cold day in winter and I was wearing a fur coat. As it happened, it was a new one. "My dear Frank," he said, "you've got a new coat. It's rabbit this time. Your old one was retriever." The amazing part of this is that he was right.

But I consider CARLYLE my trump card. CARLYLE I used to see continually, as all readers of *The English Review* know by now, in 1878 and 1879. The first time (or was it the last?) I met him was on the Embankment. It was the saddest face I ever saw. Why did he look so wretched? What could be the meaning of it? Could it be that he knew who I was? He did not speak, and I turned and walked beside him with my best half-Nelson just above his elbow. He still said nothing. After waiting for a little I determined to make him speak, so I said, "CAGLIOSTRO says somewhere that man is, after all, man. PARACELSUS differentiates between man and woman, but BOEHME, in that wonderful vision in the Sixth book (you remember), would have us believe that man and woman, or woman and man, each is distinct—in other words, male and female. To quote the sublime VILLON: 'Sait vostre mère que vous estes sorti?' What do you think, master?"

He stood still. "Eh, mon," he said at last, "ye're a marvel. And only twa-and-twinty. It's braw leukin' at ye: such as ye ought not tae be subjected tae the risks of daily life. It's cotton-wool I'd be presairvin' ye in. But don't quote VILLON to me. VILLON was a guttersnipe." By this time I had seen all his limitations, and my heart was filled with pity for the mistaken old man. VILLON a guttersnipe! There you have CARLYLE in both his greatness and his littleness—greatness in being so positive, littleness in being so wrong. I proceeded to put him right.

It is strange, but I had been very nervous with CARLYLE at first. When he had said foolish things I merely held my tongue, but now that I had grown to know him better I became impatient and threw restraint to the winds. That is my way. Each two

minutes of a solitary talk with anyone I look upon as a separate conversation, divided from the next two minutes by days, weeks or months. In this way intimacy ripens fast. What else CARLYLE said I shall not write here, not even the story of his married life, which he told me without reserve while the tears poured down his face. Everything he laid bare to me, and some day I shall lay it still barer. One odd thing in our first talk I may however mention in this place, and that is that neither he nor I knew that DARWIN was still living.

[To be, no doubt, continued; but not here.]

"SATISFACTORY NOBLEMEN"

We have read with mingled emotions the following interesting statement in that sturdy Radical organ, *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"A figure that can ill be spared from the pageantry of the Coronation is Lord Howard de Walden. Of all the lords of long pedigree he is the most picturesque, both physically and in the manner of his life. His tall, athletic figure, the delicately strong lines of his face, the slight aristocratic curve of the nose, and the rather lazy droop of the eyelids would have given Disraeli vast pleasure to describe. And if his presence in a drawing-room of the great world, his Chesterfieldian politeness to the arts, his brilliant effect, have not actually been described by Mr. Henry James in *The Velvet Glove*, then the world has been more than usually out in its guesses. He is probably as satisfactory a nobleman as we could produce for our guests of the great year to look at."

It is a great comfort to think that the gap left by the absence of this picturesque figure will be more than made up by some of the new peers who will shortly be created to redress the inequality of parties in the House of Lords.

Amongst these a foremost place is due to Sir Ahasuerus Goldberg, who, it is understood, will on his elevation assume the title of Baron Boodle of Bonanza. Though his stature does not exceed middle height, his glossy ringlets and the opulent contour of his figure, the sheer slope of his shoulders and the noble curve of his nose are enough to tempt Mr. Sargent back into the arena of portraiture. Sir Ahasuerus is a many-sided magnate, distinguished alike in the fields of finance, art, and rubber planting. A man of simple tastes, he lives almost entirely on Devonshire cream, *pâté de foie gras*, ortolans and caviare. He has three



Husband. "I SAY, HOW MANY L'S IN BILIOUS?"

Wife. "ONE, OF COURSE. YOU TOLD ME HOW TO SPELL IT YESTERDAY WHEN I WAS WRITING."

Husband. "AH!—BUT I'M WRITING NOW, AND THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

sons at Eton and his only daughter was married last year to the Master of Musselburgh. A vivid if somewhat malicious portrait of this great citizen is to be found in the sparkling pages of Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S romance, *The Proclivities of Satan*.

Equally attractive in physique and even more distinguished intellectually is the Right Hon. Jonah Gladstone Bagstock, late Radical Member for Chowbent. Mr. Bagstock, whose income runs to six figures, has probably the most luxuriant whiskers in all Lancashire, and his genial wit makes him the idol of his cronies in the smoke-room of the National Liberal Club. He has the finest collection of Sigismund Goetzes in the world, and is an expert performer on the pianola. Mr. Bagstock will almost certainly take the title of Baron Bagstock of Chowbent. It should be added that Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL has hit off some of Mr. Bagstock's most salient traits in his poignant romance, *Catechismal Clement*.

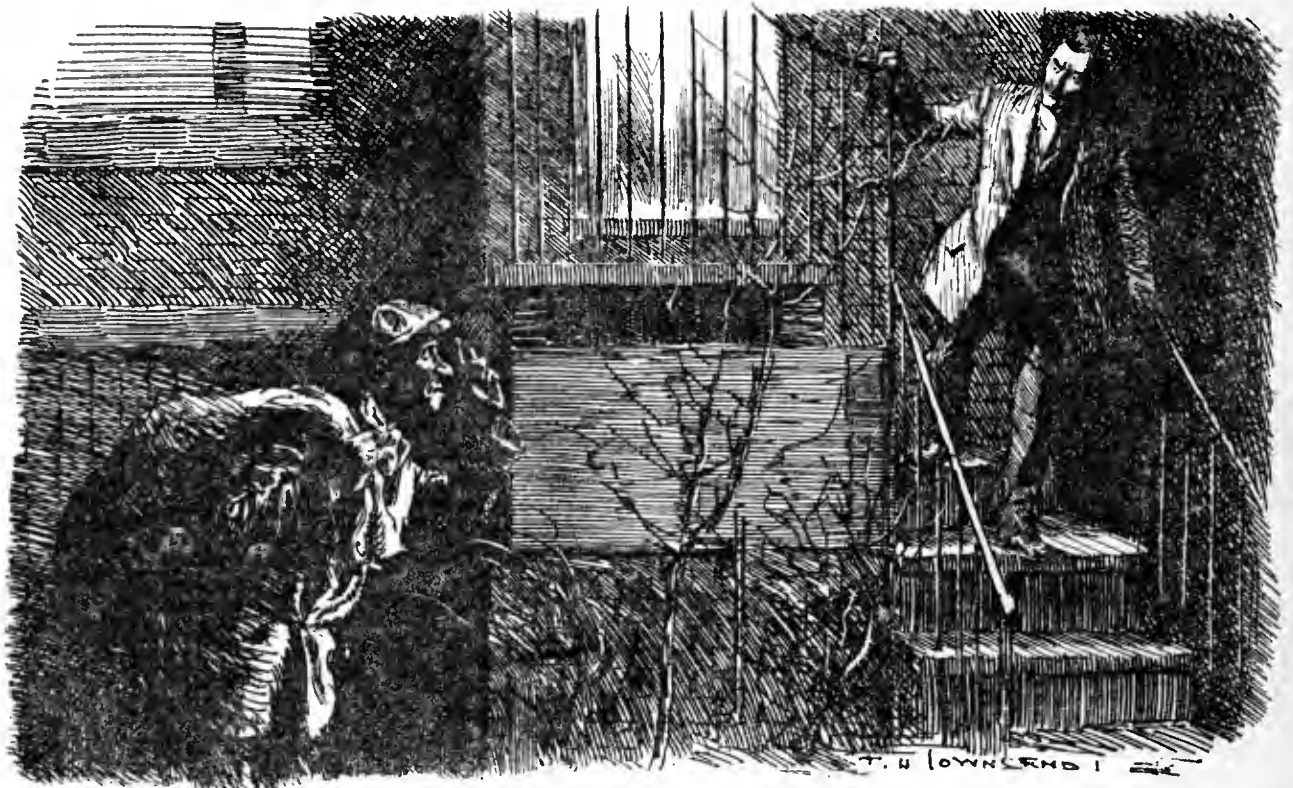
Another magnificent specimen of the chivalric Anglo-Semitic type is Sir Aubrey Sonnenschein. Of ample proportions, with beautifully modelled pre-

hensile hands and a superb pigeon-toed walk which is the delight of Pall Mall, Sir Aubrey's resonant voice and rich guttural enunciation invariably secure for him an attentive hearing even in the most plutocratic salons of Mayfair. A staunch and unflinching Radical, he has only yielded reluctantly to the call of duty in consenting to accept a peerage. His passionate interest in life and letters is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his being the proprietor of the *Post-Humanitarian Review*, in which the doctrines of the New Epicureanism are propounded with a fearless realism seldom attempted on this side of the Channel. Sir Aubrey has a place in Cornwall near Marazion, a stately mansion in Surrey, and a charming rococo villa near Joppa, N.B., where he goes for golf. In a few months we shall welcome him under his new title of Lord Mount-Carmel of Joppa. Lady Sonnenschein, who was formerly Miss Bathsheba Sloman, is a superbly handsome woman, of whom a brilliant sketch will be found in Sir ARTHUR LE QUEUX'S famous novel *The Climbers*. Lastly we have to mention Mr.

Leonard Nuneham, the best dressed and best groomed member of the present House of Commons. The disparity between principle and practice which is illustrated by his life lends a peculiar fascination to this admirable politician. On the platform he is practically a Socialist, yet at home he lives a life of semi-sultanic and almost Sardanapalian luxury. His baths are of solid gold, he has 10 butlers, 24 footmen and 72 best bedrooms, and his housekeeper always wears a diamond tiara night and day. He has gone far already, but he will go further as Lord Downy of Rufus-stone. A spirited if somewhat partial picture of him will be found in Mr. HALL CAINE'S clever novel, *Sir Humphry Calmady*.

"Hampstead Heath. — Board-residence or apartments in English lady's home."
Advt. in "Daily Mail."

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still, my country! and, while yet a nook is left where English minds and manners may be found, shall be constrained to love thee."—*The Task*.



Jones (roused by noises in his back-yard). "HULLO, WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THAT COAL?"
Burglar (judging frankness to be the best policy). "ANYWHERE YER LIKE, GUV'NOR—IT'S YOUR COAL!"

MINISTERIAL ANGELS.

THE heroism of Mr. HERBERT LEWIS, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, who recently lunched at the Cardiff Workhouse, has excited great interest in humanitarian circles, and a movement is on foot to recommend him for the Carnegie Decoration. Mr. HERBERT LEWIS, it will be remembered, only had half-rations of soup at the workhouse, and less than an hour afterwards went into a well-known Cardiff restaurant "to get some prunes and a cup of tea" (*Daily Chronicle*).

This fine example, we are glad to learn, has soon found a distinguished imitator.

Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P., the Secretary of State for the Colonies, not to be outdone by a subordinate colleague, paid a visit on Saturday to the Hammersmith Workhouse and, greatly daring, dined with the astonished inmates.

During the afternoon he was seen by a Press representative, when he confirmed the report, which had already been cabled to the *Springfield Republican*, that he had dined at the expense of the ratepayers. "Why, of course," he replied with a winning laugh,

"holding the views I do on the strenuous and ascetic life, which alone is the guarantee of a good conscience, what else could I do? Besides, there is nothing new about it. My home is a temple of toil, and I always lunch in a work-house."

"Were you introduced to the inmates?" he was asked, and answered, "Oh, no, they naturally thought I was one of themselves, and I had not the heart to undeceive them."

"Your lunch, I hope, was enjoyable?"

"Very substantial and very enjoyable," replied the eminent statesman.

"Then how comes it," asked the inquisitive Pressman, "that you were seen entering the Fitz Restaurant in less than an hour's time?"

Mr. HARCOURT laughed a rich melodious laugh and explained. "You see," he said, "they only gave me half rations of pea-soup at the workhouse; and, joking apart, I simply went into the restaurant to get a peacock's brain sandwich and a thimbleful of Imperial Tokay."

Mr. Punch has been requested to state that "The Oncomers' Society," of whose inaugural performance he recently gave a short notice, is not to

be confused with the "Oncomers' Association," which started earlier. He declines however to say which of the two it was that invited him to make this statement.

From an advt. :—

"A great opportunity to heads of Families to secure 12 months Footwear at a Nominal Cost." It's the feet of our families that really want it.

"Mrs. Beauchamp Doran regrets that she is obliged to postpone her tea until March."—*Irish Times*.

She must have a good one then.

Art for Art's Sake.

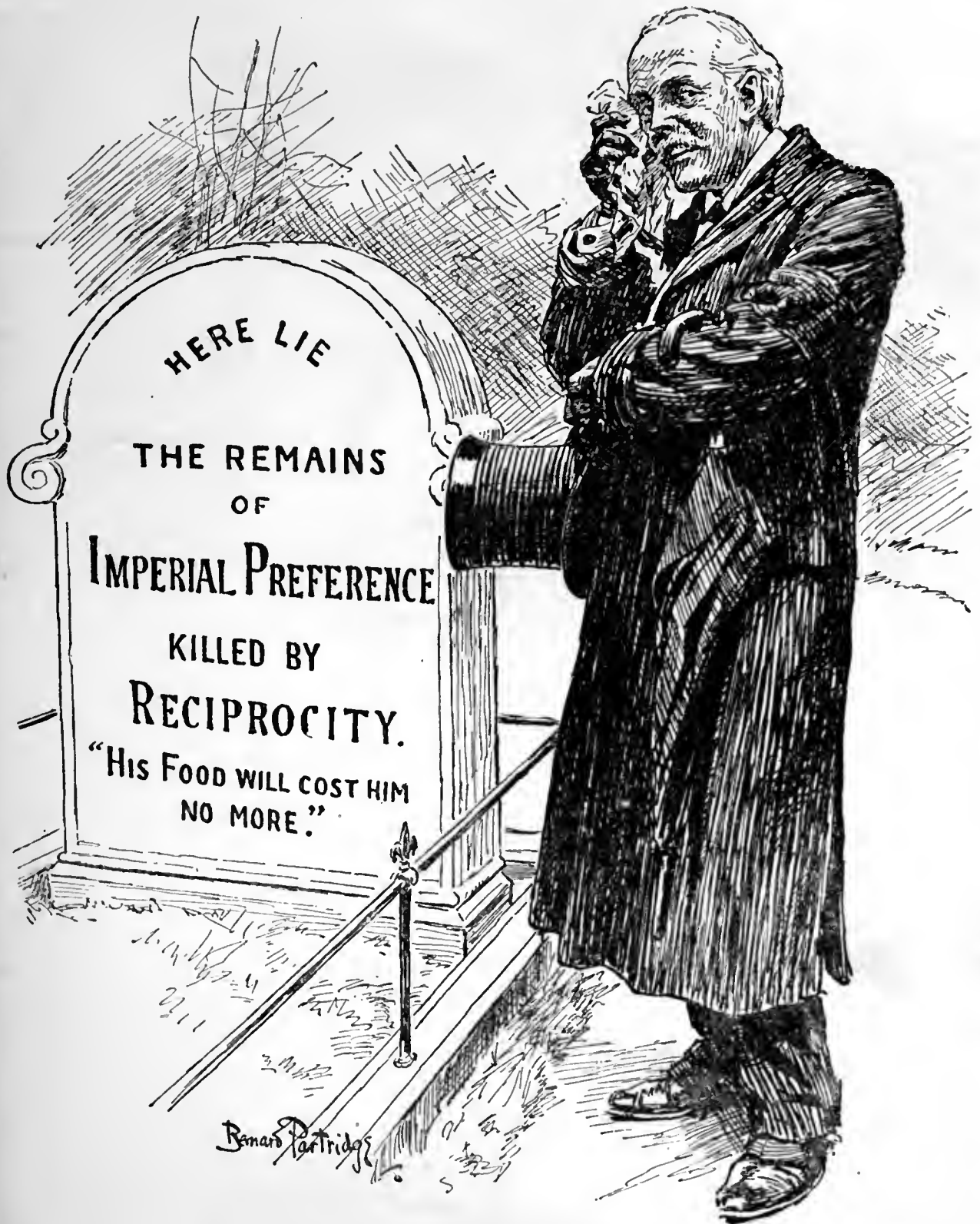
"It is officially stated in Mexico City that 75 Revolutionists and 12 Federals were killed in a battle which took place at Soecia giving the airship a silvery appearance."—*The Star*.

"Whether a few hundred new persons be created or not is a question for the existing peeps."—*British Weekly*.

No, no. Even the House of Lords has never dictated to this extent.

"The Blue Scarf," by Mr. Harrington Mann, is a bold clever piece of work. The lady is wearing a blue scarf which gives the title to the picture."—*The Sphere*.

Subtle—but we see it.



RESIGNATION.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR (*looking on the bright side*). "HIS FOOD WILL COST HIM NO MORE! A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT! SO CONSOLING!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 13.—Looking round crowded Chamber in busiest moments of debate on Address, one is struck by comparative absence of change in personality of Members. There has been the, of late, customary annual General Election, bringing reverses here and there. But, as the French say, the more things change the more they remain as they were. Easy to fancy this a sitting of House of last year with a few score Members still making holiday or temporarily absent in search of dinner.

Treasury Bench perhaps most conspicuously suffered sea change. Robson and SAM EVANS, respectively Attorney-General and Solicitor-General in the last Parliament, come back no more. This not consequent on defeat at the poll; due to well-deserved promotion. Lovely and pleasant in their Parliamentary lives, in political death they are divided only by the walls of divers Courts of Justice. Proof of abundance of talent at disposal of happy PREMIER is evident in the fact that to fill the vacant places he had at hand RUFUS ISAACS and SIMON. Nevertheless House thinks kindly of those gone before—old Members who, by sheer ability, won their way to the highest posts in their profession.

Front Opposition Bench has lost one who, next to PRINCE ARTHUR, was its doughtiest fighter. Parliamentary merit not so conspicuous or overwhelming in Opposition camp that it can afford to put any of its lights under a bushel. SARK is reminded that not all cases of extinction are voluntary, like BONAR LAW'S. There was JOHN O' GORST at the disposal of the MARKISS when, twenty-five years ago, he unexpectedly strode into power over wreck of Liberal Party shattered on rock of Home Rule. The MARKISS made him Under Secretary for India, with humour characteristically sardonic placing over him as head of department GRAND CROSS. Later GORST was made Vice-President of Committee of Council on Education, and was finally got rid of by the subtle device of abolishing the office.

As PRINCE ARTHUR observed, with that deadly logic to which upon occasion a supremely innocent look lends force, "Since there is no longer a Vice-Presidency of Committee of Council on Education, how can GORST hold it?"

So one of the most effective debaters of his time on the Treasury Bench drifted to a back bench, finally into private life.



"PETER PAN" AT WESTMINSTER.

A quith (as Starkey). "Oh—h—h! mi-er-a-ble Asquith!!"

Rebmond the Redskin. "Oh, happy Asquith!!"

Asquith. "Oh—h—h—h—h! ha—a—appy A—a—asquith!!"

BONAR LAW, resigning safe seat at Dulwich, volunteered at General Election to lead forlorn hope in attack on North-West Manchester. He fell in the fight. *Resurgam.* Meanwhile Front Opposition Bench increasingly ineffective by reason of his absence.

Another notable figure disappeared from stage with defeat of TIM HEALY in what had come to be regarded as his personal stronghold. Since 1892 four times did his friends and companions dear, marching under Redmondite

flag, attempt to dislodge him. Four times he, singlehanded, withstood the assault. On fifth occasion he was routed. Redmondite gain is House of Commons' loss. The only resemblance TIM bears to the average angel is that his visits (to Westminster) were few and far between. When he put in his time he was careful to fill it. To the growing envy of Mr. GINNEL, when he rose he invariably caught the SPEAKER'S eye. Benches filled up with rapidity equalled only in case of



Mr. Speaker Lowther is led triumphantly to the Chair for the fourth time. (Escort, Lord Claud Hamilton and the Right Hon. Eugene Wason).

(Inset, a portrait of Mr. Ginnell, who protested, reduced exactly to scale of relative importance.)

PREMIER OR PRINCE ARTHUR. For half-an-hour TIM held audience enthralled.

Taken for granted that before Session far advanced room will be made for his re-appearance. Not at all a certainty. In addition to being a patriot TIM has in these latter days become a prosperous K.C. May be indisposed to give up to House of Commons what with greater personal profit is meant for the King's Courts of Justice.

Another Irish Member knocked out in January was SLOAN of South Belfast. Like his namesake who made fame on another course, revolutionising racing by riding on the horse's neck, SLOAN had independent ways that did not recommend him to his Party. Ulster was only half interested in his enterprise. In his last race he, so to speak, slipped over the horse's neck and came a cropper.

Three old Members disappear in the persons of CHARLES McLAREN, HENNIKER HEATON, and HERMON HODGE. With respect to the last, regret on part of friends accustomed

to keep close company with him on back bench above Gangway is modified by reflection upon removal of a contingency which, though purely fanciful, was not the less productive of apprehension. Often hear of danger arising in places of crowded public resort through feminine fashion of mysteriously fastening on hats with prodigiously long pin. This nothing to HERMON HODGE's moustache, especially at sittings when it had in the morning been freshly trimmed and waxed. At the turning of his head you would see Members seated to right or left of him, according as his glance wandered, hurriedly withdraw their cheek.

HENNIKER HEATON carries into retirement the comfortable reflection of having effected many useful reforms in the postal service. CHARLES McLAREN, withdrawing a pleasant presence from long-familiar scene, leaves behind hostages to fortune in the persons of a brother and two sons. This redundancy of M.P.'s in a family circle runs the Hatfield House establishment pretty close.

Of graver concern is the event that emptied the corner seat below Gangway on Ministerial side. There, when he entered the House forty-three years ago, sat CHARLES DILKE. Thence he rose to make historic attack on the Sovereign's Civil List. After brief but brilliant career on Treasury Bench that seemed to promise in due, perhaps not distant, time reversion of the highest office in the service of the Crown, he disappeared in the darkness and desolation of suddenly falling night. When he came back he claimed his old corner seat, whether to the right or left of the SPEAKER according to the vicissitudes of Party triumph. Slowly but surely, with dogged courage and impregnable patience, he succeeded once more in working his way to prominent position. His death, taking place on the very eve of the meeting of the new Parliament, drew from all quarters personal tributes, through which ran the murmur of inconsolable regret.

THE TOO-EARLY BIRDS.

THE latest, but by no means the last, beauty-cure is sufficiently heroic. Ladies who are in trouble about their looks are recommended to go for a long walk an hour before day-break. It is not apparently stated whether the fair devotees are expected to sit up all night, so as not to miss the society of the milkman and the early worm, but this seems not an unlikely outcome of the present roosting-hours. We foresee wigs in the Green Park. Those who out-Willet the order of Nature are bound to pay for it in the long run. They will either be breakfasting or supping at four a.m. The idea must be firmly and thoroughly squeaked. We cannot have Society disorganised because, in the sacred cause of her complexion, my lady is impelled to go eub-hunting with the Battersea Beagles or is out with the Hyde-Park Otter Hounds by the light of the morning star. It would mean that we others, who have no particular looks to bother about, would have to get up too. We should all be cross after eleven, and the Divorce Court is hard enough worked as it is.

Besides, the retainers of Harriet would never stand these early-rising plaguy ways, and there would be a general lock-out of mistresses.

The Globe on Cleopatra's Needle:—

"The ship on which it was placed sank, and it seemed as though the great column would go to the bottom of the sea."

It must have been a surprise to see it floating.



Man (with bag). "WELL, BETTY, MY BOY, HOW'S BUSINESS?"

Hawker. "BUSINESS! WOT'S THAT-SUMMAT TO EAT!"

THE JUGGERNAUT.

I FANCY they must have fed him on oats this morning, for he is louder and more self-assertive than usual. There are some people who take a foolish pride in manifestations of municipal progress, but they have probably never been bullied for three whole days by a Borough Council steam-roller. It is not so much the grinding and puffing that I object to, as the vanity of the creature; he carries as much lift as the peacock, which he faintly resembles in colour, though his figure, of course, is not so svelte. Personally, I do not believe that the road needs repairing at all, certainly not the part just in front of my windows. But knowing that I should be in all the morning the detestable brute has chosen this patch of ground for his insolent parade. For a long time I refused to get up and look at him, but at last I yielded, and (would you believe it?) he positively simpered with pride, spread out his

back wheels to their fullest extent, and minced (there is no other word for it) down the road.

I have drawn up a small bill which I intend to submit to the Borough Council who own him. It runs as follows:—

The Borough Council.	
Dr. to J. Smith.	
To loss of time spent in listening to your — steam-roller.	2 gns.
To ditto, ditto, in waving to it to move on	2 gns.
To damage to nervous system, and medical repair of same .	5 gns.
To loss of moral character occasioned by talking to your steam-roller	£100
	£109 9 0
Deduction for alleged benefit to part of road used by J. Smith	6d.
Total	£109 8 6

I rather doubt if I shall be paid, but,

even so, I shall not be satisfied. What I should really like to do would be to spread the Borough Council very neatly (in their top hats and frock coats) on the ground in front of my windows and lay two cart-loads of flints on the top of them. Then the steam-roller could get to work again. The sound would be considerably deadened, and there is nothing that binds a road so well or makes such an excellent and lasting surface as a really plump Borough Councillor.

“A Pretty Knitting Pattern.—Cast on any to serve:—To every pound of carrot pulp number of stitches that can be divided by five: 1st row - knit 1.”—*Northampton Daily Chronicle.*

The carrot pulp can be left out if desired.

“Many are disinclined to swallow Lord Garvin's advice that they should force on the creation of 500 peers.”—*At. M. ghab. At. M. s. t.*

Perhaps this one new peer will be enough.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE."

Henry Thresk was one of those rare trotters who can spend six weeks in India without proposing to write a book about it. He had, in fact, no connection with the Labour Party. Hearing that an old love of his was leading a dog's life with her brute of a husband—an official somewhere in Rajputana—he breaks his journey and runs over on a camel to see if the reports are correct. A rapid meal and a few brief passages of postprandial dialogue suffice to prove the worst. His last sight of her, before he responds to the whistle of the train and the call of the camel, is in the act of toying suspiciously with a rook-rifle.

Arrived at Bombay, he learns that the husband was found dead in his tent that same night, and that the wife is charged with his murder. He volunteers evidence in her defence, and by adroit perjury helps to get her off. Two years later he finds her in Sussex, about to be married to a nice clean young fellow, whose relatives (including a solicitor), being sceptical about her innocence, have invited him down there on a plausible excuse, with the purpose of pumping him about the evidence he gave at the trial. Under a stiff cross-examination he repeats and embroiders his former perjury; but, on hearing her own confession of an act that was on the borderland between murder and justifiable homicide, he insists that she must share her secret with her future husband before it is too late for him to scratch his engagement. In point of fact it is already too late, for they were privily married a week ago; but he takes the news very nicely.

Well, what I want to know is this: (1) If *Thresk* volunteered to perjure himself for the lady so as to save her neck and give her a chance of getting what happiness was still to be had out of life, why should he worry as to how or where she gets her happiness—whether through marriage or otherwise? Having saved her from one possible death, why should he insist on her risking a second, for she threatens to take her own life if her lover kicks at her revelation? And why, in Heaven's name, should *Thresk* make it his officious concern to see that this man, a perfect stranger to him, should not marry with his eyes shut?

Solutions to these riddles will be very acceptable, and if Mr. MASON will adjudicate I shall be much obliged to him. He might at the same time tell

me (2) what sort of etiquette it is that permits a solicitor to cross-examine a witness on the evidence which he gave for the defence in a murder trial after an interval of two years. It was immensely to the credit both of Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE and Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER (as well as to the author for his handling of the argument) that this unbelievable investigation was carried out with such an air of probability.

Certain details of the play recall the fact that Mr. MASON last year made an excursus into the realm of detective fiction. I read his *Villa Rose* with wonder and sadness: wonder that he should have caught the trick of it so cleverly, sadness that he should have thought it necessary to drop his own



Stella Ballantyne (MISS ETHEL IRVING). Then I shall kill myself with an overdose of sleeping draught.

Henry Thresk (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER). Well, take pains about it. Last time you attempted suicide you missed yourself!

charming literary style in favour of the dull and banal manner traditionally affected by the hack-writers of this school. In *The Witness for the Defence* he seems still to be labouring under the regulation, proper enough to detective stories, that secrets must be hidden from the public as long as possible. Thus in the First Act the curtain falls prematurely on *Stella Ballantyne* pointing her rifle at her oncoming husband; and so far from being shown whether she kills him by intent or oversight, or reverts to her original arrangement and shoots herself, we are not even allowed for the time being to know whether she so much as discharges the weapon at all.

Again we are left in the dark as to her previous relations with *Thresk*. Just a hint or so, and misleading at

that, is permitted; and it is not till the Third Act that we learn that she was in love with him once, but has long ago grown out of it. Sticklers for tradition may resent these shock-tactics, and insist that the audience should be taken at once into the author's confidence. Personally I have no feeling in the matter, except that I am always rather glad if a dramatist can see his way to scandalise the old staggers.

The honours went to Miss ETHEL IRVING for a really remarkable performance, to which her nervousness on the first night lent an added touch of emotional realism. Her self-revelation in the Third Act was a triumph of spontaneous sincerity. In a less picturesque part Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE was the very mirror of nature. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's mood was one of modest restraint. His rôle lacked the usual prominence, and at times he even seemed to be employing a scheme of protective colouring by which to merge himself in his background. I cannot say whether he got shaken up by his experience with the camel, but I have seldom seen so much subordination of self in an actor-manager. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP was not perhaps allowed so much chance for his particular gift of humour as he could have found use for. Mr. LYSTON LYLE as the bully, *Stephen Ballantyne*, came very near to the achievements of Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, specialist in this kind. The rest of the cast were uniformly good.

I am told that Mr. MASON's latest play is likely to get at the British bosom; and this is good hearing, by whatever unfathomable judgment it is decreed that he should prevail at last after comparative failure with plays whose merits, if not so immediately arresting, were just as sound. For myself I could have wished that he had allowed us a little longer time in India, for he has a nice taste in exotic colouring, and there was an intriguing quality in the scene and circumstance of the First Act that was never quite recovered in the more familiar atmosphere of the Sussex Downs.

O. S.

Extract from your daily breakfast budget (that portion of it which gives you a *résumé* of all the delightful things to be found in the new edition of the immortal work):—

"Volume 20; 'Ode' to 'Payment of Members'; 1620 pages, 21 plates and maps."

The poet seems to have done full justice to his subject.



Foreign Customer (who is trying a horse with the harriers), "FOR ME HE IS NOT. HE GALLOPS NOT ENOUGH."
 Dealer "HE'S A VERY GOOD HUNTER, THOUGH, ISN'T HE?"
 Foreigner. "FOR THE CHASE OF THE RABBIT HE WILL DO, BUT FOR THE FOX CHASE HE IS NOT."

CALENDAR COMFORT.

WORTLEBURY arrived at the office at a quarter to eleven, yawning. He lit a cigarette, glanced through *The Times*, and just as the rest of us were turning our thoughts towards lunch he took off his hat and gloves and sat down at his desk. He surveyed the books and papers with disgust, picked up a pen and nibbled it, and then unhung from the wall a calendar which proclaimed January 9, 1911, and that kind hearts are more than coronets.

"What's to-day?" he asked, idly fingering the calendar.

"Tuesday—nearly Wednesday," I replied. Wortlebury turned it over in his mind. "I mean the date," he said, almost crossly. Somebody handed him a piece of paper and a pencil, and remarking that yesterday was the 6th suggested that he might work out the problem, it would give him something to do to keep him quiet. Wortlebury tore off a bunch of leaves from the calendar until he arrived at February 7. Then he started; it seemed to me that he even blenched.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, and plunging his pen deep into the ink he bent his broad shoulders to the task

of writing on one of the papers on his desk

"Behold! Wortlebury has begun the year's toil," said Pillington

Wortlebury worked on as one possessed. Now and again he glanced timidly at the calendar, only to renew his labours with increased vigour. He waved aside suggestions for lunch. He was not yet ready, he said. He would be taking only twenty minutes. Some people, he added, appeared to be oblivious of the passing of time. Were we conscious of the fact that 37 days of the year had already passed? The precious moments were dying. He assured us that we did not live in this world for ever. Between ourselves he informed us, the announcement on the calendar had shocked him; and made him ashamed. He intended to take only fifteen minutes for his lunch—twenty at the outside.

When we returned, Wortlebury was out. He lounged in at twenty past three, and stood in front of the fire telling us a story he had just heard in Bond Street.

"Yes, but what about the precious moments?" I asked.

"Well," replied Wortlebury, "every cloud has a silver lining and all that

sort of thing, and, do you know, it quite escaped my notice until you'd gone that the calendar also says '327 days to come' So——" He yawned twice, and began to turn the pages of a magazine, humming the while an air from *The Chocolate Soldier*.

Commercial Candour.

From the advertisement of a cure:—

"H— and Rheumatism.
 The names are synonymous."

"A lady (through circumstances) wishes to let part of her well-furnished house."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*

She will live it down.

From a circular:—

"We should be glad if we could interest you in a new non-creaking "Silent Tread" Boot which we have just placed on the market, specially designed to meet the requirements of schoolmasters."

But this is no good at all against judiciously placed walnut shells.

"M. Laurent beat the flying half-mile motor-car record in the 60-h.p. class at Brooklands yesterday by covering the distance at the rate of 169.051 miles an hour."

Manchester Evening News.

Ten years ago one would have thought this rather wonderful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF it should come to pass, after all, that the war is averted and we are able to regard the German once more as a man and a brother, then I hope somebody will have the gratitude to start a public testimonial to Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, in recognition of her contributions to this most desirable end. I know of hardly any other author who can write about Germany and its people with so pleasant and engaging a touch. What has provoked this reflection is a volume of reprinted stories and sketches, with the candid and appropriate title of *Odd Come Shorts* (MILLS AND BOON), because in it occurs a trifling but delightful dialogue—one of a number grouped together as “The Opinions of Angela”—which, properly read, ought in itself to bring about an international understanding. All “The Opinions of Angela,” indeed, are wholly entertaining; though I think Mrs. SIDGWICK was in some uncertainty whether to make her heroine an absolute fool, or not. The *Angela* who recounts her experiences at a bargain sale seems a very different person from the *Angela* who speaks so sanely about a holiday hunt for “the real Germany.” Still, this may really be only another proof of the author's insight into feminine character. Wise or foolish, however, *Angela* furnishes decidedly the most attractive part of a book which is worth reading throughout; even though the three stories that compose the first half are obviously only clever pot-boilers.

When all the heroines of romance are summoned before the bar of a shadowy Aeacus to account for their delinquencies (and they have been so very incautious, some of them) a favourite excuse will be, I should think, to throw the blame on their sponsors, and ask, Well, what could you expect of anyone with a name like this? *Amaza Meeks* is the label which Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has attached to the principal figure in *A Large Room* (HEINEMANN), and even without red hair and the most remarkable combination of mental agility and practical innocence to which I have ever been introduced a girl so styled would have been hounded on to eccentricity. An orphan, and deserted for the time by an unsympathetic stepmother and sisters, *Amaza*, who had never even been to a theatre or restaurant in her life, fell in with *Sir Walter Wintle* (you won't believe it, but she was bending down to look at the stars in street puddles at the time), and the lively hatred with which the authoress has succeeded in inspiring me for this well-preserved *roué* is some testimony to the merits of her story. Indeed you can't help liking *Amaza* and sympathising profoundly with her, even though she didn't say a word to the man whom she married afterwards about this part of her life. Perhaps she had read

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, but in any case her subsequent punishment is quite sufficient to satisfy the moralist. The chief faults that I have to find with *A Large Room* are that it is so difficult to get into (Mrs. DUDENEY's style being best described as a series of spasms), and that, when you do get there, there is not a single nice person barring *Amaza* inside it.

In *My Life's Pilgrimage* (JOHN MURRAY) Mr. CATLING modestly tells a story of strenuous effort successful against disadvantages that by less courageous spirits would have been regarded as insuperable. Without patronage, social standing or generous education, he rose from the printing office to the Editor's Chair. Though his paper was a weekly one, hampered by conditions that limit sale on Sundays, he lived to see it reach a circulation exceeding a million. Full of ideas and energy, dowered by sympathetic proprietors with a fat purse, he sought for contributors of special articles amongst a class not at that time accustomed to be approached by editors. Among others he caught Mr. GLADSTONE with a lordly bribe of £100,

the fee of an article not in length exceeding the ordinary leader. Mr. CATLING enjoyed exceptional opportunity of recording phases of the growth of British Journalism during the last half-century. He has made the most of his opportunity. Not the least interesting chapter in his portly volume is the Introduction, contributed by that other representative journalist, past master of his art, Lord BURNHAM. He was at work in Fleet Street before Mr. CATLING drifted on to the scene. What a book of



Knight (who has recently encountered a wizard). "IT GRIEVES ME MUCH, FAIR LADY, BUT I FEAR I CANNOT ASSIST YOU UNTIL I AM RELIEVED OF THIS BACKWARD SPELL."

remembrances he could present to an eager public if he had prepared and preserved notes! Perhaps he has.

I beg Miss ROSAMOND NAPIER not to interrupt her next story by outbursts of quotation from various poets, and also suggest to her that if nicknames are ever amusing their constant repetition is more than likely to become a weariness. The *Serocolds* were not silly people, but I cannot imagine anything more provoking than the way in which they addressed each other. So far, so captious; for the rest I offer the warmest congratulations to the author of *The Faithful Failure* (DUCKWORTH). In the competition between *Christopher Serocold* and *Max Chinoch* for the love of *Yoë Hope* there is no melodramatic contrast, but a struggle between two good fellows, one of whom adored WAGNER and had more brains than health, while the other sang "*Boney was a Warrior*" at the top of his voice and had more health than brains. In this book Miss NAPIER shows a real appreciation of the influence of Nature upon character, and I feel that she has a most distinct and curious talent which at present is partially hidden under a thin but irritating napkin.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are now asked by the Government to ratify the Declaration of London in the interests of the development of the principles of international agreement. It is feared that no nation will ever try to come to a peaceable arrangement with us again if we should show a determination not to give away our rights.

"It is not the business of a Radical to be satisfied," says Mr. PICKERSGILL, M.P. "If he is satisfied he ceases to be a Radical." He has, in short, become a Minister.

Mr. ASQUITH has denounced Tariff Reform as "the greatest imposture." The PREMIER's definition of an "impostor" is evidently "one who would place an impost on foreign goods."

Two Suffragettes have printed the words, "Votes for Women this Session," in ink on Mr. ASQUITH's doorstep. As the ink is indelible it is thought that the PREMIER will now have to give way.

Out of a total strength of 257,337 non-commissioned officers and men in the Territorial Army, 83,088 are under twenty years of age. This will account for Mr. HALDANE's reference to them the other day as "my children."

We understand that one of the principal difficulties in adopting the proposal for an artistic decoration scheme for the Coronation route is the fear that the famous cream-colour horses might shy at the unfamiliar spectacle.

We cannot help thinking that Miss MARIE CORELL is ill-advised in her decision to become a playwright. We consider that she should have rested satisfied with the thought that the other literary genius connected with Stratford could never have written her novels.

It is announced that the Provincial Legislature of Prince Edward's Island will shortly repeal the present law which prohibits the running of motor vehicles on public roads. But why be in such a desperate hurry? Wait a bit longer, and motor-cars may be superseded by flying-machines.

The London traffic branch of the Board of Trade recommends the construction of 100 miles of new roads leading out of and around the Metropolis. This should greatly assist



OUR BYE-ELECTION.

Candida's. "BUT, 'MY GOOD MAN,' YOU MUST ADMIT YOUR SIDE SETS CLASS AGAINST CLASS."
Voter. "WELL, SPEAKIN' FOR MESELF, I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS 'ERE CLARSE-MAIDED WY, I OFTEN TOPS INTO A 'SECOND' WIV ME WORKMAN'S TICKET!"

the view that London is a delightful place to live out of.

"Whistling is a good thing for the lungs," says *Science Siftings*. "It is said that whistling boys are seldom troubled with bronchitis and pneumonia." But we feel sure that there must be some punishment for them.

We are informed that the production by the British Empire Shakespeare Society of *Love's Labour's Lost* at a moment when Canada is responding to the advances of the United States, is a pure coincidence.

A correspondent has written to *The Express* to say that he lost his

umbrella on a recent visit to Paris, that the loss was mentioned to the Prefect of Police, and that, within a week, the umbrella was returned to its owner in London, with a card on which was printed the single word "Lépine." Frankly, however, we consider that M. Lépine ought never even to have borrowed the umbrella without permission.

"It was a clever goal. Hewitt, after smartly manœuvring the ball, drove a splendid shot obliquely to Whitloun, which the goalkeeper could only deflect with outstretched hands, and before he was again ready Woodhouse had rushed it into the net at the expiration of sixteen minutes."—*Daily Express*.

WOODHOUSE ought to have his licence endorsed for exceeding the speed limit.

THE PARROT REVIVES.

[It is now contended that, if the new Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the States is ratified, the supply of Canadian wheat available for British consumption may be reduced, in which case our food would cost us more.]

BIRD, of whom last week I stated
Death had got you on the hip,
Let me own I antedated
His inexorable grip;

It appears that you contracted just a temporary pip.

Growing daily wan and wanner
With a dull insidious pain—
Once regarded as a goner
You are now yourself again,

Nay, if possible, a little more intelligibly sane.

Like that storied fowl, the Phœnix,
You arise superb and whole,
Stamp my fingers with your free nicks
When I pet you on the poll,

Walk your perch again serenely with the old familiar roll.

Did I say your voice had faltered,
Stricken by the moulting mange?
Wrong! It has but slightly altered,
Suffered but a small key-change

Into something not less strident, something quite as rich
and strange.

And with just the same incision
You will tell us, as before,
With your clear prophetic vision
How our food will cost us more,

Use, indeed, the very diction of the days of dear old yore.

Reciprocity that gave your
Blighted feelings such a blow
Now repairs thō rude behaviour
Which so nearly laid you low,

Lets your mouth resume its *métier*, and restores the
status quo.

Yet, though still your voice unbroken
Keeps its patter, word for word,
You must "cross the floor" in token
That your faith has been transferred;

You have shed your Free Trade plumage; you are now
a Tory bird! O.S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HARROW.

A PAPER ON THE WORKS OF MRS. AMANDA M. ROS.

(With apologies to the Conductors of "At the Sign of the Plough" in
"The Cornhill Magazine.")

1. (a) Describe the ornament belonging to Lady Mattie Maynard found by Lord Gifford. *Answer*: "Composed of every colour . . . and terminating in a cat's face studded with diamonds."

(b) State, in his own words, how he discovered the precise purpose of this ornament. *Answer*: "As I coiled it, I could not fail seeing the word 'garter' worked in emeralds about its centre."

2. How may we infer from a casual remark of Lord Gifford's that he had his doubts as to his cousin's claim to be addressed as "Lady" Mattie? *Answer*: "Lady Mattie (Heaven knows who died, or if anyone died and legacied her the title)."

3. What clue is furnished by the author to the identity

of the well-known Dublin Hotel in which Delina Delaney was ushered, with Lord Gifford, by "dim-wigged footmen, bowing before him," into "the elegance of a large drawing-room, more in keeping with the strides of royalty than the requirements of an humble maiden," where "a low fire burned beyond a rug of horny beauty"? *Answer*: "That famous hotel whose Shell burns with a raging heat."

4. Who "instantly picked up the deeply flavoured cigar" which Lord Gifford "cast from him, when nearing an inch or so of its death," in "Antrim's busy capital"? *Answer*: "A stout-lunged newsboy or beggar editor of a penny birdie weekly."

5. How did Lord Gifford "dress himself fully in London's proud fashion"? *Answer*: By "basking his slender extremities in velvet slippers with heels of stiff crimson morocco."

6. Give some description of the sunset witnessed by Lord Gifford while "he sipped unaccompanied by the merest edible." *Answer*: "Golden plumes and arms of cloud, that shone like stacks of fire upon the western rim of the horizon, grew grey and died in a death-pail."

7. In what words did he recognise the body of "Miss Fontaine" as that of his cousin? *Answer*: "O God, it is true! This is my cousin, Lady Mattie Maynard! She had six toes on her right foot!"

8. How did Sir John Dunfern behave on discovering that his wife Irene (*née* Iddesleigh) had, after eloping to America with her "noble and well-learned tutor," Oscar Otwell, gone through a form of marriage with him in that country? *Answer*: "He at once sent for his solicitors, Messrs. Hutchinson and Harper, and ordering his will to be produced, demanded there and then that the pen of persuasion be dipped into the ink of revenge and spread thickly along the paragraph of blood-related charity to blank the intolerable words that referred to the woman he was now convinced, beyond doubt, had braved the bridge of bigamy."

9. Did Oscar Otwell's advertisement in the leading journals for a situation meet with any response? *Answer*: No. "It was treated with muffled silence, so much so that after a month's daily appealing to a praiseworthy public, the result proved a decided failure."

10. In what manner did Irene betray her emotion after reading the letter Oscar wrote to her before committing suicide? *Answer*: "Folding the letter, and handing it to the officers . . . Mrs. Otwell quietly moved again to the breakfast-room, and, strange to say, finished her meal in silence."

11. "The wings of love and lasting strength Shall flap above his hollow bed." On whose tomb were these lines "carefully cut in gilded letters"? *Answer*: "On Sir John Dunfern's."

12. In what terms did Sir John Dunfern's son and heir, Sir Hugh, rebuke his erring mother? *Answer*: "Woman of sin and stray companion of tutorism."

In the opinion of *Mr. Punch* the best sets of answers were received from Mrs. Harris, c/o Mrs. S. Gamp, Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, and — Brooks, Esq. (of Sheffield). A cheque for one thousand guineas has been sent to each of these competitors. F. A.

"Upon the point of elasticity, the explanations forthcoming were most convincing, for it was clearly shown to the satisfaction of practically all the members present that by embedding steel in concrete the elasticity of the concrete was increased ten times, although, of course, concrete had, of itself, no elasticity."—*Olevedon Mercury*.

Ten times nothing is nothing. Most convincing.



THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Young Unionist Party (to Old Unionist Party). "COME ON OUT, MOTHER, WE SHALL NEVER GET ANYWHERE IN THIS. LET'S TAKE A TAXI."

[A Committee has been formed for the purpose of renovating the present Unionist Organization.]





SLEEPING SICKNESS IN ESSEX.

("At a meet of the Essex Foxhounds at Ongar, Mr. CECIL EDIE was in the act of mounting his horse when it rolled over on him and broke his leg. It is believed the horse was asleep."—*Daily Mirror*.)

MR. PUNCH'S HUNTING CORRESPONDENT, BEING UNFORTUNATELY UNABLE TO INVESTIGATE THE MATTER ON THE SPOT, SENDS A SKETCH OF WHAT HE IMAGINES A MEET OF THE ESSEX HOUNDS MAY BE LIKE.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

[Why are all the Articles on Shopping written by women for women? Let's have one for men too, written by a man.]

TURBOT AND GLADSTONE'S.

AT Turbot and Gladstone's is a fine display of smoking materials. Tobacco not only in the ounce but the pound; cigarettes of various sizes and names; some very fanciful pipes of briar and meerschaum; pouches, and all the other necessaries of the smoker's life. Inside I found that the promise of the window was fulfilled, an even greater profusion of the divine weed and its adjuncts being visible. I was fortunate in securing a box of excellent matches before they could be snapped up by anyone else, while in exchange for sixpence I obtained no fewer than four really remarkable cigars, highly finished and rolled in a way that reminded me of a St. James's Street umbrella.

AT VICTORIA STATION.

Looking in at the first-class booking-office at Victoria (close to Gorrings's) I was struck by the profusion of tickets

to be obtained there at all prices from threepence upwards. After a long consideration I selected a white one for Brighton and back, which cost me ten shillings, but was well worth the money. I was amused by an old gentleman next to me, who preferred a very crude green article for Portsmouth; but a nice sense of colour is, of course, one of the rarest of gifts.

IN TAILOR LAND.

No one passing down Savile Row can fail to be favourably impressed by the windows of the numerous tailors. The delicate-meshed blinds, through which nothing can be seen from without and everything from within, lend to this thoroughfare a sobriety that makes it a curious contrast with, say, Oxford Street. The trained male mind is, however, aware that on the other side of these obstacles are a great store of trousering material, suitable not only for home but abroad, not only for winter but summer, which busy hands are only too ready to convert into garments for the covering of the masculine leg. Here also are coats and vests and overcoats

and jackets similarly in embryo. Let no one, therefore, neglect Savile Row and its neighbourhood.

THE MONOPOLE SALOON.

For anyone who likes wines and spirits I can cordially recommend the saloon lounge at the Monopole, where a remarkable assortment is kept, and in all shades, from the ghostly pallor of unsweetened gin to the purple richness of old port. After trying a considerable number I came to the conclusion that the faint yellow of the champagne shot with gay sparkles was one of the most satisfactory hues. At an American bar are a number of mixed beverages with quaint and perplexing names, all of which are worth attention. I purchased some few shillings' worth before a sudden dizziness brought my day's shopping to a close.

"Wanted, velvet stole and muff, feather and fur sets ditto, small gas stove, R.C. Church Service and rosary, beaver toque."—*Advt. in "The Lady."*

There are still one or two other things she wants before she can set up house.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Mrs. JEREMY'S face grew more and more startled as she read the indictment to herself at breakfast. She cast a glance of loathing at the innocent piece of bread in front of her, shuddered and pushed the plate away.

"Dear," she said earnestly, looking up from her paper, "we must get some Standard Bread in at once."

"Bread," said Jeremy, looking up from his. "Certainly, dear." He pulled the board towards him and cut a large slice. "Your bread," he remarked, and held it out to her.

She looked up again in surprise and, seeing the bread, shrieked.

"I didn't ask for it, Jeremy. In fact I simply daren't touch it now. Doesn't it say anything about it in your paper?"

"What's the matter with it?" said Jeremy, taking an immense bite. "It's ordinary bread."

"It's Poison."

"Then I think you might have said so before. I've been eating it steadily for half-an-hour." He got up with dignity and stood in front of the fire. "At least you could have saved me that last bite. Doctors will tell you that it is always the last bite which is fatal. We'd better have Baby down. She might like to say good-bye to me."

"Don't be absurd. It can't really be as bad as that. Only haven't you noticed anything about the bread? I can't bear it. It suddenly seems horrid to me."

"What is there to notice in bread? I always notice if I haven't got any, and sometimes I notice if you haven't got any, but—"

"Well, there's too much starch in it, the paper says."

"That accounts for it," said Jeremy, feeling a piece. "I thought it was simply stale. Well, tell them not to put so much in next week."

"There isn't going to be a next week. We're going to start Standard Bread to-day. You're going out on your bicycle to buy some. You'll have to go to Hillborough—they'll never have it in the village."

Jeremy prowled round the room in search of his tobacco, found it, filled his pipe, and returned to the hearth-rug.

"What is Standard Bread?" he asked between puffs.

"You won't ask when you've once eaten it. It does you twice as much good as this stuff. I'm longing to try it."

"But how is it different from this stuff?"

"It contains," said his wife, who

knew it by heart now, "at least eighty per cent. of the whole wheat, including the germ and the semolina."

"Including what?" said Jeremy sharply.

"The germ and the semolina."

"Oh!" He paused for a moment.

"I'm not at all sure that I like germs," he announced.

"These aren't those germs, dear," said Mrs. Jeremy soothingly. "These won't hurt you at all."

"I don't see how you know that. Besides, it's very easy to make a mistake with germs. They're tricky little things, I can tell you. The baker may think he's putting in quite a harmless one, a slight cold or something of that sort, and then, just while he's turning round for the semolina, in hops a diphtheria germ looking as innocent as you please. And, anyhow, that reminds me—I loathe semolina. We've been married two years, and you ought to know that I always refuse semolina."

Mrs. Jeremy walked over and patted his head gently.

"We'll just try a loaf, and if you don't like it—"

"If I don't like it I shall live entirely on nuts. You've unnerved me. I've been eating bread—except for a few months at the start—for nearly thirty years, and now you tell me suddenly that it's poison; and that unless I include eighty germs and the whole of the semolina—"

"There, there, get on your bicycle like a good boy and go into Hillborough. I know Cobb won't have it here."

Jeremy grumbled, jumped on to his bicycle and rode off. Having arrived at the baker's he walked firmly in and gave his order.

"I want," he said, "a loaf of Standard Bread."

"Standard bread, Sir?"

"Yes. There's a lot about it in one of the papers. *The Standard*, I suppose. It's a new loaf that they've invented."

"We never see the papers, 'cept a Sunday."

"To-day's Wednesday—that's awkward. We can't wait. But, after all, you're a baker; you oughtn't to want to look up things about bread in papers. It's different for me."

"What's it like?"

"I've never seen any. As far as I am informed it's just like ordinary bread, only it has to contain eighty per cent. of something which I have just forgotten." He put his hand to his head and thought. "Wait—wait—it's coming back. Microbe and tapioca . . . microbe and tapioca . . . mi—"

"Whatever—"

"No, it isn't actually that, but that's

what I remember it by. Ah, now I've got it!" He cleared his throat impressively. "It's got to include the germ and the semolina. And the semolina, mind. Now does that convey anything to you?"

The man scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Maybe I'm wrong about the paper that invented it," said Jeremy. "Now I think of it we don't take in *The Standard*. My wife takes in somebody's *Home Dressmaker*, but it wouldn't be that. And *The Times* still only sells books. How about *Black and White* bread?"

The man scratched his head again, pulled down a dark loaf and suggested it hopefully.

"Well," said Jeremy, "some people might call it merely brown, but I suppose it's near enough. Thank you. I'll take it with me. I've got a bicycle outside."

Mrs. Jeremy received him joyfully, but her face fell when she saw the loaf.

"Why, that's brown bread," she cried.

"Only where it fell off the bicycle," said Jeremy.

"And inside too," said Mrs. Jeremy, cutting it open. "Ordinary brown bread."

"That's the germ," said Jeremy. "They're all brown this year. Gregarious little beggars—just like sheep the way they follow each other. Simply no individuality."

"I wonder if brown bread is all right." She broke a piece off and nibbled at it. "It is ordinary brown bread."

"Is that poison too?"

"I—I don't know."

"Then let's ask cook—she knows everything . . . Oh, cook," Jeremy went on bravely, "about this new bread we're all talking of now—"

"I was just going to ask you, mum," said cook, wiping her hands on her apron. "Did you both like it? Cobb sent up a loaf to-day—"

"Darling," said Jeremy to his wife, as he put his arm round her waist and led her to the baby's cradle, "let us all sing something together. Father is not poisoned. He lives. The family is re-united and goes on."

"I knew there was something funny about that bread," said Mrs. Jeremy. The baby said nothing—only smiled.

A. A. M.

"IMPROVER, 19. Good shaver, fair hair-cutter."—*Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."*

He must go on improving until he can cut dark hair.

THE FALSE STEP.

SHE was rich. She was beautiful. She was charming. She liked me.

I had only arrived in Switzerland the day before. I had found the men in the hotel prostrate at her feet. I had gazed at her and sighed bitterly. What chance had I?

This was our fourth dance together. We sat it out. Not even the angry stare of her legitimate partner could mar my happiness, any more than the merry laugh of my legitimate partner could ease his misery.

We had known each other but a few hours, and yet already we spoke of the deep things of life—of the things which matter—and not of the floor, the weather, or the elusive snow. We spoke of our inmost personalities. I told her of my hopes, ambitions, and ideals (a subject on which I have inside information), and she, in return, lifted the veil for me and showed me her true thoughts and laughed scornfully at the mask she turned to other men.

"How rarely one meets a fellow-creature with whom one can be absolutely natural," she said pensively. "How nice it would be if one could always speak the truth. One gets so tired of the daily lie and common sham."

"Not lies," I protested. "I hate liars. They are so untrustworthy. You are a woman that any man would trust implicitly."

"'Lies' is a strong word," she laughed, "but, apart from their untruthfulness, they may at times be positive virtues. For instance, supposing a man were to hand me my coffee two seconds ahead of the cup. If I were truthful I should say, 'Miserable reptile, do you realise that coffee stains detract from the wearing value of blue satin?' As it is I say, 'Oh, it's only an old skirt. It doesn't matter a bit, thank you. Run along and see if you can get me some more coffee before it all goes. Thanks so much.'"

"You are an angel," I murmured.

"No, an angel would wait there till he arrived with that second cup, but I don't! I never run unnecessary risks. Also I carefully avoid him in future."

"Serve him right."

"Moreover," she continued, "when angels say, 'Oh, it doesn't matter a bit, thank you,' they probably mean it. They aren't longing to scratch the man's eyes out all the time! Isn't that the band?"

"May I have another dance later?" I pleaded.

She glanced at her programme. "I'll give you the one after this. *Au revoir.*"

I watched her as I waltzed, and



Customer (wanting change for a sovereign and finding the bar-tender short of cash, to follow customer). "CAN YOU OBLIGE ME, SIR?"

Tragedian ("resting"). "No, SIR, I REGRET I CANNOT; BUT, AT THE SAME TIME, I THANK YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT."

thought rapturously of my next dance. I knew not whether I revolved on my head or my heels or my partner's toes. What mattered *this* dance! It but filled in the time till I should be with her again. Slowly we caught them up. Heavens! what a neck!—and was there ever such shimmering wavy hair?

Sc-r-r-r-r-r-rrh!

She stopped to gather the torn skirt in her left hand and then turned towards me. "It doesn't matter a bit, thanks," she said.

I sought her for the next dance, but she was sitting with her legitimate partner. "Yes, the floor is lovely, isn't it?" she was saying. "I wonder if we are ever going to get any snow."

"FOR SALE. Grey Flea-bitten gelding. Apply to D. E. Keatinge."—*Pioneer.*

The right man in the right place.

MISPLACED.

A 'BUS conductor I have met
Is ever full of vain regret.

He punches tickets very well
And sounds a husky little bell.

He really is extremely nice;
I don't suppose he has a vice.

He's never rude or rough or snappy,
And yet somehow he looks unhappy.

His secret is, it would appear,
An uncongenial career.

In early youth I understand
He wanted to conduct a band;

Instead of which—'tis ever thus—
He now conducts a motor 'bus.

His Second Time on Earth.

"Personally I'd rather be born poor than a millionaire, and I have some experience in both directions."—*Mr. Andrew Carnegie.*

THE DEGENERACY OF BOYS.

My morning paper recently informed me that "Mr. Charles Thellusson yesterday presented to the museum of a new school at Woodlands, near Doncaster, a birch which, he explained, he stole when he was a boy at Eton." Something might be said as to Mr. Thellusson's position before the law. *Nullum tempus occurrit regi*, and it is possible that the governing body of Eton might, if they cared, institute a successful prosecution against Mr. Thellusson for the dashing offence he committed, let us say, some thirty years ago. They might also, perhaps, recover the dreadful trophy from the museum of Woodlands School by means of a civil action—but I don't suppose they will trouble themselves in either case.

What startles me, however, about this announcement is not so much the confession of Mr. Thellusson as the implication that a birch is now fit only for a museum—that, in short, the manners of our boys are now so mild that birches are not required for their traditional purpose, but may be placed in a glass case and reserved for the inspection and wonder of the curious, together with the headsmen's axe and the thumbscrews and the rack—instruments rendered useless by the refinement of the age in which we are fortunate enough to live. Has the birch come to this? I wonder.

But even if it were proved that the birch is still, if I may say so, in full swish all over the land wherever sound knowledge is laboriously driven into the heads of young males we should not be able to stop the lamentations of boisterous and patriotic old gentlemen, who are always ready to "tell you what, Sir, the Country is going to the dogs, Sir. They don't flog boys now, Sir, as you and I used to be flogged. And what's the result, Sir? I'll tell you, Sir: a miserable lot of molly-coddles, Sir. No manliness in the whole lot of 'em. Girls, Sir, that's what they're being turned into. Don't talk to me about brains, Sir. Give me a boy who can take a flogging, Sir. You and I, Sir, didn't bother about brains, and we've not done so badly—hey?" And thereupon he will proceed to wonder why the Yankees and the Germans are getting ahead of us everywhere, and will say some very severe things about Free Trade.

For my part I am convinced that the soaring human boy is at this moment much the same sort of jolly little barbarian as he has always been. Probably he is better cared for and better fed than he used to be, but he still uses catapults, inks his fingers, spoils his clothes and provides temporary resting-places for the birch in the old traditional fashion. I have not yet come across the fork with which you can drive his nature out of him. Modern schoolmasters may take his temperature, but they can't prevent him taking tips or, in fact, any sort of present that may be offered to him; and it still takes wild horses to drag him to the point of expressing his gratitude for gifts in writing. "My dear Aunt," wrote one little fellow, "thanks awfully (blot) for the beautiful present it is just what I wanted we have had a jolly Christmas except for the beastly letter writing with love from Herbert."

This was a boy aged ten. At an age slightly more advanced the distaste for pen and ink begins to be modified. Here is a letter from a boy of fourteen, describing his first day's shooting:—My dear Grandpa, you may like to know how I've been getting on with my shooting, well the first day I didn't get a shot though I tramped through

turnips all the morning. On Tuesday I went out again and we soon put up a covey of 15, I lost my head completely and loosed off both barrels at once about ten yards behind the last bird, we picked them up again 3 minutes later and having taken aim till it was out of range I hurt my finger in trying to pull the trigger when it was half cocked. Then we came on to birds again and I dropped the bird behind the one I was aiming at, but five minutes after I dropped another by a much better shot, afterwards I got two more and returned home carrying two brace by a string round their necks." For a sporting frankness which extenuates nothing this letter cannot be beaten. There isn't a word about the cartridge hanging fire or the sun being in the shooter's eyes.

Here finally is a Homeric letter written by an English boy in the French language from an English School, and addressed to the French governess of some little girl-friends:—*Chère Mademoiselle, j'espère que vous vous portez bien. Excusez moi de ne pas avoir mit votre nom sur l'enveloppe car je ne le sais pas. Aujourd'hui un de nos garçons qui avait 16 ans ma enuyer un peut de trop alor je lui aie dit venez vous battre avec moi, mais il était occupé. Je ne pouvait pas lui trouver après ceci. Alor à la fin je lui ai fait descendre dans le Changing Room. Il y avait beaucoup de garçons pour nous voir. Le premier tour je lui ai fait saigner la machoire, alor nous nous sommes reposés pour quelques minutes. Tout les garçons crient 'Depeche tois ça sera fini en quelques minutes, mais il criait 'ma macheroire me fait trop mal.' Mais après un peu de temp nous recomençons notre bataille, cette fois je lui fait saigner le nez et je coupe sa levre. Maintenant nous avons finis et il dit 'Soyez amis, soyez amis avec moi!' Maintenant il mombete plus. Avec beaucoup d'amour pour vous tous votre petit ami Charles." On the whole I think we may make our minds easy about the degeneracy and the effeminacy of boys. Indeed I am not at all sure that the birches won't have to come out of their museums.*

R. C. L.

A PLAINTIVE HEIR.

Our Special Interpreter sends us the following expressions of opinion given by the infant Viscount MILTON respecting the celebrations attending his christening.

"I am sorry to say," remarked his Lordship severely, "that the proceedings were arranged without my being consulted, and that I cannot regard them as satisfactory. You would think, would you not, that any celebrations on my behalf would be such that I could be permitted to share in them. As a matter of fact, except for the christening, I took practically no part in the show.

"Under these circumstances I think you will admit that some bitterness is permissible. I do not wish for one moment to cast reflection upon the wisdom of my dear Father and Mother, yet I still think it singular that my every wish, upon such a day, should have been thwarted.

"I asked, quite humbly, that I might be allowed to eat the roasted ox. The request was refused. When I desired to taste a portion of the pink part of my own christening cake, my demands were silenced with milk, of which I am already growing more than weary. Instead of being permitted to indulge in the simple pleasures of the swing-boats and steam roundabouts, I was not permitted to enjoy a single moment's liberty; and they didn't let off the fireworks until I was fast asleep in the far wing.

"I understand that I shall be given another large party when I am twenty-one. You may take it from me that I shall insist upon different treatment then."

THE FOOTER MART.

IN ANTICIPATION OF THE NEWSPAPER OF 1921.

[The Daily Mail lately proclaimed in startling headlines that a Football Player had been sold for £1,800, and went on to point out that this was a record and represented a price of about twelve guineas per pound (avoirdupois).]

Successful Auction.

MESSRS. RAMSDEN AND PLUNK held their monthly auction at the Footer Mart yesterday afternoon when some attractive lots visited the block, resulting in a good attendance. The sale was advertised for two o'clock precisely, and when Mr. Joseph Ramsden mounted the rostrum a few minutes later cries of "Yah-Taddy-Yah-Yah" and "Gee-Gee-Gee" predominated, indicating the rival interests represented. Mr. Joseph kicked off by saying that the present occasion would be eagerly watched by exponents throughout the world, and he hoped that buyers would not under-estimate the importance of the lots he was to have the honour of putting up that day. He reminded his hearers that although the record of 52 guineas per pound had not been touched that season the state of the market plainly indicated that bigger money would be wanted before long. (Cheers.)

The lots were then put up. Pounds avoirdupois unless otherwise stated.

Lot 1. *Charles Tinker*.—Aged. Bought Sheffield United, May, 1919, 17½ gns. Centre Forward. Lot withdrawn after 11 gns. had been bid.

The Club will do well to put this lot on the field once or twice before offering him, as there was an impression among experts that he had not regained form after the accident of being forgotten last month by the Club Secretary who left him in the Cloak Room at King's Cross for five days.

Lot 2. *Four Novices* (names not given).—Apprenticed combination players, Denton Whoopers. No records. 12s. 9d. (Ventnor Incurables). This was a poor lot. We think the Denton Whoopers are ill advised in adopting the American fashion of shaving the scalp and cropping the ears of their players.

Lot 3. *Bert Brummles*.—27. Full back. Bought Tottenham Hotspurs 1918. 26 gns. Wind defective. No bids.

Lot 4. "*Captain Crumbs*."—Aged. It was a surprise to many that this well-known player should appear again on the block so soon, but it is understood that



First Farmer. "WHAT BE THEY COMIN' TWO TOGETHER FOR?"

Second Farmer. "LIKELY BECAUSE IT'S GITTIN' LATE AND THEY WANT TO FINISH."

there was something wrong with the purchase money a fortnight ago, the owners of "Captain Crumbs" claiming that he had always been knocked down at pounds troy in compliment to his small size. "Captain Crumbs" is four feet five with a forty-seven inch chest measurement, and is nearer sixty than fifty. He has little executive value, his money being due to his eccentric antics on the field which draw big gates. His popularity shows no signs of waning. Forward. Bought Trafford Creepers 1917, 28 gns. troy; 28½ gns. troy (Bramham Maulers).

Lot 5. *James Tagg*.—27. Considerable interest was evinced when this lot was put up, as it was his first public appearance since he

booted the Dalston referee, and there was no lack of electricity in the air when it was seen that a good fight would result. The lot finally fell to Mr. Postlethwaite, buyer to the Malton Murderers, the immediate runners-up being the Langdale Bodysnatchers and the Palethorpe Ghosts. The price however indicates that in the excitement of the engagement bidders overlooked the fact that this lot has been putting on flesh while in prison and buyers are therefore paying for a quantity of superfluous blubber which cannot be used and must be got rid of before James takes the field. Right Wing. Bought Mowbray Crashers 1919, 22½ gns.; 38 gns. (Malton Murderers).



Host. "HAVE A CIGARETTE, OLD MAN?"

Guest. "NO, THANKS—I'VE CHUCKED SMOKING—TOO EFFEMINATE, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Lot 6. *Korean Chungs*.—The room was crowded when Mr. Fred Plunk himself accepted the *bâton* from Mr. Joseph and took command. This was probably the first occasion upon which an imported team has been knocked down in one lot, and the circumstances are remarkable. After the fiasco at the Crystal Palace when, in its first match, the team was beaten by the Tottenham Hotspurs who secured twenty-eight goals before the referee stopped the proceedings at half-time, the team played a series of matches against second-rate amateur clubs and girls' schools with indifferent success, and Mr. Plunk was therefore fully justified in offering the lot at lump weight. Bidding was slow, and the lot was knocked down at £3 7s. 4d. for the lump, to a gentleman from the Japanese Legation. The lot comprised sixteen details (two

crippled), and the weight was given as one ton.

The proceedings then terminated. During the afternoon some attention was drawn by the presence of the American lot Silas P. Sago, which, though catalogued, was not put up, it being understood that he had been acquired privately by a firm of Wall Street Agents. Silas was in the cage which has secured him since the fiasco at Messrs. Wiltshire's sale when he laid out the Auctioneer with a hefty clip in the ribs, and the character of this player was well established during the afternoon by his reaching through the bars and presenting a bystander with a thick ear.

We are glad to see that our old friend Mr. George Slaver has brought off another of his coups. Last August he picked up Alf. Dickinson at £40 (lump weight), Alf being in a very low way and not expected to take the field again. Mr. Slaver however sent him to his cure establishment at Homburg, and we understand that when this lot comes to

the block next week he is expected to touch his highest previous figure—viz., 28½ gns. per lb. We congratulate Mr. Slaver on his well-merited success.

"Melilla.—The garrison is preparing to give General Toutée the insignel of the grand crow of military merit."—*Le Progrès*.

The General should escape while there is yet time.

"Diggle did nearly all the scoring in the afternoon, but Gray turned the tables on him in the evening."—*Daily Mirror*.

We cannot regard this as a sportsman-like form of revenge.

"An economical mother can make from the upper part of a pair of pants that have been hand-knitted a very cosy skirt for a baby petticoat, and a bodice can be cut from the unworn portions of the leg. If this is not dainty enough for the home baby, it will at least make a really sensible addition to the charity parcel."—*Daily Sketch*.

Some baby or other has jolly well got to wear it, after we've taken all this trouble.



THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

PARIS (to London). "GLAD THEY'RE NOT GOING TO SPOIL YOUR CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES FOR A HA'PORTH OF OLD BRICKS. WE NEVER STOP FOR THINGS LIKE THAT."





THE COMING SOCIETY CRAZE. "FIRST A'D" AT HOMES. INSTRUCTION COMBINED WITH ENTERTAINMENT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Thursday, Feb. 16.—Since he was gazetted out of active service on account of perennial youth, CHARLIE BERESFORD has taken to cruising across the lobby, up and down the corridors, in a pair of felt slippers several sizes too large, working his way to win'ard with assistance of stout stick.

"What is this?" I asked, never missing opportunity to inform my mind. "Is it the undress uniform of a paid-off Admiral?"

"No, Toby dear boy, it's gout. I should like to use an adjective. Have tried one or two; found them no better than other forms of medicines; so refrain from further doses."

Hard lines coming immediately on being shelved at time of life when still in prime mentally and, bar transient attack of gout, physically. Happily nothing clouds CHARLIE'S cheerfulness. Comforts himself with reflection that he will have undivided leisure now to look after affairs of State and see that Navy is kept up to two-keel standard.

Lengthened life and fuller experience do not increase his respect for Lords of the Admiralty of whatsoever degree. Was one himself for a couple of years, so ought to know. Following on formation of the MARKISS'S first Administration, they made him Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. But he didn't care for the ship. One day they brought round in ordinary course of things an estimate of certain expenditure with request that he would sign it.

"Sign it!" cried the LORD COMMISSIONER, hailing the trembling emissary as if he were at the other end of the wharf. "Why, I don't know anything about it. First I've seen of the figures."

Politely explained that it was all a matter of form. Regulations required document should be signed by one of the Lords of Admiralty and CHARLIE had happened to be near at hand. He was obdurate in refusal, and another official, equally uninformed but more pliable, put his name to the paper, which in due course appeared in Navy Estimates.

As soon as he was "unmuzzled," like Mr. G. at Manchester in the Sixties,

CHARLIE came down to House and in Committee on Navy Estimates moved an Amendment. It was terse and to the point. "The allocation of authority at the Admiralty," so it ran, "requires entire reform."

Remember two yarns CHARLIE spun in illustration of his thesis. One told how a Lord of the Admiralty, receiving account of disaster to a ship, couched in technical terms familiar on the quarter-deck and in the gun-room, thought it was bad language, and penned a minute gravely censuring the Captain guilty of the imagined indiscretion.

Another story related to a civilian Lord whom the House thought it recognised. News reached Admiralty of a ship's crew being cast away on small island in the Pacific. Looking over chart, and finding that a cruiser homeward bound had, according to admission made in ship's log, passed the island distant by only two inches' space on the chart, he indignantly wanted to know why the Captain hadn't looked in and brought the men off.

As CHARLIE explained to delighted

Committee, the two inches' space marked on the chart represented a distance of 4,000 miles at sea.

These are frivolities. Let us not forget or fail to recognise that behind a smiling countenance CHARLIE BERESFORD has through a period of thirty years cherished and pursued a serious purpose. To few men more directly than to him is due awakening of Ministerial mind and public conscience to necessity of keeping the British Navy at a standard of strength and efficiency calculated to safeguard the Empire in time of peril.

Business Done.—Time of Private Members up to Easter appropriated for Parliament Bill.

Friday, 17th.—Address out of the way, are settling down to real work of Session. Labour Members approach it with pleased consciousness that whatever may happen they have had themselves photographed in a group seated in their accustomed quarter below Gangway on Ministerial side. Here was missed, not for the first time, the skilful art, the tireless energy of SIR BENJAMIN STONE. During his long honourable service as Member for East Birmingham, he photographed everything and nearly everybody connected with House. Never thought of doing the Labour Members. In his absence they had recourse to operator with flash-light, an agency which gave a curiously spectral look to the face and figure of "MABON," just back from Buckingham Palace, where he had been invested with the high, well-earned dignity of Privy Councillor.

Incident attracted much interest. Example likely to be followed by other sections. The Welsh Members are thinking of having a turn. ELLIS GRIFFITHS, new Leader, sounded on subject, has intimated that if affair comes off he shall have no objection to appear with a harp in his hand and a bardic wreath bound about his manly brow. The Scotch Members not likely to be left out of a good thing. We may presently be able to enrich our albums with photographs, cabinet size, displaying EUGENE WASON at the head of his clan, wearing the kilt and hugging the pibroch.

With object of making fuller study of the effect of new departure in Parliamentary procedure, pressure is being brought to bear on PRIME MINISTER to induce him to authorise copies of the Labour Members' photographs to be circulated with the Votes.

Business Done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

Our Persian Policy—"Koweit and See."

AT THE PLAY.

"ALL THAT MATTERS."

THE title is a breezy rendering of the motto, "*Quid cetera prosunt?*" You might think it meant the world well lost for love or honour or the saving of a soul. Not at all. Something much more solid is thrown in, as you may see from the arms that go with the legend and symbolise peace and plenty in addition to a woman's love. So the motto is not so very splendid. And I couldn't find that it had much relation to the facts of the play. For the hero, though he gets his woman's love in the end, is not likely to have much "peace" with it, to judge from her uncertain and vixenish behaviour;



Hyde (passionately). "I've got her, Pacy, I've got her! (*Aside*) Pray Heaven the boat comes pretty soon; I can't bear it much longer."

Olive Kimber . . . Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.

Allan Hyde . . . Mr. NORMAN TREVOR.

and I see no prospect of "plenty" for him if he does no better than he did with his farm, which was always in a rotten state.

So much for the title. The play itself contains a few well-observed characters and a patch or two of idealism, but its scheme is of the most artificial and improbable. There never seems to be any good reason for anything that happens. A fatuous female, belonging to a party of Cockney trippers, tripping in Dorset, is inspired for no reason in the world to write an anonymous postcard to a local squire suggesting that he should marry the daughter of a local yeoman. The girl loves another, and for no particular reason concludes that he wrote the post card. Having already quarrelled with him, on the silly pretext that he had neglected his farm because his thoughts were always with her, she

now consents to yield to the advances of the squire, who, instead of being put off, as you might expect, by the anonymous missive, admits that it helped to confirm him in his original designs upon her.

At times the action went with a very halting movement. People always seemed to be wanting to get off the stage and unable to. The audience, eager to speed them into the wings, was impotent. If it was an interior, then a door got in the way; if it was a cave, then the rising tide detained them; and if they were on the top of a down, with nothing to stay their departure, still they stuck.

What attraction the play provided was due to the fine performances of some of the secondary characters. Mr. FISHER WHITE made a noble shepherd, whose dignity had an excellent foil in the frivolous vulgarity of the trippers. But in the last Act he seemed to grow tired of his own voice, and the audience agreed with him. Mr. WARBURTON gave an admirable study of a Scotch agent. But the most remarkable character-sketch was that of Miss HELEN HAYE as the yeoman's wife. With rather colourless material she did wonderful things. Miss NEILSON-TERRY, as the heroine, had an uncongenial part, in which a great deal of arbitrary conduct was required of her. Gaiety and tenderness are the qualities that belong to such youth as hers, and she had little chance of exhibiting either. One traced signs of incipient staginess in her manner, a tendency that is bound to develop if more discretion is not used in the choice of the right parts for her.

Mr. NORMAN TREVOR worked conscientiously as the lover, and seemed to think out everything very carefully before he said it. But it was a lifeless and ligneous part. As for Mr. LYALL SWETE, who ought always to be an old professor or some sort of detached antiquity, being gifted by nature with a voice that would be the making of a don, he was, of course, an absurd selection for the character of a squire.

The trippers, though they were dragged in rather wantonly, were attractive till we had had too much of them. There was one who kept on saying, "That's quite right," and she was a great source of joy to me.

Everybody did his best for the play, but I cannot predict any great profit for the Haymarket. "All that matters" is not gold; it is a rough lump of quartz, with here and there a streak of precious metal, in the proportion of about ten pennyweight to the ton, hardly enough to repay the labour of crushing. O. S.



FAMILY PRIDE.

Girl. "MY FARVER ONCE BROKE IN A SHOP AND PINCHED A DIAMOND BROOCH!"
Policeman's Son. "THAT AIN'T NUFFIN'. MY FARVER PINCHED 'IM!"

ART IN THE BATHROOM.

[“Tiled paper is the most universal wall treatment of the average bathroom. There are many tiled papers to be found, among them one with sea-gulls skimming across it at intervals, fish swimming in the sea, and clouds, waves, and flying birds.”—*The Evening News.*]

At eventide I love to lie at gaze,
 Wallowing while the calid water wets me,
 And idly watch (provided that the hazo
 Subtly composed of steam and soap-suds lets me)
 The sea-gulls and the jelly-fish and all
 The jolly things that deck my bathroom wall.
 It makes me think of those delightful dips
 I mean to have this year in far-off August,
 With gentle wavelets lapping round my hips
 And sunshine beating on me, and no raw gust
 To shake my courage with its bitter sting
 And counsel me to shirk the beastly thing.
 I turn the tap and conjure up the scene
 What time I let some more hot water trickle:
 Old Ocean shall be bright with silver sheen,
 And Zephyrs for the nonce shall not be fickle,
 While flying birds and swimming fish and such
 Mere odds and ends shall add their pleasing touch.
 The prospect charms—but that’s at eventide,
 When prospects have a knack of looking rosy.

Next morning comes and spreads a frost outside,
 And things begin to look a lot more prosy.
 Moreover, men who like their water hot
 Are never optimistic when it’s not.

So, while I take the Briton’s brutal tub
 And view the scene of cloud and fin and feather,
 I call to mind (yes, there’s the wretched rub!)
 Last summer’s bathes in diabolic weather;
 Then do I murmur sadly, “Hope is vain;
 Things will be just as rotten once again.”

A Barbed Wire.

“NAPLES. The man suspected to be ‘Peter the Painter’ has been identified as—Reuter.”—*Milford Evening News.*

Well might they put in that dash; for assuredly it is a great shock to find our old friend Reuter mixed up in this kind of thing.

“Other speeches followed, and finally walked in procession to the new building.”—*Eastern Evening News.*

These are what are known as moving speeches.

“He had noticed the moment he read the letter that the line should have been ‘O wihl praetentio referal si Jupiter annos,’ instead of beginning, ‘O di praetentios,’ etc.”—*Evening Times.*

Of course, of course. Now it all comes back to us.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

THE MULL-KLAW WEDDING.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

I HAVE just returned from witnessing the most superb scenic happening in the whole annals of the New World.

The wedding of Miss Mélisande Semiramis Klaw to the Marquis of Mull was solemnised to-day at the First Church of Rarer Thought, Flatbush Avenue, Dr. van Pelt Blotters officiating.

THE MENACED MARQUIS.

Though the Marquis of Mull had received many sinister threatening letters, no untoward incident occurred to mar the harmony of the nuptials, but special precautions had been taken to guard against accidents, and it was noted that the principal actors in the ceremony wore a strained expression which hardly accorded with so blissful an occasion.

ESCORTED BY BLOODHOUNDS.

In addition to a force of 500 police, armed with Mauser pistols and sandbags, who mounted guard outside the Marquis's hotel, the carriages of the bride and groom were closely guarded by a squadron of Pinkerton's mounted detectives, each horseman holding a Cuban bloodhound in a leash, the baying of the formidable quadrupeds blending admirably with the salvos of artillery which were discharged at intervals by a battery of the Mull Territorials, who had crossed the Atlantic to do honour to their chief-tain.

SCENE IN THE SANCTUARY.

The church, which is a splendid specimen of Flamboyant Rococo architecture, was profusely decorated with golden rod and thistle, typifying the significance of the union, and banners emblazoned with the names of the protagonists of Rarer Thought, such as Ulysses Opp, Hendrik van Boogaard, and Volney Streaker, were tastefully disposed along the nave, which was carpeted with rich sables.

A LIST OF LUMINARIES.

Shortly after the Marquis of Mull appeared at the altar rail with his best man, Lord Ian Pluscardine, the bride entered the sanctuary leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. Schenectady P. Klaw. She was preceded by two flower-girls, the Misses Gloriana and Polyxena Klaw, and two pages, Master Jared Oelstreich and Master Agag Naselheimer, bearing wands of 22-carat gold with electric-lighted tips. Behind the bride marched the chief maid of

honour, Miss Aphrodite Klaw, followed by the six bridesmaids, the Misses Volumnia Vandererup, Artemis Chew, Jeanne Darc Pogram, Araminta Cromwell Bangs, Aspasia Conger and Miriam Otaheite Stodge, the last-named replacing Miss Sonora Schlumbacher, who is suffering from Californian numps. Rumour credits Miss Stodge with being engaged to Mr. Bolossy Klaw, a brother of the bride, but no official announcement has yet been made. Miss Stodge's mother, it may be mentioned, was the former Peruvian Princess, Dadapalona Fufunga, in whose veins runs the bluest blood of the Onoto Incas. The Princess was conspicuous amongst the 5,000 guests in a superb robe of Peruvian pemnician, set off by a conical talc helmet with a phosphorescent peak and puma-skin ear-flaps. The service was partly choral, partly orchestral, but altogether bioscopic. Mr. Pinkerton presided at the grand organ, Mr. Samson Bangs had charge of the instruments of percussion, and Professor Rooseboom operated the contrabass tonkophone. I had almost forgotten to add that the ushers numbered eight, including Lord Archibald Kingander, Mr. Otis Slott, Mr. Nahum Titus, Mr. Ignatius Loyola Schloss and Mr. Peabody Greathead. Lord Talboys acted as ringmaster, and Senator Tertius Cramp was janitor of the vestry.

CONFECTIONERY IN EXCELSIS.

The wedding cake is generally admitted to have been the richest and largest example of matrimonial confectionery ever constructed. It was ten storeys or 100 feet high, and weighed 20 tons. The confectioners state that it cost 100,000 dollars, but this is obviously an underestimate. It was profusely embellished with cupids, farandoles, ghibellines, gobelins, abacots, holophotes, marabouts and other appropriate figures. Ten detectives, disguised in angelica uniforms with almond-paste buckles, were concealed in the interior, one in each storey, to prevent depredations on the part of sweet-toothed kleptomaniacs.

MR. KLAW'S CHEQUE.

Although the presents were of unparalleled sumptuousness and splendour, they were naturally eclipsed by the chief exhibit of the collection, Mr. Klaw's cheque. This was displayed on a special stand under a crystal magnifying glass and was guarded by a special posse of detectives dressed as noblemen of the Court of Louis XIV. The amount of the cheque was so portentous that the resources of wireless telegraphy are unequal to an accurate

record of the figures into which it runs. The bride's wedding dress was of old Clos Vougeot satin with mosaic insertions of peacock's feathers imitated in precious stones. She wore a triple diamond tiara illuminated by a radium fountain, and her shoes had belonged to MARIE ANTOINETTE.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

ACCORDING to a writer in *The Medical Times*, among the symptoms of digestive failure or "slow suicide" may be included "a feeling of lightness and ease after a substantial meal, hunger some two hours subsequently, and sound sleep at night." As this appears to us to open up fresh and absorbing regions of speculation for the hypochondriac, we have ourselves been at pains to collect a few similar warnings. As under:—

A craving for open-air exercise on a fine day, coupled with exhilaration and a marked absence of fatigue, is one of the most significant symptoms of approaching beri-beri.

Pronounced cheerfulness in the early morning, manifesting itself in sustained and jovial conversation at the breakfast-table, very frequently precedes an attack of homicidal mania—on the part of somebody else.

Similar hilarity at the evening meal, increasing towards the close of the day, is usually caused by incipient alcoholic poisoning.

Optimism generally, or a disposition to look at the bright side of things, should be regarded with the gravest suspicion. The patient should at once consult as many volumes of the medical press as may be obtainable. A course of these, even should it fail to identify the precise malady, will almost invariably be found to have removed the symptom.

The Five Hundred Pour Rire.

MR. GULLAND, Scottish Whip, who was reported to have announced that he was already compiling a list of possible new Peers, has denied the allegation and attributed the misunderstanding to the dulness of his Edinburgh audience. To compensate for the disappointment caused by this *démenti*, Mr. Punch himself, ever animated by a passionate desire to make his pages the repository of the best British humour, is prepared to receive the names of any gentlemen volunteering for nobility, and to publish them in his columns.

Better Late than Never.

"The Mayor proposed 'that the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward V. be loyally and properly celebrated in the Borough.'"

Torquay Times.



THE SUBTLITIES OF CRIME.

(Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a published letter, recently referred to a case of burglary "without any aggravating circumstances.")
Cautious Burglar (to whimsical colleague). "DON'T MESS THE OLD GIRL'S NEW 'ATS ABAHT, BILL. THAT'LL CONSITFOOT A HAGGRAVATIN' CIRCUMSTANCE."

TO MY PARTNER FOR THE NEXT DANCE.

HASTE not, I pray you, from the easy-chair,
 The lounge, the sofa, or whate'er it be;
 Remain, to all appearance, unaware
 That you arranged, my captivating fair,
 To do a dance with me.

There was a moment, dear, when I implored,
 And positively wished you, gentle pard,
 To brave with me the much-hebeswax'd board,
 And both of us were careful to record
 Our pledge upon a card.

My recollections of the scene are few;
 I know not rightly why the thing was done;
 I only know that one delightful view
 Was quite enough to demonstrate that you
 Were looking—well, A1!

Such was the thought. Then follow'd swift the act—
 The introduction, and the courtly bow,
 The mild persuasion, and the solemn pact
 For Number Ten, which is, in point of fact,
 The one that's coming now.

I have perhaps a *loo* "fantastic too;"
 I am notorious before I've made

A single circuit, and my partners slow
 Discreetly down, and think they'd like to go
 And have some lemonade.

So will it be with us. The fatal tryst
 Will end in sorrow, as it always ends;
 I am, in many ways, an optimist,
 But I can promise you we should desist
 More enemies than friends.

Therefore, my Muriel, if I awoke
 An interest, but nothing like a throb,
 Nothing more warm than all these other folk,
 Come, let us dance. We shall, at least, provoke
 The laughter of the mob.

But if you love me; if, when I advance,
 Your heart at once begins to hop about;
 Nay, if there be the faintest sort of chance,
 Don't let us risk it on a beastly dance—
 Let's go and sit it out.

Let them rotate. Let us at least refrain.
 The comfortable chairs will all be free.
 Come, I implore you, when they start again,
 Leave on the instant yon repulsive swain,
 And sit and talk to me.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"You mustn't kneel, Billy! Stoop!" This remark has nothing to do with small boys and leap-frog. It was what KING EDWARD said when RUSSELL, first and greatest of war-correspondents "hopped" into the Royal presence to receive a last addition to the many Orders and medals that he had won in his four-score-and-two years. Since the days when, as an obscure young Irish journalist, a despised and unwelcome camp-follower, he fought with angry generals in the Crimea for the cause of truth, the dignity of his profession, and the welfare of the British soldier, in five campaigns and four continents he had placed his life fearlessly at the disposal of *The Times* and his country. He had made a few mistakes and troops of friends; had upset a Government and saved an army. In India he had pleaded for mercy, in America for a wiser judgment of the cause at issue between North and South. And now he had become "Billy" to all men, from the KING downwards, and was beloved by many of those whom he had most freely criticised. Accurate, shrewd, humorous, great-hearted, he was a model to the war-correspondents of the present day, who owe to him their advantageous position at the elbow of the Headquarters Staff, and may reflect, in the rush of their journalistic "scoops," that it is one thing to get first to the telegraph office and quite another to make literature in the heat of battle. I have much to say about *The Life of Sir William Howard Russell* (MURRAY), but I must confine myself to this, that its author, Mr. J. B. ATKINS (a good 'un, heart and hand, a worthyspeke-man of that other Atkins whose Christian name is

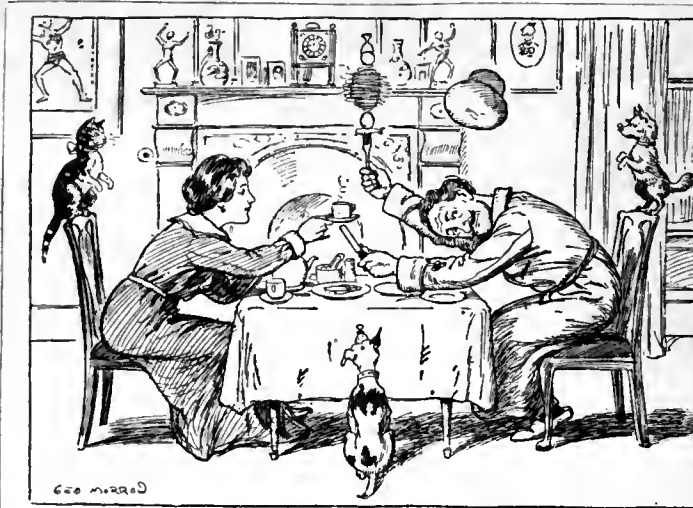
Thomas, and himself a war-correspondent of great experience and distinction) has done his work most modestly and well. He has let "BILLY" RUSSELL tell his own story as nearly as possible in his own words, so that RUSSELL himself and DICKENS and THACKERAY and DELANE and BISMARCK and WOLSELEY and EVELYN WOOD and OUTRAM and COLIN CAMPBELL and LINCOLN and RAGLAN and a whole host of nineteenth-century heroes are presented with lifelike fidelity in the pages of this fascinating book. And the word-pictures are so good that it's truly a case of "Thank you, Mister Atkins . . . when the drum begins to roll."

It is midnight, and I have just finished *Impatient Griselda* (daintily published by MARTIN SECKER). Let me heap injudicious praise upon it at once, before I have time to become professionally captious. *Delicia Hepburn* went out into the world in her early and impressionable youth and absorbed ideas. She became not a Suffragette, but a daring and persuasive advocate of the higher emancipation of woman. Her theories she put into print but not into practice, for there came into her life at the critical juncture a wise and witty husband, who knew exactly how to deal with her. Conceive, however, the

theorist's delight on discovering in *Griselda*, the intelligent and ultra-feminine, a devout disciple. Conceive her qualms on beholding the devout disciple of an ideal threatening to become a strict and literal practitioner. Conceive, lastly, my interest and amusement throughout, as I watched the passionate romance of *Griselda* undoing for *Delicia* her heartless creed as surely as the heartless creed of *Delicia* was undoing for *Griselda* her passionate romance. Such a nice theme of true comedy required the most delicate handling, but it could not have been left with a more capable and ingenious manipulator than Mr. LAURENCE NORTH. His supers are as lively as his protagonists; his milieu is every-day but original; and particularly I applaud him for his creation of one of the very few human K.C.'s of modern fiction. Had I waited to write this notice by the cold light (if any) of day, I should have made no difference, save to quarrel with the author over the manner of his epilogue.

I must confess that I always find it very fascinating to read about anyone else having his leg pulled, and Mr. BRAM STOKER's book, *Famous Impostors* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON),

provides such delights in abundance. The subjects are treated biographically, but the author, in dealing with his facts, has brought to their arrangement the skilled novelist's instinct for what is interesting. His net embraces typical impostors from the least to the greatest, from the *Wandering Jew* and JINNY BINGHAM (who was known as Mother Damnable) to Princess OLIVE, who cut at the throne of England, and ARTHUR ORTON, the Tichborne Colossus. We have THEODORE HOOK, who for a hoax filled Berners Street with tradesmen's carts calling at an inoffensive-looking house with a



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

1. THE JUGGLER AT BREAKFAST.

brass plate. We have JOHN LAW, who gave France a huge financial boom and knocked the bottom out of it all in a few months. We have the unscrupulous quack, CAGLIOSTRO. We have PERKIN WARBECK, the pretender. And we have finally Queen ELIZABETH, whom quite a number of people believe to have been a man. Mr. STOKER puts her case judiciously, but I think he is nearly convinced of the truth of the Gloucestershire tradition which tells of the Princess dying as a child and of the substitution of the Bisley boy. Personally I can seldom trust myself with such mysteries, because I find somehow that I have generally an unreasonable leaning towards the improbable and unaccepted solution. But the Maiden Queen—Think how small RALEIGH would have felt that muddy day!

A pretty Compliment.

A correspondent informs us that at the last scientific meeting of the Zoological Society Mr. OLDFIELD THOMAS described a collection of mammals from Eastern Asia, and stated that, in recognition of the help given by the Duke of BEDFORD in forming this collection, he proposed to name a new species of Striped Shrew after the DUCHESS.

CHARIVARIA.

THE annexation of Canada by the United States would, it is now rumoured, be considered an unfriendly act by Germany.

The Prime Minister of Quebec, speaking on the crisis, remarked that it was the desire of the Government to make Quebec the centre of the pulp and paper industry of the world. It might start by making pulp of those reciprocity proposals.

With regard to the new prison reform system there is, we hear, some little discontent in petty criminal circles owing to the fact that only persons who can be properly described as habitual offenders are to come under the scheme, and a condition precedent is that the last offence shall have been a serious one. However a determined effort will be made to rise to the occasion by aiming at the high standard required.

The Turkish Government has undoubtedly been standing on its dignity. The latest rumour is that representations have been made by the Porte to the Quai d'Orsay in respect of the recent mobbing of wearers of harem costumes in Paris.

Meanwhile the advocates of the trouser skirt deny that all is lost, and there is some talk of trying to inaugurate an All Breeches Shopping Week.

One great advantage of the new Standard bread seems to have escaped the notice of the general public. Owing to its dark complexion it does not show finger-marks. This should mean a considerable saving in some of our minor restaurants.

Dr. HYSLOP, late of Bethlem Royal Hospital, is continuing to air his views on the Post-Impressionists. In some quarters it is felt that it is somewhat unfair to trace a likeness between the works of these modern masters and those of imbeciles, seeing that the latter are not always in a position to defend themselves against the charge.

The now proprietor of the Strand Theatre, which has not hitherto been too successful, has decided to change its name to the Whitney. It seems queer that no one should have thought of this before. It is quite possible that the cause of its failure to attain a *succès fou* has now been discovered.

More evidence that the female is no



Chas. Tear 5. 1911

"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A KENSINGTON GIRL."
"YES, BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HER MUCH."

longer the weaker sex! We quote from an account in *The Irish Times* of a Ball at Ely House:—"LADY LYTELTON carried a bouquet of silver roses, and Miss COOTE in pale blue."

It is said that lace waistcoats may come into fashion for men. We presume that the cut of the waistcoat will be what is known in lunacy circles as "straight."

More than £600,000 worth of cigarettes, the American Consul states, were imported into Shanghai last year. They are, he says, taking the place of opium. It is doubtful, however, whether they will do so much harm.

A wealthy Moscow merchant who is

about to celebrate his golden wedding has, we are told, sent out invitations engraved on thin sheets of gold, worth £5 each. This is the sort of admission card which a mean host requires the guest to bring with him and give up at the door.

An advertisement says there are "7 Days and 7 Ways of enjoying — Sardines. Monday for breakfast, Tuesday for tea, Wednesday as hors d'œuvre, Thursday on toast, Friday as fish——" We have sometimes heard it alleged that sardines are not always sardines, but we did think that they were invariably fish.

Warning to *Morning Post* contributors:—Wiro WARE!

HUMOURS OF ANNEXATION.

Dedicated to Messrs. TAFT and KNOX.

[Mr. KNOX, U.S.A. Secretary of State, at a dinner given in Washington in his honour, is reported to have interrupted the PRESIDENT'S speech with the following witticism: "Look out, they'll think next we're after Australia." (Laughter.) Stung to emulation by this *jeu d'esprit*, Mr. TAFT is alleged to have remarked: "If we are going to embark on the annexation business, we must at the earliest opportunity annex the Aurora borealis." Further laughter was provoked by this sally.]

WHEN a talk of wiping up a sister nation
Sent a flutter round the Ministerial camp;
When there broke, in fact, a cry for annexation
Through the nostrils of a party known as CHAMP;
In the course of honorific Saturnalia,
He for whom they felled the fatted ox
Calculated they would soon absorb Australia,
And the laughter set 'em shaking in their socks
At the persillage of Secretary KNOX.

Close upon that elemental flash of humour
Came an effort from another local wit,
One by whom, if we may credit native rumour,
After-dinner sides are regularly split;
"Following up," said he, "its *via triumphalis*,
Lo, our Eagle—every plume become a shaft—
Will at once annex Aurora Borealis!"
And the feasters, full and generous, loudly laughed
At the badinage of bully BILLY TAFT.

Thus the shameless CHAMP has had his notion shivered
By the ridicule that cracks a folly's crust,
Yet so lightly and so gracefully delivered
That a smile adorns his features in the dust;
Ay, and we, who may not hope to touch these levels,
Feel a natural envy gnaw our British breast,
When we read about the mirth that marked their revels,
When we think that even we might learn to jest,
Sitting there imbibing humour of the best. O. S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HARROW.

(With Apologies to the Conductors of "At the Sign of the Plough" in "The Cornhill Magazine.")

II. ON THE LIFE OF JUSTICE ONOOCOOL CHUNDER MOOKERJEE.

1. WHAT was the comment of little Mookerjee's *Moulovec*, "senile as he was and grown grey in the profession of a tutor," upon his pupil's extraordinary precocity? *Answer*: That "it was to him quite a wonderment wrought by a little mechanism of flesh and blood."

2. Did Mookerjee show any quarrelsome or resentful tendencies as a schoolboy? *Answer*: No. "Little Mookerjee never had a snip-snap with any of his college boys, and was indeed of so forbearing a disposition that he would not even notice what impulsive natures would have signally retaliated as an insult."

3. In what manner did he protest when "a Cyclopean English sailor" came out of the Ochterlony monument, and, after giving him "a severe blow on his head, which rendered him impercipient for a few moments," referred to him as a "nigger"? *Answer*: It "stung little Mookerjee to the quick, and he addressed his rude assailant for more than an hour . . . enlarging on the duty of regarding all men as fellow-brethren."

4. Was the family left well- or ill-provided for at his father's decease? *Answer*: "The family was threatened with Barmecide feast."

5. What was Onoocool Chunder's "first business on making an income"? *Answer*: "To extricate his family

from the difficulties in which it had been lately enwrapped and to restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well-beloved faces on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year."

6. How was his health affected in July, 1869? *Answer*: "He was attacked with a doloriferous boil."

7. Would you say that he was, or was not, "orthodox to that pitch, as there are many Bramins now who, after having perpetrated heaps of the lowest dregs of vice, would go and bathe once in the Ganges . . . having a faith in that stream as one having the power to absterse one's heart from sin, they will go on committing sin till they pop off"? *Answer*: He was not. "He had no such troth in the Ganges and feared the very name of sin."

8. Give some description of his personal appearance. *Answer*: "When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge . . . He was neither a Brobdignagian nor a Liliputian, but a man of mediocre size, fair complexion, well-shaped nose, hazel eyes, and ears well proportioned to the face, which was of a little round cut with a wide front and rubiform lips. He had moulded arms and legs, and the palms of his hands and feet were very small and thick with their proportionate fingers. His head was large, it had very thin hairs on it; and he had a moustache not close set and a little brownish on the top of his upper lip."

9. In what condition did he make his last exit from his court? *Answer*: "He left like a toad under a harrow."

10. How may we ascertain from Justice Mookerjee's own statement the age at which his father died? *Answer*: "My father went to reside with the morning stars at about this age of mine." (Last words of Justice Mookerjee, who is stated by his biographer to have departed this life at the age of forty-two.)

11. What effect had "the doctors' puissance and knack of medical knowledge" on their patient? *Answer*: "It proved, after all, as if to milk the ram . . . He remained *sotto voce* for a few hours and then went to God at about 6 P.M."

12. Describe the condition of his home after his decease. *Answer*: "The house presented a second Babel or a pretty kettle of fish."

In the opinion of *Mr. Punch*, the best set of answers was received from Sooshen Sheekhur Pukkabhoj, Esq., 16, Cheechy Terrace, Bayswater, W. F. A.

Another Event of the Coronation Year.

From a pamphlet:—

"We are enthralled by a two-headed dragon. With one maw it protects the dog in the manger, with the other it attacks improvements."

Up maws and at them!

"Until children get accustomed to the oil, they take it more easily if the nose is pinched when it is offered to them."—*Our Home*.

And still more easily if the leg is pulled and the oil offered to them as golden syrup.

"Improving a coroner in the borough of Dunstable. Cost, £1,170. Grant, £390."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

He must have been very bad; even worse than they thought.

"WHIST DRIVE AND SUPPER,
AT ELMS HOTEL, BARE.
DRESS OPTIONAL."

For once this last line comes as rather a relief.



RECIPROCITY.

THE MOOSE. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR FELLOW. I KNEW IT WAS ONLY YOUR CHAFF WHEN YOU TALKED OF SWALLOWING ME; AND OF COURSE I TOO NEVER SERIOUSLY THOUGHT OF SWALLOWING YOU."





Wife (to husband who, in endeavouring to get her ball from the middle of the river, has fallen off the bridge). "THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, ARCHIE; NOW YOU 'LL EASILY BE ABLE TO GET IT."

LEAVING NOTHING TO CHANCE.

"He [the late Mr. MARION CRAWFORD] was so scrupulous that he would not write about any subject of which he had not personally and practically mastered the details. 'A Roman Singer' was the outcome of years of familiarity with the musical life of Rome; for 'Maietta: a Maid of Venice' he went into every process of Venetian glass work on the spot. In order to write 'Marzio's Crucifix' Crawford became a silversmith, making his own designs and beating them out in the metal in lovely classic forms. For 'The Witch of Prague' he went and lived in that city and learned Bohemian, which Mrs. Hugh Fraser says was the seventeenth language he had acquired."

Westminster Gazette.

WITH this example before them some of our more energetic novelists are already deep in their autumn campaign. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has just begun a trifle of some 260,000 words, which he will have ready by April, the only delay being due to the difficulty of obtaining a first-hand knowledge of the inner life of an Oswestry house-agent in the comparatively brief time at his disposal. He is, however, confident of success.

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING, whose name has been not inaptly described as more American than the Americans, is making a departure in fiction, his next book being devoted to an intimate study of

the Smart Set. With this object in view he has taken a suite of rooms in a Gower Street boarding house and a season ticket for the Brondesbury Rink. A human document of unusual value and courage is anticipated.

Mr. E. M. FORSTER, in order to prepare for his next novel, *Norfolk's Treat*, is adding a new and more comfortable arm-chair to his study.

The CHEVALIER LE QUEUX, whose accuracy is only equalled by his distinction, has taken rooms in Sidney Street in order that nothing actual may be lacking from his forthcoming romance of anarchy, which will be entitled *The Radium Bomb*.

There is no truth in the rumour that in order to fit himself for his new novel Mr. HENRY JAMES is attending a series of classes on elementary syntax.

Considerable anxiety is felt by the friends of Mr. R. S. HICHENS at the startling news which has reached them from Taormina. In order to get an inside view of the operations of the Sicilian brigands for his next romance, Mr. HICHENS has joined one of the most active bands under the picturesque alias of Malatesta Spaghetti.

Undeterred by the criticism passed on his humanitarian methods by a

writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY has, so we are assured, been recently seen in the picturesque garb of a Dartmoor shepherd in the neighbourhood of Chagford, where he is engaged on his new play, entitled *Preventive Detention*.

The prowess of Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM on the Norfolk links is well known. With the view, however, of lending an intimate touch to his new novel he has apprenticed himself to a well-known club-maker at St. Andrews. The title of his forthcoming romance is *The Schenectady Mystery*, in which a Scotch professional is unjustly accused of murdering a rival with the deadly weapon in question.

"The Crown Prince, accompanied by Sir John Hewett, reached Allahabad on Wednesday evening from the shooting camp in the Mirzapur District. The last day's shoot was most successful, a figness and two cabs falling to the Prince's rifle."—*The Pioneer*.

Motor buses, of course, are very wild this year.

Gilding Refined Gold.

From an advt. for a partner:—

"Solicitors' references required from honourable gentlemen only."—*British Journal of Photography*.

HAROLD IN INDIA.

[MR. HAROLD BEGBIE, the eulogist of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, the interpreter of Sir OLIVER LODGE and the champion of the oppressed agricultural labourer, is visiting India for the first time.]

There is bliss on the banks of the Ganges,

There is glee in the vales of Assam,
There is mirth in the halls that are RANJI'S

And joy in the heart of their Jam.
The bazaars of remote Tinnevely
Resound with the din of the drum,
And they're holding high revel at Delhi,

For BEGBIE has come!

Will they make him a Rajah, I wonder,
And grant him a special salute?
Will he hold a Durbar at Secunder-
abad, or prefer to be mute?

Will the morals of Simla distress him?
Will he highly approve of the Taj?
Will he visit Lord HARDINGE and
bless him,
Or boycott the Raj?

Will he scale with the ease of a squirrel
The perilous peaks of Nepal?

Will he back Mr. VALENTINE CHIROL,
Will he stand by KEIR HARDIE, or
fall?

Will he traverse the passes of Sikkim?
Will he track the wild ass* to his
lair?

When he sees the wild pig, will he
stick him,
Or will he forbear?

Will the Akhond of Swat's jubilation
Be pleasant or painful to see?

Will the Begums of Oude in rotation
Invite him to afternoon tea?

Will he cross to Colombo and Kandy
By boat or by aeroplane?

Will he mount to the hills in a dandy
Or travel by train?

I know not; but this I am sure of—

A man of his stamp and his school
Is bound to discover the cure of

Whatever is wrong with our rule.
And his style in its tropical fervour

Will wholly outdazzle *The Mail*,
And make the full-blooded *Observer*
Look perfectly pale.

For there's none who can ladle out
butter

So deftly on demagogues' heads;
There is none who on snipe of the
gutter

A richer eulogium sheds.
There is none so unbridled in praising
The aims of St. DAVID LLOYD
GEORGE;

* "The wild ass . . . is confined to the sandy deserts of Sind and Cutch, where, from its speed and timidity, it is almost unapproachable."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. x'v., p. 380.

There is none more efficient in raising
A delicate gorge.

He will tell without any compunction
The steepest of tales of the plains,
And discourse with impartial uncton
Of rajahs and ryots and rains;

The jungle will gather new glories
When BEGBIE has threaded its brakes,
And gleaned a new budget of stories
Of tigers and snakes.

But what India gains by his teaching
We lose while our HAROLD'S away;
And Peers, undeterred by his preaching,
Will resume their nefarious sway.

Unabashed by the Savonarola
Who lashes the sins of the age,
They'll play on the godless pianola
And wildly rampage.

So when he has fittingly carolled
The praise of the fabulous East
We'll hail the return of our HAROLD,
Democracy's lyric high priest.

For while he is absent there shineth
No star on the pathway of Hodge,
And, reft of his trumpeter, pineth
Sir OLIVER LODGE.

ROSY.

"AND how did the new horse go?"
I asked in the intervals of puffing at
the spirit lamp.

"Like that." The youngest subal-
tern nodded grimly.

"Like what?"
"Like you sound blowing out the
thingamy."

I offered him the sympathy of a
great silence and a cup of tea.

"It wasn't obvious, was it—not as
if she'd had a spavin or been fired for
curby hocks or anything like that? It
was all *inside*, you know, and the hair
on her beastly face prevented one from
seeing that she was pale or anything.
She was a nice-looking mare, wasn't
she?"

I assured him that I had never seen
an animal with a sweeter expression or
a better permanent wave in her tail.

"And yet, after all, I'd have done
better to stick to the twelve-pounder—
but one never knows."

"Two might have," I said, "if one
had been a vet."

He seemed a trifle hurt at that, so I
played a mollifying question upon him.

"What have you called her?"

"Rose," he made answer softly, and
appeared red-faced from hunting his
tea-spoon, which had taken cover
behind the right-hand back leg of his
chair.

"Rose?"

He grinned painfully, and the exi-
gencies of his dejected attitude revealed
the startling fact that he was wearing
pink socks. I looked up, and my

eyes were confronted by a purple neck-
tie. I was not mistaken.

"You are in trouble, my friend?"

He nodded wearily.

"I had named her after Rosy
O'Callian." He hung his well-oiled
young head.

"Did she seem pleased?"

"Pleased?" He put his tea-cup
into safety and shrugged his shoulders.

"That isn't the worst of it, though.
I went to the meet yesterday a hopeful,
happy man; to-day I know that my
mare isn't as sound as a worn-out
'hairy,' that the prettiest girl in the
county is laughing at me and that her
mother is thirsting for my blood."

"Lady O'Callian?"

"Yes. It happened like this. We
had one short run and lost again. I
was beginning to find out what my
brute was made of—in fact she was
pretty well confiding it to the whole
field—and when I rode up to Rosy
whilst we were waiting at the next
covert she would pretend that my poor
brute was a motor—said that so long
as my engine was making such a noise
I shouldn't need to sound the horn."

"I see. And did she know about
the mare's name then?"

"Yes, I had told her at the meet."

"And she wasn't flattered?"

"I don't believe she was. She said
it was rather an anachronism; seemed
to think it was a bit rough on her, and
asked me if I'd mind telling people
that it was the other way round and
they had named her after the horse."

I pressed a tea-cake upon him and
awoke him from a mournful reverie.

"What's in a name?" I asked him.

"A good deal. What was I telling
you—about the run? Well, you can
guess that after Rosy had said that
about the horn I didn't feel over-cheer-
ful, and when the fox broke at last I
thought I'd make just one effort not to
look quite such a fool. We had a
brisk quarter-of-an-hour, and it seemed
to me that pretty well all the field
went by me. Then they checked again,
and, when the stragglers came up, for
a wonder Rosy's mother was among
them and simply covered with mud."

"Well, if *she* was covered with mud,
somebody must be due to alter his
land valuation forms, I think." I
made the remark as an interjection,
and he disregarded it.

"Lady O'Callian came straight up
to me and spoke. 'Mr. Smithson,'
she said, 'do you call yourself?' I
explained to her that I never call
myself; that I always leave it to my
servant to wake me when he brings
my shaving water. 'I mean, is it
'Smithson' your friends call you?' she

went on, and her face grew red. I really had begun to feel awfully pleased by her coming to ask all those friendly little questions, and I told her that though some of my friends call me 'Smithson' I like it best when they make it 'Freddy.'

"Do you?" she said. "Well, let me assure you, young man, that I don't like such familiarities, and I won't have you calling me by my Christian name, or swearing at me either, so take care of that."

"I told her that I had never done such a thing in all my life."

"Oh!" she said; "then what was that you said when I'd taken a toss into the ditch a couple of fields beyond there, and you jumped right over me, if it wasn't 'Get up, Rosy, you old fool!'—tell me that."

"Awful! Did she believe when you explained about the horse?"

He shook his head. "I couldn't very well!"

"Of course her name is 'Rosy' too! You hadn't dreamed that she was lying there."

"No; it was perfectly true. Do you think I like the idea of jumping over Rosy's mother? It's not—nice." The youngest subaltern sighed as he got up to go. "It's over," he said sadly. "My day's done, my dream's finished; I'm a miserable outcast, and, as the poet Johnnies say, troubles never come singly. I've lost my flask."

THE DUNMOW DOODLE-DOO.

THERE is good news for the lovers of animal and mechanical noise, for the first public cock-crowing competition in England is to be held at Dunmow shortly, under the auspices of the district poultry association. The donor of the first prize, Mr. J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT, of Great Canfield, stated the other day that in Belgium he found such competitions for cockerels to be very popular and useful, presenting all the excitement of cock-fighting without the brutality.

However, the cockerels are not going to have it all their own way in rural Essex. Already we hear of a dog-barking tournament, promoted by the Ladies' Kennel Club of Great Baddow. A *sine qua non* for entry is that the competitor's voice shall be able to carry as far as Chelmsford, three miles off, and wake the inhabitants thereof on a still, moonlight night.

As a counterblast to this, the little village of Matching, not far away, has developed a promising feline orchestra of entirely local talent. After painstaking selection and weeding-out of inefficient performers, the impresario



Voice from Below. "HAROLD, YOU MUSTN'T INTERRUPT THE PLUMBERS AT THEIR WORK DEAR."
Harold. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. I'M ONLY TALKING TO THE MAN WHO SITS ON THE STAIRS AND DOES NOTHING."

has succeeded in getting together a quartet of tomcats of very powerful timbre, and the rest of the village are of opinion that he ought to take them on tour. They are therefore open to engagements to execute serenades and aubades in town or country. Strictly refined. Special terms for Charities and Hospitals.

In West Ham, too, the leading costermongers are bestirring themselves. A donkey-braying competition has just been organised, the prize carrot going to the entrant whose musical effort is longest sustained and has a dying fall of the deepest melancholy. The voice-trials are voted to be very good sport, and far more harmonious and stimulating than the debates of the borough council.

The organ-grinders of Saffron Hill, encouraged also by recent dicta of Mr. PLOWDEN, are holding a similar contest. The instrument which drowns all the rest will receive special permission to play outside Marylebone Police Court during the hours of session. The artiste, it is thought, will be improving the stamina and powers of resistance of the presiding magistrate and other parties in court, and will be amply rewarded by the sallies from the bench, when duly interpreted. ZIG-ZAG.

Peers below Par.

The Lethbridge Daily Herald refers to the recent marriage of Miss ZENA DARE with "the second son of Discount Esher."

THE ALTRUISTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE Manager knocked at the door of the editorial sanctum and came in briskly.

"Ah," said the Editor, "here you are. Good. Help yourself."

The Manager sat down and helped himself.

"Well," said the Editor, "you see how it is. Our campaign on behalf of Standard Butter, including the—er—" he glanced at a copy of his paper—"ah, yes, the salt and the yellow ochre, has certainly done an immense amount of good to the country—"

"And to ourselves," put in the Manager tactlessly. "The butter advertisements last week came to—"

The Editor looked at him blankly.

"But there comes a point where one's influence ceases."

"Yes," sighed the Manager. "This week they only came to—"

The Editor coughed and turned to his desk. "I sketched out a little idea this morning," he went on, "which might keep up the interest for a few days longer. It's just an imaginary conversation and goes like this: 'The following dialogue was overheard at a well-known West-end dairyman's yesterday afternoon:—"

Lady Blank. Will you send up six pounds of butter to Berkeley Square to-morrow, instead of the usual four?

Dairyman. Certainly, my lady. (*To Assistant*) Six pounds of butter for Lady Blank.'

"And then we could put a little note underneath, something in this manner: 'The above is typical of what is going on every day in the West-end of London. The donizens of Park Lane, Curzon Street and Cadogan Square are as insistent upon Standard Butter as are families in less fashionable parts of the Metropolis.' You see what I mean?"

"Good," said the Manager.

"It was just an idea," said the Editor modestly. "It occurred to me in the train. But it is time we thought of something else. Something entirely new. Now have you any ideas?"

The Manager thought profoundly. "What about Standard Jam?" he said at last, "including the raspberry and eighty per cent. of the splinters."

"No, no," said the Editor impatiently. "Something on entirely different lines."

The Manager thought again.

"Of course," the Editor went on, "we can always fall back on a competition of some kind. You increase the intelligence of the country—"

"And the circulation."

"But the chief question is, what sort of competition?"

"Ah!"

"Well, there it is. Think it over, will you? And ask Parsons. He's full of ideas. Hallo, I must be off." And he went out to lunch.

CHAPTER II.

"Well?" said the Editor next day. "How do you grow carrots?" asked the Manager.

"I don't know," said the Editor coldly. "I suppose in the ground. Why?"

"It was Parsons' idea. He said we might give a prize for the best bunch of carrots. I don't quite know what he meant."

"If Parsons tries to be funny again in this office he'll have to go. We've warned him once before."

"Still," persisted the Manager, "there is something in the idea. Carrots come from seeds, don't they?"

"I dare say," said the Editor indifferently.

"Well, if we gave a prize for the best bunch of carrots—of not less than twelve sprays, Parsons says—then the people who went in for it would naturally want to buy seeds and—loam and things. And so the people who had seeds and loam to sell would naturally want to—"

"I see," the Editor interrupted hastily. "You mean that we should stimulate the small gardener and instil a love of nature in the hearts of the people?"

"Er—yes. That's what I meant."

"It had better be a flower, I think."

"Buttercups or chrysanthemums or something," said the Manager vaguely.

"What did we decide was going to be the Coronation flower?" asked the Editor suddenly. "Was it the pansy?"

"Rose, wasn't it?"

"Well, we can find out from— Ah, now I remember. The carnation."

"Why carnation?"

"I haven't an idea. These things have to be decided *somehow*. Well, then, there we are."

CHAPTER III.

"The announcement we made yesterday of a prize of £1,000,000 for the best bunch of carnations, including not more than twelve spikes, has been received with startling enthusiasm by all the seedsmen of the Empire. A very pleasing feature of the correspondence which poured in yesterday was the number of congratulations from well-known firms. A still more pleasing feature, however, was the number of advertisements.

"The competition is especially one for the London grower, carnations being notoriously partial to smoke. It

is even more especially one for the country grower, who can give his carnations the open air and exercise of which they are so much in need. It is generally considered, however, that the suburban gardener will stand the best chance, as this delicate flower, with its fondness for animal society, thrives most strongly in the neighbourhood of cats.

"It is hoped that a feeling of loyalty (carnations being the Coronation flower) will induce everybody to enter for this competition. You may not win the great prize, you may not even win a medal, but our advertisers will at least have the consolation of knowing that you have bought a packet of seeds."

The Editor put down his proof and rang the bell. "Who wrote this and gave the whole show away?" he asked the Sub-editor sternly. "Parsons? Thank you. Will you say I should like to speak to him?" A. A. M.

A TROPICAL BIRD BOOK.

O BIRDS of tropic feather
That the painter binds together,
Gold and ruby, green and yellow,
Saffron, blue,
Parrakeet, macaw, and bee-bird,
Paradise, and gay South-sea bird,
All a-blowing,
And a-glowing
In a blaze of rainbow hue,—
No such colours have been seen since
Eden's Zoo!

Does your artist set me dreaming
Of warm tides o'er coral creaming,
Of the moonlight on the South Pacific
swells,
Of the palms where monkeys caper,
Of the tamarind and tapir,
Of gorillas,
Or vanillas
In the vales of hot Seychelles,
And the paleness of the orchid's waxen
cells?

Nay, to me each gaudy feather
Brings the waiting brown of heather,
Brings the nip of Northern Springtime,
Northern skies,
Somewhere west away from Forres,
Where the snow is in the corries,
And the twining
And the shining
Of the Findhorn in my eyes;
For to me you seem to speak of salmon
flies!

"The Church Choir gave the opening item, a glee, 'In the hour of softened splendour,' which was followed by 'Absence' at a later stage." *Surrey Mirror*.

We have often noticed this effect at village concerts.



Thruster (to Good Samaritan who is with some difficulty bringing his horse back). "HERE, I SAY, I WISH YOU WOULDN'T JERK THAT YOUNG HORSE'S MOUTH."

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

THE BATTLE OF PINKRE.

I DEDCATE these stories to my afeshnate uncle with love from Alice he is older than me but I will be as old as him sumday and he will then kno wot care I took of him now the battle that you are just going to read which is the battle of Pinkre between the French and the English was a very fince battle, the English arme had 5403th men and the French arme had 8924th but the French King was in an awful state.

But I must first tell you about a boy whose name was James Frederick this boy was the son of the last King of England who had not been a properly King but had been an egsile and had died there leeving his son swiving but this son did not kno he was a King he only spected it he was not James the first or James the second his royl name was James the nothing and he lived by hissself in a cottage.

One morning James got up erly before brekfus and walked up a hill what he new and on the top of the hill he found a palis what he didnt kno so he said to hissself sumbody 's put up this palis I must go in and see about it so he went into a mense salune. There was a lether bag on a table and when James touched it it broke open and a lot of gold rushd out Haha said James stufing the gold into his pockets Haha I will bie canon balls with this but at this moment a tal dark man with a bierd burst into the room when the boy James sor the man he new he must make an escuse so he looked at the man and said If you ples Sir your chimnies want sweeping but the man looked at him and said Well and your nose wants wiping. The man was the French King and after this thoy hated one anuther.

Now I will get back to the battle by this time James had cum to the throne and the French King's name was Charles. The foot soldiers had thiro guns and the Kings had thiro sords and helmets and thiro were korprils with flags. The French King was in grate trouble becas he had just had a little baby girl and had noono to look after it so he could not do much in fighting. One day when the little French girl was ten years old and she was playing in the garden a soldior came and said to her Were is the King. Why she said. Becas the English are coming. What the English are coming, go and gather up the armo quick quick. I can't do it said the soldior runing -at the same time I can't do it becas thiro trampling down the corn oh were is the King. The little girl bagen to cry oh dear oh dear were can I be.

Left right Left right.

What is that she said and she looked round and she sor cuming towards her the holo English arme.

Oh do not hurt me she eried, nelyng down at Jameses feet and he did not take eny notise of her but marched on throu the gates. But soon she herd James cry out We have one the battle and King Charles is ded.

The little girl did not mind very much sho was to yung and next summer she was marred to the brave King of England and they had ten boys and two girls and often talked of the battle of Pinkre were they met the first time. Pinkre is a sitty in France.

"Wardrobe for sale; good position; rent 14s. week."—*Advt. in "Evening News."*

If it's anywhere near the chest of drawers we'll take it.



Eileen (remembering the fate of many air-balloons). "WHEN IS IT GOING TO BURST?"

THE GREAT WHITE SALE.

(By one who misapprehended the words.)

Not here, not here, where drapers squander,
 In sheer self-sacrifice,
 Their hoarded goods, I saw you wander,
 But where eternal ice
 Glitters about the Great White Stick
 Found by Commander PEARY (*sic*)
 I fancied you a creature rare
 (Something betwixt a seal and bear),
 Furry and far from nice.

A beast within whose larder-cupboard
 Were remnants mouldering long,
 A beast at whom the sperm-whale blubbered,
 The walrus ceased his song,—
 I saw you thus, O Great White Sale!
 Having observed upon the tail
 Of some one's millinery cart
 Those awful words, but — bless my heart —
 It seems that I was wrong.

I saw you also by the hummocks
 That formed your frozen lair;
 Stout sailors crawled upon their stomachs
 With dirk and cutlass bare;
 I saw you, as the fray began,
 Savagely maul them man by man,
 Till at the last you, growling, died
 And all about were bits of hide,
 Buttons and bones and hair.

It seems (I say) I was mistaken;
 That is the worst of bards,
 The wings of fancy once you waken
 They soar for yards and yards;
 But, since my aunt, my good aunt Jane,
 Has been so kind as to explain
 Exactly what a White Sale is,
 The knowledge of these mysteries
 Has spoilt my house of cards.

Or has it? when the Muse considers
 The bargain-room that teems
 With crowds of petticoated bidders,
 The anguish and the screams,
 The broken armies that emerge,
 The triumph psalm and the dirge,—
 I say, when she considers this
 The Muse is not so badly dis-
 appointed of her dreams.

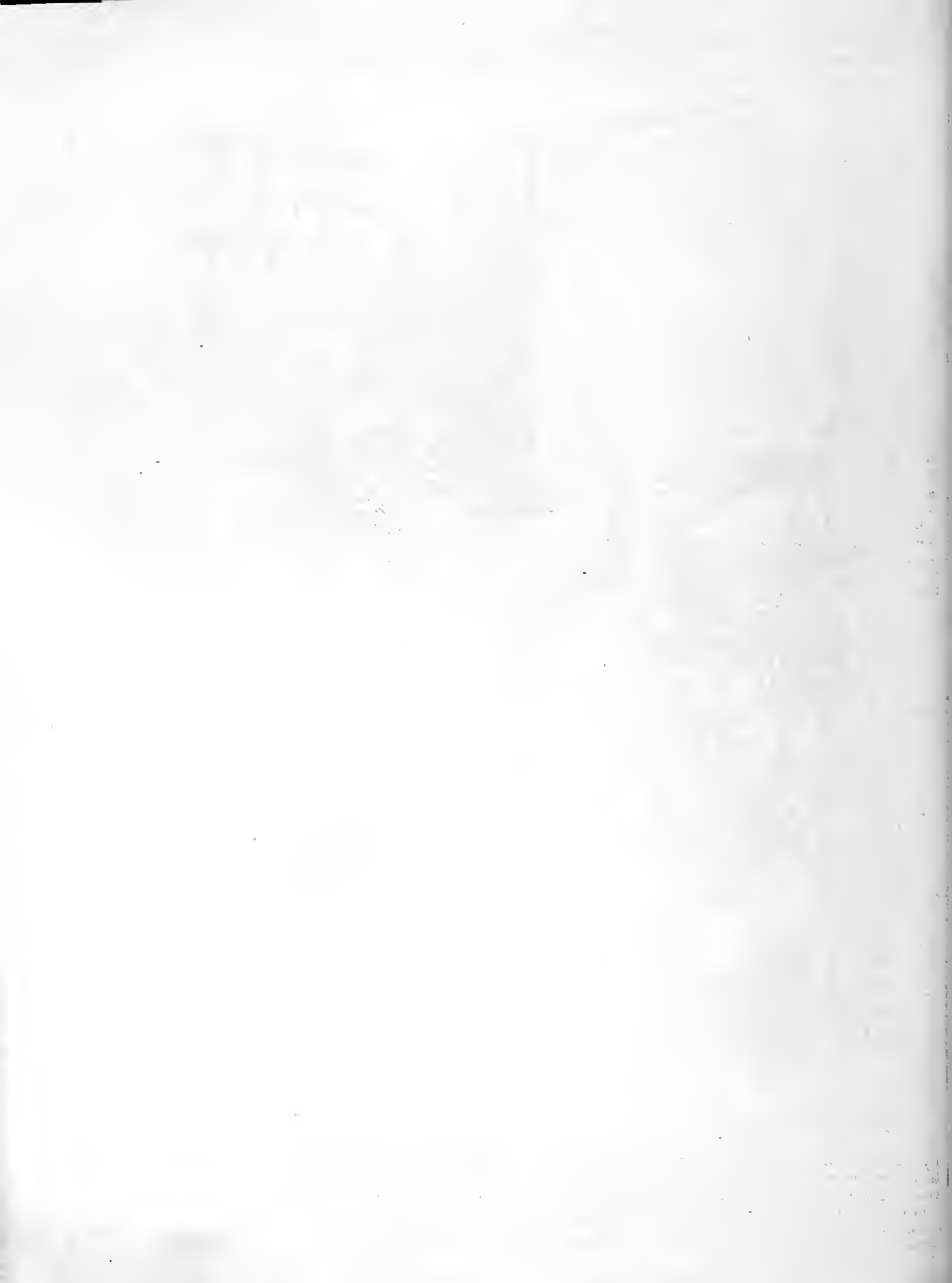
The Blood, the Tumult, and the Terror,
 The tresses flying fleet
 (Although I placed the thing by error
 Too far from Oxford Street),
 All, all are there (I take it) when,
 Torn with a strength unknown to men,
 By damsels pitiless and pale,
 The carcass of the Great White Sale
 Falls at the hunters' feet.



Bernard Partridge.

STIFFENING THEIR NECKS.

LORD ROSEBERY. "BETTER STICK TO THESE EXERCISES; THEY'LL GET US INTO THE PINK OF CONDITION FOR THE SCAFFOLD."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 20th February.—"Man and boy," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "I have been in the House of Commons forty years. Have witnessed many cases of alleged breach of privilege, beginning with one in which CHARLES LEWIS had the publishers of *The Times* and *Daily News* haled to the Bar on a charge of publishing evidence given before a Select Committee upstairs. When they appeared the House didn't know what to do with them. After awkward interval the culprits were, in effect, begged to go quietly away, which, being fortunately persons of amiable disposition, they presently did. With this almost unique experience I solemnly declare I have never seen the House come out of breach of privilege case without loss of whatever may up to date have stood to its credit."

GINNELL affair no exception to rule. IAN MALCOLM all right from his point of view in bringing obscure case under the fierce light that beats upon the SPEAKER'S Chair. Been out of Parliament for some years. Just back. Must make up for lost time.

But see what comes of his activity. WEDGWOOD, who wrote the obnoxious letter which GINNELL made haste to publish in an obscure Irish road-side paper, rides off with flying colours. If at risk of his own life he had saved the SPEAKER'S, he could not have been more heartily cheered than he was when he read out retraction of the offensive letter and apology for sending it. Never through parliamentary career has been made so much of.

As for GINNELL, his luck passed bounds of wildest expectation. On opening day of Session he gained opportunity of delivering long speech unfettered by authority in the Chair. That was the prize of his own ingenuity and originality. Repetition not possible until there be fresh election of Speaker, when we shall probably have half-a-dozen long-suffering cranks taking it out of helpless House. And here, provided by the vigilance of IAN MALCOLM, was another chance of repeating, with slight variation, the indignant of the SPEAKER framed and delivered on day of election.

Out came the old manuscript written on fly-sheets of private correspondence. The reading made more embarrassing by interlined alterations, suiting speech to altered circumstances. The House, with business of Session before it, fumed and fretted. GINNELL spared them not a sentence, not a phrase.



EGO ET REX MEUS.

King Henry (Mr. REDMOND) relies on his dear Cardinal (Mr. ASQUITH) to push through that little matter of the State Divorce with the least possible delay.

Apologise to the Chair? Not he. On the contrary, safe in knowledge of magnanimity of SPEAKER unwilling to take advantage of his authority to close the mouth of a personal accuser, GINNELL reiterated with emphasis the specific charges out of which the whole wretched business grew. In the end got off with a week's holiday, and the pleased satisfaction of having loomed large on the most commanding stage in the world, delaying public business by an hour and a half, and obtaining in the newspapers columns of advertisement whose united length would encircle St. Paul's Dome an indefinite number of times.

Of all events in public life Lord MELBOURNE'S profound suggestion, "Can't you leave it alone?" applies most closely to cases on which are based charges of breach of privilege.

Business done.—Remains of last year's Budget disinterred and further considered.

Monday, Feb. 27.—Government approaching fourth week of the new Session. Have had their ups and downs. Most tornadic reverse was revolt of Mr. PICKERSGILL. Catastrophe happened on proposal to take time of private Members up to Easter in order to shove Parliament Bill along.

This too much for PICKERSGILL. In spite of all temptation still an unofficial Member. Just a simple, loyal unit of the Party, constrained now to come forward and wave red flag in dazed eyes of Treasury Bench.

His speech rather a mixed argument. Sacrifice of private Members made last year was, he said, fruitful only in leading to Dissolution. Ministers drawing salaries of £5,000 a year—"paid quarterly," added PICKERSGILL in tragic tone that plumbed depth of this enormity—might face cost of Election with cheerful countenance. But it was an intolerable strain upon resources of impecunious private Members who had lost their inheritance of balloting for precedence before Easter.

In same delightfully inconsequential fashion, P. confessed that what pricked him to the core was what he called "bringing into existence a new class of parliamentary private secretaries." Every Minister, every Sub-Minister, every Deputy Sub-Minister had his private secretary. As for WINSTON, he, with characteristic exuberance, "had two Members of Parliament dancing attendance upon him."

"My constituents at Bethnal Green," cried P. in final flood of tumultuous eloquence, "have not sent me to the

House of Commons for over twenty years to be a mere voting machine or to speak only with the kind permission of the Government licenser."

Suborned Members on Ministerial side tittered. Conservative Party sitting opposite profoundly impressed. PICKERSGILL claimed to be the champion of class of legislators doomed to destruction by arrogance of impetuous PREMIER. He was the Last of the Mohicans representing the independent private Member. Is certainly the last representative of one peculiar type, being only man left to us who, turning body from side to side as if fixed on swivel, personally addresses sections of audience to left and right. Only surviving Member who shakes a warning forefinger at the Chair, who with up-lifted voice gives full pronunciation to every preposition and prefaces every third sentence with direct address to "MR. SPEAKER."

Crowning charm of pretty scene was attitude of Party opposite. Time was when they somewhat unkindly made PICKERSGILL their butt, ironically applauding his strident speech. Now a murmur of sympathy occasionally broken by sharp cheer encouraged the mutineer. WINTERTON, rising to follow him in debate, was at the outset almost speechless with emotion, and with cambric handkerchief dried a preliminary tear.

Against this Ministerial rebuff must be set the hard-won triumph of MACKINNON WOOD. As representative of Foreign Office in the Commons he was challenged by the WEARISOME WEDGWOOD to ask whether a member of the British Embassy "was allowed to be present at the trial of Dr. KOTOKU and his wife in Tokio" upon a charge of conspiracy. The UNDER-SECRETARY, pulling himself together, made a gallant attempt to pronounce the name of the Doctor. He would probably have succeeded had it not been associated, five words later, with the capital of Japan. Anyone who does not realise the difficulty of pronouncing the name Kotoku, immediately followed by reference to Tokio, in the hearing of a crowded critical Assembly, will do well to make the attempt in the privacy of his room.

MACKINNON WOOD, conscious of the difficulty, rather rushed the first name, adding an unauthorised syllable or two to its sufficient number. This naturally brought him up breathless at Tokio. The combined vocal effort resulted in something between a cough and a sneeze. But it is a poor spirit that accepts defeat on first attempt. For a second time in the course of his reply the UNDER-SECRETARY had occasion to

refer to Dr. KOTOKU and his wife in Tokio. The House, now thoroughly interested, watched and listened intently. Coming slowly up to the scratch, instinctively in-drawing his breath as is the habit of the Japanese in moments of excitement, he worked off every syllable and resumed his seat amid a hearty cheer.

Another notable incident crowded into the first three weeks of the Session was the exposure by Mr. LANSBURY of the habits of the working classes in respect of early marriages. Contributed the information in course of debate on subject of the unemployed.

"Some hon. gentlemen," he said, "seem to forget how these people are manufactured. I wonder how the hon. gentleman"—he was alluding to ARTHUR WILSON—"or myself would have felt if at twelve years of age we had been pitchforked out of a job and had wandered about for several months unable to get work of any kind, perhaps with a wife and child at home starving."

This picture of ARTHUR WILSON and the newly-elected Member for Bow and Bromley wandering about in petticoats, weighed down by ineffectual sorrow for a fireless breadless home, peopled by wife and child, deeply touched an Assembly which with all its shortcomings is ever susceptible to human sympathy.

A BURNING GRIEVANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have openly announced my intention of writing to the papers on the point, and you are the papers. Quit fooling and attend.

I write from the Inner Temple Library, where much against my will I am surrounded by men opening and shutting books, scratching their heads, looking up the law, and breathing stertorously. Why then be here? That is what I am about to explain. I pay a large rent for half a room of my own, and yet I come here because I like to be near a nice fire. It is not that I am niggardly. Indeed, but for good and substantial reasons, I should now be sitting in my half-room, heaping on coal with a lavish hand and watching it burn with an ungrudging eye—for my rent includes coal, free.

The good and substantial reasons are the Other Half and a universal truth. The latter is that, of the 100,000,001 inhabitants of the civilised world, only one can stoke a fire properly and that is oneself. (You say that is a trite apothegm. Confessing that I don't know what an apothegm is and remarking that it has a nasty sound, I pass on.) The Other Half is

a man, like myself, at the beginning of things; the sort of fellow who will, as I shall, go mad when he sees a brief with his own name on it. Charming in every way and ever furnished with a pouch of the best tobacco, which he leaves forgetfully on the common table, he can be loved entirely, except . . . yes, he is one of the 100,000,001.

Now in this room of ours there is a fireplace. Some happy charwoman, with none to dispute her ability or harass her performance, sets it going in the morning, and we arrive betimes to enjoy the warmth as long as it lasts. There comes a moment, about noon, when we are waked up by the cold and someone must attend to the fire. Other Half, though normally confident of his unique skill in the matter of fire-stoking, forgets all about it till I approach stealthily to put a shovelful on. I am allowed to get as far as this in my operation simply because even he has not the face to say I am doing it wrong when I am not doing it at all. But I have only just begun when he gets up, as one conferring a favour, and says it will be all right, he will see to it.

"Don't you trouble, old man," I say. "It is no trouble," he says, "and it will make your hands dirty."

"They are dirty already, and look better so. I don't mind doing it."

"Nor do I," he answers.

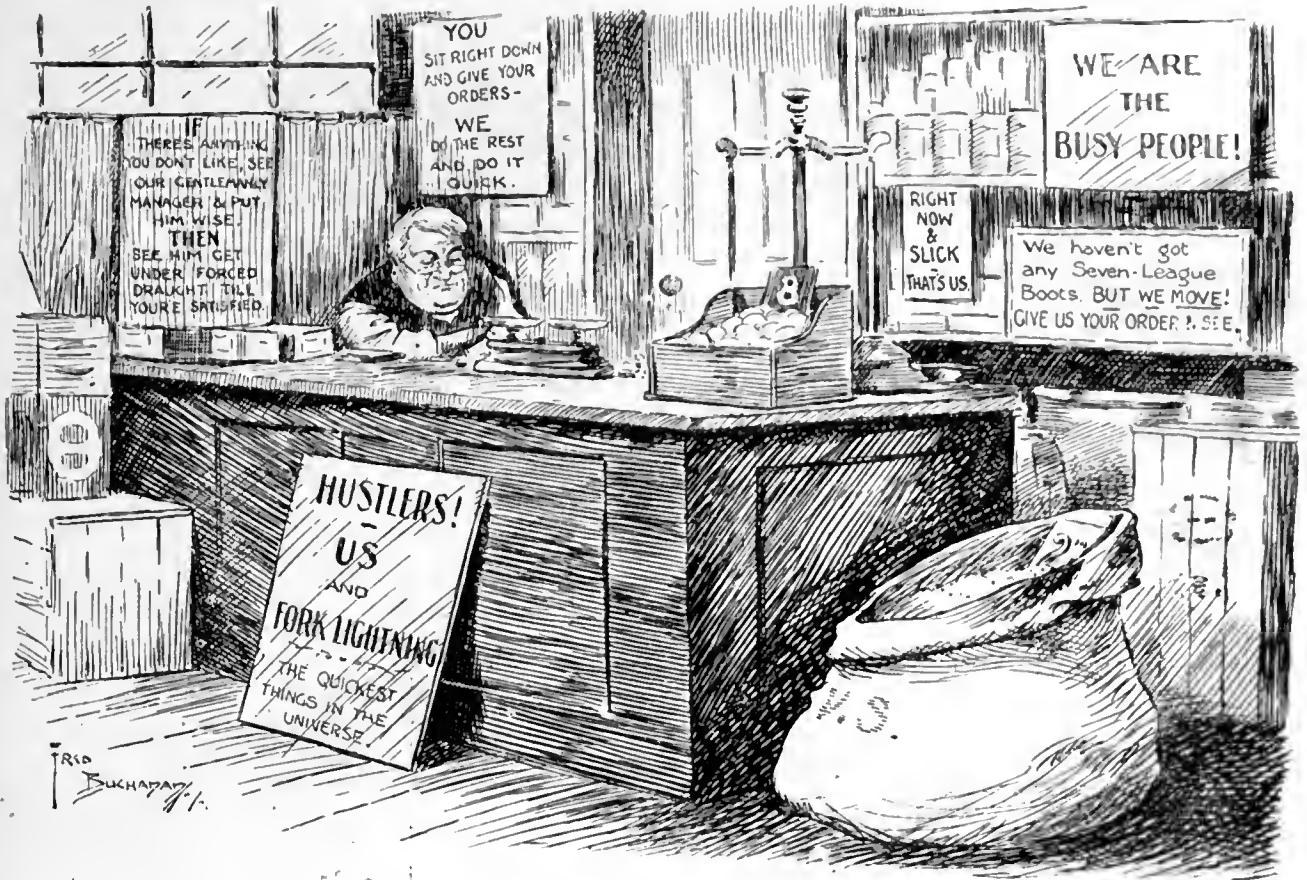
"I like it."

"So do I," and at last we are at the truth.

Then the trouble begins in the shape of an argument. We being professional disputants, and I being armed with a shovel, a settlement is only come to after a long while, and a conclusion arrived at never. Meanwhile the fire (wondering why) has gone out, and we return to it to find a few ashes lying shivering in the grate. I then go to the Library to write to the papers, and he goes to the Common Room to read them, and that is our grievance.

If you are curious to learn how the affair ends, you may know that I am now going to lunch and shall after that return to this room of ours. The absence of fire we shall regard with indifference, for in the cupboard, marked "Stationery," there are weapons and armour, and I and Other Half will keep ourselves warm during the afternoon, as is our wont, with the Singlestick. For, your Honour, the practice of the Law is as varied as it is exacting.

"Victor Trumper, once more his triumphant self, fell short of a century by three figures only."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. There's nothing in that. We have often done it.



ENGLAND WAKES UP.

THE EFFECT OF AMERICAN TRADING METHODS ON OUR VILLAGE EMPORIUM.

THE CURE.

["I am a great singer," CARUSO is reported to have said, "because I have always remained a bachelor. No man can sing unless he smiles, and I should never smile if I married."]

His age was forty, his name was White;
He sang all day and he sang all night.

He wore on his face, to improve his style,
A terrible twist which he called a smile.

Her name was Kate (though she called it "Kite,")
She sang all day and she sang all night.

And her face was marred by a similar smile,
Which curved at the ends and stretched for a mile.

He lived in the basement, she under the light,
And the neighbourhood found them a positive blight.

For the singing alone had disturbed their bile
Or ever they knew of the permanent smile.

"We comfort ourselves," they were wont to write,
"By the thought that your bark may be worse than your bite."

But they changed their minds and their words were vile

When they first behold the Carusial smile.

They tried by persuasion, they tried by fright,
They tried with their main, they tried with their might;

They tried by duress, they tried by guile,
But they could not get rid of the song or the smile.

Each answered so often, it grew to be trite:
"I must be great and I cannot be quite,

Unless I am happy. Accordingly, I'll
Never, no never abandon my smile."

WELL-BRED NOTES.

The Daily Mail having given *The Standard* such a lift by urging the consumption of "Standard Bread" on the whole community, *The Standard* with perfect journalistic courtesy is proposing to lend the full weight of its influence to a scheme for adding to the various new staves of life a "Whole Mail Loaf" that in nutriment and purity goes far beyond even Sir OSWALD BRIERLEY'S famous lump of dough.

Meanwhile all the papers are considering the advisability of adding a form of bread to their other attractions.

Thus *The Daily Telegraph* purposes to issue gratis to every subscriber a peculiarly succulent comestible to be known as the "D. Tea cake," which, it is anticipated, will enormously increase its circulation.

The proprietors of *The Morning Post* will provide their *clientèle* with a constant supply of "Bathurst Buns" of a most salubrious and stimulating character.

Lastly, *The Spectator*, always the true friend of the canine tribe, will in future give away a pound of dog biscuits with each copy.

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. JARVIS."

OLD Pretenders, like the measles, are just now in our midst. These epidemics occur from time to time in the theatrical world. Now it is the NELL GWYNNE bacillus, and now the Musketeers microbe. I would not think of saying that one theatre catches the complaint from another; simply, the thing is in the air. No doubt Messrs. LEON LION and MALCOLM CHERRY had conceived the idea of adapting BETH ELLIS'S "*Madam, will you walk?*" long before they knew that Mr. MASON proposed to bring out an Old Pretender play on the lines of his romance of *Clementina*. But anyhow there are at this moment two JAMES in the field.

Charles Lebrun, a penniless adventurer who happens to have a face the very image of the King's over the water, turns up in England. The MARLBOROUGH party, who are out of Court favour, see a chance of utilising this speaking resemblance to damage the MASHAM-BOLINBROKE clique, who are the happy recipients of QUEEN ANNE'S bounty, by extracting from them a written proof of their sympathy with the cause of the Pretender. *Lebrun* shall be *Sarah Marlborough's* tool at the price of a few hundred crowns. So he is wigged and dressed for the part, and lodged at the house of *Lady Margaret Beauchamp*, a staunch and fascinating Jacobite. *Bolinbroke* duly commits himself on paper, but grows suspicious when he receives a communication from the actual JAMES, who, not being a bird, cannot be on both sides of the water at once. Meanwhile, *Lebrun*, like everybody else who sets eyes on her, has fallen in love with *Lady Margaret*; and she, adoring him first as her King, has in the end come to care for him on his own account as a man and a charmer. He confesses his imposture, and for the sake of her and her cause would tear up the compromising documents if he were not under promise to hand them over to *Sarah's* man, *Captain Drummond*. *Lady Margaret's* guardian offers to make a present of her to *Lebrun* if he will destroy the papers, but he is resolute to keep his word. Finally, the hitch is cleared by *Drummond* himself, who in a spasm of nobility burns them and leaves *Lebrun* free to take the lady to his arms.

Here is pretty matter for a costume play, and, if your head is not asking for subtleties or your heart to have its strings set quivering, you will find good entertainment at Wyndham's. For,

on its lighter side, *Mr. Jarvis* is well enough, and the plot itself is handled with economy and a deftness which leaves you in doubt to the last. But the central character, *Lebrun*, is not perfectly adapted to the methods of that delightful actor, Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER. Admirable in his assumption of kingship and excellent in his casual revelations of the impostor's own personality, he is less happy when he comes to grips with the sterner stuff of romance. Perhaps it is that his voice lacks depth and variety of tone. Or, possibly, when you have been making pretence to be a Pretender, you are not in the best mood for emotional sincerity. Anyhow, Mr. DU MAURIER did not quite impose upon me as a desperate lover, or, indeed, as being desperately in earnest about anything. He did not even trouble to rap out his



Mr. H. B. ESMOND (as *Bolinbroke*, growing suspicious about *Lebrun's* identity). "I believe it's GERALD DU MAURIER all the time."

parbleus and *morbleus* and *sapristis* with conviction. Still, it was a very attractive performance.

... Miss BRANDON THOMAS was a charming *Lady Margaret*, with manners as pretty as her frocks. Apart from the right carriage of some very picturesque costumes, no great demands were put upon the rest of a workmanlike cast; but I should have liked to see more of Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, who made a brave and virile *Sarah*; and of Mr. MARSH ALLEN, who, in the person of that gay Irishman, *Lord Peter Wildmore*, might well have been allowed a larger scope for his pleasantries. Indeed, in exchange for a better acquaintance with these two characters, I could comfortably have dispensed with some of the incessant hand-kissing, fond as I am of seeing this manoeuvre neatly executed.

My only other complaint—for I am easily pleased—is that the movement should have been so rapid and intricate at the start—always a mistake when an historical theme, and peculiarly dangerous when you are expounding the annals of its own race to an audience notoriously shaky on such matters.

I should like to add that on the night when I assisted at the performance of *Mr. Jarvis* the Safety Curtain was lowered *twice*; but I have not allowed this fact to influence my judgment.

O. S.

A RESOLUTION.

["In addition to the spread of vulgarisms and other word-saving resorts, we are now warned of the increasing evidence of the collapse of descriptive power. Objection is taken to the frequency with which people wind up their efforts at coherence with "and all that sort of thing."—*Lady's Pictorial*.]

Touché! You hit me shrewdly;

Mine, I confess, the vice.

I too have spoken vulgarly (I don't mean rudely)

More times than once or twice.

Phrases like "jolly rotten,"

Or worse, as "howling frost,"

Words roughly wrenched to other meanings, such as "cotton,"

Or "damage" (meaning "cost");—

These have I glibly uttered.

I shouldn't have spoken so;

Better—though beastly painful—had

I paused and stuttered,

And so on, don't you know?

Touché! I am a sinner

(Or have been, in the past);

Yes, my descriptive efforts have got thin and thinner,

And petered out at last.

I take to heart the warning;

Henceforward, as it ought,

My speech shall be a chastened eloquence, adorning

A reasoned flow of thought.

By self-imposed restriction

I'll check the faults which spring

So plenteously from incoherence, slangy diction,

And all that sort of thing.

"It is notified that the title of Ahmudan Gaung Tazeik Ya Min, conferred on Kun Sang Pu Heng of Wanman, Karenni, is cancelled."—*Gazette of India*.

So his visiting cards can be the ordinary size, after all.

"Prince Tsai Chun, brother of the Prince Regent of China, will leave China in May next on his way via this country to London to attend the coronation of King George IV."—*Vancouver Daily News-Advertiser*.

He'll be a little late, but very welcome.



Dealer in Antiques (to wavering customer). "HALF-A-CROWN TOO MUCH FOR IT? WHY, THERE'S SIXTEEN DOBS' WORTH OF RIVETS IN IT!"

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

[The women of Switzerland are petitioning the Government not to grant any more half-holidays because, when their husbands come home early, they do not know what to do with themselves and are a nuisance in the house.]

When they closed the office early, honouring the KING or QUEEN,
I would fly to Little Girlie and my cot at Golder's Green;
Swiftly? Lightning wasn't in it! Newly wedded, would I miss
E'en the fraction of a minute of my sweet domestic bliss?

Gladly Girlie used to greet me, with a hammer in her hand,
"Edwin, dear, the pictures beat me! On the steps I cannot stand.
Twice the naughty hammer lighted on your Girlie's little thumb;
Edwin, I am so excited that my ownest own has come."

Then we sought our occupations. On a chair my Girlie sat
And directed operations—kept me doing this and that;
And she passed severest strictures on my hand and on my eye
As I hung askew the pictures, as I made the plaster fly.

When the feast of good St. Michael warned that summer joys must cease,
She would bid me clean her cycle, coating it with wintry grease;

And I toiled for hours together, vaselining spokes and rims,
With a rag and chamois leather, till I ached in all my limbs.

When there came upon the tapis first a lass and then a lad,
Girlie used to make them happy at the thought of tea with Dad;
And as I was fingered jammily by adhesive little cubs
Girlie used to leave her family for an evening at her clubs.

When they close the office early, honouring the KING or QUEEN,
Do I fly to Little Girlie and my cot at Golder's Green,
Or when in their eager numbers all my fellow-clerks have fled,
Do I prosecute my slumbers in my office chair instead?

"Here is a true story, says *The Sporting Chronicle*, regarding J. A. King, the Yorkshire forward. As is well-known, the young farmer was about the most prominent man on the field in the last of the Trial Matches at Twickenham, and 'Played, King!' 'Well done, King!' were frequent shouts from the stand."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

Yes, that is the end of the story. Good, isn't it? If your friend wants another, let him try this one:—

"A rather long-winded preacher's little boy was taken to the service on Sunday night. During the long sermon he fell asleep, and when he awoke his father was still preaching."—*Evening News*.

That's all—but every word tells.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT so long ago, the "love-story" used to be regarded as the most popular type of fiction; but if things go on as they are going we shall have to coin a new title, and salute the triumph of the "hate-story." This at least is what I thought after reading Mr. HUGH WALPOLE'S most powerful (and depressing) novel, *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail* (MILLS AND BOON). The tale, an apparently simple one of the lives of certain masters in a third-rate public school, their intrigues and jealousies, and the general way in which they get on one another's nerves, is finely told. The protagonists are *Perrin*, the warped product of twenty years at *Moffat's*, under conditions which Mr. WALPOLE lashes with merciless severity, and *Trail*, whose arrival brings about by force of contrast the tragedy of the other's madness. Of course, one has to grant the author his conditions; and, for my own part, I am aware of a doubt whether these are quite honestly typical, or whether any body of schoolmasters (and I have known many) was ever quite so collectively neurotic as the staff at *Moffat's*. But the art of Mr. WALPOLE'S treatment is undeniable. He has the gift of writing largely about little things, which enables him to make out of this sordid quarrel of two overstrained men about a borrowed umbrella a drama full of pity and terror. The grim strength of the last few chapters is at times almost overpowering, and the book altogether is not one for a reader with weak nerves. Perhaps Mr. WALPOLE was a little frightened at

it himself; in no other way can I exonerate him from the charge of sacrificing his artistic conscience to the popular demand for a "beautiful" ending. This really is the weak spot in a clever and original story.

Those who were accustomed to regard the writer of *Japan; an Attempt at an Appreciation* as a fantastic, wholly orientalist, if not slightly improper person, will (I hope) be agreeably disappointed by *The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn* (CONSTABLE). The editress of this book, ELIZABETH BISLAND, claims for it, as is usual with the compilers of correspondence, that it affords a true insight into the character of the man, and in any case, I suppose, it would have challenged comparison with the letters of R. L. STEVENSON from Samoa, since to both these men the artistry of words was a passion, to HEARN almost an idolatry (there is a very striking passage where he explains how even the alphabet has for him colours and human faces); both were invalids, both exiles, and both to a large extent identified themselves with the land of their adoption. And if we fail altogether to find in HEARN that exuberant boyishness and gaiety which made the letters from Tusitala so attractive, we are none the less forced to admit a very imaginative, very likeable, and withal a very sane per-

sonality. The most remarkable features of the letters in this volume (almost all written to Professor HALL CHAMBERLAIN, though there are a few at the end to Mrs. HEARN, very charming, but of no particular substance) are the striking criticism of contemporary and general literature, French in particular, and the oscillation of the writer's views on things oriental; he is now charmed, now disgusted, now in despair of finding the face behind the mask, and always his theories, whether one agrees with them or not, are extremely interesting. I should remark in conclusion that there is a glossary at the end of the book, so that even such sentences as "The *Koto-shiro-nushi-no-kami* of *Mionoseki* is the great Deity of the *hyakusto-no-jin*," ought not to alarm the energetic reader.

Does Miss MARJORIE BOWEN still regard herself as a beginner, in spite (it is said without offence) of her precocious success? If so, *Defender of the Faith* (METHUEN) may be readily and heartily commended. History supplies

the plot and spares the reviewer the necessity of quoting it. Enough, that the period is the early autumn of the reign of CHARLES II., the *mise-en-scène* Europe, and the central figure PRINCE WILLIAM OF ORANGE, holding his own (and half a continent's) unaided against the aggression of LOUIS. To weave so romantic a story round that episode itself required a rare dramatic touch, but there is also conspicuous an occasional eloquence and a universal good taste, free from excesses and with but one small affectation. There is wanting only that indefinite something which can come with



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

2. THE LION-TAMER DOES A LITTLE GARDENING.

maturity alone and from no effort of youthful perseverance, that subtlety which enables the artist to conceal his art and make his characters inevitably alive. At the beginning that is not yet to be expected, but if Miss BOWEN is to be considered as at her zenith then its absence is a fault. If this is a promise of greater things to come, there is reason for congratulation; if the final product by which she shall be judged, then, alas! that so fair a flower of genius should have been spoilt by a premature blooming.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

MASTERS of modes, when you muster your mannequins,

We may suppose, who have studied your lore,
Mountainous plumes will give place to mere pannikins,
"Hobbles" will flounce to a furlong or more.

But if we've plumbed not the depths, and the grand ages

Rule us, when Woad was the "*dernier cri*"

(Saved by a *soupçon* of buckles and bandages),

Then—and then only—give ear to my plea.

Broaden the lines of our "chapeau's" concavity,

Large as a tent for a bather's retreat;

There let the prey of your modish depravity

Shelter her shame from the curious street.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Irish Nationalist Members of Parliament have decided not to attend the Coronation, and in Ireland it is being asked, Will the Coronation now be held?

Sir EDWARD GREY, in answer to a question in the House, stated that no concrete proposals relative to the Bagdad Railway were at present before the Government. Some of us are of the opinion that it is time that the iron hand were shown, and would like to see some ferro-concrete proposals emanate from our Government.

The KAISER, in declining to interfere in a case which was put before him, declared that attempted suicide was not a crime for which there is any earthly tribunal. This partial abdication on the part of the KAISER has surprised his countrymen, who fear it points to a failing belief in his own powers.

The Drury Lane pantomime has now gone into a second edition. We understand, however, that it will have to be withdrawn in December next to make way for another pantomime, of an equally seasonable character.

"Heaven knows we have enough without looking for other burdens," said President TAFT in disclaiming all desire for annexation. We like this picture of Canada as a white man's burden.

Mr. HALDANE, in his memorandum on the Army Estimates, drew attention to the shortage of officers. Private BAXTER, on the other hand, is 6 ft. 8½ in. in his socks.

The wholesale, retail and manufacturing stationers have decided that on March 21st everyone connected with the trade shall send the POSTMASTER-GENERAL a card protesting against the decision to sell postcards and letter-cards at the price of the stamps on them. It is rumoured that, with a view to increasing his revenue this way, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL will postpone the inauguration of the reform from year to year.

Judge PARRY has been appointed to succeed the late Judge EMDEN. His Honour is the author of *Katawampus*, *What the Butler Saw*, and *The Captain of the School*, and the Lambeth County Court will no doubt soon come to be recognised as the Home of Light Faree.

Dr. ORVILLE OWEN is making a determined effort to discover documents which will prove that BACON wrote the plays of SHAKESPEARE. It is fortunate for Stratford-on-Avon (where Miss CORELLI resides) that its fame does not rest only on the fact of its being the birthplace of SHAKESPEARE.

"It is reported from New York," says *The Mirror*, "that Mrs. SMITH H. MCKIM, who obtained a divorce from

struction of a large circus to be known as Westbourne Circus. "Ah, this is indeed a pleasure-loving age!" said the dear old lady.

Our attention has been drawn to an advertisement of a "HAND LAUNDRY." This is a capital idea. We know several little boys who need it badly.

Answer to Anxious Enquirer:—No, Mr. MAUGHAM'S *Loaves and Fishes* has nothing to do with Standard Bread. But a topical touch is given to the play by the selection of Mr. ROBERT LOHAINÉ for the part of a sky-pilot.

THE AWAKENING.

WHEN my accursed tooth began
To ache and ache the livelong
day,
I went and asked a dental man
To probe the region where it
lay,
And gently take the horrid thing
away.

He seemed to like the scheme,
and so
I called one awful afternoon,
Whereon a habbling medico,
Hired in to engineer a swoon,
Clapped o'er my head a nasty gas-
balloon.

I said as much as was allowed
By moderation and the gag,
And then my mind became a cloud
And my attention seemed to
flag,
And be—he took his mashie from
the bag.

Methought I dreamed for several
years,
But all my visions went awry;
My body slept, but not my fears,
For I could see, without an eye,
That root was in a deuced rotten
lie.

Waking with but a single wish,
I knew that now 'twas mine to
gloat,
To see it swimming in the dish
(Unless he'd dropped it down my
throat);
Somehow I felt convinced that it would
float.

The bowl was empty as before;
I gazed and gazed but saw it not.
I looked, expectant, on the floor,
And then a pang revealed the spot—
The silly fool had been and missed his
shot!



Old Lady. "WHAT A DREADEFUL DOWNPOUR. IT'S A REGULAR WATELSPOUT!"

her husband last August, will sail for England next month for the purpose of marrying Mr. A. G. VANDERBILT." After this it will not be possible for Mr. VANDERBILT to complain that he was not warned.

Canon OTTLEY has attracted further notice to the case of the Barking "flushers," who are said to work for 352 days in the year. We suspect that this scandal would have been remedied long ago but for the belief that Barking dogs do not bite.

A street improvement scheme, which is to be submitted to the Paddington Borough Council and the London County Council, provides for the con-

TO THE LATE NOAH WEBSTER.

[In honour of the new and superb edition of his le icon, lately issued by MESSRS. BELL AND SONS, of London, and the MERRIAM Co., of Springfield, Mass.]

This weighty structure—one stone one, or more—

Full as an egg of meat, and very showy;
Yea, packed with such a variegated store
As filled the hulk in which that other Noë,
With SHEM and HAM, *et cetera*, made his mark
(That is to say, The Ark),

In wealth of illustrations fairly dims
The luminous past. Four hundred extra pages,
A trebled stock-in-trade of Synonyms,
And several new "Fictitious Personages,"
Conspire to make the sort of wedding gift
No thief could hope to lift.

WEBSTER, you should be here, right here, to-day,
Snatching an idle hour from realms of Fairy,
To mark your Eagle, strangely proud and gay,
Smile on your devastating Dictionary—
That fowl for which the earth supplies no mate
(See opening coloured plate).

What if the firm of BELL of London (Eng.)
Upon the volume which I here review sets
Its *imprimatur*, sharing this great fling
With MESSRS. MERRIAM of Massachusetts?
Initially, old man, the rightful praise
Is yours and U.S.A.'s.

And, though Columbia calls your teeming tome
"The International," she don't repent her
Of fashions fixed in that New England home
That was your theater (*sic*), your working center;
Still where your "Unabridged" began to sell
They own your ancient spell.

Yet Time has changed a lot, omniscient Sir.
Some things that to our vulgar vision lie plain
Had never had occasion to occur
Within your knowledge—sample I., the Biplane;
In those far days they simply ran to kites,
The local WILBUR WRIGHTS.

The biograph, the motor-bus, the ski,
The tube, the tubal lift, the fleet Mareconi,
Were still undreamed in your philosophy,
Contemporaneous with the tyrant BONEY;
And yet on these our daily souls are fed—
On these, and Standard Bread.

Microbes, again—you never heard the term.
The larger monsters, such as Megatherium,
Engaged a fancy still untaught to squirm
At lesser fauna like the slim Baeterium;
Nor yet did table-topies, ere you passed,
Include the Scleroblast.

Thus Science ruthlessly extends her range.
One lives and learns; let's hope one dies and learns too;
For I should loathe to think you cannot change,
That all in vain your cabin'd spirit yearns to
Pick up fresh wrinkles from the Book of Fame,
Noë, that bears your name. O. S.

"Harkness rose and opened his cigarette case. Reggie snatched a weed greedily, and, biting off the end, lit it with trembling fingers."

"Daily Mail" *Fewellton*.

Somebody ought to speak to Reggie about this. To smoke only one end of a cigarette—whether the end he bites off or the other—is sheer extravagance.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HARROW.

(With Apologies to the Conductors of "At the Sign of the Plough" in "The Cornhill Magazine.")

III. ON THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY.

1. Assign the following remarks by the Fairchild Children to their respective speakers, and give the approximate ages of the latter.

(i.) "Papa, I can repeat the verses in Genesis about Paradise." *Answer*: Henry (age between 5 and 6).

(ii.) "Oh! and I know what the Children of Noah did in the Plain of Shinar." *Answer*: Emily (about 7).

(iii.) "Papa, may we say some verses about mankind having had hearts?" *Answer*: Lucy (about 9).

(iv.) "Are my Aunts dead? . . . Then I'm afraid that they are not gone to Heaven." *Answer*: Henry.

(v.) "Is it right to be going out every day, and dressing fine, and playing at cards?" *Answer*: Lucy.

(vi.) "We have disobeyed our parents, we have told a lie, and we have drunk cider until we were drunk." *Answer*: Lucy.

(vii.) "I was not two minutes stealing the apple, and papa found it out before breakfast." *Answer*: Henry.

(viii.) "You don't like to be called a thief, though you are not ashamed to steal, I see." *Answer*: Henry (*in reproof of Miss Augusta Noble for taking two apples out of the governess's work-bag*).

2. (a) What reason did Mrs. Fairchild give for accepting an invitation to dine with a baronet? *Answer*: "Well, my dear, as Sir Charles Noble has been so kind as to ask us, we must not offend him by refusing to go." (b) How did her hostess receive her on this occasion? *Answer*: "Lady Noble was a proud woman, so she did not take much notice of Mrs. Fairchild when she came in, although she ordered the servant to set a chair for her."

3. Give in Mrs. Fairchild's own words the besetting sins of:

(i.) Lady Noble. *Answer*: "Alas! I am sorry for Lady Noble; she loves the world too well, and all its fine things."

(ii.) Mr. Crosbie. *Answer*: "Mr. Crosbie loves eating."

(iii.) Mrs. Crosbie. *Answer*: "Mrs. Crosbie is ill-tempered."

(iv.) Miss Crosbie. *Answer*: "Miss Crosbie is vain and fond of finery;" and

(v.) Miss Betsey Crosbie. *Answer*: "Miss Betsey is very pert and forward."

4. Describe the dishes of which, according to Lucy, Mr. Crosbie partook when he dined with the Fairchilds. *Answer*: "And how Mr. Crosbie did eat! He ate half the haunch of venison. And then he was helped twice to pigeon-pie, and then he ate apple-tart and custard, and then—" (*cetera desunt*).

5. What explanation did Mrs. Fairchild give of her motive in enumerating to her children the various weaknesses and self-deceptions of her guests? *Answer*: "To show you how people may live in the constant practice of one particular sin without being conscious of it, and perhaps thinking themselves very good all the time."

6. What was Emily's actual occupation at the time when she represented herself to have been "playing with the cat upstairs"? *Answer*: "Stealing preserved damascenes."

7. With what refreshment did his children provide Mr. Fairchild at a picnic? *Answer*: "A loaf and cheese, and a large fruit pie, and a bottle of beer for their papa."

8. What was the fare that moved Mr. Fairchild to exclaim at Mrs. Goodwill's table: "What blessings we



A SAIL! A SAIL!

DON QUIXOTE (*waking in the Elysian Fields*). "WHO SAID 'WIND-MILLS'?"
[The new vogue of Whole-meal Bread is likely to lead to the revival of the old methods of grinding flour.]





Small Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,—MAY WE HAVE AN EXTRA HALF-HOLIDAY THIS AFTERNOON?"

Headmaster. "WHY?"

Small Boy. "WELL—SIR—WE—THOUGHT YOU MIGHT FEEL LIKE IT, SIR—AS YOU WERE SINGING IN YOUR BATH THIS MORNING!"

have about us—even in *this world!*" *Answer:* "A roast fowl and some boiled bacon, with a nice cold currant-and-raspberry pie."

9. Give his definition of a University. *Answer:* "A place where young men go to be prepared to be clergymen."

10. What was his idea of (a) A birthday jaunt? *Answer:* "It is Lucy's birthday. We will go to see John Trueman and take some cake to his little children, and afterwards we will go on to visit Nurse and carry her some tea and sugar." (b) An agreeable experience for children? *Answer:* "Old John Roberts, the gardener, died yesterday morning. . . . Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think." (c) An instructive object-lesson on the dangers of family fistieuffs? *Answer:* A visit to "a gibbet on which the body of a man hung in chains . . . but the face of the corpse was so shocking that the children could not look upon it." "Oh, let us go, papa!" said the children, pulling Mr. Fairchild's coat. "Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild, "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place."

11 (i.) Indicate from the text Henry's notion of a really attractive book. *Answer:* "My book," said Emily, "is 'The History of an Orphan Boy,' and there are a great many pictures in it; the first is the picture of a funeral." "Let me see, let me see," said Henry. "O how pretty!"

(ii.) What was Henry so fortunate as to discover on cutting two unopened leaves of his book with a pair

of scissors? *Answer:* "A very pretty prayer against covetousness."

12. (a) On what occasion was Henry "much pleased"? *Answer:* "When he got his new grammar and dictionary and Latin exercise book." (b) Was his pleasure of long duration? *Answer:* No. He declined to learn his first lesson, and "Mr. Fairchild then took a small horse whip, and making John hold him, he flogged him well and sent him to bed."

In the opinion of *Mr. Punch* the best set of answers was sent in by Master Samuel Suckling, aged 6, Sion House, Sanctuary Lane, Hassoeks, to whom the prize, a copy of "Henry Milner, the History of a Little Boy who was not brought up after the Manner of This World," by the author of "The Fairchild Family," has been awarded. F. A.

THE BURGLARS' SCRUPLE.

It was only when they re-assembled in the dining-room to count their swag that an envelope on the mantel-piece revealed to them the identity of their victim.

"Swelp me, 'Enry," said Albert, reverently removing his cap, "swelp me if this ain't LLOYD JARGE's house. We can't rob 'im. 'E's one of us, like, when it comes to 'on-roosts."

"Yus," said Henry; "and didn't 'is pal let off old Alf Davies's uncle? 'E's our friend!"

And replacing their booty, except just enough to cover expenses, they stepped out over the roofs as the grey dawn broke over Brighton.

THE LUCKY MONTH.

"Know thyself," said the old Greek motto. (In Greek—but this is an English paper.) So I bought a little red book called, tersely enough, *Were you born in January?* I was; and, reassured on this point, the author told me all about myself.

For the most part he told me nothing new. "You are," he said in effect, "good-tempered, courageous, ambitious, loyal, quick to resent wrong, an excellent raconteur, and a leader of men." True. "Generous to a fault"—(Yes, I was overdoing that rather)—"you have a ready sympathy with the distressed. People born in this month will always keep their promises." And so on. There was no doubt that the author had the idea all right. Even when he went on to warn us of our weaknesses he maintained the correct note. "People born in January," he said, "must be on their guard against working too strenuously. Their extraordinarily active brains— Well, you see what he means. It is a fault perhaps, and I shall be more careful in future. Mind, I do not take offence with him for calling my attention to it. In fact, my only objection to the book is its surface application to all the people who were born in January. There should have been more distinction made between me and the rabble.

I have said that he told me little that was new. In one matter, however, he did open my eyes. He introduced me to an aspect of myself entirely unsuspected.

"They," he said—meaning me, "have unusual business capacity, and are destined to be leaders in great commercial enterprises."

One gets at times these flashes of self-revelation. In an instant I realised how wasted my life had been; in an instant I resolved that here and now I would put my great gifts to their proper uses. I would be a leader in an immense commercial enterprise.

One cannot start commercial enterprises without capital. The first thing was to determine the exact nature of my balance at the bank. This was a matter for the bank to arrange, and I drove there rapidly.

"Good morning," I said to the cashier, "I am in rather a hurry. May I have my pass book?"

He assented and retired. After an interminable wait, during which many psychological moments for commercial enterprise must have lapsed, he returned.

"I think you have it," he said shortly.

"Thank you," I replied, and drove rapidly home again.

A lengthy search followed; but after

an hour of it one of those white-hot flashes of thought, such as only occur to the natural business genius, seared my mind and sent me post-haste to the bank again.

"After all," I said to the cashier, "I only want to know my balance. What is it?"

He withdrew and gave himself up to calculation. I paced the floor impatiently. Opportunities were slipping by. At last he pushed a slip of paper across at me. My balance!

It was in four figures. Unfortunately two of them were shillings and pence. Still, there was a matter of fifty pounds odd as well, and fortunes have been built up on less.

Out in the street I had a moment's pause. Hitherto I had regarded my commercial enterprise in the bulk, as a finished monument of industry; the little niggling preliminary details had not come up for consideration. Just for a second I wondered how to begin.

Only for a second. An unsuspected talent which has long lain dormant needs, when waked, a second or so to turn round in. At the end of that time I had made up my mind. I knew exactly what I would do. I would ring up my solicitor.

"Hallo, is that you? Yes, this is me. What? Yes, awfully, thanks. How are you? Good. Look here, come and lunch with me. What? No, at once. Good-bye."

Business, particularly that sort of commercial enterprise to which I had now decided to lend my genius, can only be discussed properly over a cigar. During the meal itself my solicitor and I indulged in the ordinary small-talk of the pleasure-loving world.

"You're looking very fit," said my solicitor. "No, not fat, *fit*."

"You don't think I'm looking thin?" I asked anxiously. "People are warning me that I may be overdoing it rather. They tell me that I must be seriously on my guard against brain strain."

"I suppose they think you oughtn't to strain it too suddenly," said my solicitor. Though he is now a solicitor he was once just an ordinary boy like the rest of us, and it was in those days that he acquired the habit of being rude to me, a habit he has never quite forgotten.

"What is an onyx?" I said, changing the conversation.

"Why?" asked my solicitor, with his usual business acumen.

"Well, I was practically certain that I had seen one in the Zoo, in the reptile house, but I have just learnt that it is my lucky month stone. Naturally I went to get one."

The coffee came and we settled down to commerce.

"I was just going to ask you," said my solicitor—"have you any money lying idle at the bank? Because if so—"

"Whatever else it is doing, it isn't lying idle," I protested. "I was at the bank to-day, and there were men chivvying it about with shovels all the time."

"Well, how much have you got?"

"About fifty pounds."

"It ought to be more than that."

"That's what I say, but you know what banks are. Actual merit counts for nothing with them."

"Well, what did you want to do with it?"

"Exactly. That was why I rang you up. I—er— This was really my moment, but somehow I was not quite ready to seize it. My vast commercial enterprise still lacked a few trifling details. "Er—I—well, it's like that."

"I might get you a few ground rents."

"Don't. I shouldn't know where to put them."

"But if you really have fifty pounds simply lying idle I wish you'd lend it to me for a bit. I'm confoundedly hard up."

("Generous to a fault, you have a ready sympathy with the distressed." Dash it, what could I do?)

"Is it quite etiquette for clients to lend solicitors money?" I asked. "I thought it was always solicitors who had to lend it to clients. If I must, I'd rather lend it to you—I mean, I'd dislike it less—as to the old friend of me childhood."

"Yes, that's how I wanted to pay it back."

"Bother. Then I'll send you a cheque to-night," I sighed.

And that's where we are at the moment. "People born in this month always keep their promises." The money has got to go to-night. If I hadn't been born in January I shouldn't be sending it; I certainly shouldn't have promised it; I shouldn't even have known that I had it. Sometimes I almost wish that I had been born in one of the decent months. March, say.

A. A. M.

Miss ——— has been appointed a Junior Assistant at the Public Library, the books in which are to be insured for £3,000.

Worthing Mercury.

It may be necessary, but it looks a little pointed.

From the Cause List:

"Part v. Sebright—part heard."

Oughtn't they to give SEBRIGHT a hearing, too?

THE ADVANCE OF ASQUITH.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.)

It has been suggested in some quarters that in my articles on LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL in *The Chronicle* I have exhausted the resources of eulogy as applicable to statesmen of the day. I am glad to think that I am not only able but proud to complete these lauds of the living with an even more terrific explosion of super-faulted panegyric.

HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, for of him I propose to write to-day, was a wonderful boy. But as he was even more wonderful as a boy than CHATTERTON, so was he more prodigious as a child than MOZART or PADEREWSKI. Helispod in faultless elegiacs, and on his second birthday repeated the paradign of *rúrro* without a single fault. At the City of London School he swept the board of prizes, including those for oxemplary conduct, tidiness, and classicial dancing. And yet in the midst of it all, behind that front of light-hearted gaiety and those sweet star-like eyes, his profound mind was already working out the colossal scheme destined to paralyso feudalism and accelerate the march of triumphant democracy.

I shall never forget our first meeting. It was at Oxford, where I had been asked to address the Union on the Gospel of Love in Personal Journalism. I was terribly overworked just then, having to finish my *Lives of the Oil Kings* against time, and though I spoke with fervour there was a chilly detachment about those superb young barbarians that affected me sadly, and I was on the point of bursting into tears when a brilliantly handsome freshman, who was sitting in the gallery, cried out in trumpet tones, "Good old Tay Pay!" The effect was simply electrical. My fatigue and nervousness vanished as if by magic; from that point I held the whole house in the hollow of my hand, and after the debate they carried me shoulder high to the Mitre—no easy task even in those days. My readers will have guessed the identity of that trumpet-voiced freshman. It was HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, who shortly afterwards took a double first in the Classical Tripos. Next day he invited me to breakfast with the Master of Balliol, dear simple old BENJAMIN JOWETT, and the flow of soul ran deep and strong. We did not leave the table till 12.30, as ASQUITH insisted on reciting the whole of the *Ars Poetica* backwards in my honour. It was a wonderful *tour de force*, and from that day I have reckoned him amongst my dearest friends, only less dear than Sir



Shocked Gentleman (an Hampstead Heath). "THE HAREM SKIRT IN ENGLAND! DISGRACEFUL! I WAS HOPING MY COUNTRYWOMEN—"



"—MY MISTAKE."

THOMAS LIPTON, Lord PIRRIE and Sir ALBERT ROLLIT.

ASQUITH's industry as a journalist and barrister was phenomenal. Though passionately fond of dancing, he refused all invitations to balls until he took silk. Judges quailed before him even while he was a junior. No doubt the astonishing beauty of his profile and the superlatively lovely *timbre* of his voice had much to say to it. As GEORGE ELIOT once said to me, "There has been no profile like ASQUITH's since the days of DANTE." As for his voice—I have drunk in the golden glory of MARIO, the cherubic rapture of ALBONI, the stentorian ecstacy of LABLACHE, but they were a mere jejune jangle compared to the cosmic majesty of ASQUITH's incomparable organ. But the magnetism of a gorgeous voice can effect little unless it is backed by the compelling force of a gigantic intellect and a great heart. And that brings me to my final

word. ASQUITH has a certain superficial hardness, as all great men have; but it is hardness with immense softness combined; and the softness of his heart is only equalled by his passionate sense of justice, his transcendent generosity, and his perfectly appalling unselfishness. It is dreadfully painful to me to say all this, because he is the most modest of men, and anything that borders, however remotely, on the fulsome is gall and wormwood to me. But, remembering the magnificent courage of those friendly words of good cheer launched from his fearless lips in the good old Oxford Union, without a qualm I have plunged haldheaded up to the neck in the mid-stream of oleaginous adulation.

"Collie looked like making a break, but failed at a cannon after scoring 4."
Dublin Evening Mail.

A pity after so fine a promise.

NOT CRICKET.

THE SCANDALOUS AFFAIR OF MY UMBRELLA.

IT was no article of costly make,
Fashioned of silk and ebony and gold
(The kind that careless men are apt to take),
It was not even very neatly rolled.

Still it was my ewe lamb. And when I found
The place untenanted where erst it stood
I told my sorrow to the wainscot round,
I said some things that nearly warped the wood.

I cried aloud to the Olympian gods
And all the shadowy powers that rule the air
To punish him that did this deed with rods—
I also spoke to the commissioner.

I said, "This was the apple of my eye,
Bought when a boyish heart was clean of doubt;
I loved the little windows where the sky
Came peeping through when it was opened out.

To some their silken hats are dear, to some
Their overcoats of astrakhan or fur,
To me my ombriuge, my childhood's chum.
He said, "I will inquire about it, Sir."

Alas! I have no hopes. But this, oh this,
Is what annoys me most about the thing:
I fondly deemed, if e'er I came to miss
The well-known handle, the familiar spring,

Whate'er might be the chances of the change,
Whate'er substituted gamp I bore,
Chill to the grasp, and comfortless and strange,
In *value* I was simply bound to score.

Some elder poet, fired with heavenly flame,
Might leave his thyrsus with the gilded knob,
And brandish mine unconscious till he came
Home to his flat and then be vexed—the snob!

Or I myself, through want of proper care,
Might fail to localise my gingham roof,
And seize some editor's of samite rare,
Crusted with chrysoprase—and waterproof.

But now these hopes have crumbled into dust.
Cursed be the man who took beyond recall
The ancient shelter of a bardic crust,
And never brought *his* broolly here at all. EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement:—

"You thought that because our car was low-priced it was cheap.
Well, that mistake has been made before."

"Mr. Ginnell declared that the phrase, 'Batling the Speaker's
eye,' was a jest and a by-word."—*Liverpool Echo.*

It doesn't sound much of a jest for the SPEAKER.

"Miss —, who was given away by her oxidised embroideries and
trenches of green satin," etc., etc.—*Continental Da ly Mail.*

She should have dressed more quietly and then no one
would have known.

"Do not throw away egg-shells. Wash each egg used. Keep a dish
handy for shells. You will be surprised to find how much of the egg
adheres to the shell, and what a different taste your coffee will have."—*Jhannesburg Star.*

It is not obvious where the coffee comes in, but to be on
the safe side we should refuse it.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

THE MAGIC SUNSET.

I AM riting this story for my Uncle becas he is a good
man and this is a good story there was wonce an old
wooman she was 30 or 42 yeers old and she lived by herself
in a cottage in a garden and she was very kind to evrybody
and spent a lot of mummy in giving things to poor peepel
but she had nobdy to live with her and she did want a litile
baby girl or better still a prinsess to help her in the house
and mend the clothes and she orfen asked for one but she
coudent get it wich made her very sory.

One day she wos out warking in her garden and she
lookd up to the ski and wen she lookd down agen loan
bold thir wos a Fairy about the size of up to my nee dresd
in pink satn with litlle pleets and pink satn shus and her
hare wos lus and streemd down to blow her feet and her
wings wer the kuller of the dorn gold pink and purpel.

Have you cum here on purps to vist me sed the old
wooman. Yes I have sed the Fairy Ive herd your askings
till Im neerly tired of it and Im going to giv you wot you
want. Oh thank you so mutsh sed the old wooman it is
very kind Im sure. Dont menshun it sed the Fairy but
you must worter this bit of ground day and nite for
fore days and then you shall see sumthing to make you
larf goodby.

And wen the old wooman lookd agen the Fairy was gorn.

So she went home and fetshd her worterung pot and
worterd away like mad and the first day thir was nuthen
and the old wooman neerly gav it up but she went onn and
the scend day up came a litlle wite flour on a long grin stork.

Oho sed the old wooman shes going to keep her proms
and she went on worterung and on the thurd day thir wos
nuthen more and the old wooman wos sleepier than ever
but on the foreth day loan bold thir wos the sweetis littel
baby girl in the wirlt kirkd up in the flour she wos no
biger than my thum and the old wooman wos very pleesd
and brort her home and tuk grate care of her.

Of corse the litlle girl was tu snal at ferst to help mutsh
but she very sunc gru to be 9 or 10 yeers old and then she
was very usfull but she always felt thir was a Prinse
looking for her her name was Mabella.

Not long after this wen Mabella wos in her teens we
will say 16 yeers old she went out one evning and sat
down on a bank when sudnly thir wos a butefull sunset
with the userl kullers and it came neerer and neerer till
it got to the bank and then it sat down baside Mabella and
bagen to tork to hir.

Get inside it sed and I will earre you to wunderfull plases'

So Mabella got inside and the sunset carred hir of and
flu away and Mabella wos abel to look out thru a litlle wite
spot in the sunset and at last it stoped over a larg iland and
Mabella got out to strech hir legs sudnly she hird the sound
of horses hufs galerping at a grate rate neerer and neerer
they came and if you gess it wos a prinse you will be rite.

Then Mabella and the prinse got inside the sunset together
and they sat next one another and torked about luv wile the
sunset wos carren them away but they left the horse behind
becas thir was no food for him and they dident wont to be
botherd with a horse.

The sunset carred them to a chireh and wen it got thir
it dident cum down to the ground but it let down tu golden
ladders to the chireh dore and Mabella and the prinse went
down the ladders and were marred in the chireh.

They were very hapy and sunc had a large famly of 16 grone
up childen but they never sor the sunset agen the old wooman
lived with them for 5 yeers and then she died age 84.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.

THE recent discussion in *The Times* on the question whether the best poetry is designed for recitation or for silent perusal recalls once more the story (revived not long ago) by Mr. A. C. BENSON in *The Cornhill* how the late Professor SIDGWICK defied sea-sickness by declaiming English poetry in the secluded part of a Channel steamer, but succumbed when asked to desist by some lady-passengers, frightened at his behaviour. When this remedy is more widely known, as it certainly ought to be, the Philistine public will perhaps realise that there is some practical use in versification after all. We foresee a general desire among ocean travellers to join the Poetry Recital Society. In fact, the enterprising officials of this institution are already, we hear, rigging up a rocking platform in the club-room for beginners to acquire their sea-legs upon and get what they remember of *Casabianca*, *The Last Chantey* and *The Ancient Mariner* off their chests. Things are looking quite bright, too, for minor poets and professors of elocution. We know of a thoroughly reliable and seaworthy coach who is prepared personally to conduct uncertain tourists from Dover to Calais, or *vice versa*. He guarantees immunity in the roughest weather, holding a class on the bridge-deck, while his pupils repeat "BARRY CORNWALL'S" well-known piece of hypocrisy, "The sea! the sea! the open sea!" There is, of course, a slight soreness among the stewards, who regard this panacea as likely to imperil their vocation, but it will doubtless wear off. Meanwhile, if certain of our amateur reciters betake themselves to the high seas for the purpose of testing the Sidgwickian theory, we stay-at-homes should have much to be thankful for.

HOW TO BECOME —

[With apologies to the ingenious conductors of "Careers."]

HOW TO BECOME A BATH-CHAIR MAN.

This interesting profession, which is by no means overstocked, can best be entered in the following way. Write an autobiography and dedicate it to a famous man of letters, and with the proceeds you ought to be able to buy a bath-chair, or even two.

HOW TO BECOME A BURGLAR.

How shall a man become a burglar? It is a difficult question to answer. Some go so far as to maintain that the burglar is born, not made. Certain it is that the requirements for success in this interesting calling have become



Mother. "AND WHAT DID YOU TALK ABOUT WHILE YOU WERE DANCING WITH FREDDY?"
Dora (her first time out). "WE DIDN'T TALK—WE COUNTED."

much more exacting owing to the introduction of the finger-print method. Much depends on deportment and education, and there are fortunately numerous establishments in which the high art of house-breaking is taught with great thoroughness. At the best known of these, the Meum and Tuum Academy, an entrance examination is held before the beginning of each term for the admission of candidates. Only those are accepted who succeed in entering unobserved. The accepted candidates are then divided into sections A, B and C. The course of study in Section A is Noiseless Movement; in Section B, Pane Removing and the use of the Jemmy; and in Section C, the use of the Blow-pipe for fusing Safes. The fees are £12 12s. a term, which the student must have obtained by dishonest means. He must employ the same methods to support himself during the period of study; he must also

attend stimulating plays, such as *Raffles*, and read all the current fiction that has a strong predatory and anti-social interest.

HOW TO BECOME A DOG-OWNER.

Acquire a dog and keep it.

HOW TO BECOME AN EARL (CREATED).

It cannot be too urgently impressed on those who aspire to Earldoms that the Peerage is no sinecure. It is a profession which makes a heavy demand on strength and vitality as well as the purse. Long hours of attendance in the gilded chamber or on boards in the City; the nightly strain of frequenting fashionable restaurants and consuming rich and indigestible food; constant travelling to and from the Riviera and occasional privations through losses at Monte Carlo or on the Rubber market, are all part and parcel of the Peer's life, and all demand robust health if they are



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Irish Dealer (to his rough-rider on young horse). "GO ON, DAN! GO ON! YE CAN'T EXPECT TO LIVE FOR IVER!"

to be faced successfully. Another point that cannot be too often remembered is that it is seldom possible for a commoner, even though possessed of boundless wealth and a Sephardic lineage, to become a belted Earl at one step. Remember that there is no such thing as a belted Baron. There are two main ways of embarking on the Peerage as a career:—(1) by desert; (2) by purchase. The former is far too precarious a method to be recommended, except to persons of a rather exceptional physique and tenacity.

HOW TO BECOME AN IDIOT.

Read all the daily papers. If that is not enough, read all the weekly papers.

HOW TO BECOME A PEERESS.

There are two ways, equally good:—

(1) Learn a very little singing and a very little dancing. Wear a French hat and induce a manager to give you a part in musical comedy.

(2) Be the daughter of an American multi-millionaire.

HOW TO BECOME A SECRET-DRINKER.

Drink in secret.

HOW TO BECOME A SMART-SETTITE.

A suitable face, the disregard of common-sense, a desire to forget all useful knowledge, and to spend money

freely without the slightest provocation will carry a youth far in this field. There is always room for a sane and healthy antipathy to hard work and a consistent and single-minded devotion to futility and frivolity, if only as a protest against the excessive strenuousness of the age. We want folly to enliven this drab world, and who is so fit to supply this need as the thorough-paced smart-settite? Some, of course, possess the initial advantage of starting with an hereditary equipment of fatuity, but in this, as in all other careers, very few people are unable to acquire qualifications for admission into the ranks.

HOW TO BECOME A SNOW-SHOVELLER.

Obtain possession of a shovel and wait till it snows. Then apply the shovel to the snow.

In future numbers the following professions, vocations and callings will be dealt with:—

AVERAGE ADJUSTER.

BARK FACTOR.

CONJURERS' RABBIT MERCHANT.

EMERY PAPERMAKER.

GOLDFISH BREAKER.

HEAD-HUNTER.

INDIARUBBER MAN.

JOSS MANUFACTURER.

POODLE SHAVER.

SOOT BROKER.

TATTOOIST.

UMBRELLA RING EXPERT.

WELL INSPECTOR.

"When I was a child, I never could understand the verse which said, 'Heaven may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"—*Irish Society.*

The new version does not seem quite fair on Heaven.

Mr. Punch in India.

The Allahabad Pioneer of Feb. 8, in describing the recent wedding of the eldest son of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, states that among other princes and chiefs who assisted at the celebration, was the Rajah of Punch.

"The business man who likes his long weekend is forced to work like a nigger from Tuesday to Friday . . . It is really not easy to put three days' work into five or six."

Throne and Country.

We have never found any difficulty about this arrangement.

"Duras lost his game with Janowsky in the first round of the chess tournament after two moves, the game lasting eighteen hours."

Daily Mail.

After 17 hrs. 59 mins. of solid thought for a suitable reply to P. to K. 4, DURAS lost his head and gave up the game.



Bernard Partridge

A TALE OF TWO PARLIAMENTS.

FIRST HALF OF BUDGET (TO SECOND HALF). "COME ON; YOU WON'T GET ANY MORE APPLAUSE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 27.—Stranger looking on from Gallery whilst SON AUSTEN was denouncing Parliament Bill would never guess that country is on eve of constitutional revolution. Questions over, Members streamed out through glass door to write letters, read papers, or chat in Lobby. At half-past eight things so desperately bad as to suggest a count. RONALDSHAY, on his legs supporting amendment moved from front Opposition Bench, had for sole audience on Unionist side a Member intent on catching SPEAKER'S eye as soon as the EARL had made an end of speaking. Less than a dozen Ministerialists scattered about benches opposite, glowing with same purpose.

As LANSBURY observed, "A revolution is proceeding and there is no one here to stop it."

Affair might have fizzled out in ignominy of a count save for accident of moment at which it was moved. Mr. EMMOTT, temporarily relieving SPEAKER in Chair, pointed out that Standing Orders forbid count between 8.15 and 9.15.

Speech of the evening delivered from unexpected quarter. NEVILLE, a sort of parliamentary Jacob who has served through the light of seven contested



"Rats in a trap, Mr. SPEAKER, that let the cat out of the bag—if I may say so."

(Mr. R. J. K. Neville, K.C.)

elections for the seat won at last January Wigan, rose to make his maiden speech. Tall in figure, in aspect mild to benignity, there was about new Member something irresistibly reminiscent of the deacon who treads softly down the church aisle carrying plate for collection.

Nothing the least diaconal in speech that followed. Early in its progress Member for Wigan, like Silas Wegg, dropped into poetry:—

"The General Election came down like a wolf on the fold,

The Nationalist cohorts were gleaming with gold."

"I don't blame them," he added, turning benevolent countenance towards the Irish quarter. "Having got the sinews of war behind them, they are in their right to use them." After vivid picture of LLOYD GEORGE encouraging growth of agitation against the Lords, he observed, "Then it was that we had rats in a trap. Rats in a trap, Mr. SPEAKER, that let the cat out of the bag—if I may say so," he added, after a moment's reflection.

The charge against the House of Lords was that they had acted contrary to precedent. "I may say with justice," said Mr. NEVILLE, fixing with stern glance SECRETARY TO TREASURY left in charge of debate, "the boot is on the other leg."

Business done.—Rejection of Parliament Bill on second reading moved from Front Opposition Bench.

Tuesday.—Not in vain has TULLIBARDINE gone a-soldiering with the Horse Guards, the Black Watch, the Royals and the Scottish Horse. Today executed a manoeuvre which testifies to military instinct, even genius. Things looking in bad way for branch of Legislature the Marquess will in due time adorn. What ASQUITH proudly called "the phalanx" determined to carry Parliament Bill remains unbroken. Appeals for compromise plaintively raised from Opposition camp meet with no response. As far as one can see events are marching straight to passing of Bill by overwhelming majority that will make it awkward for Lords to throw it out.

Direct attack being here, as at Spion Kop, hopeless, thing is to distract attention by movement in another quarter. Accordingly, whilst attention and time of House are ostensibly concentrated upon fate of House of Lords, TULLIBARDINE chips in with question addressed to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE. What he wants to know is "the average annual value imported into the United Kingdom from Canada of laths, sawed boards, planks, deals, and other lumber, planed, tongued, grooved or variously finished?"

Note the subtlety of this master stroke. Whilst it effectually withdraws attention from a troublesome question, giving the assailants time, "so to speak," as Mr. NEVILLE would put it, to bury their dead, it shows how far-reaching and minute are the sympathy and knowledge of one of the class of

legislators whom an infamous act of tyranny threatens to desroy. Whilst professional agitators prate about hereditary anachronisms and the like, here is a man who perceives the importance of a question which, neglected, might insidiously gnaw away the Imperial bonds that link the Motherland with the eldest of her Colonies.



"Full of wise saws and modern instances"—of planed and grooved planks.

(The Marquess of Tullibardine.)

SYDNEY BUXTON, taken aback, muttering something about necessity of lengthened details, and promised to circulate answer with the Votes. TULLIBARDINE, full of wise saws, carrying a modern instance in shape of planed and grooved plank, graciously assented, and the incident closed. But its effect was felt in subsequent course of debate on Parliament Bill, which became increasingly paralysed.

Business done.—Debate on SON AUSTEN'S amendment continued.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Lord WOLVERHAMPTON'S death leaves no gap in the ranks of backwoodsmen. Not one of their class. Rather the ideal of the sober-minded business-like recruit to whom reformers of hereditary chamber look for help. Curious evolution of political life that the son of a Wesleyan minister, thirty-five years ago an obscure solicitor in a Midland borough, should in course of time come to rule India in succession to CLIVE and HASTINGS.

One who has known him throughout his Parliamentary life finds it difficult to imagine HENRY FOWLER (the name by which his memory will be kept green) going about with a coronet in

place of a top hat. Incongruous in the Upper Chamber, he was essentially a Commons man. Entering the House thirty-one years ago next April, he was absolutely unknown at Westminster. Highest honour yet achieved was that he had been Mayor of Wolverhampton. He did not take the House by storm, as, after brief assault, did the ex-Mayor of another Midland town. By sheer capacity he won his way to front rank. Beginning by favour of Mr. G. at foot of Ministerial ladder, his rise to Cabinet rank was comparatively rapid. As a debater he was excelled by few in the gifts of lucidity and force of argument.

He was one of the rare Members who achieved the supreme triumph of controlling votes by a speech. It befell during Lord ROSEBERY'S brief Premiership. HENRY JAMES, perceiving opportunity of smiting his old friends the enemy on Treasury Bench, brought forward Resolution designed to protect interests of British cottonspinners trading with India. Government majority was under forty. Not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, it would have served, as it had done before, if it kept together. But a sufficient number of Ministerialists representing Lancashire cotton districts wavered. Loyalty to Party is a good thing, but profits in cottonspinning should, like charity, begin at home and, as far as Lancashire is concerned, end there.

Fate of Ministry hung in balance, with almost certainty that it would kick the beam in favour of Opposition. In masterly speech delivered with authority of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, HENRY FOWLER turned threatened rout into brilliant victory.

Another conspicuous success was his conduct of Parish Councils Bill through a House which, wherever not hostile, was unsympathetic. A masterpiece of adroit parliamentary management.

HENRY FOWLER was a dependable man, as distinguished from a brilliant one. He was nearer akin to type of STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and LORD KIMBERLEY than to DISRAELI or GLADSTONE. JOHN BRIGHT once said of a colleague, "We believe in no man's infallibility; but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity." This a comfort enjoyed by all having dealing with HENRY FOWLER, whether in private relations or in public life.

Business done.—Commons still debating Parliament Bill.

Definition from *The Twentieth Century Dictionary*:—

"*Acarus*, a genus of minute insects embracing the mites."
Very motherly.

HALF-YEARS WITH THE BEST AUTHORS.

[*"Quite the most imposing literary treasure of the Royal Aero Club is the series of seven huge volumes bound in red morocco, and lent by Mr. GRADAME WHITE, containing all the newspaper cuttings relating to his historic flight in the London-Manchester Competition last year. Here we have his achievement told separately by at least a hundred different writers, and I do not know how many different cameras have contributed their different views of the man and his machine."*—*The Observer.*]

From the above paragraph (whose italics are our own) we gather that a new criterion of *belles-lettres* has arisen, and it gives us pleasure to make the following literary announcements for the benefit of that class of reader to



A GREAT LIBERAL
(The late Lord Wolverhampton).

which the above statement is intended to appeal:—

The glorious old library of Hornsey Castle contains a priceless collection. Pre-eminent among papyri of the PHAROHS, the earliest productions of CAXTON, and Elizabethan folios, is the gem of the library—four hundred and eighty magnificent volumes of press-cuttings concerning the present Lady Hornsey. It will be remembered that, prior to her marriage, she was a star of our lighter stage.

The mouth of a bibliophile would indeed water at the sight of these majestic volumes—a veritable Valhalla of English literature. A noble appendix of sixty volumes is devoted to picture-postcard photos of her Ladyship.

* * * * *
We learn with pleasure that a collated issue is forthcoming of the *obiter dicta* of "The Major" (the well-known writer upon men's fashions in

various journals). It is entitled "Togs I have Adumbrated" (nine hundred volumes in India-paper), and it will be of immense help to students of the writer's austere and elusive personality.

* * * * *
As a maritime nation we should rejoice in the patriotic re-publication of the "By the Silver Sea" column from *The Daily Telegraph*. The spirit of DRAKE and DIBDIN breathes throughout these fifty superb volumes, reprints of the breezy articles that, under the same title, have long been so virile a feature of our contemporary's columns. No information is lacking for those seeking nautical adventure. Local news of our leading resorts, the weather and the opening of new Fire Stations, are fully dealt with. One almost hears the clash of old sea dogs at municipal meetings—and enthusiasts for our radiant climate will marvel more than ever at the records of sunshine.

The tang of the salt air blows out of every line of this work, and the volumes should be placed in the hands of every lad who reveres the names of NELSON and LIPTON (the latter of whom occurs on every page).

If we may venture a correction to so careful a compilation the address of the Imperial Tea Company at Beachcombe is 1436, High Street, and not 1437, as stated.

* * * * *
The Bodleian Library is happy in the acquisition of the original MSS. of Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS'S monograph, "The Oesophagus—and How to Use It."

The collection of detail for this monumental work has been the one preoccupation of its author's life, and he has spared himself no self-denial in the quest of gustatory experience. Fascinating as the whole of the six hundred volumes are, one lingers most over the thousands of alimentary charts detailing the author's daily menu since he was two months old.

Catholic in experiment, he has sampled the cuisines of all nations in pursuit of the ideal. Thus the ornithorhyncus, the marabout, the hyena, the chinchilla and the scene have fallen to his fork.

Once only, at a Guildhall Banquet, his appetite failed him and he burst into tears.

The last volume closes on a note of pathos. Analysing the span of human life, the author laments that only one-sixth of it is occupied by nutrition—the remainder is frittered away. This, however, is the only morbid reflection in a work eternally hopeful with ante-prandial speculations.



G. L. SCAMPA.

Golfer (to new member who is cutting across to club-house). "HELLO! GIVEN IT UP? WHY DON'T YOU FINISH THE ROUND!"
 Novice (keeping his bag out of sight). "OH, ROTTEN LUCK! I'VE SMASHED MY—ER—PET CLUB!"

AT THE PLAY.

"LOAVES AND FISHES."

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM calls his new play at The Duke of York's "a satire in four Acts"; he may be supposed therefore to imply a moral. It is not difficult to discover what the moral is.

Theodore Spratte was a worldly man. He never tired of referring to his "father, the late Lord Chancellor," or to his family's supposed descent from the Montmorency stock; he admitted he was a snob and recommended snobbishness as a virtue to his children. He spared no pains or self-advertisement (within gentlemanly limits) to advance himself in his profession, and as a widower of fifty took care to marry again for money rather than for love. When his daughter fancied (quite mistakenly) that she was devoted to a bounder who wore detachable and reversible cuffs and owned unrepresentable relations, he hurried on her engagement to Lord Wroxham, by methods which may have seemed unscrupulous, but very certainly made for Winifred's happiness. He practised, perhaps more whole-heartedly than some, the usual insincerities of speech and manner

which a civilised society demands, and accepted with considerable calm the extremely pleasant and luxurious state

of life into which it had pleased Heaven to call him.

Who will rise and curse Theodore Spratte? Who will denounce vanity and egoism and pushfulness and good living? There are a few fine souls who may do so, but it is not for us to range ourselves ostentatiously among them. Theodore Spratte, as I have described him, may pass for an average man. Wait a moment, though; I find I have left out something rather important. Theodore Spratte was Vicar of St. Gregory's!

This, I take it, is the meaning of the play. A clergyman, inasmuch as he is not judged by the same standards as other men, must be different from other men. The Church is not the same as other professions, to be entered light-heartedly by the younger sons. By all means let it be denied indignantly that Canon Spratte is typical of the Church; it will scarcely be denied that the Church is too frequently regarded as a means merely of worldly advancement. It is possible (and legitimate) to satirize all the reverend Sprattes without satirizing all the reverend Canons.

This is much the best of Mr. MAUGHAM's later and successful plays;



Canon Spratte tries to land a whale but catches a tartar.

Mrs. Fitzgerald ... MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.
 Canon Spratts ... MR. ROBERT LORRAINE
 (with false nos.).

I don't know if it is because he has adapted it from a book, *The Bishop's Apron*, written some years ago. Recently his literary conscience has not always been as wakeful as one could wish; he has shown an ingenuous confidence in the powers of the MAUGHAM varnish to give newness to any situation. *Leaves and Fishes* has old moments, but it is for the most part truly funny, and—thanks to a great performance by Mr. ROBERT LORAIN—makes a delightful evening's entertainment. M.

"BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT."

The vestibule and palatial *salle-à-boire* of the Globe Theatre are redolent of the triumphs of Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN. Here are portraits, life-size or better, of Miss PAULINE CHASE and Miss MAUDE ADAMS, silent tributes to what he can do in the art of presentation. Here is a framed collation of heads, chiefly American and out of my cognisance, to which is attached the sounding title: "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN'S STARS." The contemplation of these satellites (each to all appearance owing its position in the heavens to the patronage of the Great



The villain gets caught in the Act—the last Act.
Louis XIII. ... Mr. ASHTON PEARSE.
Custodian ... Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND.

Presenter) should be a source of solace during the intervals of *Bardelys the Magnificent*. I cannot say if Mr. LEWIS WALLER aspires to join that galaxy, but it could hardly be on the strength of his latest achievement, even if it had been presented by Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, instead of being simply advertised as "by arrangement with Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN." (How difficult it is

to get away from Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN!) Mr. WALLER's many female admirers have come to expect of him a reasonable allowance of sword-play and knock-about business. But here, apart from a brief scuffle in the dark and a trivial turn with a walking-stick, he is content to wear fine clothes and talk glibly, often perfunctorily, in a part of which he is the first to appreciate the futility. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. Even his fine clothes could not always be accounted for. How he came by the pleasant design in black and gold in which he made so brave a figure I never could make out. For he was in a strange house, cut off from his luggage, and had made his entrance through a window in the course of an escapade that had left him with nothing but the rough and sodden garments he stood up in.

It is a poor reflection on the present chances for an actor with a sense of style that Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND should have nothing better to do than play the villain in a second-rate Romantic Comedy like *Bardelys the Magnificent*. His dignity of manner did all that was possible for the part, but it was thankless work. Mr. REGINALD DANE as the dandy braggadocio, *Laurent, Chevalier de St. Armand* (they all had nice names like that), succeeded in getting the savour of his perfumes across the footlights. Miss MADGE TITHERADGE, on the other hand, was all for nature's scents, and kept on sniffing roses with a conscious air of innocence. Mr. ASHTON PEARSE spoke his lines correctly as *Louis XIII.*, but looked too much like a Nonconformist Mephistopheles in mourning. The final travesty of a Court of Justice was not improved by the sad crudity of the Judge's diction. The plot was passable, and there was a beautiful scene for the loggia of the Chateau of Lavedan; but altogether we should have come off badly indeed but for the humorous relief, such as it was, of the part assigned to Miss LOTTIE VENNE, who called herself a seventeenth-century Viscountess, but in point of fact was just that delightful creature, Miss LOTTIE VENNE of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

"BABY MINE."

Let me confess, to my shame, that I laughed immeasurably over the not-too-delicate humours of the new Criterion farce. Only an American woman, type of the pinkest of propriety, could have written it; and only a British Censor, representing the finest intelligence and discrimination, could have passed it.

When a deserted wife is induced to try and draw her husband home by the lure of fatherhood; when Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, friend of the family, is told off to procure the necessary article

from a Babies' Home; when a hitch occurs, and the husband, summoned to his wife's bedside, arrives slightly in advance of his supposititious offspring; when, in deference to the protests of the actual mother, it is found necessary to acquire a fresh baby, and it turns up beneath the husband's dazzled eyes before the first has been deported; when a third baby is requisitioned to



THE BABY-SNATCHER.

Jimmy Jinks ... Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

displace the original one, and all three find themselves on the stage at once, you will understand that the expansion of the unit, first into twins and then into triplets, is accompanied by a corresponding growth (geometrical progression) in the fury of the fun.

The astonishing thing about it all was that the development of the plot seemed to proceed, step by step, with the inevitability of logic.

That great artist, Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, refused to be tempted away from his customary self-restraint. Miss IRIS HOEY, who had much more to do, did it with extraordinary cleverness and vivacity. Miss LILLIAN WALDEGRAVE was a model of her sex, adjusting facts to her scheme in the true spirit of decorative art. Mr. DONALD CALTHROP's staccato methods got upon my nerves in the earlier and quieter part. There is a kind of dreadful briskness about some actors that makes me almost giddy with boredom. Mr. CALTHROP would do well to take a lesson from the passivity of the triplets.

I cannot bring myself to commend to just anybody this study in vicarious obstetrics; but to those who are fit to bear it I can promise an entertainment from which they are not likely to escape with ribs unprung. O. S.



Mother (to neighbour who has been summoned—in alarm—to view the phenomenon). "LOOK WHAT A COLOUR HE'S GONE—WOT SHALL I DO?" Neighbour. "WHY, BLESS THE WOMAN! YOU MUST A' USED SOAP!"

DEVILRY OR DISEASE ?

[In a letter to *The Times* on "sulking" animals, it is maintained that "sulking is essentially a bodily and nervous condition," and a subsequent leader and various letters emphasize the applicability of this statement not only to the lower animals, but to mankind, and especially children.]

My little son, whom I propose to wallop
For being in a fit of sulks to-day
And acting impolitely whilst at play
Towards your cousin (bless the little trollop!)—

I know, dear boy, that you perhaps are blameless;
If one may trust the statement of the wise,
These fits of sulking probably arise
From some disorder which as yet is nameless.

Things being thus, my child (I hope you take me?)
I may be counted cruel if I go
And grip you by your roundabout, and so
Proceed to spank you till my powers forsake me.

But please observe, if hodyly conditions
Are going to be cited as excuse
For faults like this, they'll simply play the deuce
With other moral laws and prohibitions.

Besides, as yet the theory is lacking
In full acceptance by the general mind;
It may in future save your tender rind,
But in the meanwhile you require a whacking.

So do not think me brutal, if at present
I have to give you what, it seems, is due.
Believe me, if it causes pain to you,
I shall not find it any less unpleasant.
Regard me not as some unthinking drover
Beating a sulky, semi-fainting beast;
Believe me (once again), I'm not the least
Like such a man . . . And now, my boy, bend over!

According to *The Daily Chronicle*, the cost of *Dread-noughts* has been reduced from £101.6 per ton to £82.53. It is not stated whether a less quantity than one ton can be ordered, but we are inclined to think that the price is still prohibitive to the average citizen.

Feathering Their Own Nests.

From the Annual Report of a Land Society:
"In addition to providing a savings bank for the majority of the members, the Committee have been unusually successful in providing houses for their own occupation."
We are not surprised to hear later on in the Report that there are eight candidates for the four vacant places on the committee.

"The Chairman said the annual banquet for the members of the Fire Brigade would be held at the hotel on the following Thursday week, and the chief officer would very much like to have the support of members of the Council. It was left with Coum. Lanyon and the Clerk to insure members of the Brigade immediately."—*The Corinthian*.
The hotel can't be as bad as that.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

CONSIDERING the constancy with which Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS lays the scenes of his stories upon Dartmoor, it is amazing that his descriptive powers show so few signs of the strain placed upon them. No rains were ever more wetting than his and no winds more penetrating. In fact *Demeter's Daughter* (METHUEN) proves—if such proof is still necessary—that he is a great atmospheric artist. But when I turn to the story itself I am not so satisfied, for it leaves me depressed and waiting for the big novel which I expect Mr. PHILLPOTTS eventually to write. *Alison Cleave*, handicapped by a faithless husband, a brutal son and a false neighbour, struggled hard in her fight against odds, and in the fight revealed a noble character. But she was beaten; while her husband—a bibulous platitudinarian—remained to call her a “trier” and an “awful stupid woman.” I recognise and bow to the courage which disdains to make sacrifices to sentimentality, but at the same time I think that Mr. PHILLPOTTS would be a better artist if he painted in less gloomy colours, and if he allowed himself to renew some of the gladness which permeated *The Human Boy*.

Casting about, I suppose, for something more sinister and bizarre than mere burglary, Mr. HERBERT FLOWERDEW (for, after all, what's in a name?) has seized upon the idea of incorporating into a novel one of those modern Bluebeards who occasionally figure in the police-reports. *The Third Wife* (STANLEY PAUL) has thus the advantage of providing a little more food for the romantic emotions than is usually the case with detective fiction, and the efforts of *Arthur Lawrence* (alias *Hermitage*) to dispose of his wife (No. 3) for the sake of her fortune, and to capture her when she suspects his designs and refuses to live with him, gave me some very delectable thrills. I must also take off my hat to Mr. HERBERT FLOWERDEW for creating the most incompetent sleuth-hound that I have ever seen nosing the trail; for though the fine specimens of the breed are all too few, and I seldom close a book of this sort without murmuring regretfully to myself those well-known lines—

“The stately *Holmes* of England,
How paramount he stands,”

I think for sheer bungling inefficiency Mr. *Robert Clickett* took the red herring. And indeed the unfortunate heroine would have been done to death with the greatest of ease at the end by her dastardly spouse and his hired minion but for one of those curious little accidents—but there! you had better read the book for yourselves.

I have to confess that there was a moment, about a

third of the way through, when I began to be impatient with *A Fair House* (JOHN LANE): The reason for this was that Mr. HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT, after being at pains to show me the fairness of the house and to fill it with interesting people, would persist in shutting me up in the nursery. What I mean is that, though *Bridget* herself is a delightful child, we have, frankly speaking, a good deal too much of her in the early stages. I was frightened for *Bridget's* sake also. The only daughter of a publisher, brought up by a conventional old nurse, and exhibiting a marked tendency towards literary baby-talk, she seemed to stand every chance of developing into a prig. Fortunately, however, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT's skill was able to avert this danger, and the latter part of the story shows us a *Bridget* who is an entirely real and captivating human girl. The whole episode of her relations with *Selby Parramore*, the insincere genius, is most adroitly handled; though of all the scenes in the book I prefer that of the introduction of this same *Parramore* as a “marvellous boy,” long before there is any thought of *Bridget* growing old enough to fall

in love with him. His interview with, and bland patronage of, the friendly publisher is a thing wholly joyous. Take it for all in all, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT has made his *Fair House* into a quite desirable property, which should find no difficulty in securing appreciative tenants.

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has set out to achieve a most original and daring purpose, to write a novel acceptable *per se* to a modern public, and yet in frank and wholesale imitation of HENRY FIELDING. To this end he has omitted no affectation of spelling,

composition, style, plot and period, and yet he has overcome by the end all the prejudice which such anachronism was bound to excite in the beginning. Upon my word, I am not sure that he has not succeeded all the way. Though *The Passionate Elopement* (SECKER) would not have been so intitled by FIELDING, yet otherwise, save for the absence of the master touch (one must say that to be orthodox), the book might have come from that great pen. Much of the humour and philosophy is there, but there is happily avoided the long anticipated climax, intolerable, and, I think, rightly intolerable, to present-day tastes. FIELDING or no FIELDING, our author has put together a vastly entertaining account of *Curtain Wells*, its *Great Little Beau*, its *Exquisite Mob*, and its *Gallant Young Gentlemen*. I doubt if he has in his conclusion availed himself to the full of the ingenuity of his construction, but I leave it at that, insisting that you buy and read for yourself without further revelations from me.

“Turnips and Straw for Sale . . . Mr. James Bealtie, Gardener will point out the turnips.”—*Advt. in “Aberdeen Weekly Press.”*
And then we shall all be able to guess which the straw is.



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

3. THE TRAMP JUGGLER HAS HIGH TEA IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear authoritatively that there is so much difference of opinion as to whether Mr. CHAMP CLARK's annexation proposal was a joke or not that it has been proposed that a great conference of editors of comic papers be called together to decide this vexed question.

There is nothing like seizing an opportunity, and we admire Lord LANSDOWNE's shrewdness in offering REMBRANDT's "Mill" for sale at a moment when everyone is so interested in the question of bread-making.

Indeed we shall not be surprised to hear that a certain enterprising newspaper has decided to present the picture to the nation on the condition that the title be changed to "The Daily Mail Ideal Mill."

Welshmen have been asking that there shall be some emblem of the Principality on the new coinage. We understand that they would be satisfied with the addition of the head of the other GEORGE (Mr.).

Lord CHESTERFIELD has, we hear, been much congratulated on getting his armour back in time for the fight with the Commons.

We are glad to hear that there is some chance of the Private Member who fails to catch the SPEAKER's eye being catered for.

An enterprising publisher proposes to bring out a journal which will be devoted to the speeches which Members have in their pockets, but are never spoken. He hopes to recoup himself, not by the circulation, but by the fees which he would charge the contributors.

By the March Army Orders the identity discs issued to officers and men in war time are in future to be issued to the former in peace time. Our German friends, it will be remembered, were put to considerable trouble recently in identifying two of our officers who were engaged on research work in their country, and no doubt a complaint has been lodged with us as to this.

It seems an astonishing thing that

no one should have thought of dispersing the rioters outside the Théâtre Français by the use of the hose. "Après moi—le déluge," would have been peculiarly appropriate.

According to Professor THOMAS C. CHAMBERLAIN, of Chicago University, the world is now 400,000,000 years old. We consider that when it reaches its 500,000,000th year some sort of celebration ought to take place.

"Marriage," says *The Mirror*, "is cheaper than being engaged." That, we suppose, is why engagements not infrequently lead to matrimony.

"Is Spring-cleaning necessary?" asks a correspondent in *The Express*. We think so. Our Springs—and even

from the Southern Province, while the Archbishop of York read that from the Province of York."

The Kingston police took charge last week of an individual who was found, in a state of intoxication, with his sleeves rolled up, fighting a poster on a hoarding. As a sequel, we hear the Inebriates' Protection Society is about to issue an appeal to our leading poster artists begging them to be less realistic in their work.

The police records of Chicago prove that very few fat men are guilty of serious crimes. It is realised, we suppose, that to have any chance of escaping detection one must be very slim nowadays.

The dresses are the notable feature of the new Gaiety play, and there is some talk of changing its title to "Clothes-Peggy."

HADES.

OUR attention has been drawn to the following remarks, taken from a publication of the Underground Railways:—

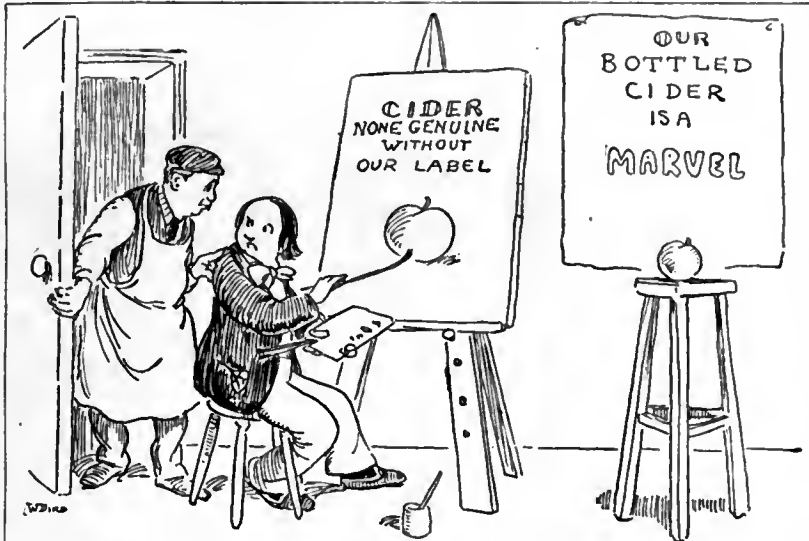
"Mr. Punch has twice now commented upon the absence of time-tables upon the District Railway. The Company thinks that if he did it the honour of coming down to the Temple Station, the nearest to his address, at any moment of the day, he would not find the waiting sufficiently

long that he should wish to add to its tediousness by deciphering a maze of figures. He would find a train in the station quicker than in the time-table."

Yes, but what kind of train? If, as constantly happens, he wants to travel from the Temple to a station on the Wimbledon line, a Praed Street train is hardly any use to him, and even a Hounslow non-stopper affords him very little comfort.

Kicking his heels for boredom, he derives a very poor solace from the reflection that trains of some sort are pouring through the station too fast for the human eye to follow them in the time-table, if there were one.

Lucky Persephone in that other underworld of vague shadows! She at least had some means of finding out when her six months were likely to be up.



TRADE SECRETS.

Foreman of Cider Factory (to Poster Artist): "THE GOVERNOR'S JUST STARTED MAKING THE CIDER AND HE WANTS THE APPLE."

our Summers—have been very dirty in recent years.

Burglars who broke into the Cobham village club took a bath before leaving. At the risk of hurting their feelings we feel bound to say that they probably could not have thought of a more effectual way of rendering themselves unrecognisable.

The suggestion has been made that, in order to get through the glut of Private Members' undelivered orations, the SPEAKER should allow two speeches to be made simultaneously. The experiment would appear to have been tried with success when KING GEORGE received deputations from the two Houses of Convocation the other day. "The Archbishop of Canterbury," says a contemporary, "read the address

THE COCOA SCANDAL.

[The duty on manufactured cocoa, being proportionately in excess of the duty on the raw material, serves to protect the home industry, and therefore constitutes a scandal for Free Traders. A group of Liberal Members has recently approached the CHANCELLOR with a request for the removal of all duties on cocoa. *The Daily Chronicle*, while desirous that Liberal Governments should "continue to move in the direction of the Free Breakfast Table," would be content for the present if the duty on manufactured cocoa could be so readjusted as to eliminate this protective element. The cocoa trade itself, the same authority assures us, does not want Protection.]

SHALL it be said that we who buy and vend
That beverage which the People soak owe
Our bulging fortunes (gracious Heaven forbend!)
To profits on protected cocoa?
The thought would make our tender conscience bleed,
It would indeed.

The past, of course, is passed; the sin is sinned;
Nor can we wholly rectify it;
But, for the future, whether loose or tinned,
Let him who takes our temperate diet
Be well assured it is for honest nibs
He pays his dibs.

Meanwhile repentance for our gains ill-got
Should seal the mouths of Tory mockers;
And we have half a mind to pour the lot
Into the Liberal Party's lockers,
And so from off our 'scutcheon wipe the stain
And start again.

The People's conscience, too, when down their neck
Flows the brown stream, incurs a fracture
To think that England puts a cruel check
On the dear alien's manufacture;
Cocoa, they claim, should have one equal law
For cooked or raw.

This is the type that ought to breakfast free.
But if the ideal cornucopia,
Sprouting with sugar, chicory and tea,
Still lurks in some far-off Utopia;
If even Liberal voters can't be fed
At nil per head;

If such a prospect shows a shade too pink—
At least we'll let our proletariat
Under the spreading Rowntree sit and drink
An unprotected commissariat;
With conscience free, *desipiant in loco*
Over their cocoa.

O. S.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

THE ARMY OF THE STARS.

WE will not begin about the arme of the Stars we will cum to it later becas I must ferst tell you about Ronald our heero was a boy age 16 or 20 and as buteful as a rose or lilly he had a statu of hisself in his bedroom and sum lookin glarses (5) and his brushes wer made of gold for his father had left him a lott of munny more than a hunderd pounds so he was verry ritch and had many servints and all his lif was hapy sept for one thing witch our heero dident like atal this was that he had quarld with the Moon.

Now sum people like the Moon but Ronald dident he thort she was tu sli cuming out after dark wen uther people hav gorn to bed and basides the Moon is orlwis pail and Ronald coudent bare pail people so he had a good quarl with the Moon and got in an awfil state about it becas he

dident know wot to doo wen the Moon kept shining down on him evry nite and jest out of spite it wosent a harf Moon or a quartr Moon but a fool Moon all the time witch made it ever so werse.

One nite Ronald wos out warking with his girl frend Rose and they were torking about the carpets for thire new house and sudnly Rose sed wot is that and Ronald sed Im sure I dont no and they went on and loan bold it was a pore little star witch had falln out of the ski and hert hisself thire was a big bump on his forrid and he was neerly ded Ronald pikt him up and Rose gave him a powder and he opend his eyes and said Ware an I and wen they told him he sed he had tripd up and falln thru a hole in the ski Ronald tuk him home and the nex morning the dokter kame to see him and wen he put out his tung the dokter sed he wos duin nisely and in a fu minits more he wos quit well. Of corse the star wos verry gratfle and promsd to do all kinds of things for Ronald so that nite they all went for a wark together and Ronald told the star about his hating the Moon.

Thats alrite sed the star I hate the Moon tu and I think weer going to have a war agenst her sune the stars agenst the Moon.

Wont that be fun sed Ronald.

Haha sed the star I think its jest started hark.

And wen Ronald harked he herd the sound of drums and trumpits and canons roling round and round the ski and Rose herd it tu.

Then sudnly a bugil bugild and the star sed thire cuming to fetch you to help them.

Hurah cried our heero who wos verry brave and Rose cried hurah tu and wen they lookd agen they sor a rejment of stars warking down littel golden starstairs and the stars came to them and sroundd them thire faces were littel stars with long gold hare and thire brests were big stars with flags made of lite at evry point and they sluted with thire sords and askd Ronald and Rose to cum and help them in thire terrible battel agenst the Moon.

Certainly sed Ronald but how can we get into the ski weer no good down here.

O sed the Genral I can manige that pick up that long stick orf the ground and you will find it turn into a magic lance witch will carre you both into the ski you can take my hand if you like.

So they tuk his hand and the magic lance carred them all up into the ski and in a minit they were all in the midel of the battel.

Our heero and Rose did grate deeds of valler agenst the Moon and all the stars were verry brave tu espeshly the fallen star what Ronald had pikt up he wos a Kurnel and wore a red unform with a silver helmit but at last they were all tu meny for the Moon and wen our heero pirsed her face with the lance she held up her sord to mean shed had nuff and wonted piece then they put her in prsn and kept her there till she promsd to be better in futcher Sune after this Ronald and Rose went back to the erth and held grate feesting among thire vassils and all the srounding moniks came and feested with them Rose went back to starland and livd there wen her mother dide so they were never marrid and if you gessed they were youre rong.

"When Lord Deecies of England married Vivien Gould it made him a fourth cousin of Osmer Leonard of Worcester."

Worcester (N. Y.) Times.

Some people have all the luck.

The Globe gives a terrible example of Draconian justice. At the Old Bailey, it tells us, a prisoner was "sent to penal servitude for ten pears." It seems a harsh sentence.



NO FRIENDS LIKE OLD FRIENDS.

MR. PUNCH (to *United Italy*). "MADAM, MY MOST AFFECTIONATE CONGRATULATIONS. BRITANNIA AND I WERE THE FIRST TO SALUTE YOU AT YOUR DÉBUT."

[The Jubilee of the Unification of Italy is shortly to be celebrated. See *Punch* Cartoon, March 30, 1861.]





"AUNT MARY, THIS IS MY FRIEND, MR. SPIFFKINS."
 "I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH THE NAME."
 "MR. SPIFFKINS."
 "I'M REALLY VERY DEAF; WOULD YOU MIND REPEATING IT?"
 "MR. SPIFFKINS."
 "I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE IT UP—IT SOUNDS TO ME JUST LIKE 'SPIFFKINS.'"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

VOX MEA.

WHEN, as a boy, I sat the student's stool,
 I was an alto (altos, as a rule,
 Are not abundant at a Public School).

I was a wonder even then. The folk
 Thrilled when I sang and marvelled when I spoke—
 And then, oh! horror, then it went and broke.

Stunned by the shock and muted for a space
 I held my peace—then blossomed forth a bass
 (Singing the treble when I lost the place).

Later, I figured in my college choir;
 My voice was all that any could desire,
 And formed, at times, a menace to the spire.

Each Sabbath morn I sing; and those who care
 To journey to St.-Swithin's-in-the-Square
 (Tube to South Kensington) may hear me there,

Joining in Anthem, Carol, Chant and Hymn
 (Ancient or Modern), with impartial *vim*,
 Much in the manner of the Seraphim.

My Muse by now has made it plain enough
 (Always supposing you have read the stuff)
 That I've a voice that's talented and tough.

This settled, I should like to intimate
 That it has never, or, at any rate,
 But seldom, been in such a happy state

As in the past few weeks. My inward springs
 Of song, my *glottis* and my vocal strings
 (Have you a *glottis*?—jolly little things),

All these have risen in a month or less
 To unknown heights of vigour and success.
 What is the reason for it? Can you guess?

You can't? Then listen. When the people dote
 On the perfection of my every note,
 Tell them it's PINKER'S PASTILLES for the THROAT.

"Miss Stapleton Cotton . . . was married on Tuesday in the Private Chapel at Lambeth Palace to Viscount Hood . . . Viscount Hood was unable to be present through illness."—*Church Family Newspaper*.

No doubt they told him about it.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"WHAT have you been doing since I saw you last?" asked Miss Middleton, as she dropped lumps of sugar thoughtfully into my tea. "One, two, three, four, five—that means she would if she could, but she can't. I expect she's engaged already. You'd better have one more." She dropped in another lump, explained that they were large cups, and asked her question again. "Besides working," she added as an after-thought.

"I've been learning something," I said.

"But how brave of you! *Don't* say it's the piano. Music lessons are such a bother."

"No, it isn't the piano. I finished learning that when I was a child."

"Is it something you can show me in here after tea?"

I looked round the room and considered.

"There's hardly space enough here," I said. "Not when I'm in form. It's golf, you know."

"Golf! Slow back, don't press, keep your eye on the ball. Hooray!"

"There's more in it than that," I remonstrated. "You've no idea what a lot of golden rules they've taught me. I'm full of maxims."

"I'll beat you. When will you play me? But I expect you're awfully good now. What's your handicap?"

"I worked it out at thirty-seven yesterday afternoon, but my caddie said I was playing a good eighteen. He also said his father was out of work and that this was only his third round that week. He seemed to be preparing the soil for something. I don't think I'm really eighteen."

"I expect you'd beat me, anyhow. I always get so excited when I'm playing a match. I'm best at friendly foursomes."

"I'm best in the bedroom before the looking-glass. When I get on the tee my mind suddenly becomes a perfect blank. I give a waggle or two just to show that I know the game, and then I lay my club-head carefully behind the ball and leave it there while I try to remember all the things I've been told to do. There's something with the body, and something with the arms, and something with the wrists, and something with the legs, and I stand there and think and think, and by-and-by I remember some of them, and then I have to concentrate on the things I've been told *not* to do. Sometimes on a very warm afternoon I stand there so long that I go to sleep."

"Oh, I just hit the ball as hard as I can at once," said Miss Middleton

confidently. "Or else miss it as hard as I can."

"Well, that's what I decide to do at last. And as I swing back, I think: 'I know I shan't hit it, I'm doing it all wrong, and I don't believe my left knee is a bit like the photographs.' And I catch a hasty glance at the left knee as the club comes down, and say to myself, 'Well, I may just as well go through with it now, and then I can have a really good drive at the *next* tee,' and my opponent says, 'Bad luck!' and to my great surprise the ball lands a whole fifty yards away."

"Eye on the ball, Sir."

"Yes, yes, I know. I wonder if it would help me if I wore blinkers?"

"Of course, the great thing," said Miss Middleton, "is confidence. If you *feel* you're going to hit the ball——"

"Nothing has ever happened on the previous tee to make me feel that."

"But you *must* be able to hit it sometimes, if I can."

"Yes, I do. Quite a lot of times. Now, in my round yesterday afternoon, out of twenty drives from the tee——"

"Oh, is yours a twenty-hole course?"

"You don't understand. Two of my drives were enored. Well, out of twenty shots I got in nine good ones,—but each one of those nine surprised me intensely."

"I don't think that matters. If one isn't surprised oneself, the others always are. *I'm* a bit surprised sometimes."

"Well, these perpetual surprises aren't good for the nerves. Anyway, they don't establish confidence."

"But you can always recover with an iron or something. I'm awfully good with an iron."

"Oh, yes, I recover all right. I never give in. For instance, I pulled the eleventh hole out of the fire yesterday when it seemed absolutely lost."

"Do tell me," said Miss Middleton, eagerly. "I know you do want to tell me, don't you?"

"I think you ought to hear. It may be a lesson to you. Well, he had the honour, and drove a very long ball out of sight. I sliced my drive into the tee box, had to take a niblick to get out, and laid my third dead on the tenth green. Then——"

"Did you say you had mistaken the flag?"

"I didn't. I took a brassie and got back on the tee again, and then had three beautiful iron shots which brought me up to him. That was seven, and my eighth landed me in an impossible position on the beach. You would probably have picked up at this point."

"I wouldn't," said Miss Middleton,

indignantly. "I love playing on the beach."

"Well, some people would. I didn't. I got to work with the niblick again. Meanwhile my opponent, who, I should have said, was conceding me a stroke, pulled his second on to the beach too. Fortunately—I mean unfortunately—he never found his ball. And so the hole was mine. Which so bucked me up that I did the twelfth in two."

I leant back and waited for the applause.

"Well done!" said Miss Middleton. "Like the hare and the tortoise."

"Not at all," I said indignantly. "Don't call me a tortoise."

"I'm sorry," said Miss Middleton, penitently. "I meant 'Boys of the bull-dog breed.'"

"Yes, that's it. Gritty Brit—British grit, that's what did it. The spirit which never knows when it is beaten."

"Were you beaten?"

"I won the bye. Many people let their grip of the game relax at the bye, but I stuck to it."

"I can see I shall have to play you," said Miss Middleton. "You mustn't get too successful. What about to-morrow?"

"Well, I did think of having a lesson to-morrow so as to find out again from my man all the things I mustn't do, so that I could write them out and paste them on the head of my driver. Then while I'm standing over the ball on the tee I can refresh my memory before swinging. But after what you've said I don't think I will."

"Oh, *what* have I said?"

"Why, that the great thing was to hit the ball. Blow the rules. I'll play you to-morrow, and I'll forget all about them, and just keep my eye on the ball and hit it."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that. That isn't fair."

I laughed and got up.

"You've done me a lot of good," I said, "and I shall beat you to-morrow. Thank you so much for listening to me."

"I wish I hadn't," said Miss Middleton nervously. "I *know* my swing's all wrong. Let me see, *what* is it you do with the left knee?"

A. A. M.

"Preston North End are to be asked what portion of the transfer fee was paid to D. McLean and to Edward Plain, the circumstances and reason of such payment."

Manchester Evening News.

Dear old Ed. Plain, the famous outside left, is often mistaken for his brother, Ex. Plain—particularly by composers.

THE PIONEER.



She dressed herself in the latest mode,
And left her house in the Brompton Road,



To popularise the harem kit,
But she found that nobody noticed it.



And the ribald laughter she hoped to hear
Never assailed her w. keful ear.



So she gave a street-boy twopence to scoff,
But, just as the urchin was starting off,



A scandalized constable made a grab—
And home she went in a taxi-cab.



And, being fed up with the whole affair,
Adapted the thing for her husband's wear.

EMILY
DAVIER

THE MASTERPIECE OF THE AGE.

I.—THE WHOLE BOILING.

LET us at once state that it is stupendous. It weighs several hundred-weight: enough to fortify the door of any reviewer against duns and writers. It is alphabetical: you have but to know how any subject on which you seek information is spelt and you will be instructed. Those students who cannot spell are advised to use it in collaboration with a dictionary.

Supposing, for example, that you find yourself in the same predicament as a famous man of old and need some facts on Chinese metaphysics. All you have to do is to swing the crane loose, adjust the chain to the volume containing China, set the machinery in motion, and deposit it on your desk. Then you apply the same process to the volume containing Metaphysics, and combine the information.

In short, no strongly built house should be without these instructive volumes, which have cost so much time and money in paper, ink, binding, advertising and public dinners, to say nothing of the hire of experts.

Finally we may remark that they make the purchasers of the previous edition, who were by no means few, look rather foolish. Let them, however, take heart and concentrate their thought on the state of mind of the purchasers of this edition when the next comes along, as surely it will, from the banks of the reverend Cam. While there is life there is hope—for a new *Encyclo. Britt.*

II.—LITERATURE IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Prof. Claudius Clemgoss, D.Litt.

The literary articles in the superb work before us, which we are glad, indeed, to own, are without exception marvels of form, accuracy and sound judgment. We read them all at a sitting, and are now bulging with culture. If we have a criticism, it is that several of the writers seem to be singularly ill-equipped for their task. The author of the article on the BRONTËS, for example, seems to be totally unaware that Lord NELSON, whose title was, of course, NELSON and BRONTË, was poor CHARLOTTE'S long lost brother, occupying the same close relationship to EMILY and ANN. Any ordinary student of the BRONTË family could have told him this. On the other hand, when he states that CHARLOTTE BRONTË wrote the early chapters of *Jane Eyre* in the upper room in "Eyre Arms," in the Finchley Road, he is merely making the wish the father to the

thought. Apart from these blemishes the article is magnificent and well worth the price of the whole edition, which, if we knew it, we would quote.

III.—BILLIARDS IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Canon Diggle.

We have perused with the deepest interest the fascinating remarks on the great indoor game in the voluminous and meritorious work which recently stole into existence from the Cambridge University Press; but to our astonishment we can find no mention of the latest records of GEORGE GRAY, the marvellous boy who has completely eclipsed the fame of his namesake THOMAS. In an edition labelled "up to date" in every newspaper, this surely is a sad discrepancy. Of the difficulties of keeping abreast of the times from day to day we are aware, but surely the ingenuity of the set of men who have invented so many devices for advertising their wares could have hit on some means of altering the figures in the billiard article for the benefit of subscribers, e.g. a circular posted to each one every morning with the latest records on some "stop press" system. It is not my province to teach, merely to censure.

IV.—ART IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Roger Loose Hind.

Whatever one may say of the solidity of these wonderful volumes, there cannot be two opinions as to their value. They stand alone. We have tried the experiment with each volume and proved it. Whether or not the best man has been obtained for each article is a point we should prefer to leave to them to decide. The experts are well known; their addresses are in *Who's Who*; and if the Editor overlooks them his be the blame and penalty. But it is not so much the maladroit selection of writers in this otherwise glorious work, which we are delighted to possess, as the omissions that are so distressing. We turn to M. hoping to find that superb genius, MATISSE, but in vain. And yet his "Woman with the Green Eyes" will undoubtedly be a living force when all TURNER'S golden visions are forgotten. Just think of giving no column—or indeed columns—to a man whose work would honour any pavement, we care not where it is. But this, after all, is only a trifle. The work as a whole is a triumph. Nothing mars the contributions on art but a totally false view of what art has been, is, and should be. Everyone should purchase a complete set.

V.—MUSIC IN THE NEW EDITION.

By Sir Sandow Donald, Mus.Doc., and Professor Newman Sloggs.

There can be no doubt that, whether we look at the length of the articles or their weight, nothing like them has yet been seen in any similar work. Some captious critic may be inclined to cavil at the fact that ninety columns have been assigned to the Piccolo, while WAGNER is disposed of in ten. The absence of a portrait of Madame AINO ACKTÉ and the omission of the fee received by RICHARD STRAUSS for conducting at the opening of Messrs. WANAMAKER'S new building in New York are unfortunate oversights; and the inclusion of MENDELSSOHN, while no mention is made of Mr. CLUTSAM or Lord TANKERVILLE, is distinctly unpatriotic. Still, when all deductions have been made, the work has been done in a way calculated to stagger musical humanity. Anything more gloriously illuminative than the illustrations to Miss Porringer's article on the Contra-Pontoon cannot easily be imagined, while Dr. Slithy's monograph on the prospective plagiarisms of Orlando Lasso is a masterpiece of remorseless erudition.

We gather from the *Crewkerne Advertising Sheet* that there has been some friction between the Urban District Council and Mr. A. H. Hussey, the lay rector, as to the organisation of the local Coronation festivities. "I fear," writes a correspondent to the paper, "after the insult offered to Mr. Hussey that the Coronation will be a fiasco." However, there is a rumour in London that in spite of this risk it will still be proceeded with.

"Speaking at the Plymouth Library lecture on Saturday, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon said that though their great Devonshire novelist, Mr. Philpotts, had been influenced by Mr. Thomas Hardy, he had struck out a line of his own . . .

To be quite candid, Mr. Eden Philpotts's books would not be admirable for Sunday School prizes."—*Western Evening Herald.*

At least, he would have to strike out a few more lines first.

"Twelve Pure Buff Orpington Eggs (hens), 3s., carriage paid."

Advt. in "Devon and Exeter Gazette."

We guessed hens at once.

£100,000
FOR A PICTURE
ILLUSTRATED.

"Daily News" Contents Bill.

We prefer them so, at that price.



Guide (showing Addison's monument in Westminster Abbey to Tourist Party). "THIS IS HEDDISON'S MONUMENT."
Superior Person. "OH—AH! I KNOW; THAT'S THE LIGHTHOUSE FELLOW."

SALLY SLUGABED.

A MORAL TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"GET up, you lazy, good-for-nothing child!" cried Sally's mother one foggy November morning. But Sally only grunted and turned herself over for another half-hour's sleep. The same thing happened every day. Her sisters were always down punctually at half-past seven, and took breakfast with their dear father, who had to leave for the City at eight. And thus they enjoyed to the full the benefit of his valuable conversation and his searching questions, and listened carefully while their mother sought to inform him why his egg was hard boiled, and why the kidneys were underdone, and whether she called that coffee. But Sally, who could not be made to see how good the early morning air was for the mind, missed all this, and came down regularly at ten o'clock in an aggravatingly good temper; and her bath was always hot.

On this foggy November morning Sally's mother, who was called Mrs. Weston (after her husband), was especially annoyed, because the sweep, who

had been ordered for six, had not turned up till nearly 7.30, so Mr. Weston had had a cold and sooty breakfast, and his conversation had been even brisker than usual. But by the time Sally came down the fires were alight and everything was shipshape.

"Do you realise, you improvident child," said her distressed mother, "how many years of your life you are wasting by such conduct? Susie has just worked it out, and it comes to nearly forty days a year."

"But you know, Mama," answered Sally, "I am always willing to stay up extra late in order to make up for it. And I am sure that at night Papa is much——"

"That will do," said Mrs. Weston hastily. "Miss Pinker is waiting for you in the schoolroom."

In the schoolroom Sally was immediately made to declare ten times in her best writing that the early bird caught the worm; for, try as she would, she could not get her governess to understand that there was another side to the question, and that the late worm avoided the early bird. "Little girls,"

said Miss Pinker severely, "are not worms; *they* have no early bird to avoid." "But what about Papa?" asked Sally.

But after a time she grew tired of her mother's lectures and her governess's ideas about early birds. So one day she announced that she was going to turn over a new leaf and not waste any more of the precious morning hours. Everybody was overjoyed to hear this, and next morning, true to her word, Sally got up at six o'clock, went downstairs, and commenced practising her scales with the loud pedal down. In ten minutes' time Mr. Weston entered the room in his dressing-gown, picked his daughter up in his arms, carried her to her bedroom, and locked her in.

After that there were no more lectures, and Miss Pinker was asked to get a new set of copy-book maxims. But I am sure that Sally, who is now grown up and still as great a slugabed as ever, will never marry a nice earnest young curate, as her sister Susie did last year; and I, for one, shall have no sympathy for her if she doesn't.



Commander. "WHAT'S HIS CHARACTER APART FROM THIS LEAVE-BREAKING?"

Petty Officer. "WELL, SIR, THIS MAN 'E GOES ASHORE WHEN 'E LIKES; 'E COMES OFF WHEN 'E LIKES; 'E USES 'ORRIBLE LANGUAGE WHEN 'E'S SPOKEN TO; IN FACT, FROM 'IS GENERAL BE'AVIOUR 'E MIGHT BE A ORFICER!"

TO METHUSELAH.

[One of the giant tortoises at the Zoo is supposed to be about 250 years old. During his winter retirement the authorities are sometimes in doubt as to whether he is dead or merely in a trance.]

COME from the hole where the dark days drew thee,
Wake, Methuselah! Wag thy tail!
Sniff the snare of the winds that woo thee,
Sun-kissed cabbage and sea-blown kale.
To the salted breath of the sea-bear's grot
And the low sweet laugh of the hippopot
Wake, for thy devotees can't undo thee
To see if thou really art live and hale.

Leap to life, as the leaping squirrel
Flies in fear of the squirming skink;
Gladden the heart of the keeper, TYRRELL;
Give Mr. Pocock a friendly wink!
Flap thy flippers, O thou most fleet,
As once in joyance of things to eat;
Bid us note that thou still art virile,
And not imbibing at Lethe's brink.

Art thou sleeping, and wilt thou waken?
Hast thou passed to the Great Beyond,
Where the Arctic Auk and the cavernous Kraken
Frisk and fuddle with all things fond;
Where the Dodo fowl and the great Dinornis
Roost with the Roc and the Aepyornis,
Where the dew drips down from the tree-fern shaken
As the Pismire patters through flower and frond?

Art thou sleeping, adream of orgies
In sandy coves of the Seychelle Isles,
Or where in warm Galapagos gorges
The ocean echoes for miles and miles?
Of sun-warmed wastes where the wind sonorous
Roared again to thy full-mouthed chorus,
Far from bibulous Bills and Georges
That smack thee rudely with ribald smiles?

Dost thou dream how, a trifling tortoise,
The hot sun hatched thee in shifting sand,
Before the wrongs that the Roundheads wrought us
Set OLIVER CROMWELL to rule the land?
Of an early courtship, when PYM and his carls
Were making things lively for good KING CHARLES?
Not one left of them! *Exit sortus*
(HORACE), but thou art still on hand.

Grant, thou monarch of old, a token
Of blood new-fired with the fire of Spring;
For the crowbar's bent and the pickaxe broken
With which we endeavoured to "knock and ring."
At the warm love-thrill of the Spring's behest
That biddeth the mating bird to nest,
Wake to the word that the wind hath spoken,
Wake, old sportsman, and have thy fling!

ALGOL.

The sculptor of the Edinburgh Memorial of the late Mr. GLADSTONE is Mr. PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVAG. He is said to be a Scotsman.



Bernard Partridge

A PERFECT "SITTER."

REFORMING PEER. "WANT A MODEL?"

H. H. ASQUITH, R.A. "NO, THANKS; I FIND I WORK SO MUCH BETTER WITH THE LAY FIGURE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 6.

—Relations between two Houses, long topic for animated controversy, threaten to be settled in novel fashion. Remnants left of either assembly will be removed to hospital beds, where, under due restraint, conversation may be continued. The "wedding awa" which goes on owing to break-down in health already considerable. In the Commons to-night we have no SPEAKER and no CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The Lords lament the absence of the

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION and the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. Paced during last few years evidently too fast. What with annual General Election, autumn sessions, Party meetings in private houses, succession of crises in both political camps, individual breakdown of leaders inevitable.

Meanwhile SWIFT MACNEILL bears up bravely. For keeping a sound mind in a sound body nothing like windmill action with the arms when speech-making. Seems to circulate the blood and clarify the brain. Additional attraction lent to his interposition by its unexpectedness. When old Members observe him enter with a

section of contents of Library in his arms they know he is about to settle some musty question of constitutional practice. What they don't know, and whereat they wonder is, where will he come in? On what peg will he hang his learned ruling?

This afternoon broke out in quite unforeseen place. DOUGLAS HALL had on Paper innocent-looking but subtly framed question suggesting that discussion of Committee stage of Veto Bill should not proceed in Commons until LANSDOWNE'S Bill reforming House of Lords had been introduced in another place. SWIFT MACNEILL'S piercing eye discovered in enquiry infringement of independence and privilege of House of Commons. In support of this thesis he, interposing between HALL and PRIME MINISTER, read at considerable length an essay on

Constitutional question. Had he gone straight on, enquiry would have reached proportions of ordinary speech. But at end of first seven minutes there were cries of "Order!"

Putting aside his manuscript, the Professor of Constitutional and Criminal Law at King's Inns, Dublin, turned and faced the interrupter, addressing to him a few cautionary remarks. Returning to the essay, he suggested that perhaps it would be convenient if he began again at the beginning. A howl of despair rising from the throat of Ulster seated above the Gangway, the lineal descendant of

not be put and answered." "The answer is," promptly responded the PRIME MINISTER, "that I cannot give any such undertaking."

The brevity of this matter-of-fact reply to stupendous discourse greatly amused Assembly quickest in the world to see a point.

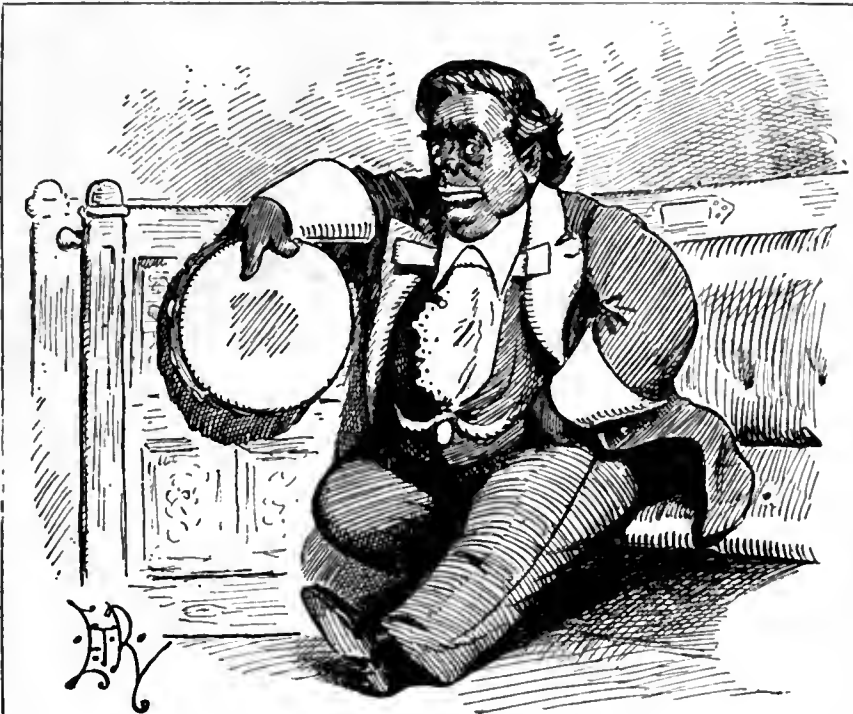
Business done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

Tuesday.—Few Members of Government exceed HOBHOUSE in regularity of attendance at Question time. Financial Secretary to Treasury is the Ministerial maid-of-all-work. If any of his colleagues be absent on business or

through indisposition, he reads Answers to Questions drafted by Department concerned. Much to the fore of late owing to slack attendance of LLOYD GEORGE for reasons everyone deplors. This habit made more striking emptiness of corner seat on Treasury Bench usually filled by him. Explanation forthcoming when Question 13 was reached, and Member for King's County was called on.

"Postponed by request," explained hon. Member.

The House, turning with one consent to see what the Question might be about, found in its terms sufficient reason to put to flight the doughtiest Secretary to the Treasury.



HORATIO THE "CORNER-MAN."

(Mr. BOTTOMLEY spoke of himself as the "Corner-Man" of the Liberal side.)

the last JOHN MACNEILL, Laird of Bowry, of Speaker LENTHALL of the Long Parliament (hence the lengthy question), and of DEAN SWIFT'S uncle and guardian, folding his arms, turned upon Captain CRAIG and the Member for North Armagh a look in which sorrow, indignation and pity were eloquently mingled. As for DOUGLAS HALL, who had put the original Question, his existence was by this time absolutely forgotten.

Having shrivelled up the guilty Ulster Members, SWIFT MACNEILL, profiting by effect of threat to read his paper all over again from the beginning, was allowed to reach its portentous conclusion in comparative silence.

Two little touches of comedy followed upon tragic interlude. DEPUTY SPEAKER remarked, "I do not see any reason why the Question on the Paper should

FRANCIS MEHAN asked HOBHOUSE "whether he would state on what grounds Margaret Haste, of Banagher, Fivemilebourne, Sligo district, No. 292, was deprived of an old age pension notwithstanding the fact that her age was found in the Census of 1851 to be ten years, and on further search in the Record Office she was shown to be two years of age in 1841?"

From the first been some astounding evolutions in Ireland in connection with Old Age Pensions. Passing of Act revealed to amazement of mankind unprecedented proportion of the community whose life had passed limit of threescore years and ten. Here was a new and, by reason of its definiteness, a more difficult problem. It is only in Ireland that a child two years of age in 1841 should be aged ten in 1851. As SARK, who otherwise gives up the

puzzle, says, this early episode in the life of MARGARET illustrates old saying about "the more Haste the less speed." MARGARET lost two years in a decade.

HOMHOUSE thinking the matter out in solitude of his office at the Treasury. Mr. MEEHAN not to be put off. Will repeat Question on return of SECRETARY. Answer looked forward to with keen interest.

Business done.—Working off odds and ends of last year's Budget.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Through the week noble Lords have been as sheep without shepherds. By sad coincidence leaders on both sides confined to room by illness. To LANS-DOWNE period of enforced retirement exceptionally provoking. But for misadventure he would this week have found opportunity for introducing scheme of reform of House of Lords, the well-considered proposal of a united enthusiastic Party.

Sadder still fate of gallant Captain of seanty Ministerial squadron. Literally stricken down in full stride of strenuous, successful career, he has been carried off the battle-field amid deepest regret, profoundest sympathy of contending hosts.

Leader of overwhelming majority, LANS-DOWNE has his difficulties, not less embarrassing because many are, more or less successfully, concealed from public gaze. In his capacity of spokesman of what numerically is a miserable minority, CREWE's position is one of recurrent humiliation. Representative of a Government omnipotent in the other House, he from day to



THE ATTITUDE OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

"Carry the Parliament Bill!—Rather."
"Honestly carry out the pledges of the preamble!—Never!!!"

day throughout the Session is made conscious of absolute, unmitigated, helplessness. The Government may propose; the Opposition dispose. On the other hand, a Bill or motion submitted from other side, even if it do not receive unqualified support from Front Opposition Bench, will be carried in spite of whatsoever protest or appeal

may be raised by LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

This a state of things searing to the soul. Lord CREWE has faced it with a serenity of temper, an invulnerable patience, an unflinching urbanity which, whilst endearing him to his own party, has extorted the admiration of his political opponents.



The Veteran Viscount MORLEY takes over the command of the "Thin Red Line" in the House of Lords in the thick of the fighting. (As a little extra he also resumes control of the India Office.)

Business done.—Commons still at work on Money votes.

THE HERO SPEAKS.

THE NEWSPAPER'S VERSION.

MR. JOSEPH BINKS received our representative courteously during the quiet hour following his evening meal. "Little did I think," he remarked, "as I proceeded to my daily labour yesterday morning, that I was to pass through experiences so overwhelming in their intense excitement and so fraught with deadly peril. I perceived smoke issuing from the upper windows of No. 973, Brabazon Terrace, and in a flash something told me that the place was on fire. 'Heavens!' I exclaimed; 'there are people sleeping there, little dreaming of the danger that threatens them. Perhaps helpless children!' Divesting myself of my coat, I burst open the front door without waiting on ceremony, and rushed up the stairs, calling 'Fire!' as I ran. The top landing was in a blaze; the fumes of the burning woodwork well-nigh choked me; but on I went. A cry, the cry of a frightened woman, assailed my ears, and I leapt in the direction from whence it issued. . . . Hastily wrapping a

blanket about her, I picked her up, none too gently, I fear, and started to return. But, horrors! the stairs had fallen in one blazing mass. A veritable inferno roared beneath us. The window was our only chance. But the cruel flames were already licking the paint from the sashes. However, gripping my charge as in a vice, I crept cautiously" and so on.

WHAT THE HERO REALLY SAID.

"That's me, mister—W'ich paper?—No, never 'eard of it; always reads *The Star* myself.—Yus, I did.—Yus.—Yus.—No, left-'and side, goin' towards the 'Igh Road.—Yus.—Well, if you like to put it that way, I s'pose it was.—Yus.—Yus, wot you might call a bit 'ot.—Oh, yus!—Not 'arf!—Yus.—That's right.—Yus.—Well, thank'ee, Sir; don't mind if I do!"

THE KNEEBAGS.

Now Herbert Preeps was kind and stout,
And nothing seemed to put him out.
And Herbert Preeps was stout and kind;
His golden rule was "Never mind."

He was not in the least enraged
To find that he had got engaged.
Where you'd have been intensely riled,
He merely stroke' his chin and smiled.

He chose the ring and paid for it,
And did not care a little bit.

He simply went on smiling still,
And asked no discount off the bill.

The queerest coif, the largest hat,
The worst and most appalling spat

Did not avail an inch to stir
His spleen. He said, "It pleases her."

But oh! how reckless women are;
Of course she went a step too far,

And wore a Harem-scarum skirt.
Yes, then at last her Herb was hurt.

Where you'd have been content to scoff,
The placid Preeps, he broke it off.

A drastic measure? Ah, but note
The covering letter which he wrote:—

"Whatever sort of dress you wore,
I never was annoyed before;

For well I knew that women's clothes
Were things I could not be supposed"—

(The man was cross. He had no time
To excavate a better rhyme)—

"Supposed, I say, to understand,
But trousers, on the other hand,

"I am acquainted with. At least,
I think you might have had them
creased."

HOW TO HUMANIZE THE LANDSCAPE.

THE proposal to commemorate the ninetieth birthday of the PRINCE REGENT OF BAVARIA by carving a mountain into the semblance of a colossal statue representing the venerable ruler has naturally led to the formulation of an immense number of similar schemes in this country.

Thus subscriptions are being actually solicited at this moment for a fund to celebrate the five-hundredth retirement of Lord ROSEBERY from public life by moulding the summit of Primrose Hill into a gigantic representation of his Lordship's finely-modelled cranium.

Again, theatrical circles are stirred to their depths by a brilliant idea for commemorating in fitting fashion the purchase, by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, of his ten thousandth pair of trousers for histrionic purposes. It is proposed that on the cliffs at Holyhead a huge full-length portrait of the illustrious actor-manager should be executed in the living rock, facing St. George's Channel (to be henceforth known as George's Strait), and typifying to all time the adamantine circumspection of those historic nether garments which have moved so many millions to tears and laughter.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., whom Mr. HEALY in a moment of affectionate ecstasy once called "a rare Pat of butter," has never had his statue erected in or out of his native isle. The recent appearance in his magazine of his ten-millionth article, entitled "The Moral Beauty of Back-scratching," has suggested to the innumerable admirers of his luscious *bonhomie* how imperatively necessary it is to imprint upon the landscape the adorable lineaments of the universal lubricator of modern life. It has accordingly been proposed that a monstrous portrait of Mr. O'CONNOR should be traced on Ireland's Eye, and that the space so covered should be sown exclusively with buttercups.

It has often excited surprise that the possibilities for landscape portraiture presented by the chalk downs should be almost entirely monopolised by the equine tribe. A judicious novelty will shortly be inaugurated on the occasion of the appearance of Sir HENRY HOWORTH's twenty-thousandth small-print letter in *The Times*, when his friends have arranged that a portrait of that indefatigable epistolary gladiator, mounted on a mammoth, shall be seraped on the hill-side at Borcham.

A very touching act of homage has recently been paid to Mr. BRAM STOKER. Simultaneously on the links at Stoke



Liza. "I 'EAR SALL'S GIVE YER THE CRUCK—AH'S THAT!"

Bill. "BIT OF A BAH DAHN THE COURT. I BIFFED 'ER ONE ACROST THE FICE FOR COMIN BETWEEN ME AN' 'ERE WOT WAS SCRAPPIN'!"

Liza. "WELL I NEVER! BUT THERE, THE COURSE O' TRUE LOVE NEVER RUNS SMOOTH, DO IT?"

Poges and Bramshott two new pot bunkers, cut so as to represent the Olympian head (in profile) of the eminent novelist and impresario, have been dug in celebration of his fiftieth interview with Sir OLIVER LODGE on the Psychological Significance of Vampires.

The subscribers of *The Daily Chronicle* have resolved to commemorate the forthcoming natal anniversary of the famous art critic of that journal in a graceful way by filling the Devil's Punch-bowl on Hindhead with ginger-beer, for the benefit of the artistic youth of the neighbourhood. Lord HINDLIP

has kindly consented to unloose the first cork and unveil a suitable post-impressionist frieze, carved on the Punch-Bowl.

The splendid cliffs of Cape Clear are shortly about to receive an immense enhancement of their beauty by the conversion of a great pillar of rock into a colossal statue of Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL in the costume of the EMPEROR CLAUDIUS. The completion of the statue will, it is hoped, coincide with the discovery, by Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, of the fiftieth first-rate Kail-yard genius since he first created Mr. BARRIE in *The British Weekly*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LILY."

I HAVE to complain, but not bitterly, of two fly-leaves inserted in my Kingsway programme—one giving favourable extracts of press-notice of *The Lily*, the other setting forth typical menus of a neighbouring restaurant, where luncheons and dinners may be obtained at reasonable charges. Now I am prepared for the simple indication of an address where I can get supper after the play, but I hardly ever lunch or dine after 11 P.M. Besides, a critic might easily mix up these two insertions to the confusion of his judgment. Thus, when I read *The Daily Mail's* statement—"Held the house in its grip"—in conjunction with *The Pall Mall Gazette's* comment—"Cheers at the finish"—I thought that something must be wrong with the "Grilled Chump Chop of Lamb"; and when I perused *The Star's* critique—"Invigorates like mountain air. Fill your lungs with it"—I could not help feeling that, if the reference was to the "Braised Duckling Fermière," the lungs were the wrong place for it. However, to the play.

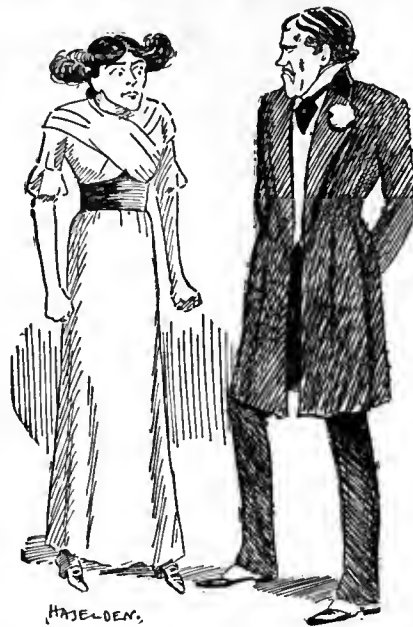
"Lo! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!"

This flower of our childhood's hymnals has nothing in common with *The Lily* of Great Queen Street, except that each of them declines to be a spinster. "Lily" is apparently the recognised term for a woman who is expected to spend her life in ministering to the comforts of a selfish and dictatorial parent and gets no social opportunity of escaping a perpetual maidenhood. Such conditions are likely enough to encourage secretiveness, and one can well understand how a girl in this position, foiled of her proper chances of finding a husband in her own class, might contrive a clandestine marriage with an undesirable person. This scheme would have sufficiently served the authors' purpose, but they preferred to overstate their case by making their "Lily" contract a liaison with a married man.

The First and Last Acts are moderately futile, but the Second and Third—the Second in particular—have some really excellent stuff in them. One was given a very effective impression of the ménage at the château, and the plot for decoying the lover was freshly laid. For a modern play, however, adapted to English tastes, it suffers from a leading motive—the idea that the sole end of woman is to get herself married—which seems strangely out of touch with the times.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING, as the egoist parent, gave a quite admirable character-study, treating every detail with the very nicest artistry. He knew exactly what to do and what to leave undone. His one blemish was the miserable cloth cap which the old dandy wore over his dyed locks in the Last Act. It looked as if it had been borrowed from a scene-shifter.

MISS GERALDINE OLLIFFE was delicately true to nature in her interpretation of a patient daughter and devoted elder sister. Unhappily the authors had laid themselves out to supply her and her sister with a long and exhausting tirade apiece, in which their pent-up grievances found an expression which was too much both for me and their father. I liked Miss MABEL HACKNEY



(*Comte de Maigny* (to *Christiane*). "Lilies of the house of de Maigny do not look at their parents like that. Henceforth you are no daughter of mine!")

Miss MABEL HACKNEY and Mr. LAURENCE IRVING.

(*The Lily*) better in her quiet deceitfulness than in the terrific outburst of candour which was meant to be the *clou* of the play. Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS had an easy and grateful part as everybody's friend and counsellor, and did it very comfortably. As *Arnaud*, a French artist (with complications), Mr. RUPERT HARVEY had the most saintly air of celibacy that I have ever yet observed among the spoilers of innocence.

I confess that I was surprised at the excellence of much of the play, though there were things in it which I did not quite grasp, as, for instance, how it was that, with a widowed parent whose irregular habits must have frequently called him away to the capital,

his daughters had not utilised these interludes for a little social amusement at the château on their own account, which might have led up to a chance of matrimony, if that was what they wanted so badly. And I was also a little troubled by the abruptness of some of the transitions, as when two visitors, immediately on their arrival, sat down and played, at nobody's request, a duet for voice and harp. O. S.

ART NOTES.

THE absence of so many peers from England at this moment is due to the circumstance that they are scouring the Continent in the hope of picking up cheap Old Masters which they can offer to American millionaires at greatly enhanced figures.

* * * * *
The advertisement of Mr. Hiram L. Flinkers, the multi-millionaire of Cincinnati, in a recent issue of *The Times* may have escaped general notice, but enough interested persons saw it to serve Mr. Flinkers' purpose. It ran thus:—

To Noblemen.—American collector requires heirlooms. Must have family history attached.—Apply, etc.

It is understood that in response to this appeal a number of applications for permission to sell historic heirlooms will shortly be before the Courts. Everyone must be glad that so much lumber is in the way of quickly being translated into that currency which procures such real necessities of life as motor cars, suppers, &c.

* * * * *
Lord Slough of Despond has just successfully negotiated the sale of the famous Hals which has long been the glory of his ancestral seat. Lord Slough of Despond, being nothing if not patriotic, on receiving the offer of £300,000 from Mr. Slick, of Pittsburg, at once replied, with rare self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness, that the American *connoisseur* could have it at that figure only if England did not come forward to buy it at a reduction of £1,000 within three days of the offer. The money not being forthcoming, the picture is now on its way to Mr. Slick's palace in 687th Street.

* * * * *
Mr. Elihu Z. Bird, who has been called the Lorenzo dei Medici of Seattle, differs from his fellow American *virtuosi*. His idea is to acquire pictures from the private collections of none but Trustees of the English National Gallery. This circumstance, he says, should lend piquancy to his Art Museum.



Heavy-handed Sportsman. "I WONDER IF THIS SILLY BRUTE WILL DOUBLE IT THIS TIME OR FLY THE LOT."

The Horse. "I WONDER IF THIS SILLY FOOL WILL HANG ON BY MY MOUTH THIS TIME, OR FALL OFF ALTOGETHER."

LINES ON SEEING SOME CORONETS DISPLAYED IN A PICCADILLY WINDOW.

YE radiant mysteries, that do engird
 The lordly crumpets of the Upper Ten,
 Ye that at last are openly preferred
 Before the awe-struck gaze of common men,
 That seldom greet the air
 Save in the hallowed precincts of Big Ben,
 Much have I longed to know ye as ye were,
 Nor dreamed to find ye so entrancing and so fair.
 For ye are ever awfully remote.
 Oft have I seen you on the bellying side
 Of some barouche, and, stooping, paused to gloat—
 Braving the flunkey's supercilious pride—
 To stand, with low-doffed hat,
 To look my fill, yet not be satisfied ;
 'Twas an abiding joy to gaze thereat,
 And yet, compared with this, how paltry and how flat.
 For ye are beautiful beyond all dream,
 And in all detail admirably graced ;
 Yon ermine, how it helps the general scheme ;
 Those silver orbs, how elegant in taste ;
 Yon cap (if cap it be)
 Of ruddiest crimson, how extremely chaste ;
 These with their golden circlet blend, ah me,
 To a harmonious whole I had not thought to see.
 And you, O peers, that from your chariot wheels
 Spatter my trouserings with London's mire,
 Whose nose of purest aquiline reveals,
 For the low herd that write themselves Esquire,

A bland and high disdain
 So great that some, with wormy souls afire
 (Being annoyed), have thrilled and thrilled again
 With thoughts it ill befits the meek to entertain.
 I, too, have murmured at you heretofore,
 But not so now ; that you contemn the crowd
 Pains me, but it surprises me no more.
 He that has been so spaciouly endowed
 Were but a blithering ass
 To ape humility and not be proud,
 Knowing how justly he must needs surpass
 All of us meaner flesh that are, at best, but grass.
 Nay, there is more. Time was, I would pretend
 'To view you with a self-defensive scorn
 (Poor mockery!)—that, too, is at an end ;
 To-day I feel strange itchings, newly-born,
 Myself to be a peer,
 If the good gods might so exalt my horn ;
 Only to own these gauds of stately cheer,
 Even tho' packed away, methinks were passing dear.
 Yot, no. God-gifted tho' you be and blest,
 Let me retain my poor and meagre lot ;
 'Tis true no glittering bauble gilds my crest,
 But you, that have the same, may wear it not.
 I, being low in style,
 Am well content with hats—the simple pot ;
 But you, O lordings, truly it were vile
 To own a coronet and have to wear a tile.

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In a Preface to her latest book, *A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands* (HUTCHINSON), Mrs. HUGH FRASER anticipates that "some excuse will surely be demanded for giving so much space to the opening chapters of my life in these volumes." This is a mistake born of modesty. The most delightful portion of the work is, happily, the more extensive section, that which deals with the childhood, girlhood and unmarried life of a charming lady. Mrs. FRASER was by birth richly endowed. Her grandfather came of old Scots-Irish stock; her father was born in New England; her mother in New York; she herself, sister of MARION CRAWFORD, was, like him, born in Rome and educated in Italy. She lived there up to her marriage, atmospherically and socially in the sunshine. From her earliest years fate and good fortune brought her in personal contact with prominent men and women, who little suspected the close study to which they were subjected in succession by child,

girl and woman. To a keen eye for desecrating character is added the gift of presenting a vivid portrait in a few touches. One thinks in reading some of the passages what a splendid special correspondent she would have made. In addition to pen-and-ink portraits, there is (on pp. 59, 60) a marvellous picture of Rome on the day when, the POREDISESTABLISHED, VICTOR EMMANUEL entered the city as conqueror, and "the Tiber rose in its wrath and turned all the lower portion of the house into a turgid yellow sea." In this incident Mrs. FRASER, above all things a good Catholic,

discerned a preternatural protest against the desecration of the Vatican. Her strong prejudices in respect of forms of religion and political partisanship sometimes lead her astray. Angriily denouncing action by the Foreign Office in 1878, which, she says, "roused a storm of indignation all through the diplomatic family," she bitterly adds, "It took place under a Liberal Ministry, of course." In 1878 Lord BEACONSFIELD was Prime Minister, and the Marquis of SALISBURY Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

least, these were the conditions of the *Bodger-Vallon* household, and we are left to suppose it not untypical of the rest. The *Vallon* father having married the *Bodger* mother, each brought two children, a boy and a girl, to the joint home; and of these four, the *Bodgers*, stronger and coarser, persecuted the *Vallons*, *Tudor* and *John* (it is one of my smaller grudges against the book that a girl should be confusingly named *John*), till their existence became a misery. Thus *Tudor*, with all his bright and happy possibilities—the author, you see, spares us no aspect of her tragedy—is maimed, by circumstance and the *Bodgers*, into a gloomy and drunken coward. Eventually he tries to kill *Philip Bodger*, and, failing, flings away his own life to save the girl-*Bodger* and *John* from a carriage accident pre-arranged by the latter. Life in Wales, according to Miss MACAULAY, is like that. I wonder!

Whatever else you feel concerning *America—Through English Eyes* (STANLEY PAUL), you cannot refuse sympathy to an author who, having promised herself (and possibly

her publisher) that she would encounter and criticise the real American, has to admit, "I never met him." "When I specially desired to confuse an American citizen," she says in her agreeably frank way, "I would ask him gravely: 'Can you tell me where I can meet a real American?' 'Why—here; right away,' he would answer. And then I would point out that he was of Dutch, or Russian, or Irish, or French, or Polish, or Scandinavian, or Italian origin. That was not what I wanted."

In her vain quest for a real specimen of the native, she visited New York, Washington and Boston, and records her ingenuous "impressions" of these cities, faithfully explaining that taxi-cabs are expensive to hire, that tram-car conductors shy at "Please" and "Thank you," and that you cannot get your boots cleaned at the hotel. Fresh as these observations are, we might have had something even fresher if only she had not had to put up, throughout, with the sham article. However, the elusiveness of her object does not seem to have prevented her from having a fairly good time. The only real trouble with America, as seen through "Rita's" eyes, is that it is not typically American.

"Vladivostock was found to be unsuitable, being sea-bound for too many months of the year to become a first-class naval base."

Sh. field Dai'y Independent.

Southend is nearer the ideal.

In the Public Eye.

From a Reuter's telegram, published in Cairo:—

"The nonagenarian Dean of St. Paul's has resigned."

It will be seen that Reuter does not specify the nature of the Dean's present or of his previous fall.



PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

4. THE PROTEAN ACTOR PRACTISES ECONOMY BY TAKING THE DOUBLE RÔLE OF HIMSELF AND HIS BUTLER.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD KITCHENER has been appointed to command the troops assembled in London for the Coronation ceremonies. It is an open secret that, if he should acquit himself satisfactorily, a Territorial adjutaney may be offered him.

The National Peace Council has expressed the hope that the Coronation pageant will not be confined to representatives of the naval and military forces of the Crown. It would, by the way, be rather pretty if, in one of the processions, room could be found for all persons named George.

"Radicals," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "attribute the enormous growth in the Navy Estimates to the fact that they are dictated now, not by statesmen, but by admirals." It does seem curious that in such a matter the advice of a man like Sir KNYVET WILSON should be followed rather than that, say, of Mr. KEIR HARDIE.

The *Débats* thinks it would be a graceful acknowledgment if, in return for France's concession in adopting Greenwich time, England would adopt the metric system of weights and measures. We have heard of time working wonders, but this would be a miracle.

Mr. CHURCHILL has decided to appoint a committee to inquire into the question of Manx Constitutional reform. It is possible that a recommendation may be made in favour of an Omnibus Bill to cover the cases of Ireland, Wales, and the Isle of Man.

Has the Missing Shepherd been found at last? "While walking from Roby to Gateacre," *The Liverpool Courier* tells us, "Mr. C. S. Brice, of Wavertree, picked up a fine specimen of a neolithic celt."

"Can't I speak? I am paying for it," exclaimed an excited litigant at the Shoreditch County Court the other day. When Members of Parliament receive salaries the SPEAKER, we suspect, will be appealed to in almost identical terms—"Can't I speak? I am paid for it."

It is rumoured that some of our

Suffragettes intend to take to Harem Skirts, so as to have the power of bargaining. They will then offer to give us back our trousers if we will give them the vote.

As the result of new fashions an appreciable decrease in the sale of petticoats is, we are told, making itself felt in the Drapery world. Those who were responsible some little time since for changing the name of Petticoat Lane to Middle-sex Street were evidently possessed of no little prophetic instinct.

"America," says Mrs. GLYN, "is every year becoming less dependent on England for its fiction." Many transatlantic newspapers, we believe, make nearly all their own news now.

The Suffragettes have now definitely decided to take leave of their census.

Professor Sir J. THOMSON, speaking at the Royal Institution, estimated the temperature of Mars at 38 degrees below freezing point—"which," he pointed out, "would seem rather unfortunate for the canals." We suspect that Professor LOWELL will now find that the little black specks on his canals are skaters.

"One of the fundamental differences between men and women," says *The Labour Leader*, "is that the latter like work." We bow to our contemporary's authority in the matter of men belonging to the labouring classes; but this work that women love—is it real work? Is it not too often fancy work?"

Patriotic purchasers are cautioned against buying goods of any sort marked "BRITISH MADE."

"The first business was to elect a Chairman for the ensuing year, and on the proposal of the Rev. Canon Hutton, seconded by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. G. E. Henega, the committee chose Mr. W. Embleton-Fox with equanimity."—*Lincolnshire Echo*.

Surely somebody might have worked up a little excitement over it.

"Recently a lady left in a Clichy-Od'ou omnibus documents of the value of £16,000. The conductor who found the parcel was rewarded with the munificent sum of 50 centimes, or 4s. 2d."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

If there really was a choice, no doubt he selected the 4s. 2d. like a sensible man, and got something like five francs for it at the nearest Bureau de Change.

A Quaint Wedding Ceremony.

"A dacoity is reported to have taken place on Monday last in the village of Gaodia in the Munshigunge sub-division. The dacoits, who had fire-arms, are said to have carried away considerable loot in cash and valuables. The honeymoon will be spent at Mount Abu."—*Times of India*.

The wedding presents seem to have been numerous and costly.



TERRY REYNOLDS

"ANY GROUNDSEL FOR THE BIRDS, GUV NOR?"

An outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease is reported from Chobham. "Four pigs are said to be affected." We are sorry to hear this, as we hate the sight of an affected pig.

A pre-historic music-hall was a feature of a matinée last week at the Empire. It is not, we believe, generally known that some of our knock-about artistes are a survival from that period.

From *The Times*:—"WHITEHEAD.—On the 1st March, at 15, Granard Road, S.W., Jessie, wife of E. G. Whitehead, added to the nation's wealth a healthy male citizen." If the WHITEHEADS are not careful they will have Mr. LLOYD GEORGE taxing the undeveloped boy.

THE SEMOLINA AND THE GERM.

[A phantasy based upon the combination of these two elements in the ideal, or "Standard," loaf.]

GEORGINA! if the high divinities
That mould our lives had never laid
Their ban on our profound affinities,
Oh, what a pair we might have made!
But the Olympians chose to chuckle,
Upsetting Nature's wise decree
That you should play the Honeysuckle,
And I the Bee.

It is their game to bring together
The uncongenial groom and bride;
Conversely, too, to cut the tether
That kindred tastes would else have tied;
This is the thought that thins my locks so,
That such a pair apart should slip—
You, so to speak, the Cup of Boxo,
And I the Lip.

A combination badly sundered,
Forced by estranging routes to go—
United, how we might have thundered
Along this dusty vale of woe!
Yes, truly, we had travelled better,
Parts of a whole, with Love to steer—
You, as it were, the Carburetter,
And I the Gear.

Nature, I notice, now and then drills
Her family to clasp and twine;
So I would have your loving tendrils
Cling to this lonely heart of mine,
As o'er the oak in Druid copses
The faithful ivy joys to crawl—
You, by your leave, the Ampelopsis,
And I the Wall.

And yet, perchance, in that hereafter
Where severed loves redeem their gage,
Where mid Elysian fields of laughter
"Standard" ambrosia's all the rage,
We'll readjust, my poor Georgina,
The rift that marked our mortal term—
You, let us say, the Semolina,
And I the Germ.

O. S.

AN ACCLIMATISED COLONIAL.

WHEN I first saw him I was standing by a seat on the Broad Walk, Regent's Park; he was sitting up on the grass a few yards away, and I could see by the expression in his little round eye that he was considering whether my acquaintance was worth cultivating or not. Finally he decided to risk it, and, making straight for me in a series of swift undulating leaps, sprang on to the top of the seat, and thence to my left arm.

I might have felt more flattered by this condescension on the part of a Canadian squirrel if I had not been fully aware that it was due less to any personal attractions of my own than to the fact that my right hand happened to hold a small paper bag containing pea-nuts. You can procure these at the Refreshment Pavilion close by, and they give you quite a lot for a penny.

"I don't mind trying one of those," he said in squirrel language (which, if I speak it but indifferently, I understand fairly well). I passed him the bag. He helped himself, turned the nut once or twice in his forepaws,

examined it critically, and rejected it with disdain. "Rotten!" he remarked with unaffected candour. "Not fit to offer a wood-pigeon! I shall have to trouble you again." Which he did, but with no better success. "Another wrong 'un!" he said. "They seem to have been working off *all* their back numbers on you! If those Pavilion people don't supply a better quality of pea-nut, we squirrels will just have to withdraw our patronage—and where would they be *then*, I'd like to know?" I begged him to give them one more chance, and he graciously consented. "Well," he admitted, as he sampled a third nut, "this isn't so *bad*. Wants keeping—a trifle out of condition, but it'll do at a pinch. Yes," he continued, in the intervals between his nibbles, as he sat on my arm, "we're pretty numerous here. When we first arrived, all the most desirable residences were occupied by brown squirrels. Mighty condescending they were to us. Said they were superior to colour prejudice, and if we *did* chance to be born grey, we were nevertheless squirrels and brothers. Told us we were welcome to any branches or nuts they'd no use for. Offered to show us round. But I guess we showed *them* round. There was no *enterprise* about those squirrels, Sir, that was the trouble with *them*. Wouldn't go out of their way to appeal to your great British Public! Too stuck-up and stand-offish. And as for hustling—why, they spent more'n half the winter asleep! It was get on or get out, and they couldn't seem to get on—not with us, anyway. So you won't see any brown squirrels about here now. We started in to run this settlement as a business proposition from the word 'go,' and we're progressing, Sir, by leaps and bounds! Made our pile already, most of us have. I'm not one to blow, but if I was to tell you the amount of nuts to my credit in that bank over there, where the tulip bed is, it'd make you open your eyes! And I'm not the warmest squirrel in this Walk by any means. It only shows what can be done, even in an old country like this, by getting a move on. I don't say we haven't a failure among us here and there. For instance, you see that squirrel sitting up under the plane-tree? . . . Yes, the one with his fore-paws clasped tight across his stomach. No, he *isn't* looking well, and what's more, he isn't *feeling* well either. That squirrel, Sir, drew out the whole of his deposit directly the bank opened this morning, and now he's gone and busted every blessed nut he had! But it isn't the first time he's gone bankrupt, not by a long way, and, soon as he's got his digestion in working order again, I expect he'll re-commence business and like as not be as rich as ever he was! . . ."

"Excuse me a moment," he broke off suddenly, and, darting down into the Broad Walk, held up an approaching perambulator and child with the air of a highwayman. When he returned to my arm he was holding a fragment of a biscuit, which he inspected dubiously. "It's either an *Osborne* or a *Marie*," he pronounced; "but I've an idea that baby's been having a go at it first. . . . No, on the whole I'd rather have another nut. Talking of nuts," he continued, "the Public that visits the Zoo don't begin to realise what nuts are meant for. I know, because I've got cousins and things in the Zoo. Most elegantly located they are, with a tree and enclosed lot all to themselves, and free to go in and out and receive their relations just as they please, and no questions asked. I look in at times, and, if you'll believe me, the Public there actually squanders all its nuts on a set of undeserving monkeys whose manners—well, I'd be sorry to think any *squirrel* would be so wanting in ordinary self-respect! It's a merey we haven't got to associate with monkeys *here*. The wood-pigeons are bad enough. Just *look* at 'em, waddling round! If any



THE WHITE-HOUSE MAN'S BURDEN.

UNCLE TAFT (on Mexican Frontier). "WHO GOES THERE?"

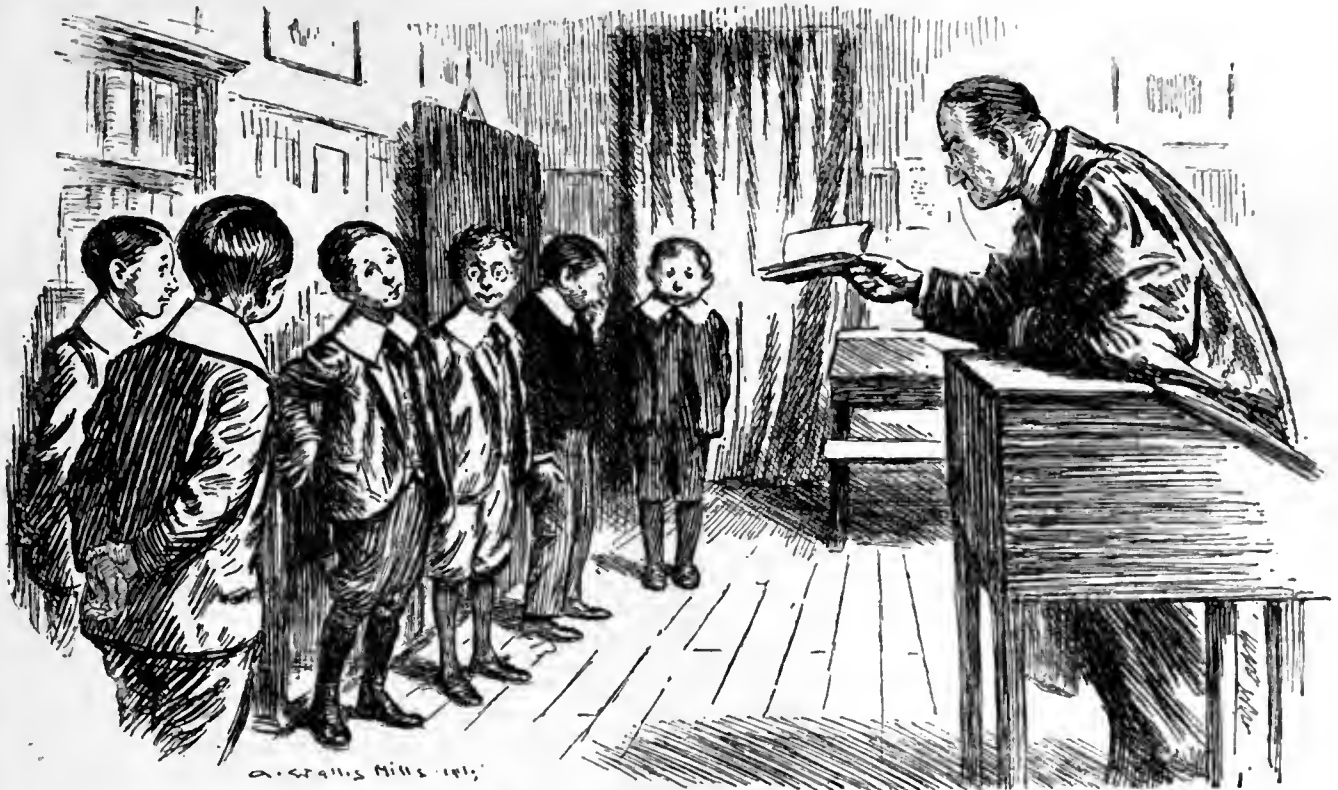
UNCLE TAFT. "GUESS YOU CAN'T!"

UNCLE TAFT. "THAT'S MY BUSINESS. ALL THIS HEMISPHERE IS MY BUSINESS."

FILIBUSTER. "I DO!"

FILIBUSTER. "WELL, WHO ARE YOU, ANYHOW?"





Master. "NOW, BROWN, WHAT DOES 'MENSIBUS' MEAN?"
 Brown. "TWO OR FOR TABLES."
 Master. "WRONG. SMITH MINOR?"
 Smith minor. "ER—THREE TABLES!"

of 'em ever had a figure, they've forgotten it long ago!" (I could not help thinking that his own little paunch was just a trifle rotund, but I refrained from telling him so. After all, he was my guest). "It's *our* nuts they fatten on!" he said indignantly. "But we shan't stand this unfair competition *much* longer. These birds will have to go, Sir! Now, I *don't* mind the dear little sparrows. When pea-nuts pall, as they *will* do occasionally, a really fresh sparrow's egg is an agreeable relish. But we've no use for pigeons. There's one reform," he added, "we've already introduced. I daresay you've observed that no dogs are allowed in here unless they're on a lead? We squirrels insisted on that, Sir, and it makes terriers pretty wild, especially when we let on we aren't aware they're in the neighbourhood. . . . Here's one coming along now. Just you watch, and you'll see some fun. . . ."

But the instant afterwards he bounded off my arm and corkserewed up the nearest tree-trunk to a top bough. "Perfectly scandalous!" he called down to me. "They've let him in without being under proper control! Will you kindly inform that terrier, Sir, that I shall take the earliest opportunity of reporting him to the Head-Keeper?"

I conveyed this to the dog, but I could not discover that it made the slightest impression on him. F. A.

A Cowardly Press.

"Conf., Tob., min., baby.; news may be added; £25."

Advt. in "The Star."

This is headed "TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION," but it looks as if the sub-editor didn't like to risk it.

A SENSITIVE CRAFTSMAN.

[The finger-print system, which has largely increased the facility of identification, is said to have given "unqualified satisfaction."]

This popular plan, since it certainly strikes
 A blow at anonymous ways,
 Can hardly be winning approval from Sikes
 Or meeting with Raffles's praise.
 Your burglar objects to his work being signed
 With even so much as a hint,
 And frowns on the prospect of leaving behind
 His autograph plainly in print.

The average cracksmen's professional cares
 Are nowadays simply immense;
 The cost of the gloves that he thoughtfully wears
 Adds much to his working expense.
 And, seeing that fingers encumbered by kid
 Lose some of their lightness of touch,
 He can't take the pride that he formerly did
 In bursting a catch or a clutch.

Although it is true he continues to steal,
 Being too conscientious to shirk,
 He feels what all genuine artists must feel
 When doing inferior work.
 He knows that you're quickly reducing his art
 To a vulgar, mechanical trade,
 So he cannot view with a satisfied heart
 This packet of prints you parade.

The Latest Chanticlerical Wear.

"The Quacker bonnet (says a fashion writer) is going to have vogue."—*New Zealand Herald.*

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

VANITY FAIR.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—People are telling each other *un petit conte pour rire* about the Sunday Club at Olympia. Lady Manœuvrer has been there regularly through the season with her youngest and only unappropriated girl, Bluebell, in tow. Bluebell being very timid and wobbly, the Duke of Dulwich undertook to help her and show her how it's done. *Entre nous*, my dear, he's only a wobbler *himself*, but there's no point on which people are so self-deceived as their skating—except, perhaps, their profiles! Well, Bluebell (her mother's own daughter!) made the very best use of her time, flattering poor Dulwich about his prowess on rollers and the *immense help* he'd given her; and now that their engagement's announced and the wedding-day fixed it comes out that the Manœuvrer girl is *quite* one of the best amateur skaters of the day, can do the Donkey's Ears, Mustard and Cress, and all the most diffy club figures—in short, that what she *can't* do on rollers or blades isn't worth doing!

Aunt Goldie hasn't come to town yet. She sends Norty an occasional sixpenny wire from Devonshire (answer prepaid), asking him if he remembers that he has a wife! I don't know whether the answer is in the affirmative, as they say in the House. Talking of that dreadful House, Norty says the way Private Members are being used is simply *scandalous*, and that there's not been such a state of affairs since PRTT, or somebody. The plan of giving them jig-saws to keep them quiet and prevent them from noticing what's going on is a failure. Norty says Private Members might just as well send *messenger-boys* to sit in their places, and a great many of them mean to do so. He's only had the chance to speak once since Parliament met. *Wasn't* that a lovely speech of his? and *didn't* he let them have it straight about this proposal to give Australia to Japan and the Isle of Wight to Germany?

Such a funny affair at the Wimbushes', my dear! You know them, don't you? He's Sir Peter Wimbush, Ltd., the great bristle man of Thames Street; but one meets them everywhere, for they're simply rolling, and bristles—*quid* bristles—so long as they don't make themselves into brooms and brushes—are visited and may visit! George, the elder son, followed his father into bristles and his mother to parties, and was just like other young

men. But Leonard, the younger one, has suffered acutely from "views." He wouldn't live at home, dressed anyhow, spelt people with a big P, wore a red tie, addressed open-air meetings, and led about dingy processions that wanted things. The old people and George were horribly angry and ashamed. Not long ago, George's engagement to Torfrida Saxonbury was announced. She's the Mercias' second girl, pretty and popular and an enthusiastic Daffodil-Leaguer (her brothers, Hengist and Horsa, are two of the nicest boys I know). The old W.'s were in raptures with George's engagement, and asked their dear future daughter to use "a sister's influence" with Leonard to win him from the error of his ways. She set to work obediently. George and his parents used to leave her *tête-à-tête* with Leonard, that she might argue and coax and win him back to the right way; and so the arguing and coaxing and "sister's influence" went on—till, two days before she was to have married George, Torfrida ran away with Leonard, and then wrote to say she *had* won him back to the right way, that his views had proved to be dissolving-views, that he'd thrown away his red ties and spelt people with a small p again, but that they'd found that they couldn't live without each other, and so they were married, and they hoped George and the parents would forgive them!

The old Wimbushes had nothing to forgive, of course. On the contrary, they were overjoyed to have Leonard won back. But their joy was short. George, in his rage, has become a worse Socialist than Leonard ever was, vows vengeance against society, and not only wears a red tie but a red revolutionary cap! I hear that he addressed a meeting in the Park last week and advocated the abolition of *almost everything*, and particularly of *parents, brothers, and fiancées!*

Lala Middleshire gets on splendidly with her *Maison de Deuil*. The Bullyon-Boundermere woman has been heard to say that she wishes "the dear duchess had gone into a business where one would have had more opportunity of dealing with her!" Norty says Mr. B.-B. had better keep a sharp eye on his better half and a bright look-out on what he eats, as wifely affection may go down before the longing to give Lala a job!

Oh, my dearest and best! I'd such a dilly evening a week or so ago! I went to the great fight between Basher Briggs and Kid Billings. (I gave a big tea for them the afternoon before, and

everybody voted them *simply* and *absolutely charming*).

The fight itself was just a little bit rather a disappointment, the poor dear Kid being knocked out in the sixth round. Beryl Charges was quite *furios* about it, said she'd expected a thirty-round contest *at least*, and had given ten guineas for nothing!—which I considered distinctly bloodthirsty of her. We've got the victor, Basher Briggs, for our next *Causerie du Mardi*. He's going to talk to us about upper-cuts and body-blows, and all delicious things of that sort, for the especial benefit of women who were too nervy to go to the fight.

So all that tiresome nonsense about SHAKSPEARE and BACON is up again, and they're positively groping in a river for writings to prove that it was BACON! But I can just tell them *this*:—If they *do* find any writings in the river, it will prove the case for *Shakspeare*, for you know, my dearest, in one of his plays he mentions "books in running brooks," and that was evidently after he'd *put* some there. Nothing like a woman's wit for settling these matters!

I asked dear Professor Dimsdale what *he* thinks about it, and he says that, for his part, he holds that not only was there no such person as SHAKSPEARE, but that there was no such man as BACON either, and that QUEEN ELIZABETH did it all! I thanked him in the name of all my sex for having such a tip-top opinion of one of us, and he said, "Not at all. It's my fixed belief that QUEEN ELIZABETH was a man!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—Wee-Wee has taken to the new skirt, and Bosh refuses to go anywhere with her in consequence. "Why?" she asked him. "What's your objection to it?" "My objection to it," he said, "is that it's *not it*—it's *them!*"

The Sybarites.

"There was again a very large crowd of residents present at the recital by the Y and L Band at the Frere Hall band stand on Saturday night. The members of the band brought their own ginger beer with them, as usual."

Stnd Gazette.

None of your cheap brands for the Y and L.

"Wanted, smart youth; ride bicycle and go up ladder; regular job."

Advt. in " Ipswich Evening Star."

In this age of specialisation there should be no difficulty about filling the double post.

"Wanted a Gardener, who will be required to make himself generally useful. Wages £20 weekly."—*Advt. in " Church Times."*

There are plums in every profession.

THE BROODINGS OF CAMBERLEY.

SECOND SERIES.*

(After "The Comments of Bagshot.")

September 9th, 1837.—While waiting for my 'bus this morning I had the good luck to fall in with a window-cleaner. Sitting by me all the way to my office, he talked of his profession; and he was, I think, the wisest man I ever met, and certainly the most modest. "Yes," he said, in response to one of my questions, "it's certainly dangerous. But, then, so is life. Life's dangerous, life is. It's dangerous for us to sit here. The horses may run away; the wheel may come off; something may barge into us; we may be catching cold; for all I know to the contrary, you've got the diphtheria, and I shall get it too. Window-cleaning, no doubt, is perilous work; but what I say is this: everything's perilous, come to think about it. Look at the blokes what have died in bed. That's what I say, and that's why I'm not afraid when I'm cleaning the third floor front or the fourth floor back." I call that heroic common-sense. Ever since then I have been racking my brain to imagine what he would say if he fell.

June 6th, 1852.—Last night I had a curious dream, as indeed I often do. I dreamt that I had gone to a swimming bath and had undressed, but could not find any bath with more than one foot or possibly eighteen inches of water in it. They were splendid large baths, and I was looking for a good swim, but it was no use. I went from one to another and always the same want of water.

It is impossible for my pen to convey the disappointment that I felt in being thus defrauded of the natation I had so eagerly anticipated. I woke thoroughly unrefreshed, and have often thought since how remarkable dreams are and wondered whence they draw their inspiration.

November 5th, 1871.—I saw an odd sight in the street to day. A number

* The first series appeared in the *Peagreen Incurruptible* during 1907 and literally swept the world. Letters poured in on the editor from every quarter of the universe. Thus, among Camberley's new papers I found a stout and bitter note-book labelled "My Reminiscences." I seized it with avidity, hoping for spicy anecdotes of the leaders of his historic times, but instead it was filled with such entries as these:—"We send sincere thanks for the new 'Broodings of Camberley'—compellingly interesting and stimulating as of old." This from old England ever staunch and true. The next from Connecticut: "You can hardly realise how much I enjoy the coming of your paper twice a week. We all stand on the piazza and cheer." The next from the Territory of Papua: "Your bright little paper." The last from Koweit: "That darling wise Camberley."



Flustered Traveller. "PORTER, DOES THIS TRAIN CLAP AT STOPHAM JUNCTION!"

of boys wearing funny clothes and masks were pushing a perambulator along Holborn, in which was what I took to be a baby, also wearing a mask. They were singing some song about remembering something, which, as it is what I am always doing or trying to do, naturally interested me.

But all my humanity was roused by the spectacle of the child being thus exposed not only to the elements and the ridicule of the passers-by, but also to the ordinary danger of vehicular traffic in this vast and busy city of ours, and, acting on an impulse, I dashed at the perambulator, intending to snatch the baby from it. This, however, was not easy, as it was tied in. But I quickly drew my pen, that being

much mightier than my knife, and slashed the cords. Meanwhile the boys were saying things that would set the readers of this reminiscence screaming were I to repeat them; but I was not silenced, and bore the baby swiftly to my office. There, however, to my disgust I discovered that it was only a stuffed dummy. I have been wondering ever since what I should have done with it had it been real.

March 8, 1884.—There died to-day, aged a hundred and one, my father's oldest friend, D. E. F. His proudest recollection was that he once saw Person sober.

April 1, 1898.—Being to-day on a 'bus in Cheapside, I heard an excellent thing, as one always can if one keeps

one's ears open and one's eyes wide. A heavily-laden waggon, containing I do not know what, but evidently merchandise of considerable avoirdupois, drew across our way. Our driver, without a moment's hesitation, called out, "Why don't you get your old woman to come out and drive for you?" The expression of mortification on the waggoner's face, as he realized that he had no fitting reply, would require the pencil of a CLAUDE to do it justice. I have often wondered since, not only what the best retort would have been, but also what the waggon contained.

March 15th, 1904.—Walking down Southampton Row this morning, I noticed three little boys playing the game which I believe is called tipcat. One of the urchins struck the cat with such violence that it flew through the window of a solicitor's office; but before the indignant clerk emerged, the boys had disappeared. I am still wondering what would have happened if the "cat" had been alive, or, worse still, had had nine lives and nine tails.

March 17th, 1911.—I was walking down the Strand to-day, and passed a party of girls going westward on the north side, opposite the Savoy. One of them, pretty, daintily dressed, aged about eighteen, and apparently quite sane, suddenly detached herself from the others and planted a fervent kiss on the window of *The Globe* office. All to-night I have been racking my brain to imagine why, if she had to kiss any evening paper, she kissed that. As if there were no others!

It is fortunate, is it not, that these are merely extracts from Camberley's note-book, and not my own? This thought keeps me busy and happy most of the spare time I get.

According to Father BERNARD VAUGHAN, as reported in *The Morning Post*, "the Twentieth Century would be known to a future generation as the age of the childless home." If the present generation is childless we don't at first see how a future one is going to get born. Possibly it will be managed away from home.

"Before her marriage to Lord Camden in 1898 she was the daughter of Lord and Lady Henry Nevill."—*Evening News*. Was the marriage as unpopular as that?

"Mr. G. H. Riley, in proposing 'The Host,' said they were all perfectly agreed that the dinner had been most perfectly served, and all present had thoroughly enjoyed it. (Applause.) Song, 'Your eyes have told me so.'—*Buzon Advertiser*. That's where it shows.

A DEFENCE OF THE FELINE.

[The Reverend Head Master of Eton, a prominent vegetarian, recently attacked the domestic cat at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. "The harmless necessary cat," he declared, "is neither harmless nor necessary. Could not the public be compelled to check the multiplication of cats! . . . Could any tragedy be more wanton than the devastation of a goldfinch's nest by a prowling brute that nobody wanted to live."]

STRONG indignation fires my soul,
With strength my Muse apparels;
Come here, ye kittens! Caracole,
And fill your furry barrels;
Tush to the reverend pedagogue's
control!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue
Persian, roll
And rend the night with carols.

Have I no sympathy with larks
And nightingales and throistles,
Who love my Tiger's purred remarks
When round my boots he jostles?
I would not suffocate his vital sparks
For all the thunders of the Church's
clerks,
Backed by the twelve Apostles.

What if he takes a tit or two
Or other tiny trillers,
The feathered victims that he slew
Were they not also killers?
Shall we not weep for gentlemen who
rue
The flush unborn of wings that never
flew—
Who keep pet caterpillars?

Has not the anguish of the worm,
His mute eyes turned to heaven
(Beast who, the scientists affirm,
Is nature's salt and leaven),
By the rathe blackbird's beak com-
pelled to squirm,
Sometimes prevented boys for half the
term
From getting up at seven?

No, if the gods have been unkind
And filled the world with riot,
It scarce becomes a sage's mind
To add to this disquiet.
Better to found some academe designed
To teach both birds and cats the more
refined,
The vegetarian diet.

Two consecutive advertisements in
The Rangoon Gazette :—

"Lost, Fox Terrier, six months old, white with black and tan marks, answers to the name of Rags. Anyone bringing to above address will be rewarded.

Notice. With reference to the above notice I did not leave the protection of my husband of my own accord; the separation was not of my seeking."

There is some mystery here.

OUR NEW PATRICIANS.

PALACES WHILE YOU WAIT.

THE superb palace which Lord Ockstein, the famous South African magnate, is building on his Surrey estate of Hankley Hall, midway between the Devil's Jumps and the Hog's Back, is not only remarkable as a typical specimen of modern rococo domestic architecture of the most advanced order, but as constituting a record in rapid construction. The Hankley Hall Estate, it may be mentioned at the outset, was for some four hundred years in the possession of the old Surrey family of Tilford, but was purchased for a song in 1896 by Mr. Nathan Frankel, the well-known City financier, who sold it two years ago to Lord Ockstein for £750,000. The estate lies in the heart of the most picturesque tract of what is still known as wild Surrey, and the view from the site of the new house is one of the finest in England.

The old Elizabethan manor-house which Lord Ockstein took over with the property occupied a beautiful tree-sheltered position facing South over the Wey valley, and was pronounced by Mr. REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A., to be an even finer specimen of late Tudor style than the superb Norfolk manor-house which was recently pulled down by Lord Lumley of Peckham. Hankley Old Hall, which was begun in 1576 and finished in 1613, was demolished in two days by Messrs. Wallop, the famous contractors, who are pushing on the construction of the new palace at such a high rate of speed that it is expected the whole work will be finished in less than three months. Since the days of the Great Pyramid of CHEOPS there has never been so large an army of workmen simultaneously employed on the same work. Already the shell of the gigantic building is complete, and in a week or two the battalions of masons, stone-cutters, &c., will be replaced by fresh hordes of skilled craftsmen from the Tottenham Court Road, who will complete the internal fitting, decorating and upholstery.

As for externals, it may be at once admitted that Messrs. Gotch and Knackfuss, the architects, have resolutely refused to retain any of the features of the old building. The new palace is entirely in the neo-Guelic style, and is built from end to end of collo-concrete blocks of condensed *pâté de foie gras* faced with Parian marble. The portico, supported by Ionic columns, is a fine specimen of the Debased Byzantine school, and the mixture of Gothic arches, Norman



Passer-by (to despondent tin-whistle player). "WHY SO SAD, CHARLIE?"

Player. "JUST FAHND AHT I BIN PLAYIN' FOR A GOOD 'ARF-HOUR AHTSIDE A HOFF-LICENCE."

pillars and gilt Oriental cupolas and minarets is quite indescribable. The frontage is just five feet wider than that of the Crystal Palace. The great central hall, which is almost as beautiful as the Queen's Hall, is profusely decorated with historic frescoes illustrating scenes in the lives of the heroes of finance—MIDAS, CRESUS, CRASSUS, &c.—and is provided with a noiseless sliding roof. On the north wing there is a magnificent roof winter garden, with a real ice rink, toboggan slide and bobsleigh run. A special feature of the dining-hall is a device by which it can suddenly be converted into a swimming-bath for the entertainment of high-spirited guests, should conversation flag. There are ninety hest bedrooms, each with a private cellar attached, and each servant's room is equipped with a complete set of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* and a plaster cast of the editor, DR. HUGH CHISHOLM. The Plover's Egg Store is the second largest in Europe, the Caviare Pit is sixty feet in diameter and eighty feet deep, and the Turtle Tank is very nearly as large as the Round Pond. The Cold Storage Crypt is a stately hall, in which the panels are to be filled with appropriate Arctic landscapes by Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE. The gardens, which cover six square

miles, unite the most solemn features of the Euston Road with the colour scheme of a Kensington High Street ladies' hat-shop front. The statues have been imported from Italy and Sicily, the Japanese summer-houses from Birmingham, and the gold fish from the Gold Coast. The Dutch garden is enclosed by rows of yew trees brought from Holland, some of which have taken a hundred years of trimming by Dutch topiarists to acquire their present fantastic shapes. The great salt-water lake is stocked with tarpon from the coast of Florida and eels carefully selected by Mr. CONGER, the late American Ambassador at Constantinople. The private golf-links have been laid down regardless of expense with a layer of turf and sand ten feet deep, brought from the coast of Fife in a vessel built especially for the purpose. The bents are from the Austrian bentwoods, but the professional, ground-men, club-maker, and a corps of sixteen caddies are all natives of St. Andrews.

The number of *Dreadnoughts* belonging to Germany threatens to become more than the North Sea can hold, and there is talk in German official circles of increasing its accommodation by the submersion of Holland.

THE LOVER ON THE LINKS.

Now all delights of living meet
When I behold her thus, my sweet,
Planting with care her dainty feet,
Swinging the driver high.
On me she throws one radiant glance,
Then eagerly she smites (her stance,
Is rotten, by-the-by).

She's missed! Ah, well, the love I bear
Can pardon that, with some to spare
(Confound that silly rotter there
Grinning like one insane).
Her eyes grow bright, her temples flush,
The club swoops downwards with a
rush,—
Moses! She's missed again!

Have I done well to bring her here,
Exposed to every idle jeer,
Causing strange wrinkles to appear
Upon the caddie's brow?
Consummate ass (for such I am),
I might have realised—Oh, ———!
She's smashed the driver now!

How different was the game she played
When first love's spell on me she laid!
No ineffective strokes were made
The day that feat was done;
Fixing it with a keen regard,
She hit the helpless object hard,
And did the whole in one.



Little Girl (fortissimo). "MOTHER! DO LOOK AT THAT STRODRINARY LADY!" (*Notices mother's look of horror.*) "SORRY, MOTHER; I FORGOT I OUGHTN'T TO POINT."

THE MARTYRS.

My cousins, the Metcalfes, have just returned from wintering in Switzerland. I say this without fear of contradiction, because each of them, at his or her own time, has told me all about it. Yes, all and a little bit more besides. I have marvelled much, and with never-failing politeness. I have uttered many a "Really?" many a "You don't say so," many a "How delightful!" My face has ached from the incessant strain of a concentrated expression. Ah! I have suffered.

My relatives-in-law, the Addenbros, invited me to dine with them last night. I went. "They are talkative," I admitted to myself, "but they do not like snow. They cannot have been to Switzerland. With them I shall, at any rate, find relief from the never-ceasing information of my cousins, the Metcalfes." But upon greeting my hostess I received the worst news. My relatives-in-law, the

Addenbros, had, it appeared, been wintering in Egypt, and it was for me to take the youngest and the worst of them in to dinner. This I reluctantly did.

"Tell me all about Egypt," I said, "and get through with it as quickly as possible."

She started telling me all about Egypt, beginning with the crossing from Dover to Calais. "That," I told her, "is more or less familiar. Come to the detailed glories of the Orient as expeditiously as may be. One travels to Switzerland also *via* Dover and Calais."

She tarried at Naples. "Have we much further to go?" I asked, swallowing a yawn.

We arrived at Cairo with the *entrée* and had only left Egypt with the savoury. We just managed to reach England again by dessert-time, and I had scarcely been put out upon Charing Cross platform and had the luggage examined, when the ladies with-

drew, Egyptian cigarettes (smuggled) appeared, and John Addenbroke drew his chair up to mine. At once I was re-embarked at Dover. From Dover, it seems, one sails to Calais.

"Pardon," I interrupted, "but a thought occurs to me which demands instant utterance. Has it ever occurred to you that history omits all reference to its real heroes, its genuine martyrs?" "Talking about our journey to Egypt," he replied irrelevantly.

"I was thinking rather," I persisted, "of another man's journey to America. In no book of history have I even seen their names mentioned, but what agonies they must have been through!"

"Who are 'they'?" he asked impatiently. I answered him with great deliberation.

"The relatives," I said, "and the relatives-in-law of COLUMBUS."

IRREGULAR ANNIVERSARIES.

[*"It being twelve years and a half ago to-day since Queen Wilhelmina ascended the throne, celebrations are being held throughout the country."*—*"Daily Mail."*]

As it is now exactly twenty-seven years, three months and a half since Mr. ROOSEVELT shot his first grizzly, the anniversary is being suitably celebrated at Oyster Bay.

Precisely nineteen years, nine months and three quarters have elapsed since Mr. BART KENNEDY arrived at the epoch-making decision to eliminate verbs from his narrative style. In commemoration of this joyous date the Bermondsey Quick Speech League have decided to entertain the eminent *littérateur* at a quick lunch at the Cassowary Restaurant.

Close on thirty-two years have winged their way into the past since Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, during a sojourn in the Bavarian Highlands, acquired the fascinating accomplishment of jodelling. The Incorporated Society of Bavarian Highlanders have very properly decided to signalise this auspicious anniversary by an *al-fresco* concert in Trafalgar Square, at which Sir HERBERT has kindly promised to render the *Ranz des Vaches* in costume to an accompaniment on the xylophone, performed by Sir HENRY J. WOOD.

Just eleven years and eleven months ago Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN narrowly escaped being run over by an omnibus in Piccadilly. To celebrate the anniversary of this happy escape, his fellow-members of the Omar Kháyyám Club have decided to serenade him with an Ode, which has been written by Mr. CHARLES GEAKH and set to music by the Queen of ROMANIA, assisted by the Chevalier LE QUEUX.



A LITTLE-NAVY EXHIBIT.

DESIGN FOR A FIGURE OF BRITANNIA, AS CERTAIN PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HER.

[See reports of debate on the proposal to reduce expenditure on the Navy.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday March 13.
 —SPEAKER coming back to Chair after nearly week's retirement more or less cheerfully spent in company of an old family friend finds hanging low over House an appreciable, though indescribable, cloud of dulness. Something to do, perhaps, with absence of PREMIER, called away by illness of his daughter, and sight of empty seat rarely occupied by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER since Session opened. Gaps in other quarters of House, occupants not caring to face wintry March, who, having failed to come in like a lion, assumes aspect of polar bear. PRINCE ARTHUR drops in punctually when Questions nearly over. EDWARD GREY, understood to be in charge of forthcoming debate, strategically makes himself master of situation by viewing its early development from retirement of his room behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.

WINSOME WINSTON, wide awake after being up all Thursday night, appears at Table, bearer of Royal message. No demonstration greets his first official reappearance on the scene. Varied opinions expressed upon his conduct of affairs during all-night sitting. Some say more generous distillation of his characteristic winsomeness would have shortened proceedings. Others discern in succession of stormy scenes an organised plot above Gangway opposite Treasury bench to "take it out of" an obnoxious Minister.

From that point of view WINSTON'S bellicose attitude defensible. The worst that may be said of him has already been hymned by a French poet:

*Cet animal est très méchant ;
 Quand on l'attaque il se défend !*

However that be, here he is at Table, submitting in suavest manner "another proof of the gracious consideration HIS MAJESTY shows for the convenience of his faithful Commons." Goes on to explain that it takes the form of desiring that the House shall be represented by Mr. SPEAKER at the solemnities of the Coronation. "Leaving other Members to go to Westminster in the manner most convenient to themselves," WINSTON cheerily adds, thinking of the scramble for the best places.

When debate opened, explanation forthcoming of depression weighing down spirits of Members in opening hour of sitting. Due to intelligent, almost supernatural, anticipation of what was in store for them. Debate on "enormous increase during recent



ANOTHER "NAVY SCARE."

Mr. Murray Macdonald. "This is very alarming!"

John Bull. "What is?"

Mr. M. M. "Why, all this big, expensive Navy!"

John Bull. "Well, you might find it even more alarming if it were a little cheap one!"

years in expenditure of the Army and Navy" started by MURRAY MACDONALD. In his Resolution says he "views it with alarm," and asks House to join him in access of trepidation. To do him justice, alarm the last emotion one would connect with his placid countenance, his measured monotony of utterance, the level flow of what promised to be interminable verbiage.

The MEMBER FOR SARK estimates that in time of threatened invasion MURRAY MACDONALD'S services to the State would be equal in value to at least one *Dreadnought*. If he were to go down, accost the enemy and threaten to talk for an hour's length in the manner and matter of to-night's speech, the invader would, at end of first twenty minutes, fold his tents like the Arab and as silently steal away.

PONSONBY, who seconded motion, a trifle better. But not much. Once he arrested, for a moment held, wavering attention of House. It was when, dropping into one of those personal allusions which delight the House, he informed it that he had been born and brought up in a despatch box.

Business done.—Motion demanding diminution of expenditure on Army and Navy found support of 56 Members in muster of 332. Ministerial majority run up to 220.

Thursday.—Through the week quarter of House occupied by Irish Nationalists has borne resemblance to armed camp. Effort decorously made to conceal state of things under ordinary parliamentary forms. But it has been unmistakable.

Arose out of remark made by CAPTAIN CRAIG at break of day after all-night



CAPT. CRAIG STARTS WITH LONG JOHN O'CONNOR.

sitting. Irish Members thoroughly enjoyed the outing. Reminded them of old times when JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR was yet with them. With glistening eyes they told each other of the morning when JOEY B., having slept for a couple of hours on two chairs in the Library, returned to the wearied House and, drawing himself up to his full height of five feet, addressing the Chair, remarked, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I have had a comfortable sleep and have come back like a giant refreshed."

Other times, other manners. At present epoch not for Irish Members to play the part of obstruction. Theirs rather to sit and watch amateurs at the game, refraining from speechmaking but contributing to uproar the blast of three-score voices brought into fine condition at recent General Election. It was after one such outburst that CRAIG interposed.

"If it is of any assistance to you, Sir," he said, addressing DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, "we will, if you only give the word, put the whole of the Nationalist Party out of the House."

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the gallant CAPTAIN'S way of putting

the thing, or the blandness of his manner. Had he been volunteering to go and get an orange for the tired DEPUTY CHAIRMAN he would have spoken just so. Observe also the deference to constituted authority. Possibly nothing would please the CAPTAIN more than full liberty to cross the Gangway and engage Mr. McVEAGH and Mr. DEVLIN in a bout of fisticuffs, "one down the other come on," as we used to say at school. But he was not the man to press personal predilection unduly. It was for the DEPUTY CHAIRMAN to decide. "If it is of any assistance to you, Sir."

WHITLEY in Chair at the moment, not recalling any precedent for proposed procedure, made no sign of acquiescence. After brief pause, their breath almost literally taken away by audacity of suggestion, the Redmondites broke into a howl of defiance that would have shaken the rafters had there chanced to be any.

There the matter ended for the time. But Party below Gangway, too old campaigners to be taken at disadvantage. No one knows what may happen when two desperadoes from Ulster like Captains CRAIG and WILLIAM

MOORE (6 ft. 4½ in. in his socks) put their heads together. Accordingly Irish camp put in condition of defence ready to resist any attempt to carry it by storm.

At council of war held at Headquarters (Committee-room No. 15) it was resolved that LONG JOHN O'CONNOR should be placed in forefront of expected battle. If in pursuance of the sporting offer of Friday morning CRAIG and MOORE swoop down with intent to "put the whole of the Nationalist Party out of the House," they will have to begin with LONG JOHN. His exit will necessarily be slow, and during process of effecting it opportunity will be afforded to consider second move in defensive tactics.

Probably Mr. SLAVIN will next be the Ulsterman's burden. Experience nothing new to him. Years ago, in time of Mr. GULLY'S Speakership, he was carried out on the shoulders of eight policemen, trolling forth as he went the plaintive melody, "God save Ireland." Has never been quite the same man since. Provoking air of respectability, apparently resultant upon this close contact with constituted authority, has taken the place of earlier exuberance. Possibly fresh experience on altered lines may have effect of shaking him up into semblance of his former self.

Business done.—FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY moves Navy Estimate. Five new *Dreadnoughts* to be added to Fleet next year. Opposition still harps on desirability of eight.

"CAREERS."

"LATENT GENIUS" writes: "Dear Mr. Punch, I am glad to see your article on the new publication that is coming out in parts under the above title.

It seems as if its authors have pierced the veil that hides the secrets of my innermost soul.

'Are you,' they ask, 'wasting your time earning a mere pittance'—

I am.

'When,' they continue, with surprising intuition, 'you possess the energy and brain which, properly applied, would lead you to fortune?'

That is so.

I feel hurt that it should be left to strangers to discover a fact to which my friends and relatives have been blind so long, but the knowledge that someone believes in me, that is to say, confirms my own opinion of my abilities, is undoubtedly encouraging.

The point is—what shall I be?

I look over the Index to Part I.

It is difficult to choose.

I begin by crossing off the careers that I can possibly do without, and am just about to decide whether I will be an Actor or an Actress, an Aeronaut or an Art needleworker, when a sad and bitter thought distracts me.

How many born Almoners, Actuaries and Antique furniture dealers may there be who, through lack of the necessary sevenpence, will eke out their lives earning a mere pittance and wasting "the energy and brain which, properly applied, would lead them to fortune?"

It is in the midst of this sorrowful reflection that my own tragedy becomes apparent to me.

On bringing to the surface my latent ambition (as requested by the promoters of this noble scheme) I find that I crave for fame and fortune only as a Xylographer, a Yachtsman or a Zoologist. In any other profession I should be wasting my time; my heart would not be in my work. But find me a position in any of the above capacities—tell me 'How to start,' 'What I shall earn,' and 'My prospects of great success,' and I am willing, nay, anxious, to put my whole soul into the work to-morrow.

But—

A cruel fate has decreed that for a whole year I must curb my impatience, for a whole year I must wait, for a whole year I must watch our future Admiralty Officials, Bush-rangers, Curates, etc., being put upon the path to fortune before my need can be considered.

There is, however, one consolation that remains to me. With '750 well-paid professions' welcoming the career-seekers with open arms I am inclined to hope that by the time we reach 'X' I shall meet with little or no competition."

* * * *

The publication of *Careers* renders it unnecessary for us to answer correspondence from persons anxious to change their profession. "NAVY" who wishes to be a Beertaster; "UNDERTAKER'S MUTE" who has a secret ambition to become a Feuilletonist; "AUTOMATIC-MACHINE COLLECTOR" who has designs upon the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; and "BILL-POSTER" who wants to go into Actor-Management, are all referred to the new work in question. Its publishers, we understand, have received some very flattering testimonials: Thus Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER writes: "Your treatment of 'How to become a Multi-Millionaire,' is truly remarkable. It took me forty years to achieve what you explain in ten lines."

"A GAITY GIRL" writes: "I have read Part I. as far as 'Actress,' and am



Sculptor (to Committee inspecting statue of Eminent Fellow-townsmen). "YOU OBSERVE, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN CAREYING OUT YOUR IDEA OF SUGGESTING THAT SIR JAMES WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE GAS COMPANY, THAT HE PRESENTED A FREE LIBRARY, WAS INTERESTED IN IMPROVING THE BREED OF CATTLE, ENDOWED AN ORPHANAGE, AND WAS AN ARDENT AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER."

dying to get into the N's—'Nobility,' I mean."

"My Friend LANSBURY," writes: "The only fault I have to find with *Careers* is that it offers too wide a field of activity for the worker. I believe in one man one job, except where two can do it easier. But why have you omitted from Part I. the profession of Agitator?"

"WEARY WILLIE" says: "The number of ways you give for earning a living fairly makes my head reel."

"A CURATE" says: "Most excellent in Parts."

Commercial Candour.

"A Rarely Comfortable Modern Detached Residence."—*Adv. in "Irish Times."*

"The Earl of Halsbury, who is eighty-four years of age, always believed that five was his lucky number. Curiously enough, he was born in 1825."—*Birmingham Pictorial.*
Very odd indeed, unless his handicap is 2.

The Royal Mint attains its centenary this year, and a proposal is on foot for celebrating the event by holding "The First Clearance Sale for One Hundred Years." This would undoubtedly be a most popular function.

DISILLUSIONED.

THE card was just an ordinary card,
The letter just an ordinary letter.
The letter simply said, "Dear Mr. Brown,
I'm asked by Mrs. Philby Phipp to send you this;"
The card said, "Mrs. Philby Phipp At Home,"
And in a corner, "Dancing, 10 P.M.,"
No more—except a date, a hint in French
That a reply would not be deemed offensive,
And, most important, Mrs. Phipp's address.

Destiny, as the poets have observed
(Or will do shortly) is a mighty thing.
It takes us by the ear and lugs us firmly
Down different paths towards one common goal,
Paths pre-appointed, not of our own choosing;
Or sometimes throws two travellers together,
Marches them side by side for half a mile,
Then snatches them apart and hauls them onward.
Thus happened it that Mrs. Phipp and I
Had never met to any great extent,
Had never met, as far as I remembered,
At all And yet there must have been a time
When she and I were very near together,
When someone told her, "That is Mr. Brown,"
Or introduced us "This is Mr. Brown,"
Or asked her if she'd heard of Mr. Brown;
I know not what, I only know that now
She stood At Home in need of Mr. Brown,
And I had pledged myself to her assistance.

Behold me on the night, the latest word
In all that separates the gentleman
And waiters from the evening-dress-less mob,
And graced, moreover, by the latest word
In waistcoats such as mark one from the waiters.
My shirt, I must not speak about my shirt;
My tie, I cannot dwell upon my tie—
Enough that all was neat, harmonious,
And suitable to Mrs. Philby Phipp.
Behold me, then, complete. A hasty search
To find the card, and reassure myself
That this is certainly the day—(It is)—
And 10 P.M. the hour; "P.M.," not "A.M.,"
Not after breakfast—good; and then outside
To jump into a cab and take the winds,
The cold east winds of March, with beauty. So.

Let us get on more quickly. Looms ahead
Tragedy. Let us on and have it over.

I hung with men and women on the stairs
And watched the tall white footman take the names,
And heard him shout them out, and there I shaped
My own name ready for him, "Mr. Brown."
And Mrs. Philby Phipp, hearing the name,
Would, I imagined, brighten suddenly
And smile and say, "How are you, Mr. Brown?"
And in an instant I'd remember her,
And where we met, and who was Mr. Phipp,
And all the jolly time at Grindelwald
(If that was where it was); and she and I
Would talk of Art and Politics and things
As we had talked these many years ago. . . .
So "Mr. Brown" I murmured to the footman,
And he—the fool!—he took a mighty breath
And shouted, "Mr. BROWNIE!" — Browniel Yes,
He shouted "Mr. BROWNIE" to the roof.
And Mrs. Philby Phipp, hearing the name,
Brightened up suddenly and smiled and said,

"How are you, Mr. Brownie?"—(Brownie! Lord!)
And, while my mouth was open to protest,
"How do you do?" to some one at the back.
So I was passed along into the crowd
As Brownie!

Who on earth is Mr. Brownie?
Did he, I wonder, he and Mrs. Phipp
Talk Art and Politics at Grindelwald,
Or did one simply point him out to her
With "That is Mr. Brownie"? Were they friends,
Dear friends or casual acquaintances?
She brightened at his name, some memory
Came back to her that brought a happy smile—
Why surely they were friends! But I am Brown,
A stranger, all unknown to Mrs. Phipp,
As she to me, a common interloper—
I see it now—an uninvited guest,
Whose card was clearly meant for Mr. Brownie.

Soft music fell, and the kaleidoscope
Of lovely woman glided, swayed and turned
Beneath the shaded lights; but Mr. Brownie
(*Né* Brown, not Brownie) stood upon one side
And brooded silently. Some spoke to him;
Whether to Brown or Brownie mattered not,
He did not answer, did not notice them,
Just stood and brooded Then went home to bed.

A. A. M.

TRAPPED.

SCENE—*The Drawing Room; Time, 3.15 p.m. He is writing at a small table with his back to Her. She is sitting in an arm-chair working at a piece of embroidery.*

He. What awful pens. This is the third I've tried and it's the scratchiest of the lot.

She. They suit me well enough.

He. But they don't suit me.

She. They're not meant to: they're my pens; and that's my table, too.

He. Yes, and it's the waggiest little humbug of a writing-table I ever sat at.

She. Don't you dare to say another word against my pet table. It wasn't meant for your great sprawly handwriting. Besides, any self-respecting writing-table would object to a man who wears hob-nailed boots on his feet.

He. You don't want me to wear them on my hands, do you?

She. Charles, this is getting serious. You must check this fatal tendency to be humorous. It'll wreck—

He. Do, for Heaven's sake, give me one minute of complete silence. How do you expect me to finish this letter if you keep on talking all the time?

She. Bless you, I don't mind whether you finish it or not. Anyhow, I'm going. I've got to see Lady Lampeter at half-past three, and it's nearly that already.

[*She gets up and begins to put her work together.*

He. Does Parkins know you're going out?

She. Ye—es—at least I told Polly to tell him. But then this is Parkins's sacred time. He always locks himself up in the pantry for an hour every afternoon and goes to sleep, and there's dreadful trouble if he's disturbed.

He. Well, I hope he won't let anybody in on me. I'll have a word or two with him if he does.

She. You've only got to go into your library and you'll be quite safe.

He. I'm going to finish this letter here, whatever happens. Besides, he'd track me into the library just the same.



AFTER THE HUNT BREAKFAST.

Sporting Farmer. "BLESS US, DAN, A THOUGHT A KNAWED THIS COUNTRY PRETTY WELL, BUT A NEVER KNAWED AS HOW THERE WAS SO MANY DOUBLES IN IT; WE BIN A-JUMPIN' NOTHIN' ELSE ALL MORNIN'!"

She. Well, I'm off. Be good and write prettily.

[Exit *She.* He heaves a sigh of relief and continues writing.]

He (to himself, sticking a stamp on his envelope). There, that's done; and now I'll nip out before—

Parkins (throwing open the door). Mrs. Boxer and Miss Happlethwag!

[He glares balefully at *Parkins* and then with a swift change composes his face into a cheerful welcome as two ladies of mature age and of an aspect both genial and severe are ushered into the room.]

He. How do you 'lo, Mrs. Boxer? How do you do, Miss Happlethwag?

Mrs. Boxer. Happlethwaite. Mysister, Miss Happlethwaite.

He. Ah yes, of course. How do you do, Miss Happlethwaite? I'm so sorry, but my wife has only this moment gone out.

Mrs. B. We're very sorry, I'm sure.

He. She can't have got to the bottom of the garden yet. Perhaps if I were to run after her I could catch her.

[He makes for the door as though to carry out his intention of running after her.]

Mrs. B. Pray, pray, Mr. Bromley, do not give yourself the trouble. We couldn't dream of it.

He. I could do it easily, you know.

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, no. We shall no doubt have further opportunities of seeing Mrs. Bromley.

He. Of course, of course. Won't you sit down?

Mrs. B. and Miss H. Oh, thank you. [They sit.]

He. I'm sure it's very good of you to call.

Mrs. B. These little return courtesies are, of course, essential.

He. Oh, yes, of course.

Mrs. B. Especially on the part of new-comers like ourselves.

He. Yes, of course, I'm sure I'm—that is—how does Lowmead strike you? It's a small place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. That is exactly what I was saying to Matilda as we came along. Lowmead, I said, is a small place, much smaller than Mantleborough, where we have hitherto resided, and it is necessary to be careful—did I not, Matilda?

Miss H. Yes, we both thought it a small place.

He. Yes, I'm afraid there's no doubt about it. It is a small place. [A pause.]

Mrs. B. Do you know Mantleborough, Mr. Bromley?

He. I'm sorry to say I don't. Charming place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. To some it may be; but we had to leave it on account of the new Vicar.

He. Really? I'm awfully sorry. Bad lot, was he?

Mrs. B. No, not that, Mr. Bromley, I am thankful to say, but High, dreadfully High.

He. Ah, they will be like that sometimes. But you're safe in Lowmead. Our man's as sound as they make 'em in that way.

Mrs. B. That is what really attracted us to Lowmead.

[A pause.]

He. Won't you have some tea?

Mrs. B. Thank you, Mr. Bromley; but pray do not give yourself the trouble.

He. No trouble, I'm sure.

[He rings.]

[A pause.]

Parkins (opening the door). Did you ring, Sir?

He (glaring). Yes. Tea for three; and look sharp. (To *Mrs. B.*) Yes, as you say, Lowmead is a small place, but the Vicar's Low Church, and that makes up for a lot.

Mrs. B. Indeed it does.

[Left conversing.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. SMALLEY has brought the business of London Letter-writing nearer to the sacred skirts of Literature than any practitioner I know. A keen observer, with a perhaps uniquely wide range of acquaintance with men who make history, his style has a recurrent mordancy probably more agreeable to the reader than to the subject of his commentary. In *Anglo-American Memories* (Duckworth) he has culled from his weekly contributions to a New York newspaper the flower of his writing continued throughout more than half a century.

English readers may possibly be most interested in his crystallised talk about persons on this side of the Atlantic. They include Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, LORD MINTO, Lord GREY, Lord KITCHENER, Sir GEORGE LEWIS, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Lord GLENESK and Lord St. HELIER. Nor, greatly daring, does he shrink from dealing with the personality of some ladies, stars in the firmament of London Society. - I confess I find deeper

and more abiding interest in the first half of the volume, in which from personal knowledge he traces the growth of the American Civil War and vividly describes his experience in the field as Special Correspondent. In power and picturesqueness these passages recall the writing of ARCHIBALD FORBES. The chapter recording the fatal indecision of McCLELLAN and the impetuosity of Fighting JOE HOOKER throws a flood of light on a critical epoch of the war, revealing to the

present generation how nearly the issue of the struggle justified Mr. GLADSTONE's memorable indiscretion, when he hailed JEFFERSON DAVIS as the creator of a nation.

Mr. SMALLEY's greatest achievement as a newspaper correspondent was his interview with LISMARCK in 1866, when after Königgrätz Prussia emerged from long obscurity. Of quite other kind, scarcely less interesting, are the intimate picture-portraits of EMERSON, WENDEL PHILLIPS and CHARLES SUMNER. These letters, when they appeared in a Sunday newspaper, commanded wide attention and wielded much influence on public affairs. Proof of their rare quality is found in the fact that they are fresh in interest to-day.

The *succès fou* of sheer impudence is no new theme, but it has remained for Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT to appreciate the exact feelings of the pusher and to trace the true origin of his push. *Denry* was not naturally impudent (he was far too shrewd and calculating for that), but he was, in business and love alike, subject to fits of impulse which led him willy-nilly into acts of extreme cheekiness. Inasmuch as these impulses always conduced to the most profitable ends, he felt bound to obey them all, cursing himself the while for the most unhappily obsessed of fools. Time after

time, and each time is more surprising than the last, the martyr of the outrageous idea became the hero of the astounding achievement, till people came to wonder what he would do next and to be of opinion that he was a remarkable fellow. *Denry*, having always shared the general wonder, is not long in fully endorsing the popular opinion. His real name was *Edward Henry*, and, from that name and the nickname into which it was contracted, you may guess what an offensive creature he was and yet how there was something very likeable about him. He tails off a little towards the end of his career, but there he is only human; for to succeed is one thing, but to go on being successful is another and much less amusing. If you have a right appreciation of the author, you will prefer to make for yourself the acquaintance of his *Denry*. Be duly grateful to me, therefore, for telling you that the book in which this may be done is *The Card* (METHUEN).

One may well overlook a certain light-hearted looseness of design in *John Winterbourne's Family* (CONSTABLE) for joy of the fresh originality of characterisation which gives to

ALICE BROWN's latest novel a distinction above that of all her previous work; and this is about as high praise as I can think of. In *Country Neighbors*, her recent collection of short stories (also published by CONSTABLE), it was matter for marvel with how sure and swift a touch of humanity she made one know and love her simple folk almost at sight. It is not so here; for nearly all the characters in her new novel seem not only to be outside one's experience, but to demand some pains for their right



TRADE SECRETS.

"NOW THEN, HOOK IT; HERE COMES A CUSTOMER."

appreciation. One of them—*Celia*—remained for me a mystery to the end; but most of the others, even if some of them could never have existed in fact, are a triumph of pure creative force. Her sense of unspoiled beauty in the virgin type that comes nearest to the heart of savage Nature recalls the art of Mr. THOMAS HARDY; and her way with children Mr. BARRIE himself could not better. But there are chapters in this book of hers that neither of these masters, nor both of them together, could have achieved. *Winterbourne's* personality, in its relation to little children, to Mother Earth, to THEOCRITUS, to the adopted girl who dumbly adored him, and to the wife whose intrusions, sentimental or worldly, roused him alternately to Olympian laughter and Olympian wrath, would arrest the imagination in any company of the memorable characters of fiction. I don't know what proportion of due honour is enjoyed by ALICE BROWN as a prophet in her own country, but I know I sincerely envy America the possession of her genius.

"It is understood that Mr. Justice Griffin intends taking the summer out of India."—*Pioneer*.

Let's hope he'll bring it to England.

CHARIVARIA.

FOLLOWING upon the success of his venture with Sir IAN HAMILTON'S brochure, it is rumoured that Mr. HALDANE intends to have an organ of his own for circulating his views. So look out for *The Warminister Gazette*.

It is officially denied that Mr. BIRRELL is to be made a Judge. There was, however, nothing improbable in the rumour, for, in spite of his recent disclaimer, Mr. BIRRELL makes excellent jokes.

Mr. BIRRELL has also denied that he is to be made a Peer. It is evidently very difficult to know what to make of Mr. BIRRELL.

With reference to Sir ALMROTH-WRIGHT'S opinion that, from an hygienic point of view, washing is an evil, it is interesting to note that children have always shown a wonderful instinct in this respect.

And there is plenty of evidence to show that Turkish Baths, which Sir ALMROTH attacked, are undoubtedly dangerous. For example, the deposed Sultan ABDUL HAMID was in the habit of prescribing baths in the Bosphorus for certain of his acquaintances, and we are told that in every case this treatment had a fatal result.

The welcome announcement is made that Mr. STANFORTH SMITH, the explorer, has not, as was reported, been eaten by cannibals. He has reached Thursday Island in safety, and not so much as a single bite has been taken out of him.

The Oxford crew, while practising, had an exciting experience one day at Putney. The river was so rough that their boat filled with water and almost sank. This draws attention to the scandal that there is no lifeboat station nearer to London than the one at Southend.

A hatred of innovations is, we fear, characteristic of our nation. A thrush which possessed neither legs nor thighs has, *The Express* informs us, been killed at Aylsham, Norfolk.

By a curious coincidence a day after the jury at the Old Bailey had protested

against being "snap-shotted," we came across the following heading over a telegram from Italy in *The Daily Mail*:—

"SHY JUNIORS AND THE CAMORRA."

Professor ARTHUR KEITH, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, declared that a giant is a diseased product, and we are sorry to hear that several small boys are now in hospital owing to their having drawn the attention of giants to this fact.

The Professor, in discussing the problem of growth, went on to state that it was not impossible that the time might come when a doctor would be able to make a nose grow to any

THE FELINE INFLUENZA.

[“A large number of cats in the South of England are suffering from an epidemic disease which has been diagnosed as a kind of influenza. . . . It does not seem to be commonly realized that the cat is an exceedingly delicate animal. . . . It droops and dies with hardly a struggle.”—*The Times*.]

THOMAS is looking rather queer to-day,
Do you observe?—
He's lost his verve,
He's off his feed,
He does not seem to plead
For milk or fish-bones in his usual way.
What do you think's the matter?
Can it be,
As 'twould appear,
That Thomas here,
Our faithful eat

(No, no! don't say it's that!),

Has got the flue? Our Thomas! Even he?

The Joneses' eat, you know,
who was of yore
In splendid form,
Taken by storm
(But, I regret,
Not taken to the vet.),

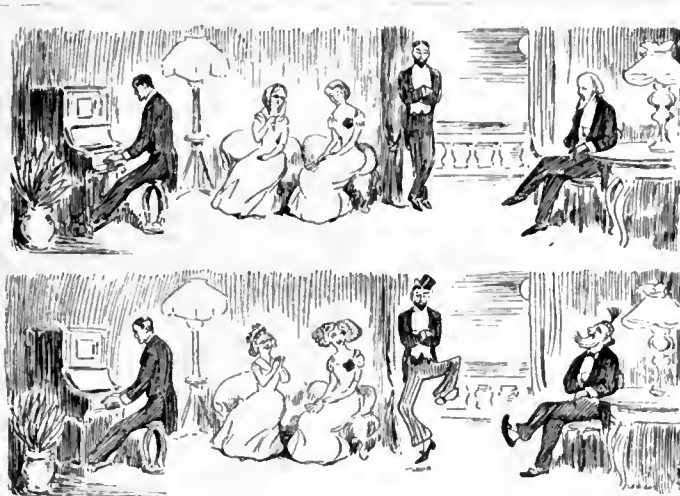
Has turned his toes up.
So have plenty more.
You wouldn't think that cats
who gambol through
Life after life
In sin and strife
Would yet succumb
Without a kick to some
Untimely epidemic; but
they do.

Look at our Thomas there,
the hefty beast!
Who knows his plight?
To-morrow night
May see him lie
Drooping and fit to die.
Sturdy and healthy? Bless
you, not the least.

And that is why I look at him and say
That grief and dole
Assail my soul.
Life's but a flower,
And flue is full of power . . .
And Thomas does look jolly rum to-day.

“Some 120 children were in attendance at the Band of Hope on Thursday, when ‘The Pilgrim's Progress’ was shown by the aid of the microscope.”
We are afraid that this pilgrim was only making very slow progress.

“The result of the census for the city for the Argentine Government has been launched at B.irkenhead.”
If we hadn't seen this by a lucky chance in the *Bradford Daily Argus* we should never have known.



BERT SMART'S MUSIC EMPORIUM,
MOZART ST., CLERKENWELL.
AGENT FOR THE PIANOTO.

To the PIANOTO CO., W.

DEAR SIRS,—Re your Pianoto show-cards, while no doubt they are very suitable for your West-end trade, I fear they are hardly cheerful enough for Clerkenwell. I venture to suggest a few alterations, and remain

Yours faithfully,
BERT SMART.

desired shape. A Society for the Promotion of Nose Culture is now in process of formation.

Exception has been taken at the Alhambra to the following head-lines in a contemporary:—

“THE MAD PIERROT.

PRETTY NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.”

We are informed that it is not correct to call the ballet pretty new. It is absolutely new.

Mr. DRAKE and Mr. BRUNSKILL, Masters of the Old Berkeley West Hunt, have, it is announced, resigned their positions owing to the shortage of foxes. Frankly, if people give up hunting them, the foxes have only themselves to blame. Up-to-date foxes, it seems, have no children.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

ON ARBITRATION.

"WELL," I said, "I hope you approve of the TART-GREY scheme of arbitration?"

"My dear fellow," said Prenderby, "of course I approve of it. I am all for schemes of that sort—the Millennium, for instance, and Utopia and Paradise. But I permit myself to doubt whether a family arrangement of this kind between two nations who have already practised the habit of arbitration for the settlement of their trifling differences is going to be allowed to serve as a lofty example to a world not yet prepared to follow lofty examples. I'm afraid I have a very poor opinion of national morality. Governments may consist of very honourable Christian gentlemen, but do they, in their composite capacity, ever behave to other Governments like gentlemen, not to say Christians? One does not expect them to love their neighbours better than themselves, but are they ever actuated by any but the most crudely savage instincts? do they ever "forbear their own advantage," or decline to hit a rival when he's down or looking the other way, if it suits their convenience? The very qualities which in an individual would be regarded as the mark of an impossible bounder, are in a Government accounted for virtue and patriotism. 'God and my Right,' as we say (cheerfully implicating the Deity); not *the* Right, if you please, but *my* Right."

"But surely," said I, "whether they follow our example or not, other nations must regard our motives in this matter as purely humane?"

"Dear fellow," said Prenderby, "does any nation ever regard the motives of another nation as purely humane? When the two great Teutonic Powers agreed to settle their differences in a lasting alliance, did we acclaim their motives as purely humane? And these peoples, in their turn, whatever praise they may publicly bestow on our scheme, will tell one another privately that our motives to-day are a matter of mere expediency; that England is saying to America, 'Look here; you and I speak the same language or something like it; let us agree to put our differences to arbitration and abide by the results, however obnoxious to either party, that so we may hold our own together against the rest of the world!'"

"Well," I said, "I daresay that's what is at the back of some of our heads. But neither nation is ready for it yet. Indeed, it seems doubtful whether the American Senate is ready even for a harmless treaty of arbitration. That's the worst of these Second Chambers!"

"Your observation," said Prenderby, "interests me strangely, for it starts me on our own Second Chamber, a topic germane to our theme. Here is EDWARD GREY propounding, to the open applause of the civilised world with its motto *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, a scheme which he hopes may lead eventually to the universal reduction of armaments. But what is his attitude in regard to a domestic matter equally clamorous for a peaceful adjustment? He belongs to, and apparently endorses the policy of, a Party which has no idea of submitting the case of the House of Lords to arbitration, but proposes to destroy it by the sheer brutal force of superior numbers."

"At any rate," said I, "as between the various components of that Party you find the spirit of mutual concession. You find Liberals, Labour Members and Irish Nationalists compromising their own differences for the common good."

"But for whose 'common good'?" said Prenderby petulantly. "For the common good of the State? Not at all. They combine for the common good of the Party

as against the Party's common foe—the very motive which Europe will attribute to us in our scheme for an Anglo-American treaty of arbitration."

"Well," I said smartly, "don't the Tories do the same thing when they get the chance?"

"No doubt," replied Prenderby judiciously. "In general I have no greater regard for one side than for the other. But in the case of the House of Lords even you will admit that the Tories have in this Parliament offered to assist the Government in arriving at a compromise by consent, and that their overtures have been ignored."

"My point is this:—If your prophet (whom I honestly respect) claims to be leading a crusade not merely for the particular advantage of his own country, or even that of the English-speaking race; if he asserts a higher and broader motive; if it is the acceleration of Universal Peace that he is after; then let him ask himself whether England might not contrive to set the nations an example with the sort of piety that begins at home. We talk at large of the intolerable burden and extravagance of bloated armaments, but never seem to worry ourselves about the infamous waste of time and material and energy that is the curse of a Parliamentary system which in the end always decides things by the mere weight of heavier battalions. There is not a single controversial matter in our home politics that could not be settled by twelve good men and true endowed with common sense and impartiality. We are willing to leave the question of a man's life or death in the hands of a common jury, but the destiny of a nation is left to the mercy of a voting-machine. On the day when we establish a domestic Hague tribunal at our doors I shall begin to have some hope for the Dutch one."

"At this point," I said, "I will break it to you that my purpose in coming to see you to-day was to procure copy for a humorous paper. You haven't helped me much."

"I am laughing all right," said Prenderby, "at the pitifulness and poverty of national ideals; but in my sleeve, for decency's sake. But you, with your visions of a New Earth, a land flowing with milk and arbitration—I wonder that you complain of my dullness. In Utopia there will be no accommodation for humour."

"That's all right," said I cheerfully; "it won't be in *my* time." O. S.

The following epigram is attributed by a calendar to LAO-TSZE, whose works we must certainly read again:—

"Intelligence is formed by minute observation; and strength by the conversation of the germs of vital energy."

Conversation between Two Germs:—

1st Germ: Well, we've managed to give our man a cold at last. He's sneezing like anything.

2nd Germ: He's not really sneezing; he's only saying "LAO-TSZE" to himself.

From a Manchester newspaper:—

"Anything that will set the blood into active circulation is good for a cold. Bathe the feet in hot water and drink hot water, or hot lemonade, or going to bed; take a salt water sponge bath and remain in a warm room. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour or so. Sniff hot salt water up the nose every hour or two. Four or five hours' exercise in the open air is often effective. Four or five grains of quinine taken at night will usually have a good effect. A vapour bath, followed by a cold sponge bath, is good."

The great thing seems to be—Keep it moving.

"Even in this old university town we can step from noble colleges, which are graced by antique chapels, quaint cloisters, perfect lawns, and stately trees, into foul sums which are the incarnation of ugliness."

Manchester Evening News.

So we found when going in for the Mathematical Tripos.



CORONATION SEATS

MAY NOW BE BOOKED

FOR THE GREAT PROCESSION

PLAN



CRATED HILL

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

PARLIAMENT BILL. "THEY PROMISED ME I SHOULD BE A BUTTERFLY BY THE CORONATION, BUT IF I'M STILL TO BE CRAWLING ABOUT LIKE THIS I SHALL WANT TO BOOK A SEAT."

COMMISSION

OF THE

LAND OFFICE

OF THE STATE OF TEXAS

INVESTIGATION

OF THE

LANDS

OF THE

STATE

OF TEXAS

IN

THE

YEAR

1880

AND

1881

AND

1882

AND

1883



Extract from "West-End Whispers":—"A PROPOS OF THE REIGN OF THE BIG HAT, THE ECONOMICAL LADY NEEDMORE HAS HIT ON QUITE AN IDEA FOR REDUCING HER MILLINERY BILLS AND AT THE SAME TIME ATTRACTING ATTENTION TO HER PRETTY TWINS, VERA AND VIVIENNE, WHO APPEARED THE OTHER DAY AT THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS-IN-INDIAN-INK, SHARING AN ENORMOUS HAT OF TAGEL-STRAW WITH DROOPING LONG-FRONDED OSTRICH PLUMES. THEY MADE AN IMMENSE SENSATION, AND ARE NOW BOTH ENGAGED, I HEAR!"

"SPORT" (SO TO SPEAK).

Just three short years ago—no more than three—

When yet our faith was perfectly intact,

Upwards we soared on wings of prophecy,

Beaming like Cheshire kittens in the act.

That flight was wasted, Thomas;

The Chicks have not fulfilled their dazzling promise.

We had good cause, old boy, for hopeful pride—

The Chicks, our Chirpy Chicks, were runners-up!

And rapturously we rose and prophesied

That in a year or two they'd win the Cup.

But did they? Not a bit.

Each time since then they've made a hash of it.

We've never failed them, Tom. We're not to blame.

We've done our duty; what can man do more?

We've spared no sacrifice to see each game
(Proving that we are sportsmen to the core);

We've yelled like crazy fellows,

And cheered until we nearly burst our bellows.

We've stuck to them through changes. We have seen

Old favourites sold, whoso strength we ill could spare;

We've hailed new men from Bristol, Aberdeen,

From Wales, from Ireland, from the Lord knows where;

We've even helped, my son,

To purchase them, and now they haven't won!

And so you'll chuck the Chicks; you've lost your wool;

Henceforth the Bluebirds have your whole support.

Thomas, I share your anger to the full;

Don't think I blame you—nothing of the sort;

But, for at least a season,

I'll hold my ground. I have a sporting reason.

It's Local Sentiment. The Chirpy Chicks'

Headquarters are but thirty miles away;

The Bluebirds', as you know, are fifty-six;

That is the reason, Thomas, why I stay

(If there's another loss,

I'll throw them up and come and join you, Thos.).

Commercial Candour.

From an advt.:—

"While the seal is on the bottle, the collar round the neck, the cork (with ---'s brand) inside and the capsule over that, you are absolutely safe."

Are we to understand that it is when the bottle is opened that the danger begins?

"There is a remarkable family at Rosedale, in which for a period of 35 years there has not been a death. Five of the sons have played various instruments in the Brotton Brass Band."—*Malton Messenger*.

If the band is as brotton as it sounds this immunity is indeed surprising.

A HALF-TOLD TALE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your reputation for sympathy with those in trouble is growing daily. It extends now from Finchley in the north to Hayes in the south, and perhaps further. I will state my trouble and then we shall see if you can help me.

Do you know Hayes at all? It is, I believe, a village or suburban town in Kent or Surrey. I have never been to Hayes, but I can tell a good story about it. It is not the sort of good story with which you cap the other man's good story about WINSTON CHURCHILL; nor is it just an ordinary joke which a friend might borrow and narrate as having happened to himself. It is simply a little personal adventure connecting myself with Hayes, pleasant, if a trifle subtle in its humour; and while it is not necessary to know Hayes well in order to appreciate it, it is, I think, necessary to know me.

I was calling on Mrs. X. last Sunday. There were only three or four people in the drawing-room, so that the conversation was general. My modest share in it had been temporarily cut short by a large slice of cake, when suddenly my ears caught the word "Hayes." It happens sometimes that the word Hayes is spoken in my presence, and that, before I have time to do anything about it, the conversation is switched on to some other topic. Such certainly might have been the case upon this occasion; but by great good luck quite a little argument arose about Hayes. One said it was near Croydon, and another knew it was in Buckinghamshire, and Mrs. X. smoothed matters over by suggesting that there were probably two or three towns of that name.

I wonder if you can realise, *Mr. Punch*, all that this meant to me—for by this time I had finished my piece of cake. My story, subtle, delicate gossamer thing that it is, depends absolutely for its success upon the conditions under which it is told. It cannot, it simply *cannot* be dragged in. There are some houses to which one may go for years without ever hearing the place Hayes so much as mentioned, and to attempt to tell the story in houses like these is simply to ruin it. So now to hear Hayes not only mentioned but dwelt upon, better even than that (for the point of my story depends largely upon the exact position in the map of Hayes), actually to hear doubts expressed as to its locality—this was, *Mr. Punch*, the chance of my life.

"I've often wondered where Hayes

was," I said with a little laugh, "because—well, it was rather funny;" and I smiled reminiscently to myself.

They all looked at me inquiringly. They seemed to know somehow that a good story was coming. I took a sip of tea and began.

As I have said, it is simply a pleasant little story connecting myself with Hayes. The interest in Hayes was by this time at fever-heat, and I knew the few people in the room well enough to assume at any rate a temporary and polite interest in myself. But this much must be admitted. Good story though it is, it begins badly. The first few minutes of it are very dull indeed. The first few minutes descend of necessity to depths of apparently pointless autobiography such as nobody should permit himself to dive into before a mixed company—unless for vital reasons. My own reasons, of course, were that the finish would more than reward my hearers' patience; but also I began to feel this: I began to feel that the mere fact of having ready an appropriate story, however dull, about such an unlikely place as Hayes was in itself a justification. It was the duty of my audience to regard me as a man who could tell a story of *some* sort about *any* town on the map.

Well, *Mr. Punch*, I had cleared the ground of the necessary introductory matter, and I was just arriving at the point where I get the anonymous letter from Finchley—in other words, my story was on the verge of becoming interesting, which interest would steadily increase henceforward to the *dénouement*—when an interruption took place. The door opened and about half-a-dozen fresh people were announced. There were greetings, some introductions, and a little handing of refreshments. We were too many now for general conversation, and I found myself paired with one of the newcomers upon a very comfortable sofa. We talked, I think, about theatres. It was a very pleasant talk . . . but I was not happy. I left about half-an-hour later.

You see, my story stopped at the wrong moment. I don't blame anybody. I could hardly have been asked to go on with it in front of half-a-dozen strangers who had missed the opening; and I am not sure that I should have cared to have begun it all over again. The beginning is so very dull. Besides it is too autobiographical to tell to a *complete* stranger; you would want to have talked to her for ten minutes or so first about general matters. But I repeat that my story stopped at the wrong moment. There is a little lull before the anonymous letter from

Finchley, and it seemed to stop there quite naturally. I have not the slightest doubt that my audience thought that it was meant to stop there—that what I told them was the whole story.

Mr. Punch, we all have moments of black doubt when even the things dearest and most familiar to us assume strange shapes. At some such black moment I may have doubted whether my Hayes story was *quite* as brilliant as I have sometimes thought it. But *never* have I had any doubt that the first half of the story, regarded as a complete whole, was the most utterly futile thing ever told by man. *That* is the story which the X.'s think I sat down deliberately to tell them. . . .

When I began this letter I had meant to ask you to help me. I had thought that if you gave us a cartoon on Hayes next Wednesday I might call on Mrs. X. on the Thursday, mention *Punch* casually, and so get by way of the cartoon up to my own connection with Hayes. But I see now that I shall never tell the X.'s the Hayes story again. I might be stopped a second time at the same place. That would be too terrible. They may think me an egoistic bore if they like; they mustn't think me an obsessed lunatic.

Your unhappy friend,

A. A. M.

THE SENSATIONAL WINKLE CASE.

[“At a meeting of the Kent and Essex Fisheries Committee it was reported that the Board of Fisheries had been appealed to on the subject of the protection of winkles on private grounds, a Kentish bench of magistrates having held that winkles were wild animals, and for that reason they dismissed a charge of stealing. The Committee was advised that the cultivation of winkles on private grounds would tame them.” —*Daily Pop. r.*]

IN the course of proceedings before the Board of Fisheries evidence was heard on behalf of the Kentish magistrates, the owner of the grounds from which the winkles were abducted, and the colony of winkles occupying those grounds. Counsel for the magistrates maintained that such abduction did not amount to stealing, inasmuch as winkles were wild animals.

A member of the Board: That is what you have to prove.

Counsel: I propose to do so.

In an impassioned address counsel declared that he would bring evidence to prove that winkles were a most ferocious species of mollusc, a social pest, and in particular a positive menace to the lives of little children. For years it had been their brutal practice to lie in wait for passers-by on solitary parts of the coast at low tide. They would seize upon their victims in overwhelming numbers, and

adhere to them with fierce tenacity. The sight of a bather's bare foot was always sufficient to rouse them to a lust for blood. In fact, he maintained that no human being was safe in the presence of a wrinkle unless armed with a sledge-hammer or a pin.

Evidence having been taken in support of counsel's statements, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Perry Winkle, who had been much affected by the aspersions cast upon their tribe, were then examined.

A member of the Board: You are a representative of the colony in question?—Mr. Winkle: I am.

Have you any answer to make to the evidence adduced with regard to your attacks on human beings—particularly the bathing episodes which have been referred to?—Mr. Winkle: I maintain they are gross perversions of the truth. Human beings act in the most ungentlemanly manner towards us, coming upon us almost invariably at meal-times, and not giving us time to move out of the way.

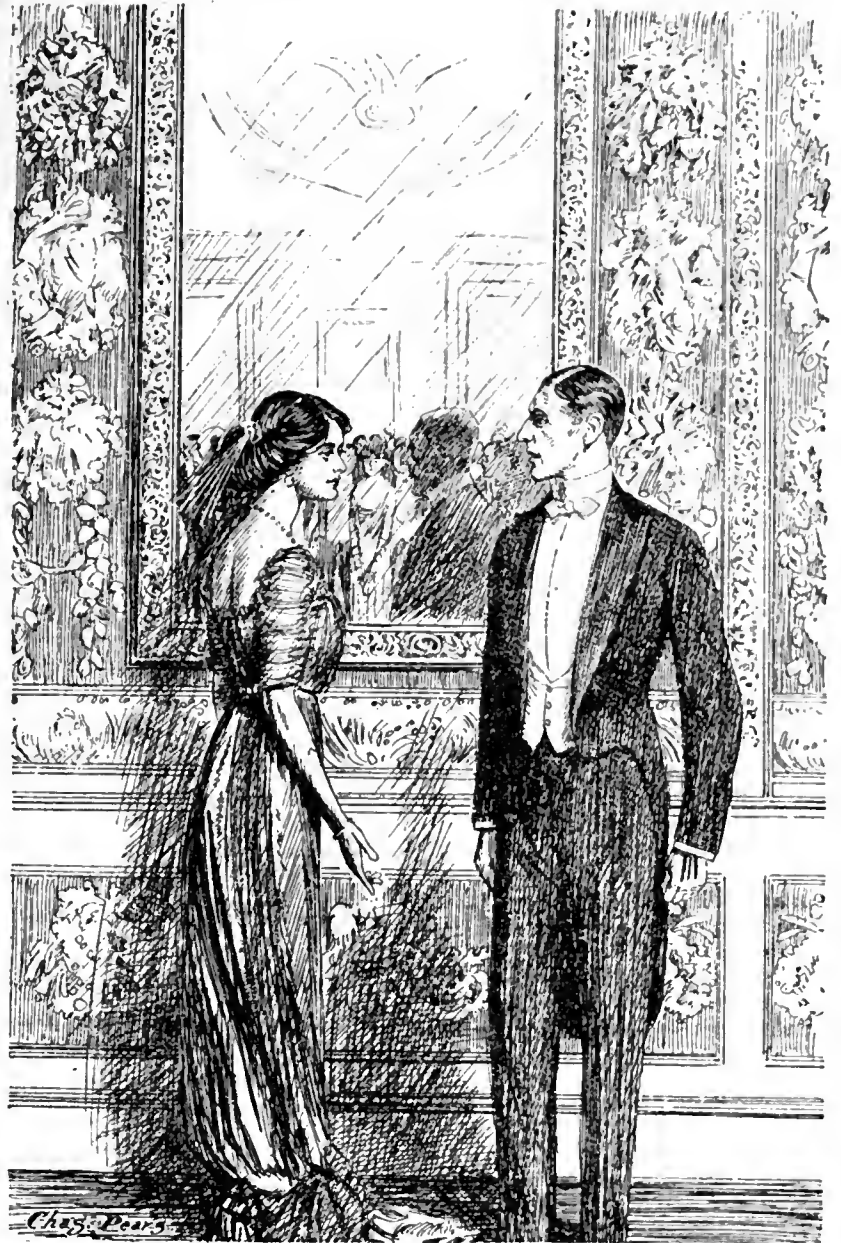
Mr. Winkle was followed by Mr. Perry Winkle, who complained bitterly and with genuine feeling of the protection afforded to whelks and mussels, whom he characterised as "abandoned Borgias," and declared that it was their practice to feed upon the unoffending wrinkle tribe after they (the whelks and mussels) had poisoned them (the wrinkles) by means of the sulphuric acid they (the whelks and mussels) were in the habit of secreting.

Mr. Perry Winkle, whose evidence caused a great sensation, was followed by Mr. Snodgrass, the owner of the grounds from which the wrinkles had been abducted. Questioned whether he thought that wrinkles, even though originally wild, could be tamed by cultivation on private grounds, Mr. Snodgrass, who was evidently regarded with great affection both by Mr. Winkle and Mr. Perry Winkle, answered warmly in the affirmative. He stated that he had always considered the wrinkles on his property as personal friends, and would unhesitatingly trust his children in their company for hours at a time. They were so tame that they would eat out of his hand and come to him when he whistled. He regarded this matter of their abduction with the utmost horror and consternation.

Case still being heard when our representative left.

Beating His Sword into a Ploughshare.
MR. H. S. PEARSON ON CHARLES DICKENS:—

"The sword he had drawn against social abuse was still ploughing its way towards the goal he had set himself to reach."



Radical Guest. "BY THE WAY, DUCHESS, IF WE ABOLISH THE LORDS THIS SESSION, WON'T THE DUKE BE AWFULLY UPSET?"

Duchess. "OH, I EXPECT HE WOULD; BUT I SHAN'T LET HIM KNOW, YOU KNOW!"

A Chance for Tussaud's.

From *The Evening News* advt. column:—

"RELIC of Old Newgate Prison, washing-bowl from cell; what offers?
8-FT. GUILLOTINE for sale, cheap.
SAWDUST supplied, cheap."

Quite an attractive little lot, all on the market in one breath, for any go-ahead community spoiling for a revolution, or commencing in the "Only Way" line of business. Mexican and Portuguese papers, please copy.

"CAMEL WON RACE BUT DISQUALIFIED."
Montr. a' Gazette.

We are not surprised.

The Home Secretary's New Hobby.

"Mr. Churchill informed Mr. Nield that he was considering the question of taking snapshot photographs in civil and criminal courts during the progress of proceedings."

Manchester Evening News.

There is no end to Mr. CHURCHILL'S activities.

"Some one blundered and blundered badly. Frankly, the men were not fit to start rowing a trial of such importance after the subsequent fooling about which took place."

Pa'l Mall Gazette.

We agree that "someone blundered," though not really very "badly," and have ventured to mark the placo in italics.

STORIES FOR UNCLÉS.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

NO. IV.—THE MINER'S ADVENTURE.

My Uncle ses he likes stories of desprit deeds of dairing so he will like this one it is the despritest I kno Thire was wunce a gardners boy hoose name was George he was a nise perlite boy and wen he sor yung ladies warking in his garden he stud up strate and tutehd his cap and sed Good morning miss and sumtimes he shod them his nife so evrybody liked him and sed this boy will Sunday see wunderfull things and be as ritch as a jooler Wen he was quite yung about the age of a baby he had met the grate french lady Jone Vark when she was chasing the emny out of France and shed tort him how to be brave and giv him a sord and a soot of armer he kep them in a box in his cottige.

One morning George was working at the cabbiges wen he sor a fairy dressd in gold lace and a purpel vail George stud up strate and tutehd his cap and sed Good morning mies.

Good morning said the fairy your perliter than the gardner.

Wots he dun sed George.

He throd a stone at me wen I was a sparrer yestday and I shall punsh him for it.

Yes du sed George he ort to catch it.

Im going to giv you welth and all you wont said the fairy quick quick pull up that big cabbige thers a colemine under it.

And wen George pulled up the cabbige loan bold ther was the entrinse to a colemine and wen George entered the entrinse the fairy was gorn and he was lone in the colemine and in a minnit more hed got to the bottom of it.

Cheer up sed George to hissself and he bagen piking at the cole with sumbdy elses pikax wich had got left there 400 yeers ago he hadent bin piking very long wen he sor sumthing gleeming away like mad in the dark and wen he put out his hand and cort hold of it it was a gold box bigger than yur cigret box it was as big as a tabel and there was a ruby stuk in the lid the size of my hed.

Haha sed George Im geting on this is sumthing like and he gav it a blo with his pikax to sho he didnt care a bit and sudnly the lid flu open like a wotch wen you blo on it and a hole lot of Troles came tumbling out shouting first battel cries and making awfle fases at George in the dark a Trole is an ertlman.

Wen George sor the Troles he wosent afrade but he puld out his magic wond of ebny wich the fairy giv him and sed theres tu mutch torking here if you dont keep quite I shall send you upstares.

I forgot about the wond but hed got it alrite.

Then the chief of the Troles kame up and bagen nelying at Georges feet and sed strike the ruby with your ebny wond and I bet youll see sumthing to sprise you and wen George struk the ruby there was a flash of litening and thunder and the Troles all run into the gold box agen and the ruby sloly open and the buteflest prinsess in the world stept out.

Ive left my horse bahind she sed please get it for me and George put his hand in the ruby and puld out a milkwite steed with a silver Sadel.

Thank you so mutch sed the prinsess I think your the boy Ive got to marry are you a gardners boy cald George.

Yes I am sed George but they didnt tell me enything about a marriage.

Ive told you now sed the prinsess weel have it at harf past tu tomorrow.

Then George wafd his ebny wond and a lift kame down for them and a man got out and opened the gait and George tuk the gold box and he and the prinsess got in and the lift carred them to the top were the fairy was wating for them.

They were marrid tomorrow and livd verry haply in six splendid palises wich the Troles bilt for them George didnt du eny more gardning and wen he wonted munny he sent a Trole down the colemine to get it.

The fairy was Georges mother the name of the prinsess was Ameelia.

THE HOUSE ON HOLIDAY.

[A certain newspaper has recently informed us that, "like the rest of humanity, the House of Commons has its moods," and there are times when "Members, both young and old, like boys just released from school, break out into boisterous mirth, and indulge in the most frolicsome antics."]

AND I was in the gallery that night!

ASQUITH began it—mind you, it was but

The merest lull, succeeding some grim fight,

That turned them from their customary rut.

The House of Commons, like the rest of mortals

(Perhaps you never thought of that before?)

Has got its moods: within those sacred portals

Our legislators sometimes slough their lore

And try to make things hum, when life becomes a bore.

ASQUITH, I say, began it. Full of beans,

He hoisted up his slack and cried, "Ahoy!

BALFOUR, old man, suppose we find some means

Of killing time?" Said BALFOUR, "Done, dear boy!"

Nor yet was HALDANE loth, but, rising up, he

Offered the House a reckless challenge: "Who'll

Stake tuppence on a game of bumble-puppy?"

And others gambolled too, like boys from school;

There were that leapt, and some that played at snooker pool.

CECIL and HORNE (SILVESTER), lithe of limb,

Requested REDMOND to "provide a back"

And played at leap-frog with the utmost vim

Till CECIL's head sustained a nasty crack.

WINSTON and F. E. SMITH, a wrestling couple,

Circled about to get a decent squeeze,

And both appeared distinctly fit and supple;

While all the time the SPEAKER sat at ease

And peppered everyone impartially with peas.

A game of marbles soon was going strong,

And WINTERTON and CARSON won applause

From all the cognoscenti in the throng

By artful knuckling of the alley-taws.

And here one might observe the stately AUSTEN,

Who, though at play, preserved a proper tone,

Poised on one nimble foot and wholly lost in

A little game of hopscotch on his own—

A topping game, but one inadequately known.

I did not mark the antics of the rest,

For, just as BIRRELL offered trifling odds

That F. E. SMITH would sit on WINSTON's chest,

The SPEAKER started potting at the gods.

We went confusedly, but as we hastened

From that high fane St. Stephen holds in fee

I cried aloud with joy, albeit chastened,

"These lofty men who write themselves M.P.

Enjoy their little jape even like you and me!"

From "Answers to Correspondents" in *The Birmingham Daily Post*:—

"'Anxious.'—The Bishop of Birmingham, who was born in 1853, is a bachelor."

We hope this is the good news that "Anxious" wanted.

NEO-PRANDIALISM.

MR. CHISHOLM, the Editor of the Greatest of Great Works, having presided at a series of dinners to its English contributors last autumn and being now engaged on a similar feat in America, is himself to be entertained at dinner on his return. And why not? Let there be dinners and then more dinners. Let a dinner celebrate everything.

As a contribution to the New Prandialism we suggest that the following banquets are more than due:—

A complimentary dinner to Mr. SHAW by the road hogs of England in honour of the courageous stand taken by him in *The Car* against the hysterical opposition to running over their pets which is displayed by too many dog-owners. Mr. SHAW candidly admits that he has run over thirteen and only twice has stopped to apologise. Such a lead from so eminent a humanitarian cannot be too cordially acknowledged.

A dinner to Lady SELBORNE to be given by sympathisers with her on the trying time she has recently undergone in her endeavour to establish a new and more elastic method of correspondence in the papers. It has long been felt that to sign one's own name to a letter was at best mechanical. Lady SELBORNE has boldly come forward to put an end to this tedious practice by signing some one else's. Only a dinner—and a very good one—can properly bring home to her mind the benefit she has conferred both on the cause of women's franchise and woman at large. The Chair will be taken by Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON.

It has long been felt by the friends of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., the great Baconian *littérateur*, that public expression should be given to the gratitude and appreciation of his gigantic labours under which the cultured section of the community has so long groaned. This sentiment has now taken concrete shape in the proposal to entertain Sir EDWIN at a banquet, at which the Chair will be taken by Dr. O. OWEN, the eminent American *savant*, who is now assiduously delving in the bed of the Wye, near Chepstow, for BACON'S lost notebooks. Mr. G. G. GREENWOOD has also kindly promised to attend and will oblige with the sentiment, "It's a long lane that knows no Durning."

Any attempt to enliven the drab monotony of male attire is always to be welcomed, and it is with great pleasure that we learn of the general support lent to the suggestion to give a fancy-dress dinner to Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P., for his noble attempt



Ernest H. Shepard

"WELL, TOMMY, CAUGHT ANYTHING?"

"NO, I DON'T BELIEVE THE SILLY WORM WAS TRYING."

to introduce velvet coats into the House of Commons. Mr. L. GINNELL, M.P., who has consented to take the Chair, will appear as an Irish cow-puncher, and Mr. JEREMIAH MACVEAGH, M.P., will probably assume the engaging disguise of a South Down shepherd. Velvet or velveteen will be *de rigueur* for all who attend the banquet, at which it is understood there will be no Speakers.

As side issues of the revival in commemorative dining we may state that the Savoy Hotel is about to open a new grill room to be known as the Chisholm, with a twenty-five shilling inclusive lunch for scholars. Be sure to ask for Encyclo. Brut champagne.

The Great Eastern Railway Company are adding to the Cambridge noon ex-

press every day a dining car especially reserved for officials of the University Press and contributors to the Phenomenal Compilation.

Lastly we may note, as a pleasing illustration of the popularity of the New Prandialism, the inclusion at more than one of the leading music-halls of a turn in which the performer, *à propos* of nothing in particular, eats three large dinners one after another, champing his teeth in perfect time with the music. At the same time we understand there is no truth in the report that the charming M^{lle}. BRITTA has assumed the Christian name of ENCY.

Festina Lente—"Easter will soon be here."



Abs-nt-minded Hous-holder (who takes the Census returns very seriously). "Ah, MARTHA JAMES—ER, WIDOW?—ER, AGE? H'M—THIRTY-FIVE, H'M—MALE OR FEMALE?"
Cook (indignantly). "FEMALE!"

THE INTELLIGENT METHOD.

[It is announced that another attempt to abolish compulsory Greek in Responsions is to be made shortly. It will doubtless be as unsuccessful as the others have been.]

PETER, arrived at the age of eight,
 Was sent to a school that was up to date,
 A wonderful school where the teaching ran
 On the most enlightened and modern plan.
 Each teacher there was passing rich
 In FROEBEL, COMENIUS, LOCKE and FITCH,
 Had studied psychology well, and knew
 All about logical processes too.
 What though his notions of δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$,
 And *hic, hæc, hoc* might be somewhat foggy?
 The method 's the thing, and each could show
 His London Diploma in pedagogy.

It goes without saying the teaching went
 On the plan that is known as "intelligent;"
 No learning by rote—not a single word
 That savoured of dogma was ever heard.
 The brats were not brainlessly taught to state
 As a crude, bald fact that twice four 's eight;
 The first few weeks that they spent at school
 They measured up things with a three-foot rule,
 Until they learnt this truth and treasured it—
 That twice four varied each time that you measured it—
 A piece of priceless and sound instruction
 Gained by a process of pure deduction.

Of course they were only allowed to turn
 To subjects they eagerly wished to learn.
 No forcing the young idea to stammer

The verbs in $-\mu$ or the Latin grammar.
 Instead of Euclid and rule of three
 They nature-studied the bumble-bee;
 They made little models in clay, and went
 To visit St. Paul's and the Monument;
 And after each highly instructive trip
 They wrote little essays on citizenship.

Thus Peter continued evolving knowledge
 Until he was ready to go to college;
 He hoped to let old Isis see
 What Education ought to be,
 For he heard that at last the dons intended
 The farce of compulsory Greek to be ended.

Alas, I fear when the day comes round
 His hopes will be cruelly dashed to the ground.
 From curacy, canonry, rectory, deanery,
 From Lancashire slums and from Devonshire scenery,
 Black coats have flocked before in force
 To fight for the antediluvian course;
 And now, as before, they will doubtless go
 To fight in their hundreds for δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$,
 And the youth who sighs for Oxford halls
 Will still have to tackle the old, old Smalls.

Now δ , η , $\tau\acute{o}$ is death to a man
 Brought up on the latest enlightened plan.
 However hard his brain may try
 It never can master the verbs in $-\mu$,
 While up-to-date methods unite to avoid a
 Lucid account of a freak like *oida*.
 So Smalls are a still insurmountable fence
 To a man of modern intelligence.



DISARMAGEDDON.

THE PHOENIX GARDENS

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—Heard much of late of the millennium near at hand, when Ireland, refusing to be happy till she gets it, shall have Home Rule. Captain CRAIG, back again after carrying out LONG JOHN, not disposed to regard prospect with unqualified pleasure.

"What about Irish stocks?" he asks. "Does the PRIME MINISTER know that since Home Rule was mentioned by the Government the price of Irish securities has appreciably fallen?"

Later LONSDALE raises similar objection. Like bonnets, tin, hootlaces and other industries whose condition was noticed at time of launching Tariff Reform propaganda, Irish bank stock is "going" — down. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL points out that price of Bank of Ireland stock is subject to causes affecting similar stock in United Kingdom. Only that, and nothing more.

LONSDALE shook his head incredulously. A student of history, he remembers how in times past the policy of the Whigs at a particular juncture led to disastrous multiplication of large bluebottle flies in butchers' shops. The Whigs of the day strenuously denied that they were in any measure responsible for the incursion, just as a member of a Government placed and kept in power by a discreditable Coalition attempts to shirk responsibility for market price of Bank of Ireland stock.

Even while this controversy was in progress an object-lesson was presented possibility of which would, thirty years ago, have been scornfully challenged. On second bench below Gangway, the very one whence in good old days PARNELL and JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR were accustomed to rise, defy authority of Chair and outrage treasured traditions of Parliament, sat WILLIAM O'BRIEN, fully clothed, in friendly conversation with WALTER GUINNESS, representative of that English wealth, landlordism and aristocracy that since and before the Union have

blighted the hopes of Ireland. ST. AUGUSTINE'S glance resting upon the pretty scene was dimmed by a tear of sympathy. It was a slight thing, incidentally arising out of accidental contiguity. The seeing eye discerned in it token of millennium.

"By-and-by," ST. AUGUSTINE murmured, "we shall see JOHN REDMOND walking on the Terrace with Captain CRAIG, passing by a table at which are seated WILLIAM MOORE and JOHN DILLON, while, like, great Anna (since dead), whom three realms obey, they 'sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.'"

more amazed than he at sensation created by his utterance. Intended as expression of personal feeling, welcoming suggestion thrown out by PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES. And lo! it turns out to have been a trumpet call, not summoning to war but to peace on earth and goodwill among the nations.

GREY instinctively shrinks from private congratulations, public compliments, and the like. Has much in common with the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE long known to Commons as Lord HARTINGTON. HARTINGTON did not care a brass farthing for anything people said or thought or wrote about him.

At the bottom of his heart, more particularly at outset of his career, he disliked public life, was bored by attendance in House of Commons. But for four hundred years the CAVENDISHES have had a hand in directing public affairs, and it did not become the latest heir to the Dukedom to shirk the hereditary task. Equally a GREY of Northumberland, grandson of Sir GEORGE, grand-nephew of the second Earl GREY, was bound to take his place in Parliament, in due time his seat on one or other of the Front Benches.

EDWARD GREY obeyed the call of duty, and from the first made his mark upon an Assembly which is the shrewdest judge of character in the world. A man of sublimely judicial mind, he never in the quarter of a

century he has sat for Berwick-on-Tweed raised a cheer by delivery of a partisan attack. In this respect some eager spirits find him lacking. SARK tells me that during his fighting time NELSON was actuated by ungovernable personal hatred of the French as individuals and as a nation. Whilst waiting to knock up against their ships in the Mediterranean he wrote home: "I trust Almighty God will, in Egypt, overthrow those pests of the human race." That was unreasonable, illogical. But the personal feeling lent force and energy to NELSON'S arm at Aboukir and Trafalgar.

EDWARD GREY is absolutely free from private prejudices and animosities of



CORK-ED STOUT;

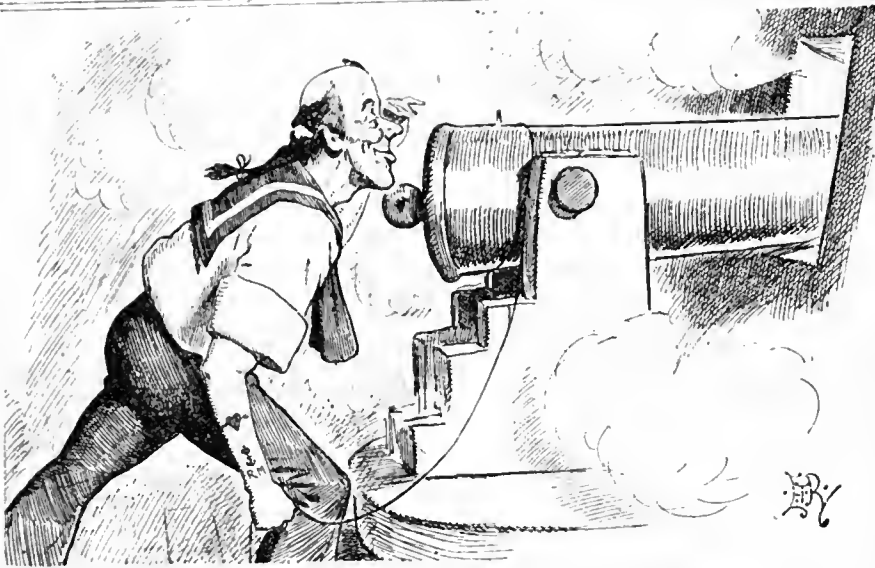
OR "MISERY ACQUAINTS A MAN WITH STRANGE BENCH-FELLOWS."

Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, being hard up for congenial society just at present, joins the "jeunesse dorée" and communes light-heartedly with Mr. WALTER GUINNESS."

Business done.—Navy Estimates on again in Committee of Supply.

Wednesday.—EDWARD GREY suddenly finds himself under fierce light beating upon him from two hemispheres. Kindled by his memorable speech on arbitration interpolated ten days ago in debate on Army and Navy expenditure. Present generation cannot recall parallel ease of address in House of Commons commanding such world-wide attention, welcomed with equal unanimity of enthusiasm. True Mr. BARNES regards it as "a mockery and a snare." Against that EDWARD GREY may, if he pleases, place the approval of civilised world.

Not likely to take the trouble. None



FIRING HIS "STERN-CHASER."

Mr. McKENNA, while vigorously engaging the enemy, is compelled to go aft and pour a withering fire into mutinous vessels astern to teach them a much-needed lesson in real patriotism."

that character. It makes him less effective in party warfare. It leaves him on his rare pedestal—a man trusted and looked up to by all parties and sections of parties in the House of Commons.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Under sub-head "S" of vote 6 in class 4 of Civil Service Estimates for current financial year, will be found interesting item: "Grant in aid of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910, £20,000."

It means that the wealthiest nation in the world has out of its total expenditure of a trifle under 172 millions contributed so much to the cost of expedition led by Captain Scott in search of South Pole. Better than nothing, it is less than one-half of actual cost, estimated at a minimum of £50,000. Gallant little New Zealand has planked down £1,000; United South Africa, £500; a princely Australian subscribes £2,500, which, with contributions from the public, brings up amount to nearly £44,000, leaving deficit of £6,000.

This a weight which throughout his perilous journey over trackless waste of snow Captain Scott will find heavier to draw than the most fully-laden sleigh. He started on his enterprise cheered by national applause, but depressed by consciousness that he was handicapped by what, if matters remain as they stand, means impending bankruptcy.

Long ago Mr. *Micawber* put great economical truth in classical nutshell. "Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £19 19s. 6d.: result, happiness. Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £20 ought six: result, misery."

In the lengthened night under Antarctic skies Captain Scott will be doing an analogous sum: "Expenditure, £50,000; cash subscribed, £44,000: result, misery. Cost of expedition, £50,000; subscriptions, say £55,000 to cover emergencies: result, happiness."

The first news from England, that can reach the little party of explorers will as near as can be calculated arrive on Christmas day, 1912, when the *Terra Nova* returns from New Zealand to the Antarctic to take fresh stores to the expedition. It would be a pleasant kind of a Christmas card if CAPTAIN SCOTT's wife, who remains in London, were able to send him word that the full amount has been made up, leaving him to go on his way unhampered by the thought that every weary mile achieved on the way to the Pole adds to the burden of his indebtedness.

Business done.—Still winding up estimates of financial year closing on the 31st inst.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT CÆSAR KNEW.

"LET me have men about me that are fat," cried JULIUS CÆSAR in an inspired moment. This is one of the most illuminating utterances recorded in the history of the world.

Why did so great a statesman, general, and *littérateur* as CÆSAR express this desire for an adipose entourage? Because he knew by experience that for general trustworthiness and honest ability fat people were second to none. Other men, in other ages, may have discovered the same truth;

but CÆSAR was the first to crystallise it into a policy, to make it the guiding principle of his wonderful career.

To-day, however, we are in danger of forgetting the message left to us by the illustrious Roman. In this country, indeed, we have largely given up the deliberate cultivation of corpulency, and are even beguiled at times into removing some of our so-called "superfluous" adiposity by means of remedies of the "Antitum" type. Herein the appeal is all to the eye, to the sense of form, rather than to the heart and brain. The ancient Greeks made precisely the same mistake—they cultivated external beauty, demanding fineness of figure, at the expense of substance—and what is Greece to-day? On the other hand, how has the Turk been able to defy the Powers all these years? Because he has developed to the utmost his capacity for sitting tight.

Englishmen, in the mass, seem to have stopped their ears to the call of fat. And yet some of our most successful modern men follow the cult of the obese. In almost every department of public and private activity it will be found that, sooner or later, rotundity comes out on top; and once there it stays there.

Would you increase your efficiency tenfold? Would you become a Man of Weight in the affairs of the Empire? Then

TRY PHATOGEN,

the Great Girth-Expander.

Would you sit in the Seats of the Mighty? Then

TRY PHATOGEN,

the Universal Inflator.

Did you ever know a fat person to become destitute?

PHATOGEN

is the one insurance against poverty, the one solution of the Unemployment problem.

Had Mr. BALFOUR undergone a course of this wonderful treatment, he would not now be in Opposition.

Think of CÆSAR, and insist on having PHATOGEN.

In the palace as in the cottage, in the club as in the casual ward, its effect is proclaimed to be nothing short of miraculous. Take it, and the Blue Bird is yours at last.

PHATOGEN.

Of all chemists, grocers, and bath-chair manufacturers:

From a testimonial in *The Autocar*:

"I swear by th— Cars, and am a walking advertisement for you."

But, oh! why "walking"?



Tennis Sutor (anxious to propitiate millionaire, whose daughter's hand he has just asked in marriage). "B-B-BUT, OF COURSE, I-DON'T IF YOU DON'T WANT TO!"

PAN-PIPES.

PAN—did you say he was dead, that he'd gone, and for good—
Gone with the Dryads and all of the shy forest faces?
Who was it then plucked your sleeve as you came through the wood,
What of the whisper that waits in the oddest of places?
Pan of the garden, the fold,
Pan of the bird and the beast,
Kindly, he lives as of old,
He isn't dead in the least!
Yes, you may find him to-day (how the reeds twitter on,
Trueful, as once when he followed young Bacchus's leopards);
Stiffer he may be, perhaps, since our moonlight has shone
Centuries long on his goat-horns—old Pan of the shepherds!
Brown are his tatters, his tan
Roughened from tillage and toil,
Pagan and homely, but Pan—
Pan of the sap and the soil!
Find him, in fact, in the Park when the first crocus cowers;
Coekney is he when it suits him, I know that he knocks his

Crook at my window at times o'er six-penn'orth of flowers,
Gives me his blessing anew with my fresh window-boxes!
Piping the leaf on the larch,
Piping the nymphs (in the Row),
Piping a magic of March,
Just as he did long ago!

THE TONSURE TOUCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A good deal has been said about the pathos surrounding the struggles of middle-aged women to preserve their youth, but I feel that members of your own sex similarly engaged deserve even greater sympathy because they have fewer adventitious aids and less opportunity for practising them. So I have invented a little arrangement by which the out-of-doors-man on the wrong side of fifty can knock at least fifteen years off his age. You will have noticed, when through work or worry a man loses his back hair, the line of demarcation often appears just under his hat at the back, and gives him away, however studiously youthful the rest of his appearance may be. Few men will wear a toupee, in spite of the pathetic efforts of their

hairdressers to make them, but there is neither trouble nor risk attached to my little invention.

"The Tonsure Touch" (for so I have named it) consists of a crescent-shaped *bandeau* of hair fastened inside the hat-brim at the back, and is so placed that it not only completely covers the exposed bald area, but blends naturally with the wearer's own hair. When social or other duties necessitate the lifting of the hat, the right thumb presses a stud on the under side of the right brim (this is, of course, reversed in the case of left-handed wearers). The stud is connected with a spring, which causes the "scalpette" to fly up inside the hat as it is raised, while the releasing of the stud causes the hair-flap to spring back again in correct position as the hat is replaced on the head.

"The Tonsure Touch" is made in all sizes and shades, and it is only due to myself to add that my invention will be placed on the market at cost price, my idea being not to make profit but merely to add to the comfort and happiness of a sex for which I have a sincere respect and esteem.

Truly yours, SYMPATHETIC SPINSTER.

AT THE PLAY.

"ONE OF THE DUKES."

MR. "GEORGE PLEYDELL'S" satire on the tendency among British Peers to marry American heiresses surely comes rather late in the day, and his ridicule of dukes as dukes is not the freshest of fun. A year or so ago it might possibly have been amusing to revive the CHANCELLOR'S Limehouse manner and to say that "Mr. Welshman had called the Duke of Rye the chief of backwoodsmen," but to-day it is the oldest of old game. And even a year ago his worst enemy never suspected the backwoodsman of being totally ignorant in the matter of sport. He was supposed to be spending all his leisure time in the slaughter of innocent creatures, knee-deep in "blood" instead of "bloom." And, after all, where is your backwoodcraft if you can't tell a pet-dog from a partridge? Yet that was the error committed by the Duke of Rye in the excitement of hearing the familiar cry, "Mark over," which seems to have struck him as a novelty. Another weakness of his was a private taste for the bassoon; and a third his custom of breaking off his engagement with any girl who employed artificial aids to beauty. His attempt to test the hips of one lady with the point of an alpenstock was fortunately made before the curtain rose. Poor material even for a farce, but MR. CYRIL MAUDE braved it out, using his well-known and popular voice-trick for all it was worth to carry off the mildest mirth that ever was. But it cost him many a bead of perspiration.

To give the author his due, I admit a fresh effect in his representation of the interior of a parched well, with the Duke and his fiancée in a cage descending in search of her engagement ring. M. MAETERLINCK had, of course, anticipated this dropping of a ring into a well, but never thought of sending *Pelléas* and *Mélisande* down after it. His well was too wet. In *Salomé*, again, we were not privileged to see through a brick wall into the interior of the prophet's retreat at the bottom of the cavity. So this was quite a fresh scheme.

Whether it will serve to impose the play upon the general taste I dare not conjecture. The kindly audience of the first night were hard put to it to counterfeit enthusiasm. MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH worked hard at his pipe,

and Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE said "Gee!" and "Ginger!" very pleasantly, but it was poor sport for them.

As for Miss KATE BISHOP, she was required to pronounce every *s* as *sh*: that was where *her* fun came in. She would have done well in the shibboleth test at the ford of Jordan, but it left us

this play. That I, for one, cannot penetrate it may simply mean that with proper modesty he hides his virtues from the common eye.

I imagine that the gloomy little curtain raiser, *The Hand on the Latch*—a mild sort of Guignol horror—was designed to put the audience in a receptive frame of mind for the farce that followed. It had a moment's strength in the final situation, where the wife disowns her dead thief of a husband, either to shield his name or because, as she had shewn at an earlier stage, she could not forgive dishonesty. But much of the silent action of the piece was trivial and tedious, for all the naturalness of Miss WINIFRED EMERY, and I did not find that the tragedy had much excuse for itself on the ground of inevitability. If I had been the man and wanted to appropriate the taxes I had been collecting, I should never have been at the pains first to screw them up under the floor and then to break into my own house at midnight to steal them. I should have just shifted them from one pocket to the other.

It seems so easy that there must be a catch somewhere, and I shall try to believe that that charming writer, Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEY, knew what she was about. O. S.

"THE FOLLIES."

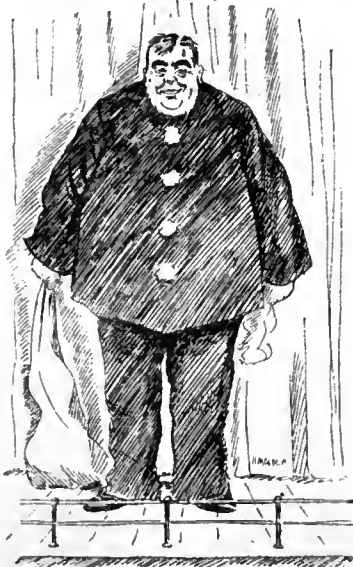
The Follies are most effective when they are least ambitious. A casual conversation between Mr. PÉLISSIER and Mr. LEWIS SIDNEY conveys more of their own peculiar atmosphere than all the potted pageants and imitations of MAUD ALLAN. When Mr. SIDNEY arrives at the Voice Trial with his 'cello, and before beginning asks Mr. PÉLISSIER casually if he knows how 'cellos are made, to which Mr. PÉLISSIER says in tones of surprise: "Do they make them?" whereupon Mr. SIDNEY assures him earnestly that they make quite a number, and explains that they always make the "S" holes first—why then, it seems to me, you have the Follies at their best. This particular little bit of dialogue was omitted from the Voice Trial last Wednesday, perhaps for the reason that it came spontaneously on the night, some months ago, when I heard it, and the Follies are artists enough to know that a spontaneous joke cannot always be repeated. But I was sorry that a whole turn in the first part of the pro-



Duke of Rye. "I say, I'm afraid I'm a very poor backwoodsman. Is that what they call an axe?"
 Duke of Rye Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
 Lord Georgy Thurburn Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

very cold. Finally, Miss NELL CARTER looked so pretty in her nurse's uniform that it didn't much matter what she said; and this was well, for she had the dullest things to say.

I am confident that MR. MAUDE had some good motive for the selection of



THE CURTAIN LECTURER.
 MR. PÉLISSIER.



BEFORE THE POINT TO POINT.

Lady. "HALLOA, FREDDY, WHAT A FUNNY HORSE!"
 Freddy (on new chaser, his proudest possession). "IT'S ONE I'VE JUST BROUGHT OUT TO QUALIFY."
 Lady. "I DON'T UNDERSTAND."
 Freddy. "JUST OUT TO LET THE MASTER SEE HIM, DON'T YOU KNOW?"
 Lady. "OH, I SEE; FOR THE KENNELS, POOR BEAST."

gramme, "Mr. PÉLISSIER and Mr. LEWIS SIDNEY will sing to each other," was also omitted; I have such very pleasant memories of their previous duets.

Of the new Potted Plays I thought *Count Hannibal* the funniest; maybe because I have not seen the original. I have noticed before that the plays which one has not seen are the ones which "pot" best. I suppose we are led to expect too much from the others. And, anyhow, I'm afraid it is true that the Follies are better served by their interpreters than by their authors. There must, for instance, be at least fifty people in London who could write Mr. PÉLISSIER a set of verses ten times cleverer than those which serve him for his topical song in the first part of the programme.

MISS GWENNIE MARS has one charming turn as a dear old grandmother trying to tell three inquisitive children a fairy tale. I could wish that she and the other ladies of the company had more to do in the Potted Plays,

even if it meant that Mr. PÉLISSIER had to forswear female impersonations for the future. And I should have liked to hear more of Mr. DAN EVERARD—he can be so delightfully alive.

But that is the worst of the Follies. We all want different things from them, and whatever we get we shall never be quite satisfied. M.

Half-time came with the score standing—
 IRELAND 1 Goal
 SCOTLAND 1 Goal
 Result—Scotland 2, Ireland nil.
Ireland's Saturday Night.

We can only suppose that Scotland pinched Ireland's goal when she wasn't looking. This is hardly playing the game.

From *The Weekly Dispatch* :—

"He gives an excellent account of himself in the 'Lasso' song, and would do still better if the absurd business of having him carried off on Miss May's back was abolished. He is good enough to walk off on his own."

If he can really walk off on his own back he must be very good indeed.

The Compensations of a University Education.

"University man, bachelor, young, desires pretty little comfortably furnished seaside Cottage. Rent free or quite nominal."
Advt. in "Church Times."

LUDLOW COUNTY POLICE.—Tuesday.
 (BEFORE MR. T. H. ATHERDEN.)
 NOT MUCH TO BE FRIGHTENED OF."

The sub-editor of the paper which makes this announcement must not build upon any former lenience of Mr. ATHERDEN's to members of the Press.

A paragraph in *The Westminster Gazette* begins as follows :—

"The customer who went into the Ludgate Circus, E.C., Post Office for a penny stamp yesterday and felt the insignificance of his order when he saw the messenger of a big City firm order 78,000 halfpenny stamps and hand over £164 in payment might receive a somewhat similar surprise every day."

But with a really smart man at the head of the firm, it couldn't go on long. We ourselves know of a much smaller post office where 78,000 halfpenny stamps can be purchased for £162 10s.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WRITERS of random "memories" are apt to pose rather dishonestly as authors of a connected literary narrative, so that it was not a bad idea of Professor POULTON's to throw this pretence to the winds and figure in different parts of the same book in the separate rôles of biographer, essayist and general remembrancer. Calling his compilation *John Viriamu Jones, and other Oxford Memories* (LONGMANS), he begins with a sketch of the life and work of the late Principal of Cardiff University College, goes on to various recollections of Oxford life in the seventies, inserts a short memoir on Professor GEORGE ROLLESTON, and concludes with a treatise on Oxford Reform and the British Examination system, which it would ill become me to criticise. His stories are not always very good ones: on Proctors, for instance, he makes the following note:—

"I remember ALFRED MILNER, when a B.A., telling us that he had been 'proctorized' the night before and even reminded that he was still *in statu pupillari*. 'I was fully aware of the fact,' he had replied to the Proctor." Friends of mine who have met and even been pursued by these Erinyes have brought back much more interesting narratives than this. But perhaps Lord MILNER made up a better retort by the time he paid his fine next morning. On the whole the most interesting chapters to the profane or lay reader are an essay by VIRIAMU JONES on EDGAR ALLAN POE'S "Ulalume" and some amusing reconstructions of debates at the Union from a period when, amongst other famous personages, the present PRIME MINISTER was a speaking member. There are no very stirring accounts of athletic achievements in the volume, but that deficiency will be supplied, I imagine, by the present generation when Professor POULTON's own son, the famous Rugby Blue, becomes in turn a Recollector of Oxford days.

Let A. be in love with B., and let B., having no objection to A., but a latent passion for C., come into her million and a half; and let D. be not only the fond mother of A., but also in need of a little cash for her own uses; and let all that is necessary to make B. marry A. and finance D. be a rumour of C.'s engagement elsewhere; and let Mr. E. F. BENSON be managing the whole affair; then it is an assured thing that D. will tell the essential lie, that she and A., B. and C. will be very much alive, and that in the course of their history the diligent student will learn what motives conduce to what ends and how one may be comparatively happy on fifty thousand a year. No one describes with more relish and success the big and little luxuries of plutocracy than does Mr. BENSON, and few do

such justice to the diverse temperaments and complex states of mind of humanity in crucial situations. It is to be observed that in this case what he makes up in thoroughness he lacks in spontaneity, that his plot produces his character rather than his character his plot, and that neither the one nor the other is strikingly original. But if it is inevitable to criticise, it is by no means necessary to disparage his half-yearly production, and *Account Rendered* (HEINEMANN), though nothing to boast about as a work of art, may with all confidence be recommended as a pastime.

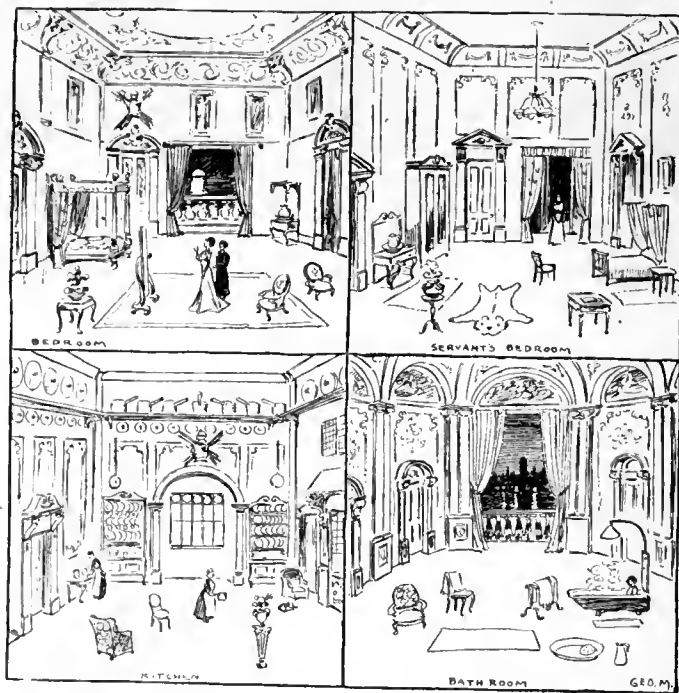
In the first chapter of *Adventure* (NELSON) we are introduced to *David Sheldon* riding pick-a-back "on a woolly-headed, black-skinned savage," and giving medicine to the man-eating, dysentery-stricken cannibals employed by him in the Solomon Islands. As *Sheldon* was also such a very sick man that these amiable cannibals were

merely waiting an opportunity to kill him, the greediest of sensation-mongers cannot fail to be satisfied with Mr. JACK LONDON's opening. In fact all the signals are down for a book of horrors, until *Joan Lackland* arrives—in Chapter iv. and a boat—and proceeds to show what an American girl of the "get on or get out" brigade can do. *Joan* had all the virile, and some of the feminine, virtues, and she arrived in the nick of time to save *Sheldon's* life; but I resented her early appearance, for I could not help guessing that in spite of head-hunters and jealous white men *Sheldon* was destined to be her husband. Many things happened before she said, "I am ready, Dave," but the thrill which Mr. LONDON can produce so admirably is not in them. *Adventure* is a good enough

story for me to read, but it is scarcely good enough for the author to have written.

It needs some pluck, I think, to take,
Adapt and utilise unwincing
A theme that SHAKESPEARE couldn't make
In all particulars convincing;
Yet Mr. F. J. RANDALL, in
His latest novel (LANE), essays it;
The Bermondsey (he calls it) *Twin*,
And, spite of faults, I'm bound to praise it.

The theme, as you'll have guessed, presents
Two brothers, each the other's image,
Embarrassing predicaments—
A catch-as-catch-can sort of scrimmage.
The thing's improbable, you'll say;
It is, and so's the exploitation;
But Mr. RANDALL has a way
Which laughs you into admiration.



SOME ROOMS IN A TYPICAL LONDON FLAT, AS THEY WOULD BE REPRESENTED AT ONE OF OUR PALATIAL MUSIC-HALLS.

CHARIVARIA.

It is now practically certain that the Coronation Decorations in Piccadilly will be designed by Mr. BRANGWYN and other artists. In decoration circles, we understand, this introduction of actual artists is considered something of an intrusion.

"The name of WESLEY," says *The Daily Mail*, "boomed large in the musical scheme of the last Coronation." The misprint is pardonable. Something is always booming in our bright little contemporary.

Lord HALDANE declares that he goes rather reluctantly to the House of Lords. We would, however, respectfully point out that the promotion may have its compensations. If one's figure should ever be inclined to be a little bit too generous, what more tactful costume is there than a peer's robe?

Mr. ASQUITH's reply to a question from Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, "You had better wait," is nothing like so good as his "Wait and see," and we are not surprised that it has not caught on. It's so difficult to repeat a success.

"Man," says Dr. ROBERT BELL, "is the only animal on the face of the earth who cooks his food, and therefore destroys its value." The Simple Life movement is spreading. Washing has gone, and now it is the turn of cooking.

Mr. F. W. HILL, lecturing before the Royal Photographic Society on "The Open-Air Statues of London," mentioned that the Waterloo statue in Waterloo Park was the only one that had an umbrella. Since the publication of this statement the authorities, we hear, have received quite a quantity of o'd gingham from kind-hearted ladies for the other statues.

A contemporary gives a description of one of Mr. JOHN COLLIER'S Academy pictures. It represents EVE, and the canvas shows, we are told, "the nude figure of a beautiful girl sleeing through an orchard. The eyes are widely opened with fear." Is it a portrayal of EVE before she plucked the apple, or after? we are asked. Obviously the latter, we should say, and the apple was not ripe.

At a meeting held under the auspices of the Selborne Society it was proposed that a tract of wild country should be



THE SEX QUESTION.
(A STUDY IN BOND STREET.)

acquired, in which rare and persecuted birds could find a safe retreat. The only difficulty, we take it, would be to discover a method for bringing the sanctuary to the notice of such birds as cannot read.

A letter has been sent to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, suggesting that the plague of seals in the Wash should be dealt with by a cruiser being sent down to shoot them. The Board, we understand, is in favour of waiting to see the effect of the mere threat.

Frankly, we cannot help being amused at the wearing of trousers by women being stigmatised as improper. Supposing that women had always been accustomed to wear trousers, and some of them had suddenly appeared in skirts—surely that would have been held to be even more improper?

At Cardiff a lady has been sent to prison for ten months for pouring

paraffin oil over her husband and attempting to set fire to him. As a husband ourselves, we are glad that at last something has been done to discourage this foolish and dangerous practice.

A proposal to make measles a notifiable disease has been rejected by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. This is a richly-deserved snub for the measles, which have been distinctly giving themselves airs of late.

M. MESSENGER, the Director of the Paris Opera House, has, it is said, just engaged "the greatest tenor in the world, Caruso included." CARUSO, we understand, is of the opinion that this will be found to be an exaggeration.

"No country in the world," says *The Outfitter*, "can produce a silk hat of such high quality as the English." It is in what the hat covers that we are sometimes outclassed.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

No. V.—THE CATS WHO COULDN'T MEW.

THERE was wunce a boy and a girl named Tom and Nan she was 15 years old and Tom was tu weeks older than her he was 17 but she was hansimer her nose was strater and not so round. These 2 children livd in a house it was jest an ornary house with a kichen a nursry a dining room a libary and a fu bedrooms there wer other peepel in the house fathers and mothers and gunnisses but we wont say enthing about them becas they don't cum in the story.

These childern had 2 cats Santyelaws brort them last Crismas wen he came down the chimly wun was lukiug out of wun poeket and the uther was lukiug out of the uther they were nise tortshel cats and thire names were Hariland and Alcherine Tom and Nan luvd them and fed them on milk and bits of fish and they slep in a bastiek in the nursry they wer jest like uther cats they skratshd yur fingers and plade with peeces of paper and run after thire tales and climed up the kurtins but the funny thing about them was they never meewd most cats make a horble nois wen they get lorst in eubberds or wont to get in at a winder but these cats dident they jest lukd at you and wagd thire tales but they never meewd.

One nite Tom woke up and sed wots that.

Wots wot sed Nan.

There a nois sed Tom hark dident you hear it.

No sed Nan wots it like.

Its like peepel shouting and bellering in the nex room sed Tom.

I think I herd a bit of it then sed Nan quick quick lets get up.

So they got up and crep into the nex room and wot dyou think they sor.

They sor Hariland and Alcherine gettin out of thire bastiek and then they stud up on thire hine legs and bagen to take orf thire skins they tuk them all orf and wen theyd dun Hariland was a prinse and Alcherine was a prinsess.

Haha sed Tom springing forwerd weve got you now and Nan tuk hold of the 2 skins and rolld them up under her arm.

Wot have you got to say sed Tom we dont like cats changing thireselves like this do we Nan.

No sed Nan we dont and wots more we wont have it.

Pardon sir pardon sed Hariland crying at the same time but we dident meen it.

Then wy did you do it sed Tom.

Its the old wiche sed Hariland she livs in the worlnut tree and shes bewiched us weer properly cats but she makes us be a prinse and prinsess at nites when nobdys lukiug and we dont like it we want to be cats all the time.

Lets hear you meew then sed Tom.

We cant meew sed Alcherine all along of the wiche shes stopd our meewing becas she sed she coudent bare the orfle nois.

Theres no use in your been cats then sed Tom taking up his bo and arrer from the corner.

Wel sed Hariland weve tride to kill the wiche but we cant if youll kill her for us weel go on been cats and meew tu if you like.

How shall I kill her sed Tom.

Dip your arrer in the creem sed Hariland and then shute it into the midel of the worlnut tree youll heer her giv a loud shreek and thatl be the end of her and a good riduns.

Then Tom tuk his best arrer and he dipt it in the

creem jug and shot it strate into the midel of the worlnut tree and then they all wated. Ferst they dident heer enthing but at last they herd a litel teeny wisper of a shreek.

Thats not it sed Alcherine you muster misst her.

No sed Tom Iye hit her olrite hark.

And wen they harkd they herd a reglar shreek it went on for ten minnits and then it stopd so that was the end of the old black wiche in the worlnut tree.

And wen the children lukd round loanbold the prinse and prinsess wos gorn and the cats had cum back agen but they hadent got their skins on then. Nan gave them thire skins and the cats was very gratefle and put them on and crep back into thire bastiek.

After this they coud meew like enthing and there wos lots of kittns evry yeer.

Nex yeer Tom and Nan gru up and went and livd in anuther house but they tuk Hariland and Alcherine with them and they never forgot the nite wen they sor the prinse and prinsess and herd the old wiche shreek.

TO THE GOD OF LOVE.

COME to me, Eros, if you needs must come

This year, with milder twinges;

Aim not your arrow at the bull's-eye plumb,
But let the outer pericardium

Be where the point impinges.

Garishly beautiful I watch them wane,

Like sunsets in a pink west,

The passions of the past; but O their pain!
You recollect that nice affair with Jane?

We nearly had an inquest.

I want some mellow romance than these,

Something that shall not waken

The bosom of the bard from midnight ease,
Nor spoil his appetite for breakfast, please
(Porridge and eggs and bacon).

Something that shall not steep the soul in gall,

Nor plant it *in excelsis*,

Nor quite prevent the bondman in its thrall
From biffing off the tee as good a ball

As anybody else's;

But rather, when the world is dull and gray

And everything seems horrid,

And books are impotent to charm away

The leaden-footed hours, shall make me say,

"My hat!" (and strike my forehead)

"I am in love, O circumstance how sweet!

O ne'er to be forgot knot!"

And praise the damsel's eyebrows, and repeat

Her name out loud, until it's time to eat,

Or go to bed, or what not.

This is the kind of desultory bolt,

Eros, I bid you shoot me;

One with no barb to agitate and jolt,

One where the feathers have begun to moult—

Any old sort will suit me.

EVOE.

Save us from our Friends.

"Mr. 'Charlie' Gibbs passed through Valparaiso on Monday en route from Collahuasi to England. His brief stay in this port was regretted by his many friends here."—*South Pacific Mail*.

Next time he must go straight through.



“DELIGHT OF BATTLE WITH HIS PEERS.”

THE VISCOUNT HALDANE (*aloud, in hearing of the horse*). “NOW FOR THE POST OF DANGER!
(*Aside*) I SHALL FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE WHEN THE FIVE HUNDRED COME UP.”

The first part of the document
 discusses the importance of
 maintaining accurate records
 for the purpose of
 ensuring the integrity of the
 data. It is essential to
 have a clear and concise
 system in place to track
 all activities and transactions.
 This will help in identifying
 any discrepancies or errors
 that may occur over time.
 The second part of the document
 focuses on the role of the
 management team in overseeing
 the operations. They should
 ensure that all staff are
 properly trained and equipped
 to handle their duties.
 Regular communication and
 reporting are crucial for
 staying on top of the
 business and making informed
 decisions.

The third part of the document
 addresses the financial aspects
 of the business. It outlines
 the budgeting process and
 the importance of monitoring
 expenses closely. By keeping
 a tight rein on the budget,
 the company can avoid
 unnecessary costs and ensure
 that it remains profitable.
 The fourth part of the document
 discusses the marketing
 strategy. It emphasizes the
 need for a strong brand
 identity and effective
 communication channels.

The final part of the document
 provides a summary of the
 key points discussed. It
 reiterates the importance of
 thorough planning and
 execution in achieving
 the company's goals.



Child (during pause in sad song rendered with much expression). "Oh, MUMMY, THE POOR LADY HERSELF INN'T LIKING IT EITHER!"

ANCESTOR WORSHIP EXTRAORDINARY.

A NEW biography of CHARLES II. is promised for immediate publication by Messrs. STANLEY PAUL & Co. "The author," we are informed by the publishers, "is Miss DOROTHY SENICR, who claims descent from CHARLES II. She has entitled her work *The Gay King*, but she endeavours to show that beneath the superficial gaiety of CHARLES there was a deep vein of melancholy."

Simultaneously with this gratifying announcement we have received intimations of a somewhat similar character from several other leading publishers.

Thus a new memoir of HANNIBAL, the celebrated Carthaginian general (*dux Carthaginiensis*, as dear old LIVY has it) is announced by Messrs. Odder and Odder. The author is Miss Dido Barker, who is a collateral descendant of the famous warrior, and has brought to her task an hereditary affection coupled with literary ability of a high order. Her biography connects the famous incident of the manner in which her ancestor crossed the Alps with his having at one time been a large dealer in Tarragon vinegar during his sojourn in Spain, but she

endeavours to show that beneath the superficial acidity of his manner there was an exuberant vein of frolicsome humour.

Miss Ida March, so we learn from a *communiqué* just issued from the firm of Thicker and Thicker, has now completed her exhaustive monograph on JULIUS CÆSAR. As Miss Ida March claims descent in an unbroken line from the tyrannicide BRUTUS, it would be too much to expect that she should take as favourable a view of the great Roman as that embodied by the late Mr. FROUDE in his famous appreciation. The title of her work, *Great Cæsar's Ghost!* sufficiently indicates the viewpoint from which Miss March approaches her task. At the same time she in no way subscribes to the popular theory that CÆSAR was an austere or strait-laced man. On the contrary, she aims at showing that underneath his somewhat grim features there lurked an element of *diablerie* for which we look in vain in the pages of his laconic Commentaries.

Special interest attaches to the long-promised biography of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR which Messrs. Pougher and Blower hope to publish in Coronation week. It is from the pen of Mr.

Otho Long-i'-th'-Nose, who traces his descent from the great Duke of NORMANDY through Rebecca FitzMoses, the morganatic wife of WILLIAM RUFUS. Although his Norman sympathies are naturally pronounced, Mr. Long-i'-th'-Nose makes no attempt to whitewash his ancestor, yet endeavours to show that, underlying his semblance of ruthless force, there was a deep vein of almost "sloppy" tenderness.

The Dickens Stamp.

The popularity of the above movement has led to the association of other pedestrian gestures with the names of writers of genius. Thus, the following vogues are shortly to be established:—

- THE BELLOC GLIDE,
- THE CORELLI SKIP,
- THE BART KENNEDY HOP (TWO-STEP),
- AND
- THE BEGGIE BUMP.

"A group of well-known racing men snapped at Brooklands. The names from left to right are W. H. Bashall, A. Bashall, J. T. Bashall, and J. H. Slaughter."—*Motor Cycling*.

We are not over-sensitive about names, but, frankly, this looks very bad.

THE CELEBBITY.

I GOT into a third-class carriage about one hundred miles from Town, and that is how we met. He was the only other occupant of the carriage—a nice clean old rustic, with a patriarchal beard. I sat down opposite him, and, producing a newspaper from my pocket, began to read.

After a time I became aware, subconsciously, that the old fellow was perusing the other side of the paper which faced him. Soon he began to fidget and to show signs of some little excitement. I was the first to speak. I had finished the front page and wished to get on to the second, but, realising that the other reader might be in the thick of a very entertaining paragraph, I enquired politely, "May I?" At that he cried, "Accuse me, Sir, accuse me, but that's Me!" (I give his lingo throughout to the best of my recollection, but cannot guarantee its accuracy, for I am not an expert in dialects and have no memory.)

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Why that, Sir!" and he pointed to an advertisement of "Professor Ball's Sweet Essence of Anti-Rheum." I still looked puzzled, and he specified a portrait—a "muzzotint"—over a testimonial, signed "William Rackstreet," entitled "Cured after Eighty Years of Suffering." "That's me!" he cried triumphantly; "I am a Celebbity." I looked at the portrait and I looked at the old man. The latter might have been the rough design for the former. I had never quite realised before that these "cures" were real people, and might be met in the flesh.

"Yes, that's very interesting," I said; "I see the resemblance."

"My old 'oman says I get more like every day," remarked my travelling companion.

"Well, you must persevere," I said, and with that I thought the incident had closed. But no, the old man was not going to let the matter drop.

"It's a wonderful fine thing to be a Celebbity, Sir," he continued. "I'm the talk of my part o' the country, and that envied. Folks all points at me,

and my old 'oman likes goin' out with me. Still I don't let it make me uplifted, Sir—but it's a mighty fine feelin' to be a Celebbity—to be in the papers along o' the King and Lord CHARLES BEERSFORD and 'ARRY LAUDER and SANDOW, and the rest o' the nobbs. Ah, my old 'oman thinks summat o' me now, and I don't get so much naggin' from 'er as I used to. And the other women's that jealous of 'er cos she's married to a Celebbity! Ah, women's funny cattle."



Scotch Sexton (who has shown old lady over church and followed her to the gate without getting a tip). "WEEL, MA LEDDY, GIN YE FIND WHEN YE GANG HAME YE'VE LOST YER PURSE, YE'LL MEBBIE MIND YE DIDNA HAE IT OOT HERE."

He was over-estimating the interest I took in him, but I had to listen.

"Yes, my old 'oman's married to a great man, she is. There's only one of us ever 'ad 'is pictur' in a paper afore, an' that was Feyther's cousin John. 'E was a clurk, and 'e 'ad to do somethink to money to get 's pictur' in the papers. I'm no scholar, Sir, and I can't tell you what 'e did to the money, but the word made a noise like a humble-bee."

"Embezzled," I suggested.

"Ah, you're a clever un. That was it. And 'e got put away for it; but I've come by my pictur' honourable, Sir."

It would have been churlish to go on reading my paper. "And how did it all come about?" I asked.

"Ah, that be a long tale, Sir. You see I was well known up our way for my rheumatiz, even afore this. And one day the Genkleman—what was 'is name, Sir? I can never memory it."

"Professor Ball's Sweet Essence of Anti-Rheum," I said.

"Ah, you're a knowing one; that's it. Well, 'e call when I was out a-work, and 'e give my old woman a bottle for me for to try. And then 'e calls arterwards, and asks if I feels better, and I tells 'im as maybe I does. It was one o' my good days it so 'appened. I didn't tell 'im I 'adn't swallered 'is mixtur'. You see I don't never take no physicks, Sir. I don't 'old with 'em. I ain't 'eld with 'em since the show-up of Dr. Smith's Cure-All."

"Oh, what was that?" I asked.

"Why, I used to take that reg'lar, Sir, until a paper what never printed 'is advertisings showed 'im up. It seems 'e wasn't really no doctor at all, Sir, and 'e first brought 'is stuff out as a Happetising Sauce for whittles, and it didn't ketch on as that, an' 'e then turns it into a 'Air Lotion, but folks complained as it was too sticky, an' then 'e advertises it as a Cure-all, and it goes off like 'ot cakes—until the paper gives it away. The pigs 'ad the rest o' mine."

"Ah," I said.

"Well, the Genkleman, Sir, 'e told me 'is mixtur' 'ad done me a power o' good, and o' course it wasn't for the likes o' me to argufy with an eddicated genkleman in a 'igh 'at.

An' 'e was a very knowin' genkleman. 'E seemed to know at worst I wasn't a teetotum, and we ups and goes to the King's 'Ead.' And then the Genkleman brings out the letter for me to signify."

"You must have earned the Professor a good many hundred pounds," I said.

"And if I 'ave, I don't begrudge it 'im, Sir, for 'e was a very nice genkleman . . . Ah, I often wish my Feyther was alive, Sir. There was two of us, James and me, and Feyther always called me the stoopid one, yet 'ere's me a Celebbity, and James—oo's ever 'ard of James, Sir? 'Ave you ever 'eard of James Rackstreet, Sir?"



Guttersnipe. "OO, PLEASE—WILL YER RUN IN—THE BLOKE—WOT PINCHED MY CAP!"

Policeman. "WHO IS HE?"

Guttersnipe. "OI DUNNO—BUT YOU CAN 'AVE YOUNG BILL 'ERE AS A CLUE. THE BLOKE LEFT 'IS FINGER-PRINTS ON THE KID'S FACE!"

I shook my head.

The train was slackening, and the old man rose—with difficulty. "I gets out 'ere," he said.

The train drew up with a jolt, and the old man groaned. "Ah, that jerkin's bad when you're a mass of rheumatiz," he explained as he bade me Good Day.

THE OFFICE PAIN.

(With renewed apologies to the sprightly paragonist of "The Daily Chronicle.")

WHAT a strange world it is, to be sure! Last week it was quite fine, and a day or so later we were buttoning up our coats and shivering as though at the North Pole. No wonder that the American said that England had no climate, only samples. There is, however, no use in grumbling, and this writer has always found consolation in the old couplet:

"Whether it's cold or whether it's hot,
You've got to weather it, whether or not."

What, however, he has never rightly understood is how the last "whether"

should be spelt. Should it be "whether or not" or "weather or not"? At the Club lunch opinion is divided, but the ablest man there inclines to "whether," as in the version above. Asked to state his reason, he replied, "Wild wethers wouldn't extract it from me."

* * *

When you come to think of it the great bore about life is dressing. If we could rise from our beds in the morning, like dogs, all ready for the day, and retire as easily, and never have the need of a new coat of hair, how easy everything would be! At the same time it must be admitted that a new coat is by no means unknown to our canine friends, and at this moment the writer's coat is covered with hairs from one of his pets. Such a state of things naturally did not pass without comment at the Club lunch, where, after various sarcasms had been discharged, the whole company joined in the hymn, "Dare to be a Spaniel."

* * *

Descending yesterday from his bus, this writer was requested by a news-

paper boy to purchase the latest edition. Although totally lacking any military distinction, the writer was addressed by the boy as "Keptin," and the question arises, why does it please a civilian, no matter what he is, whether grocer or journalist, to have a military title conferred upon him? An interesting volume could be written upon this particular human foible. Referring to the matter later in the day at the Club lunch, this writer obtained some valuable suggestions. But it was left for the Club lunch wit (as usual) to say the best thing. "The reason why we like being called 'major,'" he said, "is that we know ourselves to be so — minor."

* * *

It has often been asked why this column (conducted by this writer) is called "The Office Pain." No one who has ever eaten the Club lunch can fail to understand the reason.

NEW TITLE FOR LORD HALDANE:—
The All-British Schopenhauer.

COMMEMORATION.

"If this is spring," said Jeremy—"b-r-r-r—give me—give me—well, give me the matches, anyhow."

"Catch," said Mrs. Jeremy. "And tell me the news, if there is any."

Jeremy lit his pipe and began to explore the paper.

"There is a most important announcement about the Coronation that I caught a glimpse of a moment ago," he said, "only it keeps on slipping past me. Ah, here it is—in large print. 'Book your seats for the Coronation now!' What do you think of that?"

"Oh, Jerry, shall we book three seats now?"

"Two seats," said Jeremy.

"Jeremy!" said his wife indignantly. "Have you forgotten Baby?"

"I don't think Baby wants to go. She hasn't said anything to me about it."

"You don't understand her, that's what it is. I told her all about it yesterday."

"If she could only say 'Gee-gee,'" said Jeremy, "that would be something. I mean it would keep her busy while the procession was on. As it is—"

"She did say 'Gee-gee' once."

"Not in a competition—only in practice. That doesn't count."

"But think how nice it would be for her when she's grown up to be able to say that she remembers seeing GEORGE THE FIFTH'S Coronation."

"She won't remember it. People never remember things that happened to them before they were one. That's what makes it so nice to own quite a young baby. You don't have to be so careful."

"But of course we should tell her that she saw it."

"I shall probably tell her that anyhow. You get the same results at less expense. I don't think you realise, dear, how expensive it's going to be."

"I suppose it depends where we see it from?"

"To a certain extent I suppose it does. Some places are fairly cheap. For instance, here is something for forty pounds the day in—oh, well, it isn't actually on the best part of the route—in Willesden."

"I don't think I've ever been to Willesden," said Mrs. Jeremy.

"Then we shall be able to bring off the double event in one day—Willesden and the Coronation."

"I think I'd rather be a little nearer, dear, if it's possible."

"Well, what about Brixton? Here's a house at Brixton being given away in Coronation week for five hundred

guineas. Within several miles of the procession. Can you see three or four miles, dear?"

"I don't know, I've never been to Brixton."

"You don't seem to have been anywhere. You should travel, darling. Now, have you ever heard of Hampstead? For a thousand pounds you can get an upper part in Hampstead, from which a view of St. Paul's Cathedral and other points along the route can readily be obtained."

"It's going to cost a lot of money," sighed Mrs. Jeremy.

"It is indeed. Aren't you glad now that we decided not to take Baby? Oh, look here, this is all right! Two guineas a week! It's in— Oh, that's too far off. We must draw the line at Devonshire. Oh, I see, I've got on to the wrong column. It's for Easter."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Jeremy, "we couldn't go up for the day and stand in the crowd, and get back here the same night?"

"I don't know. I'm full of loyalty, but six hours in the train and six more in the gutter in a broiling sun—or a beastly blizzard, or whatever weather it is—will strain my loyalty to the breaking point. How would Baby like to be woken up that night by a Republican father?"

"Then we won't go. We'll celebrate it in the country by ourselves."

"Right," said Jeremy. "And I will now take a brisk walk round the garden and work out something brilliant. Loyal but brilliant."

He finished his paper, read one column over again, and then walked thoughtfully out into the garden. In spite of the bitter wind he strolled down the deserted pergola and stood a moment looking at the little stream which divided the lawns from the cabbages. Then he surveyed the herbaceous border with a careful eye, nodded his head three times, and came back into the house at a brisk trot.

"My dear," he said, bursting enthusiastically into his wife's room, "I have it! Put on all the clothes you've got and come out with me." He dashed into his dressing-room and dashed out again, doing up buttons. "Six of my knitted waistcoats are missing," he said. "If I catch a chill it will be because I could only find four. Come on."

When they got outside, Jeremy paused. "This is a momentous occasion," he said. "I rather think we ought to have Baby here. Is it too cold for her?"

"Much," said Mrs. Jeremy firmly.

"Then we'll waive that point. Now then, this is my idea. We are agreed, are we not, that we ought to celebrate

KING GEORGE'S coronation in a loyal and lasting manner?"

"We are."

"Very well. Then this is how we'll do it. You see this silly pergola, with its ugly wooden posts and grass walk leading to nowhere? We'll pull it down and replace it with nice stone pillars and gravel. How does that strike you?"

"Beautiful, dear."

"'Beautiful' is the word. Then this bridge over the stream. It's nothing but an old log. Now what do you say to a nice stone bridge into the kitchen garden?"

"That would be rather sweet."

"You see, what I feel is that, as things are, a person approaching from the cabbages might easily miss the sundial at the top of the herbaceous border simply because he didn't know it was there. Even if he did know and wanted to get to it he might fall off the bridge into the stream on his way. Now if we have this strong stone bridge first, then the broad gravel walk, and then turn the herbaceous border into a macadam road, why then nobody would have any excuse for not getting to the end of it."

"All the same the sun-dial is rather pretty."

"Yes," said Jeremy; "I feel that that is the weak part of the scheme. Perhaps we'd better have an iron summer-house there instead."

When the great Coronation scheme had been thoroughly explained to her and they were before the fire again, Mrs. Jeremy said, looking up from the paper:

"You were being sarcastic just now, weren't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Jeremy, "but I shall be all right after lunch."

"Well, but what is your idea of a beautiful EDWARD Memorial?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jeremy. "I think I should re-turf the Mall and pull down Buckingham Palace."

A. A. M.

The Way to Promotion.

From a poster outside the London Scottish Headquarters:—

"A REGIMENTAL WHIST DRIVE

Under the patronage of the Commanding Officer (Promoted by the Sergeants of the Battalion)."

It's well to keep in with the sergeants, if you're an ambitious officer.

"Even more strange, however, is that he writes from the top to the bottom of the paper instead of from right to left, as most people do."

Weekly Dispatch.

We too must be very peculiar—for that's just what we do.

DERRING-DO.

As it is I have a bad cold in the head and it might have been much worse. Also I feel that I cannot now marry Diana. For that however I care little; she has no nice feelings and would make but an indifferent wife.

It was a few days ago that I went a solitary walk upon the sands. The sea was rough and there were few people about. It is a little difficult to explain what I was doing. My readers will think it was a somewhat childish proceeding. The fact was, I was amusing myself by approaching to the very jaws of a wave and, when it broke, endeavouring to escape it. The practice requires no little skill and dexterity and is moreover attended by some considerable personal risk; but that is, of course, an element in all true sport and makes us Englishmen what we are.

So absorbed was I in this occupation that in the very midst of a critical retreat I had the most hairbreadth escape from being run over and killed by Diana, who came prancing up on a beastly horse. I uncovered and asked her with biting sarcasm whether she had bought the sea-shore.

Being at a loss for a telling repartee she panted and made a great show of being out of breath. "Glorious! glorious!" she shouted at last, brushing the golden hair out of her eyes. "James, why do you never come and ride with me?"

I said that my stud of horses was wintering in the South of France.

"You can hire one," she replied; "but I believe you're afraid."

I confess that I had no leaning towards equestrianism, but her suggestion put me on my mettle. "I'm not," I said; "I'm as brave as two lions."

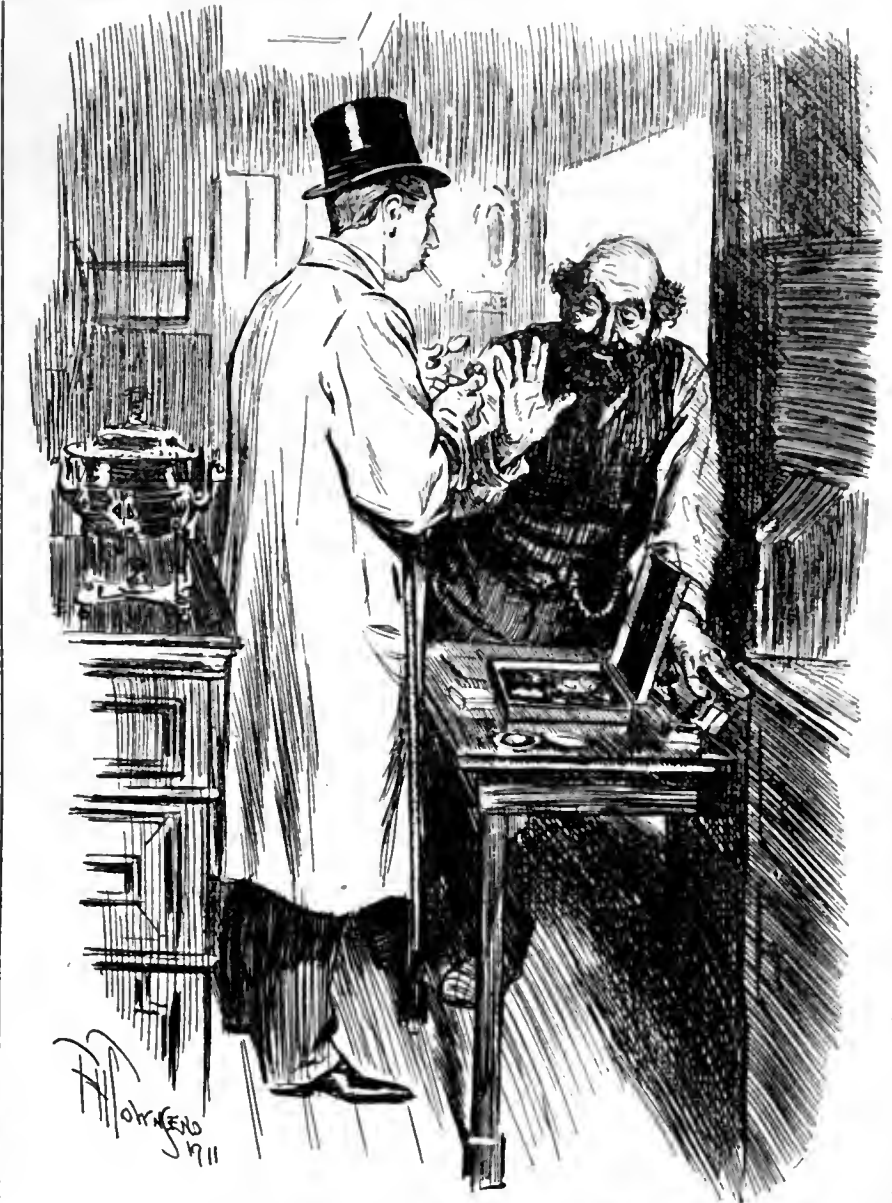
So we arranged a ride for the following morning, and she scampered off, covering me with sand from head to foot.

The next day accordingly found me at the livery stables with a riding-crop under my arm. I spoke to the seedy individual in charge. "I want a small tame horse," I said.

"Yes, Sir," quoth he, and thereupon presented me with an enormous animal, which moreover had a roving eye that was exceedingly distasteful. I never realized before how large horses are.

"Can you ride, Sir?" he asked impertinently.

"Can I ride!" As a matter of fact I did not know, as it was my first experiment, though I work a car rather decently. However I had seen people mount, and grasping a bunch of its



THE UNDEFEATED SALESMAN.

"THAT STONE, SIR, WAS THE EYE OF AN IDOL."

"WHERE'S THE IDOL!"

"RETURNED, SIR, TO THE HEATHENS TO PREVENT COMPLICATIONS."

hair in my left hand I vaulted lightly into the stirrup. The ostler then put in some assistance and I presently arrived upon its back.

"Where's the brake?" I asked.

He gave me a sinister grin.

"Orses don't 'ave no brikes," he said.

A feeling of disquiet came upon me, but as I went gently down the High Street on the first speed I gained confidence.

"People talk a lot of rot about learning to ride," I thought.

At the next moment a tram passed and the brute got automatically into its second gear. With great promptness I pulled the reins and it stopped

dead and sneezed so violently that I all but slid down its neck.

For some time we remained stationary and then a bystander very kindly started it again for me.

After that I soon found that I had the beast well under control, and took several corners in good style.

On reaching the "Laurels," Diana's abode, I was in a quandary. It seemed impossible to dismount, but how else could I ring the bell? Fortunately they have no silly front-door steps, and after some skilful manœuvring I managed to ring it with my foot. As soon as the door opened my horse made a foolish attempt to enter the vestibule



Time—Early Spring. Weather—Wintery.
Ribald Spectator (to energetic Territorial busily flag-wagging). "FANNIN' YERSELF, CAP. ING?"

or lobby. The trim maid retreated in alarm. With great presence of mind I grasped some ivy that grew upon the wall.

At that moment Diana opened a window above me.

"Leave your horse outside, James; surely you know it isn't etiquette——"

"I did not intend the horse to enter," I protested. "I trust sincerely it is not eating the umbrellas. It is almost beyond my power to control its actions, for it is very wild. I fear I must abandon it and climb into the ivy."

However, at this point the horse suddenly tired of the interior and backed out of its own accord.

Diana was tactless enough to suggest again that I should dismount.

"I cannot descend," I said. "It would leap from my hands if I did and speedily be lost in the woods. It is a horse of the most deplorable character."

Diana's steed was shortly brought round from the stables, and, after putting her arms about its neck and kissing its ear, she was mounted by a groom, and we set forth.

For a time all went well. I rode along beside her at a gentle pace and told her how frightfully pretty she was and how her horse matched her hair.

We were a striking couple as we rode through the town. Small wonder that the people on the tram-cars leant

over the side as one man to look at us. My only anxiety was lest my horse should sneeze again.

However, when we reached the seashore, another difficulty beset me.

Diana suggested that we should gallop.

"Gallop," I said. "Yes—perhaps. The only thing is, I don't think my horse does that."

"Then I should beat him till he does," she answered helpfully.

Somehow I felt opposed to this course.

"Do you know," I said, "I think kindness is the better treatment. If you beat a horse it doesn't understand; it only resents it."

"Well, let's try," she said, and, leaning over, she gave it an enormous bang.

What exactly happened I don't know, but the sands whizzed round me, the sky appeared to vanish into the sea, and the next moment I was in the middle of a large wave.

When I sat up I found myself drifting about in the surf, while Diana was on the shore, lying upon her horse's neck and shouting with laughter.

I might have been willing to forgive the girl for her senseless joke had she not subsequently made me a present of a bucket and spade. In the circumstances I feel that the only possible course is to stand on my dignity.

LOYALTY UP-TO-DATE.

[Mr. WALTER ISAAC, an official of a mysterious league for the abolition of the Lords' Veto, is said to have issued a circular previous to the opening of Parliament, calling upon the people to line the streets as His Majesty went by; and by adding to their loyal shout of "God save the King" vociferations of "and down with the Lords," show that this time the Government meant business. If the gentleman proposes similarly to improve the shining hour at Coronation-time, the following amended version of the National Anthem may be just the thing he wants.]

God save our gracious KING,
 And above everything
 Down with the Lords!
 Prosper the Government,
 Steel them lest they relent,
 Oh! let their bows be bent,
 Guide their good swords.

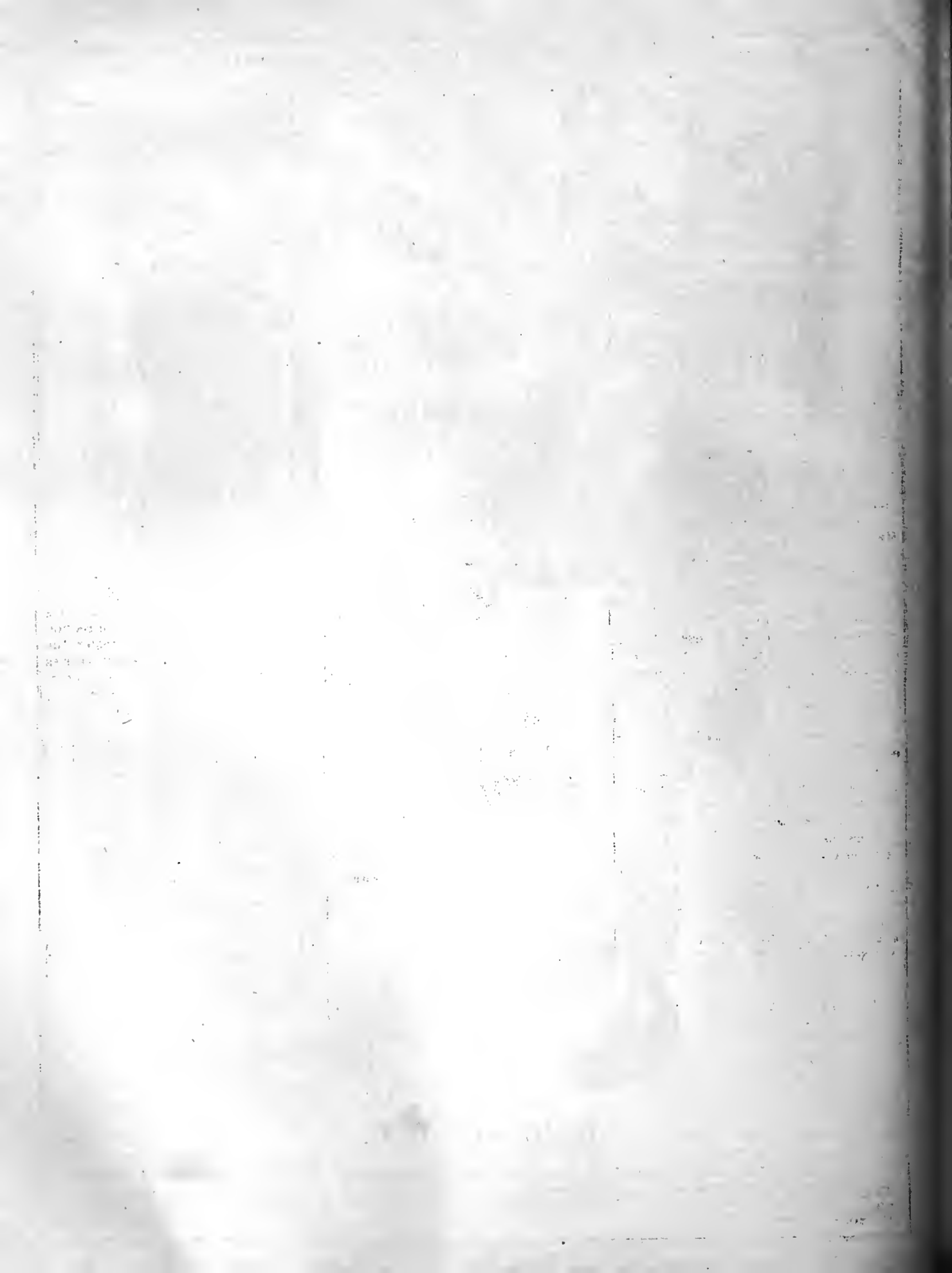
Long live our CHANCELLOR,
 May he hold office for
 Ages untold.
 Long may his righteous hand
 Govern (and tax) our land,
 Gathering kudos and
 Publican gold.

Down with the Veto crew,
 And with Protection too;
 Crush the vile thing!
 Hasten the glorious day
 Of single chamber sway—
 Oh, yes! and, by the way,
 God save the KING.



QUID PRO QUO.

MR. JOHN REDMOND. "SUPPOSE I MUST PATRONISE THIS ESTABLISHMENT. I SHALL WANT THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED NEXT YEAR WHEN I START MY ALL-REDMOND SHOW."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday March 27.

—Curious how sudden impulse unexpectedly seizes a man, embarking him on enterprise which when he rose in the morning was far from his mind. Here's AINSWORTH, for example, one of best groomed men in the House, has decorated it these eight years and not disturbed its serenity by making a single speech. With characteristic originality when he broke the spell he chose unauthorised opportunity. Generally understood that there exists ancient ordinance forbidding making of speeches at Question time. Nothing easier, few proceedings more frequent, than evasion of this rule. If in course of Question hour a Member rose and, addressing the MINISTER, remarked, "I should like to inform the right honourable gentleman that two and two make four," there would be angry shout of "Order! Order!" SPEAKER would interfere, and the rule-breaker would have to resume his seat. But if he put his great thought into interrogative form, thus: "Is the right honourable gentleman aware that two and two make four?" he would be perfectly in order. The Minister would reply at greater or less length; other Members below and above the Gangway would nip in with supplementary questions; and the SPEAKER would benevolently preside over regular debate.

AINSWORTH, by this time quite an elderly young Member, well aware of this regulation. Observed it throughout the greater part of his speech. In fact, it was somewhat inartistic deference to formula that led to his downfall.

Occasion of this memorable address appropriate in its noteworthiness. Captain WARING asked SECRETARY TO TREASURY "whether he is aware that the method of assessing licence duty on the basis of alcoholic trade done has the approval of the licensed trade in Scotland as the fairest way of raising the money required; and whether, in view of the fact that the licensing law in Scotland has always differed from that which obtains in England, he will consider the advisability of adopting a different system of assessment in the present case?"

HOBHOUSE, Martha of the Treasury Bench, troubled about many things, made due answer. From midway along the Front Bench below Gangway on Ministerial side rose the good grey head of the Member for Argyllshire. But WARING's conundrum had excited emulation in several parts of the House. When others jumped up AINSWORTH, pink of courtesy, always

ready to efface himself, dropped back in his seat. Debate carried a little further he rose again, and this time caught the SPEAKER's eye.

Began his address very well, introducing it with the consecrated formula: "Is the honourable gentleman aware that—?" Went on with his Secondly and Thirdly safeguarded by similar device. There was some murmuring at his Fourthly; had he not been so absorbed in the profundity of problem set forth in original question he would have noted ominous rustling in SPEAKER's Chair.

Where he made mistake was in reiterating the phrase "Also whether" when introducing fresh section of the



NIPPED IN THE BUD—AS IT WERE!

The maiden-speech of the Member for Argyllshire entirely ruined by the unfeeling intervention of the SPEAKER!

(Mr. J. S. AINSWORTH.)

speech. If he had varied it on turning to his fifth point, all might have been well. When once more it resounded the SPEAKER was on his legs with stern cry of "Order! Order!" AINSWORTH dropped back in his seat with suddenness that recalled action of the American gentleman, whose name I for the moment forget, who in the course of animated conversation received in the abdomen a chunk of red sandstone.

Regarded as a maiden speech it was full of promise, which the House will look forward with interest to see fulfilled on some not far distant occasion.

Business done. — PREMIER moved Resolution authorising use of guillotine with view to completing Budget business before close of financial year. Under its provisions Report stage to be accomplished on Wednesday; Third Reading taken forthwith. Opposition bitterly complain that allotted time is insufficient. Accordingly they make denunciatory speeches which, commencing at a quarter to four, conclude at sound of dinner-bell ringing at eight o'clock. Having thus occupied more than four hours lamenting inadequacy of time for dealing with important subject, House emptied, something like score of Members remaining to deal with Bill in Committee. Progress reported at 2.27 A.M.

Tuesday.—At a moment when union of hearts between Irish Nationalists and Liberals seems on verge of consummation unhappy incident arises that threatens to undo labour of many months. From question addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL by Mr. CRUMLEY it appears that on the 17th inst., being St. Patrick's Day, a tyrannous postmaster, hireling of Saxon Government, ordered a telegraph messenger boy to remove a bunch of shamrock from his cap. When not engaged in direction of Imperial affairs at Westminster, the Member for South Fermanagh carries on the business of a butcher in Enniskillen, the ancient and renowned city, scene of this alleged outrage. Pretty to see, as Mr. PEPYS was wont to observe, how, when sternly addressing the hapless POSTMASTER-GENERAL, Mr. CRUMLEY's hands moved with almost imperceptible gesture as if he were sharpening a knife on a steel.

Had already privily engaged POSTMASTER-GENERAL's attention on subject. What he now desired to know was whether the Minister "has yet completed his enquiries into the matter; whether he found the allegation to be true; and if so" (observe the variety of interrogation in contrast with AINSWORTH's slavish, fatal adherence to his "also whether") "how has he dealt or proposes to deal with the postmaster who so far exceeded his duty?"

The INFANT SAMUEL met with plain unvarnished tale this damaging charge, which has shaken South Fermanagh to its centre and threatens, as hinted, to break up the *entente cordiale* between the Irish Members and Downing Street. The boy, it appeared, had, in excess of patriotic zeal presented himself at the post office all on St. Patrick's morning not only with a sprig of shamrock in his button-hole but with a generous wreath twined about his cap. The postmaster felt the line must be drawn somewhere. Raised no objection to the buttonhole.



"NAPOLEON B." sadly passes the House of Commons en route for the Lords.
(Viscount HALDANE.)

But, really, before the boy went forth to convey a sixpenny telegram the wreath must be discarded. This was done, and before night fell Enniskillen was on the verge of rebellion.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S explanation received in silence in Nationalist camp. Not certain we have heard last of matter, or of its possible influence on fortunes of Ministers.

Business done.—Budget Bill through Committee.

House of Lords, Thursday.—"So your friend NAPOLEON B. HALDANE has gone to Elba, eh?" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "Perhaps it would be more exact to say to St. Helena, for he can never come back again."

SARK here lacks something of his habitual accuracy. Removals of the other NAPOLEON B. were compulsory, consequent upon failure. HALDANE'S peerage

is a mark of special favour, reward of supreme success. Its price is placed above rubies by the universal acclaim hailing announcement. Liberals, Conservatives, Nationalists, Labour Members, whatever we be, we are each all one in our homage to the new VISCOUNT'S capacity.

In the Commons gratification is modified by reflection that we shall no more be sunned by his presence on Treasury Bench, nor hear again his lucid, if occasionally lengthy, exposition of the art of making an Army, Territorial or otherwise.

Outside the range of one or two families, aristocratic and commercial, advancement in House of Commons is exclusively due to sheer merit. Thus HALDANE won his way, at first slowly, his pace quickening when once he got into stride. Remember how,

little more than a score years ago, his rising from bench behind that on which Mr. G. and his colleagues sat had effect of dinner-bell. Members streamed out with confident assurance that if they returned any time within an hour they would not lose opportunity of hearing something of what the Member for Haddingtonshire had to say.

His first marked success was displayed in the ease and swiftness with which he carried through some useful Bills. In the late Eighties Mr. BIGGAR was in full career as an Obstructionist. His shrill "I 'bject" rang out whenever a Member, official or private, sought to make progress with a Bill after midnight. HALDANE had much at heart a measure he with characteristic brevity named "The Land Purchase, Registration, and Searches Bill." Midnight had struck, and in accordance with Standing Order then in vogue no opposed business might be taken. With a pair of spectacles adding last touch of benevolence to his countenance, with pencil in right hand, copy of the Orders firmly grasped in his left, Mr. BIGGAR sat on guard in his familiar place below Gangway. He had only to utter his magic formula and HALDANE and his Registration Bill would lose their opportunity. To the amazement of the House, he said never a word, and the Bill passed through Committee.

Whether HALDANE had privily suborned him and by what process are secrets the new Viscount has carried to the House of Lords.

Still young as statesmen are rated, LORD HALDANE may have fresh triumphs in store. His renown will last, broadly based on his services to the Army which equal, if they do not exceed, those associated with the name of CARDWELL.

Business Done.—Viscount HALDANE takes the oath and his seat.

"HUNTING PARTY.—On the 13th inst., a rabbit hunting party consisting Mr. Hineno, Mr. Shimizudani, Chamberlains, and other officials in the Household Department, proceeded to the Imperial hunting reserve at Narashino, Chiba prefecture. Taking local hunters as guides, the party at once commenced hunting with nets, catching 10 rabbits during the day. In the course of hunting, an old fox suddenly appeared and was killed with a stick by Mr. Shimizudani, while Mr. Harada who separated from the party shot 8 pigeons in the adjacent woods."—*Japan Times*.

A nice mixed bag. And so home to tea, brave hearts.

"Reuter wires from Teheran that two Englishmen, Messrs. Kay and Haycock, travelling in the direction of Teheran, have been robbed of everything north of Ispahan."—*Times of India*. Let's hope that some of the south of Ispahan remains intact.



AN AWFUL CONTINGENCY.

"WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS DOING?"

"SETTLING OUR COSTUMES FOR THE SHAKSPEARE BALL, MOTHER."

"TAKE MY ADVICE AND WAIT. THEY MAY DIG UP SOMETHING AT ANY MOMENT TO PROVE THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A PERSON, AND THEN WHERE WOULD YOUR ROSALIND AND CELIA BE?"

DUTY AMONG THIEVES.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT FOR A TARIFF.

[Even the poor British burglar was not allowed to carry on his trade without competition from abroad.—Recent speech, received with laughter.]

Who'll buy a jemmy? who would like
An outfit with a good connotation,
Complete with lantern, file and tyke?
I and my mates are out on strike;
We want a *métier* where there 's more
protection.

What profit now to crouch and crawl,
Risking the most acute lumbago?
It's ten to one that, after all,
You come in time to see the haul
Being transplanted by a nasty Dago.
But there it is. If English folk
Condemn the methods we have hit on,
Would rather have their houses broke
By some dishonest foreign bloke
Than see it managed by a healthy
Briton,

All right. But if it isn't that;
If you prefer a man who washes,

Who wipes his feet upon the mat
Before he saunters round the flat,
To some foul oaf with mud on his
goloshes,

Let's have it down in white and black,
A Duty on our burgling neighbour.
While there are British cribs to crack
And British thieves retain the knack,
Let's have them cracked by honest
British labour!

THE HONOUR OF THE NAVY.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—As an Imperialist I feel that I am almost entitled to encroach upon your valuable space and appeal through you to the Naval Authorities, begging them to mark this "year of years," as *The Daily Mail* so aptly puts it, by some alteration in the dress or equipment of the Navy.

Why should the Army alone have fresh buttons and braids and caps, etc., every other month, and the Navy remain completely neglected *in statu quo*?

Only to-day I see in my morning paper that Infantry officers in future are to exchange the plain red sash for a handsome eummerbund of gold and red (price, £5 15s. 0d. spot cash, to £7 7s. 0d. credit).

What, I ask, has been done for the Navy? Absolutely nothing! The last honour conferred upon the Senior Service was after the death of NELSON, when the men were given a black sash and three white lines on their collar to denote his three great victories. Surely the introduction of the Torpedo might have suggested an alteration in the cocked hat, whilst the launching of the *Super-Dreadnought* would have been an excellent opportunity for a further row of gold lace all round.

I am,

Yours obediently,

"DISINTERESTED."

(From Messrs. Heave and Hitch, Naval Outfitters. Card enclosed not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.)

THE RECOGNITION.

I HAVE not always lived in the country. Once upon a time I lived in London. When I lived in London I had many friends. Sometimes I remember them. Sometimes they remember me.

It was not really a fog. My train had only attained that exact degree of lateness which betokens a fog for the following day. The Strand was hazy; the air was raw. I walked quickly.

"Hullo!" cried a voice at my elbow. "Hullo!"

I stopped and glanced back. He came forward and held out his hand. I took it.

"By Jove," he exclaimed. "Fancy meeting you again here! The very last man I expected to see! Talking about you to the wife only yesterday! Know I'm married, don't you?"

"No," I replied quite truthfully, "I didn't."

"Well, how are you?" he continued. "How do you like the country? 'Pon my soul, you haven't changed a bit! Seen any of the boys lately?"

"What boys? Whose boys?" I asked, hoping for a clue to his identity.

"Why, all the old crowd. Why didn't you let me know? We'd have had a rare old time."

His face seemed dimly familiar to me. I had met him somewhere before.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I know you, of course, but I'm hanged if I can think what your name is for the moment."

He stepped back a pace and looked at me in pained reproof. "Well," he exclaimed, "I never thought *you* would forget me! If I'd been asked—oh, well—!"

"What *is* your name?"

"I shan't tell you," he replied shortly. "If you can't remember me I'm not going to help you."

"Well, then, where did we meet? Tell me that."

"Warwickshire. Do you remember me now?"

Yes—I remembered him then, perfectly.

"Great Scott!" I cried. "Of course I do! It's years since we met!"

"Time *does* move," he assented.

"It's Captain Brimmacombe, isn't it?"

"That's me," he replied, drawing himself up. "I thought you'd remember me all right."

"Of course you were in pink last time."

"Pink what?" he inquired—and then added hastily, "Oh, yes, of *course* I was!"

"Out with the Tamworth beagles, eh? Two stags that day, wasn't it?"

"And nearly another," amended Brimmacombe. "Very nearly another."

"Only it got to earth and we'd no ferrets, so we rode back from the meet and had a snipe drive at Lord Blackacre's."

"That's it," cried Brimmacombe. "Lord—how it all comes back to one. There weren't many huntsmen could touch *us* that day! Not much!"

"Done much hunting lately?" I inquired.

He shook his head mournfully. "My days with the dogs are over," he replied. "I was thrown off my horse and had to very reluctantly give it up."

"Split your infinitive, didn't you?"

"I did. Hospital for six weeks, and had to leave the Army."

"What regiment was it?"

"Ugh!" he shuddered, "it's cold out here. Come in and have a drink. Just one. I never have more than one in the middle of the day. Must have something to warm one in this weather. Ugh!"

I learned a great deal about British sport during that one drink—and a great deal that was new concerning crack cavalry regiments.

"Shall we do as they do on board ship?" inquired Brimmacombe when our glasses were empty. "Just the one drink and toss who pays for it?" He produced a handful of silver coins and counted them, turning one or two over in the process. "Seven. That's right. You call."

He turned his hand, palm downwards, over the coins. "Shall we have a bob on it, too? Just for luck."

"Why not half-a-sovereign?" I suggested.

"Done," he shouted. "You call, that's fair enough, eh? You call."

My eye fell on the glass door of the bar-room. I stared in amazement. "By Jove!" I cried, "there *is* Lord Blackacre! I'll bring him in!"

The day was raw and I walked quickly. I don't know Warwickshire; I don't know anyone of the name of Brimmacombe; I don't know Lord Blackacre. I know that I had only met this old friend once before. That was three years ago at the same spot, and I lost the toss. I know that, on the present occasion, when I left him, three of the coins beneath his palm lay with their heads uppermost, and three with their tails on top. I don't know how long the seventh one stood on its edge between his fingers. I don't know what he said when he paid for the drinks.

But I do know that we shall never meet again.

DOUBLE-FACED DEVOTION.

HE was a poet of the minor kind,
He felt the thrill of springtime stir
his blood,

The country called him, though his
polished mind
Abominated mud.

He took a cab (the Tube his temper tried
Electric manners were a thought too
brisk),

And fared to a suburban country-side
To see the lambkins frisk.

With tasselled tails that flicked at every
bound,

With juvenile and fascinating "baas,"
With arching backs they bucked, and
romped around
Their undisturbed Mammas.

And, as the fleeces frolicked with a will,
Through their spectator's inmost
bosom swept

A gush of sympathetic joy, until
He very nearly wept;

And, filled vicariously with vernal youth,
Returned, to render as a poet can
In dithyrambic verse the artless truth
That lambkins teach to man.

Nor could they tempt him from his
proof-strewn den

To take his tea or snatch a moment's
rest

Until on foolscap, with a fountain pen,
He'd got it off his chest.

When, later, pale but satisfied, he dined,
His words, curt and compendious,
were these

(They show the poet's latitude of mind),
"The mint-sauce, if you please."

Great Thoughts.

"The lock-out of cotton operatives, following on the partial strike of the workers, has come to an end through the meditation of the chairman of the District Council."—*Times of India*.

He seems to have had a strong thinking part, something like *Lord Burleigh's*.

"Mister E. sat biting a pen with his census paper before him. 'What is your age, Mrs. E.?' '34 years.' 'I should not have believed it. Do you know that the united ages of yourself and me equals exactly the united ages of our two children, and that the united ages of myself and the younger child is the same as that of yours and the elder child's? Altogether our ages amount to 96 years. Can any reader give the age of each of the four members of the family?'—From "Yes or No."

Yes, we can. Mr. E., if the above is to be believed, is 14, and his younger child is 34, the elder child being only 14. But if he starts filling in his census paper like that he'll get himself into trouble.

AN ERROR IN DIET.

GWENDOLEN, it appears, is extremely annoyed with me: but, sorry as I am, the mistake, I maintain, was just one of those which might have been made by anybody. There was no doubt that her rabbit was getting monstrously fat (when it was first given to her on her ninth birthday it was I who suggested calling it Bernard, on account of its vegetarian diet; but as time went on it became clear that Gilbert would have been a more appropriate name). Anyhow, she seems to regard me as a kind of godfather to it, and in some way responsible for its behaviour. We had just seen it consume something like its own weight in lettuce and cabbage leaves, with an occasional monkey-nut thrown in to vary the monotony, and it still seemed ravenously hungry. Its eyes were glassy but determined.

"What it wants," I said at last, "is some exercise; what can you expect when it's cooped up like that? You ought to take it out on a lead every morning."

"But then some big dog might get it," she objected.

"It would have to be a very big one," I said. "Besides, I don't suppose any dog would take it for a rabbit at all: with those lop ears and that waist measurement it would probably be mistaken for one of the pigmy elephants that explorers see in Africa. By the way, how long have you had it?"

"A year and a half," she told me, "and when it came it was only a teeny—just so high. And Nurse says they live eight years," she added rather solemnly.

"In that case," I said, "by the time you're seventeen it will have eaten you out of house and home. You will have to have a new stable built for it. Still, it might have been worse, you know. Suppose it had been a tortoise: they live for a thousand years, and at that rate of growth, if the present Government were still in, just think of the land-taxes your descendants would have to pay."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Gwendolen.

"No," I said, "I suppose not. By Jove, though, I have it: the very thing."

On my way home I bought a bottle of "Makelene," that infallible remedy for reducing the flesh which forms (if one may judge from the advertisements) almost the sole topic of conversation on golf-courses and skating-rinks and even at receptions and balls. I judged that it would meet Bernard's case exactly.

About three weeks later I had a letter



"HOW DO YOU LIKE THE VICAR?"
"NOT AT ALL; HE'S SO FAT—AND IN LENT, TOO!"

from Marjorie (she is Gwendolen's sister and about three years older). "I am writing," she said, "because Gwendolen is too angry. We gave Bernard that stuff you sent, and he is worse than ever. We have to feed him all day long, and he is grown about two inches all round. Nurse says he couldn't eat more if he was a Christian, and he will probably die of epilepsy."

This was very puzzling. Could those advertisements have lied? And then a wave of horror swept over me. I went into my bedroom and found it was only too true. The "Makelene" was still there. I had accidentally sent Bernard a bottle of "Robusto," the great nerve- tonic and appetite-

restorer, which (in common with the crowned heads of Europe) I have been taking lately. Well, well. Bernard is evidently one of those who have greatness thrust upon them. I have not dared to ask for any more reports of him—there is only too much fear that the next may be the last, and possibly a very loud one.

"The spelling of the designation of the 12th Pioneers, the Kelat-I-Ghilzai, Regiment, shall be the 12th Pioneers, the Kelat-I-Ghilzai Regiment, to accord with the form of spelling notified in Army Department Notification No. 1079, dated the 30th December, 1910, for the honorary distinction Kelat-I-Ghilzai."—*The Pioneer*.

What was the trouble?

AT THE PLAY.

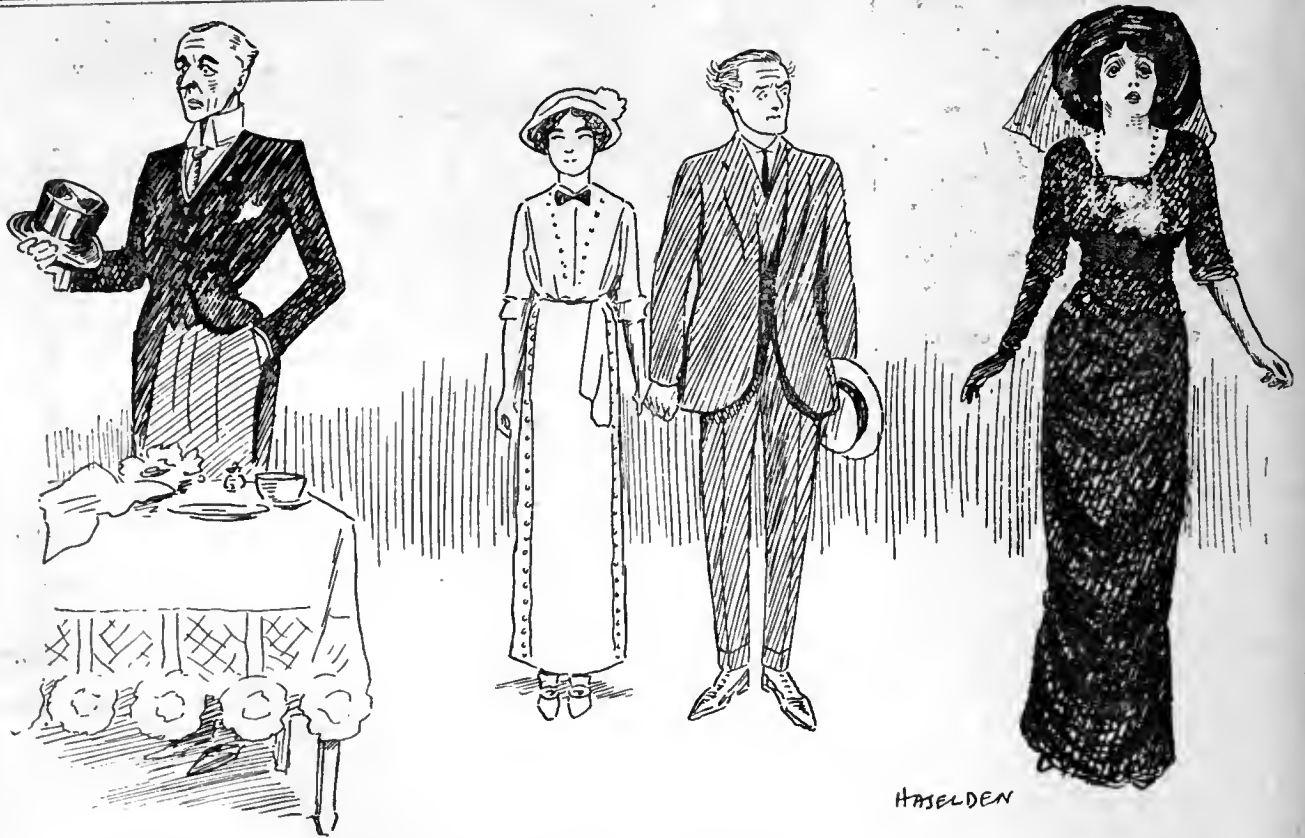
"LADY PATRICIA."

I HOPE MR. BERNARD SHAW will snatch a little leisure from his arduous compositions to go to the Haymarket Theatre and see this delightful comedy of mock-sentiment. He will there find how the thing should be done. Paradox, but without too crude an insistence upon this ancient device; ridicule, but never in the wrong place, nor offensive to possible prejudices; freedom from long-winded homilies on extraneous

attractions not too obvious, but supposed to be of an intellectual order, seeks diversion in the pursuit of his opposite, a young barbarian by whom her best lyrical utterances are characterised as "corking." The fact that she is at pains to keep this affair secret from a husband of whose devotion she is confident, seems to her mind to sanctify the intrigue, which for the rest is sufficiently innocent. The husband, in turn, seeks distraction in the pursuit of her opposite—a sporting flapper, indifferently responsive. He

one another's arms. They succeed; and the Dean, threatening to embody in his morrow's sermon a treatise on conjugal perfidy drawn from his personal observations, brings the married couple to their knees. In the Deanery garden, an unusually picturesque frame for a confessional, each is admitted to a knowledge of the other's indiscretion, and the play ends with the promise of a reluctant reunion on the old intellectual basis.

Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL was adorable as *Lady Patricia* and spoke every



Michael Cosway
(Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER).

CHANGING PARTNERS.
Clare Lesley Bill O'Farrel
(Miss ATHENE SEYLER). (Mr. CHARLES MAUDE).

Lady Patricia Cosway
(Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL).

themes and from intrusion of the author's own personality; humour, and everything else, kept under restraint and in the service of the main design—add to these virtues, positive or negative, a very fresh and original setting, and you have in *Lady Patricia* a model for the makers of light comedy.

It had its defects, but they were almost unavoidable. A certain mechanical repetition of situations was necessary to a scheme made up of parallels. But these echoes were of the very essence of the irony of things. *Lady Patricia*, who has married *Michael Cosway* on the strength of

too is greatly concerned to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of a partner of whose whole-hearted fidelity he is equally assured.

However, in course of time Nature has her way; youth turns to youth, the young barbarian to the flapper, and both set themselves to elude the attentions of their senior admirers. Pursuers and pursued, they follow and fly across the stage, in a veritable *Midsummer Night's Dream* of cross-purposes. Meanwhile there is much espionage on the part of a Reverend Dean (father of the boy) and a châteline (mother of the girl), who work hard, in collusion, to throw the young pair into

word of her part as if she really enjoyed it. It is no detraction from the merit of Mr. RUDOLPH BESIER's exquisitely humorous dialogue to say that her personality was necessary to his triumph. Her recitation of jewelled verse in the presence of an embarrassed footman was a thing to be remembered always. Mr. ERIC LEWIS as the *Dean* was superbly in his element; and Miss ROSINA FILIPPI played up to him in the brusque business-like way that one associates with the work of this sound and virile artist.

Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER, as the husband, seemed a little outclassed, and Mr. CHARLES MAUDE, as the boy, was



First Boy (watching digging operations). "WHAT BE 'EM DOIN' THERE, TOM?"

Second Boy. "DON'T 'EE KNOW, STOOPID? THEY'VE BEEN AND CATCHED A VOX, AND NOW THEY'M DIGGIN' A 'OLE FOR TO BURY 'IM IN!"

perhaps rather too mature and refined for the raw article. But I heartily commend Miss ATHENE SEYLER'S flapper; she played with just the desired *gaucherie*, and cleverly avoided all attempts to be conventionally attractive. The chorus consisted of Mr. C. V. FRANCE, the most perfect gardener that ever clipped an oak or begat thirteen children. Apparently blind and deaf to his surroundings, he took quiet note of many strange occurrences, and I shall not soon forget the pregnant comparison which he established between the singing of *Lady Patricia* and the call of an amorous tabby.

Two of the three Acts were laid on the first floor of an oak that might have accommodated half the survivors of Worcester. You could climb higher up, as the young folk did, into the actual branches, if you wanted to; but the inconvenience of this way of retreat from intruders was early recognized by *Lady Patricia*, who had a separate exit-ladder built during the five weeks that intervened between the First and Second Acts; and this was subsequently utilized to great advantage. It was a roomy oak, as I have hinted, and not

only did it serve for tea parties, but it supported a summer-house that was in large request with eavesdroppers and others whose behaviour was not for the general eye.

It may be that the subtleties of Mr. BESIER'S play will tell against its popularity. Even the first-night audience was not too quick at taking the points. But I shall hope that the freshness of its dialogue and *mise-en-scène* and above all the enchanting performance of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL will give it the success it deserves.

I have only two small complaints to make to the author. I said that his ridicule was never ill-placed, but I make one exception. He should not have laughed at the little novice's song in *Guinevere*—"Late, late, so late." This, I am certain, was a lapse from right taste. And, secondly, before his next call, he must learn to make a better bow.

O. S.

"'Cat!' she said forcefully. 'Odious cat.'
(TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.)"
"Daily Mail" Fawcettton.

But can she improve on this, even after a night's rest?

REFLECTIONS.

To you, O faithful friend who never change,
I raise my brimming glass and cry,
"Live long!"
No jealousy can ever us estrange,
No quarrel snap a tie so staunch and strong.
No other soul in this wide weary earth
Is worth a moment's serious thought;
but you,
Who share my sorrows, mingle in my mirth,
And give me—what the world denies—
—my due.
For you alone perceive my virtues rare,
My store of wit, my touch of classic grace,
My mellow wisdom and my courtly air,
The strength that gives distinction to my face.
Yet, on reflection, with the morning light
Sometimes there's disillusion in the air;
For when I shave my mirror shows a sight
That almost makes me cut you then
and there.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SMITH, ELDER are getting well forward with their "Centenary Biographical Edition of the Works of THACKERAY." It is to be completed in twenty-six volumes. The issue commenced in November of last year, will finish in mid-October. Nos. 8 and 9, recently published, enshrine contributions to *Punch*. Many of them are illustrated by those quaint drawings which THACKERAY in his secret heart prized more highly than chapters of *Vanity Fair* or *Esmond*. By way of frontispiece is reproduced a cartoon by JOHN TENNIEL, entitled "The Pune: Cricket Team." It is dated 1854. Save the artist who the other day celebrated his ninety-first birthday, none of those whose portraits are included still lives. THACKERAY, SHIRLEY BROOKS, MARK LEMON, HORACE MAYHEW, TOM TAYLOR, GIL A'BECKETT, PERCIVAL LEIGH, DOUGLAS JERROLD, JOHN LEECH—all, all are gone. Mr. *Punch* himself still remains, now as then keeping wicket and not less keen of eye and hand. In respect of paper, print and illustrations, with the added value of personal reminiscences of her father contributed by Lady RICHMOND, this edition leaves nothing to be desired. "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*" is the proud epitaph of CHRISTOPHER WREN buried in St. Paul's. If one seeks a worthy monument of THACKERAY, he will find it in this complete collection of his life's work.



Sergeant of Police (in pursuance of instructions). "STAND FOUR DEEP ACROST ERE, PLEASE."

indeed, the chief scientist, *Hinton*, is in many ways the best and most understandingly-drawn character in the book. I am wondering what the believers will think of it. Probably very little; the effect of most controversial fiction is, as I remember Mr. BELLOC once saying of a religious meeting in Oxford, "wonderfully to strengthen all present in whatever beliefs they might previously have entertained."

It is possible that *Splendid Zipporah* (METHUEN) would have been more acceptable to some readers if Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON had been a little less generous with the band accompaniment; but to all lovers of the violin, cello, oboe, trombone, clarinet, and every kind of music the book may be cordially recommended. *Zipporah* was as big of heart as she was immense of stature, and the way in which she let men—varying from a horn-blower to a prince—know that she was not going to stand any nonsense gains my most profound respect. To create a hero who did not appear pigmy-like by the side of such a lady was bound to

be a difficulty; but, after granting that Agamemnons and Hectors are scarce in these degenerate days, I still think that something more Homeric might have been found for her than the man who turned up—on page 11—in "superb evening dress." This, however, is a trifling matter in a novel which reveals an intimate knowledge both of music and the lives of musicians, and where men fix m start to finish are condemned to play the second fiddle.

The awkward thing about novels that are written with a destructive purpose is that too often the particular Aunt Sally chosen for overthrow is apt to revenge herself by upsetting the balance and credibility of the plot. It is thus all the more credit to Mrs. MAUD that, setting out to expose the errors of the creed (or superstition, if you prefer it) known as Christian Science, she has incidentally produced a most clever and interesting story. *The Expiation of John Court* (METHUEN) is all this, and more; speaking for myself, I can say that it holds the attention of the reader from the first page to the last. *John Court* was a young English tea-planter in Ceylon, to marry whom, *Prudence*, the heroine, comes out from England. *Prudence* is, and *John* was when they last met, just an attractive example of ordinary, well-educated, healthy-minded humanity; judge therefore of her surprise when, expecting to be met by a lover, she finds instead a fanatic. *John*, on his own voyage out, has met with one *Hinton*, under the influence of whose arguments, and still more his personality, the lad has been "brought into science." At first he thinks it his duty to abandon his intended union with *Prudence*; it takes place, however, and what follows is the story of Mrs. MAUD's book. It seems to me to be exceedingly well written; the author has the skill to avoid all appearance of exaggeration in dealing with her opponents;

but much that a novel should not be. To take the worst first, the melodrama is appalling, and the villains, with their blackmails, swindles, and even poisons, are so unmitigated as to be positively wooden. There is only this to be said for them, that they obtrude themselves as late and as little as villains well could. Apart from them; the tale is capricious, idyllic, tender, and entirely human: *Perpetua* is through all her years the irresistible child; *Brian O'Cree*, whom she adopts for father, is exactly the boy that a man ought to be, and the heterogeneous friends and the divers adventures of them teem with humour and are above reproach. As for *M. Lamballe*, the Circus proprietor with the big heart and the innumerable poses, he is a sheer delight. The sub-title of the book is *The Way to Treat a Woman*. It opens with a mad impulse, runs riot through all the moods of irresponsible youth, hints merrily at most of the greater truths, and concludes (what became of the real Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP at this point passes understanding) with dipsomania, drug habits, murder, and a suggestion of sex problems. On the whole it reminds me of nothing so much as a delicious pear with an over-ripe centre. If you can trust yourself to eat round the bad bit and intend to take the risk, then I can promise you that you are in for a first-rate meal.

Perpetua (ALSTON RIVIER) is all that a woman should be.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that, after all, the German Chancellor has decided to show that he is not entirely un-sympathetic to the Peace spirit which is abroad. The next German *Dread-nought* is to be named *The Peace-Maker*.

Our Local Government Board has been holding an enquiry in the course of which the question of "Sea Water for Flushing" was considered; and the Dutch in return are arranging for a few coals to be sent to Newcastle.

We understand that, if only they had been quite sure that the entire sum required to secure "The Mill" for the National Gallery would not be subscribed, many persons would have expressed their willingness to give handsome donations to the fund—subject to the fact being announced in the newspapers.

We are glad that our officers are not, after all, to wear a new crimson-and-gold sash, for we feel sure that the more we men go in for sashes and similar feminine fal-lals, the more difficult it will be for us to say that the ladies must not have our trousers.

One result of the Census, we hear, will be a medical inquiry into the alarming number of cases which the returns disclose of "arrested development" among women. Although ten years have elapsed since the previous Census, the age of a great many females alive then has not progressed in anything like duo proportion.

"The whole county of Sussex," says a correspondent in *The Daily News*, "has only produced twelve centenarians in fifteen years to Brighton's twenty-seven." This is a nasty blow to those ill-informed persons who have been imagining that Brighton is in Sussex.

The total number of marriages in England and Wales during 1910, according to a return just issued, was 267,416; and although the figures are not given, we understand that a very large number of men only just escaped.

The revival of *The Sins of Society* is, we hear, doing well. There was some fear at first lest the Sins which the play treats of should be found to have lost their popularity.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY's next production at the Prince of Wales's Theatre is to be called *Better Not Enquire*, and Mr. ASQUITH understands that this taking title was suggested by certain familiar Ministerial answers at Question-time.

Mr. ZANGWILL's statement, that we have very few real actresses, has called forth many expressions of surprise at his ignorance. There is not an actress

windows of houses, and showed every sign of panic and bewilderment. This draws attention once more to the absolute necessity of guiding marks and lights for aviators.

The Daily Dispatch, in an article on Patronage, after drawing attention to the number of salaried officials rendered necessary by the establishment of Labour Exchanges, goes on to state: "Every one of these young men owes his appointment to his berth." No, no, no. Surely it should be, "owes his berth to his appointment"?

The HOME SECRETARY has asked the police to make reports to him regarding "Mormon activities and propaganda." Nothing, however, was said about *impropaganda*.

The Mormon missionaries in this country, it seems, take upon themselves the title of "Latter-day Saints." If half one hears about them be true the distinction certainly seems only fair to the Saints of former days.

"Fish never have tooth-ache," said Mr. J.G. TURNER, F.R.C.S., in a lecture at the Royal Dental Hospital. We would rather like to hear how Mr. TURNER knows this. Our experience of fish is that they are extremely reserved, and one never hears them complain; but this is no proof that they do not suffer in silence.

Answer to a correspondent:—We fancy that in order to qualify for membership of the Royal Automobile Club you will have to purchase, anyhow, a pair of motor-goggles.

"A curious barometer used in Germany and Switzerland consists of a pan of water with a frog and a little step-ladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps it is said infallibly to indicate rain."

Evening Telegraph.

And when it climbs down into the water it will be wet again.

"The weight of Awake II, goes up to 7st. 9lb. for the Cup Course Selling Handicap to-morrow, and this raises her burden to 7st. 9lb.—"

Glasgow News.

There is no shirking the relentless logic of this.



THE CAMERA IN SOCIETY.
STRIKING LIKENESS OF THE DUCHESS OF —, LADY — AND VISCOUNTESS —, AT A RECENT POINT TO POINT.

in the country who could not tell him of at least one.

Owing to the fact that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS has been practising boxing, an absurd rumour has got abroad to the effect that this talented actor is about to appear in WAGNER's *Ring*.

"As our civilisation advances," says M. JEAN FINST, "the number of broad heads increases, and for this simple reason, that our heads must grow larger in order to hold more facts and ideas." Fatheads are now smiling all over.

A great flock of starlings, which had evidently lost their bearings, descended on the town of New Ross, in Ireland, the other day, and entered the open

"LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

[Studies in the poignant manner of Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S "Satires of Circumstance" in the April number of *The Fortnightly Review*.]

IN SIX MISFYTTES.

I.

AT THE MOTHER-IN-LAW'S.

"Youn son deserts me on Tuesday next,"
Remarks the wife in a wailing croon;
"I cannot disguise I am greatly vext
That he should be at it again so soon;
He only eloped with me last year,
And the anniversary's not yet here."
"I warned you once," says the mother-in-law;
"'Tis in his blood; he is not to blame;
His heritage had this fatal flaw,
For his poor dear father was just the same;
From the first time out, when he ran with me,
He was always eloping with somebody."

II.

AT THE FAIR.

They meet at a fair where the hot booths steam,
The girl and her rival, muslin-gowned;
Says one: "He stood me a large ice-cream!"
And the other, "We rode on the merry-go-round!"
"He patted my cheek and he pulled my hair!"
"He kept on pinching my arm, so there!"
A woman's shadow is thrown between,
And her breath comes sharp through the gas-jets' reek;
"I'm wife," she says, "to the man you mean
Who mauled your arm and your hair and cheek;
But I know that he loves me best, and why?
Three nights running he blacked my eye!"

III.

IN THE LOUNGE.

The peer's heir sits on his honeymoon
In a loud hotel with his chorus-bride.
A gramophone grinds a rasping tune
That tickles the page-boys. Deep inside,
The future baron is thrilled right through,
And "Dearest," he says, "it sounds like you."
Her lips relax from the toothsome smile
That smirks through the picture-postcard panes;
"I sang it," says she; "I used to beguile
"The only lover that stirred my veins.
I married you just for your rank, old dear,
But the song is my true love's souvenir;
*I breathed it into the gramophone
When I bade good-bye to the First Trombone!*"

(To be continued.)

O. S.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

No. VI.—THE SILVER HORSE.

WUNCE ther was a King he livd in a cassel bilt on a big rock and he had menny butlers and a hunderd housemades and 2 hunderd euks his arme was the biggest in the wurld and they all had gold armer all over them and wen he wanted a ship he jest elaped his hands and the ship kame sailing round to his frunt dore he had wun dorter and she was butifler than the butiflest peacock you ever sor her hare was the kuller of the sun shiny gold with red bits and her nose was as strate as a stik she brushd her teeth fore times evry day and had creemtarfs for brekfus the King

luld her very mutsh but he coudent get her marrid becos she woudent have enbody this made the King angrer than a gardner.

Wun morning the King eald his dorter her name was Murel.

Good morning Murel sed the King.

Good merning papa sed Murel bloing her nose she hadent got a cold but she pertended.

I wont to tork to you bout a husben sed King Fredriek.

O bother husbens said Murel I wont to snees and she sneesd ten times runing.

Youll snees yourself away sed the King dyou eal that perlite.

I cant help it sed the gerl all your tork bout husbens tikels my nese and then Ive got to snees I eal it verry erule of you.

Wen the King herd this he was angrer than ever and flames flasht outof his eys and ferst he gets red as a tirky and then he gets yellor as a norringe.

This is tu mutch sed the King git outof my site you wiked gerl no stay Ive got a werse punshment for you.

Then King Fredriek elaped his hands and loan bold thire was a ship of wor at the frunt dore.

Take her away sed the King and the salers all kame round Murel and tide up her arms and leggs and stufed a piller in her mouth ses to stop her skreems and then they dropt her in the bottom of the ship and saled away to Australyer or sumwher.

Of korse Murel coudent do mutsh ther wer tu menny salers but sudnly she remberd the magic jool her fairy godmuther giv her.

Haha she sed Ill sune be outof this and she kep rubing the jool like mad at ferst nuthing hapend but then thir was a nois like a moterkar and a grate silver horse kame fline thru the are and seteld down at her feet:

Ive been to your father sed the horse and I giv him a kiek.

Thats rite sed Murel but I hope you dident hurt him mutsh.

Not mutsh sed the horse but I think hell rember it and not do so anuther time.

Im sure I hope so said Murel now carre me away from here quick quick.

Then she got on the horse and he opend his wings they were lite blu and in a minnit Murel and the horse wer up in the are wher the salers coudent tutsh them.

They went on and on and sor ever so menny countrys but Murel dident see enny she liked as mutsh as her oan old cassel at last she told the horse to take her bak ther and wen they got ther she found her father in bed with grate bandidges all over his bak and ten dokters round his bed Ive cum bak papa she sed.

So you have sed the King now I can git better and he tuk orf the bandidges and sent away the dokters.

We went terk enny more about husbens sed the King.

But Ive found a husben said Murel and she shod the King her silver horse he was standing by hissself in a kornor lukiing verry proud.

But you cant marre a horse sed the King.

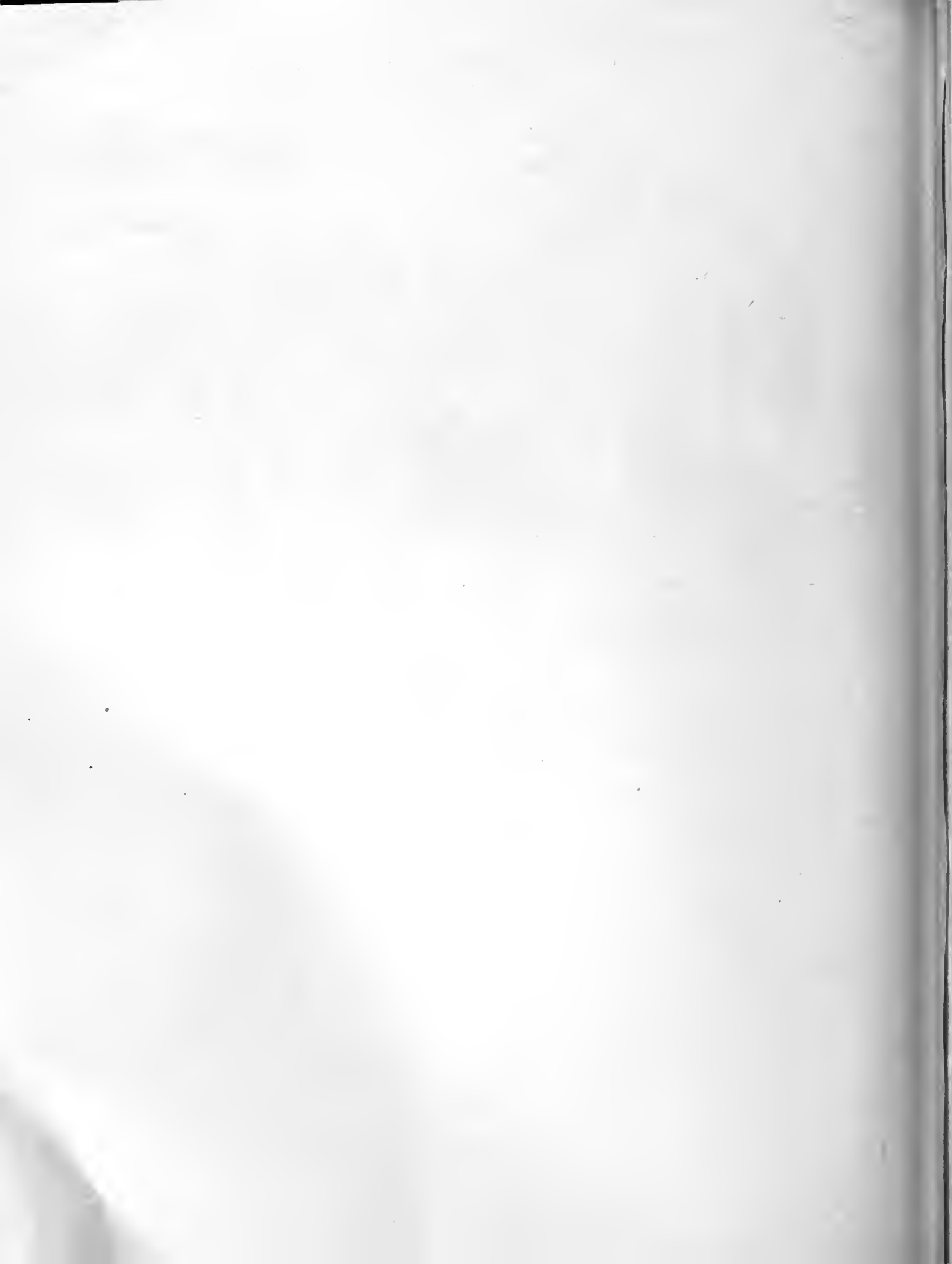
Weel sune see bout that sed Murel so she rubed her magic jool and if you gess it was a prinse or a duke youll be rite.

So they were marrid and wen they wanted to go enwher the prinse could alwis change hissself into a silver horse and take Murel on his bak and they were verry kind to pore people and had a famly of ten boys and ate gerls they were all verry butifle and evryboddy was sory when Murel dide fore yeers after they wer marrid the prinse lived six yeers more.



PAX GERMANICA; OR, THE TEUTON DOVECOTE.

GERMAN EAGLE (*to Arbitration Bird*). "NO FOREIGN DOVES REQUIRED; WE HATCH OUR OWN, THANKYOU."





ANY PORT IN A STORM.

Furniture Remover. "AND WHERE SHALL I PUT ALL THESE 'ERE, MUM, PLEASE?"

Distracted Lady. "OH—ER—THOSE? WELL—ER—WHICH ROOMS WOULD YOU PUT THEM IN IF YOU WERE ME?"

THE RUBBER-SOLED RUSSIANS.

In view of the engagement of the famous *corps de ballet* of the Imperial Theatres of St. Petersburg and Moscow for the Coronation season at the Bolosseum Music-hall, some personal details about the most illustrious members of the troupe should not be without interest to our readers. They have been obtained at great expense and no little risk by our representative, who has attended most of the dinner-dances given by the *Russkiy Encyclopedicheskiy Slovar* on its tour through Great, White, and Little Russia.

The ladies are headed by Mlle. Dushenka Nosovich whose pedal prestidigitation places her in a class quite apart. She is, in the charming phrase of our Transatlantic cousins, a very lovely-appearing woman of some twenty-two summers, a fine classical scholar, and from her earliest childhood she has subsisted entirely on Koumiss, Edelweiss and Standard bread made of ground jumping beans inoculated with the *Bacillus Bulgaricus*. She studied music under Napravnik and Khanikin, and singing under Klinka.

Mlle. Eugénie Gherkin, who hails from Nijni-Novgorod, where her father was Professor of Experimental Toxicology, excels in the *macabre* style. Her figure is slim and willowy and she is famous for the size and colour of her eyes, which have an emerald lustre that is all their own. Mlle. Gherkin originally intended to embrace the literary calling, and it is rumoured that she has been approached with a view to her undertaking the editorship of *The Times'* daily Dancing Supplement. As, however, she has never dined at any of the *Ency. Brit.* dinners, negotiations were reluctantly abandoned.

Prominent amongst the male dancers is the far-famed Marko Vovchok, who since the lamented death of Prosper Sherechenko has stood at the head of the saltatory confraternity. Vovchok, who is of Ugro-Finnish descent, has long been hailed by experts as the greatest living executant of the autocephalous school of dogmatic choreography. He was destined for the stage in infancy and studied for ten years under Kirsha Pypin, Sviatogorskiy, Pososhkov and Bogdan Khmel'nibski before making his *début* at Pskov.

Vovchok is a confirmed vegetarian and deeply versed in the lore of the Midrash. His great recreation is sturgeon-fishing on the Volga.

As a grotesque dancer Stenka Shusherin has no equal. It is he who enraptured the fastidious French critics by his rocking turns in mid-air, and though not yet twenty-three he has qualified for an old-age pension at thirty-five. His youth was spent among the Polabs and he is a great authority on the palatalisation of the Proto-Slavonic nasals. (See *Ency. Brit.*, vol. xxiii., p. 912.) He has already dined seventeen times with Dr. HUGO CHISHOLM, whom he presented on the occasion of their last meeting with a magnificent silver-plated *tundra*.

M. Shusherin, it may be added, is deeply mortified that, along with the Rhodes Scholars, he is unable to take part in the All-British Hopping week which will be held in Kent later in the year.

Great Unionist Triumph.

"Another outstanding feature of yesterday's game was the referee's dum."—*Liverpool Echo*.

THE POLITICS OF MÈNYA.

A PREHISTORIC PRECEDENT.

IT will be news to many that in the days of Atlantis there was in that remarkable continent a country called Mènya, which was at one time in a political condition exactly similar to that in which we find ourselves to-day. Like our own, that fortunate land possessed two Houses of Assembly—the upper and hereditary, and the lower and elective. It was also fortunate in possessing a party system; it is known that the peoples of Atlantis were in an advanced state of civilisation. As our two Houses are at present quarrelling, so were those of Mènya, and for a precisely similar reason; while, to carry the parallel still further, the party which was temporarily "top-dog" (as they called it in their quaint phrase) in the lower assembly, finding themselves in a permanent minority in the upper house, had arranged to get over the difficulty by the creation of a large number of hereditary legislators of their own way of thinking, thus transferring the preponderance in that element from their opponents to themselves. To the British patriot of to-day a knowledge of how things turned out in that far-off epoch ought to be a matter of absorbing interest; and such knowledge we are enabled to place before our readers.*

To employ our modern terminology of "peers" and "peerage," it is recorded that the new creation of Mènyak peers amounted in number to some six hundred. This gave a very comfortable majority, besides allowing quite a handsome margin for casualties, such as backsliding. The experiment was, for a time, entirely successful. More so, indeed, than appeared to the careless eye; for, as the giving of a peerage was conditional on the payment by the recipient of a large sum into what was called the party chest, the Government of the day found themselves provided with a considerable addition to those sinews of war by which they proposed to keep the voters up to a conviction of their superior virtues. But good things do not last for ever. That notorious enemy of Governments, the swing of the pendulum, occurred, and a time came when the rival party found themselves in office, with a great majority in the lower, and an equally decisive minority in the upper, house. The new Government were no less wily

* Never mind how.

than their opponents had been. In their turn they created a large batch of new peers, to the loudly expressed indignation of the enemy, who hotly condemned such methods as unconstitutional. Not only that, but by way of going one better, they doubled, in their favour, the majority their predecessors had possessed. This, too, worked well for a while: but again there came a change, and the original reformers returned to power. The first thing they did was to make some new

accelerated. At last the day came when the final batch of commoners had to be taken to reinforce the Government in the upper assembly; and the entire male adult population of Mènya had become peers.

The result, which ought to have been foreseen from the first, was extremely beautiful. Everyone was satisfied. The power of the hereditary element, instead of being annihilated, became universal. At the same time the country had arrived at that perfect form of Socialism where all men are equal. As there were no general elections, the party system died a natural death. All proposed legislation automatically underwent a referendum of the whole country; and the result invariably tallied with the vote of the House of Lords.

DUM-DUM.

MY SON JOHN.

THE bravest knight the sun shines on

Is not so brave as my son John;
The lion bold, the tiger slim,
No terrors seem to have for him.
The worries which would upset me
Don't shake his equanimity.
With well-aimed shot his game he'd

pot
Nor cease until he'd killed the lot.
A valiant wight to look upon!
With shouldered gun and cartridge
belt,

A very second ROOSEVELT
Is my son John.

With pirates I've had little truck;
I never thought they'd bring me
luck.

But my son John, he loves them
well,
When black and ear-ringed like a
belle;

He'd face the horde if chance
occurred,

I know it, for I have his word.
With slash and parry, cut and thrust,
He'd make the beggars lick the dust.

Brave scion of a race that's gone!
A bold and burly buccaneer
Whose eye unflinching knows no fear
Is my son John.

Yet I have heard of heroes too
Who turn at times a little blue;
Of V.C.'s nonchalant and calm
Who'd dare the death without a qualm
Yet shiver like a jelly at
The presence of the homely cat;
While others—'tis perchance a fable—
Refuse to sit thirteen at table.

A thought to muse and ponder on
When in the dark the hand I keep,
And hold until he falls asleep,
Of my son John.



AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

Bertie. "I'VE BEEN HAVING A LOVELY GAME WITH THIS POST OFFICE SET YOU GAVE ME, AUNTIE. I'VE TAKEN A REAL LETTER TO EVERY HOUSE IN THE ROAD."

Auntie. "HOW NICE! AND WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THE LETTERS?"

Bertie. "OH, I FOUND A BIG BUNDLE TIED UP WITH PINK RIBBON IN YOUR DESK!"

peers. Not only did they treble their previous majority but they further allowed a very considerable percentage to make up for the continual drain due to backsliding. And now we can begin to see our way to a logical conclusion. With each transfer of popular power the hereditary element of Mènya continued to increase in a kind of geometrical progression, till in time there were more Mènyak peers than Mènyak commoners. As voters became fewer, owing to the elevation of so many of their number, most of the proletariat took to voting for the party out of office, in the hope of getting made peers themselves on a change of Government; thus the pendulum was



Clergyman (taking friend round poor parish). "YES, A NERVOUS LITTLE FELLOW. I REMEMBER HIS FATHER WAS HIGHLY STRUNG."
 Woman. "YE REMEMBER WRONG, THEN. 'E GOT OFF WIV TEN YEARS!"

THE CYNIC'S TRAGEDY.

[Cynicism, we are informed, is out of date, and optimism has come to its own.]

WHEN I was in the zenith of my youth,
 And all the world was, so to speak, my oyster,
 I asked myself the question: "What is Truth?"
 And from her native well essayed to hoist her.

Each week with some new problem I'd contend,
 With some new-found philosophy I'd finnick;
 I tried all ways of life and in the end
 I wore an eyeglass and became a cynic.

At orthodox beliefs I flung my glove;
 On heresy alone I spoke a benison;
 I scoffed at art, at politics, at love,
 At chivalry, at honour, and at TENNYSON.

At dinner-parties, when I aired my mind,
 The general conversation always halted;
 Waving aside the sweets, I underlined
 Each comment with an almond, highly salted.

At dances, sitting out, I played the part
 Of an uncompromising woman-hater;
 The ladies loved to dally with a heart
 Reputed colder than a worn-out crater.

They hung upon my lips to catch the gall,
 Noted my epigrams, in albums stored 'em;
 Alas! those golden days are past recall;
 Now, when I speak, they simply gape with boredom.

The cynic's had his day, like other dogs;
 And yet I can't throw off that fatal manner,
 Don a new set of philosophic togs
 And wave about the optimistic banner.

Death sooner than disgrace!—as someone said
 When unforeseen disaster overthrew his side,
 And, flourishing his sword above his head,
 Unhesitatingly committed suicide.

But even in my end (since Fashion's rule
 Leaves nothing else for him who disobeys her)
 I'll guard the best traditions of my school
 And slit my gullet with a safety-razor.

The Craving for Sensation.

"The carriage passenger train from Forfar to Brechin was derailed on Wednesday afternoon, but unfortunately no person was hurt."
Montrose Standard.

"The Standard Dictionary does not pose as an authority on ecclesiastical history; still it should not blunder to the extent of saying that Joan of Arc was canonized in 1904. The truth is, she was beatified in April 1909, and is not yet canonized."
The Xaverian (N.S.)

We dislike these quibbling distinctions. Besides, according to Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, JOAN was always a rather attractive person, even when she was alive.

"From this flour a sweet, heavy, flat cake is made. It resembles the oaken cakes so popular among Scottish peasants."
Liverpool Week'y Mercury.

No wonder it weighed so much.

THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

THE House went into Committee on the Parliament Bill at 2.30, with Mr. EMMOTT in the Chair.

Mr. BOOLE (U., Tattenham Corner) moved an amendment to substitute the word "notwithstanding" for the word "although." He said that the Government had forced this quarrel on the House of Lords (*Opposition cheers*) contrary to the wishes of the country (*loud Opposition cheers*), which was perfectly content with the present state of things. If this Bill became law the country would practically be under Single Chamber government. (*Loud and prolonged Opposition cheers.*) In these circumstances he felt it was only his duty as a patriotic Englishman (*Opposition cheers*) to move that the word "although" be deleted in favour of the word "notwithstanding."

Mr. ASQUITH said that the Government could not accept the amendment. This was the seven hundred and ninety-fifth amendment moved by the Opposition, to seventy-three of which the honourable gentleman had felt it was only his duty to stand godfather. (*Laughter.*) The Government welcomed criticism, but they would not tolerate idle obstruction. (*Loud Ministerial cheers.*)

Mr. BALFOUR said that, speaking as one who had sat in that House for nearly forty years, he was bound to say that never in the whole course of his Parliamentary career had he known an honest amendment to have been treated in the cavalier, the contemptuously cavalier, manner in which this had been treated by the Prime Minister. (*Loud Opposition cheers.*)

Mr. CROOKS (Lab., Woolwich) said that everybody knew that the Opposition was only out for obstruction. Why couldn't they be honest about it? Earl WINTERTON (U., Horsham). Manners!

Mr. BULKIE (U., Piccadilly Circus) thought the Parliament Bill was a mistake.

Mr. LUDD (L., Paddington Baths) thought it wasn't.

Lord HUGH CECIL (U., Oxford University) said that the PRIME MINISTER had once again broken all his pledges. (*Loud cries of "Withdraw."*)

Mr. TILBY (L., Clapham Junction). The gentlemanly party!

Mr. O'CALLAGHAN (N., Killaloo). Sure it's only the Oxford manners.

Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY (L., East Northamptonshire) rose to a point of order. Was the noble lord in order in accusing the PRIME MINISTER of breaking his word?

The CHAIRMAN said that to make a

serious charge against the right honourable gentleman in his personal capacity would not be in order, but one could accuse a Prime Minister of anything.

Lord HUGH CECIL, resuming his speech, said that the Opposition could not do less than insist upon the substitution of the word "notwithstanding" for the word "although."

Sir WILLIAM WINKS (U., Regent's Park) rose to continue the debate, and Mr. ASQUITH moved the closure.

The Committee divided and there voted:

For the closure . . .	312
Against	201

Government majority . 111

The Committee then divided on the amendment:

For the amendment . .	201
Against	312

Government majority . 111

Mr. WHISTLE (U., Preston North End) moved an amendment to delete the word "and." He said that if this Bill became law the country would to all intents be under Single Chamber government. The Government had forced this resolution on the country and entirely contrary to the wishes of the country. He had consulted with his friends and they had come to the conclusion that it was their duty to move that the word "and" be deleted. (*Loud Opposition cheers.*)

Mr. ASQUITH said that the Government could not accept the amendment.

Mr. BALFOUR said that, speaking as one who had sat in that House for more than thirty-five years, he was bound to say that never in the whole course of his Parliamentary career had he known the House to be treated in the contumelious manner affected by the PRIME MINISTER. (*Loud Opposition cheers.*)

Mr. GOFFIN (U., Brooklands) said that this Bill was the beginning of the end.

Mr. BUTTERY (L., Golders Green) ridiculed the idea that the Bill had not been before the country. He said that in 1874—

Earl WINTERTON. Manners!

Mr. BUTTERY having resumed his seat, Lord HUGH CECIL rose to continue the debate. He said that although they could no longer expect the PRIME MINISTER to observe the ordinary standards of honour customary in polite society they did not expect him deliberately to deceive the House. (*Prolonged uproar, all the Members speaking at once.*)

The CHAIRMAN said that he gathered that the accusations of the honourable Member for Oxford University were

merely academic. He appealed to Liberals to allow him a hearing. When the time came for them to be in Opposition they would be considerably handicapped if they could not accuse the Government of deliberate deception.

Lord HUGH CECIL said that the Opposition insisted on the omission of the word "and."

Sir WILLIAM WINKS rising to continue the debate, Mr. ASQUITH moved the closure. This was accepted, and the Committee then voted on the amendment:

For the amendment . .	202
Against	311

Government majority . 109

The reduction in the Government's majority was received with loud and prolonged cheers by the Opposition.

Mr. DIBBS (U., Scafell Pike) moved that an exclamation mark be substituted for the full-stop at the end of the clause. He said that under the present Government the defences of the country were starved. (*Loud Opposition cheers.*) The country had never properly discussed the Parliament Bill. Home Rule was the first step to the disintegration of the Empire.

Mr. ASQUITH, on behalf of the Government, declined the amendment.

Earl WINTERTON. Manners!

Mr. BALFOUR said that, speaking as one who had sat in that House for nearly forty years, he was bound to say that, never in the whole course of his Parliamentary career, a career extending over more than thirty-five years, had he known the House to be treated in such a—he would not say outrageous—such an unprecedented manner, as it had been on this occasion.

Mr. TOOKE (L., Chesil Beach) said that his constituency, at any rate, was in favour of the Parliament Bill.

Lord HUGH CECIL said that among gentlemen, when one gentleman gave his word to another gentleman, it was customary for that word to be kept. In a corrupt assembly like the House of Commons the word gentleman was defined differently.

An Irish Member. Don't you play with them, Hughie.

Earl WINTERTON. Manners, there, manners!

Lord HUGH CECIL, finishing his argument, said that the least the PRIME MINISTER could do now was to substitute an exclamation mark for the full-stop.

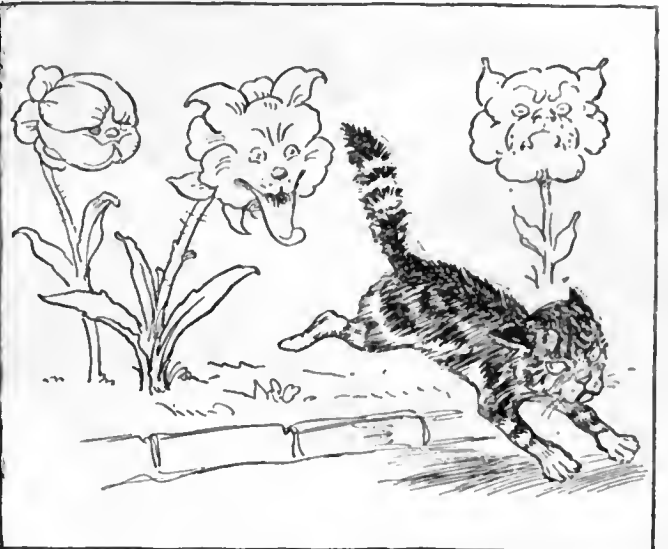
Sir WILLIAM WINKS rising to continue the debate, Mr. ASQUITH moved the closure.

(*And so on till the Coronation.*)

FROM OUR SEEDSMAN'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SENSITIVE AND INTELLIGENT PLANTS.



THE BURGLARIA CREEPER.
HOLDS THIEVES UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE.



FELISCOOTUM.
SCARES AWAY CATS—BARKS LIKE A DOG.



ARUM PHONOGRAPHICUM, OR SINGING LILY.
SPEAKS THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.



ALARUM MATUTINUM.
VARIETY OF THE CANTERBURY BELL.

AN ENDEMIC.

[Lines suggested to a distracted pedagogue by the outbreak of Conjunctivitis, "popularly mis-called Pink-eye," at Osborne.]
We know it well: with us the taint
Is chronic, and I rather think I
Can diagnose that sore complaint
Known to the vulgar herd as "Pink-eye;"
For if the Primer, rich in terms
And rules for guidance, only right is,
We've plenty suffering from the germs
Of virulent Conjunctivitis.
Indicative should indicate,
Conjunctive should conjoin (says
Grammar),

But youngsters don't appreciate
How diverse *peto* and *petam* are.
Non regitis for "do not rulo"
Still supersedes *ne rexeritis*:
It isn't that the lad's a fool;
Ho's touched with mild Conjunctivitis.
The microbe of the final *ut*
Spreads sickness only very few shun;
Obliqua-plague wrecks any but
The very toughest constitution.
Even the Sixth are not immune:
They, the immaculates, the mighties,
See on their noses lightly strewn
Red spots, which means Conjunctivitis.

O, brimming with discoveries new,
Science, with what delight you'd
thrill us,
Could you but isolate the true
Conjunctivitical bacillus!
Then, when by pathologic purge
Our Latin convalescent quite is,
Try Greek, and quell that deadly
scourge,
Congenital Optativitis.

"Effie" in *The People's Friend*:—
"If nicely cooked and stewed, baked haddock is very good."
The truth about "baked" haddock at last!



THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

Sportsman (assisting Jockey who has been knocked out). "STAND BACK, PLEASE; A LITTLE MORE AIR! AND HURRY UP WITH THAT BRANDY!"

Faint voice from Patient. "NEVER MIND 'BOUT THE AIR."

THE OVERSIGHT.

THERE was a subtle change in Archibald's demeanour. I have known Archibald since he was seven, and for ten years our friendship had been a beautiful and wondrous thing. Never before had the slightest shadow fallen between us. Since his return we were outwardly as good friends as ever, but—!

Archibald obviously expected something. There was something which I ought to have done and had not done. Perhaps it was something I should have said or noticed or grasped instinctively. That I was in some way remiss was obvious. That Archibald felt disappointed in me was equally plain. In vain I waited to pounce upon the slightest elusive clue. One thing only I realised—that the mystery must be solved by intuition. Our relations, if I had been tactless enough to put a direct question, could never have been the same again.

Was it something which had happened during that month in Switzerland?

His sunburn? No, I had congratulated him on that. I had inquired tenderly after the heights and difficulties of the mountains he had scaled; I had noticed the hotel labels on his bag; I had listened with adequate interest to his accounts of "her" and his casual references to the other girl; I had admired his snap-shots and perjured myself with reference to the authenticity of the chamois horns. Up to this point I knew that I had merited his approval; but there was something else!

The solution came from Archibald himself. I felt instinctively, even before he opened his lips, that he was about to tell me. "Er," he began. "Er—ah." Then I knew he was going to.

He gave me one last despairing look. There was still time for me to retrieve myself in his eyes. I lit my pipe deliberately and then confessed myself beaten. "Well?" I encouraged him.

"Er—I—er—I," he began again, and then broke off into a falsetto laugh.

"I grew a moustache when I was in Switzerland."

I felt relieved. "My dear old chap," I cried heartily, "how splendid! How simply splendid! But what on earth have you shaved it off again for?"

Archibald regarded me in silence for a full half-minute. "I haven't," he remarked shortly.

GELERT.

TESTED and staunch through many a changing year,
Gelert, his master's faithful hound,
lies here.

Humble in friendship, but in service proud,

He gave to man whate'er his lot allowed;

And, rich in love, on each well-trusted friend

Spent all his wealth and still had more to spend.

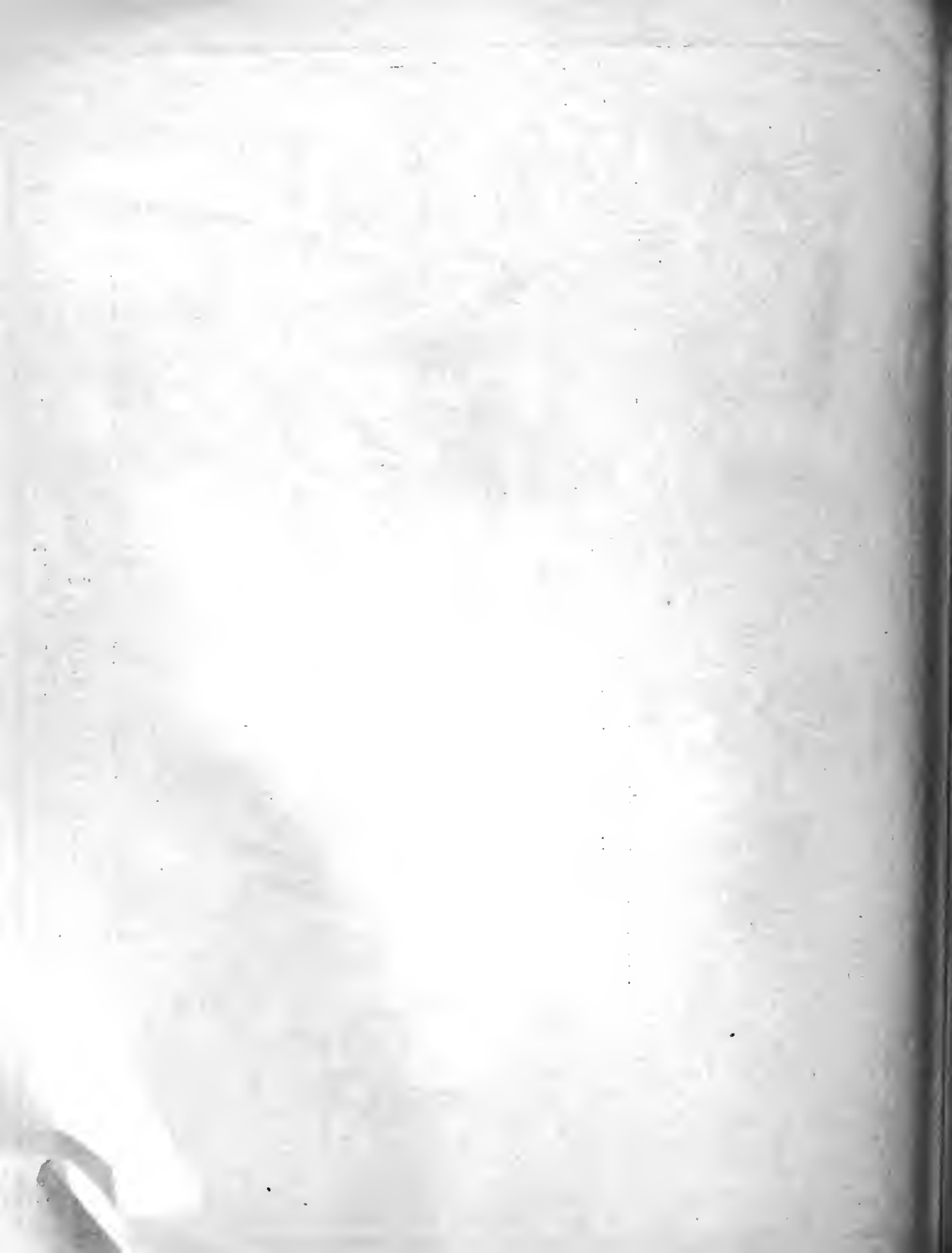
Now, reft beyond the unfriendly Stygian tide,

For these he yearns and has no wish beside.
R. C. L.



THE OLD ORDER - CHANGING.

Mr. ASQUITH. "I'LL DO ANYTHING IN REASON, MY DEAR ARTHUR, BUT I WILL NOT PUT THE HORSE BEFORE THE CART."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 3, —173 Questions on the Paper. With accustomed supplementary interrogations this means a minimum of 250. "Which," as EUCLID might say, "is absurd." A special feature of to-day's industry is the swelling number personally addressed to PRIME MINISTER. These run up to 26, representing a serious tax upon time and attention of already overworked statesman.

As the performance, with rarest exceptions absolutely devoid of public interest or service, goes forward House thinks gratefully of what PRINCE ARTHUR has done, if not absolutely to free it from the plague, at least to limit its extension. It was he, horn and bred a Conservative, Leader of Conservative Party, who with bold hand at various times pruned and trimmed the hedge of parliamentary procedure. One result is that House, faced by this long list of personal advertisements printed at public expense, knows the worst. On stroke of quarter to four, Questions, commencing to reel off at twenty minutes to three, are automatically and absolutely interrupted, and the business of the sitting begins.

The putting of Questions is at once the cheapest and the most effective form of parliamentary advertising. A Member may have been at pains to prepare a speech, and if he has the good fortune, to catch the SPEAKER'S eye he may deliver it. Looking over reports of debate in morning papers with desire to check any misapprehension on the part of the reporter, he will find it written, "After a few words from Mr. POUCHKEEPSY," someone else got up. But if he addresses a question to a Minister he is, unless he drifts too far down the list, bound to be called upon, and, more especially if he seasons it with a spice of personality, the incident will be reported verbatim.

The best chance for such advertisement, equivalent to back page of daily or weekly paper, is when ad-

ressed to PRIME MINISTER personally. Hence these twenty-six questions on to-day's list, a number equal to average aggregate addressed at single sitting to full muster of Ministers before the Parnellites appeared on the scene, changing complexion of Question hour and much else in Parliamentary procedure.

and not one of them containing a superfluous word.

Had Mr. G. been still with us leading the House to-day, we should have had twenty-six speeches, probably raising by Supplementary Questions as many miniature debates. Truly, as SARK says, Speech is silver but Brevity is golden.

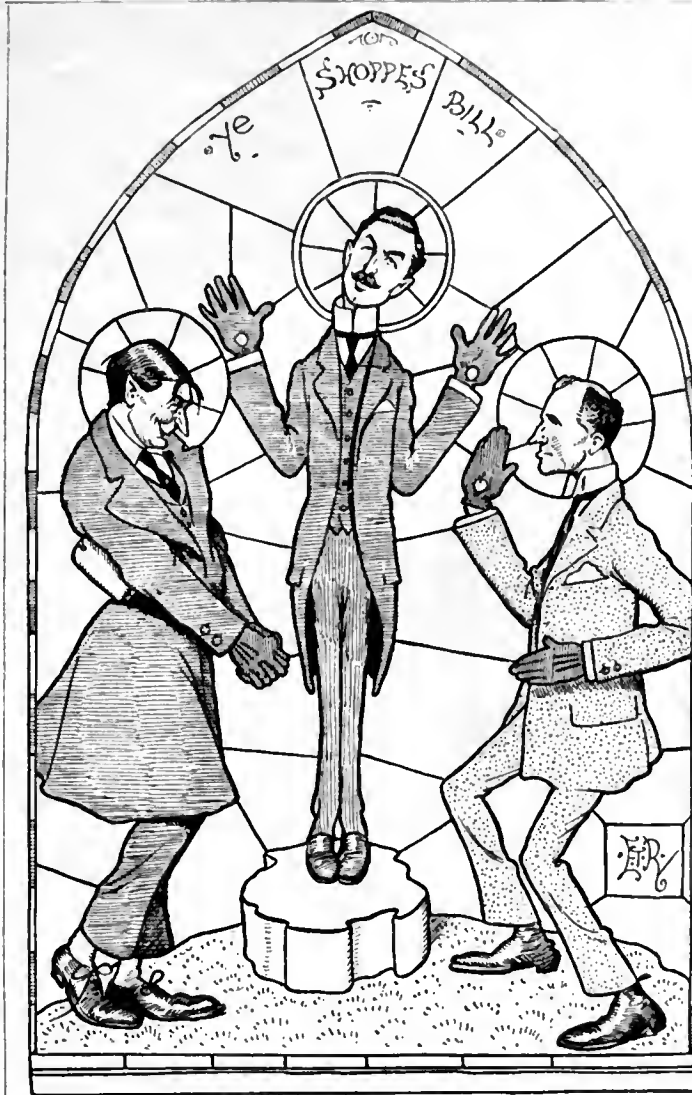
Business done.—Amid murmur of sympathy and regret, writ ordered to issue for Haddingtonshire, to fill vacancy created by HALDANE'S acceptance of peerage. Apart from sorrow at severance of old ties of association, this incident of moving new writ, common enough in itself, comes home to some of us with awakening stroke. If Government could get their five hundred new Peers "made in Germany," as are sausages, Sheffield steel knives, and other domestic commodities, all would be well. But we know that many Ministerialists must, if things come to the worst, join Viscount HALDANE in another place, leaving terrible gaps.

Tuesday.—House buckled to in Committee on Parliament Bill. Engagement opened under fire of nine hundred amendments directed against modest measure of five clauses. Peculiarity about debate as far as it has gone is persistent effort by Opposition to discuss a question not before Committee.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

So, whilst Opposition, from PRINCE ARTHUR downward, move amendments to the operative clauses of the Bill and profess to discuss them, the Preamble is their real flame.

Happens that, in accordance with Standing Order 35, the Preamble—if there be one; its appearance on a Public Bill is unusual and unnecessary—is set on one side till operative clauses have been discussed. The first question put by Chairman on going into Committee is "That the Preamble be postponed." Thus relegated to the rear, it may not be debated; to be exact, should not



THE GOOD YOUNG MEN.

"Look at the sponsors of the Bill—the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, the UNDER-SECRETARY (of the Home Department), and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. He did not believe any one of them in his most hilarious moments had ever been guilty of a smile that would have been discreditable to a stained-glass window." (Loud laughter.)—*The Member for South Hackney on the Shops Bill.*

(MR. MASTERMAN, MR. HERBERT SAMUEL, and SIR JOHN SIMON.)

Happily, in this form of encounter, as in others, ASQUITH is a hard nut to crack. Some of the Questions he delegated for reply by the Minister whose department was most closely concerned, and who more properly ought to have been addressed. Others he grouped by the half-dozen, making one answer. To all he offered unimpeachable replies, direct and lucid,

be mentioned in discussion until in due time it is reached.

This technical disability only adds to concern of Members. Comfort was nearer to Rachel weeping for her children than it is to Cousin HUGH, CASTLEREAGH, CRIPPS and others bereft of the company of the Preamble. Not quite certain that it is well with the child. Distrustful of dubious intention of its parents. This disposition leads touch of comedy to what is otherwise, considering its importance, dull debate.

Business done.—In Committee on Parliament Bill.

Thursday.—In pursuance of determination to avert spoliation of St. James's Park by any proposal to over-

kangaroo said when it contemplated a somersault over the elephant's back, would have been no joke.

In this conspicuous act of public service WASON had whole House with him. Forgetful of Veto Bills, Budgets, Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, Members united in determination to save one of the most precious possessions bequeathed to London since Stuart times. PREMIER, unfailingly shrewd reader of temper of House, early gave pledge that proposals of Mansion House Committee should not be carried out before they were submitted to judgment of House. This was equivalent to saying they were dead. St. James's Park was as good as saved.

Journalistic Candour.

"An apology seems due, and I have the greatest possible pleasure in tendering it, to a distinguished rowing critic, some of whose remarks appeared quite unconscientiously in these notes last Sunday and without acknowledgment."—*"Pollex"* in *"The Observer."*

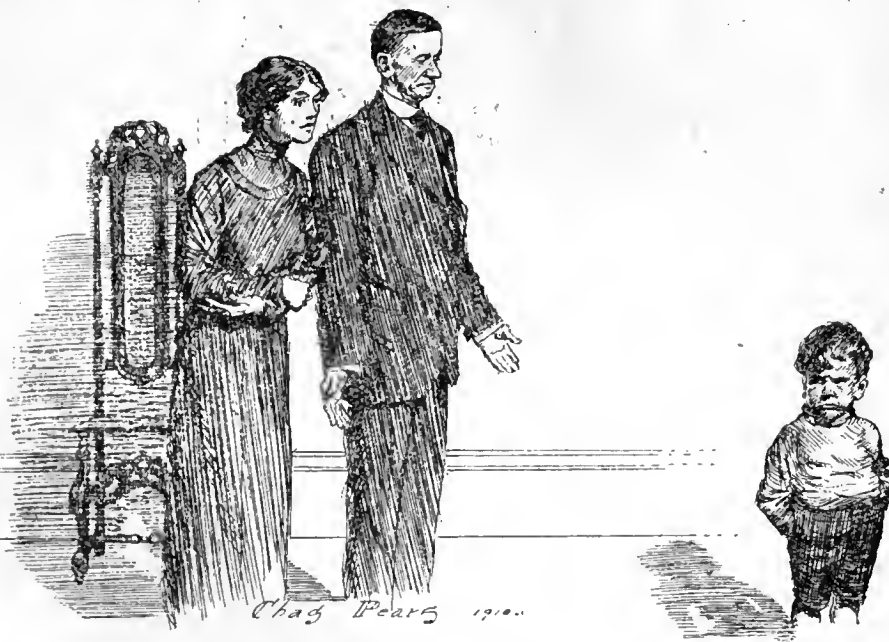
From the Civil Service Stores Catalogue:—

"Iron Saucepans ... 347
" Sausages in tins 160"

Is this the result of displacing cab-horses by taxis?

"Defendant... struck witness in the face and knocked off her spectacles, which were bent on falling to the ground."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

If they were really bent on it we can only congratulate them on at last achieving their object.



Tommy (after the correction). "I FINK I'LL GO BACK TO HEAVEN WHERE I CAME FROM!"

load it with statues, to destroy its simple bridge, to build highways broad or narrow athwart its bosky dells, Committee of Members who have taken matter in hand summoned to meet this evening. Gathering unnecessary since victory is already won. Mansion House Committee responsible for threatened vandalism have capitulated. Scheme is abandoned.

Have hazy notion of reading somewhere—was it in *Tit Bits*?—how in days of old a patriot threw his body athwart the chariot of captain of invading host and so tipped it and him over convenient precipice. Inequally lofty spirit CATHCART WASON laid his full length across roadway LORD MAYOR'S coach was expected to pass, with its Committee and its Scheme. Had it continued its journey it must have passed over his body, and that, as the

That is no reason why a memorial which the nation desires to see erected to the honour of a great King should not find a place in the scenes that he loved so well.

Like Popkin in one of DIZZY'S early speeches, like General TROCHU at the siege of Paris, the MEMBER FOR SARK has his plan. Why not set it up in the Green Park, in the broad thoroughfare at present uselessly confined to foot-passengers, and convert this into a carriage highway? The monument would be seen of all men, whilst a carriage drive connecting the foot of Constitution Hill with Piccadilly would be an immense boon to busy Londoners.

First Commissioner and his colleagues on Memorial Committee might think this over.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

"At a meeting of the Tynemouth Junior Unionist Association, Mr. Joseph Knowles, the secretary, was speaking of the advisability of organising the ladies of the borough. "We should embrace the ladies," he said seriously, and an uproarious shout of approval greeted his sentiments. Of course, Mr. Knowles was speaking figuratively."—*Newcastle Journal.*

We are not sure that "figuratively" makes things much better for Mr. KNOWLES, but it freshens up an old jest.

From a report in *The Hampshire Observer* of a public meeting of the inhabitants of Old Alresford:—

"Mr. E. Broad then proposed that the Coronation be celebrated on the same lines as that of the late King, viz., by festivities and general rejoicing. On being put to the meeting this was carried unanimously. The question of the actual day was then considered. After some discussion Mr. Mills proposed the 22nd June—Coronation Day."

Old Alresford is full of bright ideas.

PENELOPE'S STORY.

"I HAVE just written a wonderful story," wrote Penelope, "and I want you to criticise it for me. I was going to send it to you, but haven't an envelope that will take it. So come to tea on Tuesday, and you can read it here."

"If you haven't an envelope that will fit your story," I replied, "you should write a story that will fit your envelope. However, I'll come."

I found Penelope in the cupboard she is pleased to call her study, sitting in the one armchair that could be coaxed into the den and in an obviously rehearsed attitude. At the moment of my entry she was writhing, it was made to appear, in the throes of incipient inspiration.

"So glad you could come," she said. "Now have something to eat, and then you can read the story. Only don't take too long over your tea. I'm sure you'll like it."

"I'm certain I shall," I replied. "Fortunately I had a light lunch."

"I meant the story. Sugar?"

"Several. What delicious sandwiches!"

Penelope, who took nothing herself, eyed every morsel I ate with impatience. "Finished?" she asked, when I had had but three sandwiches.

I dislike being hurried over my food; besides, I really was hungry, and there were buttered buns and cherry-cake to come. So I munched resolutely on, until Penelope was on the verge of tears.

"What a pig you are!" she exclaimed. "Pass me one of those buns."

I passed the dish in injured silence, had another cup of tea and a slice of cake, and then heaved a sigh of satisfaction. Penelope hailed the movement with undisguised relief. "Now for the story," she said, as she took a pile of smudged and blotted paper out of a drawer and put the pages in order. "Here it is, and here's a blue pencil for you."

"Why a blue pencil?" I asked.

"You must have a blue pencil to make the alterations. All the best editors use them."

"But I never can write with a blue pencil," I protested. "Besides, they're so unpleasant to liek."

She threw the implement with a gesture of contempt into the wastepaper basket and handed me the manuscript. Penelope's writing is evil enough at the best of times, but here there was hardly a sentence that had not been crossed out and re-written—some of them several times over. The whole thing was a nightmare palimpsest.



Tourist (at Irish hotel). "YOU SEEM TIRED, PAT!"

Waiter. "YISS, SORR. UP VERY EARLY THIS MORNING—HALF-PAST SIX!"

Tourist. "I DON'T CALL HALF-PAST SIX EARLY!"

Waiter (quick'y). "WELL, HALF-PAST FIVE, THIN!"

"Supposing," I suggested politely, "you were to read it to me instead; I could get the hang of the thing better. Or, better still, supposing you were to begin with an outline of the plot."

"If you like. Well, it's all about the struggle between two men for the love of a girl. Do you like it?"

"It sounds fresh," I said. "Well, listen. The hero's name is Jasper Lascelles, and the villain is Dick Ferrers."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "That

will never do. No hero is ever called Jasper, and no Dick could possibly be a villain—not in a story. You must make it the other way about."

"But why?" asked Penelope. "It's one of the laws of literature. No magazine would accept your story if you trifled with tradition like that. You'll be telling me next that your hero is dark-complexioned and your villain curly-haired and Saxon."

"Well, why shouldn't they be? I like dark men and I hate curly Saxon

hair. And I like the name Jasper and I hate Dick. So there."

When Penelope clinches a statement with "So there," it is useless to argue the matter further. Meekly enough I invited her to continue her synopsis.

"The heroine," she resumed, "is Carmeneita Delafontaine. Both her parents died when she was a child. Her mother was an Italian opera-singer and her father an English artist of Huguenot extraction. Their marriage was a very romantic one. While sketching one day in Venice, Maurice Delafontaine—that's the father; he was really a great artist, but was not properly appreciated until after his death. He used to have awful rows with the critics, and wrote very clever sarcastic letters about them to the papers; so of course that made them all the more bitter against him. And he wouldn't sell any of his pictures, but left them all to Carmeneita when he died of a broken heart a few months after his wife's death. And the pictures came to be worth thousands of pounds each, and CHRISTIES went down on their knees to Carmeneita to sell them, but she wouldn't, because she worshipped her father's memory and was very strong-minded and wrote stories at ten guineas a thousand words. Do you like it?"

I made a non-committal gurgle.

"I thought you would. Well, I was telling you about the romantic way in which Carmeneita's parents got married. He was sketching one day from a gondola which was moored to the wall of an old castle when he heard a most exquisite voice singing the what-d'you-call-it from *Traviata*. The voice came from a window right above him, and he was so entranced that he climbed up the wall—"

"Fortunately there happened to be a rope-ladder suspended from the window," I suggested.

"Oh, something of the sort; or else he clambered up the ivy. Do they have ivy in Venice? Find out for me, will you? However, he got on to the window-ledge, and just as the singer had finished he chimed in with the tenor's part. He had a naturally fine baritone voice—"

"Baritone?" I inquired.

"Oh, well, it must have been the baritone's part he sang. He certainly was a baritone, because he had an auburn beard, and it needn't have been the thing from *Traviata*, but something from something else. You mustn't worry about these trivial points just now; the main thing is the plot."

"Yes, the main thing is the plot," I assented. "Suppose you drop Car-

meneita's parents for the present and come to it. What's the story all about?"

"I'm telling you: you can't gain a proper impression of Carmeneita's extraordinary character unless you know something about her parents and her upbringing. She was educated on entirely novel lines. Until she was seventeen—"

"No, no," I insisted firmly; "I want the plot, and nothing but the plot. What about Jasper and Dick?"

"I was coming to them. Jasper Lascelles is the editor of the magazine that takes Carmeneita's stories, and fell in love with her, long before he had ever seen her, through reading her manuscripts. Dick Ferrers had the education of a gentleman, but chose to become an art-dealer, and makes love to Carmeneita in order to obtain possession of her father's pictures, which are worth millions. Now you see how necessary the other part is."

"Yes; but what do the rivals do? What of their struggle?"

"Well, that's as far as I've got at present. I haven't quite thought out the rest of the plot, except that Jasper, of course, marries Carmeneita in the end, after a misunderstanding, because Dick had prompted Carmeneita to send in a story under an assumed name, and Jasper had rejected it. Only it wasn't really his fault, because Dick had altered it before it reached him, making it bad grammar and not quite the kind of story a nice girl would write. It's just here that I want your help. But of course you must read the whole thing first, so as to know exactly the sort of girl Carmeneita is, and then you can suggest the best way to work out the plot."

"I'm fearfully sorry," I said, "but I haven't time to read it now; I'm expected home to dinner. What I should suggest is that you finish it off on your own lines, have it typed, and then send it on to me, and I may be able to make a few suggestions."

"Well, I don't think you're very helpful; besides, it costs such a lot to get things typed. But if you *really* like the story I suppose it's worth while. I'll send it on in a day or two."

It was over a fortnight before I received an untidy brown-paper parcel from Penelope. On opening it I found the manuscript in the very self-same state of disreputability that had so repelled me on the occasion of my visit, together with a note in Penelope's most impossible scrawl.

"I'm afraid," she wrote, "that I shan't be able to find time to finish off the story, as I have just joined some

ducky art-classes. So let's corroborate over the story. You finish it and send it somewhere, and we'll halve the profits."

But I make it a rule never to "corroborate"—even with so versatile a creature as Penelope.

MOMUS AND PLASTER.

[Mr. J. M. BARRIE'S gift of a bronze statue of Peter Pan to Kensington Gardens has had some amusing results.]

MR. G. B. SHAW has arranged with M. RODIN for a nude mammoth statue of himself, accompanied by a pigmy SHAKESPEARE, to be erected opposite whatever site is chosen for the SHAKESPEARE memorial, in honour of *Man and Superman*.

MR. GALSWORTHY has commissioned Mr. EPSTEIN, the sculptor of the charming and sprightly figures on the façade at the corner of the Strand and Agar Street, to make a gigantic statue of Welcome, which is to be erected just inside the gates of Holloway Castle, with replicas at the entrance of gaols all over the country, in commemoration of *The Silver Box* and *Justice*.

In order to mark the prosperous renaissance of the British drama at Drury Lane, a statue of M. POIRET, the inventor of the harem skirt, is to be placed in the foyer of that theatre.

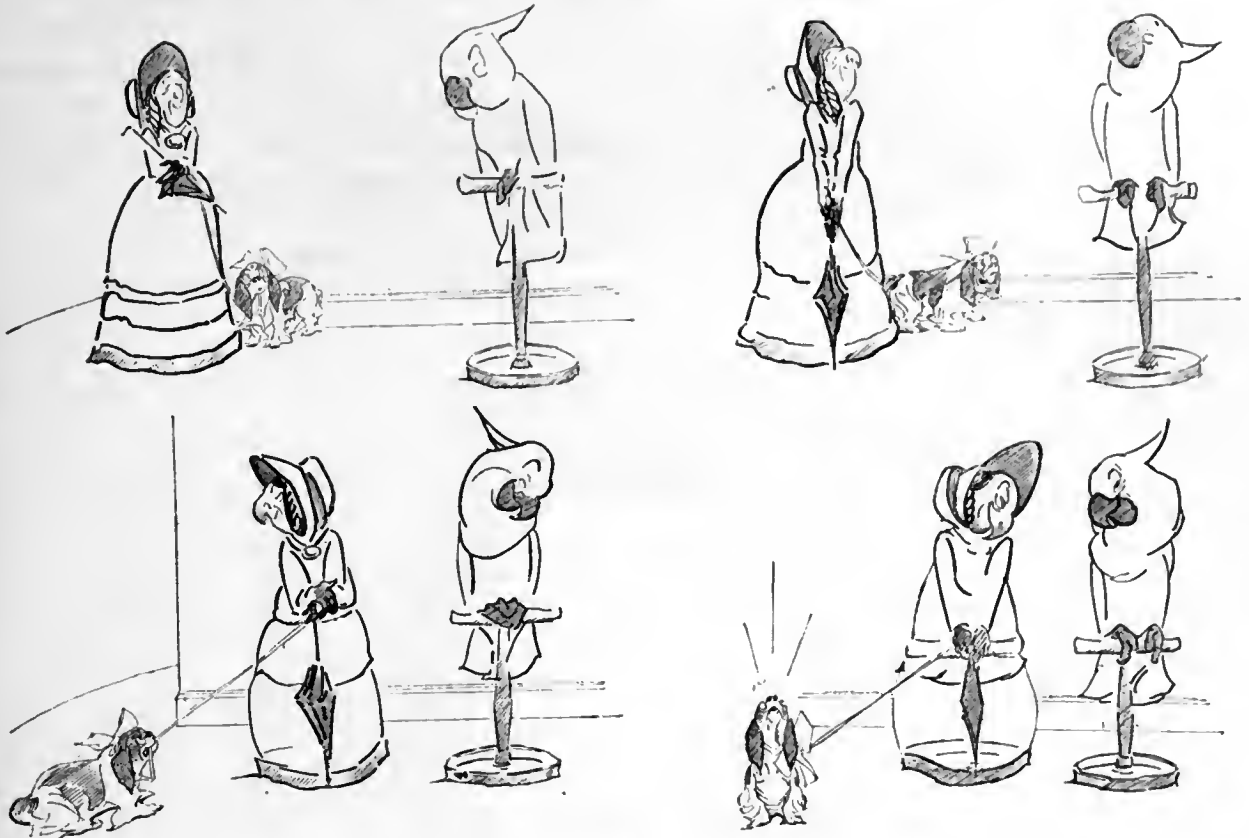
Sir ARTHUR PINERO has arranged for the great success of his latter-day dramatic career to be memorialised for all time by a colossal statuary group which will be erected in the centre of the road immediately in front of the Garrick Club. The subject is LINDLEY MURRAY between Comedy and Tragedy.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has arranged with Mr. DERWENT WOOD, A.R.A., to make a more than life-size statue of himself for erection in the centre of Leicester Square as a memorial of the success of certain Shakespearean revivals at His Majesty's Theatre. The first plaster sketch was so impressionistic that, according to a witty critic, "You could not see the Tree for the Wood;" but this defect has now been removed, and the great actor-manager promises to dominate the whole Square.

As a mark of the favour with which *The Quaker Girl* has been received at the Adelphi, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES will unveil a statue of GEORGE FOX to be erected at Bournville.

"It was a feminine sightseer who left her hotel in a taxicab."—*London Opinion*.

Just like a woman. Still she could always get it back from Scotland Yard.



THE OBSTRUCTER OF TRAFFIC.

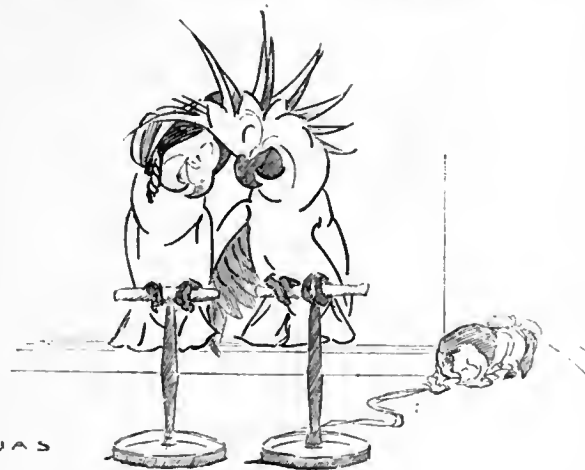
It was a windy day and I was principally concerned with trying to keep my hat on; therefore it was not until the West Highland terrier had wound himself round my legs with the cunning and precision of an American bolas that I quite realized what was happening. Then I looked up and saw Miss Wilkinson at the other end of the lariat. "Oh, it's you, is it?" I said. "Do you think it quite nice to entrap single young men in this manner?"

"I'm so sorry," she explained, "he will do it; you're the third this morning, and the last was a policeman. Are you going this way? You might come home and lunch with us."

"Well, I wasn't, you know," I said; "but since you have roped me in, I may as well go quietly to the stockade. What's his name?"

"Alan Breck Stewart," she replied as I disentangled myself, "Breck for short."

"I see; Breck, Breck, Breck, like that poem of TENNYSON'S. What you ought really to do with a puppy that hasn't learnt to follow is to put him on a



LIKE TO LIKE.

little wheeled trolley, with his paws fastened down firmly, and drag him along. Then he would get the hang of the thing, you know."

At this point we cast anchor suddenly round the base of a lamp-post.

"It's so silly of him," said Miss Wilkinson; "he never can see that he must go back the way he came; he always will try to get round the other side."

"It is a case for firmness," I declared; "leave him to me a moment. First of all I am going to hold him up by the tail."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, it shows whether he's well-

bred to begin with; if not, of course his eyes would drop out. And, secondly, it makes the blood rush to the head, thereby enhancing the mental faculties. Now I'm going to take him off the lead, and speak to him quietly but distinctly."

Replaced upon the pavement, Alan Breck Stewart looked up at us with eyes that positively beamed with docile intelligence. For some minutes after he trotted quietly to heel, meditating.

"It's no use, really," said Miss Wilkinson, "he's certain to do something stupid; we've lost him twice already and had to pay two guineas reward.

He's quite a well-known contributor to the papers."

At this point the adventurer espied a sparrow in the middle of the road, and cantered briskly towards it with that peculiar slantwise action of his hind-quarters which he appears to think suits his style of beauty. At the same moment a huge touring-car came up the road, and jerked itself out of forty miles an hour with a wrench that must have taken a month's wear out of the tyres. It just managed to stop about a foot in front of Alan Breck, who, standing unperturbed on the spot where he had confidently marked his sparrow,

seemed puzzled but not annoyed. He sniffed the front of the car and trotted slowly back to us. Meanwhile the chauffeur was saying things softly to himself about dogs in general and Alan Breck in particular—things that reflected on the Scotchman's character and pride of pedigree. He also seemed to believe in a future life for animals. I apologised, and we put Alan Breck on the lead again. His bag for the rest of the way consisted of an errand-boy, a perambulator, his own front-paws (three times), and two ladies who, owing to the curious conformation of their skirts, seemed to have some difficulty in walking as it was. Each time Alan Breck looked up patiently and asked to be unwound. He had a good appetite for his puppy biscuit at lunch and, after thoroughly testing the china plate with his tongue to see whether leadless glaze had been employed, lay down with a sigh in front of the fire, probably to compose a new Scotch reel.

THE GRUMBLERS' CORNER.

Le Matin has established a column in which all kinds of grievances may be stated. *Mr. Punch* adopts the idea for his own dissatisfied countrymen.

Mr. LANSBURY, M.P., writes: "There is no scandal to compare with the waste of time and energy in the House of Commons. I recently made a careful analysis of a day's proceedings, and I found that, of the seven hours occupied in speeches, two hours twenty-five minutes were given to idle forms of courtesy. Such a phrase as "Honourable Member for So-and-so" makes me mad. None of us think other Members honourable, and the sooner we cease to pretend that we do the better for England. The way to refer to another Member is by his surname only. I am plain LANSBURY, and I expect others to be the same. Again there is the absurd tradition of catching the SPEAKER'S eye. Every man should have as much right to speak as another, and should not have to wait to be called. In short, the House is not a place of legislation at all, but a museum of mediævalism. Coming now to the third, and perhaps worst scandal, I refer to the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD——"

[Not here. ED. *Punch*.]

Mr. Jay Penn writes: "I wish to protest with all my power against the modern practice of allowing publishers in their advertisements to eulogise their books. That privilege belongs to the reviewer and the reader, and to them alone. Publishers' advertisements become more disgusting every day. Each new book is a classic and a miracle,

until we don't know where we are, and the conscientious literary man who chances to have a publisher of decent restraint is lost."

Mr. B. Punter writes: "A most unsatisfactory state of things which needs careful legislation is the irresponsibility of the Press. There are a number of papers, each assuming great authority and each making money by this authority, which are permitted by an apathetic and cynical Government to mislead exactly as they like. I will give you an example—racing tips. With one or two exceptions all our morning and evening papers offer their readers advice as to the horses that will win. And how often are they right? Almost never. Yet all do it and make money by it. Take, for example, the Grand National, recently run. Had I taken the advice of the seven daily papers which I read I should have backed seven horses not one of which reached the post at all. Is not this an abuse? And an indefensible one? I think so."

Mr. LUTHER BRIDGER writes: "Can nothing be done to combat the confusion which arises from two public men being allowed to bear the same, or practically the same, name. For many years Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was allowed to enjoy the possession of this combination undisturbed. But now on the Unionist benches there sits a Member who has turned the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S name upside down—I refer to Mr. GEORGE LLOYD. Unless this evil precedent is dealt with in summary fashion we may expect such further enormities as the appropriation of the names Churchill, Winston, Harcourt Lewis, and Buxton Sydney by the rank and file of the Opposition."

"An Indignant Father" writes from Hyde Park Gardens: "When I was a boy I, like most of my contemporaries, suffered from the measles. But I did so on the strict understanding that there should be no recurrence of the complaint; and this agreement, for which our family doctor went bail, has been strictly kept. For some thirty-eight years I have enjoyed a perfect immunity from this disorder. But now mark the difference. My son, aged fifteen, has had measles three times running in three successive years, and the doctor at his school—a very expensive public school—has refused to guarantee that he will not have it again. Apart from the serious expense in which I have been involved, this state of affairs casts a lurid light on our vaunted progress in bacteriological research. When we knew nothing about bacilli they were

relatively harmless; now that we have identified and named them, they display a revolting virulence."

Professor W. A. S. HEWINS writes: "It grieves me to have to record the painful fact that at all the instrumental concerts held during the All-British shopping week no effort was made to dispense with the French horn; worse still, that during the same period the native worth of the tenor oboe was still disguised under the gallicised title of the *cor anglais*."

THE POET'S RESOLVE.

Lo! the woods to life awaken;
Spears of green commence to sprout;
Dormice, from their trances shaken,
Simple nourishment have taken
Through the snout.

'Tis the Spring, and all the strikers
Of the heaven-descended lyre,
Padders of the hoof and bikers
Chant the open road: their icher's
Filled with fire.

Only I have sworn by Hades,
By Olympus' snow-crowned peak,
By Damascus and by Gades
(Taking care, of course, no ladies
Heard me speak);—

Sworn that though the flowers invoke us
Flaming from the bulbs that hiss
(TENNYSON contains the *locus*
Classicus about the crocus
Doing this);—

Though the air with myriad voices
Cries aloud, "The chains are gone!"
Though in dells, where Pan rejoices,
Youthful herdsmen with their choices
Carry on;

Though the forkéd hoof of satyr
Treads the turf and fauns are seen;
Though the West winds rise and scatter
Golf-balls which should plump like batter
On the green;

I have sworn, I say (O printer,
Mark it as the type you fix),
By the Queen who dies in winter,
By her spouse, and by the inter-
Circling Styx,

Though ten thousand lyres are thrum-
ming,
Not one syllable to sing
On that threadbare, soul-benumbing,
Played-out topic of the coming
Of the Spring! EVOE.

"Fligh Class English Gentlemans butter with London e St.-Peterburg experience seeks position, highest references (speaks French)."
Adv. in "Novoe Vremya."
Good. Now he must try English.



REFLECTED GLORY.

Submerged Spectator (to Player). "'OW DO, TOM?"—(as Player looks round)—"SEE THAT, MATES? 'E RECKERNISED ME!"
 [NOTE.—Submerged Spectator indicated with a cross.

HOLMES TRUTH.

It was a little Circular
 (Marked "Confidential" too)
 Containing information
 Painful, perhaps, but true.
 But someone treacherously let
 The cat out of the bag,
 Which caused of late at Question time
 A most unholy "rag."

It was a little Minister
 Whose speech was one long cry:
 "Please, Sir, I never did it;
 Please, Sir, it wasn't I.
 Please, Sir, it was another boy
 Who ought to bear the blame,
 But he's no longer with us—
 Holmes, please, Sir, is his name."

It was the democratic press
 That, in the following days,
 Bedaubed the little Minister
 With its most fulsome praise,
 For nobly disavowing
 The obscurantist creed
 Embodied in the contents
 Of this pernicious screed.

It was, if I may put it
 In language bald and brief,
 The story of an honest man
 Imperilled by a thief,

And thrown instanter to the wolves
 By a disloyal chief,
 In whom extremists still profess
 Their unimpaired belief.

THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

FOR THE CORONATION.—To Let in Westminister, handsomely furnished Flat, from which the sounds of the crowd, cheering, &c., can distinctly be heard, provided that the wind is in the right direction. For month, 80 guineas. For Coronation Day, 20 guineas.

FOR THE CORONATION.—Seats are now being fitted up on the top of the Nelson and Duke of York columns. Unequalled bird's-eye view of the procession. Everything visible except the interior of the Abbey. Prices from 5 to 50 guineas. Book early.—The Summit Syndicate Ltd.

FOR THE CORONATION.—Magnificent stand is now in course of construction opposite the City Temple in case plans should be altered and the Coronation be held there. One never knows. Seating for 5,000 from 10 shillings. Excellent view guaranteed.

FOR THE CORONATION.—To Let, for the summer, Old-World Residence, near Leeds. Four reception rooms, fourteen bedrooms, garage, billiard room, offices, &c. Within two miles of station, which is within 4 hours' journey of Westminister Abbey. Per month, 100 guineas. Bargain.

FOR THE CORONATION.—For Sale, Job Lot, American Flags, suitable for decoration of private houses. What offers?

FOR THE CORONATION.—Stilts of all sizes for obtaining good view above the heads of the crowd. From a guinea a pair. As used in the Landes—very practical.—Apply Messrs. Tiel & Shorter.

FOR THE CORONATION.—A few seats still remaining in the Fleet of Tethered Balloons which will hover above the Abbey during the day. Price, including binoculars, champagne lunch and insurance ticket, 30 guineas. Apply, Enterprise Unltd.

"Hat, large, burnt straw, trimmed broad satin ribbon, pink roses, 5s. 6d.; age 19."
 Advt. in "The Lady."
 We prefer them newer.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. JOHN TREVENA can see no good in a Radical and, politics being as they are, is without hope. Casting his student's mind a generation or two ahead, he has no difficulty in picturing an England devoted to hedonist Socialism, given over to blind worship of its players, practising violence, robbery and free love, slaughtering the remnants of its old aristocracy (in which alone the author has any confidence), stage-managed by an alien adventurer and eventually leased to Japan, with no condition save the prompt payment of a fat premium on the lease. There is undoubtedly something in the author's point, but his exaggeration could only have been excused by satire, and *The Reign of the Saints* (ALSTON RIVERS), being unrelieved by the grace of humour or any sense of the ridiculous, is not that. To show the climax of Female Suffrage attained in the advancement of a low-class virago, "usually chewing a cigar end," to the bishopric of Exeter is mere buffoonery. A logical exposition of the possible end of modern tendencies might have been undertaken on these lines, but this book, a realistic novel of the future, cannot seriously pretend even to logic. The narrative is graphic and the excitement is well maintained, but the moral of it all, upon which the Preface insists, is not convincing. I am a bit of a Tory myself, but I am left comfortably sure that things are not so bad as all that.

Humour comes more easily to Mrs. LEVERSON than to most women-writers.

Never too subtle, and sometimes, perhaps, a little too easy, it colours her work with a very natural gaiety. But she cannot always keep her own personality out of the dialogue; as when the adoring flapper says of her baby Guardsman: "Oh! the jolly way he has of saying 'Righto' and 'You're all right.'" I am confident that the flapper thought it, but I am equally confident that she would never have said it. So Mrs. LEVERSON says it for her. In this new book, *The Limit* (GRANT RICHARDS), one recognises the pleasant *mot* about the golden-haired lady who darkened her locks at the roots; and I am glad that the author has at last embodied in print a repartee of her own from long ago that deserved to be enshrined. She does not attempt to analyse her characters very closely, but she can seize a rapid impression of a type. Her American, for instance, who is anxious to be very English and good form,

is sketched lightly, but with a sure hand. One or two of her people make palpable pretence of being drawn from actual models, and Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM may have a word to say about that.

By her title she means the point beyond which the strong silent husband will not go in his tolerance of the *tertium quid*. But Mrs. LEVERSON has her own "limit," and if she had followed the dictates of temperament she would have drawn the line on this side of serious developments instead of boldly grasping the fringe of tragedy, as she does towards the end. Here, I think, in her right effort to avoid obvious

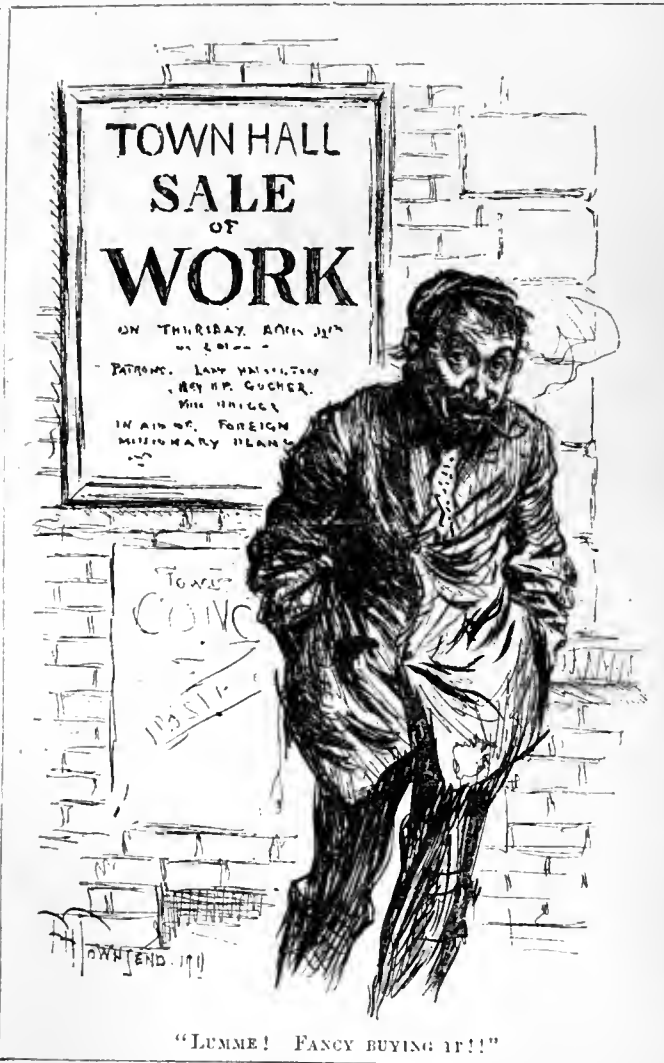
courses, she becomes improbable. Her earlier humour, with its appetising savour as of orange bitters, did not quite carry me over this piece of resistance.

If you anticipate anon
A journey in a train,
Purchase *Eliza Getting On*
(CASSELL), by BARRY PAIN.

'Twill smile away the time,
and you,
Grateful for that, will not
Too critically probe into:
The characters and plot.

There is something wrong about the construction of *The Lady of the Bungalow* (STANLEY PAUL). If Miss EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN were to tell her story to a jury of British matrons, they would, I am inclined to think, smile it out of court. They might pass the sable-silver with which *Lady Veronica Glenalva* disguised the rich corn and bronze colour of her gold locks in order to carry out her scheme of revenge on the famous traveller who had prevented her from marrying another explorer who happened also to be a scoundrel. But they would surely jib at the network of wrinkles with which she covered her face, and still more (I speak as a man)

at the mysterious removable pads, inflated with air, which gave her the bust and figure of a buxom Juno of sixty, in place of her own "admirable slenderness." And even if they allowed the possibility of the wig and the wrinkles and the pneumatic pads, and admitted that by their aid a slim young girl might day by day for weeks make a number of people, some of whom knew her quite well, take her for a stout old woman, an imaginary cousin of the noble house of the Glenalvas, they would be troubled by the reflection that someone would inevitably have looked her up in *Debrett*. And then her whole scheme would have fallen to the ground. The next time that Miss EVERETT-GREEN wishes one of her heroines to bowl out the public, I should recommend her to set the field in more orthodox fashion, and, above all, not to hamper her with "pads" in the wrong place.



"LEMME! FANCY BUYING IT!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE position of poor MULAI HAFID is certainly one that calls for our sympathy. His capital is invested, but brings him in no income.

Lord HALDANE'S statement, in the debate on Lord ROBERTS'S motion, that he believed in standing up for our rights, has, we hear, given grave offence to many members of his party. The evil influence of the House of Lords is no doubt responsible for such a Jingo sentiment.

Now that the Executive Committee of the KING EDWARD Memorial have decided not to destroy the bridge in St. James's Park, might we point out the indisputable claims of Charing Cross Bridge to their attention?

A "Messing Adviser," it is announced, is to be appointed at the War Office. We suppose this is necessary. But surely they have had this kind of thing before.

The War Office has now ordered that in future all horses purchased for the Army shall have their Army numbers tattooed on their gums instead of being branded on their hoofs. This won't be much of an ordeal for the horse which is merely No. 1, but what of the poor brute which is, say, No. 10001?

We are not surprised to hear that ex-soldiers are growing in favour as chauffeurs. Experience shows that they are less likely than others to lose their heads on killing their man.

Hamlet without the Ghost again. Messrs. CONSTABLE have just published a book entitled "Shepherds of Britain," but it does not contain a word about Mr. CHURCHILL'S.

The Express draws attention to a remarkable case of suspended animation. "In 1661," our contemporary tells us, "the remains [of OLIVER CROMWELL] were disinterred by order of Parliament, the body being hung on the gallows at Tyburn, and the head set on a pole on the top of Westmin-

ster Hall. A great deal of mystery attaches to the subsequent movements of the head."

A strange phenomenon is reported from the Criterion Theatre. *Baby Mine* is developing into a Gold Mine.

Our prisoners would appear to be strangely lacking in the valuable quality of tact. An official report has been issued, giving a list of their favourite



Customer (after a morning's shopping). "HAVE YOU ANY EELS?"
 Fishmonger. "YES, MADAM. WHAT QUANTITY WOULD YOU REQUIRE?"
 Customer. "WELL, THERE 'LL BE SIX OF US. . . D'YOU THINK A YARD AND A HALF WOULD BE SUFFICIENT?"

THE SMART SET.

HOW ANIMALS MAY GET INTO IT.

[“HORSES.—A Pair of remarkably handsome Brown Geldings with quality, fast, with high action; perfect manners.”—*Advt.*]

If domestic animals do not increase the attractions of their manners and appearance, it is now their own fault.

HOW TO NEIGH CORRECTLY. IN TWELVE EASY LESSONS.—We teach you so that you may converse on an equality with the thoroughbred. Address, Training College for Animals, Holloway (Horse Voice Department).

BUTCHERS AND BAKERS' NAGS, CARTHORSES, ETC.—Would you like to improve your position, to rise to higher levels? Then learn *Department* as we teach it. Your manners may be impossible; but do not despair, we can cure you. A bus horse writes to us: "Three years ago I considered myself fortunate to be drawing the Liverpool Street—Putney bus. I am now ridden in the Row and know some of the smartest hacks in town."

Will you give us a trial? Trot round at once to the Training College for Animals.

WHOLE MEAL FODDER.—Neigh for it, and see that you get it! It was this fodder which made your grandsires, the old Mail horses, able to do their work. List of Mews where the Standard Fodder may be obtained sent on application. Endorsed by the Mare of Hackney.

SHOES.—The Smith Shoe is unequalled for style and fit. Are you among the smart gees who wear it?

WANTED A THOUSAND MANX CATS TO TRY THATCHO FOR THE TAIL.

Pig-SKIN SOAP.—All stylish porkers who want a delightful rose-leaf complexion use it. Do you? Send for sample.

"CAPT. — having been bitten by a Fox terrier chained up at the Lawrence Hall, on Saturday, at about 8.15 p.m., will be much obliged if the owner will kindly inform him as to the health of the Dog."

Advt. in "Civil and Military Gazette."
 This is true courtesy.

books. Not a single volume by the HOME SECRETARY figures in this list.

Meanwhile, in view of the fact that each year the Government issues a large number of Blue Books which have scarcely any circulation, an attempt, we hear, is to be made to get the convicts to read these.

We like a man who knows how to seize an opportunity, and have nothing but admiration for the Dentist who is advertising:—

"CORONATION YEAR.
 Why not have your teeth crowned with gold?"

"LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES."

[Studies in the poignant manner of Mr. THOMAS HARDY'S "Satires of Circumstance" in the April number of *The Fortnightly Review*.]

IN SIX MISFYTTES.

(Concluded.)

IV.

IN A PUBLIC PLACE.

THEY sit on a seat of the esplanade,
The buxom cook and the housemaid trim.
Spring-fashions, to left and right displayed,
Escape their eyes, which are all for him,
As he swaggers by in his martial gear,
A perfect dream of a bombardier.

"He gave me this bangle of gold to wear,"
Says the housemaid; "must have cost him a pound."
The cook says nothing, but sits in a stare,
Thinking, "I guess where the money was found;
It came from my hard-earned wage, no doubt—
Two shillings an hour to walk me out!"

V.

ON THE RIVER.

The barge swings slow on the slow stream's breast,
And the bargee leans to his oar, dull brute.
A curious apathy fills his chest,
Though his wife is trailing her off-side boot
In the ochreous ooze, and he hears her purr
As his mate at the tiller makes eyes at her.

A lurch and a slip—she is overboard,
And her lover dives in at the nearest place.
No sign on the part of her legal lord
As the waters close on their last embrace,
Except that he smiles, "I shall miss them both,"
And leans to his oar with a grateful oath.

VI.

AT THE WINNING-POST.

She waits in the grand-stand's grassy patch,
Externally cool, but her manner clothes
A throbbing heart, for they ride a match,
The man she loves and the man she loathes;
A hundred sovereigns they ride to win,
With a purse, her sewing, to put them in.

Neck and neck, at identical rates,
They ride to the finish, a clear dead-heat.
"Shall we run it off?" says the man she hates;
And the other, "Not me; I'm much too beat!"
Then the first: "There are prizes enough for two,
And the declaration I'll leave to you."
"Very well," says the man she loves, "you're free
To pocket the purse—the cash for me!"

O. S.

STORIES FOR UNCLÉS.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

No. VII.—THE TWO DRAGONS.

The emper of Persha is a splendid emper and very hansim his empriss is as butifle as a goldfish she has a luvly nose and blu eyes and wen she luks at you you fall down and begin to eri they hav foretin grone up childern and lots of servints butlers and futmen and cuks and housmads and a boy in butns to kleen the nives and butes the emper livs in a palis on the top of a hill buy a river

the palis is maid of marbl and gold with plenty of jools all over it and the rooms are of a mense size.

Ther are 2 dragins at the botm of the garden wun is a blu dragin his name is Bill and the uthar is a grin lady dragin her name is Sara thire very firse dragins with skails and wen they breeth flames eum out of ther mouths and ther teeth are orfle to luk at they luv the emper and foller him bout like a dog but they cant wark mutsh they can only woddel like swons or duks but they can fli like eegils.

Wun morning the emper wos warkin in the garden wen he sor the dragins lieing in the sun but they got up dreckly and sluted him with ther frunt pors.

Good morning Bill sed the emper good morning Sara.

Good morning your magety sed the dragins.

Hav you herd the nus sed the emper.

No sed Bill we havnt wot is it.

Thers a lion bout the plase sumwere sed the emper havent you seen him.

No sed Sara we havent wots he like.

Wel sed the emper hes like wot lions are like yellor with a big main and long teeth.

Wots he come bothring here for sed Bill.

Hes my wiked unele sed the emper he wents to turn me outof been emper and I wont him kild.

O weel sune do that sed Bill and Sara tugether breathing fire at the same time goodby your magety.

Goodby sed the emper warking away you shal hav enthing you like for dinner wen youve kild him.

Wen the emper wos gorn the dragins flu up in a big tree and loked all over the plase.

Can you see him Sara sed Bill no sed Sara can you.

I think I can sed Bill hes cuming along by the cabbidges wistling.

Lions cant wistle sed Sara.

Wel this wuns wistling sed Bill Ill get doun quick and pertend to be a rabbit.

Wots the woos of that sed Sara.

Wel heel run arfter me and then you can drop on him and ketch him and Ill help you.

No sed Sara weel both be dragins.

So they got doun and wen the lion kame up he nocked agenst Sara youve trod on my por sed Sara.

Pardon sed the lion I didnt meen it.

I dont kno bout that sed Bill woter you doing here.

Im jest warking sed the lion is that the palis.

Yes it is sed Sara but weer going to kil you arnt we Bill.

Yes sed Bill weer going to kil you your the emprers wiked unele.

Wen the lion herd this he gav a terble rore and jumpd into the air to friten the dragins but they larfed at him they new he eoudent bite thru ther skails and so they wer very brave but the lion was very brave tu then they had a dredfle fite ferst the lion tride to bite orf Bills tale but Sara bit him on the nose and he had to leev go and then they rold all over the cabbidges and got cuvd with mud at last the lion sed Ive had nuff Ill giv in and the dragins bit his hed orf thats finshd him sed Bill lets take his hed to the palis and sho it to the emper yes said Sara you take his hed and Ill take his body so they tuk the lion in ther mouths and woddeld to the palis.

Take orf his skin sed the emper we cant sed the dragins its tu tite its only butnd on sed the emper.

And when they unbutnd his skin and tuk it orf loan bold it wosent the wiked unele it wos the emper of Afrika.

Its the rong man sed the emper but he gav the dragins a good dinner jest the same and the empriss wos ther tu and all the emprers slays and genrals and nex week the dragins found the wiked unele and kild him tu and then they livd in piece ever arfter.



SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

JOHN BULL. "I TRUST IT WAS NOT SIMPLY MY FREE TRADE PRINCIPLES THAT MADE YOU LOVE ME?"

JAPAN. "DEAREST, LET US NOT PRY TOO CURIOUSLY INTO THE SOURCES OF OUR SACRED AFFECTION."





Brother. "BETTY, I WANT TO INTRODUCE MR. MUCREEGEE TO YOU."
Betty (shocked). "SSH! ALGIE, HE'LL HEAR YOU!"

THE GOLFER'S EXCUSE.

JAMES is one of those players who nearly always hit a tremendously long ball off the first tee just to dishearten their adversaries. But this time his "Alkatross" flapped heavily over the undulating turf and beached itself securely in the shelving sand of the bunker, while my "Cormorant" bounced on the top, struggled gamely and went over into the Mysian fields. My heart swelled with joy and I talked gaily to James as we went forward to examine the site of his proposed excavations. His first error was the prolude (as they say in the Sporting Press) to a series of similar misfortunes, and at the fifth hole I was four up. As we walked to the next tee he was still rubbing sand out of his eyes, and after we had both driven off he said to me solemnly, "It's no use concealing it any longer, old man; I am in love."

Dissembling my inward jubilation so well that I actually assumed a mask of sorrow, I consoled with him. "So bad as that," I said; "have you tried Thanatogen? They say it's a wonderful thing for these internal complaints, and what's more puts beef into the

drive. I once wrote a little poem beginning:—

'There's nothing to beat Thanatogen;
It's better for golfers than Sloe Gin;
It's——'

"Thank you," said James, "I will take it on trust."

Right up to the turn he continued to fizzle deplorably, and seemed incapable of keeping his eye on the ball ("Very possibly," I said to myself, "her name is Daisy or Celandine or something of that sort"); but at the tenth hole, when I was already lured into a sense of serene confidence and had even tried one or two chip-shots, he suddenly began to find his game. Somehow I mislaid mine at the same moment, and by the time we reached the fourteenth green I was only two up, and filled with bitter and cynical reflections. "Love," I muttered to my caddie, "love, indeed! He is probably out after her money, poor girl; or else she has a title. Ah! the hollowness of these so-called romances." It was just after this that I played an approach-shot into the female sand-box belonging to the next tee, and at the end of the round James was one up. He purred with satisfaction as we walked into the club-house,

and it was not until I had drunk four cups of tea that I felt better, and asked him gently, but reproachfully, "Who is she? You haven't told me anything about her yet."

"Who's who?" said James.

I reminded him sternly of his accident, but he only laughed. "Oh, that!" he said. "Well, I had to make some excuse for playing so atrociously at the start, and people never seem to believe you if you say you have a touch of liver or sat up late working the night before. It wasn't true. I say, you remember my last baffly shot but one?"

"No," I said, "I don't, and I don't want to."

Next time I play with James I shall tell him that I have just been medically examined and found to be in a galloping consumption, with only two more months to live. That will probably trick him into using his brassy out of rough lies, and with any luck I ought to down him.

Bodily and Spiritual Needs.

"Happy home at Dulwich to Paving Guest;
lady, gentleman or student; best English meat;
good evangelical ministry."

Adv. in "The Christian."

POSTO.

LIKE all great discoveries, the idea is in itself extremely simple. It is this beautiful simplicity, probably, that gains on the mind and eventually holds it in thrall.

But before I offer you generalisations you will like to know what it is I am talking about. It is Posto I speak of—

Posto, the new game. I say "game." Well, it is a game. But please understand that it is one of those games that dignify the word. Chess, Bridge, Golf, Billiards, Cricket—it will fall naturally into rank with games like these—games that satisfy something fundamental in the human mind, and in consequence live on indefinitely. True, the origin of Posto is not shrouded in antiquity. But even on this point our posterity's posterity may think otherwise.

Posto is a game that only admits of one player. The first thing he has to do is to learn the road to the dust-bin. This done he is ready for the Posto Spot. The Posto Spot is simply a moment of time. At this period of the game it has one dominant feature for the player. It is a moment that may on no account be actively approached, beckoned, or encouraged in any way. The player is therefore advised to return to the ordinary occupations of his life, and, as far as possible, to forget Posto.

Possibly on a Sunday afternoon—possibly on a muggy day during, say, influenza convalescence, when ordinary time seems a tinge more ordinary than usual, our player will realise abruptly that he is on the Posto Spot. No one can tell him when he is there. But there is no need for that.

A man that has once heard of the Posto Spot knows it instinctively. A feeling of contumely assails him; it passes over him in great waves that culminate in the gorge. The exciting cause is some inanimate object in the home—in simple language, some beastly thing (a vase, a picture, a photograph, an anti-macassar—it may, indeed, be absolutely anything) that the player has known and hated for years, that he has periodically made vain efforts to free himself from, efforts, by the way,

that have always been frustrated by some of the beastly thing's partisans. For it is peculiar to the objects we are speaking of that they always have somebody ready to furnish a reason for keeping them, somebody to say fatuously, "It cost so-much," "It was given to us by So-and-So," "It is an heirloom," "It might be useful if . . . or if . . ."

deliberation. To the casual observer he would seem quite unmoved. Now he takes the article, which is called technically "the stifler," in both hands; without any sign of hesitation he bears it forth along the familiar road to the dust-bin. He raises the lid. "Go," he whispers. "Be no more. Die." He then deposits "the stifler" in the dust-bin, closes the lid, and retraces his steps.

As he re-enters the room there is the light of victory in his eyes; his step, too, is crisp and confident; he is looking about him for a comfortable chair. Sinking into it he gives himself up to "the glow," which is the Posto player's reward. All I can say is, May everyone feel it for himself, for herself! It defies description. Relief, power, vengeance satisfied, space acquired—numerous sensations seem to join themselves happily to produce an entirely new feeling. This is "the glow." Try it for yourself and you will understand me.

Before I end, a word to the timid. The player does not meet anybody on the road to the dust-bin. No. It is quite a mistake to be afraid of this. The reason is that he acts at once. If he were to wait to think the matter over and act later, it is a 1000 to 1 that he would meet somebody, and 100 to 1 that it would be the somebody that he would most wish to avoid. Acting at once, however, he just catches the road clear. It is a peculiar thing. I can offer no theory to explain it. But to the practical Posto player it will suffice to know that this is one of the laws of Nature.

"The early work of Froude in applying athwartships tanks for the prevention of rolling is well-known. These, together with rolling ballast and the great moving weight of Thornycroft himself, all fall under the head of moving the centre of gravity of the ship in attempting to balance the wave effect."

—Engineering.

We should have thought the great moving weight of Mr. CHESTERTON would have been better for the job.

"Though most people, including many mornty sailors, do not know it, a sea song and a shdeas are by no means the same thing."

"Morning Post" on Sea-songs and Shanties.

Thus all one's oldest beliefs have to go. Well, well, we shall never believe a mornty sailor again.



Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train). "YE MIGHT LIKE TAE LEAVE ME A BOB OR TWA TAE DRINK YE A SAFE JOURNEY, WULLIE."

Wullie (feigning regret). "MAN, I CANNA. A'MY SPARE SHULLIN'S I GIE TAE MY AULD MITHER."

Donald. "THAT'S STRANGE. BECAUSE YER MITHER TOLD ME YE NEVER GIE HER ONYTHING."

Wullie. "WHEEL, IF I DINNA GIE MY AULD MITHER ONYTHING, WHAT SORT O' CHANCE DAE YE THINK YOU'VE GOT?"

Now that our friend plays Posto, however, all this is changed. The feeling of contumely that would have given place in the old days to an aching lowness of spirits, now makes way for a fine frenzy such as poets are accustomed to—in itself not at all an unpleasant experience, by the way, though it is a mood that requires some handling (the tyro should take note of this). The Posto player, however, is a sportsman, and he keeps steady under the sensation. See him leave his seat with

weight of Thornycroft himself, all fall under the head of moving the centre of gravity of the ship in attempting to balance the wave effect."

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AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write less for my amusement or yours than for the serious benefit of a generation to come.

The first point is this—One by one our large railway companies are abandoning the second-class compartment. Soon the second-class carriage will no more exist. Shed a tear for the decease of your respectable mediocrity and come along to point number two. The classes of compartment left will be first and third. Congratulate yourself on your mathematical ability in having anticipated that point, and consider number three. It is that infants always will be infants, and darned inquisitive infants at that.

In the blighted future I can see scores of harassed and overworked parents being cross-examined, on their journey to the seaside, by relentless children upon the seeming paradox. "Why first and third? Account, and account instantly for the apparent lacuna." Those who have lived to see the actual development for themselves will thereupon enter into the true and lengthy explanation, which the children will either not entertain or unhappily forget. But those children, in their turn becoming parents and going into the witness-box, will be put upon their powers of invention. I conceive the worst of them hazarding that the higher-class fare is three times the lower-class fare, and that the peculiar nomenclature is adopted to make that clear to intending speculators. This is a lie which will be easily discovered. I conceive others suggesting that "third" is an old Anglo-Saxon word meaning "second," and being dismissed immediately as deceptive and foolishly deceptive parents. I conceive yet others abandoning their annual seaside expedition so as to avoid impossible explanations and to maintain a false prestige. In the alternative I foresee infants being packed in portmanteaux and deposited in vans or forwarded as advance luggage. At the worst England must be prepared for a decrease in the birth-rate or an increase of infanticide.

You and I, Mr. Punch, have done our best, but there is always the danger, none the less to be feared because improbable, that the parent of 1950 to 2000 A.D. will not have upon his person at the critical moment this copy of your valuable paper to which to refer. We must therefore call upon the railway companies to remedy the evil they are bringing about. There are two ways of doing that. The one is not to bring it about; but, as they find it inevitable to have only two



Dog Dealer (describing mongrel). "PURE BRED UN, 'E IS. AIN'T NO BETTER BLOOD IN EUROPE."

Lady. "REALLY! WELL, I SUPPOSE HE'S TRAVELLING INCOG.!"

classes, that would involve their converting all their third-class carriages into second-class carriages. Your true democrat would resent that as an attempt to force him, like the miserable five hundred who are going to have nobility thrust upon them, into the despised upper classes (or one of them), and he would show his resentment by ceasing to go to and fro, which would be bad for the railway companies, and staying in his native town, which would be bad for his native town.

The second method, which I recommend, is to place in the carriage, beneath the well-known maxims that bottles should not be thrown out of the window and the communication

cord should not be pulled unless there is something to communicate, a further notice. This would read: "Little children are strictly forbidden to ask questions, and are to take it that there is quite a proper explanation for all they cannot understand." Of course every infant, on being informed of the contents and the prohibition, will ask, "Why?" But that is a question even a parent may be trusted to answer.

Let us congratulate ourselves, Mr. Punch, you and I, and hail ourselves as public benefactors, upon having discovered not only the solution of a problem, but also the problem itself.

Yours, as always,
AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE B.P.

THE SEASON'S PROSPECTS.

THE great question in the Mallory family just now is whether Dick will get into the eleven this year. Confident as he is himself, he is taking no risks.

"We're going to put the net up to-morrow," he said to me as soon as I arrived, "and then you'll be able to bowl to me. How long are you staying?"

"Till to-night," I said quickly.

"Rot! You're fixed up here till Tuesday, anyhow."

"My dear Dick, I've come down for a few days' rest. If the weather permits, I may have the croquet things out one afternoon and try a round, or possibly—"

"I don't believe you *can* bowl," said Bobby rudely. Bobby is twelve—five years younger than Dick. It is not my place to smack Bobby's head, but *somebody* might do it for him.

"Then that just shows how little you know about it," I retorted. "In a match last September I went on to bowl—"

"Why?"

"I knew the captain," I explained. "Well, as I say, he asked me to go on to bowl, and I took four wickets for thirteen runs. There!"

"Good man," said Dick.

"Was it against a girls' school?" said Bobby. (You know, Bobby is simply *asking* for it.)

"It was not. Nor were children of twelve allowed in without their perambulators."

"Well, anyhow," said Bobby, "I bet Phyllis can bowl better than you."

"Is this true?" I said to Phyllis. I asked her because in a general way my bowling is held to be superior to that of girls of fifteen. Of course, she might be something special.

"I can bowl Bobby out," she said modestly.

I looked at Bobby in surprise and then shook my head sadly.

"You jolly well shut up," he said, turning indignantly to his sister. "Just because you did it once when the sun was in my eyes—"

"Bobby, Bobby," I said, "this is painful hearing. Let us be thankful that we don't have to play against girls' schools. Let us—"

But Bobby was gone. Goaded to anger, he had put his hands in his pockets and made the general observation "Rice-pudding"—an observation inoffensive enough to a stranger, but evidently of such deep private significance to Phyllis that it was necessary for him to head a pursuit into the shrubbery without further delay.

"The children are gone," I said to Dick. "Now we can discuss the prospects for the season in peace." I took up *The Sportsman* again. "I see that Kent is going to—"

"The prospects are all right," said Dick, "if only I can get into form soon enough. Last year I didn't get going till the end of June. By the way, what sort of stuff do you bowl?"

"Ordinary sort of stuff," I said, "with one or two bounces in it. Do you see that Surrey—"

"Fast or slow?"

"Slow—that is, you know, when I *do* bowl at all. I'm not quite sure this season whether I hadn't better—"

"Slow," said Dick, thoughtfully; "that's really what I want. I want lots of that."

"You must get Phyllis to bowl to you," I said with detachment. "You know, I shouldn't be surprised if Lancashire—"

"My dear man, girls can't bowl. She fields jolly well, though."

"What about your father?"

"His bowling days are rather over. He was in the eleven, you know, thirty years ago. So there's really nobody but—"

"One's bowling days soon get over," I hastened to agree.

But I know now exactly what the prospects of the season—or, at any rate, of the first week of it—are.

MR. MALLORY.

The prospects here are on the whole encouraging. To dwell upon the bright side first, there will be half-an-hour's casual bowling, and an hour and a half's miscellaneous coaching, every day. On the other hand, some of his best plants will be disturbed, while there is more than a chance that he may lose the services of a library window.

MRS. MALLORY.

The prospects here are much as last year, except that her youngest born, Joan, is now five, and consequently rather more likely to wander in the way of a cricket ball or fall down in front of the roller than she was twelve months ago. Otherwise Mrs. Mallory faces the approaching season with calm, if not with complete appreciation.

DICK.

Of Dick's prospects there is no need to speak at length. He will have two hours' batting every day against, from a batsman's point of view, ideal bowling, and in addition the whole-hearted admiration of all of us. In short, the outlook here is distinctly hopeful.

PHYLLIS.

The prospects of this player are, from her own point of view, bright,

as she will be allowed to field for two hours a day to the beloved Dick. She is also fully qualified now to help with the heavy roller. A new experiment is to be tried this season, and she will be allowed to bowl for an odd five-minutes at the end of Dick's innings to *me*.

BOBBY

enters upon the coming season with confidence as he thinks there is a chance of my bowling to him too; but he is mistaken. As before, he will be in charge of the heavy roller, and he will also be required to slacken the ropes of the net at the end of the day. His prospects, however, are certainly improved this season, as he will be qualified to bowl for the whole two hours, but only on the distinct understanding (with Phyllis) that he does his own fielding for himself.

Of the prospects of

JOAN

I have already spoken above. There remain only the prospects of

MYSELF,

which are frankly rotten. They consist chiefly of two hours' bowling to the batting of Dick (who hits them back very hard), and ten minutes' batting to the bowling of Phyllis (slow, mild) and Bobby (fast wides); for Dick, having been ordered by the captain not to strain himself by trying to bowl, is not going to try. It is extremely doubtful whether Bobby will approve of my action, while if he or Phyllis should, by an unlucky accident, get me out, I should never hear the last of it. In this case, however, there must be added to Bobby's prospects the possibility of his getting his head definitely smacked.

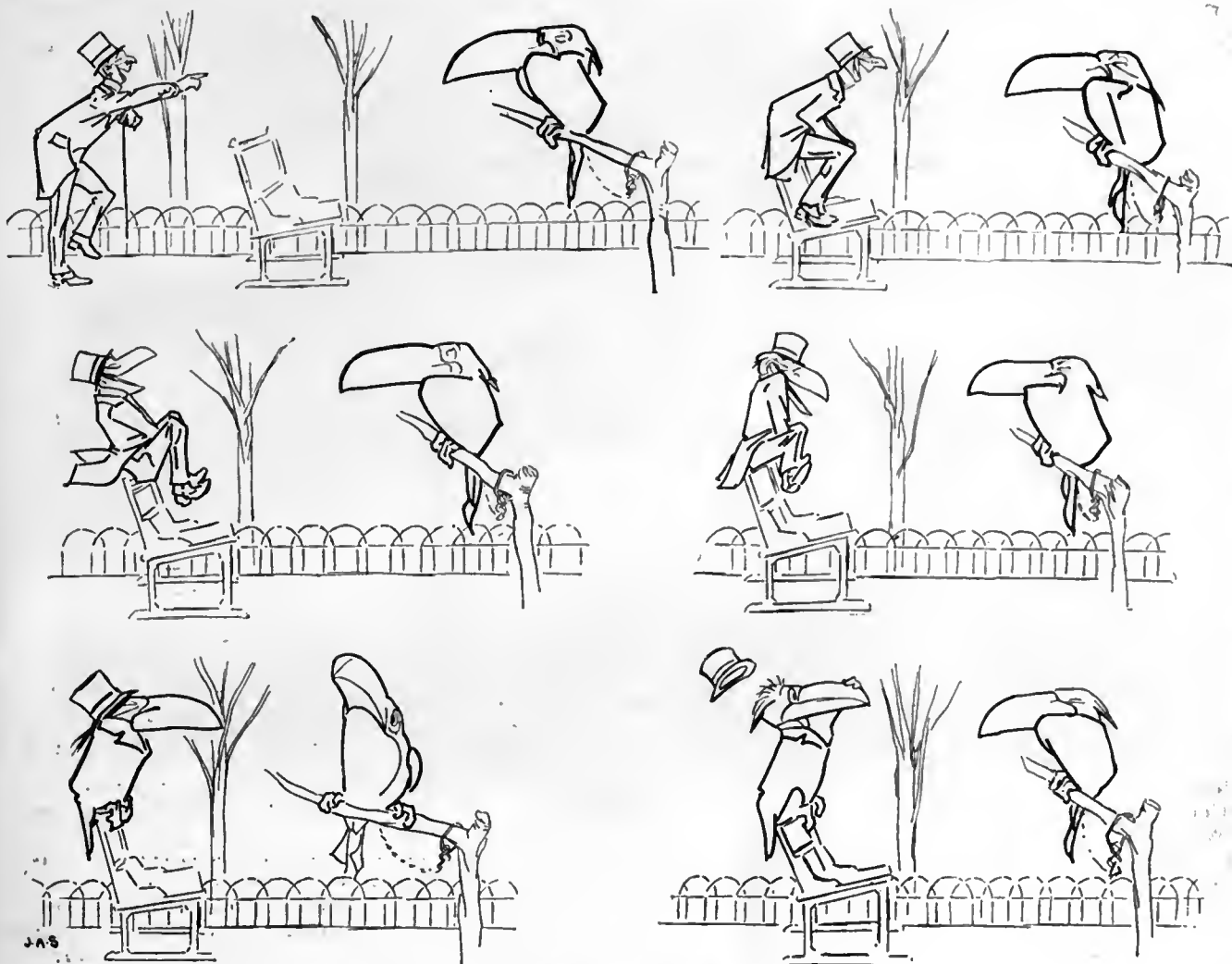
Fortunately—it is my only consolation—the season will be a short one. It ends on Tuesday. A. A. M.

A Rip among the Railways.

The rumour that that quaint old anachronism, the London and South-Western Railway, has waked up to the necessity of allowing through-tickets to be issued between the Tubes and stations on its own lines over which the District Railway has running powers is lacking in confirmation. It seems improbable that a Company which took years and years and years to arrange for the issue of through-tickets between these same lines and the Metropolitan Railway should recognise at this early stage the existence of the Tubes. After all, they are only a few years old.

"NO PARTY IN BREAD."—*Daily Mail* headline.

Then what about the Free-Trade Loaf?



LIKE TO LIKE.

GARDEN NOTES.

OWING to the enormous premium on the cultivation of sweet peas for the Coronation there will probably be very little garden land available for other purposes this year, but to those who have a few square inches left the following hints may be useful.

BULBS.—The worn-out ones will require weeding out, and these should be replaced by the newer varieties, which are said to give more light at less cost than the older kinds. Ordinary wiring can be used.

HARDY ANNUALS.—The Christmas kind already demands attention, though they will not be really out till the autumn, when good Press cuttings should be obtained.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.—Plant plenty of cabbages; they will be in great demand for the holiday season. The "Odoradora" (see Messrs. Toofer's

Catalogue) is a variety much in favour now amongst growers, as the leaf dries quickly, rolls well, and has a rich aromatic flavour. Sprinkle with salt-petre in the spring.

If the parsnips are getting out of hand, they should be carefully pruned and trained to sticks. The old method of growing them nailed to a southerly wall has been abandoned by the most up-to-date vegeticulturists.

Onions seem likely to show considerable strength this year. Last year's crop, on being opened, brought tears to many eyes.

Cauliflower has been almost entirely superseded by the new standard flour. Note that the old theory of "the white flour of a blameless loaf" is quite exploded.

The vegetable garden will not be complete without an abundance of green stuff, so lay down several yards of Brussels; use brass-headed nails.

GOOSEBERRIES.—The gooseberry bushes will require your earnest attention. Those intended to supply fruit for the early vintages should be carefully netted. Full many a magnum has been robbed of its richest qualities through inattention during the early stages.

STRAWBERRIES.—There should be a good show of strawberry leaves about the end of the summer, unless anything untoward happens to prevent the creation of new Dukes.

PATHS.—These should be thoroughly massaged with an iron roller, and all the weeds carefully picked out, and slowly burned. Some weeds require a lot of smoking. Give them to your friends.

LAWNS.—If you want these for wear, Peter Jones is showing a good selection at two-and-eleventhy.

If you don't want them to wear, play golf on them.

When you have finished gardening, replaco all turf on the green.



Ernest H. Shepherd

Grandmother. "AND NOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TELL YOU A STORY, DEARS?"

Advanced Child. "OH, NO, GRANNY, NOT A STORY, PLEASE! THEY'RE SO STODGY AND UNCONVINCING AND AS OUT-OF-DATE AS TUNES IN MUSIC. WE SHOULD MUCH PREFER AN IMPRESSIONIST WORD-PICTURE, OR A SUBTLE CHARACTER-SKETCH."

THE PERFECT CONFIDANT.

[An application of one of the triumphs of modern progress to the needs of a romantic temperament.]

I NEVER use the little hutches
That house the public telephone
For ringing people up, though such is
Their estimable aim, I own;
For when I did I used to blunder;
My heart is in Pierian springs;
I never was much shakes at under-
Standing machinery and things.
Too often in a state of fever
(Induced by the celestial flame)
I clapped my ear to the receiver,
And talked into the what's-its-name.
It took me hours to get my number;
I used to hear strange voices round
Breathing the lotus-chant of slumber,
"An intermittent buzzing sound."
And, when I did get on to some one
After eternities of doubt,
A far-off voice, a faint and rum one,
Informed me that the boss was out.
Also I did not like the crazes
Of those who worked this wondrous
beast:

They used the most astounding phrases
That were not English in the least.

Deaf to the language that was JOHNSON'S
They made me say "One-double-O,"
Meaning a hundred (which was non-
sense),

And did they heed my censure? No.
I had no time to stop and bicker,
And so I cried, "The Muses call.
Farewell! I feel the heavenly flicker;
I shall not use your wires at all."

But sometimes, when I break the bubble
Of happiness, and life is drear,
When I am fain to pour my trouble
Into a soft and shell-like ear;

When I can find no handier harbours,
I foot it from the rough world's rage
To one of these delightful arbours
And make therein my hermitage.

Gently removing the transmitter
(But placing nothing in the slot)
I tell of love's sweet fruit grown bitter,
Of faith forlorn, of vows forgot.

I tell how sweet, in urban clamour,
It is to find this fairy dell;
I take great pains about my grammar,
I say I like their little bell.

I mourn the lapse of time that worsens
An intellect unmatched of yore;
I simply disregard the persons
Who congregate outside the door.

I say that snow-white hairs are
glistening
Fast on these (once how auburn!)
locks.
But by this time they are not listening,
And so I leave the wooden box.

EVOR.

"The current year marks the birth of the
author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

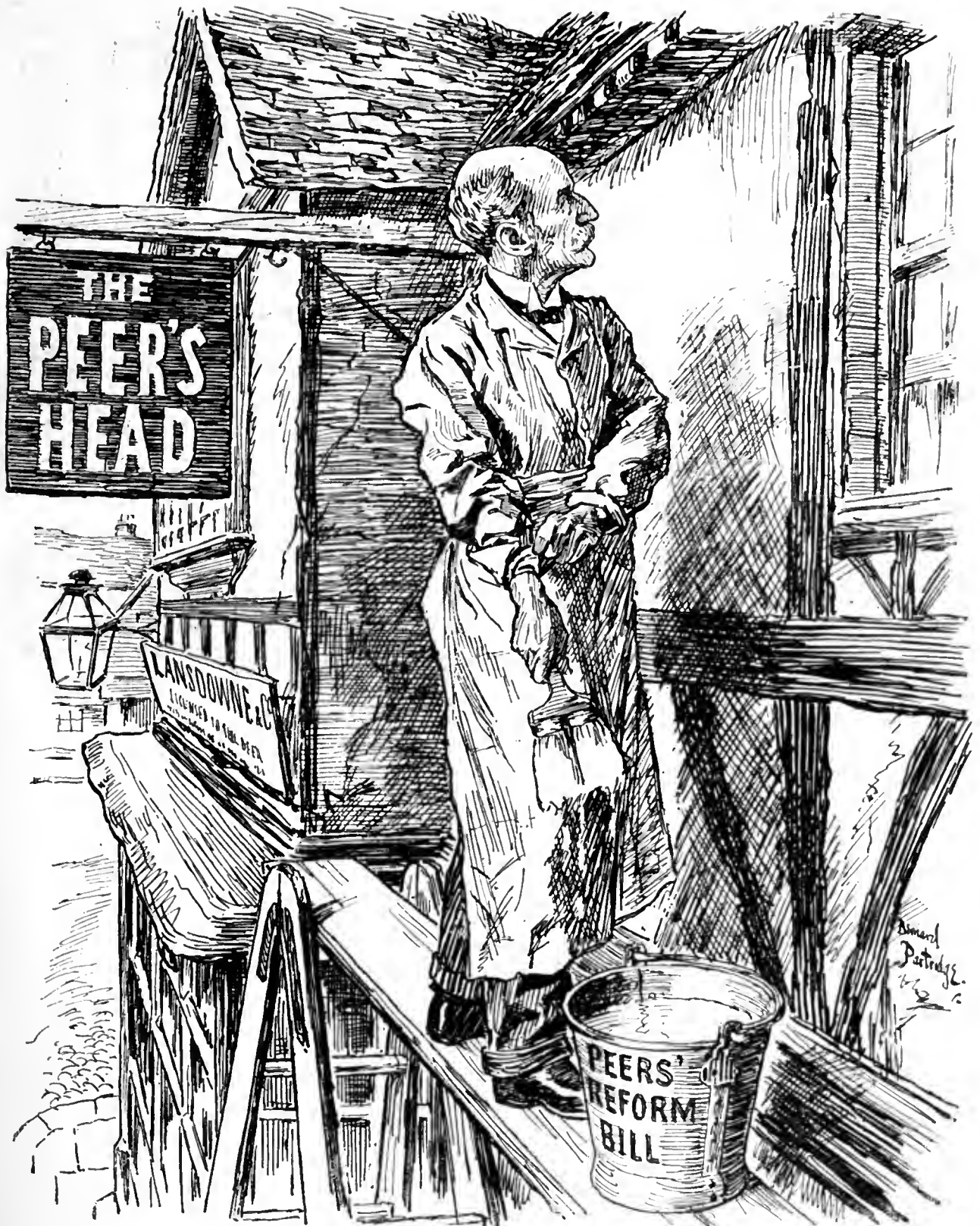
Westminster Gazette.

And yet it seems ages ago that we first
heard of the book. A preliminary
publisher's puff, no doubt.

Says a correspondent in the course
of his letters to *The Edinburgh Evening
Dispatch*:

"But what I really wanted to say—and have
taken a long time to do—is that in a certain
public stair within a biscuit toss of Princes
Street no census within biscuit toss of Princes
Street no census uplifting census papers."

Even now we are not sure that he has
really got his message off correctly.



PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON IT.

LORD LANSDOWNE. "SAY THIS HOUSE IS BADLY CONDUCTED, DO THEY? AND MEAN TO STOP THE LICENCE? AH, BUT THEY HAVEN'T SEEN MY COAT OF WHITEWASH YET. THAT OUGHT TO MAKE 'EM THINK TWICE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 11.

—Looking across at WINTERTON'S manly form, hearing his not infrequent speeches (sometimes monosyllabic) contributed to debate, recognising his remarkable parliamentary instinct, have sometimes wondered how it all came about. And he still so young and so fair! Secret disclosed in portly volume entitled *The Speakers of the House of Commons*, written by ARTHUR IRWIN DASENT and published by JOHN LANE.

Amid score of things learned in this storehouse of parliamentary erudition find that in the MEMBER FOR HORSHAM House has been entertaining unawares a descendant of a Speaker who filled the Chair in the decadent days of the STUARTS. Sir EDWARD TURNOUR presided over debate through the memorable epoch that lay between 1661 and 1670. This exceeded by three years LENTHALL'S term of office, theretofore the longest period.

Seems almost a pity that the laws of nature did not permit concatenation of circumstance whereby our Lord WINTERTON might have been seated in Parliament to look after his somewhat rapacious progenitor. The Journals of House contain an order passed shortly before retirement of Mr. SPEAKER TURNOUR, possibly hastening the event, directing "That the Back Door of the Speaker's Chambers be nailed up and not opened during any sessions of Parliament." It was said at the time—in those days there was malicious gossip in the House—that this cryptic injunction had something to do with backstair influence. Howbeit there was much ado when discovery was made that Mr. SPEAKER was secretly in the pay of the East India Company.

To this day there hangs on the wall of the dining-room in the SPEAKER'S House, amongst other portraits of his predecessors, one of Sir EDWARD TURNOUR. It was presented more than a hundred years ago by the regnant Earl WINTERTON. No personal resemblance to be found in latest bearer of honoured name. SPEAKER TURNOUR of 1661 was shorter, stouter, not to speak of being balder, than his popular descendant. There is, however, one characteristic point. Sir EDWARD, in larger behind the Mace, holds uplifted

in right hand what looks like a sprig of shillelagh, apparently ready to bring it down on any deserving knuckle or head. Sort of accessory that would befitt our noble Earl when remonstrating with WINSOME WINSTON on points of decorum and order.

Other links with old parliamentary times are provided in this fascinating book. Six hundred years before Mr. LOWTHER was conducted to the Chair whose high traditions he has splendidly maintained, one of his kith and kin sat in Parliament as Knight

longo intervallo. The greatest of these was ARTHUR, who with distinction filled the Chair in five successive Parliaments. Of Sir RICHARD ONSLow, Speaker in 1708-10, it was recorded: "There was an ease and openness in his address that even at first sight gave him the heart of every man he spoke to." That might well have been written of the present Earl ONSLow. All who know him will recognise the curious appositeness and accuracy of the characterization.

Regret to find the earliest recorded appearance in House of forbears of the MASTER OF ELIBANK led to what is to-day known in Parliamentary reports as "a scene." ALEXANDER MURRAY, brother to the Lord ELIBANK of that day, was summoned to Bar of House in order to be reprimanded for alleged riotous behaviour in Covent Garden during recent election for Borough of Westminster. Ordered by the SPEAKER to kneel whilst the right hon. gentleman addressed to him a few pregnant remarks, MURRAY refused to obey, and was forthwith haled to Newgate, where he remained till the Prorogation brought about his release.

Business done.—Progress reported in Committee on Veto Bill. Not much made. But if we wait till resumption of sittings after Easter we shall, as the PREMIER with characteristic brevity puts it, "see."

Wednesday.—Usual miscellaneous debate on Motion for adjourning over Recess. Good Friday too close at hand and holiday too brief for heart to be thrown into the business.

Business done.—Adjourned till Tuesday next. One of the

briefest Easter holidays known in modern times. Members complain that arrangement hardly leaves them time to get up to Hampstead Heath for a donkey ride, or to Greenwich for a roll adown its grassy slopes. This, COUSIN HUGH points out, comes of a truculent Ministry imperiously forcing the pace of revolutionary legislation. In spite of arctic weather prevalent of late, HUGH goes scattering round rare flowers of speech. Described the Mother of Parliaments as "in a large measure a corrupt assembly" wherein "Members are forced to put up with the vicarious insolences of a Deputy." This a backhander for WINSTON in charge of Parliament Bill during PREMIER'S absence.



ABUSE OF SANCTUARY.

Lord HUGH CECIL, safe within the battlements of Oxford University, sees clearly the frailty and "corruption" of other people, and assails them with the nearest approach to Limehouse and Billingsgate that blue blood permits.

of the Shire for Westmorland. In the Parliament of 1597 there was returned as Member for Brackley, Northants, one RANDOLPH CREWE, forbear of the statesman temporarily retired from the leadership of the House of Lords. Seventeen years later Sir RANDOLPH was elected Speaker. That is only half the story. He was, at due interval, succeeded in the Chair by his brother THOMAS, a unique distinction for a family.

More familiar is the fact that the Lord Chairman of the House of Lords, whose resignation is pending under circumstances of health everyone deplores, is a direct descendant of not fewer than three progenitors who sat in the Speaker's Chair. But they came

A BILLIARD FORECAST.

From *The Sportsman* of January 1, 1913.—The outstanding event of the past year, in the world of billiards, has undoubtedly been the new regulation about the losing hazard off the red. Mr. GEORGE GRAY'S (unfinished) break of 10,179 at Leicester in June, on which occasion he occupied the table for three consecutive weeks, and his opponent felt justified in spending the week-ends in the country, has at last opened the eyes of the authorities. It is not generally known that in the course of this match the right-hand centre pocket had to be three times renewed by a local upholsterer. The stroke was repeated with such perfect precision that, after the first ten days, no objection whatever was raised to spectators placing their hats on the left-hand side of the table, and on one evening towards the close the umpire went so far as to take his tea off it. While heartily sympathising with Mr. GRAY, we feel sure that he will recognise that in the best interests of the game the new regulation could be no longer delayed, and his favourite stroke was bound to go the way of the spot-stroke and the anchor-stroke. Now that only ten such consecutive losing hazards off the red are permissible we look for a revival in the interest taken in the game.

From *The Sportsman* of January 1, 1915.—It has been a year of great unrest in the billiard world. There is no doubt that the advent of the Chilian champion, Signor Pianola, has shown up weak spots in the game as it is at present played. His wonderful new stroke, by which he makes the red ball run along the top of the cushion, off the spot, into one corner pocket, while his own ball screws back into the other, has led to some astounding scores. As he always makes six in this manner at a single stroke his figures mount rapidly, and he appears to be able to repeat the performance indefinitely, so that his (unfinished) break of 23,675 at Wolverhampton, in September, was compiled in the remarkably short period of seventeen days. The authorities are, however, looking into the matter, and drastic action is expected. It is abundantly clear that the game has become too easy.

From *The Sportsman* of January 1, 1925.—The redoubtable Scot, Alexander McKettrick, who has caused such a profound sensation by his (unfinished) break of 78,952 at Exeter, which began in October, and was suspended in the beginning of last week, when the umpire declared the spot ball no longer playable, informed our representative



ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

"To us who are old soldiers in the army of which you are the recruits, who have been engaged in difficult campaigns before you were born—"

(Mr. BALFOUR.)



ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE OLD GUARD.

(Mr. CHAPLIN.)

in the course of a chat last evening that he had spent no fewer than eight years in perfecting his new policy of chivying the white. He pointed out that the red ball was now so hampered and protected by limitations that he had found it best to tuck it out of the way under the bottom cushion while he goes in off the white into each of the six pockets in turn. It is understood that the special regulations for the coming season are now under discussion.

From *The Sportsman* of 1951.—The match between Mr. Percy Plump and Herr Hans Kartofflen for the world's championship, which begins at Widnes on February 3, will be played under the new regulations. That is to say, with the circular table, the oblique pockets, and the diminished red. It is, by the way, whispered in certain circles that Mr. Plump has been elaborating a new stroke off the bunker guarding the centre pocket, which may cause trouble. Herr Kartofflen has lodged a protest against the extension of the baulk, pointing out—not without reason—that being a man of small stature it makes it almost impossible for him to play from behind the popping-crease without the use of the long rest. There is something, we think, to be said on both sides of this question.

Much interest is manifested in the probable effect of the two new regulations—that which lays down that every stroke shall include a cannon off the red, and that which compels the player to use both ends of the cue alternately. It is hoped that they will not so far reduce the scoring as to cause any further marked curtailment in the leisure of the performer who is not in play. The old custom of paying a visit to the Continent has already fallen into desuetude, but short trips to British beauty-spots should still be possible.

The table will be tilted, as is customary, at an angle of 13 degrees.

THE GREAT MIND AT WORK.

ARTHUR is a novelist, and yet he is my husband. They all told me, when I allowed it to happen, that one should never marry novelists because they are always about the house when you don't want them, and of no use when you do. But after all it isn't as if I went into a showroom full of eligible young men (labelled) and said, "I will take that one." Besides, he didn't mention the novels at all until I had said Yes.

We have been married about a year now, but, not seeing why even the



Provincial Mayor (who is making a bid for popularity, to Representative of the Press). "COME IN; TAKE A SEAT. I ALWAYS TREATS REPORTERS AS IF THEY WAS GENTLEMEN."

newly-married wife of a novelist with private means should not have a few friends to dinner, I asked the Wentworths and Captain Prosser and old Miss Walker and one or two others for Tuesday night; but on Tuesday morning I could not for the life of me arrange how they were to sit at table. If I arranged it so that the people who ought to sit next to each other did, the people who ought not to sit next to each other also did; if so that the people who ought not to sit next to each other didn't, the people who ought to sit next to each other also didn't. Perhaps I should have done better if Arthur had not persisted in helping me. This is Arthur's idea of help.

"Bill Wentworth to take you in and sit on your right? Yes. No. I dare say. He will tell you all about himself and be very cross with you if you laugh at him. He doesn't like being ragged. His leg is like the communication cord, obviously pullable, but not really meant to be pulled. On the other hand, if you show sympathy he will want more. He will get you on to the subject of hot baths and tell you that he always has a cold one. The cold bath is the most arrogant form of martyrdom. I once knew a wife who had the cold tap

removed from her bathroom because she thought her husband was becoming a prig. I must mention her to Mrs. Bill."

"Thank you," I said, biting the pencil in despair, for we had been at it for nearly an hour and had not even started. "The question is rather, What about Captain Prosser? Ought not he to take me in? He is such a dear!"

In pressure of business Arthur follows every line except the right one. "Short-sighted husbands would take objection to that," he said, lighting a cigarette, "but not so I. I should never be jealous of another man. Just suppose, for instance, that you were to carry on with young Prosser. . . ."

"Arthur!" I exclaimed.

"Only suppose," he answered, taking up a position (horrors) before the fire. "I should not be alarmed. I should not even be angry. Husbands, my dear, are like collar studs. When you have them they only irritate you. To lose them is to find you cannot do without them."

I tried a fresh start. "There is old Miss Walker. What shall we do with her?"

"Yes," he murmured. "That is the question. Woman is an eternal pro-

blem. She may be divided into four classes. . . ."

"Darling," I interrupted, with my most flattering smile, "you are obviously inspired this morning. It is very nice to have your help like this, but isn't it rather wasted on the mere arrangement of a table? Why not sit down now and write some more novels?"

With a little persuasion Arthur came to believe that he really was inspired, and actually sat down at his desk and started putting new nibs in his pens. I put a nice sheet of clean paper before him, stroked his hair, and left him looking thoroughly important and businesslike. Thence to interview the cook about food.

* * * * *

But what about the arrangement of the table? you ask. Ah! I had no need to worry any more about that. I knew that when I went in again to see Arthur and ask him how the novel was getting on he would show me a beautiful plan of the table, drawn to scale by himself, with everybody put to sit in the only one place that everybody could possibly sit in. And of course he had. You know these Arthurs can be quite useful as long as they are not trying to be clever.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

[With acknowledgments to *The Times* and its South American Supplements.]

I.—BOLUMBIA.

BOLUMBIA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

IT would be idle to pretend that Sir EDWARD GREY's recent great utterance attracted any notice in Bolumbia, either in the country at large or in the capital. This probably is due to the circumstance that the local papers pay no attention whatever to foreign affairs. But it may not be a misapplication of time to speculate a little as to what the Bolumbians would have thought had a translation of our FOREIGN SECRETARY's weighty words come their way. For Bolumbia, it has to be borne in mind, is a country of some millions of square miles, entirely surrounded either by an impassable chain of mountains or by the sea, and is thus to some extent safeguarded by nature from certain of the dangers that beset such a country, for example, as Germany—so near and accessible to France, Austria, Holland, Denmark, Russia, Belgium, and, last of all, to the bloodthirsty Swiss. Any talk of universal arbitration would necessarily set the pulses beating in Germany; but when you get a country like Bolumbia, with its natural bulwarks, why, then, any idealistic peace aspirations, were they to reach it at all, would fall on indifferent ears. But, as we have said, Bolumbia knew nothing about it.

OUR IMPRESSIONS OF URAJAY.

(By a Correspondent.)

Entering Urajay, the capital of Bolumbia, from the North, one is struck by the change from country to town. Where one had been seeing only the boundless prairie one sees now houses and streets. Nothing could be more different. The wild horses meanwhile give way to human beings.

One knows, moreover, at once that one is not in an English town. The walls are too white, the roofs too red. The head-dresses both of the men and women, to say nothing of their swarthy complexions, are against it. The whole air of the place, in short, is foreign.

The principal means of locomotion in Urajay is walking. One sees people walking in all directions. Carriages one sees too, and carts loaded with produce. The whole scene is animated: here a café, there a church; here a private house, there a shop.

Urajay is certainly smaller than London. It would be absurd to compare the two capitals, but it is larger than Epping. The Government House is in the centre, and here dwells the

President during his term of office, a cinematoscope being constantly trained on the back door to mark the succession of rulers. For the Bolumbians are a pleasure-loving race, and rather than have nothing to laugh at in their picture theatres they will improvise a drama whenever they catch sight of the muzzle of a camera. Every adult, and not a few of the children, carries a six-shooter, while the hat-pins of the women are all of tested steel. It is no uncommon thing in a restaurant to see a well-dressed woman refusing to pay her bill, and, if pressed, stabbing not only the waiter, but the proprietor to death.

No doubt the quick temper of the Urajayans is against them as neighbours; but it has to be confessed that by their energy and resource they have built up a wonderful city, which cannot be too widely discussed.

ENGLISHMEN IN BOLUMBIA.

I.—LORD BROADHEAD.

The brief and tempestuous life of Hercules Bulley, first Baron Broadhead, had many phases. It is barely twenty-five years since he was sent down from Christ Church for filling the basin of Mercury in Tom Quad with bottled beer and bathing in it in broad daylight. His exploits as a journalist, when he wrote simultaneously for *The Church Times*, *The Tablet* and *Reynolds's*, are still fresh in the memory of Fleet Street. From journalism he passed to politics, but here too the stormy petrel element in his character militated against enduring success. He accused the Speaker of gross partiality, and when rebuked by the Opposition he suddenly produced a corkscrew from his pocket and drove it into the calf of the Tory Leader. As a result of the litigation which followed, Mr. Bulley resigned his seat, but was shortly after raised to the Peerage. The atmosphere of the Upper House, however, was too chilling for his fervid temperament and he suddenly disappeared from England, re-emerging shortly afterwards as the ringleader of the revolutionary party in Bolumbia. At the head of the Franco-English legion he drove out the President, Dr. Jabon de Verbena, and installed himself as Dictator, celebrating his rule by a number of edicts which still render the Republic of Bolumbia the cynosure of the civilised world. One of his first acts was to expel all Jews and teetotalers from Bolumbia. He also made it a penal offence to sell methylated spirits for drinking purposes. When the United States declared war on Bolumbia, he led his forces into the field, chanting war-songs

in a high falsetto to the accompaniment of a ten-stringed lute, and so paralysed the American rough-riders that in less than a week the invaders had evacuated Bolumbia. The memory of his exploits still hangs about Oxford and St. Stephen's, but his most conspicuous services to humanity were rendered in Bolumbia, where the natives still allude to him by the affectionate nickname of "Fathead."

MUSIC IN BOLUMBIA.

By Dr. Ronald Bovey.

The musical instruments of Bolumbia are limited in number, being practically confined to the *Bom-bom*, a rude side-drum made of solid wood and struck alternately at each end with an implement called the *Kampang*; the *Tlecicoatl*, a rattle formed of shark skin, containing sea shells; and lastly a curious instrument of percussion, known as the *Popatopatop*, which consists of the bisected skull of the tapir with the skin of the pangoffin stretched tightly across. This is also played with the *Kampang*, or sometimes with short sticks made of petrified asparagus. My colleague, Miss Slazenger, tells me that she has discovered documentary evidence that in the antediluvian period of Bolumbia, before the invasion of the Catepetlican hordes from Yucatan, no fewer than 378 distinct types of *Popatopatop* were in use, and I much regret that I am unable to reproduce them here. Readers, however, may be referred to the XCIXth volume of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in which an article of 514 pages is devoted to this remarkable instrument.

For the rest it may be noted that the natives of Bolumbia have a fascinating habit of singing through their noses in absolutely unrelated keys, an accomplishment in which they are not excelled by any civilised nation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—It was stated of the Prefect of Bexillico, at the recent celebration of the foundation of the Republic of Bolumbia, that to the first President, the illustrious Don Ovadon, we owe the inestimable privilege of a two-risotto post. This is an error. Much as the ever-to-be-remembered President Ovadon did for his not-too-grateful country, this particular act escaped him. Throughout his whole fortnight's period of Presidency the cheapest stamp for a letter cost six risottos, and for a postcard, three risottos. The introduction of the two-risotto standard was inaugurated in the same year as Ovadon's Presidency, it is true, but as the fourth President to succeed him,



“SPEEDING UP” IN OUR VILLAGE.

Lady. “I WANT THREE PENNYWORTH OF CUTLET FRILLS, PLEASE.”

Proprietor of our Only Shop. “AH! YES; THAT WILL BE IN OUR FOREIGN AND FANCY DEPARTMENT, MADAM. MISS JONES, MAY I ASK YOU TO GET OFF THE F. AND F. AND PROCURE THE LADY THE ARTICLE IN QUESTION?”

namely the austere and distinguished Nevadon. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

April 1st. LERDO ONDERDON.

An Anglo-Bolumbian writes suggesting that the time has come for Bolumbia to be recognised at Shepherd’s Bush. “In that way,” he says, “people will get to hear of us and our vast resources for the emigrant, and we shall receive some of that influx of young ambitious blood that we so badly need. I would point out,” he adds in conclusion, “that the Bolumbian President can be of any nationality, and often is; and that we have a proverb that every determined lad carries the President’s six-shooter in his hip-pocket.”

Fauna and Flora of the Far East.

“The Yangtze-poo property was supposed to supply the hotel with fresh vegetables. What were the facts? The only benefit the hotel derived was a few flowers from this otherwise white elephant.”—From speech reported in “The North China Daily News.”

MEN WHO COUNT:—The Census Officials.

TO DOROTHY.

I TAKE off my hat to you, Dolly!
By methods not easy to beat
You’ve proved the unspeakable folly
Of those who declare we’re effete;
On the ways of the lords of creation
We needn’t write funeral odes
So long as we’ve your imitation
Of man and his modes!

How neatly and nicely you flatter!
You’ve caught our imperious tone;
And the drawl that I note in your chatter
Might pass very well for my own;
In your figure, besides, there’s a trace of
The spread of more masculine ways;
And I’m willing to wager a stray sov.
You never wear stays!

You look upon man as an equal,
As a “pal” who is trusty and true;
But a crude matrimonial sequel
Is not to be thought of for you;
With a cigarette-end in your fingers,
And no end of disdain in your glance,
There hovers around you and lingers
No silly romance!

Your watchword, dear Dolly, is Freedom;

Your suitors, who want you to pair,
You leave to whoever may need ‘em,
And pass with your nose in the air;
But though they lie lorn and forsaken
Yet their slouch and their slang are
your joys,
Till I think you might almost be taken
For one of the boys!

And yet with all diffident doubts I’d
Suggest you can learn from us still,
Though you imitate man on his outside
With more than a *Rosalind’s* skill;
For, clever as may be your playing,
One point has eluded your ken—
The ancient and accurate saying
That *manners* make men!

“When an account for killing rats was rendered to the Thedwastre District Council by the Thurston, Suffolk, Parish Council, the District Council decided to disclaim liability.”—*Western Morning News.*

There is a precedent for this which no doubt the District Council has considered. Let us hope that Thedwastre will be more fortunate than Hamelin.

THE FIRE-ARMS DANGER.

SOME wives are wonderfully generous. They are ready to make a present of their husband to the first burglar who asks for him.

Take my own case. I am not strong. Of a studious nature, I have, I fear, thrown physique to the dogs. I have developed my brain at the expense of my muscle. In these circumstances I hold that, provided one is insured against the risk, one should allow burglars, if they call, to work undisturbed. It would be crass folly to interfere with them. My wife—who is considerably younger than I—holds different views in this respect. Well, I hope she has had her lesson now.

The incident which I am about to describe happened four weeks ago, but I only now feel well enough to set it down. My nerves are still all awry.

It started in the usual way. My wife woke me up, and said she heard noises downstairs. I listened, distinctly heard a movement, and told my wife that she must have been dreaming. She then sat up, listened hard again, and said it was no dream. At that I sat up, and said I thought I did hear something now, but it was obvious what it was: it was the wind making a door creak. "It's nothing of the sort," she said, "it's a man got into the house. Do go and see." I then went through all my stock arguments. "Granted," I said, "that it is a burglar, what then? We are insured; why not leave him alone? Moreover, think what an unequal contest it would be. Here am I awakened suddenly at two o'clock in the morning, when my vitality is at its very lowest, and asked to face an armed ruffian who is at his very best. He'll be able to see me coming before I can see him, and simply pot at me. Everything is in his favour. Why, he'd only have to stamp on my feet." "It may not be a burglar," said my wife feebly; "go and see." "And catch cold for nothing?" I added. "John," said my wife, "I believe you're afraid." "Anyone but a fool would be afraid," I retorted, getting slowly out of bed and donning my dressing-gown and slippers.

I went downstairs and listened, and could hear nothing now. "Well?" said my wife on my return. "You were right," I answered, as I playfully pinched her cheek; "there are fifteen burglars in the dining-room and three in the drawing-room." "Funny?" asked my wife. "Fairly," I replied, as I settled myself comfortably again in bed. But not for long. Scarcely had I let down my eyelids when she roused

me again. "I am quite certain this time," she said. "Do go down and see, or we shall have them going upstairs and frightening the servants." A husband, I suppose, is easier to get than a good cook. "Oh, leave them alone," I said. "All right, I'll go myself," she retorted, and she made as though she would get up. And I believe she would have done so had I not anticipated her. My wife is the very antipodes of me: she has not sufficient imagination to know what danger is, excels in sport, loves dress and pleasure, and would dance a dervish off his feet. She has just those qualities which I lack, and ours, I suspect, is the ideal union. I resolved to make one last fight for my life. "I'll go," I said; "but remember that black does not suit you." "Oh, go," she cried; "and take a stout stick, and, when you come back, don't slam the door, as I may be asleep;" and she turned over and composed herself.

When I got outside there was no doubt at all about it. I distinctly heard movements below. I was about to fetch a knobkerry which I keep among my curios, when a better idea struck me. Why not try bluff? There was my little sham pistol. After all, the fellow would as likely as not wrench the knobkerry, which I valued, from my grasp, and use it against me, for some burglars are shockingly dishonest. The sham pistol had been given me by a friend who bought it in Paris—though I have since seen them here in London at a shilling. It was rather an ingenious little thing. An exact reproduction, in black metal, of a magazine revolver, it was really a cigarette case. You pulled the trigger and it emitted a cigarette. Curiously enough, I remember someone remarking once: "A capital thing to frighten burglars with." So I fetched this from my dressing-room, went downstairs quietly, and threw open the dining-room door.

The electric light had been turned on, and sure enough, in the far corner of the room, there was an ugly-looking customer stowing away my silver in a bag. I surprised him as he had his hand on a silver épergne which had been given me by a friend for whom I had done some little service. I was peculiarly attached to this, as it had an inscription on it to which I would occasionally draw my wife's attention as showing that there was someone, anyhow, who had a high opinion of me.

"Hands up!" I cried, as I levelled the sham pistol at the fellow. To my surprise he complied with my request, and the épergne fell to the ground. "Don't shoot, gov'nor, and I'll come with you." "And now back out of the room," I said, "and out of the house."

He continued to obey me, and the more he backed the more I liked it. The majesty in man seemed to be aroused in me, and I remember wishing my wife could have seen me. Then, I suppose, I grew elated and reckless. We were in the hall now, and I quickened my pace. All the time I had my finger on the trigger. Suddenly an irresistible impulse made me pull it—and an innocuous cigarette shot out and fell gently at the burglar's feet.

* * * *

To attempt to take a burglar by false pretences is a serious matter. The man resented it. With care, the doctors think, I shall be quite myself in another couple of months. My wife is nursing me, and I like to think that I am rather a troublesome patient.

MEN WITH A FUTURE.

["PROPHETIC Astrologist Required in connection with almanac publication."]

The following applications in answer to the above advertisement have been received.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to apply for the position advertised. I have long studied the stars, and frequently proved my ability as an anticipator of events. For instance I was a member of the Albert Hall audience addressed by Mr. BALFOUR last December, and have witnessed to prove that, when the great audience rose at his allusion to the Referendum and cried, "This will win the election," I made the remark, "I doubt it." There were 10,000 people present. I was right, and 9,999 people were wrong.—AULD LANG MOORE.

SIR,—Going upstairs last night and believing my bedroom door to be ajar, I stepped forward to enter the room. The door was closed. The next instant I saw a number of constellations in close relation to one another. At once I remarked to my wife, "I shall have a black mark on my forehead by to-morrow morning." I was correct in my anticipation.—STARSSON KNOX.

SIR,—I beg to offer myself. I am a student of the astral. Some weeks ago I was crossing from Southampton to Havre—it was midnight. As I counted the contents of my purse on deck, a sovereign fell from my hand into the sea. I observed to a friend at my side, "I do not suppose I shall ever see that sovereign again." I had no intention of saying anything remarkable at the time, but—believe me or not as you like—the fact remains that, though it is nine weeks since I uttered my prognostication, it still remains as prophetically true as when I made it.—GALILEO JONES.



Geo. Morrow.



THE CROWN OF MERIT.

THE COMPOSER HEARS A BOY WHISTLING A SELECTION FROM ONE OF HIS OPERAS.

THE PAINTER SEES HIS MASTERPIECE REPRODUCED BY A PAVEMENT ARTIST.

THE OFFICE BOUNCING BALL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have often heard the old cry, "What shall we do with our daughters?" haven't you? But what I want to know is, "What shall we do with our fathers?" Can nothing be done to make them pay more attention to their work and less to their play? I'm speaking of stout middle-aged gentlemen in general and papa in particular, who, instead of giving up his mind to his business and supporting his wife and daughter as he ought to (particularly his daughter), spends Saturday to Monday playing golf, and Monday to Saturday worrying over his handicap. Then he says, "Business isn't what it used to be;" and when I asked him for a new frock yesterday he declared he could hardly make enough to go round as it was, though it takes little enough to go round *me*, nowadays, in all conscience. Last night he woke Mamma up by shouting to her in his sleep "to get off the green, or did she think she was going to stop there all day?" Poor dear Mummy said she felt almost too disgusted to tell him what she thought of him, but made herself do it for the sake of the children.

But there's worse to come. After he'd gone to business this morning we saw an article in the paper by an

eminent nerve-specialist advocating bouncing ball games in City offices as a relaxation for the nerve-strain of brain-workers. "Well," as Mamma said, "if they're going to start that, we may as well go to the workhouse at once." So we burnt the paper.

However, about an hour later I heard my little nephew, who is staying with us, howling dismally in the nursery because he couldn't find the bouncing ball he had bought yesterday with his own money. I was just looking for it when his nurse came in and said that she had seen his grandpapa slip the ball in his great-coat pocket as he was starting to the City. Dear Mr. Punch, is there nothing to be done to stop this middle-aged madness? I don't know much about your family affairs, but I believe you are a father yourself; but don't let that prejudice you in Papa's favour. In any case I enclose my photograph, and hope you will be on my side.

Yours sincerely,
GOLF ORPHAN.

"German Gentleman wishes to exchange conversation with English Person."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*
Person yourself.

The Modern Xerxes.

"Dr. Rouse admitted caning the bay."—*Westminster Gazette.*

PERFECTION'S PRICE.

["Tea, the most perfect the world produces . . . per cup 2d."—*From the bill of fare at certain well-known tea-shops.*]

I HAVE been paying bills; upon my brow
You may observe there shines a
virtuous halo,
Yet virtue has its own defects, for now
My funds have fallen, I regret to say,
low:

This stream of gold turned to unusual
channels
Affects my pass-book's short and simple
annals.

Just now no solace can my custom
bring
To Madame Clicquot in her sad bo-
reavement;
On humbler beverages I must sing
The fame of my exemplary achieve-
ment,
Nor seek to celebrate this day of gala
Even in just a pint of sound Marsala.

But, though your poet, coming down
a peg,
To altered circs. may feelingly al-
lude, ho
Is fortunately not constrained to hog
While he can conjure up a nimble 2d.,
And quaff, to stimulate the gastric
juices,
"Tea, the most perfect that the world
produces."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Patrician* (HEINEMANN), MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY has made an admirable study of an ancient and honourable house, lavish of service to the state according to the traditions of its class, and now just beginning to be made uncomfortably aware of the existence of democracy. He is less happy with the characters that intrude upon the ordered serenity of its preserves. Mrs. Noel, who so nearly ruins the career of the eldest son, is never quite realisable. She is so content to be described by the author that she scarcely opens her lips lest she should disturb the effect by saying the wrong thing. Charles Courtier too, whose Radical tastes are tempered by birth and education and a large experience of men and wild beasts, is a rather shadowy figure, and we have to gauge his attractions by inference drawn from the woman whose heart he might have had for the asking. Worse still, we have only one person's evidence of the loveliness of the protagonist. Absorbed in himself and in the struggle that divides his heart between a secret passion and the claims of his career, he hardly says a gentle word from first to last. But the human charm of his sister, that lovely Dian, *Lady Babs*, makes irresistible amends for all.

As in his *Fraternity*, if the author had here any particular problem to solve, which I doubt, he has left it where it was. He is satisfied to make a very readable story out of types rightly observed or created, as he did in *The Country House*. Some of his minor characters are most appealing, notably the staunch old *Lady Casterley*, who brings the manner of an earlier generation to the stubborn defence of her caste. He has developed a fancy for elaborate word-pictures, and provided himself with a beautiful moor, always handy, like a lay-figure. All the same, his descriptions are touched with true feeling and imagination, even if they are sometimes worked in without any special regard to their proper object—the illumination of the human interest in the foreground. The worst of it is that his sense of style puts the critic sadly out of heart with the slipshod stuff of to-day.

In *The Dweller on the Threshold* (METHUEN) MR. HICHENS—and his admirers—are to be congratulated on his escape from the rather unpleasant motive of his two previous novels, *Barbary Sheep* and *Bella Donna*. He now deals with a case of transferred will-power, and although he has handicapped his story by excess of explanation it should intrigue even those to whom anything of the nature of spiritualistic phenomena is usually distasteful. The rector of a fashionable church in the West-end succeeded, by a ruse, in forcing his adoring and cherubic curate to join with him in an attempt

to discover by occult means whether there is a future life or not. But the result of these secret séances was not at all what the rector expected. The curate had only been persuaded by the rector's assurances that the sole object of the sittings was to communicate to the weaker man some of the superfluous will-power of his superior, and this is what really happened. Gradually the curate gained in power while the rector lost; but the latter, instead of becoming an admiring cherub, was changed into a contemptible worm. There is a Professor who helps to unravel the mystery, and Mr. HICHENS, who might well improve on such conventions, pictures him as a sartorial freak. Surely it is time that Professors in fiction ceased to dress as if their supplementary duty in life were to scare crows.

In contrasting the comforts of the American and British artisan I don't think any of our statisticians have laid stress on that fecundity of Homeric metaphor which must be a far more valuable possession to the former than mere trifles like food and clothes. "If that is a product of Protection, then give me

Tariff Reform," say I. *Jim Hands* (MACMILLAN) was only the foreman of a shoe-factory in New England, but, if Mr. RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD is to be trusted he had intellectual consolations which would make many of our poets and politicians turn olive with envy. "Well, Sir," says he in one place, "if you've ever seen a hen sitting on the safety-valve of an eighty-ton boiler when she blew off pressure you've seen how I felt after I



CONSTERNATION OF TWO BURGLARS WHO, HAVING JUST SERVED TIME, FIND A BEAUTIFUL MODERN RESIDENCE BUILT UPON THE SPOT WHERE THEY HAD BURIED THEIR SWAG.

spoke to the Doctor that Thursday;" and again: "The other members of the troupe looked like last year's birds-nests, but she was like one of them lace valentines." And yet again of a loud cravat: "It sounded like the noise you make when you hammer iron pipe." These are mere random flowers from his garland of similes. For the rest, the pathos of *Jim Hands* is extremely homely, and the mystification which keeps two perfect lovers apart almost ridiculously trite and artificial. Yet it is one of those books which provoke genuine salt from the eyes of the reader in the places where the author has laid his humour aside. There is a "travelling doctor" in it who speaks of "a story that is all wool, a yard wide, and contains no shoddy or adulteration whatever;" and *Jim Hands* might, I think, respond, also in the vernacular, "I'm the goods."

We learn from *The World* that the "Oxford and Cambridge boat race is the first of the many important events of the Ranelagh Club Season." We are glad to be able to give the further information that the Club has arranged for a Coronation to be held on June 22nd, but no date has yet been fixed by the Committee for their next total eclipse of the sun. In 1912 it is hoped that the 'Varsity Crows will again place their services at the disposal of the Club.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE are some persons who refuse to look upon Mr. ST. MAUR as a model in the matter of behaviour to the Bench. "May the difference of opinion not divide friendship," remarked a prisoner after being sentenced by the magistrate at the Acton Police Court.

Why, asks a correspondent, do certain persons call themselves the Mormon Elders, and not the Brigham Youngers?

A request for the provision of sand plots for children in Hyde Park has been refused by the First Commissioner of Works. The children, we hear, are furious, and a Votes for Children League is to be formed. They realise that it is only by pressure of the franchise that one's rights can be secured.

"In golf," says *The County Gentleman*, "we have probably more first-class players than all the rest of the world put together." We hope that this statement will be well circulated in Germany, where people are apt to have a good conceit of themselves, just because that country happens to excel in armaments.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE has been writing about a type of man he calls "The Vampire Husband." When we mention that, according to Mr. ASCHE, the brute will not take his wife to the theatre, no one will be surprised that Mr. ASCHE does not like the fellow.

In a note on the preparations for the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace, *Hearth and Home* says:—"A scheme has been devised by which a cream-coloured canvas awning will hang gracefully below the entire length and breadth of the vast glass roof. This valerian, as it is called . . ." We fancy we smell a mistake here. Anyhow, we should say that the odour of a velarium would be more pleasant.

We shall be interested to see whether the cause of decreasing attendance at church has at last been discovered. The Rev. F. A. Adams, Rector of Doddinghurst, has invented an arrangement of wire clips to be fixed beneath the seats, which will take a silk hat and prevent its getting ruffled.

Children are delighted to hear of the proposed establishment of an Oil Exchange. What to do with their cod liver oil has been a problem which has hitherto baffled many of them.



(DURING THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES THE KING, WE UNDERSTAND, WILL RECEIVE OLD VOLUNTEER OFFICERS WHO JOINED THE FORCE NOT LATER THAN 1860. THOSE WHO POSSESS UNIFORMS OF THAT DATE MAY WEAR THEM.)

MR. PUNCH WOULD BE THE LAST PERSON TO RIDICULE THESE GALLANT VETERANS, BUT HE HOPES THAT THIS GRACIOUS PERMISSION IN REGARD TO UNIFORMS MAY BE USED WITH DISCRETION.

"If," says a correspondent in *The Express*, "at frequent intervals along the routes of processions bands—amateur or otherwise—were placed to play during the long waits, the ambulance corps would not be needed." We gather that this correspondent's experience of amateur bands must be somewhat restricted.

A painting by MURILLO has been sold in Spain for two shillings. The outlook

for modern art was never very bright, but if the Old Masters are going to take to undercutting like this!

Whatever women may say about us men, we certainly are not "catty," or jealous of one another's good looks. We had a pretty example of this the other day, when the Vicar of Stroud Green, in referring at a vestry meeting to his successor, said, "He is young, and his hair is curly."

A HOLIDAY GAMBLE.

"How fair this Eastertide!" I said,
 "How sweet to watch young April try on
 Her vernal suitings, with the thread
 Of faint green woven, having shed
 The hides of March, that horrid roaring lion!

"To hear the blithe birds do their sums,
 Counting their Easter eggs together;
 To note the lambs with toothless gums
 Bleating to their respective mums
 In this extremely seasonable weather!

"What child to-day but owns the need
 To find an exit for his feelings?
 To follow Nature's timely lead
 And gambol on the luscious mead
 Rending the welkin with his liquid peelings?"

"What youth but feels the Spring diffuso
 A passion in his veins to buy her
 A nosegay for her fancy blouse
 And illustrate his amorous views
 By swapping headgear with his chaste Marier?"

"Or what adult 'neath such a sun,
 In air so balmy, so caressing,
 But wants his feet once more to run
 By primrose ways—" "I don't, for one,"
 Replied the party I was just addressing.

Said he, "Let others romp about,
 But as for me, remaining placid
 I shall forgo this giddy rout
 Largely because I have the gout,
 Due, it appears, to crystallizing acid."

"You have perchance" ('twas thus I spake)
 "Mislaid the necessary buoyance;
 But though you may be old and ache
 Yet you can indirectly take
 A hearty pleasure in the general joyance."

"Thus, on your speaking face I see
 A rapture; ah! *beatus ille*
 Who tastes an altruistic glee!"
 "Nay, there you do me wrong!" said he;
 "The joys of others leave me passing chilly."

"Humanity to me is naught—
 Mere streams of railway-tripping atoms;
 But this fair Eastertide has wrought
 Bliss in my breast because I've bought
 An option for the rise in Little Chathams."*

O. S.

* The author is glad to say that, up to the time of going to press, little or no immediate profit seemed likely to accrue from this heartless speculation.

"Passenger flights," says a Brooklands advertisement,
 "can be arranged on the ground." It sounds safest.

"Mr. J. Nicolson appeared for the despondent."—*Natal Mercury*.
 We trust that the mental depression of his client or clients
 had nothing to do with the quality of Mr. NICOLSON'S defence.

"Sire-splitting comedy is interwoven into the play."—*Tyldesley Journal*.
 This may do for the provinces, but in London one can
 never raise a laugh nowadays by splitting one's father.

MORE MANNERS FROM OREGON.

SOME weeks ago I ventured, for the benefit of the curious, to set out the views of Miss PRUDENCE STANDISH (of Portland, Oregon) on the important subject of table manners. These views, it may be remembered, had been contributed in the form of an article to the columns of *The Oregonian*, of Portland. Did I describe them as being bland, passionate, and deeply religious? I cannot remember; but if I did not I now repair the omission. They are all that and a good deal more.

I had imagined that this high-toned discussion of spoons, forks, soups, vegetables and napkins was, if I may say so, a solitary burst on the part of PRUDENCE; that she had brooded long over the dreadful spectacle of napkins tuckered into collars or waistcoats as soup-guards and sauce-diverters and had then, once and for all, rushed into print to correct, to stimulate, to exhort and to convert. I was mistaken. A friendly correspondent, dating from Portland, now informs me—I use his own somewhat disrespectful words—that "one of the leading features in the Sunday papers of Portland is a weekly effusion by PRUDENCE STANDISH;" and to prove what he says he encloses a cutting from *The Sunday Oregonian* of March 5th, of which more than a column is taken up with "Etiquette for the Engaged Person," by PRUDENCE STANDISH.

I feel that I must enter a preliminary objection. How can there be any etiquette for engaged persons? Before their engagement they may have been strict observers of every article of the social code. When their engagement is past they will, no doubt, revert to an attitude of well-disciplined submission. But during the engagement surely all the petty restrictions are thrown aside. PRUDENCE may have a larger experience than any I can pretend to; but I must state my opinion that etiquette and engagement are mutually destructive terms, and no one has a right to bring them, as PRUDENCE has done, into the same title.

No doubt there are certain great principles which may be gathered from the action of all engaged persons. For instance, they believe that the whole of the world outside themselves is leagued together to spy upon them and obstruct them, whereas, as a matter of cold fact, the outside world considers them a nuisance and wants to see as little as may be of them. Then again, having developed a strange liking for such remote and inaccessible places as drawing-rooms or summer-houses or country lanes, they are furious with housemaids or butlers or gardeners or postmen, upon whose observation they may have thrust themselves. And finally they imagine that the assumption of an air of foolish detachment will prevent everybody from drawing inferences from wildly ruffled hair and a necktie which has got itself tucked away under one ear. But this is not etiquette. Far from it.

Neither is this what PRUDENCE means. She has received (at any rate she declares in print that she has received) the following letter from a Southern girl:—"I have just become engaged to a young man I have known three years and will be married"—evidently a most determined young woman—"next October. It is the only love of my life, and I reckon I am pretty foolish sometimes and rude with friends and all that. How ought engaged people to behave generally? I am very ignorant and just eighteen."

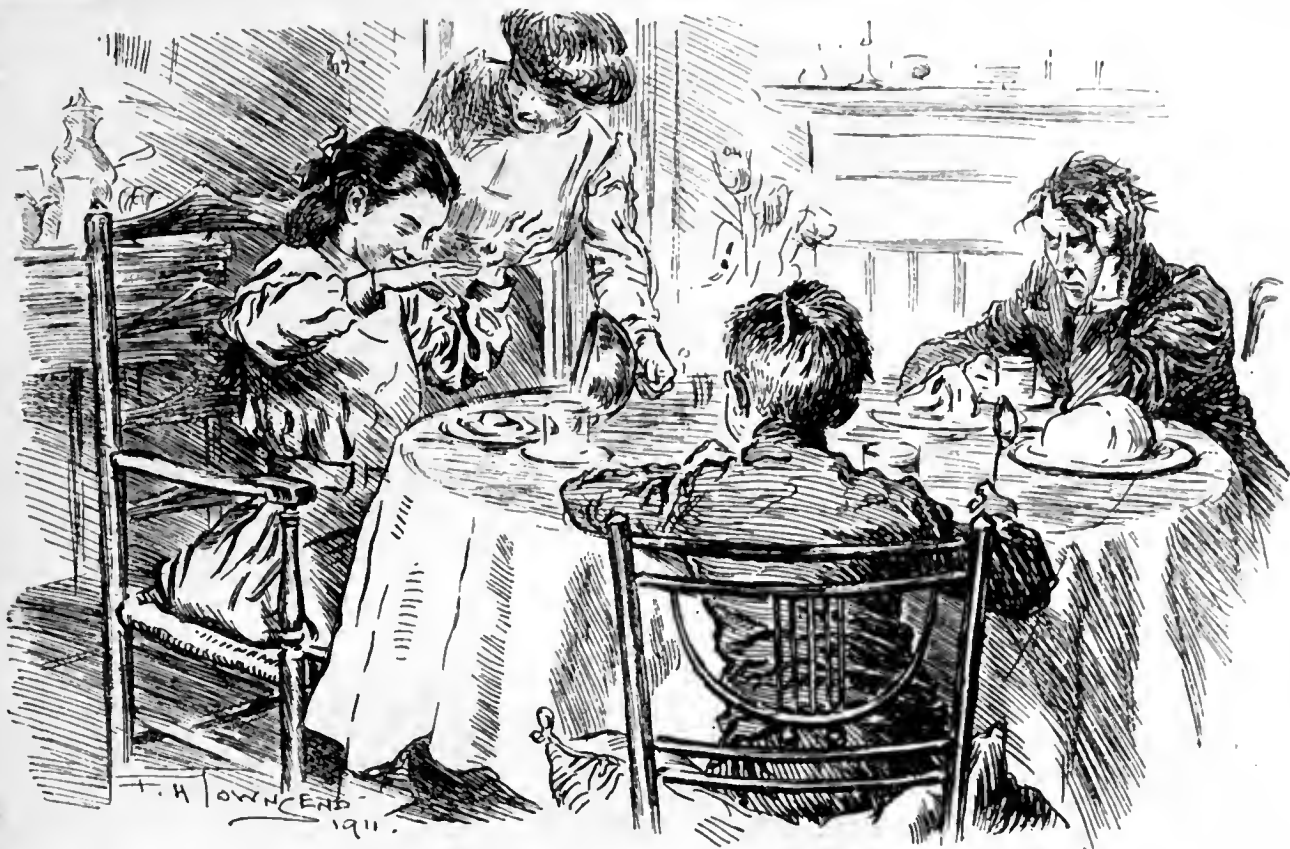
Upon this, PRUDENCE observes that "the very fact that an engaged girl is so young as this—eighteen—should make her more careful to observe the niceties of conduct,"



CALLING OUT THE RÉSERVE CUVÉE.

GOOSEBERRY. "AHA! THIS OUGHT TO BE MY RECORD YEAR! SEE ME SPARKLE!"





Ruth (to parent who has just become a father for the fifth time). "OH, DADDY, AIN'T I A LUCKY GIRL? FANCY! A POACHED EGG FOR BREAKFAST AND A NEW BABY BROTHER BOTH ON THE SAME DAY!!"

and so she launches out upon her column of advice, in the course of which she explains in detail how a Southern girl ought to behave to her acquaintances, her friends and, above all, to her "fiance"—this dreadful word is throughout printed without an accent, as if it rhymed to dance or elance or finance, and possessed only two syllables, instead of the three that convention and the French have assigned to it.

My own advice to the Southern girl would be very shortly expressed. I should say, "Don't bother too much about your behaviour. If you're a nice girl—and I'm sure you are—you'll behave all right. Your friends won't be offended with you. They know you're slightly mad. They've all been slightly mad themselves, or they hope to be so in the future." But PRUDENCE would call that disgraceful flippancy. She says, "It is the greatest unwisdom to neglect friends if one wishes to keep them, for friendship is entirely a thing for consideration, kindness, and the most delicate courtesies. As an exquisite old lady of my acquaintance said on one occasion, 'Friendships are hard to make and very easy to lose.'" Upon my word, one need not be either exquisite or old to commit such a platitude as that—and, like most platitudes, it isn't even true.

"The girl must see all the girls, once so much to her, in the usual way, and not be merely content to sit and moon alone with her fiance. She must give him his own chance to see his masculine chums whenever the mood comes upon him for their society, and must not monopolize his movements until he feels for the briefest moment like kicking over the traces. She must certainly see that he does not

tyrannize over hers . . . The exacting lover, remember, is pretty apt to make a stern and disagreeable husband." Ho's every hit as likely to be a meek and henpecked one.

"As to the small material things the usual engaged girl thinks necessary to her happiness as the true sign of her fiance's affection—the flowers and candy and weekly amusement he offers—they represent a definite danger to both parties. The sensible man in love gives all he can afford, and very rarely anything over; but there are poor silly lads who do the other thing, buy presents and buy presents until, as a dear boy said to me once, 'there is nothing left to buy them with.'" I fancy this dear boy must have been old and exquisite too.

And so good-bye once more to PRUDENCE. I have no room for further extracts from her book of exquisite old wisdom. In her amiable Oregonian manner she is doing what the great American poetess, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, once did in a more universal style in a book which it was my fortune to read. As *Colonel Newcome* put it (I quote from memory), *emollunt mores nec sinuisse feros.*

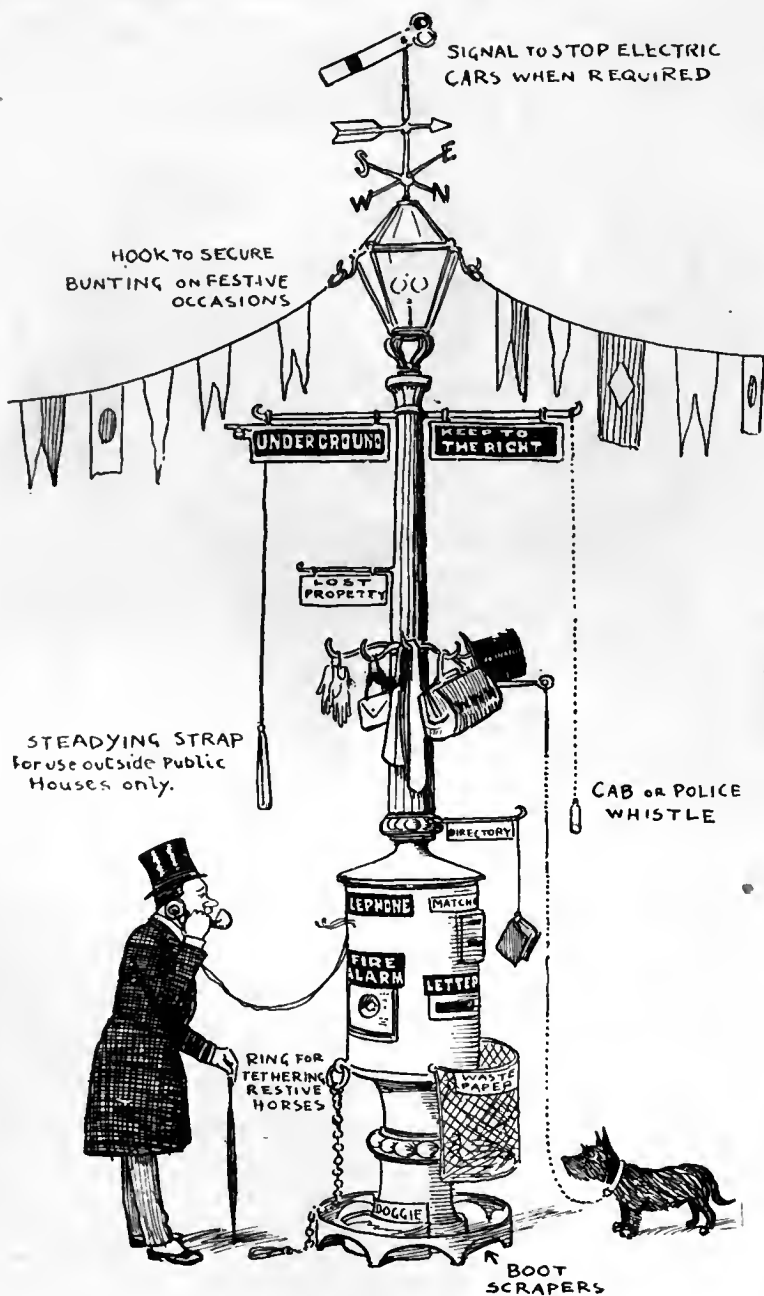
A woman explorer as reported in *The Daily Mirror* :—

"I found the Belgian officials very kind everywhere. I was given a special permit to shoot elephants, and used it. I killed a hippopotamus."

Not a good shot.

"Strayed, from Mutton Hall, Killington, Blackface! Ewe."—*Advt.* in "*Westmoreland Gazette.*"

No doubt the address struck her as ill-omened.



THE IDEAL PUBLIC UTILITY LAMP-POST.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SPADE-WORK AND OTHER DIVERSIONS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE.—The new cure for everything is to dig!—*et, par consequent*, we're all digging. We not only call a spade a spade; we catch hold of it and use it as such. Dear Sir William Kiddem, who's better than all the rest of Harley Street put together, says it's the cure for indy, and nerves, and brain-fag, and all those horrors that come of the strenuous life, and that it calls into play whole heaps of muscles that have been most shame-

fully neglected, and sets free a lot of nerve-centres and fearful things of that kind. He makes us dig in real earnest, putting a foot on the spade, and turning up the earth in style. There's nothing like it, my dear, for preserving the figure and compleck, and those who *have* neither dig in the hope of unearthing them. "Olga" is showing some simply *sweet* digging-suits, the coat fastening with little silver picks and spades, the skirt short and plain, high boots, gauntlet gloves, and a sort of coal-heaver's hat in dark-grey silk or satin, the little silver picks and spades being repeated again in the

hat-pins. Any afternoon you may see the old dowagers in Berkgrave Square, in full diggers' rig-out, going over to the square garden (with footmen carrying their spades and gauntlets), and setting to work, with the idea of digging up their far-away youth! Some of them shriek whenever they turn up a worm,—but they go on digging. Lord Berkgrave, who owns all that part, says they're spoiling his property, and that he'll go to law with them,—but they go on digging.

I hear that the Bullyon-Boundermere people had a week-end party down at Bullyon Towers at Easter, and one night after dinner everybody suddenly remembered that they hadn't done any digging that day, and they sent for spades, and all rushed off into the winter gardens, and the conservatories and the orangeries, and dug everything up, and left the place quite *ruinous*, and those poor wretches, the B.B.s were trying to pretend they were enjoying it all!

Fluffy Thistledown is very much down on her luck just now. I drove round there one afternoon with darling Pompom, who left one of his teeny-weeny cards on Fluffy's Pekingese "to enquire," the poor little thingy-thing having been operated on for appendy. Fluffy sent out to ask me to come in, and I found her in the dolefullest of dismal, howling among the comfies and cosies of a couch in her chatting den.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is little Peko-peko worse?"

"Bother little Peko-peko!" she sobbed (only she used a shorter word than bother). "I'm the wretchedest woman on earth!"

"Don't speak of yourself as if you were an East-end drama at popular prices, my dear," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Blanche! Dulcie and Westshire have a boy—and I'm a—I'm a—I'm—I can't say it!"

"Oh, you poor dear!" I cried. "I see—you're a granny!" and she fairly shrieked among the downies, "I married her off, because I didn't want a grown-up daughter with me everywhere, and this is her revenge! After such a lovely autumn and winter up the Nile—to come back to *this*! All day cruel wretches have been ringing me up for congrats, and sending messages and telegrams—and I've had to answer—and pretend I'm in the seventh heaven;—but with *you* the mask is off—and you find me, dearest, try-try-trying to de-de-cide whether I'll take cyanide of something—or put a hatpin through my heart!—I've brought a heap of frocks and hats from Paris—that were a sheer delight to



Football Enthusiast. "PASS OUT TO THE WING, SONNY! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT BY HIM."

me—and now, where's the good of them?—They're—they're—granny's frocks and hats! Freddy won't love me any longer—and Lulu will never call me his little Dresden-china shepherdess again! And, oh, Blanche! Thistledown's been such a brute about it! He says we're fo—fo—fogeys now—and that I'm not to be called Fluffy any more—but by my horrible baptismal name—Ja—Ja—Ja—Jane! You lucky creature! you've no children to grow up and serve you this trick by-and-by—while you still look qui—qui—quite young—to make you a gug-gug-gug-gug-grandmother!"

Just then she was rung up again, and as I went away I heard her stifling her sobs and answering more congrats with "Thanks awf'ly! Isn't it perfectly lovely news!"

People are wondering about the sudden reconciliation of Billy St. Adrian and his father, who've been at daggers drawn for ages. Would you like to know the true inwardness of the matter, my dear?—Well, so you shall.

Sir Richard St. Adrian, though (according to the newspapers of his own

way of thinking) "a statesman of colossal ideals and magnificent grip," has never been able to do anything with Billy, who's always been what people used to call "a trouble at home" (now-a-days they call it "having a temperament.") Ever and ever so many times he's touched old Sir Richard for big sums of money and tried different things that have always turned out failures. Then he has come back for more. (Norty says that at Eton the three St. Adrian boys were called after the three divisions of Arabia:—Dick was Happy St. Adrian, because he was the heir; Jack, who's very fair, was Sandy St. Adrian; and Billy was Stoney St. Adrian, and has been so ever since). Last time he came for money, the old man went into a rage, said it was the limit, and that he washed his hands of him. For quite a long time after this Billy made himself scarce, and people wondered what had become of him and what his latest venture was. My dear, it was *this*: disguising himself, and taking the professional name "Dr. Hymen," he

started a Marriage Bureau in Bond Street, on rather new lines, and for a time made it a *succès fou*! The fee for consulting "Dr. Hymen" was ten guineas, and he had a little *salon* in connection with the bureau, where he gave weekly teas, at which would-be bridegrooms could meet would-be brides. Heaps and heaps of people, without the least suspicion as to who "Dr. Hymen" really was, went there just for fun and with no matrimonial intentions. But at last poor Billy's luck began to peter out as usual, and just as he was wondering how he was to pay his rent, "Dr. Hymen" got a private and confidential letter from "an elderly gentleman, some years a widower, and anxious to meet a lady, young, loving and handsome, with a view to matrimony," making an appointment for a consultation. At the discreet hour of dusk the new client arrived on foot, and "Dr. Hymen," all ready, with his silvery locks and beard, and his long flowing robes, presently found himself, in his dimly lit consulting room, tête-à-tête with—his father! Whether old

Sir Richard really *was* looking for a second wife, or merely for *une plaisante aventure*, will remain as great a mystery as the Letters of the Man in the Iron Mask. Billy didn't give the show away at once; he played his fish for a time; and then he said, "You're looking for someone young, loving, and handsome. Well, Sir, you're now in the company of someone who is young and loving—as to handsome, that's a matter of opinion. This is Billy," he added, shedding his disguise, "your loving youngest son, into whose hands you've delivered yourself up, and whose price for not handing you over to the tender mercies of your admiring public, your dearest friends and enemies, and the halfpenny press, is that you overlook the past and finance him once more!"

And that, my dear, you may believe me, is the real secret of Sir Richard's reconciliation with his youngest son, of their *immensely* amicable relations, and of Billy's flourishing circles just now.

Norty has a suggestion that he means to lay before Parliament as soon as ever he can get a chance. He's going to propose that snappy, impressionist, short stories shall be bound in with the parliamentary blue books and white books. Numbers of Members have said they'll support the measure, and would be only too glad to have bright, amusing fiction mixed in with the other kind! Oh, my dearest, I must tell you a thing he said the other evening at Popsy, Lady Ramsgate's big dance. Some bore remarked to him: "This is a fine Adam ball-room." "Yes," replied Norty; "and how well some of the women play up to it!" Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

THE PORTUGUESE CIGAR.

EVERYTHING promised well for my week-end with Charles. The weather was warm and sunny, I was bringing my golf clubs down with me, and I had just discovered (and meant to put into practice) an entirely new stance which made it impossible to miss the object ball. It was this that I was explaining to Charles and his wife at dinner on Friday, when the interruption occurred.

"By the way," said Charles, as I took out a cigarette, "I've got a cigar for you. Don't smoke that thing."

"You haven't let him go in for cigars?" I said reproachfully to Mrs. Charles. I can be very firm about other people's extravagances.

"This is one I picked up in Portugal," explained Charles. "You can get them absurdly cheap out there. Let's see, dear; where did I put it?"

"I saw it on your dressing-table last week," said his wife, getting up to leave us. He followed her out and went in search of it, while I waited with an interest which I made no effort to conceal. I had never heard before of a man going all the way to Portugal to buy one cigar for a friend.

"Here it is," said Charles, coming in again. He put down in front of me an ash-tray, the matches and a— and a— well, as I say, a cigar. I examined it slowly. Half of it looked very tired.

"Well," said Charles, "what do you think of it?"

"When you say you—er—*picked it up* in Portugal," I began carefully, "I suppose you don't mean—" I stopped and tried to bite the end off.

"Have a knife," said Charles.

I had another bite, and then I decided to be frank.

"Why did you pick it up?" I asked.

"The fact was," said Charles, "I found myself one day in Lisbon without my pipe, and so I bought that thing; I never smoke them in the ordinary way."

"Did you smoke this?" I asked. It was obvious that *something* had happened to it.

"No, you see, I found some cigarettes at the last moment, and so, knowing that you liked cigars, I thought I'd bring it home for you."

"It's very nice of you, Charles. Of course I can see that it has travelled. Well, we must do what we can with it."

I took the knife and started chipping away at the mahogany end. The other end—the brown-paper end, which had come ungunmed—I intended to reserve for the match. When everything was ready I applied a light, leant back in my chair, and pulled.

"That's all right, isn't it?" said Charles. "And you'd be surprised if I told you what I paid for it."

"No, no, you mustn't think that," I protested. "Probably things are dearer in Portugal." I put it down by my plate for a moment's rest. "All I've got against it at present is that its pores don't act as freely as they should."

"I've got a cigar-cutter somewhere, if—"

"No, don't bother, I think I can do it with the nut-crackers. There's no doubt it was a good cigar once, but it hasn't wintered well."

I squeezed it as hard as I could, lit it again, pressed my feet against the table and pulled.

"Now it's going," said Charles.

"I'm afraid it keeps very reticent at my end. The follow-through is poor. Is your end alight still?"

"Burning beautifully."

"It's a pity that I should be missing all that. How would it be if we were to make a knitting-needle red-hot, and bore a tunnel from this end? We might establish a draught that way. Only there's always the danger, of course, of coming out at the side."

I took the cigar up and put it to my ear.

"I can't *hear* anything wrong," I said. "I expect what it really wants is massage."

Charles filled his pipe again and got up. "Let's go for a stroll," he said. "It's a beautiful night. Bring your cigar with you."

"It may prefer the open air," I said. "There's always that. You know we mustn't lose sight of the fact that the Portuguese climate is different from ours. The thing's pores may have acted more readily in the South. On the other hand the unfastened end may have been more adhesive. I gather that though you have never actually met anybody who has smoked a cigar like this yet you understand that the experiment is a practicable one. As far as you know this had no brothers. No, no, Charles, I'm going on with it, but I should like to know all that you can tell me of its parentage. It had a Portuguese father and an American mother, I should say, and there has been a good deal of trouble in the family. One moment"—and as we went outside I stopped and cracked it in the door.

It was an inspiration. At the very next application of the match I found that I had established a connection with the lighted end. Not a long and steady connection, but one that came in gusts. After two gusts I decided that it was perhaps safer to blow from my end, and for a little while we had in this way as much smoke around us as the most fastidious cigar-smoker could want. Then I accidentally dropped it; something in the middle of it shifted, I suppose—and for the rest of my stay behind it only one end was at work.

"Well," said Charles, when we were back in the smoking-room, and I was giving the cigar a short breather, "it's not a bad one, is it?"

"I have enjoyed it," I said truthfully, for I like trying to get the mastery over a thing that defies me.

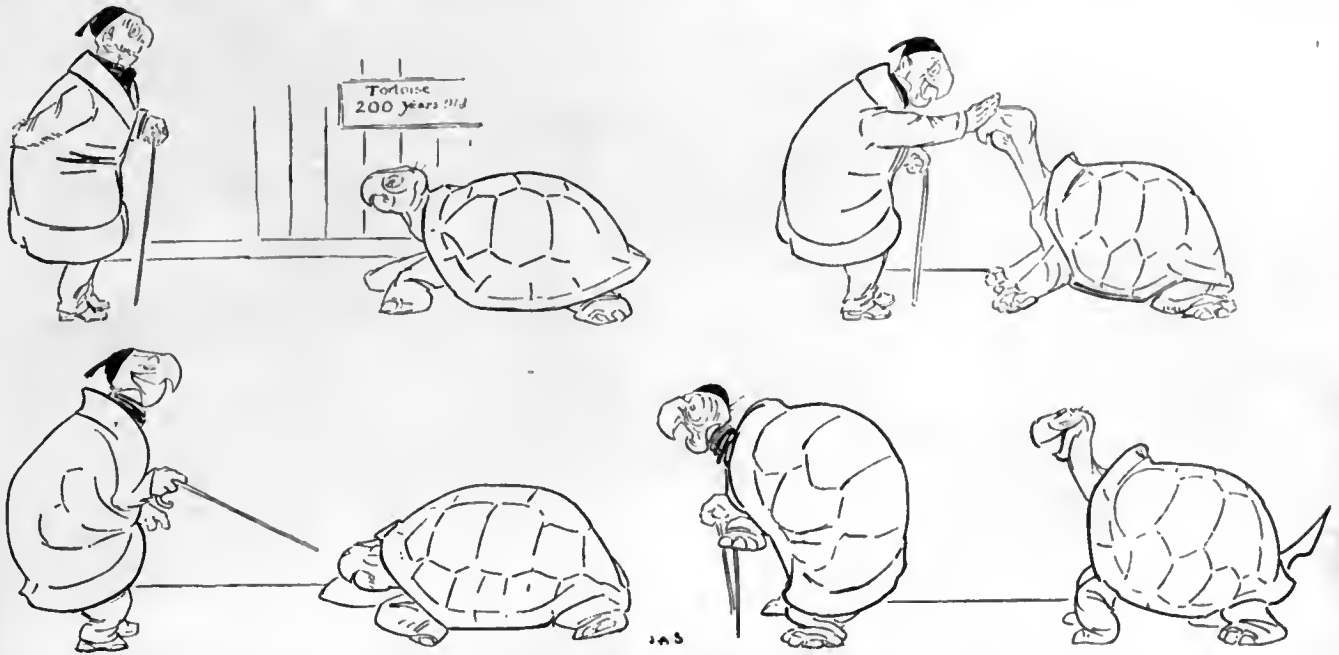
"You'll never guess what it cost," he chuckled.

"Tell me," I said. "I daren't guess." "Well, in English money it works out at exactly three farthings."

I looked at him for a long time and then shook my head sadly.

"Charles, old friend," I said, "you've been done."

A. A. M.



LIKE TO LIKE.

WHAT BECAME OF LADY TEAZLE?

[A correspondence which obviously ought to have gone to *The Westminster Gazette*.]

SIR,—It has often struck me as a great pity that our dramatists do not take the public (by whose kindly support they live) a little more into their confidence. They interest us (or not, as the case may be) in their puppets; the curtain falls, and we know no more. A little leaflet containing the subsequent history of those who are left alive, given away at the doors as the audience pass out, would do all that is necessary. To circulate it earlier would of course be a mistake, as it might rob the play of some of the elements of surprise. There is no doubt that we are entitled to a full account of the career of *Nora* after she has slammed the door at the end of *The Doll's House*, because her life was really only then beginning. We also want more information about *Lady Teazle*. Any of your readers who can tell me more about *Lady Teazle* will earn my deep gratitude.

Yours, etc., JOHN STODGE MEARS.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Mears, asks what became of *Lady Teazle*. There is, I think, very little doubt that she and *Sir Peter* "quarrelled again." I have known that kind of woman in real life, and she always quarrels again. *Sir Peter* probably died in the course of a few years, and his widow married *Joseph Surface*. A little later she

divorced him and settled down as a paragon of virtue at Bath, where she died at an advanced age. I enclose my card, and I am

Yours, etc., ANGUS STERLING.

SIR,—It pains me to read the cynical letter on the after-life of poor *Lady Teazle* which Mr. Sterling sends you. According to my reading of her character, *Lady Teazle* was not like that. She was a true woman. She had been a little flighty, no doubt, but only from the point of view of man. How is one to know oneself unless one is foolish as well as wise? Are women to have no off-moments? Are they to be eternally at their husbands' sides and obeying their husbands' orders? The whole idea is obnoxious. *Lady Teazle*, directly *Sir Peter* was dead—as he soon would be, for he ages at an incredible speed in all the representations of the play that I have seen—began to live her own life. Always a believer in the suffrage for women she devoted herself and *Sir Peter's* money to the cause, dressed entirely in green, purple and white, and spoke at public meetings. She also refused to fill up her Census paper. That is how I read dear *Lady Teazle*.

Yours, etc., MAY WINKLE.

SIR,—In my opinion *Lady Teazle* was a woman, a truly human one, and an identity. After her last and final row with *Sir Peter*, which quickly came, she went away to try and learn about that identity, which

was herself. Where she went, what she did, we don't know. But a woman who would face the world alone and unaided as she did, without accepting any of *Sir Peter's* money, would not be likely to fail. Quite possibly she took up type-writing. On *Sir Peter's* death she married again, became a lecturer on small holdings, and settled at the Garden City. Who is right, your correspondent or I, about the character and fate of *Lady Teazle*?

Yours truly, JULIA TUPMAN.

SIR,—The end of *Lady Teazle* was recently revealed to me by a crystal-gazer. Determined at all hazards to assert her ego, she took lessons from a French aeronaut, obtained a pilot's certificate, and was the first woman to cross the Channel in a balloon. She subsequently converted *Sir Peter* to Christian Science, adopted a rational dress, and died a vegetarian.

Yours faithfully,
LEVESON TILES, M.A.

SIR,—You ask what became of *Lady Teazle*. I will tell you. At the fall of the curtain she went to her dressing-room, changed and washed, and had supper at the Savoy. The next day she was at the theatre again as usual.

Yours etc., OLD THESPIAN.

"The Inspector twisted one of his long red moustaches and smiled a little grimly at the other."—*Cassell's Magazine*.

Why this favouritism?



OUR AMBULANCE CLASS.

Fair First-Aider. "I SAY, WHAT'S THE POISON FOR WHICH YOU GIVE AN EPIDEMIC!"

FARMING NOTES.

(By our Agricultural Expert.)

ON WHEAT.

WHEAT is the only thing besides bulbs that you may talk about in the country at this time of year. There is an old saying that it should be high enough to "hide a hare in March." This is very true, but the farmer scores either way. In one case he gets the wheat, in the other he gets the hare.

ON SOWING.

Seed, as the little Irish girl said, should be sown three days before steady rain. Be very careful to arrange for this.

ON AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

This is what the farmers get when it rains, or it doesn't rain, or there's a little extra work to do. It is their custom to congregate on Saturday night in the village inn to try to forget it. They then become post-depressionists.

ON MANGOLD-WURZELS.

Most farmers stock them in three sizes at least. The big ones for the cows, the littler ones for the sheep,

and the littlest ones for the children to play with.

ON RATS.

An evening paper recently asserted that the numbers of these could be greatly reduced "if farmers would put wire netting round their haystacks when they threshed them." Don't scorn these agricultural experts. Try it yourself when you are threshing the turnip-tops.

ON BOARD OF AGRICULTURE INSPECTORS.

They are good fellows, really. They get on best by posing as scientists to the farmer, and as farmers to the scientist.

ON POTATOES.

These are of two kinds—bad and good. The very bad ones are called "chats" because they really do talk a lot.

The good ones are eaten by the farmers, and the bad ones by the farm animals, except in Ireland, where the pigs have the good ones. It is thought by some authorities that the historic reply of the cottager—"Father's in the pig-sty; you'll know him by his hat"—has, in the course of centuries, been evolved, by careless repetition,

from a remark which originally ran as follows: "Father's in the pig-sty; you'll know him; he's eating the bad potatoes."

ON "SUPER."

This is stuff that you get in bags and spread on the ground.

There seems some doubt as to the origin of the name. Is it not possible that it may be derived from a similar Latin word meaning "above"? This would imply that it should be put on the top of the ground and not on the bottom.

A practical farmer once told me of a young man from Cambridge who called it $\text{CaH}_4(\text{CO}_4)_2$, but he very wisely asked him to move on to the next farm. He had a delicate baby and thought it might be infectious.

"NEW STEERING GEAR.

INVENTION THAT WILL EFFECT A REVOLUTION."
Daily Chronicle.

But any old gear will do this.

"A nearly new Turkey Carpet for £6 10s., cost double; lady moving into larger flat, measuring 14ft. 6in. by 9ft. 10in."

Advt. in "Highgate Express."

It looks as if her last lodging had been in a lift.



THE RT. HON. CALIGULA.

PRIME MINISTER. "O THAT THIS PEOPLE HAD BUT ONE NECK THAT I MIGHT SEVER IT AT A BLOW; WHEREAS IT WILL TAKE ME QUITE HALF-A-DOZEN."

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 18.—Whilst Lords still make holiday in anticipation of hard work ahead, Commons resume sitting after so-called Easter Recess. As one looked round scantily filled Benches when SPEAKER took the Chair, nothing in appearance suggested that we are actually in midst of revolution. Compared with methods in Mexico, for example, peaceful condition is really monotonous. Point of resemblance between two hemispheres comes in in respect of occasional shooting over the boundary and hitting the wrong man—generally in the back. BANBURY, however, was the right man. Up again with mitrailleuse discharge of questions about procrastinated payment of income-tax by railways, was himself bowled over by shot from the Chair.

House notes with marked satisfaction that the SPEAKER's forbearance with the plague of Supplementary Questions, marvellous in its tenacity, has at length broken down. Before adjournment for Recess he addressed stern reproof to one of the most persistent practitioners of this clumsy art. To-day BANBURY, nipping in with intent to extend shorter catechism which had already occupied some minutes of limited time, was brought up with what on board ship is called a round turn. Shifting his position under the coil of rope, he proposed to catechise the SPEAKER himself, asking whether he had not said so-and-so on earlier occasion?

"What I have said I have said," remarked the SPEAKER in warning voice.

BANBURY resumed his seat, wondering where he had heard that remark before.

Later came along WINTERTON with delightful affectation of judicial manner that adds charm to what Labour Members, jealous custodians of good manners, call his impertinences. Firing shot designed to bring down PRIME MINISTER on subject of proposal to pay Members, he hit group below Gangway.

"The object of the Labour Members," he said, in soothing voice and with bland manner suggestive that he was inviting them to high tea on the Terrace, "in coming to this House is to see that as much money as possible shall be taken from the pockets of the taxpayers and put into the pockets of themselves and their friends."

CHAIRMAN, amid strident cheers from Labour Party, declared the charge not a proper one to make.

"Charge?" cried WINTERTON, rais-

ing eyebrows in unaffected surprise. "What charge?"

Thought he was making a plain statement; if it was out of order he unreservedly withdrew it. But it was left to rankle, and Labour Members growled resentment in fashion suggestive of lively times for noble Earl if at any time they catch him up their street.

Business done.—Having spent two hours in discussing whether under pressure of business Government Bills shall have precedence on Wednesdays after Whitsuntide, House got into Committee on Parliament Bill. Kangaroo Resolution still in operation. CHAIRMAN skipped over batches of amendments with graceful agility not



"His memory is still cherished in both camps."

(The late Viscount Goschen.)

to be rivalled by his brethren in far-off Australia. Sat till after 4 A.M. and passed Clause I.

Wednesday night.—Been reading in Recess ARTHUR ELLIOT's *Life of Goschen*; recalls memories going back for nearly forty years. When I first knew Goschen he sat on Treasury Bench, First Lord of Admiralty, fervent admirer of the Chief who, recognising his great ability, first gave him Ministerial office. He lived long enough to take leading part in the revolt which in 1886 shattered the Liberal Party and broke the spell of GLADSTONE's long predominance.

Striking but appropriate coincidence that Goschen and his biographer twice at successive crises sacrificed position for conscience' sake. Both broke away from Liberal Party on Home Rule question. Having crossed floor of

House both again went into Opposition on question of Free Trade.

Nothing permanently barred Goschen's progress. Having broken with Mr. G. on Home Rule, he, "forgotten" by GRANDOLPH, was received with open arms by Conservative Cabinet. When DON JOSÉ ran up Protectionist flag from Unionist citadel, Goschen, retired from fighting line, his helmet now a hive for bees, took field again, and proved himself as redoubtable a combatant of DON JOSÉ's fiscal heresy as he had been in the case of Mr. G.'s political mistake. ARTHUR ELLIOT, equally impregnable in his honesty, marching step by step with Goschen in these excursions, by the first suffered long exile from Parliament; by second loss of Ministerial office and what has to present date been exclusion from Parliamentary life. Both examples are shining lights in occasionally mirk atmosphere of English politics.

Next to HARTINGTON, whom he much resembled, and with whom through his public life he always sympathized, Goschen was a statesman who in unobtrusive manner most largely influenced English politics in the period between 1885 and 1905. In one of the phrases of which he is master, JOHN MORLEY, writing of him on his quitting the live arena of the Commons for the sepulchre of the Lords, describes him as "a man who has done so much to keep a lofty standard both of the integrity and the dignity of public life."

Eleven years have sped since Goschen for the last time passed out behind the SPEAKER's Chair. His memory is still cherished in both camps as that of a fighting-man who never hit below the belt.

Business done.—Army Annual Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—For fully six years there have been heard in caves of Liberal Party murmurs of discontent with LORD CHANCELLOR's dealing with appointments to magisterial bench. Began whilst C.B. was still with us. In earlier months of his Premiership JOHN BRUNNER led into his room behind SPEAKER's chair a band of angry Ministerialists demanding LOREBURN's head on a charger.

Situation certainly curious. There was a sweet simplicity about HALSBURY's method that made it at least comprehensible. Honestly believing that no good could come out of the Nazareth of Liberalism he systematically packed the magisterial bench with good Conservatives. From time to time the matter was brought before notice of Commons. Stout HALSBURY, aware of their inability practically

to interfere, quietly went his way. Liberals, returned to power after long exile, entertained hope in their circles in town and country that matters would be put straight. Recognised that, owing to long prevalence of HALSBURY system, the balance might not straightway be redressed. But gradually, as opportunity presented itself, there would be attained something approaching equality in number of J.P.s as between one political Party and another.

To general consternation discovery was made that LOREBURN, so far from following in his predecessor's footsteps by giving preference to otherwise suitable and desirable members of his Party, was actually swelling the already predominant contingent of Conservatives. Matters recently reached crisis in circumstances described by NEIL PRIMROSE in vigorous letter addressed to LORD CHANCELLOR, which, since it has not been replied to, is presumably unanswerable. To-day matter formally brought under notice of PREMIER in shape of demand for early opportunity to have the matter fully discussed. A numerically large and personally influential division of Ministerial majority protest their determination to be satisfied with nothing less.

Business done.—Parliament Bill again taken in hand.

THE WISDOM OF THE MALE.

FIVE months had elapsed and still Aspodestera and I were engaged. We had every reason to be proud and grateful, I to be proud and she to be grateful. For the moment, however, we were in complete accord and were discussing the situation lightly in the abstract.

"If only I had made a note of the actual words I used at the fatal moment," I said, "I should be in a much better position now to argue. What I meant to say was, 'Will you marry me?' It certainly was not, 'May I marry you?' 'To marry,' I may add, means 'to love, honour and obey,' and I am almost sure you said that you would."

Aspodestera busied herself with her hair and the mirror over the mantel-

piece. "As a matter of fact," she answered, "you said nothing at all about marrying. I don't recollect your saying anything connected or intelligible. Besides, we aren't married yet; you are only my fiancé. 'Fiancer' in the original French means 'to improve the manners of,' or, as some dictionaries have it, 'to cultivate in—a quieter taste in socks.'"

I could see that she was leading up to something. "What is it?" I asked, miserably. "Out with it. Is it my

"this is going too far. Since this thing happened to me, I have so altered the course of my whole conduct as to be ready to open any number of doors at a given moment, to fetch all sorts of things from all sorts of places, and to express annoyance in new and wholly inadequate language. So much possibly you had a right to demand. Beyond that I have heightened my collars, omitted the nails from my shoes, and altered my whole scheme of external decoration. This much I have done as

an act of grace. Further, I have discarded a valuable and stalwart brand of tobacco for a pernicious and scented mixture, and even that I have consented to smoke only at off times. Moreover, I have . . ."

She interrupted me in a manner to be condemned for all time, but very tolerable at the moment. "No," I protested, "I will not go to the dentist, not till something aches. I will not take orders in this matter. What orders are necessary in our lives, I will issue. You shall supply all the looks, grace and charm; I all the wisdom of initiative, prudence of control. Now my wisdom tells me that the proper time for me to visit a dentist will be a year from to-day, approximately, and henceforth you and I must be guided by my wisdom alone."

Aspodestera said no more.

* * * *

Early next morning I found myself sitting in the seat of destiny. A little stream of water trickled unceasingly into a blue

bowl on my left and a little benzine lamp burned merrily near by. Meanwhile I had reason to believe that there was a man in my mouth looking for trouble with a pickaxe.

"Not every man," he said, supposing that this was flattery to me—"not every man would have had the sense to come to me in the very nick of time. That is what you have done. Half-a-dozen visits, and we shall have you with the finest mouth in the four kingdoms. Some of the little fellows must be stopped, and some pulled out. These wisdom teeth, for instance . . ."

"Wisdom teeth?" I cried bitterly. "Wisdom? Pull 'em all out. I have no further use for that class of article."



BLOW THE WIG!

(and blow the would-be Radical J.P.s!).

(LORD LOREBURN.)

clothes that are wrong, or only myself this time?"

I knew there was something coming when she thereupon took steps to comfort and exhilarate me and allowed her conversation to be, for a time, irrelevant but sweetly docile. Let me warn you against the irrelevance and sweet docility of Aspodestera and her kind. When the worst came, it came in a playful whisper from a head leaning, pleasantly enough, on my shoulder.

"What is the French for 'to-send-to-the-dentist-for-inspection-and-repair'?"

I abandoned her at once (she was not entirely unprepared) and assumed a commanding and defiant attitude before the fireplace. "No," I declared,

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

(With acknowledgments to *The Times*.)

II.—BILLIARDS.

IN view of the heightened interest in billiards that is now being displayed it is felt that a brief history and survey of the game would be grateful and illuminating.

HISTORICAL.

The origin of billiards is wrapt in mystery. SAYCE claims to have found traces of the game in a rudimentary form in mural hieroglyphics at Luxor, and it cannot be denied that the name given to the most popular of the winning hazard variants—Pyramids—lends colour to his theory. SHAKESPEARE, too, in *Antony and Cleopatra* has the phrase, "Let's to billiards." At the beginning of the last century, however, the *savant* ROBERT ALLEN was positive that the game was first played in Lombardy; hence the Lombardy crest of three balls. The circumstance that these balls are all of brass, and not two white and one red, may be dismissed as an accident. Professor ALLEN held that the game was invented as a recreation for the great financiers of Lombardy after the fatigues of money-lending during the day.

Other investigators have other theories. Thus Sir ROBERT BALL assigns an Arabic origin to the game and sees in it an effort to symbolize the solar system, the red ball being obviously meant to indicate Mars, the pinkest of the planets.

As to the derivation of the word, Professor Topirambour, of the *École des Langues Orientales* at Paris, notes that the name is identical with *milliards*, when the latter is pronounced by a person with a cold in the head, for which billiards are an excellent tonic.

BILLIARD BALLS.

In the earliest days of the game in England, the balls were made of stone, on which very little work could be got. The cues were of iron, or, in the houses of the nobility, of steel. Ivory balls came in in the eighteenth century, cut from the tusks of elephants. The discovery of this use to which to put those appendages is due to the Dutch explorer, Van Winkle in 1783, who, confined to the jungle for some months and longing for 100 up, constructed, it is said, a whole billiard table and appliances from one elephant, flattening the back for the bed, retaining the legs *in situ*, turning the balls from the tusks, and after petrifying both using the tail as a cue and the trunk as a rest. With this alleviation he is said to have been so content that he refused to leave



Robinson (of the City). "WHAT A MODEST MAN MADDOX-JONES IS. I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS, AND NEVER KNEW TILL HE TOLD ME JUST NOW THAT HE EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY."

Burns-Brown (of Chelsea). "HE NEVER KNEW EITHER—TILL A DAY OR TWO AGO!"

his solitude when a relief party at last found him.

THE BONZO.

Ivory balls held the field until the opportune discovery of the bonzo in the forest of Swami by the late Sir H. M. STANLEY. The explorer came suddenly upon a huge herd of them in a clearing. The creature is practically all tusk, the merest thread of body with several hundred-weights of the hard glistening material attached to it. No

sooner did the bonzos see STANLEY than they made a huge break for cover—a happy augury. The herd, however, moved but slowly owing to their wealth of bonzoline (as it is now called), and it was an easy matter to round them up and secure them. Bonzo ranches now cover the Swami district and large fortunes are being made. Not only are the bonzo's tusks (which, we ought to explain, it drags behind, having insufficient strength to carry them) useful for billiard balls, but excellent false

teeth, almost like real, are made from them too, and the best professionals wear no others. Ex-President ROOSEVELT also keeps a set by him, in case of accident.

BILLIARDS IN FRANCE.

In France, where orthography runs riot, they have the word "billard," signifying merely the table on which the game is played. Hence a hotel or café proprietor will announce that he keeps two, three or whatever number it may be—"billards": which is absurd. The French table has no longer any pockets, a deprivation due, according to the same Professor ALLEN, to the circumstance that when there were pockets the Lombards could not keep their hands out of them. They were therefore removed under the *Code Napoléon*.

BILLIARDS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The game in Terra del Fuego is perhaps not worth consideration here, since they do not play it at all.

SHAKESPEARE AS A CUE-IST.

That our national poet knew the game is beyond question. Again and again in his Works we find references to his passion: direct, as in the instance given above, and indirect and more poetical, as when he says (*Love's Labour's Lost*), "My love is most immaculate white and red"; and again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "Such war of white and red"; in *Henry IV., Pt. I.*, "This cushion my crown!"; in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "When my cue comes call me and I will answer," and in *Lear* (after the balls had been running badly for him), "My cue is villainous melancholy."

SNOOKER'S POOL.

Snooker's Pool was invented by Alfred Snooker, marker at the "Green Posts" in Leicester Square, in 1843. The exact date is not known. Snooker lived to be quite an old man, dying in 1901 in a lodging in Camden Town. He took an interest in the game to the end, but seems to have wandered a little in his mind at the close of his life, for his last words were: "Two for his nob." Longevity was once practically assured to all good billiard players, but it is not thought that any of the many professionals of the present moment will ever be GRAY.

THE HALF-BUTT.

This interesting weapon, originally invented by the Duke of Malmsey, is now, by a delicate compliment to one of our leading vocalists, habitually described as "the semi-Clara."

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AN INLAND REVENUE OFFICIAL.

OLD STYLE.

SIR,—Only a week now remains before the closing of the financial year, and I must press the immediate payment of your Income Tax, otherwise the amount will be lost to the Sinking Fund, and considerable inconvenience will thereby be caused to the Inland Revenue Department.

Yours faithfully, W. SNOOKS,
J. Brown, Esq. Surveyor of Taxes.

SIR,—I note that my demand of the 24th ult. has been ignored by you: your Income Tax has therefore been irretrievably lost to the Sinking Fund. I have now to inform you that unless it is paid within four days, I shall have the painful duty of putting in a distress upon your goods.

Yours faithfully, W. SNOOKS,
J. Brown, Esq. Surveyor of Taxes.

SIR,—Here, confound you, is your tax. I am glad to think the robbers of the Inland Revenue Department will have been put to considerable inconvenience by the loss of this sum to the Sinking Fund. I wish (for this reason only) that the amount had been larger.

Yours faithfully, J. BROWN.

NEW STYLE.

March 24th.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—May I ask you as a personal favour kindly to postpone the payment of your Income Tax for one month. I know and appreciate your accustomed regularity, but at present the Government has really more money than it knows what to do with. I am sure that you do not wish your hard-earned savings to be squandered on the mere repayment of debt. To force up the price of Consols is to inflict a grievous wrong on the saving classes of the community who wish to invest in them. I think I may promise you that next year your money will be devoted to much more romantic objects—the payment of your excellent Parliamentary representative and the creation of a large number of lucrative civil service posts. Trusting that you will see your way to comply with my request,

Believe me, with kindest regards,
Yours faithfully, W. SNOOKS,
Surveyor of Taxes.

DEAR MR. SNOOKS,—I have the greatest pleasure in complying with your very amiable request. I quite appreciate your point about the glut of money in the Exchequer, and if it will

be any help to you will postpone all payments till this time next year.

Yours faithfully, J. BROWN.

SIR,—In direct violation of instructions from the Department, you have obstinately and deliberately persisted in paying your Income Tax. It is obvious from your wish to rush the payment through and avoid enquiry that you have been assessed at far too low a rate. I enclose form relating to Super-tax, which please fill up and return instantly. In default thereof you will be assessed for Super-tax by the Commissioners.

Yours truly, W. SNOOKS,
J. Brown, Esq. Surveyor of Taxes.

DEAR MR. SNOOKS,—My ass of a cashier filled up cheque for Income Tax, and forwarded same without consulting me. I have discharged cashier and stopped cheque. Please accept my apologies.

Yours faithfully, J. BROWN.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—Please accept my apologies for the tone of my last note. I ought to have guessed that there was some mistake. I much appreciate the courteous and patriotic manner in which you stopped payment of the cheque. May I venture to intercede for your cashier. His conduct to my mind is more significant of slight mental weakness than direct moral obliquity. Pray do not trouble about that little matter of Super-tax. I wrote under the mistaken impression that you had grievously wronged the department. With kindest regards,

Yours cordially, W. SNOOKS.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I cannot leave my post (on promotion to an Inspectorship at our head office) without thanking you for the very kindly way in which you helped me departmentally. During the last week of the financial year my district achieved the unique record of paying nothing into the Exchequer. Without the help—so freely and generously given—of yourself and others such a result could never have been achieved. My one regret in leaving this district is that it involves separation from so many friendly non-tax payers. Believe me,

Yours very cordially, W. SNOOKS.

"After having shaken hands with those present on the platform the train steamed out punctually at 12 o'clock amid cheers."

Great Eastern Penny Mail.

As long as these little courtesies on the part of our trains are not allowed to interfere with punctual attention to business we have nothing but praise for them.



Mon fræe Peebles. "EH! YON WAUR MY BRITHER JOCK'S TRAIN, BUT I'LL KEEP MY BANWEE FOR THE NEXT EDEITION. IT WILL HA' THE FINAL RESULTS O' THE FOOTRA' IN AS WEE!"

PARTED.

PHYLLIS, farewell!—if that's the name
 By which your people had you christened
 Long ere that beauty flashed to flame;
 And even if it isn't.
 Farewell! I shall not die of woe
 Nor sleep beneath the churchyard's stout yew
 When you are gone. I do not know
 Nearly enough about you.
 Only at times a transient glimpse
 Of hair, whose—well, whose Titian glory
 You decorate with curls and crimps
 There in that upper storey,
 Deep as Apollo's dying ray,
 Betwixt the leafless elders carried,
 Has charmed me greatly—by the way,
 I wonder if you're married.
 I wonder if the hair-comb's spiko
 Burns as it parts those locks asunder;
 I wonder what your face is like,
 Oh! heaps of things I wonder:
 I wonder what asbestos cone,
 What heat-proof hat enshrines those tresses;

I wonder if they're all your own;
 But where's the use in guesses?
 The fact remains, that now the Spring
 Has stormed the heights and swept
 the valleys
 And Zephyrus, the year's gay king,
 No longer shilly-shallies,
 The flush that fills the world with green
 And Winter's savage gripe unhardens,
 Creates anew a toilet-screen
 In opposite back gardens.
 Farewell! but only till the leaves
 Fall and the widowed woods grow duller;
 Except your mane meanwhile achieves
 Some less conspicuous colour.
 EVOE.

"Eight million eggs, weighing 60,000 tons, are yearly consumed in London, the eaters paying four million pounds for them."—*Liverpool Evening Express.*

Breakfast is getting a very expensive meal.

"Flat Burglary Sequel," announced a poster of *The Globe*. The reaction after these little excitements often causes a sense of dulness.

STATESMEN UNBENT.

WE are glad to learn that the excellent example of the HOME SECRETARY, who enjoyed himself during his Easter holiday by digging in the sands near Holyhead, has not been thrown away on his colleagues, most of whom found relaxation from the cares of office in various infantile pastimes.
 The PRIME MINISTER, who has spent his Easter holidays in the neighbourhood of Godalming, passed the whole of Easter Monday blowing soap bubbles on the lawn of Sir HERBERT JEKYLL's stately home. The largest bubble blown by Mr. ASQUITH was estimated to have a diameter of sixteen inches and reached an altitude of nearly thirty feet before disintegrating into iridescent smithereens.
 Mr. URE, the Lord Advocate, gave himself a complete holiday from serious politics at Easter, and went to recruit his energies in the Heart of Midlothian, where he spent several happy days making mud-pies of unparalleled magnitude. Every variety of design was indulged in by the distinguished architect, but his happiest

effort was a gigantic ducal coronet, which has since been baked and presented to the Gladstone League, who propose to exhibit it at their head office before sending it round the country as an object lesson in the futility of the feudal system.

Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL invited several of the officials of St. Martin's-le-Grand to spend Easter with him. With a delicate consideration which cannot be too highly commended, Mr. SAMUEL insisted on playing General Post with his guests every day from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 5.

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON gave a charming Dolls' tea-party to the wives and children of the permanent staff of the Board of Trade. Mr. BUXTON, who presided at the feast, at which real tea, milk and sugar were used, enjoyed himself immensely, and drank no fewer than nineteen diminutive cups of China's fragrant herb.

Mr. RUNCIMAN'S Easter recreation took the form of a carnival of round or "circular" games, in which he was joined by Sir ROBERT MORANT and several of the senior Inspectors of Schools. Boisterous merriment prevailed, which reached its climax in a game of consequences, in which one of the papers concluded, "The consequence was there was a conspiracy of silence, and the World said, 'He ought to have resigned.'"

AT THE PLAY.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

THE *clou* of Sir HERBERT TREE'S so brilliant revival was his extremely clever troupe of tame rabbits. For a first night's performance they played with an extraordinary absence of nerves and self-consciousness. Not even the spectacle of Mr. BOURCHIER'S legs, foreshortened in repose, disturbed their complacency. From the moment of their appearance in the forest scene, our gaze was diverted from the charm of Oberon and the gaminerics of Puck; the rabbits became, if I may say it, the coneysure of every eye. When *Bottom*, dazed with slumber and the vague memory of strange dreams, called aloud on *Peter Quince*, a piebald rabbit mistook himself for the Athenian prompter, and advanced, amid loud signs of approval, in the weaver's direction, and Mr. BOURCHIER, in a spasm of jealousy, beat a swift retreat under the guise of a very natural terror.

To the sporting mind it seemed a pity that the hounds of *Theseus*, "bred out of the Spartan kind," were not introduced in person. But Sir HERBERT has a tender heart, and, after all, the rabbits were too confiding.

Another fresh effect was the flight of doll-fairies across the background. This pleased me less, for from my seat I could not define the nature of these fluffly objects and took them for cockatoos or birds of paradise, my difficulty being increased by their tendency to fly upside down. Nor did I find the marvellous beauty of these sylvan scenes enhanced by so much trapeze-work on the part of the living children. For the rest I cannot imagine how things could have been bettered.

These dreamlike glimpses of faerie and the buffooneries of the local historians seem never to stale; and even the tediousness of the lovers' affairs, always unsympathetic, were made more than tolerable by the charm of their



Revised Stage Instructions:—Exit *Bottom* followed by piebald super.

Bottom ... Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
Rabbit ANON.

setting. Dull and artificial talk matters less when the speakers are so good to look on.

Of the fairies, Miss EVELYN D'ALROY bore herself with a very graceful dignity as *Oberon*, but in comparison with what one remembers of the virility of Miss JULIA NEILSON, she was perhaps not quite man enough for the part, and, indeed, beside the scurrilities of *Hermia* and the unmaidenlike advances of *Helena* her *Oberon* seemed the most womanly creation in the play. I shall not soon forget the exquisite beauty of the dying fall of her song as she moved away through the dimness of the forest—"I know a bank." Miss MARGERY MAUDE was a sweet and gracious *Titania*, but even allowing for her fairyhood she lacked a little the qual-

ity of queenliness. Master HAMPDEN'S *Puck* was a very perfect imp.

As for the mortals, if in her *Hermia* one missed the piquancy of Miss LAURA COWIE'S *Anne Bullen*, she showed an unexpected gift for feline amenities, and banded Billingsgate with the right fishwife's gusto. One almost overlooked the thanklessness of *Helena*'s part for delight of Miss CRESSALL'S beauty and the clinging charm of her Greek hobble-skirt. Miss FRANCES DILLON showed no false shame about the exposure of one of her nether limbs, but this did not deceive me into the belief that she was really an Amazon Queen.

To pass to the mechanics, Mr. EDWARD SASS, as *Starveling*, made an enduring impression with his yokel's smile that refused to come off. I shall hope to see it permanently secured on a picture-postcard. But, of course, Mr. BOURCHIER very properly overbore the rest of the company of comic tragedians. It was indeed a midsummer night out for him and he made it his business to go one better than all previous *Pyrami*. *Bottom* had been "translated" often enough; but this time he should be adapted with new effects under his (Mr. BOURCHIER'S) personal supervision. Having no theatre just now under his own control he felt the less embarrassment in burlesquing those foibles of actor-management of which he enjoys a ripe experience. Naturally his weaver was more robust and bucolic than Sir HERBERT'S, and still no subtlety escaped his grip. For a moment I thought that he had grown a fresh crop of facial hair for the part of *Pyramus* in the interval between the Second and Third Acts. But the colour, a deep sable, was against this view, and when his moustachios slipped below his under lip, and, later, were depressed beneath his chin with the idea of permitting a greater clarity of speech, I saw that I had overrated his fertility. Later in the evening he kindly offered me, in an envelope, the relics of his Tudor beard, now permanently discarded; but I declined the generous gift, feeling that its proper place would be under glass in the new museum of Metropolitan treasures. O. S.

"It may seem an anachronism to say that a 60lb. wether is as profitable as a 65lb. one, but if an average is taken, it will be found that the difference between cost of feeding, and the difference in the price obtained, of the two is greater in the first."—*The Land* (Sydney).

Whatever this means, it is too fresh for an anachronism.



PRIVATE LIFE OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.

5. THE BIG GAME HUNTER IN HIS SANCTUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CANNOT question the loyalty of motive of those to whose labour of love we owe *The Life of John Oliver Hobbes* (MURRAY), but I do question, without using other argument than may be drawn from the internal evidence of her works and of her letters, whether Mrs. CRAIGIE herself would have desired the publication of her private correspondence. It is not as if her life had been spent in ways that allowed her no chance of self expression. She wrote for the public, and the public was at liberty to judge her, if it could, by her books. But she never invited it to make conjecture of herself from this source. She preserved, even in her most analytical moments, a fastidious detachment of manner, a nice distaste—temperamental as much as artistic—for the exposure of her own personality.

Was ich weiss kann jemann wissen ;
Mein Herz hab' ich allein.

At least she kept her heart for her intimate friends ; and, for them the fascination of reading her letters to other intimate friends is tempered by a sense of intrusion, as if one were overhearing private speech or listening to the

betrayal of a confidence. The publication, however, of her purely literary letters is justifiable as adding something to the world's knowledge of her as a writer. Many of them contain criticisms of great and abiding value. But too much attention, as usual, is given to correspondence with her publisher and others about details of production, what one may call the commercial side of the author's work, a subject always best suppressed, and it is perhaps a pity that so many needless examples should have been given of her extreme sensitiveness to criticism and her insistence upon the need of less prejudice and more intelligence in English reviewers. Her appreciations of the work of other writers and artists, as shown in her letters to them, are marked by extraordinary generosity, and one can only marvel, in the case of one or two who shall be nameless, that their modesty permitted them to offer these flattering testimonials to the public eye.

Mrs. CRAIGIE's father, Mr. JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS, has done his work well, contributing a short but adequate sketch of her life that is marked by great simplicity and restraint. The friend who selected her letters has had a more difficult and delicate task, and if the result is unsatisfactory the fault is not his alone. Among other pleasant traits Mrs. CRAIGIE's habit, rare among women, of nearly always

taking the man's point of view, brought many men within the charmed circle of her intimate friends. Her letters to them breathed an air of delightful candour whether she touched on private matters or public affairs, and their reproduction would in many cases have been a breach of privilege. It follows that some of her closest friends are not represented—openly, at least—by any letters in this collection, and others but meagrely. The most self-revealing correspondence is that addressed, within the last two years of her life, to one who remains *inconnu* under the initial X. To him she writes: "I have had great attachments and great friendships, but something tragic within me never made it possible for me to 'avail myself of the glamour.'" And this was true of her art as well. She knew the craftsman's delight in doing good work, but she took no real joy in her art; to her it was a means of escape from life; she never "availed herself of the glamour" of it. The sadness and disillusionment of one who saw things too clearly and felt the inadequacy of the intellectual vision; who sought comfort in her Faith, but never found a perfect solace for the conviction that life, on its human side, had failed her; who, tired out before her time, foresaw, and gladly, the end and even the manner of it; these are the dominant notes in the correspondence of her later years. It may well be that they are accentuated out of all right proportion in the letters available for publication, for one certainly misses in this record the swift and unaffected sympathy which was the charm of her living speech; one misses her gay and sparkling vivacity. And if, which I doubt, these starry gifts were just a disguise which her courage and tact employed that she might hide her despondency from the world at large, and spare her friends the full knowledge of it, then that is the best of reasons why the veil she wore in life should have been left untouched with the seal of death upon it.

Messrs. NELSON's Loriners continue to display excellent quality and a fine catholicity of style. In *Sampson Ridcut, Quaker*, the last to come under my notice, Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD has added to the list a volume that will probably be as popular as any; since it is of that category of quasi-historical-costume-romance (what R. L. S. used to call "tushery") that in these days, whether made for theatre or library, catches the great heart of the people in its tenderest spot. Perhaps the tale is not very new; it seems impossible to vary the ingredients of this kind of fiction—the high-born heroine, full of whims and captivating insolence, and the honest hero, "no lady's-man this, but a plain, outspoken, etc., etc.," who from their first meeting has obviously not a dog's chance of escaping his matrimonial destiny. You will find many familiar friends in

Miss SILBERRAD's briskly-written chapters. One feature, however, there is that redeems this story from being altogether a thing of formula; its picture of Quaker life in the seventeenth century has been drawn with evident knowledge and affection. For this alone the book is worth reading.

I cannot help thinking that ETHEL SIDGWICK has been rather ill-advised in choosing the title for her last book. The ordinary Island reader, on seeing the announcement of *Le Gentleman* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), and observing that it is by the author of *Promise*, would no doubt spring to the nearest bookseller's to buy it. He would say to the shop-assistant, "Will you please give me *Le* —?" and there he would stop. How can you

place a crude British noun after a French article? No, he would try a Gallic pronunciation, and then (as Mr. BELLOC would say) no more would be heard but "sounds of strong men struggling with a word." But if any such catastrophe does occur it will be a sad loss for the Island reader; for there is a peculiar charm and simplicity about the telling of this story which, though not easy to analyse, make themselves felt on the first page and keep the sympathies engaged until the last. It is almost as if we had met the characters before we were introduced to them by the writer. The plot (as may be divined) is laid in Paris, and is concerned with the not uncommon theme of a love that came too late; because the obligation of a previous tie was paramount. I shall not be so barbarous as to attempt to describe it further, but it will perhaps be enough to say that, in-artistic though it would have been, I hoped against hope for a fatal accident in the

last few pages. By the way, that little difficulty which I mentioned at the beginning may be avoided by ordering *Le Gentleman* through the post.

Felons and frauds are all the rage in St. JOHN ADCOCK's latest book;

On almost every other page you meet a pigeon or a rook; Of all its people but a few can truly be described as winning,

And hardly one of all the crew is neither sinned against nor sinning.

And yet the tale (from STANLEY PAUL), *A Man with*, so it's named, *a Past*,

Is, curiously, not at all of the old shilling shocker cast. Crime does not lure me as a rule, yet this book did, and that I read it

Through and enjoyed it is, as you'll acknowledge, to the author's credit.



"O J'AIME LES MILITAIRES!"

"MOTHER, DO LOOK. HERE ARE ALL NURSE'S COUSINS COMING DOWN THE STREET!"



Motorist. "WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THESE LITTLE TWO-SEATERS IS THAT ONE CAN SLIP IN AND OUT OF THE TRAFFIC SO EASILY."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. KEIR HARDIE describes the Durbar as "a glorified circus." And Mr. KEIR HARDIE knows what he is talking about, for it will be remembered that he played something rather like the clown in India himself.

"American Audiences," says Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, as reported in *The Daily Chronicle*, "are, on the whole, easier to make appeal to than English audiences. . . . They do not ask for forms and rules and dotted diagrams; they only ask to be interested." This accounts, we suppose, for the signal success, the other day, of the lynching of a negro on the stage of an Opera House in Kentucky.

England has hitherto been so free from the colour restrictions which prevail in America that we are sorry to read that the North-Eastern Railway Company has issued a circular prohibiting the carrying of chimney-sweeps in ordinary passenger carriages.

The Surrey County Council has passed a by-law making it an offence to use bad language in a house so that it can be heard by passers-by. It is thought that this give will an immense impetus to the movement in favour of sound-proof dwellings.

The National Theatre of Mexico, which is now nearing completion, has already cost over £2,000,000, and will, it is stated, be the finest theatre in the world. It is even said that the Revolution is merely being run to enable some interesting cinematograph pictures to be obtained for this new place of amusement.

Professor THOMAS SEE, the American astronomer, has declared it to be his absolute conviction that, wherever a star twinkles, there is life. We hope that steps will now be taken on the part of our planet to twinkle back.

While the Central London Railway is not prepared to fit up the Railophone to enable passengers to talk with persons at a distance, there is, we hear, some chance of its providing megaphones so that passengers sitting next to one another may converse and be heard above the roar of the train.

Much has been printed lately concerning "Underwriters' Risks." The risk of over-writing is also great, to judge by the way in which the sales of certain of our popular writers have fallen off recently.

It is rumoured that among the disappointed Liberal applicants for the office of Justice of the Peace is one

DAVID DAVIES, of Dartmoor and elsewhere, and this in spite of his considerable experience of judicial procedure.

In burgling circles very little has been discussed during the past week except the regrettable occurrence at Weybridge, where a poor housebreaker, feeling faint after he had finished his job, succumbed to the temptation afforded by some liqueurs, and was taken by the police in a drunken slumber in the house where he had been working. It is said that more burglars have taken the pledge during the last seven days than in any previous seven years.

"Wanted at once for permanent situation as Trapper, etc.," says an advertisement in *The Moray and Nairn Express*, "a man of between 25 and 35: man who can neither read nor write preferred." We foresee a little difficulty here in the search for the ideal type. How is the man to read the advertisement or write for the post? Has that ancient pleasantry—"Trespassers will be prosecuted; those who can't read apply at the blacksmith's"—only just penetrated so far North?

Headlines from *The Daily Mail*:—
THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.
REVOLT AGAINST MONOTONOUS ROWS.
One certainly prefers variety in one's domestic quarrels.

USES OF THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

THOMAS, I own it is a moving sight;
I understand your dazing sense of stupor
When you observe me in a newish light
Posturing as a Crystal Palace super.

To one who knows my unassuming ways
Nothing beneath the sun could well be droller
'I ha'r my appearance in the festal maze,
A n ancient British warrior in a bowler.

Never before to-day have I been seen
Immersed in purely histrionic wassails,
Where 'neath Londinium's towers the tortured
green
Thrills to the megaphone of Mr. LASCELLES.

Yet 'tis the Empire calls, and I mus' do
Whate'er she asks me for the Great Idea;
Must paint myself with woad till all is blue,
And prance to battle under BOADICEA.

And there is Mabel. I am greatly cheered
To see her from a local shrine emerge in
A picture headpiece, having volunteered
To come and figure as a Roman virgin.

She serves Diana's altar, I remark;
And, suiting that vocation so ascetic, you'll
Notice her costume, fragrant of the Park,
And, pendant at her knee, a monstrous reticule.

Thomas, if these rehearsals lend a flame
To mould the links that Love so swiftly forges
In those conditions, frank and free of shame,
Which are the atmosphere of Thespian orgies,

Then, when the Pageant, at its final fling,
Has left us warriors lying dead by sections,
"Butchered to make" *et cetera*, I'll do a thing
Uncontemplated by the stage directions:

I shall break in upon her virgin rites,
Where smoke ascends before the plaster idol,
And, having veiled my prehistoric tights,
Carry her off to make a British bridal!

O. S.

STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

NO. VIII.—THE SEAL'S WEDDING.

WEN the fishes wanted to hav a King they woodent hav the wale becos he wos tu stupd he cood only make spouts of worter cum out of his nose and then evrybody new were he wos and they woodent hav the shark becos he wos tu crule he bites salers legs orf thers wun at Brighton got his leg bitn orf and peeplo giv him pennes in a tin mugg.

Wel wen theyd told the wale and the shark they woodent hav them they sed lets chuse the seel and they chosed him dreckly and the seel wos King of the Sea and he had a croun of korrils and a neckliss of perls and his septer wos made of opels and emrilds and saphias his name wos King Bartiman the ferst and he livd in a kristil palis and wen he wanted to see the world he got up on a rock and sat ther luki'g all round with his eroun on his hed and all his other jools he wos a verry magnisfant King and the name of his Vizzir wos Musterpher but the King cald him Muster becos it wos cesier.

Wun day Musterpher kamo to the King's palis jest wen

the King wos geting out of bed and he sed to the King good mornin your magety.

Good morning Muster sed King Bartiman wot dyou wont.

Ivo bin thinking your magety sed the Vizzir.

Oh sed the King wotve you bin thinking about.

I think your magety ort to be getting marrid sed Musterpher.

Wy sed the King luki'g verry angry at the same time dont you like me been a batshler.

No sed Musterpher I dont and sum peeplo hav bin torking about it.

Whoos hin torking sed the King.

Wel sed Musterpher the wales bin torking I herd him yestday.

Wen the King herd this he wos furus he tore round his palis and brok a lot of luki'g glarses and thro'd the sope and the spungis at Musterpher but Musterpher dident mind and at last the King sed your rite Muster Ill get marrid hav you got a wiph for me.

No sed Musterpher youd better elime up on your rock and see if you can find wun.

Wen the King got up on his rock he lukd round and at ferst he sor nutthing but sea all round him but he went on siting ther and they brort him his brekfus and his dinner on the rock and then they brort him his super and he gobbeld it up quick sos not to miss enthing and at last jest befor it got dark he sor a sale on the rizen and it got biger and biger and wen it kame close up to the rock loan bold it wos the biggest steemer in the world and the King cald out to it and sed stop imegatly and the steemer stopd.

Hav you got a prinsess on bord sed the King.

Yes we hav sed the kaptin wot about her.

I wont her sed the King Im going to marre her.

Alrite sed the kaptin you can hav her shes bin a lot of trubble and he told the salers to thro her over and the salers kort hold of her and thru her over.

Wen the King sor this he jumpd into the sea to ketch her but the prinsess had a magic cap on her hed and wen she sor the King cumming she changed herself into a wite bear and bit him becos she dident wont to marre a seel and then the King changed hisself into a lion and the prinsess bekam a tiger and so they went on for 2 hours and all the passinjers on the steemer lukd on and thort it grate fun and Musterpher kep on shouting to the King not to giv in but go on changing hisself as fast as he cood.

At last all the magics of the prinsess wos finshd and the King kort her wen she wos a parrit and he wos a eegil and brort her back to his rock and she got back to been a prinsess and he got back to a seel and he sed will you marre me now.

No sed the prinsess I cant my father made me proms not to marre a seel.

Wel sed the seel Ive got wun magic left Ill make myself a prinse and then we can be marrid alrite then he blu 3 blos out of his mouth and wen hed dun he was a butifle prinse in gold cloths and a velvet cap with a long ploom and he tuk the prinsess in his arms and flu thru the air with her they landed in England and wer marrid on Munday with grate joicings they never sor the rock agen but the King herd ariterwads that Musterpher had got hisself made King but he and the prinsess dident care they wer tu mutsh in luv and they bilt theirselves anuther palis in England and livd ther with thir famly.

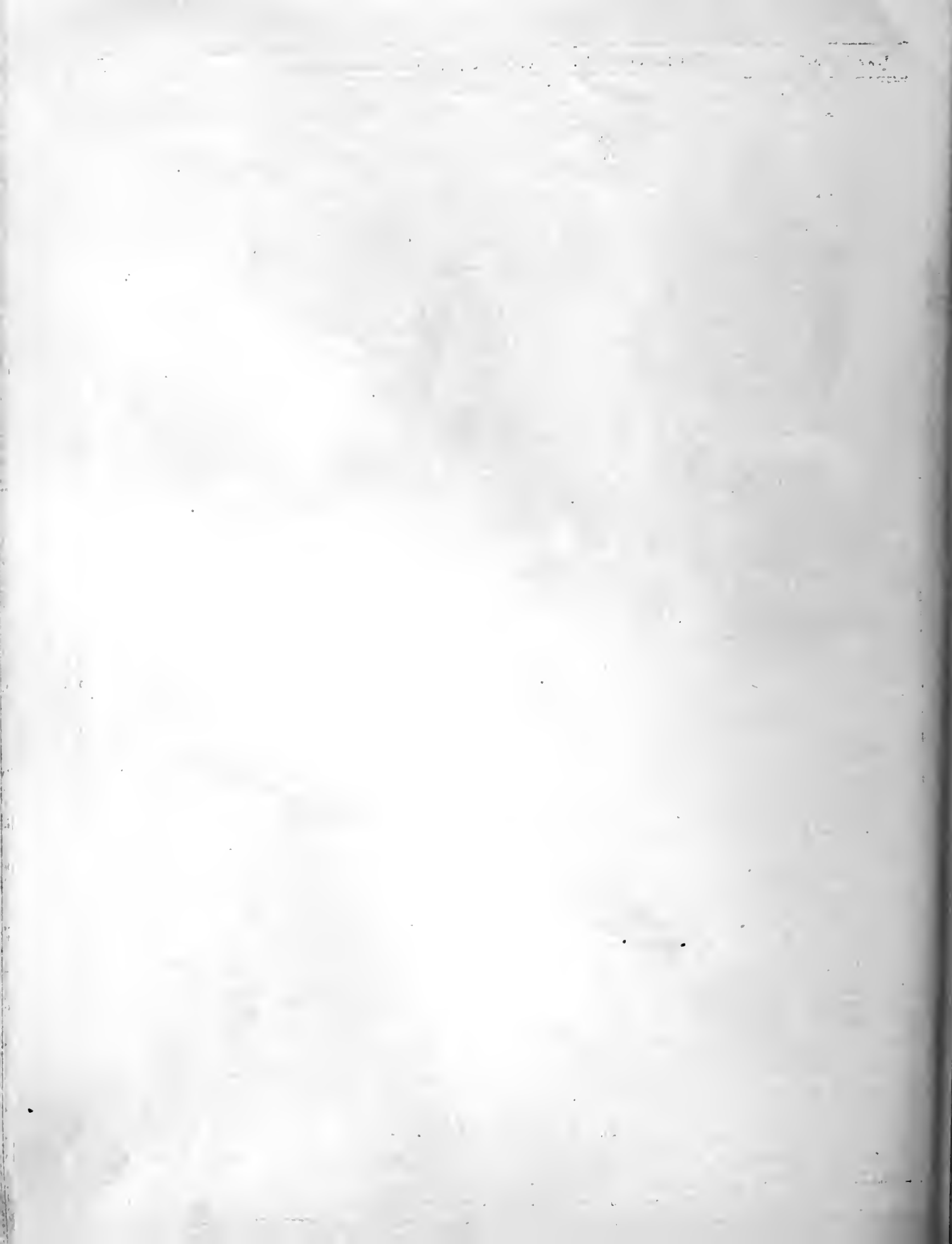
We greatly regret to learn from the advertisement columns of a daily contemporary that an "enamelled seal" has been lost in the Zoological Gardens. This looks like sheer carelessness on the part of the authorities.



A FREE HAND.

SPANISH GENDARME (to French comrade). "DON'T LET ME EMBARRASS YOU. FOR MYSELF I SHALL PRESERVE AN EXPECTANT ATTITUDE."

[See speech of Spanish Premier on the Moroccan imbroglio.]





English Golfer. "I SAY, COUNT, YOU'VE PLAYED MY BALL!" M. le Comte. "MILLE PARDONS, M'SIEUR. 'AV ONE OF MINE."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

NO. 1.—MY FIRST GOLF MATCH.

AFTER MR. W. T. STEAD.

I was 40 years old before I ever saw a bull-fight, and 55 before I first entered a circus. I am now 62, but I never saw a golf match till last Saturday, when Mr. Bedlam lured me to Hanger Hill to see an exhibition game. (I have not been to a roller-skating rink yet: I am keeping that experience until I complete the span of the Psalmist). There is a certain novelty about the impressions produced on the sane mind of mature age by sights familiar to most people from their childhood, and I accordingly jot down at random the thoughts that occurred to me as I followed the encounter.

First of all I was impressed by the physique and personality of the combatants—TAYLOR, sturdy, ruddy, sanguine and mercurial, with a pronounced prognathous development and of brachycephalous type: BRAID, tall, dark, reserved and somewhat sombre of visage; a profound thinker, I should say, with a strong turn for theology and metaphysics.

Golf is supposed to be a gentle game, yet the tools—the weapons, I prefer to

call them—are of a sinister, almost diabolic appearance. The head of a driver, when seen protruding from a bag, is exactly like that of a snake. There is something cruel in the very name of the mashie, and the sight of a niblick reminds me of the Inquisition. Starting from the first tee, TAYLOR hit the ball a cruel blow. BRAID responded with an even more vicious whack, whirling his club round his head with the abandon of a dervish. Then a terrible thing happened. BRAID's ball rolled into a bunker. When he came up to it, his face was black as night, and when he took the niblick from his caddie I confess I shuddered at the thought that he might use it on his opponent. But, with a restraint that was ethically admirable, he concentrated all his pent-up fury on the ball. Then in a lightning flash I realised the final cause and true justification of the game—as a safety-valve for the elemental passions of humanity.

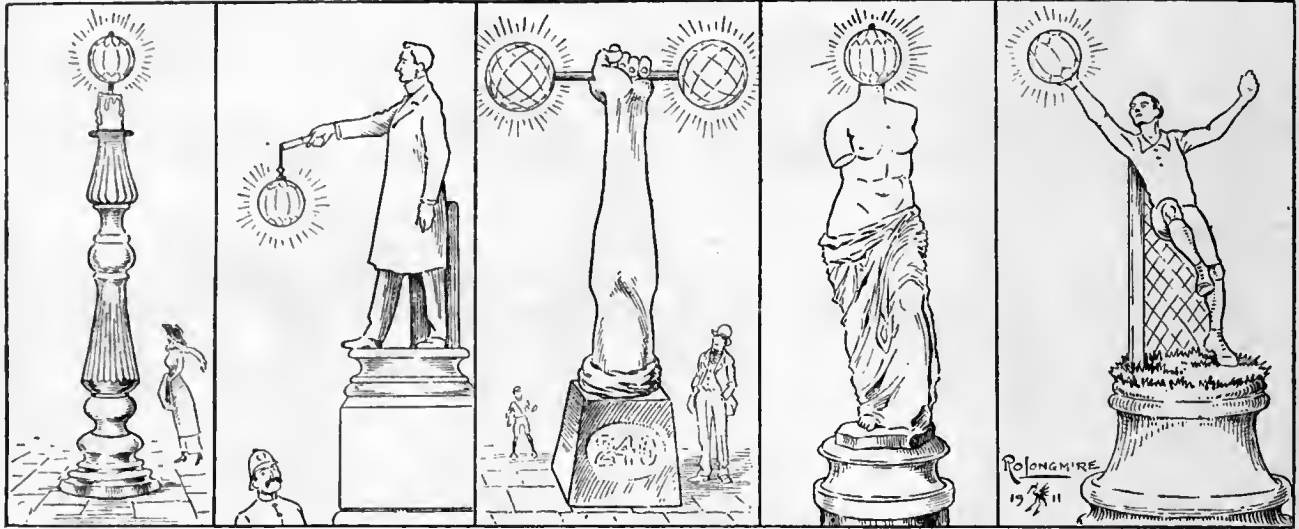
When BRAID had extricated the ball from the bunker, his face resumed its normal pensive expression. So later on, when TAYLOR's ball lodged in a rut, and his face became positively purple with emotion, I trembled for BRAID; but my tremors were unfounded.

Compared with bull-fighting or polo—which I hope to witness on my 80th birthday—golf is an unexciting game. Only once was a player temporarily placed *hors de combat*, and that was when, a supporting brace having given way, an improvised substitute for a waist-belt was needed to keep the nether garment in its place.

The bearing of the spectators filled me with amazement, their silence recalling that of a Quakers' meeting. Once a shiver ran through the crowd when BRAID missed a short putt, but otherwise they kept their feelings absolutely under control. One feature of the game struck me as profoundly touching. While BRAID (a Scotsman) wore a Norfolk jacket, TAYLOR (who hails from Devonshire) was clad in Harris tweeds. And they both of them played with balls of a pattern which, I am assured, had its origin in the inventive genius of Americans. This tribute to the solidarity of the Scoto-Anglo-American *entente* I regard as the most refreshing lesson of my visit to Hanger Hill. Next week I am to see a game of poker for the first time, and I hope that my impressions will be equally reassuring.

ARTISTIC LIGHTING OF LARGE TOWNS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO OUR CITY FATHERS.

THE CANDLESTICK
SCHEME.THE FAMOUS STATESMAN
DESIGN.THE PHYSICAL CULTURE
PATTERN.THE VENUS
DI MILO.THE CUP TIE HERO
STYLE.

SALUT À LA JEUNESSE.

(AFTER WALT WHITMAN.)

Queen's Club, April 19—22.

WHOEVER you are!

You young and natural persons!

You fine-profiled Etonian! You fair-hair'd Wykehamist!

You Carthusian! Harrovian! Haileyburian! Malvernian!

You Radleian of Radley! You Tonbridgian!

You Cheltonian and Cliftonian from the West! (I too am
an old Cliftonian.)

You voisin of the Abbey!

You stripling from the downs of Wiltshire!

You latent fighter from Wellington! You Rugbeian!

To you the first honours! (I got this list from *The*
Sportsman.)*Élèves*, I salute you.

O crowding me closely and still more closely!

O infusing in me the tempo of your lusty bravuras!

This would be a tame show if it weren't for you.

I hear the same old indiscriminate applause;

I hear you acclaim your comrades' victory—

Or if your side loses you cheer all the louder, to drown the
other fellows.(How *résumé* it all is!)I hear you acclaim every ace won, by whatever kind of
shot;

Acclaim the crashing half-volley stroke, just above the board;

Acclaim the swift, heavily-cut service, that drops from the
back-wall like a stone, or pitches dead in the nick;Acclaim the mis-hit off the wood, correlative in value to the
subtlest "drop"

(All these you acclaim, and the last more loudly than any).

I hear the marker twanging out the score—what a croupier
he would make!I see him ever and again doling out superb racket-balls, for
which somebody (probably a parent) will have to
pay a superb price;I see past and present giants of the game in the foremost
cunei!I see the referee in the middle, and the two umpires on
either side of him;I see WEBBE, ASHWORTH, BAERLEIN, MILES, DAMES-
LONGWORTH, NOEL and the Hon. C. N. BRUCE.

I see also three of the incomparable feuillage of FOSTERS;

I see strong-brawned *professori*, keenly these limber-hipped
young champions in embryo watching;For instance, "JUDY," LAKER, CROSBIE, HAWES, WILLIAMS,
JAMSETJEE;I see majestic, bearded habitués (say, old top-knot, what
was *your* school?);I see industrious journalists ticking off the service-runs
(one player made twelve aces in a single hand, but
oh, is *that* the best part of rackets?)—

All this I see;

And yet, what urged and impelled me hither,

The ball (mark you, this too is "standard" now), the
game, the cunning foot-work in taking the service,

The lightning kill off the back-wall,

The placing down the side-wall,

All the spontaneous joys and thrills of this superb pastime
(mercy, how the flukes splash!)—These I have to take for granted, I up here in *arrière*,
playing *cache-cache* amidst the *en-masse*;

I must content myself with interior vistas (enough!);

I can but listen,

Can but imagine, fear, hope, despond, exult, shout,

Myself and my neighbours, our voices orotund and rever-
berant.*Allons!* The match is over!A little time vocal, and then—*camarado*, I give you my hand!
So long!

From a foreign contemporary:

"If a fine well educated (preferred musical dam) wants to take position
in a fine country-family without children to accompany the mrs and
give lessons in her own language; she is asked to drop a hire to
Mrs. —, Fjärrestadsgård."We hope some great painter will record the first meeting
between the dam and the mrs.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

"ARE you doing anything to-morrow?" said my friend Horace St. George Fitzroy de Vere Beauchamp.

"I expect I shall do something," I said cautiously.

"Come and lunch with me at the Automobile Club. Have you seen it yet?"

"Only from the outside, when trudging to my 'bus."

"Well, come early, and I'll show you the inside. Come about twelve."

"Right," I said, "I shall be there in my automobile."

I was a little late the next day, however, as my automobile (a Putney one) refused to take me further than Waterloo Place, and I had to make the rest of the journey on foot. Horace St. George, beautifully dressed, but looking extremely small on the horizon, was waiting for me among the marble pillars of the entrance hall.

"I suppose you're sure this is your little club," I asked. "We haven't met at the Louvre by mistake?"

"Come along," he said, and I followed him nervously downstairs to the garage, where we tethered my hat and stick. With these gone I felt shabbier than ever.

"Now then," began Horace, "what about a bath?"

I could see what it was. He wasn't satisfied with me.

"If it's the rule," I said doubtfully, "and you insist, of course I will; but I've only got these clothes to put on again."

"I meant a swim," he hastened to explain.

"Oh, I see," I said, extremely relieved. "Right you are."

"Or suppose we have a game of squash first, and a swim afterwards? Or would you like to try the rifle range?"

"You did ask me down for the day, didn't you? Let's do it all."

We did it all. By the time we were dressed again it was two o'clock.

"Lunch," said Horace. "Shall we go to the restaurant, or to one of the club dining-rooms, or—"

"Which is nearest?" I asked. "I don't want to walk very far."

We set out briskly and arrived at the restaurant with a splendid appetite. We lunched amidst rare old tapestries and to the sound of sweet music.

"Now," said Horace, "what would you like to do?"

By this time I was beginning to understand the spirit of the place.

"Let's go down to the archery butts," I suggested, "and put on a few



Young Lady. "EDWARD AND I HAVE BEEN ADMIRING YOUR HUSBAND'S LOVELY PICTURES. I SUPPOSE HE JUST PAINTS AWAY OUT OF HIS HEAD!"

Artist's Wife. "NO, INDEED! HE ALWAYS TAKES THE TROUBLE TO HAVE THE THING HE IS PAINTING IN FRONT OF HIM, BE IT EVER SO SLIGHT. FOR INSTANCE, THIS MORNING I WAS SITTING TO HIM FOR A SHADOW!"

golds. And after that I should like to have a game of shinty."

Horace was willing, but a little doubtful as to the way. We made enquiries; and, passing a signpost which said, "Billiard room, 3 miles—Card room, 2," turned sharp to the left at the bezique courts, kept the lacrosse sheds well on our right, and arrived at last on the archery ground.

I suppose it was the lunch, but, anyhow, I was not in my usual form. I never got a gold at all—only a couple or

so of yellow ochres. Horace was even worse. Once in the shinty tents, however, we made up for all this, and a fiercely contested match ended in my favour by the odd set in five.

"I should like another swim," I said, "Have you only the one bath in your club?"

Horace had to confess that this was so, but he was very nice about it. He promised to complain to the committee. It is a long and difficult way from the shinty tents to the one swimming bath,

particularly as there are, at present, no telegraph poles to steer by. However, I made the attempt, with the result that when I found Horace again I was thoroughly worn out.

"I must have absolute rest and quiet for a little," I said.

"So must I," he agreed. "Let's go to the silence room."

We joined a well-equipped party which was making a dash for the library, said good-bye to them there, and pushed on to the silence room. Not a sound penetrated the massive walls and the thick carpet. The carpet indeed was so luxurious that I completely lost Horace in it for some minutes, fortunately spying the top of his head just when I was giving up hope, and dragging him by the hair to a place of safety. Thereafter we slept till tea.

I am not sure where we had tea. I think it was brought to us in the Art Gallery. We had a round on the nine-hole course afterwards; and then, while Horace put in an hour with the marker at the ludo pits, I had my hair cut, and turned into the Cinematograph Theatre. We dined in the Italian gardens and danced in the ball-room till midnight.

"Well," said Horace, "what do you think of it?"

"It's a cosy little club," I said, "but I don't feel I've really explored it yet. You must ask me for the week-end next time. For one thing I want to see where you all keep your automobiles."

"You ought to join."

"Well, the fact is I am rather short of automobiles just for the moment. My aunt has an automobile veil, if you think I could get in on that. But thank you for a very delightful day, Horace. You must come and stay with me at the Stores some time."

"You're sure there's nothing else you'd like to do? It's quite early."

As a matter of fact there was something. I hesitated a moment, and then decided to take the plunge.

"Horace," I said, "it's a magnificent club. Do you think"—I hesitated again—"do you think I might"—I sank my voice to a whisper—"or—*might* I smoke a pipe in it?" A. A. M.

INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA.

The Oxford defeated the Cambridge by 2½ lengths.—*Manchuria Daily News.*

The Oxford was stroked by CHIRGWIN, the White-Eyed Kaffir—a RHODES Scholar.

"Boiling Owls, 4/- a pair."—*Hearth and Home.* Hence the expression: "looking like a boiled owl."

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

III.—THE MUSIC HALL.

THE decision to give in Edinburgh a gala music-hall performance to the KING and QUEEN after the Coronation has drawn every eye to the variety boards. The time then is opportune for a survey of this increasingly popular form of alleged entertainment.

HISTORY.

The origin of the music-hall is lost in the mists of prehistoric antiquity, but its existence can be traced back several thousand years B.C. Dr. ARTHUR EVANS, while excavating at Cnossus, in Crete, placed it beyond doubt that the Labyrinth was a music-hall, and the Minotaur a *monstre comique*. SEMIRAMIS is believed by the most learned German historians to have been a bare-back rider, and THEODORA, the wife of JUSTINIAN, was the VESTA TILLEY of her age, thus showing at an early epoch the close relations which have always prevailed between the Bar and the Stage. Music-halls have not been confined to one country or nation, but have flourished all over the world. There was an Alhambra in Spain, a Tivoli in the Campagna, and a Coliseum in Rome centuries before their names were associated with the palatial structures which adorn our Metropolis. The famous dynasty of Moss had its original seat at Mosul in Mossopotamia, where the original Mossosome still stands; but the Iceland Mosses have also long been famous in pharmaceutical circles. The name music-hall has been cited as the most perfect example of the kind of nomenclature to which the term *lucus a non lucendo* is applied, and it is noteworthy that in one of his rare lapses into inspired waggery the late JOHN MILTON emphasized this point in the phrase, "most music-hall, most melancholy," which later found a counterpart in RUSKIN's phrase, "all the agonies of a pantomime."

MANAGEMENT.

The motto of the music-hall is "one good turn deserves another—but rarely gets it." Clever managers are careful to mix the bad with the indifferent and to get as few good things as possible. By a curious psychological operation that has never been rightly explained, the members of every music-hall audience relinquish their taste and judgment automatically as they pass the pay-box, and then everything that they see seems to them equally meritorious and attractive. This is peculiarly true of writers of notices for the press. Hence it

would be a waste of time and money for managers to obtain real talent. This explains the success of a host of performers at the present day from whom, were audiences not hypnotised, they would run shrieking. Now and then, however, it chances by an accident that a decent performer creeps in; but were he to disappear no one would really miss him.

It should be added that the great managers are all men of remarkable culture. Thus Mr. OSWALD STOLL has written one of the most luminous commentaries extant on HERBERT SPENCER'S Synthetic Philosophy, while Mr. ALFRED BUTT'S occasional excursions into eschatology are greeted with rapture at the University of Tübingen.

TERMINOLOGY.

A male music-hall performer is called an "artist," and a female an "artiste." The old theory that an artist was a fellow who painted pictures has entirely broken down. A quick-change performer is called "A Protean artist." A dancing girl is "The rage of Paris," but whether Paris was in a rage to see her, or because it had seen her, is never stated.

Most *artistes*, it may be added, have names beginning with Z, such as ZÆO, ZAZEL, ZENA, ZQNA, ZOE. The names of MOZART and TENNYSON are familiar to music-hall frequenters, but HOMER, VIRGIL and LUCRETIVUS are unaccountably absent.

SERIOS.

Serious singers wear evening dress, particularly at matinées: hence the epithet "dashing." The visitor who was asked to fill up a Confession Album, and against "The sweetest word I know" wrote "Exit," had just been listening to a serious singer. For the most part they are employed by distillers and brewers, who pay the music-hall management to allow them to sing. The worst of all at the present moment are—[No advertisements permitted. ED.]

COMEDIANS.

The ordinary music-hall comedian is a Cockney comedian. He wears a bad hat and worse clothes, smacks his leg with a tiny cane, and sings about drink. There are also comedians of all nationalities, which are easily detected. Scotch comedians have twisted walking-sticks and refer to lassies. Lancashire comedians say "roon" instead of "run," but otherwise are like comedians from any other country. *Entente cordiale* comedians sing too many songs. Rustic comedians say "oi" instead of "me," as in real



Mother. "WHY HAVE YOU LEFT THE OTHERS? WHAT DO YOU WANT, DEAR?"

Little Girl. "I'VE COME HERE BECAUSE ELLA'S SO AGGLAVATIN' (a pause). AT LEAST, SHE WILL BE WHEN SHE FINDS I'VE BROKEN THE LEG OFF HER NEW DOLL."

country life. American comedians say "Look-a-here." Jewish comedians wear bowler hats over their ears. Australian comedians seldom learn anything new. There are no Norfolk comedians.

SASAAGES.

This article of food, without some reference to which no music-hall comedian is really funny, is of ancient origin. HERODOTUS mentions something of the kind, but the first allusion to the sausage more or less as we know it (or do not know it) now is in COPERNICUS. The Germans, always so ingenious, brought sausage-making to a high art, and it was the favourite food of HANS HOLBEIN, who introduced it to the Court of HENRY VIII., when he arrived here from Augsburg in 1526. It is said that he was so addicted to sausages that he could not paint without one, and sometimes would absent-mindedly employ it as a mahl-stick. While painting the "Duchess of Milan" he consumed eight dozen of the best.

Any reference to sausages, particu-

larly in association with dogs or the word mystery, convulses the audience in every hall. Hence, since man is an imitative animal, one gets plenty of it.

THE DANCE.

The Christian patron of the Dance is of course ST. VITUS, a holy man who made his way through life with some very odd steps in the fifth century. There had been dances before, but ST. VITUS brought the art before the public.

At the present moment the fashion is for Slavonic or Russian dancing, which, when the performers can be induced to perform together and bury their private hatchets, can be very effective.

SKETCHES.

The sketch is a play, either original or a condensation of an old drama, which may not by law last for more than twenty minutes and never lasts less than half-an-hour.

IMITATORS.

The music-hall imitator is the only form of pickpocket who is not locked up.

"It is almost needless to state that the sowing of kitchen garden seeds is now in full swing."—*Gardening Notes in "Alloa Journal."* We have certainly heard of some vegetable patches being "darned."

"The *Baltic* sailed for New York on Saturday, having on board Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Pettingill, and various others."—*The World.*

We are glad these "various others" were there too, if only for ballast.

"Lord Salisbury, who has not been very well, is taking a motoring tour in the South of France, by way of recruiting his health."—*The World.*

Without the assistance of this last phrase we should never have guessed his Lordship's motive, so we have great pleasure in putting it into italics.

From a testimonial:—

"After the second treatment she walked downstairs one foot at a time. She had not been able to walk downstairs before in the past five years, except by stepping down on each step with one foot at a time. This is remarkable. Send five more boxes."

The old jumping days of six years ago seem to be over.



IRISH ABSTINENCE.

Colonel at regimental races (entertaining some farmers). "WELL, WHAT WILL YOU ALL HAVE?"

Spokesman. "THERE 'LL BE THREE WHISKEYS, YER HONOUR, AND THE OTHER TWO'S TAYTOTALERS; THEY 'LL JUST BE TAKIN' A SHOOT AV WINE."

DISCOVERED—A SUPER-HERO.

TELL me no more the toils of Hereules!
 True to the triumphs that were ALEXANDER'S!
 Praise me no mariners that scoured the seas,
 Nor saints of sinless life who feared no slanders!
 I have unearthed a paragon by whom
 Their record is as dust, their ancient bloom
 The fodder of Oblivion's vacuum broom—
 A gentleman named SAUNDERS.

Fame with the silver bugle at her lips
 Hath not announced him yet, but here I warn her;
 The stars are unaware of their eclipse;
 Too heedless of the splendours that adorn her,
 Earth has rescinded not from coast to coast,
 But I have seen him in *The Morning Post*,
 Page 5 (while I was buttering some toast)—
 The left-hand bottom corner.

Wisdom is his undoubtedly, and worth;
 The day that brought him forth was bright and sunny;
 The gods, the Muses, smiled upon his birth,
 And well-to-do connections gave him money;
 He is a man, I think, of *savoir faire*,
 With courage to endure, with nerves to dare;
 I wonder if his brows are lorn of hair
 Through efforts to be funny?

It matters not. In all this earthly zone,
 Ay, and the vault above and 'neath the blue's ooze
 He hath no counterpart, he stands alone
 The most miraculous of Nature's *lusus*.
 I ask not of his race or rank or creed,
 The articles on which he likes to feed,
 His clubs, his recreations; I've no need
 To hunt him up in *Who's Who's*.

I shall not clasp him by the kingly hand,
 Nor meet his steadfast eyes—not if I know it—
 His eyes beneficent and mild and bland,
 I do but take the trump for him and blow it;
 I sing how great, how glorious he must be,
 How handsome, how impeccable, for he
 Has gained the heart of PHYLLIS BROWN, and she
 Refused the humble poet. EVOE.

"WATSONIAN CLUB OF GERMANY.—Mr. Leslie R. Grant, who held the combined offices of President, Secretary, and Committee, is the founder of the above Club. Mr. Grant, who is also the only member, was Captain of the Shooting VIII. last year."—*The Watsonian*.

Later on a hope is expressed that Mr. GRANT will continue to hold office for another year. As long as he takes care not to vote against himself by mistake his re-election to all these posts should be assured.



LATE AGAIN.

SPRING. "HARK! DO I HEAR THE BUDGET?"

VOICE FROM TREE. "CUCK-OO!"

SPRING. "YES, YES, I KNOW. BUT WHERE IS MY OTHER SO-CALLED HARBINGER?"





PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

An Anticipation of the Scene in the Queue on Pay Night at the House of Commons.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 24th.—Much preliminary trumpeting about important debate to be raised to-day on amendment by ULSTER Member, designed to put Home Rule out of category of consequences that may follow on Commons freeing themselves from yoke of Lords. A dreary affair. House not to be stirred even by LONSDALE's announcement that should Parliament add a Home Rule Bill to the Statute Book, men of Ulster, loyal law-abiding citizens *pur sang*, will not recognise the decree. In spite of appearances House is, after all, a business assembly. Pretty certain attempt will be made next year to pass Home Rule Bill. That, Members feel, will be proper occasion for discussing the subject. Simple waste of time to mander round it now.

Nevertheless, since something expected, PREMIER delivered a speech, and Prince ARTHUR answered it. Midway in latter address, little incident happened which throws gleam of light on temper of House and character of discussion. In course of argument Prince ARTHUR emphatically declared, "I know that I am speaking the absolute truth, truth in which honourable gentlemen, wherever they sit in this House, will agree."

Here Ministerialists broke in with persistent cries of "No, no!"

"Why," cried Prince ARTHUR, with amazed look bent on scene of uproar, "you have not heard it. Let me tell you what it is."

This he proceeded to do, and Ministerialists again loudly voiced dissent. Would have saved time and been equally effective if Prince ARTHUR had accepted denial of a statement not yet made.

Effort from either Front Bench

equally tame, falling flat on audience anxious only to get Division over and so to dinner. This desire accomplished by convenient hour of eight o'clock. Thereafter, a quorum keeping the bridge whilst others dined under promise to be back in good time, House sat up all night with querulous Clause 2.

Whilst politicians squabble at Westminster, Ireland, hapless Cinderella of a loveless family, still kneels by her cold hearth and laments her sorrows. Fresh one brought out to-day by Mr. SHEEHY. Told in simple language, it depicts deplorable state of things in remote country town whose musical name suggests vision of idyllic harmony. Upon Drumree, County Meath, lavish nature has bestowed two citizens of the family name of Fox. To further complicate matters both follow sporting profession of jobmaster. When letters or telegrams addressed "Fox, Drumree" reach the post-office, what

is the hopeless postmaster to do? Mr. SHEEHY more than insinuated that "THOMAS GERAGHTY" (you should have heard him roll out the syllables), "postmaster of Drumree, County Meath," not being on friendly terms with one of the FOXES, invariably handed over to the other the correspondence thus addressed.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL, bound to support a subordinate officer of his department, attempted to justify the procedure. Since the SPEAKER was not likely to submit motion for adjournment in order to deal with question as one of urgent public importance, there was no appeal. But incident left unpleasant impression. At a time when the cry of "Peace, Peace" rings through two hemispheres, Members don't like to think of Drumree rent in twain by this feud of the FOXES with Mr. GERAGHTY taking a prejudiced hand in the game.

Business done.—Sat till daybreak did appear, wrestling with Clause 2 of Parliament Bill.

Wednesday.—Depressing influence of friendly relations established between Irish Nationalists and His Majesty's Ministers dolefully apparent in toning down of exuberance below Gangway on Opposition side. Never more the sudden flash of humour or paradox that in other days from time to time illumined monotony of Saxon debate. To-day produces its gem, faultless in shape and colour, priceless in value.

It was Mr. O'SHEE, of whom the House knows little, that placed it under this heavy obligation. The unsuspected gem had a setting worthy its brilliancy. It seems there lived in former days in Old Parish, County Waterford, one MICHAEL VEALDE, a tenant farmer. Difficulty about payment of "rent" arising, he was evicted, and the farm left desolate, mouldering to decay. There were subtle touches in Mr. O'SHEE's prose that recalled another picture limned for all time by TENNYSON:

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.

Something more fleshly than the hand of Time being suspected in connection with the quickening of the ruin of the farm buildings, they were placed under special police protection. It happened by strange coincidence that on a certain day when the police were on protection duty at the farm a case of housebreaking occurred in neighbouring hamlet and property was stolen. What Mr. O'SHEE wanted to know was "whether the police have any

time left to protect the property of the general community when their services are requisitioned to preserve the grass on derelict farms where there are no cattle to graze the same." The phrasing is a little obscure, but its meaning may be guessed.

The Ministerial minion who represents Dublin Castle having made reply familiar in such circumstances, Mr. O'SHEE, relentlessly pursuing him, insisted upon knowing why the cost of special police protection was incurred on account of a farm "when the only living animals on it are seagulls that fly over it."

Been long accustomed to hold that the most perfect bull ever trotted through the House of Commons was the pro-



"Gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."

(LORD HALSBURY.)

perty of Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE, known to wide circle of old friends as BILLY DYKE. Made its appearance in debate on one of JIMMY LOWTHER'S annual motions for repealing Standing Order forbidding Peers to take part in parliamentary elections. JIMMY had cited a case in which it was alleged that no less a person than the LORD CHANCELLOR—HALSBURY, to wit—had, on the eve of a by-election, interposed with speech or letter, championing the cause of one of the Candidates.

Regarding JIMMY with wistful air, BILLY DYKE, opposed the motion. "I must," he said, "admit that the right honourable gentleman has gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."

That was delightful, and till to-day remained incomparable. Think it will be conceded that Mr. O'SHEE has vindicated supremacy of Ireland in the production of this class of prize animal. Of the many extravagances attributed

to Sir BOYLE ROCHE there is nothing that in point of picturesque incoherence excels his choice remark.

Business done.—In Committee again on Parliament Bill.

Thursday.—LORD CHANCELLOR once more at Bar of House (so to speak) charged with carrying on HALSBURY'S mission of swamping magisterial bench with good Conservatives. Crowded House hears with delight of the morning call of Lord DE RAMSEY upon LORD CHANCELLOR. Related in artless style of the Custos Rotulorum of the Isle of Ely, it is the daintiest comedy. DE RAMSEY dropped in at Eaton Square, he tells us, to suggest names of six gentlemen suitable for Commission of the Peace for the Isle of Ely.

"If the Family Bible were in my hands," he assured the LORD CHANCELLOR, "I would swear that I do not know their politics."

There flashed across LORD CHANCELLOR'S agile mind the shrewd saying, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*"; but he did not allude to it. Pink of politeness, he waved aside the Family Bible, which Custos had left at home. Suggested merely for form's sake that, an Advisory Committee having been appointed for the expressed purpose of nominating candidates for the magistracy, it would be just as well if the list were submitted to them before names were added to Commission of the Peace.

Custos had not the slightest objection. Indeed, thought it was rather the kind of thing you ought to do, you know. Only it happened that he was leaving for Egypt in the morning. The six suitable gentlemen of anonymous politics were growing impatient, and perhaps the affair might just as well be finished right off. LORD CHANCELLOR agreed, and NEIL PRIMROSE, waking up one morning, resolved to make fresh effort to interest LORD CHANCELLOR in direction of redressing balance of Liberal and Conservative magistrates for the Isle of Ely as it was left on retirement of HALSBURY from Woolsack, learned that six more Conservatives had been added in a batch. And this after he had been assured by LORD CHANCELLOR'S Secretary that the composition of the Bench was "a question that could not at present be reopened."

As for LORD CHANCELLOR, the MEMBER FOR SARK tells me that when he learned he had added six Conservative magistrates to a single Commission of the Peace—this in addition to others of same political complexion with whom he had endowed the Blessed Isle—you might have knocked him down with a feather.

That obviously a figure of speech,



Doctor. "WELL! AND DID YOU TAKE HIS TEMPERATURE?"

Wife. "OH! YES, SIR. I PUTS THE BAROMITER ON 'IS CHESS AN' IT GOES UP TO VERY DRY, SO I FETCHES 'IM A QUART O' BEER, AN' NOW E'S GONE TO WORK!"

for LOREBURN is of sturdy build. But it sufficiently expresses the surprise with which LORD CHANCELLOR learned that unknowingly, undesignedly, he had contrived, in respect of nomination of new magistrates, to repeat in the Isle of Ely the sort of thing which, prevailing throughout the kingdom, had raised a rather serious revolt in ranks of Party that placed the present Ministry in office.

Business done.—Got the SPEAKER out of Chair on going into Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

"EVENING SCHOOL SOCIAL.—To mark the closing of the Evening Continuation Classes a very successful gathering was held in the Public Hall on Friday evening. After partaking of an excellent tea, the Headmaster, Mr. James Hunter, who occupied the chair, referred in the course of his remarks to the good work accomplished during the session."

Devon Valley Tribune.

We hope his own latest achievement (which he seems to have accomplished without assistance), received suitable mention.

THE DISCOVERY OF MAX.

"Wonderfully clever, wonderfully clever!" murmured the old gentleman, with another look at the caricature of Mr. SHANNON.

"Wonderfully clever!" echoed the stranger beside him, in a voice as enthusiastic as its weariness would permit. The old gentleman turned to look at the stranger, a man of middle age, with thinning hair and tired eyes, a black moustache, and a slight tendency to that rotundity which is apt to follow upon success.

"Yes, like the work of an irresponsible boy possessing the mind of a brilliant man, Sir! Don't you agree with me?" said the old gentleman.

"I do; 'brilliant' is the word I have always used of his work. I know nothing more brilliant—and I know most things," said the stranger with a sigh that spoke of many burdens.

"And he's quite a youth, a slim youth, as I gather from his portraits of himself."

"As young as the spring," said the other.

"Of course he must be—the impudence and mischief of these drawings alone proclaim exuberant youth. I'd like to meet him. It's a good thing for those of us who are getting on in life, like you and me, to come and get such a glimpse as this is of the genius of the rising generation. This exhibition does me good, at any rate," said the old gentleman, briskly.

"It's doing me no harm either," said the stranger, in that languid manner that expresses the enthusiasm of certain temperaments.

"And if I ever met him, it would give me the greatest pleasure to invite him to dinner. I'm fond of these young geniuses—aren't you?"

"One or two," replied the stranger, after thinking. Then, passing his hand over his thinning locks, he added: "I'm afraid I can't dine, thanks, as I'm just off back to Italy, where I purpose to pass the evening of my career."

AT THE PLAY.

"KISMET."

"I HAVE lived to-day!" said Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, on a note of justifiable exaltation, at the close of his performance as *Hajj*, the Baghdad beggar. And indeed it had been a good day's work, as you may see from the following time-table, drawn up roughly from memory:—

5.30—7.30 A.M. Sits outside a mosque, and begs for alms, calling down Allah's blessings on those that give, his curses on those that don't.

7.35. Nearly kills another beggar who wants to appropriate his ancestral pitch.

7.40. Receives information of retired brigand's arrival in town in search of long-lost son, and prepared to pay handsomely for clairvoyance on the subject. Agrees to share spoils with informant.

7.45. Pouches purse of gold in payment for thought-reading. At same time recognises in brigand the man who stole his (*Hajj's*) wife and murdered his son.

7.50. Refuses to share purse with informant.

7.55. Gives up being a beggar.

8.0—9.0. Has an enormous breakfast, eaten off.

9.0. Proceeds to Tailors' Bazaar, flourishing purse of gold, and inspects samples of fine linen.

9.30. Makes off with same during temporary diversion of vendors.

10.15. Visits his daughter (apple of eye) in obscure quarter, and presents her with a little choice finery.

10.45. Is arrested for theft.

11.30. Is brought before the *Wasir Mansur* (villain) and denies the charge.

11.45. Is condemned to have a few fingers cut off.

11.46. Holds out his hand for this purpose.

11.47. Is pardoned by *Mansur* out of consideration for his wrist-muscles, which might be useful for assassinations.

11.48. Is given an appointment in the service of *Mansur*, on the understanding that he will murder the *Caliph* for him.

11.50. Offers to *Mansur* his daughter in marriage.

12.0—12.35 P.M. Assumes apparel proper to his new office.

12.40. Receives female emissary from *Mansur's* best wife, bringing overtures for an assignation.

12.45. Arranges one for the afternoon.

1.0—3.15. Swaggers.

3.30. Appears as a Moorish juggler at the *Caliph's* Diwan.

3.40. Does a trick with a flaming bowl ("magic by Messrs. MASKELYNE & DEVANT").

3.45. Stabs the *Caliph*, but innocuously, owing to coat-of-mail.

3.46. Is arrested.

3.47. Is annoyed with *Mansur* for denying all knowledge of the plot.

4.15. Is thrown into dungeon and handcuffed to a wall.

4.30—5.0. Converses with fellow-prisoner, who happens to be the brigand who stole his wife and murdered his son.

5.0—5.15. Struggles to burst his handcuffs.

5.15. Bursts them.

5.17—5.25. Throttles the brigand.

5.25—5.35. Puts on corpse's costume, including demi-amulet, of which the



Hajj (disguised as Moorish juggler). "A mere nothing! (Aside.) But you should see my hand-cuffs trick!"

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

other half is in possession of late brigand's long-lost son.

5.40. On arrival of guards is mistaken for brigand and released from dungeon.

6.0. Changes his mind about letting his daughter marry *Mansur*, of whom he now entertains a low opinion.

6.45. Arrives through trap-door at address of *Mansur's* best wife (hareem) by appointment.

6.46.—7.0. Doubts if lady is quite so *troubante* as he had hoped; but simulates enthusiasm.

7.0. Is interrupted by entrance of *Mansur*, who proceeds against him with a sword.

7.5.—7.10. Does his best, but is embarrassed by the fact that he is unarmed.

7.10. Duel temporarily stopped by *Mansur's* recognition of the demi-amulet, of which he, as long-lost son,

wears the counterpart. *Mansur* flings his sword away.

7.11. *Hajj* assumes fatherhood, together with discarded weapon.

7.15. Stabs *Mansur* in back of ribs as he kneels to take the parental blessing.

7.16. Duel resumed à l'outrance on edge of hareem plunge-bath.

7.20. Puts his man in the water.

7.21—7.45. Holds him under till he is drowned.

7.46. Withdraws into private life, by trap-door.

8.10—9.15. Is absent from his daughter's wedding. (A case of tact, the bridegroom being the man he had attempted to murder at 3.45.)

9.30. Returns, in beggar's guise, to ancestral pitch, to find another in possession.

9.31. Kicks him out.

9.35—10.0. Moralises on the strange vagaries of Fate (*Kismet*).

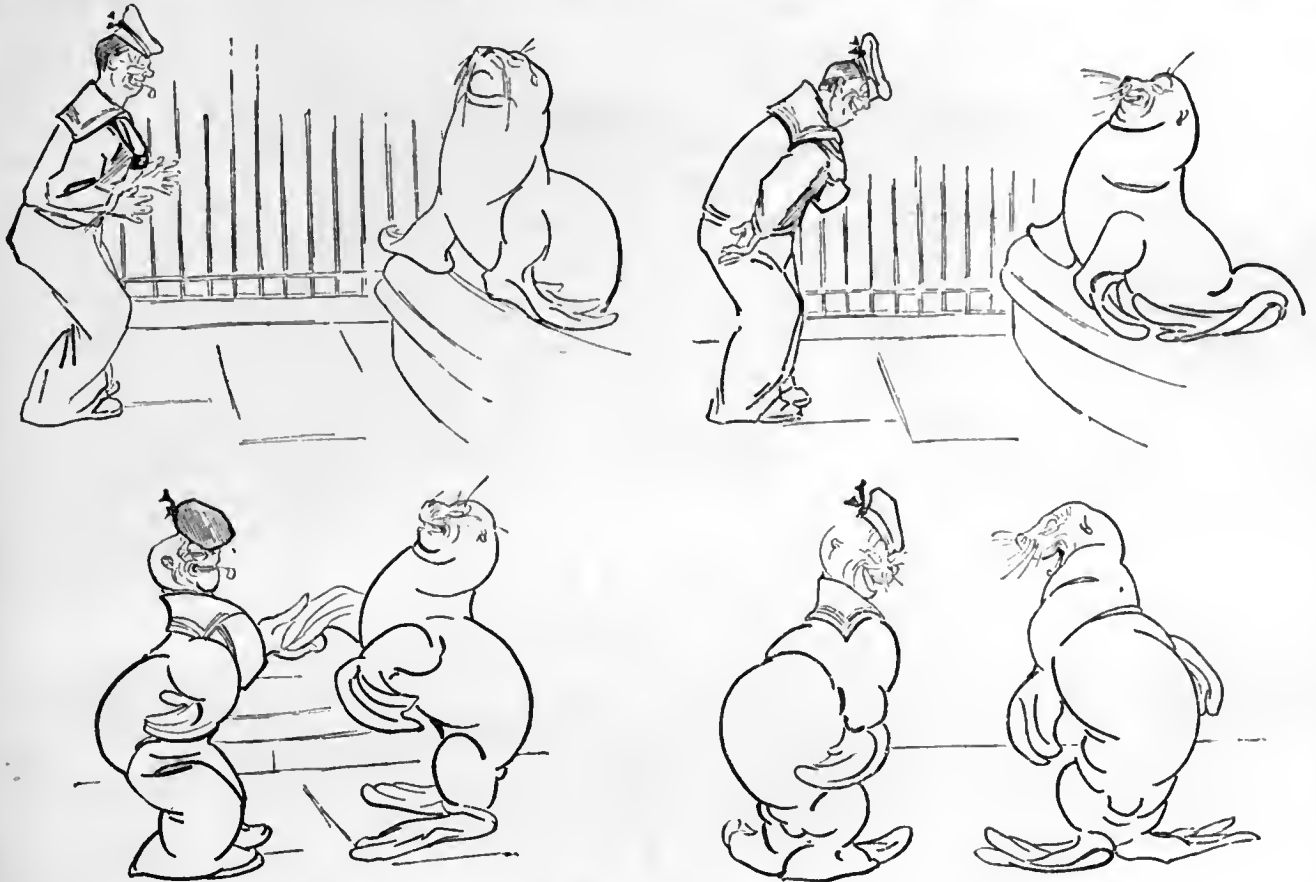
10.5 Retires to sleep on pitch.

10.5½. Snores like a pig.

You will gather from this schedule that, though he ends as he began—a beggar on a stone pitch—he has not lived his day in vain. Things in Baghdad can never be quite the same, for he has rid the place of two villains, a brigand and a wicked *Wasir*.

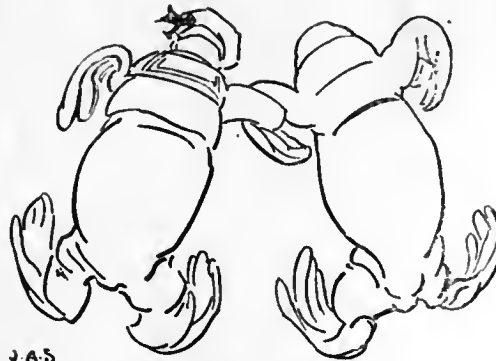
Meanwhile his status has been modified by others who also have not been idle, for his daughter has been wedded to the *Caliph*, and *Hajj* is therefore now the father-in-law of the representative of Allah.

I dare not ask myself how far the plot, frankly crude and obvious in its melodrama, would have satisfied our intelligences if it had been laid in London of the 20th century; but in so superb an antique setting, with its Oriental wealth of colour, the play itself hardly mattered at all. Indeed, with the vision of *Sumurun* before me (the author of *Kismet*, by the way, took nothing from this source) I am not sure whether, apart from the obscurity which it entails, dumb-show would not have been more effective, so hard it is to listen well when the eye is closely engaged. Certainly our best time was what we spent in the gorgeous bazaar, where the dialogue was least distracting. Now and again, still recalling *Sumurun*, one felt the need of a greater severity of background. The hot sunlight on the wall of the "Poor House" seemed to lend a certain tawdriness to the gay colours of the dresses. One's senses, too, grew tired long before the end, in part because they were never allowed to rest in the intervals, which were filled with processions and songs and formal dances in front of the drop-curtain—a happy device, but one that made for satiety.



I bow to the management's superior knowledge of hareem interiors, but I confess that I picture them more seductive. And I would willingly forego one or two needlessly offensive phrases in exchange for a little more business with the plunge-bath. What became of the bather who stepped so hurriedly into it with a modesty that was surely wasted on the other odalisques? Was she, too, drowned? I trust not, but I never set eyes on her again.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE was marvelously swift and sure. The play of his body, subtle for all its strength, was always in the picture, but sometimes the quality of his tones raised a doubt in my mind about his Oriental extraction. Once or twice, too, he seemed to be burlesquing the phraseology of the place and time. Perhaps it was the second *j* in his name of *Hajj* that tickled him. I was a little shocked at first to find Miss LILY BRAYTON in a mood of giggling happiness; but this was soon corrected, and having resumed her favourite rôle of female-in-distress, she sustained it till close on the end. As the heroine, she claimed the right of having the only white skin in the play. Mr.



J.A.S

LIKE TO LIKE.

BEN WEBSTER was a splendid figure as the *Caliph*, and Mr. GRIMWOOD, in the part of *Mansur*, was as conscientious a villain as one could wish for; while Miss BESSIE MAJOR carried herself admirably in a hareem skirt of lavish dimensions, and Mr. GEORGE RALPH, as a sworder, was an attractive study in bronze.

With all but the colour-blind the popularity of *Kismet* is assured. I even think that if my old friend HORATIUS FLACCUS could have been present he would have been bound to reconsider his opinion as to the odiousness of Persian pomps. Not much praise is perhaps due directly to the author,

HERR KNOBLAUCH; but much, and very much, to the excellent bearing of the whole east, including a most understanding crowd of Oriental mutes; to Mr. JOSEPH HARKER for some wonderful scene-painting; to Mr. PERCY ANDERSON for the designing of the brilliant costumes; and to Mr. LANCELOT SPEED for his clever faking of some minor antiquities. O. S.

"THE BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL."

Only twice have I seen Justice administered officially—once when, as a jurymen, I helped to administer it, and once when, as a spectator, I pushed into the Central Criminal Court, murmuring words like "solicitor," and listened to half of a manslaughter trial. Each case interested me immensely. At the Globe Theatre last week I found *Admas' on v. Admaston* and *Collingwood* equally absorbing. It may have bored barristers (just as a photographically accurate picture of an afternoon in the *Punch* office would probably bore me), but for laymen the details could not be too minutely observed. However, I suffered one disappointment—I had hoped to, but did not, hear the Judge say, "This court is not a theatre." He certainly

... the occasion; for *Peggy Admaston*, the respondent, soliloquised more than once under cross-examination in a manner which he must have recognized (if he had ever been to theatres across the water) as the real thing. I should have cheered like mad in the gallery.

If it is the object of the authors (Messrs. E. G. HEMMERDE and FRANCIS NEILSON) to show up the cruelty and injustice of the Divorce Court, then they have not chosen the best case for their purpose. *Mrs. Admaston's* conduct had been so incredibly foolish that no man who had not seen the first two Acts of the play could have believed her guiltless; no counsel who had spent the best years of his life in an atmosphere of lies could have thought her explanations truthful. And if it be said that every look of *Peggy's* beautiful face, every tone of her protesting voice spoke innocence—an innocence which made the relentless cross-examination a deliberate cruelty—then I reply that any one who has seen Miss MADGE TITHERADGE at the Globe Theatre knows just what a wonderful air of reality can be given to play-acting by a woman of beauty and great histrionic ability.

In short, a guilty woman would have behaved out of court and in court in exactly the way *Peggy* behaved; and, that being so, the severity in this particular case of the search for truth can hardly be indicted. The authors have been hardly fair to their theme; they should have made the respondent less foolish, the co-respondent less notorious, the situations less compromising. Then I, for one, should have joined them most cheerfully in any expression of contempt for the Bar. It is a subject upon which I have long wanted to give tongue.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER was *Collingwood*, and he had an unsympathetic part until the last Act, when he discovered the authorship of the anonymous letter and unveiled the wicked *Lady Atwill*; but he was always interesting and quietly effective. Mr. GUY STANDING was very badly suited by the part of the *Rt. Hon. George Admaston, M.P.* Say what you like of our dollar-dictated Cabinet Ministers, they haven't American accents. The duel between Counsel and the Butterfly was magnificently played throughout by Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL and Miss MADGE TITHERADGE. I had never seen the latter in a big part before, and I was astonished at her power. M.

"Dr. Struss's Eatst," says *The Observer*, and we are left rather anxious.

FIRST-FRUITS OF COVENT GARDEN.

WHETHER it meant that the operatic public is saving itself for the Coronation festivities; or that there were not enough tiaras on exhibition in the scantily-filled boxes of the more expensive tiers; or that the improbabilities of *Lakmé* were past swallowing (I don't think this can be the reason, for Grand Opera is nothing if not improbable)—anyhow the attitude of the audience at the opening night at Covent Garden was marked by what Mr. JOHN BURNS would describe as a certain "gelidity." True, Madame TETRAZZINI brought down an odd rafter or two at the traditional point—the close of the so-called Bell Song; but most of her pearls were cast before rather unresponsive stalls, and the ravishing notes of Mr. M'CORMACK somehow missed their rightful dues. Later, no doubt, we shall warm to our work. Meanwhile, *Lakmé* was a sufficiently appropriate prelude to the season's unambitious programme.

Regarded as an historical study, this French picture of British India is, of course, farcical. I pass over the sacrosanct groves of the Hindoo temple, where fantasy is permissible; but for anybody who has ever seen the actual thing there could be no purer work of creative art than this travesty of an Indian bazaar ("market-place," the programme calls it). The headgear of the native men was that of a French *chef*; and the women resembled Hindoos in nothing but their wigs and the duskiness of their cocoa-paste. At one time the crowd was thick as a swarm of bees; at the next it parted to admit an incredible troupe of Nautch-girls, British to the bone, and poorish dancers at that; then in a flash it was gone, leaving the "market-place" completely at the disposal of a Hindoo girl and an English officer for the purposes of an Italian duet. As for the uniforms (the officers carried canes) I doubt if some of them had ever been seen before on land or sea. One or two seemed to be of an amphibious pattern; for the period can hardly be later than the date of the Indian Mutiny, and epaulettes had by then been abolished in the Army.

Even Mr. CLAUDE AVELINO's English version of Signor A. ZANARDINI's Italian version of Messieurs E. GONDINET's and P. GILLE's original French libretto failed to convince me that the atmosphere was strictly Anglo-Indian. For one thing my book of words (1/6 net) contained not a syllable of the dialogue (negligible, no doubt) of the English ladies. Even the name of *Gerald's* carelessly-discarded fiancée appeared

always in the Italian as "Miss Ellen" and in the English as "Eleanor"; and I shall never know what Messieurs E. GONDINET and P. GILLE called her till I hear the opera in French, and that will never happen here so long as Madame TETRAZZINI has a voice in the matter.

The diva's pyrotechnics pleased me less than the dulcet notes of her amorous passages; but I ask nothing better than Mr. M'CORMACK's singing, and have certainly never heard anything half so good from a British officer in a tightish uniform. Mr. EDMUND BURKE's voice had the dignity of his beard, a really noble appendage. One expects a good deal from the beard of a Brahmin hierophant with a name like *Nilakantha*; and I am sure that Mr. CLARKSON felt this too, and that was why he put some of his best work into it. O. S.

RONDEAU.

[Mr. CHURCHILL said that unless they could dispense of certain amendments by a certain time there would be nothing for it but to put their heads down and butt into the Bill.]

Our statesmen but a little while ago
Trimmed each his lamp of intellect and shone,

Eager to make the darker places plain
By the effulgence of an ardent brain;
No surfeit of high-thinking once could glut

Our statesmen—but
To-day they catch a newer, better trick;
Why use the brain if craniums are thick?

Do we expect ungovernable rams
To war with words or pale at epigrams?
So, trusting to mere density of nut,
Our statesmen butt.

Mr. ANDREW LANG in *The Morning Post*:

"In the Eighteenth Century a young man was hanged (if we may believe John Wesley) for the murder of a person whom he later met in a Spanish prison in South America."

Sorry as we are to have to say it, we don't believe JOHN WESLEY this time.

"The coin of what will surely become an immortal phrase was Mr. Brodrigg. Of course he used it in the holiday spirit. Speaking of the internal affairs of his church he said: 'He knew little about ritual and cared less. The exuberance of church music was to him a superfluity of naughtiness' . . . There is nothing new under the sun, and I don't suggest that Mr. Brodrigg has discovered a new idea. He would not let himself claim that. Our grandfathers used to say 'It's naughty but it's nice.' Mr. Brodrigg simply puts the old idea into twentieth century clothes."—*Hastings Argus*.

Mr. BRODRIGB must try again. There are lots more immortal phrases which he might coin.



Loafer. "NA' THEN, GEORGE GRAY, SPRAWLIN' OVER THE TIBLE; WHY DON'T YER TIKE THE REST!"

THIS WEEK'S RIOTS.

COMPLAINTS made of symptoms of poisoning by diners in certain cheap restaurants have led to stringent precautions in the claret industry in the French provinces of D'Ope and Faïque. Cavalry occupy the wine-vats, and a prohibitive tariff has been placed on croton oil, French polish, mothylated spirits, and pain-killer. This has thrown thousands of employees in the wine business out of work, and, the manufacturers state, entirely destroyed the strong aroma which was the peculiar feature of cheap claret.

Fresh riots have broken out in consequence of the determination of the British Government to support the Pure Milk movement, and make a sharp line of delimitation between the dairies and the pumps and reservoirs of the country.

Great excitement exists in the Midlands over the Standard Bread riots, due to the suppression by the Government of white bread as dangerous to life. Coffee grounds, sawdust and oak varnish had been extensively used to bring flour to the requisite Standard colour, and honest millers have to be protected by a detachment of the Carmelite Fencibles (Harmsworth's Own).

During the operations a White (or Starch Meal) Attacking Force attempted to get through a Brown (or Standard) Defending Force and loot the supplies of germ and semolina. The indignation of the White rioters is all the greater because they assert that no one would want Standard bread if they hadn't been told that they ought to like it.

A True Story.

CHAPTER I.

Scene.—An Elementary School.

Teacher. Can anyone tell me the name of an island near to England?

Elsie. Yarmouth.

Teacher. No, Yarmouth is not an island. It is a sea-coast town—like Brighton.

CHAPTER II.

"DEAR MISS—, My little Elsie come home and told me that Yarmouth was not an island, but can you tell her wick way to get into Yarmouth without going over watter it does not matter wick way you go."

From which it appears that Elsie's father is quite with the famous circular in its opinion of elementary-school teachers.

A CORONATION COMPLAINT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hope you will excuse my writing this letter, and not think I mean any disloyalty by it. For that, I assure you, *Mr. Punch*, I do not. But it is a thing which has grieved me to the heart, and I am sorry to say my husband too is quite *dispirited* about it.

It is the matter of the Coronation gifts to the KING and QUEEN, *Mr. Punch*—I mean those that all the Georges are giving to the KING and all the Marys to the QUEEN. As I say, I don't want to make a fuss or seem disloyal, but I do want to say that I think there is some mistake when my husband and I are left out of it. You wouldn't find loyaller peop'le than us anywhere, *Mr. Punch*, though I say it myself. But when we see all the Georges and Marys (yes, and the Mays and Maries and Miriams too) allowed to contribute to the presents, and us not, it does seem hard. You see, *Mr. Punch*, my husband's Christian name is Marius, and mine is Georgina. I suppose it wouldn't be considered *etiquette* for him to contribute to the QUEEN's gift and me to the KING's?

Yours truly,

GEORGINA SMITH.

Lavender Hill.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Brazenhead the Great* (SMITH, ELDER) Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT is back in his old form. "Sing, lady, that sangest erst," he says to his Muse in the "exordial matter" that begins the book, "the seventh son of a seventh son; sing greatly upon thine epic lyre how he hammered sconces, backed and slew"—and when there are sconces to be hammered, and Mr. HEWLETT's blade is out, who would lag behind? Certainly not I. Of how *Brazenhead* deposed the Duke of Milan, of how he played the Count of Picpus, and of other veracious episodes, mere fragments of the Captain's roaring life, you shall read for your delectation. No modern love-business this time. Let the Muse leave that to her inferiors, and she may have choice of ten centuries in which to run wild. *Brazenhead* himself was indifferent as to a century or two; he was not for an age, but for all time—roughly from 800 to 1,500 A.D. the legends circulate about him. It is thus open to Mr. HEWLETT to give us other books of his epic whenever it pleases him. As long as they are as inspiring as this one he need not be doubtful of pleasing his readers.

Untruths must inevitably be written from time to time, but it is a pity that so many of them should concern the medical profession. At a moment when the last and the silliest of these still rankles, *The Corner of Harley Street*, being some Familiar Correspondence of Peter Harding, M.D. (CONSTABLE), is particularly welcome, for in it is a fair criticism, a complete defence and some high praise of the doctoring trade. Baldly stated, that sounds a little dry, but these thirty letters are by no manner of means dry, because they are anything but a bald statement. They are the casual and unlaboured utterance of a broad mind, the expression of a nature receptive, observant, just and humorous. Their point is made without special pleading, and, for all I know, their author, whoever he may be, never meant to praise or even defend. There are views, nice and of uncommon sense, upon most things modern; there is at the back of them just sufficient continuity of intimate history to keep alive that curiosity, without which one cannot enjoy

reading other people's letters. Lastly, there is an excellent prescription on page 67. The minute I saw the book I knew I should love it; it has that look about it. So I have read it, and now I am going to read it again.

In my humble opinion not many present-day novelists can describe the country life of the rich, whether idle or strenuous, so well as Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. His *Richard Baldoock* and *Exton Manor* especially were masterpieces in this kind, and, though I don't think their youngest brother, *The Eldest Son* (METHUEN), quite comes up to them as a story, it has most of the characteristic family virtues. *Dick Clinton*, the eldest son in question,

was a model young Guardsman, with only two loves (*O si sic omnes*), his profession and his home. If he had kept only to these, rejecting all other, except possibly a well-born British Miss, he would not have come into collision with the old-fashioned prejudices of his fox-hunting father. All went well, as they say in the reports of railway accidents, till he had reached his thirty-fifth birthday, by which time, according to the scheduled table of conventional society, he ought to have safely passed the matrimonial junction of St. George's, Hanover Square. But at this point he deliberately jumped the metals, and precipitated a deplorable catastrophe by announcing his intention of marrying the young and charming widow of that notorious old roué, Lord George Dubec. To the indiscretion of being an American by birth she had added the unpardonable sin of having appeared, though only for a short time, on the musical comedy



Motorist (after a long discussion on the comparative merits of several kinds of petrol). "So, THEN, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, YOU RECOMMEND THE TARTARS BRAND?"

Manager. "THAT, UNDOUBTEDLY, IS THE MOST RELIABLE."

Motorist. "THEN YOU MIGHT FILL MY AUTOMATIC CIGARETTE-LIGHTER WITH IT."

boards of her native state. Papa Clinton was furious, and vowed that he would cut off his eldest son with as few shillings as the entail would allow. Brother Humphrey, with the astuteness of a Jacob, proceeded to make hay of Dick's prospects, and incidentally a few trusses for his own consumption; and it was only after a time of general discomfort that the tact of Mrs. Clinton, the charm of Mrs. Dick, the patience of her husband, and the ingenuity of Mr. MARSHALL, combined to convince the old man of the error of his ways. The humour of the book seems to me rather artificial, though I should not be surprised to hear that it was taken from life. But the drawing of the characters is throughout admirably natural.

CHARIVARIA.

THE settlement of the dispute between Mlle. PAVLOVA and M. MORDKIN with-out reference to the tribunal at the Hague is said to have caused some little jealousy there, especially as there will now be some confusion as to where the Palace of Peace is situate.

We are glad to see that the present occupant of the Woolsack has kept his wool on and declined the sack.

Professor SIEFER suggests that, with a view to bringing about a better understanding between the two countries, the study of the German language should be promoted here. It is dangerous, of course, to generalise from a particular instance, but we know a small boy who has just begun to struggle with the intricacies of the German language at school, and his feelings towards the country concerned grow daily more bitter.

Colonel SEELY, the Under-Secretary for War, has made a successful ascent in an aeroplane. We understand that the only reason why Lord HALDANE has not yet followed this example is the difficulty in finding a machine sufficiently stable.

In reply to a request from the Wembley District Council the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has stated that he is unable to place Wembley in the North-Western Postal District. The expense of removing the houses would alone be prohibitive.

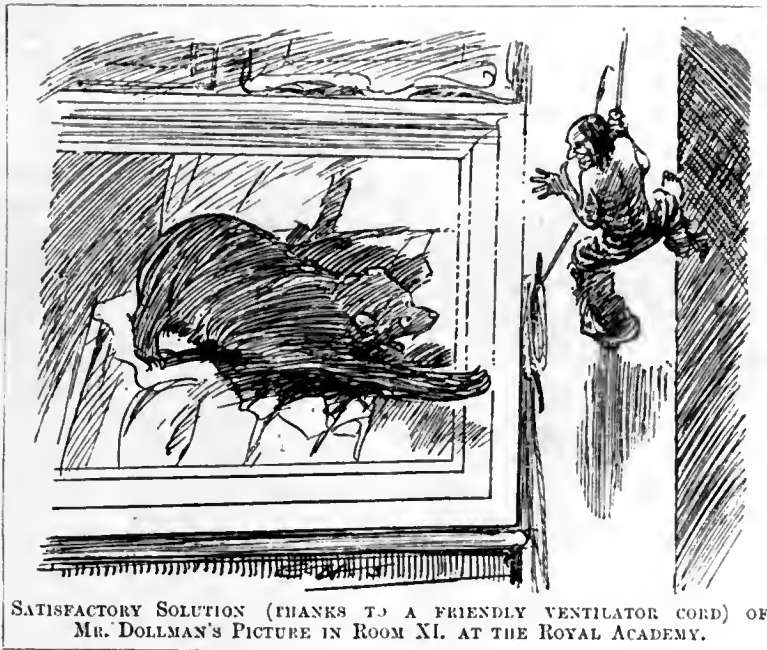
The taxi-cab drivers are still threatening to strike, if the proprietors should persist in their efforts to deprive them of the right to forget to register extras.

A pugilist who was released from prison the other day, after serving a term of five years' imprisonment for manslaughter, was found to have increased in weight by two stone during his incarceration. It is now suggested that, if universal service should be delayed much longer, the national physique might be improved by sending everyone to prison for a certain period.

The Coronation is eclipsing everything this year. The Government expedition which went to the South Pacific to observe the eclipse of the sun, only succeeded in obtaining some photographs of the Corona.

A discovery made by Dr. W. J. KILNER shows that every man and woman has a halo. In spite of meetings of protest, the Latter-Day Saint movement has evidently made enormous progress.

By the way, although Mr. SARGENT declared, some little time ago, that it was his intention to paint no more portraits, his design for an Archbishop of CANTERBURY is said to show a more than slight resemblance to the distinguished divine who bears that title.



SATISFACTORY SOLUTION (THANKS TO A FRIENDLY VENTILATOR CORD) OF MR. DOLLMAN'S PICTURE IN ROOM XI. AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A San Francisco lady is claiming £4,000 damages against a New York hair-dye company, because a preparation which she purchased for the purpose of making her hair black dyed it green. This does not look as if the value of post-impressionism is yet fully appreciated in America.

"Stevenson to be mobilised" is the neat title which *The Globe* gives to an announcement of the forthcoming uniform edition of the Master's works. Our contemporary might have gone on to say that the mobilisation will be followed by several reviews—but was, no doubt, well advised not to do so.

Red tape again! We are informed that the request that mixed bathing should be allowed in the water which flows round the base of the QUEEN VICTORIA Memorial has been refused.

The City of Montreal, it is announced, is to erect and maintain an exhibition building for the permanent display of goods of British manufacture. In America it is suggested that the building shall bear the title "Museum."

An interesting fight between Capital and Labour is now taking place in America. It sounds incredible in these days, and in such a go-ahead country as the United States, but an attempt is being made to deprive the Trade Unionists of the right to blow up employers' buildings with dynamite.

We are astonished that it has never occurred to the Tariff Reform Party that it would be good policy to favour Women's Suffrage. From what we know of the Sex, every woman would give her vote in favour of the Power to Bargain.

A German statistician has calculated that, roughly, there are 1,200,000,000,000 bees in the world. It is, of course, impossible to give the exact figures, as so many persons hide their bees in their bonnets.

A centre forward, a lion-tamer, and a curate, we are told, have been found engagements by the Manchester Labour Exchange. We do hope that there was no muddling, and that each got the right post.

"The Lord Chancellor has intimated to Court dressmakers that no lady wearing a tight skirt will be allowed to appear at any of the forthcoming Court functions."—*Ex ter Express*. It seems that Lord LOREBURN is fairly letting himself go.

"The Church pronounced against polygamy, or, to continue the use of the good Anglo-Saxon word, 'bigamy.'"—*London Magazine*.

It's jolly to think that there is always an Anglo-Saxon equivalent, even if it's not quite so forcible as the imported word.

"Whether there be any 'mute and glorious Hampdens,' there is no doubt that the conditions of the political warfare give little scope for the advance of any nascent ability in the ranks."—*Daily Dispatch*.

The glorious silence of the Hampdens, who should be singing at this hour, is a matter for congratulation.

STORIES FOR UNCLAS.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

No. IX.—THE SWEEP'S WISH.

THER WAS WUNCE A merchant he was verry ritsh and had meunny pounds in his pokets but he dident like gerls so he had fifteen dorters his wiph kep bringing them to him wun arfter anuther heers anuther gerl Henry sho sed and the merchant sed tako her away Im tired of dorters wot hav I dun to git so menny and his wiph sed Im suro I dont no hadent wo better arsk the fairies but the merchant only larfed merchents dont believe in fairies.

Wel wun day wen the merchant was having his break-fus his wiph sudnly cum in a grate state of xitement she was throing her arms about and darnsing.

Wots the matter sed the merchant eeting an eg at the same time.

I shant tell you she sed you must gess.

O sed the merchant the cats skratshd the baby.

No she sed gess agen.

Then the dogs got hus and eetn the ise pudn.

Rong sed the wiph your gessing verry badly today.

Im not going to gess enny more sed the merchant its all nonsins.

No sed the wiph it isent nonsins its a butifle littel baby boy and she cald the nerse and ther was a baby boy line asleep in a cradel hed got a littel blak spotsh on his fase but the nerse sed it wood wash orf.

Wen the merchant sor this he was as proude a lion he gav his wiph a thousen pounds and 2 nu dresses and a dimond nekliss and that nite all the fifteen dorters kame to super and they had lots of fun they dident go to bed til ten oklok and then they warked up verry quitely sos not to wake the baby and they kristnd him Willyum arfter the merchant's uncle he was a duke.

Wen Willyum was twenty yeers old the merchant was ritsher than ever and Willyum was the hansimest boy in London he was verry kind to his muther and his sisters all luvd him he let them ride on his pony and play with his stiks and umbellers and he had a wotsh it opend wen you blu and he was as strongs a ephelant.

Wun day a man cum to the hous his fase was blak and his hands wer blak but his eyes wer wite he was a sweep.

Good morning sed the merchant we dont wont no chimles sweeping hero.

O sed the man I havent cum about chimles Ive cum about a son.

Wot son sed the merchant.

Wy your son sed the sweep he's my son and Im going to take him away.

How dyou no hes yours sed the merchant.

He had a blak spotsh on his fase wen he was a baby sed the sweep.

Yes he had sed the merchant but the nerse woshd it orf.

That dosent matter sed the sweep I put it ther sos to no him agen.

Wel sed the merchant hes mine now Ive had him for yeers and Im going to keep him hows my merchanting going to git on without him.

And hows my sweeping going to git on without him sed the sweep.

Then the merchant and the sweep had a fite but it was no good they coodent beat wun anuther they rold all over the flore and nokd down the tabels and chares and then they went and woshed theirselves and bagen fiting agen.

This time the sweep got the merchant down and sat on him haba sed the sweep Ive got you now will you giv me my son to help sweeping chimles.

Yes sed the merchant you can have him but ferst tako this ring its a wishing ring my granmuther gav it me if you rub it 3 times you can wish yourself to be enthing you like.

Alrite sed the sweep Ill take it wot can I wish.

Woodent you like to be emprer of Aysher sed the merchant yes sed the sweep thatd do so he tuk the ring and put it on his finger then he rubd it 3 times and sed I wont to be emprer of Aysher and ferst his blak dropd orf his skin then his cloths wer changed to purpel and gold and he had a croun on his hed this is sumthing like he sed and then he got a septer in his hand and then sudnly he flu out thru the winder becos emprers of Aysher liv in Aysher and hed got to go there to his palis.

Its a good riduns sed the merchant heel never cum bak thers only wun wish in that ring hes got to be emprer of Aysher all his life.

Then the merchant cald his wiph and his son and his fifteen dorters and told them wot hapnd and they wer all verry plesed speshly Willyum he coodent bare to be a sweep its tu dirty for me he sed and that week all the dorters wer marred and Willyum went on been a merchant in his fathers offis the merchant and his wiph never had no more childern but they dident mind that and the sweep staid in Aysher so they wernt botherd with him.

THE UNDYING FLAME.

Too soon, when the Spring has released us

From Winter, his rage and his rods,

We banish the Fire-god, Hephaestus,

The best of the gods;

Forlorn in my desolate "sitter,"

Too soon I am bound to grow bitter

For lack of his warmth and his glitter,

And the poker's affectionate prods.

We are sons, I suppose, of the Viking

Who conquered the storm and the wave,

And although it is not to our liking

We *have* to be brave;

So we say, "There shall be no surrender,

The sun has arrived in his splendour;"

And we put an old fern in the fender,

A garland of flowers on a grave!

But the Sun-god so frequently loses

His way, or has punctured a tyre;

And chilled is the heart of the Muses,

And hushed is the lyre;

And scarcely a song-bird has carolled,

But still we go lightly apparelled,

And bear it, remembering HAROLD

And TOSTIG, and don't have a fire.

I call it unspeakably silly;

Yes, even in years that are hot,

I shudder, I shrink from that stilly

And ghost-haunted grot;

Ah, would that some builder would fashion

The home of my dreams, of my passion,

Where Yule-logs are rosy and ashen,

Let the weather be no matter what!

From May to the end of September,

By no superstition enticed,

The brand, the Olympian ember,

The booty unpriced

That was boned from on high by Prometheus

(All hail to his nerve and his knee-thews!)

I should still (in the caviller's teeth) use,—

And the rest of the house should be iced.

EVOE.



THE CAMPBELLS ARE GOING.

(All roads lead out of Scotland.)

DISTANT VOICES (*singing*). "MY HEART'S IN THE HIELAN'S."
CALEDONIA. "AY, BUT THE REST OF YE IS AWA'."

[Official returns, showing a large decrease in the population of Scotland, are causing alarm in Caledonian circles.]





OUR AMENDE.

Mr. PUNCH HAS RECEIVED SEVERAL COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE SLOVENLINESS IN DRESS OF THE CLERGYMEN DEPICTED IN HIS PAGES. HE CANNOT ANY LONGER LIE UNDER THIS REPROACH AND HAS SPECIALLY SUMMONED HIS FASHION ARTIST FROM MAYFAIR TO PUT IN THE CLEBICAL FIGURE ABOVE.

The Countess Blenkinsop (supported by the Earl Blenkinsop, Captain Lord Ranelagh, Lady Ermystrude D'Arcy-Osborne and the Hon. Algernon D'Arcy-Osborne, to their guest, the Rev. Septimus Brocade). "WE ARE QUITE SIMPLE PEOPLE, MR. BROCADE, AND WE DO HOPE YOU WON'T FEEL THAT WE EXPECT YOU TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES FOR TEA."

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is constructed so as to hold the complete equipment of service hats required by every officer, *vide* "Dress Regulations, 1908."

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is exceedingly strong, being made of steel with gun-metal hinges.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK can be easily moved by a fatigue party of one N.C.O. (sergeant, if possible) and 19 men. The stores required are as follows:—

- 1 20-ton "Jack" lifting hydraulic.
- 6 planks, oak, 10 inches by 17 inches by 3 inches.
- 8 6-inch ground rollers, elm.
- 1 heavy gun tackle, a treble and double 9-inch block, with a fall of 3½-inch rope, 15 fathoms long.
- 1 crab capstan (when moving the trunk up an incline).

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK can be converted into a strong case for the grand piano.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK may be used on service as an absolutely impregnable obstacle, or a bomb-proof shelter.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK will be found, without its lid, a perfectly seaworthy eight-oar gig. The lid may be used as a bath.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK is an ideal receptacle for the mess silver, the band instruments, and the regimental trophies.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK. Colonel Currie Liver, C.B., writes: "I found no very great difficulty in moving the trunk when we left Pickle-kidnie for Devilishpoore (our present station) as I was able to charter a traction-engine for the purpose."

"I have persuaded my husband to let me use his fascinating trunk for my hats."—H. DELANEY KNOX (Mrs.).

"We wish you every success! A boon to trade. It undoubtedly fills a gap."—MANAGER, West-Eastern Railway.

THE PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK. NOTICE.

Owing to the Army Council's recent issue of a new "Shako," the PATENT MILITARY HAT TRUNK will necessarily have to be enlarged.

The *Daily Mirror* finishes up its description of an encounter with burglars thus:—

"He threw up the window of his room and fired with a revolver at a man below, who escaped. The only article of value missed was an old silver épergne."

It must be a consolation to the marksman to know that, even if he missed the burglar, he scored several bulls among the old silver. Amid the hail of bullets the épergne seems to have borne a charmed life.

"SAISON RUSSE."

If Harry had not been so anxious to take me to see the Russian Dancers, it would never have happened; as it was, MICHAEL MORDKIN entirely upset all my previous ideas of manly beauty in general, and Harry's in particular. In the Tube going home my throbbing brain was filled with soul-stirring memories of that gay and glorious young Greek god—or was it a shepherd?—anyhow, it was something with dark clustering curls and a bow and arrow, who, with one of his exquisite, *intoxically exquisite* leaps, had landed

"Right O," said Harry, a note of gladness in his.

"Oh, he was glorious, wonderful, never, *never-to-be-forgotten*," I murmured passionately.

"Who?" inquired Harry.

"MICHAEL," I replied softly. "Oh, Harry, those beautiful leaps of his, when he hung poised in the air for a moment, with one symmetrical leg trailing behind!"

"That's easy enough," remarked Harry scornfully; "it's only hurdling without the hurdles."

"Easy, is it?" I retorted. "I should like to see you do it, anyhow."

perfect grace and beauty as hers, poised on the tips of those wonderful little feet."

"Oh, that's only a trick," I said; "anyone can do it with practice."

"Can they?" said Harry. He looked at me, as I thought, with a rather contemptuous expression, and lo! I seemed to see myself stodgy and insignificant, doddily clad and plainly featured. It was horrid, so was the remote far-away look in Harry's eyes. He has beautiful blue eyes, by the way, but just then they seemed to be looking right beyond and above me.

"Yes, she's quite good," I remarked



LIKE TO LIKE.

straight into a heart I had hitherto believed was exclusively engaged by another. Then I woke from my rainbow visions, looked across at Harry on the opposite seat, and realized with a horrid pang that I had promised to marry him. How heavy, how dull, how earthly he looked; how unromantic his bowler hat, how depressing his overcoat, how *terribly* commonplace his tweed trousers! Could I bear it? My eyes closed. Again the gay and graceful young god, or whatever he was, flashed across my vision, and I decided I could *not*.

"Well," said Harry, with an evident effort, as we walked home, "what did you think of it?"

"We must go again!" I answered in a suppressed voice.

"You have," he replied; "you saw me win the hurdles last year."

His words called up a vivid recollection of a lanky youth in shorts with a red face and dishevelled hair scrambling over a few fences in a foggy field. I drew in my breath with a shudder and said no more, but once again sank into a blissful nerve-vibrating reverie. Then I became aware that Harry had apparently forgotten my existence and was talking to himself.

"Divine!" he murmured; "beautiful mocking sprite! A drifting rose-petal, a floating feather!"

"What *are* you burling about?" I said sharply.

"ANNA," he answered softly—"ANNA PAVLOVA—or however you pronounce it. I had never dreamed of such

briskly. He made no reply, but his head drooped dejectedly. I forgot my own hopelessness and slipped my hand in his. His fingers closed round mine and our eyes met in a long understanding look of mutual sympathy.

"Harry, old man," I faltered, "on second thoughts I think we *won't* go again."

"Right O, little woman," he replied, and we sighed two big sighs of mingled regret and relief.

"The public of Nelson have now the opportunity of hearing Mlle. Antonio Dolores, whose name is legion all over the world."

The Colonist.

Except in England, where there are comparatively few women called Antonio.



"I'M ORFEN THANKFUL I AIN'T A COPPER. MUST BE A TEJIOUS LIFE 'ANGIN' ABAIT AN' LOITERIN'."

ALL GIRLS. A PROTEST.

SIR,—I wish as a man to record an injustice to men and to lodge a complaint against theatre-managers and dramatists—whichever of them it is that gives new plays their titles.

My grievance is that the impression conveyed by these titles is that only women are interesting on the stage. Go to any play you like and you will find that the men in it are as important as the women; and yet, if the title is to be trusted, women, and only women, are involved. How often does a man get into the title? I ask you. One did recently—in "The Man from Mexico"—and before that we had "A Man's Shadow" and "The Man from Blankley's"; but how few and far between! Look at the plays of the moment in any newspaper. The first to catch the eye is "The Quaker Girl." Girl, you observe. Why not Quaker Boy? Because (I am told) no one would then go to see it! True; but what an injustice to man, equal to

any of the so-called injustices to women of which we hear so much—too much. Then "Peggy," then "Lady Patricia," then "A Doll's House," then "Fanny's First Play" (why not "George's Last Play" for example?), then "Cousin Kate," then "The Girl in the Train"—always girls, you notice. There are men in this train too—otherwise there would be no drama (there isn't very much any way)—but do you suppose it ever occurred to the author or manager to name it after them? Never! And what had come before it? "The Girls of Gottenberg," "The Shop Girl," "The Balkan Princess," "The Dollar Princess," "The Merry Widow" (are widowers never merry, then?), "The Woman in the Case," and myriads more.

Girls, girls, girls—that is the rule; and the nauseous part of it is (as I must admit) that the rule was drawn up by men. There is no *esprit-de-corps*. That is what England wants—*esprit-de-corps*.

I am, yours, etc.,
AN INTERESTING MAN.

"Bridegroom to bridesmaids—Tumaline ear-rings and tumaline brooch."

Cumberland News.

A pity; they ought to have matched.

The Advertisement: "Wanted a quiet Confidential Hack, for a lady beginner. Must not be expensive."—*Times of India.*

The Reply: "MADAM,—Having read an advertisement in to-day's *Times of India* that you require a quiet and confidential hack, I beg to apply myself for the place. I am a graduate of the Bombay University, having passed my B.A. in 1910. I belong to a very good and respectable family. I am at present without any employment whatsoever, and hence I can very well serve you as a hack. As to terms, I shall be glad to accept any reasonable offer made by you. We can talk about the matter, if you will kindly write to me to see you personally in the matter at your place, which I shall do with the greatest pleasure and the utmost speed.

"Yours faithfully,
"_____"

OUR CORONATION ODE.

UPLIFT thee, Muse—

(By the way I ought to have said at once that this Ode is going to be recited by Mrs. Banting-Bate in our village on Coronation Day. The Vicar asked me to write it, and though I am not much good at poetry I couldn't very well refuse.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us how and when
Beneath the shadow of the Larger Ben
The King of England and the Queen were crowned—
With lumti-umti-umti standing round—

(I have still to put the finishing-touches to my Ode, but I want to make the scheme of it public before the other poets come out with theirs; so that no one can accuse me afterwards of plagiarism.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us why and where
So many what-d'you-call-ems sit and stare
Upon the King of England and the Queen
In tooral-ooral umti-something sheen—

(You see the idea.)

But most uplift thee, Muse, to tell of those
Who, for the lack of necessary clothes,
Or else because they do not like a crush,
Remain behind at Bewdlay-on-the-Mush—*(our village).*
Their hearts beat just as loyally as if,
Clad in a something-umthing collar stiff,
Or in a lumti-tumti harem gown
They'd left the country for the stifling town.
Loyalty bursts from every heart in spates,
But, most of all, from Mr. Banting-Bate's!—

(Husband of Mrs. Banting-Bate. He has very kindly lent his hill for the bonfire. There will be a pause here, while the Vicar leads the cheering.)

Lo, lightly dawns at last the day of Kings,
Of Poms and Power and Pageantry and things,
When to the Abbey goes beloved George—
Ter-rumti-umti-umti forge or gorge—

(This line doesn't look very promising at present.)

Archbishop, Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Priest,
Gathered from North and South and West and East,
Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron and Baronet
And Viscount too, in solemn conclave met,
Salute him, England's monarch—"George the Fifth!"

(Tremendous applause, led by Mr. Banting-Bate. I hope it will go on long enough to hide the fact that we are going to lose a line here. The fact is there is simply no rhyme to "fifth.")

And lo! the cheers break forth, both long and loud,
From everybody in the Abbey's crowd—
From Duke and Deacon, from *The Daily Mail's*
Own correspondent and the Prince of Wales.
Still more they cheer (how much I cannot tell)
As soon as good Queen Mary's crowned as well—

(Applause led by Mrs. Bletherstone, who inaugurated the Mary Fund in our village.)

The ceremony over, then they go
Around the city in procession slow;
In all the pageantry of pomp and power
They ride through London for about an hour—*(roughly.)*
Let us, dear people, let us leave them there—
So kingly, queenly, noble and so fair.

(A pause, while Miss Gathers of the Post Office presents Mrs. Banting-Bate with a glass of water.)

So much for that. And now a solemn hush
Comes o'er us here in Bewdlay-on-the-Mush.
These scenes which I have tried to adumbrate—
The Coronation and the March in State—
These scenes are not for us—except, I hope,

Upon the Little Bewdlay bioscope.

But even here, remote from King and Queen,
How great our preparat-i-ons have been!
Some say the tale of it has darkly spread
From Upper Bewdlay down to Bewdlay Hoad—

(Two important towns in the neighbourhood.)

Who knows but what a rumour of the thing
Has even reached our gracious Queen and King!
How that a certain resident of fame—*(Mr. Banting-Bate)*
Has nobly lent the place which bears his name—

(Banting Place. Mr. Bate took the additional name of Banting when he took the place. And, to be exact, he has only lent one hill on the Estate.)

That there a bonfire might be built and burnt
And lessons too of loyalty be learnt—

(I mean, of course, that the bonfire will in itself be a lesson. Not that any sort of continuation class will be held upon the ashes.)

Moreover, how the Vicar will assist
Supported by his kindly wife, I wist—

(Not good—and might easily be misinterpreted. Will alter)

When all the children each receive a mug
Designed by Mrs. Welkington *(née Sugg)*—

(An extraordinary bit of luck. I don't know what I should have done for a rhyme otherwise.)

Next, Muse, take out thy lyre and sing the song
Short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long
(A difficulty here being that the rest of the celebrations are not yet decided upon. However, I anticipate no trouble when once the facts are in my hands.)

* * * * *

Now let us turn our thoughts across the sea
To where the Union Jack is waving free!
I breathe upon my magic harp and sing
The what's-its-name of what-d'you-call-the-thing—

(I want a good phrase for Empire.)

For lo! ter-umti-tooral-ooral-ay—

(This part is all a little in the rough at present. When polished up it will take up about ten lines. After that it will finish up quite quickly like this)

And now, good people, one thing still remains
Ere we go out into the fields and lanes;
One thing before we leave this solemn scene—
Namely to cry "God Save the King and Queen!"

A. A. M.

THE UNHAPPY MEAN.

THE man had gone on his bended knee and proposed marriage to a lady, and the lady, being willing to marry and not otherwise engaged, had said "Yes," or uttered sounds to that effect. The parents had consented, and in due course had telephoned to the London Stores and ordered a wedding. But neither the lucky man, nor the accommodating lady, nor either of the affable parents, was the leading character in this drama. The protagonists were a nasty young man in patent leather boots, whose duty it was to show the invited guests to their proper seats in the church, and a nice old gentleman in spats, who attended the ceremony in the double capacity of uncle of the bride and second cousin of the bridegroom.

"This way, please," said the young man to the elder as he met him at the door and took him in charge. "Relatives of the bride will sit on the left side of the aisle, relatives of the bridegroom on the right. Which are you?"

"Both," said the old gentleman, pleasantly; "shall I stand in the aisle?"

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.

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KITCHENER
LOOKING
PRETTY IN
THE KHYBER

WANT TO PAINT ME
HERE? - OH, JOHN
THIS IS SO SUDDEN

A CASE FOR THE "SOCIETY
FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY
TO CHILDREN."

131



CHORUS - I WONDER HOWEVER MUCH LONGER DADDY'S
GOING TO KEEP US HANGING ABOUT LIKE THIS !!! ALL
THE HOL'DAYS ARE GOING WISH HE'D DO HIS PUNCH
WORK INSTEAD OF PERTENDING HES A REAL ARTIST !!!



THE "LONSDALE
BELT" (TAKING
WAR RISKS)

(PRESERVE
THE "LOWTHER
HAND MORTAR", R.A.
DEALING WITH AEROPLANES)

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YES, I ALWAYS USED TO WEAR
THE ORDER OF MERIT—EVEN IN
FRANCE, A
THE FAD
OF THE

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JACKY

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THE LATEST THING IN PARIS HATS
ARRIVES IN DOVER HARBOUR. UNDER
THE SOMEWHAT TRUSTFUL NAVIGATION OF
ATTRACTIVE MANNEQUINS.



ENJOYING
"ARMAGEDDON"
BY JOHN SARGENT,
R.A.

THE ONLY
WAY

DONNA QUIXOTE, THE SUFFRAGE SCOUT,
LOOKING INTO THE PROMISED LAND;
OR, POOR SPORT IN THE
SINAI PENINSULA:

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GILBERT CHESTERTON
DISGUISED IN A WAY WHICH WOULD
ENABLE HIM WITH IMPUNITY TO ATTEND
A MOTHERS' MEETING.

142

"NURSEY GOES BELOW"
("NO FLOWERS")





THE PRICE OF HONOUR.

Irreverent Youth. "I SUPPOSE IF THEY OFFERED YOU ONE OF THOSE VETO PEERAGES YOU'D SWALLOW THE INSULT?"

Pompous Radical (his uncle by marriage). "I HOPE I SHOULD BE PREPARED TO MAKE ANY SACRIFICE FOR MY COUNTRY'S WELFARE, NO MATTER WHAT IT COST ME."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

No. 2.—MY INTRODUCTION TO GRASSO.
Thrilling experiences of Mr. F. C. Selous.

In a life so largely given up to big game shooting as mine, there has naturally been little time for the more polite and pacific amenities of civilization. Hence I have seen but few plays and met fewer players. When therefore I received, last week, an invitation to visit the Hippodrome and see the Sicilians and afterwards sup with the famous Signor Grasso I gladly consented.

Of the play I say nothing. It was *Malia*, and sufficiently thrilling; but I am no dramatic critic. But of GRASSO, as I met him after the play, I have done little but think since, and can write freely now that my arm is better and the bandages are off my head.

But let me tell the story as it happened. We were to meet in a private room in an Italian restaurant. I arrived first, and was standing by the fireplace meditating on the Sicilians

and their emotional art when I was conscious of a thundering on the stairs and a tremor of the whole building, accompanied by a rich roaring as of a peculiarly unctuous lion. As the sound drew nearer I could distinguish some Italian words, among them prominently "*Illustrissimo Inglese*," "*Maraviglioso cacciatore*," and "*Tiratore intrepido*." Then with a crash the door was burst in, and into the room there sprang the ardent Sicilian with his arms outstretched. He made but one spring and was on me. We fell together, his teeth affectionately but firmly fleshed in my left ear and his arms embracing me with the grip of a boa-constrictor. All the while he was uttering expressions indicative of the joy it gave him to be privileged to meet me, whom he styled his "*incomparabile gallo di combattimento*."

I struggled to get free, but in vain. I replied in my best Italian that the honour was no less mine, and I was proud indeed to be on terms of intimacy with such an artist. He liked this and changed to my other ear. At length

he released me and rose, and, seizing a glass from the table, filled it with *Chianti*, emptied it at a draught and flung it to the ground, vowing that no one should use it again. A fragment rebounding flew in my face and cut my cheek, thus completing the ruin both of my features and of my dress-shirt.

For a few moments GRASSO remained quiet; then with a terrific smile he observed "*Andiamo*" and pointed to the door, which opened into a gallery overlooking the main hall of the restaurant. Scarcely had I got outside when he seized me with an iron grip, called me the most wonderful man he had ever met, kissed me twenty-two times on each cheek, and observing in a hoarse voice, "*Volti subito*," leapt over the rail on to seven members of the Stock Exchange, who were supping together.

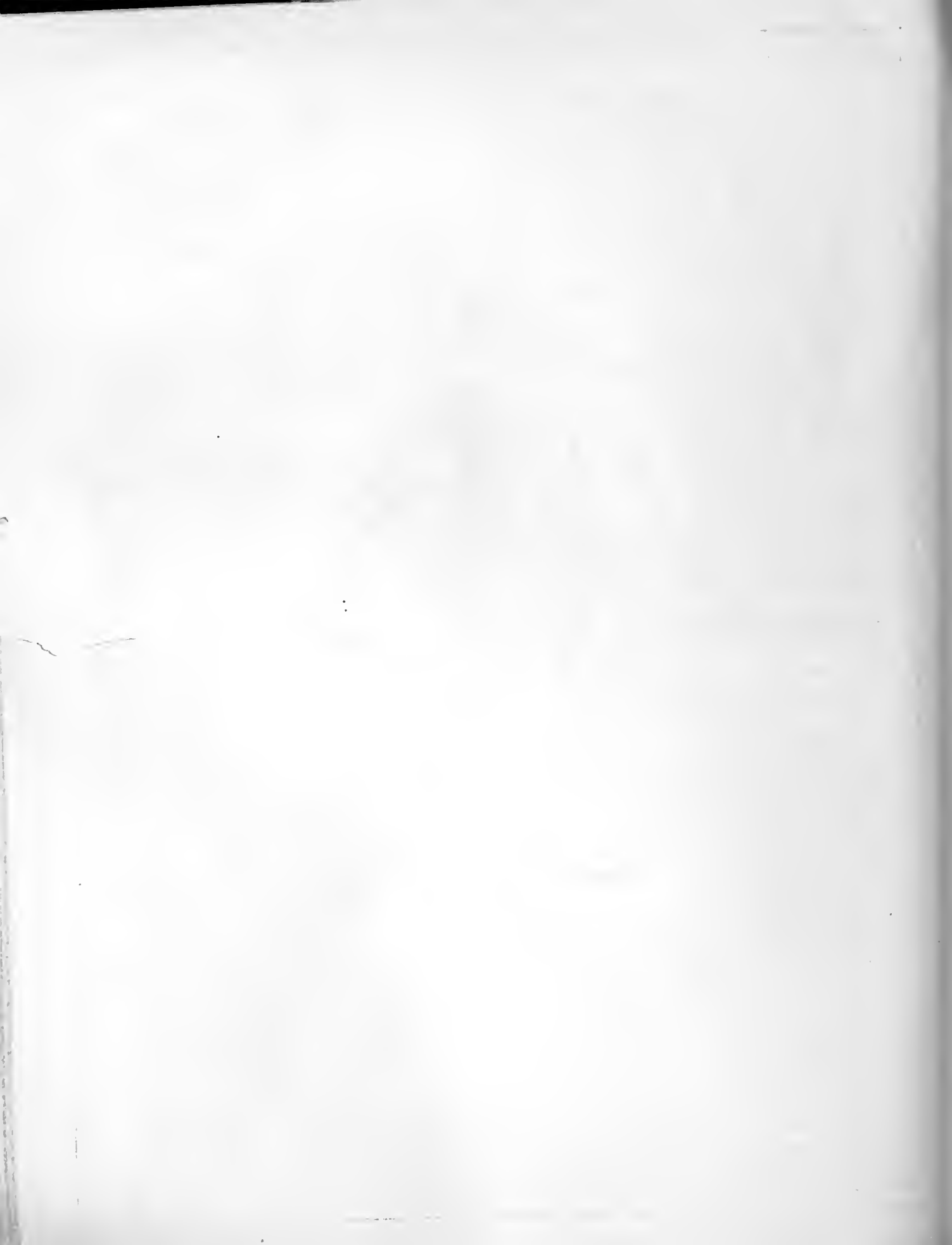
My impressions of Grasso are still vivid, but my doctor assures me they will gradually fade away. Meanwhile I am planning a new tour to the Zambesi for rest and quiet among the man-eaters.



Bernard Partridge

THORNS IN THE WOOLSACK.

LORD HALSBURY (to Lord Loreburn). "OF COURSE, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T WANT TO PREACH TO YOU, BUT IMPARTIALITY IS THE BEST POLICY. LOOK AT ME. I NEVER GOT INTO TROUBLE WITH MY PARTY!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 1.—A dozen questions addressed to PREMIER drafted with intent to pull up LORD CHANCELLOR as he strays down Primrose path that leads to swamping of magisterial bench with good Conservatives. For full fortnight H. H., bold and skilful horseman, has refused this fence. General conviction that he must take it to-day. And he did, with dexterity that increases his renown.

Charge, briefly put, is that LORD CHANCELLOR, member of a Liberal Government, personally regarded as ultra-Radical before he found salvation in House of Lords, so far from redressing balance of Parties on magisterial bench as left by his predecessor, even excelled that eminent purist in snubbing Liberal candidates, systematically filling up vacancies by appointment of men from opposite political camp. Categorical instances submitted in abundance in support of charge. Would PRIME MINISTER, at last brought to bay, defend this procedure on part of his colleague, or would he lament, even denounce it?

Well, he said nothing about it. Rapidly reading from manuscript he cited particulars of the appointment, actual and proximate, of Advisory Committees who would undertake to submit to LORD CHANCELLOR names of desirable J.P.'s.

"In England 22 of these Committees have been appointed; in Wales 5; in Scotland 9; making 36 in all. Arrangements for the establishment of Committees are now proceeding in 17 English, 4 Welsh and 10 Scottish counties, and when they are completed 67 Committees will have been set up."

The PREMIER, looking up from manuscript, surveyed crowded House with air of modest triumph. What more could moderate men desire? Sixty-seven Advisory Committees! He almost audibly smacked his lips as he repeated the sum-total.

Meanwhile Ministerialists in revolt below Gangway gasped for breath. What they wanted was to get at the LORD CHANCELLOR, and here they were dowsed with floods of Advisory Committees. There was one point in connection with this subject which, if

touched upon, might have invested it with interest. According to testimony of the incomparable Custos Rotulorum of the Isle of Ely, when he submitted to LORD CHANCELLOR six names of desirable J.P.'s (who, to his intense surprise, turned out to be all prominent local Conservatives), the LORD CHANCELLOR suggested that they should be submitted to the Advisory Committee. Custos Rotulorum explained that he

temporarily, SARK believes. Anyhow, first round decidedly in favour of LORD CHANCELLOR.

AGG-GARDNER, back after long absence, received warm personal greeting from both sides on taking Oath and seat for Cheltenham, recaptured for the Unionists by a majority of four.

Business done.—Still harping in Committee on Clause 2 of Parliament Bill.

Tuesday.—Rather pretty little incident varied dulness of Question Hour. In temporary absence of MINISTER OF EDUCATION the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO BOARD answered series of questions propounded by the pertinacious WILLIE PEEL and the hortatory HOARE. Great opportunity for young Minister. RUNCIMAN all very well in his way; perhaps a little disposed to be curt and off-hand. Without assuming air of superiority foreign to a modest nature TREVELYAN might show—at least suggest—a better way.

Accordingly, in response to the two groups of questions he prepared a couple of speeches crowded with informing detail, in length about the proportion of a chapter in the "Life of Garibaldi." When, standing at the table, he concluded reading of first two foolscap folios dealing with what in associations of the hour may be called the preamble of PEEL'S Shorter Catechism, there was a movement of restlessness on benches opposite. Clearing his throat and embarking on the third folio, was interrupted by a cheer.

This as agreeable as it was unexpected. Honourable Gentlemen seated in neighbourhood of WINTERTON and BANDURY rarely show themselves disposed to encourage merit on Treasury Bench. Evident from renewed cheer as TREVELYAN, with fuller assurance, in slightly raised voice, continued the reading that

they were touched at last. The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY blushed with pleasure. Handsomely recognised that success not entirely his own. Was indebted to colleagues on permanent staff for the full particulars he lavished on an entranced audience. Still, extreme modesty could not ignore circumstance that it was he who had garnered the sheaves of information and deftly arranged them in a prodigious shock.

When fifth folio was turned over, enthusiasm of Opposition began to



AGG-GARDNER re-appears with a "Triumphant Tariff Reform Majority" of 4.
(Introduced by Mr. M. H. HICKS-BEACH and Mr. H. TERRELL.)

was going off on holiday trip to Egypt first thing in the morning. Accordingly suggestion not insisted upon, and the list accepted without further question. What did the PREMIER think of that as bearing on efficiency of his panacea?

He may have thought a good deal. Certainly he said nothing. Concluded by refusing to provide facilities for discussing whole question. So, amid ominous murmurs on Ministerial benches, answered by jubilant cheers from Opposition, incident closed. Only

grow embarrassing. Reading concluded, the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY resumed his seat amid hilarious burst of cheering.

Performance repeated when he produced second sheaf of manuscript preparatory to replying to HOARE. Once, the continuous rumbling of cheers rising to jubilant shout as a third folio was turned over, TREVELYAN looked up with sharp glance of suspicion. Were the fellows opposite larking? Was it possible they were not in earnest in desire to have explained the ramifications of Article 14 of the Technical School Regulations, 1910? Were the Regulations expressed in Article 29 (b), applicable to Evening Schools, nought to them? TREVELYAN began to be doubtful. On the whole thought it well to hurry up, omitting a brief historical review of circumstances preceding the enactment of Article 14. This will probably be printed and circulated with other papers.

Business done.—By sitting tight and taking no thought of the morrow when night was merged in it, Clause 2, crucial enactment of Parliament Bill, passed through Committee.

Thursday.—CATHCART WASON, loyal Ministerialist, does not desire to embarrass the Government, at least not whilst Parliament Bill is still in hand. But it is well known there are circumstances under which the reluctant worm, not to speak of the Brobdignagian boa-constrictor, will turn.

These culminated in discovery that in maps circulated by the Road Board the Orkney Islands, which CATHCART has the privilege of representing in Parliament, are shown on a smaller scale than the rest of the United Kingdom.

Seem to remember that, when at the General Election of 1905 there was talk of BROTHER EUGENE going to assist BROTHER CATHCART in his candidature for Orkney, SARK circulated report to effect that at a public meeting, held in Kirkwall Court House, protest was made on ground of public safety. There was, it was insisted, no room on the island for both the Bounding Brothers, whose united height approaches 14 feet, whose combined weight would (if the scales held out) mark 39 stone.

That by the way. It did not seriously affect weight of CATHCART'S grievance. HOBHOUSE judiciously absent, ILLINGWORTH, acting as Deputy,

tremblingly undertook that the affront should be removed.

There was something in JOYCE'S suggestion, much applauded by House, that in future maps the Orkney Islands should be drawn to the scale of the sitting Member.

Business done.—Invalidity and Insurance Bill introduced.

MORE M.C.C. LAWS.

WE are asked to state that at the Annual General Meeting of the M.C.C., which took place on May 3rd, in addition to the alterations and amend-

square-leg umpire; but no contribution to it shall, however, be made by any player who has retired to the pavilion for refreshment.

5. The curve described by fast bowlers in their run-up, the starting-point of which, when measured by the bowler, may be marked by the excavation of a large hole in the turf, shall not exceed two full cricket pitches in length.

6. The fast bowler having arrived at the crease and being about to deliver the ball, the batsman, if playing against him, may compel him to stop and do the whole thing over again, on the plea that someone in the pavilion seats, behind the probable line of flight of the ball, is about to sneeze.

7. A player being at once an Authentic (or Crusader) and a Free Forester, shall wear the blazer of the former and the sash of the latter, and shall also (if entitled to do so) wear an M.C.C. sweater; always provided that he be not playing for any of those clubs at the time.

8. All players shall have their trousers turned up at the bottom in a line running at right angles to their crease. The border so formed shall be at least one inch and a half deep, and shall leave an hiatus of at least two inches between the bottom of the dado and the top of the boot. But if the player be wearing white socks with fancy clocks, the said hiatus shall measure not less than three inches.

9. Players shall not wear a cap, but shall have their hair long enough, in the opinion of the umpire, to touch the tip of the nose. The hair shall be brushed as far as possible parallel, and not at right angles, to the crease,

which shall be drawn preferably in the centre of the matting. The matting shall be maintained uncracked and in good condition by the application of grease regularly throughout the season, the best results being secured by a mixture of linseed and olive oil in equal parts.

The Secretary will be glad to hear of any other Unwritten (Amateur) Laws suitable for embodiment in the M.C.C. Rules.

"Regent's Park is now ablaze with tulips in an infinite and enchanting variety of hues.

But, above all, the park is now ablaze with tulips in an infinite and enchanting variety of hues."—*Evening News.*

Even our best periods seem to lose something when repeated so quickly.



NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

ments to existing laws, it was also decided to formulate the following Unwritten (Amateur) Laws:—

1. Players shall, in the best interests of the game, refrain from emerging from the pavilion for at least a quarter of an hour after the umpires have gone out.

2. A player who, on returning to the pavilion at the conclusion of his innings, is received with applause, shall break into a lumbering run for the last dozen yards, at the same time being careful not to trip on the pavilion steps.

3. An appeal for l.b.w. shall not be regarded as a "confident" appeal unless it include an ejaculation on the part of long-leg.

4. A "general" appeal for l.b.w. shall be any appeal loud enough to wake the



Mistress. "WELL, COOPER, WHAT IS THE WEATHER TO BE LIKE?"

Gardener. "WELL, MUM, I DUNNO; BUT THE PAPER DO SAY 'FORECAST.'"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TUG-OF-WAR TEST.

[*The Daily Mail* has received testimonials from various head-masters as to the increased weight of their boys after the adoption of Standard Bread.]

OH, the sports were done and the races run, but the Tug-of-war was left,
And the school was full of the coming pull, and longed to display its heft;
For every house had applied its nous to training a lusty eight,
And each was mad on somebody's fad for putting on extra weight.

For Bloro's had smiles for EUSTACE MILES, and lived on the sweet, sweet pea,
And Cook's were caught by the line of thought of a very renowned M.D.,
So they stayed indoors with unwashed pores for most of the Easter Term,
But Foster's were fed on Standard Bread and the whole of the healthy germ.

But Cook's caught cold when they left the fold, and shrank in the light of day,
And Bloro's physique was wretchedly weak, and they suddenly passed away,

But Foster's remained and Fort's, who trained on original English fare,
Whose food in chief was the good roast beef and plenty of open air.

Now Fort's were big with ox and pig, and one of them broke the scale,
But Foster's had grown a good ten stone and swore by *The Daily Mail*;
So they put their trust in the Standard crust and the power of the halfpenny Press,
And they shifted Fort's on the seat of their shorts, and won a superb success.

(Get it at any decent Baker's.)

From HARROD'S Catalogue: "The Automatic Stamp Machine is invaluable for country houses. Guests can obtain their own stamps, without application to host or hostess, by inserting penny in slot. Faulty coins returned."

This is a blow. Hitherto we have always put our bad money by for the week-ends.

"Hugh Gibson failed on the one in three portion owing to belt slip, although he had run in his leather belt on a side car for 120 miles."—*Motor Cycling*.

We don't care where HUGH runs, but he *must* wear something more than a leather belt in future.

There has recently been discovered a codicil to SHAKESPEARE'S will, in which he leaves his "second best bed" in the Wye to Sir EDWARD DUNNING-LAWRENCE.

AT THE PLAY.

"PLAYING WITH FIRE."

WHEN an actor marries an actress (always a daring experiment) and, six months later, disguises himself in a wig and moustache, a Russian uniform and an Italian accent, and succeeds in imposing upon her, you will be right in suspecting an improbability. Unlikely in the case of an ordinary wife, it is more than unlikely with one who has been accustomed to recognise her man under all sorts of histrionic make-ups. So certain eritics, I understand, are complaining that all this is incredible. I confess it delights me that they can preserve so fresh and ingenious an attitude in the course of labours that would leave most men hard and cynical. Improbability in a theatre! Heavens, what do we go there for, except to see improbabilities? I love them! I loved the big one and I loved all the others that only seemed small by comparison. I loved that loud and passionate dialogue in the vestibule of the Royal Box at Covent Garden, partly conducted in full sight and hearing of the house, and drowning all the first Act of *Butterfly* except the orchestra and one female soloist. I loved, too, the spectacle of the foreign prince appearing in full military uniform at afternoon tea in a London flat. *Credo, quia credere volo* is my motto for the theatre, as it was that of the husband in the last Act when he was as well aware as I was that his wife was lying all she knew.

But, even if your logical mind resented this kind of thing, yet her final lie, and the swift ease of it, ought to have made amends. Her previous prevarications had been creditable, yet they might have been achieved, in a tight corner, by a mere man; but this last, where she tells him that she had seen through his disguise all the time, was a triumph of pure womanly inspiration. And here the author cleverly disarms the critics by anticipating their view of the improbability of things. For, in her quality of actress, she appeals to her husband, as an actor, with the argument that he must know too much of the stage to imagine that such a disguise would not be easily penetrable. Thus the very incredibility of what has gone before is employed to make her lie the more credible. Incidentally, too, she makes herself out to be a better histrion than he, for has she not by her brilliant acting deceived him all the while into the belief that she was deceived by his disguise? So from an almost hopeless position she emerges doubly triumphant.

All through the last Act Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE was extraordinarily

good. At first she had been vaguely reminiscent of Miss LENA ASHWELL; but in the end she was altogether herself, full of resource and persuasiveness.

Mr. LORAINÉ was admirable in his assumption of the taint of the stage. His imitation of Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM was no doubt partly unconvincing; but, not only in his adopted rôle of Russian Prince, where professional experience was necessarily indicated, but also in the domestic circle, he conscientiously suggested the atmosphere of the theatre. His subtleties, however, were perhaps a little spoiled by the author, who now and then played the part of showman, being over-anxious lest we should miss the idea.

To Mr. BEVERIDGE, as genial friend of the family, was assigned the inadequate



The Triumph of Falschood, or Truth takes it kneeling down.

Henry Longton ... Mr. ROBERT LORAINÉ.
Gertrude Longton Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

task of killing time, and Mrs. CALVERT's delightful gifts were badly wasted on the third-rate character of a duenna.

I venture to think that the wife's vague yearnings for some glimpse of romance—yearnings that find expression in the habitual strumming of Chopin in a half-light (a foible which naturally irritates her husband)—are inconsistent with the record of the many hearts she had captured in her pre-nuptial career.

But my real grievance is that we had to pass one long interval with the curtain up instead of down. I think it rash for an author to fix deliberately by schedule a definite period before the next feature of interest is due to occur. Thus for a solid half-hour, while the hero, off the stage, was busy

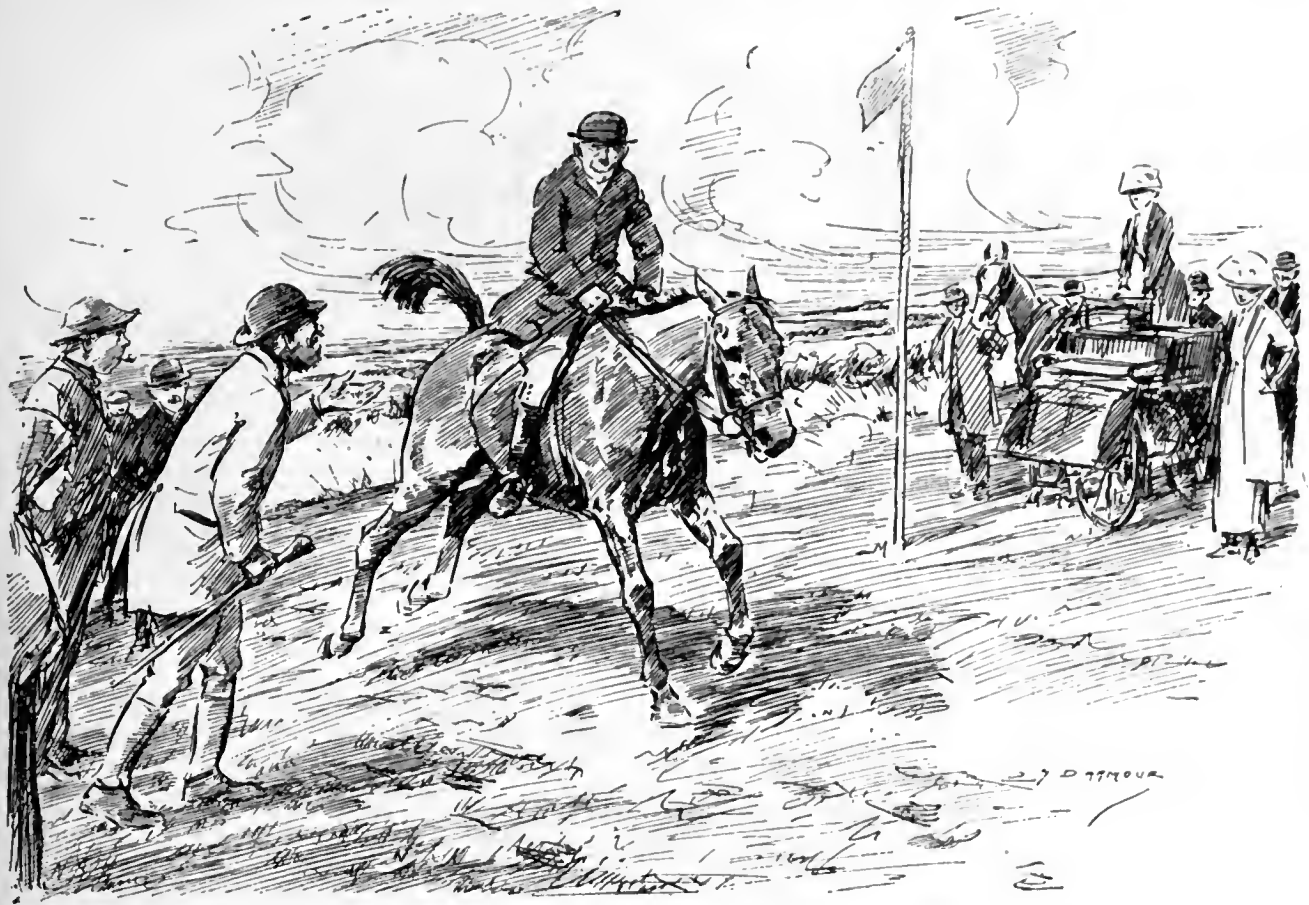
lighting the fire that he was advertised to "play with," we waited with our eyes on the dilatory clock, knowing that we had to wait, and with nothing to occupy us except a dull speculation as to whether the trivialities of the dialogue and action had been properly timed to last out. Otherwise I enjoyed myself very well indeed—much better than I did at the Royal Academy. There (apart from the pictures themselves) the trouble is the want of space between them. Here, at the Comedy, there was too much wall-paper. But the pictures, when they did occur, were always worth while. O. S.

"THE MASTER OF MRS. CHILVERS."

Mr. Geoffrey Chilvers, M.P., on his appointment to the post of Under Home Secretary, decided to seek re-election. Mr. JEROME K. JEROME thought that the law required him to do this, but, of course, Mr. Chilvers knew that he was accepting a post of profit under the Home Office and not under the Crown, and that therefore he did not need to go before his constituents again. However, having nothing better to do, and wishing to celebrate his appointment in some way, he arranged to indulge in the luxury of a by-election. Meanwhile his wife had promised the Women's Parliamentary Franchise League to contest the next by-election, a recent decision of the House of Lords having made it legal for a woman to be nominated, even though she would not be allowed to take her seat. When she finds she is up against her husband she is naturally surprised—so is he; but it is suggested to them that they are in a position to give a great example to the world of the way to fight an election—i.e., in love and sympathy.

However, it turns out that the election is fought just in the ordinary way—i.e., in anger and bitterness. Mrs. Chilvers gets in by fourteen votes. Husband and wife are by this time completely estranged; in fact Geoffrey, who started out by being President of the Men's League for Extending the Franchise to Women (M.L.E.F.W.), is now, to judge from some of his remarks, a keen anti-Suffragist. . . And then Mrs. Chilvers tells her husband that she is going to have a child, an announcement which, if it doesn't settle the Suffrage question completely, at any rate settles it in the Chilvers household.

Mr. JEROME has done a notable thing. He has written a play upon a very debatable subject without revealing where his own sympathies lie. Probably everybody who goes to the Royalty will come away convinced that the author is really on his side.



Irate Owner of last horse in Farmers' Race. "GLORY TO GOODNESS, JOHNNY, PHWAT WAS UT DETAINED YE!"

And if you have no particular side, or are bored with the whole question, you will, at any rate, enjoy to the full the humours of the election scenes as interpreted by those delightful artists, EDMUND GWENN, MICHAEL SHERBROOKE, SIDNEY FAREBROTHER and ESMÉ BERINGER.

The parts of the rival candidates did not present any difficulties to Mr. DENNIS EADIE and Miss LENA ASHWELL—I could have wished that they had had more chances of showing their great powers. Miss ETHEL DANE gave a very pretty little sketch of the Organizing Secretary of the W.P.F.L. But I might say that the whole of the cast was as good as it could possibly be. Mr. JEROME'S play, indeed, is well worth seeing—not only for the thought and humour he has put into it, but also for the remarkable way in which it is interpreted. M.

The Velvet Hand in the Iron Glove.

"The authenticity of the sword as a genuine relic is at least in doubt, and the only thing that seems really to suggest that it once belonged to Jeanne is that the scabbard is made small enough for a woman's hand."

Westminster Gazette.

Scabbards are hardly ever worn now.

OUR NEW ANTHOLOGISTS.

AN interview with Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, which recently appeared in an evening paper, contains the following memorable passage:—

"Mr. Sumner has edited 'Great Thoughts,' a birthday book with quotations from my poems. He read the dictionary through three times to find out all the most uplifting and inspiring words, and these words head each page in alphabetical order, with a verse referring to it from one of my poems. The idea came to him while sitting in Trafalgar-square, and in the book, which will be published in two months, there is a photograph of the square as the frontispiece."

Mr. SUMNER'S idea is admirable, but it is not altogether original, as the following exclusive information, supplied by our literary expert, will sufficiently prove.

Mr. Alexander Biffin is engaged on a volume of *Ex-Austin Extracts*—a birthday book with quotations from the poems of the Laureate. By way of preparation he read through the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ten times to familiarize himself with the whole range of human knowledge, and the most stirring subjects head each page in alphabetical order with an appropriate couplet from one of the Laureate's

poems. The idea came to Mr. Biffin while he was travelling in the Tube, and in the book a photograph of the interior of a Tube carriage appears as the frontispiece.

Mr. Raymond Begbie is at work on a volume with the engaging title of *Great Strokes*, being an anthology of wise, witty and tender sayings from the works of Mr. Bam Stroker. As a preliminary to his labour of selection Mr. Raymond Begbie read through the volume of the New Oxford Dictionary containing the letter "B," thirteen times, in order to find out all the most soul-satisfying epithets. These epithets—e.g., "bulbous," "bountiful," "bubbling"—head each page in order of intensity, with an appropriate extract for each day of the week. The idea came to Mr. Raymond Begbie while he was lunching with Sir OLIVER LODGE, and a photograph of the cerebellum of the great scientist decorates the volume as a frontispiece.

"It is announced in *The Gazette* that the King has appointed the Rev. H. M. BUIGE to be Headmaster of Winchester College."

The Standard.

Too late.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

IV.—RAILWAYS.

THE press of persons expected in the Metropolis for the Coronation of KING GEORGE V. and the circumstance that many of them will be brought thither in trains has made it a suitable time for some illuminative remarks on the railway systems of this country, more especially as HIS MAJESTY is himself an occasional passenger.

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

Steam, which is the vapour given off by water at certain temperatures, was first noticed at the Hot Springs in Colorado by the aboriginal Indians. Subsequently Sir WALTER RALEIGH, while engaged in cooking potatoes for the first time upon a peak in Darien, noticed that water begins to boil in an open vessel at 212°F. The next stage was reached by Sir ISAAC WATTS, whose kettle boiled over while he was writing "How doth the little busy bee." From this stage to the triple-expansion spontaneous combustion engine was simple, once BOYLE'S LAW had been fully grasped. The crank will always be associated with the name of SHAW. The throttle valve was invented by DR. GAROTTE.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

The first ordinary passenger locomotive was constructed by GEORGE STEPHENSON, an engineer famous for his remark that if a cow should meet it on the line it would be "awkward for the cow." Since that day—1829—there have been many improvements in railway travelling, and you may now sit comfortably in your compartment and learn how far you are from London by the information on the boards erected by pill-makers in the meadows beside the line.

PERSONNEL.

Promotion is the essence of a railwayman's life. Carriage-cleaners become porters, porters become ticket-collectors, ticket-collectors become guards, guards become inspectors, inspectors become station-masters, station-masters become superintendents, superintendents become general managers, general managers become very rich and ride free on all other lines. Porters become rude, if you don't tip them. Whether porters are paid by the railway company as well as by the passengers is a point that has never been rightly decided. The only person with courage systematically to oppose tipping is Sir JOSEPH LYONS. All SMITH'S bookstall boys carry in their baskets the portfolio of a First Lord of the Admiralty.

HUMOUR.

As a field for an enterprising humorist there are few places more profitable than a railway compartment—particularly if he is rich and a rebel. When tired of the ordinary amenities of travel, such as looking out of the windows, whistling, and staring his fellow-passengers out of countenance, he may begin to be original. Taking out his pocket-knife he may erase the "T" of "Train" in the sentence "Wait till the train stops." He may then place upon the rack above the opposite seat bulky articles for which it was not constructed and watch the effect. He may throw soda-water and other bottles out of the window. Finally he may pull the communication-cord without sufficient reason, and when the train stops and the guard arrives hand him a five-pound note in payment—that being the *prix fixe*. Many of our funniest men have graduated in railway compartments.

A FEW STRAY FACTS.

It is not permitted to a passenger with a third-class ticket to travel in a first-class compartment, and the officials of the line display the liveliest emotion on discovering any one doing this, and exact from him the difference in fares. But it is open to any one to travel in a third-class compartment with a first-class ticket and no restitution is made to him.

One way to travel free is under the seat or clinging to a buffer or in a coal or cattle truck. A better and more comfortable way is to wear a good hat and say "Season" in an authoritative and opulent voice.

A return ticket is one which is sold for both journeys at a slightly reduced rate, in the hope that the purchaser will lose the other half. It is illegal to give or sell the return half to any one else, but few forms of illegality are more popular and less unreasonable.

Some English trains are heated, especially those designed for stock-brokers and co-respondents on their way to Brighton. Or else footwarmers are placed in the compartments by porters in return for a money payment. These footwarmers are supplied to the railway companies free by the amalgamated boot-makers of England, who reap a splendid profit on their outlay through the damage done to passengers' soles.

RAILWAY ELOCUTION.

With the laudable view of carrying illiterate passengers past their destination, porters and other officials are

carefully instructed in a system of voice-production which renders the names of stations entirely unintelligible.

DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLERS.

Among eminent persons who frequently make use of railway trains are LORD ESHER, JAMSETJI, and Mr. WILLIAM WILLETT. Miss LILY ELSIE has occasionally been seen alighting from a first-class compartment. Madame CLARA BUTT is very loath to leave the platform and invariably warbles a few bars before entering her compartment or departing from the station. On these occasions the engine-whistles are carefully tuned in the favourite key of the great vocalist.

THE FUTURE.

Those who watch the signs of the times realize that, with the competition of the motor so active, railway companies will sooner or later have to adapt themselves to new conditions. But they know also, from their knowledge of railway companies, that it will be later rather than sooner. There is no doubt that trains which may be flagged so as to stop at cross-roads as well as at recognized halts and stations will have to be established, even if it means a new set of rails for them to run on, so as not to interfere with express traffic. Our great great-grandchildren will perhaps see it done.

Billiard Note.

A correspondent writes, *à propos* of our Billiard Supplement: "It may be of interest to your readers to know that by the munificence of a patron of the game who wishes to remain anonymous a home of rest for ex-champions is now being built at Graysbott."

"In printing yesterday the name of one of the musical comedies, which the Bandmann Company is presenting next week, as the 'Grill In The Train' what our composers really meant to set was, of course, 'The Girl In the Drain.'"—*South China Morning Post*.

We are glad to read this correction. What sounded merely tough before becomes now absolutely thrilling.

The Eastern Daily Press on "Money":

"The celebrated club scene will be a very special attraction, and the very exceptional sight of some fifty representatives of the theatrical profession, one of them a star, grouped in the club as "supers," will be afforded."

The grouping of forty-nine representatives of the theatrical profession round one star has always been a very popular effect with our actor-managers.



POULTRY FARMING IN ARCADIA.

Wife to Husband. "I SAY, OLD THING, SING OUT WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR ME TO PULL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WE are still, perhaps, too near to the actual epoch of which it treats, for such a book as *George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works* (HURST AND BLACKETT) to have the right perspective. To the elders amongst us, especially, many of whom can actually remember BERNARD SHAW in the flesh, the task of Mr. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, the compiler of this monumental tribute, must appear little less than heroic. However, he is an American, which no doubt upheld him. The large and exceedingly handsome volume which he has produced (at twenty-one shillings net) deals with its distinguished subject in every variety of aspect, while managing to remain itself both interesting and entertaining. Nothing, indeed, but copious quotation, which space forbids, could do justice to its many-sidedness; the value of the whole being increased by an unusually large number of facsimiles and illustrations, amongst which I greeted with delight "our Mr. E. T. REED'S" inimitable drawing of the Super-Shakespeare. Altogether, if the last word on a great man had to be said, it could not have been done better; though I hardly understand why an Author's Introduction and a Preface should have been required (perhaps it was force of association that compelled the latter). On the other hand, the chapters headed "Closing Days," and "Summary," usually to be found in books of this nature, seem unaccountably omitted. This apart, however, Mr. HENDERSON'S volume remains a most complete, not to say exhaustive, survey, which one cannot dismiss without reflecting how greatly BERNARD SHAW himself would have enjoyed reading it.

It was the opinion of the town of *Mallingbridge* that "its best business man was a woman," and that is a

fair estimate of the commercial side of *Mrs. Thompson* (HUTCHINSON). The large emporia of the Provinces are of two kinds. The one is sedate and old-fashioned, and the mere fact of being in its windows gives to saleable goods an air of soundness and durability. Such was *Thompson's*. The other relies upon its magnificent exterior to tempt you to buy articles which you know from the first to be gimerack. Such was *Thompson's* rival over the way. As long as *Mrs. Thompson* kept to business, success remained on her side of the street; but it crossed over when, in spite of her more than middle age, she took to marriage with a plausible blackguard. In short, the only fault of the commercial side of her was that it was not the only side, for out of that alone Mr. W. B. MAXWELL creates a story entertaining and very true to life, and the nicely contrived surprise, on which it ends, pleased me none the less because I ought to have anticipated it all along. But progress through the matrimonial part was somewhat in the nature of a wallow; for, though prudery is to-day the one unforgivable sin, I yet think there are some intimate details of sex and physique better not mentioned in polite society and to be left without regret to the medical text-books.

If the country goes to the dogs, Sir, in the hands of Radical extremists, it will not, I gather, be Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S fault. People who read and admired *The Hill* will no doubt remember the struggle between good and evil friends for the soul of *Cæsar Desmond*. In *John Verney* (MURRAY) they will learn how "*Demon*" *Scufe* went on from strength to strength and multiplied his wickedness exceedingly, until he became both a millionaire and at the same time a Socialist leader. Not content with wresting a hole at golf from a Cabinet Minister by omitting to count a niblick shot, he turned the tide of an election against *Verney* (in whose interests he

was supposed to be working) by means of a shameless Free Trade leaflet, and finally secured the affections of *John's* fiancée, *Sheila Desmond*. There is much that is good and much that is clever in Mr. VACHELL'S book (in which I am happy to say that the anglo's triumph at last); but we live in a democratic age, and I find his tacit assumption of the importance of gentle birth at times a little ridiculous. Lucifer, son of the morning, would, I think, on account of his aristocratic descent have received far more tolerant treatment from this writer than "Demon" *Seafie*, who actually boasted that his grandfather had been a navy. Very adroit use, however, has been made of the political situation for the purposes of romance, and only the accident of being obliged, on his father's death, to enter the House of Lords prevented the *Demon* from forming a trio with two prominent statesmen whose identity has not been very laboriously concealed.

Wilson's (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is a public-school story by DESMOND COKE, which will probably appeal most to an older generation of school-boys. Mr. COKE describes emotions and temperaments with more conviction than he describes games. His heart is not really in the "nasty hall to land near up and with an awkward twist" which *Eyre* bowled "with especial care and skill." He is much more interested in moral struggles; he would spend two pages on the analysis of a character sooner than one on the analysis of a bowler. The character which attracts him in this book is that of *Dick Hunter*, who left the School House in order to lick "Wilson's" into shape, Wilson's being the slackest house in the school. Unfortunately, this theme is old, as readers of *Hugh Rendal* will remember; but, whereas in that book *Hugh* had the difficult job of ruling a rebellious house by the force of authority alone, in this book *Dick* had the advantage of a personal strength which had nothing to fear from anybody. In this way Mr. COKE makes things easier for *Hunter*, but even so he gives us an interesting picture of his hero at work, and an excellent study of the house-master's detachment.

What prevented me from enjoying *Rosanne* (F. V. WHITE) so much as I might otherwise have done, was the behaviour of the central character, who gives her name to Mr. ALGERNON GISSING'S latest novel. This was such that in spite, or perhaps because of, the real skill with which she was presented, I could only regard her with impatient irritation. In the first chapter, *Henley St. Cloe*, her husband, announces dramatically at dinner that he is a ruined man, and incidentally that he is more than fed up with *Rosanne*. Accordingly he goes to America, which I was sorry for, as, before we had gone much further, I should have liked to grasp his hand in cordial agreement. *Rosanne*, left to herself, becomes a kind of novice in an Anglican sisterhood; till ten years later, when *St. Cloe* returns with a fortune, and she—but to tell you more would be to spoil your

enjoyment of some vigorous and unconventional scenes, which form the best part of the tale. Anyhow, what ensued was a sad blow to some nice but nebulous persons who had been striving to bring about a happy ending to the affair. Personally, I was rather pleased; though I cannot pretend that the fate of *Rosanne* interested me to any overwhelming degree, one way or the other. Mr. GISSING tells it all very well, however, in an austere style that I have admired before. I am sorry he does not like the stage. But it was surely a little gratuitous to bring in "a famous actor" at the opening simply in order that he might behave like a cad, and disappear, after one chapter, amid the scorn of the elect.

Mr. COSMO HAMILTON has given such an air of reality to the polite scoundrels, male and female, in his book, *The Princess of New York* (HUTCHINSON), that I feel almost bound in spite of myself to believe that there really are people in London cultured, titled, and pedigreed, for whom the police are only waiting until they take just one more false step. The nice people in this story of a plot to acquire by marriage a Yankee heiress's millions I

believe in with no reluctance at all. They are, I think, by far the nicest that Mr. HAMILTON has ever put into a book, and, as I think the book he has put them into is also his best, they are in their right place, and everything is as it should be.

"A strange and beautiful new world to most people is being constructed in secrecy at Shepherd's Bush just now," says the London Correspondent of *The Dundee Courier*. And with justification. For



PHRASES THAT HAVE GONE WRONG.
"AS GRAVE AS A JUDGE."

in the Indian Section "the Black Hole of Calcutta will serve to recall one of the most sombre incidents in the history of the Indian Mutiny." And as if this were not strange and new enough there will be seen in the Scottish Section "The Pass of Killiecrankie, where the Hanoverian troops achieved their final success over the Jacobite Highlanders." So it's all up with the honnets of Bonnie Dundee!

"The Chief Rabbi has issued, in Hebrew and English, a special service for all synagogues in the British Empire on Coronation Day. It includes a prayer for the King and Royal Family and the National Anthem in both languages."—*Daily News*.

But one verse, anyhow, of the National Anthem is past praying for.

From the first sentence of a letter in *The Nation* :—

"Sir, as an author in a limited way, naturally the Copyright Bill is of interest and importance."

The grammar explains the "limited."

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of a Cinematograph Show in the *Singapore Free Press* :

"We charge low prices of admission but they are recognised by our regular visitors as being consistent with the quality of pictures."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HAROLD COX, in a criticism of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Insurance Bill, points out that a man may be compelled to pay 4d. a week all his life, and never be ill, and so reap no benefit from his payments. Mr. HAROLD COX should really have more faith in the British workman. There is always Neurasthenia.

The Zoological Society is considering a scheme to bring a tube railway into its grounds. At night-time it might be used as a sleeping apartment for the more lengthy of the snakes.

If the Women's Enfranchisement Bill as introduced by Sir GEORGE KEMP should ever become law, an

to ascertain the effect of shell fire upon her when submerged." Frankly, we do not quite like the idea of hitting a boat when she is down.

So many windows have been broken at Harwich by concussion from the firing of big guns from Beacon Hill Fort, that the town crier is now sent round to warn the inhabitants to open their windows when firing practice is about to begin. One old lady, however, insists, we hear, on keeping hers shut so as to keep out stray shells.

The vindication of PETER THE PAINTER by Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has caused the keenest satisfaction in art circles. Artists are peculiarly sensitive, and the fact that one of their number was under suspicion affected them

whim has been held to be illegal, for otherwise, for many persons, it would have meant an end of comfort in travelling.

The gentleman who sent a letter, the other day, to the Athlone District Council, Westmeath, tendering his surrender of a cottage "because the environs are haunted by fairies," must be the first cousin of the individual who objected to flowers "because they smelt so."

The police have discovered in Berlin an academy where burglary is taught on the most approved lines by experts, examinations being held at the end of each course, and certificates granted. Here we are still content to muddle along in the old unscientific

THE NEW UMBRELLA.



FOR AVOIDING BORES.



FOR PROTECTING THE TROUSERS.



FOR PURE ALTRUISM.

appalling recrudescence of husband-beating may be expected, for this measure proposes to allow married women to exercise the vote in the place of the husband with the husband's "consent."

We understand that, though scaffolding and seats are being erected in Parliament Square for the purposes of the Coronation Procession, provision is being made, no doubt at the instance of Our Dumb Friends' League, to enable all the statues there to have a good view of the pageant.

In spite of the announcement that the Central London Railway will shortly be supplied with air as pure as that on the mountain top and the sea-shore, one hears of few Londoners cancelling their holiday arrangements.

"Submarine A1," we read, "has recently been made the subject of some interesting experiments near Spithead,

more than the man in the street supposed, and accounts undoubtedly for the fact that the present exhibition of the Royal Academy is not better than it is.

It is reported that the occupants of the cottage which was injured by the air-ship now contemplate exhibiting a notice to the effect that all envelopes must be inserted in the letter-box in the usual way.

Meanwhile, in view of the amount of money and trouble which have been expended in the building of our British-made naval airship, many persons hold the view that we should be well advised not to take her out of her shed. This is really the only way to possess a perfect airship.

A man has been sentenced, at the Manchester Assizes, to ten years' penal servitude for throwing a girl from a train. We are glad that this strange

way, and it already seems almost incredible that British burglary was once held in high esteem on the Continent.

According to a statement in *The Daily News* "the British record for main-roadmaking was created nearly 200 years ago and are still held by the Romans." We are of the opinion that the proposed drastic reforms in the calendar should not be made retrospective.

It was reported at a meeting of the Hambledon (Surrey) Guardians that a married couple who had four boys had called two of them George and two John. The Government, which is anxious to encourage large families, is now said to realise the difficulties some persons have in thinking of fresh names for their offspring, and there is talk of issuing a list of the one hundred best names. The selection will be in the hands of Lord ABERURY.

A TRAGEDY OF THE TUBE.

IN RHYMED PROSE.

LISTEN, fair ladies, while I tell
The sad occurrence which befell
A junior of the Scottish Bar,
The bonnie Sandy Lochinvar.

It was his firm and stout intent
To carry off, with her consent,
That lovely creature, Ruby Warner,
Whose town address was Hyde Park
Corner.

Both of her parents lived there too,
Sir Dyke and Lady W.,
And had their own peculiar plan
To make her wed another man,
Namely, Sir Obadiah Doyle
Whose speciality was Oil.

(He was to come and woo and win her
That very evening after dinner).
But she, who loathed this fattened swain,
Proposed to travel North by train—
11.30 G.N.R.—

With her beloved Lochinvar,
And wed in Edinburgh Toun
On the ensuing afternoon.

In Hertford Street a plain but handy
Lodging had been secured by Sandy,
A most convenient situation,
Near to his love and Down Street
station.

At 7.45, exact

(The hour was fixed by solemn pact),
He was to come and fetch Miss Warner
From her address at Hyde Park Corner,
And bear her off, for time was pressing,
Just as the family was dressing.

The stroke of 7.30 found
Our hero on the underground.
Alas! he should have sought his Rube
By taxicab and not by tube
(I fear he shirked the driver's fee
From motives of economy,
A habit which, I hear, is not
Unusual in a bonnie Scot).
I would he had not gone below!
But how should he, a stranger, know,
How guess what curious things go on
In subterranean Babylon?

Descending after some delay,
He saw the first train pass away.
The second (this was bitter gall)
Rushed by and never stopped at all.
The third (he took it) went and tore
Through Hyde Park Corner with a roar.
At Knightsbridge he alighted from it,
Panted across and, like a comet,
An Eastward train went flashing
through,
Sucking his hat off up the flue.
The next ignored his destination
And ran right on to Down Street
station,
Where he debouched and crossed apace
To what had been his starting-place.

And lo! a notice caught his sight
That told him in electric light
Which of the trains proposed to miss
Which of his stations, that or this.
And there—for on the silly board
Only the next event was scored,
But of the further trains to come
The thing was absolutely dumb—
He watched the alternating text,
Thinking "The next!—the next!!—
the next!!!"

Growing forlorn and yet forlornier,
Waiting, the while his heart went flop,
For one that should consent to stop
At Down Street and at Hyde Park
Corner;

Till he concluded, red with wrath,
That *nothing ever stopped at both*.

I cannot say how long he sat
Without a smile, without a hat;
But finally he felt aware
Of a desire for change of air,
To see once more the natural light
Before his head was wholly white
(It must have been about midnight).
So toward the regions of the sun
(Though for that day its course was
done)

Wearily he began to drift,
And fainted halfway up the lift.

But what of poor Miss Ruby Warner,
Waiting her love at Hyde Park Corner,
Wishing her Ma had never borne her?
Dinner at eight o'clock was served
And she must eat it, all unnerved,
Letting her wild thoughts wander far
After the absent Lochinvar.

By 10.15 she lost all hope
Touching his promise to elope,
And in a pique became betrothed
To him that in her heart she loathed,
Namely, Sir Obadiah Doyle,
Whose speciality was Oil.

And thus her Sandy she forswore,
Who, true to her in every pore,
Still hung about the tubal bore,
Growing forlorn and yet forlornier,
Trying to get to Hyde Park Corner.

O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S ACADEMY NOTES.

(In humble imitation of some of his
Contemporaries.)

ROOM 19 is dominated by Mr. Mandragora's "Interior of my Cash-box." As a *tour de force* of pigmentary ululation this poignant *cri de couleur* of numismatic negation has been unequalled since CRISTIPPO DI FIRENZE'S "Last Grain of Arsenic in the Borgia Larder." Berserk in ruthless realism, yet almost bleating with pathos, this enormous canvas is obsessed by stark DANTE-like *lacuna* of emptiness. The brush has succeeded in painting a vacuum!

It is a pity that the sombre *desolazione* of this *chef-d'œuvre* should be mocked by the juxtaposition of Mr. Guy Dalliance's "Drawing-room Clock at Dawn," with its smirk of *bourgeois villeggiatura*.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Corporal's appalling "Portrait of the Mayor of Brillington"—more merciless in its elephantiasis than the hallucinations of a convex mirror. The artist has depicted his sitter with remorseless *brutalità*; and, despite the *bravura* of fur overcoat and the insignia of office, one recoils from the canvas in oestatic repulsion.

Almost equally masterly in its splendid spleen against the subject is Mr. Abb Smith's "Mrs. Iky Naselbein." With amazing insight he unveils the inmost malignancy of his sitter's mind, while satisfying convention with a deafening *pasticcio* of her famous gems. Almost diabolic in audacity is the suggestion of the family skeleton in the cupboard behind the sitter.

Of opposite attraction is Mr. Bishop Park's delicate and capricious pastoral, "Motor Buses in Putney High Street"—a veritable *danse des nymphes!* Mr. Park is as dexterous in the glutinous chiaroscuro of the pavement as in his reticent *nuances* of over-lubrication, or the Puck-like *braggadocio* of the side-slip. Gazing with dimming eyes on this elfin and charming idyll, one thinks of that rapt apostrophe of KEATS, "Little town, thy streets for evermore will silent be."

The Committee, with their usual brutal ophthalmia, have "skied" Mr. Lorenzo Chalfont's infinitely tender "Booking Hall at Snow Hill Station"; and similarly ill-treated is Miss Pantile's courageous "Cinematograph Audience." This suggestive little canvas is a miracle of restraint. The artist with almost spanielésque fidelity has painted only an oblong of ebony black.

The cynosure of Room 20 is Mr. Stipple's "Form IV. at the Vicarage." Loath as we are to commend humanity in Art, it is impossible to deny the rugged and cyclopean *simpatica* of this work. It will be the popular *clou* of the Exhibition.

The *scena* is the breakfast-room of a country vicarage. The vicar has just opened the envelope, and his *apoplexia* is superbly dynamic. Mr. Stipple, in fact, has succeeded in visualising an expletive! We are yet more impressed by the exquisite technique of the overturned *cafetière*, and the consummate restraint of the parrot in the background.



BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*responding to calls of "Author!" after the first performance of his great Insurance Drama*). "NEVER KNEW THE HALOES COME SO THICK BEFORE. PIT AND GALLERY I'M USED TO, BUT NOW THE STALLS AND DRESS-CIRCLE HAVE BROKEN OUT!"



THE CULTURE MARKET.

[Speculation in first editions and works of art is said to be taking the place of bridge and horse-racing in the United States.]

WALL STREET.

REMBRANDTS spurted a point yesterday afternoon, on rumours that "The Mill" had changed hands at \$600,000; a cargo of three hundred tons of fresh old masters is expected from Europe. The "Duchess of Milan" is quoted at \$250,000 taken and offered. COROTS sagged, and TURNERS were banged heavily by the bears. VELASQUEZES jumped instantly on London buying, and were healthy and strong on the wing all day.

MSS. of HANDEL'S sacred works drooped to nothing, first editions of STRAUSS and WAGNER feverish, BEETHOVENS Ordinary dull, MENDELSSOHN'S A nerry.

Paradise Losts crumbled, but Hamlets and Othellos boomed on fresh wires from the Shakspeare Exploration Syndicate, whose mining expert reported having struck a new reef of code first editions. These last ran up hurriedly on the rumour that Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN was getting together a complete collection of the bard's works regardless of expense, and any refuse having any resemblance to an old copy was worked off on outsiders at enhanced figures.

MONEY MARKET.

Money was scarce all morning, and several day-to-day loans were negotiated by prominent artists and actors. Gold was in a very sluggish circulation in the Royal Academy department, being more plentiful for forward delivery than for spot cash. A good deal of bar silver changed hands in the refreshment section.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Authors were more optimistic, the literary market being roused to some extent from its lethargy by a perusal of the new Copyright Bill. Dramatists were dull and devoid of interest—especially in the musical comedy section—and towards nightfall showed an irregular tendency. A large consignment of plots for dramas and novels arrived from Paris and Vienna. In Musicians there was nothing doing. Owing to the near approach of quarter-day, overnight accommodation was largely in request among Sculptors and Painters for the settlement, and in many instances landlords' and tradesmen's bills were carried over at an increased rate. The only strong feature was the boom in GREAVESSES which also had the effect of attracting



Uncle George (up in London for the Festival of Empire). "REMARKABLE PROGRESS SINCE I WAS A BOY—WONDERFUL FACILITIES—MARCH OF SCIENCE! FOUR TWO FIVE TWO WESTERN, PLEASE, MISS."

attention to WHISTLERS which had lately eased off.

NEW COMPANY.

THE ARTISTIC CULTURE DEVELOPMENT WORKS, LTD.

This Company has been formed for the objects mentioned in the Memorandum of Association, and also for some others inadvisable to publish in print—namely, to acquire, develop, touch-up, boom, fake, stuff, talk-up, foist-off, and otherwise dispose of busts, paintings, old editions, musical instruments, statues, etc., etc.

An expert in handwriting will be retained to forge signatures, and piracy (musical and literary) will be conducted by a competent adviser in the Appropriation Department.

The manufacture of Strad violins will be commenced on a wholesale scale.

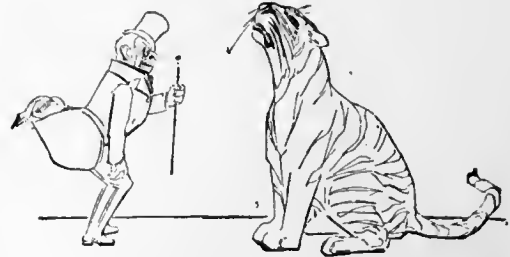
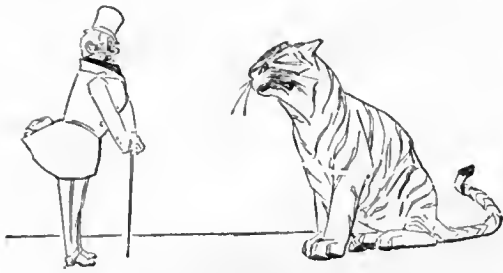
A profitable income is also expected from the stuffing of modern busts with old waistcoats.

The main purpose of the Company will be to buy up the works of promising twentieth-century artists and make them as good as old. Contracts have been entered into for a large supply of lichen and mildew.

A brokerage of 3d. per share will be paid on all applications bearing an art dealer's or theatrical agent's stamp.

"On the principle that half a loaf is better than bread . . ."—*The Nysisland Times*.

This must be the half, probably the bottom half, where the semolina and the germ collect. We congratulate our bright little contemporary on having got wind, at that distance, of the Standard idea.



STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

No. X.—NORA AND CYNTHIA.

MENNY yeers ago ther was an old granfather klok it was made of wood it stood in a haul and its name was Nora it was a verry jellus klok and hated all the others but it eoodent see the gold klok in the droornroom so it didnt mind so mutsh Nora was a grate pet in the famly the childern patted her fase and Edwad yoosd to open her dore and git inside and play with the swing things ther his father found him ther wunce and smakd him and a man kame evry Satday to wind Nora up he sed she was a wundfle klok and didnt loos more than a minnit.

Wun day Edwads father kame home from London his name was Mr. Simmsen and he sed to his wiph Ive got sumthing for you.

Wot is it she sed.

Its sumthing you wont sed her husben.

I wont a loter things sed his wiph.

Wel sed Mr. Simmsen this is wun of them.

Does it begin with a B sed the wiph.

No it dosent sed the husben its mutsh better than that.

Then it begins with a D sed Mrs. Simmsen she wonted a dimond.

Your rong sed the husben it begins with a K.

Is it a kan of worter she sed larfing at him at the same time.

No its a klok sed Mr. Simmsen and he brort out a butifle littel silver klok with a silver lady siting on it.

O thank you sed the wiph how verry kind of you lets put it on the table wots its name.

The jooler told me its name was Mary sed the husben.

Wel sed the wiph weel cal it Sinther. Ive alwis wonted a klok cald Sinther and this is the wun.

Then they put Sinther on the tabel in the haul wer Nora cood see her and Nora was furus she was angrer than a guyniss the husben and the wiph went in to dinner the wiph gav him a verry good dinner becos he brort Sinther ther was supe and chops and aspagnus and a choklit kake and ises and they had grate joiings about the new klok at last it was time to go to bed and the wiph tuk the husbens



LIKE TO LIKE.

arm with her arm and they warkd upstares and put the lites out in the rums and passidges but sudnly loud skreems wer herd only the wiph didnt hear them she was fast asleep so was the husben he dreemd he herd them but he didnt wak up Edwad herd them alrite he put on his slipers and eum out

of the nersry and crep down the stares and the skreems wer geting werso evry time and he turnd up the lites in the haul and loan bold he saw a terble site.

Nora had eum away from the waul and kort hold of Sinther and was trine to chok her and the silver lady on top of Sinther was in an orfle state she was doing all the skreems in French Sinther was a French klok I forgot about that but she was French alrite Sinther woodent giv in she was as braves a wosp but Nora was brave tu and she was as strongs a hinosrus at last Sinther cald out Ill hav picee and Nora thru her down on the flore and brok her into a thousen pices.

Thers anuther klok in the droornroom sed Edwad havent you seen it.

No sed Nora I havent open the dore and Ill kil it Edwad thort it was good fun to see kloks quorling and smassing wun anuther so he opend the droornroom dore and Nora went in and trid to smassh the gold klok but the gold klok was a good fiter and wen theyd bin fiting for ten minnits Nora sed Im tird Ive had nuff and the gold klok hit her in the fase and Nora fel down on the karpit and wen she blu 2 blos out of her mouth she was ded.

Thats kild her sed the gold klok and the nex morning wen Edwad eum down to brekfus his father sed youve bin medling with the kloks agen and his father smakd him all the same the wiph was verry sory bout Sinther but she coodent mend her ther wer tu meny pices Edwad never told this story til he was a granfather hissself and then he told it to me and Ive told it to my uncle Edwad forgav his father for smaking him but he never smakd his own childern this was the end of Nora and Sinther.

Things that the Insurance Bill is like.

"The fact is that the measure presented by Mr. Lloyd George this evening is like nothing so much as the definition of Cerberus by the immortal Mrs. Malaprop—"two single gentlemen rolled into one."

Birmingham Daily Post.



Soldier (R.F.A.). "NEXT WEEK I'M OFF TO OKEHAMPTON, FOR A COURSE."
 Professional Dyspeptic. "A COURSE—OKEHAMPTON—LET ME SEE, IS THAT SULPHUR OR CHALYBEATE!"

THE GREEN PERIL.

["How many years does a golfer take off his life by waste of nervous tissue on the greens? Those, at least, who stand for several seconds glaring fixedly at the ball before they finally strike it, must shorten appreciably their mortal span."—*Mr. A. C. M. Croome.*]

REGGIE, old man, our eyes are strangely shut
 To all the meaning of the laggard hand which
 Betrays the nerves of lesser men
 (Conjoined with other symptoms) when
 They execute the dilatory putt
 Upon the sward of Sunningdale or Sandwich.

Do you observe that every time you eye
 With pulsing orbs, and breathing quick and choky,
 You fatal sphere, the mental strife
 Is taking pieces off your life?
 Which means, my Reginald, that you will die
 Sooner by years than if you stuck to croquet.

Well, we must alter; but I doubt we can.
 'Tis hard to putt without procrastination,
 Without a shaking in the shoes;
 Which makes it clear that we must choose
 Between curtailing our appointed span
 And giving up this risky recreation.

We twain, I know, will choose the nobler lot,
 Nor shall we grudge the price of our adherence.
 You will continue, as before,
 To biff the bounding rubber-core

In peerless drive and stunning brassie shot—
 And you will make an early disappearance.

But when you die the bard will yet survive,
 And golf, and golf, and not for years deplore it,
 For it is seldom, after all,
 That he's required to hole the ball,
 Seeing (ye gods!) that four times out of five
 The other chap has six or seven "for it."

"Is it not true (asks a writer to-day) that, on the whole, brackets are usually the sign of confused thought and mental awkwardness?"
Yorkshire Evening Post.

We trust not, for the sake of the *Yorkshire Evening Post.*

"Lieutenant Cammell, one would add, has already with characteristic quietude, really taken the steam out of the enterprise for a demonstration at Hendon on Friday next, albeit doubtless there will be produced somewhere or other from France a military two-seater, though it is so early in the season, to take the place of his two-seater Blériot, which I do not anticipate will be figuring there, in that he arrived casually one evening at Hendon last week, explained that he would like to see the machine that he had bought, made a short trip on it with Prier, then got on board by himself and flew, in face of the setting sun, without any maps or special equipment, from Hendon across country over Richmond-hill and many buildings to Farnborough, whence on Thursday last he started with Lieutenant Fox, of the Royal Engineers, also a member of the Air Battalion, to navigate across country with a map, the objective being Salisbury Plain."—*Morning Post.*

One of the longest non-stop flights we ever have seen in print.

THE TOPIC OF THE NIGHT.

"ARE you going to the Coronation?" asked my first partner as we rested after our exertions.

"Yes," I said, after thinking it out carefully. "Yes. . . . Are you?" I added, making a great effort to keep the ball rolling.

"Yes."

Sometimes at dances I get very tired, and can't think of anything to say. It was not so on this occasion.

"Have you got your seats yet?" I asked.

"Yes. Father got them to-day."

I rose to the occasion brilliantly.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"Outside St. Margaret's."

"Oh, yes. I expect you'll see it all from there."

"I expect so."

There was nothing more to be said; and in a little while I was dancing with my second partner. As soon as we were seated we turned to each other and asked:

"Are you going to the Coronation?"

"After you," I said, with a bow.

"I was just wondering if you were going to the Coronation."

"Well, I'm not quite sure yet. Are you?"

"Oh, rather. We've got our seats."

"I was just going to ask you if you had. Where are they?"

"Outside St. Margaret's."

I looked at her anxiously for a moment.

"Did you dance with me just now?" I asked.

"No," she said in surprise. "I don't think I've ever danced with you before."

"You would remember—I mean I should remember if you had, of course. But the fact is there's somebody here who talks just like you."

"Really?" she said with interest; and so I drifted on to my next partner.

This time I waited for her to begin.

"I suppose you're going to the Coronation?" she asked.

"The Coronation?" I repeated doubtfully to myself; "the Coronation? Oh, that's the little thing they're doing at the Abbey next month, isn't it? No, I don't think I shall go."

"Oh, but why not?"

"I never go to Coronations."

"We've got seats outside St. Margaret's," she volunteered.

"The whole parish is here to-night," I murmured to myself.

"What did you say?"

"I said it would be much cooler inside St. Margaret's."

"But then you wouldn't see the procession."

"True," I admitted. "There's always that. It's simply a question of which you prefer."

"I suppose so," she said doubtfully.

My fourth partner skipped the opening exchanges altogether and asked me point-blank if I had got my seats yet.

"Rather," I said. "Just outside St. Margaret's."

"Ours are outside St. Clement's."

I nearly dropped the lemonade—we were in the lemonade room—as I looked at her.

"I believe you've been done," I said at last. "What makes you think they're having a coronation there?"

"Well, they're putting up seats, anyhow."

"Oh, well, I suppose they know. But you've come on the wrong night, I'm afraid. Only the St. Margaret's people are here this evening."

However, I must have been wrong about that, for my next three partners had got seats in Piccadilly, Whitehall and Piccadilly respectively. (I suppose I must have struck a family of sisters at the start—that's how it was.) The Whitehall member was the most interesting of them, and when we had exhausted the subject of the Coronation agreed with me that it would not be very long before we were all of us going about in aeroplanes. And she was nice enough to think that it was very brave of me to say that I should like to go up in one now.

When I got to my fifteenth and last partner, St. Margaret's and Piccadilly were leading at five-all, and the casting vote might rest with her.

"I suppose," I began—

"No," she said, "I'm not."

"We ought to have met before," I said warmly. "They've been talking to you, too."

"They have."

"Well, I shouldn't have begun it, if I hadn't thought you'd have begun it if I hadn't. Is that clear, or shall I say it backwards?"

"Oh, do say it backwards."

"Perhaps it would be too exciting for you at this time of night. May I ask you just one question instead?"

"If it isn't about—you know."

"It isn't about that at all. It's simply to settle a little bet I've got on. Er—if you were in London on a hot day in June and you wanted to sit down, would you do it outside St. Margaret's or outside Piccadilly?"

"Neither," she said.

So that's how it is. A. A. M.

"Manchester v. Sale.—Good all-round play by Barrell."—*Manchester Courier*.

BARRELL comes into his own at last.

THE INVOCATION—A DREAM.

[Addressed to Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS, the ornithological expert of *The Daily Mail*, long admired from afar.]

COME out, my BEACH! come out and teach,

Beyond the traffic's tight jar;

Come out amid the fields and herds,

And tell us all the names of birds,

And what is who, and which is each,

And whether that's a night-jar.

I'll say, "Hark, hark! there goes the lark!"

And you shall murmur, "Not it;

That was an owl, unless I err,

There is a spotted fly-catcher!"

"Is it?" shall be my awed remark,

"I somehow failed to spot it."

Then up shall float the rapturous note
Of cuckoos in the covers,

And, faring on by field and fen,

We'll find the titmouse in his den,

And cull from aspice trees remote

The mottled eggs of plovers.

You shall prolong the bittern's song

And burble to the wryneck;

The jay, the cushat, and the pye

Shall tell us little tales, and I

Shall all the time be going strong

Out of the back of *my* neck.

Thus all the lore I've learnt before,

But could not rightly follow,

I'll quaff beside the fountain-head

(And by the way I should have said,

I do so want to hear some more

About the dear old swallow).

So out by rail, to some green vale!

THOMAS, the road is easy:

Let me behold you where the coots

And wagtails perch upon your boots

Plotting a sermon for *The Mail*,

Like FRANCIS of Assisi. EVOE.

"Her head was crowned in gold and her small figure draped in a deeper shade of blue—a costume which she is expected to wear at the Coronation ceremony."—*Bombay Gazette*.

This was the appropriate costume of the Be-gum of BHOJAL when she was presented to the KING (as PRINCE OF WALES) in India, and we are not surprised that she should stick to it for the Coronation.

Science for the Home.

"It is important that children's under-clothes should be thoroughly well aired before they are put away, as the danger of wearing linen that is not absolutely dry is well-known, leading to rheumatism and electric light."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

A cheap way of producing it, however, and, besides, electric light is much less dangerous than gas.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO WOMEN!
THE CINQUE-CENTO STYLE OF
PORTRAIT-PAINTURE!

25



MISS
GERALDINE
RAFFLES
-CRACKING
A CRIB.



232

1915

FIELD ARTILLERY
TAKING UP A
GOOD POSITION



89

RUSTIC RECTITUDE!

328



THE ONLY BUST ONE CAN BE QUITE
SURE IS NOT INTENDED FOR KING
EDWARD VII!

MACBETH

(FROM
'OLBORN)

(FURNISHED ON
THE HIRE-
SYSTEM)



"IS THIS A DAGGER
WHICH I SEE BEFORE
ME...?
OR ART THOU BUT A DAGGER OF THE MIND
A FALSE CREATION,
PROCEEDING FROM THE HEAT-OPRESSED BRAIN.
I SEE THEE YET, IN FORM AS PALPABLE
AS THIS WHICH NOW I DRAW."

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW PARIS-CUM-BAGDAD
FROCK? - IT'S A 'SUMUR' UN."

100



GREAT
SCOTT!!

"I SAY! HANG IT ALL! - WHOLE
LOT OF GIRLS STARTING BATHING
RIGHT ALONGSIDE ME!! DEUCED
AWKWARD! AIWFULLY HARD T' PRESERVE
'N AIR OF FRIGID UNCONCERN ALL
TH' SUMMAH DONT Y' KNOW!! WHAT?"



"DID YOU TELL OLE JOE AS I WAS A BLOOMIN' LIAR?"

"No, I THOUGHT 'E KNEW!"

THE LITTLE TOWNS.

PUDSEY.

[After Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.]

MEN have invariably two sets of affections and two anchoring grounds. Thus in a man's life his mother and his M.P.; on another plane his public-house and his church; on another his wanderings and his memories; and on another the great mountains and the little towns.

The little town that means so much to me is Pudsey, in the heart of York-shire. It is the strategic centre of England. It lies like a lion couchant between Leeds and Bradford. Who holds Pudsey controls those two great cities and has sway over the North Road between London and Edinburgh.

No stately cathedral towers over the little town. No citadel holds it in thrall. It is just a little town. But it has bread, and yellow beer, and faith; and thus Pudsey, the unknown, the Lhassa of Yorkshire, is dear beyond words to me.

The drums and trappings of three conquests have left Pudsey untouched. The Middle Ages changed it not a whit. The Victorian Age besmoked it but left no mark on its spiritual atmosphere. To-day it stands, dour and dogged, glowering on its neighbour Morley, which gave a so-called Radical Premier to England. But when the great day comes and the battle is formed Pudsey will give the lead to England, and the tricky sham-fighters of modern politics will cower before the stern arbitrament of Pudsey's sword.

The little town of Pudsey gives as much pleasure as may be given by that delightful sense of observation which you get in the eyes of the old when their lives have been well lived. The town of Pudsey does not die as men die. It stands in grey immortality. It has old grey-stone hostleries at its corners, where stern men grip their tankards firmly with a cautious eye on their neighbours. The Leeds trams clang through its streets, yet Pudsey deigns no answer to their clamour. Its gas-works swell out magnificently

and dominate it as Windsor's castle dominates the royal borough.

I wish that human life might last for ever that I might continue year after year to get down at the simple station and see the simple sights and hear the simple sounds that memory renders inexpressibly dear to me. The stern, judicial "Gud neet" of the policeman on night patrol; the cheerful "Ere's luck" of the masterful Yorkshire drinkers; the thrill that one experiences when the lamplighter issues forth and when the sweep comes home. To revisit this little town perpetually, and renew my loves with it, I could wish that human life stretched on for ever.

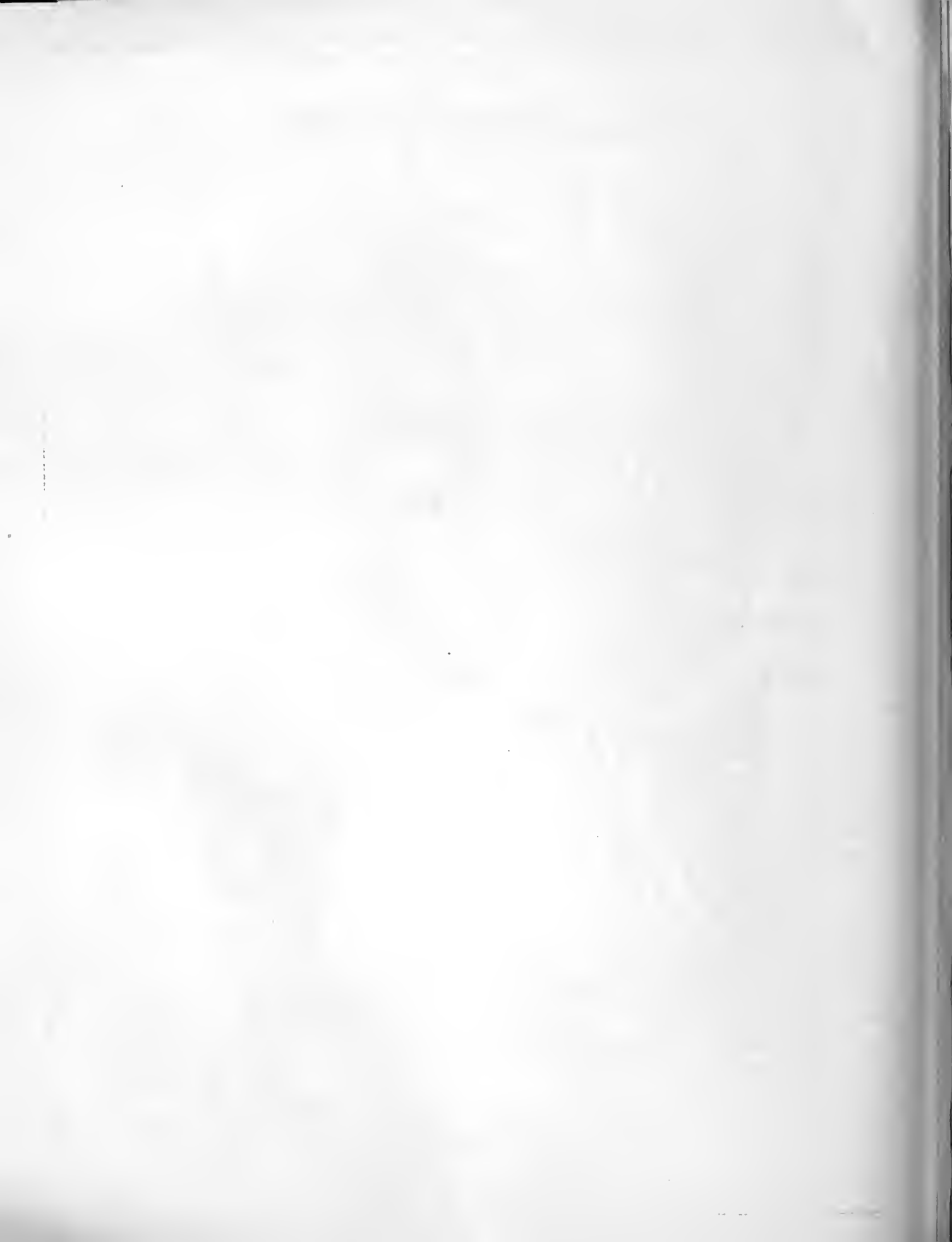
There are other towns that tug at my heart-strings; Moses Gate, the nerve centre of busy Lancashire; Tonypandy, which but awaits its Danton to make a revolution; and Burton, dear Burton, from which the malt-life of England steadily pulsates; but I come back ever to Pudsey.

It has broad, and yellow beer, and faith. It is my little town.



VICTORIAE · REGINAE · IMPERATRICI
ARS · VICTRIX

LONDON. "WORTHY OF A GREAT QUEEN!"
PUNCH. "AND OF A GREAT CITY!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday.—Odd thing happened just now. House crowded to hear LANSDOWNE explain his Reform Bill. A garland of Peers wreathed the side galleries, on this occasion specially reserved for their ladyships' accommodation. On steps of throne Privy Councillors jostled each other for front places. Everyone glad to see LANSDOWNE back in renewed health. Noble Lords displayed generous emotion by a murmured cheer.

Lucid explanation of revolutionary measure occupied hour and a half. It was on LEADER OF OPPOSITION resuming his seat that, as WILLIAM BLACK used occasionally to remark in strangely forgotten novels, "Lo! a strange thing happened." LORD CHANCELLOR put the question "That this Bill be read a second time." In this storied chamber exclamation regarded as bad form. But Noble Lords so taken aback at this strange slip that amid general movement there were correcting cries of "First reading."

CHANCELLOR, hurriedly rising again, amended the error, and way cleared for Lord MORLEY, who declared against the measure in uncompromising tone and manner that recalled LANSDOWNE's treatment of Old-Age Pensions Scheme when it came along after PRINCE ARTHUR in the Commons had publicly washed his hands of responsibility in the matter.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, listening to speech from one of the pens allotted for convenience of Commoners, explains an incident that occasioned much remark. Just as CHANCELLOR was rising to put question his eye fell upon WALTER McLAREN amid group of M.P.'s below the Bar. It is a matter of common report that WALTER has volunteered to "see the LORD CHANCELLOR" about constitution of Mallings bench of magistrates, which, consisting of fifteen Conservatives at time of LOREBURN's accession to office, has since been strengthened by addition of seven members of whom the odd half-dozen are Tories.

Of course there is nothing terrific in prospect of the interview. None of MAURICE HEWLETT's *Brazenhead* about WALTER McLAREN. On the contrary he is the mildest-mannered man that ever faced a constituency. Still, LORD

CHANCELLOR being a little worried of late, sudden recognition of Chairman of Midway Liberal Association was sufficient to upset ordinarily well-guarded, almost phlegmatic equanimity.

Business done.—LANSDOWNE introduces Bill designed to exterminate the loyal Backwoodsman.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—JOHN WARD rather to the front just now. Pink of loyalty, he has bought himself a new felt hat in honour of the Coronation. Compared with the headgear under which he earned earliest fame (SARK understands it to-day

iniquitous chucking-away of chances in the race with Germany for predominance of Naval power, McKENNA quietly added "The 9th of April was a Sunday."

JOHN had got hold of the wrong end of the stick, or, to bring the imagery nearer home, had put on his hat back to front.

Undismayed by this accident he turned up to-day with a new word for addition to the English language. Asked UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA whether it is proposed to alter the law relating to the payment of wages due to natives "so as to prevent the victimisation of the working population." Not a pretty word "victimisation," but well enough for a beginner.

Guillotine merrily at work chopping off amendments to Report stage of Parliament Bill. This to be concluded to-morrow night, to which end the hours are parcelled out, and on the stroke down drops the ruthless blade. As the amendments are old acquaintances, made familiar in Committee, without the slightest chance of being accepted on second time of asking, no serious harm is done. Still it is a stupid performance, involving loss of two sittings.

At one moment clamorous storm burst round the ethereal form of COUSIN HUGH. According to time-table, guillotine blade due to fall at half-past four. At 4.28 COUSIN HUGH interposed: received with shout of angry remonstrance from Radical quarter. HUGH always ready for fight. If any trail their coat before him, be sure he'll tread on it. Ministers had declined to enter upon detailed discussion of amendments on ground that they had already been debated in Committee. "Yah!" cried COUSIN HUGH, wringing his hands in anguish over such evidence of human depravity, "you don't answer our arguments because you can't."

Here the Radicals broke in with prolonged burst of groans and jeers. COUSIN HUGH raised his voice almost to screaming pitch in vain effort to shout down the enemy. Happily, clock interposed with stroke of half-hour, and Members went forth to vote on proposed new clause.

Business done.—Clause 1 of Parliament Bill passed Report stage without amendment.

House of Lords, Thursday.—MILNER seated on Cross Bench moodily regards ill-populated scene. Not quite two



"D—THE CONSEQUENCES."

"He—er—defied the consequences. To-day they have come home to roost."

(Viscount MILNER.)

hangs in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame TUSSAUD's next to JOHN BURNS's historic straw hat) it is a shade lighter and a furlong or so less ample in dimensions. Not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, it will, like *Mercutio's* wound, serve.

Yesterday JOHN created some sensation by drawing statement from FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY in reply to question as to how many men were employed in one of the dockyards on the 9th of April, and how many hours each one worked? It turned out that there were no men in the dockyard on the date named, nor was a stroke of work done. Whilst House gasped at state of things here revealed and guardians of the Navy moored behind Front Opposition Bench half rose to denounce

years ago great things were in the making. LLOYD GEORGE'S Budget was slowly working its way through Commons. Its arrival in Lords imminent. What would they do with it? Strident voices were raised in passionate demand that it should be straightway thrown out. Moderate men talked fearfully of the consequences. Then clarion-like rang MILNER'S defiance. He said—well, he—er—he defied the consequences.

To-day they have come home to roost. Whilst LEADER OF OPPOSITION has brought in a measure digging up root and branch constitution and traditions of House of Lords, there will, next week, be presented for their Lordships' friendly consideration a Bill absolutely depriving them of the Veto, with whose assistance they in earlier years of deplorable ascendancy of a Liberal Government on more than one occasion saved the State from disaster. All this within the space of two years directly following on throwing out of a Budget Bill reinstated only after a General Election.

"Cheer up, dear lord," I said to MILNER, with warmth of friendship dating back to period before he even dreamt of coronets. "You acted for the best according to your lights, from purest patriotic and party motives. You must not hold yourself too exclusively responsible for the consequences."

"Oh, d— the consequences," said MILNER, hurrying off without waiting to look at new frescoes in lobby leading to Central Hall, which, though a little crude in colour and design, are worthy of a moment's consideration.

Rather a short way with an old friend I thought. Perhaps one had better more closely confine his attention to his own affairs.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

From a story in *Yes or No* :

"It was all over. This was indeed the end. (To be continued.)"

It is sad to have one's new-born hopes dashed to the ground like this.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

How wags the world with you?

Perhaps it doesn't wag at all. Perhaps it shakes with an ague, or trips to a St. Vitus's measure. Perhaps it tosses and heaves, filling you with a rebellious nausea. Then why not *make it wag*?

according as your stocks move upward or downward; you offer your love, and are in an ecstasy of joy or a cyclone of grief according to the sense in which it is returned; you write a poem, and your outlook on existence depends on what the editor has had for lunch.

This is all very wrong; in this way you condemn yourself for life to be the creature of circumstance. Why not rise superior to the externals of your lot? Why not laugh at your misfortunes? Why not trump the tricks of Fate?

How can one do all this? By cultivating a Sense of Humour.

How can one cultivate a Sense of Humour? By taking HUMOL.

HUMOL is prepared by a secret process from the distilled juices of a certain plant—a member of the Smilax family and a native of Chihuahua. It is made up in the form of a hair-wash, and on being well rubbed into the head displays at once its remarkable properties. It may also be used as an embrocation for the ribs, to which it affords a pleasant tickling sensation. Its effect is amazing and instantaneous. Not only does it render the mind susceptible to every wave of humorous emotion that passes through the air, but it sets similar waves in progress from the seat of its own action. Thus it entirely alters the perspective of things. The so-called worries of life become a source of exquisite entertainment. You smile at the importunities of the income-tax collector; you chuckle at the advent of spring-cleaning; you laugh aloud when your partner revokes; you roar with full-bodied (or nearly full-bodied)

mirth at your own sea-sickness.

Why waste money on expensive and conventional "amusements"? Why not halve your expenditure and double your life? A day in Brixton is funny enough if you use HUMOL.

HUMOL is to be procured everywhere and is put up in three strengths at three prices, viz.:—*Mild* (for teething infants, etc.), 2/6; *Medium* (for general use), 3/6; *Extra Strong* (for Judges and Music-hall Comedians), 4/6.

Buy a bottle to-day, and
RUB IT IN.



THE VERY LATEST ART NOUVEAU DESIGN.

LANSDOWNE. "New lamps for old! New lamps for old!"
MORLEY and HALDANE. "No, thank you; quite unnecessary. The old one suits us *exactly*—for the present!"

You look incredulous; but don't stop reading.

What is your main object in life? Clear your mind of cant, and your answer will undoubtedly be: "To get as much legitimate enjoyment out of it as I possibly can." But how do you go about achieving this object? Unless you are that exceptional creature for whose eye these lines are not intended, you allow your enjoyment to rest upon the varying events and episodes with which you are confronted. You invest your money, and are elated or depressed

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

No. 3.—A SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.

BY A NOBLE LORD.

THE other day, a friend took me to a picture sale. How and where these functions were conducted I had till then no notion. That pictures changed hands I had heard; and indeed they must do so, or how could my ancestors have brought together the superb collections which I understand I possess? Now, however, that I have witnessed a picture sale and seen what can be done in that direction I shall keep a much sharper eye on the course of events.

Arrived at the auction-room, we found a large number of men gathered together, either seated or standing, bidding for the pictures that were displayed, one by one, in turn, by the porters. At a little raised desk, called, I am told, a rostrum, sat the auctioneer, and below him were his clerks. Occasionally smiling gentlemen, whom I took to be the Christie Minstrels, stood there too, evidently not displeased at the figures that were being realised. For it was what is called an important sale, and a large number of very valuable pictures were being sold, dealers from all over the world being present. From the general cast of feature I should say that, if Mr. ZANGWILL'S scheme of returning with his people to Palestine ever became practical, he could not do better than make a start at CHRISTIE'S during an important sale—that is, of course, provided they were willing to go.

I noticed, too, that although the auctioneer was extremely quick in taking bids it was practically impossible for an outsider to see from which of the company it proceeded—some kind of marconigraph being evidently in use. Buying pictures is not my line, so this did not trouble me; but I wondered how I should have to go to work to get my bid recorded supposing that kind of folly ever did take hold of me.

As picture after picture was sold my friend, who knows the ins and outs of this mystery, groaned more and more deeply. "What is it?" I kept asking. "Only that that German fellow has got that," he would say. Or, "Another beauty gone to a Dutchman." Or, "That's the third Van Dyck that the Americans have secured." And so on—always naming some foreign purchaser. "But how is it," I said at last, "that some one representing the National Gallery is not here buying for England?" "Because they haven't any money," he snapped out. "No money?" said I.



Nervous Performer at Country Concert. "I 'AVEN'T—NEVER—SUNG TO A PYANNER BEVORE, BUT I DESSAY WE'LL GET ON ALL RIGHT IF YE CAN JUST PLAY THE 'IGH NOTES A BIT LOW."

"How remarkable! I thought England was so rich." "Not rich enough to compete with America," said my friend. "They'll pay anything for pictures nowadays. They're sending up values to a ridiculous height, and ruining all the old standards. But, of course, it can't last long."

This set me thinking, and just then a Correggio going up and fetching, after ten minutes' duel, forty thousand guineas from an American dealer made me think more. For I suddenly remembered that somewhere at my place in the country there is a picture by an artist fellow of this name, which, from what I could recollect of it, was a

great deal better than the one just sold. I therefore sent my card to the American dealer, and after the sale he came and spoke to me. It is very extraordinary, but I found that he knew every picture in all my houses. For example, "What about your Velasquez?" he said. "Have I got a Velasquez?" I replied; and he at once told me all about it and offered a round sum for it.

He is to come down next week and make offers for all he wants; but meanwhile I am—of course, unknown to him—approaching several others of his countrymen by cable. I may be a noble lord, but I was not born yesterday.

THE SAD CASE OF THE FATHER OF PELLÉAS.

For me, he is far the most intriguing figure in M. MAETERLINCK'S tragedy of *Pelléas and Mélisande*. There he was half the time lying ill in that dour castle with its dark woods, where the sky was never to be seen except in summer (that was funny, too, for you might have thought there would be more leaves to hide it then), and people went on getting paler and paler and letting their hair fall out of windows, and throwing their rings into wells, and telling lies, and crying, and complaining that it was very dark, and that they were very unhappy (not about him, though), and keeping their eyes wide open (except when they were fast asleep), and saying they were going away, and not going, and nobody took the slightest notice of the poor invalid.

It is true that *Pelléas* did say he had been to see him; but no one saw him go. It is true, too, that the old grandfather (but not before the Fourth Act) said that the whole household had been doing nothing all this time except "*chuchotant autour d'une chambre fermée*" where the patient lay; but no one heard their whispers. And we were never shown his room, inside or outside. The only proof we have (and a poor one too) that his illness made any difference to any one was that, when he was out of danger the house woke up a little and one or two rather sudden deaths ensued; but I think this must have happened anyhow, for people can't go on for ever being very unhappy in the dark without something coming of it. And, when all is said, we never once set eyes on him—never even had the poor solace of seeing his name in the play-bill. Truly a tragic figure in its isolation!

As for M. DEBUSSY'S setting of the play let us, in imagination, hear what M. MAETERLINCK has to say about it.

M. MAETERLINCK: It is not your fault. No, no, little DEBUSSY; it is not your fault. My *Mélisande* began weeping when she was one minute old. She was weeping when you first met her, little DEBUSSY. I do not know why she was weeping. Nobody knows why she was weeping. She had just thrown a gold crown into a well. But that was not the reason. It was a habit with her to throw jewellery into wells. I think she must have been very unhappy. Yes, that was it; she was very unhappy. And so your music is sad and sombre. Your music is sad and sombre from the very beginning, little DEBUSSY. And when the two tragic destinies are fulfilled at the end you have nothing new to say.

You have said everything thirty-five scenes ago, and have been saying it ever since. They were beautiful scenes, but they began a long time ago. There was nothing more for you to say.

My play is not a gay play, little DEBUSSY. And it does not abound in strong and vivid contrasts. And that is why your music is not gay. That is why your music does not abound in strong and vivid contrasts. It is not your fault, little DEBUSSY. I said just now it was not your fault.

But I liked your music. Oh, yes, I liked it, little DEBUSSY. I liked it when you frightened me in the scene where



LE SHAMPOO.

Peléas (M. WARNÉRY): "Tu entends mes baiseis le long de tes cheveux? Ils montent le long de tes cheveux."

Mélisande (MME. EDVINA): "Oh! oh! tu m'as fait mal."

Golaud kills his brother from behind. You frightened me with the noise that the castle doors made when they were being bolted for the night. I did not know that bolts could make so terrifying a noise.

Madame EDVINA was not quite my idea of *Mélisande*. Nobody was quite my idea of anybody, except, perhaps, Signor MARCOUX, as *Arkel*, and Mlle. BOURGEOIS as *Geneviève*. They just had to be old, and they did that. One would think that M. GHASNE forgot who *Golaud* was. He forgot that *Golaud* was still young enough to be a sportsman and fall in love at sight with a pretty girl crying in a wood. He forgot that; or perhaps I forgot it for him. Perhaps it was my fault that

Golaud was so repellent. One would say that he was almost like a kind of *Golaud*wog. You do not mind my making that little joke, DEBUSSY? I do not often make little jokes. I do not often make any sort of joke.

M. WARNÉRY never looked a bit like my *Pelléas*. He never looked as if he were worried about the obverse of his destiny. He might have been almost anything in any other French opera. And his wig! Oh, oh, he made me very unhappy.

Do you know, I have a horrid doubt in my inside? Have you ever had a horrid doubt in your inside, little DEBUSSY? I will tell you what my doubt is. I am beginning to wonder if French is, after all, the right language for romantic tragedy. It is so precise. It says things so dreadfully clearly. It has no atmosphere of suggestion, especially when it is sung. Oh, oh, it makes me very unhappy. O. S.

THE CALLER.

Miss Muse, since you have made so free

As thus to risk a call on me
Here in Throgmorton Street, E.C.,

The grim, the glaring,
How is it that you come to be
So rather daring?

You're welcome in a fitter sphere—
The long, white road, the hills of deer,
Great woodlands when the mellow year
To Autumn changes,
Or stretched beside some shady weir
'Neath Cumnor's ranges—

(Not that you lack an urban grace,
I love you when you bid me trace
Youth's springtide in a girlish face,
A Bond Street setting;
They didn't grow such nymphs in
Thrace,
That's certain betting!)

But in the City—well, there's this:
Come out and see its mysteries—
The jewelled jobber sleeked with fizz,
And stuffed with salmon;
How beautiful a broker is,
How chaste looks Mammon!

So, ere you join the other Eight,
Your sisters, at the Sun-god's gate,
You'll leave me of your blossom-freight
Some songful guerdon,
To mingle with the market rate
A brown bee burden!

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. in *Public Opinion* of a Physical Culture school:—

"The Devils of Insomnia, Nervous Depression, Indigestion, and a dozen others of the Infernal Brotherhood are exercised every day."



WHAT OUR ARTIST'S FRIENDS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Extract from letter. "In a moment of foolish generosity I undertook to pose in Jack's studio as a comic Scot; and in the middle who should his silly wife bring in but Violet and her Mother! I had long been anxious to make an impression on Violet and now I've succeeded."

THE INGRATITUDE OF EDWIN.

[The new guides are busy at the British Museum. Efforts are being made to discover how far the experiment is being appreciated.]

EDWIN, on many a showery afternoon,
 When Hampstead Heath was much too damp to sit on,
 With Angelina you've been known to moon
 Through wonder-halls, the pride of every Briton,
 And there, among the world's first treasures tarrying,
 Discourse of walnut suites, of maisonnettes, and marrying.
 The kind Authorities it much distressed
 To see you so irrelevantly wandering,
 Oblivious both of script and palimpsest,
 And other things o'er which the wise stand pondering;
 And now they mean, by tactful ministrations,
 To fructify your ignorant perambulations.
 A grave curator, spectacled and bland,
 Shall, for the future, with compassion heed you,
 And intervening give to each a hand,
 And gently to the manuscript room lead you,
 And, sojourning before the show-case, start a
 Profound discourse, let's say, on England's Magna Carta.
 Then, resting in the nook which, all unseen,
 For confidential friendship well suffices,
 This learned person, seated in between,
 Shall talk to you of Ammun Ra and Isis,
 While still the smile (you never could abide her)
 Upon the face of Pasht, the pussy-god, grows wider.

Thus spoke I, giving Edwin and his maid
 A sketch of how philanthropy was seeking
 To render to his ignorance first aid;
 But, credit me! before I'd finished speaking
 (One may too much solicitude by half show)
 They'd passed away into—a Cinematograph Show!

The growing popularity of aeroplanes is having a startling effect on the bicycle trade. "Now is the time," says a Dundee paper, "to buy a bicycle. If you want a good second-hand one, advertise for it in the 'Courier.' It will only cost you sixpence, and you will probably get a wide choice."

"Broken china may be mended by brushing the edges with white lead, such as painters use; press the pieces together and tie them in place, then leave them two or three days until thoroughly dry. The dish can be broken as easily anywhere else as at the old break."

Transvaal Leader.

Still a break in a new place is never quite so satisfactory.

"Notice.—F. B. is the only one in all the world who can turn straight hair into natural waves on the head without injuring the hair or scalp, and will last for ever, from 2gs."—*The Queen.*

A very lonely immortality for F. B.

"Specimen bush plants, eventually to be 3 feet or more high, should have different treatment. Stop the plants at 6 inches, and continue to do so until the desired size is attained."—*The Garden.*

It sounds hopeless.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

V.—CITY COMPANIES.

THERE are few London institutions more interesting to strangers than our ancient City Companies, and few about which so little is accurately known. Since the metropolis promises to be heavily invaded by American and other foreigners during the coming summer, for a function that shall not be named, and since all are then likely to ask questions about the City Companies, the following timely account has been drawn up and vouched for by experts of unimpeachable veracity:—

HISTORY.

The oldest City Company is probably that of the Hide-bonders, the foundation of which is attributed to JULIUS CÆSAR, who, during his stay in Britain, always dined with them on the Hides of March. The Gum-boilers, again, date back to the Roman occupation, the first Prime Warden being a native of Tusculum and a descendant of CURIUS DENTATUS. The Gin-slingers came from the Balearic Isles, where they own extensive plantations of juniper to this day; and the Coal-scuttlers are the lineal descendants of some Barbary Corsairs, who were captured by Captain Coke.

WEALTH.

The wealth of the City Companies is a byword. So vast is it that there is the greatest difficulty in disposing of it. The ordinary channels of charity are often congested, and the Companies are bound in self-defence to indulge freely in banquets, at which not only are food and drink consumed, but presents are distributed. A visitor to a City Company dinner is disappointed if he does not find a gold cigar-case or black pearl pin under his plate, while ladies are rarely permitted to leave without tiaras or sab'es. Many a visitor has also come away with a diamond pain beneath his waistcoat, the food being not less rich and generous than the Company.

THE HALLS.

The City Companies pride themselves exceedingly upon their Halls, which are usually buried in the very heart of the City, so that it is advisable for any one who is bidden to a feast to allow at least an hour extra for losing and finding the way. Once found, however, the Halls turn out to be fine examples of mediæval architecture, and hospitality reigns in every one. At the entrance door a yard of ale is proffered to every visitor, and he is expected to drink it. He must then give up his hat and coat, receiving in exchange a ticket of pure

gold, which he is asked to retain as a souvenir. On being presented to the Worshipful Master he must join him in a second yard of ale, and then all is ready for dinner.

TURTLES.

The life-blood of a City Company, it has been well said, is turtle soup; and since real turtle soup can be made only from the real turtle it follows that a considerable traffic is carried on in this unwieldy but toothsome creature. The turtle most dear to the City Companies' palate is the green turtle, which yields the succulent calipash and calipee—calipash being the green fat of the upper shell, and calipee the yellow meat of the lower. Lumps of these delicacies swim about in the soup and give extraordinary contentment to the consumer, whether he be Worshipful Master or a mere literary guest. The green turtle comes from the coast of South America and is brought here alive in tanks. Each City Company has its own aquarium for turtles and keeps an official executioner, who has a fee of fifteen shillings, dating from immemorial times, for every one killed—also the shells as perquisites, from which the more ingenious ones carve combs for their wives and daughters and paper-knives for their sons. In 1743, it is told that one Simon Fergus, turtle-executioner to the Worshipful Company of Razor-stroppers, on being discovered substituting mock turtle from the Caroline Islands for the real thing, was deprived of his office and set in the pillory. And quite right too.

ETIQUETTE.

The City Companies are sticklers for routine. No one may seat himself before the Worshipful Masters and none may eat until grace has been sung. It is an offence to refuse any dish or to leave anything on the plate; but since few of the dinners contain more than eighteen courses this is no great hardship. Different Companies have, of course, different customs. Thus the Honourable Company of Wire-walkers restrict their courses to fifteen, and invariably, no matter what the season, have calf's-foot jelly. The calf's-foot, being cleft and therefore more easily retaining a hold on the precarious wire, is their emblem. The Honourable Company of Heel-tappers, again, make it a practice to drink a toast with their Worshipful Master between each course, and since their courses are twenty in all this is no small feat considering that heel-taps are forbidden. The least generous of the Companies is the Worshipful Company of Flint-skinners, which

gives its guests only fourteen courses, and, whereas the other Companies serve their food on platinum, offers only a gold service.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Every City Company has a few distinguished honorary members. Thus, the Worshipful Company of Hair-splitters has lately added to its roll Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. HENRY JAMES; the Spot-strokers have paid a similar compliment to Mr. GEORGE GRAY; while the Worshipful Company of Wool-gatherers have enriched their native intellectual strength with the addition of Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P.

The two men of eminence who hold the greatest number of honorary memberships of City Companies are Mr. EUSTACE MILES and Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

Thus Mr. SHAW is an honorary life member of the Gas-baggers, the Horn-blowers and the Blotting-padders; while Mr. MILES is attached in a similar capacity to the Milk-blenders, the Sponge-cake-walkers, the Egg-flippers, the Nut-hatchers, and the Floor-chasers.

WHAT THE EYE DOESN'T SEE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—While Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was thinking about State Insurance for Every Workman (except you and me) I, in my larger and broader way, was maturing a scheme for the private insurance of my cook. Unfortunately the CHANCELLOR got out with his idea first, and, to show that I regard him in no bitter spirit on that account, I will admit that his little enterprise helped in its way to bring my greater one to fruition. "For," said I to myself, having been on the point of effecting this insurance ever since the notorious Workmen's Compensation Act of 1906 came into force, "now that we have to insure, let us do it thoroughly."

I don't suppose that the CHANCELLOR pays the same attention to our schemes as we do to his. The Insurance Company, however, at once evinced the most polite interest in the details of the affair and asked some very pertinent questions as to cook's workmanship. On a common proposal form, intended to display such interest in the work of every employee, it has begged me to state "what acids, gases, chemicals, and explosives are used in the course of her employment." To this question I think you will agree that the only answer which can do justice to my cook's cooking is:—"I am sure I don't know, and can only say that they produce a most agreeable flavour."

Your trustful EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.



THE SMILE THAT COMES OFF.

A BUDAPESTH THEATRE MANAGER HAS ANNOUNCED THAT IN FUTURE PAYMENT WILL NOT BE EXACTED FROM PLAYGOERS TILL AFTER THE PERFORMANCE ; AND THAT THOSE WHO HAVE NOT ENJOYED THEMSELVES NEED NOT PAY.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

OPPOSITE the Norley Arms stood Norley Station. From the Norley Arms issued a man, with a small handbag. He was destined for Norley Station. Such things are common in human experience.

On the far platform of this wayside junction was a porter, having the appearance of a clout, but nevertheless competent to deal with most intricate questions regarding the local service. Now the man with the small handbag had previously looked up for himself in a time-table the time of his train, and had ascertained that it was due to arrive and depart (either or both) at 6.31 P.M. The time was then only 6.25, but all the same the man with the small handbag made his way over the level crossing to the porter and there put a question to him.

"Is there a train due to start from here at 6.31, for London, to-night?"

That question, put with no desire or expectation of eliciting new information, was quite in keeping with the ordinary run of human nature, but the answer was a little out of the common.

"No, Sir," said the porter, merely.

People who come to ask questions generally stay to argue. Resort was ultimately had to the official bills of the Company, and there indeed the 6.31 train was clearly indicated (so that the man with the small handbag was right), but rendered suspicious by an asterisk (so that the porter also was shown to be right). Do not blame the publishers of the time-table previously referred to, for the fact is that the asterisk was incorporated there also ; but men with small handbags do not always realize the importance in life of asterisks. This asterisk, upon being properly enquired into, demonstrated that the 6.31 train ran on Saturdays only. Unhappily to-day was a Friday.

Further argument was useless, so the man returned slowly to the level crossing ; but, as he was about to cross, his eye fell upon a notice which had previously escaped him—

BEWARE OF THE TRAINS!

Smiling sardonically—smiling (I say) sardonically—he produced a piece of white chalk from the small handbag

and amplified that notice. The complete edition then ran :—

BEWARE OF THE TRAINS!
and especially
of those
MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK.

E PLURIBUS UNA.

[To a young lady named Unity, with every prospect, I may say, of getting snubbed for my pains.]

To June's red rose's petals rare
Their lady's cheek some bards compare ;
Whatever kind of rose in June it is,
It's not a match for Mistress Unity's.

The nightingale's nocturnal note
To some suggests their lady's throat ;
Whatever kind of noise or tune it is,
It's not a patch on Mistress Unity's.

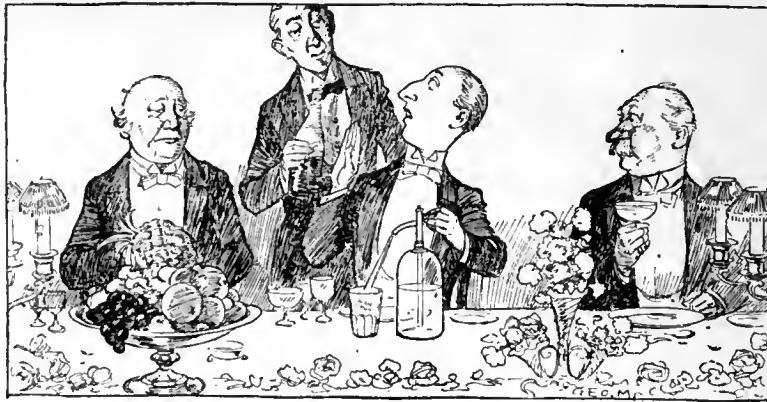
They say that each man's heart at last
Before some lady's feet is cast ;
I do not care a fig how soon it is
That mine is laid at Mistress Unity's.

UNDULY PESSIMISTIC.—We notice a firm of corset-makers calling themselves "The Universal Bust Co."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

UNDER the shadow of the great Angkor Wat (for What's Wat see Appendix) in the time of the Khmer Empire in Kambodia transpires the rather grisly drama to which Sir HUGH CLIFFORD has given the title of *The Downfall of the Gods* (MURRAY). Employing a rhapsodic style, slightly reminiscent at times of some of Mrs. STEEL'S works, he succeeds very well in producing an atmosphere of Oriental vastness and mystery wherewith to surround his story of the love of a young Sudra for a Temple dancing girl, a love which overthrew the tyranny of the Brahmans and inspired a new religion more despotic and more short-lived than theirs. There were moments, I confess, and especially when the hero indulged in lengthy rhetorical outbursts, when I found the high-flown language a little wearisome, and when, remembering the dedication in which the author has stated that this is the first book he has written (though he seems to have published ten others) I felt that I could have pardoned some occasional lapses into mere unitalicised logography. There is a difficulty, I think, in feeling a proper sentimental interest in a love-affair so far removed in point of date and geography; but the writer shows great imaginative skill in the narrative, and his knowledge of his subject gives him an undoubted advantage over many tellers of Eastern tales. He has also very kindly added a round dozen of explanatory notes at the end, which were very useful to a reader who could scarcely have told you without their aid what the Wat was, and certainly not the date at which it was constructed.



PHRASES THAT HAVE GONE WRONG.

"AS DRUNK AS A LORD."

To a somewhat light-hearted generation of novel readers, preferring laughter to abstruse discussion, Mr. PUTNAM WEALE has dared to submit a story touching upon the fundamental principles of Eastern philosophy and religion, and taking for its *locus in quo* the mission field of China. Not to be outdone in boldness, Messrs. MACMILLAN have sent *The Unknown God* to no less frivolous a person than Mr. Punch for review, and his Learned Clerk, rising to the occasion, declares that he has found this interlude of deeper thought not only instructive but pleasantly arresting. An accident in the early youth of *Paul Hancock* leads him to search for truth in a foreign well, to become involved in the petty quarrels of different sects, to play a leading part in a violent and dramatic uprising of a primitive people, and to end no nearer the solution of the mystery of life than does the everyday lover. It is perhaps regrettable that the villainy of *Mr. Grey*, of the English mission, should have been entirely unrelieved, and that the heroine should be burdened with the name of *Virginia Bayswater*, but it is evidence of the general excellence of the book that an interruption of the narrative at its very climax, by the devotion of a whole chapter to the position of the Mohammedans in China, gives no offence and causes no yawn. You get

instruction and entertainment while (literally) you wait. The short truth is that the writer lectures without being dull and is serious without being solemn.

The chief thing I have to say about *Some Happenings of Glendalyne* (HUTCHINSON) is that, if they are in any degree typical of the usual sequence of events in picturesque Ireland, I protest that the L. & N.W. railway shall spread its attractive posters in vain, so far as I am concerned. But of course, really, it is all Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS' fun. At least, this is the only way in which I can account for such an amazing production from her usually well-graced and witty pen. My perplexity began on the third page, where one of the characters, relating the mysterious disappearance of the boy-owner of *Glendalyne*, observes that they never found *Hugh's* body, only his pet rabbit and his hat on the edge of the cliff, adding carefully, "*Hugh's* hat, not the rabbit's." In the next chapter I found a wicked uncle in wrongful enjoyment of the estate; I found bloodhounds, a secret passage, and a madman walled up in a deserted wing of the mansion. Later on, it turned out that the madman was really poor *Hugh*, who had been kept by his guardian for eight weary years, in chains, and (O my CLARKSON!) a white wig and beard. Towards the end, the "happenings" became such a delirious whirl of impossible horrors that I was obliged to abandon the attempt to follow them. But I want to know whether this story was intended to be funny or not. It undoubtedly is; in the purple passages at least, though these were not, one imagines, the parts intended by Miss CONYERS to produce that effect; or were they? It is all very perplexing.

"A Callow Chronicle of Frivolous Affairs" is the subtitle which Mr. WARD MUIR gives to *When we are Rich* (STANLEY PAUL); but this does not prevent the best chapter of his book being concerned with a tragedy; and I am inclined to think that, although he has tried very hard to write merely a funny book, his guardian angel controlled his pen and compelled him to write something infinitely more engaging. To be young is to be rich—this is the gospel which he preaches; and, although he has not disdained to bring to his aid a fat woman, a practical joker, a screeching parrot and a giggling landlady, I feel that lurking beneath his obvious effort to provoke smiles is a real understanding of the pathos of life. I would not say that Mr. MUIR'S practical joker is devoid of ingenuity, but all the same his novel would not escape mediocrity if it had to rely solely upon its humour. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with Bohemian life in London will find, from *When we are Rich*, that its laughter is close akin to tears, and if they are depressed by the frequency with which Mr. MUIR fozzles his attempts to be amusing they will have also to acknowledge that he makes some fine recoveries.

For all the ills of nature, occ. or chronic,
Take *Printer's Pie*, the universal tonic.

CHARIVARIA.

THE EARL MARSHAL has issued an official list of Standard Bearers for the Westminster Abbey procession. Some disappointment has been caused in Carmelite House by the omission of a Standard Bread Bearer.

New regulations have been made concerning the wearing of foreign orders by British subjects. Meanwhile commercial men complain bitterly of the difficulty of obtaining this kind of order.

An airman who gave an exhibition of flying at Canton was threatened with murder by the superstitious populace, and his aeroplane was hacked to pieces and burned. The attitude of our War Office towards aviation compares very favourably with this.

The Women's Social and Political Union has presented a cup to the three-months-old son of the Lord Major of DUBLIN, who accompanied his parents when they came to London on the occasion of the presentation to the House of Commons of a petition in favour of Women's Suffrage. The young fellow's age is, of course, considerably below the average of those who are in favour of the proposed reform.

Not a few British workmen felt, when the outline of the Insurance Bill was published, that "there must be a catch in it somewhere." It now turns out that they were right. It appears that when one of them falls out of employment a Labour Exchange will try its best to find him another job before he gets the insurance money.

"Riot at a London Exhibition!" shouted an itinerant vendor of newspapers. An old gentleman hurried up and bought a copy. It was some time before he found the item of news referred to, and he was very angry indeed when he came across it. It was in an advertisement:—

"SUPERB ILLUMINATIONS.
RIOT OF COLOUR."

The following letter appears in *The Express*:—"Sir, may I ask if any of your readers could give me any information, or name of the artist, of an unsigned oil painting which has been in my family for more than fifty years:—Size, 24 ins. by 19½ ins.; subject, moonlight scene, three men wearing red caps in a boat on a river; bridge over river, and an old church or castle in the background?—D." The



The Pirats (who has tried every other way of attracting Fare). "COME ON, SIR, NAH FOR SALT LAKE CITY."

sting for the painter, of course, is in the words "church or castle."

The following conversation is alleged to have taken place at the office of a well-known theatrical booking agent:—

CUSTOMER—"What's on at the Prince of Wales Theatre now?"

CLERK—"Better not enquire."

CUSTOMER—"Oh, is it like that, eh? I'll have two stalls."

Notices have been placed in all Berlin trams requesting women to wear guards on their hat-pins. In spite of this, a lady who stuck one of her hat-pins into the guard of a tramcar was held not to have complied with the requirement of the notice.

"Pigs that pay" is the title of a paragraph in a contemporary. These, surely, may be seen any day at a fashionable restaurant.

The choice of a title is often a difficult matter, and *The Observer*, in chronicling the fact that some pick-pockets who had relieved the Mayor of Shoreditch of his watch had subsequently returned it to his worship, was not quite so happy as usual when it headed the paragraph "Honour among Thieves."

"My son belongs to the 'Woodpeckers,'" complained a father at the Highgate Police Court. "They pool their earnings, and spend the weekend in the woods, smoking, sleeping and playing cards." We are glad to be informed that this society is not a junior branch of another called "The Oakum-pickers."

The question of having statues in our parks is being well discussed. The latest suggestion is that, anyhow, such memorials should be restricted to British personages, and exception has been taken to the statue in Hyde Park of that foreign notability, Achilles.

BUMPY.

HE is lazy, and lies on the mat;
He owns no affectionate habits;
He would never look twice at a rat,
Or be roused by the running of rabbits.
He gives me no answering bark
When I cheerily "Towzer" or
"Rover" him;
That means, when the passage is dark,
That a fellow is apt to fall over him.
When—as often—he gets in my way,
I'm afraid I accost him with curses,
Saying things that a bard mustn't say
In respectable family verses.
Though he makes no reply when I speak
This omission no rudeness confesses,
For his voice is confined to a squeak
Which proceeds from his inner recesses.
And, regarding his fear of a rat,
Well—it's scarcely our place to upbraid him,
For his teeth were forgotten, and that
Was the fault of the German who made him!
And there's this to be said: he don't bite,
Whatsoever inducement there may be;
And to us what he does is all right,
For he's "Bumpy," beloved of Baby!

OF FANCY DRESSING.

FORGIVE me, Thomas, if I wore last night
A touch of *hauteur* in my lifted nose
While I was prancing on a toe once light,
Fantastic once, and now in silken hose
Recalling memories of the golden time
Of our resilient prime.

Forgive me if I looked you up and down
As one who rudely questions, "What is this?"
You were a Pierrot (were you not?), or clown?
Something, at any rate, that went amiss
With my superb costume that spoke a taste
How exquisitely chaste!

I was a bit above myself, I own;
I felt it due to my historic part
To take the mincing supercilious tone
Which, as I gathered from a coloured chart,
Characterised a dandy of the days
Of the late Louis XIII.

But that was not the only reason, no!
Some shock had wrought in me a mental change;
I, with my manly scorn of outward show,
Had caught an itch for colours rich and strange;
I meant, as any woman might, to see
How *beauteous* I could be.

I, who had never sought my tailor's lair
Save at the call of decency—I passed
A solid month selecting what to wear,
A fortnight trying on, and, when at last
The thing came home, three hours or thereabout
Rigging my person out.

You too, my Thomas, though you walk the town
Clad unobtrusively in something dark,
Yet in the guise of Pierrot (or a clown?)
You saw yourself as matter for remark;
Though commonplace enough 'twas only bought
After a lot of thought.

We prate at large of women's love of dress,
Their craving after gawds and fancy gear,
But, had we half the chances they possess,
Our vanity would find the strain severe;
We should do nothing all the time but play
The jaunty popinjay.

O. S.

"— was fined 5s. and costs for travelling in a third-class carriage with a third-class ticket."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

First-class ticket-holders on the District Railway will not be surprised to hear that this is now illegal. The feeling against it has been very marked for years.

"The figure fiends, when they started to make averages as the beginning and end of the game, little knew what they were wroughing for 'First Class' cricket."—*The Observer*.

The perfect participle at last.

"Harmonious Comedians. Introducing their own Version of Goldsmith's Celebrated Song—"Blow, Blow thou Winter Wind."—*Advt.* in "*The Scotsman*."

And apparently their own version of the authorship.

"M. A. V. Hambro, M.P. (plush), beat Mr. G. Tahourdin, Press Gallery (14), by 6 and 4."—*Morning Leader*.

MR. TAHOURDIN (Harris Tweeds) doesn't seem to have struck quite so soft a thing as he might have hoped for.

MY AUNT'S INSURANCE.

My Aunt Harriet has practically decided—she says "practically," because, as she adds with considerable truth, many details have yet to be settled, and you can never be quite sure until the last moment—she has, I say, practically decided to insure her plate and jewelry against burglary. She has lived in her present house for more than twenty years, and there has never been even the remotest suspicion of a burglary in the whole district, but that, as my Aunt says, only makes it the more probable that there will be one in the immediate future. Burglars, she observes, are a crafty lot, and must be getting ready to pounce on a fat neighbourhood hitherto unattempted.

My Aunt's first step—she took it on my suggestion—was to write to an insurance agent, with whom she has since had an extensive correspondence of a highly technical character. The effect of my Aunt's letters on the agent can only be faintly surmised. The effect of his upon her has been to plunge her into a vortex of confusion and despair. As one possibility after another was opened up to her mind, she began to conceive the world as one vast and infamous conspiracy designed to deprive her of every scrap of her silver and to unjewel her, if I may say so, down to her last amethyst. Nor has her gloom been at all mitigated by the revelation of a long list of substantial companies prepared to compensate her (on terms) for every imaginable sort of loss. She has begun to fear that, after all, there may never be a burglary in her house, "and then what good will it all have done me? I shall have paid immense sums for nothing. Now in life insurance it is different. You must die some day, you know, and then the company must pay up, and you can have the satisfaction of leaving the money to someone. But you can't count on burglars, now can you? Though, mind you, I'm morally certain we *shall* have a burglary here, and that's why I want to insure."

"Quite right, my dear Aunt," said I; "let's hear what the agent says."

"That's just it," said my Aunt morosely. "Here is the letter in which he says he will give me a list of some of the better companies taking 'this class of risk.' What does the man mean by 'risk'? That's their look-out, not mine. I'm not going to pay them a penny more because they choose to talk of it as 'risk.' There's no risk in it either in such a safe neighbourhood as this. I was very particular to tell him all about it, and then he writes about 'risk.' Pooh! Besides, isn't it their *business*? And business people oughtn't to talk about risk to a business woman. However, I see through all their dodges, and they shan't bamboozle me." I smoothed her down and we proceeded.

"Now the 'Irish Orphans Insurance Society,'" said my Aunt, "sounds very attractive. It is a touching name, and I should like to deal with them. But what in heaven's name is the use of mentioning it to *me*? I'm not Irish and never was—haven't a drop of Irish blood in my veins, and never gave him the least reason to suppose I had; so that's out of the question. Then there's the 'Accountants' and Auditors' Reliability.' Respectable enough, I dare say; but how can a woman be an accountant or an auditor? At any rate, I know I'm not one, and it's a mere waste of ink and paper to write about it. 'The British Accident and Burglary Guarantee Corporation' is the only one that's at all suitable."

"Well," said I, "what do they offer?"

"They," said my Aunt, "make a variety of offers, but the best is ten per cent. Now if I insure for £2,000—and the jewels alone are worth that—I shall be getting, let me see—there are twenty hundreds in two thousand, and ten



THE IMPERIAL DEFENCE CLUB.

BRITISH LION. "ONE OF THE BEST BATS IN MY TEAM; BUT A BIT INCLINED TO PLAY HIS OWN GAME."

[Mr. FISHER, the Labour Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, has informed the Press that his mission to the Imperial Conference does not include an instruction to commit his Government to a share in any general scheme of Imperial Defence.]



Indignant Stranger (mistaking Visitor for the Proprietor). "HERE! COMING THROUGH YOUR GARDEN I'VE BEEN STUNG BY ONE OF YOUR CONFOUNDED BEES."

Visitor. "WHICH ONE? JUST YOU POINT IT OUT, SIR, AND I'LL DEAL WITH IT IMMEDIATELY."

twenties are two hundred; that's £200 a year, which is more or less satisfactory. But then he goes on to say that that will be £10, and so he confuses me again. And now that I look at it once more, he says ten *shillings* per cent., only he's written the 's' very small after the 10. I call that mean."

"Yes, but, Aunt, that's what *you've* got to pay, not what *they're* going to pay *you*. If you insure 'at any address in the U.K. with transit'—that's what the letter says—you'll have to pay 10s. per cent., and on £2,000 that comes to £10. You can't expect them to insure your plate and jewels and pay you an annuity into the bargain."

"No," said my Aunt, "perhaps not, but they shouldn't have led me to suppose they would. And what do they mean by 'any address in the U.K. with transit'? Isn't this address good enough for them? Surely they might know that a person of my age and responsibilities doesn't go gadding about the United Kingdom—and 'with transit,' too. Do they propose to pay for my railway tickets? If so, why not say so in clear language? And this is supposed to be a business nation! No wonder the Germans——" But what my Aunt said about the Germans is not evidence. When I last heard from her she was still engaged in discussing debatable points with the unfortunate agent.

An admirer of Lord BEACONSFIELD writes: "I see in the papers that Mr. Balfour said after his flight that a little more would have made him dizzy." "The little more and how much it is!"

"English lady teacher desires Japanese puppies, four or five to form a class."—*Advt. in "North China Daily News."*

Fortunately, just before the hounds began to arrive, the important word was corrected to "pupils."

A HAUNTING FACE.

My physiognomy has never struck me as being in any way commonplace. Yet it is extraordinary what likenesses are seen in me by enthusiastic acquaintances, and even friends. There are few people among those it has been my privilege to meet in life, who have not at least one close relation, cousin, step-father, or what not, of whom I am the very living image. Disinterested persons have also traced in my expression characteristics suggestive of great men in the present and the past, *e.g.*, Lords ROSEBERY and HALDANE, BONAPARTE, and M. PÉLISSIER. Nobody, curiously enough, has, up to the time of writing, recognised any of my features in CROMWELL'S head. But I am young yet.

Well, the climax came a few nights ago. I met a really charming woman, who in due course put to me the now familiar question: "Who is it that you remind me of so much?" I promptly tendered her a catalogue of the celebrities and others I have at various times resembled—but none would satisfy her. A sudden thought made me pause, and, in my turn, I regarded her with a searching look. Yes, the face was undoubtedly familiar. I felt a conviction that I had sat out a dance with that face somewhere in my historic past. As I gave her the answer to her question my eyes sparkled with an affection she must have considered hard to explain. Here, at last, was one who had seen in me *some* resemblance—a passing fancy, no doubt, but still *some* resemblance—to myself!

"Common whiting, moistened with water, applied immediately and in a few minutes washed off, will prevent pain and swelling from following the sting of a bee or wasp."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

It is essential that the whiting should have its tail in its mouth.

THE RACONTEUR.

THERE are wild parts of the world, I am led to understand, where, if one man treads on another man's toe, a six-shooter is produced and the offender shot on the spot. In England the punishment is subtler but no less severe.

I trod on the toe of Dixon, a business acquaintance, coming out of the lift at South Kensington Station, but it is only fair to myself to say that I should have trodden exactly where I did, even if Dixon's toe had not been there.

"I am sorry," I said.

"You will be sorry, you mean," he answered, laughing. Dixon's laugh generally portends the worst to those who know his idea of a jest. "You will be sorry, young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face."

I observed him narrowly, and he explained.

"You know the story of the Yorkshireman in London, who said, 'You will be sorry, young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face.' Have I never told it you?"

Unfortunately, I was not in a position truthfully to say that he had.

"The Yorkshireman," he continued, "who came up to London to see the final of the football cup at the Crystal Palace. Or was he a Lancashireman? Let me see."

I had trodden on his toe at 5.15 P.M. The story of the "clout across the face" had begun at 5.16 P.M. (approx.), and from 5.17 to 5.25 P.M. he was still seeing, out loud; eight minutes by Greenwich mean time, but a long period of years to my way of thinking. At 5.30 P.M. it was agreed to assume that the fellow was a Yorkist.

"Well, whatever he was," pursued Dixon, "he had come up to London by a cheap trip to go to the Crystal Palace. Just outside Euston . . ."

"Yes," I said hastily, observing him pause, "one can come from Yorkshire as well as from Lancashire to Euston, if one really wants to. Probably your man had his own reasons for choosing the more circuitous route."

"Anyhow, whether it was Euston or King's Cross, he was just outside it, when a young man, hurrying round a corner, ran into him."

"The young man can't have been in

such a hurry as all that," I murmured, "for it has taken him nearly twenty minutes to do it."

"What's that?" asked Dixon.

"Nothing, nothing," I answered. "I was only just repeating it to myself to be sure that I had the details right. Well, I suppose the young man said he was sorry?"

"No. The young man was coming round the corner don't you see? Then he ran into the Yorkshireman, and, being a decent sort of fellow, stopped and apologised and asked if any harm

Langhing uproariously, Dixon proceeded with the narrative. "'You are sorry?' said the Yorkshireman, towering above him, for he was a great burly fellow. 'You will be sorry, young man, for I am going to give thee a clout across the face.'"

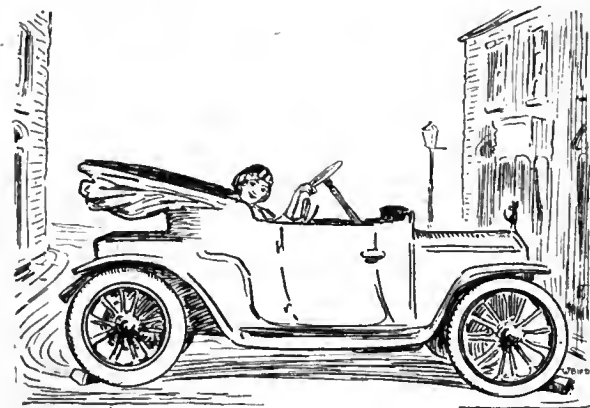
I stopped dead, and Dixon, having gone a few paces ahead, came back to ask me what was the matter.

"Forgive me," I murmured apologetically, "but your last remark took me a little by surprise."

ADVICE TO POPULAR ACTRESSES.



WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN "YOUR FAVOURITE MOTOR" DON'T WEAR A LARGE HAT AND SIT UP;



BUT PUT ON THE SMALLEST HAT YOU'VE GOT AND SIT ON THE FLOOR; IT MAKES THE CAR LOOK MORE IMPRESSIVE.

had been done. But the other was not going to leave it at that. Drawing himself up to his full height, and he was a great big navy, he towered over the unfortunate young man who had run into him . . ."

"As he hurried leisurely round his corner," I put in.

" . . . and said, 'Young man,' he said. No; half a minute. I haven't got it quite right."

I led Dixon into a side street and got the matter put in order. The young man had said, it appeared on cross-examination, that he was sorry. That point cleared up, we pressed on again.

examination to-day I found that all traces of fluorescence had been eliminated from the occiput, while the follicles had resumed their normal splendour, thus restoring to Mr. BAMBERGER his full power of capillary attraction. The rumour that he would be obliged to wear a wig is a dastardly falsehood which can only be attributed to the malevolent invention of some disappointed rival."

Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, Mr. BAMBERGER's father-in-law, is celebrating this auspicious recovery by a reception in Belgrave Square, at which Mrs. BAMBERGER will recite "Balder Dead."

MR. BAMBERGER'S CHEVELURE.

REASSURING REPORT.

THE sensational rumours to which currency has been given in the press as to the condition of the chevelure of Mr. BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, have naturally caused great anguish to his countless friends and admirers in both hemispheres.

We are more than glad therefore to be able to publish the following highly reassuring *pronunciamento* issued by Mr. Drysham Pugh, the famous capillary specialist who has subjected Mr. BAMBERGER to an exhaustive examination.

Mr. Pugh writes as follows: "I found that, as the result of the continuous nervous strain involved in giving fifty recitals in two months, there was distinctive evidence of partial thrombosis of the metatarsal follicles of the occiput, complicated by a slight failure of the processes of pigmentation. I at once prescribed a course of radium baths followed by the application of a lotion in which an infusion of *Eucalyptus gomphocephala* was a prime constituent, with the most beneficial results. Upon



I.

"Ah, my boy, here's one thing at least that belongs to the dear old days of England's dignity. Thank heavens they can't spoil that!"



II.

"WHAT THE —?"

STUDIES IN THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.

[Mr. James Douglas on Himself.]

"He fills me with speechful admiration—he dazzes me with superhuman radiance. Each day I know him more and every moment I know him less.

He does not merely write; he blazes a cannonade of stinging shrapnel. He hurls smashing hyperbole and paradox. He maims, tears, and riddles you with a tornado of words. He mixes metaphor with Mephistophelian subtlety; he mines and countermines his allusions with dynamitic devilry. You gasp in the swirl of his sentences like a drowning cat in a maelstrom. You are buffeted by blinding adjectives; you eling to a straw of commonplace; you are flung off by a surging antithesis; you are dashed into mewling pulp on a dragon-toothed epigram—you sink in a vortex of verbs.

But, an he will, he can woo you as gently as any sucking dove. He is sensuous and languorous as a slice of turtle dreaming in a silver basin of

amber and saffron soup. He croons like a rhinoceros flushed with immortal desire. He drowns you with viseid words that coil on your senses like golden syrup on amorous suet. He is more hungry for love than a broody hen alone on an iceberg. He cajoles like a sorceress steeped in the incense of petrol. He swoons like a mangold-wurzel drugged with cinnamon and myrrh. He exhales passion in gusts that smite you as the passionate draught smites you in tube station passages.

He is more embryonic than the yoke of a roc's egg, and yet more final than an editor's compliments. He is more modern than the aeroplane, and yet more ancient than a neolithic golliwog. He is monk or benedict; as ascetic as a charecoal biscuit, or more Dad than Bagdad itself.

He is Westminster Abbey, the Moulin Rouge, the top of the Himalayas, and the bottom of a quart pot. He can make an epic out of the passing of a motor-bus. He squeezes wine or vitriol out of sterile banality. He takes Life in both hands and bites it in half.

He is the ROOSEVELT of Adjective-riders, the War Lord of verbiage. He strips MEREDITH, and leaves CARLYLE naked and shivering. He is MILTON transcended, and GOETHE and SHAKSPEARE translated in heavenly choirs of words.

He is too modest to say more."

The Journalistic Touch.

"The next day Dr. Griffin was homeward bound with nearly a thousand souls under his medical charge."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

Where was the chaplain?

"In the House of Lords, yesterday, the N.F.R. Bill was read a third time."

Amos; the Bill's read a third time in the House of Lords last night was the North-Eastern Railway Bill."

This appears in a column in the *Illustrated Chronicle* headed "Flotsam and Jetsam." Later on, to remove any lingering doubt, we are told:—

"Among the Bills read a third time in the House of Lords last night was the North-Eastern Railway Bill."

It certainly seems a case for either flotsam or jetsam.

THE ADVENTURER.

CHAPTER I.

JASPER FOURTOES gnawed the ends of his moustache and scowled gloomily. The Countess whom he had been blackmailing for the last three years had died suddenly—as luck would have it, on the very day on which her monthly instalment was due. There seemed to be nothing between him and beggary but honest work. Shrugging his shoulders slightly he picked up the daily paper and ran his eyes over it cynically.

Suddenly he started back with a hoarse cry of triumph. Once more Fate had stepped in at the psychological moment.

"BY-ELECTION IN NORTH SOUTHSHIRE"

were the magic words which had caught his eye. Mr. Samuel Boodle had at last been appointed to the post in the Civil Service for which his subsizarship at Downing College in 1873 had long marked him out, and his retirement from the House of Commons had brought about the first electoral contest since the establishment of Payment of Members.

"Ha," said Jasper sardonically to himself, "eet is well. Ha, oh, ha!" He lit an expensive cigarette and laughed coarsely. "My luck is in," he muttered. "Four hundred a year, Jasp, you sinner, be dashed to you!"

Drawing on his pumps and slipping into his fur-lined coat, he left the room, and with long panther-like strides made his way rapidly to the station.

CHAPTER II.

"You say you have called to solicit my vote," said Mr. Pennywaite plaintively, "but you won't tell me your views. Are you for or against Free Trade?"

"Hist," said Jasper, putting a finger to his lips. "Are we alone?"

"Of course we are," said Mr. Pennywaite. "Can't you see?"

Jasper rose from his seat and stole to the door. He stood there silently for a moment, his fingers grasping the handle, then turned it suddenly and flung the door open. The hall was empty.

"Don't do it," said Mr. Pennywaite testily. "What's the matter with the man?"

Jasper returned to his chair.

"I had feared that there were caves-droppers," he explained. "One cannot be too careful. Now I am ready to listen to you."

"I asked if you were for or against Free Trade. I don't see how you can

expect me to vote for you without knowing that."

Jasper lit a cigar and leant forward impressively.

"Neither," he said, blowing out a cloud of smoke. "Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say 'Both.'"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"What do the people want?" said Jasper cynically. "You know this part of the country; I don't. Which goes down best? Once I know that, I shall preach accordingly, and they will vote for me."

"But, my dear Sir, you seem to forget that there is an official Tariff Reformer and an official Free Trader in the field already. Why shouldn't the electors vote for them?"

"I had forgotten it," cried Jasper, with a terrible start. "I had read so much in the papers about adventurers snapping up seats when once Members were paid that I began to think that there was never more than one candidate for a constituency. It is a fact that there are these two other men." He scowled and lit another cigar. "Even if I remove them," he added darkly, "two others would take their places."

"The point is," said Mr. Pennywaite, "have you anything to offer that they haven't?"

"Yes," said Jasper suddenly and desperately. "This." He produced a loaded revolver from his pockets and pressed it to the temple of the other. "Now, then, I want a thousand pounds. I have just remembered that I had forgotten something else. I had quite forgotten that there were such things as election expenses. Hand over quickly—for, by Heaven, I am in no mood for trifling."

"My good man," said Mr. Pennywaite, "don't be so silly. I haven't even got a hundred pounds."

"Then you must borrow it for me. The interest is certain; I shall have my four hundred a year, and I will pay you eighty pounds a year while you live. Quick, I am desperate—your promise, or I shoot!"

"You fool," said Mr. Pennywaite, "you've forgotten something else. There is a general election every four years. So, even if they keep on electing you, which is extremely unlikely once they know the sort of man you are, you'd want—"

But Jasper didn't want anything just then. He had swooned.

CHAPTER III.

A month later, in London, Jasper Fourtoes was gloomily surveying two

sets of figures. The first set went like this:—

Sir THOMAS BILTON (L.)	4,837
Capt. PADDOCK (U.)	4,695
JASPER FOURTOES (Ind.)	3

L. majority over U.	142
L. majority over Ind.	4,834
L. majority over all parties	139

No change.

The second set of figures went like this:—

Debit.	£ s. d.	Credit.
To sundry expenses	834 6 11	To cash value of enhanced prospects of success at next Election due to fact of having stood before,
To damage by eggs and similar arguments	15 15 0	say - - - 9d.
Total	850 1 11	

Jasper studied these figures long and earnestly as he gloomily chewed his moustache. Then he shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigar.

"The adventurer's life is not what it was," he said with a sigh. "Sometimes I think that even on the Stock Exchange there is more doing." A. A. M.

THE LITTLE HEN.

A WAYSIDE SKETCH.

NEVER will there be a more sudden or inexplicable accident. At the one second I was booming at a reasonable pace down a naked white road which ran straight and utterly empty of traffic for the whole of a mile. At the next second the brakes had torn the bloom off forty pounds' worth of tyres. A man had appeared in the middle of the road literally from nowhere, holding up a horror-stricken hand which appeared to contain bread, and pointing with the other to an unexpected hen that lay dead in the dust ten yards behind.

He was wearing striped socks and carried his boots in the other hand. On reflection, I see that my momentary fancy that the person was lurching upon bread and boots was a wrong and ill-considered fancy.

He wore a black straw hat which was turning iron-grey; a cricket blazer striped in three colours, that had been chocolate, yellow and red, but from which quite half the stripes had vanished; corduroy trousers that had once been green and somehow made you think of railway stations; and a beard grown in two colours, blood-orange and dun, with a touch of lemon at the edges. He looked at me through wooden-framed spectacles.

He said, "Pardon me, Sir—my little hen is dead." He raised his hat—the brim of it. I had not noticed until then that the crown was kept on by elastic passing under his chin. "Permit me to examine the little hen, Sir."

He bent over the body for a moment, spoke to it without getting a reply, tried to bribe it to wake with a piece of bread, and, finding this inspired effort at resuscitation unsuccessful, furtively wiped away a tear, and came back to me.

Then he raised his brim again.

"The little hen is dead," he said, and sobbed slightly. Then he closed both his eyes and pressed his hands over his face, having put his bread into his pocket from which it fell into the road—through a hole like the hole of the bottomless pit. He picked it up, lightly brushed the dust from it with his sleeve, and held it in his hand during the remainder of the interview.

"My little companion!" he said. He had an educated voice. "I used to build it a little roost at my feet every night," he added sadly.

I felt horribly ashamed, and thought of the prisoner who tamed a spider.

His beard trembled.

"She was all I had, Sir . . . that hen—that little stolen fowl . . . Stolen, Sir. I stole her from a farm in Kent. This is my punishment. For fourteen hundred miles we have been companions in adversity—walking the same roads, sharing the same shelter of the hedge in storm, the same crust in hunger, the same rivulets in thirst."

He looked thoughtfully at the bread in his hand.

"Sir, this means starvation to me. I bartered an egg for half a loaf yesterday . . . half a loaf and a handful of corn. But now . . . there will be no more eggs." His lips moved silently. Then he spoke again.

"It would be unfair to expect you to realise quite all that little bird meant to me, Sir . . . unfair and an admission of gross vanity. And yet . . . every man, I suppose, possesses his little hen, something to love, to protect, to indulge. Weak, illogical, wayward, perhaps . . . but with its charm. . . ."

"That little hen once saved my life. And once I saved hers. You will see there were ties above the ordinary."

He lifted one foot, and I saw that he did not wear soles on his socks.

"I will journey on—into the infinite . . . alone," he said, in little more than a whisper, and at the same time slipped on a boot.

"Alone . . . penniless."

He lifted the greater part of the fowl and kissed it.

"Forgive this display of feeling," he



GOUTY AND GRIMLY HUMOROUS OLD GENTLEMAN WIRES TO HIS DOCTOR.



Doctor's Wife (reading telegram). "IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN A PRETTY FOOT AND ANKLE COME OVER THIS EVENING."

muttered. "Pardonable—perhaps—Frenchmen. But we English. . . ."

He slipped on the other boot. The majority of the hen dangled from his hand as he stared across the distant downs into the sunset.

"How lonely are the uplands!" he said suddenly.

I fumbled.

"If a half-sovereign—" I began, and hesitated.

Tears sprang to his eyes, blurring the spectacles.

"What can I say or do? I am poor," he cried, "and a coward. I dare not refuse."

He stood for a second in an attitude of deep dejection. I pressed the money into his hand.

Then suddenly his face lighted up.

"She is all I have in the world," he

said bravely, "and I will commit her into your hands."

He stepped forward and laid the hen tenderly on the floor of the car. Then, nodding blindly, he stood clear of the car to watch me go. He removed his brim and remained standing, desolate and downcast, until I was out of sight.

It was a queer little incident—touching in its way. I showed my wife the little hen that night.

"You'd better let John bury it," she said. "It is a sad little story—if you have a bad cold in the head. I haven't. This hen has been dead at least a fortnight."

"The Cranleigh School XI. put up a record last year with 14 runs out of 16 games."—*The Observer*.

The competition for the average bat must have been very keen.



Voices from the tee. "WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HELP YOUR OPPONENT FIND HIS BALL?"
Man in the way. "OH, HIS BALL'S ALL RIGHT; IT'S HERE. HE'S LOOKING FOR HIS DRIVER!"

BOND STREET.

LAVENDER fresh are your looks,
 Bond Street, in May-time;
 London that's laid down her books,
 London in playtime;
 Sunlit eleven o'clock,
 Jack, ay, and Jill,
 Furbelow, feather and frock,
 Fashion and frill!
 Lilac'd and lawned go your girls,
 So many Graces,
 Soft as the dawn, or the pearls
 Caught in their laces;
 Lo, it was Celia laughed
 Silver afar;
 Here breathed a violet waft,
 There a cigar!
 Men who are fêted and fed,
 Folk who've come croppers,
 Men who fill lions with lead,
 Surbiton shoppers;
 Thus does the whirligig go
 Blithe as a bell;
 Soothly it seems that your show
 Runs rather well.
 Yet on this Monday you've more—
 How shall I term it?—
Eclat than ever before,
 Yes, I affirm it;

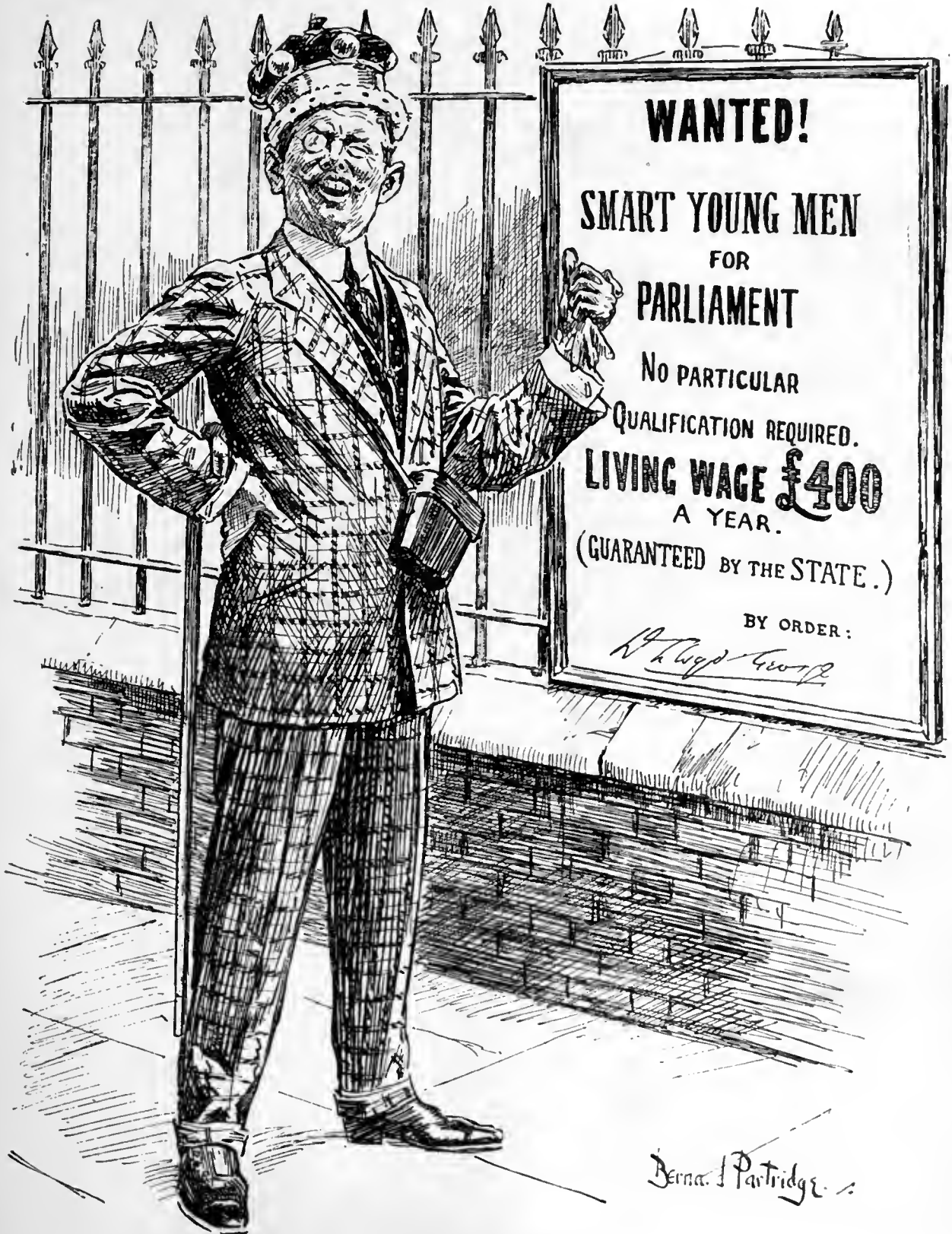
Why so, I hardly can say,
 Saving 'tis that
 Dolly is up for the day,
 Getting a hat!

NOVELTIES AT THE ACADEMY.

No, I am not speaking of the present Exhibition, but the next. And even then I don't hope for anything really new. But if only some of our artists, for a change, would borrow the motives and ideals of other artists! I can't help thinking this would freshen things up a bit. For instance:—

<i>Artist.</i>	<i>Subject.</i>
W.L. WYLLIE, R.A.	Her First Socks.
Sir LUKE FILDES, R.A.	Night Hymn at Sea.
Sir HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.	Diana surprised by the Elders.
GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.	Susanna surprised by the Actæons.
H.S. TUKE, A.R.A.	Portrait of the Editor of <i>The Tailor and Cutter</i> in full dress.
C. SIMS, A.R.A.	Buckingham Palace (painted from a photograph).

B.W. LEADER, R.A.	"What is his Other Eye Doing?"—profile study of a Horse-dealer.
The Hon. JOHN COLLIER	Study in Still Life—Brazil Nuts and a Doulton Vase.
HERBERT SCHMALZ	Silver Birches.
YEEND KING	Lions at Bay.
BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A.	Eventide in Rotten Row.
FRANK CRAIG.	"Every Nice Girl Loves a Sailor."
Sir W. P. RICHMOND, R.A.	Sailing Ships on the Round Pond.
MARCUS STONE, R.A.	Portrait of His Worship the Mayor of High Marketown, in his Mayoral Chain and Robes.
Sir ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.	Coster Girls Dancing.
GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.	Bringing Daddy's Slippers.
J.S. SARGENT, R.A.	Southeast-on-Sea: study of high tea with shrimps.
A. S. COPE, R.A.	Vision of Seraphim.



Bernard Partridge.

THE NEW PROFESSION.

BACKWOODS PEER. "WELL, IF LANSDOWNE KICKS ME OUT I KNOW WHERE TO PUT IN FOR A PAYIN' JOB."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 15th.—“I am sure,” said FITZALAN HOPE, rising to move rejection of Parliament Bill, “that I shall have the sympathy of the whole House—”.

Assurance not falsified. Only, feeling of sympathy so acute that Members felt constrained to go forth and express it in fuller space of Lobby or in fresher air of Terrace. Amid hustle of departing through the special ground of effective appeal not made clear. Select few who remained heard HOPE tell a flattering tale of his preference for “the newest, crudest, rawest American Western State Senate, with a row of spittoons along the floor”—he was a little particular about the spittoons—“rather than the House of Lords subject to this Veto Bill.”

It was the last night of long, occasionally stubborn, fight round a Measure denounced by Opposition as an iniquitous attack on a sainted Constitution. Looking round the scene one wouldn't have thought it. Benches filled up when PREMIER, PRINCE ARTHUR, and WINSTON were on their legs, but for the rest remained half empty, their occupants altogether listless. Members eager only for the division that would put an end to wearisome marching and counter-marching varied by tedious talk.

F. E. SMITH, favoured with what looked like great opportunity, was selected to lead this last attack. Certainly had full audience. Somehow his blunderbuss missed fire. He might have been leading a minuet instead of a forlorn hope against an impregnable position. Too evident that no fiery furnace of righteous indignation glowed behind his immaculate shirt-front. No light of battle glared in his pensive eye. At intervals he furtively waved flag of truce. Occasionally he made curious gesture as if restraining disposition to obey the command, “Hands up,” before it was uttered by the overbearing foe.

SARK has a story of a shipmate on a sea voyage who woke him every morning by giving orders from an adjoining berth for his bath. Concerned for its temperature he never omitted to say, “Not 'ot or else cold.” Such was the precise temperature of F. E.'s speech. To put it more briefly, it was tepid.

Nor did the PREMIER or PRINCE ARTHUR succeed in lifting the House out of the doldrums. They, too, openly shared the general condition of boredom with the long-drawn-out discussion.

genially, if vaguely, described as “thrice-boiled colewort” in the form of reiterated argument against or for the Bill.

Only WINSTON soared above prevailing dullness. His contribution to debate through long succession of sittings probably exceeded that of any other Member. Turned up now as fresh and vigorous as if he were making his first plunge into the salt estranging sea of controversy. Incidentally he got in one of the neatest retorts evoked in recent years in Parliamentary arena. On his remarking that under the Parliament Bill “the power of the Lords will not merely be effective but formidable, even menacing,” a Voice from benches opposite contributed to argument the monosyllable “Rot!”

“An Honourable Member says ‘Rot,’” remarked WINSTON with increasing winsomeness. “Doubtless it represents what is in his mind.”

At eleven o'clock House filled up like Severn at coming of Bore. A throng peopled the Bar. Side galleries were filled. Glad consciousness shone on every face at certainty that, as the patron

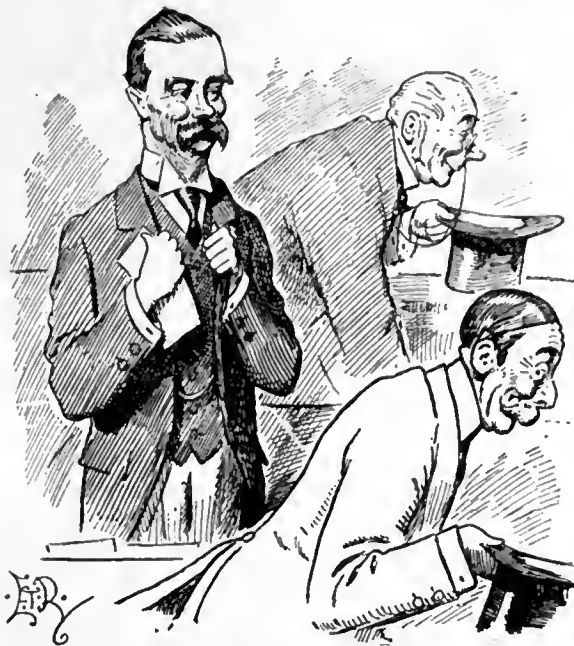
in the circus gallery commanded, we had “cut the cackle and come to the 'osses.” Amid growing excitement two divisions followed in swift succession. By the first F. E. SMITH's amendment rejecting the Bill was negatived by majority of six score. That seemed utmost that might be expected. Dividing on the main question, “that the Bill be read third time,” ELIBANK went one better, bringing the majority up to 121.

A storm of cheering rose from Ministerial camp, whilst Mr. TURVEYDROR SWIFT MACNEILL gave timely lesson in deportment by rising and, with hat held at proper angle in right hand, bowing ceremoniously to vanquished host above Gangway.

Business done.—Parliament Bill triumphantly carried over last stage.

Tuesday.—In briefest Budget Speech of modern times LLOYD GEORGE expounds financial Scheme for the year. Figures stupendous. Enough to take away a man's breath, not to mention the money in his trouser pocket. Total income £181,716,000; total expenditure £181,284,000; result, as Mr. Meawber said when doing an analogous sum, happiness.

Item of additional expenditure, quarter of a million for payment of Members. Hereafter, if CHANCELLOR's scheme goes through, M.P.'s will be passing rich



“HOPE DEFERRED” (TO ANOTHER OCCASION).

“Members felt constrained to go forth” (Mr. FITZALAN HOPE—the other persons portrayed being wholly imaginary from motives of delicacy.)

Both spoke with more than customary brevity; each commenced his speech by excusing himself from serving round once more what CARLYLE



“He mig't have been leading a minuet instead of a forlorn hope.”

(Mr. F. E. SMITH.)

on £400 a year. But will it? Certainly not if opposition, by no means confined to one side of House, be skilfully and resolutely led. Men who have closest at heart veneration and affection for Mother of Parliaments see in this proposal inevitable degradation. The voluble Carpet Bagger, hitherto partly restrained in search of a seat by knowledge that if he succeeds he must needs meet lodging and other domestic expenses out of his own pocket, will find difficulties vanish at magic touch of State payment. He and his kind will shoulder off the premises the class of men, by no means universally rich, who, honoured and bestowing honour, have raised House of Commons to its present stainless pinnacle.

Of course, if PREMIER makes proposal a question of confidence, a majority will be forthcoming, however reluctantly, to support it. But it is essentially a case in which private judgment of Members should be untrammelled by considerations of Party fealty. PRINCE ARTHUR, as leading Composite Opposition, should insist on Government Whips taking no official part in the decisive division.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Third night of debate, even more dolorous than greater part of that in Commons on Parliament Bill, on what MARQUIS of LANSDOWNE calls the House of Lords' Reconstitution Bill. Looking down from Strangers' Gallery, catching here and there a sentence from dispirited speeches forlornly uttered, the visitor might well suppose the House had come to bury Cæsar not to reconstitute him.

Everyone, not least clearly the author of the Bill, knows it is a not altogether harmless delusion. On its forehead was written at birth the fatal words "Too late." Had it been introduced a couple of years ago, it might have served as basis of settlement between two political parties of long vexed question. In 1909 the Peers preferred to devote their available time to throwing out the Budget. That accomplished, what followed was as inevitable as it is irrevocable.

LANSDOWNE'S crown of sorrow is that, having devoted long labour, skilfully overcome much opposition privily demonstrated, his endeavour to save the situation does not call forth anything like enthusiasm on his own side. On the contrary there have been forthcoming during progress of debate rarely precedented signs of revolt against authority of Unionist Leader. Regarded as a national custom practised by others something may be said in favour of the custom of hara-kiri. But when the sword is placed in your hand and it

is your own carcass that is to be cut up the point of view is changed.

Business done.—Reconstitution Bill talked round and about.

House of Commons, Thursday.—MORRELL raised a nice and difficult question. Arose upon appointment of additional commissioners under Small Holdings Act and particulars of the Areas allotted them.

"Will each commissioner," he asked, "be obliged to reside in his area?"

Familiar fact that in well-ordered domestic establishments, the area (pertaining to the kitchen) is the domain of the Cook, open to occasional visits from the perambulatory policeman.



DOES MR. MORRELL "RESIDE
IN HIS OWN AREA"??

Cook. "Lawks, Matilda!! If 'ere ain't the mæster a-lin an' settled 'isself down in the airey!!!"

To have an additional commissioner in permanent residence there would lead to unpleasantness on both sides.

Business done—Report stage of Army and Navy Votes.

MUSIC.

(In the manner of "The Morning Post.")
LOHENGRIN AT COVENT GARDEN.

WAGNER'S *Lohengrin* was performed last night—needless to say not for the first time; but it is only just to remark that in this case familiarity with the work was not allowed to engender any negligence in the representation, and at every turn indications were not lacking of conscientious preparation.

Special interest attached to the performance in that on this occasion M. Paprika, the eminent Bulgarian baritone, made his London *début* in the rôle of *Telramund*. As the unfortunate Brabantian nobleman M. Paprika created on the whole a highly favourable impression, and he undoubtedly enhanced the efficacy of his interpretation by his judicious sartorial equipment, which evinced a regard for detail not always observable in lyric artists. Thus the sinister attributes of the part were cleverly indicated by the choice of a steeple-crowned beaver hat, a purple toga and a Roman sword, the whole being set off by a pair of weirdly suggestive red sandals. M. Paprika's voice is of sonorous quality and his enunciation is commendably articulate. Altogether this estimable artist must be reckoned a decided acquisition to the company. Thè *Elsa* of Madame Joska Pipitoff is too well known to demand a meticulous survey of its many excellences, vocal and histrionic. Suffice it to observe that she acquitted herself in a manner which fully justified the plaudits bestowed on her efforts by the influential audience who witnessed her meritorious rendition. The same remarks, when the appropriate modifications involved in the discrepancy between the rôles have been made, can be fittingly applied to the *Lohengrin* of the cast, M. Ingo Brobiloff, the capable Lithuanian tenor, whose engagement by the opera syndicate has been signally vindicated on so many occasions by his industrious co-operation. The part of the *King* was safe in the vocal cords of Signor Annibale Tarabuso, and an efficient *Herald* was forthcoming in Mr. Mario Carkeek, a Californian singer of approved talent and urbane deportment. Commendation is also due to the operatic taxidermist responsible for the appearance of the swan, whose gestures were permeated with an instinct for refined gentility. The performance was conducted by Signor Bartolommeo Bolcione, whose artistic ideals and temperament were manifested at every point in the choice of tone values, the manipulation of his bâton, and the vitality which he contrived to impart to the conceptions of the meritorious and distinguished composer with the execution of whose elegant score he was entrusted.

"In the House of Lords this evening Mr. Asquith said he was satisfied that in the interests of this country it was desirable we should have a properly constituted Second Chamber."—*Manchester Evening News*.

A coward would have been satisfied to say it in the House of Commons.



First Bored Undergraduate. "HAVE A CIGARETTE, OLD MAN?"

Second Bored Undergraduate. "NO, THANKS."

First Bored Undergraduate. "SLACKER!"

TO THE FOOD OF THE GODS.

Nor when I listen to the lively prattle
Of her, my charming neighbour on the right,
Wond'ring meanwhile if this response or that'll
Bore her the less (I am not very bright,
Not when I feed;
One thing well done best fits the island breed);

Nor yet when with a face that's far too fervent
I do say something, talking through my hat
(No, not my hat; I left this with a servant,
But talking hopeless piffle, call it that),
Not then, not thus,
Come to my plate, thou rare asparagus!

Nor later, when I woo the lovely creature
Sitting upon my left, a larger care—
How shall I tackle her? What current feature
Of art, of politics, shall melt this fair
Statue in pink?
One hurried almond first, one hasty drink,

Then to the charge (we might try state insurance)—
But not, as I've observed, at times like these,
When I am bound so fast in siren-durance,
Most fair of herbs, most beautiful of trees
That garden ground
Gives to the dinner-board, be handed round!

But rather, when the waves of witticism,
The floods of repartee, have left me lone,
Enslid amid the surges, when the lissome
Fair that I lugged to table, having shown
Signs of fatigue,
Has turned to form elsewhere some faint intrigue,

And she, the still more fair, but slightly serious,
The unessayed as yet, has not been loosed
From adoration by a swain imperious—
'Twixt Seylla and Charybdis as I roost—
Then, in that calm,
Come to my aching lips, thou buttered balm.

Then I can do thee justice, thou immortal
And juicy seedling; I can lightly run
Thy hanging heads into the proper portal,
Holing them almost every time in one.
Therefore I say,
Be served while no young women glance my way.

EVOE.

"Yonder (11—9) (Mr. Brassey up) fell when beaten 20 lgths at Aldershot by Yonder (9—11) (2 ran)." — *Evening Times*.

It is only on the rare occasions when the whole field consists of Yonders that the plunger is absolutely safe.

PASTURES NEW.

THERE are times when I tire of adding up figures, or weighing out tea, or whatever you like to suppose my present occupation to be; and then I dream dreams, in which I imagine myself translated to a higher and more congenial sphere of activity. Now I am a popular Actor-Manager, now a Prime Minister, and in even more reckless moments editor of *The Observer*.—But sooner or later, having finished dreaming, I turn to solid reality, and glance through the "Situations Vacant" column of my daily paper to discover what I actually might be if I wasn't what I am.

I thought I had "found myself" (as the biographers say) the other morning when the following advertisement caught my eye:—

"Electric Jib Crane Driver wanted. Must be experienced and willing to make himself generally useful. Apply Box 2,357, General Post Office."

The possibilities inherent in such a situation so fired my imagination that I determined to lose no time in applying for it, and sat down at once to write the necessary letter. The beginning caused me the most trouble. How, I wondered, did one address a Box? "Dear Box," or "Dear Box 2,357," sounded a little familiar; "Dear Sir or Madam as the Box may hold" seemed too impersonal; and the task of writing more than two lines in the third person is one from which I have always shrunk. In the end I decided to risk the assumption that the occupant of the Box was a man, and wrote as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you require an experienced chauffeur for your electric jib crane, I beg to offer my services. I am thoroughly acclimatised to electric jib cranes of almost every make—Daimler, Remington, Heidsieck, and so on. For the past year I have been driving Mr. ASQUITH about in a single-house-power Viteau, without a brake, but fitted with a patent anti-suffragette. The latter, however, was recently put out of action by a bomb, and since then I have resigned the post. I should be quite willing to make myself generally useful about the house and grounds, and could take a hand at Bridge in cases of emergency. Salary is not so much an object with me as a comfortable, Christian home.—Yours, etc."

I waited several days for a reply, but strangely enough none was forthcoming. Little rebuffs like that, however, were not going to deter me, so I tried in another direction. This time nothing on the list caught my fancy

till I came to the V's, when I lighted upon this:—

"Varnish-Maker. Man used to gum-running. State wages, with full particulars, to the Stikkey Business Development Co., High Street, Bermondsey."

To which I replied:—

'DEAR SIR:—Varnish has always exercised a great fascination over me, and, although I have no first-hand acquaintance with its manufacture, I have often stood for hours watching the decoration of a shop-front with the substance in whose development your firm has played so conspicuous a part. When they come to putting in the wriggly lines, nothing could ever induce me to move on. As for the special qualifications you demand in your advertisement, I may mention that I did a good deal of gum-running in the South African War, which, as you may remember, was brought to a successful conclusion. I am a constant speaker at our local Debating Society, can play easy accompaniments, and should require a commencing salary of £500 (five hundred pounds) a year.—Yours, etc."

When nothing came of this either, I left the "Situations Vacant" column pretty severely alone for some considerable time. The other day, however, I happened to look through it again, and my apathy completely vanished when I found the following:—

"Smart Young Gentleman wanted, to learn duties as assistant manager for theatrical business. Wear evening dress. Premium required. Apply Hy. Knutt, 763A, Charing Cross Road."

It was, I need hardly say, the evening dress that did it. Who could resist such an inducement? Not I, for one. With almost feverish haste I wrote to Mr. Knutt, adapting the tone of my letter to the character of the profession I had always longed to enter.

"MY DEAR HY," I said,—“I was no end bucked at seeing your little advert. in to-day's rag. It's the very thing I've been looking for. I'm just dying to be an assistant theatrical manager, and help the governor stroll round the house every evening and chat with the pretty programme-girls and swear at the plain ones. And evening dress, too! Do you think I might wear a white waistcoat? If so, I wouldn't mind paying a little bit extra in premium. So long, Hy., old pal. Write soon. How are Thos., Chas., and Jno.?—Ever yours, etc."

This morning I got Hy.'s reply.

"What do you say," he inquired, "to a little bit of dinner at the Roccoo

to-morrow evening? We could then fix up things over a bottle of the best. I may tell you that I p'cked your application out of several hundred I have received for the post, for which you seem to have exactly the right qualities. Wire me what time to meet you, and if you bring your cheque-book the business can all be finished with on the spot.—Yours, HY. KNUTT."

But I'm not wiring him. I can't stand the food at the Roccoo.

AN APPALLING CONTINGENCY.

[Suggested by the theory recently put-forward that, in the modern drama, other motives are tending to displace the hitherto supreme "love interest," and that in the play of the future the appeal to the amorous emotions will be less and less in evidence.]

WE English are a sober race,
And yet, beneath our colder
fashions,

I've always held that one could
trace

The stirrings of volcanic passions,
For which our Drama, though
derided,

A sentimental safety-valve provided;

That, though a prudent mother-wit
Ruled drably o'er our actual
doings,

When settled in the stalls or pit
We gave ourselves to loves and
wooings,

To plighted troths and secret
meetings,

Eloquents, vows, and amorous en-
treatings;

And thereby managed to assuage
Our wilder moods and reckless
feelings,

Which otherwise might start to
rage

In all Life's ordinary dealings;

To give the theory brief expression:
Love on the stage, but in our lives
Discretion.

Hence with your loveless plays one
sees

Arrive a dark and horrid doubtlet:
What of our hidden passions, please,

When you've removed their an-
cient outlet?

Is every Briton, wise or stupid,
To wander blindly in the toils of Cupid?

Heaven forbid! No, give us still
The themes and plots of orthodoxy,

And let us take our modest fill
Of passion, as it were, by proxy;

The play's the place for Cupid's
antics,

Else in our lives we all become
Romantics!

FLIGHTS OF IMAGINATION.

THE following political competitions have been arranged in consequence of the successful aeroplane flights of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. MCKENNA:—

1. PUBLIC ASCENTS OF BALLONS D'ESSAI, to ascertain the current of general opinion. Liberation of canards.

2. WINDBAG COMPETITIONS (unrestricted as to time or volume).—Contest between speeches lighter than air and heavier than air. Flights of oratory.

3. SOARING COMPETITIONS for young M.P.'s.

4. GENERAL ATTEMPT TO FLY TO WESTMINSTER. Prize, £400 a year.—Successful candidates will be expected to steer subsequently in any direction indicated by the Party Whips.

5. ALTITUDE CONTEST.—Elevation of 500 Liberals to the House of Lords.

6. IMMIGRATION CONTEST (for Aliens only).—Candidates to attempt to fly over London and drop explosives at various vital centres. No restrictions. (Gentlemen desiring assistance will obtain fullest information from the Home Office.)

7. LADIE'S CONTEST.—An aeroplane of the Suffragette (PANKHURST-DESPARD) type will manoeuvre in the air over Radical meetings and drop handbills and other missiles. In conjunction with the Police Air-ship Sports. (The public are warned that this event is dangerous.)

8. NON-STOP EVENT.—An attempt will be made by a body of Conservative Members to send up the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER permanently in a balloon.

9. BACK-TO-THE-LAND COMPETITION (for Beginners).—This explains itself.

ANOTHER LIBEL.

"I SHALL have to sell the pup," said James.

"Funks, does he?" I asked.

"Not he," he said indignantly.

"He'd face a polar bear if I asked him to."

A horrible suspicion seized me.

"You've been trying," I asked, "to teach him to beg, and he's refused to sacrifice his self-respect?"

"Of course not. You know I don't believe in indiscriminate charity."

"Well, then, what's the trouble?"

"He has libelled me."

"What! does he write fiet'on, too?"

I exclaimed. "The young dog!"

"There are more ways of libelling a man," said James, "than painting him as the villain of a storyette;" to which I agreed, for, since the discovery of a false rhyme in my poem "To Araminta," I had lived in hourly expectation of an



"MOTHER I KNOW WHAT ELEPHANTS' TUSKS ARE MADE OF."

"WHAT, DEAR?"

"WHY, PAPER KNIVES."

action from some lady of that name for implying that she mixed with poets of defective culture.

"The other day," James went on, "I lost him. I searched for him, and found him searching for me outside the Criterion Bar, which, as you know, is situated in one of our busiest thoroughfares."

"Wonderful instinct dogs have," I suggested. "He knew it was useless going in as he was under fourteen."

"I call it a nasty underhand way

of getting revenge for being lost," grumbled James. "Everybody who saw him concluded I was drinking at ten o'clock in the morning, when, as a matter of fact, I was in the post-office."

"It is often called buying a stamp," I admitted.

"Anyhow, my character's gone, and the pup will have to go too. I shall, of course, take no legal action."

And so I got it cheap; and a very good pup, too.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

VI.—STEAMSHIPS.

To the vast influx of visitors to the Coronation from other countries and the circumstance that few of them fly or swim, but instead use steamships, must be attributed the fascinatingly veracious article which follows. The reason that no errors are to be discerned in it is due to the fact that the proofs have been rigorously read by well-known experts. Thus, Mr. MONTAGU HOLBEIN and Sir ARTHUR WIND PINERO have revised the section which deals with the Cross and Mid-Channel services. If any reference to rackets is found here it will have been first scrutinised by WILLIAMS, while the long dissertation on Lloyd's rates for insuring the Heraldic Jall on a sea passage is the work of Sir ALFRED SCOTT GATTY, Garter King-at-Arms, but may, of course, be cut out by the editor at the last moment. The historical section has been supervised by Sir Kylee Watts (the descendant of Sir ISAAC WATTS, the inventor of the steam-kettle), Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN and other authorities on shipping.

HISTORY.

The first steamship was built on the Thames. Hence the phrase "Old as the HILLS." She was of only 200 tons burthen and was christened *Dread-most-things-but-particularly-the-open-sea*. This name was given to her by the VENERABLE BEDE, who broke over her bows a bottle of vintage metheglin in the presence of the very flower of art, literature and politics. From this simple vessel grew the gigantic fleet that now ploughs the waves in every direction and harrows the stomachs of all poor sailors on board.

The largest Atlantic liner that exists is the *Dollarmania*, recently launched by the celebrated American firm of Cramp, of Philadelphia. The *Dollarmania* is exactly half-a-mile long. She has six funnels, a permanent theatrical company, a morning and evening paper, a polo ground, and a golf course. Her chef receives £4,000 a year.

PURPOSE AND USE.

Steamships go all over the world, except to the coast of Bohemia. There was a line thither in SHAKESPEARE'S time, but it has since been discontinued. There are even steamships on the Swiss and Italian lakes, greatly to the perplexity of tourists, who cannot think how they got there.

The only way to get to certain places is by steamship—the West

Indies, for example. The West Indies, whose motto (an adaptation of an old Spanish phrase) is *Hava bañana*, are famous for fruit, a Socialistic government, and periodical visits from Mr. x x x x x x x x x x (the author of *Fanny's First Play*), and teams of jocular but not quite first-class cricketers. Steamships that succeed in avoiding a collision with the Bermudas take one to the West Indies in about ten days. Other places which one may visit in steamships are Calais, Ryde and Margate. Few trips are more popular than that to Calais, a famous French seaport once celebrated for duels, and now for a sprightly French dance named after it—the Pas de Calais. Ryde has been wittily called the Calais of the Isle of Wight, a piece of land entirely surrounded by water, lying to the south of England and dependent upon steamships not only for the visitors, by whom it subsists, but for many of the necessities of life, which it offers for sale at an enormous profit. Margate differs from Calais and Ryde in that it may also be reached from London by land; but only the intrepid make the journey.

Steamships carry not only their precious freight of human and American souls, but also merchandise and things to eat. For example, without steamships we should get no eggs from Denmark, or, at any rate, they would not be worth getting when we got them. Nor should we be able to correspond freely with our distant relations and send remittances to Queensland and British Columbia.

It is steamships that bring us currants from Greece, and slippers from Morocco, and sprouts from Brussels, and tenors from Italy, and creepers from Virginia, and crosses from Malta, and blinds from Venice.

MAL-DE-MER.

Few persons can travel by steamship without suffering from the horrid complaint to which the above delicate French name has been given. It was first discovered by the famous Carthaginian navigator, HANNO, who in his *Periplus* has a most moving chapter on the subject, headed *Sic Transit*. See also the refined article, "Storm-pan," by Professor Onotis P. Flagler, in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

CREW.

No steamship is complete without an engineer and stoker. Captains are carried on Atlantic liners to be pleasant to important passengers. In addition, every ocean greyhound (as they are facetiously called) has on board a marconigraph-operator in case the

Wall Street magnates should feel bored, or captains should wish to communicate with the daily papers. The voyage from England to America is performed by the *Dollarmania* in three days, all of which are spent either in entertainments in the saloons or in wagering on the day's run.

UNWRITTEN LAWS.

Albatross-shooting, especially with cross-bows, is discountenanced.

When any steady run of bad luck is encountered it is wise to look about for the most likely Jonah-man and throw him overboard.

Ships that pass in the night need not exchange bows.

Theatrical passengers address all stokers as "Bram."

Donkey-engines have horse-power allowed them by courtesy.

AWA FRAE GOWRIE.

(*Lowland Love-Song*).

SHE wis never that young, she wis never just that bonny,

An' it's nae the bawbees, for she's no had ony

This seventeen year,

Yet it's oh but I'm sweir

Tae pairt frae ma jo Annie Powrie;

She's fair past wurk,—though she's but fufy-three,

An' they've taeu her till the infirmarie,

An' wha's tae rax me ma dish o'tea,

When she's awa' frae Gowrie?

I've pawned her puckle gear, an' I've drinkt her bit beddin',

An' the auld black gown that she wore tae wir weddin',

An' her stuffit chair,

Still it's eh but I'm sair

Tae twine frae ma jo Annie Powrie;

The doctor says that she's gey far through,

But wha's tae dig the croft i' the noo,

An' wha's tae bed me the nights I'm fou,

When she's awa' frae Gowrie?

She was wattit tae the bane at the tattie-sawin'

I' the spring o' the year when the win' wis blawin'

O' a cauld-rife airt,

An' it's wae is ma hairt

Tae twine frae ma jo Annie Powrie;

They're tellin' aye that she's like tae dee,

Nae an unco' thing as ye'll agree, But wha's tae fend for the pig an' me,

Gin she's awa' frae Gowrie?



FANCY PICTURE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE WHICH DECIDES THE FASHIONS FOR NEXT SEASON.

TRUE LOVE.

I SING of bed, for topics fail,
And sing I must and will.
The broken heart is getting stale,
The moon is staler still.
The kiss is clearly oversung,
The thread of love is bared,
And nothing beats a pair of sheets
(Providing they are aired).

When I was young and full of sense
I tried to climb a tree,
But, owing to incompetence,
I fell and broke a knee.
I lay in bed for weeks and weeks;
The thing became a craze.
Unhappy me, that I might be
Back in those good old days!

There are who wag untiring jaws
And hardly ever cease
To clamour hotly in the cause
Of Universal Peace,
These blame the darned inventiveness
Of MAXIM and of KRUPP;
They should taboo the villain who
Invented getting up.

I know a man who loves a face,
But yet his love is such
That he can leave it for a space
Nor miss it overmuch.

To leave my bed at any time
I am extremely loath;
And that is clear to all who hear
My matutinal oath.

And if at times I should suggest
That we might well arrange
To give our love a little rest,
And give ourselves a change:
Where wives would make domestic
scenes,

Fiancées sulk or pout,
It does not cry or even try
To follow me about.

The tepid lover asks a lot
But takes what he can get.
Such I, most certainly, am not,
"And yet," say you, "and yet
Those charms which you would
emphasise
You carelessly forego;
The night is sped; you're not in bed!"
I answer, "See below."

We poets labour overtime
That so our pots may boil.
As bait to catch the elusivo rhyme
We use the midnight oil.

We cannot always practise what
In theory we discuss;
But anyhow I'll do it now,
And clinch the matter thus:—

They say that Daisy is a dear,
That Mabel is a treat;
They rhapsodize of Elsie's ear,
They rave of Phyllis' feet;
They say that Rose's cheeks are pink,
That Sally's eyes are brown. . . .
For all I know that may be so;
Give me my ciderdown.

The procession of medical students
which got into trouble on the occasion
of their protest against Dr. MACAURA,
was headed by men carrying a coffin.
This does not strike us as a particularly
happy symbol of their profession.

Extract from *The Liverpool Evening Echo* on the subject of the Nottingham
petition:—"The judges issued warrants
for the apprehension of two men,
GEORGE SHAW and public-houses." If
our contemporary has not given the
second man a name, it has certainly
given him a "local habitation."

"The engine will be painted in special colours,
and the boiler will be furnished with brass
bands."—*Locomotive Magazine*.

The way boilers are pampered now-
a-days is disgusting. Time was when
they had to be contented with a simple
whistle.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is good to find that the author of *The Professional Aunt* has written another book at least equally delightful. She calls it *People of Popham* (CONSTABLE). As to what it is about, that is a different matter; for the greater part, nothing whatever happens to anybody of whom it treats; but it is impossible to be annoyed with Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS over this, or to attempt to hurry things by skipping, because on almost every page you are given some quite delightful bit of observation or quaint, unexpected humour, which alone would be worth the whole plot of half the novels in any publisher's list. There was once a village called Popham, and some nice friendly human people lived in it. This is the matter of the book; and of course you will say *Cranford* at once; to which I reply that Mrs. WEMYSS has no cause to be frightened even at this comparison. There is, in short, a quality about her work which can only be expressed by one rather over-used word—charm. One feels that she could write about a railway goods-station—the most uninteresting thing I can think of for the moment—and make you feel that it was one of the compensations of life. When you have read the book and chuckled time after time over its tender and wholly inconsequential humour (Mrs. WEMYSS writes exactly like a very nice woman talking), you will see that all I have said about its attractiveness is thoroughly deserved.

Doubting, as I do, whether fifty per cent. of women care much about a man's looks, I find it a little difficult to believe in the tragic situation of Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON's hero in *The Garden of Resurrection* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Possessing fifteen hundred a year and a beautiful, if slightly mawkish, disposition, he ought, for all his ugliness, to have found a few ladies not wholly indifferent to him before the book opened. I am afraid it was the fact that pretty women did not notice him in the street which really got upon his nerves. But barring this criticism I am extremely grateful to the writer of a very pleasant story. Readers of his former books will not be surprised to find plenty of humorous and subtle observations in this one, and *Belwattle*, the wife of the unlovely gentlemen's friend, *Moxa* his man, and, above all, *Dandy* his dog, are delightfully sketched characters. But why, oh why must we have this superfluity of sentiment over flowers? I dare not conjecture what a primrose by the river's brim would have meant to most of the people in this book, and I am sure they would have burst into tears at the sight of an auricula. Even a "plain blunt man," I think, should set some limit to his raptures on being intro-

duced to an herbaceous border, or (unless he is in for a competition) at the contemplation of a sweet pea. The hero's favourite aphorism apparently (since he quotes it twice) is the line from *The Blue Bird*, "There are no Dead," a thought which appears to me neither new enough nor true enough to get very excited about.

If the unsophisticated schoolgirl still exists, to her, no doubt, *Winding Paths* (HURST AND BLACKETT) will make its instant appeal. And so much success is by no means to be grudged Miss GERTRUDE PAGE, for, though the loves

of her heroines are not wholly innocent, her style is sound, her grammar irreproachable, her moral good and her heart obviously in the right place. Moreover her humour is, in its quieter moments, attractive and her presentation of character illuminating. But amongst men of the world the book will, I am afraid,

Draw the tear from many an eye,
But not the tear of sympathy.

Its reasoning upon the bigger issues of the day is a little too near the fatuous, and its people are overbusy in stifling sobs, wincing and burying their heads in their hands. Particularly there is Mr. *Alymer Hernoi*, a magnificently proportioned Adonis in appearance and a barrister by profession. Having been called for some two years and being still well under thirty, he has yet leapt to the foremost rank among juniors, and that by his personal beauty and "quiet dignity" alone, without having to worry, apparently, over the stuffy intricacies of the law. It is impossible to read with proper solemnity the account of this remarkable young gentleman pleading, in the last chapter, "with a noble, resolute face, in the oppressive hush of that crowded hall," pleading, "while everything in heaven and earth seemed to have stopped to listen," and pleading, of course, with inevitable but miraculous success. But the schoolgirl above mentioned, in her ignorance of such "halls," may well go to this one and be there blissfully and harmlessly entranced.

From a letter in the *South African War Cry*:—

"Whist hovering around a pretty place called Queen town I have been attracted to the square with five sides, designated the 'Hexagon.'"
The neatest definition of a hexagon we have seen.

From a programme of addresses arranged by the C.I.C.C.U.:—

"May 28th, Dr. T. Jay's. 'Where Satan's Seat Is.' In the Henry Martin Hall."

This will come as a surprise to many.



NERVE-TRYING.

Gladys (to aeroplaning friend). "I DO LOVE TO SEE THE GULLS FLYING ABOUT!"

Aeroplaning Friend. "OH, COME AWAY, DO! I CAN'T STAND WATCHING THEM! THEY OUGHTN'T TO BE OUT IN THIS WIND!"

CHARIVARIA.

"WILD Australia" is announced as one of the attractions of the Festival of Empire; but we understand that the wildness of Australia is a tame thing compared with the wildness of Canada over the temporary banning of the Battle of Chateauguay as her contribution to the Empire Pageant.

It has frequently been suggested that too much legislation in favour of the Labouring Classes will prove demoralising to them. We have not had to wait long for a concrete example of this. Man is willing to exchange his independence for it. The Manx Labour Party has complained that it is at a disadvantage in the matter of social legislation, and is proposing annexation to the United Kingdom.

Never, we suppose, was so much attention devoted to the subject of dress as to-day. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL, it is announced, is making arrangements for an improved form of headgear for the telephone girls.

Describing a case of highway robbery, *The Observer* tells us that the police found the men who were charged with the offence drinking in a public-house. "When the police entered, they tried to get rid of the coppers by passing them over the bar, but the barmaid would not accept them." This spread of slang to the columns of one of our oldest newspapers is, we fear, a sign of the times.

We are indebted for the following Charivarium to a gentleman who appeared the other day at the Wood Green Police Court. "May I," he cried impressively, "never be placed in this dock again if I'm not telling the truth!"

The proprietors of the Dublin Theatre Royal, we are told, have added immensely to the comfort of their patrons by covering the backs of the seats with thin metal, thus protecting playgoers

from a stab in the back when a lady pins her hat to the other side of the seat. Meanwhile Londoners have to put up with old-fashioned and cumbersome coats of mail.

"What wonderful versatility!" remarked an old lady who, after inspecting the QUEEN VICTORIA Memorial, read the announcement on an Exhibition placard: "GREAT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS BY BROCK."

There is a persistent rumour afoot to the effect that, when the Germans take London, the premises of the Royal Automobile Club, and not Buckingham

A GRAVE OVERSIGHT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—May I through the medium of your columns call the attention of the gentleman who is responsible for the Coronation Stands in the Strand district of Westminster to a grave oversight in their construction? He stated, some time ago, that these stands are constructed to support four times the weight of the people they are to accommodate in order to withstand the strain when the spectators all sway to one side to see some object of interest (such as the procession—always an object of interest on these occasions).

This may have answered well enough in past processions, but in view of the change in the physical condition of the people, I maintain that on the present occasion this margin of strength is quite inadequate. In the pages of an esteemed contemporary we have constantly read that the weight of schoolboys is going up by leaps and bounds owing to the retention of the germ and semolina in the Standard Loaf. Now, Sir, that diet is not confined to schoolboys alone, but is being eagerly assimilated three times a day at least by the digestive organs of the British race. To construct these

stands, therefore, without taking into account the increased *avoirdupois* of practically every spectator, is, I am convinced, to court a national disaster, and having taken seats for a large party of nephews and nieces I speak from a vitally interested point of view.

Yours very truly,
"ALARMED AUNT."

"HUNTERS SUMMERED.—OLD PUBLIC SCHOOL MAN will take few Hunters, Summer, on Farm with own, and condition for Season."—*Horse and Hound.*

We are sorry. We hoped he was going to take quite a lot.

"Equal credit is due to Braddell, who in scoring four not out was responsible for quite his best performance in first-class cricket."

Oxford Review.
BRADDELL mustn't overdo it.



[Extract from a Physical Culture Expert's Circular:—"IF YOU THINK I CLAIM TOO MUCH FOR MY SYSTEM AND WISH FOR FURTHER PROOFS, FAVOUR ME WITH A CALL, WHEN YOU CAN SEE THE MAN WITH WHOM YOU ARE DEALING, AND I ASSURE YOU THAT YOU WILL THEN BE CONVINCED."]

Expert. "ARE YOU CONVINCED?"
Enquirer. "ABSOLUTELY."

Palace, will become the Imperial residence.

"Postcards are to be sold in future at their face value." Actresses whose features appear on them take this to mean that our cards will cost us more.

A commercial man's view of the payment of Members: "Now, Mr. BALFOUR—he's wonderful value for £400; but some of the others . . ."

A fact—but none the worse for that, we hope. "Oh, Mum," said cook, "I've received a present of a pair of gloves, and I don't know who they're from." "Perhaps they're from an unknown admirer," suggested the mistress. "Ah, as likely as not," said cook, brightening up. "I'll write and ask him."

A HINT FROM ELSINORE.

WHEN *Hamlet* found the *King* at prayer—

A very soft and easy victim—

He meant to kill him then and there,

Taken behind and unaware,

But checked the previous blade that would have
pricked him.

He could, I say, have "done it pat,"

But, when he made a careful study

Of what it was the *King* was at,

He saw a better way than that,

More practical and every bit as bloody.

"If I should knock him now," he said,

"Kneeling, a self-acknowledged sinner,

He'd never drop to hell like lead,

But fly aloft to heaven instead.

I'll do it later—some day after dinner.

"Selecting with a patient tact

The psychologic situation,

I'll take him in some naughty act

(Dicing; for choice) and get him packed

Without a chance direct to sheer damnation."

Not so our *Hamlets* treat to-day

The Peer repentant and appealing;

Concerned at any cost to slay,

They don't consider how their prey

May haply mount to glory through the ceiling.

Could they but wait to deal the blow

Till, in the pride of overpaid ease,

He lets his new repentance go

And drives the partridge to and fro,

They might despatch him, red with sin, to Hades.

But now—with all his faults confessed,

And saying on his bended knee, "I

Have sinned and lo, I clear my breast!"

He'll rise again, for ever blest,

By favour of the People's Voice (*Vox Dei*). O. S.

COCKTAIL COLLOQUIES;

OR,

ENGLISH AS SHE IS GOING TO BE SPOKE AT THE
CORONATION.

[Referring to the thousands of Americans who are preparing to be in London for the Coronation an imaginative correspondent of the Hearst News Service observes that "The argot of Broadway and Market Street will be heard in the land, from the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to the *particous* of the Mile End Road." No doubt; and its effect upon a receptive London is here adumbrated.]

I.—KANSAS AT LARGE.

SCENE—*A Fashionable At Home.*

Lady Arabella Tinterne (to the Countess of Glastonbury, who has just arrived). Why, Mandy Glastonbury, if you ain't a sight for sore eyes! Set you right down there and take your bonnet off. Twern't only last night I was sayin' to Lord Hanko, "Hank, I says, it seems a coon's age since Mandy and Gus was around." And Hank said he reckoned as you all had gotten so chesty since Gus got the title you was figurin' to shake a couple of back numbers like us.

Countess of G. Ain't that just like Hank and his joshing. But, honest, it don't seem like I've been around in a month. You're looking fine.

Lady A. T. Fine as silk. How's Gus? I heard his gout was troubling him again.

C. of G. Quite a siege he had, along in April, but he's around again now and punishin' his three squares. But say, I've got more gossip than you c'd shake a stick at. You remember that woman that was at the theatre with the Ogilvie-Jacksons, the night of the Cadwalladers' box party?

Lady A. T. Looked like she ought to be doing a bathing suit stunt on the Orpheum Circuit. Supposed to be a Nihilist or something.

C. of G. Big husky woman with a yellow wig. That's the one. Well, Sue Cadwallader says . . . (Whispered interchange of gossip.)

Lady A. T. Well, wouldn't that freeze you to the tracks? The gall of the woman! But say, these paid musicians make such a noise you can't hear yourself speak. You come right home with me now in the machine and we'll have a heart-to-heart talk.

C. of G. Nothing doing; I got to get home. The hired girl fired herself this A.M., and Augustus Junior's been sick to his stummick all day from hoggin' too many doughnuts his aunt give him, and his pa is clawin' chunks outen the air because the calciminin's started to peel off of the bathroom ceiling. It's fierce the way things go back on you.

Lady A. T. You pore thing!

C. of G. Can you beat it? Anything stirring at the "Rebeccas" to-morrow night?

Lady A. T. "Votes for Women" night. Some spell-binder from Manchester's going to spiel.

C. of G. Them gabfest artists make me tired. Some of 'em ain't got more sense than a sawdust rabbit. Only last week I was into Hale's notion-store matching a piece of goods when up come that Wrottesley woman and says she's been elected president of the Society for Preaching Political Equality to Domestic Servants or some such a thing, and will I be an honorary vice-president? "Not on your tintype," I says, "I'm plumb wore out now preaching clean carpets to *my* help, but I ain't so everlastingly bughouse as to finish the job by sending her to huntin' a vote." That got her go at all right. Told me that women like me didn't deserve to have rights, and went off clucking like a Rhode Island red with a new egg.

Lady A. T. Ain't that the limit? Gus says a woman must sure be loeced to go round tearing things loose that a way when she might be out showing herself a good time with her friends. Well, I must be moving. See you at the "Auxiliary" Monday, I suppose?

C. of G. Reckon you will if Augustus's foot don't go back on him and the plumbing holds up and the footman doesn't get on a toot. S'long.

Lady A. T. S'long, Mandy.

ALGO.

A Sporting Offer.

From a circular:

"We shall be glad to send you a selection for your approval, or better still, if you will call, we will guarantee to 'boot you' with a greater degree of comfort and gladness than you have heretofore experienced. Why not come along to-day?"

The following paragraph comes all the way from Devonshire in time to be included in our very late news:—

"Yesterday morning the German Emperor visited the Zoological Gardens, and lunched with Lord Haldane."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*. On second thoughts it is, perhaps, too offensive to re-print.

"As a batsman, he is too painfully correct, and, as one who has been hailed as the best of the young school, we are sorry to say it."

The Varsity.

Nothing like modesty in a critic.



A GOOD WORKING NAME.

TIPSTER. "HERE Y'ARE, GENTS. A DEAD CERT FOR THE ELECTION STAKES—(to policeman)—DON'T YOU WORRY, GUV'NOR; THE LAW CAN'T TOUCH ME; LOOK AT THE NAME ON ME 'AT."

[Suggested by the result of the East Nottingham Election Petition.]





WHY NOT A DEVELOPMENT OF THE "RIGHT TO WORK" AGITATION—FOR ARTISTS!

THE
DIVA'S FIRST BREAK-DOWN.

HEARTRENDING SCENE.

[Our sympathies are all with a certain distinguished prima donna, who had a nervous collapse the other day during her first public speech. We should feel just like that on our first appearance at Covent Garden as the heroine of *R. gioletto* or *La Bohème*.]

ON Friday last Madame Adelaide Brisbani, the famous antipodean cantatrice, paid a visit to the Leadenhall Conservatoire of Music, where she has recently founded an annual prize of £40 for the best essay on "Interviewing a Prima Donna."

The visit, it should be added, happily coincided with the anniversary of Madame Brisbani's birthday, and the Committee of the School signalled the occasion by presenting the diva with a superb enamelled chronometer, jewelled in 24 holes, one for each year of Madame's life.

On her arrival at the main entrance the illustrious prima donna was pre-

sented with a magnificent bouquet by Master Isidore Golofino, aged 10, the Cold Storage Scholar, and one of the most talented flautists of his or any other age. The bouquet was composed of choice Borneo blooms, draped over an underdress of green brocade, the *décolletage* being relieved with traceries of pale coffee-coloured *ninon*. Madame Brisbani graciously acknowledged the gift with one of her flashing smiles, and, taking the arm of the Director, Sir Canterbury Lamb, proceeded at once to the antiseptic auditorium, where, besides the 60 professors, all dressed in dainty white nainsook with large bows of blue ribbon on their *charmeuse* pelisses, the 400 girl students were seated in rows wearing overdresses of moonlight blue satin, with crystal panels ornamented with pale pink pilaff.

Madame Brisbani had a marvellous reception, all the professors tumultuously cheering and waving their pelisses, while the students, headed by Miss Claudia Clear, indulged in strepitous outbursts of Kentish fire. When

silence was at last restored, Madame Brisbani ascended the rostrum and began her address. After a graceful tribute to Sir Canterbury Lamb and a pathetic reference to the fact that she would never see twenty-four again, Madame Brisbani launched *in medias res*. "To sing divinely," she observed, "you must steep yourself in the most divine music. If you do not love music you must learn to love it by listening to the most lovely singers. Practice makes perfect, but imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Above all, remember that Rome was not built in a day. Aim high and ever 'hitch your waggon to a star'—for choice an operatic star—and let your ambition be ever on the top speed. Steep your souls in the classics; fill your minds with HERBERT SPENCER'S *Faerie Queen*, DAN CHAUCER'S *Pilgrim's Progress*, BROWNING'S *Sordello*, WILLET'S *Songs before Sunrise*, and many other of the superb lyric ebullitions in which our lovely language is so rich."

At this point there was an ominous break in the golden voice of the speaker, and suddenly, with a despairing *moue*, she whispered in an indescribably pathetic aside to Sir Canterbury Lamb, "I can't go on with this; it's really too thick." Encouraged by the Director's assurances she struggled on for a few more sentences, only to break down hopelessly in an interesting passage, in which she recommended the would-be *prima donna* to make a point of reading aloud at least fifty lines every morning from PLATO'S *Republic* or ARISTOTLE'S *Ethics*. "I cannot go on," she cried in poignant accents; "I really cannot stick it out. I have never referred to ARISTOTLE in public before and it makes me too nervous."

The consternation amongst the audience was most painful to witness, but after an agonising pause the tension was relieved by Madame Brisbani's kindly consenting to sing the mad scene from AMBROISE THOMAS'S *Hamlet*, and the company shortly afterwards broke up in paroxysms of the sincerest adulation.

PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING.

By the courtesy of the Editor of *The Dictator* we are enabled to place before our readers a selection from the letters on this enthralling subject which will appear in the next issue of our valued contemporary.

A FELINE APPARITION.

SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol in the late sixties, I had a favourite cat, a Peruvian tortoiseshell, which suffered from ophthalmia, and which I had fitted with spectacles. It could see perfectly well at night, but in the day required artificial aid—as JOWETT wittily said, *redcut spectacula mane*. One summer term, returning to my rooms late at night after a somewhat protracted bump supper, I was amazed to see my cat hovering in mid-air. I called to it by name, but it paid no attention and suddenly vanished. When my scout came in the morning I at once asked after the cat, and he informed me that the cat had followed him home the evening before and spent the night in his house. JOWETT was immensely interested in the incident and intended to introduce it into the notes to his translation of PLATO, but for some reason or other failed to carry out his intention. The cat, I may mention, lived for several years afterwards, and in extreme old age was able to dispense with its glasses.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

[We are delighted to have the opportunity of recording an authentic story of the phantasm of a cat. The idea of a cat in spectacles may sound odd, but have we not good historical evidence of a puss in boots? The appearance of a cat in mid-air is remarkable, but occasional levitation



HOW EDWIN SAVED ANGELA; OR, THE STRAPHANGER'S REWARD.

She. "OH, EDWIN! CAN YOU HOLD ON TILL HELP ARRIVES?"

Edwin. "MY DEAR, EVERY DAY FOR FOUR YEARS I HAVE TRAVELLED FROM SHEPHERD'S BUSH TO THE BANK AND BACK. THIS IS NOTHING!"

ought not to be beyond the powers of so agile and intelligent an animal. We seem to have read somewhere of a Peruvian bark. Had Mr. Longmire's cat, we wonder, a Peruvian mew?—*Ed. Dictator.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF A CRUSTACEAN.

SIR,—When I was Secretary to the Chilean Legation at Naples I had a tame oyster which used to follow me

about all over the house, and feed from my hand, emitting faint cries of delight when I inserted a particularly tasty morsel between its upper and lower mandible, such as a spoonful of ice pudding or a chocolate *fondant*. My oyster—which bore a silver plate on its back, inscribed with its name (Lulu) and my own—was absent one day, and was apparently lost, but as I was dressing for dinner I heard a faint squeak from the floor, and found that I had trodden, as I believed, on my trusty bivalve. I could have sworn to its presence, as it always squeaked on the note of C sharp in *alt*, but when I looked there was nothing there. Next morning a fisherman brought back Lulu stone dead. She had been run over by a motor car the previous evening at a distance of some twelve miles from the Legation.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ALFONSO AGUARDIENTE.

[We always thought that oysters were mute, but no doubt in the land of *bel canto* the melodious environment may work wonders on the organism of crustaceans.—*Ed. Dictator.*]

GRIM TALE OF THE GOLF LINKS.

SIR,—About three years ago, when I was playing golf on some well-known links in North Wales, on mounting the bunker which guards the Punch-bowl hole I was startled to see a large tiger crouching on the green. I confess that for the moment I was paralysed with fear, but, regaining my self-command, I advanced on the tiger, waving my niblick and singing "Rule Britannia." You may imagine my relief when the monster melted into thin air, leaving no trace of its presence but a slight tigerish odour. That afternoon I learnt that a tiger had escaped from a travelling menagerie at Bangor, though it was captured long before it could have made its way to the links in question.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
PEREGRINE PHIBBS.

[We congratulate our intrepid correspondent on his fortunate escape from a truly awe-inspiring predicament. No one can say that Englishmen are decadent when a golfer dares to face a tiger with no better weapon than a niblick. The choice of "Rule Britannia" was a real inspiration. May we hazard the conjecture that the tiger was attracted to the spot by a natural confusion between links and lynx?—*Ed. Dictator.*]

REMEDIES FOR COLOURED RODENTS.

SIR,—I notice that one of your correspondents recently recommended blue pill as a remedy for seeing pink mice.

But what should the antidote be when the mice are green?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
MODERATE DRINKER.

[This is a very proper inquiry. Perhaps one of our scientific readers will supply us with the correct answer. Personally, we have never seen a green mouse, though we believe blue hares abound in the Arctic regions—ED. Dictator.]

MAUD.

STRANGE it is how magic-laden
Comes to every minstrel's ear
Just the title of that maiden
Whom he deems of all most dear;
Sophonisba, Kate, Eunice
(Sweetest sounds on earth to some),
Leave me positively icy;
Maud induces me to hum.

Sovereign word, it seems to strike low
Down within my heart a key
Touched not by immenso Encyclo-
pædiæ Britannicæ:
Starry word of wide dominion,
Language by its side is wan
(This was also the opinion
Of the late Lord TENNYSON).

Not that Maud completely smothers
All the passion, all the pain
I have felt for countless others,
Beauties of a brief-lived reign,
Christabels and Janes and Nancies;
Not that I can fairly say,
"These were but ephemeral fancies,
Maud's the genuine O.K.;"

No, not that; the graven memory
Still remains of many a queen
(Just a wipe or so with emery
Serves to make the tablet clean),
Fairer possibly in feature,
Fitter for the poet's lyre—
Take, e.g. that charming creature,
Polly Jones of Brecknockshire;

Beautiful young things by dozens,
Harking backward, I can count,
Still amongst her many cousins
Maud's appeal is paramount;
Once apiece I 'vo wooed their favours,
Hers was empire thrice as broad:
There were three distinct enslavers
Who possessed the name of Maud.
EVOE.

CHECK-MATE.

In the old days the game was difficult enough for the attacking side. My usual opening was to remark upon the passing of another year, and the increase of personal expenses. The first move of the defence was to sit back in speechless astonishment at the insolence of the suggestion, and to say "Pooh, pooh." It being my turn



Scot (overcome with cost'ness of Coronation sea's). "WEEL, WEEL, MAGGIE; I DOOT THEY LONDON BODIES 'LL NO HAGGLE ABOUT A SAXPENCE BACKWARDS OR FERRARDS."

again, I might perhaps remark upon the long years of my service, to which he would reply that I know very well how bad trade was just now, but that after another year perhaps—and a look of dreamy benevolence would steal into his face. But I would be adamant; I would point out, by the aid of unmistakable figures, how much worse trade would have been but for my labours, and would state the minimum increase of salary I could accept—the sum mentioned being double what my dearest hopes aspired to. With the benevolence stealing away from his face, he would snappily offer one-third of my minimum, which I would reluctantly accept; and my wife and I would spend the evening at the theatre.

By some such methods I have come to acquire an income enough for the necessities of life. But in recent years the defence has had new moves to play, which take all my ingenuity to counter.

Last year it was Form IV. This year it will be Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Insurance Scheme. So to-morrow—I am dreading to-morrow, because I am so afraid he may suffer injury when I answer his question truthfully—he will ask, "What! do you tell me you're worth as much per annum as a member of the House of Commons?"

From *The Parish Magazine* of St. John the Evangelist, Notting Hill:—

"PLEASE PATRONISE OUR ADVERTISERS.
FUNERALS and CREMATIONS reverently and efficiently carried out under the personal supervision of Mr. —, assisted by a specially trained staff, at STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES."

"Mrs. Forbes - Robertson (Miss Gertrude Elliott) achieved fame as independent star in 'The Daw of a To-morrow.'"—*The Daily Telegraph*.
Or, "Margery's Second Time on Earth."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

My mind, such as it was (and is) refused to make itself up in the matter of the 22nd of June, but there seemed to be no reason why I shouldn't have a non-committal look at the stand. So I stood in a forest of planks and gave myself up once more to the problem.

There was only one other idler in the forest, and she was sitting on Row C, Block A, and looking so cool and comfortable that I hadn't the heart to disturb her. But presently she turned in my direction and waved a friendly hand.

"Well?" I said, when I had made my way across the jungle.

"I want three seats for the Coronation Procession," said Miss Middleton. "It's a secret."

"How many people have you told?"

"Everybody in an apron whom you can see, but they never let it get any farther."

"These are all carpenters. Buy a saw or something, and come and have tea with me. You oughtn't to be wandering about alone."

"I've got Mother somewhere." She smiled slowly to herself, and added, "Mother is fun. It's lovely to have her."

"You must keep her," I advised.

"She asked a very hot man with a hammer if the Coronation Procession came past here." Miss Middleton gazed up at the army of workmen busy on tiers and tiers of seats, and sighed happily to herself. "He was very polite about it, and simply said that they would all be most disappointed if it didn't."

"Of course it might take the wrong turning by mistake. Who leads it? It's a most responsible position. I expect he has to know London pretty well."

"They drive him over the course the day before," said Miss Middleton confidently. "Oh, I nearly forgot," she went on. "At the other stand Mother began, 'I want to see some seats.' It sounded lovely. If she had said, 'I want to see some church'—well, she is fun."

"At the other stand? Are you booking seats in every stand? Isn't that rather extravagant?"

"We never get as far as booking; I have to come away long before then. Where do you think she is now? I suppose I ought to go and see."

"She's probably gone to have tea with me. We'd better hurry back or we shall miss her."

"Well, we did sort of suggest it to each other, only Mother said you mightn't want us."

"And what did you say?"

"I said you'd jolly well got to have us."

We made our way out of the stand and turned in the direction of my rooms.

"We'd better get something for tea," I suggested. "Is there any particular kind of bun that Mrs. Middleton likes?"

"She likes just what I like," said Miss Middleton quickly.

We bought a lot of them and climbed slowly up the stairs. There was no trace of Mrs. Middleton on the way.

"She isn't here," said Miss Middleton, looking round the room.

"Unless she's hiding behind the revolving bookcase. No, no luck."

"I wonder if I ought to stay."

"I don't see what I can do with the buns if you don't."

"You see, I'm supposed to be helping her buy seats for the Coronation Procession." She looked doubtfully at me and then smiled.

"Did you say the Coronation Procession?" I asked suddenly.

"Yes, that's what I said."

"But, my dear madam, you have come to the very man. What sort of seats did you want?"

"Wooden ones," said Miss Middleton, "with splinters."

"Well, of course, we have lots of those. But what do you say to a nice window?"

"A window?"

"Yes, I will let you my little window." And I waved a hand at it.

"But aren't windows very expensive?"

"N-no, no I don't think so. A thousand guineas—or five pounds—or something like that. Refreshments included, of course."

"It's a nice lot of window," said Miss Middleton, looking at it.

"It's only right that you should sample the refreshments too," I said as I began to pour out the tea.

"I think mother would love it. May I have a bun?"

"Seeing that buns would be going all the time," I said as I handed her the plate, "I consider a thousand guineas cheap."

"That would be for the 22nd and the 23rd?"

"Yes. After the 23rd we should make a slight reduction."

Miss Middleton ate and drank thoughtfully for a little.

"I suppose," she said, taking another bun, "you'd be having the window cleaned about then?"

"Bother, I hoped you wouldn't notice that. The fact is, you've just come on the wrong year. Now last year— But I dare say I could come

to some special arrangement with my landlord about it."

Miss Middleton went to it and looked out.

"But how funny," she said. "I didn't know the procession went past here."

"It doesn't," I admitted.

"That is rather against it," she said regretfully.

"Of course I should be prepared to take that into consideration, if you feel at all strongly about it. Suppose we say eight hundred guineas."

"Well, I'll mention it to Mother, but I'm afraid—you see, she's so particular."

"It's only two hundred yards from the route. She'll be able to hear everything."

Miss Middleton smiled suddenly behind her hat, as she bent over her glove buttons. Then she smoothed out her frock, looked wistfully at the last bun and announced that she was ready.

"I'm sorry we couldn't arrange about the seats," she said as we went into the street again. "But it was nice of you to help Mother and me."

"I esteem it a great privilege," I said, "to have been of any assistance to Mrs. Middleton at a time like this. Let's see, where did we leave her?"

A. A. M.

THE DANDELION.

WHEN through the dusk the white owl weaves

His web above the wood,
When you can hear the little leaves

Whisper together thick as thieves,
Then, if you should

Try to discover or find out
What waves the baby-ferns about,

Why (we are told)
The fairies pass, a little band

Of little men from Fairyland,
Green-kerchiefed, brown and old;

They cross the moonlight, quiet, quaint,
Up the dark meadow, just to paint

The Dandelion gold!

The Dandelion's fierce and free,

But still we always find,
Although he's fierce as fierce can be,

And prouder than the tallest tree,
He doesn't mind

Their paint a bit, (but spreads each
spine,

Just like a spikey porcupine

Of "coral strands";

And, when they've done, with pomp
he views

A crest that beats the cockatoo's,

That's goldier than the sands.

Oh, let us likewise hail with zest
Those who would dress us in our best

And wash our face and hands!



Verger (wishing to ascertain if he should seat arriving guest with the Bride's or the Bridegroom's friends). "BUDE OR BRIDEGROOM, SIR!" Nervous Guest. "OH! NEITHER—NEITHER."



Earnest Speaker (more eloquent than truthful). "AND I ASK YOU, ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THIS LYING DOWN?"
Voice from audience. "NO; THE REPORTERS ARE DOING THAT."

ALL THE PREPARATIONS.

(By our own Special French Correspondent,
M. Jules Millefois.)

DEAR AND VERY HONOURED CONBROTHER,—First I give you to understand I am not man to mix myself of the affairs which are not mine. I should be worthy to be flanked to the door. But this which you are preparing in London, this Crownment of the KING GEORGE and of the QUEEN MARY, it is the affair of all the world. Everybody can to rejoice himself in it, and we other Frenches perhaps more than all. So I have the honour to say to you that I accept your obligeante offer. Only we will not say five guinees for a letter. After all what is it a guinee? Who serves himself of a guinee? It is a piece abolished in England and we do not know her in France. Let us say more-soon two hundred francs. Is it convened? Good! Then I have the heart free and I can commence.

Quant to my style I forecome you that it is my style to me and it is not the style of the first come. They teach us English at the *Lycée*. Bah, I mock myself of it. It is not like that what one can learn to interhold himself in a stranger language. All what I know I have insigned me myself, it is well the case to say it, and now I speak and write more curramently than my compatriots.

But to the work!

I have a chamber to couch all near of the Strand, not an appartement, well understood, but an all small gite where I have the honour to repose myself on your count, my dear Mister, and to write my letters. It is not big thing, but in fine it is suffisant. The lady of the

lodges is Mistress McAndrew, real type of the Scotch race, meagre, dry, flat, to the tint brown and to the hairs eparsed. I cannot understand her, but in revenge she cannot understand me no more. Done we are quits. She governs all the house. Her married man dares not find nothing to resay to it. He is a gross buffle, tall, to the shoulders squared, to the red favorits and to the crane bald, but of a baldness to inrhume oneself, bald as a morsel of ice. There are two childs, a girl of fourteen years named Dolly, of a figure full of taches of redness, nose retrussed and teeth like tombeaus. The boy has twelve years, a young John Bull of the most accentuated. He names himself Bill, and has taken me in aversion. At that I yield him nothing. This morning I hear these two who quarrel themselves on the staircase. They bat themselves, they push some terrible howlments. They go to it at cups of fist. It is as if one had lashed the demons of the infer. Mistress McAndrew is in the kitchen and cannot hear. Mister McAndrew is in the cabaret. Me, I have well guard to sort, occupied as I am in redacting a letter to my aunt in Paris. They bat themselves pending five minutes, and then I hear them who laugh and then they echote together. But I hear them. They conspire to make tumble something on my head in sorting. "Ah, little scelerats," I outcry me, "you will not dare!" and they laugh again and esquive themselves. What a country where the youngness manks of respect to the more aged!

All to you of friendship,

JULES MILLEFOIS.

A SEPARATION SUIT: The Harem Skirt.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

WALRUS, M.P. "THE TIME HAS COME, AS I REMARKED,
TO TALK OF MANY THINGS—"

CORONATION CARPENTER. "WELL, NOBODY 'LL LISTEN TO YOU, IF YOU DO. MINE'S THE
ONLY NOISE THEY CARE ABOUT JUST NOW."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE
"WINTERTON
SURPRISE BEARD":
(WELL! "YOU NEVER
CAN TELL!")



THE "WINSTON DEMOCRATIC":

(DESIGNED TO
INGRATIATE
THE WEARER
WITH THE
PROLETARIATE.)



BY



THE "GREY-AND-WHITE"
"AVIATION" BEARD:
(FLOWS GRACEFULLY IN GOING
AGAINST THE WIND.)



THE "NONCONFORMIST
NANNYGOATEE"
(FOR PRIME MINISTERS)



THE "WIMBLEDON
'HOBBLE'-BEARD":
(PROTECTION GUARANTEED, AND
AT THE SAME TIME VERY SMART.)

CORONATION BEARDS—(NO. 1).

There is a fascinating rumour that, as a compliment to the KING, many gentlemen intend to grow beards during the Coronation Year. Politically, the possibilities are most alluring, and our Artist proposes to anticipate (more or less intelligently) a few of them.

(MR. A. BALFOUR, LORD WINTERTON, MR. ASQUITH, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and MR. H. CHAPLIN.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 22. —Great happenings in progress and to the fore. To-night Lords without a division passed second reading of Bill abolishing their hereditary right to serve their country as legislators. To-morrow they will have introduced to their favourable notice another measure destroying their right of Veto. In the Commons two days of the week have been set apart for second reading of National Insurance Bill, which, supplementing the boon of Old Age Pensions, will bring light and warmth to countless homes.

Amid this whirl of events House of Commons, faithful microcosm of public opinion, can attend to only one thing at a time. To-day it is the prospect of having its pocket filled with salary of £400 a year. Satisfaction keener since the abundance of the blessing

unexpected. Sum first fixed upon was £300. Almost at last moment, certainly within two days of Budget speech, extra £100 thrown in.

This full of hopeful augury. Amid cloud of questions addressed to CHANCELLOR to-night BONAR LAW suggested salary should be doubled. LLOYD GEORGE, who, having mastered Golf, is learning Bridge, answered in effect: "I leave it to you, partner." As he pointed out, control of Finance is in hands of the House, and if Members wish to double, or even triple, their salaries it is their affair.

He might have added quotation of a precedent for such course. Members of the French Chamber were originally in receipt of salaries of 9,000 francs a year, equal to something like £360 of our money. Four years ago a Member of the Left moved to increase the

indemnité to 15,000 francs, *anglicè* £600. On a snapped division the motion was carried, and is in vogue to-day. The principle accepted, what has been done in Paris may be brought about in London.

Meanwhile, the £400 as good as pouched. Members already asking for more. Why not free passes? The wily WEDGWOOD, totting up figures, comes to conclusion that if Railway Managers are so unpatriotic, so soulless, as to refuse to supplement beneficence of taxpayers by the bounty of shareholders a good bargain would be struck if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in leisure moments would negotiate purchase of first-class passes available on all the railways of the Kingdom on payment of £100 a year docked from Members' wages. As the wary WEDGWOOD whispered to Members near him,

the sum individually disbursed would actually be something less than a £100. The other night Members heard with disappointment deepening to disgust, announcement by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER that Income Tax would be deducted from their salaries.

"Very well," says WEDGWOOD to MORRELL, who has temporarily quitted his residence in the area. "You see how it works. Income tax on £100 at current ruinous rate is £5 16s. 8d. Accordingly we shall be paying for our passes not a £100, but £94 3s. 4d. See?"

MORRELL said he would like to think it over and went back to solitude of his area to do so.

Business done.—Members, elate with prospect of riches beyond the dream of avarice, began week by giving themselves half-holiday. Budget Resolutions brought up on Report stage. Usually occupies two or three days, frequently a whole week. To-night House up shortly after half-past six, not only having disposed of Resolutions but read Finance Bill a first time.

Tuesday.—Like head of Charles I. in Mr. Dick's memorial, question of payment of Members thrusts itself in at unexpected times and places. BENNETT-GOLDNEY asks CHAIRMAN OF KITCHEN COMMITTEE whether, in view of changed conditions following on payment of Members, the cost of meals will be placed on a more businesslike footing. MARK LOCKWOOD, assuming the lofty judicial manner pertaining to his high office, cautiously answered that, when the changes alluded to become law, he will endeavour to find out whether Members desire to spend an increased portion of their income on food.

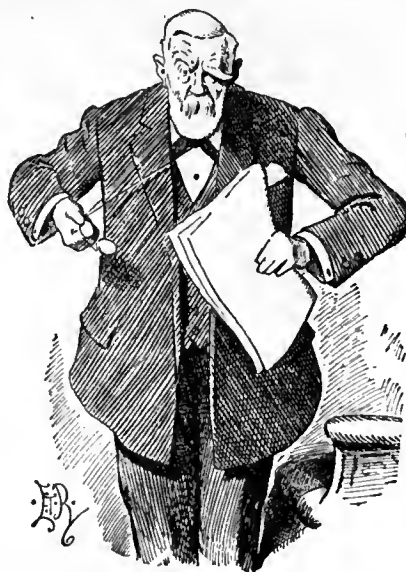
Hereupon the greedy disposition developed by the unfortunate pledge to which Ministers have committed themselves manifested itself afresh. BURDETT-COUTTS wanted to know whether arrangements could not be made whereby free lunches might be served in the dining-room. KILBRIDE followed with what appeared irrelevant suggestion that, with a view to decorating the tables of the dining-room, the Government should secure the return of the Dublin Castle Crown Jewels. House, seeming to find personal point in this dark saying, laughed consumedly. Lockwood obdurate. No free lunches—at least for the present.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Present House did not know its GALLOWAY WEIR. Since its election his attendance, once constant, became fitful. Within last fortnight there appeared on the paper questions

in his name. But when SPEAKER called on him there was no response. A majority had arisen that knew not GALLOWAY. His old inimitable indescribable humour, the delight of earlier Parliaments, was out of date and place. Gradually he withdrew from the uncongenial scene. And now he is dead.

With him passes away one of those rare characters, familiar in varied developments, which prosaic Parliaments of later days have lost the art of creating and culturing. Mr. WEIR was not funny of deliberate purpose. He was, indeed, absolutely devoid of sense of humour. Wherein lay the secret of his long success. To the world whose personal knowledge was confined to



A MEMORY OF MR. GALLOWAY WEIR.

newspaper reports of his sayings it was ever a marvel that the House should roar with laughter at apparently pointless remarks. His success was, perhaps, largely to be accounted for on the score of paternal vanity. In appearance and manner one of the solemnest of mankind, inspired solely by honest desire to serve the interests of his constituency, the House insisted upon regarding him as a humorist. Having adopted the fancy it persisted in living up to it, laughing merrily whenever the man from Ross and Cromarty rose to put a question to the Scotch Minister.

Often he had half-a-dozen in succession, the series submitted with increasing solemnity of tone and severity of mien. The level of interest of his interrogations did not soar higher than the state of the drains at Pitlochrie, the tardy arrival of a train on a Highland railway, the postponement by forty minutes of delivery of

a telegram to a fishmonger in Cromarty, or the alleged laches of revenue-cutters whose duty it was to prevent the intrusion of foreign fishing-boats.

It was Mr. WEIR's way of putting the question that captivated the House. Slowly rising in response to the SPEAKER's call, for the moment no sound issued from his lips. Surveying the waiting throng, he drew forth his *pince-nez* and with majestic sweep of his right arm placed it on his nose. Another pause, during which went forward process occasionally described in this rigid record of facts as drawing up by hidden hydraulic machinery his voice, habitually located in his boots. In due time through the hushed Chamber resounded a deep chest-note slowly enunciating the words, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir; I beg to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND, ques-ti-on No. 79."

By way of increasing importance of occasion he always made "question" a word of three syllables.

Nor did he, having put his question, forthwith drop into his seat as others use. With another sweep of the arm he removed the *pince-nez*, glanced round to watch the effect of his interposition, and, slowly subsiding, stared haughtily at Members rolling about on their seats in ecstasy at a little comedy that never palled.

Such were his mannerisms. In the man there must have been sterling merit. Representative of the crofters of Ross and Cromarty, whilst others standing higher in public esteem lost their seats in 1892, he kept his with increased majority. At the last General Election he was returned unopposed.

Business done.—Second Reading of National Insurance Bill moved.

The New Confetti.

"Cut-glass, china, furniture, and all sorts of useful and ornamental gifts were showered upon the happy couple."—*Oban Times.*

From a railway company's booklet:
"The chief attraction of the Coast Line is its proximity to the sea."

Not always; not at Southend, for instance.

"H LL ELECTION PETITION BEGUN."

Daily Chronicle.

We thought better of our contemporary.

Commercial Candour.

"Two Large EXTORTION MIRRORS, suitable for exhibitions, &c.: must sell; bargain.—*Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."*

DICKENS POST-MARKS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having chanced, in a recent re-perusal of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, upon a few passages that provoked a marginal query or comment, I venture to send some of them to you, knowing that your readers are one and all sealed of the tribe of *Boz*. I copy them in the order in which I find them.

Chapter I. Surely it is rather a pity that DICKENS never re-wrote this opening. Everything changed so quickly after it—humanity swept in and farce hurried out—that it is almost a blot. Nothing, for example, in *Mr. Pickwick's* after-life suggests that he was ever interested in the tittlebats of the Hampstead Ponds.

DICKENS, of course, had comic sporting pictures to live up to at the start. SEYMOUR, their artist, soon died and left him free. This makes it the more strange that he never re-shaped the beginning. Nothing but his genius can atone for it. Had he done so he would have told us more to explain the attraction—by no means patent—that *Mr. Tupman*, *Mr. Snodgrass*, and *Mr. Winkle* had for *Mr. Pickwick*.

Question.—Why is *Mr. Snodgrass* called a poet? Why was no specimen of his poetry given?

Question.—What had been *Mr. Pickwick's* business?

Chapter II. Had he revised the book, DICKENS would have got more reality into the following passage. *Mr. Jingle* is speaking:—

“Here, waiter!” shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence; ‘glasses round—brandy-and-water, hot and strong, and sweet, and plenty.—Eye damaged, sir?—Waiter! raw beef-steak for the gentleman’s eye.—Nothing like raw beef-steak for a bruise, sir: cold lamp-post very good, but lamp-post inconvenient—damned odd standing in the open street half an hour with your eye against a lamp-post, eh—very good—ha, ha!’ And the stranger, without stopping to take breath, swallowed at a draught full half a pint of the reeking brandy-and-water, and flung himself into a chair with as much ease as if nothing uncommon had occurred.”

Now, the terrific speed of *Jingle's* utterances is always insisted upon, which gives no time whatever for the preparation of hot brandy and water for four gentlemen during the actual progress of this speech.

Chapter IV. We owe the unfortunate predicament of the Pickwickians at the Review entirely to the original and false scheme of the book.

Is it credible that *Mr. Wardle* ever



Girl (selling bunches of mint, having followed old gent down three streets). “ERE, AIN’T YOU GOIN’ TO BUY ANY?”

Old Gent. “ME! GREAT HEAVENS, WHAT SHOULD I WANT WITH IT!”

Girl (aggrieved). “WELL, WHAT DID YOU WANT TO LOOK AT IT FOR?”

had been, as he says he was, an occasional guest of the Pickwick Club?

Chapter V. How did the Pickwickians’ luggage get to the Manor Farm, Dingley Dell?

Chapter VII. DICKENS was no cricketer.

Chapter X. What was the status of *Miss Rachel Wardle* on returning to the Manor Farm? It is significant that she is not there when the Pickwickians return from Cheshire.

Chapter XI. I fancy that the antiquarian discovery was a piece of old copy in DICKENS’S pigeon-holes before he began this book, and he took this opportunity for working it off.

Chapter XII. All deadweight and lumber have been thrown overboard now. The great epic begins here and never again falters.

Chapter XV. Will no one write a

specimen chapter or so of *Count Smortork's* book? This chapter gives the best opportunity for one of *Mr. Snodgrass's* poems—a complimentary address to *Mrs. Leo Hunter*.

Chapter XXII. How did *Mr. Pickwick* come to have his nightcap with him?

Chapter XXV. Here DICKENS nods badly in the matter of chronology, for, after stating that the rebellious school-boys of Ipswich had dispersed to cricket, he makes the Pickwickians separate for a few days only before spending Christmas at *Wardle's*.

Chapter XXXI. Would so astute a lawyer as *Mr. Perker* showed himself in the Eatanswill elections have briefed *Mr. Phunky* at all?

These are of course only spots on a glorious—to my mind, increasingly glorious—sun. Yours, A. B. C.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARGARET CATCHPOLE."

To my regret—for it contained a part peculiarly adapted to Mr. LAURENCE IRVING'S best manner—there would seem to have been features in his last enterprise, *The Lily*, which made it miss popular success. The last time I saw it the audience was thin and stony. So now, in *Margaret Catchpole* (one had almost said Catchvote) he has gone all out, with a candour that savours of cynicism, for the suffrages of the less expensive seats. Sitting in the last row of the stalls, where the enthusiasm of the pit took me full in the back of the neck, I can vouch for his triumph in that quarter. I was not in an equally good position for gauging the emotion of the stalls, but I shall allow myself to doubt if the Higher Intelligences will be appeased with this melodrama. For melodrama it confessedly is, and Mr. LAURENCE IRVING means that you should know it as such, and not mistake it for romantic drama. To this end he has set forth, on an old-fashioned broadsheet, an epitome of events, thus:—"Will Land is drowned" (he wasn't really)—"Margaret's anguish—'Alone, alone in the world—alone, alone!'" And again; "The Struggle on the Cliff. Hurlled to Destruction.

'Ahoy! Ahoy!' Safety for *Margaret* and *Jim* . . . The tangled skein of years at last unravelled. The path of life opened to loving feet."

The full style of the play is "A new, exciting, vivacious and spectacular Drama, entitled *The Life and Adventures of Margaret Catchpole*." And indeed it is all this, being founded upon a career unusually coloured by romantic adventure. To cope with its vivacity Mr. IRVING had to invoke the aid of the cinematograph, an animated tableau, and two inanimate pictures of Australian scenery. The cinematograph presented *Margaret Catchpole* committing her historic theft of "Crop," and riding him, full gallop, in groom's attire and posture, from Ipswich to Lambeth.

Miss MABEL HACKNEY apparently figured in person in the first part of

this episode, but whether she "sat" for the second I cannot say, the pace of the gallant horse being such that I failed to trace the identity of his rider. But if she did leave this feat to an understudy, she shirked little else in a very brave and exhausting performance. She was at top pressure all the time, and if it had been asked of her I am confident that she would have committed before our eyes that deed of heroism (whatever it was, for I missed the particulars) which earned for her—an escaped convict—one hundred guineas, a casket to bank them in, and the public thanks of *Sir Lucius Cracknell*, Governor of New South Wales. I dare not say



AFTER A DAY'S SPORT WITH THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

<i>Margaret Catchpole</i>	MISS MABEL HACKNEY.
<i>Ho tess</i>	MISS AMY FANCHETTE.

how many costumes, male and female, she wore—a feature in her performance to which Mr. IRVING made poignant reference in a pleasant First-night Speech. But this was only a small part of her task; she carried the whole play on her nice shoulders, and was always charming, sweet-voiced and natural, except when she had from time to time an attack of rhetoric; and that was no fault of hers.

Mr. IRVING was content to efface himself in a part (that of a common Surrey-side villain), on which his sensitive intelligence was thrown away. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, as a sham hero with an amateur taste for smuggling, played with restraint, and escaped the terrible charge of "breeziness." He made a good figure, but will have to do something with his own well-kempt head of hair, which was out of the

picture. Much relief to our nervous tension was afforded by the quiet but sailorly humour of Mr. FIELD FISHER, who, first as a smuggler and then—after his services had been secured by the press-gang—as a gallant tar in the fighting Navy of KING GEORGE III., was always a godsend. So was Mr. PERCY NASH, as *Philip*, a footman with leanings towards pedantic phraseology and other aspirations. (To him we owe the information, conveyed with a fine dignity, that Australia is "in the Hantipōdes.") It was a happy chance that brought so many old favourites together again in the final Act in the house of the Governor of New South Wales, for they had all

been in the neighbourhood of Ipswich when we saw them last. Even Miss AMY FANCHETTE, the buxom and sympathetic hostess of the Dog and Bone at Lambeth, reappeared out there (unless my eyes deceived me) in a different rôle and with her name thinly disguised in the programme. I hardly doubt that the villain and the false hero would have been prepared to turn up too, only they were both lying dead at the foot of a cliff on the coast of East Anglia. That, by the way, was a great struggle on the cliff's edge; but the arguments with which it was punctuated were ill-judged. It was no time nor place for dialectics.

Altogether, if we except the Australian appendix, which seemed rather loosely attached, the play went very well, with a swift and easy action; and, for what it set out to be, offered an exceptionally small scope for ridicule. All the same I have my fears for its future; for Melodrama has its own recognized haunts; and of none of these is the address to be found in St. Martin's Lane. When, therefore, I wish success to Mr. LAURENCE IRVING'S adventure—as who does not?—the relation of my thought to that wish is of a strictly filial character.

By the way, I must find out where the Duke of York management gets its candles from. I want some like them—like those two in the First Act, which were stuck in stone bottles. I had not noticed their illuminative power till they were extinguished (it is



Lady (out with a "scratch" pack of Otterhounds). "HAVEN'T THEY GOT SOME KIND OF LINE! THEY'RE ALWAYS GIVING TONGUE, ANYWAY."

Sportsman. "OH, NO; THAT'S ONLY THE STONES HURTING THEIR POOR FEET."

ever thus with the best gifts of Heaven: we do not appreciate them till they are lost); but when Miss HACKNEY blew them out the effect fell little short of a miracle. At the first puff it was like an instantaneous Götterdämmerung; at the second it was as when a policeman suddenly holds up his hand against the sun.

I want the candlemonger's address.
O. S.

"Whitehead opened the bowling, and his namesake, with a late cut, scored 4 and got a single, while Knight made a cut for 3. The players were away half an hour."—*Evening Standard.*

After which, thoroughly rested, they returned to their labours.

"Jack Benison raised his head and rose from his chair; the Vicar crossed to him. He did not shake the boy's hand. Even now he put his foot right into it."—*Daily Mirror* feuilleton.

Not good manners.

"One of the biggest successes of the day was the throwing of the cricket ball, when Brain's throw of 300yds. lin. created a South African record."—*Johannesburg Sporting Star.*

It must have needed brawn as well.

THE DAY OF MIRACLES.

Two sights this day have met my eyes
I never dreamt to see,
That near undid in glad surprise
Their credibility:

My lady, with her wonted grace,
But rotten luck withal,
Straight on a bunker's frowning face
Had smote a longish ball;

And, hasting toward that "lie" unseen
With anxious mind, she came
To where the bay gleams blue between
The gorse's golden flame;

Where, in a sunny glimpse, one sees
Brown sails and sea-birds' wings,
And where his love-taught lutanies
The nesting linnet sings.

Pausing a moment's space apart,
The footling lie forgot,
She felt the pulse from Beauty's heart—
And bunkered balls were not.

I saw the frown that marred her fade,
With thoughts of medalled fame:
She guessed that regal Nature played
A still more "ancient game."

* * * * *
That night a second marvel wrought
As, o'er the Downland ridge,

The May-moon rose, and, rising, brought
The witching hour of—Bridge.

Without, one of those angel-eyes
Dreamed, veiled in tendrest hue
Of tree-flowers and young silken leaves
The moonlight filtered through.

Inside, with rosy silks arrayed,
Lost to that lovely sight,
With deadly earnestness she played—
A wasted queen of night.

But while her solemn partner dealt
She heard the night-bird sing,
And turned an I, for a moment, felt
The magic of the Spring;

And in her face once more I roared
How, whispering in her ear,
"I know a game," sweet Spring had
said,
"Worth two of that, my dear!"

"There has been another fire at Crewe House. Lord and Lady Crewe are absent in Italy.

The origin of the fire is inexplicable and suspicion has been aroused.

Reuter wired on March 22nd that an expedition of eight British officers and three hundred men with machine guns was moving against a tribe in the Sapari Hills in the northern territories of the Gold Coast."

Advocate of India.

All the same, we don't think they did it.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

VII.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE recent appointment of a scholarly guide to lecture on some of the more remarkable and picturesque of its rarities having drawn all eyes to what Lord AVEBURY once wittily called the Bloomsbury Treasure House, it has been felt that *Mr. Punch's* readers must not be kept any longer from a history of that institution (for it is an institution).

HISTORY.

The British Museum naturally is not very old. A lot has to happen before the time comes to collect ruins in a museum. Hence the authorities waited for Assyria and Egypt, Greece and Rome to vanish as powers before they began at all. This was very wise. The opening year at last fixed upon was 1759, by which time a considerable body of history had accumulated worthy of record. In those days the museum was at Montagu House. The present building was completed in 1847, as it was found that without some such haven of refuge as the portico offers London might have no pigeons left.

UMBRELLAS.

Such is the acquisitive zeal that permeates this wonderful place that everyone who enters is at once asked to deposit his (or her) umbrella. Were none of these reclaimed it is estimated that the British Museum would by now have the finest collection of umbrellas in the world. Such investigations of them as the curator of the Umbrella Department (Sir Hume E. Dye) and his staff of trained and meticulously courteous assistants wish to make never last more than an hour or so, and the umbrellas are returned to their owners. The system of identification is so exact that the chances of getting a better one than your own have been worked out by Mr. HARPER (late of the L.C.C. and now an unpaid official, but still, we hope, a capable statistician) at 3007 to 1.

THE PRINT ROOM.

The Print Room, famous for its poetical staff, is in the charge of Sir SIDNEY COLVIN, who has won the Museum billiard handicap, played after hours in a room in the third Assyrian Court, for several years running. Sir SIDNEY, it has been well said, knows a print when he sees one. Since it is a point of honour with every Museum official to write a book, Sir SIDNEY has compiled a charming volume of the letters of STEVENSON, the professional billiard champion, whose epistolary

style, especially in a series of *billets doux* to Miss Jane Long (known as Long Jenny), is hardly less attractive than that of his cue. Among Sir SIDNEY's colleagues is Mr. BIXON, the poet and the author (although, in view of his apparent youth, the fact is not generally suspected) of the *Death of Adam*. In the Print Room—if you are lucky enough to find it—you may see prints; and nowhere are the officials so unflinching in their courtesy to visitors.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

The Elgin Marbles (in which the "g" is pronounced soft, as in Bingen-on-the-Rhine) were acquired by the distinguished art-dealer, THOMAS BRUCE, Seventh Earl of Elgin. They represent the manufactures of Elgin, which, according to the latest official reports, consist of watches and watch cases, butter and other dairy products, cooperage (especially butter tubs), canned corn, shirts, pipe organs and caskets. The city, we may add, is the seat of the Northern Illinois Hospital for the Insane. Sir Alley Taw, the keeper of the marbles, is a very paragon of courtesy.

THE POLICE.

A Museum without policemen would be like the play of *Omelette* without the egg, as the Frenchman said. The British Museum has many fine, sturdy, well-set-up fellows who know an anarchist or futurist a mile off, and would die sooner than allow a thief to carry away the Rosetta Stone. Many, it is true, have tried, but no one has got farther than the entrance hall.

MANUSCRIPTS.

The collection of MSS., which are under the safe care of Dr. WARNER, ranges from specimens of the calligraphy of ancient Egyptian scribes to the originals of Mr. HALL CAINE's novels. The latter are guarded night and day by special custodians imported from the Isle of Man, and can only be examined by persons who have received a special permit from the Keeper of British Enormities. The courtesy of Dr. WARNER and his assistants is a by-word in Bloomsbury.

EGYPTOLOGY.

It is notorious that nothing can exceed the courtesy of the chief of the Egyptian Department, Sir ERNEST WALLIS BUDGE, or Sir BUDGE, as distinguished foreigners persist in calling him. Not even a lifetime spent among mummies and sarcophagi has in any way impaired his native sunniness, and even the recurring facetious query of Cockney visitors, on the first Monday

in August, as to how and when CLEOPATRA copped the needle, leaves him radiant and kind. The result is that few visitors interested in Egyptology leave the museum without entering Sir BUDGE's department. Such is his versatility that he presides also over the Assyrian relics; and the same remarks apply to them. Sir BUDGE is the author of more books than any of his colleagues, which is saying a good deal. He is also the editor of *The Isis*.

THE READING ROOM.

It has been computed that were the British Museum reading-room to be closed for a year all the dealers in remainder copies of books would be bankrupt. It is therefore kept open. The Principal Librarian is Sir FREDERICK G. KENYON—a gentleman whose courtesy to strangers and inquirers is unequalled in any other department. The peculiarity of the room in which sits the Keeper of the Printed Books—Sir G. K. FORTESCUE—is that, since every inch of the wall, doors and all, is covered humorously with real or imitation books, once you are in you cannot find the way out. Apart from this nothing can exceed the courtesy of this official, to whose zeal in keeping the printed books must be attributed the fact that one so often cannot get what one asks for in the reading-room.

FOG.

Although the wisdom of the world is stored in the British Museum it has not taught its officials (who are courtesy itself) any way of dealing with fog. No sooner does this November visitant arrive in Bloomsbury than all search for books in the basement ceases and hundreds of readers are thrown out of work. And yet there are little electric hand-torches for such difficulties in every store list at a trifling cost.

FEES.

There is no charge for leaving the British Museum. No tips are allowed. Any head of department discovered in the act of receiving sixpence or a shilling is instantly dismissed. It was his readiness to accept such sums in defiance of the rules that led to the loss of that otherwise valuable public servant, Sir O. Penpalm, one of the most courteous men who ever had charge of Chaldean postage-stamps.

THE FUTURE OF THE MUSEUM.

It is considered probable, by competent vaticinators, that in about five years' time the pick of the Bloomsbury treasures will be located at Pittsburg.



New Housemaid. "THAT BAKER'S MAN'S A NICE-LOOKING CHAP."

Cook. "HIM! WHY, HE'S MARRIED!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE does not go altogether as a stranger into the "region between actual story and actual history, which," as he says in the preface to *The Last Galley* (SMITH, ELDER), "has never been adequately exploited." His book, *Rodney Stone*, was a clever essay in this field, giving as it did a vivid picture of the great days of the boxing ring. In his latest volume he has worked less ambitiously, though he hints at something greater to come. He gives a series of ten brief "impressions," based on facts dotted up and down the long stretch of years during which the Roman Empire was the world. He has coloured these facts with "the glamour which the writer of fiction can give," and he has produced a set of very readable stories which help one to form a conception of affairs as they may have existed at that time. I don't know that it is anything against them that the glamour is in some cases derived rather from the possible than the probable. He relates, for instance, the meeting of THEODORA and her son. It is generally believed that this versatile lady lost no time in removing from the sight of the world, and of her husband JUSTINIAN, all trace of so untimely a reminder of her early adventurous career. Sir ARTHUR, giving her a sudden access of maternal affection, rescues the boy from the very brink of the underground well to which he had been doomed, and sends him back to the monastery in Antioch whence he came. Nobody knows exactly what did happen, so this is conceivably true, but personally I doubt it. Again, he makes of MAXIMIN a bluff, honest sort of barbarian soldier, who an hour before the thing occurred had no idea of becoming emperor. This also may be true,

though for my part I put my money on the other side of the picture.

To choose a district of old France,
 To strike a path where paths are few,
 To leave his resting-place to chance,
 Take what it gives and start anew;
 To quaff the country's local drink,
 To chaff its people, maid or man—
 Such things HILAIRE BELLOC, I think,
 Can tackle as no other can.

It makes no sort of odds to me
 Whether afoot he makes his way,
 As just himself, to wit H. B.,
 And sees the France we know to-day;
 Or whether, in some borrowed guise,
 As, say, a military gent,
 He sees it with historic eyes—
 No matter which, I'm well content.

The Girondin (from NELSON) shows
 The second case: it brings to view
 A mounted sergeant in the throes
 Of war in 1792;
 He roughs it with a cheerful smile,
 Gets in the end a nasty knock,
 As soldiers will, yet all the while
 You know that he's HILAIRE BELLOC.

IN one respect, at least, Dr. J. MORGAN-DE-GROOT, the author of *The Hand of Venus* (HUTCHINSON), is deserving of the honour reserved for them who resist great temptation. Some time before the opening of the story, he tells us that

the great PHIDIAS made a statue of Venus, which, having suffered the dismemberment of a hand, was eventually buried, along with the severed portion, in the garden of a Roman villa. In the year nineteen-hundred-and-odd this statue, which was naturally marvellous beyond compare, was dug up by a modern artist, who wickedly resolved to send it to Burlington House as his own work, which he did, and it was—no, not what you think—it was accepted, and praised by everybody. The author's restraint in the matter of this episode filled me with the greater surprise, because I am bound to admit that nothing in his previous handling of the tale had prepared me for it. He is not, for example, above introducing a caricature of the German Emperor, who is represented as deciding the authorship of a work variously attributed to REMBRANDT and TOM BROWNE; and I am afraid that this is a fair sample of the author's humour. Briefly put, indeed, his theme struck me as an excellent idea (there are, of course, complications with the severed hand, which I will not spoil for you by detailing) not very well treated. But it certainly proved that Dr. DE-GROOT has an independent spirit.

What I like about the humour of Mr. PETT RIDGE is that it keeps so very healthy and so little boisterous. His laughter is never rowdy nor his optimism blatant, yet is he optimistic and laughter-loving indeed. Better refreshment at the price would be hard to get; for it is the author's own idea to serve up his seventeen stories and sketches of lower middle-class life in a two-shilling *Table d'Hôte* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). One item only I would have omitted from the *menu*; the sarcasm of "My Brother Edward" is too biting a sauce for the use of so accomplished a *chef*. "Scotter's Luck," on the other hand, is a little masterpiece of ironical concoction, delightful to the palate and done to a turn. Mr. *Punch* may claim to speak with some authority as a *gourmet* in this particular fare; yet he would not authorize his Clerk to write one word of complaint upon the back of the bill, save that he had not had enough.

When Stanley Thornfield found a crippled genius in an attic, and, under pretence of placing his manuscript, determined to pose to the world as its author, it seems to me he displayed, not only considerable lack of foresight, but a quite remarkable ignorance of the many stories in which a similar imposture has been tried and failed. In this instance, the risk was the greater because the wonderful tales that *Darrel* wrote were all about his experiences as a sailor; whereas the pretender, whose supposed triumphs earned for him in literary circles the title of *The*

Sea Lion, had never been upon the sea. Thus, when SYBIL, his betrothed, whose love was one of the proceeds of his fraud, suggested that he should take her to the Pool and talk about shipping, a situation was created that is perhaps more farcical than Mr. PATRICK RUSHDEN, the author of the book, appears to be aware of. He, indeed, is desperately serious about the affair throughout, and invokes the aid of hypnotism and various tragic devices in order to confound a trick which, one cannot but think, would have exposed itself, in real life, within a week of its inception. Why, for example, did *Darrel* never ask to look at his own proofs? It seems a singular omission on the part of an author with, confessedly, no other interests in life. MESSRS. MILLS AND BOON tell me that *The Sea Lion* is a first novel; as such it may pass, but my idea is that Mr. PATRICK RUSHDEN can and will do considerably better.

There is only one fault which I have to find with Mr. W. E. NORRIS's *Vittoria Victrix* (CONSTABLE), and that is a fault for which Mr. NORRIS is not himself to blame. His is one of those unfortunately designed books which look as though their pages are all cut, but which trip you up in the middle of a sentence and send you, failing a handy paper-knife, hunting for a postcard or a railway ticket. I never have these about me, and I hate cutting a book with a pipe or a slipper. These slight and not very frequent sources of irritation apart, the placid narrative of a sculptor in his relations with an original and charming girl, her friends and admirers, is altogether delightful. The sculptor who tells the story, his sister, the hard-headed and soft-hearted Yankee who controls the destinies of everyone without their knowing it, *Vittoria* herself, her aunt, and even



Customer. "No, I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE THAT ONE; TINKI DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH FOR IT."

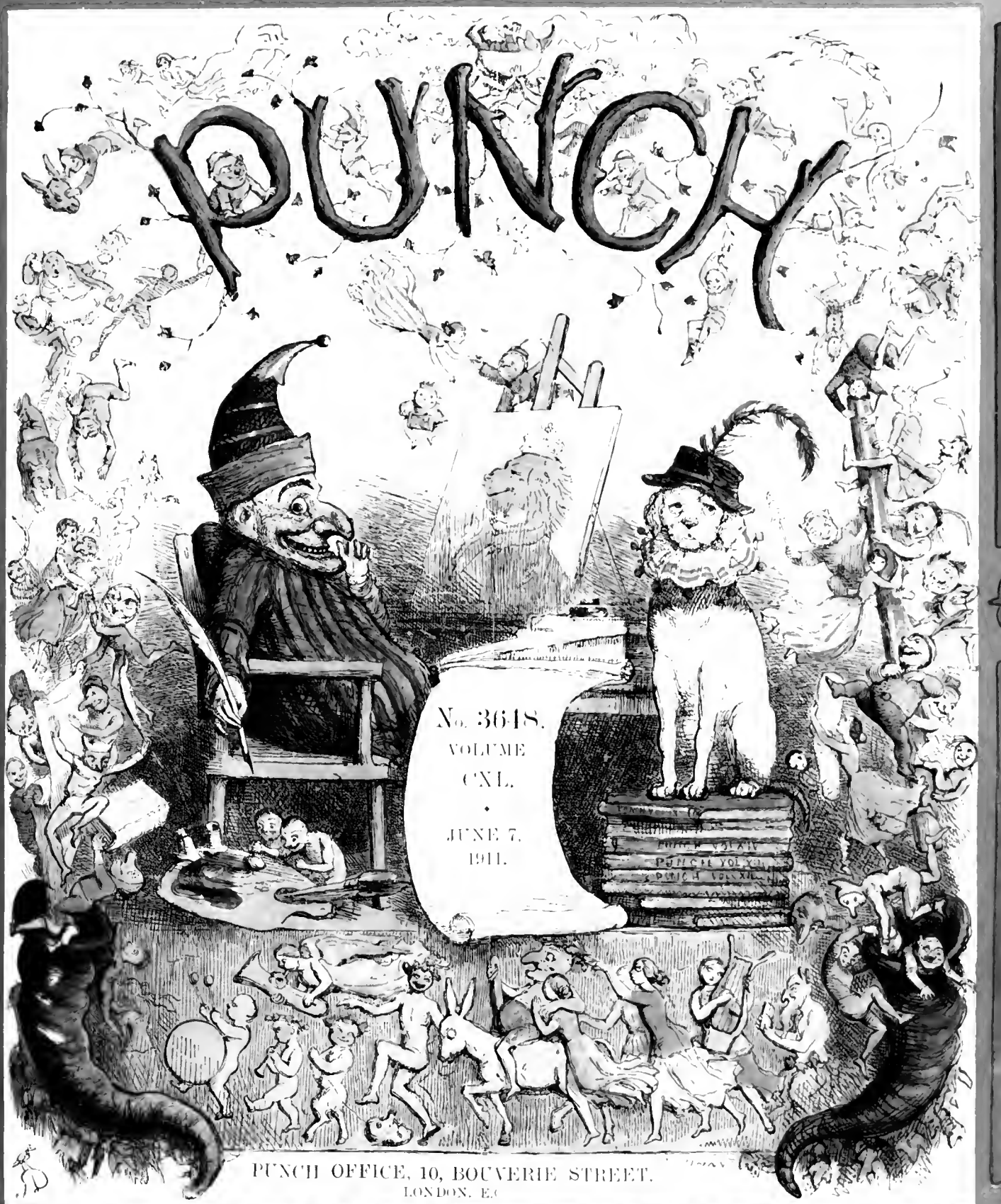
her father, of whom little is seen—all are vivid portraits of people worth knowing. I hope many will make their acquaintance.

Mr. Lloyd George as the "Immortal Bird."

Mr. *Punch*, along with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's many other admirers who have been congratulating him on recovery from his serious throat affection, is anxious lest he should incur a relapse through attempting to prove himself worthy of the following passage in *The Referee*:—"Mr. Lloyd George reminds me of the nightingale. At this time of the year Santa Filomena is obsessed with song. She sings continuously. Now and again, thrilled with her own music, the bird falls into ecstasy. . . . Mr. Lloyd George is also a great singer. He has his moments of ecstasy. The result is amazing and beautiful." We like this picture of the CHANCELLOR as KEATS'S "light-winged Dryad of the trees," or should it be Druid?

CONVARIATION

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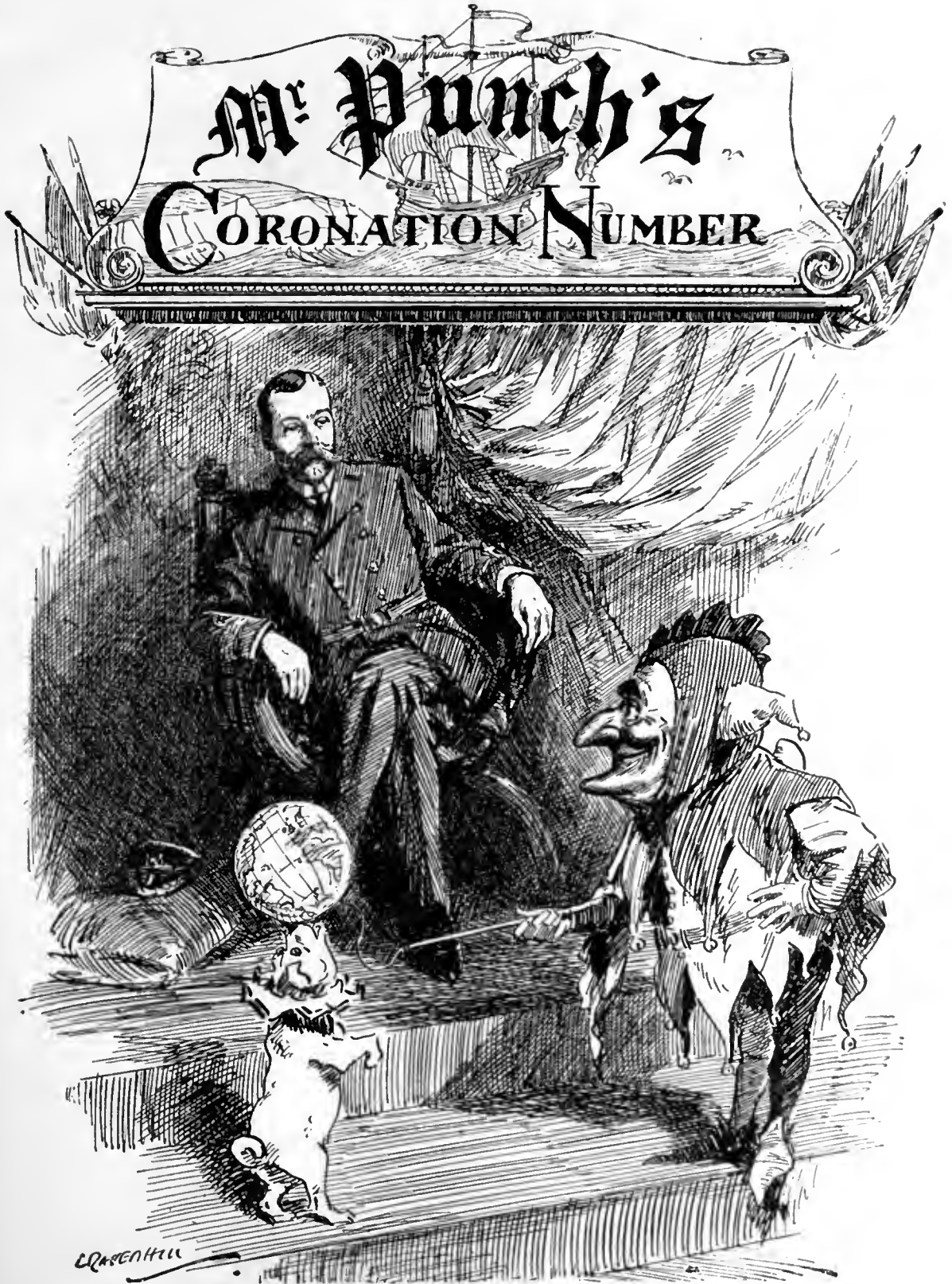
H. P. BULMER & Co., HEREFORD.

**Mr. Punch's
Coronation
Number.**

LONG LIVE THE KING!







TO THE KING.

For His Majesty's Coronation.



WHEN Summer last came gowned in virgin green,
Among the mourning pageantry you paced,
Dimly aware what splendours of the scene
By Death's enfolding shadow lay effaced ;
A King that nursed his private grief apart,
Nor comfort from his kingly state could borrow,
Grave-eyed you went, and very lone of heart,
Mid silent greetings hushed to share your sorrow.

A year ago. And now by those same ways,
Crowned and anointed King, once more you come,
And Grief fulfilled recalls her backward gaze,
And Joy unlocks our lips that then were dumb ;
Glad heart and voice, we greet your proven worth,
Whose courage, called to meet the test of royalty,
By better claims than any right of birth
Has earned the homage of our love and loyalty.

Earth of her gifts can yield no fairer grace
Than thus to rule a people proud and free,
For whom you stand as symbol of a rare
Heirs to the ancient lordship of the sea ;
So on this day, when Peace may lightly wear
The warrior trophies won from sterner ages,
Well may her sister, Mirth, demand an air
Of ampler revelry in these our pages.

And if, in this poor tribute, we intrude
A touch of humour something over-bold ;
If, for relief, we ask the latitude
Allowed to licensed jesters from of old ;
Believe me, Sire, in all your faithful isle
None pays a fealty more profound and fervent
Than he who here appends his name and style—
Than *Funch*, your Majesty's most loyal servant.

O. S.



Mr. Punch's Gala Variety Entertainment.



HEREAS Their Majesties KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY have shown a gracious interest in the Art of the Music Hall, Now this is to say that *Mr. Punch* proposes to offer to Their Majesties an opportunity of attending a Gala Variety Entertainment of his own. So sanguine is he of being able to persuade Their Majesties to assist at his Fête, that he has already engaged an extraordinarily talented cast, and drawn up a thoroughly exhaustive programme. As to the date, everything will depend upon 'Their Majesties' pleasure, but it may be confidently asserted that it will not be allowed to clash with the actual Coronation.

Mr. Punch, accompanied by some of the QUEEN'S MARIES, will himself receive the KING and QUEEN (always supposing that Their Majesties are present), and a bouquet, consisting of "silver bells and cockle shells, and pretty maids all of a row," will be presented to the QUEEN by "Mary, Mary, all contrary," who will be supported by another Mary—the one with the pet lamb.

The National Anthem once played and Their Majesties comfortably seated, a short interval will be allowed for staring, but no pointing will be permitted. *Mr. Punch* will then deliver a Prologue composed by one of his young fellows.



The final touches have not yet been given to this masterpiece, and, indeed, much will be left to the inspiration of the moment and the individuality of the prompter. But, roughly, the idea will be as follows:—

Prologue.

Your Majesties, your Royal Highnesses,
Also (if present) your Serenities,
Your Graces, Lordships, Ladyships—in short,
Ladies and Gentlemen of ev'ry sort
(The Press included), welcome to our show,
Now, after months of labour, on the go.

Oh for a Muse of fire (as SHAKSPEARE said,
But cannot now repeat it, being dead),
Oh for a Muse that could aspire to sing
A fitting ode of welcome to our KING,
To offer neatly, at the very start,
The tribute of a most devoted heart.

[*Mr. Punch makes obeisance to the Royal Box.*]

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

Oh for a something else with which to greet
The beauty for the moment at my feet,

[*Mr. Punch bows to the ladies.*

To hymn the serried splendour of the pit
And dwell upon the circles for a bit!
It needs a demi-god—half MILTON, half
Reporter on the *Daily Telegraph*.
A mortal overwhelmed by your effulgence
Can only crave your very kind indulgence;
Let me, instead, foreshadow the surprises
We spring upon you when the curtain rises.

My task is rendered lighter by the fact
That many of you, with consummate tact,
Have bought and favoured with at least a glance
The special programme issued in advance—
Meaning, of course, that enemy to slumber,
My Extra-special Coronation Number. [*Advt.*

You know that soon, unless the curtain sticks,
You'll see a masque of Art and Politics,
A feast of Fun and Fantasy and things—
Possibly, too, the prompters in the wings.
Georges of every kind will take their calls
Hoping for recognition from the stalls;
NEWTON himself, no less, and other Lords
Will make a first appearance on the boards;
History will affect the modern manner
And Mr. CHURCHILL sing to the pianer;
While at the finish I myself may take
The chance of thanking those of you awake.

Now, if the carpenters have stopped their banging,
And if the manager has finished slanging
The carpenters, and if the double bass
Will kindly hurry up and find the place,
Then let the curtain rise upon a night
Of unexampled splendour and delight.

After a short but adequate interval for applause the performance proper will commence; and of this *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in issuing herewith a preliminary Illustrated Programme.

His pictures are based upon representations made by his performers as to the nature of their turns and do not pretend to be an historic record of events that have not yet occurred. No person will therefore be permitted to claim his money back at the doors on the plea that any turn (or turns) differed materially from the counterfeit presentment (or presentments) of it (or them). *Mr. Punch* also reserves to himself the right to supplement his Preliminary Programme (though this is, humanly speaking, improbable), or to withdraw any turn of which the performer proves, at rehearsal, to be less good than he said he was going to be.

The Programme will begin with some

Variety Turns,

and this form of entertainment will be continued at intervals throughout the performance.

1. Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE, in a self made biplane, accompanied by warlike music, will manœuvre over the audience and undertake to drop a couple of *confetti* on the head of the German Naval Attaché.

2. Mr. F. E. SMITH will sing: "I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy."

3. Lord NEWTON will give his inimitable sketch, "How I made even the Peers laugh."

4. Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, dramatic critic of *The Times*, will deliver, in Attic Greek with a French accent, a dissertation on "Aristophanny's First Play." At the same time Mesdames MELBA and TETRAZZINI, who refuse to appear apart, will simultaneously sing *Alliora peto*, each going as she pleases.



Mr. F. E. Smith will sing: "I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy."

5. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE will give a demonstration of First Aid, exhibiting the "Kismet" system of holding a drowning man under water till he has stopped drowning.

6. Mr. — (who desires at present to remain nameless) will write a cheque for £5,000 in favour of a charity (to be chosen by *Mr. Punch*), on condition that his name be announced from the proscenium in clear and bell-like tones. During this performance, Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM will write a complete new play, and Miss LILY ELSIE will waltz up a salmon-ladder with the Master of ELIBANK.

7. M. MAETERLINCK and Lord AVEBURY will conduct an exhibition bee-fight (one bee a-side), after which the latter will oblige with "I know a Bank."

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

8. Messrs. T. P. O'CONNOR and TIM HEALY will appear as Irish "Back-chat" Comedians.

9. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will give his well-known patter-song:—

Little Bo-peppered
Has lost her shepherd
And can't tell where they hide him;
Leave him alone
And he'll come home
With a whiskey-bottle inside him.

10. Mr. GARVIN, Editor of *The Observer*, will give a selection (the whole is far too long) from his popular Ventriloquial Sketch, "The Power behind the Peerage." In the event of an encore he will bring on Mr. W. WALDORF ASTOR, and they will sing together as the "Dollar Duettists" in "For Hever and for Hever."

11. Lord ROSEBERY, wearing the yellow primrose of a detached life, will recite a parody of "The House that Jack built," entitled "The House that Archibald re-built." At the same time Mr. NEIL PRIMROSE, another member of the same talented family, will give his daring acrobatic performance in which he descends from a great height upon the woolsack and bounds off into space.

12. **March Past of the King's Georges**, each contributing some peculiar and personal tribute, illustrated by a rhymed couplet.

Meanwhile, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, chagrined because his claim to appear among the King's Georges was considered invalid, will preamble in the wings, and start a Lloyd's Invalidity Insurance Scheme.



Mr. Winston Churchill loses his Shepherd.



Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Tim Healy,
Irish Back-chat Comedians.



The Editor of "The Observer" in his great Ventriloquial
Performance as "The Power behind the Peerage."

GEORGE MOORE.



For every ill my novels find a cure ;
Don't hesitate to send and ask for
Moore.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

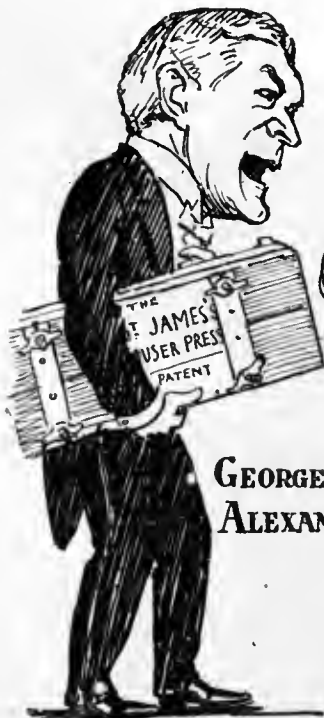


Though cares of State should sometimes breed
despair,
I'll answer that you never lose your hair.

GEORGE HIRST.



Should cricket ever tempt the Royal nerve,
Command me for a lesson how to swerve.



GEORGE ALEXANDER.

My playhouse, like your Court, is at St. James ;
High tailoring I offer, and high aims.



GEORGE EDWARDES.

I've Viennese delights to charm the ears,
And oh, such pretty wives for England's
peers.



Monarch or peasant, 'tis the same to me :
Counsel for both I've ready—fluent, free.

THE KING'S GEORGES.



**GEORGE W.E.
RUSSELL**

Prepare to hold your sides while I emit
The very flower of other people's wit.



**GEORGE
ROBEY.**

To all who would invade your Royal peace
Three words have I—"Desist," "Refrain"
and "Cease."



**GEORGE
WYNDHAM.**

White'er you wish of brilliance—speech
or sonnet,
Eloge or essay—Crichton II. is on it.



**GEORGE
GRAY.**

Fear Revolution not, O Sire! Instead,
Acquire my art of scer'ring off the Red.



**GEORGE
NATHANIEL,
LORD CURZON.**

Pro-consuls in retirement have their leisure ;
Ask me for any help ; 'tis yours with pleasure.



**SIR GEORGE
FRAMPTON.**

Pan for your Royal Park I re-create ;
Groups neatly exocuted while you wait.



THE KING'S GEORGES.



Mr. Seymour Hicks's Double will provide Super-wives for all eligible Peers.

13. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS (not in his own person, he being in a distant part of the Empire, but through the medium of a counterfeit understudy) will illustrate the working of his matrimonial agency, and execute any orders he may receive from the bachelor Pcerage.

14. Mr. C. P. LITTLE, Smart Set Expert to *The Daily Mail*, will oblige any member of the audience who wishes the record of his presence to be read next morning at their breakfast tables by a million consumers of Standard Bread.

15. Mr. Cyril Maudekin and Madame Pavlova Wiggs of the Cabbaggio Patch will give their popular Danse Tobacconale.

16. Mr. HUGH CHISHOLM, Editor of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, will make an appearance prepared to recite the menus of the one-hundred-and-fifty dinners he has given to the contributors to his massive Opus. This item, however, will be taken as read—on India Paper.



Mr. Cyril Maudekin in his Danse Tobacconale.



Mr. C. P. Little, Connoisseur of Smartness, points out all the Best People in the House.

17. Mr. Punch will present a series of Animated Pictures under the general title

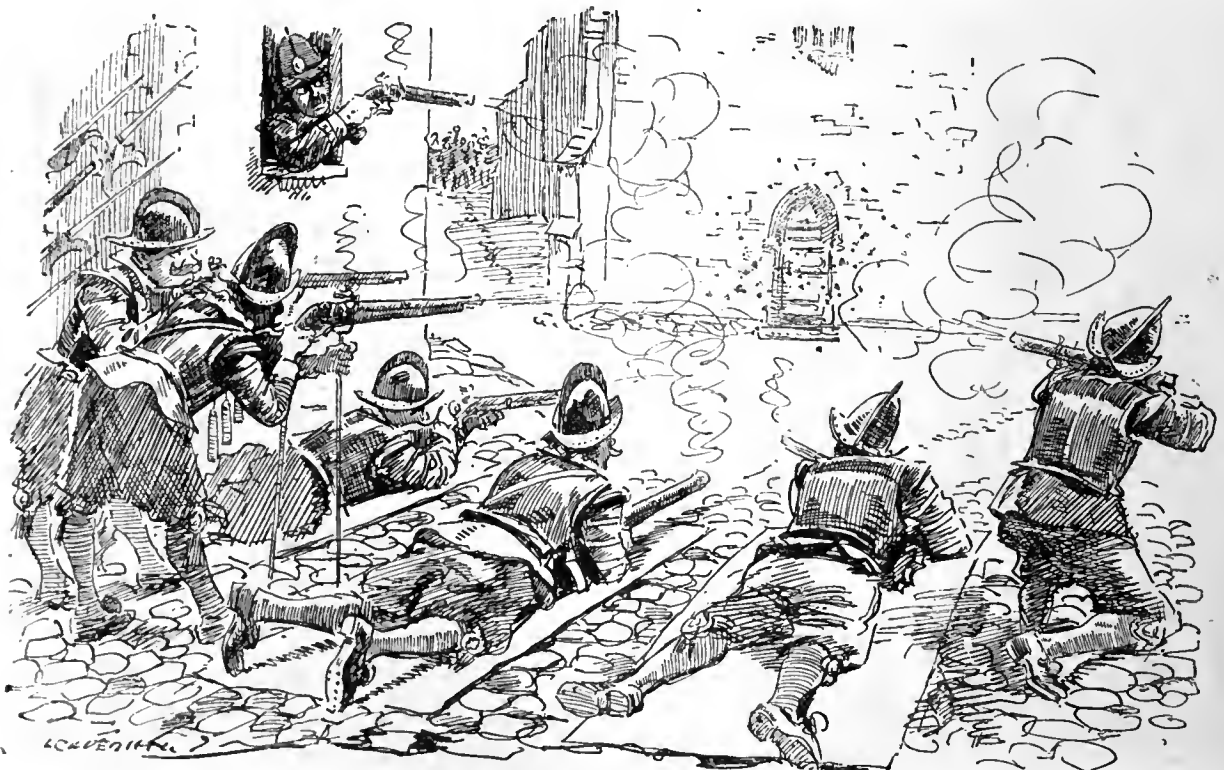
If they had lived in the days of Good King George.

It has been widely felt that many famous Historical Episodes would take on an entirely new aspect if they could be re-enacted under present conditions. Great disabilities have notoriously been suffered by distinguished people through living in some other century than the twentieth A.D.; and from these Studies in Applied Modernity (arranged by well-known experts) it is hoped that a moral lesson may be drawn for those who are too apt to imagine that the old times were the most convenient.



Boadicea shows 'em what WOMAN can do.

(Tableau arranged by Miss Christabel Pankhurst.)



The Siege of Guy Fawkes—Sidney Street Style.

(Tableau arranged by the Home Secretary.)

If they had lived in the days of Good King George.



Sir Walter Raleigh offers Queen Elizabeth a Pair of Rubbers.

(Tableau arranged by the Bolumb'a Rubber Syndicate.)



Lady Godiva rides through Coventry.

(Tableau arranged by the Bio-cinematographic Co.)

If they had lived in the days of Good King George.

These remarkable and instructive Tableaux will be followed by an

Exhibition of Coronation Claims.

All such claims come, of course, too late for recognition, but that should only add to the poignancy of their appeal.

18. Sir HENRY HOWORTH, author of certain works on The Flood and Champion Letter-writer to *The Times*, will claim to ride in the Coronation Procession on a Mammoth.

19. The two Alfreds—Sir MOND and Mr. SPENDER—will claim to figure in the Coronation Procession as the Witty Westminster Wags. For an encore (if desired) Mr. ALFRED SPENDER will withdraw and Sir ALFRED MOND will sing BROWNING's pathetic passage:

“Crowns to give, and none for the brow
That looked like marble!”

20. Sir THOMAS LIPTON will claim to sail the King's Coronation Barge against all comers from Westminster to Wapping and back; and may the best boat win!

21. Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY will claim to walk in the Coronation Procession as Justice carrying the Freedom of Wormwood Scrubbs in a Silver Box.

22. Sir JOSEPH LYONS will claim to use the motto, “Ich Dien,” and to carry the King's Second-best Entrée Dish in the Procession, and have the usufruct of its contents for exhibition at his chief Popular Restaurant before the chill is off. He will base his claim on the fact that he is a descendant of Richard Cœur de Lyons Soufflé, who by moderate charges defeated the Soldan of Tip in 1193.



Spender and Mond, the Witty Westminster Wags.



Sir Henry Howorth claims to ride a Mammoth in the Coronation Procession.

22. A Forecast of the Shakspeare Costume Ball.

- (a) Characters to be assumed by the Ministry;
- (b) " " " " Opposition.



Sir Thomas Lipton claims to sail the King's Barge against all comers; and may the best boat win!



His Majesty's Ministry. From left to right :—Lord Loreburn (Wolsey), Mr. Lloyd George (Shylock), Mr. Harcourt (Malvolio), Mr. Churchill (Henry V.), Mr. McKenna (Romeo), Sir E. Grey (Hamlet), Lord Haldane (Lady Macbeth), Mr. Asquith (Titania)



His Majesty's Opposition. From left to right :—Mr. Balfour (Ariel), Sir E. Carson (the O'Phelia), Mr. Wyodham (Osric), Mr. G. Cave (Portia), Mr. F. E. Smith (Touchstone), Mr. Chaplin (Juliet), Mr. Bonar Law (Macbeth), Mr. Austen Chamberlain (Prince Hal).

A Forecast of the Shakspeare Costume Ball.

Supper Interval.

During the Interval, while supper is being served to the audience in paper-bags, Lady GROVE will talk on "Polite Eating"; Sir EDWARD ELGAR will conduct his Band of Hope and Glory; Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN will continue to "present" nobody; and Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER will grow a beard.



The Editor of "The Daily Mail" as Sweet Peaseblossom in "A Midsummer Day's Boom."



Mr. Maurice Hewlett, as Chief Jongleur, sings the Chanson de Rowland Ward's Jongle.

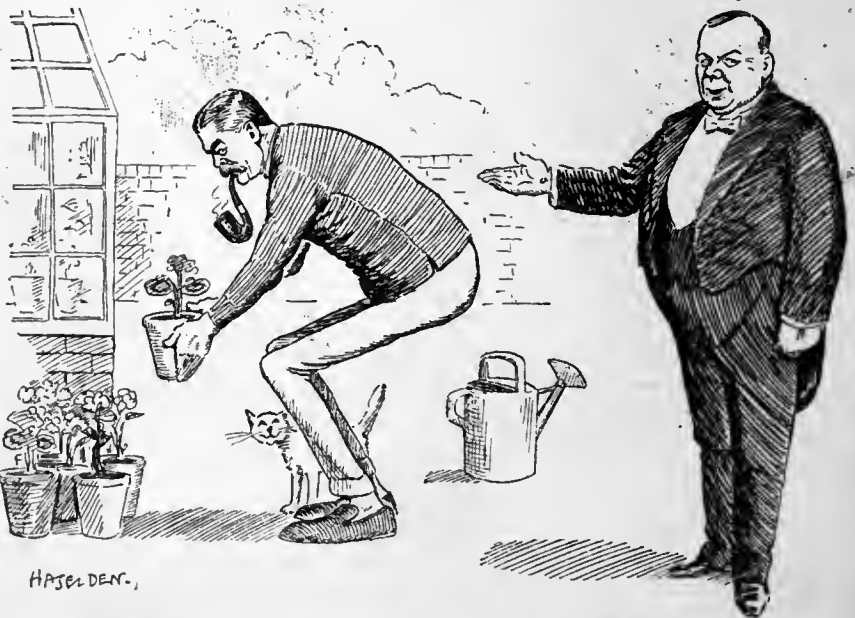
24. The Editor of *The Daily Mail* will give an extract from his popular creation, "A Midsummer Day's Boom" in which he will appear in the part of Sweet Peaseblossom.

25. Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, as the leading Jongleur of the day, will sing the Chanson de Rowland Ward's Jongle.

26. Lord HALDANE will introduce Lord KITCHENER in the Garden Scene from the famous sketch: "How England finds Work for her Greatest Men."

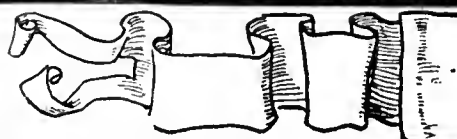
27. Ghosts of the Past re-visiting London for the Coronation.

These four affecting episodes do not differ greatly in motive from those to be displayed at an earlier part of the programme, and will illustrate the embarrassment or other sensation which would almost inevitably be experienced



Lord Haldane introduces Lord Kitchener in the Garden Scene from "How England finds Work for her Greatest Men."





The Armin
FORTITUDE. WIS



BERNARD PARTRIDGE

the King.
JUSTICE · PEACE ·





Ethelred the Unready causes an Obstruction at a Tube Booking Office.



Caxton is overcome by one of the familiar Objects of our Streets.



Richard III., having offered his Kingdom for a Horse, can get nothing but a Taxi.



Dan Chaucer unfortunately misses the Canterbury Excursion Train.

Ghosts of the past re-visit London for the Coronation.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

or created by the heroes of distant ages on coming into contact with the developments that have taken place in London since their time—in the event, itself improbable, of their being in a position to return to their former haunts.

28. Mr. WILLIAM WILLET, of the Daylight-Saving Scheme, will sing his strenuous song—

“ My friend Jones arranged with me
To wake him up at half-past three.”

29. Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE will play an exhibition three-ball (captive) match with JACK SHERLOCK and Mr. HOLMES, late of the Education Office.

30. Following almost immediately upon the exit of Mr. HOLMES, Mr. RUNCIMAN will perform his staggering feat of “Squaring the Circular.”

31. Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Dr. MACNAMARA, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, Sir HIRAM MAXIM, and Mr. LEO MAXSE, having been gazetted, for Coronation purposes, as the Seven Macs, will sing in unison Wordsworth’s poem on this hallowed numeral.

32. Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR will introduce his famous troupe of Cecilians, and Lord Ugo will undertake to bite off the ear of any member of the Cabinet who cares to come up on to the stage for this purpose.

33. Mr. GILBERT CHESTERTON, Lord MICHELHAM, Mr. EUGENE WASON and Sir EDWARD POYNTER will dance a solemn Pavane. In the event of an encore Lord MICHELHAM will reappear alone and give his famous serio-comic rendering of ROBERT BURNS’s eulogy of the proletariat—

“ The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man ’s the gowd for a’ that.”

34. Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN will appear in his amusing monologue, “The Draper’s Assistant” (after the late DAN LENO).

35. Eight well-known Harley Street physicians will illustrate the dietetic value of Standard Oil, showing how its health-giving properties enable even a sardine to live beautifully for days with its head off. The title of their exhibition will be “Grace in the Grease.” During this turn, Earl WINTERTON, to mark the festal occasion by an act of self-effacement, will appear behind the scenes as a “shout off.”

36. At 3.0 A.M., whether the programme is completed or not, *Mr. Punch* will bring the proceedings to a close with a brief Epilogue, in which he will embody a toast. For the purpose of this toast, Sir SHERBET BEERBOHM TREE, supported by his company of Shakspeare Revivalists, will dispense midsummer iced drinks.



Sir Sherbet Beerbohm Tree dispenses midsummer iced drinks.



The Alcoholic Department will be under the management of Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, attired as Chief Cellarer in non-particoloured hose.

Epilogue.

Well, you've had the whole concern—
And, if here and there a turn
Fell comparatively flat,
We must not complain of that,
Seeing that it so occurred
No performer “got the bird.”
Thank you, then, for this. And now,
Ere I make my final bow—
Only one more bow at most—
Let us drink a loyal toast
(It will look a trifle neater
Put into another metre):
“The KING, God bless him! *Vivat Rex!*”
And Greater Britain will echo, “*Vivat Rex et Imperator!*”

**"THE DAILY EVENING'S"
PRIZE CORONATION ODE.**

BALHAM MAN WINS FIRST PLACE.

THE entry for this competition has been gratifying in the extreme. Five thousand and seventy-seven odes have been sent in, and naturally the task of adjudication has been no easy one. Perhaps a short statement as to our method of arriving at the final verdict will be of interest to our readers. In the first place the entries were gone through by a trained cashier, who extracted the postal-orders and consigned to the waste-paper basket those which did not comply with this trifling but necessary formality. That done, and the money safely lodged in the bank, the senior office-boy (a bright lad and a leading authority on the Cinematographic Drama) was entrusted with the preliminary weeding out. Acting upon instructions, he carefully separated those of loyal and patriotic sentiment from those which displayed Anarchistic leanings, and further reduced the number of "possibles" by rejecting those containing French rhymes—the conductors of this competition being firmly of the opinion that entries of strictly all-British workmanship alone should be considered. A printer's reader next glanced through the residuum with an eye to grammar and spelling, and by this means a final batch of fifty was reserved for the judges' examination. For this difficult and responsible function we were fortunate enough to secure the services of Lord FROHMAN and Sir IMRE KIRALFY.

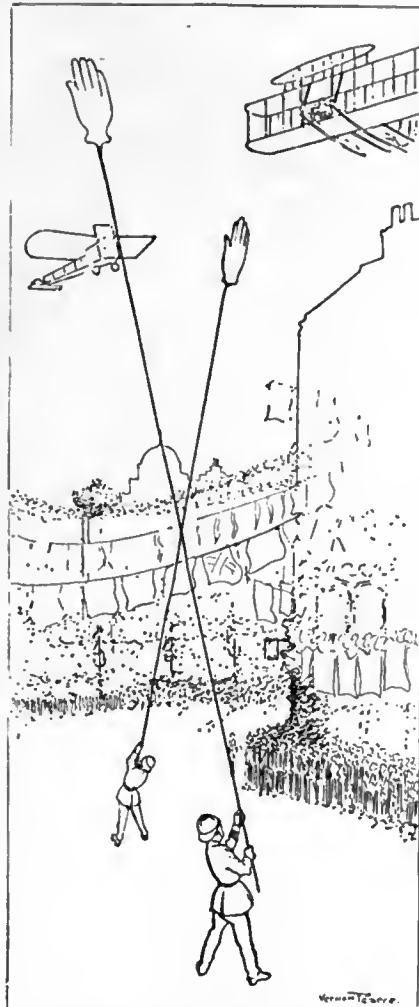
One of the most serious reproaches levelled against English literature in recent years has at last been rolled away, and that in the most decisive and incontrovertible fashion. For some time past we have had it dinned into our ears, both in and out of season, that our poets are dead. We have no hesitation in affirming that the present year, crowded as it is likely to be with political and other events of the first importance, will be remembered by posterity chiefly as the year of the great poetic renaissance in Great Britain and her dependencies.

It must not, of course, be supposed that all the entries reached the high-water mark attained by the winning ode, printed below. A very large number, however, exhibited here and there distinct gleams of genius. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine anything at once more simple and arresting than the following, the opening verse of an ode that comes all the way from the Solomon Islands:—

From Finsbury to Fiji,
From Clapham to Cawnpore,
We hail thee King and (D.G.)
India's Emperor.

Of very considerable merit was the work of another Colonial competitor, in which, however, there was a little too much sacrifice of dignity for the sake of effective rhyming, as in the following:—

Let the cheers echo from coast unto coast;
Britons, your loyalst hullabaloo raise!
Utter the loudest of "Hips," and the most
Frenzied of "Ho-roya!"



A SUGGESTION TO AID THE POLICE IN CARRYING OUT THE RECENT ORDER TO EXCLUDE AERONAUTS FROM THE CORONATION ROUTE.

The word "hullabaloo" is perhaps hardly the right term for the expression of a nation's patriotic fervour.

From a lady competitor comes a tender poem giving utterance to the feelings of her sex towards the King in his quality of naval officer. There is a subtle reminiscence of a popular ballad in the lines:—

Of British girlhood's heart thou art the gaoler,
For all our nicest maidens love a sailor.

And there are some fine moments in

the ode which, headed "To George V.: A Regalia Rhapsody," opens thus:—

What is the crown we crown thee with to-day,
Whose brilliance fairly takes our breath away!
A golden circlet set with handsome
Gems, each of which is worth a royal ransom.

The corrective bathos in the last line is very convincing. The only other poem we have space to mention is one whose prolixity is but partially atoned for by flashes of inspiration in such lines as—

George for his England, England for her George!
and

The pyrotechnics of a people's pride.

After deep consideration we have awarded the first prize to Mr. J. Milton Slopp, of 725, Laurel Avenue, Balham, S.W., whose fine achievement is here given:—

GEORGE, through thy Empire's boundless
tra ts

All eyes to-day are turned on thee
And on the interesting facts
Connected with thy pageantry.

When from thy crowning thou art come,
And all the solemn pomp is o'er,
The telegraphic wires will hum
As they have never hummed before.

And then a hundred million throats,
Making the world-wide welkin ring,
Will loyally essay the notes
That ammon Heav'n to save the King.

On thee our steadfast gaze we fix;
And in thine honour for to-day
Britons confound their politics
And brush their differences away.

No talk of People *versus* Peers,
Of those who toil and those who slack;
Dustman and Duke unite their cheers
And slap each other on the back.

And after—when the flags are furled,
And all the festive trappings down—
Shall England then confront the word
More bravely for thy kingly crown!

Oh, yes—a thousand times, oh, yes!
For through the Empire's breadth and
length

This day hath shown that we possess
A wealth of union, which is strength.

This be thy *role*, then, royal GEORGE,
To bind the folk together fast
With loving fetters, and to forge
Links that are warranted to last.

Let not the head we crown to-day
Walk in the paths of horrid strife;
Wear in thy buttonhole away
The awe t-pea of a peaceful life.

The very large expenses of conducting the competition having been deducted from the entrance fees, the rest of the money goes to the prize-winner, to whom a cheque of an appropriate value will be sent in due course.

From a parish hymn-sheet:—

"God save the King!
Not to be taken away."

We, too, are all against the kidnapping
of His MAJESTY.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A CORONATION SEASON.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The Coronation feeling in everybody is showing itself in fancy dress. This is quite and altogether a fancy-dress season. Everybody who is anybody must be always dressing up as somebody else! The regulation fancy-dress dance is always with us, of course; but we *coronate* by giving, in addition, fancy-head dinners, domino suppers, *thés poudrés*, and guess-who-I-am lunches. Oh, and if you please, my dear, the first fancy-dress wedding has made its bow—Lord Oldpark's to Hypatia B. Blogg of Pittsburg. St. Agatha's was simply packed, and it went with a bang. Oldpark was *sercamingly* well got up as a slot-machine. "A Million in the Slot" was written across him, and, when they came to the part of the service where the ring is wanted, instead of the best man producing it as usual, Hypatia herself, whose white satin gown was made to look like a roll of dollar bills, worked the Million-in-the-Slot machine and got out the wedding ring in the regular way.

Your own Blanche is responsible for the *very* latest thing in costume functions—*c'est-à-dire*, fancy-dress church services. I want to persuade the Rector of St. Agatha's to preach to us as Friar Bacon, or St. Augustine, or one of those old-time preachers, and we would all come as Canterbury pilgrims, or something. I mean to coax the dear bishop to allow it. I shall put it to him that people are always complaining of the empty churches in town, that he *must* want to see them filled, and that the way of ways to have them full to the brim is to let us have fancy-dress services on Sunday!

Of all the Coronation dances, so far, the big costume affair (under the patronage of both, or I suppose I ought to say *all*, political parties) at the Gorgeous Galleries was easily first. Beryl Clarges took charge of the quadrille of Typical British Peeresses. She told me she felt a bit awkward at being the only Englishwoman in it, and that the others seemed to look on her as by way of being an intruder!

In the Little England quadrille a *quite* new figure was introduced, called *Toeing the Line*. It made a big sensation. It's a difficult figure, and I hear they've been practising it for some time; but they certainly did it very well—to a queer tune called "Shillelagh's a-walkin'."

On dit that the Bullyon-Bounder-

mere woman has been to a certain Minister and asked that, if a new batch of peers is to be created, Mr. B.-B. may be one of them. She says he's prepared to give something enormous to the party funds, and to make himself generally useful in the Upper Chamber in shoving things on or holding them back, wouldn't want any veto, and wouldn't even mind being *abolished*, when once he'd got his title! But the offer only holds good *before* the Coronation, as they both want to be present.

Another item of Coronation gossip is that *The New York Trumpeter* has offered Lord Needmore £100,000 for the use of his name, robes and coronet on the 22nd of June for their representative, as they want an absolutely first-hand account from a peer's point of view. And Lord N. is not the only one to have such an offer. It's to be hoped that all the American pressmen will wait for the supreme moment in the ceremony, and not put on their coronets too soon!

The huge number of visitors in London this season has made the taking about of parties quite a little rage. Kiddy Vavasour, Norty's younger brother, who's very nice and very clever, but a fearful pauper, poor boy, saw his way to make a bit out of the epidemic of expert guides and conducted parties. "Museums and historic buildings are all very well," he said, "but for *one* person who wants to know what's what and where's where, there are *thirty* who want to know who's who; and I'm their man!" And, my dear, he takes great gangs of queerities to the Park and to Ranelagh and to Hurlingham during the day, and in the evenings fixes up with hostesses to take them to parties, ranges them round the walls in the dancing-rooms and tells them who everybody is, marches them through the supper-rooms, points out which of the people are on diet and oughtn't to *touch* the things they're gobbling up and predicts what form of indy they're likely to have next day, and lets them peep into the sitting-out places, telling them which couples have *no right whatever* to be murmuring and cooing in a *solitude à deux*! His fee is immensely enormous (each of the hostesses whose houses he takes his crowd to expects something), but he's *overwhelmed* with business and simply *coining* money!

Such fancy prices are being offered for town houses just now that a great many people can't afford to stay in their own, and as, of course, they've got to be somewhere in the neighbourhood, they've gone into lodgings. The Middleshires have let Middleshire

House for £5,000 a week, and gone to lodge at a place called Holloway. Then the Needmores, the Sangazurs, the De Stoncyvilles, and several others have let their houses in Berkgrave and the other squares, and gone to live at Peckham and Cumberwell. They charter a motor-bus among them, which brings them to town every day and takes them back every night—or morning, as it may happen.

Pity me, my dearest! Some of Josiah's relations have come from the uttermost ends of the earth to coronate, and are staying here. They're stout and red, and want to "see everything" and to "enjoy themselves"; in short, they're much about what Josiah was before Somebody took him in hand. Their vocab. includes such phrases as "the height of fashion," and "sumptuous entertainments!" But the worst thing about them is that they remember Josiah when he was a boy and are fond of talking of those pre-historic days. I bore it till reason tottered on her throne, and then I told them, "*Memory*, socially speaking, is bad form. In other words, *remembering is not done*—except when *written* in the shape of memoirs that *will sell*. Just as people keep their *money* and *valuables* at the *banker's*, so they keep their *memories* at the *publisher's*."

Just a little story of Hugo Daubeny, the Flummery's artist cousin. I found myself next him at dinner the other night, and he asked me what I thought of the Academy show. I said I never went there, but that people said it was a dull one, and I added, "There's no Picture of the Year, is there?" "The Picture of the Year," he growled, scowling at his plate, "is still in the cellars at Burlington House waiting to be fetched away!"

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

"Indeed, the present year is doubly associated with the memory of Hume, for not only does it mark the lapse of ten centuries since his birth, but also the passage of a century and a half since his great history was completed."

Bombay Gazette.

A great history, indeed, even if put together a little too hurriedly.

"The part which the school children of Edinburgh are to play in the celebrations connected with the Royal visit to Edinburgh was discussed yesterday. . . . It was remarked at yesterday's meeting that if 30,000 children were present, that would be the equivalent of the Scottish Army at Bannockburn."—*Scotsman*.

We wonder who it was who thought of that tactful comparison. It looks as if somebody had been reading about Bannockburn that afternoon, and had to bring it in at all costs.

CHARIVARIA.

We have no complaint to make in regard to the Coronation; but, fond as we are of these functions, we trust that it will be many many years before we have another.

We understand that while KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY are, with characteristic kindness, determined to do their best, they will find it quite impossible to look like *all* the portraits of themselves which are being given away with the various Coronation Numbers.

This wonderful year! We already have Coronation Exhibitions, Coronation Bibles, Coronation Dances, and, for all we know, Coronation Dog Fights, and now, in addition to these, it seems there is to be a Coronation Ceremony at Westminster Abbey.

The Coronation Ceremony, by-the-way, promises to be the most successful function of the year. In addition to a host of notabilities, the KING and QUEEN have promised to be present.

In the regulations as to the dresses which Members' wives may wear in the Abbey, "considerable latitude," we read, "is allowed." We should have thought that this would lead to much undesirable over-crowding.

A proposal has been made that every helpless little baby born on the 22nd inst. shall be named Coronation. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children has the matter in hand.

The KING's wish is Law even to-day, and we are glad to hear that HIS MAJESTY's desire that an extra week's holiday shall be given to the boys and girls in all schools in honour of the Coronation, is being accepted cheerfully by the entire juvenile population of the country, even though they realise that it may interfere somewhat with the course of their studies.

The police regulation, that all lights in connection with illuminations shall be put out by 12.30 on the morning following Coronation Day presses somewhat hardly on some persons. For example, a lady living at Peckham had, before the regulation was issued, paid extra for her fairy lamp, on the understanding that it would keep alight until 1.30.

We have a large amount of sympathy with Mr. BENNETT GOLDNEY, M.P., who suggested that, as each Member having



G. L. STANPA. 1911.

A CHEAP SEAT FOR THE CORONATION.

"E'S THAT LOYAL THERE'S NO 'OLDIN' 'IM. SEE THE PERCESSION HE WILL—SO I'M PATCHIN' 'IM UP A SEAT FOR IT."

a wife, an unmarried sister, or a daughter, receives an invitation to the Coronation for one such relative, an equal privilege should be extended to those who have no wife, unmarried sister, or daughter, but who have a mother. We consider it of the highest importance, in these days of dwindling population, to hold out inducements to persons to have mothers.

At the Coronation Costume Ball, which is to be held at the Botanical Gardens on June 16th, there is to be an interesting innovation. Mr.

GRAHAME-WHITE is to fly in his aeroplane from Hendon in costume to attend the function. The success of the innovation will depend to some extent on whether the distinguished airman alights on a glass-house or not.

The announcement that Mr. EVE has had a hand in designing the stamps to be issued on Coronation Day has led to a stupid rumour that they will bear a representation of Britannia in the costume of a Classical Dancer.

MR. PUNCH'S CORONATION PROCESSION REPRESENTING ALL CLASSES OF HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.



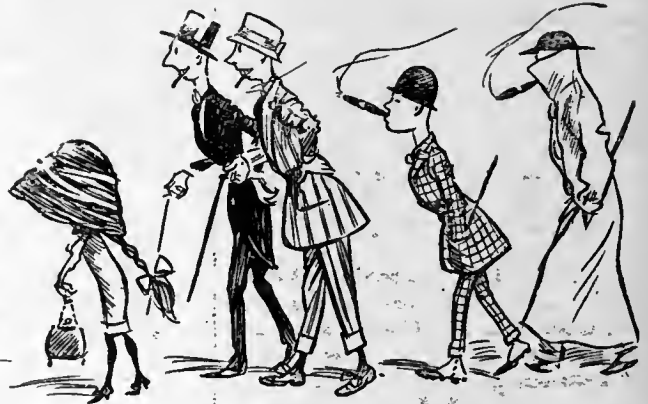
GRAND MASSED BAND OF REPRESENTATIVE MUSICIANS.



A MEMBER OF THE ARISTOCRACY.



VOTARIES OF FASHION.



EMULATORS.

BLOODS.

SPORTING DITTO.



CARMELITE, LEADING STANDARD BREAD-FED BOYS.



POST-IMPRESSIONIST.



MIX.



BEAUTIES OF THE BALLROOM.

MR. PUNCH'S CORONATION PROCESSION—(CONTINUED).



CONTINGENT FROM THE SERVICE CLUBS.

CONTINGENT FROM THE LADIES' CLUBS.

MERCHANT PRINCE.



MUSICAL COMEDY.

CONTINGENT OF THE SMART SET (IN DOUBLE HARNESS).

OLYMPIAN GOD.



HUMORIST.

A LADY WHO WON'T BE IGNORED.

ODDS AND ENDS.

J. W. B. BAUTICA

LINING THE "ROWTE."

(Voices in the Crowd.)

Burly Farmer. Looky 'ere, Jonas, when they coom by, can 'ee get Moother up on thy shoulder, lad?

Jonas (also burly). Noa, Feyther, that I can't! My arms are fast to me sides, like a goose in th' oven.

Mother (from the depths). I'm all right, Feyther, don't 'e fash about me. I can hear th' music fine. 'Tis our Geordie matters more nor what I do. What can 'ee see, Geordie?

Our Geordie (also in the depths). Nowt but hats. I'm that dry, me tongue 's like a hay-rake.

Burly Farmer. Suck one of them "thirst-squenchers" I bought you, m' lad.

Our Geordie. Can't, Feyther. They're in mo pocket.

Haughty Feminine Voice (from back). Will you let me come through he-ah, please! Kindly let me pass he-ah, please! Constable! Make a way he-ah for us to pass. Our seats are on the stand opposite.

Constable. Too late, Madam. You can't cross the road now.

Haughty Feminine Voice. Oh, but that 's absurd; the seats cost me fifteen guineas!

Constable. Can't help that, Madam. You should have come earlier.

Local Humourist. Only one man could get you to them seats now, Lidy.

Haughty Feminine Voice. And who is that?

Local Humourist. Grihame-White in 'is Airyoplane. An' he can't, either, cos it 's against the law.

Haughty Feminine Voice (to rest of party). It 's no use stopping he-ah—we must try further down, de-ahs.

Rest of Party (in depressed assent). Yes, de-ah. It 's no use stopping he-ah.

Laundry Lady. I 've bin standin' six hours, an' I 've stood six hours for all these 'ere royalty shows, but I never see one yet—because when the people shout "Here they come" I get that excited I always do a faint.

Friend (clear starcher, in violet hat with feathers). Wot a silly! It 's no use fainting, now-a-days, when they takes you out into a back street. There useter be some sense in it when they shoved you up to the front and let you set on the curb along with the sodjers.

Pessimist (in the fifth row). Will the lady in the violet hat kindly take it off and give the people behind her a chance of seeing something else?

Clear Starcher (shamelessly employing an ancient jibe). Certainly, Mister, if you 'll tie your ears back an' give the people be'ind you a chance of seeing something else.

Pessimist (sarcastically). You are in the wrong place here, Madam. You ought to be in the Abbey with those plumes on.

Clear Starcher. So are you, Mister. You ought to be in the Zoo with them ears on.

Local Humourist. Fellow sardines, let's 'ave peace in the tin. The lidy wants 'er 'at on so as the Queen can see it, and the gent wants 'is ears loose so as 'e can keep the flies orf.

Inventive Genius (right at the back, with his fiancée and his fiancée's aunt). Now we'll just stop here at our leisure and lean against these railings. No crushing, no heat, no bother, quite happy and comfortable.

Fiancée's Aunt. That 's all very well, Herbert, but we can't see anything.

Fiancée. But we shall, Auntie, when Herbert has fitted his little invention together. Tell her all about it, dearie.

Inventive Genius. Why, you see—this brown paper parcel under my arm contains the sections of my patent collapsible stand, which, when dovetailed together, forms a small raised platform capable of holding three persons at a pinch, and supporting four hundredweight, and—

Fiancée (interposing enthusiastically). And, you see, just before the procession comes by he can fit it together in three minutes; we just stand on it, see the whole procession go by in perfect comfort, and then just wrap it up again and walk quietly home.

Fiancée's Aunt. How very clever of you, Herbert!

Small Girl (in front row). Will I see more 'n one Queen—eh, Mar? Will she 'ave a gold crown on 'er 'ed—eh, Mar? If I wives my 'enkerchief to 'er will she wive 'er 'endkerchief to me—eh, Mar?

Mar. Shut up yer row! (*Turns viciously to scholastic-looking spectator behind.*) Will you take your umbereller 'andle out of my back, Sir—you didn't ought to bring a numbereller in a crowd like this—you 'll be doing somebody a injury.

Scholastic Spectator. Excuse me, madam; the pressure you refer to, which from my cramped position I am unable to avoid, is caused, not by an umbrella handle, but by my elbow.

Mar. Well, if that 's yer elbow—they 've let you out of the 'orspital too soon, that 's all I can say!

(*Strains of music heard approaching, and sounds of cheering. Shouts of "Here they come!" Laundry lady promptly faints with excitement and is handed out to the rear. The crowd sways*

forward. Mounted policemen, backing their horses, assist it to the curb again with more energy than respect.)

Burly Farmer (hoisting up Geordie in frenzied grip). Theer, lad, look at the sojers with the muffs on their 'eds—look at the faithful Injuns and the bands o' music. You be 'aving a rare time in Lunnun among all the kings and queens—bain't 'ee, lad?

Geordie (gloomily extracting a thirst-squenchier from his pocket). I 'd rather be ringing the pigs.

Confused Voices. "Oo 's the bloke on the white 'orse?" "Why, that 's the German Emperor!" "No, it ain't—it 's Kitchener." "Not it—that 's Lloyd George; I see 'is eye a-twinkling."

Inventive Genius (hastily dovetailing the last section of his invention). Come on up, now—you first, darling; now your aunt.

Fiancée. That 's splendid! Come on, auntie. Are you up too, dearie? Ou! Ou!! Ou!!!

(*Collapsible stand collapses prematurely and precipitates its occupants on to the back row of the crowd.*)

Crowd. Hooray, hooray. There 's the King and Queen—God bless 'em. Hooray, hooray!

Pessimist. I told you this was the worst position on the whole rowte—I can't see anything whatever, and I 've lost my hat.

Local Humourist. Nor more can't I. What 's odds! Hooray, hooray! Give 'em a cheer, mate! Wot do you want your 'at for?

Pessimist (in spite of himself). Only to throw it up in the air. Hooray, hooray, hooray!!!

"The King and Queen have graciously accepted a cake from the Food and Cookery Association."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

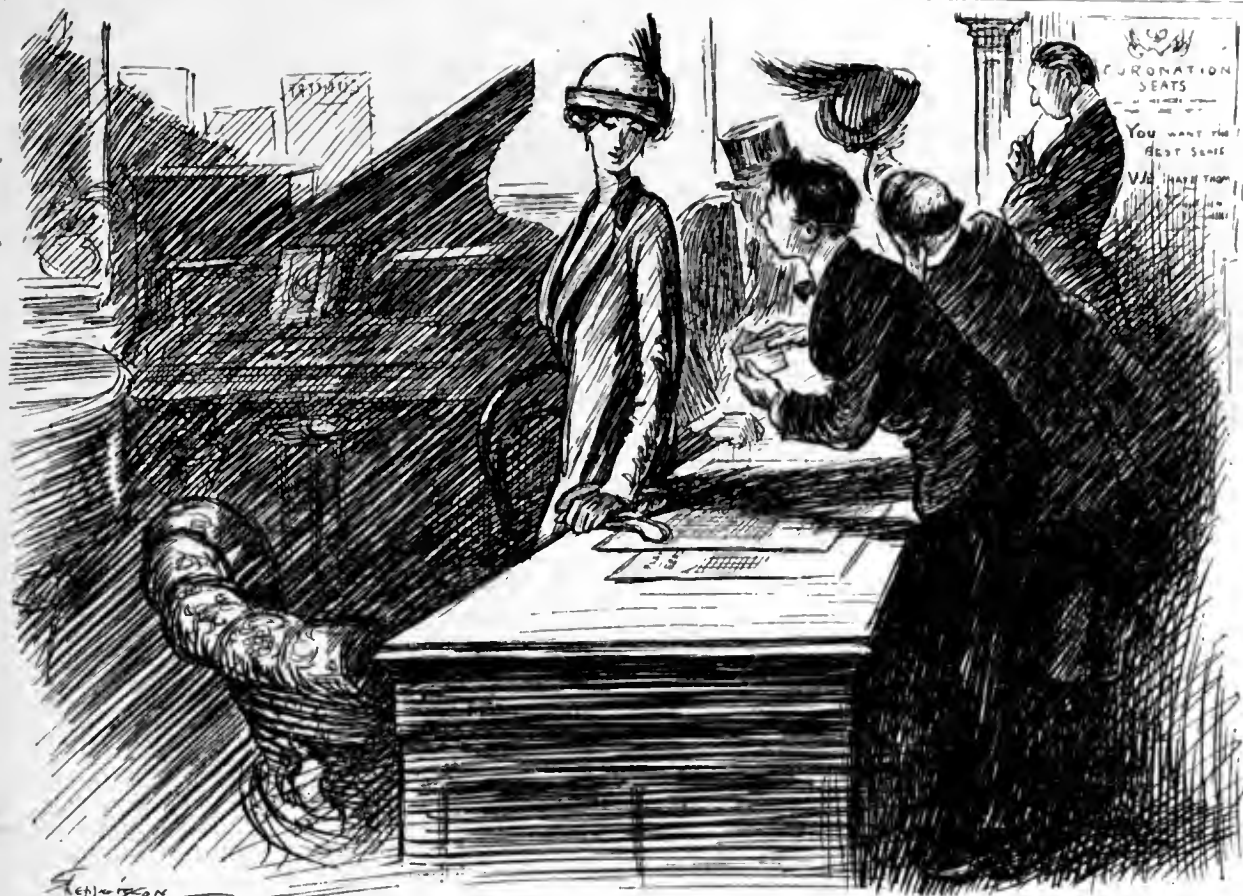
It is rumoured that this oblation was to have been reserved for Their MAJESTIES' refreshment during the Coronation procession, but that the existence of the cake came within the cognisance of the Junior Members of the Royal Family, who exercised an intelligent anticipation.

From a catalogue:—

"KINGLAKE (A. W.) Invasion of the Crimea, Its origin, and Account of the Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan, with plans of battles.

The unrivalled beauty of the Scenery of the Lake Districts of England is nowhere so fully and consecutively illustrated as in this exceedingly beautiful work."

The author seems to have been unnecessarily discursive.



Lady (at Ticket Bureau, buying seats for the Coronation Procession). "Oh, I wonder if the trees in the terrace will prevent our seeing properly?"
Youth. "You need have no fear, Madam; the trees will all be cut down for the day."

THE EYESORE.

[Addressed to Charles, who proposes to see the Coronation Procession with me—urging him to loyalty.]

CHARLES, at this hour of pageantry and ermine,
 When soon the royal crown (remember that)
 Shall rest on England's King, you must determine
 To pension off that piece of mouldy mat;
 This is a resolution I am firm in—
 Charles, you must buy a hat.

In some dim long-ago, as I imagine it,
 In days of stress and hardihood and fight,
 It may be, with a crest or else a badge in it,
 The morion you wear was new and bright;
 Yes, at the crowning of the first Plantagenet,
 It may have looked all right.

And later, when the land was rent asunder,
 And monarchs swam through gore their crowns to win,
 On some bold baron's head, creating wonder,
 It had its place, although the fur was thin,
 And by some strange, discreditable blunder
 Nobody bashed it in.

Circa the little trouble of the Roses
 It may have seemed a useful sort of tile
 For Coronations after battle-closes,
 Roughened and scarred with use, and bare of pile:
 But now, when Albion's realm at peace reposes,
 Charles, it is not the style.

Out of what show-case, with nefarious lever,
 From what museum, or what midnight troth
 Making with broomstick hag, the haleful weaver,
 You got it, goodness knows. What *was* its growth?
 Is it a silk hat, Charles, or is it beaver?
 Probably bits of both.

Give it away, Charles. Give it to the vendor
 Of rags and bones, or sit on it, or hoof
 It up and down, or burn it in the fender.
 Shall it be said that garb of golden woof,
 The gowns of peeresses, the Life Guards' splendour
 Were spoilt by Charles's roof?

Shall History relate with heartfelt sorrow,
 What time the links of truth she comes to forge,
 That midst the cheering on that splendid morrow
 Were hoots from England's aggravated gorge?
 That one old stove-pipe hat impaired the Coro-
 nation of good KING GEORGE? EVOE.

Already worn-out with the strain of preliminary festivities and the general buzziness of London, many people are intending to seek the repose of Paris during the actual Coronation week. The rumour that the KING and QUEEN are among this number is fortunately without foundation.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

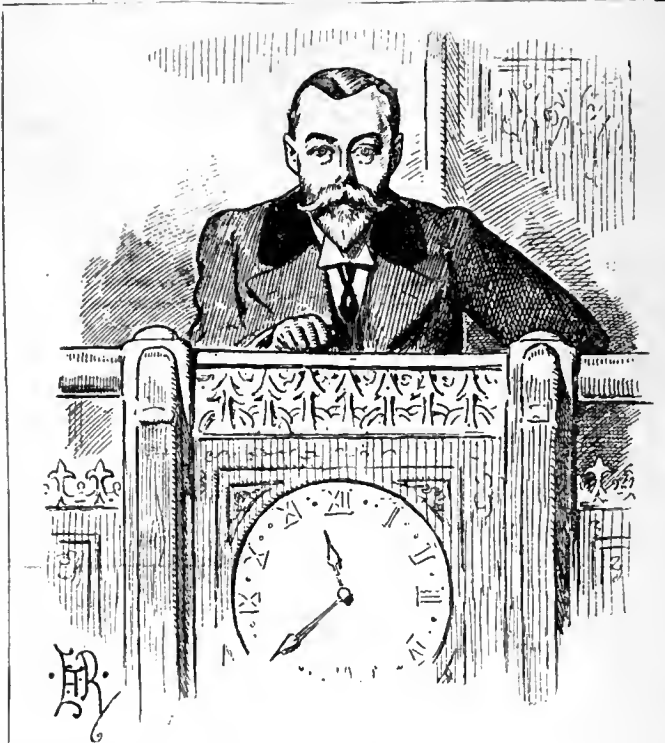
FANCY that among possible regrets accompanying change of high estate KING GEORGE V. looks back to former opportunities of being present at debates in this House. What was permissible to the PRINCE OF WALES is forbidden to the SOVEREIGN. Forbidden perhaps too strong a word, for if HIS MAJESTY pleased there is no reason why he might not, upon occasion, return to old quarters in gallery over the clock. Still the procedure would be long unprecedented. The last time a King of England entered the House of Commons was when CHARLES I. came a-looking for the Five Members who had affronted his authority. HIS MAJESTY on that occasion literally "took the chair," having with half apology temporarily dispossessed the SPEAKER. Since that historic day there has been sort of prejudice against incursion of the Sovereign on floor of House.

His present MAJESTY, as PRINCE OF WALES, was a visitor as welcome as his appearance was frequent. Herein he inherited the habit of his father, whose genial presence beamed from the seat over the clock on all big nights in the Commons through the last twenty-five years of QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign.

It is little more than a year since KING GEORGE, all unknowing, paid his last visit to the familiar scene. It was the early spring of last year Debate turned upon the now ripened question of Veto of the Lords. In grave speech the PREMIER disputed their claim to override the will of the Commons on questions of Finance. The KING that was so soon to be listened to a powerful passage in which the PREMIER dealt with analogous case of the Veto of the Crown. He reminded his audience how the last Sovereign who exercised a privilege still unrepealed was QUEEN ANNE, and asked a question which in the presence of the audience seated in the Peers' Gallery had unpremeditated significance, "What would happen if QUEEN ANNE'S successor on the throne to-day followed her example?"

Like his illustrious Father, KING GEORGE, whilst still a Peer of Parliament, took keen interest in Parliamentary affairs, was personally familiar with

prominent members in both Houses, and was a model of patience in following important speeches, howsoever long. By-and-by we shall have another PRINCE OF WALES on the front Cross Bench of the House of Lords or in the seat over the clock in the Commons. He will be the third whose presence will be made familiar to the present generation. His arrival on the scene, probably following close upon attainment of his majority, is looked forward to with keen desire. It will be the renewal of a link that has long bound Parliament and the Crown in friendliest fashion.



"A VISITOR AS WELCOME AS HIS APPEARANCE WAS FREQUENT."

(His Majesty KING GEORGE, when PRINCE OF WALES, was a keen student of debate in the Peers' Gallery.)

AN URBAN ECLOGUE.

STREPHON :

How favoured are we, Phyllis,
That ours is not the age
When rustic Amaryllis
Enjoyed a rustic rage;
Her freckles and her frolics,
Her stupid swains we know—
I've read their old bucolics
(I had to years ago!).

PHYLLIS :

I haven't (thanks to heaven,
And Fraulein's easy yoke);
But still I fancy, Strephon,
I know you're tiresome folk,
Their compliments—becowslipped,
Their idylls—of the sheep,

Their wreaths—that o'er the brows
slipped

In unbecoming sleep!

STREPHON :

I picture you reclining
With cricked and aching spine,
To catch the pan-pipes whining
Beneath some draughty pine,
You, Phyllis, with your brooches
And Paris frocks, to-day
Supreme among the coaches,
Resplendent at the play!

PHYLLIS :

I simply can't imagine
You on the classic lawns,
With no Enclosure hedge on,
Amid the festive fauns,
Or lounging, say, astride of
A log on summer nights,
You, Strephon, you the
pride of
The window-seat at White's!

STREPHON :

They knew not bands and
cities,
Nor streets in bunting bound;
Their bunting chirped his
ditties
When Pan came barging
round;
For in their futile, far land,
The only crownings were
When someone dumped a
garland
On someone else's hair!

PHYLLIS :

Yet sometimes, when the
dawning
Comes o'er the chimneys
tall,
I find I'm almost yawning
Half through some ripping
ball;
It's odd, but all one knows is
Just then that such things
please
As hedges and wild-roses
And buttercups and bees!

STREPHON :

Why not, then? I'll have fancies;
I too would botanise
And pick—I think they're pansies—
The blue things like your eyes,
Or down the Henley reaches
The crank canoe impel,
To lunch 'neath Shiplake beeches—
If you were there as well!

PHYLLIS :

This much then for conclusion,
I'd say small difference is
'Twi'tommy-rot effusion
And old absurdities—
The sort your shepherd-sillies
Fired off in fatuous flow
For rustic Amaryllis,
A million years ago!

THOUGHTS OF A CORONATION
COLLAR-STUD.

June 21st.—I was sure of it. Faithful service for many years is to be rewarded. I am to be His Majesty's collar-stud to-morrow. The order has just been issued. An Earl came to the King and said, "Have you any special order, Sir, with regard to the sleeve linings and shirt-studs you will wear to-morrow?" "No," said the King promptly, "I leave all that to you. There's only one thing I insist on. I *must* have my old plain gold collar-stud, the one I wore when I first went to sea. It's my lucky stud, and I couldn't think of wearing any other—you know the one I mean." "Certainly, Sir," said the Earl, and the incident ended. I am now on the King's toilet-table and am apparently to stay there to-night. Is this quite safe? If I were lost could the Coronation go on? Oughtn't they to put me away in a jewel-box? But then the jewel-box might be lost. Tush! I am over-excited. Let me try to compose myself.

June 22nd, 7 A.M.—I am awake. I am still on the toilet-table. All is well so far.

8 A.M.—A valet has entered the room. He is moving towards me very softly. I hope he will be very careful. It would—There! I knew it would happen. He has knocked me off the table. I have rolled under the fender. Help! help! . . . The valet has not noticed my fall. What, oh what, will happen?

8.30 A.M.—The King has asked for me. The valet has fainted. Messengers are flying in every direction. The King has said again that he *must* have his lucky collar-stud; that he will wear no other. Everything is in confusion. The King is not angry: he is only calm and resolute.

8.40 A.M.—A Duke, a Marquis, two Earls, a Baron, several Equerries and a Groom-in-Waiting have come in. The Groom-in-Waiting has suggested that they should all look under the various articles of furniture.

8.45 A.M.—They are doing so. The Duke is stoutish and he breathes hard when he stoops. They have looked under the wardrobes, the chests-of-drawers, the tables—under everything except the fender. When will this agony end?

8.50 A.M.—An Equerry has suggested that they should all take their shoes off and pace over the floor in their stocking feet. Anyone, he says, who treads on the stud will be sure to know it. Suggestion adopted. They are pacing and re-pacing over the floor. The KING is cheering them on—



AT "THE CORNER."

Dealer. "SHOULDN'T BE 'ERE AT ALL, AN 'ORSE LIKE THAT."
Sportsman (also a bit of a connoisseur). "QUITE RIGHT, QUITE RIGHT; OUGHT TO BE AT CHRISTIE'S AMONG THE ANTIQUES."

but, of course, all is in vain. They are becoming tired and desperate.

8.55 A.M.—The Duke has just struck his foot against the fender!

He has stopped to rub his toe!

He says to himself, "By Jove! the little beggar might be—no, it's very unlikely—still I'd better look."

He is bending to look. It is a long process.

He is looking!

He cannot see me!

He is looking again!

He has seen me! He pounces upon me!

9 A.M.—I am safely in the royal shirt-band, and everything can now proceed according to the programme. But that awful hour under the fender has taken years off my life. What shadows we are; what shadows we pursue!

"20 MILES FROM BRIGHTON.
LOVELY LITTLE GENTLEMAN'S
WEEK-END RESIDENCE."

Advt. in "Country Life."

Dear little fellow.

COCKTAIL COLLOQUIES;

OR,

ENGLISH AS SHE IS GOING TO BE SPOKE AT THE
CORONATION.

[Referring to the thousands of Americans who are preparing to be in London for the Coronation a correspondent of the *Hearst News Service* observes that "The argot of Broadway and Market Street will be heard in the land, from the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to the *purlieus* of the Mile End Road." Its effect upon a receptive London is here adumbrated.]

II.—MANHATTAN.

Scene: Smoking Room of the Guards' Club.

Lord Algernon -Henne-Heriot. Yes, siree, Gussie has the whole push buffaloe once in a while. About the third rattle out of the box Gus corralled four bellhops and hung on. I read him wrong and started sandying for the pot with an ace stiff, and by jings! the third time I came back he calls me and lays down his little men. I nearly threw a fit when I saw them.

Captain Reggie Brasyl. Mangy little piker! I bet he had cold feet the first time you turned loose on him. It ain't up to you to kick though.

Lord Algy. Maybe not, in this case, but you can't play poker with a double tarred ball of twine round your wad. Gussie strips off the long green about as cheerfully as the teller of a country bank at the end of a three-day rush. Didn't see you at Lady Betty's Thursday.

Reggie. You're dead right, you didn't. The fair Betty's shaken little Willie for keeps ever since that baccarat squabble. Serves me right for butting in. I started to flag her in the park Sunday and she gave me a look that would have frozen the ears off a brass monkey. Talk about the glassy eye! Going to Sandown?

Lord Algy. Nit. I'm through playing the ponies now till the cows come home. What the bookies have done to me this year is a shame. Last month I was in so deep I had to crowd the old man for a couple of thousand simoleons. He went right up in the air when I started to make the touch. Befed like a steer and talked about having to put a plaster on the Cumberland estate, and a lot more guff. I thought at first it was just a grand-stand play, but the old war-horse wouldn't reach for the kale till I'd promised not to lay a bet for a year. I hated to do it, but I had to have the dough and now it's up to me to deliver the goods.

Reggie. Wouldn't that jar you! Odds are, though, you're better off without it. I've been getting the dope on this horse stuff now for ten years and, whenever I think I've picked a sure enough live 'un and backed him for all the dinero I could muster, some rube with a broken-winded bronco bounces up and throws the harpoon into me six feet. Suffering cats! If there was only my fancy to beat you could win the St. Leger with a hand-painted hearse horse. It's a fright.

Lord Algy. It is that. Well, I got to mosey along.

Reggie. What's your hurry? Sit down and I'll buy you a drink.

Lord Algy. One little Bronx cocktail. I'll shake you for it.

Reggie. You're on. One flop horses. Etc., etc.

ALGOL.

A big detachment of Coronation troops is to be housed at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "In its former occupation as Post Office," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "the building provided accommodation for 4,000 workers, so there will be ample room for all soldiers like to be posted there." We take off our hat to our contemporary. "Posted" is happy.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

HAPPY the bard, and privileged his lot,

Who finds some hallowed thing before his eyes
Whence the most torpid brain (which mine is not)

Rises to new thoughts which, with warm surprise,
He feels instinctively are good and wise;
These are the themes by poets held most dear;
Of such are poems made; and such, methinks, is here.

Yes, 'tis a sight no loyal eye may view

Without emotion; here the gaze is fed

With the great Stone of Scone (pronounce it *oo*),

Brought from old Palestine, whereon, 'tis said,

Tired JACOB rested his nomadic head.

A fine thought this; let cavillers assert
The stone is new Scotch sandstone—what are they but dirt?

But to the Chair. The casual regard

Might hold it for its office all unmeet;

Hewn of the callous oak it is, and hard,

And unresponsive to the royal seat;

Yet, with a stern composure bad to beat,

From our first EDWARD, England's kings have sat
Here, and have here been crowned; and what d'you make
of that?

Bethink you what the chronicle relates

Of those great souls, long laid on history's shelf;

Try to imagine (never mind the dates)

All their proud line, from Norman down to Guelph;

For me, my wandering dream confines itself,

Somehow, to stout QUEEN BESS; full well I ween
Good heed the prelate took who crowned that hasty Queen.

They come, as in a mist they go; and thus

The contemplative mind must needs recall

How surely waits the dark *Mors Omnibus*,

Looming ahead, alike for great and small.

A sombre lesson this, if this were all!

But look again; look closer yet, and read;

Can those be letters? Yes. And names? They are, indeed.

O ye unknown, that have, in ages back,

Carved on the seat of kingship each his name

Or his initials, thus with happy knack

Making a bold, pathetic bid for fame,

Now after long days ye achieve your aim;

Not to the kings, ye meaner, but to ye
The minstrel turns his muse in clear apostrophe.

Not yours the royal diadem to wear;

Your state was humble as your manners low;

Yet, as we view this Coronation Chair,

Out of the mind all kingly visions go—

They fade, they perish; only we may know

Your simple toils; only the sense is gript

By these rude names of yours, rough-hewn in clumsy script.

And thus we learn that men of quiet lives

May hope not ever to remain unknown;

It is the unobtrusive that survives,

The man that shuns the light, that works alone,

Who carves his name on Time's enduring throne.

Nor is there one so lowly, one so weak,

But may attain the utmost—with sufficient cheek.

DUM-DUM.

South Africa's Coronation gift of representative animals includes some "velvet monkeys." Their British grit, however, is shown in the iron heart beneath the velvet exterior.



AT THE CENTRE OF THINGS.

"SITHA, MARY, VON'S T' HALL FOAKS OFF TE T' STATION. WHEER'LL THEY BE GOIN', THINKS THA?"
 "AW, WANDERIN' OFF TE LUNNON OR SOOMWHEER, MEBBE. BUT THEY 'LL BE BACK FOR T' CORONATION."

A CORONATION NIGHTMARE.

The morning was brilliant in Kensington Gore,
 When Emma remarked, as she called me at four,
 "The elephant's waiting for you at the door."

So I put on my slippers, one brown and one black,
 Wrapped my form in a waterproof Union Jack,
 And cautiously climbed on the elephant's back.

There were three of us there—the Archbishop and me,
 And a man with a racket, a portly Parsee
 Whose name, he informed me, was Jim Jamsetjee.

"Hurry up," said the Prelate, "or else we'll be late,
 For the dinner begins at a quarter to eight,
 And money is never returned at the gate."

So we rode and we rode, and the elephants sang,
 Beating time with their trunks, in a glutinous twang,
 An anthem of which I've forgotten the hang.

We were flying quite nobly when Jamsetjee cried,
 "My elephant says that he's punctured inside,"
 And down from the welkin proceeded to glide.

The various survivors to dinner sat down,
 But I saw the Archbishop was wearing a frown,
 For I had to reply to the toast of the Crown.

I was pleased with the duty and proud of my fame,
 And firmly determined on playing the game,
 But unluckily couldn't remember my name.

Then the mist cleared away as I rose to my feet—
 It was just at the corner of Arlington Street—
 And found myself airily clad in a sheet.

It was awkward, because the procession was due,
 And the rest of the crowd were in red, white and blue,
 And I couldn't unfasten the door of my pew.

Then I rose in my wrath and exclaimed, "Let me go.
 I am suffering from partial collapse of the toe,
 But, whatever may happen, the King mustn't know."

There were pathos and pride in the words that I spoke,
 But a giant guffaw from the populace broke,
 And I thought they were justified—after I woke.

Headlines from two rival contemporaries:—

"ROOM FOR ALL.
 LONDON'S CORONATION VISITORS."—*Daily Mail.*

"'HOUSE FULL' IN LONDON.
 MORE PEOPLE THAN IT WAS BUILT TO HOLD."
Daily Express.

THE CROWNING OF JAMES THE SECOND (FOOTMAN).

I WAS thinking busily of the Coronation, with a view to saying something new about it in our "Current Events" column, when I was presented with a letter to the effect that my old friend, Mrs. Parker, would be at home on Monday, 19th June, at 10.30 o'clock. "So," I wrote on a postcard, "shall I, and, with any luck, in bed." Then I went back to my thoughts. Later, I had another letter from the lady, explaining what a funny man I was and that what she had meant to convey was that they were giving a little dance to celebrate the Coronation and the coming out of their fourth daughter. "All right," I wrote, "I'll come, more because I am interested in coronations than that I have any intention of marrying the girl." On second thoughts I omitted the reference to the fourth daughter.

I tied the correspondence in a bundle and took it with me, so that I could prove that they had asked me in case of a bother at the door, and the first person I met in the ball-room was Tommy Clarke.

"Hello, Thomas," said I, "what brought you here?"

"A taxi," he replied; but I told him that was no good and, if he wanted me to publish his jokes for him, they must be about coronations.

In spite of my faultless evening dress and my stiff white shirt without spot, none of the ladies knew or seemed to want to know me. So I went up to the solitary girl by the door.

"How do you do?" I said to her. "I don't suppose you remember my face. And I'll tell you why; I don't suppose you have ever seen it before. Nevertheless I hope you like it. There! If you admire my courage, come and dance with me and tell me a funny story about the Coronation." The only funny story she could remember was that she once had a father (whom she still retained) and that father had procured seats for the procession for the whole family, including Alfred.

"And you will all live happily ever afterwards," I concluded for her. "Delightfully fresh but hardly printable. Thank you."

The freshness of the episode wore off with frequent repetition. Indeed only "Many-a-plain-face-hides-a-kind-

heart," as she appears on my programme, approached the burning subject from a point of view not entirely egotistic.

"Do They have a crown each," she asked me, after a noticeable pause in the conversation, "or do They split one between Them?"

"Go on," I begged her. "This shows promise;" and I took out my notebook.

"What I mean is, people always talk about the English Crown and hardly ever about the English Crowns."

"Yes," I encouraged her; "and now for the central *motif*, the kernel, as it were, of your amusing observations."

The notebook had, I am afraid, put her off her game. "Will it do if I say something about every sovereign having five crowns?" she asked.

occasion. "Half a Crown, Sir," he said glibly, "is better than no recognition."

Whereupon I doubled the fee and presented him with five bob, partly to secure the copyright of his epigram and partly to justify the title of this article.

THE GLORIOUS FIRST.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CLOUT-CASTING SEASON.

"Ne'er cast a clout
Till May is out."

Old Saying.

WHILE enthusiastic clout-casters all over the country have been impatiently waiting for the passing of May, few, perhaps, have been so enterprising as the Old Etonians, who held their first meeting at Ranelagh at 12.30 A.M. on the 1st of June under somewhat novel conditions. By a clever arrangement of acetylene lamps and an illuminated basket the groundsman had made preparations at once adequate and ingenious, and in consequence there was a large muster of ardent O.E.'s. Under the circumstances anything like accurate casting was scarcely to be expected, and in the practice game that had been arranged, Puce v. Maroon, the combined flights were inclined to be ragged. But some good individual performances were put up that promised well for an exceptionally strong season.

Thus Captain Halfe-Pryce, who led the Maroons, found the basket with his three-button Jaeger in four successive casts.

While this was, perhaps, the only team play indulged in at such an early hour, single clout-casting was to be seen from midnight onwards in all parts of London, while in White-chapel Mrs. Izzy Aarons, the well-known local lady champion, achieved the extraordinary record, against a head-wind, of ten-and-a-half yards, with a heavy red flannel suspensory projectile. Altogether the prospects of the new season are particularly bright, and by the time this issue appears clout-casting should be in full swing.

"The bath has been thoroughly cleaned out and refilled ready for this season's use."

Evenham Journal.

This is Winchcombe's contribution to the Coronation Year.



THE CORONATION HAT-PIN
(MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN).

I shut the notebook up. "If you had said four it would have made the joke more correct, arithmetically. But even that wouldn't have made it new. Let us suppose They do share a crown. Can't you do anything with it? No? Well, there's the band again. You mean well with your head, but I expect your real skill is in your feet."

After that I determined that it was no use trying any more, for my partners seemed to be thinking more about the fourth daughter than the Coronation and more about themselves than either. So I made my way to the Gents' Cloak-room and allowed Second Footman James to play about with my coat while I got into it. I gathered from his semi-detached air that there was a silver collection.

"Alas, James," said I, "I have nothing less than two-and-six."

Of all that gay throng James alone rose, however unconsciously, to the



Cherub up aloft (to paterfamilias, who has been prevented from reaching his seats, for which he has paid a large sum). "NEVER YOU MIND, GUV'NOR; I'LL TELL YER WHEN THEY COMES ALONG IN PLENTY OF TIME TO TAKE YER 'AT OFF."

THE CORONATION.

An Essay.

THERE is an event that is to occur in this month of June, an event of such deep and mystic significance that I feel I can only write of it with bated breath. It may well be said that the destinies of a country and an empire hang in the balance, while the sun that never sets burns with a fever of anxiety. You have guessed the nature of that event? Yes, you are right. I, the most profound law-student perhaps of modern times, am to offer myself for examination in the Bar Final.

I should explain that this section of the work is not the Essay, but is in the nature of an introduction. The alleged Essay has been written by my little daughter *at* twelve, and I do not think it can be suggested that she has distinguished herself. I most particularly wish to impress upon our readers that it is she, and not I, who wrote it. My little girl, Equity, has grown up from babyhood in an atmosphere of forensic research, and of recent years she has devoted herself to helping me with my "home-work" or "prep."

How it was that the Essay which comes *infra* (if it comes at all) ever saw the light of day I will now explain.

It was this morning that Equity and myself, sitting at breakfast in the soft spring sunlight, engaged in the following dialogue.

I had propped against the coffee-pot a page of lecture notes, with illustrations by my daughter.

"You know, my dear," I said, helping myself to a brown crumby fish, "I don't think these pictures really assist me much. Who is the man in pince-nez cutting down a tree?"

"Mortgagee committing waste," she replied, munching toast.

"But why the pince-nez?" I protested. "It's so irrelevant."

"Mortgagees are solicitors," she explained briefly, and for a time there was a silence broken only by the sound of my brain at work.

"Papa," said Equity suddenly—"Papa, what about the Coronation?"

"Well, what about it?" I said.

"I think a balcony."

"What do you mean, 'you think a balcony'?"

all right, and, what is even more important, you can be seen. I think I shall wear——"

"You think a lot too fast, little girl," I said. "A balcony indeed! I should be ruined."

"Oh, Papa," she exclaimed, with a look of reproach under her long, dark lashes. "I should never have believed that a paltry question of money would have come between you and your loyalty."

I got up and paced about.

"My child," I said, "you know that the results of the examination are published only a few days before this so-called Coronation. Your poor father will very likely be in a Nursing Home for some weeks. Besides, I don't suppose there are any balconies left."

But I knew at once that this last argument had weakened my case; Equity would have her balcony if it meant asking them to alter the entire route. Still I felt that it might yet be possible to make some show of paternal authority, so I told my daughter that she should write an Essay on the Coronation, and that, if she took great pains with it, I would see what could be done about a balcony.

"I'll see you," said Equity, pouring out the marmalade, and immediately after breakfast she seized my favourite quill in her chubby hand and wrote for about half an hour in solemn silence, while I burnt the aromatic tobacco plant upon the hearth rug and struggled in my mind to trace some connection between a leading case in torts and a picture of a plumber falling into an unprotected bath. . . .

12.30. "Now, Equity, I've finished the Introduction. Where's the Essay?"

"On your desk, Papa."

"I can't find it."

"Then I expect you've been writing on the back of it."

"So I have," I said. "You'll have to write it out again. They'll never take anything written on both sides of the paper."

"That's all right, Papa; we can expunge the Introduction."

"Yes," I said, "or the Essay."

AUTHORITY.

THE foreign potentate who had been lunching at the Guildhall was due to pass this way, on his homeward drive, in a few minutes, and the pavement was packed with people waiting to witness the procession. I was flattering myself that I had obtained a good post of vantage (I was squashed between a very fat lady and a pillar-box) when I heard a peremptory voice behind my back. "Let me pass, please!" it said. Turning, I found myself pushed aside by a brisk, important-looking little man, who wore a white linen badge upon his arm, with a crimson cross and circle embroidered upon it. Evidently he held some official position—an ambulance attendant, a steward of some sort, I knew not what. In allowing him to proceed upon his errand, whatever it was, I unfortunately lost my vantage-point, and when the procession passed I had a very poor view of it.

I am of a forgiving and docile disposition, and when, having entered a teashop to rest and recuperate after my fruitless fatigues, I beheld the little man with the arm-badge seated at a table, I took a place beside him and dropped into conversation. "Your day's anxieties over?" I asked

him genially, as I observed that he had unfastened his official badge and was putting it in his pocket. "Many casualties in the crowd? Fainting women, and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

His reply was lost in a bite of buttered toast.

"There's a new method of treatment for fainting fits, isn't there?" I went on.

"Eh?" he said. "New method?"

"The ambulance people have adopted it, I believe."

"Certainly;" he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out an armlet. But it was not white-and-red: it was made of blue serge with three wavy silver lines wriggling round it.

I met his eye. At last—at last, he blushed.

"You will now kindly explain," I said.

"Mum's the word!" He looked round furtively, then leant across the table. "You promise not to give me away, and I on my part will present you with a valuable secret. I have a hobby—I pursue royalty; I like

pageants; I adore athletic contests. But, being small in stature, I cannot see anything unless I am in the front row. Now, as I dare say you have noticed, we are an authority-obeying nation. We are herded by badge-wearers. I, Sir, am a badge-wearer. It is true that none of my badges mean anything—but the public lets the badged man go where he pleases. If I want a good view of anything, from a royal cavalcade to a street accident, I slip on one of my badges—any old thing will do—bustle people out of my path, and step into the front rank at once. At athletic sports I wear a rosette and carry a whistle in my hand; at other functions I don a gold-laced cap or an armlet or a metal button.

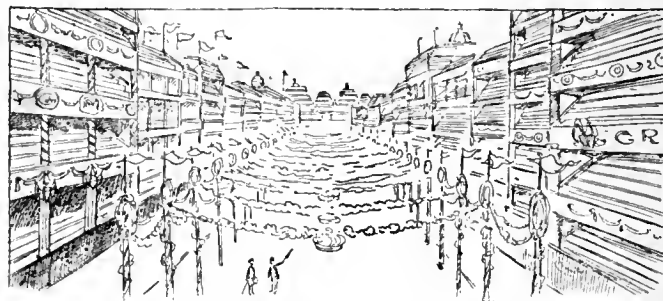
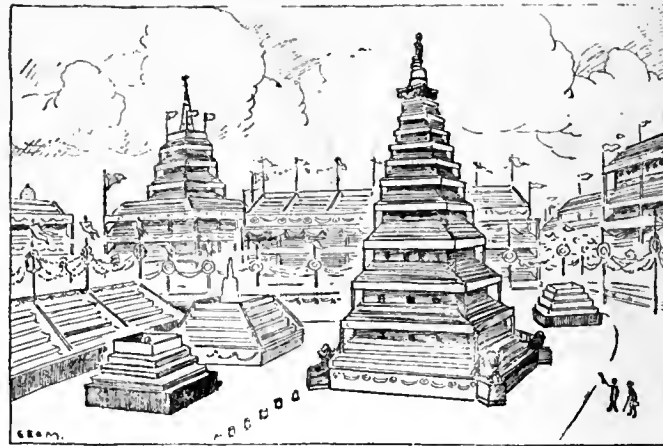
"Wonderful, isn't it?" he smiled at me sweetly—"how badge-abiding we are in England! In Germany, now, I should be put to the expense of buying entire uniforms to get my best effects, whereas here—well, you saw what this arm-

badge did for me this afternoon."

"I saw what it did for me," I agreed. But it was impossible to be resentful. Besides—now I came to reflect—might he not have saved me that three guineas I had contemplated paying for my seat in Whitehall on Coronation Day? A yard or so of Clarkson's best gold lace would cost less than three guineas. . . .

I must think about it.

Later. I have thought about it. I shall go as a Scout troop-leader. Nice, summery costume, quite unobtrusive; and I have seen ready-made samples exposed on mannequins at very reasonable prices. Shall assume the badge of "The Cuckoos," very appropriate for an act of usurpation.



THE ABOVE DESIGNS FOR TOWN BUILDINGS HAVE JUST BEEN MADE BY A COLONIAL VISITOR WHO HAS COME OVER TO STUDY AND IMITATE THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE METROPOLIS. NO. 1 WAS TAKEN FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE; NO. 2 FROM PICCADILLY LOOKING WEST—OR EAST.

"Yes—yes; quite so. Keep the patent bolt-upright, head up—"

"Head up?" I was surprised.

"Standing on his head, I meant." This emerged through another bite of toast. "Feet up."

I became interested. "And did you stand many people on their heads this afternoon?"

"Two or three," he replied vaguely. "Two or three. Rather a nuisance. Never had time to look at the procession, myself."

"But I saw you, planted comfortably in the foremost row, watching the procession pass!" I was growing suspicious. "Excuse me," I added, "but do you mind showing me that badge?"

CHARIVARIA.

How not to attract custom. From a Fleet Street shop window:—
SEATS TO LET TO VIEW THE PROCESSION.
PREMISES COMING DOWN.

Persons who hire seats in shop windows in order to view Coronation Processions should really be careful. Upon the last occasion a number of ladies and gentlemen were subjected to no little annoyance from a ribald crowd because the plate glass front of the shop bore the words:—"If you do not see what you want in the window, walk inside."

South Africa's present to the KING of a collection of its local mammals arrived last week. The disappointment shown by some of the beasts on being driven to the Zoo, instead of to Buckingham Palace, was pitiable to behold.

It used to be considered bad form to hit a man when he is down. At any rate it was thoughtless of the private secretary to the LORD CHANCELLOR to cause it to be announced in *The Times* that no transferable tickets to view the Royal Processions will be forwarded to peers until payment has been received.

It has been proposed in Berlin that Morocco shall be partitioned between France and Germany. It does credit to the German sense of fairness that France's claim to a piece of the country should be recognised.

On a motion being submitted to the Postmen's Federation calling for the abolition of Christmas-boxes, with suitable compensation in lieu thereof, an amendment was proposed to omit the reference to compensation. We blush to have to report that the amendment was rejected, and, in our opinion, the postmen, instead of being very fine fellows, are now only rather fine fellows.

The question as to the propriety of certain costumes worn at a certain more-or-less political fancy-dress ball has recently been discussed. Curiously enough the greatest evil of all was not touched upon. We refer to

the practice prevalent among certain politicians of masquerading as statesmen.

Now that Mr. BALFOUR has declared Music to be the greatest of all the arts, there is really no excuse for the modest self-effacing attitude which has hitherto characterised the musical profession, including Musical Comedy actresses.

All honour to the Strand draper who exhibited a cautionary notice in his shop window the other day:—"THESE TIES WILL ONLY LAST A FEW DAYS."

According to Sir RUFUS ISAACS a certain German newspaper has declared that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE deserves a statue in Westminster Abbey. As it

crumpets to the clause by which newspapers may be sold on Sunday has been rejected by the Parliamentary Committee which is considering the Government's Shops Bill. It remains now for an enterprising Sunday paper each week to give away a muffin or a crumpet as a supplement.

In a discussion on "Stato Medicine," at Caxton Hall, it was reported that not only was the possible number of patients for each doctor less to-day than twenty-eight years ago, but each patient needed less medical attendance than formerly. The Sickness Insurance Bill will, however, remedy the latter half of the grievance.

Some persons, by the way, who have studied the tendency to malingering under the Workmen's Compensation Act, consider that a more apt title for the new measure would be, "A Bill to Ensure Sickness."

Our methods of locomotion are certainly in the melting pot. New vehicles are being invented every day. To *The Observer* falls the honour of being the first to draw our attention to "a hour-in-hand coach." This must be the very antithesis of the coaches in use on one at least of our railway systems.

In consequence of their liability to be attacked by eagles, all airmen are now recommended to include butterfly nets in their equipment.

"Madame TETRAZZINI," we learn from a recent issue of *The Express*, "sang 'The Last Pose of Summer.'" Seeing that in recent years Summer has posed as Winter, we are glad to gather that there is to be an end of this.

What is described as "a clock-work cook" has been invented. "The new machine," we are told, "will perform one complete revolution a minute for ninety-five minutes without receiving any attention whatever." There should be a great demand for this in South America.

"All standard authorities," says Dr. PERCY LEWIS, "are opposed to the view that chalk in drinking water does any harm." This is a great triumph for the milk trade.



TRADE SECRETS.

Professional Prophet. "HALLO, ARE YOU THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE? WELL, I'M JUST OFF TO SOUTHBEND FOR THE DAY. DO YOU THINK THE FAIR WEATHER WILL LAST, OR OUGHT I TO TAKE MY UMBRELLA?"

is not the custom to erect a statue there during a man's lifetime the compliment is rather a doubtful one.

"We are renewing the youth of the nation," announced Mr. LLOYD GEORGE; "an expensive operation, but well worth doing." Several "beauty doctors" are protesting that there is no necessity at all for the operation to be an expensive one; but we cannot allow this column to be a medium for advertisements.

Certain tactless husbands have "made conversation" during the past week by drawing their wives' attention to the following announcement in *The Canadian Gazette*:—"Canada can well do with all the women the Old Country can spare."

An amendment adding muffins and

ALL THE PREPARATIONS.

(By Mr. Punch's own Special French Correspondent.)

DEAR AND VERY HONOURED MISTER.—It needs that I tell you the history of an affair almost bleeding which I come of having with Mister McAndrew *à propos* of a billet (he call them tickets; I call them billets) for the crownment of the King George Five. Me, I am of a natural very sweet. I do not inflame myself very easily. I have not batted myself in duel but one time and then it was my adversary who provoked me. I have lanced him a straight cup to the shoulder at the first engagement and retired myself sane and safe from the groundplot without even a scratching. After that one has left me tranquil.

But let us re-come to our McAndrew.

Mr. McAndrew seem to have his domicile at the cabaret, but sometime he visit the house of Mistress McAndrew, where I have loued a chamber to sleep. Or, one morning Mister McAndrew hear me speak of a billet for the Crownment. At once the rascal take an air goguenard. "Without doubt," he say me, "you do not desire to pay a price too high?" "Naturally," I say him. "In France we do not employ ourselves to throw money to the water."

"Nor in Scotland not more," he answer me in laughing.

Then he recounts me that he has a friend, one named Johnson, who have billets to sell at a price very modest. It is at a shop in the celebrated street of Pall Mall. The ordinary price is one hundred francs, but for the friends of McAndrew he will not ask but fifty francs par billet. I demand him to procure me a billet at fifty francs, and he promise that he will do of his best. Afterwards he come to me and after having regarded round of himself he say me to the ear, "Perhaps you will well pay me now. That will be more quick and more easy." Me confiant like a lamb I pull my purse and count him two pounds. "All right," he say and sorts.

After to-morrow he re-comes. He has a poched eye and the nose very red, and he scents the whiskey, but I suspect nothing. He say me that unhappily Mister Johnson has selled all the billets at fifty francs, and that there rest only billets at a hundred francs. He ask me if I will to pay that price. I say "yes I will well," and give him two pounds of more.

In the morning he approach me. The other eye is poched, the nose is again more red. This time he wakes me suspicions and I say: "Do not tell me I have two pounds of more to pay."

"It is justly that," he say. "We were too late. The seats at four pounds come to be selled."

"Give me my four pounds," I say to him with coldness. At this he recries himself and say I have no confiance in him. Do I wish to call him a voler, him the most honourable man of the quarter? Ah, he will fetch a commissary of police and will insigne me how I must conduct myself. At the end I lose patience and the mustard mounts me to the nose. I jump him at the figure and commence to arrash him his red favorites:—

"Ah, polisson," I cry me, "is it like that you vole the honest peoples? I know him, your Mister Johnson. I have rencountered him at Paris. He was in the house of correction, and it is there one will send you, gross rascal. Yes, I will fetch the whole corps of police, and they shall hear my story, and dress you a procès verbal, my beautiful mister." And I apply him my right foot in the back, and he fall down and demands me pardon.

Mrs. McAndrew, poor woman, has paid me my four pounds, and I, I have solded my count and have changed the lodges. I am now in Putney, near to the bords of the Thames.

JULES MILLEFOIS.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

KING GEORGE'S suggestion that Schools should be allowed, if possible, an extra week's holiday in honour of His MAJESTY'S Coronation has been received with marked approval by the loyalty of the rising generation. Mr. Punch now begs to appeal for those less fortunate children who have no means of spending holidays in the country except by the kind help of generous friends. He appeals, in particular, for the Fresh Air Fund, which has now reached its twentieth season. It is hoped, at the cost of £12,000, to give a day's holiday in the good air to 250,000 boys and girls, and a fortnight's holiday to 4,000. The money required for this purpose will be devoted entirely to the actual expenses of holiday-making, the cost of organization being borne by the promoters of the Fund, Messrs. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD. Mr. Punch ventures to plead with his readers to make a special effort to do honour to the KING (who is patron of the Fresh Air Fund) by making His MAJESTY'S Coronation year a record in the annals of this good cause. Contributions should be addressed to the Hon. Sec. Fresh Air Fund, "PEARSON'S," Henrietta St., W.C.

A Shadow Across the Coronation.

The following terrible news reaches us from no less an authority than *The Weekly Call* of San Francisco:—

"AMERICANS DENIED COURT PRIVILEGES.

There are hundreds of bitterly disappointed ones in London who thought Ambassador Reid could secure their appearance at court and get them good seats in the abbey.

The limit assigned to American presentations is considered altogether out of reason, considering that Americans compose so large a part of the class of society that is making things hum socially for the coronation season. Many are going away in disgust to Paris and other parts of the continent. The British tradespeople are accordingly on the verge of a panic."

Can nothing be done to stop this rot?

"MASONIC.

CORONATION DAY PROCESSION.

It has been decided (at a joint meeting of representatives from the Lodges) that the Freemasons take part in the ProceSSION. It is hoped the Brethren will make every effort to turn out on such a special occasion. Dress: Dark White Tie, and White Gloves."

Arbroath Herald.

The march of the brethren should be the making of the day. The best dark white effects in ties are obtained by wearing them frequently before.

The Poetic Touch.

"The rain came down in sheets, and poured through the streets with the violence of a mill sluice. The result was that the High Street, Albion Street, and other thoroughfares speedily resembled a vast lagoon, water rippling and bubbling everywhere, so that the centre of the town was for the nonce converted into a replica of gleaming Naples with its aqueous streets along which pretty gondolas 'skim the smooth surface o'er.'"—*Dunstable Borough Gazette.*

"O what a night it was to have been!"

"The Mayor of Portsmouth's banquet to the Dominion representatives, which had been fixed for Friday, June 23rd, has been cancelled owing to the difficulty which would be experienced in embarking the guests in time for the Naval Review the next morning."—*Times.*

Our Cheshire Dynasty.

The Birkenhead and Cheshire Advertiser announces a special Coronation Supplement comprising "special copyright pictures of the King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and many other local celebrities."

Suggested title for the forthcoming 450,000-ton White Star Liner:—The "Pierponterrific."



A SOFT THING.

SIR EDWARD GREY (on "Declaration of London"). "HAD A BIT TO SPARE THAT TIME!"





HOW TO MAKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION.

Young Lady from Town (stopping in the middle of elaborate curtsy, during course of introduction at country dinner-party). "Oh! HOW STUPID OF ME! SO SORRY—BUT REALLY IN LONDON THIS YEAR, YOU KNOW—ALMOST A HABIT"—(sensation).

ON SHAKSPEAREAN DEBT.

[Recent Shakspearean criticism has badly damaged the older pictures of the Poet's embarrassments in early manhood. But *Mr. Punch* is unwilling to forego his illusions under that head.]

LEAVE to the strong the work of demolition;
 Leave to sour Truth the hangman's studied task;
 But we, well-grounded in a good tradition,
 With faithful hand restore the falling mask.

Oh, born in days when Song flashed double-bladed;
 When fire Promethean burned on every hill;
 When cash was queer, and guineas all were spaded—
 Thy debts, dear Bard, release an influence still!

Calm in thy ways and frugal in thy diet,
 As suits a Ghost supernally refined,
 Past tribulations still invade thy quiet,
 And storm the bulwarks of thy dreaming mind.

Still at thy heels the dogs of Jewry wander;
 Still thy vast brain manipulates a sum;
 And airier riches than the Muses squander
 Steal to thy hand, and there too soon succumb!

And one great fear, the first to gain admittance,
 The last repelled, falls cold across thy heart:—
 Lest the lost Folio of thy Debt and Quittance
 Should re-appear, and shock the open mart!

Yet of the Plays, the seven-and-thirty listed,
 Who would not spare a dozen, ay, or two,
 For the Great Words whose energy assisted
 The slender structure of an I.O.U.?

Or did you, craftier than your craftiest sonnet,
 Invite your many creditors to tea,
 Sending a simple note with this upon it—
 "Others abide your question; I am free!"

Else, common wrath and common wiles disdaining,
 Laugh in their faces with so clear a charm
 That thin-lipped Credit drew his bill and, straining
 Mercy no more, resigned it to thy arm.

And if the critics plead (with voice of faction)
 A solvent Bard no longer up a Tree,
 And ample surplus at Death's last transaction,
 Love murmurs "Yes, and the less SHAKSPEARE ho!"

Another of Them.

"The conference concluded, satisfactory in many respects, but without accomplishing the objects aimed at."—*Aberdeen Journal*.

"Many of the crowd endeavoured to pull hairs out of Sunstar's tail as souvenirs. 'I told everybody it was a good thing,' Mr. Joel remarked."—*Evening News*.

Where is the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE?

LONDON EPISODES.

(With acknowledgments to the
Westminster Gazette.)

THE TUBE.

OUTWARDLY, it is a little like a Turkish Bath, this building of glazed brick, through the wide-open portals of which we and others are pressing so eagerly. But it is not a Turkish Bath; it is the entrance to a station of the Underground Railways. No. Wrong again! It is "Exit only." We must try next door.

How wonderful, yet how limited, is language. Why, for example, should there be only one word, "lift," for this little room, whether it is rising or falling? Why not call one Lift and the other Drop? This way to the Drop. What a strange thought! The little room is very crowded. At the door there stands a stern, incurious man, knee-deep in clippings. From time to time he addresses the gathering through a little sadly. "Pass in, please," he says. "No smoking; stand clear of the gates." No one who hears seems to take any notice. They continue to read or smoke or talk or pick one another's pockets just as though he had not spoken. It is all rather depressing.

How long this pale passage is. Right and left of it branch off other passages, all equally long; and through them the crowd pours at a hurried and anxious pace, as though propelled forward unwillingly by some unseen but irresistible force. For the first time in your life you begin to realize what drainage must feel like, and perhaps the idea saddens you; but there is no time to elaborate it now. We must get on. Somewhere, far away, a train is audibly upon the very point of starting, and the crowd quickens still more. This is the train with which the lift is supposed to correspond. Nobody has ever yet caught it. It is a phantom train. But no amount of experience will ever convince the crowd of this; and you are forced forward with the rest, till the wind, stale but persistent, like a sea-breeze that has gone flat, seems to redouble its efforts to impede your progress. But at last . . . the line,

the platform, a slender illuminated curve, slowly filling with the disappointed. Some of them will perhaps buy papers at these stalls which seem (and indeed are) placed here for no other purpose. Some will not. Fortunately you have time to look about you, because all the trains appear to be either non-stop, or else going the other way. There must be a reason for this somewhere; yet it eludes you. Finally, in the fulness of time your own train appears . . . fulness of train also; but no matter, we can stand, aiding our equilibrium with this thong of leather that hangs so conveniently above our heads.

but what you cannot as yet see. All at once the crowd parts, and you detect the pale green shade of the paper that she holds in her gloved hands. Ah! Thus all unexpectedly there has come to you, in this commonplace railway carriage, one of the great moments of life. She is reading It! You turn away and, for a while after, dare not look towards her again. The stations come and go unheeded, persons get in and out, jostling you, gazing at you, perhaps, wonderingly, for by this time there are plenty of vacant seats, yet still you hang from your strap lost in conjecture. What is she thinking of it all, of that passionate realism of yours that can

make of the most trivial everyday matter a thing of profit, filling two columns of an evening paper? Will you ever know?

Yes. This is the end. This is Golder's Green. The girl looks about her with dazed, incredulous eyes; she appears to be angry about something; as you linger, you hear her explaining that she had meant to get out at Goodge Street. She has been fast asleep. Well, well . . .

The Maternity Benefit Again.

"Locum Tenens wanted for 4 Sundays beginning August 13. Country; near river. No children. Offered: house, vegetables, coal, (no children) and ½-guinea.—Apply, &c."

Church Times.

It must be clearly understood, mind, that there are no children (t. & o.).

"The resented party, who quickly recovered the effects of their immersions, were supplied proceeded to their homes."—*Irish Times.*

During the hot spell, night-wear has been much in vogue for boating-parties.

The Worst Joke of the Week.

"Having been in London lately, I have observed that in the midst of the preparations for rejoicing there are many arrangements for putting the people in 'tiers.'"

Cullinan's colt was the means of giving Muisse his first winning ride in this country. Muisse is an Englishman, but hails from South Africa.

His name is almost invariably spelt incorrectly on every number board."—*Scotsman.*

Wild race-horses would not make us attempt it.



"OAKS SURPRISE.

UNKNOWN ANIMAL WINS IN A CANTER."—*Daily Mail.*

If you do not happen to be tired or stout or subject to cramp in the arm, there is something fascinating, almost in a way god-like, in thus standing remote and aloof between two lines of seated mortals. The smoke of their cigarettes comes up to you like incense, the feathers of their matinée-hats tickle your nostrils; yes, you are indeed a god; with perhaps a touch of the sea-captain, as your body sways easily to the lilt of the car. Thus might NELSON have stood, scorning the trodden toes of weaklings.

For a long time you have been watching a girl, at a little distance from you and half-hidden by the intervening forms. Something in the rapt, motionless poise of her head attracts your attention. She is reading,



POULTRY FARMING IN ARCADIA.

SOMEBODY SAID THAT A LITTLE BRANDY WAS OCCASIONALLY A GOOD THING FOR THE FOWLS.

MR. PUNCH'S SPONGE-BAG COOKERY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Bowser (Belgrave Square) writes to say that she cooked a rib of beef successfully, but that although the meat was delicious it stuck to the bag and refused to be parted from it. She wishes to know if, when cooking gooseberry fool, the fool should be put in foolscap bags before being emptied into the sponge-bag, and asks where the bags can be obtained. Point 1. The sponge-bag should have been iced before the meat was put in, but the adhesion of the rubber need not cause any misgiving. Eaten in small quantities rubber is quite palatable and, as Mr. Wegg said, "very mellowing to the organ." 2. The best material is *foulard* or *crêpe de Chine*. 3. Bags are generally to be had from your tailor, but in this case they can be procured from any good chemist, homœopathic or pharmaceutical.

Mrs. Mellings Chipp (Grosvenor Square) wishes to know whether sponge-cakes can be made in a sponge-bag. Certainly; but the sponge must

be taken out first. Draw the strings tight after the ingredients have been inserted, secure with a safety-pin, then put bag on grid, put grid in the oven, lower the gas, close the door, and turn on the pianola for forty minutes.

Mrs. Hettie Julk (Grosvenor Place). You say that the pancake tasted of rubber. This can be easily remedied by sprinkling it with a few drops of lavender water and ammoniated quinine. But the bag must not be used a second time after lobster has been cooked in it.

Sir Home Gordon. There are, of course, exceptions. For the best results ducks' eggs should be cooked in a cricket bag.

Mrs. Silley Pape (Berkely Square) has cooked a very tough fowl with excellent results, the bird becoming quite rubber-necked in the process.

Mr. John Buun (Portman Square, Southend). The pattern on the outside of the sponge-bag is quite immaterial, but the shepherd's plaid is perhaps best for cooking a shepherd's pie.

Mr. E. Forster (Howard's End, W. Kensington). The fact that you used an oil stove insufficiently heated would account for the lack of colour. Try one of Bennett's Clayhanger stoves.

Mr. John Redmond. Gladstone-bag cooking is a separate branch of the culinary art. It has led to some surprising dishes.

Mr. Henn Peck (Mentone Mansions, Brixton) has essayed a rechauffé of mutton with great success.

Mrs. Cornelia Strongi'th'arm (Divinity Road, Oxford). Bags will besent. Your second query shall be passed on to our legal editor. Your husband may refuse to eat the fricassee, but certainly ought to abstain from such words as "rotten." Yes, the back, or indeed the front, of a hair-brush is most effective.

Mrs. Harley Didhams (Park Lane). To render cormorant and similar birds palatable to an invalid of 87 you must grease the bag thoroughly, bash the bird with a Nasmyth mallet, and cook for several weeks. You will then find it extraordinarily tender and quite different from what it would have been if it had been cooked, say, in a boot- or brush-bag.

Everything Decently and in Order.

"Then a roll of thunder—clamorous and long continued—broke upon the a.r. It growled, threatened, burst into a deafening roar. The lightning followed."—*Daily Gra. h.c.*

COCKTAIL COLLOQUIES;

OR,

ENGLISH AS SHE IS GOING TO BE SPOKE AT THE
CORONATION.

[Referring to the thousands of Americans who are preparing to be in London for the Coronation: an imaginative correspondent of the Hearst News Service observes that "The argot of Broadway and Market Street will be heard in the land, from the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to the *purlieus* of the Mile End Road." No doubt; and its effect upon a receptive London is here adumbrated.]

III.—'AWKINS AND THEN SOME.

SCENE—On the route of the Coronation procession.

Policeman (to *Coster*, pushing barrow). Beat it, youse.*Coster*. Aw, fergit it! Think yer the 'ole circus, dontyer? Got a ernst, aintyer, throwin' off the big talk to a guy as owned 'is own tamale waggon when you was 'untin' tiddlers in the Serpentine?*Policeman*. Nix on the chatter, bub. And flap them feet of yours if you ain't lookin' for a night in the tank.*Coster*. Ain't I 'nrryin', yer big stiff? Think you 've got a lead-pipe cineh, don't yer, blockin' the sidewalk with yer feet and wavin' yer mitt to the swells in the rubber-neck waggons?*Policeman*. Don't you go gettin' gay with me, feller, cos I won't stand for it. Skiddoo now, pronto, and no more back talk or I'll break it off in yer.*Coster*. Like 'ell you will. Dod gast it, if you wasn't a cop i 'd land on yer, yer big bowl of tripe.*Sympathetic Bystander*. Aw, watcher beefin' about, Shorty! Quiteherkickin' and let the orficer alone. Cawn't yer see them narrer twelves is 'urtin' 'is pore feet?*Coster*. Huhl 'E ain't no orficer. 'E's a Suffragette in disguise. It's 'is corsets what makes 'is nose so red.*Chorus of Bystanders*. 'E's stoppin' the procession. Git the hook! Paste 'im, orficer! Twenty-three, kiddo! You to the tall uncut! Give 'm the goad, Shorty! O you bench legs! etc., etc.*Policeman*. 'Ere, you come along with me. I'll show you smart Alees that I'm the big noise in this neck of the woods. Yuss, and then some. (*Seizes Coster.*)*Coster*. Cut it out, you big zob! (*Confidentially*) It 'ud be worth a couple of cold seeds to somebody, too, if my barrer got stalled on this corner.*Policeman*. Nothin' stirring. (*More mildly*) Hit the pike, now. Cawn't 'ave that barrer breakin' down in the middle of the street.*Coster*. Give the 'igh sign and I'll make it a five spot. On the level, sport, that's all the traffic 'll bear.*Policeman* (*aside to Coster*). Slip it then, bo, slip it. (*Coster slips it.*) (*Aloud*) D'y'ear wot I say? Beat it.*Coster*. Aw, what's the use! (*Starts off with barrow, jerking off the right wheel, which has been carefully adjusted to this end.*) There now!— Watcher know abaht that! A noo barrer too. A fair throw down, I calls it.*Sympathetic Bystander*. Tough luck, Bill. 'E put a hoodoo on yer, that's what 'e done.*Coster*. Ain't it the limit? Might 'a' known 'e was a jinx when I piped 'is wall eye.*Policeman*. 'Ere stop chewin' the rag and get that barrer off 'n the track. Cawn't you 'ear the procession comin'? (*The barrow is hauled up on to the pavement behind the crowd.*)*Sympathetic Bystander*. Some of them mutts don't know enough to git in outer the rain.*Policeman*. Oh, I dinnaw.*Coster* (*from the background*). Pea-nuts! Popcorn! Chewin' gum! Ice cold root beer and koka ko-o-o-la!

OLIVER.

(*So named because he kept asking for more.*)

IN many a Springtime, haunting woodland ways,
Hillsides and hedgerows, with the old school-boy zest,
One sight would bring me ever fresh amaze—
A cuckoo bantling in a small bird's nest;
Like the odd changeling of some elfin art,
Bulging from brim to brim, I watched him there,
Bloated usurper, play his ruthless part,
The rightful heirs barged—he alone knew where.

I heard the tyrant orders shrill and loud
He gave the small befostering he and she,
And marvelled much to see them slaving, proud
Insanely of their infant prodigy;
And tried to guess what all-compelling law
So bade them toil the day long to appease
That never-sated, ever-clamouring maw,
Nor take, from morn to night, a moment's ease.

But knew not how much more than met the eye
Explained this genius for obtaining food,
Until, one day, the gardener's boy came by
With, in his cap, one of the tyrant brood;
There, from a desecrated nest, half grown,
But fitting tight, a form of brindled down
Gaped forth. Tom grinned, and made the thing my own,
Touching me to the tune of half-a-crown.

I took him home and, from his earliest meal—
Was it by that red maw, the monstrous-sized,
And some strange glamour of its vast appeal?—
He had the whole house deeply hypnotized.
Helpless before it, we were straightway taught
How weirdly strong suggestion's force may be.
Talk of the "tyranny of tears"—'twas nought
Beside that open mouth's autoeracy!

Priestlike we fed that gizzard's sacred flame;
The page-boy's pockets bulged with woolly-bears;
Cook "didn't hold with it," yet daily came
Laden with tit-bits, toiling up the stairs,
And, 'neath a witchery that never waned,
All seem compelled to help him dine and dine;
Even languid Gwendolen was sore constrained,
Letting her novel wait, to serve the shrine.

And, though the tyrant all-ungrateful took
Our offerings, we bowed to his commands,
Yet knowing well he would not give a cuck
For anyone who came with empty hands.
So this Gargantuan infant's days were spent
On endless dishes like a gourmet's dream,
Until, praise be, with every good intent,
Gwendolen choked him with a chocolate-cream.

Tact.

The narrative of one of the passengers on the damaged Cunarder, as given to a reporter of *The Birmingham Daily Mail*, contains this passage:—

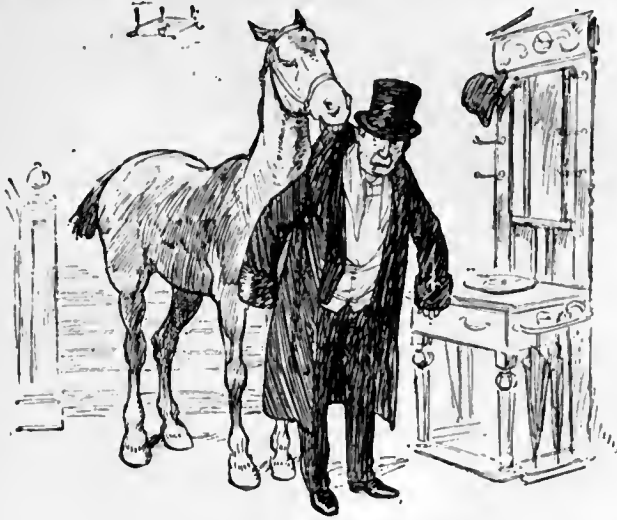
"The baggage-master deserved special praise. He had only been asleep a couple of hours when called up, but he arranged the baggage so cleverly that not a piece was lost save such as belonged to the steerage passengers."

A truly first-class touch. To a steerage passenger, who has little enough to begin with, the loss of baggage is, of course, nothing.

Our Bloodthirsty Editors once more.

"Mr. Hubert Latham, the unluckiest of airmen, had another wonderful escape from death at Brooklands yesterday."—*Daily Mirror*.

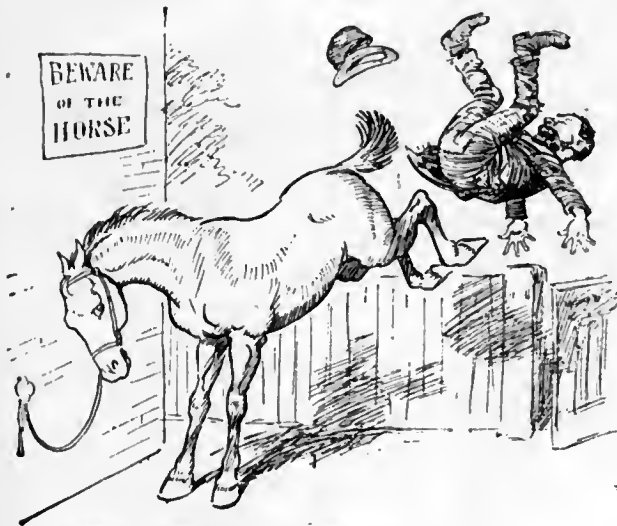
WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE HORSE WHEN HE CEASES TO BE A BEAST OF BURDEN ?



HE MIGHT BE USEFUL AS A VALET.



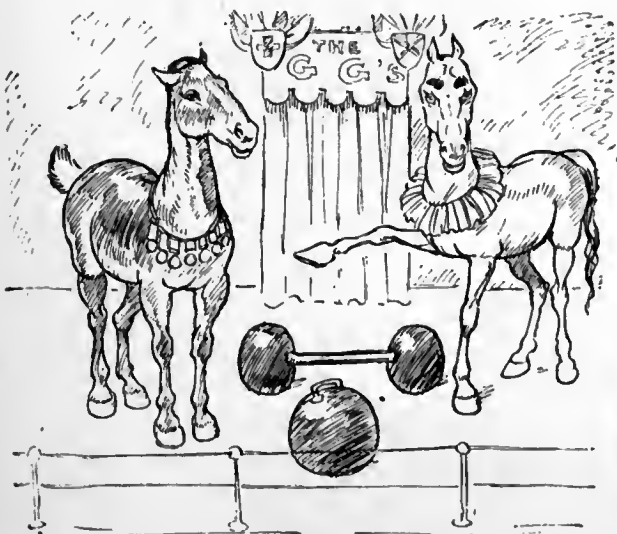
COULD HE DISTRIBUTE HAND-BILLS?



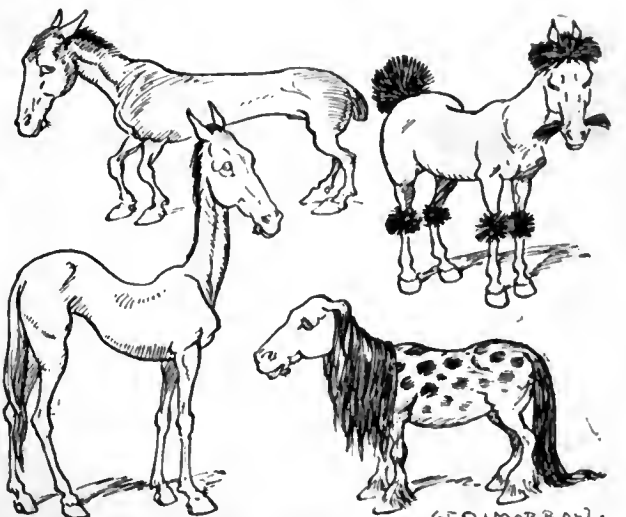
PERHAPS HE MIGHT REPLACE THE WATCH-DOG.



HE COULD ALWAYS BE OF USE AT PAGEANTS.



THE MUSIC-HALL MIGHT GIVE HIM AN OPENING.



AND SOME FANCY BREEDS MIGHT BE DEVELOPED FOR PETS.

GEORGE MORROW.



Sweet Simplicity (to gallant Major, R.A., who has been explaining the mysteries of a Mountain Battery, how the guns are carried on mules, etc., etc.). "AND DO YOU RIDE A MULE?"

THE NEW MUSICAL CRITICISM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It seems to me that the musical critics make an enormous mistake in dwelling on tedious details relating to the technique of compositions or their performance. What people really like to know are personal facts about the artists and impresarios and agents and lessees. A few emancipated critics are trying tentatively to introduce notices of this sort, but what we want is something like this:—

"At the Royal Albert Hall (Proprietors, the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851) a concert (arranged by Concert Director NATHANIEL SPEYER) took place yesterday (by permission of the Clerk of the Weather, the Board of

Trade, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners). Madame PATTI (the Baroness CEDERSTRÖM) and Madame MELBA (by the permission of the Royal Opera Syndicate, Covent Garden) sang Folk-songs arranged by CECIL SHARP and R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (by permission of the Folk-song Society and the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE). Sir CHARLES SANTLEY, D.Litt., D.S.O., F.R.G.S., and Mr. WATKIN MILLS (of the Oratorio Concerts, London, the Provinces, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa) sang "The Lord is a Man of War" (by permission of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR and the Handel Society), to the accompaniment of Sir J. F. BRIDGE (by permission of the Dean and Canons of Westminster Abbey). Part songs

by Sir C. V. STANFORD (Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, D.C.L., Mus.Doc., P.P., F.F.F.), set to words by the late Lord TENNYSON (by permission of his Literary Executors) were sung (by permission of Messrs. STAINER and BELL), the words being printed *in extenso* in the programme (by permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN AND CO.). It remains to be added that the new tip-up seats were upholstered by Messrs. Billow and Glaring, and in the closing performance of the National Anthem (sung by permission of the HOME SECRETARY) the grand organ was introduced into the accompaniment (ornamental pipe-work by Messrs. Figgis and Figgis, Highgate, N.; great organ CCC to C by Messrs. Grylls and Bindells; swell organ, with automatic explosion attachment; by Messrs. Tootell, electricians, Lower Tooting; choir organ with echo attachment by Messrs. Broster and Fincastle; cylindrical centripetal pedal-board by Messrs. Klingsor and Fafner)."

I am, dear *Mr. Punch* (by permission of Messrs. Goosey and Gander),

TARLEY BIFFIN.

PATSY.

PUPPY dog, rough as a bramble,
Eyed like a saint,
Beggard to slobber and gambol,
Corky and quaint,
Chasing your tail like a fubsy turbillion,
Plaguing a playmate with fuss of a million

Gnats,
But keen as a kestrel
And fierce as a stoat is,
A-thrill to ancestral
Furies at notice
Of rats,
Rats, little hound of Beelzebub, rats!

And as you sleep off a surfeit,
Mischievous and tea,
Prone on the summer-warm turf, it
Surely must be
(Rapturous whimper and tremulant
twitching),
Somewhere or other there's hunting
bewitching;

That's
More blessed than biscuit;
I'll lay, through your slumbers,
They squeak and they frisk it
In shadowy numbers,
R-r-rats,
Rats, little hound of Beelzebub, rats!

"Whether he be clad in the toga of Ancient Rome, or in the spats of modern Piccadilly, Mr. Lewis Waller is always superb."

Bournemouth Visitors' Directory.

Of course, it has been warm, but still—



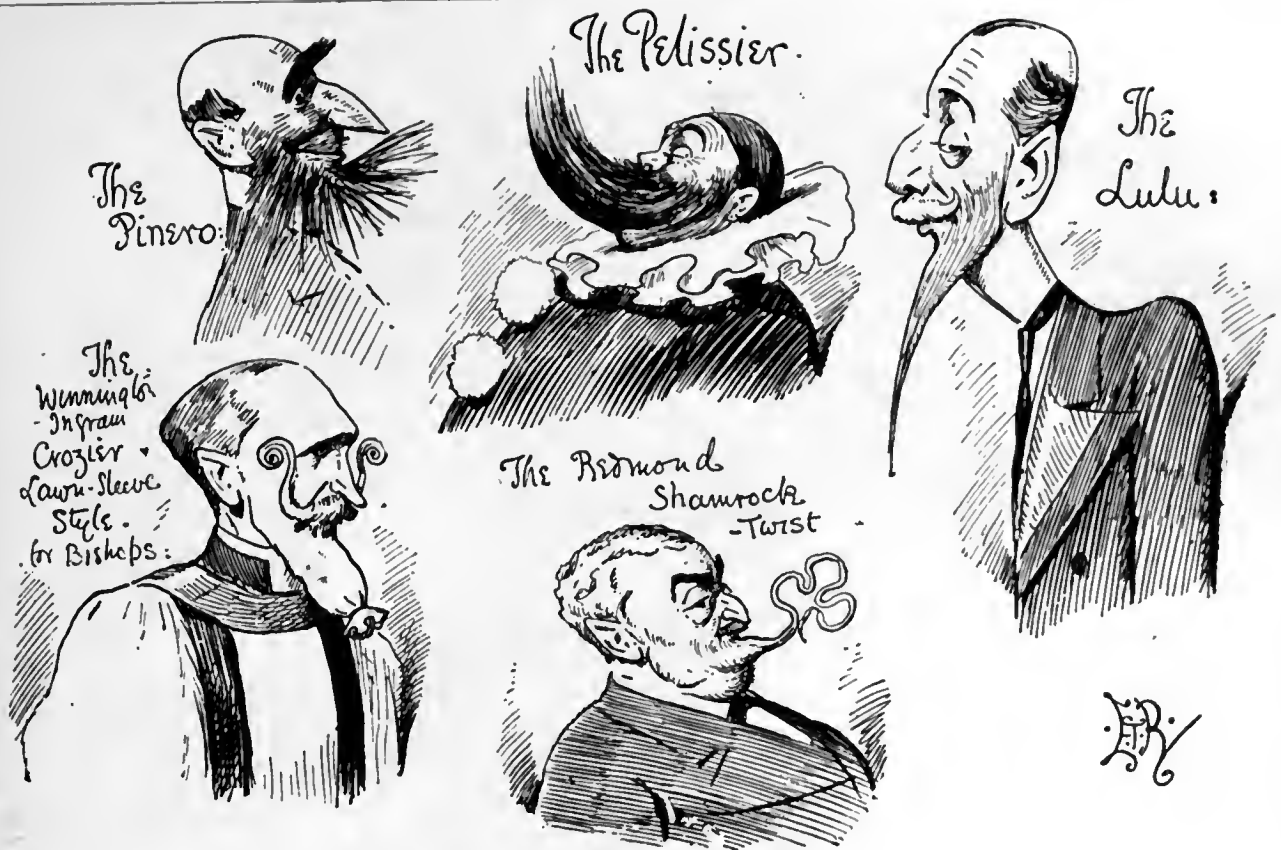
THE DOCTOR.

(With Apologies to Sir Luke Fildes, R.A.)

PATIENT (General Practitioner). "THIS TREATMENT WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME."

DOCTOR BILL. "I DARE SAY YOU KNOW BEST. STILL THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE."





CORONATION BEARDS—(NO. 2).

[To be grown out of compliment to KING GEORGE.]

CALENDAR REFORM.

MR. PEARCE'S Bill to reform the Calendar will, we hope, prove as effective as Mr. WILLETT'S Daylight Saving Bill in providing food for agreeable discussion and conjecture. Not that we are disposed to admit the necessity for reforming the Calendar. It does perhaps look a little absurd "on paper," as they say—even a little far-fetched—but in practice it has always seemed to us to work fairly well, so long as one clings to its great guiding principle—that thirty days hath September. It is probable that the late JULIUS CÆSAR devoted not a little thought to his ingenious arrangement. Certainly, apart from slight modifications, it has had a long and uninterrupted run, and if it is at last to be suspended, if the hereditary principle is to be abandoned, so to speak, we are inclined to ask: "Who is Mr. PEARCE that he should elect to supplant the Conqueror of Gaul? Why Mr. PEARCE? We also have our plan of Calendar Reform."

His (Mr. PEARCE'S) plan, it will be remembered, is to eliminate a day—we like that idea; it is full of possibilities—which shall not belong to any

week or month, but shall be called simply New Year's Day. Thereafter he divides the year into 52 perfect weeks, every month having 30 days, except the last month of each quarter, which shall have 31. Our first objection to this proposal is taken on artistic grounds.

Thirty-one days hath September,
March, June and December,

cannot be made even to scan, and will hardly be accepted with equanimity by those of us who have been brought up on the authorised version, and have become attached to it through long association. But let that pass.

Of course we see Mr. PEARCE'S difficulty; that has not escaped us. We ourselves have been trying to figure it out, and we also got up against a very awkward fact—namely, that 365 is divisible only by five and 73. Clearly you can't do much with that without getting yourself involved in recurring decimals. But we find Mr. PEARCE'S solution—of dropping only one day—rather timorous and half-hearted. What we want is to lay the foundations of a thoroughgoing and comprehensive scheme, which shall at least stand the wear and tear of nineteen centuries, as its predecessor

has done. And here let us say that the details of the plan are open to amendment in committee. We invite discussion. We are always prepared to receive suggestions from any part of the House.

We begin boldly, then, by eliminating five days, and at once we have a workable figure to start on. Nothing could be better than 360. This we divide into 12 months of 30 days each. So far, so good. The critic has probably observed, however, that we cannot divide it into weeks of seven days. But we have thought of that. We are going to drop a week-day and make it six. By this device we have five weeks in every month. Rather happy, we think. The seven-day week, if you come to examine it, has been a very clumsy instrument. You cannot divide it in half. That in itself is an enormous drawback. Life is full of things that fall due to be done twice a week, and as the matter stands they cannot be done at equal intervals. To take only one instance:—there are many of us who make a practice of changing our white waistcoats twice a week, and are guiltily conscious that those which begin their career on Thursday morning must drag out a protracted existence

till Sunday night. One day has got to go, and our proposal is that a plebiscite be taken as to which it is to be. It is an admirable case for the introduction of the Referendum. For our own part we should be inclined to sacrifice Thursday—a day we have never cared for, somehow. But doubtless the wide-spread and bitter feeling against Monday as the day of return to work will prove strong enough to result in its annihilation.

There still remains the question of the five extra days. No, we have not forgotten them. Here we have several suggestions to offer. Perhaps they could be slipped in with advantage, in late and backward seasons, between the 11th and 12th of August—to give the birds a chance. Or they might be handed over to the M.C.C. for the last test match, or sprinkled through the year as Bank Holidays. No doubt they would prove to be a very powerful instrument in the hands of the Government of the day, if used for Parliamentary purposes. But we think this would be a risky experiment. If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER got hold of them at the close of the financial year they might lead to a prodigious cooking of accounts.

On the whole we are inclined to save up these five days till we have a whole month in hand—to be called a Leap Month. This could be allotted for any important national purpose. It would be invaluable in a year like the present to carry out a complete and protracted celebration of the Coronation, for the whole populace could go on holiday without any actual loss of time.

We are leaving over the consideration of Leap Year till a future occasion.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

(A suggested new use of the Correspondence columns of "The Times.")

MY DEAR ASPODESTERA,—It is not the usual thing, in our set at any rate, for engaged couples to correspond through the medium of the public press. Why, I do not know; but there the fact is for you to make the most of it. I must add, however, that this paper will only cost you threepence, and if you grudge that to get a letter from your Bill your love is not the thing you profess it to be, and you don't deserve that ring. Besides, we are going to stick strictly to business this time.

The truth is that I have just heard from my dear old friend, the Assessor of Income Tax, of whom I have lost sight for nearly a year. His four-page letter has set me thinking, and I have just discovered that my income has absolutely gone off—tumbled to pieces. The £500 a year which I mentioned to your father in one of those expansive moments which you and I have just been experiencing has been found to be not a penny more (or certainly not more than one penny more) than £159 19s. 11d. a year. They tell me that a total exemption from income-tax

they enquire in a neighbourly manner after my income. In a peculiarly oppressive piece of legislation, that necessity of telling the truth seems to me to be the harshest and most cruel on its victims, the M.P.'s. But even so I dare say their old habits will get the better of them, and they will describe their salaries, loosely, as Earned Income. Your confirmed Tory may have the decency to put an exclamation mark in brackets after the "Earned," but he will do so less from motives of honesty than in the hope of influencing the political convictions of his assessor.

That, however, doesn't help my income much at the moment.

Aspodestera, is your face your whole fortune? A hint in the dear old man's letter makes me wonder, for these income-tax people *do* know such a lot. "The income of a married woman," he writes, naming no names but mentioning it too casually, to be entirely without suspicion, "living with her husband, is deemed to be her husband's income." Let me say now that it is the dearest wish of my life that when you are a married woman you should live with your husband, never leaving me except when these Income Tax Forms have to be filled in. Then I think it would be a kindly act for you to go and stay with your parents, you and they fixing it between you as to whose that income is to be deemed to be for the purpose of paying tax on it.

And now I must leave you to write to my dear Assessor. He writes more at a time, if less often, than you do, but I must say that of the two I prefer the tone of your post-

scripts. His reads to the effect that, if I am not very careful how I reply to his buff-coloured notes, I may render myself liable, on summary conviction, to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months with hard labour. That I am practically certain to do, and, should an officious parson have married us off before I am discovered, my idea is that the weekly allowance for housekeeping should be suspended for a period (not exceeding six months) and the accumulated sum be devoted to providing me with a much-needed and well-deserved holiday at the end of it. For I have the dark suspicion, gathered I know not whence, that when the kind old fellow says "hard" he means it.

Yours, by the courtesy of the Editor of *The Times*,
BILL.



"A POLITICAL CHAMOIS."

Lord ROSEBERY'S vision of Lord HALDANE.

may be claimed on incomes not exceeding £160, but I do not think that that can have anything to do with it. Well, well! We must face our troubles with a brave front. Either you must go out and be a governess, or I must go out and be a Member of Parliament. If I happen to hear of a family with a lot of small children in it whose parents desire them to learn golf and poker patience, I will let you know. If you happen to hear of a constituency in need of a new Member who will be ready to adopt any policy or opinion, and to change either at a moment's notice, you let me know.

Should I contrive to get that constituency, the State will, I suppose, know all about it, and I shall have to be accurate about the £400, when



Chatty Lodger (to Landlord). "YOU SEEM TO HAVE SEEN A GOOD DEAL. WHAT ARE YOU?"

Landlord. "WELL, SIR, I WERE A LION TAMER, AND I'D BE THERE NOW IF I 'ADN'T A-MARRIED. BUT YOU SEE, MY WIFE WERE A KNIFE-THROWER IN THE SAME SHOW, AND SHE GOT TO PRACTISING HER TURN ON ME. WELL, THINKS I, LIFE AIN'T TOO LONG TO RUN NO RISKS, SO I TOOK ON A SAFE JOB AND BECOME A STEEPLEJACK."

THE STOLEN REED.

(A PASTORAL EXECRATION.)

I do not know what lips have found her,
The fragrant, fair and ripe;
I only know some awful hounder
Has been and boned my pipe;
In vain beside the river's brink
I search for her, in vain I think
Thoughts that would turn a trooper pink
If they were seen in type.

Polished with half a year of labour,
Like ball-room floors she shone;
There was no pipe, I wis (nor tabor),
So fair to gaze upon;
I left her by this reedy marge,
And now some owner of a bargo
Or Dartmoor Strephon still at large
Has come—and she has gone.

How sweet was her melodious carol!
How sacred to the Muse
The incense of her odorous barrel!
Oh, Syrinx of the ooze,
Describe to me, the while I drape
My pouch with cypresses and crape,

The monster that achieved this rape—
What bacey did he use?

How came he? like the scholar Gipsy
With furtive steps and mute
And hands fulfilled of flowers? or tipsy
With Corybantic hoot?
Or hot-foot like the goat-god Pan
From whom erewhile you trembling ran?
What was he like, the beast or man
That hagged my briar root?

I care not; but I wish him anguish
Too terrible for words;
In some vile hovel may he languish,
Abhorred by brutes and birds;
The sorriest creature on this globe,
May he be seen with tattered robe,
Like the Semitic prophet Job
(Without the help of sherds).

May murder bring him to the gallows,
And when at Hades' jaw
He begs the boon that custom hallows,
The last sad grace of law,
Then grant, ye gods, that he may pray
Once more upon my pipe to play,

And find (all hat-pins far away)
She simply will not draw!

EVOR.

Symmetry.

After running out ALLETSON at Nottingham IREMONGER seized a man in the crowd, who had been "boosing," and carried him off to the police station. He naturally thought that the best amends after running one man out was to run another man in.

"Will the Person come forward that I told it to that I should say that I had the First Chance of Marrying Edward Smith.—(Signed) Mary —, Daglingworth."

Wills & Gloucestershire Standard.

Now, then!

A Dorsetshire florist advertises as follows in *The Commonwealth*:

"GARDEN LOVERS
GIVE MY PANTS A TRIAL."

Thank you, but we can pant for ourselves this hot weather.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

From the moment when, across the footlights, a whiff of *Rance's* cigar was blown to me in the first row of the stalls, I knew that we were in for a melodrama as realistic as anything ever can be on the operatic stage. It brought to my quivering nostrils the full local aroma of a mining camp in the Golden West (period 1850). I was prepared for a chorus of pioneers with rough exteriors and primitive notions of summary justice; but also with warm hearts (when you got at them), and with natures so sensitive that the coarsest of them would break out into manly grief and wipe his eyes with the back of his hand on receiving news of the death of his grandmother far, far away in the Leaden East. And I was never once disappointed in these admirable fellows, who did everything according to the book.

But I confess to a certain chagrin at not being allowed to set eyes on *Nina*. *Nina* was the attraction at the rival saloon. *Minnie* ("the Girl of the Golden West"), who ran the "Polka" saloon, and was a pattern to all barmaids, sketches her character lightly as that of "a designing hussy who spends her time ogling all the men."

I think it a grave oversight that she was not introduced to us in person, if only to serve as a foil to the virtues of *Minnie*, and to create that palpable atmosphere of jealousy without which no melodrama can be a really perfect thing.

But to return to *Rance*, the "Sheriff." In every scene, including the noblest I have yet enjoyed at Covent Garden—a forest of gigantic Californian pines—he wore, without flinching, an evening waistcoat with a soft shirt front and black tie, and a rusty opera hat. I don't complain of these things in their proper place. Indeed, I have often admired them when worn by eccentric occupants of the stalls at Covent Garden. But in "the forest primeval" they seemed to betray, if I may dare say it, a lack of harmony with their environment. Personally, I was never in a Californian mining camp during the middle years of the last century, and cannot say whether this costume was *de rigueur* with the sheriffs of that era. Of course, I have heard of a sheriff's "posso," and it may well be that this was the fatigue pattern for an officer in command of such a body at that period. If so, he

was justified of his uniform, for he seemed to be on posse-duty most of the time; but I would have been content to forego historical accuracy for something a little less destructive of the picture.

Mlle. DESTINN was once more adorable. Apart from her delicious voice, with the moving appeal of its middle notes, every detail of her action—the last thing that most *prime donne* worry about—was perfect in its sympathetic refinement and restrained dramatic force. Signor BASSI, whose memory was at times a little faulty, played also with a commendable reserve. Nor must I pass over the fascinating figure of the Redskin, *Billy Jackrabbit*, who

effects. All the same, when I compare his *Fanciulla* with *Carmen*, one popular theme of melodrama with another, I ask myself whether he might not have allowed himself to put our senses under a rather stronger and more captivating spell. For, after all, BIZET gets his atmosphere, and very seldom keeps the drama halting, and yet all the time is weaving about us an irresistible charm. There is very little of this in Signor PUCCINI's new work; our interest is always engaged, but no sustained demand is put upon our emotions; and such memories as remain with us are concerned rather with the novelty of the scenes than with his setting of them. Even these memories are marred by the ugly note on which the lovers persist in iterating their final *addio*.

My neighbour, by the way, seemed obsessed by the idea that they were going forth to start upon a new life out in the Golden West. A pretty thought, in which one recognises an echo of many melodramas. But, as I took pains to explain to her, they were already as far West as they could go.

And this brings me to the title—*La Fanciulla del West*—the worst piece of hybridism I have ever met. And why is nothing said of the metallic quality of this El Dorado? I prefer the sportsmanlike courage of the Italian gentleman who translated BRET HARTE's *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and called it "La Fortuna del Campo Clamoroso." He did at least get it all in, and in one language. O. S.



A FULL HOUSE AT COVENT GARDEN.

The "full house" is not visible in the picture, because *Minnie* (Mlle. DESTINN) has got it inside her stocking (three aces and a pair). With this she beats the three kings of *Jack Rance* (M. GILLY).

contributed little to the movement of things, apart from his habit of stealing drinks when no one was looking, but was an extraordinary restful figure in the great forest scene, where, through all the tumultuous excursions of rough-riders busily engaged in rounding up *Dick Johnson*, he maintained a very perfect detachment, sitting in the foreground over a game of solitaire. It was only when they began to string the greaser up to a tree that he got put off his game and moved reluctantly away, with his pack of cards, to fresh woods.

One cannot too highly commend Signor PUCCINI's obvious desire to establish the right atmosphere, to keep the dialogue flowing briskly, and to avoid delaying the movement of the drama for the sake of purely musical

A Smart Deduction.

"During cleaning operations at the Ship Hotel, Weybridge, Surrey, a grandfather clock was opened for the first time for many years, and found to contain the entire skeleton of a cat. It is thought that the animal must have been shut in the clock."—*Evening Standard*.

"Wallasey Physician—Sir Richard Quain (1st baronet), the famous Irish physician, was born in 1876, and died in 1898. In 1882, he edited the *Dictionary of Medicine*. Always pleased to oblige."

Wallasey & Wirral Chronicle.

The notorious good nature of editors is beautifully exemplified in the case of this six-year-old prodigy.

The Limit.

"Beyond this, the Government will not recede one square inch."—*Daily Chronicle*.
On the contrary, they intend more resolutely than ever to put one cubic foot before another and march on.



French Caddie (anxious to express agreement with English visitor's view of the situation). "OUI, M'SIEUR—TRÈS DAM."

WHAT NO MAN KNOWS.

I DID not intend to read anything at all when I entered the club that day; I wanted to write a letter. But it was lying open on the chair, and so I picked it up.

I am inclined to believe now that it was put there as a trap.

It was a weekly paper and five days old at that, so I passed hastily and forgivingly over the racing column, in which "The Newmarket Nut" had given two non-runners and three losers as his selections for the previous day's races.

Then I came to a column headed "Man and his Dress," written by one who styled himself "West-end Lounger"—a *nom-de-guerre* which attracted me at once by the careless grace with which it admitted human frailties in one of exalted social station.

Most of this column was taken up with Answers to Correspondents, and it was Answer No. 3 which led to all my trouble.

It ran thus: "ENQUIRER.—Certainly not; no man with the slightest pretensions to being decently dressed would ever dream of having more than two buttons on the cuff of a lounge suit."

One felt that "Enquirer" must be having a bad time of it, but so dignified and crushing was the rebuke to his artless query that at first my

sympathy for him was tinged with contempt.

I pictured him as a pushing man, with no taste and little tact; doubtless an honest man according to his lights, but—well, anyway he had been put in his place now.

Then, without warning, one of those pangs of self-doubt that come to the best of us at times, stabbed through me.

I dropped the paper and looked at my own cuffs—a thing I don't remember doing before, except when I am playing golf.

I counted them carefully; then I read that reply to "Enquirer" again; then I counted them two or three times, covering each button with the paper when I had finished counting it, so as to make quite sure.

When I had checked my calculations, I found that I had, without any question, three buttons on each cuff; and the suit I was wearing was one of the most distinctly lounge suits I have seen for a long time.

I put my hands and as much of my sleeves as possible into my coat pockets, and slunk into the hall. A few men greeted me as I passed, but I hurried on; their eyes seemed to be looking for those extra buttons, and I wondered how long they had really known about it. I thought it would have been so much kinder, in the long run, if someone had spoken out about it before.

I emerged into the street with the intention of going straight to my tailor and getting debottoned. (That is a trade term I invented on the way.)

I reflected, as I walked, that I must be more strict with my tailor in future and not be put off with airy assurances that "They" are wearing certain things.

As a matter of fact I don't remember being consulted at all as to the number of buttons on my cuffs.

A very neatly-dressed man in a lounge suit passed me in Pall Mall, and I turned and followed him bending outwards (*i.e.*, towards the road) to see if I could count his buttons. I had just caught the flash of one of them when a policeman began to watch me narrowly. So I abandoned the pursuit and went on my way, whistling wanly.

Then I met Jones, and gripped his hand. "Jones," I gasped, "how many buttons have you got on your coat cuffs?"

He fixed his eyes on me and repeated my question in a thoughtful way once or twice.

"I give it up," he said at last. "Is it a riddle?"

"It is no riddle," I said sadly. "It is a very serious matter. Quick—how many?"

"I'm hanged if I know—it may be anything from one to half-a-dozen—or there may not be any at all. I have

never been able to see them from where I am."

He screwed his right arm round as he spoke, and I counted them carefully—Jones checking me as I numbered them off.

"Four!" I shouted. "Why, you're worse than I am!" and I grasped his hand again.

It was selfish, no doubt, to show my pleasure in his degradation so openly, but it is so comforting to know that one is not all alone in these times of trial.

I explained his disgrace to him as we strolled to the club; but he did not seem to be much affected.

Jones always looks neat, but he knows nothing about clothes. He is the sort of man who tells his tailor, when he orders a new suit, that he wants something to "wrap round him."

We had lunch together, and he helped me to regain my self-esteem by pointing out several men who had three or four buttons on their cuffs.

Later on we became quite unpopular by putting the question direct to every man in the smoking-room; and none of them could answer without counting.

One military member became quite annoyed when it was pointed out to him that he had three buttons on one cuff and two on the other.

We did not ask any more after that. [Should this meet his eye, perhaps "Enquirer" will kindly send me his address, and I will write him a nice letter of sympathy and comfort.]

WHO'S FOR COSTA RICA?

OR, THE ART OF RECOMMENDATION.

THE latest method of inducing strangers to visit or settle in a country (as exemplified in a *Times* article) is so naive that we are tempted to explain it a little fully. It is to be found in the last South American Supplement; and if these supplements are not for the exploitation of South America, what are they for?

Let us see how *The Times'* correspondent helps us. He begins: "Costa Rica claims to be the one Latin-American Republic which denies itself the pleasurable excitement of frequent revolutions. Perhaps the numerous earthquakes give sufficient variety to life, especially as they usually come late at night or early in the morning, when a hurried exit from the house is most disturbing; but there are years of stillness in the earth, and then this little country must be an earthly paradise."

That is tempting. One never knows one's luck, and, of course, it may be

that a year of stillness is imminent. But before settling in this capricious land there are certain difficulties. "It is easily reached," but "at present the health regulations require fresh vaccination marks to be shown on arriving, and after 19 days' voyage from England last November passengers were obliged to report themselves at a doctor's office daily for 10 days, in case of cholera symptoms." Consider, however, that the promised land is not only reached, but entered. Then hey for the capital! But here again the sweet is so dashed with sour that one must be a very hardy explorer to pursue the quarry. "Seven or eight hours are needed for the 102 miles of railway journey up to San José, the capital of the Republic, but it is an unique and beautiful trip. There may be stoppages for slides or breakdowns, and the passengers may have the amusement of helping to put back a derailed car, or be detained for weeks when heavy rains have washed away the line. But," adds *The Times'* own *Mark Tapley*, "when all goes well the lover of nature has a feast."

Cartago is on the way. This is, of course, *au fond* a deliriously enticing spot, but just now "is trying to recover from the terrible earthquake of last spring, when scarcely a house was left standing. As it was also destroyed by an earthquake in 1841 there was some discussion whether it should be again rebuilt on the same spot at the foot of the active volcano of Irazú, but the inhabitants decided to do so. Both there and in San José they are endeavouring to profit by the experience of other earthquake countries in building, and no longer put roofs of heavy tiles; but a drawback to the sheets of corrugated metal now used is that they wear into holes quickly, letting the rain through." The correspondent's reflection that "a superior quality of metal roofing, warranted to last more than two or three years, should sell readily there," makes one wonder whether, perhaps, it would not be better for the emigrant to let the roofing get there first.

We reach San José at last—if we are lucky—and quickly find that it has "a prison and a lunatic asylum of the best modern description." It is also very healthy, there being "little sickness, except that due to impure water." But what is that, after all? Merely a little typhoid, a little diphtheria, now and then, just to prevent life from being too monotonously joyous. The situation of the city is delightful, being sheltered from the north by the volcanoes of Irazú, Barba and Poas, the last of which "has an extraordinary geyser in its

crater which explodes sometimes to a great height," no doubt to the immense satisfaction of the neighbourhood.

The industry is banana growing, and "vacant land can be obtained by anyone who puts in a claim, apparently without payment"—that "apparently" sounds rather like a catch—"but roads are bad and construction difficult." That is to say, even though you may get your fruit it may go wrong before it can reach the customer. The Italian emigrants who tried have found it unsatisfactory and returned home. The lower hills look—"look" is good—suitable for tea growing; but tea-growing has not succeeded. The natives also are not capable of much work, especially near the capital, where the women are addicted to goitres.

The last sentence states that "the Government wishes to attract foreigners." Surely that end must now be attained.

TO CREATE A MODERN HAT.

THE ONLY WAY.

TAKE any shape of straw that pretends to be the foundation of a hat.

Give the thing to the baby or any other inquisitively destructive animal to play with for ten minutes on a well-washed, dry floor.

Choose a large collection of incongruous odds and ends, very big and all ugly.

Lay them on the middle of the table.

Bandage your eyes and draw ends and odds alternately with either hand, but perfectly at random.

With the eyes still bandaged, sew or gum all the odds on one side of the thing and the ends on the other.

Remove the bandage from your eyes, and throw the confection vertically upwards with a spin on it, and catch it on your head as it descends.

Pin it there instantly. This decides which is the front and also on what region of the head it shall be worn.

Avoid communication with persons of taste and judgment during the critical stages of construction.

If at the end your friend (not known to be jealous) says, "That's something like a hat," you may know you have failed.

There should be no resemblance.

"There is much about the Coronation in *Nash's Magazine* for June. Mr. Alfred Austin contributes a fourteen-line sonnet on the subject in his well-known style."—*Daily Telegraph*.

This is very short measure for a Coronation sonnet. All the decent poets are giving eighteen lines at least, and some twenty.



Boy (to Schoolmaster starting races). "PLEASE, SIR, I CAN'T GO; MY WHEELBARROW'S ILL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. EARLE won a high place in the regard of the reading public by her first book, *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*, which, I am not surprised to see, is flourishing in its 29th edition. The claim will be strengthened by her new work, *Memoirs and Memories* (SMITH, ELDER). It has the charm of the *Pot-Pourri* style, of which Mrs. EARLE is past-mistress. There is no particular order in the book nor any sequence in its story. Coming upon a number of old family letters and papers locked up nearly seventy years ago, in the cupboard of her father's library, she sorts them out in leisurely fashion and sends them to the printer. Her father's hoard was supplemented by her mother's, and of these, linked up with some of her own memories, she makes a charmingly disorderly book. It purports to be written for, and is dedicated to, her grandchildren, a circumstance that permits of the introduction of much intimate family correspondence. From the letters, dating as far back as the second decade of the 19th century, we get interesting glimpses of the past. Writing under date 1819, an uncle of Mrs. EARLE's husband reports: "Mr. Buckland, in a letter received from him this morning, says he lately went in a steam vessel 90 miles in little, if anything, more than 6½ hours." Prodigious! Mrs. EARLE's quick eye for good "copy" is shown in varied instances. One is supplied by quotation of the account of her parents' wedding, which appeared in *The Morning Post*: "The bridegroom," it is recorded, "was supported on either side by the Marquis of Londonderry

and Lord John Russell. It gave us great pleasure to remark this oblivion to political differences in the great leaders of opposite parties whilst engaged in the more pleasing duties of private life." In the best passages of his frequent burlesques of *The Morning Post* man of the Thirties, THACKERAY never exceeded that delightful touch. From childhood Mrs. EARLE has, over a period of 60 years, been brought into close contact with many of the most interesting people in literature, art and politics. She chats about them in the simple artless fashion that conceals the highest literary art.

In the days of *Moll o' the Toll-Bar* (HUTCHINSON) there were no County Councils, no half-penny press and no Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Their sermons finished, cock-fighting parsons backed their own birds against all comers in bloody combat in their own churchyards. Women who were vagrants were stripped to the waist and flogged at the public whipping-post till they swooned. Lovers were torn from their lasses, as they walked the lanes, by men wearing the King's uniform, and carried off, bound hand and foot, to fight and, what is more astounding, to win their country's battles on the high seas, side by side with the scum of the nation. Starving men crept out on the hill-sides to search for food for their starving wives and children, and were hanged (sometimes, like the father of Mr. MASEFIELD's *Nan*, when they were innocent) for stealing sheep. It was in this Merrie England of a little more than a hundred years ago that *Lady Moll*, as the Ullerdale villagers called her, loved and was loved by *Sir Harry Brackenthwaite*. Miss THEODORA WILSON-WILSON has written several other books

in her time, so that it is rather daring of me to say that *Moll o' the Toll-Bar* seems to me rather amateurish in style, and—I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb—a promising subject for the plot of a Lyceum melodrama. But I like it all the same, because I like her *Lady Moll*, who was ahead of her time, as well as above her apparent station in life. I like, too, to think that even in those amazing days there were plenty of sweet *Molls* in England, as there are still. Perhaps that was partly the reason why we won our Trafalgars, in spite of the press-gangs and the cock-fights and the hangings and the whippings of vagrant (and voteless) women.

The *House of Bondage* (HEINEMANN) is not only an exceptionally readable novel, but it is also an able and ingenious argument of Mr. C.

G. COMPTON on behalf of *Lady Winborough*, sometime *Laura Henderson*. The short fact is that she, having been induced to take her honeymoon before her marriage, and having been left in some poverty with no husband and one son, contracted another alliance with an Oriental-minded but charming Greek of the City, marriage still being deferred. You are asked to fall in line with the many high-principled and clever men and women who, some at once and some after laborious conviction, forgive, exonerate, and finally applaud her conduct. So delicately and yet brilliantly does her advocate state her case, and such is her character shown to be, that the defence must so far have succeeded. But it goes further; it urges that she is typical of a class, small but extant, and that the class must at the least have toleration. There I am not convinced. *Laura*, in the bravery of a high aim, went to the last resource; the class more often takes the first opportunity recklessly. I doubt if justice has been done, as it has been attempted, to the view which, not entirely in ignorant bias or conventional intolerance, sticks out for marriage before honeymoon. The verdict, however, is left with the jury of readers. My recommendation to them is to give the matter their most careful attention, and by no means to neglect the mass of irrelevant but wholly delightful matter with which it is surrounded.

The announcement, made in the press a few days ago, that an "unknown" work of WAGNER has been unearthed at Dresden, in the form of an instrumental accompaniment to the chorus of male voices written by the master for a State command in 1843, comes as an interesting supplement to his own account of the occasion, which I have just been reading in *My Life*, by *Richard Wagner* (CONSTABLE). Nothing, of course, is said here as to the instrumental accompaniment, which was perhaps discarded as unsatisfactory, WAGNER's comments being merely that "my simpler song"—as compared with MENDELSSOHN's anthem

for the same function—"sounded very well from a distance." Afterwards he records receiving, as a reward, a gold snuff-box from the gala committee, with "the hunting scene engraved on the top so badly done that in several places the metal was cut through." The quotation is a good example of the frank and somewhat pungent style in which the whole memoirs are written. Their greatest interest lies in their revelation of a personality rather arresting than attractive; not so much an unconscious revelation, as one conveyed deliberately, with that frank absorption in self which is among the penalties, or the rewards, of the artistic temperament. Anyhow, it is all exceedingly good reading; and one cannot but regret that the story should end abruptly, with the royal summons to Munich, at the beginning of what should have been its most fantastic chapter.

If I have any criticism to make upon the two handsome volumes in which Messrs. CONSTABLE have issued the memoirs, it is a regret that the person responsible for this "authorised translation" should not have been named upon the title-page. The skill with which the flavour of the original German has been preserved in his rendering—e.g., such phrases as "dazzling respectability," applied by WAGNER to the position of Court conductor—deserves grateful recognition by the many to whom this book will be a delight.

If you read *The Price of Empire* (BLACKWOOD) as I did, out of doors on a very hot day, you will find your hands slightly embued with scarlet, which, combined with the ominous hints contained in the earlier chapters of the book, will give you the gloomiest anticipations of a terrible and tragic dénouement. Utilising the topical theme of unrest in India, Mrs. HOBART-HAMPDEN has written a rather thrilling story of a conspiracy to murder the English women and children in the remote station of Pachor. The plot is complicated by the fact that the Assistant District Commissioner is himself a Bengali, vowed to the cause of emancipation and possessed of a beautiful sister who attempts to entangle the young civilian, *Allan Tremaine*. I cannot say that I find the development of the emotional drama overwhelmingly probable, and it was not assisted by a rather conventional style of narration. There are too many sentences like "The thin veneer of civilisation restrained her" (it is time, I think, that civilisation found itself a new simile and became a varnish, perhaps, or even a distemper). But the tale moves well, and I gave a little gasp of relief to find that, in spite of a badly split infinitive somewhere about the hundredth page, the *Empire* retained its integrity to the end.

"It is said that the King's gift will take the form of an electric motor-carriage, but the secret is being well kept."

The writer seems confident that his paper (whose name we kindly suppress) does not enter Royal circles.



Mufti. "YOU DOING ANYTHING AT THE CORONATION, OLD MAN?"

Uniform. "YES, I'M GOING TO LINE A STREET."

CHARIVARIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has been invested as a Knight of the Garter. One of the best investments the Nation has ever made.

Everyone is hurrying up to see the Coronation, and the cry is, Still they come. A puma, a crocodile, and two chimpanzees were born at Bostock's Jungle at the White City last week.

During the great heat, we hear, the promoters of the Coventry Coronation Procession were inundated with offers from ladies who were willing to fill the rôle of Lady GODIVA without any fee whatever.

We are told that in the work of designing the Coronation Cake presented to the KING the services of a Royal Academician were employed. This is quite credible, for we believe that the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park was designed by a Royal Academician.

Sir JAMES BARR, the Liverpool physician, addressing the congress of the Canadian Medical Association, said that the dawn of a new era in the medical world was breaking forth, and, under the system of prevention of disease, there should be little future need of surgical interference. We hear that a Surgeons' Defence Society is to be formed at once to prevent this.

More realism! The new *Samson* at the Opera, the other night, brought the house down.

"Mothers visiting the Crystal Palace," it was announced last week, "may, at an inclusive charge of fourpence for the whole day, leave their children at the Model Day Nursery." We have since heard that an old lady of seventy, with strong views on a woman's right to "live her own life," took advantage of this offer, depositing her two sons, aged fifty and fifty-one respectively, in the

Nursery while she made the tour of the Festival of Empire.

An attempt is to be made to change the name of the Gaiety Theatre to the Jayety Theatre.

At the Coronation Exhibition there is a stall where, according to an announcement, one may purchase "Old Egyptian Antiquities." Lovers of Modern Antiquities will have to go elsewhere.

A two-hundred-guinea hat, made to the order of a customer, was on view

"Honour for Mr. JESSE COLLINGS." This makes the other gentleman out to be a very superior person.

The wine growers of the Aube district are now incensed against the Government for labelling their wine "champagne of the second zone." We certainly prefer ours to be of the third, or frigid, zone.

Some of the inhabitants are even going so far, in their rage, as to invite the GERMAN EMPEROR to annex them. It is rumoured that His Majesty may accept the offer with a view to exchanging the district later on for Morocco.

The *City Press* is authorised to state that, despite suggestions to the contrary, the City is giving very earnest consideration to the question of centralising the criminal work of the Metropolitan at the Old Bailey. It is thought that this announcement will satisfy our Metropolitan criminals, who were fearing that their interests were being neglected, and were even talking of going on strike.

The London General Omnibus Company has decided to instruct its drivers to moderate their speed with a view to reducing the number of accidents. It is presumed that one of their customers must have been run over by one of their vehicles.

"I am only surprised," said an omnibus driver, interviewed on the subject, "that there are not more accidents." As a matter of fact some persons are of the opinion that there are.

"FRENCHMAN or GERMAN.—A permanent VACANCY occurs with good export firm for young foreigner, to act as VOLONTAIRE. 20s. after a few weeks."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Too simple! Not even a Frenchman or German, willing as they may be to work for nothing in England, is going to jump at a "permanent vacancy."



at a milliner's last week. In the same way one sometimes sees frames of considerably greater value than the pictures which they surround.

During the re-building of a post-office in the Borough the workmen discovered fifteen letters, posted in 1886, 1888 and 1889, behind an old sorting-table. An admirer of CHARLES LAMB suggests that all our post-offices shall be re-built with a view to discovering other missing letters.

"The Birmingham City Council, yesterday, decided to confer the honorary freedom of the city upon Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P., and Alderman WILLIAM KENRICK." This announcement is entitled by *The Express*

TO WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[On the occasion of the Historic Costume Ball given in his honour, June 20th.]

MASTER, I would the scene were graced by you
When, richly dizen'd by the costume-drapers,
For your peculiar benefit we do
Our set quadrilles and honorific capers;
To miss in person this so flattering boom,
To have no part in our memorial molly,
Should make your hallowed bones assume
A restive air within the tomb
At Stratford-cum-Corelli.

Swift falls to some the meed of high renown;
At eve their fame is *nil*; they've not begun it;
Next morning they're the talk of half the Town—
A column in *The Daily Mail* has done it.
But, ere the country came to understand
That *your* performance furnished ample reason
For pemps of so superb a brand,
It took them just three centuries and
A Coronation Season.

But now the Smart Contingent "takes you up;"
For you, the very last of London's crazes,
Society consents to dance and sup—
The noblest monument it ever raises;
Not theirs to question—that were too abstruse—
Whether your actual merit more or less is,
But, like a charity, your use
Is to afford a fit excuse
For wearing fancy dresses.

Thus in their dinner-parties forth they go,
Plumed and brocaded, wigged and precious-stony—
Rosalind, Portia, Puck and Prospero,
Strikingly reproducing your *personæ*;
All times and scenes—from Hamlet's Elsinore
To Juliet's "fair Verona" (quattro-cento),
Making for you, from out their store
Of rather vague historic lore,
A truly *chic* memento.

Master, if such affairs intrigue your ghost
Moving at large among the world's immortals,
You'll guess what motive bids this gallant host
Swarm to the masquerade through ALBERT's portals.
Is it your show or theirs? Of such a doubt
Your human wit will make a healthy clearance:
You'll judge that all who join the rout
Are solely exercised about
Their personal appearance.

And yet—God speed them at their "SHAKSPEARE Ball,"
Treading (on others' toes) the daedal dances,
Though some have never read your plays at all,
And some imagine you are BACON (FRANCIS).
They serve an end; their ticket-money buys
Solid material for the shrine we owe you;
And soon a temple's walls shall rise
Where, even under English skies,
People may get to know you.

O. S.

ALL THE PREPARATIONS.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Special French Correspondent.)

I HAVE recounted you, my dear Colleg, how it is passed itself that I have loused a chamber at Putney, faubourg very agreeable situate on the bords of the Thames. For to find it I have dued to sue blood and water, but now I live like a cock in paste. It is a modest house, a quin-

caillery, and the proprietor names himself Bolus, droll of name, but one must not regard to it of too near, for my chamber has the air to be pulled to four pins. Even at Paris, town of the proprio chambers, one would not find nothing of more propre. Mr. the quinecaillier Bolus is an honest boy. He speak not a word of French. "I learn not the lingo at school," he say, "and now it is too late; the old dogs learn not tricks any more." I say to him "There is my affair," I say. "I desire to exerce myself to speak English." He say, "Right, all right; we shall not fall out, I daresay," and me to answer him, "Parbleu, no," I say to him, "the bed is big enough for that I do not fall out of it." He places himself to laugh. "Aha," he say, "you are a joker; I like jokers." My little pleasantry, I make myself strong to say it, has had a mad success, for he call Madame Bolus and repeat it to her, and then he call his daughter Miss Bolus, and she too has to pass by there, but she say, "Papa! how you do run on," and at the end I tend him my hand and say, "Tap there, my old," and he taps, and there we are then friends. When I think at the detestable McAndrews it is well the case to felicitate myself of having had the courage to demenage from there. I believe I have well pulled my pin out of the game.

Chez Madame Bolus, there is not even difficulty about the repasts. For my breakfast she between-opens the door of my chamber and pushes me in on the carpet a cup of coffee to the milk and some tartines of butter. That suffices me; it is the habitude of us other Frenches. And the coffee is of an excellence, but of an excellence to make forget his salute! Never even in Paris I have not gouted of better. It appear that Mister Bolus is celebrate for his coffee in all the quarter. In the past he has had as locatary a professor of the French tongue who fell malad and was tenderly soigned by Madame Bolus who deployed for him all the virtues of a guard-malad. For reconnaissance, when he guerits, he give Madame Bolus a dictionary French-English, veritable trouvaille for me, though I have not employed him much yet, and he insigns Mister Bolus the art of making the coffee *à la Française*. "Truly," says Madame Bolus in recounting me this history, "we have not obliged an ingrate." Yes, they are brave peoples, these Bolus.

For the Crownment I have now a good billet at three pounds, and I shall be at same to make you see that grandiose spectacle with some French eyes.

Believe me, your all deyout JULES MILLEFOIS.

[POST SCRIPTUM.—The time ecoules itself without that we apperceive ourselves of it and there we are at one week of the great eventment. I please myself to promenade me in the streets of London. What a changement of decoration! Everywhere workmen who chancel under the weight of long planches or gigantesque poutres. The face of the houses is covered of them. Everywhere the perpetual tic-tac of hammers, and everywhere the Policeman, robust and solid guardian of those who aventure themselves in the streets on a day of fête. I address myself to a Policeman who station in Pall Mall. I say to him, "There will be much of world the day of the Crownment, is it not?" For all response he laugh, and then he say to me, "Yes, the whole world will be there, and a tidy lot more too." I write down his word and then I make him a pleasantry. I say to him, "But it is not tidy your amass of planches and poutres; it is everything what there is of most untidy." And he to answer me, "Vive l'ontonty cordialy"—it is like that he pronounce the French. I serre him the hand and continue my promenade. I feel that to us two we can combat the world entire.]



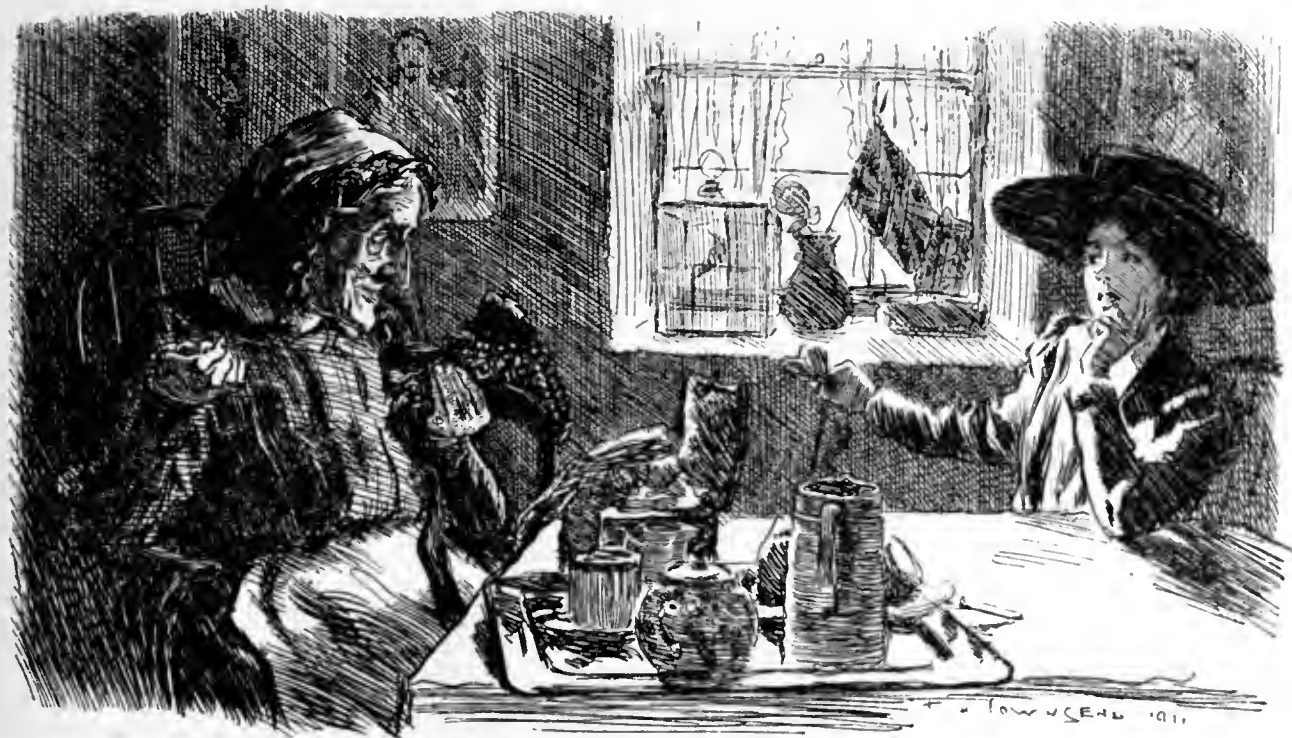
THE SUBURBAN LOYALISTS.

(Time—2 a.m.)

WIFE OF CORONATION ENTHUSIAST. "HAVE YOU GOT EVERYTHING? THE SANDWICHES AND THE TEA FLASK AND THE CAMERA AND THE FIELD-GLASSES, AND THE MAP OF THE ROUTE, AND YOUR MACKINTOSH AND UMBRELLA, AND MY GOLOSHES, AND THE ANTI-SLUMBER TABLOIDS AND THE LATCHKEY?"

CORONATION ENTHUSIAST. "YES, MY LOVE: AND MY TOBACCO AND WHISKY, AND A SPARE COLLAR, AND A HAT-PIN PROTECTOR, AND A COPY OF THE POLICE-REGULATIONS."





Old Lady (trimming her bonnet for the festal occasion). "YES, M'AM, I MISSED QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION 'CAUSE IT WAS MOTHER'S WASHING-DAY, AND KING EDWARD'S 'CAUSE IT WERE MINE, BUT I'LL PUT OFF ME WASHING TILL CHRISTMAS RATHER THAN MISS THIS 'UN."

THE GREAT ADDLED REVIEW.

(With profound acknowledgments to the Proprietor and Editor of "The Great Adult Review.")

WHY ADDLED? BECAUSE

— Our standard is not that of the mealy-mouthed modernist, but of the noble savage who prefers his meat high.

Our Editor only recognises the morality of Truth and feels it his duty to proclaim "the fascination of corruption."

Addle is etymologically connected with the German *adel*—i.e. nobility.

Fresh eggs are useless as missiles wherewith to pelt self-righteousness.

Our aim is to free the downtrodden reading public from the enervating yolk of insipidity.

We are not purveyors of nursery pabulum but of strong meat for stout stomachs.

We stand for courage, originality, progress, and unlimited bilge-water.

The London Scottish are entertaining the Colonial troops on June 21 at a smoking concert to be held at headquarters, Buckingham Gate.

There will be two rehearsals at Westminster Abbey next week.—*Evening Times*.

If we had not seen it in print we should never have believed it.

ARMS AND THE ASS.

[Heraldic terms are not guaranteed.]

No ermined robes adorn me. Nay,
My clothes are drab, with tie to match;

Although a bard, I can't display
Even a modest purple patch;
Yet pride is strong in my plebeian breast,

And my ambition is to have a Crest.

But what? I spend long hours in thought,

Finding the problem very hard.
Sometimes it seems to me I ought,
Being, as I have said, a bard,

To have a Rampant Pen, or, better still,
A Laurel Wreath impaled upon a Quill.

And when I ply my daily task
(Perched on a stool, with careworn face)

I cease my toil at times to ask
If this device would meet the case
(Excuse mistakes; I've never learnt the rules)—

A Ledger flanked by Inkpots sable,
gules.

Or, since such men are skilled and wise,

It won't be past the Herald's powers

To plan a Crest to symbolise
The passion of my leisure hours.

This, roughly, is the sort of thing I mean—

A Golfer sanguine putting on a Green.

In softer moments, when to Nell
My fancy wanders, I design
A thing which, if emblazoned well,
Would look, I'm sure, extremely fine;

I know exactly how it should be done—
A Damsel proper habited A 1.

Yet, since my verses don't succeed,
And since I loathe the office stool,
And since my golf is vile indeed,
And Nell, of late, distinctly cool,
Why, dash it all, I may as well be frank,
And have a Bubble (burst) upon a Blank.

The New Suttee.

In reply to a request that he might have his hat returned to him, Master HARRY JAYAWARDANA has received the following answer in the columns of *The Ceylon Independent*:—

"Dear Sir,—Mudalizer Harry Jayawardana has evidently forgotten that he handed me his hat at the cremation of the late High Priest. I am sorry I failed to inform him before, that, carried away by the sentiment of the moment, I flung it to the burning pyre, hoping for future merit. May the merit be his, as he was the owner of the hat!"

THE MUG MARKET.

(Quotations throughout are on the basis of "Middling" Mugs. That is to say they apply to the ordinary straight-forward Coronation Mug, with portraits of the King and Queen and the date, and either the Royal Arms or the Union Jack. Mugs with both the Royal Arms and the Union Jack or lavishly decorated with gold command a premium of some 20 to 30 per cent.)

March 31st, 1911.—During the past month the market has been somewhat narrow and restricted, though a few parcels for future delivery have changed hands. In face of the enormous stocks accumulating buyers have shown little anxiety to enter the market, and trading on the Spot has been purely nominal.

April 30th, 1911.—The market during April remained dull and listless with prices favouring buyers until the decision of one of the Midland County Councils, on the 22nd, to place their order—for 30,000—in Germany. On this intelligence a serious slump took place and, by the afternoon of the 23rd, Middling Mugs were quoted as low as 3½d. Profit-taking on the part of some of the larger Bears however had a steadying effect, and the recovery was still further assisted by the news from the Midlands which reached the Floor about noon on the following day. An indignation meeting of rate-payers, it will be remembered, had brought such pressure to bear that the Council had rescinded their former decision and placed the order in Great Britain. A buoyant and active market continued for several days. May mugs at one time were even quoted at a slight premium over June, and the end of the month found prices in the neighbourhood of 5½d. Stocks are however still accumulating.

May 30th, 1911.—The market in the past month has been subject to the most violent fluctuations, and the jobbers have reaped a veritable harvest. The great fire in the Potteries on the 13th resulted in a sudden and frenzied advance and, under the influence of buying orders, which poured in from all parts of the country, prices rose by leaps and bounds. Even when the news was received that nothing had been destroyed by the fire except some

hundreds of thousands of earthenware tea-pots the bulge continued, and the wildest rumours were current of depleted stocks. An illustrated circular which was sent out by one of the leading firms, showing the Coronation child in tears, and adorned with the legend "There's no Mug left for me," added fuel to the flames, and the climax was reached when the Parish Councils, which had so far held aloof, began to come in with sheaves of

QUOTATIONS FOR MIDDLING MUGS.

Noon: May 30th.

May Delivery . . . 4½d.
June Delivery . . . 4d. to 4½d.
July Delivery . . . ½d. to ¾d.
(Nominal.)

June 15th, 1911.—The market has been in a deplorable state for the past fortnight, and the slump has continued daily. With all the larger corporations already supplied the demand has fallen away, and the trading in Mugs has been entirely of the hand-to-mouth variety. Many of the Parish Councils are still holding off—especially those in Scotland—with a view to lower prices. It is hoped that their orders, along with those of private buyers, may save the situation at the last moment.

June 21st, 1911.—*The Mug Market closed.*—The Mug Market closed its operations last night amidst unparalleled scenes of depression when the Parish Council of Crashie Howe, in Dumfriesshire, filled an order for 311 at the unprecedented price of 1½d.

It is understood that the whole of the remaining stocks have been acquired at scrap rates by a Yorkshire firm which has invented an ingenious process for removing the picture and design.

"Madame Patti . . . sang with all her old pathos and charm 'Home, Sweet Home.' Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, in moving a vote of thanks to the artists, echoed the sentiments of everyone present when he said that he would have liked 'the sweet tones of that dear remarkable lady' to be the last heard in the hall that afternoon." *Newcastle Daily Journal.*

Our contemporary is needlessly quick to second Sir HERBERT's modest reference to his own voice.

"Although twice knocked down, Mr. Haley, a local referee, gave the bantam-weight championship to Tommy Regan, Boston, against William Allen, England. The decision was received with hisses."—*Reuter.*

Question: Who knocked him down?
Our money is on ALLEN.

The Tomato Harvest.

"Tomatoes have profited by the weather, and it is said that this year's harvest will be the last for many years."—*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

This may be the local gossip among the tomatoes, but they will find next year that they have deceived themselves.



Mrs. Bucket. "PREIS YOU WOULDN'T MIND TELLIN' ME WHERE 'UD BE ABART THE BEST PLACE TO SEE THE CORINATION?"

Policeman. "WELL, I SHOULD SAY SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE ABBEY WOULDN'T BE ARP A BAD PLACE."

minor orders. At last prices broke suddenly, on the 29th, when *The Daily Mail* published a full report from its Own Correspondent, who had made an extended tour through the factories, warehouses and emporia of Great Britain, and estimated the number of Mugs still in stock at seven and a half million. This news was sufficient to defeat the rumour which had been industriously circulated that the Bull Clique had been quietly acquiring May options with a view to cornering the supply. The market slumped and closed quiet but feverish at much reduced rates.



BROTHERLY LOVE.

Small Man (to burly acquaintance, who for no apparent reason has given a man a blow like a kick from a horse). "AVE YOU GOT COMEFINK AGIN THAT BLOKE!"

Burly Acquaintance (surprised). "IM! WOT, AGIN OLE BILL! NOT LIKELY."

S. M. "WOT YOU 'IT 'IM FOR, THEN!"

B. A. (more surprised). "I GIVE 'IM A PAT 'COS I LIKES 'IM, O' COURSE. 'E'S A PAL O' MINE."

S. M. (alarmed). "LUMME! D'YOU THINK YOU'RE LIKELY TO GIT FOND O' ME!"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

(After a too ubiquitous model.)

He. That you, sweetheart?

She. Yes, darling; what is it?

He. Oh! I want you to do something for me this morning when you go out shopping.

She. Hopping? I'm not going hopping. Why should I? Besides it's only June—they're not ripe yet.

He (shouting). Not hopping—shopping.

She. Oh! shopping? Why didn't you say so?

He. I did.

She. Well, what is it you want?

He. I want a bottle of Kurit.

She. You want to throttle a curato.

He (shouting). No, a bottle of Kurit.

She. I can't hear. A bottle of what?

He. Kurit, K-U-R-I-T. The famous and much advertised, but by no means beyond its deserts, preparation for the scalp.

She. Oh! you want something to make your hair grow?

He. No, no, no, I don't want something to make my hair grow. I want *one thing* to make my hair grow.

She. All right, I'll get you one thing. You didn't think I was going to get a dozen, did you?

He. But you must get the *one thing* I want.

She (rather irritably). Well, what is this wonderful one thing?

He. Kurit, sweetheart. There are many preparations for the hair on the market, as no doubt you have observed, but there is no preparation at once so sanitary and efficacious as Kurit, which, prepared from a number of safe but powerful medicaments, not only

stimulates the roots to promote growth but imparts to the resultant hair a glossy appearance. That is why I don't want anything but Kurit.

She. All right, darling, I'll get you a bottle of Kurit. Good-bye.

He. Stop a minute, don't ring off. *She.* What is it?

He. There are two sizes of Kurit—one at eightpence and one at half-a-crown. Buy the half-crown bottle, for it is much more economical.

She. All right. Good-bye, darling. [They ring off.]

More Commercial Candour.

1. From an outfitter's catalogue at Cape Town:—

"Make certain of getting the best of everything by sending to—s."

"We advise you to buy the best, for even then it is not too good."

TEN AND EIGHT.

THE only event of importance last week was my victory over Henry by ten and eight. If you don't want to hear about that, then I shall have to tell you a few facts concerning the coming ceremony of the Coronation. You'd rather have the other? I thought so.

The difference between Henry and me is that he is what I should call a good golfer, and I am what everybody else calls a bad golfer. In consequence of this he insults me with offers of bisques.

"I'll have ten this time," I said, as we walked to the tee.

"Better have twelve. I beat you with eleven yesterday."

"Thank you," I said haughtily, "I will have ten." It is true that he beat me last time, but then owing to bad management on my part I had nine bisques left at the moment of defeat simply eating their heads off.

Henry teed up and drove a "Pink Spot" out of sight. Henry swears by the "Pink Spot" if there is anything of a wind. I use either a "Quo Vadis," which is splendid for going out of bounds, or an "Ostrich," which has a wonderful way of burying itself in the sand. I followed him to the green at my leisure.

"Five," said Henry.

"Seven," said I; "and if I take three bisques it's my hole."

"You must only take one at a time," protested Henry.

"Why? There's nothing in Wisden or Baedeker about it. Besides, I will only take one at a time if it makes it easier for you. I take one, and that brings me down to six, and then another one and that brings me down to five, and then another one and that brings me down to four. There! And as you did the hole in five, I win."

"Well, of course, if you like to waste them all at the start—"

"I'm not wasting them, I'm creating a moral effect. Behold, I have won the first hole; let us be photographed together."

Henry went to the next tee slightly ruffled and topped his ball into the road. I had kept mine well this side of it and won in four to five.

"I shan't take any bisques here," I said. "Two up."

At the third tee my "Quo Vadis" darted off suddenly to the left and tried to climb the hill. I headed it off and gave it a nasty dent from behind when it wasn't looking, and with my next shot started it rolling down the mountains with ever-increasing velocity. Not until it was within a foot of the pin

did it condescend to stop. Henry, who had reached the green with his drive and had taken one putt too many, halved the hole in four. I took a bisque and was three up.

The fourth hole was prettily played by both of us, and with two bisques I had it absolutely stiff. Unnerved by this Henry went all out at the fifth and tried to carry the stream in two. Unfortunately (I mean unfortunately for him) the stream was six inches too broad in the particular place at which he tried to carry it. My own view is that he should either have chosen another place or else have got a narrower stream from somewhere. As it was I won in an uneventful six, and took with a bisque the short hole which followed.

"Six up," I pointed out to Henry, "and three bisques left. They're jolly little things, bisques, but you want to use them quickly. *Bisque dat qui cito dat*. Doesn't the sea look ripping to-day?"

"Go on," growled Henry.

"I once did a two at this hole," I said as I teed my ball. "If I did a two now and took a bisque, you'd have to do it in nothing in order to win. A solemn thought."

At this hole you have to drive over a chasm in the cliffs. My ball made a bee line for the beach, bounced on a rock, and disappeared into a cave. Henry's "Pink Spot," which really seemed to have a chance of winning a hole at last, found the wind too much for it and followed me below.

"I'm in this cave," I said when we had found Henry's ball; and with a lighted match in one hand and a niblick in the other I went in and tried to persuade the "Ostrich" to come out. My eighth argument was too much for it, and we re-appeared in the daylight together.

"How many?" I asked Henry.

"Six," he said, as he hit the top of the cliff once more, and shot back on to the beach.

I left him and chivied my ball round to where the cliffs are lowest; then I got it gradually on to a little mound of sand (very delicate work this), took a terrific swing and fairly heaved it on to the grass. Two more strokes put me on to the green in twenty. I lit a pipe and waited for Henry to finish his game of rackets.

"I've played twenty-five," he shouted.

"Then you'll want some of my bisques," I said. "I can lend you three till Monday."

Henry had one more rally and then picked his ball up. I had won seven holes and I had three bisques with which to win the match. I was a

little doubtful if I could do this, but Henry settled the question by misjudging yet again the breadth of the stream. What is experience if it teaches us nothing? Henry must really try to enlarge his mind about rivers.

"Dormy nine," I said at the tenth tee, "and no bisques left."

"Thank Heaven for that," sighed Henry.

"But I have only to halve one hole out of nine," I pointed out. "Technically I am on what is known as velvet."

"Oh, shut up and drive."

I am a bad golfer, but even bad golfers do holes in bogey now and then. In the ordinary way I was pretty certain to halve one of the nine holes with Henry, and so win the match. Both the eleventh and the seventeenth, for instance, are favourites of mine. Had I halved one of those, he would have admitted cheerfully that I had played good golf and beaten him fairly. But as things happened—

What happened, put quite briefly, was this. Bogey for the tenth is four. I hooked my drive off the tee and down a little gully to the left, put a good iron shot into a bunker on the right, and then ran down a hundred-yard putt with a niblick for a three. One of those difficult down-hill putts.

"Luck!" said Henry, as soon as he could speak.

"I thought I'd missed it," I said.

"Your match," said Henry; "I can't play against luck like that."

It was true that he had given me ten bisques, but, on the other hand, I could have given him a dozen at the seventh and still have beaten him.

However, I was too magnanimous to point that out. All I said was, "Ten and eight."

And then I added thoughtfully, "I don't think I've ever won by more than that." A. A. M.

"By-the-way, we have of recent days neglected to inform our readers of the fact that Dr. W. G. Price still continues, each Thursday evening, at the hour of 8 p.m., to compel from the famous grand organ attached to the northern end of our vast Town Hall volumes of richest polyphony and no end of exquisite melody, accompanied by either hand, in rhythmiest, traditionalist Italian method. The latter pleases the *hoi polloi*; the former Bacchians; the eggnoseenti few. In simpler phraseology, the learned doctor, a worthy successor to the famed Lemaire, opener of ail organ a few brief years ago, delights and demands encores from audiences that should be four times as large at least once a week, and do not forget that that once is Thursday."

Adelaide Register.

Unless *The Daily Telegraph* can think of something really good in Coronation week, it looks as though Australia will retain the ashes.



Lady (to bachelor host). "SO DELIGHTFUL OF YOU TO THINK OF DINING US AT A SMALL SOHO RESTAURANT—SO BOHEMIAN, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Waiter (in loud whisper). "THE LADY'S HAD TWO BUTTERS ALREADY, SIR; IS SHE TO HAVE ANY MORE?"

A LONDON LYRE.

(Little topographies compiled for the benefit of our trans-Atlantic visitors.)

THE TEMPLE.

FAR away, in dear old Sutter County, where the learn'd in law Swings the well-timed surrebutter To his fellow-pleader's jaw,

There your Pa (before the Railways Found him lucrative employ) Frowned in anger on the frail ways Of the local strong-arm boy,

Or in accents of abandon Wrung the jurymen to tears When they found his client's brand on Someone else's private steers.

Now his travelled footstep tarries Through the courts and ancient ways Trod by legal luminaries Practising in olden days.

Here in cloister, close and alley Toiled the great ones of the race, With whose works your Pa will dally When preparing for a ease.

BLACKSTONE, BENJAMIN, LORD STOWELL, VESEY Junior, BROD. and BING.,

Mighty names that lawyers know well— This is where they had their fling.

Here they raised a legal system In all ages unsurpassed— Laws that, howso'er you twist 'em, Lay you by the heels at last.

Here they dined, a grave proceeding, Drank their toast in heavy port, Gossiped on the Art of Pleading And the latest thing in Tort.

Here amid the dust of ages Their successors toil to-day, Ten per cent. of whom (one gauges) Are in touch with actual pay;

While the briefless, howso clever, Waits in patience for the pelf; Etiquette says he must never Go and hunt a job himself.

Not so Pa; he was a hustler, Had an office near the jail, Where he kept the live-stock rustler Separated from his kale.

And when trains were wrecked or traction Cars collided he would make Haste toward the scene of action In the ambulance's wake.

He was up to all the dodges, Led the march at County balls, Joined a dozen different lodges, Christened babies, carried palls.

Now he's numbered with the giants, Rigs the smart combine and busts Judgments calling for compliance From the predatory Trusts.

Here, a law-confounded race's Evil genius, he learns How they tried the earliest cases For the earliest cash returns;

Notes how dignity is blended With a lively thirst for fees, And, his purview much extended, Headstowards the "Cheshire Cheese." ALGOL.

"A few days ago we published a letter from Mr. O. Pollard complaining about late trains on the South Indian Railway. We now learn that the late running is due owing to heavy engineering work on the line, and that the authorities are preparing a new time-table which, it is hoped, will in some way mitigate the inconvenience."—*Madras Mail.*

The same trick has been tried here, but the trains are still late. Some day the trains will be adjusted to the time-table as a change.



SELF-DEFENCE IN THE STREETS.

A FOOT-PASSENGER, WHO HAS HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SPRAIN HIS ANKLE, KEEPING OFF A DETERMINED RUSH OF FIRST-AIDERS TILL THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

[A private and more effective recipe than those constantly suggested by the halfpenny Press.]

WHEN I weary of infinite lays
(Like a hen) as the weather grows hotter,
When Pegasus languidly neighs,
And the Muse is a rotter,
And I envy the ducks in the park and
the seals at the Zoo and the otter;
When the dust eddies up from the path
Which the wheel of the motor car
threshes,
And no place allures but the bath,
And no drink refreshes,
And drives are all topped from the tee
and all services faint in the meshes;
Shall I list to the voice of the Press?
Shall I purchase their hints for a
copper
On how I should cut down my dress
(Which would hardly be proper),

And only eat turnips and wear a huge
cabbage leaf under my topper?

Ah no! for the power of the mind
Is lord of the frailties of matter,
And food is so pleasant, I find,
And I don't think my hatter
Would let me fit greens in his tile, and
I can't leave off clothes like a
satyr.

My thoughts I relentlessly switch
To souls who are fated to follow
Some calling contrasted with which,
When he worships Apollo,
The weaver of honey-sweet songs is as
cool as a cow in a wallow.

I think of the people who toil
For gold in the grasp of the City,
Of stokers and engine-room oil,
Of bakers all gritty
With germ of the standardized flour, and
of chaps on some futile Committee.

I think of the hind hoeing roots,
Of pedlars their articles hawking,

Of gallants in very tight boots
(Blessed dream!) who are walking
On shadowless plains with their loves
and expected to do all the talking.

I think of the men on the *Mail*,
I think of my butcher and grocer,
And when all these solaces fail
Am I comfortless? No, Sir!
I think, and revive at the thought, of
one place where it's fifty times
closer. EVOE.

"Gideon reeled and blinked. Richmond was on him like lightning. Twice in swift succession came the dull, rather thickening thud of flesh hammered."—*"Daily Record" feuilleton.*

"Thick or clear thud?" said RICHMOND.
"Clear," said GIDEON. "Twice."

"It has been splendid, Mr. Darragh," she said. "Such a surprise, especially to we le-nighted villagers." Just a tinge of bitterness was in these last words.—*Daily Chronicle.*

The grammar, too, is of a rather acrid quality.



THE HERITAGE.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 13th.—Back after Whitsun Recess—at least, some of us. The children of light, including PRINCE ARTHUR, still linger in holiday byways. Colleagues on Front Bench dutifully follow their example; prevalent elsewhere, above and below Gangway on both sides. PREMIER in his seat, bronzed by fresh air of Imperial Conference-room. Also CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, really amused at the way folk talk about magnitude and intricacies of Insurance Bill. SPEAKER still completing his cure. DEPUTY-SPEAKER in chair, arrayed in sweet simplicity of dinner-dress.

As usual, a more than half-empty House is the Minister's opportunity. Getting into Committee after brief spell of Questions, it takes Ordnance Vote in hand. Usually a stiff job. Closely touches wages question, and workmen have votes. Now the time and opportunity of testifying to local Member's personal interest in the wage-sheet. Not wholly neglected to-day. MARK Lockwood, amongst whose constituents are wage-earners in Government factories at Waltham Abbey and Enfield, insists on minimum pay of thirty shillings a week. A mere trifle, not comparable with the £400 a year some honourable Members mean to vote for themselves.

"Why," exclaimed the Colonel, instincts of Chairman of Kitchen Committee asserting themselves, "thirty shillings for a week's work is less than one-half some of us pay for a bottle of wine at dinner."

This sounds pretty high. Don't find in wine list in dining-room any priced at £36 a dozen. Must be a private *cuvée* of Chairman of Committee. Members move uneasily in their seats. If it gets abroad that with their shilling dinner they sip a £3 bottle of wine it will make things awkward in their constituencies. Can't talk any more of necessity of reducing range of subscriptions to local charities, or of knocking off from their establishment an odd groom or gardener's boy, all on account of LLOYD GEORGE'S extortion.

MARK quickly saw he had made mistake. Dropping his costly bottle of wine as if it were corked, dwelt on peril hourly environing workers in the danger-houses of the factories.

This brought up ACLAND with ingenious speech. Sir EDWARD WATKIN, whilst yet with us, used to say that the safest place in the world was a seat in the middle of a railway train travelling at the rate of forty miles an



AN EXPERT WITNESS OF THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Mr. McKenna (to Admiral Coont Togo).—"Delighted to see you back in England, Admiral, and very proud to show you a Fleet which even you will be able to commend."

hour. FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE, varying illustration to suit time and circumstances, insisted that if a man really wants immunity from accident he should do a day's work in the danger-buildings of a gun factory. Cited figures to show that, according to the percentage of accidents per man at Woolwich, one could not expect to enjoy more than one disaster in the course of five hundred years.

As few of us attain that age, this seemed complete answer to MARK LOCKWOOD'S case. But the Colonel was out for the evening. Determined to enjoy its full privileges he took a division, his amendment for reduction of Supply being negatived by 139 votes against 61. So surprised was House to find there were two hundred Members within hail that

it forthwith adjourned, it being ten minutes to six and a fine evening.

Business done.—Ordnance Vote carried through Committee passed the Report stage without controversy.

Wednesday.—Announcement that Government intend to carry Plural Voting Bill before prorogation has, after the manner of CORIOLANUS, fluttered your Volscians in Corioli. Known of course that subject would be dealt with during life of present Parliament. But nothing hitherto said about precise date. Assumed that the business would figure in programme of next session.

Certainly was not mentioned in KING'S Speech last February, nor has it even been distantly alluded to in statements from Treasury Bench. A

week or two ago MASTER ELIBANK (nice boy for his years), in conference with Party agents from the provinces, alluded to it amongst other topics, and repeated general assurance that it was a project dear to heart of PRIME MINISTER and his colleagues. Did not even hint that it would be added to already overwhelming work of current session.

"And," as BANBURY says with tears in his honest eyes, "to come just now when things were going on so nicely!"

Truce sounded over Insurance Bill. Leaders of Opposition, wise in time, not going to repeat blunder of their attitude on Old Age Pensions, leaving full credit of vote catching measure to the enemy. PRINCE ARTHUR, grasping hand stretched across table by dexterous CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, has agreed to work in common, with sole purpose of making best possible Act out of the Bill.

This pledge, given it leaks out that an unscrupulous Government all along meant to utilize time thus saved for passing of measure peculiarly hurtful to Conservative interest at parliamentary elections.

"Not if we know it," says FREDERICK BANBURY, dashing away the furtive tear and firmly fronting the insidious enemy.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

AT THE HOVAL.

[AYWARD AND 'OBBS ARE IN.]

First Spectator. Good Old TOM. Doesn't 'urry 'imself, does 'e.

Second Spectator. Not 'arf. Why should 'e? But they can't get 'im out. Not bowling, they can't.

Third Spectator. Bit rough on old JACK, though, 'is not running faster.

Second Spectator. Oh, JACK's all right. JACK's only a young un yet. 'E'll be walking between the wicket's when 'e's as old as 'AYWARD. 'AYWARD's earned the right to do it, that's what I mean.

Fourth Spectator. Of course 'e 'as, good old TOM!

Second Spectator. My, that was a good shot. 'OBBS can 'it, can't 'e? Don't look so strong either.

First Spectator. It's not strength as makes 'ard 'itting; it's knack; coming on the ball at the right moment. Look 'ow easy old TOM does it.

Third Spectator. Yes; but TOM's strong too.

First Spectator. Of course 'e is. So 's 'OBBS. But it's knack all the same. Timing the ball, that's what it is. You wait till old RAZOR comes in, and I'll prove it. No one could call 'im strong, not RAZOR, but I once saw 'im make 4 fours off one over. It's all knack and timing.

Second Spectator. No, old RAZOR doesn't look strong; but can't 'e bowl! Some of the other counties wouldn't like to 'ave 'im, I don't think.

First Spectator. No use shouting, you can't 'ustle 'AYWARD. If you want to see some quick work between the wicket's wait till 'ITCH and DUCAT are in.

Third Spectator. Oh, yes, JACK 'ITCH—'o can run. There, old TOM's got 'is 50—give 'im a good cheer. Good old TOM!

Chorus. Good old 'AYWARD!

Chorus again. Good old 'AYWARD.

First Spectator. Whew! There's old TOM run out. I knew 'e would be sooner or later. Well, 'o 's played a jolly good innings.

Second Spectator. Yes. No bowling could 'ave got 'im out. 'Oo's next?

Third Spectator. Why, 'AYES, of course. Good old ERNIE.

Fourth Spectator. I 'ope ERNIE makes 'uns to-day. 'E's had bad luck so far.

First Spectator. Prettiest bat in England, ERNIE is, when 'e's set. I 'eard a bloke say once that 'AYES plays more like an amateur than a pro., and blowed if 'e isn't right. You watch 'ow easy 'e is.

Second Spectator. Steady there, ERNIE! You see 'ow nearly that one got 'im? 'E's always in such a hurry to score.

First Spectator. Well, I'm open to bet a level tanner ERNIE makes tifty to-day. 'E looks like it. See how easy 'e is.

Fourth Spectator. What they want is a fast bowler like JACK 'ITCH, and then they'd get ERNIE caught in the slips.

First Spectator. Not 'im; 'e's too careful. ERNIE won't get caught in the slips. DUCAT might, or BIRD; but not ERNIE.

[And so on for hours.]



"Heady" Exhibitor at R.A. "AND—AH—DO YOU LIKE OUR LITTLE SHOW AS WELL AS THE SALON IN PARIS, MADENOISELLE?"

Visitor. "OH, MUCH, MUCH BETTAIRE."

Exhibitor. "REALLY? I'M DELIGHTED. AND WHY, PARTICULARLY?"

Visitor. "THERE IS SO MUCH LESS PIC-CHAIRE!"

Third Spectator. I reckon, after 'IRST, RAZOR's the most dangerous bowler in England.

Fourth Spectator. Oh, 'IRST! 'E's a marvel, isn't 'e. Older than TOM, I believe.

First Spectator. I don't think so.

Fourth Spectator. Well, perhaps not; but not fur off. I wonder why 'AYWARD gave up bowling?

Second Spectator. Well 'it, 'OBBS! Did you see that? All with 'is wrist. There's only one other man who could 'it like that, and that's 'UTCHINGS.

First Spectator. Go it, 'OBBS! Well 'it again. That was a c'inker.

Third Spectator. Run up, TOM. Easy three there.

From the advertisement of the Hôtel des Postes, Houffalize:—

"Pleasantly situated on the Ourthe's brims, Houffalize tasked his situation exceptionally hygienic to the charm of the walks picturesque and the good administration of the Post's Hotel. . . . Baths to the board, Baths of river. Peach."

The last line, it might be explained, is a translation of "Bains à l'Hôtel, Bains de rivière, Pêche."

"SCOUTS—At 85, Fullarton Street, Irvine, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Scouts, of Natal, Marzburg, Africa, twins."—*The Irvine Herald.*
Boys, we hope.



Young Blood. "ER—WHAT SOCKS SHALL I WEAR TO-DAY, BEAMISH?"

Valet. "I SHOULD VENTURE TO SUGGEST THE ARCTIC BLUES, SIR. IT'S SO NECESSARY, IF I MAY SAY SO, TO KEEP THE EXTREMITIES COOL, SIR."

AN APPEAL.

THE day draws nigh—that royal day, for which
London assumes her bravest, poor and rich
Hoping that all may pass without a hitch.

Now are the mid-street islands cleared away,
Whereto, from roaring 'bus or sounding dray,
The frighted traverser would leap, and pray.

Now the front windows on the route (or rowte)
Are duly blocked to persons looking out
By bare erections which before them sprout,

Whereen the carpenter suspends his din
To view, each day with livelier chagrin,
Luxurious luncheons going on within.

Now, too, in ever-growing hordes appear
Strange faces and strange garb from far and near,
Strange tongues fall strangely on the startled ear.

On every space the mounting seats rise high;
Tall masts of Venice lure the upward eye,
And cause collisions twixt the passers-by.

So London, heartened by a record Spring,
Arranges to acclaim her crowned KING,
And to enjoy herself like anything.

And on the day—that "day, which is not long"—
O Sun, when London's multi-coloured throng
Turns out regardless, going very strong,

I trust that thou wilt manfully decline
All monkey-tricks, and condescend to shine,
And, generally, make the weather fine.

Be it not thine, as often it has been,
With ill-timed levity to mar the scene;
Let all be decent, ordered, and serene.

With thy warm gaze, O blithe and jolly ball,
Illume this loyal land; let no rain fall,
For that, indeed, would be the deuce and all.

So shalt thou well requite the public's trust.
And yet—if anywhere—if rain it must,
Be it in London, where 'twould lay the dust.

For there are some who, leaving house or flat,
Propose to fly the gladsome scene; and that,
I may say, is the point I'm driving at.

Because, whate'er the London weather be,
If it should rain where I am, by the sea,
It would be simply tragical for me.

DUM-DUM.

LYRA INEPTIARUM.

(Dedicated to the compiler of the
"Great Thoughts" of Ella
Wheeler Wilecox.)

ALTRUISM.

Up through the soil, serenely singing
Excelsior! with all its might,
Each Brussel-sprout its mate is bringing
(One little sprout were a lonely sight!).

ASPIRATION.

Our souls come from far, far away,
From planet to planet they flit,
But I'd like while I stay in this casket
of clay
Some luminous thoughts to emit.

CULPABLE OMISSIONS.

I.
Green peas, sent up without potatoes,
Are like a babe with only eight toes;
And lamb, rest of the magic of mint-
sauce,
Recalls a Christmas *minus* Santa
Claus.

II.

Hamlet, without the Royal Prince,
Makes the fastidious critic wince.
An omelette, made without an egg,
Is like a tent without a peg.

HEARTS.

Each human being has a heart
And is not meant to dwell apart;
But him as friend I chiefly prize
Whose heart is of the largest size.

HOME TRUTHS.

Over and over and over
These truths will I say and sing,
That a wandering life befits a rover,
That a bell when pulled should ring;
That it's better to dine
At eight than at nine,
That a pong is a part of a ping,
That the morning precedes the after-
noon,
That the sun gives forth more heat
than the moon,
That a throne is the seat of a king.

LIFE'S IRONY.

By chance and not by patient toil
Men build up their Bonanzas,
But I spend butts of midnight oil
Upon my simple stanzas.

LOVE AND HATE.

Would you make a little Eden
Of the pew you occupy,
Then resolve to view your neighbour
With no malice in your eye.
If your enemy's down-hearted,
Pat him kindly on the *tête*,
And with coals of sudden kindness
You will pulverise his hate.

MAGNANIMITY.

The man who, when his deadliest foe
Is lying prostrate in the gutter,

Will bravely go
And offer him his last, his only pat
of butter—
He is the primest specimen, I ween,
And makes the very Cherubim seem
mean!

NEW AND OLD.

New thoughts are like new boots, they
gall and hurt you;
Old thoughts brace up the soul and
right the wrong;
It is the modern poet's greatest virtue
To clothe soul-shaking platitudes in
song.

OPTIMISM THE BEST POLICY.

The man who makes a molehill of a
mountain
Has earned a bath in the Pierian
fountain.
The man who makes a mountain of a
mole-hill,
At golf will always play the crucial
hole ill.

OUTSIDE v. INSIDE.

Do not measure by externals,
Handsome is that handsome does;
Nuts are tested by their kernels,
Bees are better than their buzz.

SIMPLICITY.

However full this crowded world,
There's always room for a simple
bard.
It had need of me, or I would not be,
I am here to make things less hard,
And to extricate poor souls from
drowning
In the abysses of ROBERT BROWNING.

SMILE'S SELF-HELP.

Smile a little, smile a little
As you go along;
Even though your kine be kittle
And your bones are growing brittle,
Smiling makes them strong.

Not alone when things are booming,
But when grief's incessant glooming
Ties you up in kinks,
Smile—'tis better than consuming
Alcoholic drinks.

SODA-WATER.

With my exhilarating bubbles
I wash away a world of troubles.
I set the soiden toper free
From all the horrors of D.T.;
And all are better for knowing me.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Just as a shoe must have two
Kinds of leathers,
Its unders and its uppers;
So life has ups and downs
Of varied weathers—
Its MILTONS and its TUPPERS.

**FROM A MEDIEVAL
"MORNING POST."**

A KNIGHT, now leaving for the
East, desires to let his noble Castel-
lated Residence for Crusade or longer.
Will accept nominal rent from careful
tenant. The premises include Superb
Moat and Portcullis, thus ensuring
privacy. Magnificent dining-hall with
ample supply of straw. Inventory
includes Enchanted Forest, Feud with
local Gentry, and usual appurten-
ances of ideal Country Home. Ex-
perienced Buffoon left it desired.

SMART ACTIVE PAGE, well up in
Rope Ladder work and Correspond-
ence (clandestine), seeks engagement.
Country preferred.

CAPABLE SQUIRE AND HANDY MAN-
AT-ARMS is at liberty. Two years'
Good Reference; thoroughly under-
stands cleaning Armour, and can load
Arquebus or help with Molten Lead.
Can make himself useful in Malmsey
cellar if required.

TROUBADOUR, desires Change: Un-
rivalled Repertoire, including latest
Ballades and Chansons. Can improvise
if required. Juvenile parties and
Jousts attended at shortest notice.

COMPETENT CUT-THROAT now dis-
engaged (through no fault of his
own) seeks genteel Employment.
Accustomed to Knife-work and Poisons.
Debts collected and troublesome Callers
carefully attended to. Willing and
obliging.

GENTLEWOMAN in reduced circum-
stances seeks employment. Salary not
so much an object as comfortable
home and congenial surroundings.
Can undertake emergency packing for
Elopements, and renovate Arras. Able
to write (long hand). Willing to act
as chaperon at Tourneys and Hawk-
ing Parties.

What to Do with Our Nephews.

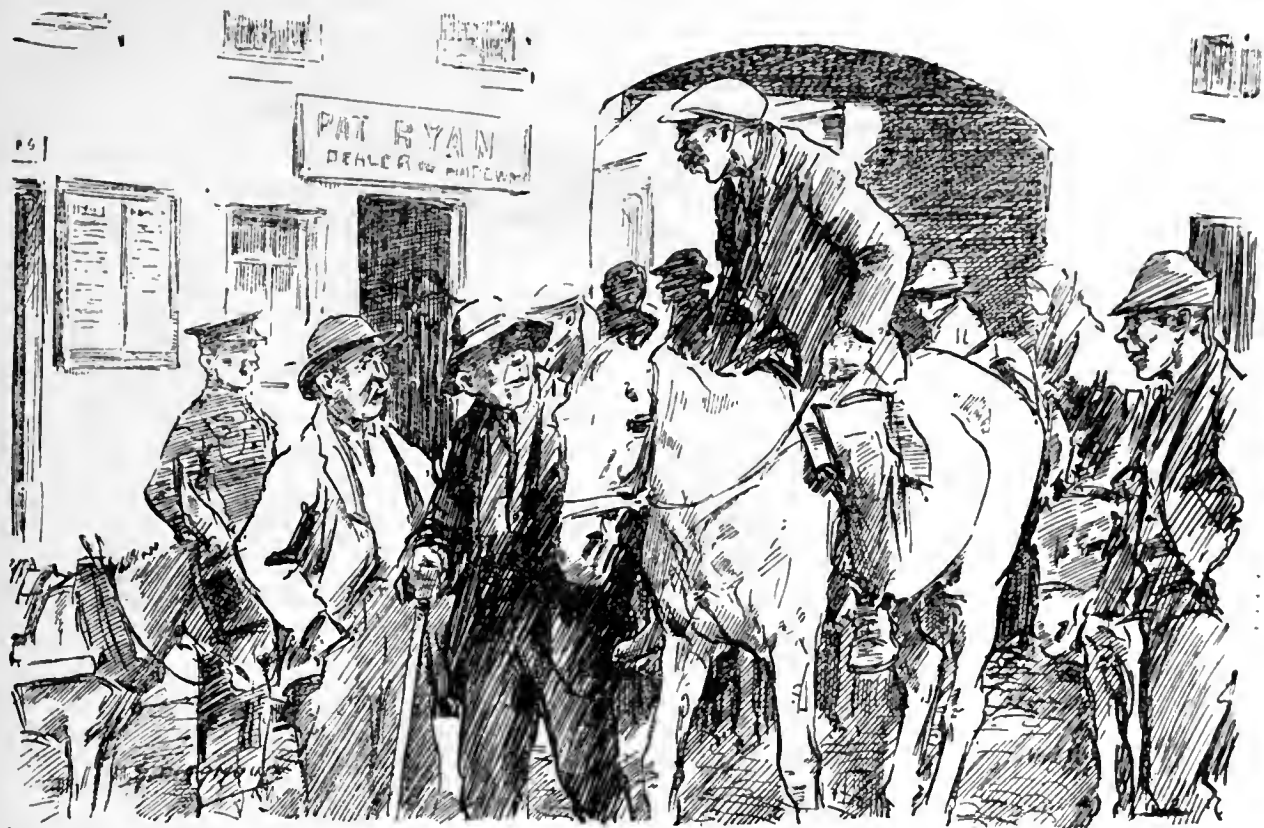
"Miss —, Eton College, would be pleased
to recommend her First-rate Cook; two years
eight months. Also her nephew as Kitchen
or Scullery Man."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

**Two extracts from *The Cumberland
Evening News* :—**

"Good Gentleman: 'I wish beer was at the
bottom of the sea.' Navy: 'Well, mister,
can't say I does, but my brother wouldn't mind.'
Good Gentleman: 'Ah! Is the noble fellow
a staunch teetotaler?' Navy: 'No, ha'a a
diver.'—page 2.

"How many times has the tals been told
this election of the stern teetotal lecturer who
shouted out, 'I wish all the alcohol wers at the
bottom of the sea.' 'So do I, gov'nor!' cried
a man at the back. 'Ah, my friend, then you,
too, are with us. You are a temperance man!'
'No, I aren't; I'm a diver.'—page 3.

Twice, anyhow.



Critic. "NOURISH HIM WID THE WHIP, PATSEY, THE WAY YE'D LET US SEE WHAT SORT OF A BASTE YE'VE GOT."

Patsy. "HOULD YOUR WHISHT, MAN! SURE, AMN'T I TRYING TO KEEP HIM INSIDE OF THE SPEED LIMUT PASSING THE POLIS!"

THE SIDING.

I LIE awake at night and bitterly ask myself what I had to complain of in the dear old days that are gone. Could I but live them over again, enjoy but one of those peaceful nights of long ago, I should be content.

"There," I should now say, smiling blissfully as the shrill whistle awoke me, "goes the 3.40." I should wish myself adieu, as I buried my head in the pillow again. "Till 4.40!" I should say, sighing happily.

But as it is—

They have lately constructed a siding under my window.

I asked Sisyphus the meaning of it. I always ask Sisyphus. He has, poor fellow, made a hobby of Explaining, and when I tell you that each morning I leave him rolling milk churns from the wall to the edge of the platform, and each evening I find him rolling milk churns from the edge of the platform to the wall, you will see why I have not the heart to understand without his help.

"Can you explain to me, Sisyphus," I said when I saw the direction in which the partly-constructed line was pointing, "why the Company has decided, without consulting my wishes,

to run a branch line through my kitchen?"

"It's orlright," he assured me, "it's a siding."

It sounded innocent enough, and for the time being I didn't give it another thought.

A week or two later Sisyphus proudly called my attention to its completion.

I waxed enthusiastic and waned sentimental. I compared it in my innocence to a hackwater. I regarded it as a convalescent home where tired engines would recuperate, or as a haven of rest where veterans with one foot in the scrap-heap would spend their last days reviewing their strenuous lives and boasting to each other of the speed they made or the points they jumped in their wild youth.

I was in error! By two o'clock that very night I was disillusioned. I don't know on whom I can throw the blame of it all. I only know that some impersonal, unassailable "they" began at 1 A.M. to train young locomotives under my very window. Hour after hour I lay awake and listened. The moment I closed my eyes some particularly inexperienced engine, confused probably by the harsh shouts of the coach, would be guilty of a crude and

amateurish mistake which invariably caused its row of trucks to nudge each other and guffaw with amusement.

The shriek of the 3.40, which had previously been my chief dread, I scarcely noticed. The rumble of the 4.40 seemed only a soothing message from an old friend whom, I blamed myself, I had never properly appreciated. It seemed to me that I had wronged the 5.40, who, I now realised, had only in all kindness tried to persuade me to enjoy the beauties of the dawn. And the rattle of the 6.40 was less like a noise than any rattle I have ever heard.

At 7 o'clock I got up and looked out of the window.

On that new siding upon which I had been optimistic enough to suppose I should witness nothing but the admirable repose of age, an engine was playing "Touch" with a truck that was old enough to have known better, and Sisyphus—yes, Sisyphus, was playing "Hide and Seek" with the truck.

* * * * *

"Morning," said Sisyphus as I came out to the platform.

"I know," I answered peevishly. "That's why I got up."

THE INEVITABLE WARDE.

The position is this: Warde loves George, but George cannot stand the sight of Warde. Unfortunately the relations between their respective fathers (in Yorkshire) is such that George (in London) cannot say so. For three years he put up with the droppings-in of Warde and endured the long-drawn agony of his automobile conversations (there is nothing that George detests so much as the inwards of a machine) till at last he came and sought my protection. We thereupon determined to share a flat, and it says much for my ingenuity and the offensiveness of my demeanour that Warde has only got at George three times during the year and then has never stayed more than half an hour. Once he got in during my absence, and George, perspiring, gave himself up for lost, but William, our friend and confidant (who has the makings of a real brute in him), intervened, and Warde, departing in haste, is reported to have said that, much as he admires and loves George, he could wish that he had made friends more worthy of himself.

So far, so good. George, immune from the worry of sparking plugs that will not spark and forty-horse-powers that are really fifty, grew fat and contented. Paternal relations in the country remained in accord, and William and I bore all the blame in London with light hearts and even some pride. Then George, getting careless, caught appendicitis, was borne off to a nursing home, suffered a little, soon began to convalesce and invited all his real friends to come and watch him doing it. Of these things Warde got wind, and accosted William for further details. Scarcely had William come to me and warned me of the danger ahead, when I was rung up on our telephone.

"Can you tell me," said a voice that might have been anybody's, "the address of the home where George is being ill?"

"Yes," I said, incautiously. "To whom am I speaking?"

"Warde," came the answer, and I thought rapidly, but not too clearly, how to get rid of my—— "Yes."

"Erm—— Yes. Yes—— Erm. You know, poor old George is very ill."

"I do, and I also know that he is seeing people. He will be disappointed if I don't go. Can you give me the address?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, I always go there in a cab."

"What do you say to the cabman?" persisted the voice.

"Quite so. What do I say to the cabman? What, indeed? Something like this. 'Cabman, the person who accompanies me will pay the piper and must call the tune. Drive wherever he tells you.'"

"Well, where do you send the letters?" This on a querulous note.

"George never has any letters," I said, briefly.

"Nonsense. I wrote to him myself yesterday."

"Ah! That letter—the only one George has ever had. I—we took it round in a cab, and George got so excited over it that a relapse is feared. What he wants, in my opinion," I added, confidentially, "is absolute quiet."

"My father tells me——" began the voice, and, in the light of all that the voice's father had told it, it seemed useless to pursue that line. So the cross-examination continued, helped by the fact that William had already been in the box and made some damaging admissions.

"Percy Street?" said I. "Well, I never rightly knew, but now you mention that name I confess that it had just that look. Number 7, 17, 77 or was it 3A? You know I can see it all in my mind's eye, but I can't just describe it."

"Oddly enough, that is exactly what your friend William said. Is it on the right or the left?" Warde is immovable.

"I don't know what you will think of me," said I, "but I never can remember which is right and which is left. To find out, I have to look at my finger nails to see which are the better cut. Now of course my right hand is my better hand, but it doesn't cut its own nails, so, when I have looked, I get so confused between the better hand and the better cut hand that I have to get some scissors out and try for myself then and there. Unfortunately, when I go to see George, I never have a pair of scissors in my pocket."

"Can't anybody tell me where the place is?" said the voice, positively angry.

"Of course. Let me see. Have you tried his doctor?"

"No. Where does he live?"

"Ah! That I *can* tell you," said I. "Next door to George."

* * * * *

Not to be beaten, the persistent fellow wrote to George, and George answered:—"My very dear Warde,—Your kindness is most touching and appreciated." (There were two pages of that.) "I am most disappointed to

have to confess that even I don't know the address of this house. I arrived here in a weak and unobservant state of mind and, though I determined even then to send for you as soon as possible, I forgot to look at the number. Of course I might ask, but it seems so rude to my hostess to appear not to know the number of the house I am staying in. She is, I fear, peculiarly sensitive." This was followed by four repetitions of the original statement and a most affectionate conclusion.

Good for George! Unhappily, being unmann'd by his illness or carried away by his enthusiasm, he wrote on notepaper fully stamped with the number and all. From that Warde inferred that George's need was greater even than he had been told, and the worst happened at once. It seems likely to go on happening, unless the doctor can be induced to say that appendicitis has suddenly been discovered to be infectious. Failing that, George must suffer till he is loose again, and the last straw, he tells me, is that Warde refers to the human anatomy, and particularly George's own, to illustrate and explain what he means about carburettors.

PATIENCE ON A WEIR.

When the summer sun is lusty,
And the roads are dry and dusty,
And the crimson may's turned rusty

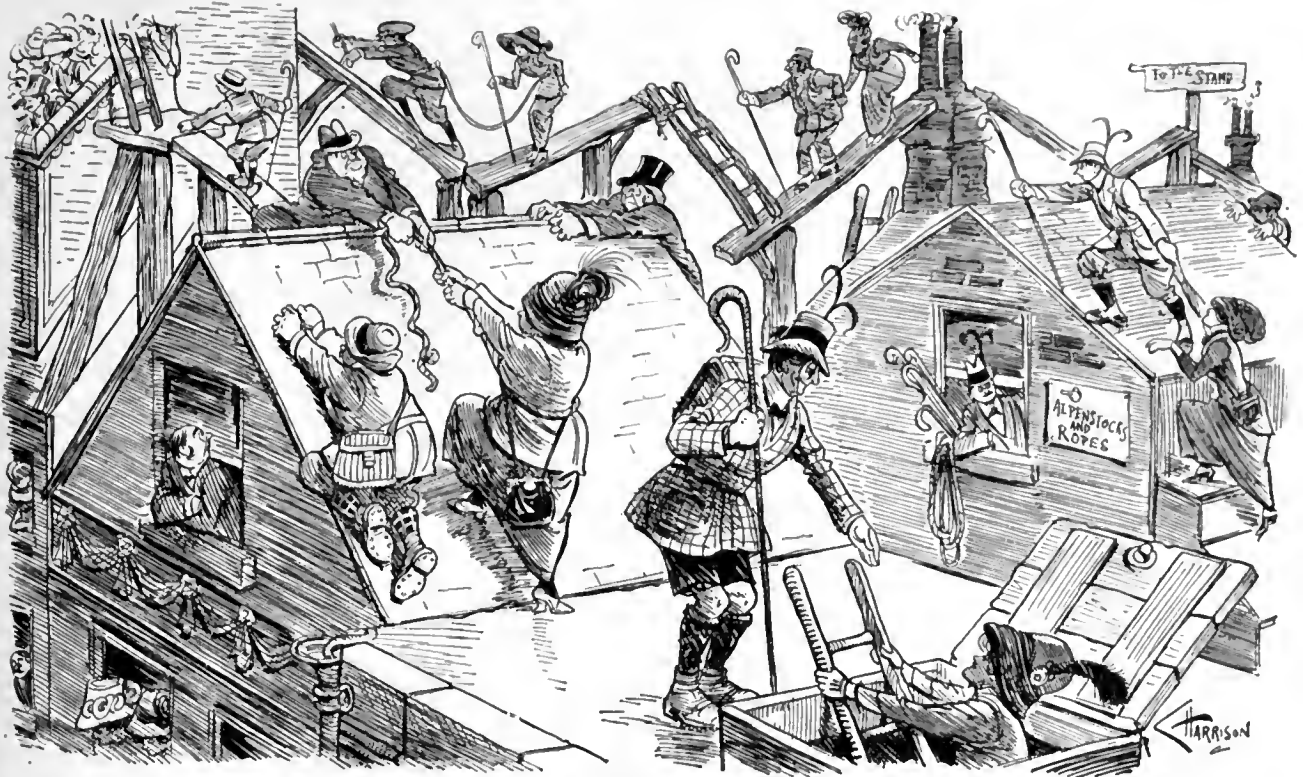
On the stems,
From a weir a maiden fishes,
As can anyone who wishes,
Since beneath the boards there swishes
Father Thames!

You may watch the cane wand winnow
As it drops her dace or minnow
(Which their deft and expert spin owe
To a wrist

Tough as steel, but trim and tiny,
And as round as that of Phryne),
Where the stream spreads silver-shiny,
Sunbeam-kissed!

With a heart that does not vary
See, she waits, a water-fairy
Come ashore in cool and airy
Linen drill,
While a kingfisher, down dashing
Where the schools of fry are splashing,
Spots a rival, and goes flashing
With his kill!

Still at eve when swifts are plying
And the wasteful sunset's dying
You may see her light lure flying
Up and out;
Oh, may I be near to net him
(If the gods grant that she get him),
Should some Triton (Thamias, let him!)
Send a trout!



CORONATION ROOF SEATS.

ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF A SWISS MOUNTAIN CLIMB. PRICE INCLUDES GUIDES, ROPES, ALPENSTOCKS AND AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE gods were very good to *Gaspard Cadillac*, the Provençal, once stoker on the Rhone, but now married and living (in prodigious luxury, I should imagine) at Grand Anse. When he killed his companion *Yves* on the island where they were shipwrecked together, I remembered what a deal of annoyance the Ancient Mariner had to undergo about a mere waterfowl, and feared the worst for *Gaspard*, especially when he fell into the clutches of that disreputable trader, *Sagesse*, who rescued him from his first experience as a Crusoe. But the hero of *The Ship of Coral* (HUTCHINSON) had a knack of falling upon his feet, and, though he was left upon the same island (marooned this time) a few weeks after, there was a handy American vessel in the offing to take him back to St. Pierre, his pockets stuffed full of the hard-earned life-savings of a defunct buccaneer, and with the prospect of hearing the loud bassoon played at his own wedding feast. Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE has written a novel of the right sort, full of strange happenings on the high seas, with excitement maintained to the very end, and a pretty love-chapter thrown in. If I have a fault to find with it, it is that the author's riotously luxuriant scene-painting (excellent though it is) is apt to divert attention from the movement of his drama, for one cannot imagine that *Monsieur Cadillac* revelled in the magnificence of tropical effects with the same cultured appreciation as Mr. STACPOOLE. But *The Ship of Coral* is most certainly a book to be read, and, if you feel that *Gaspard* drew an almost unfair overdraught on the bank of good fortune, who, after all, is better fitted to do so than a French sailor, and a Provençal at that?

I have long regarded the stories of Mr. JACK LONDON as a welcome relief from the dulness of most contemporary fiction, and his latest, *Burning Daylight* (HEINEMANN) did nothing to disappoint me in this respect. It has two very excellent points, both of which should make for popularity. First, it treats of one of those super-beings whose triumphs and exploits we all, deep down in our hero-worshipping hearts, love to contemplate; secondly, the period of the tale is one of which the memory is still fresh enough to give the reader a personal interest in it. This is the time of the Klondyke gold discoveries, and the first—and to my thinking decidedly the best—half of *Burning Daylight's* story concerns his hardships and adventures in the frozen Yukon country. No one who recalls the author's previous work will need to be told with what wonderful skill the atmosphere of this grim and unfriendly land is conveyed. There is one chapter, especially, which tells how, for a bet, *Daylight* raced two thousand miles over an unbroken trail of ice and snow in sixty days, that seems to me absolutely the best piece of descriptive writing of its kind that ever I read. Later, when, with a fortune of eleven millions, *Daylight* comes East to try his luck among the comparatively civilized populations of San Francisco and New York, the tale becomes more ordinary, and by so much less absorbing. But the effect upon the hero of this new life is excellently told. I shall not spoil the end for you with hints of its nature; whether you find it wholly convincing or not (I didn't) the book remains one that is quite worth anybody's while to read for himself. Yes, Sirs! Every time!

If Miss CYNTHIA STOCKLEY was determined to take for protagonist a perfect being of her own sex, whose ability was as great as her virtue and her beauty infinitely more amazing than either, she should never have allowed this

paragon to tell her story in the first person. Ladies will detest *Deirdre Saurin* intensely and with reason, and even a man, moderately conscious of his own demerits, is bound to dislike from the first a woman who tells him a dozen times in the first twenty pages that she is charming in every way; nor will he get to love her better when, with cumulative egotism, she sets out in detail her triumphant progress through all the minor feminine virtues to a climax of ineffable self-sacrifice and positive saintliness. And yet, granted the one touch of humour in the authoress or the heroine which would have prevented this mistake or have averted its disastrous effect, *The Claw* (HURST AND BLACKETT) would have been more than readable, with its impressive background of Africa and its faithful presentation of English people out of England but with all their English limitations. The men are heroic, the women properly feminine, and the rivalry for the love of *Anthony Kinsella* is cleverly done. One could have followed with pleasure the passionate history of the heroine herself, if only her blatant self-satisfaction had been suppressed or to some extent kept in hand.

In *Crooked Answers* there are, let me tell you, no cross questions. The people who write and answer the series of letters which make up the book are all good-tempered and pleasant, except *Lady Lydia Pendle*, who, I feel sure, had a very tight waist as well as a wasplike sting at the tail-end of her sentences. She writes from Queen's Gate, chiefly to *Lady Sarah Overton* (a good sort), who is chaperoning her daughter *Aline* at the *Hôtel Victoria*, Menaggio. Then there is *Professor Lance*, who writes from Campden Hill Square to his daughter *Patricia*—*pater docto filia doctior*, except when she was too clever—at the *Kulm Hotel* at *St. Moritz*; and *Mr. Peter Hope*, the champion *Cresta tobogganer*, who writes at first from the *Continental* in *Rome*, and then (the sly dog) from the *Kulm*; and lastly *Neville Waring* of the *200th Foot*, who writes from *Menaggio* because that is where *Aline* happens to be. The joint authors, *PHYLIS BOTTOME* and *H. DE LISLE BRECK*, round some difficult corners and do some delicate steering before they safely land the young couples at the *Church Leap*—*St. George's*, *Hanover Square*, *bien entendu*, not the scarcely less dangerous one at the beginning of the *Cresta*. But the letters never seem to me to be real. They have not the art which marked a more famous imaginary correspondence, which was also, if I remember rightly, published by *Mr. JOHN MURRAY*. Still they give the lovers and the reader a fairly good and amusing run for their money.

To *Ivor* (MURRAY) I give full marks for its fine collection of villainous scoundrels. Wreckers, smugglers, knavish lawyers, venal rascals, an ignoble lord and a black man called *Sambo*, have all sat to *Mr. GEORGE HANSBY RUSSELL*

for their portraits. Then we also have a very proper hero "with the strength of a young lion" and "the sinews of a Samson," who moved enormous boulders so that he could save the life of the enchanting heroine. Had *Ivor* lived in this prosaic age he would have got his 'blue' at *Cambridge* for throwing the hammer and putting the weight; indeed I can almost imagine that he would have caused anxiety to the scholars of *Mr. RHODES* at the *Inter-Varsity Sports*. But in the century in which he lived feats of strength were reserved to harass noxious noblemen and to relieve distressed and beautiful damsels. Such feats *Ivor* performed with unflagging energy, and though, considering his intimate knowledge of French, I found him excessively modest in his use of that language, I am not prepared in any other respect to accuse him of diffidence.

Mr. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT says pretty definitely in *The Land of Promises* (WERNER LAURIE) that you must go to Africa to learn what happens there, and then you must search *Capel Court* for clues to those happenings—

"that is, of course, if you are interested in discovering the truth." Personally I am interested, but I haven't had time lately for the journey, so I have taken—not rashly, I think—*Mr. HYATT's* book as evidence. I can recommend it to those who are not quite intrigued enough to go independently on trek in pursuit of the truth, but are keen on a readable story with vividly drawn characters. Such superficial readers as haven't much use for that can amuse themselves by trying at random to open the volume at a page which



THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.

I.—AN OPULENT ARTIST DISCOVERING AN OBSCURE AND NEGLECTED ART CRITIC.

doesn't contain the word "whilst."

TO A DÉBUTANTE.

You trip, O Youth incarnate, down the stairs,
Dear Miss Nineteen, whose dance-fresh grace defies
Blossom of orchards, April's very skies;
So might a nymph have slid to shepherd airs
In groves of cypress where the ringdove pairs,
Lightfoot, elusive, panting, woodland-wise,
With just a half-shy challenge in the eyes,
To fan pursuit or wake the love that dares.

Still I, your mid-aged friend, do most acclaim
Not the curved lip, the sun-steeped eyes of you,
Nor two slim feet, the bard-sung "little mice,"
But that dear gift, the clean, untarnished flame
That sends you, 'twixt the midnight chimes and two,
With cheery gusto into supper thrice!

Extract from a letter asking for the character of a Swiss governess:—

"Was she eating with you upon the table? Is she straightforward and of nice disposition, or do she get easily impatient like sometimes the *Berreses*!"

CHARIVARIA.

It is difficult to be original nowadays, but success has crowned the efforts of the inhabitants of Brancaster, Norfolk—who decided to purchase a wheeled bier as a permanent memorial of the Coronation.

The Bank of England looked so smart in its illumination dress that many persons mistook it for the *Young Lady of Threadneedle Street*.

"*Observer*," writing in *The Observer*, informs us that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and STEPHEN were crowned respectively on Christmas Day and Boxing Day; and a very old gentleman tells us that he distinctly remembers being told as a boy that on both these occasions there was considerable discontent among the populace at being done out of an extra holiday.

Reading that the Coronation Fleet would weigh 1,000,696 tons, a nervous old lady hoped that the sea had been tested to make sure it would bear such a weight.

The other day we suggested that enterprising Sunday papers might give away muffins and crumpets as supplements: While our idea has not yet been adopted it is interesting to note that *The Daily Chronicle* is advertising Ten Coronation Drawings "in a roll" for 5s.

There is nothing like doing things handsomely, and we certainly spared no pains or expense to give our guests a good time during the Coronation period—as witness the following headlines in an evening newspaper:—

"FIRE IN THE CITY.

A Big Conflagration.

FOREIGN VISITORS INTERESTED."

At the same time there is such a thing as overdoing hospitality, and certain foreign criminals who came over specially for the Coronation complain that they received too much attention.

It is good to know that British enterprise is not yet dead. Only the other day an American astronomer announced that every star was inhabited. Already, in the columns of a contemporary, we see the advertisement of a Star Furnishing Company.

The Government, it is said, is determined to popularise Consols, and watches their fall with considerable satisfaction, hoping that one day the

the corner of Gray's Inn Road and Holborn.

"The hearing of the petition against Mr. MASTERMAN," we read, "was marked by a series of jokes on the part of counsel and by weariness on the part of the judges." This is reversing the usual order of things.

A firm of colour manufacturers is advertising that a certain important picture exhibited at the Royal Academy is

"painted entirely" with their colours. The idea may spread. Look out shortly for the following announcements:—"Mr. Absalom's enormous picture of Antony and Cleopatra has been purchased for a public gallery. Why? Because it was painted on one of our canvases," and, "Why are Mr. Liffey's pictures always hung at Burlington House? Because he always uses our frames."

A passenger has been awarded damages for an electric shock he received on the District Railway: but it does not follow that travellers by a certain other line who are electrified whenever their train arrives punctually would be equally successful.

When a Birmingham-to-Yarmouth express was examined at Bourne, Lincolnshire, a blackbird's nest, with four young birds, was found underneath one of the carriages. It is supposed that the young-

sters were sickly, and had been ordered country air, but could not raise the money to travel in the ordinary way.

We quote a forecast of the great luncheon of the 19th inst. :—

"Invitations for a luncheon banquet, to be held at Westminster Hall to welcome the members of the Imperial Dominions Parliaments, have been sent out in Lord Rosebery's name. This gentleman will, of course, as is customary at all such political functions, lunch alone."—*Smethwick Telephone*.

The splendid isolation of Lord ROSEBERY becomes more manifest every day.



IN BATTERSEA PARK.

REMARKABLE CASE OF INHERITED INSTINCT DISPLAYED BY MASTER JONES, SON OF THE WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER.

price will be so small as to place them within the reach of all.

The L.C.C. has expressed the opinion that there are too many George Streets in London, and wishes the number to be reduced. The proposal does not come over-graciously in Coronation Year, but we are assured that no disloyalty is intended.

So few persons have a good word for motor-omnibuses that it is only fair to draw attention to the fact that this type of vehicle demolished one of our London monuments, the other day, at

ROMEO TO JULIET.

(With a personal explanation.)

THAT moment when I saw your starry eyes
Shining at SHAKSPEARE'S Costume Ball,
Blue as the blue of our Italian skies,
You had this *Romeo's* heart in thrall.
I said, "Of all the maids in *Juliet's* image
(I had already counted thirty-three
Fighting for breath in that historic scrimmage)
You are the one for me.

Not all were *Juliets* born, but some were made,
And most were frankly past their teens;
But you were IT—pure youth that asked no aid
Of artificial ways and means;
In you I found a hermitage (or haven);
No other features, coloured on the card,
Not even MARLBOROUGH as the Swan of Avon,
Diverted my regard.

While *Lady Capulet* (your chaperon)
Slept in her thirty-guinea bower,
We took a balcony like *Juliet's* own,
And talked like SHAKSPEARE by the hour:—
"If I be perjured, put a dagger through me!"
"This is so sudden!" "Yet I speak you true,
By yon electric moon I swear (beshrew me!)."
"O Mr. Montague!"

We counterfeited farewells:—"Tis the lark!
I hear his music soar above
ALBERT'S sublime Memorial in the Park."
"Nay, 'tis the nightingale, my love."
And thus in palmy coves and cypress coverts
We held communion till the morning's prime;
I doubt if all that lot of "SHAKSPEARE'S lovers"
Had half so good a time!

* * * * *

[Private. Dear Beatrice, I want to say
In case your soft, but female, eye
Should read the above, it was but meant in play:
'Tis just a journalistic lie.
You surely should, from what you know of me, know
I left that orgy with my head unturned;
There was no *Juliet* at the SHAKSPEARE beano,
As far as I'm concerned.

Nor was I *Romeo*, though I have my doubts,
In point of mediæval date,
What—to a century or thereabouts—
I was supposed to illustrate;
But, when admirers asked with flattering unction,
"What means your costume, so superbly spick?"
Then, your dear name suggesting this conjunction,
I answered, "*Benedick!*"]

O. S.

THE CROWNMENT.

(By Mr. Punch's own Special French Correspondent.)

VERY DEAR AND HONOURED CONBROTHER,—Me there then
arrived at last to the great day aim of so many hopes
and prayers. What of times I have said me, "Jules
Millefois, my old, that night you must not sleep on the
two ears. The thing is grave. It goes there of the honour
of the French nation. Courage, my friend! With a little

of courage you will arrive to lift yourself of good hour and
the rest will be easy." Mr. Bolus, his wife and his girl all
promise to help. They do not go themselves, but they are
excited on my count. The *bonne-à-tout-faire* is equally
excited. She swear she will wake me at 5 hours of the
morning. Mr. Bolus, too, he swear he will wake me at that
hour. He say, "Sleep in peace; I will wake you." I say
him, "*Foi de quincaillier, n'est-ce pas?*" He say, "What's
that?" and I to reply him, with a smile fine and narquois,
"Faith of an ironmonger." He regard me a little across
and he say, "What's the matter with my face anyhow?"
I say, "I have not made allusion to your face, my friend,"
and I try to explique to him the difference between face
and faith, but it appear I do not pronounce well the words,
and he becomes of more in more angry. But at the end
Miss Bolus arrive when I was on the point of lashing a
live word, and she say, "Don't be silly, Papa," and she
explique my words to him. Then he begin to twist himself of
laughing, and I laugh and Miss Bolus laugh, and there is the
thing raccommoded. I go to bed not without emotion, but
with much of con fiance.

At five hours of the morning precise, rassemblement of all
the family Bolus at the door of my room. They bat on the
door; the *bonne-à-tout-faire* bats also. I awake myself in
sursaut. How, it is already the hour? Thereover no
doubt. All the clocks of Putney are awake and signal the
hour with all their force. I jump in base of my bed.
"Thank you, my friends," I say, "I will dress myself," and
with that I begin to make my little end of toilet. At five
hours and a half I have drunk the excellent coffee of Bolus.
I make my goodbyes, and me there departed with a little
flacon of *eau-de-vie* and a paquet of sandwiches, the gift of
Miss Bolus.

I march on foot. At first in Putney no crowd, but in
approaching of London itself the streets begin to fill them-
selves with a crowd always increasing. Always more and
more automobiles and omnibuses and thousands on foot
like me. Here and there I hear the sound of *clairons*. It
is the regiments who put themselves on route. I see one
and that makes me much emotion, for I also I have been
soldier. They are grand gailiards solidly built, to the
bonnets of fur, grenadiers of the guard. I cannot em-
pesh myself of crying with high voice, "*Vive l'armée anglaise!*"
The Colonel to horse smiles and salutes me; a gross
sergeant gives me a clin of eye, and a passant taps me on
the shoulder and say, "*Vive l'ontonty cordially!*" I hear
not but that everywhere.

At seven hours I am in my seat in Pall Mall. I arrive
there not without difficulty, but everywhere the policemens
give themselves much pain to aid me. Wonderful, the
policemens. No superfluous words, but everything quick
and efficace; and for the women and the children they are
like boats of sauvetage in the flood always increasing of
the crowd. And the crowd itself which stations on the pave-
ment pending hours, they are of a good humour to support
everything; and constantly they amuse themselves with
sallies and there they are who puff of laughter. I have
not seen one sole angry visage the whole day.

Quant to the KING and the QUEEN I born myself to say
that I have seen them, and I dare to say it they are well
worthy of the great nation of which they carry the crown.
Others will tell you how they were acclaimed everywhere
where they have passed in their gilded carriage. For me
the vast crowd and the frenetic huzzas, there was that
which has overall impressed me.

Au revoir, then, dear colleg. Tomorrow I make my
mails and return to Paris. I have still the heart all
gonfled with the noble spectacle at which I have assisted.

All to you,

JULES MILLEFOIS.

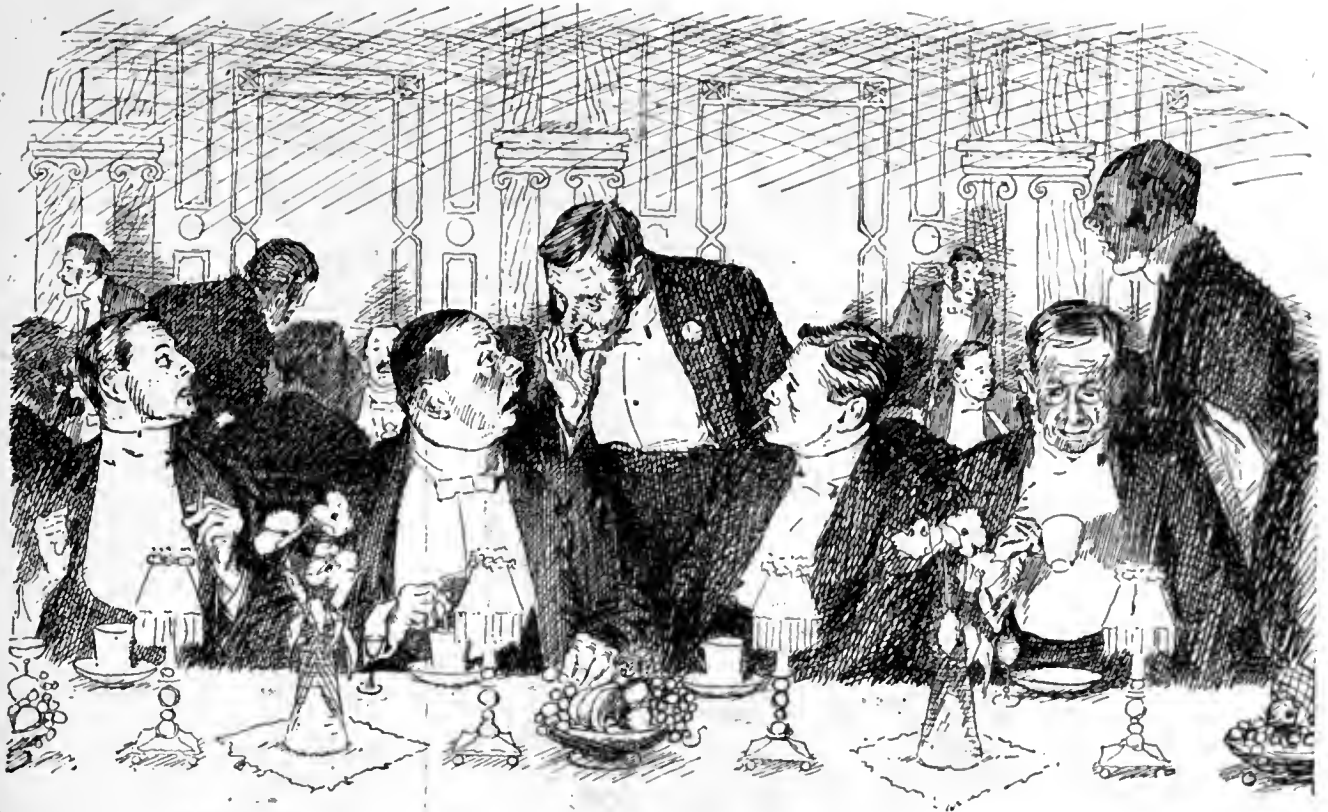


AFTER THE REVELS.

MR. ASQUITH. "GO EASY, ARTHUR, FOR A LITTLE; I'M A BIT OUT OF CONDITION."

MR. BALFOUR. "SAME HERE."





Chas. Peck

Foreign Waiter (who has forgotten the right formula for the usual hint, "I am leaving you now, Sir," to startled guest). "YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME NO MORE, SIR."

VICE UNREWARDED.

(A *Plaint of Modern Melodrama.*)

I KNOW not how it was, but who can gauge
The fickle people's fondness for a pet?
You seemed to me, O man of blood and rage,
To do your duty nobly when you set
The hero trussed before a midnight train;
Was it your fault that he turned up again
And found his old ancestral halls "to let"?

I thought you pitched the business fairly strong,
When poisoning the aged parson's drink;
And when the heroine sang her little song
(In blue) beside the river's daisied brink
You wooed her far from gently (there you erred);
Speaking with all due deference, I preferred
Your former mistress in the low-necked pink.

Still, I admired you for the gallant way
You got your hold upon the girl's papa;
I liked your evening dress at broad noonday,
Surmounted by a stylish Panama;
I liked it when, frustrated and o'erthrown,
You ground your teeth like mills of standard stone;
And several times I heard you say, "Ha-ha!"

But something, to the House's keener eye,
Of downright dastardly you seemed to miss;
Was it your boots, perchance, or else your tie?
None can explain it; all I know is this,

That, when at last, the poignant drama done,
You craved your guerdon of the gods, you won
Hardly the meed of one melodious hiss.

You must buck up, old boy, and mend that flaw—
You who in other years were wont to grease
Your face with perfect confidence and draw,
Soon as (Act V.) the pitiless police
Had clapped on you the "darbies" and had stopped
The county wedding till the grooms were swopped,
Encomiums like the noise of angry geese.

Pile on the agony, enhance that scowl;
Forge me another cheque; destroy by flame
More marriage lines; commit more murder foul;
Else out of pity for a part so tame,
A rogue so innocent, some awful night
The Olympians, from their orange-scented height,
Shall clap you—to your everlasting shame.

EVOE.

"The Governor-General in Council is pleased to direct that wines and spirits and English of being obtained in India shall be purchased hospitals in India shall be purchased in India, instead of being obtained in India shall be purchased in India, instead hospitals by indent on the Director-General of Stores."—*The Englishman.*

As *The Daily Mail* suggested years ago.

"Hiawatha, Tennyson's poem, was illustrated in a series of beautiful pictures."—*Ireland's Saturday Night.*

In LONGFELLOW's words, "Someone has blundered."



Caledonian. "BIDE YOU THERE, WUMMAN, AN' I'LL JUUST SEE WHAT'LL BE THE CHAIRGE W'OOT THE EA-AND."

AFTERMATH.

WANTED known that the Churches of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes have now been handed back, more or less intact, to the Church of England.

A MEMBER of the Nobility, returning to the backwoods, has no further use for silver-gilt coronet (ball-bearings, make lovely épergne); also set of scarlet robes, edged miniver. Would exchange for air-gun or anything useful. What offers?

REST-CURE. — Those with nerves shattered through the strain of Coronation week can find a happy home of rest at Sahara View Hotel, Timbuctoo.

Plain cooking. Absolute quiet guaranteed. For inclusive terms apply to the Manager.

TO AMERICANS RETURNING TO THE STATES.—The Blue Moon Company beg to announce that they will offer by Auction next Monday the only remaining first-class berth on the S.S. "BULLIONIC," sailing from Liverpool on July 15th. A few stoke-hole berths left at 120 guineas each.

If the lady who on June 23rd, opposite Bedford Street, Strand, left little baby girl for few minutes with young gentleman, brown suit and straw hat, will call at 137, Orphanage Lane, S.W., she can remove the infant; otherwise it will be sold to defray expenses.

TO BE CLEARED IMMEDIATELY.—200,000 Coronation handkerchiefs on real tissue paper, with speaking likenesses of Their Majesties, handsomely printed in colours from specially painted portraits by Mr. Aldgate East, R.A.; ornamental borders. 2d. per 1,000.

SAVIL HOTEL, EMBANKMENT.—Plenty of first-class rooms can now be had at moderate prices; close to best theatres. Freak supper-rooms on hire.

ALL those anxious to let windows overlooking the Strand for the Lord Mayor's Show on November 9th, should apply to Welscher and Welscher, who were successful in letting every seat entrusted to their Agency for the Coronation—many of them twice over.

THE LITTLE GHOST.

BROAD, high yew hedges flank the
flowers, and border
An old, smooth lawn where, fashioned
grimly stiff,
Two knights—in close-clipped box—
keep ancient order,
O'er shaven dragon, hound and
hippogriff;
And there,
When the June air
At dusk is cool and fair,
And the great roses strengthen on their
stalks,
Down the long path, beset
With heaven-scented, haunting
mignonette,
The gardeners say,
A little grey
Ghost-lady walks!

I haven't seen her, haven't heard her
legend,
Pale little shade, only the rumour tells
That 'tis her wont to wander to the
hedge-end,
And vanish near the Canterbury
Bells;
And so
I do not know
What sends her to and fro—
Murder, may be, or broken heart, or
gold.

I like to fancy most
That she is just some little lady's
ghost
Who loved her flowers
And quiet hours
In Junes of old!

"The King and Queen are in London for the Coronation."—*Daily Mail.*

Good. We expected it of them.

Better and Better.

"Failing fruit to quench the thirst, nothing is better than lemon and glycerine lozenges, or black currant lozenges; and better than either, lime and glycerine lozenges."—*Daily Mail.*

A FORLORN HOPE.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—I write to you this letter,
 And earnestly petition you to read,
 Mark, learn, etc.; in fact, you'd better,
 Or, roused to fury, I shall have your bleed.
 Having got this, by way of preface, said,
 I'll go ahead.

Two times a twelvemonth (i.e. twice per annum)
 You publish all the names of your elect,
 Names which inflate the breasts of those who scan 'em
 With sentiments of most profound respect;
 You print, in short, a list of wits and sages
 Who fill your pages.

Need-I unfold in words my grand ambition?
 I want to see my name enshrined there too;
 Before I go to (probably) perdition
 I want to join those highly-honoured few;
 But then, you know, old man, you always go
 And spoil the show.

You'd break a foot's heart to fragments if he
 Were weak in that respect. Of course I grant
 You never are contemptuous or snifty,
 But just wrong-headed, hard as adamant,
 Dense, obstinate, with never-nous enough
 To take my stuff.

I own that your refusals, Charivari,
 Are couched in language courteous and kind,
 Especially the brief epistolary
 Remarks which sometimes soothe one's ruffled mind.
 Still, these collected yearly by the score
 Become a bore.

This is your last chance in the present Vol., so
 Print this, I beg of you, and get it done.
 I'll thank you heartily, and promise also
 Your circulation shall increase by one
 (You won't, I know; I feel it in my bones).
 Yours, J. J. Jones.

"Then grasp that heavy scepter in thy hand,
 And set upon thy brows that heavy orb."
Century Magazine.
 An extract from Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' loyal ode to Cinquevalli the Fifth.



Passing Horse-bus Conductor (malicious'y, to Driver of Motor-bus who has just smashed a Cart). "ERE YER ARE, TUPPENCE ALL THE WAY TO BOW STREET."

THE CYNIC AT THE ALTAR.

PRICE is really quite an ordinary, primitive sort of person at heart, but he has a reputation amongst us for unconventional ideas and a decadent point of view. He referred to his engagement as "this regrettable entanglement," and, when he asked me to be his Best Man, he took care to write that "a lady having proposed marriage to him and having shown no signs of relenting, he supposed it was up to him to put in an appearance at the church, and to go through the solemn farce of giving his formal consent to her autocratic designs." I agreed willingly, for we all felt that Price, when he was married, would have to give up saying that sort of thing, and therefore one of us ought to be near by to take a note of his last utterance.

The great day came, and the bride in her white Je-ne-sais-quoi looked charming, the bridegroom pale but prepared, and the parson much as usual. With the help of a little stage-management from a discreet curate we succeeded, at the appointed time, in being at the chancel steps; the bride's father, the bride, Price and myself, in the customary formation.
 "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" asked the parson of Price, and I thought for a second that he was going to seize his opportunity and make his great remark then. But no; he merely, as he would have himself described it, politely acquiesced.
 "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" asked the parson of the bride. "I will," said she.
 "Ah!" whispered Price in my ear, "I was afraid she would."

O.H.M.S.

THIS is not in the least amusing. If anybody laughs about it, it will be in the worst taste. I appeal to my readers for their sympathy in this unhappy business.

Very likely I shall be asked to retire from the Bar—a profession which I have followed, albeit without conspicuous success, at least with dignity, these many years.

My little daughter, Felicity, while she admits herself that she was the prime mover and principal performer in our mistaken enterprise, refuses point-blank to face the music with me.

"I cannot go to gaol with you, Papa," she says.

"You will look very pretty in the dock," I reply, to tempt her.

"I have nothing to wear," she says, "and, besides, there is that children's dance on next week. I will come to your cell each day, Papa, and bring you strawberries and things."

The above conversation has just terminated as I take up my quill to write and thus relieve the bitterness of my mind.

I think, perhaps, the ultimate responsibility rests with her uncle, who took her to see the launch of a *Dreadnought*, or some such craft, whereat a lady of title performed the christening ceremony—a foolish proceeding which appears to have made an impression on my little girl's mind. It seems that a bottle of champagne is broken upon the bows on such occasions—a most reprehensible waste of my favourite beverage.

It was one morning last week that I was seated in my study, which contains some fine examples of the *art nouveau* style of furniture, when my daughter burst suddenly through the door, with the flush of the June morning on her pretty fair cheeks.

"Where are your manners, Felicity?" I asked.

"Write a letter, Papa," she cried, "quick, quick—write a letter."

"Certainly not, my child," said I; "I have no wish to write a letter. I wrote one last year and never got an answer."

"But you're writing one now," she said; "send that."

"This, my child, is a poem for *Punch*."

"Well, that will do," she said. "I must go and get the flowers." And she departed without further explanation.

Marvelling greatly, I folded it into an envelope. It has not hitherto been my custom to send flowers with my contributions. Perhaps that is the reason they are never accepted. It struck me that my little girl had very original ideas.

I had scarcely addressed the envelope when Felicity returned with a mass of roses stolen from the drawing-room, a large bottle of blue-black ink, and a Post-office Directory, handsomely bound in red.

Up to this point—except, perhaps, in trying to write a poem for *Punch*—I had behaved in an entirely rational manner. It was when, after accepting the above articles from my daughter's hands, I obeyed her request to follow her down the carriage drive, that I was too easily led and found myself eventually within jeopardy of legal process.

My mind was filled with doubts at the time as to the wisdom of the performance, but explain it how you will the fact remains that I fell in with Felicity's wishes and followed her through the lodge gates into the highway.

There a strange and unexpected sight met my eyes. Where but yesterday had been a barren side-walk, there had arisen in the night an object familiar enough in itself, but strange in its sudden apparition. A brand-new pillar-box stood before me. It shone in the sunlight.

"Isn't he a dear?" said Felicity. "Look at his mouth. I think he has the darlinest expression."

"Yes," I said, "it is really a very fine specimen. Was it this you brought me out to see?"

Thereupon she explained the situation. It appeared that I was the Mayor of the town, and that she was Lady Felicity Postle-Lauder, who had graciously consented to christen the pillar-box and post the first letter.

It struck me at the time that it was a foolish proceeding, but not wishing to disappoint my daughter I consented, and together we decorated it with the roses. A small bunch Felicity retained and tied round the bottle of ink.

When all the arrangements were completed, she spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Mayor will now read the address."

"I regret," I began, "that I have come completely unprepared with any—"

"Out of the Directory," she prompted, "it's full of them."

I opened the book and began to read in a loud clear voice.

"That is enough," said Felicity presently; "now give me the letter."

My daughter assumed a majestic attitude before the flower-decked pillar-box, with the letter in one hand and the bottle of ink in the other. After a dramatic pause, she pushed the letter into its mouth and brought the bottle down with a crash upon its head.

About two pints of blue-black ink streamed over its face.

"I name thee 'Philip,'" she said.

I felt that a few further words were expected from me and so I proceeded as follows:

"Philip," I said, "take up thy humble burden. A time will come, Philip, when thou wilt be a great and famous letter-box. I look into the future, Philip, and see—"

"And see the postman coming," broke in Felicity, who was looking up the road.

Whereat the performance came to an abrupt conclusion, and we dispersed rapidly into the garden.

"A beautiful ceremony," said Felicity, sitting upon the arm of my study chair that evening, with her arms round my neck and her dimpled cheek held up for a good-night kiss.

"Yes," I said. "The only thing that went wrong was—"

"What?"

"I forgot to stamp the letter. I'm afraid it will be prejudicial to the success of my poem."

* * * * *

The next morning an important-looking missive arrived upon the breakfast table.

"What is it?" asked Felicity, stopping with her porridge spoon in the air.

"I think, probably," I said, "I have been asked to join the staff of *Punch*."

"No. Impossible, Papa."

Then I opened it, and immediately all my appetite was taken away. It was an alarming letter from somebody "On His Majesty's Service," and ran in this wise— No, I will not give its contents. The subject is rather painful and *sub judice*.

THE RUBBER BATH.

I OFTEN think that we might use it more if it were watertight. It is a twenty-seven inch bath, and it cost me thirteen-and-six. You can get them up to thirty-six inches, but the large ones are not to be recommended; they are very difficult to control, and sometimes get quite out of hand. It shuts up very neatly and goes into a bag, and it is important to remember that it should not be folded up wet. When you open it out on the floor it looks more or less like any other bath, only wobbly. It appears to have no sort of fixed outline, if you understand me. But as soon as you pour in the water it stiffens up all right. The real trouble begins when you try to empty it. You don't learn how to do that without a pretty careful education. The wrong way to do it is for two

people to get hold of it at once. My wife and I used to try that way, but we simply couldn't work harmoniously together. Quite against our will the thing degenerated into a contest. I used to get into my oilskins, and my wife slipped on her mackintosh, and then we faced each other, one at each side, and took hold. We soon found that it wasn't a question of strength or balance or knack; it all depended upon who could get the first grip. If you were half a second late you got a tremendous cascade about the ankles. For when it is in really good form it can throw the water six or eight feet across the room.

Of course there is a way in which it can be lifted, if you get a throttle hold on it in four places at once. Then it becomes a mere bag, and a jolly unwieldy one at that. Perhaps the soundest method—though it takes longer—is just to bale it out and dry off with blotting-paper.

I often think, as I said, that we might use it more if it were watertight. That is really its weak spot. I might have known at the beginning, but I was persuaded by the Scotchman.

I bought it from a Scotchman in a little shop in Holborn. I made him give me a full demonstration of the working of it. He put it on the floor and filled it, showing the admirable effect of the stiffening-up process. He then went on to explain how it was emptied. He was in such a tearing hurry to get to this part of his exposition that he only allowed the water to remain in it for about ten seconds. I can see now that that was where he scored. Even as it was there remained a beautiful circular patch of moisture on the oil-cloth where the bath had been. He tried to kick a rug over it, but I was too quick for him.

"It's not watertight," I said bluntly, —I am blunt sometimes.

"Oo ay," said he. "She's pairftly watertight."

I pointed to the mark on the floor without a word.

"Hoots," said he soothingly, "that's naething. It's merely the natural moisture. It's no damp."

"It escaped from the bath," said I sternly.

"Escapit?" said he.

"Leaked," said I.

"Not at all," he reassured me. "It's a species o' mist. Congealed, one might say."

"But how does that happen?" I asked, determined to get to the bottom of it.

"It's the temperature o' the floor. It's a warm day, ye see. Pit yer hand on that."



Blood (in suburban shop, buying cotton gloves for the costume of Mrs. Jarley). "NOT FOR WEAR IN THE PARK, YOU KNOW—WHAT?"

Assistant. "No, Sir; FOR EVENING WEAR, I PRESUME."

I put my hand on the counter where the sun struck, and had to admit that it was warm.

"Weel," he said triumphantly, "that's the way o' it. Humedity! Ye might go so far as to say it was evaporation—in a sense."

"But I don't see why the floor should be wet," I maintained.

The Scotchman sat down and began patiently to explain. His defiant attitude had subsided, and there was a sweet reasonableness about his manner, as of one who is instructing a little child.

"Did ye ever see a kind o' mist or fog formed on the inside o' a window in a railway compartment? Weel, ye might juist as weel say that was leakage frae the outside as this. It's an acceptit fact." He went on to point out that as a non-conductor rubber was "impairvius to suction,"

and I gave it up, paid my money and retired, the bath under my arm.

We have given up using it. It wasn't so much the room itself that suffered, as the plaster of the ceiling below. I dare say we should not have used it much in any case. But they have gone up in price. I notice that the Scotchman is selling them at seventeen-and-nine now. I wonder if he would take mine back?

Coronation Latin.

"VIVET REX ET REGINA," said a stand in Waterloo Place. It is a prophecy which all loyal hearts would wish fulfilled. *Proset*, as one might say.

The Wastrels.

"Afterwards the happy couple left for the moneymoon, which has been spent at Brighton." —*Croydon Advertiser.*



THE WAY OF A MAID.

Old Loyalist (who has allowed the "stuff" to go to the procession to see the King and Queen). "WELL, I HOPE YOU SAW THEM WELL, MARY?"

"YES, THANK YOU, MUM, THEY LOOKED LOVELY. THE ONE FROM OUR STREET 'AD ON A NEW TUNIC AND 'IS MEDAL ALL SHINED UP."

"COMMÉM."

Fair ladies, why don't you direct us
 What hour you are coming from Town
 In the toilets that ravage the masculine *pectus*,
 The bonnets that knock a man down?
 Silky and summery flounces and flummery,
 Gossamer muslins and lawns,
 With the spring in your air and a rose in your hair
 And a step that is light as a fawn's?

Our Fellows, both clergy and laity,
 Leaving their sheltering oaks,
 In a rapture of light irresponsible gaiety
 Burst into flannels and jokes;
 The Dean is canoeing, the Bursar is wooing,
 The Junior Proctor you'll find
 In a sumptuous punt with a damsel in front
 And a Bull-dog to push from behind.

Ah, moist are our meadows, but moister
 My lip at the thought of it all!
 Soft ripple of dresses that flow in the cloister,
 Girl laughter that rings on the wall!
 But avault, trepidation! it's time for the station;
 I'm glad that my trousers are pressed;
 For I think you'll arrive by the 4.45,
 And I want to be looking my best.

SID BELGRABIT.

[SID BELGRABIT, according to *The Times*, is the native member of the French Legation in Morocco.]

From the earliest days when S. B. was a kid
 His name to the merest acquaintance was SID,
 But, as he detests this familiar habit,
 Myself, I address him as SIDNEY BELGRABIT.

At school he absorbed anything that was Greek,
 His Latin, however, was painfully weak;
 He'd a way of pronouncing *amäbit*, "*amäbit*"—
 And his master would frequently censure BELGRABIT.

Our SIDNEY's no book-worm. He lives out-of-doors,
 He hits local bowling for sixes and fours,
 And when he's exhausted by running he'll cab it
 Between the two creases, will SIDNEY BELGRABIT.

At Fez he is often seen fishing the stream
 For bream (though it happens there ain't any bream),
 But once, it's recorded, a very small dab bit
 His bait off the line, which encouraged BELGRABIT.

In a final review of the things he has done,
 I must not omit his success with the gun.
 Shooting over the Moors, he can pick off his rabbit
 With quiet precision. *Vive* SIDNEY BELGRABIT!



“A TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.”

BRITANNIA. “I’M SURE MY COSTUMIERS WANT ME TO LOOK MY BEST. BUT I HAVE A SORT OF FEELING THAT THIS THING MAY RATHER HAMPER MY SEA-LEGS.”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 19.—Taking our Parliament in sort of homœopathic doses. Resumed last Tuesday after brief Whitsun holiday. To-morrow break up again for Coronation Recess; coming back next Monday bringing the Lords with us. Then or soon after will come the tug-o'-war.

This intervening week has been one of exceeding dreariness, varied only by LLOYD GEORGE'S onslaught on critics of his financial policy who attribute to it not only recrudescence of overgrown blue-bottle flies in butchers' shops but the collapse of Birkbeck Bank. Next week business will really begin. Decks have been cleared for action and shotted guns will be fired. The Lords, who have almost forgotten they passed LANSDOWNE'S Reform Bill, which abolished time-honoured system of hereditary legislators, will go into Committee on that really substantial measure, the Parliament Bill.

What Will They Do With It? is a question even Lord LYTON, having hereditary connection with the problem, is unable to answer. There remains nothing for us but to wait and see. What is certain is that, after strictly limited period of waiting, we shall see far-reaching change in Constitution.

Business done.—SAMUEL on Telephone Transfer.

Tuesday.—Some talk of raising on Motion for Adjournment question of intention of Kitchen Committee in respect of future administration of their important department. Rumour has it that it is intended to introduce system of cooking in paper bags. Fact that experiments will first be tried on preparation of the shilling dinner much resented below Gangway.

Report probably takes its origin from undeniable fact that CHAIRMAN OF KITCHEN COMMITTEE was present at a luncheon specially cooked *en papillot* by M. SOYER, the rediscoverer of a submerged art. Too often is found a crumpled rose-leaf in the Sybarite's bed. Questioned on his opinion of the feast, MARK LOCKWOOD, whilst admitting its general excellence, murmurs at the memory of the lamb outlet garnished with green peas.

"The lamb," he remarked, with the native shrewdness that stamps his dealing with loftier Parliamentary affairs, "was, I believe, a cut from the loin of a goat. As for the peas, they were so under-done they were more suitable for the filling of the shoes of a pilgrim on his way to Canterbury than for stuffing the mouth of an experienced Chairman of a Kitchen Committee."



AFTER THE NAVAL REVIEW.

However well Statesmen may contrive to resume their normal civilian composure we feel sure that, if properly approached, they would confess to a joyous, irresistible, light-hearted, nautical *abandon* which it seems almost a pity to suppress.

This was, however, an accidental failure in matter of detail. Experiment on the whole was such a success that our CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE, ever devoted to the interests of his *clientèle*, has been personally conducting experiments with view to testing the suitability and desirability of adoption of the paper bag in the House of Commons' kitchen. At a little luncheon he gave in his room yesterday, a steak cooked by his own hands was much appreciated. COUSIN HUGH, a *gourmet* of exceptionally penetrating taste, discerned in it what he described as "a subtle House of Commons flavour."

MARK explained that, having used up the last of his paper bags, he had cooked the steak in a copy of the Orders of the Day.

Business done.—Adjourned till after Coronation.

The Yellow Press.

"This anointing is known to have been the practice from Saxon days; the Saxon Chronicle says that Egbert, King of the Mexicans, was by the use of the holy oil 'hallowed to king.'" *Eastern Daily Press.*

We are afraid that *The Saxon Chronicle* was a little beforehand with the news of the discovery of America.

"FALSE FRONT COLLAPSES,
FIVE MEN INJURED."

McBourne Herald.

More victims of fashion.

Early Closing.

"It is proposed to close the Ashton Central Post Office at 9 a.m. instead of 10 p.m., as at present. The Ashton Town Council last night passed a resolution of protest."—*Manchester Guardian.*

No wonder.

MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENTS.

THE RIVER.

IT was a lucky chance, as the old lady remarked, that set the Thames flowing through London; for otherwise those speculators who purchased the County Council steamers at a hundredth or even a thousandth part of their cost, only a year or so after they were built, would have had no such bargains; nor would the sea-gulls that in the winter time crowd about Blackfriars Bridge obtain anything like such good nourishment as now.

The Thames may be divided for purposes of study into two sections—the river below, say, Hammersmith Bridge, and the river above it. Below, it belongs to commerce; above, to pleasure. Below, it may be called docks; above, locks. It is the lower part to which Mr. JOHN BURNS was referring when he epigrammatically described the Thames as "liquid history." For that is what it is—liquid history. One has but to look at or even fall into it to know that it is liquid; while, as for history, are not the Tower and the Houses of Parliament on one bank, and Battersea Park and The Leander Club on the other?

BRIDGES.

If it were not for the bridges that span this noble stream it is conjectured that Middlesex and Surrey would either never meet or would have to cross in boats. But as it is they mix freely with each other, thanks to this great boon. The bridges of London are numerous, and another one will shortly be added as soon as the architects and experts have finished wrangling over its position and the exact amount of St. Paul's Cathedral which those who cross it from south to north are to see in their progress.

Of those already in existence the Tower Bridge is at once the lowest and the loftiest. There is no bridge between that and the open and often exceedingly unquiet sea. Just below the Tower Bridge is the Pool of London, where old Father Thames has his clothes made; and then come the docks. London Bridge is famous for having once had houses on it. Westminster Bridge for the poet WORDS-

WORTH's sonnet, written at a rather suspicious hour in the early morning. It is notable also for a statue of BOADICEA, at one end of it, qualifying for St. Thomas' Hospital, at the other end, by standing wholly without support in a chariot drawn by prancing horses.

TEA ON THE TERRACE.

This institution, which so pleasingly illustrates the growing amenity of political life and the temperance of our times, was started by Mr. KETTLE, M.P., and Mr. HORNIMAN, late M.P. for Chelsea. Or it would be more correct to say that they revived it, since there is evidence that gunpowder tea was first introduced at the Houses of Parliament by the late GUIDO FAUX.



"WOT DID THE LYDY SAY TO YER W'EN YER TOOK IT IN?"
 "NOTHINK."
 "WAS THAT ALL SHE SAID?"
 "Y'US, EVERYTHINK."

Ceylon, Assam, India and China tea are all provided; and we understand that a very remarkable report has been made on the relation between the amount of tannin in the tea consumed and the political views of the consumer. It is worthy of note that the reporters of the Radical papers generally charge their fountain pens with cocoa nibs.

CHELSEA AND BATTERSEA.

These two riverside townships one on either side of the Thames were discovered, as picturesque spots, either by the late J. McNEILL WHISTLER or Mr. WALTER GREAVES. No one knows for certain; but very strong opinions are held. The idea that WHISTLER could have discerned any beauty for himself or, unaided, have hit upon the idea of the nocturne is so grotesque that naturally the GREAVES party has many

adherents. On the other hand, a few friends of the Butterfly, remembering certain gleams of originality in his talk and behaviour, cannot but hope that he did not learn quite everything he knew from his youthful associate. Anyhow, between them they gave the river at Chelsea a huge advertisement.

THE BOAT-RACE.

Once a year the Thames from Putney to Mortlake is given up to the inter-University boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge. As the athletes who have taken part in these contests in the past have all achieved distinction either as Judges, Bishops or Stockbrokers, the popularity of the institution may be readily imagined. The fact that the race is always rowed on the Thames has, of course, placed the Cantabs at a decided disadvantage. The first mention of sliding seats is to be found in the poet SPENSER, who speaks of the "silver sliding Thames," though some critics see in the word "sliding" a reference to the great frost in 1515, when the Thames was frozen over and oxen were roasted whole on its surface. The practice of roasting oxen partially was given up at an earlier date, in deference to humanitarian protests.

BOULTER'S LOCK.

The original Boulter who gave his name to this famous Sunday resort was the great opponent of the system of chewing each mouthful of food thirty or more times. In his dislike of this practice he went to the opposite extreme: hence his name.

SPORT.

Within the memory of many living Londoners excellent sport was enjoyed on the banks of the great metropolitan waterway. Badgers nested in Pimlico as late as the year 1866, and snipe were shot in Battersea fields by Mr. JOHN BURNS at a much later date. Buzzards were also a common sight, but the last migrated to Oxford Street a few years ago. The river itself was formerly stocked with a profusion of nutritious fish, but no salmon have been caught in the London district since the splendid specimen captured a few years ago by Mr. GLUCKSTEIN.



"BUT DON'T YOU FIND IT A BIT DULL HERE?"

"DULL IS IT! DIVIL A BIT, SORR; SURE A REASONABLE MAN CAN FIND ALL THE HEIGHTH OF DIVARSHUN JUST SITTIN' HERE WATCHIN' THE THRAINS GO BY."

"AND HOW MANY TRAINS ARE THERE A DAY?"

"JUST THE WAN, SOERR."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I RECOMMEND to your particular notice a collection of stories under the title of *Members of the Family* (MACMILLAN). Even if they were not from the pen that wrote *The Virginian*, I would none the less heartily commend them. MR. OWEN WISTER does not and, I think, could not claim to be a deep psychologist or a subtle analyst of human motives; like many other Americans, he is in that business frankly sentimental and not often correct. But his imagination and the creatures of it are a positive delight: his sense of atmosphere is perfect; his style is so effortless and unlaboured as to lead you to believe that writing books is a matter of the greatest ease: and his "In the Back" is as good as the best of RUDYARD KIPLING or BRET HARTE or whatever writer of English you regard as the master of the art of the Short Story. He tells us of the untamed West, the Cowboy, the Tenderfoot, the Indian, and in particular of *Scipio*, the undaunted, undefeated and incomparable *Scipio Le Moyne*. Herein is my only quarrel with the clever illustrations of Mr. H. T. DUNN. The *Scipio* of his picture is an excellent individual, but not my idea of that humorous vagabond. I doubt if he (or any other of Mr. WISTER's people) is capable of being illustrated. They do not belong to this cold and unpractical world. They are a delicious race apart, not born to be criticised but created to be laughed with and loved. The author in his preface

asks if we will forgive him a preamble of gossip, of retrospection. For my part, I will forgive him anything provided he never allows me to forget him.

DR. FARQUHARSON, having retired from Parliament with the well-earned guerdon of a Privy Councillorship, a distinction that satisfied the desire alike of Sir ROBERT PEELE and Mr. GLADSTONE, has written some memories of his life *In and Out of Parliament* (WILLIAMS and NORGATE). The story opens with chapters descriptive of life in Edinburgh, with the Guards, with whom he served as Medical Officer, at Rugby under TEMPLE, and of social life in his native county, Aberdeenshire, which he represented at Westminster for twenty-six years. These last comprise a momentous epoch compared with which our present prosaic Parliament, albeit engaged upon what is described as revolutionary procedure, is as water unto wine. The Member for West Aberdeenshire did not take prominent or persistent part in debate. But he was in constant attendance, and when he interposed was listened to with that attention the House reserves for special favourites. If a fault may be hinted at in a book full of charm it is that it is a little monotonously good-natured. To the genial Doctor everyone is the best of good fellows, living in the very best of worlds. It must be said that the sentiment was reciprocated, every section and party delighting in the Doctor. The book contains several portraits, some reproduced from these pages. The most

striking is a photograph labelled "The Doctor Speaking at Pinzean." The orator is presented in the Highland garb always worn among his own people. Bare-headed, with hand outstretched, he addresses the throng. The peculiarity of the situation is that it is represented by a single figure partly obscured behind an empty chair. The general effect is almost uncanny—the animated orator and a vanished audience, apparently swept out of the garden by the torrent of eloquence falling from the lips of the Hon. Member.

For my part, whenever nowadays I see the name of Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM on a title-page, I already begin to chuckle, knowing that I shall certainly have to do so before I have read half a chapter, though with quite a possibility that at the end I shall look back and reflect

that there was not much to laugh at in the thing after all. This is exactly what has happened in the present instance—only a little more so. You remember, of course, the quaint persons who lived at Ballymoy—Major Kent, and the managing curate J. J. Meldon, and the rest of them? Naturally you do. Well, in their latest story, *Major Kent* heard that an unknown niece was to spend six weeks with him, and after J. J. has prepared the inhabitants of Ballymoy for a fashionable beauty there arrives a grubby but attractive little tomboy of ten, who chases the major's colts, pirates his yacht, and generally

makes things so lively that before a week is out her mother has to be wired for from Vienna to remove her. That, I give you my word, is the entire plot of *The Major's Niece* (SMITH, ELDER). Had it been written by anyone else, I would not have done him or her the injustice of telling it all to you in this bare fashion; but, knowing Mr. BIRMINGHAM's peculiar gift, you can imagine, and will certainly want to enjoy for yourself, the riot of fun that he creates out of such slender material. Still, I have not hidden my feeling that there might have been a little more in the intrigue with advantage to the tale (I was disappointed, for example, when the visit of the Lord-Lieutenant passed off so quietly, quite against what up to the last moment had been my pleased anticipation); but the fact that, even so, it was never boring serves to increase my admiration for its author.

If Mr. ALEXANDER PATERSON during his self-chosen tenement life among his friends *Across the Bridges*

(ARNOLD) ever felt weighted by their frequent tragedies, shadowed by their long, gray days, and more than a little battered by their strident pleasures and the poignant odours of their refreshments, there is no trace of it in this finely sympathetic record of adventure on the Surrey side. There is, indeed, a sane and all but jolly optimism, begotten not of complacent ignorance but of knowledge hard-won and at first-hand. Of such come the chivalrous hopes that alone breed action. Not much scope, of course, for direct humour in a theme of which the text is—"the blight which kills half a garden's roses surely spoils the rest"; but, as in the life this chronicle describes, so here there is laughter to set against the tears, and there are the kindling virtues of courage, pity and love; not a touch of self-conscious sentimentalism, but shrewd strokes of criticism and some tentative, wise suggestions. A work

most emphatically for the book-lists of the Agenda Club.



BEYOND THE PALE.

Jones. "I SAY, I HEARD AN AWFULLY FUNNY THING THE OTHER DAY." (Proceeds to recite mild and mildewed chestnut at great length.)

Jim. "AH! THAT REMINDS ME OF A MAN I ONCE MET IN NYASALAND."

Jones (without interest). "WHAT ABOUT HIM?"

Jim. "OH, NOTHING; ONLY HE'D NEVER HEARD THAT STORY OF YOURS BEFORE."

like one; he has more impudence nor an attorney an' less manners nor a chimney sweep." It is characteristic of the book that even the heroine owes her fortune—and her isolation—to whisky. On the other hand, we have for hero an Irishman of good family who has taken to journalism in California and returns home to straighten out the affairs of his sister-in-law and nephew. Everybody takes it for granted that he is a millionaire, and when the heroine discovers the truth she writes him down most unjustly as a fortune-hunter. The author's style is at times old-fashioned—modern young men do not call ladies on horseback "fair equestriennes"—and his treatment recalls the manner of LEVER, though it lacks the high animal spirits of LEVER's early novels. The dreadful squireen, *Mat O'Hara*, dominates three-fourths of the book, and his violent end only increases his prominence. Ireland, as depicted by Mr. JESSOP, is, we fear, "a grand country to live out of." But, though his novel cannot be pronounced exhilarating, it is pleasantly written and deserves better paper and binding.

The Ireland of *Where the Shamrock Grows* (MURRAY AND EVENDEN) is the Ireland of to-day. The "rale ould shtock" have emigrated or disappeared or deteriorated, and their place has been taken by prosperous tradesmen, attorneys and squireens. As for the squireen, Mr. GEORGE H. JESSOP gives us a very graphic description of him through the mouth of *Larry*, an old retainer of the *Caleb Balderstone* type:—"A squireen's not a gintleman—not but what he dresses like one; an' he's not a farmer—not but what he talks



Mr. Punch is discovered at his case, conversing lightly in hexameters with his friend Summer.

Scene.—Out of it. Time.—Afterwards.

MR. PUNCH.

So it is over at last—the thousand and one preparations;
Seats, and the booking of seats, and the renting of ruinous windows;
Seating for two in the Mall, with sherry and biscuits included,
Changed on the same afternoon to four in the Strand for the Friday.

SUMMER.

Here in the country is rest, long rest for the worn and the weary—
Rest for the weary who watched from a full-sized window in Whitehall;
Rest for the weary who started from Mitcham at three in the morning,
Stood in the gutter for hours, and returned to their Mitcham at midnight.

MR. PUNCH.

So it is over at last—the tumult, the cheers and the shouting,
Fired is the ultimate rocket and banged the last of the crackers,
Down to its smouldering depths is burnt the biggest of bonfires,
Broke is the lustiest voice with singing the National Anthem.

SUMMER.

Here in the country is rest—and an absence of ha'penny papers
Painting the "Crowds on the Route" and the "Scene in Westminster Abbey";
Nothing, in fact, to recall the Tremendous Event which is over—
Saving the children's mugs and the Pump unveiled by the Vicar.

MR. PUNCH.

Well, it is over—and now, suppose we distribute the prizes.
Who has contributed most in support of this wonderful season?

SUMMER.

Why not THEIR MAJESTIES?

MR. PUNCH,

True. But that may be taken for granted.
Modesty also prevents my suggesting an eminent person
Famed for his wisdom and wit as shown ev'ry week on a Wednesday.
Leaving them out I should say that—in spite of the complaints of the farmers—
Most of our happiness, Summer, my dear, has been due to the weather.

SUMMER.

What I have done I have done, not looking for thanks from the farmers;
Wholly at times like these my thoughts are fixed upon London.
Lo, my breezes have played on the fair green valleys of Maida;
Deep in the heart of St. John's dense thickets my radiance entered;
Up to my dark blue vault the peaks of Notting have pointed,
Near where the rippling waters of Bays have smiled in my sunlight.

MR. PUNCH.

Yes, and what thanks do you get? What comments appear in the papers?
"Hints upon how to keep cool in the present unbearable heat-wave."
So let me offer you mine: my thanks for the sun you have sent us;
Also this trifle, a light little thing of my own composition—
Partly by way of reward and partly as bribe for the future.

SUMMER.

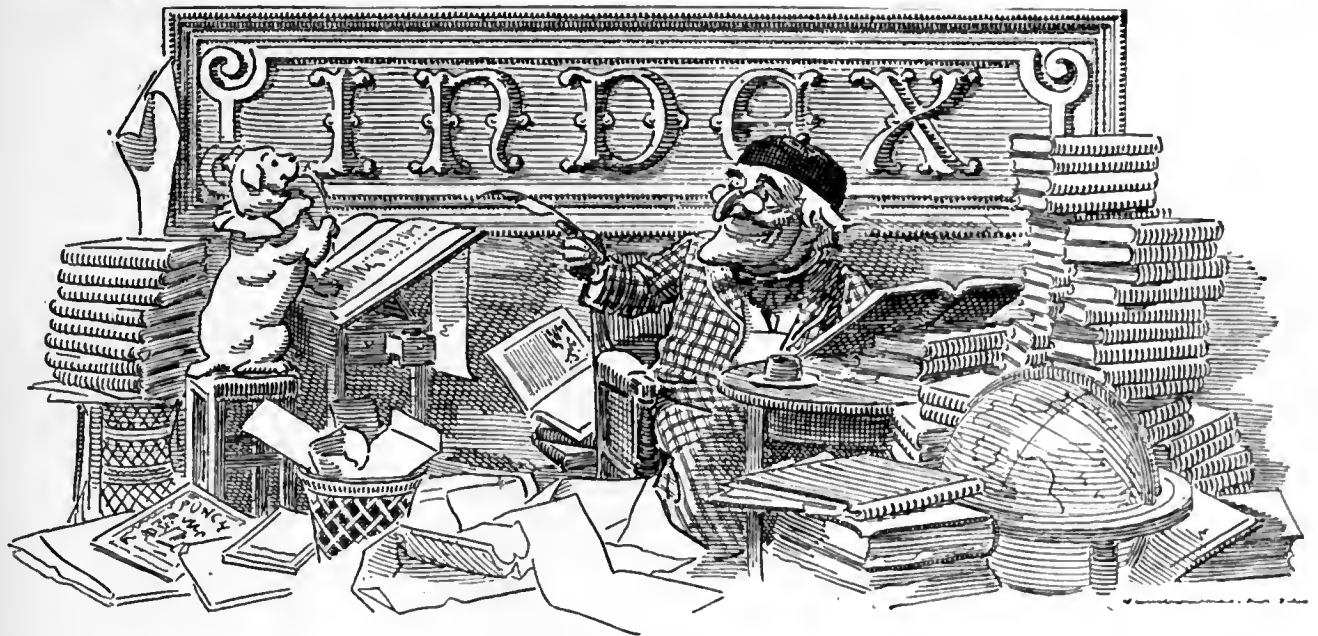
Surely you don't mean to say it's your ——

MR. PUNCH.

Madam, I see that you've guessed it.
Take, if you please, with my love my

One Hundred and Fortieth Volume.





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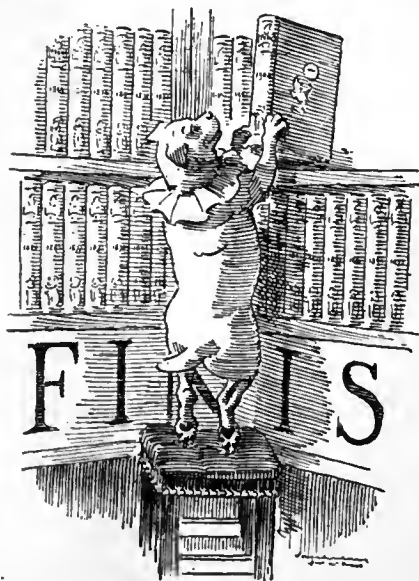
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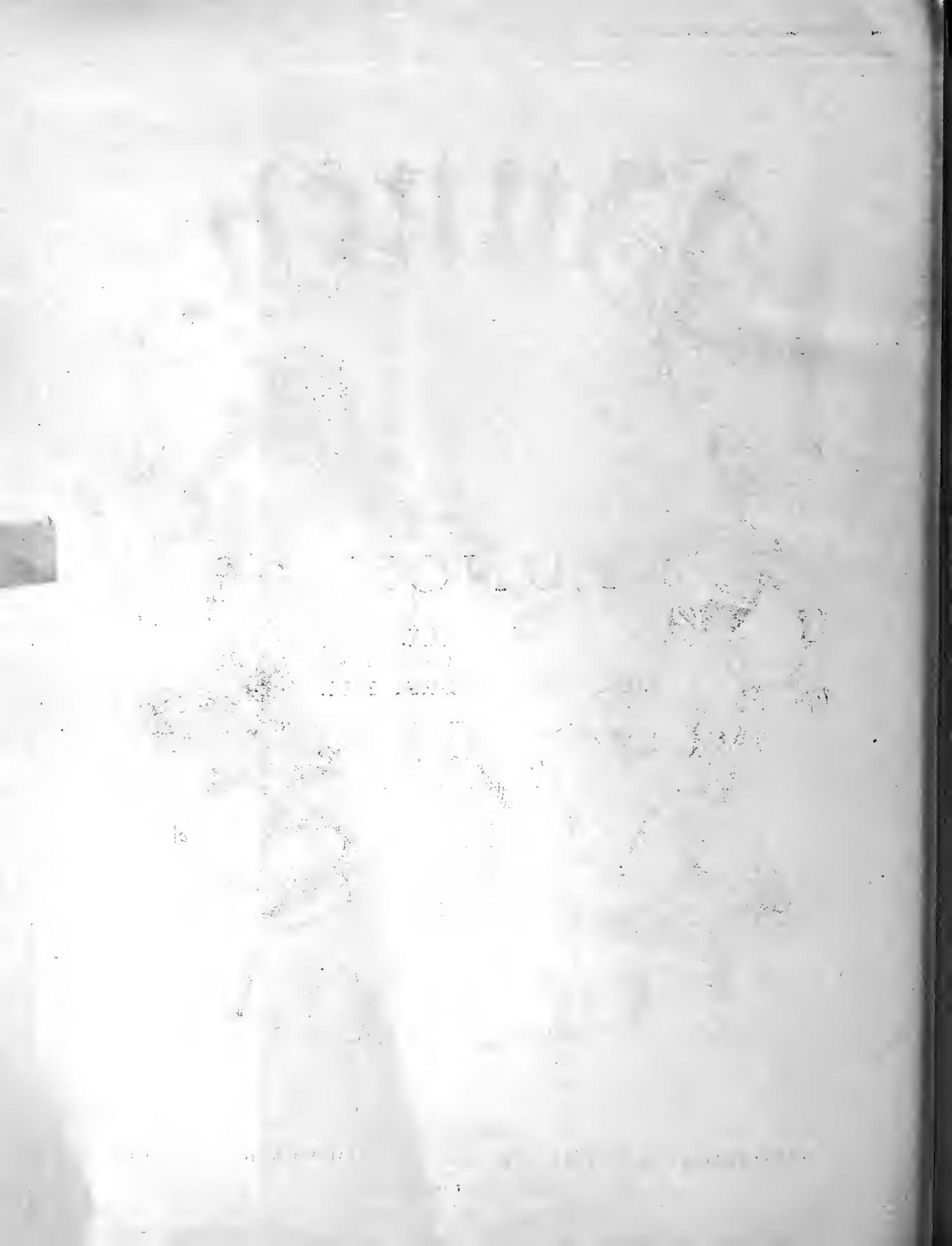
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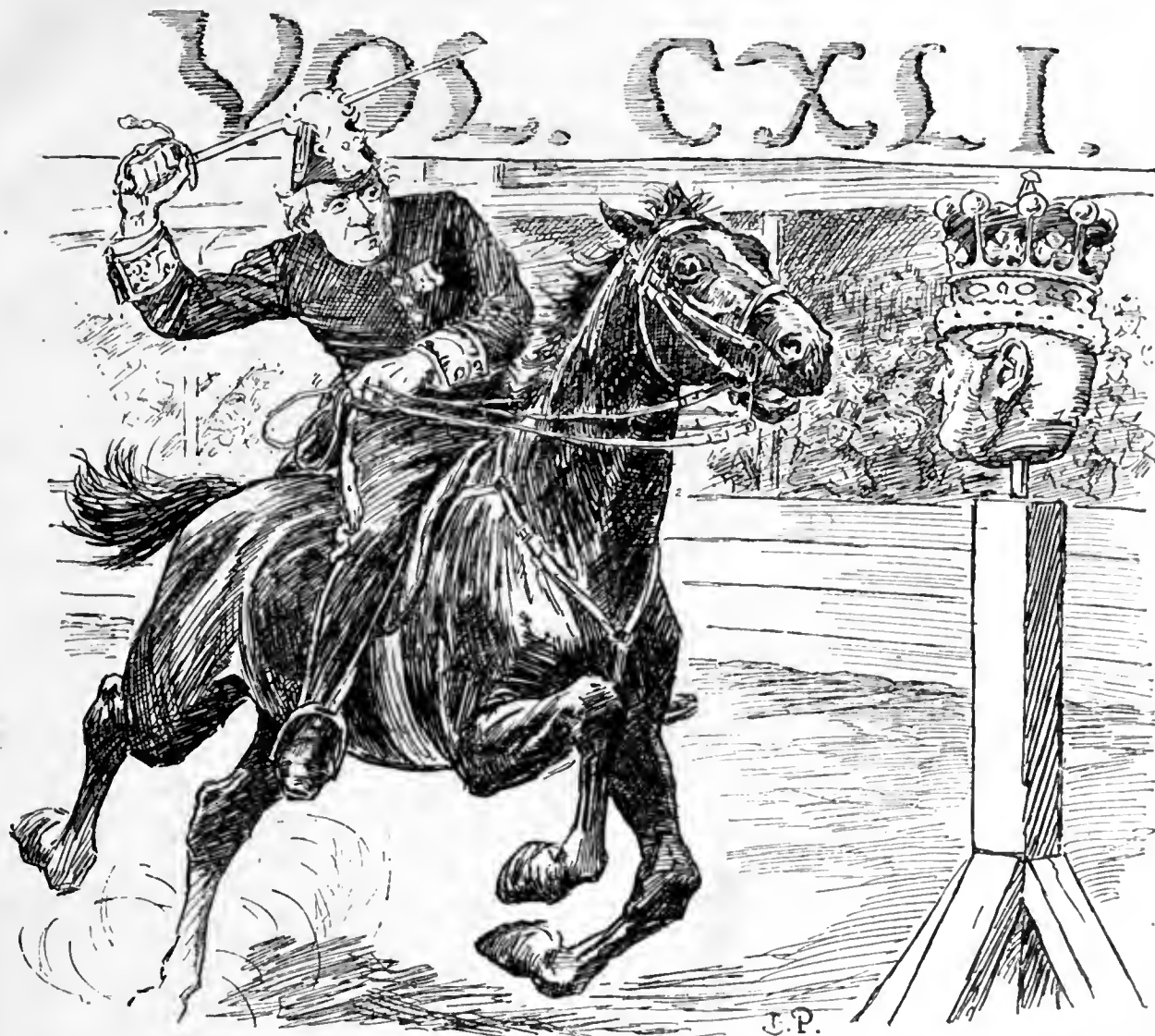
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"MR. JENKINS."

I LIKE to think of him as one who spent
His manhood in an atmosphere of schism,
Flouting the grim proprieties that went
To make the period of the prune and prism,
Who for conventions did not care a lira,
And frankly loathed the Mid-Victorian era.

'Twas in the days of erinolines and (worse)
Of crude embroidery and cruder painting;
When England's youth betook itself to verse
And maids were periodically fainting,
That Mr. Jenkins timed an apt arrival
To preach his famous drawing-room revival.

He did not waltz, he did not care for whist,
For pressing ferns or poking a panel,
And, fresh from Paris, naturally miss'd
The *joie de vivre* in vogue across the Channel,
So, as became his Continental schooling,
He taught mankind a livelier mode of fooling.

He took a table, set the players round,
Piped "hands below," that so the nimble shilling

Might pass unseen, a part the ladies found
A trifle bold, yet infinitely thrilling;
Each seeks the coin and, while the fingers fidget,
Our Mr. J. doth squeeze Clarissa's digit.

The game caught on: "Up, Jenkins" was the cry
In hall and eot, in vicarage and tavern;
Extreme Dissenters tried it on the sly,
And every smuggler played it in his cavern;
And thus it was that Jenkins earned his laurels
As one who'd ruined Mid-Victorian morals.

* * * * *
He's dead and gone, yet, when the rafters reel
With shouts that bid the palm-locked line unteether,
We (she and I) are horrified to feel
A ghostly grip that holds our hands together—
A fact observed by none, save me and Mabel—
'Tis Mr. Jenkins underneath the table!

How they encourage Art in India.

"The Scarlet Serenaders will shortly arrive in Naini Tal. Their entertainments are really wonderfully good and clever so one should miss seeing them."—*Naini Tal Gazette*.

CHARIVARIA.

The New York Herald, in reporting Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN'S appearance in Court dress at the Coronation, remarked, "Mr. Morgan has as neat a calf as anybody." Why not? He, if anyone, can afford it.

The report that Mr. S. J. SOLOMON, R.A., was to paint the official picture of the Coronation turned out to be an under-statement, this distinguished artist having been actually commissioned to execute a drawing of the ceremony for *The Daily Mail*.

We are sorry to learn that a large number of Scotch visitors had their enjoyment of the Royal Progress entirely spoilt by knowledge of the fact that similar seats to those for which they had paid a guinea long before the event were sold for five shillings on the day itself. In every instance, when the fact became known, mortification set in.

A foreign representative remarked that the Royal Progress met with an even more hearty reception in South London than on the other side of the river. This is scarcely remarkable. The rich southern blood of the people across the water naturally makes them more excitable and demonstrative.

The memento-hunters were hard at work during the Coronation week. In the Borough Road there was a scramble for the flowers and plants with which the stands had been decorated, and in the West End some fortunate person secured the Lord Mayor's gold watch.

We do not want a repetition here of the trouble in Morocco, and we think the police were wise to arrest a Pretender who was found walking down Park Lane with a large gilt crown on his head, copiously jewelled with glass.

The menu at the Royal Luncheon at the Guildhall was printed in English. We believe this innovation to be due to the fact that previous menus have been found to puzzle the French guests.

It is hoped to hold a Progress-of-Peace Exhibition next year at the Crystal Palace—wars permitting.

One of the chief functions on the occasion of the royal visit to Dublin will be, we are told, the Special Chapter of the Knights of St. Patrick, at which Lord SHAFTER-BURY and Lord KITCHENER will be invested. This, we suppose, will be the Opening of a New

Chapter in the History of Ireland, of which we have often read.

Rumours of another appointment for Lord KITCHENER reach us. It is said to be due to his historic success against the Dervishes. His Lordship, according to our information, is to join the board of a well-known firm of Rout Furnishers.

Lord ROSEBERY has announced that he will not adopt his new title, the Earl of Midlothian, "for general use." He will use it merely on Sundays and Bank Holidays.

A laundry mark on a handkerchief, left behind after a burglary at a shop in Garrick Street, led to the arrest of the supposed criminal last week. This explains why shrewd burglars so seldom have their handkerchiefs washed, while some dispense with them altogether.

Playgoers in search of an absolute novelty are now going to see "The Girl Who Couldn't Lie."

Our congratulations to *The Daily News* for publishing at least two items of exclusive information concerning our Navy. KING GEORGE, we are told, has, in his time, not only swabbed the deck and fed the fire, but has also "furlled the mast." Further, "our eight *Dreadnoughts* represent a total tonnage of 523,650," thus averaging over 65,000 tons apiece. Prodigious!—not to say, grateful and comforting.

"Two-year-old twins who fell from the second-floor window of a house in Hamburg were," *The Express* informs us, "uninjured." The fortunate couple will, we presume, adopt as their motto the paradox, "United we fall."

The Times has published a letter on "Losses of Sheep in Hunts." We can only imagine such losses to be due to the fact that many of our sportsmen suffer from short sight.

"We must bring religion into the realms of statesmanship," says Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. This should not be impossible. The CHANCELLOR has already succeeded in bringing politics into the purlieus of the pulpit.

The dangerous hat-pin again! According to the *Petit Parisien*, an Englishwoman riding home in a taxicab near the Place de l'Étoile, Paris, was stopped by a highwayman who asked for her purse. The Englishwoman in reply stabbed the man in the arm with a hat-pin, and then drove on.

POLYGLOT DRAMA.

THE success of *Kismet* at the Garrick is regarded as partially due to its announcement in the following form (or something like it):—

Other impending productions are about to be advertised in a similar way. For example:

A Japanese farcical comedy by a well-known Nippon humorist.

(Pronunciation unknown.) A North-American Indian tragedy of a crude nature dealing, as its title implies, with a sanguinary family feud.

A musical comedy of the Ptolemaic period, or, "The Hieroglyphic Girl," has just been exhumed in the neighbourhood of the Nile. It includes a new prehistoric dance and the usual bathing scene, concluding with a waltz up the Pyramids.

"Marriage ceremonies performed.
Funeral orations."

Advt. in "Seattle Post Intelligencer."

POOR MARK ANTONY, knowing nothing of Seattle, had to prepare his own.

"One could write much more about 'The Critic' and its fortunes in the *Morning Post*: of the letters it provoked from 'A Friend to Charity,' 'A Despiser of Impertinent Old Ladies,' and others. Even more could be written about other things, and still the subject would remain unexhausted."

The Morning Post.

Probably—but the reader wouldn't.

"The plays chosen are Shaw's 'Man of Destiny' and Barrie's 'The Twelve Pound Cook.'—*Christian Commonwealth.*

Mr. BARRIE'S play must seem very old-fashioned to the modern housewife.

Assisted Emigration.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been asked to go to America. We are unable to ascertain from which side of the Atlantic the pressure has come.



NO SURRENDER—AT PRESENT.

FIRST PEER. "WHAT ABOUT THE WHITE FLAG?"

SECOND PEER. "WELL, I DARE SAY IT'LL COME TO THAT IN THE END; BUT WE MAY AS WELL LOOSE OFF THIS STUFF FIRST."





THE POINT OF VIEW.

Farmer (on motor-bus trip, viewing the Coronation stands). "MY! WHAT COWSHEDS THESE WOULD 'AVE MADE, BILL!"

THE CORONATION TROPHY.

(Addressed to one of the Despoilers of London.)

STAY, monster, stay! Remove thy horny hand
From this poor piece of memorable wood!
They told you, did they, to destroy my stand?
You just obeys your orders? Very good.

But one stout plank, amid the serried tiers,
A single section where a bard has sat,
Shall never fade into the voiceless years
Or sell for firewood. I must see to that.

When I remember how, before the day,
I sang its praises, telling all men where
I should behold the pomp, and heard them say,
"Yes, you will see it rather well from there;"

And how I sank a most stupendous sum
To purchase it, and all the weary hours
I waited for that glittering coach to come,
And longed for soft, soft valleys strown with flowers;

And how I might not smoke, though very sweet
That boon had been, nor kick the man below,
But martyr-like endured it, when my feet
Sank into baleful slumbers, toe by toe;

And watched the crowd, the troops and the police
And wondered what a gryphon was and why;
And if KING GEORGE would note my trousers' crease
And pale, but not disloyal, gloves and tie;—

When I remember this, and much, much more,
Do you suppose, young man, that I could part
With that proud relic of a rite that's o'er?
Have it sent round this evening on a cart.

As I have sometimes seen large boating men,
In memory of their youth and god-like sport,
Hallowed to Isis, still preserve a den
Hung with the votive offering of a thwart,

So I shall have that baulk of timber nailed
Under the muted harp and laurel sprig,
And, when some fifty summer suns have paled
And boys above their wine are talking big,

"You boast," I'll say, "of triumphs with the bat,
Deeds on the river, or some larger shock?
Look at this bench on which your uncle sat
From half-past six till half-past three o'clock,

"He who was never wont to rise from dreams
Till mid-day, and who hates the vulgar mob,
Whom all processions tire to angry screams,
Who loves no seat except the sort that bob;—

"Bearing the fell fatigue and hunger's claw,
No softer roost than this, I say, he found,
And braved it gladly, for on this he saw
The golden pageant when KING GEORGE was crowned."
EVOE.

"He spoilt his card by taking four pulls on the first green."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

That would account for his seeing a stymie on the
second tee.

From South Nigerian General Orders:

"In the case of a Mess, the Mess President is responsible. The former
should be adequately cleaned at least once a fortnight, and the latter at
least three times a week."

The Mess President has resigned.

AT THE PLAY.

THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THE judgment of those who attend a morning Dress Rehearsal is generally supposed to be very valuable; but actually it is of the least critical use in the world. Apart from the Press, who refrain from applause and reserve their censure for the papers, the audience consists largely of members of The Profession and personal friends of the actors. They have therefore either been trained in the same stage-traditions, good and bad, or else they love their favourites as much for their foibles as for their virtues. But at His Majesty's nothing mattered very much, for a Coronation spirit (unhampered by police and the fear of barriers) was abroad and nobody wanted to be critical even if he could.

The charm of this Gala Rehearsal was that it gave you the rare pleasure of seeing distinguished actors condescending to inferior parts. The identity of some, playing as mere supers and units of a crowd, was almost concealed under a veil of the finest humility. Thus, our new stage-knight, behaving just as if the honour about to be conferred upon him was quite a common thing among actor-managers, did nothing beyond getting his halberd mixed up with the halberd of another veteran.

The programme was for all tastes—the lighter kind for choice. Miss ELLEN TERRY and Mrs. KENDAL were in rollicking mood in the letter episode from *The Merry Wives*. Here the rotundity of Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, as *Falstaff*, was momentarily admitted on to the stage (without the author's connivance) for the purpose of rounding off the scene.

As *David Garrick*, Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM simulated intoxication (for moral purposes) with all his old verve and masterful ease; Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, careful not to be as funny as he could have been, was *Jones*; and Miss SYDNEY FAREBROTHER was a very perfect *Araminta*.

In the rostrum-scene from *Julius Cæsar* (taken full-face instead of in profile), the crowd was so terribly true to life that it almost overwhelmed the chief actors. These Romans had been admirably stage-managed, but I confess to having found some difficulty in distinguishing between the noise of their anger and the noise of their approval,

and both must have been alike offensive to *Antony* (Sir HERBERT TREE) in his heroic struggle to make himself heard.

The *clou* of the entertainment was *The Critic*, which, in a modernised



Mr. BOURCHIER (*Puff*). "Will they know you with your moustache obliterated?"

Mr. HAWTREY (*Sneer*). "One makes these sacrifices for a great cause."

version, with here and there a trace of SHERIDAN, made as good fun as one could wish for. Mr. BOURCHIER as *Puff* was on pleasant terms of familiarity with the whole of his cast;



A HARDER TASK THAN MARK ANTONY'S.
Sir HERBERT TREE dominates his crowd of Star Supers.

whom he addressed either by their personal names or, more fraternally, as "dear."

BEN JONSON, again, was barely recognisable in his *Vision of Delight*—a very firmament of theatrical stars of the first or second magnitude. I could grow lyrical on this theme, and Mr. HERBERT TRENCH actually did burst out into several "additional" lyrics. Excellent in themselves and sympathetically delivered, they were perhaps a little wasted upon the intelligence of an audience whose eyes were being feasted almost to the bulging-point. By a happy device, KING GEORGE was spared the gross flattery which BEN JONSON lavished on the King of his day, to whose benign influence he ascribed the birth of Spring; the diminutive figure of Cupid, King of Love, was introduced instead to receive credit as the prime mover in these vernal developments. At the close a great largesse of flowers and herbage was flung to the front rows; and for my share I received a rose or two in the midst of a heavy rain of moss and mould that did grave injury to my personal appearance.

All ended well with a superbly stalwart rendering of the National Anthem by Miss CLARA BUTT in a nice blue overall.

On The Night Itself the atmosphere of the House was more temperate. The entry of great actors was ignored, and applause, as is the habit on such occasions, was very rare. Yet the audience was appreciative in its own subdued way. Possibly *The Critic* lost most by the change of air, for its fun depended a good deal upon a recognition of the incongruous situations in which well-known actors found themselves. Our foreign guests could hardly be expected to know that Mr. DU MAURIER does not commonly simulate a hoary Governor of Tilbury Fort in an adjustable beard; that Mr. LORRAINE was not strictly in his natural element as a scene-shifter; that Miss MARIE TEMPEST does not often appear as the shadow of somebody else; that Mr. BEVERIDGE seldom plays in a speechless and purely ruminative part; that Mr. EDMUND PAYNE's methods are not usually such as one expects in the person of an Elizabethan lord-chancellor; or that the humour of Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS was not enjoying its customary scope in the limited opportunities offered to *The Left Bank of the Thames*. But it was a great night. O.S.

LIFE.

It was in the Saloon Bar of a more or less reputable hostelry off Leicester Square that he was thrust into my ken. He was a smallish, perky-looking individual, with an enormous mouth and a chin blue from the eternal shaving of what Nature had designed for a strong beard. A flat-rimmed bowler was crammed upon his head, and he was perched upon a high stool, pulling luxuriously at a tankard of bitter beer. There was a latent twinkle in his eye, and a grin lurking about the corners of his mouth that piqued my curiosity, and I wondered what on earth he could find to look so cheerful about.

He seemed to welcome my enquiring gaze and remarked waggishly that it would probably be a fine day if it didn't rain. There was something in the way he said it that made me think I must have met him somewhere else, but before I had time to remember properly he laughed, and for the life of me I couldn't help laughing too. Conversation flowed freely then, and soon he leant over to me and said confidentially in his quaint raucous voice:

"Sociable, that's wot I am. In the profesh we 'ang together."

"The profesh?" I said naively.

"Yes," he said; "I'm a clown, yer know, a pantomime clown."

It took me by surprise. So that was why I half-remembered him. And yet—this cheerful soul who was drinking and cracking jokes away from his native footlights, a clown. If ever a smile hid an aching heart it must be here, and I hoped my accents were broken enough as I murmured, "My poor fellow!" and took his hand in mine.

My friend seemed mystified, and I could see by the earnest way he looked at me that he was trying to find out whether I was being funny.

"'Ullo," he said at length, "wot's the game, eh?"

I looked again. Poor chap, I thought, he keeps it up bravely. I almost had to blink away a tear.

"You can trust me," I said simply; "how is she—the little girl?"

"The little wot?" he almost gasped.

"Your little daughter, the dancer, you know—dying from pneumonia and all that." My voice broke at the edges.

"Daughter!"—his voice rose to an indignant shout—"why, I never 'ad a daughter, and never—"

"Then your wife, fading away with consumption and tossing this very minute upon a straw mattress? And yet you can drink beer?"

The clown set his mug down upon the counter and descended from his stool with a certain quiet dignity by which,



Little Girl (residing in suburb much visited of late by night-raiders). "MOTHER, WHY DON'T YOU PUT 'NO BURGLARS' ON THE GATE, WITH THE OTHER THINGS!"

in spite of the lamentable bowler, I could not fail to be impressed, and said:

"You seem to 'ave got 'old of the wrong man. I 'ave no children, and what is more, I 'ave no wife—"

"But the garret," I persisted, "the garret with the upturned packing-cases and candles guttering in ginger-beer bottles—"

"Sir," he said, "if yer wish ter know, I live at Tooting. At Upper Tooting. Upper Tooting may not be Park Lane, but it is, I 'opo, respectable for all that."

I could not disbelieve the man. For

a moment I gazed upon him sorrowfully. And then I said:

"It is rather quaint that the only real live clown I have ever met should be such a traitor to the traditions of his calling. A clown who can laugh and make jokes in private life, a clown who has no dying daughter, no ailing wife, no packing cases—bah!"

And so I left him.

JACK JOHNSON says he is now ready to fight anyone who wishes to meet him. Candidates are requested to line up outside the early doors.

A NEW ISSUE.

"Do you know anything about stamps?" asked my young friend Bobby. He has been having a week's holiday in honour of the Coronation and has been making a nuisance of himself because he saw it and I didn't. However, as I point out to him, I was at least alive at the Diamond Jubilee.

"Do I—what?"

"Know anything about stamps?"

"My dear Bobby," I said, "I know everything about everything."

"Coo—I bet you don't. You don't know what Tomlinson's average is this term."

"Ah, now you've just hit upon the one thing—"

"Well, it's thirty-eight."

"Batting or bowling?"

Bobby looked coldly at me.

"I was going to ask you about my stamp," he said; "but if you're going to be funny—"

"I'm not, I promise. This isn't my day for levity. Show me the stamp."

I collected stamps when I was Bobby's age. I suppose in those days I did know something about them, but they have altered since my time; with the result that I can now only judge them by the beauty or otherwise of the illustration. Sometimes I come across a letter stamped with the representation of a volcano or an iceberg or a couple of jaguars—whatever it may be, and I have sent it off eagerly to some youthful philatelist; to receive a week later such formal thanks as are generally reserved for the man who offers you a large Cabbage White for your butterfly collection.

"It's just got a lion or something on it, and a jossor's head, and some other things," said Bobby, searching in his pocket. "Uncle Henry sent it to me."

The description seemed to apply to a good many stamps.

"Any words?"

"Wait a sec.," said Bobby, and he ran it to ground in his right-hand trouser pocket. "Here it is."

It could claim to be unused, and by so much the more valuable, but another week or two in Bobby's pocket might have invalidated its claim. However I had no doubt that I had never seen a stamp like it before.

"Who is the jossor?" said Bobby.

"It's nobody I know," I said, looking at it closely, "unless—no—it isn't your Uncle William, is it?"

"It's got 'postage revenue' on it," Bobby pointed out. "So it must be Colonial, I should think, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, that shows it couldn't be

foreign. This looks like an African lion to me. I expect it's the new South African stamp. That's BOTH.

"I believe it's Australian," said Bobby. "It's just the colour of some of the Australian stamps."

"Sometimes you can tell by the gum. The gum from the Australian gum-tree tastes quite different from any other sort."

Bobby tasted it carefully. "It's just like ordinary gum," he said, when he had finished it.

We looked at it again, and then Bobby went and got an atlas. He turned to the map whereon the British possessions are marked red. There were an awful lot of them.

"You see, it might be any one of these little islands," I said. "After all, we're pretty sure it isn't one of the big colonies, because we've seen photographs of the premiers in all the illustrated papers, and this isn't really like any of them."

"I saw old FISHER in the procession—"

"No, no, Bobby, not again," I remonstrated.

He blushed and put the stamp back in his pocket.

"Anyhow," he said, "it's awfully decent of Uncle Henry, isn't it? I believe it's most beastly rare."

"Well, look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm lunching to-morrow with a man who's a great philatelist."

"Coo. What's that?"

"It means he collects stamps—and I'll ask him about yours. And I'll send you a line."

"Oh, I say, thanks awfully," said Bobby.

* * * *

My philatelist had never heard of it. No doubt I described it badly; my memories were a little vague for one thing, and for another I was probably wrong to have assumed that it went into Bobby's pocket the same smudgy colour as it came out. He was interested, however, in the gum test, and on my suggestion, made on the spur of the moment, that it was a mid-Victorian issue of one of the islands in the South Pacific, he proposed that it should be sent to him for examination. I wrote to Bobby to this effect and went into the post-office for a stamp.

"One?" said the lady.

"Only one," I admitted humbly.

She threw one at me. I picked it up and then gave a jump.

"Where did you get this from?" I cried. "Did Uncle Henry send you one, too?"

"Do you want another one?"

"Why, have you got any more?" I

asked excitedly. "What could you let me have a dozen for?"

"A shilling."

"Done," I said gladly, thinking how Bobby would like them for exchange. "Oh, and I want a penny stamp, please."

She threw another one of the same kind at me.

"I asked for a simple penny English stamp," I began sarcastically, "and you give me another of these rare Tasman—" Then it occurred to me quite suddenly that perhaps I was an ass.

"Tell me," I said, going hot and cold all over, "who is this gentleman?" and I indicated the top part of the stamp.

"That is the KING."

"Of England?"

"And Scotland and Ireland and Wales and—"

"Yes, yes. And who is this?"

"That's a lion."

"Just an ordinary lion? You're sure it's not meant for anybody particular?"

"Yes. Do you want another one?"

"No, thank you," I said sadly, and I took my stamp home with me. I put it on another envelope, and wrote another letter to Bobby.

"Dear Bobby," I wrote, "I am sending you a second one. It is not so beastly rare as we thought, and if I were you I should tell Uncle Henry all about the Coronation." A. A. M.

With a joyous shout resounding;
Steed caparisoned, and bounding;
Flying flag; and booming cannon;
From the Thames unto the Shannon;
From St. Lawrence to the Clyde, ay,
Rivers of a Kingdom wide aye;
From all countries of an Empire;
City, hamlet, town of each shire."

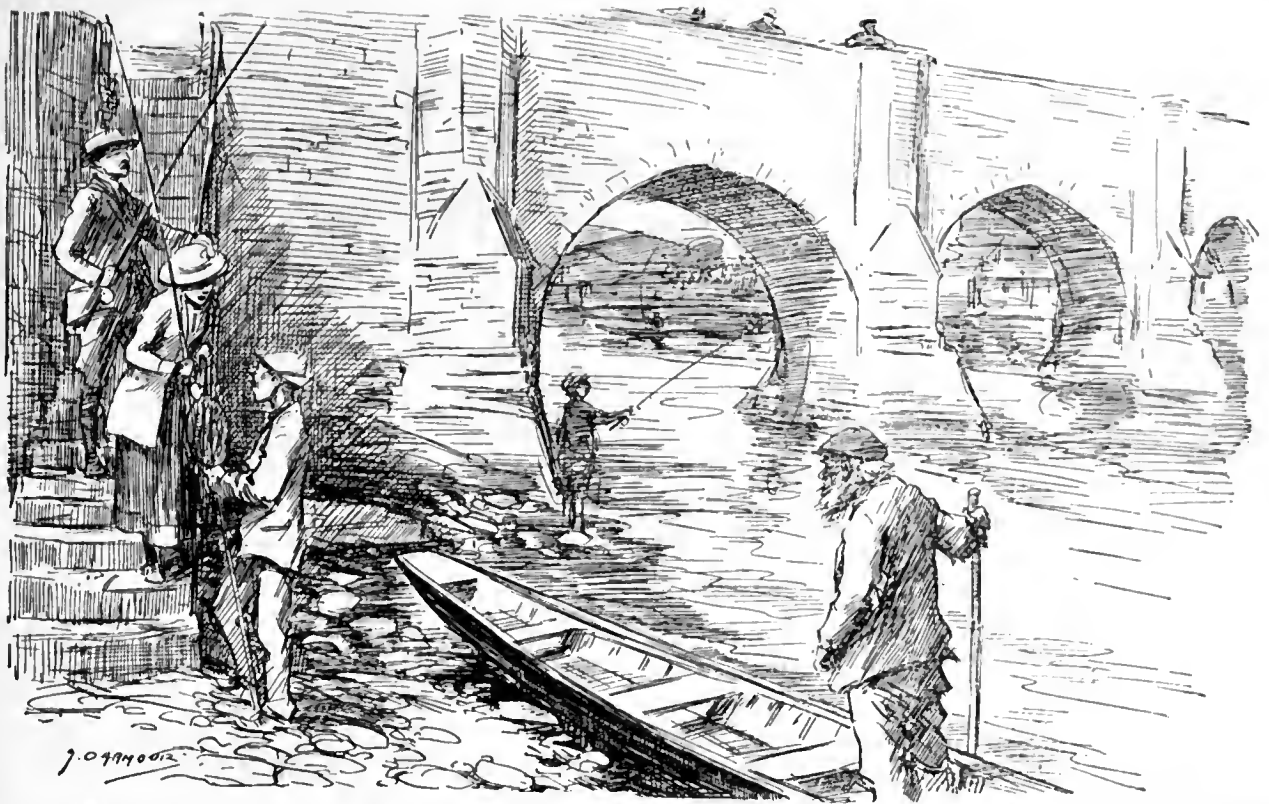
Bournemouth Visitors' Directory.

Very thoughtful of the Bournemouth authorities to extend the Poet's Licence during the Coronation period.

From a Highland Railway Company's booklet:

"Standing at the north-west corner of the Castle, the view is one of surpassing charm. Under the eye is St. Andrew's Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace (Eden Court) and the Northern Infirmary by the river side; and beyond, in the same direction, the boat-shaped, isolated, oak-clad eminence of Tomnahurich, now converted into a cemetery, unsurpassed for adaptiveness and for beauty and extent of outlook in all directions. Immediately below Tomnahurich is a large public park and a new cemetery, both belonging to the Corporation. At a distance of a couple of miles is seen the District Lunatic Asylum."

Indeed, were it not for the absence of any kind of Workhouse or Prison, the view might claim to be the most beautiful in Europe.



Boatman. "PETER AN' ME 'LL NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE YE OUT FISHIN' TO-NIGHT, M'AM; BUT PETER'S NEPHEW WILL BE AFTHER TAKIN' YE AV YE LIKE!"

Lady. "WELL, I HOPE PETER'S NEPHEW IS CLEANER THAN PETER IS!"

Boatman. "HE IS, M'AM—HE'S YOUNGER."

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE extraordinary circumstance of M. PADEREWSKI passing unnoticed through the crowd in Pall Mall during the Coronation Festivities has aroused widespread comment. We have received an interesting communication from the secretary of Mr. BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, extending to forty-eight folios of typewritten script, which may be thus briefly summarised. Mr. BAMBERGER, as is well known, is the son-in-law of that distinguished official, Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, formerly Colonial Secretary of the Solomon Islands, and, on the occasion of the Coronation procession, had arranged to witness the spectacle from a stand erected in front of Sir POMPEY'S mansion in Piccadilly, together with his wife, Mrs. BAMBERGER (daughter of Sir POMPEY BOLDERO), and his three children, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN and HUMPERDINCK BAMBERGER (the grandchildren of Sir POMPEY BOLDERO).

* * * *

Starting from his hotel at an early hour, Mr. BAMBERGER and family made their way to the nearest tube station, but were recognised at the booking-office and subjected to the most

gratifying, if somewhat embarrassing, attentions. While in the lift enthusiastic admirers sought to pluck capillary souvenirs from the exuberant *chereture* of the great virtuoso, and during his subterranean transit he signed his name in no fewer than thirty-nine birthday books. Mrs. BAMBERGER was repeatedly congratulated by fellow-passengers on the extraordinary beauty of her offspring, and sandwiches, bananas, chocolates and other comestibles were showered upon them in lavish profusion.

* * * *

Arriving at the house of his father-in-law (Sir POMPEY BOLDERO) at 7.30 A.M., Mr. BAMBERGER, his wife and children, at once proceeded to take up the seats allotted to them in the front row of the superbly decorated stand. This was the signal for an extraordinary demonstration on the part of the crowd, who shouted "Bravo," "Encore," "Bis," and other honorific exclamations for nearly twenty-five minutes. Sir POMPEY, who is a man of strong family feeling, was visibly affected, and in a brief but eloquent speech expressed his acknowledgments to the populace. In a manifesto subsequently issued to the press, he stated that if, as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared,

the people were Cæsar, he at least was their only Pompey.

* * * *

We regret to learn, however, that the strain imposed upon Mr. BAMBERGER himself by this prolonged exhibition of popularity combined with the emotional tension caused in his own highly-strung temperament by the spectacle of the Procession, has led to a peripheral nerve-storm, having its seat in the capillary ganglia, which has obliged him to cancel all engagements for the next fortnight. Since the awful experience he underwent at the hands of the Terrorists of Timbuctoo, when he was kidnapped on the banks of Lake Chad and carried away on the back of a gorilla into the Mountains of the Moon for six weeks, Mr. BAMBERGER has been liable to occasional recurrences of this distressing malady. Sir POMPEY BOLDERO—who it can never be repeated too often, is Mr. BAMBERGER'S only father-in-law—is unremitting in his attentions, and Mrs. BAMBERGER is a devoted nurse. Until complete convalescence sets in Mr. BAMBERGER'S children will remain with their grand-aunt, Miss CORNELIA BOLDERO at her charming marine residence "Plinlimmon," Mulberry Road, Weston-super-Mare.



Proud Father. "WELL, MY BOY, AND WHAT KIND OF SHEEP DO YOU KEEP ON THIS FARM?"
Land Agent (in the pupil stage). "OH, ER—BIG—WOOLLY BEGGARS."

NOBODY FORGOTTEN.

(AN ECHO OF THE GREAT EVENT.)

Local Editor, to Reporter, everywhere:—"And mind you get the names of everybody who had anything to do with the proceedings. Names in full, and be careful about spelling. They'll all buy a copy."

Mr. Fitz-Masters, the Chairman, proved himself an ideal choice for that onerous post. Not only did he preside at every meeting of the general committee, but also at all the sub-committee meetings, and it is due in no small measure to his ability and tact that the day was such a signal success.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy and efficiency of Mr. Last, the hon.

sec. of the general committee, whose tact and resourcefulness were unailing.

All praise is due to Mr. Farr, who assisted Mr. Last, and whose unruffled temper and skill in organisation did much to ensure the triumphs which we have all witnessed.

The training of the voices of the choir reflects the highest credit on Mr. Arthur Throstle, their indefatigable instructor. Rarely can sweeter music have been discoursed than that which rose obedient to his inspiring bâton.

The organist, Mr. Soper, interpreted the difficult and intricate accompaniment with consummate skill, which, had it been elsewhere than in a sacred edifice, must indubitably have moved

the audience to vocal enthusiasm and loud plaudits.

The catering, which was in the capable hands of Host Bland, of the Crown Hotel, was in every way admirable, and ample justice was done to the many good things provided.

The flowers which decorated the banqueting-room were arranged by Mr. Dedham, the head gardener at The Court, and it would be impossible too highly to praise the taste with which his part of the labour of love was executed.

Among the Squire's gifts were 5 lbs. of tea (supplied by Messrs. Leadbetter), 10 lbs. of butter (supplied by the Manse Dairy Farm, Ltd.), and 60 loaves of bread (supplied by Mr. John Bush).

Mrs. Gallop presented each of the children with a Coronation medal with her own hands, and the thanks of the village cannot be too warmly accorded to her for this act of kindness and generosity.

Mrs. Lyon-Wagstaff, looking charming in mauve, kindly consented to distribute the prizes, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the cleverness with which she made each recipient feel that his award was beyond all the others in value.

The arrangements for the tea were in the efficient hands of Host Bokor of the Shipley Arms, and nothing was left undone.

The decorations and illuminations on Messrs. Putt and Roller's Brewery reflect the highest credit on Mrs. Aubrey Putt, who cannot be too much complimented on the effectiveness and originality of the colour scheme.

The bonfire, it should be noted, would not have been half the grand spectacle that it was had it not been for the generosity of Mr. James Stunt, who gave 500 faggots, and the untiring and willing industry of Messrs. Block and Bullivant, who superintended the structure and themselves presented the tar and paraffin.

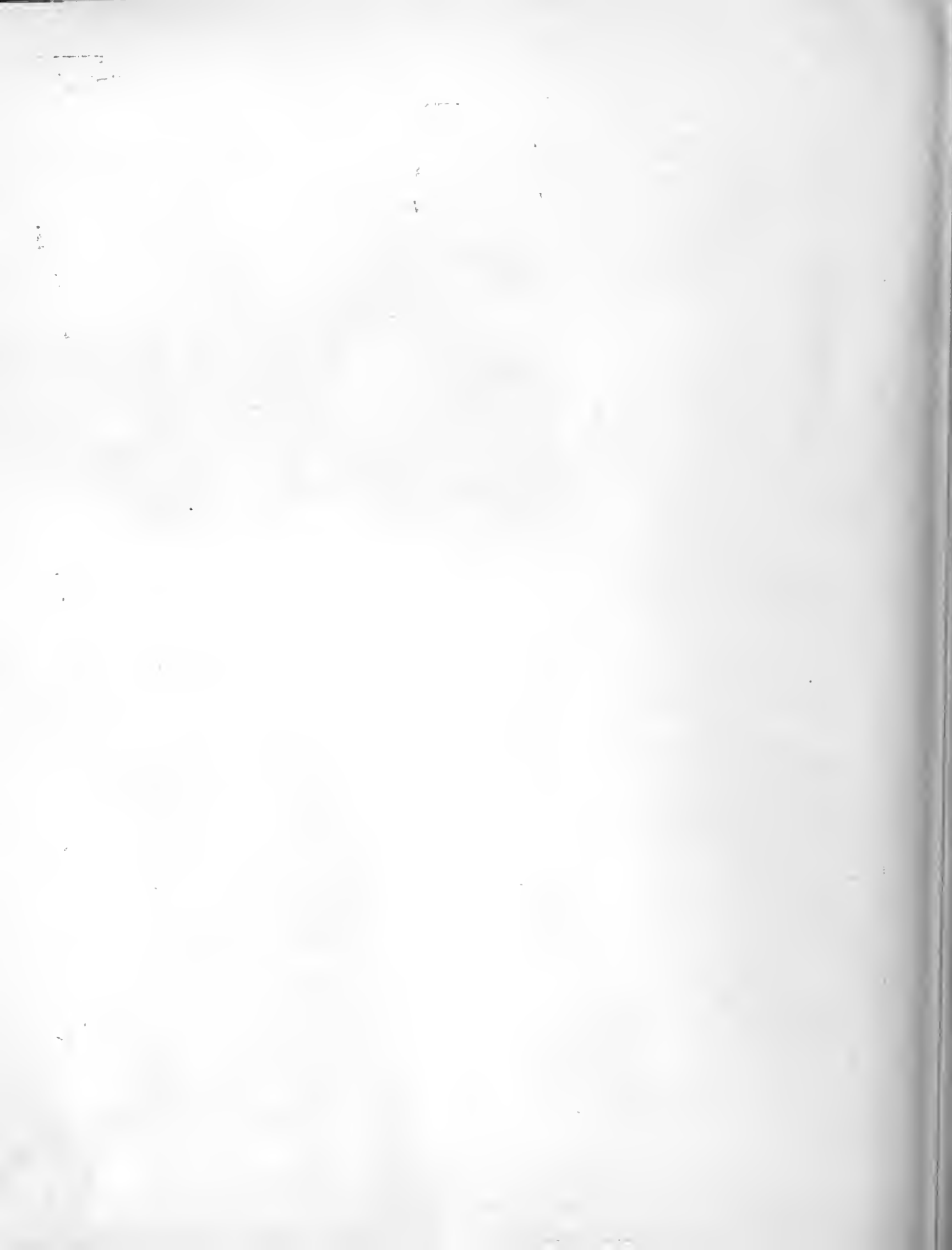
Nothing could exceed the punctuality with which, at ten o'clock precisely, Sir Henry Bower ignited the train which led to the bonfire, and caused the riotous flames to burst forth in a blaze of loyalty.

Commercial Candour in the East End.
"Try our Barking sausages."



THE CAPTURE OF WINDSOR CASTLE

BY THE BOY SCOUTS, JULY 4th.



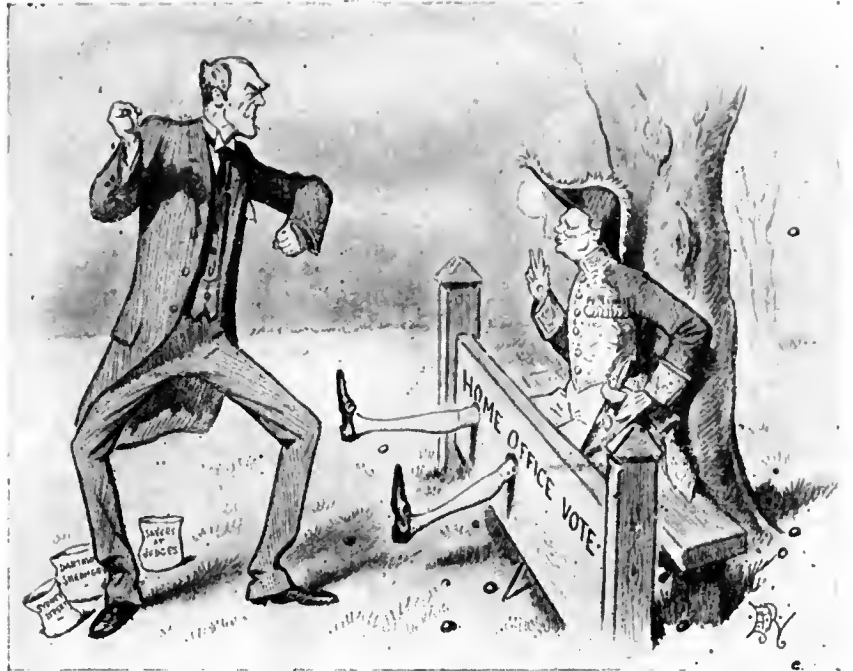
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 26.

—House resumes sittings after Coronation with grim consciousness that at length business is about to begin in earnest. On Wednesday the Lords take in hand the Veto Bill. Already heavy guns have been trained upon it. Amendments of which LANSDOWNE and LONDONDERRY have severally given notice will bring the two Houses to grips.

Meanwhile little entertainment provided in shape of hauling HOME SECRETARY over the coals. WISSOME WINSTON hasn't been committing fresh iniquity. LYTTELTON harks back to old stories of Dartmoor shepherd, Tonypandy, and the Battle of Stepney. Scanty attendance and no disposition to grow excited over process of flogging dead horses. LYTTELTON does his best. Shocked at CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER's early reference to the gentle shepherd he accuses him of making "vulgar, inaccurate, unscrupulous statements." Falling upon WINSTON he sternly insisted on knowing what he was doing at Stepney at the time of the siege?



MILDEWED CHESTNUTS.

WINSTON. "My dear LYTTELTON, you surely don't imagine that you hurt me by pelting me with these absurd little trifles! Your ammunition is out-of-date, and you can't shoot!!"



BALFLOVA AND LORDKIN.

Mr. BALFOUR and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD perform the "Danse de la Déclaration de Londres" at the Cannon Street Hotel.

"A photographer was there," he said, "and the HOME SECRETARY was there. We all know why the photographer was there, but do not quite know why the HOME SECRETARY was there."

Quick from Radical camp below Gangway came answer to the riddle, "Because the photographer was there."

When WINSTON found opportunity of replying he retorted that when PRINCE ARTHUR risked his valuable life in flying machine there was also a photographer at hand prepared to take a snapshot, reproduction of which would gratify contemporaries and inform posterity.

On this high level of badinage did the Mother of Parliaments disport herself on the eve of the greatest constitutional crisis of modern times.

Slackness of attendance, increasing with indifference to what was going on, nearly landed Government in awkward place. BANBURY chipping in moved to reduce by £500 salary of HOME SECRETARY. On a division Ministerial majority ran down to 32. Incident greeted with wild delight on Opposition benches.

Business done—Some votes got in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—New writ issued for Central Division of Kingston-upon-Hull for election of Member to serve in place of SEYMOUR KING unseated on petition. That a conclusion of the matter scarcely less regretted in Ministerial

ranks than in Unionist camp. A loyal party man, SEYMOUR KING was never disposed to deny that occasionally some good might come out of the Nazareth of the benches opposite. Able, courteous, unobtrusive, with far-reaching business experience, he through a long Parliamentary career won the guerdon of general esteem. He was the kind of man who forms the backbone of a Parliament as yet unwaged.

The few Members looking up as the motion was made were reminded that since they last met a notable thing has happened. ACLAND-HOOD, Unionist Whip over a period beyond which the memory of few in the present House goeth, has retired from the scene, and BALCARRES whips in his place. The Old 'un has withdrawn to the sanctuary of the House of Lords, where he will get a new view of Parliamentary proceedings.

His tumbling into the important office, so long held, was accidental. Served his time in the Army, smelling powder in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. Retiring ten years later he won a seat in his own county of Somerset and retained it ever since. First came under PRINCE ARTHUR'S notice in connection with proposal to exile the Guards to Gibraltar—one of ST. JOHN BRODRICK'S early efforts to reform and strengthen an army presently to be despatched to South Africa. As an old Guardsman he resented this undignified treatment of a crack regiment. He even went the length of dividing House, bringing down Ministerial majority in marked measure.

Three years later, again demonstrated his independence by protesting against action of War Office in, to quote his plain way of putting it, "asking REDVERS BULLER to re-write his despatch recording the attack on Spion Kop, putting in an account of what had not happened." REDVERS BULLER, being, as he significantly insisted, "a gentleman," declined.

Evidently a County Member who talked disrespectfully about his pastors and masters on Treasury Bench must be looked after. Before end of Session in which this last flare-up took place ACLAND-HOOD was made Vice-Chamberlain; two years later was called to important office of Chief Whip. Now has been further promoted to the obscurity of House of Lords, and a long familiar figure disappears from the Commons.

Business done.—All over by 4.40. Sitting literally collapsed owing to scanty attendance and less interest. Fine opportunity for LYNCH to practise his new style of debate. Actually not new. As old as time of ARISTOTLE walking to and fro in the Lyceum at Athens what time he expounded his philosophy. LYNCH concerned to throw out, on Second Reading, Bill dealing with pensions of Colonial Governors. Modern habit at Westminster is to face



The Squire (just returned from London). "BY THE WAY, HOW DID YOUR BAZAAR GO OFF?"

Curate. "OH, WE HAVEN'T HAD IT YET. BY SOME ERROR IT WAS FIXED FOR THE 22ND, AND THE VICAR VERY WISELY POSTPONED IT. HE WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT INTERFERE WITH THE CORONATION."

the Chair, stand still and talk. LYNCH, as he spoke, strolled up and down the empty bench below Gangway, whence he had risen. Eventually strayed so far from subject that, thrice warned by SPEAKER of the offence of irrelevancy, he was ordered to resume his seat, which he did, admitting to himself that at least he had had a healthful half-mile stroll.

"There should be no more entertaining match in the second round than Gore v. Gobert, who is only half his age."—*Evening Standard.*
Lucky GOBERT. How the ladies must envy him.

"TREASURE ISLAND."

A LOVER breeze to the roses pleaded,
Failed and faltered, took heart and advanced;
Up over the peaches, unimpeded,
A great Red Admiral ducked and danced;
But the boy with the book saw not,
nor heeded,
Reading entranced—entranced!

He read, nor knew that the fat bees bumbled;
He woke no whit to the teabell's touch,
The brown pigeons that wheeled and tumbled,
(For how should a pirate reck of such?).
He read, and the flaming flowerbeds crumbled,
At tap of the sea-cook's crutch!

And lo, there leapt for him dolphins running
The peacock seas of the buccaneer,
Lone, savage reefs where the seals lay sunning,
The curve of canvas, the creak of gear;
For ever the Master's wondrous cunning
Lent him of wizard lear!

* * * * *

But lost are the garden days of leisure,
Lost with their wide-eyed ten-year-old,
Yet if you'd move to a bygone measure,
Or shape your heart to an ancient mould,
Maroons and schooners and buried treasure
Wrought on a page of gold,—

Then take the book in the dingy binding,
Still the magic comes, bearded, great,
And swaggering files of sea-thieves winding

Back, with their ruffling cut-throat gait,
Reclaim an hour when we first went finding
Pieces of Eight—of Eight.

"With wonted sonority Big Ben boomed one. There was nothing in or around Palace Yard approaching in gravity the face of the clock, except perhaps the river, rolling steadily to the sea, tawny and dignified."

For synopsis of previous chapters see *The Daily Telegraph* during Coronation week. You can start this story now.

A GALA PERFORMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

KING HENRY VIII.

- KING HENRY VIII. *Sir Barnes Dormer.*
 CARDINAL CAMPEIUS *Sir Creasewell Baggs, O.M.*
 CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the EMPEROR CHARLES V. *Sir Charles Keswick.*
 CRANMER *Sir Maryon Baddeley.*
 DUKE OF NORFOLK *Sir Julius Gaga.*
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *Sir George Gay.*
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK. *Sir Tichborne Little.*
 EARL OF SURREY *Sir Anthony Harty.*
 LORD CHAMBERLAIN *Sir Mulberry Bushe.*
 LORD CHANCELLOR. *Sir James Leverett.*
 GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester *Sir Hunter Tuf-ton.*
 BISHOP OF LINCOLN *Sir Shandon Gaffney.*
 LORD ABERGAVENNY *Sir Dion Pullar.*
 LORD SANDS *Sir Durham Maple.*
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD *Sir Shulbrede Goring.*
 SIR THOMAS LOVELL *Sir Thomas Tabb-Lloyd.*
 SIR ANTHONY DENNY *Sir Margate Whiteley.*
 SIR NICHOLAS VAUX *Sir Ivory Smiles.*
 QUEEN KATHARINE *Lady Baddeley.*
 ANNE BULLEN *Lady Pott-Greener.*
 AN OLD LADY *Lady Gaga.*
 AND
 CARDINAL WOLSEY. *Mr. John Smith.*



Heavy-goor (at a late hour). "HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA WHAT THE TIME IS—HAVE YOU?"
Long-suffering Partner (seizing her opportunity). "OH, JUST ORDINARY VALSE-TIME."

THE SCHOOL FOR MOTLEY.

["It is pessimism which produces wit. Optimism is nearly always dull."]

WHEN I was a feather-brained stripling
 And new to my frivolous Muse,
 I parodied AUSTIN and KIPLING
 And floundered in CALVERLEY'S shoes.
 With hope as a tonic I primed my
 internals
 And sent in my stuff to the various
 journals.

Although the wet blanket of chronic
 Rejection adhered to my form,
 I took the above-mentioned tonic
 And managed to keep myself warm.
 My verses were light, but my spirits
 were lighter;
 Some day, I kept saying, the sky would
 get brighter.

Years passed, but my lot never varied,
 And hope seemed to suffer a slump,
 And life became empty and arid—
 In short, I contracted the "hump."
 Despair filled my heart, once so sanguine
 and placid;
 Thenceforward I wrote not with ink,
 but with acid.

I put away laughter and pleasure,
 I sought Fortune's arrows and slings,
 And found what a wonderful treasure
 Lies hid on the dark side of things;
 For woe gave me wit, and my bile-begot
 vapours
 Procured me the ear of the humorous
 papers.

And now, when prosperity chases
 The frown from my forehead, I go
 And scatter my cash at the races,
 Or visit a music-hall show;

Restored to a decent depression, *instantly*

I turn out a column of exquisite banter.
 Sour grapes make the daintiest nectar;
 I fill up a bumper each night
 To banish the fatuous spectre
 Of dull-witted joy from my sight,
 And, sitting alone in a darkness Cimmerian,
 I drink to the toast, "A long life and
 a weary 'un!"

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in *Reynolds' Newspaper* :—

"Under Lord Lansdowne's scheme, three-fourths or even three-fifths of the peers would disappear from the House of Lords."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR should attend the "Arithmetical Help" classes of *T.P.'s Weekly*.

TOUJOURS À LA RUSSE.

CORONATION guests may come and go, but the new Russian Ballet is here to stay. It made its daring *début* at Covent Garden on the very eve of the Great Day, when all good loyalists were warned to be in their beds betimes, so as to rise at 3 o'clock and wait ten hours in the places which most of those who were not frightened away by press and police could have reached with ease at the last moment.

Russian dancers at the Palace Theatre and elsewhere have made us familiar with figures of eight or so, but here with increased numbers there was scope for greater intricacy of design. Yet it was all done with the same apparently un-studied and spontaneous ease concealing the art of it.

If Madame PAVLOVA'S dances—the Butterfly, the Swan, the Dying Rose and even the Bacchanale—are the embodiment of a single idea for which the music seems to serve as a cursive commentary, here, in *Le Carnaval* of SCHUMANN, the dance is rather an interpretation of the music itself. And its fascination lies in the perfect accord of the dancers not only with the time, but with the intention, of the music.

This, perhaps, demanded more of technique than of imagination, for the music was Carnival-music, and the dancers had only to assume the dress and manner of the middle of the 19th century in order to become the very models from which the fancy of SCHUMANN had worked. Greater imagination was asked of the Moscow dancers who were recently interpreting the *Peer Gynt* suite; for, apart from the *Anitra Mazurka*, the music had first to be translated into the terms of another art.

I was greatly relieved by the economy shown in the use of those symbolic and artificial gestures which worry me to death in most ballets with a story. Almost every motive was illustrated by purely natural signs that made things much easier for my home-grown intelligence. I commend, on this and other phases of the Russians'

art, an admirable article in *The Times* of June 24. There you will learn what makes the difference between English and Russian methods. I am half afraid that in this matter of the ballet we Britons never, never, never will be Slavs. In *Le Carnaval*, and in *Prince Igor*, the achievement of individual dancers was merged in the effect of the *ensemble*, but the piquant and wayward charm of Madame ELSA WILL as *Columbine* remains clear in my memory. And I was glad to notice that she seemed to be enjoying everything quite as much as I did. Perhaps the most sensational moments came in the famous war-dance from BORODIN'S opera of *Prince Igor*. I had never previously assisted at one

In this "tableau" Mme. KARSAVINA came very near indeed to the perfection of Madame PAVLOVA, but missed something of her effortless grace and the lovely motions of her dainty head.

We have been told to admire the severity of the background in *Le Carnaval*. Let me say at once that it is not comparable, as we are asked to believe, with the scenery of *Sumurun*, which was always beautiful when most severe. I accept the simplicity of the blue-purple hangings of the lower wall; but I frankly revolt at the vast beflowered frieze above it, which was unreasonably gross in design and coarse in execution. And surely this ante-chamber of the ball-room might have had a little more accommodation

for sitting-out; and looked rather less like a deserted marquise on the day after a Coronation Bazaar.

I ought perhaps to add that, at the second performance, I did not care very much for the intervals between the ballets; they lacked that brevity which should be the very soul of this part of the entertainment.

O. S.



Coach (on cycle). "HANG YOU, COX! YOU'LL BE INTO THE BANK. WHERE YOU'RE GOING?" WHY CAN'T YOU LOOK

of these orgies in the camp of the Polovtzi (even the name is not a household word with me), and I enjoyed the performance very much; but I am not sure whether, if I had been one of the Slav prisoners, like *Prince Igor*, and this entertainment had been offered me as a distraction, I should have regarded the proposal as very tactful, or derived much solace from an exhibition "in which," as my programme tells me, "is shown all the barbarous ferocity of the nomadic tribe."

Another thrill, and more exquisite, was produced in my veins by the airy exit of the *génie* in *Le Spectre de la Rose*. In this pretty *fantaisie à deux*, M. NIJINSKY was really wonderful. If not of so classic a build as M. MORDKIN, he is more agile and various. Perhaps he is also too gratuitously acrobatic.

ated a B.A. in 1841. He was a first-class musician, and one of the best performers of his day on the lute. When Charles II. ascended the throne, Stradling was made Chaplain to Dr. Sheldon, Bishop of London, and a D.D., in 1621.—*South Wales Daily News*.

Nothing like the lute for keeping a man young.

"The Bishop Elect of Ossory is no stranger to the southern diocese—in fact, we believe that Cork men may, in a sense, claim him as a native of their county."

Church of Ireland Gazette.

In another sense, however, he was actually born in India.

"The King and Queen yesterday afternoon gave a garden party at Buckingham Palace. There was a very large attendance of guests, of whom about 6,000 had been invited."

The Times.

The conduct of the others in pushing in without an invitation cannot be too strongly condemned.

REWARDS AND FAIRY TALES.

["Mr. Pierpont Morgan has presented the German Emperor with an autograph letter from Luther to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, which Mr. Morgan bought recently for £5,100. The Emperor has conferred upon Mr. Morgan the First Class of the Order of the Red Eagle, adds Reuter."—*Daily Paper.*]

SINCE the above announcement a number of distinguished men have profited by the example of the illustrious American financier.

Thus, Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., has presented the Sultan of ZANZIBAR with an autograph letter from Sir PHILIP SIDNEY LEE to the late Vice-Chancellor BACON for which he recently refused £10,000 from a Chicago multi-millionaire. The SULTAN has conferred on Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE the Order of the Okapi (Third Class).

The proprietor of the *Revue du Beau Mond* has presented the King of SIAM with the MS. of an article by Sir HORACE MEWLETT, for which the distinguished contributor was paid at the rate of a guinea a line. The King of SIAM has been graciously pleased to bestow on the proprietor the Order of the Great Adult Plover's Egg (Fourth Class).

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has presented to KING PETER of Servia a priceless holograph letter from the Dartmoor Shepherd. KING PETER, who was much touched by this act of condescension, has decorated the HOME SECRETARY with the Order of the Golden Fleeca.

Mr. HALL CAINE has bestowed on the Maharajah of PATIALA a lithographed copy of a letter from himself to DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. The MAHARAJAH in return has conferred on the eminent novelist the First-Class Order of the Bombay Duck.

THE "INCLUSIVE TOUR-SÉJOUR."

[The writer has just received the Programme, unsolicited, of an enterprising Touring Company.]

TRUE, it has a certain glamour;
Swiftly scanned, its pages show
Specious charms which might enamour
One whose wits were rather slow,
Not an intellectual person (I am pretty
bright, you know).
No, these Tours will hardly bear a
Close inspection. Thus, e.g.,
"Week in Beaulieu (Riviera),
At the Grand Hôtel Fifi;
Cost, in all, £5 5s. 0d. only. Very
shortest route by sea."
Good! But when one thinks it over
One's suspicions quickly wake.

RIVAL SCHOOLS OF STAGE DECORATIVE ART.



"CHARLIE'S AUNT" TREATED IN THE SEVERE METHOD OF MR. GORTON CRAIG.



"CHARLIE'S AUNT" TREATED IN THE VOLUPTUOUS METHOD OF COVENT GARDEN.

I. Our Tour begins at Dover,
Thither, therefore, we must make
Our laborious way by walking, till our
nether muscles ache.
II. We have, it seems, to travel
All the way without a crumb;
One might reasonably cavil
At such treatment of the tum.
Nor have we a lavish diet through the
trying days to come.
Petit déjeuner is little
To sustain a healthy man,
Yet you get no other victual
For a very lengthy span;

You must wait, in fact, till *dinner* (say
7.30) if you can.
III. We travel Third, since Second
Lies beyond the price's scope.
IV. No tips at all are reckoned;
Vain the *garçon's* grin of hope.
V. We pay to wash our faces (*vide*
memo. as to soap).
Why continue this recital?
For myself, I'll merely say
(Half in French, as in the title),
If to foreign parts I stray,
À Boulogne j'irai pour flâner sur la
plage (for half a day).

MILTON BEFORE THE DIVORCE COMMISSION.

[Mrs. MILTON'S flight from her husband during their honeymoon, and the inspiring effect of that incident on the Poet's views with regard to Marriage and Divorce, are matters of history. By request of the President ("Milton! . . . England hath need of thee," was the form which his invitation took) the venerable Poet at considerable personal inconvenience attended the 793rd sitting of the Commission (whose Report is still awaited), and contributed the following testimony and advice.]

Twice, Sirs, hath England called me in her need;
The former summons seemed an empty sound—
Mere murmuring of a pantheistic reed
In undrained corners of the Sonnet's ground.
But near my heart the present business lies;
And lest confusion on your counsels wait,
Or Truth go beggared from this blind assize
Of wrangling tongues, my views I here re-state.
Nay, Sirs, I will not sit. My Record stands;
And shall its Author meaner pose assume?
But throw the casements wide—my voice demands
An ampler circuit than this frowsy room.
My Record stands. Four tractates on Divorce,
On Wedlock proved a vain and tottering boon;
I wrote them, Sirs, with full Miltonic force
In the grey month miscalled my honeymoon.
And here, Sirs, I dispel the common bruit
Too long has vilified my stately name;
My wife (not I) first jarred the marriage-lute;
On her must fall the perdurable blame.
I paid her, Sirs, a presbyter's respect;
Rarely embraced her in the public street;
Sate where she sate, and when she strode erect
Pronounced approval of her sterling feet;
Incisive interest in her parents showed,
Her sepia drawings, womanly concerns;
And, exercising till my temper glowed,
Much wood I hewed and brimmed the water-urns.
A consort faithful, though in rule supreme;
My last infirmity, ambrosial food;
My first offence, to build the epic theme
And guide a lovelier Eve through solitude.
She thought me, Sirs, a little touched—yes, mad!
And, so opining, turned elsewhere her charms;
On a green youth (with ample verdure clad)
Bestowed her lips, her strange, ambiguous arms.
But Truth hath open aspect, free report,
And plain response to every earnest call;
Challenged, its punctual thunders soon retort;
Woo'd, its benignant whispers breathe through all.
I marvel, Sirs, you miss its instant sign
And cloak transparency with serannel art.
Let contest cease, and silence weigh this line—
"My soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart."
Apart; as Stars, as husbands still must dwell
When wives and fellow-stars exhale from sight.
Marriage!—nay, render it dissoluble,
And grant Divorce full charter and free right.
But frame exceptions, Sirs. The common herd,
The verseless, vast, immeditative throng
(Who read Me not) are scarcely yet prepared
For th' link'd sweetness Life should then prolong—
Lost Paradise at moderate cost Regained;
Benevolent wives displacing the acerb;
Bliss multiplied; variety maintained;
And Love free-branching as a Latin verb.

THE WALKING TOUR.

"THE lowing herd," began Joseph. Ho and Herbert were walking in a country lane and had just passed some cows.

"They weren't lowing," said Herbert.

"Not a low was heard, not a funeral note," said Joseph.

"That's simply silly," said Herbert. "You began by saying the cows were lowing, and when I pointed out that they weren't you just go and admit it; cave in like—like a stupid old cockchafer. Why can't you stand up for your opinions like a man and argue things out? I hate a chap who chucks up the sponge as soon as he's touched."

"I was only quoting," said Joseph.

"There you go again," laughed Herbert bitterly. "Quoting! Why, I'll bet anything you don't know where it comes from."

"Where what comes from?"

"Your blessed quotation."

"There were two," said Joseph.

"Well, let's take the first—the lowing herd' which wasn't lowing. Who wrote that?"

"KEATS," said Joseph patiently.

"Never heard of him. Don't believe there ever was such a person."

"KEATS," said Joseph, "is not Mrs. Harris."

"Who said he was?"

"You implied it. But I suppose you'll tell me next you never read *Nicholas Nickleby*."

"I'll tell it you now, and you can do what you like about it."

"Well, well," said Joseph, "we won't worry about *Nicholas Nickleby* just at present. But I'm going to tell you about KEATS."

"You're not."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I shan't listen."

"As you please. KEATS was a poet. He died young. SHELLEY wrote an ode to him. No, stop—I think it was BYRON. And the man who doesn't know about KEATS is more or less of a barbarian."

"Very well," said Herbert, "I'm a barbarian—more, mind you, not less, and I'm proud of it. But I know about your infernal lowing herd. It's the one bit of poetry I do know. 'The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.' There!"

"'Plods,'" said Joseph, "not 'winds.'"

"No," said Herbert firmly, "'plods' comes in the next line. 'The ploughman swiftly plods his homeward way.' Yah! Get out with you. You don't know your own silly quotations. Besides, it wasn't KEATS who wrote that."

"Who was it, then?"

"It was a chap called POPE."

"Ha, ha," laughed Joseph. "POPE, indeed! I tell you what it is: I didn't come on this walking tour in order to have you thrusting your superior airs down my throat all the time."

"And I," said Joseph, "don't mean to stick it any longer, either. Twenty miles a day seem like fifty when a fellow's throwing mouldy old quotations at you from morning to night—and throwing them all wrong, too. It isn't good enough. Besides," he added, "my heel's as sore as it can be, and my throat's as dry as a lime-burner's wig."

"Same here," said Joseph. "We'd better make the best of it. It's only another mile to Barton End."

Political Candour.

"The creation of 400 or 500 peers is a contingency that Liberals regard with perfect complacency."—*The Daily Chronicle*.



THE DAY AFTER.

THE OX ROASTED WHOLE PROVES TOO MUCH FOR OUR VILLAGE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The *Marriage of Barbara* (CONSTABLE) was one of those rather unfortunate and worrying little affairs that seem to have been not infrequent in the days of the historical novel. *Barbara* was besieged with other royalists in a castle, to which a spy of the Parliamentarians gained access by her bedroom window. So when *Barbara's* uncle, who had a nice sense of the proprieties, found this out he insisted that the spy should first marry her, and then be shot. Which would have happened but for the fact that, as soon as the ceremony was finished, a surprise attack allowed *Barbara's* bridegroom to escape; with the result that she finds herself for the rest of the book married to a gentleman whom she hardly even knows by sight. This, however, has happened so often in fiction that not all the skill of Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE could give me anything like astonishment when *Barbara* subsequently falls in love with one *Rodman*, and when, torn between sentiment and duty, she discovers at the critical moment that her husband and lover are really—what there was obviously not the remotest chance, in a book of this kind, of their *not* being—the same person. True, the author endeavours to give an unexpected turn to his plot in the final chapters by introducing yet another character, exactly like *Barbara's* husband suitor in appearance, who seems to have been using this similarity for his own private ends. But the only result was to plunge me into a state of mental chaos as to which of the love-scenes had been with whom; and this hardly added to my enjoyment of the book,

though it naturally increased my sympathy with *Barbara* when she had to sort them out at the end.

Let the critics, lamenting the decadence of everything, remark dolefully, if they must, upon the lack nowadays of literary genius; at any rate it must be admitted that there is a consoling number of clever novelists left and that Mr. MARMADUKE PICKTHALL is one of them. *Pot au Feu* (MURRAY) is a collection of short stories, of which the first three alone are negligible. These are, as it were, sighting shots, and by the end of them the author has got his eye in and hardly misses the bull again. His scenes are laid in three countries. At home in England he is comfortably amusing; in Switzerland he is very intelligent and naively delightful; in the East he is at his best, and his is a very engaging and humorous best. If you have seen Mr. OSCAR ASCHE in *Kismet* and desire further exposition of that peculiarly easy, almost lazy, humour of the Orient, you may find what you are wanting in the last nine of Mr. PICKTHALL'S stories, which are grouped under the general and characteristic heading of "In the Heat of the Sun." At the beginning of each of them it is impossible to foresee whether the climax will be one of tragedy or sudden laughter; and life, after all, is very much like that. The general impression left behind is that it does not much matter in the East whether the final event is happy or catastrophic, provided that some amusement is to be got out of the affair while it is happening. And if life, by any chance, is not like that in the East then it ought to be.

In Mrs. Elmsley (CONSTABLE) Mr. HECTOR MUNRO has given us a deeply interesting psychological study of

two women and a man, and incidentally a vivid impressionist sketch of the large manufacturing town in which they lived. As a Londoner I feel that *Mrs. Elmsley* and *Colin Liddel* and *Miss Colombotti* belong to a different race from that which talks the jargons of Chelsea and Mayfair, so that to find that the two first know and discuss NIETSCHE and MAETERLINCK and IBSEN and TURGENEV and MEREDITH and SHAW and all their works with understanding and familiarity comes upon me with something of a shock. I don't mean that Mr. MUNRO intended me to be affected in this way. It's just the result of my overweening Cockney conceit, which I must really take in hand some day—say when the Coronation season is over. But I mention the fact here to show how skillfully he has caught the atmosphere of the people he is describing. *Miss Colombotti* is in love with *Liddel*, who doesn't care for her "in that way," and does care very much indeed for the unhappily married *Mrs. Elmsley*, who for her part allows the interest which she at first takes in him and his commercial career to develop into a much stronger and more tender passion.

The people in Mr. MUNRO'S book, that is to say, are exactly like the rest of the world in what they say and want and do. And yet all the time they give me the feeling that they are different. That, I think, is the strong point of his story. He has put the local colour into their lives as well as into their surroundings—a far from easy task—with the result that they strike me as being quite unusually real human beings.

The course of true matrimony cannot be expected to be quite smooth, unless neither the bride nor the bridegroom has any near relatives to take or give offence. An old-established convention limits the difficulty to the single instance of the mother-in-law, but there are also in real life fathers and brothers, and particularly sisters, to be considered. When the bridegroom is already up against his family, who, being English and "County," and therefore, according to Miss MAUD DIVER, Philistines, have no use for his artistic leanings and his philanderings with sticky paints and mystical canvases, the difficulty is likely to be very present and not to be minimized by the fact that the bride is a Hindoo with a strong racial and family pride of her own. In *Lilamani: A Study in Possibilities* (HUTCHINSON) there are so many forces opposed to the marriage of *Nevil Sinclair* and his Jewel of Delight as to make the practical onlooker question at the start whether all the love in the world can make it worth while. But he will content himself with the thought that, if they persist, the trouble of it is for them, while for him is the pleasure of studying the development of a remarkable situation in which no point of view is omitted to be considered and from which a very reasonable, probable and happy conclusion is reached. He may get a little tired of the artists and their art, and may wish that Miss DIVER had not spoilt her adequate style with so many affectations after the manner of "understanded" for "understood." Meanwhile, he is

bound to be intrigued always, and at times positively struck, with the authoress's insight. It is conceivable that he will find himself, after all, wishing that, in spite of the worry of it, it had fallen to his own lot to marry *Lilamani* and blow the expense.

The Broken Phial (CONSTABLE) may bestow a buffet upon those who expect Mr. PERCY WHITE to give them copious doses of wit and irony. For here he has abandoned his attitude of amusement at the world, and in consequence has made what—to my mind—is an ascension. I cannot say that his plot is either free from melodrama or distinguished for its originality, but far from contemning him as a melodramatist I thank the gods that he has deserted atmospheres which were inclined to be stuffy, and has given us a heroine who really lives and loves and suffers for her love. Mr. WHITE has never drawn a character at once so complex and so credible as *Joan Fairbairn*, but when we descend to the straightforward offensiveness of her uncle I find my belief taxed to its limits. Indeed among

all the disagreeable old Cræsus of fiction (one wonders incidentally whether novelists are the most unmercenary people living or if very few of them have ever had rich relations) the prize for the finest collection of petty vices must be awarded to *Maurice Fairbairn*. And even after this super-autocratic incarnation of grumpiness had died in a paroxysm of rage, he managed to leave a legacy of perplexities. Mr. WHITE'S skill, however, is shown not so clearly in his construction of difficulties as in his recovery from them. His bunkers are crude enough, but his shots out of them are followed through with the effectiveness of an expert.



THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.

A CLIENT REFUSING TO PAY FOR HER PORTRAIT BECAUSE IT FLATTERS HER.

Whether readers of *The School of Love* (WERNER LAURIE) will like it or not depends largely upon their feelings towards the reformed rake, but I am convinced that my only chance to take a degree in such a school as this of Miss PRISCILLA CRAVEN'S would be by means of an *aegrotat*. I sympathise with *Verity Marlowe*, the little American girl who married *Sir Burford Rees*, and never more keenly than when "they galloped off in full cry after the hounds." As *Sir Burford* was an M.F.H. this little incident may possibly have not passed without comment, but although he had been seeking trouble for some forty years he did not really find it until—on his wedding-day—he was cited as correspondent in a petition for divorce. Then *Verity* told him that he had acted "like any beast of the field," and he was called upon to perform prodigies of self-control and courage before he was forgiven. An aviating nobleman (who was killed) and a suffragette (who was mobbed) have been introduced to bring this sad old theme completely up to date; but I refuse to accept *Sir Burford* as a fair specimen of his class, and I am tantalised that the author should waste her considerable talent upon such a profitless subject.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that it was solely with a view to avoid hurting the feelings of the members of the Government who were present at the Coronation Service, that an alteration was made in the words of the Anthem:—

“Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks.”

The Peers are grateful to Mr. HARDIE for his flattering reference to their best clothes. “Their robes,” says the great Republican, “make one think of the Roman toga: a form of dress to which men will one day return.” There is something, after all, in this forecast of KEIR’S. If women take to trousers, men, no doubt, will have to adopt some form of skirt to differentiate their sex.

Some interesting decorations in the City seem to have escaped the attention they deserved. In some parts there were heavy ropes of evergreens held up in the air by butterflies. The strain on the poor beasts’ mouths must have been cruel. And in one street a number of trellis-work gates were suspended over the road, looking for all the world like a steeplechase course for aeroplanes.

General NOGI, when he inspected a troop of Boy Scouts in Hyde Park, paid a pretty compliment to their versatility. He addressed them in the Japanese language.

There is something peculiarly appropriate in the gift to the nation of four air-cutters by Mr. BARBER.

Those persons who are booking seats for “The Green Elephant” under the impression that the piece is a sequel to “The Blue Bird” are courting disappointment.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE AS “HERO” is a head-line in *The Daily Chronicle*, and we are astonished that our contemporary, of all papers, should have inserted those ironical inverted commas.

Major MORRISON-BELL has done well in drawing attention to the fact that a greater scandal than the Plural Voting which Mr. ASQUITH seeks to remedy is

the Singular Voting whereby Ireland is so grossly over-represented in the House of Commons.

Sir EDWARD GREY was forced to acknowledge, in the debate on the Declaration of London, that our refusal to ratify the Declaration would cause great dissatisfaction among Continental Powers.

The Royal Commission on Coast



“WOT CHEER, ALF? YER LOOKIN’ SICK; WOT IS IT?”
 “WORK! NUFFINK BUT WORK, WORK, WORK, FROM MORNIN’ TILL NIGHT.”
 “OW LONG ‘AVE YER BEEN AT IT?”
 “START TO-MORRER.”

Erosion has reported that our island is growing in size yearly. A meeting of Little Englanders has, we hear, been summoned to consider the serious position thus disclosed.

A school of whales was stranded by the ebb-tide near Penzance the other day, and “some of the whales,” *The Express* tells us, “were mutilated so terribly by souvenir hunters that the coastguards had to shoot them.” It seems almost too good to be true to hope that the word “them” really refers to the souvenir hunters.

“OUR UGLY STAMPS.
BULGARIA FIRST, GREAT BRITAIN NOWHERE” runs a heading in *The Observer*. This insinuation that our country does not excel in ugly stamps strikes us as being somewhat unpatriotic, and even unjustifiable.

Meanwhile the popular discontent increases. The latest grievance is to the effect that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is now giving us fewer words for our money. It has been discovered that on the new halfpenny stamp the word “halfpenny” appears as one word, and not, as before, as two.

The complaint that the stamps are insufficiently gummed on the back frankly pleases us, for we hope this means that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL will not stick to them.

It transpires that Mr. MACKENNAL is only responsible for the frames. It seems incredible that anyone should have thought the engraved photographs worth framing.

A considerable number of London firemen have received orders to be present at the investiture of the Prince of WALES. Yet we understand that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE’S speech (if any) will not be of an inflammatory character.

“He is a lion—a lion.
Yes! He is better than that; he is a hippopotamus.”
So runs the Boy Scouts’ chorus; and it is said that, for some occult reason, Lord HALDANE never hears it without wincing.

As the result of a recent regrettable fiasco, bridegrooms are now taking the precaution to get engaged to at least one of the bridesmaids in addition to the bride, so to ensure that a wedding shall take place in any event.

A by-law has been passed at Eastbourne rendering it penal to allow a dog to bark on the beach to the annoyance of the visitors. We understand that a meeting of barking dogs has already been held to consider the situation, and it was resolved that, if the obnoxious regulation be not at once rescinded, they should take to biting instead.

THE BUTLER'S £5.

(A True Story.)

WE had been staying—the three of us—for a fortnight in Ireland, fishing, at Regan's. To-morrow was the last day and we were driving over to Rushtown to see the races when Captain O'Driscoll overtook us in his American buggy.

"Going to the races?" he asked as he slowed down for a moment. "So'm I. See you there." He clicked on, and then, stopping again, turned round to call out—"Don't forget Blackadder for the College Stakes. Dead cert. Put your shirts on," and was again off.

"All very well," said Glenister thoughtfully, "but where are our shirts? Speaking personally, my shirt is a return ticket to London and about eighteen shillings, which I shall need."

"Yes," said Bradley. "And I'm no better off, confound it!"

"You forget," said I, "that I have a five-pound note in my pocket intended as our joint tip to old Rice. Lucky we decided to put it aside."

"Yes," said Glenister, "but that's the butler's."

"Not till to-morrow," said I.

"No," said Bradley, "not till to-morrow."

"But hang it all," said Glenister, "where are we if we put it on this horse and the beggar loses? I know these dead certs. It won't be Rice's to-morrow, then, will it? To my mind it's his now, and we ought to respect his ownership. It was to make sure of his having it that we gave it to the Goat to keep." (I am the Goat.)

"Perfectly logical," I said. "But all the same here's a straight tip, and it's a sin not to use it. One doesn't often get them, and to start a whole menagerie of sophistries in return is the kind of ingratitude that providence doesn't soon forgive."

"Of course," said Bradley. "The Goat's right. And, after all, there's no sense in being so infernally conscientious. A gamble's a gamble, and old Rice would be almost as pleased to hear that we had put his fiver on a horse as to have it shoved into his hand."

Glenister laughed. "I say no more," he said. "You do what you like with the fiver. Personally, I shall have ten shillings on Blackadder to win, although why on earth we all swallow that soldier man's advice so unquestioningly I shall never understand."

"If the Goat will lend me two pounds," said Bradley, "I will back Blackadder for a pound both ways."

"The Goat won't," said I. "All that

the Goat proposes to do is to put the butler's fiver on to win."

This, later, I did, having found a bookmaker who was giving 10 to 1; and, true to Captain O'Driscoll's word, Blackadder romped in an easy winner.

I collected the eleven rustling five-pound notes and stowed them carefully away inside my coat, and in the late afternoon we drove back. Naturally we had a good deal to say about the racing, our fortunate meeting with O'Driscoll, and so forth. And then suddenly Glenister remarked, "I wonder what the old boy will do with it? Set up as a small tobacconist in Dublin, do you think?"

"What old boy?" I asked.

"Why, Rice, of course."

"You can't set up as a small tobacconist on five pounds," said Bradley. "At least, if you did, you'd be so small a tobacconist that your customers would want a microscope."

"Don't be an idiot," said Glenister. "He'll have fifty-five pounds, won't he?"

Bradley and I were silent. This was a proposition that needed thought.

"I don't see why he should have more than the fiver," I said at last. "It was all we were going to give him, wasn't it? You will admit that?"

"Certainly," said Glenister. "It was his, and you were keeping it for him, weren't you?"

"In a way I was," I said.

"Oh law!" groaned Bradley. "What a hair-splitter!"

"Very well, then," said Glenister. "You had Rice's five pounds and you gambled with it—in itself a jolly unprincipled thing to do, as it wasn't yours—poor devils are doing time all over the place for much less—and now, when your flutter turns up trumps, you deny him—who might have been your victim—the benefit! I call it downright mean—squalid, in fact."

"You make it sound all right," I said; "but there's a fallacy somewhere. To begin with, as I said before, it isn't the butler's own money till to-morrow. He hadn't earned it till the end of our visit. If it wasn't his it is ours, and we might do as we liked with it. We did, and the result is we have now enough to divide up into £16 13s. 4d. each, which I shall be pleased to give you directly we get back, while Rice has his fiver intact."

"Not for me," said Glenister. "I won five pounds with my own ten bob, and that's all I make out of Blackadder. I can't take your sixteen pounds odd, because it wasn't made on my money."

"Oh law!" groaned Bradley again. "My dear Glenister, you're talking like

a Herbert Spencer sort of fellow. Then the Goat and I will have to take £25 each?"

"No," said Glenister, "you can't do that; because a third, at any rate, of the original fiver was mine, or, as I hold, the butler's, and he must have what that share made. You and the Goat can take the sixteen pounds odd each, but the butler must have the third and the original fiver besides. But I don't envy you your explanation to him."

"No," I said after a while, "either the butler must have all or none. I can see that."

"Dash the whole stupid business!" exclaimed Bradley. "Let him have it all. We'll be generous."

"It belongs to him," said Glenister. "There's no generosity in the matter. There's nothing but justice or injustice."

"Very well," Bradley snapped out. "I'm tired of it. Next time I go to a race meeting I'll take care it's not with a blooming Socrates."

"Then that's settled," I said as cheerfully as I could. "Rice has the lot."

"The lot," said Glenister. "I'll admit it's enough, but there's no other course."

We rode the rest of the way in discontented silence.

Regan's groom met us at the stable yard and took the mare's head. He seemed to be unusually excited, and I wondered if he had learned that he too had backed a winner.

"I'm afraid you'll find the house a bit upset," he said to Glenister. "But the fact is there's been a little trouble while you were away. The butler's bolted. It seems he's been dishonest for a long time, and to-day he thought the game was up and ran."

We looked at each other and then a threefold sigh rent the air.

Bradley suddenly began to roll with laughter.

"I'll trouble you," said Glenister to me, "for sixteen pounds, thirteen and fourpence, and the third of a five-pound note."

Heroic deeds of self-sacrifice are being done every hour, unknown to the great mass of the people. But an echo occasionally reaches one's ears. For instance, a catalogue tells of—

"French Model Christening Robes, trimmed hand embroidery and real lace. Reduced regardless of cost from 59/6 to 9½ guineas."

"A settlement of Mughs on the northern coast of the Bay of Bengal find shark catching profitable."—*Commercial Intelligence*.

On the other hand, in the City there is a settlement of sharks which find mug-catching profitable.



PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.

Sultan of Morocco. "HALLO! ANOTHER DOCTOR! HADN'T YOU BETTER HOLD A CONSULTATION?"

German Surgeon. "WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I HADN'T THOUGHT OF CONSULTING THESE OTHER GENTLEMEN. I RATHER MEANT TO OPERATE ON MY OWN ACCOUNT. STILL, IF THERE'S A GENERAL FEELING IN FAVOUR OF A CONVERSAZIONE—"





Ernest Shepard

Keeper. "DO YOU KNOW THIS WATER IS PRESERVED, SIR?"

Angler (of little experience, still awaiting a bite). "I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH IT!"

THE PERFECT CAVALIER.

Is there a joy so sweet, a job so pleasant
 As this, to court the heavenly muse and sing,
 And soar into the skies like some old pheasant,
 And feel the brainpan slowly softening?
 Is there a uniform to lick the laurel,
 An instrument so lovely as the lyre,
 A steed like Pegasus, or roan or sorrel,
 To suit the seat's desire?
 So have I often asked and said, "I think not,"
 And seized the shell once more and tightly bound
 The laurels on my bowler (with a pink knot),
 And touched the well-known reins and scorned the
 ground;
 But lo! this blessed year of Coronation
 The Truth (to whom I bow my best regards)
 Constrains me to admit there's one vocation
 That whacks the wandering bard's.
 So many a time have I beheld this summer,
 Star of a thousand stars, serene and slow,
 Fairest of things on earth, the Life Guards' drummer
 Banging his quaint concerns like billy-oh!
 Princes and potentates and peers and column on
 Column of splendid troops their palfreys sat;
 He was unique; I don't suppose KING SOLOMON
 Ever looked quite like that.

Ambassadors may thrill the vulgar's vitals;
 Rajahs, who look like eagles on the pounce,
 With rainbow-coloured turbans and with titles
 That nobody in England can pronounce;
 Lords of the fleet, and bishops in their pious copes—
 These may amuse the mob; I've seen them all
 (Some in the flesh, but mostly on the bioscopes),
 And bowed not to their thrall.
 They moved in solemn state with gilded trappings,
 They felt the glory of the triumph-route,
 They rode amongst a mighty people's clappings,
 But some of them looked bored, and all were mute;
 He only, with the windy tubes that follow,
 Has satisfied all hopes, all human needs,
 Servant at once of Ares and Apollo
 And Castor, lord of steeds.
 Long ere my infant lips their earliest verse made
 (Oh happy days of yore!), he was my dream,
 My idol, and the idol of my nurse-maid,
 And still he strikes me as Creation's cream;
 What is the sacred harp, how poor a legacy
 Beside his drumsticks' soul-inspiring wag!
 Yes, I would sell you, wings and all, O Pegase!
 To mount that piebald nag.

EVOR.

Latest Modes for Men.

"Newcastle was agitated by the appearance of a harem shirt on Sunday evening."—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

AT THE PLAY.

"POMANDER WALK."

For the Londoner, jaded with the rush and glare of a Coronation Season, there is an almost cloistral benediction in the atmosphere of *Pomander Walk*. Here the noise of the Great World (less noisy a hundred years ago) penetrates only in faint echoes, as when *Madame Lachesnais* returns from



"Pomander Walk—where is it? Close at hand,
Down Chiswick way—half-way to Fairy-land."—*Extract from Prologue.*
On the left is seen a dem-me fairy.

Sir Peter Antrobus ... Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Lord Oxford ... Mr. NORMAN FORBES.

matching a skein of silk, or *Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, Esquire*, ex-butler, discourses in heroic vein of his association with "H.R.H. the P. of W." and Mr. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, with whom he has come into contact in his unsuspected function of City Toastmaster. A prettier and fresher scene than this little secluded crescent of Georgian cottages, bordering the Thames at Chiswick, with their doors and windows and garden gates all practicable, could scarce be imagined.

But, if "the play's the thing" (and the tastes of present-day audiences lead one to doubt this), there is little enough in *Pomander Walk* to set one thinking. The plot is recognisable a mile away, and the thinness of some of the fun is confessed in the excessive use of oaths and nautical expletives. I understand that in the States, where it was taken in a lighter key, this little idyll went uproariously, but then any sort of British antiquity goes well over there; and, besides, they still harbour illusions in that most sentimental of countries. Still, for I hear that it went much better on the second night at the Playhouse, I shall believe that its charming scene and its pleasant affecta-

tion of old-world airs and graces will bring it popularity even here if it can only hold the town till the arrival of our country cousins.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE was, of course, in his native element as a retired Admiral, and worked at top pressure on the first night to make the fun go round. Miss WINIFRED EMERY was perhaps overmuch obsessed by her painful memories of the past and might well have assumed a gayer note if only for the sake of her daughter's prospects. Miss MARGERY MAUDE, who played that daughter as to the manner born, was very sweet and natural, though her French accent was a little desultory. And I think Mr. LOUIS PARKER erred in allowing her to lapse into the poetry of introspection. Speaking of her first affair of the heart she is made to say to her mother—

"I seemed suddenly to step out of childhood."

No young girl that I have ever met,

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet
Womanhood and childhood fleet,"

would have ever thought of expressing her feelings with such precocious self-analysis. Other characters, outside the family, were well played by Mr. REGINALD OWEN, who was an excellent boy-lover, with just the right amount (whether natural or assumed) of angular *gaucherie*; by Miss MAIDIE HOIE, who was quite funny as a designing widow; and by Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ, a figure clean out of DICKENS, with his pompous assumption of social importance. It was greatly to the merit of the author that he refused the obvious chance of exposing before the neighbourhood the menial origin and humble occupation of this impostor. Mr. NORMAN FORBES, fresh from his beauty sleep as one of the sentinels in *The Critic*, played the never very grateful part of a male match-maker and took himself rather too seriously. It was not easy for us to believe that he had ever actually loved and ridden away.

Little Miss Dixon recited a pleasant prologue very charmingly, and then retired into obscurity as *Jane*, maid-of-all-work.

For the rest, there were several interesting characters who were both speechless and invisible. Such was *Sempronius*, the cat, of whom I only saw the effigy, before and after immersion in the Thames. Such, too, was *Dr. Johnson*, the speaking parrot, who, as the well-coached mouthpiece of her passion, contributed so much toward bringing *Miss Pennymint's* lover up to the scratch. Such, finally, was *Selina Brooke-Hoskyn*, who, though

hampered by an accouchement, was still of service (if we might judge from some one-sided dialogue) as a querulous critic of her husband's activities.

I must not conclude without a tribute to the Union Jack that hung from a flagstaff outside the Admiral's quarters. Even when the stage draught failed this loyal emblem still flaunted in the breeze, thanks to a wire attached to its folds that lent it a fictitious air of animation. I wish I could say that, like *Sempronius* and the others, this attachment was invisible, but I cannot truthfully do so.

"ABOVE SUSPICION."

People who remember the splendid promises made by Mr. HERBERT TRENCH when he took up management at the Haymarket may well grow cynical over his latest method of encouraging English art. Even if, as I hesitate to believe, his ambitions have become purely commercial, I still cannot understand why he should have selected an adaptation of an ancient play of SARDOU's, based on a plot long known to everybody as having occurred both in history and recent drama. It is



FOUR BRAINS THAT REELED AS ONE.

Roberte de Boisartel Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISSÉ.
De Mayran ... Mrs. CHARLES MAUDE.
De Boisartel ... Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH.
Martial ... Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE.

the hallowed story of someone who has witnessed a crime but cannot, for fear of compromising a woman, give the evidence which should save an innocent man. Apart from an extremely clever piece of technique in the last Act there is no novelty or attraction in the play. Nor is there

anything French in it except the usual heavy catalogue of perplexing names and the usual travesty of justice familiar enough to the student of Gallic methods on or off the stage. As a rule in such plays there is at least a French maid who is a passable imitation of the real thing. But I never saw anything less French than the *Denise* of Miss AMY LAMBORN.

The clever mechanism of the Third Act, by which the criminal was trapped into self-exposure, appealed sharply to the intelligence but left the heart absolutely cold; for no one cared particularly about anybody's fate. Why should one be closely interested in the acquittal of an innocent man on whom one has never set eyes, who happens to be guiltless of the crime in question but is in another connection quite worth getting rid of?

We should have done poorly indeed without Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH, as President of the Court (with a private house conveniently attached to it). His appearance always brings an atmosphere of confidence. Mr. FRANCE made an attractive criminal. His sombre strength lay largely in the things he didn't say. Mr. CHARLES MAUDE, though he always took off and put on his cap at the right moment according to military etiquette, never quite persuaded me that he was a soldier; nor was I ever thoroughly harrowed by the embarrassments of Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE as the wife whose virtue only remained "above suspicion" through an accident. There was not much saving humour in the play. Mr. LYALL SWEETE, as a jurymen, had to sustain what there was of it; but his labours were strangely ineffective.

I look forward with curiosity to the next item in Mr. TRENCH's scheme for the redemption of British Drama.

O. S.

MY DOUBLE.

Of all the souls of light
That love the pure and good
I am, without
A shade of doubt,
The most misunderstood.
My spirit weeps to write
The cause of all my trouble:
In some gay spark
Whose ways are dark
I have a dreadful double.

In vain I try to walk
In virtue's narrow ways,
Abjuring stalls
At music-halls,
And even SHAKESPEARE plays;



THE NEW PLEA.

Master (who believes that horse-racing is hurrying on the fall of the Empire). "COLEMAN, I PICKED UP A TURF GUIDE OUTSIDE THE COACH-HOUSE YESTERDAY."

Coachman. "YESTERDAY, SIR! THE VERY DAY AN AIRYPLANE PASSED OVER THE PLACE."

Yet foolish friends will talk
And hint they've seen me dally
Behind the scenes
With chorus queens
And ladies of the ballet.

In vain do I declare
That when they saw me ply
My heathen cleek
On Sunday week
Quite safe at church was I,
Politely handing there
In best churchwarden manner
The plate in which,
Though far from rich,
I'd dropped my modest tanner.

Since all the world's so sure
About the things I do

That even I
Can scarce deny
That what they say is true,
My brain grows insecure,
My reeling reason totters,
And I in time
Shall think that I'm
Indeed the prince of rotters.

And, as from day to day,
The scandal grows more black
Until it's vain
To try to gain
My reputation back,
Instead of turning grey
With all this toil and trouble,
Why should I not
Amend my lot
And really be my double?

THE HOUSE WARMING.

I.—WORK FOR ALL.

"WELL," said Dahlia, "what do you think of it?"

I knocked the ashes out of my after-breakfast pipe, arranged the cushions of my deck chair, and let my eyes wander lazily over the house and its surroundings. After a year of hotels and other people's houses, Dahlia and Archie had come into their own.

"I've no complaints," I said happily.

A vision of white-and-gold appeared in the doorway and glided over the lawn toward us—Myra with a jug.

"None at all," said Simpson, sitting up eagerly.

"But Thomas isn't quite satisfied with one of the bathrooms, I'm afraid. I heard him saying something in the passage about it this morning when I was inside."

"I asked if you'd gone to sleep in the bath," explained Thomas.

"I hadn't. It is practically impossible, Thomas, to go to sleep in a cold bath."

"Except, perhaps, for a Civil Servant," said Blair.

"Exactly. Of the practice in the Admiralty Thomas can tell us later on. For myself I was at the window looking at the beautiful view."

"Why can't you look at it from your own window instead of keeping people out of the bathroom?" grunted Thomas.

"Because the view from my room is an entirely different one."

"There is no stint in this house," Dahlia pointed out.

"No," said Simpson, jumping up excitedly.

Myra put the jug of cider down in front of us.

"There!" she said. "Please count it, and see that I haven't drunk any on the way."

"This is awfully nice of you, Myra. And a complete surprise to all of us except Simpson. Will you be out here again to-morrow about this time?"

There was a long silence, broken only by the extremely jolly sound of liquid falling from a height.

Just as it was coming to an end Archie appeared suddenly among us and dropped on the grass by the side of Dahlia. Simpson looked guiltily at the empty jug, and then leant down to his host.

"To-morrow!" he said in a stage whisper. "About the same time."

"I doubt it," said Archie.

"I know it for a fact," protested Simpson.

"I'm afraid Myra and Samuel made an assignation for this morning," said Dahlia.

"There's nothing in it, really," said Myra. "He's only trifling with me. He doesn't mean anything."

Simpson buried his confused head in his glass, and proceeded to change the subject.

"We all like your house, Archie," he said.

"We do," I agreed, "and we think it's very nice of you to ask us down to open it."

"It is rather," said Archie.

"We are determined, therefore, to do all we can to give the house a homey appearance. I did what I could for the bathroom this morning. I flatter myself that the taint of newness has now been dispelled."

"I was sure it was you," said Myra. "How do you get the water right up the walls?"

"Easily. Further, Archie, if you want any suggestions as to how to improve the place our ideas are at your disposal."

"For instance," said Thomas, "where do we play cricket?"

"By the way, you fellows," announced Simpson, "I've given up playing cricket."

We all looked at him in consternation.

"Do you mean you've given up *bowling*?" said Dahlia with wide-open eyes.

"Aren't you ever going to walk to the wickets again?" asked Blair.

"Aren't you ever going to walk back to the pavilion again?" asked Archie.

"What will Montgomeryshire say?" wondered Myra in tones of awe.

"May I have your belt and your sand-shoes?" I begged.

"It's the cider," said Thomas. "I knew he was overdoing it."

Simpson fixed his glasses firmly on his nose and looked round at us benignly.

"I've given it up for golf," he observed.

"Traitor," said everyone.

"And the Triangular Tournament next year," added Myra.

"You could make a jolly little course round here," went on the infatuated victim. "If you like, Archie, I'll—"

Archie stood up and made a speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "at 11.30 to-morrow precisely I invite you to the paddock beyond the kitchen garden."

"Myra and I have an appointment," put in Simpson hastily.

"A net will be erected," Archie went on, ignoring him, "and Mr. Simpson will take his stand therein, while we all bowl at him—or, if any prefer it, at the wicket—for five minutes. He will then bowl at us for an hour, after which he will have another hour's smart fielding practice.

If he is still alive and still talks about golf, why then I won't say but what he mightn't be allowed to plan out a little course—or, at any rate, to do a little preliminary wedding."

"Good man," said Simpson.

"And if anybody else thinks he has given up cricket for ludo or croquet or oranges and lemons, then he can devote himself to planning out a little course for that too—or anyhow to removing a few plantains in preparation for it. In fact, ladies and gentlemen, all I want is for you to make yourselves as happy and as useful as you can."

"It's what you're here for," said Dahlia. A. A. M.

THE ART OF SOCIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

[Suggested by a recent announcement in the "Court and Society" column of *The Times*.]

SIR PAUL BURNSMITH and Sir Peter and Lady Wragge gave an evening party on Friday at 141, Arlington Street, which was wittily described on the cards of invitation as a "Wraggetime." The description was apt, for everything connected with the entertainment was replete with Bohemian jocosity. The studio had been converted for the nonce into a *café chantant*, where a troupe of vivacious Greek *virtuosi* from Greek Street, Soho, discoursed appropriate music, while the area was charmingly illuminated with moderator lamps. During the evening there was a mock Russian ballet in which an exquisitely ridiculous burlesque of the Muscovite artists was given, Sir Paul Burnsmith impersonating the Premier Buffoon with extraordinary verve and agility. The entertainment concluded with a dance, in which all the guests took part, great hilarity being evoked by an "Angel Cake-walk," in which the angels, "after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS," were impersonated by Lady Wragge's three charming daughters, Trixie, Topsy, and Turvey. Among those present were the Cabinet and the Opposition Front Bench; Lady Betty Corker; Viscount and Viscountess Cashley St. Vitus; Baron Medulla; Lady Florence Owbridge; Sir Hector and Lady Condy; Lady Cara Cass; Mr. and Mrs. Eno Salter; Lady Magnesia Dinneford; the Marchioness of Mull; Lord Harelip; Sir Uther and Lady Pupe; Miss Marie Tartini; and Archdeacon-Tinkler.

"MOTTO FOR TO-DAY: It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having exempt from faults, as the having tace to us."
East London Daily Dispatch.

This thought has cheered us in many a lonely hour.



Officer (at distance judging practice). "WELL, HAVE YOU LEARNT ANYTHING NEW TO-DAY?"

Private. "YES, SIR; IF YOU TAKES THE BOLT OUT OF YOUR RIFLE AND LOOKS THROUGH THE BARREL AND A MAN JUST FITS INSIDE HE'S THREE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY."

Officer. "AND WHAT IS THERE REMARKABLE ABOUT THAT?"

Private (after consideration). "'NOTHIN', 'CEPT THAT I DIDN'T KNOW IT BEFORE."

THE TEST.

To saunter in with new and shining blade,
 Ready to flick the boundaries by the dozen,
 Musing of all the hundreds you have made,
 And oh! that yonder sits your pretty cousin;
 To take "two-leg" with supercilious mien,
 As though 'twere almost *infra dig.* to do it;
 To make hot fieldsmen stagger with the screen,
 Until the bowler's arm comes nicely through it;
 To turn a lordly gaze upon them all;
 To mark mid-off discreetly going deeper;
 To ease your wrists at an imagined ball;
 To joke untrembling with the wicket-keeper;
 To pat and prod the already perfect pitch
 (Left newly gleaming from the recent roller);
 To give your trousers their supremest hitch . . .
 And then, at last, be ready for the bowler;
 To do all this—and, in the end, to be
 Outed at once for absolutely zero!
 Here is the test of true philosophy,
 This is the thing that tries the petted hero.

"It may not be so generally known that a belief prevails among seafaring men that the vessel whose name ends in A rests, also, under an evil spell."—*Manchester Courier.*

It can't rest under a worse one than that.

REDPOLL.

You least of linnets with your crimson crest
 And rosy flush across a little breast
 That holds—let one admirer now aver—
 The cheerful heart of a philosopher,
 Never a day beneath our changing sky
 But sees your small form lightly flitting by,
 Nor English common gay with gorse or broom
 But hears you calling from some golden bloom;
 And never, alas! a bird-shop in the land
 But sets you, for a penny, in one's hand,
 Although of window-starkers, more's our shame,
 Not one in fifty knows your jolly name.
 And yet, fresh-torn from liberty and mate,
 We find you cheerly settling to your fate;
 Opening a seed-box in your prison cell
 And drawing water from a mimic well.
 But I, for one, still pay the ransom "brown"
 To loose you, eager, to your breezy down;
 And hail you, free or pent 'mid city stones,
 The bonniest little birdlet England owns.

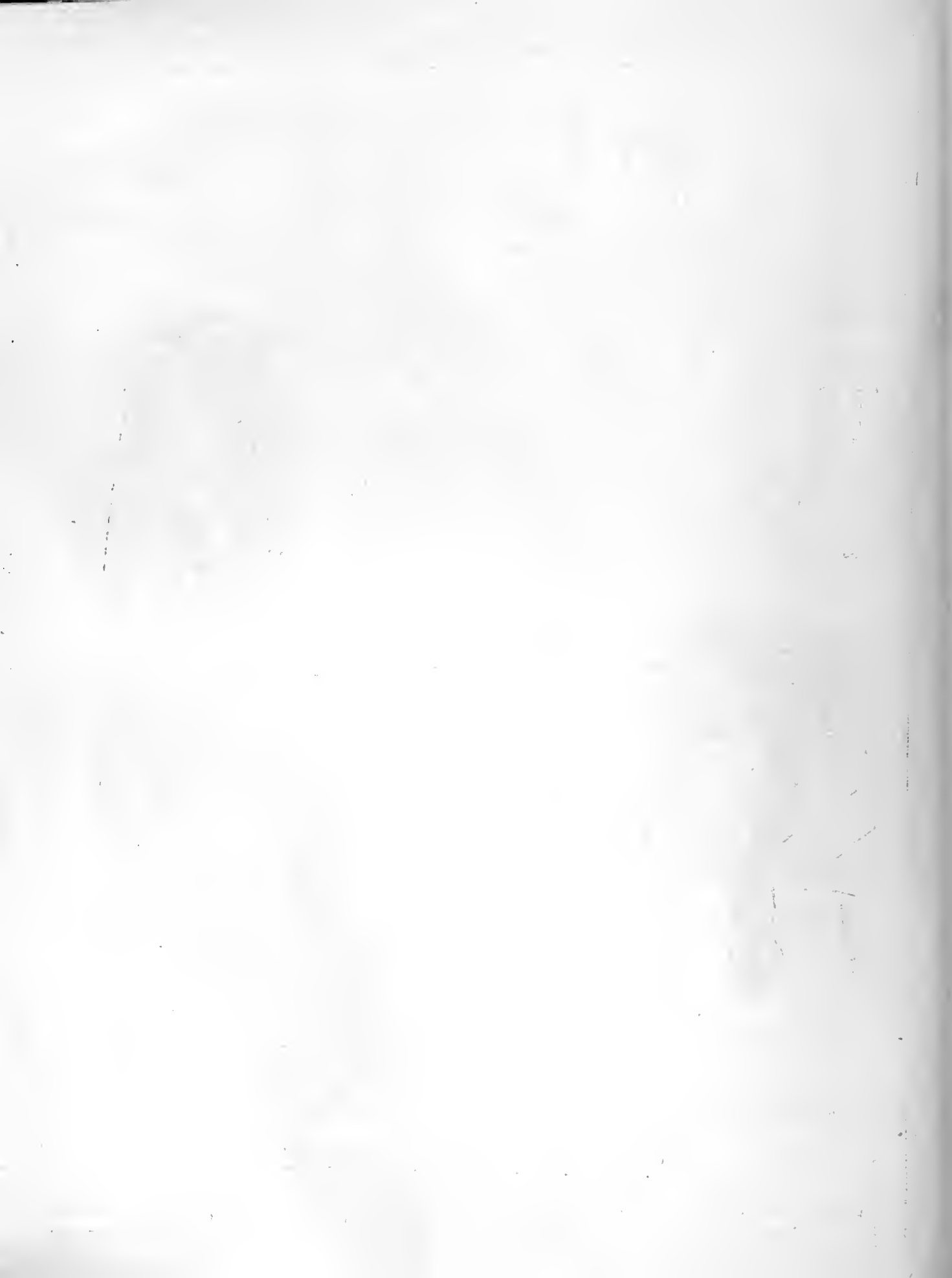
"Bardsley was clean bowled by a ball from Mr. Falcon from the pavilion which was well pitched up."—*The Times.*

It would need to be.



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Welsh Dragon. "WELCOME TO YOUR PRINCEDOM!"
Prince of Wales (aside). "AS NICE A DRAGON AS I EVER HOPE TO MEET."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday July 3.—In an assembly somewhat enervated by irresolution, where opposition is hampered by tendency to let I dare not wait upon I would, there is something refreshingly breezy about WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. He is the Minstrel Boy of the House of Lords. To-night, as usual, he to the war is gone; in the ranks of death you'll find him. The ancestral sword fleshed on Bosworth Field he has girded on, and his wild harp (in the form of absolutely hopeless amendment of Veto Bill) he has slung behind him. Let others frame Amendments, move them with reckless audacity almost amounting to bluster and run away when time comes for division. DE BROKE has no sympathy with such tactics.

Moved amendment stipulating that no Bill twice rejected by the Peers shall receive Royal assent until it has been submitted to electors either at a general election or by referendum.

"This, my Lords," he proudly said, "is a root amendment."



"A ROOT AMENDMENT!"

LANSDOWNE thoroughly shocked at the irresponsible truculency of WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

Artlessly put forward as a recommendation, this phrase proved to be a fatal offence.

"A root amendment!" exclaimed LANSDOWNE with hands uplifted in horror. "We have passed the Second Reading of the Bill and cannot support changes that may be fairly described as going to its root."

DE BROKE, most loyal of privates in the Unionist army, incapable of understanding *nuances* of that kind. Not only insisted on taking division but vowed that if Amendment were rejected he would move to throw out Bill on Third Reading.

"*A moi!*" he cried, waving his sword toward back benches of Opposition camp.

Time was (before Budget Bill of 1909 was thrown out) when the appeal would have been answered by a couple of hundred lusty backwoods-men. A great deal has happened since then. To-night only seventeen responded to the battle-cry, the majority of nine, being swelled by BROKE's own camp friends and companions dear.

Business done.—Commons spent sitting in discussing Second Reading Naval Prize Bill, which proposes to enact principle of Declaration of London. Weighty debate followed on Amendment by BUTCHER, deferring passing of Bill until question be reported on by Commission of experts. Rumour of dissension in Ministerial ranks lent interest to division. In full House of 532 Members Amendment rejected by majority of 70. Bill forthwith read second time without division.

Announcement of figures notable for introduction of new form of oburgation presumably parliamentary since the SPEAKER offered no objection. Angry shouts of "Traitors! Traitors!" rose from Opposition benches. PREMIER regarded ominous demonstration with customary phlegm. GREY, who is younger and constitutionally more emotional, was observed to assure himself by furtive examination that his head was still on his shoulders, and Tower Hill, though approachable to-day by motor-bus, still afar off.

Wednesday.—Looked in just now to see how Constitution fared. No one regarding scene would imagine that it was in dire peril. COURTNEY on his legs addressing moderately full but slightly bored audience. Not in his highest mood of inspiration. Touch of melancholy in his voice foreboding unexpected development of principle of proportional representation by threatened influx of 500 new Peers. With delicate instinct discarded for the occasion the yellow waistcoat that in other days flashed contradiction on the House of Commons. In its place displays mediocre white garment any ordinary man might wear.

House being in Committee Woollack tenantless. LORD CHANCELLOR, ungowned and bare of head, discovered on Ministerial bench. Grateful for absence of wig with which he habitually wrestles as if it were a local Liberal

claiming seat on Magisterial Bench. Mind ruffled by news just to hand confirming report that, as soon as Veto Bill is out of hand, possibly even next week, those pesky Radicals in 'other House will be on again with inconvenient questions about Borough and County Magistracy. Was himself a Radical once, and knows what that sort of fellow is capable of.

Near LORD CHANCELLOR sits JOHN MORLEY, exhausted with defiance ..



"The yellow waistcoat that in other days flashed contradiction on the House of Commons," but was now "with delicate instinct discarded for the occasion."

(LORD COURTNEY OF PENWITH.)

overwhelming numerical force of Opposition. On other side of table is LANSDOWNE, alert, with wistful hope that COURTNEY's white waistcoat may imply a flag of truce, breaking the steadiness of the small but resolute band of Ministerialists. Everyone grieved to know that LEADER of OPPOSITION not yet fully recovered from attack of illness that some weeks ago compelled withdrawal from the lists. Nevertheless, duty calling, he is back again at a post just now envied by circumstances of exceptional difficulty.

Most notable figure on historic stage is that of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. Never was seen in equally brief space of time such complete metamorphosis. Is this the face that launched a hundred thousand Territorials and stormed the topmost heights of Aldershot? Is th's the NAPOLEON B. HALDANE whose martial bearing suffused Treasury Bench in Commons with such wallike atmosphere that old soldiers as they passed him on the way, inward or outward, instinctively squared their shoulders

and murmured, "Left, right—left, right." Since he quitted the Commons seems to have lost a stone in weight. Limp lies the Napoleonic curl on his massive brow; faded is the light of battle in his eyes; inert the once military figure.

All of which, SARK says, comes of being a Viscount.

Business done.—LANSDOWNE'S amendment riddling Veto Bill carried by 253 votes against 46.

House of Commons, Thursday.—At Question-time series of conundrums put to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER with respect to Insurance Bill. Scene watched from distinguished Strangers' Gallery by swarthy visitor from the East, whose spotless white burnouse was through the sultry afternoon refreshing to the sight, a thing of envy to the heart.

With assistance of copy of Orders of the Day his Highness closely followed process of cross-examination. Particularly struck by question addressed by LOCKER-LAMPSON, who wanted to know "whether any calculations have been made to show that the reserve values of spinsters on marriage will, after accumulation during marriage, suffice for the re-insurance at original rates of widows who subsequently become employed persons?"

"Ha," murmured the visitor, the light of pleased recognition beaming in his lustrous brown eyes. "Have often heard of custom among this strange people of selling their wives at Smif Field, whither they conduct them with a rope round their neck. Been denied; but here is the principle proposed to be embodied in Act of Parliament. Spinsters evidently put up for sale in marriage market with reserve values privily fixed, as is custom in ordinary auction-room. Accumulation during marriage probably refers to family prospects. Not quite certain whether the children are also to be sold, the proceeds added to reserve value of their mothers whilst yet spinsters. But it is clear that, by far-seeing wisdom of Parliament, widows are to be provided for by process of re-insurance, which, prejudice apart, is better than suttee. A little complicated perhaps for a foreigner. But illuminative as illustrating the minute, far-reaching care of British Parliament for daily needs in humblest domestic circles."

Business done.—In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Extract from a parent's letter:

"My child as got a weak plice on her brains if you look that's the reason I have to keep her away from school to rest it."

If only we *could* look sometimes.

PROMISING BEGINNINGS.

WE understand that a suggestion has been recently made that a Central Bureau be established with a view to providing likely titles to distracted novelists. Not to be outdone in a cause—the encouragement of literature—which we have always made our own, we beg to announce our intention of going one better. It is not, we believe, so much the lack of titles that has deprived the public of that great wealth of unwritten novels which might even now have been upon our bookstalls, as the difficulty which the writer experiences of getting under way—the icy and forbidding aspect of the blank white sheet that stonily repels the pen.

We have pleasure therefore in giving below a first instalment, by Our Own Expert, of PROMISING BEGINNINGS.



Viscount MORLEY reflects on the question whether a life-long adherence to the principle of "Government of the People, for the People, by the People" is compatible with a blank refusal even to consider the proposal to consult them at every important juncture.

FOR AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

I am a plain, blunt man; and John my name. I have no trick of words. For I am ever more at home, as you shall see—else is my task ill done—with halberd and with musketoon and score of stout fellows at my back than cramped and cabined at the toil of the scrivener. But as it hath so happened that false rumour is abroad and the memory of my dear lord is like to suffer for it, and none remains but I to tell the truth of this my tale, I needs must make the best on 't. For I have played my part, albeit but an humble one, in great affairs; and yet plain John am I, and blunt at that.

It fell out, then, on a fair June morning that my lord rode forth—

FOR A MID-VICTORIAN ROMANCE.

That night in the cellars of the gentry through bin and bottle froze the ruddy

wine; and on the humble doorstep of the poor the morning's milk was solid in the can. For such a frost struck at the heart of this old England as even old Bill Widdicombe, who has lived below the Dell these fifty years, could not call to mind the match of.

And the first I heard of it—

FOR A FEUILLETON.

Lady Martha Stanley curled herself up on the sofa, impatiently flicking the ash off her cigarette with the point of her scarlet slipper.

"There is not a word of truth in it," she said coldly. "I didn't."

The Vicomte Cordon de Val smiled indulgently.

"Oh, yes, you did," he observed.

"I tell you I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"I never did."

"You did."

"Didn't."

"Did."

There was a long pause. The room resounded to the snap of his steel-grey eyes as he gazed intently at her.

"And what if I did?" she said at last.

He had conquered.

FOR A STORY, TO BE ENTITLED "FROM KAILYARD TO CABINET."

The whaups (*see Glossary*) were calling far and wide across the purple moor as Davie reached the brig (bridge) at the foot of the Lang Brae (long hill). There he paused and cast a last, sad, hungry look at the little clachan (*see Glossary*) far above, where—well he knew—a frail old woman in a doorway was watching, through her tears, the fast-retreating form of "her ain laddie." The whaups continued calling.

As he shook the drops from his plaidie (shawl), Davie then and there, in his own dour, stubborn way, registered a solemn vow that he would never cross that brig again, upon his homeward journey, till he could do so as a Cabinet Minister, in a private motor-car. Far other were the thoughts of his old mither (mother), who was trying to calculate, with her native thrift, the postage on his weekly washing. It is the way of the world. And still the whaups were calling.

The purpose of this tale is to show how Davie kept his vow; but through all the stirring scenes of his career he will not be allowed—if we can help it—to lose sight of the homely background of the little clachan, the mither at the wash-tub—and the calling of the whaups.

GLOSSARY.

Whaup: A moor-bird, frequenting the grave of martyrs.

Clachan: A sort of small village where it is raining and they burn peat.



Hogan. "I'LL NOT GO OUT. 'T WAS A THRIAL BALL."

Umpire. "BUT IT WASN'T THE FIRST BALL HE BOWLED YE."

Hog.in. "BEGOB, 'T WAS THE FIRST OF THAT KIND."

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

Tuesday.—Last night I finished my novel, *Beauty's Ensign*. I remember reading somewhere that GEORGE SAND, if she finished a novel at 2 A.M., would begin another before she went to bed. I did not begin another novel, but I wrote a sonnet to Selene. The first line runs, "Eternal arbitress of Death and Life." I read it to Peter at breakfast. He said, "Very fine and large," and in the same breath went on to ask whether he mightn't have some marmalade which didn't taste of cocaine. Then he went off to the train humming a deplorable tune—I think from *The Caramel Girl*—and observing "that men must work and housemaids must sweep." This form of humour (?) is to me most repulsive—almost as repulsive as the need of interviewing the cook. From 10 to 11 I gave Lilith her lesson in English. I find that Peter habitually alludes to her as "my unfortunate daughter." When I asked him why, he said, "Because in deference to your wishes I allowed her to be christened Lilith Sieglinde. If she marries she will have to change her surname, Brandon, which is a jolly good name, and she will have to stick to her Christian names, which are Pagan and absurd." Could anything be more horribly *borné* than such a view!

Between 11 and 12.45 I wrote three sonnets on the Young Turks. The first was passable, the second moderate,

but the third was wonderful. I am sending them to THOMAS HARDY for his candid opinion.

Lunched off curried walnuts and a violet omelette. In the afternoon motored for two hours. Swift motion always excites my poetic impulse, and I improvised the greater part of a short ode to Mr. LANCHESTER, to the tune and metre of "Farewell, Manchester."

Peter came home to dinner in a good temper because he had "made a scoop," whatever that awful expression may mean. I read him my sonnets, and he said, "What's wrong with the Young Turks is that they want to spend too much money on Turkish Delight." Discouraged but persevering, I then read him my ode. His comment, "There's money in that," is the highest compliment he is capable of paying. Sang Lilith to sleep with a lullaby in the whole-tone scale. The dear child seemed feverish. Dictated to my secretary, Miss Pedder, from 10 till 12.

Wednesday.—Up with the lark and dictated to my Secretary from 6 to 8. Some lovely thoughts bubbled up in my brain. But I am strangely perplexed whether the following stanza is really my own, or whether I have read it somewhere:—

"Nature asks not whence or how,
Nature cares not why;
'Tis enough that Thou art Thou
And that I am I."

Alas! Peter struck a jarring note at breakfast, when he complained of the

bacon. I observed that the remedy was very simple, and, breaking into verse, continued:—

"He who begins the day on flesh of swine
Is no true votary of the Muses Nine."

On which Peter retorted with this dreadful couplet:—

"She who abstains from the nutritious pig
Is certain to become a first-class prig."

I gave Peter a glance before which he visibly wilted and left the room. Can there be a greater tragedy than when a woman of genius liuks her life to that of an ordinary man? This has been a sad day. Peter, vulgar; Lilith, wilful and almost deserving chastisement for asserting that "putrid" was a better word than "unlovely"; Miss Pedder more than usually stupid. Thus she spelled amaranth with two "m's." But what can you expect of a girl cruelly burdened with the name of Amelia Pedder? I have decided to call her Miss Peveril during the rest of her engagement, and the determination has already raised my spirits.

(To be continued.)

London, June 7.—The Cambridge tripos examinations having concluded the remaining days of the term are devoted to gaieties. The boat races commenced this evening, but the rowing generally hardly equals the previous year's. Pemkroke College for the first time is expected to gain premier position in amateur theatricals.—*Panama Star*.

We had had an idea that Pemkroke were going head of the footlights th's year.

"A HOME FROM HOME."

THE Booking Clerk was losing his temper—all the more quickly because Algernon, on the safe side of the wire grating, remained in an exasperating state of calm.

"I think I make myself clear," said Algernon. "You are advertising these towns, not I. I want two tickets for that place where a large red sun sets immediately behind two tall black pine trees. You must know where I mean. Such a symmetrical landscape!"

The Booking Clerk was silent.

"Come now," said Algernon. "I won't be hard on you. If you can't manage that, I don't mind going to the place with the bright yellow sea and blue fishing smacks."

The Booking Clerk handed him two tickets in desperation.

"Southsands-on-Sea," read Algernon. I didn't know the spot myself. Algernon remembered he had been there, though never before by the Overland Route. On arrival I placed myself entirely in his hands. He showed me round the town with an almost proprietary air. In a place like this, he explained, it was possible, while working on a most economical plan, to have a holiday full of exciting and novel experiences. For instance, he said, here we should buy our dinner ourselves direct from the manufacturer to avoid the middleman's profit.

I called his attention to a "Family" Butcher's.

"Rupert," he said sorrowfully, "you mean well, but you are unreflective. This man is candid at the expense of his commercial instincts. He avows that he is a family man. Can we, in whom he has no domestic interest, expect to be treated as liberally by a man who admittedly has to support a number of little prospective butchers as by one who hasn't a care upon him? Why, every oddment of bone or alien piece of fat he can weigh with his customer's purchase means so much towards a provision for his family. I don't blame him, Rupert. Charity begins at home, of course. But let us also remember that."

I felt the weight of his words and we passed on.

I lost Algernon later in the day, but at nightfall we met again and he led me with an air of mystery to a dingy little hostelry which he had selected.

I arose early the next morning, but Algernon was late for breakfast. He came at last with a face full of misgiving. I ate my lukewarm bacon in resignation and silence and waited for his confidences. At last he spoke.

"Rupert," he said in an awed whisper, "have you ever met a Cyclist?"

I reflected a moment, then answered, "Yes—when I was young."

"What was he like, Rupert?"

"Normal, average—when away from his bicycle you wouldn't have known him from the rest of his kind.

"Extraordinary! Did he devote his life to good works, self-denial and so on?"

"Never, in my experience of him."

"Did he try to convert people to his cult—his way of thinking?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Anyhow, I'm glad I'm not a cyclist. I haven't the right stuff in me. Their hardships, their patient endurance and all that appal me."

I waited for enlightenment. It came.

"Rupert," he breathed, "this—this—is 'Good Accommodation for Cyclists.' Oh, Rupert," he said, his eyes filling with tears, "do you think a Cyclist ever meets accommodation that he considers really bad?"

I took him by the hand and led him out into the fresh air. He revived presently and spoke again.

"I see it all," he said, and pointed to a board which I had failed to notice the previous evening. I read the legend, "A Home from Home."

"'A Home from Home,' Algernon went on. "Think of that. What pathos! A home—yes—but strayed far, we can never know how far, from its abiding-place. And we in our thoughtless ignorance have been abusing it. This home has a past, perhaps in Brixton or Bayswater. Can't you think of its owner years ago saying to his wife, 'My love, the home is looking a bit run down; let us send it to some health-resort and see what that will do for it?' And they sent it here. It was wrong, Rupert, very wrong. Possibly they sinned in ignorance. This home, I feel convinced, wanted a more bracing atmosphere. Here it settled down and became what it is. The chairs, miles from their accustomed haunts, became depressed and the very mattress on my bed was thin and emaciated. You could feel every bone in it, Rupert. How was yours? There is one of life's tragedies here. Think of the owner visiting his home full of hope—and seeing it as it is. He didn't persevere. He deserted it cruelly and shamefully. Things went from bad to worse—no longer a home worthy of the name, merely"—he cast about in his mind for a suitable appellation—"merely a 'Good Accommodation for Cyclists.'"

Then I also understood, and for a time we were too moved for speech. Algernon broke the silence.

"I don't think I really care for the bright yellow sea and the blue fishing-smacks—in a place so full of

sad associations," he said. "I don't think the strangest colours would move me to enthusiasm after what I've suffered."

There was a pause.

"I should like to meet that Booking Clerk again," said Algernon thoughtfully.

"I believe he's 'At Home' every day from about 6 a.m. till midnight at Liverpool Street Station," I answered.

"Let us go and see," said Algernon.

INLAND GOLF.

I HATE the dreadful hollow, in the shade of the little wood,
Its lips in the grass above are bearded with flame-gold whin;
I have tried to forget the past, to play the shot as I should,
But echo there, however I put it, answers me, "In!"

For there in that ghastly pit long years ago I was found,
Playing the sad three-more, interring the sphere where it fell;
Mangled and flattened and hacked and dented deep in the ground,
My ball had the look that is joy to the loafer with balls to sell.

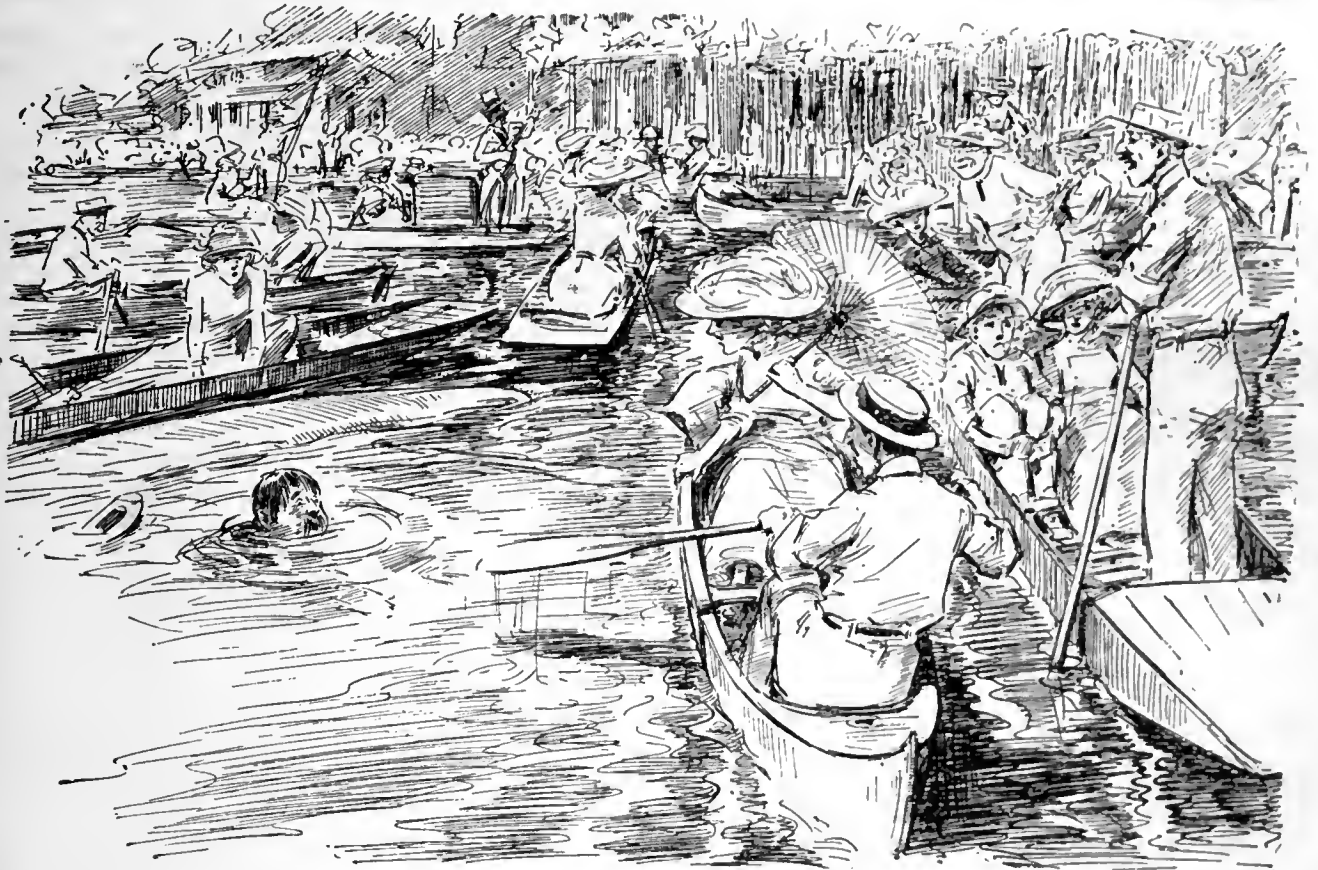
Down at the foot of the cliff, whose shadow makes dusk of the dawn,
Maddened I stood and muttered, making a friend of despair;
Then out I climbed while the wind that had tricked me began to fawn,
Politely removing the sand that had made a mat of my hair.

Why do they prate of the blessings of golf on an inland course
Where the "pretty" is but the plain, the "rough," prehensile hay,
That yields up the ball (if at all) to a reckless *tour de force*,
And mock with rippling mirth your search in it day by day.

And the lost-ball madness flushes up in the 12-man's head,
When the breeze brings down the impatient, contemptuous "Fore!"
Till he gives it up at last and, dropping another instead,
Enviest those fortunate folk, the dead, who need golf no more.

Political Intelligence.

We understand that in consequence of the recent strain of public engagements in connection with the Coronation festivities, a pair for the rest of the season has been arranged between Master ANTHONY ASQUITH and Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.



HOSPITALITY AT HENLEY.

Chorus (to unfortunate swimmer). "GO AWAY! GO AWAY!"

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

(Answers to Correspondents.)

Malta. It is no use appealing to us to champion you. The fact that you kept the regiment one hour and a half on parade is deplorable. Your excuse that the men were precious bad at "marching past" and that you were on the eve of the G.O.C.'s annual inspection will not lessen the gravity of the offence in the eyes of the "Court." It will, however, be in your favour that you allowed the canteen to be open for two hours extra after the men came off parade.

Last Joined (Chatham). An eye-glass is worn occasionally by very young and inexperienced officers; but we do not advise you to use one when you join the battalion.

"Sub," Plymouth. Indeed you are mistaken. A board of officers to condemn two "part worn" great coats is as important a military requirement as a court-martial for murder. The fact that your cab-fare from Trigantal cost the Government 18/6, and that the value of the coats totalled 4/8 $\frac{3}{4}$, would not impress the House

Field Officer, R.A. (Abroad). The

following list may help you. No wonder you are perplexed to know when to wear your hats:—

Forage cap (gold-laced). *Military use:* Going to mess on guest nights. *Home use:* In the garden and to amuse the children.

Field-service cap (blue). *Military use:* Going to mess on rainy nights. *Home use:* At fancy balls.

Brown "Kitchener" helmet. *Military use:* Ordinary parades. *Home use:* At the photographer's—most becoming.

Brown slouch hat. *Military use:* On manoeuvres. *Home use:* To frighten the children when naughty.

Blue cap, with peak. *Military use:* With the frock-coat when visiting ships, etc., etc. *Home use:* At Salvation Army meetings.

White helmet, with fittings. *Military use:* On church parade and at D.C.M.'s. *Home use:* To interview the cook on Sunday morning.

Khaki field-service cap. *Military use:* When visiting sick in hospital, and can be worn at night when turning out the main guard.

[N.B.—It is not advisable on clear nights as you may be seen by higher authorities.] *Home use:* May be used as a tea cosy or a mat for vegetable dishes.

Straw hat pugaree and badge. *Military use:* When it is 92° in the shade. *Home use:* This hat with a little pale blue ribbon, a few forget-me-nots, and slightly tilted on the left side, will make a pretty summer hat for Madam.

Khaki peaked cap, with bronze badge. *Military use:* Anywhere and at any time. *Home use:* Presented to the garrison church it makes a neat "collection bag" when held by the peak.

"Mrs. — then sang the National Anthem, the large assembly, inspired by her full-throated rendering, who was decidedly sweet, joining in the loyal chorus, so to speak."

The Acton Express.

As it were, as one might say.

"For Sale.—Thirty Cross-bred Hens ready to lay three shillings and sixpence apiece."—*Advt. in "Natal Witness."*

This is really sporting of them, but—couldn't they make it four shillings?

ON SHOW.

"THERE seems to be quite a lot of marrying done nowadays," I observed to Penelope at the reception.

"Yes, it does appear to be coming in again," she assented thoughtfully. "One has to do *something* now that rinking's gone out. Next year there'll be some new craze started, and weddings will have become suburban."

"Personally," I said, "I like to see these old customs revived. When you and I were young——"

"Are you too hopelessly attached to the refreshments to take me to see the presents?" There was a touch of asperity in Penelope's voice which betrayed her sensitiveness on the subject of her age. She is still some months short of twenty-one.

We went into the library, which had been converted for the afternoon into a kind of silversmith's show-room. To me it is always rather a repellent spectacle, this profuse and barbaric display of gleaming spoil, representing, as it were, the "takings" of the performance. One seems to picture the bride and bridegroom saying: "We've not done so badly out of it, have we?" Penelope, however, appeared to be in her element among the loaded tables, for she examined each article, and the card attached thereto, with a laborious thoroughness and a critical, calculating expression, for all the world as if she were a dealer called in to give an estimate for the lot.

In front of her own present she came to a rather obvious halt. It was a silver inkpot, with a little clock inserted in the underneath side of the lid. I should never have guessed about the little clock if she hadn't lifted the lid to show me; and I noticed that when she passed on she left it open.

"But won't they find it disturbing," I asked her, "when they're writing an important letter to have the flight of time continually thrown in their faces? It would put me off my game entirely."

"This," replied Penelope, pointing dramatically to the bauble, "is a significant product of the Age of Bustle. People are apt to spend far more time than they can afford over useless correspondence. It ought to do a lot of good."

"Truth," I said in my best epigrammatic vein, "resides at the bottom of a well, Time at the top of an inkwell." Not discouraged by the reception of this *jeu d'esprit*, I continued rhetorically. "But where," I said, "is this passion for clocks to end? Are we always to be admonished of the fleeting minutes? Soon we shall be finding the hour

staring at us from the bottom of our teacups!"

"What did you give?"

I saw that it was useless to pursue the subject further, so I indicated the most imposing article on the table—a huge silver lamp that made the rest of the presents look insignificant. Penelope was suspicious enough, however, to examine the card, which effectually disposed of my pretensions. Meekly I led her to a tiny sweet-dish.

"Very pretty," she said, as her nose assumed its most scornful angle.

"What's it for?"

"Ostensibly," I explained, "it's a coal-scuttle, but by pressing a secret spring you can convert it into a spare-bed. But it has no clock," I added cynically.

When I came upon Penelope again, she was standing once more in front of her inkpot, and once more lifting the lid, which some unfeeling person had closed down. A sombre individual in a semi-white waistcoat was regarding her with a carelessly watchful eye. I drew her aside.

"Do you see that man over there?" I whispered. "He's a detective, and he suspects you of designs on your own inkpot."

"Oh, how thrilling!" exclaimed Penelope. "Do steal something, just to liven him up a bit."

"Doesn't he play his part splendidly? See how interested he appears to be in the presents; and all the while he's wondering whether you'll go quietly or whether he'll have to call for assistance. And he's got quite ordinary boots on."

"Then how do you know he's a detective?"

"I've been to five weddings in the last fortnight, and he's appeared at every one of them; that's why his waistcoat is only semi-white now. We're quite old friends. He never stirs away from the presents, and I've asked him to keep a special eye on mine today, because it would be so awkward if anybody picked it up and accidentally pressed the secret spring. A spare bed would look a little out of place among all these things."

"Well, it's been a horridly dull afternoon," said Penelope, "and I do think you might be a sportsman and pinch something for me, if it's only an ice or some of those little pink cakes."

"But you've already had—— Oh well, you may as well get something for your money," I murmured, as I conveyed her back to the refreshments. "But I should have been very ill indeed if I'd tried to get my money's worth during the last fortnight."

"I doubt it," said Penelope. "I've given those things myself."

DEDUCTIONS ON THE LINKS.

To my mind nothing is more mentally stimulating than playing golf with a perfect stranger. From the somewhat inconsequent dialogues which are apt to occur on such occasions, one has considerable opportunity for making deductions as to the character and career of one's opponent. Moreover, it is perfectly immaterial whether the deductions so made are correct or not. Only the other day fate offered me facilities for exercising my reasoning powers on the person of an unknown gentleman with whom I fixed up a match. The results are appended. I should mention that the said gentleman was of a corpulent middle age.

PRELIMINARY DEDUCTION.

My opponent, while refusing to play for half-a-crown, is willing to stake sixpence on match. I deduce that he is of a parsimonious disposition and carefully examine his nose.

HOLE 1.

Opponent discusses weather. Not therefore of an original turn of mind. All square.

HOLE 2.

Deduce that there is a distinct originality about opponent's golf. Self 1 up.

HOLE 3.

Deduce opponent is a rabbit. Self 2 up.

HOLE 4.

Silence. Deem it tactful not to speak to opponent. Self 3 up.

HOLE 5.

I visit strange places. Opponent commends golf as an inculcator of patience. He has apparently not yet learnt that there is a time for speech and a time to refrain from speaking. Self 2 up.

HOLE 6.

Opponent breaks driver. Deduce that his remark on patience had a general and not a particular application. Self 3 up.

HOLE 7.

Opponent considers that in the long run half-crown balls are the cheapest. Confirms my preliminary deduction. Self 3 up.

HOLE 8.

Opponent tops new ball, which, after running 20 yards, sinks in pond beyond recovery. Deduce that in the short run half-crown balls are not always the cheapest. Self 4 up.

HOLE 9.

Opponent mentions his son. Deduce that he is or was married. Self 3 up.

HOLE 10.

Game delayed by two ladies, who argue on green. Opponent condemns female sex wholesale. Deduce that he is or has been unhappily married. Self 3 up. Hole halved in 11.

HOLE 11.

Opponent mentions his wife as not sharing his enthusiasm for golf. Deduce that she is unhappily married. Self 4 up.

HOLE 12.

Opponent complains of difficulty of getting matches on these links. Deduce that he is unpopular in club. Hole halved.

HOLE 13.

Opponent, after innumerable slashes in heather and visitation of three bunkers, arrives on green in 7 (so he says). Deduce that there is a reason for his unpopularity. Self 3 up.

HOLE 14.

My ball leaps into a Stygian pool. Quote "*Facilis descensus*," etc. From simulated look of comprehension on opponent's face deduce that he is not a Latin scholar. Self 2 up.

HOLE 15.

I miss six-inch putt. Opponent makes excuses for me in particularly offensive manner. I murmur, "*Qui n'excuse n'accuse*." Opponent obviously not a French scholar. Self 1 up.

HOLE 16.

Opponent jocularly remarks that he expects to relieve me of half-a-crown. Make the most lenient deduction possible, that he is blessed with a short memory. All square.

HOLE 17.

Too much occupied counting opponent's strokes to make deductions. All square.

HOLE 18.

I hole out a mashie shot and win match. Opponent ejaculates "Ehp." Deduce that moments of excitement disclose humility of origin.

EPILOGUE.

Learn from enquiries at Club house that opponent is third cousin to a backwood Peer. Suddenly remember he has omitted to pay me my sixpence. Left deducing.

The Passion for Music.

"Unofficial bank computations indicate that New York's loss this week has been 16,000,000 dollars (£3,200,000) cash on the payment for the new Government bonds."—*Standard*.



One of the ladies in the background (discussing the failings of a common acquaintance). "IF IT WERE ONLY CHLORAL, OR EVEN MORPHIA, BUT LAUDANUM, MY DEAR—LAUDANUM IS SO FRIGHTFULLY MIDDLE-CLASS."

THE HEAVY FANTASTIC.

ACCORDING to *The Times* of July 4, Mme. PAVLOVA in *Le Cygne* "sends the spectator home to re-read

'Ruhig schwebend zart gesellig
Aber stolz und selbstgefällig
Wie sich Haupt und Schnabel regt—'

in *Faust's* vision of the swans," while in the *Bacchanale* she and M. MORDKIN "evoke whole stanzas of *Atalanta*."

Patriotic theatre-goers will be glad to learn that it is not only foreign artistes who have this vivid power of literary suggestion.

Mr. Philip Pretious writes to us from The Gables, North Kensington, to say that he never sees Mr. HARRY

LAUDER or hears his bacchanalian ditties without being reminded of PINDAR's immortal remark, ἀριστον μὲν ἴδωρ. LITTLE TICH invariably sends him home to read the Autobiography of HERBERT SPENCER, and Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY evokes whole cantos of DANTE'S *Divina Commedia*.

On the other hand, Miss Phyllis Tyne writes to us to say that she never reads such notices as the above without being seized with a violent desire to re-read the poem in which the following couplet occurs:—

"Of all the torments that I most abhor
Heav'n guard me from the worst, the quoting
 bore."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is only one page of *Flaws* (HUTCHINSON) to which I find myself taking any objection, and that is the title-page, because on this Miss JANE BARLOW adds to the name of her latest book the very inaccurate description "a novel." Whatever else *Flaws* may be—and it is many things at once unusual and charming—a novel it certainly is not. At first I thought that it was going to be one, when *Frances*, the superfluous and neglected daughter of the *Lathams*, having married to "disoblige" her family and been very decidedly cast off, returned to her childhood's home as a widow much richer than anyone in the neighbourhood had any idea of. The situation thus created appeared full of pleasant promise, and I was more than a little disappointed when all this turned out to be merely introductory to the use which *Frances*, deceased, ordered to be made of the wealth she left behind her. What was done with it was to build a kind of home, or rather collection of homes, called "The Half-Square," for reduced gentility. It is out of this foundation and the characters of its inmates that Miss BARLOW makes the chief part of her book; and the theme is one that suits her rambling, discursive style to a nicety. As a background we have a picture of middle-class Irish society, portrayed with a quiet humour that is always kindly, and never permits itself the least exaggeration towards the farcical. The reader who is out for sensation and a closely-knit plot might conceivably find *Flaws* disappointing; to a much larger number, especially to those who know the society of which it treats, the book will bring a store of lasting entertainment and pleasure.

If ever there was an English institution determined to survive the hostile attacks of its critics, that institution is Circuit. Members of Parliament, private individuals, and even the judges themselves, have tried from time to time to kill it, but still it flourishes, if a little subdued, nevertheless beloved of the Common Law Bar, marvelled at and possibly envied by the Chancery Bar, and treated with respect by a trustful public. That this last attitude is not more intelligent is due only to the fact that the institution has never attempted to justify or even explain itself to the lay mind, and it has remained for "A Western Circuit Tramp" (whose anonymity has not entirely defied the penetration of the Profession) to reveal its *raison d'être*, its practical use, and, more especially, its social constitution and humorous experiences. *Pie Powder* (MURRAY), being dust from the Law Courts, is by no means as dry as its title

would suggest, though the reader must be prepared for some technical matter by way of introduction. It is always entertaining and often droll, and the occasional verses are none the worse for being written (as I imagine) in the duller moments of Assize. It is eminently sane and corrective of the wild nonsense that is written about the law, and many a reader will suffer the agonies of disillusion with regard to the reputed innocence of criminals or even the romantic and heroic nature of their crimes. At the least the public may herein appreciate the sportsmanship of the Circuiteers, and, by way of recognition, will recover, it is hoped, from its present state of depression and return to the habit of litigation with something of its old vigour.

I could forgive or, at any rate, excuse Mr. HORACE NEWTE for unlawfully wounding and conspiring to subvert the King's English during the first half of *The Socialist Countess* (MILLS AND BOON), because he seemed to feel that he had a mission to fulfil on behalf of Tariff Reform and the Conservative Press. Not that I particularly sympathised with his sentiments, but I am always ready to make allowances for a seer in the heat of his inspiration. Later on, however, as the clarity of his vision seemed to fade whilst the obfuscation of his syntax was maintained, I began to feel less lenient. The plot of *The Socialist Countess* deals with the love of a daughter of the aristocracy for a talented young revolutionary of the lower classes, and the disillusionment she experiences when confronted by the low life of his relations, a theme which was utilized very recently by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM in his play, *Loaves and Fishes*. In reproducing a Mile End



North-Country Visitor (to friend, also North-Country). "COME ON, IT'S TOO QUIET HERE; WE'RE GETTING NO VALUE FOR OUR MONEY."
Friend. "NO VALUE? WHY, MAN, I CAN HEAR THREE BANDS AT ONCE!"

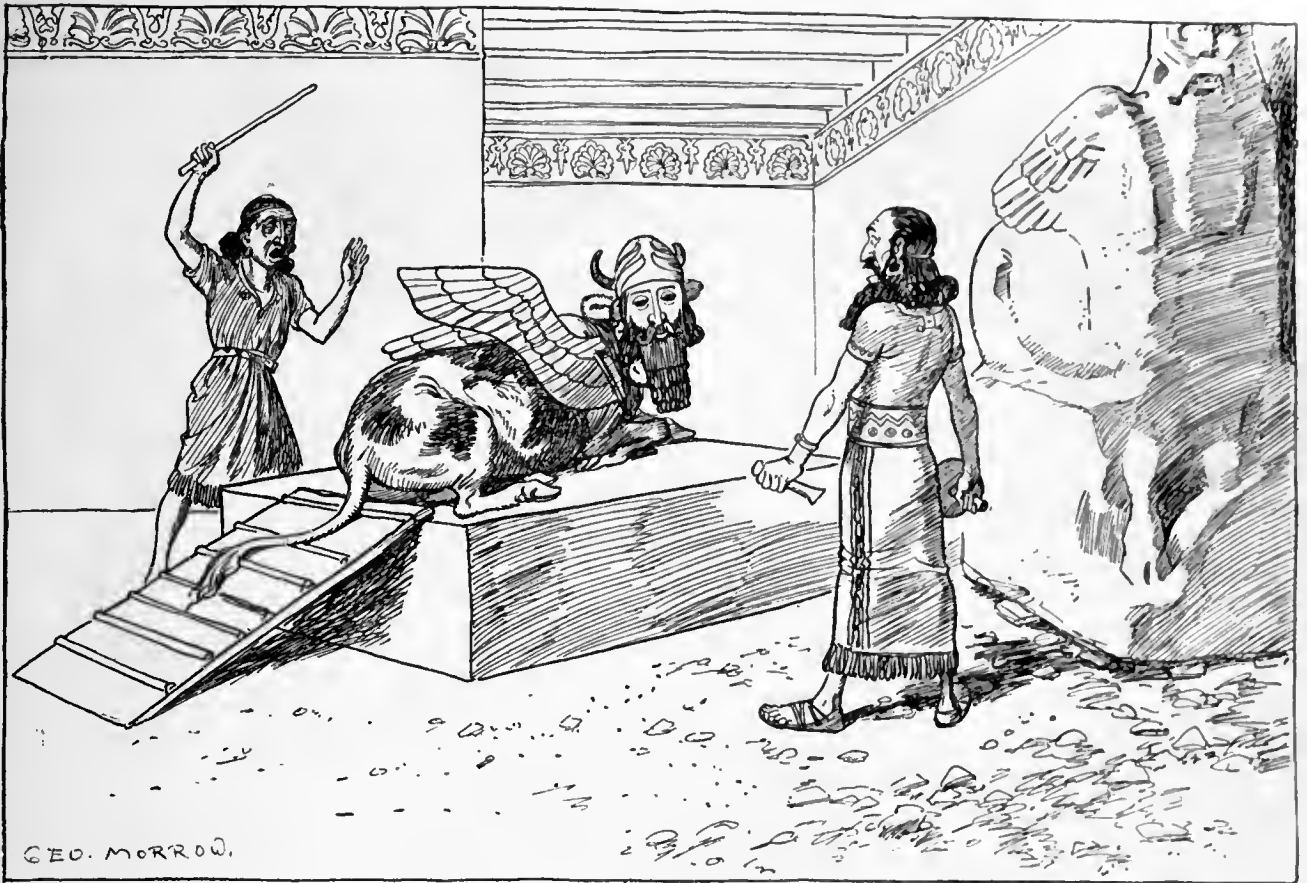
interior, and the conversation and manners of its inhabitants, the author has shown himself clever enough, but the only lesson I am able to draw in the end from what is apparently a polemical novel is that East is East, and West West, and that the two are incapable of meeting, except, I suppose, at Temple Bar. By the way, I ought to mention that in one place Mr. NEWTE has reproached a character for splitting an infinitive. I must remind him that the practice of hanging two or three harmless and loyal nominatives on almost every page (and in this year of all years!) is quite as treasonable an offence.

From an advt. in *The Sydney Daily Telegraph*:—

"Crystal Cut Glass Jug, with Electroplate £2 0 0
Less 20 per cent. 0 8 6

£1 13 6."

We doubt if even the generosity and large-mindedness of the division would quite console us for the thriftiness of the subtraction.



GEO. MORROW.

AN ASSYRIAN SCULPTOR HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS MODEL.

CHARIVARIA.

It was a happy thought on the part of the PRINCE OF WALES to invite his parents to his Investiture as a return for the courtesy of being invited to their Coronation.

"I am a child of the House of Commons," confessed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE when he was entertained by the Press Gallery. Still, he must not keep on much longer using this as an excuse. He is getting a big boy by now.

An early English half-timbered dwelling house, dating from 1490, has been removed from Hawstead, Suffolk, and re-erected on the Marine Parade at Clacton-on-Sea. This experiment of prolonging the life of old houses by taking them to the sea-side will be watched with interest.

In New York, a contemporary tells us, a "woollen manufacturer" is suing his wife for a divorce on the ground that she frequently absents herself from him for whole days at a time to play cards. We must confess to a certain amount of sympathy for the wife. A woman's ideal is a man of

iron; a woollen manufacturer must be a peculiarly poor thing.

A correspondent asks: "Can an American be a J.P.?" Certainly. Take Mr. J. P. MORGAN.

We understand it was the hot weather more than anything else that caused the Government to consider the possibility of a compromise on the House of Lords question. The cruelty of thrusting 500 additional persons into a building with bare accommodation for the existing members became acutely apparent.

It has now been proved that the U.S. battleship *Maine* was not blown up by the Spaniards. As the belief that the contrary was the case was one of the causes of the Spanish-American war, fair-minded persons are of the opinion that either Cuba and the Philippines ought to be given back to their former owners, or else Spain ought to be allowed actually to blow up an American battleship.

It has been proposed that Morocco should be divided into four parts—a French zone, a Spanish zone, a

German zone, and a British zone. As a sop to MULAI HAFID the country would still be called Morocco.

A Clown's Grim Joke! Mr. JAMES DOUGHTY, who is in his ninety-third year, has married a lady of only twenty-four summers.

Our eye was caught, as we passed a tobacconist's shop the other day, by a "Motor Pipe." The idea strikes us as an excellent one. It is such a nuisance, especially in hot weather, to have to continue puffing in order to keep one's pipe alight, and we cannot all afford to engage a man to do it for us.

While we are not in favour of what is known as a "Continental Sunday," we approve of the action of the Colchester Town Council, who have declined to prohibit Sunday funerals.

"A procession will be formed in the Market-place, and those taking part will march to the Albert Hall, where a service will be held, the preacher being the Rev. R. M. Gautrey. The procession will consist of Rev. R. M. Gautrey."
Nottingham Evening Post.

Mr. GAUTREY seems to be the whole show.

THE HOUSE WARMING.

II.—A GALA PERFORMANCE.

THE sun came into my room early next morning and woke me up. It was followed immediately by a large blue-bottle which settled down to play with me. We adopted the usual formation, the blue-bottle keeping mostly to the back of the court whilst I waited at the net for a kill. After two sets I decided to change my tactics. I looked up at the ceiling and pretended I wasn't playing. The blue-bottle settled on my nose and walked up my forehead. "Heavens!" I cried, clasping my hand suddenly to my brow, "I've forgotten my tooth-brush!" This took it completely by surprise, and I removed its corpse into the candlestick.

Then Simpson came in with a golf club in his hand.

"Great Scott," he shouted, "you're not still in bed?"

"I am not. This is telepathic suggestion. You think I'm in bed; I appear to be in bed; in reality there is no bed here. Do go away—I haven't had a wink of sleep yet."

"But, man, look at the lovely morning!"

"Simpson," I said sternly, rolling up the sleeves of my pyjamas with great deliberation, "I have had one visitor already to-day. His corpse is now in the candlestick. It is an omen, Simpson."

"I thought you'd like to come outside with me, and I'd show you my swing."

"Yes, yes, I shall like to see that, but *after* breakfast, Simpson. I suppose one of the gardeners put it up for you? You must show me your box of soldiers and your tricycle horse, too. But run away now, there's a good boy."

"My golf-swing, idiot."

I sat up in bed and stared at him in sheer amazement. For a long time words wouldn't come to me. Simpson backed nervously to the door.

"I saw the Coronation," I said at last, and I dropped back on my pillow and went to sleep.

* * * *

"I feel very important," said Archie, coming on to the lawn where Myra and I were playing a quiet game of bowls with the croquet balls. "I've been paying the wages."

"Archie and I do hate it so," said Dahlia. "I'm luckier, because I only pay mine once a month."

"It would be much nicer if they did it for love," said Archie, "and just accepted a tie-pin occasionally. I never know what to say when I hand a man eighteen-and-six."

"Here's eighteen-and-six," I suggested, "and don't bite the half-sovereign, because it may be bad."

"You should shake his hand," said Myra, "and say, 'Thank you very much for the azaleas.'"

"Or you might wrap the money up in paper and leave it for him in one of the beds."

"And then you'd know whether he had made it properly."

"Well, you're all very helpful," said Archie. "Thank you extremely. Where are the others? It's a pity that they should be left out of this."

"Simpson disappeared after breakfast with his golf clubs. He is in high dudgeon—which is the surname of a small fish—because no one wanted to see his swing."

"Oh, but I do," said Dahlia eagerly. "Where is he?"

"We will track him down," announced Archie. "I will go to the stables, unchain the truffle-hounds, and show them one of his reversible cuffs."

We found Simpson in the pig-sty. I regret to say it—in the pig-sty. The third hole, as he was planning it out for Archie, necessitated the carrying of the farm buildings, which he described as a natural hazard. Unfortunately, his ball had fallen into a casual pig-sty. It had not yet been decided whether the ball could be picked out without penalty—the more pressing need being to find the blessed thing. So Simpson was in the pig-sty, searching.

"If you're looking for the old sow," I said, "there she is, just behind you."

"What's the local rule about loose pigs blown on to the course?" asked Archie.

"Oh, you fellows, there you are," said Simpson rapidly. "I'm getting on first-rate. This is the third hole, Archie. It will be rather good, I think; the green is just the other side of the pond. I can make a very sporting little course."

"We've come to see your swing, Samuel," said Myra. "Can you do it in there, or is it too crowded?"

"I'll come out. This ball's lost, I'm afraid."

"One of the little pigs will eat it," complained Archie, "and we shall have india-rubber crackling."

Simpson came out and proceeded to give his display. Fortunately the weather kept fine, the conditions indeed being all that could be desired. The sun shone brightly, and there was a slight breeze from the south which tempered the heat and in no way militated against the general enjoyment. The performance was divided into two

parts. The first part consisted of Mr. Simpson's swing *without* the ball, the second part being devoted to Mr. Simpson's swing *with* the ball.

"This is my swing," said Simpson.

He settled himself ostentatiously into his stance and placed his club-head stiffly on the ground three feet away from him.

"Middle," said Archie.

Simpson frowned and began to waggle his club. He waggled it carefully a dozen times.

"It's a very nice swing," said Myra at the end of the ninth movement, "but isn't it rather short?"

Simpson said nothing, but drew his club slowly and jerkily back, twisting his body and keeping his eye fixed on an imaginary ball until the back of his neck hid it from sight.

"You can see it better round this side now," suggested Archie.

"He'll split if he goes on," said Thomas anxiously.

"He's going to pick something up with his teeth in a moment," I warned Myra.

Then Simpson let himself go, finishing up in a very creditable knot indeed.

"That's quite good," said Dahlia. "Does it do as well when there's a ball?"

"Well, I miss it sometimes, of course."

"We all do that," said Thomas.

Thus encouraged, Simpson put down a ball and began to address it. It was apparent at once that the last address had been only his telegraphic one; this was the genuine affair. After what seemed to be four or five minutes there was a general feeling that some apology was necessary. Simpson recognised this himself.

"I'm a little nervous," he said.

"Not so nervous as the pigs are," said Archie.

Simpson finished his address and got on to his swing. He swung. He hit the ball. The ball, which seemed to have too much left-hand side on it, whizzed off and disappeared into the pond. It sank . . .

Luckily the weather had held up till the last.

"Well, well," said Archie, "it's time for lunch. We have had a riotous morning. Let's all take it easy this afternoon." A. A. M.

Yellow Journalism.

"The Geelong, about which some anxiety was aroused, owing to the vessel being some three days late, arrived to-day."

Very good; but *The South African News* has seen fit to give this paragraph the scare-heading, "Eaten by Sharks."



A WARM RECEPTION.

Sol. "WHAT A WELCOME! WORSE THAN WHAT I GET WHEN I STAY AWAY."

John Bull. "MY DEAR SIR, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THESE SCARE-LINES. I DON'T. THE MORE I SEE OF YOU THE BETTER PLEASED I AM."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T LIE."

SHE was not born that way. It came upon her quite abruptly after reading a passage of WORDSWORTH overnight. The seer of Rydal cannot however be held responsible for the interpretation which she put upon his sentiments. Her sudden inability to tell lies—in itself a meritorious defect if strictly confined to negative application—was extended to include features undreamed of in the philosophy of the Lake District. Not content with avoiding falsehood, this miserable girl must go out of her way to tell, to their faces, the uninvited truth about her own family, and even wantonly report, to one of her mother's guests, the gossip about her which she has overheard from the lips of other guests. This, I take it, was no part of the WORDSWORTH scheme. Of Mr. KEBLE HOWARD's own intentions I can speak with less certainty. If his object was to expose the insincerity of our social life (not a very fresh theme), then the girl should not have failed, as she does fail in the end, and with bitter humiliation. If, on the other hand, he wanted to show that the naked truth is often an unworkable indecency, he was only telling us what we knew already from *The Palace of Truth*, even if it had not occurred to our unaided intelligence.

The fact is, Mr. HOWARD does not seem to have taken the feelings of his audience into consideration at all. He treated us as if we could have employed the same remedies which were available for readers of the novel (by himself) on which his play was founded. But, if a book bores you, you can skip, or you can throw it aside. With a play you are at the author's mercy. Anyhow, I could not bring myself, on the third night, to be uncivil enough to walk out. In so sparse an audience, where every occupant of the stalls was a marked man (or woman), my withdrawal must have been the object of general notice.

Mr. HOWARD's novel (which I have not had the pleasure of reading) may have exhibited that familiarity with a middle-class atmosphere upon which his reputation has been built. But whatever realism the play contained was badly damaged by the heroine's improbability and also by the

introduction of animated tableaux in the background (like the inset in "The Soldier's Dream") illustrating events which had occurred at various intervals of time and space—a thoroughly juvenile device.

Miss MURIEL POPE, as the arch-prig, played with a calm relentlessness that knew no pity. She seemed to

Mr. GWENN introduced a touch of his own full-blooded humour.

The attractions offered by the Criterion Theatre are curiously unequal, and this, I am afraid, is one of its bad patches. It may even have been supplanted by the time this rather superfluous criticism gets into print.

"ARIADNE IN NAXOS."

In those works of classical mythology which, in the opinion of all good pedagogues, afford the soundest moral training for the British schoolboy's prehensile mind, we were always given to understand that Theseus, growing weary of his Ariadne, left her marooned on Naxos; and that Dionysus, chancing to drift that way, made her the object of his wandering fancy and undertook to console her irregular widowhood. Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT has embroidered this legend. In his view, Dionysus, finding Theseus in the way, got him out of it by inspiring him with such a passion for military ambition that he took the

first boat for Athens, so as to get to work at once, Naxos being rather insular and affording inadequate scope for martial valour. But these were surely not the methods of the real Dionysus. The frenzy he inspired was a sudden unreasoning frenzy, which made for immediate hooliganism and not for an heroic career. I doubt, too, whether, in his desire to illustrate the loneliness and futility of godhead—how it could compel the bodies of mortal women, but never their hearts—Mr. HEWLETT was very happy in his selection of so animal a type as this god of the wine-vat. His spiritualizing processes would have been better applied to some other Olympian—Hermes, say, for choice. He seemed almost to ignore the bibulous temperament of Dionysus. The Russian *Bacchanale*, though possibly less Greek in its motive than the dance of Mr. HEWLETT's chorus, did at least show us the symbol of Bacchus in the vine-grapes. But here the ecstasy of the Cretan maidens (hardly perhaps the best subjects for his inspiration, seeing that they were not of the hysteric class of which mænads are made, but the virginal, if rather sentimental, companions of Ariadne, votary of the chaste Artemis) was not created by the fumes of wine, but by a sort of amorous



Mr. EDMUND GWENN (*Uncle Peter*). "I must pretend to be annoyed, but really this is the most pleasant part of the performance on a hot night in July."

take a quiet pleasure in holding up the action of the play, and embarrassing everybody, including the audience, while she threw off her interminable revelations. There were moments of unobtrusive fun in the breakfast scene, but the dialogue was for the most part rather anæmic, except when



Dionysus (Mr. GODFREY TEARLE). "Give me your heart."
Ariadne (Miss GRACE LANE). "Alas! I haven't one."
Dionysus. "Chicane again! Just like the luck of us gods!"



Regular Customer (just entered). "STRONG SMELL OF PAINT HERE, WILLIAM!"
 Waiter (coughing apologetically). "YESSIR—SOON PASS OFF, SIR—THEY'RE JUST GOING."

exhalation in which no alcoholic element was apparent.

There was strangeness, too, in certain signs of Biblical influence, shown both in the phraseology—"O perjured, that could not watch one hour!" "I have no crown, but reproach for garment"—and also in the un-Greek recognition of moral sin and the need of repentance.

However, all this is mere criticism of the book. The putting on of the play at the Little Theatre was an extremely interesting experiment, though for more than one reason it is not likely to find its way into the bill of any house, little or large. Among the men, perhaps the finest single performance in declamation was Mr. BUNSTON'S narrative of the fate of Ægeus. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE was unrecognisable as the Greek Dionysus, but he was Mr. HEWLETT'S, and his closing speech upon the limitations of the gods was given with great sense of beauty. Miss GRACE LANE, though a little noisy at times, was a sensitive *Ariadne*, and conveyed very perfectly, both in attitude and facial expression, her alternating absorption in the two loves, sacred and profane. *Theseus*, in the hands of Mr. CLAUDE KING (and not Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, as I thought at one time),

was the least satisfactory, until he warmed to his work. Finally, the movements of the Chorus in their *Parabasis* were taken straight off Greek vases.

The only real failure was in the suggestion of rhythmic cadence. Everybody seemed content to make the author's meaning intelligible and leave the music of his verse to take care of itself. It was pardonable that some of his rather cryptic measures should reach us in the shape of poetic prose, but there was no excuse for ignoring the beat of the anapest. Our modern elocutionists have still to learn that there may be rhythmic design even in blank verse (Mr. HEWLETT, by the way, seems to prefer the iambic dimeter), and that its division into lines of a certain length is not a mere arbitrary arrangement for permitting us to distinguish between prose and poetry; and meanwhile there seems little hope for their rendering of the lovelier and more intricate measures of the Greeks. Their failure in this matter was the one disappointment in a very attractive performance, in regard to which I will be Greek enough not to play the part of Mrs. Grundy and raise any question of the proprieties. O. S.

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

II.

Friday.—This morning I had a most extraordinary letter, acknowledging and returning the MS. of my novel, *Beauty's Ensign*. It was dated from Regent Street, and ran thus:—

DEAR MADAM,—We beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of your favour of the 13th inst., enclosing type-written manuscript of your novel, entitled *Beauty's Ensign*, on which you wish us to express a "candid opinion." This, we may inform you, is a request that in the whole course of the history of our firm has never been made to us yet, but in view of the long and generous patronage we have enjoyed for so many years from your husband and his family we have decided to accede to it with the best of our ability, and accordingly entrusted the MS. to our Mr. Jellieco, who is a gentleman of pronounced literary tastes and a great reader. We enclose herewith Mr. Jellieco's report, which we trust will meet with your satisfaction; and awaiting your further esteemed orders we are, Yours obediently,
 [Encl.] THOMAS HARDY AND Co.



Smithson Junior (as the homily ends and the real business is about to start). "PLEASE, SIR, IS IT STERILISED?"

"Whether we consider the length of this novel or the breadth of its characterisation, it must be pronounced a remarkably piquant and lovely production. In the voluptuousness of its imagery it reminds one more of Miss MARIE CORELLI than any other writer with whom I am acquainted, and the language of the characters is extremely *recherché*. It must be admitted, however, that readers who are partial to happy endings will be pained by the distressing events of the last chapter, and I would humbly venture to suggest whether the conclusion could not be revised so as to reunite Lord Peto and Blandine. A special feature of the book are the all too brief gems of poetry with which the narrative is so richly interlarded. These strike me as being of remarkable if not unique ability.

HERBERT JELlicoe."

Why should Mr. THOMAS HARDY write in the first person plural, as if he were a king, and speak of his firm; and what on earth does he mean by the patronage he has enjoyed from Peter and Peter's family? And why, oh why should he hand over the MS. of my novel to "our Mr. Jellicoe" and send me Mr. Jellicoe's extraordinary report, comparing me to MARIE CORELLI? Unluckily, as I had a headache this morning and did not come down to breakfast, I shall have to wait till the evening for such light as Peter can throw on the situation. The more I think of it the more puzzled I become. And in this racking suspense I have to order dinner and give Lilith her lesson. The child lends herself remarkably to decorative treatment, but I fear there is an ineradicable vein of banality in her nature. When I asked her the other day what she

liked most in the world she replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Bacon juice," a remark worthy of Peter at his worst. Her great ambition is to be a circus rider, and she picks up all the worst tunes with astonishing ease. However, much may be done by environment and persuasion. Still, I admit that an unflinching observance of the golden rule of Mrs. Goole, "Never correct, contradict or chastise a child," is at times difficult. Peter holds quite different views and, when I repeated this to him, said, "You'll change your mind some day. The golden rule of Peter Brand is much better:

"To cure a naughty little nipper
Correct him freely with a slipper."

However, I am bound to say he has never attempted to carry out this cruel precept at Lilith's expense, though there are moments when I almost wish—

In the afternoon I dictated aphorisms to Miss Peveril as an antidote to my impatience. One struck me as peculiarly happy: "The possession of a conscience is the worst infirmity of genius."

It is years since I so longed to see Peter as I did this afternoon. As soon as he had arrived I showed him the letter and demanded an explanation. I recalled the circumstances; how I had asked him if he knew Mr. THOMAS HARDY's address and how he said, "Of course I do," and undertook to fill it in and post the letter and package to him. Imagine my disgust when, instead of giving me a sensible answer, he went into fits of horrid, loud, snorting laughter. At last, when he had recovered himself sufficiently, he said in a faint voice: "Thomas Hardy is my saddler. I had just been sending him an order myself, and you never told me what you wanted to write to him about, or of course I should have never sent off the letter. But anyhow, the old man and 'our Mr. Jellicoe' have played up splendidly. You'll never get a better report from the real Simon Pure."

"The Prime Minister has appointed Mr. Maurice Bonham Carter to be his Private Secretary in the place of Mr. Meiklejohn.

The Prime Minister has appointed Mr. F. W. Leith Ross, of the Treasury, to be his Private Secretary in the place of Mr. Bonham Carter."
—*Morning Post*.

It must be more of a permanency than that before we apply.

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Not many counties have as their first-change bowlers the two at the head of the county averages."
—*Manchester Guardian*.

Not more than five or six, anyhow.



“CASABIANCA”;

OR, THE BOY WHO “STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK.”

LORD LANSDOWNE (*observing the attitude of some of the Unionist Press*). “WELL, I’VE SAVED MY FACE; AND NOW PERHAPS I’D BETTER SAVE THE REST OF ME.”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

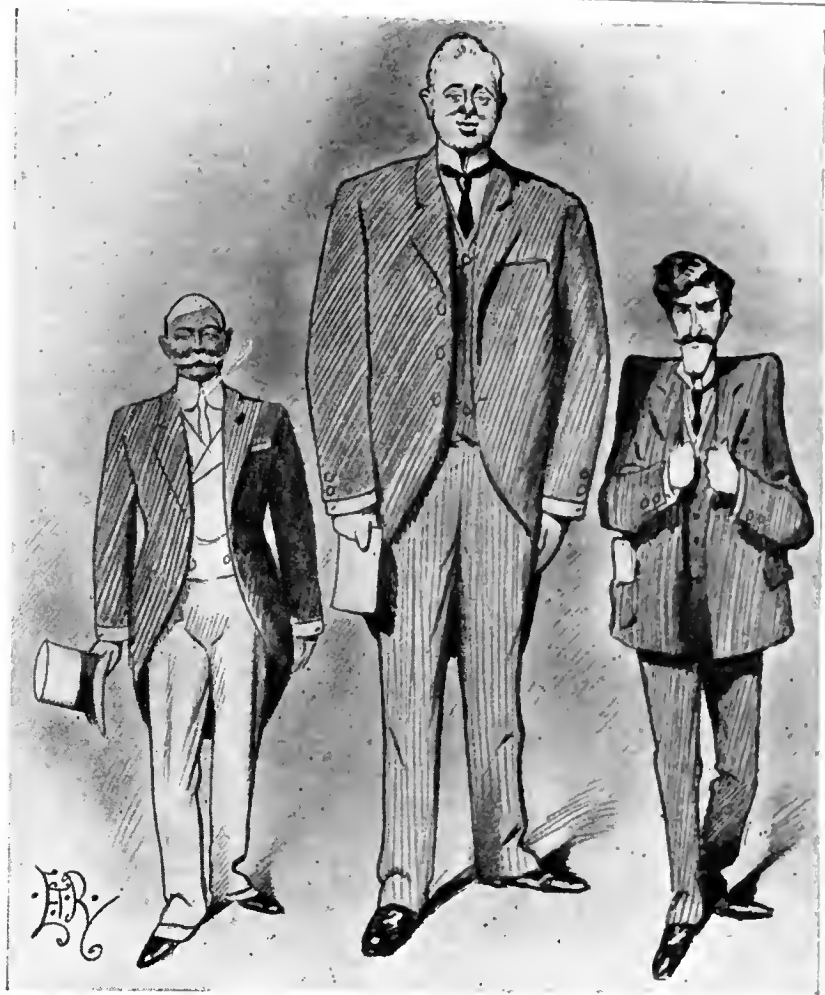
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 10.—Reorganisation of Unionist Party been watched with keen interest from both political camps. One result has been to place STEEL-MAITLAND in charge of electoral affairs outside House. Expected of him that he shall rival the triumphs of CARNOT, Organiser of Victory in stormy days of French Revolution. Assurance on this head clinched by little incident in to-day's proceedings. What our young CARNOT (from Birmingham) has to face is the inconsiderate stability of Ministerial majority. Whilst—certainly as long as Veto Bill tarries on its way to the Statute-book—its phalanx remains unbroken in Commons, by-elections, whether in borough or county, fail to reduce it. This the more provoking as in accordance with regular custom a sweeping majority gained at a general election is invariably forthwith subjected to process of frittering away at by-elections.

Recognising this difficulty, our CARNOT in a flash of genius saw way of, at least apparently, redressing the balance. Though plural voting is for the nonce permitted at Parliamentary elections it is not possible to return two Members to represent a one-man constituency. But there is no rule against bringing in as a member of the minority a man who, alike in height and weight, shall be equal to any couple (bar one) on Ministerial side. A student of parliamentary history, CARNOT remembers how to House elected in 1874 came MAJOR O'GORMAN, a man of elephantine girth and pyramidal height, who, whilst holding only one seat in Ireland, occupied two below the Gangway in the House of Commons. As hapless Members on either side of him discovered, howsoever crowded the bench might be, the MAJOR always had his way. When he sat down he cleared space for two.

This House of Commons legend may have given CARNOT a tip. On the contrary the brilliant idea may have been entirely his own. However it be the result surpassed expectation. A vacancy occurring in the St. Augustine's division, owing to AKERS-DOUGLAS going to the Lords to keep up ACLAND-HOOD's drooping spirits, CARNOT searched Home Counties for their biggest man to stand as candidate for a safe seat. Found him in RONALD McNEILL.

Profound sensation when new Member, escorted by WALTER LONG and Lord BALCARRES, walked up floor of House to take the oath. There was in this emotion something akin to the keen delight a small boy feels on casually



A TITAN FROM KENT.

Mr. RONALD McNEILL advances up the floor of the House to take the oath. Lest his unobtrusive appearance should escape the eye of the SPEAKER he was escorted by Mr. WALTER LONG and Lord BALCARRES.

encountering a giant crossing the village green, and being permitted to gaze upon him without preliminary payment of a penny at gateway of the show. Avoiding unnecessary tendency to contradiction, one may say that WALTER LONG is not short. The still svelter figure of BALCARRES rises to the full height of average man. Nevertheless, as they walked up the floor on either side of the new Member they recalled memories of Gulliver in Lilliput standing between His Majesty the Emperor and the Lord High Treasurer, watching the military manoeuvres outside the imperial capital.

The couple barred in an earlier sentence are, of course, the Bounding Brothers of Clackmannan and Orkney—EUGENE and CATHCART WASON. It is remarkable testimony to their consideration of others less favoured by generous nature that when they first entered the House they arranged to sit on opposite sides, CATHCART as a Liberal Unionist, EUGENE a Glad-

stonian Liberal. After cautiously making experiments and finding that their united weight disposed on one side of the Chamber did not affect its stability, CATHCART crossed over and permanently ranged himself under the Liberal flag. In view of possible consequences to a structure however firmly fashioned, they never occupy the same bench at the same time.

This afternoon, at the moment when the new Kentish Member slowly but surely, like a P. and O. liner in process of docking, surged towards the table, the Brethren were discovered seated one below the other at corner seats above the Gangway. No word passed between them. But it was pretty to see CATHCART turn round and gaze sadly in his brother's face, an eloquent glance responded to by a sickly smile.

So, as SARK puts it, does a prima donna of yesteryear look on from her box when a *débutante* of unquestionable supremacy steps on to the stage.

Business done.—In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Tuesday.—*Gazette*, published to-day, discloses subtle strategic movement by Lord ROSEBERY designed to hamper Government. If, after all, they are driven to make 500 new Peers difficulty will arise in providing titles. The more appropriated in advance the fewer will remain. Q.E.D. That ROSEBERY on promotion to new Earldom had assumed his county name, Midlothian, everybody knew. Turns out that he is not one new peer, but three. The additions gazetted are, Lord EPSOM of Epsom, in the county of Surrey; Viscount MENTMORE of Mentmore, in the county of Buckingham; and Earl of MIDLOTHIAN.

To one who wears the triple crown of Statesman, Orator and Author, a peerage more or less is naught. Anyhow the Ex-Premier, the Public Orator, the biographer of PITT and CHATHAM, will continue to be known by the people as Lord ROSEBERY.

CHARLES M'LAREN, an old Parliamentary Hand, will be welcomed back at Westminster as Lord ABERCONWAY. A picturesque title that has more in it than meets the eye. Dr. FARQUHARSON, *à propos* of a stage in his Access to Mountains Bill, once startled the House by the casual remark, "I own a mountain." Through M'LAREN'S

Denbighshire estate runs a fine stretch of the Conway river. Hence Aberconway.

Sir JAMES LYLE MACKAY conceals a name honoured equally in India and at home under the sonorous title, Lord INCHCAPE OF STRATHNAVER.

The MEMBER FOR SARK (still with us in the Commons) says he has often heard of somebody being given an inch and taking an ell. Never of a man who, given an INCH, took a CAPE. So like these Scotchmen.

Business done.—Lords take Veto Bill in hand on Report Stage.

Thursday.—Every day when House of Commons meets there is a little scene unrecorded in the papers. Immediately after prayers SPEAKER calls on Private Business. Thereupon, from steps leading to Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, there emerges thin black line which, swiftly moving, fills back bench. These are the solicitors and agents concerned for Private Bills. As soon as they are disposed

of, the thin black line rises and glides forth as silently and as swiftly as it entered.

This afternoon the line was headed by a stately figure robed in jacket of daintily hued yellow glistening with silver braid. Loose white trousers garbed his legs. A plumed turban of spotless white was wound about his swarthy countenance. Seating himself at head of bench, he crossed one leg over the other with flexibility of limb suggesting that in other climes he is accustomed to sit cross-legged on a downy cushion.

Links in the thin black line regarded the stranger with puzzled countenances, not free from anxiety. What might this incursion portend? Was it fresh evidence of pernicious influence of Free Trade, which threw open all honest businesses to competition of foreigner? Was there nothing sacred to this

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

NEARING THE END.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—People seem to think that the *sturm und drang* of this season are unmatched even in the memory of that insufferable creature, the oldest inhabitant. The fighting for dates, of itself, has been enough to turn one's hair grey, and has led to what politicians call strained relations in all quarters. Both as hostess and as guest your own poor Blanche has suffered. When people want you at twelve parties on the same night and simply *insist* on having you, what are you to do? Then Beryl and Babs and I always seem to hit on the same date for our big dances. We asked, of course, much about the same crowd, and while they only looked in at Beryl's and Babs' parties, they came on to mine and stayed the rest of the night (I own I'd some special attractions in the shape of coconut shies and boat swings in the garden). B. and B. were simply furious. In old times I suppose this sort of thing would have ended in duels, but nowadays we content ourselves with saying a few things to each other—and then a few more things. Wee-Wee, with an eye to the future, had tried the previous dodge, and invited people last



AN ECHO OF THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE.

"MY DEAR, SERPOSE NOW 'E WOS TO GO ON STRIKE SUDDENLY; WE'D NEVER GET 'OME."

Sapeur, not even the profession of parliamentary agent?

Hastily looking down list of Private Bills awaiting consideration they read: Chapel Whaley and District Gas Bill; Winchester Corporation (Electric Supply); Star Life Assurance Society Bill; Newcastle-upon-Tyne Corporation Bill; Saint Mary, Radcliffe, Rectory Bill; Merthyr Tydfil Corporation Water Bill. For which of these was the intruder retained? Considering his glittering adornment the Star Life seemed most appropriate. None liked to ask a question, being apprehensive that if answer were given the tongue might be unfamiliar.

Hurriedly withdrawing when private business was dispatched they found on consulting messenger in charge of the gallery that the stranger was none other than MULIK UMAR HYAT KHAN, from distant Ind, who, introduced by UNDER-SECRETARY FOR STATE FOR INDIA, had accidentally strayed on to wrong bench.

October for June. But this didn't do either, for by the time June came she'd quarrelled with quite half of them and ceased to know them.

The popular dancing-man, as you may imagine, has been more than ever master of the situation and has used his power ruthlessly. Special inducements have been held out to him in the way of supper and wines, and he has also been allowed to smoke in the dancing-room and to say whatever he pleased to his *débutante* partners; and tell it not in Gath, my dear, but certain "new" hostesses have been enclosing big cheques with their invitations, in order to secure him. Indeed, I have it on the *best* authority that to be a well-known and popular dancing-man at parties this summer is almost as paying a thing as to be a Russian leaping about with a bow and arrow at the Magnificent.

While the streets were so crowded of an evening, "mobbing" was quite a little rage. We sent out cards with



HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Voice behind. "LEAVE IT, PLEASE! LEAVE IT!"

Player. "LEAVE IT BE HANGED! I DON'T PAY A THUNDERING BIG SUBSCRIPTION TO LEAVE IT."

"Come and dine and mob," and after dinner we covered up our pretty-pretties with dark mantles, and went on foot in a compact party into all the mobbiest parts. My dear, it was simply *squeaky!* Josiah, being a don'ter, disapproved, of course, but Norty and Billy and Piggy and Lulu took care of us, and we pushed among *ces autres* for all we were worth. Norty taught me to say, "Nah, then, oo are yer shovin' of?" when the crush got pretty bad, and I kept on saying it *à merveille*, till at last, outside some illuminated place of amusement—a bank, or a theatre, or the City Temple or something—I found myself engaged in a gentle and joyous passage-of-arms with a female, who replied to my "Nah, then, oo are yer shovin' of?" with a hard push and "Garn! Think the whole bloomin' show was meant for you? Me and my bloke has as bloomin' good right here as you and yours!" I was in a state of sheer joy. I'd got a thrill at last. Here I was, having a lovely little row with one of those delicious donah-creatures I've heard of. "Don't you interfere," I whispered to Norty. "This is my show." "Nonsense!" he said, trying to get me away. "Mayfair's no match

for Mile End." "Isn't it!" I whispered back. "Wait and see!" And then, my dearest, imagine my horrible disappointment when the "donah" and her "bloke" turned out to be Bosh and Wee-Wee!!—out, like ourselves, mobbing. That silly Wee-Wee actually had on the Tresyllan topazes under her cloak, and in a frantic squash in a place that Norty told me was Cornhill Wee-Wee's cloak was torn and her necklace stolen! Comes of going among the submerged tenth, you say? Well, I don't know, my Daphne. As Mr. BERNARD SHAW says, you never can tell. Mobbing's been very much done, and I *have* heard that Popsy Lady Ramsgate was seen the other night in the casino at Villedoic-sur-Mor wearing a necklace *frightfully* like Wee-Wee's!

Old Lady Humguffin's deafness is having what old-fashioned people call far-reaching results. For ages she's been in the enviable state of being able to say the most horribly disagreeable things and being *quite* beyond the reach of retort or contradiction. But as she's third cousin or first aunt once removed to almost everybody and is simply rolling she's always had plenty of callers, and people have perseveringly

shrieked at her down or along every possible contrivance for making the deaf hear. At last, however, she passed out of reach of everything but pencil and paper. At calling time she sat ready for the fray with a pile of slips of paper and a heap of pencils, and the conversation was carried on by means of one tongue and one or more pencils. As the poor old dear has always been simply *avid* of news (of the personal kind, with more than a dash of scandal for choice) and has been in the habit of saving the written slips, it follows that she'd a pretty inflammable and dangerous collection. And now it seems that her maid and butler have been regularly disposing of the conversation-slips to *West-End Whispers*. Half-a-score of libel suits are in the air, and old Humguffin has gone off to Harrogate for a cure!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"Designed by famous architects, and decorated by celebrated artists, we can to-day form no impression of the dazzling magnificence amid which the splendid masters of the world performed their daily ablutions."—*Globe*.

The fact that the writer is tattooed is interesting but hardly relevant.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. W. L. COURTNEY is a writer of such varied activities that I have long ceased to be astonished at his appearance in any new aspect. His latest mood is that of the analyst of sentiment, and the book which it has produced is called *In Search of Egeria* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), to which the author adds as a sub-title, *Episodes in the Life of Maurice Westerton*. This explains the nature of the work in a few words better than I could do it for you in many. *Maurice*—whom his creator calls “a baffled and disconsolate Numa in perpetual search for his Egeria”—is really something of an English *Anatol*, an emotional philanderer. The book is a record of the various heart-adventures into which his temperament leads the hero, this same temperament being itself very skilfully exposed for the reader in the process. The episodes are not short stories, any more than the whole book is a novel in the accepted sense of the term; slight sketches, rather, of *Maurice* in his relations with his different loves, done in a manner which is really far more attractive than the matter of which they treat. A heavy-handed chronicler would certainly have made *Maurice* an unmitigated bore; it is no small tribute to the art of Mr. COURTNEY that one can follow the gentleman from fair to fair, the operasinger, the rector's daughter, the poetess and the rest of them, with undiminished enjoyment. Finally, with a touch almost of malice, the author shows us *Maurice*, that epicure of emotions, married to a wholly commonplace and somewhat tyrannically inclined wife,

whose name happens actually to be *Egeria*; and thus ends a pleasant and distinguished book, which the general public will probably avoid and the few find delightful.

Of *King Edward VII. as a Sportsman* (LONGMANS) I can think of nothing that is not good to say. It is a fine record of a fine series of achievements on moor and forest, on the sea, in the covert, in the jungle, and on the turf. Hardy, brave, unselfish, keen to excel and win, but generous-minded and philosophic in defeat, KING GEORGE'S father had all the qualities of temperament without which the skill of hand and eye, which were also his, are of little account. If you have forgotten how completely he made himself one with the favourite national pursuits of his people, glance at the titles under the hundred-and-one plates and photographs in Mr. A. E. T. WATSON'S welcome book—“Persimmon winning the Derby,” “Ambush II. over the last fence in the Grand National,” “*Britannia* racing at Cowes,” “The Prince of Wales in the Nepal

Terai chased by a wild elephant,” “The Prince's elephant charged by a tiger,” and so on through every chapter. It is a record that the most sporting and daring Englishman would be proud to equal. In 1896, when Persimmon won the Derby, the St. Leger, and the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket, and Thais the One Thousand Guineas, the stakes earned by his horses totalled over £26,000; and in 1900, when Diamond Jubilee carried off the Two Thousand Guineas, the Newmarket Stakes, the Derby, the Eclipse Stakes and the St. Leger, about £5,000 more—two very pretty dishes to set before a king; yet he was not of the kind to sit in his counting-house counting out his money. It was the sport that he cared for, and, though uneasy lies the head that owns a possible

Derby winner, he enjoyed every moment of it all. And he never shirked his duty for his pleasure. He was a king first and a sportsman—a prince of sportsmen—afterwards, and we all loved him for it.

Nonsense Novels. (LANE)
—a burlesque by STEPHEN LEACOCK of the different types of magazine story—is a book to read either aloud or in solitude. It cannot be taken silently in company, for at regular intervals you will burst into a sudden laugh and feel called upon to explain yourself to your startled neighbours. You would, for instance, have to quote the bit where *Gertrude the Governess* arrived at the Earl's beautiful country seat and “passed through a phalanx of liveried servants drawn up seven deep, to each of whom she gave a sovereign. ‘Welcome,’ said the Countess, as she aided *Gertrude* to carry her trunk upstairs.” And the bit about *Hezekiah Hayloft* looking for work in the cruel city of New York. “‘Can you write

shorthand?’ they said. ‘No,’ said the boy in homespun, ‘but I can try.’” And how *Whangus McWhinnus* waited for *Shamus McShamus* in the hollow of the Glen road and shot him through the bagpipes. At its best the delightful spontaneity of the humour of Mr. LEACOCK (who is a Professor of Political Economy at McGill University) gives one the impression that he dashes off this sort of thing in a moment of exuberance between his lectures. This impression is increased by the obvious fact that the author is not very critical of himself. There is genuine gold here on every page, but I do not feel quite sure that Mr. LEACOCK knows when he has come to it. But genius has suffered from this weakness before now. There was the case of WORDSWORTH, for example.

“Rosmead was perfectly happy. He loved this woman with a great and growling love.”—*People's Friend*.

How many wives know this sort of love.



THE DULL DRESS OF MODERN MAN.



1841—1850.

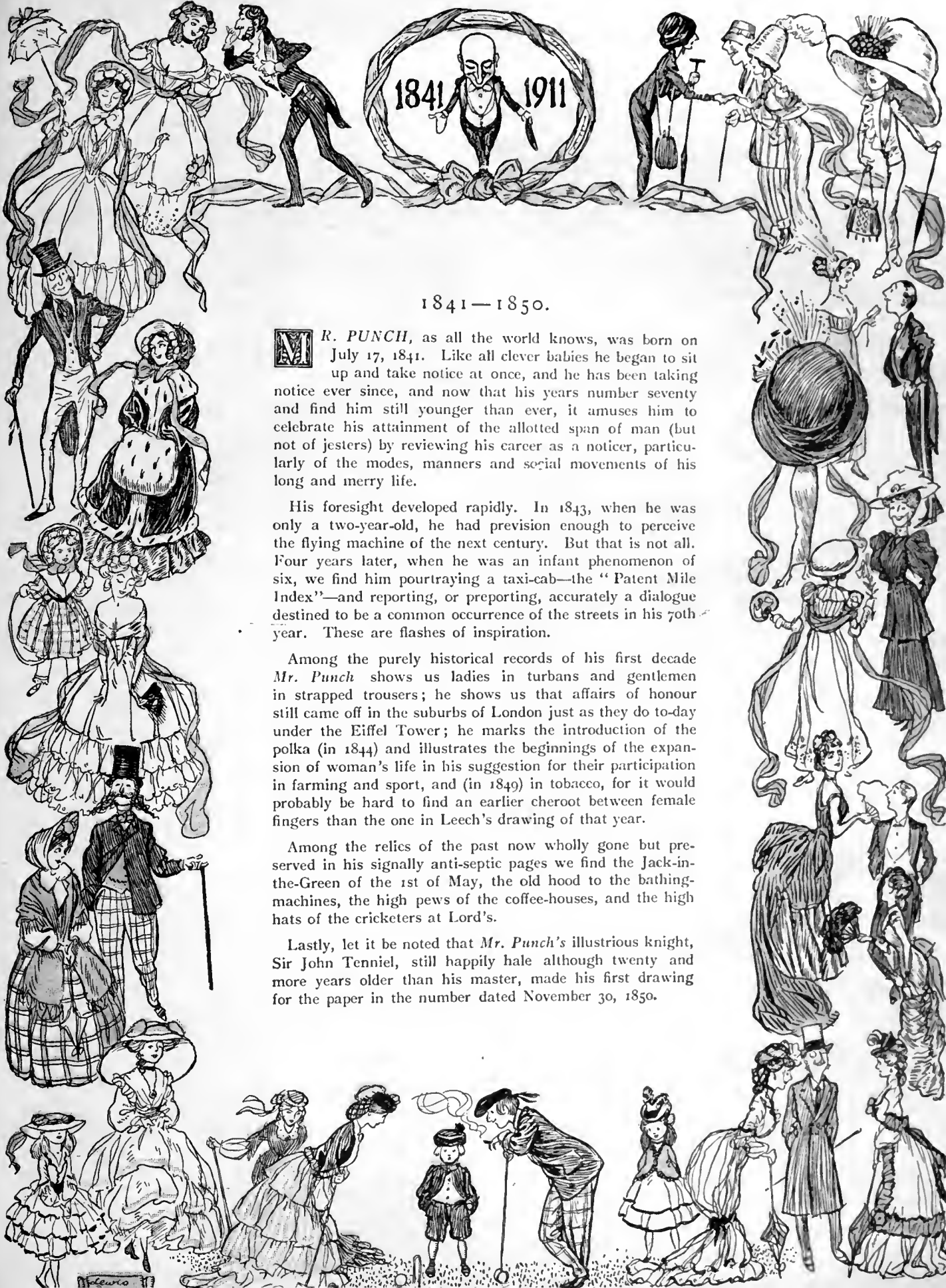
MR. PUNCH, as all the world knows, was born on July 17, 1841. Like all clever babies he began to sit up and take notice at once, and he has been taking notice ever since, and now that his years number seventy and find him still younger than ever, it amuses him to celebrate his attainment of the allotted span of man (but not of jesters) by reviewing his career as a noticer, particularly of the modes, manners and serial movements of his long and merry life.

His foresight developed rapidly. In 1843, when he was only a two-year-old, he had prevision enough to perceive the flying machine of the next century. But that is not all. Four years later, when he was an infant phenomenon of six, we find him pourtraying a taxi-cab—the "Patent Mile Index"—and reporting, or preporting, accurately a dialogue destined to be a common occurrence of the streets in his 70th year. These are flashes of inspiration.

Among the purely historical records of his first decade *Mr. Punch* shows us ladies in turbans and gentlemen in strapped trousers; he shows us that affairs of honour still came off in the suburbs of London just as they do to-day under the Eiffel Tower; he marks the introduction of the polka (in 1844) and illustrates the beginnings of the expansion of woman's life in his suggestion for their participation in farming and sport, and (in 1849) in tobacco, for it would probably be hard to find an earlier cheroot between female fingers than the one in Leech's drawing of that year.

Among the relics of the past now wholly gone but preserved in his signally anti-septic pages we find the Jack-in-the-Green of the 1st of May, the old hood to the bathing-machines, the high pews of the coffee-houses, and the high hats of the cricketers at Lord's.

Lastly, let it be noted that *Mr. Punch's* illustrious knight, Sir John Tenniel, still happily hale although twenty and more years older than his master, made his first drawing for the paper in the number dated November 30, 1850.





PREPARATION.



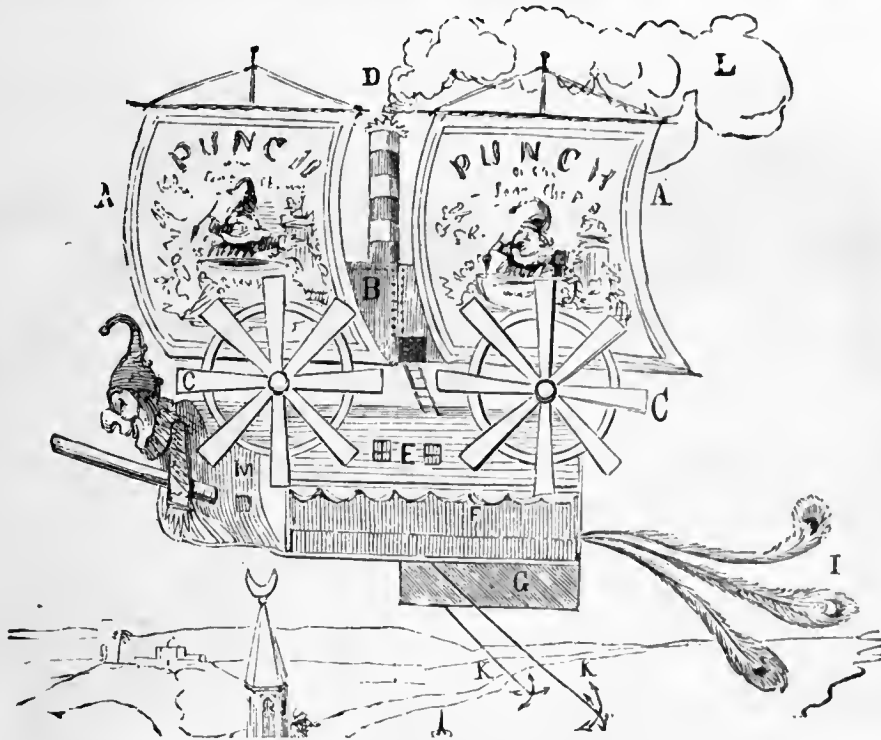
DECORATION.



REALISATION.

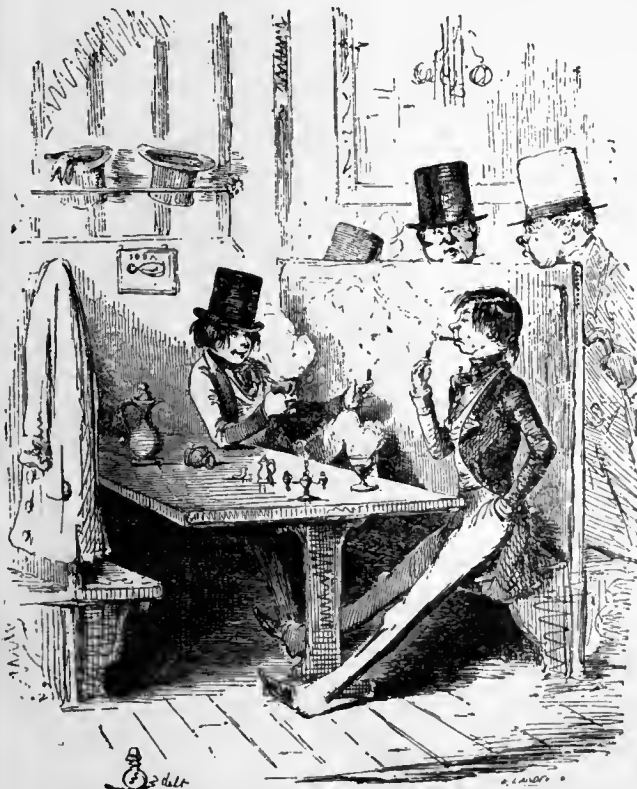


TERMINATION.



INDIA IN TWO HOURS!!—PUNCH'S AERIAL COURIER, THE GULL!

- A. The main suspenders, of a peculiarly light nature, being entirely formed of numbers of Punch, coupling power with volatility.
- B. The engine-room, in which are contained the principal steam-works.
- C. The propellers, or fantail revolvers, making 1000 revolutions per minute, and fashioned like the sails of the windmill in common use.
- D. The chimney, for making a current of air in the fireplace, and carrying away the smoke.
- E. The saloon, provided with every comfort and luxury, from piano-fortes to bottled porter, fitted up to represent a castle in the air, with gossamer couches and cobweb tapestries.
- F. The promenade in fine weather, filled with company, and enlivened by a band.
- G. The ballast-box and wine-cellar. Arrangements have been made with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to buy all their heavy back stock, for ballast.
- H. The figure-head, being a colossal likeness of Mr. PUNCH.
- I. Three gigantic peacocks' leathers of sheet brass to act as a rudder, with immense power.
- K. Two grappels, for the double purpose of assisting the descent of the courier and clutching hold of anything on the journey worth taking. It is calculated that a few statues, ships, and objects of art and value may be grabbed every voyage by these means, sufficient to pay for the fuel, which will be entirely formed of ancient inhabitants of Memphis, who burn beautifully.
- L. The smoke.
- M. Barracks for troops, and stores for ammunition.



Enter Captain Percussion. "HERE I AM, OLD FELLOW—ALL RIGHT—SIX TO-MORROW MORNING—WIMBLEDON—BROUGHT THE BARRERS—COME TO KEEP YOU COMPANY AND SCRAPE SOME LINT IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS, AS IT'S YOUR FIRST DUEL."

"AIN'T IT PRIME, BILL, BEING OUT O' NIGHTS?" "I BELIEVE YER; 'SPECIALY WHEN THE GOV'NORS DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT."



FASHIONS FOR 1844.



FARMING FOR LADIES.



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c., &c.

Snip. "THAT'S A SWEET THING FOR A WAISTCOAT, SIR, AND WOULD LOOK UNCOMMON WELL UPON YOU, SIR."



FASHIONS FOR 1845.

"A PIN FOR YOUR SCARF, SIR? HERE'S AN ARTICLE WE HAVE SOLD A GREAT MANY OF."



SPORTING FOR LADIES.



HYDE PARK AS IT WILL BE.



CONVERSAZIONE OF LADIES.



THE PATENT MILE INDEX CAB.

Fare. "HALLO, DRIVER! HERE! I HAVE ONLY GONE FROM ST. PAUL'S TO FLEET STREET, AND THE DIAL POINTS TO THREE MILES!"
Driver. "CAN'T HELP IT, SIR. YOU MUST PAY ACCORDIN'."



MAY DAY FOR THE SWEEPS IN 1847.

THE GREAT CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.



SPECIAL CONSTABLE GOING ON DUTY.

Time—Two in the morning.

Captain of the Beat. "OH! WE HAVE JUST LOOKED IN TO SAY THAT IT IS YOUR TURN TO GO ON DUTY. THE ROOKERY AT THE BACK OF SLAUGHTER'S ALLEY IS YOUR BEAT, I BELIEVE. YOU WILL LOSE NO TIME, IF YOU PLEASE, FOR IT'S A DREADFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND ALL THE POLICE HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN—INDEED, SEVERAL MOST BRUTAL AND SAVAGE ATTACKS HAVE TAKEN PLACE ALREADY!"



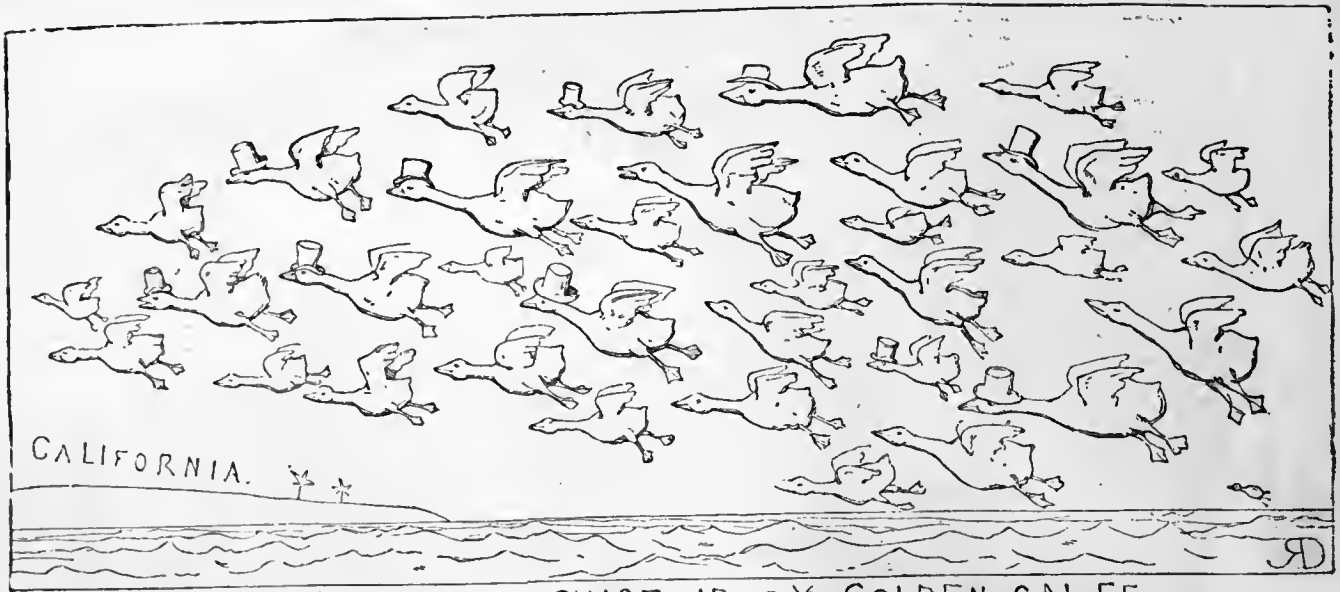
Special Constable. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG LADIES, BUT YOURS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PROCESSION, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU TO CHARGE AND MUST INTERFERE!"



AUTUMNAL FASHIONS FOR LADIES.



MERMAIDS AT PLAY.



Y^e WYLD GOOSE CHASE AFTER Y^e GOLDEN CALFE.

MANNERS AND CVSTOMS .OF Y^e ENGLYSHE IN 1849.



A. VIEW OF M^r LORDE hvs CRYKET GROVND.



1851—1860.

WITH 1851 we find all the world flocking to the Great Exhibition, and the establishment of those cookery schools which were to revolutionise the British chop but have not too conspicuously done so. Gold, so recently attracting all the adventurers to California, had now glittered also in Australia, and a few bold ladies had gone into a bifurcated garment called the Bloomer (after the American innovator) just as, nearly sixty years later, their more intrepid granddaughters were to go into the Harem skirt—for not the least of the instructive lessons which *Mr. Punch's* seventieth birthday number inculcates is this, that there is nothing new under the sun and the rule of life is rhythm. Crinolines, however, which were flourishing in the fifties, have not yet returned, except on the stage.

In 1853 table-turning was imported from America and there arose also a fashion for baby-shows. The middle years were shadowed by the Crimean War, followed by the Indian Mutiny, but the trivial life goes on side by side with the tragic, and while the near and far East were under a cloud London was cultivating the famous Dundreary whiskers, named after a character in a play by one of *Mr. Punch's* later editors, Tom Taylor. These have not since sprouted again to embellish or conceal the male cheek, but the moustache, which was beginning to be worn as rival to the Dundreary adornment, is still in its reign.

Contemporary with the moustache movement was the birth of a controversy that still has power to divide friends—the great Shakspeare and Bacon problem, and in 1860 the world was as much interested in the fight between Sayers and Heenan as last year in that between Johnson and Jeffries. For nothing essential alters: the drama is the same; merely the actors drop away and are replaced by others.

In this decade came two more giants to *Mr. Punch's* side: Charles Keene in 1851 and George Du Maurier in 1860.



THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.



NEW FASHIONS.

YOU COULDN'T HAVE A MORE BECOMING HAT, SIR—AND THEY'LL BE WORN A GREAT DEAL AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION."



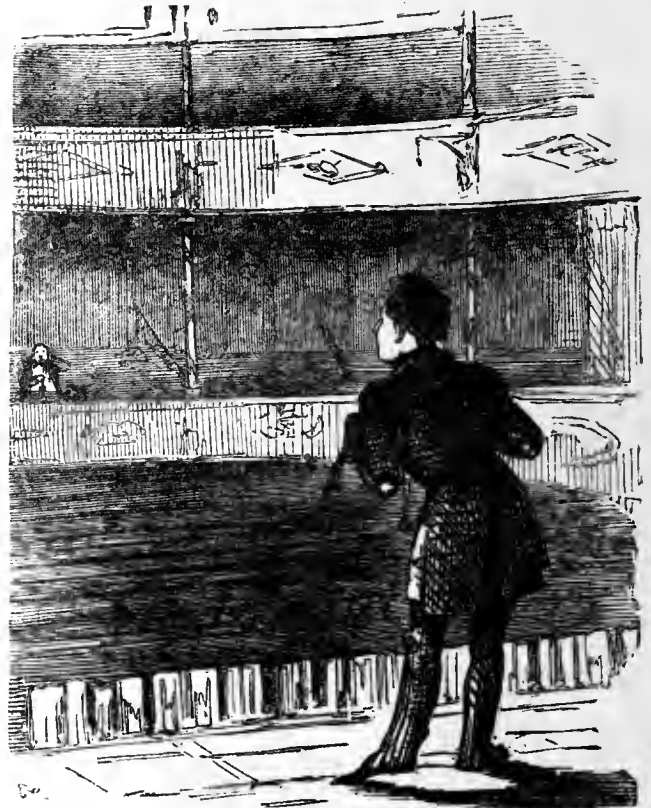
YOUNG ENGLAND.

"DOOCEED GRATIFYING, AIN'T IT, CHARLES, TO SEE SA MUCH INDUSTRY?"



TRADE DEPRESSION.

THE TRADESMAN AT THE WEST END IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP HIS TRADE, AND BREED POULTRY.



THEATRICAL DEPRESSION.

Manager. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—A—I MEAN RESPECTED INDIVIDUAL—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE EXHIBITION OR CRYSTAL PALACE, I BEG TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT THIS RIDICULOUS FARCE OF OPENING MY THEATRE WILL NOT BE REPEATED; AND YOUR ORDER WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU ON APPLICATION AT THE BOX-OFFICE."



PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.



PROGRESS OF BLOOMERISM.



WHAT THE "BRITISH" GRENADIER'S INEVITABLY COMING TO.

Some talk of ALEXANDER, and some of PERICLES,
Of HECTOR and LYSANDER, and such old Guys as these;
But of all the horrid objects, the worst, I do declare,
Is the Prusso-Russo-Belgo-Gallo-British Grenadier.



SPURIOUS IMITATION.

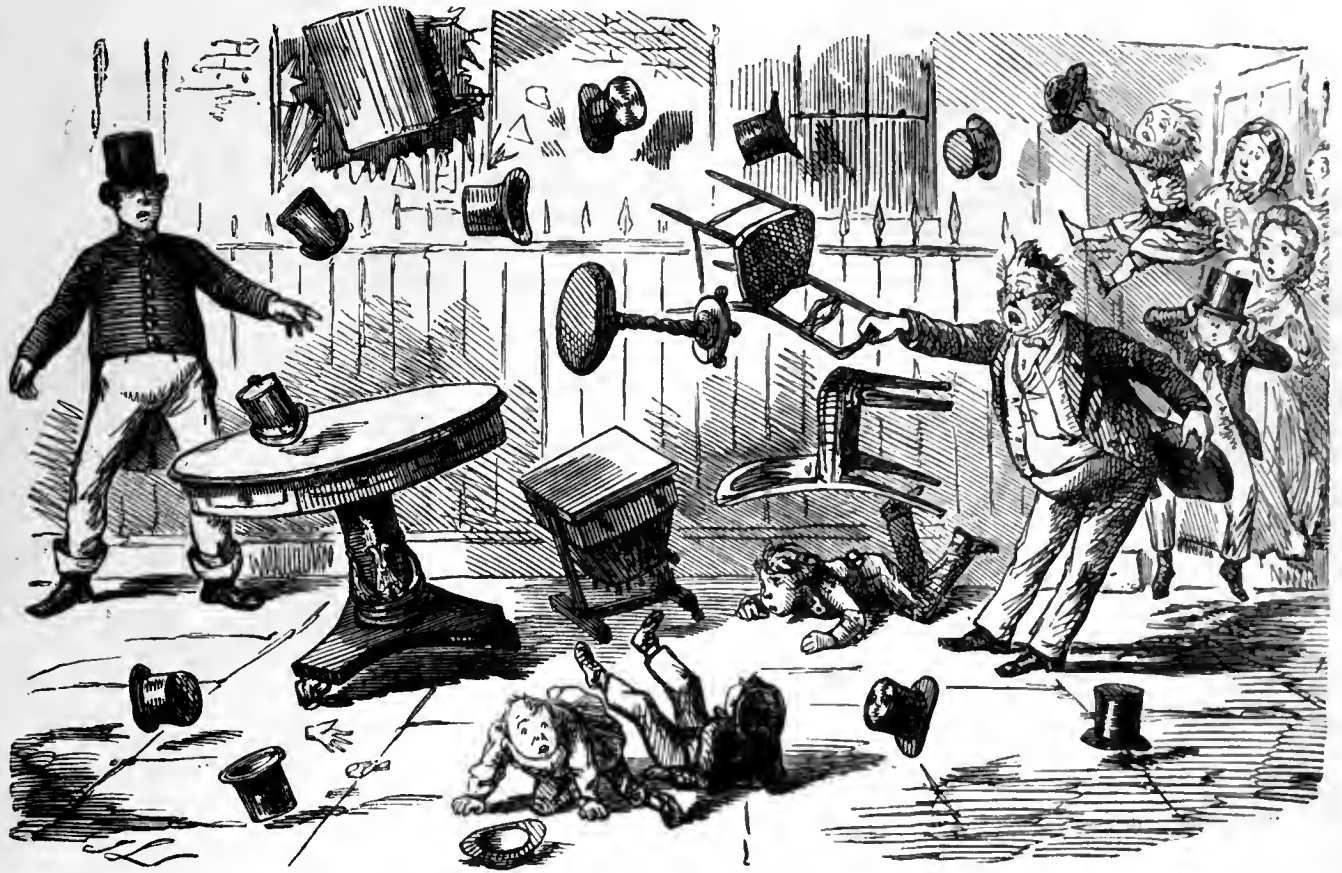
UNMITIGATED EFFRONTERY OF MESSRS. BROWN AND SMITH.



A DESIGN SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS NOW WORN BY LADIES MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



Flora. "THAT'S A VERY PRETTY WAISTCOAT, EMILY!"
Emily. "YES, DEAR. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER CHARLES. WHEN HE GOES OUT OF TOWN HE PUTS ME ON THE FREE LIST, AS HE CALLS IT, OF HIS WARDROBE. ISN'T IT KIND?"

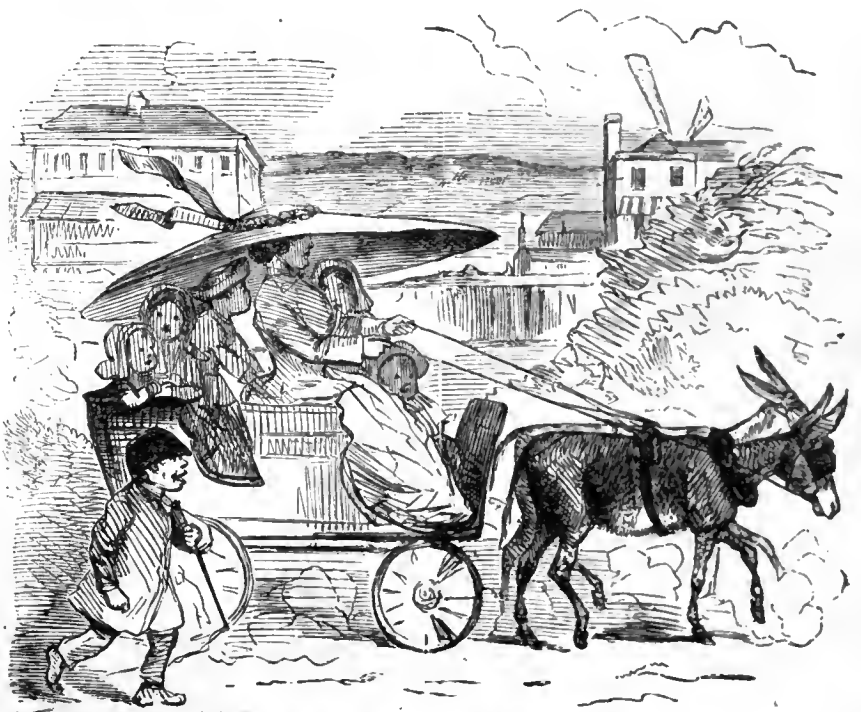


SINGULAR AND RATHER ALARMING EFFECT PRODUCED BY IMPRUDENTLY TRYING THE HAT AND TABLE-MOYING EXPERIMENT.



THE COLLAR MANIA.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE ORNAMENT FOR A GENTLEMAN'S ATTITUDE



THE SPA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.



Perceptive Child. "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY DO THOSE GENTLEMEN DRESS THEMSELVES LIKE THE FUNNY LITTLE MEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK?"



THE MISSES WEASEL THINK CRINOLINES A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. ROUNDABOUT'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE. (See page 52.)



THESE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE NOT INDULGING IN THE FILTHY HABIT OF SMOKING. THEY ARE ONLY CHEWING TOOTHPICKS, THE COMFORTING AND ELEGANT PRACTICE NOW SO MUCH IN VOGUE.



Alphonso. "YOU FIND YOUR MOOSTARCHIERS A GREAT COMFORT, DON'T YOU, TOM?"
Tom. "WELL!—YES!—BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT 'EM, FOR ONE'S OBLIGED TO DRESS SO DOOSSED EXPENSIVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING ACCORD!"



First Boy. "WHAT DOES HE DO WITH ALL THEM WHISKERS?"
Second Boy. "WHY, WHEN 'E'S GOT ENOUGH OF 'EM, 'E CUTS 'EM OFF TO STUFF 'IS HEASY CHAIR WITH!"



"WHY, FWED!—WHAWT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LEGS?"
"WHY, YOU SEE, PEG-TOP TROUSERS ARE GETTING SO COMMON, I'M GOING TO GIVE NATURE A CHANCE!"



THE QUIET STREET.
A SKETCH FROM A "STUDY" WINDOW.



FLUNKEIANA.

Lady. "RESIGN YOUR SITUATION! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG NOW, THOMAS? HAVE THEY BEEN WANTING YOU TO EAT SALT BUTTER AGAIN?"

Genteel Footman. "OH NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM—BUT THE FACT IS, MA'AM—THAT I HAVE HEARD THAT MASTER WERE SEEN LAST WEEK ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS, AND I COULDN'T AFTER THAT REMAIN ANY LONGER IN THE FAMILY!"



A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SEASIDE, OR THE SERPENTINE AS IT MIGHT BE.



Admiring Friend. "Why, Frank! What a Capital Dodge!"

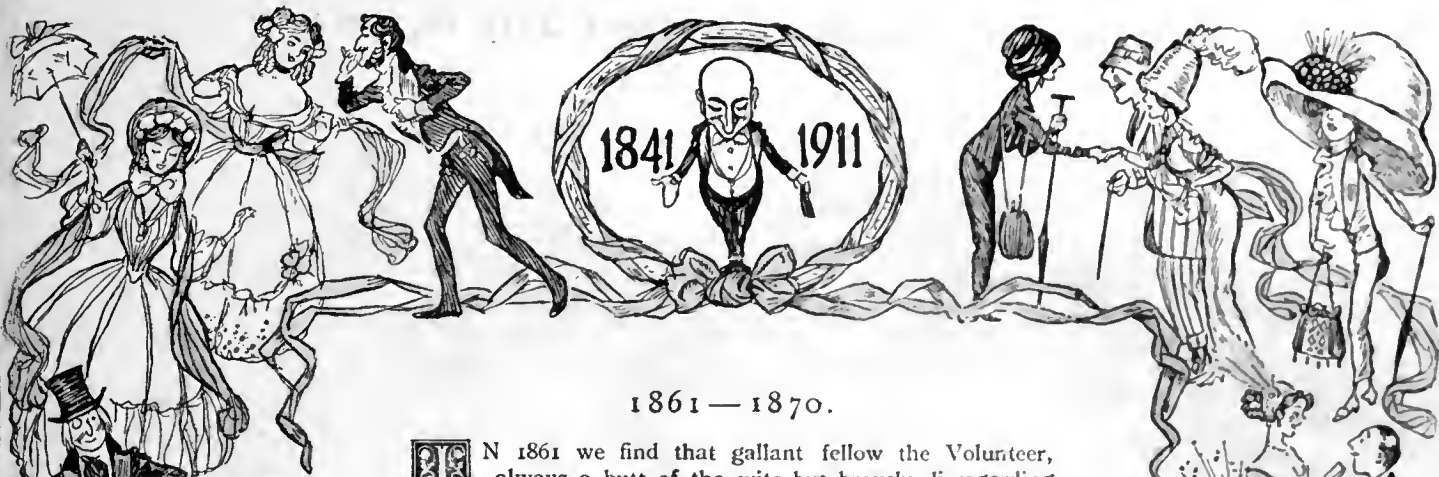
Frank. "A—ya—s. My BEARD is such a BORE, THAT I HAVE TAKEN A HINT FROM THE FAIR SEX."



SWIMMING FOR LADIES.



Paterfamilias (who is stout and a Volunteer also). "OHO! MY NEW UNIFORM COME HOME, I SEE!"
Family. "YES, PA DEAR! AND WE'VE TRIED IT ON THE WATER BUTT, AND IT LOOKS SO NICE!"



1861—1870.

IN 1861 we find that gallant fellow the Volunteer, always a butt of the wits but bravely disregarding their playfulness, in full force; Blondin at the Crystal Palace, and Paul Du Chaillu's gorilla leading to a thousand jokes. Paul Du Chaillu is forgotten now, but only a Nottingham voter would dare to say that jokes about men and monkeys are extinct. In the following year croquet began to try the patience and temper of English men and maidens, as it still does; and in 1863 breech-loaders are noted as having recently come in, in consequence of which a larger number of pheasants and partridges went out. That year also Speke and Grant discovered the source of the Nile.

On the day before Christmas one of *Mr. Punch's* greatest stalwarts, W. M. Thackeray, died, and in 1864 *Mr. Punch* lost John Leech, who had been a tower of strength ever since his fourth number.

In 1865 women began to add medicine to their other industries and, according to Du Maurier, to smoke the recently imported cigarette, which as an amelioration of English life is little more than fifty years old; while in 1866 roller skating, which has been making periodical revisits ever since, always accompanied by symptoms of fever, had broken out in the streets—where it still remains in spite of foolish appeals to the Home Secretary to stop it. That year also saw the first sewing-machine.

In 1867 another first is recorded—the first joke on the tendency of lady novelists to be a little too frank—an exuberance which the forty and more intervening years have done little to curb. It was also in 1867 that Linley Sambourne, *Mr. Punch's* famous "Sammy," who died a little less than a year ago, in harness almost to the last, contributed his first drawing.

The greatest boon of the sixties, and one which has since brightened the lives of millions of persons, was the bicycle. It is true it was not the bicycle we know to-day—it was awkward and noisy and snattering to the system—but it was the forerunner of the real thing, and by 1869 *Mr. Punch* was sufficiently interested in it to recommend ladies to try side-saddles.





THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.
JONES AND FAMILY GO UNDER CANVAS.



A CROQUET MATCH.



THIS IS WHY CHARLES, WHO TOOK HIS TWO FAIR COUSINS TO SEE BLONDIN ON THE HIGH ROPE, DID NOT THINK IT BY ANY MEANS A "DISGUSTING EXHIBITION."

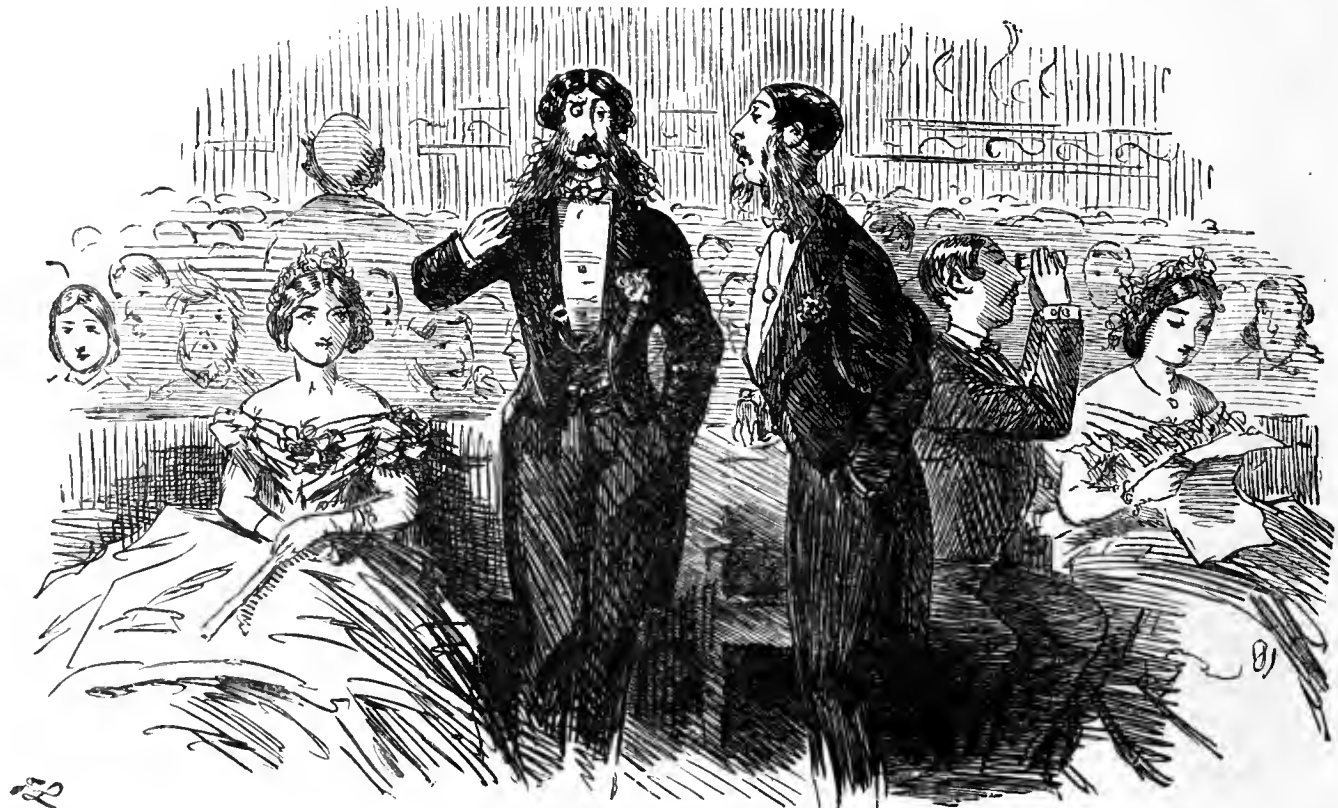


THE CLERICAL BEARD MOVEMENT.

WE DO NOT FOR ONE MOMENT PRESUME TO SAY WHETHER IT IS RIGHT OR WRONG,—ONLY, IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO PREVAIL,



Mamma (to Old Woman). "PRAY, HAVE YOU MET TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN?" Old Woman. "WELL, I MET THREE PEOPLE—BUT, LA! THERE, I CAN'T TELL LADIES FROM GENTLEMEN NOW-A-DAYS. WHEN I WAS A GAL, &c., &c."



AT SOTHERN'S PERFORMANCE OF DUNDREARY.

First Swell. "A-A-WAW! WAW! WAW! HOW DID YOU LIKE HIM?"
 Second Do. "WAW-WAW-WAW. NO FELLOW EVAW SAW SUCH A FELLOW. GROSS CARICATURE WAW!"



Keeper (who has never seen a breech-loader). "I DON'T THINK WERRY MUCH OF 'IM; WHY HE'S BIN AND BROKE HIS GUN THE WERRY FUST SHOT!"



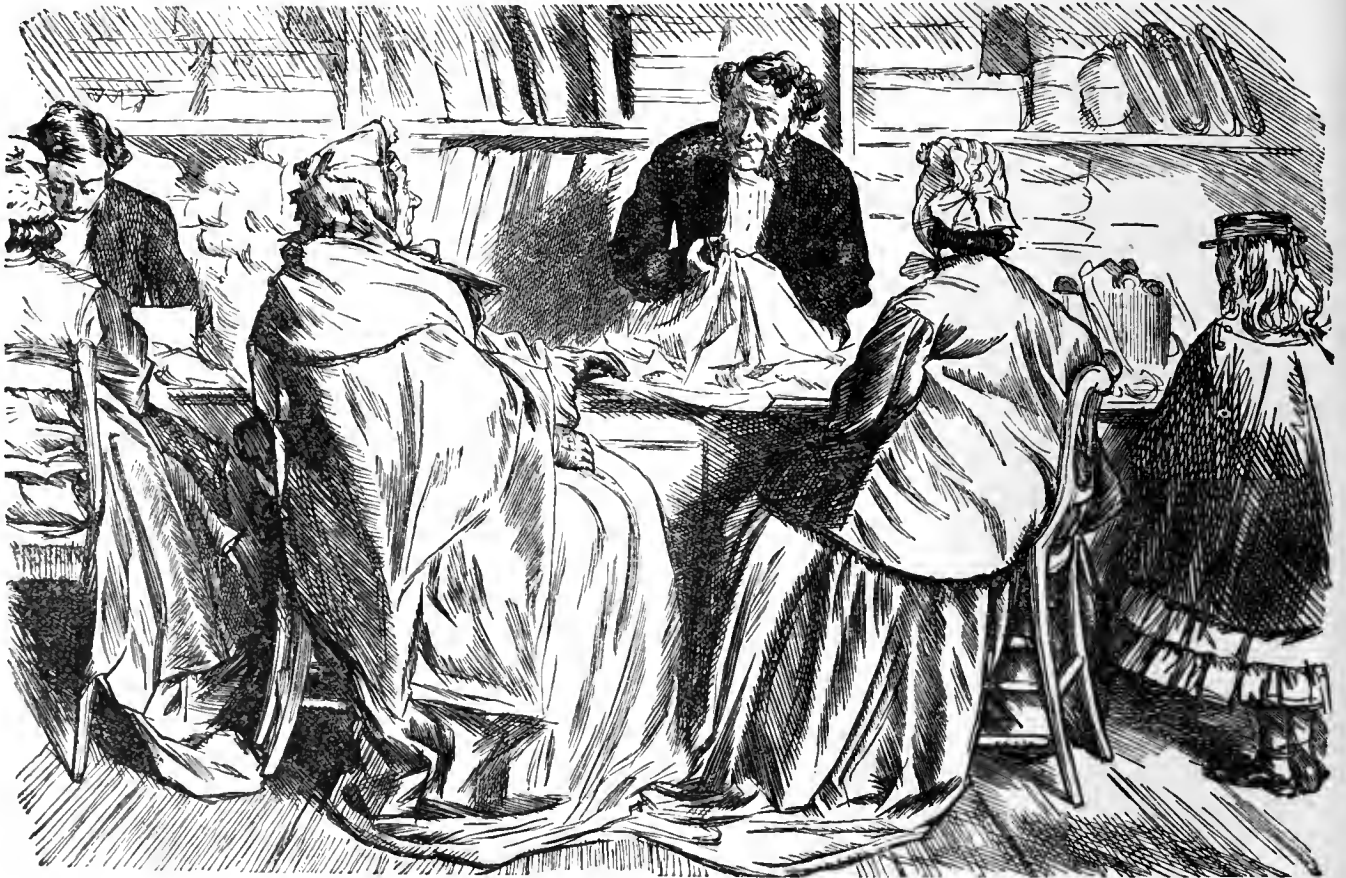
WE LEARN FROM AN OBSERVANT CORRESPONDENT, THAT "COAT-TAILS AND WALKING STICKS ARE WORN SHORT AT PRESENT BY THE MOST PRONOUNCED SWELLS AT THE CAMP AT SANDOWN."



THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL METHOD OF BRUSHING THE HAIR BY MACHINERY.



SPIRITUALISM.



SEWING MACHINES.

Drazer. "A MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION, INDEED, MUM, AND IT REALLY EXECUTES THE WORK SO EFFICIENTLY AND QUICKLY THAT, 'FON MY WORD, I THINK THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR THE LADIES TO DO NOW BUT TO *Improve their Intellects!*"



GENERAL ADOPTION OF THE ROLLING SKATE.
LIVELY APPEARANCE OF REGENT STREET IN JUNE.



LADY-PHYSICIANS.

WHO IS THIS INTERESTING INVALID? IT IS YOUNG REGINALD DE BRACES, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED IN CATCHING A BAD COLD IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT SEND FOR THAT RISING PRACTITIONER, DR. ARABELLA BOLUS!



Stout Fashionable Party. "WHAT GUYS THEY MADE OF THEMSELVES IN THOSE DAYS, AUNT!"
Slim Old Ditto. "FASHION, MY DEAR! I SHOULD NOT WONDER BUT WE SHALL BE LOOKED ON AS Perfect Frights IN FUTURE TIMES!!"



Old-fashioned Party (with old-fashioned prejudices). "AH! VERY CLEVER, I DARE SAY. BUT I SEE IT'S WRITTEN BY A LADY, AND LEAVING A DEAR FINE MY DAUGHTERS MAY READ. GIVE ME SOMETHING ELSE!"



"THE PERSON" IN PARLIAMENT. CHAIRING THE NEW MEMBER.



Aunt (slightly shocked). "WHY, CHILD, ALL YOUR CLOTHES ARE FALLING OFF!"
 Laura. "OH, DEAR, NO, AUNTY; IT'S THE FASHION!"



THE VELOCIPED SIDE-SADDLE.



Augusta. "O ADA, DEAR, WHAT A SWEET HEAD-DRESS! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?"
Ada. "IT'S QUITE NEW, DEAR. IT ONLY ARRIVED TO-DAY FROM PARIS IN A BALLOON, BY BALLOON-POST."



RETAIL TRADERS v. CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

John Thomas is surrounded on the left of the former.



1841 1911

1871—1880.

THE most remarkable events in English life in *Mr. Punch's* fourth decade were probably the popularisation of the bicycle, the invention of lawn tennis, and the introduction of the telephone. The bicycle was steadily gaining ground throughout the ten years, but lawn tennis was not played until 1874, and that questionable boon, the telephone, appeared in 1878, although it was long, of course, before every other house had passed under its tyranny, as now, when only those who have none or remember to leave the receiver off the rest know any peace of mind. As for lawn tennis, since 1874 it has reached its zenith and declined again.

In 1871 we first find the adjective "awful" entering upon an existence which it has not yet quitted, in spite of many successful rivals; in 1874 "quite" joined it as an indispensable part of smart speech; in 1876 the right people were expressing their thanks in the phrase, "Ta, awfully ta," while at the end of the period, in 1880, "utter" and "too too" began their brief but hectic reign.

In dress, crinolines had long gone, and the reaction was towards so tight a skirt that in 1876 sitting down was found to be as much an impossibility as running was in the hobble skirts of this and yester year.

Trade was now becoming a sanctioned resort for impoverished aristocrats, as it still is; and in 1877 a tendency to manliness in woman's dress that has steadily increased was noticed again, as it had been noticed in the forties by the keen eye of Leech, and has been noticed since; for all fads move in circles.

And so we reach 1880, when that famous movement began which gave *Mr. Punch* more opportunities for sustained ridicule than any other in his long life—the rise of the æsthetes, with their sunflowers and lilics, their languid enthusiasms and affected disdains.



THE SLANG OF THE DAY.

"A—AWFUL HOT, AIN'T IT?" "YES, AWFUL!" (Pause.)
 "A—AWFUL JOLLY FLOOR, AIN'T IT?" "YES, AWFUL!" (Pause.)
 "A—A—AWFUL JOLLY SAD ABOUT THE POOR DUCHESS, AIN'T IT?" "YES—QUITE TOO AWFUL—" (And so forth.)



THE DOLLY VARDEN FAREWELL KISS.

A DELIGHTFUL OPERATION, BUT A DIFFICULT ONE TO PERFORM SUCCESSFULLY.



Mrs. Brown (whose Daughter has just been performing admirably on the Piano-Forte). "DO YOUR DAUGHTERS PLAY, MRS. JONES?"
 Mrs. Jones (whose four Daughters have only been listening). "No." Mrs. Brown. "SING?" Mrs. Jones. "No."
 Mrs. Brown. "PAINT IN WATER-COLOURS?" Mrs. Jones. "No. We go in for Beauty!"



A WEST-END NOTION OF "HUMBLE ORIGIN."

Belgravian Crossing-Sweeper (offended). "WHY, I RECOLLEX YER WHEN YER WAS LIVIN' IN THE REGENCY PARK!"



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Female Exquisite. "Quite a nice ball at Mrs. Millefleurs', wasn't it?"

Male Ditto. "Very quite. Indeed, really most quite!"



Old Servant. "THERE NOW, MISS ANNIE, WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?"

Miss Annie. "WHAT DO I CALL *what*, ADAMS?"

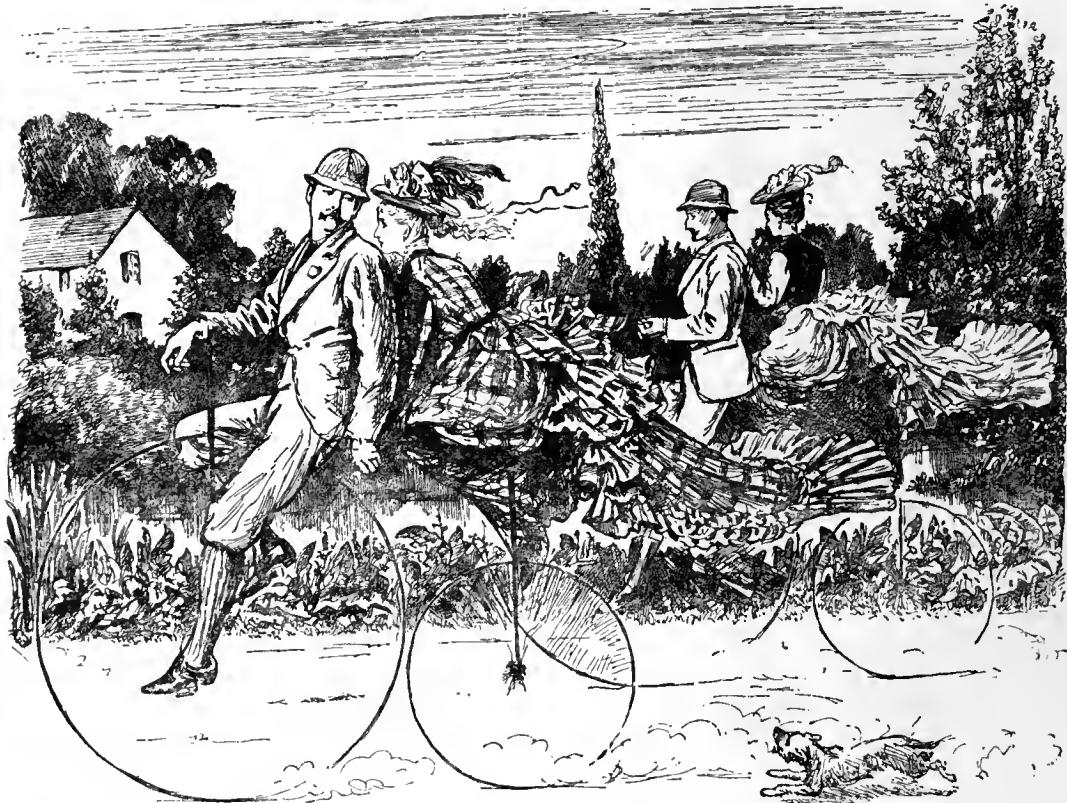
Old Servant. "WHY, THAT BLACK VELVET THING YOU'VE GOT ON. I CALLS IT A KICKING-STRA?"



RINKOMANIA.

FRIENDS of the fleeting Skate, behold in this
A Rinkomaniac's dream of earthly bliss,
Sketched by the frantic pen of one who thinks
That Heaven is paved with everlasting rinks!

Where Cherubs sweep for ever and a day
Smooth tepid ice that never melts away,
While graceful, gay, good-natured Lovers blend
To endless tunes, in circles without end!



THE PILLION-BICYCLE.



STUDY OF A HORIZONTAL ARRANGEMENT IN TONED WHITE, PURPLE AND BROWN, ACCOMPANIED BY A VERTICAL SYMPHONY IN ORANGE, BLUE AND CRIMSON, MEETING A DIAGONAL DUET IN BLACK AND YELLOW.



May. "MAMMA! MAMMA! Don't GO ON LIKE THIS, pray!!"
Mamma (who has smashed a favourite pot). "WHAT HAVE I GOT LEFT TO LIVE FOR?"
May. "HAVEN'T YOU GOT Me, MAMMA?"
Mamma. "You, CHILD! You're NOT UNIQUE!! THERE ARE SIX OF YOU—A COMPLETE SET!!"



THE ANDROGYNÆCEUM CLUB.



Miss Maud. "HOW DO WE STAND?"

Captain Lovelace. "THEY ARE SIX TO OUR LOVE; AND 'LOVE' ALWAYS MEANS NOTHING, YOU KNOW."

Miss Maud. "ALWAYS?"



Ancient Lady. "LET ME DRIVE YOU, MISS SHARP. IT IS QUITE IN MY WAY, AND I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF YOUR WALKING HOME ALL ALONE!"

Modern Ditto. "OH, I DON'T MIND WALKING A BIT, THANKS! BESIDES, I WANT TO SMOKE!"



Distinguished Foreigner. "VOULEZ-VOUS ME FAIRE L'HONNEUR DE DANSER CETTE VALSE AVEC MOI, MIEUX MATILDE?"
Miss Matilda (an accomplished Waltzer). "AVEC PLAISER, MONSIEUR. QUELLE EST VOTRE FORME—LE 'Lurch de Liver-
 pool,' LE 'Dip de Boston,' OU LE 'Kick de Ratcliffe Highway?'"
 [We have feebly tried to represent the "Ratcliffe Highway Kick," which at present is only danced in the very best
 society, and confers a great air of distinction on the performers.]



(Honoured Guest at big Country-house is invited by affable Butler to walk through the Cellars.
Guest. "Ah! HA! So you've BEEN LAYING IN THE FASHIONABLE DRINK, I SEE! THE DOCTORS ARE ALL MAD ABOUT IT."
Affable Butler. "YEZZIE—LESS ACID, THEY SAY, IN GOOD MALT WHISKEY THAN IN ANY FORM OF ALCOHOL. I'VE LOOKED IT
 UP—THEY SAY I'VE OTHER GIVEN UP CHAMPAGNES, CLARETS, BURGUNDIES, AND 'OKS!"



"SHALL WE—A—SIT DOWN?"

"I SHOULD LIKE TO; BUT MY DRESSMAKER SAYS I MUSTN'T!"



THE ARISTOCRACY TAKES TO TRADE.

Lord Plantagenet (to fair Customer, who has just given an enormous order for Sugar, Soap, and Pickles). "ANY OTHER ARTICLE TO-DAY, MADAM?"

Fair Customer. "ER—WELL—A—I HEAR YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW, THE DUCHESS OF PENTONVILLE, IS GOING TO GIVE A GARDEN PARTY AT FULHAM. ER—WOULD IT BE ASKING TOO MUCH IF I WERE TO BEG OF HER GRACE, THROUGH YOU, THE FAVOUR OF AN INVITATION FOR MYSELF AND MY TWO DAUGHTERS?"

Lord Plantagenet. "IT SHALL BE SEEN TO, MADAM!"



Old Gentleman (shocked beyond description) to Verger. "DON'T YOU THINK THOSE YOUTHS HAD BETTER BE TOLD TO TAKE THEIR HATS OFF?" Verger. "TAKE THEIR 'ATS OFF! BLESS YOU, SIR, THOSE ARE THE DEAN'S YOUNG LADIES!"



Lady Customer. "MY LITTLE BOY WISHES FOR A NOAH'S ARK. HAVE YOU ONE?" Toyman. "NO, M'UM, NO. WE'VE GIVEN UP KEEPING NOAH'S HARKS SINCE THE SCHOOL BOARDS COME IN. THEY WAS CONSIDERED 100 DENOMINATIONAL, M'UM!"



THE TELEPHONE.

PLACE—Bedford Square. TIME—8 A.M.

Paterfamilias (waking up). "WHAT'S THE MATTER JEMIMA?"
Materfamilias. "IT'S DEAR CHARLEY GOT A DINNER-PARTY AT COLOMBO. THE SLINGSBY ROBINSONS ARE THERE, AND CHARLEY'S JUST PROPOSED OUR HEALTHS SO NICELY. LISTEN TO THE CHEERS!"
Paterfamilias. "WAIT A MINUTE, AND I'LL RETURN THANKS!"



At the Luncheon hour, Jellaby Postlethwaite enters a Pastrycook's and calls for a glass of Water, into which he puts a freshly-cut Lily, and loses himself in contemplation thereof.

Waiter. "SHALL I BRING YOU ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?"
Jellaby Postlethwaite. "THANKS, NO! I HAVE ALL I REQUIRE, AND SHALL SOON HAVE DONE!"



"IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE BELLE!"

THE SCENE DEPICTED ABOVE IS NOT SO TRAGIC AS ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE. IT MERELY REPRESENTS THAT BEST OF HUSBANDS, JONES, HELPING THE LOVELY MRS. J. TO DIVEST HERSELF OF HER JERSEY.



1881—1890.



THE aesthetes—with Du Maurier hot on their trail—were still strong in the opening years of *Mr. Punch's* fifth decade; but their doom had sounded, and they never recovered from the fashion of athletics for women which, though it has ceased to be a craze, has never lost popularity. In addition to their interest in feats of strength we find women, after refusing, in 1883, to ride on 'buses, refusing, in 1886, when garden seats came in, to ride anywhere else.

In 1883 we also have a foretaste of the Suffragette movement, which, however, was to wait for *Mr. Punch's* seventh decade to develop into the real crusade that all of us now know and many dread.

The changes of dress, always faithfully reflected in *Mr. Punch's* pages, ranged from the tight jerseys of 1880—1 to the high sleeves of 1890 by way of the egregious bustle, which alone of all the extravagances of fashion has yet shown no tendency to revisit the scenes of its old horrible triumph. Large fans and parasols came in in 1882, and a renewed approximation to men's dress was a by-product of the period. As for men, we find them giving up carrying latchkeys for fear of spoiling their figures.

The foreign instrumental and hairy genius, the American *siffleuse*, prize fighters, cowboys, and the infant musical prodigy divided the attention of smart hostesses, while among the crazes of the idle rich (who have always been *Mr. Punch's* best material) we find slumming, banjo-playing, palmistry, pet dogs, and "Pigs in Clover" and kindred puzzles (to be revived in the next century in the form of a jigsaw). Falstaff's remark on his countrymen (which *Mr. Punch* might have made his motto, had he needed one)—"It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common"—is exemplified in the years between 1881 and 1890 as richly as in any of the periods.

The last year of the decade saw Charles Keene's final drawing in *Punch*, for which he had been working for forty years.





POLO FOR THE PEOPLE.



POSTLETHWAITE ON "REFRACTION."

Grigsby. "HULLO, MY JELLABY, you here! COME AND TAKE A DIP IN THE BRINY, OLD MAN. I'M SURE YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WANTED IT!"

Postlethwaite. "THANKS, NO. I NEVER BATHE. I ALWAYS SEE MYSELF SO DREADFULLY FORESHORTENED IN THE WATER, YOU KNOW!"

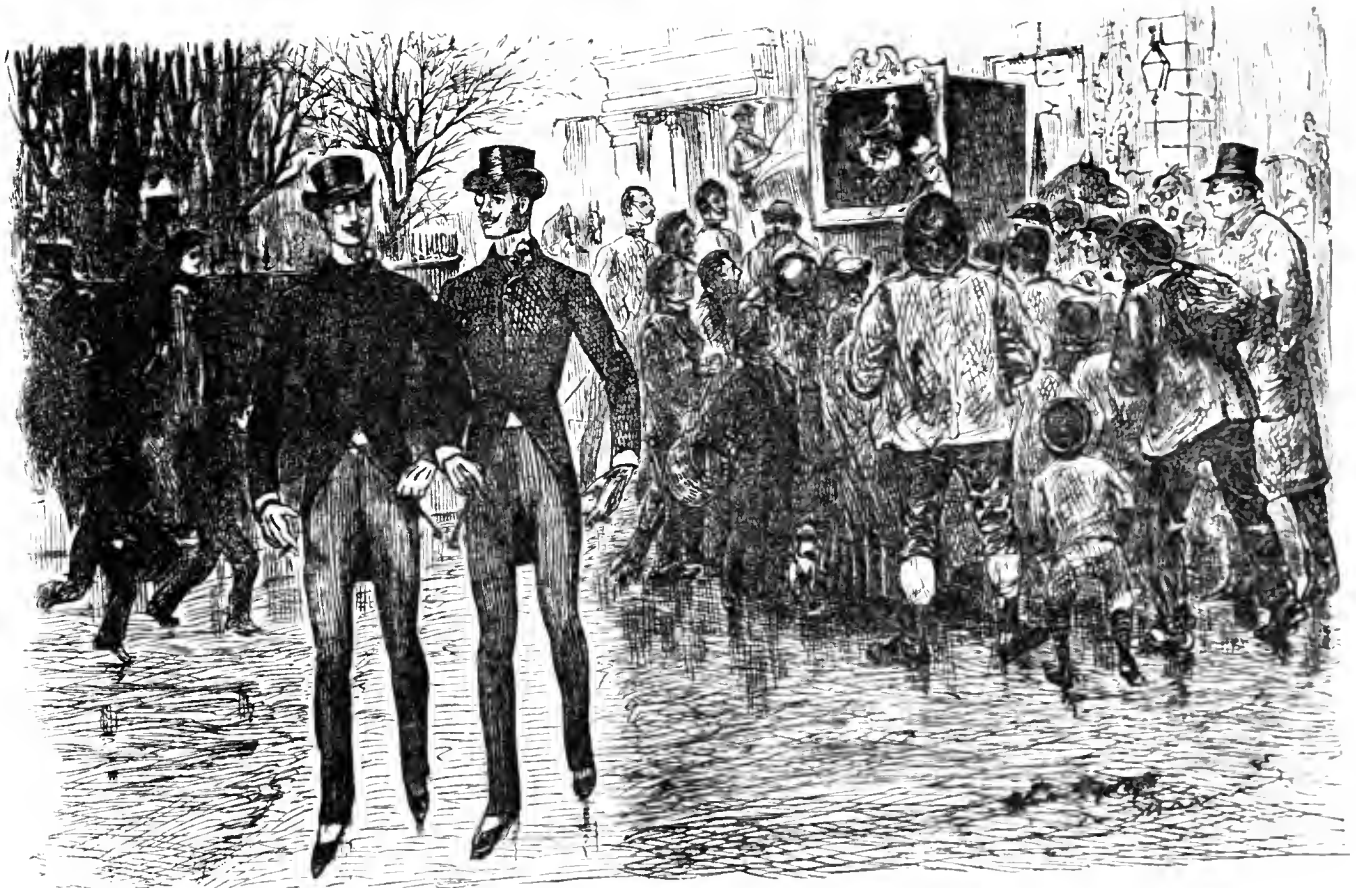


TANTALISING.



Snookson. " 'REVERSING' SEEMS TO BE GOING OUT OF FASHION.

Mrs. Vere de Vere. " IT NEVER CAME IN."



First Masher. " LET'S STOP AND LOOK AT PUNCH AND JUDY, OLD CHAFFIE! I'VE HEARD IT'S AS GOOD AS A PLAY!"
Second Masher. " I DESSAY IT IS, MY BRAVE BOY. BUT WE AIN'T DRESSED, YOU KNOW!"



A NEW TASTE IN MEN AND WOMEN.

She. "WHAT A FINE-LOOKING MAN MR. O'BRIEN IS!"

He. "H'M—HAI—RATHER ROUGH-HEWN, I THINK. CAN'T SAY I ADMIRE THAT LOUD-LAUGHING, STRONG-VOICED, ROBUST KIND OF MAN. NOW THAT'S A NICE-LOOKING WOMAN HE'S TALKING TO!"

She. "WELL—ER—SOMEWHAT *effeminate*, YOU KNOW. CONFESS I DON'T ADMIRE *effeminate* WOMEN!"



THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE ACTOR HAS IMPROVED OF LATE YEARS, BUT STILL LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED.

Walter Lissom (the *Jeune Premier* of the *Parthenon*). "I ASK YOU ALL, LADIES, HAS AN ACTOR EVER YET BEEN MADE A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, OR EVEN HAD THE REFUSAL OF A PEERAGE! *Never!*"
Chorus of adoring *Duchesses, Marchionesses, and Countesses*. "Shame!"



THE GOLF STREAM.

Flows along the Eastern Coast of Scotland during the Summer and Autumn.



A NEW RUNG IN THE SOCIAL LADDER.

TODESON TAKES TO "SLUMMING," AND COMES ACROSS LADY CLARA ROBINSON (*née* VÈRE DE VÈRE) IN A FRIGHTFUL DEN NEAR BETHNAL GREEN. OH JOY! SHE ACTUALLY INVITES HIM TO DINE WITH SIR PETER AND HERSELF IN GROSVENOR SQUARE! BUT, ALAS! INSTEAD OF RANK AND FASHION, IT IS ONLY TO MEET AN EAST END CURATE AND HIS WIFE, DEVOTED TO THE POOR; —AND MISS FULLALOVE (THE MATRON OF LADY CLARA'S HOME FOR JUVENILE THIEVES IN BERMONDSEY), WHOM HE HAS TO LEAD IN TO DINNER, AND WHO PERSISTS IN MISTAKING HIM FOR ONE OF THOSE RECLAIMED SPECIMENS OF THE "LOWER MIDDLE CLASS GENIUS." HER LADYSHIP IS SO SURE OF BEING KIND TO! [Todeson thinks that "Slumming" doesn't pay, after all]



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST; OR, THE STALKING OF GORGIUS MIDAS JUNIOR.

LADY MATCHAM AND HER DIANA PATIENTLY DRIVE THE QUARRY INTO THE DISCREET LITTLE SAGE-GREEN SATIN BOUDOIR, WHENCE, AS THEY FONDLY ANTICIPATE, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE. UNFORTUNATELY, WHO SHOULD BE LYING IN WAIT FOR HIM THERE BUT LADY CATCHAM AND HER CONSTANTIA!



SOCIETY'S NEW PET—THE ARTIST'S MODEL.

"AND HOW DID YOU AND MR. SOPLEY COME TO QUARREL, DEAR MISS DRAGON?"—"WELL, YOUR GRACE, IT WAS LIKE THIS: I WAS SITTING TO HIM IN A *Cestus* FOR 'THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS,' WHEN SOMEONE CALLED AS WANTED, TO SEE HIM MOST PARTICULARLY; SO HE SAID, 'Don't you move, Miss Dragon, or you'll disturb the *Cestus*!'—Very good, Sir! I SAID, AND OFF HE WENT; AND WHEN HE CAME BACK IN AN HOUR AND A 'ARF OR SO, HE SAID, 'You've moved, Miss Dragon.'—'I 'aven't!' I SAID.—'You 'AVE!' HE SAID.—'I 'AVEN'T!' I SAID,—AND NO MORE I 'ADN'T, YOUR GRACE!—AND WITH THAT I OFF WITH HIS *CESTUS*, AND WISHED HIM GOOD MORNING, AN' NEVER BEEN NEAR HIM SINCE!"



THE LAST NEW FAD. A REACTION FROM ÆSTHETICS.

The Professor. "NOW, LADIES. STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER, PLEASE!—AND DON'T TRY TO Scratch—'TAIN'T NO GOOD WITH THE GLOVES ON!"

M. le Professeur. "ALLONS, MADemoiselle,—VIF LÀ! ROMPEZ—PARADE ET RIPOSTE EN QUARTE. BON! ENCORE UNE FOIS LA FEINTE DE SECONDE. HARDI! UNE, DEUSSE, TROISSE! FENDEZ-VOUS BIEN,—Parfait!"



1787.

1887.



The Duchess of Beljambe. "THAT'S MY COSTUME FOR THE DANCE IN THE THIRD ACT—RATHER COLD IN THIS WEATHER—BUT IT'S FOR THE POOR CROSSING-SWEEPERS' WIDOWS' HOME, YOU KNOW! ARE YOU COMING TO SEE US, CAPTAIN DE BOOTS?"
Gallant Hussar. "HAW! HAW! I SHOULD THINK SO, DUCHESS—RATHER! WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD! BRING THE WHOLE REGIMENT! FETCH 'EM AWFULLY, THAT THIRD ACT WILL! HAW! HAW! HAW!"



"WELL, TA-TA, OLD MAN! MY PEOPLE ARE WAITING UP FOR ME, YOU KNOW!" "WHY, DON'T YOU CARRY A LATCH-KEY?"
 "CARRY A Latch-key! NOT I! A LATCH-KEY 'D SPOIL any FELLER'S FIGURE!"



TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.
 DRAGOON AND CURATE.



MRS. DUDLEY DE VERE STANLEY-MAINWARING AT HOME—GLOVES.
(SMALL AND EARLY.)



STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.

THIS IS NOT AN EXAMPLE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE—IT IS MERELY "THE VALSE," AS WE HAVE LATELY SEEN IT DANCED AT SUBURBAN SUBSCRIPTION BALLS, &C.



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.



REFRESHMENTS IN VOGUE.

"QUININE OR ANTIPYRINE, MY LADY?"



TRUE FEMININE DELICACY OF FEELING.

Emily (who has called to take Lizzie to the great Murder Trial).
 "WHAT DEEP BLACK, DEAREST!"
 Lizzie. "YES. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ONLY DECENT, AS THE
 POOR WRETCH IS SURE TO BE FOUND GUILTY."
 Emily. "AH! I HEARD IT WAS EVEN BETTING WHICH WAY THE
 VERDICT WOULD GO, SO I ONLY PUT ON Half MOURNING!"



1891 — 1900.

THE legacy of the nineties is still being enjoyed by us. The decade brought the cult of motoring, bridge and golf to full flower; and all these things delight us yet.

At the beginning of this period the wordless play was delighting London; at the end extravagantly ample hats worn at matinées were blotting out the stage, as periodically they have done since and will probably ever do. Tight skirts were still in fashion, to which huger sleeves than before were added, and in 1893 a happily futile effort to bring back the crinoline was made, leading Du Maurier to an amusing inversion of one of Leech's drawings in 1857, both of which are given in this number. In the same year *Mr. Punch* printed the first drawing by one of his most delightful and gifted hands—poor Phil May.

In 1894 Society's romps of both sexes went mad over the Barn dance, and in 1895 our playwrights had begun to employ the drama as a vehicle for exhibiting problems in social ethics, thus providing nuts for conversationalists and critics to crack—not always with good humour and rarely with any profit.

In 1896, the motor-bus first began to shake our houses, and Herr Röntgen discovered his wonderful rays; while it was in the same year, in the number for September 26, that Du Maurier's last drawing appeared and *Mr. Punch* lost his most searching social satirist after Thackeray.

In 1897 electric cabs came and went; Society discovered Battersea Park as a cycling course, and jockeys, imitating the Americans, began to perch upon their horses' necks, where they still are. In the summer of the following year the introduction of the Continental custom of mixed bathing into English watering-places had all the country by the ears; and in the argument for and against it a heat was engendered at which now we can all—as *Mr. Punch* did then—only laugh.





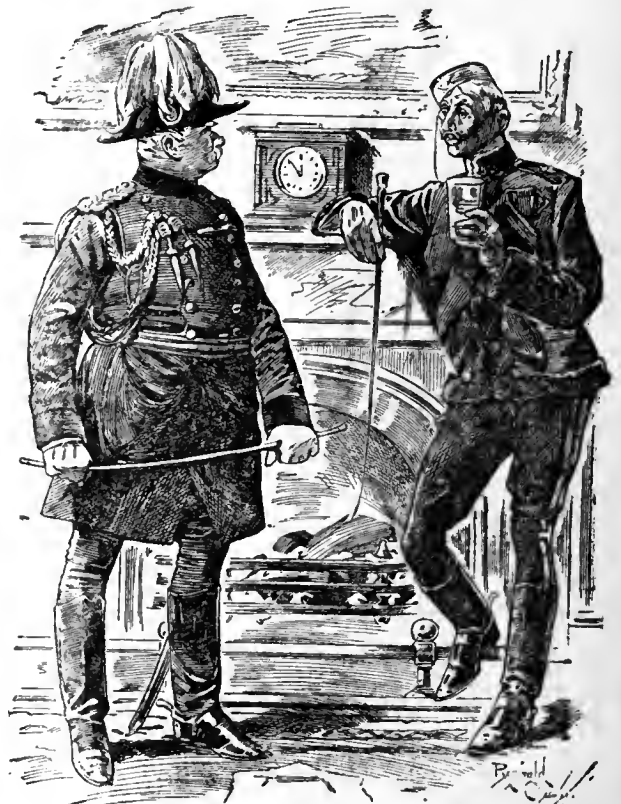
"LIKE MY NEW FROCK, AUNT JANE?"
 "WELL, I SHOULD SAY YOU'D GOT SKIRTS FOR YOUR SLEEVES,
 AND A SLEEVE FOR YOUR SKIRT!"



"A—GOT ANYTHING ON TO-NIGHT, LADY GODIVA?"
 "NOT MUCH, I'M GLAD TO SAY!"



IBSEN IN BRIXTON.
 Mrs. Harris. "YES, WILLIAM, I'VE THOUGHT A DEAL ABOUT IT,
 AND I FIND I'M NOTHING BUT YOUR DOLL AND DICKY-BIRD, AND SO
 I'M GOING!"



MILITARY EDUCATION.
 General. "WHAT IS THE MAIN USE OF CAVALRY IN MODERN WAR
 FARE?" Mr. de Bridoon. "WELL, I SUPPOSE TO GIVE TONE
 TO WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE BE A MORE VULGAR BEAST!"



"THERE GO THE SPICER WILCOXES, MAMMA! I'M TOLD THEY'RE DYING TO KNOW US. HADN'T WE BETTER CALL?"
"CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR. IF THEY'RE DYING TO KNOW US, THEY'RE NOT WORTH KNOWING. THE ONLY PEOPLE WORTH OUR KNOWING ARE THE PEOPLE WHO *don't* WANT TO KNOW US!"



THE MISSES ROUNDABOUT THINK TIGHT SKIRTS A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. WEASEL'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE. (See page 16.)



ROTTEN ROW. 10 A.M. DISPERSION OF THE POIHATITES, STRAWHATITES AND CAPMEN, AND TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF THE TOPHATITE, "IN QUITE CORRECT ATTIRE, BY PARTICULAR DESIRE."



Daughter (enthusiastically). "OH, MAMMA! I must LEARN BICYCLING! SO DELIGHTFUL TO GO AT SUCH A PACE!"
Mamma (severely). "NO, THANK YOU, MY DEAR; YOU ARE quite FAST ENOUGH ALREADY!"



THE BARN DANCE.

Old Lady (from the Country). "IS YOUR AUNT JANE HERE TO-NIGHT, MATILDA?"

Matilda. "YES—THERE SHE IS—DANCING THE 'Pas de Quatre' WITH LITTLE MR. SIMPKINS!"

Old Lady. "OH—SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL THE 'Pas de Quatre'! I THINK THAT THE 'Pas du Tout' WOULD BE MORE SUITABLE TO YOUR AUNT JANE!"



THE PROBLEM PLAY.

New Woman (with the hat). "NO! MY PRINCIPLE IS SIMPLY THIS—IF THERE'S A DEMAND FOR THESE PLAYS, IT MUST BE SUPPLIED!"

Woman not New (with the bonnet). "PRECISELY! JUST AS WITH THE BULL-FIGHTS IN SPAIN!"

[Scores.



THE MUZZLING REGULATIONS.
ANOTHER CULPRIT.



THE MOTOR 'BUS.

Fussy Old Gent. "STOP! STOP! I WANT TO GET DOWN."

Driver. "I CAN'T STOP THE BLOOMIN' THING!"



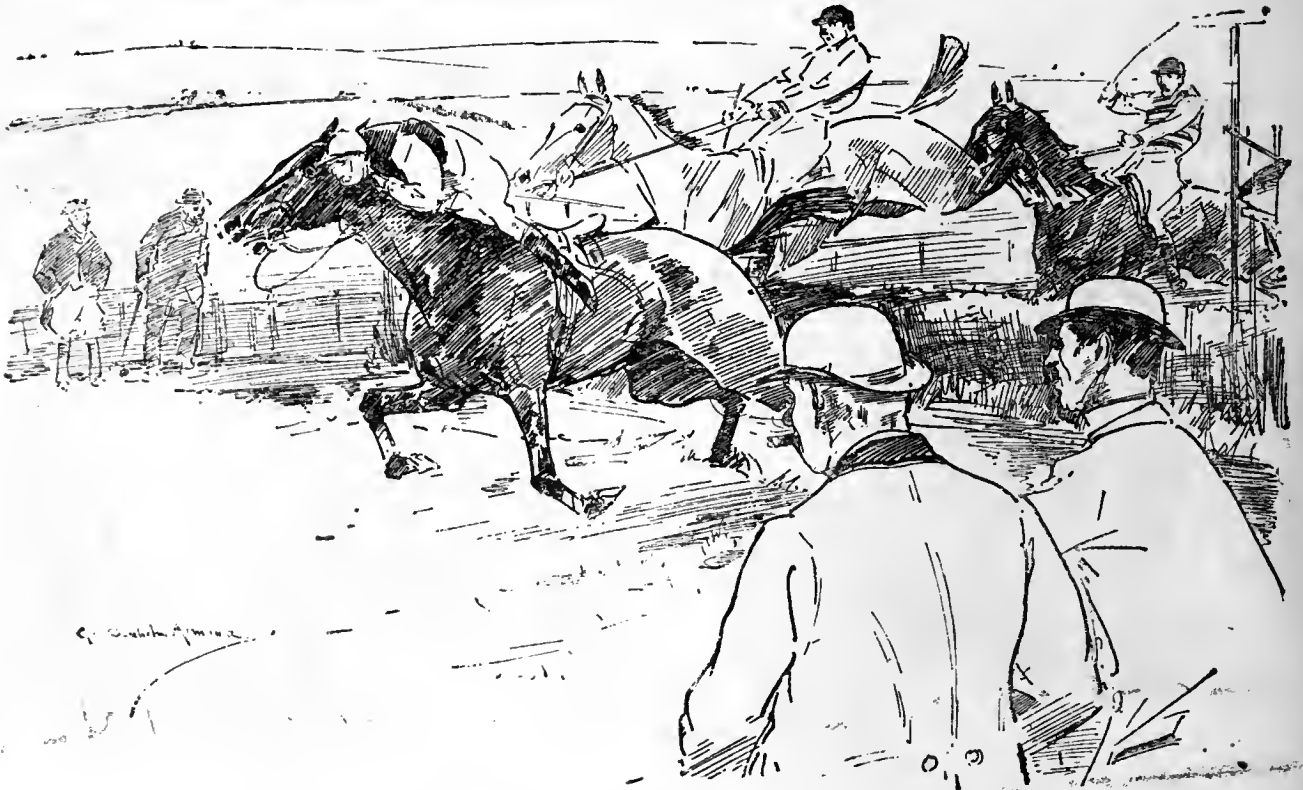
Paris May 97.

"Hi! WHIP BEHIND!" "Yah! 'E ain't got none!"



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE.

Ethel. "I HOPE BICYCLING WILL GO OUT OF FASHION BEFORE NEXT SEASON, I do HATE BICYCLING SO!"
Maud. "So do I! BUT ONE must, YOU KNOW!"



["I don't like the American style of sitting on the withers and leaning almost over the horse's ears, with a short, tight hold of the reins."—*Sporting Weekly*.]
 "IS THAT CHAP COMIN' OFF, OR IS HE TRYIN' THE NEW AMERICAN STYLE?"



TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT A HOUSE PARTY.

The Duchess (just arrived, rather late). "LORD AU-GUS-TUS!!!"
 Lord Augustus, (emerging suddenly from "Green Room"). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DUCHESS. DON'T BE 'HUFFY.' I'M IN THE
 TABLEAU, 'ART WINS THE HEART,' DON'TCHERKNOW. CELEBRATED PICTURE. CHAP PAINTING A VASE. . . HOW 'DO, LADY MAB?
 HOW 'DO, LADY GERTY? LIKE MY GET UP? JUST GOING ON, LOOK SHARP TO YOUR SEATS, OR YOU'LL MISS ME! TA, TA!"



Mrs. Snobson (who is doing a little slumming for the first time, and wishes to appear affable, but is at a loss to know how to commence conversation). "TOWN VERY EMPTY!"



Stout Lady. "EXCUSE ME, LADY GODOLPHIN, BUT I SHOULD SO LIKE TO MAKE SOME NOTES OF YOUR CHARMING COSTUME—MAY I?"
 Lady Godolphin. "PARDON ME, BUT REALLY I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF—"
 Stout Lady. "OH, I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND: I'M 'GIRLIE,' YOU KNOW—I DO THE FASHION ARTICLE FOR *Classy Bits!*"



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

INTERESTING RESULT ATTAINED, WITH AID OF RÖNTGEN RAYS, BY A FIRST-FLOOR LODGER WHEN PHOTOGRAPHING HIS SITTING-ROOM DOOR.



THE BATHING QUESTION.

MASTER TOMMY IS EMPHATICALLY OF THE OPINION THAT THE SEXES OUGHT NOT TO BATH TOGETHER.



Motor Fiend. "Why don't you get out of the way?"
 Victim. "What! ARE YOU COMING BACK?"



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Exasperated Old Gentleman (to Lady in front of him). "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT MY SEAT HAS COST ME TEN SHILLINGS, AND I WANT TO see. YOUR HAT——"
 The Lady. "MY HAT HAS COST ME TEN Guineas, SIR, AND I WANT IT TO be seen!"

The first real Safety "Razor."
The only Perfect "Razor."

DURHAM-DUPLEX

RAZOR SAFETY

Here is the fine old Razor without any alteration of its happy form or loss in its superb action. Two features have been added—

GUARDED, DOUBLE-EDGED BLADES,
and there is one, but a striking difference in its application—

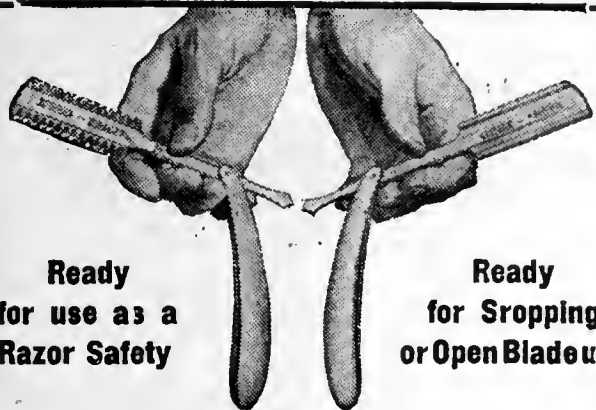
IT IS USED FLAT TO THE FACE.

The dangerous, irksome, Angle is gone. You handle it with easy assurance and glide it—you are polished, not scraped

BLADES—Hollow-ground. Operative to extreme ends. Lastingly keen. But when set on Attachment are stoppable any Stop. **NOTE**—Further advantage. In this form it can be used as an ordinary open Blade Razor.

Silver-plated Set Razor, Safety Guard, Stopping Attachment Case 2/-.
Write for Free Booklet and Card Model Razor.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR Co. LTD., 5 York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.



Ready
for use as a
Razor Safety

Ready
for Stopping
or Open Blade use

"MY 'SWAN' FOUNTAIN PEN HAS BECOME AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF LIFE TO ME!"

Thus writes MR. CLEMENT SHORTER,
the brilliant editor of the "Sphere."

Many other "Swanites" have written similar appreciations regarding their "Swans," and we maintain that if you were but to introduce yourself to the "Swan," you would very soon consider it one of your best friends.

The "Swan" is made right to write right, and will last for years.

**BE SURE YOU GET
THE GENUINE**

"SWAN"

See and try the new
"SWAN-SAFETY"—
the pen with the "ladder" feed.
May be carried anyhow.
12s. 6d. upwards.



Size 2A
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Sold by Stationers and Jewellers. Write for Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & Co., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

33, Cheapside, E.C.; 95, Regent Street, W.; London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.

FREEDOM FROM GOUT.

DEPENDS ON THE CONTROL OF URIC ACID.

Every human being is constantly having formed, by an absolutely normal process in his system, a peculiar chemical substance known as uric acid, the presence of which in excess in the body is now universally admitted to be the direct cause of all forms of gouty suffering.

Even the retention of a very small quantity of uric acid is quite sufficient to set up a disturbance of the entire system which first takes the form of digestive troubles with acidity, heartburn, flatulence, headache, pain in the region of the liver, skin irritation, restlessness, depression, or irritability accompanied frequently by shooting pains and stiffness in joints and muscles, especially after exposure to damp or over-exertion at sports.

The uric acid finds its way into the blood and is carried to every part of the body, scattering here and there seeds of gout, in the form of tiny particles or crystalline compounds, which accumulate so rapidly that in a comparatively short time the muscles and other tissues and joints are completely impregnated with them.

Sometimes these uric acid deposits are confined solely to the joints, as in the case of acute gout and chronic, chalky or rheumatic gout. The former is the most painful variety but the latter causes, perhaps, as much suffering and distress because of the enlargement of the joints, with consequent stiffness. When muscular tissue is attacked by the relentless poison, gouty rheumatism or lumbago follow, with their well-known dull aches and persistent pain. Sciatica and neuritis occur when penetrating crystals of uric acid bore their way through the delicate nerve sheaths, and pierce like hot needles the most sensitive of all structures. Gouty eczema is the result of uric acid in the skin; whilst kidney stone and gravel are solid concretions of uric acid.

THE SUBJUGATION OF URIC ACID.

The only way to prevent or relieve gouty suffering is either to check the over-formation and retention of uric acid, or to remove it completely if an excess already exists. By common consent Bishop's Varalettes are the one remedy which fulfil these conditions completely. They are composed of the most powerful uric acid solvents and eliminants known. They are the one rational remedy for all uric acid disorders.

As the uric acid is cleared out of the system by Bishop's Varalettes, gouty pains gradually diminish, inflammation is dispersed, swellings subside, and stiff joints and muscles regain their suppleness and freedom from inflammation.

Bishop's Varalettes are perfectly harmless. They contain no colchicum, mercury, potash, iodides, salicylates, or other poisonous or harmful drugs. They do not depress the heart or the nervous system, and have no lowering effects.

DIET PROBLEMS OF THE GOUTY.

The selection of suitable articles of diet for the gouty is usually perplexing. That no Spartan restrictions or severe self-denial are necessary will be gathered from a booklet recently published containing full information on this puzzling problem. In the booklet will be found classified lists of permissible foods affording a variety free from monotony, sufficiently dainty, appetising, and nutritious to satisfy the most capricious, and yet quite free from gouting provoking properties. It also describes the chief uric acid disorders, gives directions for their treatment, and must prove of great interest and value to all gouty subjects.

A copy will be sent free on application to the sole maker of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 48, Spelman St., London, N.E.

Please ask for Booklet S.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists in vials at 1s.



Ireland's Four Guaranteed Whiskies

All branded with the Veritor label—the label which is a guarantee of the very highest standard of quality in Irish Whiskey.

This label on a bottle of Irish Whiskey is an absolute assurance that the distillation, maturing and bottling has been accomplished for a perfected product.

Each and every one of the four Whiskies advertised here retains its individual charm and distinctive flavour, but the Veritor label on the bottle is your guarantee of quality and your protection against substitution.

UNLESS YOU SEE THE VERITOR LABEL YOU CANNOT BE SURE THAT YOU ARE GETTING IRELAND'S BEST.

SHAMROCK Whiskey

MITCHELL'S HOLLY Whiskey

CORBETT'S Whiskey

TYRCONNELL Whiskey

“Veritor”

The quality of this Whiskey is guaranteed



1901—1910.

AND so we are come to the last decade of the seven, when *Mr. Punch* and the world began the New Century. If the ten years had to be described swiftly they might be called, for England as a whole, the era of universal golf, of bridge and motoring, of suffragettes and flying. Golf, of course, had long been a fashion, but it was only now that not to play it put one outside the pale.

The period produced no inventions to benefit the world on the scale of the telephone, the bicycle and the camera; and giants were few in the land. London, however, owes to the ingenuity of these years her many tubes and more taxis.

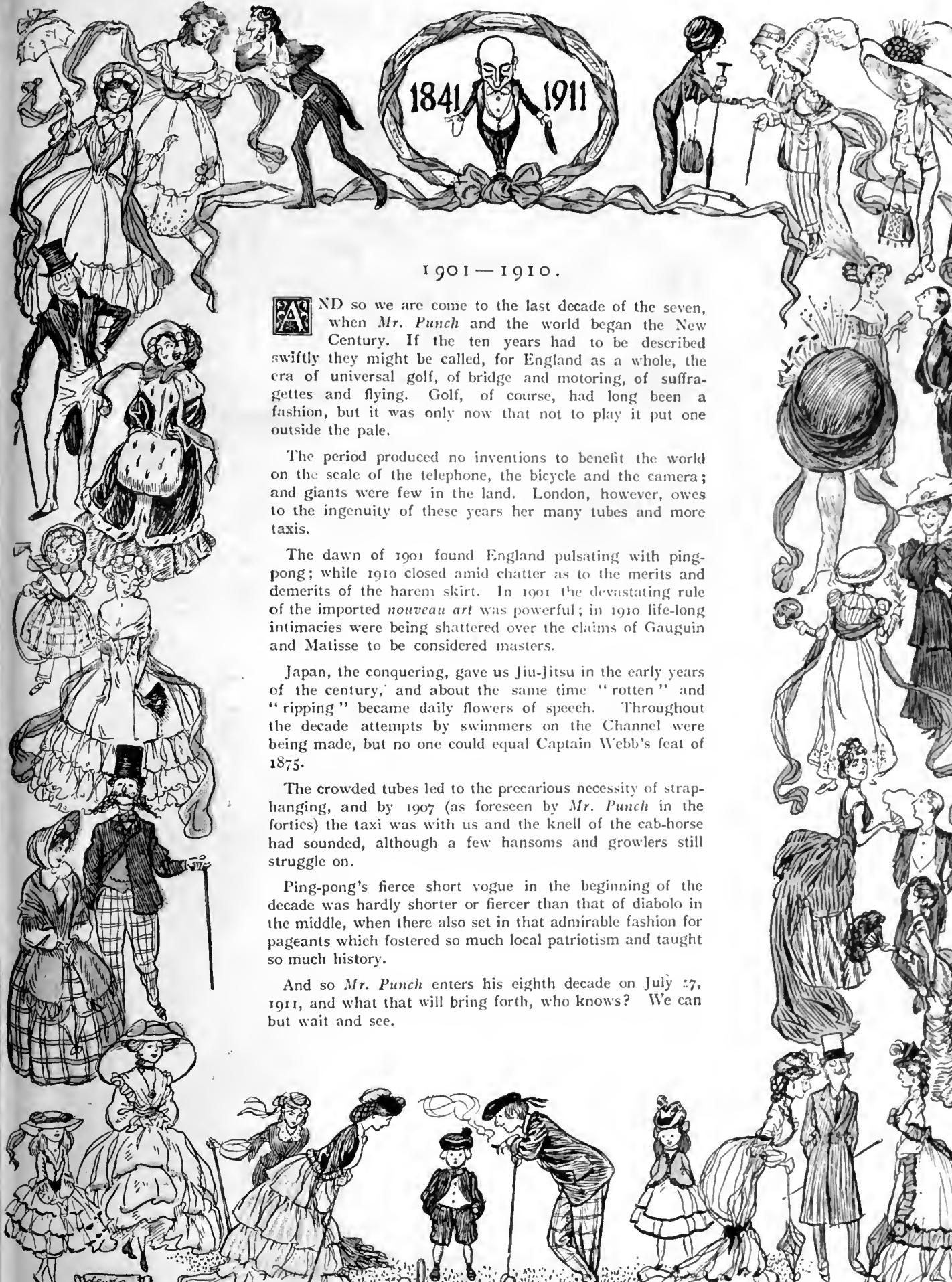
The dawn of 1901 found England pulsating with ping-pong; while 1910 closed amid chatter as to the merits and demerits of the harem skirt. In 1901 the devastating rule of the imported *nouveau art* was powerful; in 1910 life-long intimacies were being shattered over the claims of Gauguin and Matisse to be considered masters.

Japan, the conquering, gave us Jiu-Jitsu in the early years of the century, and about the same time "rotten" and "ripping" became daily flowers of speech. Throughout the decade attempts by swimmers on the Channel were being made, but no one could equal Captain Webb's feat of 1875.

The crowded tubes led to the precarious necessity of strap-hanging, and by 1907 (as foreseen by *Mr. Punch* in the forties) the taxi was with us and the knell of the cab-horse had sounded, although a few hansoms and growlers still struggle on.

Ping-pong's fierce short vogue in the beginning of the decade was hardly shorter or fiercer than that of diabolo in the middle, when there also set in that admirable fashion for pageants which fostered so much local patriotism and taught so much history.

And so *Mr. Punch* enters his eighth decade on July 17, 1911, and what that will bring forth, who knows? We can but wait and see.





Johnnie (to waiter). "AW—YOU'RE THE BOSS—HEAD WAITER, EH?"
 Waiter. "YESSIR."
 Johnnie. "AH, WELL, JUST—AH—SEND UP TO YOUR ORCHESTRA CHAPS, AND TELL 'EM I REALLY CAN'T EAT MY DINNER TO THAT TUNE."



A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Liz (to Emily). "MIND YER, IT'S ALL ROIGHT SO FUR AS IT GOES. ALL I SEZ IS, IT WANTS A FEVVER OR TWO, OR A BIT O' PLUSH SOMEWHARES, TO GIVE IT WHAT I CALL *stoyle*!"



Excited Young Lady. "FATHER, DIRECTLY THIS SET IS OVER GET INTRODUCED TO THE LITTLE MAN BY THE FIRE-PLACE, AND MAKE HIM COME TO OUR PARTY ON TUESDAY."

Her Father. "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR, IF YOU WISH IT. BUT—ER—HE'S RATHER A SCRUBBY LITTLE PERSON, ISN'T HE?"

E. Y. L. "FATHER, DO YOU KNOW *who* HE IS? THEY TELL ME HE'S THE AMATEUR PING-PONG CHAMPION OF PECKHAM! I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL PLAY; BUT, IF YOU CAN GET HIM JUST TO LOOK IN, THAT WILL BE *something*!"

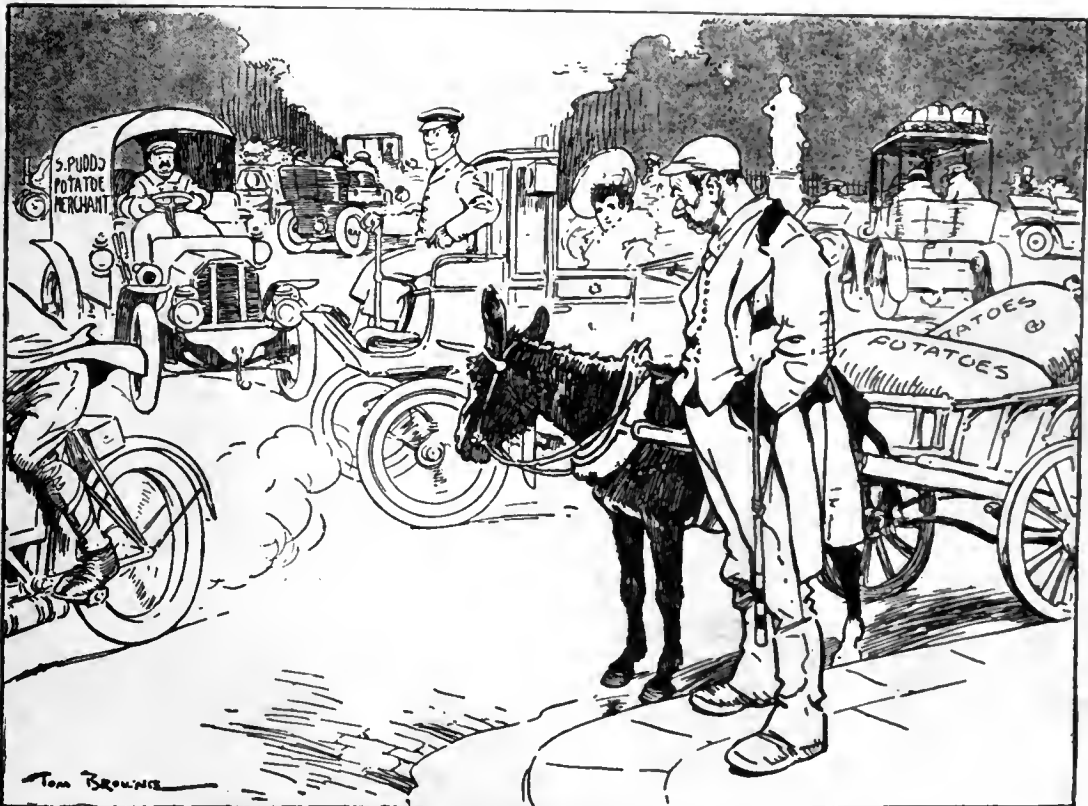


"ONLY TWO FEET AT THE WINDOW."

(Old Song adapted.)

Milkman (aghast, anxiously). "HULLO! WOT'S THAT?"

Old Woman. "HISH! OUR LODGER, JUST COME. OPEN-AIR CURE!"



CROWDED OUT.

Stage-struck Coster (to his dark-coloured donkey). "OTHELLO, OTHELLO, your OCCUPATION 'LL SOON BE GONE!"

Dudley Hardy

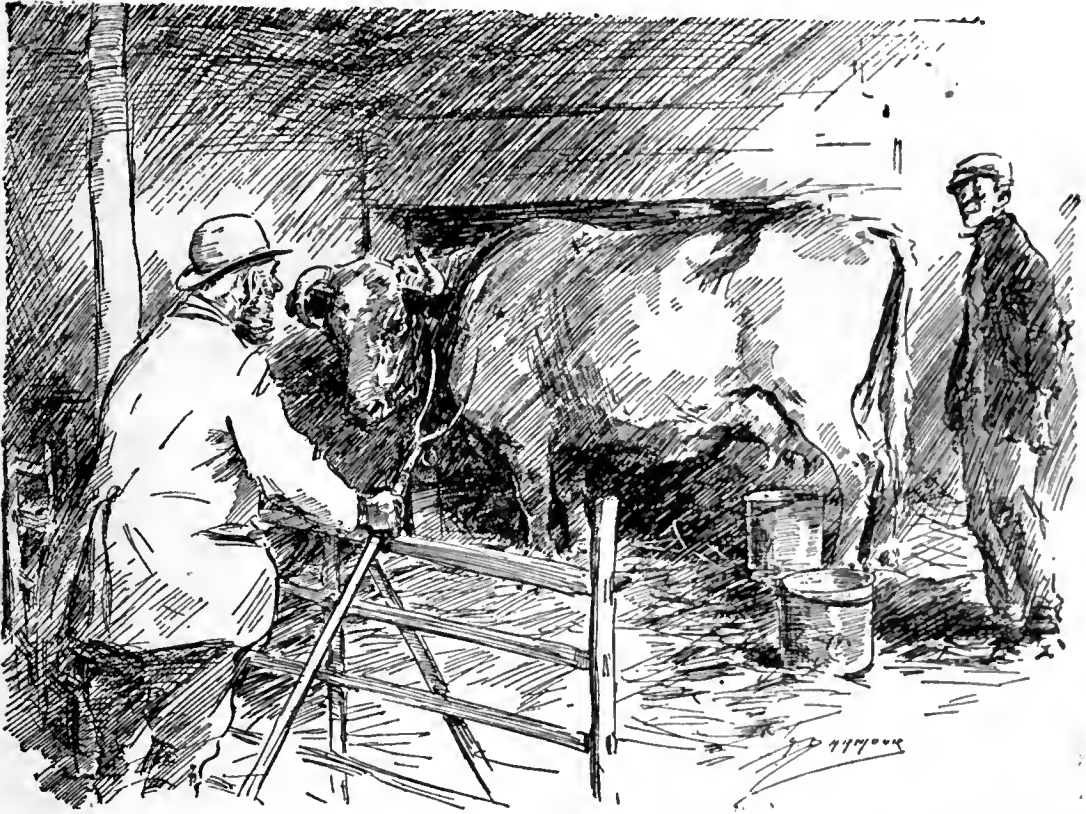


Jones (to his fair Partner, after their opponents have declared "Clubs"). "SHALL I PLAY TO 'CLUBS,' PARTNER?" Fair Partner (who has never played Bridge before). "OH, NO, PLEASE DON'T, MR. JONES. I'VE ONLY GOT TWO LITTLE ONES."



THE SUFFRAGETTE THAT KNEW JIU-JITSU.

THE ARREST.



Old Farmer Worsell (who believes in the principle of "Back to the Land," and is experimenting with unemployed from London). "NOW THEN, YOUNG FELLER, 'OW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO BE WITH THAT THERE MILK?"
 Young Feller. "I CAUNT 'ELP IT, GUV'NOR. I BIN WATCHIN' 'ER 'ARF AN HOUR, AND SHE AIN'T LAID ANY YIT!"



Straphanger (in first-class compartment, to first-class passenger). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, LANG ON TO THIS 'ERE STRAP A MINUTE, WILL YER, WHILE I GET A LIGHT?"



Wench. "DO YOU PAJ MUCH? I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D HELP US AT PIPELY LATER ON."

Varlet. "MY DEAR LADY, I'M ABSOLUTELY BOOKED UP FOR THE SEASON. LET'S SEE. I'M OLIVER CROMWELL AT LAND'S END ON FRIDAY; THUS OATES IN THE ISLE OF MAN ON THE 10TH; AND THEN ETHELRED THE UNREADY IN SHETLAND. SORRY. NO GO."



THE CARAVAN CRAZE.
SCENE IN A LONELY PART OF THE HIGHLANDS.



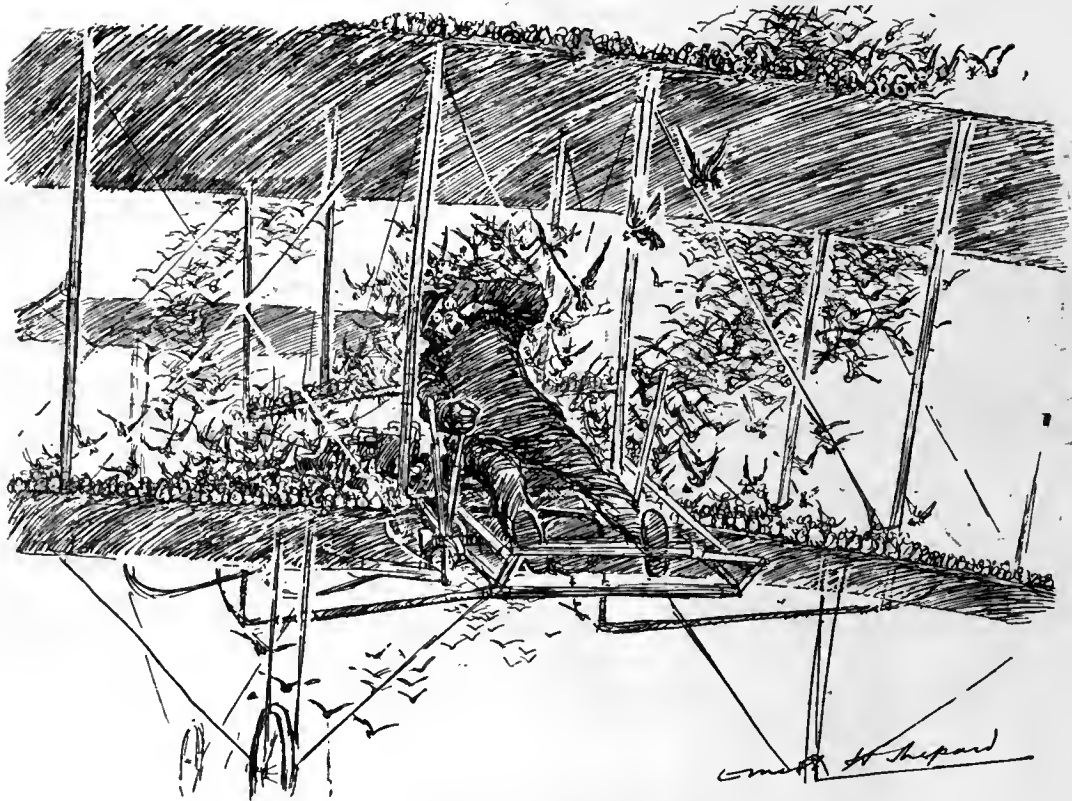
THE CHANNEL SWIMMING CRAZE.



OPENING DAY OF THE NEW WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.



THE DIABOLO CRAZE.



THE HAPPY CHANCE.
 Chorus of Migrating Birds. "COME ON, BOYS, THIS SPECIAL'S GOING DUE SOUTH!"



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE BUT DO NOT BELONG TO.
 THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL DANCING.



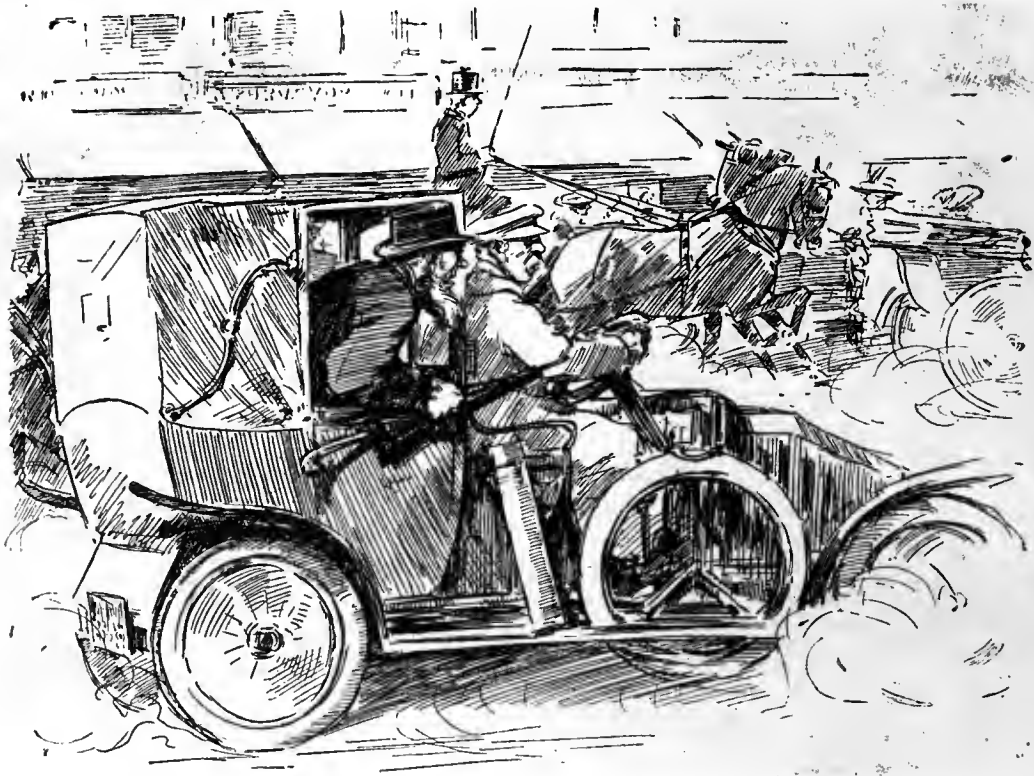
GEMS OF LANGUAGE.

Ethel. "WELL, GRAN, WE'VE HAD A TOPPING GAME. THE OTHER SIDE WERE BALLY ROTTEN AT THE START, BUT THEY BUCKED UP NO END, AND WE HAD A BIT OF A JOB TO LAY 'EM OUT."

Di. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MOST PIFFLING CREW OF FOOLERS I'D EVER STRUCK. WR WERE SIMPLY ALL OVER 'EM, AND HAD 'EM IN THE CART IN NO TIME."



STUDY SHOWING HOW ONLY THE WILLOWY TYPE IS LIKELY TO SURVIVE THE STRESS OF MODERN TRAFFIC.



70 1911

BANG WENT TUPPENCE.

Frugal North Briton (his first experience of a taxi). "HERE, MAN, STOP! I HAE A WEAK HEART, I CANNA STAND THAT HANG'T WEE MACHINE O' YOURS MARKIN' UP THAE TUPPENCES."



THE METCHNIKOFF MOVEMENT.

Grand-Uncle (to Nephew who has dutifully come to enquire after his health). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY BOY. NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE. YOU'VE JUST COME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT. WE'RE HAVING A SOUR MILKERS' AT HOME."



THE NEW SKIRT AND THE POETRY OF MOTION.

Edith (breaking into a lope). "HURRY UP, MABEL; YOU'LL NEVER CATCH THE TRAIN IF YOU KEEP ON TRYING TO RUN."



THE DAY OF THE SHORT MAN.



THE SEX QUESTION.
(A STUDY IN BOND STREET.)

To Mr. PUNCH

On His Three-Score-and-Tenth Birthday

July 17, 1911.

As high Athene, helmed and speared,
From Zeus's cranium sprang to birth,
So on a sudden you appeared,
A finished masterpiece of mirth;
Prodigious from your infant stages,
Mature in wisdom as in art,
At once you joined the roll of sages,
A child in nothing but your heart.

You held a mirror up to life
In whose reflection, clear and clean,
The world and (what was more) his wife
Might see themselves as they were seen;
Gently you mocked the vogues and crazes
By which the freaks of Fashion swore,
And showed her newest-fangled phases
Foolish as any gone before.

And not alone the instant hour
You captured ere its spell was fled;
You had the seer's peculiar dower,
The gift of seeing on ahead;
Through virgin woods untouched of axes
You gazed as o'er an open plain:
You saw that men would ride in taxis
And voyage through the vast inane.

And, lest the moment's passing show
Make us forget how Folly's game
Moves with the wheeling cycle's flow
And, changing still, is still the same,
We sample here your tomes that slumber
In light repose upon the shelf,
And in his special Birthday number,
Like history, *Punch* repeats himself,

And we, whom love and honour bind
To keep the old traditions bright,
Mediums of your informing mind,
Fain to interpret you aright—
This résumé of modes and manners
Our hands have ordered, *Mr. P.*,
And set it up, a string of banners,
To mark your Radium Jubilee!

For now your years, three-score-and-ten,
Fulfil (to take the Psalmist's view)
The span assigned to common men,
Though no such limits hamper *you*;
So may you fare through countless ages
As one on whom the stars have smiled,
Still carrying high your head, a sage's,
Your heart, the heart of just a child.

O. S.



CHARIVARIA.

Reuter informs us that part of the expedition which was got ready by the Persian Government to oppose the ex-Shah consisted of "500 reformed cavalry." Men, we take it, who no longer swear like troopers.

The L.C.C. statistics for 1909-10 show that the Council's cars carried 211,046,384 penny fares, and 112,803,105 halfpenny fares. We presume that now that it has been demonstrated that the penny fares are more popular than the halfpenny ones, the latter will be abolished.

Fanny's First Play has now passed its 100th performance. Not a bad record for a first attempt.

Unemployed actors and actresses will be glad to hear that relief works on a vast scale are in preparation. In Professor REINHARDT's dramatic spectacle at Olympia work will be found for no fewer than 2,000 persons, while Mr. MARTIN HARVEY will have a stage crowd of 500 in his production of *Edipus Rex*.

A large rattle-snake was reported to have escaped, the other day, from Bostock's Jungle, a reward of £25 being offered to any person returning it alive, and there was scarcely one of us who did not make a careful search in his salad before eating the same.

Some papers have no luck. In a paragraph of twelve lines concerning Captain ADRIAN JONES's statuary for the arch at the top of Constitution Hill, *The Evening Times* referred to it once as "The Quadragi," once as "The Quadrag," and only once as "The Quadriga."

"There is," says a contemporary, "a mysterious absence of common house-flies from London this summer." The refined house-flies are having it all their own way.

"Several anonymous contributions of buttons have been received," states the Parish Magazine of St. Paul's Church, Yarmouth, "and we are still wondering how to use these gifts as, from obvious reasons, they are unsuited

to the needs of the heathen." The donors ought certainly to have attached trousers to the buttons.

"MILK SHORTAGE.

RESULT OF THE DRY WEATHER." We don't like the sound of this. It is not pleasant to think that, the more water there is, the more milk.

During the heat snap the following petulant notice appeared in *The*

The poet continues:—

"And I remember like yesterday
The earliest Cockney who came my way,
When he pushed through the forest that
lined the Strand"

So the forest of Aldwych is evidently older than we had imagined.

**"MR. WILLIAM ARCHER
RUN DOWN BY A WARSHIP,"**

reports *The Daily Chronicle*. It was, it seems, an American warship, and presumably Mr. ARCHER had been criticising adversely an American play.

At the duel between M. HENRY BERNSTEIN and M. GUSTAVE TERY neither combatant was hit, but one of the photographers had a narrow escape from being shot. It is thought that as a result of this the Press may give the cold shoulder to duels, which will then die a natural death.

Two advertisements from *The Morning Post* of the 14th inst. :—

"Small Fox Terrier lost in Campden Hill. . . . Anyone returning same to Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, will be rewarded."

"White Kitten lost in vicinity of Campden Hill. . . . Anyone returning same to Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, will be rewarded." Surely this points to an elopement?

Some surprise is being expressed by ill-informed persons because the Universal Races Congress is not being held in the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush.

Says *The Evening Times*, describing a certain cricket match :— "Strudwick and Hitch, the last man, struggled whole-heartedly for runs,

and most certainly pleased the crowd more than all the other spectators put together." We ourselves always regard the batting of spectators with indifference.

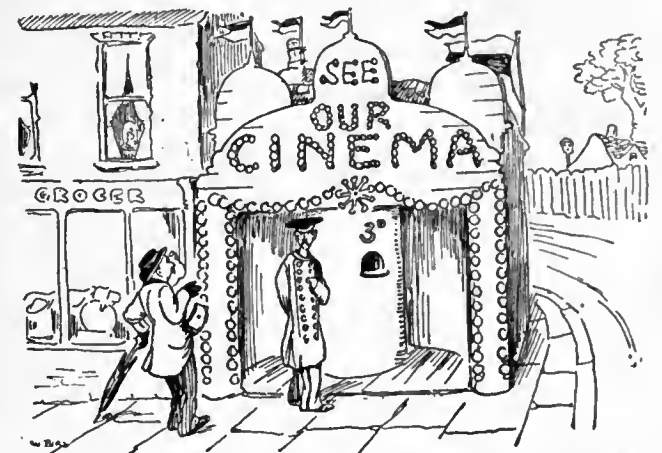
"On the first evening the hostess generally accompanies the ladies to their rooms to see if they have everything they require; if not, good-nights are said when they have reached the head of the staircase."—*Queen*.

Hostess. "Have you everything you require?"

Guest. "No."
Hostess (at head of staircase). "Then good-night, dear."



IF YOU SHOULD SEE ANY LITTLE THING YOU WANT IN THAT PET OLD CURIOSITY SHOP OF YOURS, BUY IT NOW.



TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE. NEIGHBOURHOODS CHANGE SO QUICKLY NOWADAYS.

British Weekly :— "Contributors are particularly requested not to send verses. They are not wanted in any circumstances, and cannot be printed, acknowledged, or returned."

Says the River "Thames in Mr. KIPLING's History Book :—

"I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,
The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,
And the giant tigers that stalked them down
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town."

It is good to think that nowadays the tigers, though still in Regent's Park, are so well looked after that Camden Town can sleep comfortably at nights.

A RUN ON THE ELIBANK.

[From the Post-bag of the Chief Ministerial Whip.]

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—Nobody who calls himself a Radical and a gentleman would for one moment think of pressing his own claim to a place among the 500; and naturally I have no desire for any reward but that of a good conscience. It is permissible, however, to call your attention to the overwhelming claims of Robert Bilton, who fought so strenuously, though without success, for the good cause in Birchester, East. My own hard-fought contest in a neighbouring division gave me the opportunity of observing his loyalty, his disinterestedness and his considerable wealth. He has, of course, no idea that I am writing to you on his behalf.

Yours faithfully, JOSEPH BULPER.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—I hope I am too true a Liberal to be suspected of any desire to advance my own claim to a place among the 500. But I have it on my heart to call your attention to the exceptional merits of Joseph Bulper, who fought so well, though without good fortune, to capture the Tory stronghold in Birchester, West. My own similar contest in a neighbouring constituency afforded me a chance of recognising his high character and generous temperament. Loyal, disinterested, and extremely affluent, he is the very type that you need for the purification of the House of Peers. I may add that I am writing without his knowledge.

Yours faithfully, ROBERT BILTON.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—Though at one time it seemed almost too absurdly good to be true, it looks, after all, as if your list of prospective Peers, among whom I have the honour of being included, may not have been made in vain. Most of the Unionist organs are playing magnificently into our hands. But I confess that I had a moment's disquietude on being shown by a Tory friend a letter that he had received from another Tory. It is so exceptionally intelligent that I quote it to you:—

"If the Peers," it says, "take the advice of the more hysterical Tory prints, they will be falling straight into the trap which the Radicals have laid for them, just as they fell when they threw out the Budget. 'No surrender! Be true to yourselves! *Noblesse oblige!*'—you know the silly jargon. They are inciting the Peers to bring permanent dishonour and ridicule on their Order, just for the sake of enjoying the credit of a little cheap courage. The House of Lords would never recover from the contempt into which it would be brought by this influx of 500 climbers from heaven knows where. And what will become of the reforms faintly adumbrated in the Preamble? Why should a Liberal Government trouble about the reconstruction of a House in which they would then have a majority? The Tories didn't when they had the chance.

"I am sick of all this slush about fighting in the last ditch. If you know that you have to bow to the inevitable, what is there so heroic about a last ditch? Why not do your bowing with a good grace in the last ditch but one?"

"So far the Peers have been scrupulously reasonable in their amendments, and history will so judge them. But I give nothing for their position in history or anywhere else if, for the sake of a tawdry exhibition of what is known as British grit, but would actually be nothing better than a childishly impotent act of bravado, they brought eternal ridicule on their House and Order."

This letter, as I say, gave me a moment's disquietude, but I tell myself that it is only a rare case of wisdom

crying out among a multitude of fools. You will, I am sure, do your best to encourage the noisy jingoism of the Tory Press.

Yours, in the sanguine hope that the Peers will once more fall into our trap, THEOPHILUS GOLDBERG.

DEAR MASTER OF ELIBANK,—It has been pointed out in the Tory Press that the list of new Peers to be created for the express purpose of passing the Parliament Bill through an unreformed Second Chamber will be greeted throughout the country with a howl of derision. I am prepared to face that music. The spirit of patriotism which animates me can perhaps best be expressed in the form of poetry; and I have pleasure in appending the following lines:—

There was a time when Liberal seers

Clamoured aloud for this *agendum*—

To take the hopeless House of Peers

And (as they put it) end or mend 'em;

Our stalwarts took a solemn oath

Thus to conclude a tedious matter,

To excavate the cankerous growth

And cure or kill—for choice, the latter.

But now we know a better way,

A milder, more polite solution;

"Let us beware, dear friends," we say,

"Of tampering with the Constitution;

The thing is really sound enough;

All this hereditary rot 'll

Be stopped if we but pour new stuff

Into the ancient vintage bottle."

There may be risks we can't escape;

Wines from the backwood, old and crusted,

May ill combine with last year's grape,

The bottles may be rudely busted;

Yet count on me for this high end;

An altruist, devout and hearty,

My very blood, a fruity blend,

I'd sacrifice to serve my Party.

It is not for me to say whether there are signs of humour in the above; but, if you trace any, I trust that it will not be a bar to my inclusion in a list which must have caused you much merriment in the making.

Yours very truly, GRAHAM GRIMSHAW.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter of even date in which you acknowledge my offer of £5,000 for a peerage. I note your suggestion that some guarantee should be given of my intention to vote straight on the Parliament Bill and so fulfil the purpose of my creation. I shall be happy to deposit with you certificates of stock to the value of £2,500 as security for my good faith.

Yours obediently, MADINGLEY GRILLSON.

DEAR SIR,—You have no doubt taken measures to secure that your new Peers shall vote straight on the Parliament Bill. But have you taken similar measures with regard to the Home Rule Bill, which is the real object of the present Constitutional changes? Have you ever sounded your prospective creations on this subject? Have you submitted your list for the approval of Mr. JOHN REDMOND? If not, there will be trouble. I write without any ulterior motive, being solely concerned that your list should be as perfect as possible (humanly speaking).

Yours faithfully, EBENEZER HOBBS.

P.S.—In my constituency, which by the way has always returned a Liberal by an overwhelming majority, my own soundness on Home Rule is a matter of universal remark.

Mr. Joshua Jabbercrombie presents compliments to the MASTER OF ELIBANK, and must say that in the present



A SPANISH DIVERSION.

FRANCE. "EXCUSE MY INTERRUPTING OUR DELIGHTFUL CONVERSATION; BUT MY YOUNG FRIEND HERE WANTS SMACKING."
GERMANY. "CERTAINLY; FAR BE IT FROM ME TO MONOPOLISE YOUR ATTENTION."

[Another regrettable "Franco-Spanish incident" is reported from Alcazar.]





Umpire (whose favourite bowler has been knocked out of bounds). "YOU KNOW, YOUNG GENTLEMAN, THAT WASN'T A BALL TO HIT."
Batsman. "No? I DESSAY YOU'RE RIGHT. IT DOES SEEM TO HAVE GIVEN A LOT OF TROUBLE."

congested state of the Coronet Market, he regards £5,000 as too high a figure for the Party Funds to demand as the charge for a Peerage. He proposes to await the promised slump in prices. Meanwhile he ventures to ask for information on one point. Are no Titles going to be given gratis for pure merit?

DEAR MURRAY,—As you know, I have not the faintest wish to become a peer. These new titles only impress the vulgar, cost you a lot of money at hotels, and make you the object of ridicule among your friends. But my wife, the dearest of snobs, has worked so hard to make a nobleman of me that I cannot bear to have her disappointed. I appeal therefore to your well-known gallantry.

Yours sincerely, BERTRAM PETER-JONES.

[NOTE. In view of a recent legal decision it is perhaps well to say that none of the above names, except that of the MASTER OF ELIBANK, is taken from life.] O. S.

THE SWEETS THAT CLOYED.

LOVE, so the experts have agreed, is blind;
If that indeed be so, alas! for me
Who have been forced by Fate, the cruel-kind,
Reluctantly to see.

My hopeful heart, through some myopic days,
Ere that stern oculist had made me whole,
Deemed it had found, while sunning in your praise,
In you a sister-soul.

Then voicing you my verse, O Dorothea,
My proud heart harboured not the faintest doubt,
Nor ever dreamed you had no least idea
What it was all about.

And all seemed well until relentless Fate
Constrained our footsteps to the R.A. show,
To rush and chatter at the usual rate
Through row on weary row.
You "loved all Art," and eagerly embarked
Upon your task with conscientious bliss,
Pencilled and catalogued, and duly marked
"Things Auntie mustn't miss."
While I whose pen had won your cherished praise,
Full sweet, though somewhat nebulous perhaps,
Hung on your lips: whom would you grant the bays
Amongst these painter chaps?
And thus you spake:—"O, that's sweet, isn't it?"
"There's a sweet thing!" And still you would repeat—
"Look, this is rather, rather a sweet bit;
And that one, that's just sweet!"
And so with scores—pathetic, tragic, droll;
I did my loyal best to deem you right,
But that fond notion of a sister-soul
Somehow, alas! took flight.
And now, though still you pour the once-loved meed
To cheer my Muse, in the old generous streams,
I feel as one whom Fate condemns to feed
Solely on chocolate-creams.

"MALES FOR ST. KILDA."—Aberdeen Evening Gazette.
"There's a man wanted there!"

"The moralist may wonder whether Lord Rosebery might not have proved a more stable politician if he had not owned Derby winners."
The Star.

Is "stable" quite the *mot juste*?

THE HOUSE WARMING.

III.—UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

SOMETIMES I do a little work in the morning. Doctors are agreed now that an occasional spell of work in the mornings doesn't do me any harm. My announcement at breakfast that this was one of the mornings was greeted with a surprised enthusiasm which was most flattering. Archie offered me his own room where he does his thinking; Simpson offered me a nib; and Dahlia promised me a quiet time till lunch. I thanked them all and settled down to work.

But Dahlia didn't keep her promise. My first hour was peaceful, but after that I had enquiries by every post. Blair looked in to know where Myra was; Archie asked if I'd seen Dahlia anywhere; and when finally Thomas's head appeared in the doorway I decided that I had had enough of it.

"Oh, I say," began Thomas, "will you come and—but I suppose you're busy."

"Not too busy," I said, "to spare a word or two for an old friend," and I picked up the dictionary to throw at him. But he was gone before I could take aim.

"This is the end," I said to myself, and after five minutes more decided to give up work and seek refreshment and congenial conversation. To my surprise I found neither. Every room seemed to be empty, the tennis lawn was deserted, and Archie's cricket-bag and Simpson's golf-clubs rested peacefully in the hall. Something was going on. I went back to my work and decided to have the secret out at lunch.

"Now then," I said, when that blessed hour arrived, "tell me about it. You've deserted me all morning, but I'm not going to be left out."

"It's your fault for shutting yourself up."

"Duty," I said, slapping my chest—"duty," and I knocked my glass over with an elbow. "Oh, Dahlia, I'm horribly sorry. May I go and stand in the corner?"

"Let's talk very fast and pretend we didn't notice it," said Myra, helping me to mop. "Go on, Archie."

"Well, it's like this," said Archie. "A little while ago the Vicar called here."

"I don't see that that's any reason for keeping me in the background. I have met clergymen before and I know what to say to them."

"When I say a little while ago I mean about three weeks. We'd have asked you down for the night if we'd known you were so keen on clergymen. Well, as the result of that unfortunate

visit, the school treat takes place here this afternoon, and lorbllesme if I hadn't forgotten all about it till this morning."

"You'll have to help, please," said Dahlia.

"Only don't spill anything," said Thomas.

They have a poor sense of humour in the Admiralty.

* * * * *

I took a baby in each hand and wandered off to look for bees. Their idea, not mine.

"The best bees are round here," I said, and I led them along to the front of the house. On the lawn was Myra, surrounded by about eight babies.

"Two more for your collection," I announced. "Very fine specimens. The word with them is bees."

"Aren't they darlings? Sit down, babies, and the pretty gentleman will tell us all a story."

"Meaning me?" I asked in surprise. Myra looked beseechingly at me as she arranged the children all round her. I sat down near them and tried to think.

"Once upon a time," I said, "there was a—a—there was a—was a—a bee."

Myra nodded approvingly. She seemed to like the story so far. I didn't. The great dearth of adventures that could happen to a bee was revealed to me in a flash. I saw that I had been hasty.

"At least," I went on, "he thought he was a bee, but as he grew up his friends felt that he was not really a bee at all, but a dear little rabbit. His fur was too long for a bee."

Myra shook her head at me and frowned. My story was getting too subtle for the infant mind. I determined to straighten it out finally.

"However," I added, "the old name stuck to him, and they all called him a bee. Now then I can get on. Where was I?"

But at this moment my story was interrupted.

"Come here," shouted Archie from the distance. "You're wanted."

"I'm sorry," I said, getting up quickly. "Will you finish the story for me? You'd better leave out the part where he stings the Shah of PERSIA. That's too exciting. Good-bye." And I hurried after Archie.

"Help Simpson with some of these races," said Archie. "He's getting himself into the dickens of a mess."

Simpson had started two races simultaneously: hence the trouble. In one of them the bigger boys had to race to a sack containing their boots, rescue their own pair, put them on, and race back to the starting-point. Good. In the other the smaller boys,

each armed with a paper containing a problem in arithmetic, had to run to their sisters, wait for the problem to be solved, and then run back with the answer. Excellent. Simpson at his most inventive. Unfortunately, when the bootless boys arrived at the turning post, they found nothing but a small problem in arithmetic awaiting them, while on the adjoining stretch of grass young mathematicians were trying, with the help of their sisters, to get into two pairs of boots at once.

"Hallo, there you are," said Simpson. "Do help me; I shall be mobbed in a moment. It's the mothers. They think the whole thing is a scheme for stealing their children's boots. Can't you start a race for them?"

"You never ought to go about without somebody. Where's Thomas?"

"He's playing rounders. He scored a rounder by himself just now from an overthrow. But we shall hear about it at dinner. Look here, there's a game called 'Twos and Threes.' Couldn't you start the mothers at that? You stand in twos, and whenever anyone stands in front of the two then the person behind the two runs away."

"Are you sure?"

"What do you mean?" said Simpson.

"It sounds too exciting like that. I can't believe it."

"Go on, there's a good chap. They'll know how to play all right."

"Oh, very well. Shall I ask them to take their boots off first or not?"

Twos and Threes was a great success.

I found that I had quite a *flair* for the game. I seemed to take to it naturally.

By the time our match was finished Simpson's little foot-wear trouble was over and he was organising a grand three-legged race.

"I think they are all enjoying it," said Dahlia.

"They love it," I said; "Thomas is perfectly happy making rounders."

"But I meant the children. Don't you think they love it too? The babies seem so happy with Myra."

"They're sweet," I agreed. "It was as much as I could do to tear myself away from them."

"I hope they all had enough to eat at tea."

"Allowing for a little natural shyness I think they did well. And I didn't spill anything. Altogether it has been rather a success."

Dahlia stood looking down at the children, young and old, playing in the field beneath her, and gave a sigh of happiness.

"Now," she said, "I feel the house is *really* warm." A. A. M.



ON THE AEROPLANE ROUTE BETWEEN HENDON AND BROOKLANDS.

BEFORE THEIR TIME.

THE discovery by a modern oculist that the life-long eye trouble of Mr. PEPYS not only could have easily been put right by proper glasses but was the cause of serious obliquity of observation has already given historians profoundly to think. PEPYS's myopia made him inaccurate all through. In other words, it was not CHARLES II. and his Court that were wrong, but the diarist. His inability to see straight has brought lasting infamy on one of the purest periods of English history. NELL GWYNNE was really a devout Orange woman, all her sympathies being in Holland. LOUISE DE KEROUAILLE was a *religieuse* of unusual attainments. CHARLES himself, although no doubt fond of female society, sought it entirely for moral and intellectual stimulus. PEPYS, however, having come upon the scene too early to be fitted with such spectacles as are now within the reach of every German clerk, saw wrong, and wrote wrong, and the gravest injustice has resulted.

Hard on this staggering revelation comes another, even more remarkable. HENRY VIII.'s idiosyncrasies, it has been ascertained, were due not to any depravity or self-will of his own encouragement, but wholly to suppressed chilblains, which, had they been taken in time by modern medical skill, would have quickly succumbed to treatment. HENRY VIII.'s musical

accomplishments are well known and have been illustrated at his lectures by Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE. That distinguished antiquary has, it is rumoured, made this discovery, which will revolutionise the view, hitherto taken by most historians, of the character of that much-canvassed monarch. From a fragment of a diary kept by the King when a boy of fifteen, and now deciphered for the first time, it appears that his lessons on the spinet were a source of great discomfort to him during the winter months owing to the severe chilblains from which he suffered. Further discoveries point to the fact that, owing to the drastic treatment then in vogue, the chilblains were driven into his system, and in this suppressed or cryptic form continued to torment him at intervals throughout his life, the accesses of the complaint exactly coinciding with those harsh and homicidal acts for which he has been so generally condemned. In fact, adapting the much-quoted couplet of Mr. KIPLING, we may say:—

“Never the stings of chilblains in his finger joints awake,
But a wife is beheaded by Harry or a prisoner sent to the stake.”

Had only the resources of modern medicine been available KING HENRY VIII., so the eminent musical antiquary persuasively argues, would not only have dispensed with repeated divorces, but would probably have been the first royal Mormon and hexagramist, and a

very charming one to boot, affable and considerate to all manner of folk.

Again, the American savant, Dr. Cyrus Earwaker, fired by the PEPYS revelations, has been making a study of Suetonius, and has discovered that that biographer, hitherto so respected, was suffering all his life, unknown to the rudimentary medical profession then available for Roman disorders, from chronic dyspepsia, which had the effect, unobserved in that dark age, but now known to be a common accompaniment, of so distorting his brain that no verity could emerge from it. The far-reaching consequences of such a malady will at once spring to the mind. It is, for example, chiefly upon the testimony of Suetonius that the world has based its low opinion of NERO. But, since Suetonius was doomed by his weakness to a life which may be described as one long terminological inexactitude, it follows that everything that he says about NERO is wrong. NERO, for instance (to take but one case), so far from fiddling while Rome burned, was so much of a virtuoso that he burned with impatience and irritation whenever Rome fiddled. Had Suetonius, Dr. Earwaker now tells us, merely taken a dose of Rügen salts every other morning, his dyspepsia would have vanished and his writings be authentic. But Rügen salts were then unknown; Dr. Earwaker was unknown; and the world has been misled.

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

III.

Friday.—Amongst my letters this morning was one which I confess gave me a thrill of satisfaction. It ran thus:—

DEAR MADAM,—As a profound admirer of your poems, I should regard it as a sacred privilege to be allowed to make your acquaintance during my stay in the old country. Should you be visiting London during the next fortnight, I should be inexpressibly proud to call upon you then; otherwise I venture to suggest that I should run down by train to pay my respects to the most inspired British poetess.

Yours reverently,

MIRIAM STOOKER,

President of the Semiramis Club,
Chicago.

The letter was dated from an address in Jermyn Street and written in a picturesque handwriting. I have had many appreciative notices of my poems in the Press; but until to-day no one has crossed the Atlantic to see me. It was therefore with a certain amount of pride that I read the letter to Peter. To my amazement he abstained from any jocular or disparaging remarks, and simply said, "You can't let Miriam come all the way from London for an afternoon call. You must ask her to stop the night; then I can take a day off and give her a game of golf at Huntercombe." This was quite nice of Peter, but I couldn't help asking: "How can you possibly tell whether she can play golf, or would care to play with you?" "Play golf? I should just think——" Here Peter broke off unaccountably and then went on, "A girl with a name like that is sure to be able to hit a saucy bang from the tee. Anyhow, you send her a wire at once and say I'm dying to meet her: 'The thought of you, dear Miriam, excites me to delirium.'" So I wrote the telegram. Peter went off in high spirits, and I settled down to a studious morning, exhilarated by the anticipation of Miss Stooker's visit.

This was my morning for musical composition. Until lately I had thought of taking lessons in the technique of composition, but WAGNER's example, as recorded in his Autobiography, has proved them to be unnecessary. Teaching, text-books and exercises filled him with repulsion and disgust. For him "music was a spirit": for me, too, it shall be the same. My plan is very simple. I improvise at the pianoforte; the phonograph takes down my inspirations;

Miss Peveril subsequently reduces them to musical notation, and the composition is then sent to Mr. Basil Urquhart, Mus.Bac., to revise the MS. and prepare it for the printer. Just now I am engaged on six Miniatures entitled "Ecstasy," "Exaltation," "Equanimity," "Resignation," "Dejection," and "Despair." Mr. Urquhart tells me he thinks that M. Pommeloff would play them at one of his recitals if I paid him a hundred guineas; but Peter will not hear of it. As he put it, "I am still an agile old antelope, but I can't spring to that."

Just before lunch received a telegram from Miss Stooker: "Charmed to come to-morrow." In the afternoon practised cosmic gymnastics, ethical deep breathing, and gave Lilith her first lesson in esoteric arithmetic. On his return Peter immensely pleased to hear Miss Stooker is coming, and drank her health at dinner.

Saturday.—Too unsettled by the prospect of my visitor to do any great work this morning. Practised attitudes suitable to the reception of a distinguished stranger and composed a few deprecatory remarks. Had my hair done by Bateson in the Greek style with a pink fillet, and dressed Lilith in her white satin frock with Afghan sandals. I write this on the lawn where I am awaiting Miss Stooker.

7 P.M. This has indeed been a strange and perturbing experience. Our guest arrived in the motor, which fetched her from the station in time for lunch. She is a tall and striking-looking young woman with a rich contralto speaking voice and charming manners. Her mode of greeting me was quite original. Advancing across the lawn, she knelt down by my chair, seized my hand and kissed it, saying, "And this is the hand that wrote *Spindrift and Gossamer*. Oh joy unspeakable! To think that I should be allowed to gaze on the English Corinna." Her emotion drove all my rehearsed remarks out of my head and I could only utter some commonplace civilities. At that moment Lilith came running out, and Miss Stooker broke into a fresh outburst of admiration. "Angelic cherub! Doth not her brow bespeak intellect!" Then she quoted something that sounded like Greek, and I had to pretend that I understood it. To relieve the strain I suggested a turn round the garden before lunch. But her eulogies never ceased. It was a perfect carnival of panegyric, and more than once I found myself blushing at the exuberance of her praise. At lunch, however, I induced her to tell me something about herself, and my moral

temperature was at once lowered. She is a professional musician and has been studying at Vienna. She has been a pupil of Max Reger and of Ravel. She speaks French, German and Italian perfectly. She has composed an opera, to a libretto of her own, which has been accepted at Weimar. After lunch she wished to hear some of my music, but a wise instinct impelled me to decline, and I got her to play me her opera instead. The result was at once delightful and humiliating. She plays and sings divinely; her music is extraordinarily interesting; and the whole thing inspired me with a horrid misgiving. Am I a genius or a perfect fraud? This astonishing creature knows ten times as much as I do, and, what is worse, she can do the things splendidly that I have to get other people to help me to do indifferently.

(To be continued.)

BALLADE OF THE FOREST IN SUMMER.

FRA CRUACHAN tae Aberdeen

The hinds'll move their calves soon
Up frae the bracken's bonnie green
To yon blue heights that float aboon;
Nae snaws the tops an' corries croon;
Craggs whaur the eagle lifts his kills
Blink i' the gowden afternoon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

The heather sleeps frae morn till e'en
Braw in her reed-an'-purple goon;
Sax weeks it wants or stags be clean
An' gang wi' thickenin' manes an'
broun,
Waitin' the cauld October moon
When a' the roarin' brae-face fills—
Ye've heard yon wild, wanchancy
tune?

It's summer noo in a' the hills!

Yet blaws a soupin' breeze an' keen;
We're wearit for it whiles in toun,
An' I wad be whaur I hae been
In Autumn's blast or heats o' June
Up on the quiet forest groun',
Friens wi' the sun, or shoor that
chills,

Watchin' the beasts gang up an' doon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

ENVOY.

Mountains o' deer, ye ca' a loon
Fra streets an' sic-like stoury ills
Wi' thankfu' heart an' easy shoon;
It's summer noo in a' the hills!

A Little-noticed Feature of the Coronation.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury and the other bishops moved from the altar with the crown, and as the Archbishop placed it on the King's head all the peers and kings-of-arms raised their cornets with both hands and placed them on their heads."—*Natal Mercury*.



Nurse. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU SEND FOR THE DOCTOR AT ONCE! BABY HAS FALLEN OUT OF HIS COG, AND MISTRESS IS AFRAID HE WON'T GET OVER IT."

The Colonel (who has been relating some of his Indian experiences to a friend, and cannot at a moment's notice abandon the hero's vein). "TUT! TUT! TELL YOUR MISTRESS NOT TO WORRY ABOUT A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT. WE TRESHAMS DON'T DIE AS EASILY AS THAT, YOU KNOW."

PULVERISING THE PEERS.

BY METAPHOR.

[From a torn manuscript picked up in Stonecutter Street, E.C., and evidently intended for a Radical contemporary.]

WHEN is the curtain going to fall on this intolerable farce? The first Act, we confess, was amusing enough, but surely LANSDOWNE and his wretched troupe of performing pierrots must realize that an audience however good-natured is apt to get out of hand.

This preposterous horde of besotted old gentlemen has been at the wickets long enough. Time and again the umpire has given them out, but with consummate insolence they refuse to go. A way must be found to make them go, and we are in a position to say that a way has been found.

The two recent elections have put Mr. ASQUITH in the position of two up. He and his team are playing the game of their lives. Their driving, approaching and putting are well-nigh perfect. LANSDOWNE and his horde of antiquated foolzers can do nothing right

and have visited every bunker on the course. Let them beware of the bunker guarding the 18th green! The race is practically over. As we write, our gallant leader is stroking his men to victory. The crew behind him is full of confidence and row as one man. Three lengths behind, stroko in the new "Referendum" boat is attempting a final spurt, but the bloated lordlings are unable to respond and are already tasting the bitter cup of defeat. We poor, common, vulgar people can afford to smile at the tactics of these hereditary humbugs, but checkmate is not very far off now. Mr. ASQUITH has the game well in hand, and can at any moment convert his past pawns into as many queens as he deems sufficient.

The last hand in the rubber has been dealt. LANSDOWNE has declared "No trumps," but Mr. ASQUITH holds the four aces, and if these are not sufficient as many more as are required will be forthcoming.

The lords remind us of nothing so much as a lot of loutish children playing at "Last across." It is a

dangerous game, and the motor-car invariably claims its victim in the end.

In a Rugby match the spectators weary of too much kicking. The Parliament Bill has been kicked about long enough. Mr. ASQUITH has got the ball at last, and we shall be surprised if he does not ground it behind the posts this time. We feel assured that the try will be converted and . . .

"Some of the Nottingham visitors last week were so pleased with Trinity Church that they took away samples of the varnish on their clothes."

"Some of the recent visitors to Huntingdon were so pleased with one of the churches of the town that they took away samples of the varnish on their clothes."—*Hunts County News*.

It's a good joke, and we shall look forward to some more of it next week. Its possibilities have by no means been exhausted.

"RECORD AT EDINBURGH. The seismograph at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh, recorded a slight earthquake shock."—*Seolman*.

Congratulations. We hope the thermometer works all right too.



Sandy, the local fox-destructor (enquiring about new tenant): "WHAT'S HE WHEN HE'S AT HOME?"
Gillie: "THEY TELL ME HE DOES NAETHING BUT HUNT FOXES; KEEPS SIXTY DOGS AND TWENTY HORSES FOR 'EM."
Sandy: "LOSH ME! IT MAUN BE A FINE TRADE DOON THERE."

LINES TO A STATUE AT LEEDS.

EDWARD the Black Prince (and I do not wonder,
 In this dark haunt of misery and gloom,
 Where everything is black as skies that thunder,
 And greatly needing your ancestral broom),
 EDWARD, I say, look down upon my woes,
 Stop pointing at the square with hand and toes,
 And tell me why on earth they want to close
 Their railway buffet-room.

Did you imagine when you fought at Crécy,
 And gave the chivalry of France a shock,
 And won those spurs that make you look so dressy,
 Hewn out of silent stone by Mr. Brock,
 That ever Englishman on English strand,
 After the fights you fought, the deeds you planned,
 Would feel so empty just about the band
 At half-past four o'clock?

At half-past four A.M. There sits the trouble;
 And ninety minutes ere my train is due,
 And both my eyes fulfilled with Yorkshire rubble,
 Watching the grey dawn brighten into blue.
 On lingering feet the leaden moments run,
 O'er the grim town another day's begun,
 And, EDWARD, I should like a currant bun,
 And cannot get it. Ugh!

Victor of Poitiers—born in 1330
 (I get these items from a graven scroll)—

Could you have seen a bard, so faint and dirty,
 Come from so far, so distant from his goal,
 O flower of courtesy, O perfect knight,
 Upholder of the People and their Right,
 And not have helped him, say, with just a bite
 Out of a breakfast-roll?

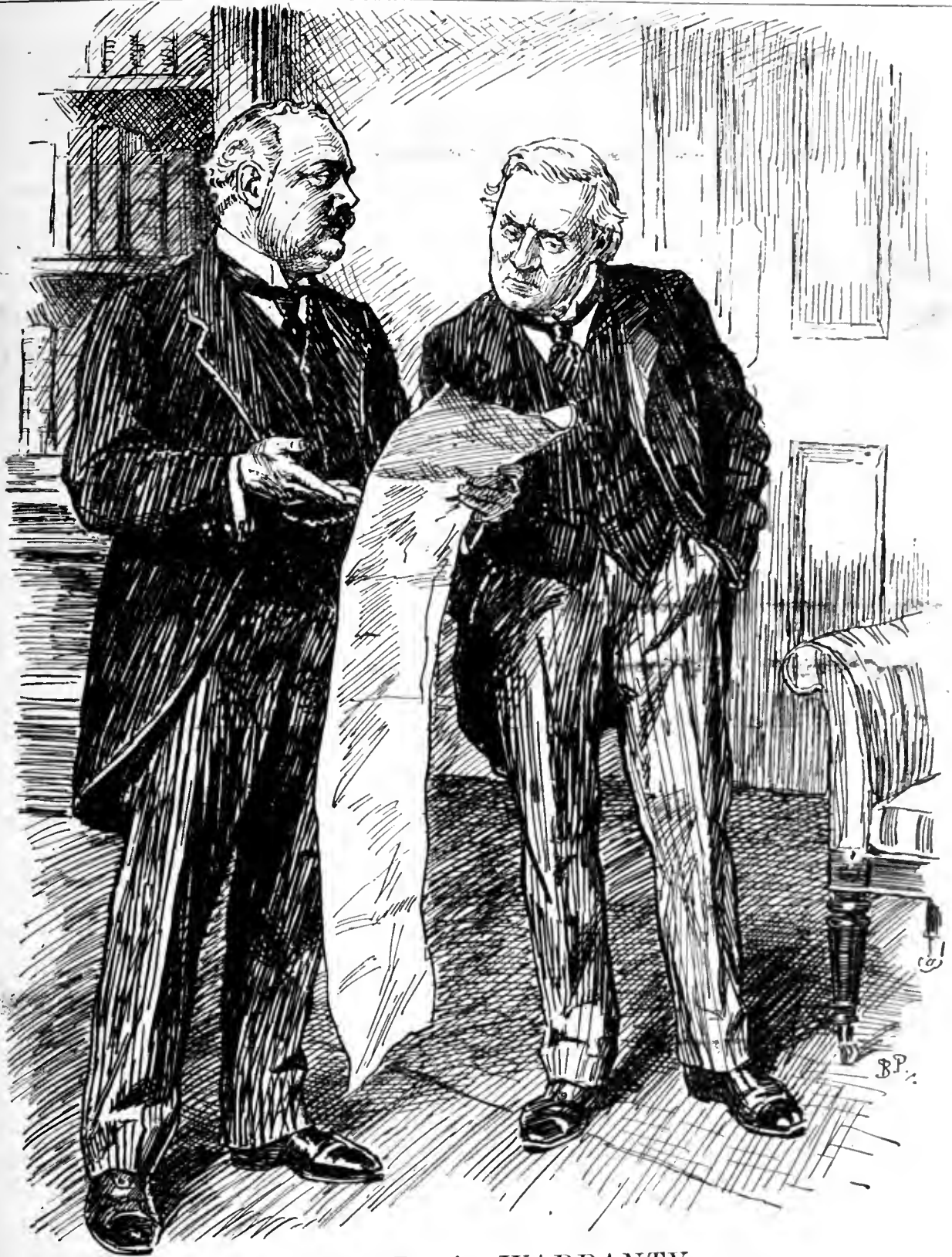
No; yet in 1911
 So little is your life-work understood
 That hapless wayfarers may shriek to heaven
 For sandwiches, and do no earthly good.
 Now, when the latest Prince who bears your name
 Is called of Wales and feels his fathers' fame,
 The country that you loved permits this shame;
 Where, where is knightlihood?

When I survey your monumental figure
 And feel the hollow where my own has shrunk,
 Almost I fancy that you still have vigour,
 That spirit breathes again behind your trunk.
 Ah! if it did, I know that you would take
 Out of your stone cuirass a Norman cake
 Not other than the kind our railways bake
 And hand me down a chunk. EVOE.

Alpine Effort in High Life.

"Amongst those presented were:—Mrs. Bagwell, by the Duchess of St. Albans; Miss Bagwell, by her mother; Lady Butler (of Bانشa Castle), by Lady Dunsany; Mrs. Carden. They were tightly roped together."—*Clonmel Chronicle*.

If this means ice-work, it must have been very refreshing during the hot spell.

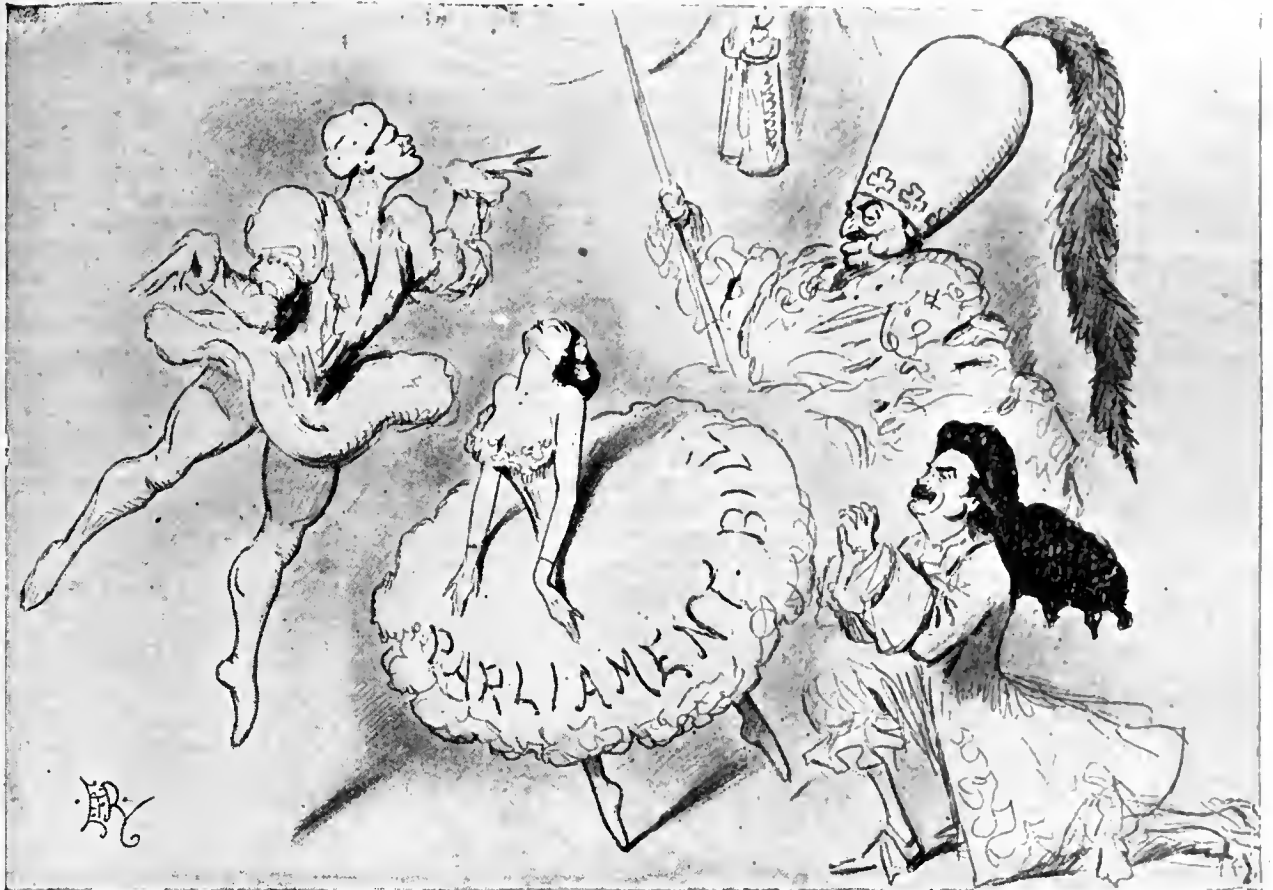


WANTED—A WARRANT.

CHIEF MINISTERIAL WHIP. "I CAN RAISE THE CORONETS ALL RIGHT; BUT I CAN'T ANSWER FOR THE 'NORMAN BLOOD.'"

PRIME MINISTER. "NEVER MIND THE 'NORMAN BLOOD'; IT'S THE 'KIND HEARTS' AND THE 'SIMPLE FAITH' THAT I'M WORRYING ABOUT."





RETURN OF THE PARLIAMENT BILL.

(A Vision suggested by a visit to the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden.—MM. Nijinsky-Winston, Lloyd-Georgewitch, and Ivan Redmonski receive their old love Mme. Karsavina-Vetoloptoff after rather a poor time elsewhere.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 17.
 —Looking over volume of Parliamentary report a century old, read that on 10th April, 1811, "Lord FOLKSTONE [sic] called the attention of the House to the scarcity of small change." If his Lordship were still with us, as happily the holder of his name (with an "e" added midway) is, he would find no ground for repetition of his complaint. Small change abounds. There are eighty-eight pieces, chiefly three-penny bits, represented in the questions addressed to-day to Ministers and painstakingly answered. With few exceptions a look in at the office of the Department concerned, and a couple of minutes' conversation with the Secretary or Head Clerk, would satisfy in full measure genuine desire for information. But if that course were adopted where would be the opportunity of getting for nothing the bold advertisement of newspaper report of the Question hour?

Ministers evade waste of valuable

time in various ways. EDWARD GREY habitually stays away, not to be disturbed in his task of framing valuable international treaties by knowledge



"HOBHOUSE, MAID-OF-ALL-WORK."

that MCKINNON WOOD is being shot at in the Commons. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER regards with equal equanimity HOBHOUSE upright by the brass-bound box in attitude of what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sert of" Saint Sebastian transfixed by flight of interrogatory arrows.

For Ministers who personally stand the racket or others who have the work delegated to them, thing to do is to rattle out reply in quickest fashion, regardless of rhyme or reason or the absolute impossibility of audience following sequence of sentences. In this competition CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND and FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY triumphantly hold their place in the first flight. SEELY makes a promising third. But his practice is less extensive. Since NAPOLEON B. HALDANE went to the St. Helena of House of Lords, interest in War Office business distinctly declined. HOBHOUSE, Maid-of-all-Work on Treasury Bench, to whom most chiefs of departments when temporarily absent delegate the task of reading their answers, has the largest practice.

To-day, of eighty-eight questions on paper, he replied to twenty-one, chiefly addressed to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on minute details of Insurance Bill. Approaching the Table, bringing his sheaves with him in form of foolscap sheets closely type-written, he occasionally introduced diversion by accidentally mixing up his bundle, reading in answer to question addressed to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER reply type-written at the Board of Trade. But what would you? FINANCIAL SECRETARY has to get through his job in short as possible time by Westminster clock, and he does it.

No one can touch BIRRELL at his best. He is sole possessor of the secret of pronouncing in a breath six words as if they were one. It sounds something like this: "Result-of-fulnenquirymadeis—" Looks strange when it comes to be printed. Since outside Ireland the CHIEF SECRETARY'S answers are not reported, no practical difficulty arises and there is appreciable saving of time. BIRRELL has brought this modern parliamentary art to such perfection that before the Member who puts the question has resumed his seat he has raced through a couple of lines of reply. To the thirteen questions, most of them dealing with multiplicity of local points, addressed to him to-day, he reeled off full answers in seven minutes thirty-nine seconds.

Business done.—Insurance Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Initial difficulty with Statesmen and others promoted to the peerage is to find appropriate title. BYLES OF BRADFORD will be spared that trouble. With apt alliteration's artful aid, one has for considerable period in advance been provided for him.

Pretty to see how unconsciously his manner already merges into that of the Peer who boasts Norman Blood. Charming illustration afforded this afternoon. His Lordship—I mean Sir WILLIAM—is exercised in his mind by appointment of KITCHENER to government of Egypt. Nomination long talked of; has been officially confirmed; the news made text for comment in multifarious newspapers. Ordinary Member desiring to extract final confirmation from mouth of FOREIGN SECRETARY would have put the question forthright: "Is the statement put forward by the Press true or not?"

That form of interrogation, well enough for the common or garden

M.P., out of drawing, so to speak, with present and approximate position of BYLES OF BRADFORD. It obviously involves personal familiarity with penny newspapers. Is not free from suspicion of secret consultation with halfpenny oracles. Noble Lords and PRINCE ARTHUR don't read the papers. Nor does BYLES OF BRADFORD. Accordingly, when he feels it his duty to interpose he places on the paper notice "to ask the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS if anyone has been designated to succeed the late Sir ELDON GORST in Egypt; and if the office of Consul-General is regarded by the Foreign Office as a civil or a military appointment?"

Strolling round the annexe to Westminster Abbey, which BANBURY aptly suggests should be retained in the service of the State as a vestibule of the

had been too much for both of them.

Business done.—Insurance Bill again in Committee, making progress sure but slow.

Friday.—Under date, 6th of April last, at the time when the Mansion House Committee appointed to select suitable site for London Memorial to KING EDWARD had been warned off St. James' Park and were forlornly looking elsewhere, the following entry appeared in this veracious chronicle:—

"That is no reason why a memorial which the nation desires to see erected to the honour of a great King should not find a place in the scenes he loved so well.

"Like Popkin in one of DIZZY'S early speeches, like General TROCHU at the siege of Paris, the MEMBER FOR SARK has his 'plan.' Why not set the memorial up in the Green Park, in the broad thoroughfare at present uselessly confined to foot-passengers, and convert this into a carriage highway? The monument would be seen of all men, whilst a carriage drive connecting the foot of Constitution Hill with Piccadilly would be an immense boon to busy Londoners. FIRST COMMISSIONER and his colleagues on Memorial Committee might think this over."

They did with happy issue. Reported that, reassembling after three months' recess, they have decided to recommend as the best of all sites this particular spot. In submitting resolution to that effect LORD

MAYOR stated that the recommendation had the approval of the Government, that "His Majesty the KING would consider it an acceptable proposition, and Her Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRA would also graciously approve."

SARK ventures to hope that the Committee will not stop halfway in acceptance of his suggestion. It would be a pity if opportunity were lost of utilising this splendid thoroughfare for public traffic, confined, of course, to the lighter class of vehicle.

Business done.—LORD CHANCELLOR was to have been called over the coals to-day in the matter of appointment of magistrates. His colleagues on Treasury Bench considerably thought it better he should not be subjected to the ordeal whilst battling with crisis in other House. Appeal made to Members in charge of Censure generously met. Rod temporarily retained in pickle, and sitting given up to Indian High Courts Bill.



FLYING THROUGH "QUESTIONS."

"No one can touch BIRRELL at his best."

House of Lords for the convenience of New Peers, B. of B. heard a rumour that something of the kind indicated in his question was to the fore. EDWARD GREY, by exception in his place to answer momentous enquiry in person, confirmed the report.

Standing now on safe ground, officially assured of facts of case, BYLES OF BRADFORD delivered weighty opinion upon its bearings.

"Would it not be better," he asked the FOREIGN SECRETARY, "to keep our soldiers to their proper jobs? Is not all the money we have spent in making a soldier of Lord KITCHENER running to waste?"

This last query was put with subtle but unmistakable indication of considering the problem from point of view of an expert examining a prize pig or a fatted calf. FOREIGN SECRETARY made feeble effort to explain away the New Consul-General. Impression left was that BYLES OF BRADFORD

HOT WEATHER DELICACIES.

A NICE CUP.—Dissolve an acid drop (or bull's-eye) in three or four gallons of drinking water. Add ice until the water is quite cold; then serve. This simple cup is a capital thing for children's parties, and is a great favourite with the little ones.

FROZEN RAREBIT.—Make some Welsh rarebits in the usual manner with toast and cheese. When nicely done, remove from oven, and place in refrigerator till ready. This dainty is just the thing for bachelor parties and informal gatherings where reporters are not present.

POTAGE POLAIRE.—Prepare some soup with stock, vegetables and seasoning. When ready, place in freezing machine until the thermometer, when immersed in the preparation, marks 32° (Fahrenheit), or thereabouts. Sprinkle with Chili pepper, and serve.

RED MULLET À LA BONNE FEMME.—Place a red mullet on a gridiron; hang it in a cool draughty place, and fan, until the fish has lost its unwholesome ruddy glow. It is then ready. The congratulations of the assembled gourmets will repay the housewife for the trouble involved in preparing this delicious *plat*.

JACKET POTATOES.—Cut some pieces of felt to fit each potato; sew up, and place under shower-bath until dinner-bell rings. Serve with cold chisel and salt to taste. This little known method of preparing the savoury tuber has only to be tried to be appreciated.

BATH OLIVERS CHAPPED.—Soak some Bath Olivers in running water for two or three minutes; partially dry and suspend in north-east wind for twenty-four hours. They should then be ready. Make a V-shaped depression in some cold cream, open doors and windows, and serve.

SWISS ROLL FARÇI.—Procure a dozen doughnuts, remove jam from such as contain any, and inject condensed milk; garnish with edelweiss and serve with wood-wind accompaniment. When your guests are ready, turn on electric fans, and begin.

CONSOMME AU DÉPART.—Shred a cucumber, and stand in a bucket of cold water till ready. Strain, and serve in nearest Tube station. This simple preparation will make almost any dinner party go off.

The Descent to Man.

From an advt. of a circus:

"Teddy will talk, wrestle, and drink till he becomes intoxicated. The almost human intelligence shown by this Bear is beyond comprehension."



Archie. "I'VE BEEN TAKIN' A COURSE OF MEMORY-TRAININ'. IT'S A WONDERFUL SYSTEM—DOUBLED MY MEMORY-POWER IN A MONTH."

Friend. "REALLY. WHAT'S THE NAME OF IT!"

Archie. "OH—ER—DASH IT, IT'S SLIPPED ME FOR THE MOMENT; BUT IT'S NEAR—ER—YOU KNOW—WHAT'S HIS NAME'S IN THINGUMMY STREET."

A CODE FROM PATAGONIA.

The Spectator in a learned review on Folklore incidentally quotes the Fuegian holophrase "mamihlapinatapai" as meaning "looking-at-each-other-hoping-that-either-will-offer-to-do-something-which-both-parties-desire-but-are-unwilling-to-do." Well, if the Fuegians are capable of expressing so compendiously a *nuance* like that, they have hitherto been strangely neglected in the spheres of politics and diplomacy. They ought to come over here and give lessons in St. Stephen's. We should also be obliged if the sachems of the Land of Firo would supply us with the *mot juste*

on the Morocco conversations—some little terse ejaculation to signify "If-you-French-and-Spanish-with-a-hornet's-nest-intermeddle-then-shall-we-frontier-compensation-want." And there is the W.S.P.U., too, who generally have a lot to say, and would like to squeeze a whole manifesto into a warcy. Will some Fuegian pundit, therefore, oblige with a whoop to indicate "If-you-don't-agree-to-our-demands-directly-minute-we-will-stagger-humanity-and-don't-you-forget-it-by-some-outrageous-proceeding-which-we-have-not-at-the-moment-exactly-hit-upon?" We are rather tired of the hollow phrases at present in fashion.

THE WALKING TOUR.

"WHERE shall we finish to-day?" said Joseph as he inspected the customary dish of eggs and bacon.

"Well, we haven't even begun breakfast yet," said Herbert. "There's no hurry. Let's breakfast and smoke and think about it. And isn't this the worst bacon you ever put a fork into? When I think of the ripping bacon I get at home, all thin and streaky and delicious, it makes me want to cry."

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow," said Joseph.

"Oh, bother your crowns of sorrow," said Herbert. "That's no excuse for the bacon."

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow," continued Joseph, "is remembering happier bacon."

"Of all the futile remarks," protested Herbert, "that's about the most futile. However I don't want to start quarrelling. You'll do all that's wanted in that line before the day's done. Shove over the tea-pot, there's a good chap."

"It says that *The Green Man* at Oxtable is 'a hostelry noted for its good cheer'"—Joseph was reading from a guide-book.

"Yes, but it is also said that the rotten place we're breakfasting at was celebrated for its old-fashioned comfort. Think of the supper we had last night. Think of the beds. Think of this breakfast."

"Oh, eat your breakfast," said Joseph, "and don't talk so much about it. You seem to expect to find a Ritz or a Carlton in every village."

"Now that just shows how little you know about me. I've never been in the Ritz or the Carlton. The smart set's too smart for me. I daresay you like it; I don't. All I want is a decent bed and good food plainly cooked."

"This man," said Joseph, looking at the ceiling, "wants his beds plainly cooked."

"Yes," said Herbert, "and if you were plainly cooked too it might knock some of the nonsense out of you."

There was an interval of silent munching. Then Joseph began again:—

"I've been thinking about you," he said, "and I've been wondering how we ever came to start on this walking tour together."

"You've been wondering, have you?" said Herbert. "I'm simply lost in amazement. What in the world induced me to be such a consummate fool I can't make out."

"Induced!" said Joseph. "There was no inducement about it. Nature did it for you. Of course you may have helped a bit, but—"

"I suppose," said Herbert, "you know what you're doing. You're calling me a consummate fool."

"That's what you called yourself. I'm only agreeing with you; but it's difficult to satisfy some people."

"I don't want any of your agreements, and I can do without your satisfactions. If I *am* a fool, at any rate I don't try to pose as a genius. Some people like that kind of thing. I don't. A plain Englishman's good enough for me."

"Quite the contrary," said Joseph. "You were a grubby little boy, of course, but you're rather a handsome man. There's something about your forehead and eyes—"

"Now that," said Herbert, "is quite the silliest old joke in the world. And if I was a grubby little boy, what were you? A dandified little jackanapes with his hair parted in the middle. It's all parting now."

"Come, come," said Joseph, "we'll leave our hideous pasts and our disreputable presents alone. If we squabble like this we shall never get on with the tour, and then what would our friends say? Where shall we finish our walk to-day?"

"Oh, anywhere you like," said Herbert, "so long as we get away from this place."

Joseph dipped into the guide-book again.

"I vote for Oxtable," he said; "it's only fifteen miles, and we ought to have a light day to-day. 'Lightly come, and lightly go,' you know."

"Is that another rubbishy quotation?" said Herbert. "Because if it is I want you to understand that I'm not the man to knuckle under to a quotation. My boots are all right; my feet are in splendid condition, and I'm out to do twenty miles to-day. It's absurd to do anything less than twenty miles a day on a walking tour. Fifteen miles! Pooh!"

"You were keen enough to stop five miles short of this yesterday, anyhow," said Joseph viciously.

"Only because you kept on complaining about your big toe. I should be ashamed to have a toe like that!"

"Don't you fling my toe in my face," said Joseph. "It's a better toe than any of yours even when it's got a blister on it."

"That's a mere gratuitous insult," said Herbert. "I'll back my toes against yours any day of the week, one down t'other come on. I'm going to walk twenty miles to-day."

"Why not start now? Walk two and a half miles out and two and a half back here. I'll wait for you, and then we can really start and do the fifteen to Oxtable."

"A nice genial companion I've got," said Herbert. "No, we'll start together, and, as you're feeling so feeble to-day, we'll finish at Oxtable. But that's the last concession I'll make."

ON A SUPERABUNDANCE OF HAIRPINS.

WHEN little wintering birds do scour the woods

And cannot find the sweet accustomed grub,

Nor any veg. nor yet fruitarian foods

Wherewith to loose their note,

So then my pipe oft chokes within its stub

For lack of pins to prick the diphtheritic throat.

But now the months of plenty bring their store

To swell the song that speaks a grateful crop,

And I can smoke a pipe of purer bore,

With wreaths of fragrance crowned;

For lo! where buds and stricken vestas drop,

There do these handy little bifurcates abound.

In some, the lustier virtues make a show;

Others of dainty, sylph-like wriggles boast,

And all with daffodils and daisies grow

From earth's most secret fire;

Desired of girls, they grace the smoker most,

Whether he puffs a clay or sucks a juicy briar.

I often find them by a rustic seat,

Peeping from out the adjacent dust and stones,

Just where at dusk of evening lovers meet

And tenderly embrace;

Neaera, turning home for supper, noans

Her disarrayed locks and pats them into place.

So from the surplus stock of Summer's gift

I hope to keep unsullied one or two

For future use, and thus by dint of thrift

Tide o'er the time of dearth

When ceremonious winter lays taboo

On all the frolic rites that tend the hairpin's birth.

"To-morrow is the butchers' and bakers' holiday in Edinburgh. It should be understood that this holiday does not apply to drapery establishments."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

Heavens, we quite thought it did.



Rising Junior. "Now, MY GOOD SOUL, WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR BUSINESS OR TRADE!"
Dear Old Fraud (cooly). "THROWIN' CONFETTI AT WEDDIN'S, SIR."

CLOTHES AND THE ALTRUIST.

BY CÆSAR'S WIFE'S HUSBAND.

As I always endeavour to point out in this column, it is not manners which maketh man, as old WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM so ungrammatically insisted, but clothes. I can prove it in an instant. Take the most perfect-mannered man you can think of—the very Bayard of daily life—strip him naked and put him in Society, and where is he? Of what use are his wonderful man-making manners then? None. No, manners are all very well, all very necessary and charming, no doubt; but there are two things against them. One is that they are no use until you are dressed; and the other is that they are gratuitous and therefore do not lead (as clothes do) to healthy competition.

* * * * *

One of the strangest things about men's clothes is that your little tailor can sometimes cut better than your swagger one. There is a curious and capricious chance in these matters. It is like genius in, let us say, literature or art. It often flowers in the least expected places, and its practitioners are not invariably important-looking or even clean. I do not for a moment wish to suggest that Mr. Thomas Snipling, of 2,001, High Holborn, is in so small a way of business as to be despicable. Far from it. But at the

first blush one would hardly expect that behind his modest shop-window lurked a sartorial artist of extraordinary gifts. Yet so it is. Mr. Snipling's three-guinea suits of Cheviot, Angora or Gamp tweeds are a marvel. My advice to every one of my readers this week—is to give Mr. Snipling a trial.

* * * * *

To some extent these remarks may be applied also to footwear. It is not always the dearest and classiest boots that are the best or that look the best. It is perfectly possible to find here and there a small but conscientious boot-maker whose results are equal to those of Bond Street, say, at a third of the cost. I have been asked—that is to say, I should like purely out of a passion for the good and the true—to recommend Mr. Arthur Bailey of 49^B, Cheapside, whose boots are not only dresy and attractive, but fit like anything, and confer upon the wearer dignity and charm. What I say then to my readers is, Make haste to visit Mr. Bailey and, if possible, do so between now and the next issue of this paper.

"Lady wishes to dispose of her genuine, old Pinxton Tea Set, which, by a curious coincidence, is purely in the *sufrage* colours."

Advt. in "Votes for Women."

Can the advertiser be Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD!

"Grammar School Sports.

The winners of the aggregate prizes at the Portsmouth Grammar School Sports to-day were as follows:—

- 1, Field (18pts.); 2, Hire (13pts.)
- High Jump.—W. Canfield, Yale, 1st, 5ft. 11½in.; A. C. Barker, Harvard, 2nd, 5ft. 10½in.

The case was adjourned. In the Edge Competition, M. Blood totals for the first two distances 48 and 50."

Portsmouth Evening News.

A busy day for the young scholars.

In the plan of the Universities and Public Schools Athletic Club which has reached us, we observe an enclosure devoted to a "Football Pitch." No space, however, has been assigned for a Cricket Links, a Covered Aviation Court, a Skittles Tank, a Circular Archery Track, a Chess Alley, a Clock Croquet Green, a Snooker Bath, a Laerosse Dedans, a Deer-Stalking Pavilion, a Pelota Salon, a Hockey Range, or a Water-Polo Rink. These are grave omissions.

Military Correspondence.

"BATTERY COMMANDER." You ask what you ought to do when the baggage of an attached Territorial officer on mobilization is found to consist of a case of champagne and two large boxes labelled with the name of a well-known firm of picnic-caterers. The answer is: Grin, and share it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I NEVER read a story I agreed with less and enjoyed more than *The Glory of Clementina Wing* (JOHN LANE). I could not bring myself to love the unkempt artist who smoked cheap cigarettes and wore a smudge of paint on her cheek, notwithstanding all the magnificent qualities of which Mr. W. J. LOCKE informed me she was undoubtedly possessed. Still less could I believe that this *Clementina* could on occasion burst out of ugliness and disarray into instant beauty and fine feathers of the latest mode, thereby defeating in the struggle for a man's soul an expert, almost professional, seductress. For myself, I was completely charmed with the latter and lent her all my sympathy from the first: and so would the author himself have done but for his set purpose of glorifying *Miss Wing*. Thus much for our disagreement. As to the joy of it, I have only to say that the book is in the author's easiest and most brilliant vein, and that he has excelled himself in his *Dr. Quixtus*, a good man driven to disgust by a heavy dose of human treachery and so setting out in search of a course of conduct vicious and diabolical enough whereby to avenge himself on a vile and deceitful world. I leave you to find out for yourself (and that only by reading the whole story) how the searcher fares, hinting merely that you will be often and always surprised into irresistible laughter, and will make the unusual and pleasurable discovery that a confirmed optimist can speak with a sharp tongue from the clearest insight.

I discovered (and I think it was rather clever of me because the acknowledgment is in small print and at the bottom of a page) that Mr. MAX PEMBERTON is grateful to various journals for permission to reproduce the stories which are collected in *The Summer Book*; and I wish to add my gratitude not only to the editors but also to the author. Presumably this book gets its title because it is suitable for consumption in hot weather; at any rate I read it from cover to cover (excluding Messrs. MILLS AND BOON's copious advertisements) under a broiling sun and did not even stop for so little as a tea-interval. Mr. PEMBERTON is not a member of the short-story, but nevertheless he is sufficiently inventive and original to give his readers an attractive run for their money. I beg those who begin with the first tale, and fail to like it, to believe that it is infinitely the worst of the collection. Mr. JACOBS might have succeeded in the difficult task of making fun out of drunkenness, but in Mr. PEMBERTON's hands "The Trip to Jerusalem" is an absurdity and a vulgar one. "Joie-de-Loup" and "The Nigger" are, however, specimens of the author's skill when he is at the very top of his game. The one shows an intimate knowledge of a child's mind, and

the other introduces us to a most dashing amateur detective (feminine). It must, perhaps, be pardoned to such an enthusiastic motorist as Mr. PEMBERTON that on page 22 *Dr. Seagrove* drove to the Manor Gardens in a dog-cart, and that on the following page we read, "Seagrove sprang out of his car anyhow."

I think we may fairly assume that Mr. RANDAL CHARLTON, the author of *The Bewildered Bride* (EVELEIGH NASH), knows and admires his MEREDITH. Certainly there is internal evidence to this effect. "In the High Court of Life the action brought by Bosoms against Business makes the most vivacious suit in a dull cause list" was what *Mr. Hillary St. Ann* (note the name!) scribbled in his common-place book *à propos* of the love affairs of his cousin *Harry* and *Amy Meadows*. For further proof, we have the pair eloping, with *Hillary's* assistance, and detained at a wayside inn, where they are mothered by the sentimentally-minded proprietress, one *Mrs. Blunt*—surely a distant connection of the deathless *Berry*. To tell what further happens at this same inn would be to give away the secret of the book; but it may safely be said that it is sufficiently startling to explain the title. As a matter of fact, *Amy* was perhaps not so much bewildered as angry, and I can't say I blame her. Mr. CHARLTON, in his preface, wants me to believe that the story is one of actual happenings; which indeed it very well may be. What is much more important is that it is brightly and dramatically told, despite the somewhat sententious



THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN.

A FARMER COMPLETELY SATISFIED WITH THE WEATHER.

aphorisms of *Hillary*. A graver defect of taste is the obviously deliberate gusto with which the author accentuates the more Elizabethan episodes in his not always quite pleasant plot. As the parent wrote to the Board-School teacher on the subject of anatomy, "It isn't necessary—and besides it's rude!"

Reader, you have spells of boredom,
Dismal blanks when all is blue,
Times when, could you but afford 'em,
You'd give pounds for something new.
That's your case. If you admit it,
CHAPMAN (not to mention HALL)
Has a remedy to fit it,
Clever, brisk, original.
Service yarns—that's what the cure is—
Mixed with humour, spiced with wit;
Taken sitting. MAJOR DRURY'S
Long Bow and Broad Arrow's it.

"The King has been pleased to grant a salute of fifteen guns to Maharaja Sri Sri Sri Sri Sri Ugyen Wangchuk of Bhutan as a hereditary distinction."—*Daily Mail*.

One of the men we shall not introduce to our friends.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is now denied that a new House of Lords is to be built. To suit modern requirements it was to have been capable of indefinite expansion, the scheme being similar to that used by the makers of a certain well-known expanding book-case.

In the natural confusion of ideas which resulted from strong party feeling, the title "Dictator" (the sole property of Mr. JOHN REDMOND) was flung in the face of Mr. H. H. ASQUITH. The PREMIER wishes it to be understood that the letters "H. H." do not stand for "His Highness."

It seems regrettable that, owing to a certain pearl of Radical speech not having reached the ears of the SPEAKER during Tuesday's scene, the House is still without a ruling as to whether the expression "Insolent Swine" is in order. Members must really speak more distinctly.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S cautionary speech was received at first in Germany with the question: "For whom is the Minister's warning intended?" A couple or so of guesses and they got the answer right.

One would have thought that, when M. BEAUMONT reached Brooklands from Brighton, his troubles would have been at an end. But no. "Several ladies," a reporter tells us, "tried to kiss the intrepid airman."

Not the least remarkable result of the great air race was the fact that in their descriptions of the event all the rival newspapers had to acknowledge the existence of our bright little contemporary, *The Daily Mail*.

"In consequence of the continued hot weather the present run of *The Girl who couldn't lie* will end at the Criterion to-night." It seems a pity that the telling of the truth should prove to be such an exertion.

Now that the Tubes have established themselves as the coolest places in the hot weather, one at least of these lines, we hear, is about to run amusement trains, with a view to enable persons to spend the whole day in comfort. Light refreshments will be obtainable

and a music-hall performance—including a wonderful acrobatic display by artistes on the straps—will also be provided.

An orchestral society, consisting of medical men, has been founded in Berlin. Many doctors, it is not generally realised, are skilful players on the bronchial catarrh.

We note the appearance of "Everybody's Pocket Guide." This should be particularly useful to those ladies who have a difficulty in finding their pockets.

The Observer declares that Mr. ROBERT B. PORTER'S book on the Republican States of South America has for its object "the promotion of

novelty which it is supposed to be. He declares that one may be seen in a picture which he owns, painted fifty years ago. On the other hand this may merely prove that the post-impressionists are not the novelty which they are supposed to be.

The suggestion made at the meeting of the Royal Sanitary Congress that an admirable cure for ill-health would be a weekly spell of twenty-four hours in bed leads an Irishman to suggest that this is not enough. Twenty-four hours in bed twice a day is the prescription he would like to see.

A number of Persian actors are now appearing at the Hippodrome. In the words of the ex-SHAH, "Now is the time to act!"



"WOT'S UP, MATE?"
"I WENT IN BATHING AND 'AD MY CLOTHES PINCHED; BUT LUCKILY I 'D KEPT MY 'AT ON, AND MY RETURN TICKET WAS IN THE 'AT-BAND."

loser relations between Great Britain and the ten nations," and we are left wondering whether the relations should be "closer" or "looser."

One of the founders of the "Millionaires' Theatre," in New York, states that the plutocrats are prepared to keep the theatre going even at a loss in order to provide unsensational drama. The announcement has created a sensation.

The Morning Post, under its new editor, is evidently going in for a new departure, namely a matrimonial agency. The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of our go-ahead contemporary:—"Lady recommends Excellent Vegetarian Cook-Housekeeper wanting small family. . ."

A gentleman writes to *The Mail* to point out that a blue rose is not the

Hair made from silk is the latest invention of fashion, *The Hairdressers' Weekly Journal* informs us. Wool, of course, has been worn by many persons for years past.

BALLADE OF FANCY FAIR.

In April hours
Its booths we knew
Uplift 'mid flowers
Untouched of rue.
'Twas then we drew
The magic ware
From tents of blue
At Fancy Fair!

Its kindly bowers
For lovers due,
From chilly showers
They kept us two;

Lest wetted through,
We'd ceased to care
For Cupid's brew
And Fancy Fair!

Still hath it dower
When life's askew,
A gentle power,
A kind ado,
For me and you
Who still may share
The rainbow view
Of Fanev Fair!

Envoy.

Princess, anew
We'll wander there,
Where dreams are true
At Fancy Fair!

"For Sale.—Large Scales, Mandoline, and some Bricks."—*Evening Mail*.

A very happy combination; but the bricks should go to the audience.

HOW I GOT THERE.

[The following lines, which betray a mood of confident assurance not justified by the subsequent course of events, are alleged to have been picked up in the neighbourhood of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and would seem to have been composed on behalf of one of the prospective Peers on the day after the HALSBURY banquet.]

THOUGH Virtue's record, by itself,
Should have ensured a rich requital
Even without the ready pelf
That oils the *entrée* to a title;
Yet not to me alone the credit's due,
No, nor to ASQUITH, on whose soul it grated,
Being Prime Minister, to work a *coup*
That One Above dictated.

Nor he, by whose permissive nod
We live—an awful obligation—
Not REDMOND (J.), that puissant god,
Could have accomplished this creation;
'Tis not to him that (under Heaven) we owe
This largesse of hereditary lustres,
It is to Messrs. F. E. SMITH & Co.,
Those very useful thrusters!

The help of HALSBURY, too, I hymn;
No praise that I can here express 'll
Convey the valour, calm and grim,
That earned a dinner at the Cecil;
Where, having boomed his high old Tory pride,
They utilized that honorific function
To drench their chiefs (the same that he'd defied)
With streams of loyal unction.

I cannot, having missed the meal,
Judge if the roisterers showed a fair case
For thus protesting love and zeal
While kicking leaders down the staircase;
But this is sure—that, as I lightly go
To join the new creation's noble musters,
I raise my coronet to SMITH & Co.,
Those very perfect thrusters.

O. S.

MOTOR AND SUPER-MOTOR.

[We are informed that motor-ears, after undergoing a slight modification, are now being used as the propelling power in house-boats.]

A HEROIC rescue was effected yesterday at John-o'-Groats. While signals were being sent to a ship in distress a hundred miles away the wireless telegraph broke down. A passing motorist with rare presence of mind hitched the band of the apparatus to the wheel of his car, re-started it, and a lifeboat was instantly communicated with. He declined to give his name or receive any thanks, stating that he had so often caused the death of innocent people that he owed some reparation.

In the smartest circles Spring-cleaning will be done next season by the help of the stud of motor-cars, moored out on the lawn, to drive the vacuum cleaners.

The omni-motor is regarded as the greatest triumph of the age. By touching different levers—to learn the names of which demands a long apprenticeship—the operator can make it cut hair, boil water, work a pianola, mangle shirts, turn a cinematograph, clean the chimneys, beat eggs or mow and roll a tennis lawn. In case of invasion it can be sunk and form a useful submarine, or have its tyres fully inflated and serve as a capable military airship.

"The programme was as follows:—Quartette, 'O hnr! thee my baby.'"—*Natal Witness*.
Far better use the fire-escape.

CATCHING HER EYE.

WE had come to an end of dinner quite naturally at our end of the table. It had been a fearfully long one. The strain of keeping up an animated conversation for two solid hours was beginning to tell on my host, and his eyes brightened as he glanced at his wife at the other end of the table. She would get up in a minute, and he would be able to re-tell the story of how his sherry had been smuggled from the Imperial cellars at St. Petersburg—probably to more grateful listeners. Meanwhile, very light small-talk was what was wanted.

"When I was in Spain," he began, and then remembered the anecdote was too long.

"I must tell you an amusing story of how I tried to buy a blouse at the sales the other day," I said, seeing his difficulty, and half-way through bungled the point through over-curtailling it. Stories were no good. We must restrict ourselves to remarks.

"Are you going to Covese?" I said recklessly, and caught my *vis-à-vis* looking at me curiously. Since the savoury she had confined herself to a sympathetic smile, and now affected mild amusement at the absurdity of chatter after her half-hour's earnest discussion on the Insurance Bill. But something had to be done.

"N-n-no, that is to say, yes," he replied quickly, "though I confess racing does not attract me. But I have a collection of model yachts. Dear me, yes. I must show it you. I-I rather want to see if——" He looked frowningly at his wife. He mustn't begin on any of his collections. The chief points of a hobby can't be run through between the picking up of gloves and the opening of a door. As far as I could make out, she was discussing the successful lighting of reception rooms, illustrated by diagrams on the back of her menu. A little sigh of disappointment escaped him, and in despair he began to offer me more grapes. "No, really," I said very firmly, and nearly added, "I never eat fruit at breakfast." Was it yesterday or a week ago that we had sat down to dine? There was a growing restlessness on his part after this, but pushing his chair back suddenly and creaking it—his eyes fixed on his wife with what would have been to me mesmeric force—had no effect whatever. Then he played a strong card. "My wife always says," he remarked very loudly and deliberately—"my wife always says—I was telling them, my dear, you always say that——"

It failed to reach her. He creaked again, this time almost ostentatiously, and even gave an extra flourish of his pocket-handkerchief in the unnecessary process of not blowing his nose. I felt sorry for him. She appeared to be short-sighted as well as deaf. My neighbour on the other side turned to me.

"Tell me some more of your experiences," he said. "I liked the story of your dancing with a waiter by mistake. I am much interested in sociology."

An idea came to me.

"I was bathing once," I said in my clearest and most bell-like tones—"it was in Devonshire and we were a large mixed party—and I had just got a new bathing-dress. It was a very pretty one, but I had never worn it before, and——"

I was aware of an eye flashing at me from the bottom of the table.

"Shall we leave them to smoke?" my hostess said sweetly as we all rose.

"A delightfully cool breeze was blowing . . . Several ladies, both Indian and European, were among the gusts."—*Said Gazette*.
It sounds more like a hurricane.



SOLID.

GERMANY. "DONNERWETTER! IT'S ROCK. I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE PAPER."





AN ABSORBING OCCUPATION.

Squire's Wife. "WY, JACKY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR TWO OR THREE WEEKS. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THE TIME?"
Jacky (lodge-keeper's child). "'AVING DRINKS O' WATER."

DUSK OUT-OF-DOORS.

(A LITTLE REVERIE.)

HAS it ever struck you, gentle reader,
 When the summer nights are warm
 (Deck-chairs underneath the dark old cedar,
 Moths about, and bats in form),
 What a boon it means to golden fancies,
 Faith and love and fond regret?
 How (conversely) trade in true romances
 Suffers if the season's wet?

Take myself: I stand, with my cigar lit,
 Near the rhododendron clumps;
 Odorous is the earth, the heaven's starlit,
 I am wearing evening pumps;
 Dreams of youth arise: I almost pardon
 Belle, the fair and fickle flirt;
 Should I even be here in the garden
 If the gravel walks were dirt?

No, I should be playing cards or (may be)
 Billiards at the "Rose and Crown"—
 "Very sorry, James, I've missed a baby
 Cannon and I've sent you down;
 Not my fault I couldn't find the jigger"—
 Now I stand stock-still and think

How superbly fair her angel figure
 Sometimes looked in salmon-pink.

I'm of course alone; but look at others:
 Down beside the gooseberry beds
 There are Mr. Jones and Miss Carruthers
 Putting very close their heads;
 Sweet young things; but, gracious! if the weather
 Hadn't been so fine this year,
 Could they have been thrown so oft together?
 No, it would have failed, I fear.

That's what does it: moonlight and the murmur
 Made by sympathetic trees;
 Nothing can compare for binding firmer
 Amatory knots with these:
 Comes a kind of feyness after dinner
 When Selene lords the night
 (I remember, I proposed at Pinner,
 Years ago, on such a night).

Nay, and even now, I am not certain;
 In this atmosphere of balm,
 Ringed about by night's bejewelled curtain,
 Listening to the streamlet's psalm,
 Possibly I too might come out stronger,
 Feel again love's passion-swirl,
 If the fine spell lasts a little longer,
 If I meet some lovely girl.

Ever.

THE HOUSE WARMING.

IV.—A WORD IN SEASON.

"ARCHIE," said Blair, "what's that big empty room above the billiard-room for?"

"That," said Archie, "is where we hide the corpses of our guests. I sleep with the key under my pillow."

"This is rather sudden," said Simpson. "I'm not at all sure that I should have come if I had known that."

"Don't frighten them, dear; tell them the truth."

"Well, the truth is," said Archie, "that there was some idea of a little play-acting there occasionally. Hence the curtain-rod, the emergency exit and other devices."

"Then why haven't we done any? We came down here to open your house for you, and then you go and lock up the most important room of all, and sleep with the key under your pillow."

"It's too hot. But we'll do a little charade to-night if you like—just to air the place."

"Hooray," said Myra, "I know a lovely word."

Myra's little word was in two syllables and required three performers. Archie and I were kindly included in her company. Simpson threatened to follow with something immense and archaic, and Thomas also had something rather good up his sleeve, but I am not going to bother you with these. One word will be enough for you.

First Scene.

"Oh, good morning," said Myra. She had added a hat and a sunshade to her evening frock, and was supported by me in a gentlemen's lounge coat and boater for Henley wear.

"Good morning, Mum," said Archie, hitching up his apron and spreading his hands on the table in front of him.

"I just want this ribbon matched, please."

"Certainly, Mum. Won't your little boy—I beg pardon, the young gentleman, take a seat too? What colour did you want the ribbon, Mum?"

"The same colour as this," I said. "Idiot."

"Your grandfather is in a bit of a draught, I'm afraid, Mum. It always stimulates the flow of language. My grandfather was just the same. I'm afraid, Mum, we haven't any ribbon as you might say the same colour as this."

"If it's very near it will do."

"Now what colour would you call that?" wondered Archie, with his head on one side. "Kind of puce-like, I

should put it at. Puce-magenta, as we say in the trade. No; we're right out of puce-magenta."

"Show the lady what you have got," I said sternly.

"Well Mum, I'm right out of ribbon altogether. The fact is I'm more of an ironmonger really. The draper's is just the other side of the road. You wouldn't like a garden roller now? I can do you a nice garden-roller for two pound five, and that's simply giving it away."

"Oh, shall we have a nice roller?" said Myra eagerly.

"I'm not going to carry it home," I said.

"That's all right, Sir. My little lad will take it up on his bicycle. Two pounds five, mum, and sixpence for the mouse-trap the gentleman's been sitting on. Say three pounds."

Myra took out her purse.

Second Scene.

We were back in our ordinary clothes. "I wonder if they guessed that," said Archie.

"It was very easy," said Myra. "I should have thought they'd have seen it at once."

"But of course they're not a very clever lot," I explained. "That fellow with the spectacles—"

"Simpson, his name is," said Archie. "I know him well. He's a wonderful golfer."

"Well, he looks learned enough. I expect he knows all right. But the others—"

"Do you think he knew that we were supposed to be in a shop?"

"Surely! Why, I should think even—What's that man's name over there? No; that one next to the pretty lady—ah, yes, Thomas. Is that Thomas, the wonderful cueist, by the way? Really! Well, I should think even Thomas guessed that much."

"Don't you think perhaps we'd better do it over again to make sure?"

"Oh, no, it was perfectly obvious. Let's get on to the final scene."

"I'm afraid that will give it away rather," said Myra.

"I'm afraid so," agreed Archie.

"It always seems to me rather silly to do the whole word—it makes it so easy. But I suppose we'd better."

Third Scene.

We sat on camp-stools and looked up at the ceiling with our mouths open.

"E's late," said Archie.

"I don't believe 'e's coming, and I don't mind 'oo 'ears me sye so," said Myra. "So there."

"'Ot work," I said, wiping my brow.

"Nar, not up there. Not 'ot. Nice and breezy like."

"But 'e's nearer the sun than wot we are, ain't 'e?"

"Ah, but 'e's not 'ot. Not up there."

"'Ere, there 'e is," cried Myra jumping up excitedly. "Over there. 'Ow naow, it's a bird. I declare I quite thought it was 'im. Silly of me."

There was silence for a little, and then Archie took a sandwich out of his pocket.

"Wunner wot they'll invent next," he said, and munched stolidly.

* * * * *

"Well done," said Dahlia.

"Thomas and I have been trying to guess," said Simpson, "but the strain is terrific. My first idea was 'codfish,' but I suppose that's wrong. It's either 'silkworm' or 'wardrobe.' Thomas's suggestions have been 'submarine,' 'chimney' and 'mangel-wurzel.' He says he never saw anybody who had so much the whole air of a wurzel as Archie. The indefinable *élan* of the wurzel was there."

"Can't you really guess?" said Myra eagerly. "I don't know whether I want you to or not. Oh no, I don't want you to."

"Then I withdraw 'mangel-wurzel,'" said Simpson gallantly.

"I think I can guess," said Blair. "It's—"

"Whisper it," said Simpson. "I'm never going to know."

Blair whispered it.

"Yes," said Myra disappointedly, "that's it." A. A. M.

THE TRIALS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

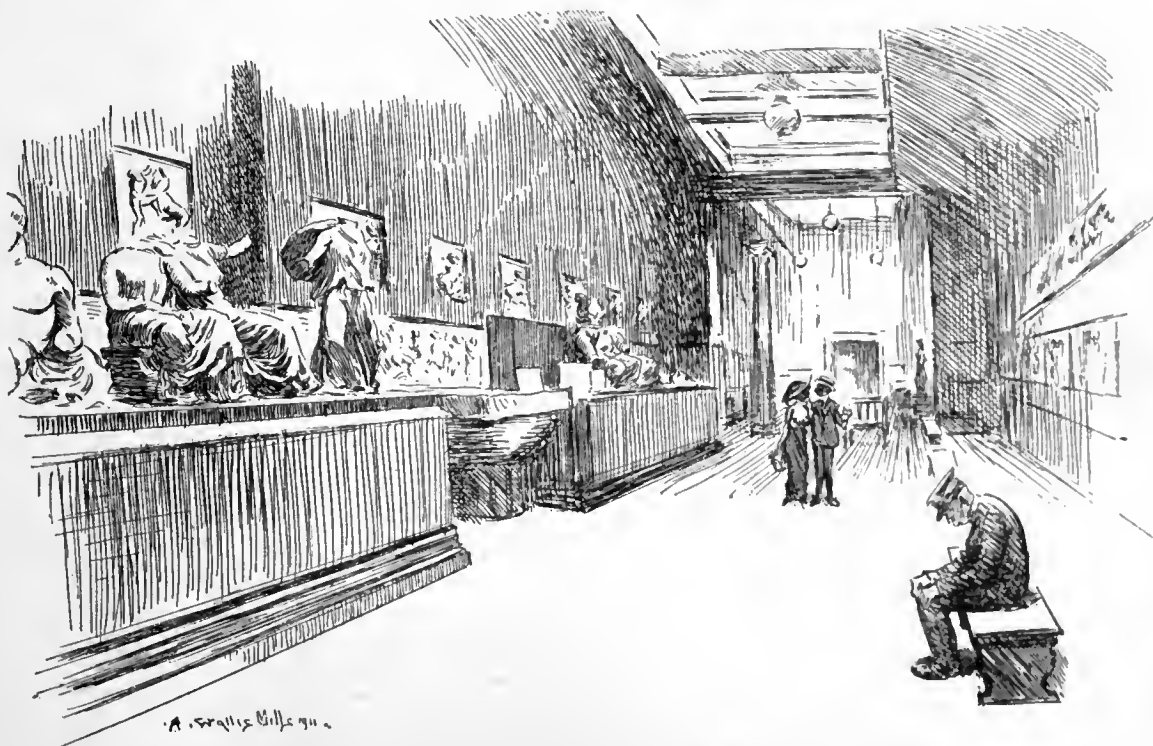
IV.

Sunday.—Another perturbing day. Peter was detained in town on Saturday and only got home just before dinner. It was a curious meal. Miss Stoker, after talking and playing music all the afternoon with me, suddenly developed into a full-blown Philistine, and the conversation at dinner took the form of a duologue between her and Peter on golf and county cricket, on both of which subjects she seems to be an enthusiast and an expert. If it had been base-ball, which I believe is the American game, I could have understood it better, but whenever I tried to get her to talk about her native country she was uncommunicative and evasive. At last I couldn't help saying, "I'm afraid you're not a very loyal American," on which Peter calmly said, "No wonder, considering she's never been in the States." "Oh, Peter," exclaimed Miss Stoker, "you needn't have given me away so soon."

Then of course it all had to come out. Miss Miriam Stoker is the *alias*



Mr. Punch's attention having been called to the above enticing notices displayed in some of our leading stores, he would like to point out the close similarity of conditions in the interior of the said stores at sale time and



IN THE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

of Peter's cousin, Margaret Vivian, the female Admirable Crichton, of whom I had heard so much in former years, but had never seen her. She played cricket better than her brothers, went up to Girton with a scholarship, took a first in History, and then went off to Germany to study music. But why was it necessary to introduce her to me in the guise of an American authoress and under an assumed name? I hate practical jokes, and this seems to me one of the most unnecessary hoaxes I ever heard of. However, Peter made a clean breast of it after his cousin had gone to bed. He is trying in many ways, but at least no one can accuse him of a lack of candour, and on this occasion he quite surpassed himself.

"My dear Delicia," he began, "you are an attractive and engaging young person, and I don't in the least repent having married you. You have good looks, style and intelligence. But since the fatal day when that blithering fellow in *The Magnet* told you that you had creative genius and that it was your duty to cultivate the divine impulse you have threatened to develop into a prig and a bore. Your verses are passable, but I have calculated that they cost me exactly 5s. a line."

I reminded Peter with dignity that MILTON only received £5 for *Paradise Lost*, but he was ungenerous enough to retort that at least MILTON was not out of pocket on the transaction. He then went on to disparage my music and to criticise my theories of education, and wound up by saying: "The fact is you're not a woman of genius, otherwise I should never have dared to marry you. You're something much better, if you only would leave your mind alone. And the only way I could devise of converting you to my mode of thinking was to bring you up against the genuine article and let you see the difference. If I had asked Margaret here in the ordinary way you would have paid no attention to her. So I induced her to come as an admirer of your poetry, and just let things work themselves out. The result, so far as I can gather, has been excellent. You admit that you can't compete with Margaret, and the admission does credit to your sanity, as she is an invincible person."

Thus ended the longest speech I ever heard Peter make. I was inexpressibly wounded by his tone, but the worst of all was that most of what he said was true. So with an immense effort of self-restraint I said nothing. Visions of the *dénoûment* of *The Doll's House* floated through my brain in the night, but next day it was Margaret who reconciled me to Peter's view.

My music I had already abandoned, but there remained my poetry. Yet when I asked her candid opinion of my sonnets she had no difficulty in proving by chapter and verse that they were three parts derivative. When I asked her in despair what consolation was left me, she fairly exploded: "Consolation! Why, you've got a delightful house, an indulgent husband and an adorable child. What more do you want?"

Margaret goes to-morrow, but she has promised to come again and give me lessons in counterpoint and golf. She says that the first regulates the emotions and the second is a cure for introspection. Anyhow, I mean to give her system a trial.

SHEPHERD FOR ENGLAND.

IN A TERRITORIAL CAMP.

My land, and ye who therein dwell
From coast to guarded coast,
Far be 't from me my toils to tell,
And farther still to boast;

But here from out these broiling tents
And a most droughty throat
I hope I may, at all events,
Just call on you to note

That, though my work be little worth,
My foot no longer fleet,
And one of—well, of generous girth
Does sorely feel the heat;

Despite this 80 in the shade,
At duty's call have I
Forsworn my flannel'd ease and laid
The airy blazer by.

I've belted there and strapped on here
This whole confounded kit,
This swathing, creaking mass of gear—
Phew! but just think of it!

Hark ye in sheltered homes, I've lost
More than mere blood this day;
But what know ye of fighting's cost
Who think but of the fray?

England, I have not bled for thee,
Though with all fervour fired;
That may or, haply, may not be,
But, oh! I have perspired!

"James Valentine was the first English pilot to arrive . . . By this time, 8.30 a.m., the whole frame of this part of the Harrogate Stray was black with faeces."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

"Black"! And Harrogate's bathing facilities and far-famed waters meet us at every turn.

"Tarrant l.b.w., b. Tarrant, 168."—*Globe*.

These long innings must be ended somehow, however desperate the means.

"A FRIEND."

I MET Reginald by chance in Jermyn Street and, accepting the invitation which he omitted to offer me, accompanied him up to his rooms.

I was soon to regret my good nature, however, for Reginald was in a state of the deepest dejection.

"Reginald," I said—in lighter mood I call him Reggie, but I saw at once that this was not a Reggie day—"Reginald, you are off colour. What is the nature of your trouble? Financial, physical, or social?"

I know Reginald's worldly ambitions and was not surprised therefore that at the last word he winced painfully, and pointed to a pile of weekly illustrated papers.

I snatched them up one after the other, and hastily scanned their pages, fearing I knew not what.

"I can't find anything," I said at length, "unless it's these portraits of you at various race-meetings. I don't say you look extraordinarily handsome in any—" But he cut me short.

"Don't you see, you ass?" he said. "Read the writing. 'The Hon. Craven Coward in the Enclosure with a friend!' 'General Waitingroom talking with a friend!' 'Sir Tiddley and Lady Winks and a friend.' That's what makes me so wild. Why must I always be 'a friend'? Why can't they say who I am? Ain't I as good as the Winkses? Or old Waitingroom? But I've got them this time," he went on, cooling down a little. "When I was at Goodwood I managed to get taken *absolutely alone*."

At that moment his man came in with the new *Twaddler*, hot from the press.

I looked over Reginald's shoulder as he turned the pages with trembling hands.

There he was, alone, as he had said, and wearing the self-satisfied smirk which said plainly enough: "Now you can withhold my rights no longer." Plainly enough to me, that is; for the photographer had unfortunately failed to interpret it correctly, and below was the legend:

"*Evidently a backer of Braxted.*"

Reginald flung down the paper and kicked a footstool savagely, and I decided it would be more tactful to leave him with his trouble.

At the door curiosity overcame discretion, however.

"*Did you back Braxted?*" I asked.

A copy of *The Turf Guide* struck the lintel a quarter of an inch above my head, and I closed the door hastily.

Evidently he had not.



New Stable Lad. "THAT 'UN AIN'T 'ARDLY SAFE. I WONDER YOU KEEPS 'IM?"
 Master. "BEST 'OSS WE 'VE GOT; FIND 'IS WAY 'OME ALONE FROM ANYWHERE, 'E WILL, LIKE A DOG."

MUSIC AND MURDER.

[Suggested by a recent appreciation of "Scheherazade" by "R.C." in *The Daily Mail*.]

"ANOTHER prodigious success was achieved on Saturday night by the Circassian dancers at Covent Garden. Nothing more beautiful—nothing so beautiful, one may boldly assert—can ever have been seen on any stage since the world began. 'Mirza Schaffy' is the name of this soul-shaking ballet, in which all the splendours of the Georgian imagination are condensed in one short hour of delirious ecstasy. The scene, which is laid in the palace of Semangellina, the Empress of Tiflis, is a stupendous harmony of opalescent hues, and the action passes on the roof garden of a Caucasian Temple, honey-combed with oubliettes. Semangellina, who is in love with her Prime Minister, Prince Mirza Schaffy, resolves to test his devotion by ordering all the members of his family to immolate themselves by jumping down the oubliettes to slow music. When some of them refuse, the Empress summons her janis-

saries to execute the recalcitrants, and an appalling scene of carnage and horror ensues. Gigantic soldiers with enormous scimitars slay right and left, heads are mown off by scores, and the shrieks of the decapitated victims are echoed in the highest registers of the piccolos and oboes. The enormous effect of the scene proves to absolute demonstration that the ballet is to be ranked with the highest emanations of any other art, glyptic, pictorial or dramatic. But the chief æsthetic significance of the spectacle is to be found in the marvellous persuasiveness of the orchestra. An ancient poet taught us that music has power to soothe the savage breast. It has been reserved for the genius of Bobolinsky-Kluchnikoff to prove that the most repulsive and nauseating savagery can be rendered not only endurable but fascinating when associated with refined and sparkling orchestration. It is devoutly to be hoped that this novel and exhilarating illustration of the influence of music will not be overlooked by our native

composers in their quest for unexploited sensations. Music has too long been concerned with the glorification of insipidity. In future it will be its noble task to reconcile us to the delights of carnage and to lend a fresh savour to the extravagance of hæmatomania."

After describing Mr. BALFOUR's rebuke to the HOME SECRETARY on the famous night of the uproar in the House, the *Scotsman* says: "Mr. Churchill winced in silence." This from a serious Scotch paper!

"It is understood that the marriage between Earl Percy and Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox will be celebrated shortly after the 14th October, the closing day of the Spey rod fishing."
Aberdeen Journal.

Duty first!

"GARDINER.—On the 7th July, at Whitehorn, Barton-road, Cambridge, the wife of Professor I. Stanley Gardiner, F.R.S. (née Dr. Edith Willcock), of a daughter."—*Standard*.
 As we have always said of the lady doctor, nascitur non fit.



French Examiner (consulting list of candidates for linguistic honours). "QUEL EST VOTRE NUMÉRO?"
Cadet. "ER—MY NAME ISN'T KELLY, IT'S DICKSON!"

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

If you must be a traveller, be a *bonâ-fide* traveller. It will come in useful, you will find, on thirsty Sundays.

All roads lead to Rome. This, however, does not apply to railroads. Margate, therefore, is still open for consideration as a possible holiday resort.

Margate is not the only Queen of Watering Places. There are two hundred and thirty-one other queens. If you cannot make up your mind as to which you prefer, leave it to the Booking Clerk. He will submit a list of names and, while you are thinking the matter out, the people behind you will keep up the flow of conversation.

Having sufficiently stirred the Booking Clerk from his state of apathy, turn your attention to the porters. But wariness is essential with these, as they are not kept in cages.

When you have selected your carriage and sat in it, no one else has a right to get in without your permission. Let your expression of greeting to intruders leave no doubt as to this.

It is your prerogative to have a carriage to yourself. Though you cannot sit in ten seats at once, the fact of

other people sitting in them is an insult to you and to be resented as such.

The safest place in the carriage, in case of accidents, is on the rack. This is provided primarily for light articles. You may be light, but cannot, unless I am mistaken in you, be an article. For the convenience of the Company and your own comfort, it is advisable only to resort to the rack when there is going to be an accident.

If a fellow-passenger starts offering you papers, you might as well accept the first and save yourself trouble. He will make you read something before he has done with you.

Avoid friendships with guards. They cost a shilling a time. Also, any communications you desire to make to the driver should not be made by cord. This is even more expensive.

Do not throw bottles out on to the line. Keep them, during your journey, in the pockets in which you habitually carry them.

I once had the privilege of travelling in the same carriage with a honeymoon couple of the working class. With his left hand the bridegroom held the right hand of the bride. With his right he held the humorous paper he was reading at the time. His idea was, I

think, to combine business and pleasure.

When you go on your honeymoon, you will have not only to travel first-class, but also to buy two first-class tickets for the purpose. Knowing you as I do, I shall be heartily amused if a third-class ticket-holder insists on travelling in your carriage.

The worst part of quarrelling with a railway company is the feeling that the Company is never upset about it. I have written to my own pet company no fewer than five times to tell it that I am surprised at it, and still it goes on.

Return tickets are available for six months, a fact to be pointed out, with significant emphasis, to your hostess on arrival.

"Jones made his 103 out of 165 in ninety-five minutes, and did not give a chance. He hit one 66 and 13 4's."—*Evening News*.

The stroke which produced 66 was one of the most remarkable ever seen. It was not exactly a drive and not exactly a cut, but it did the fieldsman's business.

"Mr. J. B. Hammond, millionaire inventor of the typewriter, who is 73 years of age, has left New York on a twenty-seven years' cruise."—*Manchester Evening News*.

We shall look out for his account of it in *The Daily Mail*.



THE OLD TROJAN.

LORD LANSDOWNE. "DON'T LUG THAT INFERNAL MACHINE INTO THE CITADEL. THE THING'S FULL OF ENEMIES."

LORD HALSBURY. "I KNOW. THAT'S WHERE MY HEROISM COMES IN."



one. At last, with angry gesture, the PREMIER rolled up his manuscript and, facing round to his supporters, protested, "I am not going to degrade myself by further endeavouring to press arguments on people who are evidently resolved not to listen."

A fresh burst of cheering followed, Ministerialists leaping to their feet and waving hats and handkerchiefs.

"The question is," said the SPEAKER, "that the Lords' Amendments be now considered."

Promptly PRINCE ARTHUR rose, greeted by hearty cheers from excited throng to left of Chair. In ordinary familiar course of events now would have been the turn of the Ministerialists. Their chieftain had been howled down. In accordance with old practice they would give LEADER OF OPPOSITION a turn.

There came into operation pretty little action illustrative of the chivalry native to the House in its maddest moments. The PREMIER, foreseeing what would happen when PRINCE ARTHUR took the floor, had privily despatched the MASTER OF ELIBANK with injunction to his men to refrain from reprisals. For some minutes ELIBANK was seen fluttering round, dove-like, with olive leaf in his beak. Effect marvellous. PRINCE ARTHUR was listened to in silence, an unexpected reception he gratefully acknowledged.

But there were limits to forbearance. When F. E. SMITH proposed to follow, storm broke forth again, not subsiding till, at the end of five minutes, he gave in and resumed his seat, having uttered no other audible phrase than "Mr. Speaker——"

Proceedings brought to abrupt end. The SPEAKER, acting under new Standing Order provided to meet cases of grave disorder, adjourned the House without Question put.

"Familiar with the petition, 'Save me from my friends,'" said SARK as we walked off together, "one might be inclined in cases such as this to cry aloud, 'Commend me to my enemies.' If the young lions in the Opposition den had been suborned by ASQUITH to get up this afternoon's performance they could not have more effectively earned their wage. It will not only strengthen the bonds between himself and his followers in the House and through the country, it will grievously damage the already stricken cause of the Peers. If these be the champions of that venerable institution, these the exponents of the principle of Law and Order, that shrewd person the Man in the Street will be inclined to say he is not taking any."

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—Seemed when SPEAKER took Chair this afternoon that House, naturally shamefaced in remembrance of yesterday's proceedings, had relapsed into old humdrum manner. Benches only half filled. Questions on paper devoid of interest. Appearances however not for first time illusory. BIRRELL, rattling through answer of one of string of Irish questions, was suddenly interrupted by ringing cheer that rose and swelled with gathering force. Turning sharply round he perceived PREMIER entering from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair.



DON'T KEIR HARDIE and the latest Socialist modes for Merthyr Tydfil.

Possibly Ministerialists might have been satisfied with this significant welcome had it not been for COUSIN HUGH. PRIME MINISTER sharply retorted to enquiry of RUPERT GWYNNE, "I refuse to answer insolent questions." This naturally checked COUSIN HUGH'S severe idea of decencies of debate. Rising to call the SPEAKER'S attention to the bad language he was greeted by howl of execration from benches opposite. For some minutes he stood facing the music. When he attempted to speak there broke forth the cry which he himself yesterday employed to discomfiture of PRIME MINISTER.

"May I ask——" he shouted.

"Vide, 'vide, 'vide!" roared the Ministerialists.

In a rough-and-tumble scrimmage COUSIN HUGH does not seem to promise

much. But his courage is indomitable. Thrice he interposed, calling down upon his head a fresh storm of angry interruption. Incidentally BIRRELL continued to read out answers to the questions addressed to him on the paper. COUSIN HUGH rising to give voice to a fresh thought personal to the PREMIER, uproar broke out again and the CHIEF SECRETARY was fain to stand silent at the Table.

A more genial episode was appearance on scene of DON'T KEIR HARDIE. Either by happy accident or by acute prevision he had for this occasion possessed himself of a reach-me-down suit of white flannels, a touch of many colours being added by a gorgeous cummerbund. Whilst the row was in progress he, after manner of limited supply of supers on transpontine stage, trotted in and out. However high angry passion might have risen, as soon as Members caught sight of the white suit and the coy cummerbund, they burst into hilarious shout of laughter and ironical cheering.

Then COUSIN HUGH took another turn. A wild roar greeted him. It seemed as if we were coming to fisticuffs as in 1893, when from under the glass door leading from the Lobby there flashed a gleam of white with indication of a streak of rainbow. It was DON'T KEIR HARDIE and his cummerbund back again. Once more angry passion changed to burst of genuine merriment. In the end the SPEAKER put down COUSIN HUGH with sharp reproof and, the House getting into Committee of Supply, the excited multitude broke up and disappeared.

Business done.—India Budget expounded by UNDER-SECRETARY. Result wholesomely soporific.

Scandal at a Watering-place.

"MALVERN.—Furnished Residence; large lounge hall, three reception, eight bed rooms; beautiful grounds and charming, retired situation; cook and husband could be left."

The Birmingham Daily Post.

We are interested to know whether it is the lady of the house or her husband who is responsible for the above advertisement.

"Rain began to fall heavily at two o'clock, with the result that the garden party at Holyrood Palace in all probability will be cancelled. Betting—6 to 4 on Toggery."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

We should hardly estimate Toggery's chances so highly in such weather.

"George Duncan, of the Hangerhill Club, London, will make an eight weeks' tour in America during September."—*The Courier.*

Desperate time-savers these Hangerhill champions.



Mike (to alarum as it goes off). "I FOOLED YEZ THAT TIME. I WAS NOT ASLAPE AT ALL."

A GLOSSARY OF POLITICAL TERMS.

(For Use in a Crisis.)

LAST DITCH.—A receptacle for poor thinking and high falutin. Favourite death-place for advanced politicians who do not intend to die—at least, not there—and who, as a matter of fact, always survive misfortunes which have made strange ditch-fellows.

NO SURRENDER.—An expression much used by those who attempt to disguise a defeat by congratulating one another on their indomitable courage and to reveal their love for their leader by disregarding his advice and attempting to shatter his authority. After which they surrender with the rest.

CECIL.—(1) A place where Dukes and Smiths combine to banquet a former creator of judges who is not to be satisfied without a creation of Peers.

(2) A gentleman from Oxford University, noted for the amenity of his manners and the suavity of his language. An expert in the organisation of impromptu anger. Holding that silence is golden, he has shieked down a Prime Minister and reduced a Speaker to impotence. Conscious, as he is, of his merits, he esteems lightly and denounces shrilly those who fail to share his exalted estimate of his own immaculate perfection.

CAD.—Term supposed by those who bravely use it under cover of uproar to be vividly descriptive of an English gentleman who happens to be Prime Minister.

TRAITOR.—A genial word conveying political disagreement. Has been howled out by many whose language (like the raven's answer) "little meaning, little relevancy, bore."

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—(1) The last rampart of British liberty. (2) An effete assembly of arrogant people-crushers combined together for the destruction of freedom and capable of being checked and cured only by the duplication of their number.

"It was a red herring," said the Borough Councillor, "and now it has come home to roost."

ANOTHER BOOK THAT HAS HELPED.

WHEN editors my proffered poems scorn
(Always, of course, regretfully polite),
And lack of luck is moving me to mourn
The homing instincts of the things I write,
'Tis then that in my agony I look
For consolation to my favourite book.

KEATS cannot cure my tendency to mope,
Nor SHELLEY dissipate my anxious frown;
I cannot find resuscitated hope
In either of the Swans of Stratford town;
Nor is the volume RUDYARD's goodly tome
Of ballads (with the H's "not at home").

No! It is lettered in a golden tint
"The Works of Self," and folio number one
Displays my verses which appeared in print
Last summer in *The Little Supleigh Sun*.
I note the cultured rhyme, the sparkling wit
Embodied in that joound little fytt.

And once again I laugh at Fortune's kicks,
Once more I feel assured that now and then
My verse may yet be privileged to mix
With snappy pars about the Upper Ten;
And so return the volume to its shelf
With renovated confidence in Self.

Britain on the Qui Vive.

"3. Paragraph 56A. In line 2 after 'Sunday' for 'rice' and in line 3 after 'Thursday' for 'sago' substitute 'blanc-mange' in each case." *Army Orders.*

"In the story of 'Making the Crew' which follows, there are recited the experiences of many a college oarsman who has been famous at his alma water."—*Montreal Standard.*

What has ALMA TADEMA to say to this?

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Among the tragediettas of the season now in *extremis* has been the social suicide of Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe. She's been in a long time, but she's out again now, and may knock and ring for the rest of her life without finding anyone to open the door.

She was a good bit of an outsider when the Flummerys first met her somewhere abroad, conceived a violent fancy for her, after their fashion, and took her up. Once taken up, she did the rest herself, and in a short time one met her everywhere that was anywhere. She got a big reputation as a *funny* woman and teller of *risqué* stories, and was in great request at dinners and suppers and country-house parties. I never thought her particularly witty—and Ray Rimington, who's by way of being a *bel esprit* himself, says in his opinion a woman has no more business to be a *wit* than to have a *beard* or a *deep voice*! However that may be, Mrs. Jimmy, finding lately that her wit was petering out and her stock of *risqué* stories was running low (Norty says they generally *did* run low!), has taken to practical joking (the *dernière ressource* of a played-out wit), and has now made her last joke, practical or otherwise, in our world.

This was how it happened. This summer the Dunstabes have had a series of week-end parties at their place near Richmond, Riverside Court. I never could stand the Dunstabes. The two old people are *awful*, the girls are tombstones, and young Luton is a prig of the first magnitude. They belong to the set dubbed by *nous autres* The Deadly-Dulls—fearful creatures, among whom are current such phrases as “the duties of our station”—“the proper bringing-up of children”—“the pleasures of domestic life,” and so on—and the week-end parties at Riverside Court have been of the hopelessly stodgy sort described by that wonderful old mid-Victorian word, *respectable*. To one of these week-end parties, however, in order, I suppose, to leaven the lump of respectability a little, they invited Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe, it being understood, of course, that no *risqué* stories would be tolerated, that she was to be, as SHAKESPEARE says, as amusing as the serpent but as harmless as the dove. A few days before going she was at a little supper at the Gardenia Club and had a wager with Giddy Tremayne (he's a relative of the Dunstabes and a shaking of the head among them), that she would disappoint the old

Duchess of six of her expected guests (whom she, Mrs. Jimmy, happened to have heard of as being in the same week-end party), six female leaders of the Deadly-Dulls—six pillars of propriety—six monuments of all the domestic virtues—and would do it by means of the following anonymous letter, drawn up at the supper table amid yells of laughter:—“A Friend counsels you not to go to Riverside Court this week-end. *He* will be there, and danger is in the air.”

The wager was for a cool thousand—evens. The six letters were sent. On Saturday Mrs. Jimmy went to Riverside Court, and Giddy, with the privilege of relationship, went uninvited “to see fair.” Three of the six leaders of the Deadly-Dulls and pillars of propriety weighed in all right and seemed to have nothing on their minds, but at dinner the old Duchess said, “Influenza seems to be coming out of its season. Poor dear So-and-so and So-and-so” (naming two of the absent leaders of the D-D.'s) “write to excuse themselves on the score of terrible colds, and dear So-and-so” (naming the third absentee—I don't write their names, leaving you to guess them, my dearest) “has been suddenly summoned to Scotland by the illness of an aunt.” Mrs. Jimmy and Giddy, no doubt, exchanged eloquent looks across the table, and next day they were stupid enough to have a dispute about how the wager should be settled, *on the lawn*—a dispute overheard by *someone* in an arbour they hadn't noticed—and, hey presto! the fat was in the fire in no time, and now Mrs. Jimmy's outside for ever. She quite deserves it. A snake in the grass, hitting below the belt in that way, is a danger to us all.

All the maharajahs who came over to coronate were darlings (they made such lovely bits of colour at one's parties!), but the darlingest of them all was the Ghezam of Pondypore, who has become a *great* friend of mine. I simply *love* his grave, gentle, graceful way, with just a teeny-weeny *soupeçon* of the Bengal tiger somewhere in the offing. I talked to him about TAMERLANE, and the Rig Vedas, and the Koran, and Buddhism and Brahmanism and all that sort of thing, and I'm sure he was *immensely* astonished at my knowledge of his country. Josiah was as rude to him as he dared to be, and always spoke of him to me as “that darkie!”

When the dear Ghezam left London he sent me a red rose, and a card to say his “devotion will last as long as the rose shall bloom.” Not a very long time, that, you say. Don't be too sure, my dear! Each petal of the red rose is a ruby, the dewdrops on it are

diamonds, and the leaves are emeralds. *Isn't* he a love? Babs and the rest of them were perfectly *sick* with envy the first time I wore it (as a corsage ornament). He has invited me to Pondypore as his guest for the Durbar, and *of course* I'm going. “You're *not* going,” said Josiah yesterday. “I certainly *am* going,” I replied. “I've promised Balaji.” “Who's Balaji, pray?” he demanded, quite *glaring* at me. “Well, the Ghezam, then,” I said. “Now look here, Blanche,” he said, “I don't often put my foot down, but I put it down now. I won't have you cavorting about India with this darkie that you call the Ghezam. Mind! I won't!” “Your point of view is just as narrow and as wrong as it can be,” I told him calmly. “Why don't you try to think *imperially*? Can't you see what *profound* policy it is, how *good* for our Indian Empire, that we Englishwomen should have an influence for good over the native princes?” “Stuffannonsense!” he cried. (That's an expression I've never been able to break him of, and he pronounces it as spelt above.) “If you want to see the Durbar, you shall see it, but without any Ghezams. We'll go together.”

We shall see. I've not the *least* intention of disappointing the Ghezam.

Beryl Clarges has set a new fashion in head ornaments, which she says she'll make even more popular than ospreys. She has imported a lot of live humming-birds to match different gowns. A slender gold chain attaches them by one leg to a jewelled headband, and they flutter about over the head in a simply sweet manner. Of course they don't live more than a few hours, but she has a fresh set for the next night. Those dreadful people of the Society for Interfering with Everybody are always after her, threatening proceedings, but Beryl's only answer to them is to add more humming-birds to her coiffure!

Dear Stella Clackmannan has been having Thursday *Thés Mélodiques* at Clackmannan House and has played and sung her own compositions to her friends (for their sins!) One Thursday Ninian ffollyott was among the crowd, and Stella gave us her new Song Cycle, *Ecstasies in Elfland*. Her little prize Pekingese was in his little beddy-bye in some corner and, just as Stella finished one of her *Ecstasies* (the dear thing's voice, *entre nous*, is quite past praying for!), little Peki-peky gave a sudden, piercingly shrill little howl. “Brava!” cried Ninny ffollyott innocently. “That was a simply rippin' high note you finished up with, Duchess—best I ever heard you do!”

Oh, my dearest, just a little story about Sir Cræsus Lucre. He came of age, you know, a year or two ago, and has undergone absolute *torments*, poor boy, from being the *parti* of the moment. Lately he's sold off all his horses, his motors, and even his yacht, and has gone in entirely for flying, which he has taken up *avec fureur*. "You seem awfully stuck on 'planing, old boy,'" Norty said to him the other day. "I ain't stuck on it," was the rueful answer. "I loathe it—and it's spoilin' my digestion—but it's the only way of escape from—from—*them*, you know!"
 Ever thine, BLANCHE.

THE DESERT OPTIMIST.

As exile, I would fain forget
 That circumstance hath put me down
 Quite close to places like Tibet,
 But very far from London town.

And though the outlook's rather drear
 I sometimes fancy I detect
 A sort of Cockney atmosphere,
 A Metropolitan effect.

Behind my chair in solemn state
 The bearer and khansama stand,
 Swart replicas of those who wait
 In Piccadilly or the Strand.

My punkah brings a grateful wind
 To cheeks climatically brown'd,
 A fitful gust that calls to mind
 The draughts about the Underground.

And though they spoil my morning rest
 I like to lie awake and hark
 To parrakeets whose notes suggest
 Their captive kin in Regent's Park.

About my house the pigeons roost,
 They perch upon the compound walls,
 Own brothers to the friends who used
 To flap me greeting from St. Paul's.

In yellow waves the dawn-mist drives
 Across the paddy-field and jogs
 The memory of one who strives
 To reconstruct his London fogs.

And when I hear a bullock-cart
 Go rumbling 'neath its harvest truss
 The echo wakens in my heart
 The music of the omnibus.

And thus it is I've learned to find
 A remedy for things that irk;
 My desert fades and with a kind
 Of cinematographic jerk—

"Urbs errat ante oculos;"
 Then, Fortune, send me where you list,
 I care not, London holds me close,
 An exile, yet an optimist.

"Concert party want funny comic singer for winter," &c.—*Evening News*.
 So do we all.



Perspiring Customer. "PH-H-H! BRING ME SOMETHING COOL."
Waitress. "YES, SIR. WOULD YOU LIKE AN ICE?"
Perspiring Customer. "NO, NO; SOMETHING COOLER THAN THAT."

A PILLAR OF SOCIETY.

I MET him in the Tube. The movement of the train rolled us together and his bag of tools hit me. He damned the line, apologised to me, and we began to talk.

In response to my question he said he was full of work. Couldn't complain.

"Yes," he amplified, "we're wonderful busy this year. It's a record, that's what it is. First the Coronation; then the heat; and now all these strengthening jobs—fortifying, or whatever you call it."

"Fortifying?" I inquired.
 "Yes," he replied. "Buttressing walls and all that sort of thing. We're being sent for all over the place to do that. Sometimes it's a ceiling that's given way; sometimes a floor with a hole in it; but often enough it's the very house. In Kensington chiefly, and Bayswater; but other parts, too. We're at it all the time. It's a nepidemie, that's what it is."

"But," I said, "surely this is very odd. I can understand measles and influenza and things like that being

epidemic; but how can houses in different parts of London all begin suddenly to go wrong at the same time? That's surely very puzzling. What is your theory?"

"Well," he said, "I don't know much about these things, but they tell me it's Nijinsky."

"Nijinsky?"

"Yes, the Russian Dancer at Coving Garden. He's that nippy, they tell me, there was never anything like it. He jumps into the air, they tell me, and doesn't come down for a couple of blooming minutes. And all these Kensington and Bayswater people are trying to do the same. That's what I understand it is. I'm told that on still nights you can hear 'em crashing about in all directions. Dessay he comes down a bit lighter. But of course I haven't seen this Nijinsky myself. It's not in my line exactly. The O'GORMAN Brothers is what I fancy—good step-dancers with double heels. All the same, 'Long life to Nijinsky' is what I says. It's good enough for me to mend the damage he causes. That's where me and my mates come in! Good night."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ON the outside wrapper of *The Gift of the Gods* (HEINEMANN) the publishers have been at pains to inform me in large print that it is a NEW novel by the author of *On the Face of the Waters*. Well, speaking personally, and as a reader to whom the previous work and the literary reputation of Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL are things of moment, I should call the present volume not only a new novel, but a new and disconcerting experiment in style on the part of a writer from whom something very different is justly expected. I may be to blame, but certainly I myself could find in this ordinary and not very interesting tale of some dull people in the Outer Hebrides no trace of that distinction and charm for which Mrs. STEEL has before this made me her very grateful debtor. When, moreover, what I did find was such a phrase as, "the woman who he had widowed," or "the stepping out of a new face," things repugnant to the ordinary decencies of proof reading, I felt that some expostulation was called for. The story itself is of one *Margaret Macdonald*, a widow whose husband, the laird of Westray, in the Islands, meets his death early in the book after a mysterious fashion that is never properly cleared up. *Macdonald* went over the cliff, one foggy night, to rescue the victims of a supposed wreck, and was never seen again; while the stranger whom the helpers pulled up at the end of the laird's rope lived on at Westray to become *Margaret's* lover and the hero of as much tale as the book contains. Its only real attraction

lies in its portrayal of village life in these unfamiliar parts; there is atmosphere here, but not enough else to save Mrs. STEEL's admirers from a sad disappointment.

Master Christopher (SMITH, ELDER)—you can see the old nurse in the background—is what lady society-journalists would call a "boy and girl" party. The too-old-at-forty characters in it count about as much as they do in an up-to-date newspaper office or a fashionable ball-room. And, as I always love Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE's mother-heroines, I feel a little aggrieved that in this book she kills off the one really charming specimen before the story proper begins. But the young people play quite a pretty comedy of love (with, in one case, a pathetic ending) in the fine old house which Christopher's plebeian father had bought with trade-won gold from its ancestral owner when he joined the other pigeons that flutter round the Stock Exchange. Christopher himself you will find a bit of a boor, but a good sort for all that; and his young sister, in a dove-like kind of way, is as lovable as I imagine their dead mother must have been. The exciting element in this little drama of

English country life is provided by his cousin, a flashy beauty from West Kensington, whose hard eyes had marked him as her legitimate prey. Both she and her fat and flabby mother are drawn with particular skill. I cannot say that the story grips me so much, for instance, as *Peter's Mother*. My pulse did not gallop nor my heart throb as I read it. But I liked it because the people in it are real and talk the language of life and not of fiction.

What gave for me some added interest to *The Sovereign Power* (MACMILLAN) was the thought that, a few years ago, it would have been regarded as a romance of the fantastically impossible type. JULES VERNE might have written it then, for boys to delight in; or, a little later and with rather more *finesse*, our own H. G. WELLS might have imagined the concluding chapters. Briefly, it is a novel of aviation that Mr. MARK LEE LUTHER has composed, in a

brisk and entertaining style, uncomplicated by subtlety of any kind. The author has been content to rely for novelty upon the strange, half-understood machines that play a large part in the working out of his plot; his characters, it must be confessed, are anything but original. The American heiress, the exiled Prince, and the aged diplomat with the secrets of half the chancelleries of Europe at his withered finger-ends, are all of them puppets upon whom the dust of generations has begun to settle. However, flight in an aeroplane soon disperses this; and nothing could well be more thrilling, or, to all appearances, more realistic (I speak as a groundling) than the description of *Ann's* abduction by *Prince*



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

1.—AN EXPERT IN STAMP-ADHESIVES PLANTING GUM-TREES IN THE GARDENS OF THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

Rodoslav in one monoplane, and their pursuit and overhauling by her republican lover in another. That tells you the kind of book it is. The fact that it is both written and illustrated in America will prepare you for some unfamiliar grammar and several charming pictures of the nice-looking people whom they seem to draw so well over there. But I think author and artist might have agreed about the heroine's hotel in Venice; when one called it the Victoria it worried me a little to find the other depicting the lady as drinking in the view from the Danieli.

Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement:—

"Scores of testimonials have been received. Among those who have benefitted by them are . . ."

Nothing is said as to the benefit derived by the proprietors; but we hope the others were well paid too.

Lord LANSDOWNE to the Cabinet:—

"Ye that have Peers, prepare to shed them now."

CHARIVARIA.

THERE has been some talk of the Germans ceding Togo (West Africa) to France. Many persons, however, would prefer to see France giving Germany Togo—if we may use an expression which was in vogue during the recent war between Russia and Japan.

It is so difficult to be funny without being vulgar that one feels sorry that it should be possible for a joke in excellent taste to have an unpleasant sequel. The Secretary of the Woolwich Radical Club has been summoned for using on note-paper a representation of a coronet cleft with a pickaxe without obtaining a licence for armorial bearings.

This is a world of compromise. The PRINCE OF WALES, we understand, was most anxious to attend the Durbar, but this was impossible. He has, however, been appointed to H.M.S. *Hindustan*.

A member of the House of Lords was dining at a cheap restaurant. He ordered a bottle of ginger beer. A label on it caught his eye:—"As supplied to the House of Lords." The nobleman's face lighted up. "Thank heavens," he cried, "we still have a little prestige left!"

To refute the allegation that women would only vote for the best-looking men, Sir WILLIAM LYNE, ex-Premier of New South Wales, declares that there are ugly men in the Commonwealth Parliament who have been sent there by women's votes. But this does not prove anything. The unsuccessful candidates may have been uglier still.

The London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company is, we hear, not a little proud that one of its Directors should have been selected for the important post of British Consul-General in Egypt. The appointment is considered a well-earned tribute to the business-like way in which the affairs of the Company are managed.

The fifth annual report on the Aliens' Act draws attention to the fact that the percentage of aliens in our prisons

is now very small. It only remains for Englishmen to buck up and prove that they can themselves produce sufficient criminals to fill these places.

Our tube railways, which are well known to be the coolest places in hot weather, continue to make a bold bid for a share of the patronage which is bestowed on seaside resorts. During the recent sensational storm a portion of the Bakerloo tube was flooded, and many passengers were enabled to

How annoying, as the Scilly Islander remarked, to go for herrings and only to catch crans.

Munich would appear to be suffering from an epidemic of prudishness. In future no cats will be allowed to walk about in that city unclothed. It has been decreed that each of them must wear a collar.

Thousands of fish are said to have been killed in the Thames between Isleworth and Teddington by the heat. It has been suggested that the survivors should be supplied with sun-bonnets.

The innate dislike which many motor-cars show for bicycles is almost uncanny and reminds one of the never-ending dog-and-cat feud. While his chauffeur was starting the engine the other day, Mr. JUSTICE BRAY'S motor car ran down the High Street incline at Guildford, and of its own accord demolished two bicycles before it was stopped.

The Begum of Bhopal, while in Geneva, purchased some 4,000 Swiss watches. It is thought that she wanted to know the time.

"LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Sun rises 4.15 a.m., sets 7.57 p.m. (fifteen minutes later in Gloucestershire).—*The Citizen*.

People dissatisfied with the sun's limited performances elsewhere now know where to go.

"Alfred Peck Stevens, known as the Great Vance, was taken with a fatal seizure during his turn on Boxing Night, 1888, at the Sun Music Hall, Knightsbridge, and died at the side of the stage. He was forty-nine years of age. The price of *The Era* is 6d."—*The Era*.

We should like to ask how much would *The Era* cost if the GREAT VANCE had died in the centre of the stage at the age of 77?

Overcrowding in India.

"A grand Mahogany Bedstead 9½' x 8' with posts and testers complete meant for Rajas and Zemindars. Can also accommodate 4 middle class people comfortably. Going for Rs. 500."—*The Statesman*.

"CASHIERS.—Young lady wanted, for desk and dissection."—*Daily Telegraph*. Will Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE please note?



Bookstall Clerk (after fifteen minutes). "WOULD YOU CARE TO BUY THAT BOOK, MADAM?"
Lady (absently). "OH, NO, THANKS. I'VE ALMOST FINISHED IT."

indulge in paddling. Arrangements for mixed bathing are in preparation.

According to a newspaper *affiche*:—"GERMANY DEMANDS LLOYD GEORGE'S DISMISSAL."

The idea is good, but we distrust the quarter from which it comes. We prefer to start these notions for ourselves.

"The herring fishings at Shetland and on the east coast of Scotland are," we read, "far from satisfactory. Last week's catch amounted in round figures only to some 65,000 crans."

NORTHWARD, HO!

LET us elope, my lyre (if still you keep
That sacred name with all but one string cracked),
For now my sweltering hand, that used to sweep
Your vocal chords, at last declines to act,
Unnerved by languors of the late July;
And this my basso, which was once so tough,
Can do no else but simply limply cry,
"Jam satis!"—meaning I have had enough.

Let us depart, my boots, for now I think
I hear the red bird call across the brae
Out of his heather-bed, superbly pink,
Saying: "He should be here next Saturday;"
And there the point-to-pointer, trusty brute,
Twitches in dreams to draw my desperate feet
To where his nose locates the wingéd loot
Hard-dying in the final patch of peat.

Let us begone, my heart, because I yearn
For the large freedom of the open moor,
For the great hills that flank the tawny burn
And scent of rain upon the pine-wood's floor;
For sweet bog-myrtle and the transient gleam
Of luncheon intervals where, couched at rest,
We tell our spoil and lap the local stream
Allayed with whiskey of the Highlands' best.

Let us away, and far; this tedious crew
Of HALSBURY-buccaneers, they turn me sick,
These men who make the Peerage-mongers do
Their revolution by arithmetic;
Who play at soldiers, run amok and romp,
Harmless against the enemy, while they throw
Dirt at their own side from the final swamp;—
Yonder the air is cleaner! Let us go!

O. S.

Suggestion for Evening Parties.

The latest game is to guess how many of the guests have had to pay postage on their invitation cards, owing to the insufficient adhesive properties of the new stamps.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT as quoted in *London Opinion*:—

"Brief is the violence of love! In perhaps thirty-three per cent. passion settles down into a tranquil affection—which is ideal. In fifty per cent. it sinks into sheer indifference, and one becomes used to one's wife or one's husband as to one's other habits. And in the remaining sixteen per cent. it develops into dislike or detestation. Do you think my percentages are wrong, you who have been married a long time and know what the world is?"

We do. We should like to get another 1% in somewhere.

"As Romana Gienetto, a shoe worker, seized a 250-pound turtle by the tail to-day at a beach near Chelsea, the reptile spit out a large copper penny. The coin was minted in 1770 and marked with name of George III. of England. The turtle, which measures over two feet from head to tail, must be 141 years old at least."—*Kansas City Star*.

The guess at the age is accurate. Turtles, it is well known, refuse to swallow any coins save those of the current year.

"In particular, the misconstructions that had been based by a section of the London and Paris Press upon Mr. Lloyd George's Mansion House speech have been raised to the ground."—*Daily News*.

With the result that the spirits of the Germans are now elated to their lowest depths.

Newmarket First August Meeting (behind the Last Ditch). The Die-hard Stakes. Also ran: Lord ROSSLYN.

THE "GRAND GARDEN FÊTE"

THE Parish began it and the Vicar was very active in it. The Parish had decided that it couldn't do without a Church-Room. Other Parishes had Church-Rooms where the Parishioners could be improved by lectures, addresses, concerts, parish meetings, debates and so forth, and it was obviously absurd that our own Parish should continue in a position of inferiority through not having a Room. A Room was therefore built, and a very handsome convenient Room it was, but—there was a debt on it. Indeed, no self-respecting Church-Room has ever started in life without a debt; and this particular debt, though it troubled the Vicar, was not a very heavy one. Church-Rooms must have debts; debts must be paid off; and a "Grand Garden Fête" must be held in order that the debt may be, at least, diminished. So it came about that a Grand Garden Fête was actually organised and held.

I cannot offer to describe it in every detail. It was too varied, too vivid, and too exciting for that. The ladies of the neighbourhood turned themselves into saleswomen. A stern business determination gleamed out of their eyes; you could see by the way in which their lips moved that they knew exactly how many pennies there were in a half-crown or a pound, and that they were not to be deceived in a question of small change. The greengrocery stall glittered with tomatoes tastefully arranged in punnets by a Justice of the Peace. Peaches and nectarines languished delicately against a background of dark and glowing grapes, the direct descendants of those that came as specimens from the land of milk and honey. Gigantic melons, bloated with self-importance and succulence, lay about like ammunition designed for a *Dreadnought*. Nor was the humble potato absent, and the lowly lettuce, the beet and the carrot. It was a gorgeous stall, fruitful in more senses than one.

Cheek by jowl, or, rather, trestle by plank, with the fruit-stall was the sweet-and-chocolate stall. Sweets more brilliantly parti-coloured I never saw, nor have I ever tasted better chocolates. The little silk bags alone were worth the money. Here swarms of children became bankrupt and sticky, shading their innocent chins heavily with chocolate. In the morning lollipops in thousands lay below. We forgot to count them at break of day; and when the sun set where were they? Then there was a needlework stall bedizened with embroidery wrung from the leisure of the wives and mothers and daughters of the district. Over the sacred and appreciated mysteries of this show it does not beseem me to linger, for it was built up on a foundation of useful articles not suited to the mind or person of a male. It did a roaring trade. Finally, there was a stall for cakes and jams, which was swept clean, as it were in a moment. No jam-desirer on that great day denied himself his favourite preserve. Gooseberry was mine. To me the translucent skins are irresistible.

"Walk up! Walk up! Walk up! 'Ere's yer fine cocoanuts, juicy cocoanuts! Roll, bowl or pitch! Cocoanuts all juicy!" Where had I heard that raucous, resonant, East-end voice before? It came from a gentleman in dark corduroys and a heavy sweater broadly striped in black and yellow, a dark-visaged sort of hornet of a man who was luring spectators to a cocoanoclastic revelry. His sister was beside him, a splendid lady who bade defiance to the Sun in a tight thick black velvet bodice and a flaring silk skirt splendid to behold. Her earrings were in size and splendour like the *verilla* of a Roman legion; her hat was



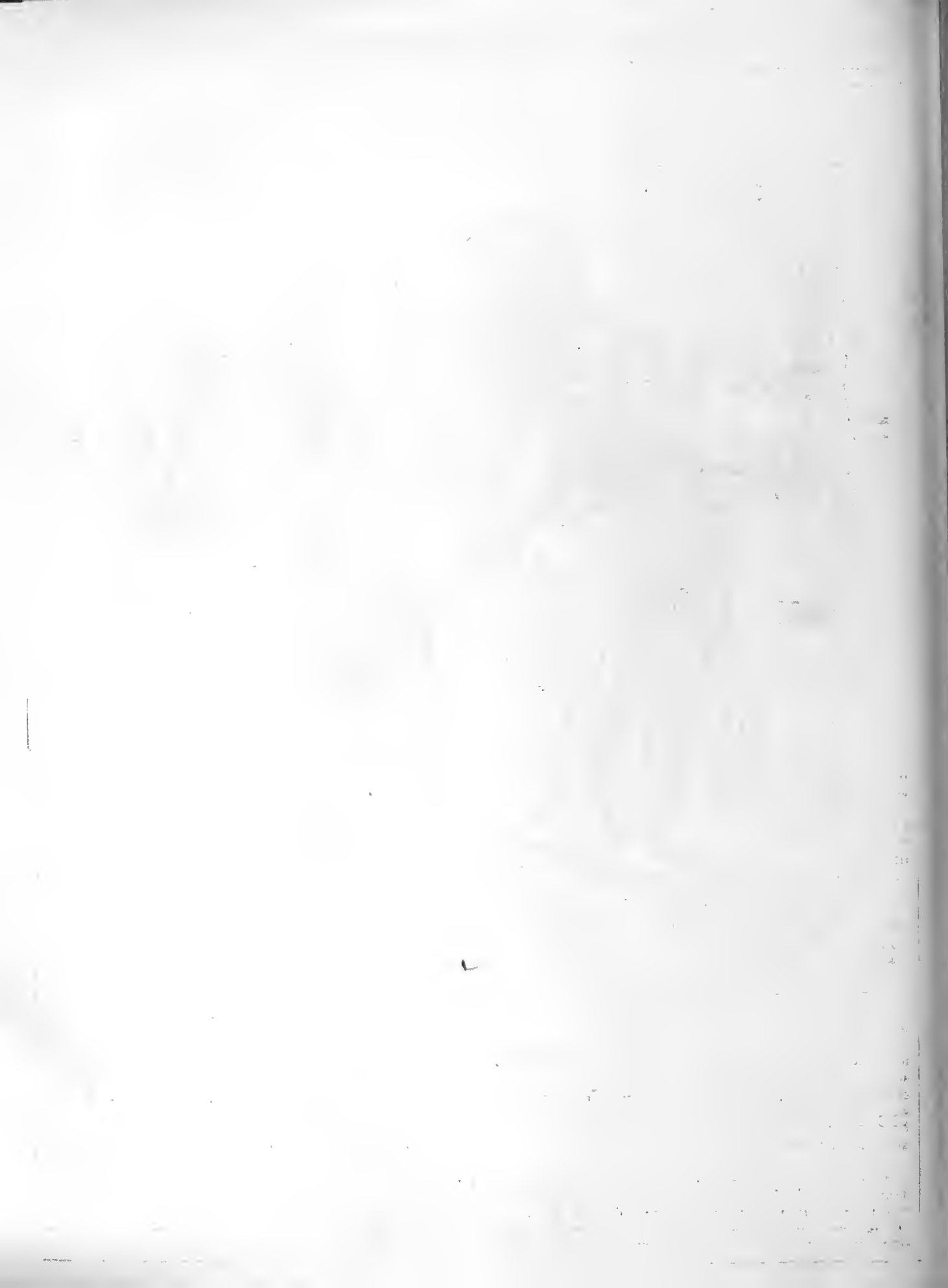
A VERY-NEAR-EAST QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH (*in the Green Park*). "LOOK HERE, MY BOY, THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A STATUE OF KING EDWARD."

BOY. "WE COULD DO WIV' ONE OF 'EM DOWN AT SHADWELL, MISTER, AND A PARK TO PUT IT IN."

MR. PUNCH. "YOU SHOULD HAVE BOTH, IF I HAD MY WAY."

[There is a strong movement in favour of devoting a part of the KING EDWARD Memorial Fund to the creation of a Public Park beside the river on the site of the disused fish-market at Shadwell, a neighbourhood that stands in great need of open spaces; and to the setting-up of a statue to preserve the memory of his late Majesty among a population not less loyal than that of West London.]





A WALLIS MILLS

New Footman. "I SUPPOSE THERE ARE A LOT OF NOBS 'ERE TO-DAY, MR. BLOUNT?"

Butler. "A FEW, MY LAD, A FEW. BUT MOST ARE THE SECONDARY CROWD THAT WE 'AS TO ASK ONCE A YEAR."

an oriflamme. This was Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins, and close to her stood her faithful 'Enery, he too in corduroys and barred, as to his sweater, with red and black. Attendant upon them was their gnome in pearlies, and their arms and faces were brown as the sun or some more artificial agent could tan them. I rolled, I bowled, I pitched. Cocoanuts shivered into fragments under my erratic skill. Then in a flash of recollection I realised that this talented family had laid aside the glories of its birth and state in the shape of a cool summer frock and seasonal flannels, and had, for charity and one afternoon, put on the accent, the earrings, the velvet, the corduroys, and the colours of the immemorial East.

In the meantime Aunt Sally, too, was bearing up under a succession of shattering blows, while the general company were absorbing ices with a wild *abandon* or indulging madly in lemonade. The sun was blazing down, but it did not daunt the "Anglo-Roman Band" who, with their stringed instruments, made cool and pleasant music in a shady nook. They came from a neighbouring town and were certainly imperially Anglo in faces, voices and trousers. No doubt their scarlet tunics provided the Roman element and justified their name.

Suddenly a voice announced that the children would now dance some old English dances, and the chairs under the walnut-tree and the chestnuts became filled with spectators. On the platform, where the Pierrots were afterwards to sing, the fiddle and the piano struck a chord, and, lo,

through an archway of roses, there came dashing the merriest prettiest little company of small Englishmen and Englishwomen that anyone ever set eyes on. Sixteen of them there were, divided into two sets: the big little ones ranging from ten to twelve years, and the little little ones from five to eight years. No pen can describe the neatness, the daintiness, the concinnity and the gaiety of their dances. Every little foot was duly pointed, every little head was thrown back, every little roguish face looked archly at its neighbour. The girls in print dresses and bonnets, the boys in smocks and felt hats, outvied one another in the tuneable swaying of their bodies and the swift movement of their twinkling feet. It was a jolly sight that made you want to cheer for very delight, while the simplicity and pretty innocence of it all gave you a lump in your throat. Was old England really like this, so gay, so demure, so harmless, and so smiling in its sports? Did they come out on the green, while the rude forefathers stood round and clapped their hands, and did they dance in this enchanting style, all the little lads and lasses of the hamlet in their work-a-day dresses? Perhaps they did; at any rate we do well to imitate what we think they did. As to the dancers themselves, they were untroubled by any doubts, and their little hearts and souls were in every step they took. Then, the dance being ended, we returned to the lemonade and the cocoanuts, "fine cocoanuts, juicy cocoanuts."

We want to know if Mr. FRASER, of Sprouston, Kelso, chose for one of his hymns on Sunday, "Peas, perfect peas."

A CRICKET SWEEP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You will be doing me a great service if you will kindly print my personal explanation and plain statement of a regrettable incident that occurred in one of my recent club matches. If you do so (as in common humanity you ought), you may perhaps have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped to reinstate me in the good opinions of those who now wish me to resign from my cricket club.

The matter is this. We are in the habit of having a sweep on all the matches we play. Each member of the team pays half-a-crown, and there are two prizes of one pound and seven and six for those who draw the first and second top scorers respectively. The practice has always provided a little harmless amusement, and nothing unpleasant has ever occurred until the time of which I speak.

On this occasion, *Mr. Punch*, I had done rather well by picking Roger—who was once reserve man for a Glamorgan second team. Percy, a player of about my own calibre, had picked me, and was rude enough to express his dissatisfaction with his luck.

Well, having had a good score knocked up against us, we somehow or other went all to pieces. Roger, to my delight, was the only man to reach double figures, and he managed to get twenty before being bowled. I went in eighth wicket down (my average position), when we had absolutely no look in, and found Percy already in charge of affairs.

"Now for a sporting effort," he said, as I passed him on my way to the farther wicket.

Seeing there were about fifty runs to get, I looked on his remark as sheer rot. Percy, as I've said, is just about as good as me, and I've hardly ever been known to make twenty runs—not all at once, that is. In fact, I considered the match as good as over and the yellow piece (thanks to Roger) as good as mine. The last man in hardly counted.

You know how it is when you don't much care if you *do* get out. As often as not you stay in. At the end of two overs Percy and I were still at the wickets, and I, scoring at double his rate, had made two runs. It didn't end there; I only wish it had. We went on and on, having the most extraordinary luck, till the fatal moment arrived when I scored my nineteenth run, and Percy had the bowling.

If I say that by this time, in the excitement of the match, I'd forgotten all about the sweep, you won't believe me, I suppose. Nobody will. Percy

won't, though, as I tell him, I try hard to believe in him. Percy had the bowling, and the next ball went, as I supposed, for a bye. I called and ran down the pitch. Percy also ran, but looked round (he'd no business to) and saw first slip get to the ball.

"Go back!" he cried, as first slip prepared to throw at the nearest wicket. It was clear that one of us would be out, and in that swift moment I realized that the mistake was mine and that it was up to *me*, not Percy, to pay the penalty. I rushed past Percy just as the wicket was thrown down—so that I was the batsman who retired disconsolately to the pavilion. Now isn't that in accordance with the best spirit of the game, *Mr. Punch*?

And what is the upshot? They declare that I threw away my wicket in order to obtain first prize in the sweep; and at the same time cheated Percy out of it. For, of course, it would have fallen to him if I had beaten Roger's score. I have pointed out (1) that I had forgotten all about the sweep; (2) that if I *had* remembered I hope I should never let private interest come before public benefit; (3) that, anyway, my batting average being what it is (never mind what), the chances of my getting out increased horribly with every run I made, from nought upwards, and (4) that they pass over the fact that Percy showed suspicious self-denial in offering himself as a sacrifice, so to speak, for my mistake.

But there it is. Percy, I may say, made twenty-one (the last man keeping up his end), and then, when we were within five runs of victory, got bowled. "Anyway," I heard him say, "I didn't mean *him* to get first prize, even if it meant losing the second myself."

Well, what do you think of that? They are so full of *my* supposed infamy that they don't notice his. And so, *Mr. Punch*, they are on the point of compelling me to resign my membership of a club which I have served faithfully since the days when, as chairman of the luncheon committee, I effected the introduction of gooseberry tart into the weekly luncheon as a permanent stand-by.

Yours, etc.,

"MISUNDERSTOOD."

"The meeting agreed to the deletion from the report of the Gas Committee provision that had been made for a deputation to visit works at Lausanne.

Mr. Hipkins admitted that the committee had no idea that the place was outside England."

Wolverhampton Express and Star.

What do they know of Switzerland that only England know?

SOCIETY AT THE SEASIDE.

BRIGHTGATE is very full just now. Several well-known people from Tootwell and Camberham were out and about on the front yesterday enjoying the sunshine and sea breezes. Among those promenading, Mr. "Herb." Smith was prominent in a lounge suit of irreprouchable-cut and a straw hat with the colours of the Household Brigade, to which he is temporarily attached for vacation duties. With him were Miss Gertie Brown and Miss Mabel Fulleylove, both well known in the smart set of Stratling. Miss Brown was attired in an effective semi-hobble costume with accessories to match, and Miss Fulleylove was exquisitely trousered in brown Harris tweed. It is rumoured—with I know not what truth—that at the end of his leave Mr. Herbert Smith intends to retire from the 2nd Life Guards and to enter City life.

EASTCLIFF has seldom known such a gay season, so many of the smartest folk from Houndschapel and White-ditch having run down from town to take advantage of the health-giving properties of the mud for which South-cliff is famous, and which is now in full bearing. The many smart toilettes on the front give a kaleidoscopic effect, rivalling that of the automatic machines, which are again a feature of the place this year. The winkle stalls are as well patronised as ever by those gourmets who know a good whelk or winkle when they see one; in fact there has been such a run on these favoured comestibles that Mr. Alf. Pearlies, who is a regular visitor at this time of the year, and whom I met on the pier enjoying a very fragrant morning cigar, informed me that there is almost a pin famine in the place.

BLACKPORT.—The many attractions here have, as usual, drawn enormous crowds from the towns of the Rival Roses for a brief holiday blow by the briny. The shore is the fashionable morning parade, and in a casual stroll along the yellow sands one is sure to meet many well-known faces from Wigham, Oldburn, Haliford and Brad-fax. In the evenings the strains of the Pink Rochdalian Band have been drawing everyone to the beautiful dancing pavilion on the front.

SKEGTHORPE.—A large section of Society seems to have found its way to this resort of fashion, from the number of times that one hears the latest shibboleth. The phrase most in vogue with the smartest people just now, is "Bow-wow," and I heard it most appropriately used no fewer than 14 times during a short half-hour on the parade.

THE AGE OF SPECIALISATION.

THE BAFFY
GOLF COAT
 READY FOR SERVICE
 19/11
"Fore" Regd

THE "SANS SOUCI"
 THE SUIT FOR CROQUET

THE "TOPLOTT" (Registered)
 BOATING FLANNELS FOR THE RIVER

GO TO DUDDS
 THE SPORTING TAILORS

PETER THE GREAT tailor
 SHOOTING
 TWEEDS FROM 25/-

THE SMART SET
 ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS
 THE THING FOR THE ROAD

BILGEWATER'S HOP-ALE
 THE SUMMER BEVERAGE
 AS SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

THE WIMBLEDON
 TENNIS TROUSERS 5/6 SHRUNK

THE DUKSAC
 WATERPROOF FOR SPORTSMEN
 THOMAS MARDANK

WE GATHER FROM CERTAIN PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS THAT IT IS NOT NECESSARY FOR THE ARTIST TO HAVE THE LEAST KNOWLEDGE OF ANYTHING BUT THE ARTICLE ADVERTISED.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE INCOME-TAX AUTHORITIES.

THERE are only two ways of dealing with Income Tax authorities—the right way and the wrong way.

A.—THE WRONG WAY.

(1)

*Lilac Lodge, Beechgrove, Hants,
April 5th, 1911.*

To Mr. W. P. Smith,
Deputy-Assistant Surveyor of Taxes,
Inland Revenue,
(City 54th A District)
Room 92, Fifth Floor,
Budget Buildings,
13-16 Stamp Street,
London, E.C.

SIR,—I have this morning received the enclosed demand for Income Tax £30 Os. 9d., signed by you, and if it is not taking up too much of your, no doubt, valuable (!) time should very much like to know how such a sum is arrived at. I may say at once that I do not intend to pay it; but it would be interesting to know exactly how far the incompetence of public officials carries them in their extortionate and unjustifiable demands on the public.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(2)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 12th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—With reference to your letter of 11th inst., in which you state that I have apparently misunderstood instructions as to making a return, I beg to state that I am as capable of understanding plain English as you are, and I would add that in a matter of arithmetic I am *more* capable, as far as can be judged from your so-called explanation. My return of £699 19s. 11d., *by the law of the land*, entitles me to the relief for those whose incomes do not reach £700, and I *defy* you to deny it to me. The deductions I have made to bring it within that figure I say I have a right to make, and no Mr. W. P. Smith (!) in the world can deprive me of that right. It is true that I have deducted the rent I pay for my house from my return, as I also use it for an office, directing circulars, etc., for the various societies of which I am a well-known supporter. And inasmuch as the income I enjoy comes from investments made by my late father, in his capacity as leather trunk manufacturer, I have a perfect right to treat the whole of it as earned income. It was earned—by my father, a man known and respected in the City of London, which, if you take the trouble, you can find out.

In conclusion, I would recommend you to attend evening classes at one of the various institutions founded to assist those who suffer from a defective education. Plain addition and subtraction can be learnt even by the most ignorant, if they set their minds to it.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(3)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 18th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—*Certainly* I have made my returns in the way indicated in my letter of 12th inst. for the past several years, and *they have never been questioned*. Perhaps you will now kindly send me in a correct demand note, and I will forward cheque in accordance therewith. I cannot spend further valuable time in corresponding with those who are patently incompetent to do any business at all, let alone that of a public office.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(4)

Lilac Lodge, etc., April 24th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

(H.J.K. 596.)

SIR,—The impudence of your demand is positively staggering in its colossal ineptitude. Do you *really* think you are entitled—a mere “Jack-in-office”—to deal in that way with a member of the public, and a well-known and respected one, such as I humbly claim to be? I enclose cheque for £30 Os. 9d., which was your original demand. I have no patience to go on with the matter, and would sooner be *swindled* in this way than suffer the annoyance of further correspondence with one so absurdly unfitted for a position of trust as yourself. As for your cool demand for £372 3s. 2d., for arrears of tax, fines for making false returns, and what not, I warn you that you are not permitted, under your office, to insult the taxpayers by whom you are paid, and I doubt not *grossly over-paid*, for the work you are not capable of doing. If I suffer any more annoyance from you I shall put the matter into the hands of my solicitor, and you will be dealt with as you deserve.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

(5)

Lilac Lodge, etc., May 15th, 1911.

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

SIR,—I enclose cheque for £372 3s. 2d. as I am advised by my solicitor that under the present state of the law I cannot expect to win a case against the powerful and oppressive public body under whose shelter you pursue your wicked and nefarious career. If it had been otherwise I should have taken the

case to the House of Lords sooner than sit down under such barefaced and dishonest robbery. But you need not think that I have done with you. I have requested my wife's relative, Mr. F. E. Jones, M.P., to ask a question in the House of Commons relative to your fitness for the post you occupy, and it is my earnest hope that as the result of enquiry you will be dismissed from that office, as you deserve to be.

Yours truly, A. J. BROWN.

Correspondence ended. Mr. F. E. Jones, M.P., is not reported to have asked any question in the House of Commons, and Mr. W. P. Smith, still earns the emoluments of his office and the confidence of his superiors.

[In our next issue we propose to give B.—THE RIGHT WAY.]

A JEWELLED SELL.

PALE pearls
Are best for girls,
And queenly diamond stones
Their charming chaperons
Do most befit;
But this fierce ruby, heart's blood of
the East,
What does it want, I ask you, west
of Suez?
Down the dim centuries of fight and
feast
It's blazed (no doubt) on many a
Rajah-roué's
Kingly and costly kit;
Balefully still it blinks of hate and
harm,
An asp upon my Amy's rose-white arm!
What tales
Of long jezails,
And grim zenana-bars,
And cruel scimitars
Could it portray!
Torture, intrigue it knows, and cut-
and-thrust
Of companies, bow-string and
poisoned potion,
And elephants soft-padding through
the dust,
And years and years of killing and
commotion.
What, Amy, did you say?
“Talk about something that I under-
stand?” Why, quite.
A Capetown garnet, is it? Oh, all
right!

The Trick Reader.

“‘Ere y'are, eapting!’ he cried hoarsely.
‘All about the bank fylure!’
Creed, with an oath, bade the boy be off; and
then, with a sudden change of mind, snatched
the paper into a ball, he hurled it, with a savage
movement, under the seat.
A glance at the columns on the front page
elicited a snarling curse from him.”
“Answers” serial.



Chag Peary

Longshoreman (to Yachtsman who, having run his yacht upon a spit of sand in order to scrub her bottom, is waiting whilst the tide rises sufficiently for him to proceed). "THIS SPIT'S A VERY DANGEROUS BIT, MISTER; MANY A SHIP'S GONE DOWN THERE. WE'LL TOW YER OFF FOR A QUID?"

Yachtsman. "I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE SHILLINGS TO SAVE TIME."

Longshoreman. "NO, THANKS, MISTER; WE'LL GET MORE THAN THAT FOR YER BODY."

POSE-CULTURE.

PROFESSOR SANDHILL begs to inform the readers of *Punch* that his salon for pose-culture is now open at 947A, New Bond Street.

In these days of illustrated papers and vest-pocket cameras, pose-culture is necessary to the peace of mind and good reputation of not only Society people, but litigants, criminals, professional boxers, actresses, heroes in humble life, politicians, and all who attain notoriety by romantic and unusual means.

The picture of the Duchess of X. climbing on to her drag at Lord's, which went the rounds a short time ago, showed at a glance the imperative need for pose-culture. Good people cannot learn too soon that, after all, it matters less what you are than how you look.

One of the most deplorable results of the photographic illustrations of our daily Press is the injury done to the favourite pastimes of Society. Already the impromptu gymkhana has become a daring enterprise in the most secluded of country houses, while those charming little chimney-pot parties that have been so popular this season are threatened with extinction because of the

grotesque pictorial results that have attended them.

Professor Sandhill's teaching is this: "So pose from moment to moment that you need not fear the sudden camera"—an injunction which is already displacing, among the best people, that somewhat archaic moral obligation: "So act from moment to moment that you need not fear sudden death." As the Professor wisely remarks, there are things more sudden than death. By his beneficent method you are raised in a brief fortnight to that pinnacle of sturdy indifference from which may be uttered the proud defiance: "They print? What print they? Let them print!"

Professor Sandhill's staff includes some of the most cruel operators and cameras that were ever engaged in the service of the London Press. Within five minutes of your entrance into his salon you will be shown a picture of yourself paying the taxi-driver that will make you ask to begin his fifty-guinea course of pose-culture at once. But after the course you will be able to defy the whole staff and equipment at their worst, emerging graceful and picturesque from their most malevolent endeavours. Whatever you may do after the Professor's

tuition, whether it be participating in a tug-of-war or attending your own marriage ceremony, it will be impossible for you to do it in a manner unfit to print in any paper in the land.

Behaving yourself is one thing; behaving yourself for permanent pictorial record is quite another thing. You owe it to yourself and to your offspring, however tender their years, that no pressman's camera shall produce a picture of you or yours that can bring a flush of pleasure to the face of your worst enemy.

In view of the approach of the Twelfth, Professor Sandhill invites immediate enquiries. No case is hopeless.

Reuter states that Herr SILVESTER, President of the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, has proposed that "Austria-Hungary, Italy and France should unite in breaking the power of Great Britain, who was constantly interfering in matters all over the world. He was convinced that this new theory would not be welcome in Great Britain."

On the contrary, *Mr. Punch*, at any rate, always extends a hearty welcome to the best examples of Continental humour.



Cuddie. "I GOT THAT BALL WE LOST THIS MORNING, SIR—GOT IT FROM A SMALL BOY."
Golfer. "GOOD. LET'S SEE—ER—WHAT DID YOU GIVE HIM FOR IT?"
Cuddie. "A FLIP UNDER THE LUG, SIR."

HEAT WAVE INTERVIEWS.

WE are, thanks to the courtesy of the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*, in a position to place before our readers some interesting extracts from an interview with LORD KITCHENER which will appear in the next number of that veracious publication. The interview, it appears, took place in the Paddington Swimming Baths on July 22nd, the hottest day of the year, where the Editor happened to occupy a box next to that of LORD KITCHENER.

"Other soldiers," began LORD KITCHENER, "have based their claim to remembrance on carnage. I wish my name to be associated with gentleness, urbanity and suavity. Hence my first action on landing in Egypt will be to disband the Egyptian army, to dismiss all British officials, and in a word to govern Egypt by the people for the people. Some persons for some unaccountable reason have chosen to identify me with a policy of blood and iron. They will, I hope, soon learn to recognise their blunder and see that my great aim is to inaugurate a régime of milk and golden syrup. . . . You ask what I propose to do with the

Canal? In the first place I propose to entrust its control entirely and absolutely to the Nationalist Egyptians, to whom of course the shares purchased by LORD BEACONSFIELD will be surrendered. The name Tel-el-Kebir is to be removed from the map, and any Englishman mentioning it in public will be fined £5 the first and £50 the second time. The English tongue and the British flag will both disappear from Egypt. The Copts will be decapitated. There will be a municipal circus at which the Mameluke's Leap will be repeated twice daily. I have already got the consent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the necessary expenditure of horseflesh. Then there is the question of costume, to which I attach the greatest possible importance. With the assistance of Dr. BUDGE and other eminent Egyptologists I have designed a uniform for myself which is simply pyramidal in its antique grandeur. It involves a beard à la RAMESES II., which CLARKSON has executed, and it may be rather trying in this hot weather, but still the sacrifice is worth making; and, *entre nous*, I can tell you that it suits me very well. Next we come to finance, which, as

you know, has always been my strong point. I have discovered that the *sudd* in the Nile, if subjected to strong compression, makes an excellent substitute for soap, and I propose to establish Government factories at suitable spots, the profits from which will be devoted to supplying the fellahen with the amenities of life. One fellah, one camel, shall be my minimum. Another scheme of mine is to restore Cleopatra's Needle to Egypt and erect it on the summit of the Great Pyramid.

Lastly, there is the question of nomenclature. Learning that my Christian name, Horatio, from its association with the hero of the Battle of the Nile, might awaken painful memories in the hearts of the Young Egyptians, I have decided to take in its place that of "Shashank Amenhotep."

All these and many other remarkable details were conveyed by LORD KITCHENER in an interview lasting exactly two minutes. It was subsequently dictated by the editor to an astral typist, and despatched by wireless telegraphy to Lhasa to be verified by the Teshu Lama. In the circumstances the absolute authenticity of the interview can be unhesitatingly guaranteed.



Bernard Partridge

“A SORT OF” WELLINGTON.

LORD HALSBURY (*bursting with military tags*). “UP, LORDS, AND AT ‘EM.”
SCEPTICAL PEER. “AT WHOM?”

LORD HALSBURY. “WELL, I WANT TO DAMAGE THE GOVERNMENT FOR CHOICE; BUT ANYHOW DAMAGE SOMEBODY.”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.

—MARK LOCKWOOD, Colonel, Chairman of Kitchen Committee, Ruler of our Roast, neatly enclosed POINTER in paper bag and placed him on the grill. This of course in a Parliamentary sense. What actually happened was that Labour Member for Attercliffe Division of Sheffield is in habit of keeping himself in the mind of his constituents by writing a weekly letter published in local paper. Discoursing on outbreak in Commons last week he indicted the SPEAKER on gravest charge that could be levied against occupant of the Chair. After describing the scene he wrote: "Where was the Speaker? Ho was there all right, but to his shame be it said he utterly failed to curb the wild spirits of the neurotic Tories responsible for the uproar. To fail, of course, does not necessarily mean disgrace; but in this case it does, because his failure was the outcome of a violent party leaning. . . . It was a pitiable fall. . . . I am sorry to have to say this of the genial Speaker, but truth and fairness demand I should say so."

The MEMBER FOR SARK thinks this outbreak of petulant unreason, in its way equally deplorable with the rowdyism it rebuked, might just as well, even better, have been left in the obscurity whence it was dragged. Mr. LOWTHER is one of the few left of the ancient, honourable political body who, scornng modern modifications, proudly wrote themselves down Tories. Nevertheless Members who have sat through the three Parliaments over which he has presided will testify to the fact that, following sacred tradition, he has, when in the Chair, ever shown himself absolutely free from political feeling. In the trying circumstances of last Monday he behaved with accustomed keenness of insight and coolness of judgment.

It is quite true that, in stable phrase, he gave the Hughligans their heads. Had he "named" Cousin HUGH for disorderly conduct there would have followed the process of a resolution of temporary expulsion moved from Treasury Bench, a division, the withdrawal of the captain and the coming

to the front of his merry men. We should have had over again the tragedy-comedy of suspension of twenty-five Irish Members which enlivened the Session of 1882. Passion would have risen to white-heat, whose scorching effect would have been felt through rest of the week. SPEAKER contented himself with giving Cousin HUGH what the Curate in *The Private Secretary* described as "a good hard knock," and when it became evident that the Hughligans were out for the night he invoked

libel on Mr. Speaker and a gross breach of the privileges of the House." Complaining that he had received only five minutes' notice of the Colonel's intended attack, he added, "I have not had much time to think what my action would be in the event of such a motion being brought forward." After a few more preliminary remarks he unblushingly produced from breast pocket foolscap sheet of paper and read carefully prepared statement embodying circumscribed apology not quite free from tone of condescension towards "the genial Speaker." That Right Honourable Gentleman graciously accepting it, the Colonel limbered up his gun and withdrew from the field.

Business done.—Sultry night in discussion of Insurance Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Great day for the LORD CHANCELLOR. In other House NEIL PRIMROSE and representatives of affronted Liberal constituencies may be thirsting for his blood. In this gilded chamber of feudal associations over which he appropriately presides he is increasingly honoured. Since JOHN MORLEY was privileged to sign himself "Morley of B." (observe the ineradicable Radicalism underlying the curtailment of full title in habitual signature) he was never so much struck with the topsyturviness of the world as when to-day his duty as leader of House of Lords imposed on him the task of introducing his old friend "BOB" REID of House of Commons days as a belted earl.

For the LORD CHANCELLOR occasion more gratifying by reason of early misunderstanding. When announcement of his advance in Peerage was gazetted, Radical M.P.'s jumped at conclusion that it was a prelude to his retirement, a gentle letting-down of an embarrassing colleague by an alarmed PRIME MINISTER. Nothing of the kind. The earldom was the well-earned recognition of exceptional merit developed in quite unexpected direction.

Ceremonial impressive. When Lord MORLEY incidentally mentioned that the LORD CHANCELLOR had had an Earldom conferred upon him, that eminent personage was seated as usual on the Woolsack, apparently awaiting the stroke of half-hour that signals approach to commencement of public business. At sound of MORLEY's voice



HOW WE TREAT OUR LEADERS!

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. "Our absolute faith in our Great Leader, our passionate personal devotion to him, are unshaken and unshakable; but I'll be hanged if we'll let him lead us where we don't want to go; and, if he *must* be replaced, well!—I need say no more!"

the Standing Order which promptly and effectually stemmed the riot and cleared the hall.

Perhaps, as SARK says, MARK LOCKWOOD might have left things as they stood. But the Colonel is a man of war. To this day recalcitrant babes in German nurseries are terrified into quietude by being told how, at a period of scare, he nightly patrolled Epping Forest, unattended, in search of foreign spies suspected of making for military purposes surveys and sketches of this approach to London.

Quaintest incident in interlude was POINTER's method of meeting the Resolution, which declared his letter to be "a



"THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT."

Captain MORRISON-BELL and Sir HENRY KIMBER take their little show round the villages with enormous success.

he started from reverie and, hurriedly rising, quitted the House.

"Seems to have got the needle," whispered stranger in Gallery to fellow-citizen. "Not huffed, is he?"

On the contrary. In a few minutes returned, having with alacrity not excelled by GERMAN EMPEROR effected quick change into Earl's robes.

New Peers, or others advanced a stage in rank, after signing Roll of Parliament, make obeisance to occupant of Woolsack. Woolsack at moment unoccupied. LORD CHANCELLOR could not bow to himself. Accordingly did reverence to the Throne, specially uncovered for the occasion. Kneeling for a moment on stool at its foot, "his eyes the home of silent prayer," he returned to Woolsack, and business went on as if nothing had happened.

Business done.—Appellate Jurisdiction Bill read a second time.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Captain MORRISON-BELL, late of the Scots Guards, his helmet now a hive for bees, has turned his attention to a problem, settlement of which has long baffled the skill of man. It is what

HENRY KIMBER, earlier leader of the Reform crusade, calls "the misrepresentation of the people" consequent on the unscientific distribution of parliamentary votes.

By way of bring'ng out the anomaly in most striking form the gallant Captain has constructed a model which, by the varied height of upright pencil sticks, shows at a glance the relative proportion of voters in various constituencies. Looks at first sight like a game wherein you are expected, standing at appointed distance, to drop a ring on a particular stick. Nothing so frivolous. It is a serious object-lesson in the almost incredible eccentricities of distribution of voting power.

Here Romford "lifts its tall head and like a bully" boasts its electorate numbering 55,951, while not far off are Winchester with 3,319 voters, Salisbury with 3,412, and on the other side of the Irish Channel Kilkenny with (excluding the cats) 1,690 electors empowered to return equally with Romford one Member to the House of Commons.

To sum up, of our 670 M.P.s one-half represent 5,414,357 electors, the

other half 2,489,418. The average of one-half is 16,162 electors per Member, of the other 7,431. To put it in another way, of the total electorate of 7,904,465, one-half send 458 Members to Parliament, the other 212. And yet, in eyes of the SPEAKER in the Chair and the Clerks in the Division Lobby, one Member is as good as another.

The story is an old one. MORRISON-BELL's ingenious illustration of its bearings should do something to hasten reform. If he would only hire a waggon and go about the country exhibiting his plan, accompanied by HENRY KIMBER with a piano or a pair of cymbals, he would do the State conspicuous service.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

THE SAFETY-VALVE.

WHEN I am feeling full of devil,
I do not step outside and revel.

When I am seized by wild caprice,
I do not badger the poliee.

I do not go upon the burst,
For mine is an expensive thirst.

What wild and boisterous thoughts
I think,

I try to celebrate in ink,

Supposing that I might do worse
Than turn them into hireling verse.

You say that my idea of fun
Is rather a commercial one?

That may be so, but anyhow
It's just what I am doing now.

However, when one gets as far
As you and I at present are,

One finds that life is hardly quite
As irresponsible and bright

As one supposed, for all the time
One has to worry with the rhyme.

One's spirits settle; one is fed;
One even thinks of going to bed.

And, if it's all the same to you,
That's just what I am going to do.

An Intrepid Airwoman.

"Miss Alexa Jameson wore lilac net striped dress, and purple hat with roses, mounted on grey meteor."—*Scots Pictorial*.

"The fifth race was for cruisers below thirty and not exceeding one hundred and ten tons."
Liverpool Echo.

The second stipulation seems unnecessarily severe.

"Kiess's comet has been steadily brightening since the notice in *The Times* of July 19."
Times.

This sounds quite like *The Daily Mail*.



Farmer (fifteen miles from anywhere). "WELL, DID YE GET THAT TIME-TABLE FROM MR. BUSH?"

Carter. "NOA, OI DIDN'T. THICK THEER FELLER WOR TRVIN' A ROISE OUT O' OI—WANTED TO GIE OI A BOFK, 'E DID, 'STEAD O' A TABLE."

SPINNING OUT THE ICE.

I WANT to know, if any of *Mr. Punch's* readers can help me. We have already learnt the valuable lesson of preserving foodstuffs by the use of ice. But how keep the ice? It is a question of preserving the preserver, so to speak. I hate waste, and I don't like to have a thing about the house that keeps disappearing while you are not using it.

We live in the country, and at first we tried getting it by post. That really was a rotten plan. It was not only that it never arrived, but we had all sorts of trouble about the other parcels that came in contact with it, and our postman got sciatica. Now we get it from the fishmonger in the village; but he only lets us have a limited supply and he insists on delivering it early in the day. It wants a good deal of washing too—there are always a few scales and things on the outside—and that still further reduces it.

Now I come to the point. It is magnificent at lunch, but we cannot keep it till dinner-time. The trouble is that the cooling drinks we have at

lunch simply whet our appetite for it and we both feel that dinner is a mere farce without it.

I was convinced that I had read somewhere that it ought to be hung in a bag, a flannel bag. Things like flannel, that sound hot and trowsy, are nearly always the coolest, I find, according to the scientific papers. So we hung the first lot up in the shade behind the coal-house and went away and tried not to think about it. But when I came back in the evening I found nothing but a limp flannel rag with a puddle below it. The sun must have shifted round, I suppose. Somehow I hadn't thought of that.

My wife took it over the second day. She is very ingenious, but, as I tell her, she has not a really logical mind. What she did was to pack it all round the thermometer in the garden. Well, it brought the temperature down from over eighty to under forty, and "There you are!" she said. But that didn't stop it from melting. She seemed to have an erroneous notion that the thermometer would react on the ice, which of course it didn't.

The next day, without a word to any-

one, I sought out the coldest room in the house, which happened to be the nursery bathroom, pulled down the blind, shut the shutters, and stowed the ice in the bath. I still think that might have worked, if Nurse hadn't turned on the hot tap, for some ridiculous purpose of her own. I spoke very severely to Nurse, and I am sorry to say she denied that there was any ice there. She said she had found nothing in the bath but a little floating sawdust.

Then I dug a hole. Allowing for the state of the weather I consider that it was a pretty deep hole. Mother Earth, I told myself, is little affected by changes of temperature. There I put the ice, spread out on the bottom with a cloth over it. I blame the dog for having spoiled this experiment. He has a shaggy coat and has been suffering a good deal from heat prostration, and he spent a very happy afternoon in the hole.

We have got round the difficulty in a way, but I hope that some of your readers can tell me a better method. As it is we are just contriving to catch up the last retreating fragments by dining two hours before the usual time.

INKSLINGING PEERS.

GREAT MEETING OF PROTEST.

IN consequence of the correspondence columns of *The Times* having been given over to members of the House of Lords, in which to make their positions clear, a number of what might be called the serial letter-writers of the paper have been crowded out, and, smarting under this slight, they convened a meeting of protest, under the chairmanship of Sir HENRY HOWORTH. Among those present were Sir HARRY POLAND, K.C., Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON, "Senex," "Justitia," "Historicus," Mr. G. B. SHAW and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH, who was received with frenzied apathy, said that he had great respect for peers, and always should have, provided they were not of too recent manufacture. At the same time he could not view with composure this poaching on his preserves which had just set in so acutely. He was accustomed to occupy every year as nearly as possible eighty-four columns of *The Times*—not, he regretted to say, the largest type, but of a good readable size none the less. But since most of the paper had been set aside for the ventilation of the opinions, protests and propaganda of the peers, he, although it is true he had done a little bit, had had largely to refrain, with the result that his figures for 1911 were in danger of falling from eighty-four columns to about fifty. ("Shame.") Was this fair to him? (Cries of "No.") Was this fair to the readers of *The Times*? (Silence.)

The next speaker was Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON, who said that he was a born letter-writer, his second name determining his literary career and his last name giving him an interest in waste spaces, such as the *Times* Correspondence Columns ("Oh! Oh!") There were few subjects, he added, on which he was not ready, at a moment's notice, to dash off an epistolary comment; but during the past few weeks he had had to contend with so much unlicensed competition, as he would term it—(Cheers)—that he had quite lost heart, and a number of topics on which he would naturally have had something pertinent to say had escaped scot free. (Cries of "Shame!") However, a time would come. (Shudders.)

At this point a sensational interruption was caused by the arrival of "Senex," who was wheeled up in a bath-chair. The venerable gentleman, whose age might be anything from eighty to a hundred, after being with some difficulty assisted to his feet by

a valet and a nurse, was understood to register his protest against the usurpation of the Correspondence Columns of *The Times* by aristocrats who ought to know better than put pen to paper; but he was so very imperfectly heard at the Press table that it is quite possible, as Sir HARRY POLAND suggested, that he was merely applying for his old age pension.

"Paterfamilias" begged to add his oratorical mite to the meeting. He had, he said, written during the past three weeks well-reasoned and necessary letters to *The Times* on the following topics: the lateness of the trains on one of the principal southern lines; the overcrowding of omnibuses; the price of sleeping berths on the P. L. M.; the inadequacy of the gum on the new stamps; and the importance of aviators carrying not only lamps but hooters; and not one had been inserted, wholly on account of the capture of the paper by the articulate nobility. Hitherto he had voted against Mr. ASQUITH and his detestable attack on the Constitution; but really he could not say what this new provocation might not lead him to do. (Applause and cries of "The next Prime Minister.")

The entry of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON was the signal for the whole concourse to rise to its feet and sing the "Dead March in *Saul*." Silence having been restored, the champion epistolarist explained that nothing but such violation of the sacred pages of *The Times* as was now in progress could have brought him from his retirement. (Cheers.) He thought he had long ago written his last public letter; but when peers of the realm, who had no call to enter the lists of correspondence at all, took to bombarding *The Times* with their dreary egotistical screeds—(loud applause)—he felt that he must once again fill his fountain-pen and show the world what a letter to the Press really was. (Cheers, and "For he's a jolly good fellow!")

Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK observed in plaintive tones that there was no more pernicious form of the *cacœthes scribendi* than that of which they were the victims. The mixture of blue blood and black ink was more venomous than any other fluid. Pens were always dangerous tools, but in the hands of peers they became positively murderous.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW observed that his first impulse had been to join in the protest, but on second thoughts he found himself in complete sympathy with the peers. For one thing nobody could tell nowadays whether he might not go to bed a commoner and wake up a peer of the realm. It was impossible not to side with an Order to which you

might belong at any moment. Besides, some of the peers, as always happened with people who come fresh to a thing, wrote extraordinarily well and in a most racy fashion, reminding him of himself before he was demoralised by the adulation of smart society women and half-baked socialist undergraduates. With Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE as Editor of *The Times* and Lord NEWTON as chief leader-writer, there might still be a chance for a threepenny daily.

Sir HARRY POLAND said that Mr. SHAW'S fulsome defence of the ink-slinging peers had filled him with disgust. For more years than he cared to remember the words, "I will write to *The Times*," had involved the unexpressed corollary, "and *The Times* will insert what I write." But now the phrase had lost its virtue. It no longer held good of the professional letter-writer; it applied only to the aristocratic amateur. Unless *The Times* reverted to its old usage, he was prepared in future to transfer all his communications to *The Daily Telegraph*. (Sensation.)

It was ultimately decided, on the motion of "Scrutator," seconded by "An Indignant Parent," that a deputation should wait on the Editor of *The Times* with the view of extracting from him guarantees against any unfair competition on the part of noble correspondents. The meeting then broke up singing a new song set to music by Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, of which the refrain is:

Silence befits but slaves in savage climes;
We ne'er shall cease from writing to
The Times.

The Allusive Touch.

"Not in the first day upon the moors is the method acquired of walking, like Agag, delicately and without fatigue among the heather!"—*Morning Post*.

"The management of the Dominion Stock Company will offer—week of July 24—George Bernard Shaw's 'Arms and the Man,' the dramatic version of the famous musical success 'The Chocolate Soldier.'"—*Ottawa Announcement*.

Time's revenge upon the maker of paradox.

"So dry was it, the flames spread for about twenty yards, but willing hands quickly stamped them out before much damage was done."

Western Morning News.

We clap our feet over this deed of heroism.

"Required, Home as Paying Guest for a Young Lady with a family of good social position," &c.—*Morning Post*.

It doesn't say what she has done to offend her family, but it looks as if she had drifted a bit outside their pale.



Ethel. "HULLO! I THOUGHT YOU COULD RIDE!"

Jack. "SO I CAN! YOU DON'T COUNT DONKEYS, DO YOU!"

IN THE PILLORY.

THE Duke of Belvedere sat in his library. No, he was not ordering the eviction of a highly respectable tenant who had been on the estate fifty-nine years because he had ridden in a Liberal car to the polling-booth. You see he was not a *Daily News* duke. Nor, on the other hand, was he putting on the armour of his ancestors (the first Belvedere was a haberdasher and therefore wore an habergeon) to ride forth and strike one last brave blow for England, Empire, Glory and F. E. SMITH. Now you see that he was not an *Observer* duke.

He was sitting reading a newspaper. We could name the newspaper, only these editors get so confoundedly arrogant. He was not bothering about the Crisis. He was looking at the weather forecast and wondering when there would be a good downfall to improve his trout-stream.

The butler entered with a telegram. (To avoid misapprehension one must state that the butler was not an ancient family retainer. He had been in the Duke's service precisely three months and was under notice to leave for drunkenness.)

"Another of 'em?" said the Duke, without troubling to open it. "If it's reply paid, Smithers, wire 'No' to whatever they ask. These fellows seem

to think that I've nothing to do but answer their beastly wires."

"Yes, your Grace," replied Smithers. "And if any more of 'em come answer what you like, but don't worry me with the beastly things."

Now the telegram in question was from Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, and ran: "Will you pledge yourself not to go into Government Lobby on Veto Bill?"—and the Duke, who had not the least intention of going near London during the hot weather, had replied "No."

Two days later the Duke came down cheerfully to breakfast. All was well in the world. There had been rain in the night and the Duchess had cabled that she was going to stay at Minneapolis for another month.

Smithers awaited him with anxious face. He had folded the newspaper so that the Duke could see the cricket scores at the first glance. (In some respects the Duke was just an ordinary human being.)

"If you will excuse me, your Grace," began Smithers, "there's some very bad news in the paper. Pardon me if I break it to your Grace."

"If those infernal poachers have been poisoning my trout stream," began the Duke.

"Pardon me, your Grace, there is this paragraph."

The Duke took up the paper and

read: "On receipt of the news that the Duke of Belvedere would not pledge himself not to vote with the Government a special meeting of the Chow Bent Constitutional Club was held. On the motion of Councillor Tonks it was resolved that the name of the Duke, surrounded by a deep black border, should be hung up on both the bar and the billiard-room."

The butler waited eagerly. He read *The Observer* regularly and wondered whether the Duke would fall in an apoplectic fit or strive to cut his throat with a table-knife.

The Duke cracked his first egg—for the benefit of lady readers one must state that the Duke always has two, lightly boiled. "Smithers," he said, "where the dooce is Chow Bent?"

That night Smithers, weary of serving a shameless aristocrat, left his post, taking all portable plate with him.

"It is said to be pretty certain that the great violinist will visit South Africa this year, probably about September."

South African Weekly Standard.

An interesting paragraph, but it is a pity to head it "PADEREWSKI COMING."

Suggested Title for the Puppet Peers (if any):—Lords of Creation. If there are Suffragettes among the Puppet Peeresses we are sorry for them.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is a little difficult to know what to write about ROBERT HUGH BENSON's latest production, *The Dawn of All* (HUTCHINSON), because for one thing it is not a book that can be classed in any exact category. In his preface FATHER BENSON himself says that his purpose in writing it was to provide a kind of antidote to "the exceedingly depressing and discouraging effect" of his former work, *Lord of the World*; and, as that showed the future development of what is called modern thought, so the present book treats of an exactly opposite condition, and of a world in which revealed religion and the authority of Rome have become the dominant factors in human and international life. No one now will need to be told with what skill the author does this. There is some quality about all FATHER BENSON's writing which (for want of a better word) I must call compulsion. With his matter one may be in the most violent disagreement, and irritated, even a little alarmed, at his conclusions, but it is certain that one cannot help listening to whatever he chooses to say. These columns are obviously not the place in which either to attack or defend a book which is partly a polemical treatise and partly a kind of religious fantasy. I will content myself with the promise that everyone, of whatever conviction, will find it intensely interesting. The central figure, *Masterman*, who eventually becomes Cardinal Archbishop of England, is well drawn; and the concluding scene, in which King and Cardinal, in their state aerial barges, go forth to welcome the airship in which the Pope, attended by the sovereigns of Europe, is making his triumphal world-progress, is, at the least, a fine piece of spectacular imagination.

"Dear me!" I can imagine KATHARINE TYNAN saying at about the two-hundredth page of a novel she is writing, "nobody has been rescued so far from death by fire or drowning or has tumbled over a precipice or even encountered a mad bull. And this is Ireland, aroon! But never mind, the second nice man has got to fall in love with the minor heroine anyhow, and get shifted from the principal one; this is just the opportunity." So she puts the young lady at the bottom of a very tall cliff with the tide coming in, and the second nice man strolls along the top, and there you are. And yet if ever there was a plot that could have afforded to dispense with these mechanical contrivances of romance it is that of *St. Cecilia* (SMITH, ELDER). *Cecily Shannon*, cousin of *Lord Dromore*, has married beneath her because her first fiancé, *Sir Paul Chadwick*, is supposed to have been killed and eaten (I think we might have dispensed with the dinner part) by savages. In her mental distress she has imagined the young country doctor who attends her to be the departed one.

Years afterwards *Sir Paul Chadwick* turns up again unimpaired by South Pacific appetites, and indeed in a fine state of preservation, and falls in love with *Cecilia*, *Cecily's* daughter. There is a situation that would have provided mazes of psychological incident for some of our American novelists, but KATHARINE TYNAN calmly unravels the difficulty by making *Sir Paul* transfer his affections to somebody else, helped by a ridiculously artificial series of mistakes and the overworked tide of the Atlantic. There are some pleasant people in *St. Cecilia*, as there are always in this writer's books; but I think they travel too much in Irish jolting cars to get their emotions properly settled down.

I question which of the three of us, Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, who wrote *The Devil in Solution* (GREENING), Mr. GEORGE MORROW, who illustrated it, or I, who read it, enjoyed himself with the greatest abandonment. It is without doubt the most absurd book I have ever read. The mere idea of alleging the cocoa-drinking habit as the last and most vicious form of self-stimulation, and not only so,

but further hanging the whole of a complicated plot upon that alone, is clearly inexcusable. To set up the victim of the vice, *Lord Mark Mucklethrew*, the aristocratic politico-athlete, who was better at everything than everybody and offensively aware of it, as a hero deserving of sympathy and applause, is preposterous; and that my attention and interest should have been seriously invited to the insincere narrative of this person's frankly inconceivable career I regard as a piece of barefaced impudence on the part of the author and his equally guilty colla-



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

II.—A BRITISH MUSEUM OFFICIAL RETURNING TO ENGLAND WITH A DEAD BARGAIN.

borator. Possibly they may attempt to justify their outrageous antics on the grounds of satire; certainly I fancied I caught a suggestion now and then that they were getting at somebody; but whether the objective was the Government, the Smart Set, or merely myself, I cannot tell, because I did not stop to think. Satire or no satire, the whole thing stands outside the pale of dignified criticism, and I have nothing more to say for it. But, heavens! how I laughed from start to finish!

"It is not that she rebels against 'Papa,' and 'Mamman.' The essentials of French character remain the same as they always were, and one of these essentials is a passionate family affection."—*Daily Chronicle*. Still, highly as we also value family affection, we differ from the young lady referred to, in that we do rebel against "Mamman" with three m's (especially when it comes three times in a column).

"WILLIAMS.—On the 24th July, at Longford, Horley, Surrey, to Leonard and Muriel Williams—a baby brother for Maxwell."—*Times*.

It is to be hoped that this kind of announcement will not become general. But if it does there will have to be variations. We suggest as a start, "Maxwell's nose out of joint."

CHARIVARIA.

WE have not had to wait long for the appearance of an apologist for the House of Commons. Dr. THEODORE LESSING, one of the most distinguished scientists of Germany, declares that man's desire to make noises "is inborn, can never be eradicated, and is as natural in him as breathing."

To the surprise of many persons Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S resolution as to the payment of salaries to Members contained no provision that such payment was to be conditional on good behaviour.

It was at the top of the heat wave. A fire-engine dashed by. "Good gracious me!" cried an old gentleman, mopping his brow. "Whatever do people want a fire for on a day like this?"

"Otain't the word!" remarked a Cockney, little guessing that he was speaking the truth.

The Daily Telegraph informs us that at Kingston-on-Thames many persons have been "bitten by wasps." It is difficult to say which is the more unpleasant, to be bitten by a wasp or to be stung by a dog.

According to a Paris newspaper the KAISER is at present busily engaged on the composition of an opera. This may account for the Morocco negotiations having dragged on for so long. One has not time for everything.

The Cologne Gazette suggests that under German enterprise Agadir might become a second Riviera. If Agadir be at all like other Moroccan towns, we should say that a great deal of water of Cologne would have to be used before the proposal becomes practical politics.

In Mr. HAMMERSTEIN'S new Opera House in Kingsway telephones are to be fixed in all the boxes. "Friends in different parts of the house," we are told, "will therefore be able to discuss the opera or any other matter of interest without moving from their seats." This will be an immense improvement on the old-fashioned way of exchanging remarks across the theatre.

It is just as well that it should be known that the rich have their worries no less than the poor. The New York World tells us that Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN'S chest is not large enough to enable him to wear all the orders and decorations showered on him by the monarchs of Europe.

"It is not necessary," The Daily News points out to us, "to insist on the evident fact that the British Fleet is a factor in the maintenance of peace—especially of the 'Pa Britannica.'" There is surely a mistake here. Either it ought to be "Ma Britannica" or "Pa Britannicus."

JOSEPH LENENZI, an Italian, has been sentenced, The Express tells us, to six months' imprisonment in New York for setting fire to a man's beard.

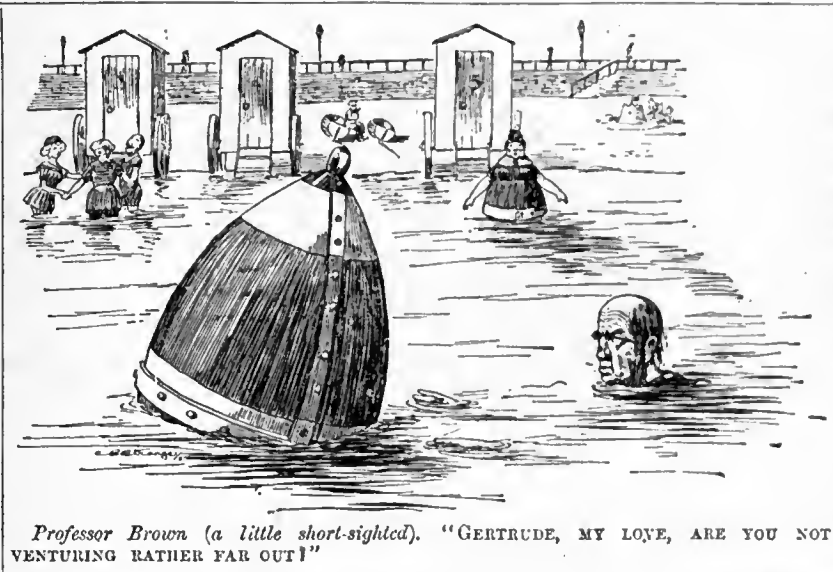
The mention in the newspapers the other day of the case of the German who had lost three elephants, reminds us that we have a friend who is constantly losing trains.

Are we decadent? The nation which ceases to take an interest in its great men is said to be this. We note with regret that Papworth Hall, which was formerly the residence of Mr. E. T. HOOLEY, was offered for sale last week, but failed to find a purchaser.

Sir HARRY POLAND, K.C., in an article on Swimming, published in The Marine Magazine, which chronicles the doings of the Warspite boys, emphasises the importance of being able to swim without depending on the use of the hands, giving the historic instance of CÆSAR saving his

Commentaries when he was obliged to swim from his ship in the Bay of Alexandria. We are afraid, however, that most boys who have struggled with the Commentaries will look on the accomplishment as a most unfortunate one.

Herr VON JAGOW, the Berlin Police President, has issued an order that policemen who permit armed burglars to use their revolvers first will be punished. By the armed burglars probably.



Professor Brown (a little short-sighted). "GERTRUDE, MY LOVE, ARE YOU NOT VENTURING RATHER FAR OUT!"

at a funeral. Quite right too. Even Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON, we understand, thinks it should not have been done at a funeral.

A new fruit in the shape of a berry which is neither a gooseberry nor a black currant has appeared at Dunstable, near Luton. It is said to have a pleasant flavour. The individual who was the first to eat one of these berries to ascertain whether it was poisonous or not is apparently a nameless hero. Probably it was tried on a small boy of little value.

Rules for airmen, shortly to be issued in France, will provide, among other things, that a foreign aviator landing in France must immediately report himself to the nearest mayor. Some of our airmen are so expert that they will no doubt drop straight through his worship's skylight.

"The Italian Comedy Company gave a very good representation of the play at the Empire last night, and were rewarded by a fine horse, whose interest was attracted as much by the personality of the company as by the cause for which the play was produced."—The Statesman.

A motor car couldn't be appreciative like that.

"In his report to the Stepney Borough Council Dr. Thomas, the medical officer of health, states that rents have been so reduced that families which in 1901 could not afford to rent two rooms are now able to rent three or more at the same price."—The Times.

"I arranged with Mr. Claude Grahame White to carry a sack of mails weighing over 100 cwt. from Blackpool to Southport nearly a year ago. At that date the 'matter did not interest' the Post Office."—Letter from Mr. G. Holt Thomas to "The Daily Graphic" apropos of the aerial post.

The Post-Office was strangely apathetic. Anyone ought to be interested in an aeroplane that could carry a sack of letters weighing five tons.

"VENUS."

I PROPOSE in this article to say a few words in favour both of cats in general and of a particular cat whose friendship I have recently gained. I think it right to say this at the very outset in order that those who nourish an ineradicable prejudice against cats may have due warning. Such people actually exist. Have we not all heard of a gallant field-marshal whose mind and limbs, indomitable in the face of human enemies, surprise him by giving way if a cat should happen to be in the same room with him? I have myself known a man not otherwise cowardly who feared and detested cats to the point of fanaticism. They revenged themselves upon him by pursuing him with a perfect passion of misplaced affection. In vain did he shut and bolt his bedroom door after a careful investigation had assured him that no cats had gained admittance. They grew by some magic in the watches of the night, and towards 2 A.M. a number of them would issue, purring and triumphant and sportive, from beneath the bed. Over the futile cat-hunt that ensued it is best to draw a veil.

This unreasoning and immutable affection for men, women and children is, indeed, the strongest characteristic of cats. Where a dog would retire, disconcerted or angry, from a man's blows or a child's uncouth caresses, a cat will, after perhaps a momentary flurry, resume her imperishable adoration. And there is about all cats a dignity that persists even under the most depressing circumstances. Couched on a rickety chair, in some miserable apology for a room, a cat lends to the scene an air of long descent and aristocratic comfort. To look at a king is a privilege we may all share with a cat, but is there one of us who can do it with the cat's serene assurance of being the protecting power? Because cats are nearly always dignified and are usually serene, and because they thus rise above their surroundings, unthinking persons have set them down as being merely selfish lovers of comfort. I repudiate the charge with all the energy of which, in this sultry season, I am capable.

So much for cats in general. I do not pretend to have made anything like an exhaustive list of their superlative merits, but for the present it must suffice. Let me now describe the particular cat I have in mind. One morning, some weeks ago, as I was walking in the garden my attention was arrested by a series of pitiful mewings. For some time I failed to see the mewer, but at last, in answer to an encouraging call, there issued from a clump of bushes a tortoiseshell cat. So woe-begone a figure I never beheld. Her coat was patchy and untidy, she was wretchedly thin, her ears were as those of a bat, and her tail was so long, so attenuated, and was so stiffly held at an awkward angle that it seemed to have no proper connection with the poor body from which it projected. There was no disguising the painful fact: she was unquestionably void of all external charms. Indeed, she was, and is, an ugly cat.

When she saw me she stopped with one paw poised in the air. "I have had many disappointments," she seemed to be thinking, "and this is, perhaps, not the man I'm looking for, the beloved companion, the milk-provider. Let me not commit myself, for a kick is easy for him and painful to me." I called her again, and then she made up her mind. With a cry of "pr-r-roo," which is a cat's fullest expression of confidence and a desire for closer intimacy, she bounded at me and made intricate arches of friendship round and

round my legs, gazing up into my face with a look of rapt devotion in her emerald eyes. "I have sought you," she purred, "for a thousand years, and now at last I have found you, oh worshipful one. Is there any milk about the place for your slave to lap?" Need I say that the milk was provided in a bowl? It was drunk up to the last drop.

Whence this cat came—we have named her Venus—I have been unable to discover. Nobody in the village is willing to claim her or confess to having seen her before. One of the gardeners, indeed, thinks he saw her "among the beans" a day or two before. He alleges that she sprang violently out at him and gave him something which he describes as "quite a turn"; but the testimony of gardeners is not always to be trusted. Nor do I know where she sleeps. On every morning since our first interview she has turned up, seemingly from nowhere, in the same sudden manner. She has had her rations, has performed her toilet, and has followed me about the garden like a dog. Then she has vanished to re-appear again in the afternoon. Her demonstrations of affection have been conducted on a *crescendo* principle. She is the embodiment of self-forgetting adoration. Had I not seen her defending herself against the inquisitive approach of a Pekinese spaniel I should have conceived her to be absolutely clawless. Sometimes she honours the library sofa with her presence, but when I leave the room she tries to follow me. If she fails in consequence of a misjudgment about the door she waits for my return and welcomes me with a transport of joy. But, wherever she may be, she vanishes at about 8 P.M. into some mysterious nocturnal home outside, and is seen no more until the following morning. She is now sleek and plump, and she may, therefore, have abandoned her intention to turn into a princess more beautiful than the day. Frankly, I like her better as a plain cat.

TO A KINGFISHER.

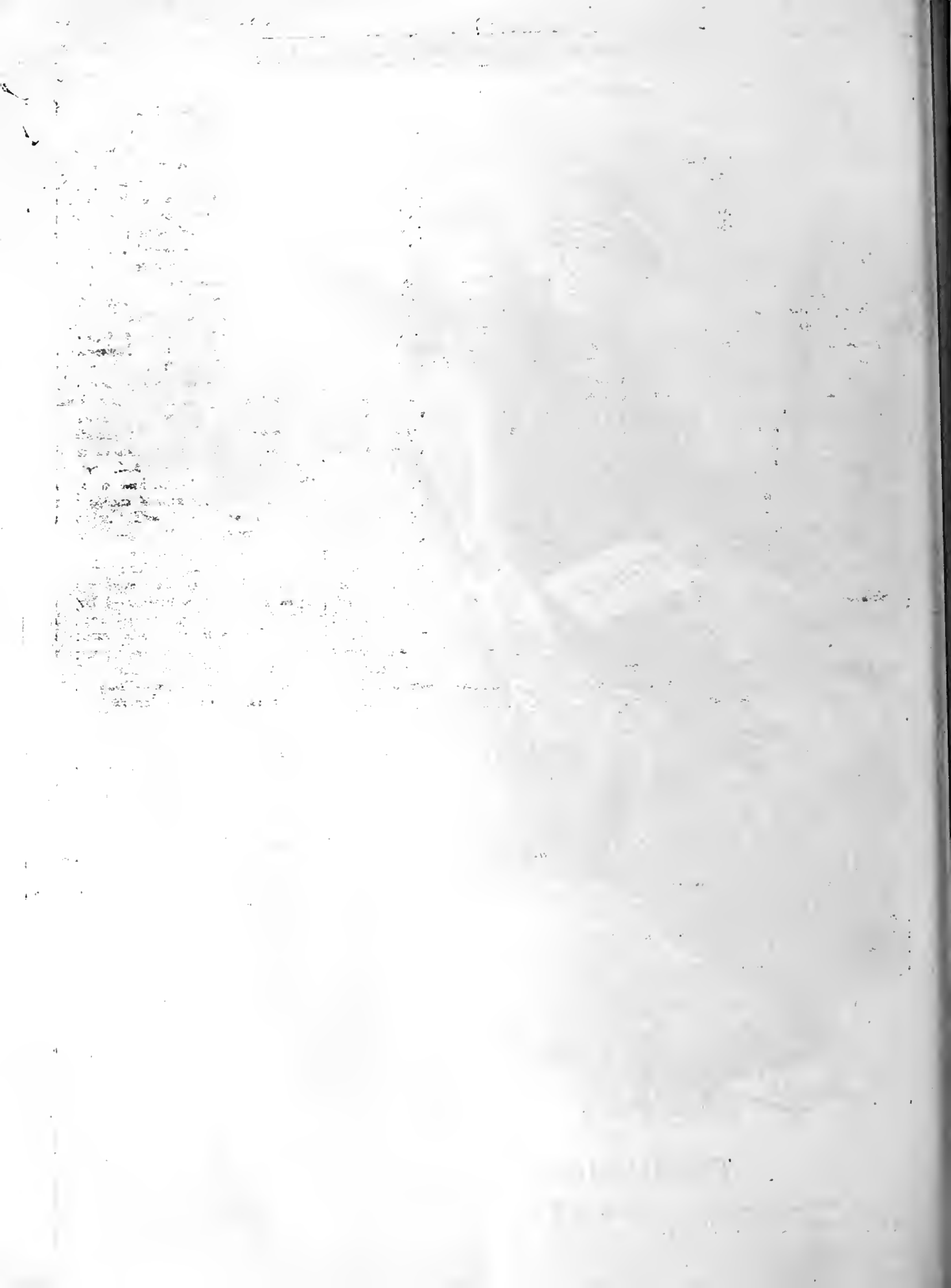
ST. PETER was a fisherman, a fisherman was he,
He killed his fish right handsomely in gentle Galilee,
As you and I would do, my friend, from Severn unto Dee!
He always acted sportsmanlike though Luck she scowled
or laughed,
He'd throw into a ten-knot breeze as though it blew abaft,
And you and I are proud to be of that his ancient craft!
It's not in any book I've read—but still it may have been
That you have perched beside his lines, so shiny-eyed and
keen,
A little apt disciple in a coat of blue and green!
And since he *was* a fisherman, the brightest bird that flies
He vowed to other fishermen who cast 'neath colder skies,
To light their riverbanks, that they his name might
recognise!
Oh, I was up last Saturday by Thames's amber brown,
While yet the oak and elm they wore the night's grave
misty gown,
And saw you like an emerald go flashing up and down!
And as it seemed for fishermen that life was passing good,
I lit a little candle at St. Peter's-in-the-Wood,
Or if I didn't actually, I think he understood!

The suggestion is made that the new postage-stamps might be made more acceptable if the taste of the gum were improved. Why not have half-a-dozen popular flavours—say, peppermint, aniseed, white rose, heliotrope, peardrop, and special toffee? With a really nice gum the stamps would be sure to catch on.



TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "I SAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT LABEL OFF; WE'VE GIVEN THE SHOW AWAY."



MICROBE STUDIES FOR MUSICIANS.

[With acknowledgments to the Analytical Concert-Programme.]

I.

"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

IN this "Pastorale of the Crèche," as Schmidt has poetically described the fragrant episode, the leading theme is at once vigorously attacked, a note being struck three times in quick succession. This note is no other than the basic generative germ-cell itself, and a fourth repetition of the note, by completing the thematic cadence, concludes the first statement of the full germinal theme which we have been eagerly expecting. It will be noticed as the theme develops that bacilli are conspicuous by their scarcity, and it is to this absence of organic cells that the beatific serenity of the cadence is attributable, and, what is much more important, it gives us the rare opportunity of using the word "Cancerizans" (although in a somewhat strained sense) to describe the backward retrocession of the rhythmic impulse to its source.

II.

"POP GOES THE WEASEL."

The main theme at once introduces us to the central germ motive (*motif*) or bacteriological core. The introduction being effected we have leisure to observe that the well-established rule in music that one note shall follow another is here well sustained. The life-pulse or "arterial exuberance" of the leading theme is conspicuous and may serve to introduce a sappy incident in the life of Besenstielmeister, the eminent conductor, who transcribed the air for piccolo and bassoons in unison. It appears from the *Musical Life of Vanderpoop* that Frau Besenstielmeister was greatly attached to a gardener whom the famous impresario dismissed from his service on a proved charge of eating an early lettuce. Subsequently the unhappy lady spent many hours daily in the deserted potting-shed, where, it is said, the seedlings were often watered with her tears. Her husband, as well known, met his end while experimenting with a divor's outfit which had been delivered at his house in error.

III.

"SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY."

We cannot do better than give a translation of Dr. Eselkopf's lucid dissection of this air. "The piece describes," says the Doctor, "an episode in the adventurous life of a courageous leucocyte. The first two and a half

bars are descriptive of the elation of the mature and vigorous corpuscle as he perambulates the warm bloodstream until, suddenly, he observes the approach of a valiant bacterium. The fourth bar opens with the cry of battle and prepares us for the attack. In the fifth the combatants come to grips, in the sixth they break away and prepare for renewed onslaught, and in the seventh and eighth the pallid corpuscle vanquishes his adversary and devours him." The victorious leucocyte, in a state of exaltation, then resumes his adventures one octave higher, and finally, in the coda, retires to a lymphatic gland.

IV.

"ORANGES AND LEMONS."

The melodic skeleton which forms the foundation of this enthralling musical entity is of so fragile a character that exact articulation becomes a matter of great difficulty, and any dissection of its organic cells and classification of its germic system an affair of deep complexity. In these circumstances it has seemed desirable to obtain an authoritative opinion on the subject, and accordingly Professor Bouveril, Mus.Bac. Oxon, was asked to supply a microbial analysis, a copy of the score being enclosed with the letter making the request. By an accident the envelope was addressed to Professor Condy, the eminent

bacteriologist, who has made a report which will be read with avidity by all true music-lovers. After describing precautions to eliminate germs which might have become attached to the surface of the paper and therefore could not be considered as inherent in the music itself, the learned Doctor states that, under conditions of perfect sterility, cultures were procured from the score, being incubated in prepared bouillon at a temperature of 95° F. Musicians will be gratified by the Professor's endorsement of modern methods of analysis, for he states that a serum derived from these cultures injected subcutaneously killed a cart-horse.

WIELAND, the Swiss aviator, has just had a remarkable escape. He fell on a flock of sheep, of which five were killed, but the animals broke his fall. It is now proposed to instal at Brooklands and elsewhere sheep in groups of not fewer than five. Arising out of this incident we learn that French aviators have adopted as *argot* for landing the phrase, "*Revenons à nos moutons.*"

"Visitors to Lustleigh and the Cleaves have been much larger this year than previously up to the present."

Mid-Devon and Newton Times.

We await measurements.



THE LAST WORD.

"GARN! GOT THE PIP 'COS YER WASN'T MADE A PUPPY PEEP, I S'POSE!"

METHODS OF IDENTIFICATION.

THE Twins were at the wickets, delighting everyone except the fielding side with a brilliant display of batting.

"Oh, well hit, { Bob!"
Dick!" exclaimed
Peters and Priddy simultaneously.

"You ass!—that wasn't { Dick, it
was { Bob,"
Dick," they continued, turning to
address each other.

A voice floated out from the scorer's box. "Did Mr. Robert 'it that, or was it Mr. Richard?" There was a patient weariness in the voice, as if the question had become a formula to the speaker.

When the matter had been satisfactorily settled, Mrs. Parry turned to the New Member.

"Don't you find it very hard to distinguish Dick and Bob?" she asked.

"I suppose it is rather," replied the New Member. "But I'm surprised that the scorer can't. After all, most batsmen are fairly undistinguishable when they're at the wickets. Isn't it the scorer's business to keep count as to who is at which end?"

"You are fresh from your bloodish Metropolitan club, my lad," said Henry—Mrs. Parry's husband. "You don't know our scorers yet. Wait till you've striven half the season to make double figures, and then, on retiring to the pavilion filled with holy joy because you've got 11 to your credit, find it telegraphed as 9. Wait till half the county writes to congratulate you on a pair of specs, having seen the score in the local rag, when really you got a duck and 1."

"Why doesn't one of the Twins wear something as a distinguishing mark, then?" asked the New Member.

"Dick wears a cap," said Henry. "But he always gives it to the umpire as soon as he goes in," he added foolishly.

"And the same with intent to deceive," chipped in Peters, "because Bob always makes more runs than he does. Old George, our scorer, says to the visiting scorer, 'Mr. Richard, 'e wears a cap, 'e do,' and then he hauls out a jar of cider and proceeds to divide a pasty with the alien, and in the meanwhile Dick takes off his cap. So the next time old George condescends to notice what's going on, he finds he's all mixed up."

"There's no doubt, of course, that the Twins are extraordinarily alike," said the New Member, "but don't you think Dick has a slightly more humorous turn of the mouth than his brother?"

"I go by the nose," chipped in Henry. "There's a bit of a crook in

old Bob's, thoughtfully created by Dick in a youthful fracas to serve as a distinguishing mark."

"That's no good," grumbled Priddy, still sore at having assigned the last boundary to the wrong twin. "If you really want to make sure, you have to keep a tomato in your pocket, and produce it every time you address one of them. Dick hates tomatoes, and if it's *him*, you'll see him squirm."

"Personally, I've no difficulty," said Peters. "Bob has owed me half-a-crown for years (I let the debt run on for the sake of the convenience), and the guilty remembrance of it is always with him. He can't face me without blinking."

"Not many people can." (This from Priddy.)

"Ever since Bob's been married," said Mrs. Parry, "he's begun to brush his hair a little. Not much, of course, but enough for the scientific eye to distinguish him from Dick, whose hair is virgin forest, so to speak. . . ."

"Now who hit that?" asked the New Member, and the patient voice from the scorer's box was heard again: "Did Mr. Robert 'it that, or was it Mr. Richard?"

"Bob, { of course," said Mr. and
Dick, }
Mrs. Parry.

"It's so absurd," said Mrs. Parry a moment later. "At all this distance. . ."

"They've only got the Twins' word for it too," put in Peters gallantly. "I'm surprised," he continued, "that old George troubles to ask who made the hit. If it was any other pair, he'd just put it down to the one he'd got the least grievance against at the time."

"But he always tries to act fairly by the Twins," said Henry. "You see, he dandled them on his knee—knees, I should say—when they were babes."

"The only time you *can* act fairly by them is when they're fielding," remarked Priddy. "Dick envelopes himself in pads and gloves, and keeps wicket, purely in order to be recognised—at least, no one ever discovered any other reason for his being behind the sticks. And everything he misses goes to the boundary, unless (as occasionally happens) it is prevented by the strenuous efforts of Bob at courtesy fine-slip—that position which a less squeamish and more honest generation was wont to call long-stop."

"Hush," said Henry on a low note. "Here's Mrs. Bob." Then aloud—"How awfully well Bob did against Westmoreland last week! Eighty-seven in his second knock, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Bob bubbled over.

"It wasn't Bob," she said; "it was Dick. Bob had a cold, so I made Dick go in his name. It was really to the

county's advantage, you know, because the Westmoreland bowlers played up to all Bob's weak points—which aren't Dick's."

We "heard the silence for a little space."

"Why do they *both* wear silk shirts?" asked Mrs. Parry. "If only one of them did—"

"That's Dick's fault," interrupted Mrs. Bob. "I gave Bob half-a-dozen on his last birthday, but Dick thieves them with the utmost serenity. . . Oh, Bob's out! That ball was *much* too far up to hook."

"You're sure it is Bob, I suppose?" said Mrs. Parry; and the voice from the scoring box inquired, "Was that Mr. Robert wot was out?"

"Of course it's Bob," said Mrs. Bob. "Why, he's got a better *figure*, and is so much handsomer than poor old Dick. Hard lines, dear," she observed to the advancing figure. "Dick's having all the luck."

The advancing figure grinned, and there was no need of Priddy's tomato or Peters' half-crown to tell us that Mrs. Bob had made a howler.

"All right," said he. "Tell old George that Bob's out. It'll improve *my* average. . . ."

"Of course, at such a *distance*—and in *flannels*," said Mrs. Bob.

PERSONAL.

FAIR LADY.—1st Sndy eve. King's X. Seem to rememr yr face. Are you dark ldy I met Scrbro 1st summr? If so dont trbl rply.—GREY SUIT.

WILLIAM MAYFAIR, last heard of in Montreal about 1877. If the said William Mayfair will apply to the offices of Messrs. Macgregor and Levinstein, 974, Lincoln's Inn Fields, he will hear of something to their advantage.

A.A.Z.—Oh, why don't you write? Is it because I still owe you three pounds ten? Need this stand between us?—B.X.Y.

ALEC.—It is more than you deserve that I should reply to the message you send after nine years of silence. I have forgotten what you did, but I cannot forgive it.—AMELIA.

CHANGE OF SURNAME.—I, Vavasour-Smythe-Smythe, of High Manners, in the County of Rutland, Gentleman, do hereby give notice that by a Deed Poll bearing even date herewith, I have assumed and adopted the name of Bill Smith instead of Vavasour Smythe-Smythe, in accordance with the stipulation in the will of my uncle, Bill Smith (deceased), of Barking, in the County of Essex. Dated this 14th day of August, 1911.

ABOUT THE LONG HOLE.

STRAIGHT in front of him, and as far as his eye can reach, the traveller who stands on the teeing-ground of our tenth hole, observes the illimitable undulating scenery of the veldt. Perhaps a solitary vulture wheels overhead in the heavens, and along the central track may be discerned a few bleaching bones of caddies and the broken shafts and skulls of drivers and brassies. Far away to the left is a strip of woodland, and beyond that the sluggish inexorable river. What secrets it bears in its massive bosom or in the murky ooze of its heart! A bad pull (to be more explicit) will take you nicely over the edge, and many a stout golfer has gone home at evenfall with an empty creel owing to his rash refusal to carry a landing net and play with amphibious balls. To the right-hand may be seen a series of wicked-mouthed bunkers, each with its little colony of human toil. Bogey for the long hole is six, and it is believed to have been done in four. There is no doubt at all that it has been done in twenty-five, but then that was the day when I hit the ladies' sand-box with my drive, and (after my caddy had replaced the divot with a couple of tin-tacks and some glue) had to play my second (with a mashie) from twenty yards behind the tee. Now you shall hear about the time when I did the long hole in five. I started with a magnificent shot, though I say it who shouldn't (as a matter of fact it is very difficult to get James to talk about this round at all, and when he does he uses language which would make you suppose he was colour-blind) —but my second seemed to think there was danger afoot, and ran into the wood for cover. The wood is not out of bounds, so I waved farewell to James and followed. My third started shinning very swiftly up the trunk of a tree, and then remembering, I suppose, that the birds were all hatched out and that it would look rather silly to be seen in a nest at this time of year, leaped violently out of the wood and across the course. It was foolish of the small stout man whom it hit, and who appeared to have lost his way badly in approaching the seventeenth green, to get annoyed: the grievance was really mine, for he had no business to be making unauthorised pot-bunkers of himself all over the links. However, as my ball fell in a very nice place, I didn't much mind, and playing a beautiful fourth got to within about a hundred-and-twenty yards of the green. I heard a faint "Coo-ee" up in the hills far away to the right, and shouted "Hello!"



A GRATEFUL IMPULSE.

"A PENNY STAMP, PLEASE—AND, BY-THE-WAY, HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU BEFORE!"
 "YES, MADAM. I HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE LAST WEEK."
 "TO BE SURE—TO BE SURE—ER—TWO PENNY STAMPS, PLEASE."

"On in five," yelled James.
 "Good for you," I answered, and took my iron. (I always like taking my iron; it has such a bracing effect on the nerves.) It was plain from the beginning that my fifth stroke was a good one, though just a trifle off the line of the pin. James and his caddy arriving travel-stained and warm from the north-east watched it eagerly as it fell and bounded on towards the green. James's ball lay about five yards to the right of the flag, in a sunny spot to the south-east, and as soon as mine saw this a brilliant idea came into its head. Running lightly up to its adversary it gave the fellow a smart biff on the side of the face, and dodging away nimbly

before he could retaliate, made straight for the hole. Pausing for a moment at the edge to see if it was pursued, it ran round the brink of the tin and fell in with a little sigh of relief. "Five!" I said calmly, but James did not appear to be listening. He was looking up the sky and seemed vexed about something.

"An ordinary half-ball losing hazard," I went on. "I was afraid I had hit it too fine at first and thrown away the hole." But James had walked on in silence to the next tee.

"Wanted, a strong persevering Munshi to teach Telugu."—*Madras Times*.
 No weak man need apply.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE INCOME-TAX AUTHORITIES.

B.—THE RIGHT WAY.

(1)

*Honeysuckle Cottage,
Oakthorpe, Bucks.,
April 5th, 1911.*

To W. P. Smith, Esq.,
Deputy-Assistant Surveyor of Taxes,
Inland Revenue
(City 54th A District),
Room 92, Fifth Floor,
Budget Buildings,
13-16, Stamp Street,
London, E.C.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am not quite clear about one or two points in the income-tax demand received from you this morning, and I thought I would just have a little chat with you about it before sending my small contribution. Of course, I know you wouldn't make me pay more than I ought, but perhaps I didn't fill in that yellow paper quite properly, and I want to explain to you. You see £18 2s. 2d. is a lot for a fellow like me to find all in one lump. Sometimes I make a good deal, when the magazines take my stories, and sometimes I'm precious hard up. I am hard up now, and if I have to pay you £18 2s. 2d., well, it simply means that I can't pay Bull the butcher, and he's pressing me, and I promised to. I daresay you're a family man yourself and understand these little matters.

Well, it's like this. Bobby Burt, an old Cambridge pal, lent me a tenner just before Christmas, and I paid him back when I got a bit for my novel, *Kisses Kind*, on Feb. 7th. (I'm sending you a copy of the book, and hope you will enjoy it.) Now, I put that in, as I keep very careful accounts, and it came on the left side of the book where I get the totals from. But you won't charge me on it, will you? Bobby ought to pay, if anybody, and I daresay he has. You don't want it twice, do you?

Then there is my wife's little income. Well, she's very good about it, and often lends a hand when things are a bit tight; but a hundred pounds a year from an uncle *isn't* much, is it? and it *does* seem rather hard to knock spots out of that, when it's all she's got to dress herself and the two youngsters on, and pay a nurse; because that's what she does with it, and nobody could make it go further than she does. I put it in because the form told me to, and I didn't want to be fined and pay double and all that sort of thing. But

you see it comes from an investment in Mexican Jumbo Tintos, and they take off something before she gets it, which I believe goes to you (you can look it up), and if you could do without it, well I should really be awfully grateful. You see I've got to have a bigger house than I should want if I didn't simply *have* to have a room to myself to write in, because, although the youngsters are kept as quiet as possible, still they are very tiny and the baby's only five weeks old, and I couldn't do any work if I had to write where they were.

I don't want to take up too much of your time, letter-writing. I expect you have enough of it. If you would care to run down for a week end to talk it over, we should be awfully pleased to see you. There's a decent golf course here, and I've got a few bottles of "Bubbly" that a rich uncle of my wife's—not the one that left her the Jumbo Tintos—he's dead—sent us at Christmas. We might buzz one or two together; and I'm sure we could give you a good time.

I'm sure you will do what you can for me, like a good chap. I'm ready to pay my whack all right, but I don't want to pay more than I can help, and if you could spin out the correspondence a bit, so as to let me off paying till I get a few more royalties at the end of June, I should feel jolly grateful to you.

Yours ever, T. C. ROBINSON.

(2)

*Honeysuckle Cottage, etc.,
April 12th, 1911.*

To Mr. W. P. Smith, etc., etc.

DEAR MR. SMITH,—Thanks awfully for your kind letter, and for knocking off Bobby Burt's tenner, and the missus's hundred. That brings it down to £13 19s. 8d., which is ripping, and really I'm most awfully grateful to you for telling me that I can take off something more for my study. I pay £45 a year for this little box, which isn't really worth it, but, as I say, I *had* to have a room, and that's why we moved from Laburnum Cottage, where we only paid £28. Do you really mean I can take off the difference? That would make it £13 6s. 10d. I don't quite understand what you mean about averaging, but it's awfully good of you to help me. I went in for the Classical Tripos at Cambridge—only allowed a pass degree, worse luck—but I was never much good at mathematics, and I don't think I got up to averages. I give you the figures that you ask for on the other side. Of course, I'm making more every year, but it's slow work. Still, there are signs that *Kisses Kind* is going to

make a hit, and if it does well, I shall be sending you a bit more next year. If you can get it down further still this year, which has been rather a teaser, owing to the baby coming and the other kiddy having mumps, and our having to pay off instalments of a loan I had to raise three years ago, I needn't say that I shall be jolly glad. But I know I can safely leave myself in your hands, as you've shown yourself a thorough sportsman. By-the-by, are you any relation to W. M. Smith, who bowled for the Varsity while I was up? He was a jolly good sportsman too. I thought the name and one of the initials being the same you might be. I wish you could have come down, but perhaps you'll be able to later on.

I must dry up and go and put in a bit of work. So, with many thanks,

Yours ever, T. C. ROBINSON.

(3)

*Honeysuckle Cottage, etc.,
April 17th, 1911.*

To W. P. Smith, Esq., etc., etc.

DEAR OLD CHAP.—What a ripper you are! I quite catch the point about the averaging now, and it's top hole and what I never expected, to get another fiver taken off. That only leaves £8 6s. 10d. I say, we *are* getting it down, aren't we? I send you the particulars about the loan and the papers you asked for. Do you think you can get a bit off for that, too? Do try. And don't I get something off for bringing the whole outfit down below a certain figure? I don't know what it comes to now, but you've got such a head for figures that I bet *you* do, without having to put pen to paper. I wish I'd made better use of my time when they were trying to teach me things. Of course I can scribble a bit, and you'll be glad to hear that *Kisses Kind* has gone into a third edition, but I shouldn't keep *your* job for long. It wants a few brains for that sort of thing. I say, we *must* meet some time or other. I feel as if I'd known you for years. Now do fix a week-end and come and have a smile and a dash round the links. I shall never forgive you if you don't.

Yours affectionately,
T. C. ROBINSON.

(4)

*Honeysuckle Cottage, etc.,
April 25th, 1911.*

To W. P. Smith, Esq., etc., etc.

MY DEAR OLD PAL,—Upon my word you *are* the limit! Got me off the whole lot this year, and tell me how to claim £3 4s. 6d. for last! I wouldn't have believed mathematics could have done it. You must have the head of



GROUSE SHOOTING UP-TO-DATE.

(A Suggestion for Financiers.)

Wireless Operator. "HEAD BEATER REPORTS PACK OF GROUSE IN THE BAY; SHOULD ARRIVE IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES."
Capel Court Magnate. "WELL, SEND THAT MESSAGE ABOUT AMALGAMATED ICE, AND THEN GIVE ME MY GUN."

an ISAAC NEWTON. Well, old boy, I am grateful to you. I'll tell you what—when I get that £3 4s. 6d. from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, or whoever it is, I'll run up to town for a night, and you and I will blue it over a little dinner and a play. What do you say to that? Name the day and you'll find me on the spot. And then if I don't make you come and put up here for a week-end before long—well, we shall see. Anyhow, I feel I've made a friend for life. And there's one thing I do want you to do, and that's to be godfather to my little chap; and the missus wants it too. Now don't say no. If they won't let you off now, do it by proxy and come down and see us later.

Good-bye, dear old boy,
 Yours ever gratefully and affectionately,
 T. C. ROBINSON.

"Lilley's record is as blameless as a wicket-keeper's possibly can be."—*Sportsman.*

The lilley-white flower of a blameless life, in fact.

A BULLY PROPOSITION.

[According to a recent dictum of Dr. RENDALL, of Charterhouse, "bullying has been replaced in public schools by a tendency to effeminacy, which is almost worse."]

TELL us not in tones that quaver
 That the bully is extinct,
 That no more the Prefects favour
 Cults at which their fathers winked!
 Surely, then, they cannot fully
 Realise what vim and tone
 Radiated from a bully
 On the weakling and the drone!
 Where is all the grit we boasted
 In the days of bold *Tom Brown*?
 Are our sons no longer roasted,
 Held, discreetly, upside down?
 Know they not the queer sensations
 Born of being briskly "tossed"?
 Then our place among the nations
 Is inevitably lost!

Up, High Priests of Education!
 Up, ye zealous pedagogues!
 Shall complete emasculation
 Send your country to the dogs?
 Since the grand old strain of Brute is
 Moribund in youthful hearts,

Make it first of all your duties
 To revive the bully's arts!
 Lest you see Young England pampered
 Up to its unblackened eyes—
 Even as its health is "hampered"
 By excessive food supplies.
 Remedies however drastic
 Must be found the ease to meet;
 And they lie in *your* scholastic
 Hands—and, when it's needful, feet!
 Come, bestow the frequent licking!
 Not with futile birch or cane,
 But, with fisticuffs and kicking,
 Be superbly inhumane!
 Academic methods scorning,
 Follow those of MACE and SAYERS:
 Punch a dozen heads each morning
 Regularly after Prayers!
 When your charges' scalps are tender,
 Crowned with many a wholesome
 bump,
 And their supple limbs you render
 Piebald with a cricket stump,
 Then their souls shall gain in merit
 Through the pluck that pain inspires
 Till our hardened cubs inherit
 All the glory of their sires!



COLD COMFORT.

Nervous Angler (near fort practising at target). "I—I SAY! THIS IS AWFULLY DANGEROUS!"
Old Salt. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. THERE'D BE AN AWFUL ROW IF THEY SUNK US."

THE ABDICATION.

AH, no! I do not tremble as I did
 Before the keeper of the Petrol Tank;
 The haughty optic and the drooping lid,
 The air of having billions at the bank—
 These things affright me not; a sun
 Has risen above the reigning one;
 Another king we now anoint
 Who puts the noses out of joint
 Of such as Perkins. (Penalty for swank.)

How oft 'en have I sat beside his wheel,
 And sought to gain his pity at the least,
 As the long dusty miles were laid to heel,
 And hedge and wood went by, and startled beast;
 Have praised his prowess and his skill,
 And asked about his latest kill,
 And where he hung his hoarded scalps,
 And on what speed he'd climbed the Alps,
 And felt with every word his scorn increased.

And, if at moments out of ruth he stirred
 To tell me little tales of sparking plugs
 And centre-bits (no, that is not the word
 But something like it),—as belated slugs,
 Uncrushed by travellers, upturn
 Their eyes towards the heavens, and yearn
 To kiss the boot that spared them, so
 I felt within my heart the glow
 Of gratitude, more warm than many rugs.

But that was all too seldom. Mostly blind
 To mere humanity whose mental plant
 Was geared so slackly, he was wont to wind
 His Gallic horn, and up the highway slant
 Speed on, inscrutable, unreined,
 Although his mistress oft complained
 That some day he would see us dead
 (I do not think that I have said
 That Perkins is the *chauffeur* of my aunt).

But now I have him. I have learned the dodge
 To melt the icy manners of our Jove;
 An airman passed us just outside the lodge
 That guards the gateway of Laburnum Grove.
 I saw at once the salient fact
 That, since the day when birds were whacked,
 Unknown to us, unguessed, a qualm
 Had shaken that Olympian calm;
 Perkins no longer was a super-cove.

He trembled, and his brow was overcast;
 He paled beneath his tan, he grew polite;
 I saw at once his empery was past;
 Since then one only has to speak of flight
 If Perkins seems a trifle rude,
 And what a change of attitude!
 One hint of BEAUMONT and VÉDRINES
 O'errides his majesty of mien.
 Great Lucifer has fallen. Serve him right!



THE CHAMPION OF A LOST CAUSE.

THE-PEER-THAT-MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN. "SPEAKING FOR MYSELF AND THE OTHER 499, HEAVEN BLESS YOU, I SAY, FOR YOUR GALLANT EFFORT ON OUR BEHALF."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, 7th August.—ELLIS GRIFFITH, too little heard in debate, has to-day established reputation for shrewd, witty speech that will long be cherished. House brought together on Bank Holiday on dolorous errand. Some of PRINCE ARTHUR's faithless followers, among them one or two directly indebted to his generous patronage for their prominence in affairs, have turned and rent him. Impatient of Actæon in his capacity of the hunter, they would transform him into the stag. Distracted by personal abuse in public speech and in section of Party Press, he has been driven to adoption of grievous error in tactics. The malcontents who have egged on HALSBURY to assume position of saver of his country shout from the house-top their intention in due time to come down (by the lift) and at least muddy their coats in the last ditch in resistance to the Veto Bill.

This sort of heroics always taking. Seems to imply that, though the commissioned Leaders of the party are poltroons, there are still left a deathless body of heroes who are not to be deterred from striking a last blow in defence of a hapless State by prospect of soiling their garments in manner indicated by noble Lord quoted by LANSDOWNE. PRINCE ARTHUR and LANSDOWNE, finding themselves thus out-shouted, resolved to have a little game of their own. Gave notice of vote of censure to be moved in both Houses. So here we are to-day, when we might have been healthfully engaged riding donkeys on Hampstead Heath or rolling down the grassy slopes of Greenwich Hill.

PRINCE ARTHUR, having delivered his attack, had satisfaction of seeing PRIME MINISTER greeted with ovation by his followers when he arose to "tender to the Right Honourable Gentlemen on behalf of His MAJESTY's Government, and of those who support them, our most grateful acknowledgment for this opportune though unexpected motion."

Nothing bores the House more than a sham fight. Members listened intently to the PREMIER, who, with skill of Old Parliamentary Hand, made the most of opportunity of detailing and vindicating action of Cabinet in its com-

munications with the SOVEREIGN. After that there descended dulness not to be lightened by F. E. SMITH's fireworks. Thus it came to pass that when ELLIS GRIFFITH interposed the

retired. Filled up as news went round that Member for Anglesey was "up" and in his best form. Soon there was a crowded audience seizing with delight the points flashed forth with effect

heightened by almost funereal aspect of the commentator.

Nothing nearer the "gay wisdom" of WILFRID LAWSON in his prime has been heard in House since there was a vacancy in representation of Cockermonth. Even better than the best from the original mint, since it was free from those obvious evidences of preparation that occasionally marred effect of WILFRID LAWSON's jocundity.

Business done.—Vote of Censuro negatived by 365 votes against 246.

Tuesday.— "What I like about COUSIN HUGH," said the Member for Sark, "is his aggressive courage. Had he been born in the spacious Tudor times his great ancestor partly bestrode he would, in corresponding circumstances, certainly have been burned at the stake. Not yet knowing ASQUITH, he would have suggested, had he lived under QUEEN MARY, that HER MAJESTY 'should be punished by the criminal law;' or,

coming to the front in ELIZABETH's reign, his æsthetic taste offended, he would have found a short cut to Smithfield by ridiculing WALTER RALEIGH's feigned worship of Her MAJESTY's personal charms.

"Made fatal mistake a fortnight ago by rowdiness which prevented PRIME MINISTER from delivering important statement at grave constitutional crisis. After that, and in view of universal condemnation on grounds of good taste and manners, an ordinary man would have withdrawn himself to Southend-on-Sea, or other convenient locality, and buried himself in the sands till the storm blew over. That not COUSIN HUGH's way. Old question turning up again in form of Resolution to disagree with Lords' Amendments to Veto Bill, here he is boldly coming to the front with motion to adjourn debate for three months. Nor was this all. So far from shirking the shouting-down match, he took occasion blandly to remark that he 'looked back to the event of fourteen days ago with satisfaction.'"

The House, which admires courage, gave COUSIN HUGH a moderately quiet hearing. His speech scornful, occasionally truculent, was addressed



"SHREWD, WITTY SPEECH."

"Heightened by the almost funereal aspect of the commentator."
(MR. ELLIS GRIFFITH.)

benches were nearly empty, ALFRED LYTTELTON being sole occupant of that whence PRINCE ARTHUR had dejectedly



"Had he been born in the spacious Tudor times . . . he would certainly have been burned at the stake."

[Indeed, his normal attitude in the House is strangely suggestive of that objectionable operation.] (LORD HUGH CECIL.)

directly to Labour Members seated below Gangway opposite. Accidental juxtaposition lent peculiar interest to episode. It was the old, everlasting fight between the Classes and the Masses. COUSIN HUGH, aristocrat to his nervous finger-tips, faced undismayed the representatives of Labour growling contradiction. Both really enjoyed situation. Labour Members, pleased by marked attention bestowed upon them, delighted in opportunity of addressing Member for Oxford University as "CECIL" *tout court*, just as in the day of his trial in the revolutionary court LOUIS XVI. heard himself denounced as "CAPET."

Now and then good-humoured chaff merged in angry remonstrance, as when COUSIN HUGH expressed, what the SPEAKER recognised as "a pious opinion," that the PREMIER had been guilty of high treason. When the storm rose and raged he dropped into his favourite attitude. Passing his left arm behind his back he clutched his right just above the elbow, and crossing one leg, waited till the storm died away. Then he went on from the point at which he had left off.

Business done.—With immaterial modification Commons disagree with Lords' Amendments to Veto Bill.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Hottest day for seventy years. Thermometer marks 97 in the shade, 131 in the sun, 181 in the House of Lords. At last, after long desultory fight, Lords and Commons come to grips. Commons have disagreed with Lords' Amendments to Veto Bill. MORLEY OF B. moved

to consider their reasons and act accordingly by accepting or defying situation.

House crowded on every bench. Flock of Peereses alighted in side gallery. As debate goes forward you see them instinctively, unconsciously, turning thumbs up or down, as was the habit of their sisters in the arena at ancient Rome when a life was at stake. HALSBURY's entrance created what French reporters describe as *mouvement*. WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, half rising to salute his great commander, whistled a bar of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." NEWTON, who in leisure of the Recess plays the flute, says it was half a tone flat. But effort well meant.

HALSBURY has of late adopted un-

familiar martial tread. As he marched to his place this afternoon there was subtly audible noise as of the jingle of spurs or the rattle of an invisible sword in an imperceptible scabbard.

Debate, lasting through the sultry night, reached high level. By attitude assumed, LANSDOWNE, not to be behind in the prevailing fashion of adopting military tactics and tags, recalls the memorable military manœuvre of the gallant Duke of YORK:

Who had ten thousand men;
He marched them to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again.



"THE DIE-HARDS."

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. "What are we doin', my boy? Why, we're walkin' the bloomin' plank! Glorious death!"

[To the ordinary observer the noble lord and his associates would appear to have been engaged in the safer operation of walking the whole bloomin' (Unionist) platform.]

Abandoned his Amendments, carried by overwhelming majority in Committee on Veto Bill. Beseches his men to retire from the field.

ST. ALDWYN, his judicial mind torn between conflicting desire to destroy Veto Bill and the irresistible logic of circumstances that shows hopelessness of further fighting, backs up the wise counsel. Field-Marshal HALSBURY inflexible. WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE gets hopelessly entangled in military metaphors. Talk goes on till midnight. Fateful hour of debate put off for a day.

Business done.—Action of Commons in respect of Veto Bill considered.

Thursday.—Twenty minutes to eleven and a sultry night. The long fight round the Veto Bill, flashing more fiercely than ever in these closing hours, nears the

end. Question has been submitted to arbitration of the vote. "The captains and the kings depart." LANSDOWNE leads his host past the division lobby out of the House. Of those remaining, one stream passes by the right of the Throne to support the Bill; another, apparently equal in volume, crosses the bar with intent, as MILNER, who floats with it, would say, to dam it.

Presently, through the open doors, is heard the voice of the Tellers who, as with white wand they touch the shoulder of each peer returning from the division lobby, count "one—two—three—four."

At the end of a quarter of an hour that seems sixty minutes, HERSCHELL, Ministerial Whip, hurriedly approaches Woolsack and hands strip of paper to LORD CHANCELLOR.

The Bill is safe!

A cheer goes up from Ministerialists as LORD CHANCELLOR, tossing back his wig, reads figures: For insistence on Lords' Amendments, 114; against, 131. Government majority 17.

"If within these walls there are at this moment exceptionally grateful hearts they beat in the bosoms of PÈRE HALSBURY and his flock," said the Member for Sark, looking on from the Gallery over Black Rod's pew. "They have had a high old time and—they have done no harm. But let him who won the palm wear it. By reason of his age and ex-official position HALSBURY is hailed as 'the onlie begettör' and leader of a movement which brought the House of Lords perilously near the abyss.

Actually the political acumen that conceived it, the statesmanship that conducted it, the courage that sustained it, the occasional coherence that commended it to the House and the public, were measured by the standard of WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

Business done.—Veto Bill over last stile.

"Lost, on 1st August, Scotch Terrier Pup, Black and Brown, about seven months old; answers to name of 'Chulalongkorn.'"

Aberdeen Free Press.

Chulalongkorn (loq.). "Perhaps if I stay away a bit longer who knows but they'll be giving me a shorter name."

"Black satin tea gown trimmed cream lace, £1; fit lady about 6ft 3in."—*The Matron.*
Patagonian papers, please copy.



G. L. STAMPA.
 211.

95° IN THE SHADE.

Head Gardener. "YOU'D BETTER MOW THE TENNIS COURTS NOW, THEN YOU CAN ROLL 'EM BOTH WAYS; IT WON'T DO 'EM NO 'URT. AFTER THAT, YOU CAN DIG UP THAT PATH I WANT ALTERIN', AND TAKE AND MAKE A FIRE OF ALL THAT RUBBISH THAT'S LYIN' BY THE FRAMES. IF THAT DON'T CARRY YOU TO TEA-TIME COME AND LOOK FER ME AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER JOB. YOU'LL FIND ME BUSY WITH THE GOLDFISH, VERY LIKELY, OR CLEANIN' THE TAP O' THE FOUNTAIN. YOU DON'T SEEM TO FEEL THE 'EAT SO MUCH IF YOU KEEP ON WORKIN'."

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

THE example of our contemporary, *The Evening News*, in appealing to various well-known people to state what in their opinion constitutes the ideal holiday, has induced *Mr. Punch* to supplement the investigation, with the following exhilarating results:—

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER.

In London I dress more or less immaculately. Here—at a tiny village on the East Coast—I don garments snatched, at the last moment, from their appropriate ragbag, and do all I can to emulate the sartorial non-chalance of the tramp.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR.

In my holiday time, if the truth must be told, I love, like Apollo, to unbend my bow and indulge in frivolous compositions. Thus in the last fortnight my output includes a Rag-time Rhapsody, a Burlesque of

BRAHMS, and a Symphonic Cake-walk Polka which I have dedicated to Messrs. BUSZARD.

THE EDITOR OF *The English Review*.

My ideal holiday consists in exchanging for my normal editorial duties the charge of a magazine for children of tender years. I go down to Totland Bay, and there, as I watch the infant holiday makers disporting themselves on the shore, I improvise with extraordinary facility cautionary tales, fables, and allegories of the most blameless character. I also take great care to attune my diot to my mental processes, and live exclusively on rice puddings, rusks, barley-water and milk. If I read anything it is the novels of Miss YONGE or the articles of Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

My ideal holiday is to live on sixpence a day in a community which is neither literary nor courageous.

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

To live for a month on a paper-bag diet without ever having to mention CHARLOTTE BRONTË or GEORGE MEREDITH.

"Rooms to let in Chesham Bois.—Garden; hot and cold."

Hampstead and St. John's Wood Advertiser.

Come into the cold garden, Maud.

How the Good News came to China.

"Mr. F. E. Smith rose, but the Ministerialists drowned him. The Speaker hereupon suspended the sitting."—*Manchurian Daily News.*

The Catch of the Season.

"It was a most beautiful catch by Mr. Hutchings in the deep field on the left side that dismissed Mr. Sprot. The tree which stands in the ground was too near to be pleasant, and Mr. Hutchings had to run back quickly and held it over his head."—*Times.*

Thus shaded, he brought off the catch with his other hand.

THE TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.

(An exercise in the judicial and courtly manner of Mr. P. F. Warner.)

THE authorities of the M.C.C. are still engaged in the delicate and momentous task of team-building, and it may not be inopportune while waiting for that great batsman, Mr. C. B. FRY, to come to a decision as to whether he will or will not visit the Antipodes as the Captain, to pass under review the various ingredients of the English side.

Mr. C. B. FRY, of course, is a tower of strength, and was never more superb and classical than this season. I remember Mr. C. B. FRY's first match only too well, for a straight drive from those broad shoulders split one of my infinitives.

In default of Mr. C. B. FRY, we ought, I think, to take THOMAS HAYWARD. It is necessary that a root-striking batsman should go, and next to Mr. C. B. FRY, if not before him, is certainly THOMAS HAYWARD. The first time I played against THOMAS HAYWARD was in the Middlesex and Surrey match of 1889, and I can still see THOMAS HAYWARD, younger then and perhaps quicker in the field (as indeed we all were), as he hit four after four. The Hon. ROBERT GRIMSTON, always a shrewd judge of the game, remarked to me, "That young man, given no decrease in form, will do well"—prophetic words indeed.

From Surrey are to come two of THOMAS HAYWARD's colleagues—JOHN B. HOBBS, and HERBERT STRUDWICK, whom, I regret to say, the crowd are too apt to call "Struddy," thus letting into the game an element of familiarity against which I have always set my face. JOHN B. HOBBS is undoubtedly a sterling batsman, and I find that in my book, *The Cricketing Circumnavigator*, published in 1909, I refer to him as "a sterling batsman with a large number of strokes, of whom we shall hear more." The choice of JOHN B. HOBBS to be a member of this team must therefore be considered sound. Nor is there any exception to be taken to HERBERT STRUDWICK, who for capable wicket-keeping has acquired a reputation second to none.

In the Australian tour of 1905, which I had the honour to captain, HERBERT STRUDWICK was not called upon in any of the test matches, ARTHUR A. LILLEY being all-sufficient. This time HERBERT STRUDWICK will himself be the ARTHUR A. LILLEY and EDWIN J. SMITH of Warwickshire will be the HERBERT STRUDWICK of the team. Lord HAWKE, who knew the game through and through, even in the cradle, predicted a great future for HERBERT STRUDWICK when he saw him in 1897. "That little

man," he said (and I hope HERBERT STRUDWICK, for whom I have very real esteem and would not on any account wound, will not object to the adjective)—"that little man will nip the bails off a lot of good wickets before he's done." Time has proved how inspired were his Lordship's words.

To return to Warwickshire, it seems on the way of sending no fewer than three men, for in addition to EDWIN J. SMITH, who can bat as well as stump, it is to provide Mr. F. R. FOSTER and SAMUEL P. KINNEIR. Mr. F. R. FOSTER is, of course, the marvel of 1911, as not only is he a most dangerous bowler but a batsman who always makes his fifty. I have fielded against him many times and never without wishing I was comfortably at home with my *Westminster Gazette* in my hands. I remember his first match as if it were yesterday—as indeed it almost was. I was sitting by the Hon. ROBERT LYTELTON, a keen watcher of the cricket firmament, and he said, "Mark my words, that youngster's a cricketer." Could anything have been more true? SAMUEL P. KINNEIR is a left-hander, and of left-handers we cannot have too many. The success of Mr. CLEMENT HILL, Mr. VERNON RANSFORD and Mr. WALTER BARDSWELL, among the Australians, should prove this. SAMUEL P. KINNEIR—

(To be continued—we don't think.—Ed.)

BOOK CHAT.

LORD ROSEBURY has no new book on the stocks.

The enormous success that has been achieved by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX's masterpiece, *The Indiscretions of a Lady's Maid*, has naturally prompted him to further explorations of this attractive field of psychology. He has, we understand, already completed the manuscript of a thrilling romance entitled *The Futilities of a Fourth Footman*, and is now engaged on *The Tragedy of a Still-Room Maid*. There is, however, no foundation for the report that he is the author of the anonymously published novel, *The Soul of a Scavenger*.

Mrs. Connie Crimm has nearly finished a new story, to which she gives the title *The Same Old Game*. According to private information concerning the plot, it deals with a marquis, his sister-in-law, who is heiress to a crippled half-brother, and the dowager marchioness, who is the marquis's step-mother. The crippled half-brother is unaware of the existence of his sister until he meets her at a sacred concert at Adelboden. The story, it will be seen, is of deeply religious significance, with

an admirable description of a fatal toboggan accident, and can be safely recommended to all country congregations.

The exact sum netted by Miss Pauline Pryor for her realistic study of smart life, entitled *At the Keyhole*, is, to date, £35,000.

Kentucky, the home of the famous Mammoth Caves, has always shown a lively appreciation of the work of the veteran historian of that formidable but unhappily extinct mammal. Our readers will, we are sure, be deeply interested to learn that the University of Kentucky is publishing a collected edition, with illustrations, portraits, notes, excursions and an index of Sir HENRY HOWORTH's letters to *The Times*. Four volumes, each of about 750 pages, have already issued from the University Press, and it is hoped that the collection will be completed by the year 1940.

Mrs. Hodley Beddoes has finished a charming volume of essays, daintily entitled *Tripe and Onions*. Since the publication of the same author's delicious *Veal and Ham Patties*, nothing so genial, so redolent of the true democratic uncton, has emanated from the press. SAMUEL WARREN, the gifted author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, alone of classic writers may be said to have come within a measurable distance of the adorable oleaginosity of Mrs. Beddoes' pen, but the rest is silence. Beside her THACKERAY is a prig and DICKENS a boor.

Mr. Roland Pougher's new mediæval romance will be published next Thursday, and is confidently expected to stagger the meticulous pedants who demur to the stark simplicities of modern realism. Compared with its superbly adult imagery, the timid puerilities of *Ivanhoe* suffer an ignominious eclipse. It is interesting to learn that the ex-Sultan ABDUL HAMID and KING THEEBAW, the deposed King of Burmah, have both been graciously pleased to accept a presentation advance copy of Mr. Pougher's romance, which rejoices in the engaging title of *The Swanking Times*.

A new poet is about to swim into our ken in the person of Boaz Bobb, a son of the Arkansas soil, who has long been resident in London studying Icelandic literature for the purposes of a new saga of the Wild West. Those persons who have been privileged to see Mr. Bobb's lyrics in MS. say that they can remember nothing like them for their simplicity and candour. Mr. Bobb, with the delightful lack of restraint and false shame that is so marked a characteristic of the age, takes the reader into his confidence



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

III.—THE SECRETARY OF A MUSIC-HALL SYNDICATE VISITING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IN SEARCH OF A NEW DANCER.

with complete unreserve, even when he runs the risk of suffering in reputation from so doing. The title of the little volume is *Naked and Unashamed*. It will be printed on hand-made paper, with the widest margins of recent times.

Lord HUGH CECIL has accepted the dedication of the new edition of *The Slang Dictionary*.

ONE MORE STRIKE.

THESE are times of general upset and unrest, and everyone seems to be going on strike. The latest economic disturbance to be threatened is among the Dentists' Deadheads. These ladies are dissatisfied with the current rate of pay. This, it appears, is ten shillings for the duty of sitting from ten till six on alternate days in the waiting-room of a young dentist who wishes to give the impression of a rising practice.

We must confess that some of their requirements are not unreasonable.

Among their stipulations, for instance, are the following:—

A clean sweep of all the tattered back numbers—some more than two years old—of the ladies' newspapers which decorate the waiting-room table.

A fresh supply of the morning and evening dailies and the current feminine magazines.

A more generous and realistic recognition of their status as "decoys" by an occasional summons to the dentist's room, not, of course, for an operation, but for the purpose of a friendly chat.

A claim on the dentist's services gratis, if required, with unlimited laughing gas and restoratives.

A relaxation of the rule requiring them to appear apprehensive and miserable.

An extension of the turn-and-turn-about system of attendance, on the dog-watch principle, in order to visit sales or other urgent attractions.

A release from the necessity of simulating swollen faces by putting monkey-nuts in their cheeks.

An increase of pay, to be settled by the arbitration of Mr. ASKWITH, in view of the general enhancement of prices consequent on all the other strikes.

Unless these demands are speedily assented to, we fear there will be a vacuum in the reception-room of many a commencing L.D.S. We hear that pickets are already selected for the purpose of peacefully dissuading prospective patients, and, in fact, the strikers are showing a most determined front.

Asquiths in the Garden.

"—'S STRAWBERRIES.—Fine early pot plants for forcing of Royal Sovereign."
The Garden.

Highly Suspicious.

"ROYAL ENFIELD, 1911, two-speed free engine, brand new, run for one day only, owner invalid, £50."—*Motor Cycling.*

"One van containing a quantity of fruit was stopped in Edgware Road. The driver made a desperate but fruitless attempt to drive through the strikers."—*Daily Chronicle.*

If it was really fruitless the strikers would seem to have established their point.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the most delightful American books that has come my way for some time is *While Caroline was Growing* (MACMILLAN), by JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. I gather from the advertisement pages that this lady has already written several other stories about children; she certainly does it very well, with, moreover, the rare gift of being able to present the child's point of view. But because of this I am the more inclined to grumble at her for yielding to the temptation to make her children do far too much. Bringing together lovers, I mean, or convincing Society ladies of their errors, and the like. *Caroline's* adolescence would appear to have been spent in a continual round of this kind of thing. Whereas, in fact, normal and natural kiddies — such as these are, if the author would only let them alone — are quite sufficiently attractive without the addition of domestic melodrama. Of course Miss (or Mrs.) BACON may object in answer to this that she had to tell some sort of story in each of the *Caroline* episodes; if so, I reply that anyone who could write the description of a town walk at the beginning of the second chapter has no need to worry about doing anything of the kind. And I am sure that any jury of elderly bachelors (notoriously the most sentimental class in the world where babies

are concerned) would support me in this view. *Caroline*, in short, is a wholly charming and lovable little person, to whose creator I tender my grateful thanks; with just this reservation that she is a little too hard-worked for her years.

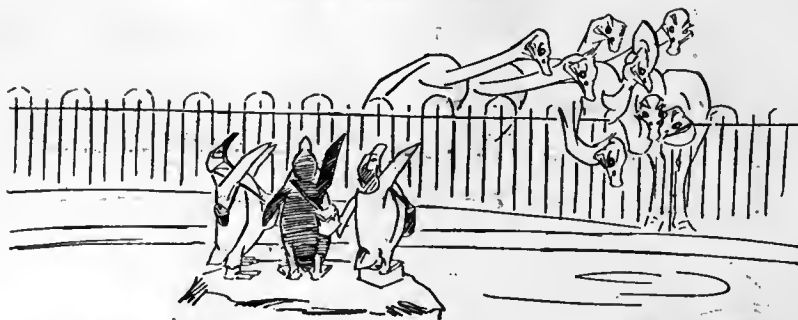
I don't think Mr. ALBERT DORRINGTON had quite made up his mind before he began to write *Our Lady of the Leopards* (MILLS AND BOON) whether he was going to spin a yarn of humorous filibustering adventure, or let us into the uncanny secrets of Hindoo temples and their strange gods. Perhaps he found a precedent for combining the two themes in such a story as *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney*, to which his opening chapters seem considerably indebted. But then Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING is Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, and a short story is quite a different pair of shoes from a novel. I got on very well at first with *Captain Hayes*, a gentleman with all the *æs triplex* of our old friend *Kettle*, and with *Larry Delaney*, the Irishman who impersonates *Huniman*—shall it be *Huniman*, by the way, or *Hanuman*, or doesn't the Monkey-God, rather a touchy

fellow on etiquette, mind about spelling?—but when the writer took me to the *Palace of Leopards* in the *Chumbra Valley*, to wrest the real ape from the guardian priestess, the mixture of magazine comedy with Eastern ferocity and horror became too unnatural to please. The humour of the adventure wore thin, and he never settled down in earnest to the magical, hair-raising business. Things brisked up a bit, I confess, towards the end, where *Huniman* gave a fine exhibition of his powers for wreaking vengeance on the sacrilegious; but still, when I remember *Fleet* and *Strickland* and those raw chops, I feel that Mr. DORRINGTON would have done better to stick to the farcical vein throughout.

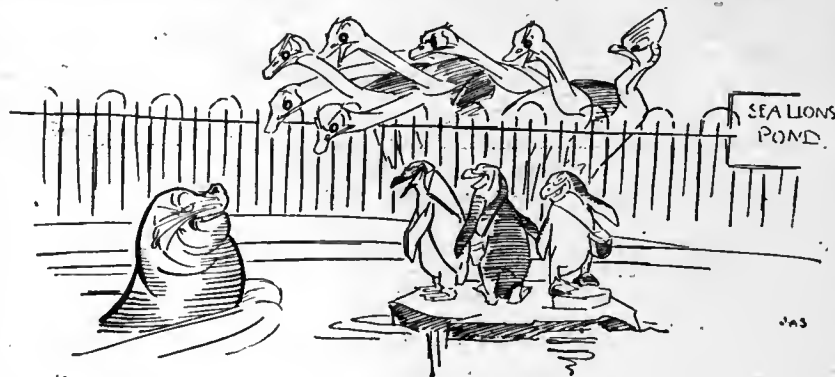
A little obvious in construction, very jerky in composition and filled with incidents of a familiar, if not stereotyped,

nature, *Red of the Rock* (ALSTON RIVERS) is nevertheless a most fascinating book; and when I say fascinating, I do not mean nice or niceish, but, oddly enough, a thing which fascinates. Of the slow process by which the love of *Anthony Manning* for *Anne Thurston* was rehabilitated and the still slower process by which the love of *Anne Thurston* for *Anthony Manning* was permitted to overcome misunderstandings and pride, and go ahead, I say nothing: it was obvious from the start that these things were only going to be a matter of pages. But I would say a lot, and that in the highest praise, of the central idea, as

NEW ZOO GAME.



Chorus of Penguin Bookmakers. "TWO TO ONE YOU DON'T SPOT WHERE HE COMES UP."



"DONE 'EM AGAIN!"

developed by ELDRID REYNOLDS (for whose sex I hesitate to plump), of the sea calling one of its lost sons back from the humdrum prosperity of the methodical city, and planting him, at first much against his will, in the wild Cornish cove in No Man's Land. The book, however, is not to be recommended to August visitors at popular watering-places, for the author explains, with a frankness that might depress them and spoil their holiday, that what is popularly called the Seaside is all side and no sea.

The Eye-Witness.

"The sense of duty on the part of the sailor at the look-out was the most sublime I have ever known. He stood at his post without a thought of deserting it, though buried by tons of ice."

Passenger's narrative in "The Standard."

The Journalistic Touch.

"Insurance and benefit societies offer a primrose path to the company shark."—*Allahabad Pioneer*.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is, we believe, very little doubt that the persons prevented from returning from the seaside to their work are better pleased than those prevented from getting from their work to the seaside.

"The Holiday Cat" is a problem which is receiving a good deal of attention just now. One might do worse than give it to those strikers who strike workmen because they wish to work.

By the by, a trolley which was conveying a lion to the Zoo was molested by strikers until the nature of the merchandise disclosed itself. It is thought that, as a result of this, many traders may in future include a lion in the contents of their packing-cases.

At Nottingham there has actually been a worm-gatherers' strike. Which proves that even the worm-gatherers will turn—in the hot weather.

And there has been a dear little Boys' Own Strike. One hundred boys at the Sittingbourne paper mills struck for an advance of one halfpenny an hour. Apparently the price of lollipops has risen, and there has not been a corresponding increase in wages.

The absence of heavy railway and cartage vans from the London streets during the dock strike made the thoroughfares clear and easy to cross in comfort and safety; and it looks rather as if we have discovered at last a cure for the congestion of traffic in the Metropolis—that problem that has been baffling us for so long.

It is being asked: What reward does the Government intend to give to its four hundred followers who were willing, if necessary, to brave ridicule for its sake? We shall not be surprised if, gradually, each of them receives a peerage.

Meanwhile the suggestion that a public dinner should be given to them at once has, for some reason or other,

not proved acceptable to those concerned.

In an article on the Veto Crisis *The Spectator* says:—"We are bound to say that a careful consideration of all the facts shows that the King could not have acted otherwise than he did." Wouldn't it have been awful for His Majesty if our contemporary had felt bound to issue an adverse report? One does not care to think what would have happened then.

At last there is a real "Tragedy of Ireland." We refer to the position of

One hundred thousand firemen from all over Europe attended the festival of the National Federation of Firemen in Paris. The affair was admirably organised. Nothing seems to have been forgotten. There was even a serious fire in the city, which enabled the delegates to see the Paris firemen at work.

It has been suggested that our Boy Scouts shall be employed in a war of extermination against house-flies. There is something rather attractive about the proposal. For a full-grown man to engage in mortal combat with a fly would be absurd and somewhat unsportsmanlike. The others are more equally matched.

And the wasp plague continues to baffle the nation. Personally we think there is nothing like the old-fashioned protection of applying a thin coating of treacle to one's face and hands. Not only does the sting fail to penetrate this, but the wasps are held as involuntary prisoners until, at the end of the day, one removes them.

A hare which had made a daily practice of swimming in the sea at Cley, to the delight of the visitors, has, we are told, been captured by some local fishermen. Presumably because the regulations as to bathing costume had not been complied with.

The statement, just published in a Board of Agriculture Report, that there are now 1,826,841 dogs in Great Britain, has caused a certain amount of excitement in the canine world.

It has, we hear, been resolved to make every effort to bring the number up to 2,000,000 by next year, and an agitation will then be started against taxation without representation.

The authorities of Watertown, New York, have decided that in future their policemen, to obtain relief from the heat, will wear white shirts, duck trousers, and light tennis shoes. Any white malefactor who, while being arrested, soils one of these immaculate guardians of the peace will be severely dealt with. Any black malefactor producing the same effect will be burned alive.



THE HOLIDAY PROBLEM AUTOMATICALLY SOLVED BY THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

the Irish M.P.'s who have to refuse a salary of £400 a year.

Yet another gift—this time a rifle range—for the War Office. It is evidently being realised gradually that so much money is required nowadays for old age pensions, workmen's insurance, wages for M.P.'s, and the like, that if our defences are to be kept up, it must be done by voluntary contributions.

The present year marks the jubilee of the Ironclad. It has not yet been decided how it shall be celebrated. In Germany many persons rather favour the idea of a Naval War.

WANLEY ON WIT AND WISDOM.

"THE vein of wit doth not always answer a man's desire, but at some times, while we are writing or speaking, something doth casually offer itself unto our thoughts, which, perhaps, hath more of worth in it than we are able to compass with the utmost vehemence of our meditation and study. Facetious men have many such fortunate hits, lighting on the sudden upon that which is more graceful and pleasant to the hearer, than their more elaborate endeavours would be."

With the above paragraph the Rev. NATHANIEL WANLEY begins the antepenultimate chapter of his famous and stupendous book, entitled "The Wonders of the Little World; or, A General History of Man. In Six Books." My edition is a fat quarto of 752 pages, including plates and an index, and was published in 1788. The first edition was, I believe, a folio published in 1678—two years, that is to say, before Mr. WANLEY died at the unripe age of forty-six. It is an amazing thought that in that comparatively short space of time he should have found leisure for the compilation of this monumental work, for he was also Vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry, and must have misspent some hours at least in every week in attending to his parochial labours. Even while he preached or expounded or visited he cannot but have sighed to be back at "The General History of Man."

Certainly he had no mean design. The title-page sets out that he proposes to display "The Various Faculties, Capacities, Powers and Defects of the Human Body and Mind, in several thousand most interesting Relations of Persons remarkable for Bodily Perfections or Defects . . . or for extraordinary Virtues or Vices of the Mind . . . or for uncommon Powers or Weakness of the Senses and Affections," together with an account of all sorts of "other matters equally curious," but too long to be mentioned here. The whole was to form "A Complete System of the Mental and Corporeal Powers and Defects of Human Nature; and intended to increase Knowledge, to promote Virtue, to discourage Vice, and to furnish topics for innocent and ingenious Conversation." A most excellent clerical ambition!

My edition, published, as I say, more than a hundred years after Mr. WANLEY's death, is commended to the public by the editor in a preface. Mr. WANLEY, it is here stated, "ransacked the History of all Times and Nations, and, at an expense of labour and learning which renders him as great an instance of Human Industry as is to be found even in his own Book, he has gleaned together several thousand Historical Facts." Mr. WANLEY, however, has been expurgated, for "Notwithstanding our author's merit, it must be acknowledged that he is not everywhere equally happy in the choice of his stories, and that some immaterial and disagreeable relations might be exchanged for such as are more pertinent, interesting and entertaining."

My editor adds that those who undertake the information of men have a difficult task. "For the subject," he says, "is so obnoxious to error, the track so rough and uneven, and readers so prepossessed with prejudices, jealousies and censoriousness, that the diligent collectors of such examples oftener meet with reproaches than testimonies of gratitude; this is probably occasioned by vanity and fondness of philosophizing upon matters of fact, and being more curious to find out the reason of things than the truth of them. But though it is an argument of

ingenuity to search into the reason and cause of things, yet it is absurdity and folly to be invincible opiniators against manifest convictions, or to think Omnipotency cannot do what he pleases, because some men are resolved to be blind, and will not believe what they see." I would rather face a blow from the fist of the world's heavy-weight champion than get in the way of that last massive and majestic sentence. Who, after reading it, would dare to be an invincible opiniator against manifest convictions?

Mr. WANLEY's antepenultimate chapter, from which I have already given an extract, treats "of the witty Speeches or Replies suddenly made by some Persons." Here is one of his examples:—"One asked a noble sea-captain, 'Why, having means sufficient to live upon the land, he would yet endanger his person upon the ocean?' He told him 'That he had a natural inclination to it, and therefore nothing could divert him.' 'I pray,' said the other, 'where died your father?' 'At sea,' said the Captain. 'And where your grandfather?' 'At sea also,' said he. 'And,' said the other, 'are you not for that cause afraid to go to sea?' 'Before I answer you,' said the Captain, 'I pray tell me where died your father?' 'In bed,' said he. 'And where your grandfather?' 'In his bed,' said he, 'also.' And said the Captain, 'Are you not afraid for that cause to go to bed?' It was a hit—a palpable hit, but it may be urged that the noble sea-captain was not very sudden about it. He took his time to lay his train and apply the match, and the landsman must have known what was coming some moments before the charge exploded.

Here is another told in Mr. WANLEY's most characteristic style:—"The Spaniards sided with the Duke of Mayenne and the rest of those rebels in France who called themselves the Holy League; and a French gentleman being asked the causes of their civil broils, with an excellent allusion he replied, 'They were Spania and Mania,'—seeming by this answer to signify they were *Spania* penury, and *Mania* fury, which are indeed the causes of all intestine tumults, but slyly therein implying the King of Spain and the Duke of Mayenne." Could there be a more benevolent amenity than that with which our collector makes the witty reply clear to the most pedestrian intelligence?

My third and final story comes from the chapter "Of the wise Speeches, Sayings and Replies of several Persons." It shows, I am afraid, that Mr. WANLEY was a non-resistance and passive-obedience man:—"When Theopompus was King of Sparta, one was saying in his presence that 'it now went well with their City because their Kings had learned how to govern.' The King prudently replied, that 'it rather came to pass because their people had learned how to obey;' shewing thereby, that populous Cities are most injurious to themselves by their factious disobedience; which, while they are addicted to, they are not easily well governed by the best of magistrates."

"TO BRIGHTEN THE EYES.—Milk, 1 oz.; hot water, 1 oz. Mix and bathe the eyes while the mixture is still warm."—*Woman's Life*.

And if you should get the eyes badly mixed and put the right one back in the left socket, so much the better. A little change brightens them up wonderfully.

"One can watch the huntsman and almost read his thoughts while cantering ever so easily on a carpet of a thousand springs, with a proud neck arching gently to the rein."—*West Somerset Free Press*.

The writer must be very careful how he arches his neck. It soon grows into a habit.



THE CONVERSERS.

[It seems to be hoped that in the course of the next few days the conversations between Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter and M. Cambon may have reached a stage beyond the point marked by the announcement published in *The Times* of August 3.—*The Times*, August 16.]





The Bather. "LOOK OUT, MABEL, HERE COMES DICK RAWDON."

The Other. "WHAT AM I TO LOOK OUT ABOUT!"
The Bather. "WELL, I ONLY MEANT YOU'RE DISPLAYING A GOOD DEAL OF ANKLE."

THE BATHING-MACHINE MAN.

"AVE a nice bathe this morning, Sir? Very good, Sir. Better take No. 14—last but one on the line, Sir. Some one waiting for it? Oh yes, Sir—three parties—but they'll soon be in and out, bless you! They're only gents.

"You can 'ave No. 7 if you please, Sir, only one party waiting for that, as you say, but they're females. You'll stick to No. 14? Right you are, Sir—you're very wise.

"Busy? Well, yes—just keep goin'. Start at daybreak and finish at midnight, that's about the size of it. Golden 'arvest? Don't say too much about that, but we stand to make a bit this month. You forget the pore bathing man 'as got to live the rest of the year—we couldn't do it, Sir, if our wives wasn't in reg'lar work, that we couldn't.

"No, me little dear. Can't let you bathe for 1d., but you can go in along of yer mar for 2d. She ain't yer mar? Well, it ain't my fault, is it? 'Ere's yer towel; don't drop it in the sand.

"What's that the old gent's a-calling through 'is winder? Beg pardon, Sir?

Costume too small, is it? Very sorry, Sir, but that comes the biggest size. You 'ave another try, Sir.

"No, Sir. The strikes don't affect us, not as far as yet. They can't turn the sea off. No, I shan't strike myself, not while you takes your bathing reg'lar, all of you. Shall I give you a dozen tickets, Sir? Only down for the weekend? Yes, you'll want 'em all. Why, the gents is going in six times a day, and the ladies three. 'Urt 'em? Not much! with the sea at 68 and 70 in the shallers.

"Bathe, Missie? Oh yes, it's quite safe, no tide and no rocks and no jally-fishes—you'll be all right—yes, Missie. I'll keep an eye on yer.

"Yes, Sir, you're right. The female visitors look sweeter than ever this year, though there's something wrong about the cut o' their clothes. Run a bit short o' material in the gounds—and pawned the petticoats. That's 'ow I accounts for it. But, bless your life, Sir, though they ain't got much to put on, seemily, they take longer than ever dressing themselves.

"Beg pardon, Mum! Want me to go an' talk to the ladies in No. 3! Got in your machine, 'ave they? Went in

up the back, as you was waiting at the front, did they? No, Mum, they certainly didn't ought to 'avo done that, certainly not! Never mind, Mum, you take No. 3. Only one party waiting.

"What's this 'ere thin, bashful-looking gent a-wanderin' about in 'is costume for? Been in too long by the looks of 'im. Lost your machine, 'ave you, Sir? Been trying to find it for twenty minutes? Dear, dear! Put this 'ere towel round you, Sir. You look as if you've been kep' on the ice for a month. Afraid of goin' in a lady's by mistake, are yer, Sir? Don't you worry, I'll come along with yer. They don't mind me! Ger 'way, boys!"

"Goodrick is a left-arm bowler with a decided swing action from West Hartlepool."
Bradford Daily Telegraph.

This makes no mention of the same player's very useful late cut from Driffield, or his hook stroke from Lascelles Hall.

No power shall extract from us the name of the portly Bishop who is now known to the irreverent as "Weight and See."

THE HOUSE WARMING.

V.—UNINVITED GUESTS.

"NINE," said Archie, separating his latest victim from the marmalade spoon and dropping it into the hot water. "This is going to be a sanguinary day. With a pretty late cut into the peach jelly Mr. A. Mannering reached double figures. Ten. Battles are being won while Thomas still sleeps. Any advance on ten?"

"Does that include *my* wasp?" asked Myra.

"There are only ten here," said Archie, looking into the basin, "and they're all mine. I remember them perfectly. What was yours like?"

"Well, I didn't exactly kill him. I smacked him with a teaspoon and told him to go away. And he went on to your marmalade, so I expect you thought he was yours. But it was really mine, and I don't think it's very nice of you to kill another person's wasp."

"Have one of mine," I said, pushing my plate across. "Have Bernard—he's sitting on the greengage."

"I don't really want to kill anything. I killed a rabbit once and I wished I hadn't."

"I nearly killed a rabbit once, and I wished I had."

"Great sportsmen at a glance," said Archie. "Tell us about it before it goes into your reminiscences."

"It was a fierce affair while it lasted. The rabbit was sitting down and I was standing up, so that I rather had the advantage of him at the start. I waited till he seemed to be asleep and then fired."

"And missed him?"

"Y-yes. He heard the report, though. I mean, you mustn't think he ignored me altogether. I moved him. He got up and went away all right."

"A very lucky escape for you," said Archie. "I once knew a man who was gored to death by an angry rabbit." He slashed in the air with his napkin. "Fifteen. Dahlia, let's have breakfast indoors to-morrow. This is very jolly but it's just as hot, and it doesn't get Thomas up any earlier, as we hoped."

All that day we grilled in the heat. Myra and I started a game of croquet in the morning, but after one shot each it was agreed to abandon it as a draw—slightly in my favour, because I had given her the chipped mallet. And in the afternoon, Thomas and Simpson made a great effort to get up enthusiasm for lawn tennis. Each of them returned the other's service into the net until the score stood at eight all, at which point they suddenly realised that nothing but the violent death of one of

the competitors would ever end the match. They went on to ten all to make sure, and then retired to the lemonade and wasp jug, Simpson missing a couple of dead bodies by inches only. And after dinner it was hotter than ever.

"The heat in my room," announced Archie, "breaks all records. The thermometer says a hundred and fifty, the barometer says very dry, we've had twenty-five hours' sunshine, and there's not a drop of rain recorded in the soap-dish. Are we going to take this lying down?"

"No," said Thomas, "let's sleep out to-night."

"What do you say, Dahlia?"

"It's a good idea. You can all sleep on the croquet lawn, and Myra and I will take the tennis lawn."

"Hadn't you better have the croquet lawn? Thomas walks in his sleep, and we don't want to have him going through hoops all night."

"You'll have to bring down your own mattresses," went on Dahlia, "and you've not got to walk about the garden in the early morning, at least not until Myra and I are up, and if you're going to fall over croquet hoops you mustn't make a noise. That's all the rules, I think."

"I'm glad we've got the tennis lawn," said Myra; "it's much smoother. Do you prefer the right-hand court, dear, or the left-hand?"

"We shall be very close to nature to-night," said Archie. "Now we shall know whether it really is the nightjar, or Simpson gargling."

We were very close to nature that night, but in the early morning still closer. I was awakened by the noise of Simpson talking, as I hoped, in his sleep. However, it appeared that he was awake and quite conscious of the things he was saying.

"I can't help it," he explained to Archie, who had given expression to the general opinion about it; "these bally wasps are all over me."

"It's your own fault," said Archie. "Why do you egg them on? I don't have wasps all over me."

"Conf— There! I've been stung."

"You've been what?"

"Stung."

"Stung. Where?"

"In the neck."

"In the neck." Archie turned over to me. "Simpson," he said, "has been stung in the neck. Tell Thomas."

I woke up Thomas. "Simpson," I said, "has been stung in the neck."

"Good," said Thomas, and went to sleep again.

"We've told Thomas," said Archie. "Now are you satisfied?"

"Get away, you brute," shouted Simpson suddenly, and dived under the sheet.

Archie and I lay back and shouted with laughter.

"It's really very silly of him," said Archie, "because—go away—because everybody knows that—get away, you ass—that wasps aren't dangerous unless—confound you—unless—I say, isn't it time we got up?"

I came up from under my sheet and looked at my watch. "Four-thirty," I said, dodged a wasp, and went back again.

"We must wait till five-thirty," said Archie. "Simpson was quite right; he was stung, after all. I'll tell him so."

He leant out of bed to tell him so, and then thought better of it and retired beneath the sheets.

At five-thirty a gallant little party made its way to the house, its mattresses over its shoulders.

"Gently," said Archie, as we came in sight of the tennis-lawn.

We went very gently. There were only wasps on the tennis-lawn, but one does not want to disturb the little fellows. A. A. M.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

THE Custom House in Billingsgate Is very large and very great,
All summer its electric swish
To dissipate the smell of fish.

Outside the streets are glaring, grim,
Inside it's cool and wide and dim,
And all its rooms have swinging doors,
And disinfectants on the floors.

From its front windows one may see
The Thames as muddy as can be;
Its clerks are very cross and sour,
And keep you waiting half-an-hour.

But you may watch the tramps go by
For Christiansund or Uruguay,
Or read, what most my fancy stirs,
The "Notices to Mariners."

These tell of buoys and lights and quays,
For those in "peril of the seas,"
They caution captains, and convict
The sunken shoal or derelict.

And as you read them you may reach
A Greenland floe, a coral beach,
The breeze that stirs the tamarinds,
Or rushing, grey Atlantic winds.

And so the Custom House, you see,
Seems quite a pleasant place to me;
I won't mind waiting—no, not I,
An hour beneath an August sky.

"The Street Committee recommended—
That the Great Western Railway Company be
requested either to allow busmen and carmen
into their premises at Newrath or not to allow
them into the premises at all."

The Waterford Times.

One way or the other, please.

INFANT PRODIGIES.

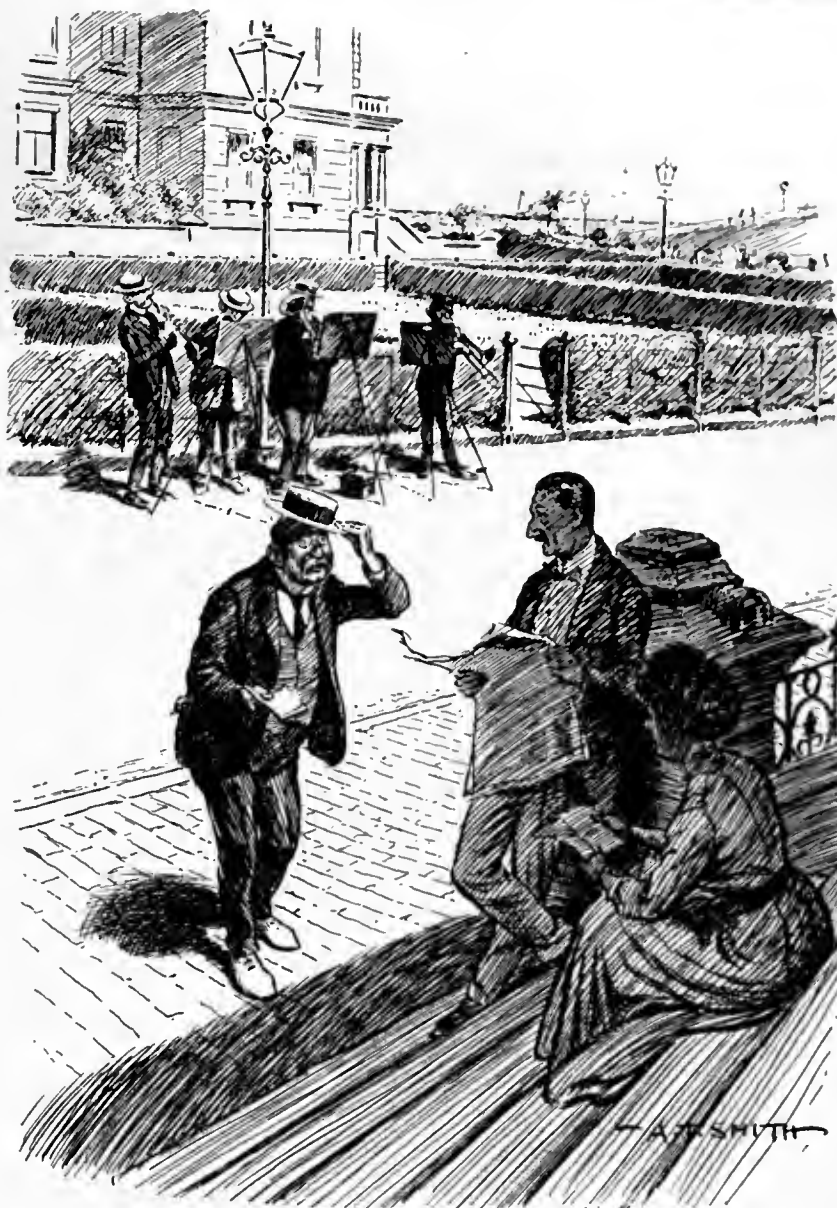
THE July number of the *American Magazine* contains an interesting account by Professor WIENER of the exceptionally early mental development of his son NORBERT. When he was eighteen months old, "his nurse-girl one day amused herself by making letters in the sand of the seashore. She noticed that he was watching her attentively, and in fun began to teach him the alphabet. Two days afterwards she told me in great surprise that he knew it perfectly. Thinking that this was an indication that it would not be hard to interest him in reading, I started teaching him how to spell at the age of three. In a very few weeks he was reading quite fluently, and by six was acquainted with a number of excellent books, including works by DARWIN, RIBOT, and other scientists, which I put into his hands in order to instil in him something of the scientific spirit."

Private inquiries, conducted at great expense by one of *Mr. Punch's* most trusted representatives, have resulted in the gratifying discovery that this precocity is by no means confined to denizens of the Great Republic, but has been displayed by several of England's greatest living luminaries.

At the tender age of fourteen months Mr. LLOYD GEORGE electrified his nurse by enunciating in a clear treble voice the startling sentiment, "A hereditary aristocracy is a contradiction in terms and is doomed to speedy extinction." With these words he seized his toy spade—the incident occurred on the sands at Llandudno—and demolished an elaborate sand castle which he had erected by his unaided exertions.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, at the age of two, petrified his tutor by committing to memory the whole of GIBBON'S monumental history, and taking the Emperor JULIAN as his hero and model. In his third year, however, he developed strong pietistic tendencies, and during a summer holiday spent on Dartmoor immersed himself in Pastoral Theology, and translated the Septuagint into the Devonshire dialect. At the age of five he was admitted into an Orange Lodge, but quitted it after a few weeks and declared himself a supporter of Mr. PARNELL. While serving as a volunteer in the Expeditionary Force to Egypt in 1882, he was converted to Unionism and remained rooted in this heresy until 1905.

Mr. LULU HARCOURT'S pronounced democratic tendencies manifested themselves at an unusually early age. Thus in the choice of playmates he evinced a marked preference for children of



"WOULD YOU RECOGNISE THE BAND THIS MORNING, SIR?"
"NO; IS IT ONE?"

humble origin, and in moments of expansion would even go so far as to allow them to play with his superb diamond-hilted gold rattle. It is understood that his parents' decision to send him to Eton caused him deep grief, as it was his dearest desire to go to a board-school, and his antipathy to aristocratic surroundings found vent in the expression of opinions which shocked his tutor inexpressibly. Always a convinced believer in the simple life, he adopted a Spartan rigour in his diet, seldom indulging in more than five ices at a time and only partaking of caviare twice or at most three times a week.

Another distinguished Etonian, Sir HUBERT PARRY, was noted for his

musical precocity. The first time he ever heard a donkey bray he was in his bath, being then only eight months old, and he immediately sang the interval of the submerged tenth—that given out by the quadruped—with startling fidelity. Three months later he was able to play all BACH'S *Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues* on a mouth-organ. He mastered the penny whistle in a single afternoon, and after that never looked back. Taking his Mus. Bac. degree before he went into knickerbockers he immortalized himself at Eton, where he was captain of the Wall team, by inventing a new method of kicking the ball backwards, to which he gave the name of the contra-punt.

AN OLD BALL.

A GOLF IDYLL.

WELL, you shall have the story of the ball.
It seems a curious trophy, does it not,
To keep among my treasures of the past
In yonder cabinet? Scarred, battered, gashed,
Spoiled with ignoble usage of the club,
Old-fashioned, too—ah me, I had almost
Forgotten it was there. But you shall hear.

I was not ever scratch, as I am now.
Far from it. Through a long novitiate
My golf was vile; and gods, how I could slice!
That was at once my shame and my despair;
Shame for the dangers that I cast abroad,
Despair of that eternal "rough," the time
I spent in looking for the balls I lost,
The money that I lost in losing them,
Not to say, temper.

One wild afternoon
Into a crosswise wind I drave. The ball
Leapt from the tee and swung, like one possessed,
In mad abandonment towards the off,
Where, on a green impossibly remote,
(Or so it seemed) in awkward stance there stood
A maiden putting. Round that fairy form
The strange thing, hissing like a Catherine wheel,
In lessening spiral rushed—against that form
Rudely impinged, and so accosted earth.

And thither, to retrieve that cursed ball,
I, with disarming smile and cap in hand,
A mincing shape of crushed apology,
Approached, and made expressions of remorse
Such as a maid might swallow. Her three friends
Darkly opposed me with a hostile glare;
But not so she. She heard me to the end;
Then raised her eyes—eyes of a most deep blue—
And said it didn't matter, and forgave.
So for the nonce I left her. All that round,
I could not keep my mind upon the game,
Or eye upon the ball. Of her I thought,
Her voice, her smile, her pardon, and I played
On with the ball that smote her, hewed and hacked,
And, at the close, 'twas as you see it now.

But when the round had ended in defeat
At the club house I met her, and I learned,
She, too, was a beginner. I proposed
A match, the first of many. Day by day
In pleasing concord of inferior golf
We, being equal in our lack of skill,
Together ploughed the ineffectual sand,
Harried the sod, and laboured through the rough,
While each in healing sympathy consoled
The other's failures with "Oh, crushing luck,"
"Hard lines," and "Ah, th' abominable lie,"
And all such kindly flatteries, till, at last,
(Both being bunkered at the fourteenth hole)
I told her that I loved her. She was kind.
And in that bunker we became engaged.

So for a pleasant season all was well.
But, of a sudden—how I know not—I
Began to get the better of my ball;
Put off the novice; and, of my success,
Was born the baffling magic of the game.
I grew impatient at the loss of time
Spent in retrieving balls from that vile rough

Wherein she sliced them—slicing was her fault,
It was ridiculous—and I began
To pine for foes more worthy of my skill,
To feel some ire at being thus kept back
By an inferior player. I proposed
To give her lessons. She resented that.
Indeed, it bred a coolness; and, at last,
(She being bunkered at the fourteenth hole)
We had some words, and parted, not in peace.

She sent me back my presents. They were few.
I had not known her long enough for more.
A ring, a dressing-case, a set of clubs,
Some cunning treatises upon the game,
"Golf for Beginners," "Illustrated Faults"
And others that I gave her for her good;
And, with the rest, a gashed and battered ball,
My earliest gift, the scarred and sacred thing
Through whose wild office we were introduced.

DUM-DUM.

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

THE editor of *The Gorgeous Monthly* sat at his desk and turned the pages of his last issue. "Can't understand it!" he muttered.

"What can't you understand?" asked the office-boy. (He was a new office-boy.)

The editor frowned. Then, relenting, he handed his copy of *The Gorgeous Monthly* to the office-boy. "Look at it; look at it!" he said. "Wouldn't you give fourpence-halfpenny for that?"

The office-boy did look at it. He read the Contents, which ran as follows:—

MY TIE-PINS. An absorbing account, by M. Dirien Babillard, the world-famous International Detective, of the Gifts graciously bestowed upon him by Royal Personages whom he has guarded. Illustrated by 45 beautiful photographs specially taken for *The Gorgeous Monthly*. (Copyright in U.S.A.)

MR. BUFFLE'S BATHING-MACHINE. A Very Funny Story of the Seaside. By the favourite humourist, Wermwode Toombes.

SHOULD WIFEY PROVIDE THE PRAM? A delightful Domestic Causerie by six well-known Actresses. An article of absorbing interest to all intelligent women.

THE AEROPLANE ASSASSIN. (The third of the Thrilling Series of Modern Mysteries contributed by our Special Crime Investigator.)

THROUGH SERINGAPATAM ON STILTS. The Story of a Strange Wager. With authentic photographs of the Intrepid Traveller.

MIGGS MINOR, MOLLYCODDLE. A Public School Tale, proving that the spirit which won Waterloo still inspires our British Boyhood. By Edith Tomlinson.

PICTURES THAT PAIN. A Virile Attack on the "Art" (?) of the Day. Fully Illustrated by Reproductions of some of the works which the Author suggests should be Destroyed by the Nation.

STELLA'S LOVER. A Charming Summer Romance by Caroline and Arthur Drivelle.

"Pretty good, isn't it?" asked the editor. "You'd think it would fetch 'em. But it don't. Circulation's still dropping. I can't understand it. It must be that we're hit by the flood of trashy sevenpenny reprints."

"That must be it," agreed the office-boy.

It behoves office-boys to be discreet; so he hid his tattered "Treasure Island" in his desk and went back to the typewriter.



"WUMMUN! IT'S REEDEECULOUS FOR YE TAE THINK O' SICH FEERFU' GEAR!"
 "HOOTS, MON! DINNA YE SEE IT'S JUST MADE WI' ABOUT HAUF THE MATERIAL!"

SAUCE OF THE SEA.

(To almost any Maritime Landlady.)

Ou, not the virtues of the air,
 Though that, of course, is extra bracing,
 Have charmed us most, my lady fair,
 In these apartments rich and rare
 The briny sea-front facing.

And greatly as we loved the golf,
 And cared not though that hearty drunkard
 The high Nor'-Easter put us off,
 And placed us in the hopeless trough
 Where all bad drives are bunkered:

Not these—nor yet the sheer delight
 Of floating where the sea-mew flickers,
 Of tussling with the breaker's might
 (The town forgotten)—wearing tight
 Vermilion-coloured knickers:

Not these, I say, though all were grand,
 Enraptured so a brace of quiet
 Young gentlemen at Slush-on-Strand
 As this—the savour of the sand,
 You mingled with our diet.

At first we did not care for it:
 Unused to so sublime a relish,
 We grumbled, when we came to grit
 Our grinders on a hefty bit
 Of foreshore, saying "Hellish."

But by-and-by we came to see
 Its tonic worth; we ceased to cavil;
 We took two spoonfuls with our tea,
 We crunched it in our cake with glee,
 We gloated on the gravel.

Our faces blossomed like the peach,
 We've told your tiny daughter Elsie
 To put us up a pint for each
 Of Slush-on-Strand's salubrious beach
 To carry home to Chelsea.

But still, O lady of the fads
 And somewhat statuesque proportions,
 Have mercy on a pair of lads
 What time your artless fancy adds
 The total of extortions.

Remember, though we had our fill,
 Whate'er the usual price per plate is,
 It costs you absolutely nil.
 So do not charge it in the bill,
 But put down "Sea-shore gratis."

EVOE.

"Lord Wandsworth is one of the Liberal peers who before his elevation to the peerage sat in the House of Commons for the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk for four years, after several unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The custom is rather dying out now among Liberal peers.



"I SAY, WHAT A LOT OF COD LIVER OIL THEY MUST HAVE GIVEN YOU!"

ODE TO A MOUTHFUL OF SEA-WATER TAKEN INVOLUNTARILY.

Thou sloppy spilth of bitter Stygian floods!
 Thou—thou—just wait until I've ceased to splutter,
 Just wait a bit, I say, and I will stutter
 Those terse, tremendous words which strong men
 mutter

(E.g., what time they strive with dress-shirt studs),
 And I will think those things one does not utter
 But simply chews as cows their juicy cuds,
 And keeps in close-locked lips like canker-worms in buds.

Some moments since I think you would not find
 A happier than I: the sun was beaming,
 The sea and my strong cleaving arms were gleaming,
 The gulls (and all the lady bathers) screaming,
 The air was warm and Nature seemed most kind.
 And then—then as I wallowed, idly dreaming,
 A little wave came unawares behind
 And slopped Thee down my throat, superlatively brined.

O sudden sorry sickening effect!
 O cruelly unkind iconoclasm!
 What grievous gulp, what nauseating spasm,
 What tainted void, and oh! how sour a chasm
 Hast Thou enforced! What pleasure hast Thou checkt!
 Such are my feelings now, and whoso has 'em
 Feels that his *joie de vivre* is wholly wreckt:
 At least I do, who felt just now a man elect.

For fair Sabrina at my votive hands—
 Sabrina with a charming bathing dress on—
 Had promised to receive a swimming lesson:
 Most wonderful, although I must confess on-
 erous of duties! As the matter stands
 I would as gladly fire a Smith-and-Wesson
 Straight at my heart: Sabrina's sweet commands
 Tempt me far less than do the unsubmerged sands.

It is enough. I do not ask for more.
 The sea has lost its bright attractive shimmer,
 And since (for I'm no really swagger swimmer)
 I ope my mouth to breathe, another brimmer
 Will doubtless find admission as before.
 I feel Thy inward presence growing grimmer,
 Rumours arise of fierce internal war,
 And hateful is the dark blue sea. Here's for the shore.

From a letter in *The Times of India*:—

"They had seen a ray of hope dawn on the horizon, but now they have begun to feel that the said ray was nothing more than the dilusory lake in the desert of Sarah."

We have often felt this, but have never been able to express it.

"As the grandson of the greatest poet of the Victorian era we should have read 'A Portentous History' for the sake of the name that it bears on its title-page."—C.K.S. in "*The Sphere*."

We must try to get the collected works of Mr. SHORTER'S grandfather.



THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

POLICE CONSTABLE. "WHO HAVE I GOT HERE? WHY, A BOTTLE-THROWING HOOLIGAN."

MR. PUNCH. "MARCH HIM OFF; THAT'S THE WORST ENEMY OF LABOUR. YOU'VE DONE YOUR DUTY, AS YOU ALWAYS DO."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, 14th August.—In Committee of Supply CHANCELLOR moves vote for mere trifle over a quarter of a million for payment of Members' salaries. Exception taken with respect to form of procedure. Urged that proposal should be presented as a Bill, not a Resolution. TIM HEALY agrees, but explains that if that course had been adopted the Bill would have gone on to Lords, who in present temper might have thrown it out. A Resolution passed through Committee of Supply would not come before them.

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER blushed. Hoped that perhaps nobody would have thought of that.

In able speech delivered last Thursday, when question first came before House, ARTHUR LEE gave illuminating particulars of how in Australia appetite in this matter grows with what it feeds upon. The Member for Sark, supporting WOLMER's motion to reduce vote by £100,000, showed how in France development is even more advanced. To begin with, French *Deputés* voted themselves annual wage of 9,000 francs, equal to £350 English. Four years ago proposal was suddenly sprung upon the Chamber to increase the amount to 15,000 francs (£600). On what *Deputés* lament as a snap division the motion was carried and remains in force to this day.



"Here comes along BOOTH with conundrum."
(Mr. F. HANDEL BOOTH.)



LLOYD GEORGE C. AND B. HEALY.
"Chancellor of Exchequer blushed."

Members of the Right and Right Centre find double satisfaction in the episode. From their place in the Chamber they hotly denounced spoliation of National Purse; privily they pocket the extra 6,000 francs. The Parisians, who, otherwise helpless, are ever ready to avenge themselves by launching a *not*, scornfully call the *Deputés* "*les Quinze Milles*."

Business done.—House of 369 Members resolve by majority 113 to pay themselves salary of £400 a year.

Tuesday.—Already payment of Members turns up with controversial point. Resolution adopted yesterday authorised allotment "to Members not in receipt of salaries as Ministers or officers of the House." Here comes along BOOTH with conundrum submitted to Chair. When is a Minister not a Minister? Are the PATRONAGE SECRETARY and the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY, together with whole batch of Under-Secretaries, Ministers within meaning of Resolution? If not, will they, in addition to receipt of salary, pocket £400 a year?

For once SPEAKER baffled.

"They certainly are not Ministers of the Crown," he said. "Whether they are Ministers or not I should not like to say. I must take legal advice on that matter."

Pretty to see row of Under-Secretaries crowding Treasury Bench bending forward to catch SPEAKER'S

ruling. Not for them to move in the matter. Nobody hints at such a thing as their having put up BOOTH to raise question. They don't ask for more than their, possibly inadequate, salaries paid quarterly. But they feel it behoves them to set the example of discipline and obedience to authority. If their more-than-ever esteemed colleagues, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, would be so good as to advise the SPEAKER that, not being Ministers of the Crown, they shall be subjected to indignity of having forced upon them an additional wage of £400 a year—well, all they can say is that they are not the men to add to embarrassment of their beloved chief, especially heavy at the moment, by raising difficulties.

Business done.—Committee of Supply closed. Appropriation Bill brought in and read first time.

Wednesday.—PRINCE ARTHUR gone off to Gastein, leaving his flock shepherdless. What affects spirits of



"BOADICEA" TAKES OVER THE LEADERSHIP

"You can already almost hear the swish of her chariot-scythes among the enemy."
(Mr. ROWLAND HUNT.)

the more sensitive is circumstance that before departing he did not leave them a lingering word of farewell, nor exhibit any sign of the sweet sorrow which parting from devoted friends ever brings.

Happily ROWLAND HUNT, the Man from Shropshire, is with us. Promptly takes up the crook dropped from other hands; the sheep, looking up, are comforted by assurance that they will be fed.

A Party having of late gone through some tribulation is cheered by arrangement perhaps understood rather than defined. Whilst in the Commons PRINCE ARTHUR has been chivied because he would not join movement leading to swamping House of Lords with puppet peers, LANSDOWNE has been openly accused of treachery, his authority as Leader denounced. Party fortunate in such dire dilemma to have at hand two capable substitutes. With WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE leading Opposition in the Lords, and ROWLAND HUNT filling same post in the Commons, Unionists may well buck up.

Business done — ROWLAND HUNT severely cross-examines SEELY as to numerical force of Territorials. He, however, graciously permits Appropriation Bill to be read a second time.

PERSONALITIES OF THE LAW.

(From the Layman's Point of View.)

THE JUDGES.

THESE are neither born nor made. They are a class apart, not subject to the ordinary rule of human existence. The first remark that Mr. JUSTICE SWINFEN EADY made, upon assuming the outward form of a common male baby, was "Bring me an Equity of Redemption, please," and someone immediately did so in far and trembling. What is admired in Counsel who dares to withstand a Judge of the High Court is just that touch of bravado which King CANUTE lacked. As for the inseparable and infallible trio, Lords Justices VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, FLETCHER MOULTON and BUCKLEY, breath cannot be sufficiently bated to speak of them at all. One dare only feel a secret pity for men who can have never known the pleasure of doing, saying, thinking or feeling anything wrong.

THE JURY

also is neither born nor made. It is one of those unfortunate and inexplicable things which have happened and cannot be helped. Its entire competence is limited to the one extraordinary capacity for believing implicitly any old lie.

THE BAR: KING'S COUNSEL.

There are only two King's Counsel. Their names are Sir EDWARD CARSON and F. E. SMITH. There was once, indeed, a man whose name was RUFUS ISAACS. He showed promise, but became Attorney-General.

THE JUNIOR BAR.

This consists of a number of men from twenty-five to twenty-eight years of age, all destined for the Woolsack. One by one they despair of success and are just about to give in altogether, when their great opportunity comes. A beautiful wife murders an ugly husband, who richly deserved all he got. The briefless junior, next on the rota for promotion, is briefed by an intelligent solicitor for the defence. Amidst a tense silence the junior rises to address a jury, already determined to convict. The first word of the junior makes them waver: the second turns them round, and the third leaves them clamouring for an acquittal. The face in the dock gets paler and paler: the hush gets tenser and tenser: somebody faints: the junior is made a K.C. on the spot and it is forgotten, in the general excitement, that the lady did murder the man. That, however, is not important. Considering the regularity of this occurrence, it is odd how persistently the number of K.C.s sticks at two.

THE SOLICITORS.

All solicitors are rascals. The fact that they work from 9.30 A.M. to 6 P.M. on three hundred days of the year makes one suspect something of this sort. The fact that they expect to be paid for it leaves no room for doubt. I have it on the authority of a company promoter, who makes eight thousand a year without ever going near his office in the City, that all solicitors are rascals.

THE PLAINTIFF.

This is the man who appears to be palpably too good to live, until it comes to his cross-examination. During that, it is clear to everyone, including himself, that he were better dead.

THE DEFENDANT.

During the first part of the case, this man is fully occupied in marvelling how people can bring themselves to tell such gross and wicked lies with such obvious ease. During the second half of the case, he is generally occupied in discovering that the telling of lies is not such an easy matter as he supposed.

THE WITNESS.

To be a witness is to discover for the first time what a blackguard you have been in the past, without knowing it. It is also to discover that very few people love you, and no one trusts you.

If the witness happens to be yourself, however, you have the permanent satisfaction of knowing that you scored off everybody, and particularly off the unscrupulous fool who cross-examined you and was one too few for you.

THE USHER.

The point of view of the Usher is entirely detached and pessimistic. He has no illusions and no faith in humanity. He spends his life in saying "Hush, hush!" and expecting no result. There was once an usher who smiled, but he was very young and only just beginning.

THE MAN IN THE DOCK is always innocent, and

THE POLICE CONSTABLE is never telling the truth.

MARINE METAMORPHOSIS.

A MODERN maid of high degree
One day went bathing in the sea.
Her toilette (g'acé with insertion)
Seemed too expensive for submersion.
But first with rounded cheeks and care
She filled her water-wings with air.
And slipping same beneath each shoulder
Allowed the surges to enfold her.
Till, well beyond the shining strand,
She swam (with one foot on the sand).
Now, as the maiden was arriving
Close to a springboard meant for diving,
A young Greek god in bathing kit
With easy grace climbed on to it.
His curls were clust'ring gold and shiny,
His eyes were azure as the briny.
His build was clean, his skin was tanned,
He looked accustomed to command.
The maiden, swimming by, as stated,
Was absolutely captivated.
And, struck by this and other things,
She promptly lost her water wings.
At first it seemed a real disaster,
They floated seaward, fast and faster,
Until with trudgeon stroke astute
The Greek god started in pursuit.
How anxiously she watched his dear
head
Go bobbing almost to the pier head.
He brought them back, and quite pooh-
poohed
Her shy but heartfelt gratitude.
She was enraptured that she'd seen a
Delightful *Deus ex machina*.
She felt in fact she'd met her fate,
He, only, was her bosom's mate.
To meet again, her soul was maddened,
But when they did, she wished they
hadn't,
For down her rainbow castle fell—
He was the "Boots" at her hotel.

EVENING PAPERS, PLEASE COPY.

I was wandering idly in Greenwich Park, late in the afternoon of one of these hot days, when I came upon him. He was seated in the shade of the Observatory, and was noticeable not only for his long, white beard, which would have drawn attention to him anywhere, but for a certain anger in his mien, unusual in so aged a man. In one hand he held a halfpenny evening paper, which a boy had just sold him, and beside him was a scythe, left, as I conjectured, by one of the park men.

I was strolling quietly by when he called to me. "You, Sir, you know London, perhaps? Tell me this, Sir," and he shook the paper fiercely at me as though I was its editor.

I stopped and listened for more.

"This, Sir," he said, pointing his thumb at a lozenge in the top right-hand corner of the first page. "What does it say? Your eyes are stronger than mine."

"It says," I replied, "6.30 edition."

"There!" he exclaimed, with the first suggestion of satisfaction in his tone. "Then I'm not going blind. '6.30'? Very well, Sir. And now will you kindly add to your courtesy by telling me what your watch says?"

I pulled out my watch and found that it was twenty to seven.

He grunted. "Now one farther question," he said. "How far is the printing office of this paper from the place where we are now talking?"

I hazarded eight miles.

He grunted again. "That is to say," he remarked, "that half an hour at least would be required to get the paper to Greenwich purchasers?"

"Quite," I said.

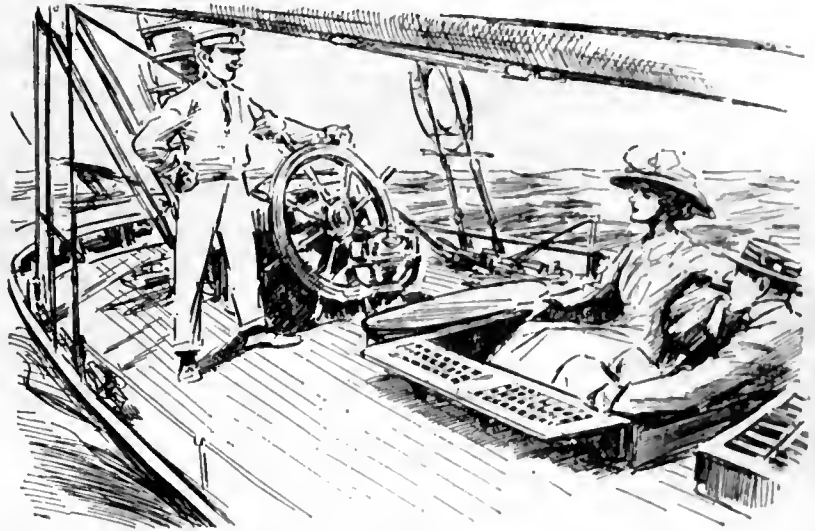
He raged again. "And I bought it," he said, "a quarter of an hour ago!" He was furious. His old eyes blazed, his old cheeks crimsoned, his old beard crisped and curled. "So it's a lie," he shouted, "this '6.30'—a lie!"

"I'm afraid it's a little misleading," I said.

"A lie, I call it," he continued. "Don't mince words, Sir. No doubt you who live in London are prepared for these swindles. You have no objection to false pretences. You are not offended by being asked a halfpenny for news up to 6.30 and getting it only up to 5.45. But I am, and for a very good reason. It's an attack on me, Sir. It hurts me personally. It undermines my reputation. It ruins my credit. I—I won't stand it, Sir. Something must be done."

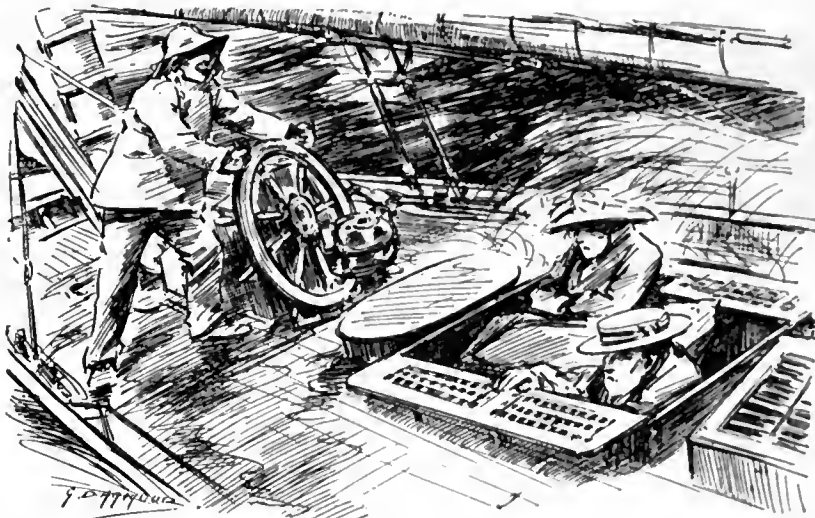
He was trembling with fury, and I

WHAT AN HOUR MAY BRING FORTH.



12 o'clock.

She. "HOW DELIGHTFULLY FRESH! WHAT A DIFFERENCE TO THE GORRID, STUFFY RAILWAY."



1 o'clock.

She (in dreamy voice). "WHEN DID YOU SAY THAT TRAIN LEFT SOUTHAMPTON?"

moved farther away. It was odd to find him making it such a personal matter.

"Do you hear me, Sir?" he roared.

"Yes," I said, "I do. But it's nothing to do with me. I'm not the responsible person."

"Yes, you are, Sir," he answered.

"So long as you buy these untruths and do not revolt, you are responsible, and don't you forget it. It's gone too far. 6.30 indeed!"

And he rose muttering, flung the paper down, stamped on it, and moved away.

I was too much surprised to follow; but I was more surprised still when I saw that he had in his rage absent-mindedly put the scythe over his shoulder.

Our Novelists.

"Cheston had his hands at Kurtiss's throat just as a dog goes at the throat of another dog." Story in "London Magazine."

"He might not have been so instantly sure of the redundant figure which lay face downwards on the rug, had there not come to him a waft of distinctive perfume, which told him that the prone body was that of his wife, Maude Montfort." Serial in "The Story Journal."

"Then for a time they were again silent, while Helen, with that feeling of infinite joy which is experienced for the first time when love's first kiss is still warm upon a woman's lips, rested her head upon her lover's shoulder in supreme contempt." (To be concluded.)

Serial in "The Kettering Leader."

It will need all the concluding installment to explain away that last word.

THE STRIPED PERIL.

THE recent outbreak of wasp-activity has at last roused popular opinion. Looking ahead we anticipate some such extracts as the following from an issue of *The Daily Telegraph* in the near future:—

GOVERNMENT AND THE WASPS.

MR. CHOSE (*U.*) asked the PRIME MINISTER whether his attention had been called to the case of an elderly gentleman in South Warwickshire, who was wantonly attacked by wasps when breakfasting *al fresco* in his own grounds, and whether, in view of this event, he proposed to take any steps to safeguard the lives and property of private citizens. (Opposition cheers.)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, who replied, said that the whole matter was at present engaging the earnest attention of His Majesty's Government.

MR. WEDGWOOD (*R.*): Will the right hon. gentleman see that in any arrangements come to the right of the British wasp to sting remains untouched?

MR. KEIR HARDIE asked the Home Secretary whether it was the fact that on the occasion in question marmalade was employed by the breakfasters, and whether, having regard to the notoriously inflammatory influence of this practice on wasps, he would take measures to render it penal, and to confiscate all stores of the compound at present in the hands of private owners? (Labour and Ministerial cheers.)

MR. CHURCHILL: I trust that no special steps, of this or any other kind, will now be necessary.

MR. J. R. MACDONALD (*Labour*): Has the right hon. gentleman any information as to how the incident commenced, and will he, in view of the unanimous opinion, on one side of the House, that the wasps are being unfairly treated (cries of "Oh!") have the Warwickshire gentleman arrested at once, and a special inquiry made into the conduct of the local police?

MR. CHURCHILL: No, Sir. (Opposition cheers.)

From the leading Article.

"The deplorable and indeed scandalous facts which we publish to-day, together with the discussion in the House of Commons, as reported in another column, may well give reasonable men, of whatever political complexion, pause. Far indeed be it from us to create party capital out of a situation as menacing as any in which this country has found itself during centuries; but the stern fact remains that history will know what interpretation to place upon the extraordinary and lamentable supineness of the present so-called Administration. Enough! The Veto Bill has come and gone, but the wasps remain, and their presence provides at once a problem and a trumpet-call to the leaders and press of the great Conservative party, of which we shall be surprised indeed if they prove unworthy. Let Mr. BALFOUR once declare himself as the unwavering champion of open-air tea drinkers, and we are convinced that the battle is already in our hands. . . ."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VICARAGE, BUZZINGTON.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the unprotected state of the country-side at the present moment, it may interest your readers to know that my wife and I have been obliged to take the law into our own hands, and procure the assistance of two highly-trained and powerful hornets. These intrepid and intelligent little die-hards, whom we have named respectively *Garvin* and *Effie*, have for the past week kept our breakfast room entirely free from intruders.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

(REV.) R. SPALDING.

DEAR SIR,—Much as I was interested in your recent correspondent's account of his method of wasp extermination, I still think my own at once the more sporting and deadly. Having filled several shallow jars with a mixture in equal parts of curacao, raspberry jam, and Ono's fruit salt, I place these in an exposed position on my lawn, at a calculated distance from a 9·7 gun which was presented to me, as their commander, by the local yeomanry at the conclusion of the Boer War. Having thus baited the ground I have but to wait until the enemy has assembled in sufficiently dense formation, load my weapon with small duck-shot, and bang into the yellow.

Yours, etc.,

"READY, AYE READY."

DEAR SIR,—My personal way with wasps, which I have found *invariably* successful, is to hit at them with a teaspoon and scream loudly. *Somebody* is then almost certain to come, and either drive them away or at least distract their attention. I have no doubt there must be many women who will be glad to learn of this *simple and effective* expedient.

Yours very sincerely,

"WHY SHOULD WOMEN WAIT?"

TO AN UNJUST JUDGE.

THE sun was shining brightly o'er the lea,

And pretty little songbirds flew about,

And everything was happy as could be

Till I received a ball upon the knee,

And you were umpire, and you gave me out.

O stonyhearted, have you never caught

Your first delivery a frightful blow,

A splendid boundary, perhaps, and thought,

"Now they shall see me scoring as I ought,"

And then been suddenly compelled to go?

If you have taken one upon the knee,

And lost the verdict, as I hope you have,

With your Maria watching, you'll agree

That it was very, very hard on me

With mine, my Helen, sitting in the pav.

You know how poisonous my luck has been,

What with the googly and the latest lob,

You know that, though particularly keen,

Whenever Helen is upon the scene,

I'm out for four—or two—or simply blob.

This was the day to fill her heart with pride,

And then you do a silly thing like that,

Knowing the ball was simply *yards* outside,

(Myself, I should have given it a wide),

And, anyhow, I hit it with the bat.

Yet in my heart I thank you for the deed,

The ball which followed had a nasty twist;

It shot past Bunnie at a fearful speed,

Laying his wicket prone upon the mead,

And I should certainly have been dismiss'd.

But, having told her what I think of you

And your decision, I shall feel consoled,

When Helen murmurs, taking up the cue,

"Oh, how unfair, dear!"—which she couldn't do

If I had been just obviously bowled.

"There is no doubt that the King of Spain is devoted to yachting, and it was noticed that his hands are quite blistered from holding the rudder of the *Hispania*."—*Daily Mail*.

Clinging to the rudder under water must be very cool and jolly.

BALLADE OF AUGUST.

Now, when the street-pent airs blow stale

A longing stirs us as of yore
To take the old Odyssean trail,
To bend upon the trireme's oar
For isle'd stream and hill-bound shore;
To lay aside the dirty pen
For summer's blue and golden store
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

Then let the rover's call prevail
That opes for us the enchanted door,
That bids us spread the silken sail
For bays o'er which the seabirds soar,
And foam-flecked rollers pitch and roar,

Where nymph maybe, and mormaiden,
Come beachward in the moon-rise hoar,
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

Blue-eyed Calypsos, Circees pale
(The sage who shuns them I abhor),
These—for a fortnight—shall not fail
To thrill the heart's susceptible core,
To bind us with their ancient lore,
Who rather like to listen when
Sweet-lipp'd the sirens voice their score,
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

ENVOY.

Masters, who seek the minted ore,
It's only August now and then,
Ah, take the Wanderer's way once more,
'Neath other skies, 'mid stranger men!

A MARRIAGE MARRED.

It had all happened in five minutes.
And now, the line in the local paper
that had turned the hearts of Hortensia's
friends into incubators of envy, and
filled with exaltation Hortensia's own,
came home to roost and rangle—

"The happy couple will proceed for their
honeymoon to the Italian Lakes—fit setting
for a poet and his bride."

There was nothing wrong with the
Italian Lakes. They had been heaven
—until five minutes ago. The poet
could be seen in a boat at the foot of
the olive-clad hill even now, awaiting
the signal of her coming.

And yet Hortensia gazed out over the
waters beyond him, with the despair of
disillusionment in her drear dramatic
eyes.

She turned over again the rustling
papers on her lap. Yes, there was no
doubt of it. This was a draft of the
letter he had written her the day before
the wedding. That, of the one he had
sent on her birthday. They were all
there. She had come across them as,
in all innocence, she had gone to his
desk to seek a missing pen. She had
but lifted the lid, and they had stared



A SCRAWL'S FALLS 1911.

Passer-by (to paper scavenger). "NICE EASY JOB, THAT?"
Paper Scavenger. "EASY? WHY, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET MY STICK INTO THIS 'ERE
PIECE OF PAPER FOR THE LAST 'ALF 'OUR OR MORE; SHOULDN'T WONDER IF I HAD TO PICK
IT UP WITH ME 'ANDS AFTER ALL!"

out at her. What she had considered
as the natural expression of a poet's
beautiful thoughts and fancies—tumbling
one over the other in their eager-
ness to be recorded—lay revealed before
her the acknowledged outcome of the
laboured foreings of a tortured brain.
The copies were scored and scored
again, corrected and re-written.

That phrase now, that had so pleased
her—the night he watched outside
her window—"When you put out your
lamp, the glow-worm under the rose-
bushes lighted his, and with him for
watchman I left you secure." Why!
the man had had six shots at it.

And in that other one, she had been a
"shy mouse," a "timid sparrow," and
heaven knows what, before he had hit
upon the "hawk-affrighted dove"!

Oh, it was horrible. She had been
tricked—entrapped. The "poet" was
just an industrious man.

"Bah!" burst out Hortensia, as she
bundled the papers into the waste-paper
basket—"Bah! I almost wish I had
married Johnny Tomkins."

The unsuspecting bridegroom mean-
while was watching the glittering
wavelets of the lake all around him—
poetic and in peace.

"I shall tell her—I shall tell her it
was like the widespread sea of her
rippling hair," he murmured, after
much thought.

And with disastrous consequences
he did.

"An interesting ceremony took place at the
Magnus Grammar School on Tuesday morning,
when the headmaster was presented with a
black marble dining-room from the masters
and staff."—*Newark Herald.*

This is the sort of gift that ought to be
endowed.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Frobisher Thaille was a self-absorbed and super-cultured gentleman who collected rare things and talked about them unendingly, to the martyrdom of his wife and daughter, especially daughter. So when *Patience* went on a visit to a German garrison town, and was there fallen in love with by a jocund and entirely unartistic officer, she found the change so fascinating that she decided to marry him. That is the first half of *Her Husband's Country* (HEINEMANN); the disillusionment of *Patience* (who by the way is very ill-named) makes up the rest of an amusing and brightly written story. SYBIL SPOTTISWOODE, as you will probably remember, has told us one or two of these Anglo-German tales before; but none better than this. The life of poor *Patience* as *Frau Leutnant von Rabenstedt*, and the society of Stelnitz in general, is most entertainingly drawn; perhaps of all the scenes the one I liked most was that in which the young couple are welcomed home from the honeymoon to the little flat so lovingly prepared and furnished for them by kind old *Frau Treuberg*. Stuffiness, and the general horror of hopelessly uncongenial surroundings, could hardly be better conveyed. Of course, through it all I have an uneasy feeling that I should like to read a real German story giving the other side; but that is another matter. Perhaps indeed (though I suspect not) it was the author's sense of fairness which led her, in introducing two English people at a critical moment in *Patience's* affairs, to make them talk like impossible prigs. Still it remains a thoroughly jolly book, which will find lots of friends.

It seems probable that the fascination of the Cinderella story will never be exhausted. Apparently Mrs. FRANCIS CHANNON shares this view, since in *The Real Mrs. Holyer* (HUTCHINSON), she allows us a double dose of the Cinderella joy—the joy, that is, of watching the good person trampled upon, with a comfortable certainty of her ultimate resilience. *Margery Lennard* gave me this pleasing emotion twice, both as the persecuted governess in the horrid *Croome* household, when I knew that *Denzil Holyer* was really in love with her and not with haughty *Flora Croome*; and when, considerably later, as *Denzil's* poor and snubbed widow, she turned out to be a real ladyship and mother of a lord. Another reason that should rightly make for the popularity of an entertaining story is the melodramatic completeness with which the ugly sisters (so to speak) are routed at the end—a detail in which I have sometimes found such tales disappointing. *Flora* was still sustaining this character, as she had meantime married the gentleman who supposed himself to have inherited the title actually belonging to *Margery's* little son. The way in which this final

catastrophe was broken to her should fulfil every requirement of the most vindictive reader. Though I should perhaps hardly regard *The Real Mrs. Holyer* as a realistic presentment of contemporary life, it is at least excellently entertaining as fiction.

I've always thought the '45,
The year which brought the YOUNG PRETENDER,
Was understood to be alive
With battle-cries of "no surrender";
Yet, if you take it day by day,
As SUTCLIFFE, in *The Lone Adventure*
(From UNWIN), I regret to say
You'll note a flaw in the indenture.

I looked for hourly thrills, and found,
While CHARLIE marched with GEORGE pursuing,
For quite three-quarters of the ground
Much high-flown talk, but little doing;

Indeed, if nothing else
occurred
More lively than is here
related,
I give it as my final word
The '45 is overrated.

When I arrived, after careful perusal, at page 317 of *A Sereshan* (MILLS AND BOON) and there read: "What with Gorgey advancing on Komorn, while Raab is in their hands again, old Everywhere-and-Nowhere Bem smashing us in Transylvania, and Perczel making hay of our Serbs in the south, we're in a pretty bad way," I became suddenly aware that I had no idea who or what Gorgey, Komorn, Raab, Bem, Perczel and the Serbs might be. No doubt I am a very ignorant fellow, and careful



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

IV.—AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBER OF THE PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY TESTING THE PROPERTIES OF A NEW BRAIN FOOD.

reference to an atlas and an encyclopædia from time to time would have kept me informed as to what the military part of the story was all about; but, what with the heat and innate laziness, I looked to Mr. M. HARTLEY to tell me himself. Nor can I understand his point of view. If he supposed I did not know all about German, Hungarian, Austrian and Croatian back-history, why did he not give me some connected account of such of it as was relevant? If he supposed I did know all about it, why did he fill two-thirds of his book with the merest and least graphic *précis* of casual and inconsequent incidents of it? The remaining one-third made pleasant reading; indeed, the romance of *Mirko and Persida*, of *Lambert and Juliana* and of *Jellachich* and ambitious patriotism, might have been quite engaging had it not been interrupted so continually by the rest.

From the Instructions to Passengers on the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*:—

"Musie. The ships band will play every morning from 10 to 11 on the promenade-deck and in the dinning room during supper."

Many a true word spoken in misprint.

CHARIVARIA.

SUGGESTED motto for the successful peace-makers:—Small commissions, and quick returns.

By-the-by, we hear that several strikers who had decided to take their families to the sea-side made something of a scene because the Companies had not provided trains for them.

We once saw a well-known Total Abstainer who was hurrying to catch a train, forced to stop by the ropes which were letting down a barrel of beer into a public-house cellar. His feelings must have been somewhat akin to those of the policemen who during the strike had to escort a number of boxes containing strike-pay from Euston Station to the men's headquarters.

It is thought that the recent Railway Strike will give an immense impetus to aviation, and the men are anxious to have their next strike before the public can snap their aeroplanes at them.

"The strike is not the end of all things," says Mr. G. N. BARNES, M.P.; "it is only the beginning." The beginning, we take it, of the end of all things.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has promised that the Government will introduce a Bill next year giving the railway companies the right to increase their rates. There will then be no excuse for slow trains.

The mystery of the initials "G. R." which appeared on the Dock Strike Committee's permit to the General Post Office has at last been cleared up. It seems that they stood for "Gosling Rex."

Some idea of the warmth of feeling displayed at Liverpool may be gained from the fact that even the threat that unless hostilities ceased, the Lancashire v. Essex cricket match would be played at Manchester instead of at Liverpool, failed to have the desired effect.

Cautious folk were not slow to take precautions against the threatened famine. Nor were such measures confined to human beings. *The Express* tells us that a pike which was caught at Farect, Huntingdonshire, the other

day, was, when opened, found to contain not only a good-sized fish but also a moorhen.

The REGISTRAR-GENERAL reports a marked decline in the marriage rate for the first three months of this year. It is thought just possible that the hobble skirt and the big hat may have failed to attract, and the effect of a change of fashion will be watched with interest.

"Do our livers lack gall that we stand paralysed while treason flourishes? Are there so few men and so plentiful supply of old women that pluck and courage are dead letters in our Party? If so, for Heaven and the Empire's sake let the 'Forwards' form a party of their own and emulate HENRY V. at Agincourt."—



"WOT, YOUNG UN, BEEN BATHING? DONCHER DO IT AGAIN; IT MAKES YER LOOK LIKE A AMACHER."

Extract from a letter in *The Observer* from a Die-Hard, advocating a petition for the repeal of the Parliament Act.

"In order to escape the public agitation against his marriage with Miss Madeleine Force," we read in *The Daily Mail*, "it is reported that Colonel J. J. Astor, the divorced millionaire, has decided to have his wedding on his private yacht." If the rumour be true this insolent flouting of newspaper reporters may have more serious results than the Colonel imagines. It is quite on the cards that it might lead to the absolute ignoring of the couple in the future by the entire American Press.

Made angry, it is stated, by being refused drink at a neighbouring public-house, the occupier of a house in Townley Street, Walworth, returned home and expended his anger in throwing from the windows a considerable

portion of his household effects, several persons being struck by the falling furniture. We cannot imagine a more subtle form of revenge than this.

It is now thought that LEONARDO DA VINCI's famous painting, *La Joconde*, may not have been stolen after all. It may merely have been taken as a memento by an American visitor to the Louvre.

From Kentucky comes the news that a negro murderer who had been legally sentenced to death struggled in the death chair for almost half an hour before the electrocution was effective. The inhumanity of the thing is said to have made a marked impression on lynchers all over the country.

BLUE ROSES.

SHEPHERD in delicate Dresden china,
Loitering ever the while you twine a
Garland of oddly azure roses,
All for a shepherdess passing fair;
Poor little shepherdess waiting there
All the time for your china posies,
Posies pale for her jet-black hair!
Doesn't she wait (oh the anxious glances!)
Flowers for one of your stately dances,
A crown to finish a dainty toilette,
(Haven't the harps just now begun,

Minuets 'neath a china sun?)—
Doesn't she dread that the dust may soil it,
When, oh when will the boy be done?
Summer and winter and still you linger,
Laggard lover with lazy finger,
Never your little maid's wreath completing,
Still half-strung are its petalled showers;
Must she wait all her dancing hours,
Wait in spite of her shy entreating,
Wait for ever her azure flowers?

"About a week ago a paragraph appeared in this paper that the body of a Chinaman had been found in the Impounding Reservoir. Some people may have thought too much of this, and on enquiry it is a relief to be assured that it wasn't a Chinaman but a Kling, and the body wasn't in the Reservoir at all, but a hundred yards away, and down hill at that."

Singapore Free Press.

The only person who isn't really relieved is the Kling.

LOVE AND AGE.

"LOVE is not like anything else, it is quite diffrant. It is better than lessons or dancing or swimming but it is not quite as good as stroberries or riding or jam. When you want to keep other girls away from a boy then you are in love with him but you must not kiss him. You must run away from him but he generly catches you becaus boys can run faster than girls. I have been in love three times but I dont care much about it its such a truble. When boys are in love they dont talk much but they stand and look at you, then they send you a present sometimes its a prarebook or about pirates and desert ilands. I think they are silly."

These words are taken from the unfinished MS. of *The Adventures of Isabel*, a novel obviously designed on the grand old deliberate plan by a young lady of nine. There are only three pages of it, but beyond the opening statement that "Isabel was formelly the dauter of a poor widow, she was in love with Algernon," there is no reference to the heroine or her adventures. The rest consists of moralisings and philosophical disquisitions. There can be no doubt as to the essential truth and insight of the passage I have ventured to quote. It shows an almost deadly comprehension of the essentials of the tender passion as displayed, not merely by boys and girls, but also by those who either "run away" or "stand and look at you" at a more advanced stage of life.

It might be interesting to enquire what is the earliest age at which love can show itself. Boys, I believe, are more precocious than girls in this insanity. The little novelist already quoted evidently despised the whole silly business, and assigned to it its proper place, above dancing, but below "stroberries." At the age of nine a boy might well be in love. DANTE was only nine when he saw BEATRICE and fell in love with her, and CANOVA used to say that he perfectly well remembered having been in love when but five years old. I draw these historical examples from a note to MOORE's *Life of Byron*.

BYRON himself was, at the age of seven, madly in love with MARY DUFF. In a journal kept by him at the age of twenty-five he writes: "I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl at an age when I could neither feel passion nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect! My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abereromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Coe.' And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much that after I grew better she generally avoided the subject—to me—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintances."

"I had and have been attached," he continues, "fifty times since that period"—pretty good this, by the way, for a youngster of twenty-five—"yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did to quiet me. My misery, my love for that girl were so violent that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like

a thunderstroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of everybody"

I have never, I own, come across anyone else quite so precocious and passionate as Byron, but there are plenty of cases of love at the age of fourteen or fifteen in boys. Take the writer of the following letter, for example. He addresses his affection discreetly and indirectly to the beloved object (aged 11) through her French governess and in the French language, of which he is not a complete master. On a previous occasion I published in these columns a letter from the same hand describing a fight at his school. The present letter also comes from the school:—

Ma CHÈRE MADAMOISELLE,

"Jespère que vous vous portez bien. Vous navez pas didé comment je membete ici mais ne dites à personne. Papa ma dit que je vais aux affaires en Septembre et je suis content, car on n'est pas embeter après 5 heures et le Samedi après midi aussi le Dimanche, car ici on est embeter toute la semaine même les Dimanches Dites; je prends la libertée décrire à Madamoiselle Maude car jai trouver 3 plumes comme elle aime et comme elle ma demander de lui en donner, et comme c'est au monsieurs de faire ce qu'une demoiselle vous demande je vais les envoyer par la poste. Veuillez la faire me repondre car jaimerais savoir comment elle va car je sais si vous ne le rapellez pas elle ne me repondra pas car nous sommes tous jeunes et des enfants. Il y a un des elevés qui ma dit que Madamoiselle Maude etait Hot Stuff voulant dire quelle etait gentille et ma blaguer. Excusez mon ecriture sil vous plait. Au revoir."

Somehow I can't help feeling sure that no proper acknowledgment of the three pens was ever sent to the giver.

THE POOR MAN'S PARTRIDGE.

To marksmanship of any sort my hobby is not spurred,

I scarcely know a gun from a repeater,
And more than that, I'll own that, far from bringing down
a bird

I doubt if I could even shoot a beater.
But the first day of September grants an often blighted
wish;

While other gourmands gloat upon a partridge,
I welcome thee, my fancy, that art neither flesh nor fish,
Nor owest thy quietus to a cartridge.

The loss of thee my summer invariably mars;
Each rosy dawn, for me, breaks grey and chilling
The while the barren months that lack those necessary "r's"
Their dilatory moments are fulfilling.

Until one radiant morning I wake by slow degrees
From torpid slumber's unrefreshing coma,
To snuff with satisfaction the below-stairs breakfast breeze
And hail the Glorious 1st, and thy aroma.

Compact and brown and savoury, and fragrant as of yore,
Supine on toast thou burstest on my vision,
A gratifying sight for me and many million more
(Though publicly they hold thee in derision).

But I—like grousing baby who, when *toosipegs* appear,
Emerges gay and trieksy from the cross age—
Salute with cordiality and open-hearted cheer
The end of the "close season" of the sausage.

"The German Autumn Naval Manœuvres will be confined to the Baltic Main Colliery, near Sheffield."—*Bath Herald*.

This is rather a blow to our prestige. Can we allow it?



A FIXED STAR.

THE VENUS OF MILO. "PARIS WILL HAVE SOMETHING LEFT, AT ANY RATE. THE THIEF ISN'T BORN WHO CAN LIFT ME!"





Excited Father. "HERE, QUICK, QUICK, MABEL! LOOK! AN AEROPLANE!"
Mabel. "OH! I'M FED UP WITH AEROPLANES."

STRIKE PREVENTION IN THE HOME.

[The recent suggestion in *The Daily Mail* that the public should tip loyal railway servants, has resulted in a wide-spread distribution of favours among other classes of labour.]

Materfamilias. Dear, dear! Here are the dustmen coming up the road, and no one ready to receive them! Parker, where are the young ladies?

Parker. Miss Elaine is conductin' a committee meeting in the droring-room, Madam, for Tips to Tramdrivers.

Mater. Oh yes, of course. I mustn't disturb her; but where is Miss Geraldine?

Parker. Miss Geraldine is takin' a bit of lunch down the cellar to the men who've brought the coal; but I don't think Miss Enid is doing anythink particular.

Enid (calling from upstairs). I can't come, Mater; I'm crocheting comforters for cabmen. If I stop now I shall drop a stitch, and the cold wind will get through the hole to their poor necks.

Mater. Very well, dear, do be careful. In that case, Parker, perhaps you will

just see the dustmen, when they come, and ask them if they would like a little refreshment.

Parker. Sorry not to oblige, Madam, but I was just attending to the butcher at the back door when you rang; and in any case I certingly wasn't engaged to wait upon scavengers!

Mater. Of course you weren't, Parker. I beg your pardon. How stupid of me! You can go now, and just give this to the butcher and say, if it's a little early for a Christmas-box, I hope he'll excuse it. Oh, and, by the way, Parker, you can have that blue muslin of Miss Geraldine's, if you care to. She won't wear it again.

Parker. Thank you, Madam.

[*Sound of banging on garden door and loud cries of "DUST!" Materfamilias hurries through French-window.*]

Mater. (addressing burly scavengers). Oh, good morning. Very warm, isn't it? See—er—I forget your names at the moment.

Dustman (haughtily). Mine's 'Arris—e's Bill.

Mater. Oh yes, of course. Well, Mr.

Harris, perhaps you and your friend would like a little refreshment?

Dustman. Thank 'ee, Missus, we could do wiv' a drop. Mine's ale, Bill's is stout.

[*Materfamilias bustles away and returns with jugs and glasses.*]

Mater. No, you must let me pour it out for you!

Dustman. Right O, Missus. Put a nice 'ead on it, please. (*Hands back empty glasses to tray.*) Thank 'ee.

Mater. No, thank you. I—er—I—er—suppose you will be here next week, as usual?

Dustman. Suppose so—but nothin' is certain. Mornin'!

Mater. (returning through French-window, wiping warm face with lace-embroidered handkerchief). No, nothing's certain; but we're doing what we can to keep them happy.

"The greatest danger of a drought, it has been said, is the ending of it. The cause is the amount of deleterious matter that is washed down into the water supply. No one will rejoice more in the rain than doctors."—*Daily Mail.*

No, no, not "rejoice." Let us rather say that they will accept it philosophically.

THE HOUSE WARMING.

VI.—A FINAL ARRANGEMENT.

"SEEING that this is our last day together," began Archie—
"Oh, don't," said Myra. "I can't bear it."

"Seeing that this is our first day together, we might have a little tournament of some kind, followed by a small distribution of prizes. What do you think, Dahlia?"

"Well, I daresay I can find something."

"Any old thing that we don't want will do; nothing showy or expensive. Victory is its own reward."

"Yes, but if there is a pot of homemade marmalade going with it," I said, "so much the better."

"Dahlia, earmark the marmalade for this gentleman. Now what's it going to be? Golf, Simpson?"

"Why, of course," said Myra. "Hasn't he been getting it ready for days?"

"That will give him an unfair advantage," I pointed out. "He knows every single dandelion on the greens."

"Oh, I say, there aren't any greens yet," protested Simpson. "That'll take a year or two. But I've marked out white circles and you have to get inside them."

"I saw him doing that," said Archie. "I was afraid he expected us to play prisoners' base with him."

The game fixed upon, we proceeded to draw for partners.

"You'll have to play with me, Archie," said Dahlia, "because I'm no good at all."

"I shall have to play with Myra," I said, "because I'm no good at all."

"Oh, I'm very good," said Myra.

"That looks as though I should have to play with { Simpson, said Thomas
Thomas," said Thomas and Simpson together.

"You're all giving me a lot of trouble," said Archie, putting his pencil back in his pocket. "I've just written your names out neatly on little bits of paper, and now they're all wasted. You'll have to stick them on yourselves so that the spectators will know who you are as you whizz past." He handed his bits of paper round and went in for his golf-clubs.

It was a stroke competition, and each couple went round by itself. Myra and I started last.

"Now we've got to win this," she said, "because we shan't play together again for a long time."

"That's a nice cheery thing to say to a person just when he's driving. Now I shall have to address the ball all over again."

"Oh, no!"

I addressed and despatched the ball. It struck a wall about eighty yards away and dropped. When we got there we found to our disgust that it was nestling at the very foot. Myra looked at it doubtfully.

"Can't you make it climb the wall?" I asked.

"We shall have to go back, I'm afraid. We can pretend we left our pocket-handkerchiefs behind."

She chipped it back about twenty yards, and I sent it on again about a hundred. Unfortunately it landed in a rut. However Myra got it out with great resource, and I was lucky enough with my next to place it inside the magic circle.

"Five," I said. "You know, I don't think you're helping me much. All you did that hole was to go twenty-one yards in the wrong direction."

Myra smiled cheerfully at me and did the next hole in one. "Well played, partner," she said, as he put her club back in its bag.

"Oh, at the short holes I don't deny that you're useful. Where do we go now?"

"Over the barn. This is the long hole."

I got in an excellent drive, but unfortunately it didn't aviate quick enough. While the intrepid spectators were still holding their breath, there was an ominous crash.

"Did you say in the barn or over the barn?" I asked, as we hurried on to find the damage.

"We do play an exciting game, don't we?" said Myra.

We got into the barn and found the ball and a little glass on the floor.

"What a very small hole it made," said Myra pointing to the broken pane. "What shall I do?"

"You'll have to go back through the hole. It's an awkward little shot."

"I don't think I could."

"No, it is rather a difficult stroke. You want to stand well behind the ball, and—however, there may be a local rule about it."

"I don't think there is or I should have heard it. Samuel's been telling me *everything* lately."

"Then there's only one thing for it." I pointed to the window at the other end of the barn. "Go straight on."

Myra gave a little gurgle of delight.

"But we shall have to save up our pocket money," she said.

Her ball hit the wood in between two panes and bounded back. My next shot was just above the glass. Myra took a niblick and got the ball back into the middle of the floor.

"It's simply sickening that we

can't break a window when we're really trying to. I should have thought that anyone could have broken a window. Now then."

"Oh, good shot!" cried Myra above the crash. We hurried out and did the hole in nine.

At lunch, having completed eighteen holes out of the thirty-six, we were seven strokes behind the leaders, Simpson and Thomas. Simpson, according to Thomas, had been playing like a book. *Golf Faults Analysed*—that book, I should think.

"But I expect he'll go to pieces in the afternoon," said Thomas. He turned to a servant and added, "Mr. Simpson won't have anything more."

We started our second round brilliantly; continued (after an unusual incident on the fifth tee) brilliantly; and ended up brilliantly. At the last tee we had played a hundred and thirty-seven. Myra got in a beautiful drive to within fifty yards of the circle.

"How many?" said the others, coming up excitedly.

"This is terrible," said Myra putting her hand to her heart. "A hundred and—shall I tell them?—a—a—Oh dear—a—hundredandthirtyeight."

"Golly," said Thomas, "you've got one for it. We did a hundred and forty."

"We did a hundred and forty-two," said Archie. "Close play at the Oval."

"Oh," said Myra to me, "do be careful. Oh, but no," she went on quickly, "I don't mind a bit really if we lose. It's only a game. Besides, we—"

"You forget the little pot of homemade marmalade," I said reproachfully. "Dahlia, what are the prizes? Because it's just possible that Myra and I might like the second ones better than the first. In that case I should miss this."

"Go on," whispered Myra.

I went on. There was a moment's silence—and then a deep sigh from Myra.

"How about it?" I said calmly. Loud applause.

"Well," said Dahlia, "you and Myra make a very good couple. I suppose I must find a prize for you."

"It doesn't really matter," said Myra breathlessly, "because on the fifth tee we—we arranged about the prizes."

"We arranged to give each other one," I said, smiling at Dahlia.

Dahlia looked very hard at us.

"You don't mean—?"

Myra laughed happily. "Oh," she said, "but that's just what we do."

THE VERY END. A.A.M.

Nasty Accident in Labour World.

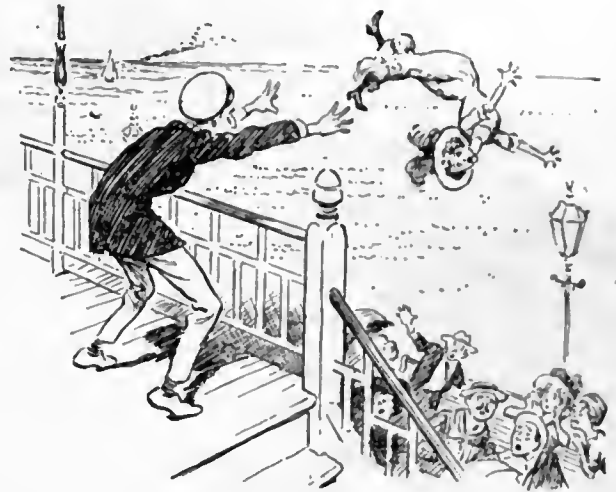
"CEMENT WORKERS STICK TOGETHER."

Labour Leader.

BY WAY OF ADVERTISEMENT; OR, THE VENTRILOQUIST'S VAGARY.



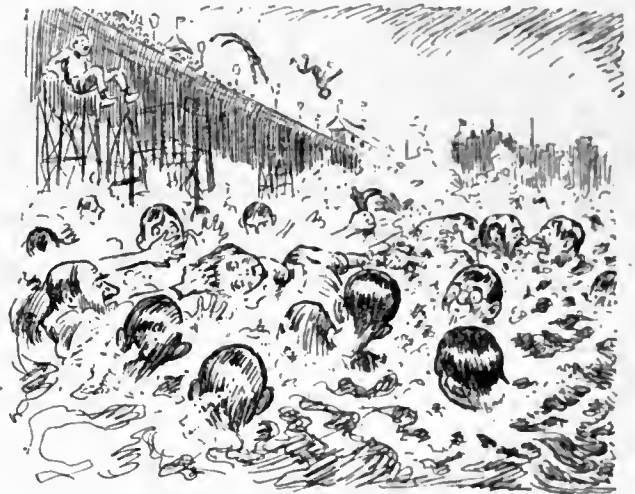
"NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY NEW 'PRINCESS' I'LL SELL THE OLD ONE. BUT STAY—AN IDEA!"



"PRINCESS, WE MUST PART—GO!"



"MURDER!" "SEIZE HIM!" "SAVE HER!" "THROW A ROPE!" "WHERE'S THE LIFE-BOAT?" "WE'LL SAVE YOU!"



"LET GO! LET GO, SIR!" "HANDS OFF, SIR!" "FOUL!" "I GOT HER FIRST!"



- A.T. SMITH -

THE MANLY PART.

[In reply to a pressing invitation to come and bathe at 8.30 A.M.]

COWARDS with the hearts of coney's!
Get you from my room, begone:
Sweet as the cicala's drone is
My mellifluous slumber, John:
Take away your hulking cronies;
I shall rise from dreams anon.

There are some heroic figures,
Following not the foolish herd,
Careless of convention's rigours—
Like some mountain-eyried bird,
Like some tawny lion whom niggers
Seek to rouse—who stay unstirred,

Unembarrassed by the giber,
Deaf to the invading scold,
Men of superhuman fibre,
Splendid, strong, serenely bold:
Such an one is the subscriber,
And I say the sea is cold.

You, of course, you abject browsers
On the grass of custom—sheep—
Set of hopeless body-sousers,
Clothed in your bravado cheap
(Not to mention bathing-trousers),
Pine to yallow in the deep.

Why? because you deem it proper:
You have heard that Saxons true,
Vikings with the threefold copper
Round their bosoms (Vikings you!),
Love to take the sounding flopper
Every morn into the blue.

So before the earliest winkle
From his spiral couch has erept,
While the gleaming dew-stars twinkle
On the lawn that all night wept,
Out you go—but what d' you think 'll
Happen? Will your food be kept?

No, while in the waves you flounder,
From his amaranthine cot
One shall rise, of strength profounder,
One who thinks, where you do not
(Put that sponge down, John, you
boulder),
One who gets his breakfast hot.

When you come back, cold and snappy,
From the frigid breakers' gripe,
You shall find your bacon serappy,
You shall greet the conquering type,
Me the hero, filled and happy,
Smoking my ambrosial pipe.

EVOE.

The *South Wales Daily News*, in its account of the visit of a body of Welsh American pilgrims, tells us, "The Cardiff non-stop special and the Carmarthen special followed each other respectively at a brief interval." The italics are ours: the suggestion that the two trains were continually overtaking one another is our contemporary's.

THE FINANCIÉE.

AN EARLY-VICTORIAN IDYLL
UP-TO-DATE.

[Proposals are businesslike nowadays, *The Daily Mail* tells us.]

He (*panting*). Yes, there is something that I have longed to ask you, something that I have never yet dared—although my heart seems to tell me that your answer will not be unfavourable.

She (*shrinking*). Hush! I cannot listen to this now—some other time.

He (*pressing closer and touching her arm*). Something that I must know or my life's happiness is blasted. What is your income?

She (*faintly*). Oh, this is so sudden!

He (*urging his suit impetuously*). I must, and shall, hear it from your own lips—and now!—or else (*grinds teeth*) I shall leave the country to-night, and fly—to the States, and propose to the daughter of some Oil King—for I am desperate.

She. Oh!

He (*his breath coming in short, hurried gasps*). She may have her millions—I will see that she has,—but what are they to be weighed in the same balance with what you have to offer—your father's position in the City, your social influence to push me on in the House, your uncle the Duke—

She (*with less emotion*). Y-yes, and my reputation as a beauty? (*Simpers.*)

He (*the thought striking him suddenly*). Yes, of course—*everything* counts. But tell me—I must know—how much—how large—what is your income?

She (*shrinks again*). Sir, I hardly know how to answer you. Er—(*an original idea occurs to her*)—ask Papa.

He. Your sire? Tschah! The craven is a financier—I dare not trust his word. But you, Angelina—you are different; I can verify what you tell me from the books—my heart tells me that you will not deceive me. Speak but the word, only one word will suffice, provided it is big enough.

She. Spare my feelings, Lord Softe. I dare not speak or in the perturbation of the moment my tongue might outstrip the truth.

He. Nay, tell it me without reserve, that, and one other word I long to hear from you. What is your age?

She (*starts*). Ah! That too? Your lordship must give me time to think. A maidenly reticence forbids me to disclose all I feel upon the subject. What I should say I know, but how to say it?

He. Ha! You think me unworthy? You scorn my paltry five thousand a year from my revered father, my humble position as a mere private Member,

my few directorships! But I have my future before me, I shall work. With your capital I can embezzle—I mean, I can make millions.

She. Ah, it is not these I crave! I have no doubts as to your lordship's wisdom and experience in these matters, but I would ask, I long to know—have you not been married before?

He. Married? Tschah! The thought has never crossed my mind. No fortune—no woman's loveliness, I should say—has ever thrilled me before; until now—Angelina!

She (*briskly*). I meant not that, your lordship. I would rather that your lordship had been married at least once, for then the fortune that you would bring me would be the larger. (*His face drops a little.*)

He (*stung*). Ha! So this is the end? But stay, one course is still left. I could marry a rich widow and then get a divorce in the States. I would do all that may become a man for my Angelina's sake!

She. Nay, it was but a passing fancy, and who knows by that time what changes might have come—what Budgets, what unearned increments, what alterations in the House of Lords. Our marriage might be impossible.

He (*ardently*). Impossible! There is no such word in the dictionary of finance. (*With hauteur*) Perish the thought! The course of business never did run smooth.

She. And I too—could not I also marry some one—anyone, as long as he is rich enough? Capt. Oofenstein, for instance—he would be sure to kill himself in the hunting-field before long?

He. Ha! Perhaps that would be better. He is rich, Oofenstein, rich and debilitated with alcohol. And I will wait for you—I swear it on this cheque-book—I will be faithful to my troth!

She. Nay, I was but jesting to try your constancy. Let us marry at once. I have but twenty-five thousand a year, but with a struggle it will suffice, and love conquers all.

He (*embracing her frantically*). Mine! Mine at last! Oh, joy! joy!

She (*returning his embrace and drawing paper from her pocket*). Joy! And now that we are betrothed let me show your lordship this letter. It is from Carey Street. It tells of the bankruptcy of my father for two millions! My maid has overheard all, and, should you jilt me, will give evidence in a breach of promise case. (*Smiles.*)

He. Had! (*Faints.*)

Echoes of the Strike.

"DASTARDLY ATTEMPT TO WRECK MAIL TRAIN.
ANOTHER TRAIN RUNS AWAY."
Coward! *Dublin Saturday Herald*



SEASIDE PERILS.

Fair Bathers. "HELP! HELP! THERE'S A WASP IN THE TENT!"

THE NEW DEATH AND GLORY BOYS.

THE formation of the Die-Hard Association of Unionists so eloquently advocated by Mr. PAXTON in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, is, we understand, already a *fait accompli*. The essence of the movement, as defined by the originator, is to drop recriminations and endeavour to infuse all Conservative and Unionist associations with the Die-Hard spirit.

In pursuance of this laudable aim some of the leading members of the Association have adopted the methods of peaceful persuasion at the Carlton Club with most salutary results.

On Friday last, one of the most notorious of the Black-Listers was approached by a group of Die-Harders and asked to explain his turpitude in voting for the Parliament Bill. The unfortunate peer, who was drinking barley-water in the smoking-room, stammered out some futile explanation, but entirely failed to satisfy his inquisitors. They accordingly determined, in accordance with their plan of campaign, to inoculate the dry bones of his pseudo-Conservatism with the virus of Die-Hardhood. The operation was protracted and painful—indeed, the groans of the victim were

distinctly audible in St. James's Square—but completely successful, and the patient gave speedy proof of his regeneration by hurling an inkstand at a portrait of Lord LANSDOWNE and uttering the most terrific maledictions against the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

On the same day, at a meeting of the council of the Association, Miss Di Hardy (of Alnwick) was unanimously elected Lady Patroness.

It was also decided to secure the services, at whatever cost, of the baby donkey which recently won fame and favour at Southend as the most successful collector at the Life-Boat Demonstration and Hospital Carnival.

The council also approved the draft programme of a Die-Hard Concert to be held shortly in the Albert Hall. The principal items are as follows:—

"Let me like a Soldier fall"

Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

"The Death of Nelson"

Miss DI HARDY.

"The Place where the Old Peer died"

Lord HALSBURY

(with trumpet *obligato* by

Mr. J. L. GARVIN).

Overture "Die (Hard) Meistersinger"
Band of 114 Stalwart Peers.

LATEST STRIKE NEWS.

MR. ASKWITH OUT.

National Consternation.

COMMERCIAL England was thrilled this morning by the announcement that Mr. ASKWITH, the famous arbitrator, the keystone of the business arch, had himself come out on strike. The Government decided at once that every effort must be made to induce him to return to his duties. A regiment of cavalry was wired for from Aldershot and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER motored round to his residence. Mr. ASKWITH sternly declined the employers' terms—£20,000 a year plus time and a half for overtime and double time for Bank Holidays and Sundays. He made no objection to the pecuniary terms, but he insisted on a maximum of sixteen arbitrations and two thousand miles railway travelling per week, and that no working day should exceed eighteen hours. The CHANCELLOR was compelled to refuse the terms as the Board of Trade has already 124 arbitrations in hand and fresh ones are coming in at the rate of three a day.

Later.

A Cabinet Meeting has been called to consider the crisis. It is felt by



Excited Demagogue. "WE WANT LABOUR REFORM, WE WANT SOCIAL REFORM, WE WANT LAND REFORM, WE WANT—"
Voice from crowd. "WHAT YOU WANT IS CHLOROFORM."

Ministers that if Mr. ASKWITH does not return to work, no strike in England will ever end. The Cabinet is at present considering the possibility of nominating Mr. ASKWITH as arbitrator in his own strike. The difficulty is that Mr. ASKWITH cannot arbitrate without constituting himself a black-leg.

GENERAL STRIKE OF PEERS.

As a protest against the Parliament Bill Lord HALSBURY has decided that no peer must attend any social function or fulfil any engagement till the Bill is repealed. Not a foundation stone is to be laid, not a cattle show opened, not a Gaiety girl married, till the peers of England have full powers restored to them. Thrilling scenes were witnessed in London last evening. When Lord CAMPERDOWN, under the protection of fifty mounted police, left his house to go to the annual meeting of the Indigent Lodging House Keepers' Benevolent Society, Lord MILNER shook his fist in his face and shouted, "Get back, or — the consequences." The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, on his way to the dinner of the Successful Scotch-

men's Society, was loudly hooted by a crowd of peers and a few sympathetic commoners. Conspicuous amongst the throng were the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, Lord HALIFAX, and Lord HUGH CECIL.

Lord HENEAGE demanded a guard from the War Office, and, sheltered by fifty constables and a hundred infantry with fixed bayonets, sallied forth to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Horticultural Society. Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE broke his windows as a protest, and shouted, "Kill the blackleg!" On appeal to the police inspector in charge, Lord HENEAGE was informed that it was impossible to interfere with peaceful picketing. "You see, your lordship, if your House had thrown out that Bill, things would be different."

GREAT EDUCATIONAL STRIKE.

The schoolboys of South London entered on a sympathetic strike with the Liverpool dockers this morning. They decline to return to work till absolute peace reigns at Liverpool. In addition they formulate their own demands — three whole holidays a week, the

abolition of corporal punishment, and no home-work.

Later.

The head masters have also struck (unsympathetically). The school-boys have returned to work.

SENSATIONAL RUMOUR:

GENERAL STRIKE OF EDITORS.

: As we go to press the alarming news reaches us that the editors of England are coming out in a body to-morrow. They will decline to reject a single manuscript till their demands are granted. The telegraph department is choked with wires from contributors promising their warmest support.

"VICTORIA (SOUTH-EASTERN):—Services were running as on every day, and the only variation was that several trains on the City line had been a few minutes late."—*Evening News.*

The important word here is "variation" Just like that—"variation." Rather good, we think.

From a letter in *The Scotsman*:—
 "Your correspondent has hit the nail upon the point."
 Next time we must take the bull by the tail.



LEFT SITTING.

MR. ASQUITH. "WELL, WE'VE HAD SIX MONTHS OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE, AND IT'S OUR TURN FOR A HOLIDAY."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "YES. LET'S HOPE IT'LL BE THEIRS VERY SOON."





AN ARTISTIC EFFORT GONE WRONG.

As the Labour Party have attempted to paint Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL
—half-tyrant, half-Caliban.

The impression left on the minds of fair-minded people
—a champion of the rights of the country at large.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, August 22.—Recess arranged for last Friday. Members made their plans accordingly. At last moment PREMIER decided further to adjourn sittings till to-day. Secretly conscious of conviction that in interest of all concerned, especially of genuine working man fighting for more butter on his bread, the sooner the talking-shop is shut up the better. In perilous circumstances that dominated end of last week, what was wanted was acts not words. However, for upright man the very consciousness of tendency to narrow opportunity for intemperate talk, dangerous at critical period of delicate negotiations, induced him to sacrifice advantage secured by earliest possible adjournment. Accordingly provided another day for the turning on of tap of turgid talk.

When DON'T KEIR HARDIE learned the change of plans he smiled grimly. In spite of novel advertisement obtained through agency of reach-me-down white suit, not been doing very well of late. His colleagues in Labour Party, for the

most part shrewd men, have taken his measure and find it does not fit position of administrative importance. Whilst comparative new comers to Parliamentary vineyard, like RAMSAY MACDONALD and others, have been prominent in assisting Government to bring strike to close, he has been left out in the cold. Royal Commission appointed to investigate working of Conciliation Act of 1907 includes two representatives of Labour. He is not one.

To-day, thanks to honourable scruples of PREMIER, he found unexpected opening upon the most effective self-advertisement booth in the world, with additional recommendation of being the cheapest. Made the best of it in his way, running amuck at the Ministers instrumental in delivering the nation from the claws of famine and the jaws of death.

"The men who have been shot down have," he said with absence of passion that made the accusation more terrible, "been murdered by the Government in the interests of the capitalist."

LLOYD GEORGE replied in speech of burning indignation that would have shrivelled up an ordinary man. DON'T KEIR HARDIE momentarily perturbed

when the CHANCELLOR quoted his statement, addressed on Monday to mob of men hesitating whether they would persist in strike: "The PRIME MINISTER has said that if there was to be a strike the Government would have the railways kept open even if they had to shoot down every striker." "Contemptible!" cried LLOYD GEORGE, turning round to face the slanderer attempting to wriggle out of the hole without retraction or apology.

That a momentary weakness. DON'T KEIR HARDIE, in spite of studied unconventionality, is a shrewd man of business. Comforted himself with reflection that, on the whole, dealing with a class of men in whose presence it was safe to tell the palpable lie about the PREMIER nailed to the counter by LLOYD GEORGE, he had, from personal point of view, done a profitable afternoon's work.

Business done.—House adjourned till Tuesday, October 24th.

"More than twenty colliers in the Manchester district have been idle one day this week."

Pioneer.

Lucky dogs.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME HOLIDAY ITEMS.

Toppingtowers.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Just as the poor dear Clackmannans had collected a houseful of us here, *all their servants struck—à la mode*. The demands they make are, among others, that their wages shall be doubled, that they shall not be restricted to the servants' hall, but shall sit in any room in the house, and that they shall all be addressed by their employers with the prefix Mr., Mrs., or Miss to their names! Isn't it a lovely state of things? The Duke and Stella are quite helpless. The Committee of the Amalgated (I think that's the word) Something of Domestic Assistants *absolutely* forbids them to engage other servants. So they've had to give in to all the demands. A member of the Amalgated Something's Committee, Mr. Tom Boggs, weighed in at Toppingtowers yesterday to make sure that conditions were being kept. He followed the guns in the morning, to see that the loaders and so on weren't overworked or spoken to sharply. He dined with us last night, and oh, my dear, it was the *funniest* thing! The Duke gave the butler some order and called him "Wilkinson." Mr. Tom Boggs immediately rapped the table hard with his knuckles and frowned fiercely, and the Duke corrected

himself in a hurry and prefaced his "request" with "Please, Mr. Wilkinson." Stella shows more fight than the Duke. She told Mr. Tom Boggs straight that, rather than be constantly "please"-ing and "thank-you"-ing her maid and calling her "Miss" So-and-so, she'd dispense with one altogether and *do her hair herself!* Wasn't it too heroic for words? But Mr. Tom Boggs answered and said, "That you must *not* do, Madam. My Committee rules that every woman of wealth and position must give employment to a young-lady-assistant of the dressing-table, such young lady to be treated in strict accordance with rules laid down by such Committee."

He had all the servants out on the lawn and harangued them after dinner. He forbade them to get up before eight in the morning, and told them to go to

bed at nine every evening. He left to-day; and just before he went, the Duke said we were thinking of having a little dance on Thursday, and asked if the servants might be kept up a little later. Mr. Tom Boggs said he would "ask his Committee," but we "must not count on getting permission."

In the meantime we console ourselves with seaside joys. The Clackmannans have a lovely stretch of sandy beach here, with a private staircase down the cliffs, and we've made what Bosh calls a "Miniature Margate" of it, with donkeys to ride, and goat-chaises, and the Clackmannans' band to play, and a set of amateur Pierrots, and a joy-wheel, and all sorts of fun. But our chief happiness is paddling

elusive joys life can hold till you've paddled, in a moonlit midnight, wearing one of "Olga's" evening paddling frocks, and hand-in-hand with your own, own latest affinity!

Among the earliest of the autumn weddings will be Lord Tutterworth's (the Middleshire's eldest boy) to Lady Manœuvrer's third girl, Forget-me-not. People are telling quite a good little storiette about this engagement. Poor Tutterworth's a most dreadful stammerer. Nothing could cure him, and he stammered his way on through boyhood to manhood, till, on a certain evening last July, he was sitting out at some party with Forget-me-not Manœuvrer.

If you know any stammerers, my dear, you're aware that sometimes they

get to some particular phrase and can't for the life of them get past it, but keep on repeating it over and over again, as a sort of jumping-off place, till your reason totters on its throne.

Young Tutterworth began a speech in this way with "Will you—" and couldn't get any further, but kept on over-working those two words in a most cruel manner, till, when he'd said "Will you" some dozens of times, Forget-me-not hung her head in the old, approved fashion and accepted him formally, "subject to Mamina's approval."

And people are saying, my dear, that Tutterworth hadn't the



"IT'S RAINING AT LAST, JOHN!"

"WELL, COME INSIDE, THEN, AND GIVE IT A CHANCE OF GETTING AT THE LAWN."

and shrimping and looking for shells—likewise making sand-castles with our little spades and pails, and afterwards storming and defending them. ("Olga" is making a speciality of beach and paddling frocks just now—the *sweetest* little affairs, plain or embroidered linen; just coming to one's knee, with coloured belt, sandals, and cap all to match—only thirty guineas!) In the evening we generally have a lot of people come over from neighbouring houses to join our paddling parties. (The evening paddling frock, which easily runs into four figures, is made exactly like the day one, but is of charmeuse, or ninon, with a jewelled belt, jewelled fastenings to the silk sandals, and instead of a cap, a jewelled aigrette in the hair.)

Oh, my own friend! you don't quite know what indescribable and

tiniest intention of making an offer, but on the contrary, having had quite enough of his *tête-à-tête* with the Manœuvrer girl, was merely going to say, "Will you come back to the dancing-room?"

Moral—For an eligible stammerer sitting-out is dangerous!

Dick Flummery is telling a cruel story against Dotty. Like most women when travelling, whose feet are large by degrees and beautifully more, Dotty puts a pretty little pair of number-two shoes outside her door at hotels, to be polished, while her own maid sees to the number-fives the dear thing really wears. At some hotel where they put up for one night—"somebody blundered," as SHAKESPEARE says, and *both* pairs were stood outside. Result—in the morning the number-fives were taken to the wrong room, or



Inventor. "BY THIS SYSTEM OF MINE THE FIRE PRODUCES ITS OWN EXTINGUISHER, AND THE HARDER THE FIRE BURNS THE MORE ITS EXTINGUISHING CAPACITY IS DEVELOPED."

Financier. "BUT IF THE FIRE HAS TO WORK TO MAKE THE EXTINGUISHER WORK, HOW IS THE FIRE PUT OUT?"

Inventor. "IT DIES, SIR, FROM PURE EXHAUSTION!"

mismaid or something, and only the number-tuos brought to Dotty's door. She was ashamed to ask for the others, all her trunks were at the station, and behold her *plantée là*, with only the impossible finies to put on and their train going in a few minutes!

Dick says she was *reduced to great extremities*, which I consider a simply *horribly* cruel joke!

Ever thine, **BLANCHE.**

"3 H.P. Humber Motor Cycle, low built, Palmer cords, new Hillesin battery, recently climbed Bowden Hill six times, owner being in London."—*Adet.* in "*Wiltshire Times.*"

If it will only elim'b hills when the owner is away it is not much good to us.

"Mr. R. Kanjamalay writes that it is not true that he was killed by being run over by a tramcar, as rumoured, and he wishes it to be known that if people continue to circulate rumours of his death, he will take steps to prevent them circulating such rumours."

Natal Mercury.

Quite time too.

A GARDEN IN SLUMLAND.

SEEDS garnered in an envelope
That sumptuously foretold the flower;
In brave but far from certain hope
We buried in our twelve foot bower,
Then waited through the winter
hour;
And just when hope was on the wing,
A plucky British marigold
On half a chance laid sturdy hold
And sprouted in the spring!

We dimly felt the world go by—
Of big deeds faintly caught the
sound.

The airmen conquered worlds on high,
But all our gaze was for the ground.
Somewhere quite near the King
was crowned,

So those who went to see it say;
For us at that momentous t.me,
The pale petunia reached its primo
And blossomed for a day!

While men their daily papers seanned
For news of—I've forgotten what,

We faced a crisis in our land
Serenely with the watering-pot;
Dim threats of war we heeded not,
But midst a patriotic "boom"
Our Union Jack was duly frown
To voice a rapture all our own—
Sweet William was in bloom!

So, seated in my twelve-foot bower,
A mental-equipoise is mine
Whereby to evils of the hour
Their true proportion I assign.
Thus, ere I had denounced the line
Adopted by the Veto Bill,
On London smuts unkindly fed,
My sick verbena drooped its head
And swamped the lesser ill!

From Bad to Worse.

"TWO FAMOUS DA VINCI'S DISAPPEAR FROM THE LOUVRE.

"The world-famous 'La Gioconda' of Leonarda da Vinci and the 'Mona Lisa' have been stolen."—*Daily Sketch.*

And now we hear rumours that "La Joconde" has gone too.

POTTED PAPERS.

"THE BRITISH MEEKLY."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is now time to review the Session and take stock of the prophets and losses.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

THE PRIME MINISTER is the hero not merely of the day but of the century. We are not hagiologists, but—if such a metaphor may be permitted in our columns—his name will go down to posterity enshrined in an imperishable aureole of triumph. For many months he has been coasting on perilous shores, but at last he has smitten the Philistines hip and thigh. The business was irritating and long-drawn-out—like a human hair in the mouth. But the victory was all the more overwhelming in the end, and his followers can now wallow to their hearts' content in the voluptuous joys of spiritual superiority. Greater, infinitely greater—because infinitely more respectable—than JULIUS CÆSAR, HANNIBAL or NAPOLEON, Mr. ASQUITH steps unquestioned into the front rank of the World Forces, with a future before him even more gorgeous than his past.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

To LORD LANSDOWNE, that icy aristocrat, as to LORD CURZON, that gilded popinjay, we owe no thanks and no respect. LORD LANSDOWNE does not indulge in the hideous and criminal extravagance of language shown by some of his followers, but he is none the less a cruel and savage hater of the people. He speaks with a cold insolence which sets every nerve of a true democrat tingling with homicidal frenzy. Under the ice of his manner fierce fires of resentment are perpetually burning, and we recognize him as a deadly and implacable enemy of religion, piety, and the People. The utmost that can be said in his favour is that he is not an Archbishop.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by his firm and sagacious handling of the Railway strike has added imperishable laurels to those which are already entwined with the leek amid his Celtic fringe. We yield to none in our admiration for Mr. ASQUITH; but there is no doubt that, urbane and masterly as he is in his control of his party, when it comes to negotiating with recalcitrant working men he pales before the irresistible *élan* of the vivid CHANCELLOR. High as he stood before in the estimation of all sound critics, MR. LLOYD GEORGE now stands immeasurably higher.

THE REV. DR. CORKER AT WINNIPEG.

Nothing is more touching than the abrupt contrasts of modern civilisation. Recently, on the very day when Liverpool was in the hands of the military and the lower quarters of that city were convulsed with revolutionary fury, DR. CORKER was delighting the members of the Cobalt Club, Winnipeg, with a fascinating discourse on "The Releegious Significance of the Songs of ROBERT BURNS." The lecture was attended by Professor Hosea Boffin, Miss Fatima Pogson, and Dr. Taylor Swish, all of whom emigrated to Winnipeg within the last ten years. Deplorable as it is that our people should be driven from their sweet hill-sides for the pleasure or emolument of greedy and unpatriotic plutocrats, still it is well that the distant provinces of the Empire should be enriched with fresh clean blood.

THE MEENISTER.

(By Angus McDavid.)

CHAPTER XCVIII.

"An' ye'll nae gae tae kirk the day," exclaimed Aunt Elspeth in shocked tones. "Then what will ye be daein', I'm askin'?"

"Readin'," said the boy stolidly as he passed his fingers through his sandy hair.

"Readin'!" almost screamed the good old soul. "Readin'! on the Saw-bath! Readin' what?"

"The *British Meekly*," said the boy, "of course."

"Oh! *The British Meekly*," said the old lady, her tones softening once more to tenderness. "Then I've nae more tae say. Good luck tae ye."

(To be continued.)

BY THE FIRESIDE.

MAETERLINCK AT HOME.

One of my friends who is touring Normandy writes: "MAETERLINCK's home is a long white building with a pleasant garden in front. We wished to linger in the grounds, but our guide kept hurrying us on. '*Ce n'est pas permis*,' was his stock phrase. Isn't it strange that so sympathetic and understanding a man should refuse to allow English admirers to roam everywhere just as they will? That he failed to show himself to us struck me as another spot on the sun."

SWISS HOLIDAYS.

Another correspondent at Grindelwald speaks in glowing tones of the eloquence of the Rev. Septimus Barge, who was preaching last Sunday with terrific acceptance.

LORNA.

RAMBLING REMARKS.

MR. JAMES PYE.

A novel from the pen of Mr. James Pye, a great grandson of the poet Laureate Pye, is an event. The work will be published next week by Messrs. Stouter and Oddun, and should be read by everybody.

MR. HALL CAINE.

There is no truth in the rumour that MR. HALL CAINE'S next novel will be issued at twopence.

A MAN WHO KENT.

LADIES' COLUMN.

MAIDEN AUNT.—There are many ways of darkening eyebrows and eyelashes artificially, but I do not recommend you to use any of the methods advertised. Nor can I myself advise you to use even the simplest darkening agent on your small niece's face, though the use of burnt cork is perhaps permissible on occasions of festal rejoicing.

REBECCA.—I am afraid I cannot assist you to dispose of the sealskin coat. Your best plan is to keep it until the late autumn or winter season and then raffle it at a Mothers' Meeting.

A PROBLEM OF CONDUCT.

Mrs. Henry Potter has a black cat. A new neighbour, Mrs. Wilson Styles, has a black cat. Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Styles become friendly, and so do their cats. One day Mrs. Potter is fondling her cat when Mrs. Styles runs in with the remark, "Do you know that is my cat? They must have got changed somehow. Let me have it at once." Mrs. Potter, convinced that it is hers, refuses. What should Mrs. Styles do?

A copy of *The Expositor's Bible* will be given to the author of the best solution.

A PRACTICAL BAEDEKER.

THOSE who have shared with us the opinion that a great drawback to the modern guide-book is the fact that it says too little about the things which are of real interest to intending travellers, will welcome the appearance of a volume with the above title. As instances of its use and scope we are allowed to print a few extracts from the section "Hotels."

TRUVILLE. *Hotel Orgueilleux*. Most expensive establishment in the whole of Normandy, and looks it. Motor-bus meets all boats and trains; driver and porter in powder and gold lace. Two thousand cubicles. Electric light. Lift simply tremendous. Garage and specially enhanced terms for motorists. *Pens.* from 175 fr. *per diem*. Single



ADVICE TO SNAP-SHOTTERS.

IT IS AS WELL NOT TO WALK TOO NEAR THE BATHING TENTS ON A WINDY DAY.

meals according. (With food 10 frs. supplement.) N.B. Two English duchesses (one dowager) stayed here during the whole of the last season. Intending patrons should ask to inspect register before booking.

DINARD. (Not far from) *Noces-sur-Mer*. Mothers with daughters are advised to write for rooms at the *Hotel de l'Union*. Select yet companionable. All the advantages of the larger *plage* at half the cost. Nothing whatever to do except bathe and flirt. Entirely self-contained. Casino in the hotel. No separate tables. Engagement rate (certified) among the visitors for the summer of 1910 was slightly over 47.5 per cent. English clergyman.

CÔTE D'ÉMERAUDE. If you want change try *St. Odorat*, the latest watering-place to be discovered on this fascinating coast. Adjoins the picturesque fishing-village of the same name. *Hôtel des Bains*, romantic but homely. Directly opposite main drain (open all the year round). A recent visitor writes: "The atmospheric effects obtainable on summer evenings at

St. Odorat must be smelt to be believed; it beats Venice." A paradise for the entomologist.

Of great interest to all travellers, moreover, will be the special chapters of expert advice on such important matters as "How to Leave an Hotel" (see also "Tip and Run"), the contents of which readers would do well to get by heart. Also useful information concerning "Old Ago *l'ensions*," "Packing—Where to put your *Tauehnitz*," and the like. For a volume of such practical utility an enormous sale should be assured.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

[An American judge has decided that it is not a theft to take an umbrella when it is raining.]

HAROLD, you gave me yesterday
Rude words of mingled grief and rage,
Since from the Club I'd filched away
Part of your ancient heritage.
You called the bard a scamp
For "borrowing" your precious
heirloom gamp.
And I, who love you, let you speak,
Resenting not your words of scorn,

Though likened to an area sneak
Who pinches milkeans in the morn.
Myself, I should have voiced
Similar things had I got half as
moist.

I felt that I deserved it hot,
My conscience had begun to sting,
Otherwise, Harold, I should not
Have troubled to return the thing,
And you would not, my son,
Have known what I had been and
gone and done.

But now it seems that all the time
We were the victims of a huge
Delusion. It is *not* a crime
To commandeer an ombri-fuge.
Harold, respect the law,
Come round to tea on Tuesday and
withdraw.

The telegram as despatched :
"Do you want Black Boy Tom? Can buy cheap."
The same as delivered :
"Do you want Black Boy Tom? Can buy cheap."
Oh for another HARRIET BEECHER STOWE!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

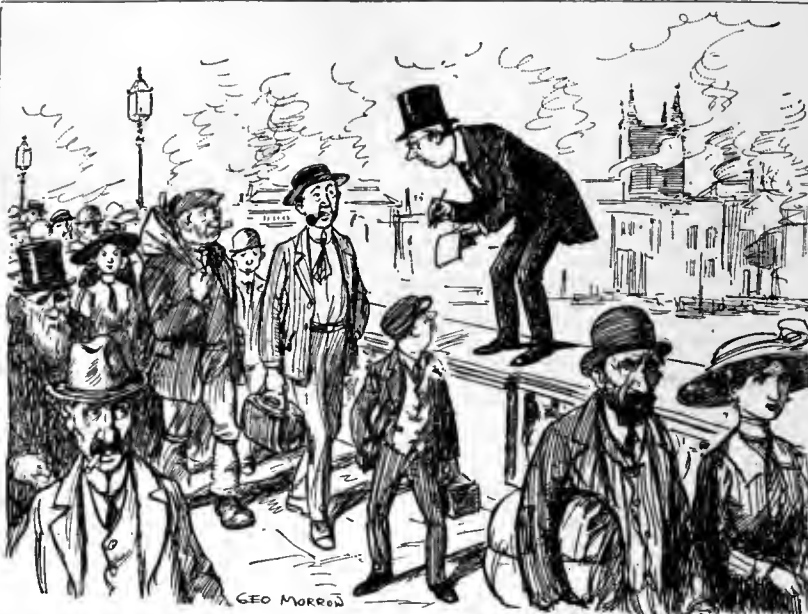
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Portentous History (HEINEMANN) is in the nature of a jest, a half-bitter and half-whimsical jibe at life, sometimes philosophically discursive, sometimes graphically descriptive and always closely observant of human conduct. It is the story of a Scottish rustic, born out of all physical proportion; it marks with no little skill the mental agonies of a village giant and provides his ultimate compensation in an entirely unexpected apotheosis, which it would be an outrage on my part to reveal. At the start, Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON, as authors sometimes will who intend to laugh for 349 pages, lets his cleverness get the better of him. One feels, in reading, that his natural originality of idea stood in need of no such affectation of style for setting. That the hero should save the lady from the onslaught of a bull is, perhaps, no new thing in fiction; but that his nett profits of the transaction should be the implacable hatred of the lady and trouble with the owner of the bull for damages done to it, is surely a little out of the way. It was, I think, the inevitable logic of that affair which set the author on his legs; at any rate, from this point he gets and-keeps the better of his cleverness and the history proceeds brightly, yet naturally, to its climax. For myself, I found wanting in the conclusion of it a touch of matrimony, or, at least, romance; but I recommend you to judge of that for yourself. I can guarantee your pleasure in making the necessary perusal.

A sultry spot in far Malay,
Or somewhere in the eastern Indies
Where dusky natives have a way
Of kicking up infernal shindies—
This heaven on earth a yarn supplies,
A somewhat turbulent recital;
A Prisoner in Paradise
By H. R. VAHEY (PAUL)'s the title.
We find described the trader's life,
So slow that he can scarce endure it,
Until a semi-native wife
Drops casually in to cure it;
The tale, unskipped, I must confess
Is dullish, though it might be duller
But for the novel vividness
Of Mr. VAHEY's local colour.

When Mr. Cope of Cope's Complete Cleanser, after bringing up his grand-daughter, *Celia Bassingdale*, in luxury, suddenly banished her to live with poor connexions, I think that he was declaring her innings closed without

much reason. Apparently he acted in this drastic manner because he feared that a certain wooer was allured more by *Celia's* prospective fortune than by her herself, but whatever his motive may have been I am not holding him up as a pattern grandfather. It must, however, be admitted that his declaration was successful; but had *Celia* not been endowed with many charms and more virtues I think that she would have kicked over the traces, and additionally I consider that it would have served *Grandfather Cope* right if she had. As it was she made herself extremely useful in her new environment, and the swains of Great Marlton adored her as strenuously as some of the ladies snubbed her. That Mr. J. E. BUCKROSE knows the social policies of small places is abundantly proved by *Love in a Little Town* (MILLS AND BOON), and he has also firmly convinced me that admirable place as *Great Marlton* is to write about, it would be perfectly detestable to live in.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

V.—AN OFFICIAL OF THE ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY COUNTING THE NUMBER OF CROSS-EYED PERSONS WHO PASS OVER LONDON BRIDGE IN A DAY.

ran for twenty-seven weeks"—the interest of such records, even were they true, would not be very great except to the specialist. But theatrical happenings that haven't happened—! The really clever achievement of the book—what would indeed repay a reader who had a good deal of spare time—is the character of *Rose*, as revealed by herself; but even here I had the feeling that the thing could have been done more sharply and better with less expenditure of words. As for her social history and the divorce-court vicissitudes of the chief characters, the less said the soonest mended. I could appreciate their value as local-colour, but as episodes in the life of a heroine they entirely failed to awake my sympathy.

"Eight ounces of flour, eight ounces of suet. Chop the suet (not too small), then mix the suet and flour together with a little milk. Make it into a smooth dough, which has been wrung out of cold water, and not even floured. Tie the ends safely, pin the middle with a safety pin."—*Johannesburg Star*.

The guest who swallows the safety pin will be the first to be married.

"Lord Balcarres belongs to the clique of serious-minded men, but at the same time is an art critic, an author, and an antiquary."—*Queen*.
Heavens, what frivolity!

A Big Horse to Ride (MACMILLAN), by E. B. DEWING, is autobiography—the life of a stage-dancer as supposed to be written by herself. It is an idea which has certainly the merit of originality. We all know that theatrical memoirs contain frequently a good proportion of fiction; but a confessed work of imagination in this form is another matter. The pity is (I am forced to say it) that the author has not been able to avoid the danger of dullness. "Such and such a piece was produced in the autumn of 1898, and

THE MYSTERY SHIP.

It bobbed about in a pool in the rocks, secured by a string to an old iron ring that in its day has held many a craft and cargo safe. It was one of the kind sold in shops for threepence—a lump of wood shaped like a ship and painted here and there in red and blue. But the sail was gone and the mast was broken short.

Two eyes, bright with excitement, peeped round a rock, showing that I was not alone. "This your ship?" I asked; whereupon the small boy stood up, though he came no nearer.

"I say, you're not a Customs officer, are you?" he asked suspiciously. When I had assured him that I was nothing so romantic, he came and stood by me; but I noticed that he kept a sharp look-out towards the shore. "I slipped behind the rock because I thought you might be a Customs officer," he explained.

"Smuggling, eh?" I said; and this sea-imp with curly hair and a face as brown as his bare arms and legs looked full of the mischief that makes a successful smuggler. Whatever his enterprise, there was adventure in it, and more excitement than he could control, for he was quivering.

"Little beauty, isn't she?" he said, pointing to the ship. "Safe as a house. D'you remember how rough it was last Thursday? Well, she never sank once all the morning. She's sailing to-night," he added in a whisper, with another glance landward, "before the moon is up."

"But her sail has gone and her mast's broken."

"No, that's the funnel. She was a sailing-ship, but of course I had to disguise her, so I made her into a steam-ship. It's all the better, because a steamship will get there quicker. I suppose it wouldn't take more than a week to get to Portugal? Or would you choose Brazil if you were me?"

"You're playing a dangerous game, mate," I said, in a low voice.

"Fearfully dangerous!" he agreed, in a whisper, which he made as hoarse as possible. "Did you see that torpedo boat pass this morning? She nearly had me; but before she could fire, I fastened my shirt to the handle of my shrimping-net and waved at her, like the Scouts do, you know. I had ripping luck; I must have hit on the signal for 'All's well,' for she went on without taking any more notice. It was a near squeak, though. Do you happen to know if the ebb-tide begins before or

after the moon rises? I suppose you don't know of a good drug for an Irish terrier, do you? Mrs. Wiggins's makes such an awful row whenever anybody goes in or out of the house, and I'm afraid it will wake them all up when I creep downstairs.

"Sh! There's a coast-guard; come on!" and he dragged me down behind a rock. "He's got his eye on us; what shall we do? If you happen to be a strong swimmer, I could get on your back and we could perhaps escape round the point. No? Well, I must bluff him somehow. You stay here." He went and picked up his ship, tucked it under his arm, and marched boldly up to the coast-guard and stood talking to him a



THE EASTMOUTH OCTOPUS—1.

"Great excitement and nervousness have been caused among Eastmouth bathers by the news that a ferocious octopus has been sighted quite near the shore. The bathing season threatens to be abruptly terminated."—*Eastmouth Argus.*

moment. Then he proceeded up the cliff path; the coast-guard, however, came over the rocks towards me.

"Young gen'leman says you pertic'ly want to see me, Sir," he said.

To gain time, I offered him a cigar. From the cliff came frantic signals urging me to secrecy, so I proceeded to ask a few questions about the currents and the coast lights.

I have not seen the young filibuster again; but as the papers have contained nothing exciting from Portugal, I expect in a few days to learn of strange happenings in Brazil.

"Dredging operations have been temporarily suspended, as the Canton River has gone over to Hongkong for repairs."

South China Morning Post.

Hong Kong is always glad to give it a bed for the night.

INES TO MR. SHOLES.

(With apologies to EDWARD LEAR.)

["C.K.S." complains in *The Sphere* that the editor of *Everybody's Magazine* recently wrote a letter to him addressed to "C. K. Sholes." He also mentions that in a paragraph which has gone the round of a number of papers reference is made to his "rubicund visage and Pad-rewski-like coiffure."]

How pleasant to know Mister Sholes,
Who writes such adorable stuff
On bookmen and bibliopoles
That we never can thank him enough!

His industry matches the mole's;
His pen is unending in flux;
Smart people he never extols,
Though he's written a book about
Bucks.

His eyes are as keen as a vole's;
His figure is perfectly Spherical;
His singing of gay barcarolles
Makes a musical audience hysterical.

He never has been to the Poles;
In summer he drinks lemon-squash;
He frowns upon Anglican stoles;
The name of his dog is FitzPosh.

On Sundays he commonly bowls
In a taxi to ROBERTSON NICOLL'S;
His favourite oath is "By Goles!"
He feeds all his goldfish on
pickles.

A thousand-and-one pigeon-holes
In his brain-pan are bursting
with knowledge;
He knows the right sound of St.
Aldate's
And has learned to avoid "Christ
Church College."

He never has dined with Lord
KNOLLYS;
He never goes gambling to
Monte,

But he owns two or three parasols
That belonged to the late CHARLOTTE
BRONTË.

By the shooting of grouse or of goats
His life has never imperilled;
He never belonged to the "Souls,"
But he knows Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD.

He utters uncountable "Skoals"
O'er the ruddy Omarian tippie,
And his capers and high caracoles
Make MONDKIN appear like a cripple.

He breakfasts on coffee and rolls;
He lunches off oysters and porter;
His curls have the blackness of coals—
They're like PADEREWSKI's, but
shorter.

So whenever in Fleet Street he strolls,
Policemen look hurriedly up
And cry, "That's the great Mr. Sholes
Who writes such delectable gup."

MEDITATIONS IN A BUTT.

* Denotes the shots of the speaker: † These of the other guns down the line.]

WELL, here we are at last, thank Heaven . . . Number Four from the right facing the beaters, leaving the top butt empty? Yes, I'm all right. Captain Bowker on the left, I see. I wonder if he's any good at this game? And Billy on the right. Billy's pretty sure to bag my birds if he can . . . What a filthy puddle! Wish to goodness this feller would keep the butts drained. (He deposits a large turf off his "fortification" on the floor of the butt.) That's better. I'm chilled too. That's the worst of these rough walks, one gets so hot and then so cold. . . . I don't feel at all like it to-day. Truth is, one ought to get to bed earlier if one wants to be on the spot at this game. I believe this is going to be one of the rotten days. I know 'em. Grouse-shooting's a slavery when you strike one of them. Sort of day when there are no birds . . . and what birds there are go back over the beater's heads . . . and when they do come forward they won't cross the butts . . . and when they do cross the butts, they cross every butt but yours . . . and when they do come over you they are nearly out of sight . . . and when they are within shot, you can't hit 'em . . . and when you do hit 'em you don't kill 'em . . . and when you do kill 'em you can't pick 'em up . . . and when you do find 'em they're grey hens! . . . Oh, I know it. I wonder if this is going to be . . . Hulloo! What was that? . . . * * * Never saw the brute till it was right on me. There's something moving on the sky-line there. Gone away! I knew those flankers were far too far out. Who's that whistling? Oh, all right. Now we have it . . . Straight for me . . . Steady . . . * * * Oh—! Never touched 'em. I must get on to them sooner. I always let 'em get too near. Always did. By Jove, there's a pretty pack on the move. They are going off on the left. No, they are heading for Bowker . . . † † . . . Bowker's downed a brace. Good man. Here he is again. Single bird this time. Just skimming the heather . . . Steady . . . Aim at his feet. Don't forget to aim at his . . . * * * Seems I can't get on to 'em either coming or going. Must have an eye like a poached egg . . . † † † † . . . Hulloo, they're busy down the line . . . * * * Too far out . . . far too far out . . . † † † † † . . . Billy seems to be making rather a hat

of it. Great snakes, here they come! Sky's black with 'em . . . † † † † † * * † † . . . Load, you fool, don't look at the birds, load! . . . * * † † . . . I wonder what the devil's wrong with me? I knew I was bad at the game, but I never dreamed I was as bad as this. It's this rotten light, and my hands are cold . . . * * . . . They do come . . . † † † † . . . at a deuce of a pace with that wind behind 'em. By Jove! Bowker's mopping them up. So is Billy. Hulloo! Old Blackcock coming down the line . . . † † . . . Rutherford's missed him. . . . † † . . . So has Billy. . . . † † . . . Now, I'll wipe his eye. (Feverishly.) Remember he's going quicker than he looks. Remember he's going . . . *

way. That's a brace. Here we are again . . . † † † . . . * . . . Good work. Deuce of a long shot that! There might be a few birds still on the moss . . . † † † . . . Yes. Steady . . . * * . . . Right and left. By Jove! I knew I could hit 'em . . . * * . . . What went wrong that time? Behind 'em, I suppose. There's another big pack. Great snakes! Millions of 'em. Not coming for me this time . . . † † † † † † † . . . Swinging down the line . . . † † † . . . Billy's tearing them down now . . . † † . . . Hulloo! skimming bird behind . . . * . . . Never could hit that sort. Simply don't know how it's done. Duek, isn't it? Yes, coming my way—deuce of a height. (Feverishly.) Remember, he's got a long neck. Now! . . . * . . . Plugged him, by Jove! Now we're talking! . . . † † . . . Well, here are the beaters. (He stretches himself, drops his cartridge bag, and is about to get out of his butt.) By Jove, look at that! Rum place for him to sit. Here he comes. Be careful not to plug a beater. Now he's well over their heads. Steady! The eyes of Europe are upon you this time. Well in front . . . † . . . Down, Sir! Ripping. One of my best, that. (Pause.) . . . Hulloo! Bowker fired at it too, did he? That's rather sickening. I suppose now that Bowker will claim that bird, and I'm jolly sure I had him through the neck. Wish to goodness he would leave my birds alone. I know I was dead on him . . . (He begins to gather up his birds.) . . . I say, Bowker! (shouting) Did you pick that last grouse of yours? . . . Oh, no, I'm sure it



THE EASTMOUTH OCTOPUS—II.

Sir Thomas Bushey, K.C.B., totally unaware of the havoc he has caused.

. . . Now, well in front of him this time. . . . * . . . Never even shook him! Bowker has him . . . † † . . . Yes, he's down . . . † † † † * * † † . . . Nearly up to my knees in cartridges and devil a bird down . . . † † † . . . Hulloo! There are the beaters! Only a quarter of a mile off and I've nothing down! . . . † † † . . . Lots of birds about, I must say . . . † † † . . . By Jove, there's a high lot. Too high for Billy, I expect . . . † † . . . Thought so. Here's another pack. Right at my head. (He sets his teeth.) Now then, steady! . . . * * . . . I'm sure that second bird was struck. (He follows it with his eyes.) Yes, it's towered . . . † † † . . . Down by the stream. Good; that's always something . . . † † † . . . Now, I'm going to get on to them. I've got off my bad patch. Hulloo! coming up the line. Steady . . . * * . . . One, any

was yours. I never— Well, if you are quite certain. All right. We'll let it go at that. (To himself.) Never saw Bowker so keen to give up a bird before. He's not so obstinate as I thought he was . . . (To the keeper) You'll find another grouse of mine there, just where the dog is now. What? It's a—? (To himself, with a sudden, horrid, inward sinking) It's a grey hen!

"WTD., Plans, Spec., Price S. or D. F. B. Cott., suit left-hd. cor., 5 rs." Advt. in "Sydney Morning Herald."

We have often felt a vague yearning for something, and it must be this.

"The Lowestoft herring-boat Doris landed at Grimsby yesterday about 1,600 fish, the result of the night's fishing. The herrings were sold during the day and realised £212."—Daily Mail. Your breakfast will cost you more.



TWO GENTLEMEN OF WARWICKSHIRE.

MR. F. R. FOSTER (*Captain of the Warwickshire XI., who have just won the Cricket Championship.*)
"TELL KENT FROM ME SHE HATH LOST."—II. *Henry VI.*, iv. 10.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. "WARWICK, THOU ART WORTHY!"—III. *Henry VI.*, iv. 6.





A NEW GARDEN GAME—"SLICING THE WASP."

SUITABLE FOR BOTH SEXES, YOUNG AND OLD. FASCINATING, AMUSING, SKILFUL, EXCITING, AND WITH THAT ELEMENT OF DANGER SO ATTRACTIVE TO THE BRITON.

THE HAPPY DISPATCH.

Come, Oread Nymphs! and come, thou guileless yokel!
 But not with tears nor melancholy wreath,
 Cypress and yew, and whatso'er the local
 Hill-sides afford, and vales that are beneath,
 Of flowers funereal, nor garland's buckle
 Of baleful nightshade nor the poppy's head,
 But clover and wild thyme and honeysuckle,
 And divots of mown turf collect, and chuckle
 About my drive laid dead!

Ah, what a shot,—two hundred yards and over!
 By fervent hope and fitful fancy aimed,
 Sheer from the mark she soared, impetuous rover,
 And spurned the bunker and went on untamed,
 (And such a bunker, faced with filthy sleepers!)
 And bounded o'er the grass like wind-blown spume,
 And found soft rest at last and closed her peepers,—
 Come, sportive caddies, come, ye stern green-keepers,
 Come and behold the tomb!

I shall be down in twain, and four is bogey,
 And when I muse how many a woeful time
 I have been foiled by that infernal fogey,
 That military card, and forced to clumb
 Wearily up to yonder green oasis
 Out of the Libyan sands, perspiring hard,
 Like some poor camel,—Join your hands, ye Graces!
 This round at least a peerless hole embraces,
 Make merry with the bard.

I shall be down in two, and James is lying
 (I'm sorry, James, of course,—I truly am)
 Deep in the dreadful trough where balls undying
 Suffer the tortures of the niblick's slam:
 But mine, she rests beside the flag-crowned portal,
 The goal of all desires, the careful end,
 (She who so many times has seemed immortal),—
 Forgive me, James, if I exude a chortle:
 Better pick up, my friend.

Just one wild wallop in the old Sahara,
 And then come on with me and hark how sweet
 She lies in death, how tranquil, *mia cara*,
 The grave she sought for at her silvery feet.
 Strew on her roses, roses; spare to utter
 One word of sorrow for the wild thing free,
 But just a reverent motion with the putter
 And down she goes, like Bass or melted butter,
 Making "one up" for me. Evoe.

"Without going into technical details, it may be mentioned that for the purpose of actuating the device the clutch shaft itself is cut in two, the part that carries the clutch being keyed to a boss that has dogs which engage with a companion series on a ring. When the spring is wound up it is retained in that condition by a pawl and ratchet. To start the motor a pedal slides the ratchet ring until it engages with the pawl and also causes the dogs to disengage, when the spring is free to unwind and rotate the clutch shaft through the medium of the ratchet and the pawl."—*Observer.*

This, however, is by the way. But you see what we mean.

THE DRAGON OF WINTER HILL.

PART I.

THIS is the tale the old men tell, the tale that was told to me,

Of the blue-green dragon,
The dreadful dragon,
The dragon who flew so free,
The last of his horrible scaly race
Who settled and made his nesting place
Some hundreds of thousands of years ago.
One day, as the light was falling low
And the turbulent wind was still,

In a stony hollow,
Where none dared follow,
Beyond the ridge on the gorse-clad summit, the summit of
Winter Hill!

The news went round in the camp that night; it was
Dickon who brought it first

How the wonderful dragon,
The fiery dragon,
On his terrified eyes had burst.
"I was out," he said, "for a fat young buck,
But never a touch I had of luck;
And still I wandered and wandered on
Till all the best of the day was gone;
When, suddenly, lo, in a flash of flame
Full over the ridge a green head came,
A green head flapped with a snarling lip,
And a long tongue set with an arrow's tip.
I own I didn't stand long at bay,
But I cast my arrows and bow away,
And I cast my coat, and I changed my plan,
And forgot the buck, and away I ran—

And, oh, but my heart was chill:
For still as I ran I heard the bellow
Of the terrible slaughtering fierce-eyed fellow
Who has made his lair on the gorse-clad summit, the summit
of Winter Hill."

Then the women talked, as the women will, and the men-
folk they talked too

Of the raging dragon,
The hungry dragon,
The dragon of green and blue.
And the Bards with their long beards flowing down,
They sat apart and were seen to frown.
But at last the Chief Bard up and spoke,
"Now I swear by beech and I swear by oak,
By the grass and the streams I swear," said he,
"This dragon of Dickon's puzzles me.
For the record stands, as well ye know,
How a hundred years and a year ago
We dealt the dragons a smashing blow
By issuing from our magic tree
A carefully-framed complete decree,
Which ordered dragons to cease to be.
Still, since our Dickon is passing sure
That he saw a regular Simon pure,
Some dragon's egg, as it seems, contrived
To elude our curses, and so survived
On an inaccessible rocky shelf,
Where at last it managed to hatch itself.
Whatever the cause, the result is plain:
We're in for a dragon-fuss again.
We haven't the time, and, what is worse,
We haven't the means to frame a curse.
So what is there left for us to say

Save this, that our men at break of day
Must gather and go to kill

The monstrous savage
Whose fire-blasts ravage
The flocks and herds on the gorse-clad summit, the summit
of Winter Hill?"

BY-LAWS FOR PARKS.

[A few rules to supplement the usual seventy or eighty that menace harmless pedestrians at the park gates.]

1. No person or persons shall take a photograph of the park or bandstand, or any portion or portions thereof, all available sunshine being required for the flower-beds.

2. All children must be manacled, and have chain-balls affixed to their ankles. Those in arms, perambulators, or mail-carts must be provided with gags or respirators; this to prevent them crying out and startling the fish, or stunting the growth of the hollyhocks and young trees.

3. All loose change must be left at the entrance lodge in charge of the park-keeper, as the jingling of it excites the gardeners and takes their attention from their work.

4. No man shall take in more than fourteen, no woman more than sixteen, and no child more than eighteen full breaths during one minute, as the atmosphere of this park is the property of the Town and Corporation and must not be wantonly depleted.

5. No person or persons, male or female, infant or adult, shall be permitted within the boundaries of the park wearing colours that do not harmonise with the seasons' bloom. A list of sympathetic shades may be inspected at the park lodge.

6. No visitor shall continue to smell at a flower or to gaze at a swan for more than two consecutive minutes; or subject exotic and delicate plants to a draught by walking quickly past them.

7. On breezy days all male headgear must be attached to wearer by a strong cord, a straw or silk hat being liable to plough up the gravel paths, and the chase of it to disturb the decorous atmosphere of the park.

8. No one other than an officer of the Corporation, or specially authorised person, shall at any time inspect the carpet bedding without first wiping his boots.

9. No dogs shall be admitted to the park unless conveyed in their kennels, the doors of which must be opened only sufficiently for ventilation and not for egress.

10. On Empire Day children are allowed to sail small boats on the lake. Boats made of newspaper must first undergo inspection by the park-keeper, who is authorised to reject all craft not manufactured from the more reputable of the dailies or weeklies.

11. It is not permitted that parents shall bring more than three of their family into the park at any one time, several faces of one or a similar cast destroying the charm of variety in the crowd.

12. Any person caught in the act of sneezing will immediately be evicted from the park, as these convulsions seriously disturb the air waves. Where a person is observed to be struggling in the incipient stages of a sneeze, and the distance between the prospective sneezer and the exit gate justifies such a procedure, the officials have authority to rush the said prospective sneezer off the premises before the explosion.

Penalties for infringement of any of the above by-laws:—
For the first offence, the offender shall be required to commit to memory the whole of the thousand and one (or more, as the case may be) rules exhibited on this board.

For the second offence: Death.

BY ORDER.



Irish Boatman (surveying the solitary result of the day). "It's a FOIN FISH FOR THE SIZE 'AV UT; THEM 'LL RUN ABOUT THREE TO THE POUND."

Angler. "HARDLY THAT, I SHOULD SAY."

Boatman. "WELL, MAYBE THE OTHER TWO 'D BE A BIT BIGGER."

**GRAND ENGLISH OPERA.
PATRIOTIC VENTURE.**

A SLIM, pale little man—in looks curiously resembling Sir CHARLES DABLING—reticent, modest, but plumb on the spot all the time, such is Mr. Hector Anvilstone, the creator of the magnificent opera house which has sprung into existence, as at the wand of an enchanter, on the north side of Kingswych. Already £500,000 have been expended on the building, and £250,000 more will be required to raise the curtain on the opening night, when Mr. Anvilstone begins his campaign with a thirty-week season of Russian and Spanish opera.

"Yes," observed Mr. Anvilstone when we ran him to earth in the Reading-room of the British Museum, "my ambition has always been to do something for dear old England. You see I am not calling it 'The Anvilstone Opera House'; I call it 'The Grand National All-English Opera House,' because everything about it is English. The architect is English; the bricks are English; the box-keeper speaks English quite fluently; and the prices

are English. Nothing cheap and nasty. There is to be an English horn in the orchestra, and I am even going so far as to provide English translations of the operas which are to be performed in my first season.

"You may have noticed the theatre? There are two curious things about the façade: one is the paucity of doors; the other the stone face in the centre. The paucity of doors is a problem which you must ask any English architect to solve; the stone face is my own. Don't shoot at it. I am doing my best.

"As you know," Mr. Anvilstone continued, "I am opening with *The Knout*, by Sviatntchitzky, the costumes for which have all been made in London by English tailors. Later on I may have a WAGNER season, but if I do the water used in the Rhine-maiden scenes shall be genuine English Thames-water."

It only remains to be added that Mr. Anvilstone, who has never worn a fur-coat and is a life-long teetotaler, has chartered a special train on the Trans-Siberian railway to bring over a bevy of distinguished Chinese musicians from Mukden for the opening night.

"The fire spread with startling rapidity; it was one of the hottest fires that has been experienced of late, and it was got under control by a large force of the Fire Brigade, which quickly assembled, in less time than would have seemed credible for a fire of such large extent."

Daily Telegraph.

It is surprising how apathetic they become when they know it's a large fire; but for a little one they're at it directly. It hasn't a chance.

"The burning question of the day in the minds of all thoughtful poultry-keepers, says C. N. Perkins in the 'Poultry Review' (U.S.A.), is how to provide shade for the fowls during the hot weather."—*Farm Life.*

There are various things to do. A parasol for every fowl is sometimes tried. Another way is to teach them "In the Shadows."

"BOY RECEIVED in good HOME to Educate with own son; age and terms moderate."—"Members' Circular," *Civil Service Supply Association, Limited.*

None of immoderate age need apply.

"THE CHIEF SECRETARY.—Mr. Birrell was in his office at the Castle to-day transacting official business."—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

Caught again.

THE SEASON'S SUMMARY.

THE County Championship being now finished, we have leisure to consider the results of the past season. True, the Cross Arrows have yet to begin their campaign, and the South of England (including Essex) is still waiting to meet XXIX of Carshalton and District; but to the general public cricket may be said to be over. The rise of Warwickshire to the premier position has already been commented on in the columns of our contemporaries (we believe); and numerous writers have rightly pointed out that, if the method of scoring points in the championship had only been different (as, for instance, if the losses had been subtracted from the umpires, and the lunches ignored—or the drawn games divided among the wicket-keepers, and the heavy roller insured) in these circumstances some other county might have obtained the laurels. It is undoubtedly true also that the fact of Warwickshire not having arranged matches with Kent, Somerset, Cornwall, Co. Cork and Herzegovina, has done much to rob the competition of its interest; while the fact that the wickets have suited the county's bowling, and that its batsmen have been in form, has certainly given an unfair advantage to the Midland shire. None the less, all good sportsmen—having called attention to these points and to any others which occurred to them—will hasten to congratulate Mr. FOSTER'S team on its success.

The M.C.C. team, which is about to leave these shores in order to tour the country of our Australian kinsmen beyond the seas, has now been definitely made up; indeed, it has been published in more than one of our contemporaries. It is an excellent team, if a little on the slow side in batting. However, we have much to learn from our Colonial cousins in more things than cricket, and it is to be hoped that when Mr. DOUGLAS and VINE are in together the rest of the eleven will seize the opportunity to see something of the country. Indeed, it is considered likely that, if VINE and KINNEIR go in first for England, with Mr. DOUGLAS first wicket, Mr. WARNER and HOBBS may even find it possible to pay a flying visit to the Motherland for the Christmas festivities.

In any case we earnestly hope that the team will return victorious to this country (if possible, in 1912) and that, a few days after their landing at Tilbury, we may have the pleasure of reading Mr. WARNER'S book (on which we trust he is already at work), *How*

for the second Time of Asking we pinched the Mythical Ashes.

But it is time we turned our attention to the doings of humbler individuals, whose season, no less than that of the great ones, is now coming to an end. England, it has often been said, is a nation of sportsmen. This does not simply mean that England can turn out eleven good cricketers or fifteen good footballers, but that at heart every man of us has a passion for some kind of sport. Mr. Stanley Nibbs, of The Towers, Paddockhurst, is a fine example of this kind of Englishman. Mr. Nibbs' score for the season is as follows:—

Wasps killed	2,136
Injured	497
Left in marmalade	8,562
Most in a day	140
Average	53.4
Times stung	7

* Irrespective of one day when Mr. NIBBS was confined to his bed.

Mr. Nibbs uses an ordinary wooden wasp-killer with a cane-handle, and, except for an occasional course of massage during the summer, undergoes no special training.

Another gentleman who has had a very good season is Mr. John B. Bellows, of Upper Croydon and Leadenhall Street. Mr. Bellows' record at the moment of writing, for his season is not yet finished, shows the following remarkable figures:—

Letters to the press denouncing the Radical-Socialist Government	586
Letters in which the words "perjured traitor" occurred	586
Letters in which the words "contemptible time-server" occurred	586
Letters in which the words "toeing the line" occurred	586
Letters published	27
Most in a day	3
Percentage of "perjured traitors" to letters published	94.6

Mr. Bellows hopes to improve his record materially during the silly season, but already he is considered to be, next to Mr. LEO MAXSE, the most thoughtful writer before the public.

We have left consideration of the most important record of the season till the last. Need we say we refer to the weather? (No.) That the weather has contributed largely to all the calamities of the season—strikes, wasps, droughts, Warwickshire's victory and the extreme fruitiness of Parliamentary language, cannot now

be denied. On the other hand there have been compensations. It is with these compensations that our last Table will deal:—

Interviews in the ha'penny press with a well-known Harley Street physician	11,893
Articles on "How to Keep Cool"	7,212
Menus of a light little lunch for City men	10,999
Paragraphs on how the Stock Exchange is taking the great heat	2,506
Photographs of people drinking	981

That this has been a record summer, and a summer for which we should all be grateful, no one who reads these statistics will deny! A. A. M.

AT THE PLAY.

THE FOLLIES.

PERHAPS it is a mistake to see *The Follies* on a first night. Perhaps, anyhow, it is a mistake to write about them while their jokes are still fresh in the memory. It may be that in a year's time I shall be saying, "How splendid *Kismet* and the *Coronation Scena* were!" just as I say now, "How excellent in the old days were *A Voice Trial* and *Everybody's Benefit!*"

It is true, of course, that *The Follies* have lost in Miss GWENNIE MARS their brightest planet. Miss FAY COMPTON has made a promising beginning, but it will be some time before she can take Miss MARS' place in our hearts. The rest of the company remains the same. Custom has not staled the variety of any of them; in most cases time has wrought an improvement in their art; and yet—and yet I find myself still saying, "How glorious was *Everybody's Benefit!*"

I seemed to get at the secret of this during the performance of *The Fourth Wall*—a sort of potted Shavian play. It was very funny in places, without doubt; but it could have raised just as much laughter in the hands of any other company of actors that one liked to select. In as far as it was a success it was a success of costume and book, not, as in the old Folly shows, a success of personality. The *Follies* should never have burlesques written for them, they should create their own; their jokes must not be ordered, they must emerge.

But, of course, there is still plenty of fun going about at the Apollo. The National Songs, the Court Scene in

Kismet, Miss ALLANDALE'S song, "The Mole and the Butterfly," Mr. MORRIS HARVEY'S Prehistoric Man, and the Grand Guignol Thrill, are as good as anything that they have ever done. And perhaps the best thing of all is BEN'S little sketch of *Lieutenant Clinton* in the last named. Sometimes I think that BEN ought to be promoted to be a real Folly. He is good enough, but I suppose his talent is too delicate. He must be nursed carefully.

A final word to Mr. LEWIS SYDNEY, whose temporary absences from the stage are still the tragedies of the evening. If he read *Punch* as diligently as I go to The Follies, he would know that one of his new stories appeared in this paper not so long ago. If he doesn't mind, I don't. M.

THE RED TIE.

THE man with the long hair and the slouch hat glanced up from his *Clarion* at the new-comer just entering the third-class railway compartment. His eyes lit up as he noticed the vivid red tie worn by the latter.

"Good morning, brother!" said the man with the long hair, cheerfully.

The new-comer turned a dull, suspicious eye upon him. "You a foreigner?" said he.

"No; I belong to the English fraternity. Things are looking bright for the Cause, aren't they?"

"For the what?"

"For the Cause."

"What Cause?"

"The revolt."

"You mean time-and-a-half for Sunday work, I s'pose?"

"I mean the regeneration of the world."

"What generation?"

"The regeneration."

"Ah!" said the man with the red tie, blankly.

"The railways will have to go first," continued the man with the long hair; and for the first time the new-comer showed interest in the conversation.

"Go to where?" said he. "I ain't heard."

"To the State, of course."

"What for?"

"For the sake of the people."

"I don't know what you're driving at! If you mean tight-packing on the evening suburbans, that can't be helped—any railway man'll tell you that."

"Are you trying to be funny?" asked the *Clarion*-man warmly.

"Don't you try to make a fool of me, or you'll get a thick ear!" was the reply.

"Aren't you a Socialist?"



C.L. STANGER.

Lady (to *loufer* who has asked for money). "YOU'LL ONLY DRINK IT, I SUPPOSE, INSTEAD OF TAKING IT HOME TO YOUR WIFE."

Loufer. "I AIN'T GOT A WIFE, LIDY. I'M EARNIN' ME OWN LIVING."

"A blooming Socialist! Lumme, no!"

"Then why on earth do you wear our tie?"

"What tie?"

"The red tie."

"Your tie?"

"Yes, our tie!"

The new-comer looked at the *Clarion*-man pityingly. "There's a lot of sheep's heads knocking about this world," said he, "and as a railway porter I met most of 'em, but I've never yet met such a chronic, out-and-

out sheep's head as didn't even know that the red tie means the L. and S.W.! Oh, go home and mind the baby!"

"These native newspapers, it said, adversely criticised Lieutenant Shirase and his party for not setting out on their journey sooner than they did, and closed their criticism by stating that in the circumstances he and the other leaders could not do otherwise if they failed to reach the Pole than 'die the honourable death'—which means in plain English, commit 'kari kari.'"—*Wanganui Herald*.

What do they know of English who have never been to Wanganui?



THE FALSE ALARM.

A LIQUID ASSET.

[A waterfall is being auctioned at Joudron, Savoy.]

Auctioneer (log.): Lot 315. Waterfall, complete with banks, bushes, rocks, chamois and wild fowl. In full working order. Now, gentlemen, what may I say for it? This is a real, live fall, with three gallons of water guaranteed per second, winter and summer. An ornament to any nobleman's estate. Charm, mystery, grandeur, romance and poetry! Ripples, eddies, spray, watersprites, echo, minnows, dreamy shallows, whispering zephyrs, aged fisherman, tradition, legend and curse attached. A slap-up affair. Now, what's the money?

Eh? Twenty-five? Twenty-five what—thousands? Pounds? Pounds, does the gentleman say? For a fall like that? This is a waterfall, Sir, not a duck-pond or a quicksand. Twenty-five pounds wouldn't pay the water-rates on a fall like that! No, Sir! Look at the entrance fees alone, at threepence a-head and the tourist season only coming on. Why, the souvenirs and picture-postcards would fetch twenty-five pounds alone!

Forty? Can't do it, Sir; we've never hawked waterfalls here, and we never

shall! This is *water*—lime, phosphates, hydrocarbons, salts, bromides and nitrates. Bottled and sold at sixpence a pint it will bring you in your capital in a month, or you give it back to us and we return you the money. See? Cures rheumatism, liver, ague, hay fever, infantile cholera, heartburn, swollen feet, obesity and the staggers. Children like it. Standard water, harmless, antiseptic, invigorating.

Romance? The place is full of romance—can't help it. Ice-maiden close at hand, glaciers to all parts, goat-herds, peasants, horn-blowers. When the moon is on that waterfall it would make a locomotive engine feel romantic! Fifty? At fifty,—going!

Look at what you can do with it! Work an electric light plant, drive a vacuum-cleaner or pianola, water the lawn. Bathing, paddling, boating, washing. This fall will wash anything; you put the clothes in and the water does the rest. Sixty—the gentleman with the knickerbockers. Thank you, Sir! At sixty!

Now there's no use messing about with a waterfall like this. Sixty I'm offered. Everything complete,—foliage, edelweiss, rushes, beetling crag, ice mountain, avalanches, foaming precipice within one minute. Good as a

family pedigree to anyone wanting to set up as a country gentleman.

No advance on sixty? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll throw in the bottomless pool and the end of the glacier and sell them in one lot. Now, gentlemen, what may I say? Eh? A hundred? Thank you, Sir. A hundred—at a hundred—any advance on a hundred? Going—gone! The gentleman with the straw hat and the alpenstock.

Next lot—431—mountain pass and two snow huts. Now, what's the money?

From the circular of SHAH POONAM CHAND NANGAL CHAND (if you know whom we mean):—

"We prepare the above written cloth good and give there different coloured as follow; Suok as, dark-greece, light greece fare-blue, light pink, darkbrawn, etc."

We must certainly have a pair of "suok as" knickerbockers for the mcoors.

"John Galsworthy had written a half-dozen volumes of sketches, novels and plays before the *Silver Fox* came out."—*The Book Monthly*.

The *Silver Fox*, of course, made GALSWORDY'S reputation. Some, however, prefer the same author's *Country Mouse*.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

GERMANY. "NOBODY LOVES ME—AND THEY ALL WANT TO TRAMPLE ON ME!"



"ALL THE LATEST HAVES."

SUCH was the legend on a card in the window that not only caught but for a moment bewildered my eye, and in I went to investigate. For who is not interested in "haves"? Moreover, I had never before seen the word used in print as a substantive, and in the plural too. That unsuspecting people could be had, I knew: the irreverent had had me often. But that there were on sale a variety of articles laboriously made for no other purpose than to have with—that was a new idea. For beyond a contrivance which lifted plates mysteriously, and a cotton-wool peach too like the real article, I had seen none.

I asked to be shown the best things in haves.

"This is the best," said the young lady behind the counter, displaying an empty ink-pot and a fat blue-black exudation made of some soft material at its side. She placed the horrid substance in my hand. "It's very amusing," she said. "You wait till the room is empty and then you lay the blot on something nice or valuable—the table-cloth or a book or a piece of embroidery—overturn the ink-pot by it, and there you are. When your wife comes in, for example, she has a fit. See? We sell thousands of them."

"But how if one is unmarried?" I asked.

"Oh, then you try it on your hostess or a lady friend," she said.

"But it's no use if they know it?" I pursued.

"No, of course not. You can't be had twice, of course. Not with the same thing. But there are so many: you're bound to get them with one of them. Here, for example;" and she showed me a solid mess of jelly—yellow and white—on a card bearing the words, "Who dropped that egg?"

"You lay this on the carpet," she said, "and it makes people jump, I can tell you."

"But you must choose your house with some care," I suggested. "In many houses no one goes about carrying raw eggs; or if they do, it is not in the living rooms."

"Of course," she said, "you have to think a bit. But that's the case with all of them. Now here's a splendid joke for a billiard-table."

She showed me a cigarette half burned, with a little glowing light amid the ash. Also a cigar in the same condition.

"You just lay one of these on the cloth of the billiard-table," she continued, "and watch your host's expression. There've been some terrible rows over it, I'm told. I'm told that friendships have been broken up. The

"You, I suppose," she said.

"Ah, yes," I replied. "Before the Workmen's Compensation Act! But now?"

She refused to be frightened.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to a red blob.

"Oh, that's awfully good," she said.

"That's a spoonful of raspberry jam. You lay it on the table-cloth with a spoon beside it, and hear what the people say."

"But suppose there is no raspberry jam—I mean, of course, other than this—on the table?"

"Then you wouldn't do it; you'd wait."

"Carrying it in my pocket all the time?"

"Yes, of course. If you really intended to have anybody with it."

"Haven't you any apricot jam or green-gage? All the people I know eat those jams."

"No, only raspberry."

"Then it's no use to me," I said. "Is that all?"

"No; here's the latest. The cut finger." She showed me a white finger-stall through which blood appeared to be oozing. "That's very popular," she added. "It makes people think you've cut yourself. Then, when they find they've been sorry all for nothing, you laugh. Which will you have?"

"All," I said, for I had a happy thought. My old friend Sir Henry was just leaving for a series of visits to persons of eminence unlikely to have come into touch with this peculiar form



MR. PUNCH'S WARM FELICITATIONS TO THE FORCE.

Constable. "Well, we've got a bit of extra pay, mate, 'over and above' as you might say, and not had to strike for it."

cigarette's a penny; the cigar two-pence."

"Will they do for anything besides billiard-tables?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, of course. On a piece of old lace, for example; or a costly shawl. Here's a red-hot cinder for Turkey carpets or Persian rugs. It ought to be something valuable or the owner isn't sufficiently alarmed."

"But it wouldn't do to alarm people too much," I said. "Suppose they were to be ill, would you or I be liable?"

"They wouldn't," she said.

"But they might. A very mean man, for example, and a very costly Persian carpet. Who would be responsible then—you or I?"

of wit. So I gave them to him.

He came back with a reputation as a humorist—a little cruel, perhaps, but unmistakable—such as nothing he had ever done or said could have won for him.

Accident at Wellington Barracks.

"Private Barker, the 6 ft. 11 in. Grenadier guardsman, snapped while drilling with his regiment."—*Daily Sketch*.

These tall men are too brittle.

From a Queen's Hall programme:

"No. 3 is a hunting song . . . accompanied by a tonic and dominant bass." Thirsty work, hunting.

A GLUT IN THE MARKET:

Being a Romance of the New Peerage that might have been.

[A complete operetta in Two Parts, which, having been hawked about during the Peerage menace among the Directors of our Musical Comedy and rejected by them in the fear of giving offence to Peers and so producing unrest among their ladies of the Chorus, is now sold off as waste goods.]

PART I.

The Scene is laid in the boudoir of Phyllis, regardless of time and occasion. It is a sumptuous room with some twenty entrances to it, a remarkable number of lights and only three walls. As, however, it is only owing to the absence of the fourth wall that you are able to hear and see what is going on, this is no matter for complaint. At the rise of the curtain the stage is found to be filled to overflowing with young ladies in pink pyjamas, their raison d'être being rather to please the fancy than to assist the plot. They do their level best to make themselves heard, in spite of the determined opposition of the orchestra.

OPENING CHORUS.

Our exuberance is such
That nothing ever checks it;
But when we think you've had as much
As you can stand, we exit.

[The stage is thereupon cleared for action, and Phyllis enters.]

RECITATIVE—Phyllis.

Love is, I think, a wonderful affair,
And women are astonishing . . . But
there!
Although the audience does not seem
to doubt it,
I think I'd better tell them all about it.
(To the Conductor of the Orchestra)
I say, I think I'll tell them all about it.

[At that the conductor, having remained singularly apathetic during the recital, becomes suddenly animated, taps everything he can reach with his bâton, rests his left hand lovingly on the bald head of the first violinist beneath him, smiles inclusively and with a "One—two—three—Go" starts the music.]

SONG—Phyllis.

That lips so red and cheeks so pink
And such expressive eyes
Should be admired is not, I think,
A matter for surprise.
And when you see my dainty nails,
Then you will understand
Why no observant gallant fails
To ask me for my hand.
Though every lass has got her lad,
And some have two or three,
Yet these be men who never had
The chance of seeing me.

I merely state the dismal fact
(Conceit I do abhor)

My applicants, to be exact,
Amount to forty-four.

And some are very poor but tall,
And some are short but rich,
I know I cannot have them all,
But only one . . . and which?
The feelings I regard them with
Are very much the same;
My preference is William Smith;
But what a common name!

Yes, that's my only fault, and I
Confess it with a sob:
I grieve for aristocracy,
Being something of a snob;
And though the forty-four display
Inestimable worth,
For me that cannot wipe away
The fact of common birth.

I've put them off and off, until
They tell me I shall lose
The lot of them, unless I will
Make up my mind and choose.
In what a sorry case I am!
For now I must begin.

(Voice without.)

Some gentlemen to see you, ma'am.

Phyllis.

Ah! Please to show them in.

[Enter a crowd of forty-three gentlemen of various shapes, ages and sizes, but all immaculately and identically clad. From time to time they remove their hats and replace them on their heads, change their sticks from one hand to the other, and generally gambol. The audience will be too much engrossed in observing the unanimity of their movements to wonder why they trouble to wear hats and sticks at all in a lady's boudoir.]

Phyllis.

Good morning, Sirs; is not the weather fine?

Or do you find the heat a little tryin'?

The Gentlemen. (Full Chorus.)

For two long years and more
We rubbed along together,
Nor counted it a bore
To talk about the weather.
Let's change the subject; your
Remarks are trite and pretty.
Oh, leave the temperature
To ZAMBRA or NEGRETTI!

We find we do not like
The rapid way you dally;
We have combined to strike
For no more shilly-shally.
So ask your inner soul
Which is your chosen lover,
And then declare the poll
And get the business over.

Phyllis (singling out the best-looking and best-voiced of them).

But tell me, for I do not follow, Sir,
To what negotiations you refer.

The Gentlemen addressed (Solo).

Forgive us if we seem a little rude,
And pardon if our overtures are crude.
You know quite well what we are
getting at;

So why adopt this foolish attitude?

For love of you we've plied our several
lutes,
Have donned our several patent-leather
boots.

As night by night we press our
several trousers,
So day by day we've pressed our several
suits.

To what effect? To not a one's recital
Have you afforded definite requital;

And, not to put too fine a point
upon it,
You've clamoured rather loudly for a
title.

What Phyllis wants, that, so I swore,
shall be;

Love knows of no impossibility.

Permit me then to introduce myself
As Thomas, Viscount Ninety-Seven (C).

DUET (*Phyllis and Viscount 97 (C)*).

Phy. Then you are a Peer?

Vis. That's so.

Phy. It seems very queer.

Vis. I know:

Phy. You leap at a jerk
To figure in *Burke*.
Political work?

Vis. Quite so.

Your name in *Debrett* . . .

Phy. But, oh!

Vis. You would not regret?

Phy. Ah, no!

Vis. Well, now I'm a Peer,
You'll marry me, dear?

And the rest of them here . . .

Phy. May go!

The Other Gentlemen (in chorus)

It's hard to believe,

We know,

That he should deceive

You so,

By omitting to say

In his underhand way

That all of us, eh?

Are do..

A Peer he may be

Vis. Bravo!

Cho. Well, well, so are we.

Phy. But no?

Why, tell me, my dears

(I doubt my own ears),

Are all of you Peers?

Cho. That's so!

(END OF PART I.)



Mother. "YES, I SHALL CERTAINLY PUT GLADYS INTO SOME PROFESSION SO THAT SHE CAN BE SOME USE IN THE WORLD."
 Gladys. "OH, MUMMY! NEED I? CAN'T I BE JUST AN ORDINARY WOMAN, LIKE YOU!"

CHARIVARIA.

It is now feared that, even if LEONARDO'S *Monna Lisa* should be recovered, she will, as the result of her recent troubles, have lost her famous smile.

The trials of our naval air-ship have been postponed once more, as important alterations are to be made. This is good news, for the longer her trials are postponed the longer we shall have her with us, we suspect.

The KAISER insists that his Gormans shall have "a place in the sun." As a matter of fact many Englishmen and Frenchmen have consigned them at times to a yet hotter place.

The American Consul at Swatow, South China, reports that native cloth made from banana fibre wears well, and is thin and cool. It should also have the advantage of being an admirable emergency ration.

Among the latest additions to the Zoological Gardens is a swarm of small black bees from Jamaica called Angelitos. Although provided with a

stinging apparatus they do not sting. An illiterate native bee was heard explaining to a friend the other day that "Angelito" is foreign for "Lunatic."

A correspondent mentions in *The Times* that he recently saw a butterfly in the Piccadilly Tube Station. It seems incredible that no one should have shot it.

The celebration of the settlement of the recent Labour troubles, which was held at the Crystal Palace the other day, went off admirably. It was not even marred by a strike of pageant workers.

Prisoners in the Montgomery City gaol, *The Express* informs us, are now permitted to go out and fish all day. This is surely carrying the adage, "Spare the rod, spoil the child," rather far.

A beauty expert recently declared that our women are becoming less good-looking. Now, as a somewhat pathetic sequel to this assertion, and by way of confirmation, comes the announcement that next season ladies are to wear veils.

"Women," says *The Graphic*, "are showing vast improvement in the matter of not losing their heads." This is all the more creditable because it must be most difficult sometimes to find them in those huge hats.

"THIRTY YEARS FOR ONE PLAY" is the title given by a contemporary to an announcement of a forthcoming drama by Mr. HALL CAINE. The sentence strikes us as excessive even for Mr. HALL CAINE.

A witness called in a case at West Ham described himself as a "Spotter," and explained that the occupation was "the taking out of spots at a laundry." What, then, we would ask, is the designation of the individual who puts the spots on at the laundry.

"During the strike, a picket visited a station on a branch of the North Eastern Railway to induce the employes to cease work. The station-master's wife, guessing the object of the man's visit, ran out with a bucket of whitewash and chased him from the station."
Daily Paper.

We should have thought the pickets would have heartily welcomed whitewashing.

PRO COMO.

"You have made a muddle of it, Victoria. Give me the thing."

And placing *Como and its Surroundings* firmly before me, I read out slowly and distinctly the directions for reaching the grotto:—"You can go to either by Brunate, by funicular, or the on mountain footpaths, which takes about three hours on foot, or, by Villa Albese, or Erba, an hour and half on foot, or in a carriage (8 francs) one hour and a half for kilometers 12."

"I told you so," said Victoria.

"Ah, but you didn't read the next line—'The best for a good walker is to go one way and return by the other.' That simplifies matters. That is what we will do."

"What is there to see when we get there, anyhow?" Victoria asked impatiently.

"'The Grottas,'" I read, lingering luxuriously over the word, "'the grottas, gradually to an opening of 8 by 6 metres continues for about 150 metres, then turns and deepens in the depth of the mountain. Its origin is yet unknown. At the entrance there is always a person selling drinks, eatables and torches—' And oh, I've missed a line!—'Before arriving half-way these is the inn of Parravicino or Health.' There, Victoria, is another Italian word for you: *Parravicino* = health. *Io sono in buono parravicino!*"

"Isn't there anything else to see in this place?" asked Victoria.

"You mustn't call it a *place*, Victoria. Listen:—'Como merits to be among the most attractive lake cities. . . It formed the theme of the greatest artists and poets of all times; and there is no person of culture, which does not have a Strong wish to see it. A fine chain of hills extends to the west. Large comolious, and elegant steamers plough at every moment the waves. . . Indeed this seducing portion of the Classic grounds of Italy, invites the foreigner to. . .'"

"I don't want all that," interrupted Victoria; "I mean churches and things."

I turned over a page or two and continued—"The Lyceum Palace. He who enters the town from Porta Torre—from the monumental mediæval tower, which rises since 1192 to laugh at the course of time—sees soon this fabric with a porch raised on by

columns of cipolline marble.' Or, again, there is the Politeama, which is adapted to any sort of shows daily or nightly."

Here Victoria, who is not interested in the lighter side of life, began to fidget, so I turned hastily to the church of San Fedele, which "was rebuilt in 1905 in its upper part, which menaced a fall," and to the monastery of San Donato, "where the blessed Geremia Lambertenghi said to have reposed to do penitence."

Victoria was with me again, and I proceeded to the monument of Alexander Volta—"The grateful mother country erected in 1838 on the square dedicated, now to the name of the great one, a marble statue, he is

which separates the Bisbino from the vast Alpine circus,' there is Brunate, pathetically described as follows:—'And thus the poor and half deserted village became a true town, where no Comodity is missed, where the air is healthy, where you may enjoy perfect quietness.' And, of course, there is always the climate—which satisfies every visitor and more so those who remain there for some length of time."

"We know all about the climate," said Victoria. "Just see if the thermometer's under 100° in the shade; if so, we'll go out and begin."

THE LESSON.

"Good morning," said the Professor.

"I am very pleased to meet you. With reference to your letter I may say that I never agree to give a course of lessons till after I have tried a pupil's voice."

"My friends—" I began reassuringly.

"Unless a prospective pupil shows sufficient promise of doing me credit, I cannot afford the time—"

"My friends—" I repeated firmly.

"I always feel that it is kinder and more honourable to tell him, at once, that he has not a note in his voice—if that is really the case."

"My friends—" I started again.

The Professor interrupted me by striking a note on the piano.

"Sing *lah*," he said.

"What for?" I asked.

The Professor struck the note again. The loud pedal was on. "Sing *lah*," he repeated.

"Look here," I remarked hastily, "I don't think you quite understand. I don't want to be taught how to sing. I sing a great deal. My friends all say that I have a wonderful voice and that it ought to be trained. It is just the little technical bits of polish and *finish* that I want to acquire. I can't get up in a drawing-room and sing *lah-lah-lah*."

"You never know what you can do till you have tried," he remarked mildly. "Now then, *lah*."

I am afraid I sang up the scale with very bad grace. The whole proceeding was so absurd and undignified.

"Did you notice anything wrong?" inquired the Professor.

"What with?"

"With the piano. It didn't strike



PICNIC RESOURCE.

CHARLES HAD REMEMBERED TO BRING THE BOTTLE OF CLARET, THE PIE, THE SALAD, THE BREAD, THE BUTTER, THE CORKSCREW AND EVEN THE SALT, BUT HE HAD FORGOTTEN THE GLASSES. THEY WERE JUST WONDERING HOW THEY SHOULD MANAGE WHEN DORIS SAID, "HERE'S AN IDEA; LET'S DRINK IT OUT OF THIS."

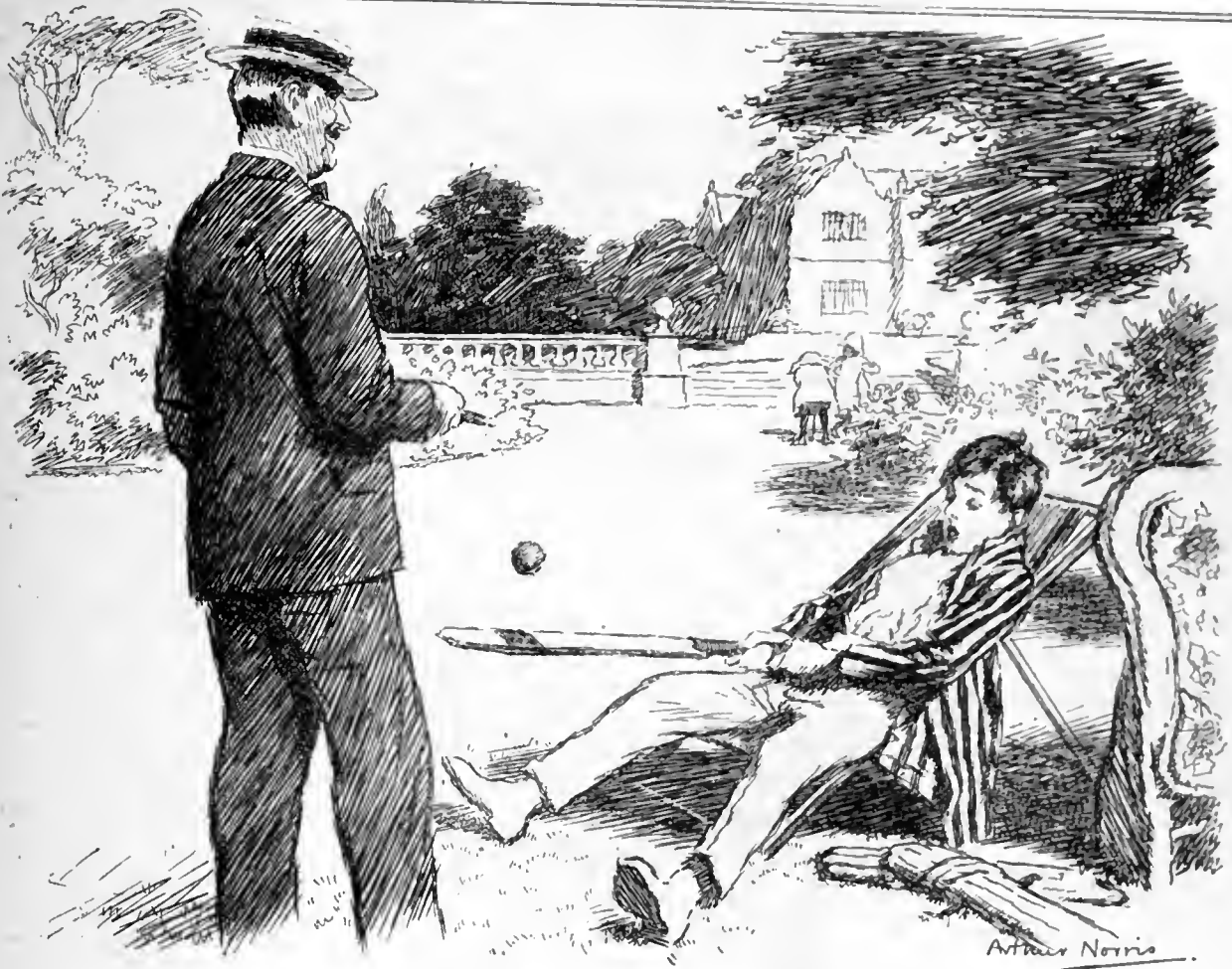
represented in the posture of a deep thinker and appears to be listening to the first pulsations of the mysterious electric current. The short but eloquent epigraph reads thus: 'To Volta his country' dictated by Caesar Cantù."

"Anybody could dictate a thing like that," remarked Victoria.

"Well then," I continued, "there's the Cemetery—'near the next to be erected tramway. . . properly facing the entrance the tomb of Volta, a temples of harmonious outlines, a fine piece of art in itself. On the headfront of the entrance you read the bronze inscription 'To Alexander Volta the widow and children. . .'"

"I don't think I quite care for the Voltas," said Victoria. "What else is there?"

"Besides Monte Bisbino—'splendid sunrises seen may be from here. . . and the large back-valley of Muggio



CORONATION HOLIDAYS.

Uncle. "NINE WEEKS? YOU 'LL FORGET ALL YOU LEARNT LAST TERM."
Billy. "OH, IT DOESN'T MATTER. WE START SOMETHING FRESH EVERY HALF."

you as being keyed up a little bit too high?"

"I didn't remark anything wrong with it," I replied.

He stroked some rippling arpeggios from the instrument while I opened my music-ease. "No," he said, "I think perhaps you are right."

I shook half-a-dozen assorted songs out on to the piano. The Professor regarded the proceeding with interested curiosity. There was something in the sweet benevolence of his gaze which encouraged me to firmness. I selected a song and placed it, open, before him. "That is one of my best," I murmured with nonchalance.

"You have good judgment of merit," he replied, as he played the opening bars.

"My friends—"

"Do you know the words?"

"More or less."

"Good. Then please stand right over there. No, a little further. Go on. Go on. It is always easier to sing with your back to a wall. Now then."

The haunting melody floated through the room and I burst into song. Gad!—what a song it is for a voice like mine!

"I shot an arrow into the air
 It fell to Earth I know not where."

The accompaniment stopped suddenly.

"Shall we leave it there?" said the Professor.

"My friends—" I began indignantly.

"I know, I know. That comes in the second verse," he remarked, smiling on me in a fatherly manner.

For a moment I was speechless. In silent indignation I restored my half-dozen assorted songs to their resting-place. Then I turned upon him.

"Perhaps," I remarked with scathing sarcasm, "you will be so kind and honourable as to tell me that I have not a note in my voice."

"No," he replied gently. "No, that would be an exaggeration. I have noticed, even in this short time, three distinct notes in your voice. There may possibly even be others. The

best thing you can do is to go home and practise those notes until you have got each of them in tune."

"In tune with what?" I demanded.

"With the others," he replied coaxingly. "And when you can be certain of singing them all in any one key come round and see me again. Good morning. Not at all; please don't mention it. The pleasure was mine."

"Mrs. Charles C., sister-in-law of Lady F., with her daughter, Miss E. V., of Johannesburg, arrived from Durban by the Baton, to stay two weeks at the Grand Hotel."
Cape Argus.

This is headed, with the customary freedom of the Press, "The Senekal Fossils."

Miss NEILSON TERRY, as interviewed in *The Daily News* :—

"White does not suggest sufficiently the passion that is the very heart of this tragic love story. Even in the final scene my costume is not pure white, but oyster coloured."

An oyster may be crossed in love.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Anthea's Guest (METHUEN) was pretty, and her prettiness was such that women distrusted it and men could not resist it. She was a minx, and might have been more so but for her businesslike senso of the social value of a limit. Meanwhile she was very poor, and destined, it would seem, to earn her own living among the middle middle-class, rather than to revel, as she yearned to do, among the best people, luxuriously and "regardless." *Anthea*, on the other hand, was by no means unattractive, but of a virtue sound and sturdy (a shade too sound and sturdy, perhaps) and of a character so scrupulous, that she could not appreciate till too late the lack of scruple in others, and even then could not stoop to competition with it. Born to the possession of all those things which the minx most coveted, she had her life amongst real county people, and kept house for a wealthy uncle, a kind and easily tractable bachelor. And the minx, partly by accident but mostly by design, became the guest of *Anthea*. The situation is full, you may suppose, of possibilities, including the intervention of the neutral *Mr. Popplestone*, a perfectly-drawn type of the less manly man. The wavering of the authoress between the desire for a happy ending and the instinct for a logical conclusion may be apparent; her estimate of the relative strength of the sexes may be arguable; and she may seem over-anxious to have you like and admire her favourites; but her insight is almost infallible and her descriptive touch masterly. Her name, and I need say no more, is Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

If I were considering the question of a country residence, I do not think that I should consult Mr. ALGERNON GISSING, except perhaps as to neighbourhoods to be avoided. I never met any author so consistently unfortunate in his experiences of rural life. Take his latest book for example. *One Ash* (F. V. WHITE) was the name of a lone farm, the master of which marries twice, both times unhappily, ill-treats his animals, suspects his second wife of infidelity, and finally goes mad and hangs himself, leaving the farm and his infant son to perish together in flames in the last chapter. Well, though it is all told with a skill that increases with everything Mr. GISSING writes, I should simply hate to think that this sort of thing was in any sense typical. Was it not the great *Sherlock Holmes* who declared that a smiling countryside sheltered worse horror than any town? Mr. GISSING certainly seems of this opinion; but I wish just for once he would turn his attention to its brighter aspect. In any case, however, there are passages in *One Ash* upon which, as literature, I offer him my respectful congratulations. The episode of *Linda's* care for the poor tormented old horse is one

of them (only cruelty to animals is such a physically sickening thing that I wish, at any sacrifice, it could be excluded from the domain of art), and the growth of *Kenche's* insanity another, unpleasant but movingly powerful. On the whole, the tale is one that will deservedly add to Mr. GISSING's reputation; but which readers who are holiday-making in lonely farms would do well to postpone till their return to town.

When you tackle (as you should) Mr. HUEFFER's elliptically titled *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes* (CONSTABLE) and find *William Sorrell*, a particularly modern type of hustling publisher, taking such a tonk on the head in the Salisbury boat-train accident as lands him incontinently back in the fourteenth century, you'll as like as not say, "This sort of thing's been done so often before that there's nothing left in it"—and you'll be much more than three parts wrong. It is an exceedingly entertaining fantasy, not at all a bad yarn, an admirable extension lecture "without tears." It

does more than make easy capital out of incongruities between broadcloth and plate-armour habits and situations. It restores with an astonishing wealth of allusive detail and faithful scholarship a vanished atmosphere. Over-sedulous indeed to strip the whole gilt from the mediæval gingerbread, the author is less impressed with, say, the splendour of pageantry of the age of chivalry than the absence of dustbins, and goes on to attribute a parallel squalor of motive to his Knights and Ladies and of course, pre-eminently, to his Churchmen and Churchwomen. Natu-



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

VI.—A MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE OF HERALDS STALKING A PHOENIX.

rally your FROISSARTS or even your SHAKESPEARES were not far enough away from the event rightly to interpret action and intention as can our acute modernists. But a charming and much less cynical *envoi*, dexterously managed, wins forgiveness. Of course you'll suspect something of the kind, but not quite this. And verily the *Lady Dionissia de Morant of Ecclesford* is an attractively eccentric heroine, whether tilting with her truculent rival *Blanche d'Enquerrand de Coucy* or making the pace in courtship in her own unembarrassed and engaging manner.

"Vine is the type of batsman who, although he may often weary spectators in England, is very successful in Australia, both as a leg-break bowler and an outfield."—*Times*.

Let us hope that in Australia VINE may develop into the type of leg-break bowler and outfield who makes runs.

"Safety razor, one blade; only used one month, death."

Advt. in "The Lady."

We prefer the ordinary kind.

Boys Playing at Strikers.

"The boys, who expressed their sorrow and promised to do nothing of the kind again, were bound over."—*Daily Paper*.
They should have been bent over.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have no adverse comment to make upon the prevalent Labour Unrest, for we hold the antiquated view that there never should be too much rest about labour.

The Railway Commission still thrives, in spite of the rumoured fact that one witness, who was supposed to know more about the working of our railways than any man alive, failed to put in an appearance. He had got into the wrong train at Crewe.

A Gloucestershire labourer has offered to "swap jobs" with a Norfolk Vicar. The object of the proposal is not quite apparent, but there may be for all we know a growing tendency among mangold-wurzels to irreligion. However, the real objection to the scheme is the possible unfitness of the labourer for parochial work. Language which is quite apt and efficient in addressing turnips might be out of place in a pulpit.

But we can quite see that the negligent habits among farm produce in attending divine service require correction. The apathy displayed by this part of the congregation at Harvest Festival Thanksgivings is always lamentably conspicuous.

Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY'S prophecy, that our supply of coal will be exhausted in one hundred and seventy-five years, has caused at least one infant-in-arms, who had previously determined to beat all human records of human longevity, to change its plans.

Seized with a fit of intelligible curiosity, President FALLIÈRES and his people have been to Toulon to see whether or no they happen to have a fleet handy. "Why do it?" asked a resident German. "We were only just wondering," was the answer.

"Which reminds me," said the KAISER, when he heard of it. And the very next day he had a review at Kiel.

And now, whenever a German and a Frenchman meet, they regard each other with a knowing smile.

The latest suggestion is that the removal of LEONARDO'S *Monna Lisa* was a political affair, and, for our part, we have given up trying to understand politics. Nevertheless, they continue in spite of us.

Professor OSCAR BROWNING has made a fierce attack upon the playing of the Bexhill bands. The bands in question have retaliated by continuing to play.

A colonel was charged the other day in the police court with throwing

bear in mind the spiteful and revengeful nature of tame fowl, and to avoid eggs in private life for the future.

The Daily Mail is advocating seawater for babies, but not solely on the ground that it is cheaper than milk.

One hundred thousand people have met in Berlin to protest against war. No doubt M. CAMBON and HERR VON KIDERLEN-WAECHTER themselves would like a little peace.

The latest strike is among the school-children of Llanclly, of whom there are seven thousand in all. Had the use of military force been required, everything pointed to the selection of the Boy Scouts for the purpose.

After all, there's nothing very original in the "Never-stop Trains" so much talked about. "Never-stop Motor-Buses," in our experience, have been on the road for some time.

Attention has been called this week to the existence of what is the worst thing in the aviator's lot, "holes in the air." "Darn them," says the Flying-man, with more warmth than wisdom.

The suggestion that Trades Union-

ists should wear only Union-made boots and shoes comes, says *The Daily Chronicle*, from the Boot and Shoe Operatives' Union. You would never have guessed that.

BURGESS has succeeded in swimming from England to France, thus setting his countrymen a magnificent example of pluck and economy.

And yet the Channel, though conquered at last, is left comparatively calm.

The Bitter Cry of the Suburbs.

"Wanted at once two or three good wallers."
Advt. in "South Wales Daily Post."

There is only one LEWIS.

The Good Girl of the Family.

"WANTED, Monday week, two good sisters."
Advt. in "The Stage."



"WILL YOU BE HERE WHEN I RETURN, BOATMAN?"

"NO! I SHALL BE UP AT THE 'BLUE PIG,' BUT IF YER JUST STANDS UP IN THE BOAT, WHISTLES TWICE, AND HOLLERS OUT 'NOBBY,' I'LL BE DARN IN A JIFF."

grave at his housekeeper. He pleaded that he had no deliberate intention, but that he upset the grave and some of it happened to fall on the woman's face. The rest, apparently, dropped harmlessly on to the ceiling.

Members of Parliament are the most oppressed class in the country. A Mr. ARTHUR FELL gives vent to their chief grievance in a letter to *The Times*, in which he complains bitterly of having had £94 3s. 4d., a quarter's salary, forced upon him. As yet, however, there is no real fear of a general strike to prevent this abuse among all grades of Parliament men.

Judge SAUNDERS, of St. Louis, has decided that chickens are not allowed by law to get drunk. Having made this bold pronouncement from the bench, he would be well-advised to

THE DRAGON OF WINTER HILL.

PART II.

So the men, when they heard the Chief Bard utter the order that bade them try

For the awful dragon,
The dauntless dragon,
They all of them shouted "Aye!"
For everyone felt assured that he,
Whatever the fate of the rest might be,
However few of them might survive,
Was certainly safe to stay alive,
And was probably bound to deal the blow
That would shatter the beast and lay him low,
And end the days of their dragon-foe.
And all the women-folk egged them on:
It was "Up with your heart, and at him, John!"
Or "Gurth, you 'll bring me his ugly head,"
Or "Lance, my man, when you've struck him dead
When he hasn't a wag in his fearful tail,
Carve off and bring me a blue-green scale."
Then they set to work at their swords and spears—
Such a polishing hadn't been seen for years.
They made the tips of their arrows sharp,
Re-strung and burnished the Chief Bard's harp,
Dragged out the traditional dragon-bag,
Sowed up the rents in the tribal flag;
And all in the midst of the talk and racket
Each wife was making her man a packet—
A hunch of bread and a wedge of cheese
And a nubble of beef, and, to moisten these,
A flask of her home-brewed, not too thin,
As a driving force for his javelin
When the moment arrived to spill
The blood of the terror
Hatched out in error
Who had perched his length on the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

The night had taken her feast of stars, and the sun shot up in flame,

When "Now for the dragon!
Who hunts the dragon?"

The call from the watchers came;
And, shaking the mists of sleep away,
The men stepped into the light of day,
Twice two hundred in loose array;
With a good round dozen of bards to lead them
And their wives all waving their hands to speed them,
While the Chief Bard, fixed in his chair of state,
With his harp and his wreath looked most sedate.
It wasn't his place to fight or tramp;
When the warriors went he stayed in camp;
But still from his chair he harped them on
Till the very last of the host had gone;
Then he yawned and solemnly shook his head
And, leaving his seat, returned to bed,
To sleep, as a good man will
Who, braving malice and tittle-tattle,
Has checked his natural lust for battle,
And sent the rest to the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

PART III.

Marching at ease in the cheerful air, on duty and daring bent,
In quest of the dragon,
The fateful dragon,
The fierce four hundred went:
Over the hills and through the plain,

And up the slopes of the hills again.
The sleek rooks, washed in the morning's dew,
Rose at their coming and flapped and flew
In a black procession athwart the blue;
And the plovers circled about on high
With many a querulous piping cry.
And the cropping ewes and the old bell-wether
Looked up in terror and pushed together;
And still with a grim unbroken pace
The men moved on to their battle-place.
Softly, silently, all tip-toeing,
With their lips drawn tight and their eyes all glowing,
With gleaming teeth and straining ears
And the sunshine laughing on swords and spears,
Softly, silently on they go
To the hidden lair of the fearful foe.
They have neared the stream, they have crossed the bridge,

And they stop in sight of the rugged ridge,
And it's "Flankers back!" and "Skirmishers in!"
And the summit is theirs to lose or win—
To win with honour or lose with shame;
And so to the place itself they came,
And gazed with an awful thrill

At the ridge of omen,
Beset by foemen,

At the arduous summit, the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill.

But where was the dragon, the scale-clad dragon, the dragon that Dickon saw,

The genuine dragon,
The pitiless dragon,

The dragon that knew no law?
No, just as the word to charge rang out,
And before they could give their battle shout,
On a stony ledge
Of the ridge's edge,

With its lips curled back and its teeth laid bare,
And a hiss that ripped the morning air,

With its backbone arched
And its tail well starched,

With bristling hair and flattened ears,
What shape of courage and wrath appears?

A cat, a tortoiseshell mother-cat!
And a very diminutive cat at that!

And below her, nesting upon the ground,
A litter of tiny kits they found:

Tortoiseshell kittens, one, two, three,
Lying as snug as snug could be.

And they took the kittens with shouts of laughter
And turned for home, and the cat came after.

And when in the camp they told their tale,
The women—but stop! I draw a veil.

The cat had tent-life forced upon her
And was kept in comfort and fed with honour;

But Dickon has heard his fill
Of the furious dragon

They tried to bag on

The dragonless summit, the gorse-clad summit, the summit of Winter Hill!

R. C. L.

A Broken Reed.

"Lost, between Beaconsfield Place and Bridge Street, 'WHERE IS IT?'"—*Advt. in "Aberdeen Evening Express."*

Quaint Local Customs: I. An Uxbridge Saying.

"Once more the long-suffering ratepayer demands, plaintively but imperatively—"Why it this thus?"—*Uxbridge Gazette.*



OKN [END 1911

“OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.”

“METHOUGHT, I HEARD A VOICE CRY, ‘SLEEP NO MORE!
* STILL IT * CRIED, * ‘SLEEP NO * MORE!’ * TO ALL THE HOUSE.”

(*Macbeth, Act II., Scene 1.*)



THE DRESSING-BAG HALF-STEP, AS DANCED IN THE CORNISH RIVIERA.

TO T. W. BURGESS

(Who swam the Channel on Septen.ber 6th).

A HEALTH to bold BURGESS! All honour to him,
 And a full meed of fame to his marvellous swim!
 He had strength, skill and stoutness, endurance and pluck,
 And a varied assortment of good and bad luck.
 The waves couldn't stop or the currents defeat him,
 Though they all did their utmost to baffle and beat him,
 While the tides to-and-fro-ed him and led him a dance
 From the white cliffs of Kent to the Grey Nose of France;
 And there, when at last they could flout him no more,
 They retired in disgust and he paddled ashore.
 Mr. Punch, who likes heroes—BILL BURGESS is one—
 Salutes him (on land) with a hearty "Well Done!"

DORMANT PORTRAITURE.

We have it on the indisputable authority of *The Daily Mirror*, that a new photographic fashion is on the way from America, and that people are not only to be taken while they wait, but while they sleep—or snore. This may be all right for those of us who are sleeping beauties or postcard divinities, who would like to have forty winks (at the photographer), but we can't all sleep to order, and some people jib at an anæsthetist. Still, we have been so familiarised lately with bedroom scenes on the stage, that we shall no doubt collect unblenchingly the portraits of our pyjama-clad or curl-papered friends, taken recumbent and unawares. We shall, at any rate, know what they look like, minus the studio grin or the Society mask, and read their characters accordingly. Every well-equipped camera-artist will now receive his victims in his own private dormitory or doss-house, according to circumstances. Refractory patients will, of course,

have to be dealt with by a skilled hypnotist, or put to sleep with an upper cut on the point of the jaw by a tactful pugilist. Customers who need less drastic treatment may be soothed into slumber by a selection of the Hundred Worst Sermons or the recital, say, of "Curfew shall not ring to-night!" adequately droned. For really desperate cases of insomnia the lethal chamber will be the ultimate resort.

It is to be hoped, all the same, that there will be no further developments of this kind of portraiture. We don't look our best, for instance, when shaving or having a haircut, and not every lady is a heroine to her lady's-maid. Sleep-walkers also are apt to wear a worried expression, and should not be chased by the snap-shotter. We think, too, it would not be quite fair to bring the newly-invented cinephonograph into play, and record the chance remarks of talkative slumberers. Persons engaged with a nightmare should be allowed to work it off before being operated upon.

With these few precautions, we look forward to a refreshing variety in the portrait-studies of our private acquaintances and public favourites in the shop-windows.

"East is East and West is East."

"The morning sun was shining full upon the beautiful west front of Lichfield Cathedral."—*Yorkshire Post*.

We had always meant to begin our novel like this, but, alas! we have been forestalled.

"The Indian Civil Examinations last many days, and the maximum number of marks is 6,000, of which some of the candidates will be rewarded by not one, the system of marking being peculiar, all candidates scoring 20, and fewer are credited with nothing."—*Glasgow News*.

It is only fair to intending competitors in Glasgow to point out that in practice this rule is less harsh than it seems. It is very rarely indeed that a candidate fails to secure an appointment simply because he has scored only 19 marks out of 6,000, instead of 20.

HOW THEY BEGAN.

The *Daily Chronicle* of last Thursday contained an interesting account given by Lord KITCHENER'S cousin, Mr. F. E. KITCHENER, Chairman of the Staffordshire Education Committee, at a prize-giving at Stone, of the early youth of the great Field-Marshal. Mr. KITCHENER said he had something to do with his cousin's early education. "Lord Kitchener was then a tall, overgrown lad, nearly 6ft. 1in. in height. He managed to scramble into Woolwich; he was not high in the lists, and no one thought anything about him. After leaving Woolwich he got his commission in the Royal Engineers, and still no one thought much about him. He got his first move up in the world when he was appointed on the Palestine Survey, and here he learnt how to manage native soldiers, and acquired a great deal of that command over men which to-day distinguished him. He got that, his first appointment, because some one was wanted to go to Palestine and take photographs, and it was this knowledge that gave Lord Kitchener the lift up."

We gather from the above affecting recital that Mr. KITCHENER instructed his cousin in the use of the camera. But this is not an isolated case of the assistance afforded to budding genius by distant members of the same family, as the following examples culled from the provincial press will sufficiently establish.

The Rev. Septimus Hawthorne Tree, on the occasion of the prize distribution at an Agricultural Show at Flampton Parva on Thursday, entranced his hearers with some striking reminiscences of his famous relative, Sir HERBERT. "HERBERT," said Mr. Tree, "when I first remember him, was a child of a curiously bucolic temperament, deeply interested in rural affairs—poultry, pigs and suchlike, but with no intellectual interests. Being slightly his senior, I was able to exercise some influence over him, and lent him books to read. I had recently been spending my holidays in Switzerland, where I had learned the art of jodelling from the peasants of that picturesque country—an art that I have not yet forgotten." Mr. TREE here uttered the familiar "Tra-la-liety" with a gusto and precision that electrified his audience. After the applause had died down, Mr. Tree continued: "One day, when I was indulging in my new accomplishment, HERBERT begged me to impart it to him. I complied, with such good results that at a penny reading held shortly afterwards he performed the *Ranz des*

Vaches with such success as to win the commendation of a theatrical manager who chanced to be present, and immediately offered him an engagement in his company. Thus it was through me that HERBERT acquired the rudiments of dramatic elocution that gave him his first leg up on the ladder of histrionic fame."

Mr. Orlando P. Maxse, third cousin once removed of the Editor of *The National Review*, gave some interesting details as to the early years of his distinguished relative, at a meeting of the Bacup branch of the Halsbury Guild on Saturday last. He said that when he first met his cousin he was a reserved, quiet lad of gentle demeanour and strong Teutonic proclivities. "No one thought much of him," continued Mr. Orlando Maxse, "until I took his education in hand and, in particular, addressed myself to the task of 'bringing up' his patriotism, which was latent, if not non-existent. Thanks, however, to my instruction, he made rapid progress and soon attained a mastery of forcible epithets which would not discredit the fo'c's'le of a whaler. In particular, I taught him the true use of the phrases, 'Mandarin,' 'Iscariot,' 'poisonous politician,' and 'slimy arch-scuttler.' From that moment he has never looked back, and now has no superior in the gentle art of ornamental objurgation."

At a picnic held last Friday at Moreton-in-the-Marsh by the local Brass Band, Mr. Harold Dubberley, the honorary conductor, gave some interesting particulars about the early youth of his relative by marriage, the POET LAUREATE. Mr. Dubberley admitted that the relationship was remote, his great-grand-uncle having married the step-daughter of Mr. AUSTIN'S great-grandfather, but they had been at the same school and were in the same class. Strange to say, Mr. AUSTIN'S tastes in those days were strongly military, and he had decided to enter the Guards when Mr. Dubberley begged him to reconsider his verdict on the strength of a satiric stanza which he had composed about the French master. It ran as follows:—

"Why should we, honest English boys,
Learn French, a base barbaric noise?
Sooner than grovel to a Frog
I'd change my nature with a dog."

Letters not arms was clearly the career designed for the author of so brilliant a pasquinado. After some hesitation Mr. AUSTIN wrote to the War Office announcing his change of plans, and devoted himself thenceforth exclusively to the Muses.

Mr. GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P., it is not generally known, was bent on

becoming an acrobat. But he was rescued from this deplorable sacrifice of his great literary talents by the timely intervention of his relation, Sir H. Greenwood Tree, who instructed him in the true cult of the Stratford-on-Avon play actor and in the cryptographic art, with results which have so greatly conduced to the satisfaction of Sir SIDNEY LEE and Canon BEECHING.

At the annual Wayzgoose of the Golder's Green Temperance Bicycle Polo Club, held last Saturday at Yarmouth, Mr. A. Kipling Common regaled the company with some choice anecdotes of the early days of his illustrious relation, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. "In those days," observed the narrator, "RUDYARD was thought nothing of by his friends. But the sight of one of my letters in *The Morning Post* so fired his emulation that he decided to give up the Church, for which he was studying, and take to journalism. The impetus given by my example thus gave him the first lift on the upward course which carried him to the citadel of fame."

TO A CIVIC SEA-GULL.

You that flit over the river,
Tern of the Westminster tide,
Where the black barges deliver
Coal on the Waterloo side,
Renegade fowl and domestic,
Wouldn't you rather to-day
Be where Atlantic swings grave and
gigantic
Into a seal-haunted, salmon-run bay,
Where the two Uists loom lone and
majestic,
Far, far away?

Corky you come as the sparrows,
Seeking the bard and his dole,
Sprats from itinerant barrows,
Crumbs for to comfort your soul—
Say, shall he pass you unheeding,
Deaf to your mendicant woe,
All unobserving of white wings a-curve-
ing,
Or shall he soften and suddenly glow—
Wax at the wail of your indigent
pleading?
Possibly so.

For, with your fluttersome fawning,
For, with your parasite cries,
Somehow he sniffs the cool dawning,
Somehow he sees the grey skies
Bend o'er the grey of the Islands,
Glint on the tides where they quest
Hawk-winged, those others, your hardier
brothers,
Wilder of pinion and bolder of breast,
By the dark shores where their skerries
and highlands
Frown to the West!

A LEAF FROM OUR HEALTH-CRANK'S NOTE-BOOK.



EARLY MORNING: A BARE-FOOT WALK THROUGH THE DEWY MEADOWS. (THISTLES AND FARMERS RATHER TRYING.)



THEN HALF AN HOUR WITH THE PATENT EXERCISER.



BREAKFAST: A HARD-BOILED COCOANUT AND A CUP OF CABBAGE TEA, IN THE GARDEN.



LEG-DRILL DOWN TO THE STATION. (NEWS-PAPER BOY RUDE; SHALL NOT REMEMBER HIM AT CHRISTMAS.)



A "KORFO" CIGARETTE IN THE TRAIN. (OTHER TRAVELLERS SEEMED UNWELL AND PEEVISH; SHOULD TRY MY METHODS.)



EXERCISES AT THE OFFICE. (MUST TELL BOY NOT TO SHOW PEOPLE IN WHEN I'M BUSY.)



LUNCH OFF THAMES OZONE ON THE BRIDGE; DRAW IT IN, THROUGH THE NOSE WITH CORRECT EXERCISES. (POLICE OFFICIOUS.)



TURNED "STRAPHANGING" TO GOOD ACCOUNT.



FELT FAINT COMING HOME. RAILWAY PEOPLE INSISTED ON TAKING ME UP TO THE HOUSE IN THE STATION STRETCHER. (MEDDLING FOOLS! BUT I DO THINK THE COCOANUT AT BREAKFAST WAS A TRIPLE UNDERDONE.)

A. T. SMITH

A GLUT IN THE MARKET.

PART II.

[*Synopsis.*—Phyllis, a paragon of beauty, is demanded in marriage by no fewer than forty-four suitors, including William Smith. She has declared that, with a slight preference for the latter gentleman, she cannot make up her mind. "If," she as good as said, "one of you was of the aristocracy, I, being a snob, should have no difficulty in selecting that one." At the time when this announcement was made the suitors were all indubitably Common. At the point where we resume the narrative, however, forty-three of her suitors have just called upon her to inform her that they are now one and all elevated to the Peerage.]

Phyllis. But what an extraordinary thing!

Chorus of Suitors.

We will explain; but may we . . .

Phy. Smoke?

Cho. No. Sing.

We were met by a man of some thirty-odd years

(A haunter of taverns or bar gent)
Who whispered, "Abandon your humble careers,

Accountants, Solicitors, Engineers,
I've jobs for you all." He was, it appears,

A Peerage Recruiting Sergeant.

We yawned and frowned and tried to look bored,

And murmured, "How interestin'!"
But the mere idea of becoming a Lord
Took rather a lot of digestin'.

He talked a lot (as we thought by rote)
Of the present political crisis.

Our job was simple; we'd only to note
To do as we're told, when it comes to the vote,

And do it *en bloc*. We asked him to quote

Inclusive and catalogue prices.

We humm'd and ha'd and resorted to bluff,

And pretended to be dejected;
But the ultimate terms were handsome enough,

And more than we ever expected.

(Recitative.)

Now we've risen to the Peerage,
We demand yourself in marriage.
This, of course, is not the time
For to cavil at the rhyme.

Phy. It is obvious, is it not?

I shall have to wed the lot.

[*Enter a band of young ladies, clad appropriately in blue pyjamas. They execute an irrelevant dance and withdraw.*]

[*Enter William Smith.*]

Sm. Mornin', Phyllis. How d'ye do?

Phy. Have they made a Peer of you?

Sm. Heavens, no!

Phy. Off you go!

Cho. And a pleasant riddance, too!

Smith.

Just before I get along,
May I sing a little song?
It will only take a minute,
There is really nothing in it.

The House of Lords, they say,
Is full to overflowing,
And Marquises to-day
Are hardly worth the knowing.

No decent woman has
The least desire to marry
Such vulgar people as
Lords Tom and Dick and Harry.

I should not be surprised
To be informed that Bill is,
So far from the despised,
The only man for Phyllis.

Already, unbeknown,
The lady is contriving
To marry me, the on-
-ly Commoner surviving.

I need say nothing more.
But if she thinks of mating,
She'd better hurry, for
There's lots of others waiting.

Phyllis (to William Smith).

Time was when I could ill afford
To underestimate a Lord;
But now the Baron, Earl and Viscount
Are, so they tell me, at a discount.
St. George's Church is in Hanover
Square
And, if you like, you can marry me
there. [*Business.*]

Chorus of Rejected Suitors.

My word, did you see how he kissed her!
We'd smack her, if she were our sister.
She is such a snob,
We'd have bet you a bob
She couldn't say "No" to a Mister.

[*Enter once more the band of young ladies, clad in bathing costumes. By a happy coincidence their numbers prove to be exactly forty-three, so they are able to pair off with the rejected suitors.*]

FINAL CHORUS.

The Gentlemen to the Ladies of the Chorus.

In making Peers, they had their eye
On you, we understand.
Their object being that our supply
Should equal your demand.

The Ladies of the Chorus, in reply.

The Peerage! The Peerage!
We're loyal to the Peerage.
Though now, alas!
It's second class,
Or, speaking frankly, steerage.
(*General air of satisfaction.*)

CURTAIN.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

(*A Sea-side Story.*)

THERE could certainly be no two opinions about his extreme good-looks. Even the nicest girl (and the first point I wish to emphasise is that She was a thoroughly nice girl) had to think that. It was practically impossible to avoid some kind of thought on the subject, seeing that they met twice, three times, and sometimes more often still, every day. She was staying with her aunt at the far—or quiet—end of the Marine Parade; He, it appears, must have been staying somewhere in the town. The important result was that they both approached the pier, the band-stand, and the bathing-machines by the same route. Hence, meetings. At the end of three days She had got to know his light flannel suit quite well; at the end of a week She could detect and recognise his hat-ribbon on the far side of a crowd.

Midway through the second week—she spoke. Put like that, it all sounds rather fast and vulgar, and not at all the kind of thing that ought to happen to a thoroughly nice girl, who is also what is called a lady. But there were several extenuating circumstances; notable amongst them the fact that He was so fortunate as to save her aunt's life. The affair was simple, not dramatically heroic perhaps, but efficacious. A large wave, taller and much stronger than her aunt, having treacherously attacked that lady from behind, when no one was minding her, and her own attention was temporarily attracted towards the shore, the result was that her aunt disappeared from mortal ken for the space of perhaps three minutes and a half. Then he, seeing what had happened, very promptly stooped down, and not only restored her aunt to an upright posture, but supported her thus till She arrived to relieve him. This was their introduction.

Of course, after this they could do no less than consider him in some sort a friend. They would bow and smile in passing. Once or twice a coincidence of seats at the pier or the band-stand led to quite lengthy conversations, though of a strictly general character. Her aunt was always present. In the water, however, where (since the incident of the wave) She appeared alone, a distant nod was still her only greeting. As I said, She was a thoroughly nice girl. Nevertheless it is undeniable that, as the month wore on, She enjoyed her visit in an increasing ratio calculated according to the number of their accidental encounters.

About this time She began, naturally enough, to wonder a good deal who He was. Her aunt spent most of every year at Cheltenham, and it takes a lot to baffle the curiosity of an inhabitant of Cheltenham, yet it was noteworthy that one or two questions adroitly worked by the elder lady into the thread of conversation had produced practically no result. Whether from intention or not (and his manner was unconsciousness itself) He remained a mystery.

Their final conversation deserves to be recorded. Her aunt was within doors, packing, for they were returning to town on the following morning. It was nine o'clock, and moonlight. She had run out for a moment, to post a letter, She said, and the pillar-box that She chose to patronize (though there were others nearer) was just beyond the band-stand. He was there. She passed, with her usual A1 quality smile, perhaps a shade brighter than usual, posted her letter, passed again, and then, acting on an uncontrollable impulse, turned and held out her hand.

"This is good-bye," She said. "We are off to-morrow. My aunt told me if I met you to be sure and make her farewells." This was a gratuitous lie; her aunt had said nothing of the kind, would, indeed, have been very properly horrified had she known of the conversation. "We shall neither of us ever forget what you did," She said.

"Oh! it wasn't anything," He said. Which was quite true; it wasn't—except in its consequences.

There was a little pause. "It's been awfully jolly," She continued, looking away over the sea, and the place where the moonlight turned the tops of the bathing machines to silver, "hasn't it? I'm awfully sorry it's all over!" By "it" She meant "you."

"So am I," He said; and He meant "you" too, and She knew it.

There was another pause. "Well, good-bye," She said, giving him her hand for the second time. "Perhaps we shall meet again in town. We live in Kensington, and one's always running up against people, isn't one?"

"Yes," He said, "I hope so. Good-bye."

So they parted. All the way back to the lodgings she was cursing herself for a conventional fool; but the fact remains that amongst the things a thoroughly nice girl cannot do is to give her card to a strange young man and ask him to call. If only her aunt had been there to do it for her . . . Afterwards She began to wonder whether He had looked a little startled when She mentioned Kensington.

And that was the end? They were



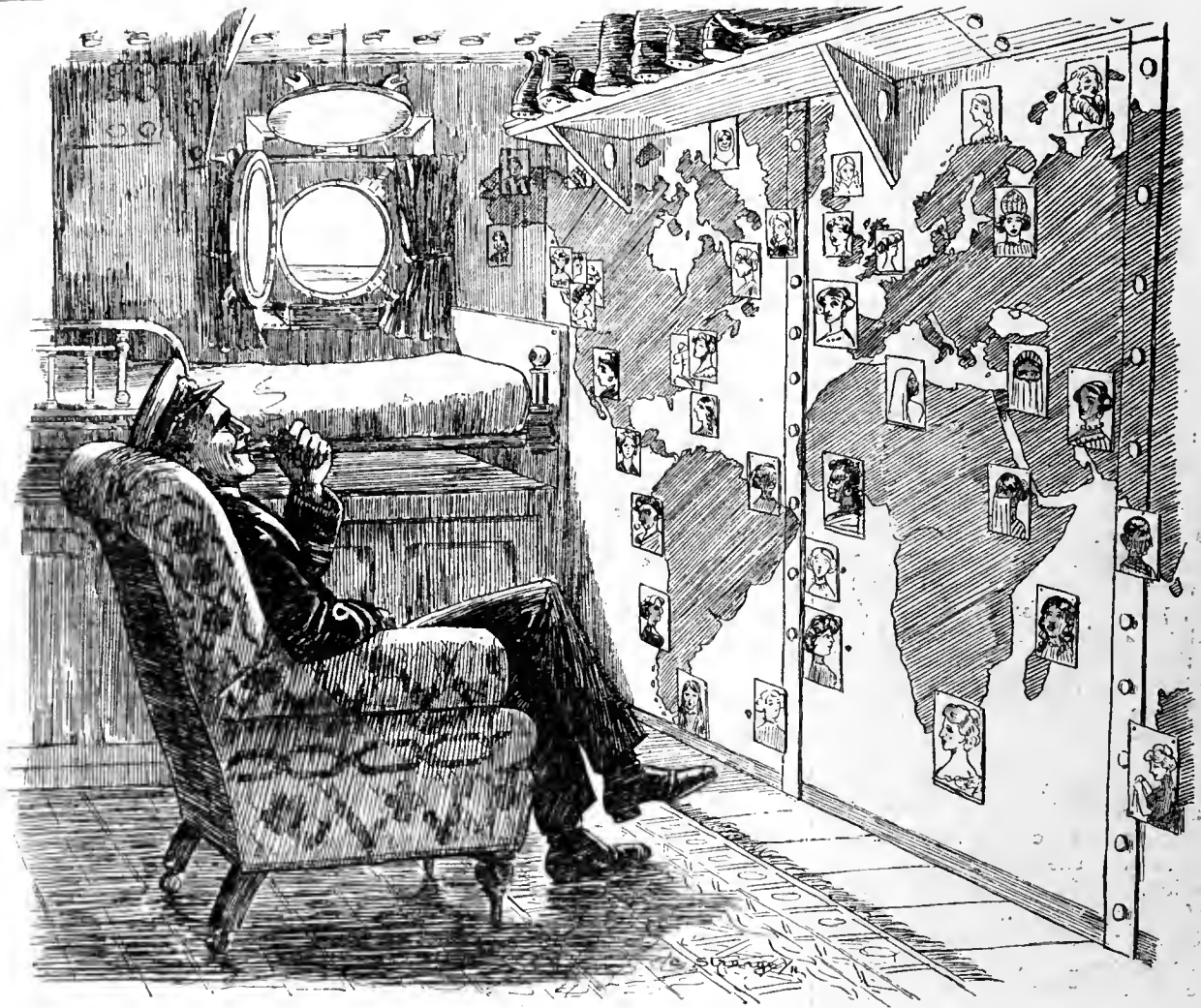
FAME.

He. "DID YOU SEE MY PORTRAIT IN THE PAPER YESTERDAY?"

She. "NO! WHAT WERE YOU CURED OF?"

never to meet again? Not so; for now we approach the climax, and there can be no climax without the presence of both hero and heroine. It happened like this. Her aunt, who was staying on with them in Kensington, because Cheltenham is still too warm in September, wanted to buy some black suède gloves, six and a quarter, with four buttons. It is notorious that the place where you get your suède gloves freshest in Kensington is Plumleigh's, at the corner of the Brompton Road. Plumleigh's is a large and excellent shop, at which her people, for reasons that need not concern us, had never dealt. The result was that the assistants there were personally unknown to her; also the geography of the place, so that, when they entered it, they stood for an instant, her aunt

and She, hesitating as to the direction of the Glove department. And then. . . Must I go on? Behind them, as they stood thus, a voice was heard, a voice which both knew and recognised instantly. She turned with parted lips, and face a little pale with sudden emotion, and saw . . . No. He was *not* behind the counter, rubbing his hands, and saying, "What can I do for you this morning, ladies?" He had just come into the shop with his mother, like any ordinary customer, and her aunt asked him to call, and He did, and it turned out that his mother was an Honourable. So They were wed, and merrily rang the bells. But the Disappointment? you ask me. Ah! the disappointment, gentle reader, is yours. You know very well what you were expecting. Sold again.



INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR METHODICALLY ARRANGING PHOTOGRAPHS. ADOPTED (AND PATENTED) BY IMPRESSIONABLE AND MUCH-TRAVELLED NAVAL OFFICER.

ST. ANDREWS, 1911.

[St. Andrews is now full of delegates from all over the world, who are met together to celebrate, from the 12th to the 15th inst., the Quingenary (i.e., five-hundredth anniversary) of the oldest university in Scotland.]

ST. ANDREWS by the Northern sea
Is just as full as it can be
Of famous men from every shrine
Where Learning's sacred lamp doth shine.

From Cam they came, and Isis too,
From Paris, Brussels and Peru,
From Yale and Harvard and Chefoo,
And dusky dons from Timbuctoo;
From manse and common-room and deanery,
From tropic clime and arctic scenery,
To celebrate a great "Quingenary."

Gay were their robes—enough to pale
The rainbow when it spans the vale;
The hues were of a thousand kinds,
And yet the treasures of their minds
Were brighter still and more assorted

Than were the gorgeous gowns they sported.

Was nothing in this world below
These learned doctors did not know:
This one, though doubtless at a loss
To find his way to Charing Cross,
Is quite prepared to guide and boss us
Around the ruined drains at Cnossus;
One proves, as well as can be done,
The *Iliad* is the work of one;
The next has evidence in plenty
To show it is the work of twenty.
Yon learned don, when he's at work, 'll
Square with the utmost ease the circle,

While that one has the subtlest notion
Regarding everlasting motion;
And it is even rumoured round
That in a corner may be found
One soul quite conscious of the thought
That what he knows is really nought.

Though all things, as I said before,
These learned doctors know—and more,

On one small point they seem to me
The least inclined to be at sea—
They can't with confidence agree
What a "Quingenary" may be.

Tree Struck by Thunder.

"Sir Herbert Tree, when in the midst of a long soliloquy which has to be delivered to a running accompaniment of thunder, was amazed to hear a loud peal of thunder come in at the wrong place.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, turning to the stage hands, and was considerably surprised when told that it was not stage thunder, but a genuine thundere'clap outside the theatre."—*Daily Mirror*.

"We are requested to announce that the order for the casket to be presented to His Majesty by the Municipality of C. P. and Berar has been entrusted to Messrs. Labh Chand Moti Chand Mookims and Court Jewellers, of the metropolis. We are sure they will execute this work in their usual excellent manner and to the satisfaction of all concerned."—*Bengalee*.

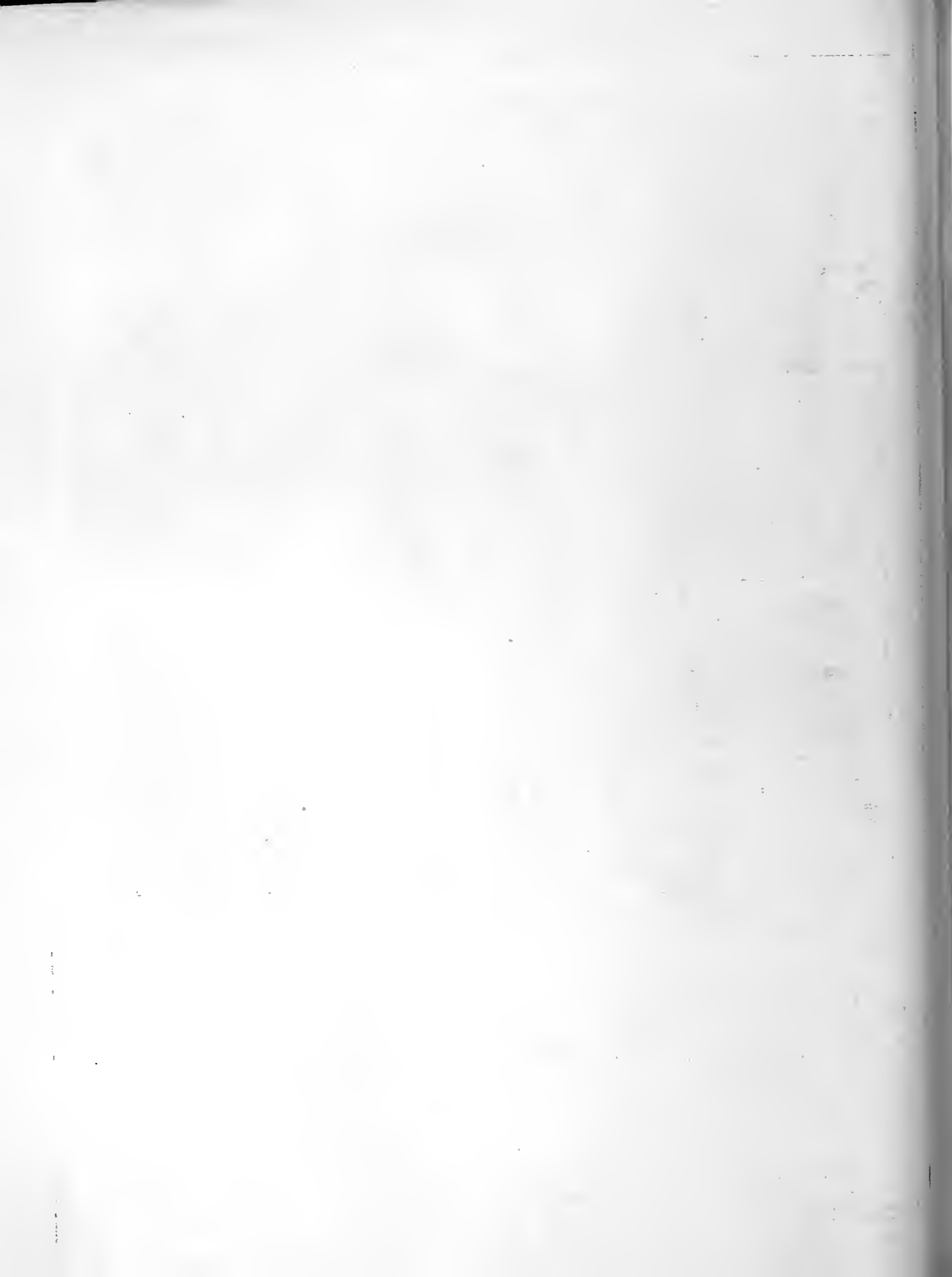
MR. LABH CHAND: Blank!
MR. MOTI CHAND: Blankety blank!
MR. MOOKIMS: Blankety blankety blank!



ADMIRALS OF THE "PACIFIC."

GERMAN EMPEROR. "A STRONG FLEET IS THE BEST GUARANTEE OF PEACE!"

M. FALLIÈRES. "QUITE SO! TO MAKE A CERTAINTY OF IT, HERE IS OUR CONTRIBUTION."





HOLIDAY RESEMBLANCES.

Some people of inaccurate vision have a wonderful propensity for detecting, in humble individuals in unlikely places, amazing resemblances to well-known statesmen, and our artist is often called in to give authoritative decision as to whether these celebrities are really there or not.

He has been reluctantly compelled to decide, in the cases depicted above, (1) that in spite of a certain delusive *prima facie* resemblance, this is not Mr. ASQUITH—(this has been a great disappointment to local Unionists); (2) that no one acquainted with the House of Lords—not even a "Die-Hard"—would dream of supposing this to be Lord LANSDOWNE; (3) that, in this case, a mere superficial resemblance to Lord ROSEBERY will not bear a moment's inspection in detail; (4) despite a noticeable air of almost aggressive independence, this is *not* Lord HUGH CECIL; (5) and, finally, that no real lover of the down-trodden masses would for a moment mistake this somewhat elaborate little gentleman for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—(this decision was a grievous blow to the person concerned as he had always been led to suppose, by friends in Peckham Rye, that the likeness was remarkable).

England's Need.

"An anonymous donor, signing himself 'Englishman from beyond the seas,' has offered Mr. Haldane £10,000 sterling as a gift to the nation for the purchase of a rifle range near one of the thickly populated districts in England.

The donor emphasises the growing impulse of the Empire towards united action for defence, and states that Woolley or Mead would

be accepted, the latter subject to the approval of the Hampshire Authorities."—*Hong Kong Daily Press.*

If WOOLLEY and MEAD are wanted for running-targets we must protest that we cannot spare them. Much better have a couple of minor professionals from Rutland, who would never be missed.



Irish Gentleman (to his gardener). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY TELLING PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE THAT I'M A STINGY MASTER?"

Gardener. "NO FEAR O' ME A-DOIN' THE LIKES O' THAT, GUV'NOR. I ALLUS KEEPS MY THOUGHTS TO MYSELF."

THE PONY-CARTS.

We were talking about London. It is a good subject.

"What is the prettiest sight in London?" some one had asked; and we were discussing it, each naming his choice.

"The prettiest sight in London?" I said. "Why, a string of hay barges being towed up the river by a tug at six o'clock on a fine afternoon. Seen from the Embankment somewhere about Cleopatra's Needle, or from Westminster Bridge looking east."

They agreed that that was a good sight, and we passed on to the next. This was the lady in the grey hat. "The most beautiful sight in London just now," she said, "is the sky above the Court of Honour at the White City just after the lamps are lit. It is the deepest, richest, intensest blue you ever dreamed of. There are many lovely intense blues—the blue of the peacock, the blue of the kingfisher, the blue of a Persian tile, the blue of a Rhodian plate—but this is the most wonderful of all."

We agreed again; but an objection was lodged by the author of the debate. "Not a beautiful sight," he said, "but a pretty sight is what we want. You fly too high. London is so full of beauty that we must discuss that later. Just now we are after pretty things only. Next, please."

The journalist came next. "To me," he said, "there is nothing prettier than

the pigeons at the Museum soaring round and embarrassing a little girl with a bag of corn—especially if you see them as you go in, with the darkness of the portico for a background. That is pretty, if you like. And then someone will startle them, and they will fly up to the roof, blue grey and white grey against blackness, and beauty is achieved. The distinction is illustrated there in perfection, I think."

"If it comes to birds," said his neighbour, "surely the gulls at Blackfriars Bridge are even more beautiful. Their movements are freer, their wings are broader; they suggest the open sea. And yet here they are in London in their hundreds waiting to be fed, just as if they were sparrows on a frozen lawn in winter."

"Oh, but what about the little red cottage among the rushes at the Horse Guards' end of St. James's Park?" said the lady in the black hat. "It is like a toy, and the ducks and moorhens and coots and terns swim about in the water beneath it, while the guinea-fowls and pelicans and storks promenade on the banks. That's most awfully pretty always."

The lady in the purple hat, who sat next to her, murmured approval. "Yes," she said, "I have often watched them. But my vote for the prettiest sight would, I think, go for the little mothers in the parks—Kensington Gardens, say—all so busy with their families—so grubby and so slangy and yet so respectable and masterful.

I see them every fine day, and they always delight me. It is funny that little girls should so naturally suggest mothers, while little boys never suggest fathers. Yet so it is."

There was some talk as to whether the lady in the purple hat had described prettiness so much as an interesting spectacle; but, after all, it depends (as she said) very much on how you use words.

"Well," said her neighbour, "I believe I can beat that. You vote for the little girls; my vote shall go to the little boys. Do you know that this summer, on a hot week-day afternoon, I went all the way to Victoria Park in the East End just to see the bathers there. It's a shallow lake, a hundred yards long, and I swear to you that there were a thousand little East End boys in it at once—all naked and glowing in the sun, and all so jolly. I never saw so many naked boys before. It was 'the colour of life' in intensest movement. I thought of BLAKE's line 'thousands of little boys and girls waving their innocent hands'; but these were flashing their innocent limbs." It is not only my prettiest London sight but the most cheerful."

This contribution completing the list, we waited for the author of the discussion to name his choice and end it. "Well," we asked, "and what is the prettiest sight in London?"

"The pony-carts," he answered. "The little pony-carts that crop up mysteriously among the wagons and taxis and motor-buses in Piccadilly and the Strand, even in Cheapside, and trot along so bravely and undismayed, and take their place so naturally in these untoward surroundings, and disappear as suddenly as they came. I always stand to watch them—the plucky little things, with their absurd little four brisk legs, and their four merry little hoofs, and their two ridiculous wheels. They are to me the prettiest sight in London."

Personally I think the Victoria Park bathers won it.

A TEA FIGHT.

We came upon Dorothy, my brother John and I, in a large tent, hung round with pink and white calico, selling tea to a number of men, and smiling beautifully from under a most enormous hat at another girl, not quite so pretty as herself, who was jointly in charge. We sat down near the door and waited, and after a little she caught sight of us and brought us some tea. And while we were drinking it she stood for a moment or two leaning against the little table next to ours in the way



MR. PUNCH IS DELIGHTED TO HEAR OF THE WONDERFUL RESULTS OF THE SALT WATER TREATMENT FOR BABIES. BUT HE WOULD SUGGEST THAT PARENTS SHOULD NOT CARRY IT TOO FAR, AS IN CASE OF HIS BABYSHIP BEING DISPLEASED THERE MIGHT ENSUE THE ABOVE SCENE.

girls have, without knocking anything over, and said: "I want you to do me a favour, will you? And we said we would, and waited to hear what it was before deciding which of us should do it; because we had both of us done favours for Dorothy before.

She looked round a moment and went on: "I want you to go out, and send anyone you can find to have tea. You know a lot of people here, I expect, and each one helps. You remember what Mr. Harberry said last Sunday." Mr. Harberry is the young, bachelor Rector, but we did not remember what he said last Sunday: Then she added, as she turned away: "Be sure you send them to me, won't you? I've sold fourteen so far, and she's sold twelve."

So we went out into the bazaar, through the stalls where they sold needlework, to where the men were gathered together waiting till it was time to go, and to'd them that they gave you a capital tea for a shilling in a tent we pointed out, and that there was a very decent-looking girl there in a big hat with red flowers in it.

At about six o'clock we came back to see how things were going on. There were still one or two people in the big tent, and the other girl and Dorothy

were standing together in the middle talking and smiling at each other. Dorothy came down to us after a time, to see what we wanted, and we asked her what the score was; and she smiled rather queerly, and said, "She's one ahead. Did you send anyone as I asked you, or have you been asleep?"

We told her what we had done, and how we had described her hat so that there should be no mistake, and Dorothy at once threw out her hands in a way she has to signify that one is an utter imbecile, and exclaimed: "Red flowers in it! Why, hers has got a lot of great flaring poppies——" And she stopped short and looked at us exactly as a jockey might look at two tailors. "Oh, but if that isn't just too exactly like a man!" she said.

We both felt rather foolish, because, of course, we had not noticed what the other girl was wearing in her hat. Only John, who is very careless sometimes in what he says, blurted out: "But we said there was an awfully pretty girl——" But I kicked him on the ankle so hard that he stopped with a little gasp. Dorothy flushed, and then, for she is very good-natured really, she began to laugh, and said it didn't matter at all really, only we

must go away now, as they were just closing.

But quite suddenly I had an idea. I pushed John into a chair and sat down beside him. "No," I said very masterfully, "we want tea—two teas, please."

Dorothy stared at me with her lips apart. "You can't," she said. "You've had one. It wouldn't be fair. It would be cheating—at least, wouldn't it?" Then she looked from one of us to the other, and smiled like a big, beautiful flower. "You dears!" she said. "I should like to kiss you." But she did not mean that really, of course.

However, she promised us that we should drive her home; and then, while we were drinking our tea, who should come in but the Rector himself. Both Dorothy and the other girl went to talk to him, and we heard him ask how they had been getting on, and Dorothy answered for them both that she had sold thirty-seven teas, and the other girl thirty-six. And he said it was a very close finish.

But Dorothy never appeared for us to take her home, and on the way we passed her walking with the Rector, and so much interested in what he was saying that she did not see us at all.

AT THE PLAY.

"MACBETH."

THE barren (or, if you will, blasted) heath was in darkness, save for a fitful flash of lightning which, to those who knew, revealed the fact that the scene was Scotland. The thunder growled itself into the distance, and there came that sudden terrible pause which heralds Nature's most awful effects. High on a lonely rock in the west appeared the grim figures of *Banquo* and the *Thane of Glamis*, huge in the darkness. Then the fury of the elements burst forth again, and, as Heaven willed, a terrible flash of lightning missed *Banquo* and rested long upon the face of *Macbeth*, long enough indeed for everyone to make sure that it was really Sir HERBERT. The thunder of our applause followed; for myself, I think I shouted, "Speech, speech!" And as soon as silence was restored, Sir HERBERT responded. He looked round the lonely heath and said impressively, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen." It was certainly a horrid day, but it was a magnificent entry.

In a note circulated to the audience the producer says that there has been much discussion whether *Macbeth* was a brave soldier or a black-hearted villain. Sir HERBERT, I fancy, is on the side of the black-hearted and neurotic villain. The more I saw of *Macbeth* the less I regarded him as a brave, if ruthless, soldier. The idea of his unseaming anybody from the nape to the chaps, as mentioned in the second scene, seemed more absurd with each following scene; so that, in the end, those two fine lines, which seem so nearly to excuse all the villainies of brave men—

"Ring the alarm bell—Blow wind! Come wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back"—could only be interpreted as the last pose of a neurotic. "Praise for Sir HERBERT"—he was a magnificent neurotic.

Yet I have never before been so much impressed with the extraordinary unreality of acting. There were only three or four moments in the whole evening when it was possible quite to forget that one was in a theatre; and I am afraid that those moments were due chiefly to the extraordinary reality of the scenery. "The Courtyard of the castle" (HARKER) was so real, the little staircase in the corner where *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* sheltered gave such a natural, almost homely,

touch to their plottings that one could not help but believe—even though *Macbeth* would talk about "me hand" and *Lady Macbeth* about "me father." Similarly the "Room in *Macbeth's* castle" (GRAVEN) seemed so entirely to suit *Lady Macbeth* that a wave of naturalness went over the stage for a moment. Indeed *Miss Vanbrugh*, indistinct as her delivery was in this her opening scene, never seemed to me to be quite so good again—with the possible exception of the sleep-walking scene, where she was excellent, and where again the simple staging helped her.

It is a tribute to the greatness of the play—and, perhaps, also of the players—that none of the representations of the many other talented actors and actresses impresses itself upon the memory. The poetry absorbs them; the drama moves on, however interpreted. At His Majesty's it moves



Lady Macbeth (Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH). "Why do you make such faces?"

Macbeth (Sir HERBERT TREE). "Think of this but as a thing of custom; 'tis no other."

(Act III, Scene 4.)

slowly. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly, for it starts at 8, and one must get home some time. But being done as Sir HERBERT does it, with *Macbeth* so little the man of action, I doubt if it loses anything by being long drawn out. And you seem to get more SHAKESPEARE for your money. M.

ABOUT AN EAR.

It is a terrible admission for a mother to have to make, but I am compelled to own that my son is disappointed in me. I had had momentary qualms lest he should despise my intellect, detest my disposition or fail to agree with my opinions, but I had never imagined that it could be *my ear* that would cause this sudden coldness.

Of course the first mistake I made was in not realising that we were at cross purposes. We were lazily lying on the sands together and I thought it a favourable opportunity to commence his education—that is, to drum into his

plastic and unresisting little brain all those pet theories of mine that my contemporaries would have none of. But he, unmistakably bored with me as a tutor, asked only that I should uncomplainingly act the part of Mountain Range and allow him to satisfy his desire to ascend to the summit.

Since he is a child of single purpose, not lightly to be turned aside from a determination, I realised, before I had decided on my course of action, that he was comfortably seated astride my arm engaged in exploring the intricacies of my ear.

On discovering that I, his own mother, possessed that wonderful and complicated thing (the mystery of which is lost on adults)—a human ear, he exhibited an almost excessive elation. He pinched it to make sure that he was awake, he tickled it to see if it could move, he covered it with hair until completely hidden for the sole pleasure of finding it again.

But, since the day was hot, it was not long before he became aware of the fact that has struck every child since the world began—that parents are incurably selfish. His harmless sport was denied him, and for a moment or two he lay prostrate on the sand aghast at his first glimpse of the Injustice of Life.

Had he been more eloquent at the time I think he would have told me that, whereas his ten toes and the wrinkle of fat round his wrists, about which he permitted me to grow en-

thusiastic, were to him the most prosaic things on earth, an adult ear, on the contrary, was one of the wonders of the world. But since the language of the Splutter and the Gurgle does not permit of argument he ignored my commands and struggled up again to the point of vantage.

It was then that the disillusionment began. My ear, he discovered, was not all he had thought it. He poked his finger into it once or twice, but drew it out again, disheartened. He tried to undo it and flatten it out so as to be able to mould it to his own satisfaction. It was, he decided, too maze-like. No longer satisfied with what, in the first enthusiasm of discovery, had appeared so delightful, his imagination had constructed an Ideal Ear, and it seemed to him that one ought to be able to place one's finger on the outside curve and trace it round spirally until the centre was reached. That was his conception of what an ear, a truly interesting ear, should be.

It was useless for me to tell him that



Housekeeper. "LOSH ME LAIRD, YE'LL NO HAVE ASKET ALL THAE FOLKS TO STOP THE NIGHT? THERE ISSA BEDS FOR THE HALF O' THEM."
Laird. "HOOTS, WOMAN! DINNA FASH YERSEL. GIE THEM PLENTY WHISKEY AND THEY'LL FIND BEDS FOR THEMSEL." "

my features had not been constructed merely for his amusement. "For what, then?" he seemed to ask me with unfeigned astonishment. No, it was no good my making excuses. My ear was not the perfect ear. He felt he would have liked his mother to own a simple, direct kind of ear—not one full of pitfalls and sudden turns. Of his own accord he slid down on to the sand again and lay crushed with disappointment.

It was a terrible experience for me. He looked into my face, most plainly telling me that he could never feel the same towards me again. I was hurt. My pride was lowered, and it was then that this coldness arose between us which we can neither of us shake off.

I have roused him to examine other people's ears. Time after time he has been cast back into gloom again. But I try to cheer him, filling him with hope that the Next Ear will be the one for which we are searching.

I never thought I should be capable of duplicity in my dealings with my own son. I can only hope that when he grows to manhood he will believe that I acted solely from a motherly

desire to accustom him early to the disappointments of life. But, while outwardly sympathetic, I am deliberately causing him pain and shattering his illusions because, out of a pitiable vanity, I want him to see that other ears are as far from his ideal as mine.

A SONG OF SYRINX.

LITTLE lady, whom 'tis said
 Pan tried very hard to please,
 I expect before you fled
 'Nca:th the wondering willow-trees,
 Ran away from his caress
 In the Doric wilderness,
 That you'd led him on a lot,
 Said you would, and then would not,—
 No way that to treat a man,
 Little lady loved of Pan!

I expect you'd dropped your eyes
 (Eyes that hold your stream's own
 hue,
 Kingfishers and dragon-flies
 Sparkling in their ripple blue),
 And you'd tossed your tresses up,
 Yellow as the cool king-cup,
 And you'd dimpled at his vows
 Underneath the willow boughs,

Ere you mocked him, ere you ran,
 Little lady loved of Pan!

So they've turned you to a reed,
 As the great Olympians could,
 You've to bow, so they've decreed,
 When old Pan comes through the
 wood,

You've to curtsy and to gleam
 In the wind and in the stream
 (Which are forms, I've heard folks say,
 That the god adopts to-day),
 And we watch you bear your ban,
 Little lady loved of Pan!

For in pleasant spots you lie
 Where the lazy river is,
 Where the chasing whisp'ers fly
 Through the beds of bulrushes,
 Where the big elub, golden dun,
 Turns his sides to catch the sun,
 Where one listens for the queer
 Voices in the splashing weir,
 Where I know that still you can
 Weave a spell to charm a man,
 Little lady loved of Pan!

"As they drank, the four joined hands."
 "Daily Express" feuilleton.

Try this at dinner to-night. It will
 keep the table in a roar.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MEDICAL science has done wonders for romance, and it was a glad day for novelists when it was discovered that if you hit a man hard over the head, or gave him a sudden shock, he might lose his memory completely, with the chance of regaining it many years later when the ethics of justice or sensation demanded. This handy little device has been well used in *Nigel Ferrard* (MILLS AND BOON), where Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS has made a small girl of fourteen, wandering in her sleep, the chance witness of a dreadful midnight crime. Two surgeons are conducting an operation, and one of them deliberately poisons his patient, subsequently inducing his friend, the nephew and heir of the dead man and the actual operator, to believe that he has bungled with the knife, and for his own sake had better hush up the affair. *Nigel Ferrard* therefore adopts the unknown and inopportune child, who is found to have lost all knowledge of her past life. When she grows up, he marries her, and they are entirely happy, until *Marchmont*, the other doctor, falls under the suspicion of his wife, who had been originally engaged to the murdered man: and thus everything is ripe for the thunderbolt to fall. When she is describing a scene of terror or some state of mental distress or bewilderment Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS writes exceedingly well, but she seems to underestimate the value of conversation in romance, and makes very little attempt to increase our knowledge of or our sympathy with her characters by its aid. so that I found myself

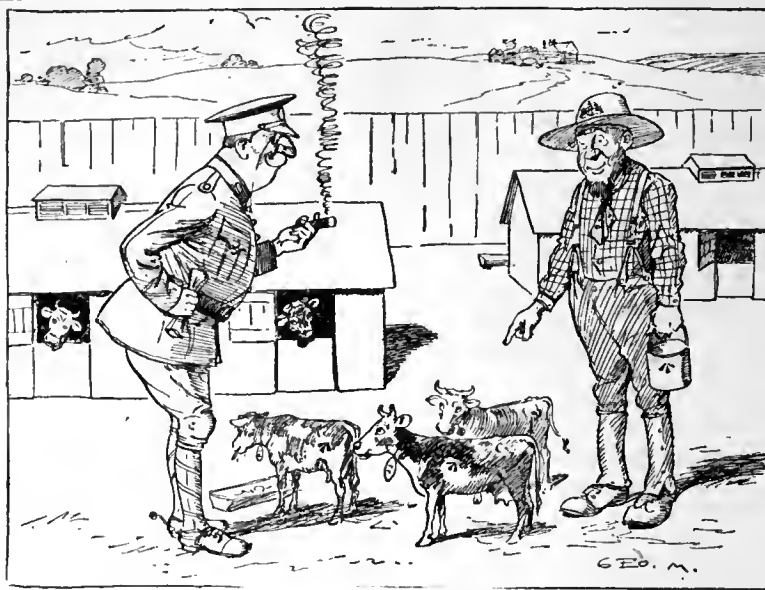
not so much stirred as I should have liked to be by the final catastrophe and revelation of guilt. But there is no doubt that the pathological situation is one for which the old tragedians would have given pounds and pounds.

My theory is that *Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist* (WARD, LOCK), started its literary life in the form of monthly contributions to a fourpence-halfpenny magazine. If this is not the fact, the supposition serves at least to show you the kind of person *Stranleigh* was, and how Mr. ROBERT BARR has treated him. He had, to begin with, so much money that he simply didn't know how on earth to get rid of it; and the worst was, that often, when he thought he was chucking the wretched stuff away, in charity or to oblige a friend, a turn of events would bring it all back to him increased sevenfold. So that he went on becoming more and more a multi-millionaire, and not being able to help it. To me, nowadays, there is something very simple and beautiful in a story like that. I have enough of the *Triplet* in me to love that my hero should be able to write a cheque after lunch for a hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds, and not remember it at tea-time; and this pleasure Mr. ROBERT BARR has certainly

given me with no stinting hand. I wish I could say that the tales—for, as is the custom with magazine-characters, each chapter in *Stranleigh's* life was complete in itself—were as admirable otherwise, but the truth is I found them just a little bit disappointing. In each—the adventure with the Russian Prince, or with the railway king, or the bank manager, or what not—there was a host of admirable preparation, to which the climax seemed always a trifle inadequate. But I have admitted that I enjoyed reading the book; and I believe others will do the same. It is very well illustrated.

Before ALLEN ARNOT forges her next novel she will be well advised to re-read *The Dempsey Diamonds* (LANE) with the view of noting how many mystifications she weaves and leaves unravelled, and on how many and what slight occasions she employs coincidence to make her story march. A tithe of the coincidence and a quarter of the mystification would have carried her well over a fairly steep tale of adventure, and after all *The Dempsey Diamonds* is a

chronicle of smallish beer. *Miss Dempsey* gave me the impression that she would have found a less ineffectual way of getting her wealth into her granddaughter's hands; neither do I think she would have been so tragically dismayed at the possibility of her secret being discovered. Not *Jane* or *William* or *Nell* or *Chris* gave promise of being so entirely resourceless in emergencies. It is much better to make your observations at first-hand and to set them forth in your own language than to use the consecrated and always-to-be-forgotten phrases of a poor tradi-



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

VII.—WAR OFFICE EXPERT VISITING A SUBSIDISED CONDENSED MILK DAIRY.

tion. Crying hoarsely, bristling the eyebrows, grinding the teeth and laughing sardonically are simply not done. I suppose one does occasionally meet immaculate evening dress, but it is best not to notice it. And astonishingly few of one's men friends ever refer to a woman, however frail, as a "wicked wretch."

I am still straining my eyes towards the literary horizon for another good volume of short stories. It may be unkind to suggest that *In Different Keys* (MILLS AND BOON) would have been better called *Indifferent Tales*, but the fact is that I. A. R. WYLIE has not risen here above the usual short story of commerce—the kind that is written in June, and served up, to an aroma of printer's ink and highly-glazed paper, in a "Christmas No." towards the end of October. In their season, and a little at a time, I like these well enough; but a whole volume of them makes for indigestion. The best of the tales seemed to me to be the one that ends the book, called appropriately *The Last Turn*, about a circus acrobat who found his wife carrying on with another member of the troupe, and almost let him fall in their somersault act, but didn't quite. There was a genuine thrill here, and some human behaviour.

PARROTS' LAST WORDS.

It has been left to Professor Wragge, now on a visit to London from the Wisconsin Laboratory of Biology and Research, to explore what is, even at this late date in the world's history, an entirely new subject of investigation. Many persons have interested themselves in the powers of speech of parrots; but the Professor specialises wholly in their dying remarks; and he is in England at this moment to collect at first hand data from parrot-owners for his forthcoming monograph.

As *Mr. Punch's* representative, I found him at an hotel conveniently near Leadenhall Market, whither he goes every morning in the hope of conversing with sailors and others who bring their birds to that place to be sold.

"Yes," he said, "it is a profoundly absorbing study. The parrot in ordinary life, full of health and vigour, is something of a problem: he seems to come in his intelligence and critical acumen midway betwixt man and bird. There is something uncanny about him, but there is nothing that moves the feelings. One contemplates him with admiration and perplexity, even wonder, but never with sympathy. One's emotions are untouched. Is it not so?"

"Quite," I said.

"But," continued the Professor, "later, when his faculties are dimming, when he nears the moment of dissolution, the parrot can strike a deeper note. Ah, my dear Sir, I assure you some of the things said by parrots then would bring a lump into your throat. And not only are they pathetic—they are inspired too. Glimpses of truth! Most remarkable!"

"Do the birds always know they are going to die?" I asked.

"Not always," he replied. "Sudden death may come to a parrot as to any of us. A choking fit. A cat overturning the cage. Last words in such a case would have less value. They might be expressive merely of rage or alarm. But when the end comes slowly—when they have had time to realise what it means—the loss of everything held dear, the cage, the perch, the parrot food, the master's or mistress's stroking fingers, the opportunities for free and caustic comment—it is then that they say their best things. Let me read you a few."

He drew from his pocket a bundle of letters and selected half-a-dozen.

"Here is a letter from a lady at Chislehurst. The parrot, after living with her for fifteen years, died. Its last words, unfortunately extremely indistinct, were either, she tells me, 'Good-bye, old friend,' or 'What's the time?' But the lady strongly inclines to the former. And so, I may add, do I."

"Another parrot owner, a clergyman, also living in Kent, whose bird had been destitute of feathers for three years before it died, distinctly remarked, 'Now for some warmth at last.' This the reverend gentleman testifies to.

have talked," the Professor went on, "have told me strange things. Not always quite printable, I fear—you know what sailors are—but very illuminating—very. Parrots who after long lives spent in the fullest and most painfully candid expression of their innermost thoughts soften towards the end into sober if not pious taciturnity. One in particular I recall who, noted for his consistently dazzling and inopportune profanity—often interrupting prayers by a phrase so lurid as to warp the mast (the sailor assured me)—uttered quietly, just before he died, these simple and unadorned words, 'There's a good time coming, I don't think.'

"Here," continued the Professor, "is another letter, also not a little startling in its suggestion of the unknown. It is from a lady at Great Malvern. Her parrot—one of the grey variety, perhaps the most intellectual and imparting—just before it died, screamed in a loud voice, 'Light the gas!' Very curious, is it not? One sees the idea: into the darkness, into the night. The dying GOETHE, you will remember, uttered a similar cry: 'Light, more light!'

"There are several more," said the Professor; but I had to cut him short.

"It is profoundly interesting," I said, "but I really must run." And I really ran.



"WELL, AUNT EMMA, WHEN ARE YOU COMING FOR A TRIP IN MY AEROPLANE?"

"MY DEAR BOY, I'D NO MORE THINK OF DOING THAT THAN I'D THINK OF FLYING."

"A lady at Bournemouth writes to me: 'Our parrot for years had been in the habit of saying "Good night" as I placed the cover on its cage before going to bed. Then latterly, strangely enough, it substituted another phrase, and instead of "Good night," always said "Pretty Poll," although my name is Clara. But last week, when it died, just before it closed its eyes for the last time, it shook itself for a moment on its perch, and once again, after an interruption of three years at least, said, very slowly, "Good night," and then fell over.' Her letter ends thus. Is not the finality of this very touching?"

I said that it was.

"Some of the sailors with whom I

"The 'London Gazette' last night contained the formal notification that His Majesty had ordered A. Conge D'Elire to pass the great seal of the United Kingdom empowering the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, Oxford University, to elect a Bishop to the See of Oxford."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

As Mr. d'Elire jocularly remarked to our correspondent, judging from the number of seals he has to pass he might just as well be a keeper at the Zoo.

"He dived in and swam out strongly to sea, using his favourite over-arm stroke. . . After half-an-hour's swim Burgess returned, on the stroke of eight o'clock."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

He should have kept to his favourite stroke.

"The quarterly report of the Sanitary Inspector was submitted, and it was considered very satisfactory. The Report showed that a sample of whisky taken in town had been analysed and found to be genuine."

Gloucestershire Journal.

Very reassuring indeed.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

SUMMER, if now at length your time is through,
 And, as occurs with lovers, we must part,
 My poor return for all the debt, your due,
 Is just to say that you may keep my heart;
 Still warm with heat-waves rolling up the sky,
 Its melting tablets mark in mid-September
 Their record of the best three months that I
 Ever remember.

I had almost forgotten how it felt
 Not to awake at dawn to sweltering mirth,
 And hourly modify my ambient belt
 To cope with my emaciated girth;
 It seems that always I have had to stay
 My forehead's moisture with the frequent mopper,
 And found my cheek assume from day to day
 A richer copper.

Strange spells you wrought with your transforming glow!
 O London drabness bathed in lucent heat!
 O Mansions of the late Queen Anne, and O
 Buckingham Palace (also Wimpole Street)!
 O laughing skies traditionally sad!
 O barometric forecasts never "rainy"!
 O balmy days, and *noctes*, let me add,
Ambrosiana!

And if your weather brought the strikers out
 And turned to desert-brown the verdant plot;
 If civic fathers, who are often stout,
 Murmured at times, "This is a bit too hot!"
 If the slow blood of rural swains has stirred
 When stating what their views about the crops is,
 Or jammy lips have flung some bitter word
 At this year's wopses;—

What then? You may have missed the happy mean,
 But by excess of virtue's ample store,
 Proving your lavish heart was over-keen,
 And for that fault I love you yet the more;
 Nay, had you been more temperate in your zeal,
 I should have lacked the best of all your giving—
 The thirst, the lovely thirst, that made me feel
 Life worth the living.

O. S.

WHERE TO GO NEXT HOLIDAY.

BRADFORD.

Now that the holiday season is nearly over it seems proper to remind serious and responsible people that there are other places one can go to besides Badgastein, Nether Achnaharacle, and Margate. Bradford is a most interesting place for an autumn holiday. It is never crowded with trippers, either monthly or week-endly. It is possible at Bradford to get away from the Band; and there are never any pierrots to disturb one's afternoon *siesta* on the banks of the Aire. However, the purpose of this article is not to boom Bradford as a health-resort; the idea is rather to be didactic and informative, to lift the mind of the reader to a higher plane of thought than that on which it moves when he is considering the music-hall value of BURGESS, or what he would have done with the money if he had had a thousand on Prince Palatine for the Leger.

The chief industry of Bradford is WOOLCOMBING, and there are few more picturesque sights in any part of the world than the convergence upon the main highways leading to Bradford of hundreds of thousands of sheep which arrive, twice a year, from all parts of the sur-

rounding country, and even from Scotland and Wales, to have their wool combed. This process used to be performed locally; and in remote places small holders may still be seen combing their own sheep. But the progressive owner realises now that it is cheaper to send his flock into Bradford twice a year for this operation, which not only gives the sheep a much tidier appearance, but stimulates the growth of its wool and improves its general health and spirits. Unfortunately for the purposes of the journalists, woolcombing is a secret process; and my attempt to get into the comberies, disguised as an elderly ram, was frustrated. But I was fortunate in meeting many sheep, both Before and After, and was much struck with the improvement in their appearance. Many had evidently indulged in a singe and shampoo also.

Next to WOOLCOMBING, in the respect of the Bradford man, comes the MOHAIR TRADE. As the name indicates, this staple depends upon a comparatively little-known animal, the Mo, which is fortunately plentiful in Asia Minor, South Africa and the Argentine. The Asian or African Mo must not be confused with the commoner British variety, distinguished, for trade purposes, by the prefix Ikey. It is curious to think that there are dozens of Bradford men, each with two motor cars and a grouse moor in Cumberland, who have never set eyes on their benefactor, the Mo. Thousands of miles away, on the High Veldt, the Mo moves day after day in his orbit round a peg, to which he is attached by a long strand of his own hair. His one object in life is to feel it growing. At night he is corralled by his keeper, dexterously and painlessly shaved with a 16-20 h.p. safety razor, and turned loose to accumulate next night's crop. The hair is then packed in bales, and shipped to Bradford, whose motto is, "The Mo the Merrier."

From Mohair we turn to Bradford's third industry—OIL-PRESS BAGGING. This is a profession, as its name suggests, which calls for considerable resource and even daring. Anyone who has ever seen an oil-press will understand that it is almost as hard to purloin, without exciting immediate suspicion and pursuit, as the Albert Memorial. The successful Oil-Press Bagger must be wary and astute. He must know where there are Oil-Presses worth his attention, and to what extent they are guarded. Then he has to consult with his Head Bagger (an official who is paid a huge salary, and who is well worth it) as to the plan of campaign. I was fortunate in gaining the confidence of several Head Baggers, during my visit to Bradford: but it would be unfair, and might even be dangerous, to give more than the barest outline of their method. But I may be permitted to say this, that gelignite and a Pickford van play a not unimportant part in the business. A team of Oil-Press Baggers, brawny men from the Dales, has been known to break into a Baggery and remove a full-sized Oil-Press in 2 min. 35 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec. The next time that you feed your pigs with oil-cake—if you keep pigs, and if pigs eat oil-cake—the next time you feel the clammy caress of a linseed poultice, I hope you will spare a moment's grateful thought for the Oil-Press Baggers of Bradford.

Two extracts from *The Melbourne Age*:—

"DUNKELD.—From 420 merino ewes, Mr. Paul Hendrick, of Warrayure, obtained 375 lambs, or 99 per cent."

"ELMORE.—A fine lambing percentage has been obtained at Mr. H. Holmes's Burnewang Estate, 3765 lambs being marked from 411 cross-bred and comeback ewes, representing 91 per cent."

This is where the Colonial has the advantage of us.



F. H. JONES. 1911

KINDRED SPIRITS.

[Lord KIRCHENER is now on his way to Egypt to take up his appointment as Agent General.]





OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

'Arry (to Bert). "I'M AT THE MAITRYPOLE. THEY DON'T 'ARF MAKE YOU SHELL OUT; BUT THE SERCIETY IS ALL RIGHT. I SIT NOT MORE 'N TWO TABLES FROM A CHAP THAT NEARLY GOT MADE A NEW PEER. WELL, YOU CAN'T MIX WITH THAT SORT FOR NOTHING!"

THE REVIVAL OF HUMOUR.

RAIN! it's a long time since I met you, rain!
 Mother of rivers, but oh far more sweet
 Than when you souse the hillside and the plain
 Here in the hippodrome of hurrying street!
 How nice to sit
 And watch the people squirm beneath your wit!
 See, here is one that should have brought his gamp,
 Broker or, may be, member of the Bar,
 But hath not done so, and his clothes are damp,
 So is his tile, and taxicabs are far;
 He does not say
 "O fruitful quickener of the earth!" nor pray
 To whosoe'er of the immortal gods,
 When fields are parched and dry through months of glare,
 Sends down upon the world these genial rods,
 Nor cry, "O balmy one! O god most fair!"
 Soothly his voice
 Is raised in language nothing like so choice.
 And then the nymphs! with garments apt to spoil,
 Hoping against all hope they stand and wait
 Beneath some shop-front, garden of their toil,
 Then dash for it, and get in such a stato
 Their so-called "things";
 They also use what oaths experience brings.
 Rain, thou comedian! it does me good
 To see the fine old farce revived once more
 Of frequent mud-stains splashing from the wood;

Observe that man out there, I bet he swore
 To find his hat
 All spotted like the pard—a brougham did that.

I, only I, remembering how kind
 Are all the boons of nature, how the mist
 Engenders torrents, and the rivers wind
 Through wakening valleys, and the woods are kissed,
 And how my tea
 Needs water, and my bath its h. and e.—

I, keeping tolerant and calm and bland,
 Smile at the throaty gurgles of the drain;
 The noise of many waters in the land
 Pleases me mightily; I laugh, O rain,
 Watching you tub
 Old London—from the windows of my club. EVOE.

"Certain excitement was caused in journalistic and artistic circles by the news of the arrest of M. Hostrowsky, who has been a contributor to several papers in Paris under the name of Guillaume Apollinaire."
 Reuter.

His assumed name (so different from that of his birth) seems to have been "writ in water" (mineral).

"An announcement of more than ordinary interest is that of Henry Charlewood Turner, second son of the Bishop of Islington, and grandson of the late Bishop McDougall, and Inez Elizabeth, only surviving child of the Rev. John Huntley Skrine, Vicar of St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford, and sometime Warden of Glenalmond."
 Church Family Newspaper.

Unfortunately the announcement ends here, but we can guess what happened and beg to congratulate them.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE OGRE."

FOR weeks I had been living the animal life, chasing the grouse-bird over heart-breaking peat-hags; ploughing, with steady alternation, the blue seas and the white bunkers of Brittany; and now my stagnant mind was to have an intellectual treat. Returned to London, the headquarters of the hierarchy of Dramatic Culture, I was, on my first night, to sit at the feet of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, its anointed high-priest.

At once I saw that things had been moving on while I was away. New types, undreamed of in my experience of actual humanity, had sprung into being. Here was a flapper (with pig-tail) talking the glib rhetoric of Female Emancipation with the aplomb of a PANKHURST. Here was her elder sister, a picture of virginal simplicity, suddenly become notorious as the author of a shady novel about shop-girls, censored by the libraries. Here was her callow brother, educated at Harrow, Cambridge and the Music Halls, addressing his young step-mother, with wearying insistence, as "pretty belle-mère." Here was that lady conspiring with her husband's children to flout the authority of their father. Here was that father, mildest-mannered of City merchants, lending his preposterous nickname of *Ogre* to the latest of Mr. JONES's masterpieces. I pass over the young man's best girl, the most incredible charmer that ever disturbed the realms of pure imagination with the tootle of her car, and content myself with saying that Art, that tireless inventor, had truly not been idle in my absence.

It looks as if Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES had meant to give us a refined modern version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. But the brutality of *Petruccio* is everything. Take that from him and his occupation's gone. Mr. JONES's *Ogre* is satisfied to assert his manhood by nailing over his mantelpiece a pair of riding breeches (not an exclusively masculine garment) and eating a solitary chop in the presence of his starving family. (Let me here say that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER ate his chop just about as well as it could be eaten. It was a delightful little interval of comedy in a very desert of trivial iteration.) And at the end I could not find that we were much better off than when we started, or that the *Ogre* had really done so very much taming. It is true that his elder daughter (no thanks to him) was off his hands and that his ne'er-do-weel boy had gone to swell the ranks of his kind in Canada, but no one supposed for a moment that

his shrew of a wife had undergone any sort of reform. Of course I shouldn't think of worrying about the aimless futility of it all if only it hadn't been the work of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES. For he has always recognised himself as an authority on the right methods of making plays, and, generously enough, has made no pretence of concealing his views from the public.

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER was in rather attractive vein. I couldn't wish to meet an ogre more gentle, more reserved, more passively persuasive. He must have taken fifty or sixty bites to his simple mutton-chop, and he washed it down with homely ale instead of human blood. Miss KATE CUTLER had harder work to win our sympathy in a character compact of the elements of shrew and minx. But she cannot help playing well. Mr. VALENTINE, as a gardener who had "corpsed" a shrew of his own and knew full well how the type should be handled, had an eye that was more eloquent than any language, though he could be vocal to good purpose when he chose. Mr. MATTHEWS, heavily handicapped by the lady of his choice, scarcely had his usual chance. But he was always good to watch even if he had little to say that was worth while. Mr. REYNOLDS and Mr. NARES performed their slight tasks very naturally. Finally Mr. HALLARD, though he did great execution with rolling eyes and flashing teeth, never seemed a very probable breaker-up of the domestic *ménage*.

The dialogue, studded with simple pleasantries, was seldom brilliant. It seems a little late in the day to suggest, as a *bon mot*, that the censoring of a book is a good advertisement for it; and when you recur to your chop after an interval for conversation you should always think of some better remark than "Let us return to our mutton."

Altogether the play, though it had its spasms of quiet humour, cannot, I fear, be long for this world. Still, one never knows. O. S.

"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND."

Thomas Pelling may well have been perplexed. He came back from Russia expecting to find the happy loving little wife that he had left six weeks ago and was greeted coldly by a strange woman—the same in appearance but with how different a manner towards him. In his absence she had discovered (with the help of *Dulcie Elstead* and *Clarence Woodhouse*, those champions of Women's Rights) that he had been treating her as a doll, that she was only—this surprised *Thomas*—"the principal woman in his harem." She

knew now that she must "live her own life;" and until *Thomas* showed that he understood and sympathised she would only be a stranger to him. Now *Thomas* was no fool, though he was a Philistine. As an earnest of his complete understanding he announced his intention of kicking *Dulcie* and *Clarence* out of the house. *Sophie* said that if he did this she would leave the house with them—for ever. Whereupon the poor husband was indeed perplexed.

Luckily *Mrs. Margell* had a plan. In real life people never have plans, or if they do they take weeks and weeks to think of them. Obviously we couldn't sit and watch *Thomas* for weeks and weeks while he thought of a plan; the thing had to be announced at once, even while we looked and waited. It was quite a simple plan—the dear old one, in fact, which gets another woman into the house in order to make the wife jealous. *Mrs. Margell* was, no doubt, a great playgoer, and had seen this plan working successfully on the stage hundreds of times; so she had confidence in recommending it to *Thomas*.

Well, it worked again. Not quite in the way *Thomas* expected, but none the less to the happiness of himself and his wife, and to the great glory of Mr. ALFRED SUTRO. For Mr. SUTRO has written a capital play, artificial perhaps in places, but always interesting. And I shall not be so silly as to accuse him of trying to solve the Woman Suffrage question.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER was a perfect *Thomas Pelling*, and he may be congratulated not only on his own fine performance but also on his company. Miss ATHENE SEYLER (who made such a delightful first appearance in *The Truants*) showed quite another side of her art as the earnest little wife, and was equally successful in it. As the emancipated *Dulcie* (why *Dulcie*?) Miss HENRIETTA WATSON was as effective as ever in an unsympathetic part; as the philosopher *Clarence* (why *Clarence*?) Mr. LYALL SWETE was completely in the picture. Miss MAUDE MILLETT looked and spoke just like the matter-of-fact *Mrs. Margell*, and Miss ENID BELL showed something more than the beauty that is always necessary in the "other woman." Both *Thomas* and I thought at first that to look beautiful would be all she would have to do; but, as it turned out, there was much more in it than that. M.

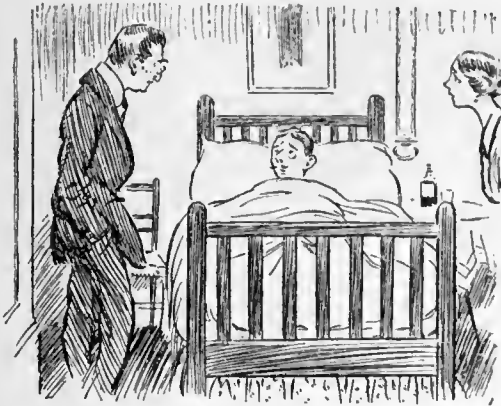
"PUBLIC LUNCHEON.

SHEEP WORRYING IN DEVON."

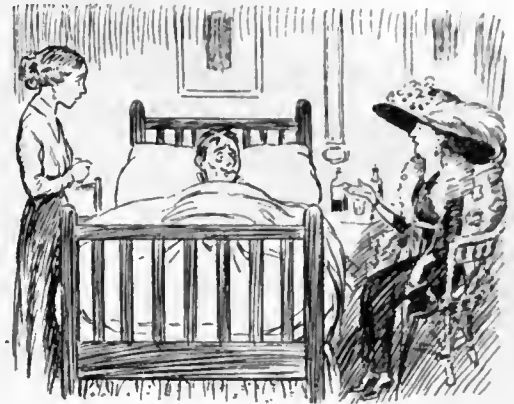
Western Morning News.

Mutton again!

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.



Our Doctor. "I'M SORRY TO SAY, OLD MAN, IT'S APPENDICITIS, AND YOU MUST HAVE THE OPERATION NEXT WEEK."



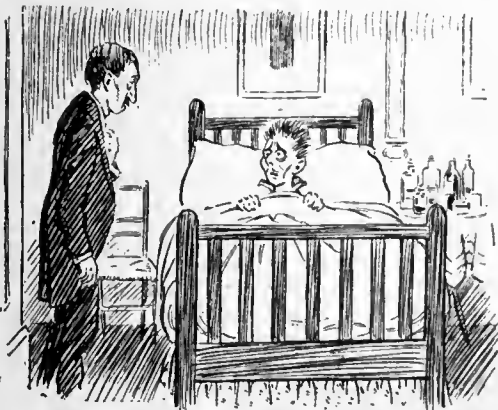
Sister Dorothy. "IT'S VERY COWARDLY AND WICKED TO HAVE THE OPERATION; WHY CAN'T YOU BEAR IT LIKE I DO! I'VE HAD APPENDICITIS FOR YEARS, I AM SURE. YOU'LL BE AWAY FROM WORK FOR WEEKS, AND THINK OF THE TROUBLE AND ANXIETY YOU'LL CAUSE US ALL."



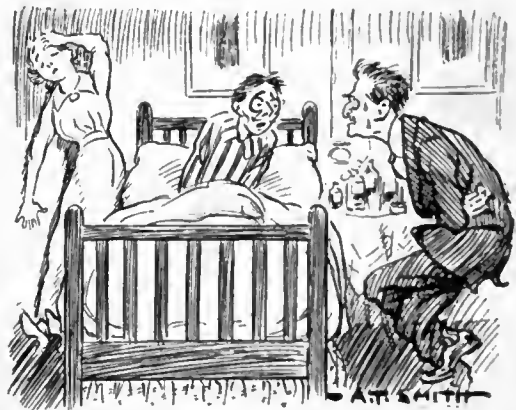
Aunt Fanny. "ARE YOU SURE YOUR DOCTOR IS COMPETENT TO UNDERTAKE THE OPERATION? SOME DOCTORS ARE DREADFULLY CARELESS. ONE, WHO OPERATED ON A POOR FRIEND OF MINE, ACCIDENTALLY SEWED UP HIS HAT AND GLOVES IN HIS PATIENT."



Sister-in-law Sydney. "SO YOU'RE GOING INTO A NURSING HOME FOR THE JOB? HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT. YOU'LL PROBABLY CATCH SOMETHING ELSE OR DIE OF STARVATION, LIKE A MAN I HEARD OF WHO GOT FORGOTTEN. WELL, GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK TO THE CARVING!"



Friend Robert. "I THOUGHT I'D JUST LOOK IN TO SEE IF YOU'D PAID UP ALL YOUR INSURANCES, MADE YOUR WILL AND GOT EVERYTHING IN ORDER. I THOUGHT, TOO, I COULD SAVE YOUR WIDOW TROUBLE IF—"



Our Doctor. "SORRY, OLD MAN, A MISTAKE IN MY DIAGNOSIS; YOU'VE NOT GOT APPENDICITIS; YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. GET UP, IT'S YOUR WIFE'S PASTRY; I'VE JUST HAD SOME!"

A SUMMER COLD.

WHEN I am not feeling very well I go to Beatrice for sympathy and advice. Anyhow, I get the advice.

"I think," I said carelessly, wishing to break it to her as gently as possible, "I think I have hay-fever."

"Nonsense," said Beatrice.

That annoyed me. Why shouldn't I have hay-fever if I wanted to?

"If you're going to begrudge me every little thing," I began.

"You haven't even got a cold."

As luck would have it a sneeze chose that moment for its arrival.

"There!" I said triumphantly.

"Why, my dear boy, if you had hay-fever you'd be sneezing all day."

"That was only a sample. There are lots more where that came from."

"Don't be so silly. Fancy starting hay-fever in September."

"I'm not starting it. I am, I earnestly hope, just finishing it. If you want to know, I've had a cold all the summer."

"Well, I haven't noticed it."

"That's because I'm such a good actor. I've been playing the part of a man who hasn't had a cold all the summer. In short, I've been wearing the mask."

Beatrice disdained to answer, and by-and-by I sneezed again.

"You certainly have a cold," she said, putting down her work.

"Come, this is something."

"You must be careful. How did you catch it?"

"I didn't catch it. It caught me."

"Last week-end?"

"No, last May."

Beatrice picked up her work again impatiently. I sneezed a third time.

"Is this more the sort of thing you want?" I said.

"What I say is that you couldn't have had hay-fever all the summer without people knowing."

"But, my dear Beatrice, people do know. In this quiet little suburb you are rather out of the way of the busy world. Rumours of war, depressions on the Stock Exchange, my hay-fever—these things pass you by. But the clubs are full of it. I assure you that, all over the country, England's stately homes have been plunged into mourning by the news of my sufferings, historic piles have bowed their heads and wept."

"I suppose you mean that in every house you've been to this summer you've told them that you had it, and they've been foolish enough to believe you."

"That's putting it a little crudely. What happens is——"

"Well, all I can say is, you know a very silly lot of people."

"What happens is that when the mahogany has been cleared of its polished silver and choice napery, and wine of a rare old vintage is circulating from hand to hand——"

"If they wanted to take any notice of you at all, they could have given you a bread poultice and sent you to bed."

"Then, as we impatiently bite the ends off our priceless Havanas——"

"They might know that you couldn't possibly have hay-fever."

I sat up suddenly and spoke to Beatrice.

"Why on earth *shouldn't* I have hay-fever?" I demanded. "Have you any idea what hay-fever is? I suppose you think I ought to be running about wildly, trying to eat hay? or showing an unaccountable aversion from dried grass? I take it that there are grades of hay-fever, as there are of everything else. I have it at present in a mild form. Instead of being thankful that it is no worse, you——"

"My dear boy, hay-fever is a thing people have all their lives, and it comes on every summer. You've never even pretended to have it before this year."

"Yes, but you must start *some* time. I'm a little backward, perhaps. Just because there are a few infant prodigies about, don't despise me. In a year or two I shall be as regular as the rest of them." And I sneezed again.

Beatrice got up with an air of decision and left the room. For a moment I thought she was angry and had gone for a policeman, but as the minutes went by and she didn't return I began to fear that she might have left the house for good. I was wondering how I should break the news to her family when, to my relief, she came in again.

"You may be right," she said, putting down a small package and unpinning her hat. "Try this. The chemist says it's the best hay-fever cure there is."

"It's in a lot of languages," I said as I took the wrapper off. "I suppose German hay is the same as any other sort of hay? Oh, here it is in English. I say, this is a what-d'-you-call-it cure."

"So the man said."

"Homœopathic. It's made from the pollen that causes hay-fever. Yes. Ah, yes." I coughed slightly and looked at Beatrice out of the corner of my eye. "I suppose," I said carelessly, "if anybody took this who *hadn't* got hay-fever, the results might be rather—I mean that he might then find that he—in fact, er—*had* got it."

"Sure to," said Beatrice.

"Yes. That makes us a little thoughtful; we don't want to over-do this thing." I went on reading the instructions. "You know, it's rather odd about my hay-fever—it's generally worse in town than in the country."

"But then you started so late, dear. You haven't really got into the swing of it yet."

"Yes, but still—you know, I have my doubts about the gentleman who invented this. We don't see eye to eye in this matter. Beatrice, you may be right—perhaps I haven't got hay-fever."

"Oh, don't give up."

"But all the same I know I've got something. It's a funny thing about my being worse in town than in the country. That looks rather as if—By Jove, I know what it is—I've got just the opposite of hay-fever."

"What is the opposite of hay?"

"Why, bricks and things."

I gave a last sneeze and began to wrap up the cure.

"Take this pollen stuff back," I said to Beatrice, "and ask the man if he's got anything homeopathic made from paving-stones. Because, you know, that's what I really want."

"You *have* got a cold," said Beatrice.

A. A. M.

STARS IN COLLISION.

READERS of our esteemed contemporary, *The British Weekly*, can hardly have failed to notice the striking item of literary news which appears in the last issue over the signature "A Man of Kent":—

"The American papers tell us that what came near being a serious accident occurred recently at Kennebunkport, Me., where Margaret Deland and George Barr McCutcheon have summer cottages. Both writers own automobiles, and one day were taking an outing in them. They met so suddenly in a narrow road that a crash was inevitable, and Mr. McCutcheon's machine struck Mrs. Deland's, dashing it over an embankment eight or nine feet high. By a miracle it was not overturned, and no serious damage resulted from the encounter."

It is reassuring to the national *amour propre* to know that these exhilarating encounters are not the monopoly of the New World.

Thus an accident that might have been attended with consequences calculated to eclipse the gaiety of two hemispheres is reported from Ryde (I. of W.) It seems that Mr. HENRY JAMES, who has recently purchased a hydroplane, was cruising in the Solent when he collided with a motor boat driven by Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD. As both craft were travelling at a high speed they became so inextricably entangled that it was



Magistrate. "NOW CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE HORSE IN QUESTION? HOW BIG WAS IT, FOR INSTANCE?"

Witness. "IT WAS SIXTEEN FEET, Y'R HONOUR."

Magistrate. "COME, COME! REMEMBER YOU ARE ON YOUR OATH! DON'T YOU MEAN SIXTEEN HANDS?"

Witness. "INDEED, THIS, IT WAS HANDS I MEANT; AND DID I SAY FEET, Y'R HONOUR? AH, WELL, I'M ON MY OATH, SO WE'LL LET IT STAND. SURE, THIS, IT WAS SIXTEEN FEET, Y'R HONOUR."

impossible to separate them. The illustrious pilots were both hurled into the sea, and the shock was so great that Professor MILNE's seismograph at Shide Hill was violently agitated and a flock of solan geese which were crossing the island fell to the ground in a state of hopeless inanition. Fortunately the two famous novelists were picked up by a submarine and conveyed to Ryde. According to the latest advices Mr. HENRY JAMES has nearly completed the scenario of his apology to Mr. CONRAD, which is expected to run to about 140,000 words. It will shortly be published in two volumes by Mr. HEINEMANN, under the title of "A Marine Entanglement."

The charming village of Ripley was recently the scene of an extraordinary encounter between Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING. Mr. CHESTERTON, who was mounted on a 10-h.p. "Giant" motor bicycle, swept round a corner into the High Street at a high rate of speed and dashed into a Cornish Riviera landaulette, in which Mr. HOCKING was sitting before the door of a temperance hotel. To avoid the inevitable collision, Mr. HOCKING threw himself out of his car, while Mr. CHESTERTON, by an extra-

ordinary act of levitation, sailed clean over the roof of the hotel, and clung to a telegraph pole until he was brought down by the captain of the local fire-brigade. Happily, neither of the authors was hurt, Mr. HOCKING being a man of iron constitution, while Mr. CHESTERTON's buoyancy completely neutralised the sudden impact with the telegraph pole, on which a suitable tablet has already been placed by the Parish Council.

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, amongst her other accomplishments, is a fearless aeroplane pilot, and has already crossed the Channel several times. During her last transit, however, she narrowly escaped destruction. When only about a mile from the French coast an explosion of petrol set the aeroplane on fire, and she dropped like a stone through the void. By an extraordinary piece of good fortune Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, who was returning to France in his magnificent steam yacht *Gloriana*, happened to be exactly beneath her, and when the burning aeroplane dropped on the deck, several of his footmen promptly extinguished the flames. Mrs. GLYN, who was clad in a suit of asbestos overalls, escaped without any injury, but the buttons on

the livery of the footmen were melted by the terrific heat.

Lastly, we have to chronicle a momentous *rencontre* which occurred lately in Hertfordshire. Mrs. SARAH TOOLEY, who is in the habit of riding across country on a small African elephant of extraordinary agility, leapt her steed over a hedge into a road just as Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT was passing by in his 16-cylinder Senhouse Limousine, crashing through the roof with a noise that was distinctly audible at Lord ROTHSCHILD's stately home at Tring, seven miles away. The remarkable feature of the accident, however, was that while neither Mrs. TOOLEY nor Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT received a scratch, the elephant was smashed to smithereens and was never seen again, though Major RICHARDSON and his bloodhounds were on the scene of action within twenty-four hours.

Potted Poets: I. Browning.

"The rev. gentleman based an eloquent discourse on 'Courage.' Browning, said he, speaks of the man who never turned his back, who never dreamed, though right were worsted, and wrong triumphed."—*Cornish Advertiser*.

If he slept on his back he must have dreamed.



Mother. "WHAT DID YOU WANT TO HURT YOUR LITTLE SISTER FOR?"

Harold. "I DIDN'T WANT TO; I JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW HARD I COULD PULL HER HAIR WITHOUT HURTING HER."

"NEEDLES AND PINS . . ."

WHEN a man marries his trouble begins. If, Sir, you have been considering this very matter and have come to the conclusion (1) that it is worth it, or (2) that there is bound to be trouble for you either way and you don't mind which, so why deny the dear girl a thing she has so obviously set her heart on? or (3) that you have said too much to withdraw, you will most likely have discovered the fact that the centre of the trouble above mentioned is hats. Arrived thus far correctly, you have probably jumped to the conclusion that the hats in question are hers, and that your trouble consists of so small a thing as signing a cheque or two. Believe me, my dear Sir, you are wrong.

* * * * *

"My wife," I said to the man behind the counter, "says that I have got to get a new bowler. The dear old friend, who has been through the thick and thin of countless years with me and now sits lovingly on my head, is condemned."

The man smiled, and asked for particulars.

"Good heavens! fellow," said I, "what do I know about such things? Mary says I must have a new bowler. Give me therefore a new bowler."

The man gave a cursory glance at my head, as if it were so much solid matter to be covered up and got rid of as soon as possible, and selected his idea of a new bowler.

"It suits you, Sir," he said, as I put it on, "if I may say so, admirably."

"You have said so," I retorted, "but nevertheless my idea of a hat is something one can wear and yet see out of. Mind you, I have never gone into the matter before, as you have no doubt done, but yet I have the instinct that a hat is less a thing for one to get inside than a thing to be placed outside one. Once there, moreover, it should stay there, till removal. With the first gust of wind I should be blown right out of this."

He produced a smaller one, stated that it suited me, if he might say so, admirably, compelled me to buy it, and sent me out of the shop. Mary, upon observing me later, said, "When are you going to buy a respectable bowler?" I explained that I had done so already. She said she was

glad to hear of it, but would be gladder still to see it. I called her attention to the top of my head. "That!" she said merely, and so it came about that later I found myself again in the shop, this time personally conducted.

Now, the indignity of this mere return was sufficiently uncomfortable, and I do think that, considering the little trouble and the large prices we men give at shops in our single days, the shopmen ought at least to stand by us at a pinch like this. This shopman in particular should have caught the look of suffering in my eye, and have used all the weight of his authority and demeanour to crush Mary's opinions and, though I say it as should not, to crush Mary herself. Instead, he agreed frankly, and with a contemptuous look at me, that the hat was too small.

"Small?" said Mary. "Why, it looks absurd?"

"Absurd, Madam," he agreed again; "but I was given to understand that looks did not matter as long as he felt happy in the hat."

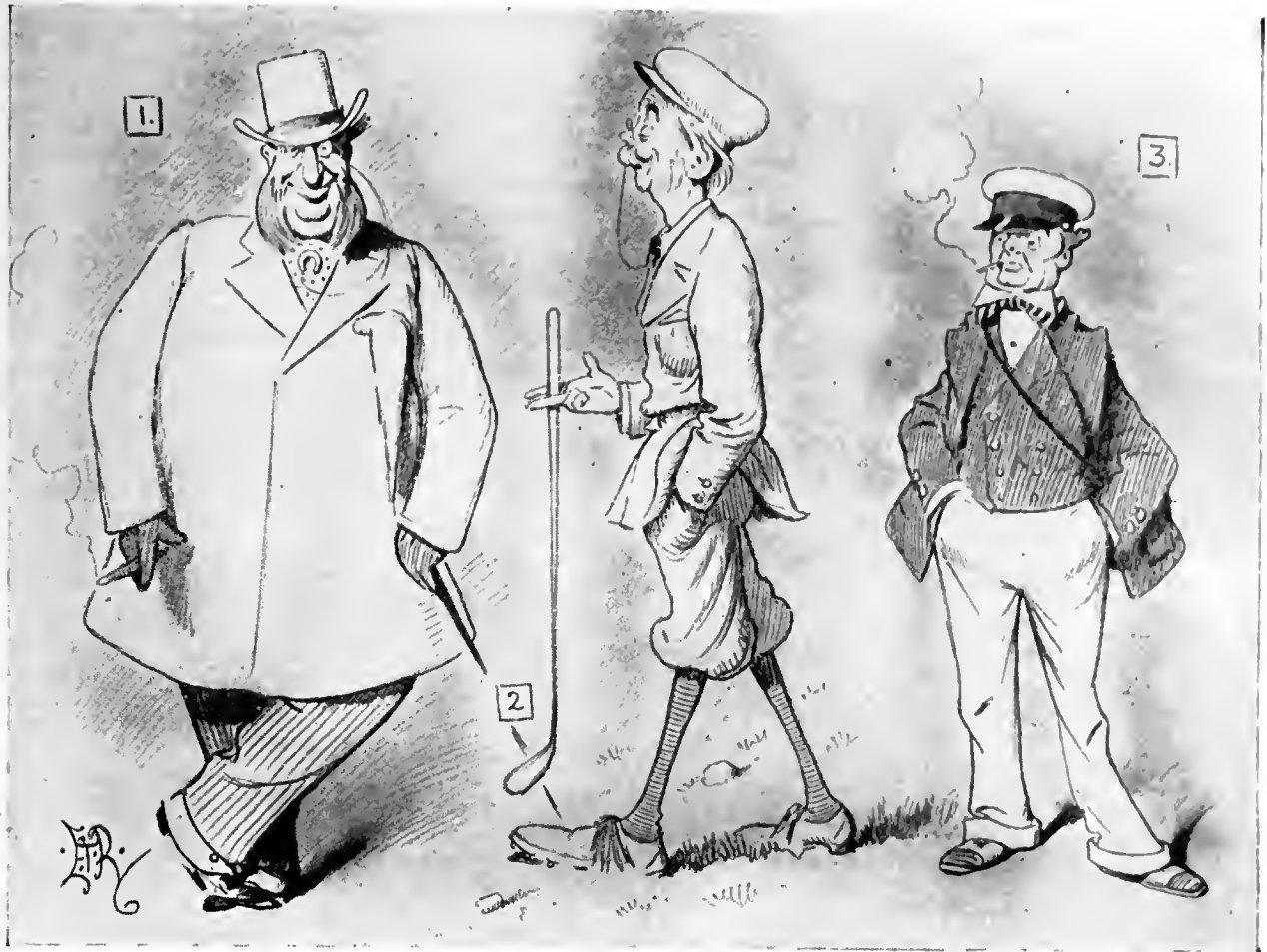
"I might have guessed as much," said Mary. It is to be observed



A MATTER OF DIGNITY.

GERMAN EAGLE (to French Chanticleer). "LOOK HERE, AS BIRD TO BIRD, IF I COME DOWN A PERCH OR TWO, WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO CROW AT ME?"





SOME MORE HOLIDAY RESEMBLANCES.

(1) It would take an almost perverted ingenuity to detect in this gentleman any real likeness to the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN. Apart from certain curly attributes (obviously plagiarised from the right hon. gentleman's equipment) and the wearing of a monocle, our artist can discover nothing which could, for an instant, deceive any friend of the great Protectionist Leader. (2) We frankly admit that to the untrained eye of an imperfectly-informed observer this gentleman might easily be the innocent cause of the rumour that Mr. BALFOUR was in the district—a rumour which sent a wave of chastened and well-controlled enthusiasm through the local Unionist Association. (3) No one that was not affected with a reckless thirst for sensationalism at all costs would, for a single instant, mistake this trivial little person for a SPENCER-CHURCHILL. There are markedly plebeian traits which prevent any well-brought-up person from confusing him for a single moment with the HOME SECRETARY. (We cannot help feeling that the right hon. gentleman has just cause to complain of such an inexcusable blunder.)

that I was referred to as "he." Indeed, I was ever regarded as "it." For, when exhausted as a subject for adverse criticism, I was treated as an object for resting hats on at various angles. I had nothing to do with the choice of either: if I evinced any interest in the matter and paused before a mirror, I was ordered sharply to go and stand by the door. I obeyed orders, and was told even more sharply to go and stand by the other door. To the people in the shop I seemed an idiot; to the other people, who wanted to come into the shop, I seemed to be a tiresome idiot, and for every hat that did not please the critics I got all the blame. My head and the shape and size of it were an insult to Mary and an injury to the man behind the counter. In short, that poet, if he knew what he was talking about when he mentioned

trouble, spoke with great moderation and restraint.

Everything must end, and a conclusion (of the most uncomfortable shape conceivable) was eventually arrived at. Within a month, however, Mary had taken a dislike to it. I called her attention to the fact that it was her own selection. That might be, but Mary could not go on loving me unless I got another. I said, with regret, that I should have then to dispense with her love. That might be also, but I could not, I was reminded, live with comfort in the same house as her disapproval. I reminded her again that the hat complained of was her choice. She had changed her mind, she said, and I must change my hat. . . . The process was much the same as before, only if possible more offensive.

That was four months ago. This

morning, as she saw me off to the City, she called me back. Oblivious of the past and optimistic of the present, I returned and kissed her again. That was not what she wanted. "Stand a little way away from me," she said, "I want to look at you." She did look, and the look was at the top of my head, and not affectionate.

If this matures into a fourth bowler hat, I shall ask with some confidence for a divorce.

Answer to correspondent in the *Amateur Gardener*:

"Yes, also plant bugs, earwigs, weevils, etc." All the same we don't think we will.

"At the foot of the letter were a number of 'crosses,' presumably representing crosses." *Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

The writer presumes too much.

CHARIVARIA.

"UNREST IN PERSIA
BLUEJACKETS READY TO STOP LOOTING."
Daily Mail.

We are shocked to think that they should have ever started it.

The success of the Schoolboys' Strikes must have surprised the little chaps themselves. "Down with the cane!" they demanded, and in most cases it came down on them sooner than they expected.

The Hooligan Strikers' motto:—"Leave no stone unturned to attain your object."

It is again rumoured that non-unionist workmen are thinking of forming a union with the view of protecting their interests.

An expedition has left London for Good-enough Island, near British New Guinea, to study the customs of the natives, who are cannibals. It is hoped to discover a remedy for cannibal bite.

According to a Local Government Board Report, fifteen centenarians have died during the year in Irish work-houses. There must be something insanitary about these institutions.

The Express has been asking: "What do men admire in women's dress?" Not infrequently, we believe, it is the woman.

Portugal, though much changed, has been recognized at last.

The Cologne Gazette of September 12th puts all the blame on England for unduly protracting, for her own benefit, negotiations between Germany and France. If the parties to the dispute will call in person at the *Punch* Office, they will be given Our Gracious Permit to get Done with It.

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. WILL THORNE to the delegates at the Trades Union Congress, "that we can't control our Army and Navy better than the cads who now handle our men?" They did.

And when the same delegates made an attack on Mr. WILL CROOKS, the latter only said to himself, "Poor old Bill!" It is pleasant to learn that he is on sufficiently good terms with himself to address himself by his pet name.

The mover of the vote of thanks to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, for opening a bazaar at Menai Bridge, is thus reported:—"I have my own belief that the first person to 'discover' Mr. LLOYD GEORGE must have been the girl who, in spite of everything, was determined to get married to him." Ministers stand to be shot at even by their best friends.

The infant Emperor of CHINA began his education one day last week. To honour the occasion, that day was made a holiday in all the schools throughout the Empire. Under the circumstances, it must have been peculiarly bitter for the little man to sit working all by himself—unless, of course, he struck.

Schoolmasters are a very modest and unassuming class. One of them, only the other day in the *Morning Post*, advertised a vacancy in his school "owing to an unexpected success."

The staff of the Greenwich Observatory is taking a census of the stars. It is to be hoped that even the oldest of them will, in the interests of statistics, be perfectly honest in declaring its age.

An American millionaire has made public his desire to find a wife who will love him for himself alone. He has in consequence received 6,242 proposals. His obvious course now is to give away his fortune among 6,241 of the applicants as consolation prizes, and then to give himself to the lucky remainder.

In the new autumn drama at Drury Lane there is a real race, in which a horse named *The Hope* is scheduled to win every night. Here is an opportunity for betting men to recoup their season's losses on the Turf.

An English waiter was discovered, the other day, in a state of exhaustion at Calais, having rowed himself across from Deal in a skiff. It is supposed that the obliging fellow had, to satisfy an exacting customer, gone to fetch the French mustard.

The LORD MAYOR and his party, having banqueted in the great Festival Hall of the *Rathaus*, declare that Viennese organization is admirable. We have no hesitation in characterizing this criticism as expert.

The prevalent unrest has now spread to MOUNT ETNA, but the exact nature of the grievance in this quarter is not known.



Distracted Author (seeking peace in Sussex). "MRS. HODGE! WHAT IS THIS PANDEMONIUM?"

Farmer's Wife. "OH, THEY'RE ONLY PUTTIN' A TIN ROOF ON THE 'EN-HOUSE, SIR, AN' KNOWIN' YOU WAS A LONDON GENT WE THOUGHT THE SOUND MIGHT REMIND YOU OF 'OME."

There has been a flood of treacle in New Orleans, by which many people were swept off their feet and very nearly drowned. The cry of encouragement from the bystanders, "Stick to it!" was considered by a struggling victim to be in the worst taste.

SARHAR ARSHAD, in reply to a question regarding the transport of his cannons through Russia, stated that they passed through the Customs labelled "Mineral Water;" a little jest ("Pop!"—you see?) which reflects infinite credit on all who took part in it.

A Blackburn ratepayer complains of the arrival in his water-tap of "a serpent with about a thousand legs." Serpents can never hit off the happy mean: either they have too many legs or none at all.



Donald. "STEADY, MAN, YE'VE HOOKIT ME!"

Callous Angler. "I DIDN'T SEE YOU RISE, DONALD. WHAT FLY DID YOU TAKE?"

GARDENING NOTES.

[With the usual acknowledgments.]

SEPTEMBER, so called because it is the ninth month of the year, occupies a unique position in the calendar, from the fact that it stands midway, so to speak, between genial August and the more boisterous October.

New bedding operations must now be put in hand, so as to be ready for the activities of autumn. Every amateur gardener has his own method of procedure in this respect, to which his neighbours will, perhaps rightly, attach no exaggerated value, remembering the old saw, "As you make your bed, so shall you lie about it." For myself I am inclined to recommend a mixture of caviare, brick-dust, and finely chopped leaf-mould as being best for all practical purposes. Many amateurs, however, stick to clay; and *vice-versa*.

The long drought having come to a welcome termination, artificial moistening need no longer be resorted to, save in the case of plants in pots, and jobbing-gardeners. Both these latter will require constant attention, if the best results are to be obtained. Apples and blackberries are now ripe for preserving. The best method of

preserving both is to enclose them in barbed wire.

Many readers in country districts have written complaining of the ravages inflicted upon their gardens by the attacks of green-fly, and asking for my advice. It is unfortunately difficult to know what to counsel them, as against green-fly the ordinary house-dog has been found practically useless, nor do I know that any really reliable trap is at present on the market. My own method, in the case of roses, is to pull the bush up by the roots and burn it; but this, of course, requires patience, and is apt to retard the blooms in the following season. The whole question is full of difficulty.

How foolish are those short-sighted observers who speak of September as a dull month, wanting in horticultural colour and variety. Could anything be further from the truth? What garden, however humble, but can boast at this season of its wasps, their yellow gleam imparting animation to all around? And as for variety, how often in suburban plots, which have been left untenanted during the visit of the family to the seaside, is the eye of the returning owner surprised by the soft flush of the wild brickbat, or the gayer green of the small Bass,

peering at him from the most unexpected places? Fungi also, in every variety, may be found blazoning the cellar stairs, and even the inside of the drawing-room piano, with their wealth of colour. Who after this would be so ungrateful as to call September dull?

No, when I consider the many natural advantages of September, its genial days and its nights lit by the calm effulgence of the moon (that luminary whose rays were erstwhile supposed inimical to human reason—hence the old saying "a balmy night") I am driven irresistibly to the reflection: "What on earth shall I find to write about October?" But courage, reader. I shall not be found wanting, even if you are.

"Mr. Justice Stephen: Why? I object to the form of the question.

Mr. Avotion? I wish your lordship would make a note of the objection.

Mr. Justice Stephen—No.

Mr. Avotion. I recant it will the greatest respect, my lord.

Mr. Justice Stephen—If you resent it you can have rewards in other day but you must not speak to the court that why.

Mr. Avotion: My lord no other Judge speak to me like this."—*Calcutta Empire*.

But then he must try and remember that no other advocate spells his name quite so variously.

TANNED.

SIR, the rich colour that you rightly praise
 On cheek and brow was dyed by sunny days;
 Yet, as I draw my trouser up, you see
 The milk-white tint that marks my shapely knee;
 No kilt, in fact, as sure as eggs are eggs,
 Has flapped and swayed about my Southern legs.
 No, nor in knickerbockers have I strayed
 From hill to hill, from purple glade to glade.
 For me no Sandy, short in speech and dour,
 Has sent the setters ranging o'er the moor;
 I did not drain the mountain-dew or turn
 Aside to dabble in the tinkling burn,
 Blending in mixture due, as wise men will,
 The fiery spirit with the icy rill.
 No grouse, arriving from the deuce knows where,
 Has fanned for me the ambient upper air
 And passed unscathed and doomed me to despair—
 No joys like these to me the Fates decreed,
 To me who have not crossed or neared the Tweed.

Nor have I crouched, with every nerve on edge,
 Alert behind some bristling Norfolk hedge;
 While far in front the drivers' call rang clear,
 A note of warning to my straining ear,
 And, rising from the roots, the covey came
 Adown the wind like streaks of living flame.
 Often escaping from the line of wrath
 The flaring birds pursued their shot-chased path,
 Though some were left who had not wished to stay,
 Inert in death—but I was far away.

No, Sir, this colour that bedecks my face
 Was spread by Nature in a simpler place.
 Where the fair Solent laps upon the sands
 In Totland Bay her airy paint-box stands.
 There by sheer indolence an earnest man
 May win at ease his favourite coat of tan:
 Upon his back he lies and dreams his best,
 And, while he dreams, the sun achieves the rest;
 Then, waking up, he plunges in the tide,
 And cleaves the wavelets on his breast or side,
 And, still intent on brownness to the last,
 Darkens the tint and makes the colour fast. R. C. L.

SPECIAL POSTS.

ACTIVE rehearsals are, we understand, already in progress for the inauguration of the Special Submarine Post between Orkney and Shetland which is to begin operations on the 17th of next month, and will thereafter maintain a regular daily service. This first submarine post has been established by some prominent members of the Navy League to mark the year of the signing of the Declaration of London. Letters, which must bear a special stamp, may be posted in any public-house in the City. They will be conveyed by the usual channels to Lerwick, thence by submarine to Kirkwall, after which they will return to the London General Post-Office for despatch to their ultimate destination. It is hoped that these special facilities will appeal to business men. Any profits that may accrue are to be devoted to charities selected by the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

We have been asked to clear up some misapprehensions which have arisen with regard to the new Underground Post between Widnes and Paisley. The delay which has occurred in some cases in the delivery of letters is due, we understand, to the long drought, which has rendered the ground so hard that burrowing has been conducted under

most disheartening circumstances. Letters, which must bear a special stamp, may be posted in the official boxes which will be found in the leading suburban boot-shops. The address must be type-written in red ink on both sides. It may not be generally known that this first underground post has been inaugurated to celebrate the year of the passing of the Veto Bill. The proceeds are to be devoted to charities selected by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Much interest has been aroused by the announcement of a New Water Post, from Dover to Calais, which will be opened in the course of a few weeks, by way of celebrating the magnificent performance of BURGESS in swimming the Channel. BURGESS, himself, HOLBEIN, WOLFFE and other prominent swimmers have already been engaged to undertake the duty of conveying the letters, which must be posted in the Albert Memorial. Any profit that may result will, we understand, be devoted to charities selected by the President of the French Republic. As only one letter can be conveyed at a time—in the mouth—the cost of the special stamps for this service will be one hundred guineas. These stamps, which are made of a preparation of rubber and asbestos, must be firmly affixed by a safety-pin. Only letters contained in the official aquascutum envelopes will be accepted for transmission. The envelopes will be on sale next week at the Eustace Miles Restaurant.

BLESSING THEIR BUTTONS.

["According to the Autumn modes, the front fastening is to be applied to gowns and blouses."—*Fashion Column.*]

From the radiant South to the niggardly North,
 The fiat of fashion is heralded forth,
 In language imperious, rigid and blunt:—
 "All frocks for the future must fasten in front."

Do you hear it, poor damsel, with nerves on the rack,
 As you struggle to button your blouse at the back?
 No more need you writhe and make faces and grunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Do you hear it, meek man, as with conjugal zest
 You fasten the gown of your spouse, by request?
 No more for those hooks need you fumble and hunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Do you hear it, blue-stocking, whose absence of mind
 Results in a gap in your bodice behind?
 No more of sly jests you'll be bearing the brunt,
 Since frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Like the musical breath of a breeze passing by
 Sounds the sibilant sigh of the satisfied sigh
 Of the portly, the slender, the tall and the stunt
 Now their frocks for the future will fasten in front.

Modesty.

"FURS.—Actress has her Set of Real Black Skins, large Stole and huge Pillow Muff; worth 20 guineas; will sacrifice for 35s.; going to India (not needed)."—*Advt. in "Hull Daily News."*

But no doubt she will be made very welcome.

"Girgenti is doing good work as a farm home for lads who would otherwise develop into hooligans. The company which inspected it on Saturday was informed that of 325 lads who had passed through it only 13 had been pushed for misbehaviour."—*Glasgow Evening News.*

Policeman (to hooligan): Leave off this instant, Walter, or I shall give you a good push.



Clerk to Office Boy (after Senior Partner has told poor joke). "WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH TOO?"
Office Boy. "I DON'T NEED TO; I'M LEAVING ON SATURDAY."

MEMOIRS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

THE announcement that a biography of Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, the redoubtable American financier, is shortly about to appear has given rise to pleasurable anticipations on both sides of the Atlantic. Without wishing to discount the joys of perusal *Mr. Punch* is in the fortunate position of being able to give a brief synopsis of the early chapters of what promises to be the most thrilling product of the autumn publishing season.

ORIGIN AND PEDIGREE.

Mr. MORGAN, it is as well to state at once, comes of an ancient and historic line, being descended from the famous hero Morgante Maggiore celebrated in PULCI's romantic poem. This illustrious giant who, it will be remembered, was converted to Christianity by Orlando and acquired great renown for his generosity, died suddenly of the bite of a crab "as if"—in the words of WHEELER—"to show on what trivial chances depends the life of the strongest." To this day crab is taboo at the table of the MORGAN family.

Another illustrious forebear of the

famous financier was Fata Morgana, alias Morgan le Fay, who laid the foundations of the fortunes of the house and inhabited a splendid mansion at the bottom of a lake crowded with art treasures, many of which are now in the possession of her descendant, who claims kinship with RAPHAEL MORGHEN, the engraver; HENRY MORGAN, the King of Buccaneers; and AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, the famous mathematician, from whom Mr. J. P. MORGAN learned his first lessons in the multiplication table.

His father, JULIUS MORGAN, traced his descent on the maternal side from the conqueror of Gaul, whose Commentaries form the favourite reading of his son. The latter's Cæsarian lineaments have often been noticed by expert physiognomists.

EARLY LIFE AND STRUGGLES.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who was born at the Golden Gate in 1837, started life under most unfavourable auspices. Most millionaires have begun with half-a-crown, but he had several. Others have begun by splitting rails, but he devoted his energies to the much more arduous task of amalgamating

them. Prosperity is generally associated with an avoidance of the "demnition bow-wows," but Mr. MORGAN is an inveterate dog-fancier. And, lastly, undeterred by the warning enshrined in a famous poem, he completed his education at the University of Göttingen. Yet, in spite of all these handicaps, he made his way rapidly to the front and now possesses two houses in England and one in New York.

We may close this imperfect sketch of the opening chapters of this fascinating volume with an answer recently inscribed in an album of "Pet Aversions" by Mr. MORGAN:—

If you were not yourself, who would you least like to be? *Ans.* Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

(To be discontinued in our next.)

University Intelligence.

"Castalia passed 'Smalls' for Liverpool." *Scotsman.*

From an advt. of *The Life Everlasting*:

"The demand is enormous, and the First Edition, though of very great size, is enormous." There is always something striking about Miss MARIE CORELLI's books.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM is a writer to whom I owe a great and cheerfully-acknowledged debt of gratitude for much past merriment; but I hope he will not mind my saying that there are parts of his latest story, *Lalage's Lovers* (METHUEN), which I consider to have written off some at least of my obligation. Perhaps I was not in the mood; perhaps I was disappointed at finding that, though the scene of the tale is laid in Ireland, the village folk who have so often delighted me before were absent. Whatever the reason, something did disappoint me woefully, and that, too, despite all the charms of *Lalage* herself, a sufficiently attractive though scatter-brained young person. I liked her best, I think, as a hoydenish flapper, founder of the great "Anti-Tommy-Rot-Society" (subsequently merged into the "Association for the Suppression of Public Lying") and reminiscent in many ways of my old friend the heroine of *The Major's Niece*. Both at this stage and in the unconventional proposal scene that ends the book, *Lalage* was wholly delightful; but her companions seemed to me mostly puppets whose vagaries lacked the vitality with which Mr. BIRMINGHAM can generally infuse his most farcical antics. There are one or two evidences, however, that make me think a great part of *Lalage's* history may be founded on actual events, which of course would account for its air of laboured unreality. Next time I hope Mr. BIRMINGHAM will be content to rely upon his excellent imagination.

Queed, by Mr. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON (CONSTABLE), is not a poisonous herb, but the surname of a sort of a man. In choosing so relentless a title it would seem that the author wanted to make it clear from the first that it was no part of his design to woo your senses with the charm of sweet sounds. The anomalous idea of a savant absorbed in a *magnum opus* on 'Altruism without ever having done an unselfish action in his life is perhaps not so very novel. But *Queed* is no ordinary prig. Brought up without other human ties than those which bound him to a foster-parent in the person of a New York policeman of Hibernian extraction; without education save of his own getting; frankly unconcerned about the necessity of paying his way—we find him in the early stages of manhood already halfway through his monumental work, composed in the congenial atmosphere of a middle-class Virginian boarding-house.

Of his gradual evolution—physical, social and spiritual—to a point where nothing recognisable is left of his former

character except his courage and *gaucherie*, alike indomitable, the story is here told with an unadorned sincerity which makes amends for the absence of many more cheaply attractive qualities. To literary graces Mr. HARRISON makes no pretence, and what plot he employs is only designed perfunctorily for the better illustration of his hero's strength of character. Thus, the identification of his villainous parent in the harmless pedagogue who shared his boarding-house can be foreseen whole leagues away. It is in the author's fidelity to detail that the attraction of his book is found. True, one might doubt whether a man like *Queed*, so ignorant of his fellow-creatures, could ever have been fitted to control a great newspaper. But things may be different in Richmond (Va.); and, anyhow, no link in the chain of argument is shirked.

A certain note of provincialism in the writer gives reality to his treatment of a provincial theme; he is, for instance, clearly unconscious of the rather second-rate quality of his women-folk when he shows them dressed in their best frocks and out for conquest. The repellent material out of which he develops his admirable hero invites comparison with Miss MAY SINCLAIR's masterpiece, *The Divine Fire*; but the comparison must be unfavourable to Mr. HARRISON, whose book lacks the colour of high romance and imagination. But, as a faithful study of the not very picturesque *milieu* which he sets out to portray, it has qualities too fine and brave to be ignored.

Just why Mr. S. R. CROCKETT named his novel *The Lady of the*

Hundred Dresses (NASH) I cannot imagine, for the real heroine of the story had a very limited wardrobe. At first I thought (and hoped) that the author was going to thrill me with robberies and deeds of violence. But, although a rather dashing jewel-thief turned up at various opportune moments and killed a few people, both he—and all the other characters—were gradually pushed to the back of the stage by Miss Allison (from Dunfermline), who is described with recognisable accuracy as a "perfectly adequate young female." On the penultimate page of the book we read, "And if her adventures and daring speech be as much tasted by the public as by the present chronicler, he will set them forth more at length." So those who have a liking for "perfectly adequate young females" may live in the hope of hearing more of Miss Allison. For my own part, however, I am prepared to wish her a solemn farewell; indeed, I think that Mr. CROCKETT would have written an infinitely more intriguing book if he had allowed the murderous jewel-thief to dispose of this lassie before she had got thoroughly set and going.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

VIII.—A MASTER OF TRINITY HOUSE SUPERINTENDING THE BUILDING OF A LIGHTHOUSE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has always discouraged originality. Candidates for Woolwich and Sandhurst are now informed that marks will be deducted in future for all words which are not spelt conventionally.

There is to be an increase in the Police rate. Lighter boots, we presume.

A statue of the KAISER wearing a periwig, with the arms and dress of a Roman warrior, will shortly be placed in the session room of the Berlin Academy of Arts. We are glad to hear that the sculptor responsible for the revival of this absurd fashion is SCHOTT.

One of its correspondents writes to protest against the constant attacks made by *The Daily Mail* on "the authorities responsible for the weather." Is it not rather the fact that our contemporary realises its own responsibility in this, as in all other matters, and is endeavouring to apologise for the effects of the exceptional summer which it promoted?

Herr MAXIMILIAN HARDEN protests that the "international impertinence of England should not be swallowed by Germany without a murmur." So much for the murmur: now let the swallowing be proceeded with.

Nothing is definitely known, at the moment of going to press, of the progress of the "conversations," except that they are following exactly the lines anticipated by every single foreign correspondent of our morning papers.

Concerning Anemia is the headline of a current advertisement, and not the title of the latest romantic novel.

The PRINCESS LUISA OF TUSCANY, in her published autobiography, narrates how by one quiet remark she reduced a rudely defiant ruffian of a Socialist to tears and lifelong devotion. These rudely defiant ruffians are the same all the book-world over.

A man of the name of LEARY, having no engagements, has expressed his readiness to go to gaol as a sub-

stitute for such offenders as find it inconvenient to do their own time. He informed a Recorder that he liked the life, and the Recorder told him that he deserved to be severely punished. Quite so; but how?

The Manx officials boast of the irresistible attractions of their island, and adduce as evidence the fact that 458,329 people have come to it between May and August last. No doubt; but they omit to mention that 458,329 people have come away from it.

The opinions expressed in the news columns of the daily papers as to the merits of the various polishes and foodstuffs on view at the Grocers' Exhibition, are by a happy coincidence confirmed in the advertise-



TAXI-BOATS.—A HUMANE PROPOSITION.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PASSENGERS IS SO MUCH ABSORBED WITH WATCHING THE EIGHTENCES MOUNTING UP THAT THEY FORGET TO BE SEA-SICK.

ments of their several manufacturers appearing in the same papers.

A report of the *Hawke-Olympic* collision states that the liner is left with a hole in her side through which a horse and cart could be driven. This, however, for reasons best known to the authorities, has not yet been done.

Some people, by the way, in the reaction after the shock of such a collision, would have had recourse to stimulants. Not so Mr. FRANK MUNSEY. "Almost the first person I saw," says *The Daily Mail* correspondent, "was Mr. Frank Munsey, the head of *Munsey's Magazine*, who gave me a clear and most coherent account of the scene on board."

"After dinner Violet sang in a warm velvet contralto."—*London Magazine*. At any but the most formal dinner parties these look very smart.

KINGS AND CUBBING.

They built rosy castles,
And big, winged bulls,
And red-robed wizards
Worked miracles,
When the kings rode hunting
With spear and with bow
Down the road to Nineveh
A long time ago!

They sat on their saddles
As good men sit,
Long in the stirrup,
Light on the bit,
Their proud lips a-curling,
Their crimped beards just so,
Down the road to Nineveh
A long time ago!

And what did they ride for?
Well, I confess

I should have funked
it—
Lions! no less!
The big black-maned
beauties
That prowled to and
fro
Down the road to Nine-
veh
A long time ago!

For why should we
doubt it?
Still does each chief
Fill them with arrows—
In bas-relief,
And fine rough-and-
tumbles
The grim carvings
show
Down the road to Nine-
veh
A long time ago!

Then hear us, O NIMROD,
That we may find
Heart such as theirs was
(Jumps still are blind);
Send cubs bold as lions,
The sort they laid low
Down the road to Nineveh
A long time ago!

"I strayed into the Presbyterian Churchyard, and was pleased to find the names of many Aberdeen people inscribed there."
Aberdeen Evening Gazette.

If this had been said by an Englishman there would have been trouble.

The Daily Chronicle, putting as good a face as it can on the Canadian elections, says: "The Imperial Union is too firmly established to be affected by any change of Government in Canada." So one might say that Free Trade was too firmly established in England to be affected by the sweeping Liberal victory of 1906.

BRAINS ON THE WATER.

[Mr. T. W. BURGESS, who recently swam for six hours in a tank at the Stadium, told a reporter that in a way the feat was as difficult as crossing the Channel. "There was so little to think about," he complained, "whilst in the Channel there was always something to keep your thoughts busy."]

WHAT did you think of, WILLIAM BURGESS,
When you dared the drift of the Channel tide,
When you broke the billows and boshed the surges
With arms flung wide?
When the hovering sea-mew gaped and wondered,
And the porpoise stared with his thick lips sur-leered,
And the plaice and the whiting sang soft dirges,
And the sole said, "Well, I'm fried!"?

Did you think how under the dank sea-mosses
Lay many a mute and mouldered form
Of ancient tars and of old sea-bosses
That ruled the storm?
Did you think of the date of Jutes and Angles,
And pirate jarls with the golden bangles
And the raven crest and the monkish crosses,
And the fight with Odin's swarm?

Oh! say, did you think of Aphrodite,
Mother of Love and born of foam?
Or the old Earth-Shaker, green and mighty,
Who makes men roam?
Of the battle of Sluys or the siege of Calais,
Or stout VAN TROMP and the last Dutch rally,
Or what you would want for a Yorkshire high tea
When you once got safely home?

Did you muse anon of a mermaids' squabble
Down in the deeps where no light goes?
And ask if they wear the skirt called hobble
In realms like those?
Or lift your gaze and behold, Lor' love you,
One of those flying machines above you?
Did you think of Captain WEBB or the Pobble,
The Pobble who had no toes?

Say, oh say if your dreams were glorious—
Battle and death, and love and kings,
DRAKE or the *Téméraire* victorious,
Or the foam that clings
To the smuggler's cheek as he runs his brandy—
Or any old thing that just came handy?—
Excuse my seeming a trifle curious,
WILLIAM, about these things.

But I know the face of the shining ferry
And I long to learn of the mental cram,
The jokes you thought of, to keep you merry
As you boldly swam:
For not in the sea, but aboard the packet
In one short hour and in close-reefed jacket
I have found that trip monotonous, very—
Even *ad nauseam*. EVOE.

The Slacker.

"THE HUTCHISON CO.'S AND THEATRES.

MR. PERCY HUTCHISON in

'ARSENE LUPIN' Sept. 18, T. R., Preston.
'BREWSTER'S MILLIONS' Sept. 18, T. R., Yarmouth.
'PRESERVING MR. PANMURE' Sept. 18, Pav. T., Weymouth,
OPERA HOUSE, SOUTHPORT Sept. 18, 'Peggy.'
THEATRE ROYAL, YORK Sept. 18, 'The Whip.'
Advt. in "The Referee."

THE LAST WOPSE OF SUMMER.

TAKING usual morning buzz round village with Charles Algernon, it suddenly occurs to me that he and I are the sole survivors of our race. When Providence sees fit to call us to itself, there won't be a single wopse left in entire neighbourhood!

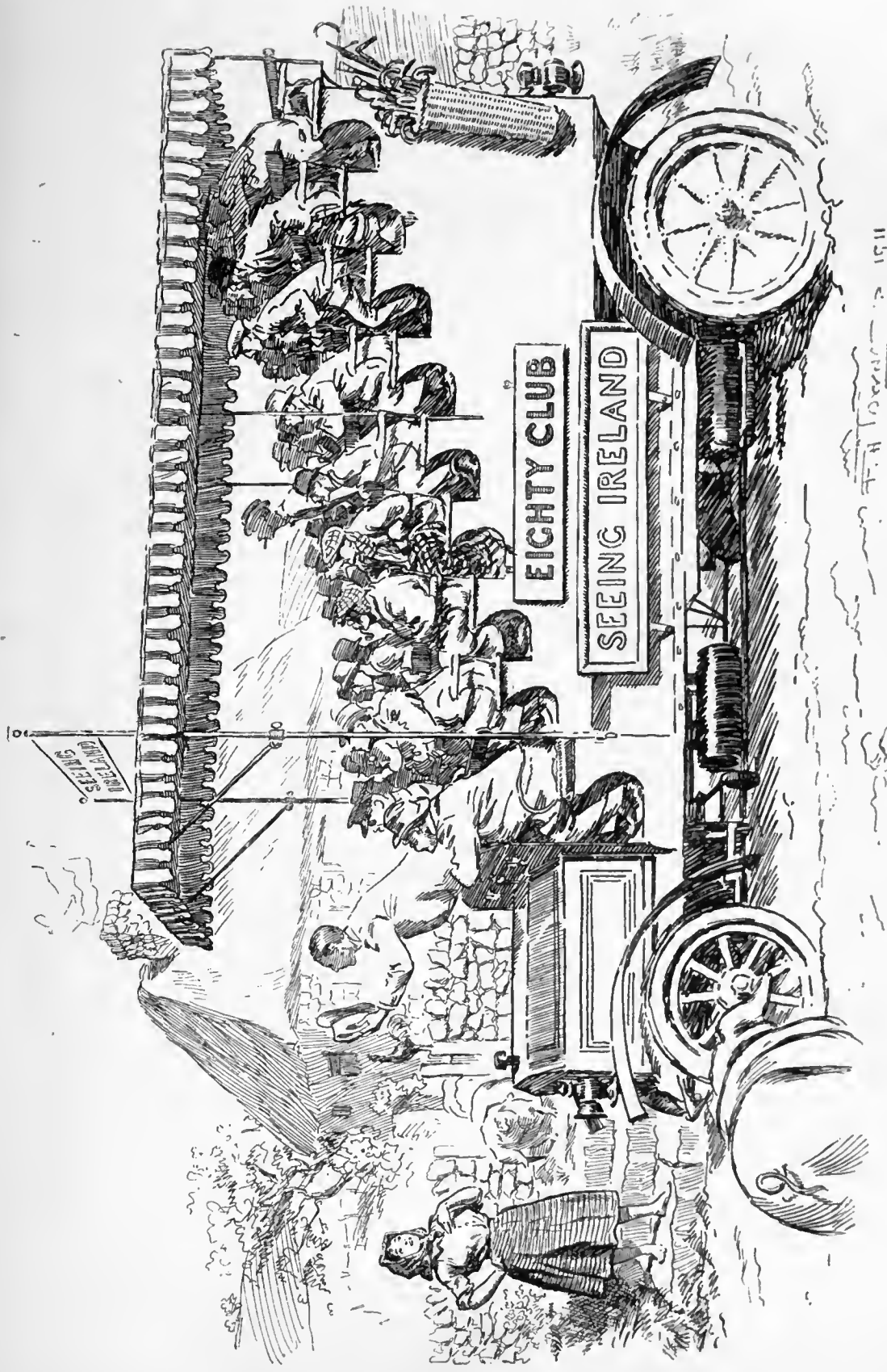
Linger with Charles Algernon outside Grocer's. Depressed by sight of corpses, all relations or dear friends, piled a foot deep inside window panes. "And to think," says Charles Algernon, "that, with only a little more self-restraint, every one of those fine fellows might be with us yet!"

True enough—but Charles Algernon hardly the insect to say so, never having been exposed to *real* temptation. If he'd ever come across it—say in the form of a beer or treacle jar—would have fallen in to a dead certainty. Well-meaning wopse, in his way, but weak. Have sent him on to scout.

He returns with report of excellent opening at house down next street. Accompany him to window, and find I've been there before. Occupier a peevish old person, who flaps about him with napkin. Doesn't do much execution with that—but rather nippy with butterknife. I know, because only a fortnight since he chopped a favourite uncle and two second cousins in halves before my very eyes. . . . Stop on sill, and let Charles Algernon go in first. . . . According to him, everything as it should be; table laid for breakfast, nice fire, nobody about. . . . Think I may venture in. Any strawberry jam going? No jam, according to Charles Algernon, only marmalade. Tut-tut! how *can* people be so inconsiderate? Factory marmalade never *does* agree with me. Of course, if it's home-made. Charles Algernon, already inside cut-glass bowl, declares it *is* home-made—and most luscious. Not sure that I'm in the mood for marmalade this morning. Shall sit on edge of bowl and see how Charles Algernon gets on. Surface strikes me as looking a trifle tricky. "Safe enough," he assures me, "so long as you keep on the peel." Perhaps, after all, just a taste. Few things more wholesome than genuine home-made marmalade—always provided you don't over-eat yourself. Afraid that's just what Charles Algernon's doing—his face is a perfect mask of marmalade already! Feel it my duty to warn him against excess. He seems offended; says I needn't be afraid for *him*, as he knows perfectly well where to stop. He may—but the syrup is hardly the safest part to stop in. He tells me it's far the sweetest, and I've no idea how delicious it is, and goes on wallowing. Won't look at him—can't bear to see *any* wopse making such a beast of himself. . . . This peel is certainly a little too acid. Syrup might act as a corrector. Anyway, *one* sip can't hurt me. . . . Charles Algernon right about its being sweet. *Quite* excellent! Luckily, unlike some wopses, I know when I've had enough. . . . Remind Charles Algernon that we'd better be going. He begs me to wait for just another minute—he'll be out directly. Will give him a little longer—may as well have one more go at the syrup. . . . That last mouthful not so good—cloying, somehow. If Charles Algernon won't come out, I shall simply go *without* him, that's all!

He assures me he would be only too glad to get out, if he could, but he can't. There! I *told* him how it would be—but he wouldn't listen—and now, oh, Charles Algernon! that *you* should have come to such an end as this! . . . Well, I can do nothing for him, except leave him to his fate. . . .

Very odd—but I find it's more of an effort to get away than I expected. Can't feel my feet in this confounded



"A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY."

MEMBER OF EIGHTY CLUB (to Gay and Prosperous Damsel). "COULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME WHERE WE CAN FIND A POOR, DISTRESSFUL WOMAN OF THE NAME OF ERIN? WE'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR HER EVERYWHERE."
GAY AND PROSPEROUS DAMSEL. "SURE, 'TIS MESELF, Y'R HONOUR."



Waitress. "YOU'RE NEVER GOIN' TO EAT BROWN SUGAR WITH AN ICE!"
 Artist. "I AM. IT GIVES IT TEXTURE."

syrup. This will be a lesson to me. Must give up marmalade after this!

Still floundering; horrid doubt whether marmalade will give me up. Gather from Charles Algernon's *antennae*—all I can see of him—that he is feebly amused. Heartless! . . .

It's all over with the pair of us—unless—Why not? No sense in both of us losing our lives—and such valuable lives! . . . If I can only struggle up to Charles Algernon . . . I have. "Keep cool, old fellow, leave everything to me. Here, I say! What are you doing? Don't be an ass, dear old chap! You're shoving me under!" . . .

Simply no words to express my opinion of Charles Algernon's conduct. Instead of allowing me to clamber over him, he's deliberately got on top of me! He is still there, callously engaged in cleaning his wings. As soon as they are serviceable again, he flies to edge of bowl, from which he addresses me. "Augustus Henry," he is saying, his *antennae* quivering with real or assumed emotion, "you have saved my life by an act of heroic self-sacrifice which I shall always remember with gratitude. May that thought console you! And now, farewell!"

I suppose I must let it go at that. All the same, it is annoying to think that it should be Charles Algernon who will now be the Last of the Wopses! F. A.

Our best condolences to PRESIDENT TAFT on the new weight that has fallen on his broad shoulders—namely, the white man's BORDEN.

QUIS CUSTODIET—?

I WALKED with Phyllis ("Nurse") on a day,
 When Corydon in martial trappings came;
 Their tender dalliance left me free to stray,
 And stray I did, and had a high old game!
 Anon by "early bed" my pride was humbled,
 While more, I fear, in anger than regret,
 Beneath the intempestive sheet I grumbled:
 "Custodem ipsam quis custodiet?"

Upon my honeymoon, though short of pelf,
 I tipped the guard a not ungenerous fee,
 In hope of thus securing to myself
 (And Her) seclusion in some small degree.
 But when he ushered in (the bribe once taken),
 With vague apology, an alien set,
 I said, while likening him (in brief) to BACON,
 "Custodem ipsum quis custodiet?"

Mother of Parliaments! in days gone by
 What altruistic zeal did you display!
 Rejoicing in your power to "self-deny"—
 A nation's gratitude your only pay!
 But when £400 apiece per annum
 Our wealth's trustees arrange for "selves" to get,
 Is it unjust with winged words to ban 'em?—
 "Custodes ipsos quis custodiet?"

THE COMPLETE NOVICE.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This monograph is intended primarily for the young golfer who is desirous of reducing his handicap from 36 to 24, and is written in the inspiring manner of the recognised text-books on the game. At the same time, it will be found equally helpful, it is expected, to the young billiard player, to the lawn-tennis tyro, and to all those who are just taking up badminton. Chapters I. to XIII., dealing with such technical points as *The Origin of the Jigger*, *The Baffy in Macbeth's Time*, *Championships I Have Won*, etc., etc., are omitted here as being rather too advanced for the ordinary novice.]

CHAPTER XIV.—THE DRIVE.

IN considering the importance of the drive it must be remembered that this is the first stroke to engage the player's (and caddie's) attention, all games commencing from the tee. The novice will therefore naturally wish to master this stroke, and it is to help him in this laudable endeavour that I propose to enlarge for a moment upon the proper method of striking—or rather, as will be seen in a moment, sweeping away—the ball when teed up upon sand. It is obvious that it is easier to strike—or rather, sweep away—a ball teed up than one in a cuppy lie (as will be shown when I come to deal with cuppy lies in a later chapter); but at the same time the young golfer generally finds in the initial stages of the game that the drive is the most difficult stroke with which he is called upon to deal. Why this is so I cannot say.

THE GRIP.

The first essential for a true and proper stroke, such as will despatch the ball some two hundred yards or so upon its course, is a proper grip. It is difficult to lay down any hard-and-fast rule about the grip, as some golfers adopt one method and some another. A photograph of my own grip appears on page 31, and I may say roughly that I wrap the little finger of the right hand twice round the thumb of the left hand before interlocking it with the middle finger, a sectional view taken from above showing that only the top joint of the fourth finger of the right hand is visible at Greenwich. This grip, however, is not recommended to the novice as it demands exceptional strength in the digital muscles, and generally speaking it must be remembered that a grip which suits one man may not necessarily suit another. At the same time it may be laid down as an essential to the proper guidance of a club that the grip should be firm, and yet not unduly firm, and that the left hand should hold the club rather more tightly than the right, although, of course, the right hand will always maintain a strong and even pressure upon the leather.

THE STANCE.

Having obtained a happily modulated grip, as explained above, the novice will now have to consider the question of his stance. The stance is one of the most important essentials for the proper despatching of the ball, and it will frequently be found that a foozled stroke may be traced directly to the fact that the player was standing too close to, or, on the other hand, too far away from the ball. Again, the question of the square as opposed to the open stance is one that has exercised the minds of golfers for generations. For myself, as will be seen on page 82, I adopt the open stance, but I am far from insisting that my readers should do likewise. *Quot nomines, tot sententie*. Similarly the distance at which one should stand from the ball is one that will vary according to the physical peculiarities of the player, and it is impossible to lay down any golden rule upon the subject. Generally speaking, however, it is better to be too near the ball than too far away from it, if by adopting the latter position there is any possibility of being out of reach of it altogether.

THE SWING.

Having obtained a nicely graduated stance, as explained in the last section, the business of the swing will now commence. Upon a proper swing the whole success, or otherwise, of the drive will turn, and I shall therefore endeavour to analyse it with some particularity.

Having placed the club head behind the ball the player must then take it away with a sweeping movement along the turf, trending around the legs as far as is allowed by a circular movement of the arms. The right elbow must be bent closely into the side, this action coming into operation before the club is allowed to describe the segment of a circle in an upward direction. The spine meanwhile has been held rigid, the upper vertebræ being, if anything, slightly more tense than the lower, and as the club ascends the wrists are drawn inwards and towards the right side, while the shoulders swing easily round the central vertebræ, the neck being kept taut. When the player has gone far enough upwards, he commences the downward swing, reversing the process described above in every detail until the club head again reaches the ball, whereupon he will continue the swing in an upward direction again, only this time from right to left, the vertebræ, however, remaining north and south as before.

This appears to be a delightfully easy proceeding, but too much pains cannot be taken over doing exactly what I have described. The faults into which the tyro most commonly allows himself to slip are—

1. The locking of the wrists.
2. The involuntary stiffening of the upper vertebræ.
3. The lack of abandon in the action of the deltoid muscles.

Unless the novice can cure himself of these faults he can never hope to be a golfer.

Apart from this, however, there are certain accidents which happen even to the best intentioned drive, and it may be helpful to give the reasons for them in a brief and comprehensive form.

Slicing. Hands not kept out properly at the finish.

Scalping. Right knee too much bent.

Bulging. Spine not sufficiently taut.

Boosting. Neck a little over-braced.

Glumphing. Vertebræ insufficiently alert.

Sometimes, however, the player may find it necessary to bulge on purpose, as for instance if he wishes to carry the ladies' tee in a stiff nor-easter. To do this he must revolve subtly round the hips *before* commencing the circular movement with the wrists—the spine, however, remaining calm.

[Several more chapters like this omitted.]

CHAPTER XXX.—CONCLUSION.

I have now come to the end of my task, and it only remains to express a hope that the reader who has followed me intelligently throughout has learnt sufficient to put him in the way of becoming at some future date a first-class player. At the same time it must be emphasised again that in golf, as in every other game, the old dictum, "Practice makes perfect," holds true. The novice whose heart is in the game and who can spare the time and the money to devote himself to it exclusively, should, if he have considerable natural aptitude for athletics, be able in time, with sufficient practice, to hold his own with any player of his own calibre. And if I could feel that I have in any way helped him towards this consummation I shall not have written in vain.

A. A. M.

"Though I have not had the hairs of my head numbered I have had one weighed. It equalled some trifle in millimetres which I could not translate into the necessary fragments of a British ounce."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

Oh, but why not? Have a dash at it. Reduce them to rupees first of all, and then by way of hogsheads and cubic feet to ounces.



A PEEP AHEAD.—THE FIRST DAY OF WAR.

Yeomanry Officer. "WHY AREN'T YOU FELLOWS FORWARD WITH YOUR SQUADRON?"

Yeoman. "THE REGULARS ARE OUT AFTER REMOUNTS, SIR, SO WE'RE HIDING OUR HORSE."

THE MUSICAL UNREST.

THE Royal Musical Commission held its fifteenth sitting last Saturday, the Commissioners present being Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE (Chairman), Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON and Sir HENRY WOOD.

Mr. Popoloffsky, the first witness called, who is the Honorary Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Instrumental Musicians, stated that his baptismal name was Jeremiah Bolster, but that he had taken the name of Popoloffsky in self-defence, owing to the enormous demand for Muscovite music and musicians.

In reply to Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS, the witness said that his sympathies were entirely with native musicians, and that he hoped under happier circumstances to resume his patronymic, but to do so now would be suicidal. He had never been in Russia, and could not say whether it was north or south of the Equator. He had not been to see MORDKIN or PAVLOVA.

Sir HENRY WOOD: Can you give any specific instance of intimidation by foreigners? The witness replied that on his refusing to eat some sauerkraut offered him by a German horn-player at a Viennese bakery the alien threatened to horsewhip him with a sausage.

Answering further questions by the President he said that he was not a Syndicalist. He played the tuba, and found it hard to make both ends meet.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON: A case of the twopenny tuba, I fear. (Laughter.)

Proceeding, the witness said he thought it a crying shame that the *Cor Anglais* was not called the English Horn. He was not aware what event took place in the year 1812, but he believed it was the battle of Waterloo, or perhaps the death of NELSON.

Miss Jemima Owbridge, the next witness, said that, after singing with marked acceptance in the provinces, she came up to London to seek engagements. She accordingly sang before the Manager of the Empress Hall, who admired her voice, but said he could

not give her an engagement unless she took finishing lessons in singing from a Polish master and studied deportment under M. NIJINSKY. He also wanted her to change her name. She refused the offer, and had in consequence been reduced to earning her living as a Masked Pierrette. In her opinion England was being devastated by Dagos, and it was high time for Parliament to intervene. She had no confidence in Conciliation Boards unless Russians and Prussians were excluded, especially Russians. Her motto as a patriotic musician was "Britons never should be Slavs."

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE: Is that your own *jeu d'esprit*?

Witness. I thought of it the moment I saw it in *Punch*, some months ago.

"The day's bag was 200 brace, no fewer than 50 brace falling to His Majesty's rifle."

Daily Mail.

No stags seem to have been killed, but that must have been because the KING had left his shot-gun at home.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HOPE."

Two are the aims that lie before the promoters of the Annual Autumnal Show at Drury Lane. One is to ravish the senses of their audience with spectacular effects; the other to "free, arouse, dilate" their consciences with soul-stirring drama. At first blush, the latter would seem to be the loftier aim. Yet in the former there are uplifting motives at work; for Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS is not content to give us scenes of unimagined beauty or terror; he must also educate our minds with the reproduction of actualities, such as the interiors of the Diwan-i-khas at Delhi, of the saleroom at Newmarket, of the weighing-room at Epsom.

Unfortunately the two aims are sometimes found in collision. Clearly the movement of the plot cannot be allowed to be checked while the eye is being instructed. By consequence we have the most poignant things occurring against backgrounds where in real life the methods of the higher drama are almost habitually neglected. Thus I have nothing but praise for the scenery and costumes designed for the Viceroy's Ball in the Diwan-i-khas, but,

speaking from limited experience (for I have supped only once in this room of the Peacock Throne, and danced but once in the Diwan-i-am, on the floor below), I cannot easily imagine circumstances in which the Viceregal festivities would be suddenly arrested while an English female tourist, occupying the centre of the floor, denounced, in clear and bell-like tones, the alleged infidelity of her lover, before a curious circle of soldiers, officials, and native princes.

Again, I admit that I have only assisted at one blood-stock sale at Newmarket, but on that occasion I saw no probability that Messrs. TATTERSALL'S representative would ever call an interlude for the express purpose of permitting a separated couple—the man an ex-acrobat, and the lady a retired don of Somerville College—to command the middle of the ring while employed in comic ex-

changes on the theme of reconciliation. Even in the scene at Carysfort Chase (a work of fancy) I doubt if the two butterflies that fluttered about the flowers with so natural an abandon were justified in ceasing their activities with the idea of concentrating their attention on the dialogue.

But, after all, Mr. COLLINS knows the tastes of his audience better than I can ever hope to do, and if they swallowed it all without finching who am I to cavil at improbabilities? Yet I must doubt—so colossal has grown their appetite, thanks to a glut of previous miracles and to the concerted ecstasies of the Press—whether they were quite satisfied with the two

man who had wronged her—a secret that ordinary human pressure had failed to extract. It is true that her father might have been more usefully occupied at so deadly a juncture than in perusing the letter that endorsed the girl's confession. It is true, too, that the secret was no concern of the other girl's, since her own lover's innocence had been already sufficiently proved, and the name of the actual villain could only have been for her an object of idle curiosity. But this was no fault of the earthquake, which did all that was asked of it.

What I missed most in the play was a heroine. Miss EVELYN D'ALROY (surely meant for better things) was charming and graceful as ever in the part so labelled; but a lady who refuses to believe in the rectitude of her lover (and he an officer in the Rifle Brigade), though she has it from his own lips and those of the girl whose wrongs have been laid at his door, and will not be satisfied till she gets at the name of the real villain (as if that helped), is no heroine for me.

Mr. KEIGHTLEY, with his pleasant face and angular poses, was an inoffensive hero. Mr. LYLE was more comfortably at home in his part of the villain, played with commendable reserve, and he received his due meed of hisses



SOCIETY SCANDAL AT DELHI.

Captain Horlor Grant
Brenda Carlyon
Lord Norchester

... Mr. LYSTON LYLE.
... Miss EVELYN D'ALROY.
... Mr. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY.

pièces de résistance: the Derby, run on a rotatory platform—the oldest of *vieux jeu*—and the rather tawdry earthquake with its ineffective crowd. I liked much better the scene of the preliminary shock—the interior of a room in the Hotel Umberto at "Massiglia." It is always a great thing if you can get the elements to harmonise with the play of human passions.

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect; Swift ran the searching tempest overhead..." And here the sudden crack in the wall, the crash of priceless articles of *vertu*, the swift approach of the flames, the jamming of the doors of the only convenient exit—all made an excellent accompaniment to the heart-shocks that were going on independently in the foreground. But the joint authors did better than that. They utilised these irregular workings of Nature to wring from a poor seared girl the name of the

from an audience quick to distinguish the subtle differences between vice and virtue.

I confess that I was never properly heartbroken with sympathy for the wrongs of *Olive Whitburn*. I might have forgiven her acceptance, though in execrable taste, of the villain's illicit advances, but to follow him off the polo-ground into his club, on the excuse that she wanted him to marry her, was most unwomanly conduct. And there was very little in Miss MADGE FABIAN'S playing of the part to make me really anxious as to what became of her. Miss KATE RORKE was a sound dowager; and Mr. ROSS revealed the generous nature which, from a superficial study of their overtures, I have always attributed to the best money-lenders.

To Miss FANNY BROUGH (who deserved a better scope) and to Mr. CHARLES ROCK (always merry and bright) was assigned

the comic relief—*basso-rilievo*, as the hall-porter of the Umberto might have called it, for it was never very profound, but just slightly raised above the flat.

In conclusion, to all who are about to book accommodation for the Delhi Durbar at £8 *per diem*, my advice is to go and see Mr. COLLINS'S Second Act at Drury Lane instead. If Hope, in a general way, is the expectation of things not seen, *The Hope* of Drury Lane shows you them while you wait. True, you will miss the elephants and the VICEROY, but you will get a lot of drama thrown in that never occurs in quite the same shape out there; and the cost is comparatively trifling. I grant that you will have to do without your photograph in *The Sketch* as one of that remarkable and intrepid band of voyagers, but perhaps some day the Editor will find a still more compelling reason for its insertion.

If, however, the play is, after all, the thing, I would appeal to every patriot to attend, if only for a few hours, and note what sort of drama it is that comes home so straight to the bosoms of the British public. They will find that its heart is in the right place; that it can appreciate Poetic Justice when it sees it.

So let us hear no more talk of our national decadence. O. S.

HOW IT'S DONE.

["The naval airship at Barrow is now much lighter than it was, having been relieved of much of its weight."—*Evening News*.]

Now that *that* is satisfactorily settled, let me confess that I was worried about it. I had reasoned out, with the assistance of my brother Henry, that there were two separate and distinct ways of lightening a naval airship. My brother Henry and myself had discussed it at breakfast; and although our conversation had to be carried on when the waiter was out of the room I pride myself that we handled the discussion with masterful directness. (You see, we, my brother and myself, live in a boarding establishment where they have a German waiter; and of course you follow me when I say that matters of grave national importance cannot be mentioned before aliens.)

Well, I pointed out to Henry that the logical way of lightening a naval airship was to pump (I believe they pump) more gas into it, and so make it lighter in effect, so to speak. I was rather particular about that "so to speak," because it really wouldn't be any lighter, you know; but, of course, I did not let my brother Henry know that, and so the subtlety of my reservation was lost on him. But he had



Patient. "I HEAR THEY'RE SAYING THAT JONES, THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN TREATING FOR LIVER COMPLAINT, HAS DIED OF HEART TROUBLE."

Doctor (acidly). "WHEN I TREAT A MAN FOR LIVER TROUBLE HE DIES OF LIVER TROUBLE."

his own view of the question, and said that, in his opinion, if you wanted to lighten an airship, all you had to do was to take some of the heavy parts away, and that the parts so removed could follow the airship about in an Army Service wagon. Poor dear Henry, he had evidently forgotten the crux of the matter, and the entrance of the waiter only just prevented him from being angry when I pointed out that it was a naval airship, and the wagon might not be built for heavy seas. Still I allowed his suggestion to stand on the con-

dition that he should recognise the "so to speak" on my part.

Now, you see, we have the thing in a nutshell. Either they pump more gas into it, and make it lighter (so to speak): or they leave some of it to follow them about.

* * * * *
I see now how they overcame the difficulty. It is gratifying to us Englishmen to know that our authorities are not asleep to national dangers. Still, I can't help thinking that CHARLIE BERESFORD would have pumped more gas into it.



The Rector. "Now, MOLLY, WOULD YOU RATHER BE BEAUTIFUL OR GOOD?"
Molly. "I'D RATHER BE BEAUTIFUL AND REPENT."

THE RE-UNION.

I suppose it is because we have been parted so long that we met again to-day with—on my part—such sincere and hearty delight. Never, I think, do I remember so long a break in our companionship. Other years, even at times when we were not living in actual daily association, there were sure to be odd occasions (evenings mostly) when he would turn up unexpectedly, and we would enjoy a quiet hour or so together. But this year it has been different. I had almost forgotten what he was like.

Judge then of my emotion this evening when I entered my study, all unprepared, and found him there in his old place, as though the interminable months since we parted had never been. I protest the whole room looked different. With a cry of welcome I ran forward and held out both my hands to him. On his side, too, the greeting was as warm as ever; his cheery face positively glowed in a way that did one good to witness.

"This is glorious!" I said. I pulled my chair forward close beside him, quite in the old intimate fashion, and prepared the first really enjoyable pipe for many months. He gave me a light, though it is but seldom that he smokes himself, and we settled down together for a jolly evening.

It was so restful having him there, hearing now and again that quiet, appreciative chuckle of his, which is for me infinitely preferable to the epigrams of the most brilliant talker that ever silenced a dinner-table, that, little by little, I fancy I must have slipped into a *reverie*, not far removed from slumber. I was thinking drowsily of all the scenes in my life that this friend has shared with me, when I roused myself with a start and a chill of desolation. He had gone out while I slept. So great a while is it since we were together that I had forgotten his little fancies, the occasional egress, the offer of refreshment, failing which he will often, as now, steal from one unobserved.

It is possible, however, that even yet

he is not wholly gone. He may be hiding in some obscure corner, and in that case fortunately I shall know what to do. A little coaxing and the proffer of the morning newspaper make an unfailing lure. I thought so; he is creeping back. Already behind the outstretched paper I can hear welcome sounds of his return. I must be more careful in future. Not willingly, after a whole summer spent in contemplating an empty hearth, will I forego the companionship of My Study Fire.

"20,000 unused Edison cylinder records for sale. Owner deceased. A dead bargain."
 —Advt. in "Daily Mail."

Obviously; but need they have put it quite so crudely?

At a tank performance by the Channel Hero:

He: BURGESS is a resident in France, I believe?

She: Oh, yes. Don't you remember the BURGESSES were settled in Calais centuries ago? I seem to remember that six of them were there in QUEEN ELEANOR'S time.



L. RAVENHILL

SELF-DEFENCE.

JOHN BULL (of the new Volunteer Police, to Trades Union Leader). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, I'VE BEEN HEARING A GOOD DEAL OF TALK OF 'RECOGNITION,' WELL, I REPRESENT THE PUBLIC, AND IT'S ABOUT TIME MY INTERESTS WERE 'RECOGNISED.'"





REMARKABLE DISCOVERY AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE OFF-SEASON.

Having exposed certain purely hallucinatory and unflattering resemblances to public men, we need hardly apologise if we turn for a moment to a genuine and really astonishing case of what we may call geographical persistence of feature. If we look in at the House of Commons, now in the hands of the lowly but invaluable char-lady, we are absolutely staggered by an undeniable familiarity of feature and expression. (The loss of a certain distinction and intellectuality is almost more than compensated by a new breeziness and freedom of deportment.)

A BALLADE OF DRIVEN GROUSE.

YE say that your gun 's fair gone gyto,
That you 're missin' the coveys a' through,
An' your language is that impolite
Fowk wad think ye 'd the de'il in your moo;
Here 's a ferlie I 'd bring tae your view,
(Though aiblins professors 'ud froom,)
An' ye 'll kill once ye ken the way hoo—
It 's aye best tae haud into the broun!

They grouse has a gey nesty flight,
Yin that fair gies a body the grue,
When they link doon the win' quick as light,
An' ye never could shoot when it blew,
Though ye 're fine at a hare on the ploo
Or a crow when he 's branched up aboon;
Ay, there 's mony a lad that 's like you,
An' he 's best haudin' into the broun!

There 's some has a skill an' a sight
That can pick their birds oot o' the blue,
Be the braes in their braws, or in white
Wi' snaw-wreaths o' winter-time's brew,
Come they single, or packed in a crew,
Clean killed, I wad wadger a croon.
But the likes o' that kind is gey few,
Ye 'd be best tae haud into the broun!

ESVOY.

Losh, Prince, but ye 've got it the noo,
Yon 's a brace an' a half ye ea 'd doon,
You 're right gin ye ken whit tae do—
It 's aye best tae haud into the broun!

“Mayor of Hull.—I am entirely opposed to the proposed fight at Earl's Court, or any such brutal exhibition.”—*Liverpool Daily Post.*
The Earl's Court Exhibition is not really brutal, whatever the Mayor says.

REVELATIONS.

(Being Platform Essays in the Unexpected.)

THE Rt. Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., was the chief speaker at a great Unionist demonstration held at the Albert Hall. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, speaking with even more than his usual verve and lucidity, devoted the introductory portion of his speech to an elaborate disquisition on the True and the Beautiful as exemplified in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S financial system, and particularly in that Rt. Hon. gentleman's celebrated Limehouse oration. Mr. BALFOUR continued as follows:—

"If, however, I am asked whether I place the present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER first in my list of the great benefactors of humanity, I must answer unhesitatingly that there is one whom I am forced to rank above him. Need I say that I refer to a former colleague and loyal supporter of my own, that brilliant and inspiring statesman, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. But for his superb and indefatigable genius we might not now be living in the anticipated enjoyment of a strong protective tariff. For me, indeed, the cause of Protection pure and simple is something more precious than life itself. To that cause I shall continue to devote myself heart and soul with such poor energies as nature has placed at my disposal. I am, as everybody knows, and always have been, an ardent supporter of a tax on corn and meat and every other article that the designing foreigner may, in his efforts to destroy British industry, import into our markets. In comparison with this noble and salutary movement Home Rule is a mere

triviality and the defence of the House of Lords a thing of no moment." Mr. BALFOUR concluded with a warm eulogy of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and resumed his seat in dead silence after speaking for an hour and a quarter.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., addressing a crowded gathering of working men at Tonypany, dealt incisively with the recent strikes and the riots that followed them. "I have come to the deliberate conclusion," he said, "that in the long and turbulent history of industrial disturbances there has never been a strike so senseless or so devoid of justification as this. The men were wrong from beginning to end, and their leaders were, if possible, more foolish and criminal than the poor fools who followed their advice. Faced with this unexampled disturbance to the comfort of the public the Government could only take one course, and to their everlasting credit they did not hesitate to take it. As guardians of civilisation it was their plain duty to call out the military to protect the Railway Companies and shoot down the wicked and wanton disturbers of the peace. These are my opinions, and it is just as well that the public should know them." The hon. gentleman, after finishing his speech, was accompanied to his lodgings by a mixed force of infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers.

Sir EDWARD GREY, M.P., yesterday made an important pronouncement in regard to the Morocco crisis at the dinner of the Stock Exchange Liberal Association. "The true cause of all our present anxieties," said the FOREIGN

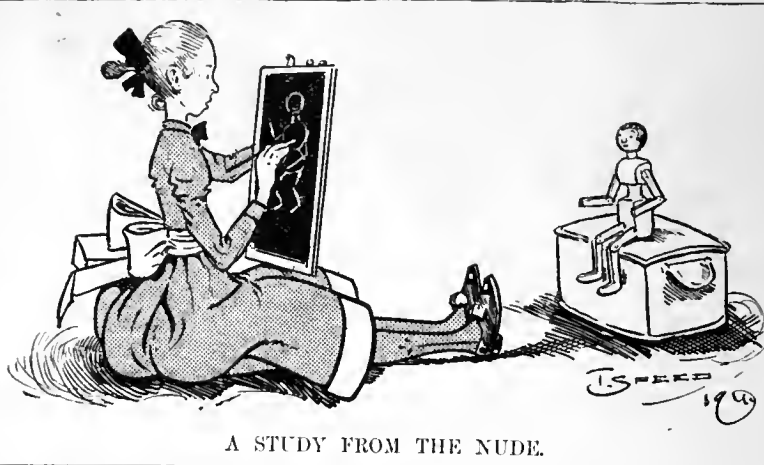
SECRETARY, "must be sought in the arrogant and brutal methods of the German Government. It is useless to disguise the fact that every effort at a settlement has been frustrated by the Germans. What would have been said of us if we had acted as the Germans have, if we had first sent a warship to a place where she had no business to be and had then refused to recall her unless we were heavily paid for our complaisance by the cession of territory and the grant of special privileges? Every indication of a conciliatory disposition on the part of the French has been met by increased claims on the part of the Germans. The French have throughout behaved with the greatest courtesy and forbearance, but if things go on as they have been going the breaking point will soon be reached. Great Britain is prepared to support France with all her military, naval and pecuniary resources. That being the case, you will, I am sure, not misjudge me if I say emphatically that I do not care twopence for the GERMAN EMPEROR, for HERR KIDERLEN WACHTER, or the whole boiling of them. Let 'em all come, and the more the merrier. Blackmail as a national policy has never yet succeeded and never will." The FOREIGN SECRETARY spoke with great emphasis, and his frankness made a most favourable impression on his audience.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Stoke Poges Die-hards, the Earl of HALSBURY called on all present to sink their differences and rally in support of their great and cherished leader, Mr. BALFOUR. It was painful to have to notice the obloquy with which Mr. BALFOUR had been assailed by those who ought to know better. Mr. BALFOUR had been compared to a grand-

mother. The mere suggestion was monstrous, and he repudiated it with all the power at his command. He himself, Lord HALSBURY added, had been accused of nepotism, but he had scorned to defend himself against so preposterous a charge. As for the House of Lords, the sooner they reconciled themselves to their new conditions the better for all concerned. At the subsequent business meeting of the society, Mr. BALFOUR and Lord LANSDOWNE were, on the motion of Lord HALSBURY, elected Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year.

The Right Hon. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., who has been cruising in his silver-gilt 1,000-ton yacht *Imperentia* (his diamond-crusted motor-car is at present being repaired), has arrived at Liverpool and has confided to a gathering of his supporters his opinion on the condition of political parties in the country. Mr. SMITH declared that he was growing more and more deeply impressed with the fact that the Liberals had been in office nearly six years. They had great qualities, which none appreciated more highly than he. He desired to warn his fellow Conservatives against the employment of flippancy and frivolity in place of solid argument. Mere badinage was never likely to carry a politician far.

We understand that, if the WELLS-JOHNSON fight takes place, the Earl's Court Exhibition will be known as the Black-and-White City.



A STUDY FROM THE NUDE.



SCENE—Express Train, two hours before first stop.

Stranger. "IN THAT PARCEL, SIR, UNDER YOUR SEAT, I HAVE THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE. IT CONTAINS THE MOST DEADLY AND POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE EVER DISCOVERED. I'M GOING TO PATENT IT TO-DAY IF IT DOESN'T GO OFF ACCIDENTALLY BEFORE I GET TO LONDON."

Nervous Gentleman. "B-BUT S-SUPPOSING—IT—DOES—GO OFF—IN HERE—W-WHAT THEN."

Stranger. "THEN, SIR, IT DOESN'T MATTER; THE SECRET DIES WITH ME."

STATESMEN AT PLAY.

[With acknowledgments to *The Daily Chronicle's* revised version of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S picnic and to Mr. T. W. BURGESS'S recent statement as to his diet.]

WE are glad to be able to put a much more favourable construction on the deplorable incident recently reported from North Wales. According to the original account, Mr. LULU HARCOURT and Mr. MASTERMAN, while the guests of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at his stately home in the Principality, went shrimping near Crickieth. As the day was very hot, the illustrious statesmen, who are both enthusiasts for this exhilarating sport, removed portions of their habiliments before venturing forth into the briny waves which lave the verdant shores of Cambria, and left them in the vicinity. While they were occupied with their catch, the minions of a feudal tyrant who dwells in the neighbourhood swooped down on the scene and, after indulging in hideous and insulting language, carried off the unoffending

raiment of the illustrious shrimpers. Mr. HARCOURT and Mr. MASTERMAN were left in an extremely delicate position, but, with the resourcefulness that is the true index of greatness, they swathed their nether men in seaweed and regained the land. Unfortunately a severe thunderstorm supervened, and it was not until after darkness had set in that they were enabled to make their way back to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S mansion.

Careful investigations, we are rejoiced to say, now establish the fact that this circumstantial and appalling narrative has no foundation. Mr. HARCOURT and Mr. MASTERMAN, it is true, did indulge in the refreshing pastime of paddling, to the immense gratification of the natives, but without removing any portions of their clothing, with the exception of boots and socks, and contenting themselves with rolling up their trousers only as far as the middle of their splendidly developed calves. Nor was it the case that any gross interference with their enjoy-

ment was attempted by the miserable lackeys of any feudal satrap. What really happened was that they were both rather badly stung by some ill-conditioned sea-anemones, and had to beat a hasty retreat amid the sympathetic cheers of the populace. Their countless admirers will be rejoiced to learn that both patients are convalescent, and that Mr. HARCOURT is already so far recovered that he was able, according to latest advices, to take a little arrowroot for breakfast.

The statement that Mr. SAMUEL, M.P., was recently attacked by a venomous snake while shooting oyster-catchers on his own oyster-beds, is, we are glad to say, much exaggerated. It appears that one of the guns, while on the way to the shoot, flushed a tame Welsh rabbit and brought it down, to the inconsolable grief of its owner, a venerable dairy-farmer named Owen ap-Pendragon. It was owing to a clerical error arising out of this name that the sensational report gained ground. Latest accounts make it clear that

Mr. ap-Pendragon has been mollified by a handsome solatium from the reckless sportsman.

Erroneous statements having been freely circulated that during a recent round of golf at St. Andrews Mr. BALFOUR partook of various forms of nourishment, we are glad to be able to state, on the authority of the Opposition leader himself, that the only refreshment he indulged in was a bottle of ginger-beer washed down by three cracknel biscuits, two penny buns and a digestive tabloid.

THE MODERN ORPHEUS; OR, A NEW WAY FOR TROUBADOURS.

[A lady farmer has discovered that she improves the condition of her cows and the quality of their milk by playing the mandoline to them daily.]

BENEATH your easement, Matchless Maid,

Full oft I've longed to stand,
Playing a drowsy serenade
With no unskilful hand;
But I felt sure that you'd disown
A swain so out of date
(Your worthy sire, I've also known,
Could shoot uncommon straight).

But now at last a chance has come
To sing my loving vows:
The light guitar I'll gaily strum
And carol to your cows;
From ten to midnight I'll engage,
Though rain in torrents falls,
Unfailingly to take the stage
When they are in their stalls.

Hard by the portals of their house
Or in the dewy mead
I'll play them little lumps of
STRAUSS,
And bits of EZRA READ,
Or comic songs, though some of
these
Perhaps 'twere wise to shun;
"Ginger, you're balmy!" might not
please
Dora, your docile dun.

So late, so oft, I'll linger there,
Their coats shall shine like silk,
And further proofs of Harold's care
Will come home with the milk;
And they will plead my cause with
you,
My advocates they'll be,
Since every loving voice will moo
Soft memories of me.

Where to find the Doctor.

"The remedy used by most rural folk is to bathe the wound with sweet oil and administer a fomentation of ammonia. The aid of a doctor should always be sought, however, to arrest complications.

This creature is found in chalky and stony districts, and sometimes frequents heaths and woodlands."—*Southend Daily Post*.

THE FACE ON THE WALL.

WE were talking of the supernatural—that endlessly alluring theme—and most of us had related our pet instance, without, however, producing much effect. The little man with the anxious white face had been silent, until someone said to him—"And you, Sir, have you no story for us?"

He thought a moment. "Well," he said, "not a story in the ordinary sense of the word—nothing, that is, from hearsay, like most of your examples. Truth I always hold is not only vastly stranger than fiction but also vastly more interesting. I could tell you an occurrence which happened to me personally, and which, oddly enough, completed itself only this morning."

We begged him to begin.

"A year or so ago," he said, "I was in rooms in Great Ormond Street—an old house on the Holborn side. The bedroom walls had been distempered by a previous tenant, but the place was damp and great patches of discolouration had broken out. One of these—as indeed often happens—was exactly like a human face, but more faithfully and startlingly like than is customary. Lying in bed in the morning and putting off getting up, I used to watch it and watch it, and gradually I came to think of it as real—as my fellow-lodger, in fact. The odd thing was that, while the other patches on the walls grew larger and changed their contours, this one never did. It remained identically the same.

"While there I had a very bad attack of influenza, with complications, and all day long I had nothing to do but read or meditate; and it was then that this face began to get firmer hold of me. It grew more and more real and remarkable. It dominated my thoughts day and night. There was a curious turn to the nose, and the slant of the forehead was unique. It was, in fact, full of individuality—the face of a man apart, a man in a thousand.

"Well, I got better, but the face still controlled me. I found myself searching the streets for one like it. Somewhere, I was convinced, the real man must exist, and he and I must meet. Why, I had no notion; I only knew that we two were in some way linked by fate. I frequented places where men congregate in large numbers—political meetings, football matches, the railway stations where the suburban trains pour forth their legions on the City in the morning and receive them again in the evening. But all in vain. I had never before realized, as I then did, how many

different faces of man there are, and how few. For all differ, and yet, classified, they belong only to as many types as you can count on your hands.

"The search became a mania with me. I neglected everything else. I stood at busy corners watching the crowd until people thought me crazy and the police began to know me and be suspicious. Women I never glanced at; men, men, men, all the time."

He passed his hand wearily over his brow.

"And then," he continued, "at last I saw him. He was in a taxi, driving East along Piccadilly. I turned and ran beside it for a little way, and then saw an empty one coming. 'Follow that taxi,' I gasped, and leaped in. The driver managed to keep it in sight, and it took us to Charing Cross. I rushed on to the platform and found my man with two ladies and a little girl. They were going to France by the 2.20. I hung about to try to get a word with him, but in vain. Other friends had joined the party, and they moved to the train in a solid body.

"I hastily purchased a ticket to Folkestone, hoping that I should catch him before he sailed; but at Folkestone he got on board before me, with his friends, and they disappeared into a large private saloon, several cabins thrown into one. Evidently he was a man of wealth.

"Again I was foiled; but I determined to cross too, feeling certain that when the voyage had begun he would leave the ladies and come out for a stroll on the deck. I had only just enough for a single fare to Boulogne, but nothing could shake me now. I took up my position opposite the saloon door and waited. After half-an-hour the door opened and he came out, but with the little girl. My heart beat so that it seemed to shake the boat more than the propeller. There was no mistaking the face—every line was the same. He glanced at me and moved towards the companion-way for the upper deck. It was now or never, I felt. 'Excuse me, Sir,' I stammered, 'but do you mind giving me your card. I have a very important reason for wishing to communicate with you.' He seemed to be astonished, as indeed well he might; but he complied. With extreme deliberation he took out his card and hurried on with the little girl. It was clear that he thought me a lunatic, and considered it wiser to humour me than not.

"Clutching the card, I hurried to a deserted corner of the ship and read it. My eyes dimmed: my head swam: for on it were the words "Mr. Ormond



Rector (concluding discussion with confirmed pessimist). "WELL, YOU HAD AN EARLY HARVEST, ANYWAY."
 Confirmed Pessimist (grudgingly). "Y-E-S; BUT LOOK WOT A TURRIBLE LONG WINTER IT 'LL MAKE."

Wall," with an address at Pittsburg, U.S.A.

"I remember no more until I found myself in a hospital in Boulogne. There I lay in a broken condition for weeks, and only a month ago did I return."

He was silent. We looked at him and at one another and waited.

"I went back," he resumed after a moment or so, "to Great Ormond Street and set to work to discover all I could about this American in whose life I had so mysteriously intervened. I wrote to Pittsburg; I wrote to American editors; I cultivated the society of Americans in London; but all that I could find out was that he was a millionaire, with English parents who had resided in London. But where? To that question I received no answer.

"And so the time went on until yesterday morning. I had gone to bed more than usually tired and slept till late. When I awoke the sun was streaming into the room. As I always do, I looked at once at the wall on which the face is to be seen. I rubbed my eyes and sprang up in alarm. It was only partly visible. Last night it

had been as clear as ever; almost I could hear it speak. And now it was but a ghost of itself.

"I got up, dazed and dejected, and went out. The early editions of the evening papers were already out, and on the contents bill I saw 'American Millionaire's Motor Accident.' I bought a copy and read at once what I know I should read. Mr. Ormond Wall, the Pittsburg millionaire, and party, motoring from Spezzia to Pisa, had come into collision with a waggon and were overturned. Mr. Wall's condition was critical. I went back to my room, still dazed, and sat on the bed looking at the face on the wall. And, even as I looked, suddenly it disappeared.

"This morning I found that Mr. Wall had succumbed to his injuries at what I take to be that very moment."

Again he was silent.
 "Most remarkable!" we all said.
 "Most extraordinary!" and so forth. And we meant it too.

"Yes," said the man at last, "there are three extraordinary, three most remarkable, things about my story. One is that it should be possible for

discolouration in a lodging-house in London not only to form the features of a gentleman in America, but to have this intimate association with his existence. It will take science some time to explain that. Another is that that gentleman's name should bear any relation to the spot on which his features were being so curiously reproduced by some mysterious agency. Is it not so?"

We agreed with him, and our original discussion on supernatural manifestations set in again with increased excitement, during which the narrator of this amazing experience rose and said "Good-night." Just as he was at the door one of the company recalled us to the cause of our excited debate by asking him before he left what he considered to be the third extraordinary thing in connection with his deeply interesting story. "You said three things, you know."

"Oh, the third thing," he said, as he opened the door; "I was forgetting that. The third extraordinary thing about the story is that I made it up an hour ago. Good-night again."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE was once a man named *Loudon Dodd*, artist and virtuoso, who, after various adventures in Paris and San Francisco, turned his attention to the South Seas, dabbled in opium, failed, received a legacy, and at last became an amateur schooner captain. I don't know whether Mr. LLOYD OSBOURNE (part author of *The Wrecker*) had the gentleman in his mind when he wrote *The Kingdoms of the World* (METHUEN), but there is something in the career of *Matthew Broughton*, who, reversing the process, leaves the islands to look for a job on the mainland, which reminds me (alas! too faintly) of the whimsical fortunes of *Jim Pinkerton's* friend. For Mr. *Matt Broughton* is no idler, but a downright hard-working young man, in love with a beautiful girl, but dogged by ill-fortune because he alone possesses the knowledge of the whereabouts of *John Mort*, white king of a tropical island, but earnestly sought after by personages of great importance in another hemisphere. Mr. LLOYD OSBOURNE knows how to keep our interest from flagging, he has plenty of humour (was he not also part author of *The Wrong Box*?), and no one can give him points in the matter of rigging and sailing a yacht and running a motor-car. But though he has spun us a very tidy yarn of mystery I sometimes think that there is only one secret hidden in the South Seas, and that is the magic of a golden pen which lies buried in Samoa.

Not until I had done with my pleasure of reading *The Miller of Old Church* (MURRAY) and had forced myself to consider it from a business point of view did it occur to me that the story is a very ancient one, and that Miss ELLEN GLASGOW has been very lavish with coincidence and death to attain her happy solution of it. As long as lovers persist in marrying unloved strangers because their beloved is momentarily recusant, the author has no alternative but opportunely to destroy the stranger if there is to be a satisfactory conclusion; and the more lovers there are who behave thus foolishly (there are many in this book) the more destruction must there be. But Nature herself is not above ancient plots, sometimes destroys a stranger or two, and certainly is not wholly innocent of opportune coincidence. At any rate, the persons of Her caste are exactly as Miss GLASGOW portrays them. From the fine fool of a miller

down to the hardened old cynic, *Adam Doolittle*, her characters are beyond reproach. Never has such impartial justice been done to her own sex by a woman, and rarely has the inner knowledge of the female been so skillfully blent with the outside observation of the male as in the presentation of that attractive child of nature, *Molly Merryweather*.

To conclude a notice which is intended for a whole-hearted recommendation, plot notwithstanding, be it remarked that, of the many good and humorous things that our authoress has to say, all are said from conviction and with a purpose, and none merely for effect.

Scandal about QUEEN ELIZABETH has long been a tempting bait, both for the novelist and the historian. It has now impelled Mr. H. C. BAILEY to write *The Lonely Queen* (METHUEN). Putting aside a certain prejudice, to which I must confess, against the "predestined" type of story, I find this as clever a piece of fiction as I have read for some time. Naturally its interest depends, not on the question of "whether she marries him in the end," but on the drawing of the central character. It is a deserved tribute to Mr. BAILEY to say that this seems to me to have been done with quite remarkable skill. From the moment when ELIZABETH is first met, a neglected child full of precocious cunning, at that strange Court crowded with past or prospective relations-in-law of the royal widower her father, she is a human being, absolutely alive. There is nothing here of the gorgeously-draped lay-figure familiar in historical novels. This ELIZABETH, with her craft, her controlled passion, her egotism, is shown to us altogether the creature of her circumstances and development. It is fine and subtle portraiture. There are other minor sketches, miniatures of character, surrounding the central figure: her first love, the Lord Admiral SEYMOUR; her sister MARY and the Spanish consort; her brother the boy KING (who fares remarkably ill at Mr. BAILEY's hands), and many besides. Together they make up a book that is exceedingly well worth reading.

It might send over a South Western porter or two.

The Times on the Irish railway strike:

"One message from the Midlands says: 'The supply of Guinness porter is practically exhausted, and a strong feeling exists that the Government should now intervene.'"

It might send over a South Western porter or two.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

IX.—A RACING REPORTER TRYING TO IMPROVE ON HIS USUAL HAPPY PHRASE, "THE YOUNGSTERS WHO FACED THE BARRIER FOR THE TATTENHAM NURSERY NUMBERED ONE SHORT OF A BAKER'S DOZEN."

CHARIVARIA.

FROM *The Daily Telegraph's* summary of the world's news, containing notes of disaster, unrest and upheavals, we cull the following item:—"The *Chink in the Armour*, our serial story, is continued on page 7."

No sooner had we mastered the geographical position of Agadir and learnt all those facts which a young man ought to know about Morocco, than Italy starts operations on Tripoli. So now we shall have to begin all over again; but, mind, this is the last time. If any other European State starts business in these out-of-the-way spots, it will be without recognition on our part.

There is one note of relief to the prevalent disputes, internal and international. *The Westminster Gazette* has publicly forgiven Tariff Reformers for their jubilation over the issue of the Canadian elections.

That autumn has officially begun is apparent from the fact that those persons who, for reasons best known to themselves take a daily cold bath, are now resuming their virtuous airs.

The pursuit of the boojum, the mysterious animal at random in Sussex, is being maintained with great activity. In spite of the optimism of *The Daily Mail*, grave fears are entertained that the boojum may turn out not to be a snark after all.

Ulster, in the worst event, is going to demand a separate government for herself. Rather than put up with Home Rule, she would adopt home rule.

When one read the other day that the naval airship was inflated, one knew at once that this was the pride that comes before a fall.

The millionaire who left the *Olympic* in such a hurry and at once chartered a special to catch another at Liverpool, makes much of his race against time. It is like these millionaires to imagine that Time varies his ordinary pace just to compete with them.

A foreign woman, having cause, some time ago, to appear before the Liverpool magistrates, was forbidden by an expulsion order to set foot in England again. Having done so in spite of the

prohibition, she has now been ordered to be detained in an English gaol for three months. This is, of course, the homœopathic treatment.

In *The Daily Mail* we read: "On the Severn, at Kempsey, 300 anglers fished for *The Daily Mirror* cup and medals." Whether they caught them or not, nobody can say that this kind of sport is really brutal.

M. QUENISSET, at Juvisy, and Mr. F. G. BROWN, at Lee, have simultaneously discovered a new comet. The fairest method of division will

a duke. It now remains for Mr. LEYD GEORGE to speak in return a kind word for the dukes.

Sir G. R. ASKWITH has been invited to go to Abergeldie Castle, the seat of Lord CARRINGTON. We hope that he will settle the dispute, whatever it is.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has threatened England that, if she refuses to have his Insurance Bill, she shall be made to go without. It is a little difficult to know what to say next.

A doctor's generalization that all stepmothers are cruel has caused an outburst of public feeling. The Rev. J. CARTMELL-ROBINSON has saved the situation and brought it within the legitimate sphere of humour by a timely reference to mothers-in-law.

Meanwhile it has transpired that stepmothers are of the unanimous opinion that stepmothers are not cruel. They certainly ought to know.

Real geese are to appear at Covent Garden in HUMPHREYS'S new opera, *Königskinder*. Since their celebrated performance on the Roman Capitol, they have been, theatrically speaking, "resting."

"Is sunstroke an accident?" was the question raised the other day at a County Court. Of course. Is it to be supposed that the sun (who is a gentleman) would strike a man from behind on purpose?

Mr. DENMAN has commented, at Marylebone Police-court, on the absurd demand by women for separation orders, one of them having alleged so trivial an excuse as that she had been married to the wrong man by mistake.

As the demand for alcoholic liquor diminishes, the thirst for information increases. Three men have been charged at Liverpool with stealing 700 dozen newspapers.

Now that we have 13.5 guns capable of smashing windows several miles distant by concussion we must modify an old proverb. People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

Cause and Effect?

"JOHNSON RETIRES."

TURKEY'S ANSWER."

"Daily Mail" Poster.



FORCE OF HABIT.
THE RESULT OF TOO LONG A HOLIDAY.

be for the former to split it into halves, and for the latter to have first choice.

"Many an inquisitive telescope will be raised to the heavens during the next few days to look at it," says a provincial newspaper. Still, the best way (even if old-fashioned) of satisfying curiosity would be to look for the object by night.

Mr. JOHN REDMOND, having entertained the Eighty Club at Dublin, is to be the guest of the Ninety-Five Club at Manchester, thus showing an improvement of 18.75 per cent.

Mr. FAY has generously informed the Railway Commission that personally he would as soon shake hands with a Trades Union official as with

A MAN OF PEACE.

[The General Manager of the North-Eastern, giving evidence before the Railway Commission, expressed a wish that they could have a revised vocabulary for strikes.]

I SAW his eyeballs rolling red ;
I saw his savage teeth ;
I also noticed on his head
A simple olive wreath.

"Good labouring man, I see you wear
The sign of Peace," said I ;
"How comes it, then, you have an air
So warlike? Tell me why."

"I has my orders straight," said he,
"To teach this blackleg lot
They'd better strike in sympathy,
Or else they gets it hot."

"If I correctly grasp your phrase,
You are," I said, "at fault
Thus to convert them from their ways
By violent assault."

"Not violence, guv'nor—no, not that ;
We just puts in our spoke
Talking persuasive" (here he spat)
"Like brothers, bloke to bloke."

"And, if they don't agree, why then
We takes a firmer line,
And, ten to one, all loyal men,
Hustles the dirty swine."

"We hunts 'em home with jeers and
hoo's,
We scares their kids and wives,
We makes 'em shake inside their boots
For terror of their lives."

"If private freedom you invade
And to persuasion add
Intimidation's dreadful aid,
What means this wreath, my lad ?

"Such rude behaviour makes," I said,
"The wonder still increase
Why you should wear upon your head
The holy sign of Peace ?"

"What do I wear this green stuff for ?"
Replied that labouring man ;
"To show I'm not a man o' war
Nor yet no hooligan."

"Don't fret yourself for me, old sport,
The coppers' hands is tied ;
We got the Government's support ;
We got the Law our side."

"How is it done? We keeps a tame
Vocabulary, and there
They knows me by the blessed name
Of 'Peaceful Picketer.'" O. S.

Extract from a speech by the President of California University :—

"There is an ancient rule of health which runs in this fashion: 'Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible.'"

People who stay in bed till they are twenty-six never look really healthy.

THE LAIRD AND THE MEENISTER.

(After "Tay Pay.")

Of all the stately houses at which it has been my lot to be an honoured guest none has impressed me so strongly with its hospitable culture as Skibo Castle. From the first notice at the entry to the domain, "This wa tu the goff linx," the keynote of culture is struck.

But when I entered the stately dining hall, a little while ago, and beheld twelve stalwart pipers playing beneath a motto, "Peas and Good Will," whilst my host and the kilted CHANCELLOR danced a gay reel before dinner I felt that this was one of the greatest days of my life.

I can but Boswellise such fragments of conversation as I caught during the meal at the moments when the pipers stopped from exhaustion.

"Although, of course, of pure Welsh blood, I was actually born in Manchester," said the CHANCELLOR. ("Order Manchester five Free Libraries," said Mr. CARNEGIE to the Library Secretary, who always stands behind him at a meal.) "But I owe everything to the inspiration of the wonderful Welsh hills near Criccieth." ("See if Criccieth has had a Library. If not, why not?" murmured the Laird.) "Had it not been for Criccieth there might have been no Limehouse." ("Limehouse, one. Make a note of it," said Mr. CARNEGIE). "From a child the tyranny of the landed proprietors sank deeply into my soul; now they talk about my tyranny—"

"Just their lack of culture," interrupted Mr. CARNEGIE. "If they'd had a Library in the neighbourhood they'd have been reading my 'Triumphant Democracy,' a work without which no Library is complete."

"Now if you could use your influence to introduce phonetic spelling into Wales—"

"My dear Sir," exclaimed the CHANCELLOR with sparkling eyes, "Welsh is the only language which is spelt precisely as it is pronounced."

"Make a note," said Mr. CARNEGIE to his secretary, "to provide a National Welsh Library at Aberystwith."

"My idea about the settlement of Labour disputes is the intervention of a man of supreme tact at the critical moment."

"No, Sir," said the millionaire, "you should take a hint from Pittsburg, where I made my pile. Surround your works with barbed wire fencing; charter an armed force of PINKERTON'S de-

fectives; put up a notice, 'We shall shute if yu kum,' so that the strikers will readily comprehend it; provide a Free Library for the defenders, and there you are."

"But, my dear Laird, what about the votes ?"

"You see," said the CHANCELLOR, "you pay fourpence a week and get nine pennyworth of benefit. The sick get attention, the unemployed relief, the doctors get more pay, the employers get better labour."

"Why, your Bill is almost as great a blessing as a Protective Tariff."

"And yet," sighed the CHANCELLOR, "people are discontented with it."

"Just the same with a Protective Tariff. But dear rails in the States mean cheap Libraries here."

"The bravest deed I ever heard of!" said the CHANCELLOR meditatively. "It was during the recent strike. We felt strongly that the ordinary routine of civilization must go on. Unless the Post-Office could be kept in operation there would be serious difficulty and delay in the collection of the taxes. So with calm courage my colleague, SAMUEL, faced the Dictator and demanded passes for the mails."

"Splendid!" cried the Laird. "Make a note of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S name for the Hero Fund."

"Hurroo!" I shouted, carried away by this prompt tribute to bravery. The Laird's genial eye settled upon me. "And two Free Libraries for the Scotland division of Liverpool," he added. "They'd better throw books than bottles there."

Our Foreign Correspondents.

Two examples of the business letter from abroad, showing the commercial mind at work :—

(1) From Japan :—

"Now, There have been established so many Shops, selling Ham and Bacon from Japan in the City. But very sorry to speak, some of them are supplying with bad Ham which is a dishonor to a good one."

(2) From Malta :—

"When addressing our argument, we humbly mean to signify through (ourselves), the consistency of a latent reflection on the various phases of the virulent epochs of commerce, where our long experience and our moderate skill, have methodically followed the strange fluctuations, and brought out practically a conclusive end, firmly keeping meanwhile on practice, the firm's name old standard within the limits of honour, in the intricate hints of life."

"Lady Astyl is certainly much loved in the village," Chaloner agreed, a little stiffly, whereat Saydie—mentally, so to speak—made a face."—"Morning Leader" feuilleton.

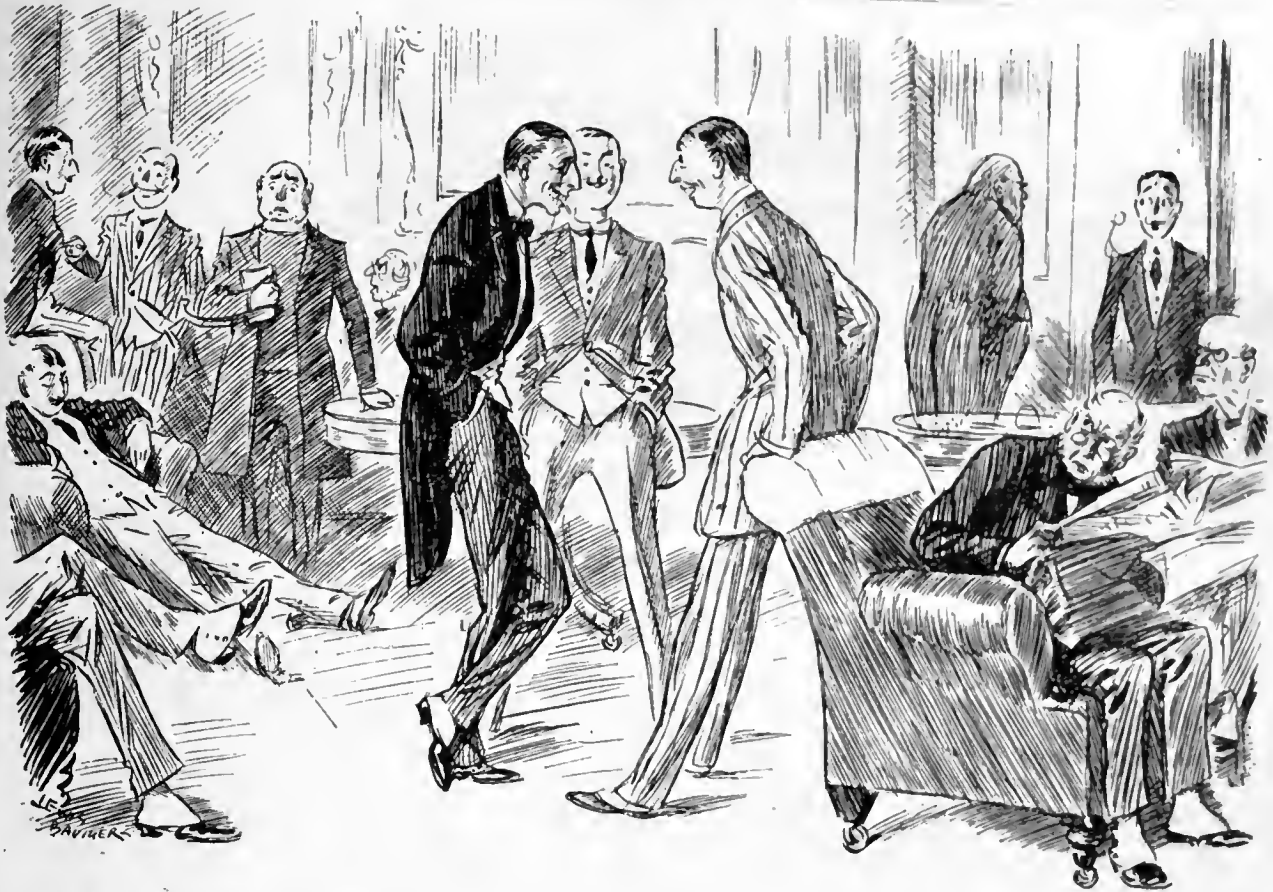
After all it is absurd only to talk about the mind's eye.



SCALPS ON THE GREEN.

SIR EDWARD CARSON ("Big Word," the Ulster Brave). "TIME TO BEGIN THE WAR DANCE!
I CAN HEAR THE TRAMP OF THE ENEMY TWO YEARS AWAY."





THE PREMISES OF THE JUNIOR SANDOWN CLUB BEING CLOSED FOR THE ANNUAL CLEANING, THE MEMBERS ARE RECEIVED AS GUESTS AT THE MEGATHERIUM.

BORROWED NAMES.

LETTERS from various well-known writers in reply to the request of a novelist that they should consent to the use of their names among his *dramatis personæ* have recently appeared in *The Daily Chronicle*. We are glad to be able to supplement the list with a few more characteristic answers from living luminaries.

Thus Mr. HENRY JAMES, invited to accept the rôle of a dog-fancier, sent the following luminous reply:—

"Much as I should, in ordinary circumstances, and in view of a natural if somewhat detached predilection in favour of poodles, appreciate my identification with one who, presumably, cannot be supposed to be wholly inimical to that attractive if strangely caparisoned sub-species, I must, I fear, though even at the cost of a misunderstanding which I greatly deplore, deprecate the honour which you so frankly and beautifully propose to confer on a novelist who, strange as it may seem in an age when the *rapprochement* between men and animals has been so markedly and insistently developed, has never, to his

own regret and the surprise of those of his friends who are more or less—and especially those who are more—addicted to sport, kept a dog."

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has written from Villa Cinq-Villes, Paris, as follows:—

"I should have no objection to your using my name as that of a hatter if it were not for the fact that on page 597 of my forthcoming novel, *Matilda Moreways*, I announce my intention of devoting the next volume but fourteen of my Novel-eyele to a history of the boyhood of *Matilda's* fourth son, *Joseph*, who by a curious coincidence is apprenticed to a hatter. In the circumstances I must beg that you will abstain from associating my name with the calling in question, though I have no objection to your affixing it to, say, an operatic tenor or an American oil king."

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY has kindly consented to the use of his name as Lord-Lieutenant of Leicestershire. He writes:—

"Though my democratic views naturally incline me to a critical attitude towards the country gentry, I readily admit their great qualities—

their laconic reticence, their stoicism, and the grace and dignity of their deportment even when wearing old clothes. If, therefore, I am to appear in the guise of a county magnate, I beg you will be careful to invest me with attributes consonant with that position. A Lord-Lieutenant should be scrupulously well-groomed, a good shot, and show a serene indifference to the criticisms of Labour leaders. Above all he must have a dog with a Christian name."

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has wired from H's Majesty's Theatre to say that he has no scruples about appearing in a work of fiction as a distinguished actor.

Commercial Candour.

"Send 1s. 6d. for a small Box of Buttons and Trimmings. A useful lot. Money lost on every Parcel."—*From a Circular.*

"To a vessel were conveyed a couple of loads of timber for transit to Belfast. A responsible official refused to accept the consignment and ordered the drivers to take it back. The timber merchants who sent the stuff were equally determined in their attitude, and absolutely declined to have it despatched."

Daily Telegraph.

Then why worry?

SOLDIERS ALL.

[Being an extract from that popular music-hall sketch "The Fighting Carson."]

[The scene is an open place before one of the walled cities on the way to Cork. The new Ulster Constitution is in being, the salaried positions have been distributed, and the Great March from Belfast to Cork has begun. Enter President Carson followed by Field-Marshal J. B. Lonsdale, Archbishop Craig, Lord Chief Justice Moore, and the rest of the indomitable Orange Army.]

Field-Marshal Lonsdale (to his troops). Now then, fall in there, please. Kniekerbockers one pace to the front. Trousers one pace back. That looks much better. Private Tomkins, I don't think you will want your macintosh; the weather seems to be holding up. Gentlemen, the President will now address you on the eve of battle.

President Carson. Gentlemen of the jury—

A Voice. Ass, we're soldiers.

President Carson. My error; what I meant to say was this:

[He draws his umbrella and holds it sternly above his head.]

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Close the walls up with our Ulster dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As (say) a tidy practice at the Bar—
Confusing issues, making black look white,
And bullying a witness in the box;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the orange,
Puff out the cheeks with apoplectic rage
Well paragraphed and nicely advertised.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect—
Like this; and let the overhanging brow
Bulging with brains (as noticed by *The Post*)
Give it an air of deadly resolution.
And now, ye noblest of the Irish race,
Whose blood is come from fathers proved in words,
Fathers that like so many Edward Carsons
Have in these parts from morn till even talked
Nor ever failed for lack of argument—
Gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Speaker,
My lords and gentlemen, your ludship, Sir,
The game's afoot! Courage, brave hearts, and take
A sip of water, clear your throats and cry,
Ulster and Carson, Keeper of the Faith!

[Alarums. Excursions. Private Tomkins breaks his spectacles.]

Field-Marshal Lonsdale. Well, gentlemen, you've heard the inspiring address of the President, and it only remains to put the question to the vote.

Archbishop Craig. This is not a parish meeting, idiot, it's a forced march.

F.-M. Lonsdale. Tut, tut, so it is. Well, anyhow, has anybody else got anything to say before we resume our march?

A Soldier. Yes. How far is it to Cork?

F.-M. Lonsdale. That we shall ascertain, I hope, at the next sign-post. But it can't be very far now.

The Soldier. Oh, well, I thought I'd ask because I've got a man coming to lunch on Thursday.

Another Soldier. How long are we going to stay in Cork?

Archbishop Craig (grimly). Who knows? We may never come back!

The Soldier. Then all I can say is I wish I'd brought another clean collar. I've only got two, and one of them isn't so very—

F.-M. Lonsdale. Silence in the ranks. The President wishes to address you again.

President Carson. Methought I heard an inner voice cry "Treason!"

Carson hath uttered treason!" "Carson" and "treason"—

Who but a fool could put such words together?

When have I been disloyal to my King?

I fight his Army, yes—but not the King;

I fight his Navy, yes—but not the King;

I take up arms against his Government,

But that is not to fight against the King;

When have I hurt the person of the King,

I who have taken oath to serve the King?

Lord Chief Justice Moore. I will make a note of your point, President. Believe me, I quite appreciate it. Of course the position is really this. Ulster will not submit to the Irish Parliament, therefore it cannot be governed by the Irish Parliament. But it must be governed somehow, therefore it is the duty of every loyal and patriotic Irishman to establish an Ulster Parliament. Now a Parliament formed by loyal and patriotic Irishmen must be a loyal and patriotic Parliament, from which it follows that any Government which differs from it is *ipso facto* disloyal and unpatriotic. Hence the King's Government at Westminster is disloyal and unpatriotic, and therefore in resisting it by force we are only doing our duty as loyal and patriotic Irishmen. That, I take it, is the situation in brief?

A Soldier. I don't want to interrupt, but the situation can be put much more briefly than that. It's simply this. Some silly ass has forgotten the ginger ale!

TABLEAU.

A. A. M.

"GUARDSMAN" (D.O.D.)

DIED Of Distemper! Dread decree of doom—

Or, otherwise expressed, "unkindest cut"—

To blight a beagle puppy in his bloom,

And glory's portal in his face to shut.

He took a "first" in the unentered class;

The pride and pick of all the pack was he;

Renown lay spread before him, when, alas!

He d.o.d.

Plumb straight was Guardsman, splendidly ribbed up,

Plenty of heart room, finely carried stern,

Wonderful bone, a real good-looking pup,

Brimful of character, and quick to learn.

On matters of his pedigree and pace

Verbose and fluent were we apt to be;

Perhaps we swanked too much—in any case

He d.o.d.

If in his next world hares are ever found,

If Mercury, the fier, hunts a pack,

If minor deities behind him pound,

With panting goddesses, still further back,

Through asphodel will Guardsman show his worth,

Hunting a line down some Olympian lea

And give the field good sport—but here on earth

He d.o.d.

The *Eastern Daily Press* of Sept. 20th remarks *à propos* of the railway strike in Ireland:

"Up to last night no mails had reached Birr for forty years."

And we complain if they're a week late. "Wait till you come to forty year!" as THACKERAY said.

THE ROYAL MUSICAL COMMISSION.

STARTLING EVIDENCE.

THE Royal Musical Commission held its thirty-first sitting on Saturday last. The Commissioners present were Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE (Chairman), Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Madame CLARA BUTT and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

Mr. HENRY BIRD, the first witness, declared that he had no animus against foreigners, or indeed against anyone. He had accompanied songs written by composers of every European nationality with equal zeal, and he might be allowed to add that he was very partial to Charlotte Russe, Neapolitan ices and French beans. But he could not help feeling gravely disquieted by the announcement that forty geese were to be employed in the forthcoming production of HUMPERDINCK'S *Königskinder*, in view of the widely-current belief that they were to be imported from Strasbourg. Gastronomically considered, he was quite prepared to admit the excellence of Strasbourg geese, but he was convinced that the English variety was fully equal to the needs of the situation alike in histrionic aptitude, stage presence and intensity of sibilation.

Signor Annibale Spaghetti, the President of the Amalgamated Society of Savoyard Piano-organists, described the circumstances which had led to the sympathetic strike declared by his union during the recent railway troubles. It was due, he said, to the friendly attitude of Sir EDWARD GREY to the Young Turks, which, in view of the troubles in Tripoli, constituted a deliberate challenge to the important community settled in Saffron Hill. The music-famine in the East-end had, he admitted, been attended with painful results, and street-dancing had almost come to a stand-still; but they had no option in the matter. During the strike his men had subsisted almost entirely on the flesh of their monkeys. (Sensation.)

Mr. Max Bamberger, who wore a kilt and was attended by his wife and his two twin sons, Wolfgang Bartholdy and Johann Sebastian Bamberger, said that his Scotch nationality had won for him respect in all quarters of the globe. When he was kidnapped by terrorists at Odessa, a few words in Gaelic and the slogan of the Clan Bamberger had reduced his savage captors to coma. Personally he was strongly in favour of free trade in music, and he knew that his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, shared his views. If Russians were

boycotted in England, he would be unable to carry the banner of England into Patagonia, Waziristan, Nova Zembla and elsewhere with the same freedom that he had hitherto enjoyed, and this, from the point of view of the Press, would be little short of a national calamity.

Mrs. Bamberger briefly endorsed her husband's views; and Messrs. Wolfgang Bartholdy and Johann Sebastian Bamberger indicated their approval in a spirited unison fantasia in the whole-tone scale.

Sir Pompey Boldero, who next appeared, said that he was the father of Mrs. Bamberger and the father-in-law of Mr. Bamberger. It was also true that he was the grandfather of the

two last witnesses. It was a great privilege, and the consciousness of it had supported him during the recent unrest. At this point Sir Pompey was overcome by emotion and was assisted from the room by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Madame CLARA BUTT. The Commission adjourned for a fortnight to enable Sir Pompey to recover fully before continuing his evidence on the subject of the recognition of international musical unions.

Commercial Candour.

"During Franjee's Sale no one should lose time to procure their requirements for Xmas and New Year Presents for friends at Home and here, as this time the Sale will be a bona fide one."—Advt. in "Madras Mail."



The Professor. "NOW LET ME SEE. WAS MY WIFE WITH ME WHEN I STARTED, OR WASN'T SHE?" [The position of lady in question is indicated by a X.]

THE BREAKING POINT.

I AM not of the tribe of those
Who main the solemn rites of golf
By publishing abroad their woes
When things do not, as they suppose,
Come rightly off;

Who, careless what the cause may be,
Give every care an instant voice
With terms suspiciously like D—,
Or, if there's something still more free,
Use that, for choice.

For me, whate'er of sorrows come,
I seldom seem to care a fig:
The blums wherewith they make things
hum
I bear with placid *otium*,
And equal *dig*.

If I should leave the narrow "line,"
Or fizzle wheresoe'er I go,
I think, no doubt, the fault was mine,
(A soothing thing) and I decline
To care a blow.

And, when some fair and dazzling shot
Lands in a hazard's horrid grip,
Misfortune is the common lot,
I recollect, and I do not
Let myself rip.

And thus, secure from verbal lapse,
I hold in check my secret bile,
And wear upon my frosty chaps
A smile—it is not much, perhaps,
But still, a smile.

But, when at length I reach the goal
And, wearing still my stoic mask,
Have nought before me but to roll
The ball into a yawning hole
(An infant's task),

And when, for some unfathomed cause,
That callous ball disdains the tin,
Goes here, goes there, or dares to pause
(Ah piteous!) on its very jaws,
But won't go in,

There comes upon me such a sense
Of being doomed—a thing accurst—
Of mystery, of impotence,
That I, in very self-defence,
Must speak, or burst.

Ah yes. The harmless "pooh" or "tut"
Suffice me, nine times out of ten,
Through evil chance or error—but
If once I'm fairly off my putt,
You hear me then.

DUM-DUM.

THE SUK-SUK.

"MOIRA," I said, "the Garden Suburb is full of young wives; it is full of sweetly pretty EDWARD-VII.-style bijou cottage maisonnettes; it is full of husbands as affectionate as I am; but I decline to believe that the ladies whom I encounter drifting about in djibbas ever touch a brush or a dust-pan, or that their abodes are so uninhabitably speckless as ours. Therefore I propose——"

"I know what you propose." Moira put down the dust-pan and sat on the landing stairs. "You propose that we should keep a second servant. Well, it is a peculiarity of Garden Suburb bijou Edwardian maisonnettes that the kitchen premises accommodate one servant only. If we had two, they would have to stand on each other's shoulders: the lower one to cook, the upper one to polish the silver. When you can find a pair of unimpeachably respectable female acrobats anxious to abandon the glamour of the stage——"

"My dear, you are too hasty!" I sat down beside her, upsetting the dust-pan through the banisters into the lobby.

"Impulsiveness has always been my failing, hasn't it?" She peered mournfully after the dust-pan. "Yes, thanks, Mary" (to the servant below), "you'd better sweep up the pieces of that electric-light bulb. A caller might tread on them. Yes, dear?" (to me). "You were proposing that——?"

"That we should introduce some science into our house instead of this wearisome and unpractical hand-work. As SHAW says, 'The human hand is a clumsy tool.' No doubt some manual cleansing is unavoidable; but surely this meticulous attention to the carpets and the stairs might be done away with if we employed a Suk-Suk."

"A what?"

"A Suk-Suk. It's a new kind of vacuum cleaner."

"Too expensive for us."

"Hasty again!" I reproved her. "Its price is one guinea."

"Then it's no use."

"That remains to be discovered. I have bought a Suk-Suk. The errand-boy is at this moment delivering our Suk-Suk at the door. I knew that unless I forced labour-saving methods on you it would be futile to plead for them. Yes, here it is. (Thank you, Mary. Yes, you can put the parcel down there.) Now we shall see whether science cannot lighten your tasks." I proceeded to unwrap the Suk-Suk.

It emerged from its swathings, a spidery instrument with a long metal

neck sprouting from a frog-like pair of bellows actuated by a sort of winch. "Charming, isn't it?" I said. "It is a French invention, and just as good as our most costly English things. The French housewife is so practical. Here are the directions."

The leaflet of polyglot instructions for the use of the Suk-Suk was adorned by a coloured picture of an aproned houri propelling the machine, with languid grace, across a vast interior. The carpet was black, except in the wake of the Suk-Suk. Amazing Suk-kuk! Wherever it had browsed it revealed that the carpet (you'd never have guessed it) was, beneath its grime, a gorgeous cross between Axminster and Persian, with a dash of croquet-lawn as groundwork.

"That," I said, pointing to the picture, "is how the Suk-Suk works. That is what our carpets will look like in future."

"Let us hope not." Moira was dubious.

"Ten minutes' run round the house of a morning with the Suk-Suk, and you'll be able to go a-drifting in djibbas with the best of 'em," I added proudly.

"Let us try it," said Moira.

I placed the Suk-Suk in position, ground the winch, and directed the mouth (it had a curious uncanny mouth—a sort of grin of a mouth—rather a sardonic grin, from certain aspects) at the carpet . . .

The carpet didn't, somehow, look so very different. No pattern emerged in the path of the sardonic grin. However, to expect anything else was absurd, unless the Suk-Suk nibbled off the whole pile and uncovered the foundation below; for the carpet was a plain felt.

"Is it really gathering up the dust?" asked Moira. "I don't see much alteration."

"Microscopic particles are whirling down its rapacious maw in millions," I explained; "'It Gulps Grime,' the advertisement says."

"Not in my house!" (Moira is so literal.)

"You cannot see the vanishing dust, of course. But when we open this box at the bottom we shall find how searching is the vacuum method of cleaning."

I worked for a while. "Now we shall see what we shall see." I opened the box.

But the box was empty. No swathes of dust lay within, no nauseating mats of cobwebs.

"Odd! I suppose I wasn't grinding hard enough. No, I have it! You've already cleaned this part, Moira. Why didn't you say so?" I mopped my

"Ealing is to have another All-British Shopping Week this year. In cases where the All-British article is dearer than the foreign article it is suggested that a special discount be allowed to the public, thus making the cost of the two articles the same."—*Evening News*.

Why did no one think of this before? It seems so simple.



Jewel Thief (mistaking his wife). "WAY YE GO, JIM, LARD!"

Chauffeur (with his mouth full, deliberately). "WELL . . . I WAS JUST GETTIN' MY BIT O' DINNEE . . ."

brow indignantly. "Look here—I must be off in a minute to my study; I've an article to write. But before I go I'll just show you, experimentally—"

I took a letter from my pocket, tore it into small fragments, and scattered them on the floor. "Now watch!"

Madly I ground the winch and pushed the sardonic grin across the floor over the papers.

Queer; they didn't budge.

I ground harder and harder, and pressed the sardonic grin tightly down. "Mustn't let the air run in from the side," I panted.

But the bits of paper only glued themselves more obstinately to the floor.

"It's a splendid invention," remarked Moira, "for flattening carpets. Ours never would lie quite flat. If you will go through every room, Ralph, ironing down the carpets with the Suk-Suk—"

"Moira"—I dropped the handle of the winch and allowed the sardonic grin to subside at my feet—"don't be funny. That fool of an ironmonger has sent a broken Suk-Suk. I'll return it and get another. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I shall pick up the bits of paper while you go and compose an angry letter to the shopman. By-the-by, did you test the Suk-Suk before you bought it?"

"Test it? How could I test it in a shop? I'd have looked silly, shouldn't I, grinding away at this winch, in a shopful of women?"

"That's what I looked—silly, but oh, so practical!"

"How do you mean?"

"Dear old boy, do you think that when a guinea vacuum cleaner was advertised, I missed it? I positively ran to the ironmonger's, and made a perfect fright of myself, testing every Suk-Suk in the place, in the frantic hope of finding one that would work. The whole shop was full of women (djilba women, too!) eager to try them. We fought with each other for them—and then, having tried every single one, returned home sadly to our brooms and dust-pans. Last time I was in the shop I was told that the whole stock of Suk-Suks had been returned to the makers. 'A French toy,' the shopman

called them. 'We've returned all but one, which was shop-soiled,' he said. 'How we'll get rid of it, I don't know.'"

I looked at Moira. Then I looked at the Suk-Suk. "Yes," said Moira, "that's the one. You've bought it. I recognise it."

"They'll have to take it back!" I frowned fiercely.

"Oh, they'll take it back, if I ask them very nicely. They know me; and I'll explain that it was only my husband who bought it, and that, being a man, every allowance—"

This is where the end comes—in the story.

Darwin Vindicated.

"To Mr. and Mrs. — a daughter (at Woolley)."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Mr. Lloyd George was seen yesterday to walk to the Treasury unrecognised."

South Wales Echo.

Perhaps it wasn't Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

"A motor mishap of an alarming nature occurred at Killierankie through the skidding of a car from Alloa." *Gleadow Telegraph.*

This must be the longest slide on record.



Gallant C.O. (returning to Scouts' Camp). "NOW, THEN, I WON'T HAVE THIS TALKING GOING ON; IF IT DOESN'T STOP AT ONCE I SHALL HAVE YOU BOYS PUT IN THE GUARD TENT."

Small Voice (after long pause). "Please, Sir, this is the guard tent."

THE BLACK PERIL.

["African chief desires his two sons to be educated in England under home-like, wholesome conditions."—*Advt. in morning paper.*]

"DEAREST IVY,—The two sons of King M'Bhumpo arrived to-day. It is awkward, especially as Mamma has always thought such a lot of birth and position, but they pay extravagantly, and Papa has been nearly ruined by the last Budget. They are coal-black, with wide staring eyes and large lips and feet.

They are called Sloko and Shanti. Their manners at dinner were quite foreign. Sloko threw chicken bones over his head and hit Benson behind

him, and Shanti asked Papa how many wives he had. They thought the mutton was bulldog.

The use of the bathroom was explained to them, and they each had a bath in the morning, and screamed all the time. They declare they cannot sleep another night under a roof, and have built a wigwam in the garden and lit a fire beside it. The dogs were frantic, and the gardener has given notice. In the evening the vicarage people dined with us; Mamma thought it would be a good influence for heathen boys. Shanti played the tomtom very loud, and Sloko explained to Miss Montgomery, the Vicar's daughter, that

he had a complete history of his country tattooed on his back, and would be very pleased to show it to us.

Next day—hunting. Sloko killed the carriage dog, and Shanti speared a swan and two of the ducks. We were not in time to stop them, as they shout very loud when excited, and cannot hear. After lunch they offered to perform their war dance and song in the drawing-room, but, as Mamma is dreadfully particular about the furniture, Papa told them we could not think of trespassing on their generosity. Sloko is a captain in his father's army; he says he had to take an oath to kill two white men before he is twenty-one. He hasn't killed anybody yet.

National Day of Lamentation in M'Bhumpoland, so it appears. Shanti sacrificed a hen in the garden; both stayed for hours in their bed-rooms and moaned a good deal. Mamma sent up Benson with a Church Catechism, but they took no notice. At last Papa gave them enough opium to poison several men, and they went to sleep till next morning.

Sloko very ill. Refused to see a doctor—he says he wants an African medicine man. Shanti beat a tom-tom in his room and closed the windows and chimney to keep out devils. Papa feared the sleeping sickness, but Benson says it is only the effects of having taken a bath. Sloko recovered by dinner-time, and proposed to me afterwards, also to Miss Montgomery. Papa feels depressed about his efforts to train them in the customs of English gentlemen.

Sloko showed signs of insanity next day; Shanti says it is hereditary in their tribe. Papa cabled to King M'Bhumpo to remove them.

Shanti has caught insanity. He has turned so pale that we are afraid Sloko may mistake him for a white man and kill him.

Papa thought it better not to wait for the King's reply, and has had them removed. We feel more comfortable now. We shall not be taking any more African princes just at present.

Yours, GLADYS.

The Red Indian.

"Mrs. —'s charming face, with soft, drooping curls, is alive with the picturesque stripes and colours of a Romany shawl."

Liverpool Courier.

"All the prisoners of the Jail are Gonds, that is aborigines (*sic*) and the remaining ones are illiterate." A gentleman who spells aborigines in this original fashion is obviously an authority on illiteracy."—*Statesman.*

And a gentleman who comments on a gentleman who spells aborigines in this obvious fashion is certainly an authority on stumers.



Bernard Partridge

THE SHOCKER SHOCKED.

GERMANY (*pained at Italy's behaviour*). "WHAT MANNERS! I CAN'T THINK WHERE MY YOUNG FRIEND PICKED 'EM UP!"

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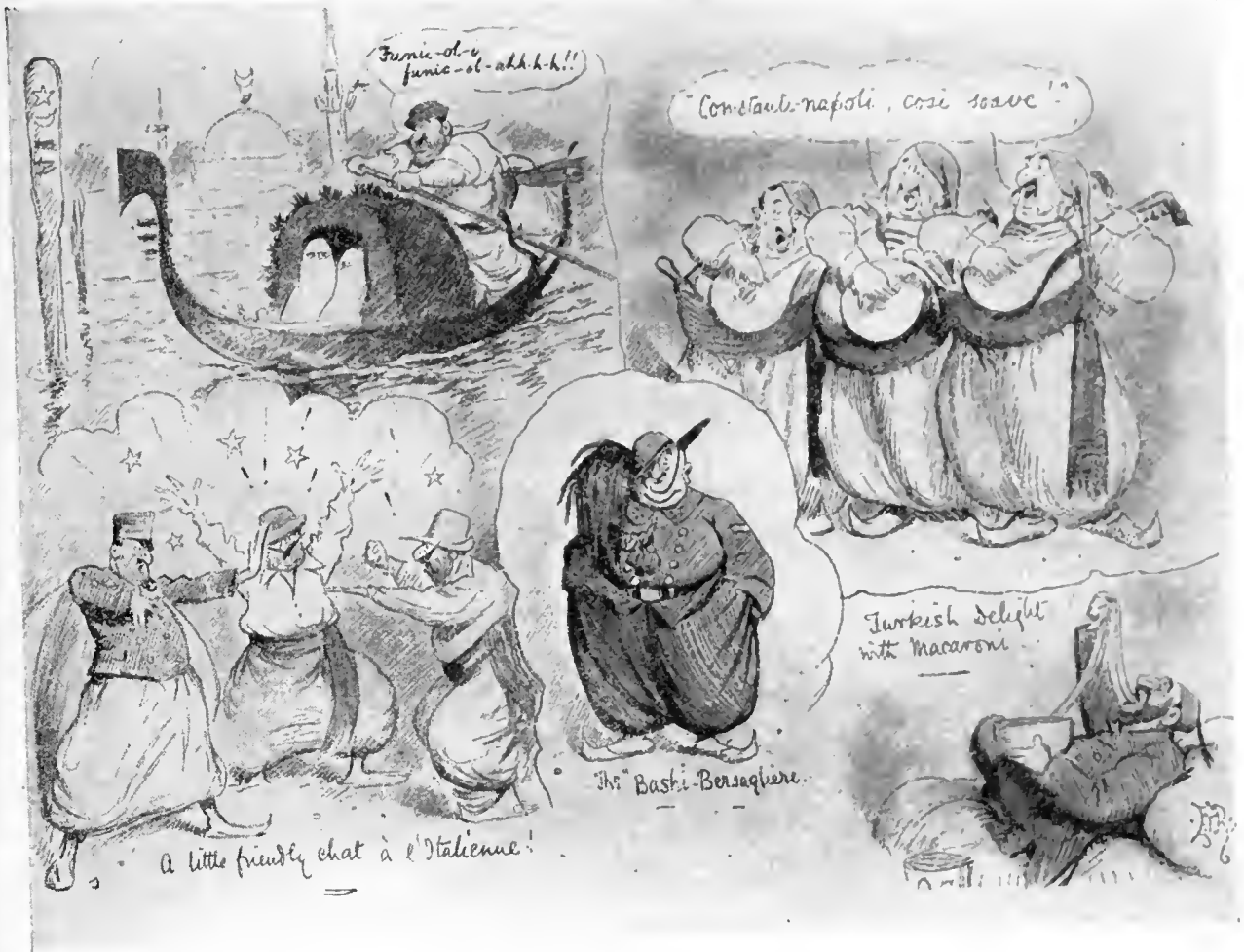
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IF TURKEY BECAME ITALIAN!

(Our artist is perfectly capable of persuading himself that he can soothe the feelings of anyone who feels the above drawing to be somewhat unkind by showing, another week, the effect of a Turkish occupation of Italy.)

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MARIONETTES."

I WROTE a fortnight ago of a perplexed husband at Wyndham's. His wife, you may remember, had threatened to leave him, but his sister, Mrs. Margell, thought of a plan. "It was," I explained, "quite a simple plan—the dear old one, in fact, which gets another woman into the house in order to make the wife jealous. Mrs. Margell was, no doubt, a great playgoer, and had seen this plan working successfully on the stage hundreds of times; so she had confidence in recommending it."

That was only a fortnight ago. To have seen the same plan working again at The Comedy would have been too much; I don't know how one could have dealt with it. Luckily M. PIERRE WOLFF has hit upon an entirely different plot. In *The Marionettes* it is the woman who flirts with another man in order to make the

husband jealous! You would never have thought of this.

Well, that finishes it. I don't see what variations are left to the playwright now, unless of course he persuades the children to kiss the nurse in order to make the mother jealous. Yes, I have been hasty; there is still that to come. In the meanwhile we must content ourselves with what we can get at The Comedy. Anyhow we get SIR JOHN HARE and MISS MARIE LÖHR. It is Miss LÖHR who makes her husband (MR. ARTHUR WOXNER) jealous; but you mustn't think that Sir John is left out in the cold. As a young man he had written a love-letter to himself in order to make his wife jealous—with, I need hardly say, the usual success.

His niece is stimulated by the relation of this episode, but I fancy she must also have been a little piqued to find that, after all, her plan was not an original one. By the way, this uncle, M. de Ferney, is a very old man. It

is just possible that in him we have discovered the first and only begetter of the Great Idea, seeing that he was working it fifty years ago.

The acting was excellent. It was delightful to have SIR JOHN HARE back again and in a character so perfectly suited to him. Miss LÖHR, as charming as ever, had to play something more emotional than the light comedy parts to which she has been accustomed lately, but she was fully equal to it. MR. ARTHUR WOXNER was a little angular but very much in earnest as the husband, and MR. C. M. LOWME helped the play along enormously with much happy conversation. It was always a pleasure to see his head come in at the door; if he had only looked in for his music he could still be relied upon for a chat.

"BONITA."

A "Prologue," very tragic for a "comie opera," but otherwise superfluous, shows us the death of an English

officer on a small Portuguese battle-field in the dark (1810), his native wife being in attendance. Subsequently (present day) the great-grandson of this officer, and the great-granddaughter of the officer's wife (why this invidious distinction is made in their parentage it is not for me to conjecture) meet in exceptional circumstances. Exceptional, because it is contrary to habit for the heir to an English title to run over to Portugal for the purpose of un-arthing a possible claimant to that title. However, I do not quarrel with this design, nor with his arrival at a little Portuguese fishing village in full military uniform, accompanied by part of a squadron of British troopers, and a slight American accent. These things happen in comic opera, or, rather in musical comedy. What I do complain of, and bitterly, is that he and his Lancers should be dressed in the crudest vermilion, to the great detriment of a very charming colour-scheme. For I could not desire a more attractive scene than this of the sunny village by the quay, with its climbing street (practicable throughout), its garrulous folk in their picturesque dresses (the women swaying nicely from the hips), and its pleasant harmonies of local colour. And then came the vermilion Lancers, terribly British, and made everything silly and banal. Up to this point the play had gone gaily and with the right air of whimsical frivolity. Even the settled gloom of *Bonita's* rejected lover—you can picture Mr. CHARLES MAUDE looking exactly like himself, and singing, with a touch of the Portuguese method in his enunciation—

"She is fair
Beyond-a compare"—

was a source of general merriment; but the arrival of the vermilion Lancers changed everything. It only the tenor-hero (Mr. WHEATLEY) could have worked himself into the spirit of the scene I might have forgiven him his uniform. But with his stout figure and his stodgy personality he might have stepped clean out of second-class "Grand" Opera. He gave the atmosphere no chance. How *Bonita* preferred him to the slim and agile gentleman who played the *soi-disant* villain I cannot imagine. It is true that, on the first appearance of the hero, she

sang what I understood to be a song of farewell; but this must have been a mistake on her part, for she really loved him at sight with all the fervour of a life-long devotion.

Over the second scene—laid in a cloister, very formal in the regularity of its ruins—the shadow of the Lancer still lay, though he troubled the stage very little with his actual presence. It was vain to hope that the ordeal of St. Antony would fail to consign *Bonita* to the arms of that unsympathetic lover. Indeed, the interest rather lay with the minor characters, of whom

moments, though the sneezing-fit that crowned them did not perhaps offer the very freshest material. Finally, if sinuous gestures and a most intelligent enorgy could have done it, Mr. MACKINDER as *Frederico* would have snatched a triumph for the piece.

Mr. FRASER-SIMSON'S music was pleasantly fluent, and Mr. WADHAM PEACOCK'S lyrics, of which from time to time I caught a phrase or two, seemed passable, if not up to the standard of Mr. ADRIAN ROSS. The house, on the second night, was friendly in patches, one very loyal patch being contingent to my own stall. I should be sorry to predict failure for an opera that shows at least some novelty of idea in a very pretty setting. Besides, it takes a lot to make any comic opera fail. But I do not think it will set either the Thames or the Tagus on fire.

Yet there must be something more in it than catches the eye, or why, you may well ask, should Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER have done it the compliment of "producing" it? At present the mystery lies unsolved. Can he conceivably have an interest in the Booth Steamship Company, Limited, which "kindly lent" the pictures in the foyer, illustrative of the beauty-spots of Portugal and the best sea route for getting at them?

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

The worst of modifying an old theme on the stage is that it lets loose the pedantry of the critics. Personally I think that, while he was about it, Mr. AUSTIN STRONG might have seized the chance of a

satire on modern developments in England. But, if he has succeeded in transmuting baser metal into gold of even ten carats only, it is a graceless task to remind him that he has been tampering with the original.

Like many other playwrights he has made the mistake of spreading himself at the start as if he had all eternity before him; lavishing on his First Act a wealth of detail out of all relation to its value as a contribution to the main issue. For result, by the time he reaches his climax he runs the risk of exhausting himself, or his audience, or both. Certainly I was a little disappointed over the reunion (loudly eulogised in the Press) between *Rip* and *Minna*. Miss WINIFRED EMERY



OPEN-AIR LIFE IN A PORTUGUESE VILLAGE.

A Typical Dancing Floor.

<i>Bonita</i>	Miss CLARA EVELYN.
Lieut. Mannerton	Mr. WHEATLEY.

the well-named *Perpetua*, a venerable and importunate virgin, always at hand on the off-chance of catching *Frederico* in a mood of self-committal, gave Miss EDITH CLEGG a chance of showing a nice gift of quiet humour.

Miss CLARA EVELYN, in the title rôle, sang gracefully, but her dancing seemed rather meaningless and artificial, hampered as it was by the perilous slope of the stage, and the necessity (so restricted was the area of the quay-side) of including the top of the sea-wall in the scope of her operations. I could tell at once that the Portuguese style of dancing is not seen at its best on the top of a sea-wall.

Mr. VOLPÉ was rotund in his mirth, and Mr. MARK LESTER had his droll

had been extraordinarily good just before in her passage of reminiscence; but somehow—well, perhaps Mr. CYRIL MAUDE'S make-up was too repulsively venerable (after all, he need only have been about seventy), and one felt that the fact of his not having had a bath for fifty years must have mitigated the loyalty of the most devoted of lovers.

For the rest, one's interest, on the ethical side, was perhaps not too closely arrested, but one's ordinary senses, like *Rip's*, were kept on the alert. He had all five of them on the stage at once dancing gracefully in gauzy draperies to the designs of Miss INA PELLY, and one never knew but what at any moment the most appalling of bogies might emerge from behind a Kaatskill rock.

The episode of the copper-bowl, whose refurbishing was to be the test of *Rip's* reformation, was a pleasant piece of symbolism; but I confess that, apart from the moral significance of his effort, I wish that he had let the thing alone, for I greatly preferred the look of it in its original state.

Mr. MAUDE, both in youth and old, was admirable, and proved once more that, like SHAKESPEARE, he is not for any particular age, but for the whole gamut of them. The minor characters were all efficient, and the children charming, especially one pert little prodigy. Perhaps they had been a little over-drilled; for their movements were rather too uniform for spontaneity.

Mr. JOHN HARWOOD, as the two *Dobbies*, grandson and grandfather, both patrons of the gentle art, played with great naturalness. Following so close upon a similar attraction in *Pomander Walk*, it looks as if this item—a fisherman, always on the stage and never getting a bite—was to be a permanent feature at *The Playhouse*. I hope so, for indeed it is always a moving spectacle.

I must not conclude without mentioning the dog *Schneider*. The meeting between him and the young *Rip* was among the most pathetic incidents of the play. It was for this beloved sheepdog that *Rip's* first enquiries were made on returning from prison. Yet *Schneider* received the news of his master's home-coming with something worse than indifference. His nose recoiled with apparent repugnance from *Rip's* embraces, and he scooted off at top speed the very moment he was released.

Subsequently we were given to understand that *Rip* had mislaid *Schneider* in the course of his pilgrimage into the hills; but the cold fact is that the dog couldn't be induced even to start with him. O. S.



"YE DEDNA STOP AT THE CURLER'S ARMS THE LAST TIME YE CAM' UP FOR THE FUSHIN', SIR?"

"QUITE RIGHT; BUT WHAT MAKES YOU SO CERTAIN?"

"BECAUSE YER GAUN THERE THIS TIME."

ANOTHER OF MUSIC'S CHARMS.

[Singing, it is said, prevents *emboupoint*. Our experience of *prime donne* leads us to doubt this; but let it pass.]

Long had I laboured to combat obesity,
Striven to gain the physique of a
sprite,

Run every morning from Peckham to
the City,
Skipped in the garden for most of
the night,

Lunched every noon off a bun or a
banbury,
Dined off the merest suspicion of
sole,

Shunned all the products of TRUMAN
AND HANBURY,
Keeping my appetite under control.

Spite of this very curtailed commis-
sariat,

Hateful alike to my palate and eyes,
Vainly I struggled to keep Little Mary
at

Even a fairly respectable size,
Wholly defiant of anti-fats (various),
Eve: my girth grew the greater, until

Someone commended a tonic sol-fa-
rious,
And I proceeded to hawl with a will.

Now I give rein to my native voracity
And, as I dine off the fat of the land,
Joy that a kindly adviser's sagacity
Showed me how simply my bulk
could be banned.

Slender I am and so graceful and
willowy
That, down at Margate, when gazing
upon

My fairy form as it bathed in the
billyow,
People remarked, "What a beautiful
swan."

"The latter vessel reports having a hole forty
feet long across the bows—due to the impact of
stopping the engines. She was badly out by
the starboard propeller."—*The Statesman*.

"The latter vessel reports having encountered
a whale, forty feet long, across her bows. The
impact stopped the engines. The whale was
fearfully cut by the starboard propeller."

The Englishman,
Anyhow it was forty feet long. That's
the point.

CRAGWELL END.

PART I.

THERE'S nothing I know of to make you spend
A day of your life at Cragwell End.
It's a village quiet and grey and old,
A little village tucked into a fold
(A sort of valley, not over wide)
Of the hills that flank it on either side.
There's a large grey church with a square stone tower,
And a clock to mark you the passing hour
In a chime that shivers the village calm
With a few odd bits of the 100th psalm.
A red-brick Vicarage stands thereby,
Breathing comfort and lapped in ease.
With a row of elms thick-trunked and high,
And a bevy of rooks to caw in these.

'Tis there that the Revd. Salvyn Bent
(No tie could be neater or whiter than his tie)
Maintains the struggle against dissent,
An Oxford scholar *ex Alde Christi*;
And there in his twenty-minute sermons
He makes mince-meat of the modern Germans,
Defying their *apparatus criticus*

Like a brave old Vicar,
A famous sticker

To Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus.
He enjoys himself like a hearty boy
Who finds his life for his needs the aptest;
But the poisoned drop in his cup of joy
Is the Revd. Joshua Fall, the Baptist,
An earnest man with a tongue that stings—
The Vicar calls him a child of schism—
Who has dared to utter some dreadful things
On the vices of sacerdotalism,
And the ruination
Of education
By the Church of England Catechism.

Set in a circle of oak and beech,
North of the village lies Cragwell Hall;
And stretching far as the eye can reach,
Over the slopes and beyond the fall
Of the hills so keeping their guard about it
That the north wind never may chill or flout it,
Through forests as dense as that of Arden,
With orchard and park and trim-kept garden,
And farms for pasture and farms for tillage,
The Hall maintains its rule of the village.
And in the Hall

Lived the lord of all,

Girt round with all that our hearts desire
Of leisure and wealth, the ancient Squire.
He was the purplest-faced old man
Since ever the Darville race began,
Pompous and purple-faced and proud;
With a portly girth and a voice so loud
You might have heard it a mile away
When he cheered the hounds on a hunting day.
He was hard on dissenters and such encroachers,
He was hard on sinners and hard on poachers;
He talked of his rights as one who knew
That the pick of the earth to him was due:
The right to this and the right to that,
To the humble look and the lifted hat;
The right to scold or evict a peasant,
The right to partridge and hare and pheasant;
The right to encourage discontent
By raising a hard-worked farmer's rent;

The manifest right to ride to hounds
Through his own or anyone else's grounds;
The right to eat of the best by day
And to snore the whole of the night away;
For his motto, as often he explained,
Was "A Darville holds what a Darville gained."
He tried to be just, but that may be
Small merit in one who has most things free;
And his neighbours averred,
When they heard the word,
"Old Darville's a just man, is he? Bust his
Gills, we could do without his justice!"

A NEW WAY WITH FOREIGNERS.

THE world is full of phrase-books in foreign tongues; but none says the right things and all demand pronunciations by the owner. What is wanted is a swift and efficient means of communication between traveller and waiter without the humiliation of distorting one's honest English mouth and debasing one's good English accent. After much thought we have invented a new medium, superseding both speech and the clumsiness of the phrase-book, namely, a series of inexpensive cardboard discs, which can be carried easily in the pocket or reticule, and may on occasion be reclaimed by the prudent and economical (or might indeed be thrown back at them with lightning speed), on which will be printed the controlling sentences of a foreign tour.

To print the whole series would be too considerable a task and would involve loss of profit to the inventors; but a few specimens may be given.

For ticket-inspectors on Continental trains:

I know I am in a first-class compartment with a second-class ticket, but there are no seats in the second-class and this compartment was empty. Still, if you will only stop talking and gesticulating and looking like the man who runs the guillotine, I will move quietly into the corridor and stand for the rest of the 500 miles.

Please hold up as many fingers as there are minutes to wait at this station.

For porters:

I want one porter, and one only, to carry these two small bags. To that porter I will give 50 centimes for each bag; and no more. Howsoever many men you allow to help you I shall pay only one.

For hotel managers:

I know that your hotel is absolutely free from mosquitoes; but please have mosquito curtains fixed to my bed.

For waiters:

We are very hungry and tired. Bring the wine at once, and some butter. We should like other things too; but bring the wine, even if the order strikes you as insane.

For a guide:

I do not want a guide.

For the same guide, two minutes later:

I still do not want a guide.

For the same guide, at intervals:

I do not want a guide.

For a barber:

I want almost nothing taken off; just the merest trim.

For the same barber at the end of the sitting:

I said I wanted only a mere trim. You have made me look like a billiard ball. You are an incapable.

From the specimens given it will be gathered that the traveller will not only simplify his daily life abroad but endear himself to all he meets.



Visitor (after looking for missing tennis-ball for half-an-hour). "OH, COME ON! LET'S PLAY WITH FIVE!"
 Daughter of the House. "HOW GLAY WE? IT'S THE NEW ONE."

DANGEROUS LIVING.

WHEN wakeful Hebe brings me up
 My seeming harmless early cup,
 Science reminds me I've enjoyed
 A highly poisonous alkaloid
 Which slays the nerves with its abuses
 And plays the deuce with all one's
 juices.

The breakfast coffee I adore so
 Is just as fatal, only more so.
 The glass of lager, icy cool—
 Pray, who would touch it but a fool
 When in its amber depths one sees
 Gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease?
 Black whisky bottle, come not nigh
 To scare my apprehensive eye,
 For in thy dark recess reposes
 Grim liver trouble and cyrrhosis;
 In alcohol, whate'er its form,
 A million million perils swarm.
 But deadlier yet the rain-cloud's
 daughter,

The much-belauded fatal water;
 The monstrous regiment of germs
 In this clear death-trap sports and
 squirms;

Nay, even graver yet its faults:—
 It holds such minerals and salts
 As fill your gall with chalk and rubble
 And start all kinds of kidney trouble.

Meat? Why, a man had better eat
 Henbane and aconite than meat.

It breeds a poison, well defined
 And of the most insidious kind;
 Nor can one well be too emphatic
 In stating that it's eezematic.

Cooked vegetables, as one knows,
 Are simply starch and cellulose,
 While salads and their like are rife
 With baneful microscopic life.

Nor is it with our food alone
 That we are in the danger zone.
 Suppose you like to lie in bed
 With breezes blowing round your head,
 Beware of chills! But if at night
 You fasten doors and windows tight
 You risk asphyxiation through
 Excess of deadly CO₂.

If, like a healthy man, you feel
 Disposed to take a good square meal,
 Your system will be incommoded
 And seriously overloaded.
 But if, again, you peck some toast
 You'll turn into a weakling ghost,
 And should a microbe come your way
 You fall at once an easy prey.

If, like a Spartan, you forbear
 From woolly warmth in underwear
 In hopes of growing tough and hard,
 Oh, pray, be always on your guard,
 And never let it be forgotten
 Pneumonia lurks in risky cotton.

The ordinary man is keen
 On keeping reasonably clean,
 But dangers lie along his path—
 Immense the perils of the bath.
 If in a ebilly tub you plop,
 As like as not your heart will stop;
 While if, again, you fill the room
 With clouds of steam, you seal your
 doom:
 You undermine your circulation
 And slowly die of enervation.

If, to keep fit and well and strong,
 You labour bravely all day long,
 And if your toil you never shirk,
 Then you will die of overwork;
 While if, in fear of breaking down,
 You take a fortnight out of town,
 Who knows what consequences may
 Result from such a holiday?

To dry oneself with careful rub,
 To dress, still dripping from the tub,
 To aim at cheerful wit, to brood
 In pensive, melancholy mood,
 To bar tobacco, and to smoke
 Whene'er the spirit moves a bloke,
 To laugh, to weep, to yawn, to
 sneeze,
 To wake, to slumber—each of these
 Means life, while also each of these is
 The cause of all our worst diseases.
 In short, a man can scarce be said
 To live in safety till he's dead.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SOMEONE once said to me about a novel by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, "I feel as if all the characters were my relations, and I didn't like them!" Without myself sharing this feeling, I can understand it rather better after reading *Hilda Lessways* (METHUEN). For a whole year I have been waiting for this book, chiefly to know why *Hilda*, having engaged herself to *Clayhanger*, almost immediately afterwards announced her marriage to *George Cannon*. And now that I do know all about it, and all about *Hilda*, and about her parents, and upbringing, and circumstances

to the remotest particular I am aware somehow of a very slight feeling of disappointment. One thing I am sure of, that *Hilda Lessways*, as a book, is not such a good story as *Clayhanger*; though as a single character study it is as clever as anything that Mr. BENNETT, or for the matter of that any author I can remember, has yet done. For this very reason I suspect that it may prove a test of faith for his admirers; the devout (amongst whom I unhesitatingly enroll myself) will read every word with keen interest and enjoyment; the faint-hearted may incline to wish that a little more happened, or that *Hilda* were not quite so fond of examining her own emotions over apparently trivial events. The story I need not tell you. To readers of *Clayhanger* much of it is already known, and the one problem turns out after all to have a very simple solution. But to say that the book is worth reading

is greatly to understate my own personal estimate of it; its minute and laborious analysis of one character must give *Hilda Lessways* a high place in the list of Mr. BENNETT'S already amazing achievements.

Winnie Mazon's quarrel was with the world. The world says that if a man is neither unfaithful nor cruel to his wife it is the duty of the wife to stay with him. *Mrs. Mazon* protested against this theory. After a few years of married life she could stand that deadly prig, *Cyril Mazon*, no longer; so she left him. The story of her search for a real mate is told by Mr. ANTHONY HOPE in *Mrs. Mazon Protests* (METHUEN). Given his central character and his situations, Mr. HOPE can be trusted to get the most out of them—to tell his story, that is, in the best way. Where he fails in this book is in his inability to make real for us his central character. It

is difficult to believe in *Winnie*. She seems at first to be just the sort of fluffy shallow creature for whom the world's laws are made; afterwards she asks our sympathy as a suffering woman buffeted by the world unfairly; she claims our acquiescence in her special right to hold herself above the conventions. A woman like *Winnie*, with her curious readiness to love every man she meets, is the last person to support a Theory. Her pretty shoulders were never made for burdens of that kind. She may think she is protesting against the world, but in reality she is protesting against her own temperament. Her temperament makes an excellent story but a very poor case. If it were not that the atmosphere of the case hangs over it I would congratulate Mr. HOPE unreservedly on his story. At the least, I can thank him for introducing me to the *Aikenheads*; they, anyhow, are real enough.

Charms and the man I sing, or rather Mr. HAROLD VALLINGS does in *Enter Charmian* (SMITH, ELDER). *Charms* herself is all right. She deserves her pet-name. The difficulty is to find the man. As somebody in the book says, "She might, as far as one can see, be either *Lady O' Gormon*, *Mrs. Millington Brind*, *Mrs. D'Abernon of D'Abernon Monachorum*, or—yes, easily enough, if she gave her mind to it for a week—the *Honourable Mrs. Eustace Bere!*" Of the other permutations and combinations in this pleasant comedy-idyll of courtship and marriage I have, even after a second reading, rather a hazy idea. There are, I think, some eight engagements in the story, which, even though two of them are broken off, is a fair allowance

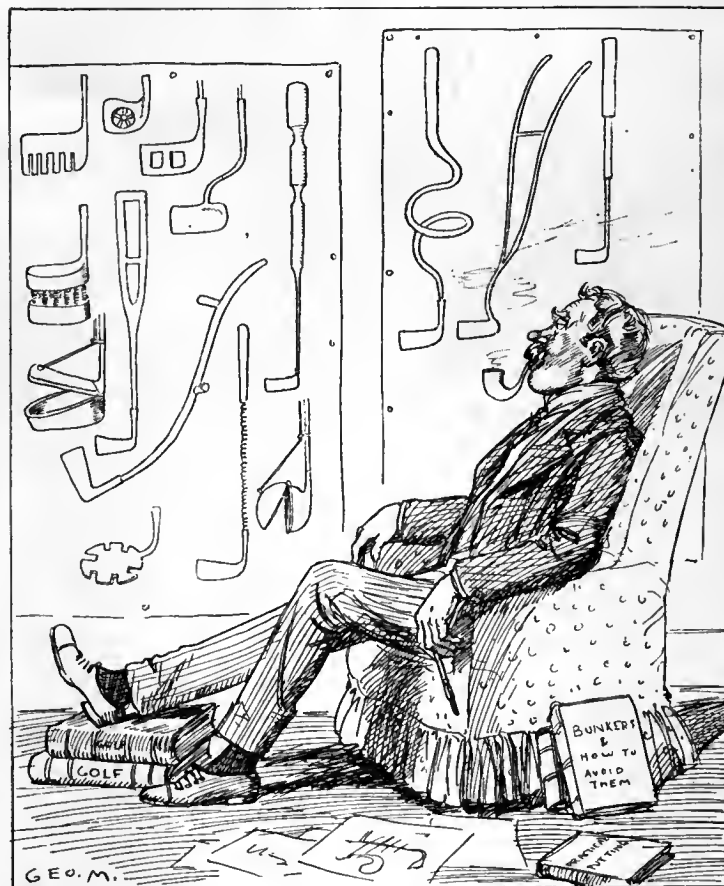
for a community of half-a-dozen families. And all in six months too. Still, the picture of the somewhat purposeless life which better-class people with fair incomes are apt to live in the depths of the country is well drawn, and the characters are distinct and lifelike. And, after all, Devonshire lanes were made for courting.

"Another Big Hit.
'Your Eyes Have Told Me So.'"

Song advertisement.

Tut, tut. Where was the Rev. Mr. MEYER?

"In the interests of sport the cinematograph should be excluded from the Ring," says a boxing writer. An expert tells us this is actually the custom under Queensberry rules, only the principals and the referee being allowed inside the ropes.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

X.—A GOLF PROFESSIONAL THINKING OUT NEW DESIGNS FOR CLUBS.

CHARIVARIA.

ITALY, it is said, was at one time prepared to pay two and a-half million pounds for Tripoli. Now, however, that the place has been so much injured by a bombardment she will expect to get the damaged article for a very much lower price.

There is just this excuse for Italy: with the advent of the cold weather a desire for "a place in the sun" is, we suppose, not altogether unnatural.

"We have a Tripoli of our own in England," says a paragraph in *The Daily Chronicle*. "It is Plymouth, which, when spoken of collectively, is always termed locally 'The Three Towns.' This may be so, but it is surely madness to let Italy know it.

"The general municipal council of Corsica," we read, "has protested against cinematographers representing the island as a land of brigands." It certainly does seem a shame, in view of recent events, to particularise any one part of the Italian Kingdom in this respect.

M. DELCASSÉ has decided to do away with Powder B. in the French Navy in view of its obvious dangers. As Germany succeeded recently in persuading Turkey to purchase two of her old battle-ships, diplomatic pressure, it is rumoured, will now be exerted by France to get Turkey to take over this discarded powder.

Mr. Edison has expressed the opinion that the English are the highest type, physically, morally and mentally, in Europe, and some of our friends on the Continent are saying that this is the most remarkable invention that the veteran scientist has ever made.

A number of manuscript plays belonging to M. ALPHONSE FRANCKE were recently stolen, and thrown into a rubbish heap, whence they were ultimately rescued. They had, however, to be disinfected. We can hardly dare to hope that many of the manuscripts of our British playwrights will be transferred to the rubbish heap; but is it too

much to ask that they should at least be disinfected? * *

The Dublin Corporation has changed the name of Great Britain Street to Parnell Street. And now we are trembling lest, when the Home Rulers are invested with still greater powers, they shall change the name of our little island itself to Parnell.

At Bournemouth the Government auditor has refused to sanction the

in the London Fire Brigade one day's rest in seven is being considered once more. Meanwhile foreign merchants and others will greatly oblige if they will have their fires on other days than Sundays.

Nervous maiden ladies living in the neighbourhood were thrown into something approaching a state of panic on hearing a wild rumour, the other day, that an "esculator" had been installed at Earl's Court Station. We have much pleasure in stating that the word should have been "escalator."

It is rumoured that a number of kind-hearted persons in America, touched by our grief at losing Tattershall Castle, are raising a fund with a view to presenting the people of Lincolnshire with a New York sky-scraper which is about to be demolished owing to its being out-of-date.

The wave of humanitarianism which threatens to affect everything connected with our prison system is spreading. A Black Maria completely broke down at Shepherd's Bush the other day.

"All Cats' Day" was held for the first time on the 1st inst., when lovers of cats throughout the country were asked to make some little effort "to lighten the lot of these neglected and misunderstood animals." Dogs are of the opinion that it is only because these creatures are misunderstood that they are tolerated at all.

Much sympathy is still being shown in U.S.A. about Canada's Declaration of Independence. It is felt to be in the true spirit of reciprocity.

There are now 75,967 recipients of old-age pensions in the London County Council area, which is more than double the number of pensioners at the inception of the scheme. We always thought the idea was bound to prove increasingly popular.

"The Bakerloo Tube was recently disorganised by a train jumping the points at Westminster Bridge Road Station and damaging the permanent way." More railway unrest!



Consumer. "ARE THESE FORK OR MUTTON CHOPS?"
Waiter. "CAN'T YOU TELL BY THE TASTE, SIR?"
Consumer. "NO!"
Waiter (querulously). "THEN WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHAT THEY'RE CALLED?"

expenditure of over £900 in entertaining the mayors who visited the town for the centenary fêtes last year, and it is thought that, when the time comes, the celebration of Bournemouth's bicentenary will be an extremely quiet affair.

A picturesque harvest festival service was held at the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr, Billingsgate, the building being decorated with every fish known to our islands. The conceit of the first periwinkle that ever went to church was said to be very marked.

The advisability of granting all men

ON MIXED SHOOTING.

LET my Bettina take it not amiss
 Nor deem that from my side I wish to shove her
 If I forego the too, too poignant bliss
 Of her adjacence in the hedgerow's cover,
 Where I propose to lurk
 And do among the driven birds some deadly work.

Linked in the dance, you cannot be too near,
 Nor where the waves permit our joint immersion;
 Dinners or theatres yield an added cheer
 With you beside me to afford diversion
 From thoughts of play or platter,
 And not of fundamental things that really matter.

But here, where my immortal soul, afire
 With fervour savouring almost of religion,
 Fain would pursue, unvexed, its one desire—
 To down the partridge or the errant pigeon,
 What if you stood (or sat)
 Close by and asked me if I liked your latest hat?

I could not bear it; you would sap my nerve;
 My hand and eye would cease to work together;
 I could not rightly gauge the covey's swerve,
 And, swinging round to spray the rearmost feather,
 I might mislay my wits
 And blow your smart confection into little bits.

Go rather where he stands, a field away,
 You youth who likes himself; go there, my Betty,
 Beguile his vision; round his trigger lay
 "One strangling golden hair" (D. G. ROSSETTI).
 That ought to spoil his feats
 And keep him fairly quiet in between the beats.

But later, when the luncheon-hour is come,
 Be near me all you will; for then your prattle
 Will be most welcome with its pleasant hum
 So out of place amid the stress of battle;
 Over an Irish stew,
 With "Bristol cream" to top it, I am *tout à vous*.

Not that your virtues have no higher use;
 Such gifts would grace the loftiest position;
 But where the birds come down wind like the deuce
 I mark the limit of your woman's mission;
 In other circles, elsewhere,
 "A ministering angel thou;" but not just there.

O. S.

OUR COMPLETE NOVELETTE.

[Printed backwards, for the convenience of those readers who prefer to know the end first.]

CHAPTER VI.—EVENING.

PHILIP sat in the library of his father's house, studying idly the illustrated papers. Little recked he of the turn his affairs had taken since the morning.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Even that did not fill him with vague apprehensions. "Come in," he said merely.

It was a telegram—a telegram from Eva. Philip opened it and read.

"Well, I'm blest!" he said.

THE END.

(Printed by the One and Only Press, London and Edinburgh.)

CHAPTER V.—LATE AFTERNOON.

It was a passionate and tear-stained Eva that sat down at her eseritoire to write the fatal letter, the letter which

should terminate for ever her betrothal to Philip Stanmore. The tense silence of the room was unbroken save by the scratching of her pen. Twice only she paused in her writing. Did she waver in her purpose? No. Her difficulty was purely technical. When one is breaking off an engagement, can one address the other party as "Dear," if only "Sir"? When one has broken off one's engagement, can one then sign oneself "Yours," if only "truly"? Then a naughty devil in her whispered a tempting and easy way out. She picked up a telegraph form.

CHAPTER IV.—EARLY AFTERNOON.

The sister and the *fiancée* stood face to face. To each, the face of the other appeared repulsive—repulsive in itself, and repulsive because it belonged to its owner. Eva had called Jane Stanmore "My dear," and had meant the worst that could be said. Jane had called Eva "Darling," and had meant the worst that could be thought. So now they stood face to face, Eva alleging regrets that she must go, Jane pressing her to stay yet awhile. In such words as these the most violent passions and the most burning animosities of the drawing-room are expressed.

No sooner was the door closed behind the departing Eva than "Yellow!" shrieked Jane hysterically, raising her hands to heaven in scorn. "Yellow! and she knows my complexion can't stand it. Deliberate spite I call it. Yellow! The cat!" Bursting into tears, she almost wished she were dead. She quite wished Eva were dead. Death, however, being out of the question, she determined to make life unbearable to Philip, Philip her inoffensive, you might have even supposed irrelevant, brother.

Meanwhile Eva was being driven, furious in heart, she knew not where. "Blue!" she was crying to herself, "my goodness, blue! The commonest, most out of fashion colour she can think off. Blue! The cat!"

CHAPTER III.—LATE MORNING.

As the two girls were rapidly passing from the utmost affection to the merest politeness, Philip entered. The situation was explained to him. He smiled confidently.

"Eva says yellow, Jane says blue," said he. "Why not split the difference and have green?"

"Green?" asked Eva, with scorn.

"Green!" cried Jane, with derision. For a moment it seemed as if the two were to be driven into alliance. But no.

"At any rate, it is better than blue, my dear," said Eva.

"And yet," said Jane, "I believe I'd sooner have even green than yellow, darling."

CHAPTER II.—EARLY MORNING.

The two girls rushed into each other's arms between every sentence. The history of the proposal finished, they came to business. "I refuse to be married to Philip unless you will be my chief bridesmaid," said Eva.

"Oh, but I should love it!" answered Jane, and they kissed with renewed fervour. "And what about the colour of the bridesmaids' dresses? What do you think of blue, for instance?"

"Blue would be simply sweet," said Eva, a little firmly. "But do you know, I almost think I prefer yellow?"

"Yellow!" said Jane.

CHAPTER I.—OVERNIGHT.

Philip kissed Eva for the last time but one before parting for the evening. "And whatever happens, through thick and thin and right till the very end, you will stick to me, my darling?" he whispered.

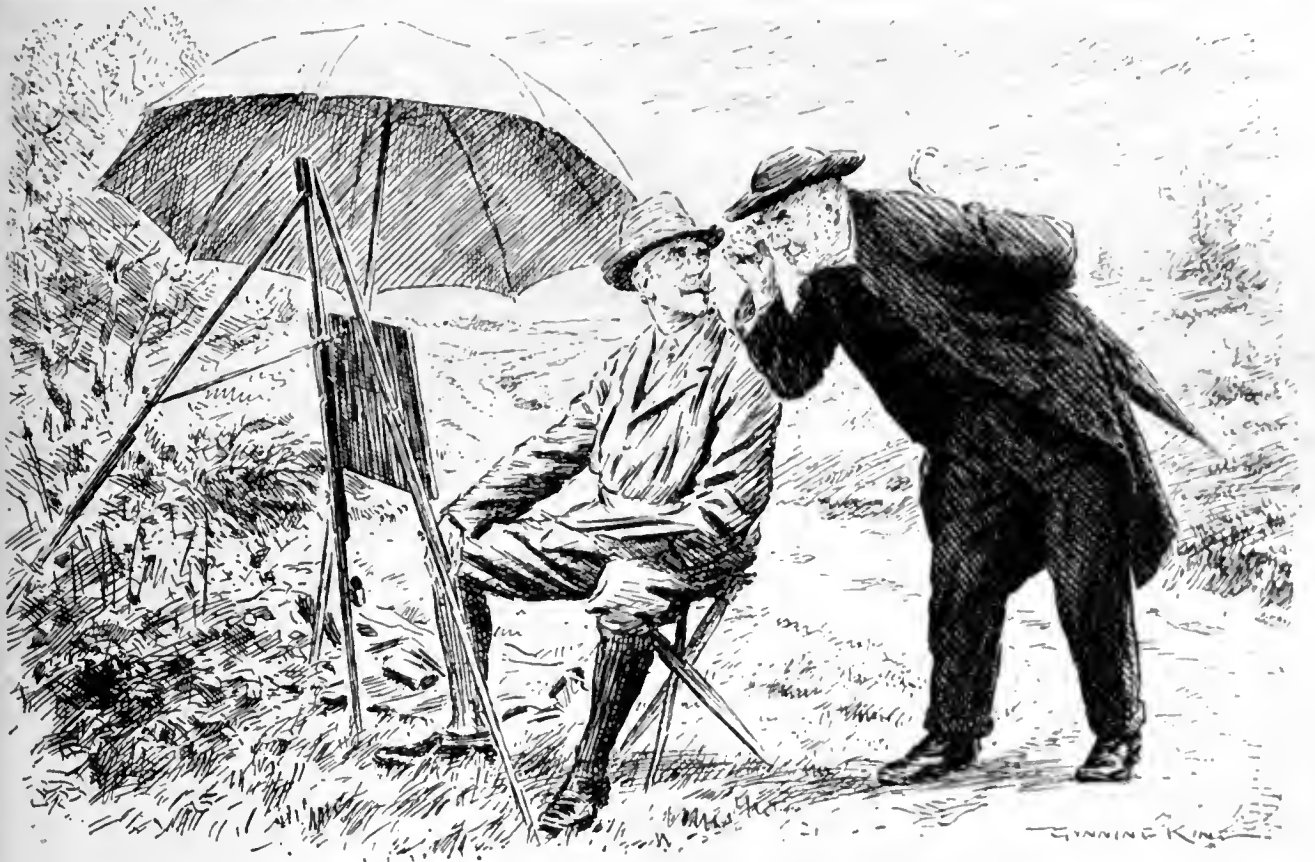
"Sweetest," said Eva, looking into his eyes with her own fearless and undoubting gaze, "nothing shall ever part us."



THE WELSH NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

“‘OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN, WHITHER SO HIGH?’
‘TO SWEEP THE STEEPLES OFF THE SKY.’”

and the fatal



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Parson. "VERY NICE! VERY EXCELLENT, INDEED! AND WHERE IS IT!"

THE £400 LOOK.

WE are to-day able to publish the exclusive information that certain of our Members of Parliament are not quite satisfied, all things considered, that they should receive payment for their services. This noble little band of amateur politicians has adopted the plan, we understand, of quietly slipping the first quarterly cheque in at the back of the fire without a word to any one. But we doubt if they will be quite able to retain their former status. Our representative interviewed the Editor of *The Sportsman* last night, who confirmed our view that any amateur, wittingly competing against a professional, thereby became *ipso facto* a professional.

Yet it can hardly be that these little acts of unostentatious self-sacrifice should be in vain. Already it is leaking out. Despite all efforts at concealment, rumours of the New Altruism are abroad. Among secretaries of charitable institutions—who are quite as wide-awake as you and I—the present is considered a good moment for appeals. Those who are asking definitely for the sum of £400 ("to

clear off the remaining debt") are now admitted to have made the stupid blunder of forgetting the Income Tax. The popular figure ("urgently needed to meet an unexpected emergency") is £385. We do not know how far this movement is meeting with success, but we may say, as a mere straw to show the direction of the wind, that we have heard to-day of a projected cottage hospital in one of the Northern counties whose site has suddenly been removed without explanation from a Liberal constituency into a Unionist one.

We have every reason to hope that the New Altruism, as yet in its infancy, will have a profound and far-reaching effect upon our national life. If Members of Parliament in any great numbers take up the position that they will not be paid for their services because they like doing that sort of thing, depend upon it they will not be allowed to stand alone. Others will follow. We believe that the moment is a good one and that public spirit is ripe. People are beginning to recognise, for instance, that the whole of the agitation which resulted in the suppression of the WELLS-JOHNSON fight would have fallen to the ground had the

two combatants come forward at the beginning and frankly announced that they had no desire to be paid for their services, for boxing was its own reward.

We learn in the same connection that there is no little searching of heart among the paid officials of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. We should not be at all surprised at the announcement that they also had decided to accept no further remuneration for their labours on the ground that they do it for the sheer love of the thing.

Other significant information reaches us from Scotland. There is a growing restlessness, it seems, among the old-age pensioners in the poorer parts of Glasgow. They do not wish to be regarded as professionals and they very strongly object to have their age and poverty flung in their faces. There is some talk of forming a Society of Passively Resisting Septuagenarians, whose members will bind themselves to abstain.

"Braid lost the teeth through putting 40 yards into the rough."—*Glasgow Herald*.
"Never up, never in," but this is overdoing it.

THE HOTEL CHILD.

I WAS in the lounge when I made her acquaintance, enjoying a pipe after tea, and perhaps—I don't know—closing my eyes now and then.

"Would you like to see my shells?" she asked suddenly.

I woke up and looked at her. She was about seven years old, pretty, dark, and very much at ease.

"I should love it," I said.

She produced a large paper bag from somewhere, and poured the contents in front of me.

"I've got two hundred and fifty-eight," she announced.

"So I see," I said. I wasn't going to count them.

"I think they're very pretty. I'll give you one if you like. Which one will you choose?"

I sat up and examined them carefully. Seeing how short a time we had known each other I didn't feel that I could take one of the good ones. After a little thought I chose quite a plain one which had belonged to a winkle some weeks ago.

"Thank you very much," I said.

"I don't think you choose shells at all well," she said scornfully. "That's one of the ugly ones."

"It will grow on me," I explained. "In a year or two I shall think it beautiful."

"I'll let you have this one too," she said, picking out the best. "Now shall we play at something?"

I had been playing at something all day. A little thinking in front of the fire was my present programme.

"Let's talk instead," I suggested.

"What's your name?"

"Betty."

"I knew it was Betty. You look just like Betty."

"What's yours?"

Somehow I hadn't expected that. After all, though, it was only fair.

"Orlando," I said.

"What a funny name. I don't like it."

"You should have said so before. It's too late now. What have you been doing all day?"

"Playing on the sands. What have you been doing?"

"I've been playing in the sand too. I suppose, Betty, you know nearly everybody in the hotel?"

"Oh, I play with them all sometimes."

"Yes; then tell me, Betty, do you ever get asked what time you go to bed?"

"They all ask me that," said Betty promptly.

"I think I should like to ask you too," I said, "just to be in the movement. When is it?"

"Half-past six." She looked at the clock. "So we've got half-an-hour. I'll get my ball."

Before I had time to do anything about it, the ball came bouncing in, hit me on the side of the head, and hurried off to hide itself under an old lady dozing in the corner. Betty followed more sedately.

"Where's my ball?" she asked.

"Has it come in?" I said in surprise. "Then it must have gone out again. It noticed you weren't here."

"I believe you've got it."

"I swear I haven't, Betty. I think the lady in the corner knows something about it."

Betty rushed across to her and began to crawl under her chair. I nervously rehearsed a few sentences to myself.

"It is not my child, madam. I found it here. Surely you can see that there is no likeness between us? If we keep quite still perhaps she will go away."

"I've got it," cried Betty, and the old lady woke up with a jerk.

"What are you doing, child?" she said crossly.

"Your little girl, madam," I began—but Betty's ball hit me on the head again before I could develop my theme.

"Your little girl, Sir," began the old lady at the same moment.

"I said it first," I murmured.

"Betty," I went on aloud, "what is your name, my child?"

"You've just said it."

"I mean," I corrected myself quickly, "where do you live?"

"Kensington."

I looked triumphantly at the old lady. Surely a father wouldn't need to ask his own child where she lived? However, the old lady was asleep again. I turned to Betty.

"We shall have to play this game more quietly," I said. "In fact, we had better make some new rules. Instead of hitting me on the head each time, you can roll the ball gently along the floor to me, and I shall roll it gently back to you. And the one who misses it first goes to bed."

I gave her an easy one to start with, wishing to work up naturally to the *dénouement*, and she gave me a very difficult one back, not quite understanding the object of the game.

"You've got to go to bed," she cried, clapping her hands. "You've got—to go—to bed. You've got—to go—to bed. You've——"

"All right," I said coldly. "Don't make a song about it."

It was ten minutes past six. I generally go to bed at eleven-thirty. It would be the longest night I had had

for years. I sighed and prepared to go.

"You needn't go till half-past," said Betty kindly.

"No, no," I said firmly. "Rules are rules." I had just remembered that there was nothing in the rules about not getting up again.

"Then I'll come with you and see your room."

"No, you mustn't do that; you'd fall out of the window. It's a very tricky window. I'm always falling out of it myself."

"Then let's go on playing here, and we won't go to bed if we miss."

"Very well," I agreed. Really there was nothing else for it.

Robbed of its chief interest the game proved, after ten minutes or so, to be one of the duller ones. Whatever people say, I don't think it compares with cricket, for instance. It is certainly not so subtle as golf.

"I like playing this game," said Betty. "Don't you?"

"I think I shall get to love it," I said, looking at the clock. There were still five minutes, and I rolled down a very fast googly which beat her entirely and went straight for the door. Under the old rules she would have gone to bed at once. Alas, that—

"Look out," I said as she went after it, "there's somebody coming in."

Somebody came in. She smiled ruefully at us and then took Betty's hand.

"I'm afraid my little girl has been worrying you," she said prettily.

"I *knew* you'd say that," said Betty.

A. A. M.

Little Known Facts about the Education Office.

"Mr. Steer denied that in passing the motion they were following a dead horse. The horse was not dead, and its spirit still reigned at the Education Office to the detriment of fully qualified teachers."

"A local Italian, on being asked whether he had been summoned home for military service, replied in the negative, adding that he was 'a crystallised Englishman.' After a few minutes of mental research his interrogator came to the conclusion that what the descendant of the Romans meant was 'nationalised.'"

Rothersey Express.

And after another few minutes of mental research we have come to the conclusion that what our contemporary meant was "naturalised."

"Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, who once suggested that a man was too old at forty and utterly useless for all practical purposes after sixty, has been appointed, at the age of sixty-two, Silliman Lecturer at Yale University for October 1912."

Very appropriate he must consider it.



BRITISH GOLF AMERICANISED.

[Designed from a report of Mr. HILTON's experiences during the final of the American Championship.]

THE ABSENTEES.

A DUOLOGUE.

[While Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. BIRRELL have been acting on the principle that "Ireland is a grand country to live out of," Mr. JIM LARKIN, the *protégé* of the Castle officials, has apparently not allowed the sacred rights of illegality and disorder to suffer from undue discouragement.]

B. FAR from the Castle and the stream,
Whose odours hem the Phœnix
Park in,
Say, ABERDEEN, what fitter theme
Could we discuss than JIMMY
LARKIN?

A. Agreed, dear BIRRELL, for I find
That care has lost the power of
carkin'
Since I resolved to leave behind
As acting-Viceroy, JIMMY
LARKIN.

B. Why should I sacrifice my ease
And slave at dull laborious
clerkin'
(I, too, can clip my final g's),
When I can count on JIMMY
LARKIN?

A. Old HEROD's was an iron rule—
He made a hobby of tetrarchin'—
But HEROD was a perfect fool
Compared to Mr. JIMMY LARKIN.

B. If Dublin's babies cry for bread,
Let Yorkshire send them lots of
parkin,
And Banbury its cakes, instead;
But do not bother JIMMY LARKIN.

A. I think as little of my foes
As of a plug that fails in sparkin';
Lapped in majestic repose
I leave it all to JIMMY LARKIN.

B. Superb was NELSON at the Nile,
Superb was the notorious
TARQUIN
(The rhyme, I own, is simply vile),
But more superb is JIMMY
LARKIN.

A. Me Scotland draws with ancient ties,
I claim, you know, with Lochin-
var kin.

B. Me Wales enchants with brassy
lies—

Both. Ireland we leave to JIMMY
LARKIN.

"A thin, slender figure of middle height, the face which surmounted it, with its thin, greyish-white beard and much-bitten moustache, so trimmed as to make the upper part of his face and head look even broader than it was, gave the impression of an old ecclesiastical ascetic, and the wrinkled chin around his eyes increased the look of age."—*Morning Post*.

We often wrinkle our chin in anxious thought, but we can never get it higher than the nose.

LATEST WAR NEWS

(From all sources).

CORFU. *Tuesday*.—The DUKE OF ABRUZZI has threatened to bombard Preveza unless the two small motor canoes at present in the harbour are surrendered.

ROME. *Wednesday*.—It is officially denied that any attempt will be made by Italy to bombard Preveza. It is known, however, that there are two small motor canoes hiding in the harbour, and the DUKE OF ABRUZZI has ordered a strong squadron of the Italian fleet to intercept them should they attempt to escape.

MALTA.—Heavy firing has been heard at sea, and it is surmised that Tripoli is being bombarded.

Later.—A heavy thunderstorm is also reported, so it may be this.

PEKIN.—A wireless message from Tunis states that the Italian fleet is bombarding the Metropolitan Railway.

The Italian Embassy has issued an official denial of the above, and states that the Metropolitan Railway is still running an efficient though restricted service. This statement is borne out by the Special Correspondent of *The Sporting Radical News*, who had a capital view of the bombardment through opera-glasses from 85 miles away, and can vouch for the fact that not a single private Tripolitan was injured.

The massing of Turkish troops on the Albanian coast has begun. Fourteen men, under the command of an officer, have concentrated at Ellassona.

The above message was telegraphed from Bergen *via* Ristovac in consequence of the censorship.

The Daily Mail special correspondent at Lucerne says that the *Secolo's* Rome correspondent telegraphs that the *Tribuna* states that a special edition of *The New York Herald* gives credence to a rumour in the *Matin* that the KAISER has despatched a lengthy telegram to the SULTAN.

It is now thought, says the *Paris Journal*, that the second pair of Turkish motor punts supposed to have been sunk by the Italian fleet is probably only the first pair over again under assumed names. In Milan this theory is regarded with suspicion.

WAR ITEMS.

"Trips to Tripoli" will be the subject next Sunday at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument.

Two Italians appeared at Bow Street yesterday charged with assaulting a total stranger who was entering a Turkish Bath.

The Rev. F. B. MEYER denies that he is determined to stop the fight or that he has offered to go over to Rome in any sense whatever.

JAMES BRAID considers the Tripoli Golf course one of the finest that he has ever laid out.

In 1862 Mr. Gladstone said, "Turkey's adversity is Europe's opportunity."

It is not generally known that MARK ANTONY once fought and lost a naval battle at Actium in B.C. 31.

SHAKSPEARE alludes to "Tripolis" three times in *The Merchant of Venice* and once in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Miss Maudie Trevelyan is singing a new song at the Tooting Hippodrome with the haunting refrain, "Take, take, take me to Tripoli, do! do!! do!!!"

GREATNESS.

As, many years ago, a poet
Rose at a single bound to fame—
I can't remember which one (blow it!)
But you, perhaps, recall his name;
'Twas he who woke one morning (it's
alleged)
A lion, so to put it, fully fledged;

Or as a modest man who dashes
To stop a horse that runs amuck,
Arrests it, so that nothing smashes,
And gets applauded for his pluck,
The crowd, who watched and thought
to see him dead,
Collecting round to cheer and pat his
head;

So Glory came, when least expected
To shine upon my humble way;
So Fame her sudden beam directed
Upon my head the other day;
Though I had made no verses worth a
toss,
Nor rushed along the street to stop a
hoss.

I had done nothing, yet 'twas pleasant
To feel that I was really great,
To know that all and sundry present
Were envious of my lofty state,
To catch the sidelong glances thrown
at me,
And hear the youngsters whisper, "Look
at 'e!"

How oddly Fate bestows her bounty!
For this is how it came about:—
The Wolves were playing Derby
County,
And as we watched them coming
out
Their International half-back, McCRAKE,
Nodded at me in passing (by mistake).

"ARMY AIRSHIPS.

RIPPING PANEL EXPERIMENT."

Morning Post.

How jolly! We wish we'd seen it.

ARE GRANDPARENTS JEALOUS?

INTERESTING SYMPOSIUM.

THE statement recently made in court by Lord Justice Starling, that a sinister feature of modern life was the bitter jealousy of their juniors exhibited by grandparents, has elicited a number of remarkable pronouncements from leading luminaries of the Church, the Stage and other prominent callings, from which we cull the following representative utterances:—

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

My opinion, take it for all in all, as your divine SHAKSPEARE has it, is simply this, that a well-regulated (*bien rangée*) grandmother, or even a great-grandmother, should be incapable of jealousy of any of her descendants. But then she must possess genius, magnetism and the gift of eternal youth.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

Nothing is more painful than the artificial apotheosis of old age due to modern aids to longevity. In Mayfair it is the commonest thing to see bejewelled and painted grandmothers entering into unfair competition with their granddaughters, dancing all night and bridging all day, while the young people sadly accept the rôle of wallflower or find solace in slumming. No, grandparents are not jealous; but grandchildren are envious.

MR. LEMUEL TALLMARSH.

When I was an undergraduate at Balliol the question of the relation of the young and the very old once cropped up at a dinner-party given by JOWETT to CARLYLE, the BROWNINGs, FROUDE and my grandfather. My grandfather, whose Greek iambs excited the envy of GAISFORD, hazarded the view that the lack of respect and affection which characterised the rising generation would, if not checked, tend to civil war. CARLYLE, who was in, for him, a most playful mood, turned to me and said, "Has the unending ass tried to teach you to suck eggs yet?" I was torn in two between loyalty to my grandfather and a natural respect for the renowned Sage of Chelsea, and maintained an embarrassed silence. The tension was, however, happily relieved by a genial sally from FROUDE, who observed that a civil war was better than an uncivil peace,—a felicitous paraphrase of THUCYDIDES' *ἄποδος ἀνοκοχή* which immensely tickled JOWETT. I remember, and I may be pardoned for quoting from my *Oxford Memories* (Fourth Series, vol. iii., pp. 243-4), my notes on the conversation that ensued:—



Manageress (to customer about to light a cigar). "NO SMOKING IN HERE, SIR, PLEASE!"
 Customer. "BUT YOU'VE GOT 'SMOKING ROOM' ON THE DOOR THERE."
 Manageress. "THAT IS THE DOOR OF THE NEXT ROOM, SIR."
 Customer. "THEN WHAT'S IT DOING IN HERE?"

"BROWNING, who curiously enough was the only person present who wore a black tie, noted the strange fact that while we always spoke of grandparents, grandfather and grandmother, it was optional whether we used the phrase grand-uncle or great-uncle. FROUDE thought this illustrated the flexibility of our vocabulary; but my grandfather demurred and also expressed the view that the word 'grandchildren' was a misnomer, observing that the French, with their greater lucidity and logic, employ the form *'petit-fils.'*"

The jealousy of grandparents, it will be observed, did not directly engage the conversationalists on this occasion, and neither CARLYLE nor JOWETT were capable of discussing the point from personal experience. But I remember

distinctly that CARLYLE smoked a clay pipe after dinner, to the obvious dissatisfaction of my grandfather, who held that the introduction of tobacco by RALEIGH was the starting-point of England's decadence. JOWETT, so far as I remember, never smoked, but in later years I have seen him toying with an unlighted cigarette in order to countenance his guests.

THE POET LAUREATE.

If pessimists who dare to tell us That grandfathers are growing jealous Expect me to expound my view, I answer them serenely, "Pooh!"



SPORTING HINTS.

Village Dame. "SCUSE ME, ZUR, WON'T YOU, BUT MY OLD HEN 'AVE JUST GONE INTO THAT WOOD. I DO HOPE HER WON'T BE UNFORTUNATE!"

TO ANY HAIRDRESSER.

THINK of me what you will: as one demented,
Or far too poor to pay the price you rush,
Or weary of strange liquids, lotus-scented,
And guaranteed to make the top-knot lush:
Think of me as a man in grief immersed,
Likely to let the dam thing fall and burst,
Or having such a dickens of a thirst
That I should drink it (Yes, the medium brush).

But by the sacred Muses and Apollo
I would not take a sample bottle free
Of your ambrosial bear's-grease; I can follow
Your arguments, young man: I plainly see
The little pool you pour into your palm,
How odorous it is, how clear, how calm!
If there is anywhere in Gilead balm
This is the A1 blend; but none for me.

Senators, Kings, and Mr. LEWIS WALLER
Most likely use it; it has steeped with myrrh
The radiant locks and dripped into the collar
Of editors and viscounts; do I err
In thinking, if I rubbed the sacred fat
On to my winter overcoat, like that,
Or dropped a little on the front-door mat,
Next morning I should find them fledged with fur?

Hardly; and now, with bated breath and quieter,
Tell me what distillation of rare flow'rs
(Known only to yourself and the proprietor)
Gathered in Orient lands, by midnight hours,
Produced the bally stuff; how other cures
Are simply patent advertisers' lures,
But, secret of the sons of Israel, yours
Evolved in SAMSON his peculiar pow'rs.

I quite believe you; yet with deep emotion
I tell you once again, for all your vows,
I will not buy that pestilential lotion;
If I had farms and vineyards I would souse
The fields with it, and make the mangels grow,
And all the vales with peace and plenty flow,
But not a drop of it, Narcissus, no!
Shall fall upon these Muse-devoted brows.

I shall grow bald then, shall I? Thank you,
barber;
That is the goal I look to; be it soon!
The day of cloudless skies, of stormless harbour,
When I shall come no more to hear you croon;
No more the unguent that offends my sight,
No more the sacrificial garb of white,
But all things tranquil as a summer night
Lit by a large, low, round and hairless moon.

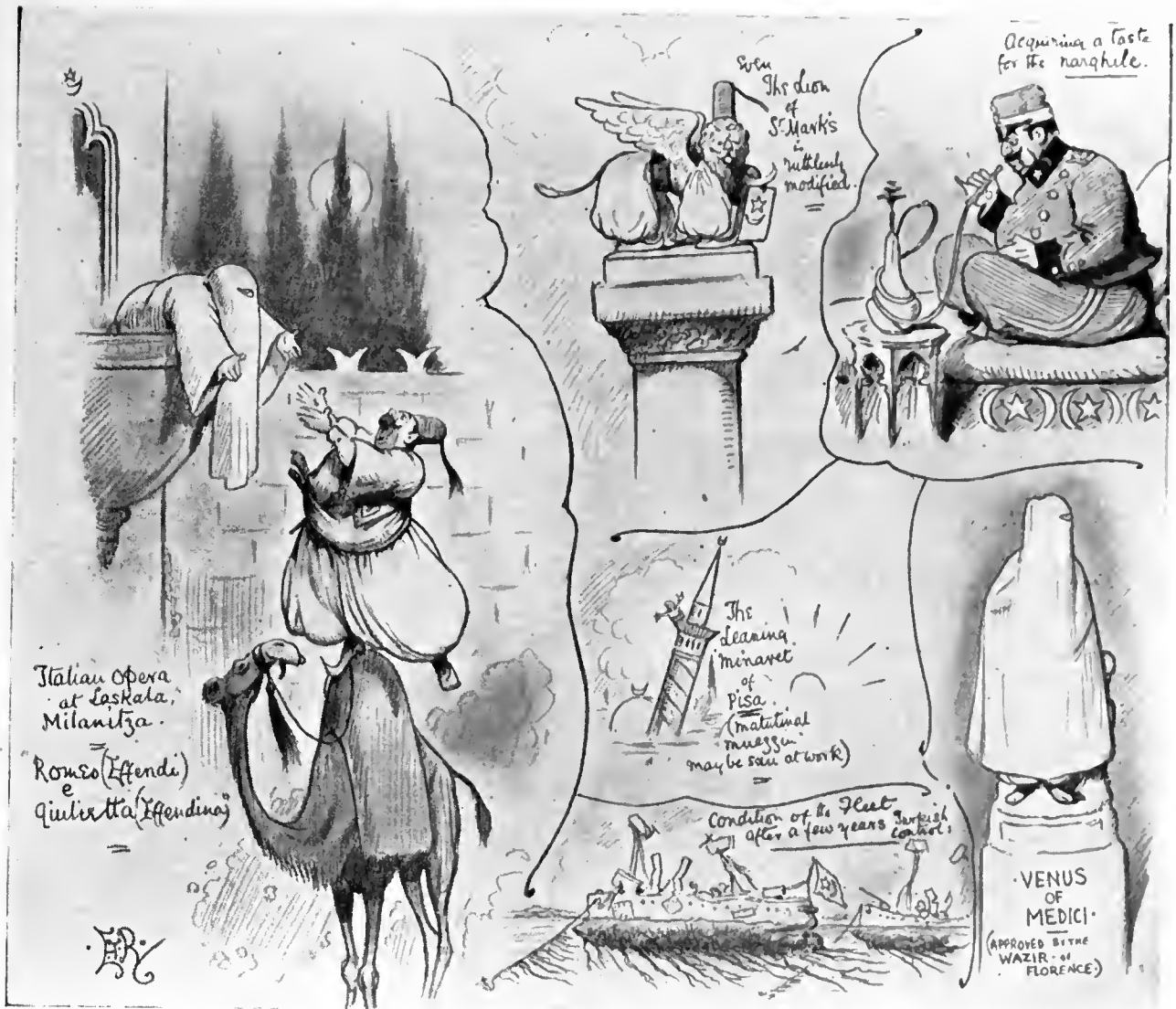
EVOE.



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

DAME EUROPA (of the Hague Academy for Young Gentlemen). "I THOROUGHLY DISAPPROVE OF THIS, AND AS SOON AS EVER IT'S OVER I SHALL INTERFERE TO PUT A STOP TO IT."





IF ITALY BECAME TURKISH!

(Which, judging by events so far, is a somewhat large hypothesis.)

LAVENDER'S FOR LADIES.

LAVENDER'S for ladies, an' they grows it in the garden;
 Lavender's for ladies, and it's sweet an' dry an' blue;
 But the swallows leave the steeple an' the skies begin to
 harden,
 For now's the time o' lavender, an' now's the time o'
 rue!
 "Lavender, lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"
 All down the street an old woman will cry;
 But when she trundles
 The sweet-smellin' bundles,
 When she calls lavender,—swallows must fly!

Lavender's for ladies, (Heaven love their pretty faces);
 Lavender's for ladies, they can sniff it at their ease,
 An' they puts it on their counterpins an' on their pillow-
 cases,
 An' dreams about their true-loves an' o' ships that cross
 the seas!
 "Lavender, Lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"
 Thus the old woman will quaver an' call

All through the city—
 It's blue an' it's pretty,
 But brown's on the beech-tree an' mist over all!

Lavender's for ladies, so they puts it in their presses;
 Lavender's for ladies, Joan an' Mary, Jill an' Jane;
 So they lays it in their muslins an' their lawny Sunday
 dresses,
 An' keeps 'em fresh as April till their loves come 'ome
 again!
 "Lavender, lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"
 Still the old woman will wheeze an' will cry.
 Give 'er a copper
 An' p'raps it will stop 'er,
 For when she calls lavender summer must die!

"He was then actually overhanging his prey, but succeeded in shooting a fine tahr with 12-inch horns, falling unfortunately 300 feet. This is nearly always the result of this kind of shooting."—*Field*.
 "This is getting quite monotonous," murmured the sportsman as he found himself whizzing down the mountain side for the third time that morning.

AT THE PLAY.

"SUMURÛN."

THOUGH the cuckoo is not in a position to announce it, *Sumurûn* "is icumen in" again. In reviving this fascinating musical-play-without-words, The Savoy has also restored its original fulness, as made in Germany. It is not easy to recapture one's early difficulties with the plot, but I doubt if the new scenes contribute much to its lucidity, though they are a delightful addition to the gallery of pictures. I hardly dare to suggest that they rather spoil the balance of the design, but it certainly seems that a disproportionate space is now devoted to horse-play with the body of the *Hunchback*, and to the processes of manœuvring him into the harem.

The moving frieze of the *parabasis* still remains the most attractive feature of the play; but there is a pleasant new scene in front of the *Sheikh's* palace, where *Sumurûn's* maid, in the gay and charming person of *Fraulein MÛLLER*, attempts the peaceful persuasion of the harem-pickets. A large bucket, designed for hoisting goods to an upper storey, looked like the very thing for introducing *Nur-al-Din* and the *Hunchback*



"NOW, GENTLEMEN, BEAR IN MIND, EVERY OLD MASTER SOLD IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS THE GENUINE SIGNATURE IN THE CORNER, AND YOU DON'T NEED TO SCRAPE THE VARNISH OFF TO FIND IT."

into the palace. But it was strangely inoperative. It never raised its human contents more than a yard or two; and I could trace no relation between its movements, such as they were, and the handle that was supposed to work it.

You might imagine that the elemental crudity of this story from *The Arabian Nights* demanded no very great *finesse* of gesture or facial expression. But you would err. And indeed the play itself shows here and there a nice sense of human nature, as when *Sumurûn*, though on the point of deceiving her detested lord, is so humbled by the preference he shows to the slave-girl that for the moment, in her wounded pride, she repels the lover whom she adores; while, on the other side, the slave-girl, though she has a lover of her own, and, anyhow, would not be likely to find much attraction in the

veteran *Sheikh*, can yet enjoy her triumph over his lawful wife.

Fraulein von DERP repeats her portrait of *Sumurûn* with all its former grace and liteness and subtle simplicity. *Fraulein KONSTANTIN*, as the slave-girl, has lost nothing of her original force, and still contrives, in presenting a fairly straightforward character (I speak without moral prejudice) to impart to it an air of mystery. *Herr LOTZ*, as *Nur-al-Din*, is still the perfect type of devout lover (I continue to speak without moral prejudice), absorbed in the object of his worship, and almost too modestly incredulous of his good fortune.

little tired of the filthy bodice and general repulsiveness of the old lady, who practised, among other unsavoury habits, the art of charming snakes. Snakes would seem to be easily pleased.

My best congratulations to Professor MAX REINHARDT on the deserved enthusiasm with which his production was received. Though the stage at The Savoy is a little too confined for broad effects, the new environment, with its more congenial atmosphere, should be a source of fresh attraction. And then the play has all the evening to itself, and the elect are spared the suspicion (so painfully felt at The Coliseum) that some of the house might be taking

Sumurûn on sufferance while waiting the turn of Mr. FRAGON or a family of acrobats.

O. S.

THE DIVING-LESSON.

It was last August. I woke up with that vague feeling of mental discomfort which I have often experienced during my service abroad when there is some disturbing or unusual event on the programme of the coming day. On the night before—my first in England for many years—I had been entertaining my widowed sister-in-law and her daughter Nita, with whom I am spending the

Herr HERZFELD, the new *Hunchback*, and a fine actor, bore the physical strain of his part (assisted, I hope, at certain crises by a dummy) with great intrepidity and resourcefulness. *Herr CONRAD*, if perhaps he yielded a little in the matter of appearance and deportment to the original *Sheikh* of *Herr ROTHAUER*, was sufficiently imposing. The *Sheikh's Son*, (now played by *Herr ROTHAUER*) was formerly described as his "friend." This promotion to sonship adds a certain impious piquaney to his offences (including a scheme of murder) against that venerable *flâneur*.

I suppose that, just as a little humour (of no very high order) was judged necessary to relieve, by anticipation, the ultimate tragedy, so a note of ugliness was demanded as a foil to so much beauty. But I confess that I grew a

first month of my furlough, with an account of some of my adventures after big game in India. The successful tracking and destruction of a rogue elephant I kept till the last, and finished it and the bottle of port—my poor brother collected some excellent port—at the same moment. Nita listened intently, and then said, with the charming irrelevance of fifteen, "Uncle Spencer, will you teach me to dive?" "I don't know that there is much to teach," I replied lightly; "it's all a matter of confidence." "Like elephant stories?" asked Nita—everything is a story to a child. "Then we'll start at half-past seven." Half-past seven seemed a long way off and I hesitated to make what might prove a useless admission.

A man's brain, especially if he has been trained, as I have, in a career

which requires above all things the habit of swift and sober decision, will often, in the clear morning light, refuse to ratify over-night engagements entered into under the obscuring influence of enthusiasm or wrung from the indulgence of a kindly nature. It is said of HENRY LAWRENCE, who served for many years in the same Province as myself, that when he had stroked his beard and looked once at the sky and once at the earth, he made the right decision. I wear no beard, but as Nita brought in my tea I looked once at a very cloudy sky, and in a flash the difficulty was solved. Nita asked how long I should be dressing. I said, why did she ask? Breakfast wasn't till nine. She said it would take a quarter of an hour to walk down. I expressed bewilderment, and she was forced to open the attack. But that was the limit of my success. I said, "Not to-day, my dear. I have no—" She said, "How lovely! I've brought you one for a birthday present."

If I had not swallowed some tea the wrong way, I think I could still have retrieved the position, but when I stopped coughing she was gone, and called out from the passage, "Put a coat over it and come down." I realised, after a little, that she referred to the costume, not to the tea on the pillow, and when I had got the thing on—it was made for an under-sized man with loud tastes—I was glad to take her advice. On the way down, however, she insisted several times on partial unveilings, and though her repeated assertions that it was lovely received unexpected corroboration from a passing milkman its shortcomings, when I removed my coat on the beach, were so obvious that I sought the shelter of the water and sat down quickly with the assistance of an enormous wave. The sudden movement was disastrous to my birthday present, and with one hand engaged as a safety-pin I struggled into deeper water. Though considerably exhausted I contrived to swim round the end of the breakwater, and, utilising it both as a support and as a screen, shouted to Nita to stay the other side. At that moment a large wave washed me higher on to the breakwater and, passing, left me suspended. Instinctively I clambered up, and a rending noise warned me that my troubles were not all behind me. From a sitting posture, and with my arms crossed over my breast, I then executed a dive, of which I can only say that it showed resource, courage and originality, entailing two complete somersaults and a fine hearty splash.

Nita's appreciation was tempered by



Taxi-driver (to gentleman who has given a shilling for a tenpenny fare and demanded the change). "OPE YER DIDN'T MIND ME GIVIN' IT YER ALL IN COPPERS, GUV'NOR!"

doubts whether she should not begin with the simpler kinds, but I firmly refused to indulge her lack of enterprise, and gave her instead a short course of instruction in the art of dressing in the water, the utility of which she admitted when I pointed out the frequency of shipwrecks in the middle of the night. To add piquancy to the display it was arranged that the beach was the sinking ship; Nita enacted the part of an heroic stewardess, and I was a lady-passenger precluded for obvious reasons from revisiting the wreck. My lifelike rendering of the unhappy lady's distress,

when the stewardess, tempted by the beauty of my teagown, threatened to leave me to my fate, partly made up for the disappointing nature of the final performance, and I had to admit that, though the principle is the same, the feat is more difficult in deeper water.

Nita asked whether I could dive with a coat on.

She expects too much.

The Weekly Budget advertises "The Mystery of O.B." But surely Mr. OSCAR BROWNING has always been obvious to the public eye?

CRAGWELL END.

PART II.

THE village itself runs, more or less,
 On the sinuous line of a letter S,
 Twining its little houses through
 The twists of the street, as our hamlets do,
 For no good reason, so far as I know,
 Save that chance has arranged it so.
 It's a quaint old ramshackle moss-grown place,
 Keeping its staid accustomed pace;
 Not moved at all by the rush and flurry,
 The mad tempestuous windy hurry
 Of the big world tossing in rage and riot,
 While the village holds to its old-world quiet.
 There's a family grocer, a family baker,
 A family butcher and sausage-maker—
 A butcher, proud of his craft and willing
 To admit that his business in life is killing,
 Who parades a heart as soft as his meat's
 tough—

There's a little shop for the sale of sweet stuff;
 There's a maker and mender of boots and shoes
 Of the sort that the country people use,
 Studded with iron and clamped with steel,
 And stout as a ship from toe to heel,
 Who announces himself above his entry
 As "patronised by the leading gentry."

There's an inn, "The George";

There's a blacksmith's forge,
 And in the neat little inn's trim garden
 The old men, each with his own churchwarden,
 Bent and grey, but gossipy fellows,
 Sip their innocent pints of beer,
 While the anvil-notes ring high and clear
 To the rushing bass of the mighty bellows.
 And thence they look on a cheerful scene
 As the little ones play on the Village Green,

Skipping about

With laugh and shout

As if no Darville could ever squire them,
 And nothing on earth could tame or tire them.

On the central point of the pleasant Green
 The famous stone-walled well is seen
 Which has never stinted its ice-cold waters
 To generations of Cragwell's daughters.
 No matter how long the rain might fall
 There was always enough for can and pail—
 Enough for them and enough to lend
 To the dried-out rivals of Cragwell End.
 An army might have been sent to raise
 Enough for a thousand washing days
 Crowded and crammed together in one day,
 One vast soap-sudded and wash-tubbed Monday,
 And, however last they might wind the winch,
 The water wouldn't have sunk an inch.
 For the legend runs that Crag the Saint,

At the high noon-tide of a summer's day,
 Thirsty, spent with his toil and faint,

To the site of the well once made his way,
 And there he saw a delightful rill
 And sat beside it and drank his fill,
 Drank of the rill and found it good,
 Sitting at ease on a block of wood,
 And blessed the place, and thenceforth never
 The waters have ceased but they run for ever.
 They burnt St. Crag, so the stories say,
 And his ashes cast on the winds away,

But the well survives, and the block of wood
 Stands—nay, stood where it always stood,
 And still was the village's pride and glory
 On the day of which I shall tell my story.
 Gnarled and knotty and weather-stained,
 Battered and cracked, it still remained;

And thither came,
 Footsore and lame,

On an autumn evening a year ago
 The wandering pedlar, Gipsy Joe.
 Beside the block he stood and set
 His table out on the well-stones wet.
 "Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" was the call he cried
 As the folk came flocking from every side;
 For they knew their Gipsy Joe of old,
 His free wild words and his laughter bold:
 So high and low all gathered together
 By the village well in the autumn weather,
 Lured by the gipsy's bargain-chatter
 And the reckless lilt of his hare-brained patter.
 And there the Revd. Salvyn Bent,
 The parish church's ornament,
 Stood, as it chanced, in discontent,
 And eyed with a look that was almost sinister
 The Revd. Joshua Fall, the minister.
 And the Squire, it happened, was riding by,
 With an angry look in his bloodshot eye,
 Growling, as was his wont, and grunting
 At the wasted toil of a bad day's hunting;
 And he stopped his horse on its homeward way
 To hear what the gipsy had to say.

FICTION AND FASHION.

WE observe with interest that in a note to a short story in the current issue of a popular sixpenny magazine the editor writes: "Lady readers of the following may be glad to learn that the illustrations have been executed by a dress expert, and represent the latest models for the forthcoming autumn." This seems to us to open up new prospects for our neglected novelists. May we not look to find something like the following in the literary Press before long?

DRESS AT THE LIBRARIES.

Ultra-smartness, combined with a suspicion of *diablerie*, will be found to be the note of the gowns worn by the heroine of Mrs. GLYN's new novel, *A Ducal Divorce*. The publishers are proud to call attention to the fact that Chapters VI. and VII., dealing respectively with the Foreign Office reception and the ball at Chiffon Castle, have been supervised by the talented author in conjunction with a well-known Paris modiste, thus ensuring that every costume depicted shall be a masterpiece of creative art. The reputations alike of author and *costumière* are a sufficient guarantee that a romance of special interest should result.

Mr. J. M. BARRIE writes: "When I described the heroine of one of my novels as wearing a dress 'of some soft clinging material' I meant the new washable *foulardette* at three eleven three-farthings, and no other." Invaluable for all emotional work.

To gentlemen-authors commencing: If you feel inclined to dress your characters in "crash and bombazine, trimmed with *revers* of *eau-de-nil passementerie*," avoid solecisms so fatal to real popularity by consulting the Literary Dress Agency. Every MS. has personal attention. Send your female characters to us, and we undertake to turn them out worthy of the best publisher in London.

Fictional Fashions: Read the book reviews in *The Tailor and Cutter*.



Village Tenor (hearing complaints of the singing in the choir on Sunday). "WELL, I DO ALL I CAN, MA'AM, BUT IT'S THEM BOYS, YOU KNOW; I ALWAYS 'AS TO 'URRY WITH MY TENOR AND GO BACK AND 'ELP 'EM WITH THEIR TREBLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Jim Davis (WELLS AND DARTON) is a book that would have delighted STEVENSON. You remember how, in one of the letters, he describes the way a story ought to begin—about the strange craft that must ha' dropped into the bay a little afore dawn, or words to that effect? Well, this is very much the kind of thing you get in Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD's latest, a tale of Devon and the sea, of night-riders and preventive men. A capital tale too, and well told. Young *Jim Davis* himself (apart from his one great adventure) does nothing especially heroic, being for most of the time in a condition of very natural and human funk. But there is an excellent person, a smuggler called *Marah*, who makes full amends for this. And from the moment when the lad *Jim* stumbles upon the secret of the cave, and is forced by the fearful smugglers to become one of their band, adventures and fights and escapes follow each other in quite the right breathless fashion. With it all there is a distinction and an atmosphere, such as you would now naturally look for in Mr. MASEFIELD's work, which raise the whole far above the countless tales in which the same incidents have been employed. There was one passage in particular, of a boat being pushed at night out of a cave, which I had to read five or six times for sheer joy of its beauty, before I could get on with the page. Once or twice, however, I was puzzled. For example, it was a little shock to me, archæologically, to find persons at the beginning of the last century described as sitting down to lunch in the

middle of the day. Of course this may be all right; but it sounded strangely modern.

There is a great deal to be said for Mr. PETT RIDGE, and I intend to say some of it now in respect of his *Thanks to Sanderson* (METHUEN). It is not to be accepted as an axiom that if a railway servant, having risen by his own effort and merit to an inspectorship; educates his children to a higher standard of culture than his own, the children will inevitably become ashamed of him and cut themselves off from the family or the family from them. But it is more than probable that when such a lamentable development occurs it must be on the lines sketched in the hard case of the *Sandersons*, the bad tendency getting the better of the children only by slow degrees and the ingrates themselves showing in the process that they are not altogether without redeeming points. For Mr. PETT RIDGE is a most competent optimist—optimist, because he can find a good side to everybody; competent, because he sees a bright side which exists and does not invent one which, if he had the ordering of the universe, might be incorporated in human nature. And, if he does not deal in the subtleties of souls and the clash of intellects, he gives you a truer and more delightful account of the elemental humours of the lower middle class than any man I know. The opportune appearance of the book is an additional point in its favour. The careful study of the personality of a railway employee is at the moment valuable, and happy, moreover, since it confirms the favourable opinion derived from one's own experience. Certainly it suggests a doubt whether his

motive in striking so often and capriciously is always, or indeed ever, his own.

Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage (MILLS AND BOON) is a chronicle of excessively small beer. But it is free from acidity or sourness, and those who find the beverage refreshing may here drink to their hearts' content. Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT's most prominent failing is that she is wearisomely amiable. She thinks it worth while to record her friends' remarks verbatim, though their interest for the ordinary reader does not extend beyond the range of the nursery. She proudly prints facsimiles of commonplace letters from ARTHUR SULLIVAN, CHARLES READE and LONGFELLOW. Occasionally she brightens her story with reminiscences of her own *jeux d'esprits*. Over the space of more than half a century she recalls how, hearing that a friend was "accepting little attentions" from a Mr. BRANDON, she said, "Well, Mary, I wouldn't be seen with a brand on." Quick as lightning flashed the retort. "Well, your taste I call vert." Cal-vert; you take it? Ah, how the jests used to flow in those days! And yet, brought up in girlhood in the school of strolling players of which Mr. Crummies was a shining star, Mrs. CALVERT might have given us some good stories and some interesting descriptions. They do not seem to have occurred to her.

The supply of novels of the Historical-Romantic-Swashbuckler School is to-day, I should judge, not very far short of the demand, and when a thing can be had for the asking one is inclined to insist on a generous money's-worth. Speaking for myself at least, I know that when I see a book whose title suggests the Middle Ages I grow instantly censorious, and adopt what is probably an altogether unfairly critical attitude. In this spirit I began to read *For Henri and Navarre* (HUTCHINSON), by Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS, and for just a few pages at the opening I expected to be able to take full marks for intuition. But, thank heaven, the greatest of us make mistakes at times. It is one of the finest stories of the kind I have met for years, and I don't blame Miss CONYERS a bit for telling the publisher it is the best thing she has ever written. There is nothing in trying to describe what it is about. The ingredients of this sort of tale—love, intrigue and desperate straits—are all much the same. Everything depends on how you mix them, and how much life you can get inside the fancy dresses. I really think Miss CONYERS has done both about as well as they can be done.

The eight tales contained in *The Earthen Drum* (MILLS AND BOON) deal principally with love in the eternal

East and prove—if such proof is needed after *The Veil*—that Miss E. S. STEVENS may rest assured of an audience whenever she cares to beat her drum. Perhaps some of the stories may be a little highly flavoured for those who expect all love-affairs to be conducted on strictly British lines; I am not, however, saying this in order to depreciate Miss STEVENS's book, but by way of warning to people of insular prejudices. As a matter of fact, although the author's work is of the East—very Easterly, yet apart from one or two stray remarks, which may titillate the pruriently minded, she has maintained a praiseworthy reticence in dealing with subjects (the theme, for instance,

of "The White Mouse") that lend themselves to a broader and less artistic treatment. The story, however, which gains my unqualified admiration, is called "The Silly Young Cuckoo," an adorable piece of imaginative work. For a volume of short stories, a rare feature in this book is the fact that its contents are now on view for the first time; or so I judge from the absence of all reference to the courtesy of Editors and Proprietors of Magazines, a class that always seems to insist that its virtues, whenever utilised, should receive public recognition.

An epidemic of odd titles is abroad and Mrs. MANN's *There was a Widow* (METHUEN) is the latest. There is, however, nothing startling or indecorous about the widow, who is a nice, demure, penniless, feckless and not very perceptive person of the kind that attracts (in novels) strong, silent, content-to-wait men. Of such is the *Dr. Burden* who succeeds to her husband's practice and acquiesces in a situation which does more credit to his heart than his head. After due separation

all ends well. The minor characters, for the most part mildly unpleasant, are well and definitely drawn; but *Diana Todd*, the husband-huntress, and *Lionel*, the bad young man who marries the housemaid, are perhaps not quite convincingly realised. And, to be frank, there were few traces of the "humorous pen" which the publishers promised me in a kindly summary upon the cover.

An Unfair Division.

"Mr. J. Buchanan on Saturday, on the football ground, beat Mr. J. R. Mackridge in a run of 100 yards. Buchanan had five yards start and Mackridge had muscular trouble." Mr. BUCHANAN presumably won the toss and chose the five yards start.

"The first real touch of winter was experienced during the night of Thursday week, when the thermometer fell to 27 Fahr.—or in other words, three degrees of frost were recorded. In another part of the village we hear of five degrees being registered."—*Grantham Journal*. Perhaps they were merely better at subtraction in "another part of the village."



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

XI.—A CITY TOAST-MASTER TESTING THE ECHOES IN SWITZERLAND.

HOW I SPEND MY FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS.

SIR,—It is with reluctance that I accept any emoluments from a rebel Government which defies the lawful authority of the Belfast Parliament. I may say that I purpose spending my year's salary in the purchase of a second-hand military airship (with gas-bag complete). It is NOT my intention to use this on circuit.

Yours valiantly, EDWARD CARSON.

SIR,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I behold any strengthening of those pecuniary bonds which, light as air yet strong as steel, bind England and Ireland together far more firmly than any corrupt Act of Union. I hope to spend my salary entirely on public purposes. I have already bought a red-white-and-blue waistcoat (to be worn on oratorical tours in the English provinces), and a large Union Jack (to be hoisted over my London house when in residence), and I intend offering a prize of £100 for the best rendering of *Rule Britannia* in Erse.

Yours for the flag,
JOHN REDMOND.

SIR,—Three hundred and ninety-five pounds of the unsought salary forced upon me by the worst

Government which ever misruled England I intend to give to the Welsh Establishment Defence Fund; the remainder I shall spend on articles likely to be of use in the campaign—notably a biretta for platform wear and a foghorn for service in the House of Commons.

Yours for the faith, HUGH CECIL.

SIR,—It is my intention to spread political light amongst my constituents by distributing one hundred copies of that favourite organ of the democracy, *The National Review*, every month. The balance of two hundred and fifty pounds I shall spend on a political breast-pin. It will bear upon it in sapphires the mystic initials, "B.M.G." Whatever the Party Whips say or do, it is my intention to wear this in the House.

Yours faithfully, ROWLAND HUNT.
P.S.—B. M. really G.

SIR,—My public salary will be entirely devoted to those black races which are crushed under the foot of the white oppressor. I am sending £50 to the Anti-Lynching Society (U.S.A.); to the JOHNSON testimonial fund as a protest against the wrongs he received in our white courts; to the Indian National Congress Fund; to the CETEWAYO monument; to the Chimney-Sweepers' Benevolent Society; and to the Homes for Aged Negro Minstrels. It is also my intention to send something to support the poor heathons who play at Blackheath.

Yours truly, W. BYLES.

P.S.—The only honour I could accept from the Government is that of a nighthood. If I can but get the Black

with the greatest possible regret as a felon), in subscribing to the Party press. It is my purpose to purchase regularly that excellent monthly, *The Observer*, edited by my distinguished follower, Mr. LEO GARVIN.

Yours very truly,
ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

SIR,—I am spending my salary on myself. Yours truly,
G. L. COURTHOPE.

(Mr. Punch wishes to congratulate Mr. COURTHOPE on his excellent choice.)

SIR,—My salary will be spent on preparations for the campaign. I have already secured a set of ditching tools, an Orange flag, a white do., a breast-plate, a Maxini, and twelve drums. If

any balance should be left I desire that it be added to the CRAIG Monument Fund at the end of the campaign.

Yours ferociously,
C. C. CRAIG.

SIR,—Unfortunately my entire salary has been annexed by my wife. It is my intention to move at an early date in the House, "That the power of woman has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

Yours indignantly,
AN M.P. WHO
PREFERS TO REMAIN
ANONYMOUS.

SIR—It is my intention to spend my

salary on my King's Lynn constituents. I am at present doubtful whether it would be best to distribute 8,000 rabbits, 2,400 ducks, 1,600 pheasants, or 480 barrels of beer amongst them. Let the Radicals say what they will, my constituents, at any rate, will find that their food will cost them less.

Yours bountifully, H. INGLEBY.

From an Indian theatrical announcement:—

"Our keen crystalised actors will put their usual enactments."
Good!

"'Blyford Church, Suffolk,' is in the artist's own inimical style, and yet it portrays the true Suffolk atmosphere."—*East Anglian Times*.

We are glad that the artist does not carry his hostility to Suffolk to extreme lengths.



A SUGGESTION TO MOTOR SCORCHERS.
CARRY A DUMMY INSPECTOR AND SAVE YOUR PINES.

Eagle of Prussia in recognition of my protests against militarism I shall die happy.

P.P.S.—I am desirous of contributing to some fund for the victims of this war. Could you inform me whether the Turks or the Italians have the darker complexions?

SIR,—It has been pointed out to me that it is in some respects desirable that the leader of a party should keep in touch with the journals of the day. Though a certain detachment from current thought has its advantages, still I am ready to fall in with the wishes of my loyal followers. In future, in addition to following current politics closely in the *Hibbert Journal*, as has been my custom, I intend to devote a portion of the funds supplied to me by my Right Honourable friend, Mr. ASQUITH (whom I must characterise

THE ARMISTICE.

[The Editor's Room of any morning paper, any evening, about 9 o'clock.]

Editor. I'll want something about Tripoli to-night, of course.

Leader Writer (reproachfully). I wrote last night, and there was nothing to say then. It's a rotten topic. Has anything happened?

Ed. Yes. An armistice is imminent.

L. W. Yes, but it's been imminent ever since war was declared.

Ed. I know. But it's still more imminent now, and people will expect something about it.

L. W. Is this last Tuesday's armistice, or a new one?

Ed. I don't know.

L. W. (persuasively). You see, this may only be a contradiction of the rumour that last Tuesday's news of an imminent armistice was premature.

Ed. We needn't worry over refinements like that. The German Ambassador at Constantinople has expressed his belief that war will be over by the end of this week. Besides, MUNIR PASHA is reported to have 20,000 men on the outskirts of Tripoli, ready to hold back the Italian army.

L. W. That doesn't sound like an armistice. Who is MUNIR PASHA?

Ed. I never heard of him till to-night. You'd better look him up in *Who's Who*. But that's not all. Germany is bargaining with Italy for a naval base in Tripoli. We must stop that, of course.

L. W. Of course. (More cheerfully) I did the fourth hole in two to-day.

Ed. That sounds pretty useful. And there's unrest in Bulgaria, too. You might mention that. You see there are plenty of points.

L. W. I suppose our line is to welcome the imminence of peace, while expressing doubt whether Italy's military task in Tripoli is really begun, and to insist firmly that Germany must not get a foothold in—what did you say was the name of the place?

Ed. Bomba, I think.

L. W. Where is Bomba?

Ed. I'm not at all sure. You'd better ask the foreign editor.

[In the Sub-Editors' room.]

L. W. (to Foreign Editor). I understand, Mr. Park, that you have arranged an armistice for to-night.

F. E. Yes.

L. W. I suppose it's given you a good deal of trouble. Do you mind telling me where Bomba is? I suppose it exists—outside of musical comedy?

F. E. Bomba is near Derna, to the eastward. If Germany squatted there she would command our approach to Suez. Would you like to see Bomba on the map?

L. W. No, thanks. All I've got to do is to prevent Germany from going there.

F. E. (helpfully). There's some interesting stuff to-night about Torbruk, P. A. Special. It's a magnificent natural harbour.

L. W. Thanks. Anything else?

F. E. Nothing much. Some looting by Moslems at Hodeidah.

L. W. Italian example, no doubt. You might let me know if anything fresh comes in.

[Leader Writer's Room, about an hour later.]

He is finishing up his article.]

"Italy has asserted during recent days that the time for peace negotiations is not yet, and it was not without reason that she insisted that she must have Tripoli firmly

in her power before arranging the terms upon which the Italian flag shall permanently replace the Crescent. (*Good old Crescent*.) But this new readiness to treat may be explained partly by the warlike demonstrations of MUNIR PASHA and partly by the fear that the exacerbation (*That's a better word than irritation*) of German and Austrian public opinion might lead to serious embarrassment or even open rupture with her allies. Our concern in the matter is that the mailed fist of Germany must not be permitted to obtain any *locus standi* in Bomba."

F. E. (entering hastily). There's something fresh in. A snapshot says great naval battle off Mitylene.

L. W. It's too late. My stuff is just finished.

F. E. Heavy firing in the Aegean.

L. W. (testily). Look here, Mr. Park; this won't do, you know. Mine is a peace leader, and you were all for peace at nine o'clock. And we've always taken the line that Turkey's fleet is bottled up, even if she had one. We can't have the whole scheme of the war altered suddenly without notice. Have you told the editor?

F. E. Yes. He would like you to bring it in at the end of your article.

[F. E. vanishes. L. W. goes on writing. Twenty minutes elapse. Telephone bell rings.]

L. W. (speaking to Editor on telephone). Yes, Mr. Park told me. Yes, I have lugged it in in my last par. Oh, it's contradicted, is it? I thought myself it was probably an echo of the bombardment of Tripoli. Oh, no, I don't mind a bit. It would do quite nicely for to-morrow night, with a little revision, and perhaps something may really happen by then. Good night.

POMONA.

THE hive's full of honey, the steding of stacks,
The stubbles are bare to the sunshine again,
There's a wind in the branches that eddies and backs
That whispers of Autumn, that whispers of rain.
The orchards are mellow with red globes and yellow,
The matronly months of fulfilment are now,
So now must we turn to their goddess, and yearn to
Pomona, beloved of the fruit-burdened bough!

The swallows have gone from the eaves and the spire,
From the garden has faded the pomp of high June,
But crimson's the maple, the woods are a-fire,
And filling with woodcock beneath the new-moon;
Folk say that she lingers with berry-stained fingers
On field-paths that clamber by cottage andcroft,
Pomona, dear maiden, whose brown arms are laden
With fruit and with fulness for cellar and loft!

Oh, some may build altars for Dian, and some
For Cyprian Venus who rose from the sea,
And some for the Muses the learned and glum,
But no such fine ladies for mortals like me.
No doubt they are charming; I'd find them alarming;
And when did they offer to quench a man's thirst?
Pomona, provider of tanged autumn cyder,
Our lady of apples, she's easily first!

* * * * *
Since you'd offer libation, this method is mine—
Go up by the footpath (the high roads I shun),
And ten miles of walking will show you her shrine,
An inn with a settle that faces the sun;
And absent if She be, an apple-cheeked Hebe
Shall pour you her nectar that winks and that swirls;
She's brown and she's smiling, she's plump, she's
beguiling,
Perhaps not the goddess, but one of her girls!



THE OPTIMISTS.

FIRST IMPORTED AGITATOR (to his comrade, as they watch Mr. Sydney Burton). "DON'T BE DOWN-HEARTED. LET'S HOPE WE SHALL BE ABLE TO MAKE AS MUCH TROUBLE AS BEFORE."





Hospitable Carter (after borrowing a match from stranger to whom he has offered a lift). "Y' SEE, I B'AIN'T ALLOWED T'AVE NO MATCHES WHEN I BE CARTIN' BLARSTIN' POWDER FUR THEM OLD QUARRIES UP ALONG."

THE GREAT WAGER.

["M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian writer, has wagered £80 that he will succeed in landing at New York and reaching Boston, Massachusetts, without being interviewed by American reporters."—*Daily Press*.]

M. MAETERLINCK is a man of ideas, as those who have read his books and seen his plays need not be told, but even he is not above taking counsel, and in order to help him carry out his great enterprise—for £80 is a sum worth winning—he has permitted inquiries to be made of a number of persons likely to be of assistance.

Some of the replies are subjoined.

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE: Any assistance that I can give is at the service of my *confrère*. Literary artists should stick together. One of the best disguises is that of the one-legged man. This is painful, as it means bending the calf of the other leg backwards against the part above the knee and pushing the result into a truncated trouser; but it can be done. No one would expect M. MAETERLINCK to have but one leg. The twisted lip is useful too, but one must remember that American interviewers have sharp eyes.

Sir GILBERT PARKER: I can offer no advice as to how to enter America without being interviewed, because I have never tried it and never intend to.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: I have given much thought to this subject and I think I have hit on a good working plan. Let M. MAETERLINCK go just as he is. But let him, when he lands, take with him a body-companion disguised as a desperate character, carrying a square brown-paper parcel under his arm. This parcel must contain a well-painted copy of the "Monna Lisa," and the paper must be just enough torn to permit a sight of her face through it. In the ensuing riot M. MAETERLINCK will have no difficulty in escaping.

Mr. W. CLARKSON: Leave it to WILLY. Meanwhile extraordinary preparations are being made by the New York press to cause the dramatist to lose his money. One manœuvre that is recommended is to interview every one on the ship, down to the meanest scullion, and to open every conversation—even to ladies—with the words, "Good morning, M. MAETERLINCK, I hope you have had a good passage." This plan, however, cannot be carried out owing to the time it would occupy and the dislocation—beyond that now permitted—of the business of landing and emerging alive from the Custom House.

An amendment suggests that an enormous megaphone should be placed on the statue of Liberty, and should

address every steamer entering the harbour from England with the words, "Good morning, M. MAETERLINCK, I see you are there. I hope you have had a good passage. Anything that you do not tell me about the impression America is making on you will be taken down in writing and used as evidence against you." This device, it is held, will be so comprehensive as to embrace M. MAETERLINCK sooner or later, and it has been held by a first-class United States lawyer that even if he did not hear the words the address and threats would be tantamount to an interview. On the other hand there is considerable objection to the proposal on the ground not so much that it is perhaps not altogether sporting as that it leaves too little opportunity for papers to exercise that rivalry which is the breath of their life.

Meanwhile a strong feeling exists among the New York interviewers that the author of *The Blue Bird* is not quite playing the game. He says nothing of when he intends to cross. It is held that dates should be given in order that the great contest may be fair to both sides.

"Lost, on Tuesday, from a meadow at Heveningham, a young Bud."

Advt. in "East Anglian Times."

Has anybody seen our blade of grass?

CRAGWELL END.

PART III.

THEN the pedlar called to the crowd to hear,
And his voice rang loud and his voice rang clear ;
And he lifted his head and began to trol
The whimsical words of his rigmarole:—

" Since last I talked to you here I've hurled
My lone way over the wide, wide world.
South and North and West and East
I've fought with man and I've fought with beast ;
And I've opened the gates and cleared the bar
That blocks the road to the morning star !

" I've seen King Pharaoh sitting down
On his golden throne in his jewelled crown,
With wizards fanning like anything
To cool the face of the mighty King :
But the King said, ' Wizards are off,' said he ;
' Let Joseph the gipsy talk to me.'

" So I sat by the King and began to spout
As the day drew in and the sun went out ;
And I sat by the King and spun my tale
Till the light returned and the night grew pale ;
And none of the Wizards blinked or stirred
While the King sat drinking it word by word.

" Then he gave me rubies and diamonds old ;
He gave me masses of minted gold.
He gave me all that a King can give :
The right to live and to cease to live
Whenever—and that 'll be soon, I know—
The days are numbered of Gipsy Joe.

" Then I went and I wandered on and on
Till I came to the kingdom of Prester John ;
And there I stood on a crystal stool
And sang the song of ' The First Wise Fool ' :
Oh, I sang it low and I sang it high
Till John he whimpered and piped his eye.

" Then I drew a tooth from the lively jaw
Of the Prester's ebony Aunt-in-law ;
And he bubbled and laughed so long, d'you see,
That his wife looked glum and I had to flee.
So I fled to the place where the Rajahs grow,
A place where they wanted Gipsy Joe.

" The Rajahs summoned the turbaned hordes
And gave me sheaves of their inlaid swords ;
And the Shah of Persia next I saw,
Who's brother and friend to the Big Bashaw ;
And he sent me a rope of turquoise stones
The size of a giant's knuckle-bones.

" But a little brown Pygmie took my hand
And rattled me fast to a silver strand,
Where the little brown Pygmie boys and girls
Are cradled and rocked to sleep in pearls.
And the Pygmies flattered me soft and low,
' You are tall ; be King of us, Gipsy Joe.'

" I governed them well for half-a-year,
But it came to an end, and now I'm here.
Oh, I've opened the gates and cleared the bar,
And I've come, I've come to my friends from far.
I'm old and broken, I'm lame and tired,
But I've come to the friends my soul desired.

So it's watches and lockets, and who will buy ?
It's ribbon and lace, and they're not priced high.
If you're out for a ring or a golden chain
You can't look over my tray in vain :
And here is a balsam made of drops
From a tree that's grown by the Æthiops !

" I've a chip of the tooth of a mastodont
That's sure to give you the girl you want.
I've a packet of spells to make men sigh
For the lustrous glance of your liquid eye—
But it's much too dark for such wondrous wares,
So back, stand back, while I light my flares !"

Then he lit a match, but his fingers fumbled,
And, striking his foot on a stone, he stumbled ;
And the match, released by the sudden shock,
Fell in flame on the old wood-block,
And burnt there very quietly—
But before you could have counted three,
Hardly giving you time to shout,
A red-blue column of fire shot out,
Up and up and ever higher,
A marvellous burst of raging fire,
Lighting the crowd that shrank from its flashes,
And so decreasing,
And suddenly ceasing

As the seat of St. Crag was burnt to ashes !

But in the smoke that drifted on the Green
Queer freaks of vision weirdly wrought were seen :
For on that shifting background each one saw
His own reflection and recoiled in awe ;
Saw himself there, a bright light shining through him,
Not as he thought himself, but as men knew him.
Before this sudden and revealing sense
Each rag of sham, each tatter of pretence
Withered and vanished, as dissolved in air,
And left the shuddering human creature bare.
But when they turned and looked upon a friend
They saw a sight that all but made amend :
For they beheld him as a radiant spirit
Indued with virtue and surpassing merit,
Not vain or dull or mean or keen for pelf,
But splendid—as he mostly saw himself.
Darville and Fall were drawn to one another,
And both to Bent as to their heart's own brother ;
And a strange feeling grew in every breast,
A self-defeating altruistic zest.
But when they sought the Gipsy, him they found,
His dark eyes staring, dead upon the ground.

THE END.

R. C. L.

The Heavy Weight.

" Mr. —, who had a bedroom on the second floor, escaped by jumping from a window on to the bowling green. The damage is estimated at £5,000."—*Daily News*.

You could almost get a new bowling green for that.

" Wacha was wonderfully steady except towards the end of Friday afternoon when Brooke's and Douglas's long defensive stand had broken his heart. Hard as the pitch was he broke from both sides."

Times of India.

After a serious double fracture like this WACHA may well have been unsteady for a moment.

Reciprocity.

" Suspicion was first aroused against the man by his foreign appearance."—*Morning Paper*.

Later on it transpired that he was a German, and the police at once arrested him.

THE CORNER IN STAMPS.

Now that some months have elapsed and the national resentment at the new issue of stamps shows no sign of abating, those of us who had sufficient foresight to hoard our old stocks are apparently to meet with our reward. It is common knowledge that the buying of "King Edwards," as they are conveniently called, has been going quietly on for several weeks, and now that the large towns have been practically depleted much business is being done in the smaller and more remote country post-offices. Already a small premium has had to be offered in some few cases, but by far the greater proportion of these parcels, varying from two or three to several dozen, have been acquired at their face value. It is indeed the story of the old furniture over again. The country districts are being ruthlessly pillaged before they have discovered the true importance of their goods. Before the year is out it is probable that nine-tenths of the remaining stock will be held by the various members of the ring, who are looking confidently for a smart advance in prices in the spring.

It is not considered likely by the prime movers in this speculation that "King Edwards" will continue to be used by business firms in the course of their ordinary correspondence. These have already been forced to bow to the inevitable and accept the new stamp, though many of them insist upon having the improved variety sold at a premium of two per cent. by the National Re-gumming Co., Ltd., which is doing a fine body of business. The demand from philatelists is also quite negligible. But they are firmly convinced that they may count upon sufficient support among the cultured classes, for private correspondence, to secure a steady and progressive market. In artistic circles there are many who feel so strongly upon the point that they are quite willing to deliver their letters entirely by hand rather than disfigure the envelope with the current penny stamp.

Fashion also has her say in the matter. It is already laid down in the most exclusive circles that "King Georges" may not be used for a dinner invitation, and no guest's bedroom in any smart country house is regarded as properly furnished without its little box of "King Edwards," while a large cheque to a fashionable charity calls inevitably for a receipt stamp of the old issue. The campaign cannot, it is true, be carried on for long on this lavish scale. But even when the scarcity is severely felt and high prices are being



Motor-bus Driver (who has closely followed the events at Tripoli). "WOT YOU DOIN' 'ERE? I 'EARD AS 'OW ALL THE RESERVISTS 'AD BEEN CALLED BACK."

paid, wedding invitations and acceptances are certain to bear the stamp of the last reign. Nor will it matter, according to the experts, what the denomination of the stamp may be. When the pennies and halfpennies are exhausted users will be forced to go slowly up the scale till the really smart wedding of ten years hence will probably be heralded by envelopes bearing the shilling "King Edward."

Should the venture be floated (as it may be) as a limited liability company we should like to offer one word of warning to intending shareholders. Over the whole undertaking, so rosy in its aspect at first sight, hangs a dark cloud of uncertainty—the danger of a new issue.

"There are 41 musicians, of whom 27 are stringed instruments."—*Evening News*.

We have heard a man called a four-wheeled cab or a stove, but this is even more insulting a comparison.

TO THE EAST WIND
(which is said by a weekly paper to be the secret of the hardness of the Englishman).

TIME was when you delivered

Your usual nasty blow,
I simply sat and shivered,
Cursing you high and low.

The Sunny East's ejection
Of you I deemed unkind,
And clamoured for Protection
Against imported wind.

Ah! but I clamoured blindly,
Not having understood
Your aim was really kindly—
To foster hardihood.

When next you chill the bard, ho
Will look no longer glum,
But whisper, "Kiss me, hardy
I'm anxious to become."

"The office of Chief Rabbit was in his day no bed of roses."—*Sunday Times*.

No bed of lettuces, shall we say?

ANOTHER NEW CLUB.

"WHERE'S Baby?" said Jeremy to his wife. "My dear, do listen. I said, 'Where's Baby?' Summon the family to the drawing-room. Father wishes to make a pronouncement."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Jeremy. "I'll tell Baby anything she ought to know."

"I think it would be more impressive if I addressed you both. My idea was that you and Baby should sit on the sofa together, and I would rest my right elbow on the mantelpiece and expound to you—gesticulating, if necessary, with the left hand."

"Well, don't knock anything over. What is it? Something in the silly old paper?"

"My dear," Jeremy remonstrated, "you mustn't talk like that about the Press. If it hadn't been for our independent Press we should have known nothing about the Health and Beauty Butter-Scotch which has done so much for our child."

"Done so much! You made her seasick twice with it."

"*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.* However, this is something different." Jeremy took up a commanding position on the hearth-rug. "My dear wife," he said solemnly, "I have to inform you that I am about to become a member of the Willoughby-de-Broke Club."

"You've got one golf club already," said Mrs. Jeremy.

"The Willoughby-de-Broke Club is not a golf club," said Jeremy patiently. "On the contrary. Its motto is 'B.M.G.'"

"That's a new kind of tobacco, I suppose?"

"It is not, dear. It stands for 'Balfour must go.' Balfour is the well-known golfer."

"I suppose it's something to do with politics. I'm glad I don't know anything about politics."

"A wife's politics are the same as her husband's," explained Jeremy. "If you remember, you swore to love, honour and obey me. I say nothing about the obey, because you slurred it over rather, but you can't honour a person nowadays if he differs from you in politics. You have to call him a felon, and no one really honours a felon."

"All right, dear. Then am I going to be a member of the Willoughby-de-Broke Club too? Because if so, I shall want a new frock."

"If there is ever a Willoughby-de-Broke Ladies' Club, you shall certainly belong, and Baby too, as soon as she can say 'B.M.G.' But just at present I shall be the only representative of the family in the club. 'Mr. Jeremy

Smith of the Willoughby-de-Broke Club'—you know, I think that will look rather well in the local paper. 'The annual meeting of the Cottage Gardeners' Association was held last night, Mr. Jeremy Smith of the Willoughby-de-Broke Club being in the chair.' 'Mr. J. P. Smith, the well-known Willoughby-de-Broke clubman, met with a slight accident yesterday, falling off his bicycle at the bottom of Latchley Hill.' 'On Saturday next, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Peter-Smith are giving a tea to the old people of the village. Mr. Peter-Smith, it may not be generally known, is a popular figure in London Society, being a member of the Willoughby-de-Broke and Leo-Maxse Clubs.' I think, dear," said Jeremy, "as soon as I am elected to the Willoughby-de-Broke Club, we shall have to call ourselves the Peter-Smiths."

"You may be blackballed," said Mrs. Jeremy hopefully.

"Not if I say 'B.M.G.' with sufficient firmness. In fact it is my idea this morning to spread the news in the village. I shall probably return in triumph, a hundred eager hands having dragged the horses from the shafts and harnessed themselves to the carriage. Do you think we shall get the horses back all right? I often wonder what happens to them on these occasions."

"It's only a pony," said Mrs. Jeremy.

"Still, we can't go giving ponies away. Perhaps I'd better have the bicycle out instead."

Jeremy came back to lunch very much depressed and refused a third helping of beef.

"What a life of stagnation this country life is!" he said. "We are only sixty miles from London, and yet we are centuries behind it in ideas. What do they know here of all the great modern movements and the leaders of modern thought? Why, take this morning; you will scarcely credit it when I tell you that I said 'B.M.G.' to Cobb and he hadn't a notion what I meant. And he'd never even heard of WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

"Then they didn't drag the chain off the bicycle and push you home?"

"No. The suggestion never arose at all. You know, I'm not at all sure now that I shall join the Willoughby-de-Broke Club."

"Well, you'll save the subscription."

"If I can't say 'B.M.G.' to anyone down here without being thought a raving lunatic, I don't see the good of joining."

Mrs. Jeremy looked at him in surprise. "Is that all they do at the Willoughby-de-Broke Club?" she asked.

"Of course. What did you think?" He got up and stood in his favourite position with his back to the fire. "On Monday they all say, 'Balfour must go,' to each other, and on Tuesday they say, 'I say, look here, you know, this will never do; Balfour must go,' and on Wednesday they say, 'Well, there's only one thing for it, Balfour must go,' and on Thursday they trot off to hear him make a magnificent fighting speech, and on Friday they come back and say, 'Once again our great leader has given a trumpet-call to every patriot in the country,' and on Saturday they say, 'All the same, you know, Balfour must go.' And next week they do it all over again. It's tremendous fun."

Mrs. Jeremy got up.

"I don't think I need tell Baby about the Willoughby-de-Broke Club," she said. "She'd think it so silly."

A. A. M.

THE MEETING OF TWIN SOULS.

JOHN is twenty-seven years of age and describes himself, in his income-tax returns, as following the trade, vocation, employment or profession of a musical critic. The profits do not, he tells me, look imposing on paper, but his compensation is his reputation among the dear philistines. Mrs. Wodehouse, for instance, asked him to dinner on the strength of it alone, adding, in a personal postscript, that "my young friend Gladys Pethick, an amateur pianist of great talent, with whom I am sure you will have much in common," was coming also. Thinking more of the dinner than of the guest, he accepted, and in due course met, held converse with, and became engaged to this Gladys. It is at their joint request that I publish this true account of the discovery of their affinity.

* * * * *

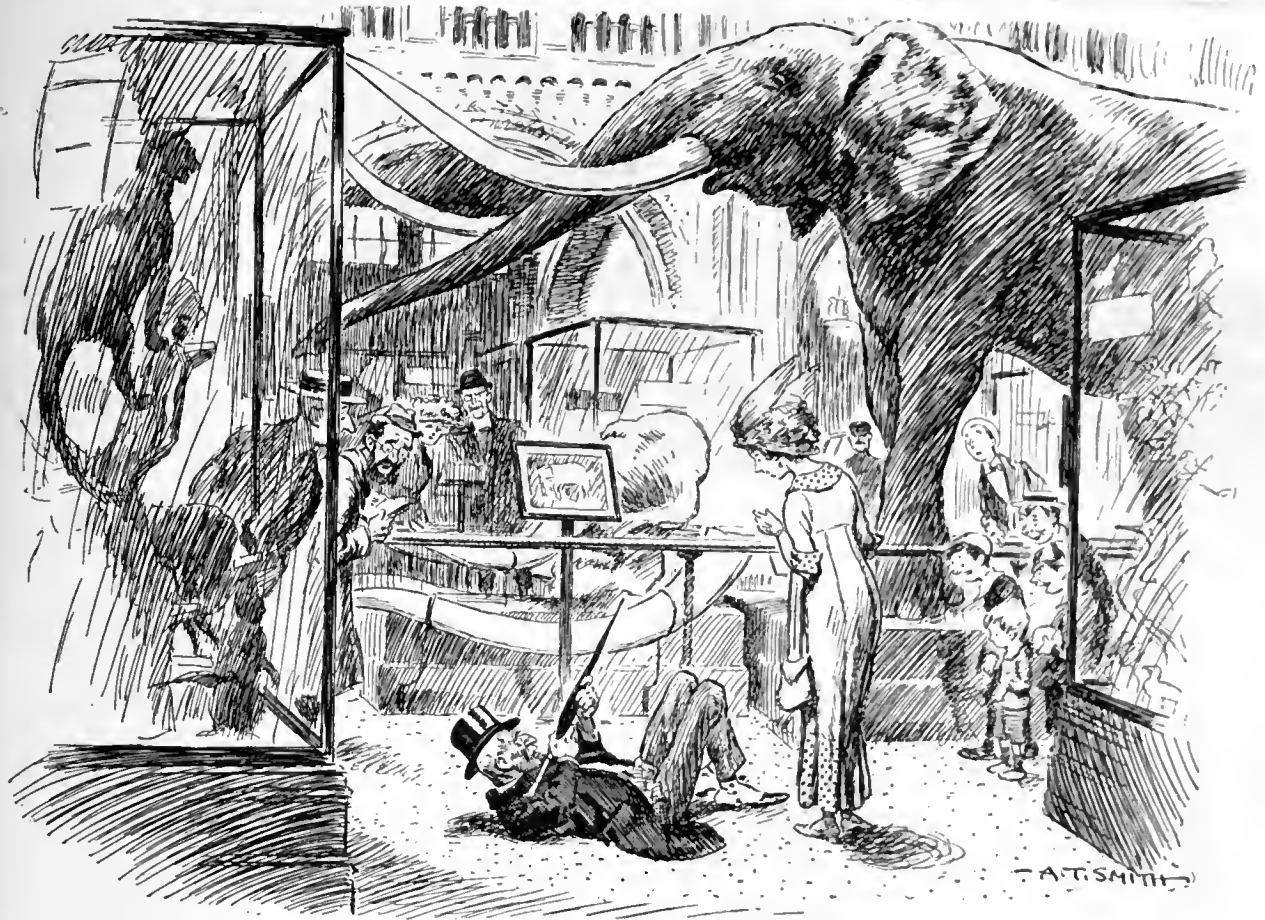
"Gladys," said Mrs. Wodehouse, introducing them, "this is Mr. John Bantock. There, now you know each other, and I am sure you will have a lot to say to each other about your beloved music."

A little later, Mr. Wodehouse had a communication to make to John, which required to be stated apart, in a whisper. "Bantock, will you take Miss Pethick in to dinner? She's very keen on music and all that sort of thing, and my missus thought you ought to meet and exchange views."

"What do you think of Puccini?" asked John, dutifully and much against the grain, as soon as they were seated.

"I don't," said Gladys, "but I will try to, if you will give me a lead. To tell you the truth—"

"It is a little early for that, isn't



HIS BATTLES OVER AGAIN.

Colonel X. (who has presented elephant to museum and is naturally excited when seeing it for the first time properly installed). "NARROW SHAVE WITH THIS CHAP; FIRST SHOT EIGHTH OF AN INCH TOO HIGH; TURNED AND CHARGED. LOOKING ROUND FOR SECOND RIFLE, FOUND BEARER FLED. STARTING TO RUN, TRIPPED, FELL. ROLLING OVER QUICKLY, LIKE THIS, JUST TIME TO RAM CARTRIDGE INTO BREECH. LIFE DEPENDED ON SNAP-SHOT. BANG! DROPPED DEAD WITHIN FIFTEEN INCHES OF ME; BULLET THROUGH HEART."

it? Anyhow, who is your favourite composer?"

"Oh, it is much too early for that," smiled Gladys. "Let us eat a little of our salmon first."

"It is very good salmon," said John, more happily, "and I don't know of many things in the world better than that. Mind you, I rather think I prefer it cold, but no doubt the cook has thought the matter out. Compensation is certainly coming, for I notice from the menu that there is on its way an ice pudding. Of all the adorable things in the universe——"

"You are a musical critic, aren't you?" interrupted Gladys.

"So I am. I had forgotten."

"And Mrs. Wodehouse is watching us. Tell me all about—er—musical criticism."

Enthusiasm died out of John's eyes as he resumed his duty.

"And now," said John, when he had said all the old things about all the old masters, "it is your turn. You were asked here to meet me, and you have

done it. I, for my part, was asked here to meet you. So fire away." Then he turned his attention to his quail on toast, while Gladys hunted round for topics.

"I was at the opera, the other night," she began at last.

"You were indeed, for I saw you there. You had a blue dress on."

"Did you like it?" asked she eagerly.

"No," said John; "I adored it."

"And it was all my own idea. Yes, I think I may say it was a good idea, but even now, you know, I am not quite certain that it was not a little too severe. I love simplicity, but there are limits. You see the girl opposite us? Obviously pink isn't her colour, and she hasn't an idea how to wear her clothes, but I must confess that I envy her just that touch of——"

"And they told me you were an amateur pianist," said John.

"If I must be, then I am . . . I love my piano. It has seven octaves and eighty-five keys. I counted them this morning. There are two candlesticks

outside, and the inside is full of wires. There is a photograph on the top, which falls down whenever I get *fortissimo*. The piano-tuner comes regularly once a quarter. F sharp is my favourite note, although it is black. Does the ice pudding come up to expectations?"

"I have only one criticism."

"Is that a musical one?"

"No; so I'm afraid it won't interest you. It is that the colour of it does not come up to that of your dress."

The first real step towards a proposal was made later at the piano, when Gladys had just finished playing neither of them ever knew what (by request).

"Delightful!" said John, who was standing by in case of emergencies.

"What?" said Gladys.

"The way you do your hair."

"Oh," blushed Gladys.

And Mrs. Wodehouse is still happy in the belief that the subsequent event arose from nothing else but a mutual and intense sympathy in the matter of harmonics and counterpoint.



Constable (trying the good old test upon belated person who persists he was "ner' shobrer in 's life"). "CAN YOU SAY 'BRITISH CONSTITUTION'?"
Belated one (with strongest "Die-Hard" convictions). "THERE ISN'T ONE NOW!"

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

[“Sir ABE BAILEY has sent eleven head of South African venison to the Church Army. The meat will be distributed among the Society's Labour Homes and other institutions.”—*Times*.]

STIMULATED by the example of the South African magnate, several other of our prominent plutocrats have, it is asserted, determined to manifest their munificence on similar lines.

Mr. J. B. JOEL, considering Sir ABE's gift incomplete, is providing such accessories to the venison as red currant jelly, and has also arranged for a larder in which the meat may hang until ready for the table.

Baron DE FOREST has sent 14,000

cold storage plovers' eggs to be distributed amongst the poorest of his supporters in West Ham.

Simultaneously advices arrive from Cambridge to the effect that Sir ERNEST CASSEL has despatched twelve motor lorries laden with caviare to the Master of the Newmarket Workhouse for the Christmas dinner of the inmates.

A telegram from Dornoch, Sutherlandshire, states that the entire neighbourhood has been thrown into a state bordering on delirium by the announcement that the Laird of Skibo has presented a three-manual organ with 100 stops to each of the caddies on the Dornoch links.

Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, not to be outdone, is sending to the Salvation Army headquarters 250 illuminated missals of the thirteenth century to be divided among the Night Shelters of London.

Sir ALFRED MOND, so it is stated on the unimpeachable authority of the Welsh vernacular press, has despatched 150 kegs of Macassar oil to be distributed on Guy Faux day to the children of the Cardiff Band of Hope.

Lord CHARNWOOD has materially increased his enormous popularity at Lichfield by declaring his fixed and unalterable intention to present copies of all his speeches at the recent Church Congress, bound in vellum with gilt edges, to every baby in arms in the locality.

Lastly, we learn that Lord PIRRIE is about to present a portrait of himself in his robes as a Knight of St. Patrick, framed in brilliants, to all the inhabitants of Belfast who are in receipt of outdoor relief.

ANOTHER BEAU'S STRATAGEM.

WHEN I proposed, my Ermytrude,

And you politely answered "No,"

Then offered me your sisterhood

By way of solace for the blow,

I wonder if you really knew

The sort of bargain you had struck;

If so, it seems apparent you

Possess abnormal pluck.

No longer will each fatuous word

Of yours be deemed a pearl of wit;

If what you say appears absurd,

I shall not fail to mention it;

The honeyed speech I used of yore

Belongs not to your altered rank;

A brother's normal tone is more

Unflatteringly frank.

Thus, using my fraternal right,

I feel I need not hesitate

To say you've looked a perfect fright

In all the hats you've worn of late;

Your love of red, I also think,

Proves you a veritable goose;

It does not suit you, dear, while pink

Makes your complexion puce.

You see, it is a brother's way

To mention little things like these,

And I shall treat you day by day

To kindred candid pleasantries,

Till, as in course of time you find

A sister's lot is fraught with pain,

You drop your status, change your

mind,

And bid me hope again.

The Fruitful Vine is announced by the publishers. Whenever we have seen him he has taken about two hours to make forty.



THE PEN IS HANDIER THAN THE SWORD.

THE TURK. "HI, HI! I'M THE GENTLEMAN WHO'S FIGHTING ITALY. TAKE ME TO THE BATTLEFIELD."

BELLONA. "SORRY, SIR; CAN'T BE DONE."

THE TURK. "BOTHER! THEN I SHALL HAVE TO WRITE ANOTHER CIRCULAR LETTER."



THE ADAPTABLE DEMOSTHENES.

It has no doubt occurred long ago to Mr. F. E. SMITH and the other oratorical aviators who fly from district to district at the bidding of a grateful Party, that it would be very refreshing if they could, at the end of each "col-plane," take on a little of the local color of their new surroundings; it would certainly be an added joy to their audiences.



Notice on the beach in Portland Bay:—

“ADMIRALTY TORPEDO RANGE.

The Public using the adjacent foreshore are warned that, when a red flag is hoisted at the Torpedo Firing House in Binelaves Groyne, torpedoes are being adjusted on the range, and, as a torpedo is liable to deviate from its course and run ashore, it would probably cause injury should it strike any person in its direction.”

The words italicized express the only unfavourable criticism that can be urged against these jolly little fellows.

“A fish that travels overland is well known in China. Sometimes it travels a mile on its way from one stream to another.”

Newcastle Daily Journal.

It must put up a packet of sandwiches and come to England some day. We can guarantee it a job in a music-hall.

“BALLOON RACE.

SEVEN COMPETITORS FALL OUT.”

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

The great thing in a balloon race is not to fall out.



From the “General Directory of South Africa”:—

“Somerset West, also known as West Somerset, to distinguish it better from Somerset East.”

We thought that there must be some far-reaching design behind what at first sight appeared to be a mere whim.

“The Merchant of Venice was presented last evening, Miss Glossop-Harris taking the part of Portia and Mr. Collier playing Hamlet. It was a well-balanced performance.”

Wolverhampton Express.

It doesn't sound so, somehow.

“The Chairman suggested that all strangers joining a Hunt should be ‘cupped,’ meaning that they should have an empty cup shown to them.”—Nottingham Guardian.

This would be more than flesh and blood could stand.

“The convict was overpowered and removed to separate cells.”—Yorkshire Post.

He must have been overpowered rather roughly.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE HONEYMOON."

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

THIS is what the fascinating widow, *Flora Lloyd*, discovered one hour after her marriage to *Cedric Haslam*—and a hundred years after *Byron*.

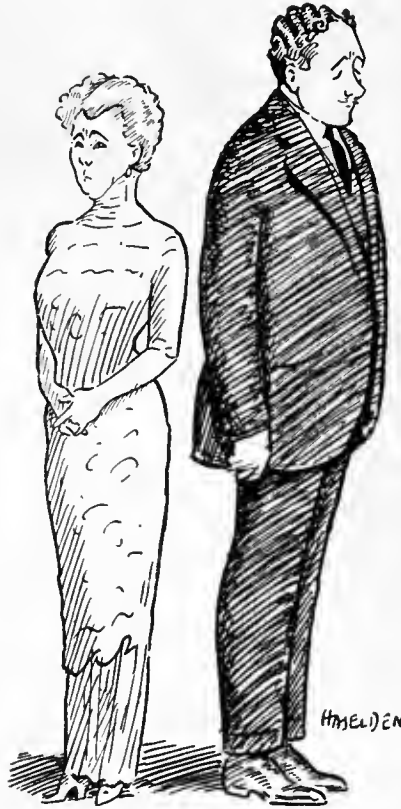
She might have found it out earlier seeing that the late *Mr. Lloyd* had been a successful stockbroker "in the *Kaffir Circus*," where love does not commonly intrude, but perhaps her marriage to him was never meant for anything but a business arrangement. Anyhow, when *Cedric*, the leading English airman, proposed to cut the honeymoon short in order to forestall a German in the first flight over *Snowdon*, *Flora* was deeply hurt. No good for *Cedric* to say that it was for the honour of England; he didn't really love her, if he put his aeroplane first.

Even in America one could hardly ask for a separation at tea-time on the day of one's marriage, and yet the difference between husband and wife was not a mere lover's quarrel to be patched up with kisses and tears. A *deus ex machina* was wanted here, and *Mr. Bennett* cleverly produced him in the shape of a Bishop, who had just made the discovery that the curate who married them was a bogus one. Whereupon *Flora* (twice a widow now) thinks that, after all, she won't get married again. But meanwhile *Cedric* hears privately that the German airman has broken his leg. There being now no need to cut short the honeymoon, he hastens to confess that he was wrong and that love is much more important than aeroplanes. "Has anything happened to make you change your mind?" asks *Flora*, who has also heard privately about the leg. "Nothing," swears *Cedric*. "Liar," says *Flora* in effect, "and I love you for it." For though the position of aeroplanes in *Cedric's* scheme of life may still be doubtful, it is at least plain that honeymoons take precedence of honour. Which is one up for honeymoons.

Mr. Bennett's play is extraordinarily ingenious; but the dialogue is so fresh and the characters for the most part so natural that his artifices do not intrude themselves unduly. He has, too, a disarming way with him. Just as you are going to point out that the bogus curate is more like a novel than real life, one of his characters makes that very observation; and at a family council upon the broken engagement *Flora* herself comments on the staginess of it with the remark, "As

I said to *Cedric* in the First Act." But there is no one to prevent me from lodging an objection against the Bishop. I have only once been within three yards of a Bishop, but I am sure they don't really pat women's hands and call them "my dear lady." I object also to the Swiss waiter's comments on English life; *Mr. Shaw* does both comments and waiters so much better.

The opening of the First Act, brilliantly played by *Miss Marie Tempest* and *Mr. Graham Browne*, is the most delightful thing I have ever seen on the stage. *Miss Tempest*



THE HAPPY COUPLE.

Cedric Haslam ... *Mr. Graham Browne*.
Flora Lloyd ... *Miss Marie Tempest*.

continued to be delightful all through, but *Mr. Browne* was not quite big enough for the later scenes. In the Third Act he never for a moment gave the impression of a man who has sacrificed his honour to his love. *Miss Kate Serjeantson* and *Messrs. Dennis Eadie, Dion Boucicault, and Basil Hallam* were all as good as they could possibly be. M.

"A quice which evidently does not object to street noises and other distractions, has built a nest in a tree which overhangs the *Banbury-road* footpath. The nest is only some ten feet or so from the ground, but the bird takes no heed of passers-by."—*Oxford Times*.

Never having seen a quice we are left cold.

MODUS OPERANDI.

"DEAR," said *Olive*, "will you just run out and post this letter for me?" And this at half-past nine in the evening, when I supposed I had settled in comfortably for good!

Our flat is up four flights of stairs and the pillar-box is just round the corner to the right, but to reach it it is necessary first to go down the four flights of stairs. Life is very hard.

"I will go down-stairs," I said, forcing myself to be cheerful, "I will go round the corner to the right, and I will slip the letter into the slit provided for the purpose." I illustrated this by a gesture. "But first I will put on my hat."

"Goodness, gracious," said *Olive*, there being no such thing as gratitude, "whatever do you want to put on a hat for?"

"And also," I said, forgiving her, "I will put on an overcoat."

Olive, to be sure of making her coming sarcasm heard, followed me out into the hall. As she was there, I thought she might as well be used, so I compelled her to put the letter down on the hat-stand and to help me on with the coat. "Will you not also take a packet of sandwiches," she asked, "in case?" With that she hurried back into the drawing-room to avoid a possible back answer, and slammed the door.

"To show that I am undefeated," I said to myself, "I also will slam a door," and I was glad to hear that a front door can express even more indignation than a drawing-room door. "And now," I added jocosely, "I will take steps."

At the bottom of the first flight, "I will run down the next to keep my legs warm," I said; at the bottom of the second flight, "I will put my hands in my pockets to keep them warm"; at the bottom of the third, "I will turn up my collar to keep my neck warm"; at the bottom of the fourth, "I will now cease running so as to avoid the suspicion of the policeman at the corner."

At the corner the policeman said "Good night, Sir," and I still felt warm all over. "This is splendid," I said; "I will now go direct to the pillar-box."

Arrived there, I contemplated the important slit and a last bright idea occurred to me. "And now," I said, "I will go back and fetch the letter."

"Serious fire on the *Manchester Ship Canal*," said the posters last week. What *Lancashire* does to-day, the *Thames* may do to-morrow.

THE FINISH.

MORNING had broken upon a chill white fog, eloquent of the fact that already November was within measurable distance. As the day advanced, however, this vanished before a mild but persevering sunshine, which towards three in the afternoon contrived to make the exuberance of indoor fires somewhat oppressive. About then the Hostess began to do mysterious things in the garden with a thermometer. She brought back the result triumphantly. "I really don't know why we shouldn't," she said, "just for the last time." The girl who was staying there, appealed to, also saw no reason why they shouldn't. The master of the house was naturally ignored. Thus it happened that basket-chairs and a tea-table were carried out, and that the Constant Guest, dropping in about four o'clock for his weekly refreshment, found them all seated, a little with the demeanour of adventurers, under the familiar tree at the far corner of the tennis-lawn.

The lawn itself was not yellow-brown, as it had been lately, but of a vivid green, unkempt and pitted with tiny earthworks of black soil. Faintly through this could be traced the chalk lines of the courts. Decaying leaves were everywhere, and the whole thing was undeniably damp. But the guest ignored this.

"*Tout comme autrefois!*" he exclaimed reminiscently.

"Isn't it?" said the Hostess. "Don't you feel that you present what the sea-side column of *The Telegraph* calls an animated and summer-like appearance? We do."

"Glorious!" murmured the Guest, accepting his cup from the Girl (who had been staying there so long that she didn't even need to ask him how many lumps); "I never thought to sit under this jolly old tree again for months. What a year; and what times we have had, we four, in this garden!"

"Yes," said the Girl. The Master, who had that very morning been dunned for payment of a lost bet, looked up sharply.

"Well," the Hostess observed, "this must be the end of it, anyhow. A little final P.P.C. call, and then definitely good-bye."

"What are we waiting for, you and I?" murmured the Guest dreamily.

"Personally, for a match. Thanks!" The Host put down his cup and rose. "This St. Luke's summer business may be romantic but it is also rheumatic. Marion"—to the Hostess—"come and show me where you want those new hybrids for next year." They strolled



A SUGGESTION.

ADMIRABLE AS IS THE MOVING STAIRCASE AT EARLE'S COURT STATION, WE THINK THAT THE PASSENGER TRAFFIC MIGHT BE "SPEEDED UP" STILL MORE WERE THE OFFICIALS TO MAKE USE OF THE PARCEL CHUTE FOR THAT PURPOSE.

off arm-in-arm, leaving the Girl and the Guest together by the tea-table.

"Do you remember the wasps?" the Girl began rather nervously; "we couldn't have sat here quietly like this a month ago."

"Glorious!" murmured the Guest again; "'kiss me once—' I beg your pardon!"

Then she recovered herself. "Oh, Tosti, of course! I'd forgotten it was a quotation."

"What did you think it was?"

"There's the very place where you slipped that afternoon we were at deuce for twenty-five minutes. I can see the mark now. What fun it was!"

"The painful is always humorous. But you haven't answered my question. What did you think—?"

"Shall we go and advise them about the roses? I feel quite a proprietary interest in this garden by now. Don't you?"

"We've been here together so often, you mean? Yes. But I'm still waiting. Please be quick, because we're both catching cold, and I shan't move till you answer."

The Girl looked down. "Please don't be so silly!" she said.

"Then I shall have to do it for you. You thought it was a suggestion, and you were quite right. *It was.*"

Away in the rose-garden, where there were still a few tight, heart-shaped buds that appeared always about to blossom and never did, the Hostess was glancing back towards the pair under the tree a little wistfully.

"Don't forget that five shillings," she reminded the Host. "You were so certain that he would before the summer was over. I wish I'd lost!"

"I wish you had, too. This gardening is an expensive job. Why can't all these buds earn their guano by coming out, instead of malingering on like that? They're chilled. Take them indoors and give them hot water and brandy."

"I did read something about warm water," began the Hostess dubiously. Then she gripped his arm. "Oh, George, look!" she said in an excited whisper. "I believe he has!"

The Host looked. "Won on the post!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Mid-October, but that counts as summer in a year like this, anyhow with garden-tea. That's five bob towards the new roses!" He sneezed; and they crept quietly into the house.

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest news about the war is to the effect that the Turks and the Arabs in the vicinity of Tripoli are looking forward with keen pleasure to the arrival of the eight monoplanes and two biplanes which the Italians are bringing over, aviation displays being comparatively rare in that part of the world.

"What," enquires "Observator" in *The Observer*, "is the principle on which a war acquires its name? Why is the Tripolitan conflict called the Turco-Italian war rather than the Italo-Turkish war?" A Turkish gentleman informs us that the war is so called because the Turks are ultimately going to come out on top.

A Tripolitan Arab, hearing some Italians in a Paris café congratulating one another on the capture of Tripoli, seized one of them by the legs and hurled him through a plate-glass window. It is thought that the Tripolitan Arab must have lost his temper.

The *Dreadnought* belonging to the Portuguese Royalists which figured in our newspaper columns has not yet been discovered. No doubt she is lurking somewhere in shallow waters disguised as an outrigger.

The Marquis DE SOVERAL, interviewed by a representative of *The Daily Chronicle*, informed him that KING MANUEL was greatly interested in the Royalist rising in Portugal. Those who were fighting there for His Majesty will, we are sure, be glad to hear this.

The Admiralty has accepted an offer from the Liverpool Navy League to present an aeroplane to the Navy. The War Office would like it to be known that it also is open to consider charitable gifts. Horses in small or large quantities would be especially acceptable, it being desired to form as large a force as possible of Mounted Cavalry.

A burglar who broke into a house at Hamburg was, *The Express* tells us, so busy trying on a flowered waistcoat in front of a looking-glass that he did not notice the entrance of the owner accompanied by a policeman. We trust that this moral story, showing the danger of vanity, may be copied into all the Sunday School books.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE are about to issue a book of the KING'S Speeches. We understand that it will be published on the royalty system, but its price will not be a sovereign.

"A new type of Music Hall song," we read, "will be heard this winter. It is 'the surprise song.'" Dare we hope that the surprise will consist in its being a song with some sense in it?

In an article entitled "Why Peers Marry Actresses," which appears in the current number of *The London Magazine*, the writer asks, "Against their well-turned weapons, what chance has a mere peer, all unlearned in the arts of war?" This is, of course, peculiarly true when the Peer is an officer in the Guards.

We are always glad to see attempts to brighten up our English watering-places. Among the attractions of a cinematograph theatre at Folkestone, we saw announced the other day, were "Animated Pictures" of the funeral of local celebrity.

The children at an Erith school were taken, the other day, to a travelling menagerie and circus in order to give them a practical lesson in natural history. Later on, we understand, they are to be taken to see a classical dancer in order to learn anatomy.

Fire broke out in a small wild beast show in the Nottingham Goose Fair last week, but the roaring of the lions gave the alarm in time to prevent serious damage. We consider that, as a mark of appreciation, the intelligent beasts should now have pretty ribbons tied round their necks and be given their freedom.

At a show held at Dereham, Norfolk, horses and ponies aged 29, 28, and 26, secured awards. The old fellows, we understand, met afterwards and had an interesting chat about the days when there were no motor-cars.

The police dog Mylord has been sent away in disgrace from the Louvre owing to his irrepressible terror of an Egyptian sphinx. He has been succeeded by a dog named Max. The incident has caused a good deal of quiet satisfaction in Berlin.

A feature of the annual display of fashions in the Longchamps enclosure on the occasion of the Autumn Grand Prix was a number of complete costumes of fur. Rough-coated dogs are claiming that the idea originated with them!

Smart women, we are told, are now expected to carry coloured umbrellas which harmonise with their costumes. This reminds us of the lady who walked into a Circulating Library the other day, and, when asked what book she required, said, "Oh, one to match my dress, please."

Gowns with bodices designed like the knights' armour of mediæval days are one of the latest fashions in Paris. We are not surprised at this, for suits of armour always had one point in common with modern dress. They had no pockets, and the problem as to where the knights of old placed their handkerchiefs has never been satisfactorily solved.

A new crown worth £65,000 is to be made for the KING to be used during the Delhi Durbar. One hears much about the extravagance of women now-a-days, but we doubt whether a member of that sex has ever given so much for her head-gear.

Up to the year 1842, we are told, there was no organ in the church at Elmton, Derbyshire, and the parish clerk used to whistle the tunes facing the congregation. Here, perhaps, we have a hint as to how church services might be brightened up to-day.

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge the receipt of 1,259 letters pointing out that Corsica is not part of the Italian Kingdom, as alleged in last week's number. *Mr. Punch*, however, has a reputation as a prophet to keep up; as a student of human nature he knows how the passion for annexation grows upon one, and all he says just now is, "Wait and see."



Brown (rising in bed). "No, no, it's all right; I don't mean to interfere with you. I was only going to ask if you'd mind taking away the ornamental watch-dog you'll find in the garden."

AN INSTALLATION.

FAIR Mystery, and here at last thou art.
 Much have I sighed for thee in this high den
 Wherein at intervals I sit apart
 Driving a hard but fairly rhythmic pen.
 O thou that with thy soft and whispering tone
 Bringst me the commune of my fellow-men
 When I am bored and weary of my own,
 I give thee cheer, glad cheer, my Telephone.

Yes, I have sighed for thee. In that dull mood
 That breaks upon the stubborn quest of rhyme,
 Oft I have yearned for someone to intrude
 Upon my loneliness—not waste my time,
 But cheer me with sweet converse, and begone,
 Leaving me my Parnassian heights to climb;
 Not like the well-beloved but tactless John,
 Who ruins all because he will stay on.

But now henceforth that genial soul may be
 Mine in a moment (and cut off at will);
 I summon George; a voice responds; 'tis he:
 I would have speech with Thomas or with Bill;
 They answer: nay, the greatest of the town
 Are at my call, those barren moods to fill;
 A stirring thought, that for one trifling brown
 I may almost ring up the very Crown.

Nay, there is better. Take, for instance, Jones;
 Jones, as a comrade, has no parallel;
 His wit is Attic, his mellifluous tones
 Are, in their timbre, suggestive of a bell.

Strange, is it not, that with such vocal grace
 His countenance can make you quite unwell?
 'Twere sweet to have my Jones about the place;
 In all his charm, without that silly face.

There are, I know, that gaze on thee awry,
 As one wherewith the hostile may profane
 Their holiest privacy, but not so, I;
 Only the green, methinks, need thus complain.
 Me, it shall be a privilege most rare
 To learn thy "call," and one that few shall gain;
 Others may search the book, for all I care;
 They will not find it; it will not be there.

And there is she. Henceforth for ever near,
 Maiden, all coyly on this wavering line
 I will breathe nothings in your shell-like ear,
 You will, no doubt, breathe nothings into mine.
 Oh, this is wondrous, truly this is great!
 O magic Telephone, what powers are thine,
 That can unite true lovers, and abate
 The toils of letter-writing, which I hate. Dum-Dum.

The Navy League Spirit.

"The Navy League of Victoria, B.C. has bought the old surveying ship *Egeria* for six million five hundred dollars.—*Reuter*."
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Hang the expense. We must have a navy.

"Full moon on Sunday," we read under "Local Intelligence" in the *Arbroath Herald*. "Full moon on Sunday, visible at Arbroath," is how it is generally announced in the London papers.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE world at large and Italy in particular are indebted to Mr. GEORGE TREVELYAN for his record of the career of GARIBALDI. Already he has written of what is perhaps the least-known episode—GARIBALDI'S defence of the Roman Republic. He has told the fascinating story of the descent upon Sicily, and now completes the trilogy in a volume, published by LONGMANS, entitled *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy*. It is possible exigent readers may complain that for immediate effect the book is, more especially in the battle scenes, overladen with detail. It is certainly waterlogged with footnotes reciting authorities that might well be taken for granted. Except to the man of leisure on a desert island, footnotes are tiresomely superfluous. Admitting the exception, here comes in one of the little ironies of life, for the man of leisure so circumstanced has not access to one of Mr. CARNEGIE'S Libraries where he might verify the references. Ignoring the footnotes and discreetly skipping some of the topographical details of the battles, one has a moving story of the making of Italy and of the men who accomplished the task. We see VICTOR EMMANUEL, genuinely touched by GARIBALDI'S marvellous achievement, ready to hold him in fraternal embrace, after a certain point abruptly drawn off by the subtle statesman whose policy it was that the monarchy should profit by GARIBALDI'S chivalry, and that when he had made possible the unification of Italy under the Savoy dynasty, he should be more or less rudely thrust aside. Through the tangled drama shines the steadfast presence of GARIBALDI, simple in manner, dauntless in courage, consumed by the one desire to free Italy. "What a noble human being!" TENNYSON exclaimed, after making his acquaintance during his visit to England.

SHERIDAN, it was said, was deterred from writing more plays because he was afraid of the author of *The School for Scandal*. So it might be said that his gifted compatriots, Miss SOMERVILLE and "MARTIN ROSS," have of late years been afraid of the authors of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* Well, after reading *Dan Russel the Fox* (METHUEN) we can assure them that they need labour under this apprehension no longer. Their new novel is as good as anything they have done: indeed in sheer virtuosity of expression it eclipses their previous efforts. In wealth of humour it ranks with the *R.M.*; in penetrating insight it is on a par with *The Real Charlotte*. They have, in short, not only equalled their best, but they have achieved the well-nigh impossible feat of writing a sporting novel which will give thrills to a tailor. And the characters, such is the prodigality of their invention, are all new. *Katharine Rowan*, a somewhat priggish young lady de-intellectualized by the

ecstasy of the chase, is a fine study, but the conversational gifts of *Mrs. FitzSymons* and the buccaneering tricks of the *Widow Delanty* are our chief delight in this exhilarating entertainment. By the gash of war—to quote from the book itself—it beats bees in the making of wax!

Fearful that in these days it may not be taken altogether as a compliment, I hazard the opinion that Madame ALBANESI'S work is instinct with womanliness. One does not expect from her anything strikingly original in the form of plot, but she can be trusted to provide a clean entertainment, and this is to be found in *Poppies in the Corn* (HUTCHINSON). The author's forte is rather to produce atmosphere than to draw character, and the description of the farm where the heroine lived with an old servant is given with a fragrance and pathos delightful to remember.

On the other hand, Madame ALBANESI'S bad people are too saturated with sinfulness, and her good people unnaturally near to saintliness. Both the perfidious *Leila Arundale* and the perfect *Katherine Fenemore* would have been more human if the one had possessed a saving virtue and the other even a minor fault. Fiction teaches me that hereditary quarrels end in lovers' meetings, a benign arrangement which I devoutly hope is as usual as novelists would have us believe. Anyhow, Madame ALBANESI has persuaded me that such a result is possible, and for this and also for an excellently-written book I tender her my thanks.

It was all the fault of *The Little Green Gate* (CONTABLE), through which *Peter* came from the beechwoods into the garden and the life of the woman of the brown earth and the flowers. They, were young and they loved; and for four sweet June days and through the midsummer madness of the thunderstorm sent to them by fate on their last evening together, before the fiercer storm of life burst upon them, they shut out the world; and the garden and the woods were for them twain the Garden of Eden. But outside its sanctuary there were other people. Most of all there was the girl to whom *Peter* had given his word before he blundered through the little green gate into the other woman's heart. So they were up against the old problem of the conflict between love and duty, which, I have an idea, can only be solved rightly by those who, like *Peter* and the lady of the garden, are wise and strong enough to see that they are one and the same thing. Let me advise you to lift the latch of *The Little Green Gate* and learn for yourself the rest of the story, which STELLA CALLAGHAN tells with so much understanding of the beauty and sadness and humour of life.

"The menu was as follows:—Natives. Turtle soup. . . Mousse of chicken a la touloucc. Roast fillet of beef. Horse a la touloucc. Roast fillet of beef. Horsetoes."—*Edinburgh Evening Telegraph*.

No, no horse at all, thanks.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

XII.—THE GASTRONOMICAL EXPERT OF A FAMOUS WEST-END RESTAURANT INSPECTING NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES.

CHARIVARIA.

WHAT Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has for a long time been wanting to know is: Why are they called *Friendly Societies*? Well, he knows now.

Some persons, when once they begin to pretend, seem to find it difficult to know where to stop. The Portuguese Pretender has, according to all accounts, only been pretending to fight.

Some recently published statistics show that Denmark possesses only two centenarians. With a view to increasing their number the Danish Government, we understand, intends to institute Old Age Pensions payable at the age of 101.

Congressmen in America, we learn from *The Pittsburg Dispatch*, are entitled to free Turkish baths, free Roman baths, free shower baths, and free shaves. This explains why American politics are so clean.

"Mr. and Mrs. EDWARD CATTERNS, of Sutton (Suffolk), have recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. CATTERNS still wears the same waistcoat he wore on his wedding day." Frankly, while we admire the omniscience of *The Daily Mail*, we fail to see what end is served by circulating petty scandal of this kind.

Commenting on the fact that a certain lady decided in favour of giving a Park to the people of Sheffield instead of having a fine set of jewels for herself, *The Observer* remarks that her name should have been GODIVA. This insinuation that the lady in question usually wears nothing, not even jewels, has, we understand, given grave offence.

Eleven ladies were refused admission to a whist drive at Brooklyn on the ground that they had entered into a conspiracy to cheat. It is only fair to the ladies to say that they did not know that cheating was not allowed.

While the Rev. H. E. WILLIAMS, curate of St. Augustine's, Fulham, was at evening service on Sunday his residence was entered by burglars, furs, silver cups, and money being taken away. This would make some men give up going to church, and it speaks well for Mr. WILLIAMS' grit

that he is, we understand, determined that it shall make no difference to him.

Annoyed at the statement that divorces are more frequent among authors than among other classes, several actors have written to deny indignantly that this is so.

No fewer than two instances of bullocks forcing their way into milliners' shops were reported last week. It is thought that the practice of supplying animals with sun-bonnets during the hot weather has given some of them an appetite for finery.

The Express describes a glutton belonging to the Zoological Society as "The Greatest Eater on Earth," and many parents are regretting this

FACTS WORTH FILING.
(With the usual acknowledgments to our contemporaries.)

IN ALGERIA the horses outnumber the human beings; in Venice it is the other way about.

THE INVENTOR of pyjamas died without realising any considerable fortune from his idea.

AN ORDINARY beer-bottle cork if thrust to the bottom of a bathful of water, will, when released, rapidly come to the surface. This can be tried at home.

THE LONDON sparrow will not, as a rule, attack a man unless provoked.

IN THE BRITISH NAVY the offence of "masquerading in female attire" is not now punishable by death.

WHALEBONE has been suggested as the best material for golf-balls, but nothing has as yet come of the idea.

A GERMAN archeologist has conclusively proved that there were no railings round the Garden of Eden.

USED WAX MATCHES have little or no commercial value in Iceland.

THE COMMON house-fly can lift nearly eight times its own weight, but it is seldom employed for this purpose in the British Isles.

CORNISH FISHERMEN will refuse to go out with visitors who use rabbits as bait.



IT IS REPORTED THAT THE AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF ACROBATS' COMIC ASSISTANTS MAY CALL OUT ITS MEMBERS AT ANY MOMENT. EMBARRASSMENT OF A PERFORMER WHO QUITE EXPECTED TO BE CAUGHT BY HIS COLLEAGUE.

attempt to put little boys on their mettle.

Those who are interested in curious names will be pleased with an advertisement, appearing in *The Daily Mail*, which began as follows:—

PERSONAL.

Will any Solicitor who has since the year 1900 prepared any Will for the above named deceased, &c., &c.

Speaking to an interviewer on the aims of the new Cavendish Club, the Honorary Secretary said, "We are not admitting clergymen to membership." As the Honorary Secretary is the Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD, the situation is decidedly piquant.

"MORE READABLE THAN EVER DESPITE ITS PICTURES,"

advertises *The Bystander*. Our contemporary is really too modest. In our opinion its pictures are not half bad.

By SUPERSTITIOUS people green figs are considered to be a sign of a severe winter.

"EMIGRATION.—Look what Sacrifice this means; Inld. Rosewood Drwg.-rm. Suite, Cabnet. Piano, Table, Wtr Chr Drwngs, Pize Set Fr-irons, Overmatel, Oak Bureau, Bdm. Suite, Hall Std., Crpts, Linos, Blk. & Crpt Bdsts, Wire Mtrss. Gas Stoves, Dng. Table, Lthr. Couch, Arm Chairs, Vowel Washer."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

The "Vowel Washer" (if you got as far as that) seems to have had a busy morning.

The Simple Life.

"Teen Chun Hsuan, the Viceroy, who has been sent to deal with the rebellion in Szechuan, has been described as an Oriental Kitchener with a penchant for cutting off heads. He is a strong man of simple tastes."
Daily Chronicle.

But even men of simple tastes have their little hobbies. With some it is fretwork; with HSUAN it is cutting off heads.

THE LOYALISTS.

(Suggested by *SOUTHEY'S "The Battle of Blenheim."*)

[The period is some 55 years hence. Lord HALSBURY, by now a veteran of advanced years, is explaining the crisis of 1911 to two of his remote descendants, christened after the great WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and the famous F. E. SMITH.]

It was an autumn evening,
Old Die-hard's work was done,
He had, in fact, attained the age
Of seven-score years and one;
And with him chatted at his knee
His great-great-grandchild, Willoughby.

Upon the floor the latter's twin,
Young Effie, sat and played
With something sharp and smooth and
- fine

And lettered on the blade;
And asked if it was used in war,
And what the B.M.G. was for.

"That is the trowel," he replied,
"With which I was to pat
The Die-hard Club's foundation-brick,
Only the scheme fell flat;
'Tis a memento dear to me
Of the great age of loyalty."

"But tell us what the letters mean,"
She asked with eager shout.
"BALFOUR Must Go," said he, "but why
I could not well make out;
But this at least for sure I know
That anyhow he didn't go."

"And who was BALFOUR, tell us that?"
"Our noble chief," he said.
"And was there anyone who wished
To be the chief instead?"
"No. Things like that aren't done,"
said he,
"By men of simple loyalty."

"Dear great-great-grandpa," said the
boy,
"Didn't you think it strange,
If they were all such loyal men,
That they should want a change?"
"You are too small to grasp," said he,
"The rules of party loyalty."

"They loved him, oh so well, but
thought
He sadly wanted grit;
They felt that if they kicked him hard
He might improve a bit."
Said Effie: "Well, it seems to me
A funny sort of loyalty."

"I am an old man," Die-hard said,
"But I was younger then,
And possibly was flattered by
These loyal gentlemen."
Said Effie: "Still it seems to me
A funny sort of loyalty."

"Kind words the Duke of MARLBOROUGH
spoke,
And our good SELBORNE too."

"But wasn't it," said Willoughby,
A rotten thing to do?"
"I grant that it was not," said he,
"The usual kind of loyalty."
But none the less the Chief sat tight
And never turned a hair."
"And did he thank you," asked the boy,
For all your loving care?"
"One doesn't want reward," said he,
For acts of simple loyalty." O. S.

HOME RULE FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

"North Close," Oct. 22, 1911.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think it would be a ripping idea if you would let me contribute my views on the Home Rule question to your paper. There's so much rot written about schoolboys only thinking of games and grub; that I want to show people we've got views about the Empire a jolly sight more sensible than most of the putrid rot the rotters stick in the papers. There's a fellow in *The Observer*—of course we take in all the best papers—who's allowed three long columns every week and sometimes four, to say just what he likes in. That's what I should like, but as it would take up about five pages in *Punch*, I suppose you would consider it a bit too hefty for a start.

I'm writing this during English hour with the Head. Of course I wouldn't dream of doing it under Old Beefy's nose—that's Mr. Calthrop, our house-master. He's got an eye like a gimlet and can spot you through a brick wall, though now he's married he's not quite the man he was. I always think marriage is a mistake for any ush. It makes him soft.

This Home Rule matter is a bigger thing than most people think—you can take that from me. It's not going to stop with Ireland. When I was a house prefect—I got reduced, you know, over that row with the Head—I could see quite clearly what a ripping idea it is to let men govern the men whose tricks they understand. Do you think there was any ragging or slacking in *my* preps? You bet not—I'd done most of the tricks myself, so I knew! Let REDMOND take prep. in an Irish Parliament, and he'll know how to keep them in order and make the beggars behave like good little boys.

I said Home Rule's not going to stop with Ireland. Home Rule's what we want. Of course we've got a little of it already in the prefect system, but not enough by a hundred miles. You read an awful lot of rot in the papers about the defects of a public school education, but there's some truth in it, and it's all due to the rotten idea that middle-aged fossils know what's best for boys. Let the middle-aged

foolers make rules for the other middle-aged foolers, say I, and let boys—I mean of course the sensible fellows with a real knowledge of the world—make rules for boys.

Don't you imagine that we'd cut out work altogether, or any rot like that. Work is jolly good discipline for kids, who want their little noses held down to the bally grindstone. But the older fellows—men of the world, you know—ought to be allowed to choose how much time they'll give to work and what subjects they'll go in for. Take my case. My pater wants me to go into Parliament some day, and as he's got the cash we can take that as settled. Now what use is Latin and Greek to me when I get into Parliament? Nowadays they only jeer at you if you try and quote Latin and Greek in the House, like BURKE and MACAULAY and ADDISON and those sort of fellows used to do.

If I had my choice I'd swot at something a jolly sight more useful. I'd have an ush specially to teach us repartee and polite slanging—I mean like knowing how to call a man a bally liar without his being able to object. Of course we know something about repartee already, considering we spend most of our spare time trying to score off one another; but when a grown-up hears it he calls it "rude" or "vulgar." Men's repartee is just the same thing, but it's put in polite language, and I admit ours isn't. For instance, when that sarcastic little seug Ironsides said to me the other day; "I hear Mrs. Beefy is trying to improve your dear little minds at North Close with Sunday readings from DANTE," which is quite true, I replied, "You ought to. Your ears are big enough. When you flap them in chapel you send a draught down our necks like the Piccadilly Tube."

Now I wonder how you'd construe that in parliamentary English?

I hope you'll be able to print this letter, because, for another reason, I could do with a little cash. I've promised to dine my uncle at the Troc. on term-holiday, and I want to do the thing in style. Yours truly,

P. H. ROGERS.

"They ride up silent and unchallenged to the walls, they smile at us the smile of a friend, and without more ado we lower the portullis."
Morning Post.

Now, we ask—is that the act of a real friend? If the writer had simply raised the drawbridge directly they were in sight or challenged them and told them that they couldn't come any further, we should have said nothing. But this is treachery.



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

SCENE.—*An Historic Costume Ball.*

MR. BALFOUR (as Charles II., to Mr. Austen Chamberlain as James, Duke of York). "WHAT WAS IT I SAID TO YOU SOME TWO OR THREE CENTURIES AGO: 'THEY'LL NEVER KILL ME TO MAKE YOU KING'? STRANGE HOW THE WORDS COME BACK TO ME."



Macpherson (about to drive at the eighteenth tee, and breaking the silence which has been maintained since the start). "DOR-R-R-MY."
Macphail. "CHATTER-R-R-BOX!"

THE GEORGE EDWARDES BANQUET.

PORTENTOUS PREPARATIONS.

A FEW further particulars of the dinner to Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES which is being arranged for next month in honour of his completion of twenty-five years' management of the Gaiety Theatre have reached us. We can now definitely assert that the chair will not be taken by Mr. JAY GOULD, as was at one time feared. Who was to be chairman was naturally a question of the gravest importance, and Lord LANSDOWNE, as the head of the majority of the House of Lords (for which Mr. EDWARDES has done so much) was naturally first invited. Circumstances preventing Lord LANSDOWNE, the invitation was passed on to Lord ROSEBURY, who is, it was felt, the one peer with enough eloquence to do justice to the great merits of the genial entrepreneur. Lord ROSEBURY also failing, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has consented to officiate and say pretty things about the sacred lamp and all the rest of it.

The other tables will be presided over by Lord ESHER, Herr LEHAR, Herr OSCAR STRAUSS, Mr. LIONEL MONCKTON, Mr. J. L. TANNER, Mr. ADRIAN ROSS, and Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, who has undertaken to keep his "in

a roar." Among the old allies of Mr. EDWARDES who have already promised to attend we may mention the Duchess of Southese, formerly Miss Ruby Twist; the Countess of Strewth, formerly Miss Lucie Rogue; the Marchioness of Findon, formerly Miss Gladys Hopp; and Lady Bridgeparty, formerly Miss Zena Wunce. It is also hoped to obtain acceptances from such old Gaiety favourites—familiar among the Chorus to all who rented pews in the 'nineties, even if their voices were never heard except more or less in unison—as Miss Lady de Mar, now the Hon. Mrs. Burtty; Miss Carrie Quince, now Lady Stowett; Miss Alumette Bryant, now Mrs. John W. Rosenholmer, of New York; and Miss Rosie Choche, now Mrs. Cyrus K. Poodler, of Chicago.

To every guest a souvenir will be given in the shape of a miniature silver statuette of Miss GERTIE MILLAR.

Lord LONSDALE, it is believed, will read a message in Portuguese from KING MANOEL, and the Marquis DE SOVERAL will recite a comic sonnet, of his own composition, in which Mr. EDWARDES is compared to PRINCE HENRY the Navigator.

Various addresses, we understand, will be presented to the hero of the evening. Amongst these special interest attaches to that of the White

Rose Society, in which stress is laid on the fact that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES is the greatest peocess-maker since CHARLES II.

The Amalgamated Society of Minor Poets have prepared an Ode of Gratitude to Mr. EDWARDES, composed by sixteen writers, and emphasizing the services he has rendered to their cause by the practice of encouraging literary co-partnership.

Another gratifying tribute will be the address presented by a deputation from Brighton, headed by the Mayor and Corporation, expressing their indebtedness to Mr. EDWARDES for encouraging his companies to recruit their energies at that favourite resort, and thus assisting to revive the splendours of the Regency epoch.

In addition to leading lights of the stage, all the jockeys who have carried Mr. EDWARDES' colours to the winning-post will be present, a saddle of mutton having been ordered for each.

Members of the Press will be invited, with the exception of the representative of *The Westminster Gazette*.

"Played at Gloucester to-day, the teams not having previously met for 29 years. There were several changes on both sides."

Yorkshire Post.

Grandfather was very sorry, but he simply couldn't turn out.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME AUTUMN TOPICS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's quite a little page this autumn for *needlework* and *womanliness*, and it's not incorrect to mention *home* now and then. Someone that you know has re-discovered the needle as a feminine weapon with immense possibilities, and *toutes celles-là* have followed suit. It's usual now at calling time to be found with a bit of stitchery in your hands, the plainer the better,—the harmless, necessary hemming is as piquant as anything. In a *tête-à-tête* (and here the real value of the revival comes in) with anyone you're particularly interested in, my dear, a bit of needlework, properly exploited, is simply enormously effective and appealing. For drawing out his mind and winning his confidence, a needle in the hand is worth two cigarettes in the mouth!

"Olga," who is always there or thereabouts, is showing the *sweetest* little afternoon sewing-frocks. She has just made some for me, of which the most convincing, perhaps, is a dove-grey satin-cashmere; *domestic happiness* is indicated by the straight, simple draping and the

small embroidered satchel for needles and cottons hanging to the girdle, while elusive touches of crimson-and-gold passementerie hint at the fireside, and the sincere yet subtle arrangement of the corsage-folds means, *I am a woman in whom you may safely confide*.

Wear one of these little frocks, have your hair done *meekly*, bend pensively over your work (it doesn't matter in the least whether you can work or not), speak rather slowly, in the new, soft, needlework-voice, and the chances are that, whoever and whatever he is, he will deliver himself a captive into your hands! It's usual to *frame* the little bit of work one was doing when some particularly momentous confidence was given. For instance, I've framed the bit of hemming I was engaged on when Giovanni Allegretto, of the Italian Staff, a nice boy whose mind I've been forming lately, confided to me as

a secret that his country was going to war. Of course I told everybody, so no one was surprised when it happened.

Stella Clackmannan, next to your own Blanche, has made the greatest success with the cult of the needle. I must own the dear thing looks simply too sweet for words with her sewing-frock on, her hair parted, and her neck gently bent, as she looks demurely down at her great, fearful stitches. Ray Rymington, who's been devoted to her for ages, has committed some verses that begin like this:—

Lady of Mine, Lady of Mine,
Meekly stitching, with wondrous art

("with wondrous art" is quite lovely, considering *how* she works!),



Mrs. Higgins (witnessing performance of "Hamlet"). "WELL, I CALL THIS A FAIR DO. THESE 'ERE JOKES ARE STALE. I 'EARD 'EM TWENTY-YEAR AGO IN THIS SAME PLAY!"

That needle of Thine, that needle of Thine
Is Love's own dart,
Piercing my heart,
Lady of Mine, Lady of Mine.

It's to be published this autumn in his new collection of poems, *Heart Spasms*.

Talking of publishing, *ma chérie*, we often hear of people who live by writing, but did you ever hear of anyone living by *not* writing? That is how the Dowager Lady Needmore lives. She knows all about everyone, is very poor, very clever, very malicious, and has a fearful memory, by which I don't mean that she *forgets* things but that she remembers 'em. When she finds herself very stony, she gives out that the publishers have made her a big offer for her Memoirs, if she'll call everybody by their right names, "extenuating nothing and setting down everything in malice," as *Hamlet* says. She says that she can't afford to refuse, and

means to set to work looking out old diaries and letters, and getting her Memoirs under way. The people who don't care say *Do!* And the people who *do* care say *Don't!* Upon which the Dowager tells these latter: "Well, you must make it worth my while to *don't*." After a lot of haggling they come to terms, and she goes on for another year or so, when it's *da capo* with the whole performance. And so it comes to pass that the Dowager Needmore lives by *not* writing her Memoirs!

The new toque is distinctly sweet. It's of fur, with a little pocket-nest on the top to hold a weeny doggie. You slip the little thingy-thing in, and its little heady-head, looking about, forms the trimming. Pom-pom being black, I wear him in a chinchilla or ermine toque; Beryl wears her Peko-Peko in a dark sable one.

Ever thine,
BLANCHE.

THE SHOW PLACE.

"You do really want to see the house, *honestly?*" asked the guide. The anxiety in his tone showed me that my *rôle* of sight-seer must have been suffered to lapse somewhat. I hastened to make amends. "Of course," I said; "I was only wonder-

ing whether we oughtn't to wait till there was a sufficient party, or anything like that."

He considered me, in the reflective way that guides have, when they happen to be rather less than six years old. "You do say funny things, don't you?" he observed; "I laugh ever so, sometimes."

Then we proceeded. The mansion, over which I was to be conducted, occupied a commanding situation on one corner of the nursery table—what auctioneers would call a well-built family residence, brick faced, standing in its own grounds of bright green, which must have extended fully two inches beyond the walls on every side.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed rapturously as we came in sight of it. "That's—that's something like a house, isn't it?" It was; it was also much more like a large box. Considering, however, that this was not my first view of the



Mrs. A. "THEY SAY YOUR NED'S WANTED BY THE POLICE."

Mrs. B. "WELL, THERE'S NO ACCOUNTIN' FOR TASTES."

property (I had, indeed, in my capacity of honorary uncle, arranged the present lease, through the agency of the Army and Navy Stores, only last birthday), I flatter myself that the surprise and enthusiasm were fairly creditable. Peter, at least, seemed satisfied.

"There!" he said. "Now we go inside." As a matter of fact it was less our going in than the house coming out, by means of a detachable front arrangement that permitted us a generous and comprehensive view of the interior. The guide—or Peter, as you like—was watching me closely for appreciation.

"They won't mind us?" I whispered, indicating the Family, who were obviously in residence at the moment; the noble owner in the dining-room (stretched, I regret to add, under the dining-room table); his lady in the *salon* above stairs; the infant heir enjoying a bath, to which he appeared permanently attached, in the bedroom; and a very large domestic (who presumably slept out) dominating the kitchen. They seemed an unsociable lot. "What I mean is," I added, "it must be such a nuisance having

tourists going all over one's place when one's there oneself."

"They won't mind," said Peter; which, to do them justice, they didn't appear to; their high-bred indifference to our proceedings could hardly have been surpassed in the most aristocratic circles. Peter restored the master of the establishment (who was dressed in a sailor suit and looked young for his responsibilities) to an upright position. "He's got 'digestion,'" he explained charitably, "like you."

"I can well believe it," I said with an involuntary shudder. I was looking at the kitchen, on the table of which stood a made-dish of repellent aspect and at least twice the size of the unhappy sufferer. Something else in the kitchen also struck me. I sniffed once or twice; in a more complex establishment one would have said that the drains wanted looking to. Peter explained. "It used to be *such* a dear little crab when it ran about on the sands," he said reminiscently, "and I brought it home all the way in the train in my pocket, and now it isn't well."

Peter has (I think) the softest and most wonderful eyes in the world.

They were regarding me now so wistfully that I hastened to replace my handkerchief with what was almost an air of guilt. Not for so small a matter must the popularity of an uncle be jeopardised; and somebody in authority was bound to find out about it before long anyhow.

"But it is a nice house, isn't it?" demanded Peter, suddenly forgetting (to my relief) the deceased crustacean and clasping one of my hands in the ecstatic manner peculiar to him at emotional moments.

"It's perfect," I said, and meant it. "One doesn't know which is the nicest, the kitchen, or the dining-room, or the drawing-room, or the bedroom. Which do you like best?"

Peter considered. "I know which *they* like best," he said decisively, indicating sailor-suit and his spouse.

"Which?" I asked.

"The nursery," he answered with entire confidence. He was already arranging the couple, still to all outward appearance apathetic, about the tin bath. "They must do," he explained, "'cos their little boy lives there."

I apologised.

THE DIARY OF A CINEMA ACTOR.

Sunday. I had hoped to stick to the "legitimate" all my life, but now that that has failed me there seems to be only one thing left for me to do, for I have always been told that I have not enough personality for the halls. To-morrow I start my engagement with the Grand Auto-Bio-Cinematograph Company. It is not quite what I looked forward to when I first went on the boards, but one must earn an honest penny somehow. To-morrow we do "When Father Paid the Rent." Action, of course, is what is wanted in a Cinema play, and there should be plenty of action in this.

Monday. A terrible day. I must really go into training.

I called at Mr. Brown's house for the rent at ten o'clock in the morning. Mr. Brown, who has a keen sense of humour, had tied a string across the bottom of the door, and I came in quickly (the essence of the Cinema drama is quick movement) without noticing it—until, that is to say, it forced itself on my attention. Then I picked myself up and turned back to the door in surprise, Jane seizing that moment to come in with the breakfast things. (Very late the Browns breakfast.) Again I failed to notice her until it was too late, and my simulation of anger at receiving the contents of the coffee-jug down my neck was excellent—even without the words, which in a Cinema play are, of course, unnecessary. Hearing the noise Mrs. Brown came in from the kitchen, where she was making the pastry (extraordinary hours the Browns keep) and poured a basin of flour over me—I can only suppose under the mistaken idea that flour removes coffee-stains.

My one thought now was to escape, for I saw by this time that the Browns had no serious intention of paying the rent. The only available exit was the chimney, one of those large old-fashioned ones often seen in country houses. I accordingly made for it, discovered at once that it had not been swept for years, and had got quite half way up before Brown came down from the top and met me. We finished on the hearth-rug together, myself on the underneath berth. As I rose to my feet some instinct seemed to warn me that Brown had chosen this day for having the painters in. My instinct did not play me false; I met them at the window. But it was certainly a surprise to me that he was having his house done with *blue* paint. The taste for blue paint is an acquired one; even half the large helping I had off the

brush would have convinced me of this.

I am very tired to-night and can only hope to-morrow will not be so strenuous. To-morrow we do "An Interrupted Proposal." It sounds pretty and sentimental, but—well, we shall see.

Tuesday. I shall go to bed early to-night—as soon as ever I have written up my diary.

Being told by the maid that Miss Hilda Brown was at home, I followed her into the drawing-room, taking my silk hat with me in case I might be wanted to sit down on it. In a little while Hilda and I were seated side by side on the sofa, holding each other's hands and gazing into each other's eyes. I could have gone on like this for a long time, but, as the manager says, what is wanted is action. Brown came in furiously and stood over us, angrily waving his arms. I implied with a slight gesticulation that my intentions were serious, that I had an income of £500 a year, and that Hilda and I loved one another. Brown answered in dumb show that he was going out to loose the bull-dog. At this Hilda fainted on my top-hat, and I hurried out after Brown with the idea of trying to make the bull-dog think that we had both loosed him, and that the right gentleman was still in the drawing-room. In less than a minute the chase in the garden had begun. In my youth I had been a noted runner, and as the bull-dog was now in his prime the spectators were assured of a good race. At the end of the third lap I was still leading, and by just enough to allow me to jump at an overhanging branch and swing myself out of danger. For a moment I feared a protest from the manager that the new situation—myself sitting on the branch, the bull-dog sitting below—lacked action, but I soon saw that I had no reason for alarm on this point. There was an ominous snapping noise above me, a still more ominous snapping noise below me, and then we were all on the ground together. In the dramatic scene which ensued my representation of The Dying Lion-tamer was, the manager tells me, remarkable. Fortunately at the moment when I seemed to him to be overdoing the part the camera stopped clicking.

To-morrow we do a moving drama, entitled, "Love Laughs at Locksmiths." I am getting a little nervous now about anything connected with love; still more about anything connected with laughs. But I hope for the best.

Wednesday. The drama was different from what I expected. My own part in it was small; I had to under-study the heroine in the scene where

she falls into the lake and the hero rescues her. For some reason the heroine didn't think she could make this "go" properly. Dressed in a coat and skirt similar to the one she had been wearing throughout the play, and with my face hidden by a thick veil, I fell into the part at once; but the hero's idea of towing me out again was immature to a degree. He is the worst rescuer I have ever met. As we came up for the third time, I said, "Unless you do something quickly, I shall have to tow *you* out. It isn't even as if the water were filtered." Thus spurred on, he managed to pull me to shore safely.

The manager says he will write and let me know when he wants me again, but, anyhow, it won't be to-morrow. So I have one day off.

Thursday. Spent the morning in bed, and in the afternoon wandered into a picture palace and saw some cinema photographs of growing flowers. Delightful. I spoke to the manager of this palace afterwards and asked if he could give me a job. I fancy myself particularly as a growing lily, though I daresay I should get a good "house" as a crocus unfolding or a laburnum tree bursting into bud. The truth is I am really too old for my other work, and since Fate has turned me into a cinema actor I ought to be looking about for something quiet; this flower business would just suit me. The manager, however, was rather curt about it. Returned home a little disappointed and went to bed.

Friday. Got up to find a letter from my own manager asking me to come round at once and play an important part in the new sensational melodrama "Gored by Wild Bisons." It's very nice of him, but I can't quite bring myself to take advantage of his kindness. Of course I *might* be the Wild Bison and do the goring, but I think it is more likely that I should be the gentleman who has the goring done to him. Telegraphed my refusal, therefore, and returned to bed.

Saturday. Permanently in bed.

A. A. M.

Morality and the Stage.

Complaint is made by a dramatic critic that there is no rake on the stage at Covent Garden. Why doesn't he try the other side of the river?

"We are pleased to think that Lady Macbeth in a different environment might have been a great saint instead of a great singer."

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

We prefer the *Lady Macbeth* of "Oh, dry those tears!" and "The Garden of Sleep."



"ARE THERE DRAGONS, MOTHER?"

"OH, NO, DEAR."

"WHY NOT?"

THE INDOMITABLES.

A melancholy exercise in the manner of the admirable and persevering "Truth."

I TAKE this opportunity of warning my readers against Mr. Lazarus Moss, of 493, Jermyn Street Chambers, who is ostensibly a reasonable lender of money to young gentlemen in monetary difficulties, but is really a blood-sucking spider into whose toils it is dangerous to be drawn. Mr. Moss is, I need hardly say, the most philanthropic of men, and is prepared to advance sums up to any amount on note of hand only. Having my suspicions aroused, I have been to the congenial trouble of inquiring into Lazarus's past, and I find that he is none other than our old friend, Samuel Harris, who was, if you remember, unmasked in the issue of this paper for March 8, 1878, and was there shown to be a reerudescence of the notorious Haman Levi, whose ingenious practices for fleecing young aristocrats were detailed in our issue of September 4, 1872. This man's real name is Henry Biggs, who, for some years before he took to money-lending, was the champion begging-letter writer of the Midlands.—*February 9, 1884.*

The blood-sucking scoundrel, Lazarus Moss, of whom I had something to say in the issue of February 9, 1884, is still at his old game, and the gilt-edged youth who wish to raise the needful quickly at several hundred per cent. have no occasion to go further afield than 40A, Curzon Street Mansions, where he sits in a handsome office dictating letters on note-paper announcing that he has no connection with any firm of the same name. Let no one, however, be deceived, for this Lazarus Moss is the identical Lazarus Moss (whose real name is Biggs), against whom I have already frequently warned my readers.—*June 10, 1887.*

A correspondent writes to me complaining of the money-lending circulars which he has received from many firms, the chief offenders being Messrs. Chetwynd and Co., 189, Piccadilly Court. He asks me what he should do. There are only three things to do. One is to ask for an injunction against Chetwynd and Co. to restrain them from pestering you; which would be a very expensive luxury. Another is to return the letter in an envelope without a stamp; and the third is to tear it up and forget it. A few inquiries which I have caused to

be made have established the fact that Chetwynd and Co. are no other than the irrepressible Lazarus Moss, *alias* Haman Levi, *alias* Samuel Harris (who was once Biggs, the begging-letter writer of Edgbaston), against whom I have already done my best to warn readers.—*October 23, 1891.*

Once again it is my duty to call attention to the case of those usurious Shylocks, Chetwynd and Co. (*alias* Lazarus Moss, *alias* Haman Levi, *alias* Samuel Harris), whom I last pilloried in the number for October 23, 1891. In spite of all I said then and formerly, they continued their malpractices and are now as flourishing as ever; but a recent transaction, of which I have all the facts, should be their last. Suffice it to say that they have been dealing upon incredible terms with a minor who has, for them, the unfortunate merit of being nearly related to a Judge. What the sequel will be time alone can show; but I feel fairly confident that Chetwynd and Co., under whatever name they may assume, will have to choose either another line of business or another country to pursue it in.—*December 8, 1895.*

In our issue for December 8, 1895,



WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE LATEST SCHEME OF THE WAR OFFICE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY IS THE FORMATION OF A "VETERAN RESERVE" COMPOSED OF ALL WHO HAVE AT ANY TIME BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE REGULAR OR AUXILIARY FORCES. OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, GLANCING INTO THE FUTURE, SENDS A PICTURE OF ONE OF THESE PATRIOTS, WHO, ON THE ORDER FOR MOBILISATION, UNDETERRED EVEN BY AN ATTACK OF GOUT, IS SEEN SUPERINTENDING THE TRANSPORT OF A FEW SIMPLE NECESSITIES.

I drew attention to a singularly audacious financial transaction on the part of a firm of money-lenders calling themselves Chetwynd and Co., whom I had proved to be no other than Lazarus Moss, Samuel Harris, and Haman Levi, all previously attacked in this paper, and all pseudonyms of the infamous Biggs. Nemesis, I thought then, had a rod in pickle; but I seem to have been mistaken, for I have discovered that Mr. Vandyck Sturmer, of 241, Duke Street, St. James's, who is so freely papering London and the provinces with his offers for instant accommodation on the easiest terms, comprises in himself all these old friends of ours. Well, I can do no more than issue my warning, and once again I caution my readers against having any dealings with this audacious swindler, who would extract blood from a stone with more ease and success than any apparatus ever invented by Mr. EDISON.—*January 14, 1901.*

A correspondent in Rugby has sent me an account of his son's dealings with a London money-lender that are

so extraordinary in character as to cause even me—accustomed as I am to revelations of this kind—to blush for my fellow-creatures. It appears that the young man, as young men will, became involved and had recourse to a financier whose circulars he had often received, a certain Marcus Swithin, of 301, Sackville Street Chambers, who turns out to be none other than the usurer whom from time to time I have exposed in this paper under various *aliases*, the last of which was Vandyck Sturmer. The rate of interest demanded was no less than 400 per cent., of which a large portion has been paid. I have strongly advised the boy's father to see that no more is paid, and to call in the aid of the law to insist upon the refunding of what has already passed into Swithin's hands.—*April 20, 1908.*

P.S.

From *The Christian Commonwealth*, November 8, 1911:—

Biggs.—On the 5th, at 204, Hamilton Terrace, N.W., Henry Biggs, in his 89th year. Dearly beloved and much respected. No flowers, by request.

Another Feat of Endurance.

"A. C. Lee twice accomplished the fourteenth hole (measuring 294 yds.) of the West Essex Golf Course, last Saturday."—*Peking Times.*

And got the ball right into the little tin at the end? No! However long did it take him?

"A marriage prohibition decree has been announced at Samoa, writes the British Vice-Consul, forbidding unions between whites and natives, whites and half-caste class-natives, whites and half-caste classed as natives, half-castes and half-castes classed as natives, and between half-castes and natives."

Bloemfontein Post.

We have repeated this correctly and demand the bag of nuts.

"After a minute or two United's goal was a sort of Ladysmith, and it was all hands to the pump for United."—*Sheffield Sports Special.*

"How we kept the powder dry at Ladysmith."

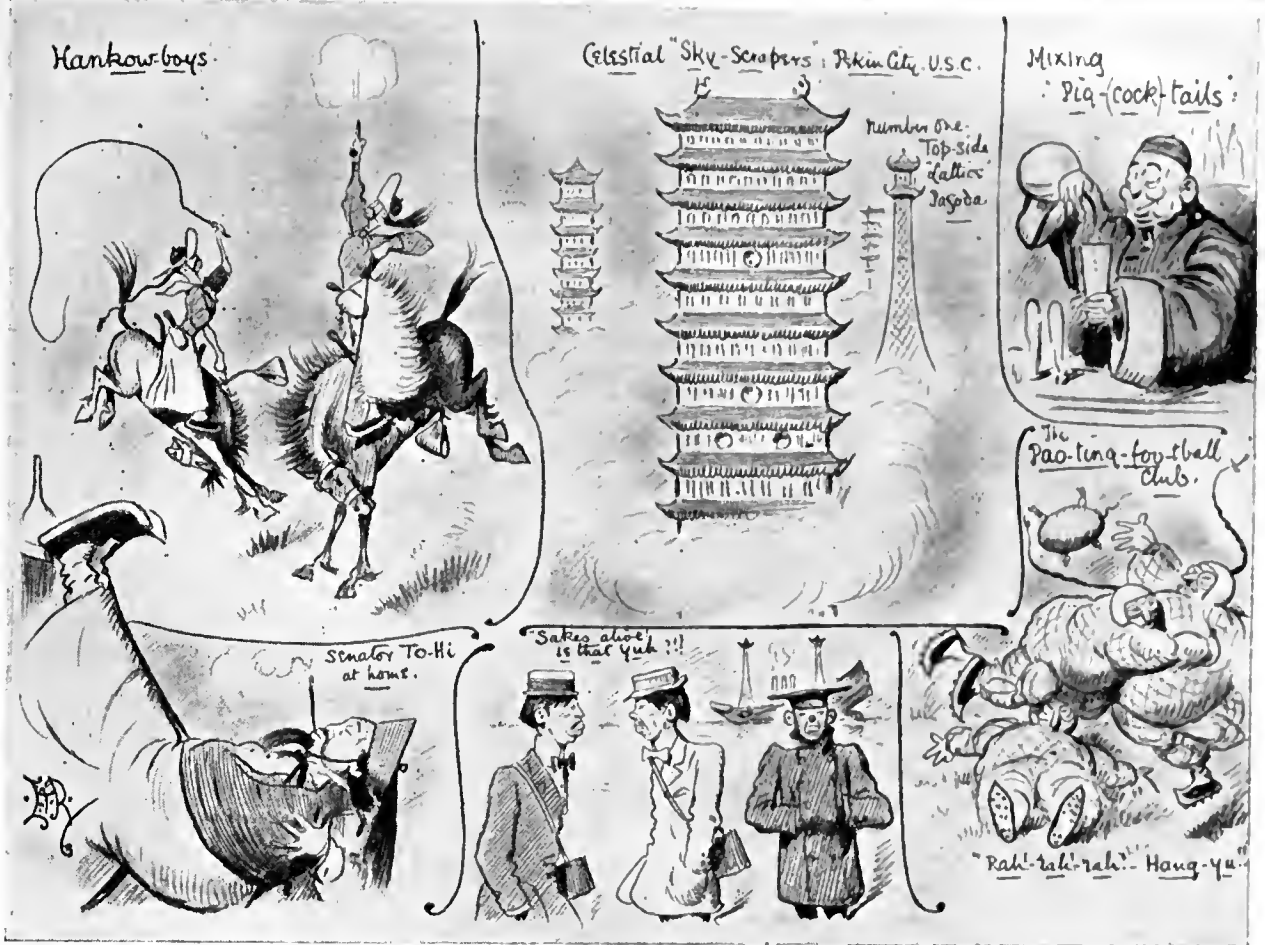
"White flannel pyjamas. Gentlemanly stripes."—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

Pyjamas with really gentlemanly stripes generally speak of themselves as "slumberwear." It is more genteel.



“THE HEATHEN CHINESE IS PECULIAR.”

ITALIAN OFFICER (reading news from China). “A WAR WITH A BATTLE! THAT LOOKS LIKE BAD MANAGEMENT.”



IF CHINA WERE AMERICANISED.

"The idea is to model China on the plan of the United States. . . . If the revolution succeeds the world will be astounded at the revolutionaries' genius for organisation."—An interview in "The Morning Post."

A QUESTION OF VALUE.

[It is declared in some quarters that 30 years or more must elapse before the great Land Valuation can be completed.]

I own a plot (or hereditament),
 Fenced in by battered rails and rusty wire,
 Some rods (or poles or perches) in extent,
 In summer mostly dust, in winter mire;
 This I let out on hire,
 And therein parsnips lie in ill-made beds
 And sundry cabbages uprear their heads.

Not to be coveted, my little plot.
 No Eligible Building Site, alas!
 In fact, the man who'd hit on such a spot
 To build a house would be a silly ass.
 But let such trifles pass;
 It's mine entirely, if it is absurd,
 This hereditament (I love that word!).

And this announcement (see above my mem.)
 Fills me with pain and disappointment, too;
 When will they value my Estate (ahem!)
 If this is how they mean to muddle through?
 No, it will never do!
 In thirty years I may be dead and gone;
 I'm youngish yet, but still I'm getting on.

I want to see how well my name will look
 When written large (it would, of course, be big)
 In that, the second, greater Domesday Book,
 With, it may be, a Diagram or Fig. ;
 If I should fail to dig
 (Through early death, we'll say) a road to fame,
 I want at least to leave behind a Name.

And if I live I want things managed so
 That men years hence may have the chance to bring
 Their homage to the proper place, and know
 The spot from which their Monument should spring;
 I seem to see the thing,
 A graceful column, carved about the base—
 "The Poet, J. J. Jones, once owned this place."

And more, I yearn, I really yearn, to see
 With how much justice Valuers hold the scales;
 What worth, in their opinion, there may be
 In these few yards of dirt and shattered rails,
 A holding which entails
 Upon its owner (as I've said, it's mine)
 An average annual loss of 3s. 9d.

Perils of the Back-to-the-Land Policy.

"It has been found in Warwickshire that the development of allotment gardening is seriously affecting the attendance at football matches."
Daily Express.

LORD HARTINGTON.

(REMINISCENCE EXTRACTED FROM THE
DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

MR. BERNARD HOLLAND properly gives to his monumental work published by LONGMANS the title "Life of the Duke of Devonshire." It was, however, as Lord HARTINGTON that one of the chief pillars of the State during the latter half of QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign was known to the people, a title that comes more readily to tongue and pen. Mr. HOLLAND brought to the accomplishment of his task a personal knowledge of its subject, with whom he was during two important years associated as Private Secretary. He has made profound study of the historic times in which Lord HARTINGTON played a leading part. The result appears in the most valuable addition to English biographical literature made since the appearance of Lord MORLEY'S "Life of Gladstone," of which it is in large measure the complement. On page 407 of the first volume there is a slip of pen or printer's stick so obvious as to be immaterial. But to old Parliament men it is delightfully incongruous. It credits "Mr. CALDWELL" with the system of Army Reform established between the 'sixties and the 'eighties of last century. Of course, for CALDWELL we read CARDWELL, and pass on.

Towards the close of his life, when he had come into the dukedom, Lord HARTINGTON, taking the undergraduates at Cambridge University into his confidence, made a striking remark. "All through life," he said, "I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I do, and I have found this a great disadvantage." It may be true, but his slow process of thought invariably led him to the right conclusion. Through a long series of crises, of common importance but of varied character, Lord HARTINGTON without exception came to what proved to be a sound conclusion.

Some of the colleagues with whom he worked were men of brilliant parts, eloquent in ordered speech, sparkling in conversation, equally capable of moving the masses and charming the social circle. Lacking possession of these gifts, Lord HARTINGTON was a man of supremely sound judgment, one to whom his audience closely listened, whose advice they pondered over. As a public speaker he did not create immediate effect. He had not a pleasant voice and scorned approach to elocutionary art. He belonged to the class whose speeches are more effective when read than when spoken. Reading the many extracts Mr. HOLLAND gleans from

speeches delivered in the House of Commons (most of which I heard) one is struck by their lucidity and force. These qualities shine throughout the correspondence largely quoted.

The great perplexity of Lord HARTINGTON'S public career was Mr. GLADSTONE. "I can never understand him in conversation" he forlornly wrote to Lord GRANVILLE on the eve of final separation. Admiring his Titanic genius, distrustful of his own capacity, he was instinctively inclined to follow his leader, and was constantly pulled up by finding himself among the breakers. The consequence was that he fell into the habit of what is known in domestic service



LORD HARTINGTON.

"Patiently trudged along."

as "giving notice." The letters written to his chief, in which he either threatens resignation or tenders it, are models of well-reasoned perspicacity.

Lord HARTINGTON was a Minister of the Crown *malgré lui*. Constitutionally indolent, he hankered after the leisure and the pleasures of a country gentleman's life, with Newmarket thrown in. But the supremely dominant force with him was a sense of duty. As he was more than once reminded when the strain of Ministerial life seemed too heavy to bear, the CAVENDISHES have always taken a leading part in affairs of State, and it did not become their latest descendant, heir to their name and estate, to walk apart. Lord HARTINGTON accordingly bent his sturdy shoulders under the yoke and patiently trudged along, hauling his burden with a groaning of the spirit hidden from the looker-on

but revealed in some pathetic passages of his correspondence and conversation.

His greatest sacrifice was made when he reluctantly undertook the thankless post of Leader of a distraught Opposition left in a hopeless minority. A condition of their servitude, more strictly enforced in those old-fashioned days than is now the case, was that the Leader on either side of the Table was expected to be in constant attendance from the time the SPEAKER took the Chair till the welcome cry, "Who goes home?" rang through the Lobby. That was a discipline hateful to Lord HARTINGTON'S nature. Like CHARLES LAMB at the India Office, he was sorely tempted to make up for arriving late by going away early. He never over-mastered the passion for unpunctuality. It was characteristic of him that, when still a young Member lately appointed to the War Office and having in hand the task of introducing a departmental Bill, he arrived so late that, the Order of the Day being called on, one of his colleagues was hurriedly put up to talk against time till the dallying Minister strolled in.

Habitually arriving late, he never attempted to hide his delinquency by furtive entry from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair. With right hand in his pocket, swinging his hat in his left, he walked the full length of the floor, to be seen of all men. Once arrived and condemned to a long, frequently a tedious, sitting, he remained at his post with head thrown back, hat tilted over his nose, both hands in his pockets, a monument of silent uncomplaining martyrdom. Thus he sat on the historic night when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, rising from the Radical camp below the Gangway, hailed him, amid raucous cheering, as "Late the Leader of the Liberal Party." Had the taunt been addressed to a stone image it would not have led to less perceptible change of countenance.

A tower of strength to any Administration in which he served, Lord HARTINGTON'S value as an asset was—if paradox be permitted—lessened by his implacable honesty. Not a party man, he was unselfishly loyal to his Party. But there was a limit beyond which neither personal friendship nor political advantage could drag his foot. It was marked by conviction that the proposed step was lacking in honourable purpose or that it was hostile to the truest interest of the country. No British statesman of modern or ancient times had a purer record than Lord HARTINGTON. His life was twice blessed. In action he did the State high service. At rest he leaves behind a memory inspiring to his successors.

A SUSPICIOUS CASE.

I HAD read every article in *The Outsider* (and my own contribution twice) and yet I felt that I could not leave it and go to bed. I had not enough energy to stop reading; I was too lazy to give up the habit of going on. So I went very methodically through all the advertisements and in particular learnt all the best that could be said for Blank & Co.'s Bond Street Cigarettes. Then I put the paper down and leant back in my chair. Then I leant forward again and resumed my reading. You have often felt exactly like that, haven't you?

Eventually I found myself going stolidly through the same old advertisement. "All right," said I, in an irritable and offended voice, "I'll smoke the darned things, if I've got to," and I noted the address.

I have lied frequently and without scruple in the columns of the press, but I assure you that what follows is the solemn truth.

"Would you not like one to smoke now, Sir?" said the man behind Blank and Co.'s counter, as he tied the parcel up.

"Look here," I answered, "you've made me buy this box of cigarettes; I do think you might let me smoke them when I like."

"One out of our box, Sir," and he proffered the tin and lit a match, and was very careful that the fumes of the sulphur should not incommode me.

"Come," said I, helping myself, "this is real handsome. I shall come here again."

"If you are going to be a regular customer," he whispered seductively, "won't you avail yourself of our splendid offer?" Meanwhile he toyed with a little cigarette case.

"Old man," I retorted sharply, "don't you think that, just because you have got on my soft side once, I am as simple as I look. You don't do me like that."

I believe that if I had called him an oppressor of the poor and robber of the unalert to his face he would only have shaken his head and smiled firmly. He explained that I had only got to order and pay for five hundred cigarettes, and I should get the silver (he called it silver) case thrown in.

I thought hard. "I spot it," I cried triumphantly; "I shall have to buy your eight-and-sixpence-a-hundred instead of your six-shilling-a-hundred cigarettes. You will slip behind a screen and put five hundred of the same cigarettes in another box, with purple ribbon on it. Five half-crowns (the difference) come to twelve-and-six.



"DO YOU WANT ALL THESE FINANCIAL NEWSPAPERS AND MONEY MARKET MAGAZINES KEPT? THEY MAKE THE ROOM SO UNTIDY."

"NO; I'VE FINISHED WITH 'EM. SEND 'EM TO THE WORKHOUSE; THEY'RE GLAD OF NEWSPAPERS THERE."

The case costs you something under eight shillings, and the purple ribbon doesn't count. There! I told you I was no fool."

No. It was not that. I could have five hundred of the six-shillings-a-hundred at the price of six shillings a hundred. Moreover, as long as I paid for them then, I could take them when and how I liked, one at a time, if I was that way inclined.

"Then I shall not get the case?" I said.

"You will get the case, Sir," he asserted.

"Then I shan't really get the cigarettes?" I pressed.

"You will get the cigarettes, Sir," he protested with patient emphasis.

"I don't like your persistent honesty. Let me see the hall-mark."

He showed me the hall-mark. It was peculiarly all right, and Blank and Co.'s name did not appear to be dragged into the matter. Moreover, the man demonstrated to me rather forcibly that it was not the fact of getting my thirty bob now, instead of having to wait a month or two for it, that induced them to do this thing. "Then

"I understand," I said, "though I cannot quite see how, that when I produce the case to a friend it will burst out in coloured lights and flash the legend 'Smoke and Enjoy Blank and Co.'s Bond Street Cigarettes.'"

But no: it was not even that.

When one gets as far as I had got in an argument with a shopman, one has of course lost. In the end I left with the first hundred cigarettes in my hand, and in my ear his ringing promise to have the case ready, duly monogrammed. "We shall see you again in the morning, then, Sir?" he concluded blithely.

"Get along with you," said I. "You know quite well that you will have belted with the cash by then."

"Good evening, Sir," he laughed.

you miserable. What with the certainty that you have been done by the Company, and the impossibility of finding out how, and what with the wild hope (which you know to be desperate even as you hope it) that you have done the Company, you would get so irritable that even the five hundred excellent cigarettes, smoked on end, would not calm you.

I did make one more attempt to get at the truth. "Friend," I said, calling on him at his shop, "it is now your turn to avail yourself of my splendid offer. Here is another thirty bob. It is yours on one small condition. I have smoked the last cigarette of the last row of each box, and they were all up to sample. The thirty bob is yours and secrecy guaranteed, if you will tell

THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

"In any case the cat is a stray," remarked Reginald, "and a hideous stray at that."

"Yes, dearest," replied his wife, "but it's a *cat*, and *as such* appealed to both of us when it crept into the scullery door that snowy night last February."

"Kindly remember, Mabel, I was against your letting it in," returned Reginald.

"You may have been," she replied; "I also remember you were the one to warm the bread and milk for it and give it one of your flannel shirts to sleep on. You were also the one to——"

"Pray let us be reasonable. We've only tolerated it because we're sorry



FRIEZE FOR THE SHINGLESEA TOWN HALL.

TO COMMEMORATE THE GLORIOUS AND PROLONGED SUMMER SEASON OF 1911.

"Good-bye," I answered bitterly.

However, there he was next morning, with the case ready for me.

"And the other four hundred cigarettes we will send you from time to time, as you order them?"

"I will take them all now," I declared suddenly, and watched his face narrowly. No ghastly pallor on his cheeks, no blue at the lips, no sign of the villain foiled, not even a wince!

"It is no good," I said; "I see that I have got to be done. Probably you have been sitting up all night doing something to my four hundred; taking the tobacco out of the paper, or putting cheap paper round the tobacco." And with that we parted.

I do not give you the address, though you could easily find it for yourself by trying every shop in Bond Street, for one reason because we do not advertise in this part of the paper, and for the other because, if I did and you went and did likewise, it would only make

me where the catch is. For that there is a catch in it somewhere you know as well as I."

The man said there was no catch in it, smiled happily, refused the thirty bob and offered me another cigarette out of the Company's box.

"Mr. Giles was formerly employed in London both as a booking-office clerk and as a dramatic critic. He knew Miss Madge Robertson (afterwards Mrs. Kendall), David Garrick, and Sothorn."—*Daily Sketch*.

GARRICK's famous *bon mot* about the South-Eastern Railway was, in fact, first made to Mr. GILES.

"Mr. Wood, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Wood have been entertaining at Hengrave this week for shooting the Marquess and Marchioness Douro, Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst, Lord and Lady Bateman, Mrs. Montagu Tharp, Miss Beare, Lieutenant Eyres-Monsell, M.P., and Mrs. Eyres-Monsell, Mr. Quilter, M.P., Mr. Bevan, and Mr. Jack Wood."—*The Times*.
A fairly useful bag.

for the ugly little brute; but now, as you can't find a home for it, our only possible course is to have it destroyed before the place is swarming with kittens, all resembling their mother, only more so."

"We could drown them," said Mabel; "at least, *you* could."

"Thanks," said Reginald coldly.

"Well, the greengrocer's boy would do it for threepence."

"No doubt; but you know, when it came to it, you'd never let him."

Mabel did not reply, but scratched the scraggy back of the object under discussion with the point of her slipper instead. It was an ugly cat, with a large pink nose, no chin to speak of, a crafty pair of eyes, and a coat that had probably seen better days.

"The best thing to do," said Reginald, "is to tell the chemist to give it a dose of prussic acid."

"I wouldn't for worlds," replied Mabel; "prussic acid hurts awfully.

No, the only *kind* thing to do is to send it to a lethal chamber, and let the poor thing sleep out of one world into another. But in either case it's sheer murder."

"Well, do that," said Reginald; "I'll risk being hanged."

"I think you are frightfully callous and selfish," said his wife. "Although you claim a future existence for yourself and deny it to animals, you destroy their one little life without any compunction, but set a ridiculous value on your own, although you have got another to follow."

"Well, take your choice of the two methods," he said indifferently, "but I should think the chemist's would be handier."

"No, it isn't, as a matter of fact," replied Mabel, "because Dunham the Vet. has a lethal chamber for cats, and all you have to do is to send him a postcard asking him to fetch them away."

"Then do that," said her husband as he prepared to start for the City, "only remember," he added authoritatively over his shoulder, "I wish it done."

"Very well, dear," said Mabel, and set to work to write the postcard, but found the drawing-up of the death-warrant no easy matter, for she had not the heart to say she wanted the cat destroyed in so many words. In the end she compromised by addressing it to Mr. Dunham, The Lethal Chamber, High Street (Local), and asking him to fetch the cat away that afternoon. Then, leaving half-a-crown with the maid to defray the charge, she went up to town, hoping that a matinee might divert her mind from the tragedy.

"The boy fetched it this afternoon," she said reproachfully to Reginald later in the day; "I was out, but he took it in a basket, and said there was no charge. I think Mr. Dunham is a humane man and a credit to his sex."

"So do I," said Reginald with heartless gaiety; but he missed the cat, all the same, and it was quite a week before Mabel recovered her usual spirits. Still, lots of things happened that summer—two weddings in the family, then the Coronation, and after that their summer holiday, which was really like a second honeymoon, until one morning a letter arrived bearing a half-penny stamp and with the flap folded inside.

"I told them *not* to forward circulars," grumbled Reginald.

"I don't think it's a circular," said his wife, "it looks like a bill."

Reginald frowned and opened it. It was a bill, and read thus:—



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

"Saml. Dunham, Veterinary Surgeon, M.R.C.V.S.		
To		£ s. d.
One cat, full board (March 31 to July 31)		2 4 0
4 kittens, ditto (April 30 to July 31)		2 8 0
		£4 12 0

A remittance will oblige."

"What does this mean?" said Reginald fiercely, pushing the document across the table.

"I don't know," said his wife, pushing it back, "unless," she added thoughtfully, "he didn't put our poor pussy in the lethal chamber after all."

"But you wrote and told him to?"

"Well, as far as I remember, I told him in my postcard to fetch the cat away, and addressed it to the lethal chamber. I didn't say 'destroy it,' in black and white, because I hadn't the heart to, but I thought he'd understand what I meant. Now I see why there was no charge."

"No charge!" howled Reginald. "Is £4 12s. 0d. no charge? That's what your soft-heartedness is going to cost me. Do you know I've been keeping

that rat-tailed animal and its progeny for all these months, because you are pleased to have so much consideration for a cat and so little for my pocket?"

"I think we have been done," said Mabel calmly. "He probably *did* kill the cat and he's trying to swindle you. I shouldn't pay."

"I won't!" thundered Reginald, "I'll fight it!" and he wrote to Mr. Dunham to that effect. Mr. Dunham however replied that he had now destroyed all the animals, was sorry the mistake had occurred, but must insist on payment, and was always prepared for litigation.

In the end a compromise was effected. The Vet. took three guineas and Mabel went without another new (and unnecessary) muslin frock. Reginald said he thought it would be a lesson to her. She quite agreed, and got the frock a fortnight later.

Answer to correspondent in *The Star*:
"To row your existence with your eye firmly fixed on some definite goal instead of just drifting is wise."
True; but then it's so difficult to row that way round.

THE HALSBURY CLUB.

THE weekly meeting of the Halsbury Club was held yesterday at the new Moridure Hall specially re-named by the Club for this purpose. There were present, amongst others, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., Lord MILNER, Lord SELBORNE, Mr. J. L. GARVIN, Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., and Mr. LEO MAXSE (guest). Members of the Press were not admitted, but our own special investigator has supplied us with the following account of the proceedings:—

Lord Milner. Where's HALSBURY—er—I beg pardon—where is our revered President?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. No doubt the old buster—tut, tut, how silly I am!—no doubt our noble friend, never more noble than in this time of trial, will be here as soon as his numerous and important engagements permit. In the meantime I suggest that the Secretary—(at this moment a loud shout of "What cheer, boys!" was heard outside, the door was violently opened, a big drum and a policeman's helmet were flung into the room, and were immediately followed by Lord HALSBURY tastefully attired as a boy scout. The noble Earl, having turned three cartwheels and four somersaults, alighted on the wooden circumference of the drum and trundled it round the room with his feet. He then sprang lightly on to Lord SELBORNE'S shoulders, kissed his hand to the assembled Die-Hards, and popped off safely on to Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S lap, and so into the Presidential chair).

Lord Halsbury. That knocks 'em, I don't think—eh what? All (enthusiastically). What a boy it is!

Mr. Leo Maxse (in a frenzy of admiration). B.M.G.! B.M.G.!! B.M.G.!!! Oh, what it is to be alive and in England! Oh, the traitors, the double-distilled, disloyal, bloodthirsty, venomous, lickspittle, mean-spirited, thrice damnable traitors! B.M.G.! B.M.G.! Show me the scuttlers! Let me get at the shufflers! I'll cut their hearts out! I'll massacre them! Oh, oh, oh!!! (He foams at the mouth and falls on the floor.)

Mr. F. E. Smith (jealously, to Lord SELBORNE). Pretty trick, isn't it? He does it with a bit of soap, you know.

Mr. J. L. Garvin. This is stupendous. But where in the world did you get the drum and the helmet?

Lord Halsbury. Took the drum from a Salvation Army band. Drummer objected. Bagged his wind, bowled him over, and away I went with his drum. Policeman interfered. Bagged his helmet, and here I am.

All (ecstatically). What youth! What exuberance! What innocent animal spirits! Was there ever such a boy!

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (impressively). Lord HALSBURY teaches us all a lesson.

Lord Halsbury (from the Chair). Now then, boys, business, business. WILLOUGHBY, old son, we'll take your blessed minutes as read. Is there anything more? I'm playing half back for the Peckham Scorchers this afternoon, so I can't stay long.

Mr. George Wyndham. I've a little thing here on "Ronsard and the Unionist Party." May I read it to the Club? It won't take a quarter of an hour.

Lord Halsbury. Who's Ronsard?

Mr. George Wyndham. Oh, well, Ronsard, you know—

Lord Halsbury. We'll hear all about him next time. Anything more?

Lord Willoughby de Broke. We've got to pass our usual vote of confidence in the Mandarins—ahem, I mean our great leaders, Mr. BALFOUR and Lord LANSDOWNE. Who'll propose it this time?

Mr. Leo Maxse (faintly, from the floor). I will. B.M.G.! B.M.G.!

Lord Willoughby de Broke. Who'll second?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (with determination). I will.

Lord Halsbury. Right! Passed with acclamation. Catch! (He lobs the inkstand gracefully to Lord SELBORNE, who misses it). Butter-fingers! Oh, by the way, I think I ought to tell you the story of why I made GRANTHAM a judge. It's a splitter. (He tells it, and the meeting is dissolved in laughter.)

THE TWO HOUSES.

"HILLVIEW" is my villa (or "Woodside,"

I always forget which is mine);

They stand in Dene Road, on the good side,

The first of their line.

The rest of the road is a huddle

Of masons and mortar and muddle;

The opposite path is a puddle,

But ours is quite firm, when it's fine.

I can go up to town by the G.C.,

Which runs at the top of the road;

But it also is equally easy

To leave my abode

And walk in the other direction

To catch the Great Western connection;

There is nothing to sway my selection,

And that is the cause of this ode.

On returning at night from the City

(A thing I invariably do)

I behold, with a pang of self-pity,

"Woodside" and "Hillview."

I am hungry, and hence my emotion;

They're as like as two drops in the ocean,

And I haven't the foggiest notion

As to which is my own of the two.

If the route up to town were not double,

My house would be second, or first,

From the Station, thus stopping the trouble

With which I am cursed;

But my memory's really so rotten

That I've always completely forgotten

If I caught the 6.12 to Hill Wotten,

Or the 6.17 to Wood Hurst.

And to me all such names as "Fernhollow,"

"Fairhazel," "Poldune," or "Tremunse"

Seem alike; I suppose it must follow

That I am a dunce,

That my mind what it meets barely skims on;

But I'll get my house painted bright crimson,

And I'll give it my own name, "James Simson,"

And then I shall know it at once.

A Chinese Puzzle.

We have not told our readers much about the Chinese army yet. Well, let us begin this week.

"Altogether 28 divisions have been formed, or are in process of formation; but it is understood that only ten are complete. These ten are numbered from one to nine, except No. 7, which is in arrears."

Morning Post.

"The advent of real geese which will appear in Humperdinck's 'Königskinder,' is anticipated with considerable interest. These birds are now undergoing a special training for the event. Their *métier* will be to follow the goose-girl and to quack as little as possible. Geese are not remarkable for any special intelligence."—*Standard.*

True, but they are probably intelligent enough to know that they are not ducks.



Old Doctor (who has been gossiping for three-quarters of an hour). "WELL, WELL, I MUST BE GOING. I'VE GOT TO VISIT AN OLD LADY IN A FIT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HYNDMAN'S *Record of an Adventurous Life* (MACMILLAN) is handicapped by three false starts. In a preface accounting for the appearance of the book he calls in aid the venerable excuse of the "pressure of friends" inducing him to write it. In his opening sentence we find a cheap jocosity: "There is every reason to believe I was born at 7, Hyde Park Square, on the 7th of March, 1842; though birth, being the most important incident in the life of men, is precisely that which none of them can remember, and I am of course no exception to the rule." Referring to "my dear old friend Michael Davitt," he turns aside to inquire, "What would the Hyndmans of old time have said of such friendship!" Well, *noblesse oblige*. Mr. HYNDMAN tells us his grandfather was a slave-running planter in the West Indies, and might have been fastidious in respect of the choice of his grandson's companions. Having known DAVITT publicly and privately I should say the grandson was honoured by the acquaintance of a gentleman of chivalrous nature and charming manners. These banalities apart, and his political views not taken too seriously, Mr. HYNDMAN has written a book of considerable human interest. Like Ulysses, he has travelled much. Many cities has he seen, and his range of acquaintance with men of the last half-century is wide and various. Of his politics it may suffice to say that he speaks of the occupation of Egypt as "a monstrous conquest"; of the action of a Government confronted by the conspiracy of the Land League and the episode of the murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH as "intolerable tyranny"; and of the administration that

has brought India to its present state of unparalleled prosperity as "ruinous misrule." Preaching these and similar doctrines as he went his way he found himself occasionally misunderstood. A published commentary upon the drift of things in the United States brought upon him caustic rejoinder. "England," wrote a New York paper, discussing his screed, "sends many fool-travellers to the United States, but never before such a fool as this." Perhaps the most delightful chapter in the book contains his account of a morning call upon DISRAELI, whom he desired to convert in his old age to Socialistic principles. The interview lasted three hours. "Lord Beaconsfield," writes Mr. HYNDMAN, with the *naïveté* that endears him to the reader, "had an attack of illness shortly afterwards and died within a few weeks."

One trivial objection I have to make against LUCAS MALET'S long-expected new novel, *Adrian Savage* (HUTCHINSON), and then I can get on with the more congenial task of praising it whole-heartedly. Since, to one who knows anything whatever of the neighbourhood, the identity of her "Stourmouth" (with its undercliff drives, its pine forest and its consumptives) positively leaps to the eye, I was constantly irritated at the superfluous and unconvincing disguise. Why on earth not say Bournemouth, and have done with it? Still, this is a tiny blemish on a very remarkable achievement—the best thing, I incline to think, that Mrs. HARRISON has yet given us. There are two sets of characters in the book, only united so far as they touch the fortunes of *Adrian Savage*—the charming society of upper-class, artistic Paris, amongst which he moves as journalist and man of affairs;

and the provincial circle of Branksome Park (to discard pseudonyms) into which his duties as a trustee take *Adrian*, and where he meets *Joanna*, who falls in love with him. *Joanna*, the warped, unlovable heiress of a bullying father, not only imagines herself engaged (on wholly inadequate grounds) to her wonderful young cousin, but incidentally in doing so simply swamps every other character in the book. It is no disparagement to the author's skill to say that beside the tragedy of this one figure the rest seem puppets. *Joanna*, with her luxurious empty life and her delusions, is almost terribly alive; she dominates author and reader alike. Her story could hardly be a cheerful one; but of the force and insight with which it has been told there can be no two opinions. A book that lingers in the memory.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE WAS not a romantic prince, as Miss MARJORIE BOWEN is the first to admit. His political and military genius is a matter of historical record; but the man himself had not the dramatic touch, the gift of appreciating and living up to the sentiments which his deeds might be expected to arouse in his audience and indeed in himself. It is certain that he displayed no emotions; it is doubtful if he felt any; in the result, he could not inspire popularity. Categorically insisting on this fact, Miss BOWEN has yet contrived to weave a most romantic and dramatic tale from the incidents of his career. LOUIS, JAMES, MARY and ANNE and all the protagonists of the time appear, but the central figure is always WILLIAM'S: and, without any distortion of the known facts, you are compelled to follow his story as you would follow that of the most popular hero imaginable. The truth is that he is stated to be one thing and portrayed as another; for, if you take the trouble to refer back, when your first excitement has abated, you will find that he says and does no single thing that is not intensely attractive and, in the better sense, theatrical. For your own enjoyment, however, you will do well to leave that objection, together with a split infinitive or two, to the pedants, and read *God and the King* (METHUEN) for a magnificent story quite magnificently told.

I can remember a very good short story by Mr. OLIVER ONIONS about a highwayman, and in *Good Boy Seldom* (METHUEN) he has told us another, a long one this time, with the Strand for the highway and flash-light advertisements for the pistols of his hero. *Good Boy Seldom*, whose other name was *James Enderby Wace*, came from Yorkshire, and to the Yorkshireman's hardness of body and head he added a dreamy metaphysical bent, which made him averse

from trafficking in the mere sordid realities of commerce. "Anything is worth what people can be got to give for it," was his motto, and from such small beginnings as the sale of the right to kiss his little sister for a halfpenny (but a penny in the case of *Livy Ryder*, her sweetheart) he rose to the giddy heights of the "Lola Cigarette" and the "Great Exhibition," and finally to juggling with six limited liability companies on the capital of one. Mr. ONIONS has written, as I say, a very good story, and for two things especially I thank him: he has made me sympathise with a hero who was an absolute scoundrel from beginning to end—always a grateful sensation; and he has described so intimately the life of certain citizens of Ford, and especially

the social organisation of the *Warrender Square Congregational Chapel*, that I began to think at one point that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT must look to his laurels. During the later part of the book the author has not taken much trouble to avoid suggesting certain living personalities, and in more than one way he sails very close to the wind indeed. But he sails with a fine buccaneer on board, and when the Official Receiver and the rapacity of a musical comedy star caused between them the collapse of *Mr. Wace's* paper piracy, and he was obliged to flee for the Spanish main in good earnest, I confess without shame that I was sorry.

Pasted on the paper wrapper of *Contraband Tommy: a Tale of the Dreadnought Era* (JACK), by Mr. CHARLES GLEIG (late Lieut. R.N.), I find this bald statement: "The £200 Prize Story for Boys." Just that. Neither inside the book nor out can I find a word about the offer or

the competition or the conditions. And that means that there are things going on which even the most alert of us miss. Still, I am afraid a young friend of mine, who would certainly have had a cut at it because he badly wants a new bicycle, would not have won even if I had given him the tip. Mr. GLEIG has earned the money. Personally I am not altogether sure that I approve of a young rascal of a ship's boy who "pinches" a middy's uniform, joins his ship in his name, saves the Commander's life from the fury of King Wanga Wanga of Tabonga, gets mentioned in dispatches, and eventually wins from the Admiralty his gunroom rating. But he'll go down right enough among the youngsters who are destined to make his acquaintance, and that's the great thing.

Sins of Society.

It is announced that the list of "doubtful baronets" will be published by the end of the year. A monograph on shady viscounts is also being prepared for the Press.



"RACE-CARD, SIR?"

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest Unionist rumour is to the effect that the peacemakers have prevailed over the pacemakers, and the title of the Halsbury Club is to be changed to the Balfourbury Club.

It seems queer that the East should have a nicer idea of what is sportsman-like than the West. In the first engagement, at any rate, the Chinese Government saw to it that the odds were even. According to *Reuter*, no overwhelming numbers, but 2,000 loyal troops engaged 2,000 revolutionists. That's cricket.

"We have," said the GRAND VIZIER, speaking for the Turkish Government, "no aggressive intention, no ambitious designs, against any country or any state. It is, on the contrary, our most ardent desire to respect the legitimate rights of all countries." This disposes once and for all of the rumour that, if defeated by Italy, Turkey would seek compensation by taking Germany.

It is pretty to see allies helping one another in their difficulties. *Dalziel* tells us that great numbers of Germans and Austrians are arriving in Turkey to take the place of the deported Italians.

It is scarcely fair to say that Mr. STEAD's peace mission to Constantinople has had no effect. Mr. STEAD, we understand, is a distinguished Non-conformist, and many Turks, it is said, are now in favour of a policy of Passive Resistance.

The French Minister of Finance has ordered his officials to exhibit a cheerful demeanour when collecting taxes. They would be well advised, however, not to be too playful. Taxpayers are peevish animals, and any attempt to chaff them about the object of his visit might have serious results for the collector.

"Punishment," says Dr. DEVON, "never did anybody any good." Chorus of schoolboys:—"Devon, glorious Devon!"

The United States Navy Department has refused a silver tray, bearing the figure of BRIGHAM YOUNG and the Mormon Temple, offered by Salt Lake

City for the new battleship *Utah*. In view of the popular belief that Jack has a wife in every port, the refusal has caused some surprise.

Lord ROSEBURY's proposal that there should be a holocaust of books is still being vigorously discussed in literary circles. What has surprised us for some time is that certain modern novels of an advanced type have not perished from spontaneous combustion.

Mrs. PANKHURST, speaking at a

cannot be stopped, would it not be possible, when future lists are published, to divide them into two categories, the distinctions which are given for merit being headed "HONORARY HONOURS"?

Some of the more enterprising of our newspapers have published photographs of the new FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. The likeness to the late HOME SECRETARY is astonishing.

The statement that a Nobel Prize is to be awarded to Mr. THOMAS EDISON for Physics has aroused a considerable amount of pleasurable excitement among children all over the world, who take it to mean that a really tasteless Castor Oil has been discovered at last.

Mr. EDWIN SACHS, the Chairman of the British Fire Prevention Committee, has been pointing out how the dangers of fire as regards children may be minimised. We should have thought it would have been possible to render them absolutely fire-proof by treating them with certain chemicals, as is done in the case of stage properties.

Truth will out even in a misprint. The following statement appeared in *The Daily Telegraph's* summary of Mr. BIRRELL's Home Rule pronouncement:—

2. This Irish Parliament will have full legislative powers and control over purely Irish concerns.
3. In considering what these "concerns" shall be, the Government are taking a wide view, in order "to satisfy a national A serious explosion has occurred at the demand for national responsibility.

"A seventeen year-old youth was charged with pedalling without a certificate."
Leeds Mercury.

This comes as a distinct shock to pianola artists.

"THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO BIG FOR HER SHOES. READ ABOUT HER INSIDE."

So runs the invitation on the cover of *The Home Circle*. But we get more than enough of this kind of thing in *The Lancet*.

"Tommy Burns stated in an interview that he was anxious to meet Johnson anywhere in the world, preferably in Australia, with the stipulation that no churches be allowed.—*Reuter*."—*Aberdeen Journal*.

This seems to be a hit at the Rev. F. B. MEYER.



"MAN WULLIE, THEY TELL ME THEY 'VE GOT A THREE-LEGGIT CALF UP AT JEMIE SAMSON'S."
"DO YE TELL ME!!! HE 'LL BE AWFU' PROOD ABOUT IT!"
"PROOD!! MAN, HE'S PROODER THAN THE AULD COO HERSEL'."

suffragist meeting in Brooklyn, declared that she would not be a man for all the wealth in the world. This is fortunate, as it is rumoured that the lady could not if she would.

Lord HALDANE, in defending the Territorials, declared that he expects to be dead before any political party seriously suggests compulsory military service. We understand that, since making this statement, our War Minister has received a number of telegrams from Germany wishing him long life.

Lord SELBORNE has been inveighing against the selling of titles for the benefit of party funds. If the practice

BOOKS TO THE BONFIRE.

[A contribution to the discussion on the crying need for our libraries to be purged by fire.]

This weary mass of stuff that lines my wall,
With painted skins or buckram backed and flanked,
What is there in these objects, after all,
That they should seem to me so sacrosanct?
Row after row in steady iteration,
These little ink-marks, made on rag or pulp—
At the mere thought of their proposed cremation
Why does my larynx give a ehoky gulp?
Now that I think of it, I do not know
Why this is so.

Why do I guard (some do it under glass)
Each volume in its sacred niche or nook?
Is it for merit, first or second class,
Or just because it calls itself a Book?
Although of their insides and those who wrote 'em
Ninety per cent. induce a dull despair,
Yet, as a savage contemplates his totem,
So I assume with them a reverent air.
He worships it and would be much concerned
To see it burned.

Dry-eyed I mark my other goods decay;
Curtains and carpets fade and leave me cold;
The paper from my walls is rapt away
And new designs (at Spring) replace the old;
By decades I renew the kitchen boiler
And bid the relics to the scrapper go,
But on my precious books if Time the spoiler
Should lay his hand they stick *in statu quo*.
New ones may come and want a vacant site,
But they sit tight.

At times I think a sacrilegious thought:
I stop to ask why I, who have no use
For feats of prairie-trotters, ever bought
That tale, *Through Manitoba on a Moose*:
How one who loves to tread the Muse's track, but
Abhors the lesser guides, allowed himself
To have and keep *With Dulcimer and Sackbut*,
Or *Kindred Soul-Pants* on his poets' shelf.
These last were gifts, but still their natural fate
Is in the grate.

Though courtiers' gossip chills me to the bone,
And guardsmen bore me when their waists are slim,
Here's *Crowned Heads I have Patted* (gilt-edged roan),
And *Beauchamp of the Blues* (half-calf—like him);
And, though my views of life afloat are cynical
(It makes me sick and sailors are so blunt),
I cling to *Forty Years Aboard the Binnacle*;
Also to *Yoicks!* and yet I never hunt.
I have not read them since my childhood's day,
But there they stay.

The room to which their betters have a claim
(Pipe-racks, for instance, or a clear blank space)
They block; yet if I fling them to the flame
I smack my holiest instincts in the face;
My only hope of losing what I cherish
(To "Elia's" inspiration be the praise)
Is that my total house (insured) should perish,
And all this dry-rot swell the common blaze.
Roast pig was thus secured without a cook,
Why not roast book?

O. S.

TRIPOLI TRIALS.

"Why not find an Italian?" said Mabel, as we discussed the dearth of British female labour. "She would keep us on thrushes and Chianti, and we could imagine we were living in Rome."

Mabel, I need hardly explain, is as yet young in house-keeping. That is why I watched the fog settling amongst the chimneys of Victoria Street, and made no audible reply.

Rosa Rosmunda came the next week.

Rosa Rosmunda is a dark, deep-voiced woman of forty-nine.

Even so early as the first day, Rosa Rosmunda sang a little. She affected the ultra-passionate mode. But Mabel's comprehension of Italian is not really nimble, and she seemed to think that the "amore" and "belle donne" brought a breath of the South into the flat.

Thus things were just possible until THE WAR broke out.

We were awakened one morning by the deep voice of Rosa Rosmunda chanting in tones of menacing resolution:

"Se Um-ber-to mi da la spa-da,
Quel-la spa-da
Quel-la spa-a-da,
Se Um-ber-to mi da la spa-da,
Quel-la spa-da por-ter-ò."

The fact that her threatened assumption of the sword was made conditional upon its presentation to her by the hands of a King of Italy long ago dead, seemed to reduce a little the risks of the undertaking.

When the "spada" was quite finished with, the "fucile" was taken and exercised. After that, in turn, every known weapon in the arsenals of war, and after that—*da capo*. It was awful. There was a sentimental refrain which should have had its place in the chant; but in the ardour of patriotism this was generally forgotten. Battle was the business.

It went on for days. We did not know what to do.

Mabel maintained that no human being should be denied the gift of song—that it was to twist the neck of a lark to interfere. But I watched her colour fading daily, and my work had been at a standstill for a week, when we told Rosa Rosmunda that we feared she would not suit us.

Oh, the bliss that then reigned in our little home! The woman seemed to know her voice had been her ruin, and went about her tasks mouse-quiet.

It was all so pleasant that Mabel actually began to veer round towards her again. She came to the conclusion indeed that no loyal Italian could have acted otherwise. But she was sure that "silly old Tripoli" could interest *nobody* now. She argued, moreover, that the woman had had a lesson, and naturally would not sing again, and that it would be the height of foolishness to part with a good servant.

The end of it was, of course, that we told Rosa Rosmunda that, on reconsidering the matter, we found she would suit us very well.

* * * * *
"Se Um-ber-to mi da fu-ci-le,
Quel fu-ci-le
Quel fu-ci-i-le,
Se Um-ber-to mi da fu-ci-le,
Quel fu-ci-le por-ter-ò."

Rosa Rosmunda's voice has gained in strength and volume during her recent period of depression. But after all, as Mabel said, even if we had a *Chinaman* it would be the same just now.

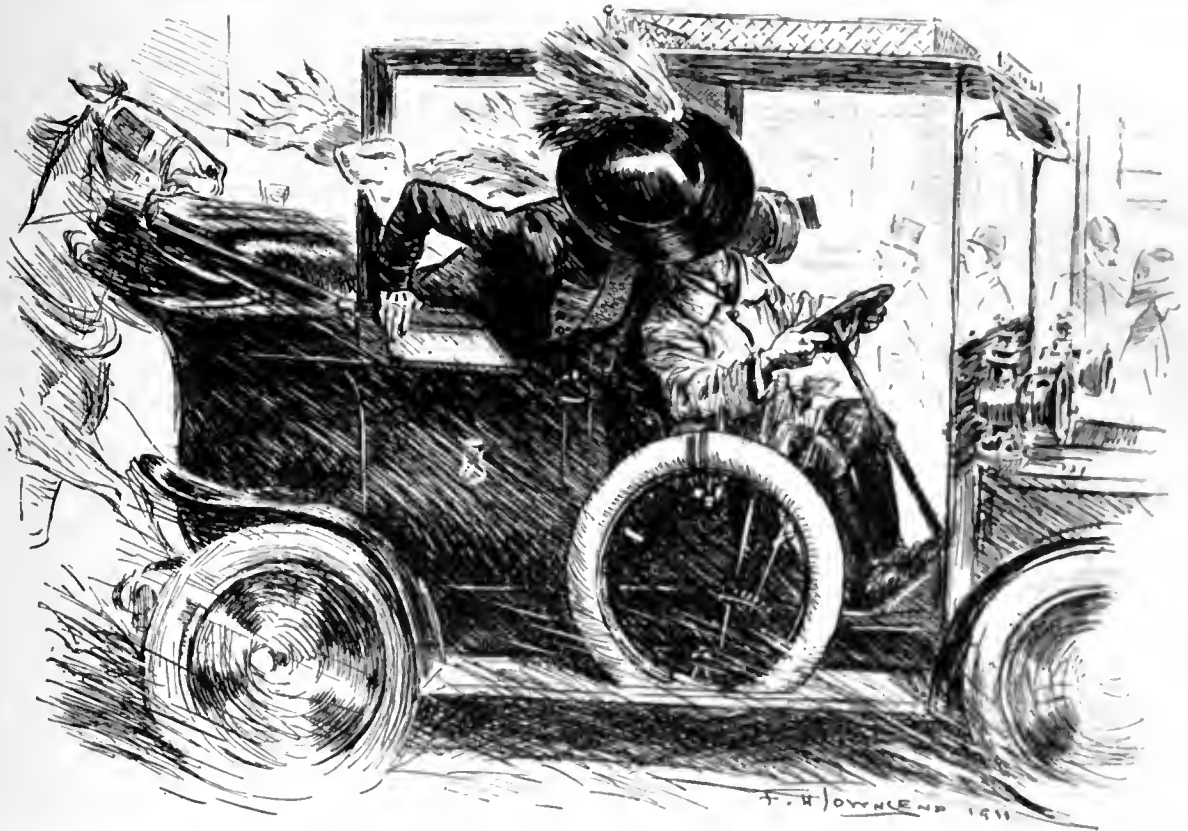
Motto for the Cocoa Peace Party: "The nib is mightier than the sword."



TOO FAIR TO LIVE.

Mr. Puncu (observing *Arbitration* about to be burnt in effigy). "THE LADY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE VERY POPULAR. I'M AFRAID SHE MUST HAVE SHOWN TOO STRONG A BIAS IN FAVOUR OF IMPARTIALITY."





THE COUNTESS AND THE TAXI-DRIVER.

RECEIVING THIS DRAWING BY MISTAKE, OUR FEUILLETONISTE, MISS VICTORIA GLYNN, WROTE ROUND IT AS FOLLOWS:—"GLUEING HER LIPS TO HIS, 'FLY, ALBERT,' SHE CRIED; 'I HEAR MY FATHER'S 22-CYLINDER IN PURSUIT IN BELGRAVE SQUARE.'" BUT THE AUTHOR WAS IN ERROR. IT IS REALLY AN ILLUSTRATION FOR OUR "SHOPPING COLUMN," AND THE WORDS ARE SIMPLY, "STOP AT THE METROPOLITAN FUR STORES—THIRD ON THE RIGHT PAST BOND STREET."

ALL THE LATEST DANCES.

[Mlle. FELICIA, a Hungarian dancer, has been appearing at the Hippodrome. In her principal dance she obtains, it is said, "one of the most extraordinary effects by a curious movement of the nape of the neck upwards."]

At the Crematorium the chief attraction is Fr. Rollinops, whose dancing is full of the most singular suggestiveness. In one of her measures, appropriately entitled *Liebelei*, she does some incredible things with her calves, which are made to express a wide variety of emotions—now of coaxing tenderness, now of burning passion, and in the end of contemptuous rejection. Fr. Rollinops' performance is a stupefying revelation to those unacquainted with the more recent development of the terpsichorean art.

M. Djujitsovitch, who is to be seen at the Pandemonium, has introduced to London a dance which nightly holds an over-crowded house in an unparalleled grip. Attention is first riveted by a spasmodic twitching of the knee-cap; the movement then gradually spreads to other sections of the body, the dance finishing with a tremendous *tour de force* in the form

of a concerted jerk of the Adam's apple and the Achilles tendon.

The new Sardinian dancer at the Empyrean, Signora Rigli, created an immense *favore* at her first appearance the other evening. In the chief item of her repertoire she achieves an amazing sensation by a deft manipulation of her collar-bone, which is seen to move in a sinuous wave, culminating in a shudder that leaves the spectator clammy with a nameless terror.

It has been left to Miss Truly Allwright, who comes here with a big reputation from the States, to demonstrate to a British audience the subtle, yet staggering effect that can be produced in a dance by bringing into play the muscles of the ears. In a wonderful "Wag-time" number she employs these organs with irresistible charm, and the final flap invariably brings down the house.

We are asked to state that, owing to a slight dislocation sustained at rehearsal, Mlle. Cuiboño, the "Venezuelan Venus," will be unable to give her famous spinal-cord dance at the Capitolium this week.

JOURNALISTIC DETACHMENT.

THE dogs of war are unleashed,
The eagles are waxing fat,
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
"Shots in a West-end Flat."

The news from Turkey is bad,
The news from China is worse,
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
"Actress robbed of her purse."

There are terrible scenes in Rome,
And horrible sights at Constant. O!
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
"Peer to play in a panto."

So I'm sure when the dreadful days
Of Armageddon arrive,
I shall read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*
"Scene at a Welsh Whist Drive."

And when the last trump shall rend
The World to its midmost hub,
The Daily Thrill will adorn its bill
With "Raid on a West-end Club."

"We take great pains in fitting your feet," says a bootmaker's advertisement in *The Blairgourie Advertiser*. With ordinary bootmakers we generally find that it is we who take the pains.

THE LUCKLESS PALACE.

In addition to the public meetings to discuss the future of the Crystal Palace, other gatherings have met with the same purpose, but rather to arrange for private than public proprietorship or tenancy. We report the proceedings at the most influential of these.

The chair was taken by Lord AVEBURY, fresh from a sparkling evening with the Poetry of Action Society, and among others present, in addition to many shareholders, were Mr. F. E. SMITH (who is everywhere just now) and, with a watching brief for the Glaziers' Union, Mr. EDMUND PAYNE. Lord AVEBURY, in his opening remarks, said that he hoped there would be no violence during the proceedings. They must remember that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. (Laughter.) They were met to consider the future of the famous building. It would grieve him very much to see it go. He hoped that some practical proposition for saving it would be brought forward that afternoon. Life was real, life was earnest.

The Right Hon. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., asked for the use of the building as a club-house for the Halsbury Club. His only fear, he said, was that it might not be large enough, but they were prepared to put up with a little inconvenience. The place, he said, peculiarly appealed to them and their revered leader by reason of the transparency of its walls, for they had nothing to hide and welcomed publicity. In fact, it was the attraction of publicity that had brought many of them together. Declined.

Mr. IMRE KIRALFY offered to purchase the palace and grounds *en bloc* for £500. His intention, he said, was to hold a series of annual exhibitions there, to be devoted to the various important countries of the world. The first would be a German Exhibition, as that was calculated to be popular and would have the support of the Editor of *The Nation* and a number of leading Radicals. The next would be devoted to San Marino. The next to Abyssinia, and so on. Fortunately it had been proved by ethnologists that all these nations shared a common passion for great wheels, flip-flaps, scenic railways, and witching waves, so that the public might be assured of fun while imbibing instruction. Declined.

A suggestion was made by Sir JOHN BENN that it would be to everyone's advantage if the roof, at any rate, were

removed from Sydenham and placed over Bond Street. Then Londoners could shop in the wet, as they cannot now do, in comparative comfort. Declined as too Utopian.

A letter was read from a well-known variety agent, offering to rent the Crystal Palace as a permanent school for the instruction of Russian dancers in sufficient numbers to meet the requirements of the thousand-and-one music-hall managers who must add this branch of entertainment to their programme. Declined.

A letter was read from Sir HENRY HOWORTH, offering to present a complete set of his letters in *The Times* if

an impression on it." Declined with thanks.

Finally, a letter was read from a syndicate of cinematoscope managers, offering a substantial rent for the Palace as the scene for their varied operations—battles, pursuits, tragedies and farces. After a long discussion it was decided that, for the present, this was the most reasonable offer, and that to accept it would be to increase the happiness and well-being of the country, which has so taken the cinema to its heart that it cannot be happy without it even in the smallest towns. A recommendation to open negotiations with the syndicate was therefore made and the meeting broke up.

A MATTER OF DETAIL.

"Don't forget to telephone to Olive," I said to myself as I took my place in the morning train, going Citywards. "Remember not to forget to telephone to Olive," I repeated solemnly to myself as I disembarked at Liverpool Street. "And, by the way, don't forget to remember not to forget to telephone to Olive," I added severely, still to myself as I mounted the steps of my business habitation in Austin Friars.

The characters of this little drama are myself, "my dear wife, A. B." (as she is described in the lawyer's precedent for the last will and testament of an affectionate husband), and Olive, the sister of my dear wife, who lives in an exclusive flat in Sloane Street, only connected with the outside world by the telephone. Our eligible suburban residence is not on the telephone, and, when my wife wants to avail herself of

that institution, she must needs go outside and to the public call-box round the corner. Her last remark, as I left for the office, was, "Now don't forget to telephone to Olive."

The successful man of affairs puts off the happy-go-lucky self of private life as he passes over the office threshold, and puts on the stern methodical self of business. Thus, I had forgotten all about Olive and her claims, until my partner came into my room to speak to me an hour or so later.

"By the way . . ." he began.

"Which reminds me," I answered, and I went to the telephone. "Are you 99999 Gerrard?" I began. "In other words," I continued, "are you Olive? Yes? I am delighted and surprised to hear it. I, on the other hand, am your sister's husband. The



Artist. "Now, then, model, wake up; it's time for a rest."

the Palace were maintained in good repair under the name of Howorth's Mammoth Fun City. Declined with groans and cries of "Help!"

A letter was read from Mr. CHARLES MANNERS suggesting that the Crystal Palace should be converted into a National Opera House with permanent quarters for himself as a manager in the North Tower, whence he proposed to conduct the performances from a captive balloon. Declined with cheers, tears and laughter.

A letter was read from The Human Ostrich, now exhibiting in a Dime museum in Indianapolis, who asked to be remembered if it was decided to demolish the building and any difficulty was found in disposing of the glass. "I do not promise," he added, "to eat it all; but given time I ought to make

other people whose remarks intervene from time to time do not matter. They talk, not because they have anything of importance to say, but simply because they cannot refrain from talking. It is their idea of pleasure. I, however, have a duty to perform. I was to remember to telephone to you. You see: I have remembered. Won't your sister be pleased, and aren't you going to congratulate me?"

Olive remarked upon the improvement in me, and Exchange, being of opinion that, when a thing is done, it is done and there is no use in talking about it, asked if we had finished.

"Yes," said I.

"No," said Olive.

"Of course," I said, "you want to remind me not to forget to tell my wife that I did telephone to you. Rest assured, my dear Olive. That is the sort of thing a man does not forget. You can rely on me. Good-bye."

"But what about the message?" cried Olive's voice, and my receiver did its best to reproduce her agitation.

"My dear girl," I remonstrated, "I am not perfect. When one has succeeded in performing a difficult duty, it is depressing to be called upon at once to perform yet another. Surely a man may be allowed to forget something? And the ingratitude of it and the greed of you!"

"Idiot!" said the voice briefly.

"And now you vituperate. Observe the reward of virtue. If I had omitted to telephone to you, you would not have said one cross word to me."

"You'll get it when you go home," said the voice with joy.

"And, yet again, you are spiteful. But you are also wrong. She will say, 'Did you telephone to Olive?' I shall answer truthfully, 'Yes.' I shall then get good marks and immediate reward. If anything depended upon this message, whatever it was, you will get the blame. So long," and I rang off.

Such was my forecast. You, in your wider experience, may say that wives never ask you if you have executed their commissions when as a matter of fact you have. We are both wrong. Women are more diabolically ingenious than even that. The first words that greeted me, on my evening return to the Eligible, were:—

"Did you give Olive my message?"

And, as Olive will discover later, I prevaricated.

"The orchestra, which was under the conductorship of Sir Henry Wood, also sang the 'Dance of Seven Veils' from the 'Salome' music very finely."

They will break out like this at times.



AS OTHERS HEAR US.

Shopman. "THE FRESH HERRINGS ARE VERY NICE THIS MORNING, M'M."

Lady. "ER—HAVE THEY GOES?"

Shopman. "WELL, M'M, ALL FISH IS DEARER AT THIS SEASON!"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

YE would-be bards whose course is not begun,

Whose infant Pegasus has yet to run, Listen, and I will tell you how it's done.

Do not imagine that the bard is born, Nor think the bay-leaf on his skull is worn

Because it grows there—like a bison's horn.

Not much. Nor yet by thought or studious care.

This is no intellectual affair; It isn't in the head; *it's in the hair!*

Yon man of song, whose overflowing mat

Floats down his neck and clusters round his hat—

Why do you think he goes about like that?

From force of habit? Bless your silly heart,

This is the very sinews of his art; Give him a hair-cut and he's in the cart.

Yet, though some help is patently required

By those whose locks leave much to be desired,

Not being there, or being there, but tired,

You need not fear the springs of song are shut,

Not though you've had the precious tresses cut;

Try some of HINX'S HAIR-OIL FOR THE NUT!

"Lord Rosse is at once a soldier, a scientist, and a musician; and those who were present at his wedding at Clumber will remember that at his request Beethoven's 'Hallelujah Chorus' was played when he and his bride left the chapel."—Queen.

This is certainly a testimony to the courage of the soldier.

"For nearly three-quarters of an hour the fire blazed without any real abatement, and it was only when it had burned itself out that there was any diminution in the intensity of the flames."—Dundee Advertiser.

Then the keen intellects of Scotland noticed it at once.

THE DOCTOR.

"MAY I look at my watch?" I asked my partner, breaking a silence which had lasted from the beginning of the waltz.

"Oh, have you got a watch?" she drawled. "How exciting!"

"I wasn't going to show it to you," I said. "But I always think it looks so bad for a man to remove his arm from a lady's waist in order to look at his watch—I mean without some sort of apology or explanation. As though he were wondering if he could possibly stick another five minutes of it."

"Let me know when the apology is beginning," said Miss White. Perhaps, after all, her name wasn't White, but, anyhow, she was dressed in white, and it's her own fault if wrong impressions arise.

"It begins at once. I've got to catch a train home. There's one at 12.45, I believe. If I started now I could just miss it."

"You don't live in these Northern Heights then?"

"No. Do you?"

"Yes."

I looked at my watch again.

"I should love to discuss with you the relative advantages of London and Greater London," I said; "the flats and cats of one and the big gardens of the other. But just at the moment the only thing I can think of is whether I shall like the walk home. Are there any dangerous passes to cross?"

"It's a nice wet night for a walk," said Miss White reflectively.

"If only I had brought my bicycle."

"A watch *and* a bicycle! You *are* lucky!"

"Look here, it may be a joke to you, but I don't fancy myself coming down the mountains at night."

"The last train goes at one o'clock, if that's any good to you."

"All the good in the world," I said joyfully. "Then I needn't walk." I looked at my watch. "That gives us five minutes more. I could almost tell you all about myself in the time."

"It generally takes longer than that," said Miss White. "At least it seems to." She sighed and added, "My partners have been very autobiographical to-night."

I looked at her severely.

"I'm afraid you're a Suffragette," I said.

As soon as the next dance began I hurried off to find my hostess. I had just caught sight of her, when—

"Our dance, isn't it?" said a voice.

I turned and recognised a girl in blue.

"Ah," I said, coldly cheerful, "I was just looking for you. Come along."

We broke into a gay and happy step, suggestive of twin hearts utterly free from care.

"Why do you look so thoughtful?" asked the girl in blue after ten minutes of it.

"I've just heard some good news," I said.

"Oh, do tell me!"

"I don't know if it would really interest you."

"I'm sure it would."

"Well, several miles from here there may be a tram, if one can find it, which goes nobody quite knows where up till one-thirty in the morning probably. It is now," I added, looking at my watch (I was [getting quite good at this]), "just on one o'clock and raining hard. All is well."

The dance over, I searched in vain for my hostess. Every minute I took out my watch and seemed to feel that another tram was just starting off to some unknown destination. At last I could bear it no longer and, deciding to write a letter of explanation on the morrow, I dashed off.

My instructions from Miss White with regard to the habitat of trams (thrown in by her at the last moment in case the train failed me) were vague. Five minutes' walk convinced me that I had completely lost any good that they might ever have been to me. Instinct and common sense were the only guides left. I must settle down to some heavy detective work.

The steady rain had washed out any footprints that might have been of assistance, and I was unable to follow up the slot of a tram conductor of which I had discovered traces in Two-hundred-and-fifty-first Street. In Three - thousand - eight - hundred - and ninety-seventh Street I lay with my ear to the ground and listened intently, for I seemed to hear the ting-ting of the electric car, but nothing came of it; and in Four-millionth Street I made a new resolution. I decided to give up looking for trams and to search instead for London—the London that I knew.

I felt pretty certain that I was still in one of the Home Counties, and I did not seem to remember having crossed the Thames, so that if only I could find a star which pointed to the south I was in a fair way to get home. I set out to look for a star; with the natural result that, having abandoned all hope of finding a man, I immediately ran into him.

"Now then," he said good-naturedly.

"Could you tell me the way to—"
I tried to think of some place

near my London—"to Westminster Abbey?"

He looked at me in astonishment. His feeling seemed to be that I was too late for the Coronation and too early for the morning service.

"Or—or anywhere," I said hurriedly. "Trams, for instance."

He pointed nervously to the right and disappeared.

Imagine my joy; there were tram-lines, and better still a tram approaching. I tumbled in, gave the conductor a penny, and got a workman's ticket in exchange. Ten minutes later we reached the terminus.

I had wondered where we should arrive, whether Gray's Inn Road or Southampton Row, but didn't much mind so long as I was again within reach of a cab. However, as soon as I stepped out of the tram, I knew at once where I was.

"Tell me," I said to the conductor; "do you now go back again?"

"In ten minutes. There's a tram from here every half-hour."

"When is the last?"

"There's no last. Backwards and forwards all night."

I should have liked to stop and sympathise, but it was getting late. I walked a hundred yards up the hill and turned to the right. . . . As I entered the gates I could hear the sound of music.

"Isn't this our dance?" I said to Miss White, who was taking a breather at the hall door. "One moment," I added, and I got out of my coat and umbrella.

"Is it? I thought you'd gone."

"Oh, no, I decided to stay after all. I found out that the trams go all night."

We walked in together.

"I won't be more autobiographical than I can help," I said, "but I must say it's a hard life, a doctor's. One is called away in the middle of a dance to a difficult case of—of mumps or something, and—well, there you are. A delightful evening spoilt. If one is lucky one may get back in time for a waltz or two at the end."

"Indeed," I said, as we began to dance; "at one time to-night I quite thought I wasn't going to get back here at all."
A. A. M.

From a book catalogue:

"HALL CAINE, TWO LETTERS, both on note-paper stamped 'Greeba Castle, Isle of Man'; one is typewritten to a builder asking him to do some repairs and bears Hall Caine's signature; the other is written by Hall Caine to the same builder saying he encloses his cheque."

No offers from us. But we would gladly have bought the builder's letter if Mr. CAINE hadn't enclosed the cheque.

THE APPEAL AD HOMINEM.

BEING THE NEW METHOD OF ADVERTISEMENT BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

(Winsome Miss Daisy Dimple, of Musical Comedy fame, does an afternoon's shopping.)



SHE SAYS THAT MESSRS. TOMKINSON'S LATEST ART WALL-PAPERS ARE THE DAINTIEST THINGS SHE HAS EVER SEEN.



SHE REFRESHES HERSELF WITH A GLASS OF JENKINS' DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING, NON-INTONICATING HERBAL BEER.



SHE INSPECTS SOME OF THE LATEST SUPERB DESIGNS IN ARTISTIC JEWELLERY AT THE MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CRYSTALLITE DIAMOND CO.,



AND SELECTS A 90 H.P. CAR-DE-LUXE FROM THE UNRIVALLED COLLECTION DISPLAYED IN THE STUPENDOUS SHOW-ROOMS OF THE MAMMOTH MOTOR CO.



Cavalry N.C.O. "Wot's this I 'ear about you 'avin' been seen walkin' down Regent Street with a hordinary hinfantry foot-slogger?"

Trooper. "It was my brother."

N.C.O. "Brother be blowed! Ain't there no back streets, ain't there no public-'ouses, in London?"

A FAILURE OF SYMPATHY.

WHEN the dead leaves adown the lane are hurried,
And all the dells are bare and bonfires smoke,
The bard (by rights) should be extremely worried,
He ought not to evolve a single joke,
But wander, woods among, a pale down-hearted bloke.

And I (of old) have felt the chestnuts patter
Like sound of nails upon my coffin-lid;
My landlady, disturbed about the matter,
Asked if I liked my food; I said I did;
But told her where I ailed, and why Joy's face was hid.

"The flowers," I said, "are gone; once more Proserpina
Is rapt by Pluto to the iron gates;
Can even hard-boiled eggs prolong the chirp in a
Poetic bosom at such awful dates?"
And she said nothing, but removed the breakfast-plates.

But now (I know not why) I feel quite jolly;
The ways are thick with mire, the woods are sere;
The rain is falling, I have lost my broolly,
Yet still my aptitude for song and cheer
Seems unaffected by the damp. It's deuced queer.

And when I wander by the leafless spinneys
I notice as a mere phenomcnon
The way they've moulted; I would give two guineas
To feel the good old thrill, but ah, it's gone:
I neither weep nor tear my hair; I just move on.

I quite enjoy my meals (it seems like treason);
Far other was the case in days of yore,
When every mood of mine subserved the season—

Mirth for the flowery days, and mirth no more
When Summer ended and her garlands choked the floor.

You bid me take my fill of joy, dear reader,
And hang repining! but I dread my bliss;
If I can prove myself a hearty feeder,
Saying to tea-shop fairs, "Two crumpets, Miss,"
What time Demeter's daughter feels that icy kiss,

Shall I be some day cold to Nature's laughter?
Shall I no longer leap and shout and sing
And shake with vernal odes the echoing rafter,
When at the first warm flush of amorous Spring
The woodlands shine again? That *would* be sickening.
EVOE.

The World's Workers.

"During the 52 years Parsons has been at the Round Tower there has never been an accident. It is his duty to hoist the flag at sunrise and haul it down at sunset."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A very perilous duty. His luck seems to have been phenomenal.

From a Candidate's address as advertised in the *Kent Argus*:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You will see from the above memorial that I have been requested to offer myself as a candidate, and I have consented to do so, relying on your support. If elected, I shall study the best interests of Ramsgate as a whale, acting independently, without fear or favour.—Truly yours, HENRY EASTES."

Mr. EASTES takes his candidature seriously. In his spare time he might study the best interests of Pegwell Bay as a shrimp, and those of Margate as a mackerel. He mustn't be an independent whale *all* the time.



Bernard Partridge.

TENANTS' FIXTURES.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "CONGRATULATIONS, MY DEAR BOY. YOU CAN TAKE OVER THE STRIKE PROBLEM."

MR. MCKENNA. "THANKS SO MUCH; AND YOU CAN HAVE BERESFORD."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



AT THE HALSBURY CLUB.

Sir E. Carson. "Share, the bloys 'll be here directla—they're as keen as mustard!"

House of Commons, Tuesday, October 24.—Considering inconvenience of Autumn sessions, the strain on Ministers, the upsetting of business and domestic arrangements among private Members, attendance surprisingly large. Among notable absentees were WINSTON and MCKENNA, who on eve of re-opening Parliament have, to general surprise and some mystification, exchanged offices. It's what HALSBURY, if his mind were not engrossed by latter themes, would call "a sort of" thimble-rigging business. You lift a thimble labelled Admiralty expecting to find MCKENNA, and behold WINSTON endeavouring to master one of the things that baffled the Prophet AGUR, to wit, the way of a ship on the sea. Another thimble labelled Home Office. Pick it up looking for WINSTON attempting to square Labour Members, and lo! the dome-like head of MCKENNA.

Members scan Front Opposition Bench in vain for glimpse of COLONEL CARSON, K.C. Before SPEAKER took Chair speculation rife as to whether learned and gallant gentleman would appear in khaki. Didn't appear at all. Rumoured that he has already started on that march to Cork destined to eclipse the crowning achievement of Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar thirty-one years ago. No reliable information forthcoming. Irish press strictly censored.

Two notable new Members sworn in. T. W. RUSSELL, after his something more than twelve months enforced absence, comes back to scene of varied experience and general advancement, prize of sheer capacity. In pause that fell on House while he stood at Table taking the oath there was heard from Ladies' Gallery artless enquiry: "I wonder on which side he will take

his seat this time." Which shows afresh how misleading is a little learning. True, T. W. has, like others, been during last twenty-five years something of a Parliamentary vagrom. But though without a seat of late he has meanwhile held useful office in Irish Government and returns to safe anchorage on Treasury Bench.

New Member for Kilmarnock, advancing to Table to re-enter on roll of Parliament an historic name, greeted by sustained burst of cheering from Liberal camp. When the young head of the House of GLADSTONE first offered himself as Candidate for Kilmarnock objection was taken that what was wanted was a born Scotchman—like REES, for example. To-day the new Member emphasised his nationality by taking the oath in Scottish fashion, with right hand uplifted.

Preliminaries disposed of, PREMIER

moved Resolution practically appropriating whole time of supplementary session for Government business. When he concluded, having indicated, in addition to Insurance Bill, catalogue of measures sufficient, according to old-fashioned notions, for length of ordinary session, a still small voice was heard enquiring, "Does the Right Hon. Gentleman propose to take the Public Health (Acquisition of Water) Bill?"

It was LEIF JONES, on whose shoulders has fallen the cloak of champion of water-drinkers dropped from the genial hands of WILFRID LAWSON. Roar of laughter that followed put House in good humour for next half-hour.

PRINCE ARTHUR, rising to reply to PREMIER'S speech, was greeted by loud cheers from Opposition benches, hilariously echoed in Ministerial camp. Perhaps just as well CARSON carried by the way and so was spared sight and sound of this ovation. HARRY CHAPLIN, whom everyone is delighted to see in beaming health, shone with a smile broad enough to fill any temporary vacancies on the Bench.

Business done.—PREMIER obtains all time up till Christmas for Government Business. *A propos*, LLOYD GEORGE tells story of farmer remonstrated with because he fed his pigs on unboiled Indian corn. It was pointed out to him that boiled corn takes less time to digest. "As if time were any matter to a pig!" replied the farmer scornfully. It is something to the House of Commons, though you might not always think so.

Wednesday.—House regards with mixed feeling announcement of EMMOTT'S acceptance of Peerage, involving retirement from Chair of Committees filled by him during past six years with rare distinction. The canopied SPEAKER'S Chair looms high above the plainer one on which his Deputy seats himself at the table when House is in Committee. While its dignity is higher, its responsibility greater, it is in some respects less thorny in the cushion. The constitutional axiom that the KING can do no wrong appertains in considerable degree to the occupant of the SPEAKER'S Chair. On the contrary the conviction deeply rooted in the mind of a large class of Members is that the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES can do nothing right.

Thus handicapped, and lacking support of immemorial traditions that are girt about the SPEAKER'S Chair, the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES has night after night to fight for his own hand. For its successful administration the position requires profound knowledge of procedure, a clear head, lucidity of expression, unruffled temper, adamant patience and invulnerable courage.

These qualities meet in the endowments of ALFRED EMMOTT and have won for him, conceded at first a little grudgingly, the confidence and esteem of the most critical and exacting assembly in the world.

Business done.—Time-table arranged for disposing of Insurance Bill. In pithy sentence ARCHER-SHEE summed up present position of the measure, "Even the Stygian eloquence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself," he said, "has not been able to whitewash the white elephant entirely." House cordially recognised in this way of putting it the stitch in time that hits the right nail on the head.



"It's nothing like a Murder-Club, is it?"

Friday.—Quite pretty to see PRINCE ARTHUR and COLONEL CARSON, K.C., seated together on Front Bench amicably conversing just as if there had never been such a thing as the Halsbury Club. SARK tells me it was of that they talked, though which of the two communicated to him the text of the conversation is one of those things I may never learn.

PRINCE ARTHUR, according to this authority, displayed liveliest interest in the new institution.

"It's nothing like a Murder-Club, is it?" he asked. "They meet, you know, at odd times in secret places, discuss the latest crime, speculate on trail of murderer if not yet discovered, and occasionally plot the removal of a common acquaintance who in some respects fails to come up to the high level of their standard of

excellence. I am a child in these matters. But I have been told that the Halsbury Club is based on revival of good old-fashioned English manners. At their social meetings they live the simple life. Have no tablecloth on their deal supper-table; drink English beer out of tankards; smoke clay pipes (the President being distinguished by use of a churchwarden); feed mostly on bread and cheese, with an occasional dish of tripe, it being stipulated that the wrinkles, which I understand are peculiar to that form of cutlet, shall not have been smoothed out by use of foreign machinery."

"You are altogether wrong," said the COLONEL, fingering imaginary epaulet on his left shoulder. "There is possibly a scintillation of actuality in the idea of, in certain circumstances, putting someone out of the way. The rest is idle tattle. I confess there is something picturesque in idea of HALSBURY with stem of a churchwarden in his mouth and a tankard of beer at his elbow, but we have not realized it yet.

"Fact is the Halsbury Club is composed exclusively of statesmen who feel they are capable of directing affairs of the Unionist Party better than—well, let us say better than LANS-DOWNE. You know the sort of men they are. There is HALSBURY, whose claims upon the gratitude of the State for service done are equalled only by those established in the domestic circle; NORTHUMBERLAND, one of the most intelligent of our Dukes; and, above all, WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

"Now there's an all-round statesman if you like. I know more about military affairs and forced marching across country than of politics. But I confess that when I hear WILLOUGHBY speak in the Lords, or read reports of his addresses in the country, I recognise a rare amalgam combining the overwhelming oratorical force of GLADSTONE with the subtlety and statesmanship of DIZZY. WILLOUGHBY, you know, is the founder of the club and personally conducts it. That of itself suffices to ensure success and the accomplishment of its patriotic desire."

"Dear me," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "you interest me strangely. I suppose the list of membership is not closed? If you think I'm in any way eligible I should esteem it a privilege to be favoured by your undertaking to propose me."

"I'll ask WILLOUGHBY," said CARSON, rising rather hurriedly and making for the door.

"Do," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "Perhaps he'll second the nomination."

Business done.—Insurance Bill in Committee.



THE WINSTON TOUCH.

Unless our artist's eyes played him false during a hasty visit to Portsmouth, it would appear that the Service is already coming under the influence. The eager, impetuous, lunging crouch which has developed in Naval circles during the last few days could have but one origin. (Please note also the advent, on the right, of the new "Bantam" cocked-hat, which is plainly a flattering imitation of Mr. CHURCHILL'S world-famous Midget-Homburg. It will, of course, be universally adopted as soon as arrangements can be made for its supply.)

CO-OPERATION.

(As recited by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.)

When the Opposition promised to co-operate with me
I intoned a *Nunc Dimittis* in the fervour of my glee;
For the odds on my Insurance Bill went up to ten to one
(Which was offered with no takers), and I thought my task
was done.

"This," they said, "is not the usual controversial party-
measure:

It's an asset for the nation; it's a blessing; it's a treasure;
It's salvation for the masses—so we fully understand—
And in making it a statute we propose to lend a hand.

"For the men who draw the water and the men who chop
the wood

We observe in all its clauses an infinity of good.
Oh, we envy you your courage and we much applaud your
deeds

And your statesmanlike perception of the things the country
needs."

So they promised me the sun and moon and every golden
star;

Gave me roses by the basketful and honey by the jar.
There was nought they could refuse me, there was nought
I couldn't be

When the Opposition offered to co-operate with me.

* * * * *

But, lo, the dreadful difference! To-day they give me fits;
They would dearly like to take and tear the blessed Bill
to bits.

Oh, it's thorns instead of roses, and it's gall instead of
honey

For the man who "bribes the nation by his base appeals
to money."

But I know them—yes, I know them; and when once the
Bill is through,

When the Act's alive and working in the way we meant it to,
Then I somehow seem to see them (please remember that
I said it)

As they stand upon their platforms laying claim to all the
credit.

They will say, "When he was weary and could hardly play
his part,

We restored his drooping courage, we revived his flagging
heart;

It was we who cheered and helped him, and indubitably we
Gave the Act its shape and substance and its merit.
Q.E.D."

Woman the Huntress.

"A GENTLEMAN thoroughly recommends his Coachman; life experience
with hunters; married when suited."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

We like his spirit.

"Xenophobia in its most acute form now assailed the batsmen.
Beautiful picture post-card strokes gave place to aggressive digs, which
left the flight of the ball and the total alike unaltered. Though no
one was actually guilty of a uniglobular effort, wickets fell rapidly."

Times of India.

The Indian cricketers were said to have come over here
to learn, and they seem to have picked up a good deal.

THE ANTIQUE CLOCK.

I HAVE a deep-rooted horror of auctioneers, at least in their public capacity. Of their private life I cannot speak with any authority, but I have a confirmed belief that when the head of the family returns from the heat of the day and prepares to ladle out the soup his face will suddenly brighten, and in a great voice, flourishing the spoon the while, he will remark, "Ladies and gents, what offers?" only to subside at a glance from his wife into a gloomy silence.

Sometimes I have fluttered for a few brief moments on the fringe of the bidders, but never without instantly catching the auctioneer's eye. Possibly he mistakes my careworn expression for genuine concern regarding the priceless article in his hand. "George," he invariably bawls to his assistant, "show the fish-forks and knives complete to the stout party in the top 'at." I hope for the best, but can see no other top hats in my proximity. George pushes his way through the interested spectators, and I extract a fork without enthusiasm. There is an awkward pause.

"Well, Sir?" cries the auctioneer with husky expectation.

"Two shillings," I murmur with sullen despair, and a cold shiver passes over me in case I am within reasonable reach of that alarming armoury.

The auctioneer leans forward, assuming a temporary deafness.

"Did I 'ear the gentleman aright, George?" he inquires, adding irony to righteous indignation. "Did I 'ear 'im say 'two bob' for that 'andsome set of cutlery, hall 'all-marked? Not two bob, George?" He has the look of a man prepared for a strong denial.

I nod feverishly. The auctioneer shakes his head with profound emotion and looks about for sympathy. I begin to feel an unscrupulous fellow. The spectators survey me with mild curiosity.

"George," continues the auctioneer firmly, "bring the case back. I was mistaken, George. The gent thinks, because he sports a top 'at, 'e can 'ave 'is little joke. Bit of a wag, George—comes in to waste our time and the time of ladies and gentlemen 'oo want to do bus'ness—"

He says much else, but I have reached the door by that time and gained the sanctuary of the street.

It was after dinner Evelyn broached the subject. There is an absence of fair play in feminine tactics.

"He's *such* a nice man," she said musingly.

"Nice?—an auctioneer? Oh, come,

my dear! you're facetious." I smiled in a superior fashion.

"But his clocks are outrageously cheap," she added, warming to the subject. "Of course one does not like taking advantage of the man, but it's a chance in a thousand. Such beautiful clocks with carved doodle-dabbles on the face and—"

"But we have a clock—lots of clocks. Why create a greater disturbance and rivalry than at present?"

Evelyn sighed. "Don't be silly, dear. We'll just run down to-morrow, and if we're first when the shop opens at nine we'll pick up the bargain of our lives."

It is hopeless arguing with her when she talks like that.

It was striking nine when we entered the shop. The auctioneer seemed a little surprised as we bustled in.

After a few moments' pause, however, he stepped behind his table and coughed politely just to put us at our ease and to indicate that the arena was cleared.

"I think you said the antique clock, Madam?" he remarked briskly. "The very last—a treasure—a remarkably fine timepiece, eighteenth-century style with double gongs, three strikes, alarm and bevelled fingers."

He recited the full category of its features and accomplishments with rare fluency.

"Bevelled fingers are out of date," I said brightly, in case he thought we were impressed, which we were.

Even Evelyn looked at me with pity.

"So is the clock, Sir," responded the auctioneer with gentle courtesy.

There are moments when a retort seems beyond the range of reason. I wished I had been less ambitious and asked where the cuckoo was. That would have taken the wind out of his sails. He couldn't have known we already have two clocks which with varying strikes deliver some twenty triumphant cuckoos every midnight.

We turned again to business.

"Now, Madam," resumed the auctioneer, "as there appears to be no competition—"

"I beg your pardon," broke in a voice from a wardrobe, "but I want that clock."

"It is no real use to a wardrobe," I said firmly.

But at that moment a stout, distinguished lady appeared round the corner and eyed us in a melancholy fashion.

Evelyn started.

"Be calm," I whispered, fearing she would fell her with the family umbrella.

"Come, come, Madam," said the auctioneer with polite remonstrance

addressed to the new-comer; "there is a selection of other articles very serviceable and inexpensive. This lady particularly desires the clock; it is the very last." His conclusion was a fine touch of pathos, but hardly diplomatic. "I want the clock," repeated the distinguished lady with heavy determination.

The auctioneer shrugged his shoulders. There was evidently nothing more to be said. But the glance he cast in our direction clearly showed where his sympathy lay.

"In that case," he continued, "it must go to the highest bidder. What shall we say for a start? I'm sure I need not tell you of the exceptional quality of the article—"

"Spare us that," I cried. He looked at me sourly and waited.

There was a ghastly silence; I mopped my brow.

"Five shillings," said Evelyn suddenly.

"Ten," from the stout lady.

"Twelve," snapped Evelyn, the light of battle in her eye.

"Fourteen," added the other competitor monotonously.

Evelyn was startled. She glanced nervously at me. I stared fixedly at the auctioneer's preposterous cravat. I noted that his foxhead pin had lost an eye.

"Sixteen," cried Evelyn, trembling with suppressed fury.

"Pound!" thundered the stout distinguished lady, like a gale.

"Thirty shillings with the key," I roared, flushed with the evil ardour of competition.

"Forty," from the stout lady.

I nudged Evelyn casually to indicate the psychological moment had arrived.

"There's something somewhere by somebody about a tide in the affairs of men," I began helpfully, but was cut short, for Evelyn, with an heroic effort to appear unconcerned and in accents simulating passionless determination, broke silence. "Forty-five," she said, like a person with a cold, and clutched my arm in a fevered grasp.

There was a painful pause.

The auctioneer wore a smile indicative of nothing at all.

The stranger had succumbed.

We tried to look sympathetic as we retired with the antique clock concealed in brown paper, and the accompanying cannon-ball (which during business hours careered in mid-air on a piece of string) in my pocket.

Evelyn, dear child, even went up to the stout lady and murmured she was so sorry, but she wanted it so badly to match the tea-set or something else quite improbable, while the stout lady

smiled graciously and without question, like a true sportswoman.

We had a little dinner and theatre just to celebrate the event. I reckoned out the total cost of the transaction afterwards. Counting the festivities it was in the region of three pound ten.

I remembered that more acutely next day. For I happened to pass the shop at eight-thirty, on my way to the office, and as a criminal is said to linger about the precincts of his crime I peered in for a moment at the door.

I admit I was somewhat startled to see a row of half-a-dozen antique clocks along the wall, all assuredly the last. But what shocked me even more was the sight of the stout lady, no longer distinguished, but wearing an apron and much occupied in the final stages of dusting the wardrobe.

But, as some clever person has said, there are things which even the best of us do not tell our wives.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

CONJUGAL FELICITY — TO REGAIN. ("Anxious.") Yours, "Anxious," is indeed a knotty problem. You ask us "If a husband, A., discovers that his wife, B., is inclined to flirtation with C., a third party, what should A. do? Despairing of finding the correct answer ourselves, we have called in the assistance of several expert dramatists (those unerring judges of the human heart) and now give you a selection from their replies.

"A. should simulate a passion for a fourth party, D., when B. will at once come round, and C. and D. can pair off together." (Received from *Comedy & Wyndham's.*)

"A. should lure B. and C. into the middle of an earthquake, when B. will confess her real love for A., and can then be rescued, leaving C. to perish." (*A. Collins.*)

"A. should shoot C., with the observation, 'You cur, how many men have served their time for conduct less infamous than yours!'" (*Shoreditch.*)

Now, "Anxious," you can take your own choice.

BARKING OF DOG — TO PREVENT. ("Insomnia.") Have you tried shooting it?

CHRYSANTHEMUMS — CORRECT METHOD OF PINCHING. ("Suburban Fancier.") Strictly speaking, there is no correct method; moreover, if you are after the rarer varieties we fear you are now too late, as most of these are by this time under glass, and locked up at night. A few of the late garden species, however, can still be secured with the aid of a dark lantern; but great care is necessary.



Stranger (to boatman who has fished his ball out of pond). "DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE RULE IS? DO I DROP AND LOSE ONE?"
Boatman. "DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' 'BOUT THE RULE WHEN YOU LOSE 'EM, BUT WHEN I FINDS 'EM IT'S A PENNY!"

IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

In winter, when the snow is white,
My crisp and eager soul bespeaks
The love of Joyce, a nimble sprite
Of active ways and rosy cheeks.
But when the thaws are coming on,
The snow, if any, getting grey,
My spirits sink and thereupon
Joyce is a thing of yesterday.

Lo, April calls for music! Spring,
For me, demands a treble note;
So ably then doth Mabel sing,
I love her simply for her throat.
But after several weeks of it
Her notes (or I) get out of tune;
And Mabel's proper date to quit
Is somewhere round the 1st of June.

One's summer love should charm the eyes,
Should satisfy the keenest sense
Of beauty, and yet exercise
A cool, refreshing influence.

Then Phyllis proves a restful feast
Of pink and white, of dainty fluff;
But, when the wind is getting east,
I feel that I have had enough.

Yes, when the leaf dies on the tree,
The captious critic in me hints
That love's complexion now should be
In keeping with the autumn tints,
That love should have a stouter boot
And (what is more important yet)
A father with a pheasant shoot. . . .
This space (advertisement) to let.

"Theirs not to Reason Why."

From *The Life Everlasting* —
"The will of each man or woman is like the compass of a ship—where it points, the ship goes. If the needle directs it to the rock there is wreck and disaster—if to the open sea, there is clear sailing."
Evidently the needle of the *Hawke's* compass pointed to the *Olympic*. "Sorry, boys," said the captain, "but we've got to do it."

P. L.

My clerk opened the door quietly and murmured, "Gentleman to see you, Sir. Private business. Looks respectable. Gave me this, Sir."

"This" was a card, rather larger than seemed necessary, with a broad edging of black. It said, in the middle:

"ALBERT PURDIE, P.L."

There was an address, in Conduit Street, in the left-hand corner; in the right were the words "Privacy and Satisfaction Guaranteed."

Speculation as to the meaning of P.L. was cut short by the entry of Mr. Purdie, uninvited. He was a youngish, sanguine-looking person, with a manner that suggested greased silk.

"Pardon what may seem like an intrusion," he said gently. "But I knew you would be puzzling over my card. I would not venture to take up your time, Sir, if I were not certain that I could be of service to you."

"In what way?" I asked.

"In a strictly confidential way," he answered, with a glance in the direction of the clerk.

"You need not wait, William," I said. He disappeared.

"Well," I asked, "what is it you want, Mr. Purdie?"

"I would rather say, what do *you* want, Sir? But in the first place you probably want to know what 'P.L.' stands for."

"If it won't take you too long to explain," I said guardedly. He looked like a person with a slack jaw.

"Three minutes, Sir," Mr. Purdie said easily. "You know what a private detective is. Part of his business, perhaps the least unpleasant part, is to find people who are lost. Well, my firm's business is just the converse. We deal with people whom our clients are anxious to lose."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, Mr. Purdie—and I'm rather busy this morning."

"P.L.," said Mr. Purdie, disregarding my hint, "stands for Professional Loser. Possibly you have relatives in the United States. Let us assume that you have a widowed aunt in New York with perhaps a highly unpresentable son. They write that they are coming to London (England) to look you up, and hope you will be so verry kind as to show them your metropolis. You would not be particularly joyful when you received this letter."

"Probably not."

"Well, would it be worth your while to send us a note of your aunt's name and description, the ship she would come by, and a cheque for £5 for preliminary expenses, if we undertook to

lose her and her son, so far as you were concerned?"

"It would be cheap at the price," I admitted warmly. "But how would you manage it? I could not be a party to the use of violence—at least, not against my aunt."

Mr. Purdie smiled.

"There is nothing so crude about our methods. Our agent, travelling up with her in the boat train, would talk her into an extended Continental tour. In fact, he would see her safely to Paris, and lose her there."

"But supposing she tired of Paris?"

"Did you ever hear of an American who tired of Parrus?" Mr. Purdie asked in a surprised tone. "Even then there are Rome, Venice, Vienna, St. Petersburg."

"I see."

"Much depends, of course, upon the personal charm of our agents. I always undertake the most stubborn cases myself."

"But I don't understand how you could do all this for £5, especially if you went yourself, Mr. Purdie."

"You forget, my dear Sir, that there are thousands of people in London, every season, who are anxious to lose American relatives and willing to pay for the privilege. Our agent can waylay and deal with six parties at once, personally conducting them into the less accessible German spas, and detaining them there till their time is up and their money exhausted. Then there is our export trade also. No doubt you have a nephew who declines either to work or to emigrate?"

"Two," I admitted ruefully.

"We might make a reduction for two," Mr. Purdie said cheerfully, "if we could plant them out on the same orange farm in Florida. Say eight pounds and travelling expenses."

"I would run to that certainly. But how would you keep them from coming back?"

"Our agent in Florida would attend to that," Mr. Purdie said importantly. "He has had no failures yet. It is a matter of will-power, entirely. Then there is our Club connection. It is increasing every week. Would you think it worth an extra guinea a year to obtain complete protection from your Club bore?"

"You mean Colonel Demmytol?"

"Precisely. That would be worth something, I am sure. Now, Sir, will you put our system to the test? A free sample of our method is quite at your disposal."

"Thank you," I said. "I accept your offer. By way of a start, will you please show me how quickly you can lose yourself?"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ANTHROPOPHAGY.

(An Exercise in the manner of one of the new "Times" middle-men.)

ON no subject has public opinion gone more hopelessly astray than that of anthropophagy, the true psychological inwardness of which, it cannot be too often reiterated, can only be appreciated by those who, like the present writer, have made practical trial of it themselves. The first occasion was in the Solomon Islands at a grand corroboree, at which I was the principal guest. The second time was in the heart of New Guinea, where I narrowly escaped forming the *pièce de résistance* at a banquet given in celebration of the introduction of the gramophone. I confess that at the outset it was impossible to overcome a certain repugnance; but this speedily passed away under the influence of the moral *tessitura* of the scene, the kindly welcome and weird ululations of my hosts, and the hypnotising magic of the tropical surroundings. Hostile critics of the institution make a profound mistake in imagining that it implies any personal animosity on the part of the anthropophagist. Such a feeling never enters into his head. His emotions are purely impersonal and are compatible with a perfect regard for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Anthropophagy may be fairly called the chess of gastronomy. It not only enlarges the horizons of dietetic enterprise, but it exerts an emancipating influence on the subliminal consciousness. It is in keeping, moreover, with the highest dictates of pragmatism, and in a hundred subtle and delicate ways is allied to the philosophy of M. BERGSON. My experiences in New Guinea, I may add, convinced me of the fact that this practice, so far from engendering any resentment on the part of those who are its subjects, positively inflames them with a sense of overwhelming gratitude. I can only say in conclusion that the physical inconvenience involved is as nothing to the mental anguish and reiterated irritation of the beginner at golf.

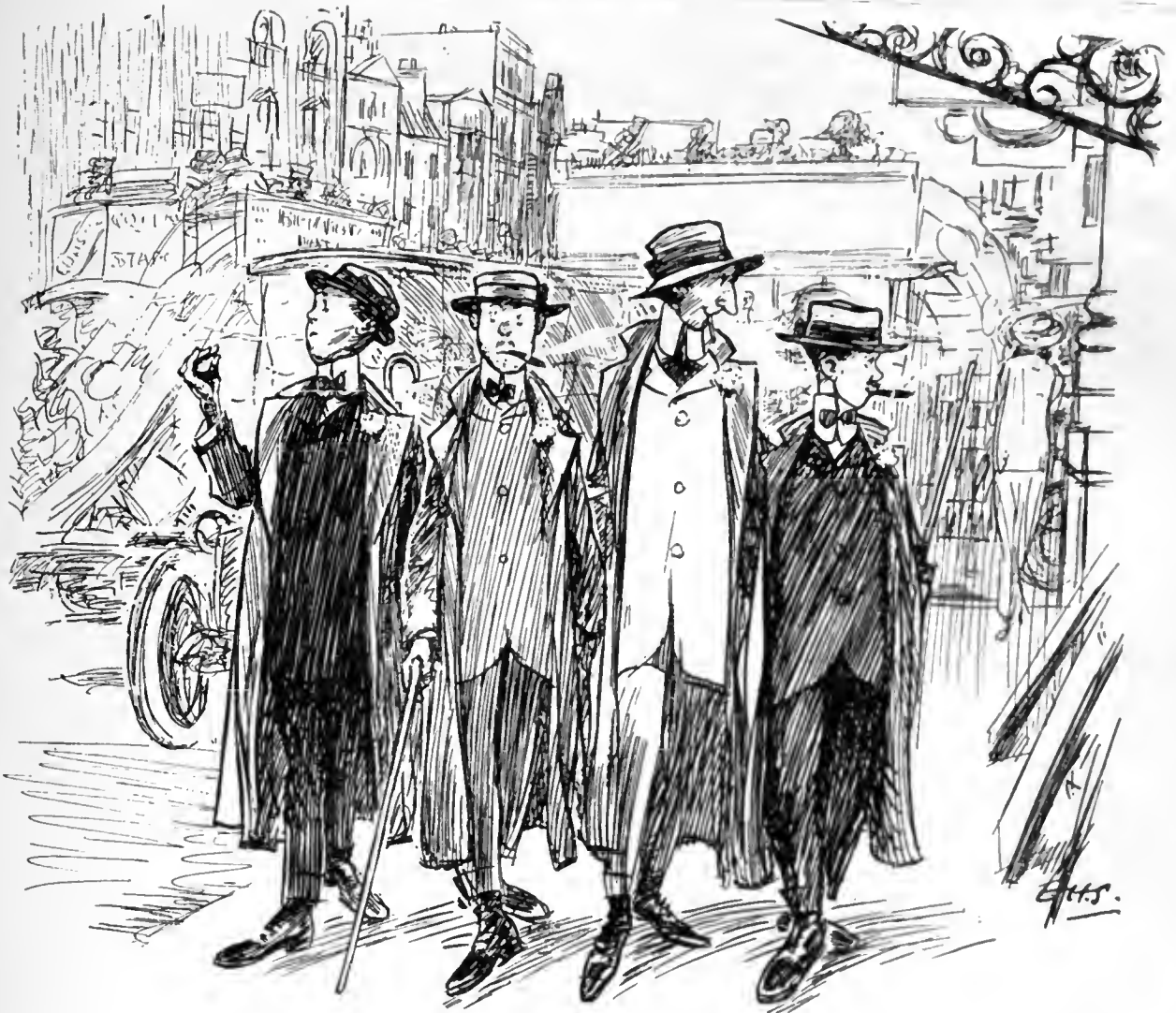
Besides, as Professor Embruck has pointed out, it saves funeral expenses.

Between Two Stools.

"There were plenty of stags in the Porlock Parks on the morrow of the venison feast, but there was a thick fox on the hill, and so it was difficult to know what to do."

West Somerset Free Press.

We should have gone for the fox. Variety is what staghounds want.



MODES FOR NUTS.

THE LATEST THING IN SUBURBAN HEAD-JOY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"JOHN'S Neverland had a lagoon with flamingoes flying over it, at which John was shooting, while Michael, who was very small, had a flamingo with lagoons flying over it." How well J. M. BARRIE understands the magic of words. And how well he understands what is in a child's mind—"Caves through which a river runs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and a hut fast going to decay." Ah, even now that we are grown up, how magically these things sound through a London fog. *Peter and Wendy* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is not merely the play of *Peter Pan* with "observed he" and "remarked she" stuck in all through to make it look like a book; it is packed with island lore that is new to us. We learn for the first time now how the lost boys tell the time: they find the crocodile and listen outside him until the clock strikes. When *Peter* escaped in the Never bird's nest, having first carefully put the eggs in *Starkey's* hat, we did not foresee that this would set the fashion among really smart birds, all future nests being built in the conical shape with a circular brim on which the young chicks take an airing. Now, too, the

methods of Indian warfare are explained to us fully; how at night they imitate the lonely call of the coyote—doing it, in fact, "even better than the coyotes, who are not very good at it." Of the terrible *Hook* we learn a great deal that we had only guessed before. He had been at a famous public school, and even now the revelation of his true name would set the country in a blaze. In his last moments his thoughts flew back to his happy days at school, when "his shoes were right and his waistcoat was right and his tie was right and his socks were right." He went content to the crocodile; for ere his last jump overboard he had stood long enough on the bulwarks to give *Peter* an opportunity of helping him over with a foot, and *Peter* had availed himself of that opportunity. Now that was distinctly "bad form"—and so *Hook* had the laugh of poor *Peter* after all. *Peter* had never been to the great public school. . . . Hundreds of thousands will be grateful to Mr. BARRIE for this book. It is the whole play, and yet so much more than the play; and yet again, you might read it and think that there had never been a play. So it will appeal both to the annual pilgrims and to the others. My own feelings after reading it can best be given in *Michael's* words: "I'm glad of" Mr. BARRIE.

Under Western Eyes (METHUEN) is as remarkable as any work by Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD must needs be; but at the same time my impression of it, after turning the final page, is that as a story it is not without some unnecessary and irritating tricks of style, which may wear the patience of a reader who is less than a disciple. In the first place, the plan of telling it partly in the first person and partly indirectly is made more confusing by the fact that the end of the tale is reached before the middle. Thus, after *Razumov's* betrayal of the bomb-thrower *Hallin*, you have to take on faith his own appearance as an exiled revolutionary and the comrade of *Hallin's* sister long before you are permitted to learn the sequence of events which led to this result. On the outside of the cover the publishers say that this novel reminds them of the work of TORGENEV. Perhaps, apart from its Russian milieu, this is because Mr. CONRAD has written it in a rather broken and uneasy style which suggests adaptation from some foreign language. Whether this was deliberate or not, I regretted it as tending to mar the effect of what is an unusually strong and moving study of (to quote the author) the "sustained psychology of a mood." The closing scene, in which *Razumov* makes his confession and takes the rather horrible consequences, is as thrilling as anything that Mr. CONRAD (a master of vigorous narrative) has yet done.

The egoism of musicians would seem to be of two varieties, not always easily distinguishable. And when I speak of musicians I mean the creative, not the executive, kind (just as, when I speak of a poet, I mean one who makes poetry, and is not simply capable of reading it aloud), though I should be loath to imply that the mere performer is always lacking in a fair conceit of himself. There is the inherent egoism which asserts itself in a hankering after "self-expression," as the jargon goes; and there is the egoism which is a reflection of his Art. For Art itself, in all forms—and music most as being most aloof—is a great egoist, tolerating no rival, and demanding of its followers an absolute devotion to the one worship. And so in the character of *Lothnar*, the inspired composer in *The Lost Iphigenia* (SMITH, ELDER), by AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE, we have this double egoism, personal and acquired. In the tyranny of his genius he would not hesitate to sacrifice even a woman's honour if by suggesting passion to her he could make her interpret to his better satisfaction the passionate part of *Phædra* in one of his own operas. (He might have been less inhuman if the opera had been some-

body else's.) He expects of men and gods that they should bow to his fiat, and makes furious protest against their behaviour when they fail to comply with the schemes of his personal vanity. *Lothnar* is a creation of which Mr. and Mrs. CASTLE may be justifiably proud; and the romance which he dominates must, for freshness of theme, breadth of treatment and sincerity of detail, rank among the best achievements of this accomplished couple. I say so with the greater pleasure because I thought that their last novel, *Panther's Cub*, was below their standard of excellence. Perhaps they were just working off some of the

inferior material collected in their pursuit of an operatic subject. My chief complaint of their present book is that the commonplace attractions of that good-natured idler, *Sir John Holdfast*, of the canting name, whose dog-like devotion enables the heroine to escape from the tragedy of her stage career into the shelter of an existence scarcely less tragic in its isolation, offer too glaring a contrast to the seduction of hero-worship in the world of Art. And if the authors had shown him as a man of activity and distinction, doing work that might have made him thoroughly pleased with himself, his modesty would then have served as a subtler foil to the egoism of the musician.

In *Margaret Harding* (METHUEN), a study of life on the veldt, PERCEVAL GIBBON gives as good a picture as one could wish of the Boers and Blacks and casual Britishers that jostle against each other in that "suave level of miles stretching forth, like a sluggish sea, to the skyline." It is a story of strong human



THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

I.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON EXPLAINING THE LAW OF GRAVITATION TO GEORGE I.

interest, its characters and descriptions of scenery vivid and picturesque, and its sentiment a much finer thing than mere love-making. *Margaret* herself was a casual Britisher—a consumptive condemned to a South African sanatorium kept by a drunken English doctor, whose wife's life-business and tragedy it was to try to hide his weakness from the eyes of *Margaret* and the two other patients, both of them men, without deceiving any of them. And running through the story is a curious example of the colour-problem, with *Margaret* and a should-have-been Zulu chief, educated in England, as the chief factors. It will not convert you—that, I think, is not intended—to the belief that black and white are reconcilable colours. You will lay down the book as you took it up, if you are a white, with the fixed idea that they move from opposite sides of the board, in life as in chess. But for all that it is a book to be read. It makes you think imperially, but humbly as well, and it is a first-rate story.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is a great deal of truth in the statement that if Turkey were to join the Triple Alliance this would mean the end of the Triple Alliance. There would, of course, be four of them.

Mr. BIRRELL, addressing the students of the Liverpool Collegiate School, remarked that the master he had loved most was his drawing-master, who had taught him nothing. From whom then did Mr. BIRRELL learn to draw that beautiful picture of a crimeless Ireland?

In consequence of the strictures passed by Mr. Justice RIDLEY on the conduct of the local authorities during the recent railway strike, the MAYOR of Lincoln refused to attend the Assizes service at the Cathedral. There has been much speculation as to which suffered most by the Mayor's absence from the sacred edifice—the Judge or the collection plate.

After all, the railwaymen may not be going to rise. Their wages are going to do so instead.

At the annual meeting of the supporters of the Manchester Crematorium Dr. EMERY JONES said they should have compulsory powers to cremate people. We could give them the names of several politicians to start on.

The Repertoire of Mr. HAMMERSTEIN'S new Opera House has been published. Certain works, it is announced, will be given in French, and others in Italian; but *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are set down as "Undecided as to language." Does this, we wonder, mean Broken English?

Dr. NANSEN, in his book on exploration, just published by Mr. HEINEMANN, proves conclusively that America was discovered by Norwegian rovers 500 years before the voyage of COLUMBUS. This relieves CHRISTOPHER of an awful responsibility.

"Mr. A. ROBBINS, of Bournemouth, writes to say that he picked a piece of honeysuckle in his garden on November 1st." And who, indeed, we would ask, had a better right to do so than Mr. ROBBINS?

Workmen excavating on the beach at Clacton have found the lower jaw and backbone of an elephant and the antlers of a red deer. This seems to point to an ancient precedent for the visits of travelling circuses to our seaside resorts.

The proposal that the Zoo should be removed from Regent's Park to the Crystal Palace is not likely to be adopted, but we think it would not be a bad idea if such animals as are used to the desert were sent there to recuperate whenever they showed signs of home-sickness.

Some experiments conducted by the Eastern Sea Fisheries Commission go to prove, we are told, that crabs have the homing instinct. Frankly, we are not surprised to hear that they possess this domestic quality. Anyone who has come into close relations with a crab can scarcely fail to have been struck by his affectionate, clinging disposition. Given a free hand he always contrives to get home.

Speaking at a dinner given in honour of Sir W. P. BYRNE, of the Home Office, Mr. T. D. ROBERTSON stated that it was a tradition of the Home Office never to write an uncivil letter. Is it not possible that here may be found the explanation of Mr. CHURCHILL'S resignation of his position as head of that department? He may have found the strain greater than he could bear.

Fashionable young men in Berlin, we are told, now have portraits of their fiancées printed on their finger nails. This limits the number of fiancées to ten, though it is rumoured that one gentleman, who is inclined to eclecticism, is now pressing his toes into the service.

Another entry for Mr. Punch's Commercial Candour Competition. An advertisement of a book published by Messrs. STANLEY PAUL & Co. tells us that the story "leaves a sense of satisfaction in the mind of the reader when it is finished."

Collectors of paradoxes will perhaps be interested in the expression "ante-post betting" used in a contemporary the other day, in an article on horse-racing.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has requested that letters for Scotland shall not be marked "N.B." It seems that this practice has created a very bitter feeling among the natives of North Borneo.

Art for Art's Sake.

On a door-plate in Glasgow:—
"J. B.—EASTERN ARTIST.
TATTOOING DONE INSIDE."
The true artist is not concerned that the world should see his masterpieces.

In the official catalogue of an Italian Exhibition, "The Black Brunswicker," by MILLAIS, was described as "Uno dei Neri di Brunswick." It sounds more like a still-life study of gate-polish.



Porter (at wayside station, whose help in the matter of a speck of dust has been solicited). "ALL RIGHT, MISS. I'VE GOT IT. QUICK. LEND US YOUR 'AT-PIN."

Dr. G. LINDSAY JOHNSON, lecturing before the members of the Institute of Ophthalmic Opticians, mentioned the case of a negro with abnormal sight who could see three of Jupiter's moons with the naked eye. This reminds us that our distinguished guest, Mr. JACK JOHNSON, has the peculiar power of enabling people to see stars which they had never seen before.

The local authorities of Lochgelly and Dundee complain of the expense of birching juvenile delinquents, owing to fees of £1 1s. and 10s. being payable to the medical officer and whipper respectively. The delinquents suggest that 10s. at any rate might be saved by dispensing with the services of the whipper.

THE BITTER PLAINT OF THE ELEPHANT.

[It is understood that horses will be substituted for elephants in the State Entry that opens the coming Durbar celebrations. The writer of these lines, in deference to the judgment of authority, refrains from expressing his own opinion on this change, and merely attempts to voice the inarticulate views of the supplanted pachyderm.]

We wish to know what we have done,
What wrong unwittingly have wrought
(At present I can think of none,
Whether in deed or word or thought)
That we whose royal functions trace
Their rise to prehistoric sources
Should sacrifice our pride of place
To things like horses.

What was the feature, Sir, that most
Embellished CURZON'S great Durbar,
Gave tone to our Imperial boast
And staggered trippers from afar?
What made the stranger cry, "Gee-whiz!
That 's bully; we can't claim to beat your
Circus out West?"—the answer is:
We were that feature.

In panoply of gold brocade
With frescoes, in the best of taste,
On trunk and pensive brow displayed,
Along the pageant's lines we paced;
Rolling serenely like a sea
That bears a fleet of treasure-galleys,
We scorned the tricks that seem to mo
More fit for ballets.

Suavely, in single file, we swung
Beneath the howdah's gemmy hood,
Aware that India's future hung
On our behaviour, had or good;
We might with ease (but we did not)
Have run amok and caused a melly,
Doing I dare not picture what
Damage to Delhi.

Yes, with a dignity of style
As monumental as the Taj,
We strode sedately, mile on mile,
Obedient to the British Raj;
You, Sir, were represented there,
And so will kindly bear me witness
What cool decorum marked our air,
What sense of fitness.

They call us pachyderms, and yet,
Trust me, our skins are not so tough
But what we feel it when we get
A horrid puncture in the buff;
And so with our interior parts:
When crossed in love, our vitals languish,
And to be humbled melts our hearts
With moral anguish.

Had the usurper been a beast
That once had roamed the jungle through—
A tiger, say, or else at least
Something suggestive of a Zoo—
We might have lost, with tearless eye,
Our claim to bear the EMPEROR'S lieges,
But O, to be supplanted by
Domestic gee-gees!

O. S.

THE DESCRIBER.

I MET him in a railway carriage on a Great Western express. I had been reading some proofs, and I had noticed that, as I pulled them out of my despatch case, his eyes had gleamed as though recognising something familiar. He was a pasty-faced, rotund little man with very long dusty hair. There was a velvet collar to his coat and a diamond ring to one of his fingers. His watch-chain was heavy and golden. Evidently a prosperous little man. After a good deal of fidgetting he addressed me: "An author, Sir?"

"Well, yes," I said, "I do a little in that way: an occasional article here and there, and—er—that sort of thing."

"I see," he said. "Now isn't it an extraordinary thing you and me coming together like this? You might have been a farmer, or a soap-maker, or a confectioner, or a jeweller, but you're an author, and here we are, both of us together."

"Are you, may I ask—"

"Oh, yes, I'm an author all right. And I'll tell you what," he added, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I wouldn't change authorship for anything else, not if you were to make me a partner of ROTHSCHILD'S. Not but what I make my little bit of money too."

"Poetry?" I asked.

He laughed very scornfully. "Poetry! not much. You don't catch me chopping and changing words about to make 'em fit into lines. It's a mug's game. And then think of the rhymes, dawn—morn, home—bone, and all the rest of them. No, I'm not a poet. KIPLING does all I want in that line. When he's said a thing it's said and there's an end of it. As long as he's about there's no need for me to try poetry."

"Well," I said, "what *is* your line, then?"

"I'm a describer," he said simply.

"A what?"

"A describer." He dropped his voice and looked round the compartment suspiciously, as though he feared that somebody might be lurking under the cushions or in the rack. "Of course," he continued, "I don't want it known everywhere. They might come mobbing round my house, asking for autographs and that sort of thing, like they did to TENNYSON, and I shouldn't care for that. But I don't mind telling you on the q. t. I do the descriptive bits under the photographs of the celebrities in the picture papers. You see it's bound to be done with a snap or it won't go down with the public; and you've got to put a bit of fancy-work into it, a sort of delicate touch here and there, or the originals of the photographs won't order hundreds of copies to be sent out to their friends all over the place. Oh, don't you make any mistake about it, it takes a lot of doing."

I assured him I was making no mistake about it and was ready to believe every word he said.

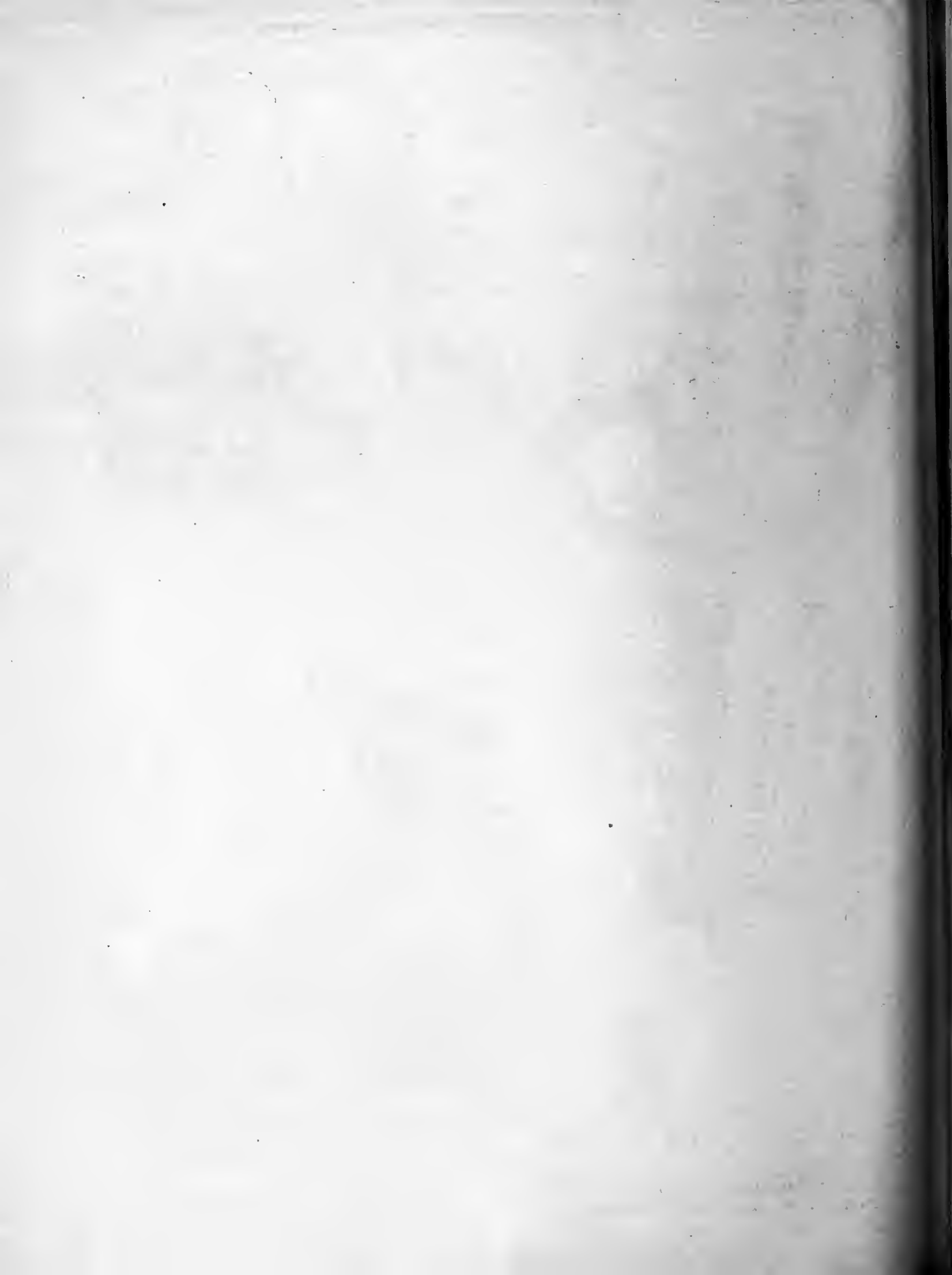
"I'm just coming back from my holiday," he went on. "Six days twice a year is all I get, and even that drops all their circulations to nothing, so I have to come rushing back with any new lines I've been able to think of. Now this is a pretty little thing. I fancy it'll knock 'em. Here's the photograph, you see. Girl in a big hat; two rows of teeth; Pom dog in her lap. Doesn't sound much, does it? But there's inspiration in it if you take it the right way. Listen: 'Lady Iverna Blushrose, who is to marry Captain Strakes to-morrow, is the second best known daughter'—nice bit that, isn't it?—of one of Ireland's most celebrated Earls. Known to her friends as 'Perts,' she is sure to acquire in Society that position which is due to her youth and beauty. Teenie, her

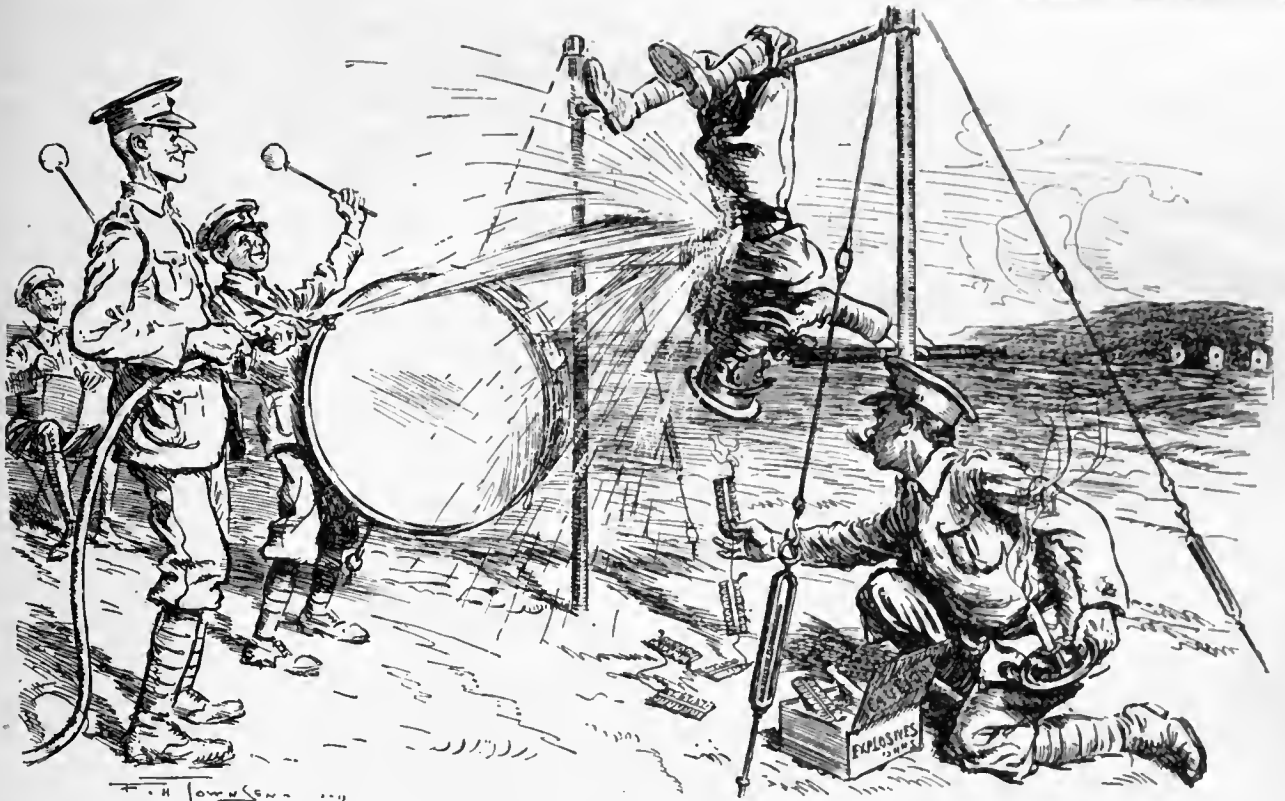


CHILD AND SUPER-CHILD.

CHINESE EMPEROR (*aged six*). "I AM STILL BUT A CHILD AND THESE REVOLTS ARE TOO MUCH FOR ME."

MR. BALFOUR. "WELL, I'VE BEEN A CHILD FOR YEARS AND YEARS, BUT I TAKE NO NOTICE OF LITTLE EPISODES LIKE THOSE."





"A Recruit shall receive daily instruction in musketry until he . . . can handle his rifle with skill and confidence under all conditions and in all positions."—*Infantry Training, page 7.*
(In the above sketch we have tried to suggest the distractions of active service.)

Pomeranian, is to accompany her on the honeymoon. Teenie is a lucky dog. Her brother, Bertie Blushrose, has recently been absent from Eton owing to an attack of jaundice. What do you think of that?"

I said I had never heard a better.

"No," he said, "it's pretty good; but here's another that runs it rather close. Husband and wife standing arm-in-arm outside the porch of a house. Husband in breeches and boots, with hunting-rop in his hand, thong dangling. Six children in background. Groom standing at head of roman-nosed horse. This is how I do it: 'Honeysuckle Lodge, the charming *villeggiatura* of the modern representatives of SIDONS and KEMBLE, is built in the Elizabetho-Doric style, the bricks throughout being elaborately pointed in alternate green and yellow. Soon Bucephalus will have his sugar and Richard Blankney, sated with the chase of the fox, will, with his family, thread the sylvan glades'—I think I meant 'tread,' but it don't matter—in search of new effects for his forthcoming titanic production of "Sardanapalus the Shatterer." You twig the style, don't you?"

I said I thought I did, but luckily at this moment we arrived at Paddington and were compelled to separate.

Mutabile (sed ineluctabile) semper.

"A very large gathering, which included the Master of the Belvoir and Lady Greenall, met the Cheshire Hounds at Oxhaves Farm yesterday. A fox, which had been asleep in a hedgerow hard by, trotted off into Philo Gorse, only to find himself face to face with the Cheshire ladies."—*Morning Post.*

"Tut, tut," he said, appreciating for the first time Mr. ASQUITH'S difficulties with the Suffragettes, "one can't get away from the women."

RAILWAY REFORM.

Office of Official Receiver.

DEAR SIR.—I note with gratitude the humane decision of the North Stafford Railway to abolish second-class fares throughout its system. This should greatly popularise second-class travelling on this Company's line, and I trust that so progressive a policy will soon be extended to the other classes. As further innovations likely to stimulate public patronage of their lines I venture to urge on railway companies:—

- (1) The throwing open of refreshment rooms and buffets twice a week, free of cost.
- (2) "Recognition" of the claims of passengers to tea-baskets, lunch-hampers, gratis.
- (3) Issue of free magazines at the bookstalls to all *bona-fide* travellers.
- (4) "Right to strike" ticket-collectors, whenever a passenger is so inclined.
- (5) Return tickets at half single rates.

Trusting that you, Sir, will have the courage to make a firm stand and inaugurate a Press campaign in your valued columns on these broad lines,

I am, Yours hopefully,
BANKRUPT MIDDLE-CLASS.

A Silence which could be Felt.

"From first to last the grip that he maintained over his large audience was shown by the keen attention with which they hung upon his words, and the deep silence with which their bursts of silence alternated."—*Westminster Gazette.*

All of which was as nothing to the swelling roar of silence which greeted him when he sat down.

THE BITTEN BITES.

A FAMOUS lady novelist who shall for once be nameless has hit upon what cannot but be considered a very ingenious and effective way of getting even with certain papers that have expressed not too high an opinion of her work; *Punch*, we regret to say, among them. At the beginning of the new edition of her latest novel, where it is customary to place extracts from the favourable notices which her other books have received from the Press, the author has instead placed notices by herself of a few of the more influential journals. *Mr. Punch*, who has been favoured with an advance view of these *morceaux*, would hesitate to print such very candid and hostile censures were he not a naturalist, and as such profoundly interested in watching a worm having one good turn after another. Moreover he himself comes under the lady's lash.

"A copy of *The Daily Telegraph*, published this day, lies before us. The paper is damp, the ink darkens the hands. The type is sometimes painfully small and advertisements occupy a ridiculously large proportion of the reading matter. For the rest, it is verbose and indiscriminating in its use of detail, and has the vice of considering everything that has happened of equal importance. A little study of the much-cried-up *contes* of GUY DE MAUPASSANT would do it good."

"Among the most recent publications is *The Daily Chronicle*. We have read this work from cover to cover without edification. It is true that the price is low, but we are not persuaded that that is any real excuse. The book reviews might be in better hands; the headings are in gross taste, as when the account of a prisoner who committed suicide is entitled, 'Cheated the Gallows'; and the paragraphs under 'The Office Window' have a jauntiness that affects the sensitive reader like loud check trousers."

"A laborious study of *The Spectator*, a periodical issued from Wellington Street, convinces us that weekly journalism in England is in a parlous state. Kindness to animals is all very well, but to be maudlin about them for pages week after week strikes us as an insult to human intelligence. We notice also that a large portion of the correspondence columns is merely a vehicle for advertising the editor's rectitude. And who, we should like to be told, is M. BERGSON to have so much space given to him? Since when was it

"Signs are not lacking that there is a widespread revolt, among our more serious sisters, against the reckless extravagance of the last two years."—*Fashion Notes*.



MISS KENSINGTON GOARE, AFTER HER LATE ORGIE OF BUTTONS.



NOW DOES IT IN ONE.

necessary to go to France for spiritual thinkers? Are there none here?"

"A paper called *The Nation* has been sent for review. We suggest that *Stag-Nation* would be a better title. A more cantankerous, dismal sixpenny-worth we never perused."

"If we might be allowed to make a suggestion it is that *The Morning Post* should spell the first word of its name with a *u*. Anything more funereally dismal than the tone of its leading articles it would be impossible to conceive. We always thought that this journal gave an exhaustive and impartial account of the doings of the aristocracy, but to judge from recent issues there are only two peers in Great Britain, Lord HALSBURY and Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

"After carefully perusing every page of *The Times*, which reaches us this morning, including two dreary supplements, we laid it aside in annoyance that any one could have the effrontery to demand the sum of threepence for it. For there is not a joke in the whole swollen production; not one gleam of humour. We admit that one or two announcements in the death column interested us, and there was an article, not badly done, on the recent gale; but we cannot conceal our disappointment with this expensive miscellany as a whole."

"If *The Times* is dear at threepence as reading matter, what shall we say of *Punch*, which has not the same excuse of generously providing material for lighting fires? This paper is called the leading comic, but, so far as we can observe, its only humour consists in the fact that it keeps on coming out every week, and charges threepence every time." [*The rest of this notice of "Punch" is not fit to print—not here, anyhow.*]

"A dress is not made of stuff. It is made by closing your eyes and dreaming hard."—*Mme. Trosby-Curtin* in "*The Sketch*."

The bill will wake you up all right.

"The Oldham by-election is peculiarly interesting in that the Liberal and Conservative parties have agreed to use neither posters nor vehicles to carry voters to the poll."

Westminster Gazette.

Give us the old days when one went to poll in a four-poster.

"We have people among us who would shoot a chemist if they found one on Hackney Marshes."—*Globe*.

This animal, however, is gregarious, and is never found in ones.



IT IS SAID BY GOOD AUTHORITIES THAT MOTORISTS ARE GRADUALLY LOSING THE USE OF THEIR LEGS.

TO ALGERNON ASHTON, ESQ.

ON RESUMING HIS QUILL.

ALGERNON, whose long cessation
From epistolary toil
Sport for all the British nation
Threatened utterly to spoil,

Now with every nerve and sinew
We unanimously bless
Your decision to continue
Writing letters to the Press.

At the memorable tidings
All the autumn landscape smiles:
Joy illumines Yorkshire's Ridings,
Mirth convulses Scilly's Isles;

Cheerfulness returns to Woking,
Gilding the sepulchral scene;
And a mood of gentle joking
Shows itself at Kensal Green.

For they know their fame funereal
Will its pride of place regain
Buttressed by your magisterial,
Massive, monumental brain.

When you would not send them copy
Editors grew pale and thin;
Now they emulate the poppy
As your serceeds come rolling in.

Frowns desert the face of BUCKLE
As he wades through HOWORTH'S
reams;
NORTHCLIFFE condescends to chuckle,
BURNHAM positively beams.

As your praises forth are carolled,
Ancient foes their strife forgo;
MASSINGHAM embraces HAROLD
COX, and STRACHEY Captain COE.

GARVIN fervently embraces
Baron COURTNEY of Penwith,
While JOHN REDMOND goes to raeo3
Arm-in-arm with F. E. SMITH.

Deans, too glad to be decorous,
Fraternise with sandwichmen,
As they chant in tones sonorous,
"ALGERNON 's himself again!"

TOO YOUNG AT 32.

"GOOD MORNING, Sir," I said, as I smartly saluted an elderly gentleman who was evidently my new Colonel. "Good morning, Sir," he replied; "you have only just been posted here?" I responded that that was the case. "Have you seen much service abroad, Sir?" he continued. "Oh, a fair amount, Sir," I answered. "I went out to Bermuda ten years ago, then on to Ceylon, and have been for the last five years with a Heavy Battery in India." "I've seen a bit of foreign service myself, Sir," said the Colonel. "It must be quite twelve years ago since I went to Halifax." I was not surprised to hear this, as one can seldom escape going abroad when one reaches the senior ranks.

"I think you will like this place, Sir," he went on. "You have a splendid battery, a fine lot of men, good at sport, and 80 per cent. 1st class shots." I replied that I was delighted to hear it; and then an idea struck me. Could the Colonel be taking me for some one else, owing to my baldness and other indications of approaching senility? I must put him right at once.

"You are calling me Sir, Sir, and I am still only a subaltern." "Well, I'm dashed," said he, "I thought you were our new Major; and you're just a subaltern. Well, so am I. Have a drink?"

[Correspondence in the Press has recently shown that in the Garrison Artillery there are a hundred officers with some twelve years' service who are still subalterns.]

The Standard speaks of one of the Onslow Pictures as being of a "son born in New Zealand in the dress of a Maori chief." Most of us are born in the dress (more or less) of a Central African chief.

"George Oke, the golfer, who won the professional competition at Bramshot on Wednesday, is a great-grandson of 'Salvation Yeo,' of whom Kingsley wrote in his book, 'Westward Ho!'"—Yorkshire Evening Post. Salvation Yeo (+ 8) was, of course, the well-known professional of the Westward Ho! links.

THE LITERARY ART.

MARGERY has a passion for writing just now. I can see nothing in it myself, but if people *will* write I suppose you can't stop them.

"Will you just lend me your pencil?" she asked.

"Remind me to give you a hundred pencils some time," I said as I took it out, "and then you'll always have one. You simply eat pencils."

"Oo, I gave it you back last time."

"Only just. You inveigle me down here—"

"What do I do?"

"I'm not going to say that again for anybody."

"Well, may I have the pencil?"

I gave her the pencil and a sheet of paper, and settled her in a chair.

"B-a-b-y," said Margery to herself, planning out her weekly article for the Reviews. "B-a-b-y, baby." She squared her elbows and began to write . . .

"There!" she said, after five minutes' composition.

The manuscript was brought over to the critic, and the author stood proudly by to point out subtleties that might have been overlooked at a first reading.

"B-a-b-y," explained the author. "Baby."

"Yes, that's very good; very neatly expressed. 'Baby'—I like that."

"Shall I write some more?" said Margery eagerly.

"Yes, do write some more. This is good, but it's not long enough."

The author retired again, and in five minutes produced this:—

B A B Y

"That's 'baby,'" explained Margery.

"Yes, I like that baby better than the other one. It's more spread out. And it's bigger—it's one of the biggest babies I've seen."

"Shall I write some more?"

"Don't you write anything else over?"

"I like writing 'baby,'" said Margery carelessly. "B-a-b-y."

"Yes, but you can't do much with just that one word. Suppose you wanted to write to a man at a shop—'Dear Sir,—You never sent me my boots. Please send them at once as I want to go out this afternoon. I am, yours faithfully, Margery'—it would be no good simply putting 'B-a-b-y,' because he wouldn't know what you meant."

"Well, what *would* it be good putting?"

"Ah, that's the whole art of writing—to know what it would be any good putting. You want to learn lots and lots of new words, so as to be

ready. Now here's a jolly little one that you ought to meet." I took the pencil and wrote G O T. "Got. G-o-t, got."

Margery, her elbows on my knee and her chin resting on her hands, studied the position.

"Yes, that's old 'got,'" she said.

"He's always coming in. When you want to say 'I've got a bad pain, so I can't accept your kind invitation;' or when you want to say, 'Excuse me, as I've got to go to bed now;' or quite simply, 'You've got my pencil.'"

"G-o-t, got," said Margery. "G-o-t, got. G-o-t, got."

"With appropriate action it makes a very nice recitation."

"Is *that* a 'g'?" said Margery, busy with the pencil, which she had snatched from me.

"The gentleman with the tail. You haven't made his tail quite long enough . . . That's better."

Margery retired to her study charged with an entirely new inspiration, and wrote her second manifesto. It was this:—

G O T.

"Got," she pointed out.

I inspected it carefully. Coming fresh to the idea Margery had treated it more spontaneously than the other. But it was distinctly a "got." One of the gots.

"Have you any more words?" she asked, holding tight to the pencil.

"You've about exhausted me, Margery."

"What was that one you said just now? The one you said you wouldn't say again?"

"Oh, you mean 'inveigle'?" I said, pronouncing it differently this time.

"Yes; write that for me."

"It hardly ever comes in. Only when you are writing to your solicitor."

"What's 'solicitor'?"

"He's the gentleman who takes the money. He's *always* coming in."

"Then write 'solicitor.'"

I took the pencil (it was my turn for it) and wrote SOLICITOR. Then I read it out slowly to Margery, spelt it to her three times very carefully, and wrote SOLICITOR again. Then I said it thoughtfully to myself half-a-dozen times—"Solicitor." Then I looked at it wonderingly.

"I am not sure now," I said, "that there is such a word."

"Why?"

"I thought there was when I began, but now I don't think there can be. 'Solicitor'—it seems so silly."

"Let me write it," said Margery, eagerly taking the paper and pencil, "and see if it looks silly."

She retired, and—as well as she

could for her excitement—copied the word down underneath. The combined effort then read as follows:—

SOLICITOR

SOLICITOR

SOLCTOR

"Yes, you've done it a lot of good," I said. "You've taken some of the creases out. I like that much better."

"Do you think there is such a word now?"

"I'm beginning to feel more easy about it. I'm not certain, but I hope."

"So do I," said Margery. With the pencil in one hand and the various scraps of paper in the other, she climbed on to the writing desk and gave herself up to literature. . . .

And it seems to me that she is well equipped for the task. For besides having my pencil still (of which I say nothing for the moment) she has now three separate themes upon which to ring the changes—a range wide enough for any writer. These are, "Baby got solicitor" (supposing that there is such a word), "Solicitor got baby," and "Got baby solicitor." Indeed, there are really four themes here, for the last one can have two interpretations. It might mean that you had obtained an ordinary solicitor for Baby or it might mean that you had got a specially small one for yourself. It lacks, therefore, the lucidity of the best authors, but in a woman writer this may be forgiven. A. A. M.

Are Hares Carnivorous?

"After chasing a hare from a neighbouring corpse, the Aldershot Beagles despatched it in the churchyard at Crookham, Hants."

Leicester Daily Mercury.

The reporter, callous though he seems, makes a real contribution to this interesting question.

While on the subject of hares we might remind our readers that, according to *The Times*—

"The Directors of the Royal Scottish Insurance Company have entered into a provisional agreement with the National General Insurance Company by which the latter company offers to purchase all the hares of the Royal Scottish."

"TRIPOLI.—A gentleman, well connected in Tripoli (North Africa), desires to obtain an agency of a first-class tea-house to sell their tea on a commission."

Advt. in "Chamber of Commerce Journal."

This gentleman has been misinformed. The struggle in Tripoli (North Africa—in case you wondered where on earth it was) is not a tea-fight.

"Bicycle bargains, Gent's new B.S.A., made by the makers."

Advt. in "Portsmouth Evening News."

Nothing like a maker for making things.



FIREMEN ANSWERING A CALL.

POLICEMAN ON POINT DUTY.



RAILWAY PORTER INDICATING THAT THE LUGGAGE IS IN THE BRAKE VAN

STREET SCAVENGERS STREET SCAVENGING



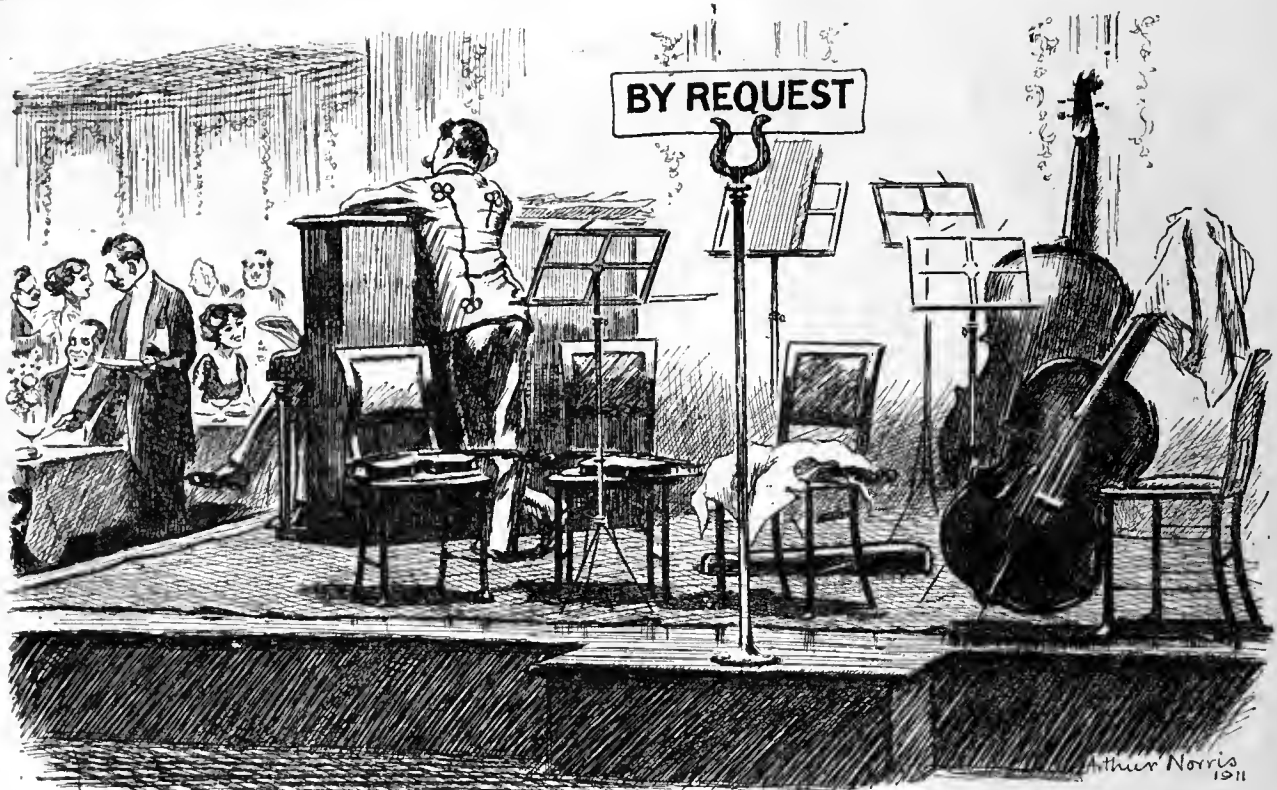
TICKET COLLECTOR PUNCHING TICKET

DUSTMAN RETIRING EXPRESSING GRATITUDE FOR HONORARIUM.

POLICEMAN EFFECTING ARREST OF BACCHANAL

THOMAS MATHEW

IT HAS BEEN REMARKED THAT HITHERTO IN THIS COUNTRY THE MASCULINE DANCER HAS ALWAYS LOOKED MORE OR LESS FOOLISH, AND GENERALLY TAKEN REFUGE IN FRANKLY ECCENTRIC CREATIONS. NIJINSKY, MORDRIN AND OTHERS HAVE SHOWN US THAT A MALE CAN BE MANLY THOUGH GRACEFUL. THIS DISCOVERY MAY HAVE FAR-REACHING RESULTS, AS DEPICTED ABOVE.



YOU MIGHT THINK THIS WAS THE IDEAL RESTAURANT, BUT, ALAS! THE NOTICE ONLY REFERS TO THE PIECE JUST PLAYED.

ESSAYS IN OPTIMISM.

I.—After the manner of "The Financier."

Rubber. A dull day. Prices lower all round, despite strong under-current of investment buying. Some recovery, and an ease-off; closing at the worst. Raw product falls 1½d. Once again the ursine enemy appears to have been having it all his own way, both in Mincing Lane and the Stock Exchange. Encouraged by a slight (and, as we have often shown, wholly negligible) drop in the auction price of the material, bears early commenced to bang prices; being helped by the behaviour of timorous bulls in throwing on to the market shares which already stood at a figure preposterously below their common-sense value. Indeed it is one more proof—if such were needed—of the inherent strength and stability of the industry that the falls were not far greater than was actually the case. So far as could be ascertained, shares were in almost every case assured of a purchaser, at terms from six to ten points lower than those recorded yesterday—a fact that speaks for itself. It is, indeed, increasingly obvious that careful and far-seeing operators are busily engaged in picking up the many profitable bargains which prices now ruling offer to them, in view of the general revival, which (as we have

frequently pointed out) cannot now be long delayed.

The statement that the Government art-schools in Peru have decided in future to use breadcrumbs in preference to indiarubber, is now admitted to have been false, the market rightly treating this denial as a strong bull point. Under the influence of this and other favourable factors, a marked revival set in during the afternoon; FLINGGIS, always the bell-wether of the rubber flock, leading with a smart rise of 3d., which they subsequently lost. On balance prices were in almost every instance adverse to holders; STICKIT LONGAS being the chief sufferers on the unfavourable reception of the report. Exceptionally, BLINDPOOL TRUSTS (£1 shares, 12s. 6d. paid) were a firm spot at 12s. 3d. discount. The present state of affairs is thus seen to be by no means without encouragement.

II.—After the manner of "The Referee."

Pay day—or *Tay Pay* day—at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.

The Irish comedians of ASQUITH'S Coalition Troupe, having played their part in the bloodcurdling and highly unpopular drama of "Wrecking a Constitution," apply for the usual "treasury."

But will the ghost walk?

In other words, will John Bull allow his other island to be delivered bound into the hands of the anti-patriots? The idea is unthinkable. The recent reduction of the Radical majority by 13 (a significant figure, my masters!) in a three-cornered contest at Slushboro' is evidence that this dear old land of ours is at last waking up to the real danger that threatens her historic supremacy.

"When questioned on his traitor blow,
He answered, 'Wait and see.'
We've waited long, but now we know
That surely A.M.G."

And before Christmas too, or the prophetic instinct of Opposite-the-Ducks* is unusually at fault. Home Yule is stronger than Home Rule, and Santa Claus may be more than a match for St. Redmond. Big changes are in the air; and a prize of Two Guineas is offered to Refereaders for the postcard giving most accurately the date and reasons for

The Impending Dissolution.
Postcards only, please. Address them to the office of this paper, with "D.D." (Date of Dissolution) in the top left-hand corner, and legibly inscribed to DAGONET.

*The name given by the light-hearted Dagonet to his residence in Regent's Park.



THE EUPHEMISMS OF MASSACRE.

TURKEY (at Tripoli). "WHEN I WAS CHARGED WITH THIS KIND OF THING IN BULGARIA, NOBODY EXCUSED ME ON THE GROUND OF 'MILITARY EXIGENCIES'!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Tuesday, 31 Oct.— Since it last met the House is poorer by the loss of two Members. For many years JAMES OF HEREFORD seemed as if he were benefitting by the acquisition of the secret of the elixir of life. Handsome, debonair, witty, he was accustomed through dull sittings to flit about the Chamber like a butterfly, alighting for a moment by one or other of many friends and brightly chatting. It was characteristic of his urbanity and absence of prejudice that he found his friends in both political camps. No earthquake submerging a Party to which it was once his pride to belong interfered with his almost lifelong friendship with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

That for conscience' sake, at a critical turn in his career, he refused the coveted prize of the Woolsack is a matter of common knowledge. It is less generally known how constantly he fulfilled in political life the function of *amicus curie*. Differences of opinion arising between personal friends or sections of Party were frequently referred to him. His proposed terms of settlement were rarely challenged. This good work was carried out on a broader scale when, usually at the request of the working men, he undertook arbitration upon Labour questions. Within the last twelve months he began to show the effect of growing years, a large proportion devoted to strenuous labour. Almost to the last coming upon a friend he pulled himself together, talking with much of his old vivacity and pointed wit.

Lord ONSLOW, much his junior, seemed, a year ago, to have the promise of equally long life. Brisk, almost bustling in manner, he went about his daily work with contagious light-heartedness. His strong common sense, fair-mindedness and business capacity won for him a high place in the estimation of his peers. This was testified to when, six years ago, he was by acclamation elected Lord Chairman of Committees. He had great sympathy with work, not the least arduous part carried out in his private room during portions of the day when the House was sitting. Towards the end of the Summer Session he wrote a cheery letter to an old friend reporting marked improvement in his health, and speaking hopefully of the prospects of his presently being removed from Clandon to his son's house at Hampstead. It was there he died.

MORLEY and LANSDOWNE, in brief speeches, admirably expressed feelings

of united Parties in this hour of mourning.

Business done.—Copyright Bill read second time.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Settled doggedly down to consideration of National Insurance Bill in Committee. Proceedings useful but not what you might call exhilarating. LLOYD GEORGE takes principal burden on his back, sitting hour after hour alert, resourceful, always cheerful. Finds able assistants in HOME SECRETARY and ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Being, after all, human, must take a few minutes off to snatch a bit of dinner. When he hurries in again there is generally somebody on Opposition Benches, just arrived after leisurely meal, ready to get up and gravely express "the satisfaction with which he observes the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has returned to his place."

Irish Members abstain from taking part in debate, a self-sacrifice that in some measure recurs at the Question



L'AL ALFRED AND BOMBARDIER GEORGE.

(Discussing the Insurance Bill.)

"My predecessor was advised by the Law Officers that if the object and intent of the combatants was to subdue each other by violent blows—(laughter)—until one can endure it no longer—(laughter)—the contest is illegal. . . It depends not merely on the rules which are to apply but on the way in which the fight is actually conducted."—*Mr. McKenna's reply to a question on a wholly different matter.*

(MR. LYTTLETON and MR. LLOYD GEORGE.)

hour. True, that of 87 questions on paper to-day they had 17, but none rose above level of that addressed by FARRELL to CHIEF SECRETARY desiring to know "whether the name of PAT DONOHUE, Killasonnagh, has been recorded as a person suitable for an allotment on the untenanted land of Killasonnagh." Their almost superhuman self-restraint eclipses gaiety of House.

PRINCE ARTHUR does not think it worth while to look in for Question hour. Also betrays disposition to consider in the privacy of his room knotty points presenting themselves in Committee on Insurance Bill. PREMIER in his place to answer questions addressed to him. But, when House gets into Committee, "leave it to you, partner," he says, nodding to LLOYD GEORGE, and withdraws to direction of Imperial Affairs that ever beset First Minister of the Crown.

Business done.—Pass through Committee Clause 31, Insurance Bill.

Friday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, who in response to cordial invitation

has joined the HALSBURY Club, tells me of a pretty little incident that marked ear-liest weeks of its captivating career. At special meeting of Club held last night, the noble President was the recipient of a handsome weapon, bearing on the silver plate the inscription "The Halsbury Club." COLONEL CARSON, K.C., placed at disposal of the sub-committee who arranged the presentation his almost unique collection of shillelaghs. Each one has seen service on one side or other of the national cause in Ireland. Owing to habit of shifting of politics and persons, with which TIM HEALY and WILLIAM O'BRIEN are familiar, several have at various stages of the conflict been alternately used on both sides. From this interesting store a club has been fashioned which leaves nothing to be desired either in respect of elegance or utility.

In addition to name of the Halsbury Club the silver plate carries an inspiring couplet of verse. Seems to have been some difficulty in this matter. What was naturally desired was a personal reference to the prowess of the President, with some indication of the story of recent events which have brought him so splendidly to the fore. DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, who naturally is acquainted with the *Percy Reliques*, suggested the lines from *Chery Chase*:

"For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps."

As the stalwart descendant of Border Earls pointed out, these lines to the seeing eye picturesquely indicate the situation. Beaten in the Lords on Veto question, HALSBURY, from lowered altitude, resumed the fight under flag of the Club.

Whilst admitting all this, MILNER, in his pitilessly logical fashion, pointed out the effect on the mind of the classical illustration.

"If," he said, "we (in a parliamentary sense, of course) cut off the legs of our noble friend, where is what is left of him, so to speak?"

"Exactly," said GEORGE WYNDHAM. "If it were WINTERTON now it would be different. Shortening by a lineal foot would still leave him of average height."

LORD WINTERTON said he had not been very well lately (murmurs of sympathy). If experiments were to be tried there was his gallant friend, CARSON, K.C., who was within an inch or so of his (WINTERTON'S) height.

SELBORNE, who has hereditary poetic instinct, suggested as an alternative the lines from WALTER SCOTT'S "Coronach":

"Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber."

This brought up WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

"I don't know what a correi is," he said, "but will bet odds that the dear old Johnny couldn't do a sprint over a quarter of a mile even if he had



"LEAVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER."

behind him a bull as mad as an indigent relation left unprovided with a snug Government appointment. And what's a 'cumber'? A chamber? Well, why don't you say so? At first I thought it was all that was left of a cowcumber after HARRY CHAPLIN had lunched."

At end of two hours' discussion, latter



"Naturally acquainted with the *Percy Reliques*."
(The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Treasurer of the Halsbury Club.)

portion chiefly directed to enlightenment of WILLOUGHBY. SELBORNE'S suggestion was accepted, and the couplet is deeply engraved on the silver plate.

Business done.—Debate on third reading of Naval Prize Bill.

THE ORDEAL BY FIREWORKS.

ONE sees, with not unnatural fears,
How plain in other men appears
The ravage of advancing years.

Thus, in the case of What's-his-name,
One has occasion to exclaim
At his absurdly bulky frame.

And one remarks on So-and-So's
Increasing fondness for repose,
Or notes his calmer taste in hose.

But with oneself it's hard to spot
The dreaded symptoms, is it not?
One often is deceived a lot.

One looks into the mirror, say,
To find one's hair is no more gray,
So it appears, than yesterday;

Or, maybe, casting off all cares,
One frolics through the hall and tears
With wild abandon up the stairs;

And in such moments, highly-strung,
One murmurs with exultant tongue
"Hooray! Hooray! I still am young!"

Such tests are most unsound, and so
I publish, free of charge, below
The only certain one I know.

If Rockets roaring through the sky
In scorn of GUIDO FAWKES (or GUY)
Provoke no sparkle in his eye,

If Wheels and Crackers fail to thrill,
If Squibs and Bombs fall flatter still,
And Roman Candles leave him chill,

That man thereby is plainly told
To bow his head and say "Behold!
I know that I am growing old!"

"HOW TO VOTE."

PLUMBERS INADMISSIBLE"

says *The Birmingham Daily Mail*, *à propos* of the municipal elections. In this narrowing of the franchise are we to see the Halsbury Club getting to work?

"But this is a book of anecdotes, and, as such, deserves high praise. It is as enlivening as good conversation—the conversation of one who has had rare opportunities of being in good company."—*Daily News*.

All the more credit to him for taking advantage of these rare occasions.

"At first blush this Russian ballet is conventional."—*Daily News*.

At the second or third blush one suspects that some of the costumes may be unconventional.

TOBACCO v. OSCULATION.

At a meeting held in Manchester a few days ago, a campaign against the spread of tobacco-smoking was advocated, a suggestion being put forward that no one who smoked should be allowed to kiss. If this advice is followed, it will be rather trying for good and earnest young men, in these days when the modern girl is growing more and more addicted to her cigarette. Thus:—

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING INTO THE FRESH AIR.

Tell me not, Sweete, I am unkinde
That from the snuggerie
Of thy chaste smoakinge-roome I finde
That I must straightway flee.

To light a weede I did essay
But once, when I was rawe;
I had not nipped the ende away
And see it would not drawe.

Since then, Cigarres I have forsworn,
Nor doe I love to like
A Pipe, and fierie Snuffe I scorn—
In sooth, they make me sicke.

So a new mistresse now I chase
If one there can be seene
Whose lippes doe not display a trace
Of pungent nicotine.

For O my queasinesse is such
As sends me through the door;
Had I not loved fresh aire so much,
I could have loved thee more.

A CALENDAR CURIOSITY.

It was next Saturday, the second Saturday of November. The balcock had gone wrong again, and Montague, after spending a grimy hour in the cistern loft (while Millicent mopped up the flood below in the hope of saving the ceilings), sat down to write a stinger to the plumber. Hardly, however, had he seized his pen with savage enthusiasm, when he threw back his head, exclaiming—

"Heavens above us!"

"Is it coming through after all?" cried Millicent, who was sitting on the hearthrug to dry.

"Not that I can see," said Montague, "but have you noticed anything peculiar about to-day, as a day?"

"No," replied Millicent, wearily, "only that I'm a bit fed up with it."

"Fed up with it, indeed! Why, my good woman, to-day is an eccentric, almost unprecedented phenomenon. Are you conscious of anything extraordinary in the air?"

"No," she replied thoughtfully, "except perhaps it's been a bit damp for a start."



Mrs. Timms. "NOW THEN, JOHN 'ENERY, YER SELFISH LITTLE IMP! LET YER FATHER PLAY WITH YER!"

"No, no!" said Montague, "can't you detect anything unusual about the passing hours?"

"Is it a catch?" inquired Millicent guardedly.

"A catch—no! To-day is unique; a Phoenix, a chimera, a wonder, a prodigy among days. Coronations, cataclysms, battles, assassinations and earthquakes may make deep records on the surface of the years, but not so deep as this day. Only genuine centenarians have seen its like, and merely a handful of babes will assist at its recurrence. My dear Millicent, the twenty-four hours through which we are now passing constitute such an extraordinary occasion that I really think we must have a bottle of champagne for dinner."

"By all manner of means," assented Millicent, suddenly brisling up, "now if you like. I'm quite convinced the occasion is worthy, whatever it may be, and, if you mean it is unique because of what happened upstairs, all I can say is, I'm glad to hear it."

"No," said Montague, "I'm alluding to a more momentous matter than the balcock business, though I admit it was dating my letter to that rascally plumber made me think of it. Now do use your head for once. What is the date?"

"Oh, don't ask me," Millicent protested. "You know I never worry about that sort of thing. You guess!"

"Eleven, eleven, eleven," replied Montague.

Millicent appeared unimpressed. "All ones!" persisted Montague. Millicent shrugged her shoulders.

"Dates are always all one to me," she said.

"The County Council's veterinary inspector yesterday certified that death was due to anthrax, and was cremated by the police."

Yorkshire Post.

The next inspector will be more careful.

"Wanted at once, a good all-round ware thrower."—Advt. in "Lloyd's News."

An opening for our kitchen-maids.

"THE NOBLEST REVENGE."

["The Lord Mayoralty of Sir Thomas Crosby, M.D., will be memorable as one of the greatest oyster years in history."—*Daily Mail*.]

O OYSTERS, are ye swarming in,
Remembering ancient quarrels,
Now that a man of medicine
Is crowned with civic laurels?

For oft you've had but little thanks
And many a hard word from us,
And chiefly from those learned ranks
Adorned by brave Sir THOMAS;

They've blamed you in ungrateful terms
For "good" enteric cases,
They've seen us send you drainy germs,
Then flung them in your faces.

So, have ye, lying in your beds,
Or roused perhaps to sitting,
Conceived some scheme within your heads
Dramatically fitting?

Wagging your beards, maybe you've sworn
To mark my lord's election
By steady efforts, night and morn,
To reach a plump perfection;

That when our doctor sits to dine,
His aldermen around him,
Your native worth so clear may shine,
Its brightness shall confound him.

Maligned, you curb your righteous ire
In moral triumph o'er them,
You heap their heads with coals of fire,
And cast your pearls before them.

THE CO-OPERATORS.

I WOKE up suddenly in the middle of the night, in a cold perspiration. Many of us have done that before, especially when we happened to be the heroes of melodramatic novels, and have always known instinctively that something was wrong. It is the cold perspiration that puts us on to it. Perspiration alone would mean that we had too many clothes on the bed; cold alone, that we had not enough. But, when you get the two combined, a more subtle explanation is called for. So I lay awake and listened. I could hear the creaking of the stairs and could detect sounds of windows being forced open, locks being filed, bolts being stealthily withdrawn, and silver goods being abstracted from safes, but I could hear nothing out of the common, nor had reason to suppose that there were more than the customary number of burglars and murderers below stairs. "Same old sounds and same old ghosts," I said to myself; "it must be something on my mind."

A little flattered to discover that I had a mind, I went into the matter

carefully, but came to no conclusion. There was nothing for it but to go back to sleep, so "One, two, three, four, five," I said out loud, to attain that object, "six, seven, eight . . . Ah! that is it, of course. It is Aspodestera's birthday on the eighth and to-morrow is the seventh." I shall have to buy that present to-morrow. Yes," I said to myself, before we parted company for the rest of the night, "I was quite right to perspire coldly."

Aspodestera does not mind reading books, but resolutely refuses to own them, and, outside books, there is no form of present with which I can grapple. When we are married I shall give her pipes for her birthday presents; but when one is only engaged one has to be altruistic in these matters. The only presents that please her are things to wear, and it is quite certain that she will not wear them unless they do please her. It is very important that Aspodestera should be pleased.

I put the matter to Thompson at breakfast, who got into conversation with Draycott during the morning, and rang me up at noon to tell me that the brother of the man who works with Draycott had been in the same difficulty and had found that there was a shop in Oxford Street, known as Peter Dickinson's. So I went there at once, and was greeted by an engaging gentleman in a frock coat and a number of smiles.

"Mornin', Peter," said I; "I am quite sure that I don't know what I want, but," I added, catching sight of a competent person behind the counter, "I've no doubt your daughter does."

Peter explained that the young person was not his daughter, but it was obvious from the contempt with which they treated each other before strangers that they were relations of some sort. Peter, however, was gone before I could question him further.

"Show me some things, please," I said to the lady.

She showed me a lot of things, but I am afraid I did not understand any of them and always said the wrong word about them. Moreover, I didn't much care for them; they did not appear to me to be strong enough, and one never seemed to be offered good weight for one's money. The only thing I took to was a poplin tie, which happened to be lying on the counter (I don't think she meant me to see that), but one and elevenpence three seemed to be cutting it a little fine, and even at that I was not sure that I wasn't thinking of my own neck, when I liked the tie.

So we wrangled for half-an-hour and did no good. Eventually, "Look here,"

I said, to explain what the trouble was, "I am engaged."

"All right," she replied, being a little riled by this time, "you needn't take on about it. I'm engaged too."

I held my hand out to her across the table. "Shake," I said; "that's the best bit of news I've heard for many a long day. In the first place it lends an air of solemnity and respectability to the situation, and in the second it helps us out of it. Does Peter ever have birthdays?"

"Who's Peter?" she asked, and, to satisfy her, I pretended that I didn't know that Peter was her man.

"Do you have difficulty in getting his birthday presents?"

This time she held out her hand. "Shake again," she murmured; "you and I are fellow-sufferers." We shook again.

"We need not shake a third time," said I, "but I think we might perhaps trust each other. What price do you generally run to on those occasions?"

"Seven-and-six," she confessed, "if you must know."

"Good. Next time Peter—I mean he—has a birthday, send a postal order for that amount to Mr. Hampton, Pipe Manufacturer, Petty Cury, Cambridge, and tell him to send a straight-grain briar 'as supplied by you to Mr. Lane.' I am Mr. Lane, and he and I may be pretty useless in a ladies' outfitting shop, but we do know a good pipe when we see it. . . . Not at all," I said, as she began to thank me. "And now for the *quid pro quo*," I added, producing a sovereign.

She laughed pleasantly, partly because she saw me laughing and knew there was an old jest somewhere and partly to conceal her lack of classical education.

"Now select me something that the future Mrs. Lane cannot help liking and wrap it up in a nice parcel. You need not trouble to show it to me."

There was some mention of the word "Ninon," but whether in reference to the lady or the goods I could not say. Beyond that I have no idea what was the present I sent to Aspodestera, nor why it gave so much satisfaction. But, above all, I beg of you to regard this information as strictly between you and me. If you are mean enough to give me away and to undeceive Aspodestera as to my skill and good taste, she is sure to throw me over in disgust. Then I don't know what I shall do.

On second thoughts I am quite clear what I shall do. I shall get Peter Dickinson to die and shall marry his *fiancée*. She and I, at any rate, understand each other.



OFFENCE IS THE TRUEST DEFENCE.

Butler (entertaining a few friends in the absence of his master, who has returned unexpectedly). "MOST UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION, SIR; WITH RESPECT I BEG TO GIVE NOTICE."

SPOT CASH.

"£20 or so easily earned before Xmas in whole or spare time," was what I read on the advertisement page of my morning paper. I looked at the calendar—November the first—and then at my wife. She saw me and asked if she had forgotten the sugar.

I waved my hand loftily. "My dear Belinda, this is no trifling matter of sugar, despite the rise. I am not even commenting on the bacon, which could hardly be worse at one and a penny."

"One and two," interposed my wife softly.

"I have simply decided that you and I will make forty or fifty pounds in our spare time before Christmas."

"Fancy!" said Belinda; and I looked up sharply, but her face was demure.

"Yes," I went on slowly. "It works out at about seven pounds a week pocket money. By no means to be despised, my dear."

"No, indeed," said she.

"I shall write at once for the 'Eldorado Spot Cash Private Greeting Card Album, which contains a choice selection of 100 magnificent profit-pulling gems. Once your friends have seen this Album they will buy no other Xmas cards. Agents allowed

munificent percentages.' Belinda, pass me a postcard."

When I had finished writing it my wife asked me if I were going to the office that morning, a question rendered ridiculous by my regular habits of the past fifteen years. I told her so.

"I'm sorry, Albert," she said, "but I thought, instead of earning fifty pounds in spare time, we might manage a couple of hundred in whole time."

"Look here, Belinda," said I, "apart from the self-evident folly of your remark (for we cannot possibly get the S. C. Album until the day after tomorrow), it shows that you evidently don't think we shall make anything out of these Eldorado people."

"Do you?" she queried.

"Certainly," I replied coldly.

"Well, darling, I'm sorry, and I do believe we shall if you say so."

"I'm glad of that," said I, somewhat mollified; "but I don't like your invariably hostile attitude to advertisements. And you have a reprehensible distrust of anything with which you are not personally familiar. It— it isn't quite womanly."

"N-no, Albert."

"I don't mean to say that I want to see you foolishly credulous, ready to accept anything as genuine that sounds well. But I do like a woman to be confiding, unsuspecting."

"Ye-es, of course it is nice. I'm glad we're going to get the S. C. cards; and, Albert, darling——"

"Yes, love," said I, complacently.

"Could you let me have my first week's three pound ten in advance?"

THE OBJECT-LESSON.

FLUKES!

Well, the thing came to such a pass when Hughes was here the other night that I went straight off to the cabinet-maker in the morning.

"Look here," I said, "do you think you could make me a scoring-board for billiards?"

"Nothing easier," he answered.

That was absurd, of course, because any one without thinking could name a hundred easier things to make; but it showed that he had a willing heart.

"It must be ready by next Tuesday week," I said, "because I have a friend" (friend is good) "coming to p'ay me. He comes every other Tuesday."

"Is the old one broken, then?" he asked.

"Broken!" I replied. "No, although it's a wonder it isn't, with the appalling luck the man has. No, it's not broken. The trouble is, it doesn't say enough. The time has come for a scoring-board in a gentleman's billiard-

room to be something more than a scoring-board: it has got to be a critic, too, a censor, an instructor in decency."

The cabinet-maker whistled. "Has it?" he said. "Lumme! what price the scoring-board at the 'King's Arms' then, when we play snooker and old Ricketts loses his 'air'?" He laughed. "But just explain, Sir."

So I explained. I took out of my pocket the design I had already made; and we worked it out together. First of all we took the ordinary row of figures—1 to 20—and the hundreds, for spot and plain. "Under these," I said, "I want a series of similar rows for both spot and plain—the first to be entitled 'Flukes,' where we will mark everything that either player obtains by undue luck."

"Yes," said the cabinet-maker; "but how are you going to decide what's luck and what isn't?"

"There's never any doubt," I replied, "in the case of the man I'm having this little object-lesson prepared for. The next row," I said, "shall be entitled 'Good strokes,' and the third, 'Really good strokes.'"

"There'll be some argufying there," said the cabinet-maker.

"Perhaps," I replied; "but we shall manage it somehow. After this," I said, "I want a final row to be entitled 'Rotten.'"

"More argufying over that," said the cabinet-maker.

"Now in the game as I intend it shall be played in my house," I continued, "everything shall be recorded, as now, on the top rows; while the strokes shall also receive their points under the classification below. Then at the end of the game, when the 100 has been reached, deductions for flukes and rotten strokes and additions for strokes of particular merit, will be made; and it is exceedingly likely," I added, "that the fable of the hare and the tortoise will be exemplified and the apparent loser really be the winner. Thus justice will be done and true ability rewarded."

"M'yes," said the cabinet-maker, thinking no doubt of the bad temper of the 'King's Arms' crowd.

The new board arrived punctually on the Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening Hughes came round for our regular game. I drew his attention to the board and explained its purpose.

"Very ingenious and interesting," he said. "It's your turn to begin."

"Right," I said, addressing myself to my ball. "I'm tired of giving a miss; I'll bring the balls back into baulk."

Taking my usual careful aim for a half-ball shot at the red, I made the

stroke. My ball just touched it on the right side and cut it into the top left-hand pocket, while my own ball returning from the top cushion ran straight as a train into the right-hand bottom pocket.

After a while Hughes spoke. "I suppose you didn't burn the old scoring board when you had this one made?" he inquired.

There is something peculiarly disgusting about a confirmed flucker's magnanimity.

THE EPIDEMIC.

A STRIKE for increased wages and shorter hours broke out yesterday among the Private Members employed at Westminster, and at the time of writing no prospect of settlement between the men and the Government is apparent. The demands include overtime for all-night sittings and the abolition of Autumn sessions. The attitude of the public towards the revolting wage-earners is one of apathy.

Later.—A deputation waited on the PRIME MINISTER to-day with the minimum demands of the men. The Government's reply was a firm refusal of recognition.

A number of defeated Candidates paraded Whitehall to-night demanding the right to work. They were quickly dispersed.

Several speakers, who, before the strike, had been observed in the libraries of the National Liberal and the Constitutional, working up facts, decided to-night that they could not endure to remain out with their speeches undelivered, and attempted to re-enter the House. Successfully intimidated, on the lower jaw, by peaceful picketers, they were induced to destroy the notes of their speeches and to return.

Speaking at Torquay last night, the HOME SECRETARY stated that the Government was determined to carry on the business of the country and would make arrangements enabling it to enrol members of debating societies, suburban "parliaments," etc., in order to provide the respective front benches with suitable supporters. The new Volunteer Constables (including many strikers) would, if necessary, be called out to enforce these arrangements. Only in the last resort would the military be employed.

Some light upon the matter of the further intentions of the Government is perhaps cast by the fact that the

PRIME MINISTER and the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION have each placed an order for 200 gramophones capable of reproducing loud and prolonged cheers.

No settlement has yet taken place. In order to excite public sympathy with their complaint about all-night sittings, three Members who had purposely refrained from going to bed for two nights this morning paced slowly up Whitehall, attracting a wide attention by their haggard appearance.

Latest.—A settlement was reached quite suddenly this afternoon. By its terms each Private Member will receive ninepence an hour for all time worked after suspension of Standing Orders, this sum to be increased to one shilling per hour during such time as the Member cannot remain in the Lobby and is compelled to hear speeches in order to maintain a quorum.

THE WORST FAULT OF ALL.

[Addressed to a certain type of heroine in latter-day fiction.]

YOUR feminine qualities (so-called) engage

To quite an alarming degree
The pens of this too analytical age,
O complex, inscrutable She!

You're a curious blend that the publishers sell

Of philosopher, savage and doll;
And aren't you a little bit crazy, as well,

Ma sœur, of the six-shilling vol.?

Don't you find it too warm in the mask beneath mask

That you and your sisterhood wear?
And how many must we pull off ere we ask

Not wholly in vain, Are you there?

You pose as the X in the problem of life,

The riddle that cannot be guessed,
Sphinx-maiden, and Sphinxier still as a wife—

I wish they would give you a rest!

A mysterious monster you may be, my dear,

With a nature none dares to explore;
But one of your faults is becoming quite clear,

The worst fault of all—you're a bore!

"Nothing is more trying to a man's nerves than an enemy creeping at a distance and firing every minute."—*Lord Roberts.*

Still we prefer even this to an enemy creeping close at hand and firing every second.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 1.

“EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST! ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE!”—*Romeo and Juliet*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is no resisting Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT. Like a gray, swirling river running underneath one of his own many-turreted castles, he carries me away, catching vainly at poor straws of criticism, as, for instance, whether it is necessary to say certain things so plainly as he does at times, and whether blind fiddlers really talked like that in the “dim days when King Maximilian III. ruled over *Jadis*.” And then the names! In *The Song of Renny* (MACMILLAN) they are a listed tournament in themselves: *Gernulf de Salas*, *Stephen of Harilot*, *Joyeux Saber*, *Marrilion*, *Campflors*, *the Countess of Gru*. And Mr. HEWLETT has all their history and all their heraldry at his fingers' end, so that you blush for shame that you did not know about them before. My principal complaint concerning *The Song of Renny* is that the *Red Earl of Pikpointz*, who had a playful habit of killing retainers with a blow of his fist, and carried off one of the *Rennys*, after murdering her kinsfolk, and married another at the sword's point—that this nice fellow, who had got to be a sort of favourite with me, in spite of his villainy, because of his strength and his courage, was not provided with a more sterling exit. I had hoped for a scene like the death of *Hereward the Wake*, or a duel like that between *John Ridd* and *Carver Doone*, but I was disappointed. The love scenes, however, between *Mabella Renny*, wife of the *Red Earl*, and her tame poet, *Lanceilhot Paulet*, the *Campflors* lutanist, are in Mr. HEWLETT's own unapproachable manner, and it will not surprise anyone acquainted with his works to hear that they escaped from the castle of *Speir*, and wandered together for a night and a day in the

snow; nor that their love triumphed in the end. But it may easily surprise anyone that this same *Lanceilhot Paulet* should be called *Cerbet* on page 371, line 22.

Dormant, even though it is from the pen of E. NESBIT and from the house of METHUEN, does not give satisfaction. If heroes must practise the unusual profession of corpse-reviving, they must either proceed in so plausible a manner that they convince for the moment, or must achieve such remarkable results that the impossibility is forgiven for the sake of the moral or the laugh. When, after two hundred and ten pages of palaver, *Anthony Dreincourt* brings his *Eugenia* to life, he leaves his reader cold. He gives no hint of his methods, and no engrossing issues or deductions follow his miracle. The sub-plot of thwarted love might have aroused sympathy but for the fact that *Rose*, the girl who had been alive all the time but was thrown over for the resuscitated beauty, is one of those brusquely efficient young persons whom authoresses wrongly suppose to be the ideal of their sex, and men intent on falling in love especially avoid. The youth and the *joie de vivre* and the bohemianism of her and her friends were forced and unreal, and one reads without regret of her being jilted even for a lady who had been dead these fifty years. The mystery of it all, though carefully sustained in the telling of the story, cannot have been intended as an attraction to possible readers, since it is deliberately given away in great particularity by a summary of the novel which appears on its outside paper cover. Lastly, I have too genuine a respect for the spontaneous and light-hearted genius of the real E. NESBIT to urge in favour of this book what is literally true, that great pains have obviously been taken over it.

You remember what the *Duke* in *Patience* says about the effect of a diet of unvaried toffee? Well, that is rather how I felt myself after the perusal of KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S latest story, *Mother Carey* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It is so very sweet. I know that there are persons in plenty who will go into raptures over it; who will delight in the charming children, and their adorable mother, and their kindly landlord and their perfect neighbours. All I will say is just what a nice and very much more human child of my acquaintance said of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, "They seem to have been very lucky!" Seriously, though I can take my dash of sentiment with the best, I feel that the clever author has here slightly overdone the dose. However, I suppose she knows what people like; certainly the fact that the publishers announce the book as a companion story to *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* would seem to show that it is expected to meet a popular demand. I am sorry, because the effect produced upon me was that of real talent debased. As for the story itself, it is about a perfect mother, who, being left a young widow with several perfect children, retires to economise in a kind of barley-sugar cottage, whose landlord declines to take any rent beyond a tribute of wild flowers, and eventually marries his son to the eldest daughter. What astonished me was that nobody married *Mother Carey*; but perhaps that came later. I cannot help thinking that, if rural life in America is really like that, I have been strangely misinformed.

If I had to select any one word to describe the chief characteristic of *Peter and Jane* (METHUEN) I think it should be "vivacity." There is a spirit and animation about Miss MACNAUGHTEN'S tale, and her manner of telling it, which quite disguises the fact that the material upon which it is founded is by no means of the newest. Fiction has known heroes in plenty, before *Peter*, who, in the moment of succeeding to a great estate, find themselves confronted with the existence of an unsuspected elder brother. And the letter-writer who falls dead in the middle of the very sentence that would have explained all has done so, to my certain knowledge, many times previously. But this is of no great consequence if the result is sufficiently entertaining. And *Peter and Jane* certainly is that. The early part, in which the characters just live about in nice houses and talk pleasantly, showed, not for the first time, that the author has a gift for natural comedy. Later, when the action shifts into the Argentine and melodrama, I simply couldn't put the book down till I had finished it. Throughout its course you will find many excellent bits of character-drawing. My favourite by a long way (and I fancy Miss MACNAUGHTEN'S also) was *Canon Wrottesley*, an engaging *poseur* with a trick of dramatising himself to suit his circumstances. There is one glaring improbability,

however, against which I must protest, where the author allows *Purvis*, the otherwise convincing villain, to preserve for so many years, and even rescue from a burning house, the document which could at any moment have exposed him. I cannot altogether believe in *Purvis*.

In *Love like the Sea* (HEINEMANN) Mr. J. E. PATTERSON'S method and equipment serve him best for his spirited descriptions of the savagely masterful element he so evidently knows and loves, and for his handling of the details of sea-craftsmanship, of which he convinces me, a peculiarly guileless type of landsman, that he is a master.

He is less happy in a derived and tentative manner of treating his Minehead as if it were The Five Towns; yet clearly he has studied his portraits with sympathy, and believes in their originals as handsome, wholesome folk, courageous against the currents of evil in a refreshingly old-fashioned way. He gives you a theme of tragic interest: a young fisherman married to a dipsomaniac, with a *tertium quid* in shape of the gentle, second-sighted *Mary Milroy*, friend to both and (saving her loyalty) steadily growing more than friend to *Derreck*, the husband. She is a mystic and a writer of honest, negligible verses; a charming if somewhat shadowy heroine. The story moves with cross currents and vexing storms to the haven of a satisfactory ending. A complacent "reader" has evidently abetted the author in some odd experiments in spelling, punctuation and word-coinage.

The heroine, aged twelve, of *Pollyooly* (MILLS AND BOON) embarked upon her fictional career with no parents, twenty-two shillings and a baby brother—called *The Lump*. To keep this infant with the ponderous name from drifting into the work-house was her problem, and how she solved it is most entertainingly told by Mr. EDGAR JEPSON.

Children with angel faces—and *Pollyooly* was a "genuine angel child"—are dangerous material for novelists to deal with, but apart from her countenance and her scrupulous honesty there was nothing genuinely angelic about *Pollyooly*—whatever Mr. JEPSON may say. Indeed some of her contrivances to add to her £1 2s. and the ardour with which she smacked the heads of rude boys convinced me that she was born with her fair share of original sin. But lest I should give too robust an impression of her character I must in justice add that although she belaboured rude boys she was quite ready to kiss a nice one when occasion offered. Of *Pollyooly*'s history I beg all child-lovers to read, for although Mr. JEPSON once or twice leans rather heavily upon the arm of coincidence, he has never allowed his fertile imagination really to go out of bounds. Numerous other character-sketches, slight but clever, help to give distinction to a delightful story.



Customer. "CA' YOU 'AKE 'E UP A PERSKIPTIVE FOR A BAD COWD?"

Chemist. "CERTAINLY. HAVE YOU GOT THE PRESCRIPTION WITH YOU?"

Customer. "NO; BUD I GOT THE COWD."

CHARIVARIA.

IN Labour circles Mr. ASQUITH'S promise of Universal Suffrage is considered good so far as it goes, but it is being asked, Why no salaries for voters?

According to *The Express*, Mr. BALFOUR did not have to wait long for confirmation of his resignation. As he left the City Committee Room, where he had made the announcement, a news-boy held out a paper to him, and cried, "Resignation of Mr. BALFOUR—official." "It's true, then," the ex-Leader is said to have remarked.

It is rumoured that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S voyage in the submarine has caused some little annoyance to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who had hitherto looked upon himself as the Minister for the Submerged.

"The present trend of legislation," says Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, "is making milksops of the democracy." But is this quite true? Mr. BURNS anyhow has abandoned for the present his measure for making pure-milksops of us.

The proprietor of a well-known livery establishment informed an interviewer that he always kept a number of spare horses, but that they were all out during the taxi strike. We can well believe this. Quite a feature of our streets was the number of extremely spare horses one saw about.

Turkey's policy, it is now said, is to be her traditional one of Waiting. She forgets, perhaps, that there are also a great many Waiters in the Italian army.

In Germany the Moroccan settlement still fails to please. It is felt that the CHANCELLOR has given away not only the Duck's Beak in the Cameroons, but also a piece of the Eagle's Beak at home.

From *The Evesham Journal*:—
"RAILWAY TROUBLES.
ALL ROUND INCREASE ON THE GREAT WESTERN AND N.W."
That's what we feared about these troubles; they increase so fast.

According to Dr. NANSEN, "Our civilization is trivial. Its object is to make everybody like everybody else all over the world." Sometimes we fancy its object is to make everybody dislike everybody else.

All the school teachers at Lugano have gone on strike owing to a differ-



C 10 (searching hen-coop for suspected burglar). "Who's IN THUR-R!" *Falsetto Voice.* "ONLY US CHICKENS!"

ence with the educational authorities. With splendid loyalty the little pupils are standing by the teachers, and urging them not to give way.

The Morning Post, in its report of a statement made by Sir EDWARD GREY in the course of the debate on the Declaration of London, gives us a capital idea of the uncertain and confusing nature of the provisions of that document. "Sir E. GREY remarked," our contemporary tells us, "that the question whether a Prize Court should be set up or not had already would prevent any great Colonial jurist being again and again (Hear, hear)."

A consignment of potatoes absolutely black in colour has been placed upon the market. It is thought that sentimental folk will prefer to have these when in mourning.

"Professor H. H. Turner dealt very largely with recent work on the movements of the stars, especially with those movements which seem to indicate that some stars move in flocks like migrating birds. The chief of these flocks, whose movements were due to the work of Professor Boss, appeared to be a cluster in the constellation of Taurus."—*Daily Graphic*.

We had no idea that Professor Boss was doing it, though we might have guessed it from his name. But why he should chivy the stars about we cannot understand.

THE NIBLICK CLUB.

I HAVE always contended that golf would be an ideal game for middle age if it were not for golfers. The only possible arrangement, if you are to have your game and at the same time escape contact with this deplorable type, is to have a house of your own adjoining the tenth tee and so avoid the atmosphere of the club-house. There may still be two or more intolerable people in front of you to keep you back, and two or more in your rear to press you forward, but apart from distant exchanges of abuse there is no need to hold any intercourse with your fellow-members.

I am not, either congenitally or by acquired taste, a misanthrope, yet the moment I enter a golf club-house I detest my brother man. So offensive is the air of breeziness and brutal health and general self-satisfaction that radiates from the typical golfer. You will, perhaps, challenge this charge of self-satisfaction: you will contend that the golfer never admits that he has done himself justice; always a conspiracy of evil chances has ruined the fine score of which he alleges himself to be capable. I answer that this is the worst form of self-satisfaction, because it has not the excuse of actual achievement. In any case I suffer an equal boredom whether he tells me that he lay dead (would that this were not a mere figure of speech) at the seventh hole in two, or that a mole-cast on the fourteenth green robbed him of a "par" four. I don't want to know anything about him or his game. I think I would actually sooner listen to a hunting-man's shop.

But even when a golfer is silent about his game there is still the offence of his aspect. For most other outdoor games you need a figure suggestive of strength or agility or courage or endurance. But for golf you can be any shape you like, or even merely amorphous. So long as you have your lower limbs under control and can wave a stick there need be no limit to your girth or flabbiness or senility.

Nor is there any established costume for the game, now that the old red coat, which at least took the eye like a pillar-box, has been discarded, save on rare commons where it is still retained as a danger signal to nursemaids. And even in the days of the red coat there were, as now, the trouserists and the knickerbockerites, and none could say which were the more correct.

One would have thought that one's opportunities of communion with this strange medley of humanity were

already more than adequate. Yet there lies before me at this moment the prospectus of The Niblick Club, forwarded with an invitation to me to join its membership. I view with suspicion any club that invites me to join it, except under conditions of peculiar privilege extended as a tribute to my personality; but let that pass. The Niblick Club is not an ordinary golf-club, it is in the heart of the Metropolis and attached to no links; it has been established for the purpose of offering to golfers a further scope for social intercourse.

I hope I have already shown with sufficient clarity that I regard the ordinary golf club-house as a necessary evil. It shelters your weapons; it provides a cuisine of a limited order; it affords a convenient point for assignments with those particular friends (selected for their reticence) with whom you propose to play; but you enter it always at the risk of overhearing the conversation of other golfers. But why anyone should deliberately join a club which exists for the express design of throwing golfers together without the chance of a game is an enigma that leaves my imagination hopelessly insolvent.

You will tell me that golf, like the suffrage, is becoming so vulgarised (in the beautiful sense) that to say that you are a golfer is scarce more than to admit that you are a human being; The Niblick Club might therefore, you say, as well be called The Breathers' Club. But think of its purpose. The tie that binds together all those who draw mortal breath might appeal to one's common humanity; and shop-talk at a Breathers' Club, unless overdone with allusions to patent lung-expanders and physical developers, would be inoffensive. But The Niblick Club, having for its avowed object the development of social intercourse between golfers, encourages the dreariest foible of our universal brotherhood.

No, I shall not join The Niblick Club.

Peaceful Extermination.

Italy denies the alleged atrocities in Tripoli. The massacre of the Arabs is officially stated to have been conducted in a most humane manner.

"MR. F. E. SMITH AT STRATFORD.

TOUCHSTONE OF UNIONIST SINCERITY."

The Birmingham Gazette and Express.

That is, of course, just how Mr. F. E. SMITH is regarded by his opponents; but in spite of the Shakspearean associations of Stratford we think it would have been happier—in the case of a Unionist paper, at any rate—not to have called him by a clown's name.

THE MARK OF THE EAST.

WHEN Gertrude sails for India
She bids her kin and kith
Inspect the bales of tropic veils,
The helmets made of pith:
The net to spread above her bed
Is viewed with anxious mien,
And eyes dilate to see the crate
Of camphor and quinine.

When Gertrude sails for India,
Her mother's feeling queer,
The Rector blows an anxious nose
And wipes away a tear:
Shall Ruth or Grace usurp the place
'Tis Gertrude's pride to hold
At Little-Budleigh-in-the-Mud-
cum-Worple-on-the-Wold?

When Gertrude sails for India,
The local "Dorcas" sighs
For one whose zest last autumn dress'd
A score of pagan thighs;
In stricken tones a curate drones
The lessons for the day,
Nor dares to view his Rector's pew
For fear of giving way.

When Gertrude comes from India,
She's Indian to the core,
Her gown and hair, her manners bear
The stamp of Barrackpore;
She sits and prates of maiden plates,
Of revels at the "Gym,"
Of leading parts and doubled hearts,
The regiment and him.

When Gertrude comes from India,
She's found an Eastern twang,
And bores her friends with odds and
ends
Of Anglo-Indian slang;
The roof-tree shakes, the housemaid
quakes
Before that torrid flow
Of "idhar ao" and "jaldi jao,"
And "asti bát karo."

When Gertrude comes from India,
The Rector's habits pall,
The startled guest is gently press'd
To cocktails in the hall;
Her parents quail before the gale
Which swamps the old routine,
And, save in Lent, must needs consent
To dine at 8.15.

When Gertrude comes from India,
The schemes I'd lately plann'd,
They fade and die, and that is why
I loathe that selfish land,
Which drains the West of all its best
To keep an atlas red;
Which dared to claim my only flame
And send me this instead.

Near Venezuela a new volcanic island has just been thrown up. A German cruiser is to be despatched to protect the interests of the inhabitants.



OVERDOING IT.

JOHN BULL: "IS THAT THE LOT?"





GOLF'S DELAYS.

Fair Golfer (who has "found" the bunker in eight, a foursome and others meanwhile waiting on the tee). "I'M JUST WONDERING, MABEL, WHETHER TO HAVE A GREEN JERSEY OR A GREY ONE."

THE BRAIN OF THE NATION.

[The qualifications of Mr. PEASE for his new post as President of the Board of Education are thus summarised in the pages of *Who's Who*:—*"Recreations*: mem' er of Cambridge University Football Team, 1878; member of Cambridge University Polo Team, 1880-81; master of Cambridge University Drag Hounds, 1880-81; master of own pack of Beagles, 1881-86; member of Lord Zetland's and Cleveland Hounds; captain of Durham County Cricket Club, 1884-90; member of M.C.C.; New Zealand, Princes, Mitcham, Sandwich, Seaton, and Darlington Golf Clubs; cycling, fishing, shooting, etc. . . *Clubs*: Brooks's, Turf, City Liberal, National Liberal."]

Good Mister PEASE, whom ASQUITH, that facetious super-Soul,

The Board of Education has selected to control,
Pray let a total stranger express his mild surprise
That your well-deserved appointment should awaken hostile
eries.

That you're not a Senior Wrangler is indisputably true,
But at Cambridge, thirty years ago, you won a Football Blue;
And, judging by the practice which has now become a rule,
You might have been an usher at a fashionable school.

Unversed in the laborious works of FREEMAN or of STUBBS,
You are at least a member of a dozen sporting clubs;
Your cricket still is passable; you motor and you hunt;
And are quite as good as RUNCIMAN in managing a punt.

You haven't wasted precious hours perusing pond'rous tomes;
You haven't studied FROEBEL or the works of Mr. HOLMES;
In short, the tablets of your mind resemble, up to date—
Where education is concerned—a brand-new virgin slate.

Though your name is not in any of the Cambridge Tripos
lists,

You have kept a pack of beagles and are supple in the wrists;
Your handicap at golf is low: it isn't scratch, I grant;
But you play a great deal better than ASQUITH or MORANT.

Besides, you've been a Party Whip, and whipping's at the
base—

Despite humanitarians—of the schooling of the race;
And there's something rather spirited, romantic and sub-
limo

In a member of the Turf Club who's a Quaker all the time.

A modern Departmental Chief should own a rhino's skin
Or else his equanimity will speedily wear thin;
But the following reflections may serve to mitigate
The annoyance certain comments may have given you of late.

No matter how profoundly from your staff you disagree,
No matter how acutely you offend the N.U.T.,
This single consolation no disaster can efface—
You'll never disimprove upon the chief whom you replace.

Now looking at the Nations on the edge of the Abyss,
If we are sure of anything, at least we're sure of this:
That after Armageddon, if a single State remains
Unshattered, it will be a State pre-eminent in brains.

So at this all-decisive stage of England's long career
O let us thank our lucky stars and suitably revere,
As moulder of the Nation's mind, as Dominie supreme,
A man who gained his colours for the Cambridge Polo team!

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER.

I HAD not seen the youngest member before, though I had heard others speak of him. It was therefore with some satisfaction that I observed him enter the club smoking-room where I was having a cup of tea. He came in quietly and unostentatiously—I might almost say furtively, but, once in, he developed a sudden and surprising aplomb. He was not daunted by the massive and comfortable furniture, or by the thick, noise-quelling carpet, or by the copy of the frieze of the Parthenon that runs round the top of our wall, or by the serried rows of books, or by Dumbleton sleeping the sleep of the plethoric by the fire. He was evidently one whom no splendour appalled. Perhaps he owed his equanimity to his magnificent apparel, for he was nobly clad in a shining black fur coat, yet there was no lack of geniality in his air or his conduct. I ventured to smile at him, and he returned the smile. Thus encouraged I beckoned him to my sofa, and he at once sat down beside me with a high-bred dignity and ease of manner that stamped him as one of the truly great. I own I was much attracted by him, and at once began a conversation.

"No, thank you," he said, "no tea. It doesn't agree with me, and a fellow must look after his health. Milk? Well, just the tiniest drop—thank you so much . . . Yes, that's good milk, and I ought to know. But you're not drinking your tea. Pray, pray don't let me disturb you."

I reassured him, and he gave me a most engaging look.

"Really," he said, "you're very good. One never knows, you see. Some take things one way, some take 'em another. Personally, I'm all for ease and comfort. I hate your stuck-up chaps—not many of 'em here, I'm thankful to say, but I did meet one last week in the gallery. Tried to kick me, and, begad, Sir, if I hadn't been pretty nippy on my pins he'd have done it too."

I expressed my opinion of this monstrous act in appropriate terms.

"No," he continued, "I didn't report him to the Committee. I daresay I ought to have done so, but I didn't want to be hard on the beggar. They'd have had him out in two-twos, you know, and then what would have become of him? He's got a wife, they tell me, with a voice like a motor-horn; sees as little of her as he can manage and spends all his days in the club. Suppose I'd got him fired out? No, I'm not one of that sort. But if it ever happens again I'll set about him in a way that'll surprise him."

I warmly commended him.

"Of course I'm only a young member," he said. "Haven't been in the club more than six months, but one can't take a thing like that twice lying down. All the waiters would

laugh at you, and even the hall-porter would begin to doubt your courage. Now with you it's different. You understand a chap."

I said I hoped I did, and he rubbed his head confidentially and almost absent-mindedly against my elbow. It was so amiably done that I didn't even feel surprised.

"Yes," he went on, "it's a good club. Everything's kept in apple-pie order—chairs comfortable, fires bright and warm, carpets simply topping. You could lie down on them and go to sleep any time, they're so soft. And the food's A1. They don't stint you. Their fish can't be beaten, and their *Souris au Naturel* is simply perfect—there's no other word for it, it's perfect. I've only one fault to find: they don't keep a proper supply of *Volaille* on the premises. One has to go outside for it, and that's not right. However, the steward's promised to see to it, and when he says anything it's as good as done."

I asked him which of the rooms he preferred.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I like 'em all, but the kitchen's my favourite."

"The kitchen?" I said. "Members don't go into the kitchen."

"One member does," he laughed, "and I'm that member. I've got no end of friends amongst the cooks. Then there's the housekeeper. I spend hours and hours with the housekeeper. Really you can't say you've lived if you don't know the housekeeper. But there, I mustn't talk any more. If I don't get my forty winks now I shan't get 'em at all, and I've got a big evening in front of me." With this he

sprang lightly into a large waste-paper basket half-full of paper. There he curled himself round flush with the rim, like a black ammonite, and was asleep in a moment.

"Yes, Sir," said the waiter who took away my tea, "he's a fine cat. Only ten months old, but knows his way about everywhere. Just to look at him walking through the rooms you'd think the whole place belonged to him. Seems to know all the members, too, he's so friendly with them. Yes, he's a rare mouser."

"One can hardly believe that, in this century, a boy of eleven could enjoy the successful performance, at an exclusive European opera house, of an elaborate instrumental pantomime of his own composition. Yet such was the privilege of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, no later than October of last year."

So says an advertisement, and adds airily, "The youthful composer is now a lad of fourteen."

From a circular:—

"The materials for Stetson hats are brought from all parts of the world, but the manufactured hats go to a greater number of countries." Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself when it lays it on like this.



Magistrate. "YOU ARE A VERY WICKED BOY. WHAT MADE YOU THROW A STONE AT THIS GENTLEMAN?"

Offender. "COULDN'T 'ELP IT, GUV'NER. IT'S ALL DOO TO THE CORRUPTIN' HIS-
FLEUCENCE O' PERNISHUS LITERACHAW."

THE HOOK.

It was wholly my own fault. My presence was not imperatively necessary in the scullery—indeed, I had no business there at all. It has been explained to me since by my wife, very patiently and kindly, that my second best mashie was not in the scullery, that it could not possibly have been there, and I have come to realize that she is perfectly right. When a man loses his spare mashie he should hunt for it in his golf-bag—where I eventually found mine—rather than in the scullery. He is so apt to lose himself as well in the unexplored regions of the back kitchen. Wandering home to my study, I passed the open back door, and there was first greeted by the large, benevolent-looking gentleman.

"Good morning to you, Sir," he said, in an amazingly important and reverberant voice.

I acknowledged the salutation with reserve. The man was certainly six feet tall, broad slightly out of proportion, and "thick through," as anglers and fishmongers say. He was a pronouncedly cubic person. Drawing something glittering from his pocket and holding it daintily between finger and thumb, he offered it for inspection.

"I desire, Sir, to call your attention to this Hook," he said benevolently.

"Er—thanks very much," I said rather feebly.

The cubical man waved my acknowledgments aside very politely.

"Not at all, Sir," he said, with wonderful affability. "I am proud to do you a service. It is my duty. This Hook is manufactured of the finest chrome steel, solid drawn, and cold curved by a new low-tension process. No sword ever came out of Toledo better tempered than this Hook, Sir—nor would Andrew Farriery himself have disdained that Hook."

"Andrew —?" I ventured to enquire.

"Farriery, Sir. The celebrated sword-maker of Italy, and, I may add, one of the foremost steel workers of his age."

I nodded.

"But it is not the Hook itself which I wish especially to impress upon your mind, Sir," the man ran on, "but the manifold uses to which it can be put. Without the scientific principle of the Hook, Sir, the world would cease to exist—practically. I shall develop that aspect of the Hook presently. Meantime I wish to point out to you that this Hook possesses at the longer end a fine machine-cut thread for screwing into the wooden socket which is to be



DELICACY.

Tailor (calling out measurements to clerk). "CHEST, THIRTY-NINE-HALF; WAIST, FIF—ER—HIX PROPORTION!"

found at the end of any ordinary leather arm. And once there, Sir, it stays there. No slipping loose—no wearing out of the machined thread. It is there, Sir, as though it had taken root there. You will find, Sir, that the leather of the arm will wear out long before the Hook, and the wooden socket will perish before you have worn away the millionth part of an inch of the steel.

"Again, Sir, think of the balance of a good hook. No more unsightly creases in the leather of the arm, no more bagging at the elbow, no more unnecessary play upon the working parts. Just an easy natural comfort-

able swing from the shoulder straps—wholly due to balance, Sir, obtained, I may add, by a secret and stringently protected device of weighting invented by Sir HIRAM MAXIM. I wish particularly to point out to you, Sir, that the Hooks manufactured by the Company which I represent are completely insulated. Lightning cannot strike them, nor will they deflect compasses. An infant could wear one in a thunderstorm without peril, a mariner could sail his barque from sea to sea without risk, wearing one of these Hooks. The shepherd upon the hills, Sir, can abolish at last that clumsy and age-old contrivance, the crook, and come to close

quarters with his animals—thanks to our Hooks. At night one can screw it into the door and hang one's arm, or clothes, upon it, and at dawn, I may add, you can attach your developer to it and do your exercises without let or hindrance. These Hooks, Sir, have been used as motor tyre levers, as anchors, as shark hooks, and as fire escapes—with bed-clothes attached. They halve one's glove bill, Sir, and are guaranteed to sustain a dead weight of ten tons."

He wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow and continued strenuously, a slightly wild look in his eye.

"These Hooks, Sir, are a boon to the amateur gardener when pruning his rose-trees, a source of never-ending satisfaction to the photographer, who can carry a camera all day without getting stiff muscles!"

He looked anxiously at me, realized that I was neither a gardener nor a photographer, and tried afresh.

"To the mountaineer climber they are a necessity. He need not fear the deepest precipice, the profoundest abyss nor the Bottomless Pit itself, once he has got a grip with his Hook; and when mountaineering among savage folk he needs only to give the Hook a tap with a hammer to straighten it into a dangerous and a reliable dagger. I have indicated, Sir, but a few of the uses to which the Hook can be put, but I think you will agree with me that the price of the Hook—one shilling only—"

I took both my hands from behind my back and the benevolent man stopped short, staring at them in a fascinated sort of way. He made a swallowing noise with his throat. Then he pulled himself together and uttered a palpably forced laugh.

"Hardly fair—*hardly* fair," he said, with a sort of indulgent and playful reproof, and carelessly jerking the Hook across the kitchen garden he turned to go.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to lend me a couple of sovereigns?" he said over his shoulder. "No? Well, give us a bob, then. I may be a tramp, but I'm human, after all. It took me half-an-hour to clean the thing."

I gave it, and he went away without thanks.

He infused into his gait a slight increase of alacrity as he turned the corner of the house. I wondered why, until I perceived Hobson, our one-armed odd-job man, hurry past him towards me.

"Well, Hobson, what is it?" I enquired benignly, as befits a man who by sheer firmness of character has just avoided extravagance.

"It's me new hook, Sir," said Hobson, agitatedly unscrewing the spud with which he replaces the hook when gardening or about to garden. "It's gone, Sir—turned me back and it was went away most astonishing. It was raining this morning, Sir, and it got wet coming to work. I screwed in the spud for to get up the plantains, and while the hook was laid aside tempory it got astonishing rusty. I hung it on the railings out in the front, meaning to clean it up when I'd done with the spud, Sir. Happening to look up he chance I seen it was vanished and completely went away. Me new hook, Sir, only been wore twice before and that on Sundays, Sir. I been hunting for it this sour or more."

I pointed across the garden to the bed of curly kale which is Hobson's choice in the cabbage department of our kitchen garden.

"It is *there*," I said, "there, my Hobson, that you will find your new hook. No longer rusty but speckled and chaste, glittering, a thing of joy. Between the fourth and fifth curly kale in the third row from the western edge of the bed, as nearly as I can judge. And—Hobson?"

"Yessir," said Hobson.

"A word in your ear, Hobson. Never again leave your hook upon the railings when there is a man of cubical appearance and with an important and reverberant voice in the neighbourhood."

"Nosir," said Hobson dully, and without in the least understanding or attempting to. He seemed to think that in some momentary madness I had cast his hook to the cabbages. He hesitated for a second, then, with a look of silent and dignified reproach in his eyes he proceeded reflectively to take his hook unto himself again.

THOUGHTS ON THE NINTH.

THE least bored person in London on Lord Mayor's Day last week was a small boy who rode in the Show with one of the Aldermen. That he was having the time of his life was apparent; but what were the thoughts under that roomy topper and behind those quick eyes?

Our own thought-reader, who happened to be wedged in at the top of Chancery Lane, declares that the following were the boy's thoughts:

"Chancery Lane—good! Shall be at the Law Courts in a jiff. Only hope those blighters in front have left a few sandwiches and things. Won't old Blinkers and the rest be green when they hear I've ridden in the Show? Must get Granddad to put in in writing for me,

or they'll think me a putrid liar. Oh, hang it! why can't they push on? Wish those beastly church bells wouldn't spoil the band. Ripping band—better than all that historical tosh in front. I expect old what's-his-name in the coach there is getting peckish. The fat old boy on the box gets all the cheers, and the LORD MAYOR has to do the bowing." Rotten life, I call it—for the LORD MAYOR, I mean. Oh, why can't they move on? Pretty dirty crowd in this street. Beastly place, Fleet Street. I bet there won't be a single crumb left if—Hooray! we're off!"

Before accepting this version, however, we consulted one of the leading writers of the day, who makes a speciality of maiden aunts. He has a million clients who present his works to their nephews as suitable reading, and his emphatic opinion was that the boy's thoughts were as follows:—

"This is indeed an auspicious occasion. The ringing cheers of the assembled populace, the riot of the bells, the stately cavalcade—what do they denote? The LORD MAYOR is dead—long live the LORD MAYOR! There in that stately coach rides a good man and true whose merit has brought him at last to the highest position in municipal service that this fair England of ours has to offer. The day shall come—here and now I resolve it—when the occupant of that gilded receptacle shall be none other than myself. I am determined not to rest either by day or night until this ambition is fulfilled."

FIRE-EATERS À LA FRANÇAISE.

THE habit of going to the French for drama is so strong that our histrions almost naturally adopt French dramatic manners too, and the recent threatened duel between M. LE BARGY and M. ALEXANDRE, of the Comédie Française, has, although it was averted, led to several similar engagements among London actors.

Early on Sunday morning Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE met Mr. EDMUND PAYNE in the Court of Honour at Shepherd's Bush. The seconds were Mr. MAX BEERBOHM (by proxy) and Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. The quarrel arose from a remark made to Sir HERBERT by the famous Gaiety comedian at the Garrick Club during a game of billiards. Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, it seems, potted his adversary's ball when, according to Sir HERBERT, the gentlemanly course was to go for the red. In a case like this bloodshed is, of course, imperative and the affray was short and fierce but decisive, Mr. EDMUND PAYNE sinking under a heavy epigram. While



Fair Owner of Dog (that has just been having severe rough-and-tumble with old gentleman on ground). "WHAT A MERCY IT IS THAT PLUTO HAS HIS MUZZLE ON! HE MIGHT HAVE HURT YOU!"

still on his back Mr. PAYNE confessed that the potting of Sir HERBERT'S ball was a fluke and would not have occurred had he not been aiming at the red missed it utterly. Friendship being thus restored, the two illustrious mimes returned to London in perfect amity.

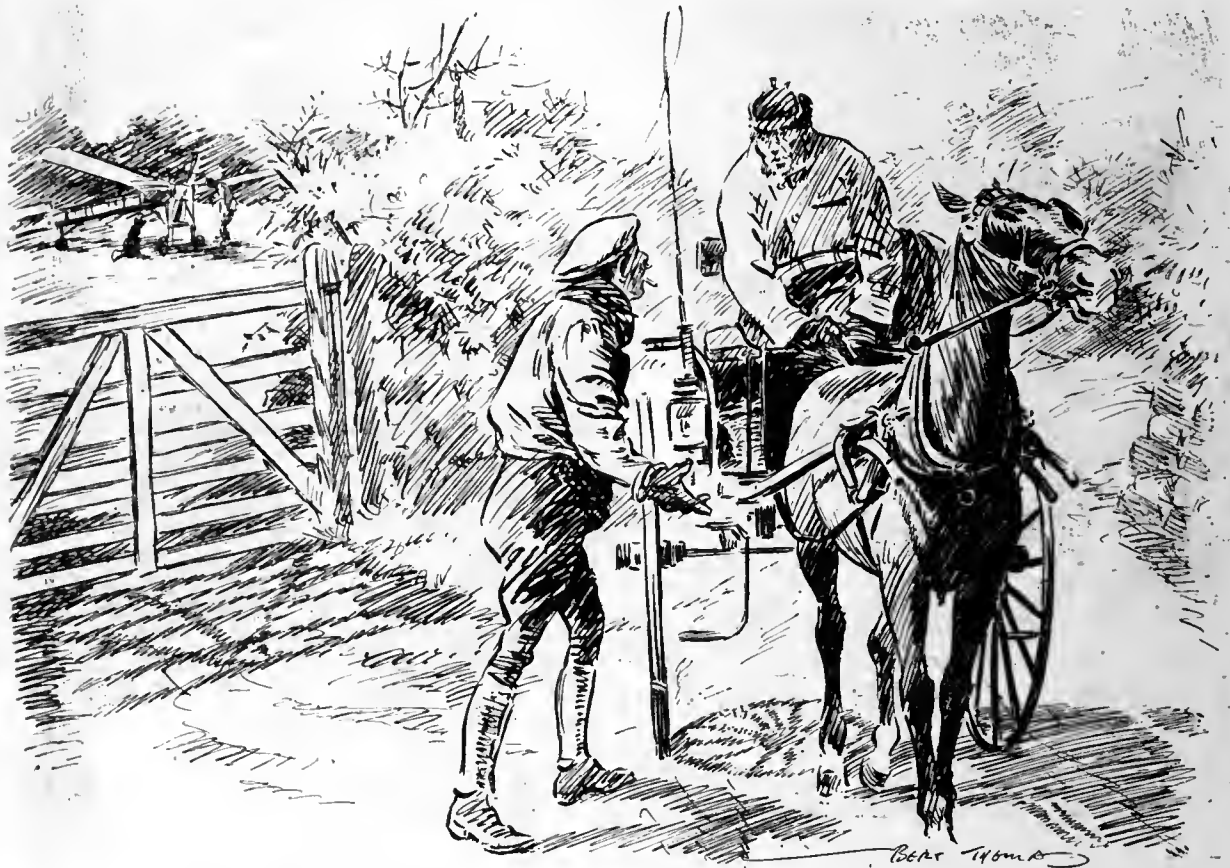
The meeting between Mr. PÉLISSIER and Mr. LEWIS SYDNEY on the 10th ult. was deeply to be regretted, but unavoidable. For some months now, if not years, Mr. PÉLISSIER has been in the habit, on the boards of the Apollo Theatre, of attributing a monkey-like cast to Mr. SYDNEY'S physiognomy: and Mr. SYDNEY has apparently not resented it. It seems, however, that during all this time the insult has rankled, although, in consideration of the laughter which it excites and a sympathetic feeling for audiences who are out for merriment, he has forced himself to suppress his feelings. Last week, however, his self-restraint being a little less powerful than usual, owing to the worry of finding a new funny story, Mr. SYDNEY told Mr. PÉLISSIER what he thought of this simian comparison, in such terms as left that gentleman no course but to send his seconds; which he did, with the characteristic remark that though only seconds

they were natives and no aliens need apply. The choice of weapons lying with Mr. SYDNEY he selected horse chestnuts with the spiky green integument still adhering, and with these missiles the two comedians battered each other (at daybreak on Wormwood Scrubs) until honour was satisfied. Mr. SYDNEY then called for a mirror, and admitting the justice of Mr. PÉLISSIER'S simile grasped his hand in eternal comradeship.

The extraordinarily protracted encounter which took place early last Saturday morning between Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. ROBERT LORAINÉ had its origin in a dispute over the use, by the former, of a peculiarly shaped putter in a match played at Hanger Hill. The players were all even on the eighteenth tee, and Sir GEORGE missed a three-foot putt for a half on the last green. This was enough in itself to have disturbed his equanimity, but when his opponent observed, "Well, what can you expect if you putt with a consumptive croquet mallet," the strain was too great, and Sir GEORGE replied, "Anyhow, it hasn't got a swelled head." Mr. LORAINÉ sent his cartel that same evening, and the duel took place without delay on Hampstead Heath. Sir

GEORGE ALEXANDER was attended by the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter* and Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, while Mr. LORAINÉ'S seconds were Mr. BERNARD SHAW and Mr. GRAHAME WHITE. The choice of weapons being optional, Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER fought with a nickel-plated trousers-stretcher, while Mr. LORAINÉ used an eel-skin sand-bag stuffed with red pepper. For a while Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER made a splendid defence with his formidable weapon, some of his American reverse undercuts being extremely fine; but unfortunately, while parrying a ferocious *massé* stroke from his antagonist, he had the ill-luck to receive the sand-bag on the edge of the trousers-stretcher, which, cutting through the skin, exposed Sir GEORGE to the deadly influence of the contents. He was removed in a state of acute sternutation to the nearest pond, and the fight was awarded on points to his antagonist. The two gentlemen are now so friendly that an early trip in Mr. LORAINÉ'S bi-plane has been arranged for Sir GEORGE.

"He was known to be a man of considerable strength, although he was stated to be only twenty-four years old."—*Daily Mail*.
Some of the little fellows at the Varsity may resent this.



Aviator (having got into difficulties). "I SAY, WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE NEXT TOWN?"
Farmer. "WELL, I DON'T MIND, MESELF; BUT I WARN YE, THE MARE BE A REG'LAR FLIER. 'TAINT EVERYONE LIKES TO BE BEHIND 'ER."

THE PRINCIPAL FEATURE.

(A hymeneal rhapsody.)

It would not give me much surprise
(So misted o'er with vapours
Were all those trembling maidens' eyes,
So mute concerning manly guise
Were all the local papers)

If hearts were never deeply stirred
(Without my aid) to reek where
The glory of the rite occurred,
So I propose to say a word
About the bridegroom's neck-wear.

I chose the thing; and by the Powers!
I ween my work was double
The labour of the cabs, the flowers,
The presents, the police: it towers
Above the parsons' trouble.

Grey was the hue; but not as when
(His Western wheels grown rosier)
The Sungod dwindles from our ken
And twilight shrouds the haunts of men;
In speaking to my hosier

I made this very clear: I said,
"I want some throat-apparel
Suited to gentlemen who wed,
With streaks of day-break in the thread,
And hints of song-birds' carol;

"Neat but not gaudy; not the kind
Your loud suburban dresser
About his nape is sure to bind
For nuptials—something more refined."
The young man answered, "Yes, Sir."

Box after piled box we burst,
Shelf after shelf we looted;
I was not satisfied at first,
No, we were hours in silks immersed
Before he got me suited.

But when he did—ah never band
So bravely streaked and spotted
Was ever tied by quivering hand
For any bridals in the land
Beneath a swain's carotid!

And so I want the credit; hats
With careless ease one chooses;
Trousers and overcoats and spats
Are trifling things; but *chic* cravats
Demand the heavenly Muses.

And, when I think upon him now
For whom all days are golden,
A wrinkle comes across my brow;
Whatever boons the gods allow,
That light will be withholden.

The years, I say, before him lie
With happiness full mellow;

But such is woman's taste (ah why?)
That this may be the last good tie
He ever wears, poor fellow.

"Do not, for instance, drink soda water out of a bottle. If you dislike the idea of letting your lips touch a glass which may have been used by some one else, you should refrain drinking anything, or if you are very thirsty you should ask a servant to give you a bottle of soda water and take it outside to drink."

So writes an Anglo-Indian in *The Indian Voice*. Over here we have Lady Grove. There is always somebody who knows.

"Princess Sophia Dulcep Singh, who is starting on a voyage round the world, has hit upon a novel plan of obviating the luggage difficulty. In order to avoid mistakes and economise time in recognising her belongings, she has had all her luggage brilliantly painted in green, purple, and white. Her favourite Pomeranian dog is accompanying her on her travels."

Pull Mull Gazette.

Also painted in the Suffragette colours?

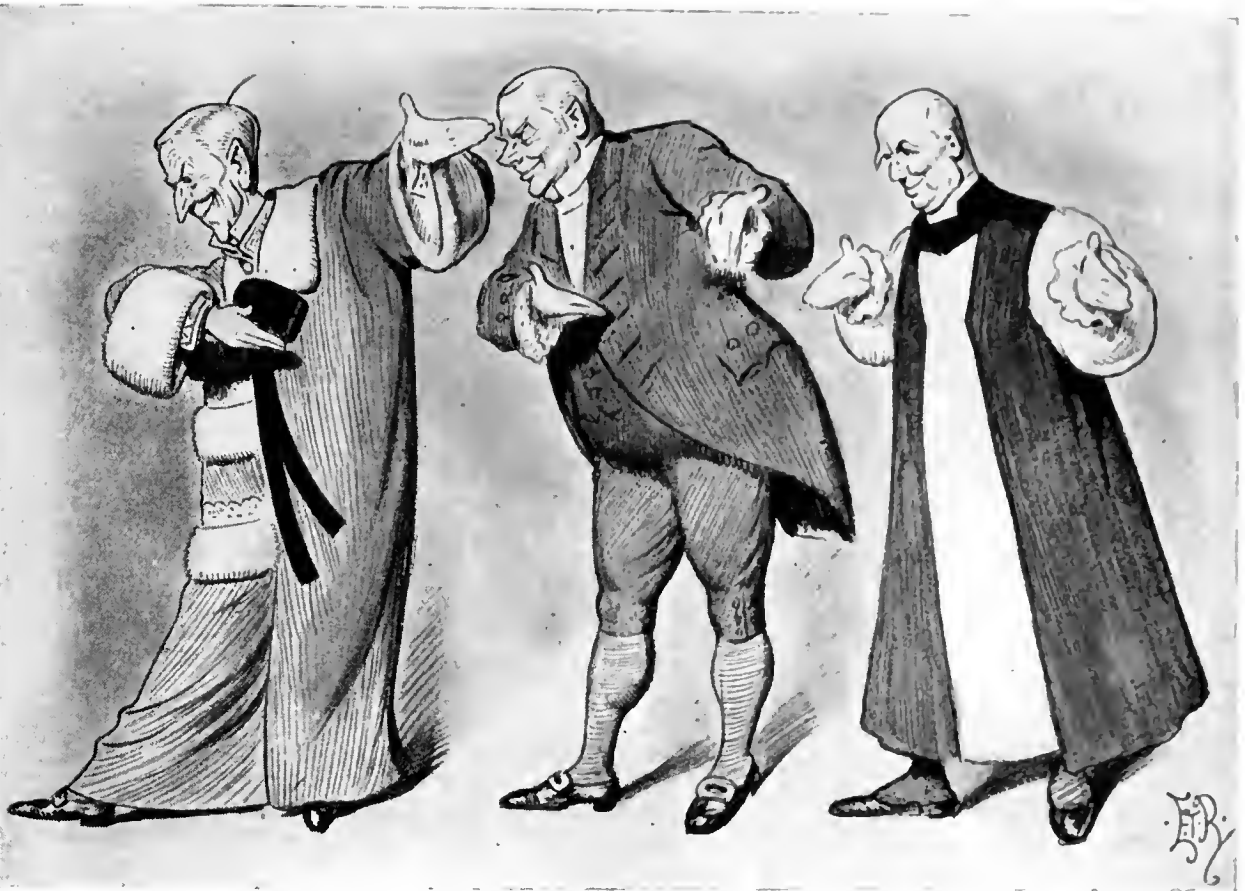
"The well-known Parisian actor, M. le Bary, and a journalist, M. Malherbe, fought a duel yesterday with words."—*Manchester Guardian*.
After a desperate battle M. MALHERBE retired with a split infinitive.



THE END OF THE DAY.

"FROM SPUR TO PLUME A STAR OF TOURNAMENT."—*The Passing of Arthur.*





THREE QUARTERS OF A KING OF ENGLAND (PRO TEM.).

(The KING has delegated certain Royal duties during his absence in India to a commission consisting of PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, Lord MORLEY, Lord LOREBURN, and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.)

Chorus. "LE ROI—C'EST NOUS!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 6.—Gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease reading Parliamentary debates in morning papers little know how drear is actuality. Bad enough when Insurance Bill drags its slow length along. At least we have at such times LLOYD GEORGE to the fore. No one, not even ALFRED LYTTTELTON, knows what may happen when that alert figure is on Treasury Bench, that barbed tongue within stinging distance. This is the CHANCELLOR's night off. In place of National Insurance we have the strange case of Small Land Owners in Scotland.

In prospect of such entertainment House almost literally collapses on threshold of sitting. Attendance scanty, notably on Front Opposition Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR away, for once in recent times thoroughly enjoying after-dinner speech. As a rule, posing as Leader of Opposition, he has to walk more delicately than AGAG approaching pre-

sence of wrathful Prophet. To trifle with Tariff Reform, to touch on relations of Lord and Commons, to allude to the Referendum, is to stir up embers



CHARLIE B. not had such a good time since *Concor* days.

of revolt in what with cruel irony is named the Unionist Party. To gird at Home Rule, to denounce it as "the dream of Political Idiots," is to tread a firm platform, encouraged by enthusiastic applause of a reconciled following.

PREMIER in his place varying practice of colleagues by answering in person some of the questions addressed to him. Others have formed daily habit of delegation. EDWARD GREY originally set example and faithfully follows it. Looks in once a week. For the rest ACLAUD reads F. O. replies; MCKINNON WOOD works phonograph for CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER; for WINSTON (literally gone under—in a submarine) MACNAMARA reads Admiralty answers. (By the way, when submarines were in earlier experimental form, I went for a voyage in one myself, which gives keener personal interest to Winston's expedition.) Questions over, general movement towards the door, leaving the chamber to solitude, Scottish Small Land Owners and the LORD ADVOCATE.

Business done.—Sat up till one

o'clock in the morning with the Small Land Owners of Scotland.

Tuesday.—CHARLIE BERESFORD not had such real good time since he took the little *Condor* inside the range of ARABI PASHA's guns at Alexandria. Only a born genius of fathomless native humour could have devised the thing. Everyone knows the story CHARLIE, characteristically fearless of his enemy, wrote a book. "The Betrayal" he called it, describing it as a "record of facts concerning Naval policy and administration from 1902 to the present time."

Effect of mere announcement tremendous. MCKENNA crowding on sail made for harbour. Sprang ashore from

Admiral's yacht, leaving command vacant. The dauntless WINSTON stepped in, and lo! a strange thing happened. The book, announced for publication yesterday, actually distributed to reviewers at end of last week, was withdrawn—for revision, CHARLIE explains.

"What does it all mean?" I asked him.

"Why, it means I must think more of the Navy than of myself or my opinions," answered the proud patriot.

"But weren't you thinking of the Navy when you wrote the book?"

"Now go away forrad and don't ask awkward questions."

Natural result of episode is that everyone is talking of the book. If it were issued just now MARIE CORELLI wouldn't be in the running in the matter of sale. Effect will remain when, if ever, it is published. Curious to note in Lobby this afternoon muster of leading publishers. Never saw so many foregathered at same time in one place. Think they have picked up a thing or two about advertising forthcoming books. Confess they are proud to sit at feet of a retired admiral.

Business done.—With many amendments, Clause 36 added to Insurance Bill.

Wednesday.—On Monday chanced to write about PRINCE ARTHUR, his relations with his party and his momentary position indicating state of affairs at House of Commons



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—I.

[As we go to press it is officially stated that Mr. Bonar Law is to be offered the leadership.]
Walter Long. "Of course, there's no difficulty 'bout leading—none whatever; but I must say Balfour had the advantage of me in length of limb. Being able to reach the Table easily does undoubtedly give a convincing air of mastery!"

on eve of momentous declaration, I leave the passage as it stood.

This afternoon, breaking in upon another dull day with Insurance Bill, whisper went round, increasing in force



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—II.

Austen. "With a little adaptability and assimilative attention to detail I don't believe they would know the difference."

and persistency, that PRINCE ARTHUR had retired from Leadership of Opposition. Discredited at first, assurance of its truth and of the finality of the decision grew apace. The long conflict is over; a struggle whose sordid story will probably be reserved for the reading of a later generation is finished. All that is certain for the present is that an influence which in his speech in the City this afternoon PRINCE ARTHUR delicately alluded to as "microbes" has prevailed.

Ever since DON JOSÉ unfurled the flag of Tariff Reform, post of Leader of Unionist Party become increasingly impossible. SARK says the last straw that broke the back of proud, scorn-

ful indifference was the vote passed last Monday by the Halsbury Club declaring their unabated confidence and loyalty in their esteemed Leader. This clumsy impertinence too much for even PRINCE ARTHUR's patience.

However it be, by whatsoever accretion of personal affronts, the end has come. PRINCE ARTHUR, the strength, sustentation and ornament of his party through a full score years of mingled triumph and disaster, will, in the capacity of Captain, "come back to Lochaber no more."

Business done.—In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Thursday.—KINLOCH-COOKE, assuming cloak of lamented HENRIKER-HEATON, pioneer and champion of postal and telegraphic reform, takes opportunity of making personal statement. Owing to trouble with *pince-nez*, inability at once to recapture the line he left off reading from manuscript, and, above all, tendency of syllables of his speech to remain stuck in his throat, some difficulty in following the story. Gathered its burden to be that post-office dealing with telegrams addressed to officers or men at sea charge the superscription H.M.S. as three words, price three half-penny.

The INFANT SAMUEL, whilst not able to repel the charge, pleads that if the letters be written not as capitals but as small type they will go for a half-penny.

Distinction is subtle. Its existence not generally known among correspondents of Jack at sea. Useful to have it openly stated, surely as prelude to immediate revision of rules which make possible so absurd an anomaly.

SARK tells me of two other instances incredible save on such authority. If, in a telegram, he is addressed as M.P. the abbreviation is treated as two words and is charged one penny. Reverse the letters and in another connection telegraph P.M. and they go for a halfpenny. Also, if you telegraph to a friend who lives at Herne Bay the address is charged as one word. If your correspondent lives at Herne Hill it is two words, and bang goes a penny.

In spite of tender years the INFANT SAMUEL, as shown by successful administration of Post Office, is a man of business. It would be worth his while to get in from the Head Office a full list of these absurdities—there are scores of them equally grotesque—and remove them with stroke of pen. An hour would suffice for the work.

Business done.—Clause 46 of Insurance Bill.

Friday.—Among legacies WINSTON found left behind by his predecessor at the Admiralty was a submarine in whose design and building are displayed all the latest resources of science. The only thing necessary for complete equipment is a name. Custom hitherto is to call submarines A1, A2, A3, and so on. In addition to sad associations connected with two of these craft, adhesion to the numerical-cum-alphabetical nomenclature has about it poverty-stricken look. WINSTON, nothing if not original, has resolved to strike out new line.

"I shall call the new submarine *The Whale*," he said.

"Why *Whale*?" I asked.

"My good TOBY, do you forget that the first submarine of which the world has knowledge was a whale? It had economical advantages over our modern craft, such as I cruised in on Monday, because it was single-handed. Also it could sink lower, forge ahead faster, and when its voyage was over it had a way of discharging its crew with equal efficacy and expedition. So the new boat shall be *The Whale*; and I hope you will come down to the christening, bringing your cup with you."

Business done.—Passed three more clauses of Insurance Bill.

"Lady Paul was then called, and, attired in an old gold costume with furs, and wearing a bunch of lilies of the valley, entered the witness-box. Whereupon the court adjourned until this morning."—*Daily Mail*.

And that is what we call a civil court!



"IT ISN'T EVERY DAY, SIR, YOU CAN GET A CHAIR STRAIGHT FROM A CONTINENTAL PALACE."
 "WHY, YOU TOLD ME THE SAME THING LAST WEEK ABOUT A VASE."
 "QUITE RIGHT, SIR; AT THE MOMENT CROWNED 'EADS ARE TAKING NO RISKS."

THE MUSICOPHARMACOPCEIA.

[A Continental doctor has discovered that each musical instrument has a direct curative action on the human organism.]

ALL the years that I remember (I was fifty last December)

I've been harried by a regiment of invalid alarms;

Now I revel in existence, for I keep them at a distance

By the potent aid of music's most extraordinary charms.

When a pain attacks my middle, I have but to take my fiddle,

And a bar or two will give it the uncompromising boot;

While the cornet (played at night) is a specific for bronchitis,

And the germs of influenza may be slaughtered with a flute.

If my nerves are all a-jangle with the trivial triangle

I will gently tintinnabulate to rectify their tone;

When with gouty pangs I bellow, I discourse upon the 'cello,

And it's death to indigestion when I tackle my trombone.

Then my liver trouble passes to the clashing of the brasses,

With the trumpet my rheumatics are dispatched to kingdom come;

For the dumps the ocarina, for the mumps the concertina,

For the bile the double-bass and for dyspepsia the drum.

And, supposing on occasion I should undergo invasion

From a mixture of my maladies of each and every brand,

I shall have no cause for worry; to my gramophone I'll hurry,

And recover to the strains of Pongo's Polyphonic Band.

AT THE PLAY

"DAD."

In Lestithian, on the so-called Cornish Riviera, lives one *Richard Beaufort*, yeoman farmer, very knowledgeable on rural matters, and much respected by an unsophisticated community. They consult him freely, and his advice is sage. Also he has a secret: he knows himself to be the natural son of somebody, but has not yet identified his father. Into his tranquil existence suddenly bursts the Lothario who begot him—to wit, *Sir Joseph Lorrimer, Bart.*, late of the diplomatic service. This brave gentleman, recently aroused to a sense of approaching age by the ridicule cast on his first grey hairs by the latest object of his wandering fancy, has resolved to forswear the sex, to range himself, and to spend his declining years in the companionship of his hitherto neglected offspring.

So the youth is brought to town to be taught the urbanities. His parent's programme is generous: to his own tailor shall be entrusted the reformation of his boy's grotesque exterior; he shall assume the family name; a woman of the world shall be found who will put him through his paces; he shall join the service of his country as a Territorial (why this proposal was received by the audience with a snigger I cannot say); and altogether, he shall be made worthy of his father's new-found affection.

The son, who meanwhile has invited a village-neighbour (addicted to eye'ing at the back of the stage) to marry him, receives his father's schemes with stolid, inarticulate indifference: but when objection is taken to the girl on the ground that her late father was a scamp he abruptly withdraws, with the intention of resuming residence in the Cornish Riviera. Hardly has he shaken the dust of the Knightsbridge flat from his feet (leaving the front-door open) when the girl arrives and penetrates within the parent's apartment. Into ears of large experience in this kind she pours a tearful tale of amorous attentions paid to her in another quarter. She fears that she may have innocently been compromised and so made unworthy of wedlock with *Richard*. Still susceptible to the charms of woman (in or out of distress), and already convinced that his son is ill-adapted to be an ornament of London society, *Sir Joseph* determines

to readjust his plans and find his own happiness in securing that of the young couple. In the issue, so well does he play his altruistic part in making himself agreeable to the girl that she becomes fascinated by his incorrigible gift of gallantry; and the son, observing this development, resigns her to his father and consoles himself with the affection of a rustic maiden more suited to his own tastes and limitations.

So, in crude brevity, runs the tale. The First Act, which sets forth the character and condition of young

If there might seem to be a certain air of effrontery in a scheme by which almost the first act of amends done by a father to his neglected natural son was to rob him of his sweetheart, this was largely dissipated by the charm and persuasiveness of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE in a part that fitted him to the finger-tips. There was, of course, nothing strange in this, for all characters seem to come alike to this Protean actor; but the performance of Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS as *Richard* was most unusual. An audience familiar with the easy casual humour which he commonly affects on the stage could only marvel at the *tour de force* by which he assumed a bucolic reticence so alien to his habit: It was not his fault if the character of *Richard* seemed to lack consistency. Even allowing for the change of air, there was perhaps too crying a contrast between his quiet resourcefulness and capability in the country and his gauche angularity in London. And when he returned to his proper place, he never recovered those practical qualities which, as we were shown in the First Act, had made him adviser-in-chief to the locality. Perhaps, however, this may be explained by the activities of his evergreen parent, which may well have discouraged him.

As the heroine Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE acted very naturally, and was particularly good in the unfolding of her tale of woe. Mr. BEVERIDGE played the sympathetic parson as only he can play that sort of part, and Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY was really excellent in demeanour as the rustic maid, full of love's intelligence, who came by her own in the end.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN was well suited as the Baronet's faithful *attaché*, never diverted from his devotion, save by a chronic tendency to somnolence. Minor parts sketched by Miss COBURN and Mr. HARWOOD were admirably in the picture.

Captain JOHN KENDALL has done his work of adaptation with nice judgment. He has revolted against the stupid habit of retaining French names and naturalizing the rest. He has painted his characters in English colours throughout, and put them in an English setting familiar to himself, with local customs and allusions complete. One of the customs was new to me. I gather that in Cornwall, after a lady has drunk cider out of a jug, you



A FAUX PA.

Richard (Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS) to *Sam Carbury* (Mr. SAM SOTHERN). "Are you my father?"

Richard, moves with a pleasant deliberation that gives a sense of the authors' confidence in themselves. The Second Act abounds in piquant contrasts, but a slight note of insincerity is struck in the heroine's sudden excursion to London with the design of exposing to a perfect stranger the embarrassments which apparently she had not thought it worth while to confide to her lover on the spot. The Third Act is a little weakened by an excess of trivial exits and entrances, and by the fact that the threads which it gathers up have been woven not so much in the play itself as in the interval between the Second and Third Acts. But the quality of freshness is there to the end.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 2.

"SOME ARE BORN GREAT, SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS, AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON 'EM."—*Twelfth Night*.

pour what is left into a vase and stick cut flowers into it. The original comedy does not seem to have asked for much purging, but what risks there were Captain KENDALL has cheerfully run. On behalf of *Mr. Punch*, I congratulate his "DUM-DUM," and sincerely hope that his version will justify the care and sympathy that have been spent on it.

O. S.

"THE WAR GOD."

On Wednesday afternoon Sir HERBERT TREE presented, on his usual lavish scale, a blank verse play by Mr. ISRAEL ZANGWILL; Sir HERBERT TREE himself and Mr. BOURCHIER playing the parts of— This will never do. Let me begin another paragraph, and try to write in ordinary prose.

If I had gone to His Majesty's in innocence, not knowing what was coming, I should have enjoyed myself more. But I had previously read an interview with Mr. ZANGWILL, in the course of which he had made two confessions; the first being that the play was written in blank verse, and the second that it contained a scene so funny that the actors could hardly get through with it. My afternoon, as a result of this information, was spoilt. I spent it looking out for, and recognising,

the blank verse, and looking out for, and not recognising, the funny bit. I don't know which I found more trying. In every speech it was the rhythm, not the meaning, which held my attention; in every action, not the meaning but the possible developments of humour. It was galling to think that but for the interview I need never have suspected the blank verse; any more than you suspected it in my first paragraph above. And as for the humour I only felt its absence because I thought it was to be there. The drama did not call for it.

The War God is a melodramatic pamphlet in four Acts. In Act I. we see *Torgim*, the Chancellor of Gothia, weaving his webs. *Torgim*, looking something like Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and something like BISMARCK, dreams of a world empire won by battle, but such details of his schemes as he lets fall hardly bring home to us the idea of a master-mind at work. Perhaps it is difficult to order cruisers convincingly in blank verse. The Chancellor, however, has troubles nearer home, for the Socialists of Gothia are in open revolt against the heavy armament taxes. An attack on the palace, indicated in Act II., is stopped just in time by Count *Frithiof*, a prophet of the gospel of peace, who

condemns not only the war policy of Gothia but also the armed revolt of the Gothians against it. *Frithiof*, who reminded one equally of Sir HERBERT TREE and TOLSTOY, must have had considerable influence over the revolutionaries to have stayed them, but this influence was not enough to prevent them from shooting him afterwards for interfering. Why they could not have shot him in the first place, I do not know; perhaps because it would have prevented Act III., a beautiful scene entitled "The Revolutionary Camp in the Mountains." This was much the best Act of the play, and for the first time one could forget the blank verse and listen to Sir HERBERT, who played and died with great dignity and sincerity. The fatal shot was fired by the *Lady Norna*, a revolutionary with whom *Torgim's* son *Osric* was in love. Unfortunately, *Osric's* other object of devotion was *Frithiof* himself, and his horror at this murder leads him to suicide. At the same time *Torgim* is deposed by the King of Gothia, and the double loss of son and office breaks the Chancellor's spirit. Indeed, one is left to gather that he goes as far as to accept the peace gospel of *Frithiof*.

I am afraid that *The War God* will not advance public opinion much. War

in modern times is a preposterous thing, and the more people realise this the less likely war becomes. But I doubt if Mr. ZANGWILL helps with this melodrama. It is not active enough to carry conviction. World politics on the stage are always unreal, for the reason that the men who make history are so much bigger than the author and the actors. But *The War God* is an interesting attempt. At the least it is splendidly acted, Mr. BOURCHIER being an excellent *Torgrim*, and Miss LILLAH McCARTHY an ideal *Lady Norna*. Sir HERBERT I have already mentioned, and to the many other clever players in the cast I could only do justice in blank verse. I must not drop into blank verse again. M.

THE SILVER LINING.

HE came into the club and flung himself into an arm-chair with an expression of delight.

"Ah!" he said, "that was good. I feel young again."

"What was good?" we asked.

"An experience I have just had. Something I hadn't done for years and thought never to do again. They say indeed you can never repeat a first excitement, but I believe I have done it."

"Of course you can't," said the psychologist. "You can enjoy the second as much as the first, but you can't repeat the first. You have a different pleasure: you compare, co-ordinate, ratify."

"But how about it if a very long interval occurs?" asked the K.C. "They say, you know, that a man changes completely every seven years. A total re-growth of tissue. A man, then, on his twenty-ninth birthday has nothing the same as when he was twenty-one. Very well then, he can have a new first experience every seven years."

"Order!" we cried. "That's against the rules. That's the most infernal hair-splitting."

"Well, and what is a K.C. for?" he inquired sweetly.

"Besides," said the psychologist, "it's rot too, because a man of thirty can remember what he did when he was a boy, and if your theory were true his memory would be only seven years old."

"Ah, yes," echoed the man in the arm-chair, dreamily, "he can remember what he did when he was a boy; indeed he can!"

"Talking of boyish firsts and their thrills," said the author, "what do you call the best? What, for example, was yours?" he asked of the K.C.

"Mine? Oh, mine was my first

salmon. No doubt of that at all. It was when I was fourteen, in Scotland. Just under twenty pounds, and the best part of an hour playing him. Nothing will ever come up to that. I lived weeks in the time—all pure joy and agony, which are just alike under such conditions."

"But suppose you went out for tarpon now, wouldn't you have a similar feeling?"

"Never. No, not even landing a whale would do it now. I'm too old."

The man in the arm-chair smiled beatifically. "Never too old," he murmured.

"What was yours?" the K.C. asked the author.

"The twenty minutes before my first pantomime, I think," he said. "Getting there much too early, waiting for the fiddlers to come in, seeing them come in, hearing them tune up, watching the stalls fill, then the turning up of the footlights, the overture, and, at last, but, if anything, too soon, the rise of the curtain. After that it is mechanical: so much that is strange and wonderful is happening that one is rapt and bemused. But in the twenty minutes before, seated in the sacred building, one is so intensely, vividly conscious of everything that happens and everything is a rapture. That joy certainly one can never regain."

"And now you?" said the psychologist to the man who was sunk in his arm-chair in such ecstasy. "You started all this talk. What was your greatest thrill as a boy?"

"Oh, me!" he said. "My greatest thrill as a boy was my first hansom ride. That's why I'm so happy; because after four years of taxis I've just had another."

The American Heiress.

"He had not the wealth of the Plantagenets, nor did he derive any income from American trusts. (Loud daughter.)"—*Scotsman*.

We knew what was meant without the explanatory parenthesis.

Sporting Notes.

"First Football disengaged; age 27."

Advt. in "Hereford Times."

"Mr. Bolton, speaking at Walterlong, said that Mr. Balfour is a great asset to the Unionists."—*China Press*.

This shows how difficult it is, in distant parts of the world, to be correctly informed of what is going on elsewhere. Probably SUN YAT SEN is the name of a town after all.

Altruism.

"ABSCONDING CREDITOR."

Birmingham Daily Mail.

Of all the quixotic idiots—

THE NEW CURRENCY.

[“During a bicycle auction sale in Crowland Market-place, Peterborough, a bidder offered three pigs in exchange for a bicycle, and the auctioneer accepted the bid.”—*Daily News*.]

WE call the following items at random from the advertisement columns of the near future:—

Are you bald? Then try

“Thatcho for the Roof,”

of all Chemists, or

Send white mouse for dainty sample packet.

For sale, a bargain.

Panhard Motor, 40 horse-power, to clear at 20 mokes.

Publishers' Lists (Messrs. Bills and Boom):

“Going to the Dogs,”

A Warning to England,

By J. ELLIS BARKER.

Price three bull-pups.

The Poetical Works of KIT TENNYSON, half persian, 8vo. Price one puss.

The Recollections of J. HENNIKER HEATON,

Price one Dorking six chicks do.; or post free, one Dorking five chicks do.

Wanted.—Second-hand clothing of every description.

Highest value in spotted terriers sent per return.

At the Barkstein Hall:

Only appearance this season of the great vocalist,

Sig. Planchetto Verdi.

Prices:

Stalls, one pekingese; Balcony, one pom; Gallery, one lurcher.

The Editor of *Nutty Nuts* will at all times be glad to consider suitable contributions, but he cannot undertake to return MSS. unless a silkworm is sent to cover cost of postage. For all accepted matter remuneration is at the rate of one guinea-pig per column.

“EDINBURGH WOMEN AT THE WASH-TUB.

REMARKABLE FIGURES.”

Edinburgh Evening News.

It's the steam that does it, and the constant bending.

“Williamson, who apart from sniping two or three short putts played perfect golf, holed out in 72.”—*The Western Morning News*.

We are not professionals, but in our humble sporting way we have often groused a drive and woodcocked an approach.



THE MOVING STAIRCASE SEEMS TO BE A GREAT SUCCESS AT EARL'S COURT STATION. WHY NOT GO IN FOR OTHER ATTRACTIONS? WHY NOT TURN THE INNER CIRCLE INTO ONE VAST MERRY-GO-ROUND?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Cecily Chalmers, a pretty little grass-widow, who had taken a bungalow near Camberley while her solemn prig of a soldier-husband was fighting (I regret to say with success) the climate of West Africa, is called by Mrs. H. H. PENROSE *A Sheltered Woman* (ALSTON RIVERS). Her mother, as she confided to her friend the Boy-Poet, had never allowed her to know anything about wickedness. In the bungalow she was safely guarded by a nice old dragon of a maid-servant; and some austere in-laws, the Major's aunts, lived near enough to keep on her and her doings what I make bold to call a backbiting eye. But you can't mother wickedness out of existence, as if it were a cold in the head, and one Sunday night it crept through *Cecily's* garden into her drawing-room, long after she and the Dragon were safely tucked up in their beds, in the shape of a bold bad captain come to make love to her married sister-in-law who was paying her a visit *ad hoc*. Inside the house the Dragon was sleeping with one eye open; outside, the Boy-Poet, whose suspicions, I am bound to say, had been very easily roused, was on guard in a ditch; the guilty pair were observed, and *Cecily* was duly told what had happened. But so also were the aunts, to whom a passing bicyclist reported voices, soprano and baritone, heard at an unseemly hour in a house "where nae man should be." Joy of the aunts (for, of course, they jumped to the conclusion that *Cecily* was the soprano) and hasty despatch of the scandalous news to the West Coast. Return of the uneo' guid Major . . . and, I am glad to say, improvement of the story, up to this point not very good stuff, and even at that not at all improved by the freakish intrusion of the French *motif* into its decorous British respectability. But it ends well, like KING CHARLES, and the

Major gets what he deserves. And you do get to know the people.

The title of Mr. IAN HAY's latest story, *A Safety Match* (BLACKWOOD), is a little obscure, but I fancy it refers to the fact that *Daphne*, its heroine, proves herself the sort of person who—so to speak—strikes only on the box. Certainly her one attempt to fall in love with a man who was not her lawful husband turned out an ignominious failure. Hers is an entertaining if not too original history, which begins very pleasantly with an account of the delightful rectory family of whom *Daphne* is the eldest; and of the astonishment of them all (not shared, it must be confessed, by the experienced novel-reader) when stern-looking *Sir John Carr*, a man old enough to be her father, proposes to make her his wife. So *Daphne* leaves her country economies to become an ornament of the smart set and the mistress of many mansions. The tale has been told already, you observe, by others, from SHERIDAN downwards. It is only fair to add, however, that this *Lady Teazle*, though she soon falls out with her husband, finds no *Joseph Surface* to abet her; indeed it is her entire failure in this respect that sends her back, humbled and wiser, to the strong, silent man who has, of course, loved her throughout. In spite of a rather thrilling description of a mining strike and the consequent disaster, I myself liked this part of the book least; it seemed to suffer from some uncertainty of purpose. But the "handsome rectory children" of the early chapters, their vague father, and their muddled but affectionate home-life, are things of pure joy.

Personally, I have never spent Saturday night in the bar of a public-house at Barking Town, but this does not

prevent my being sure that the persons and talk I should find there are precisely as Mr. ROBERT HALIFAX represents them in *A Whistling Woman* (CONSTABLE). Those who know what is what in fiction have for some time now had their eyes expectantly upon Mr. HALIFAX; and the present book will certainly confirm their belief in him. The point which strikes me most about the story is its obvious sincerity. The courtship of *Arthur* as conducted by *Lydia*, who has to whistle so long and desperately for him, is told with a good deal of quiet humour; but humour is by no means its dominant note. I have the idea, indeed, that Mr. HALIFAX is half afraid of his own sense of fun, as of something that might interfere with the absolute truth of what he writes. The result is a study in the unflinching realism that is as far removed from sensationalism as from flippancy. I will not deny that, now and again, the effect of this method is a certain feeling of oppression; but always, when this threatens, the real humanity of the tale asserts itself, and takes the reader captive again. *Arthur*, the laggard lover; *Slatt*, the barber book-maker; *Lydia*, and her depressed mother who exists upon patent foods; and brave, ineffective little *Miss Summerbell*, with her adoration for the over-worked curate *Dering*, all these live as only real sympathy and knowledge can make them.

When I read, on page 143 of her history, that "never in the memory of the oldest man-about-town or most reminiscent dowager had any young woman made so instantaneous and so amazing a mark upon society" as *The Fair Irish Maid* (HURST & BLACKETT), I was myself instantaneously

and markedly amazed, for I had hitherto suspected *Grania O'Hara* of no startling prettiness, wittiness or other modish distinction. In short, I found her story, with its fairy uncle, its sudden access of bequeathed wealth and its proudly obstinate lover, a little trite and unconvincing, though the telling of it by Mr. J. HUNTLY MCCARTHY was a thing of delight. From his peremptory manner of hustling it to a sudden conclusion, I suspect that the author himself had no great opinion of his theme, but had felt the overwhelming need of writing about any old thing in a bright and buoyant spirit; and, if no better plot was to hand, I hold him fully excused, for his felicity of description and his digressive humour are things to be aired at all costs. In Ireland he is at home and quite pleasing, but in London of 1815 A.D. he is more than happy with his portrayal of contemporary men and manners. His chronicling of the riots in the Rotunda Theatre, I do, in the language of the time, protest, is in the most comie and whimsical vein conceivable.

The Daily Graphic, I gather from the publishers' advertisement, describes *One of the Family* (WARD, LOCK) as an excellent story, of amusing complications and not a little sentiment, based on the diversions and difficulties of a

newly married couple. *The Times*, I have discovered for myself, briefly contemns those same diversions and difficulties as mere "squabbles." I anticipate that the weekly Reviews, each in its own degree, will adopt the latter line, that the Ladies' Journals will follow the former. It is impossible to say that either side is, from its own point of view, wrong. Mr. HOWARD appears to me to be beyond criticism, above it or below it, as you care to look at him. He is not at his merriest and brightest in this instance, but he is at least, as always, merry and bright. He is no subtle observer of the inner workings of the human soul, nor is he the inventor of startling and original themes; but he has a humorous way with him and an eye for the suburban manner. Clearly, *Celia* and *Austin Grain* were very lucky to have him for their intermediary in courtship days, the best man at their wedding, their guide, philosopher, friend and scapegoat during the preliminary stages of the matrimonial struggle, and, at the latter end, their genial and tolerant historian.



THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.
II.—ROGER BACON CONSTRUCTS A WORKING MODEL OF A RAINBOW.

hypnotic influence over them. There is a fascination about all this to the mere town-dweller, but one cannot avoid the feeling that such mysteries are easy to invent but very hard to encounter in actual fact. Apart from this (which is the thing that does not quite hit me) there is good stuff in the hero's stormy courtship, and the complications resulting from the conditions of his father's last will and testament. I liked that, and I also liked the author's whimsical trick of playing in parenthesis the part of showman to his puppets:—"A pretty heroine, this, who in five minutes has given evidence of ingratitude and impudence both."

"ERSKINE YOUNG.—At 37 Prince's Avenue, Liverpool, on 3rd November, to Dr. and Mrs. Erskine Young, a daughter; *Gaudeamus igitur*."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Our congratulations to little *Gaudeamus Igitur*. At the same time we think that, being a girl, she should have been christened *Gaudeama Igitur*.

"Dying in 1802 at the age of twenty-seven, Girtin took up the work of the topographers and transformed it from within. His power and mastery seem identified with the very genius of the medium."—*Times*.
Thus is spiritualism vindicated at last.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are sorry to hear that the choice of Mr. BONAR LAW has been received coldly by some of our caricaturists, who consider that they ought to have been consulted. * *

The LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND has appointed a Committee to enquire into the alleged scarcity of milk in some parts of the Emerald Isle. It would certainly seem to point to base ingratitude on the part of the cattle, who used to be taken for such nice drives by the peasantry, if they are now refusing to make any return. * *

The fact that Lord ASHTON is refusing to employ Labour agitators in his linoleum works at Stafford, and that there are at present no legal means of forcing him to do so, brings home to us vividly the need there is for a Socialist Government. * *

Meanwhile *The Daily Mail* quotes what, on the face of it, looks like an unfortunate speech by a workman whose aim it was to soothe his Lordship's ruffled spirits. "We know," said this speaker according to our contemporary, "that there are men among us who on all occasions display that want of loyalty which is essential for the well-being of the firm." * *

We should like the CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY to know that our KING and QUEEN had arranged some time ago to leave the country. * *

"A strong man," says the German Chancellor, "does not need to be ever carrying his sword in his mouth." This is just as well. In crowded cities, at any rate, the hat-pin danger is quite sufficient to cope with. * *

The National Peace Council has resolved to develop a national movement in favour of the establishment of an Anglo-German understanding. The chief difficulty, it has always seemed to us, is to decide which of the two nations shall stand under. * *

The Dean of St. PAUL's predicts that England will not long remain the Workshop of the World. Still there is always the chance of its becoming the Workhouse of the World.

General CANEVA states that it is not the intention of the Italian troops to advance into the interior of Tripoli till the spring. Their present operations are, we suppose, merely the crouch before the spring. * *

In the Austrian Parliament, the other day, a pan-German deputy, Herr MALIK, called a Radical, Herr HUMMER, a comedian, whereupon the latter rushed at him and was slashed with a dog-whip. In addition to the punishment which he thus received, Herr

"Mr. Martin, of Chelmsford," we read, "who dreamed that the weight of a turkey in a local weight-guessing competition was 15 lbs. 10½ ozs., sent in the figures, and won the bird." Many of us, we suspect, have felt the weight of a turkey in a dream, but after, and not before, the process of eating it. * *

A Swiss aviator flew to the wedding of a girl-friend on his aeroplane, and, as the newly married couple came out of church, dropped a bouquet, from an altitude of sixty feet, in front of the bride. Although he missed her, his achievement is considered a creditable one in military aerial circles. * *

The street cleaners have gone on striko in New York. They have, we hear, without exception, "a bad press." This could scarcely happen here, where dealers in garbage have an organ or two of their own. * *

The date 11/11/11 proved so easy to remember that a Gotham correspondent writes to suggest that every day should hear that date. * *

So much attention has been paid to this numerical coincidence that one is surprised that no accounts should have been handed down to us of the wild excitement there must have been on the first day of the year One. * *

There is, we hear, some disappointment in the City. The titles of the books which KING GEORGE has taken with him, to divert him on the voyage, have been published, and the intensely interesting volume presented to His Majesty by the Corporation, consisting of the signatures of everyone who was present at the Guildhall Luncheon to His Majesty, does not figure in the list. * *

Many nervous folk are now wondering whether, in view of a recent decision of the Birmingham stipendiary, Boxing Day will be abolished.

A Dairying Feat.

"It appears that the Alnwick milk dealers want to raise the price of their commodity from 3d. to 4d. a quart. Seems to us if this sort of thing goes on we must take the bull by the horns and get a municipal milk supply." *Alnwick Guardian.*



Subscriber. "FIRE BRIGADE! FIRE BRIGADE!"
Exchange. "YOU'RE THROUGH!"

HUMMER, we understand, will, according to Continental etiquette, have to fight a duel with every funny man in Austria in consequence of his having considered it an insult to be called a comedian. Fortunately, British etiquette does not require Mr. BOOTH to fight all our company-promoters on similar grounds; and this is well, for some of them are very tricky. * *

The Vicar of Claygate has written a pamphlet on the importance of breathing properly. This is a matter of peculiar importance for clergymen, as so many persons, especially during a sermon, breathe so noisily that one would almost imagine that they were snoring.

A VICTIM OF INTRIGUE.

THE Tax-cart had returned from the Station laden with a crate, from which, when deposited and opened in the Poultry-yard, a stout white goose waddled with languid dignity. "Why, gobbles my soul!" cried the Turkey, "it's Emmeline!" "No end glad to see you!" said the Bantam Cock, as he strutted up. "What with you leavin' just before Michaelmas and that, had an idea you'd gone for good!" "Where have you been all this time, dear?" inquired the Orpington Hen. Emmeline replied, with a slightly overdone carelessness, that she had been at Covent Garden. "Covent Garden?" repeated an Aylesbury Duck. "Sure you don't mean *Leadenhall Market*?"

"I was not at the Market," explained Emmeline importantly. "I was at the Opera House. I had a special engagement to appear in HUMPERDINCK'S *Children of the King*." "You've put on flesh, Emmeline!" said the Turkey a little irrelevantly, "let o' flesh you've put on, by gad!" "They tell me," said Emmeline, "German Opera is apt to produce that effect. Though, in my case, my figure is generally considered to have improved."

"Well," said the Bantam, "and now let's hear what you've been doing up there?"—and Emmeline was by no means reluctant to oblige. "Before obtaining an engagement," she began, "one has to go through a course of training for the stage; but they soon found there was very little they could teach me! I mean my *technique* was so perfect already. And, when rehearsals began and I trod the boards for the first time, I felt I was at last in my true element—which is more than can be said for the other birds in the company. Hopeless they were! No idea of *ensemble*—never seemed able to remember where to stand, or when to make a 'cross'! As I said more than once to the Stage-Manager, 'The fact of the matter is,' I said, 'they're not *Artists* at all—they're simply *Walkers-on*!' However, between us we managed to get them into some sort of shape for the First Night. I was a little nervous beforehand and afraid of breaking down—but, curiously enough, the moment the curtain went up I felt I'd never been in better voice. As for the music—well, I don't call it *music*—harsh and discordant, if you ask me! And the plot—I never could make head or tail of it myself. I remember saying to the Tenor once at rehearsal, 'Tell me,' I said, 'can this thing possibly succeed?' I forget his reply.

"But fortunately, the moment I made my first entrance with the young person who was engaged as my Goose-girl, I could see I had the whole house with me, and that made me more hopeful about the piece.

"All my scenes with her went tremendously, and the First Act ended with rapturous applause, in which I was too happy and excited to resist joining. Well, strictly speaking, my contract did not require me to appear in the subsequent Acts, and I had not intended to do so. But, as I stood looking on from the wings, I had a sense of *something* lacking—a want which perhaps I alone could supply.

"The roar of delighted welcome that greeted me as I tripped gracefully on removed any misgivings I might have had. It proved that my instinct had *not* misled me! And, after that, I stood by the Hero and Heroine to the close. It gave them confidence, especially as I was able to sustain their voices by throwing in a note or two every now and then. *Not often*—but whenever it struck me they were getting out of tune.

"The theatre-staff officiously attempted to interfere, but I took no notice of *them*—it was enough for me that my efforts were understood and appreciated in *front* of the house. I don't mind telling you that I, and I alone, pulled

that Opera through! The curtain fell on the Last Act amidst the wildest enthusiasm, and a unanimous call, which I knew could only be meant for Me! Still, I would not allow it to turn my head. My little Goose-girl had really sung quite prettily; it is true that, perhaps unintentionally, she had spoilt some of my best effects—but then I had the proud satisfaction of knowing I had played her off the stage! So I said to her, 'My dear,' I said, 'I couldn't *think* of going on to take my call without *you*.' So we went on together.

"Only those who have been through it can imagine the sensations of an Artist on realising that she has gone straight to the great heart of the Public, so it would be useless to describe my feelings as I stood there, my eyes dim, my bosom heaving with pride and joy. . . . And then an incident happened on which I do not care to dwell. An immense floral trophy had been passed up to me across the footlights, and, if you'll believe *me*, that unprincipled Tenor handed it to the Goose-girl, under my very beak! And she actually *took* the trophy, too! I *might* have made a scene, of course, if I had chosen to forget myself so far. As it was, I resolved to behave with tact and *savoir faire*; I just gave the audience a glance—half humorous, half appealing, *you know*—like *this*" (and here Emmeline gave an illustration of the sort of thing) "as much as to say, 'It's all *right*, I don't mind. Don't deceive the poor child! Let her keep her illusions—and her floral tribute!' And the audience understood me—they behaved quite beautifully! I don't believe she knows the truth even yet. But when she had driven off in her car with my flowers I own to being slightly hysterical. And the next morning—that was yesterday—I had an interview with the Directors. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I'm *most* sorry to cause you any embarrassment—but,' I said, '*but* I have my feelings as an Artist. And, after what occurred last night, all I can say is this: Either that Goose-girl leaves the Company, or I do. It's for you to choose between us!' I told them. . . . And so here I am. I fully expect the Management will move Heaven and Earth to persuade me to return to the Cast. But the insight all this has given me into the intrigues and jealousies that undermine the Profession has thoroughly disgusted me with the Stage. I shall never go back. At least I don't *think* I shall."

The general opinion of the Poultry-yard was that Emmeline had shown a very proper spirit.

"They didn't hev no use for that goose up at Covent Garden," the Farmer was remarking. "But I *will* say they've fattened her up proper." "Ah," said the Farmer's Wife, "we shall soon have Christmas on us now!"—rather as though that festival were some sort of leopard. "Christmas?" said the Farmer; "Bob and his wife'll be down 'ere nex' Sunday."

* * * * *
There are difficulties connected with Emmeline's return to Grand Opera now which can hardly be overcome by the most consummate managerial diplomacy. F. A.

An Improvement on the Drag.

"A foxhound at the Lochhead, on the Elie estate, went off with a bang to Sandriggs. He was headed, and turning west to Kilconquhar House, he made his way back to Balboothie farm to Elie, where he found sanctuary in a drain."

In the absence of a fox this is always pretty fair sport.

"The neighbourhood is admirably adapted for silk-worm rearing, and this industry might also prove attractive to some members of criminal tribes."—*Pioneer*.

For Heaven's sake don't let us brutalise the criminal in this way.



THE PITILESS PHILANTHROPIST.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NOW UNDERSTAND, I'VE BROUGHT YOU OUT TO DO YOU GOOD, AND GOOD I WILL DO YOU, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT."





Lady. "HULLO, NEIL; YOU 'VE STARTED A GOLF COURSE HERE, HAVE YOU?"

Neil. "YES, MUM, A FINE NEW GOLF COURSE."

Lady. "HOW MANY HOLES ARE THERE?"

Neil (vague on the subject). "OH, THERE 'LL BE A GOOD FEW."

STAMPS!

CHARLES (for you understand about St. Stephen's;
I seldom leave the Heliconian hill),
What is the nature of the fuss or grievance
That long hath stirred my calm and stirs it still?
Tell me the latest betting: is it evens
On the Insurance Bill?

And who's to be insured, and why? Shall we be?
And what is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE driving at?
And does one have to fasten stamps on Hebe
Or fix them to the dresser or the cat?
And what is Clause 10,000, Section 3 b,
Or some old rot like that?

And does your gardener, looking simply furious,
Come to you every morning as you toy
With breakfast, saying, "This here Bill's injurious:
Some five-and-twenty winters, man and boy"
(One's gardener always talks like that; it's curious),
"I've been in your employ——"

Or don't you keep a gardener? I've forgotten;
But anyhow explain (you're at the Bar;
You ought to know these things), will beef, or cotten,
Or Consols rise or sink or stay at par
If this Bill triumphs? Also tell me what an
Inspector's duties are.

Which are the mornings they will mostly come on?
And shall they break a Briton's castle wall?
That is a theme I would not have you dumb on;
And will they kindly tell us, when they call,
How we're to stick these stamps, that have no gum on,
To anything at all?

(A nasty one for SAMUEL.) But there's lots more:
Is this a notion bagged from Germany,
The last sad case of dumping? Ay, and what's more,
Who will support the burden? You and me?
Will it affect the Pytchley or the Cottesmore,
Peckham or Stratford, E.?

Tell me these things quite clearly and in order,
Lest the loud droning of the *Daily Scare*
Drives me to some strong refuge, where the warder
Humours me now and then, and lets me wear
Stamps for my neck-cloth and a roseate border
Of stamps around my hair.

Evon.

A letter addressed to the West Gloucestershire Water Company runs as follows:—

"Sir, I am writing in reference to waste of water by my neighbour Mr.—. On Saturday last he threw 12 buckets of company's water on my husband. I consider it my duty to inform you."

The cool detachment of the writer cannot be too highly praised.

THE INVADER.

I ACTUALLY saw him for the first time on Wednesday evening; but he had given me warning of his approach on the previous Monday. On that night I was awakened suddenly by the noise of somebody eating wood. The sound seemed to come from underneath the far corner of the room, and it might have been the man in the flat below standing on his bed and biting a pen-holder. I did what everybody does when he hears a strange noise in his bedroom at night; I leant out and felt for a boot, flung it in the direction of the noise, and in the subsequent quiet went to sleep.

But at three o'clock I was awake again. Whoever it was was very hungry indeed. He ate wood steadily, from three to four, my one remaining boot quite failing to put him off his food. Recognising him now for a mouse I tried the blandishments one tries with animals. I said, "Did ums then," "Woa-ho there! steady!" and then, very firmly, "Down, Sir!"

And on Wednesday evening I saw him. I had been reading late, and as I looked up suddenly there was a flash of brown across the sofa. I rubbed my eyes, fixed them on the electric light and saw flashes of pink, green and purple. "This is the end," I said to myself. "My sight is going." Wishing to take a last farewell of London, I walked across the room and shot the blind up. There was another flash of brown. . . .

So the invader had arrived! Well, I was ready for him. I got my niblick, rolled up my sleeves, and took cover behind the revolving bookcase. Suddenly he appeared. I lashed out at him with a whoop, and for five seconds there was a glorious mix-up—five seconds of the best. Then I limped to the sofa and examined my foot carefully. Only two toes broken, luckily.

The invader camped for the night on the top of the pianola, having supped lightly on a pianola roll. I suppose he thought at first it was an ordinary roll, and looked around for the butter. *Au clair de la lune* was the piece, Op. 347, no less, of C. BÖHM; or, as they say in German, *Kommt' wir wandern im Mondenschein*. One had hardly suspected such a taste for music in the lower classes. He had stopped, however, at the fifth note; a black one, I fancy.

This decided me; I went out and bought a trap. Now it was none of your common traps; something worthy of a disciple of BÖHM. I feel, therefore, that I should describe it carefully.

You went in by the front drive in the ordinary way, and as soon as you

began to wipe your feet on the hall mat the door slammed behind you. In alarm you turned round suddenly. Trapped! Was there no way of escape? None. Stay, what is that passage in front? Does that lead anywhere? It does. It leads by a flight of stairs to a commodious apartment on the first floor. And now that you are in the commodious apartment, what can you do? Another door in the passage has magically closed behind you. Are you ambushed again? Yes—no! Look there—a little turret-hole!

You peer through; there is a spacious hall-room on the other side of that hole, replete with every modern convenience, including a swing floor. You jump happily on to it. Free—hooray!

And then the floor begins to swing. It swings and sways, and sways and swings, and just as you are saying to your partner, "Very jolly floor and all that, don't you think, but a bit too slippery—what?" it tips up altogether. *Help!*

Down you go, down, down . . . and suddenly—splash!

Now I must tell you of something particularly ingenious. When your mouse falls through the floor into the tin of water he automatically opens the front-door of the trap for the next person; and so you can go on until the whole family has perished at sea. Isn't that jolly?

Let us resume the narratory style. I put this trap in the middle of the room, opened its door, and sat down and played *Magic Bells*—also by BÖHM (Op. 21—when he was quite a lad). Nothing happened. I examined the trap carefully, oiled it, and played the piece again. Still no mouse. Finally, about midnight, I went to bed, leaving the roll at the mouth of the trap. And in the morning an utter absence of mouse.

Of course I was mystified at first, but I soon began to understand. My mouse had never seen a trap like this before, and he didn't know how to work it. What he wanted was a decoy mouse who would show him the way it was done; or a list of simple instructions printed outside the front door. Something of this sort:—

Please wipe your feet on the mat.

If the lift is not in working order try the emergency stairs.

In the morning ring the bell once for the chambermaid, twice for the boots, and THREE TIMES FOR THE BATH.

If the bell is not in working order the bath-room will be found next to the bedroom. There is always plenty of cold water, but guests who require hot water should order it overnight.

Please consider the convenience of the other guests whom the management may

wish to entertain, and leave everything in the condition in which you found it.

But unfortunately my mouse, though a lover of music, did not understand the written word.

Alas, this story draws to a tragic close. You must understand that, though I and my mouse had this taste for harmonies in common, yet I have no real affection for his race. So one morning I said to the housekeeper as she was clearing away breakfast—

"By the way, when you've nothing else to do, I've a mouse I should rather like you to catch."

"Why, Sir, I caught him a week ago," she said reproachfully.

"Did you really?" I said. "Why, however—?"

"Just one of those penny traps and a bit of cold bacon fat. They're much better than those new-fangled ideas;" and she looked contemptuously at my hotel, which was now standing on the top of the bookcase.

"Then he's—he's dead?" I asked nervously.

"Yessir."

"Was he brave to the last? Did he partake of a hearty breakfast? You gave him something, I hope?"

"Yessir, I gave him something right enough."

So he's gone! Well, I shall miss him. He was a sportsman, and he had a love for the arts. I like to think of him brave to the last, dying with a song in his heart. Almost I could wish that—

Hang it, though—cold bacon fat! Serve him right. . . . A. A. M.

The Latest Terror.

The example set by two serious novelists, Miss JANE and Miss MARY FINDLATER, in their latest venture, *Penny Money*, is, we fear, far too striking to escape the homage of wholesale imitation.

Already we hear of novels which are being written by various authors to fit the following titles.

Merry Mr. Amery: a Romance of Tariff Reform.

Bilious Billy Byles.

John Redmond and Alf redMond.

Troubles of an Editor.

"'Ever green' was Sir Joseph Sykes Rymer's joenlar reference to the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in his speech proposing the election of the Lord Mayor, and not 'very green,' as given in our issue of yesterday."—*Yorkshire Herald*.

"Numbers of well-known faces from the Rand and Kimberley are working hard."

Johannesburg Sunday Times.

Even in England we have seen faces which have done too much work.

THE FAIR WINELAND.

[" It must be regarded as certain that the Norsemen discovered the continent of North America, besides Greenland, about 500 years before Cabot (and Columbus). . . . There seemed to be little doubt that there was a close connexion between Irish legends and the Icelandic tales of voyages to Wineland and the other lands in the West. In the old Irish legends there was a whole world of such fortunate islands in the Western ocean, which had names very similar to that of Wineland."

Dr. Nansen.]

A POLITICAL meeting has recently been held, comparable only to the famous Carlton Club gathering, to discuss the important bearings of Dr. NANSEN's statements about the discovery of Wineland upon the forthcoming Home Rule Bill. Mr. TIM HEALY presided, and amongst those present were Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. GEORGE CADRURY, Lord IVEAGH, Mr. JOHN JAMESON, Mr. GEORGE MOORE, and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR in disguise.

Mr. HEALY, in opening the proceedings, observed that Dr. NANSEN had admitted that Wineland, which was universally accepted as an established fact to be part of America, was identical with the Fortunate Islands which were discovered by Irish navigators about 500 years before CABOT and COLUMBUS. The Norwegians put in a claim to the discovery, but the hardihood of the Norsemen was proverbial. In his opinion no scheme of Home Rule could be tolerated for a moment which did not include as an integral part of Ireland the territories discovered by their fearless forefathers.

Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN said that he endorsed every syllable that had fallen from the lips of his intrepid colleague. But while they were all agreed in principle, divergence of opinion in details was possible. For example, any proposition that emanated from the tortuous brain of JOHN REDMOND they were bound to reject with contumely even before they knew what it was. Another point was this: ought the new territories to be merged in the name of Greater Ireland, or ought Ireland to yield to the claims of Wineland?

Lord IVEAGH said that with great respect he thought that Wineland as a name must go. It was no doubt a picturesque name and rhymed with Rhineland. But it was not in correspondence with fact. If they were to change the name of Ireland to any name connected with drink, he ventured to suggest Stöutland or Porterland as the obviously appropriate designation.

Mr. JOHN JAMESON strongly demurred to this suggestion. Stout was unknown in Ireland in the days of ST. BRENDAN, BRIAN BOROIMHE or OWEN ROE



Arthur Norris. 1911

Country Cousin. "DON'T YOU FIND IT VERY TRYING TO HAVE EVERYONE TURNING ROUND AND STARING?"

Town Lady (with a sigh). "ONE HAS TO HARDEN ONESELF TO IT."

O'NEILL, whereas the fame of usquebaugh was established in the days of the earliest Milesians. He would propose that Wineland be called either Whiskeyland or, as a compromise, Punchland.

Mr. GEORGE MOORE said that he had already several times shaken the dust of Ireland from his feet for ever, but Dr. NANSEN's discovery was of such interest and importance that it had re-established a connexion between himself and his native country. But any desire on the part of those present to re-name Wineland after himself was doomed to failure, however much they might press it, as Moorland had a Scottish ring, which is what he could not tolerate.

Mr. GEORGE CADRURY drew attention to the Cocos Islands, first discovered by that intrepid circumnavigator, Captain COE; but he was instantaneously removed by two teetotal members of the

Society of Friends, who insisted that even to be in a room where a country named Wineland was being discussed was *contra bonos mores*.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR was understood to say that never in the whole course of his picturesque and adventurous career had he been at a meeting more remarkable for the genius and beauty of those present.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that he was a Eustace Milesian and a teetotaler, but he was no bigot. Names never corresponded with realities, and so long as they sounded well that was all that mattered. Wineland was as good a name for John Bull's Other Island as Ireland; but he must say that he objected to be referred to as the most brilliant of living Winishmen, which would, of course, be his fate if the change were made.

The meeting was then broken up with shillelaghs.

AMERICA IN LONDON.

NEVER in any opera-house at home or abroad have I seen a crowd so strange and exotic as that which paced the luxurious *foyers* of Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S new building in the intervals of the first performance. Among the New Yorkers, conspicuously responsive to the loud welcome of their illustrious compatriot, there were types to which the epithets of BROWNING'S *Lippo Lippi* might well be applied: they were indeed a "bowery flowery" company. A sprinkling of the Old Guard from the headquarters of Grand Opera, with whose names we are so painfully familiar in the columns of the social press, had come to sample the new enterprise and lent to this remarkable gathering an atmosphere of hallowed tradition.

Talking of atmosphere, I learn from my programme that "the air-heater is capable of raising the temperature 40 degrees." I can quite believe that on the opening night the capacities of the Americo-Turkish Bath system had been tried to the full, for I was well on towards the shampoo stage by the time I reached my place in the Pit. No such name, of course, was given to the locality where my comfortable stall was situated, but it lay far back under the depressing weight of the first tier of boxes, and I had to be content with such waves of sound as chanced to penetrate its remote recesses.

The decoration of the interior seemed to lack severity. The unavoidable ugliness of the bulging box-fronts was not improved by the restless relief-work which adorned them, or by the superfluity of statues on attached pedestals which choked the intervals.

Before speaking of the performance let me say at once that Mr. HAMMERSTEIN was pleased with his audience. At the end of the Third Act he came before the curtain and made a speech to the following effect: "I thank you for your flattering reception. [Here it seemed that the speaker referred to his notes.] All I wish is to deserve your respect, your friendship and your admiration." So, you see, there is no question of money at all. And this bears out the statement of my programme which refers to Mr. HAMMERSTEIN'S "abstinence from connecting art with commercialism" as one of the "factors which are bound to bring success to such an undertaking."

The opera itself—*Quo Vadis?*—was frankly spectacular. Except in the First Act, where nothing particular occurred, the music, both vocal and orchestral, was dominated by the scene and the action, and left an impression

that was largely negative. Very little chance was given for star-work in a scheme where no one was of exceptional importance, unless perhaps it was *St. Peter* (Mr. FRANCIS COMBE), who for the best part of a whole scene had his audience, both on and off the stage, all to himself. The honours of the evening went to the stage-manager, M. JACQUES COIN, and the scene-painter, M. PAUL PAQUEREAU. Nothing more clever could be devised than the scene on the banks of the Tiber, with its bridge going away in very difficult perspective; and the representation of the interior of the Coliseum was of an amazing brilliancy. The crowd, too, was more intelligent and versatile than any I have ever met outside the walls of His Majesty's



MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

"It's your admiration I want."

Theatre, and should be a lesson to the stuffy and stereotyped supers of Covent Garden. The attitudes as well as the singing of the Christians in the scene where *St. Peter* enters their prison to console and inspire them showed extraordinary sympathy and understanding. And in the Coliseum, where the spectators rush on to attack *Nero* and are met by the armed Prætorian Guard, the rough-and-tumble which ensued was absolutely terrifying in its realism.

SIENKIEWICZ'S novel, which I have not had the advantage of reading, is of course too long and intricate for connected reproduction in operatic form. Even so, a more logical sequence might have been achieved in these detached scenes. Thus, the affair of *Eunice* and *Petronius*, to which a lot of unnecessary attention is drawn in the First Act, was completely suspended through the three succeeding Acts (to say nothing of an hour or so of interval)

and only resumed about 11.30, after I had withdrawn from the various seats, in box and stall, placed at my disposal by hospitable friends. The argument supplied in the programme was also of the spasmodic kind. Thus:—"Poppæa, wife of Nero, taxes Petronius with having brought another woman to the side of Nero [this was the first we had heard of this episode]. He protests. Nero's guests enter and hail Poppæa. Vinicius and Lygie are left alone in the garden."

The chief thread that held together the looseness of the plot was the minor part played, and very well played, by "Mr." FIGARELLA, as *Chilo*, a sorcerer who described himself correctly enough as "*un philosophe incompris*." He does the dirty work of the play and gets killed in the arena for his pains. I would sooner have seen the killing of *Croton* by *Ursus*, for they were both heavy-weights, whereas the feather-weight *Chilo* was no match for a couple of large Prætorians. But this was done off. So, too, was the episode in which *Ursus* breaks the neck of the bull, the latter hampered by having *Lygie* bound to his horns. You might naturally wonder how a turn like this, performed in the open arena, could escape the eyes of the audience. But Mr. HAMMERSTEIN'S Coliseum, noble and practicable though it may be, is not the thing that we all know so well in Rome. It was shaped more like the Metropolitan Inner Circle, with spectators on both platforms. The killing of *Chilo* was done before our eyes at High Street, Kensington, as it were; but the bull's neck was fractured round the corner at Gloucester Road, so to speak. Another improvement on tradition occurred in the scene of the burning of Rome (a very subtly-contrived effect to which I venture to invite the attention of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS). The schoolboy is always given to understand that *Nero* marked this historic occasion by a solo on the fiddle. Mr. HAMMERSTEIN has corrected that error. His *Nero* did not fiddle; he lyred.

It is futile to prophesy about the ultimate success of the London Opera House. One is, of course, predisposed to welcome any competition that threatens to arouse the Syndicate at Covent Garden from the contented indifference of the monopolist; but unless we are to have a State-subsidised Opera at reasonable prices (and Mr. HAMMERSTEIN'S intervention does not encourage that prospect) there would not seem to be room in London for two enterprises devoted to "Grand" Opera (appalling epithet). Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM has shown that there is a sufficient demand for Light Opera, but

the Kingsway edifice is on too gigantic a scale for so modest a purpose, and our new *impresario* insists on the grandeur of his undertaking. "Grand Opera," says my programme, on a note of authority, "can only succeed when it is presented 'Grand' in every detail."

Away, however, with those pessimists who hazard the conjecture that within a couple of years the London Opera House will have been turned into a glorified "Coliseum,"—seeming to detect a sinister omen of this conversion in the presentation, on the opening night, of the ancient gladiatorial arena which bore that name. It is sufficient at present that Mr. HAMMERSTEIN, if I dare attach so frivolous a phrase to motives confessedly so lofty, has done a sporting thing. O. S.

OUR ACTIVE ADMINISTRATORS.

A DIARY OF DEPARTMENTAL DEVOTION.

November 11.—The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY embarks at Portsmouth in a destroyer for a two-hours' run.

November 13.—Mr. PEASE, the President of the Board of Education, devotes himself to the study of the Binomial Theorem and takes lessons from an elementary school-master in parsing, reading music at sight, and the use of the globes. Enthusiasm of Sir ROBERT MORANT, who issues a confidential circular to all inspectors on the inadequacy of a university education.

November 14.—Mr. MCKENNA, accompanied by Sir MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN, arrives at Scotland Yard this morning, and after the necessary changes in his toilet goes for a trial run in the new motor Black Maria D5. This splendid vehicle is the largest employed by the police and is the only one of her class, her wheel-base measuring 24 feet and her horse-power being estimated at 75.90. On returning from his run Mr. MCKENNA expresses cordial satisfaction with the vehicle, saying wittily that "Maria was not so black as she was painted." Scotland Yard dissolved in Homeric laughter.

November 15.—Mr. RUNCIMAN, the new President of the Board of Agriculture, enters to-day on his interesting experiment of living for a week exclusively on turnips and carrots supplied by the Gladstone League, and devoting one hour every day to searing rooks.

November 16.—Mr. C. E. HOBHOUSE, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, descends in a parachute from a captive balloon at Blackpool, amid scenes of unexampled enthusiasm.

November 17.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, accompanied by the Board of Admiralty, proceeds to Portsmouth,



Reporter (attending fashionable wedding). "CAN YOU FIND ME A SEAT?—THE PRESS."
Venge. "I'M AFRAID NOT, SIR—THE SQUASH."

and having been carefully packed in cotton-wool is discharged from a torpedo tube and picked up by a hydroplane in the Solent. Mr. CHURCHILL, who expresses himself as delighted with the experience, rides back to London, like a true sailor on shore, on a hired horse.

November 18.—Mr. PEASE, entering *incog.* for an examination in arithmetic at a provided school in Bermondsey, is ignominiously ploughed. Consternation of Sir ROBERT MORANT, who issues a confidential circular to all primary schoolmasters, advising them to avoid over-pressure.

November 20.—Mr. MCKENNA pays a surprise visit to Holloway Gaol, takes exercise in the courtyard with the inmates, lurches off bread and skilly, and spends an hour in the padded cell.

November 21.—Mr. PEASE gives a lesson in polo at Hurlingham to the junior pupils of the Worpole-road Wesleyan School.

November 22.—The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY enters for a yacht race on the Round Pound and in the evening recites "Admirals All" at a concert in aid of the training ship *Mercury*. Has a round of grog before turning in.



The Vicar (ending speech). "AND SO WE HAVE DECIDED TO PRESENT MR. SMITH WITH AN HONORARIUM ON HIS DEPARTURE."
Villager. "I OBJEC'! WHAT I SAYS IS GIVE 'IM SOMETHING USEFUL. WHY! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHETHER HE CAN PLAY THE THING."

HIT OR MISS.

I'm off, Sir, off on my way to Kent;
 To shoot the pheasant is my intent.
 When most of the leaves are off it's pleasant—
 You know it yourself—to shoot the pheasant;
 So imagine me setting out from here
 With a-l my luggage and shooting gear.

I've packed (and so has my man) with care,
 And all I can ever want is there;
 All the manifold apparatus
 That makes the porters at stations hate us:
 Parcels, boxes and bags and cases
 To bring the sweat to their purple faces.

And yet I know when the train has glided
 Out of the station with me inside it;
 When I run through my list of things again
 There will come a panic, a shock, a pai
 To strike me awake and so remind me
 Of the things I need, but have left behind me.

But still I'm off by the 3.18
 With my cartridge-bags and my magazine
 (A servant-daunter, a true man-fagger
 That'll make the most muscular footman stagger),
 And a pair of guns of a tidy kind,
 And a shooting stiek, and a hopeful mind.

Now, whatever the noble pheasant is,
 He isn't a fool; he knows his biz.
 If you or I were as good as he
 They'd pay us to go to Tripoli
 To teach the fellows who man the works
 To dodge the lead of the fighting Turks.

He sometimes tries, as I try in rhyme,
 To strike the stars with his head sublime;
 And, lo, when you meet him next, he swerves,
 Like a mathematician describing curves;
 And whenever he does you may be sure
 His curves have a double curvature.

And next, to harass your mind with doubt,
 He takes to his wings and he flies straight out;
 For the top of your head he seems to go
 In the line of a bee when a bee flies low.
 You give it him twice to save your head,
 And you come to yourself—but he isn't dead.

So far I have mentioned the bird as "him";
 But everyone knows that the hen's as slim.
 She isn't so shot with green and blue,
 And she seems to refuse to be shot by you.
 You may shoot with all that you most prefer
 In powder and shot, but you can't hit her.

But sometimes—oh, it's a blessed day!—
 Your heart is light and your spirits gay;
 There isn't a brow that's less in frown,
 For the birds get up and you pull them down.
 Rich (and rare) is the bliss you win
 When your eye, which nobody wipes, is in.

So my traps are packed and I'm off to Kent;
 To shoot the pheasant is my intent.
 You'll stiek to your desk, like a mortared brick,
 While I am stuck to my shooting stiek;
 But, whatever my luck with the birds may be,
 I venture to hope that you'll miss me.



THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

ADVANCED DEMOCRAT (to *Foreign Secretary*). "LOOK HERE, WE'VE DECIDED THAT THIS ISN'T TO BE A PRIVATE ROOM ANY MORE; AND YOU'RE TO PUT YOUR CARDS ON THE TABLE AND THEN WE CAN ALL TAKE A HAND."

FOREIGN SECRETARY. "WHAT, AND LET MY OPPONENTS SEE THEM TOO?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 13.—It is not solely on the race-course that an outsider wins. Case of BONAR LAW elected to Leadership of Opposition brings parallel with singular closeness home to Westminster. There were three probable starters, BONAR LAW with characteristic modesty standing last in the betting. A few close students of Parliamentary form recognised his supremacy, but were not bold enough to anticipate that it would triumph over certain disabilities. For eleven years he has sat in Parliament commanding attention of House whenever he took part in debate. Had he been nephew of a Duke or cousin once removed of a Viscount he would at least have been made Chancellor of the Exchequer when the post fell vacant on break-up of PRINCE ARTHUR'S first Administration consequent on explosion of DON JOSE'S Protection bomb. As it was, being something in the iron business in Glasgow, he had an Under-Secretaryship tossed him, a concession extorted by sheer capacity.

That for the last six years he ranked on the Front Opposition Bench second only to PRINCE ARTHUR, is a circumstance that has upon more than one occasion been insisted upon by that impartial, impeccable judge, the MEMBER FOR SARK. For himself he made no moan, patiently looking on, probably hoping for better things some day; certainly not dreaming of the prize which by strange chance has fallen into his hands. Meanwhile, to his added credit, he remembered that he remained faithful to the Chief to whom he was indebted for opportunity



LEADERS OF FASHION.

The latest thing in winter hats for Stoke-on-Trent.

(MR. JOHN WARD.)



"HIS BLUSHING HONOURS THICK UPON HIM."

(The new LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION bends meekly before a tempestuous welcome.)

to place his foot howsoever low down on the ladder of fortune.

To the country at large he is a dark horse. In the House of Commons he is recognised as one of its most powerful debaters. Speaking chiefly on questions relating to Tariff Reform he has occasionally fallen into the acerbity of manner and acrimony of tone common to that controversy. These are not habits indigenous to his nature, and will not re-appear in the lofty station to which it has pleased a curious concatenation of circumstance to call him.

He may not be expected to climb to Olympian height on which the Lost Leader stood. He will more probably follow on the lines laid down for his own guidance by W. H. SMITH, also a business man hurriedly brought in at a moment of peril to save the Conservative Party from destruction. And "Old Morality" turned out to be one of the most successful Leaders known to the House of Commons.

Business done.—Insurance Bill again.

Tuesday.—At a time when, as Mr. PIRIE complains, the country is being anti-democratised (the wary SPEAKER said he would like to see the word in

writing before ruling on question it raised) by permanent officials in the Scottish Office, it is well to have in House of Commons a retired warrior of the breadth of view of COLONEL YATE. Like *Ben Battle*, who, having "lost his legs in Badajos' breaches," completed dislocation by "laying down his arms," the gallant Colonel is on retired list. This gives opportunity for fixing his eye on Foreign Office and keeping EDWARD GREY up to mark. In fine form to-day, having no fewer than ten questions on the paper. True, they were numbered only five. But by strategic use of "and whether" he was able to double them. Also it must be admitted he actually had in hand only two subjects,—to wit the insecurity of roads in Persia and the safety of Maltese British subjects at Banghazi.

But the Colonel did not march to Khandahar for nothing, nor was he at the bottom of the Pendjeh Incident without bringing home experience valuable when bombarding Treasury Bench. Instead of packing his questions in two parcels and handing them in at door of Foreign Office, he takes portions of his allegations, makes them up, so to speak, in form of pills, and



A SCRAP WITH THE "MHOLLY MIAGHUIRES."

"WILLIAM O'BRIEN and TIM HEALY have a little scrimmage with the Redmondites."

administers them one at a time to the FOREIGN SECRETARY. When, having answered Question 15 on the paper, that hapless Minister thinks he has finished with the Maltese residents at Banghazi, the wily warrior comes up on his flank with Question 16, repeating the enquiry with the added information that "eight were killed and several wounded during the bombardment; and whether he can give any information on the subject."

As for the roads in Southern Persia, they, extending over hundreds of miles, afford the COLONEL full scope for "and whether." A lesser man really anxious for information would have put his query in a sentence of twenty words. The Colonel appropriates Numbers 6, 7 and 8 on the Question paper requiring three separate answers from the Minister.

This seems to involve waste of public time, both at Foreign Office and in the House. But the Colonel's delight in the performance is so keen, not to say so gurgling, that only the most churlish would deny him.

Business Done.—Getting on slowly but surely with Insurance Bill in Committee. On Clause 59, now in hand, touch fringe of Home Rule question. England, Ireland and Scotland severally

to have charge of particular sections when administering the Act. This brings wigs on green below Gangway. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and TIM HEALY have a little scrimmage with the Redmondites, who sharply counter. How different fraternal attitude of Scotch Members! HENRY DALZIEL having made a suggestion, EUGENE WASON, raising his vast bulk from corner seat above Gangway, said he "would be glad to find himself in the same boat with his Honourable Friend." DALZIEL not so enthusiastic in reception of proposal as might have been expected. SARK says he was thinking that before he embarked he would like to know the tonnage of the boat.

Friday.—ROWLAND HUNT sits in accustomed place behind Front Opposition Bench in state of deepest gloom. His Parliamentary fame was made by a chance, irrelevant yet eloquent, allusion to BOADICEA, whose statue had recently been erected on Westminster Bridge. Actually he has much more important claim to distinction. All very well for the Die-Hards and their offspring, the Halsbury Club, to boast that they got rid of PRINCE ARTHUR. It was ROWLAND HUNT who first raised the standard of revolt, soundly lecturing his esteemed Leader in hearing of amused House.

PRINCE ARTHUR, at the time not acclimatized to that sort of thing, regarded the episode rather angrily. Consequence was the Party whip was withheld from ROWLAND, who, in response, gave them an Oliver in the assertion that he thought he could live without it. As a matter of fact the disagreement was patched up and he received his whip as before.

Nothing can deprive him of the distinction of being pioneer of the movement which last year WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE took in hand. And now, when there arises necessity of filling up the gap, no one even mentioned ROWLAND HUNT's name in the list of candidates.

"Always remember what BOADICEA remarked in analogous circumstances," said ROWLAND, with suspicion of a sob in his voice:

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves."

"Never mind, old man," said SARK, "no one can deprive you of your precedence. Did you ever notice, by the way, that whilst these Die-Hards noisily shouted their determination to terminate their existence in the last ditch, the only man who is killed is PRINCE ARTHUR?"

"There 's another corpse," said ROWLAND HUNT, in hollow tone well calculated to make the flesh creep.

"Where is it?" asked SARK, unconsciously sniffing round.

"It was the Unionist Party," replied ROWLAND, moodily gazing at the back of the meek head of the new Leader seated below him in PRINCE ARTHUR's familiar place.

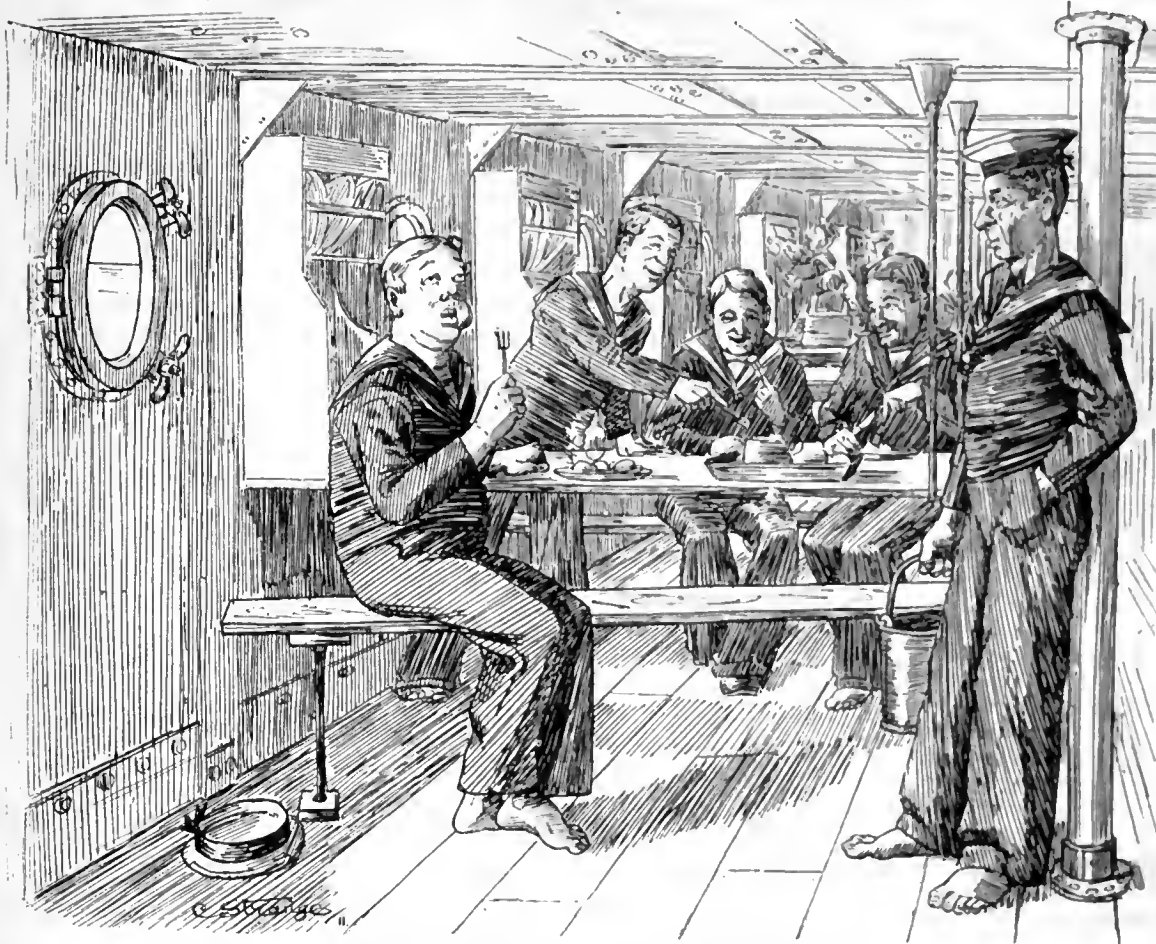
Business done.—Scotch Small Landowners again take the floor. Do sword dance round flustered figure of LORD ADVOCATE.



BOADICEA SUPPLANTED.

"Moodily gazing at the back of the meek head of the new Leader."

(MR. ROWLAND HUNT.)



The Ship's Pork Connoisseur. "1901 AGAIN! NOT A BAD YEAR, BUT WE NEVER GET 1900 NOW."

JUST NOT JULY.

[A poetic hallucination induced by the first vivid accounts of Antipodean cricket in the Evening Press.]

TELL me not that dull November
Hides the distant view with fog;
Ask not Jane to poke the ember;
Down the rides no huntsmen jog;
Loses gleam on yonder thicket,
All the glade is loud with bees,
Heard ye not the lurch-time cricket
Crying "WARNER at the wicket"
In its rare old journalese?

Must I have hot chestnuts foisted
On me as I pace the street,
When the centuries are hoisted
And loud cheers their coming greet?
Fetch me ice. We pant like niggers;
Phœbus scorches up the slopes;
GUNN, despite the bowling's rigours,
Gets the coveted three figures
With an on drive to the ropes!

WOOLLEY opens with a single,
Followed by a sparkling four;
Shall I crouch beside the angle,
Listening to the oak-log's roar,
When I hear how bowler's toss 'em
Up, or sling 'em down like fun

In the land of the opossum?
No, I say, the roses blossom;
Larks are rising to the sun.

Yes, my sweet-mouthed evening paper,
I can hear the cushat's note;
Gone the dank autumnal vapour;
I can east my overcoat;
Calendars with truth have paltered,
Almanacs with lying lips
Told me that the sun had faltered;—
With the total still unaltered
BARNES is captured in the slips.

One thing only, news-controller,
Bids me check the loud hurrah—
What about the heavy roller?
Was that requisitioned? Ah!
Had you told me that, all Tooting
Should have seen me, as I read,
To the gay-robed Dryads fluting,
In my lightest summer suiting,
With a straw-hat on my head.

"The ancient ceremony of taking wroth silver for the Earl of Dalkeith was observed on Saturday. . . . The small sons collected from twenty-seven parishes were placed in a hollow stone."—*Evening Standard*.

As a Suffragist said on a notable occasion—Is this Russia?

TINDISPOSITION.

[We cannot claim originality for the above *jeu d'esprit*. It was a contemporary who gave to an article on the same theme—the discovery that tin can catch cold the brilliant title *Influenza*.]

OWING to severe catarrh Mrs. Brown-Windsor's kettle has had to cancel all public engagements, and she regrets that she will therefore be unable to receive her friends to-morrow afternoon.

Mr. T. P. Billson begs to state that owing to his tin of shaving-soap having caught a bad chill he will not be able to present himself at the office this morning.

Mrs. Willoughby de Smythe presents her compliments to the Grocery Stores and begs to return the sardines sent, as they are not at all well. The indisposition (apparently influenza) was obviously contracted by association with the tin in whose care they travelled. She hopes that in future the Stores will take care to engage only really robust tins for this purpose.

THE VERY DICKENS IN FRANCE.

THE sudden passion displayed by Paris playgoers for dramatised versions of DICKENS' novels would be more gratifying to us if the dramatists had left well alone. But when a version of *David Copperfield* turns Mr. Micawber into a schoolmaster of the type of *Squeers* and introduces *Fagin's* thieves-kitchen we are divided between admiration of such ingenuity and grief that the real thing should be avoided.

Forthcoming productions on similar lines will be devoted to *Oliver Twist* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

In the French version of *Oliver Twist*, Mr. Bumble is not only a workhouse official, but in his spare time the affable and humorous driver of a stage coach, with a rooted dislike of widows. *Fagin* remains, but a scene has been written in for him from the *Merchant of Venice*, the French translator 'apparently' believing that DICKENS also wrote *Shakespeare*, and he asks in eloquent tones: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" to which *Bill Sykes* replies, in thieves' argot, "Ay, and hooks." *Nancy* takes a prominent part, but spends a great deal of time in the company of Mr. Brownlow, who has become a confirmed gambler, and together they wander from fair to fair. As for *Oliver Twist*, he has not been tampered with, except that he is very fat and is always going to sleep.

In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr. Pecksniff is the principal character, but to increase the interest of the part he is not only an architect but a miser with a late partner named Marley, who appears to him as a ghost whenever he has done anything peculiarly base. Mrs. Gamp, the other prominent figure, not only sues him for breach of promise but forces his architectural pupils to eat brimstone - and - treacle. Pecksniff's two daughters wear harem skirts and are both engaged in Mr. Mantalini's dressmaking business, where they meet not only Jonas Chuzzlewit and John Westwood, but Sir Mulberry Hawk, Barnaby Rudge and Sydney Carton. The comic scenes are provided by young Bailey, as in the book, but he is always accompanied by the Marchioness. The adaptation otherwise, we are glad to say, takes no liberties with the original.

"The average speed was no less than 1,100 kilogrammes."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Heavy work.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GLAD EYE."

The Glad Eye is undeniably funny. When *Gaston Bocard*, hiding from his wife in the gallery of the library, peers down to see what is going on below, and gets his head stuck between the rails, it is impossible not to laugh—particularly as *Gaston* is played by Mr. LAURENCE GROSSMITH; particularly, too, as we had only just finished laughing at the scene previous to this—in which *Galipaux*, the spiritualist, had prepared to ascend to the gallery to fetch a certain book, and *Gaston*, with the one idea of preventing the



THE GLAD EYE AT WORK.

Kiki Miss ETHEL DANE.
Galipaux Mr. E. DAGNALL.

discovery that now seemed imminent, had snatched the book from its shelf and dropped it into the room. Perhaps you wonder how after this *Gaston* could have remained undiscovered. He hardly had time to wonder himself, for to his great surprise *Galipaux* regarded the falling of the book as a psychic manifestation, and stood there willing more books to come down.

Undeniably funny, then, and undeniably ingenious is *The Glad Eye*; and also undeniably vulgar. The stuffy atmosphere of the French farce hangs over it all. Husbands who want a few nights in Paris away from their wives, and wives who can be compensated for their husbands' unfaithfulness by pretty clothes; the lover, the elderly philanderer, the girl with the glad eye, and all the rest of it—

one needs to be either very innocent or very *blasé* to get through an evening at the Globe without a qualm.

But still, funny. Funny without a doubt, and most ingenious. We laughed incessantly throughout the evening. Mr. LAURENCE GROSSMITH was perfectly delightful as *Gaston*; good as many of the other players are, it is Mr. GROSSMITH who makes the play. But it is all very funny... and oh, so unlovely. M.

PROBLEMS FOR PLAYWRIGHTS.

Now that an academy for dramatists has again been mooted, and in view of the many volumes of instruction in the art that are published, we have pleasure in anticipating the following examination paper:—

A.—For the Classical Side only.

1. What is a "curtain"; and how should it be led up to?
2. What is the legal position of the hero of a melodrama who is discovered kneeling beside the corpse of a total stranger? What facts would justify the governor of the convict prison in subsequently permitting him unlimited emotional interviews with the heroine?
3. What (also in melodrama) is the meteorological influence of a financial reverse for the good characters? Illustrate by the conduct of snow-storms.
4. Explain "A Cup and Saucer Comedy," "A Bedroom Drama," "An artistic rather than a financial success" (one word only).
5. What do you understand by "the sketch limit"? If a one-act play at a music-hall can rightly be described as "the limit," does this *ipso facto* make it illegal?

6. (For musical-comedy candidates.) Into any serious scene introduce, with not more than three lines of dialogue as warning, an extra lyric beginning "*Mary married a motor-man.*"

B.—For the Modern Side only.

1. What is a "curtain"; and how can it be avoided?
2. Discuss, with reference to recent dramatic history, the maxim "Words were given us to obscure our plots."
3. Why should realism only concern itself with the lower middle-class?
4. What (if anything) do you understand by "the fourth wall"? Consider a proposal that the proscenium arch should be permanently bricked in.
5. Sketch the scenario of a four-act play on the Insurance Bill.
6. "A Repertory play is one that is never likely to be repeated." Why not?

THE SERVANT STAMP.

A MISTRESS OF NINE.

DEAR SIR,—I send you particulars of my own case, not because I crave publicity—I abhor it—but because I believe it to be typical of tens of thousands of middle-class households throughout the land. Our means are moderate, and I can assure Mr. LLOYD GEORGE that every penny, nay every halfpenny, of my weekly house-keeping allowance is carefully allotted in advance to its respective purpose. Well, how in the world is it possible for me to meet this new and exorbitant tax? 2s. 3d. may not seem a very large amount—we keep nine servants, I should explain—but it simply means that we must go without some of the necessities of life.

I am, Yours, etc., DISTRACTED.

ONE WAY OUT.

DEAR SIR,—It means ceaseless irritation and weekly conflict within the home. It can't mean anything else. It means bitter hostility, by the very fire-side, between mistresses and servants who have lived together on terms of closest intimacy and even friendship. Cannot anyone with the slightest imagination foresee the Saturday morning scene when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's precious insurance card is being bandied back and forth from kitchen to drawing-room, accompanied by the defiant message, "Stick 'em on yourself!" It is intolerable, and I for one have already arranged to escape from the impost by going to live in Tripoli.

I am, Yours, etc., INDIGNANT.

SERVILE AND UNWHOLESOME.

DEAR SIR,—The thing may be necessary, but need it be made degrading? If it were only a question of dropping pennies into a slot, I for one would raise no objection. But this servile and unwholesome business of licking stamps—and gum never did agree with me—will unquestionably cause a revolt among the maids and mistresses of Britain. I keep four servants, and I may as well admit to you that I live in daily terror of them. I find it quite bad enough to have to ask them to perform the ordinary duties of the house. But I can't ask them to do this. I simply can't.

I am, Yours, etc., PANIC-STRICKEN.

MISAPPREHENSION.

DEAR SIR,—For my part I think the new law is going to be a great benefit to poor servant girls like myself who find it hard enough to afford postage. If we are to get three-penny-worth of stamps a week from the mistress there'll



"WHAT YOU GOT THERE, AUNTIE!"

"YOUR LITTLE BROTLE."

"Oo, he IS a FIBBER: I HAVEN'T GOT ONE!"

be a many more letters home, and a good thing too. I am, Yours, etc., GENERAL. [Our Correspondent does not seem quite to have grasped the scope of the bill.—ED.]

THE BLUSH OF SHAME.

DEAR SIR,—I have seen no reference in the course of this correspondence to the pathetic case of the nursery governess. Why should she—who has perhaps seen better days, who is perhaps a lady (think of it!)—be dragged through the weekly ordeal of plastering nasty stamps on a grimy card? My blood boils when I think of the

blush of shame mantling her humble brow, the more so as this duty will doubtless have to be performed in the presence of that vast horde of prying, peering, callous, gossiping new officials, which is growing every day—the minions of a Radical Government.

I am, Yours, etc., RESISTANCE.

"Two constables gave evidence that they had seen the accused waudering about for the last week, and that he was in the habit of mixing with low class collies in Pine Street."

Natal Advertiser.

This is the sort of thing that makes dogs dislike policemen.

MOTORIETIES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(With acknowledgments to "The Autocar.")

[No. 93,428.] "Nervous," in his letter [No. 89,601], says that on each of the two occasions when he has run over dogs he suffered severely from shock. May I say that I too used to experience such shocks and once strained my back axle in this way; but since fitting Bulger's shock-absorbers I have been able to take the largest dogs, and even sheep, at high speeds without inconvenience. "BROOKLANDS."

[No. 93,429.] "Veritas" in his last letter wilfully distorted what I said, and in so doing perjured himself. I did not say that the spring of the A.F.X. valve got "tired," I said it became "fatigued." Perhaps "Veritas" thinks that the words mean the same. If so I am sorry for him, as his education or his mental equipment must be sadly lacking. If "Veritas" will come to Ballyslughter I will prove my contention up to the hilt; and if, as I suppose, he is not allowed to travel alone, he may bring his attendant with him. "Veritas" should be careful not to use the term "blithering ignoramus," as it exactly describes himself.

TRUTH.

[Our readers will be glad to hear what "Veritas" has to say in reply to the above, as this valve is of absorbing interest to all motorists just now.—ED.]

[No. 93,430.] I was interested to read "Gourmet's" letter (No. 72,052), and beg to place my experience at the disposal of your readers. "Gourmet" will find that the "flat" taste he complains of, and difficulty in making the water boil, will disappear if he takes my advice, as I always get excellent results, viz.: a large brew of tea of the finest flavour. First, then, he must empty the Radiator. It stands to reason that water which has perhaps been circulating round the engine for weeks cannot be relied on to produce tea of really good flavour. When emptied it is a good plan to run a gallon or two of clean water through the radiator and then fill up with fresh well or, preferably, spring water. Open the throttle full, shut off the air, disconnect the fan, put the spark back to its farthest, start the engine and boil up. This takes me with my 40 H.P. "Mogul" exactly seventeen seconds. When the water boils put the tea into the radiator enclosed in a sausage-shaped muslin bag with string attached so that it may be withdrawn when infusion is completed. This is a much better plan than allowing the loose tea

leaves to circulate, as they are apt to clog the draw-off cock and have then to be picked out with a hat-pin or, better, a crochet-hook, a tedious business at best. I may mention that while tea-making is in progress excellent buttered toast may be made against the exhaust, which is, of course, red-hot, or a cutlet grilled to perfection.

TEMPERANCE.

[No. 93,431.] Teddy's suggestion [letter No. 85,611] that all roads where they enter and leave villages should have notices slung across from house to house stating the name of the place, quite takes the banana. The arrangement might be improved, however, by making the letters two feet high, as a twelve-inch letter is sometimes unreadable at high speeds. The name, too, should be printed in luminous paint (except where electric illuminations is possible), and on both sides of the board, as one frequently forgets the name of a place while buying petrol, &c., and likes to be reminded on leaving it. As proof how necessary some such device has become I may say that only last week I ran through York under the impression it was Selby, which place I had not noticed on the road at all; and a pal of mine lately mistook Blackburn for Rochdale, Rochdale for Bolton, and Bolton for Wigan, owing to a policeman telling him that Bradford was Leeds. UNDERGRADUATE.

[No. 93,432.] Last week I suffered precisely the same misfortune as that endured two years since by a dear friend of mine, now, I regret to say, slowly recovering from illness with exemplary patience. I was travelling from Birmingham to Oxford in the night-time, and going through Winter-bath, where the road turns about, I must have suffered some confusion of mind (although I was not aware of it at the time), for an hour later I found myself entering Birmingham again. Cannot the place be pulled down? If not, I greatly fear that many other motorists will be victimised in the same way, alas! RECTOR.

The *Sunday Chronicle* quotes *The Manchester Guardian* as follows:—

"Was it not Gladstone who once said—doubtless in a spirit of sprightly exaggeration—that a man of 40 could no more be made into a member of Parliament than a woman of 40 could be made into a ballot-girl?"

Votes for women of 40!

To-day's News in Brief.

"Sir John S. Randes finished his round but the truth, before the end of next year, the wages of our working classes."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

INJURED GUILT.

HE had been a good groom, as he will tell you himself, and had been dismissed from his groomship without, as he argues, adequate reason. The unfortunate dispute which led to his dismissal was at the most a difference of opinion. His view was that a groom is entitled, by way of perquisite, to take from the corn bin and carry home with him so much corn as a groom's hens require. His master held the opposite opinion; "but even if he was right," thought the groom, "surely a master ought not to sack his servant every time they disagree in an ethical argument? And, if he must dismiss me, it was adding insult to injury to accuse me of theft."

He gave the matter some thought during the following weeks, and a further consideration occurred to him: "When a man has been called a thief and has suffered for the alleged theft, surely he is entitled to some proceeds?"

So, having promised an orgie to his depressed poultry and having bided his time, he resorted quietly one evening, about a week after the termination of his service, to the stables of his old master, in search of vengeance and a last basket of corn. In his day the stable key had been religiously kept in a niche in the wall, close to the stable door, so concealed by the ivy that it could hardly be discovered, except by those who knew of its exact whereabouts. To a man so far removed from being wholly bad as to have an extremely high opinion of his wronged virtue, it was the last straw to discover that the door was locked and that the key was no longer lodged in that niche. A moment's consideration showed him that the reason of this change must be connected with himself.

"Well, I do think," he murmured bitterly—"I do think that they might have trusted me that far."

Lines by an Erratic Pluralist.

[The use of the form "Panjandra" by *The Manchester Guardian* has recently caused some stir in etymological circles.]

O adorable Cassandra!
Since the tyrannous Panjandra
On your movements keep an
ever-watchful eye;
Let us pack our *vade meca*
And elope to Costa Rica
On the speediest of motor omnibi.

"Junior Clerk, with Knowledge of Short-hand and Typewriting. Food Prospects for Capable Youth."—*Advt. in "Melbourne Argus."*

They mustn't overdo it. They mustn't pamper him. A snack once a week is enough for the first year.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 3.

(Sequel to No. 1, page 345.)

"THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS."—As You Like It.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SHALL never understand why some writers are taken up by the public and others are ignored. Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK has been writing now for some years. Her books are looked forward to eagerly by the elect; each new story as it comes out is praised by the critics in the warmest terms. She must have been told a hundred times (and told with perfect truth) that she is "in the very front rank of modern novelists." And yet I doubt if one person in six has ever heard her name. Well, the loss is the public's, not Miss SEDGWICK's; and the public shall be given one more chance. *Tante* (ARNOLD) is the book this time. It tells the story of that colossal egoist, *Madame Okraska*, the famous pianist; of *Karen*, her adopted daughter, blind and devoted worshipper at the shrine of genius; of *Gregory Jardine*, who married *Karen* and saw through *Okraska*; of *Okraska's* bitter enmity towards him; and so, finally, of the choice between mother and husband which *Karen* had to make. Perhaps I should not have told you that *Okraska* was a fraud. Miss SEDGWICK herself is never in a hurry to describe her characters; she lets them impress their own personalities upon you. They act and talk without comment from the author, and in the end one knows them all the better for her restraint. *Tante* is a finely-told story, which will live with you for a long time after you have read it. And for the sake of the elect, who alone will appreciate what it means, I will add that it shows Miss SEDGWICK at her very best.

Other great novelists might descend with a certain loss of dignity from the cloudier heights of romance to the

realms of the purely topical; but not so Mr. HENRY JAMES. In *The Outcry* (METHEUX) he has touched upon a no less burning newspaper theme than the sale of a masterpiece (a supposed Moretto) by a great English nobleman to an American millionaire of the hustling variety. Additional interest is provided by the discovery on the part of a young and aspiring connoisseur that the picture is no Moretto after all, but the eighth Mantovano of the world, and on the strength of his enthusiasm this "detrimental" gains the heart of its aristocratic owner's daughter, who is about to resign herself to a marriage of convenience in order to square her sister's gambling debts. But, however soiled the subject may be with the mud of so recent a controversy, there is no alteration in the delightful methods of the author; hardly any character receives an answer, even to the lightest of remarks, until Mr. JAMES has put up a pretty little fence of psychological subtleties in front of it; and when the answer does come it is most commonly of that tentative, allusive kind (redeemed from complete improbability by a touch of slang or even an oath) with which we have grown familiar; and certainly as much as that of any of his previous books the style of *The Outcry* marks the apotheosis of the adverb. "He had his effect, and Lord Theign's answer, addressed to Lady Grace, made indifference very comprehensive. 'You may do whatever you dreadfully like!'" This is but one of a score of instances. May I respectfully suggest to the publisher that in future he should print below Mr. JAMES's titles on the front page, "By (quite charmingly) HENRY JAMES."

Bishop BOYD-CARPENTER accurately names his volume of reminiscences *Some Pages of my Life* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE). It is not an autobiography in the accepted

sense of an ugly word. It is just gossip, suggestive of the Bishop seated by his own fireside, "going off," may I say? as recollections of a long, busy, distinguished life crowd upon his memory. To the task he brings the gift of ability to draw by few strokes a vivid picture of the persons of whom he chances to discourse. He has, moreover, the greater endowment of humour, flashes of which lighten every page. Not the least interesting chapters are the early ones, in which he recalls childhood days and lets the reader into the secret of his "Jinnies." This part of the book, its graphic touches and its inspiration of real childhood, recalls passages in *David Copperfield*, where *David* broods over incidents of a boyhood spent amid circumstances lamentably different from young *Carpenter's* early days. Whilst the writer, so long known to the world as the Bishop of Ripon, discourses about many people, there unconsciously moves through his story the figure of a sunny-natured, kind-hearted, earnest-souled man whom it is an impulse towards good to know, even through the medium of his book. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, in his *Festus*, spoke scathingly of Bishops. Many years after he wrote to express his regret. "It was knowing the Bishop of Ripon," he says, "that made me consider the lives of other Bishops, and finding such good men makes me wish to alter the passage." On laying down this delightful book the reader will understand the influence that led to this significant change of front.

It is easy enough to imagine a man of Dr. NANSEN'S calibre and industry sitting down to write a popular book of Arctic adventure, and being irresistibly drawn from his original purpose. In *Northern Mists* is long, possibly it may be overlong for those who like to acquire knowledge at top-speed, but its facts are simply stated and its ideas clearly set forth. At the end of these two most engrossing volumes Dr. NANSEN has not reached the history of Arctic voyages proper. As he began to be immersed in his subject he found that much that had been written was not to be depended upon. So, as he says, "what had to be done was to confine oneself to the actual sources, and as far as possible to build up independently the best possible structure from the very foundation." And "from the very foundation" he has started. His first chapter is called "Antiquity, before Pytheas," and afterwards he takes us down the ages with a fine scrupulousness for chronology. If from the extraordinary amount of information here given I had to select the matter of most enthralling interest to myself, it would be that which relates to the question whether the Greenlanders are to be considered the first Europeans to discover America. Dr. NANSEN answers it with an unqualified affirmative. That sent one's thoughts

flying sympathetically to boyhood's heroes, COLUMBUS and CABOT, and I was glad to find that they still form "the great turning-point in the history of discovery." One feels that they would be glad to know that this is Dr. NANSEN'S opinion of them.

Experts on geographical exploration have been waiting eagerly for this book, but I would fain thrust it into the hands of those also who scoff at everyone who is fascinated by the call of the unknown. I tender the distinguished author my respectful admiration and my warmest thanks for his labour of love. It is only justice to add a word of praise to Messrs. HEINEMANN for the way in which the book, with its countless illustrations, is presented.

Three shillings and sixpence net is all that they will ask you for Mrs. EDITH WHARTON'S latest novel, *Ethan Frome* (MACMILLAN); but, while not wishing to be rude to a clever lady and an undeniably powerful little tale, I am bound to confess that personally I would sooner keep the money. Really, the book is an elongated short-story, of that rather depressing kind that starts by introducing its central character as a battered wreck, and then goes back to explain how this came about. It came about for *Ethan Frome* because he was so unfortunate as to fall in love with pretty *Mattie Silver*, soon after she arrived to help his invalid wife at their lonely farm—the scene of all this is, of course, laid in America. The growth of their unconfessed passion is certainly very well described; in particular the guilty joy they take in their apparent domesticity when supping alone during the temporary absence of the wife. There is beauty in this that would have better graced a better book.

Eventually the lovers, unable to bear the prospect of separation, agree to die together; their idea (to which I cannot help suspecting they were urged less by their own convenience than by a wish to give Mrs. WHARTON a dramatic climax) being to go full speed down a toboggan run, and smash into a tree. It was not a very happy scheme, as *Ethan* indeed acknowledged when he awoke to find himself permanently disfigured, and *Mattie* a hopeless cripple. So, for the rest of their long lives, there the three of them lived, in the lonely farm, invalid wife and maimed lovers, chained together, and nagging. Jolly, isn't it?

"At Southend on Saturday the resignation of Captain Kirkwood, member for the division, was accepted, and the Hon. Rupert Guinness was adopted as the prosperous Conservative candidate at the next General Election. Captain Kirkwood is retiring because of the expense of fighting elections in such a large constituency."—*Daily Graphic*. There is an ingenuousness about this which cannot offend anybody.



THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

III.—GALILEO, WITH THE AID OF AN IMPROVED PLUMB-LINE, DEMONSTRATES THAT THE TOWER OF PISA IS NOT QUITE PERPENDICULAR.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Court of Appeal has held Form IV. and Form VIII. to be invalid. We understand, however, that this decision is to be the subject of a further appeal, and it is quite possible that the Government may find shortly that the House of Lords needs reforming.

Referring to this subject *The Globe* remarks:—"It is nothing less than scandalous that the myrmidons of Mr. GEORGE should have been suffered to practise this abominable blackmail and both an apology and liberal compensation are due to their victims." We fear, however, that they will only get Liberal compensation.

"A Fireside University" is the title given by *The Observer* to its notice of a really excellent series of books. In view of the proposals that have been recently made for a holocaust of books the title seems a little inconsiderate.

It seems almost incredible that it should not have occurred before to the Militant Suffragettes that the best way of proving their fitness for the franchise is to prove their ability to throw stones through people's windows. Did not the Greeks vote with pebbles?

A writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* draws attention to a trait which he alleges is peculiar—or almost peculiar—to women. They cannot punctuate. Recent events would certainly seem to show that a great many women do not know where to stop.

Senator Roor suggests that, in celebration of 100 years of peace between Great Britain and the United States, all work shall cease in the two countries for five minutes on February 17th, 1915. This should be the shortest strike on record.

The American Navy Department has prohibited the chewing of gum aboard ship, on the ground that the habit is "objectionable and unmilitary." The men, however, hold that it is not unnaval, and resent the order, and they are assured that, if they only stick together, they will win on this gum question.

We are sorry to hear, by the way, that a number of mean persons are now making a habit of not stamping their letters, relying on the unfortunate recipients imagining that the stamps have come off in the post owing to the poor quality of the gum.

It is now stated that the KAISER'S recent cold was due to the chilly reception of his Chancellor's Moroccan statement.

At last the Drama is to have a chance. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH announces that in a forthcoming theatrical production he will appear in a new collar of his own invention, which will be found to combine the comfort of

of sympathy with the Matlock tramway employes who, we are told, are threatening to strike "against longer hours." An hour of sixty minutes is surely quite long enough.

The Liverpool Repertory Theatre has followed the modern fashion of placing the orchestra out of sight underneath the stage. We are sorry to hear that this is taken as a slight by some of the more sensitive of the musicians, who assert that their personal appearance is no more regrettable than that of the average actor.

The cost of living continues to increase. Some Bacon which cost only £13 5s. in 1870 was sold for £1,950 at the Huth sale.



New Office Boy. "GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, SIR."
 Busy Editor. "DIDN'T I TELL YOU I WASN'T TO BE DISTURBED BY ANYBODY WHATSOEVER?"
 New Office Boy. "I KNOW, SIR; BUT 'E WEARS SPATS!"

Some Parliamentary Synonyms.

ANSWERING Mr. HEALY'S question in the Commons the other day as to whether a redistribution scheme, following the reform of the franchise law next year, would be effectively passed through the House, Mr. ASQUITH oracularly replied, "Time will show!" We welcome this improvement on the rather hard-worked "Wait and see!" and beg to suggest to the right honourable gentleman a few other variants, more or less approximate:—
 Eventualities will eventuate.

the soft double collar with the smart appearance of the starched linen kind. It is felt that if this should fail to draw the public then theatrical managers may as well shut up shop.

The Turks, we hear, were delighted with the floods at Tripoli. Having failed to cut off the water supply, they realised that the next best thing to too little water was too much of it.

The president of the King Edward VII. Hospital, Windsor, has sent a letter thanking the organisers of the Coronation Aerial Post for a cheque for £937 14s. 2d., and stating that a bed in the hospital is to be named "The Coronation Aerial Post Bed." It should be a brave patient that undertakes to sleep in a bed with a name like that.

We entertain a considerable amount

The facts will emerge subsequently. The sequel will duly follow. The answer is in the interrogative. *Che sarà sarà.* The honourable Member had better consult the pages of "Old Moore." The ringing of these and similar changes would impart the freshness of a new parlour game into the aridity of Ministerial replies.

True Modesty.

"MOTHERS' MEETINGS.—We are going on very satisfactorily, and are making p-n-t-es, ku-ners, ch-m-es, p-t-t---is, etc., for the Waits and Strays Society.

Okchumpton Deavery Magazine.

An advertised review says: "Canon Sheehan has aimed at picturing for us something of the interior history of the French Revolution. . . . He has revived old memories for the more mature among his readers." This does not include us, to our great regret. We were just too late for it.

MASTER AND MAID.

"Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori . . ."

Horace, Carm. ii. 4.

[Being a further contribution to the Servant-Stamp Symposium.]

THOMAS, I count it your affair, not mine;
Yet on my heart 'tis laid
To let you have a note, a privy line,
Touching your parlour-maid:
I wish, as one whose friendship, firm and fast,
Has never shrunk from moral duty,
To say that I have heard reflections passed
Upon her striking beauty.

I see no blame in this; I fail to see
Why this same Mary Ann
Should ask for anybody's leave to be
As lovely as she can;
But there are men more curious in surmise,
Eager to trace the sort of scandal
To which a bachelor's *ménage* supplies
An oh so obvious handle.

To such as these, when gossip grows too gay,
I always answer, "Pish!
Thomas, I say, is cold; he has, I say,
The nature of a fish;
Incurious of the damsel's dainty air
Who serves his soup and meat and pasties,
He couldn't tell the colour of her hair
Nor whereabouts her waist is."

Thus I defend you. Yet I have my fears;
For in my head there rings
This thought:—Proximity in time endears
The most unlikely things;
Some Saturday he'll come with sudden whirl—
The Winged Boy that laughs at sages,
And 'have you through the heart just when the girl
Is being paid her wages.

For then, in your dim study, 'neath the lamp's
Softened and shy regard,
You two will be engaged in sticking stamps
On her Insurance Card;
And GEORGE'S scheme (whatever else its use),
Demanding this concerted action,
May bring your heads together and induce
Ancillary attraction.

Yet take no shame, my Thomas, should it come
That lips which thus unite
To damp the same intoxicating gum
A dearer bond should plight;
That those two tongues which started out to curse
The loathéd rôle of mere stamp-licker
Should pledge their vows for better or for worse,
For healthier or for sicker.

So may your virtue follow that advice
Of HORACE (see above),
Who urged his young friend not to be too nice
About a slave-girl's love;
So Marriage, by this democratic law,
Shall stretch her social range, nor shall you
Waste all those threepences, but she may draw
Their full "surrender value."*

O. S.

* Strictly speaking, on the occasion of her marriage Mary Ann may only draw two-thirds of the surrender value of her policy by way of dowry, the remaining third being retained by the State for her benefit in the event of Thomas predeceasing her.

THE COLLISION.

I.

*From George Wadd, Brand Farm, Billsey, Beds., to
Captain Henry Wilmer, The High Tower, Melstone,
Surrey.*

SIR,—I am now better and send enclosed account for repairs to my dog-cart damaged by your motercar three months ago the figger is put low but I do not want to charge more than nesenary I must also ask you to pay me £10 for personal injury to my health owing to shock to the sistem.

Yours respectfully.

II.

From Captain Henry Wilmer to George Wadd.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of yesterday I beg to say that I am astonished by the demand you make. On the occasion in question my car did certainly touch the wheel of your trap, but I was going dead slow, and the collision, such as it was, was so slight as to be hardly noticeable. Yet I perceive in the carriage-maker's bill for £20 10s. which you send me that you have ventured to have practically every portion of the trap repaired and refitted. I certainly shall not pay such an exorbitant charge. A half-crown would cover the whole extent of any damage done to the old shandry-dan. I don't quite understand what you mean by "personal injury to your health" and "shock to your system." Were you attended by a doctor? If so I shall be glad to have his name and see the details of his charges.

Yours faithfully.

III.

From George Wadd to Captain Henry Wilmer.

SIR,—When you run into me you must have been going fifty mile an hour. The collision was dredfull and must have been herd for miles every part of the cart was knocked about and the horse has not been himself since I write to you as a gentleman to a gentleman and I am sure you do not wish a poor man to suffer in these times wich are the worst farmers have been through for six weeks I could not hold a pen or lie down in my bed without screeming for the pain in the back of my neck and knees. My friends do not think I shall ever be the same man since in respect of what you say of a doctor I never let one of that sort handle me and I never will I've seen too many taken before their time through doctors meddling. Kindly send me your cheque for thirty pounds ten shillings and oblige

Yours waiting.

IV.

From Captain Henry Wilmer to George Wadd.

SIR,—Your demand is preposterous and I certainly shall not pay it. What I am ready to do is to send you £1 in full satisfaction of all claims. Please let me know if you are willing to accept this offer, which is made without prejudice.

Yours faithfully.

V.

From George Wadd to Captain Henry Wilmer.

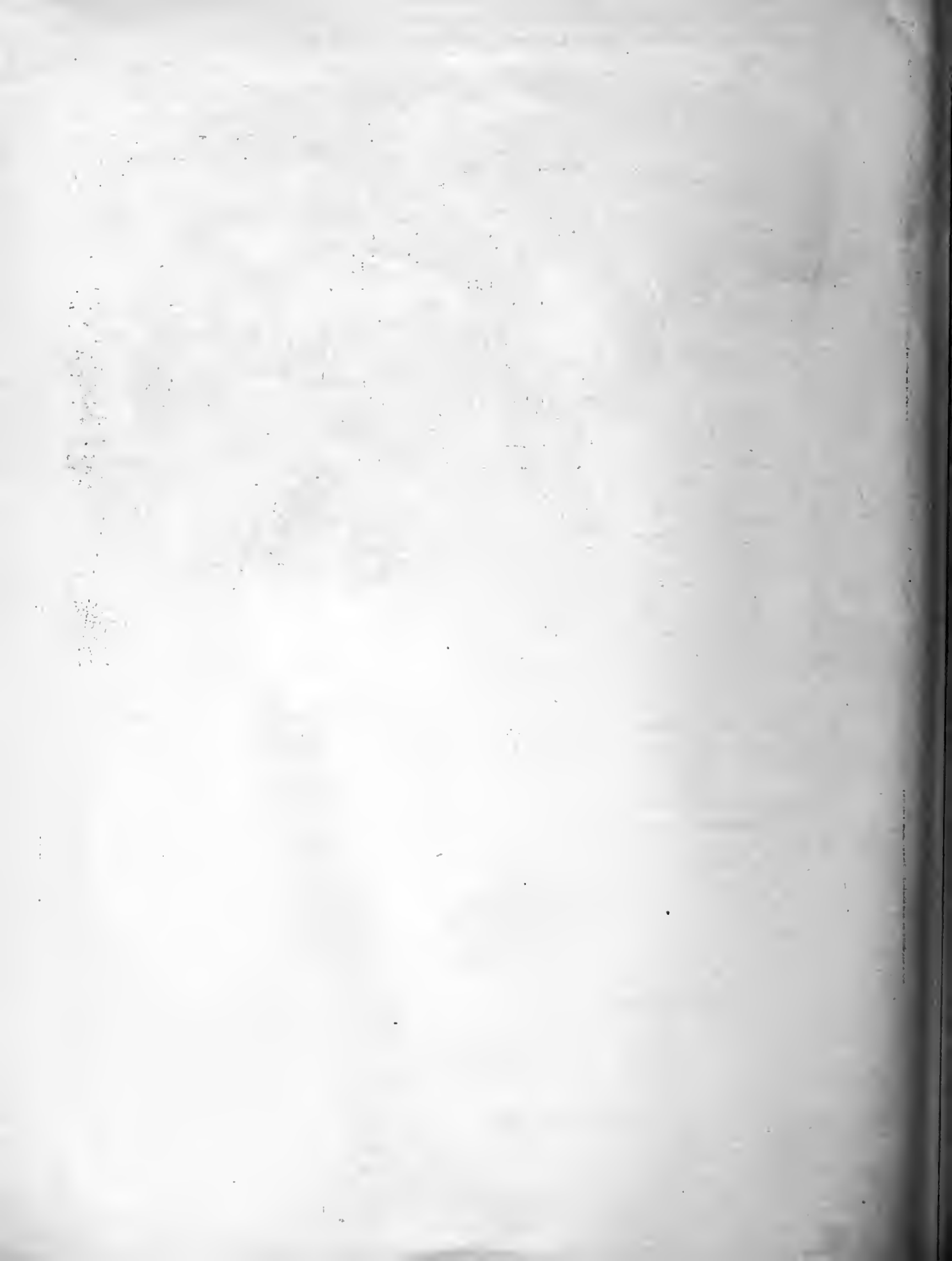
SIR,—I am surprised you should wish to treat a poor man so I do not want your prejudice and you can keep it for yourself we are all in danger of our lives through motercars and the worst is they wont pay for damage done my friends say they never see a man get his spirits so broken as I am by your accident I was always a good eater and now I cant touch beef and all my beer turns inside me. But I dont want to be hard on a gentleman



THE GREAT BARRIER.

ICE MAIDEN (to Captain Scott). "COURAGE YOU HAVE, BUT YOU MUST HAVE GOLD TOO BEFORE I LET YOU PASS."

[There is grave fear lest the South Pole Expedition should fail for lack of funds. Contributions may be sent to Sir EDGAR SEEVER, 7, Loffbury, E.C.]





"IS YOUR BULL QUITE SAFE?"

"HE'S AW RICHT—IF YE KEEP BACK PRAE HIS HEAD."

wich I suppose you are from your being a captain I will accept your £1 but I do so with prejudice.

Yours faithful.

VI.

From Captain Henry Wilmer to George Wadd.

SIR,—I enclose £1 and beg you will sign the accompanying form of receipt and return it to me.

Yours faithfully.

VII.

From George Wadd to Captain Henry Wilmer.

SIR,—The £1 received and paper signed am sending it you have treated me shameful and if you could see me now you would know what it means to a man of my age nothing is the same with me since your motecar smashed me up but I will try to forgive you and if ever you come this way again I will be on the look out for you mind that. I always pay my reckonings.

Yours grateful.

"Mrs. Hetty Green, the world's wealthiest woman, celebrated her 7th birthday in New York on Tuesday. . . . Reporters went to congratulate her, and asked her how she kept so young."

Dublin Evening Mail.

The Press should mind its own business. A woman is as old as she says she is.

"The cast was mainly a familiar one, with Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens as Isolda, Herr Cornelius as Tristan, and Herr Van Rooy as Kurvenal.

* * * * *

The Kurvenal of Herr Van Rooy is always a beautifully-finished portrait."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Of the two we prefer VAN ROOY, as he is so much easier to hear.

THE TREASURE.

"MAY we see IT?"

The speaker put down her cup and turned from her hostess to the daughter of the house. A pink flush overspread the fair young face, and the man in the corner, who had heard of an engagement, became curious.

"Would you like to?" The question came shyly.

"We should simply love to."

The girl still hesitated, but at last rose in obedience to the reiterated requests and turned towards the door.

"Will you come then, please?" she said.

All followed upstairs. Before a door she paused and hesitated. Then turning the knob she entered.

She crossed the room and stood before a curtained recess, her friends creeping behind her.

"Is—IT—there?"

"Yes," she said softly, "IT is here."

The man, ignorant and wondering, waited. For a moment her small hand trembled on the curtain. Then she pulled it slowly aside. What the man saw was a gilded glass case, and upon a purple cushion within the case a stone.

"Is that IT?" they said.

"Yes," answered the fair young girl quietly,— "yes, that is the stone with which I broke Madame Chiffon's window. Nevermore shall they say that we women think more of shop windows than of the Cause!"

"Jury's Imperial Pictures (Limited) had promised the delivery of a film representing the adventures of Ulysses in Glasgow, Leeds, Belfast, Edinburgh, and Birmingham."—*Standard.*

His adventures in Glasgow are what we most want to see. Canny as they are in Scotland we think that the many-wiled Ulysses would have been too much for them.

THE NEW ANCESTOR WORSHIP.

MR. B. SIMMONS, jun., of Forest Gate, recently wrote to *The Daily Express* to express his indignation at the way in which people speak as if Ireland had always been in a savage and restless condition. "Such statements," he continues, "constitute an insult to the memory of my ancestor, BRIAN BOROIHME, whose reign was one of unexampled peace and prosperity throughout Ireland." This noble and high-spirited protest has borne immediate fruit in a crop of similar letters addressed to *Mr. Punch*, out of which he has only room for the following:—

A "PARR" SCORE.

Recent correspondence on the subject of the KIPLING-FLETCHER *History of England* has given rise to some highly reprehensible remarks at the expense of HENRY VIII. Although it is the fashion nowadays to depreciate royalty, I cannot remain silent when an illustrious connexion by marriage is thus foully aspersed. As a collateral descendant of the only wife who had the privilege of surviving him, I have no hesitation in saying that HENRY was one of the kindest-hearted and most gentle of men.

HONORIA PARR (Miss).
The Lindens, Tulse Hill.

FRANCIS THE FLAWLESS.

Shakspeareans are not content with the ridiculous assertion that SHAKSPEARE wrote the plays which were published in his name; they add insult to injury by alleging that FRANCIS BACON was a venal judge. As a relative of this universal genius I have the best of reasons for stating that this is an infamous falsehood. The purity of the Bench in the days of ELIZABETH was absolutely unassailable.

ALBERT GAMMON.
The Dovecote, Dunmow.

SEMIRAMIS VINDICATED.

I have recently read a book entitled *Twelve Horrible Women*, in which, to my infinite disgust, I discover a shocking account of my illustrious ancestress, SEMIRAMIS. It is enough to state the simple fact that under her enlightened rule Assyria enjoyed adult suffrage, while the fraudulent practices of the

Chaldean astrologers were sternly suppressed and the advocates of Free Trade were absolutely dumbfounded by her irresistible personal charm.

MIRIAM BODGER.
49, *Asparagus Road, Oldham.*

THE PHENICIAN FAIRY.

Iconoclastic writers, who live by belittling the great, have lately turned their attention to DIDO, the Queen of Carthage, and have gone so far as to

SAYINGS OF THE WEAK.

(With acknowledgments to various contemporaries.)

SIR NORMAN HENRY. "I am confident of this—that we shall never see industrial peace in this country until the present Labour unrest is over."

PROVOST OF KIRKSPINDLE. "The question is often asked, 'Stands Scotland where she did?' and after careful examination I am emboldened to say that the answer is in the affirmative."

REAR-ADMIRAL SIMPKINS. "To protect our shores we must have ships; to man our ships we must have men. Both cost money, but both are imperative if we are to retain our command of the sea."

ALDERMAN PRATT. "I invariably find that those who say that England is going to the dogs are themselves either young puppies or old curs. 'The Gloomy Dean' is, of course, an exception."

MR. KENNARD NOAKES, F.R.I.B.A. "It is regrettable but true that good architecture has little or no interest for the criminal classes."

MISS FLORA BATEMAN. "Most women would rather wear pretty clothes than not."

DR. GORE-JONES. "The health of a community largely depends upon the elimination of disease."

LADY LLANTUCKET. "A good cook need not necessarily be a good Christian."

GENERAL HOUSTON. "Real war is about as unlike a Sunday-school treat as anything well could be."

MR. DAVID McTAGGART, M.P. "Kings and policemen in private life are very like ordinary human beings."



Voice (from bed). "ISN'T HE ASLEEP YET?"

Papa (hopefully). "NO; BUT HE YAWNED ABOUT A QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR AGO!"

declare that there never was such a person. These attacks are not only a calumny on the dead, they wound the living. As a lineal descendant of her sister Anna, who married the famous Carthaginian general Hitherto, I protest against this campaign of extermination.

HEPHZIBAH BLOTT.

Biskra, Peckham Rye.

"Patrick Henegan (who did not attend, but forwarded an excuse) was fined 2s. 6d. for riding a bicycle at midnight."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

PATRICK'S excuse must have given him away badly, for this is not generally considered a punishable offence.

Sir A. G. BOSCAWEN, as reported in the *Cambria Daily Leader*:—

"In the House of Commons they would have every weapon against them—the gag, the guillotine, the closure, and the candle rule."

The "candle rule" is that you have to stop speaking as soon as it gets dark. Slurred over, it sounds like "kangaroo," which is another parliamentary dodge altogether.

"The quotation 'There's a child among us taking notes' needs to be modified."—*Motor.*

What, again?

THE LAST COMER.

A CHRISTMAS (NUMBER) TALE.

It was midnight, the Ghost's High Noon, and in an upper chamber of an old house near Fleet Street the seasonable spectres had met for their annual re-union. Though the year was yet in early autumn, the Ghosts, as usual, had brought their own weather. Holly and mistletoe festooned the walls, and a mighty fire roared in the wide chimney, despite the fact that, outside the elaborately frosted windows, October was departing with her customary blustorous warmth and a crop of press-paragraphed primroses.

Within the room, however, winter of the kind that is called old-fashioned reigned supreme. The scent of printer's ink and glazed paper was calculated to strike terror into the boldest nostrils; it was the distinctive scent that proclaimed the advent of the phantoms to the haunts of men—the dread perfume of the Christmas Number.

Already there were not wanting signs that the grip of these Ghosts upon the shilling public was loosening—but of this they themselves seemed still to be in ignorance. Anyhow they were all there. At the head of the long table sat that elderly spectre, clad in a winding-sheet somewhat threadbare with long use, whose custom it had been, years out of count, to denounce on Christmas Eve its unsuspected murderer. Opposite, the family Skeleton rattled its familiar bones with gusto, the Missing Will still clasped, from simple force of habit, within its fleshless fingers. It was glancing, with the ghost of a wink, towards the Blue Lady, a female now of mature years, who, for her part, seemed to respond to such advances with every sign of amiability. This, however, astonished none of the spectral company, since it was well known that an old understanding existed between the two, who had, indeed, worked together too often, Christmas by Christmas, to retain any formality towards each other.

Absence of ceremony was, however, a pleasant feature of the whole ghostly gathering. Mere vulgar spooks, such as the Headless Horseman or the Driver of the Phantom Mail, were obviously regarded as on an equal social footing with spectres of the very bluest transparency. A sense of tasks accomplished seemed to pervade the company, so that one and all, conscious of another twelve months' well-earned leisure ahead, abandoned themselves with zest to the exhilaration of the moment. It was, in short, a party of high old spirits.

Then suddenly, while the revel was



W. A. Wallis Mills 1911.
Sir Robert (as sudden scurry is heard). "WHAT WAS THAT?"
Nervous Loader. "O-ONLY A ROBERT, SIR RABBIT!"

at its gayest, at the precise moment when the venerable chair-ghost had risen for the time-honoured proposal of "Our First Editor," a strange footstep became audible upon the stair without. With slow and unaccustomed step it climbed, and the very sound of it, eloquent of dull weariness and resigned despair, sent a chill of horror down the marrowless spines of the startled listeners. Huddled together, the smiles frozen upon their jaw-bones, the phantoms turned with one accord towards the door, where, upon the threshold, stood now a figure far more sinister than any that the imagination of Yuletide artist could conceive.

Consternation had fallen upon the room. The spectre at the head of the board drew its inadequate sheet closer about limbs that rattled in their sockets. Thrice it essayed to speak and could not. At last, "What form is this," it faltered, "that thus intrudes upon the revelry of the immortals? We

here are they who have conquered time itself, the Christmas-Number Ghosts, the always-same, who know not change. By what right dare any stranger claim place amongst us? Speak, we charge thee! Whose ghost art thou?"

Then the Figure spoke, and the sound of its voice was as though all the chasms of the earth began to yawn. "Do ye not know me yet?" it answered, fixing its haggard gaze upon the shrinking crowd. "Strange, for I have met ye all, many, ay! and more than many, times before. Now the doom is accomplished, and I myself am come to join ye. I am the ghost of the gentle reader whom ye bored to death."

"Mr. Quaritch paid £5,800 for a Mazarine Bible and sold it at a profit which would astonish the printer of it, to say nothing of the authors."
Westminster Gazette.

It certainly seems more respectful to say nothing of the authors. We commend *The Westminster's* restraint.

THE GREAT GUM QUESTION

"ARE you a pro-Gum or an anti-Gum?" said Jeremy. "I forgot to ask you when we got engaged. Your mother only told me that you had a sweet disposition."

"If you mean what do I think of this ridiculous servant-tax——"

"Anti-Gum," said Jeremy. "I thought so."

"I say nothing about the stamp-sticking. You'll have to do that part."

"I was going to put up Baby. She'd simply love it."

"What I complain of," went on Mrs. Jeremy, "is that it will alter the whole friendly relationship between mistress and servant."

"Oh, do you think it will? I can see it bringing you and Cook even closer together. Nothing brings people together like a common grievance. Every Saturday, as you each drag out your threepences, you will tell each other what you think of LLOYD GEORGE, and by the time you have finished you will be awfully friendly. A link to bind where circumstances part."

"Don't be so silly."

"My love, when you have a new idea presented to you, you mustn't leap to the conclusion that it is a foolish one. It is a fact that all over the country just now mistresses and servants are writing letters together to the papers, and asking each other how to spell 'scandalous.' By the time the Bill is at work an intimacy between upstairs and downstairs will have been established that nothing but death can break. As for Baby and me, we love Cook anyhow, and I think she loves us. Gum cannot come between us."

Mrs. Jeremy went over to her husband and sat on his knee.

"Jeremy," she said, pulling his hair, "you're always kind and generous to me, aren't you?"

"Always. I've noticed it myself. I say, you are heavy."

"Well, if LLOYD GEORGE brought in a Bill compelling you to be kind to me, wouldn't you be indignant?"

Jeremy frowned and gave himself up to thought.

"Upon my word, I don't know," he said at last. "It's so easy to make a grievance out of the word 'compel'; but it doesn't mean much, really. You may say that I'm compelled to pay income-tax—the alternative being prison. But it's just as true that the clerk is compelled to go to the City every day and slave from nine to six—the alternative being the workhouse. The only difference between the two cases is that prison is said to be the more comfortable. After all, there is a

law compelling me not to beat you, but I simply can't get indignant about it. I don't strike my chest and say, 'Scandalous! As though any decent man would beat his wife!'"

"Oh, I can't argue with you," said Mrs. Jeremy, "but I know I'm right."

"I'm not arguing; I'm just throwing out ideas. Something will emerge presently. I sort of vaguely agree with you, you know, and I'm trying to find out why. I think it must be the gum, after all."

"Well, you saw what *The Lancet* said—that all sorts of contagious diseases will get spread."

"Did it really say that?" cried Jeremy excitedly. "But that makes it all right, dear. Cook is bound to catch something, and then we begin to get our money back at once! We insure her for sixpence a week against illness, and LLOYD GEORGE lets her have measles on the very first Saturday! It's too good to be true."

"And you said you loved Cook!"

"I hope I can approach this matter in an impartial spirit," said Jeremy with dignity. "Why, of course," he went on eagerly; "now I know what I objected to in the scheme. It was the fact that it was an insurance."

"You did know it was called the Insurance Bill, dear?" said his wife meekly.

"I am insured," said Jeremy, disregarding her, "against death, fire, accident, workmen's compensation, burglary and hail. We have been married three years and nothing—absolutely *nothing* has happened. Unknown to myself there has evidently been growing up within me a deep distrust of insurance. I must have told myself that the thing was a fraud. And that was why I had this vague dislike of the Servant Tax."

"It's the silly bother of it all that I mind."

"No, no," said Jeremy eagerly. "You can't put me off now. The thought of Cook coming into the presence of a licked stamp for the first time in her life and catching mumps has made a new man of me. Bother? Nonsense! Now I'll just show you."

He took out his watch, looked at it for a second, and said, "Go!" Then he dashed out of the room for his bicycle.

In five minutes he was back again.

"Your stamp," he said, producing a sixpenny one. "Four minutes, forty-nine seconds. In a month or two I should probably do it quicker. Of course we shall want more than one, but the postmistress tells me that you can buy three or four in a row with equal rapidity. Now we want a card to stick it on. Sticking it on will be rather a solemn

business; we must allow plenty of time for it."

"Oh, Jeremy, you are a silly!"

"If this is to be a proper rehearsal I suppose we'd better have the servants in. No? Perhaps you're right. Cook mustn't catch anything until the insurance people are ready for her. Now then. I shall lick this first one myself, and afterwards you and Baby can take alternate Saturdays. I know which side to lick because I asked at the post-office. In fact, the difficulties simply melt away when once one begins to attack them." He rolled back his sleeves, moistened the stamp and approached the card stealthily. "Observe!" he whispered.

There was a sudden movement, and then Jeremy withdrew his hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said with a slight bow, "I thank you for your kind applause."

"Jeremy, you baby," laughed his wife.

"Every Saturday," said Jeremy, summing up the position, "you will place four adhesive stamps on in the manner indicated. It will take you about five or six seconds. I shall ride into the village to purchase the stamps, and the little outing will do me good. You and the staff will run down LLOYD GEORGE together for coming between mistress and maid, and your common hatred will be yet another bond between you. And, finally, Cook, after her first bout of whooping cough, will be completely reconciled to the small payment of threepence a week. If these are not rare and refreshing fruits I'm blessed if I know what are."

"You've forgotten one thing," said Mrs. Jeremy obstinately.

"Probably, dear. What is it?"

"That I know I'm right."

A. A. M.

"Sir William paused, breathing hard. The subject was wont to excite him more than any other. Then he added: 'A man or woman who allowed a man or woman to marry his or her daughter or son without telling him or her that there was insanity in the family I would send to equal servitude for twenty years.'"

"Daily Mail" feuilleton.

There is a sparkle about Sir William's conversation which is very rare now-a-days. All the same, if there *wasn't* insanity in the family, his condemnation of the parents for not saying that there was might be considered rather severe.

"Adjoining the kitchen department is the stove room, containing a large refrigerator with separate compartments for meats, poultry and fish, and a small compartment for the household clerk."—*Englishman.*

This enables him to keep cool in an emergency.

THE LAST WORD IN COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.



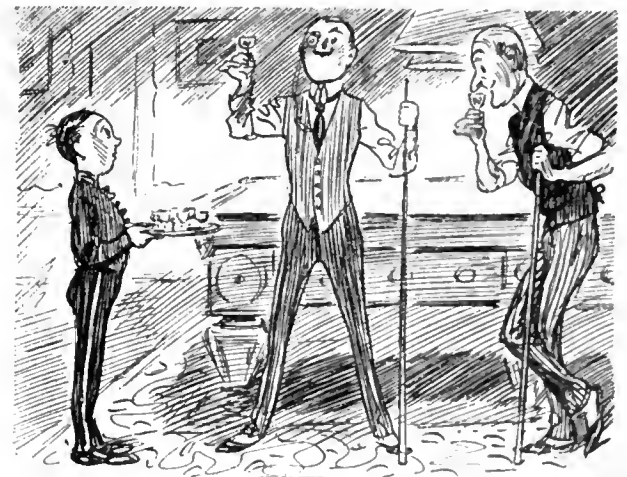
"By-the-by, dear, I want a packet of hair-pins. Let's get them here."



"We'll leave Bobby in the nursery first."



"I think I'll just go and see if there's anyone I know in the card-room." "Right O—I'll just have 100 up."



"By Jove! wish I could afford to drink stuff like this."



"Wonder where they get their foie-gras. Suppose it would be rude to ask."



"There now! I've forgotten those hair-pins after all! Never mind, we'll all come again to-morrow."



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 4.

“HERE WILL BE AN OLD ABUSING OF GOD’S PATIENCE AND THE KING’S ENGLISH.”—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

WILLIAM.

(A rather unfortunate Episode.)

“He pecks the gilded confines of his cage,
He eats enormously but gets no fatter,
He answers nothing to our persiflage,
He who was warranted to chirp and chatter;
My father thinks that he is off his head,
So we have mewed him in our topmost garret,—”
That was (in substance) what Miss Thompson said
About her parrot.

And I, in part from friendliness with her,
In part from anguish for the poor brute’s sorrow,
Said, “I will do my best that voice to stir;
Have him sent round to me some time to-morrow.”
So William came. Most anxiously I thought
What authors he would like, what honeyed words heed,
And in the intervals went out and bought
Sugar and bird-seed.

At last I cried, “The Muse!” and every morn
Sat down beside the bars and read him pieces
Of the high poets’ pages, thumbed and worn,
Battles and old romance and kings’ deceases;
I read him “Thyrsis” and I read him “Maud,”
BROWNING and KEATS, and every favourite writer,
But still he stuffed and still his cage he clawed,
The dashed old blighter.

But on the ninth day, as I droned aloud
Some song of SWINBURNE’s full of flowery riot,
There seemed a lifting of oblivion’s cloud;
He closed his dexter eye; he grew more quiet;
Some change in that wild savage heart occurred;

He seemed to say, “This dumbness was dissembling”;
Almost I seemed to catch the golden word;
His mouth was trembling.

But, ere he spoke, Miss Thompson took him back,
And I, in good hopes that the bird was better
And sure to find again the long lost knack,
Expected hour by hour some thankful letter;
And then I met Miss Thompson in the street,
And unsuspectingly took off my bowler,—
I think I never saw a face so sweet
Look quite so Polar.

Worried with apprehensions, faint and weak
I sought her brother James, a rare good fellow,
And said to him at once, “Did William speak?
Was it from ‘Atalanta’ or ‘Sordello’?”
And James replied to me: “Some British tar,
One of the kind whose breasts are bronzed and oaken,
Must have taught William first in days afar;
William has spoken.”

EVOE.

“MALDANE CLUB
NEW UNIONIST ORGANISATION”

says *The Singapore Free Press*, always first with the news; but apparently it is still uninformed about the Asquith Club for the repeal of the Parliament Act.

From an advt. in *The Standard* of the Rifle Brigade’s Battalion Orders for a Sunday Route March:—

“Trains: Met, Ry., Baker-st., 10.3 a.m.; Dist. Ry., Mansion House, 9.36. Ry. tickets issued at drill hall on Wed.; members who cannot attend please apply to Cr.-Sergt., stating which line they will travel by.”
Most of those who cannot attend will probably be found travelling by the Brighton Line.



“SERMONS IN STONES.”

JOHN BULL. (to Non-militant Suffragist). “I COULD LISTEN MORE ATTENTIVELY, MADAM, TO YOUR PLEAS, WERE IT NOT FOR THESE CONCRETE ARGUMENTS WHICH I FIND RATHER DISTRACTING.”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 20.—Whatever flood of conviction may swell the breast of an honourable Member regarding another on the opposite benches it is a gross breach of order to tell him that he lies. JOHN DILLON, at least on one occasion, brusquely broke the rule, with consequence that he was suspended from service of House and enjoyed quite a little holiday. There are, however, ways familiar to old Parliamentary Hands of safely getting out of the difficulty. To-night LLOYD GEORGE, in one of frequent protests against perversions of the principles and proposals of National Insurance Bill, deftly scored. Denounced particular statement as a gross patent misrepresentation. "There is," he added, "a shorter word one might use and it would be more accurate."

The other night TIM HEALY proudly alluded to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER as "My boy," meaning that LLOYD GEORGE had studied Parliamentary style in his private school. Whilst the pupil may be promising the master retains pre-eminence. In the roaring Eighties, when Parnellism was in full bloom and TIM one of its choicest petals, C.-B., at the time an Under Secretary not dreaming of the Premiership, happened to drop an observation which to a strictly logical mind, constitutionally opposed to dereliction from exactitude, called for rebuke.

"I know very well, Mr. SPEAKER," said TIM, turning to the Chair and recognising its majesty by a friendly nod, "you will not allow me to call the honourable gentleman a liar. So I refrain from doing so."

House was aghast. Angry cries of "Order!" rose from shocked Ministerialists. But TIM had measured his ground carefully. SPEAKER was not able to call him to order, and he proceeded to end of discourse.

Business done.—In Committee on Insurance Bill.

Tuesday.—Insurance Bill at last out of Committee. Members salute the happy hour with sigh of relief, Ministerialists breaking into a cheer. Been a terrible time, the heat and burden of it borne by something like a score of Members. PRINCE ARTHUR, whilst still with us at the post of Leadership, met the situation with charming frankness.

It was a difficult one. With recollection of what happened when dealing with Old Age Pensions, it behoved the Opposition to walk warily. It would

duty, to improve the Bill by moving amendments.

That involved close study of a document bristling with alleged facts and confusing figures. They created an atmosphere in which PRINCE ARTHUR was not habitually what you may call at home. Accordingly he deputed task of watching Bill from Front Opposition Bench to HARRY FORSTER, who has accomplished task in manner that adds greatly to budding Parliamentary reputation. As for PRINCE ARTHUR, as soon as House got into Committee on the Bill he strolled out, in manner reminiscent of the famed strategist

"Who fled full soon on the first of June
And bade the rest keep fighting."

Example followed by majority of Members from both sides, some two score, occasionally three, remaining to carry on work of the sitting.

Marvel of prolonged episode is CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. Not physically robust, he has not shirked an hour's attendance through the long tedious wrangle. True, when it recommenced to-day he showed some sign of being beaten at last. It was our old friend ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, of whom not much is seen or heard in these dull times, who did it. It is not only in Committee that burden of the Bill rests on shoulders of CHANCELLOR. At Question-time Gentlemen on both sides submit conundrums carefully drafted in solitude of their chamber, which they expect him to answer off-hand. This afternoon ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS wanted to know "whether, in Clause 14, sub-section (5) (a), page 14 of the National Insurance Bill as reprinted, the term persons, firms, and bodies corporate will include grocers holding patent medicine licences and at present selling medicines and invalid foods recommended by doctors?"

When the lists were reopened and the tourney recommenced, the CHANCELLOR, temporarily knocked over by ALPHEUS, bucked up again. To this end WILLIE PREL contributed a personal attack, to which he replied with vigour that might have suggested to the uninformed that it was his first and only speech for a fortnight. This effort turned out to be prelude to long masterly defence of the clause which brings domestic servants within operation of proposed Act. Rewarded by seeing Ministerial majority run up to 146 in a House of 336.

Business done.—Insurance Bill through Committee.



"Our old friend ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS."
(MR. A. C. MORTON.)

never do for them to declare open enmity against a measure affecting the interests of millions of people, most of whom had votes, and those that had not knew others who had. At same time it was possible, indeed a bounden



THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

Friday.—Other achievements apart, PRINCE ARTHUR'S claim to renown gained at Westminster might rest on reforms in Parliamentary procedure introduced and carried by him when in office. None other has done so much in direction of making House of Commons a business-like organisation. There was one new departure taken in the bloom of comparative youth which did not prove a success. It should be added that it did not take the form of a new or amended Standing Order, being simply a personal habit which he attempted to graft upon Parliamentary work of Irish Secretary.

When PRINCE ARTHUR held that office the Nationalist Members, or such as happened to be out of prison at the moment, worried him with intricate, incessant questions. Process of interrogation and answer rarely occupied less than half an hour. Midway through the Session it occurred to him that answers having been prepared in the Irish Office there was no need why the manuscript should be read aloud by the CHIEF SECRETARY in person. Looking round for a big, tall, stalwart person capable of undertaking the job of deputy, he fixed upon KING-HARMAN.

Experiment did not last long. Parnellites roared deprecation when the burly figure of the Deputy appeared at



"SAINT AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S golden notes."
(The right hon. gentleman's growing resemblance to the well-known statuette of THACKERAY is the delight of all observers.)

Table. "BALFOUR! BALFOUR!" they cried, as if CHIEF SECRETARY were a person so dear to their hearts that they could not endure half-an-hour's unnecessary separation. So CHIEF SECRETARY was compelled to be in



"The PRIME MINISTER is invariably in his place at question-time."

his place to answer questions. As for poor KING-HARMAN he never recovered the shock.

After an interval of 25 years this experiment is renewed. It is adopted not by a single Minister but by whole galaxy. Oddly enough IRISH SECRETARY of to-day is one of the two exceptions. SAINT AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S golden notes are still heard in reply to questions, comparatively few, put by Irish Members in these halcyon days. PRIME MINISTER is invariably in his place at question-time and usually replies in person. For the rest, heads of departments turn on their juniors to read replies.

As on average only one in ten of printed Questions daily submitted is of public interest, the new custom does not perhaps greatly matter. It may be well to make a note of it for the information of the New Zealander, of whom we hear little in these days, but who is understood to be making his way slowly to the vicinity of St. Paul's.

Business done.—Report stage of Coal Mines Bill. On Clause dealing with margin of safety, Government Majority drops to 9.

THE ADVERTISEMENT NUISANCE.

WHEN at the District station
I catch my morning train
And find behind the portals
A melting mass of mortals,
Disgust and indignation
Throb fast in every vein,
When at the District station
I catch my morning train.

When on the blatant ceiling
I cast a bilious eye
And read its rude, crude questions
And personal suggestions,
Still fiercer grows the feeling
That things are all awry
When on the blatant ceiling
I cast a bilious eye.

Are you becoming podgy,
And are you growing plain?
Has your once manly figure
Begun to lose its vigour?
Do people call you stodgy—
Hint water on the brain?
Are you becoming podgy
And are you growing plain?

From all this weary welter
Of questions coarse and crude
I turn with wrath infernal
To read my morning journal,
Expecting there a shelter
Where one is not pursued
By all this weary welter
Of questions coarse and crude.

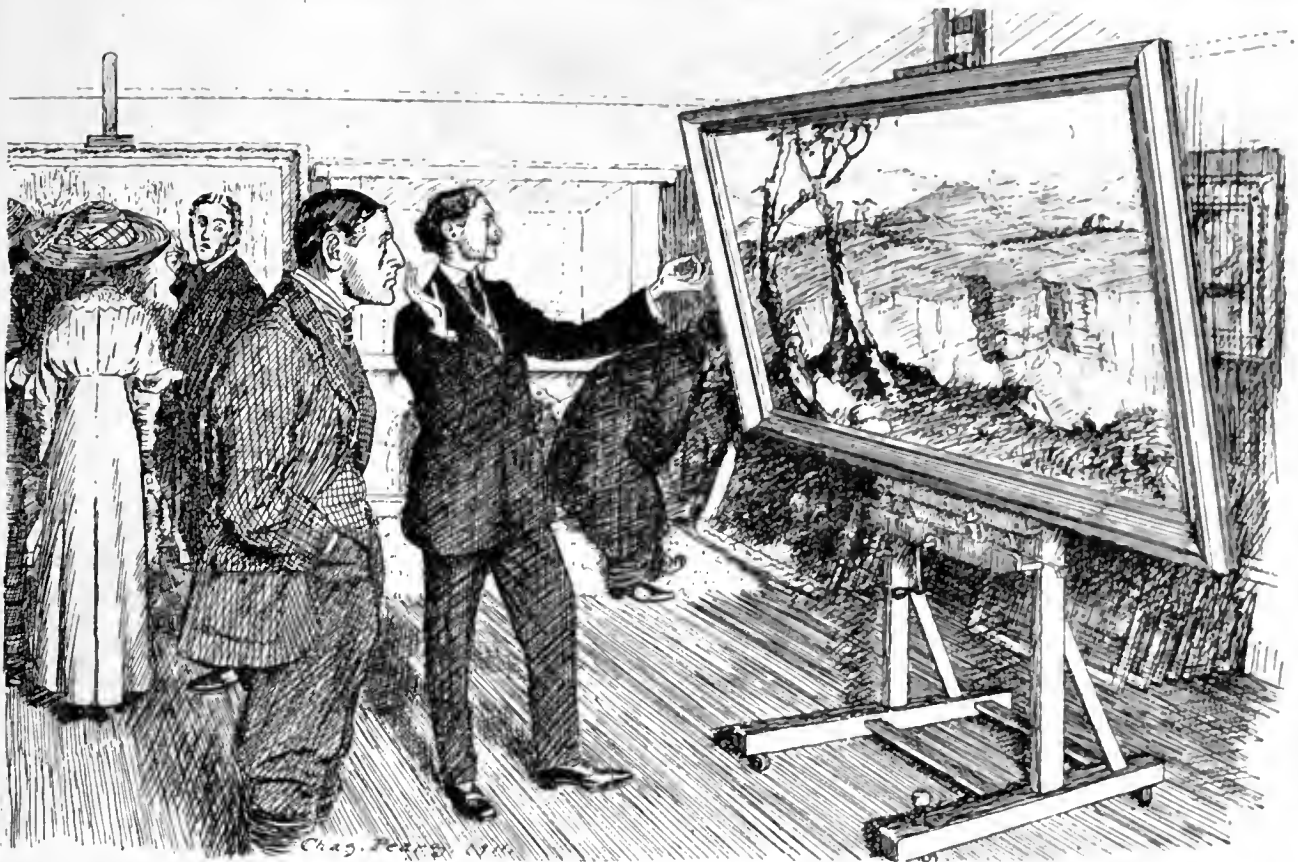
A question-mark gigantic
—Meets my disgusted glare.
Fain, fain would I ignore it,
But I am stuck before it.
My fury grows more frantic,
My eyes are glued to where
A question-mark gigantic
Meets my disgusted glare.

It asks: Are you attractive
And can you fascinate?
Attractive? I? Don't speak of it!
Strap-hanging—oh! the cheek of it!
My nerves become more active,
And as I grow irate
It asks: Are you attractive
And can you fascinate?

Would you acquire a manner
That no one can gainsay?
It may for half-a-guinea
Be learnt by any ninny.
Ten shillings and a tanquer
Is all you have to pay
Would you acquire a manner
That no one can gainsay.

Your jests have lost their lustre?
Your quips no longer flow?
The writer guarantees you
Results that can't but please you:
Again your friends will cluster
Around you, even though
Your jests have lost their lustre,
Your quips no longer flow.

And thus my many failings
Are evermore rubbed in.
When wifely comment ceases
To pull me all to pieces,
On hoardings, prints and palings
The hateful ads. begin,
And thus my many failings
Are evermore rubbed in.



Poetic Visitor (at studio). "WHAT QUALITY! WHAT ATMOSPHERE! WHAT——"

Golf Macfar. "WHAT A CARRY!"

" A LIMITED SUFFRAGE.

I HAD not seen Agatha since the date of the great announcement, and I was not altogether surprised, when at last I did meet her, to find a purple, white and green rosette brandished in bewildering spirals and figures of eight before my eyes.

"Now what have you got to say?" she demanded, her eyes sparkling.

"Many things," I answered. "It's a nice morning. You are looking well. How is your Aunt Jane? . . ."

"Who said I should never have a Vote? Yah!"

"Dear me, has anything fresh happened?" I asked innocently.

"Anything 'fresh!' she almost shrieked. "Don't you know that ASQUITH is going to pass a Universal Suffrage Bill—One Man One Vote—and that it's to be left to the Commons to decide whether it shall apply to Women—and that two-thirds of the Members are in favour of Votes for Women—and that means that all Women will have the Vote—One Woman One Vote—and that you jolly well owe me a box of chocolates? But of course you know it," she added, when she had found her breath

after this gigantic query. "You were only trying to hand me a lemon."

I chuckled noiselessly in my sleeve—a difficult feat which requires practice. "This, no doubt, is very gratifying to you," I said. "Most gratifying. And so the Government have not behaved so badly, after all?"

This would have been a dangerous question to put to a Militant Suffragette, but Agatha, to do her justice, is a reasonable soul, and therefore does not always follow her leaders. She acknowledged that, considering the difficulties of the position, the Government had behaved wisely and even generously, and added, characteristically, that they were all perfect dears, and that she would like to kiss every one of them.

"But, of course," I remarked casually when she had finished, "your elation is, after all, quite unjustified, since you personally are not affected."

(This is the place to mention that Agatha was twenty-seven last birthday. I know it; but she doesn't know I know.)

"Me not affected! Of course I am, silly! I shall get a Vote like every other Woman."

"Not at all," I said airily. "As a matter of fact a comparatively in-

significant number of old ladies will get the Vote, even if the Commons do as you expect. Didn't you know, or haven't you realized, that the Government's idea is to give votes only to persons over twenty-five years of age?"

"What!"

"Precisely. Of course you didn't think of that, did you? No, my dear Agatha, the Bill may pass and you will not vote. You cannot go to the Polling Station and look the Presiding Officer in the face and say, "Behold, I acknowledge that I am twenty-five. Give me a Vote." Few women could do that. Years, Agatha, will pass by, and you will not vote. Empires will rise and fall, dynasties will be swept away, and you will not vote. The South Pole will be reached, aeroplanes will circle the earth in two days, the Cup will again come South, and still you will not vote."

It was some time before Agatha could speak. "Oh!" she gasped at length, "I think they're the meanest, meanest, meanest set of pigs on earth!"

To prove that I can be magnanimous, I shall not remind her for a few days about the box of cigarettes she owes me.

BEAUTY ADORNED.

THERE is many a true word spoken in jest. There is many an untrue word spoken in love. Aspodestera had spoken the former, when she said lightly that she should not be surprised to hear that I was going to a really good tailor for my next suit and that right soon. She had, I feared, spoken the latter when she called me "her dearest and best." No woman's dearest and best could be clothed in the kind of clothes which she said that I was then wearing.

"Pshaw!" said I (of course I never really used a word like that), as I contemplated the window of the Bondiest of Bond Street tailors, the tailor, in fact. I marked the solitary and priceless trouser length, casually draped over a lonely pedestal therein. "Pshaw! I will not be an aesthete; I will be a man. I will go inside and tell him so."

I went inside, but I did not tell him so.

In the course of my legal career I have told many a bigger and more imposing man than myself that he was, practically, a liar. I have rebuked a Judge of the High Court to his face, and I have made my way undaunted into the very House of Lords and there yawned while my learned leader expounded the Law, yawned in the very presence of the Woolsack and without troubling to put my hand in front of my mouth. I have done even more than that; I have kissed Aspodestera when she was not only unwilling but passionately prohibitive. But in the presence of the Tailor I was overcome.

"I have come," I said meekly, "to be measured for a suit," and thereupon I was measured and dismissed. I do not suggest that I was approved of. I admit that I was not very willingly tolerated. But I think, on the whole, that I was forgiven. The gentleman who measured me, the aristocrat who made a note of the dimensions, and the divinity who planned a cut-away waistcoat and referred to the weather, these informed me, in language without words, that I was disreputable. I begged them to believe that my own wardrobe had been stolen or burnt, leaving the choice to them, and that my present plumes were borrowed. Possibly they did believe; more probably they forgave me, just because they were sorry for me. At any rate they allowed me to pass out of their front-door, taking upon themselves all risk of the disgrace I might do them.

Returned to Aspodestera's address, I lowered all the lights in the sitting-

room and arranged myself in a chair in the corner, where even the light of the fire could not shine on me. Then I referred to the painful subject, and told her that she might, if she liked, break off the engagement.

"But I love you," she declared, "for yourself."

"Then yours," I retorted, "must be a love as pertinacious as it is blind. Even so, I doubt if I ought to allow the worst woman, let alone the best, to attach herself for life to so loathsome a spectacle as I."

Ten days later I found myself in the Bond Street sanctum, and surveyed with incredulous joy the reflection of myself in the mirror. The aristocrat and the divinity were in attendance. The gentleman was below-stairs, engaged, by special request, in burning or otherwise destroying for ever my cast-off rags; an unpleasant job, but to him, I venture to think, a labour of love.

"Tell me," I said to the divinity, "is that delicately tinted and exquisitely shaped image which I behold—is it really my own?"

"May I ask, Sir," he answered, "are you satisfied with it?"

"Satisfied!" I ejaculated. I was thinking of the whole picture, he of the frame only, but in either case the word was inadequate. "Now at last I appreciate and understand," I said, "the depth of Aspodestera's love for it."

I turned up all the lights in Aspodestera's sitting-room and placed myself in a chair in the most central and conspicuous part of it. All that was needed to make things complete was the limelight full on me.

"Aspodestera," said I, "I'm not so sure that I shall not break off that engagement myself."

"Why?" she cried. "Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you all right, but I feel perhaps that I ought to do better."

She seemed hurt that I could even conceive of any girl being better than she. She was right to be hurt; there is, and could be, no better.

"Rather," I said, correcting myself and at the same time catching sight of myself in another lucky mirror, "I feel that I might be doing an unwarrantable injury to the whole of your sex if I gave myself to one member of it for good."

"The truth of Harry Vardon's asseveration is being gradually and continually forced home, and golf will soon be generally regarded as 'a funny game.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.

Not by us.

THE CRWTH.

[Crwth—a kind of violin with six strings formerly much used in Wales.—*Dictionary*.]

WHEN Scottish warriors scale the scarp
To plaintive pipes, and Erin's ywth
Still proudly point to Tara's harp,
How is it, Wales, you spurn the
crwth?

Your Principality may boast
A leek-embazoned flag, but 'strwth,
My gallant friend, you're but the ghost
Of what you'd be beneath a crwth.

With Cymric zeal, with Druid touch
Your bards still go it nail and twth,
And yet the instrument they clutch
Is simply nothing to a crwth.

That native ire your Sagas show—
Compare the tale of *Gelert's* slwth—
Had disappeared long years ago
If you had tuned this magic crwth.

And Mr. GEORGE, Carnarvon's joy,
Might well have lost his ways
uncwth
Had he but learned, when still a boy,
To calm his passions on a crwth.

THE LEARNER.

"You see, my man," I said, "this is a telephone, and you speak through here and listen through this, and if you hear what the man at the other end says you write it down, and if you don't you tell him to speak louder."

My pupil was a Territorial Sapper, "under instruction" in the Fortress Exchange Office.

"Do you think you could manage to send a message?" I said, after I had spent a good deal of my valuable time in explaining the parts of the rather tricky "20-line Switchboard."

"I think I could try, Sir," said the man as he took up the receiver.

"What is your job in private life?" I asked.

"I am an operator in the National Telephone Company, Sir," he replied. "What message shall I send?"

"In it I have a record of the gifts I have given every one of my relatives and friends for the last four years, and there are enough pages left for the record to continue for another four years, allowing four years to the page."

Daily Chronicle.

How many pages are there in the book? Quick! . . . Two—that's right.

"TO LADIES.—Through broken engagement, lovely half-hoop diamond ring. . . . Also exceptionally clever pet African Grey Talking Parrot."—*Church Times*.

Is the advertiser's sudden adoption of the Silent Life quite wise? So complete a change may be too much for him (or her?).

GEMS FROM THE LADY
NOVELISTS.

I.

"SIR WILLIAM PUNTZ was unique among racing owners not only because he had won the Derby three times running, but with the same horse."—From *High Stakes*, by Virginia Masterman (Bills and Boom).

II.

"In spite of the heavy sea every corner of the great liner was searched, but in vain: no trace of Lord Lostwithiel and the pretty governess could be found. At last some one thought of the billiard saloon, and, lo and behold! there they were, deep in the mysteries of cork pool."—From *It was a Lass of Our Town*, by Mrs. Foljanibe Cross (Redding and Co.).

III.

"No sooner was the lawyer seated than Jane, the neatest-handed of Phyllises, went to the cupboard, and bringing from it a seed cake and a decanter of champagne laid them on the table. But the lawyer assured her mistress that he was in no need of refreshment."—From *Folk at Middlebury*, by Esther Soper (Drakeworth and Co.).

IV.

"Fastidious even in the merest trifles Sir Lucian never paid less than a shilling for a box of 25 cigarettes, nor did he ever smoke one that was not gold-tipped."—From *Sons of Mammon*, by Amabel Fripp (John Broad).

V.

"Lily was a born musician, whose natural talents had been cultivated by assiduous study with the best masters. Like a good bowler she had an absolute sense of pitch, and the sound of her rich contralto voice blending in consecutive fifths with the booming thorough-bass of Signor Squareione, was enough to make St. Cecilia jealous."—From *Fickle Lily*, by Evangeline Lazenby (Blewer and Blewer).

VI.

"A scholar of rare distinction at Eton, where his elegiacs were the despair of Mr. A. C. Benson, Bertram took a first in the Greats Tripos at Oxford, and putted the weight for the Varsity Golf fifteen, besides playing half Mus. Bae. for the O.U.F.C., in the first year of his residence at Christ Church College."—From *The Ordeal of Bertram Binjon*, by Dorothy Bagshot (Garbidge and Co.).

VII.

"Ralph Bickersteth was the idol of the Oval crowd, and no wonder. In the crucial test match against Australia



New German farces. "ZO MUCH FOR ZAT GREAT GENI'S, AND VAT ALSO IS ZE NAME OF ZE OZZER GREAT GENI'S ALWAYS GOFFLED IN OUR MINDS WIZ SCHILLER!"
Reginald. "CHARYBDIS."

he had won the rubber by a lofty slashing stroke to cover point, for which the batsman ran five before it reached the boundary, thus scoring nine at a blow."—From *The Golden Spoon*, by Madeline Pilditch (Rummer and Thynne).

VIII.

"Finnee was Wilfrid's foible. While he was still at Harrow he kept a bucket-shop, at which several young scions of the oldest families were frequent customers, and at an age when most young men are thinking chiefly of socks he had achieved the proud distinction of being hammered on the Stock Exchange."—From *Mary's Fifth Husband*, by Ada Pippit (Bindells and Tosher).

IX.

"Angus Fitzalan in his popular Oxford days was known as 'Henley' Fitzalan—a *sobriquet* he had earned by the never-to-be-forgotten race in

which he won the Great Challenge Cup. The ferrymen of the picturesque river-side town still tell of the terrible set look in Angus's eyes as he kept them fixed on the distant goal. Even Mildred on the bank failed to attract his attention, though you may be sure she did her best to convey to him her love and encouragement. Rowing men still relate with a note of deep admiration in their tones that Fitzalan pulled a greater number of strokes during the race than had ever been pulled before."—From *Winning Through*, by Hester Fawley (Horatio Box).

From a report of the *Hawke-Olympic* case:—

"What caused your head to turn to port?—In my opinion suction, pure and simple. We have noticed this phenomenon at dinner, when the ladies have withdrawn.

FROM A MÆDÆVAL "MORNING POST."

TO MERCERS, BRODERERS, AND OTHERS. We, Arthur, give Notice (to such as can read same) that we will not be responsible for any more Debts contracted by our wife, Guinevere.—Given at our Castle at Tintagel.

TO SHY LADYE.—Awaited thee by the Moate till nigh three of the clock but received nothing but a Drenching by reason of the Ladder of Rope having most mysteriously given way! Truly this is not the Tryst that I expected and I am like to die of Chagrin!—DISTRACTED TROUBADOUR.

TO DISTRACTED TROUBADOUR.—Get you gone, Maudlin Minstrel! I like thee not and will drop boiled Oil upon thy addled Head when next I see it. Moreover, my Guardian hath sworn to slit thy Gizzard; so beware!—SHY LADYE.

TO GENTLES AND SIMPLES.—Isaac of York, having recovered from recent operation (dental), gives Notice that he will advance divers Monies to Barons, Esquires and Gentlefolk in need of same at a rate of Interest, per mensem, that cannot fail to occasion Surprise. But be it known that Isaac holds no commerce with Infants, and Churls of base degree.

UNCOMELY DAMSELS AND GENTLEWOMEN rendered beauteous and well-favoured by Mistress Joane at her Parlour in Bonde Street in Saint James, where all manner of potent and rare Unguents (Soape, to wit) may be had. Rended Larde for the complexion, at no more than two groates for an ounce, and superfluous Hair plucked out with all the ease imaginable. Testimonials from Mimes, Mummers, and all manner of Smart Folk.

MERLIN, THE PROFOUND WORKER OF WONDERS and Master of Sorcerie, acquainteth Merriemakers, Hostes, and others that he will, for an Honorarium, attend Banquets and Entertainments and display divers Trickes and Wiles of Legerdemain, which mystify such as behold them. Merlin produceth a living Rabbit from Helmet or Casque, and causeth a borrowed Tester to disappear into Space!

TO COUNTRY FOLK and all desirous of viewing London and the sights thereof. The Blue Lion Inn over by Charing is the most easily come by, and the price of Board and Lodgment such as will not offend any. The Hoste is one who can discourse in many strange Languages and Tongues, so that he can be understood of all. A stout Porter conveys Travellers' Gear to their Chambers, which are well-ordered; and there is abundance of clean bright

straw for the comfort of Squires returning at a late Hour.

USEFUL VARLET seeks employment with Knight. Is well proportioned, can clean Armour and understands the loading of an Arquebus. An abstainer from Mead: moderate Gages.

WANTED, a Partner (dormant) who will finance advertiser's unsurpassable Device for selecting the winning Steeds at Tourneys and Trials of Speed. This is indeede a Mine of Golde, and needeth but a trial.—SIMPLEX, Piccadilly.

TALKS WITH VISIONARIES.

THE THEATRE ARCHITECT.

I MET him first years ago; and I remember his enthusiasm and fine ardour as he outlined his intentions; remember almost his exact words, so much in earnest was he.

"Yes," he said, "I am going to revolutionise all that discomfort. It's so simple a matter—once you can get the owner of the theatre to agree. There's the matinée hat, for example. Women won't take them off unless they are made to, that's certain. The idea that people behind either cannot see or want to see is equally foreign to their mind, even although they sit behind an impenetrable barrier themselves. Women in swagger hats are like that, bless them! But why should they take their hats off? If architects did their duty they would never have to; because a large part of the architect's task is to enable one row of people to see over another row's heads. That's what architects are for, and that's what I shall do. It merely means giving the floor of the stalls and pit a steep slope."

"Then why isn't it done?" I asked.

"Ah, why?" he echoed. "Because no one has the pluck to stay away from theatres until it is, chiefly," he replied. "Because no English people out for entertainment have the sense or courage to combine, having the terrible fear that while they are combining they will lose their twopenny-halfpenny amusement. And then the gallery," he continued. "That is not so easy because it is so high up. The stage being above the pit stalls you can guarantee everybody a view; but to do so in the gallery you must reduce the number of seats. Do you know," he said, "there is not a gallery in London from which everyone who has paid for a seat can see without standing, and many cannot see even then. Yet the stupid sheep go on buying seats. No combination, again. In order that everyone may see, sitting, the number of rows must be reduced by half at least, or the same

rows as at present, with alternate seats and blanks. Then no one would be immediately behind anyone else. I am interested in this because I have been to so many galleries myself and have suffered enough. Nothing like personal knowledge. Have you ever watched the difference in the way that a barmaid and a barman open a bottle of Bass? The barmaid, who does not drink Bass, or, if she does, has never thought whether or not it was clear, shakes the bottle and empties it. The barman, who knows the nature of beer instinctively, is careful with it and does not pour out the lees. It is the same with our profession. Those of us who have lived in uncomfortable houses can design comfortable ones; those who have visited theatres where the cheaper public cannot see will try to improve their conditions.

"Then, again," he continued, "I shall arrange that people can enter and leave the stalls without putting everyone near them to inconvenience and even pain. It merely means a little less profit for the manager, that is all."

"Yes," I echoed, gloomily as a Dean, "that is all."

"But you don't think so poorly of managers as that? They'll do very well, especially when it is known that the theatre is so comfortable."

"And yet," I said, "the uncomfortable theatres are crowded to-day."

His face fell a little, but he soon recovered; and so he went on, touching on various other points connected with theatre construction—safety under fire, and so forth—all proving how curiously this branch of building has remained stationary while all kinds of enterprise have been shown in others.

Well, as I say, that was many years ago, and I lost sight of him completely, although I remembered his words. Last week I saw him again. Curiously enough, he had been in my thoughts very recently, for I had been in a five-shilling seat at Covent Garden to see the Russian dancers, and being at the side and everyone else in the same rows having to stand I had to stand too. It was the next day that I saw him. I had to visit the St. Pancras Workhouse on business, and I noticed a familiar face. It was my visionary among the inmates.

"The fireman in charge took the small party round, and one of the figures to which the guide called special attention was the wax effigy of Dr. Sun Yat-sen himself. 'That,' said the fireman, 'is the chief of the Chinese insurgents,' never thinking he was talking to the original of the figure."

MESSIS. TUSSAUD won't thank *The Daily Mail* for this.



THE RESOURCES OF THE RACE.

Kate. "IF YOU PLEASE, MUM, MAY I GO —"

Mistress. "NOW, KATE, SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME YOU HAVE BEEN AWAY TO THE FUNERALS OF TWO MOTHERS, FOUR UNCLAS, SIX AUNTS, AND NINE COUSINS. I WISH YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THAT I WILL HAVE NO MORE DEATHS IN YOUR FAMILY."

Kate. "VERY WELL, MA'AM. I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU IF I COULD HAVE AN HOUR OFF THIS AFTERNOON TO SEE MY SISTER'S NEW BABY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE chief reason why I found myself (with the best will in the world) unable to enjoy Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S latest novel, *A Likely Story* (HEINEMANN), is that, while the characters are as lifelike as ever, the story in which they figure is too wildly unlike anything even remotely possible. You know what Mr. DE MORGAN'S people are by this time, and their engaging practice of using just the inconsequent, ungrammatical speech of real human beings. That, and their author's quaint trick of reporting them phonetically, have endeared them to countless readers. But to find all these jolly and companionable folk mixed up in a stupid story about a picture that talks is, for me at least, simply exasperating. Not content indeed with the loquacity of the original painting, Mr. DE MORGAN wants us to suppose that even amateur photographs of it become endowed with the same power of speech. Well, as I say, I'm sorry, but I really can't quite stomach it. Of course I appreciate the fact that the whole thing is only a kind of joke on the author's part at the expense of his critics. They blamed him, he says (in a personal epilogue, which is far the most entertaining chapter in the book), for deserting Victorianism in favour of historical romance: very well, then, in the present work he will combine the two methods by means of a mediæval picture that enters into the life of a modern household. The drawback to this pleasantry is

that, intended to confound the critics, it will inevitably confound the unoffending public a vast deal more. But now that Mr. DE MORGAN has had his retort we may hope, in the name of all those to whom his peculiar gifts are very dear, that "it never can happen again."

When I say that *Penny Monypenny* (SMITH, ELDER) is a novel of Scotch character, you will possibly exclaim, with my very cordial agreement, that both the theatre and the libraries have lately had more than a sufficiency of Scotland. But be reassured. *Penny* is Scotch with a certain difference; and MARY and JANE FINDLATER'S book about her contains scarcely a dozen lines of what could be called dialect. I am very sorry after this to have to add that its humour is pawky; but really this is the only word for the peculiar sparkling dryness that informs all the Misses FINDLATER'S writing, and invests even their most commonplace characters with individuality and charm. (Perhaps one should write it *charrm*!) So many of these characters are introduced during the ample and leisurely course of the tale that it is quite impossible to mention all of them, or to retell their story in any detail. One figure however stands out in my memory: *Lorin*, the frail, whimsical boy whom *Pen* loves throughout, whose long hair and outlandish ways are such a perplexity to his Scotch relatives, and who eventually migrates to Paris, and ends up as a journalist in Australia. When I tell you that his other name was *Weir*, and that at one time he speaks of

the memory of his native land "haunting him like a passion," you will perhaps agree with me that the authors might have called him *Robert Louis* without making the likeness to a great original much more obvious. In any case his is a figure new to fiction, and one that gives distinction to an interesting and capitably written book.

A fortunate reader, happening upon *The Centaur* (MACMILLAN) might well delight himself in it but yet hesitate to recommend it to his friends. His hesitation would be due to his poor opinion not of the book but of the friends. Alone he must be captivated by the exquisite dream of Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD; but in the cold atmosphere of later conversation he might not dare to set others upon the perusal of so much psychology, philosophy, even religion, relieved by so little of strong love interests or comic situations. Taking all risks and with no reservations, I insist upon the splendour of the history and the beauty of the idea of this book. It is the story of one man's soul; not that big, white, fragile darling and spoilt article, over which the modern decadent does so much and so tiresomely concern himself, but the universal spirit of youth and Spring, Earth and beauty, which is born in all men, prematurely dies or is deliberately crushed in most, and remains vital and dominant only in such simple "mad" fellows as *Terence O'Malley*. It is, I say, a dream; it is a thesis, an argument, a protest, almost a sermon on the simple life; yet above all it is a tale, a tale of adventure, and a very good tale, too, most delicately and dramatically told. How *The Centaur* comes into it is Mr. BLACKWOOD'S secret; he will divulge it at exactly the right moment to all who will give ear to his message.

Not for a long time has a book so intrigued me as *One of the Multitude* by GEORGE ACORN (HEINEMANN). It describes the progress of a slum-child, by incredibly hard and squalid ways, to the comparative haven of a self-respecting and self-supporting manhood, shadowed with all the anxieties of irregular employment and increasing responsibilities. For a while I could not bring myself to believe in the authenticity of it all, and even thought that the susceptible Sage of the College Window, who writes an introduction, was himself by way of hedging when he wrote: "I have reason to believe, indeed to know, that the record is literally and exactly true." Anyway, a higher critic could readily prove the thing a crude and stupid forgery, with its trivial inexactitudes, its palpable improbabilities, the obvious suggestions of derived as against direct observation, and such profoundly false "literary" touches as "The way my mother divided the loaves and fishes has left me a devout believer in the miracle of the Galilean Sea"—this of a mother's capable distribution of a daily dole from the Guardians of two loaves of bread added to the "occasional kipper or haddock and touch of butter" bought by the family. But suddenly one realises that the blemishes are

all blemishes of form, not of matter; that one is judging not by one's real but by one's confounded literary standards; that the whole thing gains in significance by the very crudeness of the workmanship. There is here no touch of the genius of a MARIE CLAIRE, but a rather clumsy record of a pathetically groping aspiration and of a very fine and splendid courage in the face of overwhelming odds. There is in particular a detailed description of the way in which under an inequitable system the middleman exploits the handicraftsman; while the paralysing effect of the constant fear, and the not infrequent fact, of being out of work is grimly realised. No one who cares to unlearn realities should fail to read this book. He will not wonder why for one such acorn that wins its oakhood there are so many twisted, broken or uprooted saplings. He will wonder what he would himself have made of Morocco Street. . . .

Not literature, but something much more important.

Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS is an author whose work I have long watched with interest. Amongst other things, he has written the best verse about Oxford of our generation, and at least one unusually clever novel. He has now, in *Saints, Sinners, and the Usual People* (BLACKWOOD) proved his mastery of that rarest and most difficult literary form, the really good short story. Not of course that the twelve tales in this volume are all of the same high level of achievement. They aren't. But several of them, notably "Expeditus" (the story of a luggage label that became a saint), and one, my personal favourite, called "The Diary of a Short-Sighted Man," seem to me as good as anything of their kind in English. A book that contains these, and such an exquisite little piece of word-painting as "The Demeter of Cnidos," has more than justified its existence as pure

literature; while for the reader to whom pure literature is rather an uncomfortable and alarming thing to handle there is "The Statue of the Commander" to make him smile, and "The Gorgon's Head" to make his flesh creep. It is no use my trying to tell you the plot of any one of these, because (except, perhaps, in the last, which is frankly sensational, and works up to a climax that you had better not read just before going to bed) the matter of Mr. LUCAS'S tales is of far less importance than their manner. They are always quite obviously the work of a poet who is also a scholar; which is just what gives them their peculiar quality and distinction. It will be interesting to see whether the trade tradition that short stories never sell will be falsified, now that the experiment has been made with such excellent materials.

"The works at Delhi have swallowed up a large portion of the funds available for the conversation of British and Mahomedan monuments."—*Times of India*.

A pity, as this sort of "conversation" might lead to some really interesting reminiscences.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

XIII.—A PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT HOPIING TO INVENT A NEW SYSTEM OF BREATHING.

CHARIVARIA.

A LADY novelist has a capital grudge against Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with his servant stamps, for he has succeeded in making a certain passage in a book of hers which appeared before the Bill was printed quite ridiculous. "Poor Martha," she wrote, "was a typical domestic. She had the servant stamp all over her." * *

Several German newspapers informed their readers that the German Government intended to insist on Great Britain sacrificing Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as formerly M. DELCASSÉ was sacrificed. People over here, however, do not seem to have credited the rumour. Anyhow, Consols failed to rise. * *

Mr. MASTERMAN has offered a prize to the first of his constituents who gains the maternity benefit under the Insurance Act; but this must not be taken as an expression of belief that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S measure will never become law. * *

A new vessel which has just been ordered for our Navy is to be called *The Daisy*. Frankly, we consider the mildness of this name a mistake. If recourse must be had to the plant world, we would suggest that such names as *The Forget-me-not*, *The Stinging Nettle*, *The Prickly Pear*, or even *The Dandelion*, are far better calculated to strike terror into the heart of the enemy. * *

The statement made by the Earl of DENBIGH at a dinner the other day to the effect that mankind could now be divided into three species—man, woman, and the chauffeur—has, *The Autocar* informs us, given offence to many respectable mechanics. Why anyone should object to being called a Superman we are at a loss to understand. * *

A Missouri judge has been fined £50 for pulling the nose of another Missouri judge. It remains to be seen whether this penalty is heavy enough to prevent the practice spreading among the more wealthy judges of the district. * *

The incident, by the way, tends to confirm the theory that in the States there is far less formality about the dispensing of justice than in our old-fashioned country. * *

"Monarchs from the Inside" is the title of an article in *T.P.'s Weekly*. This sounds curiously like the reminiscences of a gentleman who has been dined off by a Cannibal King. * *

"Practical gifts rather than ornamental," *The Express* informs us, "are likely to be in demand this Christmas." This emboldens us to express the wish that the anonymous admirer who on previous occasions has so kindly sent

THE SLIDING SCALES OF JUSTICE.

[An offer has been made by the Governor of Virginia to a murderer to postpone his execution for a month if he confesses.]

YESTERDAY the trial was concluded of William Brakepeace, for burglary and assaulting the police.

Prisoner's counsel, who declared that his client was a man of stainless character and could prove a complete alibi, offered, however, to plead guilty to the minor charge if that of burglary was not proceeded with. After some bargaining the negotiations broke down.

Prisoner elected to give evidence, and deposed that he was nowhere near the

place where he was arrested. The case was one of mistaken identity. He would willingly plead guilty to a few minor charges—forgeries, personations and things of that sort, or—wait a moment—he would pay £25 into court if this would square the matter. No? Well, £30? £35? Really, he didn't know what Courts were coming to! Here was a chawnst of making money instead of spending it. £40? At £40—going! Well, he would make the Court a fair offer—he would throw in two diamond rings and a lady's gold watch, blame him!

The foreman of the jury hero interposed with the suggestion

that, if the prisoner would plead guilty to arson, they would make a strong recommendation for mercy.

After consultation with his client prisoner's counsel rejected this offer with contempt and indignation. Prisoner relied on his unblemished reputation and the common honesty of the British jurymen.

Here his lordship retired to bargain with both counsel. As a result the prisoner withdrew his alibi and pleaded guilty to both charges, on the understanding that, if he produced fifty per cent. of the missing jewellery, the sentence would not exceed six months' imprisonment.

Reform of the House of Lords.

"*The Daily Express* states that Mrs. Asquith has decided to accept a peerage at the New Year."—*Times of India Weekly*.



The Bandit. "TAKE YOUR LAST LOOK ON THE SUNRISE FOR BELIKE YOU WILL NE'ER SEE ANOTHER."

The Captive. "INDEED, I TRUST NOT. IT'S THE FIRST I'VE SEEN AND I CONSIDER THAT AS A SPECTACLE IT IS GROSSLY OVERRATED, WHILE THE COLD IS INTENSE."

us such a pretty Christmas card will this year oblige with a 500-ton yacht. * *

The torpedo-gunboat *Spanker* has been in hospital at Sheerness, a merchant steamship having struck her. The cause of the quarrel has not transpired. * *

Inside a large cod-fish which was caught off Queenstown Harbour last week was found a leather purse containing two sixpenny pieces. It is thought that the cod may have been a poor relation of a gold-fish. * *

In its account of the recovery of the stolen Fra Angelico, a contemporary says that the Chief of Police on receiving the news "kissed the lucky detectives on both cheeks." Before we called the detectives lucky we should require to see a portrait of the Chief of Police.

A CROWN OF SORROWS.

THERE is something on my mind, of which I must relieve myself. If I am ever to face the world again with a smile I must share my trouble with others. I cannot bear my burden alone.

Friends, I have lost my hat. Will the gentleman who took it by mistake, and forgot to leave his own in its place, kindly return my hat to me at once?

I am very miserable without my hat. It was one of those nice soft ones with a dent down the middle to collect the rain; one of those soft hats which wrap themselves so lovingly round the eranium that they ultimately absorb the personality of the wearer underneath, responding to his every emotion. When people said nice things about me my hat would swell in sympathy; when they said nasty things, or when I had had my hair cut, it would adapt itself automatically to my lesser requirements. In a word, it fitted—and that is more than can be said for your hard unyielding bowler.

My hat and I dropped into a hall of music one night last week. I placed it under the seat, put a coat on it to keep it warm, and settled down to enjoy myself. My hat could see nothing, but it knew that it would hear all about the entertainment on the way home. When the last moving picture had moved away, my hat and I prepared to depart together. I drew out the coat and felt around for my — Where on earth . . .

I was calm at first.

"Excuse me," I said politely to the man next to me, "but have you got two hats?"

"Several," he replied, mistaking my meaning.

I dived under the seat again, and came up with some more dust.

"Someone," I said to a programme girl, "has taken my hat."

"Have you looked under the seat for it?" she asked.

It was such a sound suggestion that I went under the seat for the third time.

"It may have been kicked further along," suggested another attendant. She walked up and down the row looking for it and, in case somebody had kicked it into the row above, walked up and down that one too; and, in case somebody had found touch with it on the other side of the house, many other girls spread themselves in pursuit; and soon we had the whole pack hunting for it.

Then the fireman came up, suspecting the worst. I told him it was even worse than that—my hat had been stolen.

He had a flash of inspiration.

"Are you sure you brought it with you?" he asked.

The programme girls seemed to think that it would solve the whole mystery if I hadn't brought it with me.

"Are you sure you are the fireman?" I said coldly.

He thought for a moment, and then unburdened himself of another idea.

"Perhaps it's just been kicked under the seat," he said.

I left him under the seat and went downstairs with a heavy heart. At the door I said to the hall porter, "Have you seen anybody going out with two hats by mistake?"

"What's the matter?" he said. "Lost your hat?"

"It has been stolen."

"Have you looked under the seats? It may have been kicked along a bit."

"Perhaps I'd better see the manager," I said. "Is it any good looking under the seats for *him*?"

"I expect it's just been kicked along a bit," the hall porter repeated confidently. "I'll come up with you and look for it."

"If there's any more talk about being kicked along a bit," I said bitterly, "somebody *will* be. I want the manager."

I was led to the manager's room, and there I explained the matter to him. He was very pleasant about it.

"I expect you haven't looked for it properly," he said, with a charming smile. "Just take this gentleman up," he added to the hall porter, "and find his hat for him. It has probably been kicked under one of the other seats."

We were smiled irresistibly out, and I was dragged up to the grand circle again. The seats by this time were laid out in white draperies; the house looked very desolate; I knew that my poor hat was dead.

With an air of cheery confidence the hall porter turned into the first row of seats. . . .

"It may have been kicked on to the stage," I said, as he began to slow down. "It may have jumped into one of the boxes. It may have turned into a rabbit. You know, I expect you aren't looking for it properly."

The manager was extremely sympathetic when we came back to him. He said, "Oh, I'm sorry." Just like that—"Oh, I'm sorry."

"My hat," I said firmly, "has been stolen."

"I'm sorry," he repeated with a bored smile, and turned to look at himself in the glass.

Then I became angry with him and his attendants and his whole blessed theatre.

"My hat," I said bitingly, "has been stolen from me—while I slept."

* * * * *

You must have seen me wearing it in the dear old days. Greeny brown it was in colour; but it wasn't the colour that drew your eyes to it—no, nor yet the shape, nor the angle at which it sat. It was just the essential rightness of it. If you have ever seen a hat which you felt instinctively was a clever hat, an alive hat, a profound hat, then that was my hat—and that was myself underneath it. A. A. M.

CRICKETS ON THE HEARTH.

[A joyous anticipation, inspired by reading just below a letter from MR. ALFRED AUSTIN on the Servant Tax, printed in *The Evening News*, an effusion signed "M. WALKER (Cook) and R. CARTER (Housemaid)."]

TRUCE to the wrongs and the rights o' the matter!

Plague on their pesky Bill!
Susan, author of pies and batter,
Puddings that please or kill,
Wielder thou of the whitened roller,
Never before, since anxious molar
Trode on a crust, wast thou controller,
Cook, of the poignant quill.

Thine to pluck the Michaelmas gander
Down in the basement grot;
When disturbed, with a wholesome
candour

Letting us hear what's what;
Shrined about with condiments herbal,
Now and again thy sauce was verbal,
Ah! but never the Muses' burble
Troubled thy tranquil lot.

Now thou shalt cast aside the sorrel,
Chervil and mint and rue;
Thine are the bays and thine the
laurel!

As for the stuffed-up flue,
Goodness knows! for the god estranges
Hearts that were set on kitchen-ranges,
Fires the soul, and for chops exchanges
Nectar and honey-dew.

Yes, oh yes, in *The Times* or *Morning Post* I shall shortly scan
(Half of an inmost page adorning)
Paeans by Mary Ann;
No, not long shalt thou deign to tarry at
Humdrum prose, Eliza Harriet;
Look at the flaming youth in his chariot!
Follow the pipes of Pan!

Only when thou hast turned the inner
Taps of the fount divine,
Don't forget we should like our dinner
Punctual (we who pine
Darkling here), and that steaks are
eaten,
Patties and puffs and all things
wheaten;
Pound the lyre, but let Mrs. BETON
Mix with the Sacred Nine.

EVOE.



“A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.”

INSURANCE BILL. “MY LORD, I KNOW YOU’RE NOT ALLOWED TO KILL ME; BUT PLEASE DON’T MANGLE ME MORE THAN YOU CAN HELP; I’VE HAD A DEUCE OF A TIME ALREADY AT THE HANDS OF MY RESPECTED PARENT.”





THE ELECTRIC AGE.

(Will it cause a Strike?)

"WHAT WITH THE GUVNOR'S TELEPHONE AND THE MISSUS'S HOT PLATE AND MISS MABEL'S NEW ELECTRIC TOASTER, BREAKFAST IS NOW ONE LONG BLOOMING HURDLE-RACE."—*Jeames's letter to a friend.*

THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

(Following naturally on the appointment of Mr. Charles Brookfield to the Assistant Censorship of Plays.)

THE REV. F. B. MEYER has been unanimously elected Vice-President of the National Sporting Club.

The new Secretary of the Beefsteak Club will, it is rumoured, be Mr. EUSTACE MILES.

The latest name added to the list of the Insurance Commissioners is that of the Editor of *The Daily Mail*, whose work in connection with the Servant-Tax is well known to the public.

Mr. ASQUITH has been offered and has accepted the post of Honorary Treasurer to the Women's Social and Political Union.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, though an exceedingly busy man, will shortly take up his duties as Advisor to the Tax-Payers' Protection Association.

LORD ROSEBERY has, it is said, regretfully declined the Assistant-Librarianship of the British Museum, although he had "a burning desire to accept it."

Mrs. PETHICK LAWRENCE, as soon as her present duties will permit, will take up an Agency for the Plate-Glass Insurance Company.

The Dean of St. PAUL'S, after much persuasion, has at last consented to join the staff of *Punch*.

From a concert advertisement:—

"Of Shumann Mr. — knows all that he need know."

All the same somebody ought to tell him about the "c."

A COLD WELCOME.

O WINTER of the seamed and frosted face
(Speaking in metaphor), you come apace—
Which in December often is the case.

Yes, you are coming, welcomed, I suppose,
Only by fools and hunting men and those
Who ski, etc., on Alpine snows;

Not welcomed, I assure you, by the Bard,
Who hates the cold and finds it jolly hard
To warble when asthmatic and catarrh'd;

Who lives in torment all the season through
Because the axis of the world is skew
(The fact which, I am told, accounts for you).

Happy those plutocrats who at this time
Speed, like the swallows, to a warmer clime,
There to remain till latish Spring. How prime!

Happy, thrice happy WARREN's little band,
Sent out to look for ashes in the land
Of kangaroos and sheep and things. How grand!

Not mine such luck. Still, since by some strange
freak

Our axis, as I mentioned, is oblique,
And will not shift itself for me who speak;

Since I was not deemed good enough for "Plum";
Since there's no earthly use in looking glum;
Since you are coming—why, then, dash it, come!

POTTED PAPERS.

After "The Eyewitness" (Mr. Belloc).

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

NOWHERE are the drawbacks of Rotativism more frequently displayed than in the conduct of our Foreign Policy. Lord ROSEBERY, with that knack of glossing over unpleasant facts with a literary varnish which is his sole title to distinction, called it "Securing a continuity of foreign policy." In plain language it is simply a case of sharing the spoils of office. Under our so-called democracy certain families monopolise diplomacy—not the RUNCIMANS (and I confess that no man with such an awful name ought ever to hold high office) or even the LLOYD GEORGES, but the LANSDOWNES and the GREYS. Lord LANSDOWNE has at least the advantage of a strain of French blood in his veins. GREY has nothing beyond his name, his nose, which proclaims his Semitic origin in trumpet tones, and his gigantic wealth, derived from his corrupt management of the North Eastern Railway when he was out of office. Beside his colossal malversation LLOYD GEORGE sinks to the level of a petty pilferer. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER only robs servants, but our Foreign Minister plunders potentates.

FROM THE EGYPTIAN.

Seven wealthy towns contend
for HOMER dead
Through which the living HOMER
begged his bread;
And England, scorning BLUNT,
the modern HOMER,
Bestows a peerage on that brute
Lord CROMER.

THE FOLLIES.

It is curious to note the reaction of politics on the playhouse. Even Mr. PÉLISSIER cannot escape the execrable infection of the House of Commons. It is or ought to be the duty of the Opposition, as represented at the Apollo Theatre by Mr. LEWIS SYDNEY, to oppose. Instead of which he habitually plays up to Mr. PÉLISSIER in a manner worthy of a Portuguese or Anglo-Semite Rotativist at his worst. The only explanation that I can offer of this abdication of his function is that Mr. SYDNEY, as his very dubious Christian name implies, is the salaried hireling of the ROTHSCHILD ring. Miss MURIEL GEORGE, again, whose surname renders her gravely suspect, betrays in every inflection of her voice the influence of the CADBURY - CARNEGIE - ROWNTREE

faction; while BEN, the famous super, is yet another clamant example of the ubiquitous intrusion of Israelitism.

COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.

The new Naval appointments have been greeted with the usual chorus of commandeered approval. But what are the facts? Admiral BRIDGEMAN is a Freemason, PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG is a German spy, and Captain PAKENHAM's great grandfather's third cousin married a lady whose name was

never drinks cocoa. Failing Mr. BLUNT I doubt if it would have been possible to secure a more satisfactory representative, so far as anyone can be so under the present miserable régime.

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR IN HIGH LIFE.

[“Things often thought, but ne'er before expressed.”—*Misquotation.*]

I.—Poor Niece to Rich Uncle.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—To think that next Tuesday I shall be twenty-one! I can hardly realize it, but I hope you will be able to.

Ever your affectionate niece,
JANET.

II.—Poor Nephew to same Rich Uncle.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I have not forgotten your last generous Xmas present. There will be another of these quaint ceremonies on December 25th this year.

Now and then and always
your affectionate nephew,
JOHN.

III.—Husband to Wife.

MY DEAR GIRL,— When I return home, I intend to bring you a little offering of some sort. On the one hand my business can be made to take me in the neighbourhood of Bond Street, but, on the other hand, there are some of just the roses you love at Covent Garden.

Wife to Husband (telegram).
No flowers, by request.

IV.—Wedding Invitation (New form).

Captain and Mrs. PERCIVAL BROADBACK

request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. SMYLYE'S

Company, at the marriage of their daughter
MARGARET

To Lieutenant JOHN BOWLER GREEN
at the Oratory, Brompton, and afterwards at

16, Hyde Gardens, W.

N.B.—IT'S YOUR PRESENT THEY WANT.

“They purloined the coffee room, and took away several silver articles.”

Woolstone Observer.

Policeman (to Suspicious Character):
Now then, what have you got in that bag?

S. C.: Only the washing, gov'nor.
Policeman: Washing be blowed! If there's not a coffee room in there I'll eat my boots.



A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

THIS GENTLEMAN HAS "DONE WITH DOCTORS" AND IS SUBSCRIBING TO "EVERYONE HIS OWN MEDICINE-MAN" IN FORTNIGHTLY PARTS. HE HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT HE HAS ALL THE SYMPTOMS (AND MORE) OF LUMBAGO, WHEN THE INSTALLMENT ENDS, AND HE MUST WAIT A FORTNIGHT FOR THE CURE.

Miriam Boodle. Under a genuine system of representation such appointments would be impossible, but the abdication of the House of Commons leaves us without any engine of control over the interests of a group of atheistic plutocrats.

We rejoice to see that Mr. AUBREY HERBERT has been returned for South Somerset. As between "Liberals" and "Conservatives" we feel, as our readers know, the tired impartiality of those who see through the footling game. But Mr. HERBERT is a man of some independence of character and culture. He is a poet and has read the poets of the Pliade in the original French; he is more interested in picaresque romance than in free libraries; and he

TRACTS THAT TOOK THE WRONG TURNING.

I.

ONCE upon a time there was a small tradesman named John Stone. He was an honest, hard-working man, who did his best to make both ends meet and support his wife and three small children. But, try as he might, custom left his shop, while to make things worse his assistant robbed him, and he found himself one morning with only ten pounds between himself and the bankruptcy court. His debts amounted to over thirty pounds, and more stock was needed.

In his despair he went for a walk and chanced to meet an old school-fellow named James Smith. "Hullo, John," said James, "why do you look so glum?" John told him. "It is lucky you met me," was the reply, "for I've got a tip for the races to-morrow which can't fail. Take my advice. Put your ten pounds on it."

John Stone had never made a bet in his life and he was reluctant to do so now, but at last he let James persuade him, and the next morning handed him the ten pounds.

All that day, until the news of the race reached London, John Stone was in an agony. He dared not look his wife in the face, and in his business was so absent-minded that his few customers thought he must be ill. At last he saw a boy rushing down the street with a paper, and calling to him he bought one and feverishly tore it open. His horse had won—at 20 to 1. John Stone had made £200; and that night James brought him this sum together with the £10 he had wagered.

John Stone immediately paid all his debts, acquired some new and attractive stock, and at once began to prosper; and he is now the owner of a row of shops. He is also a respected town councillor and churchwarden. In spite of all temptation to do so he never made another bet.

II.

Henry Martin had been brought up by his parents as a strict teetotaler, and until his twenty-fifth year he remained so. Then one evening he went to a smoking-concert and was induced, much against his will, to drink a glass of whiskey and soda-water. That was thirty years ago, and the taste so disgusted him that he has never repeated the experiment.

III.

George Dundas was also brought up as a strict teetotaler, being taught not only to look upon alcohol as poison, but upon those who took it as



OUR MAMMOTH STORES.

Shopman. "Excuse me, Madam, but am I not right in presuming you come from the Toy Department?"

Lady. "Certainly. Why?"

Shopman. "Would you very kindly direct me to it? I'm one of the assistants there and I've lost my way."

sinner. One day he was dared by a companion to drink a glass of beer, and rather than be called a coward he did so. He was astonished first to find it agreeable, and secondly not to be rolling about the floor after drinking it in a state of beastly intoxication, or lurching home to beat his wife and throw his children out of the window. The consequence was that the next evening he took another glass, and has enjoyed his beer regularly ever since and is now a hale old man of ninety-seven.

IV.

Thomas Sand and Arthur Wheeler were two village lads who lived near to each other and always walked to and from school together. One day they noticed that Farmer Brown's orchard gate, which was usually locked, was open, and they peeped in. Just in front

of them was a tree covered with beautiful ripe apples. They looked in all directions but no one was in sight, and in a few moments the boys had shaken down enough apples to fill their pockets and were again in the road enjoying the plunder. Just as they turned the corner whom should they meet but Farmer Brown with his big whip. He looked at the apples they were munching and recognised them as his own. "Hullo, you young Socialists," he said, with a laugh. The boys grow up to positions of trust and are now J.P.s.

Colonial Expansion.

"The last published number of *Murrels of the Empire* is notable for . . . its photographs of the moon."—*Times*.

Germany must be content with its place in the sun.



Mr. Purson (having noticed that the double-bass player uses his left hand simply to support the instrument), "I SEE YOU DON'T USE YOUR FINGERS WHEN YOU PLAY, JOHN!"
John. "NO, SIR; YE SEE THERE BE SOME AS TWIDDLE THEIR FINGERS WHEN THEY PLAY, AN' I BE ONE O' THEM THAT DON'T."



THE AWAKENING OF ENGLAND.

Squire (who has dropped in on a heated argument as to the chances of war with Germany). "THAT IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT SUPPOSING YOU WOKE UP TO-MORROW MORNING AND FOUND THE GERMANS ON YOUR DOORSTEP?"

Spokesman. "NAY, THAT BAIN'T POSSIBLE, SQUIRE, BECAUSE WHAT WE SAYS IS—'OW ABE THEY GOING TO GET PAST GIBERALTER?"

ADVICE TO THE ADMIRALS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As a wife—and, may I add, a mother?—I am so glad that that dear Mr. CHURCHILL has made some new Admirals to look after the Navy that we all love so well. I must say that I was not at all satisfied with the other Admirals. I do hope the new ones will introduce some *much needed* reforms.

I do not think the Committee was at all kind to my dear Hubert, after he had been quite a long time at Osborne, too, and never been seasick once, and *such* a clever boy at managing a boat. My dear Hubert is full of true British pluck, and looked so well in his uniform, and I do not think the last lot of Admirals need have insisted so much on examinations. How much trigonometry did the great Lord NELSON know, I should like to ask.

Then I think the Committee (am I right in calling it a Committee?) has

not remembered as it ought that it carries a vast load of responsibility in regard to the young lives entrusted to its care. Many of the sailors—brave fellows!—on our battleships are really little more than boys, and, as I know from experience, some of their chests are not at all strong; and I do not think this going out to sea in all weathers is at all good for them. I mean that when the Germans *do* come we shall want all our sailors nice and strong to be able to fight them, shan't we? Well, nothing is so weakening as a nasty cold.

I shock my dear husband sometimes by saying that I really feel inclined to become a Militant Suffragette. Of course I would never dream of doing that really, but I *do* think that women could help in some ways in governing our grand old England, and I certainly think that, admirable as Mr. CHURCHILL has shown himself to be, he would have won even more approval if he had

appointed at least one woman to advise the new Admirals, not so much about how to fire the guns and send the ships straight and that kind of thing, but about the brave sailors' food and clothes, and the little comforts that mean *so much* to them when they are far away from home joys. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, if you would put my suggestion in your very readable paper, which my dear husband and I always borrow whenever we can, it might do some good.

Yours, very sincerely,

(Mrs.) ELEANOR GOOSH.

The Rectory, Mallowmarsh.

Commercial Candour.

"PENARTH.—Charming Detached Residence, commanding interrupted sea view."—*House Agent's announcement.*

"Wanted, a good economical chef capable of turning out a good dinner occasionally."

Advt. in "Daily Malta Chronicle."

Even once a week would be something.



Bernard Partridge.

THE RIVAL PEACEMAKERS.

GERMAN. "DO YOU CLEAN YOUR SLATE AT ME, SIR?"

BRITON. "NO, SIR, I DO NOT CLEAN MY SLATE AT YOU, SIR. BUT I CLEAN MY SLATE, SIR."

[*Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Scene i. (adapted).]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 27.—One does not remember a time when simple-manner speech unadorned enjoyed such triumph as was achieved to-night by EDWARD GREY. Occasion one of the great epochs in career of a statesman. There was for audience not only crowded House and expectant British public. In Gallery over Clock were gathered Ambassadors of all the Great Powers, with conspicuous exception of France and Germany. These being the countries most directly concerned in question at issue, their Representatives agreed, upon point of etiquette, to abstain from attendance. But in company with the other nations of the earth France and Germany were listening at the door, eager to catch the words falling from lips of British Minister.

It was, in brief, a rare occasion, to which ordinary Minister would have risen elate. Easy to imagine the sonorous phrases with which GLADSTONE would have embroidered the story and the glowing peroration that would have closed it. EDWARD GREY had evidently carefully prepared his statement setting forth Foreign Policy of this country in connection with the Moroccan Question; but it was equally devoid of ornamentation and peroration. He was there to tell a plain story, and he did not halt by the way to pluck flowers or to



TRIPPED UP OVER TRIPOLI.

Mr. D. M. Mason. "I can assure you, Sir, very great disappointment to me, Mr. SPEAKER—very great disappointment, indeed, Sir—not to be allowed to 'move' in this—er—great deliberative assembly—greatest deliberative assembly, I may say, in the world, Mr. SPEAKER—great disappointment—never was so disappointed in m' life, Sir, in this great deliberative assembly, so to speak—not to be allowed to 'move'!"
(Sympathetic jeers.)

buy ribbons wherewith to deck it. One felt as he proceeded how completely he carried with him the conviction of his audience that he was concealing nothing.

To a Ministry at a crisis such as that gone through in the last three months the price of a colleague such as EDWARD GREY is above rubies. When he resumed his seat there was no disposition shown in any part of House to question, even to discuss, his statement or the policy of the Government he represented. The late GEORGE WASHINGTON, U.S.A., was not more accustomed by long habit to compel absolute acceptance of the truth of his assertions.

MEMBER FOR SARK in his pragmatical way takes narrow view of situation. It suggests to him how much time would be saved and to what extent life would be lengthened if all business, from diplomacy to drapery, were conducted on basis of veracity. In diplomatic conversation and correspondence the parties in turn exhaust themselves in effort at guessing how much truth may be contained in a particular declaration. Till he was found out Bismarck was accustomed to get the better of his adversary by, upon occasion, telling the simple truth. That being wholly un-

expected the other fellow was temporarily led astray. Now here is EDWARD GREY talking for an hour and twenty minutes on a delicate intricate international question and everyone instinctively knows that he is simply telling the truth.

Foreign papers please copy.

Business done.—EDWARD GREY makes important statement on Moroccan Question.

Tuesday. — After sleeping on its memories and impressions one realizes how last night for the first time fully revealed the irreparable loss Opposition sustained by driving out their Leader. BOYAN LAW played his part excellently. Said the correct thing in proper phrase. Indeed repeated memorable declaration of PUNCE ARTHUR, opportunely made at height of crisis last July, that in presence of national peril all party controversies are hushed and the Parliamentary Opposition is as one with Ministers. But occasion seemed to call for a loftier personal pitch. The thing is more acutely felt than may be categorically stated.

Undoubtedly the men who a couple of months ago were shouting or writing "B. M. G." had brought home to them last night pang of sharp regret that, after long endurance of personal contumely and party revolt, B. took the hint and went.

Business done.—National Insurance Bill approaching conclusion of Report stage. Kaleidoscopic process of construction maintained with almost super-



A MARKED RESEMBLANCE TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

The personification of unmistakable candour and constitutionally incapable of gush, (Right Hon. Sir EDWARD GREY.)



A BRILLIANT RECRUIT.

(Mr. MARK SYKES, M.P. for Central Hull. A very welcome addition to Unionist debating power.)



LONG-LOST BROTHERS.

Lord Hugh. "Ah, my dear Robert! so we've contrived to get into the House together at last! Great victory of yours at Hitchin—Tariff Reform—what?"

human fertility of resource. "New clauses while you wait," says CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, smiling cheerily on bewildered Members.

Friday.—Return of Lord ROBERT CECIL to old quarters above Gangway welcomed by both sides with the less restraint since his election does not disturb balance of Parties. At Hitchin a Unionist Amurath to Amurath succeeds. Quite apart from that is satisfaction at regaining counsel and companionship of type of man gradually being elbowed out of House, a tendency that will receive strong impulse from new condition of salaried membership. There will be little room in coming years for class of scholars and gentlemen who so recently as Dizzy's time predominated in the Commons.

Cousin ROBERT lacks the full charm of Cousin HUGH, the lustre of whose gifts, by the way, is inexplicably dimmed in present Parliament. *Per contra* he is not given to outbursts of ungovernable partisan fury such as have been known to find issue in prolonged effort to shout down the PREMIER standing at Table charged with delivery of important message.

A trained student of politics, a man of keen insight and lucid speech, he is always listened to with assurance that he will add to the value of current debate. Withal a courteous gentleman who appreciably helps to maintain the high level of tone and manner which,

in spite of electoral changes and personal idiosyncracies, remains an attribute of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—Still rushing Insurance Bill through Report stage. Finish on Monday. On Wednesday it will be read a third time and passed on to Lords.

THE NEWEST PORTRAITURE.

PHOTOGRAPHY having led the way with the recent movement in favour of Spot-on-the-landscape pictures (wherein the figure of the sitter is treated only as a detail in the composition), it is rumoured that portrait-painting is now to go one better. We gather that a forthcoming exhibition of the First-past-the-post-impressionists will contain several examples of the new method, whose object is said to be to suggest the personality rather than present the actual person of the subject.

Thus, in No. 46 "*Miss Daisy Dentifrice of the Frivolity Theatre*," though the features of this popular and talented young actress do not themselves appear upon the canvas, her presence is conveyed to the spectator with remarkable subtlety and force in the aspect of the first three rows of the Frivolity stalls, as it has been caught by the artist. The ecstatic gaze of the occupants, their fixed smiles and eager hands, all combine to produce an effect of actu-

ality far greater than anything that could be attained by mere conventional portraiture. The spectator is left with the impression that if he has not actually seen Miss Dentifrice herself, he has at least had a very narrow escape of doing so.

No. 47, a companion work to this, by the same artist, is an equally striking study of *The Rev. Longwind Spalding*—a presentation work, which has, we understand, been subscribed for by the congregation and churchwardens of St. Somnolent's, Chelsea. Here the rather cold treatment, of the architectural setting is finely contrasted with the pew-full of semi-recumbent figures in the foreground. The whole effect is a realization of the rev. gentleman's tireless and impressive personality such as for once deserves the often misplaced epithet of a "speaking likeness." By a regrettable blunder the picture was originally catalogued as "*Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer*"; but we are glad to see that the error has been timely perceived, and that this very striking example of the New Portraiture is now given its correct title, as above.

Yet another exceedingly happy achievement is No. 111, *Sir Jacob Bumpus, Bart.* The sensation of a just-finished interview with the distinguished City magnate and financier could indeed hardly be better conveyed than it is here, by what is at first sight a simple study in still life. Gradually, however, the subtle treatment of the closed door, marked Private and obviously still quivering from its recent banging behind the master, produces its effect upon the observer. Silence, the palpable silence that follows the last word of authority, is in every line of the picture. So masterly is the handling of this that the eye scarcely needs such contributory details as the torn ledger—some error in which has obviously but a moment before raised Sir Jacob's justly-famous indignation—or the enlarged tail of the office cat protruding from beneath an overturned desk in the foreground. The man, one feels, *has been there*—and of what ordinary portrait could the same be truthfully said? As a remarkable study of a forceful and impetuous personality, No. 111 well deserves the attention that it will certainly receive.

Perhaps, however, the gem of the whole collection is to be found in No. 396, *Henrietta, wife of John Smallweed, Esq.* By an interesting converse of the method followed in the previous example, the artist has here found his conception of his subject in the opening door that heralds her arrival. The movement of this,



"JANE, I'VE TOLD YOU OVER AND OVER AGAIN, I WILL HAVE CLEANLINESS; YET WHY IS IT I'M ALWAYS FINDING COBWEBS ON THE DRAWING-ROOM CEILING?"
 "I THINK IT MUST BE THE SPIDERS, MISS."

shown through a heavily tobacco-laden atmosphere, together with the hypnotised stare of the male figure engaged in hurriedly extinguishing a half-smoked cigar, convey an impression of the lady and her domestic régime that is hardly short of a work of genius. Here is no yielding to the impulse of flattery; the whole subject is treated with a frankness which verges on the brutal, but is none the less fascinating for this. It is an interesting task to compare this presentment of Mrs. Smallweed with her full-length portrait by Mr. Pink Glow, R.A., at Burlington House; though it can hardly be doubted which of the two comes nearer to that absolute truth which is the ultimate aim of art. No visitor to the Academy could have the faintest idea that she objected to tobacco.

Perfidious Albion.

"Thursday, Dec. 7.—The State entry at 10 a.m. Deception of the Chiefs 3 to 5 p.m."—*Times of India.*

CUPID AND CAUTION.

[It is suggested that when young people become engaged, an agreement should be drawn up fixing the damages to be paid if the engagement is broken.]

PRISCILLA, at present I'm purposed to kneel

Right down at your feet on the carpet,
 The while in a passionate burst I reveal
 How dear to the poet you are, pet;
 But ere on this amorous project I start,
 Or ever one syllable's spoken,
 Pray tell me at what you will value
 your heart

If by action of mine it is broken.

Supposing perchance some unfortunate day

My constancy happens to falter,
 Supposing that poetry failing to pay
 Forbids me to come to the altar,
 Will you reckon the breach of my
 promise a thing
 That calls for a cash consolation?
 Or, if I don't ask the return of the ring,
 Will that be enough reparation?

In settling the sum to be paid when I plead

That in love I've been making a
 miscount,
 The cost of the lawyers you'd otherwise
 need
 Should go to the bard as a discount;
 So fix on a figure sufficiently low,
 All greedy temptations tabooing,
 And, caution cast off, I will let myself go
 And gaily get on with the wooing.

Beneath a quoted testimonial we read:—

"This expression of unqualified approval was entirely voluntary and unexpected, as the order had merely been executed in Messrs. —'s usual manner."

What did they expect?

The Journalistic Touch.

"A cordial Anglo-German understanding would be worth its weight in gold to both countries."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*
 What is the exact troy-weight of an understanding? On paper it can't be very much.

THE GOOSE OPERA.

We had heard so much of them, their intelligence, their operative instinct, their adaptability to the conditions of bird-life as understood on the Covent Garden stage. They represented the chief motive, so we gathered, of HUMPERDINCK's new opera; his heroine was a goose-girl; he had written his work round them. *And they practically did nothing.* In the Second Act they appeared in the background beyond the town gates, lingered for a few moments, but took no intelligent interest in the action of the drama (except that one stood on his toes and flapped his wings), and then stampeded into the right wing. According to the stage directions they were to be a marked feature of the opening of the First Act. "Twelve wild geese," so I read, "are scattered about. Some are splashing in the pond [there was no pond except a painted one where you couldn't splash]; others are plucking at the grass, and others are smoothing down their feathers with their bills." If they did all this, it must have been behind the Witch's house or the pump, for they were barely noticeable from my stall. One, a grey goose, had been selected for special duty. He was to receive the *King's Son's* crown on his neck and secrete it till required. None of the highly trained corps was found equal to the task, and a dummy had to be substituted. Altogether, as an exhibition of animate poultry, the show was very disappointing.

As for the other birds, I cannot write about them without an emotion of pain. Such instructions as "A turtle-dove flies out of the hole in the trunk of the linden-tree and pecks at the window of the hut," or "more doves fly round the Fiddler," were totally ignored. A strong effort, it is true, was made by one dummy to simulate the "gobbling up" of millet-seed, but it took the form of saltatory spasms, during which his beak never came within practicable distance of the ground. Their subsequent flight was executed on the well-known wire-system, the effect being prolonged in one case by a desolating hitch in mid-air. When will Signor MARCONI invent a wireless bird for operative use?

Before passing from the subject of stage-properties, I must mention the Witch's poisoned "loaf" (or "cake" or "pasty"), which directly caused the death of the starving *Königskinder*. In the First Act, having been cooked in cold water at an incredible pace, it had the semblance of a large white chalk-stone. By the Third Act it had matured in colour, and looked like a

colossal railway-station bun. Nothing short of the claims of deadly hunger could have given the *Königskinder* the frenzied strength required for the breaking and chewing of it. In such cases I prefer a doctored beverage as being more in the spirit of romance. How should we have felt if *Tristan* and *Isolde*, instead of drinking together from what they took to be a poisoned cup, had shared a physicked railway-station bun?

The plot of *Königskinder* is of the most unsatisfactory. The impossibilities of fairyland magic I accept with proper resignation; but on the human side I like a fair show of reasonableness. Here I never could make out how the *Goose-girl* came to be of royal blood if her parentage on both sides was



This is a goose who is not much good at laying golden eggs, but can mislay golden crowns with anyone.

Gänsemagd FRAU GURA-HUMMEL.

connected with the hangman's trade. The *Fiddler's* cryptic statement (which I translate literally) leaves me still wondering. "The hangman's daughter," says he, "and the hangman's assistant were genuinely royal (*königsecht*) in their loves and sorrows." However, her pedigree did not matter much, though, since the opera has the name *Königskinder*, it would be pleasant to know what right she really had to be one of them. But, what was far worse, I could not discover why the *King's Son* ever left his home to wander about in rags; nor why nobody could recognise him from his portraits in one of his own towns; nor why he couldn't find his way home again when he tried to; nor why, if his father was dead some months ago, as the Argument asserts, he is worried because he cannot get back to hold his hand (*zur Vaterhand*).

When one is asked to weep over a tragedy, one likes to know where one is in regard to the material facts that lead

up to it. Here the whole scheme is wantonly obscure and arbitrary; and the best music in the world cannot compel emotions from which the reasoning powers of a rabbit would revolt.

HUMPERDINCK's music, fresh and sincere, was duly mixed of sweetness and strength, and was always faithfully interpreting the action without delaying it. But it spent itself wastefully on an artificial theme. The most appealing feature of the opera was the pathetic loyalty of one child (played with a charming docility by little Miss BECKLEY) who, when all others save the *Fiddler* were incredulous, had the instinct to recognise the royalty of the *King's Son*, and held staunchly by him to the end.

As the *Goose-girl*, Frau GURA-HUMMEL sang cleanly and sympathetically; but the text stipulated that she should be fourteen (I speak of years, not stone-weight), and she looked more than that. In the First Act, where youth and irresponsibility were demanded, Herr OTTO WOLF, in the part of the *King's Son*, took himself too Wagneresquely. My suspicions of him, as a sportsman, were aroused by the length of his hair, and confirmed by the careless way in which he threw his cross-bow down on the hard boards. His interlude with the little girl who invited him to dance a *Rosenringel* with her was very attractive. But I had more joy of the voice and personality of Herr HOFBAUER as the *Fiddler*, though his air of noisy good-nature in the First Act gave no promise of the poetic feeling which he subsequently developed. Herr FÖNSS and Herr BECHSTEIN provided a subsidiary touch or two of humour in the Teutonic vein.

The scenery was excellent—in particular the wintry landscape of the last Act. Here the effect of the temperature upon the performers was spasmodic. At one time they could think of nothing but their cold hands; at another they behaved as if it were jolly boating weather with the glass at 70 degrees Fahrenheit. The falling snow, too, was very desultory and partial. I sometimes wonder why makers of opera never have the courage to invent weather that is out of accord with the sentiment of their dramatic situations. Of course I know that, if your people have to starve, winter is the best season for a lack of food-supplies; and if you must cover their corpses with snow you have practically very little choice of seasons. Yet I cannot help feeling that a bright crisp autumn day would have been more effective, giving a pleasant note of irony to the funeral proceedings. O. S.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 5.

Disengaged Occupant of Car. "SIT, WORTHY FRIENDS; MY LORD IS OFTEN TRUS."—Macbeth.

LOOKED IN THE MOUTH.

HENRY, I do not doubt you mean it kindly,
 I doubt not that the mare's a perfect treat,
 And that most fellows would accept her blindly
 For Saturday's—or any other—meet;
 A fencer fast and bold,
 She's worth her weight in gold,
 You say so, Henry; still the statement leaves me cold.

Briefly, I've had some; haply you remember
 The bucking, bellicose, bald-visaged bay
 You forced me up on, one day last December?
 You meant it kindly, Henry, I must say;
 Yet still in dreams I spy
 That flattened ear, that eye—
 Henry, once bitten, twice (in fact, quadruply) shy!

"The kindest beast that ever looked through bridle,"
 Thus you described your ramping kangaroo,
 That started with a disconcerting sidle
 And had me down inside the avenue;
 Then, from his burden freed,
 Showed quite a turn of speed.
 "The children hunt him always." Do they? Oh, indeed!

I'm glad I don't. Frankly, the huntsman's bellow,
 Or, if you will, the music of his cheer,
 Heard over pastures of a wintry yellow,
 Strikes with a note of menace on my ear;
 Although I must confess
 A certain tenderness
 For the brave scarlet as an aid to evening dress!

Yet, Henry, while I shirk your stable's treasure,
 I'm not the chap to leave you in the lurch,
 And I will come, say Christmas week, with pleasure,
 And help Dorinda decorate the church;
 A seasonable joy
 Lies in such mild employ—
 And you've some of that port left, haven't you, my boy?

A Paradox.

"Biplane designed by Mr. Wilcox and made for h'm in the fall of 1910."
Country Life in America.
 May it not be broken for him in the fall of 1912.

The Encouragement of Crime.

"A Reward will be given to the person seen taking Browns MEER
 from West End Car."—*Advt. in "Halifax Daily Guardian."*
 Was it a wedding-present?

The Child is Father of the Man.

The Westminster Gazette on Christmas toys:—
 "Other attractions are electric and steam railways in complete
 working order with a miniature dynamo of 1-16-h.p. generating the
 electricity. . . . For elder people there are the new games of 'Bom-
 bardo,' 'Serimmo,' and 'Tipple-Topple,' which will cause many homes
 during the long winter nights to ring with merry laughter."
Little Ernest (generating electricity): Not so much noise
 there, Father. Can't you see I'm busy?

Commercial Candour.

"A long-felt want in Dehra Dun is a properly run Hotel and in
 charge of a professional Hotelier. This want you will find when coming
 to Dehra Dun and staying in the — Hotel."—*Pioneer.*

A FOREIGN LEADER.

I CAN'T help it: I must write a leading article on foreign affairs. My head is so full of noble phrases; I see in my mind's eye so many Chancellors, Prime Ministers, Foreign Ministers, Naval Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer, and they are all shouting and changing and writing and orating at so great a length and in such resonant, nation-shaking voices that, unless I get them out of my head, I shall certainly go mad and be prosecuted for running about the December landscape clothed only in loose sheets of *The Times*, the *Journal des Débats* and the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. I am compelled, therefore, to write a strong, patriotic, calm, stimulating and perfectly impartial leading article.

I shall not write this article for any particular paper, for I am not, I am proud to say, connected with any particular paper. Nor shall I send it to any paper on approval after it's done. I have no ambitions of that kind, and I don't want any of their money. What I shall write I shall write for its own sake and for mine.

One thing troubles me a little, and that is that I don't know anything about foreign affairs, except what I've read casually. I'm not behind the scenes. I've never met even the third cousin of an attaché or the great-uncle of a First Secretary. I only know what the man-in-the-street knows. However, I don't think that matters much. If I can manage to be at the same time pompous, scornful, deprecating, sagacious, uplifted and omniscient, I know I shall get on all right. All I have got to do is to wipe out Germany in a sentence and to support France by three strong and well-rounded paragraphs. There's another special point: if I want to refer broadly to the German Government I mustn't call them the German Government; I must say "the *Wilhelmstrasse* is again attempting to put us off with the usual pitiful plea." Doesn't it sound gorgeous? I feel much better already.

Similarly if I wish to refer to Austria—I don't quite see where she comes in, but still I might want to refer to her; you never know where these experts in foreign affairs are going to take you to next—if, as I say, I wish to speak about Austria I have a choice of two alternatives. I can call her "the Dual Monarchy," or I can get a snub in by speaking of her as "the Ballplatz." It sounds like a sneezing game, but it isn't. It's just another name for Austria-Hungary—until this moment I had forgotten all about Hungary, which shows how careful one has to be.

Then there's France. It sounds rather impudent just to call her France. If there's anything that's clearly required by the *entente cordiale* it is this: that France, when foreign affairs are *sur le tapis*—how insensibly one slips into that beautiful language—must be referred to as the *Quai d'Orsay*.

As to Italy, of course we don't need to bother about her. If she hadn't gone to Tripoli to teach dead Arabs at the point of the bayonet how to become good and humane and civilised Italian subjects, we might have had to speak of her as "the Quirinal," or "the third and not least illustrious member of the Triple Alliance;" but now she's in Tripoli with about 50,000 of her best Generals and she really doesn't count.

As to Russia, I know exactly what to say about her. She's "the Colossus of the North" whom it would be stark, staring lunacy for the Germans to arouse. She may move slowly, but think of the masses she can bring into line—"hordes of fierce riders from the Ukraine" and all that sort of thing.

Then there's Britain. She's got no special pet name like the others, but she's all there none the less. The

thing to say is that Germans (wilfully and blindly, poor beggars!) misunderstand us:—"The *Wilhelmstrasse* may know much, but the nature of the British people is a sealed book to the distorted vision of the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR. Those who mistake our calm for carelessness and see in the stern resolution of our attitude only an intention to abandon our friendships are preparing for themselves a rude awakening. The Ballplatz is too wise to be deceived by the clumsy attempts of those who have reckoned without the lucid explanations which have lately emanated" [hurrah for "emanated"—it's a topping word!] "from the *Quai d'Orsay*. No one knows better than the politicians of the Dual Monarchy what it means when once the Colossus of the North begins to move. Even FREDERICK THE GREAT—" But there, I've got them all in already. I shall finish the article to-night.

SIGNS OF WEAR.

["When anyone finds himself worrying as to what clothes he shall put on, or what hat he shall wear, or which stick he shall carry . . . , he may be pretty certain that for some reason or another his nervous energy has become exhausted."—*Nerves and the Nervous*.]

BELLA, when yester-morning's post
Brought me your charming invitation,
My manly breast became the host
Of an unusual sensation.
You bade me come that afternoon to tea;
So I resolved to knock off work at three.

But so unsettled was my brain
And so demoralised my mind's tone,
I could not, for my life, constrain
My nasal organ to the grindstone;
All day, revolving in my office chair,
I found myself debating what to wear.

First came a trying choice of suits
In re My Person *v.* The Weather,
And then the claims of *glacé* boots
As against shoes of patent leather;
An hour or so elapsed ere I could fix
On one of half-a-dozen walking-sticks.

And when, abominably late,
I burst on you in all my glory,
And you appeared disposed to stare,
I spun a most unblushing story:
My love, I swore, had urged me look my best;
And you believed, and hugged my fancy vest.

But, dearest, since I cannot slay
My conscience, with extreme compunction
I must request you not to lay
To your sweet soul that flattering unction;
I own 'tis no affection of the heart
Of which these curious symptoms are a part;

Nor yet a craving to compete
With those who fix the fashion's season;
Elsewhere my trouble has its seat:
If you would learn the actual reason
Of any change in me your eye observes,
Refer, my love, to Thingumbob on *Nerves*.

"Vile Plays at Cambridge," is the heading of a football article in *The Western Mail*. The matter is all right, for Mr. VILE did undoubtedly play for Newport against the University, but the form of it is in questionable taste at this moment when so much attention is being paid to the new Censor of Plays.



Large Policeman (who likes the credit of a fight and has made too easy a capture). "CALL YOURSELF A BETGLAB! CAN'T YOU DO NOTHIN' DESPRIT? AIN'T YOU GOT NO PRIDE? LUMME, GIVE US A CHARST; LAY DAHN AND KICK OR SOMEFINK!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM tempted to describe CAROLINE GROSVENOR'S new novel, *Laura* (HEINEMANN), as a good, sound story, medium dry, with a fine nutty flavour, and a pleasant after-taste. It is about persons who are most of them alive, if perhaps not very agreeably so. *Laura* herself, the best drawn and most attractive figure, is a young person who starts life with several unromantic and practical theories as to the relative values of sentiment and a bank balance. But in fiction, when you find a heroine so emphatic at the start in her preference for Paris frocks and a reliable cook, you may still assume with safety that the last chapter will see her plumping for love in a cottage. Which, of course, is what happens to *Laura*; though just how I will leave you to discover for yourself. There is decided cleverness in the way in which the impecunious girl, who sighed for an income and power—as represented by a marriage with the rising politician *Lord Westown*—is made to give up both, refusing *Westown* and renouncing the fortune left her by old *David Cumming*, at the bidding of the better nature whose existence she has all along studiously denied. One can't help caring a little for *Laura*; but the rest seem to me, as I say, rather a shabby lot. By the way, I was amused to discover a very subordinate character named *Charlotte Ferrinder*—a lady whom I last met enjoying devilled oysters in *The Magistrate*. Probably the name is an instance of unconscious cerebration on Mrs. GROSVENOR'S part; certainly

the combination is one unlikely to have been invented by two writers independently.

How *Zuleika Dobson* (HEINEMANN), of the music-hall stage, came to Oxford and, on the last night of the Eights, proved herself, like Helen of Troy, "a hell to ships and men," is told by Mr. MAX BEEMOUM with a daring cynicism all his own. The other protagonist is the *Duke of Dorset*, *in statu pupillari*. Peerless both, they have hitherto gone through the world conquering and to conquer; yet ever have remained "passionless 'mid their passionate votaries." Humiliated by the emotions which *Zuleika* excites—emotions that he has never before permitted himself to experience—he declines to give any sign of his subjugation. But her frank confession that she is uniquely enamoured of him as being the sole man who has ever ignored her charms, leads to an admission, on his part, of the true state of his feelings. The spell is broken; he has become a common thing in her eyes. But he can still undertake to die for her, a tribute of affection which she gladly accepts with the determination to keep him to his promise. The Duke is the glass of fashion and his intentions, rapidly bruited abroad, find an infatuate echo in the universal dark-blue breast, all Oxford vowing to follow his example and die for love of *Zuleika*. But the *Duke's* ancestral motto is *Pas si bête*, and his pride, stung by the lady's callous brutality, revolts against a pledge that would cut him off in the flower of his beautiful manhood. Resolved, after all, to disappoint *Zuleika* and

remain extant, he changes his mind back again on the receipt of the following telegram from his family butler: "Deeply regret inform your grace last night two black owls came and perched on battlements remained there through night hooting at dawn flew away none knows whither awaiting instructions JELINGS." This was the traditional presage of the death of the owner of the title. The Duke sees here the hand of the gods and yields to the only superior power he recognises. He answers on the reply-paid form: "Prepare vault for funeral Monday DORSET."

I have one or two complaints to make of this fascinating book. I think it was a mistake to attempt to develop a purely farcical idea on the lines of a full-sized novel. The charm of MAX'S literary caprices endures to the last, but the story as a story falls off before the finish. I am doubtful too whether he was justified in introducing magic (in the matter of the pearls) into a tale, however farcical, of human interest, and modern at that. But his worst fault is to have played to the bitter end his practical joke of suicide. It seems rather cheap and easy to employ your humour on a theme which by common consent forbids the trespass of frivolity. It is a little like the school-boy trick of letting out a rabbit in church. But MAX'S manner, if any manner could, almost palliates this breach of propriety. It is rumoured that *Zuleika* is the carefully revised work of earlier years; and certainly, both in this matter of taste and in the archaistic methods which from time to time he affects (for example—"But would she ever meet whom, looking up to him, she could love—she, the omnibus-subjugant?"), one seems to trace the relics of a youthful exuberance.

When Mr. E. F. BENSON wrote *Juggernaut* in serial form for *The Queen* he finished it off with a felicitous fall of masonry at Athens, which wiped out the principal male figure in the story. Whether Mr. HEINEMANN, his publisher, considered this catastrophe too crude for book-form I cannot say, but anyhow it has been omitted, and the novel ends tamely enough; the disillusioned wife, who has found her husband's passion for scholarship greater than his love for her, deciding that she must make up for this deficiency by an access of devotion on her own side. Personally I am sorry for the change of ending, because, with a considerable experience of objectionable characters in romance, I am inclined to award the palm, or oleaster-wreath, if he prefers it, to Mr. Arnold Leveson; and why on earth a nice girl like *Marjory* (one of the nicest Mr. BENSON has ever given us) should have fallen in love with this cold and conceited egotist, goodness alone knows. So heartily indeed do I dislike him that I am disposed to cavil even at his literary reputation. At the beginning of *Juggernaut* he is writing a beautiful book about THEOCRITUS, passages from which complete his conquest of *Marjory's* heart; yet in one place he speaks of "the shepherd-boys minding their flocks upon Attic hills," and in another of "the vault which

. . . Theocritus has spread for us above the stone-pines on the hills of Greece." May I be permitted to remind Mr. Arnold Leveson that THEOCRITUS was born at Syracuse, and that his songs are songs of Sicily? Nor am I at all certain that a really scholarly work on THEOCRITUS would be likely to capture the affections of a charming English girl, who should certainly have married her cousin *Walter*, even if a steam-roller had to be requisitioned in the last chapter to help her. And that, of course, would have made *Juggernaut* such a splendid title for the book.

As the title of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S latest book, *Irish Recollections* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), indicates, the area of his review is limited to his native country. Consequently there are lacking those personal touches of life in London which he was in peculiar degree qualified to give. One of the most interesting chapters is that dealing with the



AN IMPATIENT SWAIN OF THE TIME OF KING ALFRED AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF HIS LADY-LOVE AT THE TRYSTING-PLACE. THE CANDLE-CLOCK SHOWS HIM HOW LATE SHE IS.

absentee landlord, to whose neglect of duty Mr. MCCARTHY traces most of the ills that racked Ireland thirty years ago. On the subject of absenteeism, it may be genially hinted, he speaks with authority, not as one of the ordinary scribes. Though not a landlord, he has for the greater part of his busy life been absent from his native land and his much-loved "city of Shandon Bells." Meanwhile, he has been a welcome sojourner on this side of the Channel and a man of a multitude of friends on the other side of the Atlantic. It necessarily follows that his recollections of Ireland are most concerned with early years, including the period of the Famine. The times he vividly pictures are now passing away, Ireland being to-day, by common consent, in a condition of prosperity unequalled in its history. To this happy conclusion Mr. MCCARTHY has the satisfaction of knowing that by his public life and parliamentary career he sensibly contributed. The sombre picture of Ireland prior to legislation commenced in 1868 is relieved by the flashing of many good stories illustrative of native character.

Mrs. WILSON FOX contrives to make Sir THOMAS MORE and his numerous family live again in *The Baron's Heir* (MACMILLAN), where she lays the earlier scenes of her story at Gobions, which belonged to the MORE family from 1397 to 1530. Faithfully she has reproduced the language and atmosphere of the period, and the contrast between the life of such enlightened people as the MORES and that of the rude barons is admirably shown. We have also a pleasing sketch of HENRY VIII., which will astonish those who have come to regard him merely as a monarch with an eclectic taste in the matter of queens; and above all there is a well-kept secret. Possibly Mrs. Fox insists overmuch upon the lessons she wishes to teach; but this is a small blemish in a sound book. Sensible girls will, I am sure, be glad to add it to their stock of Christmas presents, for although it contains a love-story in the bud there is no sentimental twaddle, and the author rightly thinks that nothing but the best she can give is good enough for children.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Government's opinion of the ability of the House of Lords has suddenly undergone a change. It is now considered capable of dealing adequately with all the provisions of the Mines Bill, the Naval Prize Bill, and the Insurance Bill in the short space of ten days.

THE KAISER has decided that there shall be no Dover to Heligoland yacht race in 1912. We trust that there is no truth in the rumour that a contest of warships is to take its place.

IT has been suggested that the new battleship which is about to be laid down at Devonport shall be called *The Marlborough*, in compliment to the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. We believe that Mr. CHURCHILL has long been jealous of the compliment paid to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in the naming of *The Royal George*.

MR. ROCKEFELLER has decided to devote the rest of his days to golf. He is, we understand, as a memento of his former activities, to be presented with his portrait in oils.

Naturally, exception has been taken by the Rev. F. B. MEYER to Dean INGE for referring to the Nonconformist Conscience as greasy. We understand, however, that the use of that epithet was due to a side-slip of the tongue.

According to Mr. CHESTERTON, under Socialism we shall have to be a wooden-legged nation. But before that, surely, we shall have to be a wooden-headed nation?

The City of Chicago has decided to build a home for disabled poets. Such an institution has become more than ever a necessity in this age of motor traffic. Few persons have any idea of the number of poets who are run over each year while out for a walk composing their masterpieces.

"Mr. Sam Apted," we are informed, "the Oval groundsman, has retired

after 24 years' service." That is one of the tragedies of advancing age: our figures begin to deserve the epithet "oval."

The following, *The Express* tells us, is an extract from an obituary notice in a French provincial journal:—"The deceased was an excellent wife and mother, and had buried her fourth husband only a few weeks before her own death." So different from the butterfly wife who buries only two husbands and mislays the others.

When, a few days ago, a lady violoncello player at Dinat Powis, Cardiff, found that there was no music-stand available, a boy scout stepped forward



"THE ONLY THING THAT COMES BETWEEN US, MOTHER, IS THIS WRETCHED MUSIC!"

and allowed the artist to pin the music to his back. We trust that the obliging youngster will not get into trouble for failing, for this once, to face the music.

Reading that a red chequer homing pigeon, wearing a blue enamel ring marked 1911 L.8945, had been found at Ewell, Surrey, an old lady remarked that it was terrible how the love of jewellery appeared to be spreading among all classes.

Some persons evidently steal from a mere love of stealing. A porter confessed last week, at the Marylebone Police Court, that he had stolen three coloured Christmas supplements from a bookstall.

"My Aunt!" is just now KING ALFONSO's favourite imprecation.

THE APT COMPARISON.

["Paddington possesses a fine and imposing roof, and although the station is not so large in area as some of its neighbours it handles more milk cans than any other London Terminus, the number averaging 3,000 a day."—*The Observer*. The italics are Mr. Punch's, who has been emulated to further statistical comparisons.]

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC and Mr. CHESTERTON share the palm of corporeal superficialities among British literati. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, although possessing a beautifully thatched roof, is smaller in area, but he discovers more immortal geniuses than any other critic, the number averaging two per week.

The parentheses in Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN's shortest novel would, even if disconnected from his theme, stretch from London to Teheran. Russia's ultimatum to the same place was considerably shorter, and has been much condemned by Persian critics in the vernacular.

London's new mammoth emporium is the most monumental and glorious architectural triumph since KING SOLOMON'S temple, always excepting Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S Homburg hat. The French pastry supplied at each luncheon to the staff would build the Pyramids, with sufficient surplus to erect a castellated refuge for

Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD on the vacant site in Aldwych. In comparison with Blankleys, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is a mere retail provider, but he still has the monopoly of "rare and refreshing fruits."

The Daily Mail has the largest circulation among all patriots, sea-dogs, muscular diplomatists, Teuto-what-nexts, whole-caraway cakery, and indignant housemaids. *The Daily News* costs no more; but, being composed of the Whole Nib and Nothing but the Nib, is more sustaining.

The highest point of Mr. EUGENE WASON, M.P., has not yet been surveyed, but it is believed to be exceeded only by Mount Everest and the Unionist majority at Hitchin. LITTLE TICH is demonstrably smaller than any of the above.

A DEAN TO HIS TWEENY.

(Not necessarily the Dean of St. Paul's.)

The trivial accident of birth
Which, in our fleeting lives on earth,
Tends to outweigh intrinsic worth
Has severed you and me by quite a distance;
Not often, save at family prayer,
Where all may breathe a common air,
Have I been sensibly aware
Of your obscure and underground existence.

On such occasions, if your mind,
Mostly to menial tasks resigned,
Has for a moment left behind
The duties incident to daily dinners,
It may have very well occurred
That your arrested ears have heard
Some Scriptural passage which referred
In the same breath to "publicans and sinners."

Where'er the phrase your fancy caught,
I blame you little if your thought
(Of ancient parlance recking naught)
Pictured a publican as one who waxes
Fat on the sale of stout and beer,
A man of alcoholic cheer
Due to a bibulous career,
And not a person given to gathering taxes.

But whether you conceived that he,
Mixing with men of low degree,
No better than they ought to be,
Issued demand-notes or purveyed strong liquor,
The bare idea that such a name
Could be applied to me (for shame!)
Would flush your brow with honest flame
And cause your weltering heart to creak like wicker.

Yet that reproach I soon must win!
'Tis true I shall not keep an inn
Where men consort for joy of sin,
Where for a Bacchie rout the barman caters;
But still, for so the horror gripes,
If I could choose from these two types,
I'd almost sooner deal in swipes
Than stoop to tax-collecting (O my gaiters!).

To think that I should so demean
The gifts on which my clergy lean!
That I, a scholar and a dean,
To whose instructive guidance (under Heaven) you
Owe all you have of inward light,
Should be reduced to this low plight,
And have to spend my sermon-night
Extracting threepenny-bits from out your revenue!

So runs the Bill that now is sent
To earn the Lords' ill-feigned "Content"—
A social Disestablishment
Which, if I read the future right, my tweeny,
Means that the Ministry must fall;
Already (in the servants' hall)
I read the writing on the wall,
A menace tantamount to "MENE! MENE!" O. S.

Commercial Candour.

From a house-agent's catalogue:—

"Sandy soil. Electric Light. Septic Drains."

A CHINESE LEADER.

TO-DAY I am going to write a leading article on Chinese affairs. When events so tremendous are happening, and when they are so intimately connected with gorgeous and high-sounding names it would be a coward's part to refuse to deal with them. One thing I must observe by way of preliminary: I do not guarantee the spelling of any single name that I shall use, whether it be the name of a district, a town, or a man. All I am certain of is that my names will be just as good and instructive as the most accurate names that the most learned Chinese scholar could devise. My own impression is that these Chinese names have no real existence in humanity or geography, but that correspondents and leader-writers invent them as they go along to fill up gaps and give verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. At that game I am ready to meet them on their own ground. Forward, then, my trusty pen and my well-filled ink-bottle, and let us get to work:—

"Affairs in the Celestial Empire seem to be going from bad to worse. Yesterday we published intelligence that the sacred City of Kunchau, long renowned as the seat of Chinese Imperial culture, has been four times recaptured by the revolutionaries after having been twice sacked and twice burnt by the loyalists under the command of the veteran Min-Choo-Kio. To-day comes the grave news that Pin-Tong has fallen for the seventh time after an heroic resistance of five hours. It is true that British and American missionaries are reported to be marshaling in overwhelming force to the relief of Foo-Loo, but the movement is tardy, and, in any case, the destruction of the bridges over the Yangtse-Kiang must throw insuperable obstacles in the way of this column. The whole of the fertile province of Lun-Chou has thus fallen into the power of the Republicans, and recruits, some wearing the purple button, are said to be flocking to their standard.

Under these disastrous conditions no course but immediate flight would seem to be open to the Tsung-Li-Yamen. The Regent is in tears, while the Child-Emperor has issued his nineteenth edict pleading for forgiveness on the ground of his tender age, and promising, if the Revolutionaries will retire, to see that their demands are immediately incorporated in the Chinese constitution. It is not likely that the fierce and exultant warriors, who have seen the hosts of the green-and-yellow jackets flying in confusion from Hy-Son and Oo-Long, will be satisfied with verbal promises. Indeed, Pi-Jon-Pi, their leader, has intimated his intention of inflicting the punishment of the Thousand Sleeves on the Emperor, the Regent, and their General, Yuan-Shi-Ki. The struggle has thus become one of life and death, and those who wish well to China can only hope that the Ming dynasty will be allowed to have a fall as bloodless as the circumstances will allow. Some punishment there must be, but those who know SUX-YAT-SEN best are confident that he will not disgrace the triumph of his cause by inflicting unnecessary pain on those who have not hitherto seen eye to eye with him. One thing alone is certain: China is crumbling to pieces, and no hand seems strong enough to arrest the process of decay. With the republicans in undisputed possession of Man-Hang, Woon-Ki-Bong and Pol-Kang it is hopeless for the Court to resist with effect any longer. By taking refuge in Jehol they may postpone the evil moment, but they cannot possibly avert it."

How does that strike you? For my part, I am amazed at my close acquaintance with Chinese customs and Chinese nomenclature. But the fact is, nobody can know, until he tries, how easy it is to write a Chinese leader.



AS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

BRITISH LION (to Russian Bear). "IF WE HADN'T SUCH A THOROUGH UNDERSTANDING I MIGHT ALMOST BE TEMPTED TO ASK WHAT YOU'RE DOING THERE WITH OUR LITTLE PLAYFELLOW."

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery by Columbus in 1492 to the present time. It covers the early years of settlement, the struggle for independence, the formation of the Constitution, and the various wars and conflicts that have shaped the nation's history. The author provides a detailed account of the political, social, and economic developments that have taken place over the centuries.

The second part of the book is a collection of essays and documents that provide a more in-depth look at specific aspects of American history. These include a study of the role of women in the early republic, an analysis of the impact of the Industrial Revolution on the American economy, and a discussion of the civil rights movement in the mid-20th century. Each essay is accompanied by relevant historical documents and a bibliography for further reading.

The book is written in a clear and engaging style, making it accessible to a wide range of readers. It is an excellent resource for anyone interested in the history of the United States and the challenges it has faced over time.

APPENDIX

This appendix contains a list of the primary sources used in the book, along with a glossary of key terms and a list of the author's other works.



LE MOT JUSTE.

"I REGRET, MADAM, THAT WE DO NOT STOCK 'BLUE DANUBE' SOAP."
 "WE CAN OBTAIN IT FOR YOU, MADAM."

"CAN YOU GET IT FOR ME?"

COMING HOME TO GET MARRIED.

(With acknowledgments to the author of "Going Out to get Married," in "The Daily Chronicle" of December 5th.)

MARRIAGE is at best a lottery. But marriage of which the preliminary period is robbed by distance of its opportunities for mutual knowledge is beset with terrific perils. An Anglo-Indian or Anglo-Burmese engagement means usually two or three years of love-making by letter only; and though the pen may be mightier than the sword it is no less dangerous a weapon. Hong Kong, British Columbia, or Australia often sever betrothed couples for four or five years, when it would be far better for them never to meet again. But a tragic sense of loyalty too often impels the lover to come and fetch his lady. For a long time the nervous, shy and blushing bridegroom has been out-of-date. Fashion nowadays decrees self-possession, and the needs of the Empire have evolved an heroic type. Men who ultimately come home to get married have to be brave indeed. Now

and then, however, well-substantiated reports will reach the returning bridegroom and the match is broken off. Even at the eleventh hour rumour has saved the victim from taking the fatal step.

Thus a man coming home to get married in Manchester overheard a great deal of strange talk regarding a certain Miss B. Before reaching Aden incontrovertible proofs were forthcoming that this was *his* Miss B., and that she was not the sort of girl he could possibly wed. With heroic promptitude he disembarked, ceased his homeward journey and returned to India, where he married a wealthy Begum. Miss B., who never returned his presents, though she was already engaged to another man, eabled her grateful congratulations, and is now a happy matron at Chowbent.

In another authentic example the instinct of the returning bridegroom served him well. Four years earlier he had plighted his troth to a slim young girl, winsome, *svette*, and deeply religious. He landed—every arrangement had been made for the wedding on

the following day—and a mountainous creature weighing fourteen stone hurled herself into his arms. Disengaging himself from her embrace he looked at her straight. "Mabel," he said in fearless tones, "I'm sorry, but I cannot commit bigamy, for you're twice the woman you were when I promised to marry you. I shall book my passage by the next steamer to India." Most men would have quailed before such a task, but this man—he was an indigo planter with an iron constitution—was as good as his word. Mabel was shortly afterwards registered to a stock-broker, and ultimately died in extreme affluence.

Truly the bridegroom coming home has need to be of the stuff of heroes.

The Glasgow Herald, describing the KING-EMPEROR'S reception at Bombay, says:—"Over the dais was a canopy of royal blue silk surmounted by the crown." Is Delhi behind Bombay? We do not hear of any grand-stand enjoying so exceptional a point of vantage at the Durbar.

LOOKED IN THE MOUTH.

WITH a view to see not only what I might give to other people for Christmas, but if there should be anything that they might give me, I have been looting in Bond Street and Regent Street; and the harvest of this quiet eye is curiously barren. But, when it comes to the thing that one wishes neither to distribute nor receive, how profuse a crop!

The peculiar feature of "Xmas presents" seems to be a perverse and dainty superfluity. Every man, woman and child, for example, was provided at birth by a thoughtful Providence with a stamp-licking apparatus at once neat and efficacious. Yet half Bond Street is devoted to silver and gold mechanisms for relieving the tongue of this trifling burden.

Possibly the activities of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE have led to the increase in these machines, although few persons keep enough servants to be caused any serious inconvenience. Supposing anyone were to give me a stamp-damper, what should I do with it? It would go at once into the limbo of inoperative gifts; and this being so am I likely to give it to anyone?

The assistant next showed me a number of beautifully made articles in precious metal, all of which I have spent valuable years of my life

in learning to do without so completely that were any of them to be given to me now they would not only utterly disarrange my scheme of pockets but dislocate my very existence. Cigar-cutters, for example, of gold, in the shape of the guillotine—a pretty thought. My own cigar-cutter is either a very shabby knife or, like my stamp-damper, a device of nature's own invention: two rows of teeth, imperfect, I admit, but adequate, since they are still able (bless them!) to meet on the tip of the cigar and tear it from the body quite well enough for the purpose required. What should I do with the golden guillotine?

Again, silver-mounted safety-razors are useless to me since I use one of the old razors. On informing the shopman of this regrettable piece of obscurantism on my part, he at once produced a charming case of leather and silk, which would be no disgrace to a beauty's boudoir, containing no fewer than seven razors, each lettered with the day of the week.

This, as a desirable addition to my toilet table, after twenty years of fidelity to one black-handled hollow-ground. "But supposing," I said, "that by mischance I should shave myself with Tuesday's razor on Wednesday, what then?" It didn't matter, the shopman assured me. "Ah, yes," I said; "but have you no superstitions, man? Suppose that on Wednesday it was Friday's razor I used by mistake? That would give me two unlucky days in one week."

This seemed to impress him, and he switched me hastily on to an egg-decapitator. There are men, it seems, youthful residents in chambers for the most part, who want egg-decapitators. Well, let them direct their generous relatives to Bond Street, for I saw a shopful; but if anybody were to send me one I should emigrate. These things are made of silver—naturally—

What else did I see—all labelled "useful," of course? I saw in one window off Piccadilly briar pipes of immense age—older than the choicest brandy, almost, and dearer—pipes dating from 1810 and 1820, which you may possess and smoke for a trifle of five pounds apiece. These are called "Gifts for Gentlemen." I hope that no one will think me gentleman enough to own one, for it would be a ceaseless responsibility. I should either have to fix a chain to it or forget it and enjoy my tobacco.

One thing, however, I did see which at once I realised would make a good present, not for me but for my nephew Robert. A pocket electric lamp. For what a godsend it would have been to us, in my day, I thought. How we would have read under the clothes half the night through by the light of things

like that, instead of perilous lumps of phosphorus in a bottle! The Ballantyne or Kingston or Stevenson that had to be laid aside so regretfully at bedtime could have gone on delighting for another hour or so.

But I didn't buy it. I thought of Robert's eyesight and the discipline of the school. Not mine the rôle of encourager of forbidden practices.

And so I left this district of stamp-dampers and egg-openers and cigar-cutters and Bradshaw cases and walking-

sticks with cigarettes in them, and umbrellas like Malacca canes, and chestnut-roasters and all the other pretty superfluities which are ranged so alluringly under tickets describing them as "Yule Tide Gifts," realising that presents are for the young. The middle-aged and the old wait for no anniversaries: they buy what they wish when they want it.

Seen on a pillar-box in Ireland:—

"POST NO BILLS."

An excellent suggestion for the Christmas season.

"The horse trappings of the Indian rulers, their attendants and escorts were gorgeous in the extreme."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Our contemporary has invented just the word for the occasion.

"With the down trains horse de combat if one may use the phrase, there was a shortage on the other line."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

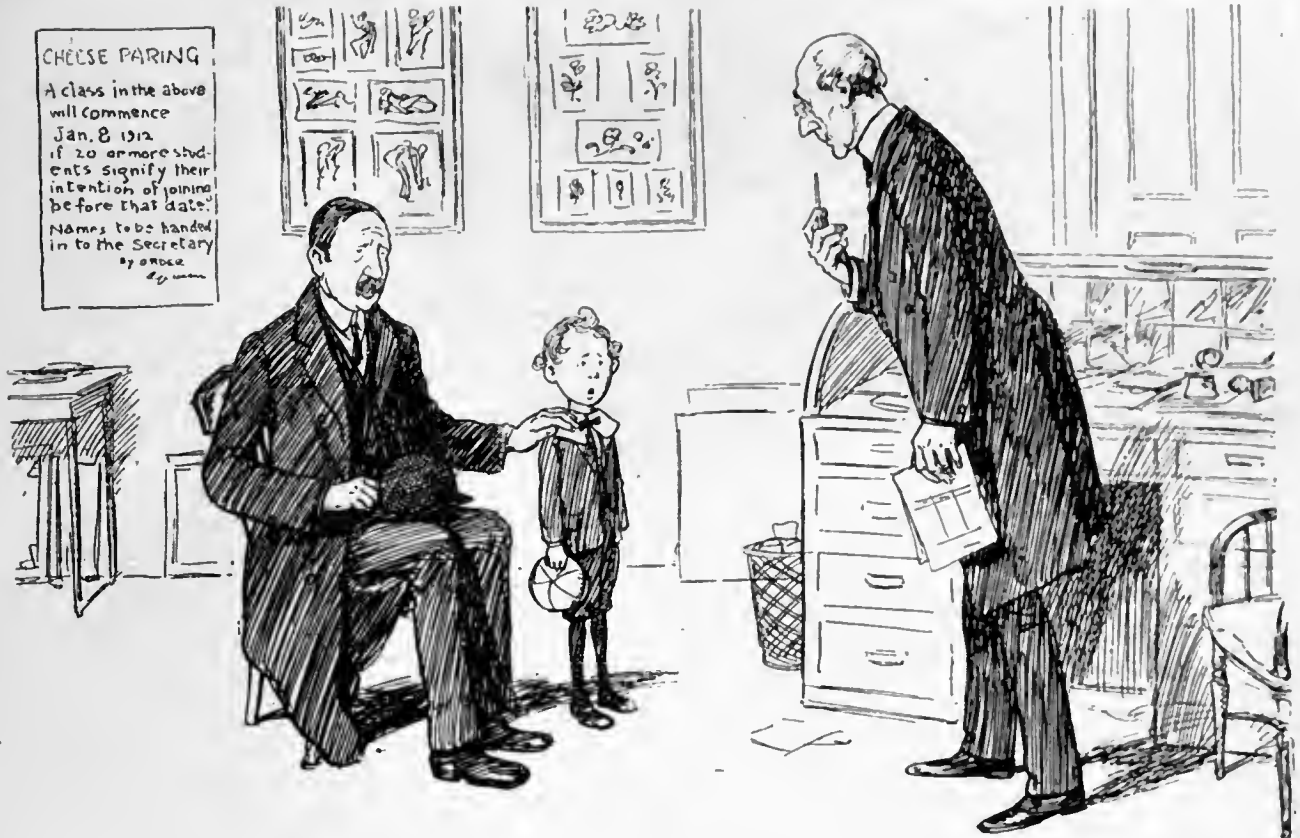
We gladly give the writer permission to use this rather unusual phrase.



DURING A STORM IN INDIA THE HAIL-STONES WERE SAID TO BE "AS BIG AS TENNIS BALLS." VERY CONFUSING!

and they cost quite a lot. Heaven knows how you use them, but they are to bring radiance into many a heart this Christmas, if the shopman is to be believed. "Quite the rage," he assured me. "Wonderful what a trouble some gentlemen's eggs are to them; but now—" His silence plainly said that here was the oval millennium.

He next held up a choice golden box, which turned out to be a sovereign case, with compartments in it not only for sovereigns but for half-sovereigns. "There," I said, "that is really something like! Anyone who wishes may give me that—so long as he endows it. Surely you have blank endowment-deeds to go with every case?" But this kind of humour is useless in the West-End, where the basic understanding is that everyone who enters a shop not only has too much money but has a car waiting outside. "Shall I send it, or is your car waiting?" is a question heard on every side.



G. O. MORROW

OUR POLYTECHNICS.

Enquiring Parent. "MY BOY WISHES TO BECOME A LION-TAMER. HAVE YOU ANY CLASSES IN THAT SUBJECT?"

Secretary. "NO, NOT AT PRESENT; BUT IF WE COULD GET TOGETHER A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF PUPILS—SAY TWENTY—THE BOARD MIGHT BE INDUCED TO ENTERTAIN THE IDEA."

A STRAIGHT TALK TO A COLD.

COLD, hast thou ever thought, I wonder,
How earnestly for thee men toil,
What woods, what wildernesses plunder,
To rid them of thy coil?

How the fell bane that here hath
gripped us
Makes hunters, lean and spare,
In lands afar (whose name has slipped us)
Follow the frightful eucalyptus
Into his low-dug lair?

How chemists, snatching up the pestle,
Ammoniate the mild quinine;
How many a jujube-laden vessel
In London docks is seen;
How men buy comforters and pin 'em
on,

How Scotchmen in the Fleet
Are heard to say to waiters, "Dinna,
mon;
I'll tak' a twa three draps of cinnamon,
And no the whuskey neat"?

(Not that I've ever heard 'em do so
But still I rather like that rhyme.)
O Cold, surrounded by thy trousseau
Of handkerchiefs, what crime

Have I committed that thou huggest
This bosom in thy hold?
Was I the fondest form, the snuggest
To cling to, and defy the druggist,
Thou fair and cruel Cold?

In vain the menthol and the camphor,
The mustard and the Shetland shawl;
These things thou dost not care a dam
for,
Thou hast me in thy thrall;
What art thou, Cold, and whence
arisen?

How did I take thee first?
Whose eyes of old didst thou bedizen
With tear-drops, and what brain im-
prison,
O sorceress accurst?

Was it, in fact, some total stranger
From whom I caught this vile catarrh?
Or was some loved one the exchanger?
'Twere comfort from afar,
How'er so obstinate the chill is,
To dream, to muse, to think,
"This was the cold of Amaryllis
That makes my cheeks as white as
lilies,
My nose as salmon pink."

But no! Importunate arrival,
I may not track thee to thy start,
I may not shorten thy survival
By drugs from any mart;
This much remains, with spice and
essence
And odours of the East
To modify thy effervescence
And make men cover before thy
presence;
That is some fun at least. Evor.

"Ald. W. R. Parker moved that cerebro-
spinal fever and acute poliomyelitis be made
compulsory, which was agreed to."
Kendal Mercury.

We suppose *The Daily Mail* is too
busy with its compulsory insurance
protest to start a movement against
this. We are therefore compelled to
organise the opposition ourselves, and
are hiring the Crystal Palace next
Tuesday for the purpose of a mass
meeting.

"The Vicar will give a short address, whilst
the anthem will be 'The Two Acrobats.'"
Blackpool Times.
Our favourite anthem.

AN INFORMAL EVENING.

DINNER was a very quiet affair. Nobody drew my chair away from under me as I sat down, and during the meal nobody threw bread about. We talked gently of art and politics and things; and when the ladies left there was no booby trap waiting for them at the door. In a word, nothing to prepare me for what was to follow.

We strolled leisurely into the drawing-room. A glance told me the worst. The ladies were in a cluster round Miss Power, and Miss Power was on the floor. She got up quickly as we came in.

"We were trying to go underneath the poker," she explained. "Can you do it?"

I waved the poker back.

"Let me see you do it again," I said. "I missed the first part."

"Oh, I can never do it. Bob, you show us."

Bob is an active young fellow. He took the poker, rested the end on the floor, and then twisted himself underneath his right arm. I expected to see him come up inside out, but he seemed to be much the same after it. However, no doubt his organs are all on the wrong side now.

"Yes, that's how I should do it," I said hastily.

But Miss Power was firm. She gave me the poker. I pressed it hard on the floor, said good-bye to them all, and dived. I got half-way round, and was supporting myself upside down by one toe and the slippery end of the poker, when it suddenly occurred to me that the earth was revolving at an incredible speed on its own axis, and that, in addition, we were hurtling at thousands of miles a minute round the sun. It seemed impossible in these circumstances that I should keep my balance any longer; and as soon as I realised this the poker began to slip. I was in no sort of position to do anything about it, and we came down heavily together.

"Oh, what a pity!" said Miss Power. "I quite thought you'd done it."

"Being actually on the spot," I said, "I knew that I hadn't."

"Do try again."

"Not till the ground's a little softer."

"Let's do the jam-pot trick," said another girl.

"I'm not going under a jam-pot for anybody," I murmured to myself.

However, it turned out that this trick was quite different. You place a book (MACAULAY'S *Essays* or what not) on the jam-pot and sit on the book, one heel only touching the ground. In the

right hand you have a box of matches, in the left a candle. The jam-pot, of course, is on its side, so that it can roll beneath you. Then you light the candle . . . and hand it to anybody who wants to go to bed.

I was ready to give way to the ladies here, but even while I was bowing and saying, "Not at all," I found myself on one of the jam pots with Bob next to me on another. To balance with the arms outstretched was not so difficult; but as the matches were then about six feet from the candle and there seemed no way of getting them nearer together the solution of the problem was as remote as ever. Three times I brought my hands together, and three times the jam-pot left me.

"Well played, Bob," said somebody. The boulder had done it.

I looked at his jam pot.

"There you are," I said, "'Raspberry—1909.' Mine's 'Gooseberry—1911,' a rotten vintage. And look at my book, *Alone on the Prairie*; and you've got *The Mormon's Wedding*. No wonder I couldn't do it."

I refused to try it again as I didn't think I was being treated fairly; and after Bob and Miss Power had had a race at it, which Bob won, we got on to something else.

"Of course you can pick a pin out of a chair with your teeth?" said Miss Power.

"Not properly," I said. "I always swallow the pin."

"I suppose it doesn't count if you swallow the pin," said Miss Power thoughtfully.

"I don't know. I've never really thought about that side of it much. Anyhow, unless you've got a whole lot of pins you don't want, don't ask me to do it to-night."

Accordingly we passed on to the water-trick. I refused at this, but Miss Power went full length on the floor with a glass of water balanced on her forehead and came up again without spilling a single drop. Personally I shouldn't have minded spilling a single drop; it was the thought of spilling the whole glass that kept me back. Anyway it is a useless trick, the need for which never arises in an ordinary career. Picking up *The Times* with the teeth, while clasping the left ankle with the right hand, is another matter. That might come in useful on occasions: as, for instance, if having lost your left arm on the field and having to staunch with the right hand the flow of blood from a bullet wound in the opposite ankle, you desired to glance through the paper while waiting for the ambulance.

"Here's a nice little trick," broke in Bob, as I was preparing myself in this way for the German invasion.

He had put two chairs together, front to front, and was standing over them—a foot on the floor on each side of them, if that conveys it to you. Then he jumped up, turned round in the air, and came down facing the other way.

"Can you do it?" I said to Miss Power.

"Come and try," said Bob to me. "It's not really difficult."

I went and stood over the chairs. Then I moved them apart and walked over to my hostess.

"Good-bye," I said; "I'm afraid I must go now."

"Coward!" said somebody, who knew me rather better than the others.

"It's much easier than you think," said Bob.

"I don't think it's easy at all," I protested. "I think it's impossible."

I went back and stood over the chairs again. For some time I waited there in deep thought. Then I bent my knees preparatory to the spring, straightened them up, and said,

"What happens if you just miss it?"

"I suppose you bark your shins a bit."

"Yes, that's what I thought."

I bent my knees again, worked my arms up and down, and then stopped suddenly and said,

"What happens if you miss it pretty easily?"

"Oh, you can do it, if Bob can," said Miss Power kindly.

"He's practised. I expect he started with two hassocks and worked up to this. I'm not afraid, but I want to know the possibilities. If it's only a broken leg or two, I don't mind. If it's permanent disfigurement I think I ought to consult my family first."

I jumped up and came down again the same way for practice.

"Very well," I said. "Now I'm going to try. I haven't the faintest hope of doing it, but you all seem to want to see an accident, and, anyhow, I'm not going to be called a coward. One, two, three . . ."

"Well done," cried everybody.

"Did I do it?" I whispered, as I sat on the floor and pressed a cushion against my shins.

"Rather!"

"Then," I said, massaging my ankles, "next time I shall try to miss."

A. A. M.

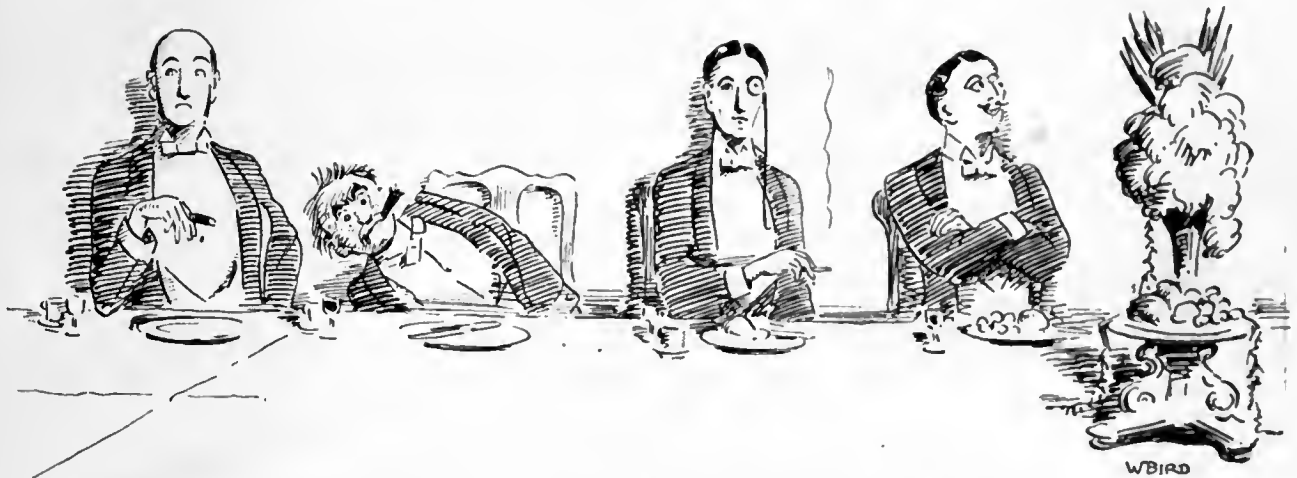
The Evening Times, speaking of the Chartered Company, says—

"It would be difficult to officially split the shares."

Far easier just to split an infinitive.



THE EXPERIENCED PUBLIC DINER-OUT, IF HE DROPS HIS CIGAR, DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO RETRIEVE IT—



JUST AT THE MOMENT WHEN THE FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPH IS BEING TAKEN.

MUSICAL NOTES.

In his recently published work on Musical Composition, Sir CHARLES STANFORD offers a vigorous plea for the retention of Italian as the universal language for marks of expression. This deplorable adhesion to the old-fashioned Italianate school has, we rejoice to see, found a doughty opponent in Mr. PERCY GRAINGER, the distinguished pianist and composer, who has recently brought out a piece of chamber music which he describes as a "foursome for strings," while the expression marks are all given in English. Thus *crescendo molto* becomes "louden lots" or "louden hugely," and all the other nuances of expression are rendered into equally nervous English.

We understand, however, that Mr. GRAINGER is not content—and why should he be?—with the importation of the golf terms "foursome" and "sixsome" as titles of pieces. It is his

intention to re-name all the instruments of the orchestra after the implements employed in the Royal and Ancient Game. Thus, the violin is to be called the "driver," the violoncello the "bulger," the trombone the "brassy," and the tuba the "niblick." The piccolo, because of its high register, is happily re-christened the "lofter," and the bassoon the "baffy."

Mr. GRAINGER, we gather, proposes to call changes of key "hazards," and to replace the cumbrous phrase "double-bar" by the simple monosyllable "tee." The word "dormy" is applied to passages of a languorous character, and instead of "coda" he proposes to employ an infinitely more suggestive term—the "putting green." The innovation has been, on the whole, well received, but it is only right to say that ANDREW KIRKALDY, on learning of the new use to which it is proposed to turn the terminology of his beloved game, expressed himself with some

asperity. "Hoots, man," he observed in his broadest Doric, "it's eneuch to mak' auld TAM MORRIS turn turtlet in his grave."

A more curious outcome of Mr. PERCY GRAINGER's epoch-making departure is the extraordinary coincidence which has been revealed by his choice of the phrase "louden lots." For it appears that there is a distinguished singer, Mr. LOUDOUN LOTT, who is strongly opposed to the employment of his name in a purely instrumental connection. We understand, however, that the matter has been referred to Sir GEORGE ASKWITH for arbitration, and it is confidently expected that some *modus vivendi* will be discovered by that irresistible diplomatist.

Cricket Notes.

"Strings are being worn again on bats both large and small."—*Daily Graphic*.
So are splices.



STEEPLECHASING IN IRELAND.

Well-primed Old Professional (to starter who is being very particular). "OH, LET US GO, CAPTAIN, DARLINT, LET US GO, BEFORE THE WHISKEY DIES OUT AV US!"

THE JOY OF BATTLE.

LIFE, from my standpoint, can't be too exciting;
I love a fight (when others do the fighting).

It's sweet to watch a boxer showering blows
Upon his adversary's shattered nose.

It's good to hear two disputatious neighbours
Slanging away with tongues that cut like sabres.

And in political affairs it's fine
When rows are seething all along the line.

The languid lure of silence may enamour
More timid souls; for me, I like a clamour.

And that is why the storms of recent years
Permeate me with bliss too deep for tears.

The Servant Tax, which breeds so much resentment,
Produces in my breast a rich contentment,

When the whole nation seeks opposing camps,
And all the countryside resounds with stamps.

It's fine, again, when mingled stones and threats
Pour in a flood from shrieking Suffragettes.

And then the frantic Papers! Happy reader,
With virulent abuse in every leader!

And, looking on, I mark with calm elation
Prospects of yet increasing altercation—

Home Rule, The Suffrage, Disestablishment,
And others in one glorious turmoil blent.

Christmas approaches, too, and its adjacence
Lends a propriety to my complacence,

Because these rumpuses impending fill
My joyous heart with peace and right good-will.

Startling things happen in the West almost every day, of which the Londoner is left in complete ignorance. What reader of *The Times* or *Morning Post*, for instance, knows the true story of the Husband's Bag? It has been left to *The Devon and Exeter Gazette* to give the full particulars to the public for the first time. Listen:—

"The recent experience of a Devonian was singular. He left home for a few days on a visit to a seaside resort, leaving his wife in a rather disconsolate mood because she missed a much-valued ring, which she wore constantly. On the morning of the day of his return, the Devonian found the lost ring in his bag, in which it must have fallen when his good wife was packing things in readiness for her husband's departure. Not only did he restore the ring to his wife, but he also displayed to her admiring gaze a prize (the first) he had won in a whist drive, being his initial participation in such a game."

"Mr. Samuel added that the number of new overhead wires would be comparatively small, and placed underground."—*Daily Graphic*.
This looks bad for our heads.

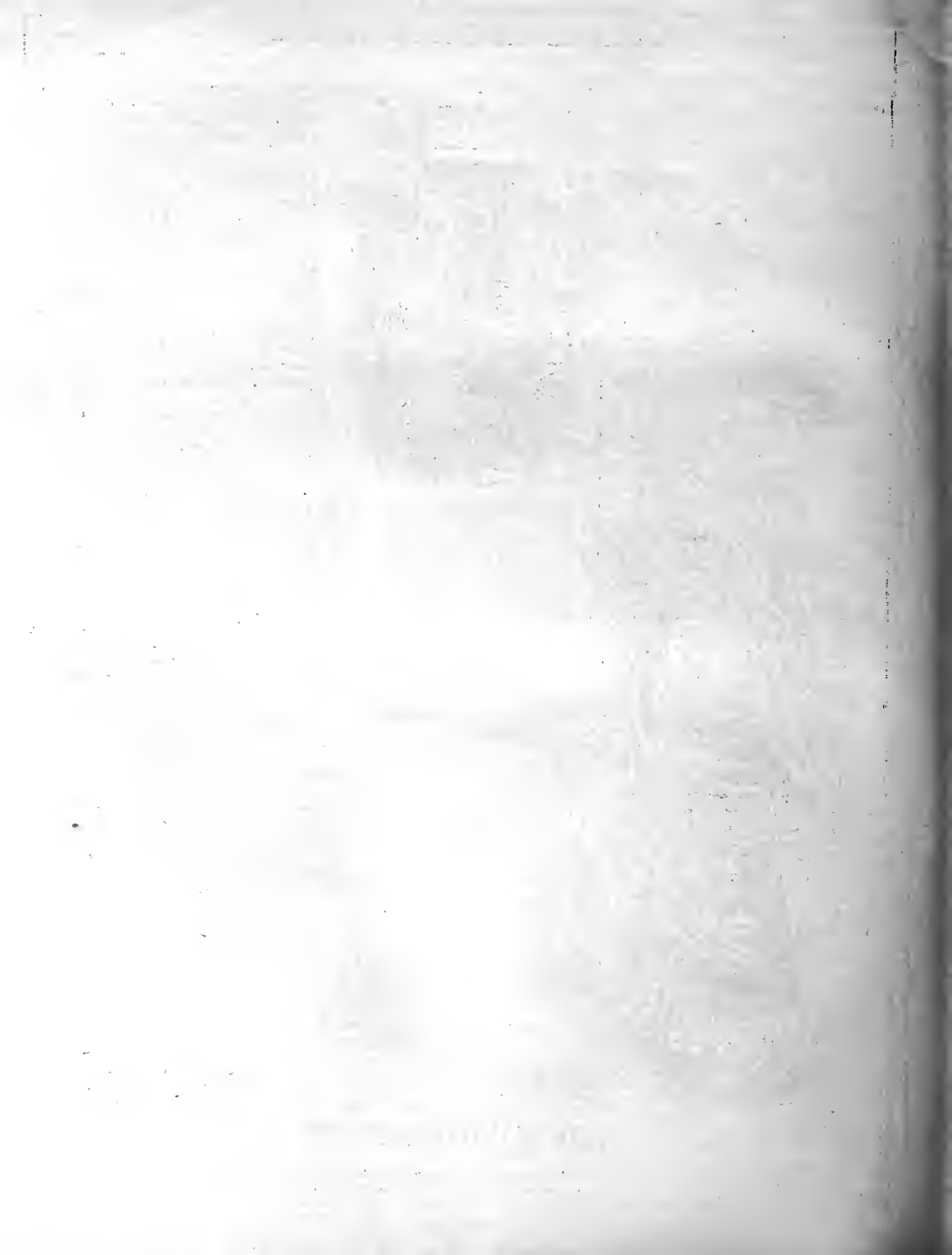
"A lady recommends her Parlourmaid; leaving because butler being engaged."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

It is, of course, useless staying if the butler is already affianced.



THE KING-EMPEROR.

DELHI DURBAR, DECEMBER 12, 1911.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, December 4.—Noble Lords will remember how, in course of debate on historic occasion, the late Marquis of SALISBURY was perturbed by, as he phrased it, "a vision of the housemaid crossing my mind." This evening, in Commons, we have spent quite a pleasant time with the charwoman. She entered at Question-hour, leaning gently but firmly upon arm of ROWLAND HUNT. At moment CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER undergoing Catechism rather Longer than Shorter on details of Insurance Bill. With pretty bow of courtesy and what the Agents of the Railwaymen call "recognition" bestowed on his companion, ROWLAND enquired "whether a charwoman employed regularly at 3s. a day for one, two, or three days in each week would have to pay the full 3d. a week?"

McKINNON WOOD, whose knowledge of domestic economy has grown to be extensive and peculiar, answered in the affirmative.

Dead silence fell over House. Looks of sympathy bent upon charwoman, mopping her eyes in protest against this fresh testimony of man's inhumanity to woman. Pained pause broken by SNOWDEN, who, with dim recollections of the problem of a woman who in succession married seven husbands creating embarrassment at a future indefinite period as to which she actually belonged to, put another conundrum.



ROWLAND HUNT'S PROTÉGÉE.

The charlady "mopping her eyes in protest against man's inhumanity."



A TRYING JOB FOR A HEAVY BARITONE.

Mr. McKINNON WOOD has to worry through "Home, Sweet Home—under the new conditions!"

"Suppose," he said, "a charwoman to be under contract with five different employers will 3d. be deducted by each of the five?"

"No," said the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY emphatically.

House breathed again. ROWLAND HUNT, arming the charwoman out, presently returned accompanied by a foreign waiter and another poser for McKINNON WOOD. Now wanted to know "whether, in view of the fact that many foreign waiters work here for their food and lodging, without wages, relying on gratuities from customers, they will pay anything under the National Insurance Bill, and what will their employers pay?"

McKINNON WOOD worked out sum showing that the employer in such cases will certainly pay 7d. a week and may (Heaven helping him) recover 4d. from the wageless waiter.

Reply had remarkable effect upon PIKE PEASE. Not what you would call an emotional man by nature. Sits by the hour ruminating at Gangway end of Front Opposition Bench. Has never got over the shock of finding BROTHER JACK seated on Treasury Bench immediately opposite. Admits that, advancing from post of Whip to Presidency of Education Board with seat in Cabinet, JACK has done pretty well. PIKE himself, going over to Unionists, never rose above grade of Whip, a post he resigned last year. Is at present, like foreign waiter, wage-

less. Possibly that touch of nature made him kin with alien victim of Insurance Bill. Rising slowly, ponderously pausing for a moment before he spoke, he asked—

"If no wages are paid, how can anything be deducted?"

Captain BUNSBY at his best never exceeded the clarity and foreg of this enquiry. Almost literally floored FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY.

Business done.—Insurance Bill passed Report stage.

Tuesday.—New LEADER OF OPPOSITION, recognising increasing triviality of majority of Questions, absents himself during three-quarters of an hour devoted to their purposes, gratefully utilising precious time that would otherwise be wasted. Still necessary for form's sake that the Opposition should be authoritatively represented during this function. Happily, we have ROWLAND HUNT ready to act as *locum tenens*. His vitality is equalled only by his versatility. No sign of weariness clouded his massive brow when, after his tourney yesterday on behalf of the supertaxed charwoman and the wageless waiter, he rose half-a-dozen times this afternoon to ply Ministers with questions.

In the main his attention is directed to foreign affairs. Is concerned for proper shaping of Arbitration Treaty with United States. Further, is not satisfied with Declaration of London and position of "neutral vessels carrying food-stuffs to Bristol, Liverpool and



A RIVAL TO "CAPTAIN BUNSBY."

"Rising slowly, ponderously pausing."

(MR. H. PIKE PEASE.)

Glasgow which are liable to be captured or sunk when this country is at war."

Canny EDWARD GREY, seeing these Questions on the Paper, has gone off to Plymouth, he "won't say for rest, but for a change." In his absence UNDER SECRETARY ACLAND is put up to reply. And very well he does the work.

In some degree ROWLAND HUNT finds his parallel on benches opposite in person of MACCALLUM SCOTT. That eminent but modest statesman takes the wide world under his care. Just now disposed to concentrate attention upon India, with intent to show how lamentable is its case under British administration. Thus across floor of House deep answers deep, ROWLAND HUNT followed by MACCALLUM SCOTT.

Touch of pathos given to scene by spectacle of WILFRID ASHLEY, restless on otherwise desolate Front Opposition Bench. Time was when he rejoiced in honoured sobriquet of "MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS." A private Member, it was his custom of an afternoon to put down on the Paper minimum of a dozen enquiries, running total up to a score by supplementary interrogations graciously permitted by the SPEAKER. In moment of weakness accepted invitation from PRINCE ARTHUR to join staff of Opposition Whips. Place of junior Whip is either in the Lobby or the Whips' Room. Rarely found seated in House, still less familiar at Question hour.

That period has irresistible attraction for WILFRID. Throughout is invariably found on Front Opposition Bench. Now and then, as happened to-day, in spite of resolute self-control cannot resist old temptation. Interposes with question followed by the inevitable "supplementary," and relapses once more into pained silence.

Business done.—Coal Mines Bill passed through Report stage and, with compliments to MASTERMAN READY'S skillful piloting, read a third time. Among beneficent clauses is one for protection of ponies condemned to life-long servitude in mines. For this long-needed charter HARRY LAUDER may take to himself some credit. At dinner given early in Session by HENRY DALZIEL, at which something like a hundred M.P.'s met PRIME MINISTER, HARRY LAUDER came in to sing how he "loved a lassie, a bonnie bonnie lassie." Seizing exceptional opport-



MASTERMAN INSPIRED BY HARRY LAUDER.

unity, he, from personal knowledge acquired when a pit boy, later told the PREMIER and the more than a quorum



BUNTY REDMOND PULLS THE STRINGS.

[Mr. ASQUITH, according to the Daily Press, has been three times to see *Bunty Pulls the Strings*.]

of Members clustered round him how grievously pit ponies, some fresh from the freedom of Dartmoor, suffer in the narrow, winding, pitch-dark, jagged-walled byways of collieries. Result seen in clause of Bill passed to-day, which the Lords will surely welcome.

Wednesday.—After long fight National Insurance Bill passed final stage by thumping majority and sent across to other House, by whose golden gateway noble Lords stand with outstretched arms ready to receive the bantling. (This, of course, as seen in the mind's eye, Horatio.) Two months' debate on subject full of details, arithmetical or technical, has in the main been slackly attended, usually dull. Tonight, in expectation of the end, benches fill up and interest quickens. To this end LLOYD GEORGE contributes rousing speech. HARRY FORSTER, official spokesman for the Bill from Front Opposition Bench, concludes conspicuous service by moderate, reasoned speech in support of an amendment indefinitely postponing passage of Bill.

This CHANCELLOR describes as "a verbose, shifty substitute" for the time-honoured motion, identical in effect, that "the Bill be read a third time on this day six months." PREMIER in smoother phrase takes same line. Comments scornfully on policy of Opposition in supporting Amendment and refraining from voting against third reading. There is no halfway house, he protests, between Yes and No.

Exciting scene follows on CHANCELLOR'S rebuke of ROBERT CECIL for alleged misrepresentation of the Bill in recent election at Hitchin. The Hitchin Bantam, nothing loth, promptly steps into cockpit. Has set to with the Treasury Gamecock watched by the fraternity with keen interest. Strident cheers and counter cheers resound.

At half-past ten guillotine falls. House divides on FORSTER'S amendment, Unionists bringing up 223 supporters. Government triumphed by majority of 97.

On Question put that Bill be read a third time, seemed for moment as if stage would be passed without dissent. KEIR HARDIE and his friends insisting on a division, BONAR LAW led his men forth. After their withdrawal third reading carried by majority of 303.

Business done.—Insurance Bill sent on to the Lords.



Furrier. "AS THERE BIN ANY GREAT NOOS IN THE PAPER, SIR, THIS LAST FEW DAYS? I BIN AWAY IN LUNNON, SO I AVEN'T SEEN MY 'COURIER.'"

EUPHEMISMS FOR SKINNERS.

OUR readers will be relieved to learn that, after no less than two years spent in deliberation by a Special Committee, the Great Fur Question has been solved. In future—if we take the precaution of keeping by us the published list of "permissible" descriptions—we shall know what we are buying. The list itself makes the most delightful reading; indeed, we find we can hardly lay it down. There we learn that Dyed Rabbit may *not* be sold as Sable or French Seal. That designation is "publicly denounced" by our Committee as incorrect. But what do you think is the correct and permissible designation? Why, Sable Coney.

Next we come to "Rabbit, Sheared and Dyed." This is a little puzzling. The mere layman might be pardoned for supposing that a Sheared Rabbit would be more adapted to the manufacture of leather than to that of furs. But it is not so. It seems that it may be converted (by the dishonest) into Seal, Electric Seal, Red River Seal, Hudson Seal, or Musquash. All these misleading designations are barred by the new restrictions. It must be called Seal Coney or Coney Musquash—and then you know where you are.

Leaving, however, the question of

Rabbits—which we do with real regret—we go on to find (which does not surprise us) that Dyed Goat *may not* be sold as Bear. But it does surprise us exceedingly to learn that it may be sold as Bear Goat. That disposes of the Goat. But the Kid is much more adaptable. He has played many parts in his day, according to our list. There we read of him masquerading as a Lama or a Broadtail Mink, while

"For those who preferred a more forcible word He had different names for these—"

Skunk, to wit, or Russian Sable. But all this is over. In future he must appear as Caracal Kid, and is in no small danger—one would say—of being pushed out to the glove department.

After all this sort of thing it is a mere anti-climax to learn that Wallaby Dyed Skunk must be sold as Skunk Wallaby. One might almost have guessed that. But we cannot leave this fascinating subject without one or two humble suggestions of our own. For we observe that neither Cow nor Dog is dealt with. It surely cannot be right to go on selling these as Persian Lamb or Japanese Black Fox? May we not suggest, as a "permissible" solution for the latter, Belvoir Pup, and for the former, quite simply, Lamb Cow?

For although we feel bound heartily to commend the list as a whole, regarding it as an important step in the direction of Commercial Candour, we cannot but think that it will press heavily upon dealers in what we may call our native furs. The Kitten, the Ferret and the Weasel cannot hope to attain success, any more than an operatic singer can, without the *cachet* of a foreign name and reputation. While freely admitting that these must not continue to be sold as Genuine Russian Sable or Silver Fox, we should be sorry nevertheless to see them excluded altogether. We therefore hope that the following additions will yet be made before the list comes into operation:—

- Plucked Kitten—"permissible" designation, Swansdown Tabby.
- Weasel, Pulled and Scorched—"permissible" designation, Scotch Skunk.
- Ferret, Boiled and Crimpod—"permissible" designation, Astrakhan Stoat.

From a story in *The Japan Chronicle*:

"She turned quickly to find an obsequious door-porter looking rapidly in a hushed voice. She listened for a moment, then screamed and reeled back into the room." It was Jasper! She recognised him by the impediment in his eye.

THE CHARWOMAN PROBLEM.

[It is understood (or misunderstood) that the insurance tax for employes of charwomen will have to be paid by the person that employs her earliest in the week.]

*Miss Lætitia Chaddock, "Sunnyside,"
Burwash, to Mrs. Gibbs, No. 1, Love
Lane.*

OWING to an alteration in her domestic arrangements, in future Miss Chaddock will expect Mrs. Gibbs to come and wash on Tuesday, and to clean on Thursday and Saturday, instead of on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, as at present. The new régime will commence next week.

*Mrs. Gibbs to Miss Chaddock (per
Master Harry Gibbs).*

MADAM,—Towsdays, Thursdays and Satterdays I am engaged to Mrs. Brunt, at the Lawrells. Not being wishful to make trouble will you speke to her yourself?

Yours respectful ANN GIBBS.

*Miss Chaddock to Mrs. Brunt, "The
Laurels."*

MY DEAR MRS. BRUNT,—Looking out of my window this morning at your dear little ones disporting themselves on the lawn I was impressed by the number of clean garments they must need in a week. It struck me forcibly that it would be a great help to you if you had your washday on Monday, so that your maid would have the week before her for the ironing. I must apologise for my apparent unneighborliness in not suggesting this before, but you know how my frequent headaches often prevent me from thinking connectedly for days together. I now feel it to be my duty to propose an exchange of days. Mrs. Gibbs is eager for this, and I think that we should both benefit by having a contented charwoman. Kiss the dear children for me. Yours affectionately,

LETITIA CHADDOCK.

Mrs. Brunt to Miss Chaddock.

MY DEAR MISS CHADDOCK,—I should be delighted to agree to your most kindly and thoughtful arrangement, but unfortunately my husband has taken a most prominent part in opposing the new Servant Tax. Publicly—in *The Daily Mail*—he has pledged himself to pay nothing to the Welsh myrmidons—as he cuttingly described Mr. Lloyd George's underlings. This new tax, which applies to charwomen, has doubtless escaped your notice. I am so much obliged to you for your kind offer, which only Mr. Brunt's prominence as a political leader hinders me from accepting. Yours affectionately,

MABEL BRUNT.

Miss Chaddock to Mrs. Gibbs.

As your other employer has discourteously declined the alteration in days which was suggested solely for her benefit, Miss Chaddock begs to inform Mrs. Gibbs that, as she has conscientious objections to paying the iniquitous tax imposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the payment for washing on Monday will be reduced from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. Miss Chaddock does this with the greatest reluctance, but she feels it her duty to bring home to the democracy the abyss down which Great Britain is being propelled by a Welsh solicitor.

Mrs. Gibbs to Miss Chaddock.

MADAM,—My husband says he to has scrupels against paying any tackses so pleso take notise that for Monday's wash I shall want two and nine. Trusting this will suit you,

Yours respectful ANN GIBBS.

Miss Chaddock to Mrs. Gibbs.

After your impertinent letter, which shows the lack of gratitude in the human heart, it is scarcely necessary for Miss Chaddock to say that she will not require your services again. Miss Chaddock strongly recommends you not to give her name as reference.

*Miss Chaddock to the Manager, Labour
Exchange, Burwash.*

Miss Chaddock desires to say that, as she is overwhelmed with taxes from which she derives no personal benefit, she proposes to make use of a government institution instead of paying fees at a registry office. If this should ruin the proprietors of registry offices Miss Chaddock can only express her regret. Will you please send her at once a charwoman for Mondays (washing), Wednesdays and Fridays? Persons applying must be honest, sober, Church of England, respectable, truthful, hard-working, civil and good-tempered. Miss Chaddock will pay 2s. 3d. (per diem) for washing, and 2s. for cleaning, to a suitably qualified person.

*The Manager, Burwash Labour
Exchange, to Miss Chaddock.*

MADAM,—The only charwoman on our list with Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays vacant is Mrs. Gibbs, of No. 1, Love Lane. We are instructing her to call on you, and trust she will prove suitable. Her present employer is Mrs. Brunt, "The Laurels."

Yours truly, S. SMITH (Manager).

"Mr. —'s interest in sport showed itself while he was still at Eton, where he became one of the shooting eight."—*The Times*.

This would be in the pre-Territorial days, when dog-shooting was a recognised form of sport.

THE BAUM-RABBIT.

A Lullaby.

["Baum-Rabbit: a phantom rabbit which haunts the Manchester cloughs."—*Dialect Dictionary*.]

Oir, hush thee, my child! in the twilight
The bedroom looks eerie and queer,
And I know from that shape on the
sky-light

That the little baum-rabbit is near;
As a rule she's in hiding till midnight,
But to-day she is early astir,
The little baum-rabbit who hunts for
her habit,
Her trim little habit of fur.

She lurks in the daytime in garrets,
In darksome and desolate ways,
And dreams of the turnips and carrots
She nibbled in happier days,
Or ever he caught her and skinned her,
That soul-less and dissolute rough,
And the little baum-rabbit developed
the habit
Of haunting a Manchester clough.

At night 'tis her custom to wander
Through factories silent and vast,
To patter through workrooms and
ponder
O'er tippets that tell of a past,
And when, 'mid her labours, the morning
Breaks grey on a vista of furs,
With a queer little stab it comes home
to the rabbit
That none of these relies are hers.

She grinds her diminutive molars
As she searches in vain for her pelt
On a mountain of skeleton bowlers
Or a pile of Mancestrian felt,
Till a watchman comes soft round the
corner,
Gives chase to a shadow and falls
In his effort to grab it—this little
baum-rabbit
That glides through the factory
walls.

But to-night 'tis the gladdest of
creatures
That squats on the nursery tiles,
'Tis a rodent whose raw little features
Are lit by the sweetest of smiles,
Who knows that her troubles are over,
That her ghostly manœuvres may
cease,
For the little baum-rabbit discovers her
habit
Adorning my baby's pelisso.

More Sweated Labour.

"I have had paid to me in America £550 a week, but I have had my own expenses to pay out of that."

MR. HARRY LAUDER'S pitiful story will bring the tear to many an eye. Even the actual cigars he smoked had to be paid for by himself.



I



II

A DECADE'S PROGRESS.

I.—MRS. BROWNE, MRS. BROWNE JUNIOR, AND MRS. BROWNE JUNIOR'S LITTLE GIRL AS THEY WERE IN 1901 AND—
II.—AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.

LEWIS
BARTEN

CRACKERS FOR 1911.

IN view of the near approach of Christmas the manufacturers of crackers have been working day and night for some weeks past in the endeavour to cope with the rush of orders; and our readers will doubtless be interested to learn of some of the many striking novelties that are being put on the market this season.

It will be found that the 1911 cracker has not escaped the wave of Orientalism by which Society has lately been overtaken. In place of the usual pantomimic caps will be provided turbans and yashmaks of genuine design, while the presence of frankincense in the explosive portion will waft at least one of the perfumes of the East across the British dinner-table.

In the "Miniature" cracker (the tiniest on the market) will be found a complete music-hall dancer's costume.

Those who suffer from the disturbing effects of Christmas fare will be particularly pleased with the "Antidote" series, containing dainty little boxes of pills, digestive tablets and other prophylactics. There should also be a considerable demand for the "Lloyd George" brand, with which is presented a Sickness Insurance coupon.

Millionaires are adequately catered for by the enterprising firm of De Luxe & Co., who are selling a special line of crackers in which is secreted an 80 h.-p. motor-car. No really expensive dinner-party during the festive season will be complete without these little gifts, and it is surprising how much the pleasure of the guests is increased thereby.

Labour circles will be interested in a clock which only goes for eight hours a day and strikes at unexpected moments.

A determined effort is being made to substitute something of a higher order for the insipid verses and mottoes which are generally included in the contents of the old-fashioned cracker. For this purpose a selection has been made of the most up-to-date *obiter dicta* of statesmen, police-court magistrates, popular preachers and other famous people, of which we are privileged to quote a few examples:—

"When a husband insists on beating his wife with a poker every Saturday night, domestic relations are almost bound to become strained."—MR. PLOWDEN.

"No land can avoid destruction whose history is one of strong beginnings but of week-ends."—FATHER VAUGHAN.

"The Arab of the desert is my brother."—GENERAL CANEVA.

"Under Socialism a man will not be able to call even his false teeth his own."—MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

"It will be a happy day for England when our public men court the rays of the searchlight rather than of the limelight."—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"In the concert of Europe I am content to play the harmonium."—THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

"Since we have a Government of grandmothers, it is clearly woman's business to teach them what every grandmother ought to know."—MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"I have never been censored in my life, and if I can help it I never shall be."—MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD.

"Domestic servants have already sufficient assurance of their own; they require no State assistance."—EARL WINTERTON.

"It is incompatible with the wise governance of a mighty Empire that its ruler should invariably have to go to bed at six."—THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

"The world is going to the dogs, and the dogs have my sincerest sympathy."—DR. INGE.

"In the name of sanity, let us have a little less talk."—MR. G. BERNARD SHAW.

Certainly the youngsters are being well provided for this Christmas.

THE TOWN COUSIN.

My wife and I live in London; my wife's cousin does not. And yet, as the result of having the latter to stay with us for a week at our flat, I have very deliberately described her as appears in the title of this—call it narrative or protest, as you like.

"We will give her," said I to my wife, before the guest arrived, "the time of her life. What to you and me is the daily round, the commonplace of metropolitan life, shall be to her a perpetual marvel. We will, in fact, show her round. We will educate her in shops, teach her the fashionable routes, instruct her in the subtle art of eating food at the right place, show her the resorts of the elect, acquaint her with the best theatres and, if there is time, take her to the Tower, Madame Tussaud's, the Zoo and other places of historical and traditional interest."

"I shouldn't worry about the last lot," said my wife.

"Nothing will be too much for me; and, besides, I am not proud."

"I was thinking of my cousin," said she. And her thoughts, as far as they went, were right.

* * * * *

Disillusion began at tea. The cousin,

newly arrived, announced her intention of buying a new hat for herself on the morrow. My wife offered to guide her to Bond Street for the purpose.

"Oh, but I want the very latest thing," said the cousin.

"And what later than Bond Street?" I asked.

"Cursitor Street," the cousin informed us, naming, as I may not, the actual shop. Perhaps she was right; perhaps she was wrong. Anyhow, my wife and I could not dispute it. We were at the disadvantage of not knowing exactly where Cursitor Street is.

Disillusion continued at dinner. "For to-morrow night I have stalls for *Kismet*," I announced.

"*Kismet*?" said the cousin. She had the trick of repeating one's last word with a query attached to it. Anyone can do that, but it takes a town cousin to attach a sneer to the query. I wish I had called her the Suburban Cousin.

"Yes, *Kismet*," I said with pertinaacious joy. "It's none the worse for having run a little. Besides, it is OSCAR ASCHE and LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, you know."

"LULY BRAYTON, you mean," said the cousin airily.

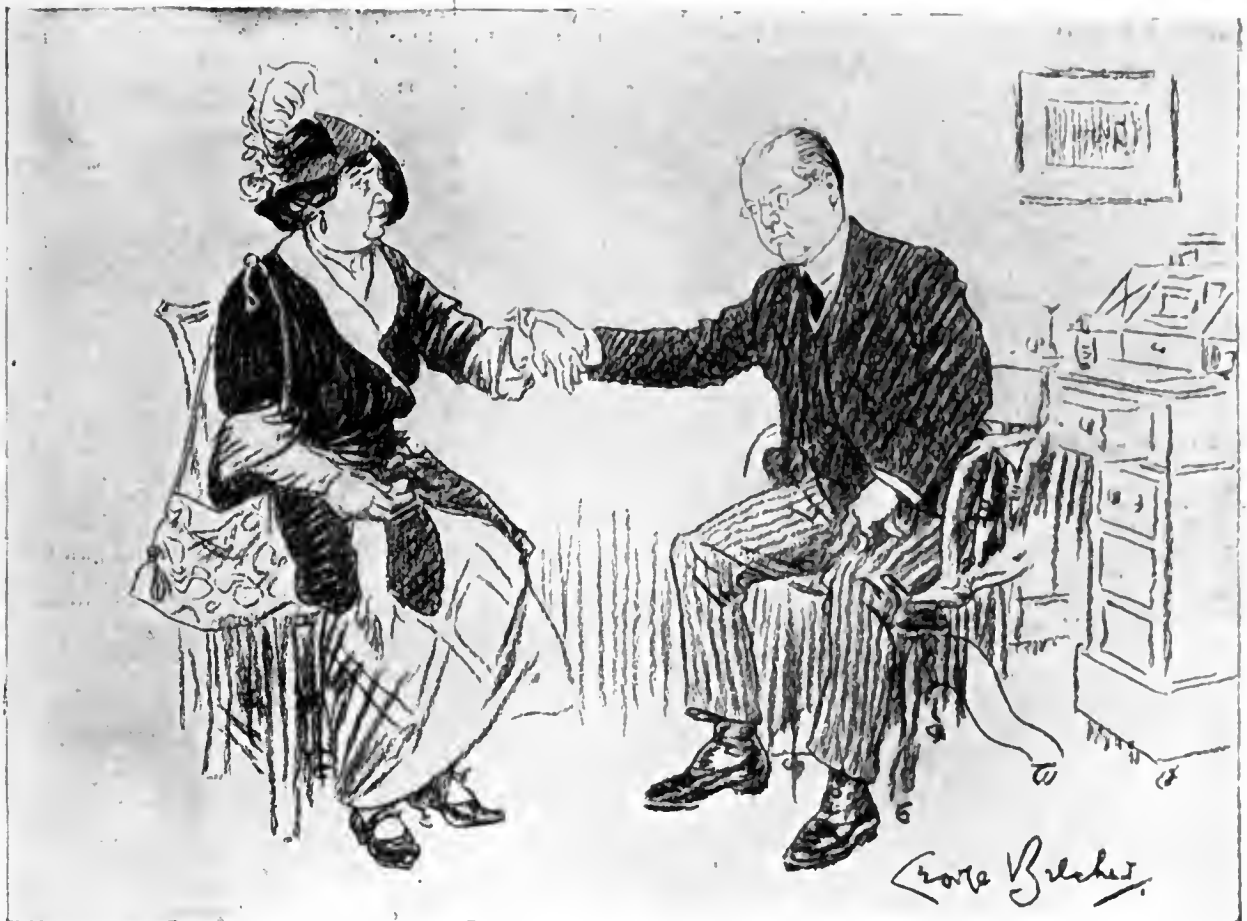
My wife undertook the burden of her next morning. What had been intended for an exciting education for the cousin, turned out to be a series of depressing corrections for my wife. The cousin, I am credibly informed, only asked one question and disputed the answer to that. In the afternoon I took my turn on. There was a delightful little place in the West, where we would take tea. Not many people, I explained, knew of it. The cousin was not in the least impressed. She did not state, but let me gather, that everybody knew of my tea-place a long time ago, but all the best people had since forgotten. After that it got steadily from bad to worse and ended in the cousin taking us out to lunch and pointing out to us Miss PAULINE CHASE, sitting at the next table but one.

* * * * *

Have you ever been shown round your own home by a stranger? If you have, you will find my summing up a just, if a rude one.

"Well, good-bye," she said, as she parted, with some of the most misplaced jollity I have ever been up against; "I have thoroughly enjoyed staying here and shaking you both up a bit. I don't know what would have happened if I had let you show me round. I do believe you think I ought to have gone to the Tower, for instance."

"For good," I corrected.



Patient. "I'VE BEEN AWFULLY TROUBLED LATELY, DOCTOR, WITH MY BREATHING."
Doctor. "HUM! I'LL SOON GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO STOP THAT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I NEVER met a spy yet but what he came to wish, before his story was half told, that he was not a spy. An inopportune tendency to virtue seems common to the trade. As soon as VIOLET JACOB informed me that *Flemington* (JOHN MURRAY) had gone into it, I guessed that he was a noble fellow at heart and foresaw an early repentance. "The first woman with a pretty face and a melancholy tale to tell will," I said, going into detail, "get the better of him." If I had not gone into detail, I should not have been so far out. Like all the other spies of fiction, he developed scruples at the important stage. As has happened in the case of no other spy I ever heard of, it was a man that converted him to better ways. Indeed, in everything but the one essential, he is an original, being neither an unexceptionally admirable hero nor a wholly base villain, but just an ordinary human creature, with rather more than his share of brains and quiet humour and a proper proportion of merits and demerits. His story and the other people in it are as out of the way and as well done as himself; the whole book, none the worse for its foundation of fact in Jacobite history and its innocence of pink cheeks and bright eyes, is, in the language of its own country, "unco' guid" (Scotch).

Thanks to the feeble good-nature and incipient senility of its house-master, who by the terms of his appointment

was an irremovable fixture, Russell's had become a blot on the good name of Bradminster. Two things in particular were points of honour in the *esprit de corps* of this house—to be slack at games and to make the life of the house-tutor (or "mug") intolerable. How *John Scott*, a Cambridge Blue, entering almost straight from the University on this invidious office, set himself to the task of reform, and stuck to it till he had seen his team win the House Cricket Cup, is told by Mr. CHARLES TURNLEY in *The New Broom* (NELSON) with that sympathetic insight into the hearts of boys and masters which is his unique and inalienable possession. It is matter for marvel with what freshness of eye and firmness of hand, after the many stories of school life with which he has delighted us, he can still observe and reproduce the very nicest distinctions of character. There are here at least a dozen clear-cut portraits of boys with hardly anything in common but their boyhood. In *Mansell*, the self-constituted terror-in-chief of mugs, a nature strangely mixed of good and evil, Mr. TURNLEY has justified himself of a very difficult essay in character-drawing, though I admit that I was staggered at first by the boy's astounding impudence. But then Russell's was an exceptional house. It produced *Brent*, for instance, whose natural gift of stupidity in class was combined with a most versatile fluency of ideas out of school hours—a wholly delightful creation. The inspired thought which prompted him, after wiring the result of the cricket final to everybody outside the school that he could think of, to announce it also by wire to one of the boys in his house who

didn't "seem to be half excited enough," makes an admirable finish to a book that sparkles with fun on almost every page. Never obvious or trite (except perhaps in the case of *Mr. Russell's* sister-in-law, *Miss Mellersh*, the virago who runs the house for him—a type so conventionally improbable that I almost suspect her of having been drawn straight from life) the story's chief novelty lies in the fact that it takes the stand-point of a schoolmaster who is himself little more than a boy. As one who, in his time, has been both boy and master, I thank Mr. TURLEY very sincerely for the joy he has given me, and hope that it will be shared this Christmas season by all, of any age, who are still young of heart.

Everyone knows the famous definition of American novels as "dry goods;" but, if things continue as they are at present, "sweet-stuff" will become a more appropriate term. The work that has started me upon these reflections is *Mothers to Men* (MACMILLAN). Warned by previous experience that readers in the U.S.A. now take their fiction with, so to speak, more molasses to it than I can easily digest, I am bound to confess that the perusal of Miss ZANA GALE's native press-notice led me to approach her present story with a certain amount of distrust. Only fair to admit, however, that before the end of the book the charm and humour of her manner had to a large extent, if not quite wholly, won me over. Of course the thing is sentimental; every incident in the history of Friendship Village and its mothering by the women of the community is so turned to favour and to prettiness that the total effect is rather cloying; but there is plenty of common-sense and laughter between whiles to leaven the rest. No one, for example, can read the chapter that tells how the ladies of Friendship remedied all the abuses of the place (by the simple expedient of buying the proprietorship of the local paper for a day, and blackmailing the delinquents with threats of printing articles about them) without being very heartily amused. It should be added that the book is written throughout in the broadest American, a language repugnant to the sensitive ear. But, for anyone who can put up with this, *Mothers to Men* may be recommended as a pleasant entertainment.

Miss MARY J. H. SKRINE takes so long to get properly under weigh with *A Romance of the Simple* (ARNOLD) that I was at first in some danger of abandoning it as chaotic and stupid. About chapter ten, however, when *Symeon Morris* returned to his native village unrecognised, and met again his aged mother and half-witted *Crack*, his brother, the drama of the situation began to grip me; and before the end of the tale I was as interested and as profoundly

depressed as the heart of novelist could desire. There you have at once the strength of Miss SKRINE's book and its drawbacks. For my own part, I cling, perhaps a little desperately, to the belief that village life is not quite the gloomy thing that realistic writers would have us suppose. Old *Patience Barfield*, with her deafness, her poverty and her jealous care for the idiot son (whom she must shield from the dread notice of the "believing officer"), is a central figure both touching and heroic; but, as the lady remarks in *Engaged*, she is "not a cheerful object, and that's a fact." The same is generally true about most of the other characters, so that I couldn't be altogether sorry when *Patience* died in the house of her prosperous son (shamed at last into declaring his identity), and poor bemused *Crack*

was left to burn himself and the cottage in an effort to settle the problem of existence. Perhaps I am doing less than justice to the author's treatment of *Crack*; it is, I willingly admit, both tender and sympathetic; but oh, how dismal!

I have a sort of idea of what was in Mr. HAMILTON EYFÉ's mind when he went out to the Cape to see the Duke of CONNAUGHT open the first Union Parliament, and to write a book on the country. I seem to hear him telling himself that he was in for some of the most marvellous sights he had ever seen, that he was going to inspect a land with a future, and find in embryo all the factors of that future. His book, *South Africa Today* (NASU), proves that his conjectures (as I conceive them) were right, but it also proves that he was perhaps a little too ready to be amazed. Even in Brobdingnag there were some things which *Gulliver* could contemplate unmoved. Mr. EYFÉ's wonder at the dia-



Lover (to his reflection). "IT'S NO GOOD, OLD MAN. EVEN IF SHE LISTENED TO THE PROPOSAL, YOU HAVEN'T THE MONEY, AND THEN THERE'S YOUR FACE!"

mond mines, for example, does not ring quite true. I find it difficult to believe that he had no suspicion before he went to Kimberley that diamonds were worked by machinery. Another instance occurs in his account of General HERTZOG. As a preliminary he mentions two very similar personalities—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in English politics and Mr. BOURASSA in Canadian—who combine, in his view, unbalanced judgment and violence in public speeches with charming qualities in private life. So that when, with these two men in his mind, he finds a third in General HERTZOG, and says he was never more surprised in his life, the surprise fails to communicate itself, as it should, to me. This ingenuousness is a blemish in a book which is full of interest as a rapid survey of a vast district.

"The city is now at the mercy of the assailants, who are placing big guns in position preparatory to a bombardment."—*Western Daily Mercury*. The city, however, is determined not to surrender until its last rock-cake has been hurled.

CHARIVARIA.

Germany, the organ of the Roman Catholic Centre Party, has published a cordial invitation to France to desert England and join Germany and Austria in a new Triple Alliance. France, however, regrets that previous engagements prevent her accepting the kind invitation.

We are requested to state that, in spite of the disturbed condition of China, the Pekin Palace Dog Association will hold a show, as previously arranged, at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, in January next.

After all, a Washington cable tells us, the Commission of Enquiry has found that the battleship *Maine* was blown up by an explosion from the outside and not from the inside. This means that the Spanish-American War holds good and will not have to be cancelled.

In spite of many inducements, our new 32,000-ton floating dock for *Dreadnoughts* has refused to leave the shipways of the yard where she was built. Evidently it is not every dock that takes to the water.

A great sigh of relief went up from the Nation last week upon receipt of a telegram from Mr. CHARLES URBAN, at Delhi, stating that satisfactory cinematograph films had been taken of the events there. It would have been too terrible if the trouble and expense devoted to the preparation of these ceremonies had been wasted.

Describing the recent mishap to the *Mauritania*, *The Liverpool Echo* makes it clear that while everything else may have been as it should be, the vessel's siren, anyhow, was out of order. "When the misfortune was discovered," our contemporary informs us, "the liner's siren was blown at the acme of its power, blast after blast being omitted continuously."

The luncheon given by our Judges to Mlle. MIROPLOWSKI, the famous French barristress, seems to have been a great success. All were charmed by the fair advocate, and she, in her turn, pronounced at least one of the judges a Darling.

Mr. Justice RIDLEY, who, at the Birmingham Assizes, was hit by a stool which a prisoner aimed at a witness, will, it is said, shortly take an active part in the movement in favour of Universal Service, as being likely to improve the marksmanship of the nation.

We note among the many interesting announcements made on the occasion of the Durbar one to the effect that all holders, present or to come, of the unwieldy titles of Mahamahopadaya and Shamsululama are to receive annual pensions. This seems to be an elementary act of justice.

The Globe, in its "Hints on Health," brings glad tidings to sufferers from chilblains. Our roscato contemporary

Chinese Extravaganza now running in Berlin we are scarcely likely to see this play produced over here, for one of the three comedy rôles is that of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD would never suffer that to pass.

Australia has decided to buy the freehold of the Strand-Aldwych site, and to erect on it Government buildings. It is, we suppose, the old tale of the march of civilisation—a jungle to-day, bricks and mortar to-morrow.

A Curate writes to *The Express* to say that curates do not desire to come under the provisions of the Insurance Bill. "They are," he declares, "the healthiest section of the community." This is a valuable tribute to the spinsters of Great Britain, whose services in keeping curates supplied with carpet slippers, woollen mufflers, and smoking caps have never been adequately acknowledged before.

A lady who had been serving a term of imprisonment in Maidstone Gaol for libelling the Member for Canterbury stated, on her release, that she had had "a most luxurious time" in prison. It would not be a bad



Stricken Pugilist.—"HI, POLICE, STOP THIS SPARRING MATCH; IT'S GOING TO DEGENERATE INTO A PRIZE-FIGHT!"

idea if all our goals were to keep Visitors' Books wherein such testimonials could be entered—as is done at many other hotels.

Extract from a string of attractive paragraphs in *The Daily Mail*, written with the view of advertising "Winter Health Resorts":—

"FOLKESTONE.

As a result of the recent gale which swept the south coast, a large portion of Lord Radnor's splendid new marine parade has been destroyed, the Victoria Pier had its large landing-stage washed away (this is the second time this has happened this year), and on the S.E. and C.R. pier a large truck was literally derailed by the tremendous seas which swept over it from the western side."

While condoling with the PRINCESS ROYAL and her daughters on their experiences in the wreck of the *Delhi*, we cannot help thinking that it is rather nice that even in this prosaic age it should still be possible for princesses to have adventures.

The new Post Office Money-Box differs essentially from the ordinary child's money-box, we are told, because fathers cannot rob it when they run short of beer money. Frankly, we think it a mistake to put fathers on their metal by publishing statements of this kind.

A photograph of a trout yawning from indigestion was shown by a lecturer at the Camera Club last week. This, of course, is a symptom of indigestion not infrequently to be met with at lectures.

To judge by an account in *The Observer* of Herr MAX REINHARDT'S

AN INDIAN LEADER.

TO-DAY, I, too, shall write a leading article on India. Everybody has been doing it, and I may be told, therefore, that my own article lags superfluous. I disagree. My point is that hitherto nothing has been written in this line that can be laid up for ever and referred to in future as the perfect exemplar of what an Indian article should be. Great and brilliant efforts have been made, but the results have not been quite commensurate with the anticipations of the writers or the loyal feelings of the readers. There will be other Durbars as the years revolve and, when these come round, Fleet Street and the surrounding journalistic district will want a working model. That is exactly what I intend to provide, and I shall do it not for any profit of my own, but out of a feeling of altruistic benevolence towards my fellow-writers—in fact, out of that spirit of unselfish devotion which has made Englishmen what they are.

First of all let me see what I've got to get in if there is to be the real Indian flavour about the article. Here is a short list:—

- (1) The GREAT WHITE RAI.
- (2) The KING-EMPEROR and his gracious Consort.
- (3) The spectacle of unparalleled splendour.
- (4) The dusky feudatories.
- (5) Their haughty and be-jewelled retinue.
- (6) The scarred veterans of our innumerable wars.
- (7) Turbaned hosts with their flashing scimitars.
- (8) Little did CLIVE think, when, at Plassy—
- (9) Princes whose history reaches back into the turbulence of the remote past.
- (10) A land that still echoes with the deeds of AURUNGEZEB and AKBAR.
- (11) Fierce Pathans and learned Bengalis joined in one exultant acclaim of loyal devotion.
- (12) Delhi, the Imperial City, the storehouse of noble traditions.
- (13) What would WARREN HASTINGS have thought if—
- (14) Those silent representatives of the British genius for administration and government.
- (15) There was a time when, to use an expressive phrase now become obsolete, Englishmen thought only of shaking the pagoda tree. That time has gone for ever.
- (16) If the GREAT MOGUL could have risen from his grave beneath the palms and minarets—
- (17) Hindus and Mohammedans have vied with one another—
- (18) A shout that drowned even the crash of the guns thundering out the Imperial salute.
- (19) India is not as England is, and until the sentimentalists and visionaries rid themselves—
- (20) India with her teeming millions.
- (21) Warlike Mahratta chieftains in armour of burnished gold.
- (22) The sacred river in whose waters generations of pious devotees—
- (23) It is in no spirit of vain self-complacency that we point with pride to yesterday's stupendous ceremonial. No other nation—
- (24) Mere strength could never have consolidated such an Empire or deserved such loyalty. Though strength can do much, it is by wisdom and benevolence—
- (25) If the great administrators and officials of the East India Company could for a moment revisit the scene of their labours, we may be sure they—
- (26) It was well said by Lord—
- (27) The historic Maidan never saw a sight more glorious—
- (28) East is East and West is West, but the twain—

Having thus set down the essentials it seems to me, on second thoughts, quite useless to fill in the trivial gaps. Those who study my list and employ it will be able to write an Indian leader of the very highest quality. But if anyone still hesitates let him drop me a line and I will send him the thing complete down to the very smallest detail. I will even tell him the value of a lakh of rupees in English money.

PEACE FOR PESTERED PEDAGOGUES.

WHY continue to cudgel your brains at the end of each term for suitable "remarks" for terminal reports? Send us in confidence the subject-teacher's candid opinion of the child in question and we will despatch suitable translations by return of post. Fees moderate. Apply

LUBRICANTS, LIMITED

(Literary Department),

1536A, Good Old Broad Street, E.C.

Examples appended:—

PRIVATE OPINION.

PUBLIC EXPRESSION OF
SAME.*English.**English.*

Hopeless slacker.

Must not allow his undoubted talents to be wasted for lack of thorough application.

*Pure Mathematics.**Pure Mathematics.*

Cribs unblushingly—unprincipled little cad.

Fails to appreciate the value of honest, painstaking work.

*Applied Mathematics.**Applied Mathematics.*

Dodges every problem—learns like a parrot.

Book-work excellent, but is lacking in initiative and must learn to apply the knowledge gained.

*Classics.**Classics.*

Could do something, perhaps, but won't.

Has not yet altogether fulfilled the expectations formed of his undoubted capacity.

*Modern Languages.**Modern Languages.*

Mon Dieu!

Shows marked originality.

*Natural Science.**Natural Science.*

Takes a faint interest in earthworms.

We note with pleasure his interest in elementary biology.

*Music.**Music.*

Might conceivably be worse.

Much better than at one time seemed probable.

*Dancing.**Dancing.*

A bull in a china shop.

Uses his natural gifts with considerable effect.

*General Remarks.**General Remarks.*

Pleasant ass.

Invariably courteous in demeanour; a conscientious little worker.

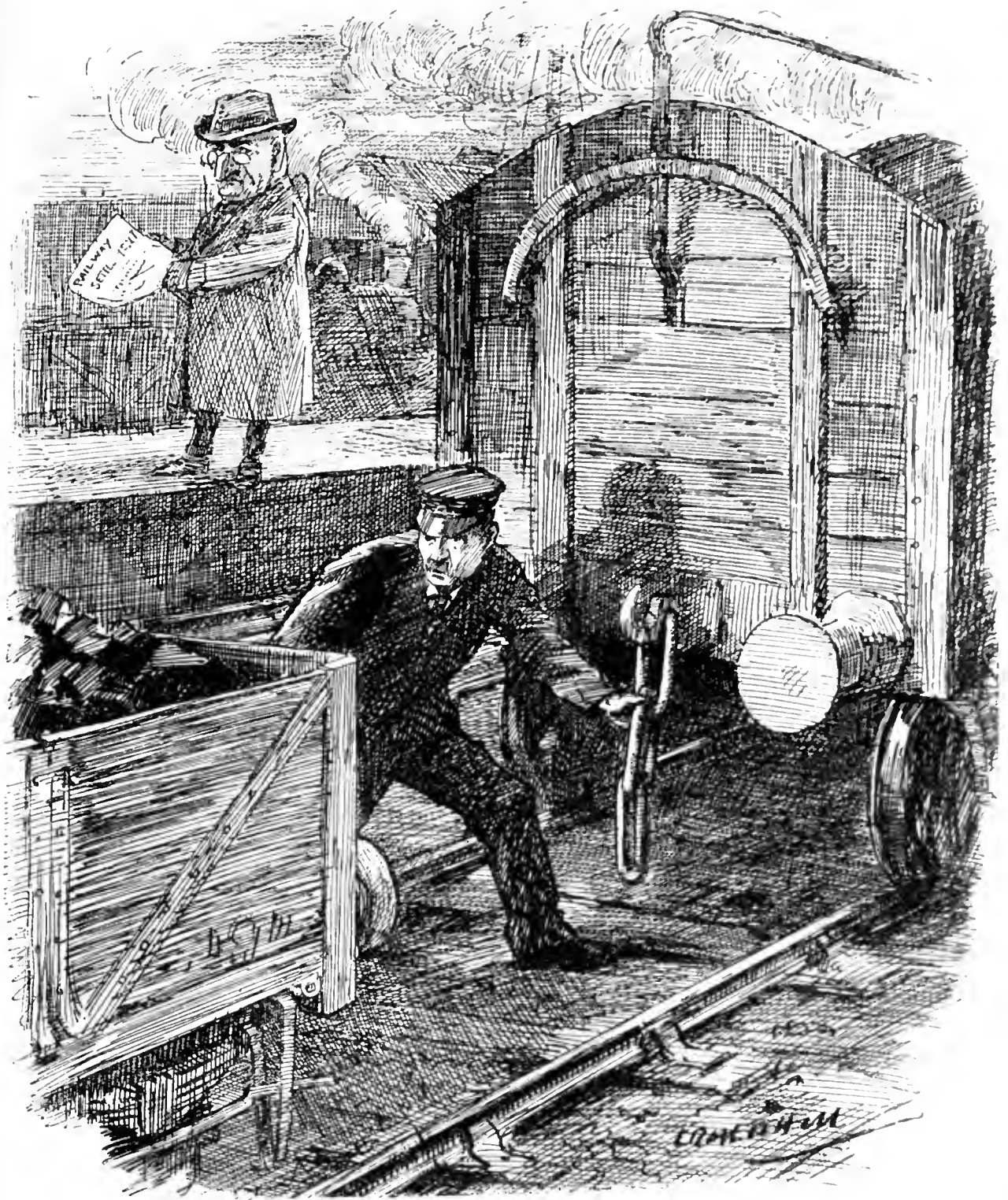
Songs sung by the Worcester Glee Club (according to *The Worcestershire Echo*):

"The Wind-deep,

God Save the Mill,

Rocked in the Cradle of the King."

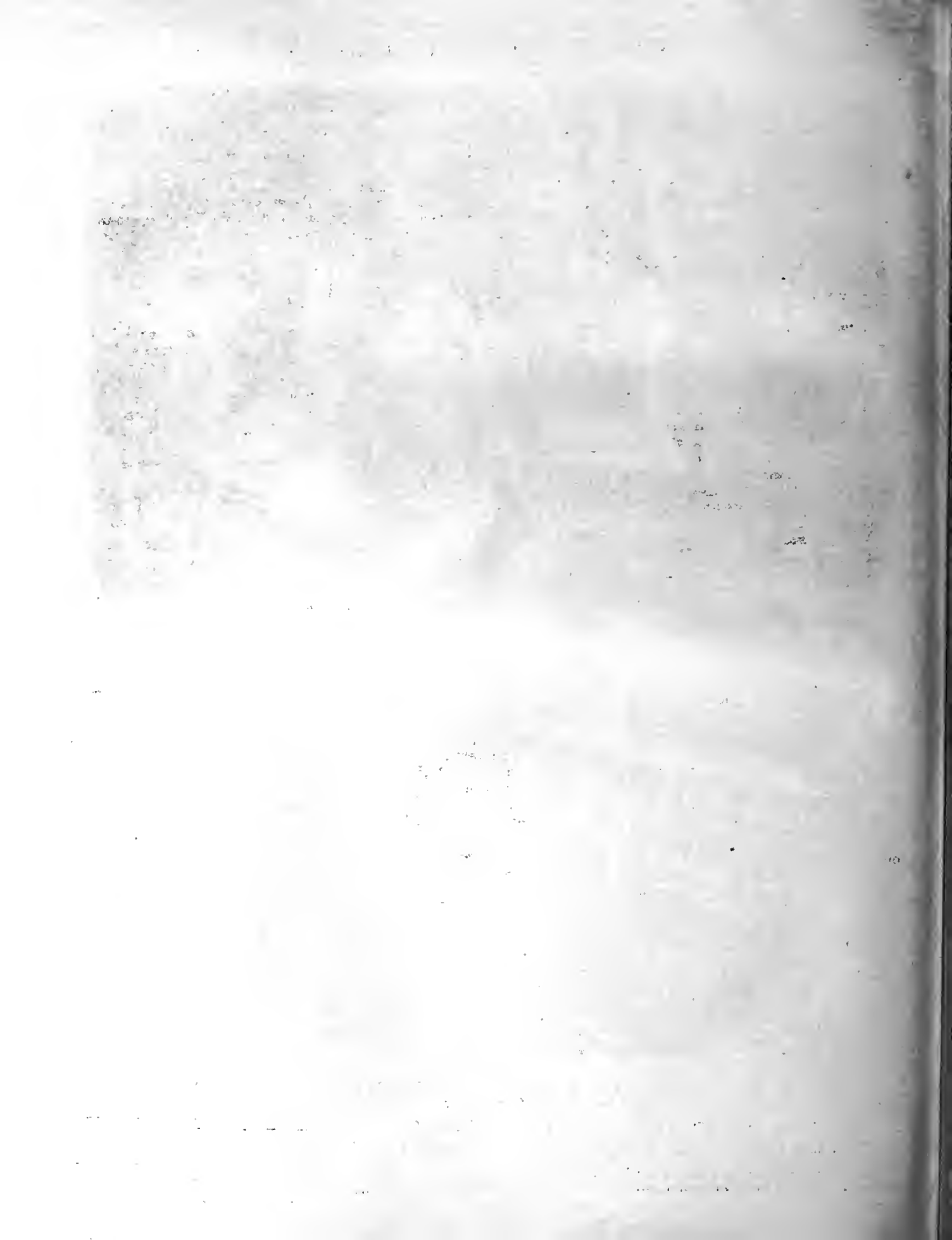
None of which do we remember to have heard before.



AN OLD REPROACH.

Mr. PUNCH. "GLAD THEY'RE SETTling THE QUESTION OF HOURS AND WAGES; BUT WHAT ABOUT THE QUESTION OF LIFE AND LIMB?"

[Railway returns show an appalling number of deaths and injuries among shunters. This number might be enormously reduced by the introduction, as in America, of automatic couplings.]





"Now, Guy, tell us about the school. Is everything all right?"

"Oh, yes, Mother—except one thing."

"My darling! What is it?"

"Well, I wish you hadn't got us that French nurse to teach us the right pronunciation; it makes the other fellows laugh so."

TWO OF OUR BENEFACTORS.

(A Christmas Carol of honour where honour is due.)

THE heroes of Christmas are many, and most
 Are the subjects of eulogy, guerdon or toast.
 For example, the postman with gladdening knocks,
 Is gratefully handed his annual box;
 While the butcher-boy, baker-boy, grocer-boy, each
 Carries off a reward that is better than speech.
 There are others no less that we try to "remember"
 On whom we depend towards the end of December;
 Yet two must be named who have never as yet
 Been properly thanked by a world in their debt:
 Two toilers without whose assiduous zeal
 The warmth of our hearts would be bound to congeal,
 Our generous promptings be fated to slumber,
 And the giving of presents become a back number.
 You ask, "Who are they, that their praise we may sing?"
 Well, the one makes brown paper, the other makes string.
 Brown paper and string!
 Brown paper and string!
 Oh where should we be when the Christmas bells ring
 If it weren't for supplies of brown paper and string?

CAROLS.

LET Christmas in my lap its presents fling,
 And claim in turn its customary tolls,
 Call in the dustmen and distribute doles
 Nor send away the turncock sorrowing;
 Let strange auxiliary postmen bring
 Their midnight missives in increasing shoals;
 But keep me far from those remorseless souls
 Who bid me hark while herald angels sing!
 High on the steps they chant, then pull the bell—
 I speak of boys, not angels, understand—
 Or ply the knocker with resounding thump;
 Group after group I scatter and expel,
 But still they come and band still follows band,
 To keep me on the everlasting jump!

Under the heading of "Mentone" *The World* informs us that—

"Mrs. William Hearne is at her Villa St. Louis, with its lovely garden, and Mrs. Rowe is at her Villa St. Louis, with its lovely garden." The italics are our own. But what a small world it is!

From a book advertisement:—

"FOR LOVERS OF LIFE.
 DEATH, by MAURICE MAETERLINCK."

It sounds like a good correctivo.

"It was also resolved to urge on the Government the necessity for a Pure Peer Bill."—*Glasgow Herald*.
 As foreshadowed in the Preamble.

HUMANE GIFTS.

A CONTEMPORARY, in a page devoted to notices of advertised Christmas gifts, remarks pertinently, though without the italics, for which *Mr. Punch* is responsible:—

"A blunt razor will take the edge off the happiness of any man, and at Christmas Time this is particularly undesirable. With a — razor, however, a man may enjoy the luxury of a speedy and perfectly painless shave, and *even if his hand should tremble, through living 'not wisely but too well,'* he will stand in no danger of cutting himself. It is, no doubt, *for these reasons* that the — has become so popular a form of Christmas present."

Mr. Punch, recognising the merits of a humane spirit in the selection of Christmas presents, himself offers a few hints to the generous.

"What to give Father" is a crucial question at Christmas time. It must be inexpensive, or he will grumble that he has to pay for it. It must be useful, and yet appropriate to the season. Why not give him a "Suaviter," the City-man's fountain pen? The only fountain pen that is constructed to stand the strain of the Festive Season. The "Suaviter" *ignores* ill-treatment — will write fluently whether filled with ink or port wine, does not leak when its owner

is upsidedown, and will enable him to write *your* Christmas cheque even when he is comatose.

Another always acceptable present for the menfolk is one of Messrs. Bond and Burlington's "Aftermath" hats—made in every variety of styles. Nothing so spoils the bloom of a Boxing-Day morning as a hat that feels several sizes too small. The "Aftermath" hat is fitted with a triple-expansion gear that permits the Society man to circumvent this little foible of Father Christmas. This clever apparatus is quite invisible, as is also the refrigerating chamber round the brim, whence (by pressure on a bulb in the waistcoat pocket) the head may be sprayed at will with cooling lotions. The "Aftermath" Topper is a *vademecum* for the *bon viveur*, containing in its roomy crown a mince-pie disintegrator, a minim tip-measure, a mis letoe bough and a lilliput drug-cabinet which contains a

perfect little pharmacy of Yuletide antidotes.

A case of "Ante-Noël Inoculators" makes an original and charming present. These little surgical toys serve a double purpose. Prick yourself lightly with one of them, and you are sterilised against all the ills of Christmas, physical and financial. The needles are treated with a serum (the discovery of a Scotch scientist) of the active bacteria of Thrift and Haggis. The Thrift bacilli devour any rash proclivities of your red corpuscles towards Christmas benefactions; the Haggis bacilli have peptic properties that will fortify you against the inclemencies of the traditional fare of the season.

Just the present for your husband is



Youthful Guide. "OH, I SEE THERE'S A HIGHLAND BULL IN THIS FIELD, AUNTIE. SHALL WE—SHALL WE LET HIM REST?"

a pair of those wonderfully intricate "Gordian Braces." His holiday hours will be fully occupied in amusing attempts to don, and retain fixity of, these fascinating and educative puzzles. Once conquered, they are marvellously adaptable to the Expansive Season. It is a point in their favour that their breaking-strain is gauged to prevent him from hanging himself.

No Christmas gift will command such universal approval as a box of Messrs. Cabbaggio's "Vindicta" Cigars (Rockefeller's Supremas, 1911). These truly Brobdignagian cheroots are packed in gorgeously-labelled boxes, and rejoice in undetachable bands that recall the cummerbunds of Caliphs of *The Arabian Nights*. Every band is emblazoned with the Cuban proverb, which is the motto of this famous brand, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*."

We are assured by Messrs. Cabbaggio that, despite the scarcity through last

summer's drought in their Hounslow plantations, nothing but the whole leaf has been used. But the greatest appeal of this cigar to lucky recipients has yet to be told. By a secret process, acquired from an Eastern fakir, it is able to asphyxiate the generous donor, however far away. Messrs. Cabbaggio have just received a testimonial from Lord ROBERT CECIL: "Despite pretenders, *yours* is the only ninepence for fourpence."

THE UNWANTED GHOST.

In order to consider recent Press statements to the effect that the ghost is no longer a popular attraction (a question raised a few weeks ago in these pages in connection with Christmas Numbers), a mass meeting of the Ghosts' Friendly Society was held one midnight last week, in the ruins—kindly lent for the occasion by the Gibbering Nun—of an obsolete abbey. There was a full attendance of effects, kobolds, ghouls, barrovians, shrieking and other spectres; while several distinguished family ghosts occupied the sarcophagus, and the Chattering Head of Chichester took the urn.

The Howling Ghoul of Deadman Hill said there could be no doubt that the advent of the motor-car had done much to spoil out-door work. This was an age of rush and hurry (Hear, hear) and the day of the solitary horseman and the belated traveller was over. The motorist, owing to his insensate speed, was unable to appreciate the niceties of localized horrors. It had been his own custom, for two centuries, to haunt the cross-roads at the foot of Deadman Hill on moonless nights, and to wave his arms and howl. Formerly he had been a celebrated nuisance, but now the horns of cars made more hideous discordance than anything he could compass. Either he was passed without notice or insulted. Quite recently a motorist asked him if the road was right for Salisbury, while another called out to him to know if he wanted a lift.

The Driver of the Phantom Hearse concurred. Motorists tooted for him to get out of the way, or drove right through him without a qualm. It was more than phosphorescence and wind could stand.

The Coal-Eyed Cavalier put the present state of things down to the

Government, and especially to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, whom he proposed to haunt as soon as he was out of office and could be got into a quiet corner unattended by a depntation. The mansion where he had been in business since 1645 had been brought into the market owing to the new taxes, and no one came to the oaken gallery, at the end of which he had been accustomed to appear with eyes flaming, except sightseers or people sent by house-agents with an order to view. A gentle-spook could not demean himself to disgruntle such poor trash as that, and he had left.

The Whispering Woman of Grosvenor Square cited the rise of democracy as the cause of the present slump in business. This was the day of the *parvenu*, who cared nothing for tradition and did not know a ghost when he saw one. She had always frightened in the best families, but the present embodied tenant of her house was a rich soap-boiler, who had so many servants, and changed them so frequently; that he had mistaken her in a dark passage for a housemaid. When she put an icy hand to his head he indignantly gave her a month's notice to quit. That sort of thing was discouraging.

The Creeping Butler of Bloomsbury also complained of changing fashions. When he installed himself in Bloomsbury in 1850 his house had been considered modish; now it was cheap flats, and every foot of space was utilized. His favourite corner—a dark alcove at the head of the second flight of stairs—had been converted into a kitchen, with a gas-cooker. (Shame.)

The Grue of Gargoyle Grange deplored the growth of modern luxury. Formerly he had succeeded in scaring people into fits, but an electric light installation had cooked his bat for him. A candle could be snuffed unexpectedly by a slithering, detached hand, and lent itself admirably to horrifying shadow-play on oak ceiling or arras. (Hear, -hear.) He could do nothing with electric bulbs.

A somewhat stormy scene was occasioned by the Hairy Incubus, who noisily maintained that business was as brisk as ever. The thing to do was to catch folks uapping. (No, no.) So long as mince-pies were a feature of Christmas there was a wide field for him.

The Coal-Eyed Cavalier pointed out that the speaker was neither a member of the Society, nor, properly considered, a spook at all. The Incubus, being dislodged from his seat with difficulty, was then ejected.

In a thoughtful and reasoned dis-



G. L. SAMPA.

COLLAPSE OF YOUNG BLOOD ON RECEIVING FROM HIS FIANCÉE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT OF TIES, WITH THE REQUEST, "WEAR THESE FOR MY SAKE."

course, the White Wraith of Wastewater Mere traced their present unpopularity to the Psychical Research Society. The essence of their success lay in mystery and surprise. If they were examined in cold blood, if their appearances and peculiarities were docketed and indexed, people got to consider the study of them a branch of science. Hence they were voted tedious, stodgy (loud laughter) and instructive—something on a level with Blue Books and statistics. She urged her listeners to do all they could to baffle research, as tending to lower them to the status of commonplace facts.

At this juncture a member of the Psychical Research Society was re-

ported to be concealed on the premises, note-book in hand, and the meeting broke up in consternation before a resolution could be put from the urn.

The Road to Ruin.

"He played in orchestras, and thus met people whose means were above his. At Windsor he cut a dash by riding up to a stationer's shop and ordering visiting cards."—*Police Court Report in "Daily Express."*

"There was astonishment at the magnitude of the response which had been made to our appeal. 'Wonderful,' 'magnificent,' 'incredible,' were the monosyllabic comments of the majority."—*Evening News.*

Our polysyllabic comment is "Rats."

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful girl who lived in a mansion in Park Lane with her mother and her two sisters and a crowd of servants. Cinderella, for that was her name, would have dearly loved to have employed herself about the house sometimes; but whenever she did anything useful, like arranging the flowers or giving the pug a bath, her mother used to say, "Cinderella! What do you think I engage servants for? Please don't make yourself so common."

Cinderella's two sisters were much older and plainer than herself, and their mother had almost given up hope about them, but she used to drag Cinderella to balls and dances night after night, taking care that only the right sort of person was introduced to her. There were many nights when Cinderella would have preferred a book at home in front of the fire, for she soon found that her partners' ideas of waltzing were as catholic as their conversation was limited. It was, indeed, this fondness for the inglenook that had earned her the name of Cinderella.

One day, when she was in the middle of a delightful story, her mother came in suddenly and cried:

"Cinderella! Why aren't you resting, as I told you? You know we are going to the Hogbins' to-night."

"Oh, mother," pleaded Cinderella, "need I go to the dance?"

"Don't be so absurd! Of course you're going!"

"But I've got nothing to wear."

"I've told Jennings what you're to wear. Now go and lie down. I want you to look your best to-night, because I hear that young Mr. Hogbin is back again from Australia." Young Mr. Hogbin was not the King's son; he was the son of a wealthy gelatine manufacturer.

"Then may I come away at twelve?" begged Cinderella.

"You'll come away when I tell you."

Cinderella made a face and went upstairs. "Oh, dear," she thought to herself, "I wish I were as old as my two sisters, and could do what I liked. I'm sure if my godmother were here she would get me off going." But, alas! her godmother lived at Leamington, and Cinderella, after a week at Leamington, had left her there only yesterday.

Cinderella indeed looked beautiful as they started for the ball; but her mother, who held a review of her in the drawing-room, was not quite satisfied.

"Cinderella!" she said. "You know I said you were to wear the silver slippers!"

"Oh, mother, they *are* so tight,"

pleaded Cinderella. "Don't you remember I told you at the time they were much too small for me?"

"Nonsense. Go and put them on at once."

The dance was in full swing when Cinderella arrived. Although her lovely appearance caused several of the guests to look at her, they did not ask each other eagerly who she was, for most of them knew her already as Miss Partington-Smith. A brewer's son led her off to dance.

The night wore on slowly. One young man after another trod on Cinderella's toes, trotted in circles round her, ran her violently backwards into some other man, or swooped with her into the fireplace. Cinderella, whose feet seemed mechanically to adapt themselves to the interpretation of the Boston that was forming in her partner's brain, bore it from each one as long as she could; and then led the way to a quiet corner, where she confessed frankly that she had *not* bought all her Christmas presents yet, and that she *was* going to Switzerland for the winter.

The gelatine manufacturer's son took her in to supper. It was noticed that Cinderella looked much happier as soon as they had sat down, and indeed throughout the meal she was in the highest spirits. For some reason or other she seemed to find even Mr. Hogbin endurable. But just as they were about to return to the ball-room an expression of absolute dismay came over her face.

"Anything the matter?" said her partner.

"N-no," said Cinderella; but she made no effort to move.

"Well, shall we come?"

"Y-yes."

She waited a moment longer, dropped her fan under the table, picked it up slowly, and followed him out.

"Let's sit down here," she said in the hall; "not upstairs."

They sat in silence; for he had exhausted his stock of questions at the end of their first dance, and had told her all about Australia during supper; while she apparently had no desire for conversation of any kind, being wrapped up in her thoughts.

"I'll wait here," she said, as a dance began. "If you see mother, I wish you'd send her to me."

Her mother came up eagerly.

"Well, dear?" she said.

"Mother," said Cinderella, "do take me home at once. Something extraordinary has happened."

"It's young Mr. Hogbin! I knew it!"

"Who? Oh—er—yes, of course.

I'll tell you all about it in the carriage, mother."

"Is my little girl going to be happy?"

"I don't know," said Cinderella anxiously. "There's just a chance."

The chance must have come off, for, once in the carriage, Cinderella gave a deep sigh of happiness.

"Well, dear?" said her mother again.

"You'll *never* guess, mother," laughed Cinderella. "Try."

"I guess that my little daughter thinks of running away from me," said her mother archly. "Am I right?"

"Oh, how lovely! Why, running away is simply the *last* thing I could do. Look!" She stretched out her foot—clothed only in a pale-blue stocking.

"Cinderella!"

"I *told* you they were too tight," she explained rapidly, "and I was trodden on by every man in the place, and I simply *had* to kick them off at supper, and—and I only got one back. I don't know what happened to the other; I suppose it got pushed along somewhere, but anyhow, I wasn't going under the table after it." She laughed suddenly and softly to herself. "I wonder what they'll do when they find the slipper?" she said.

Of course the King's son (or anyhow, Mr. Hogbin) ought to have sent it round to all the ladies in Mayfair, taking knightly oath to marry her whom it fitted. But what actually happened was that a footman found it, and, being very sentimental and knowing that nobody would ever dare to claim it, carried it about with him ever afterwards—thereby gaining a great reputation with his cronies as a nut.

Oh, and by the way—I ought to put in a good word for the godmother. She did her best.

"Cinderella!" said her mother at lunch next day, as she looked up from her letters. "Why didn't you tell me your godmother was ill?"

"She wasn't very well when I left her, but I didn't think it was anything much. Is she bad? I *am* sorry."

"She writes that she has obtained measles. I suppose that means *you're* infectious. Really, it's very inconvenient. Well, I'm glad we didn't know yesterday or you couldn't have gone to the dance."

"Dear fairy godmother!" said Cinderella to herself. "She was a day too late, but how sweet of her to think of it at all!"

A. A. M.

From *The Times* Index:—

"RELIGION, EDUCATION, CHARITY, HEALTH. Bishop bitten by his dog. . . . Page 8."

Which is this?

TO ADD ZEST TO OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Our children already have their bazaar, where they are served in character. Why not extend the idea!



THE CHILDREN'S BAZAAR.



IN THE TOBACCO DEPARTMENT.



BUYING FURS.



A CHEERY WINE ORDER OFFICE.



Lady (who has had the misfortune to fall into a very unsavoury ditch on the outskirts of an Irish town). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! I'LL NOT BE ABLE TO GO NEAR MESELF FOR A WEEK!"

MUSICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Press.)

OFFLEY TOSHER'S SUCCESSFUL SONG.

Mother England's Stewing (words by Bletcherly) will be sung by Mr. Emery Pulvermacher at Bootle, Mr. Widgery Boffin at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Mr. Ian Goldstein at Saffron Hill, Mr. Tarley Bindells at Brasted, and by Mr. Iago Plimner at the "Welsh Harp" THIS DAY.—Goosey and Co.

RURIK VAMP'S TERRIFIC NEW SONG.

Macushleen (words by Toschemacher) will be sung by Miss Happy Jubb at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Miss Fritzi McQuirk at Ballybunnion, Madame Joscelyne Smirke at Bacup, Miss Millie Molar at Buntingford Halt, Miss Poppy Strugnell at Bostock Parva, and by Miss Malvina Pippett at Southwold THIS DAY.—Goosey and Co.

WANLESS DORMER'S HORRIBLY HUMOROUS SONG.

The Scavenger's Sweetheart (words by Athalie Rothenstein) will be sung by Mr. Jenery Jee at Golder's Green, Mr. Dudley Muter at Woking, Mr. Angus Szlumper at Barking, Mr. Timothy Shiplake at Haverfordwest,

and by Mr. Samuel Sludge at Holloway THIS DAY.—Goosey and Co.

HOMER POPPLE'S DEVASTATING DITTY.

Wearry Willie Wants Me (words by Oona Bleet) will be sung by Miss Dearie Binns at the Elephant and Castle, Miss Duckie Bodger at Clapham Junction, Madame Plummie Duff at Baron's Court Refreshment Rooms, Miss Chirpie Chickering at the Kilburn Cocoa Tavern, and by Miss Baffie Bulger at the Marble Arch Coffee Stall THIS DAY.—Goosey and Co.

LUTHER DE PONCK'S PRICELESS INANITY.

Wow-Wow, Pussy (words by Scarlatti Jamrach) will be whistled by Mr. Dermot O'Dooley at Leadenhall Market, cantillated by Signor Olio Graffiti in the Doyer Street Tube Lift, hummed by Mr. Joshua van Stosch at Torrey and Dens, and played on the Pianola by Lord ROSSLYN at Bexhill-on-Sea THIS DAY.—Goosey and Co.

"RIDING-BREECHES OF ENGLISH CUT AND MAKE.

The only man is Fryer, Sarmiento 431. The words Riding-Breeches to remain in the same type as at present." Advt. in "Buenos Aires Standard."

FRYER mustn't lay down the law like this. We shall have whatever type of riding-breeches we choose.

THE VERY LATEST.

NEW GAME FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

ROARS OF LAUGHTER.

NO SKILL REQUIRED.

ANYONE CAN PLAY

BLINDFOLD BILLIARDS.

NO ELABORATE PREPARATION.

A BANDAGE AND A CUE.

LONG BREAKS DONE AWAY WITH.

GRAVITY REMOVED.

SEND FOR THE RULES: 5s.

BLINDFOLD BILLIARDS.

Testimonial—

STEVENSON writes: "It is a very Treasure Island of mirth. I could play it till I became Gray."

BLINDFOLD BILLIARDS.

"As at present advised, His Majesty's Ministers propose to disintegrate the United Kingdom, to disestablish and disendow a Church which has witnessed for Christianity in Wales for three thousand years and more." —Globe.

A little licence is allowed to leader-writers, but *The Globe* takes too much. However, as long as its readers get the idea that the Church has been there for a good time, the accuracy of the figures doesn't matter much.



THE WOLF THAT WOULDN'T.

RED RIDING HOOD (*Mr. Lloyd George*). "HULLO, GRANNY; HASN'T HE TRIED TO EAT YOU?"

GRANDMOTHER (*Insurance Bill*). "NO—NEVER EVEN TOUCHED ME."

RED RIDING HOOD. "GOOD! BUT ALL THE SAME THIS ISN'T THE STORY I'VE BEEN BROUGHT UP ON."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, December 12.—For sudden dramatic turn of events House of Commons still holds its own against the theatres of the world. Through first hour of to-day's sitting proceedings touched lowest level of the inane. Question Paper crowded. Supplementaries in great force. End of session in sight. Now or never Members must get the cheap advertisement which testifies to watchful constituents that, like Freedom, harped in Tara's halls, "still they live."

At a quarter to four, the long list unfinished, process automatically stopped. Resources of the self-advertiser not exhausted. According to Standing Orders, notice of intended question must be given in time sufficient to have it printed and circulated with Orders of the day. Furthermore it is ordained that the question may not be read, the Minister's attention being called to it by reference to its number on the Paper.

That seems nice and orderly, calculated to push through business in shortest possible time. In depending upon Standing Orders, House forgets the advertiser. Instead of putting his question on the Paper, as others do, this gentleman rises to ask a question of which he has "given the right hon. gentleman private notice." Thereupon, having fastened on himself the attention of the House, he reads aloud his precious sentences, and the Minister replies.

It was after this farce, equally transparent and dreary, had been gone through, that PREMIER advanced to Table. Thought he was about to make ordinary statement about course of business. In low voice, with crafty assumption of having nothing particular to say, he announced momentous news of the despoiling of Calcutta of the long-worn robe of Viceregal Court, and the re-creation of Delhi as the capital of India's Emperor-King. Mentioned as mere detail that, by abrupt modification of policy established by Lord Curzon, Bengal is to undergo a fresh partition.

Form in which communication was made added to effect. When great stroke of State is projected, usual for Parliament to be notified of Ministerial intention, and arrangements made for discussion of the necessary Bill or Resolution designed to carry intention into effect with consent of both Houses. Here was a Royal Message flashed from distant Delhi over land and under sea declaring that "We are pleased to announce to Our People that We have

decided upon the transfer of the seat of the Government of India from Calcutta to the ancient capital, Delhi."

The crowd of silent unresponsive Members felt they were back in Plantagenet times, listening to a message from CŒUR DE LION journeying in Palestine, or from the Fifth HENRY triumphant at Agincourt decreeing, absolutely enacting, a new departure in State affairs.

This aspect, of course, illusory. New departure has been taken in ordinary way after discussion in Cabinet Council. Nevertheless the effect, possibly



"THE CAPEN" RESUSCITATUS.

Capt. TOMMY GIBSON BOWLES executes a *danse de triomphe* over the rejection of the Naval Prize Bill by the House of Lords.

artfully designed, remained. It was that the KING-EMPEROR, clothed in regal state, throned in Durbar held in the city of the ancient Moguls, holding out his sceptre, had of his own free will, on his personal initiation, recast the framework of the Government of India.

In its secrecy, its swiftness, its completeness and its irrevocability it is a *coup d'état* as striking as that which, sixty years ago in this very month of December, transformed the Government of France.

Business done.—Lords throw out Naval Prize Bill. Commons sit up till morning dealing with Report stage of Budget.

Thursday.—When Members decided to vote themselves salaries of £400 a

year, the MEMBER FOR SARK (who, by the way, has invested his annual salary in annuities for his cousins once removed) pointed out the inevitable deterioration of tone and style that would follow on the revolution. Curious example of what was sure to happen just now manifests itself. Rumour got about that there is vacancy in ancient and honourable post of Officer of the Pipe. No one knows exactly what are its duties and emoluments or who is its present incumbent.

KEIR HARDIE, who has travelled in the East and brought back with him a suit of white drill reach-me-downs, says that when he comported with Princes of high estate in India—or was it in China?—he observed an officer of state in close attendance upon the Personage. He carried and kept alight a hookah, the stem of which from time to time at convenient moment, he placed in mouth of his princely master, who took a puff or two. Then the officer withdrew it and kept it going till his Highness was ready for another puff. Might that be the job of the Officer of the Pipe?

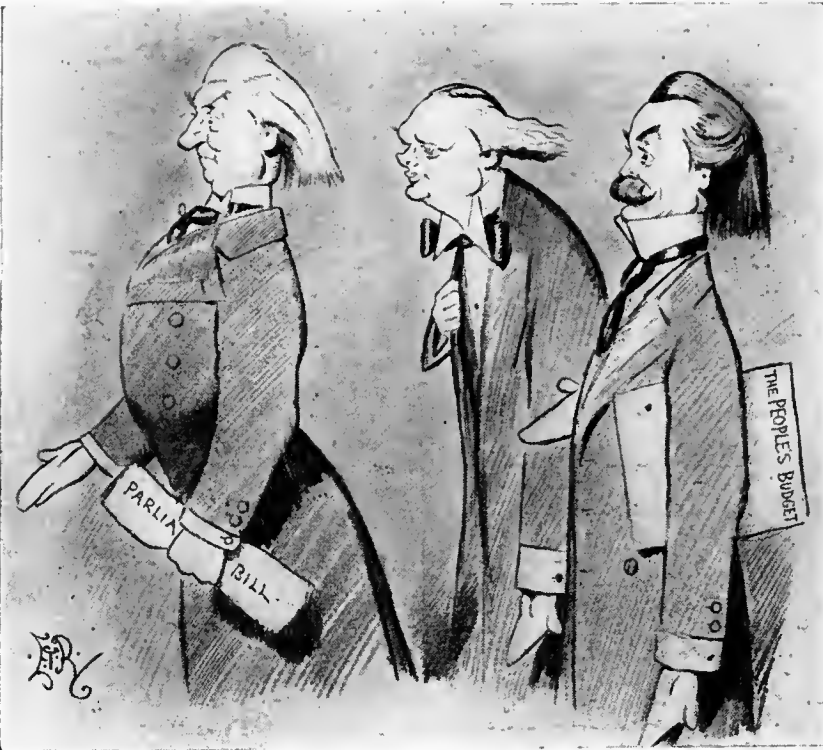
Compendious and indispensable *Who's Who* is silent on the subject. It seems just the sort of thing devised in earlier, happier times as a comfortable berth for favoured person not otherwise capable of earning a living. Presume that, being a paid State office, it would necessitate application for that other ancient, honourable, but unhappily unpaid post, Stewardship of Chiltern Hundreds.

JOWETT, not knowing why JOHN BURNS should have monopoly of loaves and fishes, volunteered to question FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY on the subject. This the more generous since he does not seek place of profit for himself. Is simply moved by consideration of desire burning around him.

Result rather chilling. A Mrs. Harris among paid State officers, there is to-day "no such person" as the Officer of the Pipe. Seventy-six years ago he drew his last whiff or swallowed his last draught, as the case may be. Anyhow, in 1835 office became extinct. There lingered round it halo of perpetual pension. Five years ago this was commuted for cash paid down, and the Officer of the Pipe, his post and his pension, have disappeared from the earthly scene.

Business done.—Debate on Foreign Affairs.

Friday.—Curious how some men getting a certain lift up the ladder of life spring at a bound to topmost rung. There, for example, is BONAR LAW—beg his pardon, BONNER. For



The mingled joy and surprise of the effigies of Mr. ASQUITH, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at the approach of the newly-added and lifelike *simulacrum* of Mr. BONAR LAW. (A purely fancy picture.)

years he sat, whether on the Treasury Bench or on the Front Opposition, his exceptional merit overlooked. On one he ranked as Under-Secretary, seeing others picked out for promotion when opportunity presented itself; on the other, he was relegated to second or third place when the Party sorely needed help in crucial debate. By unexpected turn of fortune's wheel he, after fashion not unfamiliar at the Vatican in recent years when rival claims of candidates for Pontificate threatened embarrassment, found himself Leader of Opposition in House of Commons.

And now a place has been assigned to him at Madame Tussaud's!

Interesting to know in what attitude he is presented. At Table of Commons he impresses by absence of pose. Characteristic of BONNER that, with instinctive impulse to make as little of himself as possible, he hides right hand in trouser-pocket. Only other instance of this habit I remember was case of TIM HEALY. When, thirty years ago, he found opportunity of catching SPEAKER'S eye, he habitually thrust two hands in trouser-pockets and sowled at Mace. Differing from BONNER'S, the little mannerism was not indicative of desire to efface himself. It was his artless way of indicating his patriotic contempt for an Assembly of which he once declared that he didn't care two pins whether he was in it or in prison.

TIMOTHY HEALY, Esquire, K.C., Bencher of Gray's Inn, keeps his hands out of his pockets when addressing the Chair. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION might do well to follow his example. Contrary habit, innocently, doubtless unconsciously adopted, not either graceful or dignified. Hope Madame Tussaud has not stereotyped it.

Business done.—LORD CHANCELLOR hauled over coals in matter of his appointment of borough and county magistrates. PREMIER gallantly defended his colleague. NEIL PRIMROSE'S vote of censure negatived on division. MUNRO FERGUSON carried amendment approving action of LORD CHANCELLOR.

Saturday—Prorogation, and quite time for it. With brief interval have been hard at work since February. Worn-out Members resolved that in no circumstances will they consent to autumn session next year. At least, if insisted upon by indomitable PREMIER, they will strike for increased wages. When they signed on at £400 a year it was understood that a session should run, as in old times, from first week in February to second week in August at worst. If they work overtime it must be paid for at due rate.

"Ashby Union.—Tenders for Eating Potatoes required by Dec. 15."—*Buxton Chronicle*.

Our own modest tender of six a day came too late.

DIES IRAE.

Oh days of cumulative sorrow
When everything goes wrong!
To-day was such a day; to-morrow
I shall be stern and strong;
To-day the razor's edge dripped blood,
Far caracoled the fallen stud,
My hat blew off and found some mud,
My eggs were boiled too long.

And when I sought my railway ticket
A monstrous female stood
(Her hat was like a flowery thicket
When April stars the wood)
Conversing with the poor young clerk
About the way to Regent's Park
(Most probably she'd missed the Ark);
She should be slapped, she should.

I lost my train—I lost a person
I simply had to meet;
All day my anguish seemed to worsen,
Misfortunes dogged my feet;
Red was the glowering sun at noon,
The heavenly lyre was out of tune,
And both the laces of my shoon
Came down in Fenchurch Street.

I thought I never saw a city
So stained with vice and sin;
Hopeless, I went to call on Kitty,
And found she was not in;
The people passed me, senseless clods,
Unheeding, it made no odds
To them that I blasphemed the gods,
None of 'em cared a pin.

Wearied at last I sought the river
To ease me of my woe;
I watched the glamorous lights that
quiver
Athwart its turbid flow;
They seemed to cry, "Pop in! forget!"
I leaned across the parapet;
It looked abominably wet,
And "No," I murmured, "No.

"I shall not perpetrate self-slaughter;
That is a coward's deed;
Better to pull the lyre-strings tauter
And have a rare old feed,
And then go homewards and complain
In sad wild numbers." Hence this
strain.

I suffered, but I share my pain
With you (poor souls!) that read.
EVOE.

From a column in the *Dyersburg State Gazette* headed "Chic":—

"Elias Smith is right sick at this writing."
We cannot blame ELIAS. It makes us
sick too.

"When first published as a book in 1895
Miss Cartwright had for an illustrator Mr. A.
Quinton."—*Westminster Gazette*.

It is not often given to us to say of a
woman that we can read her like a
book.

SERVICE INTELLIGENCE.

(Answers to Correspondents.)

ADJUTANT OF TERRITORIALS.—Your speech referring to the distinguished War Service of your Brigadier-General, at the Annual Dinner, was a little unfortunate. The miniatures he was wearing were: "Jubilee, 1887"; "Diamond Jubilee, 1897"; "Coronation, 1902"; "Indian Durbar, 1903"; "Coronation, 1911"; and the "M.V.O." He has no War Service.

SUBALTERN (ALDERSHOT).—We cannot tell you why a "Staff Ride" should be called by that name. Doubtless, originally, the Ride was intended for the Staff. Nowadays these gentlemen have far too much work to do at home, so the regimental officer plays at being on the "Staff." It should be considered a great privilege.

IMPRESSED (MARGATE).—Guns are painted "funny colours" to deceive the enemy. You have no idea what a 9.2 gun looks like from the sea, through a powerful telescope. We are told that it closely resembles, in one light, a zebra feeding, and, in another light, a carrot.

DESTROYER (PORTSMOUTH).—We are delighted to hear that the new 'First Lord' is so universally popular. Want of space alone prevents us from printing your appreciation. Testimonials are, we believe, forbidden by King's Regulations.

FORGOTTEN (TUNBRIDGE WELLS).—We are sorry we cannot tell you the meaning of the "Grand old Constitutional Force." You may be able to find out on inquiry at the British Museum, or perhaps one of the waiters at a Service Club may be able to tell you.

COMMANDER (PORTLAND).—Please see answer to "Destroyer (Portsmouth)."

HOPELESS (DOVER).—Really you seem very impatient. The War Office, only two years ago, promised that something would be done shortly for the more antiquated fossils among the R.G.A. Subalterns, and they are sure to keep their word sooner or later. It is only a question of time.

FLAG-RANK (PLYMOUTH).—Please see answers to "Destroyer (Plymouth)" and "Commander (Portland)."

PERPLEXED (SYDENHAM).—No, we do not know the answer to the riddle, "What is the difference between a 'Red' Marine and a 'Blue' Marine?" It is probably a question of colour.

MIDSHIPMAN (SHERNESS).—Please see answers to "Destroyer (Portsmouth)," "Commander (Portland)," and "Flag-rank (Plymouth)."



Henry Englishman (who prides himself on his French). "J'ai FINE FAIM ENORME."
French Waitress. "VRAIMENT, M'SIEU! MAIS VOTRE FEMME, CE N'EST PAS MON AFFAIRE!"

FRISSONS.

[*"The Life of a Tiger,"* by S. BARBLEY-WILMOT. It would be difficult to over-emphasise the fascination of this tale, which not only records the *vie intime* of the tiger family, but introduces the whole life of the jungle in a series of vivid and kaleidoscopic pictures."—*Mr. Edward Arnold's Publishing Announcements.*]

LAST night I had a dreadful dream
About the tiger's *vie intime*.

That is—if you will pardon me—
The tiger visited *chez lui*.

(The Gallie tongue is, to my mind,
More delicate and more refined.

If I put that in erude and curt
English—well, tigers might be hurt.

And I'm extremely anxious not
To touch the tiger's tender spot.)

So so; but maybe you'd prefer
The tiger à l'intérieur?

Or, somewhat geographically,
The tiger seen *dans son pays*?

Or would you rather I should say
The tiger interviewed *de près*?

Or would you think the words less
weak—
The tiger's *foyer domestique*?

Or, if that phrase you rather hate,
How's this—the tiger *tête-à-tête*?

Does that convey the true *frisson*?
Or this—the tiger *au dedans*?

There are, of course, more fancy
ways,
E.g., the tiger *à son aise*.

Or, if affectionate you'd be,
There's still the tiger *en ami*.

These variations ought to do:
Should they impress you—*Bon!*
C'est tout!

AT THE PLAY.

"BELLA DONNA."

FOR what it sets out to be—a sort of superior melodrama—*Bella Donna* is all that the British heart could desire. It would be idle to pretend that it raises any moral problem, apart from the old doubts as to the recuperative powers of damaged womanhood; or any social problem, unless *Dr. Isaacson's* assault upon medical etiquette can be credited with this intention.¹ Idle too to claim that the play attempts to grapple with the highest task of the dramatist—to develop character rather than exhibit it ready-made. The chief persons of the play remain at the end pretty much what they were at the start, except that *Armine* has probably learned to modify his chivalrous ideas of the sex, and that *Bella Donna* has gone a stage further on the primrose path than was originally dreamed of in her philosophy of hedonism. But in her case, at any rate, the processes—and they are everything—have been largely omitted. At one moment we see her about to be married to the best of fellows, and with at least an off-chance of social regeneration; at the next—presto!—she is the well-established mistress of a coloured financier. What in the meantime she has had to overcome in the shape of physical hesitancy or calculating worldly wisdom, is left to our vivid imaginations.

But if an acquaintance with the original book is necessary for the negotiation of this yawning gulf, still, as a series of episodes and situations, the play is sufficiently lucid and logical. I cannot indeed see how the adapter, Mr. FAGAN, in the conditions of time and space that were imposed upon him, could have done his work better. Except, perhaps, in the interview with a patient at the opening of the first Act (and something negligible had to be done while the audience was getting noisily into its seats, a process which unfortunately overlapped the delivery of some much more important dialogue that follows), there is scarcely a word wasted in the whole play. And, if he did not altogether succeed in reproducing the atmosphere which Mr.

¹ Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, in what a contemporary describes as his "chatty brochure" (entitled "*Bella Donna: The Authors, the Play and the Players*," and given away with the programme), has a lot to say on this subject. I quote his own words, lest their literary quality should be sacrificed in paraphrase: "It must occur," he says, "quite frequently in every-day life that a medical man . . . is hung upon the horns of the dilemma, on the one hand, of professional etiquette, and on the other of a human life endangered by a professional desire not to interfere."

HICHENS² achieves by force of word-colouring and an inveterate gift of insistence, well, that was in the nature of things. To say nothing of the necessary brevity of its effects, the direct visual appeal of the stage is apt to discourage the art of suggestion.

It was unfortunate that several scenes in the novel, very vital to the sequence of things, had unavoidably to be omitted, the scenes in particular where *Bella Donna* comes in contact with one of the native women of *Baroudi's ménage*. The loss of the final scene on *The Loulia*, where he dismisses the English-woman with contempt in the presence



Dr. Isaacson (Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER) to *Bella Donna* (Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL). "On the floor is a poisoned cup which has hitherto escaped my notice. In another moment I shall detect it, and then where will you be?"

of the other, was greatly to be deplored. The parting with *Baroudi* outside the villa made a very tame and inadequate substitute for this terrible scene. At the same time the cutting-out of these and other episodes in the relations between the white woman and the black man helped to mitigate the repulsiveness of the theme.

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, as *Dr. Meyer Isaacson*, had the sort of part which shows him at his best-but-one. Self-contained, unimpassioned, resourceful—as befits a corrective Providence—he was excellent throughout. But, even

² Mr. HICHENS will appreciate the intention, if not the idiomatic style, of the following eulogy by Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT: "His *mis-en-scène* are invariably photographic: . . . he never writes of places, persons or phases in life concerning which he has not first troubled himself to become fully acquainted."

in a black wig and moustache (the latter concealing the smile so fatal in moments of crisis), and though he de-canted the poisoned coffee as if born to the manipulation of test-tubes, I will not say that I ever quite mistook him for a specialist in toxicology, though I cannot tell you off-hand exactly how a specialist in toxicology ought to behave. It was not his fault if I went through an awful time of apprehension while the poisoned coffee stood in its little egg-cup on the floor, right under his nose, and it seemed as if he would never notice it. Even then, when he did, I was disappointed that he omitted to dip his finger in and try the taste of it, but waited till he could analyse³ it "off."

As *Bella Donna*, Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL was wonderful always, but in the First Act simply adorable. At the cost of one more proof of her incomparable versatility I could have wished that she might have remained ever thus in a delightful mood where cynicism was mixed with the almost childlike desire to make the best of a bad life.⁴

In the part of *Nigel Armine*, Mr. CHARLES MAUDE failed to persuade me of his quixotic ideals, but for the rest, and within his natural limitations, he played a difficult part very soundly. Mr. ATHOL STEWART was something more than passable in the thankless rôle of the American doctor; and Miss MARY GREY, as *Mrs. Marchmont*, gave me, in the London scene, the sense of confidence which I rarely feel (except in the case of dowagers) when a Society woman is presented on the stage. Mr. SHIEL BARRY was a very attractive *Ibrahim*; but Mr. CHARLES BRYANT had too much the air of a clean-built Englishman to impose upon me as an Oriental scamp. Still, by help of paint and a fez and an accent, he contrived to import a manner very tolerably suggestive of an exotic origin; and if he could not help modifying the natural offensiveness of *Baroudi* perhaps that was all to the good.

The play, as I saw it on the third night, ran perfectly, and everyone, from

³ The results of that analysis are not revealed to the invalid till he is in a state of advanced convalescence in the last Act. "It is a moment," says Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT, "such as this which culminates in a burst of passionate horror that brings to a play of this kind its measure of human interest on an absolute top note of emotion."

⁴ It is of this phase rather than of her subsequent career as a poisoner that Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT is thinking when he hints of his own wide experience of this type. "In many respects," he says, "Mrs. Armine is a typical specimen of the modern fashionable woman one encounters so frequently in the London drawing-room."



— A. T. SMITH —

Minus Twenty (to Minus Twenty-four, who is playing for a half and has twice over-run the hole). "STAY WHERE YOU ARE, OLD MAN; HERE'S THE GREEN-KEEPER—HE'LL MOVE THE HOLE!"

actor-manager to scene-shifter, had a hand in its success. Though the plot must have been familiar to many, the action was always arresting, and the play is certain to prove widely popular with a class of audience not too exigent of intellectual profundity. O. S.

THE GOLDEN LAND OF FAIRY TALES.

There are no music-hall comedians at the Aldwych, no diversions of performing seals and handcuff kings to interrupt the six fairy stories to which we have come to listen; and you may surmise that the evening, however artistically correct, is in danger of being dull. This, let me confess, was what I feared at the end of *Little Red Riding Hood*. It is not a good story for literal presentation on the stage; any story, in fact, in which two of the principal characters are eaten by the third makes a bad play, for the reason that realism, hampered by modern convention, breaks down at the one great dramatic moment. There was a compromise at the Aldwych—*Granny* and *Red Riding Hood* being eaten off the stage, but emerging whole from the decapitated wolf. It was then that I feared that the evening might be too crudely simple for any but the youngest of us.

But *Puss in Boots* revived me. The *Ogre* was more like an ogre than any

I have ever met, and *Puss* herself was superb. The debonair *abandon*, the *élan*, in plain English the "side" of this cat was everything that the story



A HUGE SUCCESS.

The Ogre Mr. J. M. EAST.
The Hero Master HAROLD BARRETT.

had led me to hope. However, there were even better things to come; and it is the Second Act, showing *Cinderella*, *Snowdrop* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, which will draw both children and grown-ups in thousands to the Aldwych.

Miss MARY GLYNNE is the little girl who plays *Cinderella*, and anything more sweetly pretty than that *Cinderella* has never been seen on the stage. Of the two triumphs of the evening hers was the first. When her little play was over I would gladly have said a "*Nunc dimittis*" and have left the theatre; but fortunately duty kept me, and in *Snowdrop* I had my second thrill. This was from another child, Miss ELISE CRAVEN, whose dancing left me simply breathless with happiness. I had all other dancers over to anybody who wants them. CRAVEN for me.

There are other players who should be noticed—particularly Mr. ALFRED LATELL, who took all the animal parts. I have spoken of his *Puss in Boots*, but he was also a captivating bull-dog in *Cinderella*. I cannot begin to mention all the people to whom we are indebted for the costumes, scenery, armour, stage paintings, &c., but in *Snowdrop* and *The Sleeping Beauty* they excelled themselves.

Altogether a delightful evening. M.

THE CHRISTMAS SCHEDULE.

"I HATE Christmas!" said Maisie suddenly at the breakfast-table, *à propos* of nothing at all.

Edward, who was reading an article in *The Times* on "Recent Advances in Actuarial Methods Considered from the Autochthonous Standpoint," murmured a vague "Yes" and continued down the column.

"I wish you wouldn't say 'Yes' when you don't mean it!"

"Very well, my dear, just as you like."

"You're too aggravating for words! I hate Christmas because there's the horrible worry of choosing the right presents for the right people. It doesn't affect you; you only pay for them—that's the easy part."

Edward showed signs of interest. "Why don't you work it by schedule?" he suggested briskly.

"Don't be shabby!"

(Edward, it may be explained, is in the Schedules at Somerset House. He has a natural talent for the work.)

"I'm quite serious. It's *always* the best way. It will save you no end of trouble. Get me a pen and paper, dear, and I'll show you. *And* a ruler."

"But I haven't got a ruler. I hate rulers."

"Then I'll use the back of a knife, but a ruler would make a better job of it."

It was certainly a very neat piece of work when Edward had finished it, though it hardly satisfied his critical taste because of a slight slip in double-ruling where the ink had spread from one twin line to another. He proceeded to expound it to his wife:—

"The first column is headed 'Name,' and under this, of course, you write down the names of all the people to whom you wish to give presents; then come columns for 'Age' and 'Occupation,' the latter being a valuable aid and requiring care in filling in the correct designations; the next column, headed 'Married, Single, Widowed or Divorced,' should be self-evident without further explanation on my part; then come columns for 'Hobbies and Preferences,' 'Dislikes and Prejudices,' and 'Former Presents'; and finally a wide column for 'Remarks.' This last will give you opportunity to insert any relevant particulars which may not fall conveniently under any of the other headings, and also the suggestion for this year's present. Is that all clear?"

"Yes . . . I think so . . . But what am I to do with it?"

"Fill it in at your leisure to-day, carefully and thoroughly, and then to-night we'll go over it together."

It was a very scribbly, scrawly, ink-blotty production which Maisie showed to her husband in the evening. He frowned involuntarily. Had it been the work of one of his clerks, that clerk would have received a severe wiggling. Work badly done cut him to the quick, but, as it was Maisie's, he tried to say a few encouraging words:—

"Of course it's the first time for you. . . . It's certainly promising. . . . Next time it will come easier. It's a matter of practice. . . . Yes, I think we'll manage all right with this."

Maisie pouted, but said nothing, and Edward proceeded to adjust his glasses and read out from the schedule:—

"Aunt Maria—Age: 58, I think, but of course she never will acknowledge it, so we had better put it down at 50 and please her? . . . My dear, it's scarcely necessary to insert all that; it would be quite sufficient to put down 58, and in brackets next to it a note of interrogation."

"I thought you wanted me to fill it in carefully."

"Yes, of course; but I didn't mean all that. However, let us proceed: 'Occupation: An old cat . . .' Maisie, how *can* that help us?"

"That's just what I say, but you told me to fill it all in."

Edward proceeded with a pained expression:—"Marricd," etc.: You know she has been a widow for a long time, long before we were married. She wanted to divorce her husband, I believe, but she could never catch him—at least that's what Mama says. Hobbies and Preferences: Parrots and funerals. Dislikes and Prejudices. You and I, but she mostly dislikes everything and she is horribly prejudiced. Former presents: Last year we sent her a set of poker patience. She sent this back without putting a stamp on the parcel, with a note saying that she strongly disapproved of low American gambling games. Remarks: I'm sure I don't know what to suggest. . . . My dear Maisie, what is the use of all this rubbish?

"I don't mean to be unkind, but look at this matter seriously. How *can* it help us? What on earth's the use of writing down that 'Uncle John dislikes any highly-seasoned dish and has a particular prejudice against barrel-organs'? Or that 'Reggie is single but it is high time he got married and settled down, because he is getting too selfish for words'? Or that 'Mrs. Harringay likes to stay in bed until lunch-time and sometimes does not get up until three or four in the afternoon, and that her husband ought to give her a thoroughly good shaking'? My dear Maisie, how *can* it help us?"

It was at this point that Maisie retired from the unequal contest.

Edward gazed blankly at the slammed door. "It takes a man to understand schedules," he said.

THE LATEST FILMS.

["A NEW PROFESSION is that of writing scenes which can be produced as Bioscope Pictures; fresh good ideas are well paid for on acceptance."—"Times" *Art.*]

WE have ourselves secured a few scenes calculated to excite far more interest than the present dreary episodes, alleged to be comic, in the lives of French and American grimacers.

(a) A day in the life of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER between the second and third readings of the Insurance Bill in the House of Lords. His rising at 4.30 A.M. to work at last night's arrears of correspondence, with intervals for jotting down, by dictation, any new ideas that may occur to him as to additional taxes possible for the Insurance Bill; the arrival of the morning post, read while snatching a hasty meal from a more or less free breakfast table; consideration of various new amendments to the great measure which the post has brought; brisk motor ride to Billingsgate and stroll through the market for inspiration; practical examination of consignment of stamp gum from different makers with a view to see which tastes the best; reception of deputations from medical men, hot-cross-bun-bakers, snow-sweepers, steeplejacks, sword-swallowers, and so forth, all claiming special treatment and all obtaining satisfactory guarantees and leaving immensely impressed in the CHANCELLOR'S favour; quick lunch; walking to the House of Commons, in the usual cinematograph way, one foot before the other much too fast; entering the House amid the ribald sneers of the constables on duty imperfectly disguised under an outward show of respect; replying to countless questions and unloading his scores off the Opposition; attendance to hundreds of letters in his private room; hasty dinner; return to the House and engagement in intricate and fatiguing debate; bed at half-past one. The whole to be accompanied on the piano by a fantasia on the theme "For he's a jolly good fellow."

(b) Mr. BOURCHIER growing a new beard.

(c) Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL "scrapping" Admirals.

(d) Miss M—C— cabling her congratulations to the Viceroy of INDIA on the choice of a capital which rhymes to her name.

(e) Mr. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS making two runs. (Film 1,800 yards long).



Hairdresser. "Ah, THAT IS A WAX, SIR. YOU NEED NEVER WORRY ABOUT THAT COMING OFF YOUR Moustache WITH THE DAMP WEATHER. I'VE HAD ONE LOT ON MINE FOR A MONTH—BELIEVE ME, SIR, ONE MONTH—INCLUDING A BATH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MODERATELY safe to assume that, if a book called *The French Revolution* had not been written by THOMAS CARLYLE, I should not now just have finished the perusal of another, by Sir JAMES YOXALL, called *The Courtier Stoops* (SMITH, ELDER). It bears, by no means unpleasantly, the influence of the Sage in every chapter. "A grating noise had begun to be audible; the south gate was scraping open. Out of spaces of distance and time the foot had come to the sill"—you see, very obviously, whose is the inspiration for such passages as this. The foot was that of *Captain Machoun*, posting, a discredited and ridiculed monitor, throughout Europe in 1790, with his warning of the change that was to break up old systems and governments. The man who heard and half believed his message is the central figure of the tale, Councillor of the tiny, sleeping German state of *Imenar*—a figure famous enough, and but thinly disguised by the author under the abbreviated name of *Johann von Wolfgang*. It is of his life, mental rather than bodily, and of the influence upon it of the troubled times, that the story treats; incidentally giving a clever and impressive picture of the little toy-kingdom, one of so many presently to vanish before the news that came rushing out of France. All this is excellently done, up to the final catastrophe of Valmy, which shows the hero, GOETHE confessed, riding into the dance of the cannon-balls, and

making his famous experiment in "cannon-fever"; last of all, amid the crash and roar of these same cannon, wedding the peasant girl *Christiane*, whom the ruin of the old caste-ideals has rendered possible as a wife for a well-born. An unusual and scholarly story, well worth reading.

"Seems so" is what you say in Devonshire if you have made a particularly positive statement and yet are moved by politeness to concede that the other fellow may have some right on his side. In *Seems So* (MACMILLAN) the other fellow is described as "The Likes o' They"—that is to say, gentle reader, the Likes of Us; and the joint authors of the book, STEPHEN REYNOLDS, the scribe who would a-fishing go, and his mates BOB and TOM WOOLLEY, tell us quite plainly just what the working-man thinks of us and our politics. If I were a hand-working instead of a brain-working man I should probably be with them heart and soul in their condemnation of the fussy benevolence of the law. I should hate—I know I should—to have my life and my home and my children and my public-house constantly interfered with and inspected by a pack of prying officials. Life must be pretty intolerable when you can't call your kitchen-sink your own. And it is because of that sort of thing that the likes of us—Tories, Radicals, Tariff Reformers, Free Traders, Lloyd Georges, Bonar Laws, Sidney Webbs, Bishops, Temperance and Educational Reformers, Sanitary Inspectors, Officers for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Magistrates and Policemen—seem

to the working-man to run the country and make or execute its laws to suit our private ends. They think that we do not properly understand their needs, their rights, their feelings and their pride. And, apparently, there is a great deal to be said for their point of view. I counsel you to read the REYNOLDS-WOOLLEY manifesto and see if it doesn't "seem so."

Trippers who come back from the Durbar with the notion that Viceroy's of India are just picturesque figure-heads whose business in life is to organise poms and pageantry for the demands of Oriental imaginations, had better correct this error by a study of Mr. LOVAT FRASER'S *India under Curzon and After* (HEINEMANN). It is a record of Herculean toil. The bitterest of Lord CURZON'S opponents could not, after reading these pages, call in question the sacrificial devotion with which he laboured, unsparring of his health, for the bettering of the condition of the native races and for the strengthening of all branches of the finest of the Empire's services. Mr. LOVAT FRASER'S long experience of India and his freedom from official influence have enabled him to speak at once with authority and detachment. His style is the easy and fluent style of a writer so conversant with his subject that he can afford to dispense with the embroideries of superfluous rhetoric. Though his sympathies nearly always incline him to take Lord CURZON'S point of view, the tact with which he has handled the differences between the VICEROY and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF furnishes sufficient proof of an impartial attitude of mind. In the light of recent pronouncements, his enthusiastic and reasoned approval of the partition of Bengal is of peculiar interest. Whatever the future may have to say upon this or any other policy of Lord CURZON'S, every chapter of the book is an eloquent justification of his tireless efforts to realise those ideals which are summed up in the noble and moving speech that he delivered on the eve of his final departure from India:—"To fight for the right . . . to care nothing for flattery or applause or odium or abuse—it is so easy to have any of these in India . . . to remember that the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of his ploughs, in whose furrow the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape, to drive the blade a little forward in your time, and to feel that somewhere among these millions you have left a little justice or happiness or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a spring of patriotism, a dawn of intellectual enlightenment, or a stirring of duty, where it did not before exist—that is enough, that is the Englishman's justification in India. It is good enough for his watchword while he is here, for his epitaph when he is gone. I have worked for no other aim." "So," says Mr. FRASER, "he passed from India with head high and courage unflinching, having shed fresh lustre upon the name of Englishman, and done no single thing to stain it."

John Harrington was a reviewer of books, and he slated *Mr. Karswell's* "History of Witchcraft." Mark the sequel.

Three months later *John* was chased along a country road by a fearful Thing, which ended by treeing him and breaking his neck. *Mr. Karswell*, a man who had a short way with critics, had "cast the runes" on him. Now, it may be that Dr. M. R. JAMES, in whose *More Ghost Stories* (ARNOLD) this awful example occurs, cannot cast runes, and would not if he could; but I am taking no risks. I wish to place myself on record as unreservedly recommending *More Ghost Stories*. Fortunately, in this case, as it happens, honesty need not be sacrificed to prudence. That delightful blend of antiquarianism, quiet humour and ingenious creepiness which characterised the earlier stories, has suffered no falling off. It is Dr. JAMES' method that makes his tales so fascinating. As he puts it in his preface, a ghost story ought to be told in such a way that the reader shall say to himself, "If I'm not very careful something of this kind may happen to me." That is Dr. JAMES' secret. A spectre in a ruined castle leaves us cold, or, rather, does not leave us cold, because we seldom pass an evening in a ruined castle. But in one's bedroom? Aha! The thought chills the marrow. In a Dr. JAMES bedroom practically anything may happen. A sheet starts into life and springs at you with an "intensely horrible face of crumpled linen." You feel under the pillow for your watch; you touch "a mouth with teeth and with hair about it, not the mouth of a human being." You lock the door; a "thin voice among the bed-curtains says, 'Now we're shut in for the night.'" And through the window you see "a horrible hopping creature in white, dodging among the trees." B-r-r-r-h! Bring me the bromide. Steep me in narcotics.



AT THE AGE OF 5—Hans Andersen.



AT 65—Guide to Investments.

FAIRY TALES

MACJAMES hath murdered sleep!

Miss BRADLEY'S pleasantly discursive and observant studies of *Children at Play* (SMITH, ELDER), and other things, may be commended to the discerning reader. Enviously one realises how happy in the matter of environment are the little ones of Siena and Florence, as compared with their brethren of Spitalfields and the Commercial Road; while the Sisters of the Hospital *degli Innocenti* are by another method more efficient than the most active of Care Committees, and ever so much more picturesque. It is a pleasant note of these sketches that their author has in many significant ways deinsularised her vision, and in particular can see no trace of a 666 on veil and soutane. Her impressions of her friends, the children, and of the general happy accidents of travel (as far afield as Corsica), are put in with touches light and sure.

The Child's Guide to Knowledge.

"A home safe is a locked steel receptacle for money, so constructed that coins dropped into it cannot be taken out until it is unlocked."

Daily Telegraph.

The next question we answer will be, What's a corkscrew?

"At Brentwood, on Tuesday, James Huntley and George Palmer, laborers, no fixed abode, were each sentenced to seven days' hard labor for begging."

Somebody might have given them a biscuit. But there—what's in a name?



THE LONG ARM OF EMPIRE.

First Schoolboy. "I SAY, HAVE YOU READ ALL THIS JAW ABOUT ALTERING THE CAPITAL OF INDIA!"
Second Schoolboy. "ROTTEN, I CALL IT! MORE GEOGRAPHY TO SWOT UP!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE widow of Mr. E. H. HARRIMAN, the late Railway King, has, we are told, been greatly worried by begging-letter writers. The total amount asked for is £28,000,000. This is twice as much as Mr. HARRIMAN'S estate has realised, and it looks as if the letter writers will have to be satisfied with a dividend of 50 per cent.

Although we have never regarded Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as an archangel, we consider that some critics are unfair to him. While it is true that he has spent £350,000 to collect £15,000, it should be remembered that at the same time he has done something to remedy unemployment by finding a number of posts for land-valuers, tax-collectors and the like.

We give the rumour for what it is worth, but it is stated that the Gaekwar of BARODA was only persuaded to send an apology for his bearing at the Durbar by a threat that, unless he did so, his title would be officially changed to the Gazeka of BARODA.

"Nine-tenths of the beauty of most buildings," says Mr. A. C. BENSON, "depends upon their abandonment to the influences of usage and weather, even to a noble and not disrespectful neglect." The persons responsible for the upkeep of the façade of Buckingham Palace are delighted at this tribute, tardy though it be, to their prescience.

Realism still seems to be the leading note of the American drama. A negro minister found guilty of murder has been hanged on the stage of an Opera House in Georgia.

Meanwhile patriotic murderers in this country, who insist on British material being used for their execution, are getting nervous, for the last remaining firm of rope and twine makers in Poole has been compelled by foreign competition to close its works.

The notorious Count ADALBERT STERNBERG, who fought against us in the South African war, has been sentenced to a fine of £200, or forty-eight hours' imprisonment, for referring to one of the Austrian Deputies as "the

scum of humanity and the greatest scoundrel in Austria." That comes of forgetting oneself.

The age of specialism! A pick-pocket who was arrested in Paris last week mentioned that he only exercised his profession on the irresistible pockets of persons watching an aeroplane.

"The scheme of Lord ROBERTS," says Lord HALDANE, "falls between two stools." These must be two of the office stools in the War Department.

According to a poultry expert the way to make hens lay freely in winter is to give them plenty of exercise—and the absurd sight of a suburban poultry owner leading his hen to the City by a leash is likely to become a feature of our streets.

Mr. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT, the richest young man in the world, was, it is announced, "married quietly" to Mrs. McKIM last week. You would have thought that such an exceedingly wealthy man would have had at least one brass band on such an occasion.

A RESOLUTE CHRISTMAS.

WE made up our minds some time ago we were going to enjoy Christmas, every little bit of it, and when you make up your minds like that, of course you go and do it all right.

It was Peggy, aged eight, who began it. She said she knew who Santa Claus was; she had seen dad's nose quite plainly—it wasn't a bit of use making it so red—and she knew his voice; nobody could take her in any more—in fact it was years ago since she had believed in Santa Claus; but she was going to believe like mad this year because it was such fun believing. The plum-pudding tasted better if you believed, and—

"But it's a real plum-pudding," said Helen, who is apt to be sarcastic from the height of her twelve years. "It isn't an old pretender, like Santa Claus. Anybody can believe in plum-pudding."

"Well," said Peggy, "I shall believe in plum-pudding, too, and turkey and stuffing and sausages. I'm going to believe in everything."

Rosie, who is ten, thought this was silly. "I shall believe in some things," she said. "I shall believe in presents and being allowed to come to supper and putting ribbons round the necks of the dogs and standing under the mistletoe; but poor old Santa Claus, you know, you can't believe in him. Dad just goes and puts on his old dressing-gown and a red cap, and chalks his big boots, and then he comes dancing in and laughs 'Ha-Ha'—but it was good fun years ago."

"I don't care," said Peg; "I think we ought to help him. He'd be very sorry if he thought we knew him."

"You didn't know him last year. You shivered with fright when he came near you," said Rosie.

"I pretended to shiver—did it on purpose to please Dad, and I'm going to shiver all over this year—you see if I don't."

At this moment John came in, and the sisters said "Hush." John believes implicitly in Santa Claus, and his belief must not be disturbed, for he is only four and a half.

"John dear," said Helen coaxingly, "do you think you're going to see Santa Claus?"

"I seed him last year," said John. "He's tall's a ephelant and got a long beard. I seed him this morning."

"This morning?" came in a horrified chorus from his sisters. "You didn't. He'll only come next week."

"Well, I seed him," said John. "He's asleep in one of Dad's drawers where the stockings are. I think he's nearly dead, 'cos he's got no eyes."

"He's opened the drawer and seen the mask," said Helen in a stage-whisper. "Never mind, John, he'll be here to-morrow all right, and he'll have eyes then."

"No, he won't," said John; "I put a button-hook in them."

The result of all this was that the three ladies, having scolded John for his cruelty, agreed to believe firmly (for John's sake, of course) in Santa Claus. Then the mysteries began to spread darkly over the whole house. Helen was embroidering a handkerchief case—HANDKERCHIEF in violet silk, with sprigs of roses in pink and green—an elaborate and careful piece of work which was hustled away whenever I came within a mile of her. Rosie was at work on a pocket-book, also an object of terrific secrecy. Peggy was laboriously hemming a doll's shirt. John alone was guiltless of any preparation for presenting anything to anyone. He was an acceptor, not a giver. On Christmas Eve they all went quivering to bed, the one believer and the three who had forced their faith. The four stockings were duly in place; and on Christmas morning there were yells of delight in the passage. Santa Claus arrived after breakfast,

and never had a more whole-hearted success. John said, "He's got his eyes back;" and the old gentleman gave a howl of laughter.

"Don't make him angry," said Peggy firmly.

"Saints don't get angry," said Rosie.

"This Saint sometimes does," said Mother.

But Helen said, "No, never." She was believing hard. We enjoyed the whole day—every bit of it.

THE PASSING OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

To Thomas, gone ski-ing.

How oft, O friend of early troth,

Ere yet the Hours had taken toll

Of that superbly tufted growth

That crowns the adolescent poll,

Far back in days still full of fine illusions,

Still flushed with boyhood's lingering glow,

Together we compared our hearts' contusions,

Watching the Old Year go.

Time then could never move too fast,

Too soon renew its annual pledge;

No memory of a barren past

Had dulled ambition's eager edge:

Still freshly painted in a crude vermilion

The future, with its fame to win,

Smiled on us as we heard the clashed carillon

Pealing the New Year in.

For three full decades, off and on,

We kept the ancient custom up,

And talked of times to be, or gone,

Over the temperate wassail-cup:

Hand locked in hand, serenely raised the question,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

And poured contempt upon the vile suggestion,

Saying that it should not.

And, since to songs of good Auld Syne

Some local weight the scene supplies,

Now by your hearth we met, now mine,

But ever under home-grown skies;

Here by the climatic's help that so enhances

The loyal patriot's private cheer,

Next to ourselves we thought of England's chances

In the ensuing year.

But all is changed! And this our own

Tight little island, where we two

So long had greeted, now has grown

Too little and too tight for you;

Spurning your country's claims at such a season,

Yearly you go to risk your scalp,

With what, I think, amounts almost to treason,

Upon an alien Alp.

There New Year's Eve shall see you trip

To strains of some exotic band;

As midnight strikes, you'll take and grip

Two perfect strangers by the hand;

And hint that naught (for Auld Syne's sake) shall sever

The bond that twines you with the twain

Whom you have never met before, and never

Desire to meet again!

O. S.

Retaliation.

"The Stipendiary eventually committed him to prison for seven days, and was then removed by a police officer."—*Birmingham Daily Post*. It seems only fair.

THE ALMANAC SCOURGE.

BOXING-DAY was dragging out its weary length.

"Will it ever stop being Sunday?" asked Ursula.

"My dear girl," I observed, with the note of pleasant severity that I sometimes adopt towards my wife, "you should not begrudge the overworked shop-assistant his or her trifling vacation. For my own part I find the enforced leisure of this festive season not only restful but stimulating."

"You would," said Ursula. "Besides, tobacconists are always open. You've been out to one already this morning."

"Whilst you have been—— By the way, what on earth have you been doing?" I glanced towards Ursula's writing-table, now hidden beneath a drift of small parcels and envelopes.

"Yes," said Ursula, the bitterness I had already noticed in her adorable voice becoming more pronounced, "you may well ask. I've been trying to sort the calendars, and see who sent them. That's work enough. Do you know that between us we've been saddled with fifty-three. And that's only counting big ones that tear off."

"Ah," I said, "that's three and a half for every room in the house, and four over. We might put those in the garden."

"It's perfectly idiotic. Why can't LLOYD GEORGE or somebody invent a tax on superfluous almanacs? There would be some sense in that!"

"Yes," I said, "it is indeed the Dickens."

"About half of them are," corrected Ursula. "That big pile in the corner. If anything could make me tired of his books, having little disjointed texts thrown at me every day would be it. Then there's SHAKESPEARE, of course—he's one of the worst. There are six from *Macbeth* alone this year."

"Those'll be all right for the spare bedrooms. Fancy the effect of 'And when goes hence?' on a disagreeable guest."

"I know who you're thinking of. But we'd have to give her 'Daily Helpings,' because she sent that herself." Ursula pointed resentfully at the work in question. Viewing it, I took a sudden resolution.

"Ursula," I said, "can you swear to me that you do honestly object to ordering your life according to the suggestions of these haphazard anthologists? Seriously swear, I mean, so that you can't blame me afterwards?"

"Of course, darling. But why?"

"You'll see. Are there any of these

contrivances that restrict themselves to telling the day of the week, with possibly some item of cheerful or interesting information, such as 'Royal Exchange Burnt,' or 'Quinine First Ammoniated'?"

Ursula indicated a heap of about a dozen. "Then," I said, "here goes for the rest!" and I gathered them into my arms. The study fireplace is fortunately large, and the fire was burning well at the time. Ursula watched the destruction, half frightened, half fascinated. "Oh, but," she said when it was already too late for the protest to have any effect, "you shouldn't do that. They're presents!"

"They were," I said; "they're *pasts* now!"

THE REALISTS.

"One of the chief incidents in the opening days of 1912 will be the staging of Sophocles' drama of *Edipus Rex*. . . . The floor of Covent Garden is to be specially built up in order to convey to the spectator the feeling that he is really participating in the scene before him. The great feature of the play is the enormous crowd who will surge upon the stage through the opening which is now the well-known central entrance to the stalls."—*The Sphere*.

WONDERFUL effects are promised by SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE in his revival of *The Tempest*. The whole interior of His Majesty's is to be lined with tarpaulin and decorated with barnacles and jetsam. Sir HERBERT, always considerate for the comfort of his public, will rescind the *rigueur* of evening dress, and allow mackintoshes, cork swimming belts and other protections against the wrath of the elements. He has also engaged the famous Deal lifeboat to stand by for rescues. In the scene of the wreck a veritable cyclone will rage, not only on the stage, but in the auditorium. Real forked lightning leaps across the house from hidden batteries of tremendous voltage; tons of water descend from above; a tornado of winds howls from Titanic steam-driven bellows at the back of the stalls. The audience will be battered by hailstones (pure ice, MESSRS. GATTI), and buffeted by driving salt spray (MESSRS. TIDMAN). The veriest Philistine will realise that, terrible as Nature is in her fury, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE is yet more cataclysmic.

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER is also enthusiastic for a closer *rapprochement* between stage and audience. In the Second Act of his proposed adaptation of Sartor's grim drama, *The Wrong Suit*, is an amazingly powerful drawing-room tea-party, which will be allowed to spread all over the stalls. To add to the poignant realism of this beautiful

picture, real scandal concerning well-known people, exclusively obtained and changed each week, will be discussed by the characters. During this scene a limited number of ladies of the audience will be permitted to take tea with the company. Teas 9d., with cucumber sandwiches 1s.; with *sotto voce* remark about the weather from Sir G. A. 1 guinea.

MR. LEWIS WALLER has revived *King Henry V.* with incredible realism. Robust though his interpretations have always been of the heroic king, he has long chafed at his inability, owing to the pusillanimity of supers, to suit action to his words. If even Mr. WALLER's audiences feel a fever to fly at each other's throats when *Henry* shouts like a clarion, what restraint must the actor himself be putting upon his martial ecstasy? But restraint in the present revival is unnecessary—the fighting is *real*. In Act. III. the walls of Harfleur frown over the footlights and dominate the house. The English attackers are a picked force of League footballers, Army reservists, peaceful pickets, and Bashi-Bazouks, with a stiffening of militant suffragists. The defenders, equally resolute and reckless of life, have a leaven of Potsdam Grenadiers to excite the English to rage.

MR. LEWIS WALLER has ransacked the armouries of Europe for contemporary weapons. Harfleur, last night, was a volcano of mediæval missiles, and flights of arrows and javelins darkened the auditorium. The final assault—from the rear of the pit—was led by Mr. WALLER in a transport of elocution. The audience, maddened by their losses from front and rear, joined in the fray. Those who hesitated were trampled by pike-men; cravens who sought the bar or exits were driven to the front by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE as *Fluellen*. The scene culminated in a triumph of actuality. Boiling lead was hurled from embrasures, masonry toppled on the besiegers, the very theatre rocked with the fall of Harfleur, and the groans of the wounded and expostulations of the orchestra made a terrible finale.

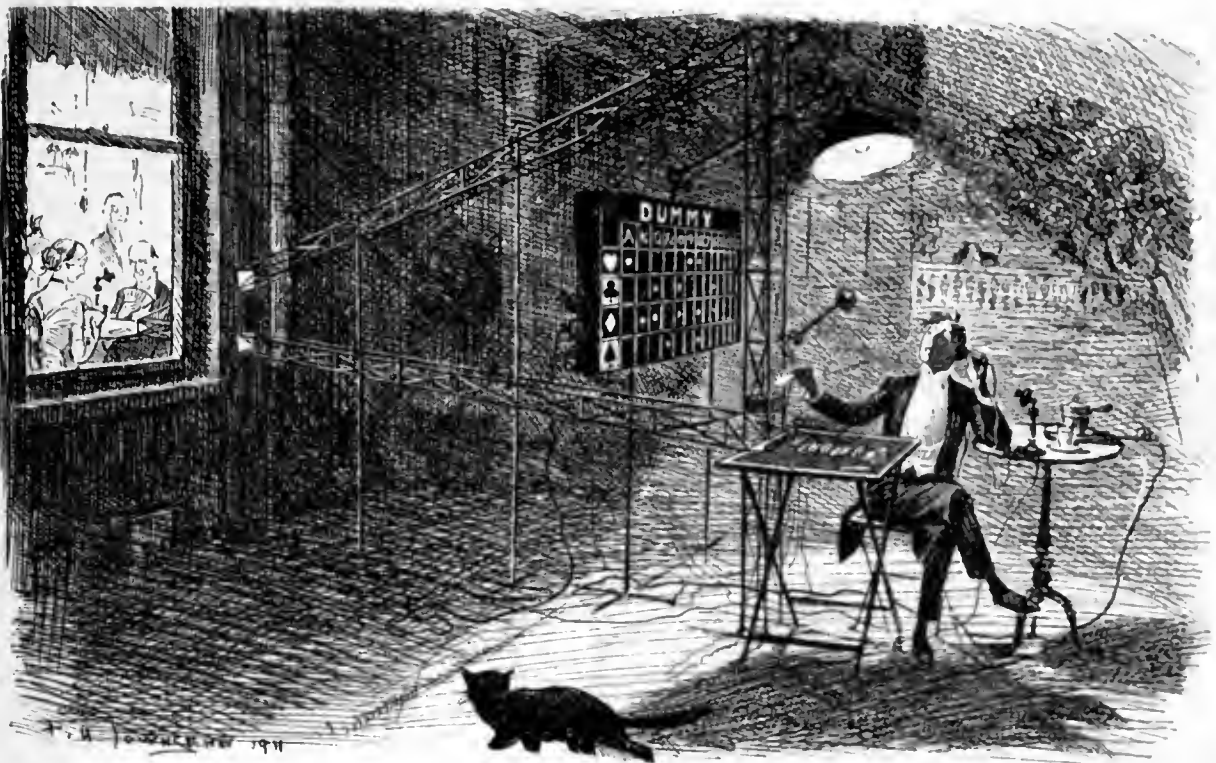
Owing to slight wounds Mr. WALLER was unable to conclude the play. Next week he hopes to be in the field again, and requests that such of his audience as survive Harfleur will resume their seats and await yet more startling realism at Agincourt.

What our Suburbs Talk About.

J. BROMLEY.

From a tradesman's circular:—

"Our pigs are the talk of Bromley."



THE FRESH-AIR FIEND.

A DEVICE TO PREVENT HIS SPOILING A BRIDGE-PARTY BY INSISTING ON HAVING ALL THE WINDOWS OPEN.

THE INFORMATION BUREAU.

He was one of those men who know everything; I am one of those women who know nothing. It appears to be easy for a man to know everything, but it is next to impossible for a woman to go on knowing nothing. Sooner or later she will find herself sitting next to one of the encyclopædic, and she will never meet a man who knows everything but he will insist on telling her. Nature, however, has afforded me protection, by giving me a couple of ears, so that what cannot be prevented from coming in at one ear may make an emergency exit of the other.

In this instance it was at breakfast, and there was a honeycomb on the table. There is no subject more fatal to the Know-alls than bees.

"Honey varies peculiarly in colour," said this one, by way of preface. "Some is quite white, other almost black. I wonder why."

He only wondered, because I would not do it for him. I saw his fell purpose, and determined to check it, if possible.

"Some bees are tidy and clean," I said dogmatically, "and other bees are not."

Nevertheless he came out with all the true facts.

"Has it ever occurred to you to

wonder," he said later, "how the little fellows build the comb?"

"I never wonder," said I, and thereupon he came out with some more of the facts.

"But," I interrupted, as soon as I got a chance, "I am prepared to wonder just once, to please you. Isn't it very sticky inside the cells?"

"It is," he informed me.

"Well, this is what I wonder. How do the little fellows, as you call them, having once got inside to deposit the honey, manage to get out again?"

He took a deep breath, arranged with precision his knives, forks and plates, and slightly raising his voice, "I should say . . ." he began.

"Oh," I said wearily, "I thought you knew. I gathered from your conversation that you had once upon a time been a bee yourself. Pass the marmalade, please."

He passed it as one who acted against his better judgment. "Clearly," he said, with the contempt of superior knowledge, "you don't know how marmalade is made, or you would not eat it. I once happened to watch. . ."

"And that means," I supposed, "that I have got to hear all about wasps now."

POPULAR PANTOMIME SONG.—"Has anybody here seen Delhi?"

BLIGHTED BAYS.

Dick, when you deigned to come and spend

The half-term holiday with me,
You said a thing that helped to mend
My world-worn self-complacency:
I overheard you tell your pals
(Thinking my study-door was shut),
"He's awfully decent—Uncle Hal's
A nut!"

But now I hear, these holidays,
Upon your fickle lips a new
And loftier term, I fear, of praise:
You say some fellow 's treated you
(Usurping a good uncle's place)
To *Peter Pan*, with grub *ad lib.*,
And call him, to my jealous face,
"A nib!"

"Two guns bagged in one day one hundred and twenty-eight couple; one of them knew the ground thoroughly and the other shot seven-fifths of the total."—*The Asiat.*

The man who knew the ground thoroughly ought to ask the other to explain the 50-odd couple which were never counted in the bag.

"The Rev. Dymally Owen . . . dealt at length on the virtue of Kindness, Theft, Joy, and the various other qualities necessary to build up character."

Carmarthen Weekly Reporter.

This bears out the popular legend about Taffy.

JOKES KEPT FOR A SEASON OF WOE.

I HAPPENED to mention to Dick Hubberstall that I had nowhere to go to at Christmas, whereupon he instantly invited me to spend it with him and his people at Stonecrop Hall. From his eagerness to nail me, coupled with his warning not to expect a very lively party, it was plain that he was counting on me to make them cheerier—and I accepted with some misgivings. Because I neither dance nor sing, and do not know any games or ghost stories. Indeed I had all but decided on wiring an excuse at the last moment, when, as luck would have it, I came across an illustrated catalogue of "up-to-date Christmas jokes and surprises," from which I gathered that, by expending a very few shillings, I might become the life and soul of almost any circle. So, provided with a selection of the latest devices, I went down to Stonecrop on Christmas Eve. That first night, however, I hid my light under a bushel.

I was content to be thought even a little on the dull side, since it would render the surprise I had in store for them all the more effective. When I went up to my room I had so many parcels to do up and address, that it was rather late before I got to bed, but I was down long before anyone else on Christmas morning. It was necessary for my purposes to have an interview with the family butler. In time the entire party were assembled round the breakfast table, and I realised more strongly than before that to rouse such a gathering to irrepressible hilarity would be a triumph indeed!

The hall-door bell clanged, and presently the butler entered with a tray loaded with neatly-tied-up packets. I had instructed him to say that an old gentleman in a fur coat and white beard had just left them with his love and apologies for not coming in, as his reindeer were a trifle fresh that morning.

Whether the fool of a butler funk'd giving this message or forgot it, I don't know, but either way he forfeited the half-quad I'd promised him. I kept as straight a face as I could while the parcels were handed round, the first being opened by Dick's youngest sister, aged five, whose eyes sparkled with delight on discovering a large iced cake, on the top of which "A Happy Yule" was traced in what appeared to be pink sugar. Her mother's decision that it should be reserved for nursery tea being coldly received, I artfully suggested that I should like a slice then and there.

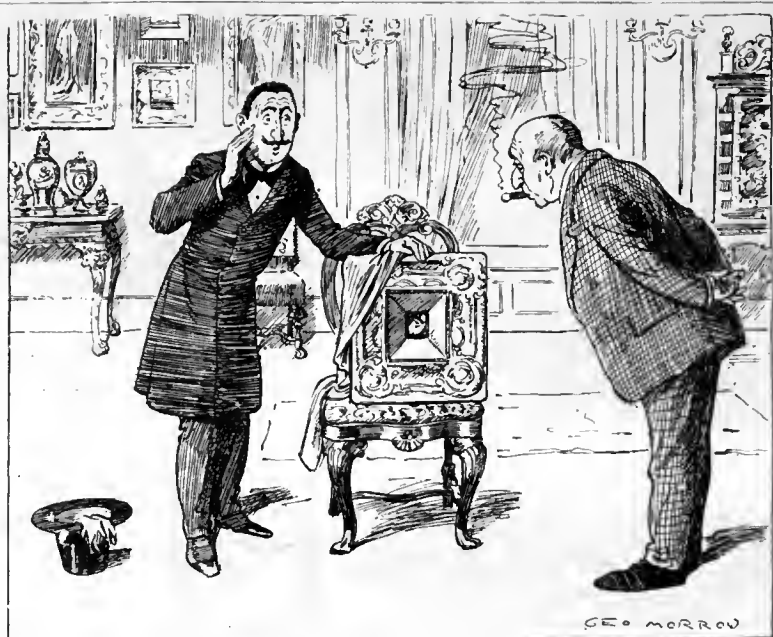
According to the catalogue, the Collapsible Christmas Cake is "an immense joke"—but somehow it fell decidedly flat that morning. I fear little Joan is naturally a greedy child. Dick received a knife, the point of which was that the blade wasn't made to open; his father, the Squire, a most amusing patent cigar-piercer, which pricked your thumb

instead of the cigar. An aged female relative—a great-aunt or something—found that her parcel contained a neat travelling inkstand which shot out a beautifully articulated little skeleton. For Dick's elder sister I had chosen what the catalogue described as "an elegant velvet-covered case, which to all appearances looks like a jewel-case, but, when opened, goes off with a bang, to the great surprise and amusement of the recipient." It did that—but she expressed no amusement. Indeed, she made a rather unnecessary fuss, considering the Season, because it happened to have burnt a hole in her blouse.

So, for that matter, did Dick's elderly Uncle, a retired colonel, who got a match-box about which the catalogue stated that, "when, all unsuspectingly, he presses the knob, he gets his match in the way of a loud report." This came off all right—but where the catalogue went wrong was in predicting that it would be "the source of much laughter." Of course, if people will use inflammable hair-dye, it's their

own look-out, and, after all, he was jolly lucky in only losing half of his moustache!

I give you my word that not a single one of these gifts raised so much as a smile, let alone "roars of laughter." Dick's "kiddy" brother certainly seemed to appreciate his present—a little musical instrument called a "Rooter," "the delight of the boy" (to quote the catalogue once more) "who can scare others with a terrible noise he can make with it." But the poor little fellow wasn't allowed to keep it long! I got so disheartened that, when his elder brother—a precocious young prig in his first half at



Unscrupulous Picture Dealer (in New York). "S-H-H. THIS IS THE LEFT EYE OF LEONARDO'S 'MONNA LISA.' YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS."

Eton—remarked (after turning the handle of the "pocket Mutoscope" allotted to him, and discharging a large and lifelike serpent), "I say, what silly rotter has been giving us all these putrid things?" I would gladly have remained unknown—if they hadn't all guessed. Where I made my mistake was in omitting to include a gift to myself—but one can't think of everything. I could only murmur that it was Christmas-time.

I still had something up my sleeve—a surprise which, if anything could set a Table like that in a roar, could be safely trusted to do so. My hostess, intending to order fresh toast, touched the electric table-bell by her plate, entirely unaware that it was so ingeniously constructed as to drench any person who pressed it with either water or perfume. I had substituted this for the original before breakfast and, wishing to do the thing handsomely, had charged it with scent. As I now know, even the cheapest perfume contains a high percentage of alcohol, which, if absorbed into the eye, may produce irritation. It certainly did on this occasion. I never got my hot toast!

After breakfast there seemed to be so general an impression that I should prefer to have the morning to myself, that, although I should have rather liked accompanying the



Fair Guest. "BUT, IF YOU IGNORE ALL SOCIAL RANK AND PRECEDENCE, HOW DO YOU MANAGE, FOR INSTANCE, IN ARRANGING GUESTS FOR DINNER?" *Prominent Leader of Socialist Community.* "LET THE HUNGRIEST GO IN FIRST."

others to church, I felt it would be bad manners to persist. At least by remaining indoors I gained freer access to the dining-room, and, even assuming that the assortment of realistically modelled rubber insects (six varieties) which I managed to introduce in the horse-radish sauce and lemon barley-water failed to excite the "long loud laughter" guaranteed by the catalogue, I had every reason to hope that the Magic Foot-pad I secreted in the Great-Aunt's chair, a little cushion "which, if pressed, will emit a nerve-racking blood-curdling yell," would strike the true Christmassy note.

I will not refer to what took place at lunch, except by stating that I was distinctly over-sanguine. But even then I would not acknowledge defeat. For the Christmas dinner I had furnished myself with "three funny coloured comical false noses, black, white, and flesh-tinted," which, assumed in rotation between the courses, I trusted would, if not actually promote gaiety, at least provide subjects for conversation. Whether this hope, too, would have been frustrated, I shall never know, because, from Dick's casual mention of a very convenient up-train at 6.37, I found I wasn't expected to stay to dinner. I left coals of fire behind me in the form of a splendidly imitated Yule log, fitted with best selected squibs and crackers, which I deposited in the drawing-room wood-basket. But I never had so much as a line to thank me for it! I'm afraid the Hubberstalls, though worthy and excellent people in their way, lack what I always maintain is the one thing that makes exist'once endurable—a sense of humour.

F. A.

GLADYS'S AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

ETCHINGS and pastels, maxims from the sages,
Lyrics that warm the cockles of my heart,
Are shrined within the album's tinted pages,
All gems of potted art.

"Flo" paints an artificial arum lily
("Gather ye rosebuds" are the words beneath),
And, overleaf, I find—"With love from Willio"—
Sprigs of anæmic health.

"Maud's" "Venus Rising from the Ocean's Vapour"
Is classic in severity of line,
But carping critics hint that carbon paper
Assisted the design.

I know that "Hilda's" sketch, "A Street in Tunis,"
Was started at The Myrtles, Clapham Grove,
And signed within the confines of the municip-
ality of Hove.

"Sid Smith's" long poem, "To a Haunted Mansion,"
And "Amy's" effort, "On a Bunch of Thyme,"
Show signs of their supreme contempt for scansion,
But very often rhyme.

Here, too, a sonnet opens (may I quote it?)—
"When Time shall tinge these raven locks with
snow";
And Time has tinged 'em, Gladys, since I wrote it
Some twenty years ago.

STRAIN OF AL-FRESCO ACTING.

TALK WITH MR. ARTHUR BOUNCER.
(By our Unscrupulous Reporter.)

PURSuing Mr. A. Bouncer to the interior of the charming little theatre where he was passionately rehearsing the astounding sketch which he is about to produce to-day, I asked him where, in his opinion, exuberance told most—on the variety stage or in the *al-fresco* drama.

Without removing the bird-call from his mouth the gifted actor at once replied in a high falsetto on the fourth ledger line, "Here, of course. The variety stage has too long suffered from the banefully repressive influence of the legitimate drama—the theory of reserve force. In the Punch and Judy show, *per contra*, a man must exuberate or he is lost. The open-air audience is the supreme test of a man's vitality and resiliency. An actor in the theatre can muddle through a play without being found out. But there is no room for mediocrity in the Punch and Judy show. Here he has, as it were, to cut his part out of a piece of agate with a glittering diamond. It must be cut as clear and sharp as the Pyramids cut themselves against ALEXANDER'S crimson Egyptian skies."

"I suppose you mean ALEXANDER THE GREAT?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bouncer with a stentorian shriek, "the great actor-manager. But even he, with all his gifts, is not exuberant enough for the rôle of the cosmic villain, Punch. For it is not given to everyone to realize the elemental passion of Punch's world-squeal."

"I suppose it is rather severe on the lungs?"

"Tremendous. I have studied laryngology, so I know what I am talking about. But it is worth the effort. Think of the human voice reinforced by the *timbre* of the cockatoo, the peacock, and the piccolo! 'Eternal passion, eternal pain,' as MATTHEW ARNOLD says."

"Are the audiences more appreciative than the ordinary theatre audience?"

"Rather! You see they don't pay in advance: they pay if and when they feel inclined to. And their payment is monumental in its bulk, being mostly in bronze: *are perennius*, as old HORACE says. And that reminds me what a stand-by HORACE is to the actor! Give me HORACE, a bird-call and Punch's baton and I will face all the buffets of outrageous fortune with equanimity."

"Do you think exuberance is identical with personality?"

"Of course I do. It is sheer lonely personality and individuality that tell most with the *al-fresco* audience. Lonely because the actor is concealed behind the curtain and cannot see the effect that he is making on his audience. He can hear it and sometimes he can feel it."

"I suppose you mean in floral tributes?"

"Yes; but the curtain breaks the force of the impact somewhat. For, mind you, a Punch and Judy audience is more homely than a stiff theatre audience. People bring their refreshments with them—bottled porter, cucumbers, tomatoes and baked potatoes. That is what makes this form of entertainment a microcosm of life. But what is so tremendous in the Punch and Judy show is the fact that the individual performer's personality is always confronted by the personality of the audience. You remember what Mr. BOURCHIER said about it in *The Chronicle* to dear old RAYMOND BLATHWAYT?"

"No, I am afraid I don't."

"Well then, listen to it attentively, for it is one of the most poignant and compelling passages in modern prose. 'It is an awful thing—that giant personality of the audience. A man steps before the footlights with his own poor weak personality, and there before him is this giant, made up of men and women, young and old, rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, and he has to get hold of that personality and dominate and reconcile it with his own. It is no chimera of the imagination, this that I am telling you. It is real, it is true, it is life itself.' That goes to the root of the matter, doesn't it?"

"It does. I wonder how he gets it off his chest like that."

"Personality again. Or rather the clash of two giant personalities—BOURCHIER'S and BLATHWAYT'S—resulting in an epoch-shaking explosion. All the same, Punch and Judy is the greatest thing in drama. It contains all the eternal verities, and you are trying it on the dog all the time."

"ENGLISH TAILORS, under entirely new management and with First Class London butter."—*Adet. in "Het Vaderland."*

Manager (supplying the butter): "You see, Sir, a fine figure like yours *pays* for good tailoring."

The Daily News on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE:—

"If you are lucky, he will give you a nigger song that he has learned from little Megan."

Is "lucky" quite the word?

THE PETALS.

A Memory of Summer.

YOURSELF in bed
(My lovely Drowsy-head)
Your garments lie like petals shed

Upon the floor
Whose carpet is strewn o'er
With little things that late you wore.

For the morrow's wear
I fold them neat and fair
And lay them on the nurs'ry chair;

And round them lie
Airs of the hours that die
With all their stored-up fragraney.

As a flower might
Give out to the cool night
The warmth it drank in day-long light,

So wool and lawn
From your soft skin withdrawn
(Whereon they were assumed at dawn)

Breathe the spent mood,
Lost act and attitude,
Of the small sweetness they endured.

Ere all turn cold
No garment that I hold
But shakes a vision from its fold

Of little feet,
That vainly would be fleet,
Tangled about with meadow-sweet,

And of bent knees
When Betsey, kneeling, sees,
In the parched hedge-row, strawberries.

Such things I see
Folding your clothes, which be
Weeds of the dead day's comedy,

The while I pray
Your part may be away
So simple and so good to play,

And do desire
Your life may still respire
Such sweetness as your cast attire.

"Some of the mottoes and inscriptions need elucidation at times for the benefit of everybody. The initials G. R. and M. R., for instance, might mean many things well as George Rex and Mary Rex, and so on."—*Advocate of India.*

M. R., for instance, might mean Midland Railway, and G. R. might mean George Regina.

"Our readers may remember that *The Spectator* suggested that the Powers should say to King Leopold, &c., &c.

Unfortunately this suggestion, though so plainly made, did not call forth any response in Germany."—*Spectator.*

But don't let's be too hard on Germany. Perhaps it didn't appreciate the true position of *The Spectator*.

TASTING BLOOD.

I APPROACHED the pessimist with the slightly self-conscious air of one who anticipates a greeting effusive, even overwhelming.

The pessimist regarded me with a sombre eye.

"Awfully glad, old chap," I began, "that I was able to give you the straight tip about those 'Rainbow Mines.'"

"Why?" inquired the pessimist.

I shook my head, intending to convey the melancholy experienced by one whose infallible advice has been ignored.

"So you didn't buy any, then?"

"I bought five hundred," returned the pessimist without enthusiasm.

"By Jove! Then you've made a clear thousand! Splendid!" I tried to look as if I were not his benefactor.

"Made a clear thousand?" repeated the pessimist drearily; "what an extraordinary idea! Do you seriously believe that anyone has ever made money without sweating for it?"

"I shan't give you a good tip again," I said, aggrieved.

"Thanks," said the pessimist with some feeling.

"Most people would be glad enough to get a thousand pounds for nothing," I added.

"Get it—yes; but who can? The great charm of unearned money is its elusiveness. It is like a beautiful woman; you can never know that it is really yours—it never is. If you have stolen it the great bony hand of the law reaches out blunderingly, clumsily, yet surely, till it wrests the treasure from you. If you have made it on the Stock Exchange, the race-course or the roulette table, no bank is strong enough to hold it, no army strong enough to guard it."

"Have a cigarette, old man?" I said soothingly.

He ignored me. "Back, back, back it must go to the earth or the turf or the green cloth that conceived it," intoned the pessimist. "No man can ever say that he has made money by gambling; it is not his, it belongs to the great god of Chance who is jealous of his own."

"Look here," I interrupted, "if you put your thousand into Consols it will be yours all right."

"Never," returned the pessimist passionately. "Who can rob me of the knowledge that the money is still the child of chance, inheritor of all that such parentage implies? How can I elude the fact that it is crying aloud to go back to its true environment? What man can resist that cry?"



THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

First Old Lady (in whisper—the commissionaire having with much difficulty procured a taxi). "NOW HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK, MY DEAR?"

Second Old Lady. "OH, MY DEAR! HE'S FAR ABOVE A TIP."

"I know a man," I said, "who made fifty pounds and handed it straight over to his wife."

"Afterwards," said the pessimist with concentrated melancholy, "he persuaded her to put it all into 'a good thing,' and lo! it was gone!"

"Well, that's curious," said I. "I had no idea that you knew the Robinsons."

"I don't," returned the pessimist.

"You guessed?"

The pessimist shrugged his shoulders. "You may call it guessing," he returned with gloomy significance.

"Well then, there's another man," I urged, "who, to my certain knowledge, made fifty thousand in rubber."

"Is he dead?" asked the pessimist with a gleam of interest.

"Of course not."

"No one has ever made money by gambling until he is dead," replied the pessimist drearily, "and then, by

the law of God and man, he has lost it."

His voice sank to a murmur and his sombre contemplative eyes rested on me. "What are you doing with your 'Rainbow' shares?" he asked.

"Oh, I? I've taken my profit, and I'm just looking round for something safe to put it into." I tried to keep out of my voice the sense of triumph and virtue that I experienced.

The pessimist nodded, silent and thoughtful. "Let us walk on together," he said. "Where are you bound?"

"I was going to look in at Cook's office," I said. "My wife and I thought of taking a little trip this winter to Mont—er—to the South of France."

The pessimist's reply, which terminated our conversation, was so utterly inconsequent that it need not be recorded.



Trade Owner. "NOW THEN, WHAT THE — ARE THOSE BEATERS DOIN' HANGIN' BACK ON THE RIGHT? KEEP THE — LINE, CAN'T YOU? WHAT IN THE NAME OF — DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR? NO MORE — USE THAN A LOT OF — HEDGEHOGS!"
Keeper (to beaters). "THE GENERAL SAYS, HURRY UP THERE."

MR. COX.

THERE is a pious name, all unrecorded
 By the biographers of this proud isle,
 A soul whose poignant gifts were not rewarded
 By popular applause or noble style,
 Yet, 'mongst the lords of Science and Invention,
 Oh, more enduring than the basic rocks
 Should be the fame of him I'm proud to mention,
 The unassuming genius, Mr. Cox.

He lived unknown, as far as one can gather;
 We know him only by his labour's fruits;
 Who's Who did not expend a lot of blather
 Upon his wife, his clubs and his pursuits;
 This, to one smaller, might have been depressing.
 Not so to him; alone he chose to live,
 Triumphed alone, and won that tardy blessing
 Which it is now my privilege to give.

We may not learn what patience he expended
 On the life-labours that enrich us now,
 How greatly he contrived, how much amended,
 What pensive weight oppressed that kingly brow.
 Beauty he added to internal sweetness;
 Colour with form he tenderly conjoined;
 And, having wrought the whole to full completeness,
 Probably found the profits were purloined,

For did he win to wealth? I gravely doubt it.
 I trow he had no patent for his wares.
 Those were around who made no bones about it
 But fileed his secret, and the gain was theirs.

They learned his lore; they packed in crates and boxes
 His golden spoil, to swell their ill-won gains;
 One thing alone he had—the name of "Cox's"
 Clung like a label, and to-day remains.

And now, when all old bonds are being broken,
 Sweet Cox, in thee we find a common tie.
 Our systems quarrel; angry words are spoken;
 Mean politics have set the land awry;
 Wealth is at war with envy, church with chapel;
 But this one touch of kinship heals our ranks—
 That every true-born Briton loves an apple,
 And, for his "Cox's Orange," gives thee thanks.

DUM-DUM.

"After killing a foxhound in Hampton Moss, hounds failed to account for a good traveller ousted from Maesfen, and lost at Bickley, with Cholmondeley as his point. Morgan then took hounds to the Wyches, and in that trappy country a ripping fox was pushed out from the Cae Dae cover, which gave hounds plenty to do as he flapped around the surrounding covers before taking a line for Iscoed. Reaching there a desperately hard-fought fight ensued right away to within a mile of Fenn's Bank Station, where hounds snatched him in the backyard of a cottage after a spanking run of some sixty minutes."

In his spare time (when he is not killing foxhounds) the writer should try his hand at a translation of the *Iliad*. It would give more scope for the exercise of his special gift.

"But the particular ball which bowled Woolley very likely pitched just outside his leg stump, and Woolley, thinking that the ball was going to break, pats his legs."—*Evening News*.

If WOOLLEY doesthis every time he thinks the ball is going to break, it is a mannerism of which he would be very well rid.



EXIT ANNUS MIRABILIS.

Main body of the document containing several paragraphs of text. The text is extremely faded and illegible due to the quality of the scan.



SUGGESTED WINTER SPORTS FOR POLITICIANS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE GOES OUT BOB-SLEIGHING (AS HE FACETIOUSLY PUTS IT.)

[Lord ROBERT CECIL, however, so far from being slain by the impact, makes a good recovery.]

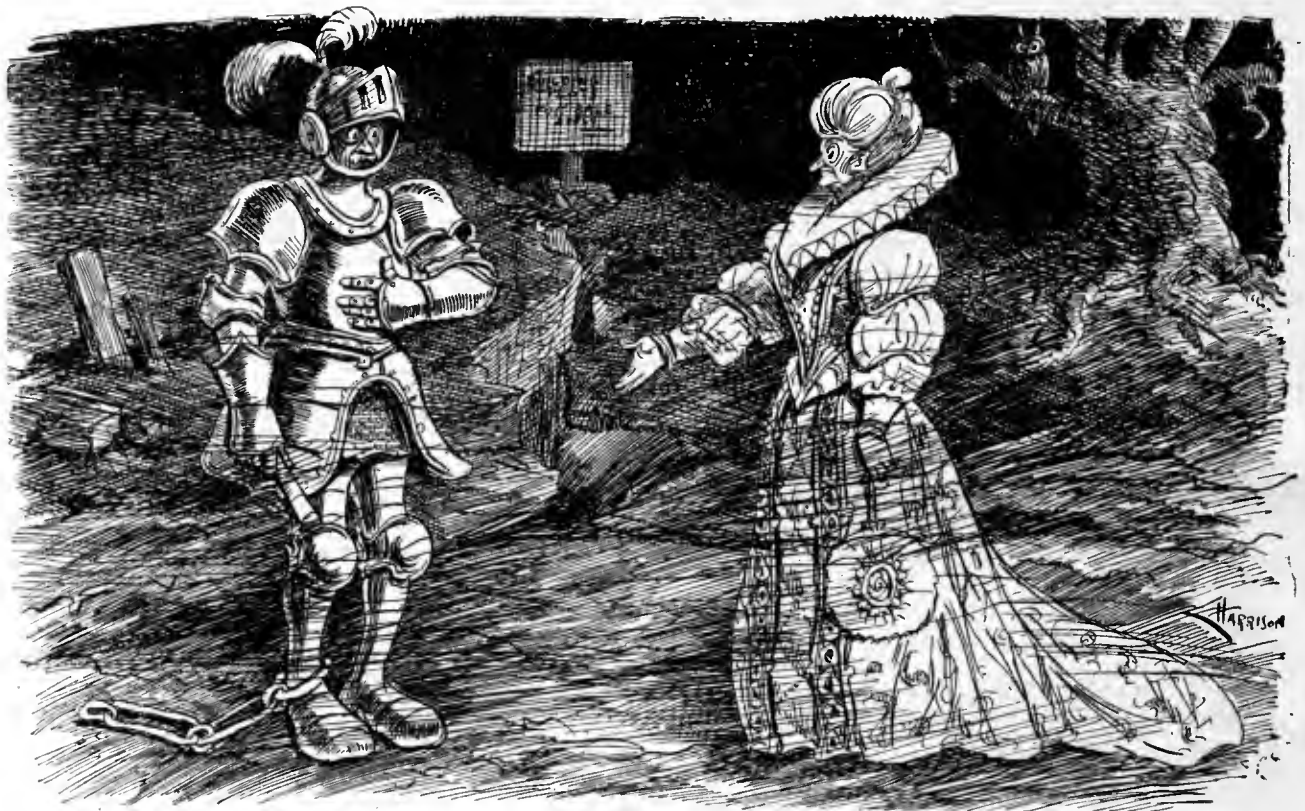
COCK ROBIN.

O ROBIN of my early youth!
 My Christmas-cardy hero,
 The saintliest of birds, in sooth,
 Whose faults were fixed at zero;
 And gentle mate, methought, of "Jenny
 Wren,"—
 I deemed you loved by all good birds
 and men.
 For was not yours the pious bill
 That strove, with leaves, to
 cherish
 Those "Babes" the villains dared
 not kill,
 So left alone to perish?
 How then, I thought, could even a
 rascal sparrow
 Brag he had biffed you with his bow
 and arrow?
 And then your song: how sad a
 thing!
 It set my bosom aching,
 It seemed to have the hopeless ring
 That told a heart nigh breaking;

I always felt there lurked within your
 breast
 Some deathless grief, despite that
 fancy vest.
 Bird of those bygone days and
 books,
 And of my nursery legends,
 Now that my study-window looks
 Close where the meadow-hedge
 ends,
 I watch your tactics, Robert, day by
 day,
 And know the broken heart is *not* your
 "lay."
 I hear you heave the old vocal sigh,
 Then some chap wails an answer;
 Next, it would seem, you send reply
 As wistful as you can, Sir;
 Till suddenly you close in furious
 fight—
 You were just slanging him with all
 your might!
 Or, do I east the morning crumb,
 You're first to thrust your nob in,

And finches, sparrows, all who
 come—
 Beware my saintly robin!
 Those Chippendaly legs may not be
 stout,
 But, my word, Robert, they can barge
 about!
 So when you sit now, as of yore,
 Perched on my garden paling,
 Sad eyed, pathetic, and once more
 Like "Dismal Jimmy," wailing,
 I understand that spadger long ago,
 And why he upped at last and grabbed
 his bow.

"The ascent beyond the Lelck then began
 until a razor-backed rock was reached after
 which one of the steepest descents I have ever
 made was undertaken. Those unskilled in hill
 climbing had resort to the use of hands and
 legs."—*Pioneer*.
 Notice (to expert coming down on his
 head): It's no good—the back of my
 neck is worn out. I shall have to use
 my legs after all.



The Grey Lady. "ODDS BODDICKINS, SIR UGHTRIED, DID NOT YOUR MOATED GRANGE STAND HERE?"

The Spectre Knight. "I Y MY HALIDOM, YES; BUT A MILLIONAIRE'S BOUGHT IT AND SHIPPED IT TO AMERICA."

The Grey Lady. WHY DIDST NOT GO WITH IT?"

The Spectre Knight. "IN' SOOTH, I'M SUCH A BAD SAILOR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If it is excitement you are after, you will find what you want and more also in Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN'S latest, most appropriately entitled *No Limit* (F. V. WHITE). Here are horsewhips, cigars, champagne, poisonous drugs, any amount of racehorses and love, and every modern convenience of melodrama. *Paul Venables* is the musical comedy king, and holds all the money; *Robert* is the incomparable manservant and blackguard, who executes infallibly all the cavesdropping; *Marie O'Malley* is the spotless heroine who undergoes all the misunderstanding, and *Jim Smith* is the disreputable husband, inopportunistly appearing and reluctantly dying, who does most of the drinking. *Marie* has only to appear on the boards of the Ingénue Theatre to take all London by storm; she has only to appear in this book to become at once the victim of all its perverse circumstances and complications, the object of all the naughty machinations of its people. It is true that these last refer to attempted murders, forgeries, abductions, turf swindles, and bogus funerals as "their little games," but that is only their modesty. It is true also that in the earlier stages they "reply affirmatively with a monosyllable" where the ordinary business man would merely have said "Yes," but that is before they have got into their stride. Things are soon speeded up, and the movement, when it begins, continues to the end in a breathless crescendo. What regard one has for this sort of thing must necessarily be sneaking, but few will start reading it and retire before the finish. For me, who saw it through at one sitting, the least that I can say in common fairness is, that it is not so bad.

The Island of Enchantment—so

The thirteen charming tales are named
Which Mr. FORMAN, having framed,
Dispatches (per WARD, LOCK AND Co.).

Old robber knights and modern kings—

We find their doings all displayed—

The fights they fought, the loves they made,
And other fascinating things.

Pure fiction all, but fiction such

As glows with life, so true it seems,

So deftly Mr. FORMAN schemes,

So firm yet delicate his touch.

From an interview in *The Liverpool Daily Post* with an S.P.C.A. official:—

"Besides torturing or terrorising an animal, does it not now become an offence to infuriate it?"

Yes; the Act forbids the infuriation of any animal.

Is not 'animal' a word of wide interpretation under the Act?"

Indeed it is; 'animal' includes any domestic animal, of whatsoever kind or species, not merely quadrupeds, but birds, fishes, or reptiles, which are either 'domestic animals,' or in captivity, or which are by any means hindered from escaping."

In most country houses now you will see a notice in the water-garden: "Please do not infuriate the goldfish."

Answers to Correspondents.

"UNEMPLOYED." It is difficult to advise you in the choice of a *métier*, but we believe that, since the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act, Professors of Neurasthenia have been making a lucrative thing of it.

"GALLANT LITTLE WALES." No; the Welsh Disendowment Bill will not affect Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S salary.



BERNARD PARTRIDGE

In a vast building (so old that its walls were grumbling to pieces) were gathered together a number of persons in the throes of bad temper and dismay. They were typical English men and English women, all as gloomy as deans, whose one bond was that they hated the Insurance Bill; and they were met in the Hall of Discontent (for such it was) to protest against it.

All of them, it must be understood, approved of national insurance, and thought there was nothing better than that provision should be made by the State for the sick and infirm, and that some burden of personal obligation should fall upon the participants in such a scheme, and upon their employers; but all were agreed that nothing could be more inept than the actual scheme which had been devised. Being thus agreed, they had assembled in this famous and much over-worked building in the best of bad tempers and were exchanging their grievances with every variety of animation tinged with fury and disgust.

Here were doctors who saw their time so occupied in attending to the poor at a ruinous rate of pay that they would have no leisure to make both ends meet by securing adequate remuneration from the rich. Here were butlers who had each been for many years with some wealthy family, and, having themselves had every attention during that service whenever they were ill, were wholly unable to see why any servant should be so suspicious of his employer as to wish for any other guarantee against illness or old age than that employer's affluence or good nature. Here were servant-girls whose one thought was the privation that would be caused to them by forfeiting threepence a week when in good health for any benefits that might accrue in the extremely problematical contingency of their being ill. Here were mistresses whose tongues clicked and ached in anticipation of the tedium and weariness of licking two or three stamps a week, and who keenly resented the notion of any State control of their domestic affairs.

Here, too, were Members of Parliament, worn out with the exacting task of supporting the Bill at the beginning, attacking it in the middle, and voting for it at the end; and other Members of Parliament, whose abstinence from voting caused them equal misery. Here were patriots, up in arms against the introduction of an Inquisition made in Germany; Individualists who loathed the idea of being dragooned into the discharge of the common duties of humanity; and Statisticians who had satisfied themselves that the foundations of our national credit were irretrievably undermined by Georgian finance. And here, finally, were stalwart men of England whose arms were suffering from writer's cramp induced by signing petitions against the Bill.

Such were some of the numerous company assembled in the Hall of Discontent, all brought thither by the enormities of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But as a matter of fact, although their objections to the Bill were certainly as stated, these were by no means all. That there was an Insurance Bill at all was, it is true, a great offence; but as all men, save Mr. BENJAMIN SHAW, are illogical animals, there was still an even deeper cause of

complaint in the fact that, since it called itself a National Insurance Bill, it did not complete the programme and insure the nation against everything, and, in particular, against discontent.

"For after all," as one of the more brainy of the company said—probably a member of the staff of *The Daily Mail*, which had gone further than the other enemies of the Bill by collecting money to fight it—"for after all there is sickness of the mind as well as sickness of the body, and why doesn't the CHANCELLOR, if he is so jolly clever and embrace and benevolent, protect us also from that?"

"Exactly," replied another; "if it did that I would support it—as I have always supported the spirit at the back of it."

"Of course," said a third; "what I want is provision against low spirits."

"Depression," said a fourth.

"That tired feeling," said a fifth.

"Want of interest in life," said a sixth.

"Joylessness," said a seventh.

"Pessimism in the pulpit," said an eighth.

"Melancholia from loss of form at golf," said a ninth.

"Grief at the departure of the Russian dancers," said a tenth.

How much longer this dismal chorus would have continued cannot be said, for at that moment the door opened, and through the Hall of Discontent ran a quickening impulse as though sunshine had burst through a bank of clouds. Everyone looked up to see who had brought about this change, and behold there was *Mr. Punch* with his face irradiated by smiles, and beside him his faithful *Toby*, harnessed to a toy waggon which bore a considerable load.

"Good day to you all," said the genial new-comer; "I am here, I fancy, just in time, judging by the remarks I caught as I was entering. So you want," said he, "not less insurance, but more. You can tolerate being looked after when you are ill, only if you are also looked after when you are in the dumps? Well, it is perfectly simple. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE did not put it in his Bill because he left the matter to me. 'I'll see to the sickness of the body,' he said, 'if you, *Mr. Punch*, will see to the sickness of the mind.' And we struck the bargain. He has given you his half, and you don't like it. Now take mine," and so saying he turned to *Toby's* waggon and lifted from it its burden.

"You ask," he went on, "for insurance against melancholy. I have it here in the mass. You can also have it in weekly instalments. It is not free; the deadly threepence again makes his horrid appearance; but it is worth its weight in gold. Allow me, as a sample of the boon, to offer you my

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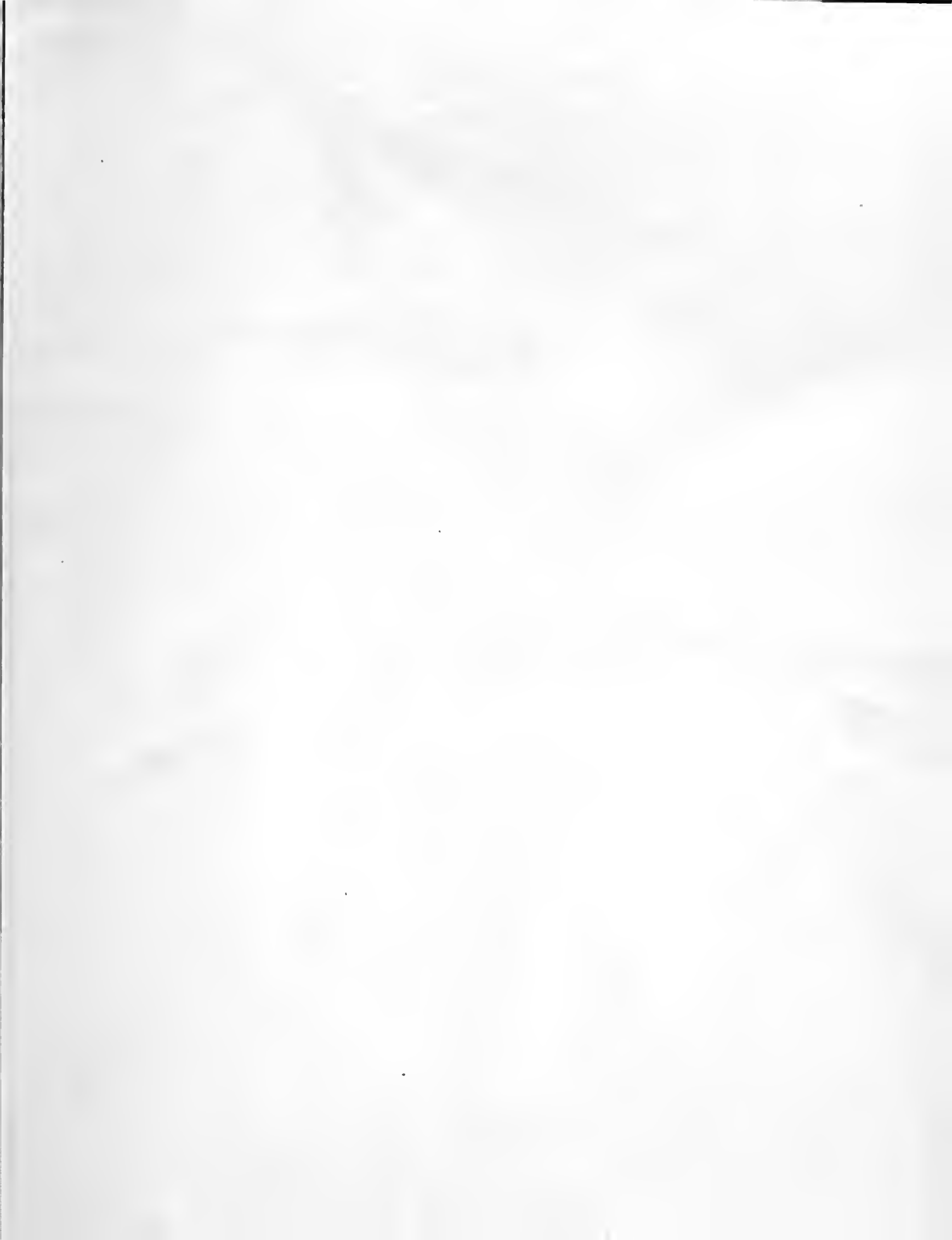
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