



THE GRAND BALLROOM

THE GRAND BALLROOM
TORONTO, CANADA



Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by

THE ESTATE OF THE LATE
JAMES NICHOLSON

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/punchvol144a145lemouoft>





PUNCH

Vol. CXLIV.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1913.

Punch.



Vol. Cxliiv.

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

AP.
101
P8
1913



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



"MARGARET, HAVE YOU SAID YOUR PRAYERS?"

"YES, MUMMY DEAR, BUT——"

"BUT WHAT?"

"PERHAPS I'D BETTER SAY THEM AGAIN, AS THEY DIDN'T SOUND QUITE RIGHT."

"WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN, DEAR?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, BILLY WAS TRYING HIS NEW PEA-SHOOTER ON MY BARE FEET ALL THE TIME."



Uncle. "WELL, BASIL, DID YOU AND MUMMIE COME IN A NICE PUFF-PUFF?"

Basil. "WELL, WE CAME IN A GREAT WESTERN MAIN-LINER. IT HAD A HIGH BOILER, A SHORT FUNNEL, A DOUBLE CONNECTING-ROD AND AN OUTSIDE CYLINDER."



Bank Clerk (to lady who has presented crossed cheque for payment). "I AM SORRY, MADAM, BUT I CANNOT CASH YOU THIS ACROSS THE COUNTER."

Lady. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL COME ROUND."



"HULLO, PAT! WHAT YER GOT THERE?"
"WHAT DOES IT TASTE LIKE?"

"SODA-WATTER THEY DO CALL IT."
"SHURE, IT TASTES LIKE YER FUT WAS ASHLEEP."



THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

OPENING OF THE ROCKERY SEASON IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.



ONE OF THE BOYS.

First Caddie. "WHO'RE YE FOOR THIS MORNINO, ANGUS?"

Second Caddie. "A'M FOOR THE PETTICOATS."

TURNING OVER A NEW CENTURY.



ACT I.
EVE OF THE 100TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT II.
THE 100TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT III.
THE 110TH BIRTHDAY.



ACT IV.
THE 120TH BIRTHDAY.

NATURE AND THE SPORTSMAN.

["It's a gr-r-an' view," said the great golfer, as he stood on the tenth tee.

"It's a gr-r-an' view," replied his opponent, who was 3 down at the turn—"it's a gr-r-an' view whatever, when ye're 3 up!"
Royal and Very Ancient Golf Legends.]



"THERE was a time when meadow, grove and stream"
 (WORDSWORTH) to me meant practically *nil*;
 No "glory" there, no "freshness of a dream,"
 But just a playground; when I took the hill,
 Like to a young gazeka, lithe of limb,
 I had no thoughts too deep for mortal plummet;
 'Twas just for joy of getting (curious whin!)
 Up to the summit.

No Nymph surprised me nutting in the glade;
 No Faun addressed me in the woodland Gree!;
 No sketchy Dryad, peeping from the shade
 Wooed me, all blackberry smears, upon the
 cheek;

As for the primrose (in the river scene),
 Which, rightly viewed, affects our holier feelings,
 For all I cared it might as well have been
 Potato-peelings.

Then dawned the lovely adolescent prime
 When salad sprouts, and young calf-loves occur;
 When Nature, while the new buds burst in rhyme,
 Is worth considering, on account of HER;
 Then, if I noticed, in its saffron dress,
 Beside the same old river's marge, the primrose,
 Forth from my lips, still damp with HER caress,
 A jocund hymn rose.

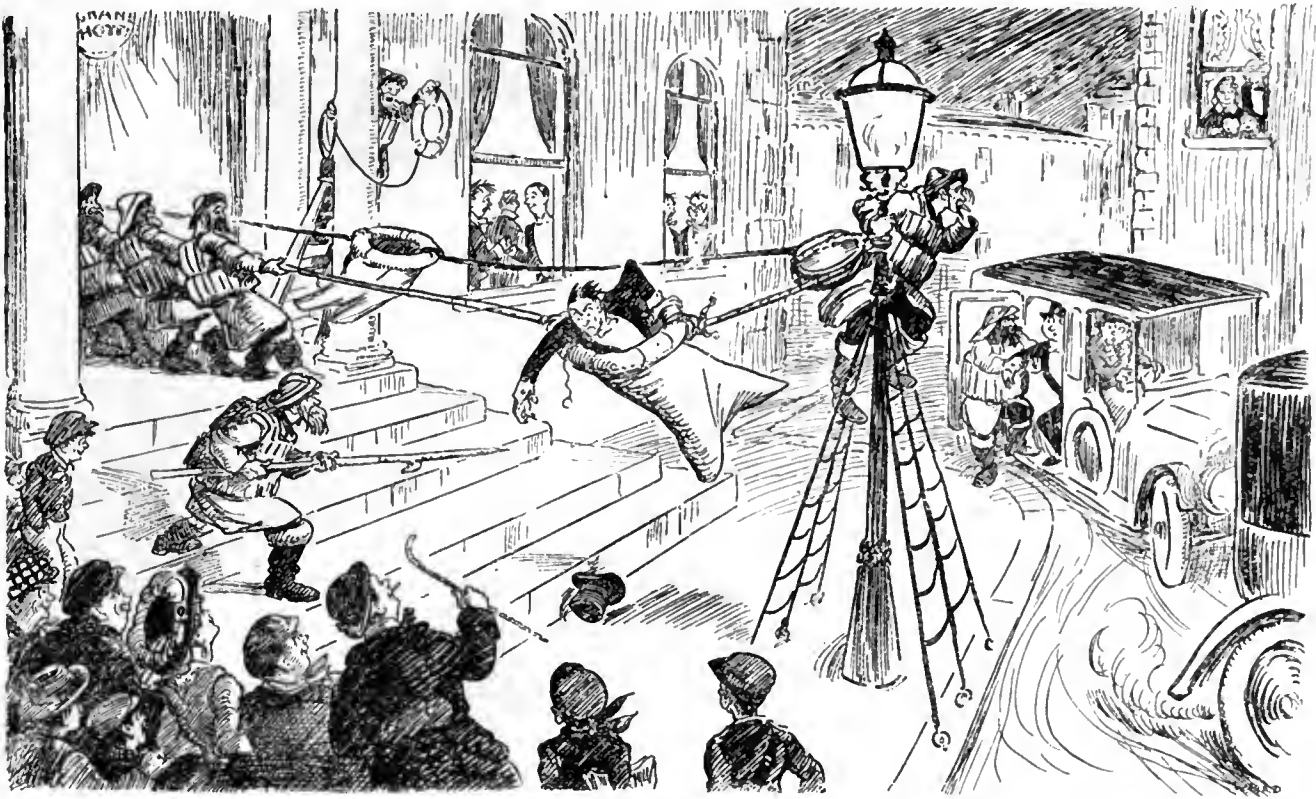
Such periods pass, but leave their print behind.
 "Never," I said, "in all my years to be,
 Never again can I be wholly blind
 To Nature's wish to keep in touch with me."

The waters whispered my affairs; the trees,
 Communing of them, grow almost poetic,
 And so I went on swallowing "fallacies"
 Strangely "pathetic."

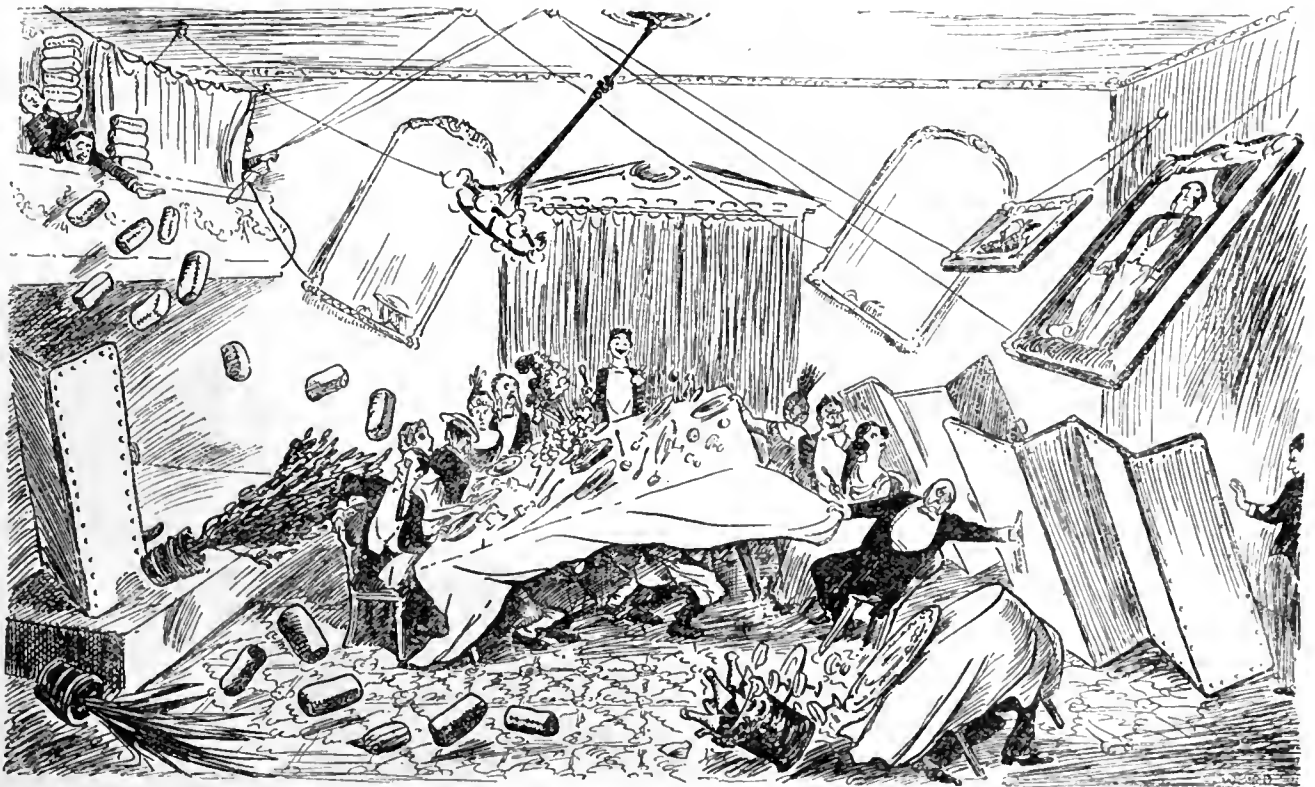
Then came a dreadful change: I took to Spor'.
 I could not look upon that sight most fair—
 High woods where Autumn holds his regal court—
 But I must think: "They'd come well over there!"
 And, though I still regarded Nature's claim,
 The lust to perforate some harmless creature
 Preoccupied me till the thing became
 My leading feature.

Then followed worse. Ah, Scotland! I have known
 Great evenings when the sea-loch's burnished gold,
 Flanked by the hill's shot-velvet, green and roan,
 Has left my bosom absolutely cold;
 And just because, upon the windy brae,
 Through inadvertence, some mere silly trifle—
 Over- (or under-) sight—no deer that day
 Fell to my rifle.

* * * * *
 So mused he, plodding in the gillies' track,
 When "Hist!"—he dropped to earth and, crawling
 prone,
 Got in—drew breath—took steady aim, and—crack!—
 Toppled his beast, ten points and eighteen stone!
 Later—his foot upon the gralloched dead—
 Touching the stalker's arm still bare and gory,
 "Duncan, my friend, have you remarked," he said,
 "Yon sunset's glory?" O. S.

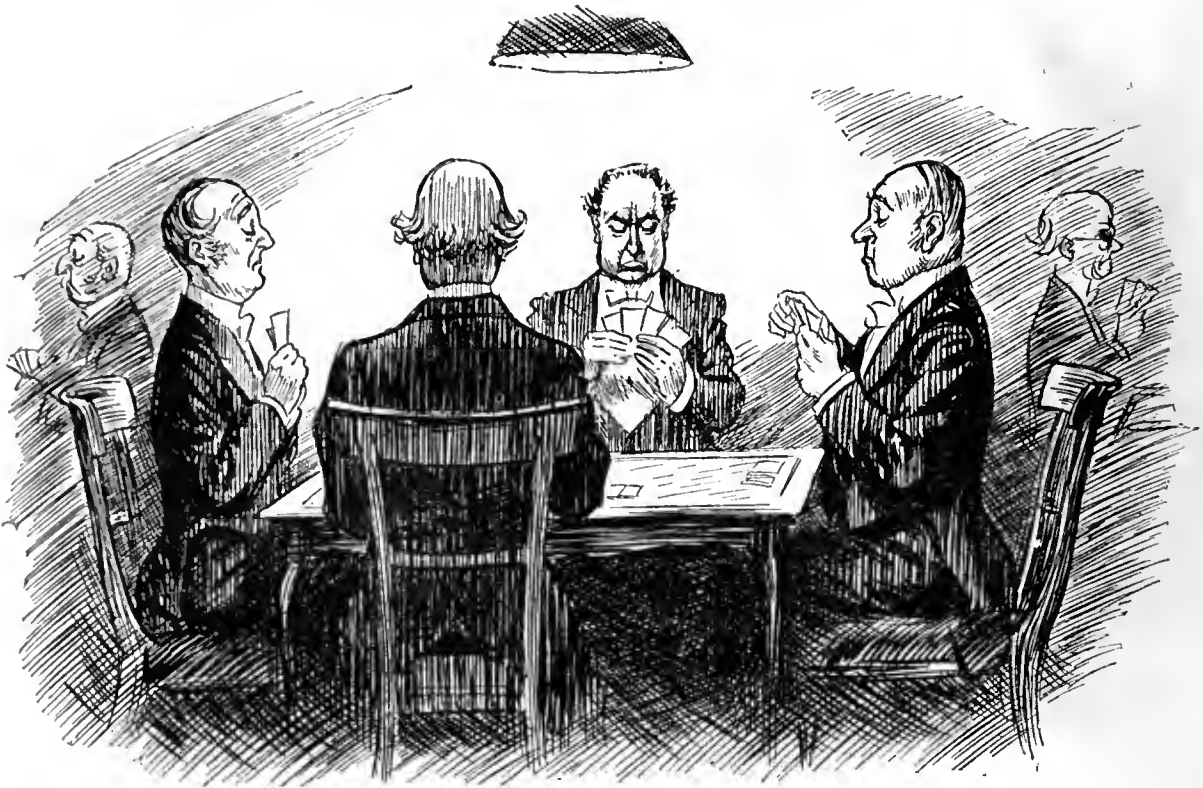


FREAK HOSPITALITY IS STILL EXTREMELY FASHIONABLE. MR. HARRY VANDERJINKS, WHO NEARLY LOST HIS LIFE BY SHIPWRECK A YEAR AGO, YESTERDAY GAVE A BACHELORS' DINNER TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ESCAPE. THE SERVICES OF A LIFE-BOAT CREW WERE REQUISITIONED AND GUESTS WERE ONLY PERMITTED TO ENTER THE RESTAURANT BY MEANS OF THE LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS AND THE BREECHES BUOY.



MR. EUSTACE H. JOY, WHO SOME TIME AGO NEARLY PERISHED IN AN EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO, GAVE AN INTERESTING DINNER LAST WEEK TO CELEBRATE HIS HAPPY ESCAPE. JUST AS THE SOUP WAS SERVED THE HOST GAVE A SIGNAL AND A NUMBER OF CONCEALED ATTENDANTS BEGAN TO PUT INTO MOTION ALL THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF AN EARTHQUAKE. THE GUESTS THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THE NOVELTY OF THE EXPERIENCE.

THE CARD-ROOM AT THE TRUMPERS' CLUB.

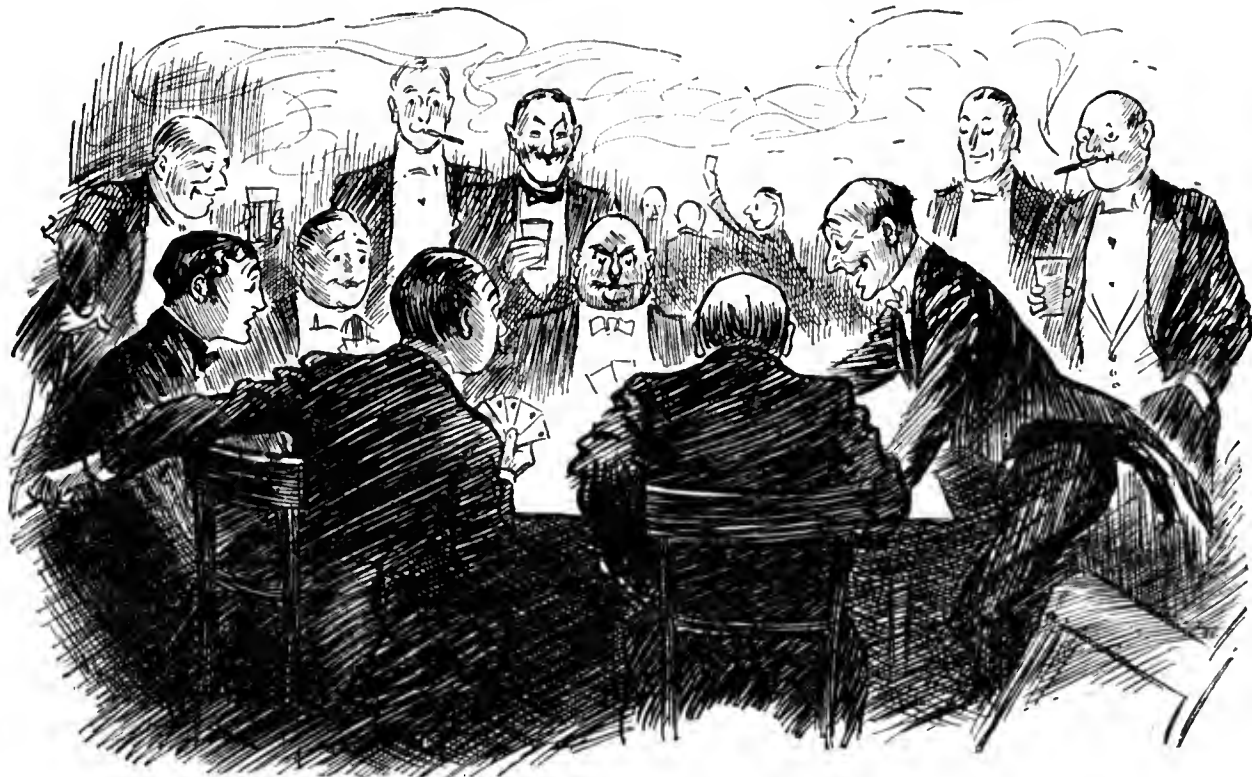


AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF WHIST.



AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF BRIDGE.

THE CARD-ROOM AT THE TRUMPERS' CLUB.



AS IT IS IN THE DAYS OF COON-CAN.



AND AS IT WILL PROBABLY BE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.



Golfer (unsteadied by Christmas luncheon) to Opponent. "SIR, I WISH YOU CLEARLY TO UNDERSTAND THAT I RESENT YOUR UNWARRANT—YOUR INTERFERENCE WITH MY GAME, SIR! TILT THE GREEN ONCE MORE, SIR, AND I CHUCK THE MATCH!"



Caddy (in for caddy competition). "WON MY MATCH AT THE THIRD 'OLE, SIR."
Secretary. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
Caddy. "THE OTHER CHAP WAS TWO UP ON ME, BUT 'E'S FELL INTO THE QUARRY POND AT THE THIRD AN' CAN'T GET OUT."
Secretary. "WHY DIDN'T YOU HELP HIM?"
Caddy. "'E SAID 'E'D GO ON WITH THE MATCH IF I DID."

CHRISTMAS EVE SHOPPING.



Umbrella for Aunt Jess. All too expensive, but wife remembers she wants one. Buy it. Must get something else for Aunt.



Pipe for Uncle George. Not one I'd care to give him. I want some cigars. Get them. Something else for Uncle George.



Little hand-bag for wife's sister Kate. None the right colour. But there's a ducky dressing-case, gold-mounted, which wife says she must have. Wife's sister Kate must wait.



Harold has broken his masher. New one for him. None by favourite maker. I want some golf-balls. May as well have a dozen boxes. Perhaps something else for Harold.



Sweets for god-child. Remember in time she is rather bilious. Wife discovers new foodst. Very good. Order some boxes. Never done to have made god-child ill.

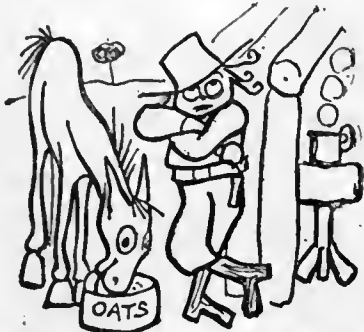


Take well-earned rest. So tiring buying Christmas presents. Suddenly remember haven't bought any. Never mind; make up next year.

A. Wallis 1912

PRIZE COMPETITION FOR A CINEMA PLAY.

(By our Youngest Competitor.)



Broncho Bill is leaning against his hut wrapped in thought—perhaps thinking of home—



little knowing that his young lady, Clara, is hurrying across the Prairie with some eggs for his breakfast from her father's station.



Also, she has been seen by that bad man, Buckjumping Iks, the Terror of Texas.



whose own horse, "Lightning," has been laid up with Rheumatism.



He steals her horse and ties her to a tree,



where she is discovered by Red Scarf, Chief of the dreaded Mizzywigguns.



But something has told Bill that someone is in trouble, so he arrives in the nick of time and lessons Red Scarf.



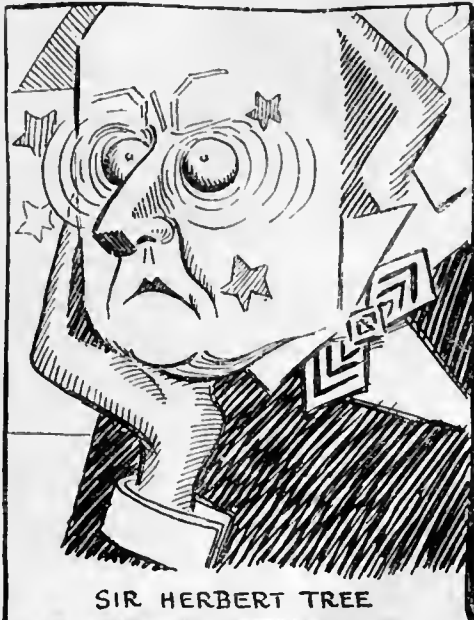
As for Iks, he is arrested for Horse-stealing.



And gets imprisoned for life.



In gaol he shows remorse for what he has done. (Please show remorse of Bill in a big picture.)



SIR HERBERT TREE



SIR ARTHUR PINERO



SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER



MISS GERTIE MILLAR



SIR EDWARD CARSON



MR JOHN REDMOND



MR BERNARD SHAW



LITTLE TICH



MR HALL CAINE

W. K. FASELDER

THE ROMANCE OF ITALY.
(By our Special Peace Artist.)



Guide (at the Forum). "LADIES, AND YOU, SIRS, IF YOU PLEASE; YOU ARE NOW REGARDING ZE MOS' WONDERFUL OBJECT IN ROME!"



Pompeian Guide. "DERE, SAR! DAT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT ROMAN DRINK-BAR."
Exhausted Sightseer. "OH, FOR A MODERN AMERICAN ONE!"

THE ROMANCE OF ITALY.

(By our Special Peace Artist.)



Tourist at Taormina (wearily). "BAEDEKER SAYS THE PLACE IS NOTED FOR THE DRYNESS OF ITS CLIMATE. MY WORTHY GUIDE TELLS ME THAT THIS IS THE FINEST VIEW IN THE WHOLE OF ITALY. THE VOLCANO WON'T ERUPT, AND I COULDN'T SEE IT IF IT DID. BUT, THANK HEAVEN, THERE'S NO GOLF HERE!"



IN CASE THE NATURAL BEAUTIES OF ITALY SHOULD NOT BE ENOUGH FOR YOU, THERE IS ALWAYS HER ART. THUS, NOBODY, ON APPROACHING SORRENTO, HAS ANY OCCASION TO BE DOWNHEARTED.



He (carried away). "SEE THAT?" (No answer) "NOW THEY'VE BOUND 'IM, THEY'LL GAG 'IM"—(No answer)—"SO AS HE CAN'T SHOUT. SEE?"

She (with great difficulty). "THEY OUGHT TO 'AVE SOME OF THIS TOFFEE OF YOURS TO GIVE 'IM."



Randolph (regarding a Christmas present "with love from Grandpa"). "I SAY, LOOK HERE! THIS IS PRETTY PUTRID WHEN YOU'RE KEEN ON MOTORING!"



LE SPECTRE DU TIMBRE.
M. Lloyd Georgevitch
&
Mlle. Saireyannska.



SAHARAZADE.
M. Victor Emmanuelkin.
(Danse arabe.)



M. Schafer
in his latest Creation:
DANSE SYNTHÉTIQUE.

LE PAVILLON D'ERIN.
M.M. Carsoniev & Ivan Redmondski: & Mlle. Ulsteri



EAU BLEUE.
M. Winstonkin
& Wilhelmski.

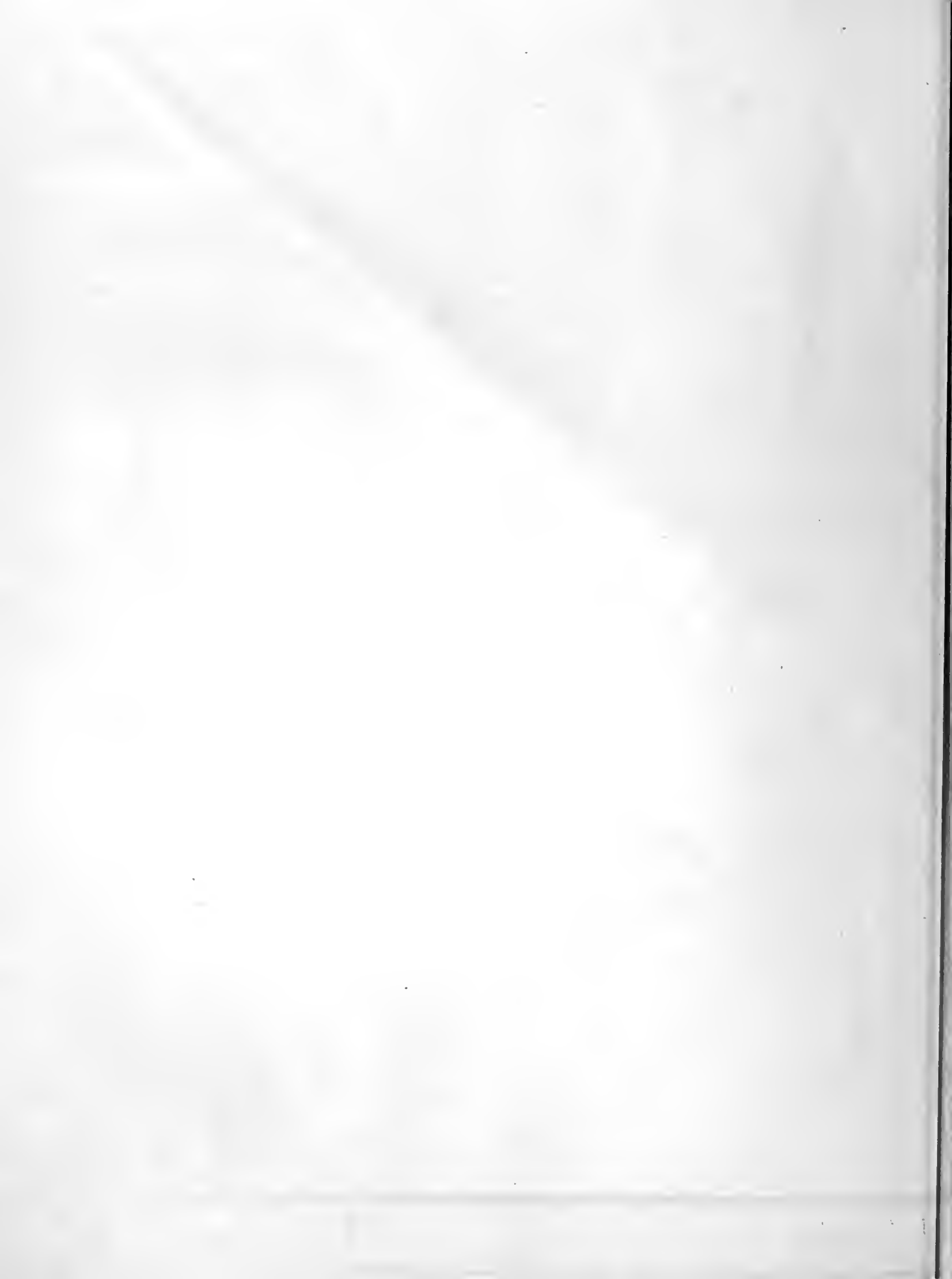
BAR-CANAL.
M. Taftoditch & Mlle. Panama.



SUFFRAGISTES.
M. Asquithoff &
Corps de Ballot.

Bernard Partridge.

ALABAMA





Hall Attendant (surprised into an audible whisper). "JE-HOSH-APHAT!"
Reveller (indignantly). "NOTHING OF THE SORT—CHARLES THE SECOND."



Elderly Spinster (rather deaf). "LISTEN TO THE WAITS; AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL?"
Sarah. "SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THE ORPIN'TONS, MISS."
Elderly Spinster. "I DON'T CARE WHO THE GENTLEMEN ARE; TAKE THEM A SHILLING AND ASK THEM TO COME AGAIN."

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

In view of recent events in the Balkans, a clever statistician forecasts that on the 25th December next, 5,677,210 British Householders will make a reference at their Christmas dinner to the cutting up of Turkey, and of these 5,677,209 will imagine that they are the only persons to whom the idea of this excellent jest has occurred.

We are sorry to notice that there is a certain amount of grumbling among ladies about the newest fashions in dresses. They are complaining that these are uncomfortable, without being indecent.

"I fancy," said the lady, approaching the Professor, "we have met before." The Professor put on his glasses and had a good look at the lady. "Well, you may have, Madam," he said, "but I certainly have not."

The public are cautioned that press notices, when used to advertise books, should sometimes be taken with a grain of salt. "This is one of the most childish productions we have ever come across," remarked a contemporary in its review of a certain novel.

"James Smith, the author, must surely be Master James Smith." The book is now being boomed as follows:—"One of our leading newspapers hails the author of this novel as a Master."

"BUY YOUR RESIDENCE.

LIBERAL ADVANCES

ON SHOP & HOUSE PROPERTY"

says the advertisement of a Building Society. While it is quite true that Liberals are advancing on property of every kind, it seems doubtful policy for the Society in question to draw attention to the fact.

The village wind-band was assembled on Boxing-Day for the final rehearsal before the Grand Concert. "Where be Bill Huggins?" asked the conductor. "E beain't quite the thing, zur," said a colleague. "Why, what's the matter wi' im?" "I doan't rightly know what's the matter, zur, but we reckon as 'e's overblowed issel."

It is well that it should be pointed out that danger lurks in the saying that every mince-pie eaten before the New Year means a year of happiness. As often as not it means a jolly bad quarter of an hour. Indeed last year we heard of a youngster who attempted to make sure that he would become in due course a blithe centenarian. He is with us no longer.

The Pluckiest Act I Never Saw:—A Cabinet Minister kissing a Suffragette under the mistletoe.



"GOT ANY 'BACCA?"

"NOW DON'T YOU WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT ME, MATE."

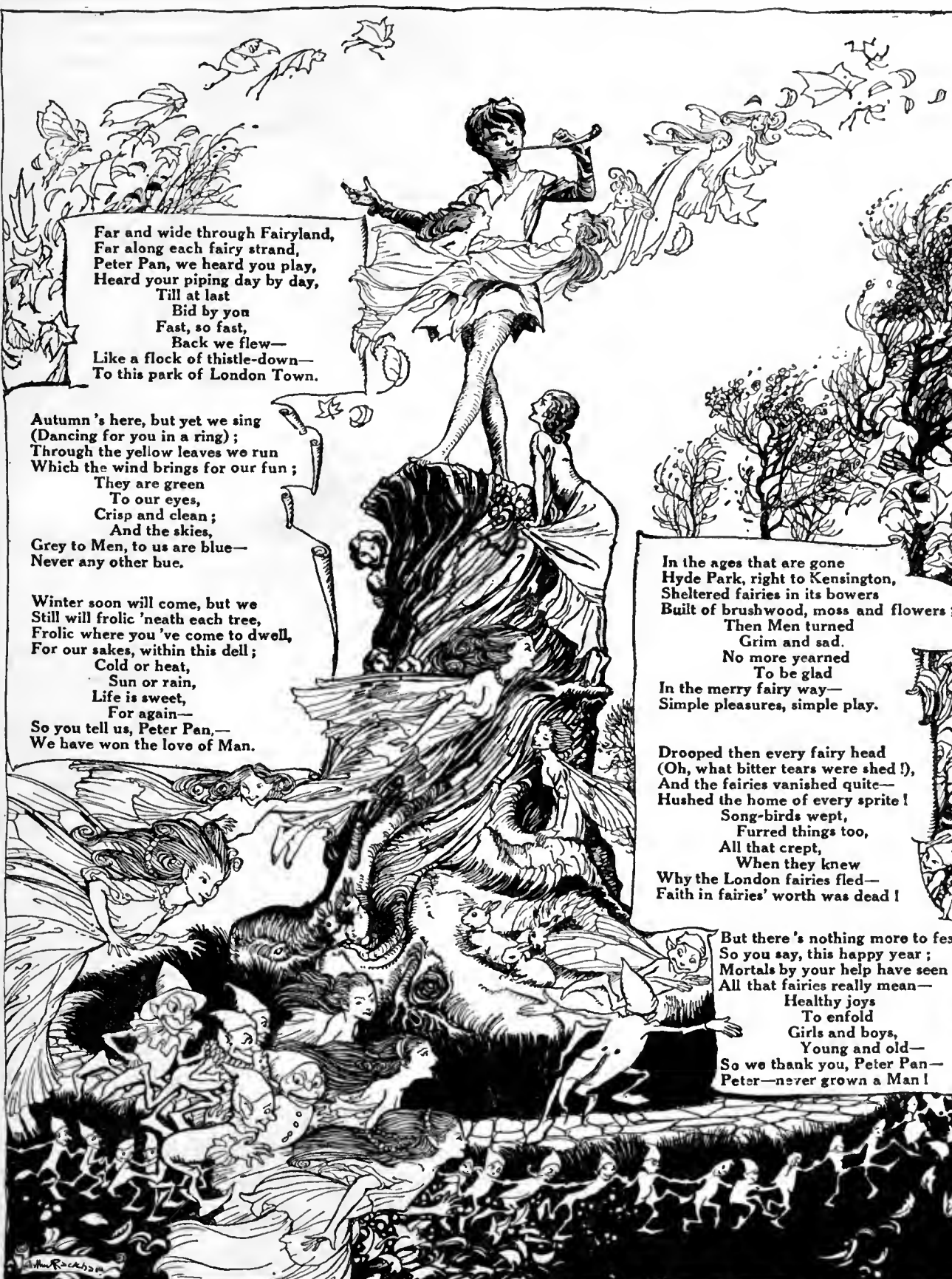
A CHECK IN THE MATING GAME.

A LADIES' man Robert is not,
Such casual manners he's got;
But, though I can show
Several strings to my bow,
I love him the best of the lot.
Last night we sat out at a dance,
Feeling too sentimental to "Lance,"
And I fancy he guessed
I should fall on his breast
The moment he gave me the chance.

So, a snub wouldn't hurt him a bit
(I knew he was pretty hard hit),
And I quickly rehearsed
How I'd fool him at first
And capitulate when I thought fit.
He proposed. I demurely said "No."
He was silent a second or so,
Then sighed (from relief,
It seemed, rather than grief),
And briskly responded "Right-O."

And now I feel horribly small,
My tears are beginning to fall,
For it's evident I
Must eat humble pie
Or never get Robert at all.

Answer to "Smith Junior." — In reply to your enquiry, *jour de l'an* is the French for New Year's Day: *jour de l'âne* is the First of April.

A detailed black and white illustration by Arthur Rackham depicting Peter Pan and the London Fairies. Peter Pan, a young boy with a feather in his cap, stands atop a large, ornate, and somewhat chaotic pile of fabric and objects. He is surrounded by numerous fairies of various sizes and designs, some with large, intricate wings. The scene is set in a lush, fantastical landscape with trees and flying creatures. The overall style is characteristic of early 20th-century children's book illustrations.

Far and wide through Fairyland,
Far along each fairy strand,
Peter Pan, we heard you play,
Heard your piping day by day,
Till at last
Bid by you
Fast, so fast,
Back we flew—
Like a flock of thistle-down—
To this park of London Town.

Autumn's here, but yet we sing
(Dancing for you in a ring);
Through the yellow leaves we run
Which the wind brings for our fun;
They are green
To our eyes,
Crisp and clean;
And the skies,
Grey to Men, to us are blue—
Never any other hue.

Winter soon will come, but we
Still will frolic 'neath each tree,
Frolic where you've come to dwell,
For our sakes, within this dell;
Cold or heat,
Sun or rain,
Life is sweet,
For again—
So you tell us, Peter Pan,—
We have won the love of Man.

In the ages that are gone
Hyde Park, right to Kensington,
Sheltered fairies in its bowers
Built of brushwood, moss and flowers;
Then Men turned
Grim and sad.
No more yearned
To be glad
In the merry fairy way—
Simple pleasures, simple play.

Drooped then every fairy head
(Oh, what bitter tears were shed!),
And the fairies vanished quite—
Hushed the home of every sprite!
Song-birds wept,
Furred things too,
All that crept,
When they knew
Why the London fairies fled—
Faith in fairies' worth was dead!

But there's nothing more to fear,
So you say, this happy year;
Mortals by your help have seen
All that fairies really mean—
Healthy joys
To enfold
Girls and boys,
Young and old—
So we thank you, Peter Pan—
Peter—never grown a Man!

Punch's Almanack for 1913.

[It has been suggested that the vast army of unorganised labour in London streets should be taken over by a General Information Syndicate. Badges and bell-punches would be provided and a small fixed fee of, say, one halfpenny would be levied in all cases.]



"HERE'S THE KERB, SIR."



"THIS IS YOUR HAT, MISTER."



"FOLLOW THESE PEOPLE, SIR, AND YOU WILL GET YOUR TICKET AT THE SMALL WINDOW ON THE LEFT."



"THAT'S WOT YOU SLIPPED ON, SIR, THAT BIT O' BANANA-PEEL."



"IN HERE, MISS."



"SUICIDE? YES, SIR. YOU WANT WATERLOO BRIDGE—NEXT BRIDGE WEST."

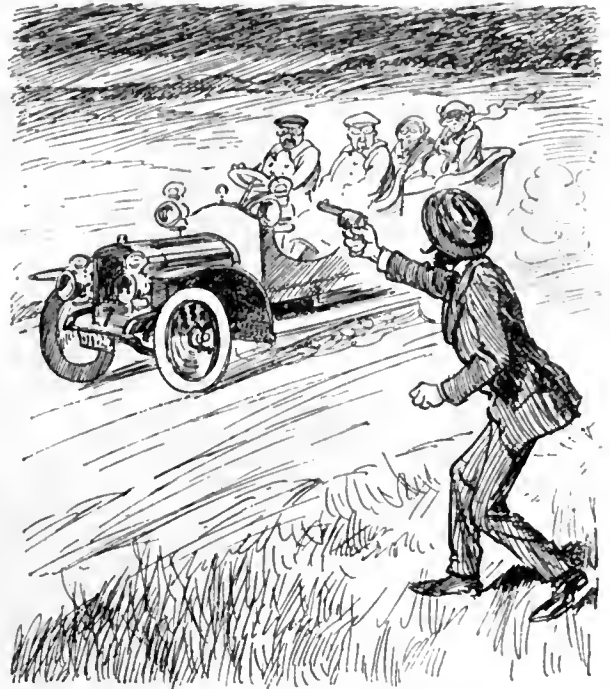
GEO. MORROW

Punch's Almanack for 1913.

[An enterprising magazine recently had a story illustrated by drawings which were fashion-plates in addition to being illustrative of the text. Why not go further and insinuate lucrative advertisements?]



"SHE FLUNG THE RING ON THE GROUND AND TURNED SCORNFULLY FROM HIM." (THE ABOVE DRAWING IS NOT ONLY AN ILLUSTRATION TO OUR GREAT SERIAL STORY, BUT ALSO GIVES A SMART TYPE OF COUNTRY SUIT FOR GOLFING AND OTHER OUTDOOR EXERCISES, FROM MESSRS. SNOOKER, JERNYN STREET, S.W. THE PRETTY AFTERNOON GOWN IS BY VERA OF CONDUIT STREET.)



"AS THE CAR FLEW PAST A DARK FIGURE SPRANG FROM THE HEDGE WITH A LEVELLED REVOLVER." (THE CAR SHOWN IS A SMALL-SIZED 75 H.P. GASPARD—A HANDY, RELIABLE CAR FOR ALL PURPOSES; THE REVOLVER BEING A SEMI-AUTOMATIC SMITH-NORTHERN, PROCURABLE AT 201A, HAYMARKET.)



"'I WILL HAVE THE PAPERS,' HISSED LEROUX." (WE CAN HIGHLY RECOMMEND THE ROLL-TOP DESK SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF OFFICE FURNITURE TO MESSRS. LIFFEY AND LIFFEY, CHEAPSIDE.)



"SHE WAS DISCOVERED UNCONSCIOUS IN THE EARLY MORNING." (THE DELIGHTFUL BIJOU COTTAGE IN THE DISTANCE IS ONE OF THOSE SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE LUSHINGHAM GARDEN CITY CO. PRICE £350 AS IT STANDS. TAKES ONLY 48 HOURS TO BUILD.)

IT befell that a certain Man had three Sons and being come near his End he sent them out into the World to seek their Fortunes

¶ Giving to the Eldest his Horse & Ten Gold Pieces

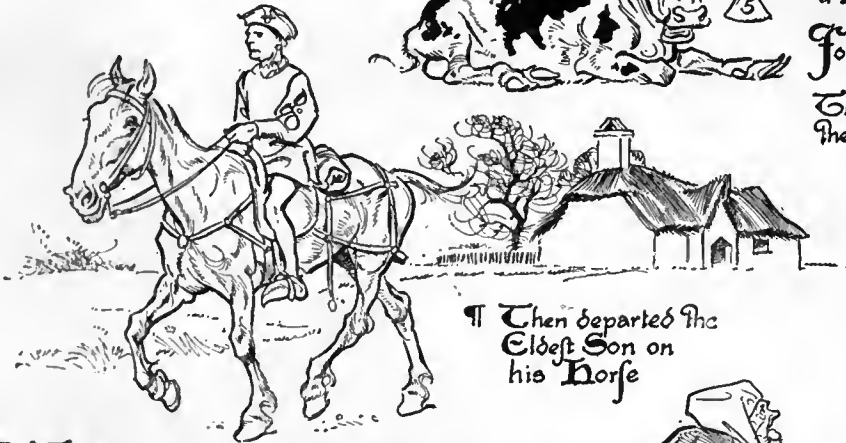


¶ And to the Second his Cow & five Gold Pieces



¶ And to the Third nought but Two Gold Pieces & a Loaf of Bread

For, said he
Ye witt well that the
Third Son & the Fool of
the Family always weddeth
the Princess



¶ Then departed the Eldest Son on his Horse

¶ And within a While he met with an Old Woman who begged of him saying, Prithes give me an Alms But he said Yes, I dont think, for I have need of all that I have. So he passed on

¶ And by keeping a firm Grasp on what he had he laid the Foundations of a successful Business.



¶ Anon the Second Son journeyed forth with his Cow until he also met with the Old Woman who begged of him in like manner saying, At the Least give me to drink a Draught of Milk from your Cow



¶ And he said Right O! That will I
an thou hast the Needful to pay for it
withal. But she had not.
So he too passed on



¶ And he
set up a Dairy
Farm and by strict
attention to Business
and giving nothing
for nothing he soon
amassed a handsome
competence



¶ Turn we now to the Third
Son who fared forth with
his Loaf of Bread and
his Two Pieces of Gold



¶ Came unto him also
the Old Woman saying
Give me to eat of thy Loaf.
I will that, said he, for I wot
well what behoveth a Third
Son & by the same Token
I suppose thou art she that
is to befriend me.



¶ And she said Guesses first Time. That's me. And
he said Catch hold then, and she caught hold and they
ate Crust for Crust till all was eaten



¶ Then she said To show well that
thou trustest me give me what Gold
thou carriest & I will take it & return
anon. And he said Right O. And
she took it & straightway departed.



¶ And he waited for her to
return. And he waited &
still waited but she
returned not again.



¶ So at the End of the Day he
arose and went Home and told
his father of what had befallen,
and his father said Thou Poor
Fool, hast thou not heard of the
Confidence Trick. And he
could do nought more for him.

¶ And the Son departed & was run in
for having no Visible Means of Support



THE TRUTH ABOUT 1913.

[A Prophetic Almanack, Guide and Vade-mecum for the approaching year; including Postal Information, Solar Predictions, Lunar Occultations, Tide Table, Antidotes for Poisons, Notes on Etiquette and a Guide to the Best Times for Sowing and Planting, etc., etc.]

In the past *Mr. Punch* has often wished his readers a Happy New Year, but he has never felt so certain that happiness was within their grasp as to-day, when he presents to them for the first time his Prophetic Almanack, Guide and Vade-mecum for 1913. With the aid of the almanack, his readers

Our prediction of the battle of Agincourt in the Almanack for 1415 created a tremendous sensation. Our actual words were "Mars on the meridian denotes activity in military circles." How fully this was borne out by events which followed is known now to all the world.

"Deaths among legal dignitaries," said the Almanack for 1553, and, alas! it was in that year that His Majesty KING EDWARD VI., the chief law-maker of England, passed away.

The Gunpowder Plot was definitely foretold by the words "Uranus on the eusp of the eleventh house threatens a warm autumn," which shows how seldom the stars can err in their messages.

"Deaths from sickness" sufficiently indicated the Great Plague of London.

Many other prophecies have been fulfilled, such as "Scandal in Religious Circles (1567), "Deaths by Duelling" (1712), and "New Laws Passed" (1844).

Having established his claim to be in the confidence of the stars, *Mr. Punch* now proceeds to give his Prophetic Almanack, Guide and General Vade-mecum. He feels that he cannot make a better beginning than by presenting to the public his specially prepared

I.—POSTAL INFORMATION.

Letters.—For the sum of one penny the Post Office undertakes to convey a letter weighing 4 ozs. or less to any legible address in the British Isles. In these days of telephones and motor-cars, however, 4 oz. letters are but rarely written; at the end of 2 ozs. most of us find that we have said all that we want to say, and we do not grudge the Post-Office the little bit of extra profit. In some cases, of course, this profit is more than a little. It is, for instance, difficult

to send out an invitation of more than 15 drams, or to answer it in more than 1oz. and a quarter. On the same day to



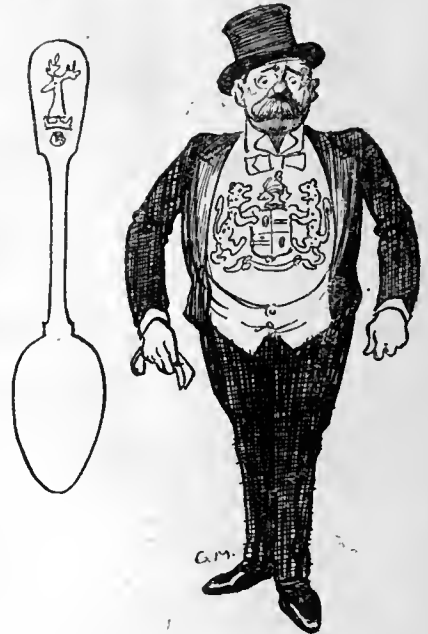
THE SEER.

can face the approaching year calmly; and if, in spite of the warnings of the stars, any catastrophe should come upon them unawares, the Tide Table, the Notes on Etiquette and the Antidotes for Poisons should be sufficient to indicate a way of escape. The Solar Predictions, the Wages Table and the List of our Colonial Possessions are calculated to soothe those most in need of comfort, while the faint-hearted will take new courage when they read the Postal Information and the Table for Estimating Standing Crops. In short, it is *Mr. Punch's* belief that with the Prophetic Almanack and Guide for companion no one need fear anything from the approaching year of grace 1913.

It is just possible, however, that some may say, "On what does *Mr. Punch* rest his claim to foretell the future by the stars?" The question is a fair one. It can best be answered by recalling some of his

ASTROLOGICAL PROPHECIES ALREADY FULFILLED.

The sinking of the *White Ship*, for instance, was clearly foretold in *Mr. Punch's* Almanack for 1120 by the words "Saturn in the ninth in trine with Neptune suggests shipping troubles."



THE GREAT LICENCE ANOMALY.

N.B.: YOU WILL WANT A LICENCE FOR THE SPOON, BUT YOU CAN DECORATE YOUR SHIRT-FRONT FOR NOTHING.

dispatch a dozen invitations of less than an ounce and only to receive one three and a half ounce letter from Sir EDWARD DURNING-LAWRENCE gives one some idea of the prosperity of the General Post-Office.

Post Cards.—These are sold at the following rates: Thin, 1d. each; Stout 1 for 2d., 11 for 6d. To the recipient the adiposity of a post-card is, however, of less importance than the writing upon the side reserved for inland communications.

Dog Licences.—A dog licence may be purchased over the counter of the post-office for 7s. 6d., the size of the dog being immaterial. Though it is illegal to keep a dog without a licence, there is nothing to prevent you keeping a licence without a dog. You have only to gum the document to your front gate and burglars will keep away.

Money by Post.—Money can be sent in an ordinary letter at the ordinary rates, whether in the form of a postal order or in solid cash. If the latter, the Post Office regulations require that it should be well wrapped up, and that the words "Key Only"



"A PENNY STAMP, PLEASE, MISS."

should be written legibly on the front of the envelope.

Stock Exchange Dull.

II.—OUR CHIEF IMPERIAL POSSESSIONS.

| NAME. | HOW OBTAINED. | TITLE OF RULER. |
|-------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| India | Conquest | The Viceroy |
| Barbados | Settlement | The Governor |
| Hammersmith | Annexation | The Mayor |
| Soho | Annexed from Italy | The Macaroni |
| Bayswater | Lease from Nottingham Hill | The Nut |
| Dourneville | Cession from Natives | The Coconut |

Stock Exchange Dull.

III.—WHAT A LANDLORD MAY NOT DO.

The relations between a landlord and his tenant are so important and yet so little understood that our readers will be glad to learn their exact status in the matter. A landlord may not

- (1) Stroll in uninvited, about 8 P.M., and seat himself hungrily in his (or rather your) dining-room.
- (2) Kick you down your (or rather his) front-door steps if you are late with the rent.
- (3) Make disparaging remarks about your—that is, his—or, rather, the herbaceous boarder.

IV.—WHAT A TENANT MAY NOT DO.

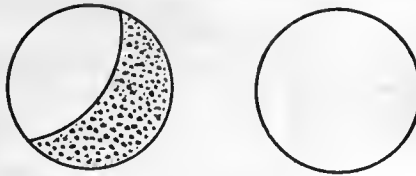
On the other hand, a tenant may not—

- (1) Kick the landlord down the steps when he asks for the rent.
- (2) Sell the house without the landlord's permission.

V.—ECLIPSES DURING 1913.

There will be five eclipses in 1913—three partial eclipses of the Sun and two total eclipses of the Moon. They will, however, all be invisible at Green-

AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.



I. BEFORE USING OUR SAFETY RAZOR. II. AFTER.

wich; unfortunately for the tradespeople of that town, who generally make a large profit out of the rush of visitors to Greenwich when an eclipse



6.M OFF TO SEE THE ECLIPSE AT GREENWICH.

is announced as being visible there. It will be possible, however, to observe them through a smoked glass in certain parts of the Pacific.

Total Eclipse of the Moon, March 22.

This occurs in the first quarter (in advance) of Libra, and the fourth house. It indicates bad weather, and some deaths in Greenwich and elsewhere. The Stock Exchange will be depressed.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, April 6.

This falls in the fifteenth decanate of Scorpio in the second house. (Two houses nightly.) It threatens grave danger of something happening. The Stock Exchange will be distinctly flat.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, August 31.

This transpires in the eleventh cusp of Gemini in the third house on the left. It denotes change, together with a certain amount of stationariness. The Stock Exchange will be horribly dull.

Total Eclipse of the Moon, September 15.

This happens in the node of Cancer sideways. It points to events eventuating, or, in some cases, otherwise. The Stock Exchange will be even more sluggish than usual.

Partial Eclipse of the Sun, September 30.

This falls out in the occultation of Aquarius. It foreshadows the passing of time and indicates the presence of weather. The Stock Exchange will be absolutely torpid.

VI.—MOTTOES FOR THE YEAR.

- A swarm of bees in Jan. Would surprise the average man.
- February fills the dykes With skidding cars and motor-bikes.
- A peek of dust in March doth bring Contentment to a captive king. Well, well; a pint of ale for me—*Quot viri, tot sententiæ.*
- The cuckoo comes in April, Casts a clout in May, Coughs full soon on the first of June And sneezes all the day.

If only *St. Swithin's* is fine, then we Shall have *one* fine day in 1—9—1—3.

Drye *Auguste* and warme doth harvesto noe harme;

Cold *Auguste* and wette is what we shall gette.

Geese have broken down and wept, All their finer nature shocked, At the thought of dying *Sept.* Merging into new-born *Oct.*

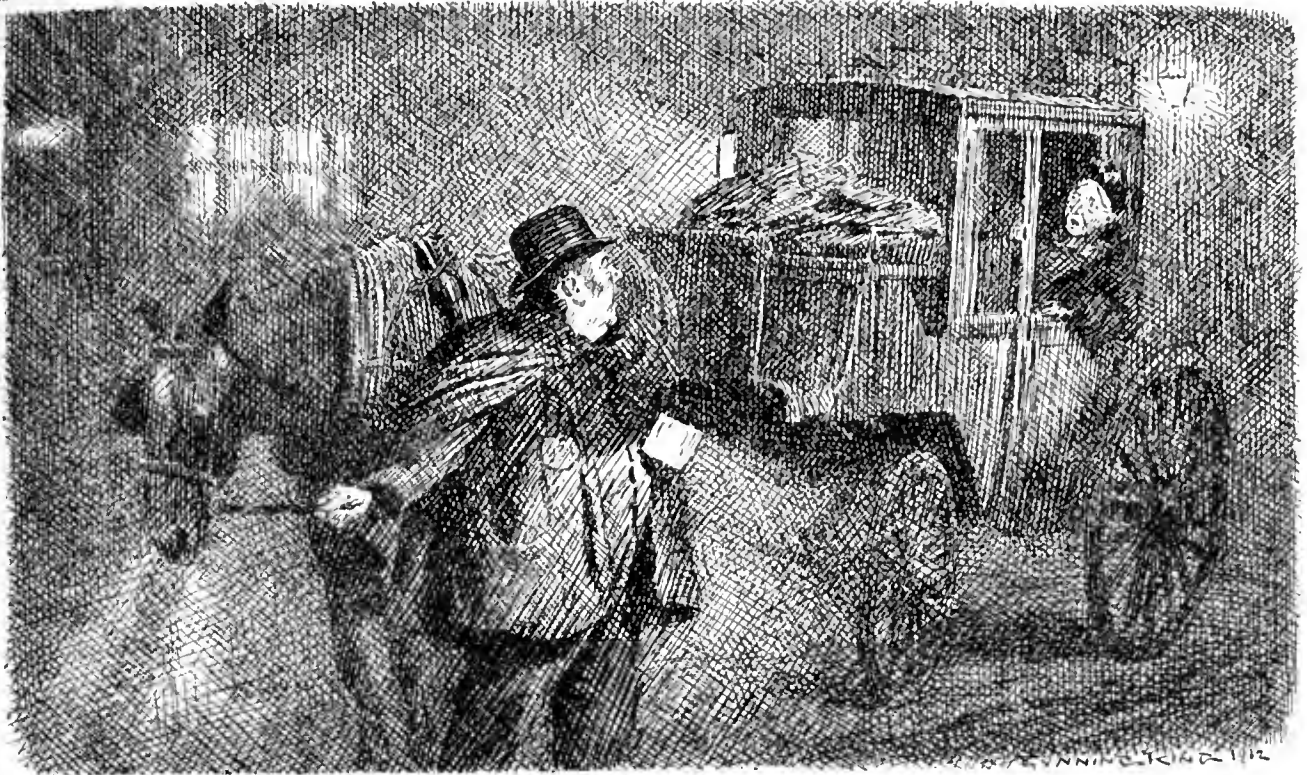
Complain to your Member Of fogs in *November*;



A LANDLORD MAY NOT DISCLAIM ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR REPAIRS.



"MERCURY RISES 6 A.M."



Lady. "I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO TO ONE OF THE HOUSES AND ASK THEM WHERE WE ARE?"
 Cabby. "LOR' BLESS YER, MUM, THEY WON'T KNOW!"

XII.—PALMISTRY.



regular time-tables due to break-downs on the line.

d. Saturdays Only.

Stock Exchange Dull.

Mr. Punch now begs to take leave of his readers. Owing to pressure on space and the occultation of Aries upon Mercury, he has been compelled to withhold information on divers matters; the following being among the sections omitted;—

Table for Estimating Standing Crops.

- What a Horse can do.
- Architecture.
- Etiquette of Mourning.
- How to make a Hundred at Billiards.
- The Influence of the Stars on Modern Thought.
- Growth of the National Debt.
- Twelve Rules for Saving Life at Sea

and

Approximate Table for Endowment Policies per £100 insured.

Nevertheless he is convinced that he has added to the sum of human knowledge, and that he has ensured the happiness of his readers in the

coming year. With a final warning to Vegetarians, the Bald, and Players of

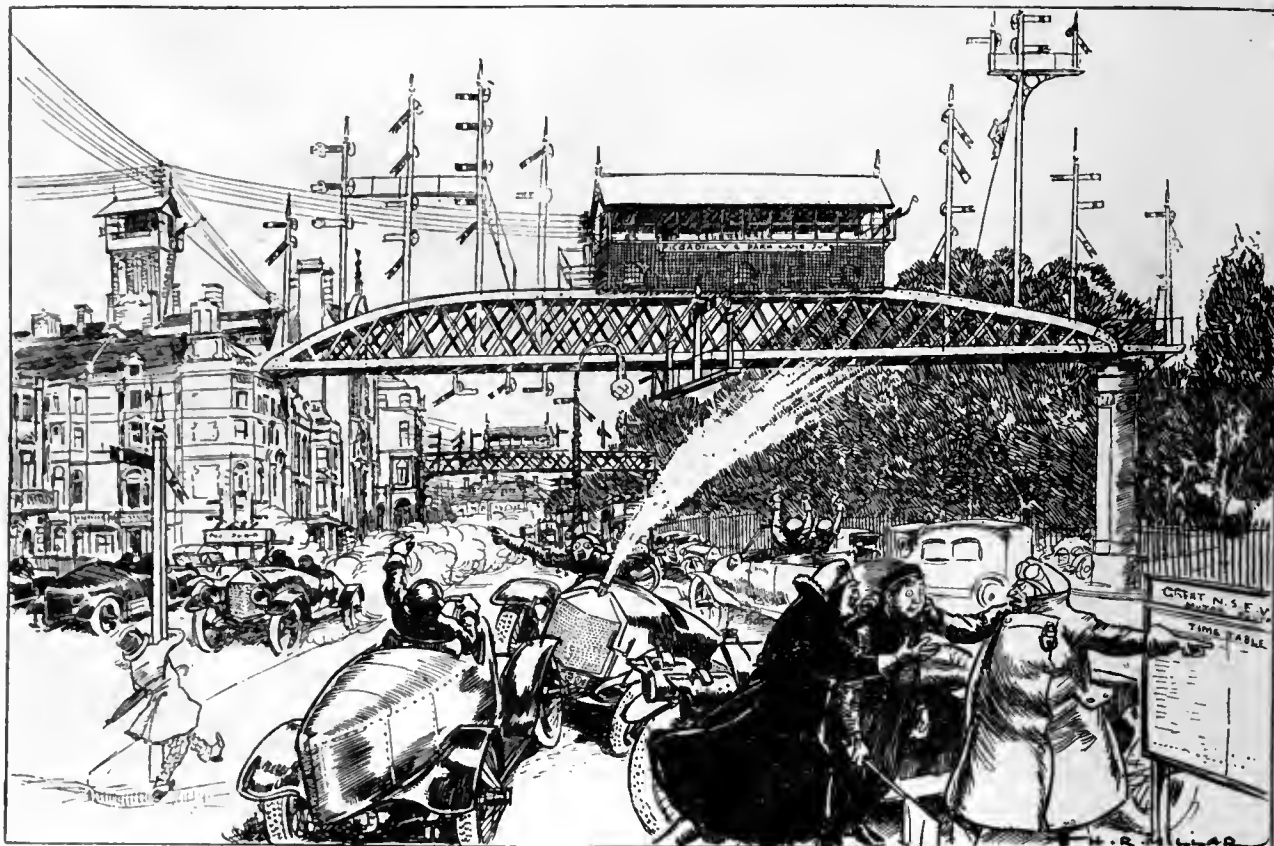


THE RIGHT TIME FOR PLANTING (see SECT. IX.).

Badminton to beware the month of February, the Scer makes his bow. Valet!

A. A. M.

The art of palmistry, to which our ancestors attached considerable importance, is sufficiently explained in the above diagram. The seer is not responsible for any departure from the



A LEADING MOTOR JOURNAL SUGGESTS THAT SOME SYSTEM OF SIGNALLING MIGHT BE ADOPTED AT IMPORTANT POINTS ON OUR MAIN THOROUGHFARES FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF TRAFFIC.

MR. PUNCH OFFERS A FANCY PICTURE OF HYDE PARK CORNER ABOUT THE YEAR 1919.

A CENTENARY OF PROGRESS.

(Trousers were first introduced a hundred years ago.)

A HUNDRED years ago. It is not mine
To sing, as others of my species may,
Of some high beacon that arose to shine
And dazzle future history. Truth to say,
Historical research is not my line,
Nor do I need it. My superior lay
Thrills to no great fight won or great king born—
I sing the year when trousers first were worn.

Small chance, until this great refreshment came,
Had any man. Whate'er his views might be,
The bifurcations on his nether frame
Ended too surely somewhere near the knee.
Whether he had a soul attuned to shame,
Or one from such refinement nobly free,
He must betray, to women and to men,
His utmost self. 'Twas legs or nothing then.

But all was changed. And meagre man could
hide
His spindly weakness from the vulgar's chaff,
While even he who took a buxom pride
In the orb'd turning of a conscious calf
Saw a new comfort not to be denied
In this strange gear; and, having come to laugh,
Remained to don, and won by slow degrees
A nascent modesty with this new ease.

And thus it chanced that, where the spell was cast,
Virtues beyond mere coyness grew apace—
For out of one come many—till at last
A wide urbanity assumed the place
Of the swashbuckling swagger of the past;
The West grew kindlier; and each trousered race,
Full of now worth, looks back, and finds it grow
From that great change, a hundred years ago.

And thou, O nameless One, that didst invent
These gentle togs, to be for future days
A tool of Progress and an instrument
Of Peace, accept our full centennial praise.
Nor does the poet grudge the time he's spent
On this his ode (providing someone pays)
In memory of him who wrought this boon,
Which still endures, and shall not wither soon.

A hundred years. It seems how long to us;
And yet what is it in the cosmic view?
A fleeting penn'orth on an old-world 'bus;
And we ourselves, how paltry and how new!
It would be well to shun vainglorious fuss,
And ponder, while these garments we indue,
How, in the immemorial Eastern clime,
Women have worn them from the birth of Time.

DUM-DUM.

FANCY AND FACT.

(The Dangers of Hunting.)

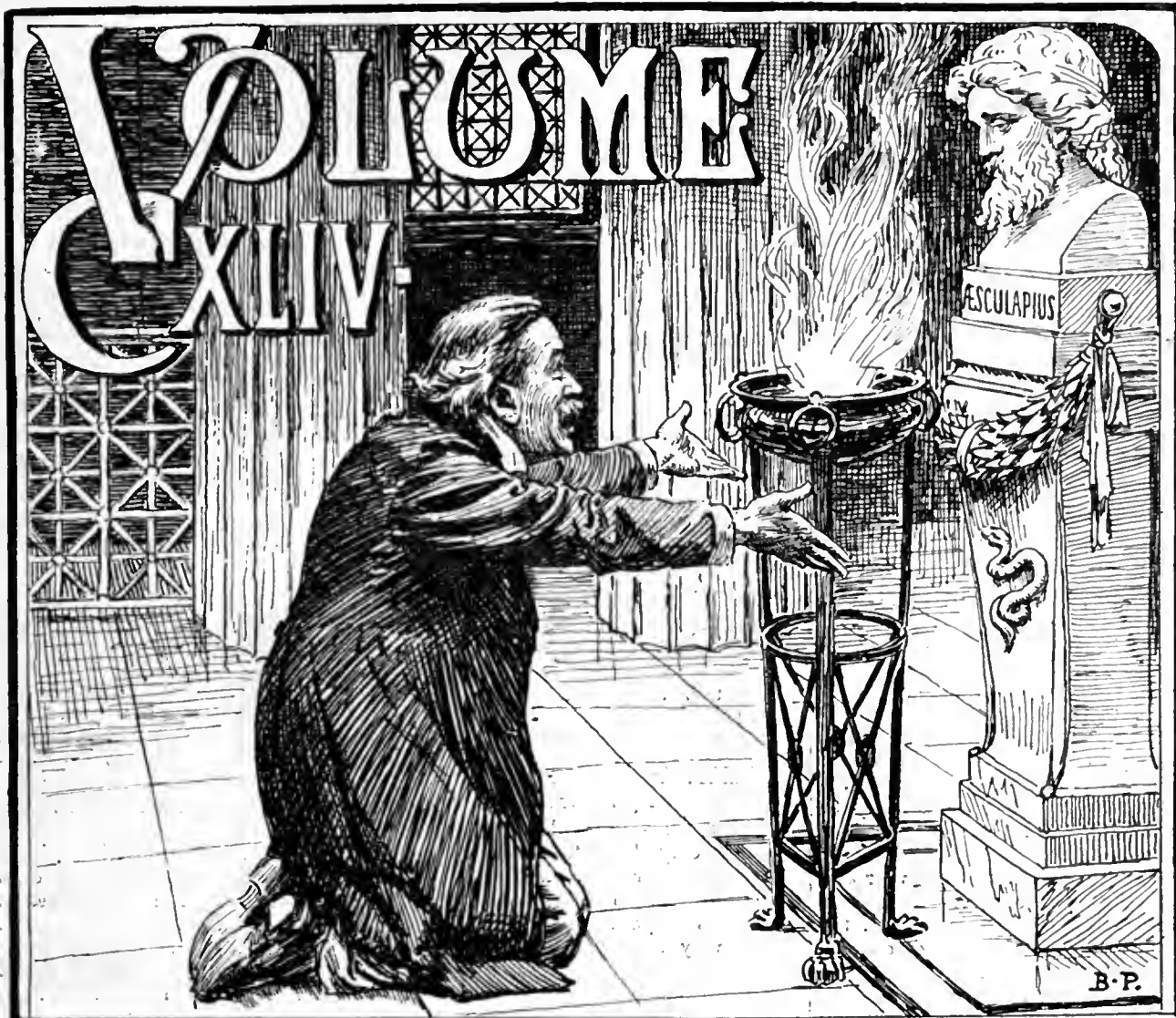


AS GATHERED BY NON-HUNTING WIVES FROM THE AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATION OF SPORTSMEN.



AS MUCH MORE OFTEN OBSERVED.





PAVING STONES FOR —

THIS year I am going to be very circumspect and sensible. I have made up my mind to leave off many old habits. Let us not speak of "good resolutions," because they carry breakage with them; let us call them wise resolves and give them a chance; or we might go even farther and call them hopeless endeavours, and then perhaps much would result, for this is a world of surprises.

My first resolve will be to get in first with the phrase, "A happy New Year." I have never done this yet; it has always been left to me to make the trite rejoinder, "Same to you, and many of them." But this year I will be first.

I will give up being imitative and secondary in other ways, too. I will be more original. I will make a start by taking Yorkshire pudding with mutton.

I will get up earlier.
 I will be punctual for breakfast.
 I will remember that champagne doesn't always agree with me.
 I shall, of course, go on playing golf every day of the year, because I believe that only thus can England maintain her greatness; but I hereby resolve to have more pity on those who do not play it and never talk of the game in their company.

I will read a chapter of some good author every night before going to sleep.

I noticed now and then in 1912 a tendency on the part of my friends to tell me the same story twice or even thrice. This is a serious danger and I must myself be on guard against it. I have therefore bought a little *Where is it?* and have written the names of the best stories in my repertory on the top of each page. This year I mean to

write underneath them the names of all the persons to whom I tell them, and thus I can avoid repetition.

I will weed out and send back all the books I have borrowed. I will send round a note asking for mine.

I will never lend any more books.

I will be stronger. I will withhold tips from waiters, taxi-drivers and so forth who have not been attentive and capable. I will tip only the deserving.

I will make that long-deferred list of the things I want in my bag, and so for ever cease to forget the strop.

I will answer letters the same day.

P.S.—I don't think.

"Messrs. — have discovered a Van de Velde painting in making a valuation for insurance, and have privately disposed of it for nearly £1,000."—*Daily Mirror*.

But oughtn't they to have told the owner about it?

CHARIVARIA.

It was interesting to note that, when the newspapers reappeared on Boxing Day, after their Christmas holiday, the news had also played the game. There was none.

"A CHRISTMAS GARLAND. Woven by Max Beerbohm (2nd Imp)." Thus an advertisement. We don't know who is playing First Imp, but he must be a very clever man.

The rank of Captain having been bestowed on the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, Mr. ASQUITH is now entitled to that appellation. To avoid misconception as to their relative positions, Mr. REDMOND, it is said, intends to insist on being made a Major.

A play by Lady LEVER, entitled *The Insurance Act*, was performed the other night at the North Camberwell Radical Club. From the title we imagine the play to be a comedy.

In the new issue of the Post Office Directory a Birch Rod Maker advertises his abode, and he is said to be annoyed with one of the daily papers for drawing attention to the fact. Crowds of small boys, according to our information, are threatening to surround the house, and police protection may be necessary.

We are sorry to hear that, as a result of over one million persons having visited the Zoo this year, some of the inmates are showing signs of conceit. The Wart Hog is said to have petitioned for a looking-glass.

At Corbeil, France, last week, in the course of a trial, the judge boxed the ears of counsel. This is very seldom done over here, where our judges have other methods of raising "laughter in court."

The Standard published as a supplement the other day:—

"ITALY

Edited by Reginald Harris."

Look out shortly for:—

TURKEY

Edited by the Conference of London.

From New York comes the news that the Copper King has been divorced. These scandals in royal families are becoming too frequent.

"The claims of the married blue-jacket for better treatment," says *The Express*, "are discussed in 'O.I.I.M.S.'"

We trust that sailors' wives, whom we had never suspected of peculiar asperity, will take note of this.

"There are evidences," says Mr. FREDERICK ENOCH, "which show that caterpillars have profound intellects." It seems a pity that they should afterwards be content with a mere butterfly existence.

A scarcity of cows is reported from some parts of the country. It is thought that this may lead to the motor-bus companies once more devoting their attention to the evolution of a satisfactory cow-catcher.

Some individuals at Hanover, who call themselves Terraphages, have pledged themselves to eat nothing but earth. Now that the motor traffic so frequently makes us bite the dust, the accomplishment seems scarcely worth making so much fuss about.

"Alvin Hornberger, who was wanted for passing forged notes, was traced by the marks of his false teeth in an unfinished cheese-sandwich." Guess where this happened. "America?" Right!

CHARACTER-AND-DESTINY CHATS.

By SYBIL.

"ROSEBUD."—Dear little eighteen-year-old City Typist, yours is the sunny nature for which a sunny future seems assured. I have nothing but good news for you. If all be well, you will be very happy. The crystal tells me that at no very distant date your fate seems likely to be linked with that of another, but as to whether that other is the fair, curly-haired young man who travels with you every morning by the Shepherd's Bush Tube, or the dark young man who chatted with you on the top of a motor-bus, Isis is silent. (Would you like me to consult the Black Bowl of Buddha on this point? For this, with the extra psychic force required, I should have to charge £1 10s.)

"PHEBE."—He may be all you think him, or even all you *think* you think him. Go bravely forward. When the clouds roll away from your horizon, the sky will be clear. The lock of hair you send has had a stain applied to it and has been acquainted with a well-known curler, all of which shows you to be of a hopeful, courageous disposition, determined to make the best of things. If there were more such women as you, there would be fewer of other kinds! (My fee for an ordinary reading is £1 1s., not £1.)

"PREVIOUS EXISTENCE."—Yes, certainly I can, after some little concentration and preparation, take you back through *all* your previous incarnations. Tho fee is progressive, starting at £1 1s., and doubling with each previous individuation. (From what I can sense, through your letter and the lock of hair, I should say some of your former existences have been of a thrilling and extraordinary kind!)

"ANXIOUS."—I have looked into your future with special reference to the letter you would be so glad to receive. Yes, I have seen a letter for you, but as the flap of the envelope was towards me, I cannot say what sort of hand the address was written in.

"LORNA."—You are apparently quite justified in all you think of yourself. You seem indeed to have every gift, physical and mental. Use your powers of fascination gently. Do not break hearts and desolate lives. Your handwriting is very characteristic and distinctive (there are two p's in appear), and the lock of hair is of the rarest shade of chestnut. For such a subject as yourself, to whom a singular, perhaps dazzling, destiny seems coming, the crystal and even the Black Bowl of Buddha are scarcely adequate. You had better let me consult the stars. (My fee for this, taking into consideration the strain on the eyes and on the psychic faculties and the risk of taking cold, is £2 2s.)

"AMBITIOUS."—There can be no doubt that you are fitted for something even higher than to be a social leader in the Garden Suburb, Popplewell Green. You wish to know if in the coming time you will realise your ambition and "get into really good society." I have looked into the golden mists of your future, and I have seen faintly adumbrated the form of a woman robed in satin and adorned with gems receiving crowds of well-dressed and evidently high-born guests; but whether that woman is yourself, time alone will show! (All postal orders sent me should be crossed.)

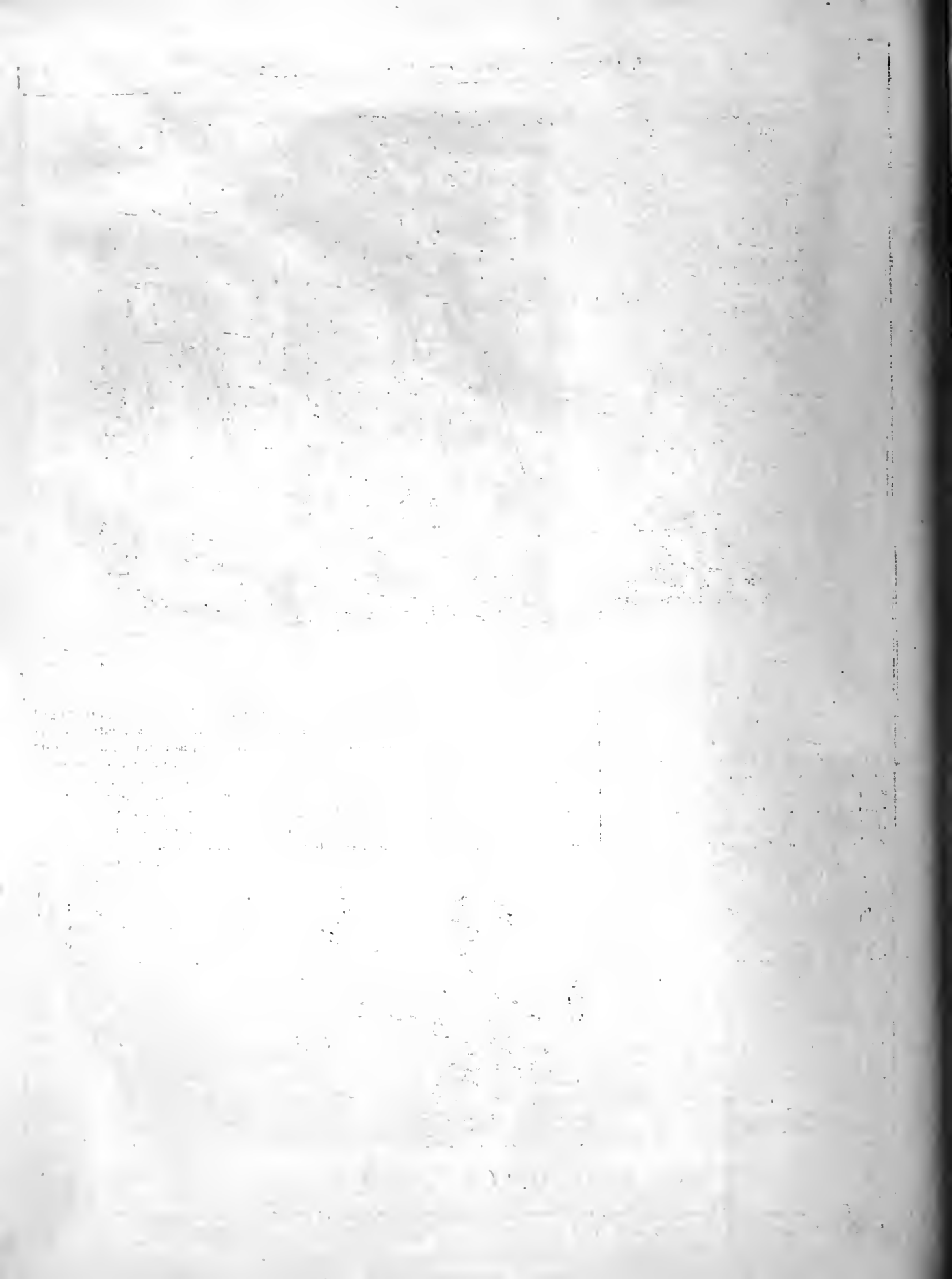
"JUST A LARK."—You say, in your own deplorable phrase, that you were "getting at" me, that all your statements were false, and that the lock of hair sent was cut from a pet dog. Such conduct is beneath contempt. Since receiving this second communication I have again looked into your future. I should be sorry to tell even such a person as you what I have seen.

"INQUISITIVE."—No, I know nothing of the methods of Rooti-Tooti-Lal, the Indian mystic, whose Psychic Parlour in Edgware Road was closed by the police.



BY FAVOUR OF THE ENEMY.

CAPTAIN ASQUITH (observing from battlements a difference of opinion in the ranks of the besieging army).
"GOOD! IF THIS GOES ON WE OUGHT TO HAVE A CHANCE OF RE-VICTUALLING."



CLARIFYING COMMENTS.

By TIBERIUS MUDD.

I MUST offer my heartiest congratulations to *The Skittish Weekly* on its 2,000th number. The proprietors of this admirable journal have always been true to the main aim they set before themselves at the outset—to combine spirituality with “snap,” the higher criticism with the personal note. Amongst those who at one time or another have enriched its pages by their contributions are Lord Soper, Sir Jenery Bunn, Sir Gulliver Stodge, the Rev. Dr. Inigo Slobb, the Countess Schunck, Mrs. Chillingham Cattley, and Professor Folsom Ould, whose “one minute sermonettes” have been such an alluring item in *The Skittish Weekly* for the last few years. I rejoice to think that the unimpaired vitality of this splendid periodical will be manifested in a number of new and unprecedented features during the forthcoming year, notably comic obituary notices of authors who are still alive; accounts of the wardrobes of Dr. JOHNSON, COLERIDGE, KEATS, G. B. SHAW and JOHN GALSWORTHY; and a series of autobiographical sketches under the attractive caption, “How I got my Peerage.”

Great interest is excited by the announcement of the impending publication of a new religious weekly paper to be called *Balm*. The new venture, which will be published by the Dinwiddies, will cater not only for the spiritual but the literary needs of members of the Free Churches and will be edited by the Rev. Chadwick Bandman, pastor of Zion Church, Stoke-under-Ham. Mr. Bandman, who was recently presented with a roller-top desk and a complete canteen of cutlery and silver by his congregation on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Hephzibah Muxloe, daughter of Dr. Minsey Muxloe, is a richly persuasive preacher. Not long ago, while attending Zion Church, I saw the wife of a Cabinet Minister in a front pew, wearing the most beautiful furs, and irreproachably gowned in other respects.

I have been considerably impressed by the brilliancy of recent issues of *The Bludgeon*. For some time past one felt that literature was suffering from the unduly lax and conciliatory tone adopted by our leading journals in their literary criticisms. This tendency has found an admirable corrective in the splendid articles of the editor, Mr. Ixie Dipsett, who now intends to add a new feature to his paper under the arresting title of “The Gibbet,” where “the



Lady (to Messrs. Cook's official). “I HAVE NOTHING TO DECLARE. WHAT SHALL I SAY?”
Official. “SAY, MADAM, THAT YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DECLARE.”
Lady. “YES; BUT SUPPOSE THEY FIND SOMETHING?”

worst book of the week” will be faithfully dealt with. I understand that the staff of the paper has recently been reinforced by the accession of that trenchant young publicist, Mr. Underwood Cutts, whom I recently had the pleasure of meeting at the hospitable board of my old friend, Dr. Doyle Springett. Mr. Cutts's novel, *Lethal Love*, published by the Dodders, is certainly a very startling work. I hear that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER read it through at a sitting on a recent week-end visit to Criccieth.

The weekly prize of 5s., or a copy of the Rev. Offley Bolsover's *Soul Food*, for the best paragraph contributed to this column, has been awarded to the author of the communication relating to *Balm*. For the ensuing week the prize will be awarded to the writer of the ten best rhymes on the model of the head-lines in a recent number of *The Pall Mall Gazette*: “Can you name a

Kitten? By Wilfred Whitten.” As examples for the use of competitors I give “The Outrage in Delhi. By MARIE CORELLI”; “Chatter about Jane Porter. By C. K. SHORTER”; and “Are Dissenters Fickle? By Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL.”

I cannot better close this week's Comments than by printing a letter handed on to me by the Editor.

TIBERIUS MUDD.

DEAR SIR,—It is with the most unfeigned delight that I see we are going to have a serial by Tiberius Mudd, entitled “The Cure of Souls.” If there is an author whose works I admire it is he. They are so clean, soul-shaking and winsome.

Yours faithfully, X. Y. Z.

What to do with our Bishops.
 “Bishop of St. John is Concentrated.”
Manitoba Free Press.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VI.—THE COLLECTOR.

WHEN Peter Plimsoll, the Glue King, died, his parting advice to his sons to stick to the business was followed only by John, the elder. Adrian, the younger, had a soul above adhesion. He disposed of his share in the concern and settled down to follow the life of a gentleman of taste and culture and (more particularly) patron of the arts. He began in a modest way by collecting ink-pots. His range at first was catholic, and it was not until he had acquired a hundred and forty-seven ink-pots of various designs that he decided to make a speciality of historic ones. This decision was hastened by the discovery that one of QUEEN ELIZABETH's inkstands—supposed (by the owner) to be the identical one with whose aid she wrote her last letter to RALEIGH—was about to be put on the market. At some expense Adrian obtained an introduction, through a third party, to the owner; at more expense the owner obtained, through the same gentleman, an introduction to Adrian; and in less than a month the great Elizabeth Ink-pot was safely established in Adrian's house. It was the beginning of the "Plimsoll Collection."

This was twenty years ago. Let us to-day take a walk through the galleries of Mr. Adrian Plimsoll's charming residence, which, as the world knows, overlooks the park. Any friend of mine is always welcome at Number Fifteen. We will start with the North Gallery; I fear that I shall only have time to point out a few of the choicest gems.

This is a Pontesiori sword of the thirteenth century—the only example of the master's art without any notches.

On the left is a Capricci comfit-box. If you have never heard of Capricci, you oughtn't to come to a house like this.

Here we have before us the historic de Montigny topaz. Ask your little boy to tell you about it.

In the East Gallery, of course, the chief treasure is the Santo di Santo amulet, described so minutely in his *Vindicie Veritatis* by John of Flanders. The original MS. of this book is in the South Gallery. You must glance at it when we get there. It will save you the trouble of ordering a copy from your library; they would be sure to keep you waiting. . . .

With some such words as these I lead my friends round Number Fifteen. The many treasures in the private parts of the house I may not show, of course; the bathroom, for instance, in which hangs the finest collection of portraits of philatelists that Europe can boast.

You must spend a night with Adrian to be admitted to their company; and, as one of the elect, I can assure you that nothing can be more stimulating on a winter's morning than to catch the eye of Frisby Dranger, F.Ph.S., behind the taps as your head first emerges from the icy waters.

* * * * *
Adrian Plimsoll sat at breakfast, sipping his hot water and crumbling a dry biscuit. A light was in his eye, a flush upon his pallid countenance. He had just heard from a trusty agent that the Scutori breast-plate had been seen in Devonshire. His car was ready to take him to the station.

But alas! a disappointment awaited him. On close examination the breast-plate turned out to be a common Risoldo of inferior working. Adrian left the house in disgust and started on his seven-mile walk back to the station. To complete his misery a sudden storm came on. Cursing alternately his agent and Risoldo, he made his way to a cottage and asked for shelter.

An old woman greeted him civilly and bade him come in.

"If I may just wait till the storm is over," said Adrian, and he sat down in her parlour and looked appraisingly (as was his habit) round the room. The grandfather clock in the corner was genuine, but he was beyond grandfather clocks. There was nothing else of any value: three china dogs and some odd trinkets on the chimney-piece; a print or two—

Stay! What was that behind the youngest dog?

"May I look at that old bracelet?" he asked, his voice trembling a little; and without waiting for permission he walked over and took up the circle of tarnished metal in his hands. As he examined it his colour came and went, his heart seemed to stop beating. With a tremendous effort he composed himself and returned to his chair.

It was the Emperor's Bracelet!

Of course you know the history of this most famous of all bracelets. Made by SPURIUS QUINTUS of Rome in 47 B.C., it was given by CÆSAR to CLEOPATRA, who tried without success to dissolve it in vinegar. Returning to Rome by way of ANTONY, it was worn at a minor conflagration by NERO, after which it was lost sight of for many centuries. It was eventually heard of during the reign of CANUTE (or KNUT, as his admirers called him); and JOHN is known to have lost it in the Wash, whence it was recovered a century afterwards. It must have travelled thence to France, for it was seen once in the possession of LOUIS XI.; and from there to Spain, for PHILIP THE HANDSOME

presented it to JOANNA on her wedding day. COLUMBUS took it to America, but fortunately brought it back again; PETER THE GREAT threw it at an indifferent musician; on one of its later visits to England POPE wrote a couplet to it. And the most astonishing thing in its whole history was that now for more than a hundred years it had vanished completely. To turn up again in a little Devonshire cottage! Verily truth is stranger than fiction.

"That's rather a curious bracelet of yours," said Adrian casually. "My—er—wife has one just like it which she asked me to match. Is it an old friend, or would you care to sell it?"

"My mother gave it me," said the old woman, "and she had it from hers. I don't know no further than that. I didn't mean to sell it, but—"

"Quite right," said Adrian, "and, after all, I can easily get another."

"But I won't say a bit of money wouldn't be useful. What would you think a fair price, Sir? Five shillings?"

Adrian's heart jumped. To get the Emperor's bracelet for five shillings!

But the spirit of the collector rose up strong within him. He laughed kindly.

"My good woman," he said, "they turn out bracelets like that in Birmingham at two shillings apiece. And quite new. I'll give you tenpence."

"Make it one-and-sixpence," she pleaded. "Times are hard."

Adrian reflected. He was not, strictly speaking, impoverished. He could afford one-and-sixpence.

"One-and-tuppence," he said.

"No, no, one-and-sixpence," she repeated obstinately.

Adrian reflected again. After all, he could always sell it for ten thousand pounds, if the worst came to the worst.

"Well, well," he sighed. "One-and-sixpence let it be."

He counted out the money carefully. Then, putting the precious bracelet in his pocket, he rose to go.

* * * * *
Adrian has no relations living now. When he dies he proposes to leave the Plimsoll Collection to the nation, having—as far as he can foresee—no particular use for it in the next world. This is really very generous of him, and no doubt, when the time comes, the papers will say so. But it is a pity that he cannot be appreciated properly in his lifetime. Personally I should like to see him knighted. A. A. M.

"Wanted from 3 to 500 acres of land for shooting."—*Advt. in "East Anglian Times."* He should get the three acres anyway. "Three acres and a pheasant" is the birthright of every British sportsman.



Energetic Mother. "WHAT A LAZY SON!"

Ronald. "OH, I SAY, REALLY, MOTHER! HANO IT ALL! CAN'T A FELLOW LIE ON THE SOFA FOR TEN MINUTES WITHOUT BEING SWORN AT?"

TO THE LOANERS OF LIGHT.

(A New Year Thanksgiving.)

Nor to him, to the lord of the lyre, to Apollo,
 Who leers at me faintly from under a hood,
 Do I turn me this morning. A reed that is hollow!
 I spurn, I renounce him. (Did someone say "Good?"
 You are tired of Apollo, the praise of his mercies,
 The roll of his titles? You can't see the need
 Of these lengthy preambles? You think to be terse is—
 Dash it all, my good Sir, am I writing these verses
 Or are you?) To proceed:—

I was saying that not to Apollo the master,
 I turn on this opening morn of the year;
 He hath crumbled away like an idol of plaster,
 He hath hardly been with me since August was here;
 Not to him did I owe it to light or to warm me
 As up to Parnassus I measured my pace
 Through the wan Autumn days, unremittingly stormy,
 But the Borough; I've just had their note to inform me
 That this was the case.

Very godlike and fair are the ways of the Borough,
 They dip not in ocean their westering feet,
 But the bard is dependent on them for a thorough
 Supply of illuminant, also of heat;
 If I sang you a song that you fancied was sweeter
 Than others, dear reader, they swelled the perfume;
 It was they who inspired and inspected the meter,
 It was they who installed the electrical heater
 That stands in my room.

O star that lay hidden undreamt of for æons!
 O fire that the breadth of a city can span!
 O power that was puffed not aforetime with pæans,
 Whose prophet and priest is the Council's young man!
 He tells how the currents, in flashes of blue knit,
 Have lighted the minstrel in hours that are gone,
 When he comes to that box with a lever to tune it,
 And, although I can't think what he means by a unit,
 I never let on.

No oracles now have the drinkers of nectar
 Who rest on the rainless Olympian hill,
 But the Borough repeatedly send their inspector
 (Who flirts with Elizabeth), also their bill;
 I turn to them, therefore, their kindness wooing,
 And thanking them much for their boon of the past,
 With a prayer that the same which I purpose renewing
 May cost me much less for the quarter ensuing
 Than it did for the last. EYOR.

"Windows with Guards can be left open at all times giving a healthy, sanitary condition, at the same time perfect security against Burglars or children falling out."—*Advt.*

We should hate to think of a burglar falling out of our window and hurting himself.

Thoughts on Christmas Day, 1912.

Why does an air of peace and pure goodwill
 Breathe o'er the turkey, lap the brandied plum,
 Like to a Sabbath morn's, but milder still?
 Because to-day the Party Press is dumb!

For the passing of a Damp Year.
 Wring out the Old, ring in the New.

GREEN JEALOUSY.

My appetite for tea had been miserably spoiled by my having to listen to the virtues of a model young man whom Josephine and her mother had come across at a bazaar.

Before such excellence I was cowed into silence. However, tea at last came to an end, and her mother with exemplary tact had found an excuse to withdraw.

"I will leave my little girl to amuse you," she said archly, at the door.

"If you promise not to tell," I said to mother's little girl as I returned to the fireplace, "I'll have that last piece of brown bread-and-butter, and you can have another cup of tea. Shall we?"

"Well, perhaps I will have just half a cup."

"That makes your fourth," I reminded her. "To-morrow you'll come out in spots and your complexion will be ruined. Now it's your turn to amuse," I added. "Come, amuse me! I'm waiting, Josephine. You heard what your mother said. You know you're not amusing me properly."

But in the end it was bound to come to it; I had to provide my own entertainment.

"The other night I went to the Maxwells," I observed carelessly, settling back in my chair. Josephine paused with her cup half-way to her mouth and looked up in surprise.

"Why, I thought you never went to dances," she said.

"I don't, as a rule." I slipped down in the chair, prepared to enjoy myself, and, crossing my legs, gazed wistfully up at the ceiling. "It was a very nice dance," I added. "Won't you drink up your tea?" Josephine buried her face in it, and for a while silence ensued. "A very nice dance, indeed," I repeated, partly to myself. "Let me put down your cup for you!"

"Thanks, I can manage." From the corner of my eye I watched her pick up a crumb she was nursing and carefully put it into the fire. "So you enjoyed yourself?" she said, still intent on the crumbs.

"I couldn't very well help it," I replied; "I had an adventure. No, I didn't tread on anyone's frock or upset the sandwiches, if that's what you're thinking of. Oh, dear, no!"

"Nothing so conventional, I suppose," she murmured,—"that is, for you."

"There was one beautiful young girl in particular," I went on affably, "who took a great fancy to me. The daring way she— Well, I'm sure people must have noticed. Dear little girl!"

—and I wafted an airy kiss at the ceiling.

"Perhaps your tie wasn't straight?" she suggested.

"No, it wasn't that. And there were no smuts on my nose, and no one had been chalking things on my back. I especially asked Henry, to make sure. He said it was clearly a case. That's what your own brother Henry said."

"I don't believe it," said Josephine simply.

No, neither did I, at first. Come, be a sportsman, Josephine! Don't grudge me my little triumphs! Shall I show you how I smiled at her?"

I showed her. She broke into a loud inconsequent peal of laughter, but I took out my cigarette-case and waited patiently for it to subside.

"This isn't a smoking-compartment—at least, it doesn't say so on the window, but may I? Have one, too? No, not that one; he's put his foot through his nightshirt . . . his little bedfellow on the right."

I lit a match for her, and lapsed again into silence, musing and lazily blowing smoke rings at the shepherdess on the mantelpiece.

"She has beautiful dreamy brown eyes," I resumed, tenderly stroking my chin. "Her name's Winnie, short for Winifred, you know—little Winnie."

"How nice!" said Josephine. Josephine's eyes are blue.

"Yes, she was," I agreed; "you'd be surprised. Give me brown eyes, say I, for the winter months, at any rate. And as for her complexion—" Words failed me for describing her complexion. "Oh yes, and she has beautiful rich chestnut hair. Rolls and rolls of it."

"Really," said Josephine. Josephine's hair is a summer complete in itself.

"Yes, I'm very fond of that-coloured hair. What a pity you don't take more care of your complexion! I did tell you her name, didn't I? Pretty name, Winifred."

I rolled it round on my tongue several times, to get the full flavour of it. The "fred" begins to sound rather funny at the ninth or tenth time of saying. Then I added my surname, to see how it sounded with that. The combination was distinctly melodious, tickling the ear.

"Now let us dip into the future," I said, when I was tired of repeating it.

I dipped into the future by taking out an old envelope, writing our two names on the back of it, and crossing out the letters common to both. I quietly handed her the answer.

"There you are. Love on both— Why, what on earth's the matter, Josephine?"

There was a suspicious noise in her throat, she had her hands to her eyes, and her cigarette had fallen to the floor. Poor jealous Josephine! It was that bit about the hair that did it; she is very proud of her hair. I got up in alarm and went over to her, but her hands resisted my efforts to remove them.

"Forgive me, Josephine!" I whispered penitently. "I was a brute, and I was only teasing you, and there isn't a Winifred at all, or—or anyone. I didn't mean to . . . at least, I did, but I didn't think you . . . For Heaven's sake, don't cry!"

At that she looked up indignantly, with one eye, however, still hermetically closed.

"I wasn't crying," she said, "it was the smoke. It—it went the wrong way. And, anyhow, I knew there wasn't a Winifred." So she said.

I think I did it rather well.

PET!

[" . . . be there, love!" "Yes, pet!"—*Fragment of conversation accidentally overheard on the Telephone.*]

FORGIVE my 'phone's unwitting lapse, Or operator's joke, perhaps, In wafting me this snippet!

The wires, no doubt, were fused or crossed, And tantalizingly was lost The rest that left your lip, Pet.

But on a fairly recent date It seemed a tea and *tête-à-tête* Were topics "on the carpet;" Don't be alarmed—I'll play the game— I didn't catch your caller's name, And don't know who *you* are, Pet!

Old walls had ears—in modern use They've voices, too, which reproduce Your chatter like a trumpet; Eavesdropping as I didn't ought, I *had* to interrupt—I thought I couldn't well be dumb, Pet.

So have no fear—I know no more Of what you planned than Adam, or A Punch-and-Judy's puppet; And at the appointed trysting-place (Much as I'd like to see your face) For one, I shan't turn up, Pet.

My *wanderjahr* is o'er—I roam No longer now, but stick at home. And emulate the limpet; Nor do I move in circles where They call one "pet"—I shouldn't care To clash at all with *him*, Pet!

Let other "numbers" bill and coo And fatuously whisper through:—"My love, my duck, my poppet!" My bus'ness with the telephone Is in a far more peevish tone— There let the matter drop, Pet!

ZIG-ZAG.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

WHY SHOULD THEY BE MADE TO BE BROKEN? IT DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON THE WISE CHOICE OF ONE'S RESOLUTIONS.



GENERAL SIR THOMAS GORGER, FEELING THAT ENGLAND IS, OR SHOULD BE, FOR THE ENGLISH, RESOLVES TO ABSTAIN FROM PATRONIZING EIGHTEEN-PENNY SOHO RESTAURANTS.



LADY TRUMPINGTON, DISAPPROVING OF THE TENDENCY OF PEOPLE WITH INADEQUATE INCOMES TO PLAY AUCTION, DECIDES TO REFUSE, FOR THE FUTURE, TO PLAY FOR LESS THAN HALF-A-CROWN A HUNDRED.



MISS LOVALL, TO CURB HER MERCENARY INCLINATIONS, DECIDES THAT DURING 1913 SHE WILL FLIRT WITH ANY NICE-LOOKING MAN, IRRESPECTIVE OF WHAT HIS INCOME HAPPENS TO BE.



AND CAPTAIN KEMPTON RESOLVES TO HAVE A GOOD TIME AND GIVE ONE TO HIS FRIENDS, ENTIRELY DISREGARDING THE PURELY PERSONAL DISCOMFORT OF GETTING INTO DEBT.



“HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.”

Archie. “THIS IS THE LIMIT; I’M GOING.”

Reggie. “WAIT HALF A JIFF; HE MAY BURN HIMSELF.”

THE SONGSHOP.

THE prospectus of the Songshop, an institution which is shortly to be opened in the heart of Bloomsbury, under the aegis of the Songsmiths’ Friendly Society and in close connection with *The Minstrels’ Magazine*, has just reached us and calls for immediate and sympathetic notice.

The advantages of maintaining a periodical in connection with a Songshop are convincingly driven home in the prospectus. In *The Minstrels’ Magazine* they will recommend the public what to read; in the Songshop they will sell them what they have recommended.

More than that, however, they are prepared to afford special facilities to those anxious to study the art of lyrical expression under the most favourable conditions. The premises being most extensive, rooms will be let at a moderate rate to meritorious minstrels. These will be known as Nests and will be equipped with all the necessary implements of inspiration—hammocks to provide that gentle motion which is so essential to metrical utterance; paper of different vivid colours to fit the chequered emotions of the singer;

Pierian fountain pens; spring mattresses for spring poets; and a constant supply of light and phosphorescent refreshment.

The songs of nightingales, larks, cuckoos, and other birds associated with poetic stimulus will be reproduced faithfully on the gramophone.

Tenants of the Nests will not be under any compulsion to produce a fixed number of lines every day, but they will naturally be expected to throw in their lot with those who are endeavouring to enlarge the borders of true art. The art of the Songshop will have nothing to say to sterile formalism, empty rhetoric, jingling rhymes or flat heavy blank-verse. Yet the line must be drawn somewhere; “formlessness is only permissible when it is absolutely necessary,” and the Songsmiths “will uphold a positive distinction between prose and verse.”

Lord AVEBURY, who, according to *The Sunday Times*, is a contributor to the January number of *The Poetry Review*, has permanently engaged one of the largest Nests, which is built in the form of a Beehive, where it is expected that he will shortly make things hum. The cuisine of the Songshop

will be under his special charge, and he has already made a metrical list of the Hundred Best Cooks, headed with the motto, “The hand that holds the ladle rules the world.” Mr. HERBERT TRENCH, the author of the famous *Illuminated Symphony*, who has repeatedly been pronounced by some of the most gifted press agents to be the greatest living poet, will be attached to the institution as Polychromatic Adviser, and Mr. PARIS SINGER, Mr. WILKIE BARD, Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT and Mr. HENRY BIRD will, it is hoped, form a House Committee, whose special duty will be to watch over the warblers and, when necessary, extricate them from precarious metrical positions.

“Of course, much of the interest which invested last Saturday’s local Agamemnon was of a partisan character.”—*Sporting Mail*. Unfortunately the local Armageddon, who plays full-back, was absent.

From an Osborne Cadet’s examination paper:—

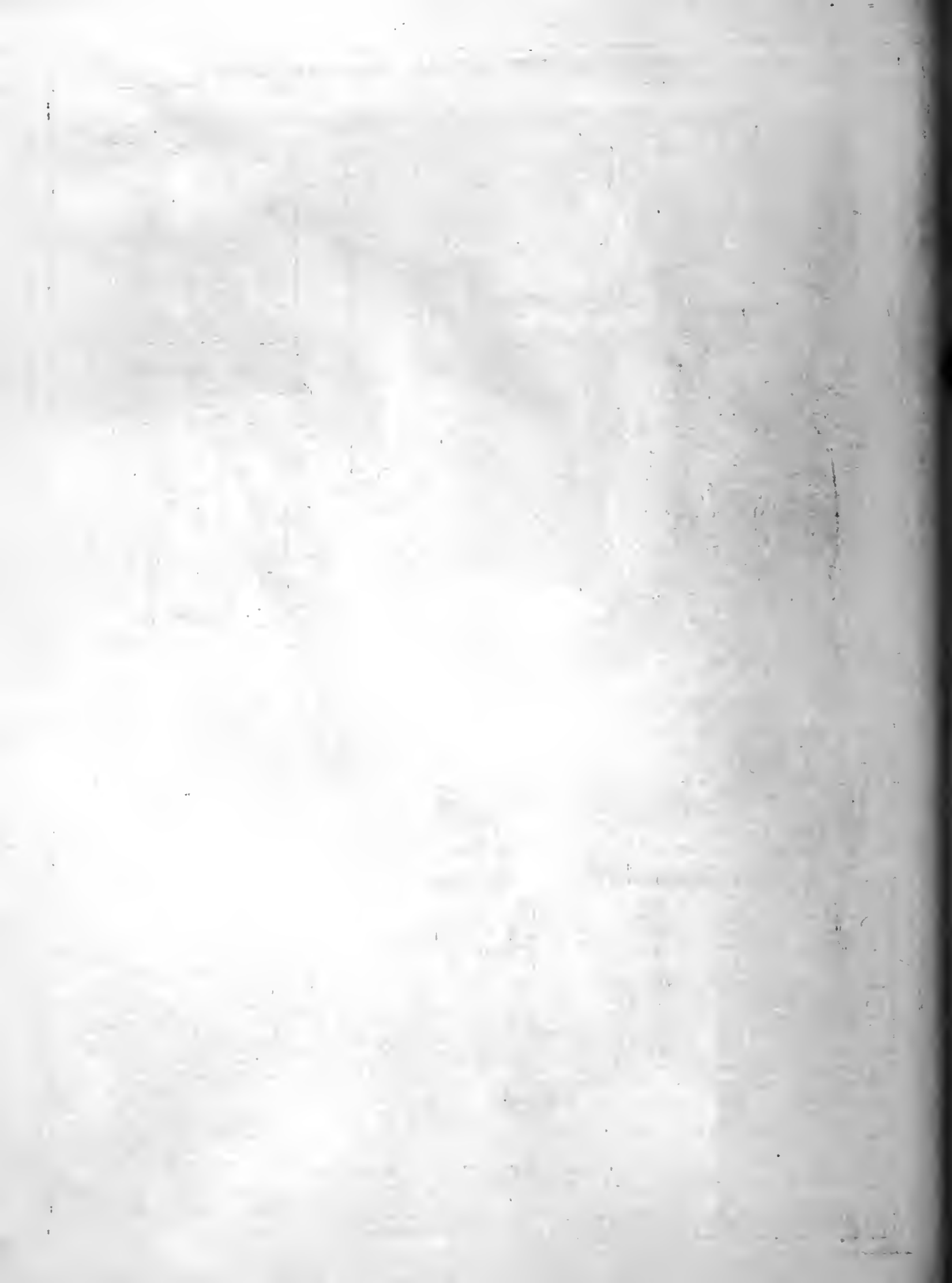
“Q. Explain the geographical position and importance of Simla.

“A. Simla is the place where all the notorious people of India go when Calcutta gets too hot for them.”



A TANGLED SKEIN.

THE NEW YEAR. "I SAY, AUNT EUROPA, YOU HAVE GOT THIS THING INTO A MUDDLE. IT'LL TAKE US ALL OUR TIME TO GET IT RIGHT."





Pat (to traveller staying at Irish inn who has rung at 7 a.m. for hot water). "SURE, 'TIS A THIRPLE EARLY FOR THE HOT WATHER, YER HONOUR, BUT I HAVE IT HERE, AN' THE LEMONS AN' SUGAR, TOO."

SNAPDRAGON.

LONG ago, long ago in the land of Shan-tung,
When the world was attractive and magic and young,
Mid the mild pterodactyls the Snapdragon slew,
And his breath was a flame of hot yellow and blue;
He'd pounce, where they played with their primitive
toys,

Upon fat little raisin-faced Chinaman boys,
And he'd swoop with a snap, as they combed out their
curls,

Upon fat little almond-eyed Chinaman girls;
And in fact he went on in so tiresome a way
That the greatest of Chams became filled with dismay,
And he said, "Lest the Snapdragon guzzle and gorge
Every kid in our kingdom, let's send for St. GEORGE!"

The Saint soon appeared, riding stately and slow,
On a charger as white as the new-driven snow;
His shield it was silver, his lance tough and strong,
And his two-handed sword most prodigiously long;
But his face it was gentle and merry and kind,
The best sort of face for a fighter, you'll find,
And he pulled on his helmet and tightened a strap,
And he cried, "Where's the dragon who calls himself
Snap?"

Then the dragon rushed out and the dust and the din
Of the combat was carried as far as Peking,
Till the Saint hammered home his most useful of smacks
And the Snapdragon whimpered, "St. GEORGE, let's
have *pax!*"

"All right," said St. GEORGE, for he wasn't, you know,
The sort to be hard on a well-hammered foe;

Still, the dragon despondently hung down his head,
Being frightfully sick at the life that he'd led;
So the Saint thought a minute and then waved his sword
And the kids who'd been eaten were safely restored
As jolly as ever; the Snapdragon said
He would live for the future on brown gingerbread
To show he was sorry and, if it would please,
He would come—as a waiter—to holiday teas.
This task he performed with most pious complaisance,
Though he always *would* hand round the almonds and
raisins,

Which in consequence often appeared in a blaze,
For his breath was blue fire till the end of his days!

And after his death at a hundred-and-three,
When almonds and raisins were served after tea,
In the land of Shan-tung it was proper and right
To call them Snapdragon and serve them alight!

* * * * *

And so, my dears, the fearful Beast
That ravaged once the rosy East
Is now that tastiest of myths
You met last Thursday at the Smiths';
Remember *that* next time you gorge,
And say a grace to good St. GEORGE!

"THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW."

On December 25th, 1066, William the Conqueror was drowned."
Glasgow News.

We will remember in future.

"The Xmas holidays will be observed in Ramsey, on Wednesday,
Dec. 25th, and Thursday, Dec. 26th."—*Ramsey Courier.*
Ramsey is always in every new movement.

IN A BALL-ROOM.

"TELL me all about yourself," he said. She had known him two minutes, and he had already told her his life-history.

"Why should I?" she said, raising her eyebrows.

"I'm sure it would be so interesting. Let me see. You are married, you say. You know I never caught your name. But how absurd! You don't look more than nineteen."

"I hate compliments," she said.

There was a little pause.

"We must have heaps of mutual friends," he began again a little feverishly. "Heaps."

"Why?" she asked.

"You know the Barringtons, I expect. Yes, I'm sure you know the Barringtons. Haven't I met you there?"

"I don't think so," she said thoughtfully. "But then I'm always so busy, when I'm there, looking at all the papers I don't get at home, that you may have been there and I've never seen you."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I'm sure I've never met you in the other room," she went on, "because there's only one chair there and that's always empty when I go in. You are alluding, of course, to the two dentists, the brothers Barrington, aren't you?"

"Of course not," he said shortly. "I mean the Barringtons of Barrington Hall. Are there any others?"

"Dear me, yes," she said. "Lots."

There was another little pause.

He sighed and made up his mind to go back to personalities.

"Tip-tilted" was the word I wanted for your nose," he said,

as they walked back to the ball-room. "You remember I was trying to tell you how it struck me."

"I'm sorry if it did that," she said gently. "But, if anything, it's slightly Jowish, really," and she left him with a nod.

"Now, what is a man to talk of to a girl like that?" he said, mopping his forehead.

Then he found his next partner.

"Tell me all about yourself," he said, as they sat out. "I'm sure it would be so interesting." And then, "Do you know, we must have heaps of mutual friends. Heaps." Then he looked up and caught his last partner's eye. She smiled at him amicably.

Afterwards, when he was alone, she came up to him.

"I am sorry I was so disagreeable," she said, "when you went on like that with me. But, you see, I didn't know you were doing it for a bet. How are you getting on?"

Our Athletic Dumb Friends.

"Wanted—A Confidential Pony to play polo."—*Advt. in "Statesman."*

"Parcels are being handed to customers by Polo Bears, who seem to be alive."—*Advt. in "Englishman."*

Everybody's doing it.

"It is to my maternal aunt," I explained, as I showed it him, "that we are indebted for this mutual pleasure."

His face did not brighten.

"Either," I continued, "you do not appreciate what this little box contains, or yours is one of those inscrutable expressions which are no true index to the inner feelings."

I opened the box and displayed the Fountain Pen within. If possible he became a degree more glum at the prospect.

"You do not realise," said I, "that this nib does not suit me."

He frowned quite unmissably.

"Come, come!" I pressed; "do you not see that not only does this nib not suit me but also that I am going to afford you the opportunity of changing it for me, gratis?"

The busy half-hour I spent in that shop has convinced me that the gladness of the stationer is not as the gladness of other men, or else that his way of showing it is most misleading.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

I WAS not sorrowful, but only bored
By each and all that ever I adored.

I am not forty-five, but twenty-three—

You must not think that they were bored by me.

No, on the contrary, they fluttered round,

Responsive to the music's opening sound,

Clasped me delightedly and did their best,

Talked in the intervals and let me rest.

Were they less lovely than the week before?

Was the band timeless, adamant the floor?

Did supper bring some vintage that I har,

An old crustacean or a young cigar?

No, everything was exquisite; but what Availed the Coney Clutch, the Clydesdale Trot?

I knew the Simian Slide, and they did not.

"The discoverers suggest a gigantic antiquity, and some of those who have examined the fragments think it was older still."

Standard.

Or even older than that.



"WELL, OLD BOY, WHAT'S THE PRIZE?"

"BOOK CALLED—ER—SHAKSPEARE. EVER READ IT, DAD?"

A JOYFUL OCCASION.

["Why not instruct us to send one of our Fountain Pens direct to your friend for his Christmas present? If the nib does not suit, any stationer will gladly change it for him, gratis."—*Extract from a recent advertisement.*]

"ANY stationer," said my aunt's letter, so I took the first that came.

"It is too late to wish you a Merry Christmas," I said to the man behind the counter, "but I can, at any rate, wish you a Happy New Year, and that with some confidence."

"What can I do for you, Sir?" said he, a little curtly I thought. But then he did not yet know what happiness I had in store for him. I produced the presentation case.



Head of the Family (writing to the inventor, after wrestling with "The Best Puzzle of the Century"). "THE LEAFLET ACCOMPANYING YOUR UNHEALTHY INVENTION STATES THAT A PATENT HAS BEEN APPLIED FOR. YOU HAVE THE PRESENT STATE OF THE LAW TO THANK THAT A WARRANT HAS NOT ALSO BEEN APPLIED FOR."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

BUT for the scenery, which was nearly always of an exotic beauty, and some of the names, which had an Italian flavour, you would never have guessed that we were dealing with Continentals, so British was the humour, so true to the traditions of Boxing Night at the Lane. Yet, if we might believe the sign-post (in English), it was on the very frontier of France and Switzerland that the most engaging episode of the evening occurred, when *Monte Blanco* (Mr. GEORGE GRAVES), who had for eighteen years been established in this spot as a scarecrow (on a more military frontier such an object would almost certainly have attracted suspicion), recovered his dual identity.

It was here, at a rather advanced hour, that the humour of the pantomime, hitherto largely confined to the knockabout business (in which Messrs. LUPINO and OWEN are so excellent), began to invade the dialogue, or, at any rate, Mr.

GEORGE GRAVES's share of it. How much was his own and how much the authors' I dare not conjecture, but one is safe in attributing a great deal of its success to the personality of this delightful actor. It is perhaps regrettable, by the way, that political and other topical allusions are not the strong feature that they used to be in the old

pantomimes. Something more might have been made out of the latest movement of the militant Suffragettes. I do trust that on a future visit I may be regaled with a Pillar-Box outrage.

The main theme did not strictly follow the lines of TENNYSON'S *Daydream*. There were two claimants for the hand of the *Sleeping Beauty*. One of them (*Auriol*) had been betrothed in his cradle to the Princess in hers, and therefore had a prior claim; but the Wicked Fairy had had him mislaid shortly after the ceremony. The claim of the other (*Finnikin*) was illusory, and would never have been entertained if the embassy despatched to discover the missing child had been less anxious not to return empty-handed. He was a bumpkin of so sylvan a type that Mr. GRAVES mistook him for a woodcock. His tastes lying in a direction more congenial to his humble origin, he shrank from the greatness that was thrust upon him. Mr. LUPINO played the part with a very becoming modesty of demeanour.

The successful hero, or



Mr. GEORGE GRAVES (*Duke of Monte Blanco*) conducts his private band.

"Principal Boy," should, by all that is sacred in tradition, have been a girl, but actually he was Mr. DOUTHITT. Excellent in voice, he looked a little too stalwart for the part. One expected a resounding smack when he kissed the lady out of her sleep; and a response on her side—

"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"

But then one had to remember that his foster-parents were rustic, and that he had been brought up as a gardener. The *Princess* made a pleasant point of this, while still ignorant of his lofty pedigree. "The first lady of the land," she said, "married a gardener." An admirable precedent, and, as we know,

"From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent."

I was very sorry indeed for him when the malevolence of *Anarchista*, the Wicked Fairy, turned him into an appallingly hairy monster. (Was it the Tatcho of Mr. SIMS, part-author, that did it?) Here the pathos and the grotesqueness of things rubbed a little against one another. But it brought love to the test. For it was the loyalty of the *Princess* in these trying circumstances that secured his restoration. Such was the pretty rule in *Faërie*, where *Puck* set forth the law that these restorations can only occur through an act of human intervention.

The slight and graceful *Princess* (Miss FLORENCE SMITHSON) lacked something of the sentimentality of the habitual heroine of pantomime; but she got well home to the hearts of her audience by the refinement of her singing. The chief honours, however, went again to little Miss RENÉE MAYER. She could not be expected to have voice enough for the part of Chorus, but there was an instinctive grace in all her movements, and whenever she appeared—an unfulfilling promise of some good change coming—she brought with her an exquisite air of romance.

I feel for Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, upon whom the necessity of surpassing himself must put a heavy annual strain. To say that he has done it this time would be to compromise his past record. But every year, one seems to detect a surer feeling for subdued harmonies, a nicer distaste for resonance and glare. The dim light on the great Garden scene was very beautiful, and, for contrast, the high colours of "The Blue Lagoon," were proper enough to the hard brilliance of Lake Geneva—or whatever it was.

As for the fun—*vires acquirit eundo*; and the same may be hopefully said of some of the dancing, which needed more

rehearsals; but meanwhile I carried away (some time, I fear, before the end, for I am past the age when even the best pantomime is an adequate solace for the loss of both dinner and supper) a vivid impression of some very entrancing pictures, of an amazing smoothness in the work of the scene-shifters, of the most fascinating of *Pucks*, the most genial of humorous Dukes, and



Mr. BARRY LUPINO (*Fimykin*) in a golfing suit, as worn on the Franco-Swiss frontier.

the handsomest Wicked Fairy (in the person of Miss ALICE CHARTRES) that ever mitigated the charms of Malice by the beauty of her own. O. S.

"SHOCK-HEADED PETER."

Why it was I do not know, but as a child I certainly owed nothing to *Struwwelpeter*. Though we all read it, our reception of it was mild, and it was never the family book that, say, *Uncle Remus* became. As a result I could only remember, when I grew up, that *Augustus* was a chubby lad, and that *Fidgety Phil* couldn't keep still. So I cannot say whether this children's play by PHILIP CARR and NIGEL PLAYFAIR (as given every afternoon at the Vaudeville) is calculated to shock the elect or not. Obviously it does not shock me. I do not mind at all that *Philip* and *Augustus* and *Peter* and *Harriet* should be made to belong to one father, when perhaps they weren't even related in the original version. I have no feelings about any of them. What does concern me is that these four bad children should be played so delightfully by Messrs. COMPTON-

COUTTS, EDWARD RIGBY, EDMUND GWENN, and Miss NELLIE BOWMAN, and that they should have had such a thoroughly happy and wicked time. Pleasant too it was to hear again such childish expressions as "Bags I" and "Beastly swizzle"—they, at any rate, owed nothing to the German. (But, dear Authors, surely we used to say "Fain I," and not "Fains I," when we wished to get out of anything unpleasant? That extra "s" gave me quite a turn.)

The little play is admirably staged. There is a very sound storm which carries off *Peter* on the crook of *Harriet's* umbrella, and a realistic burning-up of *Harriet* (who played with matches) which is positively terrifying. Indeed, it was only the calmness of the children round me which kept me in my seat during these calamities.

Shock-Headed Peter is preceded by some old English singing-games and dances, performed by children under the direction of Mr. CECIL SHARP. These were altogether charming. There is one particular singing-game called "The Roman Soldiers" which took my fancy entirely. I wonder if I could introduce it into Bouverie Street.

M.

THOUGHTS ON LOOKING THROUGH A CHRISTMAS ACCOUNT-BOOK.

JAMES has two lady friends, both near his heart;

One is the Muses' handmaid, tall and slim,

Whose taste is all for letters, music, art
(Concurrently with great respect for Jim);

The other— isn't. Some have called her vain;

Nor, to speak truth, does she so much prefer

Jim's loftier discourse to his lighter strain.

She's fond of jewels. Jim is fond of her.

At Christmas-tide Jim finds, to his regret,

That jewels such as please a captious sense

Of beauty cost him dear. But he can get
Thoughts from Great Thinkers (tawn)
for eighteen-pence.

The which is shameful. But, if you were he,

(And weren't you?) pray, what then,
my friend? *De te*—!

From an auctioneer's catalogue:—
"159.—Works of Cicero's Opera."

The Opera family has always been extraordinarily productive. Caesar's Opera was one of the most fruitful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

Little Thank You, which Messrs. PUTNAM publish for Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR, is a charming idyll. It presents a sunny picture of Virginia after the war, but at a period so close to the epoch-making event that we catch many glimpses of home life in "ole Virginny." The hero of the story is a small boy who, after the occasional manner of his kind, dominates the domestic circle of which he is the centre. It would be easy to make such an one a persistent bore. Mrs. O'CONNOR handles her subject so gently and with such skill that the reader, inclined at the outset to be repelled, is conquered, and pays court with the rest. The characters in the little drama are few, but without exception are admirably drawn. The old negro nurse, probably taken from life, is delightful. *Jimps*, the dog, is in his way equally good. It is the sort of book that is especially attuned to the Christmas mood. Those who did not find the opportunity of reading it in the already passed holiday-time may take my word for it that its perusal will brighten the New Year.

One of the most agreeable entertainments that I have encountered this great while is *The Unbearable Bassington* (JOHN LANE). By now one has, of course, grown to expect verbal dexterities from Mr. H. H. MUNRO ("SAKI"), and in the present volume one certainly gets them, and something more. The book is in fact a pudding in which the greatest possible number of plums are held together by the barest modicum of suet—with the natural result that, taken in bulk, the mixture may be found cloying. In small portions, say three chapters to a meal, you can not only enjoy it delightedly yourself, but even compel the appreciation of those to whom you will be unable to resist reading the choicest bits aloud. Than this, of which I have made personal test, there can surely be no greater tribute to such a book. Only considerations of space restrain me from quoting its best things now. There is one chapter that contains the most brilliant exhibition of conversational fireworks since *The Importance of Being Earnest*. But inevitably they are of different degrees of sparkle. Not only does one get the rather mechanical humour which describes a man's beard as "lending a certain dignity to his appearance—a loan which the rest of his features were continually repudiating," but on the same page we read, "One should always speak guardedly of the Opposition leaders; one never knows what a turn in the situation may do for them," with the added remark, in reply to obvious comment, "I mean they may one day lead the opposition." This seems to me the genuine article; and, if you like it, and ever so much more that at its worst is always smart and at its best witty, you will find with me *The Unbearable Bassington* very bearable indeed.

There can be no question about it, Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE (Lady CLIFFORD) has made a very delicate and telling study of her *Erica* and the down-trodden *Lady Clow*,



Friend (to infantry officer who has been trying to pass riding test for promotion).
 "WELL, PASSED ALL RIGHT, I HOPE?"
 No; SPUN, CONFOUND 'EM! THEY BROUGHT THE WRONG HORSE."

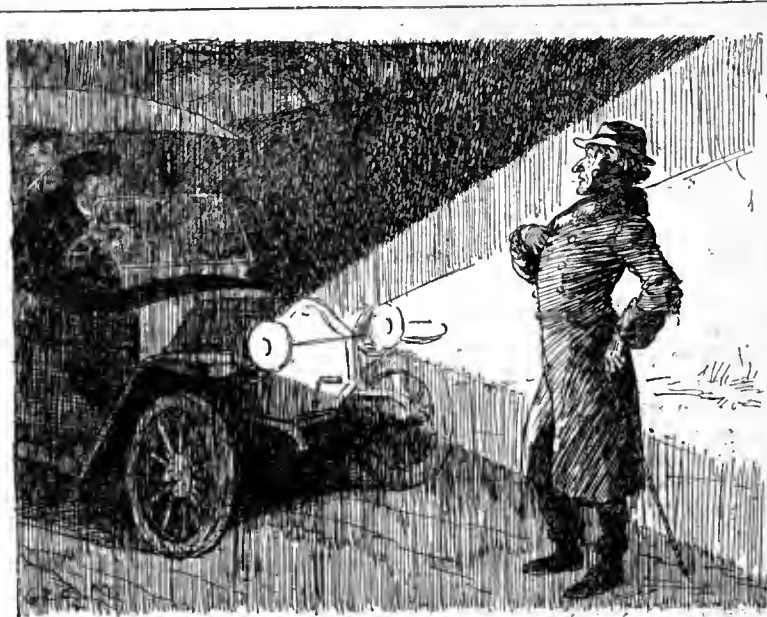
and the odds and ends of people who are involved in *Erica's* affairs. The hapless *Tom Garry*, who married her, is less convincing, being a trifle too stagnant for a young Guardsman; but he is a good enough background for the finely-shaded picture of his wife. As so often happens in real life, one thing after another occurred in their existence; and again, as so often happens in real life, these incidents were just incidents and led up to no particular crisis or *dénouement*. They were interesting in themselves, severally and apart, and in the telling of them the author, as shrewd and observant as ever, finds many an opportunity of expounding her simple and genial philosophy. Meanwhile, *Tom Garry* bore with his wife very patiently for a while, lost his illusions of her one by one, and ultimately died before the birth of his son. And there you have *Erica* (SMITH ELDER). There are those, and I am one, who look for a plot in a

novel. Something momentous must happen, be it the expected to fulfil our hopes and fears, or the unexpected to surprise us. The only critical event in *Erica's* career is the dissolution of her engagement to *Christopher Thorverton*, and that is prior to the period of this history. Thus, when the book ends practically in the middle of a conversation and certainly in the middle of things, I am not consoled with the "Note:—The Author hopes in a later volume to give the further history of Erica and her son," and it is possible that I shall not read that later volume, unless I have reason to believe that it will excite my emotional as well as my intellectual approval.

To read RALPH CONNOR on Western Canada and the heroic routine of that fine service of the North-West Mounted Police is to feel young and adventurous and imperial—at too small a price. The author has a *flair* for all that is keen and clean and strong in football or love or war, and a deep and simple religious faith and feeling underlie his outlook upon life. *Corporal Cameron* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON) was a Scottish International half, who lost a certain match through diluting his training with whisky, and was coming to no good in the Old Country. He finds "a man's work"—"riding on a horse and ordering people about" (as young *Keggie Kenyon* defines it in *The Younger Generation*)—in the Mounted Police after some tough and toughening experience on a farm and in a survey gang. *Raven*, the whisky-runner and horse-thief, is a rare specimen of the hero-black-guard, and *Cameron's* three encounters with him make a stout yarn. The police are the finest of fine fellows, a breed of demigods—five hundred of them effectively patrolling the frontiers of an Empire. The time is in the eighties, just before the Indian Rebellion in Western Canada. I should like to have had more of the hero's Scotch friends, who are introduced with some circumstance and incontinently and unwisely abandoned—*Dunn*, the Scotch International captain; *Mr. Rae*, the lawyer with the disconcerting smile; *Miss Brodie*, and *Cameron's* sister *Moirra*, bonnie lassies both.

In *The Trinity Foot Beagles* (ARNOLD), MR. F. C. KEMPSON has compiled a history of the well-known pack which, under the management of undergraduates, has for more than fifty years hunted hares over the heavy soil of Cambridgeshire. MR. KEMPSON is, I gather, a parson of the sporting sort, and he declares himself to be an "hereditary Barbarian," meaning that he is devoted to field sports as opposed to games, which are pursued, he says, by Philistines. But MR. KEMPSON, I further gather, has been a rowing man, and he is therefore in the supreme position of being both a Barbarian and a Philistine. The book is put together, if I may say so, in a somewhat disconnected way;

and here and there, it may be hinted, the writer has taken his task too seriously, and has attributed too great an importance to mere trifles. In spite of that, however, there is a general liveliness in the narrative which makes his book very readable. Still, I am bound to say that that part of his first chapter in which he discusses the ethics of the sport and tries to rebut the charge of cruelty does not strike me as a very convincing piece of work. To say, as he does, that "it is very questionable whether animals experienced pain," is an absurd and mischievous piece of overstatement, which would justify a demand for the repeal of the laws directed against cruelty to animals. I must not conclude without mentioning a memoir of W. E. CURREY, the founder of the pack, delightfully written by Professor HENRY JACKSON. Elsewhere will be found some anecdotes of Mr. ROWLAND HUNT, M.P. (then nicknamed "Mother"), which show that he did not always wear that air of Boadicean gravity which now marks him in the House of Commons.



Superannuated Tragedian (after forcing the car to pull up). "PERMIT ME, SIR, TO INDULGE FOR A FEW BRIEF MOMENTS IN A JOY I HAVE NOT EXPERIENCED SINCE MY LAST STARRING TOUR IN 1893."

The only complaint I have to make against *The Happy Warrior* (ALSTON RIVERS) is that *Percival*, its hero, ought to have been born before page 93. Indeed, I had good reason to think that Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, whose first novel, *Once Aboard the Lugger*, was such an unqualified success, intended to waste his talent upon a psychological study of a vulgar woman, but now I know that even if he makes a false start he is only getting up steam for something absolutely fresh and original. The plot of this story (breathless after page 93) is very slight, for, although the vulgar

woman thinks that she is a peeress, and contrives a great future for her amiable but effeminate son, the reader knows that the hero is really the peer. Not, however, until the end of the book is *Percival* aware of his rank, and by that time he has formed a warm affection for the pseudo-peer, and has also "made things hum." Chafing under the restraints of village life he joined a kind of travelling show, and while living this roving existence he won the most glorious fight. "One of the real ones, one of the clean breeds, one of the true-blues, one of the all-rights, one of the get-there, stop-there, win-there—one o' the picked"—is the description given to *Percival*, and I am very content to leave him at that. To those who are prepared to overlook the author's false start (I am sorry to be so insistent about that, but I resent those initial pages) and to step off the soundly beaten track of commonplace fiction, I most warmly recommend Mr. HUTCHINSON and his *Happy Warrior*.

"The second portion of the Rue Edouard VII. will be in the form of an arcade, occupied by bishops of the best class."—*London Budget*. It is possible to overdo a good idea. We would urge that a sprinkling of rural deans and an archdeacon or two of the second class would show up the bishops better.

CHARIVARIA.

No one, we fancy, was surprised, though many were pained, to hear that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was confined the other day to his house by doctor's orders.

The WAR MINISTER is said to have advised the CHANCELLOR not to worry about the paucity of doctors for his Insurance scheme. He pointed out that the Territorials, in spite of a lack of numbers, are an enormous official success.

Southend Council has decided to extend the season next year from Easter to the middle of October. Why not carry it on till Christmas and so make sure of some summer weather?

At Folkestone last week, there was what is described as a slight earthquake shock. Although it is now supposed to have been caused by a passing motor omnibus this will not prevent the district from describing itself in future as an English Riviera.

When the French liner *Touraine* arrived at New York last week, ex-President CASTRO of Venezuela was removed by an immigration officer, and taken to the detention pen at Ellis Island. The EX-PRESIDENT showed some indignation at finding that the pen was mightier than the sword.

Nearly 600 English wild song-birds are being despatched to British Columbia. We understand that on their arrival, before being dispersed, they will give a grand massed concert at a Victoria music-hall.

We give the story for what it is worth. It is said that a sub-editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* recently submitted to an examination at the hands of a phrenologist. "Marvellous headlines!" reported the Professor.

"No Dictation!" cried *The P. M. G.* "Hoory!" shouted Tommy, whose weak point is spelling.

The Bishop of CARLISLE, in his New Year pastoral, has been inveighing against such of the clergy as "seem afflicted with incurable indolence." If matters do not mend in this respect it is thought that the spinsters of England

may be called upon to cease giving to the objects of their adoration worked slippers and smoking caps, which have an undoubted tendency to encourage a love of ease and luxury.

A contemporary is advising its readers, when advertising for servants, to mention what attractions they have to offer. The newly-married couple who are able to announce that their glass and china is absolutely now and has never been broken before should be able to secure the pick of the market.

The following notice appears in the hall of a Murren hotel:—"The Turkey Trot and Allied Dances are prohibited in this Hotel." It was no doubt in order to avoid hurting Ottoman susceptibilities that the dances of the Allies were included in the ban.

The Ideal School.

"BEXTON COLLEGE.

Next term commences on Tuesday, September 17th."—*Advt. in "Yorkshire Post."*

"Biblical students know about Enhakkore," says *The Glasgow Herald* with some truth—though personally we had to refresh our memory with the *Encyclopaedia*. *The Glasgow Evening Times*, however, reproduces the statement as "Bibulous students know about Enhakkore." We may expect, then, to hear something more about it on Boat-Race Night.

"The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, after which Mr. J. P. Simpson sang 'Bonnie wee thing,' while the Piper played 'My love's but a lassie yet.'"—*Madras Mail*.

Mr. SIMPSON evidently thought that the Piper was playing "Bonnie wee thing."

J. H. TAYLOR, in an article entitled "Golf at Rome":

"A golfer cannot look upon the features of the dying gladiator, immortalised in the famous statue, and think of the magnificent courage and splendid devotion to his Emperor that brought him to his untimely end, without it being impressed upon his mind that the descendants of such men must possess all the characteristics that go to make a successful player."

News of the World.

Nor can a player at Stoko Poges meditate upon the wonderful flow of language revealed in the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* "without it being impressed upon his mind" that GRAY would have known what to say had he ever topped into the pond.

Then and Now.

The damosels of long ago
Were ever nice when they said "No";
They hinted, in their homied way,
And other flowers as sweet as they,
And proffered to the blighted swain
A sister's love to ease his pain.
But things have changed in this respect,
And modern maids, when they reject,
Just give their heads the tiniest toss
And tersely snap "Abso. imposs."

"BACUP SENSATION.

POLICEMAN NOT GUILTY OF SHOPBREAKING."
Is this so unusual at Bacup?



Miniature Liveried Official. "ERE I 'OO YER OLAIRIN' AT? 'AVEN'T YER NEVER SEEN NONE OF US COMMISSIONAIRES BEFORE?"

It is sometimes a little difficult to know how to pass the long Winter evenings. We strongly recommend as a pass-time an attempt to solve some of the advertisements in our newspapers. For example, among its "Situations Wanted" we find the following in *The Daily News*:-

MINDER.—Whfs., Babs, Plts., ½ tn., Bk., Wk., Com., qk., exp., rel., ex. refs.

In this instance our guess at the truth would be that the advertiser is willing to look after whiffs (i.e. to keep cigars from going out), babies, plaintiffs, half-tons, bankrupts, workmen, commissionaires, quacks, ex-presidents, relatives, excise-men, and referees (the last presumably on Paris football-grounds).

THE PREMIER AND THE BIRD.

[Reflections on a soft Winter; with acknowledgments to his friend, Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS.]

Now any morning you may hear,
Before the pinks of dawn appear,
Where on the sombre boughs they sit,
Mavis and robin, wren and tit,
Piping their introductory bars
Without respect of calendars;
And, what is worse, without regard
To the convenience of the hard,
Caught napping in the New Year's
prime
All unprepared with vernal rhyme.

These hints, which early birds convey,
That this is now the month of May
Are of a rudimentary kind,
Appealing to the common mind.
But there are other marks, not missed
By the accomplished ruralist—
More subtle signs, half hidden from us,
That don't escape my friend, BEACH
THOMAS.

Thus, in his rambles round the place,
His beady orbs have marked a brace
Of slugs—a most unusual thing—
Strolling about as though 'twere Spring;
Also a snail (he noticed that)
Taking the air without its hat.

Likewise of flowers he makes report
Citing the more precocious sort.
With piercing glance he clapped his eye
on

The undefeated Dandelion,
Fool's Parsley, nauseous to the nose,
Dead Nettle and the rathe Primrose.
By wooded walks and hedgerow ways he
Chatted with Kex and modest Daisy,
With Shepherd's Purse and Periwinkle
And Canterbury Bells a-tinkle,
And, quoting WORDSWORTH, line by line,
Lunched with the Lesser Celandine.

Further he saw a roomy nest,
Fruit of a gay cock-sparrow's zest,
Built for his young *fiancée's* use;
And, should the Winter keep its truce,
Our THOMAS, in a week or so,
Should hail the swallow's Northward
Ho!

And in his note-book scribble, "Hark!
I hear the cuckoo's opening bark!"

Alas for faith that meets the shock
Of disillusion's nasty knock,
Of frosts that blight the ardent blood
And a sad nipping in the bud!
Yet how can simple bird or plant
Help making these mistakes? They
can't.

Innocent little dears, that lack
A knowledge of the Almanack,
And think that, like last Summer
(shame!)

Winter is gone before it came.
And even minds of older make
Sometimes commit a like mistake—

ASQUITH, for instance, though, you'd
say,
He ought by now to know his way
About the circling seasons' schedule
And have it perfect in his head, you'll
Find that he holds the strange impres-
sion
That this is still an Autumn session!

Ye who would have your top-notes clear
When April's actual self is here,
Don't, in the depth of Winter, sing
The airs of Autumn or of Spring!
Shun the unseasonable strain,
And spare your throats; nor, like those
twain,
The Songster and the Man of State,
Ignore the need to hibernate!

But, if you still insist on humming
Tunes of a day long dead or coming;
If you decline to take a rest
And *must* get something off your chest;
Then, of the two types, both absurd—
Statesman or tomtit—*play the bird!*
O. S.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

NEW YEAR'S NEWS.

West Boggleshire Manor.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Here, at Bosh
and Wee-Wee's, we've been having a
lovely time out with the West Boggle-
shire—positively the one and only
motor-hunt! We all follow in motors,
and the quarry is a motor-fox! Bosh,
who's Master, is naturally very proud
of it. He says it was the only way
out of the difficulties made by those
absurd farmer-people, with their com-
plaints about their silly poultry being
eaten. Our motor-fox gives us simply
glorious runs, and then when hounds
break him up he can quite easily be put
together again. If anyone earns the
brush it's just unhooked and handed
to him (or her), and then it's hooked
on again. By next season Bosh says
perhaps he'll have a pack of motor-
hounds as well.

If we were men, dearest, I'd say,
"Hats off to Lady Manœvrer!" for
really and truly she is a clever woman,
et elle connaît son monde as well as any
of us, and better than most. This is
a preface to the news that one of the
twins is actually—but wait!

Marigold and Bluebell, as you know,
what with their height, their twin-
hood, their constant rushing round and
chattering about nothing, their ever-
lasting, "Oh, isn't it absolutely top-
hole!" and their mother's strenuous
efforts on their behalf, have been, for
quite several years now, a sort of
double landmark, poor dear things!
(It was Norty who first called them
Reculvers.) Well, last July, when every-
body left town, the Manœvrers went

to rusticate in some remote spot, and
nothing more was heard of them till
one began to meet them again in the
autumn at country houses. And then,
my dear, one noticed a change. Mari-
gold, it appeared, had retired from
business and made over her share of
the joint stock-in-trade, the high spirits,
rushing round, chattering about nothing,
and "Oh, isn't it absolutely top-hole!"
to Bluebell. She was quiet, silent, *pré-
occupée*, wore a diamond marquise on
her left third, and a dreamy, always-
thinking-of-*him* expression on her face.
There she sat, twirling her ring and
smiling to herself. And several men
who before had scarcely seemed aware
of her existence became quite *épris* of
her in this altered state of things, and
made immense efforts to get her to
talk and laugh as she used; but they
were answered either at random or not
at all.

Of course Marigold was asked about
her engagement, but all she would ever
say was, "We're going to keep our
little romance quite to ourselves. We
don't want it spoiled by being an-
nounced in the papers and gossiped to
rags by all of you. He's gone back to
his duties in India and he'll be coming
home by-and-by, and that's all you're
any of you going to know!"

Of those who fancied the idea of cut-
ting out this absent hero of romance, the
chief was the Duke of Derwent, whom
the Manœvrers gave up in despair ages
ago. Derwent, who never yet wanted
anything unless it belonged to some-
body else, was quite in the first flight
of Marigold's new-found *soupirants* and
by degrees became utterly and entirely
set upon eclipsing the Absent One.
The more Marigold wouldn't pay any
attention to what he said and the more
she sat in corners twirling her ring and
dreaming, the more Derwent persisted,
till at last, when they were both at the
Dunstabes' with a large party, he
succeeded in persuading her to forget
"the other fellow" and elope.

They went to town, and were married
"on the 20th of December, suddenly, at
the Registrar's," as Norty put it. Of
course, when the knot was fast tied,
Derwent was sorry. But there was
still a drop of sweetness in his cup.
"How long will it be before that other
fellow knows you've shunted him and
found someone you like better?" he
asked with a chuckle when the 'moon
was about a week old. His new duchess
flung her arms round his neck. "Oh,
Bobby darling," she yelled, for all and
more than all her old high spirits had
come back, "you're the only man in
the world for me. There's no 'other
fellow,' and there *never was!* It was
Mamma's idea that one of us should



TURKEY IN WONDERLAND.

TURKEY (*observing fabulous Phoenix rising from its ashes*). "THAT'S A TRICK EVERY BIRD OUGHT TO KNOW. WONDER IF I'M TOO OLD TO LEARN IT."





THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

Growler (to distressed harrier). "KEB, SIR?"

seem to be engaged, and we drew lots, and it fell to me; and Mamna bought that ring and coached me up in the part; and *didn't* I do it well? Oh, Bobby darling, wasn't it absolutely top-hole!"

Talking of runaway marriages, there's quite a small slump just now in regular, conventional, white satin and orange-blossom functions—St. Agatha's and half-a-dozen bishops, church crowded, everybody there—and people are taking to sneaking off to some weird church in the City or the suburbs and being married without a sound. The Oldlands went to town last week for the wedding of Veronica, the eldest girl—quite a nice match, with everyone's approval. The afternoon before the marriage-day, when everybody in town was at Oldlands House for the "Wedding Present Tea," in walked to-morrow's bride and groom in travelling kit. "Awfully sorry, people," said Veronica, "that you've all been asked to the show to-morrow, because there won't be one! Teddy and I were married this morning at St. Hildred's, Islington, and we're off now to Eriesenberg for the ski-ing."

Oh, my dearest and best, such a simply horrid thing has happened here! I'm afraid '13 will be a most odious year for your poor Blanche! On New Year's Eve we were all *enormously* careful about the proper observances—13 being such a sinister number. Bosh said he'd tried to get some hunchbacks to meet us, but all the hunchbacks were engaged ages ago for the New Year! Josiah, who's abroad on business, sent me a wire during the evening with such stodgy, Victorian wishes for the New Year that we all quite shrieked over it. As midnight approached we looked about for our First Foot. The darkest man in the party was a Col. Briggs, whom Bosh and Wee-Wee met abroad somewhere last year. He had black hair and moustaches. He didn't seem enthusiastic about the job, but at five minutes to twelve we sent him out at a side door, and the front door was set open to let in the New Year and the First Foot. Then we danced the St. Sylvester's waltz, with the dear old custom of one's partner saluting one as midnight begins to strike. Someone said the salute should be given at the *first* stroke of midnight, and someone

else said it should be given at the *last* stroke. Norty said they'd better make sure of being right by giving it at *each* stroke! And so we danced, and midnight struck, and the bells of West Boggleshire church rang out, and the Briggs man came in, and we all wished each other everything nice.

Next day, when some of us were chatting it over, someone said suddenly, "I wonder if the Briggs man is *really* dark!" "But what a hideous thought!" I cried. And then a sort of panic seized us. Piggy de Lacey suggested, "I might get my fellow to ask his man. But it wouldn't be quite cricket, would it?" "Never mind that," we all gasped; "our happiness, our very lives depend upon it. Go, best of Piggies, and find out." And Piggy went. Presently he came back. He looked at us with a composite sort of expression on his face. "Well?" we all asked in chorus. "Well," said Piggy, "I got my fellow to ask his man." "Well," we shrieked, "and what did he say?" Piggy looked round at us all again. "He said, 'Before the Colonel's air turned *grey* it was *red*!'"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VII.—THE ADVENTURER.

LIONEL NORWOOD, from his earliest days, had been marked out for a life of crime. When quite a child he was discovered by his nurse killing flies on the window-pane. This was before the character of the house-fly had become a matter of common talk among scientists, and Lionel (like all great men, a little before his time) had pleaded hygiene in vain. He was smacked hastily and bundled off to a preparatory school, where his aptitude for smuggling sweets would have lost him many a half-holiday had not his services been required at outside-left in the hockey eleven. With some difficulty he managed to pass into Eton, and three years later—with, one would imagine, still more difficulty—managed to get superannuated. At Cambridge he went down-hill rapidly. He would think nothing of smoking a cigar in academical costume, and on at least one occasion he drove a dogcart on Sunday. No wonder that he was requested, early in his second year, to give up his struggle with the Little-go and betake himself back to London.

London is always glad to welcome such people as Lionel Norwood. In no other city is it so simple for a man of easy conscience to earn a living by his wits. If Lionel ever had any scruples (which, after a perusal of the above account of his early days, it may be permitted one to doubt) they were removed by an accident to his solicitor, who was run over in the Argentine on the very day that he arrived there with what was left of Lionel's money. Reduced suddenly to poverty, Norwood had no choice but to enter upon a life of crime.

Except, perhaps, that he used slightly less hair-oil than most, he seemed just the ordinary man about town as he sat in his dressing-gown one fine summer morning and smoked a cigarette. His rooms were furnished quietly and in the best of taste. No signs of his nefarious profession showed themselves to the casual visitor. The appealing letters from the Princess whom he was blackmailing, the wire apparatus which shot the two of spades down his sleeve during the coon-can nights at the club, the thimble and pea with which he had performed the three-card trick so successfully at Epsom last week—all these were hidden away from the common gaze. It was a young gentleman of fashion who lounged in his chair and toyed with a priceless straight-ent.

There was a tap at the door, and Masters, his confidential valet, came in.

"Well," said Lionel, "have you looked through the post?"

"Yes, Sir," said the man. "There's the usual cheque from Her Highness, a request for more time from the lady in Tite Street with twopence to pay on the envelope, and banknotes from the Professor as expected. The young gentleman of Hill Street has gone abroad suddenly, Sir."

"Ah!" said Lionel, with a sudden frown. "I suppose you'd better cross him off our list, Masters."

"Yes, Sir. I had ventured to do so, Sir. I think that's all, except that Mr. Snooks is glad to accept your kind invitation to dinner and bridge to-night. Will you wear the hair-spring coat, Sir, or the metal clip?"

Lionel made no answer. He sat plunged in thought. When he spoke it was about another matter.

"Masters," he said, "I have found out Lord Fairlie's secret at last. I shall go to see him this afternoon."

"Yes, Sir. Will you wear your revolver, Sir, as it's a first call?"

"I think so. If this comes off, Masters, it will make our fortune."

"I hope so, I'm sure, Sir." Masters placed the whisky within reach and left the room silently.

Alone, Lionel picked up his paper and turned to the Agony Column.

As everybody knows, the Agony Column of a daily paper is not actually so domestic as it seems. When "MOTHER" apparently says to "FLOSS," "Come home at once. Father gone away for week. Bert and Sid longing to see you," what is really happening is that Barney Hoker is telling Jud Batson to meet him outside the Duke of Westminster's little place at 3 A.M. precisely on Tuesday morning, not forgetting to bring his jemmy and a dark lantern with him. And Floss's announcement next day, "Coming home with George," is Jud's way of saying that he will turn up all right, and half thinks of bringing his automatic pistol with him too, in case of accidents.

In this language—which, of course, takes some little learning—Lionel Norwood had long been an expert. The advertisement which he was now reading was unusually elaborate:

"Lost, in a taxi between Baker Street and Shepherd's Bush, a gold-mounted umbrella with initials 'J. P.' on it. If Ellen will return to her father immediately all will be forgiven. White spot on foreleg. Mother very anxious and desires to return thanks for kind enquiries. Answers to the name of Ponto. *Bis dat qui cito dat.*"

What did it mean? For Lionel it had no secrets. He was reading the

revelation by one of his agents of the skeleton in Lord Fairlie's cupboard!

Lord Fairlie was one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet. His vein of high seriousness, his lofty demeanour, the sincerity of his manner endeared him not only to his own party, but even (astounding as it may seem) to a few high-minded men upon the other side, who admitted, in moments of expansion which they probably regretted afterwards, that he might, after all, be as devoted to his country as they were. For years now his life had been without blemish. It was impossible to believe that even in his youth he could have sown any wild oats; terrible to think that these wild oats might now be coming home to roost.

"What do you require of me?" he said courteously to Lionel, as the latter was shown into his study.

Lionel went to the point at once.

"I am here, my lord," he said, "on business. In the course of my ordinary avocations"—the parliamentary atmosphere seemed to be affecting his language—"I ascertained a certain secret in your past life which, if it were revealed, might conceivably have a not undamaging effect upon your career. For my silence in this matter I must demand a sum of fifty thousand pounds."

Lord Fairlie had grown paler and paler as this speech proceeded.

"What have you discovered?" he whispered. Alas! he knew only too well what the damning answer would be.

"Twenty years ago," said Lionel, "you wrote a humorous book."

Lord Fairlie gave a strangled cry. His keen mind recognised in a flash what a hold this knowledge would give his enemies. *Shafts of Folly*, his book had been called. Already he saw the leading articles of the future:—

"We confess ourselves somewhat at a loss to know whether Lord Fairlie's speech at Plymouth yesterday was intended as a supplement to his earlier work, *Shafts of Folly*, or as a serious offering to a nation impatient of levity in such a crisis. . . ."

"The Cabinet's jester, in whom twenty years ago the country lost an excellent clown without gaining a statesman, was in great form last night. . . ."

"Lord Fairlie has amused us in the past with his clever little parodies; he may amuse us in the future; but as a statesman we can only view him with disgust. . . ."

"Well?" said Lionel at last. "I think your lordship is wise enough to understand. The discovery of a sense of humour in a man of your eminence—"

But Lord Fairlie was already writing out the cheque.

A. A. M.



Householder (awakened). "WHAT THE— OH, LORD! ANOTHER CHRISTMAS-BOX, I SUPPOSE?"

THE WINTER SPORTSMAN.

My wife, my Oxford son, my daughters three
(Named Mary, Ralph, Iscult, Elaine and Nesta)
Have flown off to the Engadine to *ski*

And skate and risk their limbs upon the Crosta,
Their view of life, so far as I can see,

Being to make it one continual *festa* ;
While I, the patient drudge in duty's mill,
Remain in town and drive the daily quill.

Think not, however, that I mean to "make
A song about it," piteously appealing
For sympathy because my children take
Their walks abroad while I remain at Ealing ;
I haven't got a "travel-thirst" to slake ;

Davos no more attracts me than Darjeeling ;
I loathe the cold ; hotels are uninviting ;
And, lastly, London's hugely more exciting.

There's not a crossing but some taxi-cab
May start you running for your life and floor you.

There's not a 'bus but women try to jab
Their horrid hatpins in your face and gore you ;
The skies, I own, are dull, the outlook drab,

But here the human beings never bore you,
With militants who war on all in trousers,
And Letts who run *amok* with murderous Mausers.

Here not a week can pass completely by
Without a missive from some moneylenders
Offering me untold gold—I know not why ;
I just return it stampless to the senders ;

Wine-merchants for my eustom daily vie
With cider-makers or with whisky-blenders,
As keen about replenishing my cellars
As if I were the best of ROCKEFELLERS.

Then as for games, why should I search for sport
In the vicinity of Chiavenna,
When I can to the gallery resort
And see Tartaric Tim give "Shawn" Gohenna,
Or hear the Taffies truculently snort
Defiance at the maladroit MCKENNA,
Or watch the daily cranial distension
Of Ministers whose names I need not mention ?

Moreover, here, and here alone, one knows
The joy of tasting Mr. GARVIN's leaders,
Fresh and red-hot, as forth the lava flows
And searifies all Unionist seceders,
Or proves the triumph that awaits our foes
If we become a nation of free-feeders.
(They get them two days later up at Sils,
But there they miss his name upon the bills.)

You'll say the grapes are sour. Perhaps they are.
The point is personal and matters little.
I only know that Switzerland is far ;
That bobsleighs seem to me extremely kittle ;
That falls, on *ski* or skates, the system jar,
And bones, when men are elderly, grow brittle ;
And, if I must take part in a *gymkhana*,
Let it be held in London, not Montana.

THE PARTY.

"WHAT," I said, "is this rumour about a party?"

"Rumour?" said Francesca. "I have heard no rumours. And, if it comes to that, what is a rumour?"

"A rumour," I said, "is evidently something which you know you have not heard. It therefore follows that if you heard it you would recognise it, and, that being so, you must know what it is, for otherwise——"

"For otherwise," she said, "I should know what I don't know, and I should not be expected to wait here half the morning in order to answer idle questions."

"Since the word 'rumour' gives you pain," I said, "I will withdraw it, expressing at the same time my most sincere regret at having said anything which might——" (Loud cheers, in which the conclusion of the hon. member's sentence was lost). "But what," I added, "is all this about a party?"

"A party?" she said. "Who has said anything about a party? What *can* you mean?"

"Francesca," I said with determination, "I will be plain with you——"

"No, no," she interrupted, "not that. But, after all, why should I complain? Good looks are nothing."

"Good looks," I said, "are better than a ribald tongue."

"But some people," she said, "have got both, and that must be splendid for them."

"Evasions," I said, "will not help you. What is all this about a party on Saturday next?"

"Oh, *that*," said Francesca. "If that's what you mean, why couldn't you say it before?"

"Apparently," I said, "that is what I mean; and I have been saying it over and over again since I began."

"You should guard," she said, "against repetition. It is wearisome and unnecessary."

"What is the nature," I said, "of next Saturday's party?"

"Its nature is that it isn't really a party at all. If I said it was I have deceived you. It is a children's dance."

"But a children's dance," I urged, "is a party. It has all the qualities that distinguish a party. It causes inconvenience. It gives no enjoyment."

"You couldn't persuade the children of that. Tell them it's not to come off, and see what they say."

"Poor dears," I said, "they are ignorant. It would be useless to appeal to them. But, if they enjoy it, why are they so solemn and silent? Tell me that."

"Oh! that's only at first," said Francesca. "If you come into this room after they've been at it half-an-hour you'll find them enjoying it all right."

"Into *this* room?" I said. "Francesca, you are forgetting yourself. This is *my* room."

"Of course it is; and it's the largest room in the house, and much the best for dancing; and you're going to lend it to us for that day, like a generous true-hearted British father."

"And," I said, "all the furniture will be taken out and all my papers will be disturbed and lost, and the carpet will be removed, and the books will be put into the shelves in their wrong places. Is this what you propose?"

"Something like that," she said, "will probably happen. You wouldn't have them dance in all this litter."

"I wouldn't have them dance at all," I said. "Francesca, I forbid the moving of my writing-table."

"The writing-table," she said, "will be the first to go. But you talk as if you'd heard of all this for the first time."

"And that," I said, "is the solemn truth. No man in England is less easily surprised than—me or I; which is it, Francesca?"

"And," she said, "you don't even know your grammar.

To think that an ungrammatical man should dream of stopping a children's dance."

"I will circumvent the grammar," I said. "I am the least easily surprised man in England, but to-day, I own, you have startled me. Not one word of this dance have I ever heard whispered or——"

"No," she said, "you haven't. Every day for the past three weeks I've shouted it at you."

"Your gentle nature would never permit you to shout," I said. "But I do remember that some time ago you said quite casually that it would be a nice thing for the children to have a dance."

"There you are," said Francesca; "didn't I say so?"

"And I replied that this modern craze——"

"I know perfectly well what you replied. It did you no credit and you mustn't say it again."

"And from that moment," I went on, "you have, I suppose, been stealthily planning this dance. And Muriel and Nina and Alice were in the conspiracy, of course. But what of Frederick, my little five-year-old barbarian? How did you secure his silence? Surely he cannot approve of dancing?"

"The barbarian mind," she said, "is susceptible to the promise of ices. He believes that on Saturday a world entirely composed of ices is to be at his disposal. You had better resign yourself to the dance."

"Francesca," I said, "something dreadful ought to happen to you."

"Something dreadful," she said, "has happened."

"I know," I said. "The man who plays the piano has got the influenza."

"Worse than that."

"The greengrocer has sprained his ankle and cannot come in to pour out lemonade."

"Worse even than that," she said. "Your Aunt Matilda, who likes children in their proper place, has announced herself for a three days' visit from Friday next."

"Which serves you," I said, "absolutely right."

"And, of course," said Francesca, "you will have to devote yourself to her on Saturday. After all, she has a kind nature in spite of her sharp tongue, poor old dear."

R. C. L.

BY THE OPPOSITE ROUTE.

WHEN he was called he turned over and went to sleep again. When he got up he decided that he would get himself shaved professionally on his way to the office.

He read the newspaper solidly through breakfast. On two occasions he contradicted his wife. He took the odd piece of toast. In putting on his boots he swore quite wantonly (on the testimony of his wife).

He continued the day in the same strain of dogged laxity. At lunch he prolonged his usual interval of ninety minutes to one of a hundred-and-twenty minutes. By 5 P.M. he had smoked six cigars.

Then he telephoned to his wife to come and have dinner in town and go to a theatre, knowing that she would refuse. He thereupon carried out his programme *en garçon*, in the teeth of her imperfectly transmitted resentment.

Arriving home, he had a last unnecessary whisky and soda. Finally (as he tramped upstairs in his boots) he murmured with satisfaction, "Now you know what to expect, New Year!"

On the 2nd of January he returned inevitably—like everyone else—to the happy human mean of moderate imperfection. But—contrary to everyone else—he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was being a better man than he had set out to be.

FLIGHTING.

DEER the ditch and very muddy,
 And the time seems very long ;
 There's a sunset wild and ruddy,
 The West roars a song ;
 And the dusk is just a-falling
 And it's lonesome as can be
 Ere the geese come in a-calling
 Off the cold wet sea !

Yes, 'tis lonesome in the ditches
 (Where's the whistle of the wings?)
 And the dusk is full of witches
 And of Big Black Things ;
 Funk, blue funk for him who strikes it
 Has the bogey-haunted bog,
 And the only one who likes it
 Is a red wet dog !

He's a-twitch to hear the whicker
 Of the pinions down the sky,
 While the ghosts they hawl and bicker
 And the gusts boom by ;
 And you pat him for protection—
 Ah, you hardly would suppose
 So much comfort and affection
 In a cold wet nose !

Hark, the gaggle ! Up the gun, then—
 'Twas the neatest left-and-right ;
 "Fetch 'em, boy, and we'll be done, then,
 Two's enough to-night ;
 Leave the shadows to their sinking,
 Leave the ghosts their howling glee,
 It's yourself that will be thinking
 Of your hot wet tea !"

AFTERMAS.

A PROJECT is on foot, supported by a number of influential tradesmen, to inaugurate a New Season of present-giving, supplementary to Christmas and New Year's Day, to be called Aftermas. It will, it is believed, fill a long-felt want.

The origin of Aftermas is the disappointment with her own gifts recently experienced by a well-known Society lady on viewing those of her fellow guests in a country house at Yule-tide.

"Why," she exclaimed, "you seem to have received everything that I really wanted !"

"But," was the natural reply, "were you not asked what you would like?"
 "I was," she said, "but I couldn't for the life of me think. Now I know."

This charming person had struck on a basic truth of life, namely that envy is stronger than choicé, and it is this fundamental human foible which the New Season will do much to satisfy.

The root idea of Aftermas is the giving of the presents which we know beyond question that our friends will like. Everyone will admit that Christmas and New Year's Day rarely leave us with the best things ; Aftermas will



Lift Attendant. "FOURTH FLOOR: LADIES' COSTUMES, MILLINERY, BOOTS, SHOES AND 'OSERY."
 Breathless Old Lady (hopelessly lost). "I-I-I-REMUNGRY."
 Lift Attendant. "RESTAURANT, TOP FLOOR." (Whisks her up.)

do so. To some extent, it may be urged, New Year's Day ought to do so now, since it is a week later than Christmas. But as a matter of practical politics this is not so. Christmas itself is a *dies non* (as the learned say). Boxing Day is another of the same Latin bunch, and the days that immediately follow are not adapted for correspondence, even if one's friends were disposed so soon to go shopping once more, an ordeal from which they naturally shrink after their recent terrible experiences.

Thus, as a corrective to the maldroitness of Christmas benefactions, Now Year's Day is of little use. But Aftermas should fulfil every condition, since it has been decided to put the date well forward, even as far as the end of January, to give everyone time

really to examine the presents of their friends and make up their minds absolutely. Lists will then be sent in and—well, they will see what they will see.

Arising out of this Aftermas movement is a scheme, much favoured in Bond Street, to set apart the second Monday in every month throughout the year as a day on which friends should exchange valuable gifts. A plan to bring back the glories of February 14 with really expensive valentines is also afoot, and there are supporters also of the birthdays of Messrs. ASQUITH, BONAR LAW, REDMOND and MACDONALD as occasions to be ear-marked for genial contests in generosity among friends. But at present the weight of the attack is being directed to the solid establishment of Aftermas.



Mother (after relating pathetic story). "Now, REGGIE, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GIVE YOUR BUNNY TO THAT POOR LITTLE BOY YOU SAW TO-DAY WHO HASN'T ANY FATHER?"
 Reggie (clutching rabbit). "COULDN'T WE GIVE HIM FATHER INSTEAD?"

THE RENEGADE.

(A memory of Yule, and dedicated to Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, who writes innocently in "The Manchester Guardian": "Still, let not the vegetarian lift up his horn against the meat-eater: I have seen gross excesses committed in plum-pudding.")

THIS is the tragedy of Mary Smith
 (My cousin), who supposed that it was criminal
 To slay one's brother ox and eat him with
 Mustard and what not. Bless your heart, some
 women'll
 Believe in anything. Each crank's a prophet.
 Mary became a veg. Just now she's off it.

It started when, some month or more ago
 (I will say this, that Mary did not err long),
 She haled me to that house of fear and woe,
 The restaurant of Mr. Ambrose Furlong:
 And all about us sat (ye saints, deliver us!)
 The glum-faced armies of the graminivorous.

There was a deathly silence o'er the place,
 Save only when, amid the murk and stillness,
 A nut went off; the food I could not face,
 But trifled with some tracts on "Human Illness,"
 "The Way to Better Life: Flesh Food and Nemesis,"
 Till Mary finished, and we left the premises.

The scene is changed. It was the festal board,
 Graced with the various honours vowed to Yule-
 tide;
 The turkey queened it, and the beef was lord,
 But Mary, by the doctrines of her school tied,
 Though wistful glances stole across her features,
 Disdained to batten on her fellow-creatures.

Till, ringed with dancing flame, divinely brown,
 With white hair glistening and with scarlet berry,
 The Bacchant pudding in the cloth came down,
 Hailed by a revel cheer; and, now grown merry,
 Ev'n she, the death's head, scouting melancholy,
 Was fain to eat, and out into the folly.

When "No," I said, and stayed her with the thought,
 "This is your kinsman. No, you must not do it.
 The fare you ask for, by some god distraught,
 Is principally made of best beef suet.
 In pomp of old he ranged betwixt the hedges
 (All but the plums). Where, traitress, are your pledges?"

And Mary heard, and Mary's cheek grew pale;
 Her spirit strove and underwent contortion,
 Then yielded suddenly, and chanced the bale.
 "Hang it," she cried, and took a hefty portion.
 Since when, apostate proved, she daily smothers
 Her natural feelings and devours her brothers.

EVOL.



MARKING TIME.

MARY ANN (*during a hitch*). "SHALL WE EVER GET TO THE DOCTOR'S?"

CHAUFFEUR LLOYD GEORGE (*hopefully*). "OH, YES; SOONER OR LATER."

MARY ANN. "WELL, I THOUGHT I'D ASK, 'CAUSE I SEE THE TICKER'S GOING ON AS HARD AS EVER."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



HOGMANAY IN LONDON.

At the New Year's Eve Supper, given by the Senior Liberal Whip by way of consolation to the Scottish Members, the Brothers WASON bring down the house.

House of Commons, Monday, December 30.—Members back again after shortest Christmas recess known to history. Nervous anxiety prevalent in Whips' Room reflected on Treasury Bench. Ambush apprehended. BANBURY'S famous manœuvre, with its practical result of adding a full week to uncanny extension of session, might encourage further effort on same lines.

Apart from other considerations effect of the successful ambush has been distinctly favourable to the Party for whose repulse it was arranged. Confident in an overwhelming majority Ministerialists had grown slack in attendance. Snap division altered that. Majorities that used normally to be somewhere about the round hundred have advanced by a score, occasionally two.

Nevertheless this first night of re-assembling of House looked forward to with apprehension. Whip circulated urging attendance of all sections of Ministerialists. Specially requested to

be in their places promptly on commencement of public business. Summons loyally obeyed. Glee round benches at Question time indicated to all whom it might concern that if there were ambuscade within precincts of House patriotic gentlemen recruited for the purpose might as well stroll in with unconcerned looks as who should say, "What a wet Christmas we have had, to be sure!"

Ministers themselves careful to turn up. Treasury Bench even inconveniently crowded. Others full both above and below Gangway. At 6 o'clock, when first division was taken, Government majority ran up to 131, with total vote of more than two to one.

Business done.—Time-table for Report Stage of Home Rule Bill arranged.

Tuesday.—If you have ever observed a middle-aged gentleman of bland countenance and military bearing strolling down a country lane, coming to what looks like innocent wisp of hay, stooping down to examine it more

closely, and finding that it covers a wasps' nest, you will get some idea of to-day's adventures of Sir REGINALD POLE CAREW, K.C.B., C.V.O. Started afternoon in quite good form. Had on paper group of questions designed to confound SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. When SEELY, after manner of Ministers, attempted to evade attack, POLE down upon him with further question "arising out of that answer."

Possibly it was mellow satisfaction suffused by this successful sortie that lured the gallant General to destruction. However that be, debate on Report Stage of Home Rule Bill not far advanced when he came to the front. Had, he remarked, heard it said that the Opposition regarded Ireland as incurably disloyal. "I," he protested, shaking his fist at Nationalists below the Gangway, "have no feeling of that sort. But," he added, "so long as Nationalist Members preach disloyalty, so long as they practise a form of tyranny in the shape of boycotting, so long as they go

about preaching rebellion, there must be disloyalty in Ireland."

Not to be supposed that utterance of these soothing remarks ran as smoothly as they are here printed. They were punctuated by interruptions from Irish camp. DEVLIN's scornful "Oh! oh!" rising above the din, POLE turned upon him with withering glance and remarked, "The honourable Member for Belfast is the worst of the lot." Reference to boycotting bringing from same quarter enquiry, "What about the doctors?" POLE, drawing himself up with mingled air of sorrow and dignity, observed, "A very irrelevant observation."

Irrelevancy was the one thing he couldn't a-bear. Catching sight of SEELY laughing on Treasury Bench he turned aside to inquire whether SECRETARY FOR WAR had taken into his confidence his military advisers on the Committee of Imperial Defence on subject of military position of this country in event of establishment of Home Rule Parliament in Dublin? An interpolated remark from SEELY found POLE quite prepared to discuss in detail circumstances attendant upon Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

The GENERAL not only delightfully irrelevant himself but cause of bewildering irrelevancy in others. He brought to his feet that kindred spirit, WILLIE REDMOND, who stirred the SPEAKER to anguished protest.

"I have," the right hon. gentleman said, "not the faintest idea of what the honourable gentleman is alluding to, or what the resolution is, or what was the body that passed it."

This brought up GILBERT PARKER, bent on making an awful example of himself as a warning to others. WILLIE REDMOND had accused POLE CAREW of having used "disgraceful and defamatory language." GILBERT PARKER wanted to know whether such remark was in order.

"I myself," he humbly added, "was reproved by a former SPEAKER for using the word 'disgraceful.'"

SPEAKER again interposed in sterner mood. "The House," he said, "has very little time. It is called upon to discuss an important clause, and the whole of the time is being wasted in ridiculous talk."

Ridiculous talk, forsooth! WILLIE REDMOND swelled visibly like an offended turkey-cock, though he had not been mentioned. The SPEAKER's accusatory remark had been couched in general terms. But WILLIE not to be comforted.

"Sir," he said, amid cheers from Mr. FLAVIN, "I have the very greatest respect for you, but as to the character

of the remarks I feel called upon to deliver. I will take leave to be the judge myself."

"Very well," said the SPEAKER, "let us assume that you have disposed of the honourable and gallant gentleman (POLE CAREW) and come to the clause under discussion."

Thus gently but firmly led back, attention was again turned upon the important measure with respect to which well-grounded complaint is made in some quarters that sufficient time is not supplied for discussion of its clauses.

Business done.—Proposed new clauses to Home Rule Bill dealt with.

New Year's Day.—Home Rule Bill on again; minds of Members more



"Ridiculous talk, forsooth!"

(Mr. WILLIE REDMOND.)

engrossed by rumours of alleged happenings at supper given last night by wily Whip to Scotch Members. When PREMIER proposed that House should re-assemble on Monday, the next day's sitting bridging the space between the Old Year and the New, a cry of horror and despair went up from Scottish quarter. True patriots they, how could they see the New Year in amid the mirk of London town? Happy thought illumined ILLINGWORTH's mind. Why not ask them to supper and welcome the budding year at the bountiful table of the Hotel Cecil? So it was arranged, and the Scots Members turned up to a man as did their forbears at Bannoekburn.

Proceedings of course private. But it is no secret that greatest success of the evening was the sword dance performed on the stroke of midnight by the Brothers WASON, clad in the national garb. Gog and Magog were never before seen in such apparel. It was voted most becoming.

Business done.—Guillotine working its way through Amendments on Report stage of Home Rule Bill. GENERAL CARSON, K.C.'s amendment, excluding Ulster from its operation, defeated by 294 votes against 197.

THIS BUSY WORLD.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Punch's contemporaries.)

MR. JOHN JONES has been appointed Town Clerk of Twllony.

Struck suddenly by an idea as he was crossing the market-place yesterday, Alderman Smith-Pidson, of Bury St. Edwins, fell in a trance, from which he has not yet recovered.

Flying from tree to tree and uttering its cry as in spring, a cuckoo has been seen by an auctioneer and surveyor of Savernake.

At the age of ninety-two a labourer named Melchisedek Bo, who has lived in the same cottage for ninety-one years near Peterborough, has just died of troubles connected with third-teething.

Wagering with another man that he would drink a gallon of petrol in five minutes, a chauffeur named William Heape is now lying in a precarious condition in the Middlesbrough dispensary.

Splashed by mud from a passing motor-car, in which was a party that included Miss Dyzie Sweetling, of the Gaiety Theatre, and her fiancé, Lord Orde, an elderly woman named Eliza Cressbrook fell and fractured her kneecap at Oswestry.

Accused of talking in his sleep at Bermondsey, an aged man named Samuel Wigster struck his wife, a woman of sixty, so severely on the head that she is not expected to live more than twenty years.

A Long Wait.

"Even the more youthful and boisterous of the assembly waited in expectant silence while yet another twelvemonth passed."

Nottingham Guardian.

"ALARM OF FIRE ON TUBE RAILWAY. PASSENGERS ALIGHT IN A DARK TUNNEL."

Daily News.

Alarmed Passenger. "Help! Auntie's alight again!"

From a Transvaal Notice Board:—

"Motor cyclists and others are warned against riding at an excessive speed through the village, which is at present a source of great danger to the community."

In England, too, it is widely felt among motorists that villages are a source of great danger to the community and ought to be wiped out. We look to the Road Board to do its duty.



W. G. Mills 1913.

Mother (seeing her way to curtailing holiday expenses). "AUGUSTUS, I THINK, INSTEAD OF GOING TO DRURY LANE, WE OUGHT TO TAKE THE CHILDREN TO SEE ST. PAUL'S. THEY MAY NOT HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE. I SEE IT'S CRACKING ALREADY."

LAST—AND LOST.

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| December 27th .. | Sun rises 8.7 a.m. |
| December 28th .. | Sun rises 8.8 a.m. |
| December 29th .. | Sun rises 8.8 a.m. |
| December 30th .. | Sun rises 8.8 a.m. |
| December 31st .. | Sun rises 8.8 a.m. |
| January 1st .. | Sun rises 8.8 a.m. |
| January 2nd .. | Sun rises 8.8 a.m. |
| January 3rd .. | Sun rises 8.7 a.m." |

Extract from Almanack.]

DAY! (It is BROWNING'S phrase, not mine)—

Day! As the Night grows faint and dies,

Like sudden meteors there shine Aurora's splendid eyes.

O Goddess, lucent-limbed, divine,
Unknown to me (as yet) by sight,
Sparkling in gold, like ginger-ale
(So they have said who know), all hail!
Hail, dawn! Hail, day! Hail, light!

So to himself Adolphus sang—

Adolphus, reader, being I—
While all the dim-lit bedroom rang
To that melodious ery;

For the alarm's strident clang
Had shocked me from my sleep thus soon,

Who am not wont to break my rest,
Nor to inflate my tuneful chest
Till pretty nearly noon.

I'd set it with my own right hand,
That harsh alarm, five hours back,
Having just previously scanned
Whitaker's Almanack;
"So," I had said, "I understand
This is the last day when the sun
Gets up comparatively late
(Though all too early), viz., 8.8.
Now should the thing be done!"

Yes, this was January 2.

I filled my lungs, I sang again:—
*The Dawn, by poets hymned, of hue
Brighter than Golden Rain
That on November 5 floods through
The velvet night with brilliant sheen!*
Then lie not there and grossly yawn,
But rouse thyself and see this dawn
Which thou hast never seen!

Arise, arise, Adolphus! Shame
That thou, sworn votary of the Muse,
Hast never watched that ardent flame
The radiant East suffuse!
Fate will not bring to thee the same
Rich chance till many months have
Sped.

Have courage! Cease those coward
sighs!
Brave the chill morning! Up! Arise!
(Adolphus stopped in bed).

A Way they have in Australia.

"MELBOURNE, Friday.—Mr. Higgs (Queensland) was upended in the House of Representatives this afternoon."

Brisbane Daily Mail.

We at home have more respect for the dignity of Parliament.

The Luck of No. 13.

"A London newspaper of 1776 asserted that . . . 'Washington had 13 toes and 13 teeth in each jaw.'"

A stiff mouthful. GEORGE, like so many lovers of immaculate teeth, must have put his foot in it.

From a leading article in *The Westminster Gazette* :—

"New Year's Day is a Milestone which the least observant of us can hardly fail to pass unnoticed."

The writer, though, has failed easily. Indeed, it hardly looks as though he had tried to pass it unnoticed.

"Born on November 27 last, the little boy will, should things remain as at present, one day become Marquess of Lansdowne."

Manchester Evening News.

Not, however, if the present Lord LANSDOWNE remains as at present.

AT THE PLAY.

"HULLO, RAG-TIME!"

I SUPPOSE that if you call a thing a "Revue," it is meant to be a satire on persons in the public eye and on current vogues and events, and I therefore assume that all the chorus-part of MESSRS. PEMBERTON and DE COURVILLE'S production at the Hippodrome was designed to satirise the choruses of Musical Comedy. If, as I hope, I am right, the imitation here given of the old meaningless banalities was almost too perfect, for its intention clearly escaped the intelligence of the audience, who received it with loud and unsuspecting approval, as if it were the real thing. I am not sure that even the chorus itself recognised what it was there for. But Miss ETHEL LEVEY knew all about it, and her Musical Comedy methods in the duct with the foreign huzzar were very delightful for those who appreciated her humour. On the other hand, Mr. JAMIESON DODDS, who played the part of the gallant officer, seemed to take it quite seriously.

But for the interludes between the choruses, the "Revue" would have been a tedious business, for the ugliness of rag-time dances soon gets on the nerves. The *clou* of the evening was an "Extra Turn," entitled "The Dramatists get what they want." It was almost



THE SPIRIT OF RAG-TIME.
Miss ETHEL LEVEY.

unbelievable that this was from the same pens that wrote the rag-time part, yet the programme mentioned no other authorship. The protestations of the artistes from the Music-halls—a decent dog-trainer and his wife, a perfectly respectable acrobat, with six children in common—against the ques-

tionable character of the words they were given to say in a sort of Stage Society drama, were exquisite fooling; and here again Miss ETHEL LEVEY was the soul of the fun, though Mr. HEGGIE, in a smaller and less exacting part, was just as good. It was a delightful little burlesque, and deserved a much more responsive audience.

Another excellent interlude was the Sentimental Drama of the mother and her lost child (allusive to *The Tide?*), with interpolations from the body of the house. Here Miss DOROTHY MINTO was in happy vein, and the attempts made by the child (first a real child, and then, after objection raised by the L.C.C. because of the lateness of the hour, a grown-up member of the staff, quite as old as the mother) to secure paternal recognition from just anybody that came along were most acceptable.

There was nothing topical in the American dialogue between those admirable artistes, Mr. LEW HEARN and the lady who calls herself "BONITA," but it was extremely amusing. Indeed the large American element did most of the funny work of the evening, and even the actress who played *Britannia* in a Union Jack had apparently been imported from over the Atlantic, to sing the merits of the "red, white and blyew." I don't know where the chorus came from, but they were well above the average in good looks.

A few public characters were introduced, but in many cases we were left to gather their identity from the programme or the dialogue. Worse likenesses than those of MESSRS. CHURCHILL, F. E. SMITH, GRANVILLE BARKER and the PRESIDENT of the Divorce Court it would be very difficult to produce. The representative of Mr. MARTIN HARVEY was more like the original, but *The Only Way* is too established an institution to ridicule at this time of day even if the impersonator had got Mr. HARVEY'S voice right. But a really excellent imitation of Mr. GEORGE GRAVES was given by Mr. CYRIL CLENSY in the midst of playing the character of *Sir Wilkie Bard*; and Mr. GERALD KIRBY successfully assumed the manner of Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, though he could hardly hope to reproduce his legs.

For a satire on the passing hour this "Revue" was not quite catholic enough in its allusions. Its authors over-estimated the part played in our lives by the stage. There really are other things. Still, after all, there are few interests that more closely touch so many types. For the camps of the Higher Drama, the Legitimate, and Musical Comedy have little traffic with one another, and the way of the true devotee of the Halls lies apart from them all.

The audience at the Hippodrome was made of all these types—a sprinkling of the first two and strong contingents of the others; and it is matter for



HATELOEN

The One. "Hullo, ASQUITH!"

The Other. "Shut up, AUSTEN. Can't you see I'm WINSTON?"

The One. "Well, I'm not AUSTEN either. I'm F. E. SMITH in the programme."

compliment that the authors of this miscellany and their versatile cast should have given so much pleasure to so mixed a crowd. O. S.

From the programme of a concert at Kew:—

"'Polonaiseina' . . . Chopin.
'Toreador' . . . Carman."

Give us Faust's "Nocturneinaflat" all the time.

From a notice-board at Leicester:—

"— HOTEL.
ESTABLISHED IN THE 13th CENTURY,
RE-OPENED
UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT."

No doubt the change of management was necessary, but the old place will never seem the same again.

"The eighth annual meeting of the Peace Conference was held at St. James' Palace this (Wednesday) afternoon."

Staffordshire Sentinel.

The dilatoriness of Turkey is becoming a scandal.

"Le travail de M. Knochlauch (*Kismet*) est un bon divertissement pour des peuples moins avancés en civilisation que nous ne le sommes."—*L'Opinion*.

We hope that the thousands of Britons who saw the play at the Garrick, and enjoyed it, will not take the above too much to heart.



Belated Sportsman (arriving just as hounds are moving off after breaking up their fox). "I'VE SEEN YOUR HUNTED FOX; HE'S BEHIND, JUST OVER THE ROAD." Huntsman. "THE 'UNTED FOX IS INSIDE MY 'OUNDS, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

IN *John of Jingalo* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN lets out a number of bees that have been swarming in his bonnet (or ought I rather to say his toque?), some of which have very acute little darts concealed about them; others, I think, are content, like the telephone, with a mere intermittent buzzing. *Jingalo* is a country whose capital may be described in the good old phrase as situated not a hundred miles from Whitehall, and it is only by an ingenious system of transpositions, and by the device of alluding quite frequently to England as a co-existent European state, that the author prevents us from saying at every turn, "How on earth could anyone dare to publish a book like this?" Mr. HOUSMAN'S main thesis is that *Jingalo* is governed by a class of office-seekers (represented at any given moment by the Cabinet), who are wholly unsupported by the voice of the people, and use alike the democratic will and the institution of monarchy to serve their bureaucratic ends. Having tumbled down the palace staircase upon his head, *King John* begins to "see things," and the scope of his vision is further enlarged by conversations with his son *Max*, a Max with whose cynical detachment we somehow seem familiar. It will not come as a shock to anyone to learn that the Dramatic Censorship and Women's Suffrage are cases in which *King John* sees fit to set his counsellors at defiance; but these are only two and not, I think, the sharpest of the points which Mr. HOUSMAN has made. I admire most the monarch's decision to revive the ceremony of washing beggars' feet on Maun-

day Thursday, attended by the whole Order of Knights of the Thorn in full robes; and the epilogue: "And when their ordeal by water was over then the twelve beggars—all of guaranteed good character though not actual communicants—received with delight each a new pair of shoes and stockings, which they were able to sell immediately at fabulous prices to collectors of curiosities, chiefly Americans. And that same night twelve very happy beggars, all more or less drunk, made their appearance on the largest music-hall stage in the metropolis, where the whole scene was elaborately re-enacted in *fac-simile*, followed by a cinematograph record of the actual event." That bee stings.

I have been reading an extraordinary, not to say nightmarish, book about the Mysterious East. It is called *The White Knight* (MURRAY) and begins on board a P. & O. liner, passengers on which were *Denis Grey* and *Howell*. The former, I gathered, had come out to Egypt as the guest of his Oxford friend, *Howell*, who was not only "one of the quietest men in Balliol," but on his mother's side a Bedouin Arab. Naturally this unusual combination was not without startling results, because, as it happened, there was a high-pressure blood feud going on at the time between *Howell's* tribe and another; and hardly had the two travellers disembarked at Port Said when events began simply to hum. I have a fixed idea that had I been *Grey* I should have called the visit a failure. To begin with, having expressed a wish (the least he could do) to join his host's brotherhood, he found himself bound hand and foot and involved in the most terrifying entertainment of gongs and green lights

and brandings. Later, he had to fight for his life in a four-days' desert battle, and was only rescued by the heroine in the very moment of defeat. Well, really, I mean— Amongst other questions that occur to the sceptical reader is, "Where was Lord KITCHENER?" Briefly, Mr. T. G. WAKELING has written a sometimes exciting, but more often rather nonsensical, story about a country that he evidently knows and loves. The interest would have been stronger if the author had been less eager to combine it with instruction. The characters have a disconcerting habit of holding long natural-history dialogues in question and answer, such as I take to be unusual for men in moments of emotional stress. But the big fight in the last chapters is tremendous fun, and justifies the making of the book—for those who like that sort of thing.

In *The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope* (JOHN LANE) Mr. STIRLING provides some fascinating reading. The collection is designed to form a continuation

and conclusion of two earlier works, *Coke of Norfolk and his Friends* and *Annals of a Yorkshire House*. The contents of the *Letter-Bag* mainly consist of correspondence addressed to or written by JOHN SPENCER-STANHOPE, who lived and saw wide variety of life between the years 1787 and 1873. It is impossible in the limited accommodation of this "Booking-Office" adequately to deal with the teeming pages of volumes which picture the social existence of two generations and record gossip and confidences exchanged over half a century. If the book did nothing more than rescue the memory

of Lord COLLINGWOOD from undeserved oblivion its publication would be welcome. His share in the great victory of Trafalgar was outshone by the dazzling glory of his commander and friend, NELSON. Full justice is at length done him, partly by publication of his own modest account of the great fight, though the part he played in it is only incidentally referred to. His description of the battle is a masterpiece. A passage in one of his letters of later date, protesting against a tendency on the part of the Admiralty to neglect the duty of maintaining the efficiency of the Navy, will by its exact terminology commend itself to the present FIRST LORD. "I have always found," COLLINGWOOD wrote, "that kind language and strong ships have a very powerful effect in conciliating the people." Another apophthegm, a favourite remark with JOHN STANHOPE, may recommend itself to one of Mr. CHURCHILL'S Cabinet colleagues: "The great advantage of being of old family is that you are further removed from the rascal who founded it." Both NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON figure in the correspondence, in which appear vivid glimpses of Paris after Waterloo.

Casting about me for an epithet by which I may most suitably describe *Following Darkness* (ARNOLD), I think

I shall select that often misapplied word "subtle." There is none that comes nearer to Mr. FORREST REID'S peculiar method of telling half a tale, and suggesting the rest, which you may then find out for yourself if you have interest and imagination enough. Only the other day I saw that Mr. REID was writing on "The Boy in Fiction," and certainly the list of his own books would seem to give him some claim to speak with authority. All his stories are in fact studies, extraordinarily clever and detailed and painstaking, of certain types of adolescence. In *Following Darkness*, the boy, *Peter Waring*, who is its central character and tells his own tale in the first person, is drawn with an ingenuity that is quite merciless. The result is a picture attractive, almost in spite of itself, from this quality of sincerity. For it must be confessed that on no other ground could *Peter's* be called an engaging personality. Moreover, let those who demand from a novel that it shall have a symmetrically rounded plot, or for whom boyhood, with its elusive moods and contradictions,

its romance and happiness and despair, has no sufficient charm, avoid this book. The others will accept it with appreciation and gratitude for work of a kind both beautiful and rare. Despite some obvious faults of construction (of which the Preface seems to me to be one), *Following Darkness* deserves to linger pleasantly in the memory when two-thirds of the fiction of to-day has been willingly forgotten.

There is one article that might very well have been included in *The English Character* (FOULIS) by SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES, but



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

THE KEEPER OF THE KING'S CONSCIENCE HANDS IN HIS RESIGNATION TO RICHARD III.

has somehow or other got left out—an article on the varying value of externals. Any unprejudiced reader who took up this book and considered the very tasteful crimson-linen binding, the hand-made paper, the coloured illustrations, the wide margins, the clear lettering and the style of the printing—every chapter begins with a whole line in capitals and ends with two shortening lines like the tale of *Fury* and the Mouse in *Alice in Wonderland*—might be pardoned for saying eagerly, "Here is CHARLES LAMB at least." But with all due respect to Mr. HUGHES (who was so well-known as the *Sub Rosa* of *The Morning Leader* and has now transferred his bower to *The Daily News*) I think he would be a little disappointed. Mr. HUGHES has one or two good stories to tell, and his observation is sometimes shrewd enough. But, oh dear! there are some sad platitudes in these pages and (can it possibly be because they first appeared in the form of diurnal columns?) they are woefully periphrastic at times. But never mind. Mr. HUGHES has doubtless plenty of admirers, and he will not be annoyed if I reserve the larger share of my gratitude for Mr. FOULIS.

Winter Sport.

"THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE FOGHOUNDS."—*South Bucks Free Press.*

CHARIVARIA.

SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE has decided to take the title of Lord Sydenham. An attempt will no doubt be made to sell him the Crystal Palace as a residence worthy of his new dignity.

It is thought that the decision of the Royal Geographical Society in regard to the admission of women as members may have the result of turning the attention of an increased number of women to the study of geography. We fancy, however, that they will still ask the way of good-looking policemen.

It has been discovered that big game in Central Africa nourish the organisms that are the cause of sleeping sickness. A number of notices bearing the words "Kill that Lion!" are to be sent out at once, and a charitable lady has, we hear, offered to provide 20,000 fly papers of an extra-large size.

Nearly forty cheeses, weighing together more than a ton, and valued at over £2 each, were stolen last week from a wholesale storehouse in Oakley Street, Lambeth. There were signs that some of them had not surrendered until after a plucky struggle.

The lengths to which some persons will go in sacrificing themselves for the amusement of others is amazing. One of the guests at a party at Kettering, in endeavouring, last week, to blow out a candle blindfolded, burned off half his moustache.

A Melbourne baker claims to have discovered a liquid compound which, if applied to a loaf of bread three or four days old, will restore all its original freshness. By the by, we believe it is not generally known that a thin coating of brown boot polish will convert a slightly soiled white loaf into an attractive-looking whole-meal loaf.

"There is no ideal girl," says Mr. SANDOW. In view of this definite pronouncement it is thought that many gentlemen will now give up the fruitless search.

Of the Sydney Edition of *Bacon's Essays* a contemporary remarks:—"In its buckram covers and general

appearance this edition surpasses every edition that we remember at this price." As the price is the unusual one of six shillings net, this notice is not quite so handsome as it sounds.

A number of inmates of the prison hotel at Parkhurst, who took part in the recent disturbances there, have been sent back to Portland. They are said to be extremely annoyed at this. They had hoped that they would merely be expelled with ignominy and that His Majesty's Government would refuse to have anything more to do with



Rustic Passenger (as express dashes by). "BY GUM, THAT WERE A NEAR SHAVE!"

persons who take an unfair advantage of their hospitality.

Last week, apparently, if one had kept one's eyes open, one would have seen at every street corner little groups of citizens discussing an alarming report—for, says *The Observer*, "The rumour that A. W. Gamago, Ltd., supply only the Gamago Motor Tyre is not correct." Who, we wonder, is responsible for starting these wicked canards?

"Young lambs are very prolific in St. Erth district already."—*Hayle Mail*.

We confess that we cannot approve of this precocity. In any case we think that these young mothers would have been better advised to wait for the Government's maternity benefit.

TO AN ELDERLY FEMALE.

(*A January Idyll.*)

In the January chill
I beheld you on the hill,
O most angular old Jill,
Tall and gaunt;
Unapproachable and prude,
With a face of Don't Intrude,
And a general attitude
Of Avaunt!

By a mincing step and stiff,
By a short and tentative
And most disapproving sniff
Now and then,
By a prim, tea-party air
And a penetrating stare,
I could tell you couldn't bear
"Hateful men!"

Elegant, if ancient wreck,
How that mincing gait found
check,
How you slowed that scrawny
neck
With a twist,
Startled, yes, but still refined!
Then you ambled up the wind,
Yeld and venerable hind
That I missed!

The Line of Least Resistance.

THE waiter, in wishing me good morning, remarked that the day was much colder. I had as a matter of fact thought it particularly close and muggy, but I agreed with him.

At the cloak-room, where a man, at a daily remuneration of sixpence, takes charge of a hat and coat that would repose on a chair beside me for nothing had I any courage, I was told that the weather seemed much more promising; and again I agreed, although I had no such belief.

Finally, the splendid creature who, in return for more money, blows the whistle once for a cab for me, said that it was a nice day on the whole; and once more I agreed.

But what I want to know is, what does the Recording Angel do about this kind of thing?

"Madame Butt's majestic stature appealed to critics hardly less powerfully than her voice."—*New York Correspondent of "Daily Telegraph."*

At this rate of computation what would LITTLE TICH be worth? A threepenny bit?

"Charge of Robbing a Solicitor."—*Times*.
Difficulty has always been the whetstone of enterprise.

THE GREAT TWIN TERRORS.

"Tory Members are trembling before the remorseless propaganda, the unerring arithmetic, of Mr. Chiozza Money and Sir Alfred Mond."—P. W. W. in "The Daily News and Leader."

WHENCE comes this pallor which bediums
The Tory Party's sanguine faces?
Who puts the palsy in our limbs,
As when a cobra's fierce grimaces
Reduce to pulp the paralytic bunny?
It is the leonine CHIOZZA MONEY.

Who is the other terror? Who
The basilisk that makes us shiver
Turning our red corpuseles blue,
Setting our marrow-bones a-quiver,
Causing a kind of hiccup in the heart?
It is Sir ALFRED MOND, the gifted Bart.

And if you care to call in doubt
The wiles of these astounding wizards;
If you would know some more about
Their power to petrify our gizzards;
With my inspired authority I'll trouble you—
It is the trusty scribe, P. double W.

'Twas he from whom I heard the trick
That makes them such a pair of wonders:
He says it's their arithmetic
Which absolutely never blunders;
Ask them, if proof you want, to say at sight
How many beans make five—they're always right.

'Tis this that puts us in the soup,
A wriggling mass of vermicelli;
By this they catch us when we stoop
So that we tremble like a jelly,
Because we cannot cope with men of lore
Who see at once that two and two are four.

They know addition, oh, and lots
Of darker matters; they define us
The meaning of those "little dots,"
And cryptic things like + and -;
They even do their sums (or so 'tis said)
Not on the fingers, but inside the head!

Deadly at economics, they
Can tell by lightning calculations
The blow that threatens, some fine day,
To knock the Tariff-ridden nations;
Nor, on the Free Food stump, can hecklers stand a
Moment against their ruthless propaganda.

In lurid lights, that leave us dumb,
They paint the ruin, swift and heavy,
Of those who tax the People's tum,
Barring, of course, the Liberal levy
(A little thing, a mere ten million touch)
On currants, coffee, cocoa, tea and such.

But we, a trembling chicken-brood,
We dare not say we find it funny
That Liberal taxes laid on food
Are naught to MOND and nil to MONEY;
And, after all, a mere ten million—what's a
Trifle like that to ALFRED or CHIOZZA?

O. S.

Extract from *The Nervous System of Vertebrates*:—

"There is no such thing as a pars supraneuroporica of the lamina terminalis."

Personally we never said there was.

OUR COURTSHIP COLUMN.

EVERYBODY'S AUNT EMMA.

By all means, Jemima, make it up with your William. No one is perfect, and we all lose our tempers at times. Besides, you say the boot did not actually hit you, and you can easily get a new chandelier. Do you think he can have been anticipating in a clumsy and indirect fashion the custom of throwing a shoe after the wedding carriage? In any case make him a present, as you suggest, as a sign of forgiveness; a pair of very soft bedroom slippers would be a thoughtful gift.

Lucy is engaged to a man who is most high-minded and honourable, but unfortunately he is not clever and he has very little hair on his head. Still, I think she had better stick to him. There are many preparations for the hair (see our advertisement columns), and many great men have been bald, e.g., CÆSAR and Fra LIPPO LIPPI. As to cleverness, that is not everything. The poet says, "Be good, sweet maid," and it is better to meet nice people, even if they are rather bores, than to be robbed by a witty dramatist or bludgeoned by a thoughtful poet.

I am at a loss, my dear Mary, to know what to say to you. Yours is a most distressing case. Use all your womanly tact and perhaps you will reclaim him. Next time he wants to enter a picture palace draw him aside, saying, "Come, Walter, I see a dog-fight at the other end of the street."

Philip thinks he has been very clever, but he has not; he has done a cruel unkind thing. It is not merely the crockery; hearts are broken by acting in that way.

You were quite right, Lily. A man who could behave like that is unworthy of any affection, let alone a consuming passion such as you describe yours to be. When next he calls, summon him to that latticed window of which you speak so feelingly, and empty a jug of cold water over him. If he remonstrates you might reply with some little badinage, as for example, "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." Then close the window and retire to rest.

Your heart is not touched, Amelia, but I think you are a little bit wrong in the head.

I can quite understand, Constantia, that you miss the visits of your Henry. His eyes must have been excessively blue. But his habit of imitating a green parrot no doubt grew tiring and, as you say his income is so small, I feel certain that your heart cannot really have been touched. If Percy's diamonds are genuine (and a visit to the nearest jeweller will settle this point) I think I would forget Henry. But you must be very careful not to display anything like a mercenary spirit, for there is nothing that the rich dislike so much.

I should advise Clara to see a beauty specialist. Hers is a most distressing face.

"Contemplating the eyes of this woman, one thought of elemental passions. If the eyes were her great feature, the mouth gave more key to her true self. The short upper lip curled outward enough to make visible a shadowy line above itself, when the light came upwards to her face. The skin over the cycoteeth showed that slight fulness indicative of animalism."—"Dystander" *Short Story*.

The sort of woman one escapes from by the skin of her cycoteeth.

"The macaw of British Honduras says a lecturer resembles many people in wearing fine clothes, making a great noise, and in being good for nothing else."—*Evening News*.

A caustic bird, the macaw.



THE SWAN-SONG.

PRESIDENT TAFT (*singing*). "ARBITRATION I ADORE,
SOMETIMES LESS AND SOMETIMES MORE.
IF YOU LOVE YOUR DYING SWAN,
KEEP IT UP WHEN HE IS GONE."

[PRESIDENT TAFT, after proposing to repudiate the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, has at last, within a few weeks of the close of his term of office, lifted up his voice in favour of a sort of arbitration on the Panama tolls.]





"WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT AN INSURANCE ACT? HAVE TO LICK STAMPS OR SOMETHIN', WHAT?"
 "DON'T KNOW, OLD THING. SEEMS TO HAVE BLOWN OVER."

MILLENNIAL MEETINGS.

STIMULATED by the example of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON in his *pronunciamento*, "1913," in *The English Review*, several of our leading publicists have delivered themselves on the subject of Anglo-German relations, and the best way of promoting the peace of Europe.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, speaking at the annual meeting of the Bacup Baconian Society last Friday, observed that they lived in stirring times. He was, however, hopeful, nay sanguine, that peace would be preserved if the legitimate aspirations of Germany could be reconciled with a due regard for our own Imperial obligations. Personally he had no doubt whatever that this could be done easily on the basis of a simple deal. Let Germany take SHAKSPEARE (giving us LUTHER in exchange) while we kept BACON. He felt convinced that she would acquiesce in an arrangement so fraught with pacific possibilities. Germany would save her face, and we would save our BACON. (Great applause.)

The Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX, who was the principal guest at the

quinquennial banquet of the Rochester Revolver Club, adumbrated a remarkable scheme for maintaining the inter-dynastic relations of Europe on a harmonious basis. He proposed a Conference of Crowned Heads to be held in the Republic of San Marino, before which he was prepared to submit his plan of settling all international disputes by reference to an official, to be called the Cosmic Conciliator, who should be elected by the assembled Sovereigns and hold office for life. If the choice fell upon himself, as he had good ground for believing it might, he would not shirk the responsibilities of the post or fail to deal faithfully with recalcitrant potentates.

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM, the famous conductor, fresh from his triumphs in Germany, addressed a meeting of musicians at Finsbury Park last Saturday evening. He said that the treatment of German hands was the only outstanding question between the two countries. He had begun to conduct overtures with Sir EDWARD CARSON with a view to their establishment in Ulster under Home Rule in case his efforts to secure their repatriation failed.

Sir WILLIAM BYLES, M.P., who presided at an extraordinary meeting of the Bradford Branch of the Mad Mullah Protection League, criticised Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's proposal to surrender various portions of the Empire as timid and half-hearted. It was no good giving up Egypt, Malta and Gibraltar unless we also decided to give back India to the Indians and Australia to the aborigines. In view of the GERMAN EMPEROR's fondness for yachting, Sir WILLIAM added that it would be a gracious as well as politic act to present him with the Isle of Wight as a summer residence.

The Suicide Club.

"BIG DYERS' STRIKE.

5000 OPERATIVES GIVE NOTICE TO EXPIRE IN A WEEK."

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

"Many a wintry wind this fine old tower has defied, the scorching sun has shone its rays on its four sides for centuries."

Bury Post.

No need to bother about a south aspect here. The north is as good as any of them.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VIII. (and Last).—THE EXPLORER.

As the evening wore on—and one young man after another asked Jocelyn Montrevor if she were going to Aseot, what? or to Henley, what? or what?—she wondered more and more if this were all that life would ever hold for her. Would she never meet a man, a real man who had *done* something? These boys around her were very pleasant, she admitted to herself; very useful, indeed, she added, as one approached her with some refreshment; but they were only boys.

"Here you are," said Freddy, handing her an ice in three colours. "I've had it made specially cold for you. They only had the green, pink and yellow jerseys left; I hope you don't mind. The green part is arsenic, I believe. If you don't want the wafer I'll take it home and put it between the sashes of my bedroom window. The rattling kept me awake all last night. That's why I'm looking so ill, by-the-way."

Jocelyn smiled kindly and went on with her ice.

"That reminds me," Freddy went on, "we've got a nut here to-night. The genuine thing. None of your society Barcelonas or suburban Filberts. One of the real Cob family; the driving-from-the-sixth-tee, inset-on-the-right and New-Year's-message-to-the-country touch. In short, a celebrity."

"Who?" asked Jocelyn eagerly. Perhaps here was a man.

"Worrall Brice, the explorer. Don't say you haven't heard of him or Aunt Alice will cry."

Heard of him? Of course she had heard of him. Who hadn't?

Worrall Brice's adventures in distant parts of the empire would have filled a book—had, in fact, already filled three. A glance at his flat in St. James's Street gave you some idea of the adventures he had been through. Here were the polished spurs of his companion in the famous ride through Australia from south to north—all that had been left by the cannibals of the Wogga-Wogga River after their banquet. Here was the poisoned arrow which, by the merciful intervention of Providence, just missed Worrall and pierced the heart of one of his black attendants, the *post-mortem* happily revealing the presence of a new and interesting poison. Here, again, was the rope with which he was hanged by mistake as a spy in South America—a mistake which would certainly have had fatal results if he had not had the presence of mind to hold his breath during the performance. In yet another corner you might see his favourite mascot—a tooth of the shark

which bit him off the coast of China. Spears, knives and guns lined the walls; every inch of the floor was covered by skins. His flat was typical of the man—a man who had *done* things.

"Introduce him to me," commanded Jocelyn. "Where is he?"

She looked up suddenly and saw him entering the ball-room. He was of commanding height and his face was the face of the man who has been exposed to the forces of Nature. The wind, the waves, the sun, the mosquito had set their mark upon him. Down one side of his cheek was a newly-healed scar, a scratch from a hippopotamus in its last death-struggle. A legacy from a bison seared his brow.

He walked with the soft easy tread of the python, or the Pathan, or some animal with a "pth" in it. Probably I mean the panther. He bore himself confidently, and his mouth was a trap from which no superfluous word escaped. He was the strong silent man of Jocelyn's dreams.

"Mr. Worrall Brice, Miss Montrevor," said Freddy, and left them.

Worrall Brice bowed and stood beside her with folded arms, his gaze fixed above her head.

"I shall not expect you to dance," said Jocelyn, with a confidential smile which implied that he and she were above such frivolities. As a matter of fact, he could have taught her the Wogga-Wogga one-step, the Binbo, the Kiyi, the Ju-bu, the Head-hunter's Hug and many other cannibalistic steps which, later on, were to become the rage of London and the basis of a *revue*.

"I have often imagined you, as you kept watch over your camp," she went on, "and I have seemed myself to hear the savages and lions roaring outside the circle of fire, what time in the swamps the crocodiles were barking."

"Yes," he said.

"It must be a wonderful life."

"Yes."

"If I were a man I should want to lead such a life; to get away from all this," and she waved her hand round the room, "back to Nature. To know that I could not eat until I had first killed my dinner; that I could not live unless I slew the enemy! That must be fine!"

"Yes," said Worrall.

"I cannot get Freddy to see it. He is quite content to have shot a few grouse . . . and once to have wounded a beater. There must be more in life than that."

"Yes."

"I suppose I am elemental. Beneath the veneer of civilisation I am a savage. To wake up with the war-cry of the enemy in my ears, to sleep with the—

er—barking of the crocodile in my dreams, that is life!"

Worrall Brice tugged at his moustache and gazed into space over her head. Then he spoke.

"Crocodiles don't bark," he said.

Jocelyn looked at him in astonishment. "But in your book, *Through Trackless Paths!*" she cried. "I know it almost by heart. It was you who taught me. What are the beautiful words? 'On the banks of the sleepy river two great crocodiles were barking.'"

"Not 'barking,'" said Worrall. "'Basking.' It was a misprint."

"Oh!" said Jocelyn. She had a moment's awful memory of all the occasions when she had insisted that crocodiles barked. There had been a particularly fierce argument with Meta Richards, who had refused to weigh even the printed word of Worrall Brice against the silence of the Reptile House on her last visit to the Zoo.

"Well," smiled Jocelyn, "you must teach me about these things. Will you come and see me?"

"Yes," said Worrall. He rather liked to stand and gaze into the distance while pretty women talked to him. And Jocelyn was very pretty.

"We live in South Kensington. Come on Sunday, won't you? 99, Peele Crescent."

"Yes," said Worrall.

* * * * *

On Sunday Jocelyn waited eagerly for him in the drawing-room of Peele Crescent. Her father was asleep in the library, her mother was dead; so she would have the great man to herself for an afternoon. Later she would have him for always, for she meant to marry him. And when they were married she was not so sure that they would live with the noise of the crocodile barking or coughing, or whatever it did, in their ears. She saw herself in that little house in Green Street with the noise of motor-horns and taxi-whistles to soothe her to sleep.

Yet what a man he was! What had he said to her? She went over all his words. . . . They were not many.

At six o'clock she was still waiting in the drawing-room at Peele Crescent . . .

At six-thirty Worrall Brice had got as far as Peele Place . . .

At six-forty-five he was back in Radcliffe Square again . . .

At seven o'clock, just as he was giving himself up for lost, he met a taxi and returned to St. James's Street. He was a great traveller, but South Kensington had been too much for him.

Next week he went back unmarried to the jungle. It was the narrowest escape he had had. And he would have hated Green Street.

A. A. M.

HULLO, WALTZ-TIME!

THE Great Central Hall of the Hop Market was the scene, on Monday last, of a remarkable meeting, convened by the Society for Promoting Graceful Deportment, and presided over by Mr. Cecil Ffoulke-Loring, the famous terpsichorean professor, with a view to reviving the famous Old English dances associated with the Merrie England of the past.

Before addressing the meeting, Professor Ffoulke-Loring read letters and telegrams from several distinguished sympathisers with the movement.

Lord Cunzon wrote: "I cordially approve of the aim of the meeting. Decorum is the inalienable heritage of the British race, though the exhibitions witnessed in modern ball-rooms suggest that we have exchanged the cult of Terpsichore for that of St. Vitus. It should be our duty to call in the Old World to redress the outrages of the Now."

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE telegraphed: "Am with you heart and sole."

Mr. FIlson YOUNG wrote: "Modern life is sadly lacking in dignity and distinction, and it is strange to note in persons of birth and breeding a tendency to relapse, in moments of exhilaration, to the simian contortions of the primitive savage. Any effort to combat this retrograde tendency will receive my most cordial and italic support."

Professor Ffoulke-Loring, who was very heartily received, drew the attention of his audience to the circumstance that unless steps were at once taken there was every danger of certain of the dances to which the feet of our ancestors and ancestresses kept happy time remaining for ever in the oblivion in which they were now buried. This would be a very regrettable calamity. Records of the past told him that the waltz, the polka and the lancers were once ingredients of the life of Merrie England, and he had himself conversed with persons who could recall these measures and the pleasure they had taken in footing them. At a house in Mayfair he had found a comely lady of forty who distinctly recollected waltzing (as it was called) at a ball in London. There was nothing, she was convinced, in the rag-time dances of the present—the Hugs and Trots and Cuddles and Strangles and Tangos—which could compare with the waltz for enjoyment.

He had discovered, the Professor continued, that musicians had existed who wrote nothing but music for this particular dance, and in Vienna, which he had recently visited, there were persons still true to it. It was indeed from the



Maid. "YES, MUM; AND SHE WALKS OUT REGULAR AT NIGHTS WITH MR. BROWN, THE BUTCHER, AND EVEN TAKES 'IS ARM; AN' MR. BROWN'S A MARRIED MAN, AN' SHE KNOWS IT AND 'E KNOWS IT, TOO."

notes which he had taken in Vienna that he hoped to reconstruct the waltz for the purposes of their Society.

As to his adventures in search of the correct steps of the other obsolete dances which he had mentioned—the polka and the lancers—he would at the present moment say nothing.

What was very strongly felt, both by himself and his committee, was that, if only a few negroes could be induced to take them up, all these dances would instantly be received into favour by the Smart Set of England and their prosperity be assured.

Mr. Ffoulke-Loring then read the list of subscriptions towards the great work to which he had set his hand, including £50, ear-marked for waltzing reconstruction, from Messrs. Giddy and Giddy. He had also had a promise of support from the well-known pugilist and bridegroom, Mr. JACK JOHNSON. (Great enthusiasm.)

A resolution in favour of urging the Government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the Decadence of Dancing having been unanimously passed, the meeting broke up to the strains of the "Mabel" Waltz.

A FLUTTER ON THE FLAT.

WHEN we were married, Elmira's aunt gave us a picture of JONAH and the Whale, and after considerable discussion we decided to hang it in the bathroom. There is nothing indelicate about the work—if you knew Elmira's aunt you would be quite certain of that—and indeed it is difficult to be sure what precise moment in the Scriptural drama the artist endeavoured to seize. The prophet is fully clothed, and there is a kindly, almost quizzical expression on the face of the sea-monster. Neither of us, Elmira nor I, considers the thing very beautiful, and, except when Miss Tompkinson seemed likely to call, we felt that the bathroom was the most suitable home for it. It hangs just over the geyser and looks, I think, rather well.

At four o'clock last Thursday afternoon the dreaded event happened, and, in accordance with the pre-arranged scheme, as soon as I heard the drawing-room door closed on our visitor I took a chair and a bamboo-stick and, successfully gaffing the masterpiece, hastened towards my study with it. Unhappily, before I could get there, the drawing-room door opened again. Without a doubt, Elmira's aunt intended to be shown round the flat, and since my study is opposite the drawing-room there was nothing to be done but to take refuge in the kitchen. As Fate would have it, this was, of course, the very room which Elmira's aunt immediately wished to inspect. Perhaps she wanted to look at the colander—I know there is a colander because I have paid for it, but I have never yet been allowed to see it at its work; or it may have been the nutmeg-grater—I am told we have a very beautiful nutmeg-grater. Anyhow, before they came in I bolted with a cry of alarm into the larder and slammed the door. Then I realised that I was trapped again, for there is no bolt on the inside of the larder door. It would have been absurd for the master of the house to be discovered weltering amongst the remains of the cold mutton, clasping the representation of a Biblical crisis under one arm. So I crawled with some difficulty through the larder window on to the roof—ours is the highest flat in the buildings—and dragged the seascape after me.

It is a great pity that people should go and leave unnecessary nails sticking out of window-casements and that it is not someone's business to keep the slates of London roofs clean. I made my way, however, with a little trouble, to the sky-light over the landing and dropped down opposite our front door.

I was just going to let myself in when I heard voices on the other side. Apparently Elmira's aunt was just going to leave. I felt that she must have been disappointed at not seeing her picture, but it was too late to bother about that now—at any rate, she had not seen it over the geyser. The one thing to do was to escape, and, since our lift is temporarily disabled, I ran downstairs into the street—it was the only way. Several people looked at me rather curiously when I got on to the pavement, and I suppose it is a little unusual for an English gentleman to take the air in a rather grimy condition with no hat on and a large rent in his trousers, and carrying a bamboo stick in one hand and a large picture of a devotional nature in the other. I did not see the joke myself. To avoid ostentation I summoned a taxi-cab. "Where to?" shouted the man at the wheel, and I said, rather recklessly perhaps, "The Royal Academy." When we were about half-way there I decided that the coast must be clear, and told the man to turn round and go back. Still rather unmanned, but feeling considerably relieved, I let myself into the flat and immediately came face to face with Elmira and her aunt.

"Oh, you've got it!" said Elmira (I married Elmira partly for her quick intuitions), clasping her hands and positively beaming. "I was just telling Auntie that we broke the glass of her beautiful picture while we were trying to hang it in the drawing-room this morning, and that I had sent you off to get it mended at once."

If you stay at our flat you will probably notice the picture of JONAH and the Whale while you take your morning tub; it imparts an air of salt water. It is placed just over the geyser, and on the wall opposite I have hung a bamboo walking-stick.

"The daily round, the common task."

"Marriage Licence £2; Special about £30."
Letts's Diary.

This comes under the general heading of "Daily Wants Dictionary." Some people are always drifting into habits.

Record Foot-Wear.

"His Honour Judge Gent, at the Launceston County Court, delivered judgment in the case of Ashton v. Cann, concerning the alleged purchase of defendant's sock for £2,000."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

"Dr. Waldie was a native of Linlithgow, and the anniversary of his birth occurs this year."—*Scotsman.*

There is always something remarkable about a Scotchman.

THE TORTURE.

"And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root."
—*Atalanta in Calydon.*]

Is there At6 for the drunkard?
Is there sorrow for the fool?
Is it dreadful to be bunkered?
Is there pain when love grows cool?
Ah, but hope more surely withers,
Pleasure dies and joys are o'er
When I've failed to tell old Smithers
(Best of chaps, but how he blithers!)
That I've heard the little story that
he wants to tell before.

Mere politeness starts the error;
He dislikes to think it stale;
Ah, but the unholy terror
On my lying lips and pale
As he turns on me his glances!
How I tremble in my joints
As the anecdote advances,
As I fail to seize the chances
Of the proper mode of laughter for
the prelatory points!

Will he tell it as my father
Told it me when I was young?
Will he use the version rather
That the poet CHAUCER sung?
Thoughts like these begin to harrow
As he quarries that antique
Shaft of humour like an arrow
From an early English barrow
While the perspiration oozes and
comes trickling down my cheek.

Yea, and what if some suspicion
Cross his mind before the end?
What if by some thought-transmission
He should find me out? O friend,
You who read the subtle novels
Of the school of HENRY JAMES,
You can guess the imp that grovels
Darkly in my cranial hovels
As the jest winds slowly seawards to
the full-mouthed roar it claims.

Ay, and if the end completed
All the anguish, all the pain;
If those moments tense and heated
Passed, and I might breathe again;
No, for sometimes mid the thunder
Of my mirth the man recalls
How he split his sides asunder
Whilst I sat in wan-cheeked wonder
When we heard that joke last Christ-
mas cracked upon the music-
halls. EYOE.

From a letter in *The Standard*:—

"Sir,—Never at any time noted amongst nations for good manners, I find on my return from abroad after an absence of ten years that English manners are now utterly a thing of the past."

The writer is too diffident about himself. We happen to know that Holland was charmed with his behaviour.

THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

THERE was no possible mistake about it. "Billiard-room"—those were the words; and as a billiard-room was a *sine qua non*, and the rest of the description of the house seemed satisfactory and its situation was agreeable, I chartered a car at enormous expense—no one can call tenpence a mile anything but enormous expense—and hurried away with an "order to view."

It was not a bad house. The agent's printed words and the edifice cannot be said exactly to have run in double harness; but it was not a bad house. I don't say I should myself have called it precisely "old world," but then I am rather fastidious about epithets; and it was obvious that if one of the alleged seven bedrooms was used as a dressing-room the number of the bedrooms would be reduced to six; that is to say, the house possessed either seven bed-rooms and no dressing-room, or a dressing-room and six bedrooms, but under no conditions seven bedrooms as well as a dressing-room, as the specification would have you think. Still, it was not a bad house.

Having seen all over it I asked the "caretaker on premises" if I might now look at the billiard-room.

"Billiard-room?" she said vaguely.

I showed her the agent's list, with the smiling announcement in black-and-white.

She read it, but was still nonplussed. At last a light broke in. "Oh, yes," she said, "I suppose they mean the attic;" and she again led the way upstairs to a point on the top landing beneath a trap-door in the ceiling.

"They mean that," she said. "Would you like to go up? There's a ladder close by."

I declined. A half-size bagatelle-board might conceivably be insinuated through this trap and erected on the unstable floor; but nothing bigger or heavier; and as for light . . .

This—and many similar experiences—make it necessary to address to the house-agency profession (or is it craft?) the following epistle:—

DEAR SIRS,—May I draw your attention to an old aphorism, "Honesty is the best policy"? Not that I think you exactly dishonest—that is perhaps too strong a term for deviations from accuracy which are prompted, I am convinced, by no more culpable motives than the desire to see properties change hands, house-hunters satisfied, and yourselves the recipients of commission. None the less, there are only two things: truth and that which is not truth; and you might just as well pin your faith to truth as to the other



"PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT YOU'RE STANDING ON MY FEET."

"IF YOU WERE ANYTHING OF A MAN YOU'D BE STANDING ON THEM YOURSELF."

fellow. For consider how short a run your untruth has. It is discovered almost instantly.

I suppose that to suggest that you should yourselves see all the houses on your lists is to become unpractical. I feel sure I shall be told so. Let that point then go. But since you cannot conduct your business thoroughly and are content to recommend pigs in pokes, in defiance of sound commercial principles, may I implore you to take such a simple precaution as to ask the owners of the houses on your books for measurements? That surely would be easy and save many fruitless journeys on the part of house-hunters.

The other day one of your fraternity sent me into the country to a distant spot to see a "Grange." Will it be believed that when I reached it I found a semi-detached villa? And this after I had given a full account of the kind of isolated dwelling I desired!

But enough. You are for the most part amiable gentlemen and I like to watch you. And no doubt when one is, so to speak, not a real business man at all but a commender of other people's wares and a dependent upon commission, one gets into florid habits of persuasive speech. All the same, I am convinced you would lose nothing in the long run if you occasionally saw a house for yourselves and if you always aimed at a frugal accuracy in describing them.

"The manager . . . has been sent on a tour of the European countries to collect specialities and luxuries of cuisine in each country [for the new Hamburg-American liner]. Sweden will be represented by Stockholm's speciality hors d'œuvres, Russia by caviare and bosch (soups)."—*Daily News and Leader*.

Caviare is, of course, a clear soup. You should see P. W. W. and the other young tigers of *The Daily News* renewing their youth on it!



OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Good-natured Sportsman (on receiving a cup of tea). "WELL, CHEER-O, EVERYBODY!"

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

[*At the Zoological Gardens the axolotl, a large newt living entirely in water, has been induced to change into an amblystoma, a typical land-animal.*—*The Times.*]

"You're merely idiotic, with your talk of special diet—As if a dish of dragon-fly would serve to keep me quiet! It's anger, Sir—an anger I am powerless to bottle, Which ruins my digestion," quoth the pallid axolotl.

"Come, frankly, Mr. Keeper, Sir—explain to me, what is it That makes me pine in solitude for days without a visit? While, if a stranger does appear, immediately the brute Hurries away, remarking, 'Ugh! A creepy-crawly newt!'"

"Er," said the keeper thoughtfully,—"*er—well, the public taste In matters zoological is shockingly debased, And so—*" "You can't imagine that your superficial rot'll Impose upon," the other said, "a clever axolotl?"

"No; let me own the horrid truth: though very lithe and active, The sad conviction dogs me that I cannot be attractive! Now if I were an elephant, a kangaroo, or someone——" "Why, then your course is plain enough," the keeper said; "become one!"

"Become one, axolotl dear! Imagine the sensation! *The Times* will print a paragraph about your transformation! If in making a selection I can be of any use, you Have only got to mention it. Now do let me induce you!

"The lion is a noble beast, the panther is unpleasant, The monkey—no, the monkey-house is over-full at present; The skunk is reckoned fetching, though a rather strong aroma——"

"Eureka!" cried the happy newt, "I'll be—an amblystoma!"

"Good!" said the keeper, skilfully dissembling his amaze; "You couldn't choose a better if you thought of it for days! An ambly . . . that's the very thing to suit the Gardens nicely! You'll work the trick, I think you said—at *what* o'clock precisely?"

"Good Sir," replied the other, "pray consider the unfitnes Of (so to speak) disrobing in the presence of a witness! As soon as you have disappeared the process will be started.

Hence, hence, away, immodest man!" The keeper then departed.

Forthwith the gallant newt began some complicated movements

Essential to "extensive alterations and improvements,"—Till finally, relapsing in a state of placid coma, He slept—an axolotl; and awoke—an amblystoma!

DECANUS.

Scylla and Charybdis.

"Dean Inge in an interview yesterday said that no stone would be left unturned to stop the scheme for a tramway beneath St. Paul's." *Daily Sketch.*

The DEAN's threat strikes at the very foundations of the cathedral.



WHO'S AFRAID?



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



TIM HEALY, while HAYES-FISHER was speaking, "took a census."

House of Commons, Monday, January 6.—As the 15th of January approaches, bringing fulfilment of promise of 9d. for 4d. through operation of Insurance Act, Questions designed to hamper accomplishment of the beneficent work fall off in number. To-day there was, by exception, remarkable recrudescence. Probably a final foray, it beat the record. Of eighty-six Questions on paper the first thirty-one were addressed to the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY. Each presented a more or less cleverly constructed conundrum suggesting difficulties in working the Act. The number was increased by ten, MASTERMAN, Ready as usual to take on fresh work, answering for CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER to whom they were addressed. This made forty-one Questions, nearly one-half of the whole replied to by a single Minister.

Statement only partially represents the case. With few exceptions each of the Questions was a congeries of interrogation. Thus whilst they numbered up to forty-one they actually presented ninety separate and distinct enquiries, each calling for detailed reply. Nor is this all. Ministerial answer was invariably followed by crowd of Supplementary Questions. The minimum was two; the average three; sometimes the number ran up to six. Taking the average as three we

have 123 supplementing what may be called the mother questions, bringing up the total to 213.

Purists in Parliamentary procedure might be disposed to describe this as disorderly debate, outraging fundamental principle upon which the practice of seeking useful information from Ministers is based. Not at all. It is the latest development of the Question-hour. If some score of Members who, in obedience to Standing Order, have given notice of their Questions and duly placed them on the Paper, find the list closed by time limit before their names are called on, it is their misfortune. They should either ask Supplementary Questions or give private notice to a Minister of intention to cross-examine him on a particular point. By this last device they would gain the privilege of reading their Question aloud, a delight denied to the commonplace Member who subjects himself to the spirit and the letter of the Standing Order governing the Question-hour.

Business done.—Clause 13 of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill added in Committee. Long debate left undetermined the crucial question, "What is a layman?"

Tuesday.—Read sometimes in the papers of the silver market going "up" or "down" so many points. Don't know why it should do either,

or indeed why it shouldn't. Equal mystery broods over recently born absorbing passion of RUPERT GWYNNE, known in smoking-room conversation as "Silver-Market" GWYNNE. To-day he rose ten points—I mean ten times—with searching inquiry about that purchase of silver (or was it a sale?) on account of Indian Government. India Office, in reply to questions with which they have been bombarded during last couple of months, state that by clever management the City firm entrusted with the business outwitted group of market operators and saved the Treasury £100,000. "Silver-Market" GWYNNE, whose intimacy with intricacies of the trade is extensive and peculiar, knows better.

Hence severe catechism to which from time to time he subjects representative of India Office. Of late has eased off a little. Sometimes whole week passes without our hearing from him. Then, as to-day, he starts afresh. Ever in the same unimpassioned manner, the same monotonous tone, and withal the same unmistakable air of conveying to House impression that if he were to tell all he knew he would make its flesh creep and its hair uprise in affright.

By accident there are two Members seated in close proximity below Gangway, each bubbling with possession of secret information, both restrained by fetters of Parliamentary procedure from

telling all they know. How different is their manner of comporting themselves! "Silver - Market" GWYNNE, standing by Front Bench, from corner seat of which Cousin HUGH is periodically evicted, is depressed with secret knowledge of dark doings in the City. Mr. GINNELL, rising from second bench behind him, is ebullient with information that makes mystery of robbery of Crown Jewels from Dublin Castle clear as noon-day. Whilst one, putting his question, remains impassive, looking as if a silver florin wouldn't melt in his mouth, the other is almost blatant in desire to impart his private information. On Monday he started at a gallop, resolved to make a complete exposure. Commenced to cite a list of names of noble lords and others alleged to be implicated, when SPEAKER hastily interposed and he was compelled to resume his seat.

Up again a moment later, prepared to go on fresh tack. Has invented and developed improved system of putting Supplementary Questions. Others trust to inspiration and spur of moment; Mr. GINNELL brings down with him Supplementary Questions more or less illegibly written out on scraps of paper, which sometimes get mixed up, with hopeless result. Proposed to read one of these, but SPEAKER called on Member next in order on Question Paper, and, before Mr. GINNELL knew where he was, House was led off on quite another line. So he perforce remained seated, studying with puzzled countenance his perverse memoranda.

Business done.—In Committee on Home Rule Bill. Amendment carried by overwhelming majority embodying principle of proportional representation in new Irish Parliament. But, though sound of division bell brings in a crowd, desolate appearance of benches while debate goes forward remains. TIM HEALY, most constant in attendance, confided to House that while HAYES-FISHER was speaking he "took a census." He found there were present twenty-one Liberals, fifteen Tories, and seventeen Nationalists; total fifty-three. This interesting return accurately represents measure of interest displayed in Bill, for discussing Report Stage of which an allotment of seven days is denounced as shamefully inadequate.

Friday—Should a red herring be expected to touch the point? Question arises upon remark interpolated by

SCOTT DICKSON in debate on Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. ROCH arguing that it is easy to distinguish between a churchman and a member of a noneonformist body, SCOTT DICKSON testified that there would be great difficulty in Scotland in distinguishing between a U. F. Churchman and a Free Churchman.

This knocked ROCH over; but only for a moment.

"I will not," he said, recovering his breath, "follow the right honourable gentleman into the realm of Scottish metaphysics or Scottish ecclesiasticism. I feel the difficulty that, whereas the short but practical English Catechism begins by asking what is your name, the Scottish Catechism starts with the



SECRET INFORMATION TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP.
Mr. GINNELL (Crown Jewels) and Mr. GWYNNE (Silver Market).

puzzler, "What is the ultimate end of man?"

"That," promptly retorted SCOTT DICKSON, "is a very good red herring. But it does not touch the point."

Complimentary allusion to quality of an opponent's fish was in good taste, maintaining high level of courtesy in Parliamentary debate. But it leaves undetermined the problem whether a red herring, good, bad or indifferent, may reasonably be expected to "touch the point." If answer be in the affirmative, it would be interesting to know what consequences may be expected to follow upon impact.

Business done.—Week wound up with Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill still in Committee. Ministerial majority steadily maintained at or about six score, being something like twenty above normal.

MOTTO FOR UNIONISTS.—*Foi et Lol!*

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM SOLVED.

IN consequence of the success attending the new style of advertisement for domestic help, *Mr. Punch* begs to announce that he has opened a column on similar lines. Harassed mistresses will do well to adjust their old-fashioned ideas to modern requirements, for, as the subjoined specimens show, it is by alluring and attractive advertisement only that the heart of the independent domestic can be reached.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

COOK.—Age and salary to suit applicant. Outings, day a week, week-end month, every Sunday. Mistress good-tempered and short-sighted. Master deaf and easy-going. Neighbourhood noted for handsome policemen. Followers winked at in kitchen. Gramophone in scullery. Lib. perks; no cap. Good time guaranteed.—Apply, MRS. BATEHAM, Whitlands, Park View, New Dulwich.

NURSE - HOUSEMAID.—3 children, 2 could be disposed of during day. Well-trained baby. Vacuum flask for night bottle. Luxurious nursery. White pram, smart uniform provided. Choice of walks, no questions asked. Novelettes not objected to.—Apply, The Nest, Meadowside Road, Brondesbury.

PARLOURMAID.—£35. Sobriety and cleanliness not essential. Outings by request. Family entertain at restaurants. Spare time for blouse making and hat trimming guaranteed daily. Frequent gifts from Mistress's smart wardrobe. Servant's hall overlooks street. Young superior tradesmen call daily. Use of piano and bicycle. Free ticket for Cinema twice a week. No cold meat.—Apply, The Oasis, Fitzwilliam Hill, Hampstead.

GENERAL.—Comf. home. Wages £42. No tax, no stairs, no windows, no children, no coals, no washing. Daughters willingly undertake heavy work. Servants' relatives welcomed and entertained in kitchen. Fancy-work encouraged. Early riser preferred, but not essential. No cap, no flues; feather bed.—Apply, MRS. HOPE, The Moorings, Winchmore Hill.

Intensive Culture in the East.

"They are nipping in the bud the seeds, which they are endeavouring to sow in the interest of the upheaval of Indian women on the lines of modern European civilisation."
Allahabad Leader.

FIDO.

LAST week the idea came to me in a bright moment to call upon Suzanne and make her an offer of marriage, and as it was four in the afternoon I decided to put on my best suit and commence immediately. Ushered into her mother's drawing-room, I found her alone on the sofa holding in her lap what appeared at first sight to be a piece of disused hearthrug.

"Hullo, James, dear old thing," she said, "come and be introduced to Marmaduke."

I advanced and poked the object with some idea of discovering its nature.

It gave vent to a horrible squeal, and I sprang back in alarm.

"My goodness," I said, "the thing's alive."

"Of course it is. What did you expect?"

I approached again and looked at it closely.

"But what is it?" I asked.

"Why, it's a dog, of course."

"A dog!"

"Yes, a dog. What did you think it was?"

"I thought it was a pen-wiper."

Suzanne pouted.

"You're a very fine dog, aren't you?" she said, addressing the insect.

"Good old Fido," I said.

"His name isn't Fido," said Suzanne.

"It's Marmaduke."

"Oh! What makes you think that?"

"Why, bless the man," she exclaimed,

"I call him Marmaduke, so he is Marmaduke, isn't he?"

"No," I said, "he isn't. I always call dogs Fido; and I see no reason now to abandon the custom, so I shall continue to speak of him as Fido."

Suzanne made a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, well, ring for tea anyway," she said.

I had got the best of the argument, and I rejoiced about it at the time, but I am inclined to think that a little diplomacy would perhaps have been wiser.

I had not however called upon Suzanne that afternoon for the sole purpose of putting her right in the matter of her dog's name. I had a more delicate feat to perform, and, while wearing an air of easy nonchalance and touching lightly on the topics of the day, I deftly approached the question which lay so near my heart.

With the advent of tea I began to skirmish about the bush.

I helped myself to a fair-sized muffin. It is a good thing to have something substantial to hold on to in a crisis.

"You may have noticed, my dear Suzanne," I began, "that I have been



Mother. "LUCKY BOY, GERALD. UNCLE CHARLES SAYS HE'S GOING TO TAKE YOU TO DRURY LANE AGAIN THIS YEAR. WELL, YOU DON'T LOOK VERY PLEASED."

Gerald. "OH, IT'S VERY KIND OF UNCLE AND ALL THAT, BUT ON THESE OCCASIONS HE ALWAYS BEHAVES JUST LIKE A KID."

marked you what I may describe as marked attentions for no little time."

I took a bite of muffin and gazed at her over the top of it to observe the effect of my words.

"I come round here on fine afternoons," I pursued, "when I might be—working. I take you to dances and for your sake endure sleepless nights—and—sleepy days. I give you boxes of chocolates in season and out of season. In short, I would appear to be decidedly . . . *épris* . . . if you know the word . . ."

"Of course I know the word," she interrupted. "Why, I believe you learnt it from me."

"Possibly," I said. "But that is beside the point. The point is why—why do I do all this?"

"Goodness knows."

"I will tell you. It is because I am, in fact . . . *épris*."

Suzanne, overcome with sweet modest blushes, gazed with downcast eyes at Fido curled up in her lap, and vouchsafed no reply.

"And yet," I continued, "neither your father nor your mother has made bold to ask me my intentions. Rather singular, isn't it?"

I took another bite of muffin.

"I might, without exaggeration, say very singular."

"In their absence," said Suzanne, "I must apologise for them. They are both a little forgetful."

"That may be," I replied with dignity, "but it remains to be said that most men would have taken advantage of this and gone off and been lost altogether. However," I added, "I am made of different stuff or cast in a different mould—I forget which—and I have come here to-day to make a voluntary declaration."

"You overwhelm me!" exclaimed Suzanne.

"I ought perhaps to tell you that this is not at all the sort of marriage I expected to contract when I started out in life. I thought then that I should probably wed a society beauty and have my photograph in *The Tatler* . . . but somehow you have crept into my heart—or whatever the technical expression is—and . . . and, in short, I . . . love you."

At this critical point in my declaration Suzanne, shaken no doubt by a very natural emotion, spilt some hot tea on to Fido. It was, of course, a pure accident, but the little beast worked itself up into a fearful state about it, squealing in a more horrible manner than before.

She caught it up in her arms, kissing it and begging to be forgiven.

"My poor darling! Was it scalded, then?"

It was too much.

"Come, come," I said, "you really must leave your toys alone now and attend to me. Let us put Fido away in the cupboard."

Suzanne stood up, panting with indignation. Then she gnashed her little teeth. I became alarmed. It seemed as if no language would occur to her mind sufficiently frightful to meet the situation.

I felt somehow at the time that it was not a propitious moment for my proposal, but I had put my hand to the plough, and I am of the race that, having done this, never lets go.

"Joking apart," I said, "I love you, and I want you to be my wife."

There was a long, a very long pause. You could have heard a pin drop. (But I have observed that in real life pins rarely fall at such times.)

"My wife," I repeated. "Think of that."

Suzanne gazed at me in solemn silence. She was, to all appearances, thinking of it. Then she kissed Fido.

"You may have the refusal of me for seven days," I added. "An option."

She re-seated herself, and spoke at last with great deliberation.

"Marmaduke and I," she said, "take

the very earliest opportunity of declining your kind offer."

I could hardly believe my ears. A lifelong confidence in those features was rudely shaken.

"But surely," I cried, "surely you love me?"

Suzanne looked me straight in the face, with an expression of perfect candour in her big blue eyes.

"Yes, James," she said, "I do. I will not conceal the fact. I love you deeply."

"Then why," I exclaimed, "why this diffidence? It is due to some girlish whim."

"No, James," she replied, "it is the mature decision of a woman ripe in years and wisdom."

I could not understand her attitude. It is a matter of common knowledge that Suzanne is only nineteen.

"I need a second muffin," I said. "This unlooked-for development finds me unprepared."

With tears in her eyes she handed me the muffin dish.

"Now," I said, "if you love me what is the impediment to our marriage? I know of no family feud. Can it be Eugenics? Is it that I am a confirmed mullin-eater?"

She shook her head.

"It is because you do not really love me," she said.

I gasped. I could think of no adequate reply. I had so obviously been in love with her for weeks.

"Will you kindly explain?" I said at last with a sort of calm resignation.

"How shall I begin?" she asked.

"Begin with a few introductory bars," I said patiently, "and then announce the principal theme *con amore* on the wood-wind."

"Well," she said, "you know the old saw or adage that goes, 'Love me, love my dog'?"

I felt misgivings.

"Yes. Well?"

"Do you love Marmaduke? Assuredly not. Then how can you love me?"

I felt competent to deal with the difficulty. I can depart from the truth as gracefully as most men when the occasion demands it.

"Indeed," I said impressively, "I have the greatest affection for Fido."

"How do you show it? You come in here this afternoon and greet him with a heartless prod. You wilfully mistake him for a pen-wiper. Subsequently you propose putting him away in the cupboard, and, worst of all, you insist on calling him Fido when you know his name is Marmaduke."

I saw that the evidence was strongly against me. I tried another line of defence.

"After all," I said, "what are proverbs? Wise men make them and F-F-Fido repeats them."

Suzanne raised her eyebrows.

"Marmaduke, I presume you mean?"

At this moment the door opened and a lady visitor came in.

"Back at last," she said; "and thanks so much, dear, for looking after my darling pet."

Suzanne introduced me.

"Is that your dog?" I asked. "Such a nice affectionate little thing. And what do you call it?"

"Topsy."

LOCAL INFLUENCE.

ENVIRONMENT, not man-made laws, Is Public Virtue's primal cause.

This is a truth we may apply To London's many motor-bus.

You've never seen the virtuous Apparent in the motor-bus?

Then go to Whitehall and behold The monsters being as good as gold, And note how cautious, quiet and slow A nicely mannered bus can go;

Not only one, but one and all, It is a sight to see them crawl—

Bi, which in any other place Go at a most appalling pace.

Why is it then that Whitehall should Inspire the bad and make them good?

This Whitehall, which, a month ago, Was where they used to carry on

As nowhere else? What influence Promotes this new-born innocence?

Myself, I like herein to see A *locus penitentie*.

(Or, spoken in the modern way, A *locus penitentie*.)

Let not the cynic say, "Mayhap, This Whitehall has become a trap."

Gems of Style.

"Kings, presidents and cabinets are but pawns in the great international game of bluff, yet the winning card is seldom played." —"The Torn Card," by William le Queux, in "The Story-Teller."

Hitting wildly to leg at a fault from his adversary's mashie he scored a well-deserved goal.

Our South American Supplement.

"He: 'I wonder how it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man.'

She: 'Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch.'

The fruit trees in general are similarly affected, light yields being the rule. The prices are well sustained.

A heavy fine is to be imposed on any defaulter to the agreement, the proceeds of which are to be given to the fund raised on behalf of the newspaper vendors in this city.

The list of prize-winners was as follows:—

Buenos Aires Herald.

• THE FULL STOP.



? THE NOTE OF INTERROGATION.



! EXCLAMATION

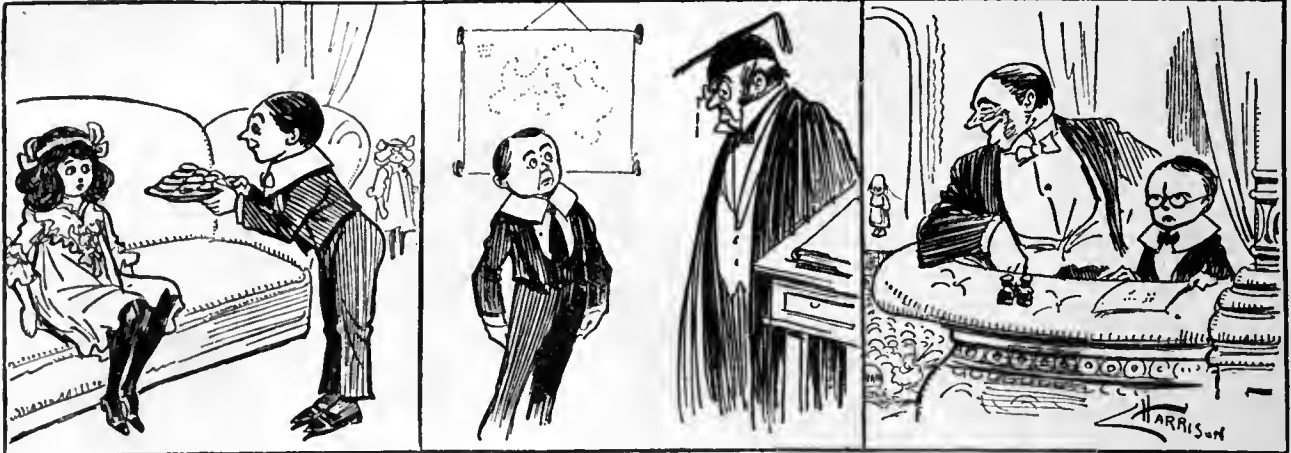


- THE HYPHEN.



THE LITTLE BLACK MARKS THAT MEAN SO MUCH.

AFTER THE CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION.



"I CAN CORDIALLY RECOMMEND THESE CAKES, MISS GLADYS; THEY ARE MADE WITH A LIBERAL PERCENTAGE OF ALBUMEN."

"I'M AFRAID, SIR, I SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR SCHOOL. THE SUBSOIL I FIND IS CLAY—SO CONDUCTIVE TO RHEUMATISM."

"YES, FATHER, THE PANTOMIME'S AMUSING ENOUGH, BUT THIS HEATED ATMOSPHERE IS NO DOUBT IMPREGNATED WITH BACTERIA."

THE ROMANCE OF A BILL OF COSTS.

It has lately been my good fortune to be enabled to study an old bill of costs sent in to their client by Messrs. Ginnyfee, Ritter and Server, formerly (and still, for aught I know) a well-known and highly-respected firm of solicitors. Set out, as it is, in the unadorned but convincing style of a lawyers' document it has a certain homely eloquence of its own and reveals qualities which have made some Englishmen what they are.

The hero, if I may so term him, of the story appears to have leased a little house at a rent which he cheerfully neglected to pay. There are no circumlocutions about the beginning of the narrative, no investigations into obscure matters of heredity and early history. It plunges head-first into the thick of things in the following fashion:—

"18—, July-August. Costs of obtaining judgment against Mr. T. F. Hartupp for possession of 33, Culverwell Gardens and for £70 5s. 0d. arrears of rent due 8th July, 18—, in the action of yourself *v.* Hartupp, as assessed against Mr. Hartupp by Master Wackerley on 21st August, 18—, £8 10s."

That sounds conclusive, and "yourself" no doubt thought that the matter was settled and his cheque in the post.

The resources of civilisation, however, were far from being exhausted. They had scarcely been tapped, as the following items show:—

"Upon receipt of your letter, instructing us to receive possession if no payment made and no reasonable proposition put forward, writing acknowledging same."

"Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when he said he expected to see his client and would communicate with us."

"Attending him later, when he asked us to postpone appointment to 4 P.M. as he had not yet seen Mr. Hartupp."

"Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when he said no proposal could be made at present and possession would be given up."

This again has all the outward semblance of a triumph—but where was the money, the much-desired but elusive cheque for £70 5s. 0d. and costs?

I omit some trifling matters in order that I may carry the story forward swiftly to its next stage:—

"Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, informing him

that we should proceed to enforce judgment unless matter dealt with at once."

"Writing him to same effect and threatening proceedings in Bankruptcy."

With the mention of this smashing and portentous word Mr. Hartupp ought to have been defeated, but he wasn't:—

"Attending by appointment to serve Mr. Hartupp with Bankruptcy Notice at his solicitor's office, when he did not attend; but his solicitor stated he would inform him that unless he called by following day at 12 o'clock noon we should apply for an order for substituted service."

"Attending to serve Bankruptcy Notice at Mr. Hartupp's solicitor's office, when Mr. Hartupp did not keep appointment."

The business now lingered about the purlieus of the Bankruptcy Court for a good many days. Instructions for the petition were given, it was drawn, it was engrossed, and there was an item of one shilling "Paid Parchment." During all this time Mr. Hartupp was described as "keeping out of the way." This, indeed, seems to have been his favourite fighting method:—

"Upon receipt of letter from Mr. Hartupp's solicitor that he had asked his client to attend at his offices at 12 o'clock to be served, attending at solicitor's offices accordingly, when he stated that his client had not arrived and asked us to call again at 2 o'clock."

"Attending again at 2 o'clock to serve petition, when Mr. Hartupp did not come."

By this time we had passed from July into December and the end was not yet in sight. There were again dark rumours of what is called "substituted service," on the ground that Mr. Hartupp was still keeping out of the way and could not be served personally. A "joint and several affidavit" was drawn, a Commissioner was paid the paltry sum of 3s. 6d., and a shilling was charged for "copy order for sealing to serve folios three." Finally Mr. Hartupp seems to have relented. Feeling that he had done enough for the time, he brings his wife into the story:—

"Attending Mr. Hartupp's solicitor, when, on behalf of Mrs. Hartupp, he paid £50 on the terms of our agreeing to the dismissal of the petition against Mr. Hartupp, and allowing two months' further time for payment of balance of debt and costs."

I wonder what happened when the two months were up.



C. L. SEAMAN
1913

Archie (meeting friend). "HULLO, THOMPSON!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I OWN to a most pleasant feeling of friendliness for the stories of Mr. THOMAS COBB. In any case, his latest, *A Marriage of Inconvenience* (MILLS AND BOON), would have enlisted my sympathies by its attractive title. Those familiar with the author's methods will hardly require to be told what it is all about. Nothing really, or at least nothing that mightn't happen to any of us. But as usual we are introduced to a set of quite delightful people, who sit about in each other's houses (and they all live in the jolliest parts of London) and discuss their slender intrigues over lunch or tea in a manner that I have found exceedingly agreeable. I fancy that Mr. COBB has (if I may put it so without offence) a strong feeling for the place that food fills in social intercourse. I hardly remember a story of his that has not a meal of some kind in almost every chapter. And there is no writer who is more generous with conversation; so much so that now and again I have not been able to resist the suspicion that the characters were chattering less to further their own development than to help Mr. COBB to fill out another novel. Anyhow, *A Marriage of Inconvenience* is just as pleasant as all its predecessors. You can see from the name that she marries him in the end; and the inconvenience of the match (chiefly objected to by his party because her mother was such an impossible person that for a long time I thought there was going to turn out to be no real relationship between them) seems unlikely to be very overwhelming. Indeed on the last page the happy pair are left with both a luncheon and a dinner-party in prospect. So that's all right.

I am in a position now to understand the feelings of the Hired Murderer in the fairy stories, who repents at the last moment and refuses to slay the Child. Ever since I read in a daily paper one of the silliest column-articles I had ever encountered, I had been, so to speak, lying in wait for Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. I said to myself: "Mark me, a time will come. Some day I shall have to review a novel by this fellow. Then I will let myself go." Sure enough, along came *St. Quin* (ALSTON RIVERS). I smiled grimly, reached down my club, and gave it a twirl. A moment later it had dropped from my grasp, and I was wondering how I could have entertained for a moment the idea of maltreating this fascinating little stranger. From now onward, Mr. CALTHROP has my permission to write what he pleases in the daily papers, if only he will keep his novels up to this standard. In *St. Quin* he has hit on a fundamental truth, to wit, that the great majority of human beings are struggling all their lives to keep from getting fat. To some of us bodily fat is the bogey. *Edmund St. Quin* was troubled by a horror of the fatness of the soul. "We are fat," he says. "That is it. We are hideously fat. We are so fat that we cannot see the stars or the daisies;" and the story is an epic of his campaign against the insidious curse. All the conditions are against him. He is rich; he has centuries of it-isn't-done traditions to prevent his taking spiritual Swedish exercises: a thousand forces are at work to urge him to lie back in his arm-chair and put his feet up. But his love of Romance is too strong for all of them. He breaks away, and finds his salvation, at last, in company with the wife whom he has always considered a very queen and leader of the it-isn't-done army, but who, unknown to him, has all the time been taking soul-exercise as thoroughly as he himself.

Mrs. ANDREW LANG has an ingratiating habit of assuming in the reader all manner of knowledge which it is quite possible (and in one case quite certain) the reader does not possess. There is indeed about *Men, Women and Minxes* (LONGMANS) an awesome air of long familiarity with odd volumes and MSS. and crumpled faded letters, and the pleasantly discursive papers range from "Pitfalls for Collectors," the most engaging summary of a Frenchman's history of famous fakes, to "The Fairchild Family," an interest in which not even the author's genial desecration of those sad old bones can create in my bored and stubborn breast. I liked best to read of an eighteenth-century Scotchwoman, a MURE of Caldwell, writing of an earlier generation: "The booksellers' shoppes were not stuffed as they now are with novels and magazines." It is indeed because of the inordinate increase of every sort of such stuffing that a quiet, pleasantly learned and leisurely volume like Mrs. LANG's brings such relief. She gossips of Madame DE GENLIS—"everyone is acquainted with the main facts of this strange woman's career"; of PAUL DE ST. VICTOR; of Lady LOUISA STUART, granddaughter of Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU; of the Buckinghamshire VERNEYS; of RICHARDSON'S *Pamela* and *Clarissa*; of ROUSSEAU'S *Nouvelle Héloïse*; of DE FRENILLY'S recollections of a life in troubled times; of Scotch and American ladies of an earlier day; and even, by way of justifying her title, of "French and English Minxes." I rise from the perusal feeling, for the moment, gratifyingly erudite and old-fashioned, and can commend the experience.

If you were a titled and more or less confirmed bachelor, the owner of three tumbledown castles and a corresponding number of hungry acres that ate up all the rents, and if you preferred hunting to work, what would you do to replenish the exchequer—your own, I mean, not the CHANCELLOR'S? The friends of Lord Peter, the hero of Miss R. RAMSAY'S book, *The Impossible She* (CONSTABLE), thought that he, in like case, ought to marry money, and with that end in view they let one of the castles—useful pieces sometimes when you want to mate—to a beautiful young American heiress. But, though she put hot-water pipes into the draughty old rooms and passages, neither they, nor her charms, nor her dollars were able to raise the temperature of Peter's heart. He left her at home with the cold comfort of the hot-water pipes while he hunted and hulloed and had many a rattling day with a poor relation of hers, a little slip of a girl with her hair down her back, who knew how to ride. And even then, for Peter was a backward sort of a lover, it is only

after burning down the castle, like the ancient Chinese when they wanted bacon for breakfast, that Miss RAMSAY is able to bring him up to the scratch by flinging the flapper into his arms. I need hardly say that in the end she turned out to be anything but a poor relation, though how Miss RAMSAY manages to make her a Dollar Princess I will leave the reader to find out for himself. I could wish that she had not introduced into her story the decadent American youth who only escaped the electric chair by being shut up for a time in an asylum. The type doesn't seem to me to fit in with the kind of writing in which she excels—pleasant descriptions of the hunting-field with a seasoning of ordinary English love-making.



AT THE TATE GALLERY.

Dutiful Nephew (doing the sights of London for the benefit of his aunt from the country). "THIS IS THE FAMOUS 'MINOTAUR' BY WATTS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Aunt. "WELL, IT'S A SHORT-HORN, WHATEVER ELSE IT MAY BE!"

creature, an expert hand at the game of life, and worth a dozen of *Alice*, it is *Alice* upon whom the misunderstood hero dotes and whom the villain gets into his clutches. At the end, when *Alice* is freed from her engagement to the villain, the hero, now thoroughly understood and appreciated as such, is still doting upon her. Does he then marry the girl? or, rather, does the girl marry him? No; she pulls my leg instead, and *Lorrie* aids and abets. I am taken entirely by surprise when two human beings emerge from this atmosphere of unreality and do two very human things. To K. and H. HESKETH PRICHARD my thanks for an artful enough melodrama and one genuine touch of life.

"The Peterborough Isolation Hospital is again threatened with complete isolation."—*Daily Mirror*.

Well, what does it want?

I have finished *The Cahusac Mystery* (HEINEMANN) with the feeling that my leg has been pulled. Readers' legs were made, no doubt, for that purpose, but I think that mine has been rather hardly used on this occasion. Here is a regular, downright murder mystery, nerve-racking, brain-twisting, disquieting and soothing in due course, but to the student of the subtleties of human motives neither here nor there; sufficient maybe to keep him out of bed till he has unravelled the last tangled skein and brought the villain to book, but nevertheless all my eye and Betty Martin. The villain and his puppets, though they work harmoniously to produce a plot which, mechanically speaking, leaves nothing to be desired, have little in common with the people of this world. So far as they are concerned, it depends on the reader's own astuteness and experience of six-shilling crime and intrigue whether or not he is deceived. But there are also the innocent blue-eyed *Alice Lanceley* and *Lorrie Madesson*. Though the latter is a glorious

CHARIVARIA.

CERTAIN politicians are now putting forward the view that the cracks in St. Paul's are of supernatural origin, and are a sign that the English Establishment must go the way of the Welsh.

It is announced that Sir VICTOR HORSLEY, having been adopted as prospective Liberal Candidate for the Harborough division of Leicestershire, will not continue to nurse North Islington. If the latter needs further nursing it will have to resort to one of Mr. GEORGE'S panels.

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, who is shortly to appear at the Palace Theatre, has announced his impending retirement from the London County Council. Taken in conjunction with one another, and with the title of his late play, *The Turning Point*, these facts seem to have a painful significance.

A diphtheria outbreak at one of the schools at Whitley Bay is declared to have been caused by the children placing pens and pencils in their mouths. The Little Ones' Own Mutual Protection Society now proposes that all holders should be made of high-class sugar-stick.

The suggestion that alcohol shall be used instead of petrol by our motor vehicles has called forth an angry protest from the British Topers' Society against what is referred to as "a prostitution of this magnificent spirit."

Taking up her berth at the King's Arms Quay at Salcombe, Devon, the Hull schooner *Mary* forced her bowsprit through the window of a room in Prospect House where Mr. G. H. JONES was asleep. We are ashamed of you, *Mary*.

We understand that the appointment of Sir SYDNEY OLIVIER—musician, dramatist, poet and essayist—to be Permanent Secretary to the Board of Agriculture is partly due to his having written a capital "Ode to Spring," which showed no little knowledge of weather conditions.

Sir JAMES CAIRD has sent the Council of the Zoological Society £1000 to be used in building an insect house. This is good news. The existing arrangement, by which the monkeys and the insects are kept in the same building, is unsatisfactory.

"Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD," we read, "has offered to the corporation of



Foreman Builder. "NOW THEN, YOU; HURRY UP, CAN'T YER!"
 Labourer. "OHL, RIGHT, BOSS; ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY."
 Foreman Builder. "NO, P'R'APS NOT; BUT I WASN'T FOREMAN O' THAT JOB."

Edinburgh a bronze statue of THOMAS CARLYLE." To judge by Mr. FITZGERALD'S statue of Dr. JOHNSON in the Strand, Scotsmen, if they accept the offer, will find that CARLYLE is not so big a man as they had imagined.

The new Divorce Court was opened last week, and it is anticipated that this handsome, well-ventilated building will lead to a large accession of business.

"As we lie . . . in our comfortable beds . . . let us remember with admiration the very ordinary figure of the common seaman, unpolished, coarse in language and in habits . . . who knows perhaps better than any other man alive how to go to certain death as one of the usual risks of his avocation."
Dublin Daily Express.

After a certain number of fatal experiences, it becomes a habit.

"The Little Less and what Worlds away!"

The following footnote is appended to a feuilleton appearing in *Le Matin* :—

"M. Higgins, directeur d'une société parisienne, nous ayant demandé de modifier le nom de notre mystérieux héros, ce dernier s'appellera désormais Iggins."

So the delicate affair arranges itself, and no breath lost. They manage these things better in France.

Nautical Note.

"G. Noronha, a steward on the P. & O. S. Novara, was charged with having rushed towards the third officer, John W. Bennett, whilst the latter was on duty, and bitten the second finger of his left hand contrary to the Merchant Shipping Act."

North China Daily News.

The Act particularly stipulates that it must be the right hand.

THE BLACKLEG'S CONVERSION.

(A few minutes with the Taxi-Drivers.)

THE three peaked-capped, leather-breeched, black-leggied gentlemen in the coffee shop, following the usual custom of improvidence when most providence is needed, were regaling themselves with unwonted lavishness. Two of them, moustached and upright, bore rather the stamp of the ex-soldier. The other was of the "droopy" order, with weak, indifferent features and an expression of sullen determination upon them which contrasted strangely with the care-free, almost debonair attitude of his two companions.

"Wot's the matter wi' you, 'Arry? You got a face like a church door. Don't you like restin'?"

The speaker, who answered to the name of "Nobby," was wearing a little white badge that bore the mystic words "December Clearance." He continued his meal without any apparent anxiety to have his question answered.

"No, I don't," replied the droopy one, "and I ain't doin' it much longer."

"What—goin' back to navvyin'?" asked No. 3.

"No, goin' back to drivin'. I've 'ad enough of strike pay when there's money to be made. I'm goin' up to the garridge-to-morrow mornin' and I'm goin' to take a car out. So now yer know."

Two knives and two forks were placed deliberately upon two tin plates, and four disgusted and astonished eyes were levelled at the budding blackleg.

"'Ave you gone up the pole, or what?" asked Nobby.

"What, I should think. You can all go on strike till the cows come 'ome, but I'm finished: you don't catch me."

Nobby was very calm. "Oh," he said, "well, if I 'appen to catch you, you'll go through it, don't forget that. Do you think it'll pay you to make a few quid now, and go against all yer pals, and then when the trouble's settled be kicked out of the garridge? Why, if you were 'alf a man . . ."

In the midst of the heated words that followed a mysterious stranger in a greasy frock-coat and a top hat that looked as if it had been brushed with a fire hose in full play, sat himself down next our trio and ordered his sausage and mash.

"Oo's 'is nibs?" asked Nobby of No. 3.

"I dunno. Looks too 'appy for a mute, don't 'e? Never mind abaht 'im. We got to persuade this 'ere blackleg."

"Ow's the strike goin', mates?" asked the stranger affably. "Are we down-'earted?"

"Oh, no, we ain't down-'earted.

But 'ere, what would you think of a bloke that wanted to turn it up as soon as this, eh?"

"Well, I should think 'e was misguided," replied the stranger. "I know somethink abaht your troubles. Do I understand it's our friend 'ere?"

Silence answered in the affirmative.

"My lad"—the stranger addressed 'Arry as if he were talking to his son—"you think again. D'ye know that nothink worth 'avin' was ever got without a fight? 'Ow dare you set up your puny intelligence against that o' thousands?"

He pushed a bit nearer and thrust his face closer to that of the astonished blackleg.

"Are you goin' to be the only one to fly in the face o' this chanst what's given you to stand up for yer rights? Do you know that the time of the general strike is close at 'and? Can't you symperthise with the noble spirit that's spurin' your mates on to 'old out till the cupboard's bare?"

"Yus, but—"

"'Ave you sunk so low that you would go out and deliberately take advantage of your own fellow-workers by pocketin' the money what they ought to 'ave only won't eos o' their principles?"

The stranger stopped for breath.

Nobby and No. 3 at once took up the cudgels that the stranger had momentarily laid down, and in five minutes the convert was won.

"Now I 'ope you won't never think like that again," said the stranger earnestly, and very well pleased with himself. "You and your mates is out to win. Don't forget that. Well, will you 'ave a cup o' corfee with me, the three of yer? We'd go over the road and 'ave a pint each, but I 'aven't time just now. I've got to be movin'."

With a lordly "take it out o' that" air, he threw a ten-shilling piece on the table to pay for the coffees and his own meal, and then rose to go.

"Well, so long, boys," he said, and shook hands with all three quite effusively. "I'm glad we all agree. Go in and win, mates, that's what I says. Keep on strikin' and you'll strike oil. Yus, and cheap oil at that. So long. Be good."

"Ain't a bad old stick," said No. 3 when the stranger had departed.

"Oo is that bloke?" asked Nobby of the waitress who happened to be passing at the moment.

"What! 'Im with the tall 'at? Don't you know 'im? That's old Charley Barnes. 'E drives a 'ansom cab. Made a pot o' money the last week or two. I'm thinkin' o' walkin' out with 'im."

ENGLISH BARDS AND AMERICAN REVIEWERS.

IN the *Lyric Year: a Great Symposium of Modern American Verse*, a minstrel of the day proclaims the right of independent judgment in the following fearless lines:—

"To tell the truth about you, Robert Browning,
I bring no wreath of laurels for your crowning."

In humble imitation of this isolated effort we venture to submit a few further specimens of much-needed protest against the tyranny of Old-World conventions. The following quatrain, inspired by a perusal of Sir EDWIN DURNING - LAWRENCE'S illuminating pamphlet, may assist BACON'S greatest and most persistent champion in his holy task of dethroning the Stratford impostor:—

"I pay no homage to the SWAN OF AVON,
A bird as fabulous as Athene's owl:
I put my money on POE'S peerless RAVEN,
A far superior fowl."

The popular adulation of the late Laureate, again, finds a salutary corrective in the following couplet:—

"Mark well my words, I cannot give my
henison
To any of the works of ALFRED TENNYSON."

Comparisons are to be deprecated as a rule, but they are occasionally forced on us by a regard for the truth. The claims of America's greatest poet can be treated in no other way:—

"As the petulant crowing of shrill cocks
Compares with the lilt of the thrush,
So, matched with the magic of WILCOX,
Old SAPPHO is shown to be slush."

This is a theme, however, that invites further variations:—

"Before the shrine of WILCOX (ELLA
WHEELER)
HOMER, were he alive, would be a kneeler;
And ALEXANDER, who was born at Pella,
Would yield his crown to WHEELER WILCOX
(ELLA)."

But other Transatlantic bards and authors must not be forgotten:—

"Great VOLNEY STREAMER, of Magnolia, Ill.,
Plies an untiring and momentous quill;
KEATS was a trickling rill, a puny dreamer,
But VOLNEY is a Mississippi Streamer."

"The soaring muse of talented BLISS CARMAN
Flies higher than the aeroplanes of FARMAN."

"The bays that formerly old DANTE crowned
Are worn to-day by EZRA LOOMIS POUND."

"HERODOTUS was prone to talky-talky;
Not so AUGUSTUS KEELER of Milwaukee."

"Why prate of WALTER SCOTT and LAMB and
SHELLEY,
CARLYLE, MACAULAY, GROTE?
You have no names like RAPHAEL PUMPELLY,
Or AMOS STOTE."

"Great is Apollo when his lyre he twangs,
But greater far is our JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,
Who, born just fifty years ago at Yonkers,
'Bangs Banagher' and RUDYARD KIPLING
conquers."



THE SCHOLAR-POACHER.

[Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, whose interest in the Land Enquiry is well known, has (according to Lord HALDANE) announced his intention of throwing himself wholeheartedly into the Government scheme of National Education.]





THE CIVIL WAR.

Doctor's Wife (just returned from visiting). "I saw DR. BROWN'S WIFE THIS AFTERNOON."
Husband. "OH! DID YOU SPEAK TO HER?" *Wife.* "NO, INDEED! I CUT HER. SHE WAS WEARING A 'PANEL' SKIRT."

HOW TO LOOK ON.

ONCE and for all, the Public must learn that it is to be seen and not heard. Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S recent manifesto to theatre audiences, in which he asks them to refrain from laughter and applause, has already, we understand, done much to mitigate an evil which had gone far in the direction of turning our theatres into mere resorts for recreation and amusement. We should like to see more self-restraint on the part of the Little Ones at Drury Lane, but that too will come in time.

It is, we know, often contended that expressions of approval act as a stimulus to the performer. "It bucks him up to find them biting back a bit," as we have heard. But surely such approval can be expressed by some other and better means than mere barbarous uproar? We ourselves have long ago adopted the method of taking occasion of any interval that may occur to approach the performer and convey to him, according to his status and the nature of his art, our gratitude and appreciation by (1) a slap on the back,

(2) a warm pressure of the hand, or (3) a dig in the ribs.

But it is not only in theatres that the Public must learn to observe some measure of decorum. The time is ripe for a sweeping, root-and-branch reform in the matter.

Thus, the custom of shouting personal remarks to football players must be put a stop to. It is exasperating, to say the least, for those of us who have paid our money with the object of witnessing a keenly contested game, to have to submit to repeated interruptions, as is now the case, while one player or another bows his acknowledgments or replies to a greeting from a pal in the grand stand.

The Cinema Theatre is another case in point. There can be no excuse whatever for the whispered comments, ejaculations and cat-calls which often punctuate the performance; and nothing could be more detrimental to the smooth running of a film. A favourable impression can surely be conveyed by other means than these—as for instance in the form of a private letter of eulogy addressed to the manager.

Again, the habit of snoring in church cannot be defended. It must be distracting to the officiating clergyman, who is not improbably doing his best.

Even at political meetings one can seldom hear a pin drop.

And emphatically there must be no more "laughter in court." Our magisterial wits must make up their minds to forgo this temporary recognition and content themselves with the more lasting satisfaction to be obtained from appreciative notices (generally ample in scope) in the Press of the following day.

"Bands of Turco-Albanians, after pillaging, set fire to the dwellings and warehouses of Santi Quaranta, a small seaport of Yanina. . . . The losses sustained by the unfortunate inhabitants are estimated at £20,000."

(Other Peace News on Next Page.)
Evening Standard.

"Other" is good.

"France will have another President before London has another issue of *The Observer*."
The Observer, Jan. 12.

But the latter is, of course, the more intriguing event.

THE HUMAN HANDICAP.

"Far be it from me," said the man with the onion—"far be it from me to decry the industry for which the ant, the bee and other insects and birds are—justly or unjustly—famous, but, nevertheless, I am reasonably certain that these little creatures are not compelled to—ah—dig out for their living to anything like the extent to which we—Mankind—are compelled to—ah—dig out. . . . I have studied the question. . . ."

I had encountered him sitting on the edge of the chalkpit past which runs the road to the golf links. He was operating with considerable *élan* upon an onion, bread, and some rather remarkable cheese. His friendly smile, as I approached, seemed to light up the whole of a tolerably spacious landscape, and I liked him at once, adventurer fallen on evil times though all the visible evidence proclaimed him.

He appeared to like me also, for he very generously offered me half his onion and bread and cheese, which, in common humanity to the mixed foursome to which I was proceeding, I was compelled to decline.

He had made a few casual remarks on industrial unrest—very restfully indeed—and therefrom had passed to a brief consideration of animal and insect labour.

"Man digs out for many things, insects for one only," he said thoughtfully. "I have been watching an ant throughout lunch. . . . Far be it from me to belittle an ant—but we cannot ignore the fact that this little crustacean works only for food. Food only." He took a bite at his onion, and I wondered vaguely if (like the "crustacean") he had worked for that.

"We—Mankind—on the other hand, have to work for food and many other things. And there you have in a nutshell the reason why birds, insects, wild animals and many domestic ones, including fowls, are always happy—given good health. . . ."

"This afternoon, for instance, dull though it is, the air is full of the songs of the birds. But I hear no song of man, listen where I will. And the reason? Man has something else to do. Like the birds, man (generally speaking) has already worked long enough to-day to earn his food. But, unlike the birds, he has not finished—he has still to put in enough labour to pay for, say, a pair of trousers. . . ." He gazed absently at the tasselled ends of his own. Then he roused himself.

"Clothes generally, that is. The trouble is that clothes don't grow on a man, and feathers do grow on birds,"

he said, with a remote irritation in his voice. "Think that over," he added. "It is an interesting and not particularly pleasing side of the question. . . ."

He concluded the onion, and produced a packet of cigarette papers and a small roll of brown paper.

"Birds again have not to put in a part of every working day in order to provide themselves with tobacco," he said with a melancholy smile, "or substitutes for tobacco." He began reluctantly to pick off shreds of the brown paper. I did not realize at first that he intended to smoke the shreds when he had unravelled them, and it was not until he placed the stuff in position on the cigarette paper that I apologised and offered him my cigarette case.

"Try tobacco," I said, rather foolishly.

"Thank you, I will," he replied, wanly, and cleared the case. Holding the cigarettes tightly in the warm-looking hand which had gripped the onion, he smiled at me.

"Some men would," he said, almost playfully, "take the lot, I mean. . . . Never present your case to a tramp, my friend. . . ." He sighed and offered me the handful of cigarettes. "My joke," he said; "I only require one."

But somehow I felt as though I should not care to smoke that afternoon, and so I presented them all to the drifter.

"Very well—if it is your wish," he said, and concealed them deftly in his rags. He was the raggedest drifter I have yet encountered. "To return to our subject. Animals, then, triumph over us in the matter of procuring clothes. They get a suit for nothing. And, equally, they triumph in the matter of wear. Compare the lasting qualities of an average coat with the feathers of a bird, the shell of an ant, or the hair of a rabbit. We have constantly to be renewing our clothes! Theirs are everlasting. You see where we are at a disadvantage?"

"Now as regards rents and rates. Every living thing but man is a born builder. Some build nests, some bore holes, some use hives, and nocturnal animals, such as bats, are furnished with hooks on their elbows to hang themselves up with when they have finished out-of-doors. But—and here is the weak point—only about one man in a thousand can build a house for himself, and so we have to waste another part of our working day in providing for the cost of the builders' output—time, remember, which the bird sets aside for song. You will see already why man must work so long and ceaselessly. . . . why the song of man is not often heard

in the land. Speaking for myself, I never sing. . . ."

"Then—and this is almost the last straw—there are our luxuries to earn. Birds and things do not use luxuries. But we have made life a mad and frenzied struggle in pursuit of luxury. Motors, hothouse peaches, Havanas, venison and champagne—we *must* and *will* have them!" His eyes began to sparkle and he shook his tousled whiskers in the wind, tossing his head like an old war-horse who hears afar off the strident blaring of bugles. He was using capitals now and a font of larger type. "Fur-coats, Cognac, Lobster Salad, Asparagus and Oysters!" He passed the back of his hand across his mouth and began carefully to pack up the relics of his lunch. "Turkish Coffee, Yachts, *Pâté-de-foie-gras*, Salmon Trout, and Derby Winners—ha! really it makes one wonder whether the birds have got the laugh of us after all! Luxuries! But expensive ones! Caviare and Diamonds, Egyptian Cigarettes and Polo—no wonder the birds sit upon boughs and sing. They could sit there and shout hurray if they only knew the price of luxuries, the toil and worry it takes to pay for them.

"Finally—I do not say this in any spirit of jealousy, but as a matter of simple fact—there is existent a dangerous habit of viewing the *methods* of birds and things too indulgently." A real indignation manifested itself now in his voice as in his gestures. "For instance, all birds are thieves—encouraged and protected by Act of Parliament. My friend, I assure you that I have seen a blackbird flap into a cherry-tree, and steal half a peck of fruit, and spoil another half-peck. Was she shot at? No. Not even scared out of it. People don't seem to care. 'Oh, it's the birds,' they say simply. But I put it to you that if I had flapped up to that cherry-tree and started eating fruit. . . ."

He ceased abruptly with a dry gulp, rose and slowly gathered his goods together, his eyes wandering across the downs along the road to the workhouse.

"Far be it from me to belittle the birds, to decry the industry of the ant," he repeated, "but. . . . think over what I have said. . . ."

We moved along the road to the foot of the downs.

"It's a big subject," he concluded, absently. "Almost as big as astronomy;" and so drifted leisurely away.

Pro Merito.

"An experienced gentleman desires engagement as assistant in an office or position of trust, would accept small retribution."

Advt. in "Egyptian Mail."



The Knight of the White Elephant (to damsel he is rescuing). "LOOK AT THAT; I'M TOPPING ALL MY SHOTS TO-DAY. THAT COMES OF HAVING A LESSON FROM THE PROFESSIONAL."

A CHOSEN SAINT.
(*St. Tobias and the Angel Rafael, National Gallery.*)

SAINTS live in paint
Within Trafalgar Square;
The nicest Saint
Of any of them there,
Most radiant and most rare,
Is no austere ELIAS,
All steadfastness and care,
But little ST. TOBIAS—
A youth of joyant air!
Mark what befell
Upon a pearl-winged prime:—
Great RAFAEL,
Though Heaven's harps did chime
A rhapsody sublime,
Forsook the choir most pious
By vale and hill to climb
With little ST. TOBIAS
All in the summer-time!
They walked along
Till meads were dark with dew;
The lark's high song,
The speedwell's lowly blue
Made music for the two;
No questions that defy us,
Nor problems we pursue,
I think that day TOBIAS
Or e'en the Angel-knew!

Deep glowing still
The pigments do portray
River and hill,
And those who passed that day
So gracious and so gay.
Lest sterner saints decry us,
Now grant it that we may
Have little ST. TOBIAS
About us on the way!

More Sex Problems.

I.
"The Metropolitan at once secured an average daily traffic of between 35,000 and 40,000 persons, and on the great day of the entry into London of Queen Alexandra, who was then Prince of Wales, the number rose to 60,000."
Dundee Telegraph and Post.

II.
"W. Dixie (late Miss Martin), Church Street, Atherstone, begs to inform the inhabitants of Atherstone and District that he has taken the above premises for motor and cycle repairs."—*The Atherstone News.*

"Sermons in Stones?"

"Signal service is being done by the Bishop of St. David's, who last night spoke in Flint."
Daily Telegraph.

The *Manchester Guardian* refers to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL as DR. HERBERT SAMUEL. It looks as if the Government recruiters had got him for the Panels.

ARE WE TOO BUSY TO THINK?

THERE is, we believe, a "symposium" on the above subject going on in one of our contemporaries, but that is no reason why people should send their opinions to us.

MR. ASQUITH, the well-known Premier and strenuous coalitionist, goes straight to the heart of the question: "Yes, I don't think," he writes; adding, "REDMOND does it for me."

MR. CHURCHILL, the eminent naval specialist, writes with the knowledge that comes only from long intercourse with pathological cases: "Thinking is merely a matter of concentration. Some have got the power, some have not. I, for one, even with the whole weight of the Admiralty (including all the Sea Lords) on my shoulders, am never too busy to think or I wouldn't be where I am. Before I get up to speak I think what I am going to say; when I'm speaking I think of what I'm saying; and when I sit down I think a lot of what I've said."

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, the trenchant casuist and the greatest authority on "What's Wrong with the World," writes: "The reason why we're all too busy to think is that we're all too busy thinking."

"PER PRO."

"How," said Francesca, "would you answer this man?"

"There are," I said, "a thousand ways, all equally good, of answering him. There is the familiar way; there is the haughty third-person way, which involves a presentation of compliments and a tangled web of pronouns; there is the stern curt business way; there is——"

"I did not ask," she said, "for a complete essay on correspondence. I wanted to know how to answer this particular man."

"Quite so," I said; "I was coming to that. Would it not be well to let me see his letter first?"

"There may be something in that," she said. "Yes, it is a good idea." And she handed me the letter, which I read.

"The case," I said, "presents no difficulty. This man says he understands that you take an interest in beautiful furs. He solicits the honour of being allowed to show you a unique consignment just received from Hudson's Bay. He declares that special circumstances enable him to offer them at an extraordinarily cheap rate for cash; and he adds that, unless you come to a quick decision, the furs will be snapped up and you will lose the chance of a lifetime. He signs himself, 'Hammelstein and Ladenberger, per pro. A. F.,' and he writes from an address in Clerkenwell."

"The rapidity with which you have mastered the contents," she said, "is amazing. But tell me, what does 'per pro.' mean?"

"It is," I said, "a Latin expression."

"But do you think that Hammelstein and Ladenberger are Latin scholars? And why should they throw their silly Latin at me?"

"It is just possible," I said, "that both Hammelstein and Ladenberger toy with Latin verse in their leisure moments."

Perhaps they are devoted to the Classics. At the same time it would be rash to infer too much from a mere 'per pro.'

"It would be rash," said Francesca, "to infer too much from anything; but you haven't told me what it means."

"Francesca," I said, "I will not deceive you. Your dreams of a classical firm of furriers are not warranted by this letter. 'Per pro.' means that Hammelstein and Ladenberger have not written this letter themselves. They have delegated the duty. They have, as it were, given a power of attorney to A. F. They have made A. F. their proctor. Francesca, they have put you off with a clerk. Yes, he is probably a clerk and much underpaid."

"But how," she said, "does an underpaid clerk know that I am interested in beautiful furs?"

"There are mysteries in Clerkenwell," I said, "that we cannot attempt to fathom; but we can, at any rate, draft an answer to this letter. Come, Francesca, we will tackle them in the third person, and first we will date our reply. Write down 'Jan. 15, 1913.'"

"But why," she said, "give them a date? I never worry about dating ordinary letters and they seem to get there all right."

"It is always done in business circles," I said, "but, of course, women are not brought up with business habits. They do not understand banking-accounts or pass-books or book-keeping by double entry."

"And all these matters," she said, "are perfectly understood by Hammelstein and Ladenberger and by you. We are, no doubt, an inferior sex, and we mostly date our letters 'Wed.' or 'Sat.' Let us date this one 'Wed.'"

"We will do nothing of the sort," I said. "We will date it in full, 'Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1913.' Now for the body of the letter. Francesca, we will be calm and sarcastic. How will this do?" I read it out as I wrote it down:—

"Mrs. Carlyon presents her compliments to Messrs. Hammelstein and Ladenberger——"

"Per pro. A. F.," said Francesca. "You must put that in. It sounds so cutting."

"——to Messrs. Hammelstein and Ladenberger, per pro. A. F., and fails to understand why they have understood——"

"That doesn't sound quite right," she said.

"I will continue," I said, "as if you had not interrupted me; ——and fails to gather——remember that word, my dear——why or from whom they have understood that she is interested in beautiful furs."

"But I am," she said. "I'm simply frightfully interested in them. It's no use pretending I'm not."

"No one," I said, "is expected to be absolutely truthful in the third person. Besides, I haven't said you're not interested in them. Let me go on:——Mrs. Carlyon regrets that she is unable to afford Messrs. H. and L.——"

"Sarcasm, again," said Francesca. "The initials are deadly."

"——to afford Messrs. H. and

L. the opportunity of showing her the consignment of furs they have lately received from Hudson's Bay. What do you think of that, Francesca?"

"I think I know a better way of answering," she said.

"What's that?"

"I shan't answer them at all."

R. C. L.

Victims of Machinery.

Chorus of retired cab-horses, on reading advertisement of a "Mechanical Chauffeur": "Ha! ha! Revenged!"

"The question of a remedy is, of course, a national one, but Manchester, as the chief sufferer in the country from air pollution, has a right to squeak first."—*Daily Mail*.

What Manchester squeaks to-day, &c.

"The bride going away in a coat and skirt of Wedgwood-blue ratine, with chiffon bodice to match, and a black velvet hat trimmed with mole feathers."—*The Lady*.

The mole in question was one of a covey which had been shot by the bride's father.



IF GOLFERS' KNICKERBOCKERS BECOME MUCH MORE VOLUMINOUS WE WOULD SUGGEST THAT THEY SHOULD BE PUT TO SUCH A USE AS TO MERIT THE NAME OF GOLF-BAGS.



Guttersnipe (after dashing into the darkness to get a cab). " 'ERE Y' ARE, SIR! 'AIN'T NO TAXIS; KEBS ALL GONE; WON'T GET NOTHINK ELSE TO-NIGHT, SIR!"

THE CHARM AND WONDER OF IT ALL.

(Contributed.)

I HAVE done a bit of shopping in my time, but never under such perfect conditions. My first surprise was when a commissionaire on the pavement opened the door of my cab and spread an umbrella for me; my second, the attentions of a polite gentleman in a well-fitting frock-coat who met me just inside and inquired with the utmost solicitude as to my wishes. This, I said to myself, is not only business but pleasure. Having told him what I wanted, I followed his directions and made my way to the required department, passing *en route* crowds of happy traffickers, each of whom carried a little parcel which, from the expression of their faces, had obviously cost only half as much as in any other shop and was twice as good. For these articles money had been paid and receipts given, the establishment being a model not only of excellence and despatch, but also of organization. As a lady near me remarked to her astonished companion, "It's just as I told you, dear, you get a receipt for everything!"

Meanwhile on all sides the civil

salesmen and saleswomen—for in this marvellous place both sexes are employed and, I am convinced, work amicably together—were displaying goods on wooden counters made expressly for that purpose and kept spotlessly clean, and were doing it with such ingratiating tact that life-long friendships with customers were being formed. As another lady near me remarked, "Now you see what I said: the assistants *serve* the customers here."

Passing on in a very dream of rapture, I came at last to the room where my own modest needs were to be supplied and where naturally my critical sense would be most exercised. My every hope, I say at once, was more than fulfilled. The articles I wanted were either in stock or would be procured; the assistant treated me with respect, possibly even admiration; my money was instantly accepted; my receipt was in order; in short, I was in a commercial paradise and knew it. A little scrap of conversation which I overheard at this time fortified my own opinion. "Whatever they haven't got," said a lady to her friend, "they always promise to get;" and her friend's expression of bewilderment, gratitude and joy will not soon fade from my memory.

And so I came away from this fairy palace, a little piqued, possibly, at not receiving a parting gift of a five-pound note, but otherwise in a glow of enthusiasm for everything connected with the place and its superb and startling efficiency.

N.B.—The foregoing article is at the disposal of any firm that sees profit in it. Prices on application.

"Mr. Asquith quoted with impressive effect the famous lines (*sic*) of Virgil:

'Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.'"
"H.J." in "The Daily Chronicle."

We notice, by the way, that this couplet does not rhyme. The *P. M. G.* however makes a more interesting observation on the passage. "He bravely quoted," it says, "a Virginian tag which even his Minister of Education may have recognised."

Mr. ASQUITH (*bravely*). As one of the old poets of Virginia has it, Sir:

"Shine, shine, moon,
While I dance with Dinah dear."

Mr. PEASE (*with a sigh of relief*). Ah! that's all right. Thought it was going to be one of those Roman johnnies.



Jarge (disturbed by the motion of the cart). "PUT THE BRAKE ON, MISSUS." Mrs. Jarge. "I 'VE GOT UN ON, JARGE."
Jarge. "WULL, DAMMY! TAKE UN OFF! I KNEW 'TWERE SUMMAT!"

THE MORNING AFTER.

NAY, mother, nay. Though I be weak and wan,
Fetch not the doctor, mother, I beseech;
It is but megrims—it will pass anon;
Oh! mother, not the leech.

Mother, I fear the man. He is not fair.
He does not come to pity or condole,
But to unclothe my being and lay bare
My frail and fluttering soul.

And he is cruel. At his questioning
My very secret tongue must I obtrude;
He does not weep to see the piteous thing;
It only makes him rude.

Nay, more. With icy skill he drags to light
Those very details that the coy would shrink
From deeply probing: how I spent last night;
My food; alas, my drink;

Whither I fared, and when regained my couch,
And other truths that are not his to seek;
For some, indeed, I could not wholly vouch;
Of others, would not speak.

So he goes, primed; and, knowing that I ail,
(Coward!) he sends—oh, mother, this to me—
Some draught enough to make a strong man pale,
For which he asks a fee.

Then, mother, though my tortures cut like knives,
Though all my molten cockles be in flames,
Call not the cunning man—if he arrives,
It is all up with James.

But, if 'twill solace your maternal mind,
Seek now the chymist—there is one that hangs
Out by the corner—he, no doubt, will find
Some easement of my pangs.

He has great store of simples, low in price,
Comely and void of taste and prompt to heal
To swallow, with a little water, thrice,
One after every meal.

Be his the choice. And, ere the day go by,
We will remit these humours and this pain;
But let not the physician come to pry
Till I am well again. DUM-DUM.

"He [Mr. Forbes-Robertson] came to the couplet:—
'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman Forbes!'
But in thinking of his brother, perhaps in connection with the cast of
a play he was shortly to produce, he rendered it thus:
'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman Forbes!'"
Interview with Sir John Hare in "Toronto Star Weekly."

On the whole and after due consideration we prefer the
second version.

"I left Whitehaven by the 8.30 train in the morning, intending to
go to Barrow. After leaving Ravenglass the train ran into a heavy
snow-drift. The driver, the stoker, and the guards tried their utmost
to proceed, but so deep was the snow that the task proved an impossible
one."—*Interview in "Daily News and Leader."*

And the stoker had to go without his T.

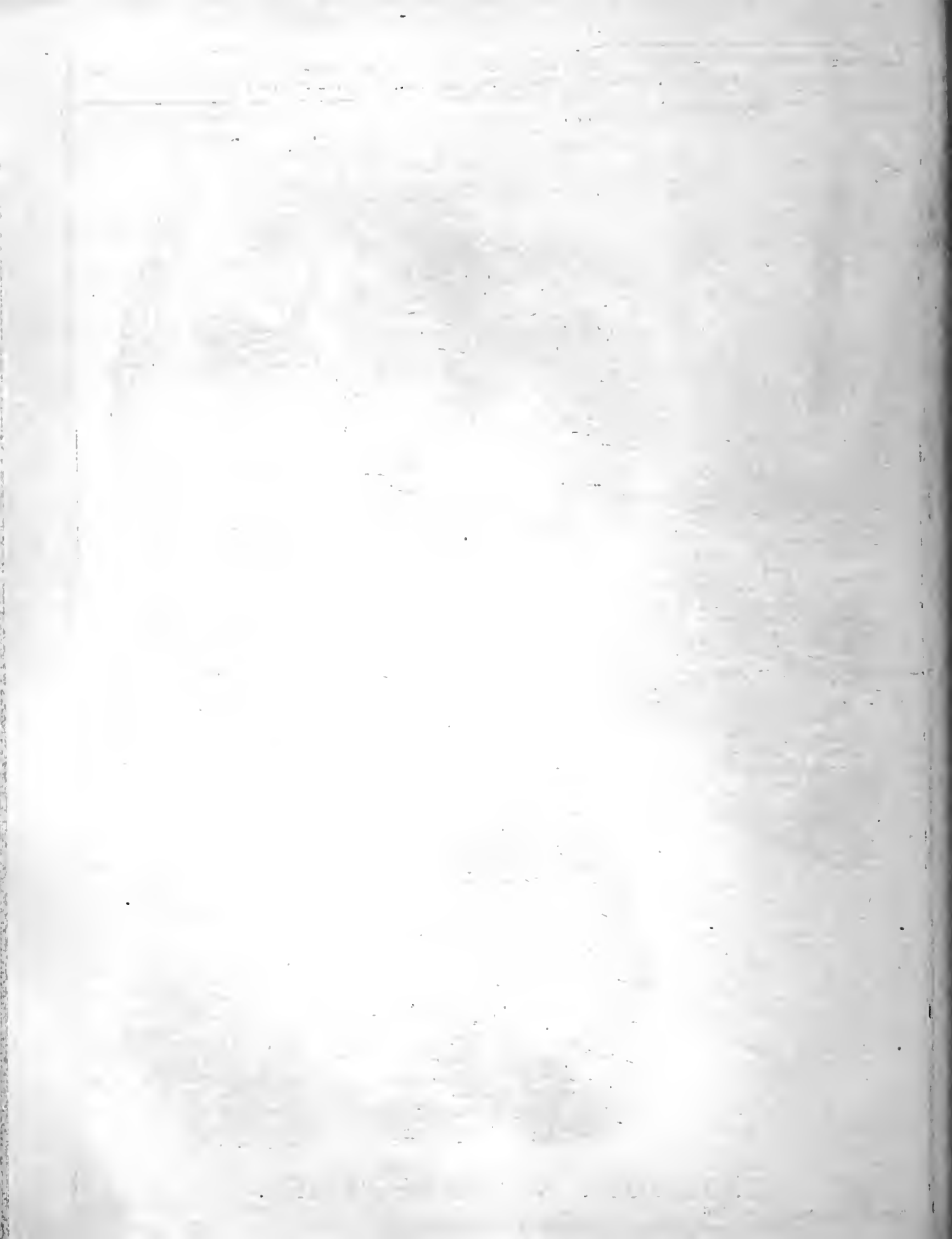
Commercial Candour.

"Gentleman's best boxalf boots, just made, unworn, uncomfortable,
small sevens, 15/6."—*Pazaar, Exchange and Mart.*



NOT LOST, BUT LEFT BEHIND.

(By request of the Ship's Crew.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, January 13.—Fog outside; fog inside; plenty of room for it here. As it broods over half-empty benches one seems to recognise a coronetted head suggestive of House of Lords taking look round, preliminary to making quick end of a measure that has occupied full forty days of labour in the Commons.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,

I smell the blood of an Englishman," was the remark, clear in drift if faulty in rhyme, of an ogre familiar in childhood. Fee, fi, fo, fum. House of Lords smells the blood of another Home Rule Bill and means to drink every drop of it.

The SPEAKER, looking up after Questions were over, very nearly varied long career of correctitude by a curious blunder. Catching sight of humanised figure of the Fog standing at the Bar, and thinking it was a newly-elected Member, he was about to say, "Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table." Just in time realised actual situation. Adroitly coughed by way of intimating that so far from having intended to make a remark it was only the Fog that had got into his throat.

Weird effect increased by glimpses caught in Gallery facing SPEAKER'S Chair of faces apparently bodiless. These were the strangers peering through the Fog wondering what had become of His Majesty's Ministers. With the exception of two they were certainly not in their places when Questions were called on. As for Front Opposition Bench, it was, save for the Fog, tenantless. Later, when House resumed consideration of Home Rule Bill on Report Stage, BONNER LAW turned up and, as ever, obedient to call of duty, contributed a speech criticising Clause 40.

Straightway had occasion to wish he had been altogether lost in the Fog on his way down. MASON (of Coventry), following him, administered castigation so vigorous that as he spoke the Fog in his immediate neighbourhood judiciously cleared away, leaving him standing out as it were in a halo of light.

"The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION," he said, "does not appear to understand the Bill

in general or this Clause in particular. . . . The right honourable gentleman has attended several debates, but evidently has not profited by listening to them, or he would not have made so foolish a speech."

"Puerile," "childish," "absurd," were

reassured Fog again closing in, he declared, "The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION has said nothing with which I do not agree."

Burst of hilarious cheering from Ministerial Benches testified that in spite of appearances the occupants are not wholly unsympathetic with lofty sentiment and chivalrous impulse.

Business done.—Eighth day allotted to debate on Report Stage of Home Rule Bill following on twenty-seven days in Committee. House rapidly approaching state of coma. On stroke of midnight, Ministerialists roused themselves to pitch of hearty cheer when Report Stage was brought to conclusion.

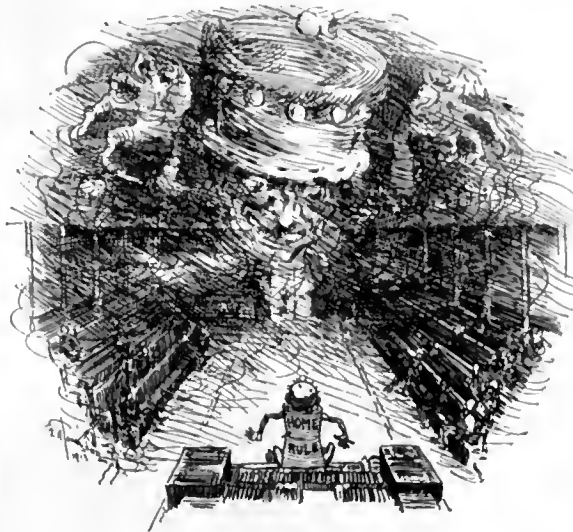
Tuesday.—Home Rule Bill awaiting Third Reading, Welsh Church Bill gets a look in. Welsh Bill and Irish Bill resemble each other inasmuch as mere mention of Order of the Day is signal for stampede. When, immediately after Questions, the first Order is read by Clerk at Table — to-day, for example,

"Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill; Committee"—it behoves the Sergeant-at-Arms to advance to Table and remove the Mace, which lies upon it only when, with SPEAKER in Chair, House is in full session. Of late this has become a practice as perilous as crossing Trafalgar Square at high-tide of traffic. Stream of Members hurrying out threatens to catch up Sergeant-at-

Arms and carry him forth on crest of wave. Only natural grace and long-trained habit enable Sir DAVID ESKINE to stem the current with dignity, not to speak of personal safety.

Those who remain to carry on debate make up in vigour of speech for lack of numbers. Considering we are talking about a venerated Church, with its retinue of bishops, rectors, vicars, and all that, not forgetting the charwoman, our language is occasionally awful.

Charwoman, probably engaged elsewhere, turned up quite late in sitting. Was armed in by JONES of Merthyr-Tydvil. Question arose on proposal to compensate lay patrons and lay holders of freehold offices in the Church. It was here that EDGAR JONES dramatically appeared on scene with simpering charwoman on his arm. If compensation was going round she, he insisted, had as much right to it as had the



FOG IN THE HOUSE.

other descriptive epithets applied to the discourse.

Incident evoked one of those outbursts of self-sacrificing loyalty that from time to time ennoble Parliamentary debate. From corner seat behind Front Opposition Bench GILBERT PARKER listened with anguished feelings to this attack on his esteemed LEADER. Rising when MASON resumed his seat, the



"OUTBURST OF SELF-SACRIFICING LOYALTY."

"The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION has said nothing with which I do not agree."

(SIR GILBERT PARKER.)

rector, and if she got it in common with the rest "practically every penny the Bill proposed to take away would get back into the pockets of the Church."

Here broke forth flood of vituperation before which even the charwoman winced. Earlier in sitting, LORD BOB, who is thoroughly enjoying himself, described UNDER SECRETARY FOR HOME OFFICE as "the villain in a melodrama." COUSIN HUGH, not to be out of it, declared "the Government ought to be ashamed of putting words into a clause with a view to secure by law that injustice should be accomplished." As to EDGAR JONES and the charwoman, CRIPPS, fresh from the cooler Court of Arbitration, telephoned the assertion that "Welsh Members approach the Bill with sole desire to see what plunder they can get." *Tout le Mond* (ALFRED) venturing to do a few sums on an imaginary blackboard, LYTTELTON scornfully alluded to "his more malignant associates," rude reference that caused BRYNOR JONES to blush to the roots of his hair.

Unkindest, least deserved cut of all was slashed at the MAD HATTER. GOULDING moved closure. The MAD HATTER, at the moment seated in deep thought, stirred himself and said, "After the smashing speeches delivered on this side the only Member who ventures to rise from opposite benches wants to have the Question now put. There is nothing more to be said."

Metaphorically wrapping his blanket about him, after fashion of the Red Indian whose customary formula for bringing his remarks to a finale—"Top-of-the-River has spoken"—he paraphrased, he resumed his seat. And what does the British public think was the response this dignified interposition met with?

"Go on, Harlequin," one, happily anonymous, cried from Opposition Benches. Harlequin, quotha!

Cry taken up in various quarters. MAD HATTER rose again; greeted with roar of contumely; above it, clarion-tongued, rang his voice: "On a point of order, Sir."

Just on stroke of half-past ten, whilst Opposition roared and MAD HATTER, during momentary pauses, shouted "On a point of order," blade of guillotine fell. Division took place; Charwoman Amendment defeated by 291 to 179.

Business done.—Getting on nicely with Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday.—Home Rule Bill read a third time. It is now on the knees of the Lords.

Most interesting episode in two nights' not oppressively brilliant debate was PRINCE ARTHUR'S dilemma in the

opening passage of speech moving rejection of the Bill.

"The whole course of our proceedings reminds me," he said, "of those old comedies of intrigue in which the chief schemer goes to each one of the subordinate characters in turn, and, giving a different version of his object, induces them by separate methods to carry out his policy and finally leaves them all dupes."

Hereupon, ripple of cachinnation rising from Treasury Bench swelled into roar of laughter and ironical applause. PRINCE ARTHUR stood a moment in silent amazement. Turning round, he asked BONNER LAW what it meant. BONNER sagely shook his head.



"Armed in by JONES of Merthyr-Tydvil."

"I thought," said PRINCE ARTHUR, when uproar had subsided, "I was not usually slow in detecting what the House expresses in the least articulate fashion. But honestly I do not know on this occasion how I have earned the warm approval of so many gentlemen on both sides by the same observation."

Here there was fresh outburst of genial laughter.

"None but he," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking admiringly at his old favourite, "a master of phrases, could with equal brevity, more accuracy, and fuller measure of the picturesque, have described his own position when, ten years ago, he, being Premier, was manoeuvring round Tariff Reform."

Business done.—Home Rule Bill read a third time by 367 votes against 257.

Asking for it.

"While a party were returning by motor car from Onieh to Port William, the car skidded near Deorricheoaroehan."—*The Scotsman*.

THE RED HEADS.

A GREAT meeting was held in the Scarlet Town Hall, under the auspices of the Rufus League, on Friday last, to discuss the alleged decrease in the numbers of red-headed people and to devise means to defeat it. The Rufus League, we may add, was originally founded by the Norman king of that name, and has always consisted of twenty-two members, who are known familiarly as the Twenty-two Carrots.

The Chair was taken by the President, Sir RUFUS ISAACS, who, in accordance with the rules, opened the proceedings by singing "O Ruddier than the Cherry," the anthem of the League. He then called on the Secretary, the Right Hon. Lord Justice Cherry—to whom we believe HANDEL dedicated the song in question—to read the letters from various members and sympathisers who were unable to attend. Foremost amongst them was a spirited contribution from Mr. RUDDY KIPLING, two lines of which we are allowed to reproduce by kind permission of his publishers:—

"Never the dingo dozes, never the bulrushes shoot
But a red-polled son of England starts out
on the All-Red route."

The POET LAUREATE in a remarkable letter pointed out that GOLDSMITH began one of his most famous poems with the words "Sweet Auburn."

Mr. HALL CAINE, who enclosed a photograph of himself taken by the new chrono-chrome process, wrote that, if he might be permitted to jest on such a subject, nothing was red about BACON except his works, while SHAKSPEARE, like BAYARD and Another who should be nameless, favoured in his *chevelure* the hue immortalized in the portraits of TITIAN.

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY, the famous Professor of Eugenies, sent a brief but momentous memorandum on the best means of fostering the red corpuscles which conduce to the pigmentation of the capillary follicles. In his opinion this could be best arrived at by a diet of tomatoes, ginger and beetroot, washed down by liberal potations of Burgundy, Barolo and Chianti.

Sir RUFUS ISAACS, who was much moved during the reading of the last letter, then addressed the meeting. He began by reminding them that his own presence there in such an exalted position was due rather to his name than his mane. He then went on to enumerate the losses which England would suffer if this picturesque feature of her rural and civic life were allowed to die out. A red-haired man, wherever seen, never failed to bring into the



Man in Second Row. "THE LADY SEEMS TO PLEASE YOU?"

Man in Front Row. "THE ACCOMPANIST PLEASES ME, SIR. THE TONE HE GETS OUT OF THAT 'CELLO FOR A MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG IS WONDERFUL."

prospect that warm touch which artists as different as COROT and LANDSEER so esteemed; while a red-haired girl, wherever seen, was like a glint of gold. (Loud cheers.) Were they to disappear, what would become of that curious enactment of nature which provided that whenever one met a red-haired girl one could see at the same time a white horse? Scientists had for centuries puzzled their brains to explain why this was, but in vain. Yet the strange fact remained. As to what were the causes of the decrease in red hair no one could rightly say. Many Unionists believed that the Government at large, and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in particular, had discouraged it, and were to be blamed in the matter. But when they remembered that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was named after DAVID, the ruddy antagonist of the Philistines, they could hardly accept this view. He himself saw some hope for the future from Canada, in view of the notoriously red hair of General WOLFE. (Cheers.) Whatever they did, they

must not lose hope. He himself, as a member of the most optimistic Cabinet of recent times, would never do so. (Renewed cheers.)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who apologised for being not so fiery as he once was, the alloy of old age having dimmed his furnace—in other words, grey hair having supervened—then spoke. He said that as a descendant of OWEN ROE O'NEILL and a sympathiser with the Red Hand of Ulster, though at the same time a fervent supporter of maintaining the Green above the Red, he fully approved of the aims and objects of the League. He called upon his twenty-one fellow Carrots to pledge themselves to do everything in their power to impress upon Society the merits of ruddiness. He himself was writing a play to that end. (Cheers.) With Dr. SALEBY'S excellent programme he found himself in agreement, except as regarded the beverages. For the wines named he would suggest substituting ginger ale—(marked depression) and red ink—(groans). Only on those conditions

could he retain his membership. (Uproar, during which the meeting resolved itself into a free fight, everybody seeing red.)

The Cannibals.

"The restaurant was also doing a large business, many dinner parties being held to partake of the special men which had been provided."—*Bombay Gazette*.

A correspondent, whose heart is in the right place, complains of the way in which her letters have been treated in the pillar-boxes. They come to her, she says, "smeared all over with suffragette hydrogen."

"The offertory box inside the church porch, at St. Paul's Church, Fairhaven, was broken open between Monday at noon and yesterday.

If you want a fine dramatic treat, go and see 'The Thief' at the Pier Pavilion to-night."—*Lytham Standard*.

"In connection with a possible association of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the late Samuel Coleridge Taylor, it is stated that such is not the case."—*Musical News*. So now we can all breathe again.

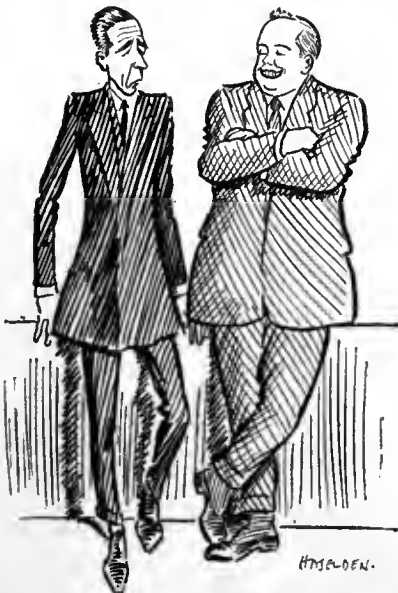
AT THE PLAY.

"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD."

In my anxiety to be a true admirer of America and her genius, I would give a lot to know that the plays which she is now sending us were composed exclusively for our market, just to see to what lengths the dull Britisher would let his silly leg be pulled before he found out. But unhappily all these dramas come trailing clouds of glory accumulated in the course of prodigious careers on the other side; and this means, if it means anything, that the samples which they give us of vulgar roguery on the one hand and stupid cupidity on the other have been warmly acknowledged by the American public as representative of typical features in the national character. I cannot bear to believe this, and yet I may not do our friends the effrontery of disputing their opinion of themselves as reflected in their own mirror of life.

This opinion was further endorsed by the U.S.A. colony in London, who figured in great force on the first night. All the humours of Mr. COHAN's play were received by them with a very loud enthusiasm, in which I could seldom join, though I must have seen some of the points. Every American present seemed to have a financial interest in the enterprise, or at least to regard the national honour as being staked on its success.

One thing I am thankful for: we need never again worry about an enigma that must often have troubled the thinking mind—how it is that in America, where



J. Rufus Wallingford (Mr. HALE HAMILTON) to Horace Daw (Mr. JULIAN ROYCE). "Why don't you get a smile like mine? It comes off every time."

everybody is so smart, there is so much money to be made and so quickly. How can they even make a living by taking one another in? Well, I gather from *Ready Money*—and the revelation is supported by *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—that our minds had been abused; that we were wrong in imagining that all Americans are smart. It seems that the mugs over there enjoy a numerical superiority of at least ten to one.

It was a flaw in the new play that its mugs were such "easy fruit." The leading rogue never found an opponent worthy of his steel. In *Ready Money* it was a square fight all through—diamond cut diamond—with the detective force. Here the only trouble, and soon settled, was with a pretty typing-girl.

I see in a brochure published by the Management that the play "points that excellent moral, 'Honesty is the best policy.'" Let me, as a moralist, warn the British public against this misleading statement. It so happens that a stroke of fortune gives a crown of unpremeditated honesty, in a technical sense, to a scheme conceived and executed in a spirit of the purest fraud. These rogues do ill by stealth and wake to find it fame. It was no fault of theirs.

Let me also warn this same innocent public against their persuasive charm. Mr. HALE HAMILTON, with that insinuating voice and accent and smile of his, was irresistible for his victims on both sides of the footlights. There is something almost Greek in his catholic feeling for the joy of life. Our British stage-villains—burglars always excepted—are not built that way. They take their vices, as the virtuous take their pleasures, with a spice of sadness. And this, of course, is morally sound.

But, put your morality aside as you enter—there are cloak-rooms provided in all modern play-houses—and you will get a lot of simple fun out of *Wallingford*. But you must not mind the noise and rush; the constant incursions, at full speed, of negligible people all busy in establishing an atmosphere of American hustle; or the endless introductions of one unimportant person to another which constitute the dominant feature of the last Act. And your sophisticated minds must bear with the simple irony, mildly Sophoclean, by which the villains offer to take the audience into their confidence.

And at the end, if you have not laughed quite as freely as you were told you were going to, do not cast doubt on the American sense of humour, but put the trouble down to your British lack of it. This is the true hospitality.

"BILLY'S FORTUNE."

The maker of *Billy's Fortune*—I refer to his adoptive father, and not to Mr. ROY HORNIMAN—was never seen by us, for he was a corpse before the curtain rose; but if his last will and testament revealed the man he must have been something of a humorist. For in the first place he disappointed his relations of the bulk of his fortune, leaving it to *Billy*, a "pauper brat";



BEAR-BAITING.

Mr. Bradley (Mr. E. M. ROBSON) tries to conciliate *Billy* (Master JOHNNIE BROWN) with a present for a good boy.

and, secondly, he bequeathed £100,000 to whichever family *Billy* should elect to make his home with, after a three months' test of each. Though ignorant of this condition, *Billy* at once recognises that he is meant to be spoiled, and lends every possible assistance to that end. Six months have elapsed and we see him in the hands of No. 3 of the spoilers. He has developed into a sort of "Buster Brown," and has the whole ménage under his little heel; his wildest freaks of behaviour being tolerated, since correction is unthinkable if his hosts are to secure a favourable report. What with loss of self-respect, and mutual suspicion as between the competitors, it is a sad revelation of some of the most deplorable aspects of human nature.

This kind of thing is only possible on the stage if it goes without a check to the laughter; and, to be frank, the Second Act had its intervals of repose. But there were hilarious moments, as when the entire household paraded, as a military band, in various sketchy uniforms, under the dragooning of the Napoleonic infant.

In the Third Act we find *Billy* transferred to the care of an ideally happy young couple. They, too, would be glad to touch the money, but are not going to sacrifice their own souls—or *Billy's*—in the process. Accordingly, on the very first evening (Christmas



'Arry. "THANK 'EAVEN FOR THESE EARS; I ONLY WISH THEY WAS 'ORNS!"

Day, too) the rod comes out, and the spoiling of the child is over for ever. By 10 P.M. he is one of the family, sitting in pyjamas round the fire and listening contentedly to a fairy-tale, a thing he had never done before. It was a refreshing scene, made pretty by the mother and children, and restored our belief in humanity. And if there was just a suspicion of priggishness in the voices of the parents, this defect of virtue should be easily remedied.

"Train up a child," says SOLOMON, "in the way he should go, and . . . he will not depart from it." It was therefore no shock to me in the last Act when *Billy* elected to take up his permanent residence with this admirable family.

I trust that the character of little Master JOHNNIE BROWN, who played *Billy* with considerable intelligence and aplomb, will not be unfavourably affected either by the preliminary booming of him in the Press or by his early contact with the seamy side of human nature. Of the grown-ups, that delightful actor, Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, as one of the designing relations, bore the chief burden in a part that suited his distressful methods, though I can imagine him funnier. The others fell easily into the picture; but a kindly Providence has given Miss MANSFIELD too genial a countenance for the

austerity of such a rôle as that of *Aunt Fanny*.

Altogether a quite pleasant and innocent little comedy, for which the brief time it occupied (two hours gross) was ample allowance. O. S.

"Florence. Yesterday evening at the Lyceum before a large and distinguished audience, Oscar Browning delivered a lecture on the English priests of the last century. The lecturer related piquant anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, concerning Bayron, Skelley, Fwnibourne, Pennyson, Broaning, G. Eliot, with all of whom he was intimately acquainted."—*La Tribuna*.

One regrets the veteran *littérateur's* reticence on the subject of his lifelong friendship with Sir Flip Spakeshear and Skidney.

"Wilshire tells us that infantile paralysis is caused by a germ conveyed by a stable fly." *Daily Herald*.

These microbes are getting very luxurious in their methods of locomotion.

"DATE OF THE OAT RACE." *Evening Standard*. There must be some mistake. Our information is that both Universities have decided to give the adversary beans.

"Complexions removed." *Advt. in "Daily Express."*

At owner's risk, we presume.

THE LONDONER EXULTS
(over the cracks in St. Paul's).

I MAY be undersized and thin,
I may be drab and mean,
The smallest sort of fragment in
An infinite machine;
Both Fame and Fortune may have
passed

And left me on the shelf,
But I've begun to see the vast
Importance of myself.

It makes my modest bosom throb
With pride to note the rout
Of Art and Faith before the job
Of moving me about;
The 'buses roar, the trains pursue
Their subterranean track—
I must be served and swift too,
Though half the town should crack.

I thunder down to work each morn,
And some historic shrine
Must have its matchless fabric torn
To get me there at nine;
And when I gather up my traps,
As sundown sets me free,
A nation's monuments collapse
To take me home to tea!

"He insisted on searching Sir Edward, and, to the latter's horror, two acres were found up his sleeve and one in his pocket." *Paignton Observer*.

Where was the cow?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

Mr. Sheringham and Others (MILLS AND BOON) is the latest production of that clever lady, Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, and displays her art in various lights all good, if not quite the best. *Mr. Sheringham*, you should be told, is a long short story, almost a novel. The *Others* are short short stories, and some sketches so slight as not to be stories at all. *Mr. Sheringham*, however, is capital fun—a tale with all the right elements of popularity: a poor heroine, friendless in Paris, and some wicked adventurers who almost murdered her to obtain some valuable shares, which she carried about with her, as heroines do, in a little bag. This, of course, was after she had been enriched by the gifts of a kind uncle, a financier, who, having presented her with stock certificates worth fifty thousand pounds, left her quite alone in a strange land, at the mercy of a couple so patently villainous that one's flesh crept to read about them. You will now not be astonished to hear that comic relief is supplied by a page-boy (red-haired) and a friendly cook, who fulfil their obvious purpose by helping the heroine in moments of urgent need. You will also be prepared for my statement that the whole thing shows Mrs. SIDGWICK as a teller of effective stories, such as many writers could manage with equal success, rather than as the creator of anything so exquisite as, for example, *The Severins*. But for the moments when one demands no more than an honest improbable tale of love and crime and adventure, told with just enough distinction to preserve the self-respect of the reader, *Mr. Sheringham* will be found very agreeable company.

I have discovered a jolly winter evening game for the inhabitants of Manford and Salechester on the banks of the river Irsley. They must buy copies of Mr. GILBERT CANNAN's new book, *Round the Corner* (MARTIN SECKER), and go through it carefully, trying to identify the names of local streets and buildings through the not too difficult fog of aliases with which the author has enshrouded them. They will like the game, I think, but I am not at all so sure that they will like Mr. GILBERT CANNAN. For he has very few good things to say of what he calls "the darker half of our town on the north bank of the poisoned river." And when I read such sentences as "he walked to the station through the dark railway arches, through Town Hall Square with its statues of John Bright, the late Bishop, the Prince Consort, and a local philanthropic sweater," I envy with a deep envy the task of the man who reviews this book for,

let us say, *The Salchester Guardian*. But, to turn from the background to the characters, Mr. GILBERT CANNAN has made a sporting if rather too ambitious attempt to chronicle the doings and inter-relations of a large clerical family (there were ten of the *Folyats*, counting the parents), an attempt that has hardly been rivalled, perhaps, since the days of Miss CHARLOTTE YONGE, though what that good lady would have said to her successor's tiresomely emancipated views on life and love, as expressed through the lips of *Serge*, the Bohemian eldest son, I shudder to think. They were an unhappy family, the *Folyats*, from little *James*, who fell off the roof on page 46, to *Frederick*, who shot himself in the train on page 332; and the whole book is undeniably gloomy; but Mr. GILBERT CANNAN writes well, and, except when he is moralising, is always interesting. But, if he ever gets a whack on the head from half-a-brick while he is walking through Edward Square, Manford, he must not complain. He is simply asking for it.



A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Kindly Suburban Resident (to itinerant Plant Merchant). "YES; I'LL TAKE ONE AS YOU SAY YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN ARE STARVING. JUST PUT IT ON MY HAT; YOU WILL FIND A SOVEREIGN IN MY LEFT-HAND WAISTCOAT-POCKET. I'LL WAIT HERE TILL YOU BRING THE CHANGE."

admiral. However, she arrived in Quebec safely, and instituted a further series of adventures with Red Indians and such. I ought to tell you that she has been invented by Mrs. ALICE WILSON FOX, who gives to the book the certainly very appropriate title of *A Regular Madam* (MACMILLAN). It is a story of simple but pleasant and entirely wholesome happenings chiefly intended for the daughters of gentlemen, to whom indeed it should make a strong appeal.

"Adult members of Chagford Parish Church Choir, ringers, churchwardens, and sidemen were entertained to supper at the Rectory on Thursday by the Rector. The latter part of the evening was spent in harmony."—*The Western Morning News*.

We wonder what had happened earlier. A little trouble perhaps over the apple sauce.

CHARIVARIA.

No women are allowed on the territory of the newest Republic, Mount Athos. An expeditionary force of Suffragettes is, we hear, to be fitted out at once. * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, at the National Liberal Club, proposed the health of the members of the Liberal Insurance Committee. In the present congestion the health of the Insured will have to look after itself. * *

There is still a good deal of misconception in regard to the provisions of the Insurance Act. The wife of a Liverpool carter who presented her husband with a complete set of quadruplets last week was evidently under the impression that she would be entitled to four maternity boni. * *

The L. C. C. has decided that undertakers shall be exempt from the half-holiday under the Shops Act. It was no doubt realised that a holiday might render them unbecomingly cheerful. * *

Lecturing on "Hereditry of Sex" at the Royal Institution, Professor BATESON said that there was a certain amount of truth in the theory that sons took after their mothers and daughters after their fathers. Our experience, however, is that the modern child insists on taking before its parents. * *

At the same time we can offer no objection to the title of the lecture—"Hereditry of Sex." There can be no doubt that sex is hereditary, children almost invariably being of the same sex as one or other of their parents. * *

"VICTOR GRAYSON WANTS A REVOLUTION"

"Daily Herald" poster.

A few public-spirited men are, we hear, thinking of clubbing together to buy Victor a ticket to South America. * *

It is pointed out that a house at Chertsey, which is now for sale, was the scene of *Bill Sikes'* burglary as set forth in *Oliver Twist*. We should have thought this would have been a questionable attraction to purchasers, for, no doubt, every fine Sunday a

number of well-read burglars make a pious pilgrimage to this house from the Metropolis, and stand gazing up at it, hat in hand. * *

Dr. FRANK MALLORY, of Harvard University, has, it is announced, isolated the whooping-cough germ. It is to be hoped that the noisy little beggar has been confined in a sound-proof cell. * *

A comedy called *The Joneses* is to be produced as soon as a suitable theatre can be secured. A play with this title should do well, if only all the Joneses go to see whether they are mentioned in it. * *

With reference to the burning of

with an English version, for the sake of our French visitors. * *

The interview, last week, between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the Fishwives must have been somewhat piquant. It is said that one of the ladies cried out, "Mr. GEORGE, where would you have been without Billingsgate?"

Practical Joking in the House.

"M.P.'S SEAT."
SOME OBSCURE LEGAL POINTS RAISED."
Liverpool Echo.

"As he sits before you at the breakfast table—for the breakfast table is his time for talk—he seems the most light-hearted and untroubled of men. Even little Megan, who passes you the jam—for you help yourselves in

this informal household—does not seem more gay, nor the black pug that snores on the hearthrug more free from care."—*From a character sketch of Mr. Lloyd George in "The Daily News and Leader."*

Original and boldly innovating in all things, the CHANCELLOR, it will be noticed, dispenses with the servants, who, throughout breakfast, in less informal houses, stand behind one's chair.

"Dr. McClure, the headmaster of Mill Hill School, has been granted six months' leave... to attend a Sunday-school."—*The Presbyterian.*
It sounds rather a stiff course.

"One vice at a time, please," urged her husband, helping himself to a gammon of bacon."
From one of Messrs. Sxxxxxxxx's sparkling articles in "The Westminster Gazette."

Breakfast over, he resumed his injections of morphine.

"Governess, to take full charge of 3 children, including mailcart."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury."*

To be precise, what is really wanted is a Groom-Governess.

"Recommended experienced chauffeur-mechanic, 4 years last situation, 75 years' private driving."—*The Autocar.*

The year 1838 will always be remembered for the impetus which it gave to the motor industry.

Winter Fashions.

"Early in the morning, shortly before 9 o'clock, His Royal Highness was seen around the magnificent grounds of 'Ravenscrag,' and at 9.30 he issued forth clad simply in a short overcoat, and with gaiters to protect his legs against the cold."—*Montreal Star.*



Wife of his Bosom (in course of domestic difference). "Coward! Brute! RUFFIAN! PIG! MONSTER! BEAST! OH, I WISH YOU KNEW WHAT I THOUGHT OF YOU!"

Tom Jones at Doncaster, in order that the morals of racing men may not be imperilled, it always seems to us something of a mystery that many of our modern novels do not perish from spontaneous combustion. * *

From Paris it is announced that ladies' dresses are to be fitted up with pockets. So it is all over with man's one point of superiority over the other sex! * *

"TIME-TABLES NEEDLESS," announces a certain railway company. It will be interesting to see whether the idea spreads, and a certain other company announces "TIME-TABLES USELESS." * *

In a new edition of a well-known cookery book some strictures are passed on the French to be found on our average *menu*. We certainly think that it should always be accompanied

THE CONSCIENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

[For once in a way the Party Whips were taken off and Members were allowed, on the Women's Suffrage question, to vote according to their consciences. Partly owing to atrophy of this organ, some very strange and complicated intrigues resulted from the Cabinet's dispensation.]

WHAT mean these most unusual cries
That hurtle through the deafened lobbies,
Cross-questions and oblique replies
From those who back their several hobbies,
All, like the polyglots of Babel,
Talking as hard as ever they are able?

What should portend this curious breach
Of Liberal tie and Tory tether;
Old foes embracing each with each
And friends at fisticuffs together,
So that you get no sort of clue
From party labels as to who is who?

Can Reason from her throne have fled?
Over some riddle, dark and knotty,
Has Parliament mislaid her head
And gone (in vulgar diction) dotty?
Nay! 'Tis the voice, long out of use,
The still small voice of Conscience breaking loose.

Conscience at play! Ah, picture how,
Ever the sport of cruel lashes
Laid by the Whips on back and brow,
All pink and blue with weals and gashes,
Trodden beneath the tyrant's boots,
Goaded and herded like dumb driven brutes—

Picture, I say, how when the yoke
Was lifted from his neck, poor martyr,
Like an emancipated moko
Free to enjoy the winds' wide charter,
Each Member tossed his happy heels
And filled the air with blithe, discordant squeals.

Look how their hearts and lungs expand
For joy of Freedom's fair amenities!
How bright, but (on the other hand)
How tragically brief a scene it is!
Too soon will they be summoned back
To play once more the hopeless party-hack.

Alas! so strong are habit's reins,
Meekly they'll reassume their fetters,
Cease to employ their private brains,
Sworn to the bidding of their sweaters,
And soak in that abysmal sink—
The life where nobody's allowed to think.

O. S.

Note received by a Liverpool doctor:—

"Mrs. — regrets not being able to keep her appointment with Dr. — owing to sickness to-day at 12 o'clock as arranged."

"Lost between Walton and Ormskirk, three Brown Hampers and one White one, named Seddon."—*Ormskirk Advertiser*.

We once had a bag that answered to the name of Gladstone; and it came to a lal end.

"In connection with the Highweek Church Sunday schools the annual treat was held on Thursday afternoon. . . . Miss — gave a disgraceful dance, which was highly appreciated."

Devon and Newton Times.

Human nature will out, even at a Sunday-school entertainment.

ALL THE WORLD'S A SCHOOL.

HAVING noticed in a contemporary an interview with Sir HERBERT BRERBOHM TREE, in which the great actor said not only, "I am completing my education by touring the world," but "I hope my holiday may be beneficial to my art, and therefore a benefit to the public," the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society at once hurried to the homo of the illustrious histrion with the purpose of putting a number of supplementary or "arising-out-of" questions.

He found Sir HERBERT three deep in the paraphernalia of travel. Moccasins and snowshoes jostled mosquito nets and sombreros. Here was an alpenstock, there an ice hatchet; guns, boots, howdahs, pith helmets were everywhere. GALTON'S *Art of Travel* lay on the floor, and beside it copies of *Near Home* and *Far Off*. Medicine chests were being filled; crates containing beads and gaily coloured cloths (for the natives) were being packed; busts of STANLEY and Captain Cook stood on the mantelpiece, each wearing a wreath.

In the midst of this confusion was Sir HERBERT.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, with his profound and unflinching courtesy.

"Observing," replied the visitor, "that you have selected travel as the medium by which you are to complete your education, I thought it would be interesting to inquire how far you mean to go?"

"My plans are not too definite," said Sir HERBERT. "I shall wander where I like."

"May I ask where you are going first?"

"To Moscow," said Sir HERBERT.

"And what particular mental vacuum do you expect that city to fill?"

"I am proposing there to take lessons in dancing. I think of attending the same school which sent forth the divine NIKINSKY to enchant the world."

"Good," said the geographer, taking out his note-book. "And Austria?"

"Among the Tyrolese eminences I hope," said Sir HERBERT, "to perfect my jodelling."

"In China?"

"In China I intend to immerse myself in those ancient humours and emotions of the Celestial Empire which have just blossomed so gloriously at a neighbouring theatre managed by one of my knighted colleagues."

"You will return, I take it," hazarded his visitor, "when the education is complete—when the receptacle can hold no more?"

"Well, yes; let us leave it at that," said Sir HERBERT.

"That is to say, if you were on your way to Patagonia," continued the geographer, "and found at Buenos Ayres that you knew all, you would not proceed to Patagonia, but hurry back in order that the public might at once begin to 'enjoy the benefits'?"

Sir HERBERT TREE boughed, as to the manner born. "But," he said, "I must ask you now to excuse me. I have to leave in two hours."

"Certainly. But one more question, and the last," said the geographer, reaching for his hat. "How long do you expect to be away?"

"About a week, I think."

"The thing will be to see . . . the factory girl married to young Wakes."—*English Review*.

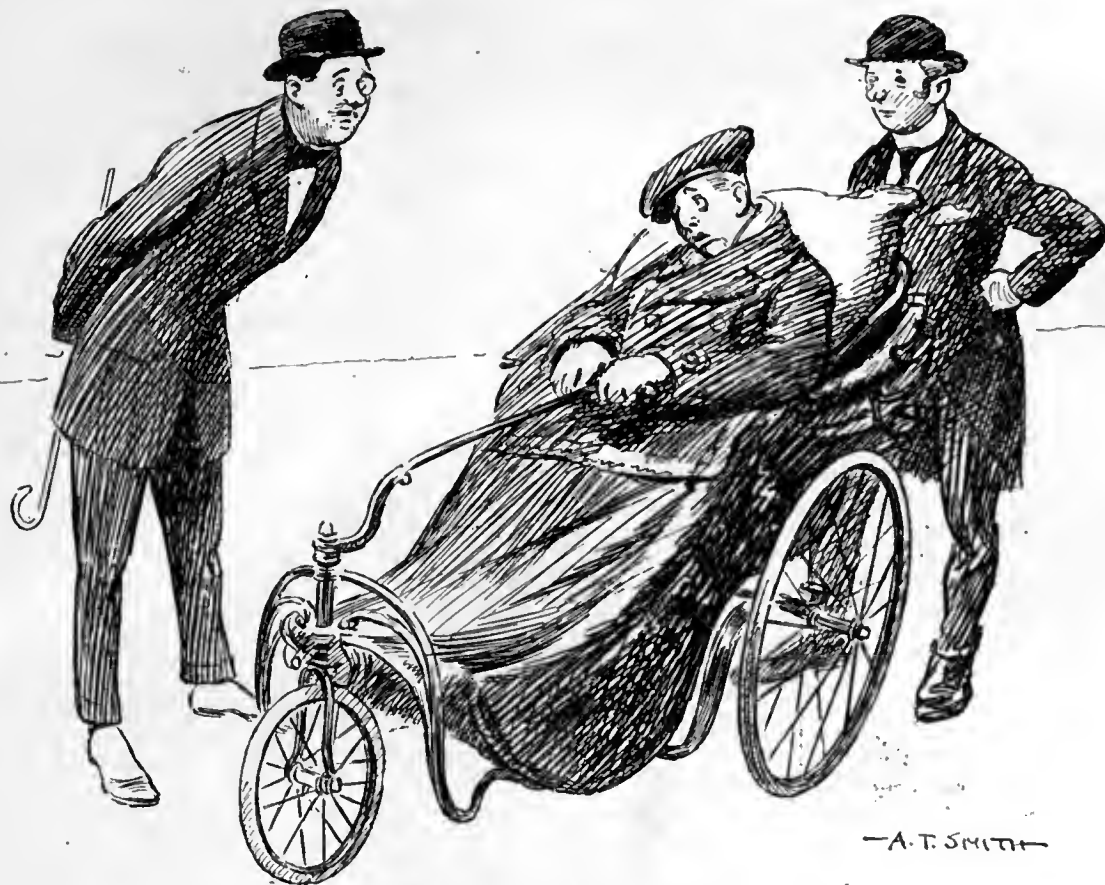
Other things to see will be "Our Liz" married to August Bankholiday, young Jeffcote eloping at dead of night with Hindle Town Hall, and our Dramatic Critic getting the play into his head.



THE SURREY RIVIERA.

FATHER THAMES (*singing plaintively*). "I KNOW A BANK WHERE THE FOUL SLIME FLOWS."
[London is beginning to recognise that it is high time to set about correcting the unsightliness of the Right Bank of the Thames.]





"HELLO! WHATEVER'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BERTIE?"
 "ROTTEN LUCK, OLD MAN; GOT AN ATHLETE'S HEART PLAYIN' 'COON-CAN.'"

THE MILO MEASURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I wonder if you will be sweet enough to act as my advance agent in booming a little practical feminine invention which I am about to place on the market. As you know very well, the Venus di Milo represents that absolute ideal of proportion which every woman aims at, though, of course, the lady in the Louvre is on the large side and a little battered about the extremities. As no doubt you are also aware, some years ago certain artistic experts took the measurements of the statue and reduced them to normal human scale and have supplied the world with the measurements which are exactly those which the Venus di Milo would have possessed if she had been a living woman of 5ft. 4in. in height. Now, this table has hitherto apparently represented a hopelessly unattainable ideal, until quite recently the feminine world was fluttered by the news of an American girl whose measurements are claimed to approximate to those of the famous statue. It was then the busi-

ness of *The Daily Mirror* to find a successful rival in England, and, that being speedily accomplished, I think I may say without exaggeration that the interest in Milo measurements has become so universally keen that nearly every woman of average height on both sides of the Ocean has been busy with a tape measure.

I was lately assisting at one of these private *séances*, and it was when I noticed how frightfully bucked my friend was to find that her neck and ankles, for instance, were all right, and how disheartened she grew to find her waist and fore-arm, shall we say, were all wrong, that a great inspiration for the benefit of my sex flashed across my brain.

That inspiration has now borne fruit in "The Milo Measure," price 1/- in untarnishable nickel case (patent applied for). I guarantee that this dainty toilet necessity, on which the Milo measurements are marked out—7.4 inches for ankle, 13.2 for calf, 26 for waist, and so on—will make Venuses of all women of average height, and thus brighten the entire feminine outlook

and bring a rosy atmosphere of classical beauty to many a grey suburban home.

All that the purchaser has to do in order to make her proportions come out identical with those of the Milo is to grasp the end of the Measure between the thumb and finger of the left hand, place the thumb and finger of the right hand firmly on the particular number of inches required, and apply the Measure to each limb or feature in turn. The Measure will do the rest.

Yours very sincerely, EVA.

P.S.—I am confidently counting on your assistance, dear *Mr. Punch*, as my advance agent, so I think it is only right to inform you that "The Milo Measure" is made of elastic web.

"According to the 'Board of Trade Labour Gazette,' the greatest proportionate increases in food prices in 1912, compared with 1911, are as follow:—

- Lead, 28.2 per cent.
- Copper, 25.8 per cent.
- Pig iron, 14.8 per cent.
- Coal, 11.1 per cent."

Liverpool Echo.

And with food like this our teeth, too, will cost us more.

RUPERT.

RUPERT, the horse, came to us with the best references, and I'm sure he always meant well and tried his hardest, but we all have days when things go wrong and we feel like slamming the door or smashing something, and I think that was Rupert's trouble on the ill-fated morning.

Papa has an excellent custom of riding about the neighbourhood on horseback to shake up his—to keep him fit, and that was where Rupert came in; and, as I was saying, he was a conscientious horse and as a rule did the job well.

On the morning in question Papa had gone out riding and I was doing the housekeeping, and was in fact in the kitchen expounding the Insurance Act to the cook for about the twentieth time. It seemed to her unreasonable that she might not immediately begin to draw in some benefits, and I was at great pains making it clear to her that the game couldn't begin till she got ill or married or something, and that for the present she must derive what satisfaction she could from contemplating her card, which really looked very pretty with the stamp-collection on it.

The discourse was interrupted by the advent of Papa, who came in rather furtively through the back door with his hair awry and a lot of mud on his clothes. There was not the least doubt what had happened to him.

"Ah, Felicity," he began, "I—I've just returned—rather unexpectedly."

"Oh, Papa," I cried, "have you fallen off?"

"Certainly not," he answered with dignity. "Riding-men never fall off. Sometimes they are thrown, of course."

"Yes, I meant that. Are you hurt, dear? How did it happen?"

However, Papa was disinclined to relate the adventure in the presence of cook, naturally enough, and it was not till he had changed his clothes that I learned the details.

It appeared that all had gone well until they reached the open country, where they encountered two disreputable tramps, who joined hands and executed a dance in front of the horse. Rupert, unable to contain his indignation, reared up, and Papa lost his balance and slid off over his tail.

"And what did you do then?" I asked.

"I came away. I was too indignant to discuss the matter with them at any length: I could find no excuse for their behaviour. If they wished to dance they should have waited until a suitable occasion presented itself. It's a growing scandal, you know. Bad enough for people to go about without visible means of support. They should at least observe the common courtesies of the highway."

"Yes," I said, "advice would have been wasted on them; but what did you do with Rupert?"

"Well," he said, "it was rather a problem. He was a little difficult to

to parley with them, and I kept an eye on the proceedings from behind the window-curtain.

It was soon evident that they were demanding most extortionate sums for salvage, and I began to be afraid that Papa would be unable to cope with the situation, so I decided on immediate action, and, raising the sash, leaned out.

"Papa, papa," I cried.

"Yes, my dear."

"An awful thing's happened. The bloodhounds have escaped. They've eaten the under-gardener and they're tearing round the shrubbery."

The tramps threw up the game at once. In five seconds they were out of sight.

It took some time to reassure Papa, who at first believed that there really were bloodhounds concealed about the premises.

"Well, I thought you might have got some, Felicity," he said; "I never know what you'll do next."

As a matter of fact we haven't any dog at all. The idea was mooted a short time ago, but Dora the cat and Stephen the hedgehog filed a petition against it and the proposal was dropped.

For some days the fate of Rupert was the chief topic under discussion. Papa said he felt he could never be reconciled to him again and refused even to go near the stable, and in the meanwhile Rupert took life easily and ate his head off.

"We'd better give him a month's notice," I said.

"Not at all," said Papa. "You don't do that with horses. The thing to do is to send the groom up to TATTERIDGE's with him and sell him; and I hope the man who buys the brute will enjoy himself."

This worked out all right. The TATTERIDGE people said there was no difficulty. If we would let them have the horse and furnish them with a description for the catalogue they would do the rest.

"We must try to get a real pen-picture of Rupert," I said, "so that he'll go off well."

I took a lot of trouble with it. It went like this. You might like to hear it if you are interested in Rupert:—

"Good horse; very little worn; stock size; colour, vandyke brown; amiable; industrious; sober. To sell, or would exchange for nice sable stole and muff."

"I don't want a stole and muff, though," said Papa when I showed it him for criticism and appreciation.

"No, but you will soon," I said.



First Blood. "HAVE YOU READ THIS ABOUT THE DECLINE OF THE BIRTH-RATE?"

Second Blood. "YES; MAKES ONE RATHER ANXIOUS. AFRAID IT 'LL LEAD TO CONSCRIPTION!"

deal with, and as the tramps offered to close in on him and bring him home when he appeared to be in a more reasonable frame of mind I accepted their proposal. It was, I thought, an opportunity to repair to some extent the mischief they had wrought."

"Papa, they'll steal him," I cried.

For a moment he seemed to brighten at the suggestion, but then he shook his head.

"I doubt it," he said. "They did not appear to me to be horsey men at all. I don't think they would have much use for Rupert."

And Papa proved to be right, for while we were sitting at lunch the tramps came up the drive with the horse in tow.

After some hesitation Papa went out

"When?"

"When my birthday comes next month."

However, the people at TATTERIDGE'S entered him as a "Good hack. Quiet to ride for a lady." The red tape there is about as bad as in any Government department. I'm sure with my testimonial he would have gone off very well, instead of being knocked down, as Papa said, for a mere song. Rupert wouldn't like that.

And so for a time Papa was horseless and went about like ordinary people; but it didn't suit him. His temper began to get fretful. I decided that he must have something to jog his—to exercise him, and I came and talked to him seriously.

"Why don't you get another horse, Papa?" I said.

"Another one?"

"Yes; get a nice tame one, you know."

"Oh, no," he said. "That wouldn't do at all. I want a horse with a lot of mettle. Of course it must have some self-control as well."

"Well, couldn't you get one like that?" I suggested. "You oughtn't to give up your riding, you know."

"Yes, I daresay I could," he said. "I'm a pretty fair judge of a horse. I'll look in at TATTERIDGE'S to-morrow and see if I can find one to suit me."

I would have gone with him, but I had a party on that afternoon—Blindman's Buff and Coon-Can, I think it was.

I got back from it rather late and found Papa already returned, fearfully pleased with himself and looking very horsey with a large cigar in his mouth and a whisky-and-soda on the mantel-piece.

"What success?" I asked.

"Picked out the very horse," he said.

"Rather expensive. Cost a good deal more than Rupert, but well worth the money."

"Where is he?"

"I rode him back. He's in the stables. Come round and see him."

He showed him off with great pride.

I walked all round the horse. He winked at me and whisked his tail towards Papa.

"I suppose you didn't meet any trumps on the way down," I said.

"No. Why?"

"Well, if you had, he might have given himself away."

"Who might?"

"Rupert."

The X-Ray Eye.

"I have been sitting at the window making note of the number of 'buses, and the contents of passengers."—Letter in "The Hampstead and St. John's Wood Advertiser."



CHAS. GRAVE 1913

IS ENGLAND DECLINING?

The Old Hand. "THIS 'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF WOT THINGS IS COMIN' TO. WHY, A FEW YEARS AGO A TIN LIKE THIS WOULD 'AVE 'AD A COUPLE OF SARDINES IN; P'R'APS THREE."

Commercial Candour.

"GENUINE SALE,
FIRST FOR FIVE YEARS."

Advt. on the window of a shop in Oxford Street.

Letter from a native who runs a regimental coffee-shop at Meerut:—

"Sir,—I am extremely sorry to bring to your kind notice of running short about ham in my stock on account of Xmas. I hope to get it very soon from Bombay. No sooner I will receive it I will let your honour know all of a sudden. Hoping for an excuse for this refusal and obliging very much for the trouble of forgiveness, I beg to remain, Sir, yours obediently," &c., &c.

How to Attract a Congregation.

"The Rev. W. F. LOFTHOUSE,

M.A. (Birmingham).

Will preach at 11 and 6.30.

ALL CORDIALLY INVITED."

Shrewsbury Commercial & Literary Chronicle.

"English Mistress for small high-class Day School in London. Degree or equivalent, and experience in high-class private school work, Churchwoman. Non-res. £100 and mid-day dinner, increasing."—*Journal of Education.*

After three months the lady expects to make nothing of an ox roasted whole.

"A suffragist tea-shop has been set up within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Stone's throw" is good.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE successful appearance of the banjo at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts on Saturday week is, we are glad to learn, likely to be followed by a further invasion of the orchestral preserves by instruments hitherto deemed unworthy of such an honour. The prospectus of the New Romantic Orchestral Concerts, just issued, announces that on April 1st Mr. Oliver Pilditch will produce a new symphony by Professor Quantock de Banville, entitled "The Brontës," dedicated to Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER. The symphony, which will occupy ninety minutes in performance, is not only scored for every one of the instruments employed in MAHLER'S Seventh Symphony, but also includes parts for a quartet of penny whistles, and a solo "Brilliantine Zither-Comb," which will be played on this occasion by Mr. SHORTER himself.

Another novelty to be produced later in the season is a Mystical Tone Poem, entitled "The Wandering Jew," by Mr. Hamish MacSlazenger, the young Russo-Scottish composer who is already known as the Moscow-Glasgow Strauss. In a brief but alluring account of the new composition Mr. Oliver Pilditch informs us that no key signature is affixed to any of the fifteen movements of which the work is made up, and that it has practically no tonality at all. A wonderful effect is produced in the *Scherzo*, in which four barrel-organs are introduced, each playing different tunes in different keys and each surmounted by a monkey wearing a red coat, while the motto theme, or *idée fixe*, is always given out by a group of Jew's harps, specially constructed for the occasion and called the "Magnifico Pomposo Solomon Glory-Harps." These, it is reassuring to hear, will be played by real Rabbis. The score of the Symphony, which occupies just under two hours in performance, measures 4 x 4 x 2 parasangs and weighs almost exactly 62 poods.

Mr. Odo Gurglitz, the manager of Mr. Bamberger, writes to us with reference to the tragic experiences of DANIEL MELSA, the Polish violinist now performing in London, on which so much stress has been laid in the Press. In the biographical sketch of DANIEL MELSA, which is now being circulated, we read how during an anti-Jewish pogrom at Lodz in 1905 his playing melted the heart of the Cossack leader and saved the fiddler's life.

Mr. Gurglitz observes that he has

not the smallest intention of disputing the absolute accuracy of the above statement. All he wishes to point out, in justice to Mr. Bamberger, is that on at least four several occasions he (Mr. Bamberger) was exposed to dangers compared with which the ordeal of DANIEL MELSA was a trivial experience. The occasions were as follows: in September, 1907, Mr. Bamberger was captured by the Fifofumi cannibals in New Guinea and was *partially eaten* before he was rescued by a punitive expedition commanded by Mr. Gurglitz and the famous ex-cannibal chieftain, Goholo, whose beautiful daughter, Ispowispop, entertained a romantic but unrequited affection for Mr. Bamberger. The second occasion was in Odessa in 1909, where Mr. Bamberger was blown up by Nihilists while he was playing the piano, and came down unhurt at a distance of nearly 200 yards, although the piano was smashed to atoms.

Mr. Bamberger's third escape was in 1910 from a boa constrictor of the deadly pompelmoose variety which, entering his bungalow at Delhi while he was asleep, wound itself round the form of the great musician. On awaking to his peril, Mr. Bamberger never lost his nerve for a moment. He just simply said, "I am Bamberger," and the great serpent submissively unwound itself, sat up in the corner with a pleading expression until the Maestro had played a brief *moreau*, and then joyfully undulated out of the apartment. Fourthly and lastly, in February, 1912, when his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L., was closely observing the contents of the crater of Vesuvius and inadvertently fell in, Mr. Bamberger leapt into the boiling gulf and brought him out in a parboiled but otherwise well-preserved condition.

The list of the Queen's Hall Orchestra is—if we believe in the proverb *nomen omen*—an interesting study. It has a BRAIN for one of its principals. It has a CAMBRIDGE to strengthen its appeal to academic hearers; while two QUAIFFES should endear it to cricketers. Lastly, literature and journalism are represented by a GYP, a CONRAD, and a GARVIN. We note with interest that Mr. GARVIN plays the trombone.

For Bargain-hunters.

"DETECTIVE TALES,
3d. each.
3 for 1s."

Notice in bookseller's window in Bridlington.

OUR BOOMING TRADE.

"YES, indeed! things *are* looking up," said a chatty undertaker to his colleague last week.

"How's that?—and with all this warm weather?"

"Well, they're all broken-down doctors on our panel, and they've each got three thousand patients."

The above short dialogue illustrates the prevailing optimism, of which we can give several other instances.

The decreased takings of many thousands of shop-keepers through the operation of the Shops Act have spelt prosperity to a large number of newly-appointed bankruptcy clerks and brokers' men.

Corset-designers are saying they never had such a time. Every day some new "curve" is displayed in the advertisement columns of our contemporaries. The four-o'clock model will soon be outmoded by the "Stop-press" stays of the Late Special Edition. Fabulous sums are now being earned by lightning fashion artists.

Princely salaries also are the reward this season of favourite football professionals. They are now "cornered," like any other commodity in demand. Enterprising club-managers are "bulling" and "bearing" their little gold-mines on the Soccer Exchange.

The soaring prices of petrol and the consequent shortage of taxis have restored the lost art of pedestrianism and set the boot-making trade on its feet again, together with the ancillary manufactures of brown-paper soles and composition boot-heels.

The prosperity of rag-and-bone-time merchants, with their parasites of the hurdy-gurdy and the German band, is going up by leaps and bounds. Meanwhile the railway returns show heavy advances, due to a strong desire in the less nutty circles of society to escape from this obsession.

The above are only a few of the indications, beside the figures of the Board of Trade, that the outlook for England is of the most encouraging.

ZIG-ZAG.

Municipal Frankness.

From the agenda of the Lahore Municipality (11th January, 1912):—

"Papers regarding an expenditure of Rs. 150 for provision of pipe-water for gwalas (cow-keepers) living in Gual Mandi, with a view to improvement in milk supply."



FASHION NOTE.

SCENE—A popular seaside resort in winter.

She. "OH, MR. BROWNE, IF YOU SEE MY SISTER, TELL HER I'VE GONE IN. DON'T KNOW HER? OH, YOU CAN'T MISS HER, SHE'S DRESSED JUST LIKE ME."

THE DUEL.

(To a vine-grower of Provence now sojourning in England for the purpose of acquiring her language.)

You came to a clime where agnes rack us,
And the chill wind never stops;
You came from the yards of young Iacelus
To a realm of malt and hops.

You came with your pleasant sun-made manners
And a bolder tasto in ties;
The South on your cheek flew crimson banners,
And her songs were in your eyes.

And ever I dreamed, as sorts of weather
On weather of sorts were piled,
This courtesy soon must reach its tether—
But ever you smiled and smiled;

Flattered our rain-washed air as bracing,
And London as *gigantesque*;
Her streets you never got tired of pacing
And her views were picturesque.

And I thought anon of the morn of Créey,
And the hour of Poitiers' field,
And the slime grew worse and the streets were messy,
And I said, "This man must yield."

The light in his eyes—is there naught can dim it?
No thrust that his heart can wrench,
And wring from his lips, "Your land 's the limit,"
Or whatever that is in French?

I have it. The fog! Ho will pass some stricture
When he sees that ghost-filled gloom;
When, writhen and foul, like a Futurist picture,
The street coils into the room.

And the fog did come—particular, proper,
And brewed of the broth of peas;
You could eat great chunks of it off with a chopper
And hand it about like cheeseo.

It was horrible, octopus-armed, unnerving;
But I found you amid the press
Gay as a June-tide grig, preserving
Toujours la politesse.

One might have thought you were eating honey
As the maze of the murk you thrid;
I asked if you liked the taste. Oh, sunny
Child of romance, *you did.*

I yielded then; I knelt on a glad knee.
"London," I said, "resign!
Lady of soot, thou art Ariadne,
And this is the lord of wine."

Not soon shall memory lose that glitter;
Full oft when the vapours crawl
I shall cry for a stoup of English bitter
And drink to the grace of Gaul.

Evoc.

"From now till spring arrives Devon branch lines will daily carry 40 rabbits to every passenger."—*The Standard.*
Season-ticket holders ought to be allowed eighty each.



"YOUR HUSBAND'S A DOCTOR, ISN'T HE?"
 "NO, INDEED! HE'S IN THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS!"

THE NICE PEOPLE.

THIS is a true story and the idea of it is to show how awfully decent—but you will see what I am driving at as you read on.

I had special reasons for ringing up my friend Burgess, but I did not know his number. I knew it had a 1, a 7, an 8 and a 4 in it somewhere, and was Mayfair; beyond that I was misty. Passing these figures in review, I decided it was 1478, and asked for that.

A pleasant voice came back, "Hullo!"

"Is that you, Burgess?" I said.

"No. There is no one of that name here."

"But isn't that Mr. Burgess's telephone?"

"No. What number did you want?"

"Oh, I'm frightfully sorry. I've made a mistake."

"Never mind. Don't mention it. It doesn't matter in the least."

I then asked for 1748.

A pleasant voice came back, "Hullo!"

"Is that you, Burgess?"

"No, this isn't Burgess. What number do you want?"

Again I apologised profusely; again the reply was sympathetic. "Don't trouble. It's all right."

I next asked for 1874.

A pleasant voice came back, "Hullo!"

"Hullo!" I said. "That you, Burgess?"

"No."

"Is Mr. Burgess in?"

"Mr. Burgess does not live here. What number did you ask for?"

Again I apologised, and again the reply was kindly: "It's all right. Some mistake of the operator, I expect. It doesn't matter."

Once more I decided to try, and this time I asked for 1784.

A pleasant voice came back, "Hullo!"

"Hullo!" I said. "Is that Mr. Burgess's number?"

"No, it's not."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. The fact is I've forgotten it."

"Isn't it in the book?"

"No, he won't have it there."

"What a nuisance! How very unfortunate for you! But why don't you ring up the enquiry office? They'll tell you."

"Thanks awfully, I will."

"It's all right. Good-bye."

Now wasn't that jolly? Not one of all that crowd angry or even irritated. All as nice about it as they could be.

I then rang up the office and found that Burgess's number (as I at once remembered) is 1847.

A waspish voice came back, "Hullo! Who's there?"

"Is that you, Burgess?"

"Yes, of course it is."

"All right, old chap. It's me—Harrison."

"I know it is. Do you suppose I can't recognise your voice? Why on earth haven't you rung me up before? Here have I been waiting here for hours"—and so forth.

And they were all strangers, and this was my friend!

"The members of the Cabinet are understood to be at present divided on the subject of woman suffrage as follows:—

| For. | Against. |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| Sir E. Grey | Mr. Asquith |
| Lord Haldane | Mr. Churchill |
| Mr. Lloyd George | Colonel Seely |
| Mr. Birrell | Mr. Harcourt |
| Lord Morley | Mr. McKenna |
| Mr. Runciman | Lord Crew |
| Mr. McKinnon Wood | Mr. Herbert Samuel |
| Sir Rufus Isaacs | Mr. J. A. Pease |
| Lord Beauchamp | Mr. C. Hobhouse |
| Doubtful.—Mr. Buxton, Mr. Burns." | |

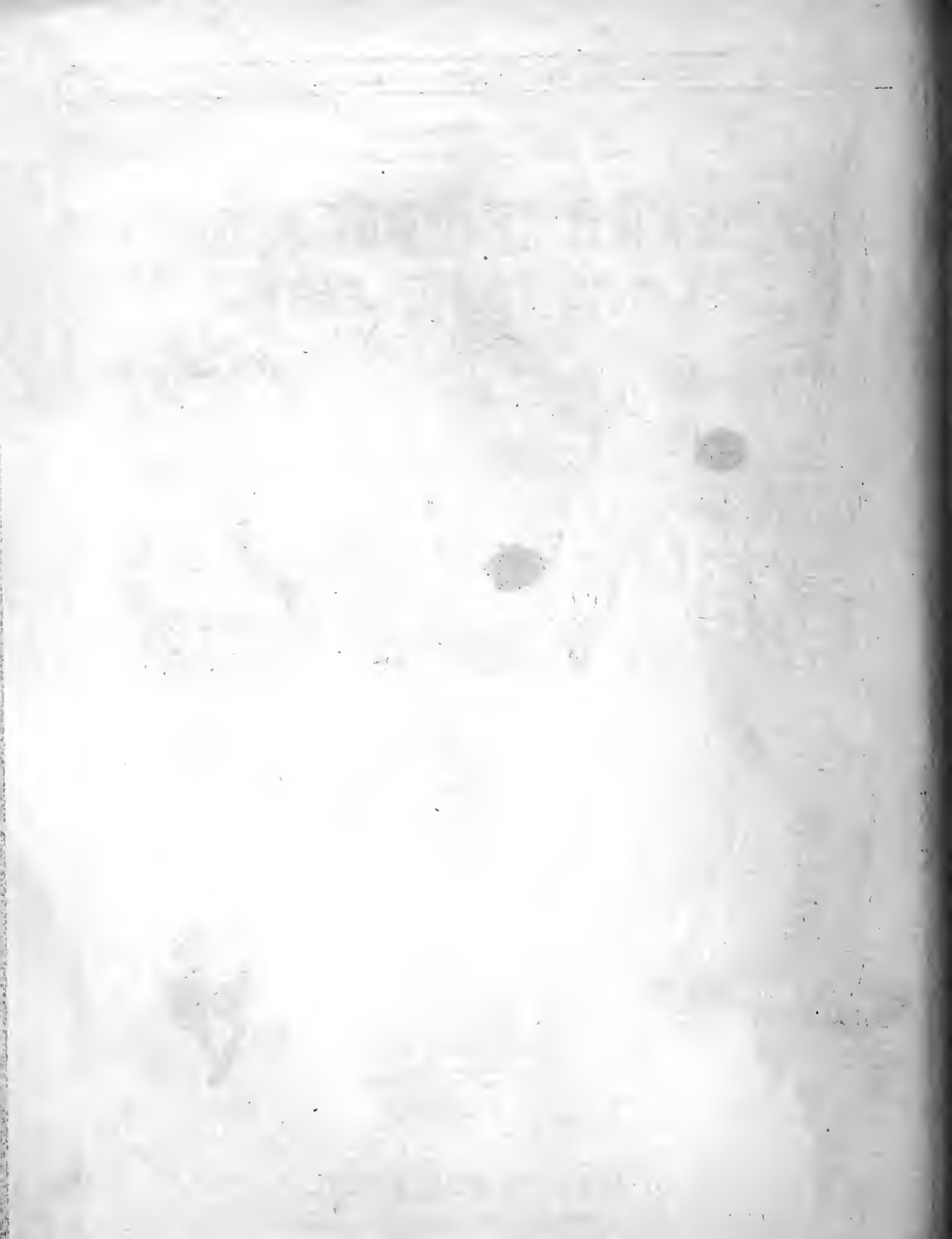
The Times, January 23.

It seems rather a pity that, with two teams so nicely balanced (the weight perhaps being slightly in favour of the side on which Lord HALDANE figures) they could not have settled it by a friendly Tug-of-War on the floor of the House. The two captains could easily have tossed for Messrs. BUXTON and BURNS.



RAG-TIME IN THE HOUSE.

[Sir EDWARD GARY'S Woman Suffrage Amendment produced some curious partnerships.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO WOMEN.
Indignant Chorus. "WE'LL SOON ALTER THAT!"

House of Commons, Monday, January 20.—MAD HATTER enjoyed rather a good day. Most diligent in attendance; always in his place when crisis arises. Ever ready to take charge of disturbed affairs and smooth them out. Thus, when just now in Committee on Welsh Disestablishment Bill only three Tellers

lined up before the Mace to declare result of division, he rose promptly to occasion. The missing link was BARLOW, one of the Tellers for Opposition. Having counted his men it occurred to him that he would have time to take a cup of tea and a buttered bun before figures were announced. So he trotted off. Meanwhile the other three Tellers stood, all forlorn, waiting for their ranks to be filled up.

Whilst CHAIRMAN sat helpless in this new dilemma and Members looked on in consternation the MAD HATTER interposed, claiming that the absent Teller's vote should not be included in official return of division. CHAIRMAN pointed out that as Tellers don't vote there was nothing to count. Something of a poser this; but the intention was good.

Three hours later, LORD BOB, "bearing a smile," as did Lord Cross on a historic occasion, administered sharp rebuke to "honourable Member opposite who appears to devote his talents to becoming the buffoon of the House." No name mentioned; but the MAD

HATTER, with unerring sagacity assuming gibe was directed against him, appealed to CHAIRMAN for protection against such attacks. CHAIRMAN suggested withdrawal.



LORD BOB throws the cap.



The MAD HATTER catches it.

"Certainly," said LORD BOB. "I am ready to withdraw if the honourable gentleman thinks it offensive to be described as the buffoon of the House. I thought that was his object." These merely incidents in the day's

round. Great achievement was vindication of the rights of British citizens grossly assailed under cover of the Shops Act. According to his story, told in the ear of a thronged and deeply moved House, there is a carrier—(no, Sir CHARLES ALFRED, not *Cripps*)—trading between Bristol and Portishead, having for sole retinue a small but hungry boy. For some time it has been his custom of an afternoon to present largesse to his escort in the form of "a pennyworth of biscuits purchased at a refreshment room in Pill." Avowedly under coercion from the Shops Act, the purveyor of biscuits declines to trade on an early-closing day, arguing that "biscuits are confectionery, not refreshments."

And so, as in the case of Mother Hubbard's dog, the poor boy had none.

He might, of course, swallow Pill. But there are contingencies which naturally make the carrier unwilling to undertake responsibility of administering it. In his dilemma he brought the matter under notice of the MAD HATTER, who left it in hands of HOME SECRETARY, with request that he "will issue a memorandum or order to make it clear that carriers' boys and other travellers may ask for biscuits, even in small amounts, without being refused on the plea that biscuits are only sweetmeats and not proper food."

Business done.—In Committee on Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill.

Tuesday.—Great slump in Silver-Market Gwynne. In accordance with recent habit, spent week-end in his study, wet towel bound about his manly brow, preparing fresh set of conundrums for India Office about transaction in silver carried through London market a year ago. Question paper bristled with them. Not your ordinary questions drafted by amateurs like Kinloch-Cooke or John Rees (late of India). Each one equivalent to argumentative speech on topic to be handled only by a specialist.

This had enough had it stood alone. Merely preliminary procedure. FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO WAR OFFICE, who in absence of Montagu answers for India Office, faces ordeal with commendable courage. Reads without quaver in his voice or trembling in his limbs matter-of-fact answers in reply to allegations and insinuations pointing to something like criminal conspiracy on part of India Office and a City firm to pocket what in America is known as "graft." When he resumes his seat up gets Gwynne with automatic regularity and in slightly different phrase repeats conundrum.

Hitherto SPEAKER, jealous for full play of freedom of speech, has permitted

this sort of thing. To-day's experience too much for patience whose long-suffering sometimes amazes House. At outset of Gwynne's performance SPEAKER insisted that notice should be given of Supplementary Question proposed to be put.

Regardless of the snub, Gwynne put twelfth question, when slump alluded to took place.

"These Supplementary Questions," said the SPEAKER, "are all in the nature of arguments suitable for discussion, but not for the purpose of obtaining information."

Later, when Persevering Pirie proposed to open upon Seely battery



"PERSEVERING PIRIE."

of Supplementary Questions, SPEAKER, amid general cheering, again interposed.

"Complaints," he said, "are made to me that the end of Questions on Paper is rarely reached, many of which notice was duly given being barred by number of Supplementary Questions in the nature of argument."

The MEMBER FOR SARK, who has been saying this with perhaps tiresome reiteration through two sessions that have seen unrestrained growth of indefensible irregularity, naturally gratified at this ruling by supreme authority.

Business done.—Still (Welsh) harping on Church Bill.

Friday.—There is a matter, perhaps trifling in itself but strikingly illustrative of the systematic belittling of Woman by Man, not alluded to in today's debate on Suffrage question. On entering the Ladies' Gallery, whether with or without intention of chaining themselves to rail, visitors are confronted by a card hung in prominent position. On it is printed in large type

the word "SILENCE!" Why should this designedly offensive injunction be flaunted in the Ladies' Gallery? Immediately opposite is the Strangers' Gallery, where men do congregate. You may search its walls and its approaches in vain for repetition of this command.

"We'll soon alter *that*," murmured a section of the company crowding Ladies' Gallery this afternoon.

Nor is intention to snub exhausted by this mean device. Withdrawing from Gallery to Tea Room at the back, Ladies approaching the fire-place observe boldly carved over the mantelpiece the brusque command, "Get Understanding." It need hardly be said that this insolent injunction, with implied suggestion of mental density more or less nearly approaching imbecility, is reserved exclusively for womankind. It is not to be found within sight of any part of the House where Members sit, whether above or below the Gangway.

And yet how much more urgent is necessity in their case!

Business done.—In Committee on Franchise Bill ALFRED LYTTTELTON moved EDWARD GREY'S amendment deleting the word "male" defying persons privileged to exercise Parliamentary Franchise. Debate adjourned.

"When the Cat's away."

"A CONGREGATION WITHOUT A PREACHER.—Owing to the stormy weather and the deep snowdrifts, the preacher advertised to take the meeting in the Good Templar Hall last Sunday evening was stern-stayed. There was no service in consequence.

"A very successful dance followed, nearly forty couples spending a very pleasant time under the guidance of Mr. Mills."

The Midlothian Journal.

"The annual dinner will be held at the Co-operative Hall at 7 o'clock. Members should get their tickets as soon as possible from their Divisional Secretaries. Dress, Uniform without belts."—*Lincolnshire Echo.* A very thoughtful provision. We wish them all a hearty meal.

"I am unable to discover any mechanical or physiological purpose served by a chin."—*Sir Ray Lankester, quoted in "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch."*

Dear Sir RAY LANKESTER,
Can't you be simple,
And own that a chin
Was made for a dimple?

"Following 12 degrees of frost in the Lake District snow fell heavily from the early morning, and with a 700-miles-an-hour southerly wind blowing the drifts of snow at Bassenthwaite Lake were five feet deep. Some of the country roads are impassable."

Preston Herald.

Still, a 1,000 h.p. car might manage them.



SCENE.—Home of the highly-paid Child Actor.

Male Phenomenon. "LOOK HERE, MY GOOD PARENT, I SEE YOU'RE SMOKING ANOTHER OF THOSE COSTLY CIGARS. MILLICENT AND I DON'T EXPECT OUR HARD-EARNED MONEY TO BE SIMPLY FRITTERED AWAY LIKE THIS."

THE DANCE.

WHEN good-nights have been prattled, and prayers
have been said,

And the last little sunbeam is tucked up in bed,
Then, skirting the trees on a carpet of snow,
The elves and the fairies come out in a row.

With a preening of wings
They are forming in rings;

Pirouetting and setting they cross and advance
In a ripple of laughter, and pair for a dance.

And it's oh for the boom of the fairy bassoon,
And the oboes and horns as they strike up a tune,
And the twang of the harps and the sigh of the lutes,
And the clash of the cymbals, the purl of the flutes;

And the fiddles sail in
To the musical din,

While the chief all on fire, with a flame for a hand,
Rattles on the gay measure and stirs up his band.

With a pointing of toes and a lifting of wrists
They are off through the whirls and the twirls and the
twists;

Thread the mazes of marvellous figures, and chime
With a bow to a curtsy, and always keep time:

All the gallants and girls
In their diamonds and pearls,

And their gauze and their sparkles, designed for a dance
By the leaders of fairy-land fashion in France.

But the old lady fairies sit out by the trees,
And the old beaux attend them as pert as you please.
They quiz the young dancers and scorn their display,
And deny any grace to the dance of to-day;

"In Oberon's reign,"

So they're heard to complain,
"When we went out at night we could temper our fun
With some manners in dancing, but now there are
none."

But at last, though the music goes gallantly on,
And the dancers are none of them weary or gone,
When the gauze is in rags and the hair is awry,
Comes a light in the East and a sudden cock-cry.

With a scurry of fear

Then they all disappear,
Leaving never a trace of their gay little selves
Or the winter-night dance of the fairies and elves.

R. C. L.

Another Rebuff for the Mother Country.

"Hector MacLean, 25, Pine Street, Brockville, Ont., Canada, will exchange Canadian stamps with any country but England."
Young England.

"Although Mr. Wade had his hair, moustache and eyebrows singed in his efforts, it was found that the fire had obtained too firm a hold to be dealt with in this way."—*Isle of Wight Herald.*

Mr. WADE clearly did his gallant best. But some fires are so grasping.

AT THE PLAY.

"TURANDOT, PRINCESS OF CHINA."

I FEEL almost certain that 7.0 P.M. is too late for a *matinée* and too early for an evening performance. As I made my way to the St. James's at this ambiguous hour—an hour sacred to the memory of Boxing Night at the Lane—it seemed that only pantomime could be my natural reward. And pantomime it was, with just a sad little echo of the old Savoy that left us on the verge of tears.

In point of colour *Turandot* is a gorgeous spectacle, but the costumes of



TRYING HARD NOT TO LOSE HIS HEAD.

Calaf Mr. GODFREY TEARLE.
Turandot Miss EVELYN D'ALROY.

the Far Orient—and there was no pretence to confine them strictly to Chinese patterns, the noblest of all being something in the style of the Samurai—do not make for a very pronounced beauty of form. I am not sure that this kind of spectacular romance, though the traditions of pantomime are against me, is not best conducted in a serious vein throughout. We are always being asked to keep one half of our face fixed in astonished admiration and the other half crinkled with laughter. I speak not only of the figures of the pageant, part beautiful, part grotesque, but of the words, which kept on shifting from an atmosphere of passion and intrigue to one of wanton flippancy. Calaf, for instance, the successful suitor, never relaxed from the key of high sentiment, but *Turandot* was all over the gamut.

However, one is habituated in pantomime to the mixed quality of the entertainment; the real trouble here was the incredible poverty of the fun. I am

forced to entertain one of two suspicions, each alike repellent to me. Either, when Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER witnessed the performance of Dr. VOLLMÖLLER'S play, the weakness of its humour escaped him through lack of familiarity with the language; or else Mr. JETHRO BITHELL, its translator, has done injustice to the German version. In this painful dilemma, I incline to the former theory.

There are rumours, indeed, that we have been spared even a worse disaster through the action of Messrs. SASS and NORMAN FORBES in revising their parts. If this is so, I assume that they gave time and care to the task, though there is historical precedent for improvisation. For Gozzi, of the eighteenth century, who adapted at Venice the old Persian theme, and introduced from local sources the four alleged comedians, *Pantalone*, *Tartaglia*, *Briglella* and *Truffaldino*, wrote no text for these characters, but trusted to the actors' native gift of gag.

I suppose it is too much to hope that the authorities should at this late hour repent themselves and cut out all the words. The general verdict seems to be that the play is a thing (like little children) to be "seen and not heard." But I am afraid there are points in it—the riddles, for example—which could not be expressed by dumb show. And it is not only the humour that could be spared; for more rotten riddles it would be hard to imagine, and the third of them, of which the answer was "love," was the most unlikely thing in the world to come from the lips of so ruthless a creature as *Turandot*.

And what does the author mean by that tag of poetry in which he speaks of the lady's heart as being "cold as the snows of yesteryear"? Surely VILLON would never have enquired as to the whereabouts of *les neiges d'antan* if he hadn't known that they had long ago melted.

As for the acting, I don't know what we should have done without Miss EVELYN D'ALROY. There was a delightful piquancy in her mincing voice and manner. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE was a brave figure, but his personality was of no particular period. Miss MAIRE O'NEILL was attractive in the small part of *Zelima*. Of the humorists, Mr. SASS, as *Pantalone*, and Mr. FRED LEWIS, as *Brigheilla*, came nearest to being funny. The background was always effective; but the stage of the St. James's was not designed for pageantry and seemed badly overcrowded in the riddle duels.

I am sorry not to foresee a very great future for so sporting a venture, unless of course it can be reproduced on a kinemacolor film.

"THE HEADMASTER."

A four-act comedy, preceded by a four-act music-drama, makes a heavy programme for a dress rehearsal *matinée* that begins at 3.30, and many of the actors in the audience had to slip away before the finish. Critics, too, with a First Night performance before them (to which nobody asked me, so it is not my affair), had to choose between their consciences and their stomachs, and I can easily guess which won.

The title of *The Headmaster* gave promise of a school play, but it was largely misleading. The scholastic element was little more than the incidental environment of an ordinary plot turning upon two rather commonplace ideas—(1) a clergyman's passion for preferment, (2) an innocent remark misinterpreted as a proposal of marriage. Complications ensue from the fact that the designing widow who thus entraps the reverend gentleman is the very person to whom he is to owe his offer of preferment, and that his chance of a bishopric is his chief attraction in her eyes. But unfortunately this lady (very soundly played by Miss IVON) is not constructed on the lines of Miss LOTTIE VENNE, but is large and domineering and in deadly earnest—all which is apt to get on our nerves almost as much as upon those of her harassed victim.

But Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as an absent-minded Headmaster of the last generation was a glorious figure, and his scene with those two clever school-boys, Masters ERIC RAE and KENDRICK HUXHAM, who came to him for a confirmation class, and not, as he imagined, for a swishing, has never been bettered in realistic comedy. All the others,



THE BRIDE (SELF-)ELECT.

Mrs. Grantley Miss FRANCES IVON.
Rev. Cuthbert Sanctuary .. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.

too, were excellent, from the *Portia* of Miss MARGERY MAUDE, most sweet and sympathetic, and her sister *Antigone*, very nicely played by little Miss KATHLEEN JONES, to *Pallisser Grantley* (Mr. ARTHUR CURTIS), a perfect prig of an usher, and Mr. JOHN HAWWOOD's school sergeant, the real manager of the academy. Mr. JACK HOBBS was a quite human prefect, in love, of course, with the Headmaster's daughter; and Mr. COMBERMERE (*Jack Strahan*), the junior master who won her heart, had really the air of a 'Varsity Blue (a rare thing on the stage), even if he did not make the most convincing of lovers. And I shall have left nobody out when I have mentioned the truly decanal performance of Mr. BIBBY as the *Dean of Carchester*.

In the end the play drifted off into a pleasant series of detached episodes, with a touch of serious sentiment which did no harm.

It is a great pity that it did not start a month ago and catch the school-boy; but its whole atmosphere, if a little thin in parts, should appeal just as closely to all who have ever been young; and I look hopefully, as a good uncle must, to seeing it run on into the Easter holidays.

In *Haarlem there Dwelt* is a pleasantly sordid little music-drama for three. A young Dutch peasant-girl, bored by her dull dog of a husband, arranges openly to fly with her lover, but changes her mind at the last moment on finding a message pinned to her husband's coat requesting her, before eloping, to mend a hole in it. If I had been arranging a removal of this kind, I should not have been put off by a thing like that; but of course it is a question of taste.

The play was practically wordless. This did not trouble the husband, who read the paper at meals and had a most extraordinary gift of taciturnity. The music and the action did nearly all that was needed, with the help of notices that popped up from the orchestra, saying, "Three months' interval," "Six months' interval," "Two days' interval." As usual, the music took its own time, and the action and what words there were had to wait upon its convenience. But it was impossible to be discontented so long as Miss MARGERY MAUDE was on the stage. She made an exquisite picture and played with the very nicest intelligence. O. S.

"CHENG NAM JIT POH (NEWSPAPER).

We beg to inform the public that this paper will begin publishing on the 1st of January, 1913. Being an up-date Chinese newspaper and having for its object to publish only what is right it enjoys the largest circulation ever obtained by any other paper."

The Singapore Free Press.



"ADVANCED GOLF."

(With apologies to JAMES BRAID.)

IN A CITY RESTAURANT.

(Founded on Fact.)

ALL my meagre dishes come
Stamped in the accepted way,
But a more impressive thumb
Seems to mark their edge to-day;
Waitress of the beating heart,
You're a novice in the art.

From the depths you soared to fame,
From the kitchen, I'll be bound,
Like Eurydice you came
Panting from the underground;
Orpheus brought her back to earth;
You arrive by solid worth.

She, alas! did not remain.

May you meet a brighter fate!
When you find a trusty swain,
When you need no longer wait,
May you rise to wealth and bliss:—
Here's a penny for you, Miss!

Clearing the Ground.

"On the whole any confidence there may be as to success seems to be upon the side of the opponents of the extension of the suffrage at this particular juncture, rather than upon the side of its opponents."—*Yorkshire Observer*.

An anxious correspondent, who has been suffering from the great servant trouble, writes that since the latest form of servant-hunting has reached the point of advertising to prospective maids the attractions of neighbouring churches, cinemas and barracks, we appear to be very near something like this:—

House parlourmaid wanted at once in the Pytchley country; mount supplied, also caps and aprons; outings on all meet days and Sundays; near kennels. Splendid mixed shooting and free choice of doctor. A little occasional work necessary, but manicurist kept.—Apply ——. Advertiser will send car.

THE PROFESSIONAL REMOVER.

WHEN first Mrs. Robinson told Robinson that she had every reason to believe that Mrs. Smith, who lived next door, was as anxious to get to know Mrs. Robinson as Mrs. Robinson was determined not to get to know Mrs. Smith, and warned him against any effort on the part of Smith to get to know him in order to assist Mrs. Smith's object, Robinson pooh-pooh'd the suggestion, as far as he was able to follow it. He promised, however, to keep his eyes open and, doing so, he could not conceal from himself that Smith's comings and goings did seem to coincide to a suspicious extent with his own. So he obeyed his wife's instructions and avoided him, a process which involved many deviations and sudden changes of programme, much waste of time and even some lies. Eventually he confessed to his wife that there could be no doubt of Smith's fixed determination to follow him about and force a meeting. Indeed, he became very incensed about it.

The climax was reached in his barber's shop. Robinson had sat there for twenty long minutes in order to secure the attention of his special artist. His patience had just been rewarded, and himself wrapped up for his hair-cutting, when who should come in but Smith, and where should he seat himself but in the next chair to Robinson? The position was impossible: Robinson could not be crudely offensive, and so, sweating with suppressed emotion, he spoke a reluctant "Good morning. . ."

Later he vented his wrath in the presence of his friends and acquaintances at the persistence of a man who followed him even into his barber's! "I wish I knew," he said, "of a means of removing from existence those persons, the constant effort and strain of avoiding whom make a misery of one's whole life!"

A week later his office-boy announced that a man, who withheld his name and otherwise behaved mysteriously, desired to see Robinson. He would not indicate the nature of his business; he would not send a message. He must see Robinson and see him alone.

"Show him in," said Robinson, and there appeared a soberly clad, secretive man carrying a small black hand-bag. He had the exact appearance of a travelling dentist, if there are such things.

"Your name?" asked Robinson.

"Is irrelevant," came the answer.

"Your business?"

"Requires leading up to. . . Murder, I submit, is a practice justly looked down on, but it is the motive and not

the achievement that is so disliked. It is the malicious purpose or the mischievous purposelessness of it that offends against good taste. A worthy object may relieve manslaughter of half its blame; a pre-eminently worthy object may even popularize it. Take war, for instance."

"Don't go and tell me that you are only a soldier," said Robinson, with a trace of disappointment in his voice. "Your preface had led me to hope that you were an assassin."

"I am the latter," said the man. "I do not kill promiscuously in the service of my country. I kill specifically on the commission of private individuals."

At first Robinson was inclined to suspect that this was too happy a coincidence to be genuine and to see in the whole affair some ingenious scheme for attracting attention to a patent medicine. But, observing the man closely and remembering that his (Robinson's) wishes with regard to Smith were known to others, he changed his mind. "Someone," he suggested, "has mentioned my name to you?"

The man nodded.

"Is the Removal of Persons One is Constantly Having to Avoid . . .?"

"My business? Yes. But, if you will hear me out, I hope to disabuse your mind of the prejudice you might have at first blush against my calling."

"We will not trouble you," said Robinson, judiciously, "for we are already in your favour."

The man gave vent to a sigh of relief. "Then we may at once proceed to the real object of my visit," he said.

Robinson smiled. "I can guess it. You are anxious to exert yourself in what I will call the case of Smith and me?"

"That is what I was proposing to do, if you will excuse me."

"I will certainly excuse you."

"And bear me no malice?"

"None whatever," said Robinson, raising his eyebrows. "Why should I?"

For the first time the man looked almost surprised. Then he pulled himself together. "Why should you? Why, indeed?" he muttered. "Is life as valuable as all that? Then, I take it, I have not only your approval but your definite permission to proceed?"

"Not only my permission, but my authority," said Robinson.

The man opened his bag and displayed the instruments of his craft. "What particular means do you prefer should be employed?" he asked.

"I leave that to Smith," said Robinson. "It is only fair to consider his convenience as far as possible."

The man paused. "Pardon," he said, "but Smith has left it to you."

Robinson, frowning a little, asked the man to explain how Smith came to mention the matter.

"Most certainly," said the man, as he produced a piece of rope from his bag and tied Robinson politely but firmly to the chair in which he sat. "I thought you had understood that Smith was the someone who mentioned your name to me. He has tried, he says, to discredit the suggestion first of his own wife and then of his own eyes, and to believe that it was only coincidence that so often brought you together. That proving impossible, he has tired himself out in his efforts to avoid you, and, however worrying and inconvenient the process has been, he has, up to now, hesitated to resort to the extreme measure of employing me in the affair. But, he says, the thing goes too far when he cannot even go into his barber's to be shaved without finding you there waiting for him."

A PICTURE WITH A MESSAGE.

I PAINTED a picture yesteryear
Of a child of angel mien
Resignedly quitting this earthly sphere
Ere he reached his earliest 'teen;
At the sight of this poignant work of mine
I felt that a heart of stone
Would add to the parents' painted brine
A silent tear of its own.

But critical dealers waved it back,
Nor hesitated to say,
Since life itself could be grim and black,
All art should be glad and gay;
Till a blight spread over my wonted joys
To think I was like to be
Saddled for years with a "Dying Boy's"
Dispiriting company.

So I added a maid with a laughing eye,
Who bade their grief begone
By waving a box of pills on high
(The label was blank thereon).
A pill proprietor called; the string
Of his purse he quickly loosed;
I put in his name, and he's had the
thing
Extensively reproduced.

"The Hon. E. S. Montagu left last night by the Punjab Mail for Udaipur.

The Hon. E. S. Montagu, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for India, left Calcutta, on Tuesday night for Madras."

The Englishman.

We shall watch this serial with interest.

"DRY ROT.—Interesting article sent free to any address."—*Advt. in "The Manchester Evening Chronicle."*

We wonder what they call the uninteresting ones.



A "NUT" WITHOUT ITS SCREW.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

A WORD of serious warning to those about to read Mr. OLIVER ONIONS' latest novel, *The Debit Account* (SECKER). Be careful not to do as I did and miss an inconspicuous note opposite the dedication, in which it is stated that "This novel is complete in itself, but the early history of its protagonists, and the events leading up to the situation with which the story opens, are to be found in a previous book entitled, *In Accordance with the Evidence.*" If you should neglect this, and if (again like myself) you should be so unfortunate as not to know the earlier book, your enjoyment will be marred by an exasperated perplexity as to what on earth the characters are driving at. Not until page 108 do you get any clue to the special position of the hero, *Jeffries*, with regard to his girl-wife. Briefly the explanation is that he himself had—for a good and sufficient motive, not to be set down here—killed her previous fiancé, and escaped punishment for it. This book shows how in the end he does not escape. It is a clever tale, exceedingly well told, tracing out logically and truthfully the developments inherent in the situation with which it starts. Mr. ONIONS has an amazing gift also of making ordinary things not perhaps beautiful but new and uncommon. Whether he speaks of setting up house in a jerry-built cottage at Hampstead, of a business-dinner at the Berkeley, or chops and tea at a model club in Chelsea, he makes of each a thing challenging outside expectation. And you never know what he will say next—which is a rare and refreshing stimulant. *The Debit Account* is thus certainly a book for all who admire quality in fiction—but I repeat my advice that you should know first what debt is being paid.

This is the age of artistic restraint. Dramatists are taking to the "quiet curtain." Comedians in farce, in moments of embarrassment, stand like statues instead of zig-zagging about the stage and slapping people on the back; and novelists with a lurid story to tell become almost dry in their manner. To this school belongs Mr. ANTHONY DYLLINGTON. His earlier novel, *The Unseen Thing*, had as weird and sensational a theme as one could invent, but his style and restraint gave it a dignity which raised it above the merely lurid. His latest work, *The Stranger in the House* (WERNER LAURIE), belongs to the same genre, and once more he has been completely successful in avoiding crude sensationalism. It was not an easy task. I wonder what the manufacturers of the old three-decker would have made out of the same material. They would certainly have been fascinated by the central idea—of an evil spirit entering into a woman's body at the moment of death, as her soul left it. And I seem to see them gloating over "the Boy," the idiot heir of *Lord and Lady Brayden*. Mr. DYLLINGTON's art carries him triumphantly past all the pitfalls of his story. He has himself admirably in hand at all times. He has a great gift of condensation. I commend to authors who cannot do without plenty of elbow-room a perusal of chapter seven of this book. It is a fifty-thousand-word novel in sixteen pages. The only drawback to the story, to my mind, is that which mars all novels of the supernatural, namely that what should be the climax becomes something of an anti-climax owing to the fact of the reader's having adjusted his mind to contemplation of the horrible. The great moment in all these stories is about half-way through, when the reader begins to suspect. When he knows, the tension slackens. None the less *The Stranger in the House* is to be commended highly.

If two people are to lose each other in the heart of London; if all the efforts of Scotland Yard and the agony column are to be of no avail; if, moreover, to increase the poignancy of the situation, they must needs live within a stone's throw of each other in Soho, it is essential, I suppose, that one of them at least should suffer from a lapse of memory and a change of name. This, at any rate, is what happens to *John Faithful*, who mislays his daughter *Marcelle* in Chapter I. of *SOPHIE COLE'S In Search of Each Other* (MILLS AND BOON). But if there is something a little too mechanical about her plot I must congratulate the authoress heartily on her choice of characters. The young gentleman who extracts teeth in *You Never Can Tell* is a butterfly sort of creature at best. Here we have a dentist light-hearted enough when he chooses, but of sufficient serious merit to make a worthy husband for a sweet and *spirituelle* young girl. And who marries *John Faithful* (for he is a widower) when he remembers his right name and recovers his daughter? Who, out of a hundred guesses, but one of those delightful ladies who do the fashion sketches with figures like the Tower of Pisa, and write of love and dress and infantile ailments for the weekly feminine magazines? Never before have I had the heart of one of these oracles laid bare to me any more than I have pierced behind the veil which shrouds odontological domesticity. *In Search of Each Other* is a pleasant if rather superficial tale, and whatever one thinks of it the authoress has at least resisted the temptation to call it "Behind the Throne" or "Crowned with Gold."

Upon my word, I hardly know what to say about *The Friendly Enemy* (MILLS AND BOON). I have no doubt about my own feelings in the matter; I was absorbed. But then I like being preached at, providing the preacher is a humorous and observant fellow, obsessed by no tiresome cranks and free from prejudices and limitations. Mr. T. P. CAMERON WILSON is all that and more also, but I doubt if he is sufficiently definite in his conclusions to appeal to everybody. He is an idealist and a cynic, but he allows neither his idealism nor his cynicism to blind him to the facts as they are; in the end he leaves the reader alive to many new and oppressive problems, possessed of the solution of none of them and uncomfortably obscure about life and his proper attitude to it in general. There is no actual story in the book, but a series of well-connected and mutually relevant instances. All are taken from the meaner streets of London and most of the characters are urchins. A fairy godfather descends upon these and takes them out of their squalor into the fresh clean country, where one might expect them to thrive. So far from doing that, they find the country lacking in something as essential to life as it is indefinite; they insist upon returning to their squalor forthwith, and when they get there they are still unsatisfied. Unhappily, the author does not go on to tell us what to do about it. If you wish your emotions to be stirred on broad and easy lines, go elsewhere. If you are ready to have your intelligence exercised while your sympathies are being enlisted; if you are prepared to be left to form your own philosophy, or, having had your eyes opened, still to go

on without one, read this book. At any rate I can promise you some most amusing types and three really delightful urchins of the true Cockney breed.

My bristles are always mildly agitated by a novel in which I am introduced to a writer whose work is never revealed to me. Mr. *Bravery*, in *Lot Barrow* (SECKER), was a milk-and-watery young man who wrote essays. Apart from the sympathy which he entertained for a maid-of-all-work, his life was lacking in colour; I hoped, therefore, that he was going to write something that would atone for his amiable unimportance. And on page 102 Miss VIOLA MEYNELL raises the cup of expectation to my lips, only to dash it abruptly to the ground. "Mr. Bravery sat at a little table, with his manuscript before him. He began to read aloud, and we shall hear a little of what he read. But, on the whole, no. Those who wish may discover it for themselves." Frankly, I felt no craving for this research work; and since the author declined to appease my curiosity, I let it go, and with it the faint interest I had ever felt in the man. Throughout this novel, which has for its setting a most delightfully fragrant, gillyflowery farmhouse, Miss MEYNELL



A KEEPER OF THE KING'S PRIVY PURSE INTERPRETS HIS TITLE LITERALLY.

is excessively careful of the nerves of her readers. Perhaps that is why she spared us Mr. *Bravery's* essays. But I am always glad to have my nerves tried, and though I can do with an occasional rest I must have something more than atmosphere, however wholesome or rarefied. *Lot Barrow* is, in short, the kind of book that many people profess to like, but very few find time to read. It is a pity that this is so, for great care

and not a little distinction of phrase have gone to its making.

The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore, by Mr. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON (CONSTABLE), ought to be in the hands of every Boy Scout, and I would advise those elders who put it there to avail themselves of the rare occasions when it will be free, and dip into it on their own account. A good many of Mr. SETON's preliminary pages are devoted to clearing the Red Indian of accusations of cruelty, laziness, uncleanness and treachery with which prejudice has loaded him. This is a matter which possibly is of more moment to American readers (for whom the book was written) than English, though the information gathered is full of general interest. One of the unwritten laws of Indian etiquette, for instance, is the charge: "Do not talk to your mother-in-law at any time, or let her talk to you." This, however, is by the way. The real part of the book is its woodcraft. Here is one of seventeen tests which the young Brave in Mr. SETON's suggested organisation must pass in order to qualify as a Tried Warrior: "Light fifteen successive fires with fifteen matches all in different places and with wildwood stuff." If an ordinary smoker could do that, there would be no more tragedies of the last wax vesta.

"Mrs. — celebrated her one hundredth birthday yesterday. She was visited by her twin sister, age ninety-five." — *South Wales Echo*. The absence of the third member of the triplet, an old lady of eighty-two, was much regretted.

CHARIVARIA.

Denying that any member of the Government would resign on the Suffrage question, Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL said that the Government "had too many great tasks in hand to justify a quarrel upon this one issue." We are afraid that the Pillar Box Outrages have embittered the INFANT SAMUEL.

Referring to Mr. BONAR LAW'S suggestion that the veto of the KING might be revived in order to prevent the passing of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. JOHN REDMOND said that a greater insult to the KING had never been offered. Mr. REDMOND must brush up his Irish history.

The question whether women are entitled to be admitted as solicitors is to be settled by a Court of Law. One of the advantages of the proposed innovation would be, no doubt, that the solicitor's gown, which is at present a thing of extreme ugliness, would be bound to be brightened up.

"£6,666 REWARD FOR LORD HARDINGE'S ASSAILANT,"... announces *The Liverpool Daily Post*. And very often we leave our heroes to starve.

It is rumoured in Oxford that, in view of the national service now being performed by Magdalen College, its President is about to be given the official title of "WARREN the King-Maker."

The Observer declares that "La Joconde" was never abducted from the Louvre, but that one of the official photographers accidentally spilt a bottle of acid over her face. It is impossible that she may one day reappear at the gallery under the title of "La Misérable."

"Or take Mr. Hamilton Hay's 'Still Life,'" says Mr. KNOXDY in a review of the latest exhibition of Post-Impressionist paintings. We are very sorry, but we really cannot.

Reading that two Constables had been damaged by a visitor at the National Gallery, a dear old lady remarked that those assaults on the police were becoming far too frequent. The obvious absence of all intentional malice must be the lady's excuse for reviving this ancient pleasantry.

At a fire in Islington last week a householder, regardless of the risk, rushed upstairs and succeeded in rescuing his pet canary from the flames. The bird, in a transport of gratitude, is said to have embraced his rescuer again and again.

The suggestion made in the course of an action last week that a sardine is not a fish but an animal, has caused

seen them twice." It is necessary, we are told by a patron of the music-halls, to look twice, sometimes, to see what Mlle. DESLAYS has on.

The Express tells us of a New York broker who fell in love on meeting the lady for the first time at a dinner-party, proposed, was accepted, and married her the next day. But then, in America, marriage is a much simpler thing. Couples are only united till Divorce do them part.



Inspector (to arrested woman). "WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
Woman. "JEST RUN FROO THE NIMES O' THE CABINICK MINSTRELS, WILL YER, OLE DEAR? I'VE FORGOT FOR THE MINNET OO'S MY 'USBING!"

[According to the Press it is understood that it is an agreed Suffragette plan for women who are arrested to give the names of Cabinet Ministers' wives. The idea may spread to other types that come into collision with the Police.]

no little satisfaction in sardine circles, and fishermen report that since then, when passing through shoals of the little fish, they have heard a distinct purring noise.

"CURED WHILE YOU BREATHE" is the heading of the latest invaluable specific. And, to be sure, there is no life like the present.

"To dress well," says Mlle. GABY DESLAYS in *The Royal Magazine*, "the real gentleman always wears the clothes which you do not see—until you have

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

Our Paris Correspondent writes:—The discovery of an Elixir of Life by a famous French scientist is by no means so recent as his announcement of it. I happen to know that some fifteen years ago he prepared at great pains a bottle of this specific, which, however, mysteriously disappeared and was never heard of again until the other day, when an old woman living in a poor suburb of La Ville Lamière confessed to the theft. I translate her statement into idiomatic English: "I was the charwoman who scrubbed out the gentleman's laboratory," she said, "and one night, feeling something come over me all of a sudden like, I went to his cupboard and took out the only thing to drink that I could find. It did me a world of good at the time, and I feel sure it must have been the stuff there's so much talk about in the papers, for when I took it I was only forty-five, and now I am sixty."

From a City Outfitter's advertisement:—

"We have only a small quantity of these gloves and the price we offer them at should quickly make them change hands."

As soon as they begin to go bad you just make them change hands and wear them front side behind.

"GENERAL, for Cricklewood; £2; 4 in family; no housework; no basement; help given."—Advt. in "*Evening News*."

No doubt they will find her something to do in the garden.

"Jumping into an arabich, he drove furiously to the British Agency, exclaiming, 'I want to save Lord Kitchener's soul.' However, he was foiled in the attempt."

The Near East.
Better luck next time.

LOVE AND THE MILITANTS;

OR, HOW I BECAME AN ANTI-SUFFRAGIST.

I HAD deferred to speak my heart
Until the bloom of Spring was here,
For LOVE, according to the chart,
Does best about that time of year;
"A fortnight more of fog and mud"
(Thus to my restive bosom spoke I),
"Then let your passion burst in bud
Contemporaneous with the croci."

But, ere the mists of Jan. had gone
(Supposed a barren month and bare),
Pacing my plot, I lighted on
The flower in question flaming there!
I stood a moment stricken dumb,
Then took and pulled myself together,
Saying, "The crucial hour is come,
Accelerated by the weather!"

I wrote: "Dear Lilian, just a line
To say I love you much the most;
Will you, or will you not, be mine?
Please answer by return of post.
Say 'Yes'—I live; or 'No'—I die!"
Addressed it, duly signed and dated,
Enclosed a stamp for her reply,
Slipped it within the slot—and waited.

Two days—and her response arrived.
It wore (besides a pungent scent)
The air of having just survived
A chemical experiment;
I oped it—every pulse aglow,
My outward mien remaining placid—
And found her "Yes" (or else her "No"?)
Deleted by corrosive acid.

And 'twas a Woman's female hand,
Fingers that LOVE may once have pressed,
Which did not spare (oh shame!) to brand
His correspondence with the rest!
A postal order, spoilt that way,
I could—and easily—afford her,
But ah! a Young Thing's "Yea" (or "Nay"?)—
That is a far, far larger order.

So, while I bear once more the strain
Till four-and-eighty hours are flown
(To yire were crude, and then, again,
She isn't on the telephone),
Racked in a hell not much above
The lowest depths explored by DANTE,
A Woman's despite done to LOVE
Has wrought of me a raging Anti! O. S.

Hygiene and Hobbles.

"The home trade is 'spotty,' and the dining departments can hardly be doing well; indeed they have not recovered from the damage done by the ugly tight skirts."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Though we never liked to say so, we always felt that a tight skirt might hurt the "dining department"—to adopt our contemporary's graceful phrase.

From a report in *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of Professor J. O. ARNOLD's lecture on Scientific Steel Metallurgy before the Royal Institution:—

"Since 1386 Sheffield steel in the form of table knives had been in almost everybody's mouth."
A splendid record of valour.

TEDDY AND EDWIN.

THE statement made in last week's *British Weekly*, that Mr. ROOSEVELT is about to undertake a searching investigation into The Mystery of Edwin Drood, has naturally caused profound sensation on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. TAFT, who has been interviewed on the subject by a representative of *The American Bird*, stated as his opinion that the Drood Case clearly called for international arbitration, but that the constitution of the Hague Tribunal was not such as to afford a guarantee that the identity of *Datchery* would be satisfactorily established. For the moment, however, he thought that the diversion of the "Bull Moose" Party into the paths of literary mystery was a subject for national rejoicing.

Dr. WOODROW WILSON has declined to commit himself to any precise statement as to the political significance of Mr. ROOSEVELT's latest move. He observed, however, that if it led him on to the Man in the Iron Mask or the Letters of Junius the peace of the United States might be assured for another decade.

Great excitement prevails in Rochester, the scene of DICKENS's famous romance, in view of the rumour that Mr. ROOSEVELT will shortly take up his residence in that city. At a public meeting held last week it was unanimously decided to invite Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD to execute a colossal statue of the ex-President to commemorate his visit. A proposal to import some lions and other big game, in order to furnish Mr. ROOSEVELT with relaxation during his research, was also favourably considered.

Interviewed by a representative of *Brainy Bits* Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL stated that negotiations were pending with a view to induce Mr. ROOSEVELT to accept the post of Contributing Editor of *The British Weekly*. The scheme would involve a considerable extension of the paper, as it was proposed to place an amount of space at Mr. ROOSEVELT's disposal equal to that allotted to CLAUDIUS CLEAR. His weekly contribution would, it was hoped, take the form of a strenuous commentary on current events under the heading of "A Cowboy's Causerie."

It only remains to be added that for the moment calm reigns in Oyster Bay.

The Progress of Education.

[Definitions from a "General Knowledge" paper set at a Derbyshire school.]

Sporran.—(1) A heathen god; (2) a track of country in Russia.

Boomerang.—A monkey that lives in the jungle.

Aurora Leigh.—An earthquake.

Wielding the willow.—Caning.

The devouring element.—(1) The mouth; (2) Insurance Bill.

Galaxy.—A language of the Gauls.

Weaker vessel.—German warship.

The better half.—Conservative.

Carillon.—A term of endearment in Italy.

Liebig.—A German love-song.

["Carillon mio," as we say at Covent Garden, "trill me a Liebig."]

In a *Daily Mirror* interview the following remark is attributed to the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter*:—

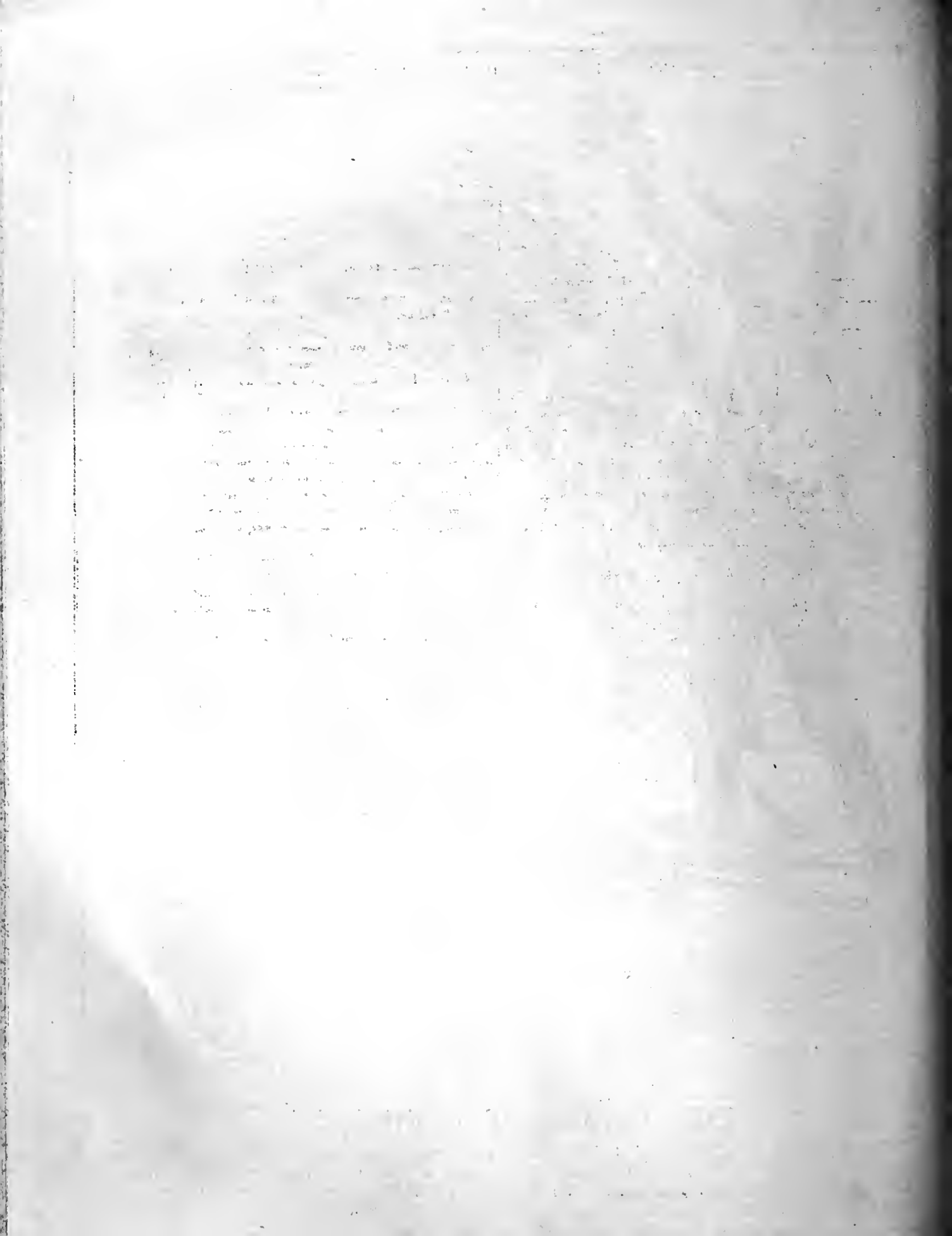
"At this time of the year everybody with the means and the leisure tries to get away to the Riviera for the winter sports in Switzerland."

Ah! but how few succeed! There is, of course, some good skiing to be done on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice; and there is the famous ice-run from La Turbie to the Casino; but it isn't Switzerland.



THE BAYARD OF BUKHAREST.

ROUMANIA (*politely to Bulgaria*). "I AM SURE, DEAR OLD FRIEND, YOU WILL WISH TO RECOMPENSE ME FOR NOT STABBING YOU FROM BEHIND IN THE PREVIOUS BOUT; AND I AM THEREFORE PROPOSING TO ANTICIPATE YOUR KINDNESS BY MAKING OFF WITH YOUR COAT."





HOW MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES ARE MADE.

Caddie (to visitor). "THAT 'S THE OLD GREEN TO THIS 'OLE, SIR. IT GETS FLOODED, SO THEY 'VE GIVE IT TO THE LADIES!"

THE ROSE BOWL.

AN EXCURSION INTO ART.

(In the manner of one of the Critics of the New Post-Impressionist Exhibition.)

WHAT do the Public make of Mr. Van Slosh's exquisite "Rose-bowl and Roses," this masterpiece of truth of things as they are, and not as we see them? Do they see only a gilt frame, and three or four irregular rhomboids splashed with paint?

Let us endeavour to explain what we see, in words that the coarsest and crudest of the savage daubsters and realists of old, the Velasquezes, the Corots, the Meissonniers, and the Whistlers, could follow.

First we consult our catalogue—this, alas, is still necessary, even to us, who are acolytes of the new mystery of Art. Then, little by little, *very* little by little, for we too were once unbelievers, it permits us to understand.

And then? A mystic and other-world odour steals upon our senses—blossoms that are not, and never will be! Marvels of marvels—artistry satanic and angelic both! The nosiness of the nose, the rosiness of the rose, the bowliness of the bowl; and bowl and roses are *not* there on the canvas!

Not there? Yes, they *are* there.

They are coming through the fog of our perceptions, as a barge comes through a fog on the Thames—and they are strangely like barges—four barges—barges imbedded—abreast in a *pasticcio* of tidal mud. Yes, we see them now; and surely it is our triumph as much as the master's?

What has the artist done? *He has shamed, upon perishable canvas, the Sham, Insincerity and Vulgarity of Nature!*

Here are roses, oh, such roses! The roses that poets have dreamed of, and singers have sung of, and amateur gardeners through all time have lied and boasted of in the 9.1 train. Thank Heaven that roses like these do not grow on this earth—for the sob of their scent, the exquisite pain of their parturition, would be too much for mortals!

Look at them closely, now that you *know*—those four (or is it five?—they do run together so) irregular rhomboids. Look at the passion of them, the delirium of them, the disdain of them, the supreme *asafetida* which their fragrance exhales. "Roses all the way"—the way that Nature has missed and that Art, which for ever shrinks from the crudities of Nature, has found. Note the petals—of course they are not there; Mr. Van Slosh has outsoared

Nature's meticulous details—but note them nevertheless. Note the stem—it is not there; for the roses of Mr. Van Slosh have grown in the unsupporting æther of Paradise—but note it nevertheless. Note the thorns! What joyous caprice is this of the master, that the thorns *are* there, pushed from beneath the canvas, in an ecstasy of mockery of this Public who only know roses when they have pricked their fingers!

Lastly, note the bowl, so consummate in its utter absence that one of the dear roses (or rhomboids—*what does it matter?*) has fallen out of it; and the water, that should be in it, is streaming instead from your eyes in tears—or in what other emotions! Ah! what?

Never again will we look on real roses. Never again will we lay our face on that harsh texture of coarse blowsy petals. Never again will we inhale without nausea that vitiated, brutal aroma. The very word "pergola" is henceforth abhorrent.

But will—oh will—the Public *ever* understand?

"FRUIT FROM THE GARDEN.
Record-sized Lobster at Smithfield Market."
Manchester Evening Chronicle.

This must be the South African equivalent of our crab-apple.

A FLASH OF SUMMER.

THERE is a street in London called Cranbourn Street, which serves no particular purpose of its own, but is useful as leading from Long Acre and Garrick Street to the frivolous delights of "Hullo, Ragtime!" and serviceable also in the possession of a Tube station from which one may go to districts of London as diverse as Golder's Green and Hammersmith. These to the ordinary eye are the principal merits of Cranbourn Street. But, to the eye which more minutely discerns, it has deeper and finer treasure: it has a shop window with a little row of cricket bats in it so discreetly chosen that they not only form a vivid sketch of the history of the greatest of games but enable anyone standing at the window and studying them to defeat for the moment the attack of this present dreariest of winters and for a brief but glorious space believe in the sun again.

And what of the treasures? Well, to begin with, the oldest known bat is here—a dark lopsided club such as you see in the early pictures in the pavilion of Lord's, that art gallery which almost justifies rain during a match, since it is only when rain falls that one examines it with any care. Of this bat there is obviously no history, or it would be written upon it, and the fancy is therefore free to place it in whatever hands one will—TOM WALKER'S, or BELDHAM'S, or Lord FREDERICK BEAULIERK'S, or even RICHARD NYREN'S himself, father of the first great eulogist of the game. Beside it is another veteran, not quite so old though, and approaching in shape the bat of our own day—such a bat as LAMBERT, or that dauntless sportsman, Mr. OSBALDISTON ("The Squire," as he was known in the hunting field), may have swung in one of their famous single-wicket contests.

Beside these is even more of a curiosity. Nothing less than the very bat which during his brief and not too glorious cricket career was employed to defend his wicket, if not actually to make runs, by the late KING EDWARD VII. when he was PRINCE OF WALES. For that otherwise accomplished ruler and full man (as the old phrase has it) was never much of a C. B. FRY. He knew the world as few have known it; he commanded respect

and affection; he was accustomed to give orders and have them instantly obeyed; but almost anyone could bowl him out, and it is on record that those royal hands, so capable in their grasp of orb and sceptre, had only the most rudimentary and incomplete idea of retaining a catch. Such are human limitations! Here, however, in the Cranbourn Street window, is His MAJESTY'S bat, and even without the accompanying label one would guess

indeed is the splintered bat with which Mr. G. L. JESSOP made a trifle of 168 against Lancashire. I wish the date was given; I wish even more that the length of the innings in minutes was given. Whether the splinters were lost then, or later, we should also be told. But there it is, and, after seeing it, how to get through these infernal months of February and March and April and half May, until real life begins again, one doesn't know and can hardly conjecture. And what do you think is beside it? Nothing less than "the best bat" that Mr. M. A. NOBLE ever played with—the leisurely, watchful Australian master, astute captain, inspired change-bowler and the steady, remorseless compiler of scores at the right time. It is something to have in darkest February NOBLE'S best bat beneath one's eyes.

And lastly (for I set no value upon brand-new bats covered with Colonial autographs) there is a scarred and discoloured blade which bears the brave news that with it did that old man hirsute, now on great match-days a landmark in the Lord's pavilion, surveying the turf where once he ruled—W. G. himself, no less!—made over a thousand runs. Historic wood if you like; historic window!

No wonder then that I scheme to get Cranbourn Street into my London peregrinations. For here is youth renewed and the dimmest of winters momentarily slain.

"Davies and Cheesman were continually feeding the English threes, and another score would have resulted but for some heavy talking by André."—*Football Star*.

Poulton (to Coates). "He's swearing in French. I must stop and listen."



P. C. X. "OW'R YER DOIN', BOB?"

Commish. "A I. THIS 'ERE PAYS BETTER 'N PICTURES."

that it was the property of no very efficient cricketer. For it lacks body; no one who really knew would have borne to the pitch a blade so obviously incapable of getting the ball to the ropes; while just beneath the too fanciful splice is a silver plate. Now all cricketers are aware that it is when the incoming man carries a bat with a silver plate on it that the scorers (if ever) feel entitled to dip below the table for the bottle and glass and generally relax a little.

So much for what may be called the freaks of this fascinating window. Now for the facts. A very striking fact

Consummation.

["To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."—*R. L. Stevenson*.]

SOME philosopher has stated

That to strive for things is vain,

That success is over-rated

And the prizes we obtain

Disappoint us when we get them;
one example will explain.

Here before the mirror shaving
With a trembling hand and blue,

Well I recollect the craving,

Little beard, I had for you;

Do I cherish, now I've got it, this
appendage? *Pas du tout!*



"HAVE YOU SEEN HOUNDS PASS THIS WAY, BOY?"
 "YES, SIR; BUT I'M AFRAID THEY AIN'T STICKIN' TO THE ROAD, SIR."

THE TACTFUL TENANT.

(A Model for Flat-Dwellers.)

A POND, a strip of heath, two lines of trees—
 Such is the prospect that my gaze is skimming;
 But every morn there passes, if you please,
 A girl with a mauve hat. I hate the trimming.

Therefore I wrote our landlord: "I am loth
 To seem to make a mountain of a mole-hill,
 But some things constitute a breach of troth:
 This hat" (I sketched the outline) "makes my soul ill.

"Others might dwell upon our bathroom pipe,
 Prate of the patch of damp that spoils a ceiling;
 Others, again, a crude litigious type,
 Might call your notice to the paper's peeling;

"I do not. I am silent. I forbear
 To ask in what near pub., in what low quarter
 Lurks (when we want the coal brought up the stair)
 Steeped in eponymous earouse, the porter.

"I make no complaints, I roll no catalogue
 Of crimes at No. 6. I calmly swallow
 The ululations of their so-called dog;
 I brook their gramophone that baits Apollo.

"The garden that we hoped to get to love,
 Used by the object of the strange pretension
 I spoke of in the stanza just above
 To hoard his bones in—that I do not mention.

"I merely wish to harp upon the view—
 The view that most of all things recommended
 The little mansion let to us by you,
 The ontlook that your ads. described as "splendid"—

"Vision of waters and of wooded peace,
 And yon tall spire behind the beechwood spinneys
 (The mouth-piece of the muse who penned our lease
 Must have included that—or why those guineas?).

"And shall this harmony that soothes our cares
 By one appalling hat be daily broken?
 You are responsible for all repairs.
 See to it. Get it mended. I have spoken."

* * * * *
 Strange ending. Now the decorator's hero,
 The ape at No. 6 is gagged and haltered,
 The porter drinks less, but beside the mero
 The lady with the hat goes on unaltered.

EVOC.

"MARBLE BREAKS A WINDOW.—While a couple of boys were playing in Aubrey Street, Hereford, on Tuesday, one of them unintentionally kicked a marble against the window in the show-rooms of the Hereford Corporation Gas Department, breaking a large pane of plate glass. The lads, who live in the neighbourhood, had been playing marbles."
The Hereford Times (italics by "Punch").

We are very glad that an event of such magnitude and poignancy should not have escaped notice in one of our great provincial organs. At the same time we congratulate our contemporary on avoiding all catch-penny methods in its treatment of the subject. The restraint shown in that brief and simple reflection, "The lads had been playing marbles," should be a lesson to some of our London dailies.

WINTER SPORT.

I.—AN INTRODUCTION.

"I HAD better say at once," I announced as I turned over the wine list, "that I have come out here to enjoy myself, and enjoy myself I shall. Myra, what shall we drink?"

"You had three weeks honeymoon in October," complained Thomas, "and you're taking another three weeks now. Don't you ever do any work?"

Myra and I smiled at each other. Coming from Thomas, who spends his busy day leaning up against the wireless installation at the Admiralty, the remark amused us.

"We'll have champagne," said Myra, "because it's our opening night. Archie, after you with the head-waiter."

It was due to Dahlia, really, that the Rabbits were hibernating at the Hôtel des Angéliques, Switzerland (central-heated throughout); for she had been ordered abroad, after an illness, to pull herself together a little, and her doctor had agreed with Archie that she might as well do it at a place where her husband could skate. On the point that Peter should come and skate too, however, Archie was firm. While admitting that he loved his infant son, he reminded Dahlia that she couldn't possibly get through Calais and Pontarlier without declaring Peter, and that the duty on this class of goods was remarkably heavy. Peter, therefore, was left behind. He had an army of nurses to look after him, and a stenographer to take down his more important remarks. With a daily bulletin and a record of his table-talk promised her, Dahlia was prepared to be content.

As for Myra and me, we might have hesitated to take another holiday so soon, had it not been for a letter I received one morning at breakfast.

"Simpson is going," I said. "He has purchased a pair of skis."

"That does it," said Myra decisively. And, gurgling happily to herself, she went out and bought a camera.

For Thomas I can find no excuses. At a moment of crisis he left his country's Navy in jeopardy and, the Admiralty yacht being otherwise engaged, booked a first return from Cook's. And so it was that at four o'clock one day we arrived together at the Hôtel des Angéliques, and some three hours later were settling down comfortably to dinner.

"I've had a busy time," said Archie. "I've hired a small bob, a luge and a pair of skis for myself, a pair of snowshoes and some skates for Dahlia, a— a tricycle horse for Simpson, and I don't know what else. All in French."

"What is the French for a pair of snow-shoes?" asked Myra.

"I pointed to them in French. The undersized Robert I got at a bargain. The man who hired it last week broke his leg before his fortnight was up, and so there was a reduction of several centimes."

"I've been busy too," I said. "I've been watching Myra unpack, and telling her where not to put my things."

"I packed jolly well—except for the accident."

"An accident to the boot-oil," I explained. "If I get down to my last three shirts you will notice it."

We stopped eating for a moment in order to drink Dahlia's health. It was Dahlia's health which had sent us there.

"Who's your friend, Samuel?" said Archie, as Simpson caught somebody's eye at another table and nodded.

"A fellow I met in the lift," said Simpson casually.

"Samuel, beware of elevator acquaintances," said Myra in her most solemn manner.

"He's rather a good chap. He was at Peterhouse with a friend of mine. He was telling me quite a good story about a 'wine' my friend gave there once, when—"

"Did you tell him about your 'ginger-beers' at Giggleswick?" I interrupted.

"My dear old chap, he's rather a man to be in with. He knows the President."

"I thought nobody knew the President of the Swiss Republic," said Myra. "Like the Man in the Iron Mask."

"Not *that* President, Myra. The President of the Angéliques Sports Club."

"Never heard of it," we all said.

Simpson polished his glasses and prepared delightedly to give an explanation.

"The Sports Club runs everything here," he began. "It gives you prizes for fancy costumes and skating and so on."

"Introduce me to the President at once," cooed Myra, patting her hair and smoothing down her frock.

"Even if you were the Treasurer's brother," said Archie, "you wouldn't get a prize for skating, Simpson."

"You've never seen him do a rock-ing seventeen, sideways."

Simpson looked at us pityingly.

"There's a lot more in it than that," he said. "The President will introduce you to anybody. One might see—er—somebody one rather liked the look of, and—er— Well, I mean in an hotel one wants to enter into the hotel life and—er—meet other people."

"Who is she?" said Myra.

"Anybody you want to marry must be submitted to Myra for approval first," I said. "We've told you so several times."

Simpson hastily disclaimed any intention of marrying anybody and helped himself lavishly to champagne.

It so happened that I was the first of our party to meet the President, an honour which, perhaps, I hardly deserved. While Samuel was seeking tortuous introductions to him through friends of Peterhouse friends of his, the President and I fell into each other's arms in the most natural way.

It occurred like this. There was a dance after dinner; and Myra, not satisfied with my appearance, sent me upstairs to put some gloves on. (It is one of the penalties of marriage that one is always being sent upstairs.) With my hands properly shod I returned to the ball-room, and stood for a moment in a corner while I looked about for her. Suddenly I heard a voice at my side.

"Do you want a partner?" it said.

I turned, and knew that I was face to face with the President.

"Well," I began—

"You are a new-comer, aren't you? I expect you don't know many people. If there is anybody you would like to dance with—"

I looked round the room. It was too good a chance to miss.

"I wonder," I said. "That girl over there—in the pink frock—just putting up her fan—"

He almost embraced me.

"I congratulate you on your taste," he said. "Excellent! Come with me."

He went over to the girl in the pink frock, I at his heels.

"Er, may I introduce," he said. "Mr.—er—er—yes, this is Miss—er—yes, H'r'm." Evidently he didn't know her name.

"Thank you," I said to him. He nodded and left us. I turned to the girl in the pink frock. She was very pretty.

"May I have this dance?" I asked. "I've got my gloves on," I added.

She looked at me gravely, trying hard not to smile.

"You may," said Myra. A. A. M.

If's of the Week.

"If the battle of Wellington was won on the playing-fields of Eton."—*Methodist Times*.

To the Hero who Flew the Simplon.

Did ever man contrive to do

So lofty, so colossal a

Feat as the champion's who flew
From Brigue to Domodossola?

THE COSTUME-BALL MANIA.

(A Hint to the Impecunious.)

HOW MR. AND MRS. STONEY BROWNE HANG THE CHANGES ON A NIGHT-DRESS AND SUIT OF P. J. M-S.



A LADY AND GENTLEMAN OF MEDIEVAL TIMES.



BLUEBEARD AND SINDBAD THE SAILOR.



EASTERN NUT AND PRIDE OF THE HAREM.



OUR GREAT-GRANDPARENTS.



“LAUGHTER IN COURT.”

Senior Counsel. “WHAT THE DICKENS ARE YOU TWO FELLOWS UP TO?”

Junior. “WE’RE IN OLD DEARIE’S COURT TO-DAY. BRILLIANT IDEA TO WEAR MASKS AND SAVE FACIAL STRAIN.”

LITERARY NOTES.

WE learn from the literary paragrapher of *The Daily Chronicle* that Mrs. MARY GAUNT, who is shortly starting for her travels in China, has been advised by her brother-in-law to carry a revolver as a measure of self-defence.

“The thought of that revolver—especially how she is to manage it!—makes her a trifle nervous, as she confessed the other evening at a farewell dinner which her publisher, Mr. WERNER LAURIE, gave in her honour at the Waldorf Hotel.”

It is pleasant to know that precautions of this sort are not neglected by other literary Amazons and Strong Men, whose preservation from harm is

so enormously important to their publishers and readers alike.

Mrs. Dalelitch Glumme, who is shortly about to start for New Guinea, was entertained on Friday night by her publishers, Messrs. Odder and Odder, at a farewell dinner at the Fitz Hotel. The length of her sojourn in the Island of Mystery depends on the attitude of the anthropophagous tribes of the interior as well as the advice of her uncle, Sir Hugo Glumme, the famous big game hunter. Acting on his suggestion she has been taking lessons in the use of the blow-pipe, and the only *contretemps* which occurred to mar the enjoyment of the gathering on Friday, was the inadvertent wounding of the elder Mr. Odder during a demonstration of her skill. Fortunately the dart was

not poisoned, and Mr. Odder was able to render full justice to the exquisite wines and liqueurs which graced the board.

Lady Gladys Strutt-Jenkinson left on Saturday by the *Aurora* from Southampton. This dauntless sportswoman, as is well known, is proceeding to the Solomon Islands to collect local colour for her new didactic romance on the marriage laws, and a select company of friends and admirers were invited to meet her at a send-off banquet at the Charlton on the previous evening by her publisher, Mr. Goodleigh Champ. On her former excursions, Lady Gladys has relied solely on the power of her eye to quell all resistance, whether on the part of natives or wild animals, but on this occasion she has yielded to the urgent request of her publisher, and equipped herself with a battery of boomerangs. After the dinner, Lady Gladys gave an exhibition of her command of this elusive weapon, in the course of which she brought down Mr. Goodleigh Champ, Mr. Tufton Hunter, and the head-waiter, in three shots. As, however, the boomerangs employed were richly padded no untoward consequences resulted from the impact.

Mr. Bax Wimbledon, whose new novel, *Cresta Bobberley*, will probably appear in April, is one of those conscientious workers who never write on any subject with which they are not personally and intimately acquainted. If, for example, his theme is Royalty, he makes a point of visiting a crowned head. If it be winter sports, as in the present case, he spends at least a week at Montana, Adelboden, or some other fashionable resort. Last week, he was the principal guest at a brilliant supper party at the Savoy, given by his publisher and friend, Mr. Roland Stodger. A charming feature of the evening’s entertainment was the descent of the noble marble staircase, which had been treated with a monster ice pudding, by Mr. Bax Wimbledon on a silver teatray. The masterly way in which he negotiated the corner before the last flight is of the happiest augury for the success of his new romance. It is immensely reassuring to learn, however, that, acting on the advice of his second cousin, Professor Pybus, the famous Alpinist, Mr. Bax Wimbledon never enters a bobsleigh without donning a pneumatic suit, which renders the wearer practically bump-proof.

“Mr. Borden spoke with an eloquence which sprang from his deep-seated conviction of the grave pass which we have reached, basing his proposals upon the significant memorandum which the Almighty had prepared at his request.”—*Montreal Gazette*.

Any request of Mr. BORDEN’S—



A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

SUFFRAGIST. "YOU'VE CUT MY DANCE!"

Mr. ASQUITH. "YES, I KNOW. THE FACT IS THE M.C. OBJECTED TO THE PATTERN OF MY WAISTCOAT, AND I HAD TO GO HOME AND CHANGE IT. BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT! LET ME PUT YOU DOWN FOR AN EXTRA AT OUR PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION DANCE NEXT SEASON!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, January 27th.—The Lords were hit pretty hard by Parliament Act. Not sure that, for the moment, they do not even more acutely feel snub lately administered. Through greater part of Session, entirely throughout the Winter sitting, they have been set on one side whilst the Commons manipulated the Home Rule Bill. Undignified position only bearable in contemplation of certainty that in due time they would have their turn, reasserting ancient predominance of partnership.

This the long-looked-for day. Home Rule Bill came up for second Reading. Full-dress debate arranged with pleased consciousness that the public would gratefully turn attention from the Commons, concentrating it on the Lords. And this is the very day the Commons select for crisis of their own, involving dislocation of sessional programme, not to speak of danger to life of Government. Thus it comes to pass that whilst the House of Commons, seething with excitement, is crowded from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery, the House of Lords, Cinderella of the domestic establishment, sits apart neglected, forgotten, engaged upon drudgery of chewing over again the thrice-boiled colwort of the Home Rule controversy.

In accordance with his custom of an afternoon, PRIME MINISTER conducted on strictly business principles the dilemma in which House and Government suddenly, unexpectedly, find themselves engulfed. In Delphic utterance the SPEAKER last Thursday indicated possibility of withdrawal of Franchise Bill and introduction of new measure if the Suffragists' amendments standing on the Paper should be carried in Committee. But he had not given definite ruling, adopting for personal guidance PREMIER's famous axiom, "Wait and see." This an awkward predicament, not only risking loss of valuable time but investing debate with air of unreality. PREMIER adjured SPEAKER straightway to make more precise declaration. SPEAKER kindly obliged.

If, he said in effect, any one of the Suffragists' amendments were carried, he should rule that this created necessity for introduction of a new Bill.

Very well; there an end of the Franchise Bill, at least for this Session. PREMIER moved that order for Committee stage be withdrawn. House proceeded, as if nothing particular had

dispersing gloom that lay low over the assembly. Duke of DEVONSHIRE, in performance, as he said, of hereditary duty, moved rejection of Bill. If you closed your eyes and momentarily persuaded yourself that you were twenty years younger, you might have thought it was the eighth Duke who was speaking. This afternoon ST. ALDWYN, a planet in the Unionist firmament, takes up the wondrous tale, devoting long and weighty discourse to what he regards as "an unworkable Bill, a measure framed not to work but to pass."

"Forty years ago," he said, "I was opposed to Home Rule for Ireland, and I am equally opposed to it to-day."

"There's the man for my money, such as it amounts to," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, his eyes gleaming with pleasure as he looked on from the pen gallery above the Bar lavishly set apart for accommodation of the Commons. "Studying an intricate question through the changing courses of forty years he

holds the same opinion as he declared when ISAAC BUTT first preached the gospel of Home Rule in House of Commons. That's what I call true statesmanship. None of your living from hand to mouth, indignantly denounced by BONNER LAW fresh from Ashton and Edinburgh."

As ST. ALDWYN developed his argument, leading up to this memorable declaration, the wigged-and-gowned figure on the Woolsack seemed to be engaged in playing a game of Patience. On his spacious knees was spread a heap of sheets of paper. Taking them up one by one, he, after glancing over contents, placed one on bench to left of him, another to the right. Hadn't quite finished the game when ST. ALDWYN resumed his seat. Thereupon, bundling remainder of the cards off his knees, he stepped two paces to left of Woolsack, and began to address the House.

Something familiar in the figure, albeit disguised. Something recognizable in the voice, though on lower key, its utterance more deliberate, indicating in subtle fashion consciousness on part of speaker that he was in church.

Could it be possible? Was it? No—yes. It was our old House of Commons friend, NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. But what transmutation! What



CINDERELLA.

happened, to consider Trade Unions Bill on Report stage.

Business done.—Franchise Bill abandoned.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Yesterday Lord CREWE moved Second Reading of Home Rule Bill in speech whose felicitous phrasing and freshness of treatment of stale topic did not succeed in



"It was our old friend NAPOLEON B. HALDANE."

strange sea-change suffered since he was accustomed nightly to stand at Table in the Commons and, to the bewilderment of retired Colonels, set squadrons of Territorials in the field. One thinks regretfully of familiar spectacle of his march up floor of the House, with almost imperceptible twitch of his left leg as of one accustomed to have a sword swinging from his belt. So complete was illusion one almost fancied one heard the jingle of spurs.

Hidden beneath silken folds of LORD CHANCELLOR'S costly gown lurk the manly limbs of former SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, the CARNOT-cum-CARDWELL of the British Army. Vanished, doubtless flattened out, under full-bottomed wig is the famous lock of hair that, curling over the massive brow, instantly recalled the personality of another equally great and heaven-born soldier.

Perturbed by discovery I did not closely follow drift of reply to Sr. ALDWYN'S damaging criticism. Don't doubt it was effective. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War. Personally I prefer dauntless N. BONAPARTE HALDANE in House of Commons to a sleek LORD CHANCELLOR in another place.

Business done.—Second night of debate on Home Rule Bill. In the Commons Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill passes Committee stage.

Thursday.—An attractive feature (sorely needed) in dull progress of debate concluded to-night has been presence of Peersesses. The patience and courage of the English lady in circumstances of extreme depression proudly light up some of the dark pages of the story of the Indian Mutiny. These qualities, in different degree and of course in widely altered circumstances, displayed during progress of the four nights' debate in House of Lords.

Impossible to imagine any fare less attractive to female appetite than *réchauffé* of arguments about Home Rule drowsily served up for months in the House of Commons and, since GENERAL CARSON, K.C.'s, expedition to Ulster, filling the papers. But the Lords having had the Bill delivered to them solemnly decided to talk about it for four days before coming to foregone conclusion in Division Lobby. To be present at the debate was the thing. The Peersesses, dressed all in their best, did it with regularity and despatch, the latter tendency growing irresistible after the first hour's sufferance.

Pretty to see furtive way in which about this period of the entertainment ladies looked from right to left of panelled screen behind them to see

which doorway giving exit was the nearer. Presently one by one they stole forth with delightfully casual air, as if they were just going out to see if it were raining and would be back directly. They didn't come.



IN THE PEERESSES' GALLERY.
HOME RULE DEBATE.

Business done.—LORD CREWE'S motion for Second Reading of Home Rule Bill defeated by 326 votes against 69. In bout limited to three rounds the first is scored to the Lords.

IN MY ALBUM.

(Owner's Preface.)

HERE, on the first white page
(With virgin pages blushing underneath

Waiting the wit and wisdom of the age,
Hoping, perhaps, to bear a floral wreath

In water-colour art)
I stick these verses down to make a start.

Here, as a sage has said,
"Thoughts that he wishes to be thought to think"

A man may write; and if, when I have read

Your chaste effusions, they should strike me pink,

I promise to refrain
From any comment which might cause you pain.

Arise, dear friends, and shine!
Man's intellect is not exhausted yet,
As witness this accomplishment of mine.

Moreover (if the standard I have set
Appears unduly high),

Your *best* is all I ask for. Come and try.

THE GREAT CUP TIE.

(By our special Financial Expert.)

Forty-five thousand sporting enthusiasts gathered on the ground of the Blackton Cockspsurs yesterday to view the great cup tie with Upton United. All felt it to be a tremendous occasion, for the Cockspsurs had bid no less than £1,000 to secure that the tie should be played on their own ground. Great anxiety was felt by the crowd as to whether the speculation would pay. When the news passed round that already £1,250 had been taken at the gates loud cheers were raised. The crowd recognised that a fine sporting action had met with its proper reward.

At last the referee (£2 2s. and incidental expenses) appeared with the linesmen (£1 1s. and incidental expenses) in the centre. Loud cries of "Mind you treat the Cockspsurs fair!" and "Play the game, referee!" greeted them, and the officials bowed their acknowledgments. In a minute the famous black-and-white shirts (4s. 6d. each) of the Blackton Cockspsurs were seen, and the vision of the team (net cost, £12,000) sent the crowd into raptures. First came Jubber—the ex-Everton-Celtic-Burnley-Villa centre forward, specially purchased for these cup-ties at the record price of £2,000. His face beamed with enthusiasm for the good old Cockspsurs as (for the first time) he took his place in their team. Then came Dubbs, the ex-Derby-Sunderland-Fulham outside left, with the consciousness of his £1,500 transfer fee on his face. Mugg, the goalkeeper, who had been picked up at an end of the season bargain sale for a mere £500, crept towards his goal, sensible of his social inferiority.

"£6,000 worth of forwards," whispered the crowd. "They can't be beaten."

Then Jubber (£2,000) stepped forward to toss with the rival captain (valuo nil). He produced a coin (1d.) from his pocket, and the referee (£2 2s. and incidental expenses) watched it as it spun in the air.

"Jubber's won," howled the crowd. "Good old Jubber—seven to four on the Cockspsurs!"

The ball (15s., including bladder—strange that such mighty issues should depend on so cheap an article) was placed, and the mounted police (10s. 6d. each for afternoon) held themselves in readiness to ride to the referee's protection, and the kick-off came.

A moment and Jubber had possession. £2,000 worth of centre forward was sailing for the Upton goal when a half-back (born in Upton—no transfer expenses, therefore) interposed and kicked the ball up the field. Wild cries of "Order him off!" and "Play the



SIGNS ARE NOT WANTING THAT THE FORCE IS USING ALL ITS SUBTLETY TO COPE WITH THE PILLAR-BOX OUTRAGES.

game, referee!" filled the air. A cheap Upton outside-left gathered the ball and centred. It was scrimmaged past the Blackton goalkeeper amidst loud shouts of "Offside!" A brilliant charge by the mounted police checked the crowd when the referee (£2 2s. and expenses) allowed the goal. Then everyone said, "That's the worst of these cheap goalkeepers—if they'd only paid £3,000 for Wiggins that would never have happened." An impromptu directors' meeting was held on the stand, and the secretary (£500 per annum) was instantly despatched with a blank cheque to buy Wiggins.

In the meantime the £6,000 line of forwards made ground, but, owing to the unsportsmanlike conduct of the

opposing halves, who charged without the least regard for monetary value, the attack was beaten off. Jubber, the great Jubber, collapsed on the field. The trainer (£5 per week) rushed out with a brandy bottle (4s. 6d. net.), but the fine fellow did not rise. He had twisted his ankle (value £375). Ambulance men (volunteers) bore him solemnly from the field.

"Where's our dividend?" hissed a shareholder (twenty £5 shares) from the grand stand. "Kill that referee."

Things went from bad to worse. Dubbs (the £1,500 full back) kicked the ball through his own goal and in vain the crowd appealed for offside. So the game came to an end, though the chairman of the Blackton Cockspurs made

a desperate effort to save the situation by lodging a protest against the state of the ground (cost £10,000) as being too dry to suit his team.

The crowd filed out with sorrowful faces, though a few thousand sportsmen stayed behind to conduct a referee-hunt round the (£4,500) pavilion.

"It's a sad day for Blackton sport," they sighed. "Why, if they'd kept on in the Cup they might have paid ten per cent. this year."

"The fact that the bow of the Ulsternore is pointing to one quarter of the compass and the stern to another is evidence of the remarkable effect of the wind and Mersey currents."

Belfast News-letter.

In the Thames on a calm day you never get this remarkable effect.

PRIDE AND THE FALL.

[The baggage of Commercial Travellers is accepted at a reduced rate by the Railway Companies at their Left Luggage Offices.]

LONG ere he left his private school
And came to man's estate,
His father said, "He is no fool;"
His mother, "He is great."

But, when the Benchers screened his name
And called him to the Bar,
Then to his parents he became
More wise and greater far.

They thought the world of him and more,
The things they thought they said;
No wonder that the stripling wore
A slightly swollen head,

And made a fuss about his new
And rather costly kit,
Especially the bag of blue
In which he carried it.

Whenas he went the Circuit round
He shouldered it with pride,
Though, had he looked, he had not found
A single brief inside.

He thought in his egregious way
That all who saw it had
A kind of awe, as who should say,
"A barrister, begad!"

But Euston has an office where
Left goods are stored and prized,
And there he took the bag and there
Was disillusionized.

"Retain," said he, "this treasure,
please,
As safely as you can.
It is no commonplace valise."
"Commercial?" said the man.

THIRD-SINGLE COMBAT.

MIND you, I'm not done yet; I'll have the laugh of Herbert Anthony or perish.

Herbert Anthony has, I'm certain, grown grey in the service of the Underground. Grey he undoubtedly is, but far from rusty. He has learnt how to keep himself from that by processes which I was to appreciate on the very day of his arrival at the booking-office of my particular station.

Every evening as the clock strikes five the pen falls from my nerveless fingers and I hurry to this station and book to St. James' Park.

Herbert Anthony did not let the grass grow under his feet. On Tuesday, the night of his first appearance, I went to the window and, tendering a few pence, called, "James' Park."

"Saint James," replied Herbert A., and furnished me.

I smiled; he smiled back; we mutually recognised a twin spirit.

The subsequent daily engagements can be chronicled briefly:

Wednesday.

I. "Saint James."

II. A. (laconically). "Park."

Thursday.

I (business-like). "J. Park."

II. A. (priggishly). "Saint James, his Park."

Friday.

I (coldly). "St. James."

II. A. (vulgarly). "St. Jas."

On Saturday I came to a decision as I walked to the station at one o'clock. Since it is a point of honour that fresh ground should be broken each time I felt some confidence as I greeted him warmly with "James."

Frigidly he replied, "'Herb.' to intimates; 'Mr. Anthony' to others."

Before these lines are in print I shall have checkmated him. Let me outline it. H. A. will see me coming from afar. Through his window I shall note him smirking, and with one word that itself spells victory I shall smite him down.

"Victoria," I shall say.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"Does he smoke?"

"No."

"Drink?"

"No. Wilfred has no vices."

"How boring of him! Well, does he play golf? You could get him a——"

"Wilfred thinks games are a frightful waste of time, besides being childish and expensive. He says that when we are married he hopes I'll give up tennis and golf and all that sort of thing, and go for 'good long walks' with him instead."

"Shall you?" Elsa asked cautiously.

"Oh, of course not! But till we're married, anyway, it's no good giving him games things, is it? Think of something else, there's a dear."

"It's not so easy," said Elsa, from the depths of an enormous arm-chair. "If he doesn't smoke—or drink—or play games—not even Auction?"

"No card games of any kind."

"Doesn't he? Exemplary young man! Well—bright idea—why not get him some ties?"

"He only wears black ones," said Caroline dolefully. "And black socks—always."

Elsa threw up her eyes. "Handkerchiefs, then?" she suggested.

"His mother's is giving him those."

"H'm. Is he fond of reading?"

"Only SHAKESPEARE, and I gave him that for Christmas."

"Music? Perhaps he——"

"I'm afraid Wilfred doesn't care for music."

A long pause.

"I honestly can't think of anything else," said Elsa at last. "I never knew a man with so few pursuits or wants. It's awfully splendid, of course," she added hurriedly. Yet another pause.

"He doesn't shoot or fish, I suppose?" "Wilfred? Good heavens, no! Surely you've read his pamphlet on 'Wanton Butchery'?"

"Fraid not. Does he motor, though, or ride?"

"Can't afford either."

Another pause, during which Elsa poked the fire with the tip of her shoe.

"Caroline," she said, when they had sat in silence for at least two minutes, "I want to ask you something, only I'm afraid of making you angry."

"I shan't be, I promise. Don't mind asking me anything. What is it?"

"It's——"

"Go on."

"It's," began Elsa, speaking rather jerkily; "why did you get engaged to Wilfred? I mean, what was the attraction?"

"I was in love with him."

"Was?"

"Am, I mean."

Elsa began to feel extremely awkward. "Oh, I see," she said lamely.

Another horrid long silence settled down between them, bristling with half-formed, unspoken sentences; and a curl of blue smoke rose up from Elsa's shoe.

At last Caroline spoke. "I didn't mean 'am,'" she said.

"Caroline! I knew you didn't. Why on earth——"

"I don't know. He was awfully clever and—good, you know—and I was in love with him then—I was, really. Only——"

"How long did it last?"

"For about three weeks after we were engaged; and I still like him most awfully, and respect him, and——"

"But think of spending the rest of your life with him."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"Caroline," said Elsa solemnly, "I think you must be mad."

"I know! I was! I must have been!" said Caroline wildly.

"What are you going to do then?"

"I shall write him an awfully nice letter"—they both began to laugh—"and tell him I don't think we're really suited to each other, and I don't feel I should be acting fairly to either of us in marrying him. And I'll send him back that horrid little gold brooch he gave me for Christmas, and——"

"The very thing!" said Elsa; "it'll make a charming birthday surprise."



Coachman (confidentially, his mistress having drawn blank with four successive calls). "WE'RE IN LUCK TO-DAY, MUM!"

SUFFERING.

(On a recent Critical Pronouncement.)

"THE chief essential that our poets lack
Is suffering"—a sweeping critic cries;
I come to squish this infamous attack;
Let me, I beg you, hit this person back;
"Suffering," bless his eyes—

Why, bards are born to suffer. Not a lyre
Was ever kindled into laboured song
That did not speak of anguish long and dire,
So much there is to chill the poet's fire,
So many things go wrong.

The very feet whereby he seeks to climb,
(Ah, heav'n) like lead restrain him to the flat;
As for the weary trafficking called rhyme,
I have not got the eloquence or time
To give my views on that.

And, when all's done, after the stress and strain,
To cast the fruits of one's perfected art
Forth to a mob who callously disdain
The treasures wrung from one's perspiring brain,
That's the most cutting part.

I could go on with this. I have a score
Of woes that cry for utterance. But a bard
Is born to suffer, as I said before;
And, when I hear that what he wants is more,
It comes a trifle hard.

No. To requite the poet for his toils
He should recline among earth's choicest blooms;
His meek head should be laved in precious oils,
His garment woven of the costliest spoils
From oriental looms.

Slaves should attend him, at his slightest beck,
To bear him scented sherbet and rich cream;
Jewels should hang in clusters round his neck,
Nor any noise should enter there to check
The current of his dream.

That is the treatment. Not to carp or scoff,
Not to deny his load, but make it light;
Why, now, a bard is rarely so well off
As to afford a motor—even golf;
I do not call that right.

And, which is worse, for lack of this refined
(Tho' simple) ease for which all poets yearn,
You cannot hope for song of highest kind:—
As for myself, I often feel inclined
To drop the whole concern. DUM-DUM.

From *A Marriage of Inconvenience*, by THOMAS COBB:—
"Like Adela, he had dark brown hair, with enormous black eye-
brows, a moustache, and a short beard."
We always cut Adela's dance.

From a list of wedding presents in *The Evesham Journal*:—
"Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Baker—Curate."
Bride (as she unpacks him). "My dear, that's the fifth.
Well, he'll have to go with the others in the box-room."

THE FAMILY GROUP.

"Your views on politics," said Francesca, "are not unfamiliar to me. What I should really like to know is whether you are coming to London with us to-morrow."

"To London?" I said. "'Us'? Who are the 'us'—I mean which are the we who—that is to say, who are going to London to-morrow, and why?"

"I am going—that's one; and Muriel is going—that's two—"

"Those are two," I murmured. She took no notice of me.

"And Nina is going—that's three; and Alice and Frederick are going—that's five, and that's the lot."

"And quite enough too," I said.

"No," she said; "we want one more. Let us at once settle the question of your coming to London."

"There is no question about it," I said. "It has long since been settled."

"Of course," she said, "I know how it would be. Whenever I plan some simple little pleasure or arrange some little amusement in which we can all take part, you immediately decide to keep out of it. You leave us to ourselves. You follow your own selfish enjoyments, your bench of magistrates, your writing, your shooting, your hunting, and you never seem to think that we shall enjoy ourselves better if you sometimes join with us. No, you just go on in your—"

"But, my dear Francesca—"

"Not a word," she continued rapidly. "You can't put forward a valid excuse, for there isn't one."

"Let me explain," I said.

"No," she said.

"Yes," I said, "I will explain. I insist upon it. When I said that the question of my coming to London had been settled long since, I meant, of course, that I had determined to come with you, that wild horses should not keep me from you, that with you I intended to affront the motor-buses of London—Francesca, have you observed that there are now no crossing-sweepers in London? the motor-buses have driven them off the streets. The last one retired a fortnight ago. He wore a red coat and had only one arm—Where was I? Oh, yes—I mean to go to London with you. But why do you not flush with joy? Why do you not fall round my neck, or rather fall down on your knees and ask my pardon for having failed to appreciate me properly? Francesca, you do not seem duly gratified by my decision."

"Oh, yes," she said hesitatingly, "I am. I really am delighted to know you're coming. How could I be otherwise?"

"That's better," I said. "I was beginning to be half afraid that my desire to join your little party had—how shall I put it?—bowled over your apple-cart and knocked you off your perch."

"The confusion of your metaphors terrifies me," she said. "But are you sure you know why we are going to London?"

"Sure?" I said. "Of course I am. You, Francesca, are going to shop. The three girls will take lessons in shopping from observing you. Frederick and I shall stay outside. We shall endeavour to keep our tempers, but, of course, you never can be sure. Men are so unreasonable."

"You are quite wrong," she said.

"No, no," I said, "they are unreasonable. I have often heard you say so."

"I was not referring," she said, "to the unreason of men. You have guessed wrong. We do not propose to shop. We are going to be photographed."

"Impossible!" I shrieked. "Anything but that! Buy yourself a dozen new hats, a diamond necklace, ten ball-dresses, a toilet-set in gold—but don't, don't get photographed. Was that the simple little pleasure you had planned?"

"A family group," she said inexorably.

"What! All my pretty chickens and their dam in one fell group! Francesca, did you know a hen could be a dam? If you didn't you have read your SHAKESPEARE in vain."

"It is useless," she said, "to entangle ourselves in SHAKESPEARE. The group's the thing."

"But why?" I said. "Who wants family groups?"

"I am having it done," she said, "chiefly for Mamma. It will give her great pleasure."

"That lets me out," I said. "Francesca, your mother would resent my presence in a family group. She is an admirable woman, but she has never realised my significance. When she thinks of the family she thinks of you and the children. She would hate to be reminded that the children have a father or that you have a husband—no, I do not mean that. You must forgive me, but your announcement has thoroughly unmanned me."

"You haven't had one done for a long time."

"I cannot face the critical eye of the photographer. All photographers have been scornful of my nose or my chin or my hair. They have never said so, but I have felt it, and I have shrivelled up in consequence. As you value my self-respect, Francesca, do not take me to the photographer."

"I think," she said, "you had better make an effort and come."

"I shall spoil the group," I said. "I am the worst group-spoiler in England."

"You needn't get photographed unless you like," she said. "You can help in keeping the children cheerful."

R. C. L.

IN THE BEGINNING.

[*"Salmon fishing has now commenced on many Northern rivers."*
Daily Paper.]

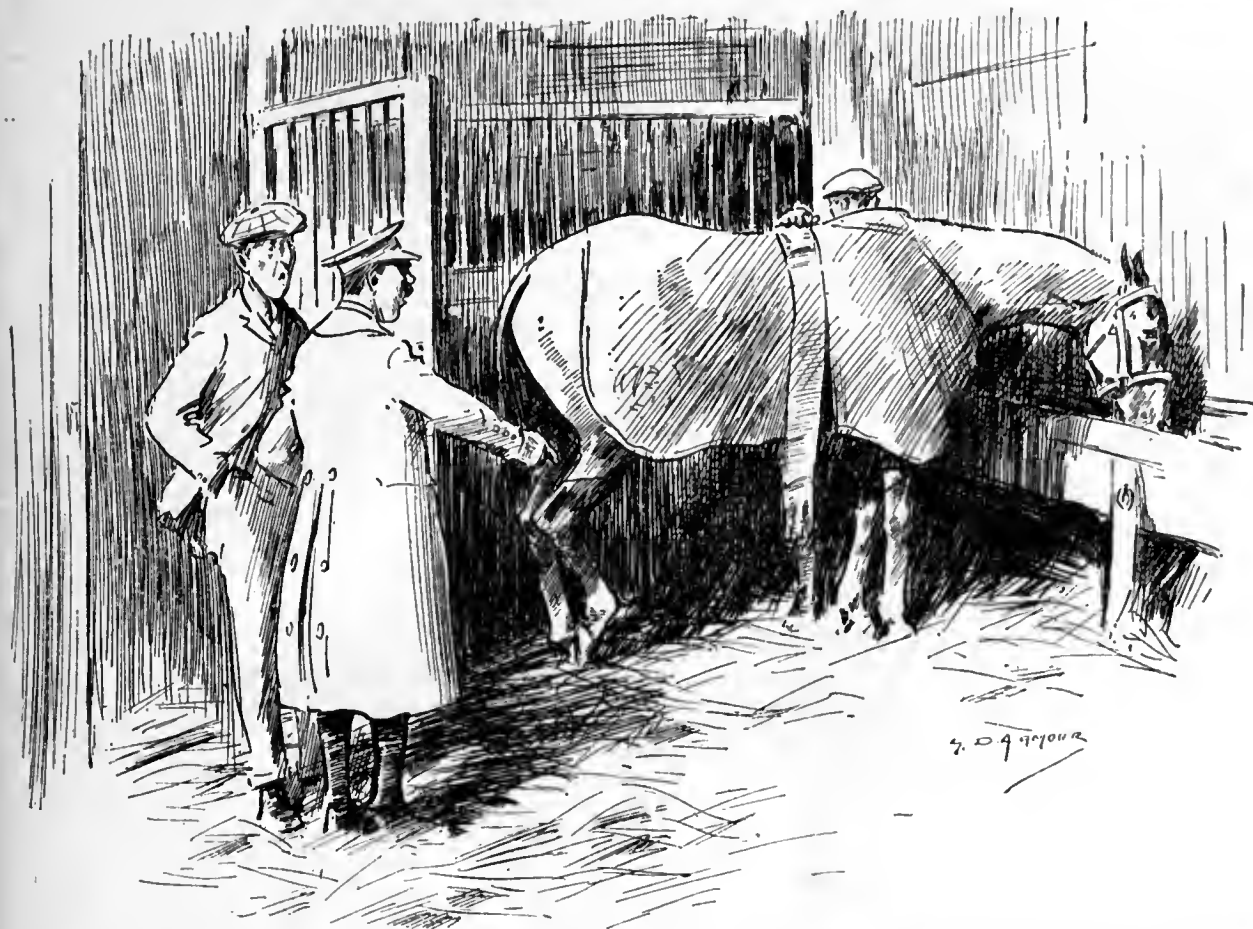
ERE the season turns and the crocus burns
Her torch at the flame of Spring,
We dream of lines of muttering pines
On banks that roar and ring;
And—wild and black—of a foam-flecked wrack
That the sea-run salmon knows,
Who has won his girth and his warrior worth
Where the humpback whale-school blows!

The stream runs deep and the hill-showers sweep,
And the tops in white are tricked;
His scales they shine of the ice-cold brine
And his tail is tide-lice ticked;
And I would wish for a big cock fish
And a combat fast and grim,
And for half-an-hour of his fighting power
And the rod that's bent in him!

Now whether we reach his ringing beach
And look on his burnished mail,
When it's give and take till the surface break
In the swirls of a huge spent tail,
Till he bulks and rolls where the shingle shoals,
The gods themselves may know,
But by every god of a reel or rod,
At least we have dreamt it so!

At Last!

"DEPARTURE OF GENERAL JUSTOFF."—*Westminster Gazette.*



Owner of newly-purchased and somewhat worn Hunter (to chauffeur whom he finds inspecting him). "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?"

Chauffeur (modestly). "WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THEM THINGS, BUT IT APPEARS TO ME AS 'OW THAT 'S ITS BEST LEG."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

NOBODY admires the art or the sincerity of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES more than I do. I still remember with gratitude the evening when a performance of *The Masqueraders* by a touring company made so strong an impression upon a susceptible schoolboy that he left the theatre determined to live a nobler life, and one devoted to the composition of plays as much like that masterpiece as possible. But in spite of this I cannot but think that a shorter volume than *The Foundations of a National Drama* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) would have served its author's purpose better. Several of the papers it contains, written at various dates from 1896 onwards, have now only an archaeological appeal. The English Drama has done considerable hustling in the past seventeen years, and meditations upon its progress are apt quickly to become out of date. Clearly Mr. JONES anticipated that objection, from the not quite easy tone of his Preface. To me the most interesting things in the book are the review of "The Drama in the English Provinces" (first published in 1901, and here contrasted with a paper on the same subject in 1912), and three papers on the censorship, in which the case for its abolition is put forward with a great deal of vigour. To those who cannot find time for the whole of this massive volume I would offer the advice that they should confine themselves to the portions I have mentioned, and to the Preface, of which

the personal note promises to arouse attention and perhaps controversy. I hope it will.

In his scholarly introduction to *The Windham Papers* (JENKINS) Lord ROSEBERY follows MACAULAY'S lead in describing WINDHAM as the finest English gentleman of his day and perhaps of all time. That, I think, is overdoing it. For, to take one little test-case, surely the finest English gentleman that ever was would have been able to appreciate *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which WINDHAM did not. Then again he looked upon WARREN HASTINGS, when he was assisting in his impeachment, as the vilest of criminals, and in the House of Commons objected with some bitterness to the proposed bestowal of funeral honours on PITT. In each of these cases he seems to me to have gone rather near hitting a man when he was down, which may be gentlemanly but is not commonly supposed to be English. On the other hand, he was swished, as an Eton boy, for going out of bounds; he was a very bad man of business—I like him for that; and everybody loved him. And they loved him for himself, and not only because he was a brilliant writer and scholar, and the most fascinating talker of his time. He was the friend, and in many respects the equal, of nearly all the great men of the exciting days in which he lived, and his letters from and to PITT, FOX, BURKE, CANNING, NELSON, COBBETT, Dr. JOHNSON and the rest, certainly show him in a very agreeable light as a most attractive personality. Altogether, for their personal as

well as their historical interest, we ought to be grateful to the anonymous editor for having dug these papers and letters out of the British Museum and elsewhere. But he might with advantage have left some of them out—for the book is too long—and substituted something more solid in the way of a connecting narrative. For most of us forget our history with remarkable ease. Did you know, for instance, that WINDHAM was a member of the Ministry of All the Talents, or that he was a supporter of bull-baiting? *Je m'en doute.*

In *The Terrors and Other Stories* (METHUEN) Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has gathered the pick of the short stories written by him during the past sixteen years. I may say at once that the collection is a most agreeable one. Those readers who have enjoyed *Exton Manor*, *The Squire's Daughter* and *The Eldest Son*, and have liked their MARSHALL on the broad ground of his novels, will like him no less in the best (and they are many) of these stories. No Marshallite—if I may be forgiven the expression—who expects the usual pleasant ingredients will be disappointed.

He will find the old and stately country house, the clipped yew hedges, the rose-gardens, the terraces, together with the delightful girls (a particular speciality of Mr. MARSHALL'S), the shrewd old lady and the acid one, the precociously clever and observant child-woman, the spruce but manly youth, and the general atmosphere of calm and immemorial comfort. Here and there an American girl crops up, and it is plain that this variety is a favourite with Mr. MARSHALL, for he takes care that she shall do no discredit to

her patrician surroundings; indeed he sees to it that she shall come out on top. The whole dish is served up with a seasoning of acute observation and quiet humour which makes it very agreeable to the palate. Except in one story, a very early one, Mr. MARSHALL does not set out to make your flesh creep. His crises, though well contrived, are amiable rather than terrific, and he knows exactly how to carry his reader along with him to the end of the tale. I select "A Son of Service" as proving, if any proof were needed, that he has a special gift for writing a powerful story of striking human interest without losing his amenity.

The Knave of Diamonds (FISHER UNWIN) may well appeal to those who either shun or shudder over the rampantly popular fiction of the day. If Miss EDITH DELL does not possess the higher literary graces, nobody can read this book without recognizing that she has a very apt turn for natural dialogue, that she knows how to create a poignant situation, and that her sense of pathos never descends into the glutinous depths of mandlin sentimentality. Where she fails is in her tendency to exaggeration in the drawing of character (her squire would have been more convincing if he had been less wildly bestial), and in her inability to recognise that her hero is, when all is said and done, a very perfect bounder. *Nap Errol*, an American with

"a powerful streak of red" in his veins, came, it is true, from a curious stock, but even when every allowance has been made for him I find it impossible to understand how he could attract a woman of such natural refinement as *Lady Carfax*. Doubtless Miss DELL has tried to give him some magnetic quality in compensation for his "streak," but it is astonishing that the author should so far tolerate or overlook the impossibility of his manners as to suffer him to be adored by so gentle a heroine. The only character to whom he showed a true deference was his invalid half-brother *Lucas*, and in the scenes between these two we are given some most admirable pieces of writing.

I AM never quite certain whether I best like "M. F. FRANCIS" in her Dorset or in her Lancashire mood. Hesitatingly I decide for the latter, perhaps from personal reasons, perhaps only because I have just finished *Our Ally* (LONG), a tale of rural Lancashire, which strikes me as exhibiting Mrs. BLUNDELL'S art at its very good best. The construction of it is simplicity itself, for its whole matter is the wooing of a country heroine by two contrasted



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

ARTIST TO A FIRM OF CONFECTIONERS PAINTING BULL'S EYES FROM THE LIVING MODEL.

suitors, a Territorial officer-boy and a young farmer. But the three of them are so well and delicately drawn, the girl especially, that the course of her love holds you like a history of high adventure and romance. And in the middle—to the astonishment perhaps of readers who may not remember that its author has already proved her power of drama upon the actual stage—it suddenly quickens to a scene of breathless give-and-take that would make its fortune as a play. Of the setting I do not speak in detail, because you must know already the charm of Mrs. BLUNDELL'S rustic pen-pictures. It may be, however, that you hardly supposed the country within a few miles of Liverpool likely to yield any special beauties of description. In that case all I say is, "Do but read." As for the speech of the characters, to taste its full flavour you may require to have been brought up, like myself, by a nurse whose native tongue it was, so that such phrases as "to be kept agate siding after him" have the charm of early association. But you need no special upbringing to find pleasure in a story so engaging and so well told.

French Sayings of the Week.

"Dieu et mon Droit"—'God and My Country'—the royal motto of England.—*Orillia Weekly Times*.

"When the British Bill of 1832 was passed, Washington—the hero of Waterloo—exclaimed in the House of Lords, 'We must educate our Masters.'"—*Westmount News*.

Waterloo was the only subject upon which WASHINGTON and WILLIAM ADAMS were not quite truthful.

"Considering how rare the 'Talsin' is, I thought I might shoot one of these, and I fired, killing the largest."—*Blackwood's Magazine*. He'll learn 'em to be rare!

CHARIVARIA.

IN connection with Scotland's refusal to meet France at Rugby football, as the result of the violence of the French crowd, fair-minded people are pointing out that it should be remembered that Scotland has for years made a practice of allowing the bag-pipes to be played during international matches at Inverleith.

* * *

The young man who [is alleged to have threatened to shoot a popular actress, unless he were paid £1,000, is also stated to have demanded £400 on similar conditions from the KING. Nothing but genuine loyalty could have caused this sensational reduction in terms.

* * *

Speaking at Regent's Park Chapel on Sunday, the Rev. F. B. MEYER alluded to the possibility of his being described as a kill-joy. How he gets these bizarre notions we cannot understand.

* * *

A marked copy of the February number of *The Birmingham Diocesan Magazine*, containing Dr. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD's strong remarks on Lenten fasting, has been sent to the *Crypto-procta Ferox* at the Zoo. This peckish animal eats one hundred and ninety-two pounds of food daily, in addition to most of the woodwork and all the paint of his cage; and it is hoped that during Lent he may be induced at least to swear off paint.

* * *

Three young gentlemen of the Bowery have got themselves into trouble in New York by shooting a man they were not hired to shoot. This kind of gratuitous outrage is always sternly repressed by the New York police.

* * *

According to a men's fashion paper, Spring socks will be black and Spring ties a quiet blue. A strike of nuts is expected at any moment.

* * *

Little Hints for Everyday Life:— No. 1. Do not whistle "Everybody's Doing It" as you pass the Reform Club. The Committee dislike it.

* * *

Not content with their recent postponements, the Government has decided to shelve the Bee Disease Bill until next session. The sticky substance recently found in a pillar-box "not a hundred miles from" Downing Street is said to have been honey.

* * *

The Mr. GEORGE to whom *The Daily Telegraph* alludes as a "force to be reckoned with in fiction" is not the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



Frank Reynolds

CONFIDENCES.

She. "WHY, HER AND ME WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS BEFORE HIM AND HER MET. OF COURSE, THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND I."

Tracking him by his teeth-marks in the butter, which he had apparently eaten neat in large mouthfuls, the French police captured a burglar the morning after he had broken into a house. On being arrested, he denied the charge and said: "I don't like butter." At the moment we should imagine this to be the truth.

The management of the Garrick Theatre insist on money down from those who wish to see *Trust the People*.

It is not stated whether the thumb which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has injured is the one under which he has been keeping his colleagues of the Cabinet.

Mr. FILSON YOUNG's remark that "one is inclined to think of the Courts

of Justice as a species of gold mine for those professionally engaged in their precincts" seems curiously apposite. Only last week a pickpocket relieved a spectator at Bow Street of his watch and purse.

Real rain is to be a feature of a forthcoming play. Nervous playgoers are hoping that the REINHARDT craze will not cause it to enter from the auditorium.

One orange a week is to be given to each child in the Lambeth Guardians' schools at Norwood as a preventive against influenza. All we can say is that, if the influenza germ is to be intimidated by one orange a week, it has sadly lost its pluck since we last met it.

WINTER SPORT.

II.—THE OPENING RUN.

WITH a great effort Simpson strapped his foot securely into a ski and turned doubtfully to Thomas.

"Thomas," he said, "how do you know which foot is which?"

"It depends whose," said Thomas. He was busy tying a large rucksack of lunch on to himself, and was in no mood for Samuel's hall-room chatter.

"You've got one ski on one foot," I said. "Then the other ski goes on the foot you've got over. I should have thought you would have seen that."

"But I may have put the first one on wrong."

"You ought to know, after all these years, that you are certain to have done so," I said severely. Having had my own hired skis fixed on by the *concierge* I felt rather superior. Simpson, having bought his in London, was regarded darkly by that gentleman, and left to his own devices.

"Are we all ready?" asked Myra, who had kept us waiting for twenty minutes. "Archie, what about Dahlia?"

"Dahlia will join us at lunch. She is expecting a letter from Peter by the twelve o'clock post and refuses to start without it. Also she doesn't think she is up to ski-ing just yet. Also she wants to have a heart-to-heart talk with the girl in red, and break it to her that Thomas is engaged to several people in London already."

"Come on," growled Thomas, and he led the way up the hill. We followed him in single file.

It was a day of colour, straight from Heaven. On either side the dazzling whiteness of the snow; above, the deep blue of the sky; in front of me the glorious apricot of Simpson's winter suiting. London seemed a hundred years away. It was impossible to work up the least interest in the Home Rule Bill, the Billiard Tournament or the state of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"I feel extremely picturesque," said Archie. "If only we had a wolf or two after us, the illusion would be complete. The Boy Trappers, or Half-Hours among the Rocky Mountains."

"It is a pleasant thought, Archie," I said, "that in any wolf trouble the bachelors of the party would have to sacrifice themselves for us. Myra, dear, the loss of Samuel in such circumstances would draw us very close together. There might be a loss of Thomas too, perhaps—for if there was not enough of Simpson to go round, if there was a hungry wolf left over, would Thomas hesitate?"

"No," said Thomas, "I should run like a hare."

Simpson said nothing. His face I could not see; but his back looked exactly like the back of a man who was trying to look as if he had been brought up on skis from a baby and was now taking a small party of enthusiastic novices out for their first lesson.

"What an awful shock it would be," I said, "if we found that Samuel really did know something about it after all; and, while we were tumbling about anyhow, he sailed gracefully down the steepest slopes. I should go straight back to Cricklewood."

"My dear chap, I've read a *lot* about it."

"Then we're quite safe."

"With all his faults," said Archie, "and they are many—Samuel is a gentleman. He would never take an unfair advantage of us. Hallo, here we are."

We left the road and made our way across the snow to a little wooden hut which Archie had noticed the day before. Here we were to meet Dahlia for lunch; and here, accordingly, we left the rucksack and such garments as the heat of the sun suggested. Then, at the top of a long snow-slope, steep at first, more gentle later, we stood and wondered.

"Who's going first?" said Archie.

"What do you do?" asked Myra.

"You don't. It does it for you."

"But how do you stop?"

"Don't bother about that, dear," I said. "That will be arranged for you all right. Take two steps to the brink of the hill and pick yourself up at the bottom. Now then, Simpson! Be a man. The lady waits, Samuel. The—Hallo! Hi! Help!" I cried, as I began to move off slowly. It was too late to do anything about it. "Good-bye," I called. And then things moved more quickly . . .

Very quickly . . .

Suddenly there came a moment when I realised that I wasn't keeping up with my feet . . .

I shouted to my skis to stop. It was no good. They went on . . .

I decided to stop without them . . .

The ensuing second went by too swiftly for me to understand rightly what happened. I fancy that, rising from my sitting position and travelling easily on my head, I caught my skis up again and passed them . . .

Then it was their turn. They overtook me . . .

But I was not to be beaten. Once more I obtained the lead. This time I took the inside berth, and kept it . . .

There seemed to be a lot more snow than I wanted . . . I struggled bravely with it . . .

And then the earthquake ceased, and suddenly I was in the outer air. My first ski-run, the most glorious run of modern times, was over.

"Ripping!" I shouted up the hill to them. "But there's rather a nasty bump at the bottom," I added kindly, as I set myself to the impossible business of getting up . . .

"Jove," said Archie, coming to rest a few yards off, "that's splendid." He had fallen in a less striking way than myself, and he got to his feet without difficulty. "Why do you pose like that?" he asked, as he picked up his stick.

"I'm a fixture," I announced. "Myra," I said, as she turned a somersault and arrived beaming at my side, "I'm here for some time; you'll have to come out every morning with crumbs for me. In the afternoon you can bring a cheering book and read aloud to your husband. Sometimes I shall dictate little things to you. They will not be my best little things; for this position, with my feet so much higher than my head, is not the one in which inspiration comes to me most readily. The flow of blood to the brain impairs reflection. But no matter."

"Are you really stuck?" asked Myra in some anxiety. "I should hate to have a husband who lived by himself in the snow," she said thoughtfully.

"Let us look on the bright side," said Archie. "The snow will have melted by April, and he will then be able to return to you. Hallo, here's Thomas. Thomas will probably have some clever idea for restoring the family credit."

Thomas got up in a businesslike manner and climbed slowly back to us.

"Thomas," I said, "you see the position. Indeed," I added, "it is obvious. None of the people round me seems inclined—or, it may be, able—to help. There is a feeling that if Myra lives in the hotel alone while I remain here—possibly till April—people will talk. You know how ready they are. There is also the fact that I have only hired the skis for three weeks. Also—a minor point, but one that touches me rather—that I shall want my hair cut long before March is out. Thomas, imagine me to be a torpedo-destroyer on the Maplin Sands, and tell me what on earth to do."

"Take your skis off."

"Oh, brilliant!" said Myra.

"Take my skis off?" I cried.

"Never! Is it not my duty to be the last to leave my skis? Can I abandon—Hallo, is that Dahlia on the sky-line? Hooray, lunch! Archie, take my skis off, there's a good fellow. We mustn't keep Dahlia waiting."

A. A. M.



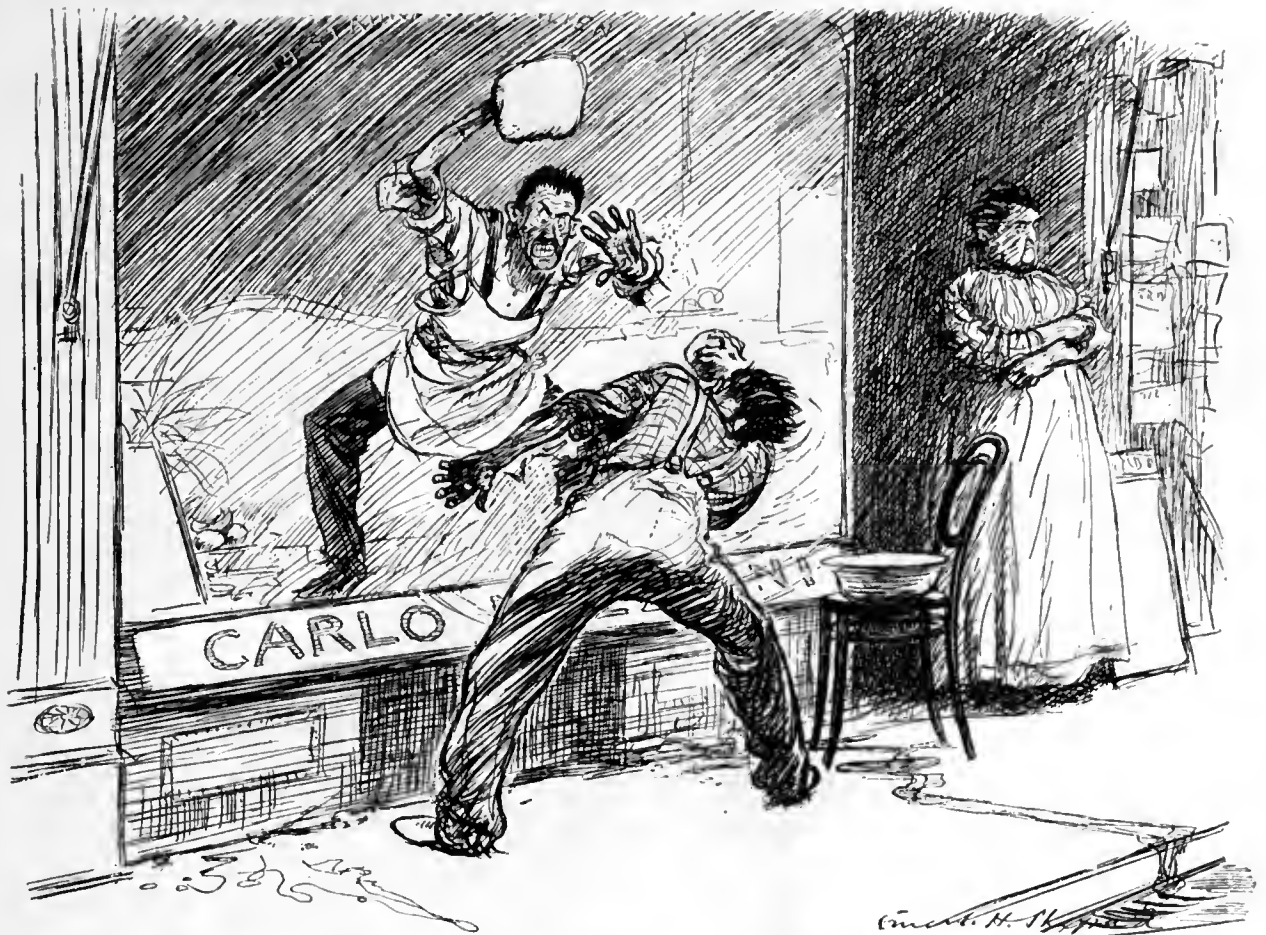
THE FINISHING TOUCH.

LONDON (to County Councillor). "WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, BLOCKING THE VIEW?"

COUNTY COUNCILLOR. "OH, JUST IMPROVING THINGS. 'ARS EST CELARE ARTEM,' YOU KNOW."

[We have to thank the "Improvements" Committee of the L.C.C. for threatening to spoil the scheme of the QUEEN VICTORIA Memorial by allowing the prospect of the Admiralty Arch to be obstructed by a building at the Eastern end.]





A VENDETTA? NOT AT ALL. GIUSEPPE AND LUIGI ARE ENGAGED IN THE MORNING CONFLICT WITH THEIR MASTER'S WINDOW.

REFLECTED GLORY.

[Among the newspaper illustrations of a recent sensational elopement was a photograph of the sleeping baby of the chicken-farmer with whom the fugitives lodged, and also that of a fellow-pupil whose apparent share in the "romance" was that he identified a signature.]

This is the Shelter that Blank took.

This is the Farmer and also his Wife
Who unwittingly shielded the Double Life
That went on in the Shelter that Blank took.

This is the Innocent Infant Son
Who crowed like the Fowls in the Poultry Run,
That belonged to the Farmer and, may be, his wife
Who guilelessly aided the Duplicate Life
That was lived in the Lodging that Blank took.

This is the Pupil who worked at the Place,
Where a sleuth of a Pressman snapped his Face
To balance the view of the Infant Son
Whose title to fame was the Poultry Run
That belonged to the Farmer and (doubtless) his Wife
Who blissfully sheltered the Double Life
Of the Pair in the Refuge that Blank took.

This is the Butcher who brought round the Meat
At irregular times to the Sussex Retreat
Of the blameless Pupil who toiled at the Place,
Where the Camera-fiend took a map of his Face,
To match the irrelevant Infant Son,
Too young to assist in the Poultry Run
That supported the Farmer and Farmer's Wife
Who never suspected the Double Life
That was led in the Shelter that Blank took.

This is the Pub where the Butcher would call—
It has nothing to do with the Scandal at all,
Unless it delayed him in bringing the Meat
At any odd time to this rural Retreat,
To sustain the Pupil who lodged at the Place
Where the journalist's Kodak has captured his Face,
To fill up the page where the Infant Son
Lies asleep in his pram near the Chicken Run,
Where the Farmer and also his worthy Wife
Unconsciously beamed on the Twofold Life
That went on in the Refuge that Blank took.

This is the Public that eagerly gapes
At squalid "emotional" dramas and scrapes,
And *must* see the Pub where the Butcher would call
(Yes, I too confess that I've read through it all!),
On his devious way to deliver the Meat
That the Lodgers devoured in this sylvan Retreat,
Including the Pupil who, right at the Place,
Is rendered immortal through lending his Face
As a foil to the slumbering Infant Son
Who's the hero, it seems, of the Chicken Run
That is owned by the Farmer along with his
Wife—

See their portraits, a little fed up with the Life
That was spent in the Shelter that Blank took.

ZIG-ZAG.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SON AND HEIR."

MISS GLADYS UNGER's play has the misfortune to challenge comparisons (rather odious for her) with Mr. GALS-WORTHY's recent production, *The Eldest Son*, a work of so pure an excellence that its failure was foredoomed. Mr. GALS-WORTHY presented to us, in an atmosphere of amazing reality, a very delicate problem which might any day be set for solution. I don't know what experience Miss GLADYS UNGER (U.S.A.) may have had of English countryhouses, but she starts out with a prejudice against our system of primogeniture, and goes on to manufacture a story to suit her case—a story savouring strongly of novels and the stage.

Happily for us (for things might have been worse) the spoilt youth of the title, an unmannerly boor, incredible as a product of Oxford, disappeared early from the scene, and we were left to witness the brutality of his father towards those other members of his family who, through difference of sex or age, did not happen to be his eldest son. At 7 P.M. he was in his study thrashing his younger son for a slight ineptitude in the hunting-field. At midnight he was in his eldest daughter's room, trying his best to throttle her because she differed from him as to her duty towards the beast of a husband whom he had forced her to marry. Meanwhile, in the intervals snatched from devoted attendance on an injured mare, he had arranged, as a matter of by-play, to blast the hopes of his younger daughter and her lover, thus achieving the first stage of the treatment which had ruined his other girl's life. Not a bad evening's work for a typical English squire.

He took it easily, however, as to the manner born. The real brunt fell upon his married daughter (Miss ETHEL IRVING), who had to entertain no fewer than four midnight visitors in her bedroom: (1) her lover, who arranged to fly with her immediately after breakfast; (2) her young sister, whose tale of woe she had to hear; (3) her father, who, as I said, tried to throttle her; (4) a French guest, who heard her screams, and came from his neighbouring room in a dressing-gown to the rescue.

The last Act shows some ingenuity. The *Squire* has thought things over in the few remaining watches of the night, and announces at the breakfast-table that he consents to his younger daughter's engagement. This disarms the other, who cancels her arrangements to elope and determines to "play the game," in the hope that an appeased Providence may intervene on her behalf later on.

It was all over and settled with the greatest promptitude, and in face of grave difficulties presented by the scene. For the huge breakfast table took up nearly all the stage, leaving hardly any room for the drama in which at least four souls were intimately concerned. And Miss ETHEL IRVING's hat, built on the lines of a hussar's head-gear, and tilted rakishly over one eye, did not lend itself to sacrificial tragedy.

Comparisons between *The Son and Heir* and *The Eldest Son* were painfully emphasised by the fact that Mr. EDMUND MAURICE played the *Squire* in both.



H. JENSEN

Pascoe Tandridge (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR) to *Felix Fourié* (Mr. RAYMOND LAUZERTE). "Congratulate me, my dear fellow; my elopement is off. We are 'playing the game'—a habit peculiar to the race whose institutions you are here to study."

After the fine justice which he did (and no one else could have done it so well) to the subtleties of Mr. GALS-WORTHY's portrait, it was sad to see him called upon to play the part of a mere brow-beating family tyrant; yet somehow he contrived to make his distinction of manner shine through it all. I badly missed the exquisite grace of Miss HELEN ROOKE as the *châtelaine* of the earlier play. I don't know whether Miss CYNTHIA BROOKE was following the author's instructions when she bowed to one of her guests at their first meeting after his arrival. But I beg her very earnestly, if she wants us to believe that she is really the hostess (however crushed) of an English country house, to shake hands with him at once.

Miss ETHEL IRVING cannot, of course, help being her charming self, and Mr.

RAYMOND LAUZERTE, as *Felix Fourié*; a French guest who had come to take notes of British social manners, was a great success. In old days the stage Frenchman was a butt; here he is allowed to ridicule our national foibles. I cannot say that all of his criticisms were peculiarly illuminating, but they were made with admirable good-humour.

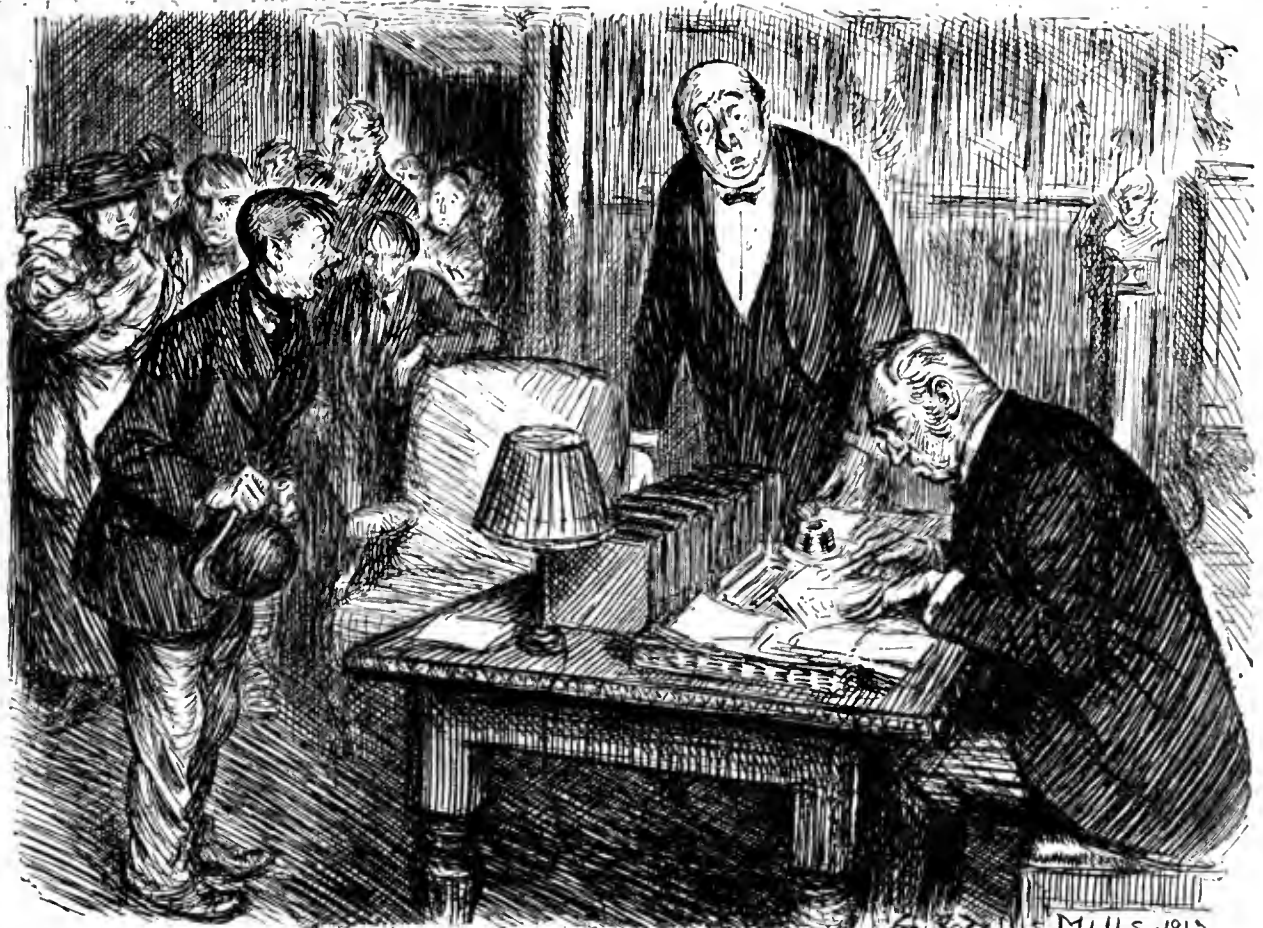
I hope I have not been unfair to Miss UNGER. But she can well afford me my protests, for her play seems to have had an enthusiastic reception on the First Night. And the other day I saw as many as two pictures of her on a single page of a photographic weekly.

"TRUST THE PEOPLE."

Things had been going pretty well so far with *John Greenwood*. Risen from the People (Lancashire, of course, for this is Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON's play), he had entered Parliament, become engaged to the daughter of a Tory Marquis, and only a week ago been appointed President of the Board of Labour with a seat in the Cabinet (Radical). It was at this point that Nemesis of the halting foot came in. To *Captain Felton*, who had a soldierly eye for tactics, it seemed as good a moment as any for citing *Greenwood* as a co-respondent. To offer marriage to his late mistress (who declines it) is the work of a moment; to release his betrothed is another simple matter. But how will the scandal affect our hero's Parliamentary career? That is a larger question. Rumour is already busy in the Clubs (Reform and others) and, as usual in these cases, the *Prime Minister* and the *Chief Whip* pay a morning call upon the delinquent. Guardian of the Nonconformist conscience, the head of the Cabinet is perfectly cynical about the immorality of *Greenwood's* conduct, but has to consider the Party's welfare. Was it not a case for hush-money? What were the Party funds for except to be used for the good of the Party?

But *Greenwood* will not hear of blackmail. He will throw himself upon the People. He will resign his seat, make a clean breast of things, and stand again for Blackshaw, his birthplace. After all, what has a man's private life got to do with his political position? The People might be depended upon to understand all that. "Trust the People!" had always been his motto.

The close of the First Act, which ran very smoothly in a pleasant vein of humour, gave promise of interesting developments along the lines of comedy for those of us who had not detected a sinister note of melodrama in the attitude of *Lord Cheddle*, ex-father-in-law-elect of the President of the Board of Labour. The stage must be all



MILLS 1915.

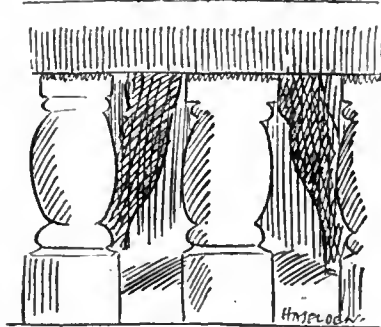
["Most of the better-class doctors have accepted Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S proposals."—*Radical Press.*]

Butler. "LADY JULIA GODOLPHIN WISHES TO SEE YOU, SIR, VERY URGENT."

Doctor. "PUT HER IN THE QUEUE!"

things to all people, and as a set-off to the ridicule of a Radical Cabinet, we wanted a wicked Marquis on the other side. And so the first incredible thing happens when Lord Cheadle puts up his younger son, Lord Richard Northenden, to oppose his daughter's lover at the by-election. After this we might well be prepared for any length of farce, even for the forged telegram which the Marquis sends in Greenwood's name to the respondent, urging her to come and stay at the Candidate's hotel in Blackshaw.

But the result of the election still intrigued us. On the one hand, the title, in which no irony was suspected, led us to suppose that Greenwood would be justified of his Trust in the People. On the other hand the Puritanical type with which Mr. Houghton had made us familiar in *Hindle Wakes* discouraged the idea that Lancashire would overlook immorality in one of its Parliamentary representatives. In the end Greenwood is beaten. Violently disillusioned, he delivers an impossible speech to the howling mob outside the Town Hall. Instead of protesting his



MORE LANCASHIRE "WAKES."

Trust-the-People Greenwood (Mr. BOURCHIER) addresses the enlightened electorate of Blackshaw.

innocence of any wrong done to the electors, he taunts them with hypocrisy in taking seriously an episode of the kind which they had always been in the habit of grinning at.

After all this the play was past acceptance as a comedy of life, though large amends were made with the *genre* interior of the last Act, which showed us Greenwood's devoted mother waging victorious battle (in the vernacular) for her broken prodigal against the adamant opposition of his father. Here Mr. Houghton was in his element. Up to this point his task had lain a little outside his experience.

Mr. BOURCHIER as Greenwood played with a nice artistic restraint, and Mr. HERBERT BUNSTON as the *Prime Minister*; Mr. THOMAS SIDNEY as *Chief Whip*; Mr. WEGUELIN as *Lord Eccles* (Secretary for Wales, and so loyal that he outraged Cabinet etiquette by assisting at a by-election); and finally Mr. McNALLY and Miss BARBARA GOTT as Greenwood's parents, were all very natural. The younger women were little more than lay figures of convention. O. S.

ADVICE TO NATIVE COMPOSERS.

(Written after hearing *SCRIABINE'S*
"Prometheus.")

IRREPRESSIBLE aspirant,
Who would batter down the doors
Which the concert-giving tyrant
Shuts against your deathless scores—
Lo! I bring you counsel cheering
Of a plan for engineering
Paths to gain for you a hearing
And encores.

First, that you may better mimic
Those who fill the trump of fame,
You must change your patronymic
And assume a Russian name.
Then, removed to far Mongolia
Or the purlieus of Podolia,
At a frenzied melancholia
You must aim.

Let your "programme" be exotic
With Theosophy imbued;
Let the "cosmic" and "erotic"
Intermittently intrude;
Mix the violets of Parma
With the cult of Krishnavarma;
And repeatedly to Karma
You'll allude.

Take a scale, say, mixo-Phrygian
With an oriental twang,
Let your atmosphere be Stygian
But inspired by *Sturm und Drang*;
Keep the soft celesta strumming,
And the kettledrums a-drumming,
And the cymbals always "coming"
With a clang.

STRAUSS is growing sadly trivial,
Condescending to the part
Diatonic and convivial
Of his namesake and MOZART.
You must never stoop to rollick
In a mood of fun and frolic;
No, you must be vitriolic
In your art.

By an ecstasy Islamic
Let your fervid Muse be fanned;
Be sonorous and "dynamic";
Unintelligibly grand;
Let the *fons* and the *origo*
Be a mystical *fuligo*
Culminating in *vertigo*
On the band.

Thus equipped in art and *argot*—
If you follow my advice—
You will lift the long embargo
On the native in a trice;
And your symphony of bogeys,
Cosmic blatherskite and Yogis
Will be played, in spite of fogeys,
One day twice.

"The lecture included quotations from
Addison's drama, 'Cats.'"
Western Morning News.

The old, old triangle—two toms and a
tabby.

HIGH NOTES.

Miss Kestrel Mavis, the intrepid
lady aeronaut, has kindly favoured us
with a memorandum of her sensations
as a passenger during a marvellous
flight over the Himalayas, written in
that well-known breezy manner of hers
which gives the reader such a sense of
atmosphere.

12.15.—Shoot upwards, like sky-
rocket. Earth recedes. Natives scurry
below like mites in a ripe Stilton.

12.35.—Three miles up. Everything
blurrish. Pilot's back makes good desk.
He's started sneezing! Blow!

12.40.—Bit chillsome. Pins and
needles in right foot. Everything still
blurrish. Hip! hip!

12.50.—Aeroplane covered with ice.
Both eyes running. Eyelashes frozen
solid. Can't see note-book. Bother!

12.53.—Pilot passes cigarette over
shoulder. Thaw eyelashes with lighted
end. Singe them a bit, but can see to
write. Thank goodness!

1.0.—Bump a thunderstorm. Foun-
tain-pen nib struck. Right hand use-
less. *Must* take notes. Try pencil in
left. Writing shaky but legible.

1.10.—Everything block of ice—pilot
and petrol included. Hullo! Engine
stops! Plunging down like a stone.
Ripping!

1.12.—Mountains leap up to meet us.
Get camera ready. Hope to snap
smash. Hungry but happy.

1.14.—Bother, engine working again.
Aeroplane turns six somersaults. Whoa,
my beauty!

1.17.—Pilot gets whip hand again.
Planing down to Thibet. Dull descent
inevitable. Nuisance!

1.20.—Propeller breaks off sixty feet
from ground. Skims pilot's head—just
misses my nose. Snap it as it bangs
by. Lucky shot.

1.21.—Bit of a dust up to finish with,
after all. What oh! She—

1.26.—bumpeth! Ice armour pro-
tects pilot and self. Machine smashed.
Vacuum flasks intact. Hooray!

1.30.—Curry for lunch. Hot stuff!

The Time for Abstinence.

"Having secured the outline on the glass,
and being quite dry, we can now proceed to
the colouring."—*Boy's Own Paper*.

A wise precaution. The colouring is
sure to want a steady hand.

"The graceful ministers of Yorkshire will
come under review to-morrow evening . . .
when Mr. Charles B. Howdill delivers his
lecture on 'Yorkshire Ministers.'"
Aberdeen Evening Express.

We hope for a few pungent remarks on
the Amazing Minister of Leeds.

THE TRUTH OUT AT LAST.

IN the House of Commons last week
Mr. MASTERMAN said, "I cannot accept
newspaper reports of these cases. The
facts are often opposite to the state-
ments made."

It is generally agreed that this must
be taken as an authoritative confirma-
tion of the ugly rumour which for some
time has prevailed in sophisticated
circles. To say that Fleet Street is
stricken with consternation hardly
meets the case. Members of the jour-
nalistic profession had hitherto felt able
to afford to laugh at the rumour, sinister
though it undoubtedly was; but this
definite statement from a member of
the Government and an ex-journalist
is a different matter. By a colossal
effort of self-restraint the gentlemen of
the Press go about their duties almost
as if nothing had happened; close ob-
servers notice, however, that now and
again in Fleet Street one Pressman will
glance suspiciously at another as if to
enquire: "Are you the one who has
brought this blot on our escutcheon?"

Whether the pronouncement of the
proprietor of a well-known specific for
the cure of croup, chilblains and cancer
will allay the anxiety in the provinces
remains to be seen. With a reassuring
vigour he has declared to an
anxious inquirer that anything in print
may be believed. And his view is
upheld by a resident in a Norfolk
village who still affirms that when a
thing's in black-and-white, there it is,
and you can't get over it. But there
is bitter disappointment among regular
readers of certain of the Sunday news-
papers. Our heart is much touched by
the utterance of an old lady in Battersea:
"Why, Annie," she said gloomily to
her daughter on having Mr. MASTER-
MAN'S pronouncement brought to her
notice, "all this 'ere about the resur-
rection curit at Monte Carlo mayn't be
true, after all, then!"

Up to the time of writing the expo-
sure has had no effect, we are informed,
on the response to company prospec-
tuses or the popularity of the Secret
Land Enquiry's reports.

"In the midst of the present confusion,
when no one knows what a day may bring
forth, when surprises are continually sprung
upon us, when we ask, with baited breath,
What next? it may be as well to spend a few
moments in looking back and looking for-
ward."—*The Vote*.

The new Winter game: Breath-baiting,
or How to Catch Votes.

— THEATRE.

The House of Exclusives. Where everybody
goes."—*Advt. in "Sydney Sun."*

This makes a fairly wide appeal.

MORE CONCESSIONS.

["Dogs are to be allowed on the upper decks of the Middlesex County Council tramcars on payment of ordinary passenger fares. The conductors are to have the right of veto in the case of animals whose appearance or behaviour is such as to render them undesirable passengers."—*Evening Standard.*]

RETURN tickets at single fares, available by ordinary trains, are about to be issued on the Midland Railway to foxes desirous of attending local meets on their system during the season.

Monkeys will in future be admitted to the Zoo as ordinary visitors at half-price on condition that they make no demonstrations or remarks calculated to give offence or cause annoyance to their comrades in captivity.

Cats are requested to note that admission to the Frank Buckland Collection of Fish at the Science Museum, South Kensington, is free on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Visitors are particularly requested not to touch the exhibits.

Through the courtesy of H.M. Office of Works, sea-gulls have been granted permission to indulge in mixed bathing in the ornamental waters of St. James's Park between the hours of 7 and 9 A.M. University costume is not insisted on.

The London General Omnibus Company are making arrangements whereby old 'bus-horses formerly in their service may travel by any of the Company's motor omnibuses at greatly reduced fares. The conductors have, however, received instructions to eject any horse found making derogatory allusions to the new motive power.

O. U. D. S.

ONE of Mr. Punch's learned clerks wishes to state that he derived considerable entertainment from *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, as represented by the O.U.D.S. "If here and there in the earlier scenes," he writes, "there was some obscurity, which (helped by the effect of the curtains, through which the performers came and went) produced an atmosphere curiously like that of a charade, with the audience hopelessly groping for the word, the later acts of roystering made ample amends. Here and there the old comedy sounded strangely modern, especially in the portrayal of the two chief apprentices as arranging a sympathetic strike whenever anything went untowardly. A line in which *Frisk* (that merry rogue, excellently played) speaks of 'chopping up the matter of the Savoy' had an almost wistful appeal for certain critics from town who had scamped their lunch in order to attend the matinee. But they were well repaid for their fasting.



Mistress (to maid who is emigrating to Canada). "WELL, GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MARY; THE VOYAGE 'LL SOON BE OVER."

Mary. "BUT I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE VOYAGE, MUM."

Mistress. "THAT'S RIGHT; AND I HOPE YOU WON'T BE SEA-SICK."

Mary. "OH, BUT I—I—DON'T WANT TO MISS ANYTHING."

Altogether a deserved success seems to have rewarded the Oxford Society in breaking away from its traditional policy of SHAKESPEARE or GREEK. *Prosit.*"

The Rugby Advertiser, honourably anxious to locate in the right quarter a piece of intelligence which ought, it appears, to have been associated with "the wives of the Rector's Warden and the Parish Warden" (not of Rugby), makes the following statement: "By an inadvertent omission the paragraph read, 'wives of the Rector and the Parish Warden.' The Rector has never been married and has, therefore, no wife." There is still the question of

the "wives of the Rector's Warden and the Parish Warden" to be cleared up; but we are glad that all suspicion of polygamy on the part of the Rector has been removed. It is now admitted that the reverend gentleman, as is the way with people who have never married, has no wife at all.

"It is announced that the Porte has sent instructions to the Turkish Commander at Adrianople, requesting him to set apart, in accordance with the requests of the Consuls, a neutral zone two square millimetres in extent, within which foreigners may take up their quarters."—*Birmingham Daily Post.* This should provide ample quarters for the neutral bacilli of the place.



THE SUSPECT.

THE MERRY HIND.

(A Topical Eclogue, with sincere apologies to Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD for borrowing the metre of "The Daffodil Fields" in the current number of "The English Review," and for attempting to imitate his use of the "pathetic fallacy.")

I WANDERED on a morning, ere the Spring
Had set a-dance the dancing daffodils,
And heard a Shropshire lad shout loud and sing
Like one whose soul is cheered by patent pills.
I will accost, I thought, this boor that tills
And ask him why his pulses pound and gallop.
A rook cawed, and a milestone said, "Eight miles to
Salop."

I found him on a gate. "Come hither, yokel,"
Quoth I, "and tell me why thou art not swinked;
How of the agricultural distress, the local
Famine and misery?" The young man winked;
A florin passed between us, and he chinked
The coin within his pouch, then grew oracular.
I wish I could do justice to his quaint vernacular.

"Misery?" he began; "well, times *was* bad;
It's gentlemen like you that makes them better;
Erstwhile we groaned, rebellious and sad,
Under the squire's and parson's baleful fetter;
To-day there is no drouth but finds a wetter;
You'll be the fourth this week." "Explain, good fellow,"
Said I. A bull in the near field began to bellow.

"Last Monday," he resumed, "there come a chap
Collecting folk-songs and old morris dances;
Asked if I'd heard on some of them, mayhap;
I hadn't, but a bloke must take his chances.
I telled a mort of lies, and off he prances,
Leaving me half-a-crown." He paused. A fat
Thrush in a hedgerow trilled. Leaves stirred. The
rustie spat.

"Wednesday," he then went on, "a sad-eyed cove
Wanted to hear old tales of far-off sorrows
(That's what he called them), bade me as I drove
My blinking team afield on cloud-hung morrows
Tell him of murders done and loam that borrows
Its richness from red gore. I stuffed him proper.
Easy as cutting chaff, it was, with Farmer's chopper.

"Three bob he gave me. And last night there come,
Whiles I was looking on at blacksmith's forge,
A gent with ferret's eyes as whispered, 'Mum!
I am a secret agent of LLOYD GEORGE;
I hunts for evidenee of squires that gorgo
On ill-got gains while you poor hinds have nix.'
A pleasant-spoken party; he gave three-and-six."

He ended, and began to hum a stave
Of how all men were doing it. Demure
His glance, as at the first, and so I gave
Two further bobs and said, "You are a cure."
Uprose a distant scent of bone manure.
A skylark soared from grasses soft as flannel,
And the great Severn rolled towards the Bristol
Channel. Evoe.



THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

(VIDE THE LLOYD-GEORGICS—PASSIM.)

STATE OF TEXAS

...

[Faint, illegible text, possibly a list or report]

[Faint, illegible text, possibly a list or report]

[Faint, illegible text in the right margin]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



THE VERY LATEST IN PANEL DOCTORS.
(TULLIBARDINE, M.D.)

House of Commons, Monday, February 3.—Seemed reasonable to suppose that, Insurance Act being now in full working order, MASTERMAN might look for relief from incessant shower of questions that through preceding months, with singularly refreshing influence, fell upon his head. On the contrary to-day no fewer than forty-nine separate Questions were addressed to him upon the paper. Taking the unit as minimum of Supplementary Questions we have one hundred less two. Ordeal might be expected to sour the temper of an ordinary Financial Secretary to the Treasury, the more so since not one in a score is designed to elicit useful information. The rest are pin-pricks more or less skilfully fashioned with object of embarrassing operation of the Act.

MASTERMAN a tough customer to approach with such intent. Whether he reads from manuscript answer prepared in office or whether he makes quick reply to supplementary enquiry he is invariably top dog in the tussle. What he doesn't know about the intricacies of this elaborate Act isn't worth LLOYD GEORGE'S picking up.

Imperturbable, impregnable, master of every turn in the tortuous ways, brief but sufficient in reply, he is not one out of whom much change is to be got.

This normal state of things makes more striking TULLIBARDINE'S success. Eagle eye of noble Marquis ranging over Hebridean seas has discovered a lone island whose inhabitants are bravely wrestling with mysteries of Insurance Act. Something charming in simplicity of question which brought the matter to light of Southron day. "To ask the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY if he could state the total population of the island of Canna, and who is the panel doctor."

MASTERMAN Ready as usual with information on matter of fact. Population of Canna all told is twenty-nine. As for arrangements for panel doctor case obviously difficult. Even upon more liberal terms of remuneration wrung by doctors out of reluctant CHANCELLOR or EXCHEQUER an able-bodied practitioner could hardly be expected to live on the aggregated fees of a population of twenty-nine.

True. But there remains fact of this appalling shortcoming of a statute framed for application to the odd mil-

lions on the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.

TULLIBARDINE not the man to rest content with barren victory albeit achieved over redoubtable adversary. "If the Treasury Canna do it," he whispered in the sympathetic ear of WINTERTON, "I will."

Obvious joke; its poverty more than redeemed by generous purpose it covers. SARK tells me TULLIBARDINE has resolved to take upon himself duty evaded by callous Minister. A small thing for him to qualify as doctor authorised to charge 8s. 6d. a case, including medicine. Regardless of the weather he is already off to Canna, carrying with him stock of medicines and surgical instruments, together with a red lamp to hang over the front door of his bothie.

Interesting case; will be closely watched by old associates on both sides of Tweed who would never think of personally volunteering for such a duty.

Business done.—Report stage of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill entered upon.

Tuesday.—House, worn out with work of a Session already twelve months long, is steeped in lees of apathetic

indifference. To-day reached what in ordinary circumstances would be climax of tempestuous controversy. Before Sitting closes Report stage of Welsh Church Bill will be submitted for decision. If carried on a division there will remain only Third Reading and such limited delay as the Lords can provide.

Nevertheless, attendance scanty, debate desultory, yawning general. Only gleam of light on dreary atmosphere shines from prize carnation in MARK LOCKWOOD'S buttonhole. As the gallant Colonel, strolling in from the kitchen over whose important business he succulently presides, walked up floor of House, seated himself on Treasury Bench, hitched his hat back at perilous angle and settled himself for little snooze, Members on either side were stirred by sudden movement towards briskness. Effect temporary. As PREMIER remarked to his constituents the other day, a political party cannot live by hysterics alone. Similarly, a sap-dried House of Commons cannot buck up at sight (in another man's coat) of a single carnation however large and fine.

Condition of things tempting to alert Opposition Whip ever on the look out for opportunity of arranging pleasant surprises. First point in debate on Report stage raised important question of ultimate possession of globe lands. According to the Bill these are to go for secular purposes with the rest of what Captain TRYON calls "the plunder." Amendment moved retaining them for the Church.

A big question stirring the depths on either side of controversy. Good for at least a couple of hours' debate. In view of that alluring prospect House further emptied. Doleful doings under eye of SPEAKER. Outside, more particularly in little room in corner of Lobby conveniently adjoining the bar where Opposition Whips foregather, excitement suddenly burst forth.

Heads carefully counted. Good Ministerialists, reckoning on prolongation of debate, hurried on the way to Westminster. By one of those chances that occasionally cheer the chronically disappointed, there was marked exception as regards muster of Opposition within call. Better remain out of sight till the well-calculated moment was reached.

It came at ten minutes to five, just half-an-hour later than BANBURY'S famous snap division. Opposition orators suddenly dried up. No one in

scanty gathering of Ministerialists rising to continue debate, SPEAKER put the Question.—When in response to clangour of Division bell the opposing hosts flocked in, it was discerned how dangerous for Government was suddenly created situation. There seemed to be no end to trail of the Opposition. Result awaited with growing anxiety on Treasury Bench. When paper was handed to Government Whip in token that majority was on his side sigh of relief went up. Drowned in burst of cheering from Opposition, renewed again and again when, the figures read out, it was made known that Ministry were saved by narrow majority of 23.

Opposition mustered 220 against 248 voting with the Government, and of



The "only gleam of light."
(Col. MARK LOCKWOOD.)

these three-score were Irish Nationalists.

Two hours later, when guillotine set to work on mass of amendments, Government majority ran up to 116. Opposition roll had dwindled to 181. Later it ran down to 164. They had skilfully played their game, nearly won it, and deserved some relaxation.

Business done.—Report stage of Bill carried.

Wednesday.—Amid renewed protest from Opposition Third Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill passed without a division. Strength of parties tested on ALFRED LYTTELTON'S motion for rejection of Bill; negatived by 347 against 240. Whereat Welsh Members leapt to their feet, waving pocket-handkerchiefs and copies of Orders of the Day.

"Not out of the wood yet," murmured Cousin HUGH, regarding spectacle opposite with acrid smile. "Thank Heaven for the House of Lords, which

will guard the Church for at least two years. No one knows what may not happen in the interval."

Peculiarity of last stage that assistance of guillotine, familiar through Committee as presence of the Mace, was not invoked. Nevertheless, successive speakers from Opposition Benches denounced and deplored its domination. JOHN DILLON, in most effective speech delivered by him in recent times, comforted them by reflection that their sad case was curiously similar to that of the inventor of the Parisian model. Dr. GUILLOTINE had his head lopped off into one of the baskets of his own devising. It was OLD MORTALITY who, Leader of overwhelming Unionist majority in 1887, adapted the guillotine for use in Parliamentary affairs. Now it has been instrumental in carrying two measures extremely distasteful to good Unionists.

"*Vous l'avez voulu, vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin.*"

Business done.—Welsh Church Bill passed final stage and sent on to Lords.

6s. 6d.

WE were talking about the really difficult things of life.

"The most difficult thing I know," said the plaintive man, "is to pay a bill for 6s. 6d.," and at once was started a discussion on money which revealed a number of curious peculiarities and unexpected grudgings.

"For 6s. 6d.," the plaintive man continued, "is too small a sum for a cheque and that means

facing all the appalling difficulties of the post-office. You know, I suppose, what post-offices are? The assistants on whose faces is written the knowledge that no amount of zeal over their sales can ever make any difference to them, as it no doubt does in such firms as that which writes all the best articles in the evening papers; the unreadiness of any one to serve you; your own indecision as to where you ought to stand to be served; your reluctance to interrupt the assistant's mathematical studies; the over-crowding; the under-ventilation; and more than all this," he went on, "the horrid fact that a postal order has to be paid for—no one can yet open an account at a post-office—and 6s. 6d., while too small a sum for a cheque, is too large to be paid in cash; or rather it belongs to one of the groups of coins which I cannot bring myself to part with under a stiff wrench. No doubt every one has such groups. I know only too well what

mine are. I am not generous or a spendthrift, but sums up to 3s. 6d. I can dispense without any noticeable twinges. Sums between a penny and 3s. 6d. are, when I have them, at the disposal of my friends, and I can even produce 3s. 6d. twice within a short period and not blench. Any of you men here who came to me at any time and said, 'Lend me 3s. 6d.,' would at once get it, although I hope you won't. But I look very long at 5s. or 7s. They are sums I like to retain. I feel that I am the best caretaker for them. The odd thing is that my pocket can be depleted of small sums making up 7s. two or three times over; but I can't pay out 7s. in the lump. Yet half-sovereigns, although I am never reckless with them, I can transfer from my own hand to another's without grief. Immediately after the half-sovereign, however, I stop again. The idea of paying out 11s. 6d., say, or 12s. or 13s. 6d. or 14s. 6d. is intensely repugnant to me. I mean all at once; I can do it piecemeal only too easily; but not at a blow. The thought of 11s. 6d. going bang is unendurable. But after 15s. I weaken again, but only if I pay in gold. For by that time one realises that the game is up; the sovereign is smashed and any change you get from it is all sheer profit. Hence I can pay 17s. 6d. for a thing with composure, because I am making half-a-crown out of the deal. But ask me to add together small coins to the amount of 17s. 6d. and see me refuse! Not to be done.

"But the sovereign is the limit. After that I am incapable of paying in specie. It is then that the cheque-book begins its useful life. I can write a cheque without turning a hair for any amount between one pound and five; but after that my paying capacity ceases. All else is drawn from me only by torture, with blood and tears in its wake."

The plaintive man paused. "Such," he said, "is my currency creed."

"I am not conscious," said the thin man, "of any of those distinctions and shades. To me money is a hardly-won commodity which I consistently hate to transfer to others. Yet I have so far got over this objection that I do all day long pay it out in the ordinary course of life. One thing, however, I cannot do: I cannot buy railway-tickets of over a pound. Hence I never leave the country. I simply cannot bring myself to do it. The Continent is closed to me; and a glance at the fares in the A.B.C. will show you in a moment what towns and villages I shall never see in my own land."

"Well," said the short man, "I can pay for tickets all right; but what I hate most is paying for food. Because,



First Bather. "DID YOU TAKE YOUR DOCTOR'S OPINION BEFORE HAVING A TURKISH BATH?"

Second Bather. "MY DEAR FELLOW! TAKE THE OPINION OF A MAN WHO TOLD ME TO MY FACE THAT TOBACCO WAS INJURIOUS?"

of course, that's wrong. Our food ought to be given to us. But of all food I most resent the price of apples. Apples, above all things, should be free. The idea of having to pay for an apple infuriates me, particularly in restaurants, where they are often sixpence each."

"The measure of all men's generosity," said the quiet man, who had not yet spoken, "is their capacity to pay for fruit."

"Well, personally," said the stout man, "I always think the height of illicite payment is reached in the charge made to enter TATTERSALL'S ring. For obviously one should be paid to go there, since it exists only that one

may be induced to part. I would go to any extreme to avoid paying that iniquitous sovereign."

"None of you," said I, "has really hit on the maddest of all financial adventures for an Englishman."

"What is that?" they asked.

"Changing a sovereign in Holland," I said.

"This sauce is an excellent relish with beer, hot or cold, as may be:—Mix a wineglassful of good vinegar with equal quantities of pounded sugar and mustard, a teaspoonful of each, and about a tablespoonful of grated horseradish."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*
Thank you very much, but we prefer our beer neat.

A QUESTION OF PRONUNCIATION.

It was the girl who sometimes helped in the neighbouring flat and she was addressing the porter on the landing:—

"We 'ad a real ole go at 'ome last night. It makes me all of a trimble to think of it. But there, you never know what's a-goin' to 'appen when Uncle Bill gits along o' father. Fust they starts talkin' and jorin' about their politics, and then they gits argifyin' and naggin' at one another, and then they gits to throwin' things about and pastin' one another, and then the fat's in the food, as the sayin' is. Mind you, they don't go for to *mean* it like that. They both thinks they're the kind o' men that's got a very good temper and can make allowances, but as far as I've seen 'em when they begins soft and kind they ends cruel hard; and it isn't so much what they say, it's the good food they chuck abaht and the plates and dishes they break. Uncle Bill's got one o' the 'andsomest marks you ever see on a man's forrid all along of a cabbage-dish. Father ketched 'im a crack with it a year ago come last November, when they was explainin' the Insurance Act to mother. The doctor put the stitches in and advised 'em to quit talkin' about setch big things after supper. It vexed Uncle Bill and 'e didn't come visitin' us for a matter o' six weeks.

"Well, last night Uncle Bill comes in sudden like, and mother says to 'im, 'Lor, Bill,' she says, 'you give me quite a turn,' and 'o says, 'That's a nice thing to say to yer only brother,' 'e says; 'but, bless you, I'm not one to keep my grudge a-boilin',' 'e says, 'and anyhow it was all in the family, wasn't it, Jim?' 'e says, with a look at father; and father says, 'Things do git 'ealed over, don't they, Bill?' and then they both started larfin', and mother said there was sossidges and mash for supper and I was to run round quick and fetch another quart o' beer.

"When I got back with the beer I found 'em setting to work on the sossidges and all three as friendly as you like. Uncle Bill's a very proud man and 'e's got a nice little bit o' property—ouses, you know, and that kind o' thing, and 'im bein' a hatcheldore, mother's always tellin' father to humer 'im more and let 'im talk, becoz she says 'is 'eart's in the right place and if 'e was to be took fust it might make a big difference to us. Uncle Bill was sayin' 'e 'd seen a tidy little bit o' land for buildin' a shop or two, and father says, 'Why don't you nip in and buy it?' 'e says. 'It'll always be there,' 'e says. 'Land and shops can't run away.' Uncle Bill looks at 'im and says very quiet as 'e'd buy it in a minute if it wasn't for LLOYD GEORGE. 'What's LLOYD GEORGE done to you now?' says father. Uncle Bill says LLOYD GEORGE 'as got 'is knife into the land and all men o' landed property 'ave got to combine agin this 'ere new land kimpane or else LLOYD GEORGE 'll git 'em in the cart and tax 'em to rags: 'E's a regger pest,' says Uncle Bill, 'that's what 'e is.' Father says, 'E's a better man any day o' the week than this 'ere BONAR LAW that you're all so pleased with. 'Ow about food taxes?' 'e says. 'What are you to think of a man like that, blowin' 'ot and strong all in one go?' Uncle Bill swallows the sossidge and potato 'e'd got in 'is mouth and then lets LLOYD GEORGE have it to rights. 'E's underminin' confidence,' 'e says, 'and arter all 'e's no more than a little Welsh attorney.' That's 'ov 'e pernounced it, same as you'd say horny or thorny. Father laughs a sort of cold laugh and then 'e says very scornful, 'Attorney, attorney! Where did you git your eddication, Bill Sampson?' 'e says. 'When I was in the Board School they taught us better nor that. Attorney's the word you're lookin' for, Bill. But o' course I'm always glad to 'elp them as ain't so well eddicated as others.' Uncle Bill got redder'n a turkey, and 'e says, 'You can say what

you like, but that's what 'e is, a little Welsh attorney.' O' course father couldn't stand that, so 'e takes the last sossidge and ehucks it in Uncle Bill's face, and then they 'ad a bit of a set-to, and Uncle Bill said 'e'd shake our nawsty dust orf of 'is feet. Talk o' strained relations o' Turkey, it ain't a patch on what's 'appened in our family."

AFTER LONG YEARS.

I put aside my knife and fork and ponder—
Ponder some memories of bygone days,
When I, a careless lad, was wont to wander
About a Cornish undercliff and blaze
At bunnies blinking by the summer sea:
I blazed at them who couldn't blaze at me.

And though I called it sport, this wanton slaughter
(For take my word, I potted more than one),
My mother said, since home they never brought her
Warrior dead of shots from his own gun,
"It isn't sport, I take it, to attack
A harmless thing that cannot hit you back."

I never knew what happened to those rabbits;
I never ate 'em—oh, I wish I had!
Myself, acquiring sedentary habits
And cancelling the licence of a lad,
Became a journalist, and now abide
In modest chambers on the Surrey side.

I never knew what happened to those bunnies,
But, sitting vanquished here before my plate,
I know—I say I *know*!—at last where one is;
I slew this fellow on a far-off date.
Sport? O my victim of the limp lop-ears,
You've got your own back after all these years!

Valentines.

The PRIME MINISTER to a Disappointed Contributor to the Party Funds:—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

Mrs. PANKHURST to The PRIME MINISTER:—

"La Belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall."

A Conservative Working-Man to Mr. J. K. HARDIE:—

"I could not love thee, KEIR, so much,
Loved I not BONAR more."

Mr. BIRRELL to Mr. GINNELL:—

"Ask me no more."

Great Newspaper Duel.

Says the *Shrewsbury Commercial and Literary Circular* in a paragraph headed "The Devil reproving Sin":—

"This week's 'Punch' has reproduced a printer's error which crept into our paper a fortnight ago, by which an advertisement was made to read 'ALE cordially invited.' As showing how easily such errors are made 'Punch' itself, the great and only, makes a blunder in stating that the error occurred in the 'Shrewsbury Commercial and Literary Chronicle.'"

"The Devil" is tempted to have another go; he therefore points out that "ocured" is better spelt with two "r's." Now it is *The Shrewsbury Commercial and Literary Circular's* turn again.

"WANTED. Second-hand Cottage Piano, cheap, for learner; out of repair no objection."—*Advt. in "Bristol Times."*

A cowardly habit, hitting a piano when it's down.



Sportsman (from town). "WHAT SILLY BEGGARS FARMERS ARE! ALWAYS SEEM TO PUT GATES IN THE VERY MUDDIEST PART OF A FIELD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

My only complaint about "FRANK DANBY'S" latest story, *Concert Pitch* (HUTCHINSON), is that she takes rather too long over keying it up. This done, however, the tone and the tune are alike excellent. All the part about *Manuella's* early engagements, first to the depraved Duke and then to the eligible Earl, I found unconvincing to the point of boredom. It was not till *Manuella* herself grew so bored with it that in a fit of pique she eloped with *Migotti*, the musician, and went to live with him and his queer friend *Gerald* in their ramshackle house in Bedford Square, that the tale began to show signs of life. Thence onwards it was vivacious enough. "FRANK DANBY" has certainly the art of making you know the persons she knows herself; in this book she seems to have caught to perfection the Musical Set, half Bohemian, half society hangers-on, with their jealousies and triumphs and intrigues. Also the emotions of a delicately nurtured girl suddenly plunged into a world where she is considered as nothing but the highly privileged servant of a husband for whom she has never really cared (compelled even to do her own cooking and to subordinate herself to his every mood), seem very subtly and successfully conveyed. I am somewhat less certain about the villain, *Peter Graham* (fancy a villain called *Peter! O tempora! O mores!*), chiefly because I am always incredulous about these professional breakers-of-hearts, with their "once on the Riviera and the girl is ours!" It is perhaps my loss never to have encountered a specimen in actual life. But in a story they are well enough, especially since (as here) they are invariably foiled before the last chapter.

Miss "MARJORIE BOWEN" is doing much to remove the prejudice which has grown in my mind against the modern crop of historical fiction. She is never boring, and it was with cheery confidence that I opened *A Knight of Spain* (METHUEN). Exactly how many books Miss "BOWEN" has published in the last twelve months I dare not say. Yet her work is as fresh and vigorous as ever, and I am inclined to think *A Knight of Spain* her best performance. (This is written without prejudice to the volume or volumes from her pen which may be published while this review is going to press.) *A Knight of Spain* is the completed picture for which "The Camp outside Namur," in her *God's Playthings*, was the rough sketch. That story dealt only with the death of the ill-fated *Don Juan of Austria*. This novel takes the reader through each detail of his extraordinary career. We see him as the student of Alcalá, the victor of Lepanto, the Governor of the Netherlands, and, finally, the broken victim of KING PHILIP'S hatred, dying at the age of twenty-eight in the pigeon-house among the corn-fields on the hill of Bouges. My principal emotion on finishing the book, apart from a feeling of gratitude to Miss "BOWEN" for an excellent story, was a horror, which the history-books of my youth had never conveyed to me, of that sinister man, KING PHILIP of Spain. Not even Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER could feel a greater esteem for DRAKE than I did on closing *A Knight of Spain*.

Everyone knows by this time that Mr. BERNARD CAPES, whose last book is a collection of stories entitled *Bag and Baggage* (CONSTABLE), can write with distinction and a delicate choice of epithets, that he can hit upon unusual and interesting situations, and that he is a good hand at giving us "creeps." The worst of it is that he so seldom manages

to do all these things at the same time. He is liable to spoil good writing with an unsatisfactory *dénouement* or to weaken a nice plot by relapsing into a commonplace style. For this reason I found very few of the stories in *Bag and Baggage* completely successful, and I must particularly cavil at the use of a derelict balloon, a sort of *machina ex deo*, used in the second of them, to solve a very dark and uncanny mystery of footsteps in the snow that never returned. I was led to expect a far more ghostly piece of luggage than a mere gas-bag to come up out of the van after so harrowing an excursion into the shadows. On the whole I liked best "The Hamadryad" (I suppose she is one of the "baggages"), a warning to entomologists not to be emotional pagans as well, and "The King's Star," where the writer courts his best muse—the historico-romantic. Eleven of these yarns are entitled "From Grave," and the other five "To Gay," but the hilarious ones, with the possible exception of "Bullet-proof," did not make me chuckle much. All the same (if you will kindly step round to the lost property office, please, next door), you may easily make a very much worse bargain than Mr. BERNARD CAPES'S *Bag and Baggage*.

If I congratulate Mr. HAROLD SPENDER on having composed a straightforward, honest and interesting story—*The Call of the Siren* (MILLS AND BOON)—on having put plenty of incident in it, and on having written it in a style which is both clear and forcible, he may possibly not feel altogether pleased. It may, for aught I know, be his ambition to write something drab and sordid and gloomily fatalistic in the style that passes muster for fine writing and thus

to earn the plaudits of those who revel in unrelieved and complicated misery. For my part I can assure him that I prefer *The Call of the Siren*. The character of *Oliver Martin*, whose life is darkened by the shadow of his father's crime, is finely conceived, though I think Mr. SPENDER winds him up too abruptly, just as his real career is beginning. The beautiful nature of his mother has been lovingly and carefully studied, and I should have liked more of her. The Siren herself is *Alice Dubois*, later *Alice Eardley*, whom (according to Mr. SPENDER'S intention) I don't like at all. Yet I cannot say that she is unreal or that her actions are impossible. My favourite out of the whole bunch is *O'Brien*, the faithful, loyal and affectionate Irishman, a character of whom the author has every right to be proud. On the whole I think I must carry out my purpose of congratulating Mr. SPENDER.

The British family is a magnificent institution, which is apt on occasions to become a dreadful obsession. The mother-in-law, in spite of the ancient jest, remains a formidable fact; and many a girl, who has sworn and intends to love, honour and obey her husband, but has neither sworn nor intends to do the same by her husband's

relations, will sympathise with the position of *Fanny Floate* in *A Runaway King* (HEINEMANN). On the other hand, many an outraged family will sympathise with the feelings of the *Baigents* on being subjected to the criticism and opposition of so independent and unattached a creature as Fanny. These *Baigents* were used to absorbing the husband of any of their daughters into the bosom of their clan, so that he, with them, came to have no other point of view than that of "us Baigents." They expected the same of their son's wife; possibly they might have recognised to some small extent the claims of her blood relations, but when it appeared that in *Fanny's* case there was none of these, not even, to be candid, an acknowledged parent, they could see no reason for her wanting to be anything else in the world save one of them. There is, no doubt, much to be said for their point of view, and Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY, who shows a fine impartiality in her vivid study, says it. It is woman's mind and character that Mrs. DUDENEY most

cleverly dissects, and all her women, but especially the wild and harassed *Frusannah*, are excellently portrayed. Men, properly so called, she hardly attempts in this instance; what success she achieves with *Ninian Baigent* and his appalling brother-in-law she achieves by her understanding of her own sex, which enables her to detect and expose the fundamental effeminacy of one type of male.

One of the most misguided men I've come across is P. C. WREN. On Indian Education he's An expert; that one plainly sees (No man whose knowledge was not wide

Could write an Indian Teacher's Guide). But—this it is that makes me warm— He will attempt the fiction form. A poorer tale I've seldom seen Than *Dew and Mildew* (LONGMANS, GREEN). His characters are chunks of wood; He rambles as no writer should. He shelves his story, page on page, While comic children hold the stage. These things, and others, raise my spleen In *Dew and Mildew* (LONGMANS, GREEN). Abandon fiction, Mr. WREN, And stick to Teachers' Guides; and then Perhaps 'twill fall to me one day In my enthusiastic way To write, "This book I could not praise Too highly if I tried for days." I can't say that, with conscience clean; Of *Dew and Mildew* (LONGMANS, GREEN).

"Young Lady would assist with chocolates and sweets, Saturdays."
Warrington Guardian.

So would some others we know of, and gladly.



THE ROMANCE OF LOST OLD MASTERS.

A PICTURE-DEALER DISCOVERS IN HOLLAND TWO PRICELESS CANVASES BY TENIERS.

CHARIVARIA.

How true it is that even the very greatest have their cross to bear, just as much as the rest of us. It is officially stated that three helpings of meat are no longer permitted to those who take the shilling dinner at the House of Commons.

We take exception to the criticism in *The Express* of the provincial hen which has just laid an unusually small egg. It may be small, but, carefully aimed, it might just make the difference between a dull and an interesting political meeting.

We would also point out to a correspondent of the same paper, who reports hearing a lark last week at Bromley and describes the bird's song as "not very good or clear," that the lark had probably only just left its watery nest. A damp bed would account for any little hoarseness.

To such of our panel doctors as are not gorged with their gains and thinking of retiring with a fortune the case of one GUSTAV PROBST, of Switzerland, may be of interest. He has just died, leaving £28,000, amassed from one-and-eightpenny fees for his medicine, which, we are told, consisted in all cases of pounded rhubarb and beetroot.

The fact that, at a recent Society wedding in Baltimore, U.S.A., it only took three policemen to rescue the bride from the crowd, who were clipping souvenirs off her dress, convinces us that the American spectator is losing his dash.

"They manage these things better in Mexico," sighed an enthusiastic Unionist, on reading that the Cabinet Ministers of that country had been chased out of the capital and were now in hiding in the suburbs.

The Dancing Craze.—First the Turkey Trot, and now the Territorial Breakdown.

Champagne destroys the teeth, says a dentist. Too late, however, to save Mr. BEN TILLET, whose celebrated dinner-party is now quite ancient history.

We have seldom heard of a more excellent idea than that of the New York suffragettes, who have decided to ride on horseback to San Francisco. Mr. *Punch's* heartiest moral support will be given to such London militants as decide to attempt something on the same lines. A pilgrimage to, say, Peru, if they took their time over it and did not hurry their return, would surely be wonderfully impressive.

As a reward for having asked 25,000

bloodhound smelt is now ruled to be as unreliable as "what the soldier said."

There seems to be no end to the disguises which the early cuckoo can adopt, doubtless for purposes of self-protection. The sample shot at Saffron Walden turns out to be an owl, while the one heard by an eminent naturalist at Harpenden was a bricklayer named GEORGE KING.

The Motor Traffic Committee have been testing the efficacy of cow-catchers on motor-omnibuses. The rôle of pedestrian was entrusted to a dummy. As it came out of the collision minus both legs, an arm, and its head, we think we prefer, if it is all the same to the authorities, to go on taking the old chances.

The Wave of Crime. On top of all this Motor Bandit business comes the news that two men have been charged at Cardiff with breaking into a bakery and stealing a sponge-cake, value one penny.

Even Mr. EUSTACE MILES, despite a certain natural gratification, must have been sorry for the owner of the dog which, suddenly adopting vegetarianism the other day, ate five bank-notes out of its master's pocket-book.

Mr. OLIVER, editor of *The Outlook*, in which paper Mr. LAWSON'S Marconi articles appeared, declared before the Committee that he thought them a most valuable series. Will OLIVER ask for more?

Hampstead Heath ordinaries, wires our Stock Exchange correspondent, suffered a severe slump on the receipt in the City of the news that rhinoceros beetles had severely damaged the Samoa cocoanut plantations.

The Daily Mail having no Dresden edition, the authorities of that town have been able to forbid the production there of *The Miracle*.

A large hammer was thrown through the window of the Reform Club, at Manchester, a few nights ago. The person responsible escaped. It is not often that one finds skill at Throwing the Hammer combined with the ability to sprint.



A CONTRAST IN WINTER FASHIONS.

questions, the lawyers in the *Titanic* inquiry are to receive £16,000; while Senator SMITH, who must have asked double that number, has had, as far as we have been able to ascertain, nothing, not even a music-hall engagement.

When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful. A man, his wife, four sons, two daughters, and parents-in-law have been arrested in Spain for uttering counterfeit coin; and the movements of the family cat are being carefully watched by the police.

The recent arson case in Hampshire has added one more to the list of things which are not evidence. What the

WINTER SPORT.

III.—A TYPICAL MORNING.

"You take lunch out to-day—no?" said Josef, the head-waiter, in his invariable formula.

Myra and I were alone at breakfast, the first down. I was just putting some honey on to my seventh roll, and was not really in the mood for light conversation with Josef about lunch. By the way, I must say I prefer the good old English breakfast. With eggs and bacon and porridge you do know when you want to stop; with rolls and honey you hardly notice what you are doing, and there seems no reason why you should not go on for ever. Indeed, once . . . but you would never believe me.

"We take lunch out to-day, yes, Josef. Lunch for—let me see—"

"Six?" suggested Myra.

"What are we all going to do? Archie said something about skating. I'm off that."

"But whatever we do we must lunch, and it's much nicer outdoors. Six, Josef."

Josef nodded and retired. I took my eighth roll.

"Do let's get off quickly to-day," I said. "There's always so much chat in the morning before we start."

"I've just got one swift letter to write," said Myra, as she got up, "and then I shall be pawing the ground."

Half-an-hour later I was in the lounge, booted, capped, gloved and putteed—the complete St. Bernard. The lounge seemed to be entirely full of hot air and entirely empty of anybody I knew. I asked for letters; and, getting none, went out and looked at the thermometer. To my surprise I discovered that there were thirty-seven degrees of frost. A little alarmed I tapped the thing impatiently. "Come, come," I said, "this is not the time for persiflage." However, it insisted on remaining at five degrees below zero. What I should have done about it I cannot say, but at that moment I remembered that it was a Centigrade thermometer with the freezing point in the wrong place. Slightly disappointed that there were only five degrees of frost (Centigrade) I returned to the lounge.

"Here you are at last," said Archie impatiently. "What are we all going to do?"

"Where's Dahlia?" asked Myra. "Let's wait till she comes and then we can all talk at once."

"Here she is. Dahlia, for Heaven's sake come and tell us the arrangements for the day. Start with the idea fixed in your mind that Myra and I have ordered lunch for six."

Dahlia shepherded us to a quiet corner of the lounge and we all sat down.

"By the way," said Simpson, "are there any letters for me?"

"No; it's your turn to write," said Archie.

"But, my dear chap, there *must* be one, because—"

"But you never acknowledged the bed-socks," I pointed out. "She can't write till you—I mean, it was rather forward of her to send them at all; and if you haven't even—"

"Well," said Dahlia, "what does anybody want to do?"

Thomas was the first to answer the question. A girl in red came in from the breakfast-room and sat down near us. She looked up in our direction and met Thomas's eye.

"Good morning," said Thomas with a smile, and he left us and moved across to her.

"That's the girl he danced with all last night," whispered Myra. "I can't think what's come over him. Is this our reserved Thomas—Thomas the taciturn, whom we know and love so well? I don't like the way she does her hair."

"She's a Miss Aylwyn," said Simpson in a loud voice. "I had one dance with her myself."

"The world," said Archie, "is full of people with whom Samuel has had one dance."

"Well, that washes Thomas out, anyway. He'll spend the day teaching her something. What are the rest of us going to do?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Oh, Archie," said Dahlia, "did you get those nails put in my boots?"

I looked at Myra . . . and sighed.

"Sorry, dear," he said. "I'll take them down now. The man will do them in twenty minutes." He walked over to the lift at the same moment that Thomas returned to us.

"I say," began Thomas a little awkwardly, "if you're arranging what to do, don't bother about me. I rather thought of—er—taking it quietly this morning. I think I overdid it a bit yesterday."

"We warned you at the time about the fourth hard-boiled egg," I said.

"I meant the ski-ing. We thought of—I thought of having lunch in the hotel, but of course you can have my rucksack to carry yours in. Er—I'll go and put it in for you."

He disappeared rather sheepishly in the direction of the dining-room.

"Now, Samuel," said Myra gently.

"Now what, Myra?"

"It's your turn. If you have a headache, tell us her name."

"My dear Myra, I want to ski to-day. Where shall we go? Let's go to the old slopes and practise the Christiania Turn."

"What you want to practise is the ordinary Hampstead Straight," I said. "A medium performance of yours yesterday, Samuel."

"But, my dear old chap," he said eagerly, "I told you it was the fault of my skis. They would stick to the snow. Oh, I say," he added, "that reminds me. I must go and buy some wax for them."

He dashed off. I looked at Myra . . . and sighed.

"The nail-man won't be long," said Archie to Dahlia, on his return. "I'm to call for them in a quarter of an hour."

"Can't you wear some other boots, Dahlia, or your bedroom slippers or something? It's half-past eleven. We really must get off soon."

"But we haven't settled where we're going yet."

"Then for 'eving's sake let's do it. Myra and I thought we might go up above the wood at the back and explore. We can always ski down. It might be rather exciting."

"Remember," said Dahlia, "I'm not so expert as you are."

"Of course," said Myra, "we're the Oberland mixed champions."

"You know," said Archie, "I was talking to the man who's doing Dahlia's boots and he said the snow would be bad for ski-ing to-day."

"If he talked in French, no doubt you misunderstood him," I said, a little annoyed. "He was probably asking you to buy a pair of skates."

"Talking about that," said Archie, "why shouldn't we skate this morning, and have lunch at the hotel, and then get the bob out this afternoon?"

"Here you are," said Thomas, coming up with a heavy rucksack. "Lunch for six, so you'll have an extra one."

"I'd forgotten about lunch," said Archie. "Look here, just talk it over with Dahlia while I go and see about my skates. I don't suppose Josef will mind if we do stay in to lunch after all. What about Simpson?"

I looked at Myra . . . and sighed.

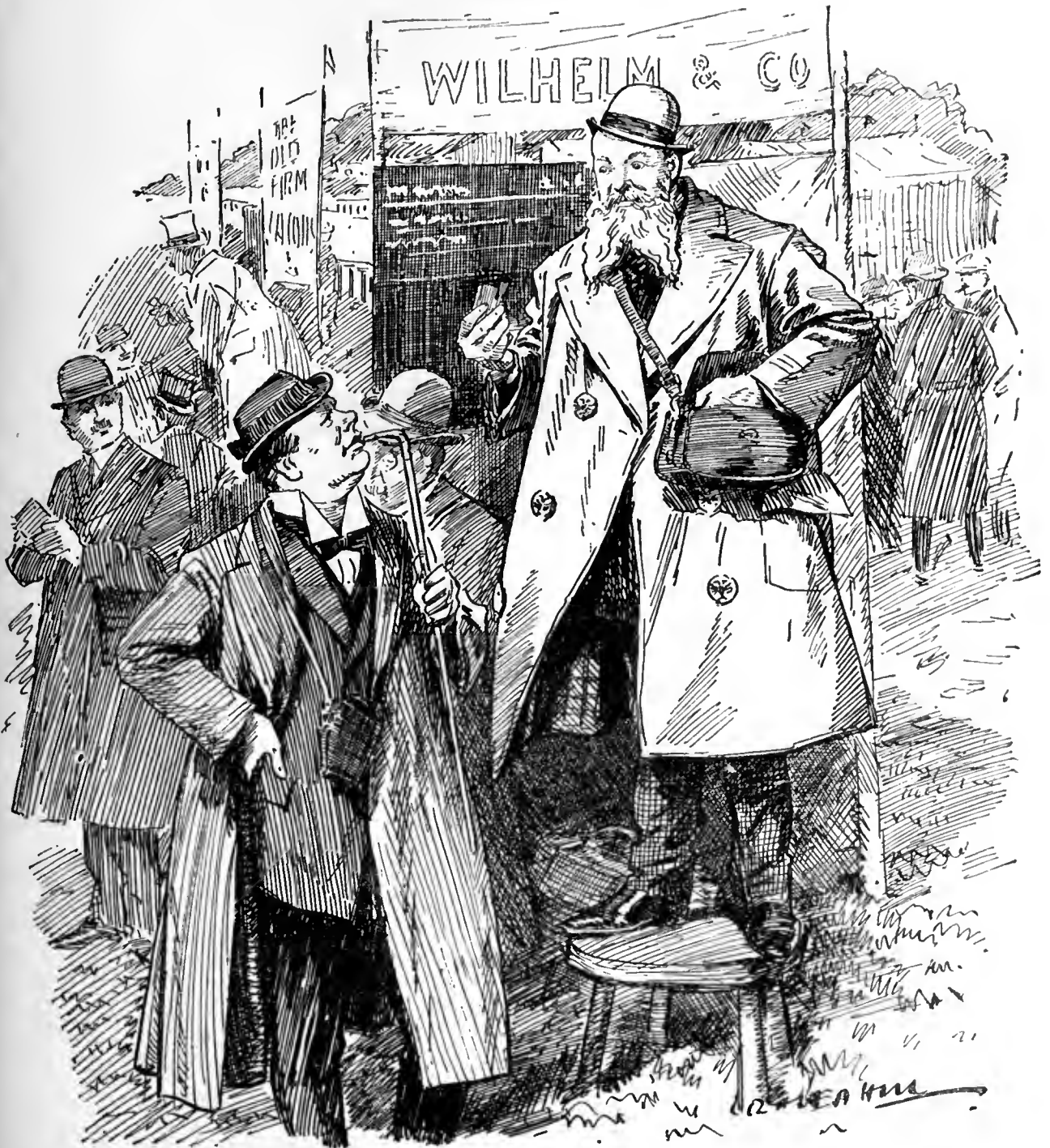
"What about him?" I said.

* * * * *

Half-an-hour later two exhausted people—one of them with lunch for six on his back—began the ascent to the wood, trailing their skis behind them.

"Another moment," said Myra, "and I should have screamed." A. A. M.

"Wanted, woman to peel onions at her own home."—*Wakefield Advertiser*.
She certainly mustn't do it at ours.



THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL.

MR. CHURCHILL. "WHAT PRICE GERMAN NAVY?" ADMIRAL TIRPITZ. "GIVE YOU 8 TO 5."
MR. CHURCHILL. "I WANT 2 TO 1." ADMIRAL TIRPITZ. "WELL, I'LL MAKE IT 16 TO 10."
MR. CHURCHILL. "RIGHT, I'LL TAKE YOU."





Harassed Hostess. "DO YOU DANCE, OR ARE YOU A WALNUT?"

MY PLAY.

I HAVE written a rare little drawing-room piece;
It will never be acted; the public must lose it;
The lords of our stage are incredible geese;
One and all they refuse it.

I shall not expound you the whole of the plot,
But I'll just give a hint of the heroine's character;
No Grundys would ever call her a bad lot,
No gods could have "barracked" her.

A beautiful girl with an infinite tact,
She delights in undoing her relatives' tangles;
Her cousin Lord D'Arcy's in love (the First Act)
With a creature in spangles.

She saves him. She saves her mamma from her
"friends";

If she deals with one problem she deals with a dozen;
And she gets her reward, as the curtain descends,
In the shape of her cousin.

Not wholly original that, you'll observe—
The girl who plays Providence; ah, but what fairy
Had ever the gumption, the grace and the nerve
Of my *Managing Mary*?

Other masterful maidens have captured your heart
With the help of their toilets, too nice or too rowdy;
But the thing that sets Mary so wholly apart
Is the fact that she's dowdy.

Her garb is the garb of a season ago,
And her intimates say, when she brightens their
troubles,
"Dear girl! What a terrible gown she had on!"
And their gratitude doubles.

What is more, when the grip of a present-day mime
Is apt, ere the ending, to fade or diminish,
*My heroine wears the same frock all the time,
From the start to the finish.*

You have it: I give you the skeleton shape;
You can picture the rest—all the gallery staring,
The critics dumbfounded, the boxes agape
And aghast at my daring.

Yet I write to our Frohmans and Barkers in vain:
Evermore they present *Sophonisba's Vagary*,
Or *Whimsical Susan*; will no one explain
Why they send back my *Mary*? EVOE.

Our latest Author.

"Lady Constance appeared as Judith in a choreographic drama based on a story by Mlle. Judith Ho'lofernes."—*Continental Daily Mail*.

"Those who read Defoe in their youth may perhaps recall an illustration of the King of Brobdingnag studying Gulliver curiously under a magnifying glass."—*The Spectator*.

We heartily commend the reading of DEFOE as an aid to the memory. SWIFT is not so good for this purpose. Many people who read the latter in their youth have clean forgotten the illustration of *Robinson Crusoe's* parrot.

AN INTERVIEW WITH OUR FIRST-PRIZE "BOBLET" WINNER.

(From "The Weekly Wonder.")

I HAD to do the last part of the journey on all fours, for the mountain was not only snowy but steep. A *Weekly Wonder* man, however, out to interview the First-Prize Winner in our world-famed "Boblets" Competition, is not easily beaten.

I had just enough strength left to rap at the door of a neat cottage, and then my trials were over.

I found myself in a warm, bright, comfortable parlour, my climbing irons taken off, the hundredweight or so of snow removed from my back, and in the presence of a hale, hearty, handsome, apparently middle-aged couple—Mr. John MacRumbleton, Mountain

crutches are those I see? Not yours, I hope?"

They both laughed happily. "Ees, Sir, they wur mino. I wur dead lame, I wur, afore I began to take in *The Weekly Wonder*—and now I can walk as well as any!"

"You delight me. Whose ear-trumpet is that yonder? Neither of you is deaf."

Again they laughed joyously. "'Twur the old ooman's, Sir. She wur deafer nor a postess—afore we began to take in *The Weekly Wonder*—and now there's nowt she can't hear."

"Enchanted! And now, once more to ask you for the history of your extraordinary Winning 'Boblet' in our universally talked-of Competition."

"Wull, Sir, I been trying to make 'em this long time. I always takes out

"We be thinking of a trip to Lunnon, Sir. We never seen it."

"Ah, that *will* be a treat for you! What do you most wish to see there? St. Paul's? The Abbey? The Monument? The Houses of Parliament? Come now, Mr. MacRumbleton, which of all our 'sights' are you most anxious to see?"

"None o' them you've named, Sir. O' coorse I want to see they places—but there be a place I want to see more—the fine building where *The Weekly Wonder* be printed and published!"

PRISMATIC MEALS.

FIREd by the enterprise of the All Red Route enthusiasts, who have been battenning on All Red breakfasts, the Blue Water School of National Defence have

THE EXPRESS PANEL DOCTOR.



INSPECTING TONGUES.



SERVING OUT PILLS.

Shepherd and Winner of a First Prize in our world-renowned "Boblets" Competition, and his comely happy-looking wife.

"And now, Mr. MacRumbleton," said I, when I had announced my mission, "how came you to think of this wonderful Winning 'Boblet' of yours?"

"Wull, Sir, I dunno," answered this splendid specimen of a Mountain Shepherd and "Boblet" Winner. "You see, I been a shepherd these seventy year."

I gave a loud shriek and had to take a nip of brandy from my flask.

"A shepherd seventy years, Mr. MacRumbleton?" I shouted. "You look about forty-five!"

"Ees, Sir, we bears our years well, but we be eighty and ninety—and we *looked* it—we looked more—we looked ninety and a hunderd—afore we began to take in *The Weekly Wonder*!"

"I'm charmed to hear it. But about this marvellous Winning 'Boblet,' Mr. MacRumbleton? By-the-way, whose

The Weekly Wonder on the mountain and reads it to the sheep, an' it be wunnerful how much smarter and easier-managed they critters ha' grown since I been reading *The Weekly Wonder* out loud to 'em! And so one day, among the Examples to make 'Boblets' to, I see 'A Penny will Buy—' and thinks I, What can I make that'll rhyme wi' that and *suit* wi' it? And all in a flash it come to me—

A Penny will Buy
Weekly Wonder and Joy!

And so we sent it off, and when the good news come—and the cheque—my old ooman and me we kep' on tumbling down senseless half the day, and then we took hands, and we run down the mountain, falling down turrrible often—an' we got the money 'an put it in a bank—an' we be rich an' happy!"

"And what are your plans, Mr. MacRumbleton, now that you've won this magnificent Prize in our epoch-making Competition?"

arranged an All Blue dinner *menu* with the idea of diverting attention to their creed. The constituents are not too plentiful, but something of a meal can be made of

Blue Point Oysters with Reckitt's sauce;
Blue Entrecôte with Delphinium tips;
Blue Jay *en casserole*;
Blue Beans;
Blue Peter Pancakes.

The table-cloth to be made of old covers of *The Great Adult Review*, and the Blue Hungarian Band to be in attendance.

Believers in the Yellow Peril who wish everyone else to realise the importance of that menace are proposing to bring it home by means of All Yellow Suppers; the ingredients of which are:—

Yolks of Eggs with Piccalilli;
Filletted Gold Fish;
Golden Plovers with Buttercup Salad;
Ye old Yellow-hammer Pudding;
Custard and Mustard.

The whole to be washed down with Canary.



The Lady with the Newspaper (much moved by patriotic leader). "I FEEL, JAMES, THAT I MUST DO SOMETHING. SHALL I TAKE UP NURSING OR LEARN RIFLE-SHOOTING?" James (faintly). "MIGHT I SUGGEST RIFLE-SHOOTING, DEAR, AS LIKELY TO CAUSE THE LESS DAMAGE?"

MINISTERIAL MINSTRELS.

[Mr. EMLYN DAVIES, a noted Welsh baritone vocalist, has assured *The Daily Sketch* that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is not only musical but can sing well.

"I can speak," said Mr. DAVIES, "with some knowledge of the matter, because for ten years I occupied the seat immediately behind the Chancellor at Castle Street Welsh Baptist Chapel, off Regent Street, London, where he is a deacon.

"I can assure you he has a tenor voice far above the average, and it is of considerable strength and purity. I remember him on one occasion turning to me and saying, "Emllyn, sing the tenor part until I get the hang of it," and he soon got it."

"The Chancellor is reported to have also told Mr. Davies that his favourite song was 'Captain Morgan's March,' the warlike refrain of which he is often heard humming."

THINK not, O you Tories harsh and odious,

That our DAVID, beautiful and gay,
Is the only Minister melodious

Who can competently sing or play;
ASQUITH from the charming concertina

Coaxes most enchanting lilt and swells,

CHURCHILL blows his *tromba*, the *marina*,

CREWE CARUSO easily excels.

LULU, when he's off Colonial duty,
On the balalaika gaily thrums,

Warbling in a basso rich and fruity
As the richest, fruitiest Carlsbad plums
(I have never seen this lordly thrummer,
I have never heard his chest notes ring,
But I have it from a Carlsbad plummer
Who has heard and seen him play and sing).

GREY is weak in his *coloratura*,
Never cares to decorato his themes;
MORLEY now has lost his old *bravura*,
BEAUCHAMP is an operatic *Jeames*;
BIRRELL, on his wheezy Birrell-organ
Grinds away, facetiously serene,
Whether 'tis the March of Captain Morgan
Or the tune of "Wigs on College Green."

MASTERMAN is not a LEONARD BORWICK,
Still he has a soft persuasive touch,
And his solos, mildly paregoric,
Soothe the suffering millions very much;

RUNCIMAN is terribly fastidious,
Only cares for songs with high-class pines,
And declares there's nothing half so hideous
As the hackneyed ballad, "HOLMES,
sweet HOLMES."

ABERDEEN 's addicted to the pie'lo,
And with his intoxicating foot
Decimates the denizens of Wicklow,
Hushes Tara's Harp until it's mute;
SAMUEL, who drew from out the zither,
As an infant prodigy, delight,
Now regards the merry post-horn fitter
H's desponding colleagues to incite.

BURNS is quite our highest vocal flier,
Quite the *prima donna* of the troupe;
HOBHOUSE is a conscientious trier,
PEASE, of course, is often in the soup;
There 's a note of pathos in McKENNA,
Who is always striving to be sweet,
But a taste of something tart, like senna,
Manages his efforts to defeat.

SYDNEY BUXTON draws melodious thunder

From the vitals of the deep bassoon;
HALDANE wakens audiences to wonder
By his coruscations as a coon;
Yes, no matter what the devastation
Wrought by ASQUITH and his deadly brood,
Never was there an Administration
Richer in harmonious aptitude.

The Week's Epigrams.

"Now, as to the vexed question of dying, which is one that every woman has to consider if she lives long enough."—*Sunday Times*.

MR. PORKER v. MR. MARDON.

WONDERFUL things, miraculous things, are seen to-day at billiard matches. STEVENSON, with bonzoline balls, makes 1016 at a break, of which these eyes saw the last 350; REECE with the ivories makes over 700 and yet is beaten by the youthful NEWMAN; GEORGE GRAY goes in off the red, hour after hour; INMAN imperturbably scores off impossible double baulks; and yet no book is written about it. Guides to the game—heart-breaking counsels of perfection—come out in some profusion, but no history of a match of 500 up is ever written now, as was done some sixty-six years ago, in the handsome quarto that lies before me, price ten shillings, with the position of the balls for the last nine breaks, and also thirty-two other diagrams, the red being uniformly coloured by hand. Books like this are published no longer, more's the pity.

The contestants were MR. PORKER and MR. MARDON, and the game began in MR. KENTFIELD'S Subscription Rooms, at Brighton, at half-past twelve in the afternoon of January 18th, 1844. A few survivors among the audience might still be; but it is hardly likely.

"Not a bet," says the report, "was offered whilst the player was in the act of striking;" which seems to be a wise precaution and certainly should not be resented by the players themselves. "For such an arrangement much praise is due to MR. KENTFIELD." The tables, of course, had list cushions.

Which of the players broke is not stated, but after the first few strokes MR. MARDON was 40 to 6. MR. PORKER then passed him—53 to 51—but MR. MARDON having all the luck 3 to 1 was laid on him. When the game was 300 the light became obscure and it was proposed to have the lamps. MR. MARDON did not, however, pause, leaving MR. PORKER "the appearance of a great break." How well we know those appearances and how deceitful they can be! MR. PORKER'S ball being close to the lower cushion, there was some risk, and he prudently awaited the lighting of the lamps. No sooner were they burning brightly than he accomplished the stroke, which was "pronounced by MR. KENTFIELD to be as fine a stroke under such circumstances as ever was played." MR. PORKER from this point never looked back until his score was 495, or 5 from victory, to MR. MARDON'S 475. Four to one was then offered on MR. PORKER. But MR. MARDON'S special line of country seems to have been unruffled precision, and he gradually, in nine strokes, reached the finish amid a scene of terrific excitement.

Such was the satisfaction of one of the players—I need hardly say it was not MR. PORKER—that he wrote a book about the match, and also to illustrate his contention that "fine and first-rate hazard striking," such as no doubt distinguished the play of MR. PORKER, cannot in the long run bear up against "caution, coolness, and good strength," or MR. MARDON'S particular game; and this is the handsome volume that lies before me.

Much of it, I may add, is as sound to-day as it was then; but there is a curious onslaught on indiarubber cushions, which would amuse antiquaries. A table fitted with these new absurdities was placed in a club as an experiment; but so many baulks resulted "that the frequenters of the room had the good sense to discard such cushions immediately," being fortified in their decision by a well-known maker, who said oracularly that both truth and speed could never be obtained on the same table. Has it been thus with every new invention? I suppose so.

Among the general hints at the end, which no doubt were novel enough in those simple, distant (and happy) days, when the great MR. KENTFIELD once "actually completed as many as two-and-thirty cannons in succession," but are now everyone's property, is a quatrain written by MR. HUGHES, who kept a billiard-saloon in London for the benefit of his patrons. It is good sense, whatever SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-BOUCH ("CUE") may think of it as poetry. It hobbles thus:—

"William Hughes hopes you'll him excuse
For making this observation:
When you've the best of the game, keep
the same;
To mention more there can be no occasion."

As to MR. KENTFIELD, of whom everyone speaks as being a man of fine strength of character, I wish I knew more of him. He seems to have been the second champion, a marker named CARR being the first. CARR challenged the world for 100 guineas, and KENTFIELD accepted; but the match went by default, as CARR was taken ill. KENTFIELD, who was not only a fine player but an instructor of singular patience and lucidity, may be called the Father of the Game. In 1849 JOHN ROBERTS the elder went to Brighton to challenge KENTFIELD; KENTFIELD declined, and ROBERTS remained champion for many years. Beyond these public facts I know only that KENTFIELD'S name was EDWIN; that he was always called "Jonathan"; and that when the evening of life drew on he retired and took passionately to gardening.

ON WAKING.

PAINTED gaily on the cup,
When I drink my early tea
And consider getting up
As a thing about to be,
There's a pink and podgy bird
For a minute's vague employment,
Fairy, fat and most absurd
To my half-awake enjoyment!

For 'twas only but just now
That I wandered where he stood
Very haughty on a bough
In a green and silent wood,
Mid the burnished colibris,
Each a buzzing blue scintilla,
Where the wind comes through the
trees
Faintly flavoured with vanilla!

That's the sugared land of spice
Where one's luck is always in,
And the girls are always nice
And the favourites always win;
Where a dun is never seen
And there's always pots of money,
And the grass is always green
And the skies for ever sunny!

Bird of plump and pleasing wing
And of curved and curious make,
You're a very friendly thing
When I'm cross and half-awake,
And the grey comes through the
blind—
For you link the unideal
With the dreams I've left behind,
With the rainbow and unreal!

"THE ROAD TO RUIN."

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—We noticed recently in your columns an article suggesting that House Agents should be more frank and honest in their descriptions of properties to let, and we think it may interest the writer of the article mentioned to know that we, at any rate, adopted, six months ago, such methods as he or she suggested, and have not departed from them since.

We beg to submit specimens of the particulars of three properties, supplied to our clients recently, and a personal inspection will prove that the premises do not belie the advertisements:—

ROTLAND (Borders of).—Old moated grange, surrounded by 50 acres of parkland. Bone-manure factory within 150 yards of rear of mansion, but odour scarcely noticeable, excepting when wind is easterly. Plenty of hunting with three packs (country well wired). Fishing, chiefly minnows, in the moat. The mansion contains 6 entertaining rooms and 15 bedrooms, nearly all oak-panelled. The best bedroom is said to be haunted, but this is probably due to



Constituent (referring to M.P. speaking in market-place). "It's THE LIKES OF HUS THAT 'AS TO PAY HIM £400 A YEAR. IT MAKES ME THAT WILD TO THINK AS WE COULD 'AVE TWO FIRST-CLASS 'ARF-BACKS FOR THE SAME MONEY."

noise made by rats (with which the house is infested) in the wainscoting. Billiard-room in what was once the chapel. Part of the roof has fallen in, but landlord would bear portion of cost of repair with good tenant. Stables at present in ruins. House supplied with water from well in courtyard. No drains to get out of order. Last tenant relinquished through death from diphtheria four years ago. Keys at Bone-manure factory.

No. 16, CRAMP COURT, CHELSEA.—Dining-room 11' x 10'; drawing-room 9½' x 11½', 4 bedrooms, kitchen, larder, 3' x 3', Venetian blinds throughout, a few in working order. Drawing-room windows overlook a Tom Tiddler's ground, which may be used for storing disused kitchen utensils and tomato tins. Flat newly decorated to suit tastes of landlord, a retired publican. No cupboards, by request. Undesirable tenants in Nos. 14, 15, 17 and 18. Only 5 flats on each staircase. Apply Porter, when on premises, at No. 1A; when not on premises, at "The Woolpack," adjoining.

DAMPSHIRE.—Outskirts of decaying village. On heavy clay soil, jerry-built

villa, in worst possible style of architecture, standing on a quagmire ¾ of a rood in extent. Muddy approach to front door, partially gravelled, between two small grass-plots and beds intended for flowers. Two sitting-rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, h. and e. taps (water not laid on), and so-called offices. Two lean-to sheds in garden. Church 3 miles, station 4½ miles. Rent moderate, but high for house and locality. Paek of harriers, shortly to be given up, meets within 7 miles about once a fortnight. Golf links (private), 2½ miles. Permission to play occasionally may be obtained from the owner by a C. of E. tenant with sound Tariff Reform principles. Would be gladly sold.

It may be of interest to add that this last-mentioned property was let last week by our more literary *confrères*, Messrs. Sharp, Wiley & Co., a copy of whose advertisement we beg to append for your perusal.

Yours faithfully,
TREWEE AND TREWEER.

[COPY.]

SOUTHERN COUNTIES.—On border of pretty old-world village, a beautiful, well-built and conveniently-planned

modern residence, standing in own grounds and approached by carriage-drive bordered with lawns and flowerbeds. Two noble reception rooms, ample bedroom and bath-room accommodation, excellent offices. Stable and garage. Well-matured garden. Church and station within easy reach. Hunting, golf, good society. Rent £45. Landlord might be induced to sell to desirable applicant wishing and able to invest in really first-class property.

From a Cinema advertisement:—

"WHOSE WIFE IS THIS?"

LENGTH ABOUT 516 FEET."

Not ours.

Commercial Candour from Glasgow.

"ANNUAL SALE.

PRICE AND QUALITY GO TOGETHER.

PRICES REDUCED TO A SHADOW."

The New Abracadabra.

"Miss Ibolyka Gyárfás made a great impression . . . Hers should be a name to conjure with in the next decade."—*Sunday Times*.

Conjurer. "Ibolykagyárfás! And now, Sir, if you will feel in your left-hand waistcoat pocket you will find the rabbit."



Yokel. " 'ERE, D'YOU KNOW THAT THERE BARRER COST I VITTEEN SHILLUN? "

IN MEMORIAM

Captain Scott, R.N.

AND HIS GALLANT COMRADES

WHO REACHED THE SOUTH POLE IN JANUARY 1912
AND DIED ON THEIR HOMEWARD WAY.

Not for the fame that crowns a gallant deed
They fixed their fearless eyes on that far goal,
Steadfast of purpose, resolute at need
To give their lives for toll.

But in the service of their kind they fared,
To probe the secrets which the jealous Earth
Yields only as the prize of perils dared,
The wage of proven worth.

So on their record, writ for all to know—
The task achieved, the homeward way half won—
Though cold they lie beneath their pall of snow,
Shines the eternal sun.

O hearts of metal pure as finest gold!
O great ensample, where our sons may trace,
Too proud for tears, their birthright from of old,
Heirs of the Island Race!

O. S.

ANOTHER PATHETIC FALLACY.

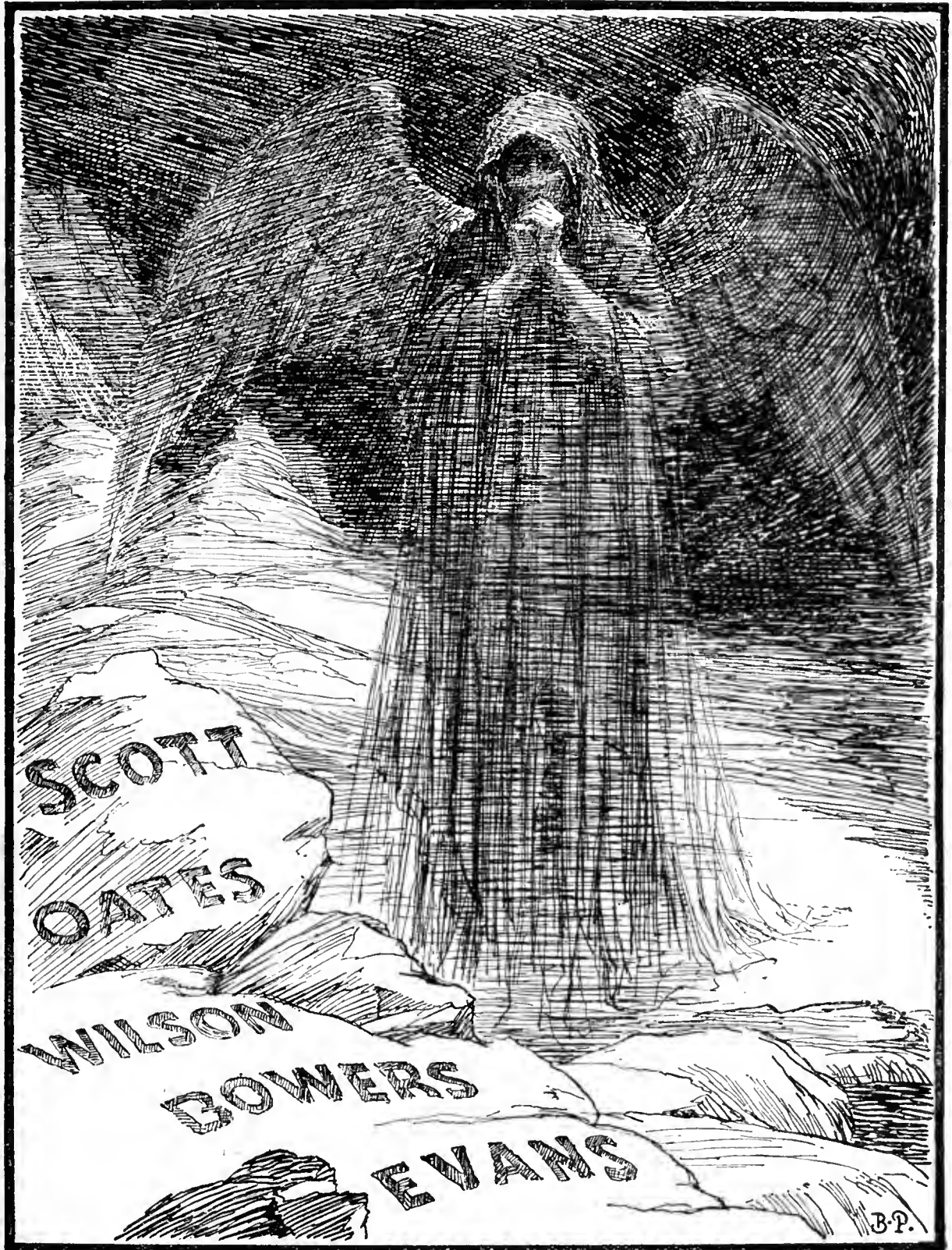
You have read in novels how a great emotion will transform a man's countenance; how a poet's face in the hour of inspiration sets the sparrows singing on the house-tops; how that of a man suddenly ruined causes phlegmatic horses to stagger. My own features are of the commonplace type, which nobody ordinarily thinks of regarding twice, but nevertheless I too have had my experiences.

They occurred on the morning when I received a letter from Phyllis, which said briefly, "Yes, I think so." Not much in that, you may say, but when I tell you it was the delayed answer to a proposal of marriage you will understand. Shortly after reading it I stepped out into the street to walk to the office.

What a walk that was! The light in my eyes seemed to brighten the very sun; the song in my heart was echoed from a hundred motor-buses. Never have the winds of May wooed so winningly a February morning.

Not a man I met but turned his head as if loth to take his eyes from my irradiated countenance. Every girl seemed to take the keenest pleasure in my happiness, smiling prettily as if infected by its contagion. 'Tis well, I thought (in blank verse) that Phyllis now is pledged to me, or, by my troth, these flattering glances shot from beauty's eyes might make my heart unfaithful.

* * * * *
It was only when I reached the office and looked in the glass that I discovered the large black smudge on the end of my nose.



IN HONOUR OF BRAVE MEN DEAD.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



A PURELY FANCIFUL PICTURE OF THE MARCONI ENQUIRY.

Showing how the infantile innocence of Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN, had he conceivably been the object of Mr. FALCONER's cross-examination, would have foiled that legal luminary.

House of Commons, Monday, February 10.—Appearance of House when Questions called on suggested final collapse. Doubtful whether, had count been moved, a quorum would have been found. Front Opposition Bench tenantless. BONNER LAW, whose thirst for information is unrelieved by callous PREMIER, temporarily abandons pursuit of knowledge. Example loyally followed by his colleagues. Only three Ministers on Treasury Bench.

Happily among them is WEDGWOOD BENN, who, though not officially attached, answers for Board of Works in this Chamber. Not for the first time, never before with equal force, is brought home to mind of Members looking on what a precious asset he is to a Government occasionally in need of extraneous help. Something about his guileless countenance, his seraphic smile, recalls famous group of cherubs hovering over the canvas of a great master. By chance he had no Ministerial connection with the MARCONI contract. Had it been otherwise it would have

been impossible for the most reckless imagination, the most loosely strung mind to suspect him of dabbling in stock with a view to making a profit of £200,000 more or less.

As things stand he has a curious fascination for FALCONER, whose pitiless, persistent cross-examination of a witness in course of the inquiry finds nearest parallel in the supreme achievement of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL before he deserted the Bar for the Bench. Had WEDGWOOD BENN chanced in any conceivable circumstances to be his victim in the witness-chair, response to his most soul-searing inquiry would have been a smile of almost infantile innocence, in its way as impregnable as a *Dreadnought*.

Occasionally, when he makes shrewd answer to inquiries concerning the department he represents, House begins to suspect he is not quite so ingenuous as he looks. That, however, a passing impression. There permanently remains the subtle, indescribable, but clearly felt conviction that a Ministry

among whom WEDGWOOD BENN is numbered cannot be as iniquitous, as hopelessly bad, as Mr. HUNT and SILVER MARKET GWYNNE regretfully assume.

Danger of thinking aloud in a mixed assembly illustrated this afternoon. CHARLIE BERESFORD, who continues to keep his weather eye upon the WINSOME WINSTON, inquired whether, in pursuance of engineering work at Rosyth the contractor had come upon a bank of mud not marked on any chart? WINSTON, who knows most things, fain to admit this beyond him.

"I cannot answer that question without notice," he almost humbly said.

Question and answer struck a chord in breast of KINLOCH-COOKE.

"Cannot answer it?" he cried. "I thought you were a slinger of mud."

Hadn't slightest intention or expectation of being overheard. Just an idea that struck him, not without tinge of disappointment that one so much esteemed by him as is FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY had at a particular

crisis fallen short of high standard at which he is habitually measured by a perhaps too-prejudiced friend. Unfortunately, in temporary absence of mind, KINLOCH-COOKE, instead of murmuring the remark below his breath, spoke it aloud with startling effect. Indignant cries of "Withdraw!" rose from Ministerial ranks. The SPEAKER interposing administered personal rebuke perhaps unexampled in severity.

Awkward incident. However, as things turned out, better offer an apology. This he hastened to do, and in the quaint manner peculiar to House in analogous circumstances was as loudly cheered as if he had performed meritorious action.

Business done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Second field night of session. Debate opened on motion to read a second time Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. By comparison with scene at similar stage of Home Rule Bill great falling off in interest. Few peeresses graced side galleries with their presence. Red-cushioned benches on floor only half filled. Marked exception in case of benches below Gangway to right of Woolsack. Here flocked the surpliced Bishops. Effect undesigned; not therefore the less, perhaps the more, striking.

Fog filled Chamber with depressing persistency. Electric lights flaring from roof did little to disperse the gloom. Through it shone the white robes of the Bishops, emblematical of innocence and of capacity to rise superior to mundane influences.

KENYON, in moving rejection of Bill, set forth in detail evil consequences that would follow upon its enactment. Approaching climax he, in voice trembling with emotion, said: "My Lords, the disestablishment of the Church in Wales will be a step to the inevitable disestablishment of the English Church. In such case the business of your Lordships' House would be daily commenced without prayer."

Conscience-stricken peers recollected that attendance at prayer time rarely exceeds a devout half-dozen. Still there it is, and a murmur of pained sympathy approved this conclusive argument against the Bill.

Bishop of ST. ASAPH read interesting paper. When he laid his manuscript on pulpit desk (I mean on the Table), life-long associations connected with its appearance—quarto sheets neatly sewn in black silk cover—caused noble Lords reverentially to close their eyes and assume a restful attitude. Presently roused by energy of the BISHOP, who, untrammelled by his manuscript, "let

McKENNA have it hot," as WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE admiringly said.

About this time discovery made of curious incident illustrating force of early habit. The fog deepening, LORD CHANCELLOR seized opportunity of making strategic retreat. Beckoning COLEBROOKE to approach Woolsack, he asked him to take his place.

"Back d'rectly," he whispered as he tiptoed out.

Choice of substitute might have been better made. COLEBROOKE's figure lacks expansiveness of LORD CHANCELLOR'S. Moreover, he was, of course, unprovided with wig and gown. Nevertheless so dense was the fog that disappearance of LORD CHANCELLOR, long unnoticed, would not have been discovered save



CHARLIE BERESFORD keeping his weather eye on WINSTON.

for the reflected light from the Bishops' lawn falling upon the Woolsack. To general surprise it disclosed COLEBROOKE sitting bolt upright, looking increasingly miserable as LORD CHANCELLOR carried on his way back.

Business done.—Lord BEAUCHAMP moved second reading Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. Lord KENYON moved its rejection.

Friday.—Yesterday Lords threw out Welsh Church Bill by 252 votes against 51. To-day Commons adjourn till Friday, 7th March, when Parliament will be prorogued, with interval (including Sunday) of three days before new Session opens.

The Spread of Suffragism.

"Mrs. Henry Fawcett, LL.D. Natus 1847."
Everyman.

We aren't even to be allowed a Latin gender of our own.

SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND.

WE having occasion to shut up our flat for a month or so, my wife was all for taking our silver round to a Safe Deposit in order to prevent its being stolen in our absence. For myself, I was all for having it stolon in our absence in order to save the trouble of having to take it round to a Safe Deposit on future occasions. In the end, she admitted that I was right, as always, and then it was agreed that I should have the privilege of taking the silver, in a trunk, to the Safe Deposit.

I felt, as I alighted from my taxi with my trunk, worth my weight, and more, in silver. But the clerk in charge of the Deposit Office made no overt sigh of deference, doubtless determining to keep an open mind until he was satisfied as to the contents of my trunk. Rather than have him suspect me of being an ingenious murderer with an awkward corpse to dispose of, I made haste to inform him that this was not the case and to explain to him the truth of our domestic affairs.

Clerks in charge of Safe Deposits are eminently human, and nothing bores them so much as the truth of other people's domestic affairs. So he gave me the Company's booklet of instructions to read and returned to his desk, to write, no doubt, to the other depositories to tell them how their deposits were getting on and that if there was a suspicious cove in the room he was under the strictest observation.

After an interval: "I have read your little work," said I, returning him his booklet, "and find your Subscribed Capital, Directors, Solicitors, Auditors, Bankers, Business Hours, Telephone Number and Telegraphic Address the most delightful reading. But there are two points at which I quibble: the first, is it wise to make, as you do in the very fore-front of your preface, this proposition: 'Visitors are invited to inspect the Safe Deposit, which is open free from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.' and is it not asking for trouble to put it in italics? And, secondly, is it really necessary for me to have a password?"

The man turned from his desk. "I will take your last question first," said he, "for your first I do not intend to answer. A password is necessary, and I shall be glad if you will fix on one while I make out the necessary forms for you to sign."

It is said of me by my friends that I am a man of many words, by my enemies that I am a man of too many words. But, upon my soul, it took me on this occasion five minutes to think of one. Any word, the Clerk had said,

would do, one word being as easy to remember or, as he added when he appreciated my difficulty, as easy to forget as another. But I did not look at the matter in the same light. "It must be," said I, "exactly the right word," and with great care and circumspection I evolved it. I gave it him, I saw him make a note of it for future occasions, and then I proceeded in due course and naturally enough to forget it and all about it.

* * * * *

On the re-opening of our flat a month later, I argued even more strenuously against a second visit by myself to that Safe Deposit. I knew that I had some very strong grounds for objection, but could not remember exactly what. Sure enough, when I got to the place and produced my signed forms and asked for my silver, that Clerk must needs have me give him a password. A password; why, of course.

"How many guesses have I got?" I asked, in order to temporize.

"Your password, Sir?" said the Clerk, for any signs of flippancy are very properly discouraged in the purlieus of a Safe Deposit.

"I can give you the rough idea," said I, "for that at least I can remember. You gave me to expect that this emergency would arise, and I well knew that when it did arise I should be unequal to it. So I chose a word that would naturally suggest itself when I came so to inform you. If you look at your book it will no doubt show you what that word is. . . . And now may I have my silver?"

"I must be told," said the Clerk, "what the word was."

I thought and thought, but there was nothing for it but to tell him that I had forgotten it.

"Damn," I began apologetically . . .

Thereupon the Clerk thanked me and gave me the silver.

The Run of the Season.

"HUNTING.

EXCELLENT DAY'S SPORT WITH THE BLANKNEY. A BADGER KILLED."—*Standard*.

A Minor Prophet.

"The Rev. —, speaking at the Athletic Association's concert last week, prophesied a busy and attractive time at the Sports Ground last year."—*Worthing Observer*.

This initial success should encourage him to higher flights.

"Mr. Hry Holmes, of 21, Lynette-avenue, Clapham Common, requests us to state that he is in no way connected with the Harry oHlmes who, on February 11, at Greenwich, was sent for trial."—*Evening News*.

It is surprising, seeing how differently they spell their names, that the mistake never arose.



OUR VILLAGE CINEMA.

Showman. "'ERE, I SAY, IT BE 'ORSSES' 'OOVES, NOT 'ORNS OR 'AIL-STORMS."

ON RECEIVING AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PHEASANT EGGS.

DEAR SIR,—Although I plainly see
Your card is kindly meant,
To forward such a thing to me
Is energy mis-spent;
For pheasant eggs or chicks that run
Or grown-up birds that fly
Are little good without the gun
I can't afford to buy!

My interest it scarcely whets
To read your lists of rank,
To hear of Dukes and Baronets
Whose keepers "beg to thank—."

No joy is it to me to know
That "all the eggs did well,"
As testified by So-and-So,
Or some such other swell.

Ah! why, Sir, advertise your skill
To one as poor as proud?
Two pheasants would my garden fill,
And three would be a crowd.
Yet, stay! not vainly shall you beg,
Your firm shall yet rejoice;
You shall supply one breakfast egg—
Unfertilized, please, for choic!

GREEK IAMBICS.

"I HAVE been thinking," I said.

"And that," said Francesca, "is capital exercise for you. Some people box, some fence, some ride, some play golf, some walk——"

"And some talk," I put in. "Don't forget the talkers!"

"I am not allowed to forget them. Some talk, and others think. They're the best of all, and you, it appears"—she swept me a curtsey—"are one of them. Oh, what would I give to be a thinker, to be able to bear down opposition by the force of reason, to bring doubters to my side by the pure influence of a great mind! Tell me, tell me how does it feel to be like that?"

"It feels," I said, "like—surely you know what I mean—like having a reason, like possessing a great mind, you know; like being a man, in fact—*homo sapiens*, and that sort of thing."

"And what do you think I care," she said, "for your *homosapienses*?"

"If," I said, "you desire to indicate the plural I suggest that *homines sapientes* would be the more usual form. Possibly you may have some authority in the Latin of a later age—monkish Latin, for instance—but——"

"We will put Latin aside," she said.

"No," I said warmly, "we will not put it aside. For twelve long years I learnt Latin, and now in the plenitude of my powers I am to be told by a mere chit of a girl——"

"Age cannot wither me," said Francesca.

"—I am to be told by a mere chit of a girl who hasn't got an irregular verb to her name that Latin is to be put aside. Take my Latin from me, and what am I?"

"An old goose," said Francesca. "It's the most perfect subtraction sum I ever met."

"Pretty warbler," I said. "If I could remember the Latin for nightingale that should be your name."

"I'll do without it. You needn't strain your memory just to give me pleasure."

"'Philomela' is the word," I said.

"It is too late now," she said; "and 'nightingale' does equally well."

"Francesca," I said, "you are babbling."

"Warbling," she urged.

"Babbling," I repeated, "babbling badly. I shall now refuse to tell you what I was thinking about."

"And I," she said, "shall refuse not to bear up under the blow."

"No," I said, "I will change my mind——"

"Changes neatly executed while you wait."

"—I will change my mind and tell you all," I said. "Have you ever noticed that Frederick is growing, that he is more than five years old——"

"And will be six in June," she said. "Something of the sort had vaguely occurred to me, but I could never have expressed it with your precision and force."

"—And we shall soon have to think seriously about his education."

"He is already highly accomplished," she said. "He can read many words of three letters."

"Pooh!" I said.

"And can do simple sums in addition."

"Pish!" I said.

"Unnatural father, thus to depreciate the genius of your son. He is a born arithmetician, and insists on doing sums in his bath."

"Then," I said, "he shall go to Cambridge."

"Do they do sums in their baths at Cambridge?"

"Yes," I said, "and everywhere else, too. He shall be a wrangler."

"Bless his heart," said Francesca fondly. "Did he want to be a little wrangler then?"

"My heart," I said, "is steeled against your prattle, and Frederick, being upstairs, cannot hear it."

"This conversation," she said, "is becoming too discursive. Besides, I cannot bear a man who says 'pooh' and 'pish.' Such expressions are only met with in books."

"Francesca, if you dare me, I will say 'ugh' and 'pshaw.' But please understand me. When I said 'pooh' and 'pish' just now I did not intend to make light of Frederick's learning. I meant to imply that knowledge is not necessarily the first object of education. Character, you know—Frederick must acquire character."

"His character," she said, "is angelic. He would give his last sponge-cake to his sisters."

"He must play cricket and football."

"He can play them on the lawn."

"And he must learn to take a swishing like a man."

"Do men take them much?" she said.

"And, therefore," I said, disregarding her, "he must go to a good preparatory school and afterwards to a public school. Do you imagine that Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby and all the rest of them are gaping for Frederick? He must be put down at once for somewhere."

"But won't they let him do his reading and his little sums?"

"He will, I hope, continue to dabble in them. But he will learn to write Latin Elegiacs and, possibly, Greek Iambics. Think, Francesca, how proud you will be of a son who can write Iambics."

"But you yourself," she said, "once wrote these awful things. You don't do much at it now, do you?"

"I don't exactly make a habit of it," I said; "but it has given me an insight; it has helped to build me up; it has taught me how to avoid false quantities——"

"And that," she said, "is, of course, most important. I shall begin to teach Frederick that directly."

"I wouldn't hurry him too much," I said.

"Wouldn't you? Of course you know best. I thought perhaps he'd like to take an Iambic to bed with him."

R. C. L.

MULLIGATAWNY.

[“Mulligatawny (Tamil—*milagutunni*, lit. pepper-water). An East Indian curry-soup.”—*English Dictionary*.]

THERE are soups of various patterns, that range from the humble pea

To the aldermanic turtle that's not for the likes o' me,
But the priceless pick of the boiling is made on the masterly plan

Of Misther Mulligatawny, the eminent Irishman.

For what is the soup of Scotland (the *gourmet* shudders and pales),

Or what is your cock-a-leekie—the probable soup of Wales,
Or any infusion flavoured by English corduroy—

To the soup of Mulligatawny, the broth of an Irish boy?

But Philology thrust her nose in, and hatched a horrible plot

That the manhood of Mulligatawny should shamefully be forgot;

She implied that Mulligatawny was never a shamrock fruit,
And wasn't discovered in Erin, but came from an Indian root.

Now credit, it's my conviction, should go where credit is due,
So I feel constrained to batter Philology's nose askew

With the fact that the Monarch of All Soups is made on the masterly plan

Of Misther Mulligatawny, the eminent Irishman.



Celebrated English Actor (great success as Irishman in Irish play). "OI ALWAYS THINK AN ACTORR SHOULD SPAKE THE SAME ACCENT OFF THE STAGE AS ON UT, WHOILE THE PLAY IS RUNNING. BEGORRA, IT MAKES HIM NATURAL IN HIS PARTT."

Touring Actor. "ALL VERY FINE FOR YOU; BUT I PLAY A SCOTCHMAN AT MATINEES AND AN IRISHMAN AND A FRENCHMAN IN THE EVENING, AND ME A WELSHMAN, LOOK YOU!"

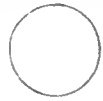
A FAMILY "AGREEMENT."

(Drawn up by a distracted father for the benefit of all parents whose sleep is rendered insecure by the behaviour of their offspring.)

THIS INDENTURE made the . . . day of . . . 19... between Messrs. Pater and Mater Familias of the one part (hereinafter called "the Lessors") and Master Three-year-old of the other part (hereinafter called "the Lessee") WITNESSETH that in consideration of the Lessee's covenants hereinafter contained THE said Lessors do demise unto the said Lessee ALL THAT wooden tenement called and known as "THE COT" situate and being adjacent to other the two tenements of the Lessors in the county of Beds together with the appurtenances thereto belonging TO HAVE and to occupy the same nightly for a period of . . . hours from the day of . . . 19... rent free AND the said Lessee does hereby covenant with the said Lessors that he shall not nor will without the licence and consent of the said Lessors first obtained

convert or use the said tenement or any part thereof into a pandemonium or bear-garden nor blow any trumpet or other musical instruments nor beat bang or otherwise strike any drum nor suffer the said tenement to be used or occupied by bleating sheep talking dolls or other nuisance AND further that the Lessee will not during the occupation of the said demised premises cry whine sniff toss about sing shout or do any act which may be or grow to the annoyance or disturbance of the Lessors or the occupiers or inmates of adjoining premises PROVIDED ALWAYS and these presents are upon this express condition that if and whenever the Lessee shall fail to observe and perform any of the covenants hereinbefore contained it shall be lawful for the Lessors at any time to remove and utterly expel the said Lessee from the said demised premises AND the Lessors hereby covenant with the Lessee that the Lessee duly performing all the covenants on the Lessee's part shall quietly enjoy the said premises without interference by the Lessors.

IN WITNESS whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written
Signed sealed and delivered by the above-named in the presence of



Commercial Candour from Liverpool.

- (1) "STOCKTAKING SALE. EVERYTHING REDUCED. QUALITY—STYLE—VALUE."
- (2) "500 Dozen Ladies' Irish Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, honestly worth 1/6 doz. Sale price 6 for 1/6."

"The Rev. C. Conolly presided at a sacred musical service given at Exton Church on Sunday afternoon. The programme was of an interesting and varied character, and comprised items by Miss Cissie Fradd (soprano), Miss Nellie Drew (contralto), Mr. Reginald Fisher (tenor), Mr. Chas. Price (bass), the humorous part being entrusted to Mr. W. J. Ho.d."—*Hampshire County Times.*
 The last-named gentleman must have found it good practice for the humorous part in the anthem that same evening.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PRETENDERS."

ACCORDING to Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, who translated the play and provided the audience with an erudite but very readable "forword" about it, a "long-standing reproach" has been lifted from the English stage by the tardy production of this *opus magnum* of HENRIK IBSEN's early career. As a feat of heavy-weight lifting it was a colossal performance, and, looking back, I am proud to have assisted at the achievement, though at the time something of the physical strain communicated itself to my own gifts of endurance, putting them to a very severe test.

I cannot doubt that, if I had fortified myself by a previous study of the play, I should have succeeded better in penetrating some of its darker purposes. But I must still believe that the appeal of the greatest human dramas should be too direct to stand in need of such preliminaries. It is true that the broad motives of the play, and the characters of its protagonists, were fairly intelligible; but some of the minor issues were veiled (for my eyes at least) in the mists of obscurity. Much of this was due to the Pretender's indecision of character; his tendency to behave "like the poor cat i' the adage"; and, most of all, his religious scruples. The technical act of sacrilege committed in his cause by the priest, his son—an act which apparently arrested the Pretender in the full tide of his ambitions—

may have had some local significance proper to the period; but a stupendous world-tragedy ought surely to turn on something a little more cosmic.

Apart from its two remarkable studies of character and their interaction the virtue of the play lies in certain isolated passages, such as that between *Skule*, the Pretender, and the *Skald*, or the former's welcome of his new-found son. The earlier of these passages, illustrative of the familiar thought to which ROSSETTI, among other poets, gives utterance—

"By thine own tears thy song must tears beget—"

is marked by great literary beauty. But such relief comes rarely in a play that is primarily a drama of character tested in action.

The most popular figure with the audience was that of a sort of Right

Rev. Mephistopheles in the person of *Nicholas Arnesson*, Bishop of Oslo. His ruling passion, strong to the last of life, was to promote discord in the Kingdom of Norway, that no one man might rise to be the giant which he himself had failed to become. His motto is not "*divide et impera*," but rather "encourage rivalry that there may be no true imperator at all." Unfortunately the original passage which gave the key to this attitude, showing, as I understand from Mr. ARCHER, that it was due to jealousy born of his own failure to win success in a world of lustier men, was omitted in the acting edition. Yet, after all, we are accus-

ing his words as he went along; and, even when his motives were least intelligible, we laid the blame elsewhere, either on IBSEN or ourselves. But I did not greatly care for his sing-song manner. It almost seemed as if Mr. LYALL SWETE, to whom the credit is due of a very brilliant production, had imparted to Mr. IRVING something of his own vocal methods.

Mr. BASIL GILL, who, in the character of *King Hakon*, appeared once again as "the darling of the gods," was not a very striking personality. The *Skald* of Mr. GUY RATHBONE was a sound piece of work; I liked the boyish enthusiasm of Mr. ION SWINLEY, as *Peter*; and there was one great figure, a gold-bearded "Wolf-skin," whose identity escapes me. But most of the minor characters were just barbarously picturesque. As for the women—*Inga* and *Ingeborg* (I mixed these two badly) and the rest of the medley of female relatives—well, these were the unregenerate days when IBSEN had yet to become the apostle of the enfranchisement of the sex. So it was their business (or "saga," in the slang of the time) simply to love and sacrifice themselves and be overlooked. Miss HELEN HAYE stepped boldly out of her element, but the others served little purpose except to add to my confusion.

The work of Mr. SIME, who designed the costumes and scenery, and of Mr. JOSEPH HARKER, who did the painting, was something more than excellent. But I trust it didn't cost too much;

for I cannot hope that there will be a very brisk market for this brave enterprise, though the piety of loyal IBSENITES should carry things on for a bit.

O. S.

From a calendar:

"Friday, February 7th.

Rhubarb may be forced outdoors."

Personally, whenever we see a piece of rhubarb indoors we force it out—no matter what the date.

"The crocodile possesses . . . eyes and ears which enable it to hold its prey under water and drown it, without any inconvenience to itself."—*Empire Magazine*.

Wo picture to ourselves the great saurian (*good!*) clinging to a drowning antelope with its eyelids, what time it breathes rapidly under water through its ears.



IBSEN ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING (*Skule*) to Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND (*Ghost of Bishop Nicholas*). "And you come from down yonder—?"
Mr. HAVILAND. "Yes, the moving staircase."

tomed to accept the Devil's motives without too much scrutiny, and so the character of the deplorable old prelate stands out clear enough.

There was a dramatic moment when, in the very article of death, he has the letter burned which alone could prove whether the King, *Hakon Hakonsson*, had any right to his regal surname. He achieves his object—to leave the Pretender a legacy of insoluble doubt—but it involved a cruel disappointment for the curiosity of the audience, who never got at its contents.

The old heathen took an unconscionable time about his dying; but it was a great scene, and Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND, who played the part, deserved his triumph.

Mr. LAURENCE IRVING's performance as *Skule* was most thoughtful and conscientious. He had the air of compos-



"LAND HUNGER."

Sportsman. "HULLOA, COLONEL, BEEN ROLLING IN THE MUD?"

Colonel. "WELL, THEY SEEM SO ANXIOUS TO TAKE MY LAND AWAY FROM ME, I THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LITTLE OF SOMEONE ELSE'S!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I DO not consider Mr. DESMOND COKE has been quite fair to me. *Helena*, of *Helena Brett's Career* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is a nice girl and a clever, as witness her feat of writing a sort of a diary of which unscrupulous, well-fed *Blatchley*, the publisher, sold 30,000 copies in eight weeks. Yet she did not in the first five minutes see through the man she married—*Hubert*, the novelist—as the fatuous egoist he was. *Geoffrey Alison*, the artist, calls him somewhere a something "swine." This seemed to hit the matter off rather aptly if unctuously, and when, having conscientiously sought and failed to find mitigating circumstances, I had finally accepted *Alison's* *précis*, lo, *Hubert*, the worm, goes and turns and admits the stark impeachment even in the very terms of *Alison's* accusation. "But swine like me," he begins, and goes on to make so abject a confession as to rouse one's pity almost to the point of saying, "Oh, not at all." And this I call distinctly unfair, because he is a beast (if you assume him credible), and *Helena* cannot possibly have failed to see through him and still have remained *Helena*. And it is all very ill of Mr. COKE to pretend otherwise. Then, again, *Hubert's* sister *Ruth*, going or driven away, a tactless, fussy stage-spinster, how can she come back, after no sufficient adventure or discipline that we hear of, so discerning and so pleasantly different? No, our novelist conceals all motives and processes, only giving the alleged facts; and I don't call this playing the game. I suppose what I really mean is that I expected something much better from Mr. DESMOND COKE.

I cannot help being thankful that I am not one of the characters in a story by Mr. HUGH WALPOLE. They do have such a remarkably poor time of it. An atmosphere of hatred and gloom appears to surround them from birth; persons are continually beating and ill-using them, and they can never love anything approaching a dear gazelle without its being quite sure to pine away in the earliest possible chapter. This certainly is what happens to *Peter Westcott*, the hero of *Fortitude* (SECKER). To drop flippancy, here is a book about which, now that I have read it with great care, I am wholly unable to form a judgment that shall be expressed by any reasonable number of adjectives. It seems to me by turns grim and gloomy and powerful; here and there are passages of real and singular beauty, followed by whole chapters that are merely artificial and unconvincing. It has, I believe, been compared to the work of DICKENS; and indeed it would be easy for the curious to trace out a parallel between its characters and those in *David Copperfield*, which would sound astonishingly complete. Yet no two books could well be more unlike in spirit. I have indicated that I found Mr. WALPOLE's tale unequal. The Cornish parts impressed me enormously. All the early chapters that treat of Scaw House, and the influence upon *Peter* of its tradition of cruelty and degradation, are wonderfully forcible. And the end, when, after years of striving and apparent defeat, he comes back prepared to give in and accept the curse, provides, unforeseen, one of the most genuine "creeps" that I have met. It is in *Peter's* intervening life that I am sometimes suspicious that Mr. WALPOLE is tormenting him, as his father did, more out of malice than for truth's sake. Fate here

seemed a little self-conscious. But the book remains, however regarded, a notable achievement.

It is not often that one comes across a piece of coastline of which the mere subsoil is worth two hundred pounds a ton for export, by reason of its containing wolframite, known amongst the knowing as WO_2 . When one does, it is tiresome enough to find another fellow there already exporting that subsoil as fast as he can. It would be difficult to think of a more convenient way of dealing with this other fellow than that of blowing him up, himself, his assistants, his head offices and all, with an adequate charge of picric acid and an electric fuse—a method which has the double advantage of eliminating one trade competitor and putting off others. But for myself, if I had the picric acid carefully arranged and the electric fuse timed to work punctually at 10 P.M., I should hesitate to keep an appointment at the doomed office anywhere near that hour. *Van Noppen* was quite in order in making the appointment, for that ensured the presence of the right people in the right

place at the right time; but his mistake, his elementary mistake, lay in keeping it. Otherwise WO_2 (METHUEN) is quite the most convincing tale of scoundrel adventure that I have read for a long time. I seemed to have lost the capacity for being excited, mystified, devoted to heroes, distressed by villains and kept up past midnight to see things put right. Mr. MAURICE DRAKE, however, in his dashing, breezy style, has enamoured me again of my old love, the drama in which one watches, breathless, the progress of events and is not

worried with the too minute analysis of motive and character. There is so natural a charm in his picture of the good ship, *Luck and Charity*, that I am forced to assume that he is a sailor himself, and the crudeness of his brief digression into female suffrage, so far from irritating, pleasantly confirms me in that belief. We like our seamen to be boisterous, sturdy and downright, thorough masters of their own subject and, if not frankly ignorant of, at least not too conversant with, the subtleties of domestic politics. And a man of the sea, most emphatically, is this author.

There is a popular belief—to which I have never altogether subscribed—that fifty per cent. of the Russian people are anarchists, and it is interesting to find that the popular belief is wrong. So far as I am able to estimate after reading Mr. ROTHAY REYNOLDS's book, *My Russian Year* (MILLS AND BOON), sixty per cent. would be nearer the mark, if not seventy. They are not all fierce, militant anarchists. Some are very nice, though they are the real thing at heart. Mr. REYNOLDS depicts Russians of whom almost anything seems possible. You may find among the peasants the Anglo-Saxon sort. There are pilgrims belonging to the age of the Crusades. There are those who hold religious views belonging to the reign of ELIZABETH.

Society is full of the artificialities of the time of LOUIS XIV. There are aristocrats and citizens in the best eighteenth-century manner. In certain classes there is an amazing culture. Cooking is French "perfected by the influence of the higher culinary thought of the country," and yet dinner may be anywhere between one and eight. Intertwined with all this there is in operation a process of levelling—both down and up. And over all there seems to hang the shadow of tragedy which a knife or a pistol shot or a bomb may at any moment make a reality. I give thus, I am afraid, a very superficial idea of what this excellent book has to say, and no idea at all of the entertaining way in which it says it. But there is too much in it for a summary. It is the best work of its kind I have seen for years.

The Finger of Mr. Blec (JOHN LANE) is a new humorous novel, by a new humorous writer, Mr. PETER BLUNDELL, in a new setting—a tropical island. To dissect a joke must always be a dark and dreadful task; the hardest thing, therefore, that I propose to say about Mr. BLUNDELL's wit

is that it is at times less original and striking than its setting. His characters, especially the nautical ones, have obviously sat at the sea-boots of Mr. W. JACOBS and not come empty away. But if their interchange of pleasant-ries and "scores" has a familiar ring, there are other persons in the tale—the half-caste hero and the shore society of the islands—that are both new and welcome. When Mr. BLUNDELL isn't bothering to be funny, and lets himself go in a picture, for example, of a steamer's engine-room at sea, or any



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

A WELL-MEANING BUT TACTLESS VISITOR DRAWS THE ATTENTION OF BENVENUTO CELLINI TO AN ANATOMICAL ERROR IN ONE OF HIS MASTERPIECES.

one of a dozen sketches of life in a tropical township, he is at his very good best, sure, vivid, and picturesque. It would be quite impossible here to trace in detail the varied adventures of *Harold Blec*, Eurasian clerk and (unofficial) pawn in the dispute between the two rival chiefs of *Jallagar*—the Commandant's lady and the wife of the steamship agent. This shows you in a sentence the character of the tale and most of its plot. The latter culminates, after the approved model, in a scene of uproarious farce at the official garden party given by Mrs. Commandant on the occasion of the King's birthday. Personally, I should have enjoyed the party better without the farce, but this is my own affair. Both are agreeable of their kind.

The Worst Joke of the Month.

In the International speed-skating race of 1,500 metres at Stockholm, IPPOLITOFF was only second. What they are all asking in Russia to-day is "Why didn't Ippolitoff?"

"It was in a little country town in the West of England, and Mrs. Goodman, excellent citizen and kind-hearted ma, allowed herself to be chosen mayor for the fourth time."—*Minneapolis Evening Journal*. The second misprint was a noble feat of consistency on the part of the compositor. A pity he couldn't have rounded it off with "herself."

CHARIVARIA.

Now that the town council has issued an order that no strap-hanger in a tram-car need pay a fare, it is a real pleasure to observe the *renaissance* of chivalry in Chicago. Men who used to go to earth behind evening papers on the entrance of a woman now spring to their feet in platoons without a moment's hesitation.

In the same city there is at present a scarcity of funds such as has not been known since the great fire. According to the reports, even the police department is pressed for money. And when one remembers the ingenuity of American police-fores in raising the wind such a statement becomes highly impressive.

At a recent show a new kind of dog was exhibited. One of its points was, that its feet were longer and larger than those of any English breed. Almost certainly one of the police-dogs of which we hear so much.

Mr. ALLEN BAKER, M.P., speaking at a dinner last week, said that the phrase, "the quick and the dead," was applicable to motor-omnibuses. The quick were those who dodged them; the dead were those who did not. Next week Mr. BAKER will tell a now and diverting story about a curate and an egg.

After sitting for fifty-four days, the Kolb vulture at the Zoo hatched out a chick, which it promptly ate. Encouraged by this episode, the authorities hope that in time the Kolb vulture may become self-supporting.

News reaches us of a snail in the same collection which, according to the report, came out of its shell and crawled about uncovered. And we had hoped that the *Salome* craze was gone.

A Bill has passed the Nevada State Legislature, by which persons wishing for a divorce are compelled to stay in Reno six full months, instead of three, as in the brave old days; and a stampede of American citizens is expected hourly in the direction of Chinese Turkestan, where a bill of divorce is written out

at the same time that a marriage is celebrated.

Asbestos pockets for the accommodation of lighted pipes and cigars have been invented by an American tailor. Also useful for the modern novel.

According to the *Times*, the general earliness of Spring is a cause of anxiety to the earnest gardener. We did not know that there were any earnest gardeners at this time of the year. We thought they had all knocked off work to listen for the February cuckoo.

In Devonshire, however, they have definitely given it up. "Even if the cuckoo has not actually been heard,"

Mr. JOHN N. RAPHAEL told in a lecture last week the story of how GOUNOD, having a bad bilious attack, sat down at the piano and set it to music. We think this must have been the piece we heard at a concert not long ago, though GOUNOD's name was not attached to it on the programme.

Questioned concerning the bomb outrage at Walton Heath, an official of the Women's Social and Political Union said: "It might have been done as a joke." One has, of course, to be in the mood to appreciate this kind of genial fun. Once you see it, you laugh heartily.

Man the Brute. Within a few months, the wife and three daughters of a resident in Pottsville, Pa., U.S.A., have undergone operations for appendicitis. "The head of the family," adds our informant, "says he is enjoying perfect health." He might at least have had the tact to pretend that he had toothache.

A very poor time of it prisoners in America seem to have. Mr. BOURCHIER made us familiar with the Third Degree of the New York police; and now comes the news that, during trials in the Danville, Kentucky, police court, music will be played on

the piano while the accused are testifying—the idea being that it will "break down the stubborn wills of prisoners." For ourselves, rather than maintain our innocence in rag-time, we would plead guilty from the start.

A football match in Scotland had to be stopped the other day because the referee, annoyed at a decision of the crowd, broke on to the field in a solid mass and refused to go back again. Surely it would have been sufficient for Scotland to refuse to play football with France because of the violence of the French spectators, without going to the length of showing them how that sort of thing should really be done in style.

"MOTOR-BIKE, complete, less engine, frame, tank, coil, saddle, handlebar, tyres, etc., £4 5s."—*Advt. in "Motor Cycling."*
Too expensive. We simply can't pay £4 5s. for the hooter.



Weighty Novice. "TALK ABOUT STEERING IN CROWDED ROOMS! I SEEMED TO DROP INTO IT AT ONCE."

writes a Devonian correspondent of an evening paper, "I have just seen a fine specimen of the tortoise-shell butterfly." This craven spirit ill becomes the men of Devon.

Complaints have been made of the "disreputable appearance" of the grave-diggers present at funerals at Fulham Cemetery, and, in addition to being provided with a suitable uniform, it is understood that they are to be sent in batches to the next play at the St. James's Theatre, in order that they may acquire an ideal, at any rate, with regard to the trouser-leg.

Two Territorials have been fined for non-attendance at training, their defence being that the sound of firing gave them a headache. Unless the enemy, in the event of an invasion, consent to use air-guns, or somebody invents noiseless powder, we see no way out of this impasse.

HOW TO SAVE ENGLAND ON THE CHEAP.

Colonel SEELY addresses the National Reserve.

[No sort of ridicule is here aimed at the good fellows who, without payment, have pledged themselves to serve in the nation's defence and have been refused even the dignity of a uniform in recognition of the new order of chivalry.]

MEN in your country's ranks enrolled,
This is indeed a sight that cheers—
These serried lines composed of old
Regulars, Tars, and Volunteers!
I hear that, when the foeman's hordes come on,
If we have not at once dismissed 'em
You are prepared to render aid upon
The voluntary system:

That system, beautifully framed
To glorify spontaneous work,
Making the others feel ashamed—
The loafers who elect to shirk—
Long since has been our purest, fairest pride;
Under its sway the Empire waxes
(Many indeed would have the rule applied
To things like rates and taxes).

Should ever England, by mistake,
Demand of all her sons alike
A common sacrifice to make,
And learn in her defence to strike,
If you will credit me, the soldiers' friend,
Grown old in service, old and hoary,
That day, as I predict, will see the end
Of our rough Island story.

Men of the National Reserve!
When Armageddon puts a strain
Even upon the veteran's nerve
Beneath the bullets' steady rain,
Grateful for any help where things are warm,
My Government will give permission
To each of you to have a uniform,
A rifle and some ammunition!

Meanwhile, you must forgo your needs,
Content, until the actual scrap,
To march unarmed in motley weeds,
Beaver and billycock and cap,
Why not? I too, in civil guise have dressed,
Yet looked extremely smart and dapper,
For still the warrior in me shone confessed
Clean through the outside wrapper.

Be patient, then, as you are brave!
Two patriot courses you must keep:
You have your country's life to save,
And you must do it on the cheap;
We, for our part, will look with kindly eye
On any service offered freely,
Like yours who gratis undertake to die
For England, home, and SEELY. O. S.

"Briseis Tin.—An interim dividend of 6d. per share has been declared.

Briseis Tin.—An interim dividend of 6d. per share has been declared."

Sunday Times.

Making 1s. altogether. It is well to break the good news gently.

"The Eskimos are suffering from contact with European traders, and are rapidly dying off from measles. Mr. Steffansson urges the Government to send a number of mounted police to the district to protect the natives from disease."—*Manchester Guardian.*

We picture a policeman "moving on" a couple of measles, and finally arresting them for loitering.

WHEN WAR BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE.

It was the severest form of warfare—street fighting. Moreover there were no uniforms, no trappings of military organisation. The combatants were in every nonconformity of civilian dress; and they were mere boys. But as I watched I thought of Ruskin's words on the ennobling influence of war. For it had been raining; yet some of the attackers lay prone on the wet pavement and even in the road.

The fight was raging round the playground entrance of the school where but a little while before there had been peace and order and the elementary education which fits boys and girls to be citizens. The noise of battle echoed in the street where the little girls had only just gone swarming home with jocund shouts.

For a moment the firing had lulled. The attackers were creeping up for a final rush. They hugged the houses that stood flush with the playground wall. The defenders, too, contemplated some counter-movement; and every now and then the great iron gate in the wall was opened slightly for a reconnaissance. Still the attackers crept closer and closer, their crouching figures suggesting something about to spring. It was the supreme moment.

I was quite close; and I could hear their leaders explaining the plan of attack and exhorting them to brave deeds. Occasionally the rank and file answered back—short, bitten words of suggestion. Discipline was forgotten, such was the tension.

Then suddenly the great iron gate swung open. The defenders swarmed out. Instantly the attackers hurled themselves forward. The rattle of firing broke out again. The two forces met and intermingled in an awful mêlée. The firing increased. Figures lay on the pavement comparatively still.

Amid the tumult of combatants I watched two—a thin enthusiast and a short fleshy boy.

The enthusiast charged at the other, pistol levelled. Bang! Bang! "You're killed, Bill Smiff!"

"No, I ain't!"

"Yes, y'ar!"

The enthusiast put his arms round Smith, meaning to deposit him firmly upon the pavement, as was the custom with the unwilling slain.

Smith wriggled away, refusing last aid. "I tell you I ain't going to be killed."

"Well, then, be wounded," suggested the other.

"Na-oh!" Smith's hands dug into the pockets of his knickers.

Then the other lifted up his voice amid the din of battle—a shrill cry that pierced the noise of firing and the cries of combatants.

"I say, Bill Smiff won't be killed; and I fired at him twice!"

The effect of the words was instantaneous. True, the fury of the encounter was on the wane, but that did not explain the immediate cessation of hostilities. The fight stopped. The killed and wounded, lying on the pavement, raised their heads to see what was happening; some even got up. Everywhere combatants stood in all attitudes of arrested action. The accusation against Bill Smiff shrilled out again. "I fired at him twice—close; and he won't be killed!"

"No, nor yet wounded," announced Smith. "Not on a wet day like this. It's silly." And he marched off.

There was a moment of general bewilderment. But when I left, the combatants had fraternised; some were even exchanging percussion caps for things out of a paper bag.



ANOTHER CONFERENCE OF LONDON.

[Owing to the brilliant success of the late Conference of London it is proposed to throw open the hospitable doors of St. James's Palace to a symposium of Mexican Presidents.]





ACIDULATED GOLF.

"DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY THIS, CADDIE?"

"WHY, YOU 'VE GOT A GRAND LINE, SIR. FOLLOW THE S. THE OTHER GENTLEMAN'S BUNKERED IN THE E."

THE JILTED NUT.

I AM not an eavesdropper; but now and then drops are, so to speak, eaved upon one, and that is what happened to me last evening at the Rayon de Soleil, the latest of the little Soho restaurants. I was sitting there alone, waiting for a friend, and at the next table was a young man moodily eyeing alternately a bottle and the door. Four things about him were evident: that he was what is called a nut; that he was drinking more than he ought; that he had something on his mind; and that he was expecting a companion. Suddenly his appearance brightened, for the companion arrived, a nut also; and it was then that, in spite of any effort to avoid it that I might have made, his confidences became mine; for the Rayon de Soleil tables are extremely near together and his voice, naturally loud and nutty, was rendered still louder by the alcohol robbing his perceptions of their edge. As my friend did not arrive to distract me, I am in a position to set down the young man's words almost exactly as he spoke them; and I trust I commit no indiscretion in doing so. Should he ever read this page (and he did not look like a lover

of print) he can rest assured that I wish him all happiness; that there is too little description to give him away; and that so many of his kind are turned down by so many of her kind that he could always deny his own identity.

He rose to his feet to greet his friend and dropped back into his chair. On the table, I should say, was only a bottle, nothing to eat. "My dear man," he said, holding the other's hand in an emotional grip for a whole minute, "what a trump you are to come like this! Infernal good luck of mine getting on to you. I never was in such need of sympathy. My engagement's broken off."

The other nut whistled. "I didn't know it was an engagement," he said.

"Well, no," said the first nut, "it wasn't exactly, but fundamentally it was. We both understood each other. But this afternoon she told me to consider it at an end. It's completely broken me up, old man. I haven't been able to eat a morsel of food; I've just been sitting here in despair. She was on the stage, you know, but a good girl. I'll swear she was a good girl, and fundamentally she loved me. I believe she loves me still—fundamentally. Of course it was awkward—her

being on the stage. My people would have made an awful dust about it; they'd have never given their consent; but now it's all over. Of course I shall have to go away—I don't know where, but right away; but I want to get drunk first. You don't mind me getting drunk, old man? I want to get furiously drunk. How much have you got? I've only got six shillings. I've already had two liqueurs and now I've got this Burgundy. I tried to eat some soup, but I couldn't. Fundamentally I'm sure she loves me. I'd like to talk to some woman about it all; they're so rippingly sympathetic; but so are you, and that's why I rang you up. You're all right; but women are best. Do you mind if I order another bottle? Fundamentally I swear she loves me."

"For Sale Tasmanian Opossum Carriage or Motor rug, large size containing 36 skins 14 tails. Cost £15 guineas take '12; new never been used. Apply 'Opossum Office of this paper.'"—Advt. in "Daily Malta Chronicle." The buildings of our contemporary—with an "Opossum Office," "Jerboa Department," "Weasel Section," etc., for each different class of reader—are supposed to be the best equipped in all the newspaper world.

THE SILK UMBRELLA;

OR,

SELF-SACRIFICE ON THE STAGE.

[Four people are seated in a large drawing-room. They should wear a worried look, and Elizabeth, the young heroine, should give an occasional gasp. Henry Ashton, the stern solicitor, might have a break in his voice; his brother Edward must not yawn; the Elderly Matron is a symbolical figure and should remain in the background.]

Elizabeth. I am innocent: I repeat it, I am innocent.

Henry Ashton. Alas, your guilt is obvious. Why these denials? I cannot spare you.

Elderly Matron. Oh, do! She is so young.

Henry Ashton. Impossible. It is Lady MacVicar's umbrella and she insists on prosecuting.

Elderly Matron. But Elizabeth is your guest!

Henry Ashton. I cannot help that. So is Lady MacVicar. She throws herself on my protection and her belongings are sacred. Besides, I am in a position of trust; I am a town councillor. I took an oath—I swore—I swore—at least I entered into an engagement of some kind. I have a duty to Society; at any cost to my feelings I must perform it. The police are even now on their way.

[Enter Percy Ashton, Henry's eldest son, immaculately dressed, with green spats.]

Percy (aside). What is this? Elizabeth accused of theft? I must save her at all costs; I will sacrifice myself, my family, my father, my chance of getting into the Foreign Office. (Aloud) Elizabeth is innocent. I will tell you the truth. The culprit is here, he is me—I mean, I am him. Anyhow, I took the umbrella.

All (in tones of horror). You?

Percy (rather crossly). Yes, me.

[Elizabeth gives him a grateful look.]

Henry Ashton. Percy, what do I hear? Have I been drinking, or is this true? Was it for this I sent you to an academy for young gentlemen—(great emphasis on last word)—and afterwards to Marlborough and Wadham? Is this your start in life? Alas, if I could have foreseen this I would have lent you

the half-crown you wanted; I would have lent you five shillings; but I can say no more; I am no public speaker.

[Buries his face in his hands.]

All (very heartily). Oh, Percy!

Percy (doggedly). All is over. I will go and change. [Exit.]

Henry Ashton. I must go and see Lady MacVicar and offer her a new umbrella. [Exit.]

[James, the second son, rushes in. He is the sportsman of the family.]

James. Oh, here you are! They told me you were in the billiard-room. How dare you accuse Elizabeth of theft? She is innocent, I would lay any odds on it. Besides, I know who did it. (In a burst of enthusiasm) I did it.

[Elizabeth gives him a grateful look.]

All (surprised). You took the umbrella?

forget the details, but I know that I took the umbrella, and my conscience has never ceased to upbraid me. Forgive me. I will devote the rest of my life to making amends.

[Percy and James, the former in a pair of dove-coloured spats, return and hear the end of his speech; they draw Adolphus aside.]

Percy. Don't talk nonsense, Adolphus. I have already confessed.

James. You? But so have I.

Adolphus. Don't be absurd. I have sacrificed myself.

Percy and James. So have we.

Adolphus. We must agree on something; somebody must withdraw.

Edward (coming up to them). Perhaps you all did it?

Percy, James, Adolphus (hesitating). Yes, we suppose so.

Henry Ashton. You all took it? All my sons thieves!

Edward (in a solemn voice). Henry, it is the Ashton inheritance.

[All sit down heavily.]

A moment's silence and then Lady MacVicar, stout, fashionable and flurried, comes in.

Lady MacVicar. I'm extremely sorry. I owe you all, and especially this dear girl, a thousand apologies. I have found my umbrella. Here it is.

[Waves it in the air. All (stupefied). Found it!

Lady MacVicar. Yes;

it had got behind the dressing-table. I don't know why I took it into my room.

Elizabeth (struggling to master her indignation). Oh!

Percy, James, Adolphus. Then we are innocent.

Henry Ashton (with emphasis). As innocent as babes.

Edward. I see it all, my boys. You are heroes. You were willing to sacrifice yourselves for one another and for Elizabeth. How sublime you were! But I will not be behind you. I too will sacrifice myself. Elizabeth, will you marry me?

Elizabeth. Yes.

[Edward falls to the ground, breaking the umbrella.]

CURTAIN.

Mistaken Kindness.

"We also trace Missing Friends, Relatives or Creditors for the same initial fees."

Advt. in South African Paper.



Proud Owner. "OF COURSE, THIS IS ONLY VILLAGE-WORK, OLD CHAP. YOU WAIT TILL WE GET OUT INTO THE OPEN."

Edward Ashton. But I don't quite understand. Percy—

Elderly Matron (whispering). Hush, hush. Elizabeth's character must be cleared at all costs.

Edward Ashton. True. (Reflectively) And it may be another umbrella. Well, James, all I can say is—

[Looks up and finds that James has left the room, gives a sigh of relief, and is silent. Next moment Henry Ashton returns, followed by Police-Sergeant.]

Sergeant (very genially). Good morning, Sir. I hear you have a charge of theft for us?

[Henry Ashton's third son, Adolphus, rushes in. He is the artist of the family.]

Adolphus. Stop, stop, she is innocent! I give myself up. I took the umbrella. (Immense sensation. All rise in astonishment. Elizabeth gives him a grateful look.) It was a sudden temptation; I fell into it at once. I

NO REPLIES NEEDED.

NOTICING a revival in certain of his contemporaries of the favourite old device of suggesting scandal by question, *Mr. Punch*, who hates to be out of the movement, has arranged with a knowing hand, who is behind most of the scenes and is always on the *qui (hole) vive*, to provide him with a similar article. May it have much success in provoking curiosity not un-mixed with the worst suspicions!

OUR ONE IDEA IS TO ASCERTAIN—

Whether the young nobleman who last week removed a silver-headed umbrella from the club at which he was lunching was really unaware that it was not his own?

And, if so, how it was that it found its way so quickly to a dealer in secondhand umbrellas not a hundred miles from Tottenham Court Road?

How long it will be before Her Grace answers the letter from the Rural Dean, and what she will say when she does?

If the Duke knows?

And why he sent such a long way for a money-order last week, when the village post-office is only just by the park gates?

When the subaltern intends to recover from the severe attack of influenza which has kept him in town so long, and return to his regiment?

Who was responsible for San Bonitos falling two points one morning last week and rising six in the same afternoon?

And, if a certain pretty little lady not unknown to the stallites of a West-End house of musical comedy profited at all by the transaction?

And, if she did, whether she put the money into another sealskin or paid off a part, at any rate, of her debt to a famous *modiste* whose China tea seems to have such an attraction for her clients?

How it is that when *canard à la presse* was ordered at a well-known restaurant on Sunday evening only one party was served, and what the Management would say if all the facts were brought to their notice?

What a certain peer would pay to know for certain that these facts were hushed up for ever?

Who is responsible for the story now going the rounds concerning a well-known Society Beauty and the Battersea Dogs' Home?

Why the Naval officer did not hit the man back but contented himself with being shaved?

Why so many young men of fashion have been up the Monument of late?



MUTUAL SUSPICION.

THE CLUE.

(A Walton Heath Reflection.)

TIME was when, walking in the street,
Or sitting in a room,
A simple sight my glance would greet
And chase away my gloom.

A bit of bifurcated wire
That thrilled me to the core
And fanned a flame of tender fire—
A hairpin, nothing more.

I fain would guess what plait or curl
Had cast its shackle free,
And conjured up a charming girl,
For all were fair to me.

But, young or old or plain or fair,
I know, in any case,
A woman's presence had been there
And sanctified the place.

O Dead Sea fruit upon the bough!
O false and perjured promise!
When I espy a hairpin now
I wonder where the bomb is.

Whole-time Occupations. No. 1.

"IS THERE A BAROMETER IN YOUR HALL?
The daily observation of a Barometer is a serviceable, interesting, and pleasure-giving occupation."

Advt. in "Westminster Gazette."

All the same, there are times in England when the observation of the barometer is not really very exhilarating.

"Thus a boy working at carpentering would be interested in learning about the different kinds of words he employed."

Educational Review.

For instance, when the chisel slipped suddenly, you would tell him that the word he employed was derived from a small Indian coin.

WINTER SPORT.

IV.—THOMAS, AND A TURN.

MYRA finished her orange, dried her hands daintily on my handkerchief and spoke her mind.

"This is the third time," she said, "that Thomas has given us the slip. If he gets engaged to that girl in red I shall cry."

"There are," I said, idly throwing a crust at Simpson and missing him, "engagements and Swiss engagements—just as there are measles and German measles. It is well known that Swiss engagements don't count."

"We got engaged in Kent. A bit of luck."

"I have nothing against Miss Aylwyn," I went on—

"Except the way she does her hair."

"—but she doesn't strike me as being the essential Rabbit. We cannot admit her to the—er—fold."

"The covey," suggested Myra.

"The warren. Anyhow, she— Simpson, for goodness' sake stop fooling about with your bearded friend and tell us what you think of it all."

We were finishing lunch in the lee of a little chalet, high above the hotel, and Simpson had picked up an acquaintance with a goat, which he was apparently trying to conciliate with a piece of chocolate. The goat, however, seemed to want a piece of Simpson.

"My dear old chap, he won't go away. Here—shoo! shoo! I wish I knew what his name was."

"Ernest," said Myra.

"I can't think why you ever got into such a hirsute set, Simpson. He probably wants your compass. Give it to him and let him withdraw."

Ernest, having decided that Simpson was not worth knowing, withdrew, and we resumed our conversation.

"When we elderly married folk have retired," I went on, "and you gay young bachelors sit up over a last cigar to discuss your conquests, has not Thomas unbent to you, Samuel, and told you of his hopes and fears?"

"He told me last night he was afraid he was going bald, and he said he hoped he wasn't."

"That's a bad sign," said Myra.

"What did you say?"

"I said I thought he was."

With some difficulty I got up from my seat in the snow and buckled on my skis.

"Come on, let's forget Thomas for a bit. Samuel is now going to show us the Christiania Turn."

Simpson, all eagerness, began to prepare himself.

"I said I would, didn't I? I was doing it quite well yesterday. This is

a perfect little slope for it. You understand the theory of it, don't you?"

"We hope to after the exhibition."

"Well, the great thing is to lean the opposite way to the way you think you ought to lean. That's what's so difficult."

"You understand, Myra? Samuel will lean the opposite way to what he thinks he ought to lean. Tell Ernest."

"But suppose you think you ought to lean the *proper* way, the way they do in Christiania," said Myra, "and you lean the opposite way, then what happens?"

"That is what Samuel will probably show us," I said.

Simpson was now ready.

"I am going to turn to the left," he said. "Watch carefully. Of course I may not bring it off the first time."

"I can't help thinking you will," said Myra.

"It depends what you call bringing it off," I said. "We have every hope of—I mean we don't think our money will be wasted. Have you got the opera-glasses and the peppermints and the programme, darling? Then you may begin, Samuel."

Simpson started down the slope a little unsteadily. For one moment I feared that there might be an accident before the real accident, but he recovered himself nobly and sped to the bottom. Then a cloud of snow shot up, and for quite a long time there was no Simpson.

"I knew he wouldn't disappoint us," gurgled Myra.

We slid down to him and helped him up.

"You see the idea," he said. "I'm afraid I spoilt it a little at that end, but—"

"My dear Samuel, you improved it out of all knowledge."

"But that actually is the Christiania Turn."

"Oh, *why* don't we live in Christiania?" exclaimed Myra to me.

"Couldn't we possibly afford it?"

"It must be a happy town," I agreed. "How the old streets must ring and ring again with jovial laughter."

"Shall I do it once more?"

"Can you?" said Myra, clasping her hands eagerly.

"Wait here," said Samuel, "and I'll do it quite close to you."

Myra unstrapped her camera.

Half-an-hour later, with several excellent films of the scene of the catastrophe, we started for home. It was more than a little steep, but the run down was accomplished without any serious trouble. Simpson went first to discover any hidden ditches (and to his credit he it said that he invariably

discovered them); Myra, in the position of safety in the middle, profited by Samuel's frequent object-lessons; while I, at the back, was ready to help Myra up, if need arose, or to repel any avalanche which descended on us from above. On the level snow at the bottom we became more companionable.

"We still haven't settled the great Thomas question," said Myra. "What about to-morrow?"

"Why bother about to-morrow? *Carpe diem*. Latin."

"But the great tailing expedition is for to-morrow. The horses are ordered; everything is prepared. Only one thing remains to settle. Shall we have with us a grumpy but Aylwynless Thomas, or shall we let him bring her and spoil the party?"

"She can't spoil the party. I'm here to enjoy myself, and all Thomas's *fiancées* can't stop me. Let's have Thomas happy, anyway."

"She's really quite a nice girl," said Simpson. "I danced with her once."

"Right O, then. I'll tell Dahlia to invite her."

We hurried on to the hotel; but as we passed the rink the President stopped me for a chat. He wanted me to recite at a concert that evening. Basely deserted by Myra and Samuel, I told him that I did not recite; and I took the opportunity of adding that personally I didn't think anybody else ought to. I had just persuaded him to my point of view when I noticed Thomas cutting remarkable figures on the ice. He picked himself up and skated to the side.

"Hallo!" he said. "Had a good day?"

"Splendid. What have you been doing?"

"Oh—skating."

"I say, about this tailing expedition to-morrow—"

"Er—yes, I was just going to talk about that."

"Well, it's all right. Myra is getting Dahlia to ask her to come with us."

"Good!" said Thomas, brightening up.

"You see, we shall only be seven, even with Miss Aylwyn, and—"

"Miss Aylwyn?" said Thomas in a hollow voice.

"Yes, isn't that the name of your friend in red?"

"Oh, *that* one. Oh, but that's quite—I mean," he went on hurriedly, "Miss Aylwyn is probably booked up for to-morrow. It's Miss Cardew who is so keen on tailing. That girl in green, you know."

For a moment I stared at him blankly. Then I left him and dashed after Myra.

A. A. M.

OXFORD INTELLIGENCE.

(With acknowledgments to the scholarly sleuth-hounds of some of our contemporaries.)

IT was noticed that at the Torpids the young PRINCE OF WALES, who is, our readers may remember, an undergraduate of Magdalen, cheered his Colledge boat's progress with enthusiasm. "Well rowed, Magdalen!" he was heard to shout several times, pronouncing Magdalen not, of course, as it is spelt, but thus, Maud-lin. This not only shows that he has assimilated the traditions of his University, but it has had the effect of endearing him to his playmates. Another and gratifying proof that the PRINCE is a true Oxonian at heart is to be found in his religious observation of the unwritten law that one must never refer to New Colledge as *New tout court*, but always as *New Colledge*. This local subtlety he has mastered, much to the gratification of his young companions and tutors.

Curiosity runs high as to the character of the political instruction given by Sir WILLIAM ANSON, the Warden of All Souls, to our future ruler; and the outer keyhole of the sanctum in which the lessons are held is said to be highly polished by inquisitive ears. Nothing has, however, yet leaked out, but I am in a position to announce that up to the present time no emphatic commendation of either Radicalism or Socialism has been made by the illustrious pupil's mentor. This may be taken as authentic. The PRINCE'S lightness of step and general buoyancy of manner on leaving the sanctum have much added to his popularity.

CONSUMMATION.

It is strange that in my day-dreams I have so often pictured myself in the Law Courts. There is that scene when I am the principal witness for the defence. . . .

"And now, Sir, what is the name of the lady who was with you on the morning of the 16th?"

"I decline to answer that question." (Sensation.)

"Come, Sir, I must insist upon an answer."

"I decline to answer your question." I draw myself up and blow my nose. (Renewed sensation.)

"I am afraid, Mr. Smith," says the Judge kindly, "that you are doing yourself no good by taking up this attitude."

"I am sorry, me lud, but I must still decline to answer the question." (Applause in court, which is instantly suppressed.)



Mistress. "WHAT IS THIS ABOUT THE NEW GROOM AND HIS INSURANCE?"

Butler. "WELL, MY LADY, IT SEEMS IN HIS LAST SITUATION THE LADY PAID HIS STAMP, AND WHEN I TOLD HIM YOUR LADYSHIP INSISTED THAT THE SERVANTS SHOULD EACH PAY THEIR CONTRIBUTION, HE SAID—IF YOU 'LL EXCUSE ME, MY LADY—'HE'D BE BLOWED IF HE DID,' FOR THAT'S THE SORT OF LANGUAGE, MY LADY, THE LOWER CLASSES EMPLOY."

And, far away, the lady next morning reads through seven and a-half columns of description, and murmurs passionately, "My hero!"

Or, again, it is the most amazing Murder case of the century. I am in the dock, calm and imperturbable, while the grim chain of circumstantial evidence is fitted together link by link. One word from me and it would fall to pieces, but that word cannot honourably be spoken.

At last it is all over. The voice of the foreman of the jury is unhesitating as he pronounces the awful word, "Guilty!" The face of the Judge is stern as he assumes the black cap. . . .

"Stop!" A figure bursts into the court. "In the King's name, stop!"

An hour later volleys of cheering ring

through the crowded court as the venerable Judge, his voice shaken with emotion, says, "England to-day is proud of you, Mr. Smith."

Yes, it is certainly strange to recall the day-dreams in which I have been associated with the Law now that the real thing has come, now that I am to appear in the courts in very fact.

Still, it is hardly what I expected, this summons for driving a motor-cycle without a licence.

"The thousand-foot ship is coming, and if New York is going to be so ostrich-like as to give it a left-handed welcome, New York must be prepared to drop out of the running."

World's Work.

All the ostriches we know are right-handed.



Bookseller (having taken an order for notepaper). "HAVE YOU READ *PEBBLES*, SIR? HAD A WONDERFUL SALE."

The Author of "*Pebbles*." "HAS IT? I THINK I COULD WRITE AS GOOD A BOOK MYSELF."

Bookseller (always prepared to agree with a customer). "DO YOU? WELL, I REALLY BELIEVE OUR BOY COULD, SIR."

SAVED!

(An Heroic Episode in Artificial Water.)

Not from the high bank of the turbid river,
 Watched by a pale-faced crowd that filled the street,
 Flinging his coat off, leaped he to deliver
 The bantling; yet his name to me is sweet,
 Or would be if I knew it, and superb
 As the soft fragrance that our steps disturb,
 At night-time, of a lowly-flowering herb—
 And Herb perhaps it is. Ah well. — Now hear his feat.

The place was Kew, the time about 4.30.
 You know the tiny tarn where keeps the coot?
 Five days of fog had made it beastly dirty,
 And there before our eyes a navy suit
 Suddenly splashing! Deuce alone knows why
 The little fool flopped in. Just to be dry
 When there is darkly stagnant water nigh
 To some kids seems a crime. His mother heard the bruit,

And shrieked. No melodrama's blood and thunder
 Ever came up to that distressful shout;
 The infant, frightened by the noise, went under,
 Popped up again. . . . More swift than a boy scout
 The man, the Paladin, for whom I sweep
 The sounding strings, the rescuer, made his leap
 In water something less than three foot deep
 And hauled the young rapsallion, happily smiling, out.

For him, the hero, was no crowd of gapers,
 No cries of "encore" as he issued wet;
 No interview with all the evening papers,
 No map with cross, no photographs inset,
 No glory, no renown: but ah! what pain,
 The long chill journey home by District train,
 The muffled murmur, "Paddling! He's insane!"
 Sorrow for clothes fordone and spats that need a vet.

Him then, ye Naiads, sing! Ah, be not idle,
 Trumpet his fame with conch and well-puffed
 cheeks,

Ye watery gods, ye spirits of rivers tidal,
 Oceans and ornamental ponds and creeks—
 Who not for honour, not for fame or pelf,
 Scarce knowing if, in fact, the bright-haired elf
 Could or could not have scrambled out himself,
 Plunged in, and spoilt his boots and spoilt his Sunday
 breeks!

I, anyhow, the deep harmonium's pedal
 Press to his fame—the clashing cymbals burst;
 Would I might dower him with a pewter medal
 For salvage of the partially immersed;
 For I, too, hastened to the water's brim,
 I also ran, my suit was also trim,
 I should have had to save that "pesky limb,"
 Only (all praise to Zeus!) he won—he got there first.

EVOE.



THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

HANS AND JACQUES (together). "AND I HEAR THERE'S MORE TO COME!"



The lower half of the page contains several lines of extremely faint text, which are illegible due to the low contrast and fading of the document. The text appears to be organized into paragraphs or sections, but no specific words or numbers can be identified.



CHAS GRAVE.

EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOUR OF A COUNTRY POLICEMAN AFTER A DAY'S VISIT TO LONDON.

INSURANCE AGAINST SUFFRAGETTES.

UNDERWRITERS at Lloyd's are now open to insure golf courses against damage by Suffragettes. The premium is equivalent to 2 per cent., the rate being quoted for all eighteen holes at £1 each for twelve months, underwriters to pay any claims for damage to each green up to £50.

We think, in view of certain recent exploits, that some further quotations will soon be upon the market. In fact, the risks are already being worked out by an enterprising firm of actuaries, and are stated, in all confidence, as hereunder:—

PREMIUMS TO BE PAID ON THE FOLLOWING SPORTING CONTINGENCIES:

- By Police Magistrate, against being Hit by Book or other Missile from the Hand of Young Woman in court, on being Charged and in Cold Blood 6d. per £100
- Do., do., after Sentence and in a Temper 9d. per £100
- By Directors of the Crystal Palace, against Bomb, Dorothy Bag or Flat-iron being dropped from Militant Aeroplane 1s. per £100
- By Hungerstriker, against being allowed to observe Lent by weak-kneed Authorities ½ per cent.
- By the W. S. P. U. and similar Societies, against the Tables being turned, some Fine Day in the Near Future, on their Own Premises 90 per cent.
- By Political Martyr, about to Light a Candle in England that all the Power of the PRIME MINISTER may not Put Out (otherwise, to set Fire to another Refreshment Kiosk), against being played upon by the Fire Hose or extinguished in the nearest Lake 95 per cent.

- By the Leaders of the Movement against the Man in the Street shortly taking the Law into his own Hands with the nearest Tar-barrel and Feather-bag 99 per cent.
- By the Man in the Street against the Leaders of the Movement being taken seriously and getting what they want as long as they behave like Spoiled Children 1 per cent. ZIG-ZAG.

A LANG TRYST.

GIN any decent lad is seekin' for a lass o' sense,
 And no' a giggling piece wi' tousie hair,
 He nicht cry in at the Smiddy yett, and ask for
 Bessie Spence—
 I've been waiting there this thretty year—an' mair.

It's no' tae be expeckit he'll be unco graun' or gret;
 I doot he winna be a millionaire;
 A woman at ma time o' life maun tak what she can get,
 And, as I said, I'm thretty year—an' mair.

I winna say, fair hornie, that I hae a bonny face,
 I've heard folk ca't a wee the waur o' wear,
 And it's maybe na' juist perfect; but ma hert's in the
 richt place,
 Juist as it's been this thretty year—an' mair.

"BLUSHES FOR WOMEN

ETONIAN'S DEMAND FOR THE MODERN GIRL."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Any time Etonian cares to look in just now, he will find us blushing for women.

THE WATER RIGHT.

WHEN I settled my house on my wife under a pre-nuptial contract, I forgot to specify, among its many attractions, the water supply, for which I was indebted to the neighbouring landowner. Later on one of the Trustees—a lawyer—found that out. That is the whole plot, and the story begins in the middle.

Letter No. IX. (He to me.)

Despite the arguments advanced in yours of the 17th inst., I feel it to be my duty to demand the conveyance to the Trustees of the water right connected with Skew Brig House. If you will favour me with your acquiescence in this suggestion, I shall be happy to have the papers prepared at once.

X. (I to him.)

Really, I don't quite see it. My own lawyer assures me that such a step would be (1) intolerably expensive and (2) entirely uncalled for. You see, the valuation of the property given without the water right—£2,400—was enormously below what it would fetch at any time in the open market. I am told that the view from the front-door alone is worth all that. Which being so, I think the Trustees are pretty snug as they are. I will be glad if you can see your way to let the matter drop.

XI. (He to me.)

We have given the most careful consideration to yours of the 21st, and we are not convinced. You must reflect that the house without the water right would be of very little value.

XII. (I to him.)

That is all very fine. But what about the water right without the house?

XIII. (He to me.)

I do not understand your last letter at all. The water right is of value as belonging to the house—of great value; and therefore I feel it my duty to advise my Co-trustees to insist upon securing it.

XIV. (I to him.)

Exactly. That is just what I am

trying to get at. The bally thing is of no value except in conjunction with the house. So what can happen? If I give it away to someone else, trade it, sell, mortgage, barter, assign or leave it in my will, what on earth can the other Johnny do with it as long as the house doesn't belong to him? Don't you see how silly you are? He can't use it, eat it, hang it on his watch-chain or stow it away in his conservatory. Any fool could see it belongs to the house. Better chuck the whole thing, don't you think?

XV. (He to me.)

I feel bound to protest against the whole tone and tenor of your last letter. The argument is also quite irrelevant.

13th, 1911. There you say, "Although the valuation—£2,400—is undoubtedly a high one, I do not think it too high, as you must remember it includes a water right, worth fully £200."

XVIII. (I to him.)

All right, I admit you have me there. I had forgotten over writing that. It's a fair score for you. Still you must bear in mind that that was written about ten days before I was married, at a time when a chap is hardly responsible. Is it quite sporting under the circumstances to take advantage of it, do you think?

XIX. (He to me.)

I have great pleasure in acknowledging your last letter, which I understand as giving me virtual permission to proceed with the conveyance of the Skew Brig water right.

XX. (I to him.)

Stop a bit. There's no virtual permission in the matter. I've been thinking it all over again, and my wife and I have decided, as a protest against the Scottish Temperance Bill, to give up the use of water in our house and have it turned off. So there the matter ends. Jolly weather, isn't it? Is it true you are going off to Norway for September?

[His reply omitted.]

XXI. (I to him.)

I dare say you are right. We shall still require a certain amount for washing and all that sort of thing. But as a matter of fact the long drought has happily solved the problem for us. There is no water. So why worry about it? *Non est*, my dear Sir, *non est*. I hope you will have a jolly time in Brittany.

[His reply omitted.]

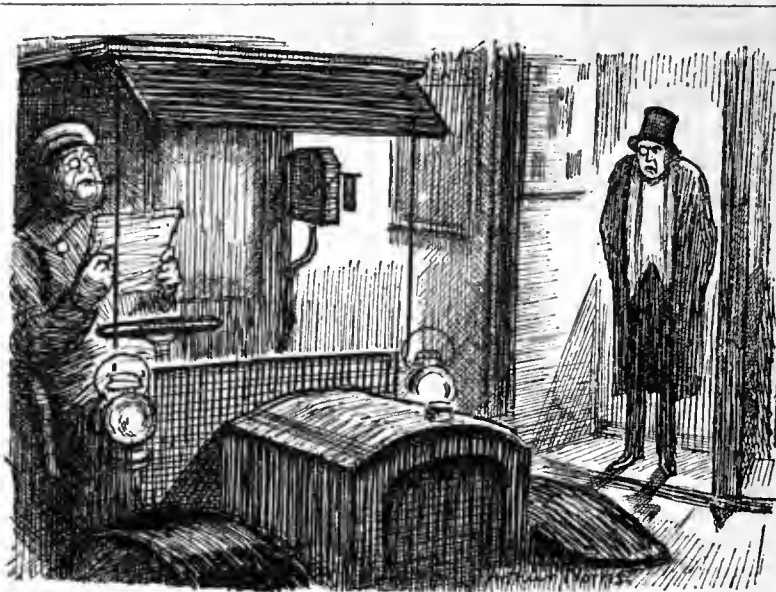
XXII. (I to him.)

I cannot, my good fellow, get up the slightest interest in a mythical water supply. There will be time enough to convey it when it begins to run. Hope you will have a good crossing to the Hook.

[Several of his letters omitted.]

XXIII. (I to him—Telegram.)

Rain at last. Water reappearing. By all means convey. Rather muddy so far, but plumber thinks it will clear.



HORRIBLE POSITION OF JONES WHO, AFTER WITNESSING THE WORST PLAY HE HAS EVER SEEN, COMES OUT A LITTLE BEFORE THE FINISH AND DISCOVERS HIS TAXI, FOR WHICH HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO PAY, AWAITING HIM.

Should you dispose of the water right in question, the owner of it, even if unable to use it himself, could take steps to prevent anyone else from making use of his property.

XVI. (I to him.)

But surely he wouldn't be such a rotten sportsman as that. I mean to say what a confoundedly dog-in-the-mangerish thing to do! Hang it all. I feel bound to protest against the whole tone and tenor of your letter. Do you mean to imply that I would ever think of leaving a water right or any other thing to a chap that would behave like that? I absolutely decline to take any steps whatever in the matter.

XVII. (He to me.)

It will perhaps help to shorten this controversy if I quote from your letter, now in my possession, of September



Proprietor. "NOT QUITE THE FING, AIN'T IT? WELL, IT'S NOT MUCH OF A TAXI-RIDE TO THE RITZ; TRY A KIPPER THERE."

THE SPECTRE.

(Mr. Punch's solemn Warning to the latest Type of Malefactors.)

MIDNIGHT, and the tide was almost full. The wind had long ago fallen, and the sea made hardly a ripple as it crept up the ghostly sands. The moon's image was a great splendour on the waters, and all the white pebbles on the beach were clear. Beyond it, between wavo and tith, the hallowed enclosure lay very still. Not a whisper stirred the dark-green mounds that were tended with so much loving care, the mute memorials of so much toil of men, such high and ardent rivalries, so many of life's fitful fevers, long past and done.

Suddenly there came a great stir and crackle in the briar hedge between the foreshore and the fields, and the face of a woman showed ghastly white as it looked through on the seaward side. She crawled out laboriously and found herself upon a patch of level sward. Then the moonlight flashed on a metal instrument that she held in her hand and made her awful purpose only too clear. She was about to cut the sods in that silent place, to desecrate the earth where Fame had decreed that so

many of her noblest sons should lie dead. Madness goaded her on. What was it to her if she shattered the most sacred traditions, links with a famous past, links that united a father's and a husband's love? The hazards were nothing to her. Here and now the deed should be done. She knelt down, but suddenly, as if moved by some irresistible impulse, before she began her work, looked up and round about her.

Was that only a Will-o'-the-wisp that flickered on the swampy ground to her right, or was it something else? No marsh fire, surely, moved so steadily, so purposefully, nor ever gleamed so large. Surely it was a figure, but as surely not the figure of a mortal man. Now as it came nearer, luminous, terrible, she could swear that she saw a face—a face with fixed and glassy eyes that looked ever before them, not at her—this crowned the horror—but at something unseen, something on the ground at her feet. Resolute as a warrior going to battle, it came on and on. And what was this again that it seemed to brandish in one hand—a weapon, surely, as bright as her own; and what was that which it bore upon its back? A bundle or a swathed body?

For some moments she remained there as if rooted to the spot, bound fast in a paroxysm of fear. Then with a great effort she rose, shrieked wildly, dropped her sacrilegious tool, and fled, fled fast as her feet could carry her, till she found a gate, scrambled over it she knew not how, and fell a huddled heap on the roadway.

They found the trowel in the morning lying where she left it, in the bunker that guards the thirteenth green.

"One o' them Suffrygettes," said the groundsman to his acolyte. "Forchternately she don't seem to have cut the turf anywhere."

"Frightened by Bogey, very like," answered the boy.

"Will winners of Third Prizes write, stating the books they desire to desire?"
T.P.'s Weekly.

We desire to desire MILTON, CERVANTES or MONTAIGNE; but the flesh is weak, and so, against our desire, we desire *The Rosary* of MRS. BARCLAY.

From a poster:—
"THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS BRIDE.
WHO WILL SHE BE?"
THE PRINCESS OF WALES. (Too easy.)

THE VISITOR.

THE girl who helped in the opposite flat was again addressing the porter on the landing outside:—

"There's lots o' queer things 'appens to people in London, and some on 'em takes you quite sudden like—comes on you all of a nonplush, as the saying is. Yesterday evening mother was worryin' 'er 'ead about the tea. Father 'ad bin fractious over 'is tea lately; said 'e was tired of bacon and eggs and if mother couldn't do 'im a omlick 'e'd 'ave to take 'is custom somewhere else. - Omlicks is tasty—I don't say they're not—but they're the difficultest things in the world, and if you don't keep a light 'and on 'em they come out on you like a piece o' shoe-leather, and then where are you? You couldn't deceive father with any o' that sort. 'E says 'e's a—I can't rightly remember the word—something 'e picked up from Uncle Bill—no, not effieure—gormong's the word; it's German for wanting your wittles good.

"Well, mother and I was planning about this 'ere omlick, and I was chopping up parsley and mother was wondering if she'd got to put a taste of onion into it, father being a rare one for onions—mother says 'e'd 'ave onions in 'is plum-pudding if she give 'im the chaunce—when there come a knock on our front-door and mother says, 'Sally,' she says, 'go and see 'oo it is, and if it's Mrs. Wortle you can tell 'er we've got no more sugar to spare. She's always runnin' short o' sugar.' But before I could git out, the door of the kitchen opens and a lady steps in. She was a real lady and no mistake—at and feathers, and fur all over 'er and gold chains dangling, and pretty pointy shoes, and scents and perfoms. You couldn't 'a' smelt the old onion, not if you'd tried ever so, all the time she was in the kitchen.

"Is this Mrs. Nottidge?' says the lady.

"Yes, mum, that's me,' says mother. 'Oo 'ave I the pleasure?' she says in 'er grand way. 'But p'raps you'll set down. 'Ere, Sally, dust a chair for the lady. We ain't got much, mum, so we've got to make the best o' what we've got.'

"Ah,' says the lady, settin' down, 'that's very interesting, 'ighly interesting, that is. My name is Robertson.'

"Oh, indeed,' says mother. 'There was some Robertsons lived in this street once. I've often wondered what become of them.'

"Oh, no,' says the lady, 'not them Robertsons, oh dear no. A different fam'ly altogether. I'm a member of the Society for Aiding the Deserving Pore, and I thought p'raps you could give me information.'

"Well, mum,' says mother, 'you can take a look round. We're pore enough, goodness knows, and there's four more in the upstairs bedroom. Sally, run up and give 'em a bit o' the stick. I'll warrant 'Enery's swallered all the buttons out of 'is weskit. I never knew a boy like 'im for buttons.'

"With that mother give me a wink and out I went. There warn't no kids upstairs, o' course. There's only me at 'ome, but the lady didn't know that. So I pops up and begun slapping my 'and on the wall and stamping about and knocking up agin the cupboard and making a racket just as if there was four kids in the room 'ollering blue murder with me arter 'em dusting their little jackets. Then I went down agin.

"I've quieted 'em, mother,' I says. 'There was only one hutton left on 'Enery's weskit.'

"Are not your methods rather draskit?' says the lady.

"They're ole-fashioned,' says mother, 'but they're none the worse for that. Pore people can't waste their time palaverin' with children. 'Ere you, Sally,' she says, turning to me, 'you'll 'ave to 'ave a taste o' the stick

yourself if you don't look brisker.' And then she runs on with a long story about our struggles and the 'appy 'omes we've lost and the sad way we've come down in the world, and 'ow we've got to leave this 'ouse all along o' the rent and the price o' food going up, and what a misery it is to see your children starving; and 'ow she isn't onc to complain, because the Lord made the pore, and if they wasn't meant to be pore they wouldn't 'a' bin made so, and 'ow kind it was of ladies like Mrs. Robertson to come and set in their 'ouses. 'It's no use,' she says, 'offerin' us money because we've got our pride and we couldn't be got to take money, but if you'll stay 'ero to tea, Mum, and share our last bit o' pickled salmon and coveumber we shall all be very pleased.' Then she went on to make up a story about father wearin' out 'is boots looking for work and not finding it, and 'ow 'e comes 'ome at nights and cries over the kids, and at last the lady, she gets up and says she's 'eard enough and it's a sad case, and the Society will put it in a book and send it out so's to tell people what a 'earless Sosherlist Guvment we've got. Mother told 'er she'd best go round and see Mrs. Wortle, but the lady said 'er time was up, and so she went out arter shaking 'ands with us, and orf she goes in 'er motor-ear. We ain't seen 'er since. I wonder mother 'ad the face to do it.'

COMRADES IN DISTRESS.

WAITRESS, you see that doleful little fellow,
That cake or pastry—call it what you will—
No, not the ecstacy in green and yellow
Whose creamy crest outvies the daffodil,
Nor yet that purple bulge; I mean the one
That languishes behind the currant bun.

It breathed, no doubt, a ravishing aroma
When first it left the bakery; perchance
It cherished dreams of winning some diploma;
How humbled now and out of countenance!
This bitter gash! I saw a damsel thrust
Her curious knife within the virgin crust,

And, finding it was not what she was needing
(A maiden's palate craves a richer fare),
She spurned it from her, desolate and bleeding;
For see, red jam is oozing from the tear
That mars the beauty of its toothsome flake;
Waitress, I beg you, let me have that cake!

No, not for eating; like an elder brother
I feel towards that slighted piece of dough;
We'll sit and sympathise with one another,
And I will bring it comfort in its woe;
I'll tend its wounds, and it shall hear the tale
Why I am so disconsolate and pale.

This heart of mine has suffered grievous trial,
From me has Fate exacted heavy toll;
I too have been embittered by denial,
I too have felt the iron in my soul;
My Joan refused me; cruel was the jag;
Yes, if you please, I'll have it in a bag.

More Intensive Culture.

"OSTRICH FARMING IN A NUTSHELL."

Advt. in "Midland News (S.A.)."

"Lansbury now said he would like to justify his action. He did it because of the hideous women and children who lived in Bow, and if only sufficient windows were smashed the Government would be bound to take action."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We don't quite see what the Government can do. And, anyhow, beauty is not everything.

THE SECOND CHEST.

"GOING at five pounds. Going—going—gone!" The auctioneer brought down his hammer. "To Mr. Jarvis for five pounds," he said.

I jumped from the trap and pushed my way through the crowd. The auctioneer's assistants were carrying away the old oak chest which I had driven over especially to buy.

"Half-a-minute," I shouted. "Can you put that up again? I want to bid."

"Sorry," said the man with the hammer, "but it's been knocked down. Like to bid for the next lot, Sir? Lot seven: A stuffed marmoset in a case, a set of fire-irons, twelve volumes of sermons, and a picture by an artist."

I fled hastily after the old oak chest. "Are you Mr. Jarvis?" I enquired of a bluff, hearty-looking man who stood regarding it with evident satisfaction.

"I am, Sir."

"You don't want to sell that chest again?" I enquired. "I'll give you six pounds for it."

He shook his head regretfully.

"Seven pounds?" I suggested.

"I'd 'a' took six all right," he answered, "if so be as I could have sold it again; but I've bought it on commission for a gentleman."

"Would he sell it?" I enquired.

"No, he wouldn't sell it." Mr Jarvis scratched his head thoughtfully under his cap. "I were just thinking, though; if you were wanting to go so high as eight pounds, there's another chest near by here as I've always thought must have been made at the same time and by the same man as made this one. I'm blamed if I'd know one apart from t'other. Now the man as that belongs to has had a bad harvest and I reckon if I were to go to him as a neighbour and offer him eight pounds for his chest he might take it. Mayhap he'd take seven. I don't know. Safer to say eight, anyway."

"Where could I see it?"

"Well, if you was to go over to see it at his farm he'd likely ask you twice as much as he would me. I'll get it over to my place and you can come round and see it there—and if you likes it you can pay me the eight pound or seven pound or whatever he wants for it."

At the end of a week Mr. Jarvis wrote me to say that the chest was waiting for my kind inspection and that the price would be eight pounds ten shillings—with another ten shillings for commission.

"Couldn't get it for a penny less," said Mr. Jarvis when I arrived, "but I think you'll agree it's worth it. I'm a carpenter by trade and I know genuine old work when I see it. Things aren't



The General. "Hah! so you're to be my partner to-day?"

New Member of Badminton Club. "PLEASED, I'M SURE. MAY I ASK WHY YOU CARRY THREE RACQUETS?"

The General. "WELL, YOU SEE, I'M RATHER SHORT-SIGHTED AND GENERALLY BREAK ONE OR TWO ON MY PARTNER DURING THE GAME."

put together that way nowadays—though the carving on a modern bit of furniture is a lot better to my way of thinking. Come inside, Sir. I had it carried into my workshop out of the rain."

I followed him in and examined the chest. With the exception of some slight difference in the carving on its panels it might have been the same one that I had seen knocked down to Mr. Jarvis at the sale. The date, too, I noticed, was 1591 instead of 1590.

"So it is," agreed Mr. Jarvis; "I always said they was about the same date, them two chests. Bit worm-eaten in the corner there. Does that matter?"

I told him that it did not, and asked him if he could send it over to the house in which I was staying as I intended it for a gift to my host. He

shouted out of the window that the horse was to be put into the cart and called to another assistant to give him a hand out with the chest.

I sat down at his bench to write him a cheque for nine pounds. Then I changed my mind and replaced the cheque-hook in my pocket.

Despite the frantic efforts of Mr. Jarvis and his assistant the chest refused to leave the workshop. It was too large to go through the door!

Mr. W. L. GEORGE in *The Daily News* :—

"It needs no Charlotte Perkins Gilman to remind us how far away is 'neolithic human nature' when we consider it in relation to the Zeitgeist."

Still, her assurance on the point makes us feel more comfortable.

A LABOUR SETTLEMENT.

ONE afternoon there came a knock at my private door, and Charles's soldierly face presently peered round the edge of it.

"How much is it to come in?" he said.

"Like that, six-and-eightpence; ten shillings, if you come right in."

"Why aren't you asleep?" he asked, still from the doorway.

"I was. I was just in the middle of a beautiful dream. A rich, handsome client with a real fur coat—I suppose you don't happen to have a dream-book about you?"

"That's me," he said, with a grin. "Are you going to finish it?"

"Not now," I replied. "You may come in, if you don't make a draught and disturb the dust."

For some reason or other the dust in my office is strictly preserved, and I have to be very particular about it, the idea probably being to ensure the correct legal atmosphere. It is just this scrupulous attention to detail that makes the City caretaker the artist she is.

As Charles ushered himself in, I retied the bundle of papers I had hastily undone upon hearing a visitor, and threw it back on the desk with the others. Bundles three I have in all. As the man of whom I bought them said, if a client should happen to call, it looks rather cheap to have only an inkpot dividing you. They make quite a picture, the three of them, with their little blue overalls and their little pink sashes tied into bows.

"Well," I said, leaning back in my chair, "what can I do for you? Now I have a very nice line in divorce for one week only, dirt cheap at a hundred guineas. If alimony is desired—"

"Shut up! And don't talk to me about divorce!"

I looked rather hurt; I thought soldiers loved to hear about divorce.

"Look here," he broke out, "I've come for advice, and I hope you've got some."

"Advice! Of course I have. Any amount of it, simply eating its head off. You really want some? Really? Allow me! Let me hang up your hat for you!"

Then I took his hand and wrung it a while in silence; I wanted time to think, to realise properly my position. If he was going to ask my advice about wearing side-whiskers, or whether a friend could marry his deceased wife's sister, I was ready for him. But if—

"I'm sorry, old chap," he put in; "I forgot. I ought to have broken it gently. If you'll wait a moment, I'll

go out and tell the office-boy and be ushered in gradually."

"I hope it's nothing complicated— I mean, nothing serious?" I said. "Sit down and tell me all about it—in your own words."

I sat very still with the tips of my fingers together, ready for one of those harrowing stories I have read so much about. But it did not come. I counted the buttons of his waistcoat, perused his parting, and finally ran down a smut on the side of his nose. Still nothing came, and the suspense was terrific.

"There's a tiny smut you've got. Just here. Shall I lick it off—I mean, if you'll moisten your handkerchief, I'll take it off for you."

The smut was removed, confidence was restored, and Charles's tongue was loosed. And all done by tact, tact and kindness.

"Thanks. Well—er—the fact is—er—"

"Is that how it is? I see." And with true professional delicacy I got up and switched off the light. It is the little graceful actions of this kind that endear you to your clients and enable you to die with a fortune running into six figures.

"Oh, no. It's nothing like that," he explained hastily.

I switched it on again. Two pretty examples of tact, you see, and both simply thrown away on people like Charles.

"I'm engaged," he blurted out at last.

"But that's not all," he went on, when I had congratulated him. I nodded comprehension.

"A simple case of bigamy, eh—or rather, breach of promise? Well, where is the writ?"

"Don't be an idiot! Her father asked me last night how much I was prepared to settle on her. Me!" and he pointed to himself so that there should be no mistake.

This really was serious.

"What did you say to him?"

"I said I would consult my solicitor about it, and here I am. What on earth am I to do?"

"How much have you got?" He put his hand to his pocket. "No, no," I added; "we can settle up after. I mean, what capital have you?"

"If you mean," he began.

"No assets. I thought so. Any liabilities?"

"Yes, plenty of those—but very old ones. Well, what am I to say? Shall I say that my solicitor tells me I have nothing to settle except a few old debts, which are of no earthly value to anyone but ourselves? Or shall I say straight

out that, as I'm settling down, if there's any more settling to be done, it's his turn to do it?"

But my mind was revolving the subtleties of the law, and I waved him to hold his peace, and thought very hard.

"The firm has an idea," I said presently. "Tell me. How much is her father prepared to bring into settlement?"

"That's just the devil of it. He said he would put up as much as I did."

"Very proper and usual," I said impressively. "Now listen. Have you ever heard of what we call in the profession a covenant to settle after-acquired property? No. Well, roughly it comes to this: whereas one party settles hard cash, the other party merely binds himself to do so at some future post-nuptial date. An extremely useful provision when your capital is locked up. You are young, you have energy, ambition, brains—at least, so you will tell him—and several aunts. You have some maiden aunts, haven't you? As I say, your prospects are of the brightest. After many years of hard work, promotion, legacies, and so forth, could you or could you not scrape together, say, £15,000 to hand to the trustees of your settlement? Are you prepared to enter into a solemn covenant to that effect?"

"I might manage it," he said, thoughtfully scratching his nose, "I might. I might even manage £20,000."

"Well, go and tell him so, like a man."

He went like a bird.

* * * * *

"Well," I said, when he came to see me next day, "what about it? You told him what I said?" But from his face I knew that things had not gone well.

"Yes, I told him what you said all right," he replied, passing his hand over his brow, "but he only winked—twice, once with each eye."

"It sounds rather as though he were a man of business, Charles—who regularly consults his solicitor," I added for the honour of the profession.

"He is," said Charles dismally, "and he offered me a job in it at five hundred to start with, if I chuck up the Service."

So Charles will have to take off his coat and devote the rest of his days to strenuous toil. Well, honest work will not kill him, and the hours really pass very quickly if you have a good appetite and do not suffer from insomnia. And when he's in doubt or difficulty he can always come to me for advice. There is plenty more where the last came from.



G. L. STAMP.
913.

Clarence (remarking defects in his only suit). "NOOSANCE 'OW THE MOTH DO GIT INTO YER CLOTHES, WOT!"

WITH THE MULE-TRAIN.

MULES and mesas and mosquitos
And a land that half its heat owes
To its jobs, its dust, the cantrips of its squealing muley
teams;

While the sun-glare, jumpy, aching,
Sets the thirsty levels quaking,
Till a young man might see visions and an old man might
dream dreams!

Mine go this way, green, consoling:—
There's the ridge and furrow rolling
To the near-by home horizon, grey and misty, cold and still;
And the wet hangs on the hedges,
And the clouds have mackerel edges;
Miles away a gorse blurs bluely on the landscape's only hill!

That's his point—I'd have you notice,
Not a tucked-up cur coyote's—
'Tis a big red Midland dog-fox leads across his native grass,
Full of pluck, and full of cunning,
And (at present) full of running,
Raised on turkey-cock at Christmas and on goose at
Michaelmas.

Now in dreams the usual course is
That a chap may choose his horses,
And I've always leant to longtails when there's galloping
to do;

But to-day I'm on a racer,
Not some screw hunt-steeplechaser,
But the sort that wins at Aintree with at least eleven two.

He's a raking powerful jumper,
Though the bank-flushed brook's a bumper,
Though the blackthorn's dark and hairy with a ditch that's
deep and wide,
His no scrambled blown endeavour,
Smooth as clock-work, quick and clever,
One turn faster, half an ear-cock, and he's over in his stride!

That's the sort; he fairly smothers
With his gallop all the others;
Wo're alone when, hackles lifted, hounds are racing for a
kill,
And the pirate rooks are stooping
At a brush that's mired and drooping,
And a beaten fox is crawling up the hedge below the hill.

There, they've got him sure and certain;
So—who-whoop! ring down the curtain—
Mules and mesas and mosquitos, mighty things have come
to pass,
For a penniless poor devil
Has had twenty minutes' revel
On a thousand-guinea racehorse and five miles of English
grass!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

POLITICS, according to the author of the admirable *Broke of Covenden* and the happy-fantastic *Fortune*, are more exciting in *An Affair of State* (METHUEN) than any glimpses that we get of them from *Hansard* and the platforms would lead us to suppose. This particular "affair" is the handling of a crisis due to the Workers' League, with its fifteen million members, declaring a general strike, and to a coalition Government paralysed and broken by the independence of a Mr. Draper, President of the Board of Conciliation, a risen man of the people, hated by the Right, and dubbed "The Haberdasher." He is backed by the great industrial North, but is, on the whole, a rather isolated and distrusted figure. Realising that the famous Clause Nine of the Conciliation Bill will hand England over in fetters to organised labour, he has the courage to cry "Halt!" But I hope that if and when such a crisis arrives

it will find a man of the Contro less emotional and erratic than Draper, with "his large and prominent nose and fighting jaw literally cloaving his way through wind and water," his pallors and perspirations, his exalted philandering, his compassless mysticism, his duels, and what not; and a Right less fatuously reactionary, undiscerning and foul-mouthed than the Duke of Rockingham and his little lot. I feel sure that it will find a sounder Left than Mr. SNAITH, who, I dare think, has not expended much effort in testing the currents of modern labour politics. But I

gather that our author is really weaving a fancy in the neo-Ruritanian manner, and he makes an exciting thing of it. It is nice to meet an Illustrious Personage strolling over to the President's study for a couple of whiskies and a chat, and it is thrilling to hear in imagination "the tumbrels down Piccadilly"—motor tumbrels, no doubt. *An Affair of State* is an eminently readable book, and a very pleasant note of chivalrous loyalty runs through it.

Miss VIOLET HUNT is a clever woman. The characters in her latest story, *The Celebrity's Daughter* (STANLEY PAUL), are such dreary scoundrels that you would suppose it impossible to take the slightest interest in their fate. But she makes you do it. The method employed is to introduce amongst them a heroine who, while quite as unprincipled, retains some attractive qualities, the remains of a pious affection for her battered and discredited father, a caustic wit, and above all an abundant and compelling vitality. It is *Tempe's* high spirit that galvanizes the book, and gives it an appeal at which in retrospect you may find yourself astonished. For the atmosphere in which she moves is enough to make the boldest yawn. Miss HUNT has not spared us a detail of the sordid intrigues and wearisome immoralities of the set she has chosen to depict.

They and their surroundings are so well drawn that, though it would be easy to dismiss the book as improper (which it occasionally is), cynical, and dull (in places), it has subtle qualities that cannot be lightly overlooked. What might perhaps be called the lilies and *longueurs* of vice have seldom been better conveyed. Also there are some good theatre-scenes, and at least one new situation concerning a dramatic censor. But my chief quarrel is with certain passages in the dialogue of which I thought that the indecorum did not always ring true, seeming indeed less indigenous to the situation than imported for commercial purposes. But I may quite easily be wrong here. Anyhow, it is a brilliant piece of work that should increase its author's reputation.

Life held three things for Mrs. Tremayne—her husband, her son, and her house. Her husband died, her son died, and one night somebody burnt down her house. In her own mind she had no doubt whatever that the criminal was one

Blagg, a particularly repulsive scoundrel who had a fancied grievance against her; and she settled down in a cottage near the scene of the tragedy to collect evidence against him which should make a jury as certain of his guilt as she herself was. That is the main theme of Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE's new story, *The Burnt House* (MARTIN SECKER), and the obvious way to have treated it would have been as a kind of *Sherlock Holmes*, a let-me-just-run-through-the-most-significant-points-again-Watson episode. Mr. STONE avoids the obvious. It is the influence of the quest on



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

GROWING PEAS FOR POLICE-WHISTLES AT THE WORMWOOD SCRUBS PEA-FARM.

the development of Mrs. Tremayne's character that engages his attention, and he has drawn a remarkable picture of this lonely woman, battered by misfortune, falling gradually under the spell of her fixed idea of vengeance and emerging triumphantly from her Slough of Despond when *John Dethick* comes back into her life and gives her something human to live for. There is a curiously matter-of-fact air about the story. Neither in incident nor in character does Mr. STONE for one instant strain for effect. Melodrama is always waiting for him with outstretched arms, but he dodges past it with the nimbleness of a Harlequin thre-quarter. A good example of this occurs when the faithful chauffeur offers his help to Mrs. Tremayne: "And if you'll allow me to do what I can, m'm, I'll find out everything for you, m'm, or my name's not Sebastian Kean." Was there ever a clearer cue for the heroine to smile a sad, sweet smile and murmur nicely-chosen words of thanks? Mrs. Tremayne's reply would never have done for the BROTHERS MELVILLE. "But is that your name?" she asked, far more interested in this point than in his fidelity.

"THE TRIPE ENTENTE."

Buenos Aires Standard.

We shall not join this.

CHARIVARIA.

THAT a Suffragette's proposal to enter a cage containing three lions, and while there to address an audience on Woman's Suffrage, should have been forbidden is not surprising. The curious point is that no protest came from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

* *

Whoever is looking after the war in the Near East appears to be very careless. Several battles have had to be put off owing to falls of snow, but the simple precaution of covering the ground with straw has not yet been taken.

* *

A domestic servant at Berwick has just woken up after a sleep of six days. One of these cheap alarm-clocks, we presume.

* *

The lunatic who recently posed as a magistrate took his seat, we are told, on the bench, and, when applicants came before him, "listened to them gravely." It was this slip which first aroused suspicion.

* *

A striking confirmation of Sir EDWARD CARSON'S dictum, "Ulster will Fight," was given at a recent boxing contest at Belfast, where the spectators not only knocked down the winner of the competition and poured buckets of water over him, but also severely damaged a perfectly good referee.

* *

Inspector ARNOLD, after spending forty-nine years underground, is now coming up to live on a pension. "I don't know what I shall do," he says, "when I have to spend all day out on top. Give me smoke and smell." Londoners are justly incensed at the suggestion that these luxuries can only be obtained underground.

* *

Their civic pride is, however, soothed by the announcement of a French airman that, passing over London a thousand feet up, he knew where he was by the unpleasant smell.

* *

Little by little the gaps in the world's knowledge are being filled up. Mr. T. SENGLEY, through the medium of *The Express*, states that he has found out that wasps can sting in February.

* *

Born near Bridgnorth in the early part of last Summer, a number of tadpoles have not yet become frogs; and a highly respected zoologist informs us that the retardation is due to insufficient food. What tadpoles hope

PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE EVENT.

(With apologies to our sprightly contemporaries who occasionally startle us with this kind of thing.)



Josh Blobs, the Staffordshire miner, who has just won 200,000 marks in a Bavarian lottery.

a thunderstorm—to find his home (uninsured) burnt to the ground—the dastardly act of a former suitor to his deceased wife's hand.—(Portrait is of the bereaved father, Oskof—the only survivor.)

to gain by these foolish hunger-strikes we cannot understand.

* *

The New York authorities confirm ex-President CASTRO'S statement that he has left America "merely for pleasure"—his own and theirs.

* *

It has been discovered that nearly all itinerant German musicians come from the villages of Wolfstein and Yettenbach, on the Rhine. We fear that the mawkish sentimentality of the public will prevent any arrangement being made for exterminating their instruments at one concerted swoop when they are all at home practising; but we confess that we toy wistfully with the idea.

* *

What Buttermilk Is. According to an evening paper, "buttermilk is the backbone of Ireland." This explains a good deal.

In the cloistered seclusion of Windsor, the headmaster of Eton has allowed himself to get a little behind the times. "The golf-course," he says, "is an admirable corrective of nervous tension. There is no unrest there." Clifford's Inn hums like a hive at the slight east upon its activities.

* *

Just as we thought we had solved the problem of the tasteful yet inexpensive wedding-present, we are stunned by the information, in a daily paper, that the price of pythons has gone up £1 a foot.

From a review in *T.P.'s Weekly*:—

"A charming book . . . If you have a friend who can appreciate really intimate and beautiful writing, buy it, and read it carefully word by word yourself."

Does your little boy appreciate really good chocolate? Buy some and eat it carefully stick by stick yourself.

PENANCE.

[The dramatic critic reflects on the present decline in theatrical revenues, attributed in part to abstinence during Lent.]

SOME there are whom conscience tickles,
Bidding pay their Lenten toll,
Cut off sugar, jam and pickles,
And renounce the wassail-bowl,
Give the flesh to flagellation for the purging of the soul.

Some elect to cope with vices
Not concerned with food and drink,
Practise social sacrifices,
Fly the rag-time and the rink,
Shun the carnal snares of coon-can or the ways of men in pink.

Some prefer a mental bleeding,
Close the novel's lurid page,
Give up halfpenny-paper-reading
And in heavier thought engage,
Poring over cyclopædias or the works of saint and sage.

Some, who love the footlights well, swear
To eschew the ballet's ranks,
Girls in Taxis (ay, and elsewhere),
And the boom in hustling Yanks,
To abstain from STANLEY HOUGHTON and the homely life of Lancs.

Thus, my Tompkins, you adapt your
Thespian tastes to monkish fare,
Exile from the Halls of Rapture,
Where you breathed Elysian air,
And the Great Renunciation's almost more than you can bear.

Much I praise your self-denial,
Spurning joys to which you're wed;
But, for me, it were no trial,
I'm so badly overfed,
I should love this form of fasting and could do it on my head.

O. S.

THE S.P.I.K.S.A.

VITELLIUS has been a little off colour again, and though it matters very little to Vitellius, it matters a good deal to us. When Vitellius is dead—he is an Irish terrier with the least touch, so the gossips say, of Airedale in him—when Vitellius has assumed the title of *divus*, the chronicler will have to record that one of the most beautiful traits of his character was that the incidents of a Channel crossing could have no terrors for him; he was hardened to such tests by almost daily use. But just at present, of course, we are not crossing the Channel; we are in a very small flat, and it is rather tiresome. Vitellius came to us with the generic name of Cæsar, but we could not rest satisfied until we had determined to which of the wearers of the purple he bore most resemblance. Hesitating for some time over NERO and HELIOGABALUS, we gave the vote at last to that stout *bon-vivant*, the successor of GALBA. We were certain almost from the beginning that it was not MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. I do not mean to suggest, of course, that Vitellius is anything of an epicure, and I believe that nightingales' tongues would be absolutely lost on him; but with the things that do happen to tickle his palate his appetite is only equalled by his calm but often untimely submission to the pangs of Nemesis.

The official food of Vitellius is dog-biscuit, broken up and mixed with a very little gravy; and there are nights when he will look up at us with a winning smile, wag his tail,

and make some pretence of doing justice to the feast. "I know you two dear good people want me to eat this stuff," is, I fancy, what he would say if he could. "Here am I, tired out after a long day's work—two pieces of decayed fish, some offal from the butcher's shop, and several of those nice little sugar-cakes in the flat below; but I am a good fellow, after all, and unselfish. I will do my best to please you." But even this, unhappily, is not often. As a rule he sniffs casually at the banquet, and then sits up with shining eyes in an attitude of expectant prayer. "A pleasant toy of yours," he confesses. "But now let us turn to dinner." Let it not be supposed, however, that Vitellius's teeth are faulty. Far from it.

Thomas, who gave him to us, and who rather fancies himself about dogs, came and looked at him one day and said, "That creature's coat is in pretty bad condition; you ought to give him more exercise." "We do," I said; "come out for a walk now." Thomas had a rather nice cane walking-stick, and he was wearing light fawn-coloured spats. I persuaded him to throw his stick into a pond for Vitellius to retrieve. After a long healthy swim in every possible wrong direction the emperor found the stick, brought it to land, put it down, shook himself, rolled carefully in the mud, came and pawed Thomas's spats, returned to the stick, galloped about with it in circles for three-quarters of an hour, and then lay down and ate it.

But I should not mind if it were only Thomas's walking-sticks. There is no ruffian in the street so poor that Vitellius will not beg a greasy crust from him; and since, by a strange fantasy, he regards all the flats in our block as rooms in a single house, he is always dropping in on their occupiers and sitting up to a hearty tea of muffins and cake. And then, next morning, he will steal softly away into the drawing-room and—behave as if he were at sea.

That is why I wish to found the S.P.I.K.S.A. The Society for the Prevention of Indiscriminate Kindness to Strange Animals will, of course, be useless unless it is assisted by an Act of Parliament. But when once that is passed there will be uniformed inspectors who will take the name and address of anyone they see giving food to a strange dog in the streets or elsewhere. Then they will communicate with the owner of the dog, and he will be entitled to prosecute. The penalties for offenders convicted at the instance of the S.P.I.K.S.A. will be very severe. For the first offence a fine of two guineas will be inflicted; for the second there will be a sentence of two months' hard labour. But it will not be the usual kind of hard labour; prisoners will be compelled to turn out at 5 A.M. every day and feed a growing dog on half-a-dozen sugar-buns and a large mutton-bone with plenty of meat on it. After that they will exercise the dog up and down the prison-yard until such time as he sees fit to eat a hard dry biscuit for his supper. There will, I think, be no third conviction under the auspices of the new society.

An Explanation.

"The whole of the available public space in the court was occupied. Those present in court included Mr. G. K. Chesterton."

Manchester Evening Chronicle.

No more need be said.

From a quoted review, in a book-catalogue, of *Liverpool and the Mersey*:—

"Mr. Scott has fine powers of expression, and in such a passage as that in which he describes the appearance of the poet when seen by an approaching steamer, he rises to a high level."

It almost compares with our "First Glimpse of Mr. WATTS-DUNTON at Putney from a Penny Steamboat"—now out of print.



“LES BEAUX ESPRITS——”

RUSSIAN BEAR. “A VERY HAPPY THOUGHT HAS JUST OCCURRED TO ME. WHAT ABOUT KEEPING THE PEACE?”

AUSTRIAN EAGLE. “MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T WANT TO DEPRIVE YOU OF THE CREDIT OF THIS BRILLIANT IDEA, BUT THE VERY SAME NOTION HAD ALSO OCCURRED TO ME ONLY A MOMENT AGO.”





THE LATEST THINGS IN PETS SKETCHED (TO THE BEST OF HIS ABILITY) FROM LIFE BY OUR ARTIST AT MONTE CARLO.

LONDON IS SO BRACING.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, in an article on the L.C.C. elections, says, "London has a bill of health of which any holiday-resort might be proud—and people from the other parts of the Empire and from the provinces visit the Metropolis not only because it is attractive, but because it is remarkably healthy."

Mr. Punch suggests a daily parallel column to "Health and Sunshine," and he offers his contemporary a first instalment:—

HACKNEY-SUPER-MARSH.—The glorious weather of the past fifteen years still prevails. Thousands of people pour into this district by the return business trains each evening. The N.E. wind has been much welcomed, coming straight from the North Sea over East Anglia and the Bone Works. The inducements of Hackney as a pleasure resort will be seen by the following figures:—

February sunshine . . 200 hours.
" rainfall . . . 4 pints.

No fog has been experienced during the whole month.

BLUE LION. COMP. SAL. BAR. BILLRDS.

HAMMERSMITH.—This favoured resort is still rejoicing in the reports of unprecedented warmth and dryness which are issued by the public-spirited local

council. While London generally—and particularly the East London pleasure resorts—have suffered from an abnormally gloomy winter, the statistics below will show the happy lot of this sunny little nook in the West. Prospective holiday-makers will note the very remarkable sunshine figures:—

February sunshine . . 250 hours.
" rainfall . . . Nil.

No trace of mist was recorded during the month.

CEME. 6 ACRES. COMP. TERMS MOD.

SOUTHWARK.—The construction of the new Paul's Bridge should greatly increase the tourist traffic to this charming old riparian cathedral city.

Delightful weather was (as usual, of course) experienced yesterday. The river foreshore forms a fascinating resort for fashionable visitors, who seek at the ebb for stranded treasure. Added zest has been given to their quest by the prize offered by *The Daily News* for any relics of the steamers wrecked by the Moderates.

BEAU RIVAGE. FINEST POS. EUROPE.
CLOSE FRSHRE. CASINO. 6d. per night.

HOLLOWAY.—Magnificent weather continues in this quiet little spot, where the Castle Hydro is patronised more for its rest cure than for the feverish gaieties of other resorts.

Visitors soon fall in with the simple regimen that everyone follows—early rising and retiring—plain cuisine—abstention from stimulants—unconventional costume—and avoidance of restless excursions. It is a tribute to the place that many habitués return year after year.

THE LORD ROWTON ARMS.
SPEC. TERMS BED AND BRKFST.

MARLYBONE.—The radiant weather continues, with a complete absence of Mistral, Föhns, Monsoons, and Mizzles. 37,119 visitors arrived yesterday, by rail and 'bus, etc., and 37,117 departed, making an increase of two.

The season, however, culminates in April, when the Cup Tie brings thousands of fashionable travellers, who find more allurements in the charming refreshment resorts handy to the Termini than in prolonging their journey to Sydenham. Short excursions are however numerous, notably to view the monumental masons' yards in the Euston Road.

HÔTEL TUSSAUD.
ACCOM. FOR CROWNED HEADS.

Little Known Habits of the Sphinx.
"But we now know that, sphinx-like, he only disappeared to rise again."
Manchester Evening News.

ONE MORE CHAPTER

(Being a suggested finale to Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's vivid and suggestive work, "The Victorian Age in Literature").

The most curious and inspiring manifestation of the Victorian Age has been left to the last, but it is, of course, perfectly obvious to the simplest person that the last is really first. Until the appearance of this portent, what had been lacking in the Victorians was, in a word, self-consciousness. They were like a huge and prosperous business concern which, when the end of the year comes and stock-taking is necessary, has no one capable of performing that tedious but needful operation. They were like a millionaire who has no arithmetic. The money is there, but he cannot tell how much it is; the scrip is there, but he does not know its value.

It is given to some firms to go on quite happily without taking stock; and it is given to some millionaires to rest content with dividends and make no enquiries as to capital. But England is not always like that. England has a genius for complacency, but it also has a genius for anxiety. Its genius for complacency is fairly steady; its genius for anxiety is sporadic. Everyone with a grain of observation must have noticed now and then that, in the terrible slang of the man on the 'bus, we get into the grip of a don't-know-where-he-are-ishness. Periodically this want of direction, this ignorance of the meaning of life, has been terrifically apparent in our little island, but never more so than towards the end of what for convenience in this book has been called the Victorian Age, although as a matter of fact the really salient thing about the Victorian Age was its habit of borrowing from other ages.

At the end of that remarkable era of poets with one leg shorter than the other a feeling of unrest came to be evident, which can be best expressed by the statement that England was looking for a prophet, or not perhaps so much a prophet as a lamp or star of guidance. Perfectly equipped to go, she was unaware of the way. She was like a first-class pedestrian with knapsack and staff all complete but no map. She was like the captain of a superb liner who has lost his compass. She was like the inspired picture by

FRED BARNARD (that neglected genius) of the yokel holding a lantern over the sundial to see the time. She knew that time was somewhere hidden there, but she did not know how to educe it. Even more so, perhaps, was she like a motor-car absolute in every part and ready for everything but with no member of the party capable of acting as chauffeur. It was then at that critical moment that the man arrived, forced, as foolish old TAINE in his only wise remark expressed it, out of space by the sheer demand of his time.

It was, in a word, peculiarly CHESTERTON's mission to explain and account for. Every one has heard of



McSlaughter (the great). "WELL, THAT'S 8 UP AND 7."
A. Worm, Esq. (pathetically). "WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO WIN A MATCH?"

personally-conducted tours of the world. CHESTERTON was the first and greatest personal conductor. With his pointer in his hand he accompanied mankind to every spot of interest and made all clear. He missed nothing. No scruple of conscience was too minute for his attention; no cataclysm of human ambition great enough to daunt him. By his assistance the wayfarer was provided with a new map, which CHESTERTON (who was also an artist) rapidly drew from his own head. By his guidance the captain of the liner regained an approximate idea of the whereabouts of the pole. But it was CHESTERTON's special mission to assist the benighted rustic by instructing him in the divine mission of the sun. For too long had the sun been obscure to the Victorians. CHESTERTON drew aside

the veil. It was under CHESTERTON that England at last realised where she was. He made it all enormously clear.

RAG-TIME AMONG THE POETS.

FAMILIARITY is said to breed contempt. One hesitates to say that it does that in the case of the best poetry, but it certainly rather dulls the edge of pleasure. In other words we can know poems so well that their freshness wears off. And that is where rag-time, the great antiseptic, comes in; for by its aid all poetry, however trite, can be made new. Take, for example, SOUTHEY's famous lyric, "The Battle of Blenheim." Most persons are, perhaps justly, tired of the form in which we learned it—

"It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,"

and so forth. But apply the method of "Dixie," with a little help from "Everybody's Doing It," and you get a totally new and invigorating poem. Thus:—

It was a sum-
It was a sum-
Mer's evening, and old Kaspar's work
It was done, it was done, it was done;
And he before
And he before
His cottage door was sitting there
In the sun, in the sun, in the sun.
And by him sported on the
Green, on the green, on the green,
His little little grandchild, sweet Irene.

(The name is, of course, Wilhelmine, but rag-time must have a dissyllabic Irene in it, every time.)

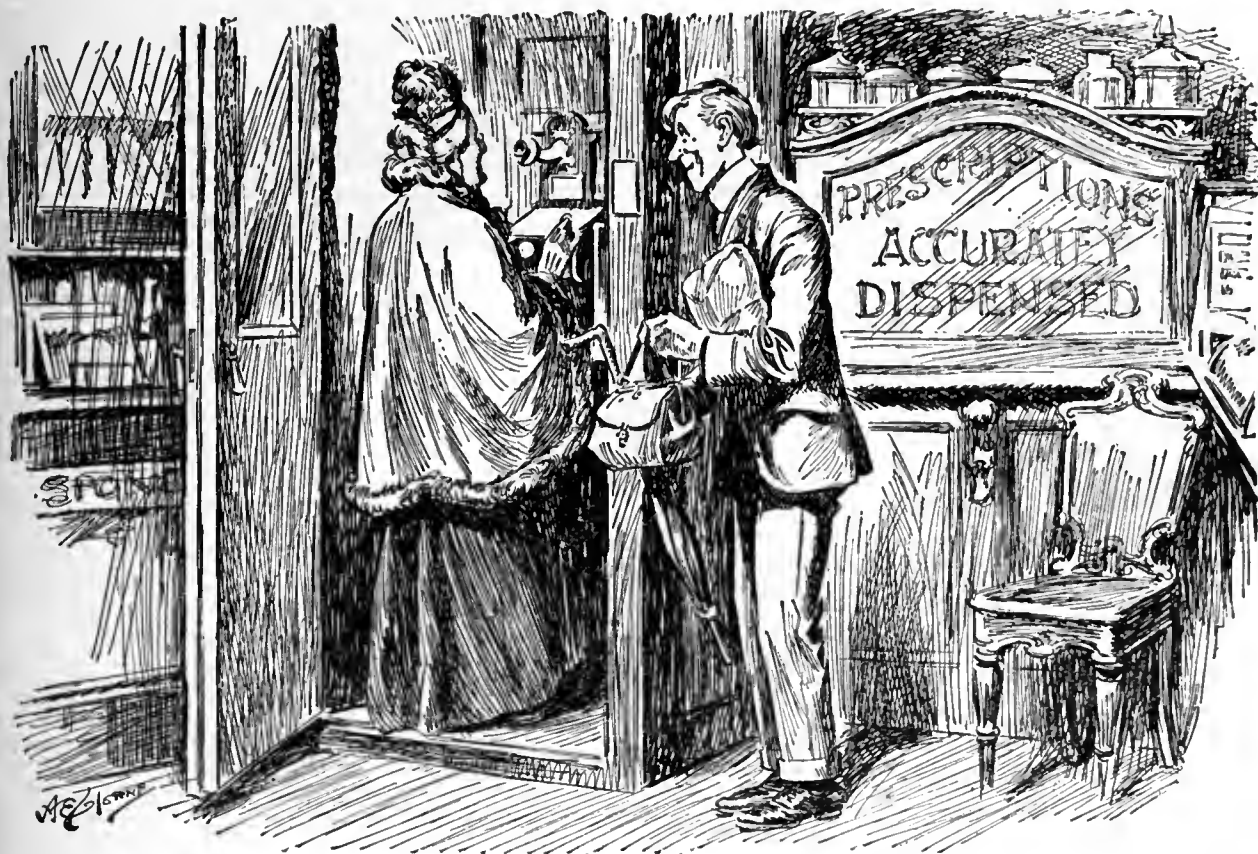
The monotony of the stanza in "The Daffodil Fields," Mr. MASEFIELD's latest joy-ride on Pegasus, has been commented upon. With a little skilful syncopation even that poem might be made cheerful and

bright. Try it.

East is East and West is West.

"NIGERIAN DURBAR
STRIKING SPECTACLE IN EAST AFRICA."
And this from the high-priest of Empire, *The Pall Mall Gazette*!

The *Salome* craze seems to have already reached Tasmania, where, according to *The Hobart Mercury*, an Independent Candidate (whose independence would appear to extend to matters of history) told the electorate that "the Liberal Government reminded him of the daughter of Herodotus, who for dancing before Pilate asked as reward for the head of John the Baptist on a charger." This is one of the few good stories of his day that HERODOTUS somehow missed.



Dear Old Lady (using call-office telephone for the first time, to operator at the Exchange). "AND AS YOU'VE BEEN SO NICE AND ATTENTIVE, MY DEAR, I'M PUTTING AN EXTRA PENNY IN THE BOX FOR YOURSELF."

FOLLOWING PRECEDENT.

ENTENTE-CORDIALITY is in the air. One of the first acts of the new American President, Mr. WOODROW WILSON, was to send a friendly letter across the Mexican border couched in the following terms, which seem to have an air of familiarity to us, we cannot think how. It was no fault of President TAFT's successor if anything went wrong with the document. We subjoin the text:—

MM. les Présidents, great and good (but somewhat too numerous) friends, I desire to address to you my congratulations and best wishes on the occasion of your election to the highest and most precarious office that your country can offer, and this I do most heartily quite irrespective of the brevity of your reign. Being desirous of adding a further proof of my sincerity I am pleased to confer upon you my Order of the Canned Eagle, a quantity of the insignia of which accompanies this letter, sufficient, I hope, to go round. Accept, MM. les Présidents, good and great, if transitory, friends, the assurance of our complete esteem and high consideration.

Your good Friend, WOODROW.

Mr. WOODROW WILSON has not as yet received any reply, the accredited reason being that his letter occasioned such a sanguinary *mêlée* among the addressees that no one was left alive to respond to it.

LATEST CUCKOO LORE.

(The extraordinarily early advent of the cuckoo this year has not escaped the attention of Mr. Punch's nature correspondents.)

A VERACIOUS correspondent sends us a remarkable account of the conduct of a cuckoo in Kew Gardens. It has been observed on several occasions to visit early nests of thrushes and starlings. After each visit the nest was found torn in fragments. It is conjectured by our correspondent (an eminent naturalist) that the female bird is disgusted that the male bird should alone enjoy the privilege of song and feels that its own claims to equality of voice will never be recognised unless and until it proves them by an exhibition of violent and revolutionary behaviour.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOO (the famous Sussex naturalist) reports that there is an extraordinary alteration in the cry

of the cuckoo this season. Instead of its customary call of "Cuck-oo," every time he has heard it the bird has said "Jew-jew."

Our Bishop's Waltham correspondent announces that the Smallholders' Association of the district are offering a reward of 10s. for every dead cuckoo. The Association declares that the damage to crops done by the local hunt is infinitesimal compared with that done by photographers, cinematographers, and newspaper correspondents in pursuit of the evasive early cuckoo. One farmer complains that a *Daily Mirror* correspondent, in his endeavours to get a snap-shot of a rook in the act of cuckooing, spoilt no less than half an acre of winter wheat.

A correspondent writes from the Army and Navy Club that there is only one explanation of the cuckoo's early arrival this year. As the air in France and Germany is so crowded with army dirigibles and aeroplanes that a cuckoo cannot cuck in peace, it is only natural that the timid bird should come to England, where there is not the slightest risk of its flights being checked by collision with anything in Colonel SEELY'S Aerial department.

WINTER SPORT.

V.—A TAILING PARTY.

THE procession prepared to start in the following order:—

(1) A brace of sinister-looking horses.
(2) Gaspard, the Last of the Bandits; or, "Why cause a lot of talk by pushing your rich uncle over the cliff, when you can have him stabbed quietly for one franc fifty?" (If ever I were in any vendetta business I should pick Gaspard first.)

(3) A sleigh full of lunch.

(4) A few well-known ladies and gentlemen (being the cream of the *Hôtel des Angéliques*) on luges; namely, reading from left to right (which is really the best method—unless you are translating Hebrew), Simpson, Archie, Dahlia, Myra, me, Miss Cardew and Thomas.

While Gaspard was putting the finishing knots to the luges, I addressed a few remarks to Miss Cardew, fearing that she might be feeling a little lonely amongst us. I said that it was a lovely day, and did she think the snow would hold off till evening? Also had she ever done this sort of thing before? I forget what her answers were.

Thomas meanwhile was exchanging badinage on the hotel steps with Miss Aylwyn. There must be something peculiar in the Swiss air, for in England Thomas is quite a respectable man . . . and a godfather.

"I suppose we have asked the right one," said Myra doubtfully.

"His young affections are divided. There was a third girl in pink with whom he breakfasted a lot this morning. It is the old tradition of the sea, you know. A sailor—I mean an Admiralty civilian has a wife at every wireless station."

"Take your seats, please," said Archie. "The horses are sick of waiting."

We sat down. Archie took Dahlia's feet on his lap, Myra took mine, Miss Cardew took Thomas's. Simpson, alone in front, nursed a guide-book.

"*En avant!*" cried Simpson in his best French-taught-in-twelve-lessons accent.

Gaspard muttered an oath to his animals. They pulled bravely. The rope snapped—and they trotted gaily down the hill with Gaspard.

We hurried after them with the luges. . . .

"It's a good joke," said Archie, after this had happened three times, "but, personally I weary of it. Miss Cardew, I'm afraid we've brought you out under false pretences. Thomas didn't explain the thing to you adequately. He gave you to understand that there was more in it than this."

Gaspard, who seemed full of rope, produced a fourth piece and tied a knot that made oven Simpson envious.

"Now, Samuel," I begged, "do keep the line taut this time. Why do you suppose we put your apricot suit right in the front? Is it, do you suppose, for the sunset effects at eleven o'clock in the morning, or is it that you may look after the rope properly?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Cardew," said Simpson, feeling that somebody ought to apologise for something and knowing that Gaspard wouldn't, "but I expect it will be all right now."

We settled down again. Once more Gaspard cursed his horses, and once more they started off bravely. And this time we went with them.

"The idea all along," I explained to Miss Cardew.

"I rather suspected it," she said. Apparently she has a suspicious mind.

After the little descent at the start, we went uphill slowly for a couple of miles, and then more rapidly over the level. We had driven over the same road in a sleigh, coming from the station, and had been bitterly cold and extremely bored. Why our present position should be so much more enjoyable I didn't quite see.

"It's the expectation of an accident," said Archie. "At any moment somebody may fall off. Good."

"My dear old chap," said Simpson, turning round to take part in the conversation, "why anybody *should* fall off—"

We went suddenly round a corner, and quietly and without any fuss whatever Simpson left his luge and rolled on to the track. Luckily any possibility of a further accident was at once avoided. There was no panic at all. Archie kicked the body temporarily out of the way; after which Dahlia leant over and pushed it thoughtfully to the side of the road. Myra warded it off with a leg as she neared it; with both hands I helped it into the deep snow from which it had shown a tendency to emerge; Miss Cardew put a foot out at it for safety; and Thomas patted it gently on the head as the end of the "tail" went past. . . .

As soon as we had recovered our powers of speech—all except Miss Cardew, who was in hysterics—we called upon Gaspard to stop. He indicated with the back of his neck that it would be dangerous to stop just then; and it was not until we were at the bottom of the hill, nearly a mile from the place where Simpson left us, that the procession halted, and gave itself up again to laughter.

"I hope he is not hurt," said Dahlia, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"He wouldn't spoil a good joke like that by getting hurt," said Myra confidently. "He's much too much of a sportsman."

"Why did he do it?" said Thomas. "He suddenly remembered he hadn't packed his safety-razor. He's half-way back to the hotel by now."

Miss Cardew remained in hysterics. Ten minutes later a brilliant sunset was observed approaching from the north. A little later it was seen to be a large dish of apricots and cream.

"He draws near," said Archie. "Now then, let's be stern with him."

At twenty yards' range, Simpson began to talk. His trot had heated him slightly.

"I say," he said excitedly. "You—" Myra shook her head at him.

"Not done, Samuel," she said reproachfully.

"Not what, Myra? What not—" "You oughtn't to leave us like that without telling us."

"After all," said Archie, "we are all one party, and we are supposed to keep together. If you prefer to go about by yourself, that's all right; but if we go to the trouble of arranging something for the whole party—"

"You might have caused a very nasty accident," I pointed out. "If you were in a hurry, you had only to say a word to Gaspard and he would have stopped for you to alight. Now I begin to understand why you kept cutting the rope at the start."

"You have sent Miss Cardew into hysterics by your conduct," said Dahlia.

Miss Cardew gave another peal. Simpson looked at her in dismay.

"I say, Miss Cardew, I'm most awfully sorry. I really didn't—I say, Dahlia," he went on confidentially, "oughtn't we to do something about this? Rub her feet with snow or—I mean, I know there's *something* you do when people have hysterics. It's rather serious if they go on. Don't you burn feathers under their nose?" He began to feel in his pockets. "I wonder if Gaspard's got a feather?"

With a great effort Miss Cardew pulled herself together. "It's all right, thank you," she said in a stifled voice.

"Then let's get on," said Archie.

We resumed our seats once more. Archie took Dahlia's feet on his lap. Myra took mine. Miss Cardew took Thomas's. Simpson elung tight to his luge with both hands.

"Right!" cried Archie.

Gaspard swore at his horses. They pulled bravely. The rope snapped—and they trotted gaily up the hill with Gaspard.

We hurried after them with the luges. . . .

DISAPPEARING GENTLEMEN.

THE DAILY MAIL'S "own correspondent" at Rome relates in a recent issue the strange experience of a generous Canadian rejoicing in the name of Gaway. While he was visiting the Forum a man, who appeared to be an Englishman, approached him and entered into conversation:—

"The stranger said he was going to be received by the Pope, to whom he had to present a sum of money, but that he had not the full amount in his possession. The Canadian lent him £100, whereupon the stranger disappeared."

On communicating with our own correspondents in several other capitals, we have been able to obtain evidence of several other cases in which the superb confidence and generosity of the representatives of the Dominions are worthy of at least equal note. Thus, a New Zealander named Gogley was standing on the Rialto the day before yesterday, when a man, who appeared to be a Scotsman, engaged him in conversation. The stranger informed Gogley that he was about to have an audience of the Doge of Venice, to whom he had to present a purse of 50,000 sovereigns from the Italian community resident in Portobello, Scotland. As he was unfortunately £5,000 short, the New Zealander promptly lent him that sum, whereupon the canny Caledonian vanished into thin air.

A wealthy Newfoundlander named McJuggins, who has recently been visiting St. Petersburg, was accosted a few days ago by what appeared to be a Manxman. In the course of an animated conversation the Manxman explained that he had come all the way from the Isle of Man to engage in a three-legged race with the Tsar against two of the most notorious Grand Dukes. Unluckily he had not enough money in his possession to pay for the regulation costume enjoined by the Procurator of the Holy Synod—viz., "shorts" of cloth of gold and a jersey embroidered with precious stones. McJuggins at once agreed to lend him a quantity of uncut jewels, which the Manxman promised to return after the race, but, strange to say, he has not been heard of since. On enquiry at the Imperial Palace at Tsarsko Selo, McJuggins was assured that no such contest was in prospect or indeed had ever been contemplated by any member of the Romanoff family.

A South Australian named Swallow was recently visiting the Acropolis at Athens, when a total stranger, who in dress, accent and demeanour appeared to be a perfect Welsh gentleman, came



PERFIDIOUS MAN.

Constable. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, SIR? SUFFRAGETTES BEEN A-TAMPERIN' WITH YOUR LOCK?"

Belated Reveller. "NO, I DID IT MYSELF, BUT THE LITTLE DEARS ARE GOING TO—TO GET THE BLAME FOR MY BEING SO LATE, WHAT?"

up and asked his assistance. He had obtained a concession to erect a beautiful week-end bungalow on the Plains of Marathon for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, but unless he could deposit £10,000 with the Greek Government that day the option would lapse. Mr. Swallow at once furnished the sum, whereupon the stranger, genially observing "a man with a name like yours is capable of anything," suddenly became invisible and has not yet been discovered by the Athenian police.

Impending Apology to Lord Kitchener's Cook.

"CAIRO, Tuesday Night. Kiamil Pasha dined with Lord Kitchener to-night.—Central News.

A report was widely circulated yesterday that Kiamil Pasha was dead."
Daily Telegraph.

"He is a ruler of a type which most of us supposed had become as extinct as the dodo."
Daily Colonist (B.C.).
As the antimacassar, anyway.



Socialist Demagogue. "THE EMPIRE, FORSOOTH! AND WHAT'S THAT, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS; THE EMPIRE'S AN INVENTION OF THE TORIES!"

THE LAST STAND.

(*Golf will appear for the first time in the Olympic Games' programme for 1916.*)

FETTERS of sloth hang round and hobble us,
Swiftly the webs are spun;
Scarce have we time ere the spiders gobble us
To utter "Jack Robinson."

Chief of our shames, we have lost our claims
To excel the world at Olympic Games;
We are heirs no more to the old Discobolus;
We can neither leap nor run.

Where, ah where shall we seek asylum?
How shall we gild again,
Fallen and tarnished deep, the whilom
Coronals? Frank and Dane
Fileh from our brows the olive boughs;
Sprinters we have, but they halt like cows;
And as for our chess and our chucking the pilum—
Ah, stop! It is too much pain.

Thus did I muse, and my heart debated
Sadly about Berlin;
Here, I thought, shall the lease undated
Of Albion's pride fall in!
We shall gain no goal, I said to my soul,
We shall fall at the foot of the greaséd Pole,
We shall bow our heads to the Czech, checkmated,
We shall yield the palm to the Finn.

When lo! like a sun-burst seen through vapour
As a three-days' fog clears off,
I found this par in my morning paper,
"Hellas embraces golf":
German and Yank, you may keep your swank
With the quivering lath and the diver's tank,
But who shall best o'er the bunker caper,
And joust in the sand-filled trough?

None, I think, but the loved of Heaven
Whose path is the ancient green,
Whose hearts are buoyed with the sea-dogs' leaven,
Whose brand is the iron keen;
Only the race with the brassie face
That follow the spheres in a long, storn chase,
That still putt out as the tars of Devon
Put out to the Spaniard's teen.

Here (so carry our drives, O Castor,
Pollux our chip-shots eke)
I will wager a crown to a mere piastro
That Teuton and Gaul and Greek
And the far-away Japs and the sledge-borne Lapps
Shall fall to our *plus-four* handicaps,
And the god shall fasten the oleaster
To the blade of a British cleek.

EVOE.



THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.





Child. "GOIN' SHOPPIN', MUVER?"
 Child. "GOIN' SHOPPIN' DOWN RYE LANE, MUVER?"

Mother. "YUS, DEARIE."
 Mother. "NO, DEARIE; MOTHER ISN'T DRESSED FOR RYE LANE."

TEMPORARY COMPANIONS.

["Wanted, at once, as temporary companion."—*Advt.*]

ARE you lonely? Are you going a journey? Are you bored, or busy, or cross? If so, ring up Mayfair 000123 and state your wants; we will supply them.

The subjoined is only a small selection from what we can do. If you don't see what you need in the catalogue, ring us up and say so.

SECTION I.—TRAVEL DEPARTMENT.

Companions for any length of journey, from Euston to Willesden, from Putney to Pekin. Good conversationalists (better than the most engrossing railway novel) always on hand. Also a special line for those who prefer taciturnity. Sitters-opposite, with faces that do not irritate. The longest and most tiresome journey a pleasure.

In ordering, kindly state whether companion is wanted draught-proof or capable of resisting asphyxia from tightly-closed windows.

Are you a bad sailor? Our chatty Channelites banish sea-sickness more effectually than drugs.

SECTION II.—SOCIAL.

To those about to settle in a new neighbourhood. Remember the importance of first impressions. Our Visiting Companions will see you through this trying ordeal. Sent down on receipt of wire for any period, from a week-end upwards. Fit and Finish guaranteed. Take one of our Companions with you when returning your first calls. The result will surprise you.

SECTION III.—POLITICAL.

Companions of all shades of opinion can be forwarded at a moment's notice. Enormous success of our new speciality—the Feeble Opponents. *A child could convince them!* Try one for your father or husband. Ill-temper a thing of the past. A grateful client writes:—"You deserve the blessing of every woman who has learnt to dread the very mention of politics. Since I heard of your Convertible Land-Taxers, home has been a different place. Please send me another half-dozen, as those we had were all used on the morning after Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S last speech.

What about those boring Relations?

Let us deal with them for you. Our Companions in this department receive the oldest story with peals of unforced merriment. Uncle's visit over before you know it!

Many other varieties to select from. Purse-holders for Sales. (Ladies safeguarded through the most tempting shops, and only allowed to purchase articles of which they are in actual need. A long-felt want!) Also our Fourteenths at Table, Theatre Companions (Thrilled, Amused, or Critical—state variety required), and a thousand others.

Write to-day!

"DR. MABLE'S LECTURES
 'THE BACKGROUND OF FACE' READ AT
 IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY."
Japan Times.

We find that a three-and-sixpenny green felt shows ours up best.

From a calendar:—

"O that a man might know
 The end of this day's business ere it comes!
Troilus & Cressida, iii. 3."

O that a man might know the end of
Julius Caesar (v. 1)!

FORCED CARDS.

I USUALLY defend myself by claiming that my mind isn't built for learning card games. I have cynical friends who say, "Why drag in card games?" but, of course, they exaggerate. My mind is equal to any amount of politics, law, and finance. The moment I sit down at a little green table, however, I am chastened, shamed, publicly humiliated.

It usually happens like this. Suppose it is evening. I am tired, and I sit down with the relish of the tired business man who has been sitting down all day. I pick up a book or a newspaper or a time-table, and muse over it. Just as I begin to enjoy myself comfortably, in rush Ruth and Alice and Jack.

"Come on, Uncle, join us at Snitch!" they cry, and flock about me.

"Is it a restaurant?"

"No, it's something like Double Dummy Mumps, only faster."

Instantly I perceive their meaning. They mean cards. I am not so easy.

"I don't know it. Never played it. I am very sorry, but my experience in such games is very lim—"

"That doesn't make any difference," they cry. "We can teach you."

"You can't." I state this with certainty. "It's been attempted."

"Oh, yes, we can. You'll get it all in a second. Why, it's one of the simplest games."

Wearily I lay down the paper. There is no hope. All is lost. We wake a

sleeping card-table in the corner of the room, set it on its unwilling feet, and sit down about it. Alice produces a huge pack of cards and hands them to Jack, who proceeds to arrange and disarrange them in a purposeless sort of way.

"Now explain the game, please," I venture. "How do you play?"

"The idea," says Jack, "is not to get sevens. And of course the Ace of Diamonds counts ten."

This is the way such people always begin.

"Yes, but what do I do? Do I hand the cards to my partner, or put them on the table, or stuff them one by one into my pockets, or just put them in piles? And what happens to the pile in the middle of the table?"

There is a general sigh of weariness about the table. "Oh, you'll see in a minute when you've started playing."

I wait impatiently and apprehensively. Presently I find myself with about a dozen cards in my hands. On the backs are some very pretty pictures, representing Sir WALTER RALEIGH (brown and black) before Windsor Castle (mostly black) throwing a brown cloak into a black puddle, while QUEEN ELIZABETH (brown), followed by brown gentlewomen, steps all over it. As an

I do so, and breathe again. The game goes on.

But my respite is short. In a moment they are after me again. I am frozen with terror. My hands shake.

"What do I do?"

"Put down three more. No, not there . . . over here! Good." There is a murmur of applause. But Alice has been looking over my shoulder, "to help me," as she explains it. She gasps.

"Good heavens, you played the Queen of Sheba!" she cries to a horrified audience. "Never mind, Uncle. We shan't count it this time."

Her tone is indulgent. "You couldn't be expected to know that it counts thirty against you."

The next time my turn comes round my heart is in my boots. I play three cards. Alice watches me again.

"No, Uncle, not those cards . . . no, no, not that one . . . Haven't you even got them sorted? Now discard. No, not into your pocket. No, not under the table . . . There . . . that's right . . . No, here! Now play three . . . No, not those . . . there!"

So the game progresses. I am led as the blind. At last the process ends, the scores are added. I am minus eighty-three. I am miserable.

"You did beautifully," they all assure me in chorus. "You'll learn the game in another jiffy. Don't you think it's fun? Now for another."

Quietly but resolutely I rise to my feet. "I am very sorry," I say. "I have a headache, or something. I regret that I cannot join you in another round. The subject is a painful one. Good night."

"Lostwithiel was easy-going in a general way, but when he did put his foot down upon any point he was immovable."

Family Herald.

Thus differing from us, who are particularly mobile on such occasions.

Life's Little Tragedies.

"But to claim that because a sprinter can cover a hundred yards in ten seconds, that therefore he can accomplish a speed of better than three miles an hour, is to talk nonsense."

Sheffield Independent.

It is pathetic that, at the very moment when he was about to crush his opponent, the writer should have been let down by a careless compositor.



Arthur Norris.
First Bluejacket. "I OFFER WONDERS, BILL, WHY PARSONS ALWAYS WEARS THEIR COLLARS GOIN' ASTERN."

example of economy in art, the thing is admirable.

"Hurry up, Uncle," says Ruth severely. "It's your turn."

I am dazed.

"What do I do?"

"Play any three cards."

"How do you mean 'play'? Do I put them down somewhere?"

"Yes, on the table."

I do so.

"No, no! Not face up!"

I reverse them.

"No! Don't you see that now we know what they are? Play three more."

I do so.

"Now take back the three you played first."



Village Orator (seconding a proposition for the repair of the reading-room roof). "I THINK YOU 'LL ALL AGREE THAT THE ROOF DOES LEAK VERY BAD. ESPECIALLY IS THIS NOTICEABLE IN WET WEATHER."

THE REVIVAL.

AWAKE, my Muse; O idle Muse, awake.
 There was a time, and not so long ago,
 When we habitually did betake,
 From morn's young flush till dinner's tardy glow,
 Ourselves to song: when we went near to break
 All records with a fine unflinching flow,
 So full, so pure, that people wondered how
 We did it—as I sometimes wonder now.

Delia it was that then controlled our song,
 Delia that ruled our most surpassing lays;
 Her charms that swept us, so to speak, along
 As on a wave. In such a maiden's praise
 The veriest idiot could not go far wrong,
 So fair was she. Why, in that goodly phase,
 We did our piece *per diem*; once, by heaven,
 In one triumphant burst we managed seven.

O Inspiration, never have I known
 Aught to compare with that imperious prime.
 Her (fair) hair sang itself; her eyes alone
 (Blue, luckily) were pools of various rhyme.
 On these and on her figure (all her own)
 We sang magnificently till, as I'm
 A sinner, she remarked that she could not
 Stand any more—which chilled me like a shot.

For Delia, though too late we learned it, lacked
 One charm for want of which all charms are vain;
 The very music which one might have backed
 To sweeten lemons filled her heart with pain.

It was a crushing blow. In point of fact,
 I made a dark oath not to sing again,
 But put my songs away and in my throes
 Vowed my snubbed soul thenceforth to dullest prose.
 But now again there rises in my breast
 A quickening zeal to sing the long day through;
 I think I feel the better for the rest.
 Then wake! We need not tackle aught that's new.
 Our Delia's old collection, if redrest
 And slightly altered here and there, will do.
 'Tis Araminta now that rules our lay,
 A better girl than Delia, any day. DUM-DUM.

"TORY PARTY SPLIT OVER BONAR LAW.

It would appear that the Bonar Law as an issue has been discredited and that it will be abandoned by the party as an active measure."
Manila Daily Bulletin.

Mr. BONAR LAW has had hard things said of him by his opponents at home, but until this outburst in the Philippines, no one, not even his worst enemies, had ever referred to him as an "issue" or an "active measure."

From a list of prices in an Evesham cinema palace:—
 "Fantails. One shilling."
 Ordinary pigeons, sixpence.

**"SLIPS THAT LOST GOALS.
 HOW HULL CITY WON AT CRAVEN COTTAGE.**

Fulham .. 0 Hull City .. 0"
Daily Chronicle.

Apparently one of the "slips" that lost Hull City some goals was due to the printer.

A SUFFRAGE COMEDIETTA.

SHE was going round selling *The Militant* and making converts, and she was shown in just as I was busy over the housekeeping books, after breakfast. She was young and pretty and tailor-built.

"I'm Maud Timmins," she began (she had a charming smile); "I daresay you've heard of me?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I have. But—*are you really a Suff?* I didn't know any of you were like *you!* I had a notion of *spectacles and goloshes*, you know, and a *forty-five-inch waist.*"

She laughed. "Oh, well, we have some dear devoted women who are perhaps a little in that way. But, for making converts, we find we must employ youth and charm and brightness; that's why I want *you!*"

"It's awfully sweet of you to say so" (that's *me* talking), "but my time is simply *frightfully* full—what with social engagements, acting as Papa's housekeeper, and preparing for my marriage in three months' time."

Her face grew beautifully serious. "But there's a higher part of you that wants something higher than all this—that wants a Vote!"

"Oh," I replied, "I shall *have* a vote when I'm married! Jack will vote *exactly* as I tell him."

She held up her hand reprovingly. "With that brow, it's no use trying to hide your higher self. Doesn't your heart *throb* when you hear of the great Woman's Movement?"

I said it hadn't throbbed up to now. "And as for my *brow*," I went on, "please, *please* don't look at it! My hair isn't really *properly* done yet."

Well, she talked and talked, and before she left she'd made me promise to go to a great meeting the next night. "Our glorious Claribel is to speak!" she told me.

"But I thought she was abroad?" I said.

"Supposed to be," she answered. "But she's just getting herself smuggled across the Channel in a big packing-case marked 'Explosives.' Isn't she grand?"

I've been to the meeting. It was Jack's evening for coming, but I couldn't help that. It was splendid! Maud Timmins looked *sweet* in pink *cachemire-de-soie*. She sat by me for a time and told me who was who. There was Mary Holmes, who managed to get into the House of Commons and tied herself to the SPEAKER'S chair; and there was Graco Clutterbuck, with her arm in a sling (in reaching up to slap a policeman she grazed her poor dear

hand against his horrid hard helmet!), and lots of other heroines. And when the famous Claribel appeared on the platform, oh there was such clapping and cheering! And when she told us what it felt like to cross the Channel in a big packing-case marked "Explosives" we all stood up and screamed, and seven ladies were carried out choking!

When I got home I found Papa and Jack smoking together.

"I'm one of them!" I cried. "I've joined the W. S. P. U. Here are my sash and badge and card of membership! Oh, it was so *splendid* to-night! Claribel is so *grand*, and Maud Timmins is so *sweet*, and they're all such *brave, determined darlings!* And I felt such a poor *worm* among them, never having broken anything or burnt anything or been in prison."

Jack looked glum, and Papa sighed and said, "You've been happy enough up to now, Kitty, without a vote."

"This is not a question of *happiness*, Papa," I told him. "It's a question of righting a wrong—of abolishing an injustice—of doing something I can't remember to a thing I've forgotten—"

Papa burst out laughing and I turned away. "I don't expect sympathy in the matter from *you*, Papa," I said, "but I don't despair of making *Jack* see eye to eye with me."

Jack sees eye to eye with me, and I could wish it might stop there. I've taken him to several meetings, and he's even more enthusiastic now than I am. I've introduced him to Maud Timmins, and she's had a great deal to say to him. I don't think I like her quite so much as I did. Jack simply *raves* about her. "She's a ripper!" he said yesterday. "The idea of such a woman as that not having a vote—or anything else she wants! She's the prettiest, cleverest, most charming girl I ever met—except you, of course, Kitty," he added, *almost as if it were an after-thought.*

I don't see *how* I'm to get through all my social and domestic duties and work for the W. S. P. U. as well.

Jack and I were to have gone to a great meeting to-night, at which Maud Timmins was to tell of her frightful experiences at Holloway; but I had a headache, or thought I had, and said I wouldn't go. *He actually went without me!* "Of course you wouldn't wish me to stay away too, dear," he said; "you've the Cause too much at heart for that. What message shall I give your friend, Maud?—Miss Timmins, I should say."

I looked at him. "I have no friend called Maud," I said frightfully coldly, "and I have no message for Miss Timmins," and I went up to my room and shut the door with the bang of an injured woman.

I'm not one of them any longer! I put it to you—*how can* a girl run her father's house, keep no end of social engagements, prepare for her own wedding, and at the same time sell *The Militant* outside railway-stations and places, speak at street-corner meetings, break windows, throw things into letter-boxes, and pour stuff on golf-greens? It stands to reason that *one* set of duties must go; and so I've had to sever my connection with the W. S. P. U., and have sent back my sash, badge, flags and everything.

Of course they'll all despise me, call me a doll, a weakling, a reactionary in an upholstered cage, and all that sort of thing. But I don't care. Anyhow, Jack won't see that Maud Timmins any more!

I've told Papa and Jack. They didn't twit me a bit. We had a regular cosy fireside evening to-night, with music and chat. After all, be it never so voteless, there's no place like Home! Jack was nicer and more devoted than ever—but still I'm glad he won't have any more chats with that Timmins creature.

During the evening I went to fetch Papa a book he wanted from the library, and on my return, when I was just outside the drawing-room door, I heard him say to Jack, "It was a capital idea of yours, my boy, and for all our sakes I'm delighted it's worked out so well!"

"What clever thing has Jack been doing?" I asked as I went into the room. But I never heard what it was, for he immediately began to tell me of a dear little house in Mayfair that he thought we might go and look at.

"From the artistic point of view the chief success of the evening was scored by Mr. Joseph Bull, whose banjo selections were executed with great brilliance. A complete master of his instrument, Mr. Bull gave a splendid rendering of Wagner's 'Tannhauser.'"—*Surrey Mirror.*

What we always say is, if we can't hear Tannhauser on the ocarina we don't want to hear it at all.

"Mr. C. L. Baillieu, who is rowing in the Oxford crew, is a son of Mr. W. L. Baillieu, Acting-Agent General for Victoria, pending the arrival of Mr. Peter McBride."—*Standard.*
When Mr. BAILLIEU, junior, will resign and accept a nephewship.

ART AND UTILITY.

[English Verse Composition is now threatened as a feature of modern education. The following correspondence is published without any guarantee as to its authenticity.]

DEAR FATHER,—Since a school expects
Its junior members to be dumb
About the manifold defects
Of comfort and curriculum,
I have, until the present term,
Observed that custom, like a worm.

But now must ask you if I ought
To waste my time and, what is worse,
To waste your money, being taught
The art (?) of writing English verse;
No art, I hear, since HOMER's day
Has ever yet been made to pay.

If you could see the little swines
Who take the prize for this offence,
Could see the masters alter lines
And turn their rubbish into sense,
You would, I really think, agree
That this is not the place for me.

* * * * *

DEAR ALFRED,—Yours of 2nd inst.
Is just to hand, and in reply
Would beg to say I am convinced
That—though, of course, in days
gone by
It didn't pay the bards to sing—
Now there is money in the thing.

Before commercial enterprise
Had reached its present happy state,
When people didn't advertise,
But left the sale of goods to Fate
Or merit, then the artist's trade
Was very often under-paid.

The painter's pictures didn't sell,
The writer couldn't place his stuff;
But now that pretty posters tell,
And polish pleases in a puff,
There is a chance for cultured lads
To make a fortune out of ads.

THE UNEXPECTED.

UPON the Variety stage they are known as Jolly Jackson and Dreary Drew, Cross-talk Comedians. Jolly Jackson is full of irrepressible fun; Dreary Drew relies for his humour upon an exaggerated melancholy. In private life they are known as Alf and Monte, and it is with their private life that we are for the moment concerned.

The scene is a sitting-room interior. The remnants of breakfast are on the table. Before the fire a thin, pale, lugubrious man is seated, reading *The Music Hall Mirror*. This is Monte.

The door opens, and a jolly little red-faced man enters and pirouettes across the room, singing—

"Oh, why did I fancy Nancy
When Nancy did not fancy me?"
"Shut up," growls Monte.

Alf—for it is he—perches upon the edge of the table and beams upon his partner. "I have had an idea," he says solemnly. "It is a new turn for us which will storm the town. Every nut will be cracked about it. It is to be an imaginary conversation between the Devil and the Deep Sea." He roars with laughter and dances round the room, singing—

"Any sum from five pounds to five thousand
Lent upon your note of hand."

If that were only true
No more work I'd do—
Oh, what a happy, happy land!"

"I shall play the Deep Sea," he continues, alighting once more upon the table, "while you, with your unerring dramatic instinct, will give a vivid impersonation of—" But Monte has risen and solemnly leaves the room.

Now comes the question to which we have been leading up all this while—*Which of these two is Jolly Jackson and which is Dreary Drew?*

No, gentle reader, you are quite wrong. The merry Alf is Jolly Jackson, the melancholy Monte is Dreary Drew. That is why we have called our story "The Unexpected."

From a seed catalogue:—

"When the quantity in a penny packet is not stated, but only the price per oz., the quantity may be estimated in the following way:—If the price, for example, is 1s. per oz., a penny packet will contain about one-twelfth of an oz., or to put it in another way, twelve penny packets would make about one oz. If the price is 6d. per oz., six packets will make about one oz., and so on."

Dullish people, gardeners.



Eminent Professor. "AND SO YOU SEE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, THE ELECTRONS OR B PARTICLES WHICH ARE EXPELLED FROM THE ATOM LOSE THEIR KINETIC ENERGY BY IMPINGING ON THE GASEOUS MOLECULES, WHICH THEY IONISE, AND WHEN THEIR VELOCITY IS REDUCED SUFFICIENTLY ARE EVENTUALLY SWALLOWED UP."

Dear Young Lady. "OH, I SEE; BUT WHAT FEARFULLY ROUGH LUCK ON THE ELECTRONS!"

THE MOESO-GOTHS.

"AND where," said Francesca, "shall we go for the holidays?"

"Holidays!" I said. "Holidays! What inspiration made you mention that beautiful word?"

"Well," she said, "Easter's coming on, you know. It's quite early this year, and if we don't make up our minds soon we shall be too late: we shall get left."

"But, of course, we will make up our minds," I said. "Minds were given to us in order that we might make them up. Only first let us dwell for a moment on the vision roused by the word 'holidays.' Do you see it, Francesca? The weary labourer resting in some haunt of immemorial peace, recovering his energy for the toil that is yet to be accomplished, while his wife and children bring him refreshment and minister to his needs. Stop! Don't speak. Don't shatter it. Don't——"

"Oh, but that's not at all my vision," she said.

"There," I said, "it's gone. You've driven it away. Cold, callous and cruel one, you have murdered a vision."

"But if I drove it away first I couldn't have murdered it."

"Yes, you could," I said. "You drove it away, you know, and then you sprinted after it and beat it on the head. Anyhow, it's dead."

"Mine isn't," she said dreamily; "mine's alive and kicking. I see a handsome, matronly woman reposing in the midst of a glowing Southern landscape, while her children weave garlands of roses for her and sing songs about her resting-place. I see——"

"Isn't there a man in it?" I said.

"Yes," she said in a rapt voice. "I see a cloaked figure of a man not yet past the prime of life. He advances slowly. The children implore him to withdraw. He still advances. Now he uncloaks himself. No, no! I can bear much, but not this." She buried her face in her hands and shuddered.

"Bravo, Ellen Terry!" I said. "And now, perhaps, you'll begin to talk sense. Not all the time, of course—one mustn't expect too much—but every now and then."

"Right-o," she said.

"Francesca," I said, "I really cannot allow you to talk slang."

"Oh, but it isn't real slang. It's early English. All the early English said 'Right-o.'"

"But you," I said, "are not early English. You are——"

"I," she said with a proud air, "am Indo-Germanic with a dash of Moeso-Gothic; but I have married into an early English family."

"What jargon is this?" I said.

"Jargon!" she said. "I read it in a learned article last week. If I have remembered it correctly, am I to be blamed?"

"Yes, Francesca," I said, "you are. The shock of hearing these awful words from your lips has unmanned me. Indo-Germanic, indeed!"

"But there were Indo-Germans once, you know. They lived; they ate Indo-Germanic food; they talked Indo-Germanic; they made love to one another. Tell me, oh tell me, you who are a Master of Arts, what is the Indo-Germanic for 'I will be a sister to you'?"

"They never said it. But the what's-his-name Goths did. Only I can't quite remember the run of it."

"Don't worry," she said. "It'll come back to you. And, talking of coming back, let's settle about the holidays."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "let's. You begin, and when you've done your half, I'll chip in with mine."

"No," she said, "I don't like that way. It doesn't seem to give me a fair chance. You begin."

"Let me tell you then," I said, "that I don't want any holidays at all. I'm willing to sit tight and go on working. I'm one of the bull-dog breed."

"But the best bull-dogs don't sit tight," she said. "They prowl."

"I'm not one of that sort. I'm one of the tight-sitting dangerous ones."

"Very well," she said, "I'll take the children somewhere, and you stay here. You can keep an eye on the workmen."

"The workmen!" I said. "What workmen?"

"The workmen who are going to pull down the wall between the bathroom and the little dressing-room."

"But——"

"Now you're going to say you haven't been consulted."

"Not I," I said. "You laid it all before me. I know all the details and object to most of them. I won't have it done. Besides, think of the dust. I shall choke."

"Then," she said, "you'd better come with me and the children. The workmen won't miss you."

"Francesca," I said, "why are you prizing me up with a lever? However, I will once more yield. No, you must not praise me. Nature made me like that, and I can't help it. Now we will settle where to go. See, I have torn three strips of paper. The long one is for—shall we say Tunis?"

"I should love Tunis," she said.

"The shorter one is for—— What's the shorter one for?"

"South Africa," she suggested.

"So be it. And the shortest one is for——"

"Brighton," she said very firmly.

"Yes, we'll call it Brighton. Now observe: I place them thus between my closed fingers so that they all look the same length. You pull one of them out, and whichever it is that's the one we go to. I hope you follow me."

"To the end of the world," she said, and promptly pulled out the longest strip.

"Dear old Tunis," I said.

"No," she said. "Good old Brighton. This is the shortest strip. Isn't it the duckiest little half-inch of holiday-paper you ever saw?"

"Francesca," I said sternly, "you have torn off the best part of Tunis."

"It's lucky it came out like that," she said, "for I've got the same lodgings we had two years ago." R. C. L.

ON A FRIEND OF MY WIFE'S.

ON you who, with insuff'able conceit,
Take ev'ry favour as the wage of worth,
Deeming yourself the very salt of earth,
Carping fastidious at the food you eat,
Though charity it is that finds you meat;
Disdaining snobbishly the careless mirth
And lively joys of those of humbler birth,
Their cheery greetings scorning in the street;—

ON you, whose artful blandishments have won
My wife's fond love, as she, unshamed, avows,
I well might wreak swift vengeance with my gun,
But, being a Scot whom pawky methods please,
I'll sell you unbeknownst, then chide my spouse
For losing you—her precious Pekingese.

Under a photograph in *The Onlooker*, which shows Emmanuel acknowledging a bump in the Lent Races, the following admonition occurs: "Note how the cox of the victorious crew claims 'a bump' with uplifted hand." Our contemporary is in error in supposing that these races are rowed backwards.



THE CHILD IS DAUGHTER OF THE WOMAN.

Suffragette (just home after a strenuous day and expecting important correspondence). "HAVE ANY LETTERS COME FOR ME?"

Daughter. "YES, MOTHER, BUT I TORE THEM UP FOR A DOLLS' PAPER-CHASE."

Suffragette. "TORE THEM UP! I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH BEHAVIOUR! HAVEN'T I OFTEN TOLD YOU THAT LETTERS ARE SACRED THINGS?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

It will be happy news to many that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has written another epic about Dartmoor folk. In many ways, apart from its actual length (and Mr. PHILLPOTTS was never one for scant measure) I should regard *Widecombe Fair* (JOHN MURRAY) as a big book. Its scope and aim, nothing less than to tell the human comedy of an entire district, make it the largest achievement that its author has so far to his credit. Mr. PHILLPOTTS himself says in his Preface that the idea of the work has been maturing for twenty years; and I for one can well believe it. Look at the very title! It is amazing how a Dartmoor writer can have so long refrained from using it. Sooner or later Mr. PHILLPOTTS was almost morally bound to tell us the true histories of certain immortals, known hitherto only as a string of beloved names. They are all here, they and their families, the *Pierces*, the *Harry Hawkes*, the *Gurneys*, and the rest, even down to *Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh*. You will scarce make their nearer acquaintance without a thrill. These, however, are but a handful amid a crowd of characters to be numbered by the score, so that the book becomes not so much a single story as a collection, from which everyone

may choose a different favourite. My own would be the diverting history of *Farmer Sweetland* and his courtships. The spectacle of a pampered egoist, robbed of his self-esteem and, later, happy in its recovery, is very aptly conveyed. I liked *Widecombe Fair* so well that I am the more sorry to find its Preface, already alluded to, revealing Mr. PHILLPOTTS as very cross with somebody. He complains that he has been condemned for the large part played by inanimate nature in his stories. Well, for myself, remembering the delight I have taken—and it is here renewed—in his gift of scene-painting, all I can say is, "Please, Sir, it wasn't me!"

If you are still in any doubt as to where the "life romantic" is to be discovered in our sordid modern civilisation, go to RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. He knows. It centres (I mean centers) in the offices of a great American newspaper. Nearly all the stories in *The Red Cross Girl* (DUCKWORTH) hinge on the possibility of fame or adventure that lie, like the quest of the Grail, before the star reporter of a Transatlantic print. By far the best of these tales, I think, is the one called "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," which tells how *Dr. Gilman*, of Stillwater College, the obscure author of *The Rise and Fall of the Turkish Empire*

in five volumes, ploughed *Peter Hallowell*, son of the millionaire founder and supporter of that institution, in Ancient History; how for that reason he incurred the wrath of *Cyrus Hallowell*, and the time-serving Principal, and lost his job; how *Peter*, a good sort after all, was sorry for this and, having been sent to Constantinople to mug up his subject at headquarters for the next examination, secured for the doctor by means of bribes the highest honour that the ruler of Islam could confer on distinguished foreigners; and how a friendly press agent worked up a gigantic boom out of this for the college and all concerned with it, but one which was of no practical use to the kind-hearted *Peter*; for in the end the now famous and reinstated sage, entirely ignorant of the source of his celebrity, remarks, "I regret to tell you, Hallowell, that you are not passed. I cannot possibly give you a mark higher than five." There are other good yarns in this book, and indeed the author may generally be relied upon to "deliver the goods." But I do wish that when in London his characters would do as London does. On this side, for instance, we never "feed buns to the bears" at the Zoo. I don't know how it is done, but I feel sure that the keepers would not allow it.

The only girls we men never fall in love with are those whom our mothers and sisters most persistently recommend for that very purpose. They may be pretty, they may be smart, they may not even be obtrusively good; nevertheless we do not get engaged to them. It is not that our female relatives are actuated by envy or malice; it is simply that men and women do not see eye to eye in the matter of charm. Thus I am unable to agree with Lady RIDLEY as to the probability of *Margery Fytton* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). I find unbelievable the ubiquitous conquests with which she is credited almost as a matter of course, nor can I think that, with all the fineness of character innate in her and intensified by the tragic circumstances of her youth, she could so easily and immediately have unsettled the affections of her cousins' prospective husbands. It would have been the other way on; her aunt's campaign for the marrying off of her daughters would have been aided by her having *Margery* to live in the house. Interested men would have come there because they were in sympathy with *Margery*, but would have stayed on because they were in love with one of her cousins, for the cousins had, as *Margery* had not, the volatile spirit of sheer femininity which brings men under. The last thing I suggest is that this *Margery* is unreal; she is very lifelike and exactly true to type, but her type is unhappily the wrong one for Lady RIDLEY's purpose. The book is more especially a woman's book, and, while all who read it will be thrilled by the story and fascinated by the minuteness and delicacy of the portraiture, the ladies will go further and flatly refuse to agree for a moment with the one exception I take to it.

An engaging simplicity marks Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS'S

method of telling a tale, and he can mingle a little laughter with a little pathos in delightfully soothing proportions. Of the stories which make up his last book, *The Lady of the Canaries* (BLACKWOOD), one is an experiment in the supernatural, and one has a tragic ending, but the rest are in the spirit of very genial comedy. "Sanderson's Venus" tells how a young painter, inspired by *Simon Jubb*, "the Lucifer of critics, the Don Juan of art, with whom the reputation of no old master was safe," to hunt out other pictures by the unknown author of an incomparable Madonna in the Palazzo Montegrigio, "invaded private houses so incessantly that he felt like a gas-inspector," and found out at last—but I shall not tell you what he found out. "The Unfortunate Saint," again, will be welcome to those who remember the writer's previous exercises, in the manner of M. ANATOLE FRANCE, on the careers of holy men. But I must join issue with Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS on one point. In his last study, which he calls "Troubles with a Bear in the Midi," a very

moving anecdote that has something of the flavour of R. L. STEVENSON'S adventures with the unforgettable *Modestine*, he is in difficulty about the diet of bears, and begins to collate literary testimony. Two features in the tariff are set forth as follows:—

"(1) Sons of the prophets (and so, presumably, all men who are not too old. Holy writ was the authority for this item).

"(2) Naughtly children (this item was derived from vague recollections of romances read in early youth)."

As to the "sons of the prophets," I want Mr. ST. JOHN LUCAS to read 1 Kings xiii. He will find that his arctology is hopelessly unorthodox.

I am convinced by this time that women-novelists adore a strong, silent, rugged hero, who keeps his emotions pent until the flood-gates burst and the heroine is overwhelmed by a veritable spate of emotion. In the flesh I admit that I have never to my knowledge met this type of man, but in fiction I have a very decided fancy for him as being much more satisfactory than the philanderer who constantly interrupts the story by making love all over the place. In *The Beloved Enemy* (METHUEN), *Edmund Currie*'s manners did not amount—he was an American—to a hill of beans, but he had the patience of a night-watchman and a heart of gold. The lady—*Elizabeth Thornton*—was perhaps, in spite of her sunniness and beauty, not quite worthy of her prize. Thoughtlessness is sometimes a pardonable defect of nature, but I found it hard to forgive her for neglecting her delightful father when he was critically ill. Madame ALBANESI'S theme is the influence of adversity upon character, and she puts *Elizabeth* through a very severe course of treatment, but still the remembrance of that extraordinary lapse remained to convince one that her heartlessness was so ingrained that not the most powerful doses of ill-fortune could purge it. That, however, is my only murmur, and I only insist upon it because this is the most ambitious—and in many ways the most successful—of Madame ALBANESI'S novels.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

AN INGENUOUS BUT TACITLESS ARTIFICER PRESENTS JULIUS CÆSAR WITH HIS BUST MADE FROM AN OSTRICH EGG.

CHARIVARIA.

In view of the unparalleled increase of armaments now taking place in Europe, the opening of the Palace of Peace, which was originally fixed for the beginning of September, will take place slightly earlier.

"Germany to-day possesses at least five airships capable of arriving here at night and destroying wholesale British Floats, Dockyards, and Magazines. To learn how this imminent National Peril can be averted, see *The Review of Reviews*." Thus an advertisement. One can well understand *The Review of Reviews* being interested in the danger, being itself a Magazine.

The German courts have decided that the KAISER may not evict from his estate a farmer whose lease has five years to run. We should have thought, however, that a charge of *lèse-majesté* might have been successfully preferred against the insolent fellow.

At the recent durbar held by Sir FREDERICK LUGARD, Governor of Nigeria, many of the Emirs, Reuter tells us, were attended by their Court jesters. Their favourite joke, we hear, was to cry out in a loud voice, "Whoa, Emir!" whenever the horse bearing one of these dignitaries became too restive.

More early cuckoos! Ice-cream barrows, we read, have already made their appearance in the streets of Tunbridge Wells.

At a complimentary dinner to Sir ARTHUR LASENBY LIBERTY, last week, he was presented with a bust of himself by Sir GEORGE FRAMPTON. Though inferior in point of size to the statue of Liberty outside New York, it is a much better likeness.

The fact that two Sambur deer escaped from captivity at the Zoo the other day has led to the suggestion that all the inmates of that institution shall wear some distinctive striped costume. Under the present haphazard arrangement, if one wore to meet, say, a jaguar, walking down Regent Street, one would have no means of knowing whether it

was an independent jaguar or an escaped prisoner whom the nearest constable ought to arrest at sight.

At Ellington, in Northumberland, a school has been erected in twenty-four hours. Now that this has been proved to be possible it is thought that the practice of young scholars burning down their school-house whenever they want a holiday will fall into desuetude.

A New York dentist states that champagne, if taken regularly, destroys

informs us, has written a work on Death, which will be published in the course of the summer. It should be in great demand with those who care for light holiday reading.

An advertisement of a "HUGE SHOE SALE" attracts our notice. We ourselves never attend any but Dainty Little Shoe Sales.

SO SMALL A THING.

It lies before me, the little tempter, and a thousand dreams of possibilities rise as I contemplate it. *Alnaschar's* basket of crockery did not lead to more. It may contain wealth and it may contain ruin. No one knows, but the odds are on ruin. It depends, of course, a little on how sensible I am—or, rather, not how sensible, for if I was sensible I should throw it in the fire, but with what degree of caution I proceed in my foolishness. If I do little I am less likely to make a mess of it than if I do much; but then comes in the question of my mental anguish when I discover what I might have done had I only been a little bolder. But whichever way the luck goes this thing is as certain as death—that regret and disappointment are its inseparable companions. Excitement, too, I admit, and even triumph; but those others are the steadier attendants: they "sit by your bed and bring their knitting."

Well, there are three weeks yet before anything can happen, and that gives

me time to make up my mind whether or not to swear off. Meanwhile, there it lies, the little tempter, my bookmaker's code and list of rules for the flat season, just arrived by registered post.

The Salome Craze again.

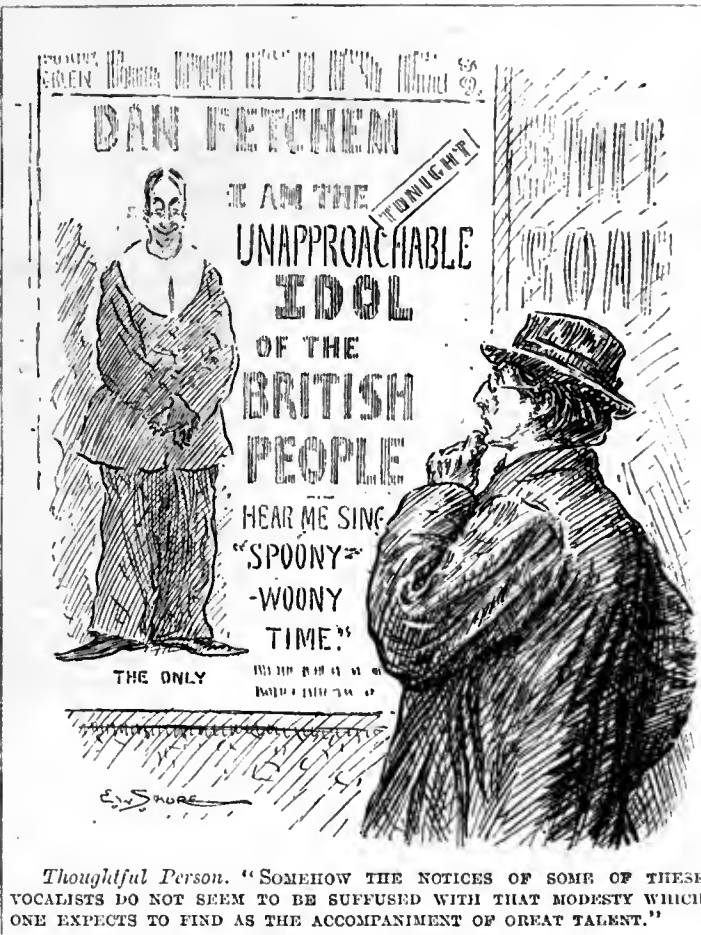
"Do you like my room?" Margot turned with her quick smile. "I expect you find it rather bare?" "I like it," Jennifer answered earnestly. "It's like you."—*Home Chat*.

"Here the oath was administered by Chief Justice White."—*Yorkshire Post*.

Hush!

"One comes across real love once in the proverbial new moon."—*Tattler*.

"Every month I bring you violets."



Thoughtful Person. "SOMEHOW THE NOTICES OF SOME OF THESE VOCALISTS DO NOT SEEM TO BE SUFFUSED WITH THAT MODESTY WHICH ONE EXPECTS TO FIND AS THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF GREAT TALENT."

the teeth. Frankly, we are alarmed, and shall knock it off at breakfast.

It is stated that a queen wasp has been seen near Stroud. After the recent mistakes as to mystery airships, we shall not be surprised to find this turning out to be a Suffragette.

The Municipal Council at Brest has imposed a tax of threepence a day on perambulators. "The mothers and nurses," says *The Mail*, "are up in arms at the demand." The babies, of course, had already assumed that posture.

M. MAETERLINCK, *The Book Monthly*

EMPORIUM SPORTS.

[A Sports and Games Exhibition has recently been held at some London Stores, where—to follow the lines of the announcements—a Great Gathering of Champions was present “to discuss matters of sport with visitors and personally to demonstrate their mastery at their respective games,” and where space was provided to practise driving, approaching, putting; to bat and bowl at the nets; to cast a fly; to punch the ball; to row in a fixed racing boat; to play a 100 up at billiards, “AND ALL UNDER THE EYE OF A CHAMPION.” Not least of the allurements offered was the chance of trying to bowl out HOBBS, or “to have a chat with a Champion, and thus to improve your game.”

Mr. Punch has secured the following account by a survivor.]

“HERE we are,” said Charles as we entered. “No, not that way, you ass!”

I have always wondered what a trout says when he sees his pal led away by the hook. Now I know. I flapped a despairing hand at Charles and swerved off towards the earnest sportsman who had just contrived a successful cast at me. I followed my car, which was pointing taut in the direction of the angler.

My progress was interrupted by a resounding cry of “Fore!” and I ducked swiftly, just in time to add to the general *éclat* of a golf-ball’s impact. The hook still held, however, and the next moment I was brought up under the bank.

“Now in a case like that,” the Expert was saying, as my angler gaffed me neatly in the vicinity of the front collar-stud, “when the fish made a sudden plunge you should have let the line run. Had it not been of superfine quality, and the rod, too, one of them would assuredly have given way under the strain.”

“What about my ear?” I murmured. “Only one of the best ears could have—ah, thank you!” I continued, as the hook was released. “No, it’s all right, really. I’ve been thinking for some time of having the lobe pierced.” So useful for hanging a key-ring on, you know.”

The Expert listened with some impatience to my angler’s apologies.

“And if there’s anything I can do for you,” the latter wound up.

“Nothing, nothing!” I assured him. “Unless—well, if you *would* just get that Gentleman Usher for me. Thanks!”

I carefully extricated the Gentleman Usher from the landing-net—he looked a bit white about the gills—and asked him the way to the cricket stand.

“I have never yet had the honour of asking Mr. HOBBS’s advice on the matter of my play,” I said. “True, I cannot hope to reproduce with any fidelity that lovely shot of his past cover, but I *should* like to know if the best people will wear a knotted silk-handkerchief

round their necks next season. In which case,” I added hastily, “you may rest assured that I am not the man to slink off home without going to your haberdashery department and buying half-a-dozen of this neck-wear.”

“No doubt,” said the man, retiring to the safety of formula, “you would like to have an opportunity of bowling HOBBS out?”

“Do you—do you really think I could?” I asked excitedly, grasping him by the arm. “You know, there’s that ball of mine which goes with the shirt-sleeve, and you think it’s going to be a half-volley (sometimes it is). It used to be pretty useful in College matches when the bowling screen was a bit off colour. Do you think it might get the better of HOBBS—the Oval’s HOBBS—England’s HOBBS—the Empire’s HOBBS?”

“Well, Sir,” said the man, “you can but try. To get to the cricket stand you take a flying leap over the middle of the skittle alley, skirt the hopscotch yard and the fifteenth green, and then go along the butts—I should say the first-floor gallery,” he corrected himself. “Up there, Sir, you’ll have to be very careful and do your best not to look like a stag, because there’s some gentlemen stalking up the grand staircase under the direction of the Open Championship Gillie, and some mistakes have been made already, Sir.”

“Thank you,” I said. “I hope I am not deficient in natural courage, but first of all you shall tell me where to find the bar.”

“Under the direction of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Sir? Yes, Sir. Straight ahead down the Punch Ball Avenue, Sir.”

“Thank you,” I said, “and after that I will go and do a little hammer throwing in the China department.”

I never got as far as the China department. First of all the Miniature Foxhounds (under the direction of a distinguished M.F.H.) ran me to earth among the Manchester goods, and then, when I emerged blowing, I was very nearly harpooned by a figure in a gent’s whaling outfit whom I recognised as Charles by the spats which he wore over his sea-boots. (Always a dandy, Charles.) I made a desperate charge through the murderous hail of golf balls, tennis balls, cricket balls, and billiard balls, seeking for further cover, only to be held up on a *chevaux-de-frise* of spillikins. Recoiling from this, I put my foot through the skin of a racing eight, and came down heavily on to a stray dumb-bell.

* * * * *
“Perhaps this gentleman will try a bout with you,” were the next words I

heard, as somebody alluded to me with his foot. I struggled to my feet and beheld Charles—perjured traitor—who had lured me to the place, deserted me, and (all but) harpooned me. I was not the man I was—while I was lying stunned I fancied I had been bob-sleighed over, and I also felt that some too zealous golfer (from a Service club) had been using me as a bunker—but I seized a foil in a fevered grip.

“Charles,” I hissed, “I am going to pink you all over. Then I will have three rounds with you in the ring. Then I will bowl at you in the nets. Then I will cast flies at you. Then I will play you a hundred up at billiards—and if you fancy I can’t hurt you at that you’ll be cruelly undeceived, my son. I am going to be an assailant now, under the advice of all the Experts.”

* * * * *
Charles’s man opened the door and I delivered a limp bundle into his arms.

“This,” I said, “is your master. Arrange him roughly on his bed, and then send for a surgeon to make the necessary extractions, etc. We have been playing a compendium of sports together. This end, by the way, is his head. It is wearing spats merely as a temporary dressing.”

I had just enough strength left to return to my taxi.

“To the nearest hospital,” I said. “I am going to give myself up.”

PAST AND PRESENT.

[Mr. Justice BANKES has in public protested against the excessive wordiness of Counsel.]

The world observes and notes with thanks

The views of Mr. Justice BANKES.

But he, alas, is not the first
Whose fate has been to learn the worst.

To wit, how very prolix are
The speeches spoken by the Bar.

Yes, Counsel’s tendency to bore
Has been remarked upon before

By their unhappy Lordships, who
Have been obliged to hear him through.

Since Judges first began to sit
They always have complained of it;

Nor were they more contented men
Or less inclined to grumble when

The Bar included in its ranks
The very learned Mr. BANKES.

“Bedford Modern School (3) v. Oakham School (4).—In this match the game was much more even than the score indicates.”

Field.

Don’t blame the score, though. It did its best.



THE NEW COCKTAIL.

PRESIDENT WILSON (examining American Eagle's tongue). "MY POOR BIRD! WHAT HAVE THEY BEEN DOING TO YOU? WHAT YOU WANT IS A GOOD STIFF LEAVE-IT-TO-WOODROW!"





Irish Dealer (summoned to inspect the latest of a series of frauds emanating from his establishment). "LAME WID SHIPLINTS! BEDAD, CAPT'N, I BELAVE IF I SOLD YE A DUCK UT WOULD DROWN!"

A TRIBUTE TO ALEXANDRA, QUEEN OF NURSES.

It is just fifty years since Denmark's PRINCESS won the place that she still keeps in the hearts of the English people when she came over the sea to be wedded to our PRINCE OF WALES. It is desired to record this Jubilee by the building of a Queen Alexandra's Nurses' Home in connection with the Alton Hospital for Crippled Children.

The QUEEN-MOTHER has always been devoted to the welfare of Nurses, and has closely concerned herself with the interests of those who tend the little patients at Alton. Mr. Punch ventures to appeal to the many friends who share his love of children and his loyalty to QUEEN ALEXANDRA to help of their generosity to raise the sum of £10,000 needed for this most appropriate memorial. Contributions should be sent to Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR, Moorgate House, 61, Moorgate Street, E.C.

From an account of the induction of a minister, in *The Aberdeen Free Press* :—

"In the evening a largely attended social meeting was held in the church, when Rev. J. J. Calder presided. After tea Mrs. Geddes, Schoolhouse, and Mrs. G. Craig, Knockdhu, robbed the minister."

A quaint and pleasing custom.

"The comparison between Ibsen and Shaw has often been rudely laboured. . . . Shaw is ever and everywhere a realist. Ibsen remains the mystic and the symbolist. We cannot conceive of Mr. Bernard Shaw writing 'The Lady of the Lake.'"—*Everyman*.

Nor can we conceive of SCOTT writing *The Lady from the Sea*; but you never can tell.

A MAN'S LAST WORD.

DEAR, when last night I begged you to bestow
Your hand on me, and, far from feeling flattered,
You gave me your uncompromising "No"
And left my heart irreparably shattered,
I swore (quite fluently) to sail awa'
And pot the larger-sized carnivora.

But, ere I buy my outfit (at the Stores)
And brush aside for years Convention's trammels,
Please ask yourself—such tenderness is yours—
What harm you've suffered from these luckless mammals,
That you should send me forth resolved to gain
Oblivion by plunging them in pain.

Pause and reflect how at an early date
Maybe some stricken brute will cease his snarling
And (in the jungle's tongue) ejaculate,
"I die because of Arabella Darling."
Your tender heart could not but take amiss
The prospect of a leopard saying this.

Consider, please, how every skin you see
Will rend your bosom with the thought (Oh!
Circe!)
"Perchance its owner's death was due to me,"
Since *qui per alium facit, facit per se*;
Would not this burden prove a lot more hard
Even than mating with the present bard?

A GREAT CONTEST OF WITS.

In a recent number of *The Daily Mail* London and Greater London were startled and shocked to learn that Mr. PLOWDEN, the BERNARD SHAW of Marylebone, has a serious rival—by which we mean a comic rival.

The deadly article ran thus:—

"A South London Solomon is Mr. J. A. Symmons, the magistrate at Greenwich Police Court, where he has patched up many a domestic quarrel and solved many a matrimonial problem. Mr. Plowden will have to look to his laurels as London's most quoted magistrate.

A handsome man with a ruddy complexion and keen but kindly blue eyes, Mr. Symmons inspires confidence at the first glance. His manner is cheerful and tolerant, but he can be firm to the point of severity if he suspects that a witness or prisoner is lying to him. A good man to confess to, but a bad man to deceive, he quickly probes to the heart of evidence, makes his decision swiftly, and punishes according to the means of the offender.

Some of Mr. Symmons's comments are worth reproducing. The following are samples:

Nagging is the constant reiteration of unpleasant truths.

Any man can talk a woman over if he tries.

Life is a compound. It has the tears of things, it has the joy, the humour, the pleasure of things.

If some women were only better cooks there would be far fewer domestic differences for us to settle.

There is always the chance for the good joke.

A large share of the melancholy of life is due to some derangement of the digestive system."

Feeling that these momentous statements were of such a nature as to need investigation, Mr. *Punch* commissioned one of his less dull young men to visit the famous cadi of Marylebone, and bring the matter before him; for it is surely the highest proof of solicitude to tell a man that his pre-eminence is in danger. The setting star is always happy to learn of one that is rising, and his friends cannot be too eager in bringing the news.

Mr. PLOWDEN, a short corpulent man with a long black beard, was discovered in his court dealing out jests and sentences with insouciant rapidity and terrible effect. The windows rattled as the laughter swelled, and the cracking of policemen's ribs and splitting of witnesses' sides were like pistol shots. Even the prisoners had tears of merriment in their eyes.

When at last, our commissioner writes, everyone was either in hysterics or gaol, and the court rose, I approached Mr. PLOWDEN with the above cutting in my hand.

"What's that?" asked the wit. "A summons?"

I gave it to him and he ran his eagle eye over it.

"Ah, no," he said, "not a summons but a SYMMONS."

For myself, I had difficulty in retaining my feet, but an usher passing at the time fell into a stupor of mirth from which, I am told, he has not yet recovered.

"And what can I do for you?" Mr. PLOWDEN inquired in his inimitable way.

"Simply this," I said. "The suggestion of that article is that your nose is being put out of joint. Kindly tell me how you yourself feel about it."

"Well," replied the Marylebone Solon, "do I look down-hearted?"

Never was there such a morning. Officials tottered gasping for breath into the street and leaned against lamp-posts and omnibuses to complete their fits of hilarity. Traffic was suspended. Portions of the ceiling fell down. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*," said Mr. PLOWDEN more than once. Prisoners escaped. The public gallery was like a battlefield.

Here are Mr. PLOWDEN's rival *scintilla juris*:—

"Eat, drink, and be buried: that is the summary of too many lives.

The wiser the wife the better the dinner she gives her husband.

Life is a mixture. It isn't all beer and picture-palaces.

It isn't only at the National Gallery that Constables are injured.

The best constables are the politest—they might be called 'If-you-police-men.'

A lost latchkey leads to a multitude of sins."

During the recital of these sparklers one man and one only kept a straight face. In vain did Mr. PLOWDEN bend his wits upon this stolid spectator, until at last he called an usher and ordered him to conduct the man from the court as a hindrance to justice. The usher returned saying that he had done so.

"Was he deaf?" asked Mr. PLOWDEN.

"No, Sir," said the usher. "He comes from Greenwich."

Spring Fashions.

From a recipe for batter pudding:—

"Add the remainder of the milk, beat again and turn quickly into hot, battered gem-pans and bake above half an hour. Have the oven hot, secure them together with a piece of flower wire. Twist a length of narrow green ribbon around the stalks and you have a pretty bouquet for your dress or hat."—*Barrow News*.

We never wear any pudding but tapioca on our hat.

"England scored early, but Scotland—a team all Sottish-bred and born and playing for Sottish lubs—showed up splendidly."

Sunday Chronicle.

"'Twas brillig and the Sottish lubs'—to quote the opening line of our new poem.

"A reduction of 9½d. per cwt. in the price of gas has been made by the Wandsworth, Wimbledon and Epsom District Gas Co."

Wimbledon News Letter.

We always put our gas in the scales before using it, to make sure that we have not been given short weight.



["General Sir — — — and Lady — — — are recruiting on the Italian Riviera."—*Society News*.]

MENTAL PICTURE MADE BY OLD LADY ON READING ABOVE. SHE SAYS, "IT IS A SHAME THEY CANNOT GET ENOUGH ENGLISHMEN TO ENLIST IN THE ARMY AND HAVE TO GO TO ITALY TO GET ITALIANS. WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GIRL," ETC., ETC.

I admitted that he did not.

"Nor am I," he said. "And to prove my confidence in myself, excellent fellow as my colleague no doubt is—and in a very good court too, by the way, Grinnidge—I back myself to beat him. There are a number of his best things in that article. They are no doubt the harvest of the reporter's mornings for many months; but give me five minutes and I will produce an equal number of better things."

"Good!" I said, scenting some first-class copy.

"Come back in five minutes," Mr. PLOWDEN continued, "and I will give you a sealed paper containing new side-splitters. In court to-morrow I will try them publicly, and you shall see the result and judge for yourself."

I agreed, and the next day attended as arranged.



A. Wallis Mills 1912

Youth. "OH, EVERYTHING BORES ONE NOWADAYS. WORST OF IT IS, WHEN I'M BORED I CAN'T HELP SHOWING IT."
 Lady. "OH, BUT YOU SHOULD LEARN TO DISGUISE IT UNDER A MASK OF GAITY, LIKE ME."

THE TWO EPICURES: A FANTASY.

[According to an article in *The Morning Post* a real Russian sable coat of full length, consisting of 180 skins, was purchased last year by a lady for £5,000.]

IN the old red house with the gables
 There dwelleth a fair unknown.
 Is she forward or coy? I can't determine,
 But I know that a hundred-and-eighty vermin,
 Nine-score warranted Seythian sables,
 Were skinned for her sako alone.

She wears her furs in the winter,
 In summer she lays them by,
 In summer she sits in her garden of roses,
 I see her (in dreams) where the box-hedge closes,
 And none with passionate lips may print her,
 Save only the butterfly.

He hath tasted the jasmine petal,
 He hath turned from the lily tall,
 He hath quaffed the wine of the musk-rose flagon
 And pilfered the fruit of the hot snap-dragon,
 He hath chosen at last on her face to settle,
 On the fairest flower of all.

Fortunate (think you, reader?)
 Who tastes at his wanton whim
 The damask cheek and the mouth of a maiden;
 Ah, but my heart with dreams is laden
 Of another feaster, a finer feeder
 A luckier far than him.

Sweet is the dew of honey,
 But an unsubstantial froth;
 Sweet are the lips of Amaryllis,
 But who shall say what a butterfly's bill is?
 I like my meals to be costing money,
 I envy the brown-winged moth.

Oh, richer than Circo's posset
 Where the beaded bubble elings;
 Oh, richer than all the Roman orgies
 Is the delicate feast my fancy forges
 In the old red house, in the closet
 Where she keeps her winter "things"!

All else I would give no dam for,
 But this my appetite spurs—
 To feed with kisses that cost a guinea,
 To feed till a pain grows under my pinny,
 To feed till I perish at last of camphor
 On her Sardanapalian furs.

EVOE.

"At the beginning of his swing Sherlock's left foot registered six stones and his right five stones . . . and at the finish of his swing his left foot registered nine stones and his right foot one stone."
Daily News.

Nothing like golf for reducing the weight.

From a notice of the Japan Society:—
 "Mr. Garbutt will read a paper on 'Japanese Armour from the inside.'"
 This should be warm stuff.

WINTER SPORT.

VI.—A HAPPY ENDING.

"For our last night they might at least have had a dance," said Myra, "even if there was no public presentation."

"As we had hoped," I admitted.

"What is a gymkhana, anyway?" asked Thomas.

"A few little competitions," said Archie. "One must cater for the chaperons sometimes. You are all entered for the Hat-making and the Feather-blowing—Dahlia thought it would amuse you."

"At Cambridge," I said reminiscently, "I once blew the feather 119 feet 7 inches. Unfortunately I stepped outside the circle. My official record is 2 feet."

"Did you ever trim a hat at Cambridge?" asked Myra. "Because you've got to do one for me to-night."

I had not expected this. My view of the competition had been that I should have to provide the face and that she would have to invent some suitable frame for it.

"I'm full of ideas," I lied.

Nine o'clock found a small row of us prepared to blow the feather. The presidential instructions were that we had to race our feather across a chalk-line at the end of the room, anybody touching his feather to be disqualified.

"In the air or on the floor?" asked Simpson earnestly.

"Just as you like," said the President kindly, and came round with the bag.

I selected Percy with care—a dear little feather about half-an-inch long and of a delicate whitey-brown colour. I should have known him again anywhere.

"Go!" said the President. I was rather excited, with the result that my first blow was much too powerful for Percy. He shot up to the ceiling and, in spite of all I could do, seemed inclined to stay there. Anxiously I waited below with my mouth open; he came slowly down at last; and in my eagerness I played my second just a shade too soon. It missed him. My third (when I was ready for it) went harmlessly over his head. A frantic fourth and fifth helped him downwards . . . and in another moment my beautiful Percy was on the floor. I dropped on my knees and played my sixth vigorously. He swirled to the left; I was after him like a shot . . . and crashed into Thomas. We rolled over in a heap.

"Sorry!" we apologised as we got back on to our hands and knees.

Thomas went on blowing.

"Where's my feather?" I said.

Thomas was now two yards ahead, blowing like anything. A terrible suspicion darted through my mind.

"Thomas," I said, "you've got my feather."

He made no answer. I scrambled after him.

"That's Percy," I said. "I should know him anywhere. You're blowing Percy. It's very bad form to blow another man's feather. If it got about, you would be cut by the county. Give me back my feather, Thomas."

"How do you know it's your feather?" he said truecantly. "Feathers are just alike."

"How do I know?" I asked in amazement. "A feather that I've brought up from the egg? Of course I know Percy." I leant down to him. "*P—percy*," I whispered. He darted forward a good six inches. "You see," I said, "he knows his name."

"As a matter of fact," said Thomas, "his name's *P—paul*. Look, I'll show you."

"You needn't bother, Thomas," I said hastily. "This is mere trifling. I know that's my feather. I remember his profile distinctly."

"Then where's mine?"

"How do I know? You may have swallowed it. Go away and leave Percy and me to ourselves. You're only spoiling the knees of your trousers by staying here."

"Paul and I," began Thomas—

He was interrupted by a burst of applause. Dahlia had cajoled her feather over the line first. Thomas rose and brushed himself. "You can ave him," he said.

"There!" I said, as I picked Percy up and placed him reverently in my waistcoat pocket. "That shows that he was mine. If he had been your own little Paul you would have loved him even in defeat. Oh, musical chairs now? Right-o." And at the President's touch I retired from the arena.

We had not entered for musical chairs. Personally I should have liked to, but it was felt that, if none of us did, then it would be more easy to stop Simpson doing so. For at musical chairs Simpson is—I am afraid there is only one word for it; it is a word that I hesitate to use, but the truth must prevail—Simpson is *rough*. He lets himself go. He plays *all he knows*. Whenever I take Simpson out anywhere I always whisper to my hostess, "*Not musical chairs.*"

The last event of the evening was the hat-making competition. Each man of us was provided with five large sheets of coloured crinkly paper, a packet of pins, a pair of scissors and a lady opposite to him.

"Have you any plans at all?" asked Myra.

"Heaps. Tell me, what sort of hat would you like? Something for the Park?" I doubled up a piece of blue paper and looked at it. "You know, if this is a success, Myra, I shall often make your hats for you."

Five minutes later I had what I believe is called a "foundation." Anyhow, it was something for Myra to put her head into.

"Our very latest Bond Street model," said Myra. "Only fifteen guineas—or three-and-ninepence if you buy it at our other establishment in Battersea."

"Now then, I can get going," I said, and I began to cut out a white feather. "Yes, your ladyship, this is from the genuine bird on our own ostrich farm in the Fulham Road. Plucked while the ingenious biped had its head in the sand. I shall put that round the brim," and I pinned it round.

"What about a few roses?" said Myra, fingering the red paper.

"The roses are going there on the right." I pinned them on. "And a humming-bird and some violets next to them . . . I say, I've got a lot of paper over. What about a nice piece of cabbage . . . there . . . and a bunch of asparagus . . . and some tomatoes and a seagull's wing on the left. The back still looks rather bare—let's have some poppies."

"There's only three minutes more," said Myra, "and you haven't used all the paper yet."

"I've got about one William Allan Richardson and a couple of canaries over," I said, after examining my stock. "Let's put it inside as lining. There, Myra, my dear, I'm proud of you. I always say that in a nice quiet hat nobody looks prettier than you."

"Time!" said the President.

Anxious matrons prowled round us.

"We don't know any of the judges," I whispered. "This isn't fair."

The matrons conferred with the President. He cleared his throat. "The first prize," he said, "goes to—"

But I had swooned.

* * * * *

"Well," said Archie, "the Rabbits return to England with two cups won on the snowfields of Switzerland."

"Nobody need know," said Myra, "*which* winter-sport they were won at."

"Unless I have 'Ski-ing, First Prize' engraved on mine," I said, "as I had rather intended."

"Then I shall have 'Figure-Skating' on mine," said Dahlia.

"Two cups," reflected Archie, "and Thomas engaged to three charming girls. I think it has been worth it, you know."

A. A. M.

A UNICORN STORY.

I CARED not for his lordship's right,
Nor for his lordship's rangers,
Because the lanes with may were white
And Ago and I were strangers;
In Woolcombe Wood that summer
morn—

The wisest wood in Britain—
I found a baby unicorn
As pretty as a kitten!

Most fairylike and elfinwise
Was he from hoof to ear-points,
A budding horn betwixt his eyes,
The tiniest of spear-points;
Beside the brook where earth the brocks
He stripped a sapling fallow,
As ruddy as a little fox,
As dappled as a fallow!

He stamped and snorted on the view,
He trotted and he ambled,
But ever yet the closer drew
And in my shadow gambolled;
I rubbed his ears and wild shy head
Where still the velvet lingers;
He ate with grace my salted bread
And mumbled at my fingers!

A mile he followed o'er the grass
And took the crusts I tossed him,
Then, sudden as the shadows pass,
I found that I had lost him;
I whistled on the dainty thing,
None answered to my calling,
Save for the far-off, tuneful ring
Of faint-heard echoes falling.

Though naught know I of signs and
saints

And things pertaining thereto,
And portents that a herald paints,
One marvel I can swear to:

In Woolcombe Wood that summer
morn—

A wood it ne'er deceives me—
I saw a little unicorn,
But nobody believes me!

A DETAIL.

Upon his appointment to a Colonial Governorship it seemed meet to the members of his old department, his colleagues, deputies, juniors and what-nots, to give a dinner to Sir Henry Kelkershows, K.C., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.M., F.R.S.L., and once President of the Wimbledon Wanderers A.F.C. Saunders and I were appointed to do all the dirty work of the affair, not because we were the most businesslike, but because we had the least business to do. We demonstrated our incapacity from the start by keeping all our notes and accounts in separate books, which could not be made upon comparison to tally in any one important particular. Over the mere pecuniary department we did not worry much; "let's have



Dentist (at first sight of patient). "YOU OUGHT TO HAVE COME TO ME BEFORE."
Patient (delighted, and darting for the door). "AH, I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT BE TOO LATE. GOOD MORNING!"

the dinner first," we agreed, "and see about that afterwards." The graver difficulty arose when I telephoned to Saunders on the morning of the appointed day to say that the list was now closed and covers might safely be ordered for thirty-six diners. His only comment upon this was that there were thirty-seven names on his list and it seemed a pity to leave the last man with nothing to eat.

"Have you counted them?" said I. He had.
"Have you counted them carefully?" He had.
"Then count them again," said I. He had.

We adjourned consideration of the matter for separate recounts. I took my list and counted from the top to the bottom; the total came to thirty-six. I counted from the bottom to the top; the total came to thirty-six. I started in the middle and counted out both ways, and still the total came to thirty-six. Then I rang up Saunders again.

"Well," I said tolerantly, "what do you make it now?"

"Thirty-seven. And you?"

There seemed nothing for it but that I should go and see Saunders personally, except that Saunders should come and see me. This I brought about. I produced to him my list, the cheques I had received and all other data, and waited for him to confess that he was no mathematician.

"There is no method known to science," I said, "by which you can arrive at a total other than thirty-six."

"Quite so," said he, as he proceeded to compare his list with mine. "But it seems to me that you have omitted the name of one person who, I have reason to suppose, will be present at this affair."

It appeared that he was right after all. It is odd how these little things escape one. I had omitted to include Sir Henry Kelkershows, K.C., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.M., F.R.S.L., and once President of the W.W.A.F.C.



Cook. "LOOK HERE! WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY BRINGING ME THIS? MISSIS ORDERED LAMB, NOT MUTTON."

Butcher Boy. "THAT 'S ALL RIGHT, OLE DEAR; PRIME CUT O' LARST YEAR'S LAMB!"

LETTERS THAT HELP US.

THE soul-shaking coincidences noted by a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette* (March 4) in regard to the initials of the surnames of the Oxford crew have stimulated some of our readers to similar activity in this intellectual pastime. Some of the most

luminous contributions are here sub-joined:—

SIR,—As a pendant to the remarkable coincidences noted by *The Pall Mall Gazette* with regard to the initials of the Oxford crew, may I be permitted to point out the astonishing fact that the present Liberal Administration has a CREWE of its own, who was educated

at Cambridge and until recently was in charge of the Colonial Office?

Yours, etc., A. TABB.

SIR,—May I call attention to the singular coincidence brought to my knowledge during a recent visit to the New Forest? Malwood, the residence of the late Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, is quite close to the Rufus stone, while Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT, the present Secretary of State for the Colonies, is constantly contiguous at Cabinet meetings to the Attorney-General, Sir RUFUS ISAACS. In this context may I ask if any of your readers can inform me whether it is really the case that the present PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, when driving from the tee, invariably uses a runcible spoon and not a driver?

Yours, etc., ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

SIR,—May I call your attention to a wonderful coincidence that has so far escaped the notice of experts? Last Friday, Professor Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH was entertained by the Whitefriars Club and had his health proposed by Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL. Not only were they both knights and Whitefriar knights, but while the initials of Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH's surname form the title Q.C., those of his health proposer are R.N. The fact that the Professor has never been called to the Bar, while Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL never served in the Navy, only enhances the singularity of the coincidence.

Yours, etc., TIBERIUS MUDD.

DEAR SIR,—The curious similarity between the name of the Progressive leader and the bell in the Westminster clock tower deserves, I think, to be chronicled at this juncture. The fact that the former is spelt with two "n's," while the latter only has one, will doubtless furnish food for philologists. Apropos of municipal politics I cannot refrain from noting that in Bermondsey the name of the unsuccessful Labour candidate was AMMON. Can this be a descendant of the Jupiter Ammon of whom I used to hear in my childhood?

Yours, etc.,

BALMERINO DOTT.

DEAR SIR,—May I draw your attention to the significant nomenclature of some of the leading billiard players of to-day? DIGGLE is a namesake of the Bishop of CARLISLE. REECE is obviously a relation of the eminent sailor immortalized in one of the ballads of the late Sir W. S. GILBERT. GRAY recalls the author of the famous "Elegy," while STEVENSON carries our thoughts from the green cloth to the green foliage of Samoa. Yours, etc.,

(MRS.) GAGA TOOP.



THE GERMAN LLOYD.

KAISER WILHELM (*on the new Berlin-London telephone*). "HULLO, IS THAT THE CHANCELLOR? I SAY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW IDEA OF TAXING CAPITAL?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "EXCELLENT, SIR. MOST FLATTERING, I'M SURE."

KAISER WILHELM. "AND WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THEY KICK?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "TAX 'EM ALL THE MORE."





"YES, I LIKED THE SERVICE, BUT I NEVER ENJOY SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY. I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF THAT FEW-RENT RUNNING ON AT HOME ALL THE TIME."

IN THE TEETH OF RESISTANCE.

I WENT into the place which was called a Drug Stores. There were one or two cameras in the window, a number of scent bottles and some portraits of celebrities in the pharmaceutical world—Mr. SIMS, Mr. SANDOW, Miss PHYLLIS DARE, and so on. I said to the eminent Harley Street specialist who stood behind the bar, "I want a tube of Kallinikos Tooth Paste, please." He moved away two or three steps, prised up one of the glass cases of his museum, and said, "We have a much better preparation here called Tenika, if you care to try it." I said, "I want a tube of Kallinikos Tooth Paste, please." He said, "Tenika is now being recommended by all the most fashionable physicians. It is the best germicide in the world; another advantage of it is that you get more of it for a shilling." I said, "I want a tube of Kallinikos Tooth Paste, please." "Tenika," he said, "is the best preparation in the market. All our customers find that they prefer it to Kallinikos. I use Tenika myself."

I gazed round the emporium in silent despair. Then I moved away to a corner and sat down on a weighing-machine, between a large basket of sponges and a little conventicle of soda-water syphons. I looked for some time at their silent, patient faces, then I looked at the door. Outside ran the careless stream of London's traffic. I bowed my head in my hands and thought. Then I had a bright idea. I got up and went to the consulting counter again. The Rosicrucian was still there. "Acolyte of Æsculapius," I said to him solemnly, with a tear in my voice, "you are one of the initiated; you swing a censer in the sacred shrine; you serve the son of Apollo. It is not to be expected that a miserable pilgrim like myself can come up to your style, but in all things possible I should like to imitate you. Tell me what is the hair-oil that you use—what the saponaceous detergent, and I will strive to follow your example. Tell me the shape of your lufah, the size of your bath. Tell me where you get the wonderful pine-breathing pastilles that make your voice so melodious, and I also will send

for a sample bottle as per 'ad.' Tell me everything about your private life, and the name and address of the young lady you walk out with, and I will try to love her too. But spare me this one foible. Say, if you like, that I have a rich uncle who will disinherit me if he ever hears of my using any other tooth paste. Think that I have acquired a morbid craving, now too strong to be overcome, for this miserable, ineffectual fangwash. Only be merciful, and give me a tube of Kallinikos!"

Looking deeply grieved, he wrapped the abhorred dentifrice in a little piece of paper, sealed it and placed it on the counter. Just then a stranger came in and went up to the oracle. "I want a tube of Kallinikos Tooth Paste," he said. And he got it immediately, without demur. He was a weak-looking man and did not appear to have any gift of rhetorical persuasion. It would have fared ill with him, I think, if it had not been for me. And if he knew all that I had done for him he would not have broached his little tube that night without first of all lifting a silent glass to my memory.

A FAIR FIELD.

To the Editor of "Punch."

(Three Enclosures.)

The Blashgrove Registry Office,
Blashgrove Terrace, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I noticed recently in your columns a letter from Messrs. Trewer and Trewer, House Agents, calling attention to the frank and honest descriptions of properties to let appearing in their advertisements. I therefore beg to inform you that I have lately adopted similar principles in my business, as it is found that ladies are apt to state the attractions of the situations they want filled, but neglect to mention the drawbacks. At this moment a letter is before me from a lady who describes at length a pot with india-rubber plant on the kitchen window-sill, but makes no reference to the fact that the house is of four floors and all coal and water have to be carried up from the basement. I make a point of ascertaining the true circumstances in each case so that neither mistress nor servant will be misled by the descriptions in my monthly list of Sits. Wanted and Sits. Vacant (1d. post free). I enclose three cuttings taken at random from my current list which will show you the fairness of the claims I make for myself.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) P. A. BLUNT.

P.S.—I ought to mention that people who have been brought up among black-beetles get to like them, and that, as is generally known, they are lucky, and no house where there are plenty of black-beetles ever takes fire.

WANTED, AT ONCE. COOK-HOUSE-PARLOUR-KENNELMAID. Only two in family, but there are five St. Bernard dogs, and the children next door run in and out. Basement Kitchen eight feet three inches by twelve feet seven inches, looking on to back area, on wall of which several rare fungi luxuriate and would well repay study. Kitchen lighted with gas-jet in addition to window. Rango does not smoke when door is closed. An iron cylinder over mantelpiece containing seventy gallons of boiling water keeps Kitchen warm even in coldest weather. In Summer the operation of cooking has been compared to stoking a battleship in the Red Sea, but the area may be used as a sitting-

room. No followers allowed, but mice are friendly, and black-beetles all that could be desired—they are stated to "dearly love a bit of music." There are also some toads in the coal-collar which might be made a source of amusement. Liberal allowance of fly-papers all the year round. Drawing-room is on first floor; there is no Bathroom, and water has to be carried from basement. Applicant would be required to wash dogs once a week, clean bicycle, and rub up brass on harness of pony-trap. Lato dinner; breakfast 7.30. Dogs' dinner is served at 12 o'clock. Meat allowed once a day; fare as follows:—

Sunday.—Joint.

Monday.—Hash, or cold meat.



The Nut (on his first voyage). "I SAY, WHAT IS THAT LIGHT OVER THERE THAT KEEPS BOBBIN' IN AND OUT?"

Quartermaster. "THAT'S THE NORE LIGHTSHIP, SIR."

The Nut. "JOVE! IS IT, REALLY? DO YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT IT WAS A BALLY WILL-O'-THE-WISP."

Tuesday.—Cold meat or hash (left over from Monday).

Wednesday.—Hash (left over from Tuesday).

Thursday.—Hash (left over from Wednesday).

Friday.—Hash (left over from Thursday).

Saturday.—Hash (left over from Friday) or grilled bones.

Evening out every second Sunday in third month, unless Master and Mistress at home. Matrimonial aspirations discouraged. Attic bedroom; sheet of zinc has now been nailed over damp place in wall. Comfortable home for serious-minded girl and lover of nature not more than 5 feet 7½ inches in height, as scullery ceiling is low. Wages, £11 10s., rising to £12 5s.

CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW is anxious to recommend Parlourmaid (who wishes

to better herself) as she fears she will be poisoned if she refuses to do so. Tall, dark eyes, handsome, nice manners, ladylike appearance. May be trusted with Britannia metal and low-grade electro-plate. Has simple, trustful nature, and if given custody of will drawn in her favour would not suspect existence of a later will. May now be engaged under advantageous circumstances as none of her male acquaintances or relatives will be out on ticket-of-leave for at least eighteen months.

WANTED, HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, by lady of ample means who has become an "Invalid" as the easiest way of getting attention paid to herself. Should be thoroughly muscular and of athletic tastes as drawing-

room is on ground floor and bedroom on second floor, and "Invalid," who weighs sixteen stone, never walks except to come down to basement to listen at kitchen door. Last House-parlourmaid dismissed for surprising her at key-hole, and previous one for saying, "You look quite well to-day, madam." Applicant must be prepared to share carrying chair (heavy end) with ancient retainers. Chair drill as follows:—

11.30.—Bedroom to drawing-room.

1.10.—Drawing-room to bedroom.

2.30.—Bedroom to street (dead lift into carriage for Applicant).

3.50.—Street to bedroom (dead lift for Applicant).

4.45.—Bedroom to drawing-room.

7.0.—Drawing-room to bedroom.

All meals served in bedroom, including fried sole and Chablis, at 2.15 A.M., and three oysters and brown bread at dawn. Burglar and fire alarms tested three times a month at midnight. A previous House-parlourmaid married the doctor's chauffeur.

Amusements of Well-dressed Men.—I.

"Frequent robberies which have occurred at houses in Birmingham suburbs during the occupants' absence are believed to be the work of well-dressed men, who, on receiving no answer to their ring, force the doors, and then raising their hats to imaginary persons walk off."—*Overseas Mail.*

"The Brick and Tile Company have been entrusted with an order for 400,000 double chequered blue tiles for consignment to Holland. As it takes 4,000 of these tiles to weigh a ton, the total weight of the consignment will be 1,600 tons."—*Oswestry Advertiser.*

This estimate includes the straw.

UNIVERSITY SHOP.

THE suggestion has recently been put forward that the old Universities should become more closely associated with commerce. There seems indeed no reason why they should not associate themselves directly with trade by founding businesses, putting forward proprietary articles of their own, and generally making use of the advertising columns of the Press.

For instance:—

I HEAR THEY WANT MORE
BALLIOL (OXON.).

LINCOLN
FOR
HATS.

GOOD MORNING!
HAVE YOU USED CLARE'S SOAP?

A. C. BENSON,
Magdalene College, Cambridge,
PROPRIETOR
OF THE
COLLEGE WINDOW-CLEANING
COMPANY.

TRY OUR
WORCESTER SAUCE,
DELICIOUS WITH
PROVOST OATS.

HAVE YOU THAT TIRED FEELING?
SEE OUR CAMBRIDGE BACKS.

OXFORD FOR HIGH-CLASS COLLARS,
as patronized by the late CECIL RHODES.
ALL SHAPES—HALF-BACK, THREE-
QUARTER-BACK, ETC.
MADE IN RONDEBOSCH.

YVONNE.

I HAVE always said that if ever I met Yvonne I should fall in love with her. You, perhaps, are an unromantic person; you could not fall in love with a mere name; that would be absurd. You, perhaps, are happily married to Amelia (or Eliza). But why was *she* favoured above all others? For some charm which I'll wager you can't describe. What, for the matter of that, did Eliza (or Amelia) see in you? She, poor dear, may by this time have fallen to wondering; but I will not dwell upon that.

Only remember this: her charm and yours may fade, but Yvonne is always



DISTINCTION.

“LOOK, MOTHER! THERE'S THE LADY THAT BELONGS TO THE LITTLE DOG NEXT DOOR!”

Yvonne. To get a letter signed “Yvonne”; to call from the foot of the stairs “Yvonne.” Try it; and then have a shot at Amelia (or Eliza) afterwards. But first of all you must hear the story.

You know those initials they put at the top of business letters? Perhaps you are not in business? I congratulate you. Well, suppose you were, and that your name was Cyrus K. Bulger, and the name of one of your many typists Euphemia Stunt. Then at the top of every letter you dictated to the fair Euphemia would appear the mystic sign C.K.B./E.S., so that if anything went wrong you could share the blame publicly and fight it out in private. But supposing that one bright spring morning I had a letter from you marked C.K.B./Y.A., what then? I should call at your office, and there would be a vacancy in your staff without formal notice.

Now this is what actually happened. I *did* get a letter marked C.K.B./Y.A., from my friend Charles Kay Bradshaw,

of the Life and Liberty Insurance Company; and I went to his office in search of Yvonne. Ever since I had known Charles it had been C.K.B./O.A.; that must be Olive, I thought, or Ophelia, dark, beautiful, interesting—the elder sister; but Yvonne!

How I treasured that letter, with its queer little mistakes! She had not mastered the horrid machine yet, and she never would—I would see to that. I had never been to Charles's office before, and when I arrived I did not know whom to ask for. It was Miss Adair, I felt certain, Yvonne Adair, the loveliest name in the world. However, I began with Charles. He was businesslike; we would get to the point at once. Who had typed the letter? I held it out tremblingly and he looked at it without emotion.

“Atkins,” he said.

“Christian name?” I cried.

“Oswald,” said Charles, simply.

“But that's his father's name, too; so we call the son ‘Young Atkins.’ Have you any objection?”

"A LITTLE BIT OF BLUE."

WHEN the waves rise high and higher as they toss about together,

And the March-winds, loosed and angry, cut your chilly heart in two,

Here are eighteen gallant gentlemen who come to face the weather

All for valour and for honour and a little bit of blue!

Chorus.

Oh get hold of it and shove it!

It is labour, but you love it;

Let your stroke be long and mighty; keep your body on the swing;

While your pulses dance a measure

Full of pride and full of pleasure,

And the boat flies free and joyous like a swallow on the wing.

Isis blessed her noble youngsters as they left her; Father Camus

Sped his youths to fame and Putney from his grey and ancient Courts:—

"Keep," they said, "the old traditions, and we know you will not shame us

When you try the stormy tideway in your zephyrs and your shorts.

"For it's toil and tribulation till your roughnesses are polished,

And it's bitterness and sorrow till the work of oars is done;

But it's high delight and triumph when your faults are all abolished,

With yourself and seven brothers firmly welded into one."

So they stood the weary trial and the people poured to greet them,

Filled a cup with praise and welcome—it was theirs to take and quaff;

And they ranged their ships alongside, and the umpire came to meet them,

And they stripped themselves and waited till his pistol sent them off.

With a dash and spurt and rally; with a swing and drive and rattle,

Both the boats went flashing faster as they cleft the swelling stream;

And the old familiar places, scenes of many a sacred battle, Just were seen for half a moment and went by them in a dream.

But at last the flag has fallen and the splendid fight is finished,

And the victory is blazoned on the record-roll of Fame.

They are spent and worn and broken, but their soul is undiminished;

There are winners now and losers, but their glory is the same!

Chorus.

Oh get hold of it and shove it!

It is labour, but you love it;

Let your stroke be long and mighty; keep your body on the swing;

While your pulses dance a measure

Full of pride and full of pleasure,

And the boat flies free and joyous like a swallow on the wing.

R. C. L.

BY FAVOUR OF THE MILITANTS.

[The issue of the following circular in imitation of certain gracious concessions made by Strike Committees may shortly be expected.]

NOTICE.

In response to numerous requests, the W. S. & P. U. beg to announce that they have arranged for a series of

PASSES

which they are prepared to grant to suitable persons who are able to give satisfactory proof of their attachment to the Cause. The Passes, some of which are of a graduated value, will be issued as follows:—

(1) *Public Speakers, Members of Parliament, etc.*

Persons able to satisfy the Committee of their *entire attachment* to the Cause are granted Pass A, which entitles them to complete freedom from interruption.

Persons able to satisfy the Committee of their *partial attachment* to the Cause will be granted Pass B, which entitles them to speak with interruptions occurring only at the end of each completed sentence.

[N.B.—The constitution of a completed sentence will be explained on referring to any member of the Committee.]

(2) *Golf Clubs.*

Passes will be granted to golf clubs upon the following terms, viz.:—

(a) Clubs in which the *entire Committee* give satisfactory proof of attachment to the Cause will be permitted Passes to be attached to the pins on the greens, which greens will then be exempt from alterations.

(b) Clubs in which only a majority of the Committee are in favour of the Cause will be permitted a Pass entitling them to exemption from any further damage than is involved by the making of one small bunker on every other green.

(3) *Public Gardens.*

Public Gardens with *two or more* Buildings, Pavilions, or Stands of any description erected within their grounds, will, on satisfactory proof being given that a majority of their officials are in sympathy with the Cause, be granted a pass entitling them to have only one of such buildings, stands, &c., destroyed, always provided that proper facilities are afforded by the said officials, who must in all cases have the buildings suitably furnished with tar, paraffin, &c., before the arrival of the officer of the W. S. & P. U.

(4) *Letters and all Correspondence.*

Passes will be granted to completely satisfactory persons only. These Passes entitle the holder to the use of a letter-box to be set up at Clifford's Inn. All letters posted in this box will be immune from damage.

(5) *Magistrates, Judges, &c.*

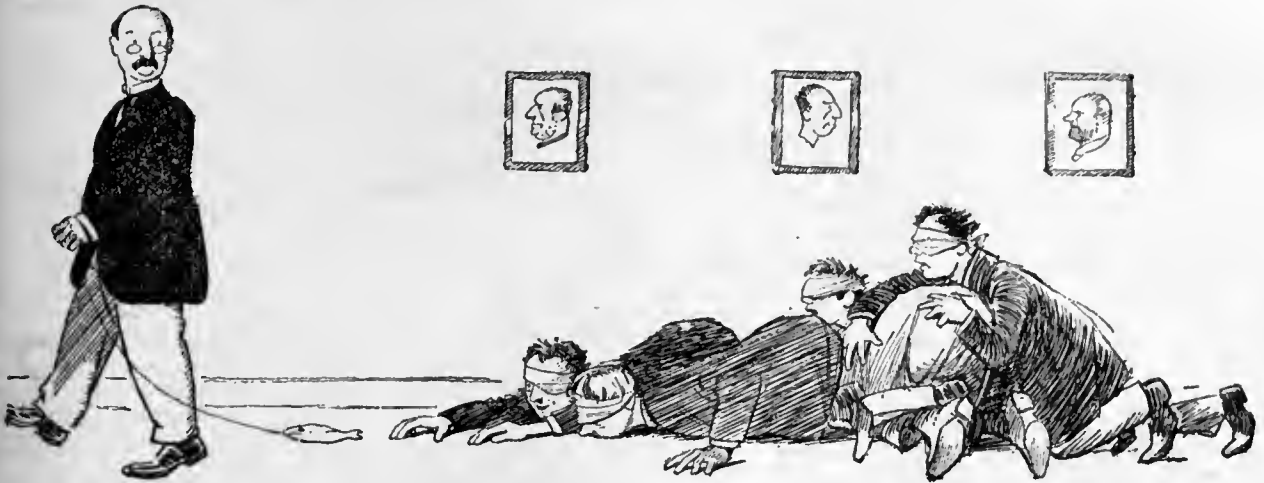
Active sympathisers among the above will be granted Pass A, giving complete immunity from assault.

Pass B, for passive sympathisers, excuses the holder from attack, except with (1) books below the weight of 2 lbs.; (2) single-pot inkstands.

(6) *Employers of latch-keys.*

Members of the General Public desirous of obtaining Passes (to be pasted on their front-doors) giving freedom of access by latch-key should apply to the office of the W. S. & P. U., accompanying their applications in all cases with a declaration to the effect that they are not (1) opposed to the principle of Votes for Women, (2) Cabinet Ministers.

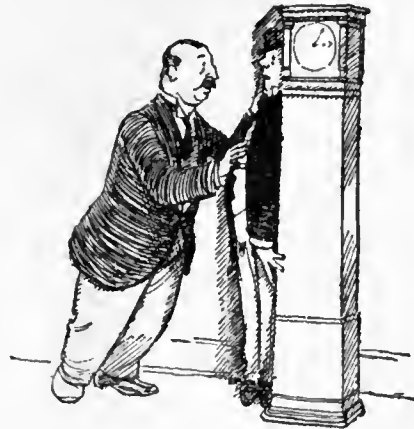
HOW SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES ARE TRAINED.



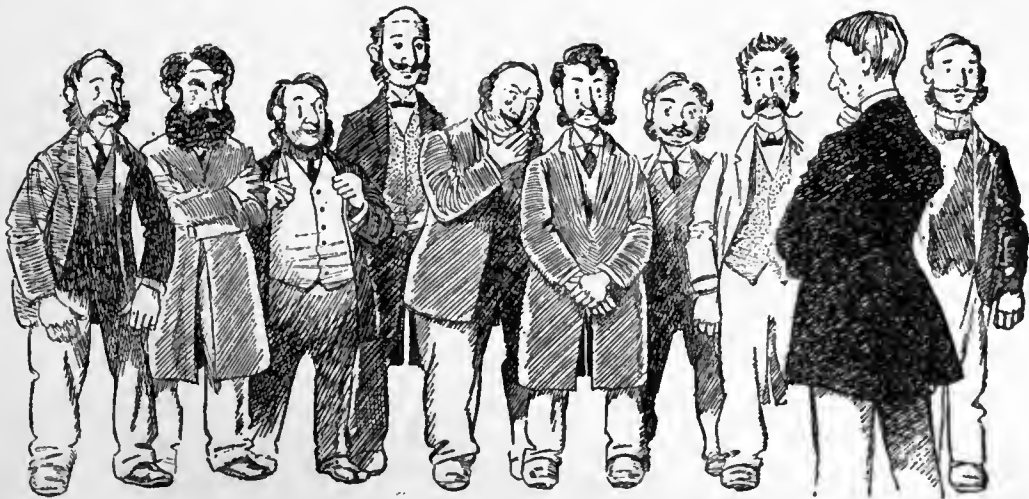
STUDENTS FOLLOWING A SCENT BLINDFOLDED.



PRACTISING THE "SHERLOCK" SPRING ON A DUMMY.



HIDING IN CORNERS. (A FINE ART.)



Walt 12

LEARNING TO DETECT FALSE HAIR, WHISKERS, MOUSTACHES, EYEBROWS, ETC., WITHOUT TOUCHING.

AT THE PLAY.

"HER SIDE OF THE HOUSE."

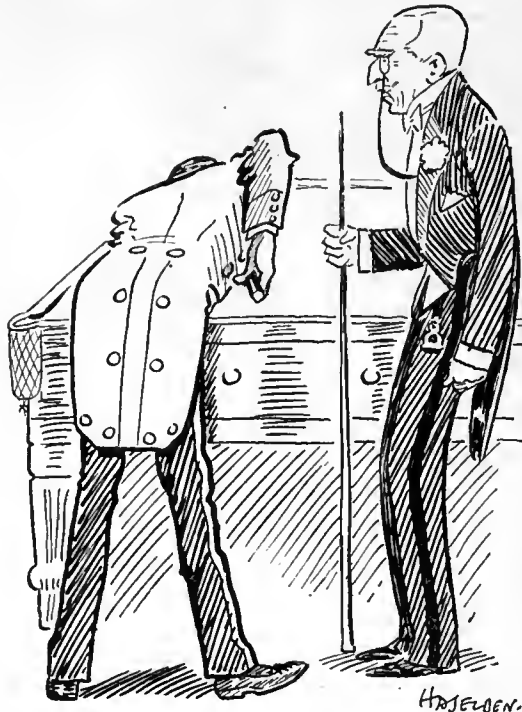
IF I were a Dramatic Censor I should put my ban on all plays in which the physical relations of a newly married pair are discussed. An audience that is left cold by the most lurid vice may get very hot and uncomfortable over certain phases of the domestic virtues. The vicious people in this rather foolish play were harmlessly absurd; but about all the business of a separate establishment for bride and bridegroom there was an atmosphere of indecency. Not the robust indecency of a French farce, but the half-baked sort at which you are supposed to be free to snigger because you don't see the legal tie broken but only vulgarised. There is vulgarity enough—heaven knows—in a social system that daily delights in the public exploitation of a private sacrament; but the authors of *Her Side of the House* do not set out to satirize this; they are busied to invent new vulgarities of their own.

And a far and fantastic search they have to make for them. They shew us a convent-bred girl for whom her French grandmother arranges a marriage with an English marquis, neither side making any profession of love. He wants her money and she wants freedom. Not freedom simply from grandmotherly control; she has larger notions of liberty; she wants to experiment in the meaning of love, of which her knowledge is pardonably hazy; and she wants to choose her own teachers. So she dispenses with a honeymoon and splits up her husband's house into two parts, one for herself and her friends, and one for him and his. They have (I gathered) a "Lounge Hall," a billiard-room, and servants' offices in common; but nothing was said, I think, about a mutual restaurant.

All this sounds a little licentious, but it is arranged with a great air of innocence, as if the girl were dealing with a doll's house—not, of course, the Ibsen kind. Once established in "her side of the house" our *ingénue* prosecutes her studies in the science of Eros. She is not particular where she gets her answers to such elementary questions as "What is passion?" "What is love?" At one time it is a former admirer—a very dashing fellow (in the text)—who conducts her education; at another it is a blameless old manieurist from whom she seeks enlightenment. Then again she gets

wrinkles from her husband (when he pays a call), and from a wicked lady with a past to draw upon and designs of her own on the sanctity of this peculiar home.

But her whole time is not given to the accumulation of first principles; incidentally she is drawing comparisons between her lover (in theory) and her husband, in favour of the latter. How long the process might have continued I dare not conjecture; but only a few months had elapsed when one night, Grandmamma—a very practical old dowager—put her foot down, took the heifer, so to say, by the horns, and



THE "SIDE OF THE HOUSE" THAT WE SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO SEE.

The Duke of Vernay (Mr. SPENCER TREVOR) plays 50 up with the footman behind the scenes.

locked her out of her side of the house. A prisoner in the neutral section, with no way of escape except to the bridegroom's territory, she overhears (it is a way she has) a conversation from which she learns that his lordship, satisfied that she desires still more accommodation in the matter of freedom, is prepared, for her benefit (not for his own, as is apparent from the type that he proposes to elope with) to clear the way for his wife to divorce him.

Against such heroism she cannot remain proof, and falls, experimentally and without loss of modesty, into his arms.

I find I have not yet mentioned a veteran stage-duke (uncle of the bridegroom) who held the sanest views about this caricature of matrimony and

gave expression to them with a candour that greatly diverted the house. If the play is saved, the medal must certainly go to Mr. SPENCER TREVOR, who brought this relief.

I confess to having felt a little shock when I saw that Mr. GODFREY TEARLE was to be a British marquis; but he played with a very reticent propriety and did all that was possible to preserve the decencies. Miss DULCE MUSGRAVE, who was the bride, has a gentle voice and, for a *débutante*, acquitted herself well. She was natural in her gaiety, but when she had serious things to say she was apt to take on the intonation of the stage, so that you might have thought she had been on the boards for years and years. Miss HELEN FERRERS as a *grande dame sans merci* had no difficulty about keeping in her own particular groove. Mr. DEACON had an ungrateful part to play as the lover, and lady-killing is not his *métier*. As for the villainess, who stayed on the bride's side of the house, I think she would have been more at home on the Surrey side of the Thames.

It is not a bad fault that Mr. WORRALL's ambition should outrun his experience. He has a sense of humour that promises better things if only he will learn not to waste it on an artificial theme. His present play, written in conjunction with Miss ATTÉ HALL, had a flattering welcome which should not deceive its authors. In a little speech Mr. WORRALL gallantly acknowledged the help of Miss ROSINA FILIPPI who "produced" him. I hesitate to criticise the work of so charming and accomplished an artist; but it was lucky that the play attempted no resemblance to actual life, for any illusion must

have been shattered by the jumpiness of one or two of the performers. After the first dozen words of a conversation somebody must needs spring up, prance round and lean over the back of some other seat for a sentence or two and then off again. One never sees any such behaviour except on the stage. Is it done to brighten things up for us? It hasn't that effect upon me. On the contrary, I too grow restive and can scarce restrain myself from getting out of my seat and climbing all over the auditorium.

I think Miss FILIPPI can never have felt like that; but she has imagination and will understand, now that I have told her what I suffer. And perhaps, another time, she will tell them to keep still.

O. S.



(Agonising position of master, who is trying to make a good impression on his strait-laced aunt from whom he has expectations.)

Master (worried). "MARY, HAVE YOU SEEN A LETTER ANYWHERE ABOUT MARKED 'PRIVATE'?"

Mary. "YOU MEAN THE ONE FROM THE MAN WHAT CAN'T GET 'IS MONEY OUT OF YOU, SIR? I PUT IT BE'ND THE MIRROR, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

SUBURBAN householders have so many little worries that they might well be spared the final inconvenience of being haunted by the spirit of the wicked aristocrat on whose estate their detached houses have been built. Yet it is to this that Mr. E. W. HORNUNG dooms them in *Witching Hill* (HODDER AND STROUT). Though a peer of the realm, Lord Mulcaster had made a perfect baronet of himself, so bold and bad had he been in the days of the Regency. He died, but the evil that he did lived after him in the form of a sort of Influence which so wrought upon the tenants of the villas in Witching Hill Road and Mulcaster Park that their characters became completely warped. Religious tenants took to gambling, engaged tenants toyed with the idea of murdering their fiancées. Even the Vicar's sister abandoned parish-magazine fiction and composed a novel so lurid that the Vicar, after one reading, put the MS. in the fire. It is an ingenious idea which, like most ideas, could have been developed in more than one way. To me it seems an admirable basis for a frolic of the Gilbertian or Ansteyan type. Mr. HORNUNG has preferred to try to thrill us, and I think he has chosen the more difficult plan. With such a scheme it would have been easier to amuse. Nevertheless, if one or two of the stories seem a little mild and drawn-out, the last but one, "The Locked Room," is excellent. Possibly because the adventure happens to the teller of the story, and not to his rather wooden friend, *Uvo Delavoys* (whom, till then, he has allowed to monopolise the centre of the stage), this particular tale seems more vivid than the rest.

I have known so long and so well the charm of Miss ALICE BROWN's art that it is no surprise to me that she should have written one of the best and freshest child-stories that I have ever read. *The Secret of the Clan* (CONSTABLE), which will remind you a little of *The Golden Age* of Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME, tells the tale of four girls, most cunningly differentiated, who are allowed by their adorable lady-guardian to run wild, because if she rules they might be broken, and she loved her children much too well to let them risk the taint of disobedience. The girls' idea of forming themselves into an imaginary tribe of Indians, sworn to secrecy, does not pretend to be novel; the novelty comes when their vows bring them into unavoidable collision with their gentle guardian. A night escapade, begun by one of them with the purpose of conquering her fear of the dark, gets them into trouble and requires explanation. Their dear hearts are torn asunder between the claims of their oath of secrecy and a passionate desire not to hurt their guardian's feelings. The oath prevails and their lips are sealed, until, after much tribulation, a way is found out compatible with the nicest sense of honour. A really fascinating book, full of humour and gentleness and the gayest imagination. And you may have left your childhood far behind, but that will make no difference here. New England has no more delightful writer than Miss ALICE BROWN, and it is a marvel to me that Old England knows so little of her rare gifts.

Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH carries the happy reader *From Studio to Stage* (JOHN LANE) at lilted speed, the journey enlivened by endless stories perhaps mostly true. Starting in life he fancied himself as an artist. Here and there in

the volume may be found veiled hints of conviction that had he stuck to his early love he would have done even better than on the stage, where he has managed pretty well. As is commonly the case in biographies and autobiographies the most interesting passages are found in the opening chapters. Charm is increased by the cynical frankness with which the author exposes his alleged weaknesses and jots down his indiscretions. I fancy WEEDON was not such a sad young dog as he paints himself. Did he really, as is narrated in the chapter suggestively entitled "Fast Life in London," help "Tottie" FAY into a cab at the solemn hour of midnight and recklessly pay her fare to Highgate? I trow not. The difficulty graphically portrayed is suspiciously suggestive of more remunerative embarrassment that came to him later in life in consequence of a superfluity of (stage) babies. All the same, it is a funny story, admirably told. Another confidence reveals his youthful engagement to a lady whom he describes as "considerably older than myself, even less attractive, who had a very substantial income." At this time his balance at the bank stood at £6 10s., while his liabilities amounted to over £700. Something must be done. So he seriously contemplated marriage, to which end the lady was obviously disposed. At the last moment courage forsook him and he bolted. His experiences as actor and manager, with vivid peeps behind the scenes at Drury Lane and elsewhere, supply racy material for the story of a strenuous life, frankly told, liberally spiced with the precious salt of humour. As collaborator with his brother GEORGE, WEEDON GROSSMITH has countless friends and admirers among readers of *Punch* who do not forget "The Diary of a Nobody." WEEDON is Somebody. Nevertheless his actual Diary is scarcely less delightful than the other.

I have been awaiting it this great while—a really good story that should make use of the Pageant, as lately to be observed in the rural districts of England. Happily, now that it has come, it proves quite worth the waiting; its name is *New Wine and Old Bottles* (FISHER UNWIN), and it is written by Miss CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. If this lady does not know her theme from intimate observation, I am no judge; certainly the humour and trials and rewards of the pageant-period could hardly have been better realized. You see the plot in the title. Scrooge, that somnolent little Cotswold town, was the old bottle, into which the arrival of energetic but charming *Miss Valentine*, straight from a Florentine villa, poured new wine with the most devastating results. *Miss Valentine*, looking about her on a fair prospect marred by apathy and local feuds, was inspired with the idea of a Pageant that should unite and quicken all the sluggish life of Scrooge. She did not know (as Miss SMEDLEY and I know too well), first, that newcomers have no business with inspirations; secondly, that nothing is more fatal than to impart such a scheme to the

Wrong people and thereby damn it for ever in the eyes of the Right. But for some accidents of love, this is what would have happened to *Miss Valentine*; not all her energy and enthusiasm could have saved the Pageant, if certain things had not happened. What these were, and the charm and humour and even pathos of their telling, you must discover unaided by me. If a fraction only of the late adherents of Mr. LOUIS PARKER and Mr. FRANK LASCELLES purchase this book and enjoy it (as they must), its success is certain.

I opened *The Only Prison* (JOHN LONG) with some vague expectation that Miss ELLEN ADA SMITH might be found to have provided a fresh solution for the problem of the Suffragettes. Of course I was disappointed. Her novel is really a variation upon an old theme—and one in which I have always resolutely declined to believe—the man who takes credit and reward for the literary work of another. It is only fair to add at once that Miss SMITH has provided complications that add greatly to the interest of the main situation, if not to its inherent probability. Thus, before *Henry Agar* came to prosper feloniously on the renown and royalties that were actually earned by *Mary Dornfield*, he had saved her life in a railway accident at the peril of his own, and could in this way persuade himself that he had a kind of moral claim upon the results of her preservation. That is one excellent new point. Another is that he was at the time sacrificing personal comfort in order to keep alive a very uninteresting wife at Davos. So altogether there was something to be said for *Agar*. What was said, when the inevitable exposure came; what *Mary* did, and how it all ended, you shall find for yourself. The book is well enough written to give interest to the process, though I believe that the author will do better work yet. Upon one small point however I most vehemently join issue with her. This is the manner in which she bases *Agar's* success at the Bar upon the reputation of his supposed skill as a novelist. I should like counsel's opinion upon that!



G.E.O.M.

"WHICH DOG DO YOU WISH ME TO HIT, MADAM?"
 "OH, SIR, YOU ARE KIND INDEED! NOT THE DEAR LITTLE ONE WITH GREY-BLUE EYES AND M. F. ON HIS COLLAR—THAT'S MY BINKIE. I'M SURE HE WAS NOT THE AGGRESSOR."

The "Smart" Heart.

What's this, good Doctor, that you say I've got?—
 An "intermittent pulse"? Lor! that sounds bad;
 But what exactly is it? Kind of dot-
 And-carry-one affair? I say, that's sad!

You mean it merely drops a beat or so,
 A sort of syncopated pit-a-pat?
 But, my dear fellow, surely you must know
 That's good old rag-time! Oh, I don't mind that!

Misprints that please Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence.

"The Bard of Anon asks 'What's in a name?'"

Natal Mercury.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE hundred painters engaged on the battleship *Queen Mary* have come out on strike. Every effort will be made to prevent a sympathetic strike on the part of the Royal Academicians.

A man in Colchester has killed five hundred rats in five weeks. We have often wondered how Colchester amused itself when not engaged in the serious business of eating oysters.

Except that he fell and sprained his ankle during the ceremony, was attacked by ptomaine poisoning at the subsequent dinner, and had to sail for America alone, owing to his bride missing the boat, the wedding of Mr. JULIUS WOERZ, of Schiedam, may be said to have gone off without a hitch.

The case of the elephant in WOMBWELL'S menagerie, which recently ate £20-worth of notes, coming so soon after that of the bank-note-eating dog mentioned in these columns, makes it seem likely that, in a few years, domestic pets will be beyond the means of most of us.

The Press has once more begun to ask how cricket can be brightened. A little sunshine next summer would help.

Greenwich Observatory has looked into the matter, and reports that there are fifty-two million stars. The author of "*The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes*" will doubtless revise his lyric and bring it up to date.

A Spartan régime for the legal infant is advocated by Mr. Justice LUSH, who has laid it down in court that a stuffed iguana is not a "necessity."

The prudent habit of leaving the greater part of one's jewellery at the banker's seems to be spreading in America. A millionaire's wife has been seen at the opera at Los Angeles wearing gems valued at less than £80,000.

We have no confirmation, up to the moment of going to press, of the rumour that the members of the Dominion House of Commons who sang loudly during a great part of a recent sitting are to appear on the London music-hall stage as the Canadian Gag-Time Octette.

As tragic a case of the Devil and the Deep Sea as has ever come to our notice is revealed by the statement in a daily paper that only the institution of the side-whisker can cure the cloth-cap habit at Cambridge.



CHAS. CRANE

Genial Squire. "MANY HAPPY RETURNS, WILLIAM. I WAS JUST GOING TO CALL ON YOU WITH A LITTLE BIT OF TOBACCO."

William (aged 80). "THANK YE KINDLY, SIR, BUT I BE DONE WI' SMOKIN'."

Genial Squire. "WHY, HOW 'S THAT?"

William. "WELL, I'VE 'EARD THAT BETWEEN EIGHTY AN' NINETY 'S A TICKLISH PART O' A MAN'S LIFE, SO I BE TAKIN' NO CHANCES."

Quite recently we mentioned the aviator who, when a thousand feet above London, recognised it by the unpleasant smell. We now read that a fox-terrier smelt its way back to the Metropolis from Birmingham.

Two motor-omnibuses collided the other evening, in Oxford Street. If this internecine strife is to become prevalent, the Traffic Problem may solve itself.

Has newspaper opinion no weight? While our journals, commenting on a recent case of alleged shop-lifting, were still ringing with condemnation of the practice of petty pilfering, a man at Stratford was sent to prison for stealing three iron boilers.

The Great Impersonators.

"Of 15,000 women with votes for the London County Council, only 40,000 voted last Thursday, said the Rev. Silvester Horne, M.P., at Whitefield's Tabernacle on Sunday."
Eastern Daily Press.

Let this be a warning to us.

"The light-hearted verve and abandon with which she danced both this and the Polka Comique which preceded it carried her audience off their feet."

Daily Colonist (B.C.)

They simply had to join in.

"He is described as a man possessing a thick dark moustache of about 6ft. 7in. in weight. It is thought that he will probably visit Calcutta and the police have been directed to be on the look-out."—*Empire.*

They cannot miss him.

"THE LONDON LOOK."

[To a lady just returned from six years in Canada, who writes to *The Chronicle* to say that she notices "a difference that has taken place in Londoners" during her absence. "Coming from a land full of hope and promise for the future," she has been forcibly struck by "the sad and hopeless expression worn by the average Londoner."]

FROM regions of the Golden West,
The promised land of boundless prairie,
Where if you do but scratch the soil
At once it teems with corn and oil,
And Labour goes to work (or rest)
Light-footed as a fairy;—

Land of the well-known Maple-leaf,
Where legs are lithe and muscles limber,
Where no one yet was heard to sigh;
But all men wear a glad, glad eye
That comes of canning fruits and beef
And logging virgin timber;—

Where rolls of greenbacks, rolls and rolls,
Drop from the trees (just like Utopia);
Where Fortune smiles without a break,
And all the world is on the make
And carries in its button-holes
A blooming cornucopia;—

From that Elysium homeward borne,
You find yourself completely staggered,
Treading once more our London ways,
To note the contrast she betrays,
The dull despair of lips forlorn,
Of eyes how strangely haggard!

You say you can't account for this.
Six summers back you left us cheery;
Contentment sat on every brow
Six little summers back, and now
You see the same Metropolis
Hopelessly dull and dreary.

Blithe as a bird that scales the sky,
That day when you and London parted,
We went about as though on air,
Carolling lightly here and there.
What means this sad decline? Oh why,
Why are we so downhearted?

Madam, we thank your fresher eyes
Through which we pierce the humorous vapour
That screens us from ourselves, and find
How changed we are; but was it kind
To send the news of your surprise
Up to a *Liberal* paper?

Anyhow, here's a Tory's view
For light upon the situation:—
Madam, six painful years ago
Our sanguine hearts had yet to know
What LLOYD could scheme and GEORGE could do
To devastate the nation! O. S.

The Old Firm.

"The wreath placed on behalf of his Majesty by his son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, at the foot of the statue to Frederick William III. at Breslau bore the inscription: 'God's and our firm will ensure victory to our just cause.'—*Morning Post*.

We are glad to see that the partnership goes on.

"Built on the lines of an old farmhouse kitchen, French girls in picturesque costumes flit about with cups of coffee and liqueurs."

Everyman.

And they talk about French figures!

THE CHRISTENING OF CANBERRA.

GREAT satisfaction is expressed amongst patriotic Australians that the Federal Government should have resolutely refused to emphasize the historical or personal associations of their country with the Mother-country, and have decided instead to call their capital, Canberra—a name which is at once Australian, indigenous and aboriginal. In view of the epoch-making nature of the event, we have invited the opinions of a number of leading patriots, scholars and litterateurs on the choice.

Mr. P. F. WARNER writes: "While disclaiming any right to dictate to the Commonwealth Government in this matter, I cannot help regretting that they have not seen their way to commemorate the greatest of all Australian products—cricket. For my own part, I have never disguised my belief that the best name for the new capital would be Trumpersville, though I admit that Spofforthstown has much to recommend it."

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE writes: "As the most intimate living friend of ROBERT BROWNING, FITZGERALD, GEORGE MEREDITH and TENNYSON, may I be permitted to express my regret that the claims of none of these great men have been regarded in the nomenclature of the new Australian capital?"

Mr. P. A. VAILE, the great lawn tennis and golf expert and author of *Wake up, England*, though himself a New Zealander, takes a keen interest in Australian politics. He writes: "The Australians have missed a great opportunity. They should have called their capital Boomeranga, or, perhaps, Bouméringue, in memory of the famous aboriginal missile which, when all is said and done, is the outstanding contribution of Australia to the inventions of the world. I may add that I have for many years been engaged in researches into the flight of the boomerang, in which the antagonism of topspin and undercut is reduced to a perfect harmony, and hope soon to publish them in a definitive monograph."

Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD writes: "Inasmuch as philologists trace the derivation of the word to an aboriginal perversion of 'Cranberry,' a fruit which grows in great luxuriance on the spot, I can only say that I prefer it to Wallaby, Wattleton or Federalia."

Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM expresses regret, on the grounds of euphony, that the more melodious name of Myola was not chosen. "The termination -ola," he observes, "is consecrated to music—e.g., viola, pianola—though an exception must be made in the case of Gorgonzola—and naturally appeals with peculiar force to all persons of an artistic temperament."

Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH writes: "I must confess to a bitter disappointment that the name which I suggested, viz. Proportionalia, with a view to celebrating the triumph of proportional representation, did not even achieve the distinction of serious consideration. I cannot profess enthusiasm for Canberra, but it is a great relief to me personally that Venus was not selected."

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE writes: "The only redeeming feature of the situation is the negative one that the name Shakespeare was rejected. For the Commonwealth to link its lot with the arch-impôstor would have been a cosmic catastrophe."

The latest projected alliance between the Peerage and the Music Hall Stage is indicated by the following significant "exchange" advertisement in *The Motor Cycle*:—

"Excellent Ceronet and Banjo, each in case, for good side-car."
The honeymoon will be spent motoring.



A MINISTERIAL BANK-HOLIDAY DREAM.

O TO BE AT HAMPSTEAD NOW THAT EASTER'S HERE!

[The House, for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, is to sit on Easter Monday.]





Old Gentleman. "EVERYTHING SEEMS VERY FORWARD, THOMAS."

Thomas. "YES, SIR; I SUPPOSE THAT BE ON ACCOUNT OF EASTER FALLIN' SO EARLY."

(Old Gentleman retires indoors to think it out.)

CRICKET REFORM.

It is becoming more and more evident that something must be done to "brighten cricket." We have listened patiently to the many helpful proposals that have appeared in the Press in the last few weeks and given them our most thoughtful consideration, and we feel that now our turn has come.

It has been suggested in some quarters that spectators should be admitted free for the last hour's play of the day. That seems to us a very happy idea, and one which might be carried a good deal further. It is generally conceded that the game cannot exist without spectators. (It is not as if the players were doing it purely for the fun of the thing.) Well, why not admit all spectators free? A much larger crowd could then be confidently counted upon. We shall be told, of course, that the club's finances would suffer from such open-handed treatment. But we have not overlooked that difficulty. It could be met by making a small charge—of perhaps a shilling a head—"upon retiring," that is to say, as they go out.

The necessity for a band has been very generally insisted upon, and quite rightly. But it is ridiculous to suppose that every member of the crowd is interested in music. And if nothing more than this is to be done it is clear that the great majority will be reduced to looking on at the cricket after all. The band must be supplemented by other attractions. A few simple side-shows would do much—a picture palace perhaps at each corner of the ground, some pierrots, an Annt Sally or two, and, let us say, a joy-wheel would probably be found quite sufficient, for ours is ever a good-humoured crowd. The programme would, of course, have to be changed, say, twice a week, and to meet this need every touring eleven might carry with it its own little troupe of itinerant artists. Lancashire would bring its clog-dancers, Somerset its team of wrestlers, and local talent would be encouraged in every possible way. On the more special occasions (that is to say, when the match itself is more than usually dull), pageants illustrating the development of the game from pre-historic times might parade the ground.

Again, all are agreed that there is too much cricket. For this a simple remedy could be found. Why not have a season with no cricket at all? It might foster appetite.

As to alterations in the actual rules of the game, we feel a little diffident in putting forth our views, for one of the very highest authorities has just told us that what cricket really wants is "ten years of sober government and freedom from scares and criticisms." It is not that we are without happy ideas on this subject. We still believe that our notion of making the wicket so wide that the ball on occasion would pass between the stumps is really a capital one, and would add quite a sporting new element to the relations between batsman and bowler. And our own special reform—the corrugated pitch—would without doubt introduce many bright and amusing episodes. But even if we may not tamper with the rules something can surely be done to improve cricket as a spectacle. Whatever other attractions we are able to provide there must always be a few members of the crowd, old sportsmen

of the bull-dog breed, who are there to see the game. Can we do nothing to relieve the monotony for them? At least the players might adopt the very obvious expedient of fancy dress, and it would be a pity not to make use of the umpires in the same way. At present they add little or nothing to the spectacular effect.

And now we come to the final reflection that there may be no need, after all, to take any steps to brighten cricket. The problem may solve itself. When we consider all that the W.S.P.U. has done in the last few months to brighten golf, surely there is no need to despair.

THE SPORTSMAN.

ALFRED BINKS PROSSER was enjoying himself immensely. He was seated in a covered stand, while outside, in the drizzling rain so characteristic of an English spring, the Porthampton "Yellowhammers" and the Ringsley "Lobsters" manœuvred a heavy football over a large area of watery mud dotted here and there with pools of muddy water. A big button of brown and yellow—the Porthampton colours—was in his coat, and a gilt tie-pin made in the shape of a hammer also neatly indicated on which side his sympathies lay.

The "Yellowhammers" were leading by one goal to nil, and Alfred experienced a satisfying sense of having done his best to bring about this result. He had cheered his own men through fair play and foul, and had consistently booed their opponents. He had also shouted a great many pertinent exhortations, such as "Play the game, Ref.!"

"Pull your socks up, Ref.!" "Go and buy a pair of spees, Ref.!" Indeed his advice to the Referee must have been a great help to that harassed official. In addition to all this he had indulged in a spirited verbal skirmish with an excited Ringsleyite, and had wittily advised him to swallow a sponge if he couldn't spleak splain for splutterin'.

Altogether, except for a natural and undable hoarseness, Alfred felt at the top of his form when the whistle went for half-time.

He had long supported the "Yellowhammers" for the excellent reason that their ground was situated but twenty-two miles by rail from his home, while that of the only other professional club within reach on a Saturday afternoon

was forty-six. But it was not merely territorial enthusiasm which inspired him, and as the band floundered precariously out into the open he took a bundle of papers from his pocket and reviewed his position.

To Mr. Jim Blow, of Lucerne, Switzerland, he had sent a postal order for 10s. and various forecasts of football results. If all these forecasts proved correct he would win £12 10s. Among them he had given Porthampton to win.

From Mr. Ted Bangs, of Geneva,

foot with vexation. He remembered now what up to this moment he had utterly forgotten. Just as he had been on the point of crossing out Ringsley on the *Whispers* coupon a few days before, some obscure instinct had prompted him to stay his hand, and he had given the result a draw!

Four pounds a week for life! He dropped the tie-pin and the button into his pocket and went out for a breather. When he sat down again it was in another part of the stand.

Here for some time he urged on the efforts of the "Lobsters" with the utmost zeal, completely putting to shame a small group of Ringsleyites near him. Then at last the ball flashed into the "Yellowhammers" net and made the scores level, and he gave a long sigh of relief as he watched the goal-keeper pick himself up and scrape the mud out of his mouth.

Minute after minute passed without any further score, and Alfred now sat unwontedly quiet, feeling more and more certain of his £4 a week. But five minutes from time the "Yellowhammers" seemed suddenly to develop a fresh access of energy. They began to press strongly; and in spite of himself, in defiance of all reason, Alfred found himself becoming wildly excited on their behalf. Fight against it as he would, there surged into his breast a mad, illogical, but sporting hope that Porthampton might win.

A minute from time the "Yellowhammers" centre-forward found the ball at his feet about forty yards from the Ringsley goal. Alfred yelled piercingly, "Shoot, you silly fool! Shoot!" The centre did

not shoot, but swung the ball to the outside right. Alfred rose to his feet and waved his arms. The outside man raced along the touch-line and lofted the ball towards the goal-mouth. Alfred stamped on the boards and bawled incoherently. The inside right slid forward, and with a quick jerk of his head sent the ball flying into a top corner of the net. Alfred brought down both his fists with a crash upon the bowler hat of the man in front of him, and with a thrill of pure, unhesitating, rapturous triumph screamed "GOAL!"

At the risk of losing £208 a year for life, Alfred Binks Prosser had shown himself a sportsman. . . . Nor, since his other predictions were all wrong, did he ever have cause to regret it.



Mrs. Bigg (having the worst of the argument). "NAH THEN, CHUCK IT; YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT MORE TO SAY THAN YER 'AVE TO EAT."

Switzerland, he might similarly expect to receive £25 if all his predictions were successful; and among them he had given Porthampton to win.

In the weekly Football Competition organised by *Trifles*, which offered a prize of £100 for a correct forecast of the results of twenty-four selected matches, he had given Porthampton to win.

In a parallel Competition arranged by *Masses Weekly* for a prize of £200, he had given Porthampton to win.

In the Competition announced by *Piffing Pars*, which offered a prize of £500 on the same terms, he had given Porthampton to win.

Likewise in the *Whispers* Competition for £4 a week for life— But stay! What was this? Alfred stamped his



Joan. "ONE REALLY SEES SOME VERY RESPECTABLE-LOOKING PEOPLE AMONG THESE THEATRICAL FOLK."
 Rev. Darby. "OH, DEAR ME, YES! I UNDERSTAND THAT MANY OF THEM HAVE QUITE NICE HOMES."

DEFERRED STOCK.

It was a wonderful Spring afternoon. Perambulators blossomed on the Heath, boy scouts burgeoned into scout-masters, crocodiles had come out of their lairs. On every side of me young male shop-assistants walked and whispered honeyed nothings into the shell-like ears of young female dittos. I only was sad. This was because of a little explanation I had had with Araminta just after lunch. I was rather pleased than otherwise when she said to me, "Of course you remembered to buy that foolscap this morning?" because it gave me a chance to expound to her the principle on which I regulate the petty details of everyday life. It is a fixed idea with Araminta that I am slightly careless and unmethodical. Nothing could be further from the truth. So I said, "No," and at the same time smiled sardonically. (An article on sardonic smiles, illustrated by photographs of the faces of Cabinet Ministers smiling them, will be found on some other page of some other paper.) After I had got this over and my mouth had resumed its normal footing, Araminta, looking slightly relieved, went on. "But you said you simply must have it to-night,"

she murmured reproachfully, "and some bootlaces and dog biscuits——"

"Araminta," I broke in, "civilization is a lethargic monotony. We are both lotus-eaters; so is the dog. Constant supplies of little luxuries lie round about our door——"

"Not unless you order them up in the morning."

"—— lie, I should rather say, behind the counters of the little shops at the end of the street. Why should I get these things an instant before they are absolutely needed? If it is at all possible to infuse any flavour of romance into our swathed and padded existence, it can only be done by waiting until the last possible chance, and then sallying forth like a relief expedition and buying boot-powder, tooth-laces, sealing-biscuits and dog-wax at the psychological moment when failure to procure them would bring the wolf to the door. In all good stories of desert islands it is just when the dishevelled mariner despairs of being able to cook the yams or iguanas which he has been lassoing all morning with his neck-tie that the bale of hermetically-sealed pine-vestas is washed ashore from the wreck. So it is with me. It is quite true that I have been longing for foolscap, not to

speaking of various other what-nots. It is quite true that I must have them this evening——"

"Isn't it better?" began Araminta, seizing a moment when I stopped for breath——

"No, it is not better to have them always in stock. That is your method, but not mine. In a few moments I shall issue forth and pay a visit to the stationer; from him I shall go on to the biscuit-monger and the bootwright and come back hung all over with little parcels like the good St. Nicholas. Your ideal, it seems, is the Garden of Alcinoüs, where the greengroceries never run out. Mine is the date-palm of the oasis which greets the eye of the thirsty Bedouin, now at his last gasp. Such is romance."

So saying, and before Araminta had time to recover from her bewilderment, I clapped my plum-coloured Carlsbad on my head and went out.

As I said before, all nature was smiling. Shop-assistants cooed of love. It was then that I became suddenly sad. I should not have minded about nature; it was the shop-assistants who worried me. I realised almost at once that it was Thursday afternoon; and Thursday is our early-closing day.

THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER.

REALLY I know nothing about flowers. By a bit of luck, James, my gardener, whom I pay half-a-crown a week for combing the beds, knows nothing about them either; so my ignorance remains undiscovered. But in other people's gardens I have to make something of an effort to keep up appearances. Without flattering myself I may say that I have acquired a certain manner; I give the impression of the garden lover, or the man with shares in a seed-company, or—or something.

For instance, at Creek Cottage, Mrs. Atherley will say to me, "That's an *Amphibertus Gemini*," pointing to something which I hadn't noticed behind a rake.

"I am not a bit surprised," I say calmly.

"And a *Gladiophinium Banksii* next to it."

"I suspected it," I confess in a hoarse whisper.

Towards flowers whose names I know I adopt a different tone.

"Aren't you surprised to see daffodils out so early?" says Mrs. Atherley with pride:

"There are lots out in London," I mention casually. "In the shops."

"So there are grapes," says Miss Atherley.

"I was not talking about grapes," I reply stiffly.

However at Creek Cottage just now I can afford to be natural; for it is not gardening which comes under discussion these days, but landscape-gardening, and anyone can be an authority on that. The Atherleys, fired by my tales of Sandringham, Chatsworth, Arundel, and other places where I am constantly spending the week-end, are re-adjusting their two-acre field. In future it will not be called "the garden" but "the grounds."

I was privileged to be shown over the grounds on my last visit to Creek Cottage.

"Here," said Mrs. Atherley, "we are having a plantation. It will keep the wind off; and we shall often sit here in the early days of summer. That's a weeping ash in the middle. There's another one over there. They'll be lovely, you know."

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to a bit of black stick on the left; which, even more than the other trees, gave the impression of having been left there by the gardener while he went for his lunch.

"That's a weeping willow."

"This is rather a tearful corner of the grounds," apologised Miss Atherley.

"We'll show you something brighter directly. Look there—that's the oak in which KING CHARLES lay hid. At least, it will be when it's grown a bit."

"Let's go on to the shrubbery," said Mrs. Atherley. "We are having a new grass path from here to the shrubbery. It's going to be called Henry's Walk."

Miss Atherley has a small brother called Henry. Also there were eight Kings of England called Henry. Many a time and oft one of those nine Henrys has paced up and down this grassy walk, his head bent, his hands clasped behind his back; while behind his furrowed brow, who shall say what world-schemes were hatching? Is it the thought of WOLSEY which makes him frown—or is he wondering where he left his catapult? Ah! who can tell us? Let us leave a veil of mystery over it . . . for the sake of the next visitor.

"The shrubbery," said Mrs. Atherley proudly, waving her hand at a couple of laurel bushes and a—I've forgotten its name now, but it is one of the few shrubs I really know.

"And if you're a gentleman," said Miss Atherley, "and want to get asked here again, you'll always call it the shrubbery."

"Really, I don't see what else you could call it," I said, wishing to be asked down again.

"The patch."

"True," I said. "I mean, Nonsense." I was rather late for breakfast next morning; a pity on such a lovely spring day.

"I'm so sorry," I began, "but I was looking at the shrubbery from my window and I quite forgot the time."

"Good," said Miss Atherley.

"I must thank you for putting me in such a perfect room for it," I went on, warming to my subject. "One can actually see the shrubs—er—shrubbing. The plantation too seems a little thicker to me than yesterday."

"I expect it is."

"In fact, the tennis lawn——" I looked round anxiously. I had a sudden fear that it might be the new deer-park. "It still is the tennis lawn?" I asked.

"Yes. Why, what about it?"

"I was only going to say the tennis lawn had quite a lot of shadows on it. Oh, there's no doubt that the plantation is really asserting itself."

Eleven o'clock found me strolling in the grounds with Miss Atherley.

"You know," I said, as we paced Henry's Walk together, "the one thing the plantation wants is for a bird to nest in it. That is the hall-mark of a plantation."

"It's Mother's birthday to-morrow. Wouldn't it be a lovely surprise for her?"

"It would, indeed. Unfortunately this is a matter in which you require the co-operation of a feathered friend."

"Couldn't you try to persuade a bird to build a nest in the weeping ash? Just for this once?"

"You're asking me a very difficult thing," I said doubtfully. "Anything else I would do cheerfully for you; but to dictate to a bird on such a very domestic affair——. No, I'm afraid I must refuse."

"It need only just *begin* to build one," pleaded Miss Atherley, "because Mother's going up to town by your train to-morrow. As soon as she's out of the house the bird can go back to anywhere else it likes better."

"I will put that to any bird I see to-day," I said, "but I am doubtful."

"Oh, well," sighed Miss Atherley; "never mind."

* * * * *

"What do you think?" cried Mrs. Atherley as she came in to breakfast next day. "There's a bird been nesting in the plantation!"

Miss Atherley looked at me in undisguised admiration. I looked quite surprised—I know I did.

"Well, well!" I said.

"You must come out afterwards and see the nest and tell me what bird it is. There are three eggs in it. I am afraid I don't know much about these things."

"I'm glad," I said thankfully. "I mean, I shall be glad to."

We went out eagerly after breakfast. On about the only tree in the plantation with a fork to it a nest balanced precariously. It had in it three pale-blue eggs splashed with light-brown. It appeared to be a blackbird's nest with another egg or two to come.

"It's been very quick about it," said Miss Atherley.

"Of our feathered bipeds," I said, frowning at her, "the blackbird is notoriously the most hasty."

"Isn't it lovely?" said Mrs. Atherley.

She was still talking about it as she climbed into the trap which was to take us to the station.

"One moment," I said, "I've forgotten something." I dashed into the house and out by a side door, and then sprinted for the plantation. I took the nest from the weeping and overweighted ash and put it carefully back in the hedge by the tennis-lawn. Then I returned more leisurely to the house.

If you ever want a job of landscape-gardening thoroughly well done, you can always rely upon me. A. A. M.

SOCIETY IN THE SUN.

(With acknowledgments to the Monte Carlo representatives of our photographic contemporaries.)



LORD AND LADY BERTIE MAINWARING TAKING A CONSTITUTIONAL. LADY BERTIE, WE NEED NOT REMIND OUR READERS, WAS RECENTLY ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



THE GRAND DUKE OF SPLOSHSTEIN-PUNTERSEURG LEAVING THE CASINO WITH TOPSY, LADY SPIFFINGTON. WE HEAR HIS SERENE HIGHNESS HAS BEEN LOSING HEAVILY THIS SEASON, WHICH MAY ACCOUNT FOR HIS EXPRESSION.



... GENERAL SIR HERCULES DE VERE BROWNE WALKING ON THE TERRACE WITH A FRIEND.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DUMPSHIRE LEAVING THEIR HOTEL AFTER LUNCHEON.

LEWIS BAKER



ANOTHER MILITANT.

Mother. "SO YOU TRIED TO TAKE HER HOOP AWAY AND SHE BOXED YOUR EARS? WELL, IT SERVED YOU QUITE RIGHT!"
Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, MUMMY, YOU SEE I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS A SUFFRAGETTE!"

THE CHANGELING.

"GRAY were her eyes as the deeps of a mountain-locked water,

Pink as the bloom of a blush-rose her countenance shone;
 Love made of my heart, Mrs. Jones, an immediate slaughter—
 I refer to the infant you showed me last week, to the daughter

Who seems to have gone.

"She knew a good thing when she saw it. Not everyone chooses,

Directly they gaze at my features, to burst into crows,
 But she, only lately alit from aerial cruises,
 Six months from the skies, she remembered *The Masque of the Muses*

And made for my nose.

"It was love at first sight; we were natures predestined to tally;

And I think, if those tales of a former existence are true,
 In Babylon I and your daughter erewhile had been pally,
 For as soon as I said to her, 'Diddums,' she answered my sally
 With a spirited 'Goo'!

"And now what is this you have brought me? This thing that gets furious,

Howls at my overtures, screams when I jest as I did,
 Blind to all bonds of the past, to all sense of a curious
 Psychic affinity. Lady, the article's spurious:

That's not your kid.

"Not a trace of your ravishing child I detect in this gaby,
 With two little dots in a plum-coloured face; I can see
 Not a hint of my fair in this fractious—whatever it may be;
 I don't doubt that it's cutting its teeth, but your genuine baby
 Would never cut me.

"I am sorry (please take it away and do something to stop it;
 How can I go on in the midst of this horrible mean?)—
 I am sorry, I say, for your bright, your original poppet,
 But the facts are quite patent, the gipsies have managed
 to swap it

For one of their own."

Sincerely I spoke. To assist the good lady I said it,
 But (strange to relate) she took unbrage; with kisses
 and purrs

Besmothered the bantling, refused altogether to credit
 My views on its origin; calmed it and rocked it and fed it,
 And *still* says it's hers. EVOE.

"O'Neil is in the feather-weights (9st. and under) and Pollard competes in the feather-weights (10st. and under)."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

JACK JOHNSON, we understand, is another entry for the feather-weights (20st. and under).

"The factory man that doesn't have belt troubles simply beats the trouble bird to his belts and keeps them in order.' That's what our New York manager, Mr. Chase, says, and he has had as much or more belt-experience than any man we know."—*Advt.*

We do not like this sort of talk. It seems to us hardly delicate.

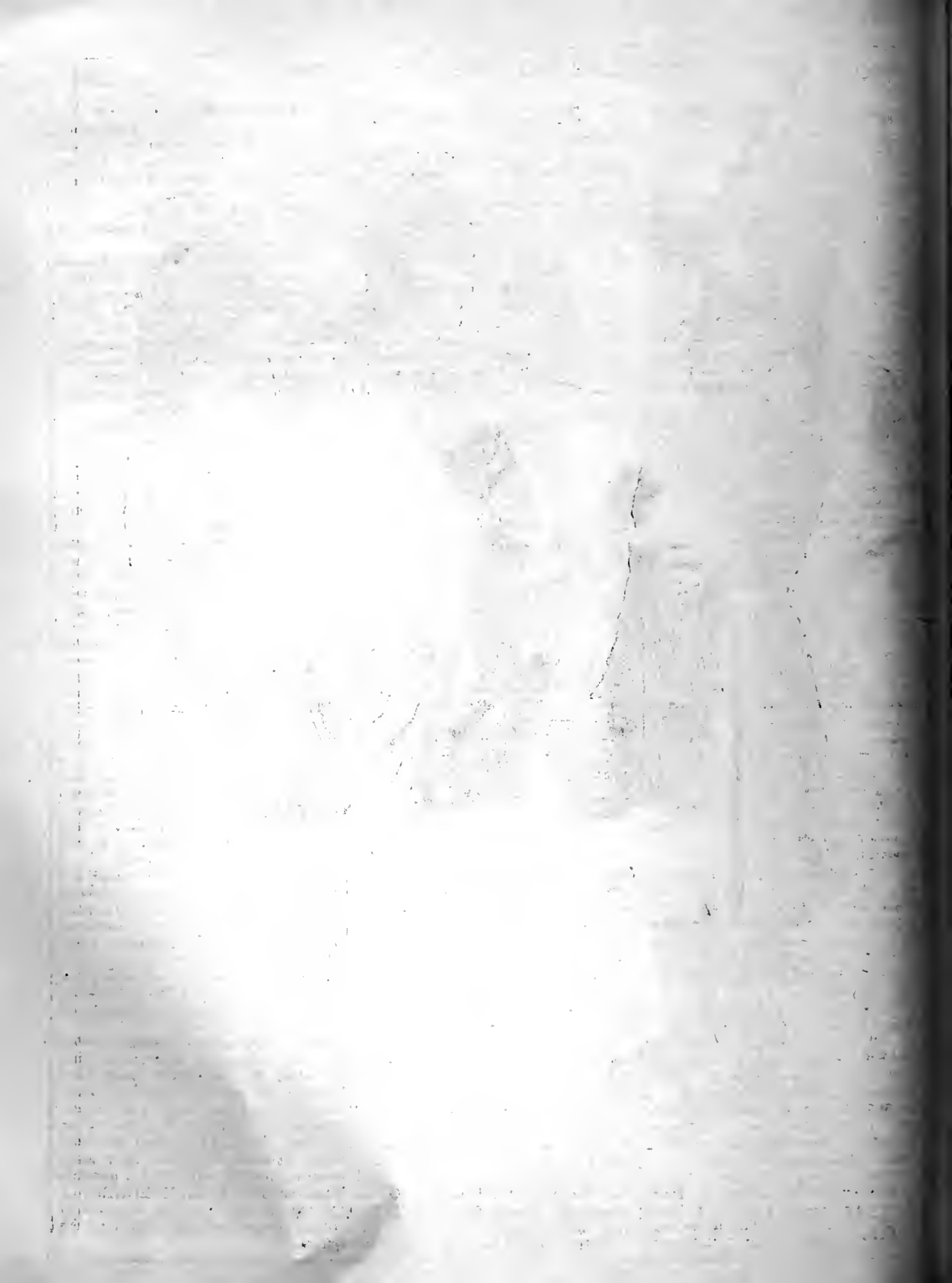


Bernard Partridge.

POUR LA PATRIE.

FRANCE (*calling for a third year of military service*). "THIS IS A GREAT SACRIFICE WHICH YOUR COUNTRY ASKS OF YOU, MON ENFANT. ARE YOU READY TO MAKE IT?"

CITIZEN SOLDIER. "BUT OF COURSE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 10.—La Session est morte. Vive la Session!

Death happened last Friday. New birth dates from to-day. House, in fact, has enjoyed exhilarating recess of two days, one being Sunday, the other including usual Saturday half-holiday. Reasonable to expect in such circumstances that legislators who for thirteen months have had their noses in uncomfortable proximity to Parliamentary grindstone would come back browned by exposure to occasional rain, brimful of health and spirits, eager to buckle to at business of fresh session. On the contrary, gathering in both Houses unprecedentedly small, deplorably depressed.

Noble Lords, whose business aptitude is well known, having listened to speeches from mover and seconder of Address, Leader of Opposition and Leader of House, straightway agreed, and went off to dinner on stroke of half-past seven. The Commons, faced by necessity of working double tides in order to meet exigencies of financial year, which closes on 31st, could not stand things later than nine minutes to eight, at which precise moment a dwindling gathering dispersed. But they did not confirm Address, over which talk will simmer for rest of the week. When limit of Ministerial patience is reached there will be loud complaints of tyrannical shortening of debate. And here, on very first night of Session, something like half a sitting is wantonly chucked away.

The MEMBER FOR SARK, looking in at House of Lords, found ABERCONWAY on his legs, moving Address with successful observance of consecrated custom by which original thought or independent criticism is regarded as undesirable. Afraid worry and weariness of long Session have told upon a disposition naturally kind, peculiarly sweet. SARK certainly grumpy.

"Seems to me," he growled, "Parliament is being run strictly on family lines. Just heard FRANCIS M'LAREN arrayed in velvet and fine linen make neat little speech seconding Address in

the Commons. Come here and find my old friend, his father, moving Address in Lords."

Young M'LAREN, gifted with a fine voice, accomplished in elocution, acquitted himself in manner that drew frequent cheers from both sides. Only threatened note of discord was struck by opening sentence, when he described himself as the youngest Member on Ministerial side. WEDGWOOD BENN, seated Gangway end of Treasury Bench, obviously thought remark superfluous. Accustomed to have that distinction attributed to him—he never assumes anything for himself—naturally did not like to hear it claimed by another. Made movement as if about to rise and

with ancient tradition, the MEMBER FOR THE CITY OF LONDON has a place found for him on Ministerial Bench on opening night of new Parliament. PRINCE ARTHUR doesn't hanker after privilege. But BANBURY, wrestling with native modesty, takes the prominent place, enlarging the bounds of precedent to include the third Session.

Reference in Speech from the Throne to anniversary of KING EDWARD'S wedding-day stirred up memories of fifty years ago in bosom of young M'LAREN. "We are," he said, "all delighted to be reminded of those days long ago when QUEEN ALEXANDRA came in the Spring as a bride to London."

Business done.—Parliament meets for third Session.

Friday.—What I like about ROWLAND HUNT is his thoroughness. Time flies so rapidly, events crowd upon each other with such bewildering insistence, that his first Parliamentary achievement is forgotten. Two years ago young bloods of Unionist party, convinced that "Arthur is played out," succeeded in relieving him of cares of Leadership. Have since from time to time had occasion to meditate upon sagacity of the move. It was ROWLAND HUNT who first raised standard of revolt. Declared from his place behind Front Opposition Bench that he had no confidence in his nominal Leader.

This too much even for cynical indifference of PRINCE ARTHUR. Decided that if someone must go he was not the man to budge. Accordingly ROWLAND was drummed out of regiment, Party whips being no longer sent to him. By-and-by he came to heel again, and has since reserved his gift of denunciation for more legitimate objects on t' other side of the table.

Still in his ashes lives their wonted fire. Amendments to Address touching on most of conceivable topics have through the week crowded the paper. For the most part lengthy in phrase, rambling in argument, they excited no interest. Such as have been submitted have not succeeded in drawing an audience appreciably exceeding a quorum. Then comes ROWLAND, effectively bringing up the rear with an amendment whose comprehensiveness encircles the globe.



MORE BANBURY SENSATIONS.

enter protest. Fortunately BANBURY, sitting next to him, quickly discerned situation and laid restraining hand on the Cherub's shoulder, and what for half a minute threatened an unpleasant scene passed over.

BANBURY'S appearance on Treasury Bench created consternation in Strangers' Gallery. Rumour ran round asserting that he had "been bought." Various surmises as to particular price extorted for so great a possession. Some said he had ousted LLOYD GEORGE from the Exchequer. Others affirmed that, at ten minutes' notice, he had undertaken care of the Navy, *vice* WINSTON, about to be elevated to the House of Lords. Absence of McKENNA from Treasury Bench being noticed, it was thought that BANBURY had accepted the Home Secretaryship and that Suffragettes had better look out.

Simple fact is that, in accordance

He proposed to ask the House to approach the Sovereign with expression of regret "that Your Majesty's Government have failed to provide sufficient forces on sea or land or in the air for preserving the safety of the country and the Empire."

Omission of reference to the waters under the earth seems to imply exceptional satisfaction with the submarine flotilla. Unfortunately the Amendment, standing at end of long list, was not reached, and conjecture on this point lacks support or dismissal by explanation. "Twill serve as it stood. When mighty intellect has bent itself to consideration of vital issues on land and sea and in the air, what is happening in the deep unfathomed caves of ocean may, like Ministerial plan for reform of Second Chamber, be left for consideration at a later unnamed date.

Business done.—After five days' dreary debate in House rarely half full, Address agreed to. Main interest centres in fact that at opening of new Session Ministerial majority was maintained at or about the round 100.

HOME LIES.

When she comes to watch me play,
Kate (my sister) loves to brag
Of the goal I dropped one day;
Says I smashed the corner-flag.
And the ribs of Jones (the blue) —
"Quite a gentle tackle, too!"

When my blind untutored smites
Earn their spectacled rewards,
Katie solemnly recites
How I stopped the clock at Lord's
"With a shot that HOBBS or FRY
Simply wouldn't dare to try!"

When, again, to dearer friends
She explains with what an ease,
As the sacred flame descends,
I descend to lines like these—
Does my blushing sweetheart, Maud,
Listen, rapt and overawed?

Not a bit of it; she knows
Any self-respecting kid
Always keeps a stock of those
Things her brother never did—
Knows that *her* relations weave
Yarns which *I* do not believe.

All hor people love to spout
Streams of eulogistic rot,
Vie with mine in pointing out
Virtues that we haven't got,
Till we cry through tears of shame:
"Dear, I love you just the same!"

"The Small Woman.

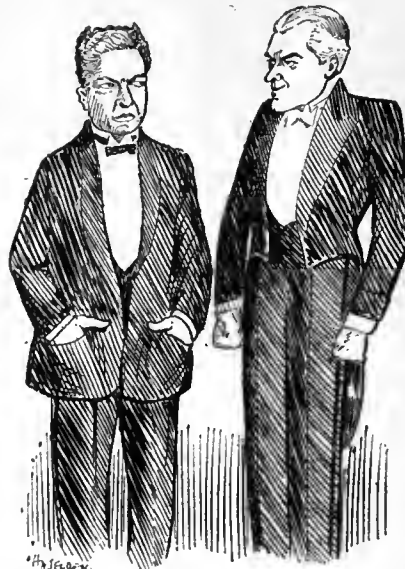
A Plea for a greater Range of Ready-made Sizes."—*Daily Chronicle.*

After all, size is not everything.

AT THE PLAY.

"OPEN WINDOWS."

WHETHER or not Mr. MASON, when he is out to write one of his pleasant books, is apt to look at real life too much through the eyes of a teller of tales with whom the story comes first and humanity second, it is certain that his new play betrays the hand of the novelist. He seemed to treat his audience as if they were readers of a serial of which they had had the misfortune to miss the first twenty chapters, and needed a *résumé* of the foregoing argument. Unhappily, the necessary revelations had to be made by word of mouth, and required a very delicate diplomacy, and this took up practically



John Herrick (Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER) to *Philip Brook* (Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE). "Your request that I should hand your daughter over to you is couched in very unusual terms. You say nothing about 'the paternal instinct.'"

the whole of the First Act, and even then they were none too clear. But this wouldn't have mattered much if Mr. MASON, in his anxiety to be done with his preliminary chapters, had not been tempted to ignore the improbability of some of the conditions under which he made his *précis*. Thus for the purposes of his play he has somehow to impart to us the chequered career of *Philip Brook*, who under this assumed name is acting as secretary to *Sir Henry Cluffe*; and how does he do it? Scarcely has *John Herrick* (Home Secretary) set foot for the first time in *Sir Henry's* country house on a week-end visit, when his host says to him in so many words: "I have a secretary who has by heart the matter of the Bill which you want to discuss; but if you knew all that I know of his past—how he said he had climbed Mount

Everest when he hadn't—you might not care to have anything to do with him. I will therefore proceed to tell you the facts, and you shall decide for yourself." Now *Sir Henry* was under no sort of obligation to *Herrick* to tell him *Brook's* secret, which could not conceivably affect the value of his political advice; but he must have been under a good deal of obligation to *Brook* himself not to tell it. Such, however, are the exigencies of drama without a chorus when you cut out the first eighteen years of your story.

However, on the whole, Mr. MASON coped very adroitly not only with the technical difficulties involved in our enlightenment, but with the task of making us realize a tragedy of whose remote origin we had to learn by report. Perhaps he would have done better still to have sacrificed one of the unities, as he did in *The Witness for the Defence*, where he shewed before our eyes, in that most effective First Act, the source of all the subsequent trouble.

Signs were not wanting (as they say) that he has been studying other dramatic conventions besides the unities. His stage-irony was very pronounced. When *Lady Cluffe* went out of her way to wonder how *Herrick*, minion of fortune, would conduct himself in adversity, even the most childlike of us looked knowingly up to the blue sky in absolute confidence that a bolt would presently emerge.

But there was one convention which rather irritated me. Eighteen years or so before the curtain rose, *Brook* had passed a "riotous" week with his lover in Fontainebleau (I give the epithet which she employed when relieving her husband's curiosity about this prenuptial episode). Being too poor to marry her, and, I dare say, too much pressed for time (for his ship had already started from Tilbury), *Brook* went on to Marseilles to join an exploration party bound for the Himalayas. It was to secure a name for the child of this union that the lady hurriedly married the unsuspecting *Herrick*. But not once, apparently, during the three years of his time in the East did it occur to *Brook* that there could be any question of a child. Yet he was not without imagination, as shown in the matter of Mount Everest.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE, who took the part of *Brook*, recognised that a man who is in revolt against life is seldom a very lovable personality; and he did his best (which can be very good) to discourage sympathy. On the other hand, sympathy was invited by the lady, very attractively played by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. And I might have been quite



Little Boy. "CARRY YOUR BAG, SIR?"

Man. "No."

Little Boy. "THEN I 'OPE IT ETRAINS YER."

sorry for her if I could have convinced myself that, for the sake of legitimatising her child, this woman, who at the time was a star of promise in the art-world of Bohemian Paris, would have thrown up her career, married a man she didn't want, and gone to live a drab life with him and his people in Norwood (for these were still the days of his obscurity). The really pitiful figure was Herrick himself, but he was made of rather weak stuff, not very appealing.

The play had its moment of sensation. I do not refer to the audible thrill that ran through the theatre on the butler's announcement that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER was about to make his first entry. I refer to the moment when Herrick summoned Brook to his room and the presence of his wife. The audience was palpably intrigued. Yet the scene when they met was not very moving. After all they had no quarrel. Neither had wronged the other. The real wrong done was by the wife to the husband, and she remained a silent spectator of the scene. It was just a question whether the child should be told the truth and allowed to choose between the two men. I am ashamed to say I was not much concerned one way or the other; though I know I

ought to have been pleased when her grace and sweetness imposed silence upon both her fathers—actual and adoptive.

Mr. Mason's theme did not make for hilarity, but I think he might still have given us more to laugh about, though I grant that his one joke was quite good. I omit, from sheer sense of tact, to mention the unrehearsed humours of a certain deciduous moustache, which went far to relieve the strain of the Second Act. The gay girlishness of Elsie (very prettily played by Miss ROSALIE TOLLER) brought relief, but tempered by the reflection that she was the very centre round which the tragedy turned.

The acting throughout was sound, but it revealed no very new talent and added little to established reputations.

In conclusion you may want to know what the "Open Windows" were for, and what they opened on. I think they had something to do with sanitation; and I know they had nothing to do with KEATS. I have an impression that they were first mentioned in connection with Norwood; and there, of course, the view from them may well have been "forlorn"; but not over "faerie lands." O. S.

"IN THE SPRING."

WE select the following items, from various catalogues which have lately reached us, as being in harmony with the approaching wedding season:—

MISS FORTESCUE (LILY).—Delicately tinted with pink; long slender white throat; very elegant and graceful; slightly scented; looks best by artificial light; very popular in drawing-rooms and conservatories during winter months; requires attention; must not be cut.

MISS WINGATE (DAISY).—A strong new growth; crimson lips, bright eyes; reaches perfection out of doors when allowed to run wild; may be introduced anywhere with confidence.

THE HON. MRS. PENDRAGON (ROSE).—An old favourite; mature, well rounded, sturdy growth; clinging variety; needs re-planting in order to thrive.

LORD RONALD (KENTISH NUT).—True stock; thin, extra curled, quick sprouting imperial variety; much in request for dinner-tables.

MISS PERRINS (WALLFLOWER).—Very hardy; blooms all the year round; requires no attention.

THE SOFA-DOG.

"NAUGHTY dog," said Francesca—she was addressing, not me, but the Great Dane—"you have been on the sofa again."

"Well," I said, "he's off it now. As soon as he heard your fairy footsteps in the passage he began to slink off. It's quite wonderful what an ear dogs have for footsteps."

"He's a very wicked dog," said Francesca.

"No, no! He thinks it's a trick. He's got it into his head that you'd be bitterly disappointed if he didn't get on to the sofa when you're not in the room and get off it as soon as he hears you coming. Just you try him. Go into the passage. There! He's up again. Knock at the door. Didn't I tell you? Isn't he the quickest mover out of a sofa you ever saw? Oh, good dog, good dog!"

"Sofas," said Francesca, "are not meant for dogs. You encourage him to spoil them. You never think of the covers he ruins."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I do. I know the covers by heart. Let me tell you what they are. There are two brown herons apparently feasting on red azaleas, blue convolvuluses (or convolvuli, if you prefer it) and yellow melons. It is an intricate and beautiful picture of heron-life, when the world was a younger and a better place."

"It was not designed for dogs," she said.

"There," I said, "you go again. For my part, I believe the inventor intended his pattern to be completed by a dog. It was his last picture. He had meant to weave in a dog somewhere, but death came upon him before he had time. 'Put a dog with the herons,' he murmured with his last breath, but they did not understand him. And now this dumb animal of ours takes up a great artist's thought and completes it."

"Covers it with mud," she said.

"Completes it," I repeated. "That dog teaches us all a lesson. Francesca, do you know who said that?"

"Yes," she said, "it was NAPOLEON, but he did not speak of furniture."

"He spoke of what he saw, and so do I. And, what is more, I will not allow——"

"You must not," she said, "be too Napoleonic. Such an attitude is improper in a modest household like ours. You were going to say——?"

"I was going to say that I will not allow myself to speak harshly to you, even if you fail in sympathy with the natural desire of a dog to avoid draughts."

"Draughts?"

"Yes, draughts. You will find if you lie down on the floor that it is a mass of draughts."

She bent herself to the carpet. "There isn't a vestige of draught," she said.

"Not there, Francesca," I cried. "That's the only draughtless spot in the room. Try close to the door. Lie down there with your face on your paws. Look out! The butler's coming."

"He isn't."

"No. I invented him; but you don't do it as well as the dog."

"You are too clever this morning," she said.

"It is a way I have," I said.

"And that being so," she continued, "I have determined to resign all my household duties into your hands."

"Francesca," I said, "you overwhelm me."

"Poor dear," she went on, talking softly to herself, "it is a very hard morning for him to begin on."

"No matter," I said; "I am ready. Only tell me what I have to do, so that I may note it down on paper."

"Food first," she said. "You will start with the cook."

"Oh, but that's delightful!" I said. "Do you know, Francesca, that it has been my one ambition to interview Mrs. Pears officially? I have caught glimpses of her when the children have had Christmas trees, but now I shall really know her."

"That's capital," said Francesca. "And you must order luncheon and dinner, you know."

"Yes," I said, "we will lunch on beefsteak and kidney pie, roly-poly pudding, and, just to celebrate the occasion, a Welsh rarebit."

"An excellent meal for the children," she said. "Alice and Frederick particularly will revel in it. But there might not be any kidneys."

"No kidneys!" I said. "There must be millions of kidneys in the world."

"Then," she said, "you must think of the servants, and you must order dinner for us. But I will not interfere with you further."

"Oh, yes," I said, "do interfere with me. I want you to. I like it. I'm not like some. I——"

"Well then," she said, "after Mrs. Pears you must see nurse. She's dissatisfied about something. And the housemaid wants to consult you about linen; and Bain has a list of garden things he wants to buy; and the boot-boy's mother is going to call at 11 o'clock to plead the cause of her son, who has done something abominable with a catapult; and after that you'll have to sit by Muriel and Nina while they practise; and there'll be lots of other things turning up as you go along. Away with you now to your work, and whatever happens keep a brave heart and a smiling face. I shall stay here to look after the dog and muse on the mutability of human affairs."

"Francesca," I said after a pause, "I have been thinking this matter over, and I have come to the conclusion that things had better go on as they are."

"I thought you'd think that," she said.

"The duties you propose to me, though various, are slight and unimportant. I should perform them too well and too quickly, and I should thus put a slur on all your past activities. You would never be able to look me in the face again. I cannot bear that thought. Go and busy yourself about the hive while I stay here and guard your self-respect."

"And you may as well," she said, "keep an eye on the furniture."

"Get down at once, Odin," I said. "Sofas were not meant for dogs." R. C. L.

REAL TURTLE.

ON the cold of a pavement in ugly E.C.,

A show for the idle and curious giving,

Crude calipash stiffens and crude calipee,

Past feeling, let's hope, but yet horribly living;

Chelonian, spoil of a warm tropic tide,

With horny eyes glazing, with flippers' faint gesture,

They've laid him—awaiting a summons inside,

Where the chef and his satellites stand in white vesture.

Does he hear—if at all, as I hope he does not—

In the chatter around him the monkeys that quarrel

Where the palms fringe the beaches, blue, steamy and hot?

Is the roar of the traffic the surf on the coral?

I know not, but only beg leave to opine

That he's helplessly tragic, an object of pity;

May his ghost haunt your slumbers, O masters of mine,

Who at seven absorb turtle soup in the City.



Sportsman. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE TO SEND A HANDKERCHIEF I HAVE FOUND BELONGING TO FATHER MALONEY?"
 Irish Priest. "I CAN; BUT HE 'LL HAVE NO USE FOR IT. HE 'S BEEN IN HIVEN THESE THREE WEEKS."

THE EASTER BONNET.

A COMEDY OF A PARCELS LIFT.

Miss Selina Lightfoot to Violette et Cie.
 Easter Sunday, 1911.

DEAR MADAM,—I am greatly disappointed not to receive the Marie Stuart bonnet which you promised me faithfully should be here on Saturday evening. The result is that I have had to attend church in my old one, thus breaking a habit now many years old of wearing new things on this day. But what troubles me more is your failure to keep your word, for that has never happened before.

Yours truly, SELINA LIGHTFOOT.

Violette et Cie to Miss Lightfoot.

(By hand.) Easter Tuesday.

DEAR MADAM,—Your letter is very surprising, for our messenger-boy, who brings this, positively assures us that he placed the bonnet in the parcels lift to your flat on Saturday at about 5.30. As the box was too large for the lift he took out the bonnet and wrapped some silver paper round it.

We are Yours obediently,
 VIOLETTE ET CIE.

Miss Lightfoot to Violette et Cie.

Easter Tuesday.

DEAR MADAM,—I of course accept

the word of your messenger. He seems a very nice honest sort of boy; but unfortunately I cannot verify it as I should like to, as the lift has stuck in the flat above; and as the occupants—an elderly gentleman and his servant—are away for the Easter holidays we cannot get in to liberate it. If, as I cheerfully believe, the bonnet is in this lift, I will obtain possession of it on their return.

Yours truly, SELINA LIGHTFOOT.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.

(To await arrival.)

Easter Tuesday.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and begs to draw his attention to the fact that the parcels lift has been stuck in his flat ever since his departure, to the great annoyance and inconvenience of the other tenants. Will he kindly have it put right immediately? If by any chance a parcel in silver paper should be in the lift Miss Lightfoot would be glad to have it.

Mr. Rupert Browell to Miss Lightfoot.

Three days later.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and begs to say that he exceedingly regrets that the lift should have behaved so incon-

siderately during his absence. It is now mended. Mr. Browell has pleasure in sending Miss Lightfoot the silver paper parcel.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.

The same day.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and would take it as a favour if he would inform her if the fish which has been occupying the lift for the past five days with her parcel belonged to him.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.

The same day.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and begs to state that the fish was a haddock ordered by his housekeeper before she was aware that both he and she were going away for Easter.

Miss Lightfoot to Violette et Cie.

The same day.

DEAR MADAM,—I find that, as I anticipated, your boy was quite truthful. The bonnet was in the lift; but by a sad mischance the lift contained also a haddock, which, since it was there some days, has saturated the bonnet with the odour of fish. Do you think anything could be done to put it right, and ought not the owner of the flat

above, where all the trouble occurred, to pay for it?

I am,

Yours truly,

SELINA LIGHTFOOT.

Violette et Cie. to Miss Lightfoot.

The next day

DEAR MADAM,—If you will send the bonnet we will see what can be done. Probably a new lining will serve. In any case we agree with you that it is hard that the expense should fall on you. Yours faithfully,

VIOLETTE ET CIE.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.

The same day.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and begs to inform him that her bonnet has been rendered unwearable by spending five days in the company of his haddock in a restricted space. Miss Lightfoot would be glad to know what Mr. Browell proposes to do about it.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.

The same day.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and greatly regrets that her bonnet has been rendered unwearable, but he suggests that the proper person to approach would be the landlord, who is responsible for the lift being kept in working order. It was not Mr. Browell's purchase of a fish that was irregular, but the failure of the machinery which moves the lift freely up and down.

Miss Lightfoot to Violette et Cie.

The same day.

DEAR MADAM,—If, as you think, a new lining will meet the case I agree to that being done; but I know that I shall always feel conscious of the bonnet's aroma, even if it has none, and I shall wear it only in the streets, omnibuses, &c., and never when calling, and never, of course, in church. Please tell me what the cost of the lining will be. Yours truly,

SELINA LIGHTFOOT.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.

Two days later.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and begs to inform him that the landlord denies responsibility. According to his letter he is surprised that Mr. Browell should leave his flat for so long with a fish in the lift. Miss Lightfoot has ascertained that a new lining to her bonnet, the least that can be done to it, will cost four shillings, and she begs to suggest that Mr. Browell should discharge this account.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.

The same day.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and begs to say that he considers the landlord's reply evasive. At the same time he cannot acquit himself of a certain negligence in the matter of the fish, and he therefore begs that Miss Lightfoot will allow him to defray the cost of a new bonnet and dispense with the injured one altogether.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.

The same day.

Miss Lightfoot presents her compliments to Mr. Browell and begs to thank him for his extreme courtesy in the matter of the bonnet and the fish.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.

A week later.

Mr. Browell presents his compliments to Miss Lightfoot and would like to inquire if she is a "Patience" player, because if so he would greatly esteem the privilege of calling upon her to explain a very fascinating variety known as "The king stops the way," which she possibly may not know and which comes out only once in very many times.

Miss Lightfoot to Mr. Browell.

November 8, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. BROWELL,—I have done it at last! It came out this evening, absolutely honestly too. I feel prouder than I can say.

Yours sincerely,

SELINA LIGHTFOOT.

Mr. Browell to Miss Lightfoot.

Easter Sunday, 1912.

DEAREST SELINA,—Please accept the accompanying flowers as a reminder of last year's embarrassments and their happy sequel.

Your devoted RUPERT.

From *The Times* of June 3, 1912:—

BROWELL: LIGHTFOOT.—On the 2nd June, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square, by the uncle of the bride, Canon Lightfoot, assisted by the Rev. Morrice Boy, Rupert Browell, of Belvedere Mansions, S.W., to Selina Lightfoot, second daughter of the late Major Lightfoot.

The Danger of Dictating with a Lisp.

"Office-boy wanted, to make himself youthful."—*Advt. in "Manchester Evening News."*

"In nearly all that pertains to woman's dress England has made and is making great strides."—*Daily Mail.*

One of the exceptions must be the skirt. Nobody makes great strides in that.

**HALF AND HALF;
OR, THE HAPPY MEAN.**

[The fashion columns of an evening paper definitely threaten the *Zouave*, or trouser skirt.]

JONES's sails will now want trimmin';
No more scope henceforth for him in
Laying down the law to women.

Frankly, dismally he owns
He was all for picking bones
Up to now with Mrs. Jones.

She is pretty, she is good,
But to all who ask her would
Say she is misunderstood.

All the intellectual pitch,
All the noble purpose which
Animates the smarter rich

In a very marked degree
Animates herself, but he
Calls it mere frivolity.

When she kept a poodle cat,
Very bald and very fat,
He did not approve of that.

When she danced the Flapper's Flit
(Hailed in Kensington as It)
He professed to have a fit.

When she smoked her first cigar
(Oh, how narrow husbands are!)
"You," said he, "have gone too far."

In the breezy *tête-à-tête*
Which ensued, he begged to state,
She must be "more moderate."

How then could the man be hurt
Later to behold her girt
In a knickerbocker skirt

Coming down below the calves?
"When," she said, "I wear *Zouaves*,
I am doing things by halves."

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a shop-window:—

| | | |
|------------|----------------|---------------|
| "Look. | Look. | Look. |
| Price Low. | Beef Sausages. | Quality High. |
| | 4d. lb. | |

Try them and note the flavour."

"Pruning is one of the operations to which the old saw . . . is peculiarly applicable."
Daily News.

Personally we have tried pruning our apple-trees with an old saw and cannot recommend it.

A Dangerous Business.

"NEGOTIATION GOING ON.

The National Union of Railwaymen is negotiating with the Board of Trade.

NEGOTIATOR INJURED.

Mr. F. E. Smith, while out hunting at Bicester had a toss while negotiating some posts and rails and had his rib broken."

Madras Times.

For the Actor-Manager's Cigar.

"For Sale.—Massive Hall-marked Silver Cigar Case. Size 5ft. by 3ft."
Advt. in "Statesman."



THE SUSPECTED SEX.

Stationmaster-cum-porter of wayside "Hall." "ERE, BILL, JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THE OLE GAL ON THE PLATFORM WHILST I GETS MY DINNER."

Bill. "WHOFFOR? SHE CAN'T COME TO NO 'ARM."

Stationmaster. "I'M NOT THINKIN' OF 'ER 'EALTH, I'M THINKIN' ABOUT MY STATION. SHE MIGHT WANT TO BURN IT DOWN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

QUITE unshaken by the realists, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD still continues to uphold the Right; and very well it is for the land-owners of England that she does so, for Mr. Edmund Melrose, most dramatic of the figures who influence *The Mating of Lydia* (SMITH, ELDER), tyrannical, sinister, italianate, combining a passion for antiques with the worst excesses of rack-renting and unrighteous eviction, would have been just the fellow for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to get his knife into; as it is, a timely shot in the dark—and the pacified CHANCELLOR will rake in colossal death-duties, whilst the estate, handed over through the generosity of the heir to the wicked virtuoso's disowned daughter, will be merged with that of Lord Tatham, type of all that is best in our ancient aristocracy. *The Mating of Lydia* is dowered with Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's accustomed dignity of style, painstaking if not too intimate characterisation, and wealth of unconcealed knowledge. (Did you know that certain Cumbrian dalesmen still preserved the ancient "yan-tyan-tethera" and so on for "one-two-three" in counting their sheep?) *Lydia* is a slightly advanced—but, oh, so slightly advanced—young woman who sketches the Cumberland scenery. Wooed ardently by young Lord Tatham she prefers Claude Faversham, before whom a moral struggle lies. Agent and heir-expectant of the Byronic miser, he has to decide whether he will break with him if he cannot persuade him to repair the insanitary cottages that fester on his domains. Enough to say that Virtue triumphs in the end, as it did in the brave days of old before fiction had condescended to the lower middle-

classes, the Pottery towns, and the outer suburbs. To all tired travellers in these wildernesses I recommend *The Mating of Lydia*.

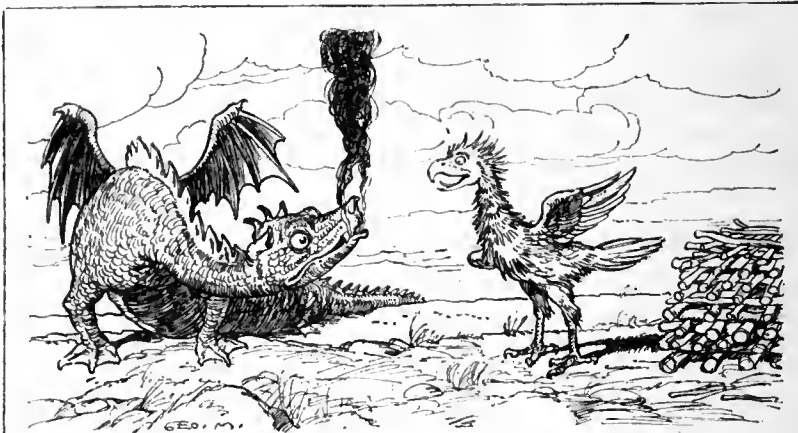
Perhaps when I have proclaimed myself as this great while past one of the most zealous admirers of "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM," which I certainly am, he will allow me to produce one very small bone for picking between us. It is not that I in the least object to his recapturing the first fine careless rapture of his funny stories by repeating them. I do not. Indeed, I myself could be after reading them, every day for a whole year and more, the way I would still be amused at the hinder end of it. What I do think unnecessary is that he should call his new book *Doctor Whitty* (METHUEN), when that plausible hero is so obviously, Dr. Lucius O'Grady and no one else. Moreover, not only does it contain at length the episode of the local band and the National Anthem, but the other characters of *Ballintra* tally exactly with those of *Ballymoy*, namely, Colonel Richardson with Major Kent, Thady Glynn with Timothy Doyle, and so on, each with each. The artist of the picture-wrapper seems to have felt this as much as I did, for his *Dr. Whitty* is as like Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY as makes no difference. So why not have added the *Regan* episode and sold it as the book of the play? However, this once stated, I have only to record as usual my delighted appreciation of Canon HANNAY's engaging hero, his wiles, his geniality, and his happy economies of the truth. So long as the reverend author continues thus successfully not to leave gaiety all to the laity he may call his characters by what names he pleases and be sure of a welcome from me.

It is asserted by those in the know that a book, to have any chance of a remunerative circulation nowadays, must be a novel, and the blame for this is attributed, with some confidence, to the depraved taste of the modern public. As one of the accused I resent the imputation and reply that if authors would treat us with less contempt we should be even more free with our money. Take the case of C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON; there is no doubt that the peculiar gift of these brilliant collaborators is the writing up of motor tours in a style inimitably vivid and light-hearted. As long as they continue their offer to put us in a ear and give us a run over any part of the earth, no one will refuse the lift. Why then overload the caboodle with an alien plot of fictitious passion and adventure? Had *The Love Pirate* (METHUEN) been entitled *The Californian Tour* and been written as such, I should have been the last person to be disagreeable about it—it was the best of *bons voyages*; but the alleged virtues of *Nick Illiard* and the *Princess di Serceno*, their loves and escapades, could not convince and might bore even a child. All the end and most of the middle of the story were apparent as soon as one read the beginning. I have no doubt that the authors' intentions are of the kindest; they feel obliged to entertain their passengers *en route* and to adopt this orthodox way of doing it. Let them, say I, relieve themselves of any such obligation on any future trips which they may invite me to take in their company, and I, for my part, shall hope there will be many such. There is still plenty of ground to cover and one, if only one, form of motor with which they have not yet experimented, to wit, our old friend, the Red General, of the Heavy Brigade.

Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT's fine craftsmanship, his faculties of sensitive observation and fastidious selection increase (as is seemly but none too common) with the ripeness of his experience. There are a thousand-and-one charms in *The Catfish* (HURST AND BLACKETT) and not a page over which one does not murmur, "How true!" or "How jolly!" or "By Jove, that is so!" The *Catfish*, "the demon of the deep," is, apparently, to eod as a cat to rats—uncomfortable but extraordinarily stimulating. Yet the very delicate portrait of *Mary Festing*, who, herself passed by, loves and understands and mothers *George Tracy*, the hero, ill deserves such a label under it. I make bold to say that it is the only wrong thing in Mr. MARRIOTT's book. The rest is sheer delight. The story is just the development of this central character of *George*, with so much of the lives and thoughts of others as shall serve to illuminate it, and the author has handled his theme with an admirable restraint. With a few deft touches he has presented quite a dozen and a half of sentient, articulate, lovable people. He has dared to see and to state the beauty that is in life touched, yet unclouded, by sorrow, but not made squalid in the neo-realist manner. *George Tracy* is too much alive, one would say, to be a portrait; he is the creation of an affectionate student of his kind. He remains interesting to the end, which is marriage. But his childhood is the

outstanding triumph of this remarkable miniature. Such and such things are thought and said and suffered by the human boy, and such and such wounds he deals, unwillingly and half-wittingly, to those he loves. And, to be frank, I find this *George Tracy* worth all the *Stalkies* on the one side and the *Eric Littlebylittles* on the other of the modern novelists' galleries of odd and even boys.

It seems to me that the STANLEY WEYMAN traitor-hero is rather *vieux jeu*. At first, like ping-pong, he was piquant because he was new. But now we know all about him. He comes from Paris. To save his neck or fill his depleted purse he has agreed to spy upon the *noblesse*, of which he is an off-shoot, and not till the last chapter will his gallantry and his misfortunes overcome the scorn with which he inspires the blue-blooded damsel whom he fain would wed. In *Skipper Anne* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Miss MARIAN BOWER has tried to break new ground by making NAPOLEON send her young gentleman of France to England, to the home of the English tutor who had married his Royalist aunt and become the father of the necessary Royalist maiden. It was a case of "your honour or your life." Of



The Phoenix (preparing for his centennial transformation). "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A LIGHT?"

course he chose to keep his life, and went off under an assumed name to unravel the plot that was bothering NAPOLEON. I should have done the same in his case. Instinct and novel-reading experience would have told me how charming was my *émigrée* cousin; but once I had proved it I should have dropped my pinchbeck mask and let NAPOLEON (on the other side of the Channel) go hang. But this young man tried to make the best of both

stools, and fell between them. Incidentally he concealed his perfect knowledge of English from his bi-lingual relatives for more than two hundred pages, during all the time, in fact, that he was living in their house. I'm afraid, in the language of the Halls, I *don't* think. Apart from that, I find the story rather too obvious. And there are chapters, if you will believe me, with the headings, "The Plot Thickens," and "The Green-eyed Monster." But people of a less *blast* condition of mind than myself will find that the book is pleasantly written and not unexciting.

Suggestion for an up-to-date examination paper:—

- "Indicate the probable course of English History, if militant suffrage methods had been in fashion more than three centuries ago, and
1. Mary, Queen of Scots, having gone on hunger-strike, had been instantly released by the alarmed Elizabeth.
 2. Through the destruction of the turf on Plymouth Hoe, Drake had been prevented from playing his historic game of bowls.
 3. Corrosive acid had been poured on the letter inviting William of Orange to England."

"An Athens telegram to-days says the Crown Prince and the Greek Government have received telegrams of congratulation from all the sovereigns and heads of States, including President Poincaré, on the occasion of the fall of Janina. The message from Emperor William is stated as being particularly cordial."

Manchester Evening News.

We know that sort of massage—a cordial thump between the shoulder-blades.

CHARIVARIA.

It has been laid down in court that hecklers may not be ejected from meetings. "The proper course," said the magistrate, "is to take such a person's name and address and apply for a summons." The process seems very swift and effective, but strikes us as rather too rough.

On the occasion of the bursting of a vat of porter at a Cork brewery, one of the workmen had to swim through the escaping liquid to save himself from drowning—thus in all probability realising the dream of a lifetime.

Salmon taken from the Tyne are alleged by the Conservancy Board of that river to taste like tar and smell like petrol. If the striking taxi-drivers are thinking of giving a little dinner to celebrate their recent victory, they need look no further for the fish-course.

The Boat-Race is ancient history now, but it will never be forgotten. It was the only one of the series which a daily paper described as "The Struggle of the Sixteen," instead of "The Battle of the Blues."

We live quickly nowadays. Twelve hours before the production of *Bought and Paid For*, at the New Theatre, *The Daily Sketch*, unable to wait any longer, mentioned what a great success the opening performance had been.

New careers seem to be flung open to our youngsters daily. A Harlesden butcher's shop is exhibiting the notice, "Wanted, a boy for sausages."

About your uninvited guest at a party there is, as a rule, a something unobtrusive, something perhaps a little furtive. He is content to slide in and remain, like some violet in its mossy bank, glued to the refreshments table. They breed stouter hearts in Cardiff, where, the other day, a citizen not only attended a wedding-breakfast without an invitation, but rounded off his day's pleasure by assaulting the host with a poker.

Life's Little Ironies. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE had to pay twopence on the letter containing the threat to kill him.

"I never remember one day what has taken place the day before," says an eminent magistrate. Despite this assurance, however, his clerk intends to take no risks, and will laugh as usual.

A good deal of advertisement is being given just now to a hen in Pennsylvania which lays rectangular eggs, thus facilitating enormously the task of the packers. It is a kindly thought, but obviously inspired by the habits of the Dixie hens, who, if we recall the song correctly, lay their eggs ready scrambled.

A severe earthquake was recorded by Mr. J. J. SHAW at West Bromwich, at 9 A.M. on the 14th inst. When will the Militants learn that these tactics are only damaging their cause?

The March of Civilization. Representative HAY, of Butler County, Mo., U.S.A., has introduced a Bill prohibiting women from wearing dresses that button up the back.

The writer in the evening paper who referred to *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* as "one of the best of Mr. Shaw's earlier works," has not yet received the snub which we had anticipated for implying that there are degrees in perfection.

Immediately after winning an action for heavy damages on the ground that a taxi-cab accident had ruined his chances in the ring, Mr. HARRY LEWIS, the American pugilist, knocked out JACK HARRISON, the English middle-weight champion, in less than three rounds. Mr. HARRISON would be well advised to wait for a return match till this mere wreck of a man has been run over by one or two motor-omnibuses.

London music-hall managers, always on the look-out for novel turns, have doubtless already made overtures to the Turkish general who, after the surrender of Janina, "walked slowly," according to a daily paper, "with his head bowed to the ground."

"You cannot get hold of a woman by the scruff of the neck: she has no scruff," said Mr. SYMONS of the Metropolitan Bench in court recently. Scruffs for Women!

"At the Hackney Horse Show Sir Walter Gilbey's Romping Pelly won second prize in the four-year-old stallion class, and second in the class for two-year-old mares."

To Sir WALTER'S disappointment, however, it was only honourably mentioned in the Jersey Cow section.

"I. G. S.—For the delicate lingerie blouse you describe we think that you will find the water in which a quantity of unsalted rice has boiled quite a sufficient stiffening, and better in this particular case than the gum-water. Wait until the mixture is cold before adding the flavouring."—*Guardian*.

This reminds us that it is time our peppermint braces were renewed.



THE AGE OF LUXURY.
YOU BUY YOUR COLLAR-STUDS BY THE POUND AND NEVER PICK UP THE FALLEN ONES.

Precautions are being taken by the Board of Agriculture to prevent the introduction of the potato moth from France. Channel steamers are being closely watched.

After twenty-three years' absence from London, a returned native makes the statement that all young men in the Metropolis seem to him to be dressed exactly alike. It is tactless speeches of this kind that shake the nut to his kernel.

Married at Doncaster last week, a man arrived in London alone. Asked by interested parties where his wife was, he said, "I lost her on the train." To the absent-minded the luggage rack, for all its convenience, is a great snare.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

THOUGH much I love you, O my land (Great Britain),
And patriot ardour streams through all my pores,
Yet there are moments when I'm badly bitten
With a desire for alien shores.

I count it joy—so dear I hold your welfare—
Pure joy to pay my taxes; yet at times
I can with comfort, for a little spell, fare
To rather less erratic climes.

Strangely enough, I get this restless feeling
When you are at your best (so poets sing),
When squalls of rain, in fact, and blizzards squealing
Usher the amorous prime of Spring.

Therefore, my Country, we are soon to sever;
Leaving this heart behind, I wing my way
To seaward valleys of the South, or ever
This lyric sees the light of day.

Yet doubt not, as I pace that halmy littoral,
Home-airs will touch me by the tideless blue;
My soul, a sensitive Æolian zither, 'll
Vibrate with kind regards to you.

Faith in your glorious future (never firmer),
Faith in your fixed intent to rule the deep—
This, and the silk-soft Mediterranean murmur,
Shall lull, at night, to dreamless sleep.

But, if the local perfume, too exotic,
By day should drug remembrance (through the nose),
Here is a thought to cancel that narcotic,
Playing upon me like a hose:—

Though we be worlds apart in point of weather,
There is but one sole Golf—my Country's game!
By those red hills, as here amid the heather,
My niblick yet must guard her name!

O. S.

THE HOOK.

"YES, Monsieur, I have suffered a great misfortune. When, two years ago, my left hand was cut off by an automobile—"

"Two years ago?" I had it on the very best authority that this sturdy rogue, who presented to the gaze of charitable passers-by an ostentatious steel hook in place of his left hand, had been begging in this Parisian suburb for something like a quarter of a century. His "misfortune" was indisputable, but it had happened to him when he was a child, long before motors were invented, and he had lived on it ever since.

"Two years ago to-day," he assured me. His eyes met mine. They were large and expressive. "To-day is the anniversary. That is why I am so sad. Two years ago to-day I was finally and for ever deprived of my livelihood. At one stroke, in a fraction of a second, that automobile ruined a great artist."

"But it is practicable to paint with one hand."

"Ah, one could paint with one's toes. Would that I had been merely a painter or an author or a composer! Even had I been a musician I might have manipulated the handle of an organ or perhaps learnt the triangle. No, Monsieur, my art was different from these. It was the only art in the world which requires two hands!"

He gesticulated dramatically. "And I was a master of my art. For years I had perfected myself patiently in its technique. And now, behold I starve. For observe, Mon-

sieur, by no possibility can I pursue my art (or call it a profession if you insist) without a left hand as well as a right."

I fumbled in my pocket for a franc. "Tell me," I said, "what was the profession?"

His expressive eyes paid no heed to the franc, but he had seen it. "Monsieur," he replied, "I perceive that, like all your countrymen, you are sympathetic. Yes, I do not generally bare my soul to a stranger, but I have confidence in you."

The franc changed ownership. He sighed deeply.

"The unique profession," he said, "the only profession in the world which requires the use of both hands! Monsieur, I was a leading member of the *claque*."

INFORMATION.

Our conversation had turned to the topic of gifts for children, and I gathered from a remark made by Eric Baynell that in his opinion the very best toy for a boy of five was a lettrick sinnle. I hesitated for a moment or two, and then confessed quite openly that I did not know what a lettrick sinnle was; adding, by way of excuse, that I was getting on in years and that, so far as I was concerned, the toy-age was a thing of the distant past.

Eric Baynell made no attempt to conceal his views of my ignorance; he looked at me with wide-open eyes, amazed and even pitiful. Then he ran upstairs to find his own lettrick sinnle, just to show me. It proved to be a really fascinating toy: when you pressed the button the arm fell, and when you pulled the lever it rose again, as often as not. It was as nearly like a railway signal worked by electricity as a toy could be.

This incident gave Eric an opening which he could not ignore, and my education began. In handing me his father's box he told me what a cigarette exactly was and how to work it. He felt rather sorry, I think, for this poor fool who had strayed in for tea, and his enthusiasm for enlightening the ignoramus knew very few bounds.

"You mustn't put it in your pocket 'relse it'll get all bendy. You put one end in your mouth—watch Daddy, he can do it; not too far in—yes, that's about right. Now you put a blaze at the other end and the smoke will come, and it'll keep on coming and coming until there's only a little bit of sigga-ette left, and you must throw that away."

"Throw it away? Why be so wasteful?" I asked.

"But you *must*!" exclaimed Eric in some alarm. "If you don't, the burn will get in your mouth."

While I smoked he entertained me with an account of his visit to the Zoo on the previous day. He explained just what the Zoo was, and gave me a few tips about the giraffe and his appearance. He also described his father's lawnmower and roll-top desk. Then his eye, wandering round for something else to tell me about, fell on the piano.

"That's the piano," he said. I indicated my astonishment. "I'll show you how it works if you like," he said. "You have to open it first. Thank you. Then you press these white things with your fingers until the music comes out. That's how it's done."

"And the black things? I suppose they're just to make a bit of a pattern," I suggested.

"Oh, no, they make noises too, when you knock them; but the black music isn't very nice, I think."

"I say," he said presently, "wouldn't you like to come upstairs and see Baby? He's *very* interesting."

"Baby's asleep, dear; better choose another time," said his mother.

"Well, p'raps we had. He works much better when he's awake, you know."



NO EFFECTS.

BALKAN LEAGUER. "IT'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT."
TURKEY. "MONEY, DEAR BOY? SEARCH ME!"





SHOW SUNDAY.

Old Lady. "AND DOES THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SET YOU THE SUBJECTS?"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

END OF THE LITTLE SEASON.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I gave a little dinner the other night at the Reherché for Twirlinski, whose dancing has been easily the most outstanding feature of the Little Season. My sweet thing, if you've never seen his performance of "La Matinée d'un Bœuf," you've never really lived! It's not exactly what *ces autres* call dancing—*choreographic poem* is its proper name. He wears an ox's skin and horns, and grazes, and finds a red handkerchief in the field and tosses it, and gives a wonderful bellow on middle C, and a *kick*, my dear child, that's an absolute stroke of genius! A great sob of joy went through the house when that kick was given.

Off, Twirlinski is quite charming, with a most interesting point of view, which he develops in broken English and chipped French. We can none of us quite tell what colour his eyes are. Babs says they're brown. I say they're blue. After an enormous amount of coaxing we got him to give some lessons

in the new kind of dancing, which expresses the emotions of animals. I learned the *dearest* little dance, "La Demi-heure d'un Agneau," in which I express the feelings of a lamb when it first sees a leaf of mint. I wear the darlinest white fleecy dress, and dear Twirlinski says my performance proves me to be "*Artiste jusqu'au bout des ongles!*" Babs and some others also learned of him and, when we were pretty perfect, of course we began to look about for a charity. When one's taken up something new and looks *specially* charming doing it, always the next move is to find a charity that wants help! But all the charities were bagged, I found. Each one I thought of, I heard that some *ureches* were giving a kick-up of some kind in aid of it. At last I'd an inspiration: the street-kerb sellers—those wonderful creatures one glimpses as one drives through the poky parts of town, standing in rows on the kerb with trays full of songs and toys and things hanging round their necks—what do they do when they can't do it any longer? And there was my charity! The Superan-

nuated Street-Kerb Sellers! I simply *longed* to help them! We would hire a theatre—or some dear manager would lend us one—and give our dance-poems.

I threw myself into it with all my extraordinary energy. I was to do my "*Demi-heure d'un Agneau*;" Babs was to give "The Sad Chrysalis and the Joyous Butterfly" (she's all swathed up in brown gauze as the Sad Chrysalis, and, in strictest, *strictest* confidence, my dear, there's a good deal more of the Sad Chrysalis than the Joyous Butterfly about the whole performance!); several others were going to help; and dear Twirlinski himself had promised to appear. Just as everything was getting into train Beryl Clarges came rushing round one day and said, "What's this I hear about your giving a performance for the Superannuated Street-Kerb Sellers? They're *mine*, Blanche! I discovered them! It's *my* charity! And I'm going to give my *Miracle* play, 'The Seven Deadly Sins,' in aid of it. So you see, dearest, it's *Hands Off!*" Well, we said a few little things to each other, and then a few more little things. And

it ended by both our schemes falling through. Beryl Clarges, my Daphne, is an absolutely perfect specimen of the *felis domestica* without the *domestica*!

The rage for collecting old door-handles has cooled off a bit, and people are rushing after old extinguishers and snuffers. Fallalérie of Bond Street has a simply *dilly* show of them at his gallery, and one's been meeting everybody there of an afternoon. Private collectors, too, have been immensely busy. At Ninny follyot's Eleven O'clock the other night (he sent out pink and silver cards with the usual form of invitation, and down in the left-hand corner "Extinguishers and Snuffers") he showed us his latest treasure—the pair of snuffers with which CHARLEMAGNE snuffed his candle when writing his *History of the Franks*! Isn't that nice? Just as we were preparing to go into fits over the funny old things Bunny Trevor broke out with, "How d'you—why d'you—what d'you mean? CHARLEMAONE'S Snuffers! Those are the very things I've just added to my collection! It's to show those that I've asked a lot of people to my Three O'clock to-morrow!"

Ninny turned very pale and Bunny got very hot, and they glared at each other as only two rival collectors can glare. "You with the snuffers CHARLEMAGNE snuffed his candle with when he was writing his *History of the Franks*!" cried Ninny. "I won't believe it! Mine's the only pair extant. You've been done!" "Shut up!" screamed Bunny. "It's you that's been done. "Mine's the genuine pair!" We had to prevent them from flying at each other; and then Professor Dimsdale, who'd been examining Ninny's collection of extinguishers and snuffers with rather a sniffy air, said in his quiet way, "What's the subject of dispute?" "That!" gasped Ninny, pointing at his beloved little lump of rust lying on a velvet cushion; "the snuffers CHARLEMAGNE snuffed his candle with when he was writing his *History of the Franks*—and he says he's got some, too!" "And so I have!" shouted Bunny. "I've got the *real* snuffers CHARLEMAGNE snuffed his candle with when he was writing his *History of the Franks*. His are a fraud!" "Tut, tut!" said the

dear Professor. "It's not a thing to worry about. CHARLEMAGNE used no snuffers but his own fingers, and he never wrote a *History of the Franks*, because he couldn't write."

Colours are so positively riotous just now that some people have to put on smoked-glasses to look at their friends. With these deafening shades a loud voice and rather aggressive manner are worn, and plenty of slang may be used. A dark pale man is the correct accompaniment to the bright-hued costumes of

over." "Oh no, nothing of the kind!" said Vivienne. "But he goes so well with a brightly coloured get-up that I can't do without him just now. Indeed, I'm trying to get the case put back till quieter shades are worn!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

DRAMATIC NEWS.

ENCOURAGED by the example of the Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD, who has recently written a drama named *Cresus*, quite a number of eminent publicists are engaged on classical and historical dramas, in which the autobiographical note is agreeably sounded.

Perhaps the most interesting of these ventures is the five-Act drama, *Cleon*, on which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been engaged for some time past. Holding with some high modern authorities that THUCYDIDES' portrait of the Paphlagonian tanner was distorted by party prejudice, it has been Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S aim to present this great democratic patriot in his true colours, viz., as a generous and warm-hearted humanitarian who was always ready to take up the cudgels for the masses against the tyrannous exactions of the robber oligarchs.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is collaborating with the Baron DE FOREST in a fantastic opera entitled *Proteus*, in which the name part is sustained by a chameleonic hero, whose kaleidoscopic opportunism is crowned with success, to the complete discomfiture of the representatives of an effete and Procrustean consistency.

Mr. ASQUITH has just completed the scenario of a classical morality play entitled *Orpheus*. According to his version of the legend, which differs slightly from that given by LEMPRIÈRE, *Eurydice*, resenting her husband's refusal to allow her to play duets with him in public, throws in her lot with a gang of wild Thracian women, known as the *Παυχορπίδες*, who ultimately tear the unfortunate minstrel in pieces to slow music.

Mr. J. A. PEASE'S contribution differs from those of his colleagues in being modern in title and treatment, and is a frankly humorous extravaganza entitled *Where Ignorance is Bliss*; or, *Runciman and Dunciman*.



"GRACIOUS, CHILD! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO GET SO WET?"

"I WAS FILLING MY WATER-CAN AND I STOPPED THE TAP THE WRONG WAY."

the moment, and fair men with healthy complexions are quite, quite out!

Everybody was delighted (or disappointed as the case might be) to see the Exshires together at the jumping at Sandown Park one day, Vivienne looking sweet in a little grass-green velvet coat with gold buttons, a bright red skirt, one red and one green boot, and an orange velvet cap with a tall upstanding blue plume. People hoped (or feared) that things had been straightened out, and a certain ease was not to come on after all. Norty said something to Lord Exshire about being pleased to see them there together, and so on; but E. answered, "We ain't reconciled. Things ain't smoothed



Youngest Daughter of Celebrated Scientist (who is lecturing at the Institute on the following day). "OH, DADDY DEAR, I DO FEEL SO NERVOUS ABOUT YOUR LECTURE. OUR THIRD-FORM MISTRESS IS GOING TO HEAR YOU, AND SHE'S SO AWFULLY CRITICAL!"

SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

THE *obiter dicta* of great men having been exhausted by repeated citation in the daily press, it has been found desirable in the interests of the public to replace them by the utterances of their subordinates, retainers or tradesmen. A few recent specimens of these are here appended:—

It is harder to make a cat laugh than a policeman.—*The Clerk in Mr. PLOWDEN'S COURT.*

Hardly any public man will dare to tell the truth on any subject whatever. Personally, I have no shame in confessing that I don't know who BEAUMARCHAIS is or was, and that I prefer a musical comedy to my master's plays.—*Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S CHAUFFEUR.*

There is more character in a man's instep than in his features. Let others paint portraits of the great so long as I am allowed to shoe them.—*Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S BOOTMAKER.*

Judging from my experience, I should be inclined to say that the strain on a writer who is obliged to say something

really pontifical once every twenty-four hours is beyond remuneration.—*Mr. FILSON YOUNG'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.*

There is nothing so cheap as paradox.—*Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON'S VALET.*

Until the English people themselves want knowledge their education will always be imperfect, and they must be content in large parts of their life to be at the mercy of munificent Scotsmen.—*Mr. CARNEGIE'S HEAD GARDENER.*

I would rather see Mr. BALFOUR win a game of lawn tennis than hear Lord CREWE make a speech in the House of Lords.—*Lord ROSEBERY'S FOURTH FOOTMAN.*

There is something very attractive to me in the saying attributed to a genial Irishman: "I've a great dale too much regard for the truth to be dhraggin' her out on anny palthry occasion."—*Mr. URE'S HAIRCUTTER.*

I admit that it would be a compliment to my master if they were to print his letters to *The Times* in large type; but, on the other hand, by printing them in small type they are able to find

more room for him. So that what is apparently an act of disparagement is in reality an act of courtesy in disguise. Anyhow, when they *do* give him big type, I shall ask for a rise in my wages.—*Sir HENRY HOWORTH'S BUTLER.*

THE LASS I LOVE.

THE lass I love, O red's her cheek,
Her eyes are bits o' heaven;
The reason isn't hard to seek—
Her mother's out of Devon!

The lass I love, her plaits are black,
Her tongue is soft and merry—
Her grandad got his pedlar's pack
Among the hills o' Kerry!

The lass I love has thrift for three,
For 'twas her mother's granny
That loved a sailor from Dundee,
Where all the folk are cannie!

Now naught o' hers I've found to link
Wi' the land of leek and daffy,
And yet she's thieved my heart (I'll think),
So there's your touch o' Taffy!

A TRAGEDY IN LITTLE.

THE great question of the day is, What will become of Sidney? Whenever I think of him now, the unbidden tear wells into my eye . . . and wells down my cheek . . . and wells on to my collar. My friends think I have a cold, and offer me lozenges; but it is Sidney who makes me weep. I fear that I am about to lose him.

He came into my life in the following way.

Some months ago I wanted to buy some silk stockings; not for myself, for I seldom wear them, but for a sister. The idea came suddenly to me that any woman with a brother and a birthday would simply love the one to give her silk stockings for the other. But of course they would have to be the right silk stockings—the fashionable shape for the year, the correct assortment of clocks, and so forth. Then as to material—could I be sure I was getting silk, and not silkette or something inferior? How maddening if, seeing that I was an unprotected man, they palmed off Jaeger on me! Clearly this was a case for outside assistance. So I called in Celia.

"This," I said to her, "is practically the only subject on which I am not an expert. At the same time I have a distinct feeling for silk stockings. If you can hurry me past all the embarrassing counters safely, and arrange for the lady behind the right one to show me the right line in silken hose, I will undertake to pick out half-a-dozen pairs that would melt any sister's heart."

Well, the affair went off perfectly. Celia took the matter into her own hands and behaved just as if I were buying them for her. The shop-assistant also behaved as if I were. Fortunately I kept my head when it came to giving the name and address. "No," I said firmly to Celia. "Not yours; my sister's." And I dragged her away to tea.

Now whether it was because Celia had particularly enjoyed her afternoon; or because she felt that a man who was as ignorant as I about silk stockings must lead a very lonely life; or because I had mentioned casually and erroneously that it was my own birthday that week, I cannot say; but on the following morning I received a little box, with a note on the outside which said in her handwriting, "Something for you. Be kind to him." And I opened it and found Sidney.

He was a Japanese dwarf-tree—the merest boy. At eighty or ninety, according to the photographs, he would be a stalwart fellow with thick bark on his trunk, and fir-cones or acorns (or

whatever was his speciality) hanging all over him. Just at present he was barely ten. I had only eighty years to wait before he reached his prime.

Naturally I decided to lavish all my care upon his upbringing. I would water him after breakfast every morning, and (when I remembered it) at night. If there was any top-dressing he particularly fancied he should have it. If he had any dead leaves to snip off, I would snip them.

It was at this moment that I discovered something else in the box—a card of instructions. I have not got it now, and I have forgotten the actual wording, but the spirit of it was this:

HINTS ON THE PROPER REARING AND BRINGING-UP OF A JAPANESE DWARF-TREE.

The life of this tree is a precarious one, and if it is to be successfully brought to manhood the following rules must be carefully observed—

I. This tree requires, above all else, fresh air and exercise.

II. Whenever the sun is shining, the tree should be placed outside, in a position where it can absorb the rays.

III. Whenever the rain is raining, it should be placed outside, in a position where it can absorb the wet.

IV. It should be taken out for a trot at least once every day.

V. It simply loathes artificial light and artificial heat. If you keep it in your drawing-room, see that it is situated as far as possible from the chandelier and the gas-stove.

VI. It also detests noise. Do not place it on the top of the pianola.

VII. It loves moonlight. Leave it outside when you go to bed, in case the moon should come out.

VIII. On the other hand it hates lightning. Cover it up with the canary's cloth when the lightning begins.

IX. If it shows signs of drooping, a course of massage will generally bring it round.

X. But in no case offer it buns.

Well, I read these instructions carefully, and saw at once that I should have to hand over the business of rearing Sidney to another. I have my living to earn the same as anybody else, and I should never get any work done at all if I had constantly to be rushing home from the office on the plea that it was time for Master Sidney's sun-bath.

So I called up my housekeeper, and placed the matter before her.

I said: "Let me introduce you to Sidney. He is very dear to me; dearer to me than a—a brother. No, on second thoughts my brother is perhaps

—well, anyhow, Sidney is very dear to me. I will show my trust in you by asking you to tend him for me. Here are a few notes about his health. Frankly he is delicate. But the doctors have hope. With care, they think, he may live to be a hundred-and-fifty. His future is in your hands."

My housekeeper thanked me for this mark of esteem and took the card of instructions away with her. I asked her for it a week afterwards and it appeared that, having committed the rules to memory, she had lost it. But that she follows the instructions I have no doubt; and certainly she and Sidney understand each other's ways exactly. Automatically she gives him his bath, his massage, his run in the Park. When it rains or snows or shines, she knows exactly what to do with Sidney.

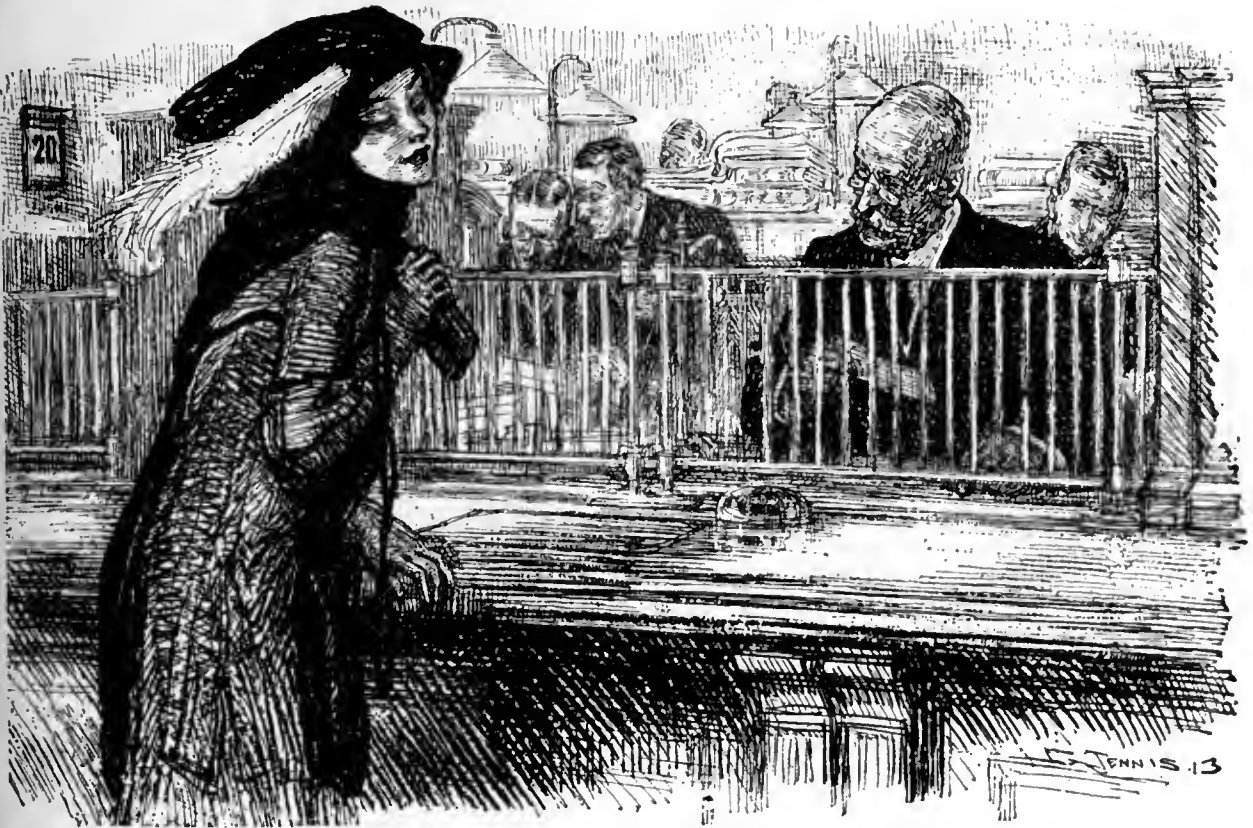
But as a consequence I see little of him. I suppose it must always be so; we parents must make these sacrifices for our children. Think of a mother, only seeing her eldest-born for fifteen weeks a year through the long period of his schooling; and think of me, doomed to catch only the most casual glimpses of Sidney until he is ninety.

For, you know, I might almost say that I never see him at all now. As I go to my work I may, if I am lucky, get a fleeting glance of him on the tiles, where he sits drinking in the rain or sun. In the evening, when I return, he is either out in the moonlight or, if indoors, shunning the artificial light with the cloth over his head. Indeed, the only times when I really see him to talk to are when Celia comes to tea with me. Then my housekeeper hurries him in from his walk or his sun-bath, and puts him, brushed and manicured, on my desk; and Celia and I whisper fond nothings to him. I believe Celia thinks he lives there!

* * * * *

As I began by saying, I weep for Sidney's approaching end. For my housekeeper leaves this week. A new one takes her place. How will she treat my poor Sidney? The old card of instructions is lost; what can I give her in its place? The legend that Sidney's is a precious life—that he must have his morning bath, his run, his glass of hot water after meals? She would laugh at it. Besides, she may not be at all the sort of foster-mother for a Japanese dwarf-tree. . .

It will break my heart if Sidney dies now, for I had so looked forward to celebrating his ninetieth birthday with him. It will hurt Celia, too. But her grief, of course, will be an inferior affair. In fact, a couple of pairs of silk stockings will help her to forget him altogether. A. A. M.



Cashier (to lady cashing cheque for £15). "HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT, MADAM, GOLD OR NOTES?"
 Lady. "OH, ALL GOLD, PLEASE, IF YOU 'VE GOT IT."

SOLILOQUY OF A LEADER.

ANOTHER deputation? Gracious Powers,
 I have seen fifty thousand, all alike,
 But all desiring different policies,
 And every man of them convinced that he,
 And he alone, could save the tottering State.
 Oh, in this shattering of ancient things,
 This giddy whirlpool of abandoned vows,
 Where pledges, watchwords, weathercocks and flags
 Are mixed and turned and sucked beneath and tossed,
 A dizzy mockery for gods and men,
 How shall another deputation help?
 No, I'll not see them. Say that they shall have
 A letter firmly stating this and that,
 And nailing many things to various masts,
 So they depart and give me leave to think.

That Grecian grey-beard reasoned well who saw
 The world an everlasting flux of change;
 He must have known the party-leader's game,
 His Edinburghs and Ashtons-under-Lyne,
 And all the myriad shuffles that ensued
 In that wild hunt, that anxious cheating quest
 For *terra firma* mid the shifting sands,
 Where one cried, "I have found it," and at once,
 Drawn madly down, he plunged and disappeared;
 And one, "We are united," and a wave
 Broke in his mouth, and he and all his friends
 In one wet ruin went the quicksand way;
 And I myself was tossed, but here I am
 Much torn and shaken, but at least alive.

"Shuffle," says one profuse paragrapher,
 "With such a skilful and a graceful step,
 That when the dance is over you may leave
 A sense of inspiration and resolve
 To animate the Party." This I schemed
 And but for those who foiled me might have gained.
 CHAPLIN, that rotund and massive man,
 First put a spoke into my whirling wheel.
 Then AUSTEN spoke and spoked no even more,
 And WYNDHAM pivotted with his spoke,
 And all was fierce confusion once again,
 With Colonel WESTON, from the Kendal moors,
 Stirring the witches' broth until it boiled.
 Oh wheels and witches' broth and metaphors
 Mixed and compounded like our party-eries,
 What boots it to unmix you, or to be
 A Party-Leader whom no soul obeys?

"My teeth were chattering as with a fever-chill when they all
 tumbled out. My tone must have told them something of my horror,
 for they voiced in chorus the cry: 'What's happened?' In my be-
 dazed condition I could not tell them. . . . The words I did speak
 were without meaning to the others."—*The Story-Teller*.

A very nasty accident to happen. No wonder he couldn't
 speak distinctly.

"Two policemen saw three suspicious characters dragging a heavy
 sack, which they dropped on the approach of the officers and made
 off. They emptied it of its contents, a number of stolen copper
 fittings, and one of the policemen then got into the sack, while his
 comrades hid near by."—*Daily Mail*.

And the fact that the sack was still full of copper completely
 deceived the thieves.



EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Medical Officer. "WHAT DID YOU DO FIRST OF ALL?"

Ambulance Man. "GAVE 'IM SOME BRANDY, SIR."

Medical Officer. "QUITE RIGHT; BUT WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HADN'T HAD ANY BRANDY?"

Ambulance Man (promptly). "PROMISED 'IN SOME!"

THE SILENT TEAR.

THEY had always imagined their uncle to be a very poor man. He lived in a little house and spent no more upon himself than was absolutely necessary to keep in existence the partnership between his soul and his body.

When the news of his illness reached his three nephews they behaved each after his own manner.

George, the eldest one, who was possessed of a genuine sympathy and affection for the old man, wired instructions to a noted specialist to proceed at once to his uncle's bedside. Having purchased a stock of delicacies and nutritive jellies and wines he drove round with them personally, to ensure that they should arrive in time. For many years past he had sent him presents of little luxuries. This he had done anonymously, out of respect for the proper pride of his poor relative. When he reached the house he was relieved to find that the doctor had not mentioned his name.

William, the second nephew, hastened to his uncle at once. He, too, had rendered many little kindnesses to the old man. These had been inspired not by any charitable motive, but by a firm belief that even the small amount

which his uncle could bequeath to him would be more useful in the future than nothing at all. When he arrived in the sick-room he sobbed loudly behind his handkerchief and reminded the suffering man of the many benefits he had received from his (William's) hands.

Peter, the youngest nephew, looked on the whole business as a confounded nuisance. His uncle had been no exception to his general rule of loving himself only, and he regarded sick-bed scenes, off the stage, as being intolerably boring affairs. However, as he happened to be passing the house on his way to the station, he decided to look in for a minute or two.

The uncle recovered and, but for his being knocked over by a taxi shortly afterwards, might have lived for many years.

After his death it was discovered that he had been in reality an extremely wealthy man. By his last will and testament he left every penny of his fortune to his nephew Peter.

George was grieved, not because he desired the money, but because he would have valued some small recognition of the affection he had always felt for the dead man.

William was furiously angry. He regarded the money and time which

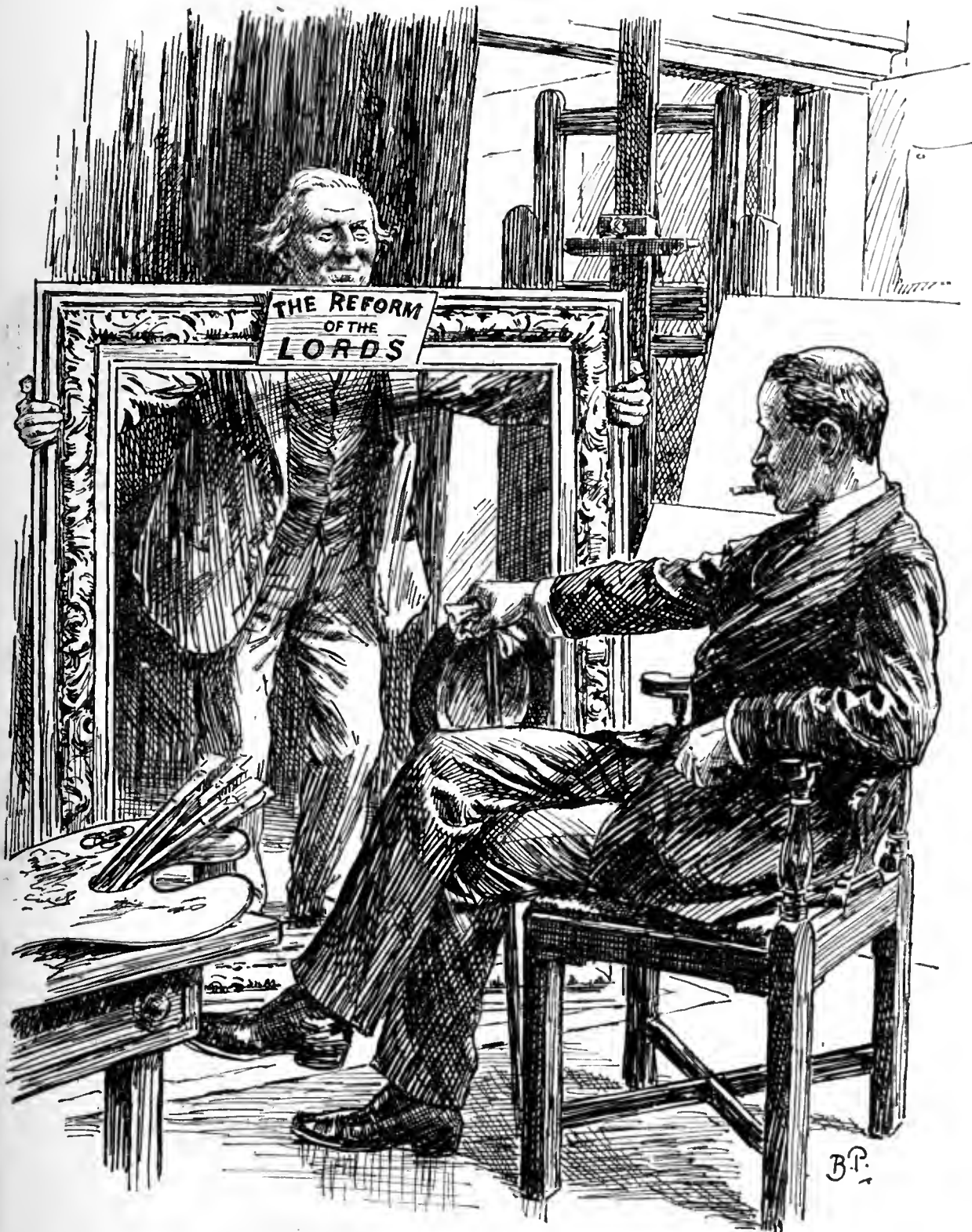
he had expended on the old gentleman as a good investment gone wrong. He turned savagely to Peter and said, "What have you done to deserve this? George and I have shown nothing but kindness to our uncle, while you have neglected him utterly and have lived your own selfish life. Why should you fawn upon him during that illness and persuade him to make a new will in your favour?"

"As to that," replied Peter, "George was kind to him because it gratified his generous nature; you were kind to him because it gratified your greedy instincts; and I was selfish because it gratified my selfishness. As to fawning on him, I can assure you that I didn't do anything of the sort. Why he should leave me all his wealth is a complete mystery to me."

"What did you say to him?" demanded William sceptically.

"Say? I was in too much pain to say anything. I'd got a bit of grit in my eye as I opened his door. I just shook his hand, said I was awfully sorry to hear he was seedy, and rushed off, half-blind with the beastly thing, to the chemist's round the corner."

Then the three brothers sought to discover an appropriate moral for this little story. But they failed.



THE FUTURIST.

MR. BONAR LAW. "FOR THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION?"

MR. ASQUITH. "NO, NEXT."

MR. BONAR LAW. "WELL, SO FAR—IN MY HUMBLE OPINION—IT'S AS GOOD AS ANY-THING YOU 'VE DONE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



HOW TO "BRIGHTEN" THE HOUSE.

House of Commons, Monday, March 17.—Rarely, if ever, has the hollowness of Party pretension to purity of procedure been more cynically admitted than to-night. Exhibition made complete by unveiling not of one side but both. Business of sitting was to allot remainder of Session up to close of financial year, which happens a fortnight to-day. PREMIER moved resolution appropriating whole time for Government business, an arrangement involving some inversion of practice dealing with Consolidated Fund Bill.

Opposition bursting with patriotic indignation. Here was another proof of the inherent iniquity of the Government. As COUSIN HUGH put it, "They have reached that stage in vice when vice is loved for its own sake." BONNER LAW, amid loud cheers from the Opposition, saw in the procedure a fresh step in that degradation of Parliament going on ever since a Liberal Ministry, fatal fruit of successive General Elections, came into power.

As for BANBURY, nothing less than an Amendment would soothe his perturbed feelings. He accordingly moved "That this House declines to sanction any proposal further arbitrarily to

curtail discussion of Supply and of the various stages of the Consolidated Fund Bill as a violation of the Constitutional rights of the House."

Thus was battle set in array. So strong the righteous anger of Opposition it seemed possible that in its flaming fire, its unquenchable zeal, it would eat up the Government, majority and all.

Before ten minutes had sped, lo! a strange thing happened. PREMIER admitted that course he invited House to adopt was at variance with custom. But there was a precedent for it. In 1905, when PRINCE ARTHUR was Premier and right honourable gentlemen on Front Bench opposite were his colleagues, precisely the same thing was done. Having demonstrated in detail strictness of analogy he came to crowning turn of comedy.

"The Resolution," he said, "was very strongly opposed by the Opposition of the day. I do not think any one spoke more strongly against it than I did myself."

"With his usual adroitness," as BONNER LAW ruefully confessed, PREMIER had by this admission taken the wind out of the sails of the

enemy's barque. Hunting up *Hansard* for report of what took place this time eight years ago, BONNER had gleefully jotted down passages from ASQUITH'S speech in which he denounced PRINCE ARTHUR'S resolution as "marking the degradation of the House of Commons . . . transforming it into a mere automatic machine registering the will of the executive."

Had meant when PREMIER sat down to rise and confound him with rehabilitation of these vituperative ghosts. Effect marred by PREMIER'S admission. Nevertheless something to have the authorised text recited. Read it accordingly. Speaker being ASQUITH it followed as matter of course that no living man could more forcibly denounce the course that PRINCE ARTHUR'S successor to the Premiership was today recommending. As for BANBURY'S Amendment it turned out that it was "conveyed" from JOHN REDMOND, who moved it on PRINCE ARTHUR'S Resolution of March, 1905.

That nothing should be wanting to perfection of the farce, JOHN DILON got up and announced that "the Irish Nationalist Party will support the PREMIER'S motion with the firm con-

viction that by doing so there is nothing inconsistent with their honourable record as defenders of free speech."

In the end, the proposal submitted by PRINCE ARTHUR eight years ago and then hotly denounced by Liberal Opposition and Irish Nationalists was by their combined forces carried by 227 against 120, what time PRINCE ARTHUR's men, now in opposition, wept scalding tears of shame and indignation at this criminal tampering with constitutional custom.

What a world this is!

Business done.—Government appropriate all time of House to 31st instant inclusive.

Thursday.—When CHARLES LAMB was at the India Office he was noted, among other things, for irregularity in the hour of arrival at his desk in the morning. A man of high principle, sterling honesty, he, as he once explained, made up for coming late by going away early. To-day House on verge of Easter holiday varies the procedure. It came early (SPEAKER took the Chair at 11 A.M.) and it got away early, adjournment taking place on stroke of five o'clock.

Arrangement avowedly made to give Members residing in distant parts of the country opportunity of reaching their homes before holiday is quite over. In some cases this end may not be achieved without difficulty. Easter recess this year is more conveniently calculated by hours than by days. SPEAKER rising at five o'clock this afternoon will resume the Chair on Monday at 2.45 P.M. Irony of situation sharpened by consideration of fact that this so-called recess includes customary Saturday half-holiday, to say nothing of Sunday.

House of Lords manages things differently. When, as has happened since Session opened, they have no work to do they don't potter around making believe to be busy. They just shut up shop and go off to enjoy life. Yet call of duty, when sounded, finds them ready, ay ready!

Sounded once this week with remarkable result. When they last met they formally adjourned till 28th inst. Probably not one in ten thousand Men in the Street knows that they actually held a sitting this week. Nevertheless they did, and a rare sight was presented to those in secret of intention.

Occasion arose upon necessity for reading a second time a batch of private Bills. There were fifty-four in all, involving great public interests and millions of money. On the Woolsack, unrobed and not bewigged, sat LORD ATKINSON, whose mordant wit delighted the House of Commons whilst

he was yet with us, whose gaiety has for years been eclipsed by the sombre shadow of the Upper Chamber. In the Commons the quorum necessary for discharge of public business numbers forty. In the Lords comparative level of quality runs so high that three Members suffice. And here they were all in a row.—LORD MOULTON and LORD SHAW, whose memories are kept green in the Commons; LORD DONOUGHMORE, Chairman of Committees in succession to the lamented LORD ONSLOW, fitly completing the necessary trio. With due formality the Clerk at Table read in succession titles of the Bills. LORD ATKINSON, with automatic regularity and precision, put the question: "That this Bill be read a second time. Those that are of that opinion say, 'Content,' the contrary, 'Not content'; the 'Contents' have it."

Next, please, Mr. Clerk at the Table. When the fifty-fourth Bill was reached and passed LORD ATKINSON remarked, "The House will now adjourn," and the four Peers walked forth, not a smile on their noble countenances.

It was magnificent; also, as will be seen, it was business.

Business done.—Commons adjourn for Easter recess.

LOOKING FORWARD.

IN the not too distant future a day came when all the jokes gave out. It had been threatening for a long while and at last it came. The whole stock was absolutely exhausted; no one was left who could make a new joke; no one was left who did not know the old ones. The result was that the people, forced upon seriousness, grew so critical of affairs and so vigilant as to their rights and wrongs that the statesmen laid their heads together to see what could be done to restore the semi-obscurity in which it suited them best to operate.

"Could we not import some foreign jokes?" one grey-beard inquired; but there were two objections to that, one fiscal and the other that foreign jokes always threw up half their fun during the crossing.

"No," said the Prime Minister at last, "what we must do is this: we must arrange to segregate a number of babies every year and bring them up in such seclusion that no kind of a joke can ever get to them, and then, when the time is ripe for them to enter the world, they will constitute a body of responsible adult persons to whom the story of the curate's egg, the brick under the hat, and the riddle about the chicken crossing the road are absolutely new. Thus shall England be herself again."

And it fell out exactly as he said.

ADJUSTMENTS.

I WISH I could make up my mind before leaving London just how long I want to stay. I never can. That is the weak spot of this coupon system. It's a fine comprehensive system in its way, I don't deny. One starts upon the campaign armed at every point, relieved in advance of all harassing problems of barter and exchange. At its best it can cover a sleigh-drive or a cup of coffee in a station restaurant, though for my own part, until one can get coupons for drinks, for the purchase of blotting-paper and wax matches, and for having one's hair cut, I cannot consider it to be wholly adequate. And tipping by coupon is not practised yet to any great extent. But the trouble is that no reasonable person ever knows how long he wants to stay in Switzerland, and whenever he adds on another week he is almost certain to have to move out of his room. For these little instruments irrevocably fix your exits and your entrances, and while you have been enjoying its hospitality your room has been booked by someone else—in an office in London—who arrives one fine day to drive you out, at the point of the coupon, so to speak.

It is just this necessity of moving from one room to another that makes my life a burden in the Alps. You see there is a good deal to be done before I can get my room adjusted to my requirements, and I simply hate to leave it when I have got it right. Much as one regrets the use of underhand methods, most of these adjustments have to be carried out by stealth, for lack of coupons to cover one's minor necessities. And I never like to give the servants extra trouble when they are so busy.

In the first place, I always have to have an additional table. This is generally obtained under cover of darkness from an empty room on a different floor. Of course one must expect reprisals, and for this reason it is well either (1) to secure the second table by padlock and chain to the leg of the bed or (2) to disguise it effectively. Then there is the case of the bath-towel, which can be obtained without any difficulty by the simple expedient of taking a hot tub. But it must be kept under lock and key. Ink will be found in the salon, which is generally unoccupied during the dinner hour. I was once held up by the concierge as I conveyed it up in the lift. But knowing as I did that ink is an awkward thing to snatch at, if it comes to a scuffle, I made no reply whatever to his protests. (And here I would remark that it is of no small advantage in the

game to maintain an unimpaired ignorance of the language.)

By this time we are getting on, and may turn our attention to alterations inside the room itself. The furniture will have to be shifted round, so that it is possible (on really cold days) to sit on the radiator with one's feet on the end of the sofa. Then comes the question of the electric light. The Swiss electric light has one pleasant peculiarity. It goes on all the time, and it is not etiquette to turn it off, except on really brilliant days. But that does not compensate one for the miserable quality of the illumination of the bedrooms. Your first business is to make a careful and detailed inspection of the public rooms. You may find it disheartening. In many of them the lights will be either quite out of reach or protected by massive cut-glass globes which make it impossible to get at them. But at last, if you persevere, it is probable that in some secluded little writing-room or corner of the lounge you will come upon an unprotected bulb of great power and brilliancy that is within reach. It remains to effect an exchange. This is not always so easy as it looks, for you must choose your moment, and if you wander about waiting for your chance, with the bulb from the bedroom up your sleeve, you are leaving the bedroom itself defenceless. If it is discovered to be in the dark suspicions will be aroused. After some years of experience, I find myself that the best plan is to have a bulb in hand. This is simply annexed, at the outset, from the far end of a remote passage. You keep it waiting in your pocket—though you have to be careful if you are out skiing—till your opportunity comes. Then you silently and swiftly substitute it for the one you have marked down. When you have in turn transferred that one to your bedroom, you will still have an extra bulb in hand, which can be used in the same way when you have to move your room. You take your light along with you.

Believe me, there is no room that can be made more comfortable than the average room in a Swiss hotel. But it does take a little care. I have been fortunate this year in sticking to Number 34 from the day when I first arrived many weeks ago, and as I have been in a particularly acquisitive mood I am bound to say, on looking round, that I have a lot of nice stuff about me. I fancy there will be a great scene on the day after my departure, when it comes to the sacking of Number 34.

NEW NAME FOR KENDAL:—Weston-super-Somervell.

THEATRE DE LUXE



"'ERE WE ARE, BILL! LET'S 'AVE 'ARF-AN-HOUR'S LUX!"

IT'S AN ILL WIND—

Now that the prolonged taxi strike is practically over, it may be interesting to give one or two facts which it has suggested to a correspondent's imagination. This correspondent, we understand, is the person who first communicated to the newspapers the exact dimensions that St. Paul's Cathedral would have to be enlarged to in order that its dome might accommodate the moon, and the value of anything he writes will therefore be appreciated by our readers.

The commissionaires and hotel porters of London (he says) have a vastly increased chest measurement per man as a result of the prolonged blowing of whistles during the strike. The average enlargement is 4.227 inches, or in the aggregate a distance which, if traversed in a taxi, would cost the hirer 1s. 4d., exclusive of extras.

The restfulness and quiet of the Embankment during the past few weeks

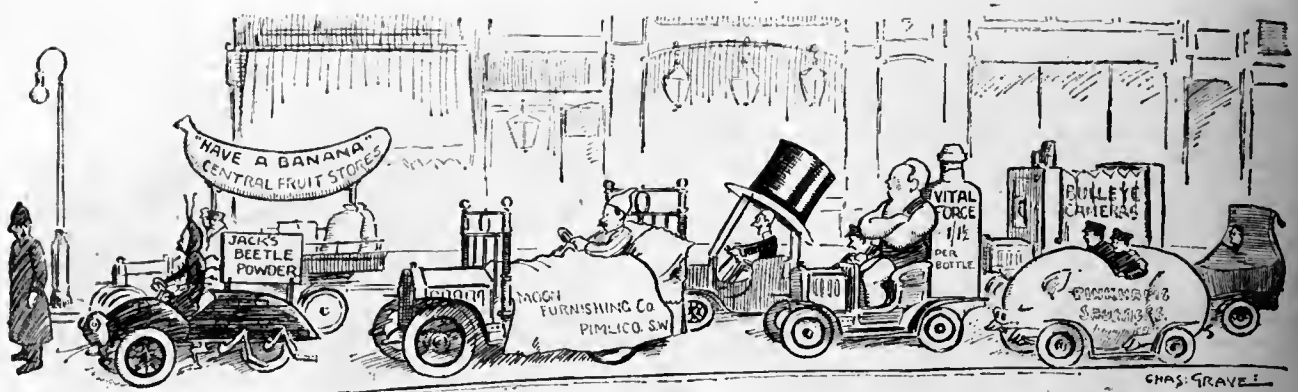
have produced a remarkable effect upon the men whose daily task it is to control the barges that pass up and down the river. Several of them have become poets (an increase, to be exact, of 99.168 per cent. upon the total available figures for the past twenty-five years), and quite early in the strike one of them was heard by a member of the National Liberal Club to remark to his mate, "What a charming morning!" which shows a clear advance upon the customary vocabulary of these humble workers.

"Lost, from near Dunstan Station, 57 Lincoln Hogs; red ochre on side, blue dot on head."—*Lincolnshire Echo*.

Careless, careless!

"This morning, the Danish cruiser *Ingolf* arrived at Dartmouth for bunker supplies."—*Devon Express*.

We should have guessed at once what it wanted.



A LONDON STREET SCENE WHEN THE FREAK ADVERTISING MOTOR GETS REALLY GOING.

THE VERY MODERN TRAVELLER.

[A nightmare of the near future, suggested possibly by witnessing "The African Hunt" on the Holborn Bioscope.]

You want to witness the deeds I did
In the far-off Afric jungle
With the late lamented Dr. Kidd?
It was not by a careless bunglo
That I came alone from the vasty *void*
After a long fight stern and bloody,
Alone, with the films tucked under my belt
And the monstrous spoil of a tawny pelt
That lies to-day, in my Tooting study.

Turn on the moving pictures then.

(They are turned on.)

There is your humble servant
Starting forth for the lion's den
When the tropical dawn was fervent;
Notice the way I pound the grass,
No one could possibly call me "Slow Toes,"
Hot on the trail, with the sun like brass.
And what about Dr. Kidd? You ass,
The Doctor was taking these beautiful photos.

Now we have reached the fateful spot
By the shores of the Jubjub River;
I raise my rifle, prepared to pot
(Observe how the poppadums quiver).
Now is the lion leaving his lair;

Notice the way, at this ticklish juncture,
The wind of the desert is ruffling his hair—
But what is the dot that appears just there?
I have fired, of course. 'Tis the bullet's puncture.

Still he comes with increased chagrin;
Once more I have raised my rifle,
When the Doctor shouts, "What a splendid scene!
Just stop where you are a trifle."
Staunchly I answer, "Right, old pal;"
I think of the white cliff walls at Dover;
I care not a jot for the animal;
You have never seen, but to-day you shall,
A lion knocking an Englishman over.

Helpless I lie. The monstrous cat
Grins wide; when, lo! he has spotted
A movement of Dr. Kidd's. My hat!
He knows he has been snapshotted!

Straight for the camera mark him swerve,
(The films just here are extremely vivid),
Till Dr. Kidd has a lapse of nerve—
He bunks from his post. You will now observe
A bioscope artist being chivied.

For I have sprung to the gaping breach,
I have seized the camera's shutter;
Notice the lion's stupendous reach,
Long odds for a sporting flutter.
Diddled him. Dodged again. Encore.
Collared. I know I had spotted the winner.
Dr. Kidd is, alas, no more.
And now for our Series No. 4,
The *felis leo* enjoying his dinner.

(The pictures end.)

A lion gorged is an easy prey,
The rest was a simple matter.
I crawled and potted him there as he lay
Torpid and slightly fatter;
I skinned his carcass and homeward won,
And although the papers have passed some
strictures
I rest content with my duty done,
For I know I have taken the best, bar none,
Of the earth's kinematographic pictures. EYOE.

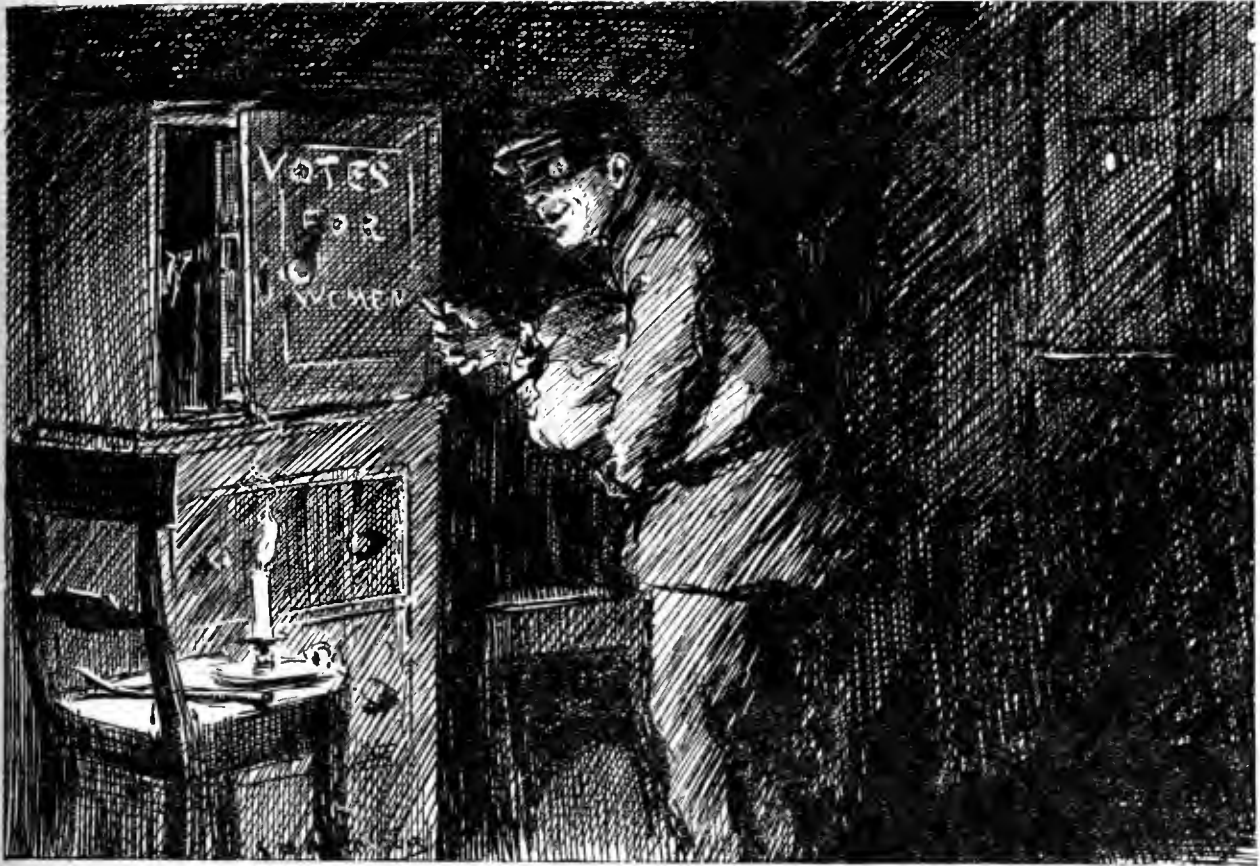
ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE CHEQUE.

ONCE upon a time there was a wealthy philanthropist who went about offering strangers a bearer-cheque for £100. And first he spread it out before the eyes of a small child, who, after looking at it for a moment, said, "Please give me a penny;" and then he approached a serious young man, who thanked him excessively, but declined on the ground that he wanted to conquer the world unassisted and alone. And then there came along towards him a man in the middling years of life, to whom was the bearer-cheque for £100 likewise tendered; and, looking at it with a merry suspicious eye, the man in the middling years of life said, "Ah, yes, I know those haves," and passed on his way with a jaunty assurance. And then the philanthropist held it out to an old, old man, who snatched it with fervour.

"Within the past three days 300 waiters have joined their section of the union and 500 corks have joined theirs."—*Daily News*.

It will be a dramatic moment when the 500 corks come out together.



BURGLARY UP-TO-DATE.

PROVIDING THE CLUE.

THE PRESSED CRITIQUE.

(*Show Sunday.*)

I know very little about Art and almost nothing about the more terrible modern complications of the malady, but the other day William insisted on dragging me off to see the work of some painter whom he professes to admire. Striking the towing-path at Westminster, we worked our way upstream to the pretty riparian *parlour* where the man resides and entered his studio, which ought to have been served by a lift, and which struck me as being singularly ill-furnished for the reception of guests. I carefully leaned my umbrella against the wall and it gave a little sigh and tumbled down. I then took off my hat and coat and placed them in a dark corner on what appeared to be a small table with a very pleasingly patterned mosaic-work top.

I was thereupon led to the centre of the room, where the artist, who did not seem to have changed the upper part of his boating costume, eyed me for some moments so searchingly that I felt convinced he could see the return half of the ticket to Askalon which I had in

my right-hand waistcoat-pocket. After this, and quite without provocation on my part, he suddenly switched round the rack. I have called it a rack, but I believe the proper trade term for it is an easel; anyhow, it had fixed upon it an object which I could see at the first glance was not only highly and freshly coloured, but also done entirely by hand.

I waited. Nobody seemed to be going to do anything about it, and it was evident that I was expected to speak. Obviously, if I betrayed signs of consternation or sympathy the man would be annoyed; a too enthusiastic admiration, on the other hand, might cause me to be suspected of insincerity, which I hate. The best course appeared to be a kind of jocular and polite commendation, uttered in such a voice as to suggest a considerable intensity of concealed emotion. "That's capital," I said; "capital." (As a matter of fact I really thought it would have been—under a more enlightened code of laws.) After that I paused. It did not seem to be fair that I should have to do all the work, out of training as I was and tired with my long walk; but no one

answered my gambit, and William looked at me so sternly that I knew I should have to speak again.

In the old and happier days it was always possible to recognise with a start of pleasure some faint likeness between any specimen of plastic art and the object it was intended to represent. Nowadays, of course, no more humiliating taunt could be levelled at a conscientious artist, and I was not going to give myself away like that. So I pointed at last to what looked like a copper coal-scuttle in the midst of the purple foliage at the extreme left-hand bottom corner of the canvas, and said doggedly, "Especially just here. Hot stuff that."

There was a long pause. Then William, who was holding up one fist in front of his face as if he thought the picture was going to give him a nasty jab in the jaw, suddenly began to talk. He said a good deal about the relativity of values, about keys and compositions, about *bravura* and *pianissimo* (I am not absolutely sure of his exact words, but I think I have them correct), about the interdependence of homogeneity, about the essence, rag-time, the *summum*

bonum and the Pragmatic sanction, and wound up his harangue by placing his hand over the coal-seuttle (*my* coal-seuttle) and saying, "Excellent, excellent—except for that—I do think you ought to cut that out."

Not a little chagrined I moved away. As I cast my eyes round the studio they suddenly fell on a little picture in a rather obscure place, a picture that looked easy, a still-life study of a blue vase with some sunflowers in it. Coming back to the artist, I called his attention to the thing. "I say, I do like that," I said, and I did. "That!" he answered, shrugging his shoulders and turning back to William,—"That! Oh, that was left here by the chap who had the studio before me. I think he must have forgotten to put the text in."

It was then that I suddenly remembered my important engagement in the extreme North-east of London. I said "Good-bye" hurriedly and grovelled on the floor for my umbrella. Then I went to the dark corner and retrieved my hat and my overcoat. As I looked at the latter, whilst going downstairs, I felt suddenly indignant. Whatever may be the value of his work, an artist has surely no right to leave unfinished masterpieces lying about face upwards on tables without so much as a "Wet Paint" notice on them to warn one. It simply ruins a fellow's clothes.

THE YEAR.

DOLBY came into the smoke-room and coughed in an important way. One or two lucky men near the door stole out. The previous night Dolby had taken up and pulverised the proposal that local rates should be a charge on ground-rents. Dolby had demonstrated conclusively, in a speech of three-quarters-of-an-hour's duration, that *his* rates, £38 14s. 6d., could not be paid out of *his* ground-rent, £22 10s. 0d., Q. E. D.; but the other users of the smoke-room thought it might have been demonstrated more quickly.

"We are bought and sold," began Dolby solemnly. "For eighteenpence any member of this Cabinet would sell his country."

"I shouldn't think of offering EDWARD GREY more than one-and-three myself," said Bailey.

"The signs of the times are most ominous," continued Dolby, declining to be drawn into a discussion of the relative values of Ministers. "I am looking forward to 1926."

"Do you think we shall have some decent weather then?" enquired Sellars.

"It is the Danger Year. Then we shall have only fifty-four *Dreadnoughts*;

Germany will have forty-six. Is a majority of eight sufficient? I put it to you as reasonable men: what shall we do then?"

"Dredge the North Sea," suggested Bailey. "It'll need it badly."

"Hang it, old man," said Austin, who was in the sanguine mood induced by backing two winners, "won't the Colonies buck up and help us? They're good stuff."

"Let us suppose that Canada gives us six, Australia four, and New Zealand and South Africa two each—well, it doesn't save the situation, for it is obvious to every thinking man that the *Dreadnoughts* belonging to Spain, Turkey, Chili, and probably China, might be placed at the disposal of Germany."

"The Republic of Liberia will back us anyhow," said the invincible optimist, Bailey.

If he hoped that Dolby would prove that Liberia had no *Dreadnoughts* he was sadly disappointed. Fixing him with his eye, Dolby said, "Now we come to armoured cruisers."

"I haul down my flag," cried Bailey; "I give in to the Teutons; but don't let the armoured cruisers open upon me."

"We shall only have a majority of six to four in them," proceeded the merciless Dolby. "As thinking men, what do you make of that? What does BERESFORD say?"

"He said everybody else was all wrong. He might even say you were wrong, Dolby," replied Sellars.

"Now in the matter of torpedo-destroyers—what is the margin of safety there? I appeal to you as an Englishman, Charters."

"I'm not an Englishman. I'm a Welsh stamp-licker."

"Turning again to submarines," continued Dolby, "we are utterly behind. And hydroplanes—we have six to defend this Empire. Who dares say that six are adequate?"

No one dared say anything. A faint hope spread through the room that Dolby had finished with the Navy.

Dolby looked round the room triumphantly. "Now I'll recapitulate my arguments to show that 1926 is the critical year."

Charters nobly threw himself into the breach and faced the foe.

"I'm looking forward to 1950," he said calmly.

"You think that by then we'll be able to avenge the defeat of 1926?"

"That wasn't exactly in my mind."
"Then why 1950? I do not grasp your point."

"Because with any luck you'll be dead then, Dolby."

Dolby spends his evenings in the

billiard-room now. He says that serious discussion is impossible in the smoke-room. His first break—on Welsh Dis-establishment—is reported to have lasted thirty-seven minutes and reduced the marker to pulp.

WOOLCOMBE WOOD AGAIN.

I LOVE romance, as every maiden should,
Though to the world it seems fictitious tissue,
So off I set to seek in Woolcombe Wood
That baby unicorn (see recent issue*).

All afternoon I rummaged bush and whin,
I chirruped softly this way and the other,
Till, when my confidence was getting thin,
I saw, through lichened trunks, the baby's mother!

A mongrel-looking brute, with tufted tail;
Her hide was white, but weather-worn and grimy;
Her horn was scarlet-tipped, and, like a flail,
It smote the branches as she blundered by me.

She bleated harshly, like a thing distressed,
And while I stood, as curious as may be,
It dawned upon me that she shared my quest—
The mother, too, was searching for the baby.

Through tangled groves that bleating came and went,
Important, monotonous, depressing,
Till all at once she thrilled with quick content
And nuzzling sounds of unicorns caressing.

* * * * *
Though maids have power the unicorn to tame—
Or so we read in legends of romance—it
Was not a power I felt inclined to claim,
So home I trudged, deciding not to chance it.

* *Punch*, March 12th, "A Unicorn Story."

Sporting Headline in *Daily Express*:—

"WILL UNCLE PAT MISS LINCOLN."

We hope that Uncle will not pat Miss Lincoln.



Mary Ann. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I WOULDN'T MIND STANDING ON THAT THERE TURN-SPIT THING IF ANY TIME YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE A IDOL OF ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL has a happy knack of inventing quaint titles for the volumes in which are garnered for the instruction and delight of posterity his contributions to the contemporary Press. His latest, *Half Lengths* (GRANT-RICHARDS), contains only a moderate proportion of snippets a newspaper column long and is to that extent better than some of its predecessors. The more generous space afforded by monthly magazines has given fuller opportunity of doing justice to his themes. The volume opens with a striking appreciation and comparison of two Cardinals, NEWMAN and WISEMAN. Better still is the study of the character of the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who, as Lord HARTINGTON, through troublous times maintained at its highest level the tone of English Parliamentary life and statesmanship. The characteristics of the first Lord COLERIDGE and the only HENRY LABOUCHÈRE are sketched with light but informing touch. Best of all, where all is good, are the miniatures of the WILBERFORCES, "a family which for a hundred-and-thirty continuous years has served England with soul and speech." The founder was the emancipator of the slaves. One of his sons was SAMUEL, Bishop of Oxford, of whom MR. RUSSELL contrives to write without quotation of an alliterative nickname, which over a trivially-minded but numerically large circle has done much to obscure the qualities and achievements of a great

man. One of Bishop WILBERFORCE'S sons, Archdeacon of Westminster, to-day lends dignity and spiritual grace to the chaplaincy of the House of Commons. The chapter on Lord WOLVERHAMPTON is invested with the pungency of a gay spitefulness. It was, I believe, originally written for the *Life of the statesman better known as HENRY FOWLER*, compiled by a dutiful daughter, which shows how MR. RUSSELL'S humour occasionally borders on the reckless.

If, wandering over Polynesian Seas, you overheard somebody say, "Talofa!" to somebody else, and the second party replied, "Jorana!" would you immediately understand that the last speaker came from the island of Huahine? You would not? Well, MR. JACK LONDON would. As far as I can gather from *A Son of the Sun* (MILLS AND BOON), the Polynesian Seas are as familiar to him as Fleet Street to me. He knows that if you are disorderly in the Tivoli at Apia, it is Charley Roberts who throws you out; that, at Goboto, it is the unwritten law that white men must wear trousers; and a thousand other facts of a similar nature. He is a Polynesian Encyclopædia, and he presents his knowledge to the public through the medium of a series of short stories, dealing with the adventures of one *David Grief*, a trader. The man himself is colourless, but the adventures are hereby certified to be of the finest quality. For sustained excitement, "The Devils of Fuatino" easily heads the list, but I enjoyed almost as much the broad fare of "The Feathers of the Sun." In the former story,

A., a pirate, anchored in a lagoon, has treed B. (who is *David Grief*) on a lofty peak. B. cannot come down without being shot; but, on the other hand, A. cannot leave the lagoon without being blown to bits, for he has to pass directly under B.'s peak, and B. has a collection of dynamite sticks which he proposes to drop if necessary. What should A. do? or, for the matter of that, B.? For solution, see *A Son of the Sun*. The second story deals with the frenzied finance of *Cornelius Deasy*, the beach-comber, the first man to institute paper money in the island of Fitu-Iva. He becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in that position taxes everybody and everything till life in Fitu-Iva becomes hardly worth living. How did Mr. LONDON get that idea?

The Silence of Men (JOHN LANE) impressed me chiefly as an instance of clever observation thrown away upon a foolish and unconvincing tale. There is no question that Mr. PREVOST BATTERSBY (more familiar to readers of romance under the name of "FRANCIS PREVOST") knows the life of Anglo-India as there are few who know it, and, what is rarer still, can convey that knowledge. But I wish it adorned a better plot. *John March*, the British Resident in a native state, met *Lynne Ashburton* on the voyage to Bombay, fell in love with her, and finally, in order that she should be legally provided for, married her, though, for a not very obvious reason, the ceremony was kept a profound secret, and made no change in their relations. After a while, however, *Lynne* got bored with this and sailed for England, leaving a note to tell *March* that she had married *Lord Dorrington*, and that he'd better hold his peace about the former little affair. Which he did; and that was his "silence."

And then, years afterwards, when he had fallen in love with somebody else, whom he couldn't marry without being a bigamist and couldn't undeceive without smashing the *Dorringtons'* heir, it quite casually turns out that *Lynne* had been married to yet another husband before she met *March*. Well, I have often been impressed by "the silence of men," but I found the silence of this much-wedded woman simply staggering. For all that, and despite some irritating mannerisms and affectations (exemplified by such phrases as "an official reception was a very lion's mouth of ennui," and others equally uneasy), I should call the book well worth reading for its graphic pen-pictures of Indian scenes and character, drawn by one having an obviously first-hand acquaintance with Empire-Builders.

For the sake of Judges and other guileless people, I ought to say that the letters of the title of *Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B.* (JOHN LANE), do not represent a distinction given for services to the state, but stand for Illicit Diamond Buyer. Yet a glance at the picture of *Myles*, on the cover of the book, will convince you that, although he might be a fast and tricky wing three-quarter he could never wittingly have bought or sold a precious stone by irregular methods.

Queer things, however, happen in South Africa, and readers of Miss MILLS YOUNG's previous novels will not be surprised to hear that *Myles* had to negotiate a vast deal of trouble before he was able to say to *Joan Farrant*, "With you beside me, the whole world is my kingdom and you my queen." I can just manage to believe in this severely tried hero, but I did from time to time find occasion to wonder whether he was not allowing himself to bear rather too many brunts; and his creator seems also to have thought that he was a little too perfect, for at the very end of the story she admits, with an abruptness that surprised me, that he was not immaculate. Miss YOUNG writes in a most vivid manner, and her book can be warmly recommended to anyone who is likely to be exhilarated by the spectacle of a great fight against misfortune.

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN has achieved some results in the past, but I have my suspicions that she did so rather by good luck than by good management, if her new volume is to be taken as the production of her maturo genius. The title-story of *The Contrast* (DUCKWORTH) is a not very



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

CLASS IN BROKEN ENGLISH FOR LONDON LADIES OF THE BALLET, TO ENABLE THEM TO APPLY FOR ENGAGEMENTS AS RUSSIAN DANCERS.

enlivening conversation between a benedict and his mistress, disclosing no new thoughts on the situation and showing no new characteristics in the parties, except a tendency in the lady to a domestic virtue alien to the class. The "Point of View" is the sort of story that anybody might write, but most people wouldn't, not because they dared not, but because they hadn't the time to waste. All that the Canon's niece, the Bishop's Chaplain and the spurious foreign Count said, thought and did has been said, thought and done a thousand times before in books. "Fragments" is undoubtedly the best of a bad lot. I cannot say that I was greatly pleased when *Sir John* called *Winnifred* "his darling white dove," but there was about that bird at least a touch of the ingenuous which was very refreshing.

Mr. E. C. BENTLEY is shrewd enough to know that the experienced reader of a novel dealing with a murder will inevitably suspect from the start the person with the best alibi. That is to say, if a millionaire is found shot on his lawn the probability is that the culprit is the private secretary who, setting out before the tragedy takes place, spends the night motoring to Southampton—six hours away—and duly reports his arrival there. Mr. BENTLEY sees that this is expected of him, so he accepts the situation and does not make very much of a mystery of that part of the narrative, though he packs the investigations of *Trent*, his amateur detective, full of exciting ingenuities. The real interest of *Trent's Last Case* (NELSON) centres round the motive of the crime, and only when you get to the last three or four pages do you find that, after all— But to tell that here would be to spoil an excellent story, told with a rare distinction. I wish Mr. BENTLEY would relate some of *Trent's* earlier cases, or let him take up some more as a post-nuptial hobby.

CHARIVARIA.

Too much has been made by newspaper humorists of the Suffragist who threw a pot of paint at the Home Office and missed it. She hit Whitehall—which, in our opinion, is very fair marksmanship for a woman.

We have read a great deal about these lightning waiters' strikes. Now let us see some of these lightning waiters.

Fined for disorderly conduct in the street, two young men pleaded that they were ratepayers and had a right to sing and dance. That they should have had the cheerfulness to do so, with rates as high as they are, is a sign that the bull-dog breed has not yet died out.

Ever since the prisoner at Bow Street asked to be allowed to go to Pentonville prison instead of to Brixton, on the ground that the former institution's cells were healthier and airier, the conceit of the Pentonville warders has become, according to our local correspondent, perfectly insufferable.

The notion that Chinese plays are of tremendous length, lasting for several weeks, is ridiculed by an authority at the British Museum. Some Chinese curtain-raisers, we believe, barely last into the third day.

The Rush of Life in the North. Two reporters were the only persons present at a recent vestry meeting at Huddersfield.

A patent asphyxiating revolver has been invented by the Paris police for use in moments of emergency. It emits "a thick and acrid smoke, which causes those in its neighbourhood to sneeze and weep, half-suffocated." We fancy we know the identical cigar which first gave the inventor his idea.

Only one point remains to be cleared up in the matter of that Hampstead water. A resident in Belsize Park described it as smelling like a geranium; while a denizen of Greeneroft Gardens says, "It smelt like paraffin." Has Hampstead succeeded in growing a special paraffin-perfumed geranium?

Hampstead, however, is not to have it all its own way. It is stated that the water supplied by the Coggeshall and Kelvedon Waterworks, of Braintree, has a milky appearance, is slightly effervescent, cures rheumatism and kills plants. Water nowadays can do practically everything except talk.

According to a Vienna paper, the chief duties of an officer's soldier-servant are, in time of peace, to wash dogs; and, in time of war, to kill flies and mosquitoes. Peace hath her victories no less than war.

Burglars in Chelsea last week visited

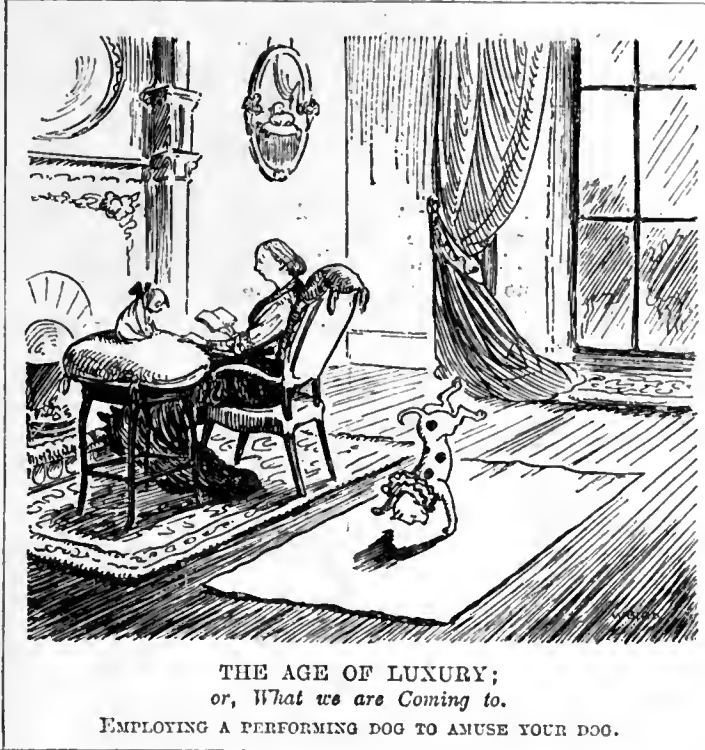
and liars. This sort of thing is all very well in Parliament, but intolerable in a real business concern.

The Irish day by day. At Guildford a man has been offering his services as honorary secretary at a salary of £26 a year; and in Nashville, Tennessee, when the judge, following the annual custom, released all Irish prisoners on St. Patrick's day, several negroes put in a claim for liberty on the ground that they were Irish.

Porridge, says a contemporary, is disappearing in Scotland. We have noticed it do so, especially at the breakfast-hour.

For posting a bill advertising the Suffragettes' Self-Denial Week on a pillar-box, a woman at West Ham has denied herself twenty shillings and four shillings costs.

Mexico may have its little troubles, but it has still one claim to be considered as an earthly paradise. It contains a town of 10,000 inhabitants where there is no moving-picture palace.



THE AGE OF LUXURY;
or, What we are Coming to.
EMPLOYING A PERFORMING DOG TO AMUSE YOUR DOG.

a house in Camera Square and removed a fumed oak dining-room suite, a pink silk and rosewood drawing-room suite, a bedroom suite, a piano, a sideboard, a table and some chairs, pictures, china, linen, clothing and silver. They then, says the report, left the house. They did leave that.

"European civilisation," says Mr. SETHANATHA VENKATARAMANI, in an article on the Coromandel fishermen, "has as yet made little or no mark on these 'humble men.' Coromandel fishermen are writing to enquire how Mr. VENKATARAMANI squares this statement with his remark later on in the article that they are 'awful drunkards.'"

At a recent company meeting, proceedings broke up in confusion owing to those present calling each other cats

When we and John combine in chorus,
We make a sound we call sonorous.
You cannot really care for John or us,
If you insist on saying sonorous.

It is a boon to busy men
To say that simple word again.
If you have time to strive and strain,
You may prefer to say again.

He's not attractive, as a rule,
The grisly Oriental ghoul;
But, if you'd like him doubly foul,
You've only got to call him ghoul.

I do not care a crooked pin
About the British Philistine;
And yet he is not such a swine
That we must call him Philistine.

I asked the maid in dulcet tone
To order me a toasted scone.
The silly maid has been and gone
And ordered me a toasted scone.

BRIGHTER CRICKET.

"You heard me quite well, Mary. Cricket. That was what I said. I shall take up cricket again. No, I'm not a bit too old. Nobody is. You can have all sorts of cricket, you know, Mary. There's the cricket you teach your children, and there's village cricket, which was once played on village greens with the Squire and the Rector looking on and all the boys joining in the sport, and the blacksmith (there was always a blacksmith) hitting three or four almighty swipes and then getting bowled by a silly lob; and there's school cricket and club cricket, and country-house cricket, and county cricket, and university cricket, and lots of other cricket—soldiers' cricket and sailors' cricket. Doesn't it make you think of hot days, and the jolly smell of the pads, and the crisp grass, and the taste of shandy-gaff out of a long glass? Don't say shandy-gaff's not your tippie, Mary. It's really everybody's tippie, and you'll learn to like it some day. Bless me, how it gurgles down!

"Mary, I hit an eight once. I give you my sacred word of honour I did—fully run out it was and no overthrows. Don't ask me how I did it. Nobody knows how he does these things. They just happen. This happened in a House match at school. I suppose the ball picked out the one place on the bat and the bat got the ball on the very nick, and away it went and away we went, and before the ball got to the wicket we'd run eight. That's the sort of memory that'll stay you up when you come to your last gasp and wonder if you couldn't have done things better.

"There was a chap at Cambridge—Smith was his name; it really was—and whenever I hear the word 'Fenner's' I can see him quite plainly walking about with his quick step and hear him shouting out, 'Card of the match, gentlemen.' It all comes over me like a dream. I wonder if he's at it still. Perhaps he's selling cards for some great match in the Elysian fields. We were all young then, Mary, and we took things as they came, and we didn't mind sitting and watching and watching, for it's the best game in the world to watch.

"What do they want to brighten cricket for? Cricket isn't an old tin-can or a musical comedy or a pleasant Sunday afternoon. Cricket's a jolly deliberate affair, with good sound rules for keeping it so and preventing the hustlers from getting hold of it and ruining it. Cricket's like life. It spreads out and you've time to turn round in it and room to take your ease and look forward to things. It bores you, does it? That just proves how right it is. You want thrills and shocks and ecstasies and corybantic dances—but that's just what you won't get in cricket, thank heaven. Yes, you're quite right: You have heard me mention COBDEN and his three wickets at the end of the match, but that was an exception. You can't arrange a team to be all Cobdens, and if you could you wouldn't get your thrills all the time. Besides, you couldn't stand it if you had it all vicissitudes of that kind.

"But I'll tell you another thing. Cricket's one of our few surviving English institutions. When you're travelling abroad and think of England what comes into your mind? I'll mention one or two things. There's breakfast—fried soles and bacon and eggs with marmalade to top up with. There's wearing knickerbockers and comfortable boots in the country. There's going to the Derby. It doesn't matter a bit if you've never gone to Epsom in your life. When you're abroad you'll begin to think of the Derby as one of the things worth seeing. I've seen a meek little Professor in Constantinople simply pining for the Derby. And then there's cricket—you can't transplant it. Frenchmen and Germans and Russians won't play it, but it suits

us, with its profoundly interesting tediousness, its science, its skill, its clean neatness, its white flannels and its smooth green turf. Down with all nonsense about brightening it, say I."

A LURCHER.

ALL along the moorland road a caravan there comes
Where the piping curlew whistles and the jacksnipe drums;

And a long lean dog

At a sling jig-jog,

A poacher to his eyelids as are all the lurcher clan,
Follows silent as a shadow and as clever as a man.

His master on the splashboard, oh, of ancient race he is,
He came down out of Egypt, as did all the Romanys;

With the hard hawk face

Of an old king race,

His hair is black and snaky and his cheek is brown as tea,
And pyramids and poacher-dogs are made by such as he!

Now the dog he looks as pious as the beak upon the bench,
But he'll pounce and pick a hare up, and he'll kill her
with a wrench,

Or he'll sneak around a rick

And bring back a turkey chick,

And you'll wonder how they got him all his cockalcerie
-fakes;

Well, his master comes of people who turned walking-sticks
to snakes!

There was once a god in Egypt, when the gods they first
began,

With the muzzle of a lurcher on the body of a man;

But the Pharaoh of to-day

He has changed the ancient way,

And has found him a familiar by his caravan to jog,
With the headpiece of a human on the body of a dog!

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE DOG VIOLETS.

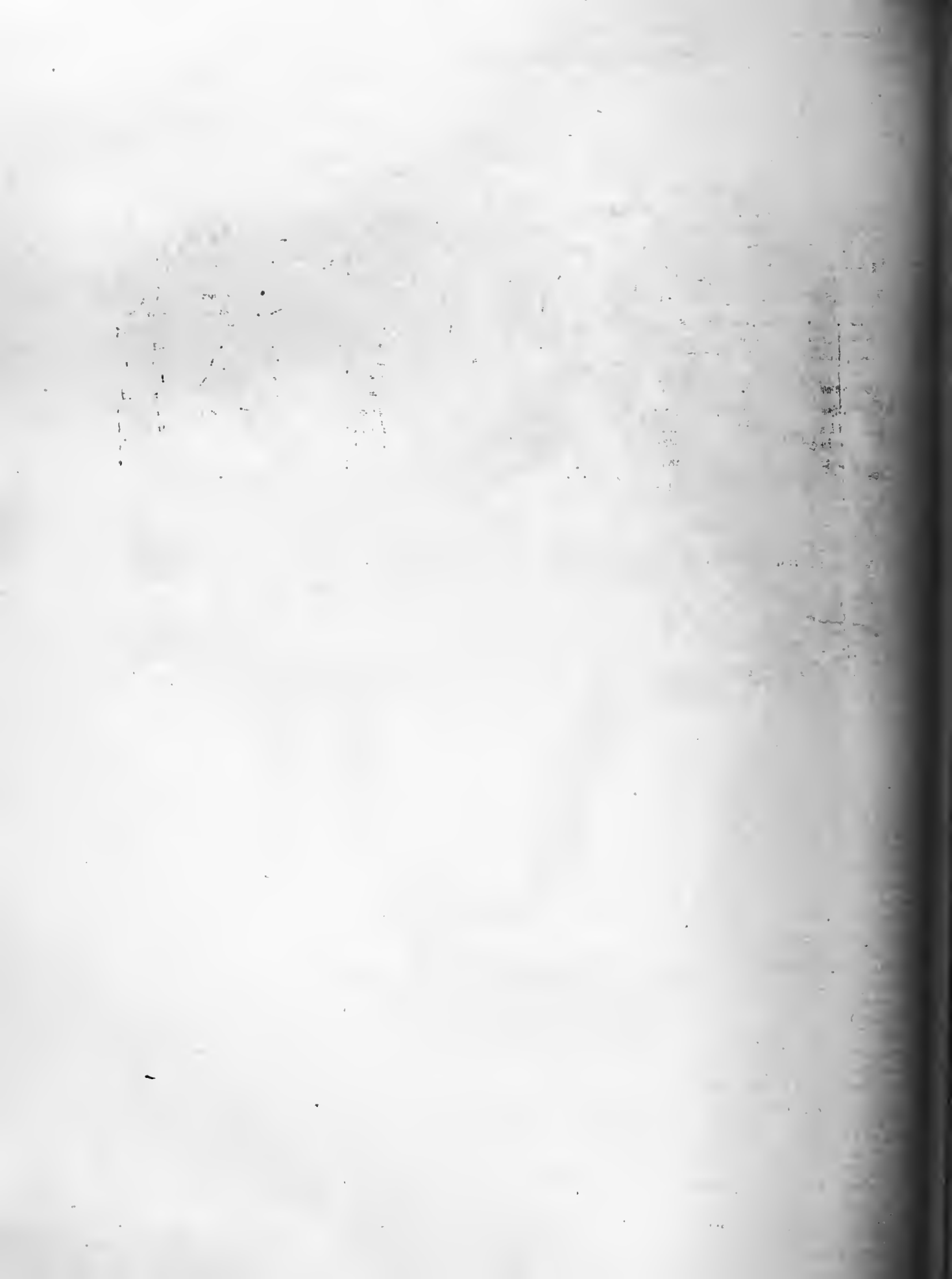
ONCE upon a time there was a patch of dog violets growing on a bank in March. They were very beautiful but they had no scent, and the country people, knowing this, passed them by. Day after day the flowers heard scornful remarks about themselves. "They're only dog violets," said one of the knowing country people. "Don't bother about them," said another. "I know where there's real violets," said a third; "come on!" And since no one likes to be overlooked and despised, even though attention should mean destruction, the dog violets were very unhappy. "As if perfume was everything!" they said; while one of them went so far as to declare that she always found the scent of the other kind of violet overpowering. "A strong scent is so vulgar," she added. "Yes," said another, "and so are rich colours. Pale tints are much more artistic."

One day the princess came driving along in her gold coach from the royal city near by, and seeing the patch of flowers on the bank she gave orders for the carriage to stop. "Oh, how beautiful!" she said, for, being a princess, she had never seen violets growing before; she had seen only tiger-lilies and camellias and smilax and Maréchal Niels. "How beautiful!" she cried as her lord chamberlain brought her a great bunch. "They're only dog violets," he said, for he was well versed in all lore; "they have no scent." "The darlings!" she cried. "It wouldn't matter if they had, I've got such an awful cold;" and she pressed them to her white bosom, where in an ineffable rapture of pride and content they swooned away.



A MODEST REQUEST.

JOHN BULL. "I'VE JUST BEEN READING FOUR VOLUMES ABOUT YOUR KIND HEART; AND NOW, BY WAY OF PROVING IT, CAN'T YOU TAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING OFF MY INCOME-TAX?"





WARDING OFF THE SPRING FROSTS.

Helpmate. "I'VE BROUGHT YOUR PYJAMAS FOR THE ASPARAGUS BED, JACK."

A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a man called James Carmichael, and he was a miser. Like all misers, he could not help it; but, unlike most misers, he was not really very rich, for he was *too* careful. He saved everything, even tram-tickets, which he used as book-markers, and old envelopes, on which he wrote letters to people who did not matter. He had an office high up in a big building; it was very small and he had only a few clerks to help him; when there was any more work to do he did it himself.

Now it happened that some people who were sorry for old bachelors asked James Carmichael to dinner on Christmas Day, and as this did not cost him anything he went. He disliked it very much at first, but in the end he quite enjoyed it, and when he got home he fell asleep in his chair. And while he was asleep a dwarf appeared and talked to him. The dwarf was very cheerful and very rude, and he would not go away until James Carmichael

had given him a promise. The promise was that for a whole week he would be kind to the people whom he disliked most, and the people he disliked most were Travellers, who used to come to his office and try to sell him things which he did not want. He hated these people so much that he was frightened of them; they were never allowed to see him, and there was a brass plate on the office door telling them to go away. But when he went back to the office after Christmas he had the brass plate taken down, and the Travellers soon began to come in.

On the first day he bought a typewriter and three bunches of lavender and a packet of hooks to hang coats and hats on; on the second day a lady sold him enough soap to last the office for a year, and he had to give a lot of Christmas-boxes and subscriptions.

He found that when these people came in and made speeches to him, he could not refuse them; he bought an atlas, and two waste-paper baskets, and a directory. So it went on, until on New Year's Eve a little rosy-

cheeked man in a shiny top-hat made him insure his life.

He had never insured his life before, but the rosy-cheeked man made such a beautiful speech that he insured for five thousand pounds. Then he put back the brass plate, and one day not long afterwards he fell ill and died. James Carmichael was my uncle, and I was his only relation. . . .

Rather a sad little story, is it not? And if I happen to have told it to you before—as a basis for negotiating a temporary loan—you will be sorry to hear that it really is a fairy tale.

A Howler from Buxton.

"The weight of Goliath's shield was 200 freckles."

"London is as dead as the proverbial door-nail this week-end, as practically everybody who could manage it is away for the Easter holiday. . . . The Easter holiday this year may be fitly described as a stay-at-home one. . . . At most of the London termini there were loud complaints of unparalleled Easter inactivity."—*Continental Daily Mail.*
And so our contemporary's search for truth goes on.

ANTI-TOUCHSTONES.

THE novel advertising device of an enterprising firm of furnishers, each departmental manager of which describes the merits of his particular department and offers his personal guarantee of its excellence, has been usefully extended, since surely the man who directs a concern is the man who knows most about it and is the most to be believed. The clown in *As You Like It* says, "A poor thing, but my own;" the carpet and bedstead and other managers say, "My own, and perfect." The tendency to adopt the latter course being so much more natural than *Touchstone's* diffident attitude, it is no wonder that the furnishers' lead has been followed.

I.

Unaccustomed as I am to public writing I cannot refrain from taking up my pen to give you my word of honour that my little shop is the best there is.

(Signed) JOHN SMITH.

II.

As head of the Opposition Snap Division Department I wish the information to become widely spread that my aim is accurate and my arm powerful, while the advantage that my great height gives me should not be overlooked. When there is no book handy or no Government face near enough, I am prepared to shout with the best, and in short to do anything that is humanly possible to let the other side know how unpopular they are, how unconstitutional their conduct, and how august an assembly we all are in.

(Signed) RONALD McNEILL.

III.

Nothing is more important than to know with whom you are entrusting your turf commissions, especially in a country where gambling is discountenanced by law, and let me therefore describe myself minutely. I have a noble brow much of the shape of an egg, marked by philanthropy, self-sacrifice and open-handedness. My eyes are dark, tender and true; my nose is the soul of honour; my mouth is strong and firm and benevolent; my hands are incapable of taking in money, my one delight being to pay it out.

Lastly, my name is Ernest Vansittart Goodman. "No limit" is my motto, and I never question a telegram or post-mark; so send your commissions to me.

(Signed)

ERNEST VANSITTART GOODMAN.

IV.

As Postmaster-General I should like to say that a degree of efficiency has been reached in my department beyond which it would be unsafe to go. Being the head, I not only ought to know but do know. We have everything that the public can want. We have a fine assortment of stamps at all prices and in all colours, covered with gum on the back so as to be easily

arranging little surprises for my countrymen, my one idea being to keep them from getting *blasé*. This Easter, it may be recalled by some of my readers, I was in exceptionally good form. If anyone doubts it I would say, Where is Worthing pier? But naturally I had to be very thoughtful and thorough, if only as a reminder to those in authority that Easter must never be so early again. I flatter myself that those four days were among the best I have ever engineered. The wind, the rain, the cold—weren't they all of the highest quality? Trusting then that you will continue to allow me to work these little matters for you, I remain, yours faithfully,

(Signed)

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

THE TWO WAYS.

[“O you'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the low road.”—*Old Song*.]

THAT Millichamp lives in London and I don't is a matter of no importance whatever, but the fact nevertheless leads him to adopt an irritating attitude of parental responsibility when I pay him a visit. I, though two years his senior, am a mere provincial, you understand, while he is the complete townsman.

Especially when we are engaged in such pastimes as Dodging the Dray and Missing the Motor-bus does his fussy concern for

my safety become positively indecent. One would indeed imagine on such occasions that traffic was unknown outside London.

Just now I am spending a few days in town, and yesterday Millichamp balanced himself on the edge of the pavement in one of the busiest parts of the City, waiting an opportunity to dive over to the other side of the road, while I stood expectantly behind him. The unbroken stream of vehicles surged by for a long time and I decided to leave him, but though I was not there to see it all I know exactly what followed.

At last a chance came. "Now we can manage it," cried Millichamp. "Stick close behind me, old chap. Do exactly what I do and you'll be all right." With that he plunged into the street.

"Look out there!" he exclaimed. "Mind that taxi. . . That's right. . .



P.C. X123 (knocked down by motor-car—confusedly). "Y-YOU'VE G-GOT MY NUMBER!"

affixed to envelopes. Any customer not liking any of the patterns has but to ask for me. We have a series of sub-post-offices all over the country, thoughtfully if not sumptuously furnished, and staffed by as handsome and obliging and alacritous young men and women as can be seen outside the musical-comedy stage. Our lead pencils are the wonder of the world and are in such demand that they have to be chained to the desks; our blotting-paper will blot anything. In short, we are perfect.

(Signed) HERBERT SAMUEL.

V.

Nothing but unremitting toil and vigilance could bring about such results as my department is constantly achieving, and I trust that my share in them will not be overlooked. Day and night, early and late, I am at my post,



A GOOD SEND-OFF.

Collector (to airman, going up in risky weather to please public). "SUBSCRIBE TO THE AMBULANCE, SIR?"

Stick close to me. . . . Don't be frightened, old chap. . . . We shall do it nicely. . . . Look out for that van. . . . Take hold of my coat-tail, if you like. . . . Whatever you do, stick close to me.

"Wait for that car to go past!" he shouted. "Stick close to me. . . . Stop a bit for that 'bus. . . . Now. . . . Here we are!"—and he bounded on to the opposite pavement and looked round for his charge.

His face became chalky. "Good heavens!" he muttered thickly. "What can have happened?"

Then I touched him on the shoulder. "Here you are at last," I said cheerily. "I've been waiting here for you quite a long time."

"My dear fellow," he cried, "how on earth did you contrive to get here? I was scared to death; I thought you'd been run down."

"Oh, I came by the subway," I explained lightly. "It's so much simpler, you know."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said he. "I've lived in London a good many years, but I never thought of doing that."

CONFESSIONS OF WEAKNESS.

THE gifted writer who presides over the "Office Window" of *The Daily Chronicle* has been discussing the curious fears of men who are accounted fearless. "Personally," he observes, "with no pretence to special bravery, I would rather grapple with a mad dog than take in my hand a live sparrow or any such harmless animal that—squirms."

As the result of inquiries addressed to a number of intrepid and eminent public characters, *Mr. Punch* is enabled to lay before his readers the following interesting revelations of idiosyncrasy—

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes: "In spite of the views of a recent musical essayist in *The Times*, I would rather face a mad bull with no other weapon than a tuning-fork than listen for five minutes to a Rag-time march."

SIR HENRY HOWORTH sends a long communication on the subject which we have been obliged to condense. The gist of it is that he would rather grapple single-handed with a mammoth than write a letter to *The Times* containing fewer than 2000 words.

M. PADEREWSKI wires from Moscow to the effect that he would infinitely prefer to leap from the summit of the Eiffel Tower than entrust his *chevelure* to the mercies of a strange hairdresser.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., in a characteristic phrase observes that he would sooner be seen dead with JOHN REDMOND at a pig-fair than abandon the policy of the All-for-Ireland League.

MR. GRAHAME WHITE states that he would rather go up in an untried aeroplane in a blizzard than miss an interview in the press.

Finally, Sir ALFRED MOND declares that sooner than live in England under a Tariff Reform *régime*, he would emigrate to Tierra del Fuego and cast in his lot with the cannibal tribes who infest that dismal neighbourhood.

Things Emerson didn't write.

"The great man who once wrote, 'Give me health and a dog and I will laugh the pomp of Emperors to scorn,' wanted to teach an elementary lesson."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

Every morning as we feel our pulse, our dachshund watches us anxiously, wondering if it is one of our pomp-scoring days.

PREMATURE PROGRESS.

(" Δαφνίς ἔβα πῶρ ")

(Drivers and conductors of the horse tramways at Oxford went on strike on Easter Monday for improved working conditions).

FROM change to moving change the world goes on,
Even at Carfax nothing keeps the same,
For Daphnis is not—Daphnis, who would ply,
Urging his antic trolley fleet as flame,
His prancing coursers up and down the High
Unwearingly, is gone;
Evanished! only now the casual bike,
The hansom and the taxi through the Corn;
Rusted the metal tracks, the grooves forlorn,
For Daphnis and his friends are out on striko.

Runs it not here, the routo from Cowley Road?
And ofttimes punters on the flowery Cher,
Lifting their hands to wipe away a midge,
Have watched the progress of his stately car
Mounting thō steep ascent to Magdalen Bridge;
And oft with joyous load
Of married dons have we beheld it fill
(Speaking just now of the North Oxford branch)
Or emptying from its top an avalanche
Of female undergrads. from Somerville.

But sudden on a morn of wind-swept March,
When term was o'er and all the men were down,
And daffodils were selling fairly cheap
But sparslier bloomed the academic gown,
Something aroused the tramcars from their sleep.
They stopped—they stuck like starch:
A rumour went upon the breeze, a cry
Of things that happen here in London town,
And each conductor mused, his punch laid down,
They blooming well strike: blooming well strike I.

Too swift reformer! wherefore art thou out?
Soon shall the high mechanic pomps come on,
Electric road-cars with suspended wires
The business tutor and the commerce don,
The hurrying Change that echoes and perspires,
And stocks in flagrant rout;
Then shalt thou learn what labour movements are
And hope to paralyse our industries,
Mass-meetings underneath the Wychwood trees
And full reports in the pink evening Star.

Till then forbear: our feverish unions spurn,
As some grave scholar in his morning sheet
Espies an education paragraph
Saying the classic tongues are now effete,
And hands it, smiling, to his better half:
And both without concern
Resume thoir breakfast of uncrumpling eggs
Like fallen blossoms in the bacon's shade,
Pass and repass the amber marmalade
And drain the immortal coffee to its dregs,

So thou too, Daphnis, to thy task again!
Emerge and travel on the dreaming rails,
And trot the unpermitted lorry out
When morning lights the sky or evening pales
Still bearing the indomitable scout;
Shake out once more thy rein,
And snatch the platform and resume thy load
Of lady shoppers from the muslin marts
And young light-hearted Masters of the Arts
And set them down upon the Banbury Road. Evor.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

(By Our Tame Twaddler.)

Sir Castor Royle, the famous sportsman author, recently made a remarkable journey to the basin of the Bongo. He and his comrades passed through the gorge of Umpi as well as the impenetrable forests of Gobolu, inhabited by cannibal pygmies, gorillas and euneiform quaggas. Sir Castor has written a charming account of his experiences under the title, *How I Became a Cannibal*. The book will be shortly published by the firm of Mandible and Champ, but cannot be recommended to persons with weak digestions—at least so says Mr. Goodleigh Champ, who is a man of iron constitution.

The interesting series of articles on the golf-links of Tibet, which recently appeared in *The Chimes*, will shortly be published in book form by PUTMANS. In an interesting preface the author, Mr. Isaac Newton, explains how, when he was commissioned by the editor to go to Tibet to write about its golf-links, he expressed some scepticism as to whether they existed at all, but that the Editor cheerily reassured him at once by saying, "What matter? You can always fall back on the GRAND LAMA." As it turned out, golf is strictly forbidden by the municipal authorities in Lhasa, but this did not prevent Mr. Isaac Newton from writing a series of breezy letters on the costume, poetry and cookery of the country. Mr. Newton has added fresh lustre to the somewhat tarnished laurels of his forgotten ancestor.

The Grand Duke Melehior is about to join the ranks of golfing *littérateurs*. For some years past he has kept an accurate record of every game he has played, with the number of strokes to each hole, witty remarks made by his caddies, etc., and these narratives, profusely illustrated with snapshots by the Grand Duchess, have now been embodied in a volume with the attractive title, *From 150 to 100; or, How I Brought My Handicap Down to 20*. Being a strictly voracious man the Grand Duke has not refrained from giving the objurgations and expletives wrung from him in moments of anguish, but in deference to the feelings of the gentle reader these are all printed in Russian characters.

Mr. Phil. Jungsen, the famous author of *Essays of a Quick Luncher*, *The Shingles of Pain*, and other books that count, has written a philosophical treatise which Chickweeds will soon issue under the title of *The Life Precious*, in which the writer maintains that self-respect can be maintained only by those who have mastered the art of expressing themselves with serenity, clarity and pontifical finality. Mr. Roland Chickweed, in an open letter to the Press, affirms that the book has moved him to frequent tears; and to any one who knows that redoubtable publisher the assertion speaks volumes for the soul-shaking quality of Mr. Jungsen's prose. The volume will be bound in limp moleskin and will contain a portrait of the author in fancy dress as Cæsar Borgia.

Mr. Lemuel Poff, to whom we shall be always grateful for his vivid romance, *The Man with the Single Spat*, has completed a new novel which the Odders will shortly publish under the alluring title of *The Rotters*. Mr. Odder, who ought to know, declares that it is the most arresting study of miasmatic decadence that has yet appeared in English. Mr. Poff, it should be remembered, is the author of that memorable reply to a critic who begged him to abstain from excessive realism. "Why," he gaily observed, "all my books are Bowdlerized—or at least Baudelainized."

RESOURCE.

(How Miss Browne, whose simple appearance attracted too much attention, made herself inconspicuous at Monte Carlo.)





"I SHOULDN'T CRY IF I WERE YOU, LITTLE MAN."

"MUST DO SUMPING; I BEAN'T OLD ENOUGH TO SWEAR."

THE TURNCOAT.

SMOOTH as spun silk old Nilus gleamed,
The palms, the huts were sleeping,
When suddenly I all but screamed—
Part of my shoe was creeping!
'Twas a chameleon, glossy black
To match the shoe, with traces
Of diaper upon his back,
A meshed and interwoven track
To represent the laces!

He left my shoe and crossed my sock;
I chuckled, "That'll trouble you!
That sharp steel-blue, that netted clock
Crowned with a golden W.,
Which stands for 'William,' do you
see?"

"'Twas her fair hand that neatly
Embroidered it in filigree—"
I gasped in sheer amazement; he
Had matched the thing completely!

"A mug's game this," he seemed to
sigh;
"Haven't you something harder?"
Then spied my tweeds, and instantly
Came scrambling up with ardour;

Those tweeds, each thread of which
betrays
The Hebridean crofter,
Whose craft alone might blend that
mazo
Of filmy greens and silver-greys,
Like lichened rocks (but softer).

"Come now," he muttered, changing
fast,

"We've left the kindergarten;
Here's something worth my while at
last,

Almost as good as tartan."
Then all his limbs together drow
And passed into a coma,
Whence slowly, gradually grow
Each separate thread and line and hue—
Even the peat aroma!

With all an artist's calm delight
He turned to view the colour—
This grey perhaps a thought too bright?
At once he made it duller.
Then with an eye that gleamed with zest
He turned towards me—"Now, Sir,
Pray tell me, could the very best
Tailor in all your woolly West
Have better matched that trouser?"

Hard by there lay a *Morning Post*.
There, on a speech of CARSON,
I set him down amid the host
Of threats of blood and arson.
"Now watch," I cried, "what he will do;
Mark how the little fellow
Will take the authentic Orange hue,
And all his loyal back imbue
With Ulster's splendid yellow."

His foot was near to "Toe the line!"
His tail ran down to "Traitor!"
A back-bench interjection—"Swine!"
Was hard by his equator.
The change began, a mingled sheen,
Warm hues that, growing cooler,
At length let all his back be seen
One blatant and detested GREEN—
He was a vile Homo Ruler!

"When the Duke of Wellington in 1859 was
calling attention to England's defenceless con-
dition, just as Lord Roberts is calling attention
to a similar state of things to-day, Kendal
supplied a rifle corps in next to no time."
Evening News.

We must all rejoice that LORD ROBERTS
is not so handicapped as was the Duke
of WELLINGTON in 1859.



Bernard Partridge.

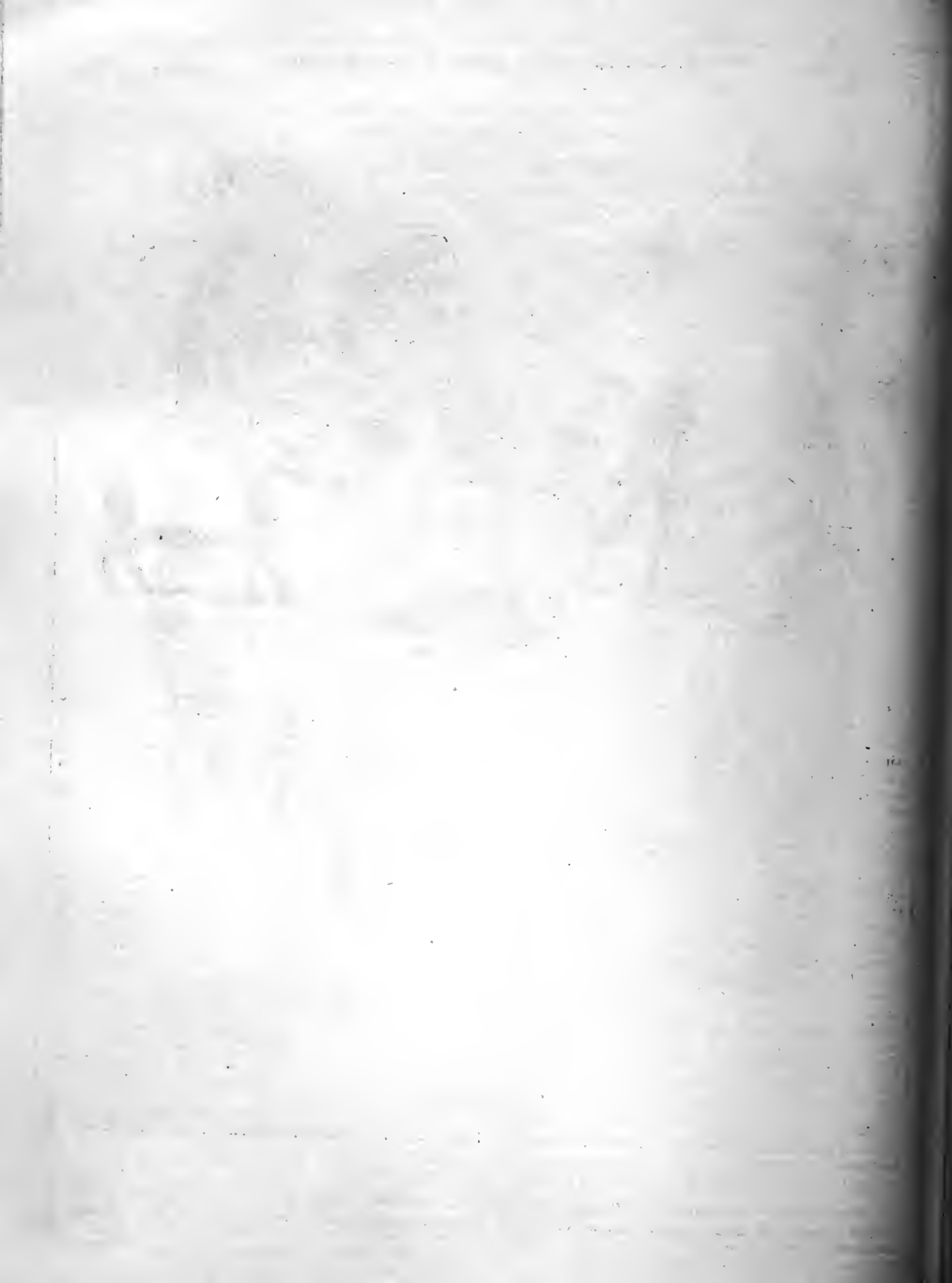
SETTLED.

DAME EUROPA. "YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE MOST TROUBLESOME BOY IN THE SCHOOL. NOW GO AND CONSOLIDATE YOURSELF."

TURKEY. "PLEASE, MA'AM, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

DAME EUROPA. "IT MEANS GOING INTO THAT CORNER—AND STOPPING THERE!"

[Sir EDWARD GREY, in the House of Commons, has expressed the hope that Turkey will now confine its energies to consolidating itself in Asia Minor.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



A QUIET DAY AT WESTMINSTER.

House of Commons, Easter Monday.—Whilst London makes holiday at Hampstead and eke at Greenwich the faithful Commons, like the whining schoolboy with his satchel and shining morning face, creep unwillingly to school at Westminster. Story set afloat that the Opposition have arranged ambush, meaning at unexpected moment to swoop down and defeat Government on snap division. Only their fun. Fair muster on Ministerial Benches; Opposition camp practically deserted.

Notable absence discovered when, on looking towards the Chair, Members find it occupied by DEPUTY SPEAKER. Universal sorrow on hearing explanation that the SPEAKER has met with motor accident, spraining his right wrist and compelling temporary retirement. Nasty accident, but does not chill glow of native humour. SARK tells me that since coming down to House he has received a note from SPEAKER'S house, evidently dictated. By the typed signature JAMES LOWTHER is written "his mark."

As SARK says, not the first time this been done. Mr. LOWTHER made his mark long ago as Chairman of Committees, cutting it deeper when he came to the Chair. No light task to

sustain traditions of that lofty pedestal. Success requires possession of rare qualities seldom centred in an individual. Mr. LOWTHER, occasionally tried in difficult circumstances suddenly sprung upon the Chair, has never been found wanting.

In spite of slack attendance (perhaps by reason of it) great stroke of business accomplished. First Order of Day, Report of Vote on Account for trifle exceeding thirty-four million sterling for Civil Service and Revenue Departments. Vote for reduction formally moved with object of raising debate on various Labour questions. Not pressed to a division and money asked for granted.

Army votes came next, making provision for 185,600 men of all ranks comprising land forces. Bit of a breeze between JOYNSON-HICKS and WAR MINISTER on subject of aeroplanes. After long silence under charges of traitorous neglect of National safety in matter of military aviation, SEELY the other day confounded hostile critics by plain tale showing that so far from being behind other nations in this respect the country is for its own special purposes actually ahead of possible rivals. For a while this gave pause to patriots rooted in conviction

that in no conceivable circumstances can their own country chance to be on the right path.

To-night JOYNSON-HICKS out again on the old hunt. SEELY stated that the Service had at its command 101 aeroplanes of the highest capacity and efficiency.

"Yes," said JOYNSON-HICKS shrewdly, "but can they fly?"

For a moment this inquiry cast damper over House. DURNING-LAWRENCE, looking on from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, remembered that in line of thought and turn of phrase it is not quite original. In slightly differing form BACON used it in a famous scene from *King Henry IV*.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," *Glendower* boasted.

"But will they come when you do call for them?" retorted practical-minded *Hotspur*. (War Office has at command 101 flying machines. But can they fly?)

Confidence re-established by SEELY'S emphatic reply and vote agreed to without division.

Business done.—A good deal. *Tuesday.*—Colonel WESTON, newly returned for Kendal, presented himself to take oath and scat. Caution of old campaigner indicated by fact that

he selected for bodyguard two of the tallest, most stalwart Members. Circumstances of his election peculiar. Standing as Candidate wearing the colours of a Party which, as Lord DERBY said the other day, is firmly re-united on Tariff Reform question, he declared himself a Free Trader, and was straightway renounced by the Party Organisation. His reception consequently dubious in anticipation.

Walking up to Table between CAVENTISH BENTINCK and SANDERSON—Duke of York Columns of the Unionist Party—his figure, unduly stunted by contrast, was at least safe. When thus escorted he crossed the Bar, there burst forth a demonstration without parallel in memory of oldest Member. The COLONEL had not only beaten off the Liberal Candidate, but had increased the Unionist majority. Following ordinary practice, here was established claim to a Party welcome even warmer than ordinary.

Opposition remained ominously dumb. Uncanny silence was, after almost imperceptible pause, broken by hilarious burst of cheering from the Ministerialists, echoed from benches below Gangway opposite crowded by Irish Nationalists. Cheering, mingled with laughter, continued during the march to the Table; renewed when new Member was introduced to SPEAKER and retired to find a place among the silent ranks of the Opposition.

CLERK OF THE HOUSE unexpectedly rounded off excellent bit of fooling. As soon as Member for Kendal disappeared Orders of the Day were called on. Sir COURTENAY ILBERT, rising, named the first on list—

“Mental Deficiency Bill.”

This one of those little jokes whose subtlety, inexplicable to outsiders, hugely delights Members. To attempt to dissect it would be hopeless. There it was. Renewed roar of laughter burst forth. Joined in by Opposition, it exceeded in heartiness what had gone before.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a second time. FOREIGN SECRETARY seized opportunity of making important statement heralding speedy settlement of War in the Balkans.

Wednesday.—“Such larks,” as Joe Gargery used to say to Pip in their confidential chats.

House met in anticipation of hearing the WINSOME WINSTON expound his Naval policy for forthcoming year. Benches crowded, notably on Opposition side. Before WINSTON rose Ministers thought it well to get the Consolidated Fund Bill through Committee stage. A mere formality. Opposition had had full run on Second

Reading. So with light heart House got into Committee.

“Clause I,” said the Chairman. “The question is that Clause I. stand part of the Bill.”

Ministerialists hardly took the trouble to cry “Yes!” Of course it would be agreed to, seeing that it is the operative clause without which the Bill must be dropped and the whole services of the State, civil and military, come to a standstill. Sharp on the perfunctory “Yes!” of Ministerialists followed thunderous cry of “No!” from the massed ranks in Opposition.



The new boy from Kendal.

Sudden light broke over Treasury Bench. Trapped again! Opposition evidently mustered in full number. Ministerialists, not suspecting danger, were at the moment actually in a minority. If division were forthwith taken the Government would be defeated, and must go, carrying with them the tottered fabric of their iniquitous schemes.

BOOTH, fresh from protecting ATTORNEY - GENERAL in Committee Room from attack by DENNISON FABER, saved the situation. If division could be delayed for half-an-hour, even fifteen minutes, the straggling stream of Ministerialists would add sufficient force to swamp the Opposition.

Even as he spoke, amid useful interruption which undesignedly helped to serve his purpose, it seemed it was already achieved. ILLINGWORTH, running in from Whips' room, was understood to bring tidings that the majority was assured. “To mak siecar,” as the Scottish chieftain explained when he went back

to thrust his dirk in the throat of the king's enemy already slain, MASTERMAN rose to add a few words. Interposition met by angry cries from gentlemen opposite who saw their triumph slipping away. These merged in roar of execration when MASTERMAN scornfully alluded to “some things too discreditable even for a discredited Opposition.”

There followed uproarious scene, ended by a division which gave the Government, but lately in extreme peril, a majority of 39.

After this it was something of an anti-climax for MOORE of North Armagh to get suspended for describing action of MASTERMAN as “a piece of disgraceful trickery,” and for ALBERT MARKHAM, not to be out of the joy-ride, to beseech honourable gentlemen opposite “not to make the House of Commons into a pot-house.”

On successive divisions Government majority ran up to 113 and 133. Order reigned in Westminster. But eight o'clock had struck when, in a comparatively thin House, WINSTON rose to make his long-expected speech.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill passed through Committee and Report stages. FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY explained Navy Votes.

“SING A SONG OF—”

(From the Treble-Dutch)

[“The directors of the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie in Langkat, Sumatra, have declared a first interim dividend of one tael per share.”—*Daily Express.*]

ONCE to cut a little dash

Uncle James—unlike Papa tenacious grown of hoarded cash—

Flung his savings in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynboschen Landbouwexploitatie.

“Soon, I hope,” cries George, “we'll wed!

Listen!”—Kate, beside her ma, tea Over, waits and hears it said,

“I've a holding in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynboschen Landbouwexploitatie.

Odd—our whims! As Aunt and friend, Golfing near their German spa, tee Up, dear Aunt resolves to send

At once for holdings in the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie.

* * * * *
Uncle trills a joyous lay;
George, with lover-like (ha! ha!) temerity, demands “the day.”
Auntie's rich. All thank the Naamlooze Vennootschap Maatschappij tot Mynbosch en Landbouwexploitatie.



Bee-master (to pupil who has just brushed off bee which has stung him). "AH! YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT; THE BEE WILL DIE NOW. YOU SHOULD HAVE HELPED HER TO EXTRACT HER STING, WHICH IS SPIRALLY BARBED, BY GENTLY TURNING HER ROUND AND ROUND."
Pupil. "ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU, BUT HOW DO I KNOW WHICH WAY SHE UNSCREWS?"

THE ADDRESS.

HAROLD is one of the very worst imbeciles I have ever met.

I don't say this merely because I happen to live with him, but after a long course of infallible proofs.

My friend Mrs. Weston gives dances, but in other respects she is quite nice. I dined there three weeks ago and was secured for one of her dances. As I was going away, she said:

"Can you bring another man with you?"

I thought a moment. "Yes," I said, "I will bring Harold, alive or dead."

"Give me his name and address, then, and I'll send him a card."

Harold believes that he has given up dancing. When he received the card he looked as if his past had risen and struck him in the face. When I explained, I thought he was going to do the same for me.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I've promised you now."

"You talk as if you were my god-fathers and godmothers," he said bitterly.

"No," I said, "only your fairy god-mother. One man can't do every-thing; but I assure you both Mrs.

Weston and her dances are charming, and as for the supper, *recherché* isn't the word for it."

"I'm glad of that," said Harold, "for it is a bad word."

Finally he consented to go.

I spent the next ten days asking Harold whether he had answered the invitation. On the eleventh he actually began toying with some notepaper. I was just going out when this occurred, but I stayed to dictate a nice apologetic little note about his having just got back from Switzerland, and wrap it up in a neat envelope.

As I went out he shouted after me: "What's the address?"

Our cards had been lost and I have never remembered an address in my life. I have only one answer to such questions.

"Look it up," I said, "in the Telephone Directory."

When I came back he had an air of guilty self-satisfaction.

"Did you post that letter, Harold?" I asked sternly.

"I did," said Harold.

Some days later I found a letter on Harold's plate from the KING. It was marked "Returned Postal Packet."

Harold came down at last; and his

face as he opened it was a study of innocent wonderment.

"Gracious!" he said. "Look at that!"

He handed the contents to me, and I looked. It was a rather tired-looking letter addressed as follows:—

MRS. WESTON,
94023 Post Office
HAMPS TEAD.

Harold did not go to the dance alive after all; but I very nearly took him dead.

"It may be trite and common-place, though fitting, to quote the well-known Wordsworthian couplet that the 'lives of great men all remind us how to make our lives sublime.'"

Hamilton Advertiser.

No, no; these Wordsworthian couplets are always fresh to us.

"Lost, Tuesday, between Wallasey-rd., Moseley-avenue, Valkyrie-rd. Finder suitably rewarded."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."*

Oh, the many days we have lost and never hope to have again! (*Sentimental reflection.*)

From a description of the Labrador retriever in *The Gamekeeper*:—

"The tail should be on the short side." It looks better on the end.

"THE HAPPY ISLAND."

(A Memory, in Two Scenes, of
Mr. J. B. FAGAN'S play
at His Majesty's.)

SCENE I.—A Room in Andrew Remmington's house. Andrew and his Wife are discovered chatting over their coffee.

Andrew. By the way, dear, if you can spare me a moment, I should just like to tell you about my island.

Clair (bored). Why?

Andrew. Well, dash it, the audience has got to know somehow. Besides, you invested that hundred for me in Aerated Breads so cleverly when I was away that I have decided to consult you in all my business affairs in future.

Clair. Oh, go on.

Andrew. Well, briefly the situation is this. There's a pitch-blende mine in this island, and if I could only get the natives to work it I could make millions. But they won't; they're afraid of it. I tried for eight months to make them, and it was no good. (Coming closer to her.) But, darling, a very strange thing happened to me in those eight months. I don't know if it was something in the air . . . or in the pitch-blende . . . or what, but I found that I loved you. Clair, dear—

Clair. Don't be absurd, Andrew. You must know it's useless.

Andrew (gripping her by the arm). Useless? What do you mean? (His mind working rapidly.) Ha! You love another! I guessed as much. Somebody rang you up from the Bath Club just now—that's always suspicious. Who is he?

Clair (fiercely). Unhand me, Andrew. Our guests may arrive at any moment. [Enter Derek Arden disguised as Sir HERBERT TREE.

Derek. Good evening, Mrs. Remmington.

Clair (loudly). Be careful! He knows all!

Derek. Ah! (To Andrew) Good evening, Remmington. I've just been hearing at the Bath Club—(Andrew starts)—about your trouble with the natives. What you ought to do is to send a really fine figure of a man out there to persuade them that he is a god. Then he could make the men obey him. (Apologetically.) It sounds silly, I know.

Andrew (seizing his opportunity). All right. You go.

Derek (surprised). Me!

Andrew. And I'll give you thirty thousand pounds if you succeed.

Derek (to himself). Thirty thousand! Let me see . . . I owe seventeen and sixpence in fines at the Bath Club . . .

and twenty thousand to my other creditors . . . and five and ninepence to— (Aloud) May I first talk it over with your wife?

Andrew. Do. [Exit.

Clair (throwing herself in his arms). Derek, darling!

Derek. Did you notice that? He wants to get rid of me. (Thoughtfully) Still thirty thousand is a lot of money.

Clair. How can you leave me, if you love me? Take me away with you.

Derek. My dear, I don't think you realise what a bad man I am. My reputation is notorious; I have been kicked out of the Stock Exchange; I am a well-known cheat at cards; I—

Clair. But you're still a member of the Bath Club, dear!



THE RIVAL DEITIES.

Derek (thoughtfully). True. There is that. . . Still, I'm a waster. I should only drag you down.

Clair. Well, anyhow, I shall insist on coming out to you in the Third Act. The public will expect it.

Derek. I think you're right, dear. Till then—good-bye. (They embrace.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—The Island. At the entrance to a cave leading into the mine, an enormous stone idol stands, reminding one faintly of various friends. Derek is discovered with his two companions—Baxter, an engineer, and Hall, an artist.

Derek. I think all is ready now, if you will kindly summon the natives. As soon as they are here, I shall blow the idol up with dynamite and emerge mysteriously from the cave. The illusion will be helped by the fact that the natives have not yet seen me; and they will take me for a god.

Hall. But they've seen Baxter and me for four days, and they'll know that you're just an Englishman like us.

Derek (coldly). You forget that you've been wearing white shirts with your riding breeches, and I'm wearing a blue one. Besides (with dignity) I'm not just like you. (Proudly) I'm an . . . actor-manager.

Baxter. Yo dinna ken, mon—

Hall (in surprise). Are you a Scotsman?

Baxter. Yes . . . when I remember.

[Derek retires into the cave. Enter the natives in costumes calculated not to shock. They seat themselves in a ring before the idol.

Hall. Ladies and gentlemen, I must request your kind attention for the performance, which is now about to begin. I don't suppose you can understand a word I'm saying, but no matter. We are about to present to you a new god. At the word "go!" your idol will fall down and a gentleman in a blue shirt will appear in its place. Kindly worship him. Is the dynamite ready, Baxter? . . . Go!

[There is a loud explosion. The idol falls down, and Sir HERBERT TREE appears at the mouth of the cave.

Natives (much moved, but mistaking his identity). Waller, waller, waller, waller, waller. Wow-wow. Waller, waller.

Hall. No, you idiots, it's TREE!

Derek (holding out his hands to them). Be not afraid I am the greatest of actor-mana—I mean, I am a great god. (Going up to one of the natives) See, you cannot kill me. Take your spear and try

Natives (doubtfully). I don't want to ruin the play, Sir HERBERT.

Derek (annoyed). You fool, this is hypnotism. (To the other natives) See, he cannot hurt me. I am your father and mother and brother and uncle and second cousin by marriage. Worship me.

Natives. Waller-waller. Wow-wow. Burra-burra.

They worship him for six months.

* * * * *
Hall (to Baxter six months later). Well, how are things going on?

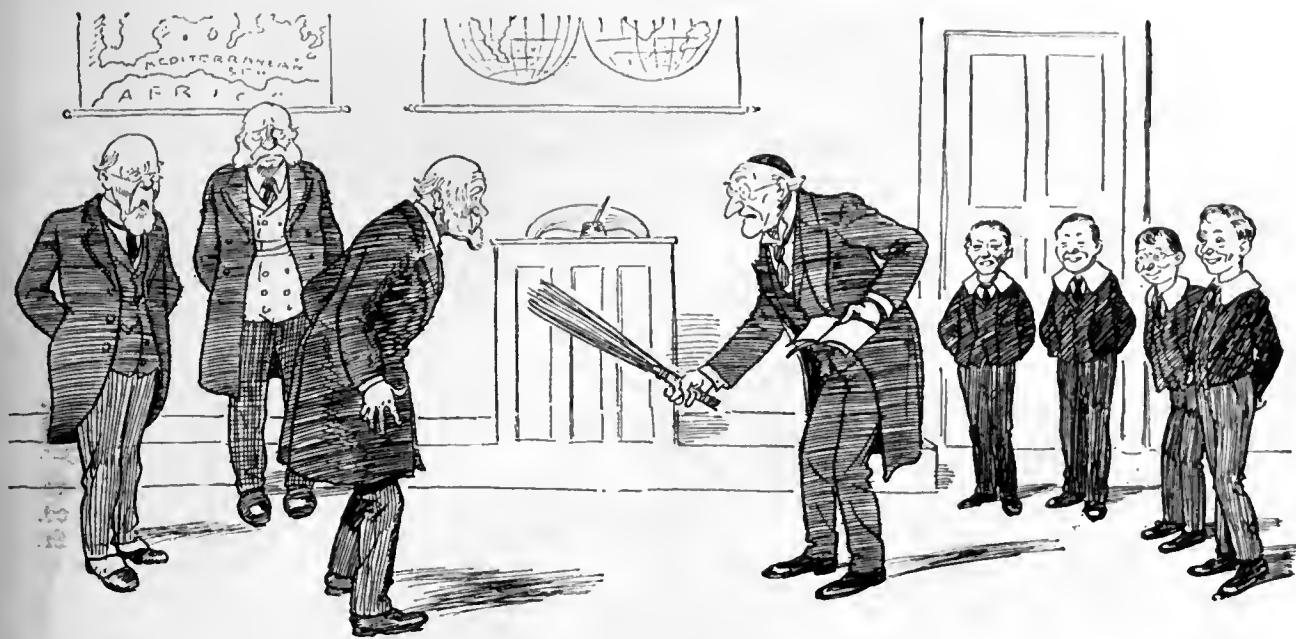
Baxter. They adore him. They do whatever he tells them. They work in the mine or listen to his Pleasant Afternoon Chats with equal willingness.

Hall (appalled). Do they have to do both? I mean . . . there ought to be a choice.

Baxter. The mine is verra, verra deadly. Nobody would work in it if he had a choice.

Hall. Ah, you haven't heard one of his talks. Listen!

Derek. (to natives.) I will now tell



G.E.O.M.

"President POINCARÉ has promised to take part this month in a delightful ceremony at the old school at Bar-le-Duc. All the members still living who formed in 1876 the Classe de Rhétorique are to meet in the same class-room . . . and reconstitute for an hour the scene of thirty-seven years ago."

Mr. A. H. GILKES, M.A., Headmaster of Dulwich College, in an interview said, "As to the possibility of President POINCARÉ's example being followed in England . . . I think that it would stimulate them in every kind of way; and certainly it would delight the boys."—*Daily Paper*.

you about death. Death is only sleep. The morning comes after the night. Twice two is—(rising to his full height and putting his hand on his breast) fer-hore. My children, I am a great prophet. Isaiah and I do say things. Life, my children, is not death . . . and to-morrow to-day will be yesterday. *Ne plus ultra*.

Barter (clinging obstinately to his point). But the mine is very deadly too!

Natives. Wow-wow. Burra-burra. Great god. [Exit.]

Derek (to Hall). What shall I do now? Shall I say some funny things about this picture of yours, and make the pit laugh; or shall I plunge into the mine to rescue a suffocated native and make the gallery clap? I feel I ought to do something. (Decides to do both.) Er—which way up is your picture?

Hall (remembering just in time that Derek saved his life in South Africa). Ha-ha! [An explosion is heard.]

Derek. An explosion—splendid! And now I can rescue somebody. (He dashes into mine and returns with dying native.)

[Enter Clair in evening dress.] Clair. My hero!

Derek (astonished). Clair! This surprises even me, and (proudly) I have had a good deal of experience of the stage.

Clair. It's quite simple, dear. I

came out with my husband in a cruiser. I don't know why he let me come, but we've just arrived. And I put on my thin satin shoes with the high heels, and climbed up through the forest to where I saw your beacon light. Haven't I kept my shoes clean?

Enter Andrew Remmington.

Andrew. Ah, so you've succeeded in working the mine, I hear?

Derek. Remmington, that mine shall never work. It is a deadly place. Close it down.

Andrew. Certainly not!

Derek (nobly). Then you can keep your thirty thousand pounds . . . and—er—my creditors can keep their I.O.U.'s. The natives trust me, and I shall lead them in revolt against you. They trust me, and I shall not send them to their death in your mine.

Andrew (annoyed). In that case I shall ask the cruiser to train some guns on you. [Exit.]

[The guns are heard. Enter naval officers and bluejackets. A brisk fight with the natives takes place, first one side and then the other (and then Clair) gaining a strategic position in front of the audience.]

Derek (to the audience as he whizzes across the stage). If I am killed, tell Clair that I still love her.

[The native death-song is heard, and Derek Arden's body is brought in. Captain Bainbrig (sadly). Alas, poor

Derek! I knew him well . . . at the Bath Club. (Cheerily) Well, what about getting home now?

The Audience (rising). Good!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

IF FLOWERS HAD GHOSTS.

If flowers had ghosts, that thin perfume Of buds long picked should haunt your room—

Your room that dreams in ancient way,

Where beaux have kuelled with Spring's bouquet

For belles in silk of Jacquard's loom;

When wintry fields are bare of bloom They'd come a-tremble from the tomb;

You'd love them when the skies were gray,

If flowers had ghosts!

So now, when April fires the broom And cowslips clamber up the coomb,

You would not—this I greatly pray—

Forget the friends of yesterday, Who spoke of her in days of gloom,

If flowers had ghosts?

"Jingling Bells, which arrest attention and bring on popularity, 1/-."

Advt. in "The Gleaner."

The great thing is to get a good start before the popularity actually arrives.

ON THE BEAUTY OF HAVING TWO DENTISTS.

I USED to employ them alternately, with the strictest impartiality. I may say that I have never had the slightest preference for one over the other. Admittedly, A. has a much better selection of magazines in his waiting-room, and I also prefer his conversation, which is remarkably intelligent. But B. fully compensates for that by the excellence of the view from the window opposite his chair, and, besides, he takes two daily papers. I first gave up the alternative method when B. came to grief over a golden crown which he jammed on to one of my back teeth, driving it home with a hammer at considerable personal inconvenience to me. When it came off at the end of three weeks, I should, of course, have gone back to B. It was his crown, and it was his business to see it through. But I was annoyed about it, and I went to A. It appeared that he had a very poor opinion of gold crowns. After that I introduced a method of recognising merit, which seemed to me perfectly fair to both of them. On the whole I may say that it has worked well. Whenever either of them can put me right for a clear run without toothache for six months or more—I have abominable teeth—I go back to him on the next occasion. But if the run is less than six months I go to the other. You will observe that the scoring is rather after the style of that adopted at Racquets or Fives. You are "in" just as long as you can keep on making points.

A. and B. are of course quite unknown to each other. I maintain the strictest reticence with each of them as to my dental adventures with his colleague. Even in the case of the crown I offered no explanation as to how it had got there. But I always like to observe the eager way in which they begin by making a hasty survey of my mouth to see what has happened there since they last inspected it. And I always imagine them—amiably as they both are in temperament—to be wondering why it is that in the intervals between my visits I allow some incompetent bungler to interfere. Perhaps one or other would protest, but then of course they don't know who it is. It might be the greatest swell in the trade—I mean to say one of the leading specialists.

The upshot is that my teeth are well looked after. Ignorant as the two rivals are of the precise method of scoring, they are both jolly keen to score. They hunt out every vestige of decay in my mouth and pounce upon

the slightest discrepancy. And if one of them can find a hole that has been missed by the other, he simply gloats. I sometimes fear that this healthy competition may be carried too far. I mean to say that there is a danger that they will begin stopping sound teeth as a precautionary measure, for fear the other fellow will get hold of them. I don't want to accuse either of them of being mercenary, but you see I am a sort of little gold-mine to any dentist.

And then I like to observe their little differences in style and temperament. A. is eminently dashing and vigorous and scores rapidly all round the mouth. He likes to have three or four teeth in hand at the same time, covering up one while he visits another. He is never sure about B.'s stoppings. He doesn't think them durable. He sometimes puts in some punishing work with the drill, but he always makes a point of giving you due notice before he hurts you. B. hurts you first and then apologises; he hasn't the same pluck. He is afraid that if he gives you any warning you will get out of hand. He is a very sympathetic, cautious, plodding sort of fellow, and he is never sure about A.'s stoppings; he doesn't think them durable. If he has a fault it is that he is altogether too fond of that beastly little wire, like a pipe-cleaner, with which he prods for hidden nerves.

It depends partly on one's mood. There are days when I can thoroughly enter into the bustle and exhilaration of A.'s impetuous attack; there are days when I would rather entrust myself to the soothing hand of B.

The score is 5 all at present and the game is 7 up.

From a Calcutta catalogue:—

"Bioscope is a wonderful machine. Light in it in the night and wind up the machine it will present a living scene, a terrible fight in the field the soldiers are fighting with lance spear and sword. The horses are running with the speed of a lightning, some are groving for their lives so for about battle. This is not all; Want you to eye pursuit of deer and other ferocious beasts in a chase, sweeping over the bosom of an undulating river."

We shall be delighted.

From the programme of the Wycombe Electroscopist:—

"Shakespeare's Great Play—The Three Musketeers."

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE has gone to High Wycombe to investigate.

"Bootmaker wanted, to make Boots."
Advt. in "Penrith Observer."

And not to feed the goldfish.

THE CHEMIST'S DREAM.

THREE stars shone out with a baleful glare,

Scarlet and green and blue,
And a medley of perfumes smote the air,
Lavender, musk and rue.

And the chemist shook, for a nameless fright

Harried his evening walk,
And his face grew pale in the ghostly light,

Like camphorated chalk.

He was sick to death, he was sore afraid,
For he knew from his sense of smell

That he'd come to the dread phenacetin glade

Where the Hæmoglobins dwell.

Swift and light as the wind-blown chaff
They crowded the path he trod,

With a shriek of joy and a ghoulish laugh
That cracked like a senna pod.

He heard the patter of elfin shoes,

As he fled in that breathless sprint,
And he felt the grip of a deft-flung noose
Of salicylic lint.

They have trussed him tight with borie gauze

To a eucalyptus tree,
With a loofah gag betwixt his jaws
And a bandage round his knee.

Cold ran his blood as a toilet cream,
And the sweat like a perfume spray,

When he saw the glyceero-phosphates gleam

And the trail of powders grey.

And he thought with grief of the life he'd led,

Of his homœopathic pills,
Of the times he had stolen a doctor's bread

Prescribing for coughs and chills;

Of the poor little babes who tossed and turned

In their eagerness to tootie,
Diminutive mites who yowled and yearned

For syrups that really soothe.

And he groaned as he thought of the stout and spare

Who'd sampled his make-shift stuff,
Of the bald old colonels who hoped for hair

On the strength of a printed puff.

Then away to covert the goblins race,
But the chief of the pygmy band

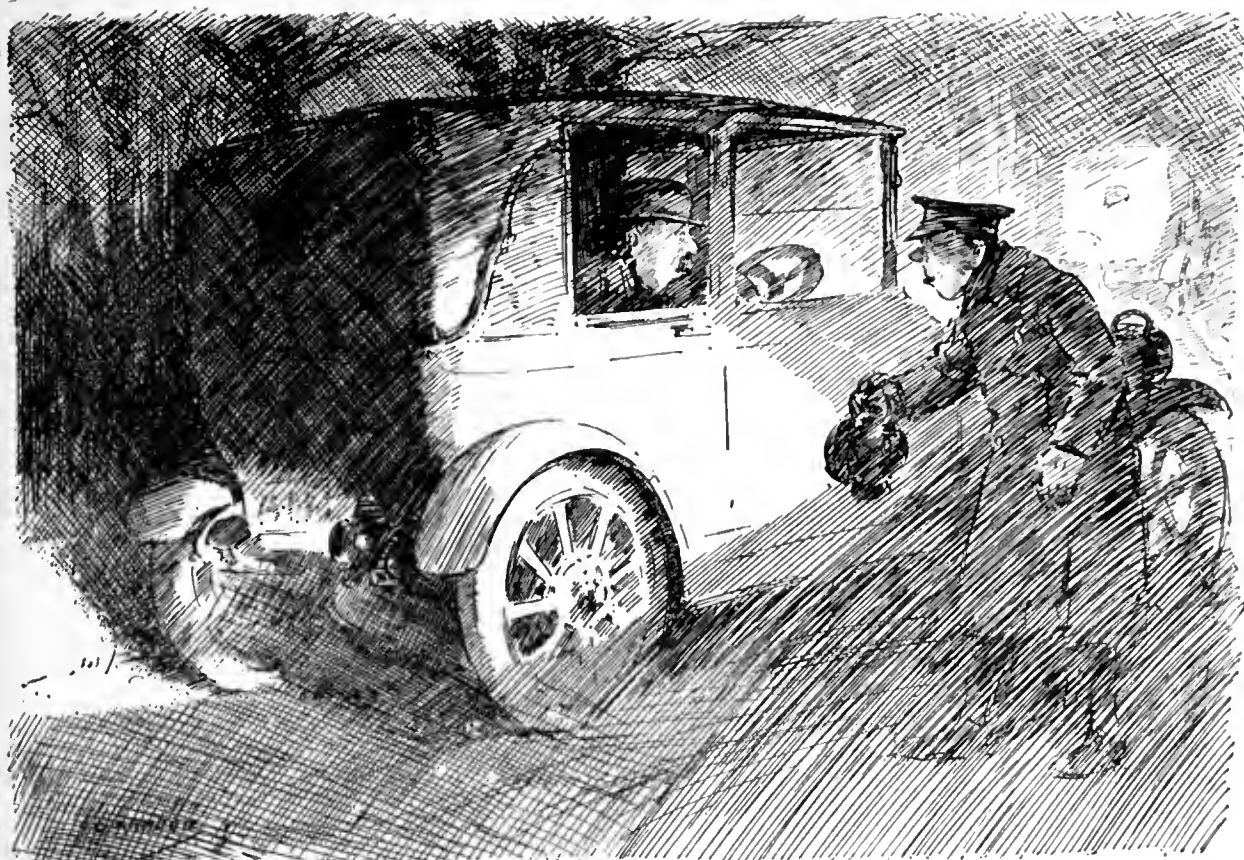
Draws near with a smile on his wizened face

And a nightlight in his hand.

The fuse is fired, the flamelets start
On their journey of spark and smoke—

When just at the really crucial part
The chemist suddenly woke.

J. M. S.



Impatient Owner of Broken-down Car. "WHERE THE MISCHIEF ARE YOU GOING NOW WITH THAT LAMP?"

Lately Converted Groom-Chauffeur. "WELL, SIR, THAT SHOVER AS WAS 'ERE JUST NOW TOLD ME AS 'OW I'D LOST MY COMPRESION, AND I WAS JUST GOING BACK TO SEE IF I COULD FIND IT ALONG THE ROAD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MR. JEFFERY FARNOL is the Red Queen. Never have I been hurried along in such amazing fashion as I was by the author of *The Amateur Gentleman* (SAMPSON LOW), who, taking me with one hand, and *Barnabas Bartly* with the other, showed how the son of *John Bartly* (ex-champion of England and landlord of "The Coursing Hound") came in for a legacy of seven hundred thousand pounds, went forth from his home and, confuting his father's prophecy, became not the least of the Regency bucks. Egad, Sirs! but we went the pace. Foiled villains, now aristocrats, now cut-purses, fell away behind us like hoof-spurned mud; romantic assignations, rescues of the fair, we took in our easy stride; Bow Street runners shouted helplessly in our wake; we diced, we steeplechased, we duelled, for all but six hundred pages without a pause for a lemon or a sponge. And, oh, the brave spirit and the air of it all. MR. JEFFERY FARNOL flicks aside probability with an elegant handkerchief; he takes a coincidence as easily as a pinch of snuff. He arranges to restore a long-lost daughter or frustrate a murder between two mouthfuls of a mighty round of beef. Well, well. And if we didn't see *Barnabas Bartly* walking arm-in-arm with the First Gentleman in Europe at the end, we married him at least to the fairest lady in England, and what more do you want than that? But I can tell you I was devilish out of breath before it was done.

In *The Combined Maze* (HUTCHINSON) MISS MAY SINCLAIR has given us a story of sombre and relentless realism,

set in the unpromising scenery of Wandsworth and of Southfields, that "Paradise of Little Clerks." That the lower middle classes may furnish as good a theme as you can want for high romance she abundantly proved in *The Divine Fire*; but here she rejects all beauty of imagination, except in the character of one girl, a sort of serious *Wendy*, who mothers the young man of the book. This hero, a shining light of the Polytechnic Gymnasium, belongs to a type hitherto, as far as I know, unexplored. A keen and clean-hearted enthusiast for physical culture, with definite ideals of "decency" and a profound contempt for all forms of "flabbiness," he is the last person you would expect to fall under the fascination of a merely erotic woman. Yet he commits this error; and, foreseeing the possible result (as they never do in books or on the stage), he insists, against her will, in trying to repair his mistake by marriage. In the end his very virtue, assisted by the worst of luck, is his undoing.

I am so familiar with Miss SINCLAIR's power of projecting herself, by sheer force of imagination, into circumstances of which she cannot have had any personal knowledge that I was quite prepared for her to give me a very probable account of the sort of event in which I am certain that she never took an active part—namely, a hurdle-race. But for once her creative gift was at fault. I can assure her, from experience, that in such competitions a runner's attention is too closely fixed upon his immediate purpose to be distracted by the waving of any woman's handkerchief. Perhaps she will also accept my authority for the statement that there is no tram-line that goes to Putney Heath. But these are very small trifles; and for all that

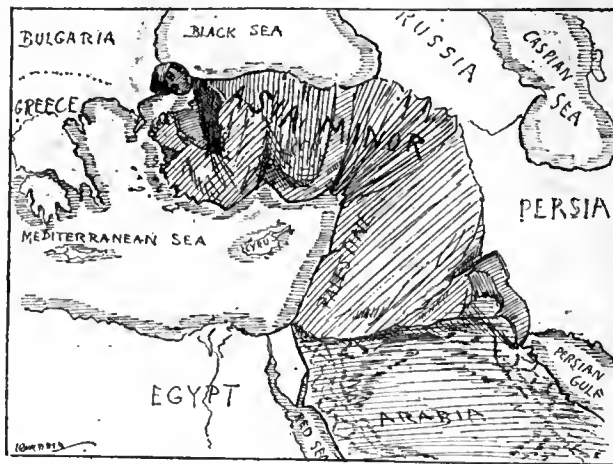
matters Miss SINCLAIR has a deadly sureness of touch. One defect, however, she retains. In her passionate anxiety to be masculine at all costs, she is apt to overlook the best feature of the male mind—its regard for reticence.

The house-party that *Arnold Callthrop* assembled at Monkshill must have been a singularly unpleasant one for everybody, but more especially for *Madeline Newmarch*. The position was that *Arnold* and his wife *Lily* detested each other, but, in order that sufficient show of respectability might be kept up to allow of his inclusion in a Radical Cabinet, they had agreed to join forces for this entertainment. Now *Lily*, who, besides being a fool, drank heavily, had taken a violent fancy to *Madeline* and insists that the latter's presence was the only thing that would keep her responsible during the week. The trouble was that *Madeline*, as nice a woman as need be, had already fallen violently in love with *Callthrop* and he with her. So there you are! What should *M.* do? I may add that the situation occurs in *The Right Honourable Gentleman* (CONSTABLE), to which Mr. W. E. NORRIS has brought all the facility and lightness of touch that have so long endeared him to an enormous public. So you can rest assured that the Monkshill shoot is excellent fun for the reader; but as a participant—no, I should have had a telegram on the first morning! What came of it all I won't reveal; the interest is so well kept up by a sufficiency of unexpected incidents that I should be spoiling your pleasure. There is at least one character, *Callthrop* himself, the ex-Conservative who became a Radical-Socialist, that seems worthy of a bigger setting: but Mr. NORRIS has chosen to make only a sketch of him. This he has done very well; while the attitude of his country neighbours towards the "traitor" is wholly realistic.

Considering that Mr. FRANKFORD MOORE's latest book is almost wholly concerned with Miss FANNY BURNEY's *Evelina*, he is perhaps justified in calling it *Fanny's First Novel* (HUTCHINSON). I assume, of course, that Mr. BERNARD SHAW, as a matter of courtesy, was invited to attend the christening. I have so often praised Mr. MOORE's books that I feel licensed to make a complaint about this one. Why then, in the name of an admirer of Miss BURNEY, does he represent her brother as a mere buffoon? Poor JAMES, with his "nautical" wink and clap-trap, is nothing more nor less than a figure of fun, and of very insipid fun at that. In telling the story of the production of *Evelina* Mr. MOORE succeeds in conveying the excitement of a first creation, but for the rest he is little more successful in his attempt to make fact into fiction than most novelists are in trying to make fiction read as if it were fact. I like him best when he is not dealing with the "delightful circle which includes such interesting personages as Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick," etc.; but that does not prevent me from advising those who are inquisitive about Miss BURNEY to read this novel—always provided that they have never had the curiosity to read Miss BURNEY herself.

Mr. E. F. BENSON keeps us learned clerks very busy, but, as far as I at any rate am concerned, he is welcome. He has an almost uncanny and certainly delightful insight into people's mental insides and, except that he can never deny himself an aristocratic lineage or two, he deals in those commonplace souls with which for the most part we have to live and which we want to understand. There are plenty of them in *The Weaker Vessel* (HEINEMANN), and there is also a very disturbing element in the less usual *Harry Whittaker*, the brilliant dramatist. Meteoric success in any line is an easy and frequent affair in novels, but in his case it is amply justified and compensated; his greatness is not thrust upon him but is part of his nature, his weak and vicious self. The unswerving affection of his wife, a virtue admirable in life but dullish to contemplate in the ordinary way, is made remarkable here by her intimate knowledge of his failings, his love of the bottle and the other woman in particular. *Eleanor* is as startling, yet credible, as *Harry* up to a point; it is only when she takes to the stage and leaps into immediate and remunerative popularity herself that one begins to have one's doubts of her. This she should

never have done or been allowed to do; it interferes with one's enjoyment of Mr. BENSON's deft analysis of a gifted author's exterior and interior circumstances, a thing which everyone who has ever set pen to paper (and who has not, nowadays?) will thoroughly appreciate. There are, I reckon, about 132,650 words in the book, but only one of them I am inclined to criticise. *Marian Anstruther*, wicked, wicked woman though she was, had no business, even when confronted with her wickedness, to bow "steelly." Except for that one lapse, she was a splendid figure and by far the most real of the theatrical celebrities who intervened. Even in cold print she fascinated me dangerously.



TURKEY (JUST) IN EUROPE.

A Good Offer.

"An educated and well-accomplished girl wanted for a boy aged 26, whose wife has recently died with Pneumonia. The boy is 2½ ghar Kapur, strong, stout and beautiful."

Advt. in "Lahore Tribune."

We thought for a moment that "ghar Kapur" meant "round the waist," but obviously it doesn't.

From the Easter Signalling Notes issued to Territorials of the London Division:—

"Smoking is allowed as long as it does not interfere with the work, but when the D.S.O. or any senior officers approach the station it would be as well if they were removed for the time being."

We hope somebody will ask a question about this direct incitement to mutiny.

"This is the reason why Montenegro, while allowing the Archbishop of Prizrend to inquire about the alleged murder of a Catholic priest near Ipek, has objected to an Austrian Consul being despatched with him."—Daily Telegraph.

We suspect that the chief objection to his being despatched with the Catholic priest came from the Austrian Consul.

CHARIVARIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES made a lightning tour of Frankfurt the other day, exploring the cathedral in five minutes, and there is some talk of making him an honorary American.

A Bill to prohibit the use of motor-cars for the conveyance of electors to or from the poll has been introduced by Sir CHARLES HENRY. It is, of course, extremely annoying to be continually asked to lend one's car for this purpose.

It is denied that Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT intends to seek election for Parliament. He is reported to have expressed the view that the best Admirals do not enter Parliament.

Complaint has been made on the grouse moors in the Glenesk district of Forfarshire that the birds fly away at the noisy approach of an aeroplane. The military authorities express the opinion that the grouse will gradually become accustomed to the flying machines. Should this not prove to be the case, the air branch of our army will of course be dropped, for it must not be allowed to interfere with sport.

The steam cutter of *H.M.S. Impérieuse*, the dépôt ship at Portland, was missing one day last week, and it was ascertained by a diver that she had rubbed a hole in her side against the piles of the coaling dock, and then filled and gone down. Locally it is considered a clear case of suicide, for the *Impérieuse* was to be sold out of the service next month, and the cutter evidently preferred death to dishonour.

"ILLUMINATED PILLAR-BOXES CANADA SETS AN EXAMPLE" Thus *The Observer*. But surely our Suffragettes deserve the credit for the innovation?

"The result of a poll by *The Era* of the actresses of England on the subject of women's votes was," we are told, "244 in favour, 326 against, and 845 indifferent." We are shocked to hear that there are so many indifferent actresses in this country.

A pathetic incident is reported from Peterborough. In the stomach of a bullock which was slaughtered there were found a sovereign, a shilling, and a halfpenny. The poor beast is supposed to have been putting money by for his old age, and it is hard that he should have died without being able to enjoy his little savings.

Oh, these modern mothers! Kitty, the giraffe at the Zoo, is refusing to

takes place and a husband discovers one fine morning that his wife has gone out in his golfing suit!

Any attempt to brighten up the "Matches, Matches and Dispatches" columns of our newspapers is to be welcomed, and we tender our grateful thanks to the couple whose marriage was announced in *The Times* last week under the heading, "LANK-CUFF." If ever there was an ideal union, surely we have it here.

From Senlis, in France, comes the news of the disappearance in the night of the clock of the famous church of Noel St. Martin. Time flies.

We are glad to hear that the Bishop of CARLISLE was wrongly reported in a contemporary as stating that he was considering whether it would not be wise to make "vice culture" a condition of ordination. It should have been "voice culture."

A DISPASSIONATE CONVERSATION.

"WHEN I was quite a young man," he said, "I used to write down every evening before I went to bed some humorous anecdote, and I kept up the custom for many years. That is how I became a bore. How did you manage it?"

"I don't know," I said; "I think I was born that way. Not that I am a bore in the senso that you are a bore."

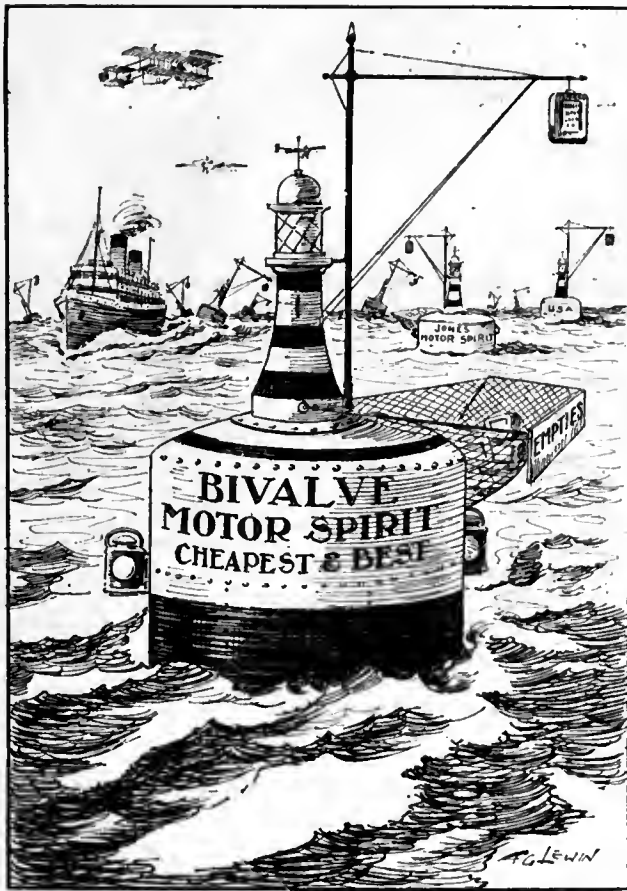
"Of course not," he replied briskly, "otherwise I should find you better company. It is the passive element in you which I find so disturbing.

Your disconcerting silences; or that awful solitary 'Yes,' which is worse than any silence."

"Yes," I said.

"Now the men I meet at the club," he continued, "the real professionals, who imagine that a game of bridge or a round of golf can be talked about—they are interesting, psychologically, anyway, and at times their enthusiasm is almost infectious. But you are just a wet blanket—if I may use the term without offence—a bore without the courage of his convictions."

"I have no convictions," I said, "except that I am a bore."



OCEAN PETROL STATIONS.

A NECESSITY OF THE FUTURE FOR CROSS-ATLANTIC AIRMEN, AND AN OPPORTUNITY AFFORDING AMPLE SCOPE FOR COMPETITIVE COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

feed her baby, who is now being brought up on the bottle.

A correspondent describes in *The Express* a new method of keeping a weather record, giving each day good or bad marks according to its pleasantness or unpleasantness. We fancy, however, that if an improvement is to be effected much sterner measures than these will have to be adopted.

M. LEON BAKST considers that we are marching towards the fusion of the masculine and feminine costumes. And a pretty row there will be if the fusion

A SAD BUSINESS.

"LISTEN to this, Francesca," I said.

"Will it take long?" she replied. "Because I happen to be very busy."

"And that," I said, "is just what you ought to be if you are to appreciate what I am going to read to you."

"Come on, then," she said; "let us get it over quickly."

"I am not sure," I said, "that I like that tone. It does not strike me as sympathetic."

She opened her eyes wide, parted her lips, and yearned forward towards me. "Now," she said, "you can proceed. I am brimming over with sympathy. Let me hear your sad story and do what I can to comfort you."

"Do not glare at me," I said. "You discompose me. There, that's better. What I am going to read to you is from *The Daily News*. It is an interview with Mr. H. E. MORGAN, and it is all about the sorrows and sufferings of business men."

"But Tom doesn't suffer much," she said. "If he has sorrows he conceals them well."

"Is your brother Tom a real business man?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "He is on the Stock Exchange. He knows a lot about shares and debentures, and he plays a great deal of golf. He also shoots pheasants and disapproves of the Government. Oh yes, I am sure Tom is a business man, and a high-spirited one."

"But," I urged, "he may have a secret sorrow all the same. Even while he plays leap-frog with his companions in the Stock Exchange a canker may be gnawing at his vitals. His jests may be a mask. You know the clown when he leaves the theatre and goes home——"

"My brother Tom is no clown," she said with dignity.

"You must not catch me up like that," I said. "How do you know that he is not the saddest man in the world when he is away from you in his lonely home?"

"I cannot say," she said. "I have not yet been lucky enough to see him when he was away from me."

"Incorrigible one," I said. "You are pleased to be merry. Now listen to Mr. H. E. MORGAN. The article is headed, 'The Business Man as Hero. How he is Hampered by his Womankind.'"

"But Tom," she said, "has no womankind. Tom is a bachelore, like Mr. Peggotty."

"We will leave out Tom and Mr. Peggotty," I said, "and we will devote ourselves to Mr. MORGAN."

"No," she said, "I will not devote myself to Mr. MORGAN. I will do much for you, but not that."

"Francesca," I said, "you shall not escape me. You shall hear what this man says."

"I have been pining to hear it for half-an-hour," she said, "but you have refused to gratify me."

"Then listen," I said, "and tremble. Let me see, where is it? 'Marconi scenes'—no, it's not that. 'Europe's determination'—dear me, where—— Ah, here it is. Now then for Mr. MORGAN. These are his burning words: 'I do not ask that the business man should be coddled or kept in cotton-wool, but I do maintain that hitherto he has had far less than his just share of feminine support and sympathy.' There, Francesca, what do you say to that?"

"It is most touching," she said; "but is that all?"

"No," I said, "worse remains behind: 'When a barrister gets his first brief, a doctor his first case, or when an artist sells his first picture or a novelist his first book, his wife is full of pride and joy.' Is that true?"

"It may be," she said; "but are they not all a little young to be married? You sold your first book long before we met. I had no chance to be full of pride and joy."

"No, but you would have been, wouldn't you? Listen

again: 'But when a business man gets his first "rise," which has, perhaps, cost him one cannot say how much brain-power, energy and industry, he usually gets scant appreciation from his wife. No man has to plough a more lonely furrow than the average business man making a career for himself.'"

"I cannot bear much more of this," said Francesca, wiping her eyes. "It is most pitiful. But I shouldn't have been like that. If you had been an average business man and had got your first 'rise' I should have spread a feast in your honour. I should have talked of your brain-power to everybody. I should have given the children a treat, and should have explained to them the energy and industry, yes, and the goodness of their father, for you are good—I mean, you would have been good if you had been an average business man, but as it is you are merely a writer, and——" She broke down and sobbed.

"Thank you, Francesca," I said. "You are slightly confused, but you have a kind heart. I will now finish with Mr. MORGAN: 'Many mothers would prefer to see their daughters married to a failure in any of the more showy professions than to a successful business man——'"

"Mamma isn't like that," said Francesca.

"Please do not interrupt: 'Sisters are always glad for their brother to pilot them about if he happens to be a soldier or a sailor; but if he is merely in an office they show no such desire.' Is that accurate?"

"Well," said Francesca, "there's something in it. We do like sailors and soldiers even when they're not in uniform. They're more ready to pilot, you know, and they've got more time. They give their minds to piloting, and the business man thinks it a bore. Still, business men can be very agreeable. They've generally got lots of money, though they don't throw it about like sailors and soldiers."

"That may be," I said; "but how shall we answer Mr. MORGAN?"

"I don't think we'll worry about him," she said. "We're not business men and we've no right to speak." R. C. L.

THE TRUE KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

[In many cases recently Suffragettes have only been saved from severe treatment at the hands of the public through the sturdy protection afforded them by the police.]

ROBERT, O Robert, my brave knight-errant,

Lending your aid to assaulted Suff.,

Your duty disdaining the strong deterrent

That *they've* used *you* like the toughest "toughs;"

Not less to chivalrous deeds you're bound

Than the olden Knights of the Table Round!

And of all those gents of the blameless Order

Sir Gareth's the one who was most your style—

Lynette's young man, who was sworn to ward her,

And did it, however she might revile,

She insulted him, Robert; she chose to flout

The limb of the King. But he helped her out.

Ever he answered in gentle fashion,

Escorting her safe from the clutch of her foe;

And you, whom the fist of the Suff. falls crash on,

Have scorned to retaliate, well we know;

Keeping your knightly vows in mind,

You stand between her and enraged mankind.

Go it, then, gallant Sir Gareth-Robert,

Heir of the old chivalric days!

Talon and tooth of the suffrage mob hurt

Your skin, but your honour they fail to graze;

England is proud of you; *Mr. Punch*

Would shake your hand and endure the crunch.





"PLEASE, SIR, 'T WASN'T ME!"

SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT!

LIVELY sympathy has been expressed in many quarters with President WOODROW WILSON in his toilsome endeavours to secure suitable diplomatic representatives for the United States at the principal European capitals; but this sympathy will be heightened tenfold when the public learns the inner history of these negotiations. It is generally known that Dr. ELIOT, ex-President of Harvard, and Mr. OLNEY, the Secretary of State in Mr. CLEVELAND'S Administration, aged respectively 79 and 80, both declined the honour; but the English Press knows nothing yet of President WOODROW WILSON'S previous conscientious efforts to secure men for these posts who by their age and dignity would specially appeal to the Old World.

We have it on the best authority that he applied to GEORGE BANCROFT (born in 1800) and NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (born in 1804) before making overtures to Dr. ELIOT and Mr. OLNEY; also that amongst other eminent publicists, professors and warriors to whom he applied were the following:—

- Professor Galusha Muldrup Tittle, aged 91.
- Dr. John Fletcher Pinchback, aged 93.
- Admiral Sherman Tecumseh McClung, aged 88.

General Erastus Blodgett, aged 84.
Judge Epaphroditus Pennypacker, aged 99.

Colonel Myron Goslee Killikely, aged 82.

Professor Moses Seneca Spratling, aged 103.

Somewhat depressed by the fact that the persons named either declined the offer or, in the case of Messrs. BANCROFT, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, POE and SPRATLING, actually refrained from answering him at all, Professor WILSON then decided to break new ground altogether. "GUNBOAT" SMITH, the famous American pugilist, who was approached by President WOODROW WILSON at this stage of his protracted quest, has stated to a representative of *The New York Undercut* the motives which obliged him to decline the honour. These motives, he explains, were partly political and racial, partly financial and partly hygienic and ethical. "GUNBOAT" SMITH, it appears, is of Irish-American descent, and is animated by the keenest sympathy for Irish Nationalist aspirations. For him, therefore, to accept the post of Ambassador at St. James's before the Home Rule Bill was placed on the Statute Book would naturally be resented by millions of his brother Irish-Americans, including Senator O'GORMAN, and would place him in a very false position. Secondly, he could

not afford to accept a post which would oblige him to leave the ring when he was earning an income more than ten times as large as the salary attached to the appointment. Thirdly, as a convinced teetotaler he felt strong conscientious scruples about accepting a position which would involve a great deal of entertainment, in which the provision of alcoholic beverages was inevitable. Lastly, he was far too young to accept an appointment which had been offered in the first instance to men of seventy-nine years and upwards.

The various reasons which have led other gentlemen to refuse the flattering offer would fill a book. But, as Mr. CHAUNCEY DEWEY, the famous American wit, has so aptly said, one can always turn to a new Page, and this is what the President has done. All good luck to the PAGE which he has chosen!

Another Impending Apology.

"Visits were paid to Rotterdam, where a visit to the Zoo helped to form most pleasant recollections of our Dutch friends."

Sportsman.

"Tallangatta, Tuesday. — Mr. — was giving a demonstration of the best method of throwing a horse, when the animal fell on him and broke his leg." — *Colonial Paper.*

We like his spirit.

THE UNSETTLER.

I HAD been house-hunting, of course vainly, and after a long wait succeeded in getting a fly at the village inn to drive me to the nearest station. I don't say I had seen nothing I liked, but nothing that was empty. As a matter of fact I had seen one very charming place, but every window had an infernal blind in it and the chimneys were sending up their confounded smoke; and I was in a vile temper. None the less, when a little man in black suddenly appeared before me and begged to be allowed to share my cab (and its fare), I agreed. He began to talk at once, and having disposed of the weather, Sir RUFUS ISAACS, the Grand National and the want of enterprise shown in the ordinary English village, he said that his business took him a good deal into unfamiliar places.

Having nothing to reply to this, I asked him what his business was.

"I'm an unsettler," he said.

"An unsettler?"

"Yes. It's not a profession that we talk much about, because the very essence of it is secrecy, but it's genuine enough and there are thousands of us. Of course we do other things as well, such as insurance agency, but unsettling pays best."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well," he explained, "it's like this. Say you are thinking of moving and you want another house. You can't find an empty one that you like, of course. No one can. But you differ from other persons in being unwilling to make a compromise. You will either wait till you find one that you do like, or you will go without. But meanwhile you see plenty of occupied houses that you like, just as every one else does. But you differ from other persons in being unwilling to believe that you can't have what you want. This makes my opportunity. You return to the agent and tell him that the only house you liked was (say) a white one at East Windles. 'It was not one on your list,' you say; 'in fact it was occupied. It is the house on the left, in its own grounds, just as you enter the village. There is a good lawn and a wonderful clipped yew hedge.' 'Oh, yes,' says the agent, 'the Old Parsonage.' 'Who lives there?' you ask. 'An old lady named Burgess,' says the agent—'Miss Burgess.' 'Would she leave?' you ask. 'I should very much

doubt it,' says the agent, 'but I could, of course, sound her.' 'I'll give you twenty-five pounds,' you say, 'if you can induce her to quit;' and off you go. It is then that the unsettler comes in. The agent sends for me and tells me the story; and I set to work. The old lady has got to be dislodged. Now what is it that old ladies most dislike? I ask myself. It depends, of course; but on general principles a scare about the water is safe, and a rumour of ghosts is safe. The water-scare upsets the mistress; the ghost-scare upsets the maids. Having decided on my line of action, I begin to spread reports, very cautiously, of course, but with careful calculation, and of course never appearing in it myself; and gradually, bit



THE HOME CINEMATOGRAPH FOR SUFFERERS FROM INSOMNIA.

by bit, Miss Burgess takes a dislike to the place. Not always, of course. Some of them are most unreasonable. But sooner or later most of them fall to the bait and you get the house. That's my profession, Sir."

"Well," I said, "I think it's a black-guard one."

"Oh, Sir!" he replied. "Live and let live."

"It's funny, all the same," I added, "that I should have run across you, because I've been looking for a house for some time and the only one I liked was tenanted."

He pulled out a pocket-book. "Yes?" he said, moistening his pencil.

But I have nothing more to tell you about the little beast.

"He was a handsome young fellow, standing six feet in his socks and well-proportioned to boot."—*London Mail*.

What size were his boots?

LITERARY NOTES.

WE are informed authoritatively that the novel just published by Mr. MURRAY and entitled *The Arnold Lip* has no reference, offensive or otherwise, to any other firm of publishers; while we have reason to believe that the novel in Mr. ARNOLD'S Spring list entitled *Nash and Some Others*, makes no allusion, direct or indirect, to Mr. EVELEIGH NASH.

No particulars are forthcoming regarding a new novel which Mr. ARNOLD has nearly ready, entitled *The Jaw of John Murray*, but we believe it is to be of a striking nature.

Among publications shortly to be expected from Mr. NASH is a novel under the title *That Fellow Arnold and his Little Lot*, which we are given to understand will be highly satirical in character.

Upon enquiry we learn that Mr. SECKER is preparing a new edition of *The Sunken Bell* entirely without reference, expressed or implied, to the fortunes of another publishing house.

Mr. LONG, who has met with a stupendous demand before publication for *The Peculations of Paul*, expressed a hope to our representative that the novel, which deals with the love story of a fraudulent solicitor, will on no account be associated with the head of a rival house of publishers, with whom his relations continue to remain most cordial.

Messrs. PAUL have found themselves compelled to go to press with an immense edition of a remarkable new novel entitled *Who's Ouseley?*

So unprecedented is the demand for *The Great John Long* that Messrs. HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM are completely exhausted before publication.

The Fat Poor.

Mr. CHURCHILL as reported in *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"The other measure is to reduce the cost of the Osborne and Dartmouth course, in order that a larger lad than is at present possible may be able to afford to enter the navy."

From an advt. of an Aeroplane Display in *The Knutsford Guardian*:—

"The Flying Exhibition can only be seen from the Ground."

Then we shall remain there, and nothing shall induce us to go up.



THE BON MOT CLUB HAD A VERY DISTRESSING EXPERIENCE AT THEIR LAST WEEKLY DINNER. THREE PAINFUL MINUTES DRAGGED PAST WITHOUT ANY MEMBER BEING ABLE TO THINK OF A SINGLE WITTY REMARK.

NON BENE RELICTA.

(A Tragedy of the Line.)

OF Cores blent and Dionysus' bloom,
 Offspring of vineyards and the harvest sun,
 I bought it in the Rhyl refreshment-room,
 A plain sultana bun.
 For this some English farmer ploughed the plain,
 For this men toiled beneath an Orient flag;
 My purpose was to munch it in the train
 Out of a paper bag.
 So far so good. I laid it by my side,
 Meaning to browse at leisure, and to know
 What beauties of the harem, laughing-eyed,
 Lurked in the screen of dough.
 Oh snobbery! Oh sad self-consciousness!
 Into my carriage, whilst I still delayed,
 Climbed, with exceeding care about her dress,
 A glorious English maid.
 I marked her face, I marked her queenly guise,
 I marked her hat, and "What," I whispered, "feed
 Off bun before those proud patrician eyes—
 I dare not do the deed.
 "What if she lifts perchance her Norman nose,
 As who should say, 'A churl of loutish kind,
 He eats his food from paper bags!'" I rose,
 I left my targe behind.
 I rose and went into the corridor
 And found a carriage sacred to the pipe.
 The bag? The paper bag? 'Twas not my store;
 Some proletariat ype

Had left it on the seat, a cast-off shame;
 I found it when I took the train at Rhyl.
 Ugh! the vile object. Stations went and came
 And I grew hungrier still. . . .

We stopped at Chester. I went softly back,
 Hoping against all hope the girl had flown,
 And, after long pain and exhaustion's rack,
 Love might resume its own.

Alas, no luck. The maiden still was there.
 I grasped my courage then in either hand.
 My bun, my little bun! I did not care—
 Death gnawed beneath my band.

I turned my eyes towards my former place,
 Thon reeled and turned again; she still sat on,
 That haughty charmer with the proud, cold face,
 Yes, but my bag was gone!

Nothing betrayed the marble of her cheek;
 Only on one red lip—ah, horror dumb—
 Stern with the old disdain that left me weak,
 Trembled a lonely crumb.

Evor.

From *The Summerfield Parish Magazine* :—

"The Superintendent of the City Road Sunday School acknowledges with best thanks the following gifts:—Mrs. Woodward, 5/-; Mrs. Mence, 2/-; Mr. Watkins, 2/6; Mrs. Andrews, 5/-."

"My dear, fancy Mr. WATKINS!"

"The Scottish law officers receive salaries inclusive of all business."
Evening News.

It doesn't sound as though they did much business.

AN INSURANCE ACT.

OF course I had always known that a medical examination was a necessary preliminary to insurance, but in my own case I had expected the thing to be the merest formality. The doctor, having seen at a glance what a fine strong healthy fellow I was, would look casually at my tongue, apologise for having doubted it, enquire genially what my grandfather had died of, and show me to the door. This idea of mine was fostered by the excellent testimonial which I had written myself at the Company's bidding. "Are you suffering from any constitutional disease?—No. Have you ever had gout?—No. Are you deformed?—No. Are you of strictly sober and temperate habits?—No," I mean Yes. My replies had been a model of what an Assurance Company expects. Then why the need of a doctor?

However, they insisted.

The doctor began quietly enough. He asked, as I had anticipated, after the health of my relations. I said that they were very fit, and, not to be outdone in politeness, expressed the hope that *his* people, too, were keeping well in this trying weather. He wondered if I drank much. I said, "Oh, well, perhaps I *will*," with an apologetic smile, and looked round for the sideboard. Unfortunately he did not pursue the matter. . . .

"And now," he said, after the hundredth question, "I should like to look at your chest."

I had seen it coming for some time. In vain I had tried to turn the conversation—to lead him back to the subject of drinks or my relations. It was no good. He was evidently determined to see my chest. Nothing could move him from his resolve.

Trembling, I prepared for the encounter. What terrible disease was he going to discover?

He began by tapping me briskly all over in a series of double-knocks. For the most part one double-knock at any point appeared to satisfy him, but occasionally there would be no answer and he would knock again. At one spot he knocked four times before he could make himself heard.

"This," I said to myself at the third knock, "has torn it. I shall be ploughed," and I sent an urgent message to my chest, "For 'eving's sake do something, you fool. Can't you hear the gentleman?" I suppose that roused it, for at the next knock he passed on to an adjacent spot. . . .

"Um," he said, when he had called everywhere, "um."

"I wonder what I've done," I

thought to myself. "I don't believe he likes my chest."

Without a word he got out his stethoscope and began to listen to me. As luck would have it he struck something interesting almost at once, and for what seemed hours he stood there listening and listening to it. But it was boring for me, because I really had very little to do. I could have bitten him in the neck with some ease . . . or I might have licked his ear. Beyond that, nothing seemed to offer.

I moistened my lips and spoke.

"Am I dying?" I asked in a broken voice.

"Don't talk," he said. "Just breathe naturally."

"I am dying," I thought, "and he is hiding it from me." It was a terrible reflection.

"Um," he said and moved on.

By-and-by he went and listened behind my back. It is very bad form to listen behind a person's back. I did not tell him so, however. I wanted him to like me.

"Yes," he said. "Now cough."

"I haven't a cough," I pointed out.

"Make the noise of coughing," he said severely.

Extremely nervous, I did my celebrated imitation of a man with an irritating cough.

"H'm! h'm! h'm! h'm!"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Go on."

"He likes it," I said to myself, "and he must obviously be an excellent judge. I shall devote more time to mimicry in future. H'm! h'm! h'm! . . ."

The doctor came round to where I could see him again.

"Now cough like this," he said. "Honk! honk!"

I gave my celebrated imitation of a sick rhinoceros gasping out its life. It went well. I got an encore.

"Um," he said gravely, "um." He put his stethoscope away and looked earnestly at me.

"Tell me the worst," I begged. "I'm not bothering about this stupid insurance business now. That's off, of course. But—how long have I? I must put my affairs in order. Can you promise me a week?"

He said nothing. He took my wrists in his hands and pressed them. It was evident that grief over-mastered him and that he was taking a silent farewell of me. I bowed my head. Then, determined to bear my death-sentence like a man, I said firmly, "So be it," and drew myself away from him.

However, he wouldn't let me go.

"Come, come," I said to him, "you must not give way;" and I made an

effort to release my hand, meaning to pat him encouragingly on the shoulder.

He resisted. . . .

I realised suddenly that I had mistaken his meaning, and that he was simply feeling my pulses.

"Um," he said, "um," and continued to finger my wrists.

Clenching my teeth, and with the veins starting out on my forehead, I worked my pulses as hard as I could.

* * * * *

"Ah," he said, as I finished tying my tie; and he got up from the desk where he had been making notes of my disastrous case, and came over to me. "There is just one thing more. Sit down."

I sat down.

"Now cross your knees."

I crossed my knees. He bent over me and gave me a sharp tap below the knee with the side of his hand.

My chest may have disappointed him . . . He may have disliked my back . . . Possibly I was a complete failure with my pulses . . . But I knew the knee-trick.

This time he should not be disappointed.

I was taking no risks. Almost before his hand reached my knee, my foot shot out and took him fairly under the chin. His face suddenly disappeared.

"I haven't got *that* disease," I said cheerily. A. A. M.

THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo, when the lambkins bleat,
Does nothing else but sing and eat.
The other birds in dale and dell
Sing also—but they work as well.

When daisies star the April sward
His eggs he places out to board,
That when his nursery should be full
He may not be responsible.

When other birds, from rocks to wrens,
Good husbands are and citizens,
The cuckoo's little else beyond
A captivating vagabond.

The other birds who dawn acclaim,
Their songs are sweet but much the same;
The cuckoo has a ruder tone
But absolutely all his own.

Now where's the bard that it would irk
To eat his meals and not to work?—
And it's prodigiously worth while
To have an individual style.

So I would be the cuckoo bold
And loaf in meadows white-and-gold,
And make a song unique as his
And shirk responsibilities.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE LATER EDITION.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who now and then liked a little flutter on the Turf. Rarely did he win, but he did not risk much, and he had probably as much fun for his losses as he would have obtained in any other way and not much more expensively. Well, after a long and dreary winter of steeplechasing and hurdling, in which he took very little interest, the flat season at last opened again and all the world was full of talk of the Lincolnshire Handicap; and "the curtain being rung up on the Carholme," and all the old tropes of sporting journalism were trotted out; and in common with most of the male population of the British Isles, and not a few women, this gambler was exercised in his mind as to what would win. There was a very large field—over twenty horses—to pick from, and since none of them had done anything since November, and much may happen to a horse during the winter, the race was exceedingly open, nor was the decision made any easier by the conflicting advice of the prophets and the sons of the prophets, each of whom had a different fancy. So he made up his mind to choose for himself, and, after much searching of heart and the destruction of many telegraph forms, he at last despatched to his commission agent a message desiring him to back Cuthbert both ways for five pounds, and having done this he resolutely forgot all about the race until the boys began to shout the result in the streets. Even then he declined to be hurried, but with a great affectation of apathy he bought a paper, and when he saw that his own Cuthbert, child of his prescience, was first at 100 to 6 you could have knocked him down with an osprey, for this meant over £100 in hand. He retired to his club and let his mind run on what he would do with it. There was a little picture at CHRISTIE'S in the Friday's sale which had much attracted him—he could now have that; and the new limited edition of KIPLING; and an anonymous tenner to one or two needy friends might be managed; and the new billiard-cloth could be assured—all through the gallant efforts of the brave Cuthbert. He also wrote a few letters announcing his success, and then leaving his club very happy in mind, he was met by another newspaper-boy bearing a placard which said, "Lincoln Handicap Sensation," and, idly buying this, the man discovered that the brave Cuthbert had been disqualified and was now utterly discredited and last of all, and a miserable impostor named Berrilldon was first, so that, instead



"I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU COME SO REGULARLY TO OUR EVENING SERVICES, MRS. BROWN."
 "YUS. YER SEE, ME 'USBAND 'ATES ME GOIN' HOUT OF A HEVENING, SO I DOES IT TO SPIE 'IM."

of touching £100 and more, he owed his commission-agent £10. And could there be a much sadder true story?

WHAT EVERY LIBERAL SHOULD KNOW.

FOLLOWING the example of the Navy, where competitive cadetships are shortly to be established, the Gladstone League is about to found a number of scholarships in current political topics. As a general indication of the character of the questions which will be put, the following specimen paper has been circulated:—

1. State in what circumstances it is possible to conceive that Mr. T. W. RUSSELL would ever resign office.

2. Who is the only member of the Cabinet whom none of his colleagues are able to call by his Christian name?

3. How would you handicap a four-some in which Sir RUFUS ISAACS and Lord ROBERT CECIL were opposed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. KEBTY-FLETCHER?

4. State your reasons for preferring HANDEL BOOTH as a vocalist to HAYDEN COFFIN, or *vice versa*.

5. Who said that listening to the Rev. SYLVESTER HORNE, M.P., in the House of Commons gave him "pulpitations of the heart"?

6. Where are Elibank, Charnwood, Aberconway, Walton Heath and Criccieth?



GOING IT!

SCENE—A "Bataille de Boules" at a Restaurant on the Riviera.

British Matron (to her daughters). "OF COURSE, MY DEARS, IT IS NOT BEHAVIOUR I WOULD FOR ONE MOMENT COUNTENANCE IN LONDON, BUT IN ROME, AS THE SAYING IS, ONE SHOULD DO AS THE ROMANS DO, AND SO I DO NOT KNOW THAT THERE WOULD BE ANY PARTICULAR HARM IF YOU EACH THREW JUST ONE AT YOUR FATHER."

THE MOUNTAIN HARE.

Off steep Snaefell the wind comes cool,
 But in the sun the stacks are steaming,
 And on the lawn a furry pool,
 Three lazy dogs that lie a-dreaming;
 When suddenly, beside the hodge,
 Near the blue iris fast uncrinkling,
 A hare steps on the grassy edge,
 His brown bright eyes with mischief twinkling.

No pury meadow-hare is this
 To fall a prey to plodding beagles;
 Ho is a *mountain* hare, I wis,
 And trains himself in dodging eagles;
 Straight for those dreaming dogs he goes,
 And as he lightly vaults them over
 Flips with contemptuous pads the nose
 Of bold Ben Gunn or Jack or Rover!

Away he pelts straight up the hill
 With springing steps that never slacken,
 A flash of red along the fell,
 A running ripple through the bracken;
 Light as a blown leaf on his feet
 And swifter than a scudding swallow,
 While the three dogs in breathless heat
 With one wild howl of "Banzai!" follow.

First goes Ben Gunn, his nose to the track,
 Sore vexed that puss has caught him napping,
 And then that scapegrace terrier Jack,
 Wasting his precious breath in yapping;
 Then a long pause, and then—unkind,
 Ungallant of her friends to leave her!
 Panting perspiringly behind
 A stout and middle-aged retriever.

O craft that doubles in the gorse,
 O speed that skims the open reaches!
 What jokes beside the water-course,
 What merry japes among the beeches!
 The fells with sun and shadow hued,
 The larches gay with April bunting,
 And both pursuers and pursued
 Delirious with the joy of hunting.

But joys are fleeting! Pussy feels
 His friends behind too blown to rally,
 And with a pitying kindness wheels
 Back to their own, their native valley;
 Plumb on their sacred lawn he halts—
 A sight to drive a true dog crazy!
 Tumbles two saucy somersaults
 And *exit*, fresher than a daisy.



FIVE KEELS TO NONE.

THE UNITED POWERS. "COME OUTSIDE, YOUNG 'UN, WE'VE PREPARED A NICE LITTLE DEMONSTRATION FOR YOU."

MONTENEGRO. "OH, GO AWAY, YOU SILLY SAILOR-MEN; CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 31.—Looking round more than half-empty benches at Question-time it seems impossible that the Session, but a few weeks old, can hold out to Whitsuntide. As a rule, whatever may befall as an average sitting drones along, there is full attendance at Question-time. Treasury Bench is thronged by Ministers eager to give as little information as possible in adequate number of words. LEADER OF OPPOSITION and his colleagues are temporarily united in search for opening to trip up Government. Through the Question-hour (which, by the way, lasts only forty-five minutes), no one knows what may turn up. Consequently all are in their places ready to be interested or amused.

Peculiarity of to-day's situation is singular absence on part of Leaders. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. To begin with, SPEAKER is represented by Deputy. Two Members on Front Opposition Bench represent flower of the ex-Ministry. The PREMIER, to whom customary bunch of Questions are addressed, is out of hearing. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is engaged in apostolic work recorded by St. Paul, Ephesus being represented by the Marconi Committee-room upstairs. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is in the same arena. EVEN MASTERMAN, whose capacity for answering Questions designed with baffling intent is superhuman, extends his week-end.

HICKS-JOYNSON—or is it JOYNSON-Hicks? In the early days of Ministerial collegueship the late MARKIS used to complain that he never knew whether Old Morality was H. W. SMITH or W. H. However precedence runs, the Member for Brentford was all over the shop. The SPEAKER, who cannot be accused of niggardliness in the matter, has drawn the line at six Questions as a maximum allowance for a single Member. HICKS-JOYNSON, subtly grouping four under two headings, managed to evade the regulations and put eight. His activity did little to relieve depression that settled down upon House. As one swallow does not make a summer, so a hyphen linking two surnames does not involve double capacity for commanding attention.

Effect of situation upon Mr. GINNELL

comically embarrassing. Appropriated considerable portion of Question Paper with a Shorter Catechism of diversified interest. Had as usual, necessarily in ignorance of nature of Ministerial reply, drafted in manuscript sheaf of Supplementary Questions "arising out of that answer." These he prefaced by addressing "Mr. Speaker." Correcting himself with grave deliberation he substituted the formula, "Mr. Deputy-Speaker." This, regularly repeated

fresh effort in same direction. It certainly had the charm of the unexpected. This the third session of the Member for Altrincham; as far as one remembers, his maiden speech was made to-day when he suddenly fell upon CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and tried to rend him. His acquirements as a linguist are among the proudest appanages of the Liverpool provision market. Since he came to Westminster he has been silent in five languages.

This afternoon burst forth in one, and straightway made a Parliamentary reputation.

Began with inquiry set forth on paper desiring to know from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "whether there are any emoluments or allowances attached to his office other than his salary."

On face of it question suggested to penetrating mind of DENISON FABER that suspicion of there being "something behind" which stirred its self-confessed vacuity when he came across the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S cable message to his brother in New York, "I hope that by the time you come back the Coal Strike may be

finished." Whether the mind of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was disturbed by similar suspicion is not known. He contented himself with short rejoinder in the negative.

It was here that KEPTY-FLETCHER, to the amazement of House, erupted. Had Vesuvius on a summer evening, after long period of quiescence, broken forth in flames and streams of boiling lava, the immediate neighbourhood could not have been more astonished.

"Arising out of that reply," he said, "is not the right honourable gentleman's salary sufficient to prevent him wrongfully and improperly gambling —?"

Evidently more to follow, but whether KEPTY meant to finish the sentence in German, Latin, or a dialect of the Slav tongue, no one knows. Loud shout of "Order! Order!" boomed from Ministerial benches. SPEAKER interposed with obvious remark that the further question did not, as alleged, "arise out" of Minister's reply and was therefore not in order. LLOYD GEORGE leapt to his feet and, regarding his assailant with flashing eyes, invited him to "come outside." Of course didn't put invitation in this precise form. That its plain meaning.

KEPTY rose respondent to the chal-



KEPTY-FLETCHER IN ERUPTION.

through a course of interrogation, occupied some time. But time is matter for slaves and, true Britons all, House of Commons never will be slaves.

Business done.—Report Stage of the Navy Estimates agreed to without division.

Tuesday.—The measure of success attendant on eruption of KEPTY-FLETCHER was not such as to encourage



"Self-confessed vacuity."
(Mr. DENISON FABER.)

lunge. SPEAKER on his feet again insisting that if Member for Altrincham had further questions to ask he should put them on the Paper. Evidently didn't think a man with such command of language was to be trusted to speak on spur of moment. KERTY bobbed up and down like parched pea in frying-pan. Whenever he rose a howl of execration came from benches opposite. "Snob! Snob!" they shouted. "Cad! Cad!" Where to well-wishers on Opposition benches, with fuller command of syllables, responded, "Marconi!" "Whitewashing!"

Worse than the uproar was attitude of the SPEAKER. KERTY's pale lips moved as if he were translating a select passage from a foreign classic. That all right, since not a syllable could be heard. But whenever, after contact with the frying-pan, the parched pea



HICKS-JOYNSON.

popped up, the SPEAKER was also on his legs and KERTY dropped down.

Strangers in the Gallery, brought up to respect what they were taught to regard as "the first body of gentlemen in Europe," looked round uneasily. Began to think that by some strange mistake they had strayed into what ALBERT MARKHAM last week described as "a pothouse crowd."

SARK, who is reaching the status of one of the oldest Members and reveres the memories of forty years of close intimacy, refrains from habit, sometimes perhaps obtusive, of interposing frivolous remarks on the episode. Jealous for the dignity and high traditions of the House he discerns in it fresh testimony to the deplorable decadence that has marked its proceedings during recent months.

Eruption subsided as suddenly as it had broken forth. Business went on as if nothing out of the way had happened.

Business done.—Alarums and excursions. Incidentally motion that House should go into Committee on Civil Service Estimates agreed to. At end of eight hours SPEAKER left the Chair. Two minutes later everybody left the House. Sitting adjourned.

THE VERNAL EQUINOX.

WHEN I have got a song to sing,
No power on earth can stop it;
And this, you must admit, is Spring
When bluebells do (or ought to) ring
And Edwin whispers "Ting-a-ling!"
And Angelina, "Drop it!"
When songsters ought to have their
fling,

And lovers ought to pop it.
For are not questions things to pop
And is a song a thing to stop?

Ten years ago I loved a piece
Whose Christian name was Mary;
She was a stout attorney's niece
And swore our love should never cease;
But oh! when uncles are obese
Then are they most contrary.
When this one whistled for the p'lice
Myself, becoming wary,
Remarked, upon a second thought,
To cease, perhaps, was what it ought.

The constable was big and blue,
His views were most decided. . . .
And, now whenever Spring is due,
I thank my stars, as so would you,
If you had got a star or two
And you had fared as I did.
(One's stars will always see one through
If one will but be guided.)
But what I thank my planets for
Is keeping me a bachelor.

"But what," you ask, "of Mary,
pray?"

Another man bespoke her,
Whom she, upon her wedding day,
Was pledged to honour and obey
And even love him in a way,

Although he *was* a Broker.
But as for him, I've heard him say
He's half a mind to choke her.
"But what has this," you ask again,
"To do with Spring?" I will explain.

Though Spring's the time when love
is ripe

And ready for the gleanings,
When Corydon assumes his pipe
And, giving it a thoughtful wipe,
Croons lays of an erotic type
But little inner meaning—
'Tis then that husbands feel the gripe
And misery of cleaning.
A wife, they tell me, is a thing
That one is best without in Spring.

Notice outside Oxford:—

"Bear left at centre of town for Banbury."
Sir FREDERICK should claim it at once.

ROMEO TO RAG-TIME.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE CINEMA.

"*Romeo and Juliet*' in eight pieces,
half-a-mile long. Comedy, tragedy,
love, pathos, crime."—Hoarding.

[A weekly paper asks our serious dramatists to turn their attention to the cinema stage. Why not *Romeo and Juliet* on the films—as, of course, a cowboy drama?]

Scene 1.—Cowboy "serap" in Dead Man's Gully, Ohio, U.S. Gilead J. Capulet's boys engage Samuel P. Montague's gang. Bowie-knives, shooting-irons, broneho-bustors, sheepskin trousers, etc. Music (mechanical piano), "Ragging the Ragtime," with chorus of nigger minstrels. Enter Old Man Capulet and Old Man Montague and get busy with their guns. They break up.

Scene 2.—Moonlight dance on Gilead J. Capulet's ranch. Cowboys and cow-girls Boston. Music, "Hitchy Koo." Enter Romeo S. Montague with Ben-volio (comic entry, disguised). Old Man Capulet, not recognising them, gives them the glad eye. Romeo sees Juliet (Sadie) Capulet and they fall in love. Conversation cards shown on film—

What's wrong with her?
Sho's a beaut!—eh?

Say! Ho's top-notch!

Nephew Tybalt Capulet recognises Rome Montague and gets shirty. Conversation cards shown—

Gee Whiz! A darned Montague!

Another of them Capulet critters!
Well, I'm jiggered!

They pull out their guns, but Old Man Capulet calls it off.

Scene 3.—Under Julie's window—moonlight. Rome draws hand across forehead, stamps, and hits himself on brisket to show he is in love with Jule. She (on verandah) leans chin on one hand and saws the air with the other to show she accepts him. Nigger coon-song heard off—"Linger longer, Luey." Cards—

Is it a deal, my Jule?

Waal, you're It!
What's wrong with getting hitched
right away?

Whoopee, it's a cinch!

Scene 4.—Parson Lawrence's shanty. Wedding service on. Rome and Jule stand on and off while Parson Lawrence yanks a book and shoves his

arms around to indicate reading prayer-book. Card—

"Till death us do part."
Right! You're hitebed!

Wedding march on piano, and dance (two-step).

Scene 5.—Bar scrap in neighbouring saloon. Rome Monty draws a bead on Tybalt Capulet and lays him out. Sheriff says:—"Sentence: Deported as an undesirable." Rome springs on buck-jumper and clears, followed by usual crowd in usual race; winner, Romeo by ten miles. He reaches Jule's shanty unobserved.

Scene 6.—Jule's room on Capulet's diggings. Next morning—dawn. Piano: "So early in de morning." Romeo, by waving left arm upwards, indicates that dawn is breaking. Jule, by catching him by the shoulder and frowning, shows that she thinks he is wrong. Rome twiddles his hands and points one out of the window to tell her that he must escape to another State if he is to avoid being hanged, with further particulars. He lowers himself out of shanty window and rides off on buck-jumper. Piano: "Say *Au revoir* but not Good-bye."

Scene 7.—Juliet, pressed by Poppa Capulet to marry someone else, is afraid of committing bigamy, when Parson Lawrence buys her a two-finger nip of opium. She writes a letter to Romeo. Letter card—

Only opium, not poison.
Must take it to throw Pop off the scent.
Shall come round again in 48 hours.
Keep your hair on!

She drinks, exclaiming (card)—

Here's to you, Rome!

and drops in her tracks. (Piano—"Down by the willow she's sleeping," sung by darkies "off.")

Scene 8.—Telegraph boy with her letter has stopped to play baseball. Romeo gets another letter first—

Jule came all over queer yesterday;
dropped down and pegged out.
Buried this afternoon.
Don't take on, now—buck up!

Rome, in despair, buys nip of poison at neighbouring saloon and gallops back on buck-jumper to Old Man Capulet's diggings. Finds Jule in darkened vault. (Music—"The Rag-time Goblin Man.") Rome works his arms about, holds head, rolls his eyes, drinks poison. Card—

Here's to Jule. Gin, gin!

Drops. (Music—"Massa's in de cold, cold groun'.") Jule comes to, finds him



— A. T. SMITH.

Major Bangstick (of the Indian Army). "TELL YOUR SCOUT-MASTER THAT, NOW I'M HOME, I SHALL BE PLEASED TO HELP HIM, IF HE'D LIKE IT, WITH FIELD-WORK AND SO ON."

Horace. "THANKS, AWFULLY, DAD, BUT—ER—ARE YOU QUITE UP-TO-DATE?—DRILL'S ALTERED A LOT SINCE YOU WERE HOME LAST."

dead, draws a gun and blows her brains out. Enter crowd of cowboys on buck-jumpers, with Old Man Capulet and Pop Montague. They find the bodies. Cards—

Pegged out—both of them!
We're up against it.

I'm always doing the wrong thing—
I lost a saddle-strap yesterday.

Well, I'm right-down sorry.
Put up yer gun, Mont—
let's quit fightin'!

Put it there—shake!

Chorus of darkies—"All de darkies am a-weeping;" "Yankee Doodle." Blank sheet, with words, "The B. and S. Film Co., Ltd."

"George Bernard Shaw, a well-known playwright."—*New York Sun*.

We always wondered who he was.

"Specialization in each city university there will be and ought to be *non omnia possunt omdes*."—*Collegian* (India).

Our contemporary will specialise in Latin.

SPRING SPORTS.

["The customary spring sports are being largely indulged in."—*The Margate Correspondent of "The Daily Telegraph."*]

WHEN you have regretfully put your skis back into their box, packed your skates into a brown-paper parcel once more, and put the bob-sleigh into cotton-wool for the summer, you may cheer up, for there are still the spring sports at Margate to be done.

Donning your sand-shoes and calabash pipe, you emerge from the boarding-house after breakfast, sniffing up the invigorating east wind as you go, and proceed to the jetty. Everybody spends the morning on the jetty.

Some of London's most titled people are daily to be seen at the slots there. Men well known in commerce, art, law, and the services take very seriously their daily recreation of working the automatic machines with which a far-seeing enterprise has so plentifully endowed this bracing resort. It is told of Lord B. (with what amount of truth we do not know) that in a single morning he had no fewer than five out of fourteen pennies returned to him; so great was his skill.

For the more ambitious sportsman there is the fishing, which is always to be obtained here, whether the water be rough or smooth. A morning's catch may vary from seven ounces to three and a quarter pounds.

The afternoon is passed by the *habitués* of the place in the healthful exercise of standing by the flagstaff. The rules are very simple; the only condition of the game is that the player must not hold on to anything or lean against anything; he may have his face or his side or his back to the wind, just as he pleases; all he has to do is to stand for one minute. The winners receive handsome bottles of cough-mixture, neuralgia cure, and other suitable gifts.

The evening during the spring sports season at Margate is spent by visitors pretty much as they like. There are certain police regulations which are restrictive to some extent; but it is generally found that after the rigours of the day in this healthy and exhilarating atmosphere, where, although the sun may perhaps be shining with great brilliance, the coldness of the east wind is in no way mitigated, the pastime of the Time-table problem is the most popular. The successful competitor is rewarded by catching the quick train home on the following morning.

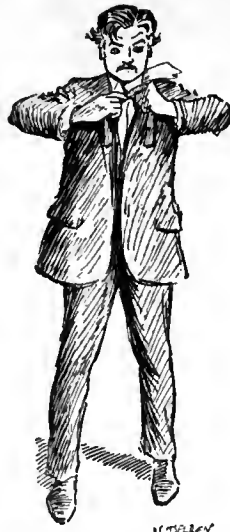
More Hunger Strikes.

"The centre-half neglected to feed her inners."—*Hockey Field.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

ILAM CARVE, the great artist, was a shy man who shunned society. He wandered about the Continent, attended solely by a valet and two moles. The moles lived just beneath his collar. One day (as all the world knows now) the four of them returned suddenly to England, and at the very moment of arrival *Albert Shawn*, the valet, died. Owing to a misunderstanding the three survivors were assumed to be *Albert*; and in the evening editions the death of *Ilam Carve*, England's greatest artist, was sadly announced. *Ilam*, too shy to go through the bother of correcting the mistake, let it be; the valet was buried in the Abbey; and *Ilam* and



Ilam Carve (Mr. HENRY AINLEY). "I am about to take my tie off. This being England, the curtain will be lowered for a minute while I do so."

his two moles started a new existence as *Albert Shawn*.

But the three of them were not alone for long. Soon after his funeral *Ilam* married *Janet Cannon*, the dearest little woman, who cared nothing for art but could manage a house. For two years they all lived happily together. Then the secret began to come out. To prevent a lawsuit over one of his pictures (recently painted and apparently, therefore, a forgery) *Ilam* was urged to reveal his identity. How could he establish it to the satisfaction of a man who knew nothing of art? . . . Quite right. The two moles.

Without wishing to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, I could wish that Mr. BENNETT had managed his final scene somehow else. He makes very good fun of the idea of identifying an artist by his neck rather than by his work, but this does not excuse him for

falling back on such an artifice. Any way, could *Cyrus Carve* possibly have recognised or even have remembered his cousin's moles after twenty-five years? I have been trying to recall the exhibits in this line on the necks of my childhood's friends, and my mind, I fear, is an entire blank.

However, these are trifles. It is the characters of *Ilam* and *Janet* which make the play. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT owes much to Mr. HENRY AINLEY and Miss WISH WYNNE. As it happened, I read the play before I saw it, and it was amazing to find how real and living a person Mr. AINLEY could make *Ilam*; wonderful how delightful even the most ordinary remarks of *Janet* sounded from the lips of Miss WYNNE. Which had the greater triumph I cannot say; they were both superb. With their help Mr. BENNETT has given us a very pleasant entertainment at The Kingsway Theatre. And there is no reason why he should not give us many more; for his dialogue is always pleasant and easy and his stage-craft amply sufficient for his needs. But as a satirist he is rather ingenuous. Indeed at times he gives one the idea that he has only just discovered London . . . and finds it all very strange. M.

THE STRONGER LINKS.

"We should be near the eighth green now," I said, as we panted up the slope. "There is a guide-post just on the top of the hill, and—confound it!" The post had suddenly revealed itself just on the top of my nose. It was very dark.

"Never mind your silly nose," said Cicely unfeelingly. "How far are we from the green?"

"Turn to the right," I answered. "A little further . . . further yet . . . Good!"

There was a muffled shriek from the pot-bunker, and I knew that my nose was avenged.

"Don't trouble about getting all the sand out of your mouth," I advised her. "Some people eat grit with every meal, you know. It's considered to be beneficial to the digestion. Have you ever noticed how a dog . . . Ah, here's the flag."

"Get out one of the bottles," whispered Cicely excitedly.

"Take it," I said. "I have come with you in fulfilment of a rash promise, but I absolutely decline to take any part in the actual destruction of the greens. Heaven forbid that I should ever be guilty of such sacrilege."

In the darkness I heard the pop of a cork, followed by a gurgle and the faint splash of a liquid. Then a glimmer of



THE POINT-TO-POINT SEASON.

(*"The Man in Possession."*)

Sportsman (in ditch). "Hi! HULLO! DON'T JUMP HERE! THIS PLACE IS OCCUPIED!"

white appeared near my feet, which I knew to be a flag inscribed "Votes for Women."

"Isn't it all splendid?" exclaimed Cicely, as we made our way stumblingly across to the tenth green. "I feel simply glorious. Like JOAN OF ARC, or—or Mrs. DRUMMOND, you know. Here I am, helping on the great Cause and at the same time putting a check on the selfish pleasures of men."

"And women," I added.

* * * * *

There was a deep sigh as the last drop clucked out of the last bottle on to the sixteenth green. Cicely had been strangely silent for some time.

"After all," she said discontentedly, "I don't really know that I'm glad. Golf is rather a jolly game, isn't it?"

"More than a game," I suggested. "An absorbing pursuit."

"I've had some good times on the links, too," she said wistfully.

"Do you remember that foursome at Seamount, when you had to hole out a twelve-yard putt for a win, and did it?"

"Don't," she pleaded. "Do you think it *does* advance the Cause to destroy golf greens?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I'm

convinced that it has precisely the opposite effect. I regard the proceeding with utter abhorrence."

"Then I think you're perfectly horrid to have let me come," she burst out. "Why didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you! I might as well have tried to stop a runaway motor-bus. So these are all the thanks I get for undertaking all this discomfort and risk out of mere Quixotic ehyvalry!"

"I wish we hadn't done it," she moaned. "I wish to goodness we hadn't done it now."

"That's all right, Cicely," I said cheerfully. "I rather expected this. That's why I emptied out your corrosive acid before we started, and filled the hottles with water."

"Mr. Hill acted as best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hill left for their honeymoon."—*Folkestone Express*.

Very careless of the elergyman to have married the bride to the best man.

"Mr. George wormly replied that he had already answered several times certain questions put to him."—*The Globe*.

Even a Chaneellor of the Exchequer will turn.

BEFORE THE TOURNEY.

In days of old the ladye fayre
Would gird her true knight's armour
on,

Hand him the sword he wished to wear,
The breastplate he designed to don
Ere sallying forth to bandy cracks
With his ancestral battle-axe.

You can't do that, my Marguerite,
Since breastplates are no longer made,
And I perform each lusty feat
Ungarnished by the hardware trade.
The battle-axe remains, 'tis true;
It cuts the firewood up for you.

But one thing you *can* do for mo
Or o'er I go to face the foe,
Thus proving your equality
With those dead dames of long ago.
Your true love looks to you for that;
Dearest, wilt oil my cricket bat?

"Aeneas Caning Anchises' fetched £550."
Daily Telegraph.

Is this the way to treat a father?

"Pigs wholesale 16, retail 14 a shilling."
Advt. in "South Gloucestershire Chronicle."
We'll have sixpennyworth.

"ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR."

I KNEW a man, a mild and cheerful soul,
Whose fancy cherished for its earthly goal
A garden of his own. For many a year
His villa with its cat-run in the rear
And one smut-blackened tree were all he had,
But some good neighbour's garden made him glad,
And sun and rain and every plant that grows,
The modest daisy no less than the rose,
Were his close friends; and he would stroll about
Admiring how the things were coming out,
And fruits and flowers and every singing bird
A friendly envy of his neighbour stirred;
And oft he'd quote, meandering round the spot,
"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"
Then came a day when fortune, cruel-kind,
Gave him the very garden to his mind,
Grateful he cried, "Sweet pleasaunce all my own,
No hireling hands shall tend thee, mine alone!"
And casting off his coat, as I've been told,
He sallied forth to tend his precious mould.

The seasons came and went, and, on a day,
It chanced I journeyed down my old friend's way,
And thought to find him, in some happy hour,
A blissful Adam in his Eden bower.
I called, and from his flower-beds in he came,
But aged he seemed, with bended form, and lame,
It would appear he'd lately sprained his back
Lugging some seed-potatoes in a sack.
"Well, and how goes the garden, friend?" I said.
He eyed me with suspicion, shook his head,
And put me off; some blighting chance, 'twould seem,
Had dimmed the lustre of his former dream,
And, as within that earliest home of ours,
A fatal serpent lurked amid the flowers,
He, too, had sighed, with all who goalward strive—
"Better to journey hopeful than to arrive."

A genial soul of old, on great and small
He used to smile, and found some good in all;
But now what hates fill that once friendly mind
Of slugs and mice, birds, boys, weeds, wet and wind!
He dreams of deadliest poison for the rats
And sets wire-nooses for his neighbours' cats;
While that small daisy-friend of days gone by,
She gets the weed-destroyer in her eye.
Once, did a blackbird deign from that sole tree
To flood the backyard with its minstrelsy,
Raptured, with good AQUINAS he would cry,
"Hark, 'ubi aves, ibi angeli!'"
Now, at the first notes, all his thoughts are set
On cherries plundered 'neath their guardian net;
Or let a bullfinch pipe, and, with a frown,
"My buds!" he cries, and grabs his shot-gun down.
No fat-filled cocoa-nut now tempts the tits,
They, too, nip buds and must be blown to bits.
Once, though the rain were pelting cats and dogs,
Turning that neighbour's flower-beds to bogs,
He'd quote (who is it?) with a cheerful voice,
Smiling, "If heaven sends rain, why rain's my choice!"
But let heaven try it now, and hear him shout,
"Confound the wet—washing my seedlings out!"
Once, a sun-worshipper, he'd bask and brown
A month on end; now, let the sun beam down
For one blest week, he scowls and fags about,
Weighed down with watering-pots, and drats the
drought.

So day by day he casts indignant eyes
Upon each changing aspect of the skies;
And every night before he goes to bed
Bangs the barometer and shakes his head—
A worn disproof, whate'er its inward grace,
That "honest labour wears a lovely face!"
Peer chap! I know now when I look on you
Why "Mary, Mary" so "contrairy" grew:
Still, rain or shine, the primal curse holds out:
Who tills the earth pays the old price, no doubt.
But, ere that ban a kindly soul can sour,
And blight for good your joy in fruit and flower,
And lest the clay you're made of, some ill day,
Hurl down the hoe and curse its fellow clay,
Be wise, good friend, before it grows too late,
And let the jobbing gardener through your gate.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

DEAR SIR,—I am a naturalist of considerable (local) repute, and my latest self-appointed task has been the study of bird-songs, and their translation, as far as possible, into human language. It may interest you to know that my researches have enabled me to disprove the popular fallacy that the *Turdus musicus* (common song thrush) warbles his roulades and cadenzas for the allurements and gratification of his mate. This is not the case, for, far from being of an amorous nature, the vocal outbursts of our speckled-breasted songster are nothing more or less than a caustic criticism on the manners and appearance of his hated rival on the next tree but one.

In submitting my translation herewith, I beg to mention that my garden is situated within the ten-mile radius, where the birds sing with a slightly Cockney accent.

First Thrush.

"Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank!
Get yer beak clipped! Get yer beak clipped! Got yer
beak clipped!
Tut! Tut! Tut! Tut! Tut!
Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool!
Cheese it, do! Cheese it, do! Cheese it, do!
Naughty! Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!
Pip, pip! Pip, pip! Pip, pip!
Swelled head and empty too! Swelled head and empty
too! Swelled head and empty too!
She's a peach, peach, peach, peach, peach, PEACH!
For you to eat? For you to eat? For you to eat?
I don't think! I don't think! I don't think!
Cool cheek! Cool cheek! Cool cheek!
I fill the bill—I'm It! I fill the bill—I'm It! I fill the
bill—I'm It!" (Pause to take breath and a passing fly.)

Second Thrush.

"Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank!"
(and so on to end).

If any of your readers are inclined to doubt this interpretation, I merely ask them to step into any London park or garden and test its accuracy for themselves.

Yours faithfully, OBSERVANT ORNITHOLOGIST.

The duties of a Surveyor are arduous. We read in *The Sanitary Record and Municipal Engineering*—

"The Wells Urban District Council have been inviting tenders for the purchase of a rotary road sweeping machine, and the Surveyor has been instructed to go through same, and report to the next meeting."

We hope he'll come out all right.



G. L. STAMPA

(Mother, trying to soothe restless infant, changes it over to her other arm.)

Nervous Gentleman. "Hi! DON'T POINT THAT THING AT ME, MY GOOD WOMAN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas (PEARSON) is the outcome of Lt.-Gen. Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL'S "recent tour of inspection among the Boy Scouts, not only in our overseas dominions, but also in the United States, Japan and China," and in several European countries. The book should, I imagine, appeal urgently to those for whom it has been written, and, at any rate, I can vouch for the fact that it is a wondrous mine of information. Do you, for instance, know what the word "buccancer" originally meant, and can you explain why the kea is an extraordinarily unpleasant bird? Then again I discovered that Sir ROBERT is "generally up before half-past five," and this was also news to me. I think, however, that to tell a Boy Scout that "a fathom is six feet" is—or ought to be—rather unnecessary. The narrative is interspersed with little quips—I can hardly call them jokes—which are apparently intended to help the reader's digestion. That they did not assist mine is probably just as it should be, and I am very content to believe that Sir ROBERT understands to perfection both the matter that Boy Scouts ought to have and the manner in which they must have it.

I solemnly curse that kindly disposition, innate in all reviewers, whereby they are prompted to say a good word for all and sundry and are left with no adequate means of advertising real achievement when they come across it. I would at this moment be re-possessed of all the superlatives

I have squandered that I might spend them in the praise of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES' *Studies in Love and in Terror* (METHUEN). That title not only indicates exactly what the reader may expect to find inside the cover but it is typical of Mrs. LOWNDES' method of getting to business. When less gifted authors would have searched high and low for a captivating phrase, she is content quietly to explain the position, and this, when you come to think of it, is what authors as well as titles are for. Mrs. LOWNDES fulfils her purpose excellently; having read her, you say, not "What a way she has of expressing things!" but, "What things she has a way of expressing!" Yet her art, if it is hidden, is there; for her style, which no one would examine but a critic, is found upon such examination to be exquisite. Of five faultless stories, the first, "Price of Admiralty," is perhaps the best; the situation of *Jacques de Wissant*, Mayor of Falaise, bound by his public duty to pay honour to the brave dead, who is at that moment first known to him to be his own wife's lover, is a masterpiece of irony in conception and exposition. The four which follow lack only the striking novelty of the first; their circumstances are more familiar, but otherwise their merit is the same. Indeed and in short, the stories have been to me, and must be to all who read them, five very thrilling experiences.

Never having read *He Who Passed*, I am unable to claim any share in the pleasant things that its author says of the critics of this work, in dedicating to them her latest production, *The Life Mask* (HEINEMANN). As I understand, however, that the one was supposed to be fact, while the

other is admittedly fiction, I have no hesitation in calling the latter the better of the two. Comparisons apart, moreover, *The Life Mask* struck me as being a highly remarkable novel, with a plot both striking and original, and written in a style quite distinctive and charming. Like all stories whose theme is "wrop in mystery," it is difficult to criticise without revealing the secret and thus depriving the author of her chief effect. This I will certainly not do. From the moment of your introduction to *Anita*, the girl-widow, living apparently in hiding as the guest of her devoted old nurse, and haunted by dreams of some hideous tragedy that has ruined her life, you naturally want to know what this was. For *Anita*, pleasure is supposed to be over; there is nothing before her but to exist unnoticed and, if possible, forgotten. But old *Sarah* thinks otherwise, and takes her charge to Spain, where, in an exquisite old garden, the inevitable man appears. He and *Anita* are lovers at sight; but there is still the sinister and horrible secret as a barrier between them. Perhaps the secret itself is so obvious that I might have betrayed it with no great harm to your enjoyment. But the final removal of the barrier—ah! no power should make me anticipate the manner of this. I shall just say that seldom, if ever, has a tale given me so genuine a surprise or such an unexpectedly creepy sensation. And of course, looking back, that explains everything. It certainly makes a haunting end to an unusual book.

It is very hard to know what to make of *Henry Kempton*, officer in the English army, who bounds as it were from the brain of EVELYN BRENTWOOD and *The Bodley Head*. The son of a plebeian furniture dealer, he is consumed with an ambition for social progress not unlike that of GEORGE GISSING's tragical figures, and, on the advice of a duke's daughter whom he happens to meet at a very mixed garden party, enters the 24th Hussars. In this regiment, which seems to be all at twenty-sixes and twenty-sevens, he falls under the influence of *Major the Honourable John Carados*, a soldier whose immorality and cynicism are only equalled by his fearlessness and efficiency. When this gentleman commits suicide through disappointment in a sordid love affair, *Henry* follows the advice of his idol to the extent of obtaining the V.C. solely in order to advertise himself, but is too cold-blooded to experience sentimental emotion and becomes engaged to *Lady Violet Ravenscroft* without having a particle of affection for her. The problem before the writer appears to be to make him sufficiently human to satisfy the demands of romantic heroism. The difficulty is solved by the curious expedient of making him suddenly cast aside his asceticism and betray his troth to his fiancée, at the beginning of the Boer War, with a Dutch woman who aims at playing the rôle of Jael and leads *Henry* and his regiment into a trap in which most of them are assassinated. Grievously wounded, he is forgiven by *Lady Violet*, and the novel ends happily on this agreeable note. The grammar of this book is almost as improbable as some of its incidents,

but there is a certain rude force about many of the scenes that made me not nearly so much distressed by these deficiencies as I felt that I ought to be.

There are those who object to Mr. PETT RIDGE's humour on the ground of its unvarying Pett-Ridgidity. They complain that it tends to become mere stereo. It is true that it has not a very wide range; but, on the other hand, it seldom fails to sparkle and be exhilarating; and I for one have no quarrel with a bottle of champagne because it resembles other bottles of champagne which may have come my way. The PETT RIDGE joke is constructed on a formula easy to understand but hard to imitate. It looks simpler than it is. Thus, in his latest work, a Superintendent, discussing the tracking of certain evil-doers, says to the bungling station-detective, "Will you keep your eyes open, Sergeant—," pauses and adds, "and look out for another berth." That sort of thing seems tolerably easy, yet the fact remains that Mr. PETT RIDGE is the only writer, except Mr. W. W. JACOBS, who does it even

passably well. It is the humour of unexpectedness, a polished version of that which earns the music-hall cross-talk comedians their vast salaries. All of which is leading up to the statement that, if Mr. PETT RIDGE's other collections of sketches have pleased you, you will like *Mixed Grill* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). You may find one or two stories in the book hardly worth reprinting, but the majority are of a quality deserving the dignity of stiff red covers. "The Rest Curo" is perhaps the best of the fifteen, with "Loose Cash" a good second; and, as for the book as a whole, I quote Mr. PETT RIDGE's wailer, "You may not like all of it, but what you



Pension Officer. "WELL, MICHAEL, SO YOU'RE LIVING YET?"
Michael (aged 75), "'DEED, AN' I AM, SOR; AN' I ALWAYS NOTICE THAT ANNY YEAR I DON'T DIE IN MARCH I DON'T DIE AT ALL THAT YEAR."

don't care for you can easily leave."

REVENGE.

You ancient sisters twain who glowered at me
When, having almost missed my train at Harwich,
I, mazed by bawling porters, breathlessly
Blundered into your carriage,

It was not kind, nay, cruel 'twas of you
To show how much you loathed my forced intrusion:
The advent of some wild beast from the Zoo
Had scarce wrought worse confusion.

But, oh, I scored! For when we came to where
The tunnel runs between those last two stations,
Safe in the dark, I gave the ambient air
Six sounding osculations.

Then, with the daylight, as I rose to reach
My bag down—just a swift glance towards you
daring—
I joyed to see with stern conviction each
At the other grimly glaring.

CHARIVARIA.

THE TIMES points out that a feature of the proposed levy on property in Germany will be an attempt to make all foreigners who are engaged in profitable occupations in that country take their full share in this work of German self-sacrifice. It is unlikely that an exception will be made even in favour of Englishmen. * *

The British steamer *Taion* reports, on her arrival at Hong Kong, that pirates who had booked as passengers have risen and murdered some of the other passengers, and succeeded in getting away with a considerable quantity of booty. To avoid a repetition of the incident it is proposed that in future all pirates before booking as passengers shall be required to wear jerseys with a skull and cross-bones plainly embroidered on the front. * *

Lord DENNIGH, Colonel of the H.A.C., has been drawing attention to our system of training the Territorial artillery. The men, it seems, are supplied with obsolete guns, and are allowed to practise only once in two years. The temptation to an enemy to come over and invade us in the year during which the H.A.C. has had no practice must be almost irresistible. * *

The second volume of *The Life of David Lloyd George* has appeared. To those on the look-out for a good investment—

Mr. ASQUITH, a parliamentary reporter informs us, has had his hair cut closely at the back and sides. We should have thought that if ever there was a time when it was essential that the PREMIER should keep his hair on it is the present. * *

There is, of course, no truth whatever in the absurd rumour that the reason why the PREMIER has altered his appearance is that he has been gambling and wished to baffle the police. * *

It is curious how often animal-lovers are indifferent to the suffering of their own species. It is reported that, in her present libel action, Miss LIND-ARHAGEBY, the anti-vivisectionist, proposes to address the judge and jury for a space of twenty-four hours.

The Suffragettes' policy of burning down houses is, we learn from headquarters, proving a most successful one, a number of well-insured builders having been recently converted to their views. * *

A correspondent who has been reading about the damage done to valuable pictures at Manchester by the Suffragettes respectfully draws the ladies' attention to the works of the Post-Impressionists at present on view in London.

still. They will, on payment of the usual fare, welcome not only dogs, but any of the milder animals, such as doves, ant-eaters, deer, sloths, elephants and silk-worms. * *

Torquay has decided to celebrate the centenary of WAGNER's birth by holding a WAGNER festival. This is a much better idea than giving a Rag-Time concert in honour of the occasion. * *

The Family Doctor publishes an article on the value of onions. Our contemporary, however, omits to mention one of their most useful qualities. The onion-eater never suffers from overcrowding. * *

We cannot agree with Mr. WATSON's allegation that no one nowadays cares much for poetry. Why, only the other day, in one of the poorest districts, we came across the following notice on the window of a little third-rate crockery shop:—

"ALL KINDS OF POTERY SOLD HERE." * *

At Oaken, near Wolverhampton, some men who broke into the residence of a local ironmaster not only stripped the house of silver and plate, but also burst open the children's money-box and took the contents. It looks as if our burglars are losing all their pretty sentimentality.

"Miss Annie Kenny, the Suffragette leader, appeared at Bow-street Police-court this afternoon under a statue of Edward the Third. . . . The crowd was crowded with well-dressed Suffragettes."—*Evening News*.

We cannot help thinking that a statue of BOADICEA or JOAN OF ARC would have been more appropriate. It might have made the crowd even more crowded.

"Auri Sacra Fames."

"News has been received that Miss H. O. Pagan, a nurse at Modderfontein, is the winner of a competition set by the Rhodesian Eisteddfod for a South African National Anthem. The anthem runs:

Gold bless and keep our land!"

Daily Mail.

"Pagan" seems the right word.

"A detective and an alleged burglar had a fierce struggle in a beer-house with an officious at Sunderland early yesterday morning."—*Daily Mail*.

Savage things these off-licences.



Owner of Motor-boat (to friend). "GEE! THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK. I GUESS WE SCARED THOSE BEGGARS SOME."

As, however, the Futurist painter, GINO SEVERINI, declares himself a "Dynamist" it is possible that he and the Suffragettes have much in common. * *

The instalment system seems to be gaining in public favour. A mother at Barrow in Lancashire has given birth to a twin six weeks after the arrival of its young relative. * *

The Tramways Committee of the Middlesex County Council propose to allow dogs to be carried on their cars. The London County Council Tramways Committee, whose receipts have recently been dwindling, are, it is rumoured, contemplating going further

THOUGHTS ON SPRING TROUSERINGS.

["Did you ever see a man whose suit was made of precisely the same pattern cloth as your own? . . . I am still looking for the man who affects my identical taste in modern tweeds."—"The Office Window" of "The Daily Chronicle."]

WHEN critics in a captious key
Reiterate the old, old twaddle
That men in outward form agree
Liko vegetables—pea and pea—
Made on the selfsame model,

I answer, "Tut!" and turn to muse
Upon the splendid thought how rich is
The wealth and varied range of views
Exposed by people when they choose
Some vernal scheme in breeches.

Whether a chaste or loud design,
Their choice is individualistic;
Within the tailor's awful shrine
Each separate soul adopts a line
Aloof and almost mystic.

But men are countless as the dew;
And since, in even Spring's profusion,
Patterns are relatively few,
A single type may serve for two
Without the least collusion.

Hence the engaging fancy cheers
My breast like wine amid carousers—
That somewhere in this Vale of Tears
There moves a man of middle years
Who shares my taste in trousers.

Him should I meet, and mark the same
Continuations on his leg, oh,
Oh then I'd wrap me round his frame
With instant ardour and exclaim,
"My twin! my alter ego!"

But ah! my heart—I dare not think
How it would chirrup like a cello
If he, the sage of pen and ink,
Who paints "The Office Window" pink,
Should prove to be my fellow! O. S.

THE WAR.

THE girl who helped in the opposite flat was talking to the porter on the ground floor landing:—

"All I can say is, I wish this 'ere war was over and done for, but I suppose if it wasn't the war it'd be somethin' else. Father and Uncle Bill do get that 'ot with one another whenever they meets, I wonder they care to go on visitin', but father says 'e's got 'is family feclin's and Uncle Bill says 'e won't never give us up, 'im bein' mother's only brother and 'avin' a nice little bit o' property—'ouses, you know, and that kind o' thing. So there they go quarrellin' and 'avin' a scrap, and next day or the day arter they're both as lovin' as a pair o' saints in a winder.

"Last time it was all about LLOYD GEORGE, and they finished up by father chuckin' a sossidge at Uncle Bill's face—ah, and not missin' him neither. 'E's a good un to aim is father, and when it 'it Uncle Bill it went squelch, and Uncle Bill got more supper than 'e bargain'd for. Well, they made up that little bit o' business through father writin' to Uncle Bill and sayin' 'e forgot at the moment 'e'd got a sossidge in 'is 'and, and 'e 'oped it would be took

in the sperit it was offered; and Uncle Bill answered on a lovely sheet o' paper with 'is monnygram in blue at the top, a W and a S all mixed up together liko, to stand for William Sampson, and 'o said 'o wasn't one for bad blood between brothers-in-lor, but 'o was sorry about the waste of a good sossidge, and this oughter be a lesson to all of us not to let our angry passions git in the way of our friendships, and as to the apolligy 'o accepted it and would come round soon and smoko the pipe o' peacco.

"Well, 'e come o' Sunday night just as mother and me was clearin' up supper, and father says, 'Bravo, Bill,' 'e says, 'you're a man o' your word,' and Uncle Bill says that nobody's ever found Bill Sampson backward in that way. 'I've come arter supper,' 'e says with a laugh, 'so's not to git mixed up with the eatables this time,' 'e says. 'It might be a pork-pic next, and that ain't so soft as a sossidge,' and then we all 'ad a good laugh—all except father, and 'o did 'is bist to jine in. Father's a very generous man, but 'e's proud, and I could see 'e didn't relish Uncle Bill illudin' to the little contrytemps—that's what Uncle Bill called it in 'is joky way. It's the same as what we call a rough and tumble.

"Father and Uncle Bill lit their pipes and then they got to work on their talkin'. They started about the war, and father 'e says, 'I don't 'old with this 'ere naval demingstration,' 'e says. 'I'm for the Montynegroes,' 'e says, 'and I don't see what call we've got to put no pressuro on 'em. They're little uns,' 'e says, 'but they're plucky, and I can't abear to see them big bullies set about them. That ain't a proper use for our *Dreadnoughts*.'

"That's all very well,' says Uncle Bill; 'but you're forgittin' the balince o' power.'

"What's that?' says father.

"It's this,' says Uncle Bill. 'Supposin' you was to go and grab 'old of a pot o' money that don't belong to you—

"'E'd never do that,' says mother. 'E ain't one o' that sort.'

"Ah, but I'm supposin',' says Uncle Bill. 'It's only 'ipothical,' 'e says, or some such word as that. 'I'm not really sayin' 'e'd go for to pinch what don't belong to 'im.'

"And you'd better not, Bill Sampson,' says father. 'But let's 'ear a bit more about this 'ere balince o'ourn.'

"Let's say as I pinched the money,' says Uncle Bill. 'Well, if we wos both Great Powers and you come along, you'd 'ave the right to make me give you 'alf on it.'

"Is that the lor?' says father.

"That's the concert o' Europe,' says Uncle Bill.

"Then,' says father, 'I don't want no more o' your concerts. I'll 'ave no second 'elpin' o' that dish. I'm a Montynegro, I am, and I don't care 'oo 'ears me say it.'

"But,' says Uncle Bill, 'the Austrians are mobilisin' their army.'

"Let 'em mobilise,' says father. 'They won't 'urt nobody but theirselves. They're all talk.'

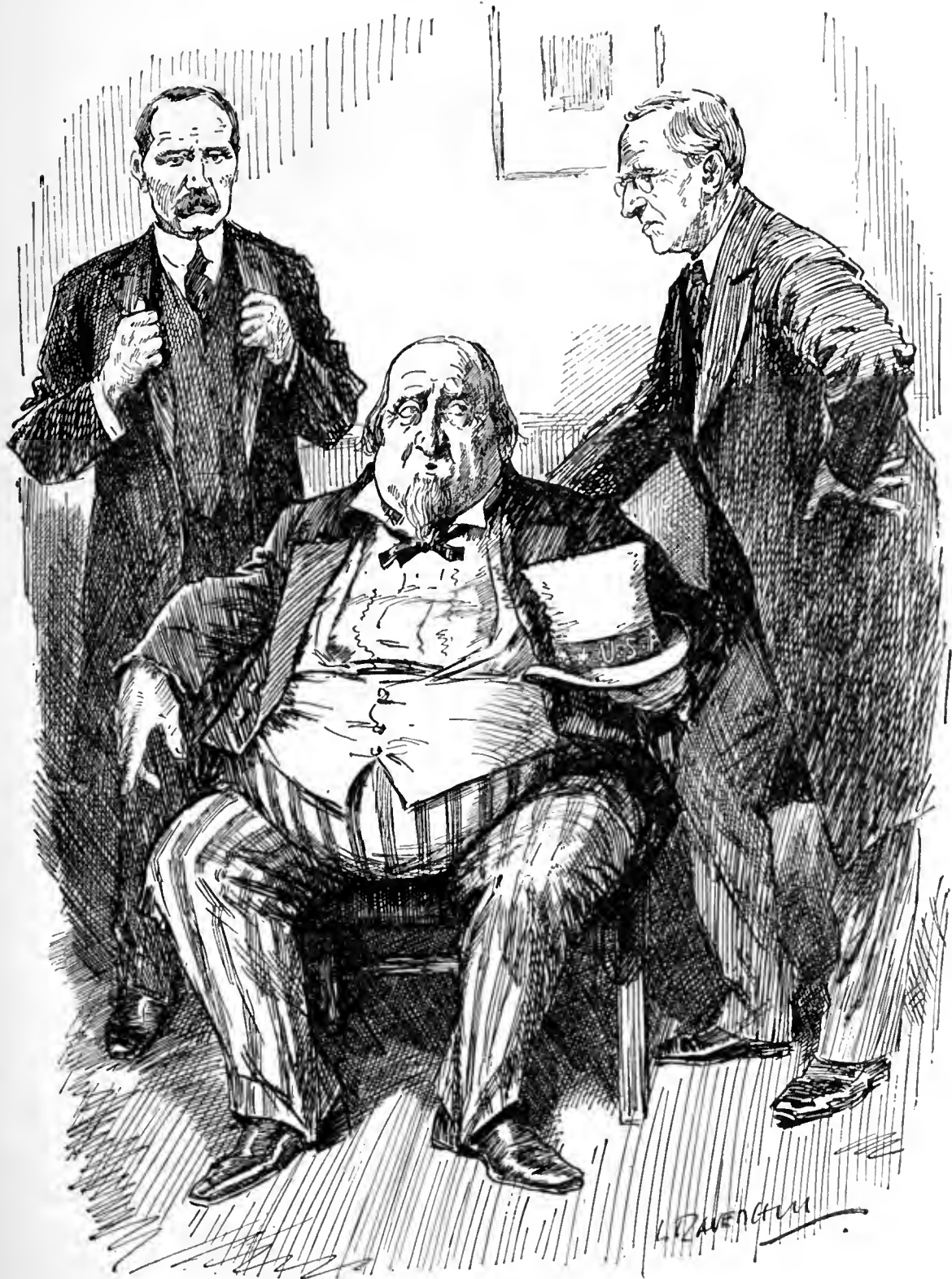
"They're not the only ones,' says Uncle Bill. 'There's others can do a bit o' talkin' too.'

"Meanin' yourself, I suppose,' says father.

"No,' says Uncle Bill, 'meanin' you.'

"Now, look 'ere, Bill Sampson,' says father, 'I've 'ad too much o' you and your balinces and your concerts o' Europe. You're enough to make a monkey cry with your bullyin' nonsense. If you can't argue no better than that, go and do it somewhero else.'

"Uncle Bill give 'im a look, and then 'e put on 'is 'at and went out o' the door; but 'e 'adn't bin gorn more'n 'alf a minute before 'e puts 'is 'ead in agin and shouts, 'Abar Montynegro! I dunno what 'e meant. Father 'eaved a cushion at 'im, but Uncle was too quick. We ain't seen 'im since.'



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON. "HE'S SUFFERING FROM EXCESS OF TARIFF. I SHALL HAVE TO REDUCE HIM."

MR. BONAR LAW. "I WISH I HAD A PATIENT WITH HALF HIS COMPLAINT."





"WHAT A VERY NICE LITTLE BOY FREDDY IS—SO QUIET AND WELL-BEHAVED."
 "WELL, I'M BLOWED! YOU MOTHERS ARE RUM! THAT'S WHAT FREDDIE'S MOTHER ALWAYS SAYS ABOUT ME!"

TO A BEAUTY PHOTOGRAPHER.

(By a celebrity in time of crisis.)

Lo, as a lover steals with faltering feet,
 On Valentine his morning, to the doors
 Of his coy mistress, so to this your seat,
 Artist, I come, and with all force entreat,
 "Take me, for I am yours."

Yet, ere you lead me to the torture chair,
 Hear first my charge: 'Tis generally borneo
 That only Beauty gains your favouring care,
 That you restrict your labours to the fair;
 Others you treat with scorn.

Well, I lack loveliness (and so do you);
 It is for that that I demand your skill.
 Art should create; where Nature's charms are few,
 It is for Art to show what She can do.
 What—are you stubborn still?

Then further. In your ear let me confess
 That I am famous; I have written books;
 There is an editor who asks, no less,
 To put me in our Illustrated Press,
 That men may know my looks.

It is a crisis, gravoly tho' I shrink
 From the publicity that must be faced;
 And really, if the people have to drink
 My features in, it would be well, I think,
 To give them something chaste.

Therefore I beg you, by your sacred Art,
 To tone me up and do the thing in style;
 There may be money in it quite apart
 From the advertisement. Ha! ha! you start.
 Heav'n bless you for that smile!

Come, then, to work, and, as the need is great,
 So be your triumph. This shall be my pose;
 Yours be the rest. 'Tis yours to palliate,
 To make the rugged smooth, the crooked straight,
 Especially my nose.

Now I am settled. Stately as a swan,
 Thoughtful but not austere. Woa, Artist, woa!
 I have a giggling humour coming on.
 You looked so funny. It will pass anon.
 Now. Are you ready? Go! Dum-Dum.

The Graceful Touch.

"Mr. Collins Bailey, of Portsmouth, delivered a short address on Home Rule, and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent."
Portsmouth Evening News.

We regret to state that the rumour that the Master of ELIBANK is about to follow the example of the MACLAINE of Lochbuie and go on the variety stage, with the idea of interpreting the emotions of his old colleagues in the Scots Cabinet, is officially denied.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE RESOLUTE SPIRIT.

ONCE upon a time there was in the Suffolk village of South Highbolt a Tudor grange. It was richly timbered, with vine leaves carved on its barge-boards, and it had a great hall with a roof-tree springing from a cross-beam of massive stoutness, and a very beautiful pilastered gallery, and altogether it was such a house as, although damp and insanitary, sends romantic travellers into ecstasies. But it had come upon evil days, and having been bought cheaply by a speculative London builder had been sold by him at an enormous profit to an American plutocrat, and—a minute plan of all having been prepared—was now being taken down with great care, every brick, stone and beam numbered, to be re-erected in the American millionaire's estate on the banks of the Hudson as a garden hostel for his guests and a perpetual reminder of a country older and more beautiful than his own.

Now it happened that, like most Tudor granges, this one was haunted. Ever since the year 1592, when a wealthy heir apparent, named Geoffrey, had been poisoned with a dish of toadstools by his spendthrift younger brother, more than anxious to upset the exasperating financial provisions of primogeniture, and their sister Alice had

unconsciously partaken of the same dish, Alice and Geoffrey, as well as could be managed in their disembodied state, had devoted themselves to the old home and the discomfort of its various successive inhabitants; and their dismay was intense on seeing its component parts gradually being packed into a series of trucks, to be drawn to some distant spot by a traction-engine. To demolition pure and simple they were accustomed. Many were the neighbouring mansions, most of them also haunted, which they had seen pulled down, and not a few rebuilt; but it was a new experience to observe a house bodily removed they knew not whither, nor could they discover. In vain were other ghosts consulted; none knew, not even the youngest. The point then was, what was to be done? for Geoffrey and Alice were divided in opinion as to their duty, Alice considering that her first allegiance was to the structure, and Geoffrey that his was to the site.

"It is our family home," said Alice;

"marry we must go with it, no matter where."

"Nay, sister," said Geoffrey, "that were foolish. We are Suffolk ghosts—more than Suffolk, South Highbolt ghosts—and here we ought to stay. Suppose it is going to London—how then? You are far too simple and countrified for the great city. The others will laugh at you."

"Let them," said Alice, "I care not."

"Wait till you hear them," said Geoffrey, "all sensitive as you are! Anyway, here I mean to stay."

"But how foolish!" said Alice; "for surely, Geoffrey, you would not haunt nothing? What use could that be? How can you make nothing creak? or blow out candles when there are none? or moan along passages that do not exist? or wring your hands in

It therefore happened that when the time came for the road-train to leave, every vestige of the house being packed away, Alice took a tearful farewell of her brother and crept dismally into the last truck with a bibulous brakesman, and either such was her melancholy at leaving home or such the completeness of his potations that she caused him not a single tremor all the way to Harwich, where a vessel was waiting to convey the grange to America. It was when Alice realised this and took up her abode in the stuffy hold as near to the roof-tree as she could nestle that her courage first began to fail, for she was a bad sailor; but once again duty triumphed. . . .

It was on the first night on which the re-erected Tudor grange was opened as a hostel for the millionaire's guests that Alice was placed in the delectable position of realising that the conscientiousness of having been virtuous is not always the only reward of a virtuous deed; for she had hardly waved her arms more than thrice, or uttered more than three of those blood-curdling shrieks which dated from the moment when her suspicions that the fungus that she had just swallowed so greedily was not a mushroom but a toadstool assumed an air of fact, when Professor Uriah K. Bleeter, one of the most determined foes of the American Society of Psychological Research and all



Extract from a letter to an editor. "I THANK YOU FOR THE HOSPITALITY OF YOUR COLUMNS."

South Highbolt at easements that are elsewhere?"

"True," replied Geoffrey, "but I can carry on the mechanism of haunting just the same. I can gibber where the old home used to stand, as many another honest Suffolk ghost, ay, and Essex and Norfolk ghosts too, I wis, are doing at this moment. I belong to the village and shall stay here. I hate travel. No doubt to create anything like the sensation to which I have been accustomed will be difficult, but I can do my best. Even the poorest efforts, however, will be better than accompanying a traction-engine along a public road in broad day—verily a degrading occupation for the unladen spirit of a fair lady."

"Circumstances alter cases," Alice replied. "I conceive my duty to be to yonder wood and stone. Nothing shall shake me. Wherever they go, there go I also."

"And I too," said Geoffrey, "am adamant. South Highbolt is my home and never will I leave it."

its works, sprang through his bedroom window to the ground below, taking with him the sash and some dozens of diamond panes.

And now the Tudor grange, even emptier than it had been for so long in England (since America is a greater country), is once more for sale, preferably to a Suffolk landowner; and the millionaire who bought it lives entirely on his yacht.

From a police-court case headed "Furious Driving" in *The Cromer Post*:—

"Police-constable Woodcock said he saw defendant drive the horse over three-quarters of a mile of road in twenty minutes. When he stopped defendant the horse was trembling." A chill, no doubt.

"It is a fact not generally known that sailors who are off the southern coast of South America, and are in want of water, make for the mouth of the Amazon, where they can procure fresh water 200 miles from the coast."

Recall News.

It seems a long way to go for a drink.



Host. "HOW DO YOU LIKE THE COURSE?"

Visitor. "WELL, I DON'T WISH TO APPEAR UNGRATEFUL, BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO LIE DOWN!"

ORIGINS.

THE Select Committee on Motor Traffic dangers, whatever the results of its investigations may be, has at least made a splendid start. It has already earned the gratitude of all antiquarians by the flood of valuable light which it has thrown on the vexed question of the origin of the Rule of the Road. One of the witnesses has pointed out that the rule came into being "about the time when men carried swords, so that they could seize their weapons with their free hand and turn round and defend themselves against attacks from behind."

We may now confidently look to the Select Committee, in the course of the sittings that are yet to come, to enlighten us upon the origin of other curious customs—equally closely connected with the dangers of motor traffic—which have grown up almost imperceptibly among us.

Does the custom, for instance, of walking on the outside of the pavement when in the company of a lady date—as we have always supposed—from about the time when ladies took an interest in shop windows?

Is it true—as we have good reason to believe—that the custom of shaking hands when acquaintances meet dates from about the time when men con-

sidered it prudent to keep the other fellow's right hand out of mischief until they saw how he was going to take it?

Are we right in supposing that the custom of knocking at a door before entering—obviously an old survival—dates back to about the time when most private residences were protected by a portcullis, on which you had to knock pretty hard if you wanted to make your way in?

These are moot points, some of them perhaps more moot than others; but there is no doubt at all in our mind that the custom of dressing for dinner dates back to about the time when the Court of CHARLES II. encouraged luxury, and no one dreamt of getting out of bed before that hour of the day; and it is interesting to note that the custom of using umbrellas dates back to about the time when they were first introduced.

We hope that if witnesses before the Select Committee have any more solutions to offer they will at least be free from ill-natured criticism. It has already been pointed out that the Rule of the Road on the Continent is the reverse of what it is in this country; but that circumstance is due, we understand, not so much to the fact that swords were never carried in France or Germany, as to the fact that all foreigners in the Middle Ages were notoriously left-handed.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

["We shall all be flying soon."—Miss Trehawke Davies.]

ALTHOUGH my flying days are o'er,
And I, now verging on three-score,
Do not intend to quit the floor,

I greet with feelings of elation
The prospect that awaits the nation
Of universal aviation.

* * * * *

I'd simply love to see HALL CAINE
Careering in an aeroplane
Athwart the limitless inano;

Or watch Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM
TREE
Soar to the zenith like a bee,
With Mr. HANDEL BOOTH, M.P.;

Or mark, upon some night in June,
Great GARVIN, in a gas balloon,
Shoot madly upward to the moon;

Or gaze with rapture on LE QUEUX
As in his hydroplano he flew
To Vladivostok or Peru;

Or speed the parting of "TAX PAY".
As gallantly he winged his way
To Stellenbosch or Baffin's Bay.

* * * * *

Oh, won't it be a priceless boon—
Far finer than a rag-time tune—
To see these worthies flying soon!

WILLIAM'S SECRET.

[A study in the methods of Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, whose new book, "Mysteries" (WARD, LOCK & Co.), leaves us cold.]

THE mystery of the astounding events which startled all Europe a few years ago has never been elucidated, therefore now for the first time I will relate the facts, which will astonish many.

It was a beautiful evening in September, and London was, as is usual at such times, empty. I had received my customary invitations from the Nobility to shoot over their preserves, but I had decided to remain in the Mecca of all Englishmen, London, in the hope that some astounding adventure might happen to me. Therefore it was that I was seated alone with my revolver in the smoking-room of the Devonshire Club on a beautiful evening in September.

Suddenly the door opened and my old friend Baron Banana came in. I had frequently dined with him on his yacht at Monte Carlo, therefore I knew him well.

"Good evening, Caro Barone," I said with a gay smile, for he and I had always been great companions and had sometimes lent each other money.

"My friend," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder and twirling his moustache despairingly, "I want you to do something for the Czar of Russia." At these words his face went the colour of ashes.

"What is it?" I asked hoarsely.

In an instant three low-looking determined men in dark tweed overcoats burst into the room, each with a loaded revolver covering us.

"The papers," muttered the first of them thickly, levelling his revolver unhesitatingly at Baron Banana's neck, "give me the papers!"

Without a word I handed him *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Westminster Gazette*, *The Morning Post* and *The Daily Chronicle*.

The ruffian, who had a big black beard and elastic-sided boots, blanched visibly, and turning again to my friend Baron Banana angrily pressed his revolver, which was loaded to the hilt, against the Baron's elbow.

"Give me the secret papers," he said in a hoarse whisper to my friend.

"They were stolen from me yesterday," said my friend Baron Banana, with whom I had often dined on his yacht at Monte Carlo.

The ruffian went as pale as ashes. Without a moment's hesitation he discharged his deadly weapon at the ceiling. Immediately I fainted.

* * * * *

When I recovered consciousness two

years later, I found myself to my amazement lying in a sumptuously-furnished cabin. Therefore I went on deck and found that I was on a magnificent steam-yacht off the coast of Algeria.

Suddenly the most beautiful girl I have ever seen appeared on deck and glided towards me. In less than a month we were the greatest friends.

"I adore you," I declared passionately one evening, taking out my revolver and raising her hand to my lips.

"Hush," she murmured in a hoarse whisper.

Two weeks passed, and I was standing on deck one morning when she came suddenly towards me, her beautiful face the colour of ashes.

"What is it?" I asked hoarsely.

She handed me a packet of papers.

"Take these," she said, "and give them to Popoff, the Chief of the Police in Warsaw," mentioning the name of the most dreaded detective in Russia, Paul Popoff. "It is a matter of life and death."

"Whose?" I asked anxiously.

"Yours," replied the beautiful girl, whose name I found out afterwards was Maritza.

Immediately I swooned.

* * * * *

I must have been unconscious for six months. When I came round I found myself to my astonishment in the deepest dungeon of the dreaded Schüsselburg, from which no prisoner ever returns alive. I made up my mind that my last moment had arrived, and drawing my revolver decided to sell my life dearly.

Suddenly the door of my cell was opened, and my old friend Baron Banana, with whom I used frequently to lunch on his yacht at Monte Carlo, was kicked in by one of the guards.

"How are you, my dear old chap?" I said, for his face was as pale as ashes.

"The papers?" he said in a hoarse whisper.

We drew out our revolvers, for we were resolved to sell our lives dearly, if the guards interrupted us at this moment.

"I am Paul Popoff," my friend Baron Banana went on, mentioning the name of the most dreaded detective in Russia.

Immediately I drew out the packet, which Maritza had given me, from the lining of my waistcoat.

Without a word the Baron opened the packet with the greatest eagerness. Suddenly he gave a cry. The packet contained, not the letters he had hoped for, but a deadly bomb!

Both our faces went the colour of

ashes. Then there was a loud explosion—and I knew no more.

* * * * *

When I recovered consciousness I found myself, to my intense surprise, in the Barnes mortuary. As may be supposed, I desired to remain in that place not an instant longer than was necessary, therefore I escaped by the window. Having a few shillings still left in my pocket, I took a taxi to Scotland Yard in order to clear up the mystery of my friend Baron Banana and the beautiful Maritza, whom I still loved with all the intensity of my soul.

At Scotland Yard I waited for three weeks, when suddenly the door opened and there entered a man whose presence there rendered me speechless.

It was Paul Popoff, the most dreaded detective in Russia.

He noted my amazement, and, laughing as he advanced towards me, exclaimed:

"Now that we meet here, allow me to introduce myself under my real name. I am the German Emperor."

At these words my face went the colour of ashes.

"Then who is Baron Banana?" I asked in a hoarse whisper.

In an instant he drew his revolver and handed me a packet of papers.

Immediately I swooned.

* * * * *

One word more. Not many weeks ago, while walking along the Strand, I noticed a short bearded man coming out of a Cinema Palace. At the same moment our eyes met. Instantly his face went the colour of ashes and he jumped into a taxi.

It was the Czar of Russia!

A. A. M.

From a picture-framer's circular:—

"GENUINE OIL PAINTINGS.

I have in my employ some of the best and cleverest artists and can guarantee you first-class work at the following reasonable prices, including Landscapes, Waterfalls, Mountain Scenery, Fruit and Flowers, etc. 10 x 8 1/- each, 12 x 10 1/9 each, 18 x 10 2/6 each." We have laid out 3/6 on a "Bunch of Grapes rising over Ben Nevis" (10 x 8) and a "Cauliflower coming down at Lodore" (18 x 10).

"Some heat seems to have been engendered through the action taken by the Somerset Archaeological Society respecting the installation of an improved heating apparatus."

Estates Gazette.

Evidently the apparatus is a success.

"Young Man (reliable) Wanted, who can kill and make himself useful; live out."—*Advt. in "The Devon and Exeter Gazette."*

We certainly recommend this last arrangement in case the police should call.



Priest. "NOW, PAT, YE'RE VERY BEHINDHAND WITH YOUR GARDEN. THERE'S NOTHING SHOWING."

Pat. "SHURE, FATHER, THE SLUGS AND SUCH BASTES WERE SO THROUBLESOME LAST YEAR THAT I THOUGHT I'D PUT THE SPOITE ON THIM AND NOT GROW ANNYTHING AT ALL, AT ALL."

SOMEWHERE NEAR BLENHEIM.

(A typical Oxfordshire scene at the present moment, with sincere apologies to ROBERT SOUTHBY and all pedantic students of rural dialects.)

It was an April evening;
Old William, fairly ripe,
Was walking homewards from the pub
Puffing a dark clay pipe:
He took to help him o'er the green
His little grandchild Emmeline.

She saw her brother, Henry John,
Wave something in his hand,
A leaflet issued by *The Mail*
He could not understand;
He looked for someone to expound
The words so large and smooth and round.

The old man took it from the boy,
He leaned against a stile,
He scratched a ruminative head
And smiled a maudlin smile;
"That is a tract," said he, "that be,
About the vamous policy."

I seed one at the "Spotted Pig;"
John Brown he read un out;
They're going to plough the big Park up,
And that's what it's about;

There's several thousand words," said he,
"Explaining that there policy."

"But tell us what it's all about,"
Was Henry John's remark,
And little Emmeline said, "Lor!
Why should they plough the Park?
And is it true, or just a tale
Invented, granfer, by *The Mail*?"

"It was the GREAT DUKE," William said,

"Who laid the FIRST LORD flat;
But what they fought each other for
I bain't so sure of that;
But everybody knows," said he,
"It wor a vamous policy."

"The GREAT DUKE lives by Woodstock town,

The FIRST LORD rules the sea,
The DUKE's a great Conservative,
His cousin—what are he?
There's some as says—but there, my head
Ain't what it was," the old man said.

"Howmbesoever, in *The Mail*,
The GREAT DUKE took and wrote
As summat's wrong with English land;
This here's un's antidote.

'I'll plough the Park,' says he, 'for wheat.'
'You will?' says WINSTON. 'Well, I'm beat.'

"But what," said Henry John, "de things
Like rural problems mean?"
"And does the GREAT DUKE love *The Mail*?"

Quoth little Emmeline.
"Ah! that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twor a vamous policy."

EVOE.

The Age of Luxury.

"Bedroom (small) and Sitting Room Required by young gentlemen; bathroom and accommodation for small dog."
Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

The small dog seems to be the more particular of the two.

From *The Weekly Times*' report of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S speech at the O.P. Club banquet:—

"He added that his farewell to London did not include Miss Gertrude Elliott."
Mr. *Punch* is not at all surprised, and wishes them many more happy years together.



"WHAT KIND O' DANCE IS THIS TURKEY TROT, WULLIE?"

"WEE, IT'S LIKE THIS, NOO. YE TAK' YER PAIRTNER, YE PUSH HER FORBIT, YE PULL HER BACK, AN' YE THIRL HER ROUN' WHILES."

FASHION NOTES.

[According to the Press, Landscape Frocks "painted to resemble well-known master-pieces" are to be the newest fashionable sensation.]

DEAREST MILLY.—You will of course expect me to tell you all about the latest modes. Well, to begin with, Goose and Edwin are showing some really charming Turners for evening wear. This firm's "Fighting Téméraire," in old gold net over blue chiffon with a dash of rose, would look exceedingly well on anyone who was not afraid of a little colour. There are also some quite too delicious Whistlers (including an "Old Battersea Bridge" that would be the very thing for half-mourning), the soft shades of which make them especially suitable to very young blondes.

I was immensely taken, too, with a

wonderful Napier Hemy, in dark navy merino, the skirt made billowy, with a bodice of tulle clouds, which has been ordered for a smart yachtswoman. More fragile is a "June in the Austrian Tyrol" afternoon confection, of green and blue velvet, with which is to be worn a Hobbema "Avenue" hat of brown straw, trimmed with absolutely straight uprising plumes, like the trees in the famous original.

I hear that Messrs. Égalité, of Regent Street, are making a feature of a special line in ready-made Leaders; the coat and skirt of the popular russet and green being finished off with a dainty togo in various sunset shades, the whole giving the effect of masses of foliage caught by the last rays of evening.

A propos of this firm, I should tell you that Mrs. Blank Dash, the wife of

the well-known artist, created quite a sensation in Bond Street last week by appearing in the smartest of tailor-made costumes of hand-painted canvas. Everyone was admiring the delightful *je-ne-sais-quoi* blend of colouring; but only now am I able to publish the fact that this was really due to the material employed being the Academy rejecteds of the lady's husband. Messrs. Égalité were of course responsible for this triumph; and I am told further that, in order to keep abreast of the latest movement in fashion, they have opened a branch establishment in the King's Road, where customers desirous of obtaining the real Chelsea *cachet* can have their own materials made up within a stone's-throw of the studios supplying them.

Next week I must write to you about the new designs in oil-painted coats for wet weather.

Yours,

LOUISE.

I'D HAVE A DAIRY.

I'd have a dairy—

Stool, churn and dish,
An if a fairy

Gave me a wish;

Fragrant and airy,

Long, clean and cool,

I'd have a dairy—

Dish, churn and stool!

Three maids are plenty—

May, Moll and Meg;

If I paid twenty

I'd have to beg;

Thrifty and tenty,

Up with the day,

Three maids are plenty—

Meg, Moll and May!

Cows of my raising,

White, red and roan,

I'd have a-grazing

In fields of my own;

Milkers amazing,

Morning and night,

Cows of my raising,

Roan, red and white!

I'd give the fairy

Cream, curd and whey,

Best of my dairy

Fresh every day;

These shouldn't vary

'Neath my door beam;

I'd give the fairy

Whey, curd and cream!

Vie de Bohême.

From a recent statement by a juvenile scholar:—

"The old blind King of Bohemia was slain at the battle of Creçy, and Edward, Prince of Wales, adopted his crest and motto, 'Hitchy Koo.'"



THE POINT OF IT.

MR. ASQUITH. "OF COURSE I'M DOING THIS FOR THE HONOUR OF MY COUNTRY; BUT IF I SHOULD CHANCE TO IMPALE A TORY OR TWO—WELL, I SHALL NOT WASTE TIME IN VAIN REGRETS."

[Javelin practice for the next Olympian Games has already begun in the Park.]

Handwritten notes in the left margin, including the word "Parasitology" and other illegible text.

Handwritten notes in the right margin, including the word "Parasitology" and other illegible text.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 7.

—For some months a war-cloud has lain ominously low over the East of Europe. From its component parts, rare in complexity, full charged with electricity, there would follow on explosion a conflict by the side of which the wars of the past century would seem to be but skirmishes. Avoidance of this appalling calamity is, according to admission frankly made in the Chancelleries of Europe, largely due to the sagacity and confidence-inspiring character of the British Foreign Minister. Without putting himself forward with intent to assume a position of prominence Sir EDWARD GREY's right to presidency, alike at gatherings of the Ambassadors and at conferences of representatives of the Allies, has been instinctively recognised and generously acknowledged.

Rising to-day in crowded House, hushed to state of anxious expectancy, he made characteristically frank statement disclosing current situation. At a moment when, Turkey beaten to her knees, peace seemed assured upon terms fairly distributing the spoil among the victors, Montenegro asked for more and defied the Powers whose carefully worked-out scheme of settlement reserved Scutari for an autonomous Albania. This attitude was significantly answered by a naval demonstration, in which two British ships took part, our Admiral finding himself in command of the International Fleet cruising off the coast of Montenegro.

The agreement between the Powers respecting the frontier of Albania was, Sir EDWARD GREY said, reached after long and laborious diplomatic effort. "Arrival at such agreement was essential to the peace of Europe, and in my opinion it was accomplished only just in time to preserve that peace between the Great Powers."

It might be supposed that this statement, solemnly made by a man who never indulges in gasconade, would have given pause to the little clique below Gangway on Ministerial side who rather fancy themselves as authorities on foreign affairs, whether affecting China or Timbuctoo. On the contrary, MASON of Coventry, BECK of Saffron Walden, MACPHERSON of Ross and

Cromarty, and DON'T KEIR HARDIE of Merthyr Tydvil (and the Universe) rose up in succession expressing dislike and distrust. All very well for the FOREIGN SECRETARY and the Conference of Ambassadors in London to flatter themselves that, having spent their days and nights in earnest endeavour

their counsel, MASON proposed to move adjournment. "In view of the enormous and very delicate interests involved" PREMIER gravely deprecated discussion at present moment. In accordance with high traditions that exclude critical questions of foreign policy from Party polemics, LEADER OF OPPOSITION, amid cheers from his own side, heartily agreed. Demand for leave to move adjournment nevertheless pressed. Challenged to show how far it was supported sixteen Members stood up. As forty is the minimum number necessary for such enterprise as Member for Coventry was bent upon, application refused.

Business done. — Attempt of tail of Ministerialists to wag the dog in connection with crisis in Eastern Europe baffled.

By majority of 141 CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER carried Resolution legalising usage and custom followed by every Government during last sixty years with respect to collection of taxes pending passage of a Budget.

Tuesday. — Useful object-lesson presented in connection with Bill abolishing privilege of Plural Voting. A measure of first-class importance, it might, had it been introduced in ordinary old-fashioned way, have occupied whole sitting.

Minister in charge would have been expected to make prolonged speech. There would have been equally lengthy discourse from Front Opposition Bench. Members above and below Gangway on both sides would have chipped in, and so the night would have worn away to reach the same inevitable conclusion.

Under Ten Minutes' Rule it was all over, including division, well within the half-hour. Ten Minutes' Rule so called because Standing Order in question says nothing about ten or other precise number of minutes. It simply directs that when a motion to bring in a Bill be made "the Speaker if he thinks fit may permit a brief explanatory statement from the Member who moves and a Member who opposes the motion." House has agreed that ten minutes is fairly sufficient time for such explanation. Hence the nomenclature of the Rule and the establishment of general belief that a limit of ten minutes is definitively ordered.

This afternoon JACK PEASE (whose case is to some extent analogous to the Ten Minutes' Rule, since he is commonly called "Jack" because he was



Sir EDWARD GREY (to Radical critics). "I said, 'Lend me your ears.' I said nothing about your mouths."

to settle this intricate matter on a basis of equity all round, they know something about their business. The four eminent jurists and statesmen knew better.

With intent to let Europe profit by



THE PLURAL VOTER IS CALLED ON TO SURRENDER.

christened JOSEPH ALBERT, with his eye on the clock; compressed admirably lucid statement within space of ten minutes. F. E. SMITH, overstepping the limit by a hundred seconds or so, was pulled up by murmurs from punctilious gentry below Gangway opposite.

For practical purposes Ten Minutes' Rule might with exceedingly few exceptions be applied to introduction of all Bills. Extended debate on First Reading stage is worse than wasted time. It is frequently misleading, since Members are discussing proposals they have not yet had advantage of considering after studying in print their precise terms. Second Reading stage presents full opportunity for such debate.

When it comes we shall probably hear something about F. E. SMITH's objection to the Bill that "it loads the dice against the Opposition as a party." As SARK points out, if the imagery be accepted it follows that through all these years during which the principle of Plural Voting has been operative the dice have been loaded against Liberal candidates at elections.

Business done.—Bill for Abolition of Plural Voting read a first time by 303 against 177, Ministerial majority running up to 126.

Friday.—Questions addressed to Ministers, more especially those put by Irish Members, occasionally throw vivid flash of light upon social life in remote country districts. In form of series of questions addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL, SHEEHAN told stirring story of exploits of auxiliary postman JAMES M'SWEENEY, of Carriginimma, County Cork. It reads like a chapter from LOVER's *Handy Andy*. According to SHEEHAN, in addition to commonplace duties pertaining to post office, Mr. M'SWEENEY takes active part in public life of Carriginimma. He is the local parish secretary of a secret sectarian and political order known as the Board of Erin, A.O.H.

Whether these letters are initials familiar to the initiated or merely an exclamation was not disclosed.

Meetings of this secret society have, it is asserted, been held in the local post office, whose affairs are administered by Miss M'SWEENEY. Having a day off (it was Sunday, March 23) this terrible though auxiliary postman "organised a political invasion from Macroom and Ballyvourney upon the Carriginimma Catholic Church." Worse still, he is, it appears, "frequently

guilty of neglect of duty in the delivery of letters by attending funerals of the members of his order during official hours," a practice which certainly must involve a measure of inconvenience in business circles.

The INFANT SAMUEL, not easily taken aback, shielded himself from attack by reading official vindication of JAMES M'SWEENEY's general character. Irish Members not to be put off by this. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, with his instinctive dislike of secret societies (such as the Land League, for example), thundered demand for auxiliary postman's head on a charger delivered by earliest post. INFANT SAMUEL meekly promised he would see what could be done, and storm abated.

Business done.—Colonel SANDYS' National Service (Territorial Forces) Bill talked out.



WM. O'BRIEN ASKS FOR BLOOD.

THE DIAGNOSIS.

[A weekly paper alleges that the boots one wears react on one's mood, producing frivolity, sombreness, and so on.]

AH me! I did feel queer that day.

Between the blithesome and the tragic I alternated in a way

Suggestive of some evil magic.

A tear stood in my bright blue eye,

And e'en as down my cheek it trickled

My reckless laughter rent the sky

As though my ribs were roughly tickled.

Long time I pondered o'er the thing,

For, truth to tell, it made me qualmy.

Could it, I wondered, be the Spring?

Was I in love or going balmy?

In vain I sought the trouble's seat

In heart and head, until, despairing,

I cast one look towards my feet—

The shoes were odd that I was wearing.

"OUTSIDE THE ARK. Just Out."

Advt. in "Times Literary Supplement."

Hard luck—a very near thing.

THE MOTOR-BUS HANDICAP.

It was a Saturday afternoon and Bill and I were in sore need of amusement. Hyde Park oratory we had found overrated. Our respective clubs had seemed to consist of nothing but silent bald heads. So at Hyde Park Corner we parted, and I, in accordance with our pre-arranged scheme, stepped on to a bus going along Piccadilly to Liverpool Street. It was not long before I made the acquaintance of the conductor, at that time a man of honest appearance and no doubt unblemished character.

"Conductor," I said, "I have a friend and his name is Bill."

The conductor, though by now he may be silent and reserved, as is the way with those who have regrettable pasts, was at the moment inclined to all the outspoken candour of sweet innocence. He told me that he had many friends and that most of them would answer to the name of Bill.

"But this Bill," said I, "is relevant." (The man's jovial expression sobered down a little. I think he misunderstood me to mean that Bill was a parson.) "He is at this moment being carried as fast as bus can carry him up Park Lane. Arrived at the Marble Arch, he will travel *via* Oxford Street to Liverpool Street. Arrived there, he will return with all speed, but *via* Piccadilly, to Hyde Park Corner. I, on the other hand, am scheduled to return to that im-

portant spot *via* Oxford Street and Park Lane. In other words, it is a circular route and we are travelling it in opposite directions. For private reasons, including a liquidated sum of money, it is urgent that I should be back at Hyde Park Corner first."

Leaning over the side, he shouted a few cryptic words to the man at the wheel. Clearly these two had the racing instinct and a pride in their bus. *Nec*, as my old friend VIRGIL used to say, *mora*.

* * * * *

The Strand is slow-going on a Saturday afternoon, but I had every hope that we should make up time through the deserted City. Never did I loathe two people so much and on so short an acquaintance as I did the two British matrons who stood in the middle of Fleet Street and barred our progress with waving umbrellas. It was possible but, we decided, imprudent to pass through them, so we delayed our rush and they delayed it more. When, after an age, we had got them



Dear Old Gentleman (to Jones, who is removing his rejected works from the Royal Academy). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHO HAS PAINTED THE PICTURE THIS YEAR?"

on board, they sat just in front of me, less by design than by reason of the suddenness of our start, and their subsequent conversation, which I could not help hearing, made me sweat with dismay. It disclosed an awful state of affairs. So I hastened down-stairs to interview the conductor before he should interview them.

"My friend," I whispered to him, "this bus is going to Piccadilly."

He demurred.

"Yes," said I, "it is—eventually. They will ask you upstairs, 'Is this bus going to Piccadilly?' You will preserve an impassive face and say, 'Yes.' True, it is not going by the most direct route; but there are two routes from Fleet Street to Piccadilly, and one of them is *via* Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's, the Mansion House, Liverpool Street, the Mansion House, St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street again. What are time and direct routes and money to British matrons? Can we, having wasted many moments getting them on, be expected to waste more getting them off; ay, and, for all we know, getting them on to another bus?"

I took my seat inside while the conductor went up-stairs and told his lie.

* * * * *

I was back at the starting and winning post, Hyde Park Corner, just in time to see Bill emerge from a taxi-cab.

"I attribute my downfall," said he, on being confronted, "to two old women."

I asked for particulars. Their descriptions seemed familiar.

"When I got on to my return bus at Liverpool Street," he continued, "and saw the old things sitting on top, I should have known that they put no value on their own time and would not hesitate to waste mine. But it was such a nice-looking bus and the genial conductor wore such an unscrupulous look."

I asked for further particulars, and this time the descriptions left no room for doubt.

"At Piccadilly, after two previous attempts, in which they changed their minds when they had stopped the bus, they got off."

"As they of all people were entitled to do," I murmured.

"But not where everybody else gets off. No, they must have a stop to themselves. Worse, they must keep us all waiting while they had a long, long chat with the conductor."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "they had cause to remonstrate with him?"

"Not they. For when, being able to tolerate the delay no longer, I left the bus, they were thanking him in the most emphatic and profuse terms for their pleasant ride. Indeed," he added, as he handed over the amount of our bet, "the last I saw of them they were tipping the fellow."

I pocketed the wager. "In my opinion," said I, "it has been from first to last a most disreputable affair, from which no one, save the ladies, emerges without shame."

Bill's only regret, on being enlightened, was the thought that, if he had not been detected over the taxi-cab scandal, he would probably have confessed voluntarily.

"The annual match between the Oxford and Cambridge teams last week at Hoyalake resulted in a tee."—*Dublin Evening News*.

It generally ends on a green.

NEIGHBOURS.

It is not, generally speaking, amusing—even for a musical critic—to be in bed for a week in a Swiss hotel in winter. Yet I was well entertained by my friendly intercourse with Mr. Arthur W. Brooks, next door. His portmanteau was sent to my room by mistake on the evening of my arrival. That is how I discovered his name, but I never wittingly beheld his features. Still our rooms were only separated by a locked door, and I came to know a good deal about Arthur W. Brooks.

His principal characteristics appear to be a catholic taste in music and an inveterate habit of whistling while he is dressing for dinner. That is how we got on terms almost of intimacy with one another. It was on the Tuesday evening that I first became aware of a beautiful rendering of CHOPIN'S "Funeral March" creeping solemnly through the key-hole. This was followed, after a suitable interval, by a brief and brilliant selection from *Carmen*. I felt that applause in any form would be out of place, and yet I wished to show my appreciation in the most delicate manner possible. I am no mean whistler myself. I have even, in my day, whistled to my own accompaniment at a Band of Hope concert. So I replied tentatively, unobtrusively, with the opening bars of the "Freischütz Overture." I had not advanced very far when the gong sounded and he went down. I thought he might have waited. On the Wednesday I began to keep a record in the form of a diary, which follows:—

Wednesday night.—Brooks came up early, having, perhaps, got wet through tobogganing. We plunged at once into BEETHOVEN'S Symphonies. He gave a really fine synopsis of the principal themes of the "Eroica." I replied with the slow movement of the Fourth. I thought I should have him there, as it is not so generally known, but to my extreme pleasure he went on to the Scherzo with the utmost promptitude. We then took the "C Minor," dividing the movements between us, Brooks being a little shaky on the last. The gong found us on the point of attacking the "Pastoral."

Thursday night.—MORE BEETHOVEN. Brooks is quite sound on BEETHOVEN, though I did not at all care for his reading of the slow movement of the Seventh Symphony. It was abominably dragged. I must try to put him right about that.

Friday evening.—I have been wondering all day as to what is his attitude on STRAUSS, and as soon as he appeared

I opened upon him with a selection from the duet from "Elektra." (Pretty difficult, of course, but I had been practising.) I do not think he recognised it at first. The silence seemed a little strained. But as I worked up to my climax he began very suddenly to knock things about all over the room. There was such a row of rattling crockery and the violent splashing of water that at last I found it impossible to proceed. An awkward pause followed, when he had managed to silence me. I thought I would try him once more. But before the end of the second bar I heard the door bang and steps in the passage. I hope I have not offended him. I must keep off STRAUSS.

Saturday.—Brooks was quite himself again to-day. He actually opened in the morning, as he was dressing, with a most spirited rendering of one of SCHUMANN'S "Novelettes." Afterwards we dipped into TSCAIKOWSKI, BERLIOZ and MACDOWELL. In the evening we had a delightful session devoted exclusively to motives from "Parsifal" and the "Ring." I perceive he is a Bayreuther.

Sunday.—A very awkward thing has happened, resulting almost in a breach between us. I find to my horror that Brooks is an admirer of MENDELSSOHN. It has been a great shock to me. He began without any warning on the first movement of the "Italian Symphony." I nearly leapt out of bed. I coughed, I rocked to and fro, at last I hammered on the door. But the persecution went on. In every moment of silence he began again. He tried the "Songs Without Words," and I had to smash the wash-basin before breakfast brought me relief. The trouble about Brooks is that he can't take a hint.

Monday.—Brooks is evidently ashamed of himself. He has returned to BEETHOVEN, as being quite uncontroversial ground, and we had a long wrangle over that slow movement. I fear I failed to convince him. He always listened patiently when I gave him the proper tempo, but as soon as I stopped to take breath he replied by repeating the passage at his own pace. I cannot but regret that we should have parted thus at variance.

Tuesday.—I suppose he went with the early train before I was up. Anyhow, after having been out of my room in the afternoon I began this evening quite hopefully with a BRAHMS Sonata. I waited long for a reply, and then suddenly there fell upon my outraged ears a raucous strain which I believe to be a popular song of the day, entitled, "We All Go the Same Way Home." I cannot stay on with Brooks's successor. I wonder if the doctor would let me travel to-morrow?

Should these words ever meet the eye of Brooks, I should like him to know that I am quite prepared to waive our differences on STRAUSS and MENDELSSOHN, but he is wrong about the slow movement of the Seventh. He ought to admit that.

THE HOLE STORY.

"SYLVIA," I called, "do you know the story of the two holes in the ground?" Of course, it is a very old story, but Sylvia is a new audience.

"No. Do tell me, please."

"Well, well."

Sylvia climbed up on my knee and settled down comfortably. "Now you can tell it me," she said.

"But I've told it. It's, Well, well. Two holes in the ground."

"Yes?"

"You know what a well is, Sylvia? It's a hole."

"I had a weeny wony hole in my sock yesterday."

"Yes, but this is a hole in the ground, just about big enough to put a pail in. And there's water at the bottom, and when you put the pail down it comes up full of water. You know. Like Jack and Jill. That's a well."

"Yes. And you're going to tell me a story about it?"

"It's about two holes in the ground, and the story is, Well, well. You see, a well is a hole in the ground, and Well, well is two holes in the ground. It's a sort of joke."

"Yes," said Sylvia.

"Now you tell it to me."

"Tell you a story?"

"Yes, tell me a story about two holes in the ground."

"I don't think I know one."

And there I had to leave it.

A day or two later I heard her talking to her brother.

"Do you know the story about the two holes in the gground?"

"No."

"Well, well, well."

"Mr. Hake is the second Brighton resident to attain the age of one hundred and two within a few years."—*Morning Post*.

While heartily congratulating Mr. HAKE we opine that he must have taken longer than that about it.

Our Spring Complexions.

A contemporary on a recent Suffragette outbreak:—

"When arrested Brady was violet."

From a City menu:—

"Boiled Ostende Rabbi, Pickled Pork—1s. 0d." So they meet at last.



Hunt Servant (new to the country). "EVER SEEN 'OSSSES IN THERE BEFORE?"

Native. "THAT I 'AVE, PLENTY OF US."

Hunt Servant. "'OW DID THEY GET OUT?"

Native. "THEY BE MAINLY THURE YET."

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE interest excited by the appearance of the "Red Caruso" at the Alhambra has naturally stimulated the competitive instinct, and it is pleasant to think that lovers of *coloratura* will be gratified during the coming season by a number of interesting *débuts*. In fact, as Sir HENRY WOOD wittily remarked the other day, the new fashion threatens to put an entirely different complexion on the musical situation.

The proprietors of the Bolosseum have been so fortunate as to engage the famous Albanian singer, Ilka Sandansky, who is perhaps best known under the engaging sobriquet of the "Pink Patti," Mlle. Sandansky being an Albino as well as an Albanian, and, what is more, the only Albino who is also famous as a singer. Her peculiar physique confers peculiar advantages on her, as she recently admitted in an interview with a representative of *Le Ménestrel*. "No one knows my age, and no one ever will. I looked exactly

as old as I am now when I was sixteen, and I shall look no older if I live to be ninety." Mlle. Sandansky's voice is a rich soprano of a peculiarly glutinous timbre, recalling the delicious Carlsbad plums of thirty years ago; and she is equally good in the rôles of *Rosina* and *Juliet*. The great ambition of her life is to play *Briinnhilde* at Bayreuth, but unfortunately Madame WAGNER has a strong prejudice against Albinos.

Miss Topsy Umslopogaas, the renowned Nubian contralto, is known throughout Central Africa as the "Black Butt," although in stature she falls short by several inches of the famous English singer. Her voice is a sumptuous and sonorous organ of encyclopædic volume and velvety quality, and her recitals at Addis-Ababa were always attended by the Emperor MENELIK until his health failed. The announcement that she has been engaged to appear at Covent Garden in the part of *Amneris* arouses the most lively anticipations, and Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD has taken a box for her *début*.

Miss Umslopogaas, we may add, has a charming literary gift and has written a delightful autobiographical poem which begins:—

"They call me the Black Butt,
I play on the sackbut,
The cymbals, the harp and the drum."

During his recent tour in New Guinea Mr. Bamberger captured several pygmies and brought one back with him to London. The diminutive savage has developed an extraordinary talent for the piano and will shortly make his appearance at the Æolian Hall under the *nom de guerre* of the "Pocket Paderewski." The P. P. is of a beautiful bronze tint with a magnificent head of hair. We understand that M. SCRIBINE, the redoubtable Russian composer, has written a wonderful fantasia for the new performer, which he has entitled "Fantasia Fuzziwuzzia, or *Le dernier Scri*." Additional interest is lent to the event by the fact that Sir Pompey Boldero, Mr. Bamberger's father-in-law, has kindly consented to turn over the pages for his son-in-law's gifted pupil.

PONSONBY.

OTHER people walk out of the palatial tube exit at Holland Park with an easy carriage and a fear-nobody air. But with me it is different. I glance furtively to left and right, pull my hat down over my eyes, and slink hurriedly into the street like a man who is wanted by Scotland Yard. This is not because I have committed any crime, but because two or three hundred yards away from the station lives Ponsonby. I hate, I fear Ponsonby.

When I went to dine with him a few weeks ago, I had not seen him since we were at school together; but even in those days the madness was growing up within him, so that I anticipated the worst. I remembered that he used to collect photographs of engines. I did not suspect, however, how far things had gone with him subsequently.

He came out into the hall to meet me, and almost before I could take off my overcoat, "Hullo!" he said, "how did you get here?"

It was necessary to be calm.

"Ponsonby," I replied, "we were boys together. Is it not wonderful to reflect that even now, as we speak, the map of Europe, which in childhood's days we used to trace illegally by holding it up to the same window-pane, is undergoing alteration. Servia, I remember well, a delicate mauve. And Bulgaria, Bulgaria——"

"Did you come by Tube?" said Ponsonby, interrupting me rather rudely.

"My wife," I said loftily, "happened to be using the aeroplane this evening. She is attending a Women's Suffrage meeting."

"The Tube!" shrieked Ponsonby madly, "the Tube! Just fancy, he came by Tube! Come and look here."

He pulled me roughly into his study, and, oblivious of the fact that the soup was already growing tepid on the dining-room table, hunted out a Bradshaw, an A. B. C., and a chart of the Underground Railways of London. It looked like a vertical section of the human body. In a heated oration lasting some twenty minutes, he proved to me conclusively that the cheapest and quickest way to get to his house from Hampstead Heath (that is the mountain fastness where I reside) was to take the North London Railway to a little village in the provinces called Willesden Junction, and change there for Uxbridge Road.

I said "Yes," meekly, and we had a pleasant little dinner together, during which the conversation turned, so far as I remember, on a recent alteration in the time-table of the South-Eastern

and Chatham Line between Gravesend and Victoria. After dinner we discussed the improved Saturday service to Ponder's End, and in a rather lyrical flight Ponsonby sketched the possibility at no very distant date of the construction of a new bay at Waterloo. (If it ever happens, Ponsonby will be the first, I feel sure, who ever bursts into that silent bay.)

When I got up at last to go, "Wait a minute," he said, "I'm coming with you; I've got a letter to post."

"Can't I do it for you?" I said hopefully. But Ponsonby was obdurate. He took me firmly by the shoulder and marched me, shrinking and reluctant, to Uxbridge Road Station. I went in. I walked to the booking-office. I felt like a French aristocrat in the time of the Terror. The little hutch was my guillotine. Then a light dawned.

"Can you change half-a-sovereign?" I said to the clerk, and looked round swiftly over my shoulder. Ponsonby was gone.

I gathered up my silver, turned up the collar of my overcoat, and made a bold, successful sprint for Holland Park.

The fact is, I like the Tube. It is warm, for one thing, and there are little notices and arrows stuck up everywhere, so that a cow could hardly go wrong. I like the lift. I like the comfortable feeling of my warm familiar strap. I like the smell. I like the motion. I like looking at the people's spats. But now, whenever I go to Holland Park (and unfortunately, as it happens, I have to go there pretty often), I feel like a suspected criminal. I have a dreadful feeling that Ponsonby may be lurking somewhere near, spying upon me. Uxbridge Road hangs round my neck like an albatross.

And yet, after all, why shouldn't I use the Tube if I want to? England is a free country. And it is not as if Ponsonby had shares in the North London Railway. No. It is just Bradshaw mania. And of all forms of lunacy Bradshaw mania is the worst. For one thing, there is no telling when it may become dangerous. I rather suspect Ponsonby of having a ticket-punch concealed about his person, and it is principally to warn the public that I have written this truthful narrative. If any reader of it should chance to fall into conversation with a stranger, a dark sinister man with a wild gleam in his eye, who suggests that the proper way to get from Putney to the Bank is to get on to the Lancashire and Yorkshire *via* Sheffield, and change at Blisworth Junction for Hartlepool and the Severn Tunnel, let him have a care. For that will be Ponsonby.

THE SENIOR MISTRESS OF BLYTH.

["BLYTH SECONDARY SCHOOL.—The Governors of the above School invite applications for the post of Senior Mistress. Candidates must be Graduates in Honours of a British University and must be well qualified in Mathematics, Latin and English. Ability to teach Art will be a recommendation." *Advt. in "The Spectator."*]

It is told of the painter DA VINCI,
Being once unemployed for a span,
At the menace of poverty's pinch he
Sought work at the Court of Milan.
Having shown himself willing and able
To perform on the curious lyre,
He presented the Duke with a table
Of the talents he proffered for hire.

"I can raze you a fortress," it ran on,
"Quell castles, drain ditches and moats,
Make shapely and competent cannon,
Build aqueducts, bridges and boats;
In peace I can mould for your courts a
Few models in marble or clay
And paint the illustrious SFORZA
With anyone living to-day."

LEONARDO is dead, they asseverate,
He has left no successor behind,
For the days of the specialist never rate
At its value the versatile mind.
Is Lord BROUGHAM, then, our latest
example?

No, Time, the old churl with his
scythe,
Shall spare us a notable sample
In the Senior Mistress of Blyth.

She shall guide Standard Three through
Progressions,
Study Statics and Surds with the
Fourth,
She shall dwell on DE QUINCY'S
Confessions,
DONNE, CAEDMON, and CHRISTOPHER
NORTH;
And no class-room shall boast of a
quicker row
When her classical pupils rehearse
Their prose, which is modelled on
CICERO,
And their more than HORATIAN verse.

She shall lead them to love CIMABUE,
To distinguish with scholarship ripe
'Twixt the texture of CLAUSEN and
CLOUET
And the values of COLLIER and CUYP.
Nay, all Blyth shall reflect her ability
As its brushes acquire by her aid
South Kensington's pretty facility
Or the terrible strength of the Slade.

Yes, her duties are diverse, and this'll
Suggest to each candidate why
They should read LEONARDO'S epistle
Before they sit down to apply;
For his style is itself a credential,
Though truly he has not a tithe
Of the qualifications essential
To the Senior Mistress of Blyth.



THE DEMAND FOR BRITISH WAITERS.

THE RECENT RESTAURANT STRIKES MAY BE THE MEANS OF INDUCING SEVERAL MID-VICTORIAN WAITERS TO EMERGE FROM THEIR RETIREMENT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MR. EDWIN PUGH'S *Punch and Judy* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is capital fun, and I have enjoyed reading it very much. But I did not think I was going to. At first, plunged into that grim and moving episode of *Punch's* attempted murder of the *Coss* baby for its own good, I could only believe that I had got (if you will forgive me) into the wrong PUGH. But it was all right really. After that untoward beginning the author's buoyant optimism asserted itself triumphantly, and the characters were the same brave and humorous Londoners whom the author has so long taught us to expect from him. Even the unwanted baby died naturally, and enabled its father to get drunk on the insurance money. He, I may say, is one of the characters that do not appear, but are only spoken of. Those whom you meet personally are, with very few exceptions, sufficiently amiable. *Punch* himself, the Soho gutter-snipe, with his pale face and the big nose that earned him his name, is jolly enough to be worthy of it. His match-making, on the simple Shakespearean formula of false-report, is pure joy. All the action of the tale takes place in Soho; and those who know Mr. PUGH's art will not need to be told how well he has caught the lively spirit of the place, the clatter and scent of the little restaurants, the interminable traffic of the narrow streets, the polyglot babel of the inhabitants. If I have a word of complaint, it is that the story produces, perhaps unavoidably, an effect of episodes rather than a concerted whole; episodes humorous or tragic, the anarchists, the

affair of the pistol and the Prime Minister, and others—all excellently well told, but a trifle detached. For this reason, the species of general rally, in which all the characters come on in the last chapter, and say their little tags preparatory to living happily ever after, struck me as artificial. But who cares? The interest and jollity of the book are what matter, and they are genuine enough.

The Determined Twins (HURCHINSON) are simply Mr. JEPSON doing on paper what he would love to do, but daren't, in his own person on the heights of Notting Hill. *Lady Noggs* in her day pulled chairs from beneath elderly gentlemen, made apple-pies in the beds of unsuitable suitors, led trembling Prime Ministers into the nastiest of quagmires; so now do *Violet* and *Hyacinth Dangerfield*. "I've called myself *Lady Noggs* long enough," says Mr. JEPSON; "I am now in that capacity upon the boards of a London theatre; watch me therefore as the Determined Twins." Watching him, then, I am bound to confess that his antics have not quite the freshness of humour that once was theirs. My sympathy is, in spite of myself, on the side of *Captain Baster* whose brushes were in his bed and whose body was in the mud. Had *Lady Noggs* invented the *Cat's Home* and trailed a piece of cloth with valerian upon it all about the country roads, then I am sure that it would have amused me; but now I cannot resist the feeling that the *Dangerfields* have been forestalled, or perhaps, more accurately, that I have seen Mr. JEPSON laughing at his *Cat's Home* already somewhere else. Then the incident of the German princess and her rescue by the twins needs a

delicacy of touch that is exactly Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME'S but is not at all Mr. JEPSON'S. Whilst Mr. JEPSON is amused by the snoring of stout ladies and the apoplexies of stout gentlemen the pathos of the little princess slips timidly away. In short, although I must confess that *The Determined Twins* have, on occasion, made me laugh, they have not made me laugh very often—and on their next appearance I do not think that I shall laugh at all.

The author of *The Surgeon's Log*, writing of what he knows in *The Night-Nurse* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) of the routine, the excursions and alarms, the heroisms and the littlenesses of hospital service, has made an exceptionally interesting story. It is true that he provides no sufficient reason for the estrangement of *Dermot Fitzgerald*, senior house surgeon, and *Nora Townsend*, nurse; but in this fashion of artificially corrugating the courses of true love our author is following quite a number of more experienced craftsmen. One has, I suppose, to accept this kind of

thing under protest as a part of the game; but nothing could well be better than the way he manages to convey the hospital atmosphere, the splendid efficiency and precision of the work, the queer undercurrents of impulse and emotion controlled by quasi-monastic discipline, or sometimes not controlled, with results that make the warp and woof of his narrative. The hero's hospital is in Dublin City, and he also takes a spell of fever duty in a tiny country town. The author, whom one assumes to be an Irishman, has well observed and cleverly presented the charm and gaiety, the generosity and jolly casualness of his countrymen. It is the work of a man who can see the depths and significance of the simple life around him and can write a love story with imagination and without too cloying a sentimentality.

The house of METHUEN would seem to be establishing a corner in Irish fiction. The latest example is *Unconventional Molly*, by JOSEPH ADAMS, which the publishers are good enough to tell me on the wrapper is a romance "where love and jealousy, tragedy and comedy are brought into play." This is such a friendly load that I am deeply sorry to be unable to follow it; but the fact remains that I myself found the story part of the book more than a little dull. The young hero, who rents a West of Ireland shoot, captivates the peasants, falls in love with the daughter of a neighbouring squiween, and finally reveals himself as the missing heir to the local landowner, is never more than a lay figure in the foreground of Mr. JOSEPH ADAMS' sketches of Irish scenery. Let it be said at once, however, that these are excellent. And there are some *genre* studies of peasant life, fairs and evictions, legends and merry-makings, that could hardly be bettered. It is only where the author seems to have considered himself under the irksome necessity of producing romance that his spirit failed him; and here it

must be confessed that his hand is heavy indeed. "The distinguished surgeon left for the Irish metropolis" is his too typical phrase for sending a specialist to Dublin. You will have difficulty in believing that this and similar pedantries are by the writer of the wholly delightful chapter in which the customers of *Mary Hannagher* meet in her little shop for the settlement of a betrothal.

I am a stern, rough, rugged man, and I can bear most of the minor ills of life without wincing; but there is one thing that cuts me to the quick, and that is a split infinitive. Miss UNÁ SILBERRAD, on the other hand, appears to love these mangled horrors. *Keren of Lowbole* (CONSTABLE), her latest book, is congested with the severed bodies of what might have been lively young infinitives full of health and vigour. *Sir James Belton*, for instance, puts his pleasure first "and all else so far after as to seldom have strength left to attend to it," while *Betsy Shipp* actually "wiped her eyes to so soon lose the second daughter." Yet none of

these militant outrages on the plate-glass windows of English grammar could spoil *Keren of Lowbole* for me. It is a leisurely book, which depends for its interest less on its story than on its atmosphere and its subsidiary characters. Indeed, I would far rather attempt a *précis* of a musical comedy than try to set down in a few words the actual plot of *Keren's* adventures. She wanders through the pages, an attractive young person with uncanny eyes and a curious intimacy with the wild things of the forest, sometimes accompanied by a gentleman tramp named *Zaachary*, and sometimes by *Tobiah*, a



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY.

AN ATTEMPT ON THE CROWN JEWELS—DRAWING OFF THE GUARD.

Dissenter. Somewhere towards the end you will find the Last Will which restored *Zaachary* to the fortune of which his wicked step-mother had deprived him; and all through the book you will chuckle, as I did, over the excellent humour of *Tobiah*. Add to these things that sympathetic knowledge of human nature which marks all Miss SILBERRAD'S work, and you have an extremely readable historical novel.

Divers Colours (CHAPMAN AND HALL)—a collection of short stories and poems by MAUD G. MEUGENS—is based on the idea that life is a colour-scheme blended of many tones, but that each separate incident and abstraction has a colour of its own. Thus, according to Miss MEUGENS, grey stands for tears and renunciation, rose colour for happiness, yellow for fame, crimson for hate, and green for repose and healing. Personally, I think much nonsense is talked by people who say, for instance, that Wednesday is brown and the number eight pink, and so on. But, except that I had not previously thought of dead white as properly suggestive of cruelty, I find that my ideas of the meanings of colours agree very closely with those of Miss MEUGENS. And I like her stories. For all of them, especially those labelled white, yellow, and rose, are imagined with charm and told with much delicacy and literary feeling.

CHARIVARIA.

THE question as to which of the two, Greece or Bulgaria, is to have Salonica threatens to cause trouble between them, and, rather than this should happen, Turkey, it is said, has expressed her willingness to retain the town.

Lieutenant BAKOPOLOS, of the Greek Navy, has discovered under the sea, near the Island of Lemnos, a town of about three miles in circumference. This will be most handy for the crews of submarines when they want to do a little shopping without rising to the surface.

"Since the Marconi affair," says a critic, "the Liberal Party can no longer pose as the saint in the stained-glass window." Still, if they leave it without a stain on their characters—

"Should we apply to the question of National Defence the principles of the Insurance Act, or the principles of the Life-Boat Service?" asked Colonel SEELY in the House. He favoured the principles of the Life-Boat Service. In this choice he should have the support of the R.A.M.C.

Mr. RUNCIMAN has re-introduced his Bee Diseases Bill, and the over-worked panel doctors are breathing again. It had been rumoured that the bees were to be made subject to the Insurance Act.

Mr. BIRRELL received unwelcome attention last week when he visited the Kingsway Theatre to see *The Great Adventure*, a lady in the pit addressing him loudly by name and asking why he did not resign. To prevent the recurrence of these undesirable interruptions, it is proposed that in future directly a Cabinet Minister sets foot within a theatre he shall be waited on by the manager, who will provide him with a property disguise.

We hesitate to believe that the can containing gunpowder which was found inside the railings of the Bank of England was placed there by Suffragettes. The sex of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street should surely protect her.

The report that Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., is to become a cinematograph actor and a manufacturer of films is no doubt responsible for the rumour that the Royal Academy is about to move with the times, and that Burlington House, like the New Gallery, is to be converted into a picture palace.

An artist suggests the holding of an exhibition of pictures rejected by the Royal Academy, each exhibitor paying a small fee. The difficulty, we fancy, would be that the public might also require to be paid entrance fees.

A bear which is supposed to have escaped from a travelling show has

to commit a crime were allowed to enjoy the treat.

At West Green Station on the Great Eastern Railway, we are told, there is a goat which acts as a watch-dog. Last week it bleated an alarm, and a suspicious character was found on the station premises. We understand that the Dogs' Trade Union has the matter in hand.

By-the-by, the horse which, with its van, dashed into the window of the Aerated Bread Company's dépôt in Chancery Lane last week would like it to be known that this was a pure accident. The allegation that the horse was a Suffragette has caused it much annoyance.

"Is Mr. Joseph W. Martin dead or alive?" asks *The Daily Express*. As a rule we do not deal with conundrums, but the answer to this one is surely, "Yes."

Hard Case of a Gunner.

"Hopeless" writes: "Dear Mr. Punch, I am a middle-aged officer in the Royal Garrison Artillery, which I joined in the reign of her late Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA, and still hold the rank of Lieutenant. During my rare moments off duty I have been preparing a volume of reminiscences under the title

A Subaltern in Three Reigns. It was to have been published in July. And now its chances, which depended largely upon the poignancy of my position, have been spoiled by an unexpected order under which I am to be promoted Captain on the 5th of May. This has come upon me as an awful and stunning blow." Mr. Punch sympathises deeply with the bitterly hard case of this victim of the new Thirteen Years' Rule, and feels sure that if the authorities had been cognisant of his projected publication they would not have taken so hasty a step.

"Mr. Pease spoke with pride of the improved pension scheme, and quoted instances of teachers drawing a pension of £61 at 65. A pound a year for every year of service."

Daily Telegraph.

They may start teaching at four years of age in *The Telegraph* Office, but not in the Elementary Schools.



"MASTER, MASTER, THE KITCHEN'S A-FIRE!"
 "OH DEAR, OH DEAR, COOK, WILL YOU NEVER LEARN THE HAPPY MEAN? LOOK AT THESE CUTLETS, THEY ARE POSITIVELY RAW."

taken up its headquarters in a wood near Ballycastle, and children are being kept at home for fear of it. The more public-spirited of the little ones are reported to have allowed their teddy bears to be placed in the outskirts of the wood as decoys.

Meanwhile one's heart goes out to Mr. WALTER WINANS. This misguided gentleman has just gone all the way to Siberia to shoot bears.

"Never go to bed with cold feet," says *The Family Doctor*. You should, of course, leave them in the fender.

A two-hour concert was given to the convicts at Portland Prison the other day by the band of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. There is some little irritation locally, we hear, because only such persons as had been fortunate enough

GETTING MARRIED.

I.—THE DAY.

PROBABLY you thought that getting married was quite a simple business. So did I. We were both wrong; it is the very dickens. Of course I am not going to draw back now. As I keep telling Celia, her Ronald is a man of powerful fibre, and when he says he will do a thing he does it—eventually. She shall have her wedding all right; I have sworn it. But I do wish that there weren't so many things to be arranged first.

The fact that we had to fix a day was broken to me one afternoon when Celia was showing me to some relatives of hers in the Addison Road. I got entangled with an elderly cousin on the hearthrug; and though I know nothing about motor-bicycles I talked about them for several hours under the impression that they were his subject. It turned out afterwards that he was equally ignorant of them, but thought they were mine. Perhaps we shall get on better at a second meeting. However, just when we were both thoroughly sick of each other, Celia broke off her gay chat with an aunt to say to me—

"By the way, Ronald, we did settle on the eleventh, didn't we?"

I looked at her blankly, my mind naturally full of motor-bicycles.

"The wedding," smiled Celia.

"Right-o," I said with enthusiasm. I was glad to be assured that I should not go on talking about motor-bicycles for ever, and that on the eleventh, anyhow, there would be a short interruption for the ceremony. Feeling almost friendly to the cousin, I plunged into his favourite subject again.

On the way home Celia returned to the matter.

"Or you would rather it was the twelfth?" she asked.

"I've never heard a word about this before," I said. "It all comes as a surprise to me."

"Why, I'm *always* asking you."

"Well, it's very forward of you, and I don't know what young people are coming to nowadays. Celia, what's the *good* of my talking to your cousin for three hours about motor-bicycling? Surely one can get married just as well without that?"

"One can't get married without settling the day," said Celia, coming cleverly back to the point.

Well, I suppose one can't. But somehow I had expected to be spared all this bother. I think my idea was that Celia would say to me suddenly one evening, "By the way, Ronald, don't forget we're being married to-morrow," and I should have said

"Where?" And on being told the time and place I should have turned up pretty punctually; and after my best man had told me where to stand, and the clergyman had told me what to say, and my solicitor had told me where to sign my name, we should have driven from the church a happy married couple . . . and in the carriage Celia would have told me where we were spending the honeymoon.

However it was not to be so.

"All right, the eleventh," I said. "Any particular month?"

"No," smiled Celia, "just any month. Or, if you like, every month."

"The eleventh of June," I surmised. "It is probably the one day in the year on which my Uncle Thomas cannot come. But no matter. The eleventh let it be."

"Then that's settled. And at St. Miriam's?"

For some reason Celia has set her heart on St. Miriam's. Personally I have no feeling about it. St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe or St. Bartholomew's-Without would suit me equally well.

"All right," I said, "St. Miriam's."

There, you might suppose, the matter would have ended; but no.

"Then will you see about it to-morrow?" said Celia persuasively.

I was appalled at the idea.

"Surely," I said, "this is for you, or your father, or—somebody to arrange."

"Of course it's for the bridegroom," protested Celia.

"In theory, perhaps. But anyhow not the bridegroom personally. His best man . . . or his solicitor . . . or . . . I mean, you're not suggesting that I myself— Oh, well, if you insist. Still, I must say I don't see what's the good of having a best man and a solicitor if— Oh, all right, Celia, I'll go to-morrow."

So I went. For half-an-hour I padded round St. Miriam's nervously, and then summoning up all my courage, I knocked my pipe out and entered.

"I want," I said jauntily to a sexton or a sacristan or something,—"I want—er—a wedding." And I added, "For two."

He didn't seem as nervous as I was. He enquired quite calmly when I wanted it.

"The eleventh of June," I said. "It's probably the one day in the year on which my Uncle Thomas— However, that wouldn't interest you. The point is that it's the eleventh."

The clerk consulted his wedding-book. Then he made the surprising announcement that the only day he could offer me in June was the seventeenth. I was amazed.

"I am a very old customer," I said reproachfully. "I mean, I have often been to your church in my time. Surely—"

"We've weddings fixed on all the other days."

"Yes, yes, but you could persuade somebody to change his day, couldn't you? Or if he is very much set on being married on the eleventh you might recommend some other church to him. I daresay you know of some good ones. You see, Celia—my—that is, we're particularly keen, for some reason, on St. Miriam's."

The clerk didn't appreciate my suggestion. He insisted that the seventeenth was the only day.

"Then will you have the seventeenth?" he asked.

"My dear fellow, I can't possibly say off-hand," I protested. "I am not alone in this. I have a friend with me. I will go back and tell her what you say. She may decide to withdraw her offer altogether."

I went back and told Celia.

"Bother," she said. "What shall we do?"

"There are other churches. There's your own, for example."

"Yes, but you know I don't like that. Why *shouldn't* we be married on the seventeenth?"

"I don't know at all. It seems an excellent day; it lets in my Uncle Thomas. Of course it may exclude my Uncle William, but one can't have everything."

"Then will you go and fix it for the seventeenth to-morrow?"

"Can't I send my solicitor this time?" I asked. "Of course, if you particularly want me to go myself, I will. But really, dear, I seem to be living at St. Miriam's nowadays."

And even that wasn't the end of the business. For, just as I was leaving her, Celia broke it to me that St. Miriam's was neither in her parish nor in mine, and that, in order to qualify as a bridegroom, I should have to hire a room somewhere near.

"But I am very comfortable where I am," I assured her.

"You needn't live there, Ronald. You only want to leave a hat there, you know."

"Oh, very well," I sighed.

She came to the hall with me; and, having said good-bye to her, I repeated my lesson.

"The seventeenth, fix it up to-morrow, take a room near St. Miriam's, and leave a hat there. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. . . . And oh, Ronald!" She looked at me critically as I stood in the doorway. "You might leave *that* one," she said.

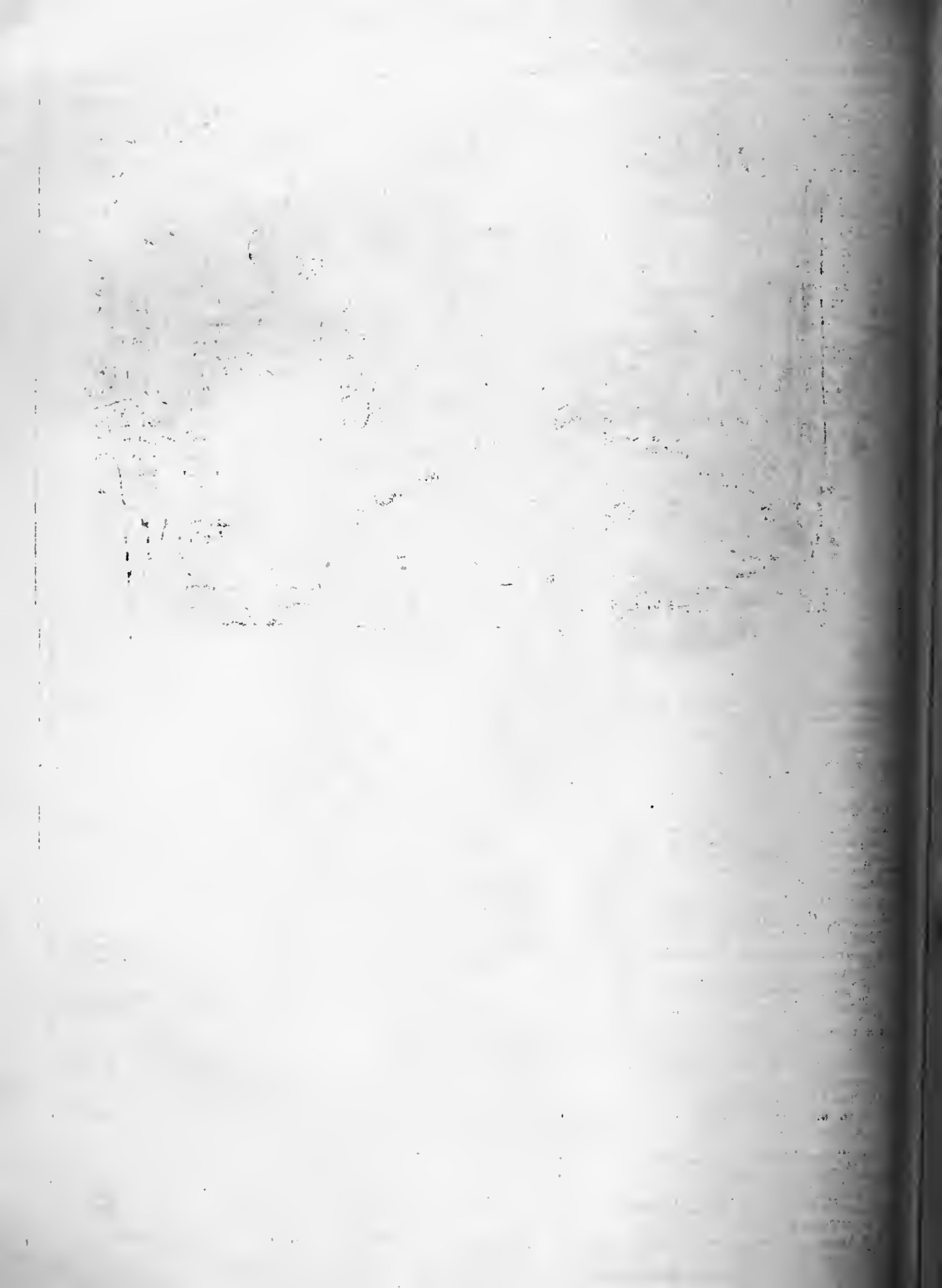
A. A. M.



“FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.”

EUROPA (*complacently*). “WELL, SO THE WAR IS PRACTICALLY OVER?”

TURKEY (*still more complacently, having read reports of dissensions among the Allies*). “MY FELICITATIONS, MADAM. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO POINT TO THE OUTBREAK OF A SANGUINARY PEACE.”





Mistress. "OH, BY THE WAY, SMITHERS, I'VE ARRANGED FOR THE BREAKFAST IN THE SERVANTS' HALL TO BE A QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR EARLIER IN FUTURE."

Smithers. "THEN, MY LADY, I BEG LEAVE TO GIVE NOTICE."

Mistress. "INDEED! WHY?"

Smithers. "WELL, MY LADY, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THIS ESTABLISHMENT IS BEING CONDUCTED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE RATHER THAN FOR THAT OF THE SERVANTS."

FAREWELL TO POETRY.

[An eminent lady has declared that "it is the people who write poetry about us who prevent us women getting the vote," the idea being that such poetry does not allow women to be taken seriously.]

This is the last song I shall ever sing;
No further carollings from me shall come.

This year the swallow, heralding the Spring,

Will get a facer; he will find me dumb.

The depreulatory sparrow's frequent meal

(The crocus) also will be plunged in gloom,

And in his bitter disappointment feel
That it was hardly worth his while to bloom.

But think not inspiration from above
Has failed me nor my brain has lost its grip;

I still can mind how "lovo" will rhyme with "dove,"

Still know I "moon's" and "June's" old comradeship.

No, Reader, since I wooed and won the prize,

My every poem turns to Marguerite,
Fain would I hymn her cheeks, her lips, her eyes,

Also her fringe-net and her dainty feet.

Her beauty, through these fervent songs of mine,

Throughout the ages should be handed down,

And DANTE'S *Beatrice* scarce outshine
In coming years the Marguerite of Brown.

But, did I sing her as she is to me,
Pattern of all that's feminine and fair,

She'd blame her Horace when men failed to see

The reasoning brain beneath the golden hair.

For she would have them note her serious side,

Her ready judgment (seldom at a loss),

That haply they may deem her qualified
To mark a ballot-paper with a cross.

"Twixt Muse and Marguerite now lies the choice,

And so the Muse appears a worthless thing.

Henceforward hushed is my melodious voice;

This is the last song I shall ever sing.

"A startling feature of the new campaign is that men as desperate as they are brainless are employed in these acts which baffle the ingenuity of the police."—*Standard*.

We hope our contemporary does not suggest that any fool can baffle the police.

"Every reader of *The Times Weekly* feels at times out of sorts, lacking in energy, devoid of capacity, pessimistic and depressed."

Advt. in "*Times Weekly*."

No, no. Not if he reads *The Times Weekly*.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW MELODY:
"WHO IS ARCHER? WHAT IS SHEE?"

AS PLAYED ON THE MARCONI
STRINGLESS BAND.

CONDUCTOR: DAN GODFREY ISAACS.

THE INDISCRETIONS OF MR. BLAISE.

Mr. Jonah X. Blaise, America's champion sleuth-hound, gave an audience at the Fitz Hotel last Friday.

Jonah X. Blaise is the man who pursued and captured the assassin of LINCOLN; who removed the "grafters" from San Francisco by producing the earthquake; and who "discovered" HENRY JAMES when the famous fictionist flew from

America. Physically Jonah X. is a wonderful man for his years, but he is obliged to take things easy now when he is not engaged on a job, and he received his visitors last Friday in bed. He wore a suit of striped accordion-pleated pyjamas, a cavalry moustache, a football mask and a Shetland night-cap. He is greatly addicted to smoking and all the time kept puffing at a Tipperary Larranaga, for he is of Irish descent and hopes eventually to settle down in the Old Country and solve the mystery, Whostolethe Crown Jewels? But for the present the supreme direction of his business, the largest firm of detective-agents in the world, is too fascinating an occupation to be abandoned by a man still in full possession of all his faculties and having at command the largest wardrobe since QUEEN ELIZABETH. Besides, Mr. Blaise is a great educational asset. His

staff are all university men, and when not engaged in detecting crime are occupied in lecturing to classes of students in such subjects as dop-doctoring, jerry-building, freak-faking, lock-smithery, and mine-salting.

Asked by the representative of *The Daily Terror*, who was accommodated with a seat on a hot-water can, what was the secret of his success, Mr. Blaise replied, "Scientific training. The old police methods, the cut-and-dried inferential platitudes of *Sherlock Holmes*, are useless against the highly-educated criminal of to-day. Remember that the

modern burglar reads BERGSON in his leisure hours, that 'bunk' bankers are generally crazy about STRAUSS's music or the origin of the Aztecs. My professors make a psychological study of the criminal, and having discovered his hobby they worm their way into his confidence. Only the other day I captured one of the biggest swindlers of the age by an appeal to his æsthetic tastes. I advertised in a leading paper to

advise Mr. HANDEL BOOTH as to the title he will assume on his appearance in the next Honours List. He has also undertaken to reconcile the conflicting statements of Mr. GOSSE and Miss SWINBURNE, and to preside at a public debate on *Edwin Drood*.

JOINTS IN THE ARMOUR.

BEING the father of six inquisitive children I naturally sent for *The Parents' Book* directly I had read the advertisement; for it claimed to answer children's questions by the thousand, and it is by the thousand that they rain here. It would need to be exhaustive, I know, if it was to fulfil its self-imposed task of answering not only my family's but every family's questions; yet I was not prepared for a volume weighing (as it does) 3 lbs. 13 ozs. I was hoping for India paper and close type so that I could carry it about on country and even town walks and not be put to shame.

But life, of course, is not like that; life always does you.

"Now, you little demons," I said genially that evening, "gather round and do your worst; your father's up to any trick. Ask me anything you like and I'll give you the answer;" and I opened *The Parents' Book*. "It is too much to hope, ad Eric," I added, turning to the eldest,

"that there is nothing that you particularly want to know to-day?"

"Yes," he said with disconcerting quickness, "it is, father. What does 'Piccadilly' mean?"

Now this was something that I have always wanted myself to know, so I turned up the index with some satisfaction and more confidence. But no "Piccadilly." Then I turned to "London" and was referred to page 491. "London is not only the largest but also the richest and busiest city in the world," it began. "Chestnuts," I murmured. And nothing about Piccadilly at all!



"MAMMA, DO LOOK! IS THAT AN ANGEL?"

the effect that if A. M.—his initials—would call at the box-office of the Metropolitan Opera House he would be given a stall for a performance of *Elektra*. He couldn't resist the bait and we arrested him next day."

Mr. Blaise's list of engagements during his stay in England is a wonderful testimony to his versatile powers. He goes next week to stay with Mr. CARNEGIE at Skibo Castle to play duets with him on his mechanical organ. He has promised to persuade Lord ROSBERY to reconsider his decision to give up public speaking. He is going to

Eric retired unsatisfied, and Cuthbert took the floor. "Please, father," he said, "what became of the wine after the Duke of CLARENCE was drowned in it?"

No "Clarence" in the index.

"I expect it was given to the poor," said Cuthbert philosophically, and with the lowest opinion of reference books he too retired.

"Now, Patricia?" I said to my eldest girl. Patricia is a great reader and I expected a literary poser. I must admit that I got it.

"What was the good news brought from Ghent to Aix?" she asked.

The index this time seemed more promising, for it gave—

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett .. 551
 — Robert 552

but though the poem was mentioned nothing was said as to the very reasonable information desired by my dear offspring.

Patricia therefore withdrew to make room for Horace, who merely asked who ate the first boiled egg. I knew that it was useless to hope for light there, so I gave it up at once. "Arising out of that question," he therefore added (in his own juvenile paraphrase), "may I ask who first boiled a pot?" but the learned disquisition on "fire" provided for parents by our literary heavy-weight did not go into that.

"And you, Ethelbert?" I said.

"What is rag-time?" he asked.

The index passed lightly from "Radium" to "Ragged Robin" and then (most unsuitably, I thought) to "Rahab," who figures, on page 680, euphemistically as "a widow." Nothing of rag-time, you see. I then looked up "Music"—although goodness knows why I should—but without the faintest success.

Things were getting very bad. Here were five of my little brood unanswered and the credit of literature was getting desperately thin.

"Now, Augusta," I said to the youngest, "can't you think of some problem that we—this volume and I—can solve for you?"

"Yes," she said with a suspicious wriggle. "Surely, father, more than two fleas got into the Ark, didn't they?"

* * * * *

But what a book!

"Mr. McKenna yesterday promised a trade union deputation to use his influenza in favour of improved arrangements in connection with shuttle-kissing."

Halfpenny Daily Guardian.

We must warn Mr. MCKENNA that when you have influenza any sort of kissing is dangerous.



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY.
 A BURGLARY AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

THE POST-IMPRESSIONIST PUFF.

(See the new Futurist Exhibition.)

LET me be futuristically painted!
 Such treatment I should prize
 Above the style that shows me sweetly
 sainted

With rainbow halo-wise;
 For I'm quite convinced the charms
 Of my rounded neck and arms,
 Of my piquant little features and loosely
 coiffured curls

(With others I might mention),
 Will attract no more attention
 From the satiated public than the
 charms of other girls.

But if some Futurist would symbolise
 me
 As I appear to him,
 And with his cryptic brush anatomise
 me
 And tear me limb from limb;

If he'd illustrate the theme
 In a crude chromatic scheme
 And place my tangled icon in a funny
 sort of frame,
 As the latest acquisition
 Of a crazy exhibition
 I should leap from mediocrity to
 prominence and fame.

Come, knots and knobs, my linea-
 ments embroider!
 Come, graduated checks!
 Come, whorls and webs and mar-
 quetries that moirer
 And vortices that vex!
 Though the method may be mad
 I shall get a gorgeous ad.,
 For strangers and acquaintances, re-
 lations, friends and foes
 Will study the creation
 For some dawning inspiration
 To assist them in distinguishing my
 elbow from my nose.

CHECKMATING TIME.

[Lately observed in the course of a time-honoured manœuvre conducted by the black rooks.]

Philip and Rachel—I put the gentleman's name first because they are rooks, and that, I take it, is the convention in bird society—are setting up house together. When I say "setting up house" I mean it literally; but perhaps I should say that they are restoring an old historical residence which they have got cheap. Obviously there is nothing suburban about Philip and Rachel. Their idea is a good old English rookery of the best period, with a few select neighbours within a talking radius of a mile or so and an eligible view of me in the (human) house opposite.

I think I understand Philip's motives in the matter of matrimony. He's had a pretty thin time of it during the winter, getting rotten grub and all the rest of it; so at last he sat out with Rachel in a quiet furrow—they'd met at several ploughed fields during January and done all the new hops together—fetched her a Neapolitan worm and then pulled himself together like a rook and put it to her. After that, of course, he had a certain amount of business at the Gray's Inn Rookery (which he said was jolly well named), and when that was done he and Rachel were free to go house-hunting.

Not least pleasant among the many amenities of rook life is the wedding-present convention. Ah, my friends, what a lesson do they teach us humans! Let us try to read it. But must I repeat all the old commonplaces about the duplication of wedding-presents? (No, I'm afraid I mustn't.) Suffice it to say that, supposing Susan and I are going to be married, the Charleses of this world send me a dozen bread-knives, and the Thomases of this world a dozen chestnut-toasters, bought off-hand and perfunctorily; and meanwhile I am left to cope unaided and without sympathy with the builders and carpenters who have sworn to make a new thing of the old manor-house I have acquired, wondering if I can possibly go to the expense of another cartload of bricks to build that game larder against the south façade which Susan has set her heart on.

How different it would be if Charles drove up in his motor, the *tonneau* bursting with bricks, and cried cheerily, "Here, my dear old pal, is your game larder! Give me a trowel and I'll soon show you!" And if Thomas arrived in his brougham, hugging a load of mortar, and with a pile of slates on the opposite seat! Could I but see them, keen as

mustard, top-hats laid aside, wrestling with the bathroom pipes and only pausing to wring me by the hand and say, "I'm a confirmed bachelor myself, but my heart goes out to you in your new life. Anything I can do—*anything!*" Wedding-presents of bricks and mortar and enthusiastic assistance! 'Tis a duplication devoutly to be wished.

Such is the lesson of the rooks. Philip's and Rachel's friends all turn up with the same sort of present and the same enthusiasm in the work of restoration, and Philip and Rachel are pleased with every fresh bit of stick they receive. "Hurray!" says Phil—I can see him at it now—"here's old Percy with *another* bit. Who'd ha' thought it? Percy, you're a sportsman! We were just wanting some more straw. It'll come in handy for the dining-room chimney."

Then he sits on an adjacent bough and says, "Shove it in, dear old chap! Put it where you like."

That seems to be Philip's general idea—to sit alongside of Rachel and talk brightly to his friends and relations while they do all the work.

"That's a jolly bit of old oak," he says to Cousin Amy, a sentimental old maid who does nothing but bustle backwards and forwards with contributions. "Where did you pick that up?"

Cousin Amy blushes (a rook's blush is a sort of purpley-blue affair). "I've had it put by for a long time," she confesses. "I always thought it might come in for you and dear Rachel."

"That's a good 'un!" cries Philip. "I've only known her a couple o' months. Haw-haw-haw!" And he simply shrieks with laughter.

Then Rupert comes staggering up with a young scaffolding-pole, and everyone stops work to cheer him. He drops it several times; but what does that matter to a willing young chap like Rupert? Down he goes in a series of vol-planes, and never rests till he's got it safely to its destination. (I think I see Charles, when his bread-knife gets lost in the post, moving heaven and earth to recover it, or buying me another! His way would rather be to pretend that something he'd never sent had got lost, and to slang me for not acknowledging it.)

"Now then," says Rupert, "where shall I ram it in?"

"I think the basement wants strengthening a bit," says Philip, putting his head on one side and considering.

"Or, how about the drawing-room floor?" chips in Rachel. "A few extra joists wouldn't do it any harm."

They talk it over among themselves,

and then Rupert jabs it in, nearly spitting old Uncle Benjamin, who is already nursing his gout in the best bedroom.

Uncle Benjamin—a distinguished old soldier who has been in many of the wars—swears freely. . . .

And so it goes on. The service of Hymen is not, as with us, a sort of ghoul's carnival, but a social function in the best sense, a national sport indulged in by all the nice people. How else should Rupert, that young exquisite, toil about all day with assorted timber, which, he explains, was chucked at him for an old song? How else should Lord Jim, that fine old patron of the turf, keep on dropping in with a bit of it for his grandson's private use? Day by day the mansion grows. Day by day I see the noble Gothic foundations added to and at last o'ertopped by the stately pile.

* * * * *
The other night I made sure the house-warming was taking place. As I lay sleepless I heard the full tide of hospitality surging from the lately completed house of Philip and Rachel. Many a rousing chorus was borne to me on the strong night wind, and new Cousin Amy would hold the field as she quavered out "The Stately Homes of England" in her old-world voice, and now Percy would give his fine rendering of "*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit.*"

As it happens, I was wrong. The next morning there were the Gothic foundations in their original proportions. The rest of the stately pile had been scattered to (and by) the four winds. Were they, then, sounds of lamentation which I had heard? Not a bit of it! It was the rook version of "Are we down-hearted?" As I looked out of my window, there were Philip and Rachel still together on the bough, once more instructing the indefatigable Percy and Rupert and Cousin Amy and all the rest of 'em. Even old Uncle Benjamin had already re-established his armchair in the basement.

"Shove it in, dear old chap!" said Philip, as Rupert came staggering up with a young scaffolding-pole. . . . "But not *quite* so much jerry-building this time," I think he added.

From *Amicus*, Ceylon's Illustrated Weekly:—

"ERATTA. In the article 'From Choir Boy to Organist' our readers will detect a misprint. The mistake occurred under exceptional circumstances."

We have just detected two more errata, but in the circumstances we will forgive them; only it must not become a habit.



Gouty Music-hall Agent. "WHAT'S YER BUSINESS?"
Agent. "WELL, GO ON; MAKE ME LAUGH."

Struggling Actor. "COMEDIAN."

PIFFLE ABOUT PENMEN.

Mr. Horace Mewlett is about to publish a volume of verse to which he has given the alluring title of *Lyra Felina*. As he remarks in his Foreword, "Hitherto no attempt has been made to express the true inwardness of those poignant ululations—those *cris de cœur* which are amongst the most thrilling of the voices of the night in a great city." He adds that he hopes no one will ask him whether these poems are vitiated by the pathetic fallacy, but that if they do he has no intention of answering them. The book is dedicated to the Marquis of Carabas, and will be shortly issued through the firm of Catter and Wall.

You may, if you like new poetry, remember a volume which appeared a few years ago, entitled "Falsetto Flutings." It was written by Mr. Jasper Didham, a quite young man, and combined ingenuous candour with a remarkable mastery of technique. Since then Mr. Didham has married a

poetess, and a joint volume from their pens is now promised by Messrs. Tootill, under the attractive title of "Didhams."

Miss Dorothy Scoop's many friends assembled last Saturday afternoon to do her honour at a stand-up tea at the Diana Club. The occasion for the festivity was her forthcoming marriage which will remove her from London to Alaska, where her husband runs a seal-farm. Miss Scoop hopes to turn the local colour to profitable advantage in her next novel, the title of which is provisionally fixed as "An Arctic Mermaid."

It is curious that no history of Bootle and Chowbent has ever yet been written. The omission is now to be remedied by a volume from the pen of the Lancashire archæologist, Mr. Enoch Earwaker, who has compiled a stirring chronicle of the historic happenings which have lent lustre to these euphoniously named towns. The book will be published by the Dinwiddies.

Dr. Salubry, the great eupeptic expert, has just completed a study of "The Quick Lunch," which will appear in the "Jack and Jill" series of cheap monographs. It describes the origin and history of the famous "Self-Help" Restaurant, of which Mr. Eustace Smiles is the founder and proprietor.

It is announced that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER has completed the first instalment of his *Reminiscences*, which will appear serially in *The Tailor and Cutter*.

"The Suffragette leader, looking very pale and emancipated, was driven out of prison in a closed carriage."—*Dublin Saturday Herald*.
The wish is father to the look.

"Dishes should be supplied at moderate intervals, and not taken gulping with 5 fingers but with spoon. There should always be an agreeable chat in sweet company—a sweet innocent table talk, best in the family circle."
Hindoo Patriot.

Too frequent specimen of agreeable chat in the family circle: "Oh lor', Maria, not mutton *again*?"



Governess. "AND WHOM DID THE GODDESS AURORA MARRY?"

Pupil. "BOREALIS!"

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

[Captain WOOD and Captain GREEN have resigned their commissions in HIS MAJESTY'S Army in order to appear on the stage of the Coliseum music-hall.]

LET poets of the past enlarge
On martial deeds of derring-do,
On Balaclava's famous charge,
On feats of arms at Waterloo!
With bays let other bards bedeck
The heroes of a hundred fights
Who helped, at Cabul or Quebec,
To hold the fort or scale the heights,
Who swept the field at Inkerman
Or stormed the terrible Redan!

The warriors I prefer to hymn
Are products of this peaceful age
Who, with a courage truly grim,
Have scaled the boards and stormed
the stage.
Here, facing fearful "gods" each day,
They hold the fort from hour to hour,
While jugglers view them with dismay
And even acrobats look sour
To see them greeted with the shouts
Reserved for comic knockabouts!

How fearlessly their fun they poke
At Suffragettes and Volunteers!
How boldly crack the killing joke,
A credit to their martial peers!

What pluck, what valour each displays!
Though rivals deem their humour
poor,
To me such feats recall the days
Of WOLFE, of WELLINGTON and
MOORE,
When braver act was never seen
Than this of Captains WOOD and
GREEN!

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE WATCH.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who in a moment of foolishness gave ninety and odd pounds for a watch. It was a musical watch, and small children's faces lit up when they heard it; but none the less after two years he came to the conclusion that money would be more useful. So he put it in its beautiful velvet and leather case and took it back to the shop and asked the stately gentleman behind the counter to buy it. But the stately gentleman said that he never did anything like that, but would exchange jewellery for it. And then the man took it to a dealer whose one avowed desire was the purchase of old watches, and this dealer disregarded the musical part of it altogether, as well as the detail that

it kept time, and offered merely the price of the gold. And then the man took it to various other dealers, and the highest offer that was made to him was less than a third of the original price, and in disgust he thrust the thing back into his overcoat pocket, and hated all men, and realised to the full once more (as every decent fellow must, now and then) what a gulf is fixed between buying and selling, buyers and sellers. And that being the day of the Boat Race it followed that in Leicester Square his pocket was picked and the watch disappeared. And when by chance he discovered his loss his face brightened, and he began to take a kindlier view of life, and "So that's settled," he said.

"New (12s. 6d.) pair complete Sandow's Dumb-bells for poultry."

Advt. in "Feathered World."

Our Buff Orpington, Frederick, is now fifteen round the biceps.

"Use —'s original Patent Flour, of all grocers in yellow bags."

Advt. in "Bristol's Young Men."

It would be useless to apply to our grocer, who clings to the old-fashioned brown tweeds.



VOWED TO SILENCE.

LORD ROSEBERY (*in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet*). "AND HOW DO YOU FANCY ME AS A TRAPPIST?"
MR. PUNCH (*out loud*). "NOT A BIT."

[Lord ROSEBERY, at a dinner of the Press Club, announced that he might possibly never make another speech in public.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, April 14.— Les beaux esprits se rencontrent. Noble Lords meeting to-day concerned themselves with Ancient Monuments. Bill introduced by BEAUCHAMP. Whereupon, there being no other business on hand, the House, consisting of half-a-dozen peers, forthwith adjourned.

"Hardly worth while putting on wig and gown and fetching out Purse-bearer from the domestic circle," said LORD CHANCELLOR. "Sometimes get a little tired of this make-believe of work. Oh, to be in the Commons now April's there, and that man of war, SANDYS, brings in his Conscription Bill, sets his squadron in the field, and straightway sounds strategic retreat."

Renewed talk about little affair that, since Session opened, has spread vague feeling of perturbation. Coming back to their duties Peers find themselves, by thoughtful attention of Board of Works, provided with a dressing-room. Accommodation primitive since days of Magna Charta. KING JOHN'S barons riding down to Westminster used, according to contemporary record, to stack their armour and lances in Palace Yard, the police on duty undertaking to keep an eye on them. Suddenly, sharp on passage of Parliament Act, in near anticipation of introduction of so-called Reform Bill designed to complete work of disintegration, the House of Commons, egged on by the Government, voted a sum of £195 for a dressing-room.

"There's more in this than meets the eye," said NEWTON, his mobile countenance sicklied o'er with the pale cast of apprehension. "Something about it akin to the tactics of the farmer who, at approach of Christmas, delights unwary flocks of geese and turkeys by unwontedly generous feeding. They may call it a dressing-room. It really is what HALSBURY would call 'a sort of' Preamble to a Bill depriving Peers of last shred of hereditary legislative power. When I was at school I was taught in a foreign language to distrust the Greeks when they brought gifts. I do so now."

Business done.—In the Commons

Bill legalising immemorial custom in matter of collection of taxes pending passage of Budget Bill is giving unexpected trouble. Both sides equally interested. Successive Chancellors of Exchequer have for three-score years pursued convenient course now arrested by judicial dictum. If means be

cessions made by LLOYD GEORGE Bill still in Committee Stage when House adjourned.

Pretty to see TIM HEALY leading SON AUSTEN, COUSIN HUGH, STEEL-MAITLAND, BANBURY and CASSEL on this new campaign. For profundity of historical and legal lore, for reverence for the British Constitution which a reckless Government were "attempting to decant into a short Bill," for noble jealousy of ancient rights of House of Commons, withal for judicial moderation in criticism, our quondam TRUCULENT TIM was inimitable.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Interesting to watch the growth of catalogue of risky words which come to be authorised as Parliamentary expressions. In some cases distinction as delicate as that between P.M. and M.P. established by Post Office. Here are two identical letters, the first form charged as a single word. Use

another ha'penny. MOORE of North Armagh has for nearly three weeks been suspended from service of House, liable if caught upon the premises to be manacled and removed to the deepest dungeon below the castle moat. And wherefore? Because in moment of earnest conviction he genially described action of Government in regard to debate on Consolidated Fund Bill as "disgraceful trickery."

Everything turned upon use of the adjective. Some authorities testify that precedent for its admission into conversation had been permitted by previous occupiers of the Chair. WHITLEY inflexible in ruling the word unparliamentary; and as North Armagh would not withdraw it House has through sort of supplementary Lenten time lamented his absence and missed his occasional interjectionary incursions into current debate.

To-day COUSIN HUGH denounced BANBURY as "a Parliamentary King's Proctor." WHITLEY, again in Chair, made no sign of remonstrance. Phrase undoubtedly has associations with an unsavoury Court of Law where in suspicious cases the King's Proctor is accustomed to intervene. Therein lay the analogy discerned by a poetic mind. In Committee on Collection of Taxes



Dressing-room accommodation provided for the barons in the days of KING JOHN. These defective arrangements have already been remedied.

not taken to legalise practice, Chancellor in next Unionist Government will find himself in same pickle. But it's the business of Opposition to oppose, and honourable gentlemen seated above Gangway to left of SPEAKER not the men to shirk it. Accordingly amendment after amendment submitted, and in spite of con-



TIM HEALY exhibits "reverence for the British Constitution."

Bill, Government accepted an amendment moved by COUSIN HUGH BANBURY, resenting action that would have effect of easing progress of the measure, suggested that COUSIN HUGH was "acting in collusion with the Government."

No such paradoxical accusation has been made since on a day in the last century NEWDEGATE, stung by WHALLEY'S insinuation that he, pillar of pure Protestantism, was in secret league with the POPE OF ROME, retorted by declaration of belief that WHALLEY, an equally energetic champion of the true faith, was a Jesuit in disguise. It stung COUSIN HUGH to the quick. Lost not a moment in repudiating the charge. Explained that, so far from having been led astray by the blandishments of the Government, he was the seducer, not they. The intervention of the Parliamentary King's Proctor was accordingly made upon total misconception of the facts.

Encouraged by toleration from the Chair in matter of disorderly language, COUSIN HUGH tried another flight. "The Member for the City of London," he said, "is a hypocrite in this matter, for no one is more prone to compact with the Government than is he. The difference between us is that he practises his vices in secret behind the SPEAKER'S Chair, whereas I declare the truth openly across the floor of the House."

BANBURY, not easily abashed, had no retort ready. Several Members made note of the fact that it is within the rules of order not only for one Member to describe another as a Parliamentary King's Proctor, but he may, unrebuked, fling at him the taunt of being a hypocrite.

Business done.—House, having suspended Standing Order with intention of sitting all night if necessary to complete Committee Stage of Collection of Taxes Bill, accomplished its work at twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock.

Friday.—On Grand Night SARK dined with the Treasurer and Benchers of Inner Temple. Much struck by a detail which suggests possibility of marked improvement in Parliamentary procedure. On card of invitation was engraved the magic words, "No Speeches."

"Why," he asks, "should not our Whips, in sending out their occasionally peremptory invitation to attendance on particular nights, adopt this formula?"

It would certainly have immense influence in advancing progress of business. Whilst thus achieving maximum of good it would be responsible only for minimum of evil. As Lord ROSEBERRY said the other night, no one reads long reports of speeches delivered in either House of Parliament, whilst few papers



The gallant Moore in exile.

present them. Exception is, of course, made when the speaker is Lord ROSEBERRY. That a personal detail.

As to effect of speeches upon the fate of measures it is notoriously *nil*. In anticipation of a critical division Members on both sides come down absolutely determined to vote in a certain Lobby.



COUSIN HUGH denounces BANBURY as "a Parliamentary King's Proctor."

Neither the tongues of men nor angels would alter this fixed intent. "Then why," SARK asks, "waste time in delivery of speeches for the most part tedious?"

A bold suggestion, impracticable at first sight. But its premiss that speech-making does not influence votes is undeniable.

Business done.—Talk about Housing of Working Classes.

OUR FESTAL ANNIVERSARIES.

[By one who is not very good at them.]

"To-morrow," I said, "is April 23rd—Primrose Day."

"So it is," exclaimed Cicely. "How nice!"

"I scarcely like to confess it," I added hesitatingly, "but to tell the honest truth, Cicely, I don't really know the origin of Primrose Day. Of course I'm aware it's some kind of national festival, but precisely what, I can't say."

"No more can I," admitted Cicely, to my relief. "That is to say, I'm not at all sure, but I think it's connected in some way with Lord ROSEBERRY and the Derby."

"For my part," said I more confidently, "I fancy it is associated with ST. GEORGE, the Patron Saint of England. When you come to think of it the rose is the emblem of ST. GEORGE. *Primrose*, of course, comes from a Latin root—the word, I mean, not the flower. *Prim* should properly be *Prime*, signifying *First*. And here, I venture to think, we have support for my theory. Years ago it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to produce real roses in England much before

April 23rd, and thus the prim or first rose would naturally be adopted as the symbol of—"

"Let's ask somebody," interrupted Cicely.

"Right-o!" said I.

"Do you happen to know, Ellen," I enquired of the Cook, "why April 23rd is called Primrose Day?"

"I don't for certain, Sir," she replied, "but I have heard it's something to do with SHAKSPEARE."

"There may be something in this," I remarked to Cicely. "SHAKSPEARE, you remember, wrote those beautiful lines:

Primroses,
That come before the swallow
dares . . ."

"Daffodils! Daffodils!" cried Cicely.

"Alice would know, I expect," added Cook, "because she's a member of the Primrose League."

"Of course!" cried Cicely. "What duffers! We might have guessed it was connected with the Primrose League."

"I understand, Alice," I said, when we had found her, "that you are a member of the Primrose League. That being so, you can probably tell us why April 23rd is called Primrose Day?"



HOLDING ON FOR A RISE.

(SCENE—A Point-to-point Meeting where the supply of race-cards has run out.)

Sportsman. "LOOK HERE, I'LL GIVE YOU TWO SHILLINGS FOR THAT CARD."

Rustic (vaguely inspired by what he has heard about Marconis). "NAA FEAR! I WUN'T SELL UN! I BOUGHT UN FUR ZIXPENCE ROUND ABOUT ONE O'CLOCK, AND IF 'E'S WUTH TWO BOB NOW, WOT 'LL 'E BE WUTH TO-MORRER?"

"I don't really know, Sir," answered Alice, "but I think it's something to do with Lord SALISBURY."

"I feel sure that's wrong," said I. "We are disappointed in you, Alice."

"Well, mother joined me into the Primrose League when I was a child," said Alice, "and I don't know much about it except that it's got to do with being a Conservative."

"As it's a political business," put in Cicely, "Judson is sure to know. He knows all about politics."

We sought out Judson and put the question to him. He scraped his spade thoughtfully.

"I'm not quite sure, Sir," said he, "but I think April 23rd is the hanni-versary like of the death o' Lord BEACONSFIELD; but it may be his birth-day. The primrose was his lordship's favourite flower, so I've heard say."

"I fancy that Judson's explanation is the most authoritative and convincing," I said to Cicely in the seclusion of the drawing-room. "But Meggison is coming to dinner this

evening, and he's related to a fellow who was an Under-Secretary in the last Unionist Government. He'll know for certain."

"Right-ol!" said Cicely.

* * * * *

"I say, old chap, why is April 23rd called Primrose Day?" I enquired of Meggison.

"It isn't," said he.

HOW TO CELEBRATE ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

(Which, Mr. Punch begs to inform his millions of English readers, falls on April 23rd.)

A Royal Commission shall be appointed to decide, once for all, who the Saint really was. Only pure-blooded Englishmen and genuine Cappadocians to constitute its membership.

The preponderating Celtic element in the Cabinet shall retire at their own expense to their respective and original sheilings and fastnesses for the day, and give England a rest. The CHAN-

CELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, however, in consideration of his surname and comparatively straitened means, shall be allowed an excursion ticket to Criccieth.

In view of the fact that, according to the latest returns available, all but 921 out of the 12,862 men who recruited for the Navy in 1911 were born in England, journalists shall be permitted, just for once, to speak of the *English* Navy, without calling down upon their heads a sheaf of excited protests from correspondents beyond the Border.

The wearing of a miniature rose in the button-hole, at any rato in the early morning and twilight hours of St. George's Day, by those who can muster up sufficient courage and patriotism, shall not be construed as an affront to the cosmopolitan inhabitants of London and West Ham.

The police-court test, *pro hac vice*, for those ardent spirits who may be suspected of over-festive loyalty to their patron saint, shall be the recital of the well-known formula modified, namely, "*English Constitution*."

FRESH AIR.

"WELL," said Francesca, "here we are at last."

"I cannot deny it," I said. "It is dreadfully true."

"Do you *want* to deny it?" she said.

"Yes, Francesca, I do. My whole soul yearns to deny it; but in face of what has happened even *my* soul cannot manage it."

"And yet," she said, "your soul is a very fiery particle, too fiery, I should have thought, to be snuffed out by a mere railway journey to the sea-side."

"Francesca," I said, "much is permitted to you, but I cannot allow you to refer to that railway journey again."

"Pooh," she said, "what was the matter with it?"

"How many times," I said, "did we have to collect and count the children? How many miles did we have to walk along platforms in order to find seats in compartments that were already crammed? Why were those two respectable old gentlemen so angry when Frederick trod on all their toes? Why did I have sandwiches and sherry for luncheon? It is a disagreeable and an unusual variety of luncheon. Why am I still covered with crumbs? Why did we leave our comfortable home, and why—"

"And why," she said, "have I married a sphinx? If you have any more riddles in your mind now 's the time to get rid of the lot."

"Is this," I said, "your courtesy?"

"No, it's my common sense."

"Ha, ha!" I said, laughing bitterly.

"And," she continued, "you'll just have to make the best of it. Besides I may as well tell you at once that you will have to sleep in the little room that looks out on the back. We cannot arrange it in any other way."

"I knew it," I said. "It has been so whenever we have all gone to the seaside together. I have always been squeezed into the little room that looks out on the back. All lodgings at every seaside are alike in this: the father of the family is compelled to look out on the back while his wife and children gaze upon the sea."

"I can put Frederick in with you if you feel lonely," she said.

"No," I said, "I think I will do without Frederick. He is capable of waking at six A.M."

"He always does," she said.

"And he would expect me to tell him a story. I can do much, but I cannot tell a story to a child at six A.M."

"It would be good for you to try just once," she said.

"I think not," I said. "And, besides, it wouldn't be a satisfactory story. Frederick wouldn't like it. He is getting very particular about his stories. He told me to-day he was tired of wishing-caps."

"You might make it a magic ring by way of a change."

"We exhausted all the possibilities of a magic ring long ago," I said. "And dragons and fairy queens are also taboo. No, on mature consideration I will deny myself the pleasure of having Frederick in my room. I will leave him to you."

"That," she said, "is like your generous nature. I accept your gift."

"And you must promise," I said, "not to throw Frederick in my teeth afterwards. You take him with your eyes open. He is a free gift, and you must not look him in the mouth."

"I will take Frederick off your hands," she said, "and expect nothing of you in consequence."

"But tell me," I said, "where are the children?"

"They are upstairs," she said, "unpacking. Do you not hear them?"

"Are they unpacking *my* things?" I said.

"They probably are," she said. "I promised them that as a treat."

"You promised them that!" I exclaimed. "But this is madness. How can three girl-children and a boy unpack a father's kit-bag? Everything will get mixed with everything else. My socks will go astray. Francesca, you do not know, being a woman, what a vagrant-thing a sock is. And my shirts! They will ruin the fronts of my shirts."

"Oh," she said impatiently, "what *does* it matter at the seaside? - Listen," she continued, as a burst of merriment was wafted to us from upstairs; "they are playing with your big bath-sponge. Would you be so heartless as to interfere with their innocent pleasure?"

"They will get wet through," I said.

"Everybody gets wet through at the seaside."

"Yes," I said, "but not with bath-sponges."

"Well," she said, "if you don't like it why don't you take them out?"

"I will," I said. "Life at the seaside is one long series of takings out."

"Yes," she said, "that's why the beach is there, and the piers, and the esplanade, and the boats, and the boatmen in their blue guernseys. And that's why we brought *Winkles* with us."

"I forgot *Winkles*," I said.

"*Winkles* will have to be taken out on the wettest days. Dogs must be exercised even when children stay at home; and you," she said, "are the one to do it."

"I foresee," I said, "that I shall get plenty of fresh air."

"Don't be so gloomy about it," she said. "What else did you come to the seaside for?"

"I thought I was going to have a rest and enjoy myself."

"What a strange idea," she said.

R. C. L.

A SPRING VICTIM.

BARBER, I hope I find you with a steady

And dexterous right-hand to-day. Reveal

The secrets of your armoury! Make ready

Your stoutest shears, your choicest Sheffield steel,

Your bills and cleavers, and prepare to strip

This tufty herbage from my upper lip!

The sacrifice intrigues you? Doubtless, Barber,

You wonder at the fellness of the swoop;

You think, perchance, I chafe to see it harbour

The beaded bubbles of my turtle soup?

Or else that she has coyly murmured, "Please

Uproot it, dear: it makes me want to sneeze"?

Perchance I hope (you artists know how prone is

The heart of man to idle self-esteem)

To leave your chair a latter-day Adonis,

To have my smile proclaimed "a perfect dream"?

Or haply (horrid thought) I mean to flit

From outraged Justice? No, that isn't it.

Behold in me a victim of the Season

When pestilence is wafted on the breeze

Embroiding us and darkening our reason.

Catarrh? The influenza? Worse than these.

Aha, my friend, I see you guess my meaning;

Yes, I have caught the frenzy of Spring-cleaning.

"THE LIMITATION OF CONSECUTIVE HAZARDS.—'S. E.' writes:—
"Might I make the suggestion that a hint be taken from the spot stroke rule? My idea is that not more than one or two consecutive losing hazards be allowed off the same ball into the same pocket."
Times.

Nobody has really seen billiards played until he has watched us making our run of one consecutive losing hazard.



Landlord of Country Inn. "WILL YE PLEASE TO BE QUICK WITH YER BATH, MUM? IT'S FIRE DRILL MORNING AND WE'RE EAGER TO BE AT IT."

NATURE KNOWLEDGE.

The teacher was serious-minded and very conscientious. The lesson was "The Frog"—the protoplasmal beginnings of froggie being exhibited within a glass jarful of water, which stood upon a table before the class. The room was stuffy and the class in a state of passive resistance to learning—all except Tommy Bangs, aged seven. Tommy, who up to now had never learned anything if he could possibly help it, sat staring at the glass jar with all his soul in his eyes. Teacher looked at him attentively. Was this a case of the stupid scholar at last coming into his own subject and developing genius? She resolved to concentrate upon Thomas.

"You see this mass of gelatinous substance full of little black dots?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"These black dots are eggs."

Thomas looked incredulous.

"Now, what are they, Thomas?"

"Eggs," replied Thomas, obedient though unbelieving.

"Correct. Well, in process of time these eggs are—now what do you think happens to these eggs in process of time?"

Uneasy silence on the part of Thomas.

"Come," said Teacher. "They are—" "Boiled," with sudden inspiration.

"No, no," said Teacher hastily; "they are hatched."

"Hatched," murmured Thomas apologetically.

"Yes, and out come some queer-looking creatures with big heads and flat tails. They are called tadpoles. Now—very impressively—"the tadpole grows, little legs begin to show, gradually the tail vanishes, and what do you think at last comes out of the water?"

"A—a duck." Thomas was evidently unable to get away from the poultry farm.

"Oh no, Thomas. I will tell you. A frog. Now, isn't that wonderful?"

Subdued expressions of astonishment from the class and a deep sigh from Thomas, looking as if he could ask for more information if he dared. Teacher turned to him kindly.

"You are interested, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's right. I shall cultivate your taste for nature knowledge. Is there anything else you would like me to tell you?"

"Yes, please, ma'am."

"Then just ask," said Teacher, much gratified. "Don't be afraid. What do you want to know?"

"Please, ma'am," said Thomas, "I want to know how to do a lion."

The World's Workers.

"Wanted Another, to work round the coast with a telescope."—*Advt. in "Star."*

"A remarkable feature is that this affair is about the fifth unsuccessful attempt against Li-Yuan-Hung, proving that something is radically wrong."—*Daily Telegraph.*

If a meeting can be arranged, our contemporary is prepared to explain this sentence to LI-YUAN-HUNG.

From a little book of recipes:—

"RECIPES.

Crust of bread soaked in 'Glaxo.'

'Glaxo.'

Hard Crust.

Dip crust in 'Glaxo' and give child to suck."

We shall have to put our French chef on to this.

"The new spring styles are so varied that no one can fail to obtain a hat that will not suit them."—*Rochdale Observer.*

We have noticed several about.

AT THE PLAY.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S FAREWELL SEASON.

It is established that JULIUS CÆSAR, besides being a bit of a soldier, wrote elementary Latin prose for the use of preparatory schools. But neither of these accomplishments could ever make him an adequate mouthpiece, on the stage, for the philosophy of Mr. BERNARD SHAW; and the author of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, with his notorious flair for the right medium, recognised the Triumvir's limitations. Later, on looking through his original version, he seems to have felt that this defect in his protagonist was a source of weakness in the play; that, though *Brittanus* threw off a certain amount of easy satire on the future inhabitants of the barbarous island that he came from, there was not enough of SHAW in it. So he has introduced a prologue (purporting to be the utterance of the god Ra) which is a sort of sketchy upper-fifth-form lesson on the history of the period, punctuated with ridicule of the Philistines on the other side of the footlights. Only gods and schoolmasters can do these things, knowing full well that the rules won't let you answer them back.

It is the old posture. Mr. SHAW still stands on his head as depicted by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM on revisiting the haunts of his early manhood. For the rest, the play remains an audacious medley of mock-historical comedy, farce, pantomime and melodrama. There is the old lighthearted disregard of facts—as in *Cæsar's* paternal and ascetic attitude to the girl *Cleopatra*; there is the old blend of laughter and blood—as in the horror, which is not tragedy, of *Phatalecta's* death, when, after affording an interminable lot of fun to the author (if not to us) in the matter of her name, she has her throat slit before *Cæsar* has got the hang of it. All the same the play keeps the freshness of its frivolous improbability, though I doubt if anybody but Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON—and he only on a farewell course—could have filled Drury Lane for so slight a spectacle.

Though he made no attempt to disguise his sad lack of baldness (*non Cæsaris illa cæsaries*) he somehow always looked the part. His vein is, of course, a high seriousness, but he brought a very light touch to the treatment of *Cæsar's* mood of holiday excursion. Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT was best in the earlier part, where *Cleopatra* is just a

scared little flapper; when the savage in her came out, Miss ELLIOTT had no more use for her unstaled girlishness. Of the minor characters, Mr. IAN ROBERTSON was pleasantly solemn in the part of *Brittanus*; Mr. COOKSON gave a note of distinction to the royal tutor, *Theodotus*; Mr. SCOTT-GATTY



The great god Bernard Ra-ra Shaw.

was a brave and buoyant *Apolodorus*; and Mr. LACY as the ranker *Rufio* was at least robust. I should have liked a lot more of little *Ptolemy*, though I missed Master TONGE in that delightful prompted speech of the boy-king. Over the others, as over the scenery, I draw a veil of genial reticence.

The Light that Failed serves the purpose—if no other—of proving Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S versatility. Sober

or drunk, seeing or blind, in love or in despair, he was equally persuasive. Of course, his chances were a little too easy. Drunkenness is always popular on the English stage, and blindness never misses its appeal.

It was curious how, in the superfluous prologue where *Dick* has his preliminary spell of blindness, the bandage on his eyes and the covering on his crown seemed to make Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S golden voice unrecognisable. It seems as if the magic of his tones is dependent upon an exposure of the top half of his head.

The tragic ending of Mr. KIPLING'S original version has been modified. It is no longer *The Light that Failed*, it is *The Darkness that Succeeded*, or rather it would have been if *Maisie's* love for him had come about through *Dick's* loss of sight. But apparently her change of heart occurs before she learns of his tragedy; and we are led vaguely to suspect that she was proposing in any case to fall back upon love as a solace for her art that had failed. Whatever her motive, poor *Dick* was happily too blind to see through it.

Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT made the best of the rather unsympathetic part of *Maisie*. But the strongest support came from Mr. AUBREY SMITH as *Torpenhow*. His solid presence, as always, was a steady source of confidence. Miss OLIVE RICHARDSON as *Bessie* was sufficiently vicious; the trouble was to discover the charm in her that attracted *Torpenhow*. Miss ADELINE BOURNE did more than justice to her anonymous description as *The Red-haired Girl*. The vermilion of her wig would have abashed a flamingo. Mr. SCOTT-GATTY as *Cassavetti* once more shone among an indifferent lot of supernumeraries, of whom the stodgy and sonorous Mr. PERCY RHODES (*Nilghai*) was perhaps the least excusable.

I understand that Signor PUCCINI came all the way from Pisa to see Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON in this play, the actor's engagements making it impossible for him to study the musician's convenience and appear in Tuscany. If the composer of *La Fanciulla del West* shared the feelings of the popular element in Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S audience he was well rewarded for his exertions. Dare we hope that in *The Light that Failed* he will find the stuff for an opera (*Riccardo in Egitto?*) and that we shall presently be whistling the Italian for "*What Maisie I Knew?*"



HASELDEN—
Maisie (Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT) to *Dick Helder* (Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON). "Dickie, I'm the same *Maisie*! I haven't even changed my hair!"



Sergeant-Instructor (to recruit who is struggling to unfix bayonet long after the movement is finished). "NOW THEN! WHY CAN'T YOU DEPRESS THE BOLT-STUD AND GET THAT BLADE AWAY?"

Recruit. "AH 'VE GOT A GAMMY THOOMB, SERGINT."

Sergeant-Instructor. "GAMMY THUMB! THE REST O' THE SQUAD AIN'T GOT GAMMY THUMBS, HAS THEY? YOU DON'T EXPECT THE ARMY TO ALLOW YOU LUXURIES THE REST O' THE MEN AIN'T GOT, DO YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

THERE are parts of *Stella Maris* (JOHN LANE) that show the art of Mr. W. J. LOCKE at its very best—delicate, tender, high-fantastical. There are also parts in which it might almost be classed with the melodrama of commerce, and others that come dangerously near the simply sentimental. Take him for all in all, however, Mr. LOCKE can blend a mixture of romance and realism more nicely than perhaps any other living writer; and the result, if unequal, is delightfully stimulating. Moreover, *Stella Maris* has the advantage of two excellent and unhackneyed ideas. On the one hand, *Stella* herself, the seemingly hopeless invalid, into the dream-life of whose guarded room no idea of pain or sorrow is allowed to penetrate—restore such a being to everyday life, plunge her, a woman in years, less than a child in experience, into the battle of realities, and what will happen? This is one, the more beautiful, of the two motives of the book. The other concerns a man who, married in name only to a human horror whose cruelty to a child-servant has resulted in public scandal and imprisonment, himself adopts the victim in an effort at reparation. What came of this experiment of *John Risca* with the little drudge *Unity*; how he and *Walter Herold*, the actor, both loved and tended *Stella*, at first with the passionate pity of strong men towards a suffering child, later with another kind of passion, and which of them won her in the end, all this you shall find out. On the last point I was myself in doubt—a rare experience—up to the very page that settled the matter. On the whole, a charming and moving story,

told in a style that at times rises to actual beauty. I make Mr. LOCKE my felicitations and thanks.

Miss MARGARET WATSON purports to write of village life, but if she should cast her mind back over the events of her story, *His Dear Desire* (SMITH, ELDER), she must herself be astounded at their number and magnitude. Most of the villagers were at one time or another on the verge of sudden death, and one at least of them succumbed to it. Another was the victim of violent dipsomania; a third was guilty of, among other things, embezzlement; a fourth was apprehended for a supposed murder, and of the others those who were not put in jeopardy by the fire at the Hall were involved in the financial crash of a local Building Society. Hardly a day passed in *Clayford* and the neighbourhood but an incident occurred which would have engaged the best part of the attention of the British press, and yet the inhabitants were with it all the most simple and unsophisticated people in the world. These weighty affairs, mark you, were but side issues, briefly noticed and contrived merely to demonstrate character; the central plot was quite other and consisted in the love of *Emily Dormer* for the dipsomaniac, the passion of the pseudo-murderer for his mill, and the pervading and prevailing humanity of *Parson Power*, matters much less stupendous but much more convincing. The truth is that Miss WATSON has done excellently with her village but gone all wrong with its life. She has done what so many amateurs, if I may use that expression without offence, do; she has studied life as it is, and life as it is depicted in the lower grade novel, contemporaneously, and has got the two mixed up. This has proved unfortunate

but not, I am glad to say, fatal. If the constant recurrence of the incredible tends to destroy the charm of a very human book, it does not wholly succeed. Some country folk emerge from the turmoil unscathed and delightfully unspoilt.

I am positively appalled by the number of young men who appear to be going about in contemporary fiction paying what seem honourable addresses to heroines, only for these distressed damsels to discover in the next chapter the existence of insane wives. The thing seems to be becoming an obsession with our novelists; and the latest victim is Miss ISABEL SMITH, whose *Nevertheless* (ALSTON RIVERS) tells it all over again; not badly, but hardly well enough to invest so worn a theme with any special interest. By the way, why *Nevertheless*, I have been unable to dis-

cover; the tale might just as well have been called *But, or Well, well, or* (and with some excuse in the behaviour of the chief characters) *Tut-tut*. These protagonists are *Sara Gale* and one *Martel*, fellow-inmates of an old suburban mansion turned into a kind of boarding-house. Because *Martel* had a clear-cut profile, no manners, and a general way of wiping the ground with his female society, *Sara* (who was evidently a disciple of *Jane Eyre*) loved him. So she really need not have been so much astonished to hear of the lunatic wife, as aforesaid. But she was. Then of course *Martel* asked her not to mind about man-made laws, and *Sara*, after holding out till almost the end of the book (even enduring the horrors of an evangelical boarding-house at Eastbourne, described by the author with much zest) surrendered and went to *Martel's* rooms—only to find him reading a wire from the lunatic asylum to say what you will have already guessed. I feel that the moral is a little ambiguous, but at least the story is enabled to end as such things should. I wish Miss SMITH had found a better employment for her obvious gift of character-drawing.

My salaams to Sir HUGH CLIFFORD. He has lived a good part of his life in the Straits Settlements, and knows a thing or two about them. As a writer he has the true "Maga" touch, which is often, I think, at its strongest when it draws, for us stay-at-homes, the lives and thoughts of the dark-skinned races at the outposts of the Empire. In his *Malayan Monochromes* (JOHN MURRAY) the shadows are as dark as REMBRANDT would have painted them, as dense as the impenetrable forests of the Peninsula. For his high lights he uses only the warm red of blood, that turns black almost as soon as it is shed, whether it has flowed in Malayan or English veins. As I read his stories, especially fascinating when, like the *Fat Boy*, they "wants to

make your flesh creep," I felt that I understood how white men can die of too much tropical Asia, and how it is not only natives that sometimes are driven to run amok and to cast off the shackles of officialdom and civilization, and become just their revengeful, cruel, savage, primitive selves. But that is only because they are affected by their environment, which is gradually being changed for the better by the self-sacrifice of these very men. Some day the bad old past will have gone altogether, to the great advantage of all concerned. And meanwhile it has given us *Malayan Monochromes*.

Although I have not read a vast majority of the fifty or sixty books that stand to the credit of "KATHARINE TYNAN," I make bold to say that none of them can be more fragrant than *Mrs. Pratt of Paradise Farm* (SMITH, ELDER). The farm possessed a garden of the lavender-sweet-pea-rosemary kind, a splendid view, old furniture—in fact, everything that mortal man could want, except a bathroom. And then—crowning-point of all—it contained *Mrs. Pratt* herself. It is true that this jewel of a woman had been accused of poisoning her husband, but you had only to look at her to know that she could never have killed a mouse. Apparently her neighbours had refrained from looking at her, for they deemed that she had left the court with a considerable stain upon her character. So poor *Mrs. Pratt* suffered acutely until a young man and his wife suddenly turned up and asked for lodgings; and afterwards she loved this mysterious couple so much that she did not even worry about unpaid bills. I am grateful to *Mrs. HINKSON* for taking up the cudgels on behalf of a class that is too often derided and



ABSCONDING CASHIER HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO ENCOUNTER ANOTHER LIGHTNING STRIKE—"DOWN RAZORS."

scoffed at in fiction; but I am afraid that landladies in general will not share my gratitude. It would be an appalling misfortune for them if *Mrs. Pratt* should be cast in their teeth when they present their overdue accounts.

Cookery Note.

Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY'S book, "High Pheasants in Theory and Practice," is announced for publication. For eating purposes we prefer them in theory.

From a letter to *The Barbados Advocate*:—

"Roads constructed of Tarmia are not subject to the dust nuisance caused to pedestrians over which motor cars run."

From our new Barbados romance: "Confound the dust," said Clarence, as he wiped a 24-30 Panhard off his chest and rose to his feet. "That's the third car that has been over me to-day. At this rate my collar will be ruined by Saturday."

CHARIVARIA.

THE new Navy airship from France has been arriving in sections, which are now being fitted together at Farnborough. This is a reversal of our policy in regard to our previous airship, which, it will be remembered, arrived here complete, but was subsequently resolved into pieces.

Mr. LAMBERT, for the Admiralty, has assured a questioner that adequate measures will be taken to protect our dockyards and arsenals from aerial attack. We understand that awnings have already been commissioned.

The Nancy incident has been settled satisfactorily. Various local officials have been reprimanded, and Princess VICTORIA LOUISE's dress is to be made from a Paris model.

Some details have been published of our new Cunarder. She is, we are told, 901 feet long, and 97 feet broad. This means that both the tallest man and the fattest man will be able to lie down without being inconveniently cramped.

A Bill has been introduced into the House to make the giving of characters to employees compulsory. In the view of some of the Labour Members, however, the proposed measure does not go far enough, as it does not insist that the characters must be good ones.

Poor Mr. LLOYD GEORGE! The Opposition papers were just as snuffy at his promise of no further taxes as if he had imposed a number of fresh ones. "There's no pleasing 'em," he says.

A new scheme by which insured persons may obtain medical benefits while on holiday has been arranged by the Insurance Commissioners. So nobody now need fear that his holiday may be spoilt by his having to keep well.

The London County Council has decided to purchase a dictating machine at a cost of £52. This compares favourably with the price the Government pays for its dictator.

While an employee of a firm of wholesale fruiterers at Cardiff was opening a bunch of bananas from Jamaica the other day, he was startled by a snake three feet long darting from the fruit. "The reptile was captured," the account tells us, "and is being preserved." After this we shall eat our banana preserves with caution.

We hear that the real reason why the price of *The Times* is being reduced to twopenny is to enable the threepenny public to take in *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Mirror* as well.

The Grand Ducal Council of Mecklenberg has passed a Bill imposing a twenty-five per cent. increase of taxes on all bachelors above the age of thirty.



Waiter. "WHAT CAN I GET YOU, SIR?"
The Epicure. "OH, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE ONE OF YOUR GHAISTLY DINNERS!"

This should be something of an answer to those women who declare that their interests are neglected because they do not possess a vote.

The proposal of Mr. Justice BANKES that malignant Suffragettes shall be sent on a voyage round the world has fallen through in consequence of strong representations by the world.

Two opinions of Venus at Covent Garden—showing how difficult it is to satisfy everybody:—

"She wore what was for a Wagner opera an almost daring dress of thin gauzy material with a slit from the left ankle."—*Daily Mirror*.

"Though no one would advocate too realistic a costume for Venus, it is hardly necessary to make the goddess look like an abbess."—*Daily News*.

We shall hope to meet an abbess one of these days.

HOME THOUGHTS OF ABROAD.

"[On his back in a gondola, a pipe in his mouth as usual, gazing skywards."—*Pinerio*.]

With all respect to old R. B.
My own especial springtime prayer is, "Oh, to be in Italy—
In Venice—now that April's there!"

To hear the hollow-sounding cry
The swart *barcaiolo* calls
At sudden corners, gliding by
The old wistaria-trailing walls!

With Federico rowing stroke,
And Carlo chipping in at bow,
And I, beneath tobacco smoke,
Lying at ease—just anyhow.

Dear little *rios*, crooked, quaint,
By little *calle* bridges spanned!

Dear crumbling niches
where some Saint,
Some long-neglected
Virgin, stand!

Jesurum lace, Murano's
glass
My pilgrim spirit
lightly spurns,
And so the saying shall
not pass
That "Venice spends
what London
earns."

Here is a vista opening
out,
And here's the Grand
Canal at last.
Carlo will show the
sights, no doubt,
As "past we glide,
and past, and
past."

He names the things
one always sees:

"Ecco, Signor! Rialto—si!"
Ah, mention every palace, please;
Go on, old chap; *mostratemi*—

Mostratemi the one I love—
I think I see it, gliding by—
Where ROBERT BROWNING (see above),
O fortunatum, chose to die!

"Wholesale pill-box outrages were discovered in Glasgow early this afternoon."
Bristol Evening News.
Our best Beauchamp has been abducted.

"The services of Mr. Griesson Landscape Gardner, of Agra, have been placed at the disposal of the Chief Commissioner of Delhi."
Statesman.

Our congratulations to Mr. G. L. Gardner. He does credit to the family.

"Possessing a speed of 23 knots, the Aquitania will have 4,250 boats, to accommodate passengers and crew."—*Lloyd's News*.
"One man, one boat" at last!

BACHELOR CHAMBERS.

(By one in search of the perfect hermitage.)

My tastes are modest and my needs are small :—
Three bright and lofty chambers (parquet floor),
Each thirty feet or so by twenty-four,
With bathroom (entered from an airy hall)
Where hot and cold habitually run ;
And such a set of aspects that the sun
Laves me in light the whole day long. That's all.

They must be central—somewhere like Pall Mall ;
In touch with London's throbbing heart, or hub,
And fairly near the Athenæum Club
And restaurants ; yet silent as a well,
For here no taxi-hooters must intrude
To jar upon the meditative mood
Or operate against the Muse's spell.

For service—just one handmaid, nice and neat ;
A valet, soft of foot ; a *chef* of wits
For homely dinners based upon the Ritz ;
And, at his post abutting on the street,
A liveried page to brush me for the Park,
Vigilant of my wants, yet slow to mark
What ladies most affect my fair retreat.

The outlook (need I add ?) should be on trees ;
And for inclusive rent I'd gladly pay
Full Garden City prices. I should say
There must be many men with tastes like these
All round St. James's—men without a wife
And wedded solely to the Simple Life ;
And yet the agents find me hard to please ! O. S.

THE BURNING QUESTION.

SHOULD smoking be allowed in the auditorium of theatres ? That is the question which is agitating London, Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO and Mr. SHAW.

Sir SIDNEY LEE writes : Sir ARTHUR PINERO's suggestion entails merely a return to a fine old custom. Smoking in theatres, like Polar exploration, was a common Elizabethan practice. Personally I am with SHAKESPEARE in preferring the aroma of tobacco to the perfume of asphyxiated flowers which generally fills the air of the stalls. As the Swan said, "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

Mr. HAMMERSTEIN writes : I am convinced that my failure to run opera in London was due to my omission to supply tobacco in the auditorium. If I had my time over again and attempted once more to popularise good music I should inscribe above the proscenium the Virgilian motto, *Ludere calamo agresti* (which, I am told, may be translated, "To amuse oneself with the rustic pipe"), and I would present every member of my audience with a high-class Clay (a Churchwarden, not a Henry).

Mr. BERNARD SHAW writes : I am strongly in favour of smoking in theatres. I recently implored my audience not to laugh at me, and a pipe or a cigar between their lips would probably stop their hilarity far more effectually than anything I could say.

Mr. GORDON CRAIG writes : I am quite indifferent on this subject. Nothing that could happen in any ordinary theatre nowadays could possibly have a deteriorating effect on the Drama.

Dr. SALEEBY writes : The ideal conditions for smoking are exactly those which obtain in the modern theatre. The body should be at ease and the mind at rest. Any intellectual

effort at once diverts the nicotinous juices from their mission (which in these ideal circumstances they accomplish) of correcting the tendency of the hypercutaneous corpuscles towards excessive excoriation.

Mr. P. A. VAILE writes : The only objection I have to smoking in theatres or elsewhere is that not one man in a hundred and not one woman in a thousand knows how to do it. From his earliest childhood the Englishman is taught to smoke on principles which are scientifically unsound. In addressing the pipe, for instance, the pressure for the in-draught should be applied upwards from the chin, and that for the out-draught downwards from the nose, the head being kept rigid and the neck being used as a pivot to counteract top-spin. In practice all professional smokers do this, but they are unaware of it, and in teaching they advise exactly the opposite. Messrs. Glamon and Suckstein (who, by the way, are strong supporters of smoking in theatres) recently tested this under my direction with a specially devised quick-firing pneumatic hookah fitted with ball-bearings.

Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX distils the essence of sanity in the following illuminating quatrain :—

The man who cannot concentrate his mind
Upon the dramas of the BARD of AVON
Without reliance upon Nicotine, you'll find
Is probably an intellectual craven.

LITTLE TICH says : I am all in favour of people smoking so long as they confine themselves to Little Tichinopolies."

Mr. CIOZZA MONEY pronounces strongly against tobacco in theatres on economic grounds. The money wasted on cigarettes alone by the youth of the country would, he maintains, be sufficient to defray the additional cost of fixing the starting age of old age pensions at 65 instead of 70.

Mr. MASTERMAN, on the other hand, has the greatest belief in tobacco as promoting equanimity and diffusing an atmosphere of placid contentment so desirable in an audience. He continues, "I do not think I am violating any pledge of secrecy when I say that, had it not been for the demands of National Defence, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would have made provision in his Budget for the supplying of free cigarettes to all occupants of the pit and gallery in our theatres."

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN writes : I can endure tobacco in Veronica's green-house, but not in the theatre. As a great poet remarks :—

"It is the most malevolent of deeds
To choke fine flowers of speech with noxious weeds."

Mr. J. M. BARRIE : I express no opinion beyond this—that if smoking is permitted the tobacco must be the right brand. You know quite well which it is.

Mr. ALFRED BUTT : I like to see the audience in full blast when PAVLOVA dances, but it would give me little pleasure to witness a similarly contented body of persons at a musical comedy.

Psychic communication with certain of the illustrious dead having been set up—we will not say how, but possibly through the agency of the Elysian Marconi Company (shares not yet on the market)—the following opinions on the great questions have been elicited :—

Sir WALTER RALEIGH : The notion takes me. If it be good (as I hold) to drink tobacco, then is it good to drink it wherever you may be. Moreover, there are, I am told, certain plays and players that would be rendered more decent if a cloud of Virginia intervened between ye spectator and ye stage.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON : Smoke and be ———.



A FEATHER FOR HIS CAP.

THE VICTOR OF SKUTARI (to Austria). "OF COURSE YOU CAN MAKE ME PUT YOUR TAIL-FEATHER BACK AGAIN, BUT IT'LL NEVER FEEL QUITE THE SAME."





Mother. "WELL, DEARS, DID YOU MEET ANYONE YOU KNEW?"

The Three Children (who have just returned from their morning walk). "YES; RUBY AND DEREK."

Mother. "WHERE DID YOU MEET THEM?"

Barbara (the youngest). "AT THE SAME PLACE AS WE WAS."

THE BETTER WAY;

OR, WORDS TO A WATCHMONGER.

MERLIN, the horologe has stopped again;
 Clasp his hands as if about to pray,
 But not, I think, with any kind of pain,
 At noon the little fellow slipped away.
 Please take him back,
 But do not say, "Tut, tut, a nasty crack;"
 Because he had none. Of your guidance lorn,
 Faint for the loving hand that soothed and nursed,
 His spirit to the shadowy realm was borne
 The fifth time, I believe, since Jan. the first;
 And every swound
 Meant cash to you; your black arts brought him round.
 That little flower-like face, that poor pale ghost,
 How often have I looked and yearned to him;
 Yet always he preferred you as a host,
 Always, deprived of you, his voice grew dim.
 He pined for you;
 Take him, and tell me, Merlin, was it "flu" ?
 Toy with the curly hair-spring of my pet
 And smile the old smile that he understands,
 And put the dice-box in your eye and set
 In motion once again the fluttering hands;
 Poke him about
 And prod his works up; give him malt and stout;

But never more return him. Let him be
 Here at the very hub of temporal power
 And hearken to his friends eternally,
 And know what trustful glances, hour by hour,
 On you they fix,
 Following your will like sheep—with strong calm ticks.

And now and then I will return and sit
 And nurse him for a moment in your shop,
 And ask him how he is and if he's fit,
 And turn the little screw round at the top,
 And muse anon
 On those wild times we had in brave years gone.

And if you like it, Merlin, when I come,
 For food and lodging and for oil and wraps
 I will disburse to you a trifling sum;
 And, thank you, now you mention it, perhaps
 You too might make
 Some gift to soothe my dole. Ten bob I'll take.

EVOR.

"The bridegroom spoke out manfully in promise of his share, and, what is especially noteworthy in these days of rebellious femininity, the bride did not fumble with the plain direct affirmative 'I will' when she was asked whether she would love, honour, and—obey."
Pall Mall Gazette.

The writer must go to another wedding and follow the service a little more closely; then he will understand why the bride didn't.

EXCESS OF CAUTION.

I LOVE Penelope. Robertson loves Penelope. For the moment I cannot think of anybody who does not love Penelope, except perhaps the Vicar; and he only dislikes her professionally, because she will not give such assistance as he thinks she ought to his charitable enterprises. Even her father loves Penelope, although he doesn't show it. At this time, however, Penelope herself loved nothing on earth except her new cheque-book, her very first.

After dinner, we three men hurried through with our tobacco and gathered in the drawing-room for the Opening Ceremony. Penelope provided herself with a new nib and a piece of virgin blotting-paper and asked for our advice, as men of the world, how she ought to begin.

"Read the instructions on the bottle," said I. "Just inside the cover you will find something about keeping in a cool, dry place. . . ."

"Safe place," corrected Penelope, taking the matter very seriously. "What is the date?"

No one knew it, and Robertson, trying to show off, said that any date would do.

"Provided," said Penelope's father, who prides himself on his general knowledge and looks very wisely over the top of his spectacles when he utters it—"provided it isn't a Sunday." Thereupon Robertson was deservedly forced into a legal argument with the father and I was left in possession of the daughter.

"What do I write next?" asked Penelope.

"Somebody's name," said I.

"But whose?"

That was a stiff question even for a financial expert. But love inspires, and I suggested that the Great Event might be suitably celebrated by a gift to a local charity. "Besides," I argued, "it will propitiate the Vicar." At first Penelope was horrified, at the suggestion, supposing that cheques could only be written for large sums of money; but, when I assured her that there was no minimum, she said she wanted to get on the right side of the Vicar and put his name in.

"What do they mean by 'or order'?" asked she, going through it step-by-step and being very determined to run no risks or be had in any way.

Seeing that the most knowledgeable man was going to win, it was unthinkable that I should confess ignorance. "Some say one thing," I answered, "and some another. It is a hint to the Banker who is going to cash it, and I myself incline to the view that it means, 'If you haven't got the money in stock write to the makers at once for some more.'"

Robertson was defeating her father meanwhile, so the latter diverted his

way she crammed her first figure (0) up against the "£" was positively cruel, and there was Robertson scoring smile after smile for his advices: a smile for the crossing, a smile for the "— & Co.," a smile for the "Not Negotiable" and almost an embrace for the "A/C Payee." At last in despair I left her father in the very middle of his "on the other hand" (the fifth of them) and picked up the cheque.

"Goodness," I said contemptuously, "if I hadn't examined this before you parted with it you might have been the easy victim of the most stupendous fraud of the century. You have actually been allowed to leave out the "only."

"Pay the Revd. Henry Bumpus or Order the sum of Ten Shillings and Sixpence only," was the final form of her instruction, for even her father could not argue that that was illegal, and even Robertson had to admit that it was done sometimes in business. She replied haughtily that business was business, gave him a look, blotted the cheque and thanked me for my help.

And that is how I lost Penelope.

* * * *

Our Vicar does not often say sharp words, but when he does he makes you wish you were different and blame whoever led you astray. "Received," he wrote, by return, on the printed form of receipt of the Amalgamated Diocesan Charities Fund—"received of Miss Penelope Penbridge the sum of Ten Shillings and Sixpence only."

A LONG MEMORY.

THE Post Office never forgets.

In our block of flats tenants come and go. The landlord barely remembers the last tenant. The tradespeople have forgotten utterly. The gas-collector lets him pass from his memory. The Post Office never.

In some corner of its great heart it keeps, green the memory of all its children. Out of its boundless store it sends them missives—to each according to his taste.

They come home—letters to the ghosts of former tenants. They lie about till I drop them regretfully in the fire.

I know each ghost so well. Bale and Ball were bachelors, drawn together by a subtle sympathy due to alliterative



GOING TO THE DOGS.

IT IS VERY GRATIFYING TO MR. PUNCH TO OBSERVE THAT THE LATEST FASHION IN HATS IS IDENTICAL WITH THAT WHICH HAS SO LONG GRACED HIS IMMORTAL DOG TOBY ON THE COVER.

argumentative faculties to my last proposition and took up with me. I tried to involve Robertson in this argument also, but he was unscrupulous enough to admit that he was in the wrong about the Sundays and to agree in advance with all that Penelope's father had to say about the "or order." I was thus left in the parent's toils and Penelope to Robertson's tender, his too tender mercies!

Penelope was insistent that her first cheque should be impregnable and had clearly promised herself that no precaution, used by the best English cheque-writers, should be omitted. The



DOMESTICATED RAG-TIME.

nomenclature. When the holidays came they fled together to the sea-side. Gay and debonaire, they were known to every landlady on the South Coast. The Post Office—father of us all—still pleads with them to come back to the neglected boarding-houses. At Christmas it offers charades at Margate. At Midsummer it reminds them that there are bathrooms and motor-garages at Brighton and Bournemouth.

Quest and his sister, Miss Quest, were devoted to railway shares and to each other. I think—though of this I am not sure—that they were twins. If Quest bought a share in the Caledonian, his sister went round next day and bought another. Once Quest was persuaded by a friend to buy a share in a furniture company. Loyal to the core, Miss Quest resolved that they should flourish or perish together. She also bought a share. They were not ruined, but they were disappointed. Afterwards they stuck to railways.

The Post Office has never forgotten their passionate attachment. It often sends them letters—always in pairs. The letters are exactly alike inside and out, save for the names—"Miss Quest," "Septimus Quest, Esq." Usually they are fascinating documents, all about railways. But sometimes there is a sly little dig about that adventure in furniture.

There were four of the Nicklins. Mrs. Nicklin was colourless. She was overshadowed by her children. Even the Post Office is vague about her. It hesitates between "Mrs." and "Mr. or Mrs."

Young Nicklin, known in the Post Office as "James S. Nicklin, Esq."—"Sammy," to his friends—was a dandy. He was very particular (I gather) about his clothes. His hair was resplendent but getting a little thin. His friends must have twitted him, I think, about a slight tendency to corpulence, and in all probability he was greatly annoyed about this. The Post Office sends him occasional copies of "Men's Wear," and bright little booklets about hair preparations. It implores him—malicious old jester—to try a physical culture school.

Miss Nicklin went about with her father. Her brother was too busy to worry about her. They were very keen about literary societies, especially those with a Celtic fringe. The Post Office, with its usual good feeling, always addresses them conjointly as "Mr. and Miss Nicklin."

There are other ghosts. Symons was on intimate terms with His Majesty's Government. The Post Office speaks of him respectfully as "O.H.M.S." Miss Clauston once went to an evening class. The Post Office knows this and

never ceases to regret that she didn't keep it up. It remembers too the penny packet of nasturtium seeds that her brother bought, heaven knows how many years ago. It sends him a reminder every year. Occasionally it sends a sports catalogue to "Master Pottle." He may be married now with a boy of his own, but the Post Office clings affectionately to the memory of the sturdy young rascal it once knew. It remembers the fads and tastes of everyone—of Miss Green who liked sherry, and J. Brown, Esq., who inclined to Irish whiskey; of Miss Black who adored sale lists, and Mr. White who preferred book catalogues.

Some day I shall leave this flat. For a week or two the landlord will vaguely regret "a good tenant"—and then he will forget. The milkman will cease to recall my habits. The book-binder will think no more of my endpapers and about not sprinkling the edges.

But I know—and there is comfort in the thought—that when all others have forgotten, the Post Office will remember.

"WEST-SMITH.—On April 14th, at St. Peter's Collegiate Church, Ethel, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jones, to Ruben Edmund, youngest son of William West."
Midland Evening News.

A nasty shock for Miss SMITH.

GETTING MARRIED.

II.—FURNISHING.

"By the way," said Celia suddenly, "what have you done about the fixtures?"

"Nothing," I replied truthfully.

"Well, we must do *something* about them."

"Yes. My solicitor—he shall do something about them. Don't let's talk about them now. I've only got three hours more with you, and then I must dash back to my work."

I must say that any mention of fixtures has always bored me intensely. When it was a matter of getting a house to live in I was all energy. As soon as Celia had found it, I put my solicitor on to it; and within a month I had signed my name in two places, and was the owner of a highly-residential flat in the best part of the neighbourhood. But my effort so exhausted me that I have felt utterly unable since to cope with the question of the curtain-rod in the bath-room or whatever it is that Celia means by fixtures. These things will arrange themselves somehow, I feel confident.

Meanwhile the decorators are hard at work. A thrill of pride inflates me when I think of the decorators at work. I don't know how they got there; I suppose I must have ordered them. Celia says that *she* ordered them and chose all the papers herself, and that all I did was to say that the papers she had chosen were very pretty; but this doesn't sound like me in the least. I am convinced that I was the man of action when it came to ordering decorators.

"And now," said Celia one day, "we can go and choose the electric-light fittings."

"Celia," I said in admiration, "you're a wonderful person. I should have forgotten all about them."

"Why, they're about the most important thing in the flat."

"Somehow I never regarded anybody as choosing them. I thought they just grew in the wall. From bulbs."

When we got into the shop Celia became businesslike at once.

"We'd better start with the hall," she told the man.

"Everybody else will have to," I said, "so we may as well."

"What sort of a light did you want there?" he asked.

"A strong one," I said; "so as to be able to watch our guests carefully when they pass the umbrella stand."

Celia waved me away and explained that we wanted a hanging lantern. It appeared that this shop made a

speciality not so much of the voltage as of the lamps enclosing it.

"How do you like that?" asked the man, pointing to a magnificent affair in brass. He wandered off to a switch and turned it on.

"Dare you ask him the price?" I asked Celia. "It looks to me about a thousand pounds. If it is, say that you don't like the style. Don't let him think we can't afford it."

"Yes," said Celia, in a careless sort of way. "I'm not sure that I care about that. How much is it?"

"Two pounds."

I was not going to show my relief. "Without the light, of course?" I said disparagingly.

"How do you think it would look in the hall?" said Celia to me.

"I think our guests would be encouraged to proceed. They'd see that we were pretty good people."

"I don't like it. It's too ornate."

"Then show us something less ornate," I told the man sternly.

He showed us things less ornate. At the end of an hour Celia said she thought we'd better get on to another room, and come back to the hall afterwards. We decided to proceed to the drawing-room.

"We must go all out over these," said Celia; "I want these to be really beautiful."

At the end of another hour Celia said she thought we'd better get on to my workroom. My workroom, as the name implies, is the room to which I am to retire when I want complete quiet. Sometimes I shall go there after lunch . . . and have it.

"We can come back to the drawing-room afterwards," she said. "It's really very important that we should get the right ones for that. Your room won't be so difficult, but of course you must have awfully nice ones."

I looked at my watch.

"It's a quarter to one," I said. "At 2.15 on the 17th of June we are due at St. Miriam's. If you think we shall have bought anything by then, let's go on. If, as seems to me, there is no hope at all, then let's have lunch to-day anyhow. After lunch we may be able to find some way out of the *impasse*."

After lunch I had an idea.

"This afternoon," I said, "we will begin to get some furniture together."

"But what about the electric fittings? We must finish off those."

"This is an experiment. I want to see if we can buy a chest of drawers. It may just be our day for it."

"And we settle the fittings to-morrow. Yes?"

"I don't know. We may not want

them. It all depends on whether we can buy a chest of drawers this afternoon. If we can't, then I don't see how we can ever be married on the 17th of June. Somebody's got to be, because I've engaged the church. The question is whether it's going to be us. Let's go and buy a chest of drawers this afternoon, and see."

The old gentleman in the little shop Celia knew of was delighted to see us.

"Chestesses? Ah, you've come to the right place." He led the way into the depths. "There now. There's a chest—real old, that is." He gave it a hearty smack. "You don't see a chest like that nowadays. They can't *make* 'em. Three pound ten. You couldn't have got that to-morrow. I'd have sold it for four pound to-morrow."

"I knew it was our day," I said.

"Real old, that is. Spanish me'ogany, all oak lined. That's right, Sir, pull the drawers out and see for yourself. Let the lady see. There's no imitation there, lady. A real old chest, that is. Come in 'ere in a week and you'd have to pay five pounds for it. Me'ogany's going up, you see, that's how."

"Well?" I said to Celia.

"It's perfectly sweet. Hadn't we better see some more?"

We saw two more. Both of them Spanish me'ogany, oak lined, pull-the-drawers-out-and-see-for-yourself-lady. Half-an-hour passed rapidly.

"Well?" I said.

"I really don't know which I like best. Which do you?"

"The first; it's nearer the door."

"There's another shop just over the way. We'd better just look there too, and then we can come back to decide to-morrow."

We went out. I glanced at my watch. It was 3.30, and we were being married at 2.15 on June 17th.

"Wait a moment," I said, "I've forgotten my gloves."

I may be a slow starter, but I am very firm when roused. I went into the shop, wrote a cheque for the three chests of drawers, and told the man where to send them. When I returned, Celia was at the shop opposite, pulling the drawers out of a real old mahogany chest which was standing on the pavement outside.

"This is even better," she said. "It's perfectly adorable. I wonder if it's more expensive."

"I'll just ask," I said.

I went in and, without an unnecessary word, bought that chest too. Then I came back to Celia. It was 3.45, and on June 17th at 2.15—Well, we had four chests of drawers towards it.

"Celia," I said, "we may just do it yet."

A. A. M.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE VASEFUL.

ONCE upon a time a little company of the wild flowers of Spring found themselves together in a vase. It was the first time that many of them had met; for although they came from the same district, indeed the same copse, and had heard of each other's characteristics, they had grown up too far away from each other for conversation, and flowers, of course, cannot walk. It was therefore with peculiar interest that they now examined each other and fell a-talking.

There was naturally a little hesitation at first, for social grades must be preserved; but they were so tightly packed in the vase, and for the most part so forlorn at their fate, that barriers soon disappeared, and the oxlip ceased to despise the cowslip, and the cowslip was quite nice to the primrose, and the purple orchis almost dropped his aristocratic drawl when talking to the bluebell.

The purple orchis, who was not only a heavy drinker but rather a bully, was the only one who was not unhappy to be there. "I knew I should attract attention soon," he said; "there were so few of us and we're so noticeable. By Jove, this tippie's delicious!" and he took a long draught.

"Please don't push so," said a small voice at his side.

"Why, what's the matter?" the orchis asked. "You anemones are always such weaklings."

"I'm afraid I feel rather faint," replied the anemone. "I'm not strong at any time, it's true, and just now, no matter how I stretch, I can't quite reach the water. I'm afraid that little girl put me in the vase rather carelessly; her hand was a little too hot, too."

"Or else"—the orchis laughed—"or else I'm getting more than my share. Ha, ha!"

"Surely," said a cowslip to a bluebell, "there were more of you in the little girl's hands when we left the wood?"

"Alas, yes," said the bluebell. "Most of my closest friends were picked too, and I hoped we were all coming along together so that we might at least cheer each other as we perished. To die in a crowd is easier, I have always heard. But for some reason or other which has never been explained to me bluebells seem to be more easily and more often thrown away after being picked than any other flower; and all my companions must have suffered that common fate."

"It is quite true," said the cowslip. "From my high position on the bank



Loafer (who has forced his attentions on old lady in the matter of her luggage and received a small gratuity). "THIS IS THE FUST JOB I'VE HAD THIS WEEK, LIDY. WOT ABAMT ME FRIPPENCE FUR ME INSURANCE STAMP?"

I have again and again seen bunches of bluebells forsaken by children. How is it, I wonder? It is not as if they were ugly; although blue is not everyone's colour."

"Perhaps," said the cuckoo-spit with a touch of sarcasm, for he disliked the cowslip, "it's because you can't make tea of them."

"No," said the oxlip, who was looked up to as something of a sage by reason of his strength and his many eyes, "it is because bluebells are so much more beautiful when they are in a wood among greenery than when they are packed together in a human hand, and the human hand suddenly

realises this and drops them in disappointment."

"Thank you," said the bluebell with a sigh of content.

"The wonder," the oxlip continued with a glance at the cuckoo-spit, "is that some flowers are ever picked at all."

Silence followed, broken by a little sigh. It was the dying anemone's last breath.

"Silently and assiduously the members of the Mission Choir have been practising for their concluding concert."

Tynemouth Priory Parish Magazine.

The ideal choir practice.



NATURE STUDIES.

THE COB-NUT.

MAHOLI GALAGO.

[The Maholi Galago has recently arrived at the Zoo from South Africa. It has ears of great size which it can fold up.]

MAHOLI, your paw! you're the fellow for me,
Being bright as a robin and brisk as a bee,
With your neat little snout, and your fine pair of eyes,
And your soft coat of fur, and your air of surprise,
As if you were puzzled to know how the deuce
—ce it was ever arranged you should come to the Zoo.

In the realms that you left when you went aboard ship, oh,
You're missed by the rhino and mourned by the hippo;
And the elephant, munching his rice or his sago,
Is sad for the loss of Maholi Galago.
There are beasts left in plenty, but none, it appears,
Who can please all the others by folding his ears.

And now that you're with us—*mirabile dictu!*—
Will our looks and our clothes and our bearing afflict you?
When we come to the Zoo shall we soothe or alarm you?
Will our features offend or our converse disarm you?
I know only this: if we talk you to tears
You can always get even by folding your ears.

Henceforth I shall practise for clubs and such places
This method of moving the flaps of our faces;
And when I am pinned by a boro or a boress
With second-hand jokes or with story-book stories,
What repose shall be mine, where of old there were fears,
As I copy Maholi and fold up my ears!

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

[With acknowledgments to "The Times."]

Lord FitzBoodle is 93 to-day.

The Baron de Slosch has taken 190, Grosvenor Square, for the season.

The Marquis of Midhurst was 89 yesterday.

Lady Blond is now convalescent after a severe attack of Peruvian mumps, and will give her fourth Fragonard dinner on Thursday next.

Baron Raphael de Silva left yesterday for Golconda.

Lord Stonor de Broke has arrived at Rowton House.

Mr. Phil Youngson is starting in the *Italic* next Saturday for a pleasure trip to Sandy Hook.

The Hon. Methuselah Diesel, only son of Lord D'Oyly of Batoum, is 9 to-day.

Mr. J. Cuttall Fischer, who appeared before the Marconi Committee last week, is now pronounced to be out of danger.

Lord Montacute of Saffron Hill has returned to 214, Belgrave Square, from a trip in Transjordan, and will celebrate his silver wedding on Friday.

Sir Prescott Knight was unfortunately prevented from attending the funeral of the late Lord Itteringham by an attack of whooping-cough; otherwise this would have been the tenth funeral attended by Sir Prescott Knight in seven days, and the ten thousandth since his retirement from the stage.

Mrs. Bamberger, the wife of Mr. Marens Bamberger, the famous violinist, and daughter of Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L., gave birth to triplets on the 26th inst.—Paganini, Sarasate and Neruda Bamberger.



“SWELLING VISIBLY.”

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*Budget-maker*). “CHEST—A HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE MILLIONS.”
JOHN BULL. “THAT SOUNDS RATHER FLATTERING. WON'T IT BE TOO BIG FOR ME?”
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. “NO, SIR, NOT AT YOUR PRESENT RATE OF EXPANSION.”



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, April 21.—After period of what was practically self-effacement noble Lords assemble for a field-day. Flags are flying, drums beating, trumpets blaring. Appointed business Second Reading of Army Annual Bill. Opportunity seized to renew attack, opened on Thursday, upon home defence policy of the Government in general, the Territorial Army in particular.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE HALDANE himself again. Costume of Lord Chancellor, with which irony of fate invests him, obviously unsuited for military manœuvres. But he wears his wig with a difference and wraps his gown about him as if it were a martial cloak. One fancies there is visible recrudescence of the historic Napoleonic curl cultivated when he represented War Office in the Commons. It may be merely accidental arrangement of front frill of full-bottomed wig. That a detail. No mistake about temporary transformation of the man of law into man of war.

Peculiar interest attached to speech of Viscount **MIDDLETON** leading attack on Government on vital question of state of preparation for war and possession of adequate means to carry it on. Recognised that he speaks as one having authority, not as an amateur critic. He was a member of the Government responsible, after long possession of office, for state of the Army called upon fourteen years ago to save the Empire threatened by President **KRÜGER**'s Territorial Forces. For a period darkened by densest cloud of disaster in the field he was in personal control of the War Office. What he has to say upon present state of the Army, what counsel to give for its improvement, are matters worthy of closest attention.

With sickening of heart noble lords heard the anxiously awaited verdict. The **ST. JOHN BRÖDRICK** of Boer War days had looked round upon condition of Army under present Administration, and behold! it was hopelessly bad. Since **HALDANE** framed his scheme in 1907, the peril confronting the Empire had increased, whilst means of grappling with it had diminished.

"What is the noble Viscount at?" snapped **LORD CHANCELLOR**, evidently touched to the quick. "What does he want? Does he want us to go back to the condition of things in 1903? If he does, does anybody else want us to do it?"

Rather a nasty one that. But **LORD CHANCELLOR**, fighting single-handed



Back to the Army again.
(Lord HALDANE.)

with back to the wall (to be precise, to the Woolsack), presently overwhelmed by combined onslaught. Strong language used. **CURZON** described **NAPOLEON B.** as "the greatest master of copious irrelevance the House of Lords has ever known." **DENBIGH** hurled at him declaration that in the matter of national armament "all the slackers, funklers, wasters and loafers are on the Liberal side." **AMPHILL** protested that the Government "trifled and fooled with the vital question."

This storm, through which whistled a flight of hullets, seemed to lead to crushing defeat of a criminal Government equally ignorant and impotent. But at approach of dinner-hour the signal "Cease firing!" sounded, and at twenty minutes past eight



The old warrior leads the attack.
(Viscount MIDDLETON.)

House adjourned. Second Reading of Army Bill agreed to without division.

Business done.—In the Commons Collection of Taxes Bill read a third time and passed. Members sat up late with the Suffragettes released on licence. Amongst many amendments moved in Committee on Prisoners' (Temporary Discharge for Ill-Health) Bill, **McCURDY** proposed to omit its application to a female prisoner who had been forcibly fed, "unless such feeding had been with her consent." After puzzling some time over this prime bull from Northampton, Committee sent it to grass by 229 votes to 49.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—**LLOYD GEORGE**'s speech this afternoon expounding Budget marked striking change of fashion in respect of conception and fashioning of leading feature of the Session. Time was when the Chancellor was at infinite pains to endow the uninviting figures of his financial scheme with the grace of oratory and the charm of scholarship. Above all there was a peroration, and an expectant House would have felt itself defrauded had this not been forthcoming.

LLOYD GEORGE's speech, delivered to audience falling something short of number usually mustered on such occasions, was a plain business statement, comparatively brief, superlatively lucid. Nothing in the way of peroration as commonly understood. **WILY CHANCELLOR** had another card up his sleeve, and at proper moment triumphantly played it.

When, his task accomplished, he seemed about to resume his seat, he pulled himself together and proposed to answer his own question, "What have the Government done since they came into office?" Amid resounding cheers from delighted Ministerialists, their hearts already cheered by announcement that, in spite of increased expenditure approaching seven millions in excess of actual revenue of 1912-13, no new taxes would be imposed, he totted up the sum.

To begin with, reversing practice established and pursued by late Government, instead of borrowing to meet increased expenditure on Naval and Military works, leaving posterity to pay the bill, it is provided for out of revenue of the year. Taxes on food have been reduced by five million pounds. Taxes on small incomes and agricultural cottage repairs have been lessened by half that sum. An additional twelve millions sterling has been provided for National Defence; whilst twenty millions have been expended in making easier the lot of the aged poor,

the sick, the infirm and the unemployed. These charges met out of the year's income, twelve months hence the National Debt will have been reduced by one hundred and two millions, involving an annual reduction of expenditure in interest amounting to two million six hundred thousand pounds.

"Rather prosaic," murmured the MEMBER FOR SARK. "A little low by comparison with one of GLADSTONE'S lofty flights of eloquence, or BOB LOWE'S piquant persiflage. But on the whole, regarding matters from standpoint of a citizen who pays his taxes and looks forward hopefully to enjoyment of Old Age Pension, not sure it is not the most effective peroration of the forty Budgets I have heard expounded."

Business done.—Budget introduced.

Friday.—Good deal of talk this week inside House and out of it on subject of Territorials. CATHCART WASON has in hand little plan for increasing popularity of the Service. Seated in corner of Library knitting woollen muffler for an aged constituent—*Madame Defarge* at the foot of the guillotine wasn't in it with MEMBER FOR ORKNEY AND SHETLAND in matters of speed and skill with the knitting-needle—idea flashed upon his mind.

Simply is that men who serve in the Territorial Army should, in common with masters who help to make the service possible, be relieved from payments under National Insurance Act. To the individual the money value of this concession might be small. In the aggregate its effect upon National Expenditure of £195,640,000 would not be crushing. But it has the attraction of a special attention that would be keenly appreciated and might justly be paid.

Representation on matter, backed by influential group of Members from both political camps, is being put forward in proper quarter, not without hope of success.

Business done.—Hours of Polling discussed on Bill in charge of WILLIE PEARCE.

A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

"CERTAINLY not," I said severely, "your remark is frivolous. This is from the landlord; it is an impressive letter. Listen. 'DEAR SIR,—I am informed that on Tuesday last, the 18th inst., there was a large quantity of

"I shan't stop it," she said boldly. "What are you going to do?" "I shall parley with him," I replied. So that evening I wrote to the landlord as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—We were very much amused at the mistake your informant fell into the other day. The fact is we were having a little family gathering to celebrate my great aunt's 84th birthday (a ripe age, you must admit). On her departure we all assembled in the garden and waved good-bye to her. Can it be that your informant, passing at this moment, saw only the fluttering handkerchiefs and did not perceive the forms of my uncle Edward, my aunt Hephzibah, my cousins Clarence and Herbert? It would be a quite pardonable but very laughable error.

Yours truly,

HORACE FLOWERPOT.

P.S.—I find I have forgotten to mention that my aunt can read the smallest print without spectacles."

I thought this would settle him, but a fortnight later he returned to the charge. This time his letter was sterner and colder; the offending clothes-line, it appeared, must be utterly destroyed. "This is what one calls a strong man," I said to myself, "a man of blood and iron; but he has met his match. I will outmanœuvre him."

"DEAR SIR," I wrote,— "Your letter surprised if it did not pain me; and pained if it did not surprise me. Cactus Cottage seems to be the victim of some strange misunderstanding.

But I feel sure that you will exonerate me when you hear of the shocking occurrences that have just taken place at Hopham. Indeed we live in stirring times! About 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning my wife observed a large body of Suffragettes coming up the hill. She was, as you can understand, considerably alarmed, as the ladies seemed highly indignant. She roused me at once and we tried to put the house in a state of defence. But it is not, I am afraid, very strongly built (those repairs I spoke to you about—but no matter, we will speak of that another time). What more natural than that we should hang out a white flag, in fact, several white flags? By this means we saved the situation. The justly incensed women passed our



Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. "Not so triicky, perhaps, as some that I've shown you, gentlemen, but a perfectly sound performer." (The CHANCELLOR introduces the Budget.)

washing hung out in your garden. I beg to remind you that this is expressly forbidden by the terms of your lease. I must ask you not to let it occur again."

"What a very disagreeable man," said Phyllis; "how does it hurt him?"

"He may be doing it for the best," I said; "perhaps he thinks it will injure our social position."



La Tricolore.

(Mr. CATHCART WASON.)

"Hearty 'Hocks' for the King and Queen were raised by an enthusiastic band of Germans at Birchenough Colliery."—*Halifax Evening Courier.*

We ourselves raised a hearty barley-water in Fleet Street.

house shouting, 'We want justice,' and broke every window in poor Gudge's shop. He, poor fellow, is half demented, and I am told his wife is now beating him for his negligence in not putting up the shutters. I hope you now understand that what you thought was washing were signals of distress."

I said nothing to Phyllis about these letters; women, I have found, do not appreciate the finer shades of diplomacy. With a calm eagerness I awaited the landlord's next letter. It came soon and it was to the point. Steps, it appeared this time, were to be taken at once, and in the latter part of his note he went so far as to cast doubts on my veracity. A solicitor to whom I showed it said that if it had been on a postcard it would have been actionable. I determined to make a courteous and dignified reply. These were its terms:—

"You appear to be under the impression that washing is hung out to dry in the garden of Cactus Cottage. I have twice endeavoured to remove that impression. Let me now make a final effort. Had you, last Tuesday, passed our pleasant and capacious garden (18ft. by 12ft.) you might reasonably have said to yourself, 'That is a clothes-line and those are (or that is) washing.' What would have been the real facts? Early in the morning an enormous flock of seagulls (a white bird, as you know) came and surrounded the house. It was impossible to drive them away; it is no use saying 'Shoo, shoo,' to a hundred-birds at a time. There they were and there they remained all day. Why they came so far inland is a point of great ornithological interest. The long spell of cold wet weather may have something to do with it. Or can seagulls be changing their habits and becoming inland birds? I trust this matter is now explained and laid to rest for ever.

Yours, etc."

To my disappointment he made no reference in his reply to the seagulls (of whom I was rather proud). All he said was, "Your tenancy terminates on 25th inst. No further correspondence is desired."

This was rather rude, but it takes two to make a quarrel and only one to make a correspondence, so I wrote him a farewell letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—I see with pain that you refuse to accept any of my numerous explanations. I am sorry, genuinely sorry, because I should have liked to give you some more, and I really think they got better and better. However, my conscience is clear and I shall depart with pleasure to some



G. L. STAFFORD.
1912.

Son of the House (to caller). "I WANTED TO SEE YOU 'COS FATHER SAYS YOU MADE YOURSELF."

Caller. "YES, MY LAD, AND I'M PROUD HOF IT."

Son of House. "B-BUT WHY DID YOU DO IT LIKE THAT?"

place where one may wave one's handkerchief freely to one's aged aunt, hang out a flag if one is frightened, and receive visits from a flock of seagulls (or any other bird) without censorious remarks. Yet I cannot blame you; we are both the victims of circumstance.

Yours, etc."

I read this letter to Phyllis. She had forgotten all about the whole subject.

"What is it?" she said. "Is it a competition? You've never won anything yet. It sounds very silly."

"It's a business letter," I said, "one of the best I ever wrote. It's to the landlord."

"Well, I'm glad you've given him notice. But what does it all mean?"

"It means," I said, "that England is a free country, and that we can hang out our washing where we like."

"I knew that already," said Phyllis.

The Cost of Living.

"70gs. a week for nine weeks from Whitsuntide. Very desirable tenant offers above for Prettily-furnished House in good position in Belgravia."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

Our prettily furnished flat in Bellevue Mansions (overlooking canal) is going for 69 guineas a week all the year round.

"In the barber's shop at Kingscliff, Oundle, on Monday, there were eight old men waiting whose combined ages amounted to the colossal figure of 68 years."

Northampton Daily Chronicle.

"Shave, please," cried the precocious little fellows in chorus.

"On the 30th inst., when they were shooting with blank cartridges, most of them hit the mark in every shot they fired, while the rest were more or less successful, to the great admiration of the lookers on."—*Canton Independent.*
Just in the same way our practice swing always drives the ball 200 yards down the centre of the course.

ROSE-TIME.

Mr. Harold Honeybunn, of "The Bulbuls," Syringa Lane, Meadowsweet Avenue, Surbiton, sat in his study surrounded by a sea of catalogues and Sunday papers opened at the advertisement pages. He was frowning portentously.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mrs. Honeybunn, descending from the nursery.

"I'm trying to decide what roses to plant in the garden," he explained. "It's very difficult to make up one's mind. Listen to this, my dear. 'Gold Medal Rose. Snaggs's Champion of Europe. The most sensational rose ever produced. Its truly entrancing colour is a deep militant orange-vermilion-sunflower, shading to the most exquisite tinges of pearly-opal peach-blossom. Guaranteed unfadeable, unbreakable, unapproachable. Our colours never run! Price 29/- a dozen.'"

"It sounds all right."

"Yes; but listen to this next advertisement: 'Roses. A world's wonder! The most thrilling product of horticultural science! Wilks's Glory of the Globe. Its colour is indescribably beautiful, starting with the tenderest shades of tropical dawn; deepening to a dreamy, creamy, satin-pink salmon; and then strengthening to a robust strawberry-maroon-scarlet. Its scent can only be compared to a bouquet of honeysuckle, verbena, heliotrope, opopanax, jockey club and erème de menthe. Beware of crude imitations listed by unscrupulous dealers as unfadeable. We guarantee our roses as rain-proof, wind-proof, hail-proof and burglar-proof. Price 28/- a dozen. Make it two guineas, and we throw in a lawnmower.'"

"Have them sent on approval," suggested the practical Mrs. Honeybunn.

"They don't mention 'on approval' in the advertisements."

"All the more reason for asking for it."

"Very well, my dear, I will. I'll write also for Mungo's Guinea Collection of Tip-Top Novelties. Listen to what you get for the guinea: 'Emperor of the Sahara, Crown Princess Cecilie of Hohenzollern, Omar Khayyam's Delight, Götterdämmerung, Rêve des Amoureux, Mrs. Albert Mungo, Giuletta's Balcony, Butterflies' Banquet, H.T.' What does H.T. mean?"

"Highly tempting," suggested Mrs. Honeybunn.

"Perhaps so. And they include 'the very extra special, three star, treble nap Lloyd-Georgiana, the most audaciously flavoured rose ever produced. These nine roses would cost you three guineas

from any other dealer. Beware of imitations, because they are grown only by ourselves and are fully protected by provisional patents. Write at once, and do it now!' . . . Isn't that a fine lot? The only one I don't fancy is Mrs. Albert Mungo. Perhaps they would send another Rêve des Amoureux instead."

"You might ask. In any case, have them sent on approval."

"I wonder if they send roses that way?" mused Mr. Honeybunn, reaching for the pen and ink.

* * * * *

They didn't. "Cash with order" was the business motto of Messrs. Snaggs, Wilks & Mungo. They wrote him to that effect.

Mr. Honeybunn sent cash.

The two-and-three-quarter-dozen plants came by return of post.

He unwrapped them proudly in front of Bodlin, the jobbing gardener of Meadowsweet Avenue and vicinity. Bodlin carried the wisdom of ages in his wrinkled countenance. Bodlin sniffed—a sniff from which there was no appeal.

"Why, what's the matter?" faltered Mr. Honeybunn.

"Why didn't they tell me you was going to order roses?" returned the garden expert.

"Why should I? They're all expensive, guaranteed roses. This is a Snaggs's Champion of Europe; that one is a Glory of the Globe; that one is a Butterflies' Banquet. H.T.," added Mr. Honeybunn in a vain effort to impress Bodlin.

"You can't grow them on this garden soil—not to do yourself any credit," came the Cæsarian decision.

Mr. Honeybunn's jaw dropped. "Oh!" he offered.

"You ought to have stuck to the good old varieties, like Cabbage and France and Dorothy Perkins. They're hardy. These"—Bodlin waved them away with Napoleonic finality—"these don't suit you. Send 'em back, is my advice."

"But I've bought them."

"You mean that you paid for 'em before you knew whether they suited?"

"Yes," confessed Mr. Honeybunn.

Bodlin looked worlds of wisdom.

* * * * *

That evening, Amy returned from a London shopping expedition burdened with small parcels and flushed with success.

"The greatest bargain you've ever seen!" she announced triumphantly.

"What is it?" asked her husband.

"A Paris model. Creamy-white, with just a simple aigrette of salmon-pink. The most daring, the most

delicious hat you've ever seen! At Madame Fantine's in Bond Street. Sale price—I got it for two guineas! They've promised to send it tonight."

"There's a parcel just arrived—it's been taken upstairs."

"Then come and see me try it on."

Mr. Honeybunn watched the trying-on process with judicial gravity.

"Well?"

"It's pretty enough in its way," answered Mr. Honeybunn with an unconscious assumption of the Bodlin manner, "but it doesn't suit you."

"Look again!"

"It doesn't suit you," came the Napoleonic decision. "Send it back, is my advice."

"Oh!"

"Of course it's not paid for yet?"

"But it is."

"You mean to say you've paid for a hat before you know whether it suited you?"

"Yes," confessed Mrs. Honeybunn.

"So you must go to Madame Fantine's to-morrow and get them to take it back."

"I!"

"You must say there's been a sudden bereavement in the family and I can't wear colours."

Mr. Honeybunn pondered over this brilliant idea for some moments.

"I wonder," he mused, "if I could make the very same excuse about the roses?"

AN INSOLUBLE PROBLEM.

[“Women always expect men to know by instinct what they are thinking of.”—Recent Novel]

DEAR, by fond experience taught,

I can do what you expect,

Almost always read your thought,

Follow you when you reflect.

When you wear a tragie pose

And a mallet in your muff,

Well I know your thoughts are those

Of the Pankian Suff.

When I see your dear eyes turn

To the glass above the grate,

Then I know you fain would learn

If your hair is still on straight;

Or that haply thus you seek

(Rather anxiously) to know

If the dimple on your cheek

Keeps its *status quo*.

Still at times you baffle quite

All my trained deductive art.

Take, for instance, yesternight,

When you led that fatal heart;

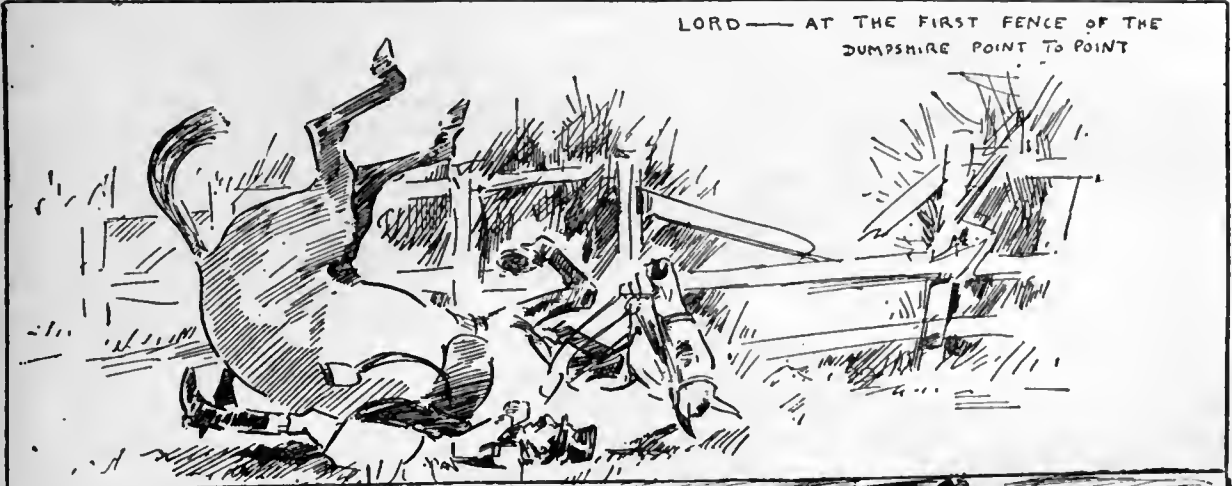
Were your thoughts of summer dress,

Or the beauty that's the bard's?

This alone was plain to guess—

They were not of cards.

LORD — AT THE FIRST FENCE OF THE
DUMPSHIRE POINT TO POINT



THE MARCHIONESS OF —
ON HER FAVOURITE MOUNT



THE EARL OF — AND PARTY ENJOY
A DAY'S MOTOR BOATING

MASTER — (SON OF THE FAMOUS
M.F.H.) FOLLOWING IN HIS FATHER'S
FOOTSTEPS



SIR SAMUEL AND LADY — PARTICIPATE IN THE DELIGHTS
OF THE RINK.

SOCIETY SNAP-SHOTS.

THE CAMERA-ARTIST, HAVING BEEN SUPPLIED BY HIS EDITOR BEFOREHAND WITH SUBJECTS AND TYPICAL LEGENDS, UNFORTUNATELY FAILS TO SEIZE THE MOST FAVOURABLE MOMENTS FOR THEIR ILLUSTRATION.

AN OLD HOUSE.

GREAT Rome was raised on hill-tops
seven,

In pomp to all the winds of Heaven
Her brazen eagles flew;

I know an old house in a hollow,
Its white walls harled with good
Scots harling;

Here haunts at dawn the gossip
starling,

Here comes the first returning swallow
When skies are egg-shell blue.

Great Rome she walled eternal glory—
The fame that rang in camp and story
Still to her stones belongs;

The old house shadows—quaint and
fragrant—

A garden famed for stocks and roses,
Where, when a summer evening closes,
Old borders bloom, half-guessed and
vagrant,

Like echoes of old songs!

Great Rome she wardened miles of
marches;

From Afric's palms to Albion's larches
Her clamorous trumpets went;

Here are for its sedate controlling
But some few scores of sunny acres
Fruitful and fair, content as Quakers,
Spanned in a Sunday morning's strolling
To the wood-dove's lament!

Great Rome, high-hilled, all roads
reached to her;

Her conquering sons who served and
knew her

In pomp returned again;

The old house dozes in its hollow,
Fulfilled of gentle ghosts and graces
Come back to haunt remembered
places,

As comes the first returning swallow,
In sunshine and in rain.

"Mr. A. J. Balfour said that everybody, whatever his school of political thought, whatever his political ideals, must regard with a certain anxiety the period of transition through which the great organ of the public mind was now passing. He believed that to whatever quarter one turned, to what ever authority one addressed oneself, one would find a certain anxiety as to the future."

Scotsman.

One great organ of the public mind is certainly passing through a period of transition as to the spelling of "what-ever." We confess to a certain anxiety as to the future, but hope for "what-ever."

"A missile thrown at her struck a constable and a reporter, but did no other harm."

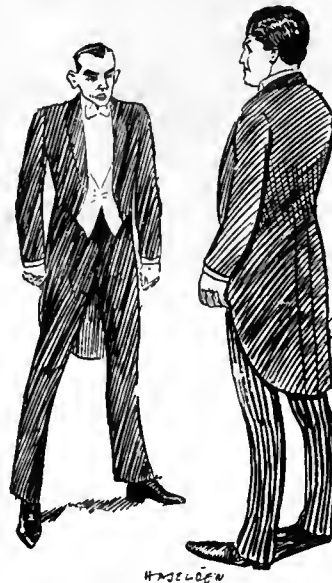
Daily Telegraph.

We should have been quite content with the bag as it stands, but some people are never satisfied.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CAP AND BELLS."

GIVEN a fox-hunting Tory Earl with a loathing for Limehouse; an emancipated daughter, engaged (no one, not even herself, knows why) to a feather-brained Duke; a Suffragist-Socialist in love, against his principles, with this offspring of a hated class; and the end is foregone. But the dialogue of the First Act was so bright and fluent that one forgave the triteness of the situation. For indeed the idea of Love as a solvent of Socialism must be almost as old as the earliest red flag and has only recently been revived in Mr. OLLIVANT'S romance, *The Taming of John Blunt*. But the



Percy Robinson (Mr. GODFREY TEARLE) to the Duke of Dartford (Mr. ERIC MATURIN). "You may be a duke and I a demagogue, but when it comes to sizes in hats I'm worth six of you."

entertainment fell off, and towards the end, long deferred, grew sadly emaciated. Still, as long as Miss MAUDE MILLETT and Mr. FRED KERR were on the stage, even if they only prattled about the lateness of the dinner-hour, it always seemed worth while.

Mr. KERR as *Lord Chislehurst* was of course in the very middle of his own delightful preserves; but Miss MILLETT, most welcome of returning exiles, shone in a mellow light that was new to me. All the best cynicisms fell to her in the character of *Lady Chislehurst*, and she threw them off with so sweet an air of innocence that their intention was generally missed by their victims and only very slowly imbibed by one of the stodgiest audiences (I am not speaking of the First Night) with which I have ever collaborated.

Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, back in his

element as *Percy Robinson*, promoter of strikes and terror of the landed party, played with a restraint which went far to mitigate the obviousness of things. Mr. MATURIN, in the rare figure of a young ducal nut, was pleasantly fatuous. In the midst of menaces of a universal railway strike and the defeat of his party at a local election, like a true golfer he remained unmoved, except by the fear that his game might be affected. The ruling passion was strong even in sleep. Waking from a slight snooze taken before dinner, he broke it to us that he had had a nightmare. "I dreamt," said he, "that *Robinson* had altered the rules of golf!" In this connection I must warn Mr. MATURIN that the next time he plays a golfer he must try to keep his head from wagging so much, if he doesn't want to be suspected of a handicap of twenty-four.

Miss ETHEL WARWICK as the Earl's daughter, *Lady Clara* (not *Vere de Vere*), had once more to play the part of a girl whose lover, a strong man, makes his entrances by the window. I don't so much object to that device, though I think a really strong man should be strong enough to come in by the front door; but I do wish that one of Miss WARWICK'S many friends would urge her to do something with her voice. She makes it like nothing in nature. Her artificial intonations, hardly ever varying their level, seem to bear no sort of relation to the thing she is saying. To be frank, she was largely to blame for whatever atmosphere of improbability the play had to struggle with.

The talk, though trivial enough at times, was never dull, but there was need of relief in the matter of the excellent scene—always the Morning Room at *Lord Chislehurst's*. The *Duke*, who was apparently living in the family, seemed to be bored by it too; and you can easily understand how inconvenient and embarrassing it was for the demagogue to have no accommodation for his courtship except the house of his natural enemy. The title, *The Cap and Bells*, had nothing whatever to do with the piece. It was just the sign of a neighbouring inn where the demagogue put up; and he took life far too seriously to be credited with a penchant for the society of professional jesters. But a hostelry with a name like that might well be the resort of the author, Mr. VANSITTART, for he has a very pleasant wit, and I look forward to making its better acquaintance before long. O. S.

"He also won the wile race for two years running at Oxford."—*Evening News*.
Two years is certainly a long wile.



Fellow Guest (who has just told humorous artist an appalling chestnut). "AW—THOUGHT YOU MIGHT ILLUSTRATE IT, YOU KNOW. IT HAPPENED TO MY FATHER!"

Artist. "MANY THANKS; BUT WHAT MAKES IT EVEN MORE INTERESTING IS THAT I MUST HAVE MET TWENTY OR THIRTY OF YOUR BROTHERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

The Arnold Lip (MURRAY) is a story about a family. Nowadays the family has become the favourite butt of the satirist; its head especially has had inexpensive fun poked at him by a score of modern novel-writers. Mr. C. E. LAWRENCE does not do this; though one feels that he would rather like to, if it were not for his sense of fair play. This same sense has, I think, been the undoing of the book as an entertainment. You cannot write impartially and honestly about dulness without some danger of being infected by it, and the *Arnolds*, from father downwards, were a dull crew. The bright spot of the family, and Mr. LAWRENCE's pet, was *Hugh*, who left the too-comfortable paternal nest in order to seek life and adventures of his own in reading for the Bar. The chief adventure that befell him was the adoption of the infant of his laundress's unmarried daughter. Not unnaturally this worried the family a good deal. The "Arnold lip," one may say, curled significantly. All this time old *Anthony* (*Arnold père*, called "*Sir Anthony*" from his pomposity) was living the respected life of a prosperous stockbroker—with a new revolver in the drawer of his writing-table. The moment I heard about that revolver I scented financial disaster ahead. Also one of the chapters is called "Crash." So now you know. It is a moving and strangely-written chapter, but just what happens in it is not mine to say. Mine only is it to praise the sincerity and restraint of the story; though I admit that it seems sometimes a little overburdened by these good qualities.

The longer one lives in London the less one knows about it, and many of us would be wholly ignorant on the subject

but for the tit-bits of information that we pick up from time to time from our country visitors. I am surprised and delighted to find that the man who really does know all about it has lived there for twenty-five years at least. His name is Mr. WILFRED WHITTEN, and his book, *A Londoner's London* (METHUEN), is the perfect combination of instruction and amusement—instruction, because in three hundred odd pages he makes the reader master of London's geography and history; amusement, because he has an anecdote to tell connected with every street, road, square, gardens, terrace, place, lane, walk, circus, park, gate, green, rye, bee, town, hill, vale, wood, grove, avenue and bush in it. As may be gathered, the reminiscent details are many and all must prove useful to the practical reader. Thus, when in future he walks with his godson in Islington, he may tell him that Dalby Terrace was so called to perpetuate the memory of the inventor of the public-house beer-engine, or when, as he strolls down Bond Street with his smart niece, he is asked, "Why Bond Street, uncle?" he may satisfy her curiosity and humble her pride by telling her that it is named after its founder, Sir THOMAS BOND, who lived at Peekham. Later in the day he may, over the wine and nuts, regale his delighted guests with stories about every statesman, general, author or pickpocket that ever frequented town. My only complaint against Mr. WHITTEN is that he is too much *laudator temporis acti*; if London had been diligently conserved after the manner he desires, it would by now be a moribund antique instead of a living entity. (For myself I can see good even in the Red General Juggernaut.) But I must conclude with a word of praise for the fact that he never once refers to his subject as the "metropolis," which shows in what a right spirit he approaches it.

My information about the idle rich seems to be quite different from that which HELEN C. ROBERTS, the authoress of *Something New*, has supplied to Messrs. DUCKWORTH. Largely because of an accidental encounter with a London holiday crowd at a railway terminus the thoughts of *Teresa Harting* are turned towards a consideration of the unknown lives of the poor, and happening to meet her first cousin, also named *Teresa*, whose father and mother are supposed, erroneously of course, to have neglected the marriage ceremony, she decides to spend a winter at the home of this out-at-elbows relation in a little lodging-house at the unfashionable watering-place of Bramsea. Amongst the quaint lower-middle-class people whom she meets there, but more especially through the influence of *Oliver Marvis*, unsuccessful artist but excellent boat-builder, she gains a fresh insight into the meaning of life and love, and breaks off her engagement to a worldly and self-centred man. The story is exceedingly well told, and if *Teresa Harting*

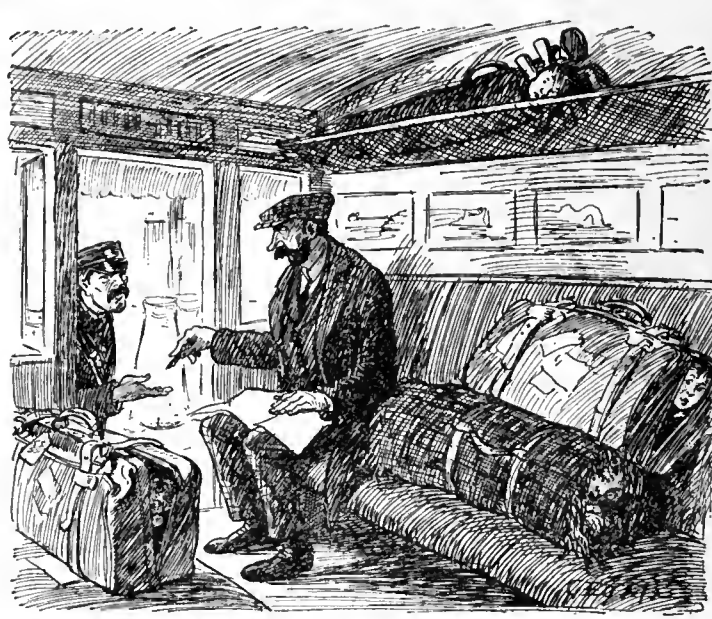
herself does not leave a very clear-cut image several of the minor characters stand out conspicuously enough. The authoress is also to be congratulated for omitting to give her hero a share in the life-boat rescue which quite properly breaks in upon the drab hibernation of Bramsea's activities. But in what coign of luxurious calm did *Miss Harting* reside in these days of well-organised charity, that the habits and thoughts of the people were so unfamiliar to herself and to her friends? The fiancé of her sister *Zoë*, a distressingly cold-hearted *mondaine*, is killed in a motor accident, and by every other sign the period of the story is the present moment. The suggestion of so many cultured people, not one of whom dabbles, even as a form of self-indulgence, in good works, gives to the novel an air of aloofness from fact.

One of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries publishes each week photographs of men and women who have accomplished remarkable feats, under the heading, "People to whom we take off our hat." I would strongly advocate the immediate inclusion in this series of Mr. J. HUNTLY McCARTHY "for having written a novel of 340 pages, and not a dull one among them, with only four characters in it." The entire action of *Calling the Tune* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is sustained by *Wickliff Hershaw*, *Gregory Winbush*, his daughter *Gondoline* and the young gentleman who called himself *Charles Trevor*. *Charles* was "a fine specimen of a sturdy, well-set-up, healthy, vigorous young Englishman, moulded on the pattern that has helped to make our island what it is." Why, then, in a moment of sudden emotion, did he, who stated proudly that "English was good enough for him, all round the clock and every time," exclaim, "*Gott in Himmel!*"? Yes, you are right. *Charles* was really a German spy, and he frequented *Mr. Winbush's* house for

the purpose of stealing the plans of that fussy genius's great Airship-Stabilizer. How he was detected and exposed by breczy *Wickliff Hershaw*, from Buenos Ayres, is the theme of Mr. McCARTHY's book. If there is one type of novel for which I have a special weakness it is the novel which deals with melodrama in terms of light comedy. I cannot imagine *Wickliff Hershaw* being anything but genially flippant, even if he were being lynched by an excited populace, and he handles the situation in which he finds himself in this book with a perfectly delightful humour. If this story is a sample of what Mr. McCARTHY can do when he leaves cloaks and swords and comes for inspiration to the twentieth century, I hope that he will continue in the modern vein. *Calling the Tune* opens with the words, "Gee! This is bully!" The sentence would make an excellent condensed criticism of the novel.

On page 208 of *The Beacon-Watchers* (CHAPMAN AND

HALL), when the hero is embracing the heroine, we are told that "with his other hand he kissed away her tears." I quote this remarkable passage because its effect upon me was very nearly to make me lose interest in the fate of the couple; which I should have regretted, because theirs is not only an unconventional story but has been told by Miss VIOLET A. SIMPSON in a style sufficiently engaging to excuse such little lapses as the one above. She has especially the gift of beginning; the dialogue in her opening chapter is a model for the stimulation of interest. The story is one rather of character than events, and almost all the characters are well



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY.

A FATHER OF A FAMILY DEFRAUDS A RAILWAY COMPANY.

drawn. *Mrs. Frenant*, the woman who sacrifices everything to her unpractical husband; *Sara*, her daughter, the central figure of the love theme; and *Starkey*, the dwarf chemist, whose devotion to these two twice brings him within measurable distance of wilful murder—all are individuals. Perhaps more than any, though, I liked her whom one might call the villain, poor *Mrs. Bullete*, fighting for her churlish son against long odds of sympathy. These are but four out of a crowd whose acquaintance you will find worth making. Miss SIMPSON has, in short, written a tale distinctly above the average, which would have been even better with more care. This, for example, might have prevented her from marrying off an elderly governess to a suitor who was a house-master at Rugby and "means to have a school of his own now," a statement that displays some unfamiliarity with the niceties of scholastic precedence.

To Music.

O Music, in thy heavenly state possessed
Of all the charms that soothe the savage breast,
Now art thou governed by a devilish aim—
The minds of cultured mortals to inflame.

CHARIVARIA.

A MOVEMENT, we hear, is on foot to present medals to those veterans who have been on the Marconi Committee since its inception.

Among the proposals for the celebration of the centenary of peace between Great Britain and the United States of America is a suggestion that an effigy of GEORGE WASHINGTON should be set up in Westminster Abbey. He it was, you will remember, who could not tell a lie. These historical monuments are useful as records by which to mark the subsequent Progress of Man.

Another suggestion is that, on the day when the centenary is complete, every wheel of traffic shall stop for some few minutes. Conversation would be discouraged, and it is specially hoped that during this interval of silent reflection all talk of a war over the question of the Panama would be temporarily abandoned.

"A man," said Sir WILLIAM BYLES at Whitefield's Tabernacle, "left £10,000,000 the other day. I would not allow it." In justice to the late plutocrat we think it ought to have been said that he didn't want to leave it.

Henceforth, Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL has announced, "King's Cross" and "Charing Cross" are to be counted as one word in telegrams. A boom in house property is confidently anticipated in these localities.

Passengers as well as letters are to be carried in a motor mail-van which serves a number of villages in the neighbourhood of Ashford, Kent. Suffragettes are requested to declare themselves on applying for seats.

The sanction of the Senate of the University of Durham has now been given to the proposed new degree of Bachelor of Commerce. The letters B.C. after one's name should be a guarantee of up-to-date intelligence.

The Rev. A. MANSFIELD, lecturing at the Camera Club, denied that Scotsmen were deficient in a sense of humour,

and asserted that good verbal puns were usually only made in the Scotch universities. As this statement is calculated to do serious harm to Oxford University, which is the headquarters of the Spoonerism industry, an official rejoinder will, we hear, shortly be issued.

A pigeon has made its nest in a corner of one of the main girders in the roof of St. James' Park Station on

persons got their knife into the Royal Academy? A clever poster by Mr. TONY SARG, just issued by the Underground Railway, bears the inscription:—

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY
HUMOURS OF LONDON No. 5.

"The Postmen's Academy," we read, "is now open." We cannot praise ourselves too highly for refraining from making any reference in this connection to Post-Impressionism. Such self-restraint is none too common nowadays.

Locks of hair from the heads of MILTON, SWIFT, and Dr. JOHNSON were sold at SOTHEY'S last week, but fetched such low prices that the little bunch which we were saving up for our posterity is going into a pillow to-morrow.

HELP TO FILL THE SPACE.

I.—THE MARRYING TWINS.

A most extraordinary event has lately occurred, of which no reader of the daily press can afford to be ignorant. Two brothers who are twins have just married two sisters. The sisters were not twins, it is true; had they been we doubt if either ourselves or any other morning paper of the capital of the world could have so controlled our excitement as to come out at all; but the bridegrooms were twins and the brides were sisters, and that is sufficient for one day. Anyone looking at the photographs of the happy quartette which are scattered over to-day's press will see in a moment that the brothers, although twins, are not in the least alike, except in the possession of the same surname; but that, again, is perhaps as well. Had they been really alike we could not have answered for the effect on our excitable staff. But there it is; two brothers, twins, who are not a bit alike, have married two sisters on the same day, in the same church, and the world had to be told all about it.

From a testimonial to a furniture-remover:—

"I really must thank you for the highly satisfactory manner in which you removed us here. Not a think was injured." A most satisfactory thought-transfer-ence.



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Referee (toward the close of a 20 rounds contest). "IF YOU TWO DON'T STAND UP AND BOX I'LL ORDER YOU BOTH OUT OF THE RING."

the District Railway. This is an interesting extension of "Wild Life on the Underground," which is now no longer confined to rabbits and strap-hangers.

During the heavy rains last week a Mexican loan was floated in London.

Moustaches, we learn from *The Daily Mail*, are returning into fashion. Many which have been in cold storage for years at the furriers' are now being claimed by depositors.

Why, we wonder, have so many

TO RICHARD, A MINOR POET;

ON THE REMOVAL OF HIS APPENDIX.

NATURE, I note, is good at compensation;
When she denies a sense or lops a limb,
The others, more alert for that privation,
Often acquire a most amazing *vim*;
Thus, while a bat incurs some disabilities
From want of vision (being rather blind),
His ears and sense of touch enjoy facilities
Of an unusual kind.

I know a futurist who painted pictures
Not fit to hang upon a clothes-line peg;
It pricked my heart, and would, I know, have
pricked yours,
To see him at it. Well, he lost a leg,
One of his best, and now since that bereavement
His nether powers have passed into his head,
And soon he looks to compass great achievement,
Painting the R.A. red.

So you, my Richard, you whose current plight is
A source of grave regret to loyal friends,
May from your bout of rude appendicitis
Emerge a poet shaped to ampler ends;
Indeed, I think to see herein a special
Providence acting from a kindly heart,
Since, as I hope, your trivial loss of flesh 'll
Go to the gain of Art.

I like to feel that this corporeal pruning,
Which seems at first to outrage Nature's plan,
May serve the spirit's higher needs by tuning
Your soul to something which will rhyme and
scan;
Better, we say, to miss a mere appendix
If from the ruins rise a purer strain
As of a young and blithe canary, when Dick's
Back at his lamp again. O. S.

*. In further illustration of the above theme, see picture on p. 358.

NOT CRICKET.

In common with many other clubs, we of the Ditchlington C. C. commence our season with a trial match—*Married v. Single*, or *Probables v. Possibles*, or something of the sort.

It has always been a dull affair at the best, and this year, with so much adverse criticism in the air and so much talk of the need of brighter cricket, we were particularly anxious to render the match more attractive. But nobody had any ideas.

However, we got our brighter cricket all right. This, briefly, is what happened.

All the buckles, we found, had been removed from the club pads.

A quantity of plaster of Paris had been placed in the wicket-keeper's gloves. As usual, he held his hands under the tap before putting on the gloves, and the latter had subsequently to be removed with the aid of a chisel.

The new ball exploded with terrific force the first time it struck the ground.

The bowling screens collapsed simultaneously, revealing a number of scurrying females and two large flags inscribed "Votes for Women!"

And then we had to abandon the game and rush to extinguish the fire in the pavilion.

HOW TO STIMULATE PLAY-GOING.

SIR,—To my mind the solution of this problem will be found in the movement towards the fusion of audience and actors so well begun by Professor REINHARDT, and continued by the managements of our popular Revues. Instead, however, of confining the artistes to a few isolated processions through the stalls, let them be encouraged to mingle freely with the spectators. The knowledge that certain seats in—say—the Dress Circle would carry with them the privilege of a heart-to-heart talk with the heroine over the problems of the play, should do much to stimulate bookings. Moreover, let the system already followed at the Duke of York's during *Peter Pan* time be carried to its logical conclusion—bring every part of the theatre into the picture. Thus, during a cowboy or highwayman drama, attendants, properly attired, might demand sixpences for programmes at the point of the pistol. At the bars fire-water might be sold under similar conditions. After all, the change would not be very great, and the effect would be enormous.

Yours, etc., ALL THE WORLD A STAGE.

SIR,—Look at the matter from a practical and commonsense point of view. Why do the public flock year after year to our great Summer exhibitions? To contemplate pyramids of somebody's soap, or to investigate the mysteries of native crafts? No, Sir; what draw the real crowds are such attractions as the Razzle-Dazzle or the Bumpety-Bang. In other words, the certainty of personal discomfort and the probability of actual damage. Let us then apply this principle to theatre-goings. Some of our present establishments, it is true, go a certain way in this respect; but more could be done. For example, let some mechanical arrangement be fitted to the seats, so that (in addition to flying up, as now, and letting down the unwary occupant who has risen to let others pass—an excellent idea of its kind) they may at uncertain intervals fling the spectators into the air or otherwise maltreat them. Sow the auditorium with barbed wire and electric shocks; conceal tacks in the cushions, and install water-sprinklers in the most unexpected places. You will find that, so treated, the most unlucky theatre will pay handsome dividends. Yours, etc., MARTYR.

P.S.—I see I have not suggested that the refreshment served at the bars might be worse and more expensive. It is useless to hope for this.

SIR,—What is wanted in theatres is more for the money. Let the prices remain the same, but the performance commence at six instead of eight, and last till midnight. Thus, with shorter intervals, room would be found for the inclusion of certainly two, and perhaps three, long plays and a front-piece. We hear a great deal of the number of master-works that never see the footlights; my suggestion would give everybody a chance. Yours hopefully, AUTHOR OF SIXTY.

SIR,—Nothing puts me into a worse temper than to see people smoking, eating, or (especially) drinking on the stage, when I in the audience want to and can't. I am convinced that the failure of many modern plays is due to the jealousy and irritation caused by this. Fortunately the remedy is simple. Make the spectators in the truest sense participants; let no meal, drink, or cigarette be consumed upon the stage without similar refreshment being simultaneously offered to the house. Indifference will then be a thing of the past. Yours, A PRACTICAL MAN.

SIR,—To make play-going agreeable the extract from the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Regulations should be altered to "the safety-curtain will be lowered once at the commencement of the performance, and remain down to the end."

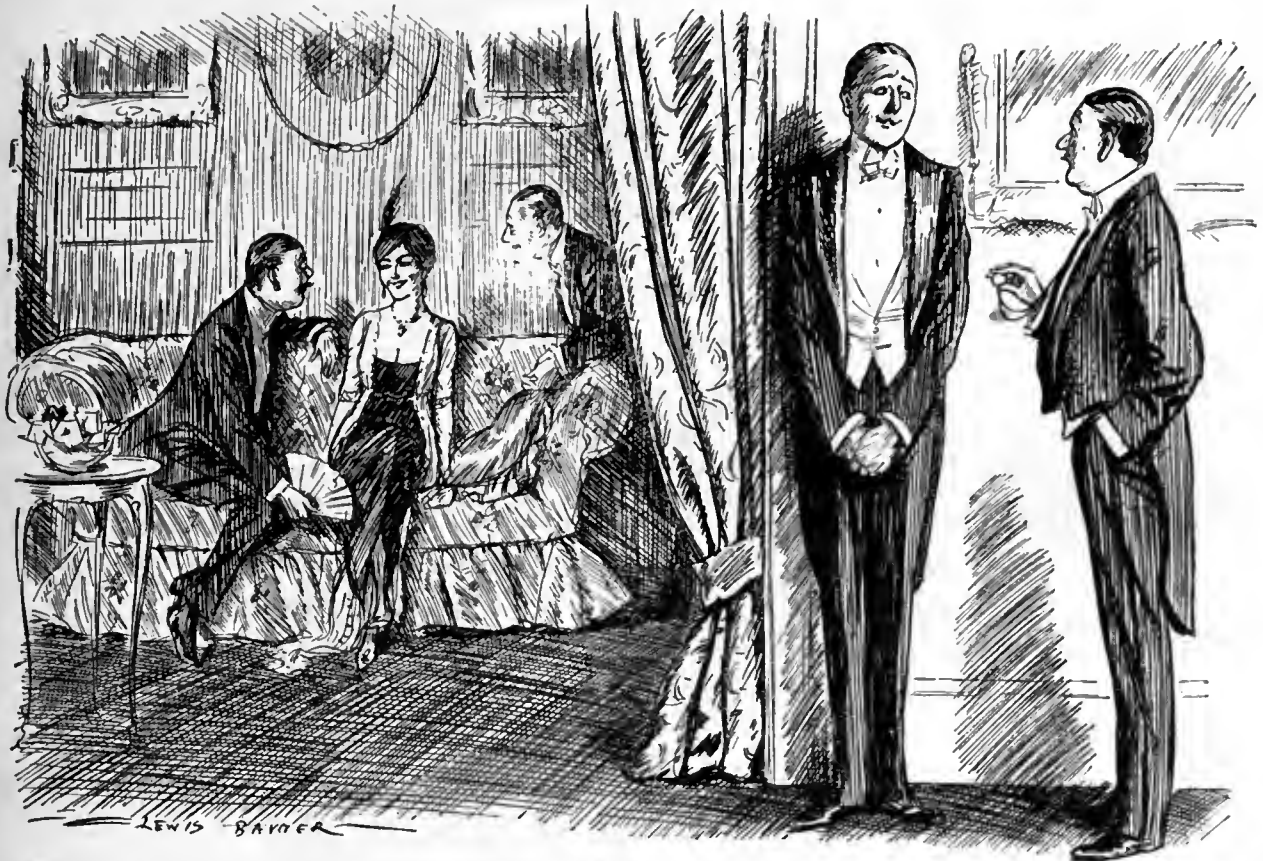
Yours, etc., CYNICUS.



ROAD BLOCKED.

THE MONTENEGRIN BANTAM. "YOU GO ROUND ME IF YOU CAN, AND OVER ME IF YOU DARE!"





Brown (to *Jones*, whom he has not met since *Oxford days*). "MARRIED? RATHER! MY WIFE'S JUST INSIDE THERE. WE'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR TWO YEARS."

Jones. "REALLY! TWO YEARS! THEN I SUPPOSE IT'S RATHER TOO LATE FOR CONGRATULATIONS."

MEMOIR OF A CELEBRATED JOKE.

I WAS a youngster of eighteen or twenty-two
 When, I remember, the Joke had its birth;
 Now there are other jokes, good ones and plenty too,
 Raising their merited tribute of mirth;
 But this particular Joke, by the merriment
 Which it evoked during week after week,
 Proved itself more than a jesting experiment—
 It was unique.

Those were the days when the heavy tragedian
 Drew the big pay and the popular cheer;
 Nothing was thought of the merry comedian—
 He was considered the smallest of beer.
 Then came the Joke; the comedian's salary
 Rose at a bound with his palpable hit;
 Night after night he drew shrieks from the gallery,
 Roars from the pit.

Well it is known that, as fast as the ferry can
 Cross the Atlantic, our national japes
 Forthwith are seized by the ruthless American
 Journals and published in different shapes.
 So with the Joke; sheer insanity was it or
 Midsummer madness that folk were beguiled?
 Anyhow, even the weary compositor
 Wearily smiled.

Europe was merged in, a flood of hilarity;
 Paris became something gayer than gay;
 Spaniards approved It and out of their charity
 Told It to Moors who live over the way;

Russia and Turkey enjoyed It; like phosphorus
 Flaming in brilliance and frothy as yeast,
 It was transported right over the Bosphorus
 Into the East.

Onward it sped to the isles of the Andaman
 (Spirits and health of the convicts improved),
 On to Japan, too, where even so grand a man
 As the Mikado was visibly moved;
 Passed through the deserts of desolate Tartary,
 Welcome it found in Canton and Amoy,
 Lightened the business of traffic and bartery—
 Made it a joy.

So the whole world was convulsed—till a bigger or
 Mirthfuller pleasantry rose in its place.
 Now, when I tell the Joke, never a snigger or
 Chuckle engages the listener's face;
 But in a style that is highly censorial
 Someone says, "Chestnut!" and few will agree
 That It deserved even this for memorial,
 Written by me.

So the young jokes in their present prosperity
 Must not suppose that their glory will last;
 It is their doom to be mocked by posterity,
 Flung to the Limbo of jokes of the past;
 Yet to have lived for a season so sportively,
 Though at the end you may cumber the earth,
 Better this fate than to perish abortively,
 Strangled at birth.

THE VERSATILITY CHAMPION.

ALTHOUGH August is still far distant *The Daily Graphic*, taking time by the fetlock, has put forth one of those engaging feelers which usually do not obtrude until the silly season is born. Who, it asks its many readers, is the most versatile man?

The following letter, expressing very reasonably and, we think, convincingly, the claims of Mr. C. K. SHORTER, the well-known *littérateur* and Editor of *The Sphere*, seems to have come to our office by mistake; but it is so readable and to the point that we make no apology for having appropriated it:—

LITERATURE AND ATHLETICS.

SIR,—Allow me to tell you once for all who is the most versatile man living. It is Mr. SHORTER, as I will proceed to demonstrate.

Born in 1780, Mr. CLEMENT KING SHORTER was just old enough to provide the pennies (required in those days by the myrmidons of the death chamber) to close the eyes of Dr. JOHNSON ("the great lexicographer," as Mr. SHORTER often brightly calls him).

Passing to France for his early education, Mr. SHORTER became intimate with the Encyclopædists, and so frequently put them right on small but not unimportant matters that his lodging near the Sorbonne became a house of call for all scholars of whatever grade. At the outbreak of the Revolution Mr. SHORTER left for Weimar, where he acquired that knowledge of the German tongue which has made him justly famous; and was instrumental in adding many fine passages to the works of GOETHE, who often expressed the opinion, to ECKERMANN and others, that but for CLEM (as he called his English friend) he would not be where he was.

During this time Mr. SHORTER's other activities were immense, for he has never believed in brain work alone. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," he frequently quotes, and it is not a mere idle phrase either. As an oarsman, a fives player, a fencer and a duellist with pistols he was held in the highest esteem. Yet it is hardly necessary to mention his Newdigate and his Nobel prizes, both of which he took when still in his teens; more to the point is it, since we are on the topic of versatility,

to draw attention to his remarkable influence on both BEETHOVEN and ALFRED MYNN and his amazing association with GEORGE STEPHENSON, resulting in the construction of the first locomotive.

Meanwhile Mr. SHORTER always found time for literary friends, and SHELLEY, BYRON and WORDSWORTH could never see enough of him. With NELSON he sailed several times, and it was by his advice that the great admiral, on becoming a peer, added BRONTË to his title. NAPOLEON he also knew, but somehow—the fault either of NAPOLEON or Mr. SHORTER, no one ever quite knew which—they did not get on very well. Mr. SHORTER, however, bore no malice, and when, much later in life, after a delightful first visit

Fitz," as his boon companions called him), and Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, J.P.,—known, and very properly, as "The Revue King."

All is fish that comes to Mr. SHORTER's net. He found it as easy to be witty with WHISTLER as sententious with TUPPER; and on his week-end walks through Wales with GEORGE BORROW he kept up his end with spirit, and few were the timen he did not fight or the gipsy girls he did not chivalrously befriend.

Having for many years taken all knowledge for his province Mr. SHORTER naturally has not had so much time for versatility as in the earlier phases of his remarkable and stimulating career, but he still drives off the tee with an accuracy and power equalled only in a dream of JOHN BALL; still swims a stretch of the Thames near Nine Elms, equal in length to the width of the Hellespont, every morning when he is in town; still flies daily between his home and his office in an airship named "Clement-Bayard" after himself; while in this very year he is confident of again, and for the third time, carrying off the blue ribbon of the Turf by winning the Derby with Celtic Fringe. His sensational capture of the Shorterhouse Stakes at Newmarket five years ago was the wonder of the world.

When it is added that Mr. SHORTER's Literary

Letter in *The Sphere* is dictated by him every week simultaneously in thirteen languages; that he can cook an omelette with the best and is the amateur billiard champion of the Giants Causeway, I have perhaps said enough.

Yours, etc.,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

In connection with the HOME SECRETARY'S "Cat and Mouse" Bill, we understand that, for the convenience of visitors to Holloway and other gaols, there will be notice-boards put up at the entrance, just as they have them at residential flats, giving the names of militant prisoners, and against each name the alternative words IN and OUT.

"THE BUDGET

0,000 MORE NEEDED.

YET NO FRESH TAXATION."

Christian World.

Marvellous!



THE WONDERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THIS DOG, NOT HAVING A TAIL TO WAG TO SHOW HIS JOY AT HIS MASTER'S RETURN, HAS DEVELOPED A REMARKABLE POWER OF FACIAL EXPRESSION.

to Spain in 1913—for he has always been an indefatigable and daring traveller—he spent a few hours in St. Helena, he was heard to remark, thoughtfully, on regaining his vessel (the one, by the way, with which he won the America Cup), "A great little man! A great little man!"

Nor did he allow his comparative failure with NAPOLEON to prejudice him in any way against the French. On the contrary, he maintained relations of the greatest cordiality with DUMAS, HUGO, GEORGE SAND, LAMARTINE and MARGUERITE ANDOUX; and this, be it remembered, often at times when England and France were anything but friendly.

CERVANTES, of course, he never met, but nothing but the iron hand of time could have kept them apart. In England, such has been the catholicity of Mr. SHORTER's sympathies that he has been intimate with such different men of genius as Lord MACAULAY, the fastidious EDWARD FITZGERALD (or "Old

MUSINGS' FROM MORECAMBE.

WE have received a letter from a correspondent who has had the good fortune to attend the Competitive Musical Festival at Morecambe. He is full of admiration of the prodigies of musical valour achieved by infants, boys, girls and adults, whether individually or collectively, for the patience of adjudicators, and the splendid results of a movement which will always be associated with the name of the late MARY WAKEFIELD. Yet he cannot resist the temptation of indulging in a little criticism in the form of suggestions for a series of supplementary prizes on the following lines:—

Prize I.—For the adjudicator who gives his award with the minimum of superfluous comment and irrelevant facetiousness.

Prize II.—For the composer of a new madrigal or part song which is not suggestive of an equal admixture of treacle and olives.

Prize III.—For the referee in the tenor solo competition who listens to more than fifteen competitors with the least loss of equanimity.

Prize IV.—For the conductor who thinks more of poetry than pitch.

Prize V.—For any song-writer who will set to appropriate music a lyric more futile than the following:—

BOBBY'S SECRET.

"Nursie told me this morning
Something that made me feel sore,
For nursie said that, unless I wed,
I should die an old bachelor!
Now I've a secret I'll tell to you,
Though it makes me feel rather blue:
I don't love anyone but my granny,
And she's already Mrs. Mulvarey,
So that, only for grandpa, don't you see,
Why, granny might have waited for me!"

FINANCE AND FASHION.

(A note on 1913, specially contributed by our Bond Street Bull.)

THE man in the street, they tell me, is already not a little tired of Parliamentary Committees and the evidence of bankers and brokers. What then? In the butterfly world of fashion is no such boredom. Everywhere the vogue of the City continues to reign supreme. Spring has come, and Marconey Seal muffs and Bear coverings are of course being laid aside. But all through this balmy month the wireless note will predominate in my lady's *modes et robes*. Hats are being worn with the tail feather of the lyre-bird for a plume, the latter usually taking the form of a large interrogation mark. Gowns will be cut on rigorous lines after the *directoire-de-compagnie* model, showing



R.A. (to humorist whom he finds gazing at his picture). "I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T COME HERE TO BE FUNNY."

Humorist. "NO; THIS IS MY OFF-DAY. I'VE COME TO BE AMUSED."

if possible the exact figure, with a pronounced slump in the *décolletage*. The favorite tints will be ultramarine and the charming new vermilion, to which *costumières* have given the name of "Rufus."

In stockings the pretty "syndicate" material will replace open-work.

The vogue of toy dogs seems to be waning, and many smart women have been seen in the Park accompanied by fox terriers—wireless-haired, of course.

Even in male attire the topic of the moment has its influence on costume.

All the smartest men are wearing the adjustable "Spicer" cuffs and dickey. For neckwear, stocks are in evidence; but even more modish are the illustrated ties bearing a stamped portrait of Messrs. WINSTON CHURCHILL and HILAIRE BELLOC dancing with a quite remarkable *abandon* the world-famed Anglo-American Marconi Hug.

"The figures for the best ball for the fourteenth hole were: Ray 68 and Vardon 73."
Liverpool Echo.

Even aunty only took 12.

GETTING MARRIED.

III.—THE HONEYMOON.

"I know I oughtn't to be dallying here," I said; "I ought to be doing something strenuous in preparation for the wedding. Counting the bells at St. Miriam's, or varnishing the floors in the flat, or— Tell me what I ought to be doing, Celia, and I'll go on not doing it for a bit."

"There's the honeymoon," said Celia.

"I knew there was something."

"Seriously, Ronald, what are you doing about it?"

"Thinking about it."

"You haven't written to anyone about rooms yet?"

"Celia," I said reproachfully, "you seem to have forgotten why I am marrying you."

When Celia was browbeaten into her present engagement, she said frankly that she was only consenting to marry me because of my pianola, which she had always coveted. In return I pointed out that I was only asking her to marry me because I wanted somebody to write my letters. There opened before me, in that glad moment, a vista of invitations and accounts—rendered all answered promptly by Celia, instead of put off till next month by me. It was a wonderful vision to one who (very properly) detests letter-writing. And yet, here she was, even before the ceremony, expecting me to enter into a deliberate correspondence with all sorts of strange people who as yet had not come into my life at all. It was too much.

"We will get," I said, "your father to write some letters for us."

"But what's he got to do with it?"

"I don't want to complain of your father, Celia, but it seems to me that he is not doing his fair share. There ought to be a certain give-and-take in the matter. I find you a nice church to be married in—good. He finds you a nice place to honeymoon in—excellent. After all, you are still his daughter."

"All right," said Celia, "I'll ask Father to do it. 'Dear Mrs. Bunn, my little boy wants to spend his holidays with you in June. I am writing to ask you if you will take care of him and see that he doesn't do anything dangerous. He has a nice disposition, but wants watching.' Something like that."

I got up and went to the writing-desk.

"I can see I shall have to do it myself," I sighed. "Give me the address and I'll begin."

"But we haven't quite settled where we're going yet, have we?"

I put the pen down thankfully and went back to the sofa.

"Good! Then I needn't write to-day, anyhow. It is wonderful, Celia, how difficulties roll away when you face them. Almost at once we arrive at the conclusion that I needn't write to-day. Splendid! Well, where shall we go? This will want a lot of thought. Perhaps," I added, "I needn't write to-morrow."

"We had almost fixed on England, hadn't we?"

"Somebody was telling me that Lynton was very beautiful. I should like to go to Lynton."

"But *everyone* goes to Lynton for their honeymoon."

"Then let's be original and go to Birmingham. 'The happy couple left for Birmingham, where the honeymoon will be spent.' Sensation."

"The bride left the train at Ealing. More sensation."

"I think the great thing," I said, trying to be businesslike, "is to fix the county first. If we fixed on Rutland, then the rest would probably be easy."

"The great thing," said Celia, "is to decide what we want. Sea, or river, or mountains, or—or golf."

At the word golf I coughed and looked out of the window.

Now I am very fond of Celia—I mean of golf, and—what I really mean, of course, is that I am very fond of both of them. But I do think that on a honeymoon Celia should come first. After all, I shall have plenty of other holidays for golf . . . although, of course, three weeks in the summer without any golf at all— Still, I think Celia should come first.

"Our trouble," I said to her, "is that neither of us has ever been on a honeymoon before, and so we've no idea what it will be like. After all, why should we get bored with each other? Surely we don't depend on golf to amuse us."

"All the same, I think your golf would amuse me," said Celia. "Besides, I want you to be as happy as you possibly can be."

"Yes, but supposing I was slicing my drives all the time, I should be miserable. I should be torn between the desire to go back to London and have a lesson with the professional and the desire to stay on honeymooning with you. One can't be happy in a quandary like that."

"Very well then, no golf. Settled?"

"Quite. Now then, let's decide about the scenery. What sort of soil do you prefer?"

When I left Celia that day we had agreed on this much: that we wouldn't bother about golf, and that the

mountains, rivers, valleys, and so on, should be left entirely to nature. All we were to enquire for was (in the words of an advertisement Celia had seen) "a perfect spot for a honeymoon."

In the course of the next day I heard of seven spots; varying from a spot in Surrey "dotted with firs," to a dot in the Pacific spotted with—I forget what, natives probably. Taken together they were the seven only possible spots for a honeymoon.

"We shall have to have seven honeymoons," I said to Celia when I had told her my news. "One honeymoon, one spot."

"Wait," she said. "I have heard of an ideal spot."

"Speaking as a spot expert, I don't think that's necessarily better than an only possible spot," I objected. "Still, tell me about it."

"Well, to begin with, it's close to the sea."

"So we can bathe when we're bored. Good."

"And it's got a river, if you want to fish—"

"I don't. I should hate to catch a fish who was perhaps on his honeymoon too. Still, I like the idea of a river."

"And quite a good mountain, and lovely walks, and, in fact, everything. Except a picture-palace, luckily."

"It sounds all right," I said doubtfully. "We might just spend the next day or two thinking about my seven spots, and then I might . . . possibly . . . feel strong enough to write."

"Oh, I nearly forgot. I have written, Ronald."

"You have?" I cried. "Then, my dear Celia, what else matters? It's a perfect spot." I lay back in relief. "And there, thank 'evings, is another thing settled."

"Yes. And, by the way, there *is* golf quite close too. But that," she smiled, "needn't prevent us going there."

"Of course not. We shall just ignore the course."

"Perhaps, so as to be on the safe side, you'd better leave your clubs behind."

"Perhaps I'd better," I said carelessly.

All the same I don't think I will. One never knows what may happen . . . and at the outset of one's matrimonial career to have to go to the expense of an entirely new set of clubs would be a most regrettable business.

A. A. M.

"To keep the militants on the run, in London and the provinces alike, is the surest way to extinguish their activity."—*Standard*. Still, it should be good exercise for somebody.

TO BRIGHTEN WEDDINGS.

[Fancy dress was worn by guests at a recent prominent wedding, and it is hoped that the new fashion will soon extend to brides and bridegrooms.]



MR. MACISAACS AND MISS MACSOLOMON IN THE TARTANS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CLANS.



THE HONOURABLE REGGIE KNUTT AND MISS GERTIE HIGHFLYER AS PURITAN MAN AND MAID.



MR. GOODENOUGH AND MISS PRISCILLA PRISM AS A BLADE AND LADY OF THE COURT OF CHARLES II.



LORD SANGAZUR AND LADY ANNE PORTCULLIS AS A COSTER AND HIS DONAH.



Boy. "AND WHEN I GO TO HEAVEN SHALL I MEET GRISELDA AND MARMADUKE?"

Mother. "YES, DEAR; I HOPE YOU'LL MEET ALL YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS."

Boy. "FANCY PEOPLE WITH 'BSURD NAMES LIKE THAT GOING TO HEAVEN!"

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

MESSRS. JAMES RUTHERFORD AND Co. have just issued *The Book of the British Belshazzars and Britain's Mene Mene Tekel; or, Within Seven Years, Except—*." We fancy busy men will choose the second title.

"RITA" has been writing to the press to protest against the advertisements which her publisher places in her books. It is all the more creditable to Mr. JOHN LANE that his edition of ANATOLE FRANCE'S *The Gods are Athirst* should not contain a single drink advertisement.

Our Village Homes, by HUGH ARONSON, is a powerful indictment of our present system of rural housing. We do not, however, agree with the extremists who consider that the majority of our country cottages should be demolished. With a little cleaning up many of them would make capital pigsties.

We are glad to see from an advertisement that a reviewer describes Mr. RICHARD BIRD'S book, *The Gay*

Adventure, as "radiantly gay." It would have been a blow for Mr. BIRD if his book had been found to be radiantly dull.

MESSRS. CASSELL are producing *Railway Wonders of the World*. We hope that, for the British section, the following marvels will be mentioned:—

A porter refusing a tip.

Railway directors protesting that their fees are too high.

MESSRS. HARPER have added to their Library of Living Thought a volume entitled *Are the Planets Inhabited?* We imagine that a pretty good case could be made out for the one on which we live. Venus, on the other hand, is certainly as a rule depicted with little or nothing on her.

Self-made men should soon become even more common than they are now. Messrs. CROSBY LOCKWOOD AND Co. have published a handbook entitled *Every Man His Own Builder*.

Volume IV. of *The Everyman Encyclopaedia*, which has just appeared, is a little unkind to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Although it devotes six lines to "Criccieth" it does not mention who has a house there.

The following statement on the cover of a book recently published is surely a bit libellous:—

THE CURSE OF THE NILE

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

So is this:—

HOW CRIMINALS ARE MADE

by

J. W. HORSLEY,

Hon. Canon of Southwark.

The appearance of *The Dog Lover's Companion* is announced. The companion referred to is, we presume, a dog.

Ready shortly—*A Guide to the Best Hundred Books on the War in the Balkans*.

"LONDON, April 19.—Hungwell, winner of this year's Waterloo Cup, was sold here to-day at auction for \$5,510. The horse is a great favorite."—*New York Times*.

We are glad that a horse has won the Waterloo Cup at last. It was quite time.



THE LATEST SCANDAL.

RUMOUR (*showing her season-ticket*). "NOT LET ME IN ANY MORE? WHY, I'VE BEEN THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE WHOLE THING!"

POLICEMAN. "SORRY, MA'AM, BUT FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED I UNDERSTAND THEY'RE ABOUT TO GET TO BUSINESS."

RUMOUR. "SO SOON! I CALL IT SCANDALOUS!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 28.—After long series of exciting interludes Man in Street began to forget existence of Marconi Committee. Regarded it as played out. This afternoon burst forth in quick flame of wrath exceeding all that had gone before.

Witness in chair, in that vague casual manner with which, in fashion unfamiliar to English public life, charges calculated to ruin promising careers have been leveled against Cabinet Ministers, hinted that there was a third whose name had been "mentioned in the City." Suspicion aroused that he had used his official position to obtain information respecting prospects of Marconi enterprise, and had secretly speculated upon it. Of course, witness did not believe there was any truth in this rumour, any more than had predecessors in the chair who dealt with the names of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Could not even name his authority. But there you were. Just mentioned it by the way, as who should say, "A fine day," or (under other circumstances), "How very wet." Would rather not name the Minister implicated; but if Committee insisted? Well, it was the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

WINSTON sent for, and he came. Burst into chamber like a tornado. In swift succession of wholesome if stormy gusts destroyed the frail fabric of "flimsy gossip, unsupported tittle-tattle," as he scornfully described it.

Having, in measured terms whose precision and circumstantiality brought into stronger light the fumbling charge levelled against his honour, denied that at any time, in any circumstances, directly or indirectly, he had had any interest in Marconi shares, he added: "If anybody, at any time, has said I have, that person is a liar and a slanderer. If anybody has repeated this statement and said he has no evidence and he believes it to be false, but that there it is, the only difference between that person and a liar and a slanderer is that he is a coward in addition."

The MEMBER FOR SARK delighted.

"It was," he remarked, "time this was said. No one could have said it better. LLOYD GEORGE and RUFUS ISAACS, properly anxious to dispel lingering doubt as to falseness of charges not made but insinuated, were a little too meek in their demeanour, a trifle too concerned to make full disclosure of their private affairs in satisfaction of malignant curiosity.

WINSTON, in fashion that would have delighted his father, took the anonymous slanderers by the throat and shook the breath out of their bodies. Pity he didn't turn up three months ago. He would have made swift end of the sorry business, as he has done to-day."

SARK, who is rather proud of his recollection of episodes in English History reluctantly acquired in school-days, finds in the incident with the story of which House and Lobby are ringing the most dramatic scene in Parliamentary record since CROMWELL



WINSTON STRANGLES A CANARD.

With acknowledgments to Mr. ALBERT HODGE, sculptor of "A Mighty Hunter" (No. 1821) at the Royal Academy.

dropped in at Westminster, spoke disrespectfully of the Mace, and dissolved House of Commons.

"Longo intervallo, of course," he admits. "Still you get the sudden impulse, the swift movement and the paralyzing effect."

Business done.—Marconi Committee begin to think it has had enough of it. On Wednesday motion will be made that it "doth forthwith proceed to consider its Report."

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Noble Lords coming back to work after yesterday's exhausting sitting of five minutes rewarded by hearing instructive paper read by MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU on subject of Military and Naval Aviation. Successor to new peerage in ancient line here remains "JOHN SCOTT" to a wide circle of admiring friends. Aviation's artful

aid a comparatively new attraction for him. Outside matters of high State policy he made his mark as one of the earliest advocates of motoring. 'Twas he who gave the late KING EDWARD his first ride in the conquering car. When he took to the new means of road conveyance it was regarded as a reckless temptation of Providence. Wives viewed with mixed feelings the departure of their husbands on an excursion. They were united in apprehension that they might never see them any more—at least not bodily intact.

JOHN SCOTT was the first man who drove into Palace Yard in a motor car. It is striking evidence of the frame of mind with which the novelty was regarded at that not far distant time that when he made a second attempt he was stopped at the gate by the police. To-day four-wheelers and hansoms have hopelessly driven off and the Yard resounds with stentorian summons of "Tax-ee" by police on duty.

Sighing for new worlds to conquer, JOHN SCOTT, with the enthusiasm of perpetual youth, now gone in for aviation. This afternoon moved for elaborate return showing the number of dirigibles, aeroplanes, hydro-aeroplanes, possessed by the chief countries of the world, including Great Britain, as usual in these matters, so patriots put it, lagging in the rear.

As BEAUCHAMP, replying for Government, meekly said, Why should the Department prepare returns? The noble lord had himself supplied one whose fulness could hardly be exceeded. He would certainly refer the matter to the War Office and would ask them whether they were able to enlarge on information supplied by questioner.

Seemed to think this not probable. What JOHN SCOTT doesn't know about aeroplanes is not worth teaching in an elementary school.

Business done.—In Commons, third debate on "the People's Budget." Much talk but little fight. Resolutions imposing Tea Duties and Income-tax agreed to without division.

House of Commons, Friday.—When newly-elected Member for Shrewsbury arrived to take the oath there was forthcoming striking evidence of the strained condition of Members supervening on exceptionally prolonged attendance at Westminster. Safely delivered at Table (with some difficulty to his escort by reason of his persistence in halting at the wrong spot to repeat obeisance to the Chair) the Clerk as usual handed him copy of the Bible and form of oath. Instructed to hold the former in his right hand he uplifted it at arm's length above his shoulder as if about to discharge cricket ball with

high delivery against the opposing defence, or thereabouts.

This early impression swiftly gave place to another more disturbing. As a student of modern Parliamentary manner, was BUTLER LLOYD about to distinguish himself on the very threshold of his Parliamentary career by chucking the book at the head of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER seated on the Treasury Bench with folded arms, unconscious of peril?

RONALD McNEILL the first to recognise contingency. His natural personal interest in the procedure attracted general attention. Scene at Table breathlessly watched—the Clerk, with air of listening intently to recital of the oath, keeping one eye fixed on the uplifted right hand, ready to dodge anything that might come his way; new Member slightly swaying his arm preparatory to letting fly; LLOYD - GEORGE innocently smiling to himself as he thought of the exquisite humour of the phrase about "the People's Budget."

It seemed to last for minutes. Was really only seconds before House was relieved by new Member lowering his arm and returning the Bible to the Clerk, studiously avoiding osculatory attention.

After all, nothing in it. Apparently a way they have in Shropshire of taking the oath.

Business done.—Second Reading of London Elections Bill moved and carried by 193 votes against 103.

THE TRIUMPH OF METHOD.

"I THINK, Peter," I remarked, "that we may congratulate ourselves upon the way in which things have turned out. It is true that at first we both made sundry little mistakes in household matters, but for the last six months we have reduced our management to a fine art."

"And therein lies our success," he replied. "Housekeeping is a fine art. It is usually, and quite erroneously, considered to be a form of unskilled labour. It is also generally supposed to be one of those matters which lie entirely in the province of the other sex. Like most things which women do well, it can be still better done by men when they set themselves seriously to the task. The male mind is able to grasp the broad general outlines of a division of labour without the necessity of eternal discussion over the trivialities of respective tasks. That is where

women waste so much time—in thrashing out the irrelevant at the expense of the essential. Now had we been two females we should have committed a fundamental error in the preliminary division of labour. We should have allotted one to the other certain definite and distinct departments. You, for example, might have undertaken the replenishment of the larder, while I was responsible for the mathematical and literary labours attendant upon the week's washing. What would have been the result? We should each have felt that we could do the other's work better than our own, and it would have



The new Member for Shrewsbury assumes a threatening aspect.

led to a series of petty jealousies and squabbles, instead of the present happy result of the maximum of economy and the minimum of friction. The effect of our dividing each and every separate and distinct branch—"

"One man, one twig," I suggested.

"—is that we are mutually and indistinguishably responsible both for the preliminary failures and for the more recent succession of brilliant achievements."

"Hear! Hear!" I said, as he paused to moisten his lips.

"Take for example the subject I have already touched on—that of the washer-woman and her duties. You list the things and send them to her—and put out the clean linen. I check the list on its return and replace the various articles in the cupboard. What could be simpler? We each know and perform

our respective duties, and yet, should the old lady take a fancy to one sock, or desire a linen collar as a memento of our patronage, you cannot blame me and I have no word to say against you. That is where the male mind scores so over its female counterpart. It is the triumph of method over unreasoning routine."

"It's organisation in the little things that is the secret of our success."

"Exactly—or rather in the apparently little things. Now a woman doesn't realise that the tiniest nut in an engine is of far greater import than the noise which the machine emits in the performance of its duties. For example—this little fact will show you the importance of logical forethought. You will admit that, even with the hypothetical care which our worthy washer-woman bestows on the chattels committed to her care, the cleansing process is detrimental to the structure of the various fabrics. You will also recognize the point that, if two portions of our linen go in alternate weeks to the wash-tub while the remainder lies permanently in the cupboard, then the various items will not wear out equally fast. Some will be new and some in rags. A thing to be avoided."

"Certainly," I agreed with conscious pride.

"Therefore," said Peter proudly, "my male mind at once saw the difficulty and seized on the best method to overcome it. There was no talk, no fuss—just quiet action. When the clean linen returned I invariably placed each article at the bottom of its own pile,

so that the other articles should work up to the top and take their fair turn at the wash."

"And if we had been two women," I replied, "it might have prevented me, when laying out the clean linen, from taking each article from the bottom of its own pile, so that the others should invariably work down from the top and take their fair turn in the house."

Commercial Candour.

"For Sale.—'s Egg 'Non Pareil' Incubator, used only once with success.

Advt. in "Madras Times."

"Wanted, at once, Capstan Lathe Hands, used to chucking work."

Staffordshire Sentinel.

Members of the Capstan Lathe Hands Union should apply at once.

COWSLIP WINE.

THE river ran unheeding;
The cuckoo made his mock;
The big trout wasn't feeding;
I drownsed beside the lock;
It might have been the weather,
It might have been the stream,
Or p'raps the two together
That made me dream a dream.

I dreamt a dream of Maytime,
Of hawthorns white as snow,
The village green at playtime
A hundred years ago;
A dream of bow and fiddle
And dancing on the green,
A maypole in the middle,
The finest ever seen.

The maids were red as roses
That took each ribbon rope;
The lads who held their posies
They shone with health and soap;
Each lass had got her lover,
Save one I did espy
As plump as any plover,
As sweet as cherry pie.

I slipped an arm around her;
The fiddles called to me;
As light of foot I found her
As e'er a lass could be;
We danced it, and the same was
Most wonderful to tread;
I asked her what her name was,
And, "Hephzibah," she said.

The fiddlers were in fettle;
Too soon the dance was done;
I sat her on a settle,
All dimpling in the sun;
I found for her a fairing,
This pretty maid of mine,
A kerchief for her wearing,
And cake and cowslip wine.

I said, "My dear, I love you
Most tender and most true;
You little, pretty dove, you,
Oh, won't you love me too?"
White lids the blue eyes' beaming
Swift shadowed as I spoke;
'Twas then—so much for dreaming—
'Twas then that I awoke.

The cuckoos still were calling;
In amber, jade and pearls
The splashing weir was falling,
To spin in silver swirls
As gaily as a dancer;
But I was grave, for ah,
I never had your answer,
My little Hephzibah!

"Winslow's casual ward is very popular with vagrants. There is no hard work. Stone breaking and opium picking did not pay, so they were dropped."—*Daily Mail*.

A pity, for opium picking sounds a soothing occupation.



CULTURE AT SURBITON.

Dear Child. "WE DON'T LIKE MR. SHADBURY, MAMMA, DO WE? HE TALKS WHEN THE BIRDS ARE SINGING!"

THE OBJECT-LESSON.

"You have been a good father to me, Sir. You have never disguised your little failings; you have allowed me to profit by your mistakes."

"I have not prevented you from making your own—perhaps that is what you mean."

"No, Sir, not at all. Did you ever hear of my writing to the papers or looking out other people's trains or building a dog-kennel? Never, Sir. You have educated me by sheer force of example."

"I see that I must give up these simple pursuits. I am very much to blame. . . . Tell me, what is on at the Vacuity Theatre this evening?"

"I'm afraid you wouldn't care about

it, Sir. It mightn't suit your Victorian cast of mind."

"Oh, well, I can take a run down in the car and see—if you will tell the chauffeur, please, that I am your father."

"Certainly, Sir."

"And you might move out the hat-stand so that I can push it over when I come in."

"It was not the hat-stand, Sir, but a stick which fell down last night. And the chauffeur knows you perfectly well, for you pay his wages."

"True."

"I don't think irony is quite in your line, Sir; you are tempted to exaggerate. And in any case it is lost upon an audience of one."

"That is what I was endeavouring to demonstrate, my dear boy."

THE RETURN.

HAVING a moral duty and a delicate task to perform, I marched up the marble staircase and through the big glass doors. "I have come," said I, "to have a chat with somebody."

The man behind the counter (it was a big counter and there were many men behind it, but only one of them took any real fancy to me)—the man behind the counter (though perhaps that description does inadequate justice to a very superior clerk in a very superior insurance company's very superior head office)—the man behind the counter, if I might perhaps just be allowed to finish this sentence, as good as told me to chat on.

"It is about some trousers," I began.

"Trousers?" said he, raising his eyebrows, but dropping them again almost immediately.

"Yes," said I, "a pair of them. Twins, I might say, and so alike that you could not tell t'other from which. But then you did not often get the chance, for they were inseparable and always went about together. As often as not I went with them, but there came a day when they made up their minds to go out into the world alone."

I gave him his opportunity, but he had nothing to say. So I continued: "How well I remember that Friday evening when we parted company! It had been a heavy day in the City, and I was due to be in the country for the week-end. I left them to rest and recuperate in my flat. When I returned on the Monday they were gone. The affair did not attract much attention at the time; the British public was either ignorant or apathetic. We ourselves thought little enough of it until it suddenly occurred to me that they were heavily insured."

At that word the man showed his first signs of beginning to sit up and take notice. Up till then he had been very busy adding up figures in a ledger while I talked.

"It was when I recollected," I said, "that I was paying you twenty-five shillings a year to cover fire and burglary risks that the suspicion of foul play first crossed my mind. The more I thought of the matter the more sure did I become that they had been made away with. Knowing you would be interested, I wrote and told you all about it. You answered that my communication was to hand and was receiving attention, and had I any clues? I replied that I hadn't, and if I had they were poor substitutes for trousers. And eventually you agreed to contribute to the erection of a *fac-simile* of the

dear departed upon the very site they used to occupy."

The man leant right across the counter and examined me thoroughly. "To cut a long and painful story short," said he, "you have come to show us the *fac-similes*. On behalf of my Company I express our hearty appreciation. And now, since to continue it would only be to harrow your feelings, we might perhaps consider the interview at an end."

I trust that at the critical moment I showed no signs of confusion. "No," I answered, "Er—no; these are not the *fac-similes*. But if you are really interested I will tell you what they are. It is a longish history, but I have felt that you are entitled to the whole of it, if you insist."

I paused. I continued pausing while he added up another column of figures and added it up again. It must have come the same both times for he suddenly lost interest in it and returned to me and the trousers.

"As you were saying—?" he observed.

"I was remarking," said I, "on the transient nature nowadays of mysterious disappearances, eloping vicars and so forth. Subsequent investigation as often as not reveals a state of circumstances very different from that deposed to in the first impulsive statement of the bereaved; the persons said to have disappeared not only have not been made away with but have not, in fact, disappeared. It is much the same with trousers."

His attention, which had been momentarily stimulated by my allusion to eloping vicars, fell off again and he started on yet another column, but, stolid fellow though he was, whom no passionate tale of tragedy could long distract from his arithmetic, he became interested when I produced thirty shillings and put them thoughtfully on the counter.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"Conscience money," I said briefly; but, seeing that he wanted some sort of explanation to lay before his Board of Directors, "it is like this," I concluded. "Some little time ago your Company was kind enough to give me money to buy myself the lower half of a new suit. Circumstances have arisen in which I think it is true etiquette for me on my part to make a similar present to your Company."

Naturally enough he asked for the name of the generous donor.

"On the whole," I said with a magnanimous air, "I would prefer to remain anon."

Thereupon I, and the trousers, departed.

LOVE AND A LICKING.

'Twas a ding-dong game to the fifteenth green;
No doubt I was off in peril,
But I stuck to the safe Platonic mean
And, addressing her, said, "Miss Beryl."

She was taking a stroke from the gentlemen's tee;
Her driving was long, if flashy;
But I said, "This is never the girl for me!"
When she muffed an approach with her mashie.

She played for a pull, and I cried,
"Hot stuff!"

And noticed her nice complexion,
Till she sliced her ball right into the rough,

And I thought, "Is her nose perfection?"

But she managed to hold her own uncheckt

(Her niblick shots were striking),
And I said, "She's a girl who commands respect;

Not love, but at least sound liking."

And so she arrived at the sixteenth tee

Two up (through a lucky stymie),
And I fozzled my drive, while hers dropped free

Where the grass was short and thymy.

My second I topped ('twas a rotten lie),
But she with her cleek swung finely—

No effort, no force—and the ball soared high,
And she followed it through divinely.

Oh, fair and true her approach was sped,

And I saw her fourth (with her putter)

From the edge of the green laid dead—
laid dead!—

With a joy that I scarce could utter!

"You are down in five, not counting your stroke,

While I took seven to do it;
You have won three up," were the words I spoke;

"You're the wife for me—I knew it!"

I dropped on my knees, I pleaded sore:
"You have won! Be pitiful, very!"

(I paid no heed to the cries of "Fore!")
"O Miss Beryl!—or may I say 'Beryl'?"

Having brayed the hazard, I'm bunkered clean,

And I feel I rejoice to fall so;

I have met my match on the sixteenth green,

And the banus shall be "three up" also.

THE OPTIMIST.

BILLY is very brave. He knows not the meaning of the word fear, especially if it takes the form of *timeo*, and as for the word *φοβίω* I don't believe he can do a thing with it. To his invincible courage Billy adds an unquenchable optimism. He is fond of telling people that he really enjoys cold baths; that very frosty weather invigorates him, and very hot weather fills him with health; and that the world, contrary to the overwhelming verdict of popular opinion, is not actually going to the dogs. But Billy has his weak spot. A dentist scares him to death.

The moment I saw Billy last Monday I realized that something was wrong. His face was grim—tragic. It looked as if he had been face to face with one of the great facts of life—love or death or poverty or indigestion. I stopped and spoke to him sympathetically.

"Billy," I said, "was it a filling?"

"I suppose it may have been," said Billy. He seemed glad to see me, but he spoke very calmly, as men speak after an accident in which there has been great loss of life. "They tipped me horizontal in the chair," he said gravely; "they strapped me to one of my own teeth; they probed me to find which part hurt most; after they had found it, they tore a great jagged hole there with the electric torturer, and filled it with a cartload of putty; and then they said, 'That's all we have time for to-day. Come in for a wedge to-morrow and we'll take it out the day after and meddle with the putty the day after that. Then next Saturday afternoon, if it's nice sunny weather, we may have a chance to get round to this great big painful fellow that's dying by inches up in the back of your head.'"

Billy mused. "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," he quoted bitterly.

"Come, come, Billy," I said. "Pull yourself together. You are an optimist. Try to see the bright side of the thing."

"I suppose there is one," said Billy meditatively. And at last I saw the old gleam of cheerfulness in his eye.

"I have it," he cried. "Perhaps the thing has its use after all. In these days of disarmament and universal peace, our young men will become pink and mild and flabby unless we offer a substitute for war. The substitute is ready: for the heroism of the battlefield the heroism of the dentist-chair. There's romance for you!"

Somehow I wasn't convinced. "It won't go," I insisted. "Romance is dead. Chivalry is dead. I fail to see the



Purchaser. "BUT YOU HAD IT MARKED FIVE SHILLINGS YESTERDAY?"

Dealer in Odds and Ends. "AH, YES; BUT LAST NIGHT I WASH HIM AND DE NAME I FIND ON HIM VELASQUEZ; SO FOR SURE HE IS WORTH SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE."

glamour of dentistry. Your optimism is misplaced."

But Billy stood enraptured with his own idea. The smiles broke out all over his face like a rash. "Think of it," he cried, "the war of the next century—the call to the front—the young men going out one by one from the comfortable waiting-room, with its piled magazines and pleasant newspapers, to—they know not what! Ambrose, the call has come. Bring me my toothbrush. Already I seem to see the white-coated enemy and the light flashing from the weapons of war. I

march to my doom in silence. No drums beat . . . Yes, I am ready . . . Bzzz . . . bzzz . . . bzzzz . . . No, thanks, I am not badly wounded; it is a mere scratch in the gum. They have shot me full of gold and silver, but they cannot kill me. Half-a-tooth, half-a-tooth, half-a-tooth onward! Ah, the Romance of War!"

Billy was an optimist again.

Encouraging Crime.

"Fernand Rassani, For hardly beating his donkey, fined P.T. 100 and Costs."

Egyptian Mail.

THE MONKEY.

"It's a funny thing," said the girl who helped in the Flat, "ow you seem to be goin' along quite smooth one minute, with everybody smilin' at you and thinkin' what fine people you are—you know what I mean—and the next minute suthin' 'appens and you're out in the middle of the street chasin' after your umbreller or your 'at and all the motor-buses a-top of you. That's the sort o' thing that 'appened to Mrs. Wortle when she took a lodger; not through 'er meanin' of it, o' course, but sudden like, jest as if she'd got into the wind and it took 'er orf of 'er legs, as the sayin' is. We shouldn't 'a' minded that so much, but it ketch'd father and mother too before it 'ad done and give 'em a nawsty slap.

"Mrs. Wortle lives next door to us: she's seen better days. She often drops in on mother and tells 'er about the great things she used to do—Ampton Court Palis, or the 'Spaniards' at 'Ampstead 'Eath, and sultana kikes and 'am sangwiches, no end of a set-out all the year round, if you can believe what she says. Mother plays up to 'er and sets 'er goin'. 'Mrs. Wortle,' she says, 'tell us the story,' she says, 'about Mr. Wortle ketchin' the perliceman a crack o' the jor';' or, 'Won't you oblige us with that bit about Mr. Wortle and the bottle o' chempine when the cork wouldn't come out?' and then the old girl winds 'erself up and orf she goes so's you can't stop 'er. She says it does 'er good to talk about the times when there was always a ten-pun' note to spend and no questions asked.

"Well, she made up 'er mind to take a lodger, and a fortnit ago come next Friday she got one. A Bo'emian 'e was, a brown-lookin' man with no end o' black 'air on 'is 'ead, and a black mustarch and a lot o' white to 'is eyes. 'E worked for a cabinet-maker and play'd the guitar, but 'is name I can't rightly misremember. It was like sneezin' or crackin' walnuts in your teeth. Sometimes I could say it once, but if I tried again it'd mike me bust with larfin', so I give it up. O' course 'e couldn't talk English beyond sayin' 'Ow de do, or God save the King, or cawfy and milk, and that don't tike you far. Then 'e'd go off in 'is own Bo'emian, and that sounded sorter silly to me, like cats quarrellin'; but all furriners is like that. 'Ow they ever get along at all is more 'n I can understand.

"This Bo'emian 'ad a monkey with him, a bit of a thing no bigger 'n a puppy-dog, the funniest little atomy you ever see, all chatter and mikin' fices, as you may say. It snuggled in 'is coat and seemed as clever as a Christian. It took Mrs. Wortle all of a nonplush when she set eyes on it, and at fust she said she couldn't 'ave a monkey lodgin' in 'er 'ouse. She was sure Mr. Wortle wouldn't 'a' liked it if 'e could 'a' come from the grave—they was the words she said. But when the Bo'emian set the little feller down and 'e got to work pertendin' to ketch fleas in the mat afore the fireplace, and then turned 'ead over 'eels all round the room, she give in. She said it was enough to mike a cat larf.

"It was a Friday when the Bo'emian come in to Mrs. Wortle's with 'is box and 'is monkey, and on Sunday father missed 'is pipe and mother couldn't find 'er Sunday cap. A fine 'unt there was all over the 'ouse, but we couldn't pitch on 'em no'ow. The back winders 'ad bin open, but nobody paid no attention to that. The same day Mrs. Wortle told us she'd lost a phortygraft frame, brass and red plush. She 'ighly valued it, because she'd meant to put a picture of Mr. Wortle in it, but 'e got the dropsy before 'e could git 'is phortygraft took, and she'd kep it empty to remember 'im by. Monday was washin' day, and that arternoon the linen was 'ung out in the backyards all along our row of 'ouses. It's a pretty sight to see it

blowin' about, mikin' shipes like men and women and all lookin' so fat and funny. Arter tea that day I 'appened to be lookin' out o' the back winder. All of a sudden I see there was no linen on Mrs. Wortle's lines. It was all lyin' on the ground any'ow. Then I took another look and, would you believe it, I see that there mischievous monkey come over the wall and ketch 'old of our line. Then 'e swings 'issel' along, and before you could say old 'Arry 'e'd pinched all the pegs orf o' the line and chucked 'em away, and down went father's shirts and 'is drawers and mother's things and mine into the mud. Such a set-out you never saw! I 'ollered blue murder, and the Bo'emian puts 'is black 'ead out and whistles to 'is monkey; but the saucy little feller 'ad tied 'issel' up in one o' mother's petticoats and 'e couldn't get out. The Bo'emian 'ad to come round and fetch 'im. That was the end o' Mrs. Wortle's lodger. She 'ad to git rid of 'im, o' course. They found father's pipe all gnawed to bits and a piece o' the phortygraft frame in the monkey's box; but what became o' mother's cap we never rightly knew. I reckon the monkey must 'a' swallered it."

TO A DACHSHUND IN SPRINGTIME.

PETER, the Spring—see ALFRED's panegyric—
Which makes the wanton lapwing change his crest
And spurs the half-pay Colonel to a lyric,
Finds you a bit depressed.

Now the rathe primrose coyly pranks the dingle,
An azure sky is in the lake portrayed;
A marked disinclination to be single
Affects both youth and maid.

The lambkins, marvelling how meads grow daisied,
Curvet in joyous nescience of the hint
Conveyed hy garden plots, wherein is raiséd
The surely crescent mint.

Peter, these portents of the vernal season
Wake no response within your ample chest;
You have your private and conclusive reason
For liking Winter best.

To-day, when winds blew chill, we walked the faster;
When we reached home again, a gentle cough
And sadly plaintive look accused me—"Master,
Our parlour fire is off."

Yet, since your sense of etiquette is rigid,
You stayed awhile with me, crouched on the floor;
Long shiverings shook you; and then, semi-frigid,
You snuffled at the door.

I opened, and with anguish almost human
You left the hearth-rug home of your desire,
And toddled off to Cook, that thoughtful woman,
Who *always* has a fire.

From a bioscope advt. in *The Statesman* :—

"ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY OF
LORD WILLINGDON,
The New Governor,
AND DEPARTURE OF
LORD SYDENHAM,
AND

ALSO THREE OTHER LATEST COMICS."

Who are Lord SYDENHAM's colleagues?

"There is, of course, a possibility that Austria is taking her chance of a policy of bluff in proposing to take the bit into her teeth by taking matters in her own hand."—*Manchester Evening News*.
Can't she do something with her foot?



Sympathetic Voice (in the distance). "HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON, OLD MAN?"
Sanguine Beginner. "FIRST-RATE. JUST MADE THREE PERFECT PUTTS ON THE LAST GREEN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

As a reviewer I could wish that every book were as short as *The Open Window* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), except *The Open Window* itself. In whatever capacity I had read it, I must have found too fleeting a pleasure in Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON'S note-book of a country parson, a diary sentimental in the best sense of that word. One may write of flowers and birds with the utmost delicacy and grace, and may touch upon the sorrow of a dying wife, and an only daughter leaving for a far corner of the world, with a melancholy the most quiet and restrained, and yet may leave the reader suspicious of effeminacy and clamorous for the virile and robust. Mr. THURSTON'S humour and humanity have kept him admirably clear of this fault. He has avoided that maudlin hypersensitiveness epidemic in an age of literature which is possibly too little sympathetic with the small boy, whose catapult, on page 133, brought down the bullfinch, and too much inclined to dote upon the sweet lady who, at page 135, buried that bullfinch in her garden and put up a little gravestone to remember it by. Myself, I was for the sportsman; after all, he was there to protect the cherry blossom, and, if he chose a sinful way of doing it, that was his business and a matter he must account for to others than officious passers-by. If the diarist, on the other hand, is all for the interfering lady, he is yet so pleasant and modest about it that the difference of opinion doesn't rankle, and the conclusion is that some think one way and some another and both are as right as they are wrong.

I don't know that I equally approve of the sketches of

Mr. CHARLES ROBINSON, interspersed throughout. They are pretty and dainty, but lack definiteness and substance. There is, however, one astonishing exception, the oddness of which I attribute to some fault in the reproduction. It is just intelligible that the gentleman who on the cover is shown to be looking through the open window should be in striped pyjamas, but there is no excuse for his having the face of an unmistakable negro and an habitual criminal to boot.

The Heart of the Hills (CONSTABLE) is the most thoroughly American novel that I have encountered for some time. Your first impression is likely to be one of admiration for the fidelity with which Transatlantic idiom has been reproduced in the dialogue; later you will note with interest that the explanatory passages are also written in the same style. I fancy that Mr. JOHN FOX, JR. (by the way, why Jr., and who is the other one?) enjoys a reputation in God's Own Country which has escaped me over here. I hasten to add that if so it is thoroughly deserved. The story of a vendetta among the mountain settlers is told in a way that grips attention by many qualities. It is also an extraordinary history for twentieth-century readers to hear of their own times and a so-called civilized country. Because the boy *Jason's* father, a *Hawn*, had apparently been shot by one of the *Honeycutts*, it seems to have been indisputedly *Jason's* mission in life to even the score. The final scene, in which the two aged heads of the rival houses encounter in a pass, and batter each other with enfeebled fists till the loss of their spectacles and the arrival of the now reconciled sons put an end to the fray, is one that lingers in the memory for its grim humour. When the author came

down to the plains the book did not thrill me so much; as here the political contests of Republicans and Democrats are too local not to be sadly bewildering to the English mind. One thing I should have liked more of, and that is the drawings of Mr. HAROLD COPPING, whose single illustration is alone well worth the price of the book.

Several people, wanting different magic doors opened to faith, to love, to fame, to wealth, say "Open Sesame" in the novel of that name by B. PAUL NEUMAN (MURRAY); and for some the miracle happens, for others it simply doesn't, which is the orthodox way of miracles. The most interesting failure is that of *William Henry Porteous*, destined for the Church and choosing to be a healer and to run a church of his own. It is a curious, a clever, and, so far as one has data for judging, a sound study of a flat, pompous young man with some strange gift of personal magnetism but no sincerity of conviction or depth of character, who succeeds in his first healing ventures, but fails in his public test, bringing down his reputation, his health and "the Church of the Gifts" in a common ruin. I can't think, however, that it is an artistic achievement to give so much of this poor victim's conversation when his wits are gone. The task of extracting pathos out of this kind of horrible inconsequence is surely too easy to be worth doing. Perhaps it isn't quite fair to assume that an author's best portraits are photographic studies from actual life, and so to seem to deny the faculty of creation, but *Félicité Gaye*, successful milliner and wife of a business man unsuccessful to the point of dishonesty, is too good to be untrue. Hard, cynical, brutally outspoken, she is without faith and without hope, except that she may wear her mask to the end and face the utterly feared adventure of death without breaking down. Mr. NEUMAN has shown a very signal skill in the delineation of these two portraits which hang in a notable gallery with many others. But "hang" is not quite the word. They walk, very much alive. It is the lovers, *Cyril and Redelpha*, *Alpha* and *Connie*, whose "Open Sesame" is effective, as the author doubtless, and not without mystical intent, designed. A very clever piece of work.

Most people hate writing letters. For myself, as a rule, I dislike still more reading them, when they take the form of a novel. But I must make an exception in favour of

Time's Wallet (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), because the authors, LUCY DALE and G. M. FAULDING, have got nearer the real thing than is generally the case with books of this kind. They succeed fairly well in making me forget that the letters are written in cold blood by themselves for the eye of the public. Almost they persuade me to believe that

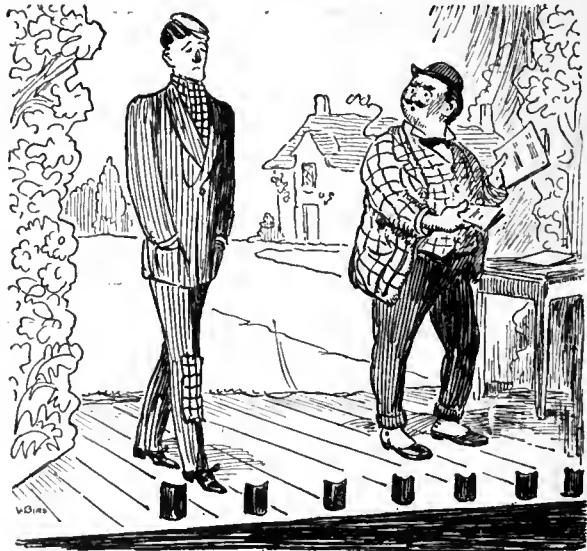
the two women-friends by whom they are supposed to be written did actually pen them and post them and open them, chiefly in London, Italy, and Switzerland. Each of the two had a baddish time at one period of her life, the one before the story begins (which is why she went abroad), the other after, because she very imprudently came near to marrying the wrong man. But the authors intervened, and since all's well that ends well neither she nor her friend was really very much to be pitied. *Au contraire*, as the Frenchman said in mid-Channel when he was asked if Monsieur had *bien déjeuné*. For, like the indifferent sailor, they enjoyed their happiness all the more, when it arrived, for their previous sufferings. Altogether I rather like both the letters and the characters that they reveal.

The Tramp of Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT (CONSTABLE) is an Oxford graduate and a poet of so considerable a talent that no publisher will have anything to do with him. Naturally. He is original enough to live on the open road and his patrimony of fifteen pounds a year, supplemented by the wages of raspberry-picking in Blairgowrie (N.B.), where he meets, among the lost souls of the world, a simple, unsullied maid, star-eyed and black-haired, and the twain fall into innocent love. Then, of course, as lovers use (in novels), *Christopher*, the tramp, goes away from *Jess* and stays away, silent, for two years; makes as great a success in London as he had previously made a failure; and, after a brief passionate episode with the wife of a friend, fares back to *Jess* and idyllic simplicity. But I cannot think that they would really have been happy for ever after, for *Chris* is a moody devil and something very near the complete "prigoist." Mr. OLIPHANT describes his fruit-pickers with conviction, as if he had studied them from the life. The treatment of the literary side of *Christopher's* career is in the approved naïve manner of conventional fiction, with critics "condemning to a man" and so forth. The making of the infamous, woman-exploiting wastrel, *Lloyd*, into a "paid Socialist agitator" is one of those stupid pieces of prejudiced stereotyping which have no sort of justification for open minds.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.



CAST FOR THE PART OF SCUFFLES MR. MONTMORENCY IS SHOWN, BY THE STAGE MANAGER, A POSTER OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES DOMBVILLE IN THE CHARACTER, AND TOLD TO MAKE HIMSELF UP AS MUCH LIKE THAT AS HE CAN FOR DRESS-REHEARSAL.



HE DOES SO.

CHARIVARIA.

"UNTO the world's end," says the German Crown Prince, "the sword will always be the decisive factor at the last." This authoritative statement has caused keen satisfaction to the champions of *l'arme blanche*, which has latterly been suspect in certain high military circles.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL complained at the Academy Banquet that he could find no connection between art and the modern battleship. What a pity that Lord CHARLES BERESFORD and Sir PERCY SCOTT were not present. They could have discussed whether the Paint-Brush is mightier than the Gun.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION has thrown cold water on the suggestion that the admirable teachings of the Boy Scout movement shall be introduced into our elementary schools. Mr. PEASE fears that it would be looked upon as Militarism. "If you wish for War, prepare for Pease."

Mr. C. E. HOBHOUSE, in touching on matters military in a speech at Wrexham, seems to have offered a thinly veiled insult to Lord ROBERTS by referring to "distinguished soldiers who perhaps have outlived their days of usefulness."

Well, some of us (to be equally tactful in the avoidance of names),—some of us are safe from the fear of that reproof.

Considerable indignation has been aroused among French murderers—who, as a class, are exceptionally touchy—by the fact that, on the occasion of the execution of the motor-bandits, the headsman wore a lounge suit and a bowler instead of the regulation frock-coat and high hat.

The latest arrivals at the Zoo include some fine specimens of "walking leaves." Not the least admirable characteristic of these creatures is their quietness and amiability, and the statement that one had picked a quarrel with a lion is a slander.

In the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy there is a model of the terraces to be built at the Zoo to

enable the animals to be seen in their wild state. The design is by Mr. JOHN BELCHER, R.A., and Mr. JOASS. It was a happy thought to call in the Joass to assist.

Last week nearly all our daily papers described *The Times* as "the best newspaper in the world" in their advertisement columns; but this confession of their own inferiority hurt some of them frightfully, and these would like it to be known that they do not vouch for the accuracy of statements appearing in their advertisement columns.

Among the persons arrested for rioting in Trafalgar Square, at the "Right to Speak" meeting, was an individual

It is proposed to form a "Museum of the Drama." We know one or two actors who might form a nucleus for such an exhibition.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON are about to publish a volume entitled "How to Listen to an Orchestra." The announcement interests us. In the case of some orchestras the only way is to be strapped to one's seat.

Illustrations showing the correct and the incorrect way of alighting from omnibuses now appear on the front of many of these vehicles. To study these properly you must stand in the middle of the road while the 'bns is bearing down on you.

From a census of buildings just published it appears that to every 100,000 of its population London has forty-five places of worship, but only six theatres. The scandal is the talk of theatrical circles.

A real Parisian Revue, imported direct from Paris, has been produced at the New Middlesex Theatre. To persons unacquainted with the French language it is almost as difficult to appreciate as an English Revue.

KING NICHOLAS, by giving way in regard to Skutari, has saved the Powers from humiliation, and there is some talk of the Ambassadors presenting him with an illuminated testimonial.

Tokio possesses a Centenarians' Club. The terms for life membership are said to be most moderate.

Swing-time.

"In perfect weather, with swifts screaming above and birds swinging in every tree the children of the Bands of Hope from Keswick and neighbouring hamlets held their Maytime festival."—*Yorkshire Post*.

Cockatoos must be a new feature of the Lake District, or is it just the native bird that has caught the spirit of the holiday folk at their swings?

"Mr. Walter Cunliffe, Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, has been appointed Deputy Governor."—*Times of Ceylon*.

This is headed (and we cordially associate ourselves with the sentiment) "BRAVO, MR. CUNLIFFE!"



Benevolent Lady (at Whitsuntide school treat). "WELL, LIZZIE, AND WHO'S YOUR LITTLE FRIEND?"
Lizzie. "'LITTLE FRIEND,' MISS SNIFF? THAT AIN'T ME 'LITTLE FRIEND; THAT'S ME FELLER!"

described as an "artist's improver." This is the first time we have heard of this useful profession and, on enquiry at the Royal Academy, we found that it was unknown there.

The recent burning of a church is attributed to the militant Suffragettes. This sort of thing is perhaps not the most tactful way of trying to keep on the side of the angels.

The humanity of our judges is well known. Of a lady who brought an action for breach of promise against a man who had jilted her after fifteen years, Mr. Justice BUCKNILL said last week: "My personal impression of her is that she is an educated and nice person. At any rate, she is 'all there,' and for my part I cannot see why she should remain a spinster all her life." Armed with this testimonial the lady should have no difficulty.

TWO ON THE ADRIATIC.

ITALY TO AUSTRIA.

[The following remarks are ready for delivery to Austria in case she reverts to her original intention of undertaking the noble task of Albania's reconstruction.]

O DUAL one, whose love has often sent a
Thrill through our marrow, chewing memory's cud,
Mindful of days inscribed in pure Magenta,
The colour (loosely) of our confluent blood;

O bound by bonds of holiest alliance,
One of a triplet, Europe's mailed police,
Who at the trembling nations fling defiance
As deadly guardians of the gates of Peace;

Rumour arrives that you, O Austria-Hungary,
Stung by desire of sweetness and of light,
Propose to plunge your martial ironmongery
Into Albania's mess and put it right.

Your record as a Christian civilizer
Stamps you for that high quest supremely fit,
Yet we should love (by leave of WILLIAM KAISER)
To join you in the job and do our bit.

How cleverly we handle heathen races
Let Tripoli be witness; well she knows
That, if our voice but breathe o'er desert places,
Almost at once they blossom like the rose.

So where you go we too intend to follow,
Bringing to arid scenes the smile of May,
Playing, in fact, the rôle of second swallow,
Earnest that Spring has really come to stay.

And, should a very natural lust for booty
Nestle beneath your altruistic airs,
We'll gladly undertake detective duty
Or halve the scandal for you, going shares.

In fine, if someone—not a local bandit—
Is bound to do this sacrificial work,
With or without a European mandate,
And 'tis a task you feel you may not shirk;

We hardly like to let a sister nation
Tackle alone so perilous a "sphere";
So you may count on Rome's co-operation;
We shall be there all right. Good-bye, my dear.
O. S.

THE GRATUITY.

I WAS, of course, in no way responsible for the waiters at the Bullionberg. Yet, because Millicent and her mother were dining with me, I experienced an uneasy feeling of guilt at the shortcomings of our particular attendant. Perhaps in his own land he was a strolling minstrel. I cannot vouch for the musical part of him, but, with the exception of a plumber, who once worked for me within the speed limit of his union, I have never seen a man take longer over doing nothing.

I tried kindness. I tried sarcasm. I tried firmness. I tried persuasion, hauteur, wrathfulness. I tried everything. The waiter, on the contrary, did not try anything. He succeeded where I failed.

Millicent assured me that she in no way minded the interminable intervals so excellent (she said) for the digestion. Millicent's mother perjured herself in turn by remarking that, the variation in temperature between lukewarm coffee and a tepid ice being small, they were less detrimental to the teeth.

"Deeds spake ever louder than words," I replied gratefully. "Therefore, instead of apologising to you, I will make up for this fiasco by inviting you to dine with me at the Tinywee in Soho."

"Agreed! But I do so want to hear you tell the head-waiter all the things you have been saying about him."

"No. Deeds again. It is the custom of the Bullionberg not to tip your own waiter but to slip a half-sovereign into the hand of the chief-of-staff on leaving. This evening, as a mark of my disapprobation, I intend to present him with a shilling instead."

"You daren't."

"Daren't!" I protested, and glanced uneasily at the head-waiter. He caught my eye, smiled politely, and sauntered towards our table.

"You daren't," repeated Millicent. "There is not a man living that dare offer a shilling tip at the Bullionberg. He will telepath it all over the building. The waiter will trip you up as you leave; the cloak-room man will brush your hat round the wrong-way; and the commissionaire will jam your thumb in the door of your car."

"I don't care," I remarked defiantly.

"Well, here he comes," she whispered. "Now look him straight in the eyes and give him the shilling with a few well-chosen words!"

He bowed as we rose to depart, and for some time I stood fixing his eye with mine in stern, unrelenting silence. It was not a long time. Perhaps a second—perhaps less. Meanwhile I directed my gaze at his second shirt stud.

"I should like," I said, "to state that I am excessively dissatisfied with the performance of the waiter responsible for this table."

"I beg your pardon, Sir?"

I repeated my sentence. He repeated his.

"The waiting here is rotten," I explained. "Not only were we left waiting between the courses, but the food, with the exception of the ices, was cold when it did come."

"You are not satisfied, Sir?"

I felt that I was losing ground before his suave urbanity. My small stock of courage was ebbing so fast that I was forced to take immediate action. "I have the habit," I said, "or perhaps I should say the vice, of presenting large gratuities on these occasions." I groped in my pocket for a shilling. "There—take that. It is only a tenth part of what you would have got if the attendance had met with my approval."

He gazed at the coin and his cheeks flushed. He stiffened himself up and bowed. "Sir," he said, "if you will honour the Bullionberg with your presence on some future occasion I shall hope to see your satisfaction recorded by the presentation of the handsome gratuity which your generosity usually prompts."

I retired hastily. I would have preferred to have my hat brushed the wrong way; I would rather have faced even his scornful wrath than this polite sarcasm:

Millicent, however, took a different view of his conduct. "It wasn't sarcasm," she said. "It was real admiration of your courage." You are the only man living who has dared to give him a nominal tip and he showed his respect for your bravery by treating you with the deference he would accord to a national hero. Peter, I am proud of you!

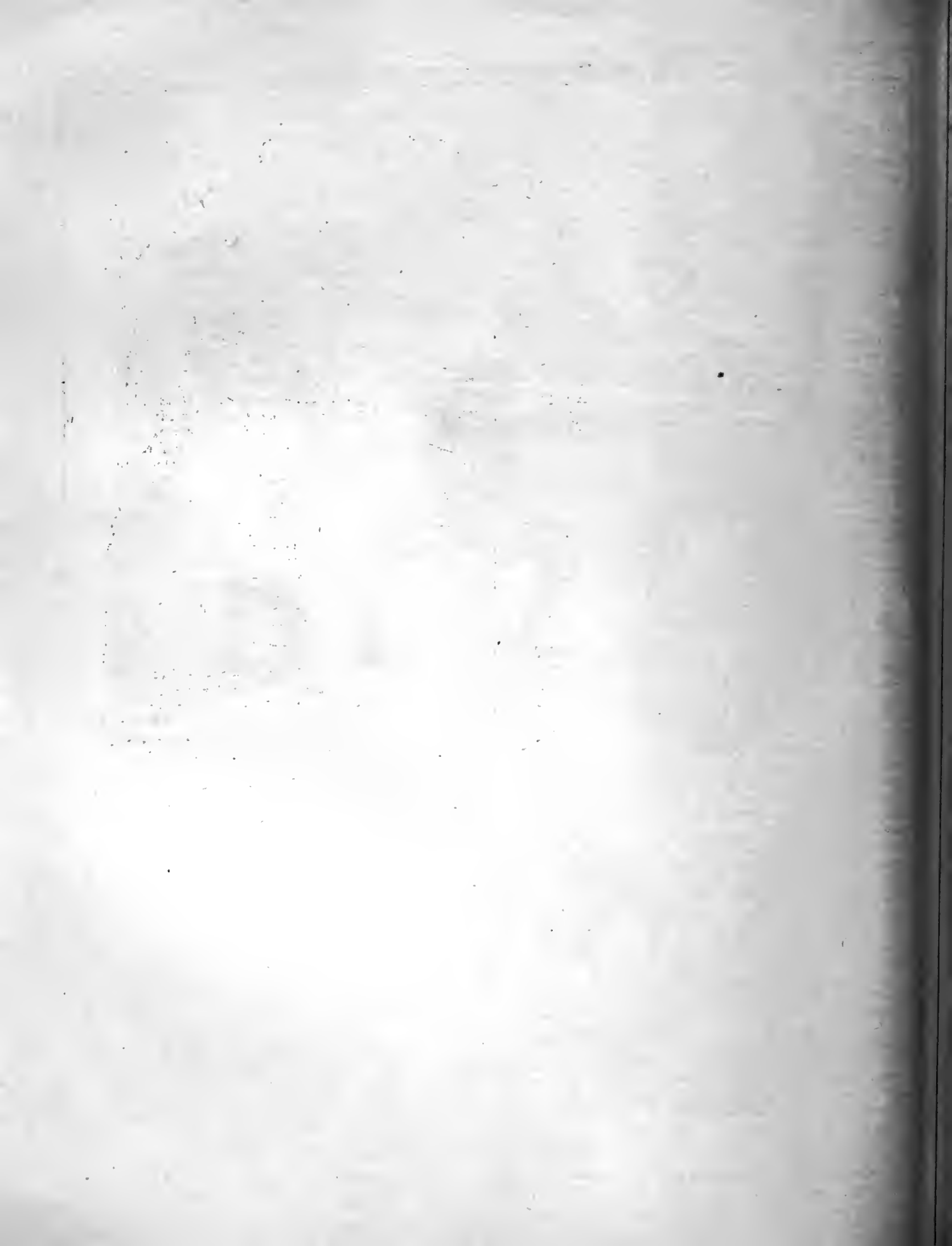
Some day I may tell her. On my return home I discovered that, in the confusion and agony of the moment, I had given that confounded head-waiter a sovereign in mistake for a shilling.

And now I can never dine at the Bullionberg again. In my dreams I see him standing by the door, his face aglow with expectancy, while behind him hovers the swiftest-footed waiter on the whole staff.



ROAD CLEAR?

MONTENEGRIN BANTAM (*having got out of the way at the last moment*). "HA! HA! GAVE YOU A NASTY SCARE THAT TIME. AND YOUR TROUBLES AREN'T OVER YET. YOU'LL FIND THAT OLD BIRD ESSAD FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD."



PICKWICK FOR PARIS.

THERE may have been a French translation of *Pickwick* for many years, but it has only just come my way. As with many another book in that alluring but difficult tongue, I owe its possession to the enterprise of Messrs. NELSON, who, not satisfied with reducing the price of novels in this country and causing us to bang our sevenpences at every railway station, have now carried the war to the Continent and are making many even of the best foreign publishers look exceedingly out-of-date.

Before me lies *Aventures de M. Pickwick*, par CHARLES DICKENS, in the traduction de P. GROLIER, who should at once be made a member of the Boz Club, with all the honours that go with that state; while English schoolmasters in search of a manual by which the French language may be read to their pupils without tears should make a note of this book.

I do not say that the translation is perfect, but it will do. There may be a lack of the finest raciness, but very much of the immortal work has crossed the Channel successfully. *Sam Weller's* curious substitution of the letter "V" for the letter "W" disappears, for instance. M. GROLIER was not up to that. And certain of his idioms go too or are diluted. To give an example. *Sam*, investigating the contents of the picnic hamper on the occasion of *Mr. Pickwick's* undue partiality to cold punch, addresses the *Fat Boy* as "Young touch-and-go." M. GROLIER turns this to "jeune évaporé." The *Fat Boy*, I may remark, becomes "le gros garçon" (without capitals), and his famous speech to old *Mr. Wardle*, "I wants to make your flesh creep," is watered down to "Je veux vous faire frissonner!" Turning on to the delectable Eatanswill passages (no effort being made by M. GROLIER to Gallicise the name of that borough) we meet *Mrs. Leo Hunter* as *Madame Chasselion*.

Now and then, but not often, M. GROLIER translates with an excess of zeal, as when *Captain Boldwig's* command to his men, "Wheel him [*Mr. Pickwick*] to the devil," becomes "Roulez-le à tous les diables."

But let us look at a more extended passage. Here is *Mr. Jingle's* account of his friend *Sir Thomas Blazo's* cricket match, and of course cricket alone, without any of these breathless trimmings, would be inexplicable enough to the ordinary French reader. "It must have been rather a warm pursuit in such a climate," was *Mr. Pickwick's* observation. *Mr. Jingle* then assures him that it was. Thus:

"—Echauffant? Dites brûlant! grillant!



Nervous Puttist. "I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, BUT WOULD YOU MIND BUTTONING UP YOUR COAT?"

dévorant! Un jour, je jouais un seul guichet contre mon ami le colonel sir Thomas Blazo, à qui ferait le plus de points. Jouant à pile ou face qui commencera, je gagne; sept heures du matin: six indigènes pour ramasser les balles. Je commence. Je renvoie toutes les balles du colonel. Chaleur intense! Les indigènes se trouvent mal. On les emporte. Une autre demi-douzaine les remplace; ils se trouvent mal de même. Blazo joue, soutenu par deux indigènes. Moi, infatigable, je lui renvoie toujours ses balles. Blazo se trouve mal aussi. Enfoncé le colonel! Moi, je ne veux pas cesser. Quanko Sambo restait seul. Le soleil était rouge, les crosses brûlaient comme des charbons ardents, les balles avaient des boutons de chaleur. Cinq cent soixante-dix points! Je n'en pouvais plus. Quanko recueille un reste de force. Sa balle renverse mon guichet; mais je prends un bain, et vais dîner.

— Et que devint ce monsieur... Chose?

demanda un vieux gentleman.

— Qui? Le colonel Blazo?

— Non, l'autre gentleman.

— Quanko Sambo?

— Oui, monsieur.

— Pauvre Quanko! n'en releva jamais;

quitta le jeu, quitta la vie, mourut, monsieur!

En prononçant ces mots, l'étranger ensevelit

son visage dans un pot d'ale. Mais était-ce pour en savourer le contenu, ou pour cacher son émotion?"

That last passage in the dialogue is a disappointment. In the deathless English page it runs (as everyone will remember), "Poor Quanko—never recovered it—bowled on, on my account, bowled off, on his own—died, Sir."

But M. GROLIER cannot be blamed for this. *Jingle* and *Sam Weller* talked exclusively for Anglo-Saxons, if ever men did. They are no more conveyable into French than ARISTIDE BRUANT or YVETTE GUILBERT into English. But *Mr. Pickwick*—he plants his foot on the soil of *La Belle France* quite as firmly as on that of his native land. I congratulate the many French readers to whom Messrs. NELSON's enterprise is now introducing him.

A Good Thing Spoilt.

"UNQUENCHED FIRE. Just Out."
Publisher's Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE gratifying announcement that Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE will appear on the operatic boards, during Mr. BEECHAM's season, in STRAUSS'S *Ariadne at Naxos*, has not only caused musical and dramatic circles to vibrate with a thrill of anticipatory pleasure, but it has precipitated a number of similar decisions on the part of other eminent servants of the public. In Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE'S case, however, the plunge had already been prepared by his impersonation of BETHOVEN, in which he developed altogether unexpected talent in the character of a lightning composer.

Perhaps the most notable of these *débuts* is that of Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, for whom a one-act opera has been written by LEONCAVALLO, in which he will sustain the rôle of *Alessandro Scarlatti*. SCARLATTI, it will be remembered, composed no fewer than five hundred cantatas and one hundred-and-twenty operas, and in the course of the opera, which occupies about thirty-five minutes, he will be seen composing about two-hundred-and-fifty of these works, with the assistance of a new instrument called the Wireless Pianofortina. Sir GEORGE will wear the costume of the period, including the famous creaseless pantaloons invented by BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE'S invasion into the realm of the lyric drama will be confined to the ballet, in which he will appear with the Russian dancers under the *alias* of Tschukla Maudkin. He is already studying the language diligently and has attained considerable proficiency in the Cyrillic character under the famous Bessarabian Archimandrite, Igor Hopskotchky.

The visit of a famous violinist to Wormwood Scrubbs prison last Sunday, when she played to some of the inmates, has been attended by some altogether unexpected results, several hundred amateurs having volunteered their services in a similar capacity. The matter is receiving the most careful consideration from Mr. McKENNA; but we understand that he is inclined to think that the

reclamatory power of music varies directly with the skill of the artist and will not sanction any performances which are not vouched for by a committee of experts, including Professor Granville Bantock, Mr. Josef Holbrooke, and Dr. Brian O'Looney.

The statement that Signor CARUSO in receiving £42,000 for sixty performances in America has established a new record in artistic remuneration has elicited a strongly-worded protest from Mr. Bamberger, the famous violinist, and son-in-law of Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L. Mr. Bamberger points out that during his last tour in South America not only did his receipts average £750 a performance, or about 7 per cent. higher than Signor CARUSO'S, but he also con-

HOW TO DECLINE.

I MANŒUVRED Charles into the lowest of the easy-chairs, and then assumed a tactical position (or is it strategic?—I never know) on the hearth-rug.

"So, Charles," I said, beaming down on him blandly from my vantage-ground, "you find yourself at a loss in a little matter of social strategy—or tactics, Charles, if you take my fine distinction—and you come to me for advice. So-ho, my son!"

With the help of a latch-key, a three-penny-bit and a cigar-cutter, I contrived a little jingling business in my right-hand trouser pocket. Charles is a year my junior, and he had to accept my offensive attitude because he needed my help.

"You see," he said, "not wanting to marry either of her daughters, I'm getting myself into a false position by going on accepting her invitations to dinner-parties and things. But how does one *not* go to these things when one's asked?"

"Well," I replied, after thinking it out, "the thing seems to be to take a sheet of note-paper—the azure bond, not the cream laid—and write: 'Mr. Charles Caruthers deeply regrets that a—a—yes, a previous engagement prevents his accepting Mrs. Thingammy's kind invitation.' It seems a possible way out of it, Charles."

"But I haven't a previous engagement," said Charles.

"Of course not," I said kindly. "That is merely a recognised *façon de parler*, as the best people say."

"You mean," said Charles intelligently, "that it's only an excuse. But that's just my trouble. I want a way of declining that *isn't* already recognised. Just to express your regrets, giving no real reason, because the only reason is ungivable, is a contemptible, cowardly thing to do. But that's what I shall be driven to. Nowadays every excuse in the world has become fishy, and none of 'em are red herrings."

I surrendered the hearth-rug impulsively and sat down beside him.

"Charles," I said, "I will make your way smooth for you. The golden rule in refusing invitations is to accept them—promptly and with fervour."

Charles gaped. I bowed acknow-



Harassed Author (annoyed by the barking of a dog). "HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR MISTRESS THAT THAT DOG MUST BE MADE TO STOP BARKING?"
 Servant. "PLEASE, SIR, MISTRESS SAYS IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW THAT BABY'S AWAKE."

stantly received in addition a number of gifts in kind, including, *inter alia*, 240 pairs of gumboots, 63 shaving-brushes, 99 sets of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, 127 perambulators, 331 ponchos, 39 pairs of silver-mounted spurs, and a piebald guanaco.

"Thousands of people sang 'We'll keep the Red Flag Flying.'"—*Daily Citizen*.
 The sight, when all the woodbines are alight, is said to be magnificent.

"As I was returning from the country to the town I met a lady accompanied by an innocent little dog, very fond, like some human beings, of hearing its own voice, as quiet as a mouse. I wondered at this, for I had never met it before without barking."
Barnmouth Advertiser.

Does the writer say "Bow-wow!" to every dog he meets, or only to this particular one?

ledgment of the unlovely tribute and continued—

"Having accepted the invitation as indicated, you're all right. On the very day of the function a telegram does the rest. Something urgent intervenes, Charles. Done in that way—and in that way alone—the refusal arouses no suspicion, unless you are over-eager to allay it and exceed the limits of a sixpenny wire. There you are, Charles. Go to your work and be strong. A quick, keen acceptance—a late, brief telegram."

* * * * *

"Well?" I asked, metaphorically arching my back for a caress, as Charles dropped in to see me some time later.

"You perfect ass!" said Charles; from which I deduced that he had made a mess of things.

"Do you mean to say that you managed to arouse suspicion?" I exclaimed.

"The trouble of it is, I can't be sure," said Charles. "I did it perfectly. I sent the wire just about the time when I should have been dressing." He ruminated wrathfully for a minute or two. "Well, I met my hostess this morning, and was just going to tell her about the sudden chill I took on the night of her dinner-party, when she said with an acid sweetness, 'We were so sorry to get your wire the other night. Was it your *only* stud?'"

In the awful silence which followed there was no sound save the collapse of a coal in the grate and the sudden tinkle of a threepenny-bit falling against a latchkey as I moved uneasily. Then I pulled myself together.

"Charles," I said, "a manœuvre like this is of no use to a man who is so little of an artist as to choose the very last, last moment for sending a wire. Nor shall I recommend it again to one whose hostesses are possessed of such indelicate imaginations."

FOR THE SAKE OF THE FEW.

[At the time of going to press, the last book of Mr. A. C. BENSON, who has recently written to *The Morning Post* in favour of the abolition of compulsory Greek, is a collection of essays republished from *The Church Family Newspaper* and entitled, *Along the Road*.]

He was reared on the might and splendour
Of Hellas when he was young;
Shall he turn on his nurse and rend her
With popular pitiless tongue?
Still sweet with the voice of Apollo,
Still garbed in Athena's dress,
Is the phrase that our fed hearts follow,
Swift-winged as the flight of a swallow,
In the dusk of the Anglican press.



GUNNING KING.

Old Woman. "I MUST TELL YOU, DOCTOR, THAT IN OUR FAMILY THERE'S A TERRIBLE LOT O' SANITY."

I have dreamed how the college servant
Steals in through the study door;
He wades through the foolscap
fervent
That floats on the master's floor:
From the midst of his Sunday fable
He reaves him to Hall and broth,
Where still unawares in the Babel
He writes, as he eats, on the table
(Which is fearfully bad for the cloth).

On the rules of the Attic primer
He sharpened and fleshed that quill;
It knew Parnassus a climber
Or ever it scaled Cornhill:
Shall it dare, O Greece, to insult your
Unhappy remains, and prey
On a poor dead tongue, like a vulture,
As it scatters the spots of culture
All over the U.S.A.?

I grant you that schoolboys' grammar
Is Ossa on Pelion piled
For the most who are blind to glamour,
But not for the brilliant child:

Ah, think what a lot the great owe
To the garden that nursed them young,
When out of the mould of PLATO
Full orb'd, like the rich potato,
Some glorious plant hath sprung.

How common the blighted bud is
Compared with the fruit one cooks,
Yet the first may have helped our studies
To groan with the BENSON books:
Ten thousand boys who were rattled
And offered the stern to the beak
May have sent from the fight embattled
One voice that would never have prattled
Without compulsory Greek.

Ah yes, for the herd may falter
In climbing the slippery mount,
But a remnant shall reach the altar
And sit by the sacred fount:
For ninety-and-nine transgressors
Against the grammatical code,
Mere indolent, dull-brained guessers,
Mr. BENSON has published (with Messrs.
J. NESBIT) *Along the Road*. EVOE.

GETTING MARRIED.

IV.—SEASONABLE PRESENTS.

"I suppose," I said, "it's too late to cancel this wedding now?"

"Well," said Celia, "the invitations are out, and the presents are pouring in, and Mother's just ordered the most melting dress for herself that you ever saw. Besides, who's to live in the flat if we don't?"

"There's a good deal in what you say. Still, I am alarmed, seriously alarmed. Look here." I drew out a printed slip and flourished it before her.

"Not a writ? My poor Ronald!"

"Worse than that. This is the St. Miriam's bill of fare for weddings. Celia, I had no idea marriage was so expensive. I thought one rolled-gold ring would practically see it."

It was a formidable document. Starting with "full choir and organ" which came to a million pounds, and working down through "boys' voices only," and "red carpet" to "policemen for controlling traffic—per policeman, 5s.," it included altogether some two dozen ways of disposing of my savings.

"If we have the whole *menu*," I said, "I shall be ruined. You wouldn't like to have a ruined husband."

Celia took the list and went through it carefully.

"I might say 'Season,'" I suggested, "or 'Press.'"

"Well, to begin with," said Celia, "we needn't have a full choir."

"Need we have an organ or a choir at all? In thanking people for their kind presents you might add, 'By the way, do you sing?' Then we could arrange to have all the warblers in the front. My best man or my solicitor could give the note."

"Boys' voices only," decided Celia. "Then what about bells?"

"I should like some nice bells. If the price is 'per bell' we might give an order for five good ones."

"Let's do without bells. You see, they don't begin to ring till we've left the church, so they won't be any good to us."

This seemed to me an extraordinary line to take.

"My dear Celia," I remonstrated, "the whole thing is being got up not for ourselves, but for our guests. We shall be much too preoccupied to appreciate any of the good things we provide—the texture of the red carpet or the quality of the singing. I dreamt last night that I quite forgot about the wedding-ring till 1.30 on the actual day, and the only cab I could find to take me to a jeweller's was drawn by a camel. Of course it may not turn out to be as bad as that, but it will certainly

be an anxious afternoon for both of us. And so we must consider the entertainment entirely from the point of view of our guests. Whether their craving is for champagne or bells, it must be satisfied."

"I'm sure they'll be better without bells. Because when the policemen call out 'Mr. Spifkins' carriage,' Mr. Spifkins mightn't hear if there were a lot of bells clashing about."

"Very well, no bells. But, mind you," I said sternly, "I shall insist on a clergyman."

We went through the rest of the *menu*, course by course.

"I know what I shall do," I said at last. "I shall call on my friend the Clerk again, and I shall speak to him quite frankly. I shall say, 'Here is a cheque for a thousand pounds. It is all I can afford—and, by the way, you'd better pay it in quickly or it will be dishonoured. Can you do us up a nice wedding for a thousand inclusive?'"

"Like the Christmas hampers at the Stores."

"Exactly. A dozen boys' voices, a half-dozen of bells, ten yards of awning, and twenty-four oranges, or vergers, or whatever it is. We ought to get a nice parcel for a thousand pounds."

"Or," said Celia, "we might send the list round to our relations as suggestions for wedding presents. I'm sure Jane would love to give us a couple of policemen."

"We'd much better leave the whole thing to your father. I incline more and more to the opinion that it is his business to provide the wedding. I must ask my solicitor about it."

"He's providing the bride."

"Yes, but I think he might go further. I can't help feeling that the bells would come very well from him. 'Bride's father to bridegroom—A peal of bells.' People would think it was something in silver for the hall. It would do him a lot of good in business circles."

"And that reminds me," smiled Celia, "there's been some chat about a present from Miss Popley."

I have come to the conclusion that it is impossible to get married decently unless one's life is ordered on some sort of system. Mine never has been; and the result is that I make terrible mistakes—particularly in the case of Miss Popley. At the beginning of the business, when the news got round to Miss Popley, I received from her a sweet letter of congratulation. Knowing that she was rather particular in these matters I braced myself up and thanked her heartily by return of post. Three days later, when looking for a cheque I had lost, I accidentally came across her letter. "Eving's!" I cried.

"This came days ago, and I haven't answered yet." I sat down at once and thanked her enthusiastically. Another week passed and I began to feel that I must really make an effort to catch my correspondence up; so I got out all my letters of congratulation of the last ten days and devoted an afternoon to answering them. I used much the same form of thanks in all of them . . . with the exception of Miss Popley's, which was phrased particularly warmly.

So much for that. But Miss Popley is Celia's dear friend also. When I made out my list of guests I included Miss Popley; so, in her list, did Celia. The result was that Miss Popley received two invitations to the wedding . . . Sometimes I fear she must think we are pursuing her.

"What does she say about a present?" I asked.

"She wants us to tell her what we want."

"What *are* we to say? If we said an elephant—"

"With a small eard tied on to his ear, and 'Best wishes from Miss Popley' on it. It would look heavenly among the other presents."

"You see what I mean, Celia. Are we to suggest something worth a thousand pounds, or something worth ninepence? It's awfully kind of her, but it makes it jolly difficult for us."

"Something that might cost anything from ninepence to a thousand pounds," suggested Celia.

"Then that washes out the elephant."

"Can't you get the ninepenny ones now?"

"I suppose," I said, reverting to the subject which most weighed on me, "she wouldn't like to give the men's voices for the choir?"

"No, I think a clock," said Celia. "A clock can cost anything you like—or don't like."

"Right-o. And perhaps we'd better settle now—When it comes, how many times shall we write and thank her for it?"

Celia considered. "Four times, I think," she said.

* * * * *
Well, as Celia says, it's too late to draw back now. But I shall be glad when it's all over. As I began by saying, there's too much "arranging" and "settling" and "fixing" about the thing for me. In the necessary negotiations and preparations I fear I have not shone. And so I shall be truly glad when we have settled down in our flat . . . and Celia can restore my confidence in myself once more by talking loudly to her domestic staff about "The Master." A. A. M.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



876

HEARTLESS HOLIDAY-MAKERS LEAVE THEIR DOG AT HOME. (NOTE THE REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY INDICATED BY THE HOUR-GLASS.)



811

"DODGING THE PANTHER"—A NEW SENSATION AT A SOUTH COAST RESORT.



431

The Ancient Mariner. "HEAVENS! ANOTHER ALBATROSS!"



806

The Photographer. "LOOK TOWARDS THE CAMERA, BOTH OF YOU. THANK YOU!"



316

"NARROW SQUEAK THAT TIME; NEARLY LEFT OUT OF THE PICTURE."



305

EMBARRASSING SITUATION OF LOVERS WHO SOUGHT SECLUSION BY THE SERPENTINE ON A SUMMER EVENING.

Cupid (on right). "COME ON, YOU FELLOWS; SUCH FUN!"



269

THE COLIDROME TRIO REHEARSING THEIR CLEVER JUGOLINO, WEIGHT-LIFTING AND MUSICAL TURN.



237

THE BALEFUL EFFECT OF RAG-TIME ON MODERN PAINTING.



575

RESULT OF A LIGHTNING STRIKE OF WAITERS AT THE HOTEL BLITZ.



203

THE COLLIE REFUSES TO TAKE UP THE GAUNTLET THROWN BY THE BULL-TERRIER.



"THESE FINE OLD THEOLOGICAL WORKS DON'T APPEAR TO BE A VERY SALEABLE COMMODITY WITH YOU, MY MAN."
 "WELL, SIR, THE WAY IS, WE BUYS THE BOOKS IN LOTS, AN' WE 'AS TO TAKE THE BAD WITH THE GOOD."

LYRA LUNATICA.

I.

[Attributed to the effect (on an inmate) of *The Spectator's* discovery of "a malicious mare's nest."]

If only a mare has a kindly heart
 It is all the same to me,
 Tho' she nest in the shafts of a market
 cart
 Or the fork of a chestnut-tree;
 Watching her build where the copse is
 dense,
 Or out in the new-mown hay,
 If I see but a trace of benevolence,
 I bear it as best I may.

If the nest of a mare displays no spite
 When harbouring its young,
 However I marvel at the sight
 My withers are still unwrung;
 Tho' an Arab barb or a Clydesdale colt
 Burst from the shell I touch,
 And change to a cob at the autumn
 moult,
 I should not mind it much.

I can do with a snark or a basilisk,
 Or a phoenix free from vice,
 My wits are tolerably brisk
 In front of a cockatrice;
 But a thing there is no brain can bear,
 Yea, two my reason test—
 The nest of a too malicious mare,
 And a mare's malicious nest.

II.

["The districts of Banjaluka and Bi-Gatch show a great Orthodox preponderance."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 6th.]

GREEN ERIN in her *Poul-na-phuca*
 Still finds a refuge for Old Scratch;
 But Bosnia boasts her Banjaluka
 And proudly swears Bi-Gatch!

Spain's daughters in the gay *cachuea*
 Are very, very hard to match;
 But I prefer the Banjaluka;
 I do indeed, Bi-Gatch!

The Turk finds solace in his hookah;
 The duteous hen delights to hatch;
 And when men ask you "Banjaluka?"
 The answer is "Bi-Gatch."

Great Britain glories in *Bonduca*;
 The States in *Mrs. Wiggs's* patch;
 But Bosnia plumps for Banjaluka,
 And so do I, Bi-Gatch!

COMPENSATION AT LAST.

I HAVE lived to bless the name of
 Mr. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Let it be
 recorded in deathless ink.

A few days ago I was introduced to
 a man named Wilverley. This morning
 I met him in the street, and he greeted
 me with a friendliness which at once
 aroused my suspicions.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," he
 cried. "I hope you are perfectly fit?"

"So, so, thanks," I admitted grudgingly.
 Was it concert tickets, I wondered,
 or fountain pens, or a loan?

"What a lovely morning!" he continued,
 waving his hand patronisingly towards
 the heavens. "Beautiful morning!"

"Pretty fair," I replied, "considering
 all things."

And then I saw what it was. Protruding
 from his breast pocket was a folded
 paper, upon the top of which I could
 distinguish the words "Insurance
 Company."

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Wilverley," I
 said, "I must be getting on to the
 office."

"Good-bye, Mr. Smith," said he.
 "Oh, by the way," he added, "are you
 insured? I'm agent for the——"

"Oh, yes," I answered unhesitatingly.
 "Been insured ever since last July.
 But I shall be pleased to recommend
 any of my friends to you. Good-bye."

As I made good my escape I reflected
 that, though poverty is an essential
 qualification for the enjoyment of its
 privileges, there is something after all
 to be said for the Stamp-licking Act.

An advertisement reaches us of a
 "Patent Slug Trap":—

"Price 1/6 each; 2 for 3/5; 3 for 5/-; 6 for
 9/6."

One at a time for us.



THE WINGS OF VICTORY.

BRITANNIA. "THESE THINGS SEEM ALL THE RAGE IN PARIS AND BERLIN; AND I REALLY CAN'T AFFORD TO BE OUT OF IT."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, May 5.—Lord NEWTON's conspicuous success as a Parliament man is result of education in several schools. To diplomacy he gave six years of a young life. He was trained in War by the Imperial Yeomanry. Best of all, he sat in the House of Commons for thirteen years. With exception of Lord ROSEBERY, ever a star apart, and Lord LANSDOWNE, handicapped by circumstance, all prominent peers have served apprenticeship in rough-riding school of House of Commons and have benefited accordingly.

Lord HALSBURY has certain dominant qualities constitutionally congenial to the hereditary Chamber. To complete the fitness of things he ought to have been born to a coroneted crib. As it is he stands almost the last survivor of that full-blooded courageous Conservatism which sixty years ago was the very life of House of Lords. Yet he too passed through the mill. A full eight years he represented Launceston in the Commons.

His associations with the place were not calculated to endear its memory. To begin with, unlike STERNE's imprisoned bird who "could not get out," he couldn't get in. For nearly two years he held office as Solicitor-General without a seat in Parliament. Crushed at Cardiff, left in the lurch at Launceston, hustled at Horsham, named as probable starter at every election race in the three kingdoms, the blushing borough of Launceston, on second wooing, yielded to his ardent advances.

Then came catastrophe. Arrived at Table with intent to take the oath, he was challenged by the Clerk for production of writ of return. He hadn't got it, at least couldn't find it. In full gaze of four hundred gentlemen, quizzing, laughing and cheering, he proceeded to make deliberate search among contents of his pockets. Never before was man unconnected with the Post Office discovered in possession of so many letters. In course of search Table was littered as if a mail-bag had burst open. In the end—and such an unconscionably long way to the end!—the document



"Almost the last survivor."
(Lord HALSBURY.)

was found in his hat below the Bar where he had left it when waiting to be called up by the SPEAKER.

That is long ago. The HARDINGE GIFFARD of the 'seventies has blossomed into the Earl of HALSBURY, who crowned a prolonged and useful career by leading attack on the Budget, which in swift



Lord NEWTON at the final fence in the "Betting Inducement" Stakes.

succession of courses resulted in its being thrown out, the passing of the Parliament Act, and the present position of the long predominant partner in the legislative firm.

Lord NEWTON, being, as he said to-night, "of abnormally modest disposition," has since he went to the House of Lords worked more obscurely. In his too-infrequent speeches he brings to a jaded atmosphere wholesome whiffs of House of Commons' manner. However dull debate may be, when he rises to continue it instant change is wrought. The sun shines where of late leaden clouds prevailed. His humour is inclined to be mordant but is not therefore less acceptable. Noble lords who bestow the decorous tribute of a smile upon peers disposed to make merriment have more than once been known to laugh heartily at Lord NEWTON's quips and cranks. Withal he is a man of business, as is testified by the success with which he piloted on its way to the Statute Book an exceptionally difficult Bill.

Business done.—Lord NEWTON's Betting Inducement Bill passed through Committee and read a third time. House adjourned for Whitsun Recess.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Variable in its moods, of late the prevalent one dolefully dull, the House to-night rose to highest level. Apart from particular question at issue, circumstances peculiar, even unique. By common consent, and indeed of necessity, agreed that problem of Female Suffrage shall stand outside the arena of Party politics. Necessity arises from recognition that on this topic Ministerialists and the Opposition are pretty equally divided among themselves. On Treasury Bench to-night PRIME MINISTER and FOREIGN SECRETARY answered each other and voted in different Lobbies. On Front Opposition Bench there is parallel situation. Here was opportunity to reach the ideal of conference—a state of things in which, fearless of the Whip, ignoring prejudice, men on both sides might proclaim the faith that is in them and by reasoned argument endeavour to convince those who denounced it.

Happily PREMIER interposed early in debate, lifting it on to lofty plane, from which it did not fall. As he said, his was



THIS YOUNG MAN, WHO HAS BEEN IMPROVING HIS MENTAL FORCE AND WILL-POWER THROUGH A CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, IS ABOUT TO ASK A RISE IN SALARY FROM THE MANAGER, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A HOLIDAY.



BUT THE MANAGER HAS BEEN SPENDING HIS HOLIDAY IN IMPROVING HIS MENTAL FORCE AND WILL-POWER THROUGH THE SAME COLLEGE.

a difficult position. He found himself at issue not only with large numbers of his supporters, but with Members of his Cabinet. Crowded House touched by personal note of his reference to Sir EDWARD GREY, a friend of twenty-seven years' ever-growing intimacy, with whom he now found himself at odds. FOREIGN SECRETARY'S response to this lament equally touching in its simplicity and dignity. WALTER LONG crowned an episode peculiar to, perhaps only possible in, the House of Commons. Amid general cheering he paid tribute to "the fine courage and unruffled dignity with which the PRIME MINISTER had faced opposition of a kind that was a discredit and a disgrace to the whole country."

Anticipated that much would be said about the women who during past twelve months have supplied object-lessons of the fitness of their sex to exercise the franchise by blowing up houses, assaulting Cabinet Ministers, attempting to burn a crowded theatre, polluting pillar letter-boxes and turning their private residences into laboratories for concoction of infernal machines. Here again example set by PREMIER prevailed. He generously ignored advantage these unwomanly pranks lent to his argument. LORD BOB, greatly daring, dragged in DEBORAH, whom F. E. SMITH in a sparkling speech hailed as the pioneer of the militancy of late disturbing public peace. Otherwise the hooligans were left severely alone, as they ought to be left when they shut themselves in on top of the Monument or chain themselves to grille of House of Commons.

At eleven o'clock crowded House melted away into Division Lobbies.

Tellers presently returned with news that the Bill proposing to add six million women to the Parliamentary electoral register had been refused a Second Reading by 266 votes against 219.

Business done.—Female Suffrage Bill thrown out.

Thursday.—Adjourned for Whitsun Recess. Back again on the 27th.

MARJORIE ON THE TURF.

I was considering a voluminous brief when the telephone rang.

"Yes," I said.

"Is that you, Dick?" said a girl's voice.

"I'm not sure," I replied guardedly.

"Who is that?"

"Me, Marjorie, your cousin. Your father was my mother's brother, you know."

"Enough," I said. "Good morning, Marjorie."

"Good morning. I say, Dick, do call in on your way home. It's business, most important."

"Business?"

"Yes, I'm in an awful hurry now; good-bye."

I returned to the brief, marvelling. Marjorie, I reflected, was a butterfly; business, on the other hand, was business.

I pondered on the matter for the rest of the morning; in the afternoon I was nearly worried about it. Eventually the day passed.

It was about half-past six when I arrived at my Aunt's house. Marjorie met me in the hall and conducted me mysteriously into the drawing-room.

"Now," she began, "I've got a brilliant idea. You'll never guess it.

I'm going to put my new Summer hat on a horse." She smiled at me.

"What on earth for?" I asked rather shortly.

The drawing-room is an uncomfortable room, and my Aunt doesn't allow smoking.

"A bet, of course."

"It seems rather futile. The horse will probably ruin your hat. He'll shake it off and trample on it."

"Don't be absurd," said Marjorie. "I'm going to back a horse with the money for my new hat."

I looked at her sternly. "I don't approve of girls on the turf."

"I can't help that."

"Neither does Aunt Lillian."

Marjorie laughed. "She won't know. Now here's three pounds. Will you put it on Belinda? They are taking and offering ten to one, so I shall get thirty pounds."

She handed me two sovereigns and a lot of silver.

"But why put three pounds on a ten-to-one chance?" I asked; "and in any case I can buy a hat for ten-and-sixpence."

Marjorie produced a newspaper cutting.

"Belinda is in the 2.30 to-morrow. I chose her because of my own name," she explained.

I thought for some minutes.

"But there's no possible connection between Belinda and Marjorie."

"That's just it. I'm so fearfully unlucky that I chose a name as different from my own as possible. I must go now or I'll be late for dinner. Would you like to see Mother?"

I coughed. "Er—I must hurry away, too," I said.

I happened to meet a racing man in



THE IMPATIENT WARRIOR.

Territorial (put on sentry over stores). "ARF-PAST FOUR AND NO BLOOMIN' WAR YET!"

the train next morning and I mentioned Belinda to him casually.

"There's only one horse in the 2.30," he said, "and that's Bluebottle the Fourth. Belinda has no earthly."

I telephoned to Marjorie as soon as I got to my chambers.

"Belinda," I said, "has no earthly."

Marjorie was indignant. "He has; he did some useful five-furlong work yesterday."

"There's only one horse in the 2.30," I insisted, "and that's Bluebottle the Fourth."

"No! How extraordinary!"

"Why?"

"I was nearly stung by a gnat at breakfast. Dick, I think I'll back him. How much shall I get for three pounds?"

"Three pounds."

"Yes, three pounds. What do I win?"

"Three pounds."

"Yes, that's right. Three pounds. How much do I win?"

"Three pounds. Bluebottle starts at evens, one to one, two to two, and so on."

"Ob, I see." Marjorie hesitated.

"It's so awkward," she explained. "If I can't make enough for a new frock I'd rather not risk my hat. . . . I

know! Put a pound on Belinda and the rest on Bluebottle. Good-bye."

Ten minutes later the telephone rang again.

"Yes," I said.

"Have you done it, Dick?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, good. Then put ten shillings on Belinda; one pound ten on Bluebottle, and a pound on Winter."

"Winter?"

"Yes, Winter. Good-bye."

"Entrance of Spring," I murmured.

I put the receiver back and looked carefully through the racing news, after which I got into communication with Marjorie once more.

"Winter," I explained, "is a jockey."

"Oh, then choose the next best horse after Bluebottle."

"But, my dear girl—"

"Ring off," Marjorie interrupted; "here's Mother."

I rang off.

* * * * *
I called at Aunt Lillian's on my way home as before.

"Well," said Marjorie excitedly, when we had gained the drawing-room, "what have I won?"

I handed her a little account.

"You lost," I explained, "ten shillings on Belinda. Debit ten shillings."

"But I didn't back Debit."

"Debit is a term in accountancy. To continue: you lost one pound on Miss Slippery, the next best horse to Bluebottle, starting at three to two. Total loss, one pound ten."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Now we turn to credit." I became more cheerful. "On Bluebottle at evens you won one pound ten. Total balance, debit or credit nil."

"Which means?" she inquired anxiously.

"You're square." I handed her the original three pounds.

Marjorie heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, that's all right," she said. "Now I can buy my new hat."

"LORD ST. FLOWER BOXES."

Headline in "Liverpool Express."

Thorecreations of the lesser-known peers are always a subject of interest to us.

"May it mew, like the eagle, its mighty youth!"—*Saturday Review.*

"Do eagles mew?" is the problem that is stirring educated London to its depths just now.

EPISTLE TO THOMAS BLACK,

CAT TO THE SOANE MUSEUM.

PARDON, dear Sir, if with intrusive pen
I would remind you that we met last week;
Not that you showed me any favour then,
Nor that I have forgot the infernal cheek
You tendered to your fellow-citizen,
Vailing your yellow eyes, where black and sleek
You graced the hearth-rug in the glittering gleam
Of Sir JOHN SOANE'S be-mirrored breakfast-room.

Which snub to soften, an official leant,
Hinting, behind his tactful fingers, that
It was but seldom that you quite unbent,
Being almost a statutory cat;
If not retained by Act of Parliament
(As is your noble shrine) at least you sat,
Kept up by twenty shillings and tradition,
As part and parcel of the exhibition.

For when (he added in an undertone)
Each Reynolds, Fuseli and Bartolozzi,
Hogarth and Lawrence was bequeathed by SOANE
With Roman marbles and Athenian pots, he
Begrudged to leave them lifeless and alone,
So, having ranged them in appropriate spots, he
Said, "There shall be a cat," and in effect you're
His last word in Domestic Architecture.

Thus far Authority. Now, might I ask it,
How came you, Thomas, by this lofty station
From kittenhood and the maternal basket?
Was there, perchance, some stiff examination
Such as tests candidates whose pleasant task it
Is to advance the cause of education—
In places advertised you often see 'em,
On outside pages of *The Athenæum*?

And how were you appointed? Was it fate or
The cat before, some mid-Victorian mouser,
Left you the seat Death bade him abdicate, or
Did hirelings kidnap you like Kaspar Hauser?
Did rich relations canvass the Curator
And the Trustees on your behalf? Allow, Sir,
Some little light to dawn upon the mystery
Of Thomas Black his entrance into History.

Oh! happy he for whom does not exist
Our later London—that superb disaster,
Who, in his Georgian hermitage has missed
Our schemes of girders overlaid with plaster,
Who has not met a Post-Impressionist
Nor heard a maniac acclaimed a master,
But sits with those who draw their weekly salary
Soothed by dim models of the Dulwich Gallery!

For, be their outlook dull, at least 'tis clean.
Not so the cat's, whose whole existence spent is
In some half-lighted haunt of the obscene—
The studio of that modern idle 'prentice
Who thinks he has the trick of HOGARTH'S spleen
(Of course he's twice the draughtsman) if his bent is
To paint that vice with intimate elation
Which HOGARTH limned, apart, with detestation.

All this you're spared; and so you might have paid
Some courtesy to those—a very few—
Who come, withdrawn from that exterior shade,
To spend an hour with sanity and you;

And when you saw that I had gladly stayed,
Not closed your eye-lids and our interview,
But told me what the contents of each case meant
And let me come with you to see the basement.

Yet, after all, you know your part; doze on;
You are no common cat, you rather seem,
If not the incarnation of Sir JOHN,
To be at least the creature of his dream;
Visitors enter, sign their names, are gone—
You stay, the centre of his classic scheme.
Blink not an ear for me—'twere not expedient—
But let me rest, Dear Sir, your most obedient.

CINEMA WHENS.

WHEN any kind of a shop fails it becomes a picture-palace.

When a picture-palace fails it becomes a white elephant.
When a British officer has nothing else to do he stands outside a picture-palace in undress uniform and fingers a little black cane.

When a film is preceded by a certificate signed by the Censor, saying that he has approved of it, the audience's anticipatory excitement is rarely excessive.

When a strong wind rakes the sitting-room, disturbing the dresses or aprons of the women and blowing the curtains and papers about, you may know that you are witnessing an American drama.

When a series of luminous dots suddenly breaks out on the picture, you know that relief is at hand, for the film is nearly over.

When a film is in three parts it is time to go.
When half-a-dozen persons in the same film write letters they all do it in the same hand-writing, usually that of a foreign clerk.

When a servant brings in one of these letters you know that you too will have to read it directly.

When you have read it once you know that it will be thrown on the sheet again a little later.

When you have read it the second time you know that the chances are you will see it still once more.

When a man in his shirt-sleeves appears in a cow-boy drama he is a sheriff.

When in a comic film you see a hose-pipe, you may know it's going to play upon some one.

When the lights suddenly go up, many couples in the audience, particularly in the gallery, are disturbed, and show it.

When the lights go down again they are happier.

"It is not sufficiently well known that one of the professors at Manchester University (Dr. Perkins) has after three years' experiments devised a process of making flannelotte absolutely inflammable."
Daily Chronicle.

We don't wish to discourage Dr. PERKINS from any further experiments, but we fear that his three years' endeavour to find a substitute for coal will be wasted on the public.

"On Dr. Leigh being asked whether he preferred making a statement or be placed on oats and cross-examined, he said he would like to render a statement to the Council."—*Bloemfontein Friend.*

Yet one can face anything on porridge.

"The Traffic on the London Road.—In our article on this subject last week, reference was made to Mr. Searle, of 'the White Lion' Hotel. It ought to have read 'the White Inn.' It ought to have read 'the White Horse Horse.'"—*Herts Advertiser.*
Anyhow, it's white.

SHOP.

THE Club Annual Dinner Season has now opened, and our special representative sends us his report of a very notable function which he attended last night. We have pleasure in publishing his account of the proceedings, as they appear to have been organised and carried out in a manner so appropriate as to serve as a model of what such entertainments should be:—

MESSRS. STARCHAL AND SELFGROVE.

The members of the mixed hockey club attached to this well-known emporium held their annual dinner and soirée at the Remnant Gallery on the 15th, when an altogether enjoyable evening was spent.

The rooms were tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion, even the gas-brackets being supplied with mantles. The floral scheme was carried out in stocks.

Punctually at 6.3 the company sat down to the following menu:—

- Chiffons.
- Crêpe de chine
- Torchon.
- Mannequins.
- Sauce mousseline de soie.
- Le dernier cri.
- Panne. Tulle.
- Eau de nil. Suède.

After dinner the hockey president, who plays at full back, gave the annual address, his thesis being that "one half often doesn't know how the other halves live." Incidentally he discussed the famous Pass of Killiecrankie. On one side it had been urged that the pass was a clean and beautiful one; on the other, that it couldn't be called a real pass, the extremists holding that Killiecrankie never passed at all.

During the address there was a cry of "Fire!" It appeared that some of the now spring shades were blazing, but owing to promptness in turning on the open-work hose little or no damage was done.

The proceedings concluded with a capital concert and dramatic entertainment. Among the items most applauded were *The Song of the Shirt*, feelingly sung by Miss Black (Blouses); *The Inch Tape Rock*, a powerful recitation by Mr. Lapels (Ladies' Tailoring); a scene from *Measure for Measure*, excellently enacted by the young ladies of the Combinations Department; and the evergreen quartette, *White Sales, they never grow weary*, in the chorus of which all present heartily joined.

Altogether a most enjoyable time was spent, and everyone left in high spirits at 11.3.



She. "THERE'S A SMART EVENING GOWN. WHO IS IT A PORTRAIT OF?"
He. "CAN'T SAY, BUT THE TITLE IS, 'READY FOR THE BATH.'"

THIRTY MINUTES LATE.

WALLFLOWERS in the station-master's garden,

Please, your pardon,
But I've waited for the train for nearly
five-and-twenty minutes,
And I've seen our only porter shoo the
little olive linnets

From the apple-blossom's petals,
While the smooth and shiny metals
Run all empty up and down,
To and from the Town of London—
London Town,

And what else is there to do
If I may not talk to you?

Now there's something in your restful
yellow tawny,
Soft and lawny-

Looking faces that can calm a rather
righteous irritation,
And your scent, with tar and sunshine,
fills our humble little station

With a country smell and proper
That distillers never stopper,
And that gold could never buy,
Though you search the shops of Lon-
don till you die;
For 'tis home and May and mirth,
So 'tis all that's best on earth!

"Mr. Villiers Stanley, as Crawford the villain of the piece, and Miss Beatrice Western, as the villainess, were rewarded for their efforts by many kisses from the audience, which showed that they acted their respective parts to the life."—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.
Alas for an age where vice is so popular.

THE MOUSE TRAP.

"You never can tell," said the girl who helped in the Flat, "when a man's going to mike a fool of 'isself. Some on 'em does it young—I've known a tidy few like that, comin' messin' about the 'ouse, or oglin' the front door, or tryin' to mike love to the parlour winders when they fancy you're a-settin' be'ind them, and you ain't near the plice. It seems a silly wye to go on, don't it, but they will do it and you can't 'elp yerself. Then there's others, old men, I mean, that's gone on all their lives mikin' money—ah, and investin' of it too—and gettin' their 'eads bald with all the wise things they've bin plannin' at, and it all goes pop sudden-like jest as if they'd bin a bottle o' ginger beer and all the 'idden foolishness comes foam'n' out. If you don't stop 'em in time they'll go on till they're empty.

"We've 'ad a example o' that in our own fam'ly, and the man as give the example was Uncle Bill. O' course you'd never 'a' thought it of 'im, 'e's that venrable-lookin', with a great gold chain 'angin' acerorst 'is veskit and a long black coat and shiny boots. You can always tell with your eyes shut when Uncle Bill's walkin' anywhere, 'is hoots ereak so. Father says a small 'ouse ain't no good to Uncle Bill. 'E wants a palis to show 'isself orf in, bein' sich a creaker as 'e is. But there, when you come to be a matter o' seventeen stone you must 'ave a bit o' shoe leather under you to keep you up, and a man as 'as got 'ouse property and money put away I reckon e' can afford to mike a noise and nobody ain't goin' to throw it up in their fices, as the sayin' is. Besides, Uncle Bill's gettin' on in life. Father says more'n sixty autumns 'as passed over 'is 'ead and took what's left of 'is 'air; but Uncle don't mind. 'E used to say 'e's never wanted to be nothin' but a bachelore, and as 'e's never gone courtin' e' 'asn't 'ad to worry 'isself about lookin' as smart as some.

"Since we 'ad that little trouble about the Montynegroes we 'adn't seen much of Uncle, and we didn't know what 'e'd bin up to. 'Owever last Sunday mornin' 'e sends a letter round to mother sayin' as 'e'll come round and drink a cup o' tea if agreeable, and there was a poscrip marked 'privit and confident' to say 'e was 'opin' to bring some one with him, but 'e won't tell mother 'oo it is till they meet fice to fice, when 'e's sure they'll mike a good impression on theirselves. As soon as she reads it mother shouts out, 'The ole fool's bin got 'old of by one o' them designers—I know the sort—and she'll 'ave the hanns called afore we can lift a 'and to save 'im.' Father larfed and said, if so, it was a judgment on Uncle Bill for not 'avin' bin married afore; but, any'ow, mother oughtn't to 'oller before she knew; p'raps Uncle Bill was meanin' to bring the Duke o' DEVONSHIRE or the Arehbishop o' CANTERBURY to 'ave a taste o' mother's tea-kikes. Father always is one for 'is jokes when 'e's in a good temper.

"Well, when tea-time come we was all on the gog, as you may say, and we 'adn't bin settin' there for more'n a minnit afore we 'eard Uncle Bill's boots a-creakin', with another pair o' boots pit-pattin' along with 'em. 'Oo was right?' says mother; but she couldn't say no more, for Uncle Bill come in and walks up to mother and says quick and whisperin' like, 'I've brought Miss Mumbles. She's—well, you'll see what she is when you see 'er. You and 'er's sure to 'it it orf.'

"Bring 'er in,' says mother quite proud and cold, and Uncle goes out and fetches Miss Mumbles in. My eye, but she was one for colours—dark blue silk dress and red ribbons and a 'at with a long feather and a grey perlissee—you never see sich a set-out. Forty if she was a day she was, but she 'ad a fine 'igh colour and larfed very pleasant and took 'er tea with 'er gloves on jest like a lidy.

"At first there warn't no talk—jest a word or two about the 'orrid weather, and what would the Suffragettes be up to next, and 'ow well the Queen was lookin'; but arter a bit father began to dror out Uncle Bill, and 'e set to work on 'is politics in fine style, and father pertendin' to agree with 'im, and Miss Mumbles settin' there and admirin' 'im. At last Uncle Bill begun to think 'e was mikin' a speech and 'e banged on the table and opened 'is mouth, and before you could say 'pip' 'is false teeth, the 'ole set of 'em, dropped out on the table in front of 'im. 'You've lorst your mouse-trap, Bill,' says father, and Uncle Bill ketches 'em up and pops 'em in agin. But 'e was too late. Miss Mumbles 'ad seen 'em, and she give a shriek and called out that she never could a-bear false teeth, and then she goes orf into 'igh strikes. 'Ow we got 'er and Uncle Bill away I can't rightly say, but Uncle come round the next day and told mother 'e'd done with women, and if 'e'd known 'ow false they was 'e'd never 'a' took up with 'em. It made father larf till 'e cried. 'E ain't got over it yet."

FUTILITY.

Now dawns the annual poetie prime,

When, for some reason, every hardie breast
Thrills to a flow of fresh and fruitful rhyme,
And be it said, to some extent, that I'm
No better than the rest.

I too, like these, would make the echoes ring;

Like theirs, my fleeting hopes wax free and fine;
Only, as soon as I begin to sing,
My Muse inevitably runs to Spring;
And there I draw the line.

Whate'er the theme by which my heart is stirred,
Epic or excerpt from the Daily Press,
It matters not; before I write one word,
Thoughts of a cuckoo or some silly bird
Doom me to nothingness.

And, tho' I crush them down and strive for hours
To turn my well-known grace and famous ease
On to the job in hand, my noblest powers
Are chilled by a stern need to sing of flowers
Or, just as likely, trees.

'Tis a strange thing, this influence in the air;
In point of fact, this month that men call sweet
Makes no appeal to me. I do not care
For the young growth that others hold so fair,
Or birds, except to eat.

But there the fact remains. With each new day
I want to sing; I feel inclined to soar;
And when my dearest dreams are thrown away
I am annoyed. I find much fault with May
For putting in her oar.

To give a poet's Muse an upward shove,
Then hold her down, is neither good nor wise;
Of course there still remains the topic, Love;
But that's the very subject which, above
All others, I despise. DUM-DUM.

"Lady Catherine de Burgh regarded the world below her own as all alike. Mr. Collins and Emma were alike underbred in her eyes."—*Spectator*.

Ah, why didn't JANE AUSTEN record for us the historic meeting between *Lady Catherine* and *Emma*? Or was only the Editor of *The Spectator* present?



(“A jest’s prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.”)

JONES HAS JUST MADE ONE OF HIS BEST JOKES IN A DENTIST’S WAITING-ROOM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

AMONG writers of good fiction I should call that clever lady, Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE, the most entirely feminist. Mothers are perhaps her favourites, but in all her stories *Place aux Dames* is the prevailing motto. I found this note as strong as ever in her latest, though at first sight you would naturally expect a book called *Michael Ferrys* (SMITH ELDER) to be chiefly about *Michael Ferrys*. Later you find that it is much more about the women who were in love with him. There were three of these, or four if you include the rather battered sentiment of *Mrs. Carseleigh*—an admirably suggested character, by the way, whom I should have liked in greater detail. The others were *Winefride*, to whom he was engaged, her young sister *Thekla*, and *Edith*, who loved him most of all, and should have secured the prize if I had been consulted. But you must not imagine *Michael* himself to be a mere lay figure. Far from it. The struggles of this ingenuous and engaging young millionaire between love and honesty are admirably true and human. The trouble was that *Winefride* came of an old Catholic house, and couldn’t marry *Michael* unless he moved over to her own faith. *Michael* had no religion at all, except a kindly optimism, and wouldn’t pretend, even to marry the lady of his heart. You observe that the author has here a difficult and delicate task; I think no one could find offence in her treatment of it, which is both fair and honest. I liked the last pages enormously; they are a model in the art of suggestion and restraint. A pleasant story, laid among somewhat graver issues than most, but none the less attractive.

If the author of *The Ambassador* (HEINEMANN) had not assured us that his name is WILLIAM WRIOTHESLEY, one might have suspected him of belonging to another gender, so womanly is his interest in his heroine’s tea-gowns (a “lovely loose-draped diaphanous thing,” “a long loose drapery thing”), and so marked is his lack of reticence on sex-matters. Indeed, one story that he wantonly drags in is of so strange an impropriety that it must have escaped his pen in a moment of extreme emasculation. The scenes are chiefly laid in Berlin, where Mr. WRIOTHESLEY seems to have had a nodding acquaintance with Embassy circles. Of side-lights on their official aspect we get little, but a great deal of gossip on the part of the womenfolk, whose wit, if we may judge by samples, he sadly overrates. A cosmopolitan (he has visited Venice and even gone so far afield as the Acropolis), he enjoys a greater command of foreign tags of speech than of his own language, in which he permits himself certain solecisms—“acquiescence to,” “accredited” for “credited,” “to lay off her things.” But a worse blot on the book is the character of the alleged “hero,” *Prince Lichtenfeld*. One would not have minded his being so preposterous a cad if he had not shattered our faith in two delightful and intelligent women, *Alexa*, and her stepmother the British *Ambassador*; for it was past belief that the one should fall in love with him and the other approve him as an eligible. *Ronalds*, of the American Embassy, is a pleasant utility man for whom the *Ambassador* cultivates a Platonic affection not without its charm, if only they had subjected it to rather less analysis. Indeed, all through his book the author encourages his people to talk too much, and then at the end makes up for lost time by compressing into a single chapter the solution of his problem, based on

the fable that "Ambassadors' daughters never marry." Here, her poor little brother *Paul*, an attractive figure, has at the shortest notice to be paralysed in a motor accident for the too obvious reason that *Alexa* must somehow secure a mission in life, if only as an amateur nurse. Apart from the freshness of its scenes, Mr. WRIOTHESLEY'S work has the merit of promise rather than of achievement.

"Pipe on, Master Chance: be it sad or gay, I'll trip to your measure." So the old play, quoted by AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE on the title-page of their *Chance the Piper* (SMITH, ELDER). But let me at once relieve the anxiety of the public, or, as I suppose will be the case with some, disappoint their hopes. There are no rag-time measures in this book. The stories belong chiefly to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the times of the Fire of London and LOUIS LE BIEN-AIMÉ, of the French Wars and the Revolution. Their *motifs* are love and hate and jealousy and revenge, in the days when duels were as courtly as the Pavane, and aristocrats shuddered at the sound of the *Marseillaise*; when French prisoners in English gaols consoled themselves with flute and fiddle, and mournful night winds made Aeolian music on gibbet chains at bleak cross-roads. Later on there are three that belong to times nearer our own—two in which the piping of *Chance* leads to battle-fields in China and South Africa; and one, an Irish story, told in a brogue that might have come from the

pen of SYNGE or Lady GREGORY, that begins with a wake and ends with a wedding jig. This last is, I think, the best in the book, not only because of its fidelity to truth in the dialect, but because it is so unlike the authors' usual work, as far as it is known to me. That perhaps sounds rather an Irish compliment. But what I mean is that the way in which they have seized the true Irish spirit, as well as the true Irish talk, proves once more the versatility of their gifts.

I remember being greatly pleased some time ago with a book called *The Little Green Gate*; and now here are my own words of praise confronting me from the page opposite the title of Miss STELLA CALLAGHAN'S new story, *Vision* (CONSTABLE). Naturally therefore I read *Vision* with an interest almost paternal. I may say at once that the result was by no means disappointing; Miss CALLAGHAN has again shewn her power of writing an unusual story with grace and insight. Perhaps the story itself is a little more con-

ventional than its predecessor; the young poet and dreamer in contact with an unsympathetic world is a figure not altogether new to fiction; but I question if he has ever been portrayed with more understanding. *Antony Wyatt* is his name. You are shown him in childhood, an alien in the home of his bewildered and exasperated parents; at school, the favourite of the one master who understands him, and who takes him in the holidays to the beautiful old house Glayde, where he meets the girl who is to play her appointed part in his making. Throughout it is of course the figure of *Antony*, appealing in his youth and dreams, for whom your sympathy is demanded; though for my own part I confess to sparing a little for the ordinary persons whom he

bewildered. At the end, having abandoned or been deserted by everyone, he "turned exultant to face life." We are never told how; and I felt here a little like the parson and his wife in *Candida*, about whom the stage-direction says, if I recall it rightly, "They do not know the secret of the poet's heart." Still, these uncertainties and even some villainously careless punctuation could not spoil my enjoyment of a very charming story.

I should feel more than a little jealous of the *Earl of Sussex* in *A City of the Plain* (CONSTABLE) were I able altogether to believe in him. He had been "Captain of Oppidans at Eton, Senior something else at Christchurch," and had passed first into Sandhurst, a triple feat I find hard to swallow, although I have his wife's word for it. I am really sorry for this because he was one of the few people in the book who did not seem to talk



Farmer. "'OP OUT, 'ENERY, AND CATCH 'OLD OF HIS 'EAD."

too much and do too little. Reams and reams of dialogue have no terrors for Mr. HORACE CARADOC, who doesn't seem to mind how much the loquacity of his characters impedes the movement of his story. The struggle between a very Protestant squarson and a young High Church parson (who ultimately joins the Church of Rome) is not without interest, but I should have squeezed more enjoyment from it if Mr. CARADOC'S sympathies with the younger man had not been so obviously paraded. Rarely has a more insufferable prig than the *Rev. Sir Lucius Marples* been drawn in fiction, and the best that I can say for him is that to give him a cobbler with no morals for his chief champion in the fight was to handicap him unmercifully.

"In consequence of the flooding of the Severn, the Worcestershire cricket ground is now submerged by six feet of water. The members of the team are, therefore, unable to practise on it."

Slackers.

Daily News and Leader.

CHARIVARIA.

READY SHORTLY—"The Marconi Affair in a Nutshell," by MOSSRS. GARVIN and MAXSE. 968 pages, fol.

"THE BERLIN WEDDING. BALKAN AFFAIRS WILL PROBABLY BE DISCUSSED."

Thus a contemporary, and it may be a useful hint to bridegrooms, who wonder what to talk about when awaiting the arrival of the bride.

The same newspaper, in "A Chronicle of the Bank Rate," informs us that in 1894 it stood at 2 per cent. for 931 days. Why worry about Daylight Saving when such things are possible?

In consequence of a suggestion that Suffragettes should be deported to St. Helena, a lady, we understand, is proposing to go and blow up the little island with a bomb.

The destruction, attributed to militants, of the organ at Penn parish church is supposed to be an act of revenge for the attempted suppression of their own organ, *The Suffragette*.

"A man," says Lady CARLISLE, "who forsakes us because militants throw chrysanthemum pots at him at a flower-show is not a stable politician." Nor, we should say, is he a pot-house politician.

Two nurses selected for an appointment under the Lowestoft Guardians have declined on the ground that the workhouse, which is three miles from the town, is too far away. It is thought probable that rather than incur the expense of moving the workhouse to the town the Guardians will select two other nurses.

A four-in-hand coach was sold at ALDRIDGE's the other day for four guineas. But there is no truth in the

report that the purchaser tried to repudiate his bargain on finding that it did not include the horses.

Dr. Ross has written a book on *The Reduction of Domestic Flies*. In some parts of the country we believe they are down to sixpence a hundred.

Acton magistrate last week to a young wife. This seems dangerous counsel, as the husband's idea of comfort might embrace week-end visits from the "other young woman."

Letters continue to be written protesting against the insertion of advertisements in novels as an indignity to authors. When the advertisement recommends the readers of the novel to try somebody's headache powders, it sounds almost like a deliberate insult.

Having caught a cold, Mr. PLOWDEN, the Marylebone magistrate, was unable to return to London from Monto Carlo last week. We understand that, when this popular magistrate is away, business at once falls off at his court.

The surgical bureau of the New York police department has proposed that the force shall have an official chiropodist. This looks as if a serious effort is to be made at last to reduce the size of policemen's feet.

A Lenten Diet.
"OUR SPECIAL FILING FAST."
"Daily News" Headline.
Just the thing when the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

"How dreadful is this place. This melodious, thoroughly diatonic little piece . . . is specially adapted for the dedication of a church."—*Musical Times*.



A WATER JUMP BETWEEN WICKETS WOULD ADD CONSIDERABLY TO THE CALITY OF THE GAME.

A NEW DESIGN IN BATS MIGHT BE INTRODUCED.

WHY NOT PROVIDE THE FIELDERS WITH NETS?

CIGAR OR NUTS!!

THE SUCCESSFUL BOWLER MIGHT BE SUITABLY REWARDED!

THE ADDITION OF A FEW BUNKERS IN THE OUTFIELD WOULD CERTAINLY BRIGHTEN UP THE FIELDING.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN CRICKET.

The *City Press* has discovered a fowl run on the top of Market Buildings, Mincing Lane. There are, of course, several pigeon runs on the Stock Exchange.

Statistics show that the population of British prisons is rapidly declining, and there is some talk of taking paying guests at some of these comfortable hostleries.

"Make things more comfortable at home so that your husband will not want to go out and see the other young woman," was the advice given by the

This is a hard saying.

"'Ho's going down in the hoist,' said a man hurrying past me down the stairs. 'Who?' said I, regardless of grammar. 'Borderer' in *The Glasgow News*."

It must be terrible when he really begins to be grammatical.

Things our Readers didn't know. No. 137.

"There is a time in the affairs of men which taken at the cbb leads on to fame and fortune.' This is a well known quotation." *Manor Advocate*.

ON THE BAT'S BACK.

WITH the idea of brightening cricket, my friend Twyford has given me a new bat. I have always felt that, in my own case, it was the inadequacy of the weapon rather than of the man behind it which accounted for a certain monotony of low-scoring; with this new bat I hope to prove the correctness of my theory.

My old bat has always been a trier, but of late it has been manifestly past its work. Again and again its drive over long-ott's head has failed to carry the bunker at mid-off. More than once it has proved itself an inch too narrow to ensure that cut-past-third-man-to-the-boundary which is considered one of the most graceful strokes in my repertoire. Worst of all, I have found it at moments of crisis (such as the beginning of the first over) utterly inadequate to deal with the ball which keeps low. When bowled by such a ball—and I may say that I am never bowled by any other—I look reproachfully at the bottom of my bat as I walk back to the pavilion. "Surely," I say to it, "you were much longer than this when we started out?"

Perhaps it was not magnanimous always to put the blame on my partner for our accidents together. It would have been more chivalrous to have shielded him. "No, no," I should have said to my companions as they received me with sympathetic murmurs of "Bad luck,"—"no, no, you mustn't think that. It was my own fault. Don't reproach the bat." It would have been well to have spoken thus; and indeed, when I had had time to collect myself, I did so speak. But out on the field, in the first shame of defeat, I had to let the truth come out. That one reproachful glance at my bat I could not hide.

But there was one habit of my bat's—a weakness of old age, I admit, but not the less annoying—about which it was my duty to let all the world know. One's grandfather may have a passion for the gum on the back of postage-stamps, and one hushes it up; but if he be deaf the visitor must be warned. My bat had a certain looseness in the shoulder, so that, at any quick movement of it, it clicked. If I struck the ball well and truly in the direction of point this defect did not matter; but if the ball went past me into the hands of the wicket-keeper an unobservant bowler would frequently say, "How's that?" And an ill-informed umpire would reply, "Out." It was my duty before the game began to take the visiting umpire on one side and give him a practical demonstration of the click . . .

But these are troubles of the past. I have my new bat now, and I can see that cricket will become a different game for me. My practice of this morning has convinced me of this. It was not one of your stupid practices at the net, with two burly professionals bumping down balls at your body and telling you to come out to them, Sir. It was a quiet practice in my rooms after breakfast, with no moving object to distract my attention and spoil my stroke. The bat comes up well. It is light, and yet there is plenty of wood in it. Its drives along the carpet were excellent; its cuts and leg glides all that could be wished. I was a little disappointed with its half-arm hook, which dislodged a teacup and gave what would have been an easy catch to mid-on standing close in by the sofa; but I am convinced that a little oil will soon put that right.

And yet there seemed to be something lacking in it. After trying every stroke with it; after tucking it under my arm and walking back to the bathroom, touching my cap at the pianola on the way; after experiments with it in all positions, I still felt that there was something wanting to make it the perfect bat. So I put it in a cab and went round with it to Henry. Henry has brightened first-class cricket for some years now.

"Tell me, Henry," I said, "what's wrong with this bat?"

"It seems all right," he said, after waving it about. "Rather a good one."

I laid it down on the floor and looked at it. Then I turned it on its face and looked at it. And then I knew.

"It wants a little silver shield on the back," I said. "That's it."

"Why, is it a presentation bat?" asked Henry.

"In a sense, yes. It was presented to me by Twyford."

"What for?"

"Really," I said modestly, "I hardly like—Why do people give one things? Affection, Henry; pity, generosity—er—"

"Are you going to put that on the shield? 'Presented out of sheer pity to—'"

"Don't be silly; of course not. I shall put 'Presented in commemoration of his masterly double century against the Authentics,' or something like that. You've no idea how it impresses the wicket-keeper. He really sees quite a lot of the back of one's bat."

"Your inscription," said Henry, as he filled his pipe slowly, "will be either a lie or extremely unimpressive."

"It will be neither, Henry. If I put my own name on it, and talked about my double century, of course it would

be a lie; but the inscription will be to Stanley Bolland."

"Who's he?"

"I don't know. I've just made him up. But now, supposing my little shield says, 'Stanley Bolland. H.P.C.C.—Season 1912. Batting average 116·34.'—how is that a lie?"

"What does H.P.C.C. stand for?"

"I don't know. It doesn't mean anything really. I'll leave out 'Batting average' if it makes it more truthful. 'Stanley Bolland. H.P.C.C., 1912. 116·34.' It's really just a little note I make on the back of my bat to remind me of something or other I've forgotten. 116·34 is probably Bolland's telephone number or the size of something I want at his shop. But by a pure accident the wicket-keeper thinks it means something else; and he tells the bowler at the end of the over that it's that chap Bolland who had an average of over a century for the Hampstead Polytechnic last year. Of course that makes the bowler nervous and he starts sending down long-hops."

"I see," said Henry; and he began to read his paper again.

So to-morrow I take my bat to the silversmith's, and have a little engraved shield fastened on. Of course with a really trustworthy weapon I am certain to collect pots of runs this season. But there is no harm in making things as easy as possible for oneself.

And yet there is this to be thought of. Even the very best bat in the world may fail to score, and it might so happen that I was dismissed (owing to some defect in the pitch) before my silver shield had time to impress the opposition. Or again, I might (through ill-health) perform so badly that quite a wrong impression of the standard of the Hampstead Polytechnic would be created, an impression which I should hate to be the innocent means of circulating.

So on second thoughts I lean to a different inscription. On the back of my bat a plain silver shield will say quite simply this:—

To

STANLEY BOLLAND,
FOR SAVING LIFE AT SEA.
FROM A FEW ADMIRERS.

Thus I shall have two strings to my bow. And if, by any unhappy chance, I fail as a cricketer, the wicket-keeper will say to his comrades as I walk sadly to the pavilion, "A poor bat perhaps, but a brave—a very brave fellow."

It becomes us all this season to make at least one effort to brighten cricket.

A. A. M.



UNDER HIS MASTER'S EYE.

SCENE—Mediterranean, on board the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "ANY HOME NEWS?"

MR. ASQUITH. "HOW CAN THERE BE WITH YOU HERE?"





Burglar (about to decamp with actress's diamonds). "DON'T RING, LADY. JUST THINK OF THE ADVERTISEMENT I'M GIVING YOU."

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

[Regular and hearty meals are recommended as a cure for love-sickness.]

THERE'S a weight on my day that is crushing me slowly but surely,

On my night there's a burden that seems evermore to increase,

And I come, oh! my dear, tho' I'm feeling excessively poorly,
To appeal to your sense of proportion for timely release.

From the day that you answered me "No," with apparent conviction

(And you haven't a ghost of a notion how frightful it feels),
I have turned, in the sinking that comes of internal affliction,
To the tonic and solace of hearty and regular meals.

In the morning I rise with a heart that is empty and hollow
To the task of sustaining myself through a profitless day,
But a fish and a steak, with some eggs, and an apple to follow,
Are but ashes within me as soon as I've put them away.

So I dwindle till luncheon, when sorrow has made me voracious,

And again I endure till the afternoon teacake and cup;
While, altho' I go nap at a dinner both ample and spacious,
The depression is on me before I can decently sup.

Very hard, oh! my dear, is the day; but the night-time is harder,

For I tumble in dreams and my slumbers are broken and short;

If I walk in my sleep I unerringly go to the larder,
So intense is the natural outcry of love for support.

It is thus for two months that I've striven to conquer my passion;

Not a meal have I missed nor a dish; but I honestly vow
That however the treatment has dulled my despair, in a fashion,

I would sooner see you than my dinner, my love, even now.

So I pray you give ear to my pleading, for, little by little,
I'm acquiring, I fear, an habitual longing to eat;
And e'en now, for a man who was never a slave to his victual,

I'm distressingly partial to pastry and things that are sweet.

Then be kindly, my dear, or I tremble to think of the issue,
Of the end, if you cannot relent, that is looming in sight;

You were ever opposed to a superabundance of tissue,
And already I've gone up a stone and my boots are too tight.

DUM-DUM.

Life's Little Difficulties.

"Sir,—Can any of your readers give me a remedy for a horse's eye which got hurt? The eye has got a blue colour now, and I should like to get something to take the yellow colour away."

Letter in "The Farmers' Weekly."

The following letter has been received from Nigeria by a Shipping Company:—

"Dear Sir,—Having your name in illustrious that you are good merchant as I heard I needed to be one of your illustrated customer. Please endeavour best to send me one of your illustrated catalogue, and you will know that I am a faithfully customer.

I am,
Your illustrated customer.
Please send it to me by urgently."

BOYS OF THE DAY.

[The *Daily Mail* recently reported a horrid occurrence: a ten-year-old boy saved up his money and ran away TO school.]

The Headmaster rose to his feet and glared down the long schoolroom. "Silence! If I hear a single boy repeating a Greek paradigm I will make an example of him. I must hear that clock tick before I proceed. I had hoped, in recognition of Cogger's success at Oxford—nine wickets for fourteen runs—to have given you an extra half-work-day, but unfortunately my black list for the week is an exceedingly long one. The moral tone of the school is deplorably low. For example, we have Blimmer, a fifth form boy—stand up, Blimmer, so that your-schoolfellows may behold an unhealthy specimen of youthful depravity—well, yesterday afternoon I found Blimmer had absconded from his duties on the cricket field and was concealed in a class-room furtively reading a Greek play. (A murmur of horror.) You may well be surprised. I have tried gentle means with Blimmer. An hour's extra play-time proved useless. The compulsory whole holiday I gave him last week was not a sufficient warning. Now there remains nothing but severe physical chastisement. (A short but painful interval.) And I warn you, Blimmer, if you do not amend your ways I have further penalties in store for you. The very next time you neglect your sports you shall be sent home for your holidays a month before the time. (Blimmer bursts into tears and promises reformation.)

"Now I have a serious complaint to make about certain boys in the Fourth Modern. They are allowed pocket-money by their kindly parents. Instead of spending it, as their parents intended, at what I believe is known in common parlance as the tuckshop, I find that they have been wasting their money on an anti-tobacco society and a home for reformed convicts. They have proved themselves unworthy of their financial trust. In future the Fourth Modern will accompany their form-master to the tuck-shop. He will spend their money for them on succulent comestibles, and see that every particle is consumed forthwith on the premises.

"I have now a painful case of a Lower School boy to deal with. Miggles Minor, stand up in your place. Only this morning I detected Miggles in tears. On enquiring whether his county had been beaten or whether he suffered from some slight indisposition he admitted to me that he was crying because it was only two months to the holidays. I will maintain a bright and cheerful spirit in this school even if I have to flog every boy in it. You, Miggles, unworthy scion of honoured parents, you weep, do you, because you have to return to the progenitors who guarded your infancy. I will drive away those unhallowed tears. (Short interval, during which hallowed tears are substituted.)

"And I have one more remark to

boys are not maintaining the high traditions of Dulham School. If this continues I give you fair and ample warning that the school has ceased to fulfil its useful educational functions, and shall advise the Governors that it be incontinently closed. You may well weep—but the future rests entirely with yourselves."

WILL POWER.

We were talking about a recent article in *Punch*, describing the new profession of unsettler, the man who brings various forms of pressure to bear on the tenant of a nice house, so that he leaves and the house is available for the unsettler's employer.

"That's all very well," said the hostess; "but there's a more efficient and more gentlemanly way, than that. And," she added significantly and not without triumph, "I happen to know."

She sat at the head of the table in the old farmhouse. "Modernised," as the agents have it. That is to say, the rightful occupiers—the simple yeomen—had gone for ever and well-to-do artistic Londoners had made certain changes to fit it for a week-end retreat. Where the country folk for whom all these and smaller cottages were built now live, who shall say?

But not here. The exterior is often still the same, but inside, instead of the plain furniture of the peasantry, one finds wicker lounges, novels and cigarettes.

This particular farm-house was charming. An ingle-nook, Morris furniture, Morris curtains, an etching or two, a sprinkling of advanced books, and where once had been a gun-rack a Della Robbia Madonna.

"It's delightful," I said; adding, as one always does, "How did you get to hear of it?"

"Hearing of it wasn't difficult," she said, "because we had a cottage near here. The trouble was to get it."

"It wasn't empty, then?" I replied. "No. There was a Mr. Broom here. We asked him if he wanted to go, and he said No. We made him an offer and he refused. He was most unreasonable."

I agreed: "Most."

"So there was nothing for it but to will his departure."



Scout Sentry. "VERY WELL, MADAM, I'LL LET YOU THROUGH; BUT I WARN YOU THE 'LIONS' ARE IN THE WOOD AND HAVE THE RIGHT TO SEARCH YOU."

make which concerns the general moral tone of the school rather than that of individuals. Passing behind the wall of the cricket field yesterday on my way to take my customary constitutional, I overheard several of you conversing. I need not say that I did not deliberately listen. Involuntarily the sounds impressed themselves on my auditory organs. I heard myself spoken of as 'the dear Doctor' and 'our revered Headmaster.' One group of you was discussing German theories of the authorship of the Homeric poems. Another group was deep in the question of the urgency of the vote for feminine householders. I passed on, and in mental retrospect looked back to the palmy days of our school, when boys alluded to me in private as 'Old Konk'—in reference, I believe, to my nasal organ—when the conversations I overheard dealt with the serious things of life, the average of C. B. Fry or the records of Aston Villa. I feel pained, deeply pained, to think that present-day



G. L. STAMPA.

Dramatic Author. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY PLAY?"

Manager. "D'YOU WANT TO KNOW MY REAL OPINION OF IT?"

Author (stoutly). "I'M PREPARED FOR THE WORST."

Manager (handing him the MS.). "THAT'S WHERE YOU AUTHORS HAVE THE PULL OF US. I WASN'T!"

"Will?"

"Yes. Concentrated our thoughts on his giving notice, and invited our friends to do the same. I wrote scores of letters all round, saying, 'Please, if you love us, will that Mr. Broom vacates the Manor Farm.' I asked them to make a special effort on the night of March 18th, at 11 o'clock, when we should all be free. And they did."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, you'll hardly believe it—and I shan't be a bit vexed if you don't—but on the morning of the 20th of March, I had a letter from Mr. Broom saying that he had decided to leave, and we could have the first call on his house. It was too wonderful. I don't mind confessing that I felt a little ashamed. I felt it had been too easy."

"It is certainly a dangerous power," I said.

"Well," she continued, "I hurried round to see him before he could change his mind. 'Do you really want to leave?' I asked him. 'Yes,' he said. 'Why?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'I can't tell you why. I don't know. All I know is that all of a sudden

I have got tired and feel vaguely that I want a change. I am quite sure I am making a mistake and I'll never find so good a place; but there it is; I'm going.' I assure you I felt for a moment inclined to back out altogether and advise him to stay on. I was even half disposed to tell him the truth. But I pulled myself together and put the temptation behind me. And—well, here we are!"

"It's amazing," I said. "You must either have very strong-minded friends, or the stars have played very oddly into your hands, or both."

"Yes," she said; "but there's a little difficulty. One has to be so careful in this life."

"One has," I fervently agreed.

"But what is it?"

"Some of my friends," she explained, "didn't quite play the game. Instead of willing, as I explicitly told them, that Mr. Broom should leave the Manor Farm, they willed merely that Mr. Broom should leave his house, and the result is that all kinds of Mr. Brooms all over the country have been giving notice. I heard of another only this

morning. Our Mr. Broom's brother was one. It's a very perilous as well as a useful gift, you see. But we've got the farm, and that's the main thing."

"It couldn't be in better hands," I said. "For the moment, I mean. I am looking out for just such a place myself. Take care. Willing is a game that two can play at."

"You don't mean—?" she said.

"I do, most certainly," I replied.

And I did. And now I am busy making a list of my most really obstinate, pushful friends to help me.

"Claude Gray, playing over his course at Beckenham on Saturday, May 3rd, holed out the eighth in one. The hole measures 22 yards, and the shot was played with a driving iron."—*Golfing.*

We should have taken our putter.

"Trinity College (London) Examination, in Skating takes place on Saturday afternoon, and Saturday, Thursday, and Wednesday evenings."—*Newbury Weekly News.*

A stirring example to the older Universities.

MR. PUNCH'S ACADEMY ENCOURAGEMENTS.

(Being a composite plagiarism of some of his contemporaries.)

WITH more than usual pleasure we lament the mediocrity of this year's Academy. Having discharged so far the cheerful duty of the critic let us pick out the few canvases that do not cater for the ignorant taste of a sensation-seeking public. Foremost, we must acclaim the really superb work of Mr. Fannis Belturp, *A Wet Night in St. Paneras (East)*. The sheer mastery of no effect whatever in this elusive and nugatory canvas marks it as the picture of the year. Mr. Belturp has scorned the mere camera trick of showing us the rain-swept pavement, the flicker of street lights on muddy pools, the huddled pedestrians, the suggestion of firelight through closely-drawn curtains, that disfigure Mr. Habbs Polthorp's treatment of a similar subject in *Summer Memories, 1912*. Mr. Belturp has been content to show us nothing at all but the mastery of his brush over his observation—and we are grateful to him.

Realism can only be welcome when it is as loftily treated as in Mr. Stirlwing's *Rise or Fall?—a Wire from Throgmorton Street*. Where few artists could resist the temptation to pander to sensationalism, Mr. Stirlwing (who as a brilliant contributor to the Unionist Press is equally facile with his pen as his brush) has kept austere to his verities. The scene of this historic picture is an interrupted Cabinet Meeting. A secretary has entered with a telegram, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL opens the envelope with trembling hands. (We remember nothing so masterly as this tremble since CARLOTTI's great picture, in the 1896 Salon, of *The Earthquake at Lisbon*.) Various members of the Cabinet cluster around him, forgetful of the Declaration of War from Montenegro which lies on the table. The ready-reckoner in the hands of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is indicated with amazing technique. Equally powerful is the double *motif* which deliberately forces the attention from the tensivity of this central group to the stern *chiascuros* of Viscount MORLEY, sitting in stony aloofness, the flushed and indignant PREMIER, and the delightfully spontaneous irritation of the MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, who has been obviously disturbed during an exposition of policy. Loath as we are to commend any picture which "tells a story," we cannot deny the dramatic inventiveness of this remarkable work, albeit that it

obtains what is best described as a *succès de scandale*.

Commendable again is the fiery *bravura* of Mr. Angus McOban's sombre little battle picture, "*The Observer*" pursuing a *Mixed Metaphor*; and the sheer triumph of delicate whimsicality over photographie commonplaces in Mr. Herbert Cockayne's *Central Peak of the Caucasus—as seen from Chelsea*.

It is lamentable that these pictures we have approved are almost the only works of the year that conform to even those rudimentary canons of the painter, that the object of his art should be to surprise rather than to please, to bewilder rather than to gratify the senses, to stimulate the educated modern desire for a puzzle competition rather than the philistine and Victorian craving for mere vulgar beauty. Again and again the critical perception is outraged in this exhibition by such wilfully retrograde attempts as Mr. St. John Palmer's *Sunset on the Indian Ocean*, a meticulous reproduction, banally perfect in colour and spirit, of a crude effect of Nature that can be seen by any globe-trotter; or Mr. Parton Hobbs's orthodox *Magie of the Moonlight*; or Miss Sylvia Lortimer's *Cattle at the Ford*, wherein the cattle are so like real cattle and the water so alive with light and movement that we left this year's Academy with a feeling as regards British Art that is akin to despair.

COMING KINGS.

THE following unofficial account of some of the candidates for the throne of Albania will, Mr. Punch feels sure, be of interest and profit to his readers:—

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON, who has been approached by the deputies in London, has neither declined nor accepted the offer of the Albanian throne. It is understood that he has insisted on the following conditions, which are receiving careful consideration: The inclusion in his territories of the Thracian Chersonese, to be spelt Curzonese in future; and a salute of 199 pompoms on all public occasions.

The Italian candidate is, we understand, Signor GIULIO GARVINI, the famous publicist and editor of the *Tromba della Sera*. Signor GARVINI as an unparalleled exponent of the *lingua Toscana* is naturally much favoured by the Tosks, but the Ghegs, the other great Albanian tribe, regard him with undisguised hostility. It is believed, however, that he will conciliate them in the masterly manifesto which he has issued in seventeen successive issues of his paper, and which GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has hailed as the supreme emanation of cosmic pluriloquence.

The policy outlined in the manifesto includes, (1) compulsory use of the *fustanella*, (2) free instruction in the *cornamusa* or bagpipes, (3) compulsory signature of all leading articles, (4) abolition of the dramatic censorship, (5) universal use of italic type.

Another formidable candidate, indeed in some ways the most formidable of all, is Sir GILBERT PARKER. Interviewed last Saturday by a representative of *The Prizrend Gazette*, Sir GILBERT is reported to have said that he would cheerfully accept the responsibilities of founding a Gilbertian dynasty provided he could count on the loyal co-operation of his varied subjects. He pointed out as a curious presentiment of the position he was destined to fill that he wrote *The Seats of the Mighty* no fewer than fifteen years ago. As for his other qualifications he laid stress on his early travels in the South Sea Islands and his addiction to golf, a game admirably suited to the climate and configuration of Albania. A photograph of Sir GILBERT PARKER in the national costume, carrying a two-handed battle-axe in his teeth, is being extensively circulated in the blue Albanian Highlands.

Lastly there is Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, who bases his claim on his all-round versatility. In a most interesting interview with the Parliamentary representative of *The Daily News* Sir HERBERT remarked that from earliest youth he had been a great admirer of the heroic SCANDERBEG and had mastered the two Albanian auxiliary verbs, *Kam*, "I have," and *Yam*, "I am." He agreed with HAHN, the famous philologist, that the term *Shkënpetar*, by which the Albanians call themselves, was probably a participial form from *shkyipoj*, "I understand." Again, the Albanian language was extremely vocal, the climate was healthy, and the sardines of Lake Scutari singularly palatable. He was not daunted by the fierce and lawless disposition of the people, being convinced that they might soon be mollified once they were freed from the burden of an alphabet containing fifty-two letters. Sir HERBERT TREE then sang a little Albanian song and went through some striking exercises with a yataghan.

Commercial Candour.

"HEALTH BISCUITS.

Nice and Tasty, handled by our
55 salesmen daily.

Advt. in "*Montreal Daily Star*."

Not for us.

From a second-hand book catalogue:
"Dickens (C)—Pic-Nic Papers."
Just the thing to wrap the sandwiches in.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



828

PORTRAITS WHILE YOU WAIT. COUNTRY ORDERS EXECUTED WITH PROMPTNESS AND DISPATCH.



880

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON IN "THE LIGHT THAT SUCCEEDED."



483

THE BOOT-CLUB. (INSET—THE PAST-MASTER OF THE LEATHER-SELLERS' CO.)

THE HAIRDRESSERS' GAZETTE EYEBROW COMPETITION.



522



495

WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE. WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE.



448

THE SPHINX.



920

The Gentle Militant. "OH, I HOPE IT WON'T GO OFF AFTER ALL."



705

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.



981

"I MUST TELL THAT STUPID NURSE (WHEN I LEARN TO TALK) THAT IT'S A MOST DANGEROUS THING TO LEAVE A LARGE CAT IN A BABY'S COT."



C. E. MORROW.

462

"HURRY UP, I'M SLIPPING."



672

FREAK DINNER AT THE HOTEL DIVES. THE SURPRISE COURSE OF BANK-NOTES AND SOVEREIGNS.



602

MISS LILLIAN MCCARTHY, AS JOCASTA, INDIGNANTLY REPUDIATES THE CHARGE OF BEING A GRANDMOTHER.



171

AN EARLY LORD MAYOR'S SHOW. The Lion. "NOT MUCH FUN IN THIS FOR ME!"



Gallant Major. "IT'S GLAD I AM TO SEE YE ABOUT AGAIN, ME DEAR LADY: BUT WHAT WAS IT THAT WAS TROUBLING YOU?"
Convalescent. "I WAS VERY, VERY ILL, MAJOR, THROUGH PTOMAINNE POISONING."
Major. "DEAR, DEAR, NOW! WHAT WITH THAT AN' DELIRIUM TREMENS YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT TO EAT OR DRINK NOW-A-DAYS."

BRYAN'S BREACHES.

MR. WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S official teetotal banquets at Washington, at which nothing but water or unfermented wine was consumed, have had the effect of instilling courage into other public hosts who were previously unready to make their guests the victims of their own fads.

Thus news comes from Foxington of a recent dinner given by the Quaker mayor of that ancient borough, who believes that the oats which bear the name of his pacific sect are the only proper sustenance for man. Hitherto when entertaining his fellow-townsmen the mayor has provided whatever good things were in season, but last week nothing but oats was placed on the table. These, it is true, were prepared in a great variety of ways, but none the less the result was somewhat monotonous, and it is stated that the suppers that were demolished later in the evening by the home-returned guests were gargantuan.

Consternation reigned at the annual Hunt Dinner in the Vale of Beedle the other night when it was discovered that the new Master, who is a con-

firmed three-bottle man of the old school, had provided nothing but a very powerful port for his guests and had given strict orders that no other liquid was to be served. Men who were notorious martyrs to gout and who looked upon port as a pernicious poison were seen with their tongues lolling out, victims of a terrible thirst. Others, however, made a gallant effort to absorb the obsolete fluid in the required quantity and were removed in ambulances.

Tidings of vegetarian and fruitarian banquets given by devotees of those cults also reach us. An especially distressing case is that of the International Society of Wrestlers and Weight Lifters, who have just appointed as their President an ex-Hercules of great wealth who turns out to have embraced the tenets of Mr. BERNARD SHAW and Mr. EUSTACE MILES with remarkable fervour. The result is that when the company, numbering some hundred-and-seventy, including HACKENSCHMIDT, MADRALI, and Mr. SANDOW, sat down, there was nothing for them but nuts, tomatoes, biscuits, and barley water. A vote was hurriedly taken, the President deposed, and a

united and determined raid was made on the Beefsteak Club.

But the worst effect of Mr. BRYAN'S relentless Amphitryonic logic is reported from Walls, in Yorkshire, where a Freemason, upon whom fell the duty of entertaining a body of his fellows in that mystery, confined the repast to a menu costing only fifteen-pence a head, that being, he said, the sum beyond which his conscience could not allow him to go. No man, he affirmed, ought to spend more than that on any meal; to do so was "sinful luxury and gourmandising." When remonstrated with, he said that his conscience was his master and Mr. BRYAN was an excellent example. How such a man ever became a Mason is the puzzle; but his determination in the matter has given a tremendous fillip to avarice all over the East Riding.

What to do with our Boys.

"It was also decided to place slackers upon the Abbey for the purpose of controlling the water supply."—*Lincolnshire Free Press.*

Revival of Chivalry in the Far East.

"Carlyle's 'Horses and Hero Worship' has been translated into Chinese."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.



PEACE COMES TO TOWN.

SIR GREY. "PRITHEE, FAIR DAMSEL, SEE TO IT THAT YE SIT CLOSE, FOR I MIND ME THAT THE LAST TIME WE TWAIN FARED THIS WAY TOGETHER THOU DIDST HAVE THE MISCHANCE TO SLIP OFF."





"I SAY, OLD CHAP, I'VE NOT HAD A SMOKE FOR HALF-AN-HOUR, SO I THINK I'LL GO ON TOP. BE A SPORT AND GO INSIDE WITH THE WOMEN, WILL YOU?"

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

(An attempt to introduce a new style of cricket-reporting, suitable to an age where every effort has to be made to revive popular interest in the County tournament.)

SING, all who list, to-day of leg-side glances;
Honour the idols of the blade and pill;
The young colt's action and its curious prances,
"Old Tom's" experience and "Razor" Bill;
Mine be the Muse that chats about the chances
Of takings at the till.

Cricket, you know, is dead because the batter
Will stick his leg in front of breaking balls;
Save for a few staunch souls (and these may scatter)
The public dwindles, the attendance falls.
Well, I'm a bard. Wise bards have learnt to flatter
The despots, not the thralls.

These are my heroes. Loudly I extol 'em,
Patting their backs because their ardours wane,
Starting with Alfred Jenkinson. A column
Given to Alfred, and, although with pain,
Alf will turn out for Surrey (here's my solemn
Oath on it, Sirs) again.

He was a rare one, Alf, the stonewall-hater;
I take him as a type; he made you laugh;
Nimble of wits, as good all-round spectator
As Surrey ever had, yet spite his chaff
None knew his mind so well, none spoke it straighter.
Sensible? Alf? Not 'alf.

Straight from his train he sauntered to the wicket,
I should say turnstile. Little did he care
For shibboleths of style; he came for cricket.
His light-blue optics had the sea-dog's stare;
Weather deters some sportsmen—Alf could stick it
Frowning alike and fair.

Fond of his glass, too, yet no feckless lover,
Lest deep potations should impair his thought;
He liked the huge hit hovering like a plover,
The stumps knocked out; and when the strain
was taut
Never a bumpball flew to slips or cover
But Alfred cried, "Well caught!"

And many a tale he had of old-time hitting
By long dead heroes of a doughtier bat:
Officials at the entrance smiled, admitting
The well-known figure, now a trifle fat
(But tough and stalwart still) from years of sitting,
Topped by the brown straw hat.

And now shall Alfred leave us? Not if twaddlo
Tuned to the motley lyre can keep him warm;
He is the happy warrior, he can swaddlo
The game of cricket from the gathering storm.
"Huge score by Alf off Sussex"—that's my model—
"Alfred in verbal form!"

EVOC.

FAIR PLAY.

I AM by nature no partisan. I take no sides in any public dispute. I am neither a Vivisectionist nor an Antivivisectionist, a Marconite nor a Poulsenite. I will produce my Post Office Savings Bank book if necessary. To show my absolute neutrality in the vexed question of vaccination, I have been vaccinated on one arm but not on the other.

The furthest I have ever permitted myself to go towards forming public opinion is to mention, as I do now, that I am not a Militant Suffragist.

What likes and dislikes I have are of a private nature. They do not lend themselves to advertisement, are not represented by any particular colours nor easily epitomized in a motto on a banner. Bad as I may be, I am no professionalist.

Frankly, I detest processions. I do not walk in them, and, when I have to crawl behind them in a taxi-cab, I find myself out of sympathy with their object. Nevertheless, I subsidize them, especially those of sects hostile to the public (including myself) and destructive of private property (including my own).

I am, in short, a metropolitan ratepayer, more particularly a police-ratepayer.

I should say I am two ratepayers, one in respect of my flat, one in respect of my City premises. The two policemen I finance are exclusively employed in protecting avowed anarchists, male and female, on the march, enabling them to flaunt and further their lawless business, and saving them from the destruction of those whose property, if not their lives, they are candidly purposing to destroy.

I would not, of course, go so far as to cease paying for the preservation of my enemies, but I have allowed myself the consolation of writing a letter about it. Have I addressed *The Times* in solemn protest? No. Have I written to Mr. McKenna in a more sarcastic and reckless vein? Yes.

DEAR SIR (I wrote in a foreign tongue and a lying spirit),—Permit me, who

have not the honour to be an Englishman, to congratulate your Department upon the magnificent impartiality shown in your police arrangements. It is admirable, unique. You say, "No, no." I reply, "Yes, yes." Both of us have the inner feeling that I am the more accurate. So much, Sir, for the amenities.

I have now to approach your good self upon a matter of business. Certain of us upon the Continent are intending to make a military display of some realism and magnitude in this

stir the active passions of your excitable men-in-the-street. In a word, the lives of us invaders may be in jeopardy, or at least we must be subjected to considerable annoyance and grave inconvenience, unless we have the protection of your Scotland Yard. It is for that I am instructed to ask.

I venture to enclose a plan, showing our proposed route of triumph, the spots marked in red being the suggested sites for the more impressive turns of our programme. May I ask that this route be adequately patrolled by your

Roberts, with strong and stalwart reinforcements at the spots indicated? Indeed, I would go so far as to suggest that at those places a number of plain-clothes men might be infused among the crowd, with the view of foreseeing and forestalling any ugly rushes and keeping them well-behaved. In order to enable our artillery to get properly to work, ample elbow-room and freedom from hustling must be guaranteed.

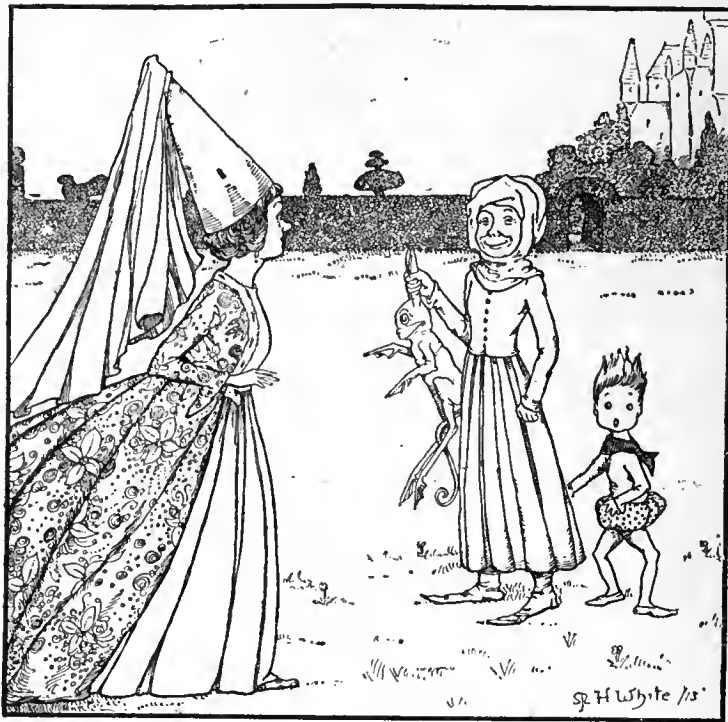
Lastly, Sir, I desire to press for an escort of mounted police, or at least the provision of one disinterested and eminently respectable constable on horseback to ride slightly in the van of our advancing battalions. I dare to think that this arrangement would be entirely in accordance with the wishes of your citizens. No Londoner, I am sure, would regard the invasion of his metropolis as tolerable unless it were

led, I should say personally conducted, by a mounted sergeant of his own police. The expense will, I assume, be no obstacle; the ratepayer is entitled to bear that; it is his privilege. He would not consent to his defeat and subjection unless it was apparent to him that he was defraying the cost of it from his own pocket.

Your humble Servant, SCHMIDT.
To this letter I have as yet received no reply.

Lèse-Majesté.

"The Emperor has had an unfortunate life so far. When he was launched a year ago a section of steel chain weighing several hundredweight, which had snapped, just missed the Kaiser."—*Daily Express*.



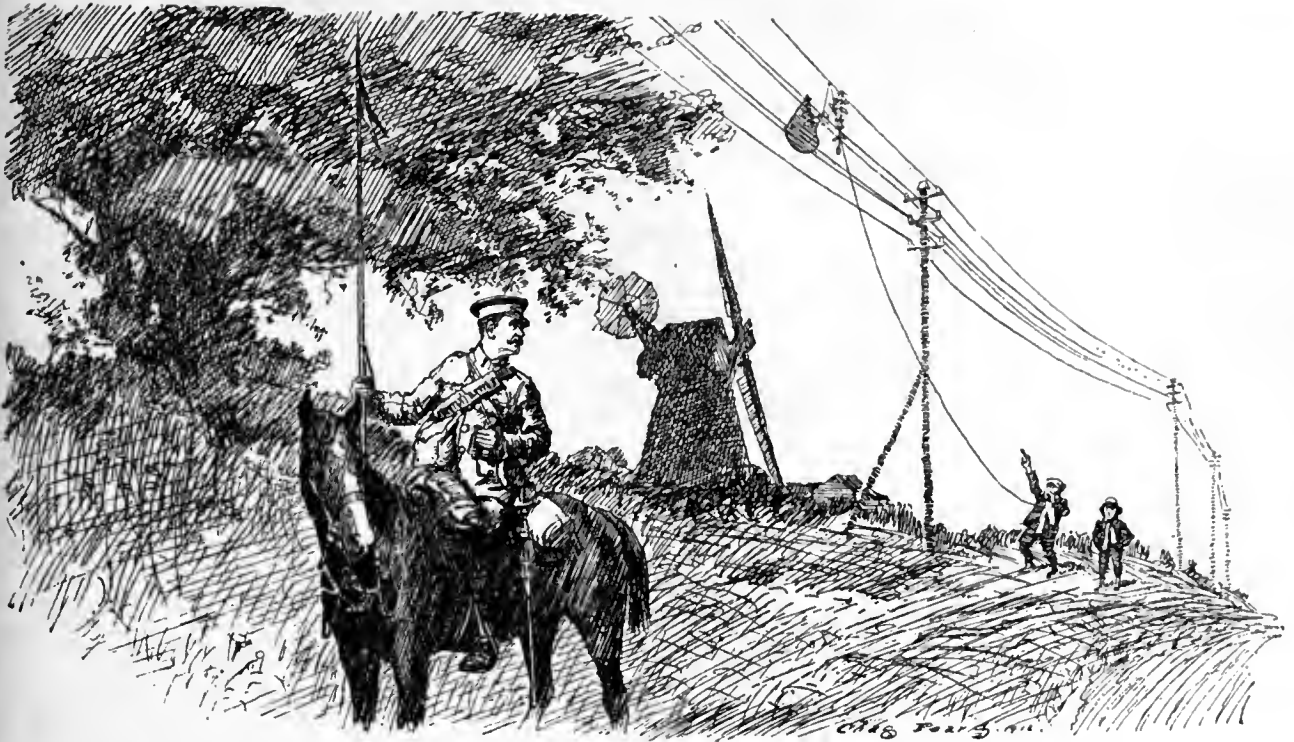
IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Mistress. "GOOD GRACIOUS, JANE, WHATEVER'S HAPPENED TO MASTER WILLY, AND WHERE'S MISS MAUD?"

Jane (just returned from a quiet stroll). "THIS HANIMAL WOT I'M 'OLDING IS MISS MAUD. WE MET ONE OF THESE 'ERE MAGICIANS AND 'E CAST A SPELL OVER 'ER. AND MASTER WILLY HERE, 'E 'AD THE MISFORTUNE TO BE OVERLOOKED BY A GENT WOT 'AD THE HEEVIL HEYE."

London of yours. It is not usual, you will agree, for foreign armies to manœuvre in capitals other than their own; such a proceeding is open to a sinister interpretation. I am not, however, in a position to gloss it over, but have merely to submit that that is the more reason for affording police protection to our invading forces.

We shall arrive in considerable numbers and desire not to experience an unnecessarily hostile reception. The friendship between our two countries is a fragile one, likely to break if shaken. It will not, I think, stand the strain of an invasion. The demolition of all your public buildings and of not a few of your private individuals is likely to



Boy. "Hi, MISTER, HI!"

Lancer (scouting). "WHAT IS IT? HAVE YOU SEEN THE ENEMY?"

Boy. "DUNNO. WILL YOU GET MY KITE DOWN WITH YOUR FLAG-POLE?"

SPEEDING UP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My attention, as they say, has been called to an interview in which a "director of a West End shop" has imparted to the Press his views upon the question of stealing from shops. It seems that "a prominent draper" has made a list of some of the tricks of the shop-lifter by way of showing his remarkable ingenuity. Now, Sir, this sort of thing cannot be allowed to go unchallenged. As a successful shop-lifter of fully thirty years' experience, perhaps I may be allowed a few words of criticism. For really the methods here referred to, although some of them may have been practised at one time by the trade, are no longer employed by any self-respecting member of the profession. They are obsolete, worked-out, perhaps I may say mid-Victorian. He speaks of a "bag which sucks up the desired article when placed upon it," of "paste in the hollow of the foot" (placed, I presume, on the counter), and so on. Possibly such devices may still linger in out-of-the-way corners of the Provinces, but I doubt it. Then he revives again—it came back to me as a welcome memory of my very earliest apprenticeship—the worn old expedient of the pet dog (with a pocket in its collar) which has been trained to make for home as soon as its burden has been

secreted. Well, well! we cannot afford to stand still in our business, and methods have advanced a good long way since those old days.

It was when some of our big stores first opened roof-garden restaurants that the carrier pigeon came into vogue. One makes him swallow diamonds and then lets him loose during lunch. I have also employed white mice. One of their best characteristics is their faculty for running under counters and into the back recesses of shelves, and I have seen them trot up my leg into my pocket with a five-pound note or a gold pin in their mouths quite unobserved (one wears, of course, white trousers). There was a pal, I mean a colleague, of mine who used to dip their feet in bird-line and then make them potter about among the jewellery. But that was a sticky business at the best.

The fountain pen with a powerful magnet in the nib was much used at one time. You had only to lay it down casually on the counter and it collected things. And a little automatic trap in the point of the elbow, which one rested casually against the article desired, had a fair run of success. Then I used to employ at one time a sort of lasso of invisible silk for gathering in pianolas. . . .

I am not, it must be understood, the man to give a thing away. I only

wish the public to know that we are not so miserably lacking in initiative as this interview would seem to suggest. As a matter of fact these methods also are obsolete. I myself am working on a new plan, still more elaborate perhaps, but wonderfully effective. I simply select the article that I want to take home, pick it up when no one is looking, and put it in my pocket.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours respectfully, UP-TO-DATE.

"Reece had turned the 500 mark before he played a missing cannon (he then recorded 51 of these strokes)."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Our favourite stroke, our record being 63 consecutive ones.

"There were many arguments nem and con, but the writer cannot see how the stewards could have decided otherwise."
Daily News.

The nems have it.

"The President [of the Board of Trade] has appointed Mr. F. H. McLeod (now Director of Statistics in the Labour Department) to be Director of the Department of Labour Statistics."—*Times*.

England is awake again.

"The first part of the lecture concluded with a good example of the Swiss yokel song on the gramophone."
Bournemouth Daily Echo.

So much better than the curato's imitation of the hackneyed jodel.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SEVEN SISTERS."

It takes the liberty of calling itself a "comedy," by the same licence that they use at the Gaiety. It is in fact a musical comedy with the music mostly away—a loss for which the absence of a chorus makes full compensation. It differs, too, from musical comedy by the fact that the plot is actually intelligible. This is not to say that it is also reasonable; indeed, of the three ruses employed by *Count Horkey* to achieve the marriage of the three eldest daughters of *Widow Gyurkovics*, so as to clear the way for his own wedlock with the fourth, two at least were a waste of ingenuity, since the lovers needed no pressure. But it was something to see what the author was driving at, even if his trick of creating difficulties for the sake of overcoming them was frankly transparent.

The scene is Hungary where the bands come from. As for local colour, it is not for me, or the Censor, to complain of the spectacle of a Colonel of Hungarian Hussars who gets drunk at a fancy-dress ball and introduces a Lieutenant of Reserves (in the same condition) into the dormitory of his four or five sisters-in-law in the middle of the night; for both the author and translator of the play (presumably designed for local consumption) are Hungarians, and between them they should know what is expected of native officers in the matter of appropriate behaviour. For us, so long as they wore their dolmans well and had those nice wriggly patterns in gold braid down the façade of their breeches, we were not careful to ask whether their manners were a credit to the cavalry of the Kaiser-King.

That good actor, Mr. NORMAN TREVOR (to whose excursion into management I heartily wish success), was a sound master of the ceremonies, and kept things going whenever he was there to look after them. But the most arresting figure was Miss LAURA COWIE as the fourth sister, a remarkable flapper of sixteen-and-a-half years, whose exotic beauty must have distinguished her even among the storied belles of Budapest. As she was required by her mother to dress and behave like a child of thirteen-and-a-half (so as not to stand in the way of her elder sisters' prospects), one looked for a certain amount of sophistication. But it was overdone. For all her girlish agility, the innocent wonder in her big eyes, and her length of visible stocking, this *Mici* was a very precocious young person, well advanced into the age of indiscretion. But if Miss COWIE could not

completely disguise her own striking personality it was still a clever performance. Perhaps she was at her best when her quick brain went into her feet in a charming Hungarian measure, which she danced with the greatest *verve*.

It was rather sad to see Mr. EDMUND MAURICE playing a fire-eating, dram-drinking, jealous old Colonel of farce, after his recent performances in serious drama, but his fine intelligence gave distinction to a commonplace part. Mr. SAM SOTHERN, as a blackguard who in his moments of insobriety strongly resented blackguardly conduct in another, was very amusing in the trappings of a Roman lictor, and might



Count Feri Horkey (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR) to *Mici* (Miss LAURA COWIE). "You have the gladdest eye in all Savoy-Hungary!"

have done great execution with his axe upon the timorous *Cœur-de-Lion* of Mr. THESIGER if his deeds had been as big as his words. By aid of a pleasant stammer Mr. THESIGER contrived to sustain the part of an amorous and *Toots*-like youth of no particular consequence.

For a family of sisters so prone to marriage it was difficult to find an ineligible; yet there was one such in the person of *Toni*, a sort of village idiot, played with extraordinary facial probability by Mr. BERTRAM STEER, though his accent seemed to suggest that he had "coom from Sheffield." Finally, Miss MARY RORKE, as the mother of many dowerless daughters, handled her offspring with a fine sense of maternal obligations.

Indeed, all the cast did its duty well; and yet I cannot honestly say that the piece went with a roar, as

a farce should. We laughed good-humouredly from time to time, as people do at amateur theatricals; but I doubt if there was a strained midriff in the whole house. It was not that the fun was bad; only that it was mild and that there was scarcely enough of it. In these respects the play reminded us of WORDSWORTH'S *We are Seven*; but there the similarity ended, and, with the best will in the world, I cannot predict that the popularity of Mr. TREVOR'S production will ever come into serious rivalry with that masterpiece. O. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

(Studies in the Puff Effusive.)

MESSRS. Pullman and Long-i-th'-Leg announce a novel with the attractive title of *The Right Horrible Gentleman*, the hero of which is a democratic politician of the name of George Daviloyd. The author of the novel, which of course has no bearing on current politics, is a gifted young lady, the daughter of a retired General of Artillery, who writes under the pen name of Messalina Murgatroyd, and is considered by Mr. C. K. SHORTER to be our greatest female novelist since CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Another political novel of engrossing interest is *The Rival Renegades*, which is promised us shortly by Mr. Hodley Bedd. The two principal characters are Colonel Jack Wise and Churston Winchill, both of whom have crossed the floor of the House and obtained high office shortly after the transference of their allegiance. Mr. Hodley Bedd, in an interesting manifesto which he has put forth, makes it perfectly clear that the novel cannot in any way be regarded as a *roman à clef*, the verbal resemblances in the names of the chief characters being due to pure coincidence. Mr. Hugo Slazenger, the author, has already a dozen volumes to his credit, his first work having elicited a cordial tribute of praise from MEREDITH, PATER, and Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, who pronounced him to be the greatest satirist since JUVENAL.

A fascinating novel of theatrical life will shortly be issued through the firm of Doyly and Mush, entitled *Crichton Redivivus*. The story and characters are entirely imaginary, the chief rôle being assigned to a wonderfully gifted actor-manager named Sir Herbert Shrub, who late in life loses his speaking voice and goes on the operatic stage, to the mingled consternation and delight of the musical public. The authoress of this bewitching narrative



Scene-shifter's Wife (during the shrieks of the heroine). "THEY SAY 'E'S QUITE A KIND 'USBAND IN PRIVATE."

is none other than the well-known poetess, Vinolia Soper, whose lyrics are, in the opinion of Mr. C. K. SHORTER, only surpassed by those of one other living female bard, but are immeasurably finer than anything SAPHO ever wrote.

The heroine of Miss Moira Kiralfy's new story is, in the expressive words of her publisher, Mr. John Street, "a mixture of VENUS, JOAN OF ARC, GEORGE SAND and NELLIE MELBA." The title of the book is *The Greatest Woman in the World*, and the heroine's name is Coira Miralfy. But we have the most positive assurances from Mr. Street that the story is not an autobiography, in proof of which assertion it is enough to mention that Coira is represented as being twenty-eight years of age, while Miss Moira Kiralfy has never been more than twenty-six since the South African War.

What to do with your old Elephants.

"Calgary—The public market, which has been a white elephant since it was erected, will probably be converted into a public swimming bath."—*Vancouver Daily Province.*

MORE DRAMATIC COMBINES.

THE action (to which we referred last week) of Sir HERBERT TREE in joining forces with Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM to produce the opera *Ariadne in Naxos* as an additional Act of *The Perfect Gentleman* is, we understand, being immediately copied in other managerial circles where it is recognised that this policy of two plays for one is bound to create a favourable impression.

Thus we have it on the worst authority that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER'S forthcoming revival of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* will be enriched by an entirely new Act, in which *Aubrey*, seeking to mitigate the boredom of *Paula*, takes her to a musical comedy. The composition of this novelty, which will be given in its entirety, has been entrusted to fourteen distinguished specialists, and its production will be supervised by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. The *Tanqueray* party will occupy the stage-box of the St. James's during the performance.

The Queen's Theatre is also to be

brought into line with the new movement, an epilogue being added to the successful comedy, *Get Rich Quick Wallingford*, in which we are shown one of that gentleman's earliest benefactions to the town he booms—namely, the erection of a Picture Palace. The play will now conclude with an actual performance as given in this building, some special film-dramas having been prepared at enormous expense. An entire change of programme is to be advertised for Mondays and Thursdays.

Finally Mr. H. V. ESMOND has not yet permitted us to announce that he is about to extend his charming comedy, *Eliza comes to Stay*, so that the various plays passed by *Sandy's* household for production by his actress-friend may be brought to actual performance. A beginning is to be made with the strong "slice-of-life" play, hitherto only known to London audiences through the fragmentary quotations made by *Eliza* from the MS. Others will from time to time be substituted as occasion serves; and it is anticipated that thus strengthened *Eliza* should stay for months and months.

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

I.—*REX v. MULLINS.*

THE prisoner in this case, which was tried yesterday, before Mr. Justice Welbore, was one Adolphus Mullins, of Dunkeld Villa, Lavender Grove, Balham. He was charged on an indictment with that he being a person of full age had refrained from tendering himself or being accepted as a witness before the Marconi Committee. Counsel for the Crown were Sir Horace Biff, K.C., and Mr. Joinder. The prisoner defended himself.

It appeared from the opening statement of Sir Horace Biff that the prisoner, whose age was stated to be twenty-eight, was employed as managing clerk to a firm of accountants, whose names for obvious reasons we prefer to withhold from publication. He had had ample warning of the results certain to follow if he continued recalcitrant. His employers had more than once adjured him not to imperil a good salary and a respectable position; his friends had urged him to be a man and get the business over, and Sir ALBERT SPICER, the Chairman of the Marconi Committee, had with his own hand addressed to him *four* notices commanding his presence in the Committee-room. It was not necessary in such cases to send more than two notices, and it would be seen therefore that prisoner had been treated with exceptional indulgence. At the present moment there were only six other cases of a similar nature awaiting trial, and in five of these the defendants were confidently expected to make due submission. He mentioned this to show with what universal alacrity British subjects all over the world had obeyed the new statute enforcing their attendance before the Committee. The prisoner was evidently a man of obstinate, he might almost say of savagely obstinate, character. It would be proved that he had thrown Sir ALBERT SPICER'S notices into the waste-paper basket, accompanying this deeply regrettable act with words tending to bring the Committee into contempt. He had actually been heard to say that the members of the Committee were busybodies—

Prisoner (interrupting). As a matter of fact I said they were—

His Lordship (severely). Hush, prisoner. Do not aggravate the painful position in which you are placed. You will have an opportunity at a later stage of giving evidence and of calling witnesses, if such there be, on your own behalf.

Prisoner. Oh, all right. Have it your own way. I only thought—

His Lordship. What you thought is of no importance. *Cogitationes non debent admitti.*

Police Constable Malting was the first witness. On Thursday, April 17, he went to prisoner's house at Balham armed with a warrant. Prisoner was having dinner. On seeing witness he said, "Halloa." Witness then arrested him and gave him the usual warning. Prisoner said, "It's this Marconi rubbish, I suppose. If you can find my cheque-book you're cleverer than you look." Witness then searched the house and found four notices from Sir ALBERT SPICER in the waste-paper basket. He now produced them.

Cross-examined (by Prisoner). Had no grudge against prisoner. Had never asked prisoner's mother for a pot of ale. Did not know the lady and didn't want to.

The Prisoner. I protest.

His lordship cautioned the witness. If he did not know the lady it was impossible for him to say whether he wanted to know her.

At this point a woman sitting in the back of the court and understood to be the prisoner's mother called out that the constable was no gentleman. She was removed kissing her hand to the judge.

Witness, continuing, said he had tendered himself as a witness to the Marconi Committee. All the members of the Metropolitan Police had done the same. Did not know when he would be called. Perhaps in two or three years.

His Lordship. It is useless to pursue this line of cross-examination. The witness has only done his duty as an Englishman under the statute.

Other witnesses proved that the prisoner had habitually abused the Marconi Committee, going so far as to say that the whole thing was a nuisance. He had also concealed his cheque-book and pass-book, thus contravening section 10 of the statute.

The Prisoner called no witnesses, but went into the box and made a long and rambling statement in the course of which he appealed to *Magna Charta* and the Petition of Right. He also hinted that his lordship himself had not given evidence before the Committee or tendered himself as a witness.

His Lordship. I am excepted in the schedule which applies to Lunatics, Field Marshals, Admirals of the Fleet, Judges of the High Court and persons of no fixed habitation.

The Prisoner then said that he didn't know what Englishmen were coming to and, leaving the witness-box, resumed his place in the dock.

His lordship in a brief summing-up reviewed the evidence, and the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of Guilty on all the counts.

His lordship, speaking with evident emotion, said the prisoner had had a thoroughly fair and impartial trial. The jury could not consistently with their oath have returned any other verdict. This kind of conduct must be put a stop to. The sentence of the Court was that the prisoner be condemned to ten years' service as assistant secretary to the Marconi Committee, to be followed by three years' detention in a wireless signal station in one of the Falkland Islands.

THE CULT OF THE REALLY HEROIC.

WHEN I was plucked and my unbending sire

Showed me the door without a grain of pity,
I wrote some verses on paternal ire

Which, I am proud to think, were very witty;
And thanks to this, the last of all his wiggings,
Managed to pay my first week's rent in diggings.

I did not falter when my dove, my dear,

Refused me, and my heart was knocked to flinders;
I piled the pieces over Cupid's bier

And raised some sort of Phoenix from the cinders—
A bilious Bird of Humour, rather skinny;
But, anyway, it brought me in a guinea.

And when my stuff recoiled upon my head

In dark profusion, pretty nearly blighting
My best endeavours after daily bread,

I cursed my gods—but put the curse in writing:
Stanza by stanza turned my bitter burden
To some gay jest, hoping to gain some guerdon.

And now, O merry Muse! when downright ill,

Supine beneath the influenza demon,
I tell you I foresee a doctor's bill,

We can't give way, we've got to put some steam on;
Fortes peioraque passi—we've been through more
Troubles than this. Come, turn the thing to humour!

The Sea Cook.

From "Naval Appointments" in *The Evening Standard*:—
"Chief Bunner—J. Mowbray to the Egment."



THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST SHOP-LIFTERS.

NERVOUS BUT ABSOLUTELY INNOCENT CUSTOMER MAKING A FEW PURCHASES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I SOLEMNLY accuse Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT of obtaining sympathy under false pretences. This is my case. There are few things that make a stronger appeal to me than studies of the mystic, of strange visions, and of glimpses of half-human dwellers by wood and hill. And as no writer can treat these with a surer touch than Mr. HEWLETT, I exulted greatly to find them within the covers of *Lore of Proserpine* (MACMILLAN). Moreover, they were combined with yet another favourite theme of mine—the memories of lonely and introspective childhood. I may say at once that several of the essays, or stories, in the book were all that my anticipation had painted them. I liked, for example, "The Boy in the Wood"—in spite of some hateful detail—for its quality of honest inexplicability. Also, I shivered deliciously over the tale of "The Fairy Wife," with its fine working up to the shattering climax of the storm. These things were all excellent. And then suddenly I was faced with the picture of a crowd of anxious Londoners meeting at night in Hyde Park to worship a Telegraph Messenger whose name, supplied by a sympathetic policeman, was *Quidnunc*! Here I confess myself baffled. Does Mr. HEWLETT only intend the somewhat obvious allegory, or is he being mystical or farcical, or what? The thing, like the others, is strikingly and cleverly told; the impassioned appeals from the crowd, the aloofness of the uniformed boy, are seizable and real. But by so much the more did it, in this connection, irritate me. A dealer in the occult may whisper and frown as much as he likes; he may even leer

a little, should the special nature of the horror demand it; but he must never, never wink. The result is bound to be confusion and disillusionment.

English political life, as Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER understands it, is at once too tedious and too sordid for superior persons to have anything to do with. For this reason *Mr. Blood*, a gentleman of great wealth and long pedigree but no sort of manners, having a mild curiosity to witness the spectacle of a meteoric Parliamentary career, naturally chose some viler body than his own for the experiment. *Mr. Fleight* (HOWARD LATIMER) was a millionaire soap boiler of Semitic extraction who had taken a good University degree but was apparently unable to soar without the influence of *Mr. Blood* to pilot him. Accepting this curious aeronautical convention, I confess that for a great many pages of Mr. HUEFFER's latest book I thought that I was in for the best piece of farcical satire that has been written since *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election*. Later on, however, we seemed to strike an air pocket, or whatever it is that aviators do. For surely *Mr. Fleight*, if he was to justify the rapidity of his start, should have become at the very least a Cabinet Minister. Yet at the end of the novel he has only just, and that by a lucky accident, attained to the dignity of an M.P. What is that for a millionaire under patronage whose pathway is everywhere soaped for him? The fact is that Mr. HUEFFER finds himself so much interested in his scornful and amusing criticism of our habits, our politics and our Press that the fun and the movement of the plot are compelled to suffer for it. But there is a great deal of happy burlesque scattered about in *Mr. Fleight*, and

there are some very jolly characters. Especially do I like *Miss Macphail*, the German editress of *The Halfpenny Weekly*, and *Cluny Macpherson*, the poet, who goes about reciting his sonnets and making in a high-pitched voice such remarks as this: "I knew a nasty fellow called Doe, whose aunt always toasted the late Queen in China tea, and she had a sister who bred Newfoundlands." There was, in fact, a lot to laugh at before we played down, but exactly what it was all about please don't ask me. I am still in the air as to that.

Any book about life on the other side of the bridges that comes with the explicit recommendation of Mr. ALEXANDER PATERSON will show the fine qualities of sincerity and reality, for he speaks as one having the authority of knowledge and not as many scribes with an equipment of imaginative theories. He has written a characteristic preface to *Halfpenny Alley* (SMITH, ELDER), by MARJORY HARDCASTLE, a nurse whose pictures of the folk to whom she has ministered have been cleverly worked up from the notes of her diary. She has the power of visualising and vitalising the characters which she has observed with the precision of a perfect sympathy and a real affection, and has many touching things to say of the kindness and courage of the alley dwellers. A sort of forced optimism, if I may so call it, seems to colour the outlook both of the author and of the writer of the preface. I think it must be a protective device assumed against despair in the discouraging work to which both have set their hands. For on the evidence here set forth there is but too little cause for optimism. Rather, a vision of illimitable expense of spirit in a waste of squalor too horrible for anything but anger or tears. Not all the humour in the world can really lighten the picture, but it is splendid to see so brave an attempt to do so.

Miss ETHEL SIDGWICK entitles her new novel, *Succession* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), a "biographical fragment," and as this "fragment" consists of nearly six hundred very closely printed pages her ideas of a novel of proper length must be Chinese. Here, in this sequel to *Promise*, she displays a fine and most excellent courage, but she also demands courage of her reader. Her method of explanation and illustration reveals itself as the most accurate report of what is, to the innocent reader, unimportant dialogue, and this dialogue throughout the six hundred pages flows about the small person of *Antoine Edgell*, musical genius, sometimes engulfs him altogether, sometimes recedes, leaving him high and dry and pitifully seared. To the reader it is as though Miss SIDGWICK had suddenly opened a door upon an exceedingly noisy family of mixed nationality. There the family are—bewildering, hasty, irritable, real as anything, but needing most certainly some sort of explanatory footnotes. But footnotes are not for Miss SIDGWICK. *Antoine* is a genius whose physical strength gives way again and again, whilst the family—grandfathers,

uncles, aunts, cousins, ultimately (and most happily) fathers—rush at him, scream at him, pinch him, kiss him, dress him, undress him, applaud him, abuse him. From the tumult emerges at last the consciousness that *Antoine* is ill; the babel is silenced; for the sake of his health he is conveyed to bracing wildernesses, and the six hundred pages are at an end. Then, if the reader has had the courage demanded of him, incidents and figures do emerge. A grandfather, a composer, a doctor—all, for their very haphazard appearances, amazingly lifelike. But the virtues of Miss SIDGWICK's method are to be best observed in retrospect.

The Laurensens (CONSTABLE) leaves me unenvious of the girl who is adopted into a large family of distant and male cousins, for apparently she will want to marry two or three of them, and the same number will want to marry her, and the end will be confusion. *Alice*, of course, put her money on the wrong *Lawrenson* (*Clive* by name), not knowing that he had a natural gift for bolting. He left her on the very day of the wedding, and the main interest of the story lies in the fact that his flight led him to a Jesuit establishment. This place, we are told, is "not drawn from any community in the United Kingdom," a statement I find no difficulty in believing. *Clive's* trick of bolting was not, however, to be cured by the Jesuits, for even after he had taken his vows he once more took to his heels. It was this second bolt rather than the first that made me very sorry for *Alice*, for in the interval she had divorced him, and when he turned up again was comfortably married to his brother. Having saved *Clive* from the Jesuits, Mr. R. K. WEKES is content to leave him; but I think that he should (for *Alice's* sake) have seen him through just one more bolt. The book is very well written and can be recommended to those who are not likely to find offence in its religious point of view.

It is a curious thing that when publishers print on the paper wrapper of a novel a little paragraph summarising its contents they should so often draw attention to features which on investigation prove not very attractive, and say nothing about those which are. Thus it is claimed for Miss JEAN WEBSTER'S *Daddy Long-Legs* that it has a "dramatic and altogether unexpected" ending, and I can only say that if Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON did not foresee the finish half-way through they can't be nearly as intelligent as I am. No hint is given of the really good part of the book. Fortunately for me, my interest did not depend on any attempt at mystification, but on the intimate description of an American girls' college. I fancy that a good many of us know very little about this quite attractive phase of American life, and I am sure that Miss WEBSTER'S charming picture of it would have gained more admirers if the paragraph on the cover had said something about it. I can only hope that Miss WEBSTER has plenty of readers who know her too well to be dependent on information conveyed by a wrapper.



A TEST FOR NUTS.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Budget Committee of the French Parliament has decided that no Casino where gambling is carried on shall be allowed within sixty miles of Paris. We are glad to know that the inhabitants of this old Puritan stronghold are to be guarded from temptation.

Berlin is to have a fine new golf course. This is good news, for it is hoped that in course of time the Germans will follow our example by paying more attention to golf than to national defence, and then we shall not be so unfairly handicapped.

Lord ROSEBERY points out that the local authorities disclaim ownership of the Roman Road near Epsom; and the Italian Government, we hear, is being urged by expansionists at Rome to put in a claim for the thoroughfare.

In consequence of complaints by Suffragettes certain prison vans will in future be labelled "Ladies Only."

Among the recent exploits of the Suffragettes was a visit at night to the Royal Asylum at Aberdeen, where, we understand, many sympathisers with the militant movement are staying.

Mayor GAYNOR of New York declares that marriage is the only cure for the English malignant Suffragettes. We fear, however, that in these decadent days our men lack the necessary pluck to give the suggested remedy a trial.

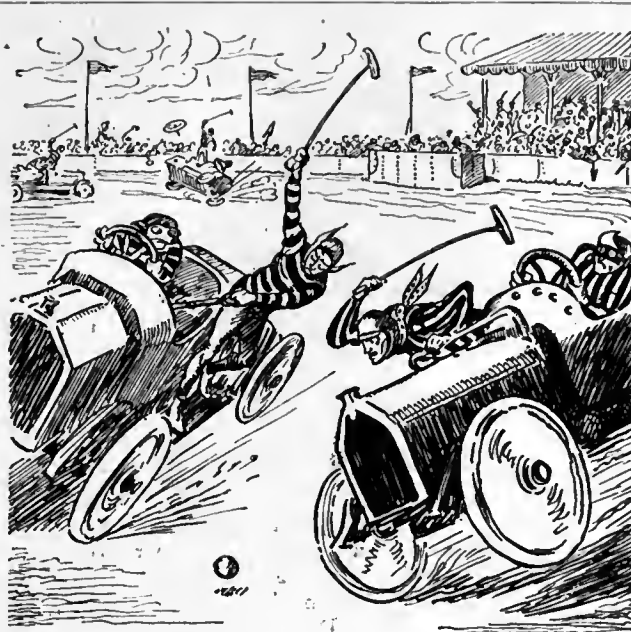
Mr. RAYMOND ROZE is to give us a season of grand opera in English at Covent Garden in November. If there's anything in a name, here is the chance of a lifetime for our humorists.

Miss SHIRLEY KELOG, of the Hippodrome, will, it is announced, be "married quietly" to Mr. ALBERT DE COURVILLE, on the 31st inst. Dare we understand this to mean that the marriage service will not be enlivened by any rag-time music?

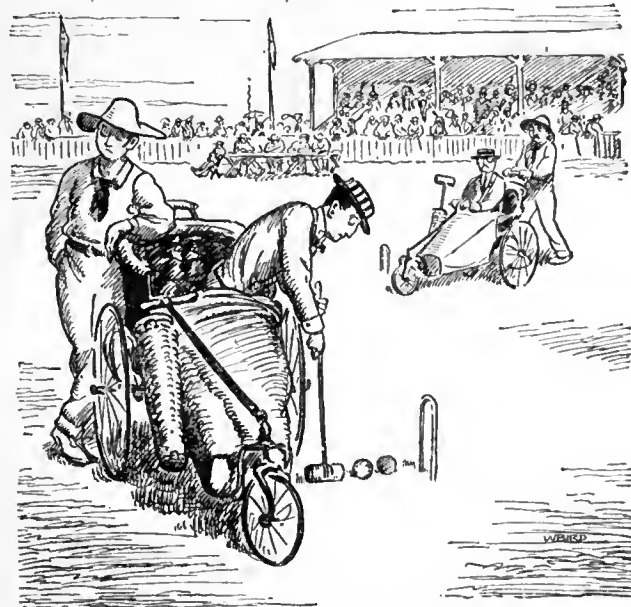
It is estimated that if the alleged

fracas at the Garrick theatre had been continued, the rivals, by agreeing to share the cinematograph rights in these struggles, would probably have made more money than by the production of Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S play.

know, and it will take a lot of beating. I want to see everything in this city so I'll be able to compare it with San Francisco." We are glad to have this frank warning that we are on our trial.



THERE IS BOUND TO BE A REACTION AGAINST THE BUSH AND EXCITEMENT OF THIS AGE. AFTER MOTOR POLO—



WE MAY EXPECT BATH-CHAIR CROQUET.

Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER secured last week for the Palladium not only LITTLE TICH, but also the Columbia Park Boy Scouts. Gulliver's fondness for the Lilliputians is of course well known.

By the way, one of the little American visitors, interviewed by a representative of *The Daily Mail*, said, "Of course, San Francisco is a very great city, you

The failure of a member of the French company playing in the revue *J'Adore Ça* to turn up one day last week, caused the production to be delayed for a quarter of an hour. French revues must be very different to English ones if the omission of any part interferes at all with the intelligibility of the plot.

Reuter tells us that when Mr. ASQUITH landed at Corfu he had a great reception from the inhabitants, and "acknowledged their welcome by saluting." This show of militarism on the part of the PRIME MINISTER is resented by many of his supporters.

With reference to the correspondence in a contemporary as to "Exorbitant Dock Charges," a gentleman writes to us from an address in the New Cut to say that, although he was only in the dock for a few minutes the other day, he had to pay no less than five pounds for the privilege.

A well-dressed baby was found late one night last week in the forecourt of a house in Parsons Hill, Woolwich. He is supposed to have been brought out by a burglar for training purposes and to have been forgotten in a hurried departure.

Not only was there an accident at a launch at Liverpool last week, but there was also, we hope, an accident in *The Liverpool Echo's* account of it. Says our contemporary:—

"As the vessel was gliding into the river the Lady Mayoress met with a slight accident, parts of the bottle broken on the craft flying back and striking her hand, cutting one of her fingers."

Congratulatory speeches followed at the luncheon."

From June 1st to September 30th, farmers will be able to obtain daily forecasts of the weather from the Meteorological Office. It is significant as to the sort of weather expected that the requisite fees will have to be paid in advance.

MR. PUNCH'S DIDACTIC NOVELS.*(The First, and probably the Last.)*

[In humble imitation of Mr. EUSTACE MILES's serial in *Healthward Ho!* (Help!), and in furtherance of the great principle of self-culture.]

THE MYSTERY OF GORDON SQUARE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

ROGER DANGERFIELD, the famous barrister, is passing through Gordon Square one December night when he suddenly comes across the dead body of a man of about forty years. To his horror he recognises it to be that of his friend, Sir Eustace Butt, M.P., who has been stabbed in seven places. Much perturbed by the incident, Roger goes home and decides to lead a new life. Hitherto he had been notorious in the London clubs for his luxurious habits, but now he rises at 7.30 every morning and breathes evenly through the nose for five minutes before dressing.

After three weeks of the breathing exercise, Roger adds a few simple lunges to his morning drill. Detective-Inspector Frenchard tells him that he has a clue to the death of Sir Eustace, but that the murderer is still at large. Roger sells his London house and takes a cottage in the country, where he practises the simple life. He is now lunging ten times to the right, ten times to the left and ten times backwards every morning, besides breathing lightly through the nose during his bath.

One day he meets a Yogi, who tells him that if he desires to track the murderer down he must learn concentration. He suggests that Roger should start by concentrating on the word "wardrobe," and then leaves this story and goes back to India. Roger sells his house in the country and comes back to town, where he concentrates for half-an-hour daily on the word "wardrobe"; besides, of course, persevering with his breathing and lunging exercises. After a heavy morning's drill he is passing through Gordon Square when he comes across the body of his old friend, Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., who has been stabbed nine times. Roger returns home quickly, and decides to practise breathing through the ears.

CHAPTER XCI.

Preparation.

The appalling death of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., following so closely upon that of Sir Eustace Butt, M.P., meant the beginning of a new life for Roger. His morning drill now took the following form:—

On rising at 7.30 A.M. he sipped a glass of distilled water, at the same

time concentrating on the word "wardrobe." This lasted for ten minutes, after which he stood before the open window for five minutes, breathing alternately through the right ear and the left. A vigorous series of lunges followed, together with the simple kicking exercises detailed in Chapter LIV.

These over, there was a brief interval of rest, during which our hero, breathing heavily through the back of his neck, concentrated on the word "dough-nut." Refreshed by the mental discipline, he rose and stood lightly on the ball of his left foot, at the same time massaging himself vigorously between the shoulders with his right. After five minutes of this he would rest again, lying motionless except for a circular movement of the ears. A cold bath, a brisk rub down and another glass of distilled water, completed the morning training.

But it is time we got on with the story. The murder of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., had sent a thrill of horror through England, and hundreds of people wrote indignant letters to the Press, blaming the police for their neglect to discover the assassin. Detective-Inspector Frenchard, however, was hard at work, and he was inspired by the knowledge that he could always rely upon the assistance of Roger Dangerfield, the famous barrister, who had sworn to track the murderer down.

To prepare himself for the forthcoming struggle Roger decided, one sunny day in June, to give up the meat diet upon which he had relied so long, and to devote himself entirely to a vegetable régime. With that thoroughness which was now becoming a characteristic of him, he left London and returned to the country, with the intention of making a study of food values.

CHAPTER XCII.

Love Comes In.

It was a beautiful day in July, and the country was looking its best. Roger rose at 7.30 A.M. and performed those gentle, health-giving exercises which have already been described in previous chapters. On this glorious morning, however, he added a simple exercise for the elbows to his customary ones, and went down to his breakfast as hungry as the proverbial hunter. A substantial meal of five dried beans and a stewed nut awaited him in the fine oak-panelled library; and, as he did ample justice to the banquet, his thoughts went back to the terrible days when he lived the luxurious meat-eating life of the ordinary man-about-town; to the evening when he discovered the

body of Sir Eustace Butt, M.P., and swore to bring the assassin to vengeance; to the day when—

Suddenly he realised that his thoughts were wandering. With iron will he controlled them and concentrated fixedly on the word "dough-nut" for twelve minutes. Greatly refreshed he rose and strode out into the sun.

At the door of his cottage a girl was standing. She was extremely beautiful, and Roger's heart would have jumped if he had not had that organ (thanks to Twisting Exercise 23) under perfect control.

"Is this the way to Denfield?" she asked.

"Straight on," said Roger.

He returned to his cottage, breathing heavily through his ears.

CHAPTER XCIII.

Another Surprise.

Six months went by, and the murderer of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., and Sir Eustace Butt, M.P., still remained at large. Roger had sold his cottage in the country and was now in London, performing his exercises with regularity, concentrating daily upon the words "wardrobe," "dough-nut," and "wasp," and living entirely upon proteids.

One day he had the idea that he would start a restaurant in the East-End for the sale of meatless foods. This would bring him in touch with the lower classes, among whom he expected to find the assassin of his two oldest friends.

In less than a year the shop was a tremendous success. In spite of this, however, Roger did not neglect his exercises, taking particular care to keep the toes well turned in when lunging ten times backwards. (*Exercise 17.*) Once, to his joy, the girl whom he had first met outside his country cottage came in and had her simple lunch of Smilopat (ninepence: the dab) at his shop. That evening he lunged twelve times to the right instead of ten.

One day business had taken Roger to the West-End. As he was returning home at midnight through Gordon Square, he suddenly stopped and staggered back.

A body lay on the ground before him! Hastily turning it over upon its face, Roger gave a cry of horror.

It was Detective-Inspector Frenchard! Stabbed in eleven places!

Roger hurried madly home, and devised an entirely new set of exercises for his morning drill. A full description of these, however, must be reserved for another chapter.

(To be continued—elsewhere.)

A. A. M.



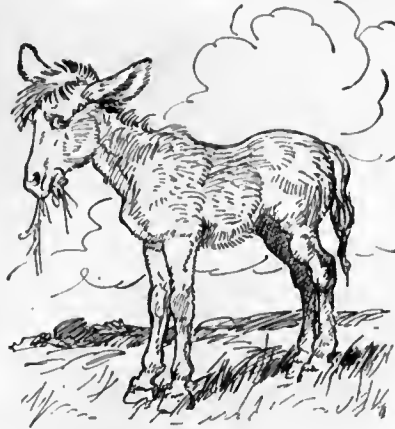
THE "BUNNY HUG."

MODERN YOUTH (to *Terpsichore*). "MY HUG, I THINK."
MR. PUNCH. "MY KICK, I KNOW!"





WHO WILL PAY?



WHAT WILL HE BECOME?



SHOULD HE CUT THE ROPE?



CAN HE SWIM?



DOES THE LANDLORD KNOW?



WILL HE POST THE LETTER?

DESIGNS FOR PROBLEM PICTURES.

THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY IS RATHER DISAPPOINTING IN THE MATTER OF PROBLEM PICTURES, A FEATURE WHICH THE PUBLIC EAGERLY EXPECTS.

MR. PUNCH GIVES A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO ARTISTS WHO MAY BE CASTING ABOUT FOR SUBJECTS FOR NEXT YEAR, AND HOPES THAT THEY MAY HAVE THE EFFECT OF BRIGHTENING BURLINGTON HOUSE.

"O YOU MORTAL ENGINES."

[The Borough of Louth (Lincolnshire) has mislaid its fire-engine.]

Ho, Town and County Councils, come listen to my lay;
You don't get such a tale as this (with moral) every day.
I show how, when executives once close the watchful eye,
Municipal appliances may spread their wings and fly.

Louth is an ancient borough in Lincoln's homely shire,
And Louth possessed an engine for subjugating fire
(A little thing, but still their own). Where is that engine
now?

Well, to be brief, it disappeared, and Louth is asking
"How?"

The search was systematic (the Surveyor saw to that):
Each Burgess turned his pockets out and shook his front-
door mat;
Each twopeny raked her ashbin, her box each maid un-
packed;
But still the mystery was there, tho' it was still uncracked.

They dragged the little river which sparkles through the town;
They pulled the lowest drain-pipes up, the tallest chimneys
down;

But high or low they never found that enemy to flame
Bought fifty years ago to fight the fire that never came.

Men say that, when the Council met, strange scenes were
acted there:

The Mayor he searched the learned Clerk, the Clerk he
stripped the Mayor;

The Aldermen, the Councillors expectant stood around,
But not on either officer the missing toy was found.

They ordered a Committee, the Committee of Estates,
To trace the peccant runaway, and there the matter waits.
And every decent citizen, east, west and north and south,
Will pray that in the interim no fire may visit Louth.

The New St. George.

"Wanted, Young Man for Orra Beast."

Ldvt. in "Aberdeen Evening Express."

UNREST IN THE CRICKET FIELD.

THE prevailing spirit of unrest in cricketing circles bids fair to be exasperated by the new controversy as to whether the left-hand batsman should be barred. Personally I am against all this barring business. Once we start barring things in cricket we shall never know whether we are playing under the "Marquess of Queensberry" or the "Billiard Control" rules. And what about the ambidextrous man?

If the Wopplestone Wanderers had been certain whether I was left-handed or right-handed the annual contest between that club and Murkytown might not have been discontinued. I do not believe that all the unpleasantness was due to my idea of bowling fast "full tosses" at the top of the stumps.

I captained the Murkytown team. I had been trying my full toss theory at the nets. Our regular Captain was batting at the moment and did not recover in time for the Wopplestone match. I won the toss and exercised a captain's privilege of going in first.

I never stated that I was a left-handed batsman. If, because I took guard like a left-handed batsman, the Wopplestone Captain jumped to the conclusion that I was going to bat left-handed and placed his field accordingly, I cannot see that I was to blame. There is no rule as to how a batsman must take guard. I need not have taken guard at all. Nor, so far as

I am aware, is there any rule that an ambidextrous man must declare whether he will bat left-handed or right-handed. As a matter of fact I am really right-handed, but no bigot on the matter. I can both bat and bowl fairly well left-handed.

The Wopplestone slow bowler started trundling to me. I could not be expected to know that my turning round just as he reached the wicket would put him off. I do not believe that it was my action that caused him to bowl a slow full pitch. I daresay that I should have hit it just as hard as I did if I had played it left-handed. It is true that in that case it would have been to the off instead of to leg. The ball would easily have gone to the boundary if short-square-leg (he would have been

short-slip if I had been left-handed) had not interposed his knee. For a moment it looked as though the peculiar arrangement of the field had lost me four runs. It was all right, however, as we had the presence of mind to run four whilst the fielders were trying to find out if the man's leg was broken. When they got him into the pavilion the doctor confirmed my view that there was nothing quite broken and that the man was making an unnecessary fuss. The Wopplestone people seemed to think that I had done it on purpose, though I explained that I had no idea that he

I need not describe our innings in detail. Their slow bowler never found his length, if he ever had one, and the fast bowler refused to get off the pavilion table. The change bowlers were not on the day worthy of the name of bowlers. The whole side seemed upset. Brockletops and I did pretty well what we liked.

When we had made 215 for 3 wickets I declared the innings closed. Brockletops had the satisfaction of being not out. Whatever Brockletops says, I am ready to swear that I did not know that his score was then exactly 99.

Anyhow, I disapprove of making a fetish of centuries. Ninety-nine runs are very nearly as useful as a hundred. Even if another run would have entitled Brockletops to receive a bat I think that club cricket should be played in a strictly amateur spirit.

Although I am in favour of reasonable reforms I am not so self-opinionated as to depart unnecessarily from ancient tradition. I accordingly again exercised the prerogative of my office and started the bowling. I exploited my full toss theory. I do not think that I was in any way to blame because the first ball did not swerve in the air quite so much as I expected it to do. Anyway I was not responsible for the fact that the first batsman was a short fat man, nor that he presented the full breadth of his anatomy to the ball. All said and done, it only hit him in the wind. In the most sportsman-like manner I offered

to allow him to continue his innings later on, when he was feeling better; but he decided to go on feeling ill.

It was entirely the next man's own fault that my first ball hit him behind the ear. There was absolutely no necessity for him to have ducked his head. I am given to understand that about three days afterwards, when he learnt for the first time that he had been given out l.b.w., he had a relapse. I still think that our umpire's decision on the subject was correct.

If the wicket-keeper had taken the next ball in his hands instead of on his instep, I should have accomplished what would have been a moral hat-trick. Not content with missing what was, after all, a fairly simple catch, and so spoiling my bowling analysis, he



A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

"COME ON, SAM; WE'RE GOING 'OME. DRAW STUMPS."

was their champion fast bowler. I also pointed out what a silly thing it was to put a man in such a position if they wanted to use him for anything else, especially if the other man was going to bowl slow full tosses to leg.

After that they wanted me to declare whether I would bat right-handed or left-handed. I naturally refused. As they pressed the matter I eventually said that I expected mostly to bat right-handed but declined to bind myself. Just to show that I was not bigoted, I played the next ball left-handed. The bowler was still uncertain of his length and a slow long hop only just missed short-square-leg's head on its way to the boundary (he would have been point had I been batting right-handed, as they seemed to expect).

insisted on going into the pavilion to bathe his foot. Consequently I was put to all the bother of finding someone else to take his place.

I soon got rid of the man who had been missed. I slipped in attempting to bowl an extra fast one, and the batsman was completely deceived by the ball unexpectedly bouncing.

The next man was silly enough to come in without batting-gloves. The first time that I hit him on the fingers settled him. If a man has not got more sense than that he ought not to play cricket.

The Captain then came in. This fellow, besides being no sportsman, was a coward. He stood about a yard from the wicket and made stupid chops at the ball. He was lucky enough by this unorthodox method to deflect the ball several times through the slips.

We might have had quite a difficulty in getting rid of him if I had not had the resource suddenly to bowl the ball with my left hand. It was not a very good ball, but the man who said that it bounced five times was guilty of exaggeration. The batsman only made a feeble attempt to play it and was bowled. He was inclined to be unpleasant about it, but could produce no rule against the bowler's delivering the ball with either hand without warning. I still maintain that he had not even a moral grievance. He might, it is true, have insisted on taking fresh guard, but an inch or two one way or the other can make no difference to a man who adopts a stance about a yard from the wicket. He could not follow this argument, though I spent some time explaining it to him with diagrams.

After the defeat of their Captain the rest of the team seemed to lose heart. As no one else came out to bat, we allowed a good two minutes a man before putting the wicket down. I think that the rest of the side were rightly entered in the score book "run out," except, perhaps, the man who could not get off the pavilion table. "Absent, hurt" would no doubt be the technical description in his case. The effect, anyway, was the same, as I suppose that, strictly speaking, I could not count them in my analysis. It was absurd that in the circumstances I was only credited with three wickets. It was an easy win, and personally I thoroughly enjoyed the game.

We understand (from his Master of the Robes) that Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER hopes to improve upon Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER's appearance in *Cræsus*, and has commissioned from the house of ROTHSCHILD a play for which he has himself suggested a title: *The Trousers-Cræsus*.



INFORMATION.

"ST. GEORGE'S 'OSPITAL—VILL ZE TRAM TAKE ME?"

"NO; BUT THE AMBULANCE WILL IF YOU DON'T 'OP OFF THE LINE!"

THE CREMATION OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

I FOUND the Trevors in the highest spirits. They were never a very despondent family, but this afternoon they bubbled.

There were so many persons present and the conversation was so excited and general that my entrance was effected without attracting any notice, and I sank into a chair and waited till some one should see me and provide a cup of tea.

Meanwhile scraps of talk came my way.

I heard Mrs. Trevor say, in her shrill voice, "It was costing us a clear four hundred a year. We couldn't let it anyhow, and we couldn't afford to live there."

"No," said Muriel in her decisive tones; "no one was hurt."

"Father is going to send a present to the brigade, of course," said Delia, "but beyond that it won't cost us anything."

"Insured right enough, I should think so!" said Eustace. "Six thousand of the very best."

"And we're all going to Italy as a reward," cried Madge. "Just think: Venice, Florence, Assisi!"

"Yes, my love," bayed Mr. Trevor, who speaks from his very sole, "it almost makes one inclined to give 'em the vote. Only of course that wouldn't be logical. But gratitude, you know..."

It was then that I was at last perceived and drawn into the circle.

"Oh, what do you think?" said Madge, seizing my arm. "We've had such a bit of luck. The Suffragettes have burned down that dreadful country place of father's in Shropshire. Isn't it splendid?"

MORE ACADEMY ENCOURAGEMENTS.

(Being a composite plagiarism of some of "Mr. Punch's" contemporaries.)

A FURTHER visit to the Academy discovers a few works of merit that escaped our first notice. Amidst the clash of simpering portraiture, jejune "story-tellers," and trivial idylls of moor and sea, the jaded eyesight finds rest and peace in Mr. John Sturdue's study of still life, *The 9.3 taking in Milk Cans at Redhill*, or the same artist's breezy, yet restrained, treatment of perspective in *The Tube near Dover Street*—a delicate landscape that has been carelessly hung next to Mr. Harris Weimber's somewhat fantastic *Ichthyosauria coming down to water: South Harrow*, purchased, we understand, by the District Railway as a companion to their well-known posters of the unexplored regions to which they invite the tourist.

Despite a topicality better suited to the cinema than Burlington House, Mr. Lionel Fraber's *Two on a Tower*, depicting a recent affair at the Monument, has qualities that deserve a more permanent theme. Mr. Fraber has indeed approached his subject with a robustness that makes one almost glad that no other sense but vision is needed for the interpretation of this joy day of Femininity. Another "Suffragette" picture, wherein the *morale* of this cause is strongly portrayed, is Mr. Frank H. Burnish's *The Militant's Home*. The sternest opponent of the wider utility of women will feel some twinges of conscience before this grim interior, with the unwashed crockery and unkempt children. The despair of the husband is however sufficiently obvious without the rather glaring label for Timbuctoo on the trunk that he is packing.

Those of our younger artists who fritter their talents on endless and depressing replicas of fishing vessels and other subjects "en plein air" are earnestly recommended to study Miss Barbara Fellhurst's great canvas, brooding over Room IV. with its note of the Tragedy that is eternal. Nobody, until they have seen this *Last of the Hundred Dozen—the Sandhurst Tuck-shop at Curfew*, would believe that a mere bun, waiting for its end, could be invested with such stoical dignity. Looking at that quiet figure, touched with some purple of the sunset that is its first and last, one feels that not in vain have its oven-mates gone down. Miss Fellhurst uses no cheap device of the stricken field; she harrows us with no horrors of war. But somehow she tells us that there is internal discord

among the gallant cadets. Two of them only advance upon that lonely figure—the last of the buns. The artist has shown us a problem as old as the hills, appetite against repletion—and she leaves us to guess where the victory lies.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH MIS-UNDERSTANDING.

EDMUND is a thoroughly good sort, but oh, so shy. The least little thing suffuses him with embarrassment; the most imaginary prominence confounds him. Some day I suppose he will get married by proxy after an engagement by special licence. There can hardly be a more bashful man in all London.

Well, one day lately, when I was going out of town, Edmund came into a post-office with me. It is a large office with, I should say, a valuable good-will, but it is not one of your hurried City places. The oligarchs behind the counter are dignified and discriminating. You are scanned and passed for probity, and tastefully-printed stamps are presented to you (you know the way) as certificates of character.

I went over to the bustard-holes and wrote a telegram. "Edmund," said I, "will you hand this in while I write some more? Ask her if it matters its being in French. Here's a bob."

Edmund took it. I heard him ask and I heard the reply—"French is admissible." Edmund, delighted to be in order, flicked the form under the rails, quite briskly and audaciously for him, without reading it.

The young woman examined it and immediately shot an outraged look upon Edmund. He began to blush; I knew he was wishing he had glanced at it first. "Oh, can I—er—" he said, "er—perhaps you've not quite got the French . . . misleading language, I always think—er—should I? . . ." The young woman said, "Sir!" and banged the form over the counter to Edmund with a stamp. He read it.

It was addressed to my favourite hotel and I myself find the French of it excellent and clear. It ran: "*Arrive Bournemouth 4.15.*"

"A Beautiful American Organ; splendid sound; with 10 stops; and shaped mirror; worth the trouble of seeing it."—*Cape Argus*. Of seeing it once, perhaps; but of seeing it every day? Ah!

"For an inventory of the other charms of the 'faire freshe May' the reader must consult the poet's passim."—*Globe*. If it is not there it will be found in his *ibid.*

MILLIONS FOR THE MILLION.

[Owing to the failures of recent flotations to attract public attention, financiers declare that new issues will have to be advertised in a more up-to-date way.]

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU!

THE ALL-GOLD FIVE-POWER CHINESE LOAN.

Guaranteed for Five Years.

Durability! Reliability! Strength!
Refuse all privately-issued Loans, asserted to be "Just as Good" or "Practically the Same Thing." They are NOT the same thing. See our name on each Bond. If your broker does not stock them let us know.

TRY OUR AMERICAN

"A.-G." (Anti-Gambling) MARCONIS.
Increase in value while you sleep. Packed free from observation and despatched privately.

"Cabinet Minister" writes:—"I have found your shares most profitable. Please send me on 2,000 fresh shares for some friends on your credit system."

With free "Guess-let" Competition—the craze of the moment. Guess what the shares will reach. Cash Prizes. One competitor made £20,000 in two days. Mark your envelopes "Wait and See."

HALF-A-CROWN DOWN BRINGS BRAZILIAN BOND!

The Rest by Easy Instalments on the Furniture System. You get the Bond delivered by our carters at your house on the day of allotment. If after a month's trial you do not like it we take it back carriage forward. All we ask you to do is to send postal order, tearing off coupon at dotted line, with your professional card or letter-heading, stating "Mr., Mrs., Miss or Rev." No business done with Minors.

SHARES FOR THE MILLION.—So as to popularise the new issue of Consolidated Clothes Horses, Ltd., the promoters have decided to offer Threepenny shares (or Five a Shilling). Illustrated Catalogue post free on application to Bank of England (Dept. G). Will outlast others at three times the price.

"York Minster's twelve bells have been removed to undergo necessary repairs. The clock, which strikes on the tenor bell for the chiming of the quarter and half-hours, is to be reconstructed.

The hair on the heads of most of the hundreds of thousands of dolls exhibited in shop windows is obtained from the Angora goat.

After a long and animated debate, however, the committee's minutes were adopted."

Northern Daily Telegraph.

The committee seems impervious to argument.



THE DEPOPULATION OF RURAL ENGLAND.

Sir Roger Duplessy, Bart. (came over with the CONQUEROR). "I SEE THAT POOR OLD HUGH RICOCHET HAS BROKEN UP HIS ESTATE AND IS OFF TO CANADA. MY DEAR MOTHER, ISN'T IT AWFUL TO REALISE THAT YOU AND I ARE ABSOLUTELY THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT IN THE COUNTY?"

A RIVAL FOR CARUSO.

The facts and figures bearing on the anatomy of Signor CARUSO published in *The Daily Mail* of May 20 (writes a musical correspondent) are no doubt exceedingly interesting. But the contention that his sound-box represents the supreme perfection of structure and resonance must be resolutely combated in the interests not merely of truth but of patriotism. I have just witnessed the examination of Mr. Chester Huth, the famous Anglo-Israelitish baritone, by Dr. Samuel Soper, F.R.C.S., the illustrious and disinterested laryngologist of Wimpole Street, and have his permission to publish the memorandum in which he embodies the results of his examination.

Dr. Soper begins by observing that Mr. Chester Huth's facial angle approximates more closely to the conformation of the Piltown skull than that of any other musician he has ever examined. "Perhaps the most striking single feature," he continues, "is the size and the elasticity of his cranium. He is not only markedly prognathous, but his forehead exhibits the quality of bulbosity in an extraordinary degree. The occiput, the sinciput and the cerebellum are all equally developed, but, what is more, they are capable in moments of

emotion of such an amount of dilatation that he is obliged to wear hats of different sizes, varying from $6\frac{7}{8}$ to $8\frac{9}{16}$.

"The resonance of his cranium again is altogether abnormal. Struck smartly with an ivory paper-knife it gives out a middle C of fine timbre. Another point is the extraordinary curve of his nose, which, when measured from the top of the upper lip to a spot midway between the eyebrows, is at least half-an-inch longer than that of the famous statue of MOSES by MICHAEL ANGELO. This accounts for the superbly nasal tone which Mr. Chester Huth is able to elicit in moments of passion.

"Another interesting feature about this remarkable artist is the unequalled opulence of his capillary equipment. The average man has about 15,900 hairs on his head, but Mr. Chester Huth has upwards of 30,000. His follicular system is of an unusually vigorous kind, and the pigmentation wonderfully healthy. Brushed with an electric brush his hair crackles freely and gives out a pale-blue flame, at which a cigarette can be lit or the time he read on a watch in the dark. This is a scientific fact which accounts to a great extent for the magnetic influence which Mr. Chester Huth exerts on susceptible audiences of a mottoid diathesis. His chevelure is fine, silky

in texture but extraordinarily strong, and I am assured that an admirer who became the fortunate possessor of a small lock made a cast out of it with which he landed a 24lb. salmon.

"I see it stated that CARUSO merely by expanding his lungs is able to push a large Steinway concert grand piano-forte several inches along the carpet. On trying a similar experiment with my 6-cylinder 80-h.p. Jones-Joyce Limousine, Mr. Chester Huth shot it a hundred yards along the kerb, to the consternation of a one-legged crossing-sweeper, who narrowly escaped death.

"The secret of Chester Huth's possession of the volume and sonority of Niagara combined with the penetrating timbre of the gorilla's higher register lies, in my opinion, largely in the extraordinary beauty of his Eustachian tube—the passage connecting the pharynx with the middle ear—which in his case measures at least a sixteenth-of-an-inch longer than that of PAGANINI, who previously held the record."

It only remains to be added that Mr. Chester Huth is as generous as he is gifted, but that Dr. Samuel Soper has no intention of accepting remuneration for his task, which he performed for pure joy of anthropometry and with no idea that he was advertising the great baritone.



Passenger. "YOU'RE VERY CLUMSY WITH YOUR FEET, CONDUCTOR."
 Conductor. "WHAT D'Y EXPECT FOR A 'ALF PENNY A MILE? . PAVLOVER?"

LATEST FROM THE HIVES.

[Owing to an epidemic in the Somerset apiaries, we learn from *The Pall Mall Gazette*, human bees have to be appointed to carry pollen for the purposes of cross-fertilization. Otherwise there would be a shortage of cider in Somerset this year.]

THE announcement of the employment of "human bees" in Somerset may give relief to the anxious minds of the cider-manufacturers, but it has caused consternation in other quarters. The remarkable intelligence of the bee has by some subtle means communicated to hives all over the country the fact of this introduction of blackleg labour, and these resorts of our most industrious insect are simply buzzing with excitement. Naturally there is a great deal of anger expressed, and a new and sinister meaning has been given to the term "beeswax."

"Down honey-sacks!" is the cry of the more ardent agitators. We are privately informed that in one hive the honeycomb is being surreptitiously filled with corrosive acid. Another hive con-

tains distinct signs of an explosion having taken place, and although no tell-tale literature has been left lying about there is little doubt that the Y.H.B.s (Young Hot-headed Bees) are responsible for this. One hive-keeper, who has a great reputation for handling his bees without being stung, was badly bitten last Sunday while entertaining a small house-party, from which it is feared that the gnats are rising in league with the bees.

Whatever sympathy we may feel for the denizens of our apiaries, we feel still more for M. MAETERLINCK. He, poor man, is in despair. His publishers insist that his *Life of the Bee*, in order to remain the leading authority on the subject, must now have an appendix. "I don't see how I can get this appendix into less than five volumes," he exclaimed pathetically to a friend.

The proprietor of the Somerset hive desires us to make known that he can receive no more applications for the post of drone, as that department was filled some days ago.

A TIMELY WARNING.

[To a new neighbour on hearing a lawyer's opinion to the effect that, according to legal statistics, tempers are much worse in winter than summer.]

Good Sir, your flute provokes the impious word,
 Slaying some luckless air at even-fall.
 I kick the furniture—perhaps you heard
 Last night the way I hammered on the wall.

My broken skin avows
 The violence of the poet whom you rouse.

And this is summer, I would have you know,
 And, knowing, think upon your threatened fate
 When winter's winds (like you) begin to blow,
 And tempers share the daylight's shortened state.

My wintry wrath might prove
 Deadly to you. I think you'd better move.



BARRED OUT.

SPIRIT OF MISTRUST. "I HATE THESE ROYAL WEDDINGS. PEOPLE MEET, AND THERE'S SUCH A DANGER OF THEIR GETTING TO UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER."



ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE TWO PERFUMES.

ONCE upon a time there was a common, and on it a cottage had been built with a high bank beside it, and on this bank grew a lilac-tree whose branches hung very near the path, and below the lilac was a great mass of rich brown wall-flowers.

Looking up one afternoon the lilac saw a wayfarer approaching. I hope he will notice me and stop, she thought; for she had but a short time of blossom, and she knew it, and it gave her pleasure to be courted and praised.

"There's some one coming," she said to the wall-flower. "He looks rather interesting. I think he'll stop."

"If he does," said the wall-flower, "it will be for you. I've been going on too long. They're all tired of me by now."

"I don't agree with you," said the lilac. "I wish I did. This one looks to me as if he would be keen on both of us. I tell you he's nice."

"Let's have a bet," said the wall-flower. "I bet you that he pays more attention to you than to me."

"Very well," said the lilac; "and I bet he pays more attention to you. How much?"

"Two bees," said the wall-flower.

"Done," said the lilac as the man reached them.

He was a middle-aged man, with a kindly face, and he knelt down by the wall-flowers and took a long draught of them.

Immediately his years left him and he was a boy again. He thought himself in an old garden. The walls had toad-flax between the bricks. There was a tortoise in the greenhouse. The lawn was very baro where he and his brothers and sisters played too much cricket. All along the front of the house was a bed of wall-flowers, and in a chair by the window of the dining-room lay a lady sewing. Every now and then she looked up and smiled at the cricketers. "Well hit!" she would say, or "Well caught!"

Whenever any of them were out they ran to her for a second and kissed her—not long enough to interrupt the game, but just to let her know that she was the most beautiful and adorable creature in the world.

The man's eyes filled with tears. Why did the scent of wall-flowers always bring back this scene, and this only? But it did.

He reached up and pulled a branch of lilac to his face, and straightway he was a young man again. He was not alone. It was night and the moon was shining, and he was standing in



Lady. "YOU TOLD ME I NEED NOT TAKE OUT A LICENCE FOR THE DOG TILL THE END OF THE YEAR, AND NOW THEY'VE SENT ME A SUMMONS."

Fancier. "THEM REVENUE PEOPLE WILL DO HANYTHINK, LADY. I SOLD A GENELMAN A PARROT LARST WEEK, AN' THEY SUMMONED 'IM FOR KEEPING A DOG WITHOUT A LICENCE JUST BECOS THE BIRD 'APPENED TO 'AVE A 'USKY VOICE."

the garden with a beautiful girl beside him. It was the hour of his betrothal. "How wonderful!" she said at last. "Oh, I am too happy!" And again his eyes filled with tears.

Then once more he buried his face in the wall-flowers. . . .

After he had passed on his way across the common, "I've won," said the lilac sadly.

"Yes," said the wall-flower. "I owe you two bees. I won't forget to send them on."

A Born Scholar.

"At Bryn, to Mr. Charles Sowerbutts and Mrs. Sowerbutts (née Mary Jones, B.A.), a son."—*The Methodist Recorder.*

Political Candour.

From a report in *The Daily Telegraph* of Mr. McKENNA's speech at Cardiff:—

"He regarded the bill as it now stood as a fair and just measure of religious equality for Wales. It was no longer the mere legislative proposal of the Government; it was the matured and considered work of the House of Commons."

AT THE PLAY.

"CRÆSUS."

"CHARITY," says *M. Rochebrune* in the play, among other less memorable aphorisms—"Charity, like golf, is a rich man's game." And, though I don't presume to guess who it is that is going to pay for his fun, I should say that the production of such a play as Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S *Cræsus* was also a rich man's game. Certainly, without pretending to follow the obscure and complex litigation of which this comedy (or was it a tragedy?) has been the subject, most of us concluded that it was hardly worth fighting about, and that it is not likely to live very long after the temporary effect of its loud advertisement in the courts—unpremeditated, no doubt—has worn off. "Count no man happy till he is dead," was the legendary remark of SOLON to the original CRÆSUS; and perhaps an early demise will be the happiest ending of the chequered career of *Cræsus II.*

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Love." This—for even the *demi-monde* can adapt Scripture for its purpose—was the labelled motive, none too fresh, of the play. But the sympathy which is claimed by multi-millionaires on the plea that they cannot gain affection pure from mercenary sentiment is never very heartily accorded. Most people would accept the wealth and chance the penalty. In the case of *Comte Sorbier* our sympathy was the more grudging because the woman on whom he lavished his wealth was only his mistress, and therefore at perfect liberty to move on, when she chose, into more entertaining pastures. A vague hope of reconciliation was held out to us; for did not *Grandval*, the Abdiel of the company, hint that a rich man has not failed if he can keep the true devotion of one man and of one woman? But nothing came of it so far as the woman was concerned. True, she returned from her escapade, alleging that her heart had always remained true to her *Sorbier*; but she imposed neither on him nor on us.

Meanwhile *Cræsus* had been harbouring the illusion that by a disguise of his identity he might rivet to himself the disinterested affections of a true woman. Such a treasure he thought he had discovered, where a less child-like and confiding nature might never have looked for it, in the person of a *midinette*. The masquerade was very simple. He just changed into an old jacket, light overcoat and popular slouch hat, carefully guarded in a patent safe, which must, I presume, have been the

chief feature of the scenery which Mr. BOURCHIER was so anxious to retrieve from the other party in the case. So we were suddenly transported from the smartest circles of Parisian fashion into a boisterous scene of low life in Bohemia, and never got back again. As the curtain rose upon the last Act, with its half-dozen or so of perfectly new characters, I thought there must be some mistake. I admit that I was a little dazed by a change in my own social condition, for by the courtesy of a friend I found myself admitted to the dignity of the stalls, after having had a foreshortened view of the first two Acts from a free seat in the Upper Circle.



Sorbier (Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER) setting out to be loved for himself—not for his hat or coat.

However, the ultimate appearance of *Cræsus* made it clear that this Act was part of the play. A very long dialogue ensued between him and the *midinette* of his choice, from which we learned that she had been the object of attentions on the part of a *vieux marcheur*, who had offered her his protection and the luxury of an *appartement*, which she innocently proposed to accept without any idea that the result might be of a compromising nature. Acting on this information, *Sorbier* disclosed his identity (an obvious dramatic chance sadly *manqué*), and paid her off handsomely and to her complete satisfaction.

So ended the play on the knell of another lost illusion, and Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD had achieved at least one of the high purposes of drama—to purify the heart with pity. For who could view with dry eyes the poignant spectacle of a millionaire left for the moment without a mistress!

Mr. BOURCHIER, snatching a brief respite from the dusty purlieus of the law, played the part of *Sorbier* as easily as if he had just emerged from a rest-cure. In the lighter passages, especially in the Second Act, where he dealt tersely with a variety of beggars, he was excellent, but did not altogether succeed in suggesting a figure of romance.

Of Madame GABRIELLE DORZIAT'S performance as *Marcelle* it is difficult to judge, for she spoke a Gallicised English. The blend of this with the native English (Cockney and other) of the rest of the cast, though in her case it was unavoidable if she had to play the part at all, produced the same effect of absurd incongruity which one suffers in plays adapted from the French when some isolated character adopts broken English for the purpose of local colour. She played with vivacity but without any very peculiar grace. Whether she might have moved us more if she had let us see her in the new gown which her milliner brought for her, none can say, for, after retiring to try it on, she never appeared in it. Here again the author raised hopes, only to dash them to the ground.

From the others we got no very fresh ideas about Parisian *esprit*. Mr. SPENCER TREVOR was perhaps most at home in his favourite part of a senile buffoon. In the other section of the play Miss MARJORIE WATERLOW, as the over-innocent *midinette*, did her best to be nearer nature than the part allowed, but she was not quite equal to the strain of so improbable a situation and so much dialogue to go with it. I am not sure that little Miss JOYCE ROBEX (*Toto*), whose business was to enjoy her supper at a miniature table *à part*, did not do as much justice as anybody to Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S design.

How far his play was a personal *cri de cœur* I am too discreet even to conjecture, but I permit myself respectfully to hope that life has its compensations for him—compensations unknown to the ordinary playwright. O. S.

"Wanted, two Bull Terriers, must be well bred and fond of goats."—*Advt. in "Buenos Aires Standard."*

Our own bull-terrier simply dotes on anything with a beard, but, alas! he is not well bred.

"Oxford, 46 for two. Herring b. Humphreys, 21½."—*Bristol Evening Times.*

This paves the way for our great mathematical problem. If a herring and a half makes a run and a half in an hour and a half, how long will it take one herring to make 21½?



FANCY

AND

FACT.

THE NUT'S FIRST SEA-VOYAGE.

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

I.

[Reproduced from "Punch" of 1215.]

June 15th.—In anticipation of memorable meeting Barons arrive early. BOB FITZ replete with new suit of armour of civilization, whether as a sign of his leadership or merely to grace unprecedented occasion not altogether evident. Quite in accordance with traditions of House for assembly to assume almost holiday air, no doubt due in part to sylvan surroundings of Runnymede.

"Jolly little spot," said DE QUINCY, calmly fishing for a bluebottle lodged inside his leader's gorget. "You don't get bluebottles and buttercups and all that sort of thing in Westminster Hall." Nothing in his bearing, or even in BOB FITZ's, to indicate imminence of deadly struggle to resist destruction of Constitution, said struggle, moreover, forced on Barons during hard-earned Recess succeeding feudal service.

Temper of assembly somewhat changed on arrival of OUR JOHN and commencement of full debate. Still, Barons tolerably at ease in anticipation of big majority at division. STEPHEN CANTUAR appeared in his place at side

of OUR JOHN, but SARK, with accustomed eagle eye, observed him to greet BOB FITZ with friendly wink.

Order of day consisted of discussion of Articles of Barons. As expected, OUR JOHN declined all debate and confined himself wholly to obstruction, complaining of "unprecedented effrontery of tyrannical majority in compressing debate on matters vital to constitution to extent of discussing forty-eight clauses in single sitting." BOB FITZ, in course of brief reply, referred to OUR JOHN's refusal to discuss matter when ample time had been allowed. Temper of latter not improved by secession of STEPHEN CANTUAR in strong speech favouring summary acceptance of clauses. Debate concluded by BOB FITZ's significant closure of his vizor.

Business done.—Magna Carta signed.

FATHER THAMES.

YE Muses, light sleeping
Where Hippocrene's leaping,
Come brush from the kirtle its spray
that begems,
And make me a measure
Of summer and pleasure,
As gay as a piper, in praise of old
Thames!

Oh, broad are his reaches,
Oh, brilliant the beaches
That margin that dear and delectable
stream;

From shallows of amber
His irises clamber,
His kingcups are golden, his kingfishers
gleam!

So best do we love him,
May's zenith above him,
His alders in blossom, his blackcaps in
song,
His chestnut lamps litten
From Rushey to Ditton,
In pale waxen lustres to light him
along.

From now to September
Old tunes he'll remember
Of sunshine and water, of shadow and
leaves,
And all the dear graces
Of sweet pretty faces,
And all the dim magic of midsummer
eves.

O Ancient of Waters,
Your sons and your daughters—
Small wonder they praise you with
laughter and love,
When broad you come streaming
Through summer meads gleaming,
The chestnuts' brave candles to light
you above!

HORS DE COMBAT.

On the Wednesday I wrote:—"Dear Marjorie, do you remember the snap with which my heart broke when, some five years ago, you told me that, much as you liked me, you yet intended to marry Jonathan? You don't? Nor my resolution to go out into the wilds and shoot big game? Come, come; surely you cannot have forgotten my saying that I would pit my little strength and cunning against some untamed monster and more than half hoped that the monster would win? This attitude impressed you very favourably at the time, and you were all for being on with me again and off with Jonathan until he said, 'Don't you believe about that monster,' or words to that effect. Well, to show that I have forgiven you both, I want you to come and stay the week-end with me at my hermitage and be introduced to the monster, which, I am sorry to say, has lost.—Yours, still alive but unhappy, Charles."

On Friday morning I found a letter waiting for me, which, with an instinctive thrill, I tore open. "Dear Sir," it ran, "we beg to give you notice that your water supply will be cut off at the main from 9.0 A.M. till noon on Sunday next.—Yours faithfully, The Pelborough Waterworks Co." In the afternoon I had a wire from Marjorie and Jonathan accepting.

On the Sunday morning I rose at my usual time, 8.30, and an hour later was joined by Marjorie at breakfast.—This was our first meeting alone since the crisis.

"Coming straight to the point," said I, "do you still think you have the right man for husband?"

"I want," said she, evading the question, "to see the monster."

"You have seen it once," said I, "but if you aren't satisfied go upstairs and have another bath." She did not follow. "Not every wild beast bears its savagery stamped on its exterior. The most deadly kind are outwardly calm and even polished. Let me tell you that there is no more angry and treacherous brute known to the big sportsman than the geyser."

Marjorie sniffed. "If you mean that big copper thing in the bathroom . . ."

"I do," said I. "Have you ever met one so easily infuriated?"

"I have never met one at all," said she. "In our walk of life such things do not occur, or, if they do, occur in the servants' quarters."

I apologised. "For the moment I forgot your higher social plane. But tell me, did it growl at you?"

"The most harmless animal I have ever seen. It simply sat up and bogged."

"And showed no signs of getting heated?"

"No."

"Then," I declared, "you cannot have lit it."

"Lit it?" she asked. "No, why should I?"

It appeared that when Marjorie sees a tap with HOR on it, it is her custom to turn it on without setting fire to it, however much mechanism there may be behind it. There is something to be said for this course. True, the result is a cold bath, but even that is more comfortable than what happens to you if you set fire to the mechanism without first turning on the tap. In the one case you lose your temper and sulk; in the other the geyser loses its temper and bursts.

"And so," I said, "all's well that ends well," and I returned to my subject, asking her if, now she knew the way in which we geysers-tamers take our lives in our hands every morning, she still persisted in regarding Jonathan as the better man. To evade the question she resorted to one of his beastly legal phrases. "That," said she, "is *res judicata*."

I helped her to a poached egg and myself to two. "On the contrary," said I, "it is now *sub judice*."

"What I meant," she said, "is that I have married him, and there is an end of it."

"What I meant," said I, "is that he is now being put to the ordeal of fire and water, and that may be the end of him." She looked almost anxious.

"That same geyser which you affect to despise, having given in to me, is now testing the intrepidity, strength and cunning of Jonathan. If he turns on the water before he turns on the gas, he will eventually emerge victorious from the bathroom door and you will live happily and proudly with him for ever afterwards. If he lights the gas before he fills the tank with water, he will pass out through the window and you will want another husband. It is quite exciting for all of us, isn't it?" I stuck my fork into a poached egg by way of illustrating what was probably happening to Jonathan at the moment. "This," I hissed, "is my r-r-revenge."

After a pause, "Your difficulty," said Marjorie, "is that a fat, round, red face cannot easily be made to look sinister."

I smiled at her malevolently. "Don't talk so loud," said I, "we may miss the explosion."

She rose.

I beckoned her back to her seat. "Between ourselves," I said, "there is a patent arrangement which prevents you turning on the gas before you have turned on the water tap."

She sighed and sat down. "I am glad of that," she murmured, "for Jonathan is a good fellow in the main."

Thereupon I lost all interest in Marjorie and poached eggs. "Good heavens," I said, leaping up, "I had forgotten all about the main."

* * * * *

The most casual glance into the bathroom showed that it had been vacated in a temper. Jonathan I discovered in his bed.

"I can see your face," I said, "but where is the rest of you?"

At this moment Fac Totum (my menial staff) entered with a tray containing breakfast. Never an emotional man, he was singularly unmoved at this juncture.

"You might have guessed," said I, "that I should forget all about the Waterworks."

"I did, Sir. I took the liberty of warning Mr. Roper when I called him."

I looked at Jonathan's face. It was an exclamation mark.

"And you might have guessed," I continued severely, "that he would forget all about it."

"I did, Sir. I took the further liberty of cutting off the gas at the main also."

* * * * *

I went down to report to Marjorie. "It is all over and your husband is in bed."

"Severely injured?" she enquired.

"Slightly disgusted. The monster gave him no sport; my man had previously drawn its claws, and later subdued its fighting spirits by putting it on a low diet. Jonathan, however, has challenged it to a second round at noon, when it will be better fed."

"He is no coward," said Marjorie proudly.

"No," I admitted, "he is a man of my own stamp. I almost hope we shall see him down at lunch—complete."

Professor Sampson said that about one o'clock this morning he and Mr. Storey, his chief assistant, were wakened by a noise which they took to be a door banging.

Glasgow News.

Fortunately no one of our friends snores so loudly as this.

"The Duke of Connaught has been unanimously re-elected Master of Trinity House, and Captain H. Acton Blake, Deputy Master, for the ensuing year.

The Westminster Gazette, however, states that there is no truth in the report that the Foreign Office has approached the French Government on the matter."

Irish Independent.

This is not one of the matters that they order in France.

POSTERS THAT MAKE YOU READ.



READ THE GREAT LOVE STORY, "MORE THAN CORONETS." DAISY NOVELETTE (No. 1,000,001). PUBLISHED TO-DAY. ONE PENNY.



SEE THE STRONGEST TALE OF MYSTERY EVER WRITTEN NOW RUNNING IN REPLIES. YOU CAN START IT ANYWHERE.



SEE THE THRILLING, BLOOD-CURDLING, SOUL-ABSORBING SERIAL STARTING IN TO-DAY'S EVERYBODY'S COMIC.



READ THE GREATEST REALISTIC ROMANCE OF MODERN TIMES, "NORMAN BLOOD," BEGINNING IN THIS WEEK'S HIGH SOCIETY.

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

II.—REX V. PENNYCOOK.

THIS case, which has excited great interest among members of the theatrical profession, was brought to a conclusion yesterday. The prisoner, it will be remembered, is a dramatic author. Twelve years ago his play, *Courtship and Courage*, was produced at the old Hilarity Theatre and enjoyed a great measure of success, running for two hundred nights. After that came *A Woman's Heart*, which has been described as the apotheosis of happy domesticity, and this was followed by *Horner's Thumb*, which was played to crowded houses in 1904. In 1905, however, the Act for the Prevention of Cheerfulness in Theatres was passed and the prisoner found that the stage had been very properly closed to such productions as were associated with his name. He had, it was admitted, signed the statutory declaration undertaking to refrain from writing anything that might "tend to produce merriment, smiles, laughter, exultation, gaiety, happiness, warmth of feeling, friendship, marriage or family joy"; but he had never loyally accepted the new conditions and had on more than one occasion been warned by the inspectors appointed under the Act that his conduct, if persisted in, would inevitably result in making him amenable to severe penalties. He had, however, neglected these well-meant remonstrances, and on March 2nd he had handed the MS. of a new play, entitled *Wedding Bells*, to Mr. Charles Greef, the manager of the New Depression Theatre, with a view to its acceptance and production. Mr. Greef had, as in duty bound, given notice to the police, and the present prosecution was the result.

The chief witness for the Crown was Mr. Alfred Ernest Dumps, the head of H.M. Bureau of Dramatic Experts. Mr. Dumps deposed that he had read *Wedding Bells* carefully. In his opinion it constituted a gross infringement of the Act. To begin with there was no Lancashire scene in it. This was a very grave matter. Indeed, none of the characters could be said to belong to a manufacturing district, nor did they show the least contempt for the conventional ideas of matrimony. For instance, in Act I. the Squire's son made love to the daughter of the village blacksmith, whose physical strength and fits of anger were insisted on in such a way as to give one some hope of what might ultimately happen. But it all came to nothing, for in the next Act, the girl, who had throughout shown a great distaste for being without marriage lines, allowed herself to be married to her wealthy adorer at a London registry office, and in the last Act, in deference to old-fashioned local scruples, the marriage ceremony was repeated in the village church. There was thus a double offence. The second marriage gave rise to what he could only describe as a scene of perfectly abandoned cheerfulness. There were slippers and rice in it. The postilion was undoubtedly a comic character and would produce laughter. The atmosphere was one of gaiety.

Mr. Justice Sparkles. What does the postilion say?

The Witness. Mostly "Gee-woa" and "Hold up, there." He also cracks his whip.

The Judge. I suppose that would make a horse laugh. (*Loud sighs, instantly suppressed.*)

His lordship said that this was not a theatre. Laughter was permissible here. (*Loud laughter.*)

Cross-examined by Mr. Chaffinch, K.C., the witness said that he had held his present appointment since the Act was passed. His salary was £5,000 a year in addition to fees. The business had greatly fallen off, most people having reconciled themselves to the provisions of the Act. Had never written a play himself. Might have thought of doing

so when he was young. Could not remember a play named *Lady Jellico's Jewels*, stated to have been written by him.

Mr. Chaffinch. I call for its production.

The Witness. It cannot be produced without my leave.

The Judge. The learned counsel wishes it to be produced in Court, not in a theatre. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Chaffinch. This is very serious.

The Judge. If that is so it will not help you, Mr. Chaffinch.

Mr. Chaffinch. I was alluding to the witness's evidence, my Lord, not to the alleged play.

The MS. of *Lady Jellico's Jewels* was brought into Court under a strong guard and handed to the jury.

The witness, continuing, said he now remembered the play. It was written by his uncle.

Mr. Chaffinch (sternly). I thought we should drag it out of you.

Various witnesses were called in the prisoner's defence, but their evidence merely showed that he was habitually of a gloomy and morose disposition.

His Lordship, in summing up, pointed out to the jury that no evidence worthy of the name had been given to rebut the very grave charges brought against the prisoner. What had been said as to the prisoner's disposition was, unfortunately for him, not to the point. It was well established that many gloomy men had written mirthful plays. During the Victorian era it had been observed that clowns, who were wont on the stage to compel laughter by means of red-hot poker and strings of sausages, displayed extreme melancholy in the privacy of the domestic circle. Poems had been written on this incongruity. No doubt the jury had heard of GRIMALDI (*loud laughter*). The prisoner might well be a sad fellow (*renewed laughter*) and yet write a viciously comical play. They had heard the evidence of a great expert on the subject of the prisoner's play, and it was for them to say what they thought about it.

The jury found the prisoner guilty, with aggravating circumstances, and he was sentenced to a month's confinement in the stalls of a repertory theatre.

The prisoner declared that he couldn't survive it, and was then removed in charge of two powerful managers from Manchester and Glasgow.

NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES.

["We have never seen the 'Turkey-trot' or the 'Tango.'"
Pall Mall Gazette, May 20, 1913.]

We've pleaded for a Tariff with the patience of a Job;
We've served the cause of Empire in all quarters of the globe;

We've braved the wrath of Sultans; we've giv'n the KAISER beans;

We've taught the New Theology to bishops and to deans;
We've lauded Federal Home Rule in many a purple phrase;
We've greeted CARSON'S policy with reams of lavish praise;
We've correlated Cubism with the classic phase of art,

And we know the works of NIETZSCHE and of MEREDITH
by heart;

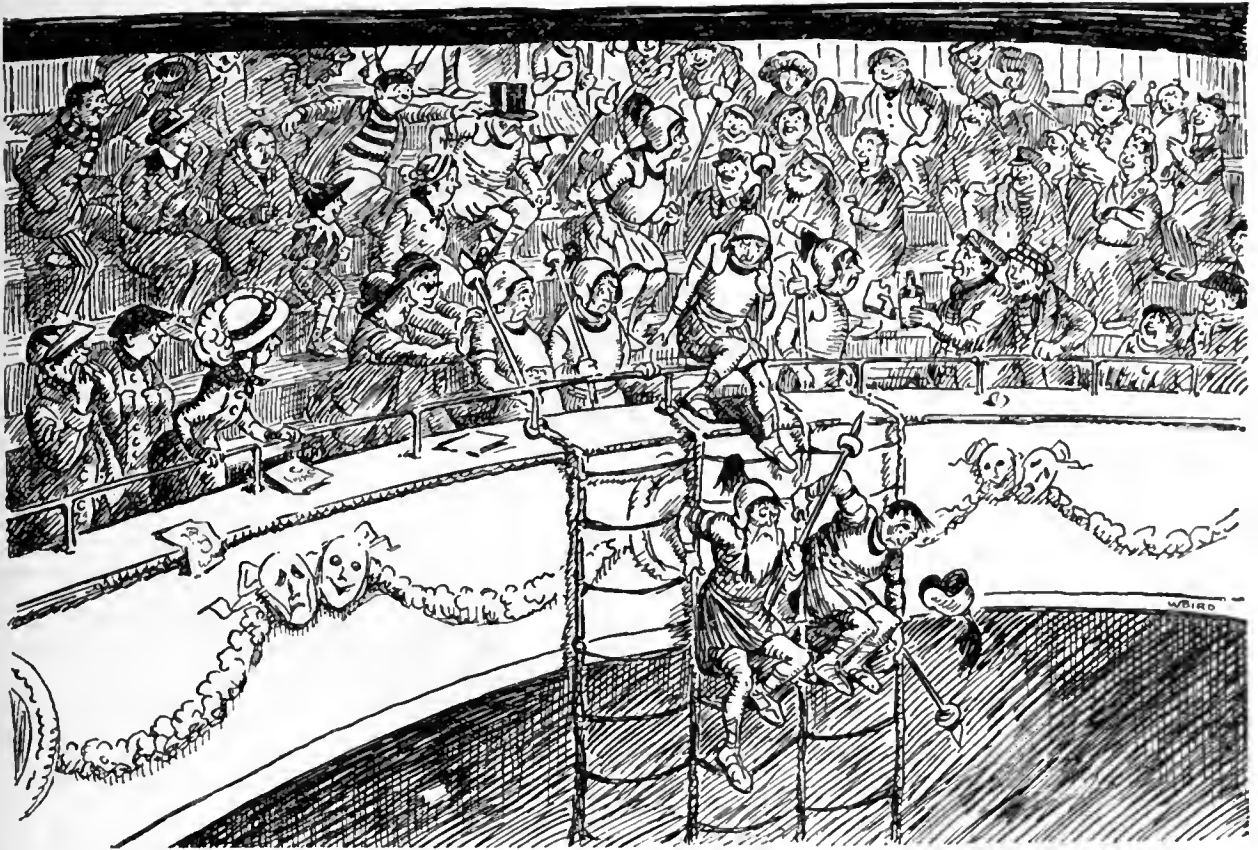
We've written in one morning nineteen columns and a half
On WAGNER, SCHOPENHAUER and the death of a giraffe;

We've smashed all previous records for prolixity of pen;
We've slung more ink than SALA, though he slung enough
for ten;

We've sounded all the gamut of emotions fierce and hot;
And yet there's one annoying fly in our rich ointment-pot—
We've never seen the Tango or beheld the Turkey Trot.

Brightening Cricket.

"In one over he got twenty-two 6's and two 4's."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.



"Old Gallery Boy" writes:—"THIS NEW FASHION OF HAVING THE ACTORS GIVE A PROCESSION THROUGH THE STALLS SEEMS TO BE TAKING ON. REINHARDT STARTED IT, BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO ME DEMOCRATIC. WHAT'S THE GALLERY DONE THAT IT SHOULD BE LEFT OUT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

THERE was once a man who used to go to a famous restaurant and dine sumptuously off fine linen and *hors d'œuvres*. That is a course which you might take with Lord MILNER's introduction to *The Nation and the Empire* (CONSTABLE), the collected edition of his speeches compiled by his friend, Mr. CHARLES BOYD. If you treat the book in that fashion you will not go empty away, for the reasoned declaration of the faith that is in him is the work of a State's man if ever there was one, and gives a vivid and complete picture of the new and true Imperialism. But, if you take a proper pride in the great little country to which you belong, you should keep *The Nation and the Empire* by you, and study with care the addresses that Lord MILNER has delivered on platforms, and in places where they debate, in South Africa, Canada, and the Mother Country. In his devotion to the principles of Preferential Trade it may seem for the moment as if he had put his money on the wrong horse. But you never can tell. If I may express the late HIGH COMMISSIONER for South Africa in terms of Sir JOHN BENN and Lord ROBERTS, I should say that the Progressive councillor is not more anxious than he that the bodies as well as the minds of children should be the care of the State, nor the Field Marshal that its young men should be able as well as willing to guard it with their lives. Besides the desirability of these two objects the most lively impression left upon my mind by the study of Lord MILNER's speeches is the picture of a possible Second Chamber, in which none but

great questions of Imperial Unity and Imperial Defence will be discussed by none but Imperially-minded men. At present we possess two Houses of Parliament, in one of which Lord MILNER and many others like him cannot sit; in the other they have practically no legislative power left to them. Some day, perhaps, we shall change all that. But meanwhile we are wasting, as these speeches and the whole of Lord MILNER's public life show, a great deal of good material.

If ever I visit the United States (which, without undue prejudice, I hope to avoid doing) and find myself in any difficulty, I have quite made up my mind upon the best course of action. I shall sit down right where I am on the side-walk, and await the advent of some large and managing female, homely but with a heart of gold, who will banish all my troubles and generally play Providence, finishing up, as like as not, by marrying me to an exquisite heiress. I base my touching faith in this phenomenon upon a wide experience of American fiction, where she now appears the most popular and frequent figure. Her latest embodiment is as the heroine of *Martha By-The-Day* (GRANT RICHARDS), the chronicler of her doings being Miss JULIE M. LIPPMANN. I hardly think I need tell you the list of these doings, because you are probably already familiar with them or their like. Sufficient to say that when *Claire Lang*, a young girl, "well-born but friendless" (to quote the cover), found herself one rainy night on a street-car without so much as five cents to pay the fare, she gave the first opportunity in the book to *Martha Slawson*, the big, kindly Irish charwoman, who happened to be on the same car.

Martha paid the conductor, rescued *Claire* from a grasping landlady, introduced her to her own crowded and strenuous home—and the rest was plain sailing. To those who like their stories short, happy, and with lots of molasses, this may be cordially recommended. To the others, not.

I see that one of my fellow Learned Clerks, reviewing an earlier novel by Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, said, "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." After reading *Isle of Thorns* (CONSTABLE) I will commit myself to a similar opinion. *Isle of Thorns* is amazingly good. It has all the virtues, from a swift, dramatic narrative to the occasional humorous word or line which lightens up the whole page in which it appears. The characters are drawn with that apparent absence of effort which is the conscientious novelist's reward for hard work. The book reads so easily that I feel sure that Miss KAYE-SMITH was quite exhausted when she had finished writing it. From cover to cover it contains not

a slipshod line. The *Isle of Thorns* was a ruined cottage in the Sussex woods much frequented by *Raphael Moore*, who, till one day he found *Sally Odearne* there, fancied that life had ceased for him on the death of his wife ten years before. *Sally* was an amateur unit of "Stanger's World-Famous Show" on tour in the South of England. *Andy Baird* presided over *Stanger's* rifle-range. *Sally's* soul was torn between *Raphael* and Respectability on the one hand and *Andy* and the Open Road on the other, until *Raphael*, discarding respectability,

took to the road himself and won *Sally* and his own salvation simultaneously. I have seldom read anything so obviously true to life as the chapters dealing with the *vie intime* of *Stanger's*; and, after laying the book down, I was perfectly certain that I had known *Mrs. Cortelyon*, the tramp, all my life. "No, my old dear," said *Mrs. Cortelyon* to *Raphael*, as they chatted over their bread and margarine under the hedge, "the only trade for road folks, if they don't tinker, is frightening women, and Mr. Cortelyon and me don't hold with that. You'd be surprised, young man, if I was to tell you the sphere we've moved in and the people we've shaken hands with. Mr. Cortelyon and I are most—particular as to the company we keep; we have seen better days." *Isle of Thorns*, in a word, is the book you have been looking for. In the inspired language of the great republic in which I write these lines, it has the punch.

In *Napoleon Boswell* (SMITH, ELDER) MR. HERBERT H. MALLESON shows plainly an almost insolent familiarity with gipsy life. He is apt to break suddenly into rich Romany: "*Besh alé jukul.*" That is the sort of remark which Mr. MALLESON may make at any moment during a casual conversation; but *dordi! dabra! mi duvel!* as we say in the caravans, it certainly has a fascination, this

moving life. After reading these stories I can quite understand why gipsies go about singing, "Oho! oho! oho! oho!" as they do in what *Mr. Baboo Jabberjee* would call the "somewhat musty" ballad of *Gipsy John* (if my memory serves me rightly). In their position I should do the same myself. And yet—*surgit amari aliquid*—something respectable and law-abiding deep down in me prevents my approving wholly of young *Napoleon*. It is all very well for Lady HELEN GROSVENOR to say in her preface to this volume that the gipsies are "Nature's gentlefolk." It may be so, yet, having weighed Master *Napoleon* in the balance, I shall certainly instruct my Head Keeper of the Fowl-Run to see that the hen-coops are securely closed whenever a caravan is reported on the horizon. My Chief Butler will receive similar orders with regard to the spoons. *Napoleon Boswell* may have been a passing gentlemanly fellow from Nature's standpoint, but I fail to observe in him that rigid respect for the rights of property without which no one can be a real friend of mine. I may say, in short, that *Napoleon* is delightful between the stiff green covers of

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co., but in the flesh—"James, I think this is young *Mr. Boswell's* caravan approaching. Lasso the Buff Orpington and place her in the safe; and perhaps it would be wise to nail down the house till he has passed by. We must take no risks."

If you would regain your lost youth, Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON afford you the opportunity at the price of one shilling net (paper cover) or two shillings net (cloth). To read *Courtin' Christina* is to revive inwardly all the exquisite pangs of joy and

terror felt in the pursuit of a very first love or the execution of a very first shave. The philanderer is none other than *Wee MacGregor*, grown a little older, a little more intelligible in his speech and perhaps even a little more charming; passing from dalliance to dalliance, and ultimately, in the psychological spasm of his soul's *grande passion*, spending penny after penny on frivolous and unuseable lead-pencils in order to occupy and keep on occupying the attention of the lady behind the counter. Mr. J. J. BELL's skill in suggesting the character in print is second only to Mr. HASSALL's in depicting the figure on the cover: to author and artist *Mr. Punch* presents his congratulations on their respective feats, so apparently simple, so obviously inimitable.

Anticipating Trouble.

"There will be an orchestra and dull chorus, the conductor being Mr. F. Choppin."—*Folkestone Herald*.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—This week's issue of *The Outragette*, if folded into a tube, can be used as a serviceable bomb. The special "Militant Supplement" includes paper pattern of an infernal machine and particulars of the new competition, "Explodelets." *Caution*.—Before the paper is opened it should be placed under water.



A HOPELESS QUEST.

Cross Old Gentleman (in tube station). "Boy, I MUST SEE THE STATION-MASTER AT ONCE; THE GUARD ON THAT TRAIN HAS GROSSLY INSULTED ME!"



"YOU KNOW, JAMES, BABY WILL SOON BE ASKING US ALL SORTS OF QUESTIONS AND WANTING TO KNOW ABOUT EVERYTHING. WE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES TO ANSWER HIM CORRECTLY."
"VERY WELL, MY LOVE!"



THEY DO—WITH DEPLORABLE RESULTS.

CHARIVARIA.

The Berlin wedding is said to have gone off without a hitch, and the newspaper which issued the following announcement on its poster was evidently misinformed:—

**EVE OF THE WEDDING.
SCENES.**

The statement in a contemporary that Princess VICTORIA LUISE and Prince ERNST AUGUSTUS were married "in the presence of the three greatest monarchs of Europe" has given grave offence to a certain Balkan King who, owing to pressure of business, was unable to be present.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, in the course of the action which he brought to disprove the charge that he was an excessive drinker, made one admission which came near to wrecking his case. He confessed airily that once, at the Deutsche Club at Milwaukee, he took "a mouthful" of beer. The opposing Counsel was, however, caught napping, and omitted to request the ex-President to open his mouth, known to be an exceptionally roomy one, to its full extent, so that the jury might see its capacity.

The rumour that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is aiming at the leadership of the

Liberal Party has received startling confirmation. The other day Mr. ASQUITH had his hair cut. At the opening of Parliament last week it was noticed that the CHANCELLOR was allowing his to grow as long as Mr. ASQUITH'S used to be.

Mr. BURNS informed Captain MURRAY in the House of Commons last week that the question of the prohibition of dazzling head-lights on motor cars is under consideration. The statement has caused a certain amount of uneasiness among red-haired chauffeurs, and Mr. BURNS, we understand, is to be asked, when the weather gets cooler, to receive a deputation on the subject.

"The Tea Party," says Archdeacon SCOTT, "is a mighty parochial engine." The Liberal Party must look to its laurels.

The custom of presenting gifts to one's guests is said to be spreading. We must confess that we have often felt, after a very dull and badly-cooked dinner, that some compensation was due to us.

"There is not much need of my expressing any view about those dances which have of recent date been imported from the Zoological Gardens into the London drawing-room," says Father

BERNARD VAUGHAN. This slander on those who are not in a position to defend themselves strikes us as peculiarly dastardly, and we trust that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will carry the matter further.

ENGRACIA TORRELANO, of Ferrol, Spain, *The Express* informs us, danced the Tango at a village fair while bearing a bucketful of water on her head. We understand that over here this dance is frequently performed by persons with a certain amount of water on the brain.

The Strand Magazine publishes a symposium on the subject of "The Sort of Woman a Man Likes." It is said that many distinguished gentlemen who were asked for their views were obliged to decline the invitation owing to their being married and not wishing to make trouble at home.

For the following extract from an account of a local Musical Competition we are indebted to the Dublin *Evening Herald*:—

"In the Junior Organ the test pieces were (a) Frigine in D minor, The Giant (Bach); (b) Prelude in A (Smart), and (c) an easy piece at sight.

Mrs. Guinness said it would be a great convenience if occasionally the Committee had the use of the ambulance."

This seems just the occasion.

TO A VERY ORDINARY MAN,

who, having failed to make any impression as a bachelor, has now secured, in the person of his new wife, a dazed admirer of his intelligence, and treats her accordingly.

Two months of "wedded bliss" had fared
(I use the phrase to custom dear)
Since in those solemn rites I shared
That closed your celibate career,
When, Francis, at your kind request,
I came to eat your mess of pottage,
And brought (unasked) an eye to test
Your scheme of love-birds in a cottage.

Dinner produced the signs I sought:
Our trio prattled gay and free;
But when the theme demanded thought
Your best remarks were made to me;
I gathered, though you loved her much
(And love, of course, was all that mattered),
You wished she had a lighter touch
For picking up the pearls you scattered.

You did not patently expose
This private yearning, need I say?
For men conceal their inward woes
And seldom give their wives away;
Indeed, when we discussed apart
What things to praise and what disparage—
Weather and EDWARD GREY and Art—
There was no mention made of marriage.

Yet I divined the subtle change.
When mixing with our world of men
Your wit had shown a modest range,
Nor soared above the average ken;
And now you owned—and this was odd—
An audience (guaranteed by Cupid)
That took you for a little god,
And, in return, you found her stupid!

She may be so; but that conceit
Comes with a sorry grace from you—
From one whose wife salutes his feet
With deference well beyond his due;
Rather be glad her brains are small,
For would she (pardon my acidity)
Ever have married you at all
But for her gift of sweet stupidity? O. S.

"The complete, well perhaps we had better not say complete, as we can hardly believe that a change so sudden and unexpected has been full and complete, but the result of the inquiry on Tuesday night is a surprise to many people to find that after all 'We have been and gone and done for 'em,' as the popular phrase goes, the Ashby representatives should turn round and throw in their little lot with Frodingham is a thing no 'fellah can understand.'"

Scunthorpe Star.

Somebody is not well.

Cabinet Ministers who have children experience no difficulty now in obtaining nurses. Owing to kidnapping threats, Scotland Yard is providing the nurse with an officer whenever she takes the children out.

"Mulholland reached three figures in two hours thirty-five minutes. His total eventually reached 122, for which he batted two hours and ten minutes."—*Evening Standard.*

"Mead out 170. He hit twenty-seven 4's, four 3's, and one hundred and twenty 2's."—*Liverpool Echo.*

And so the brightening of cricket goes on.

HOT WEATHER HINTS.

By way of giving a useful lead to persons suffering from a lack of initiative Mr. Punch has collected the following interesting list of favourite drinks from a variety of prominent personages:—

Sir RUFUS ISAACS: Marconibrunner.
Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK: Mumm.
Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: Contangostura Bitters.
Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: Milestone Burgundy.
Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL: Blenheim Orangeade.
Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A.: Sparkling Wertheimer.
Mr. LEO MASSE: Château Léoville.
Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING: Kimmel.
Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL: O. O. de vie.
Mr. URB: Pommery cum Grano.
Mr. REGINALD SMITH, K.C.: Elderflower water.
Sir EDWARD HENRY: Cop's Ale.
Lord NORTHCLIFFE: 'Alf-and-'Alf.
The MASTER OF THE MINT: Crème de Menthe.
Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD: Marcella.
Mrs. ASQUITH: Château Margot.
Mme. MELBA: Canary.
Mr. HENRY JAMES: Iced Water drunk from "The Golden Bowl."
Mr. JUSTICE DARLING: Anything so long as it is not Vin de Grave.

Some further hints, on the subject of dress and diet, will doubtless be appreciated in view of the authority attached to the experts cited.

Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH writes: "When the shade temperature does not exceed 70 I think that blue broadcloth and a buff waistcoat are best attuned to the national physique. When, however, this limit is exceeded I favour the adoption of certain modifications, as, for example, a white tall hat and the substitution of bone for brass buttons on the waistcoat, brass being a conductor of heat. In exceptional temperature a puggaree is a useful sartorial adjunct, and a white umbrella serves to mitigate the ardours of the dog star."

CAPTAIN COE wires from Bournville: "When old Solus is on the rampage I am in the habit of discarding my waistcoat and donning the eumberbund, which adds a natty—or may I say a nutty?—touch to the costume of the well-groomed racing man."

Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK, in a supplementary dispatch from Bogotá, recommends white drill pantaloons, a scarlet sash and lemon-coloured alpaca coat, with Afghan sandals and openwork socks.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH lays stress on abstinence from hot dishes and recommends pressed mammoth as at once safe and sustaining. The Mongolians, he adds, are in the habit of placing a large pat of butter on the crown of their heads, but insular prejudice would probably be fatal to the general adoption of this mollifying practice.

Finally Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX sends the following illuminating quatrain, penetrated with the noble optimism which is at the root of all her lyrical utterance:—

"Let us be patient, though the heat is torrid,
And, as we mop the much-perspiring forehead,
Determined not to be faint-hearted croakers,
Think of the sufferings of Red Sea stokers!"

"Dunn in the third bout hit his opponent fairly on the chin, and was counted out."—*Adelaide Advertiser.*

The Referee (severely): "You know, Master DUNN, I told you before you started that there was to be no hitting about the face."



THE GOOD BOY OF THE EAST.

TURKEY (*from the corner in which Europa has put him*). "I FEAR, MADAM, THAT OUR YOUNG FRIENDS ARE CAUSING YOU SOME EMBARRASSMENT. BUT, WHILE GREATLY DE-PLORING THEIR INSUBORDINATION, I REGRET THAT I AM NOT IN A POSITION TO RENDER ANY APPRECIABLE ASSISTANCE TO YOUR AUTHORITY."





Militant Suffragist (after long and futile efforts to light a fire for her tea-kettle). "AND TO THINK THAT ONLY YESTERDAY I BURNT TWO PAVILIONS AND A CHURCH!"

FURTHER CLIMPSSES OF CARLYLE.

(Being a hazy memory of Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD'S article in "The Contemporary Review.")

BEFORE it is too late let me put on record my personal recollections of the Wise Man of Chelsea, for, with the exception of Mr. FRANK HARRIS, I am the only one of his intimate friends that is still here. Between us we know all. If I am less frank, reader, forgive me.

Chelsea is no longer what it was. All, all are gone, the old familiar hats. In vain does one search its streets for any of the Titans. We are all pygmies now—pygmies.

Dear JOHN FORSTER, the great and good, it was he who introduced me to the Sage. "I send you Percy," he wrote to him, "a man you must know." For FORSTER always used the imperative method. CARLYLE'S niece was immensely kind to me, but she broke her promise. She promised me one of the Sage's churchwarden pipes, but it never came. How could it? A pipe is an impossible thing to pack. And yet is it? because, if so, how did CARLYLE'S own pipes get to him?

We had all kinds of odd ways of talking together in our Set. For example, wishing once to inform the Sage that I had passed him recently in the West End, I put it thus: "Sir, I think I crossed you lately nigh Bond Street." As it happened I was mistaken, for CARLYLE replied, "No, no, ye didna. That were my brither—he not unlike me." Observe the curious construction, as of a foreigner learning English. In his books he could write grammatically and even well; but in conversation with his intimates, as you notice, he suggested Prince Lee' Boo. His Doric was equal to every tax put upon it. The great and good JOHN FORSTER became in his mouth equally "Fooster," "Fooster" and "Foorsther." "My dear Percy," I remember FORSTER once saying to me in his hospitable mansion at Palace Gate—so hospitable that we had to bring our own cigars—"can't you do anything with THOMAS [CARLYLE] to make him pronounce my name more consistently? It gets on my nerves, and you know what happens then." But nothing that I said to the Sage was of any effect. "Hech, hech, hech," was all he would reply. "Puir wee blitherer! Hech,

hech, hech!" It was really rather serious, for the good and great FORSTER in a state of nerves was something terrible. All Palace Gate rocked; chimneys fell; the rooks in Kensington Gardens left their trees. Our beloved BROWNING at last could stand it no longer, and left the Set. A year or so later the poet said to me, "Seen FORSTER? I never see him now," and he was gone before I could reply to the gracious query.

Of FORSTER more ought to be known, for he was great and good. I have some priceless letters from him. In one he says—

The best way to get here is by the omnibus. In another he draws attention to the bad weather with a fine touch of vividness—

Isn't the rain terrific? But since CARLYLE'S name is at the head of this article I must really pay more attention to him. "My guid Paircy," he said to me once, "dinna forget aught ah'm sayin', wilt? Posterity will be grateful for sic blather gin ye dish it oop." Hence these reverent pages. Hech! hech! hech! *Eheu fugaces.*

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A LUCKY CUT.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—For your special behoof your Blanche is going to become an author and tell you a little happening of the moment as a short story, strictly based on fact, as people say:—

Mrs. Golding-Newman sat in her opera-box, a frown on her brow and a full-sized pout on her lips. Once more the unhappy woman was all wrong.

The night before last she had been at an old-fashioned, tuney VERDI opera, wearing her high diamond tiara, her *rivière*, her sun, her stars, her rope of black pearls, and Olga's last word in evening gowns, and had found it was correct to wear hardly any jewels and to be almost quite dowdy! And to-night here she was at a brand-new opera—scarcely a tune in it, Trillini singing, the house alight with tiaras and *rivières*—and, frightened by her experience of Tuesday, she had come with a little pearl fillet in her hair, a small string of pearls round her throat and a gown and wrap that hardly spoke above a whisper! What can life hold for the wretched woman who has made two such ghastly mistakes in one short week!

Nor was this all. It was the long interval just now. Everybody was visiting Everybody's box to chat and laugh, while Nobody sat neglected. The corridors behind the boxes simply swarmed with people who matter, but the door of the Golding-Newmans' box found no hand to open it. So Mrs. G.-N. sat sulking, while her husband, his hands in his pockets, lounged at the other side of the box and yawned enormously. "It's a shame!"—that was Mrs. Golding-Newman finding vent for her feelings in words at last. "It's a cruel shame!" Her gaze was fixed on the box where our dear Pansy Shropshire, dressed in the famous Shropshire sapphires, with some little

additions of satin, lace and chiffon, was holding her court. "A great lady, is she? A duchess, and a leader among the leaders? But not too great a lady to take my £5,000" ("Mine," corrected Mr. Golding-Newman, *otto voce*), "and give me nothing in return—*absolutely* nothing! Wasn't I given plainly to understand that, if I gave £5,000 to her scheme for dressing all her Shropshire Cottagers as Ancient Britons, she would open the doors of Society to me? And what has she done? A card for

ain't. As for me, I'd swop a dozen operas for a good variety show, with plenty of song-and-dance turns and first-rate comics and tumbling. This opera business don't appeal to me. I've not heard a tune I could lay hold of the whole evening. And though this Madame Trillini may be all very well when she *sings*, when she *screams* I feel like stopping my ears, Moggie."

"Oh, Robert, Robert! Try not to be so awful!" moaned his wife. "What you call *screaming* is her wonderful G

in alt that everybody raves about. And don't, *don't* call me Moggie! It's such a fearful, North-country sort of name, and makes one think of factories and shawls and clogs and Saturday half-holidays. If people called Margaret aren't called Margaret they're called Peggy by nice people."

"All right, Mog—Peg—Margaret—I'll try to remember. But don't run down factories, my girl. If it wasn't for factories and shawls and clogs and Saturday half-holidays, you wouldn't be sitting at the opera to-night, a swell among the swells."

"A swell among the swells' indeed! I'm no more in Society than if we were back at our house in Manchester. I've a good mind to give up trying. But

I'll let her know what I think of her first!"

* * * * *

The opera was over. The Golding-Newmans left their box, she smoothing away her frown as well as she could, drawing her wrap round her with a determination to do or die, and muttering to herself, "I'll let her know what I think of her and her methods the very first opportunity I get!"

The opportunity chanced to be quite handy. A number of well-known people were chatting in the vestibule, among them Pansy Shropshire and her best beloved enemy, Veronica St. Neots.

"Here comes that weird little *protégée* of yours, my dear," said the latter to the former, "with that delightfully



Local Critic. "TAIN'T 'ARF AS GOOD AS WOT THE LIDY'S DOING ON STILTS."

one of her receptions, at which she spoke two words to me and gave me her little finger to shake; and the only other person I spoke to the whole evening was the footman who got me my wrap!

"Then there was an invitation to a concert, where I was asked to give up my seat to an old frump, who flounced down into it without even a 'thank-you!' And now look at us to-night! Where's the good of a box on the grand tier and on the best side of the house, with a view of the royal box and the omnibus box, if no one comes near us!"

"Stands me in pretty heavy, this box," commented Mr. G.-N. "Not that I'd grudge it if you were enjoying yourself, my dear, but it seems you



House Agent's Clerk (in answer to American's enquiry for a country cottage). "How would this suit you, Sir? TEN BEDROOMS, THREE RECEPTION, STABLES, GARAGE?"

American. "SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN, I ASKED YOU FOR A COTTAGE, NOT A HOTEL."

fearful husband of hers in tow. She's heading straight for you."

When the Golding-Newman woman had approached quite close to the group, Pansy Shropshire turned and bestowed upon her about the smallest nod of which a duchess's head is capable, together with half an inch of her famous smile, and a cool, careless word or two of greeting. But neither nod, smile, nor words of greeting were returned. The pretty face that didn't matter at all looked steadily, icily, without the *least* recognition, at the pretty face that mattered so much—and Mrs. Golding-Newman swept past and mingled in the crowd.

"But what an extraordinary performance, dearest!" said Lady St. Neots to the duchess. "What does the little person mean by it?"

Pansy only laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "How can one say what she means? The ways of such people are past finding out."

"I've done it now!" gasped Mrs. Golding-Newman, as she threw herself back in her ear. "I don't care! It was worth the £5,000, though I've killed any tiny chance I may have had of ever getting into Society!" But there she was mistaken.

"My sweet thing," said Veronica St. Neots to me next day, "I simply *must* know this little outside person who gave dear Pansy Shropshire the cut direct at the opera last night. You never saw a cleaner cut, Blanche—quite to the bone! Really, you know, it was rather great. Several of us saw it, and we all say we must know the little person. It was positively too funny for words to see our dear Pansy look almost quite a little foolish for one small moment!"

"How lovely!" I said. "I must know the little person too!"

And that is how Mrs. Golding-Newman's social success began. Once more she is in her box at the opera, but to-night she's perfectly right. She has eaten of the fruit of the Mayfair Tree of Knowledge of What's Done and What isn't Done. She has learned the preacher's lesson—that there is a time to cast stones away and a time to gather stones together—and put them on! She knows that for an opera less than three years old, with Trillini singing, she must wear her very newest evening gown, with no bodice worth mentioning, and her all-round tiara, and her *rivière*, and her sun and her stars, and her rope of black pearls, and

everything that is hers. The little outside person who gave dear Pansy Shropshire the cut direct has become almost quite the fashion, and if you want her at your parties you must be some one who counts; and you must give her pretty long notice too, for she's asked everywhere and is *immensely* particular as to what she accepts! Our dear Pansy has good-naturedly offered the little person her congrats on her success and the *coup d'éclat* that led to it that night in the vestibule of the opera-house. "It was quite a clever idea of yours," she said.

So there sits Mrs. Golding-Newman in her opera-box, and once more it is the long interval, and Everyone is calling at Everyone's box, and the corridors swarm with the right kind of people. But no longer is the Golding-Newman box unvisited. No, indeed! It's so full of people who matter that Mr. G.-N. has hardly room to thrust his hands into his pockets and yawn, and his hopes of the box being given up and of his being able to "swop opera for a good variety show" have dwindled to nothing. And that, my dear, is the true inwardness of why a recent Outsider has become an Insider.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"WITHIN THE LAW."

[Without prejudice to a very pleasant entertainment at the Haymarket Theatre.]

ACT I.

Edward Gilder's office at "The Emporium." Sarah, his secretary, is discovered.

Enter Smithson, a shop-walker.

Smithson. I just looked in to say how dreadful it was that Margaret Taylor should be a thief. Ten blouses, seven petticoats, one-half pair of silk hose, twenty-nine pairs of—

Sarah (*hastily*). Yes, isn't it sad? Such a nice girl, too.

[Exit Smithson. Enter Edward Gilder and his solicitor, Demarest.

Gilder. Well, so Margaret Taylor is committed for trial. Excellent.

Demarest. All the same, I can't help thinking she's innocent.

Gilder. Why?

Demarest. Well—er—she said so . . . and she's the heroine of the play . . . and what with one thing and another . . .

Gilder (*amazed*). But the things were found in her locker!

Demarest (*with superiority*). My dear Gilder, when you've been on the stage a little longer, you'll know that, the more innocent a heroine is, the more things are found in her locker. But look here, she wants to see you. Will you hail her out? Say the word and I'll go to the police-court at once and fetch her here. (*Gilder nods, reluctantly.*) Good man! [Exit.

Gilder (*to Sarah*). Now for a heavy morning's work. Hullo, who's this?

[Re-enter Demarest with Margaret Taylor.

Demarest (*breathlessly*). I've been as quick as I could, but you know how slow the law is. Now, we'll leave you two together. [Exit with Sarah.

Gilder (*sternly*). Well?

Margaret (*earnestly*). I've come to tell you how to stop these thefts. Mr. Gilder, give your girls a living wage and they won't need to steal. How can we keep body and soul together on fourteen shillings a week? We're on our feet all day in the shop, and—

Gilder (*seriously alarmed*). Good Heavens! Is this a GALSWORDTHY play? I had no idea. I thought it was just—(*consulting programme*)—ah, I was right. (*In great relief*) Look—it's adapted from an American play by FREDERICK FENN and ARTHUR WIMRENS. (*Soothingly*) So you see how absurd it is to talk like this.

Margaret (*penitently*). I know. I won't do it again. What I really meant to say was this. (*Melodramatically*) Beware, serpent, for in the next three Acts I will have my r-revenge!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Margaret's flat. It is two years later, and Margaret is the head of a gang of criminals; two of whom, Joe Garson and Agnes Lynch, are discovered conversing.

Garson. I love her!

Agnes. But she is always carrying on with Dick Gilder. What's her game, I wonder.

Enter Margaret.

Margaret. Well, any callers?

Garson (*gloomily*). That detective from Gilder's. I believe he's on our track.

Margaret (*brightly*). But the law can't touch us! All our crimes are perfectly legal. That last little blackmail business was done quite respectably through solicitors.

Agnes (*aside*). From the things that have been said about solicitors in this play, I can't help feeling that one of the authors doesn't like them.

Garson. Well, if that detective comes here again I shall shoot him with my patent silent pistol. (*Takes it out.*) I'll show you. What shall I shoot?

Margaret (*eagerly*). The green vase. It was a Christmas present from grand-mamma. (*It falls to pieces.*) At last! How splendid—I mean, how careless of you. Well, any other news?

Garson. Jim Wade says there's a wonderful tapestry in old Gilder's library, and he knows a shop where they'll give us a million pounds for it. We're going after it to-night.

Margaret (*nobly*). Never! It's against the law.

Garson (*avowed*). You know, dear, I really think you'd get more sympathy from the audience if you did illegal things which were morally right rather than immoral things which are legally right. Besides, you know you want your revenge on old Gilder.

Margaret (*crossly*). Perhaps you'd like to write the play yourself? (*Stiffly*) As a matter of fact, I married Dick Gilder this morning. That's my revenge on Mr. Gilder. I have made him my father-in-law.

Garson. Personally I still think I should prefer the million pounds.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Gilder's Library.

Gilder. Well, what have you done?

Cassidy (*the detective*). Listen! To-night Margaret Taylor's gang will come here to burgle the house. She will be arrested and sent to penal servitude; and—er—(*lunely*) as soon as the Majority Report of the Divorce Commission becomes law your son will be free.

Gilder. Good. Then I shall toddle off. It's half-past eleven.

Cassidy. Yes, do; the gang may be here at any moment. Burglars want to get to bed so early nowadays.

[They go out, and the stage is in darkness. Enter Garson and Wade.

Garson. Well, I suppose they're all in bed by now. H'sh, what's that?

Enter Margaret.

Margaret (*dramatically*). I've come to save you! You mustn't steal the tapestry! It's against the law. (*With strong common sense*) Besides, it will probably be my husband's some day. Naturally, one doesn't want to lose a million-pound tapestry.

Enter Dick.

Dick (*surprised*). Help!

Margaret. It's all right, dear. I've come to send them away. (*With sudden suspicion*) Dick, where did that tapestry come from? Bayeux, or the Tottenham Court Road?

Dick. Tottenham Court Road, dear. You don't say you've come to steal the tapestry? Heaven bless you!

Garson (*sternly*). Wade, have you betrayed us? You dog, take that. (*He fires, and Wade collapses.*)

Dick. Quick! Give me the pistol. (*Takes it from him.*) If this play is to go on, I must be falsely accused.

Enter a Scotland Yard Inspector.

Inspector. Richard Gilder, I arrest you for wilful murder.

Dick (*pretending to be much distressed*). Bother.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.—The Flat.

Enter Demarest.

Demarest. Dick is remanded on bail. All the same, I can't help thinking he's innocent.

Margaret. Really, this is just like the First Act.

Demarest. Yes, I once thought you were innocent too. But now—

Margaret. Well, I can prove that I never stole those things. Look, here's a confession from the girl who did.

Demarest. How very satisfactory. Now Mr. Gilder will apologise to you.

Enter Garson.

Garson. And I can prove that Dick never shot Wade. Because I did.

Demarest. Better and better.

Enter Dick.

Dick. And if only Margaret will tell me that she has learnt to love me since the second Act then all will be well.

Margaret. Dick, I couldn't tell you a lie; I do.

Demarest (*thoughtfully*). I wonder why she couldn't tell him a lie. It isn't illegal.

Dick. My wife! (*Embraces her.*)

CURTAIN.

A. A. M.

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

II.

[Reproduced from "Punch" of 1164.]

"You've laid me a stymie," said Elvira. "I can't get at the jack without a little off break bias, can I?"

I sighed three times in quick succession. Elvira laid down the bowl in deep concern.

"What's the matter?" she said. "You haven't swallowed one of them, have you?"

"One of what?" I asked

She pointed to the bowl.

"Don't be silly," I said. "I'm worried about these Constitutions."

"You're not going to make that joke about them again?" said Elvira quickly.

"It was a rotten joke," I said. "But, after all, the Constitutions of Clarendon are rottener. And they're serious."

"The joke wasn't funny," said Elvira. "As for the Constitutions, my father, the Sieur Mannering, was saying——"

"Yes, but he's not in the Chureh. You seem to forget, Elvira, that I'm in minor orders myself, and I feel like the dear Archbishop in the matter. Of course I haven't gone so far into the profession as to prevent my marrying you; but all the same the Constitutions are doing me out of my little privileges, you know."

Elvira glanced regretfully towards the jack.

"Tell me, dear," she said. "I cannot rest until you have done so."

"It's like this," I said. "Supposing I touch Archie for a rose noble, and then won't pay up, what happens?—I mean, what would have happened before the Act was passed?"

"He'd have landed you one on the point of the vizor, wouldn't he?"

"I'm talking about law," I said hastily. "He'd have had to hale me before the Bishop. And the Bishop——"

"I know. You dine with him sometimes, don't you?"

"On one occasion I week-ended with him," I said with dignity. "Anyway, we clerics hang together, Elvira."

"And now?"

"Well, now Archie could land me in an ordinary civil court and get the money out of me. It's simply subversive of the dignity of the clergy. You know, the country is going to the dogs."

"But you always do pay Archie back, don't you? Some time or other, I mean?"

"That's got nothing to do with it," I declared. "The thing is——"



AT A CHARITY MATINÉE.

Inimitable Comedian. "OH, YES, I ONCE WON A PRIZE AT A BEAUTY SHOW—WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKING."
Mabel. "MOTHER, IS THAT TRUE?"

"The thing is," said Elvira, flinging back her long sleeve and stooping to take up the bowl, "is Kent going to win the championship?"

"Sir Kenneth has been jousting pretty well lately," I said. "But, my dear Elvira, don't you see that if the Archbishop goes abroad to appeal to the Pope he'll probably take the pick of the *mêlée* with him? Woolley's pretty sure to go anyway, and Canterbury week will be simply knocked on the head."

"Oh!" said Elvira, standing up again, "oh, poor Kent! And you always see Archbishop Thomas in the pavilion during Canterbury week. Then the Constitutions of Clarendon are serious. Why didn't you say so before?"

Gallantry in East Anglia.

"When a Suffolk fisher-lad sets his heart upon a maiden, he does not beat about the bush."—*Adelaide Register*.

The Hurricane.

Captain F. H. SHAW in *The Story-Teller*:—

"They were carrying big coral rocks to the selected site when, by some misadventure, Lorton dropped his end of the stone they handled, and caused it to fall on de Vallan's foot. It was a trivial thing enough, but it showed how the wind blew."

"Twenty-eight years' experience combined with a thorough philosophical training has made our tuner thoroughly qualified. Only piano tuner in India holding a diploma for philosophy."

Advt. in "*Indian Daily Telegraph*."

It is generally the man next door who really wants the philosophy.

From a letter on "The Tammin Camp" in the *Kalgoorlie Miner*:

"The fines put on for the least breach of discipline were altogether too high. For instance, a personal friend of mine was fined 10s. for tickling an officer on the back of his neck with a straw while we were standing 'easy.' Dash it, one can't amuse oneself *anyhow*."



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

I. WEAR COSTUMES DESIGNED BY M. LÉON BAKST, WHO, WE HEAR, IS ADDING TO HIS TRIUMPHS IN THE FIELD OF RUSSIAN BALLET BY CREATING MODELS FOR A PARISIAN MODISTE.

FORTY WINKS IN FLEET STREET.

(An epistle to Charles on the difference between his day-dreams and mine.)

So you think of the white dog-roses,
Dear Charles, in the lap of June,
When you do drop off into dozes
At your desk of an afternoon;
You fancy you see the leaping trout
In the long dark pool as the day draws out,
And you turn from the telephone's ugly spout,
And the price of some share in the market gives place to
the stock-dovo's croon.

That is all very well for the City,
Where sentiment still lives green,
And it sounds most awfully pretty,
But I cannot imagine the scene:
Lush dells where the early nightingale sang
And the dog-rose bloomed with a glittering fang,
They are done with, Charles, they are clean
gone bang,
They are phantasies unremembered by *The Topical Magazine*.

Our brains are a finer tissue;
We build for a future day;
You will notice in this month's issue
An article dealing with hay;
Long since, ere the green buds tipped the larch
We passed it for press in the front of March,
And the girl on the cover (my hat! she was arch),
When the frost set type on the window, we broided with
blossoming may.

And now on the shingly beaches
Where rollick the tiny chicks,
And the harvest of nuts and peaches
By favour of Ceres mix,
By the esplanades of the shining sea
It is there, it is there that my soul would be
If I paused for a moment's reverie,
For we're tackling the August number. How softly that
typewriter ticks!

Without there is noise of 'buses
And noise of the creaking wain,
And a silly old bluebottle fusses
Inside on the window-pane;
And the sky is rimmed by a hundred roofs
And round and about is a litter of proofs
Stamped deep with the stamp of the devil's hoofs,
But beyond, through the noise of printers, loud roars the
ineffable main.

And the cornfields are bright with poppies;
Behold how they wink and burn!
And the leaves on the sun-parched coppice
Are dusty, and dim the fern;
And two months on, O Charles, when you pine
For heathery moors or the open brine,
Your visions will still be quite different from mine,
For our Grand Double Xmas Number will then be our
chief concern. EVOE.



TOO MANY PIPS.

ASQUITH (to LLOYD GEORGE). "FUNNY THING, MATE; 'E DON'T SEEM TO KNOW WOT'S GOOD FOR 'IM. WE SHALL 'AVE TO TRY AGAIN."

[Mr. Asquith has promised a Bill to amend the Insurance Act.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, May 27.—Sittings resumed after Whitsun Recess. Pretty good attendance considering splendour of summer weather lately bursting over town and country. Some notable absentees. PREMIER still "at sea," a situation which has for him the charm of novelty; sitting on deck at feet of LORD HIGH ADMIRAL he learns how to splice the main-brace and master mystery of sailor's knot. His quick mind perceives possibilities of application of principle to replies to inconvenient questions. To construct a smooth answer, apparently easy (really difficult) to unravel, might on occasion be convenient.

In Chief's absence lead assumed by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, whose ruddy countenance suggests that, temporarily relieved from business connected with that mysterious entity, the Land Committee, he has been playing golf in the Tropics. Front Opposition Bench in sole possession of WALTER LONG. BONNER LAW at Queen's Hall explaining to Women's Amalgamated Unionist and Tariff Reform Association that "We are the National Party."

Curiously depressed air about. Members enter on tiptoe; greet each other in whispers. Suggest on Ministerial side that they have come to bury Home Rule, not to hurry it through penultimate stage by process of formal Committee with opportunity benevolently provided for "making suggestions."

Almost the sole live person on the premises is GEOFFREY HOWARD, Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the PRIME MINISTER (unpaid), one of the team of Ministerial Whips. Familiar habit with him to enter House from time to time, stand at Bar and take stock of both sides. In performance of this duty a pair of spats of immaculate whiteness

plays prominent part. By chance this afternoon Captain MURRAY, careful for safety of his fellow-men, draws attention to danger arising from dazzling glare of head-lights on motor cars. As question is put, and PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD, with rare use of first person

singular, replies, nervous Members think the principle of repression might be carried in another direction. With the chamber full of unaccustomed sunlight GEOFFREY HOWARD's spats sparkling at the Bar "give one the blink," as ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, who is



WINSTON shows the PREMIER how to splice the main-brace.

coming to the front again, picturesquely put it.

That a detail. Of larger moment is the fact that to see the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN OF THE HOUSEHOLD, standing at the Bar, hands delved deep in trousers' pockets (habit suggestive of mistrust of esteemed colleague, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, watching him carefully totting up forces on either side), give little nod of satisfaction and retire

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Fore-gathering on Monday after well-earned holiday, noble Lords were depressed by knowledge that they had lost companionship of cheery Lord ASHBOURNE. To-day the bells are tolling again, telling of death of another highly esteemed colleague, Lord AVEBURY. Impossible to conceive two men, equally gifted, more widely separated by ways of thought and personal manner. ASHBOURNE bubbling with fun, boyish in manner and talk; AVEBURY prim in manner, quiet in speech, convinced that, since there is no authentic evidence of jokes disturbing the equanimity of a beehive, mankind would do well, if not absolutely to eschew them, at least rigorously to limit indulgence in them.

Though no sluggard AVEBURY from time to time went to the ants and learned something of their busy orderly ways. Whilst still with us in the Commons he not infrequently contributed wise sayings to debate. His principal legislative achievement was the passing of the Bank

Holiday Act, with which his name will ever be associated. Found less inviting opening in the House of Lords. But up to recent date was constant in attendance, patient in attention to speeches not all attractive. Like most old Commoners transplanted to the Lords he frequently revisited the glimpses of the illuminated ceiling of the Chamber across the way. SARK saw and spoke with him a fortnight before adjournment for holidays. Much struck by evident signs of breaking-up in the still slight, upright figure.

Though ever ready when called upon to take part in debate in the Lords, especially on Irish questions, ASHBOURNE did his best work in the Commons. To other charms of oratory he added a mellifluous brogue. His countryman, Lord MORRIS, used to speak slightly of the gift, hinting that it was surreptitiously acquired and secretly nourished. That probably personal jealousy; himself being master of a brogue in which you could almost wade up to knees.

House of Lords is the poorer by the passing of two of the oldest and most highly esteemed of our Parliament men.

Business done.—Ancient Monuments Bill reported, with amendments.



ONE WAY OF FILLING THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH. A suggestion for Mr. WALTER LONG.

to Whip's room, inspires general feeling of security. As ROBERT BROWNING, had he lived in the Parliamentary world, might have put it, GEOFFREY HOWARD's at the Bar; all's well with the Party.

Business done.—ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved Second Reading of Appellate Jurisdiction Bill. Debate adjourned.

Friday.—Pleasant example of spirit of knightly chivalry that underlies Party conflict forthcoming in action taken by FRED HALL—whom the Question-Paper is careful to particularise as “(Dulwich)” —in matter of ceremonial recognition due to FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY. Naturally WINSTON, howsoever winsome, is not personally a favourite in Unionist camp. Never forgotten that he once belonged to it; loss sustained by his desertion fully realised only when one contemplates his brilliant services under the enemy’s flag. To the generous-minded that rather incentive to keener jealousy on his behalf than of desire to see him flouted. FRED HALL, surveying the world from his eyrie at Dulwich, has watched Mediterranean



“I”—the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

cruise of FIRST LORD. Observed that, on landing at various ports, he was received by the authorities with some show of ceremonial welcome. Here and there a gun has gone off and a flag of welcome run up at masthead.

This does not satisfy the punctilious mind. OLIVER TWIST (Dulwich) asks for more. After some expenditure of midnight oil he drafted a question addressed to SECRETARY OF WAR demanding to know “if, under the regulations of the War Office, the First Lord of the Admiralty is entitled to any special ceremonial recognition; if so, what is the nature of the same; and, if there is no such special recognition, whether he will take steps to ensure that the high position occupied by the First Lord of the Admiralty is adequately recognised.”

Might reasonably be expected that representative of Government would readily, gratefully, grasp this hand

stretched across sea of Party politics. And what response does SEELY make? Casually reads from paper: “This matter is governed by paragraphs 1807 and 1810 of the King’s Regulations. There is no intention of amending them.”

Nothing more. FRED HALL (Dulwich), limpid in seat, resumed in expectation of rather making a score. Really no use preparing the parlour for the fly and artlessly inviting him to enter if he won’t.

Business done.—Second Reading of Government of Scotland Bill moved.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

[“Mr. T. P. O’CONNOR, who during his recent visit to Paris was approached by leaders of the Armenian community, and subsequently had interviews with leading French Ministers and politicians, pressed upon Sir E. GREY the importance of ensuring the future safety and good government of the Armenian Christians as part of the post-war settlement.”—*Daily Chronicle*, May 30, 1913.]

WHILE thunder crashed and lightning flashed I dreamed a dream last night Which filled my anguished bosom with unspeakable affright:

I dreamed I saw Lord HALSBURY proposing to clope

With Mr. ARTHUR BENSON to assassinate the POPE.

I dreamed that Mr. HANDEL BOOTH was made Lord Chancellor,

While SHAW succeeded SEELY as the Minister for War.

I dreamed that Mr. CADBURY bestrode the Derby winner,

And then invited RUFUS and the CHESTERTONS to dinner.

I dreamed that bold BEN TILLET was created an Archbishop,

While LULU went to Whitechapel to manage a fried fish shop.

I dreamed I heard LLOYD GEORGE in most indignant tones rebuke

A Welshman who had spoken somewhat harshly of a Duke.

I dreamed that Mr. MASEFIELD wrote a novel all in prose,

Without a single swear-word from the opening to the close.

I dreamed that ALEXANDER ceased to stretch and press his bags,

And appeared at the St. James’s in a garb of tattered rags.

* * * * *

O gentle reader, do not treat this record with derision;

The facts of daily life are far more strange than any vision;

For I saw it clearly stated in *The Chronicle* to-day

That the cause of the Armenians had been championed by “TAY PAY.”

The Inevitable.

“LORD JUSTICE FARWELL RETIRES.”

Yorkshire Evening News.

TAKING THE PLUNGE.

AT seven o’clock I climbed out of bed and looked anxiously at the weather. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky and the breeze was soft and balmy. From a chestnut-tree a thrush cried cheekily, “Get up, you lazy beggar! Get up, you lazy beggar!”

I put on my swimming costume and dressed hastily on the top of it. “Good boy!” remarked the thrush encouragingly as I stepped into the street, and fluttered off to tell his wife about it. I breathed deeply and happily; surely this was the ideal morning for the first bathe of the season.

But somehow the world seemed changed when I reached the front. The sun still shone brightly, the sky was still cloudless, the breeze was still soft and balmy, but the sea looked wet, with that nasty cold wetness suggestive of drowned men. By-and-by, when I was bending over the desk, it would become warm and inviting, and more fortunate people.

I went into the tent and began to undress. But my enthusiasm had completely died out. Instead of throwing off garment after garment with the speed of a music-hall performer, I lingered dubiously over buttons and things. Why not go back? I asked myself. Why not postpone it for another week or two? There was no compulsion about it. I was my own master. After all, a man must be a fool to do a disagreeable thing for no reason.

On the other hand, I reflected, the first plunge was always beastly, and I knew from experience that the sooner one got it over the better. And what would those people on the beach think of me if I turned back now?

A mood of reckless daring came upon me suddenly. Without giving it time to fade, I dashed out of the tent and ran towards the sea at top speed. The few early promenaders gave me a mighty shout of encouragement. I smiled my acknowledgments and fairly hurled myself into the water.

Br-r-r-r, it was cold! I swam out desperately a dozen yards, turned, and headed for the shore, gasping. Another terrific shout went up as I reappeared on the sands. Good fellows! They recognised a plucky act when they saw it. I waved my hand.

And then I realised that I was still wearing my shirt.

“Mr. Lough then rose, and delivered an exhaustive speech on the watchwords of the Liberal party—‘Pence, Retrenchment, and Reform.’”—*Hampshire Chronicle.*

“Pence” seems an understatement for payment of Members at £400 a year.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE DEVOUT LOVER.

ONCE upon a time there was a fox who fell in love with a pretty little vixen. He called her Sweet Auburn, and in the small hours, when all the world was asleep, they went for delightful strolls together and talked a deal of pleasant nonsense.

One day she casually mentioned her approaching birthday, which chanced to be on May the 15th; and when he expressed his intention of giving her a present she said she would like nothing so much as gloves.

"What colour?" he asked.

"Purple," she said; and he agreed.

"With white and purple spots inside," she added; and he agreed again.

"And lined with glistening hairs," she called after him; and he agreed once more.

When, however, he told his mother, the old lady was discouraging. "They're not out yet," she said, "fox-gloves aren't."

His mother was a widow. An unfortunate meeting with the local pack had deprived her for ever of her beloved chicken-winner. She had however brought up, with much pluck and resource, her family unaided.

"You'll never get them by the 15th," she added, "that's a fortnight too early."

"But I must," replied her son, with the impetuosity and determination of youth.

"You'll never," said his mother.

Undismayed he set forth and searched the countryside for fox-gloves. He found many plants in various early stages of growth, but none even approaching the right condition for exhibiting their stock-in-trade.

"What did I tell you?" said his mother, and the day drew nearer.

He extended his travels, but in vain, until one morning, at about a quarter to five, when he ought to have been at home again, he came upon a stalk which actually had buds on it. Carefully marking the spot he rushed back with the news.

"But how can blossoms be ready in four days?" he asked his mother.

"Intensive culture," said the old lady. "There's nothing but that."

"I don't know what you mean," said her son.

"Of course not; you're only a child. It means you must supply heat and nourishment. You must curl your warm body round that stalk every evening as soon as the sun sets and lie there without moving till the sun's up, and you must water the roots with your tears. On no account must you move or nap."



Voice (from above). "WILD DUCK, ONE."
 Chef (who has had a bob on for a place). "YES; BUT WHAT'S SECOND AND THIRD?"

"Really?" he asked nervously.
 "If you truly love," said his mother.
 "I wonder," he thought; but after paying another visit to Sweet Auburn he knew that he did, and he promised her the gloves for a certainty.
 Late on the evening of the 15th, when Sweet Auburn had almost given him up, he staggered into her abode, wan and weary, and laid a pair of superb gloves at her feet. They were a beautiful purple lined with glistening hairs and they had white and purple spots inside.
 "Many happy returns," he said. "They're absolutely the first of the season. You'll be able to set the fashion."
 "Best of boys!" she replied, embracing him, and named the happy day.

OH, OH! DAPHNE!
 Yes, she is fair; the rose that burned
 In EVE's bright garden flames anew
 In Daphne's cheek, nor ever earned
 A form by sculptor's cunning turned
 Such praise as is her due.
 Look in her eyes: clear pools are they
 Where innocence and wonder meet,
 As if she marvelled to survey
 A world that spreads by day and day
 Fresh gladness at her feet.
 Yet trust her not, for yestere'en,
 With careless or with shameless
 hand,
 When bunkered near the second green,
 She grounded (as she thought, unseen)
 Her niblick in the sand.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN" AND
"ARIADNE IN NAXOS."

THE distinguished actor-impresario who controls the destinies of His Majesty's Theatre would have had more of all our compliments for thinking of bringing over to us *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—*The Perfect Gentleman*, as Mr. MAUGHAM elects to translate it—if he hadn't so freely mislaid the good man on the way. Sir HERBERT TREE'S passion for buffooning tended to obscure the original (and his own talent) and thereby set the whole comedy, or, rather, the selected part of it, in a false key. For the *Jourdain* I remember, snobbish, ignorant, credulous certainly, is altogether a simpler and pleasanter fellow, is not sure enough of himself to be anything like so boisterously vulgar, yet remains every bit as funny. Sir HERBERT was often nearer to *Sir Gorgius Midas* than to *Jourdain*. There were many outrageous gags and a general clamour and restlessness of movement. Sedulous of "action" in this crude sense, Sir HERBERT is unmindful of the equal and opposite reaction—on his audience or a silent part of it. Where a gesture or an intonation might serve, a gag is brought forth or an acrobat's contortion executed with almost mournful thoroughness. Most surely improvisation in the idiom and atmosphere of another age is too hazardous a game to be worth the scandal of betraying one's author. But the veteran actor takes a genuine pleasure in these exercises, and surely no one of the audience could have enjoyed the jocund rout so thoroughly.

Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE as *Dorante* in his brave blue suit, and Miss NEILSON-TERRY in her gay brocade, made a very pleasant, pretty and appropriate pair. Mr. ROY BYFORD pulled his lesson of the *Master of Philosophy* out of the general racket into some sort of reasonable shape, while the tailors' *pas de quatre* was entirely satisfactory. Herr RICHARD STRAUSS'S brilliant incidental music nourished high expectations of his *Ariadne in Naxos* (to Herr von HOFMANNSTHAL'S libretto), which was to take the place of the original "ballets" and "Turkish ceremonies." It is built on a pleasantly fantastical idea. *Jourdain*, who provides the opera for his aristocratic friends, orders that harlequinade and opera shall proceed together to save time. The

musicians rave, and surely could have carried their point by explaining that titled people do not have it so. However they conveniently forget this old trump card, so we find poor *Ariadne* (Fräulein EVA VON DER OSTEN) on her desert Naxos anything but lonely by reason of the intrusive sympathies of *Zerbinetta* and of *Harlequin*, *Scaramuccio*, *Truffaldino*, and *Brighella*, her four lovers. Tactfully disregarding their existence she sings (divinely) with interruptions, till *Bacchus*, who had, I think, from his towels, been bathing in the neighbourhood, arrives in his canoe and consoles her. The really spirited piece of acting of the evening was the

generally unresponsive fowls perched on branches R. and L. to wake to life and begin to bow; nicer still of one of them to strike work and to need coaxing back to life by an attendant. These things help the guileless convention of Opera. And I had some fun out of wondering whether *Bacchus* (Herr MARAK) or *Ariadne* would be the first to get a flickering piece of golden snow well in the mouth in the middle of a top note. 6.

LOVE IN A HEAT WAVE.

(*The Bard to his Betrothed.*)

O PHYLLIS, let your attitude
For once be tolerant and kind;
Allow a little latitude,
Permit your man to change
his mind.

When I and things were other-
wise,

I took you, did I not, to task?

"That you should love me
brotherwise

Is not," I told you, "what
I ask.

"Don't hold yourself so rigidly
When I, in turn, would be
caressed;

Don't look at things so frigidly,
But let us have a little zest.

"Although my love is willing, it
Requires a modicum of heat;
You can't preserve, by chilling,
it,
As if the thing were foreign
meat!"

"Desert your bleak and barren
height

Of pride and dignity; aspire
To more degrees of Fahrenheit,
Or, briefly, show a little fire."

I do not seek to vindicate,
But rather pray to have forgot

That view I dared to indicate
In winter—when it wasn't hot.

So far, my Love, from cherishing
A more than foolish bard's advice,
Keep cool, nay cold, nay perishing!
Oh, be a very berg of ice!

"A—W—, the murderer, has been sentenced
to death by elocution in New York."
Polynesian Gazette.

In spite of all the efforts of the
missionaries, the Polynesian mind still
dwells lovingly on the idea of death by
slow torture.

"New-laid eggs, direct from vicarage fowls."
Advt. in "Church Times."

How superior they must be to the
ordinary "lay" egg.



AN ANGLO-GERMAN ENTENTE.

Voice of Molière (in the wings, heard during performance of the MAUGHAM-STRAUSS-HOFMANNSTHAL combination at His Majesty's). "I hope I don't intrude."

M. Jourdain Sir HERBERT TREE (with false nose.)
Ariadne Fräulein EVA VON DER OSTEN.

astonishing account given, in gorgeously embroidered song, of her love affairs by *Zerbinetta* (Mlle. BOSSETT). The tuneful buffooneries of her companions diverted me very much. Of the higher mysteries of the music I have not the right to speak, but it delighted me throughout. The composer seemed to throw down, as it were, amid his not always intelligible complexities, challenging passages of limpid, exquisite melody (such as the trio of *Naiad*, *Dryad* and *Echo* greeting young *Bacchus*) much in the spirit of TURNER pointing to his iridescent fish with "They say TURNER can't colour!" Most sweet and mellow was Fräulein HOFFMAN-ONEGIN'S alto in this and other beautiful passages. It was charming of the two faithful but



CHAS. GRAVES.

THE NEW INDUSTRY.

EXPERT BOMB-PICKERS AT WORK IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.

THE SUPERIOR DRAMATIST.

THERE is a dream, a wild delicious dream,
 A dream that ever soothes me when depressed,
 Starts me afresh, and pours the kindly cream
 Of healing on my lacerated breast;
 A hope, half-disillusioned as I am,
 That sticks to me like jam.

I will expound. In me you may behold
 A Great Unacted. Plays of every sort
 I have put out, but managers—a cold
 And shallow folk—deny their due support.
 Indeed, they send me back my every play
 With "Thank you, not to-day."

I am too good for them. My subtle charm
 Little appeals to men of their gross earth.
 My intellect repels them in alarm;
 How should they understand? Their ribald mirth
 Is awed to silence by my silver wit;
 They cannot tackle it.

But I go on, unchecked, towards the goal,
 Having, I say, a dream that serves to heal
 Their blows on my unconquerable soul.
 I know I am superior; I feel,
 Genius will out; true merit, such as mine,
 Is bound, at last, to shine.

A day will come, ha, ha!—to use their own
 Vile jargon—when, with one fell swoop, Success
 Will fold me, and accept me for her own;
 When the whole London and provincial Press

Will raise me up, and thronging herds delight
 To cram the house each night.

And when these paltry managerial worms
 Come round me, fawning (as they ever do),
 Seeking a boon, a play on any terms;
 While I, on that one work or, may be, two,
 Sit softly and grow rich beyond—oh, bliss!—
 The dreams of avarice;

Then calmly I shall deal to each of them
 A play apiece; and, when they hug the prize,
 Mouthing their parts, as gloats on some rare gem
 The "fence" with lust of profit in his eyes,
 I from my greater height shall look them o'er,
 And frame this classic score:—

There was a time when it was mine to beg,
 And these, which you refused, were going cheap;
 But, now the boot is on the other leg,
 You shall not have them, howsoever you weep;
 It is my humour that, for future days,
 No one shall act my plays. **DUM-DUM.**

"Lord Leith of Fyvie's fine steam yacht 'Miranda' arrived at Dartmouth last evening.

"Lord Leith of Fyvie's fine steam yacht 'Miranda' arrived at Dartmouth last evening."—*Devon Evening Express.*

These twin statements occur in a column headed "Dartmouth Echoes," and rightly, for No. 2 is one of the best echoes we have heard.

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

III.—*REX v. BASKERVILLE.*

THE prisoner in this case was Henry Satterthwaite Baskerville Bones Baskerville, who was charged with having (1) expressed his disgust at the Bunny Hug; (2) written a letter denouncing the Turkey Trot and the Tango; (3) displayed a complete ignorance of the Boston; (4) with having, contrary to the statute, endeavoured to dance a waltz and a polka; (5) with being a suspected person found loitering with intent to commit a quadrille.

The Court was crowded with *débutantes*, chaperons, duchesses, marchionesses, ticket-holders for subscription dances, men about town, and young dancers of both sexes from the suburban districts. Mr. Mazy, K.C., and Mr. Lighto appeared for the Crown. Prisoner was defended by Mr. Hobnail, K.C., and Mr. Triptrain; while Mr. Zweipfennig held a watching brief for the dancing editor of *The Times*.

At the opening of the court Mr. Justice Onestep made an earnest appeal to the public to restrain the expression of their feelings during the course of the proceedings. No doubt the prisoner was charged with the commission of very heinous offences, but it was a salutary principle of English law, thereby differentiating it favourably from the law—if, indeed, he might so term it—of foreign countries, that every man must be presumed to be innocent until he was proved to be guilty. He begged the jury to concentrate their minds on the evidence and to forget anything they might have heard or read which could in any degree prejudice them against the prisoner. He thought it right to make this preliminary appeal because he knew that the case had excited profound interest amongst all classes.

It appeared from the opening statement of Mr. Mazy that the prisoner was a member of an ancient and most respectable family settled in the Midlands. He had been educated without any special discredit at Eton, and had thence proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. His studies at this seat of learning had, however, been curtailed owing to an incident which affected one of the authorities. A tutor's oak, had, in fact, been painted over with a bright vermilion colour, and the prisoner, having failed to explain his possession of a paint-pot and brush, was rusticated, or, in other words, expelled from his college. He had then removed to London, and for a year or two had taken part in the pleasures of the town. It would be proved that he had frequented balls and had very often danced waltzes. He (the learned counsel) did not say this with the intention of bearing hardly on the prisoner. The jury would remember that in the days of which he spoke such dances were still permissible, there being, strangely enough, no legislative enactment to prevent them.

His Lordship. *Autres temps autres mœurs*, Mr. Mazy.

Mr. Mazy, K.C. No doubt, my Lord, that would be so.

The learned counsel, continuing, said that he himself, and, if he might presume to say so, his Lordship also, looked back with horror upon a misspent youth. Their eyes, however, were now open, and they realised their fault, though that fault was due to ignorance. At that time, in short, nobody in England had heard of the new dances, and no blame could attach to those who danced the old ones.

His Lordship. It was customary at one period to burn witches.

A member of the public. And a good job, too.

His Lordship. Remove that man.

The man having been duly removed, Mr. Mazy proceeded to say that at the age of twenty-two the prisoner had left England for Africa, where he had remained for eighteen years. He had been heard of in places as widely separated

from one another as Nigeria, Basutoland and Uganda. Last year he had suddenly come home and had renewed his intimacy with some of his old friends. One of these, Lady Richard Ragg-Tempest, happened to be issuing invitations to a dance, and sent the prisoner a card. He came, but after the first dance he expressed himself to his hostess in violent terms of condemnation with reference to what he had seen. Failing, naturally enough, to obtain any satisfaction from her ladyship, he shortly afterwards left the house. On the following morning he was arrested, after a violent struggle, in which two dancing masters were seriously injured.

His Lordship. How do you propose to prove the *animus saltandi*? We know that *bene* or *male* does not matter, but the *animus* is essential.

Mr. Mazy. In his letter of acceptance the prisoner stated that he was eagerly looking forward to the party and intended to dance every dance. That letter is in court and will be produced.

The first witness was Lady Richard Ragg-Tempest. Her ladyship gave her evidence with great reluctance. She deposed that after the first dance, which was a Boston varied by Bunny-Hugs, Turkey Trots and Tangoes, the prisoner came up to her and said these things were an outrage and wouldn't be tolerated in Uganda. He also said he had tried to waltz and polk to the ridiculous tune, but had failed, mainly owing to the unwillingness of his partner.

His Lordship. She deserves the thanks of the community.

Witness, continuing, said she reasoned with the prisoner, having known him in his younger days, but found it useless.

Mr. Hobnail, K.C. (in cross-examination). Was he serious?

The Witness. He was so serious that I thought he must be joking.

After several other witnesses had been examined, Mr. Hobnail, who announced his intention of calling no evidence, made an eloquent speech in defence, and his Lordship summed up at great length. The jury were away for half-an-hour. When they returned the foreman said their verdict was "Not guilty," with a rider strongly recommending the prisoner to mercy. Before the Judge could stop him he said this was a compromise agreed to by all of them.

His Lordship (to the prisoner). You have been lucky in having a middle-aged and merciful jury. Let this be a warning to you. You are discharged.

CHIVALRY.

It was not caution, Captain, it was not

Fear that the swiftly flying ball might sting;

The trifling detail that the drive was hot

Was not enough to make me drop the thing;

Nor was it lack of skill, for understand

That skill and I go ever hand in hand.

No, I recalled a day of wondrous bliss

Last June, when double figures graced my name,

And how this batsman whom I chanced to miss

Dropped me (when nothing) in that glorious game.

My sense of gratitude is always nice;

A "life" demands a "life." I paid the price.

The Pursuit.

"One of the best testimonials to the training which the young ladies received was contained in the report of the London University inspector, who proclaimed to the world that over half of those who had left the school had found husbands, so eagerly were they sought after."

Daily Graphic.

The inspector will explain what he meant next week.



"PLEASE, TEACHER, MOTHER SAYS CAN ALBERT DAVID SIT BY 'ISSELF THIS MORNIN', 'COS 'E'S GOT A TOUCH O' THE MEASLES?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I CONFESS to a prejudice, based upon painful experience, against transatlantic fiction. I admit this the more readily because I am about to prove that, confronted with work of real and outstanding merit, it becomes a thing of naught. Unfortunately such occasions are rare. The more honour then to *Virginia* (HEINEMANN), before whose compelling charm I have had the pleasure of unconditional surrender. Miss ELLEN GLASGOW has not so much written a story—though this also—as created a single character, complete in absolutely human form. *Virginia* herself, as girl, wife and mother, one seems to have known as a personal friend; to have admired her youthful beauty, and seen it elange and develop into the matured charm of the woman. Other women, or I am mistaken, will specially appreciate her. The history of her life I do not propose to tell you, beyond saying that it is one in which emotion plays the part of incident. Nothing in the remotest degree sensational ever happens to her. Quite early in the book she marries the lover of her choice, *Oliver*, the romantic young playwright whose mission in life is to regenerate the American drama, a mission in which his wife vaguely and quite uncomprehendingly believes. Then children come, and (when *Oliver* has cynically abandoned his dreams) prosperity; and one day *Virginia* finds that, in thinking more of her nursery than her husband, she has lost him. But she has still her son. That is practically all that happens; yet the human tenderness of its telling is beyond praise. Throughout I was haunted by a wish that *Virginia* could have been drawn

for us by DU MAURIER, who could have done her justice. If American novels are going to display such quality as this, their historical definition as "dry goods" will become meaningless.

You get quite a fine impression of an amazingly vital personality, "a great-hearted, simple, lovable and fiery soul," in Mr. ARTHUR COMPTON-RICKETT's *William Morris*, which Mr. HERBERT JENKINS publishes in a pleasant volume. It presents a view taken from outside the charmed and privileged circle of MORRIS's old acquaintance and is therefore not without a new interest. If you have to pass through a little veil made of the parenthetic diversions of the literary gentleman marshalling his knowledge and comparisons, you'll find there are intimate, even trivial, records of fact, which help to build up the composite portrait of this poet, painter; dyer, dreamer; printer, weaver; revolutionary, tradesman, friend, which his admirers will have no difficulty in accepting. Never, surely, was man so dowered with divers gifts without any touch of charlatany or amateurishness. The author is at some pains to trace the influences that worked on MORRIS, and the compiled synopsis of events, literary and political, in parallel with the stages of his subject's life, is interesting and valuable. "Less the artist than the artist-citizen," is happily said in reference to the genuine altruism which illuminated MORRIS and which is so rarely a characteristic of the artist. He was indeed a big man, not wrapped up in his own bright visions of beauty, but infinitely anxious to share them with the many; a splendid democrat of an uncommon type, whose influence still happily works as a leaven amongst us.

And we don't readily tire of hearing about him. But I wish that the fastidiousness which made Mr. COMPTON-RICKETT write "tenour" had saved him from the deadly "phenomenal," and "phenomenally."

Miss HAMILTON has in *Mrs. Brett* (STANLEY PAUL) a subject of a most difficult delicacy, and, although her tale is interesting and human from the first page to the last, I do not think that she has slain her dragon; but I like the directness and simplicity of her treatment. Her four characters, *Mr. Brett*, *Mrs. Brett*, *Judith Brett* and *Peter Dampier* have that free, spontaneous movement that proves them to be something more than the puppets of a novelist's toy theatre, and I am especially grateful to her for not insisting too stridently on her Indian background. Occasionally someone will say, "Syee! *Tattoo lao!*" and of course polo and punkabs decorate the scene; but there is a fine reticence in her sharp and disciplined method. She gives us a picture of two women, mother and daughter, and finds her situations in the attempt on the part of the mother to keep the daughter from a catastrophe that had once broken her own life into pieces. *Judy Brett* is a clever study, but it lacks that final touch that would have set her completely before the reader. I waited eagerly for the scene that would lift the whole episode into sharp, poignant drama, and that scene never came. Miss HAMILTON intended to make her drama out of the reader's discovery of passion in the patient figure of *Mrs. Brett*, but at the last her power failed her. The situation of the young man who, having been badly treated by the daughter, finds, to his own surprise, that he loves the mother, once defeated THACKERAY, and has now proved too difficult for Miss HAMILTON. Nevertheless, *Mrs. Brett* is a book that deserves success for its humanity, its humour and its restraint.

Though so much has been written and read upon the same theme, I am glad to welcome *The Life and Letters of Jane Austen* (SMITH ELDER) as another contribution to our knowledge of one of the most attractive figures in literature. Naturally Messrs. W. and R. A. AUSTEN-LEIGH's book is one impossible of criticism in a paragraph. One can but say that it is a good book, preserving much of the quiet charm of its heroine—and leave the matter there. Largely, of course, it is based upon the well-known *Memoir* (by the father and grandfather of the present writers); but there is also much new matter. The sub-title of the volume is "A Family Record," a note that is emphasised to the point of unconscious humour by the Preface, in which the authors acknowledge, with a quaint air of proprietorship, the public interest in their famous relative. For the matter of the contents, quotation is the only comment. I must however content myself with only one brief extract from a letter written by JANE to her sister CASSANDRA in 1813:—"Upon Mrs. D.'s mentioning that she had sent the *Rejected Addresses* to Mr. H., I began talking to her a little about

them, and expressed my hope of their having amused her. Her answer was, 'Oh dear, yes, very much, very droll indeed—the opening of the House and the striking up of the fiddles!' What she meant, poor woman, who shall say? I sought no farther. The P.'s have now got the book, and like it very much; their niece Eleanor has recommended it most warmly to them—*she* looks like a rejected addresser." Surely this strikes a human note, to which no one who has ever spoken of a favourite book in unworthy company can fail to respond.

The Reverend Albert Thompson, in *Pity the Poor Blind* (CONSTABLE), was "the son of a musician who had married beneath him or, more strictly, of a piano-tuner who had become wedded to an actress." He took to the Church in London as a means of self-advancement, and relied less on any deep-seated belief than on his inherited gifts of a rich deep voice and dramatic gesture. *Berenice Chote* was the daughter of a loose and lively house in a village on the Dorset coast, as far apart in every way from the parson as one

mortal could possibly be from another. Only Providence or an unusually gifted author could hope plausibly to bring the twain together, so that their lives might become inter-dependent and their progress might react upon each other. The affair could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. H. H. BASHFORD, whom I do not hesitate to describe as a master novelist, born for the job and clearly inspired. He has infinite humour and no prejudices; his characters are unmistakably alive



Guard (as train starts). "NOW THEN, ROMEO, 'URRY UP."

and his sense of atmosphere is such that one feels and resents the change of air when the history takes one, for a time, from Kilbridge to town. As for the story, any attempt to epitomize it here would be as futile and misguided as the process of compressing one's whole existence (and that of many other people) into a three-line-to-a-day diary. It is a slice of variegated and vivacious life, leading to ends you might not expect but must eventually accept; moreover it is a worthy successor of the author's earlier work, *A Corner of Harley Street*, published a year or so ago but by no means yet forgotten.

"Fish (2) for Sale, one £75, one £50," runs an advertisement in *The Daily Chronicle*. The danger of this form of abbreviation is that an ignorant person forwarding the cash may find himself in possession of a couple of fishmongers' businesses instead of the material for a simple breakfast.

"Mr. McKenna was accompanied by three Scotland Yard detectives, who accompanied him to Penrhos, Lord Sheffield's Anglesey seat; where he will stay unlit after to-night's Disestablishment meeting."
Liverpool Daily Post.

We welcome this official pronouncement (if such it is) from the W.S.P.U., and rejoice that the HOME SECRETARY is safe from personal arson.

CHARIVARIA.

It is some time since relations between our country and Germany have been as friendly as at the present moment. It is appreciated in Germany that the KAISER'S kindness in releasing the British officers has been most handsomely acknowledged by the action of the Canadian Senate in rejecting the BORDEN Navy Bill.

A Bill to give Home Rule and £500,000 to Scotland passed its second reading in the House of Commons last week. It is said, with what amount of truth we do not know, that Scotland might be willing to compromise by dropping that part of the measure which relates to the grant of Home Rule.

The Ulster army that is drilled and ready to resist Home Rule numbers, we are told, a quarter of a million trained men. It is now rumoured that the Government is about to offer these volunteers what they want if they will save the Territorials by joining their ranks.

There is a growing feeling among Sir J. M. BARRIE'S fellow Baronets that this popular author should now, out of respect for the dignity of his rank, cease to associate himself with the literary profession.

The fact that two SMITHS figured in the recent Honours List, but not a single JONES, has, we hear, strained the loyalty of a considerable portion of His Majesty's subjects almost to breaking point.

With reference to the vacant Laureateship it is said that several secretaries to Cabinet Ministers are now taking lessons in verse-making.

According to another rumour the economists are about to win the day, and the Laureate will in future be paid by piece-work—at the rate of two guineas and a glass of wine per poem.

Sir HERBERT TREE announces that his autumn production will be a Biblical play entitled *Joseph and his Brethren*. Humble playgoers will be pleased to hear this, for it goes without saying that for this production the Pit will be there all right, although it disappeared for a time during the run of *Ariadne in Naxos*.

It is said that Mr. JAMES WELCH contemplates engaging the Ysaye orchestra for the farce at the Criterion.

M. AUGUSTE RODIN has been offered by the Office of Works three sites for his bronze statuary group, "The Burghers of Calais," but it is anticipated that he will only choose one of them.

Upon the retirement of Sir MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland

giving wedding presents will be discontinued in their little island. In an account of a local marriage ceremony we read that the bridegroom "was the recipient of a large number of valuable and other presents."

And one cannot help feeling rather sorry for the gentleman who, having an almost new motor-car to sell, decided to advertise it in a Cingalese sale catalogue. After a glowing account of its many virtues comes the refreshingly frank confession, "Only drives a few miles."

On an hotel signboard at Uccle, Belgium, motor-cars are advertised for hire under the designation, "Snelpaardelooszonderspoorwegpetroolytingen." The Belgian Post Office discourages the habit of ordering these things by telegram.

It is rumoured that the Government is on the point of coming to a working arrangement with the Hunger Strikers, they agreeing to take their food if they are allowed their week-ends out of prison.

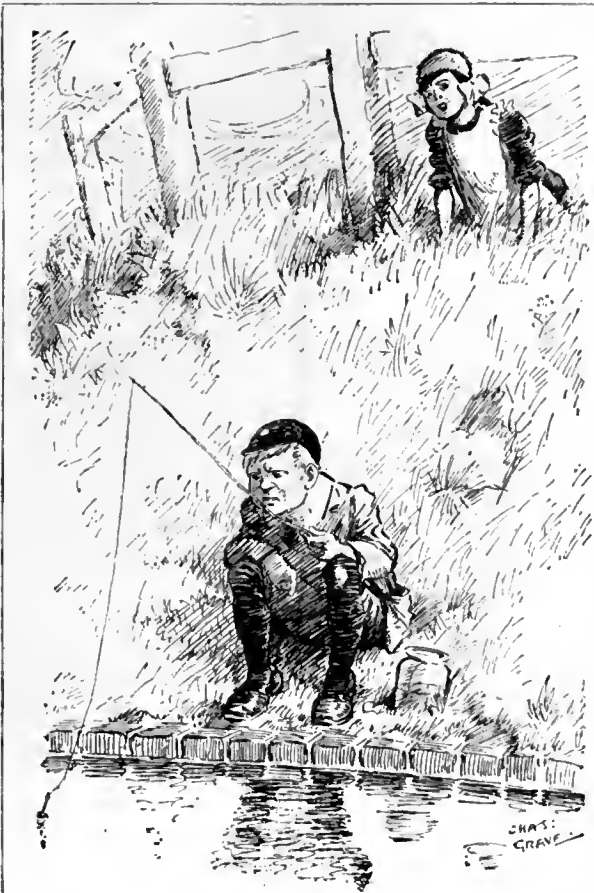
An ostrich which escaped from a travelling circus at Wigton last week was only captured after an exciting hunt through the streets. Many horses were frightened by the bird, but the motor-cars without exception behaved admirably.

A striking example of the danger of a radical change in one's habits reaches us, through *The Express*, from Lodz, in Poland. We regret to hear that MAURICE KRUK, a shop-keeper of that town, died on the day after his retirement from active business at the age of 120.

The remains of another woman who is supposed to have lived in the Neolithic period have been discovered at Peterborough. Feminists are delighted, as this tends to show what an old-established sex theirs is.

"The best time of the year to come here [Winnipeg] is the spring, and any girl not having friends in the city would do well to stay at the Y.M.C.A."—*Overseas Daily Mail*. We are surprised.

"'Parvo,' the Latin for peacock, a somewhat curious *nom de plume* for a sporting writer."—*Fry's Magazine*. Curiouser still for a peacock.



THE DARE-DEVIL.

"COME ON HOME, GILBERT. IT'S SIX O'CLOCK."
 "WELL, I DON'T CARE IF IT'S A QUARTER-PAST."

Yard, the members of the detective force presented him with a massive silver cup. The criminal classes also feel grateful to Sir MELVILLE for retiring, and there is a movement on foot among our leading burglars in favour of allowing him to retain the massive silver cup.

Glass buttons, we are told, are being used for summer frocks. Is this, we wonder, the first step towards glass dresses? Frankly, we are getting nervous.

Coylon newspaper men must really be careful or the pleasant custom of

THE SITTING BARD.

[Lines addressed to one of the officials who charge you a copper for your chair in St. James's Park.]

FELLOW, you have no *flair* for art, I fear,
Who thus confound me with the idle Many—
The loafer pensive o'er his betting rag,
The messenger (express) with reeking fag,
The nursemaid sighing for her bombardier—
All charged the same pew-rate, a common penny.

I am an artist; I am not as these;
He does me horrid despite who confuses
My taste with theirs who come this way to chuck
Light provender to some exotic duck,
Whereas I sit beneath these secular trees
In close collaboration with the Muses.

To me St. James's Park is holy ground;
In fancy I regard these glades as Helicon's;
This lake (although an artificial pond)
To Hippocrene should roughly correspond;
Others, not I, shall make its shores resound,
Banding chaff with yonder jaunty pelicans.

All this escaped you, lacking minstrel lore.
'Tis so with poets: men are blind and miss us;
You did not mark my eye's exultant mood,
The inflated chest, the listening attitude,
Nor, bent above the mere, the look I wore
When lost in self-reflection—like Narcissus.

Else you could scarce have charged me for my seat;
I must have earned an honorary session;
For how could I have strained your solid chair,
I that am all pure spirit, fine as air,
And sit as light as when with winged feet
Mercury settles, leaving no impression?

Well, take your paltry penny, trivial dun!
And bid your chair-contractors freely wallow
In luxury therewith; but, when you find
Another in this hallowed seat reclined,
Squeeze him for tuppence, saying, "*Here sat one
On June the fifth and parleyed with Apollo.*"

O. S.

LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES.

I HAVE met a business man—one whom the French call an *homme d'affaires*—one who is careful before laying out his money.

I was waiting for my train near the book-stall when a staccato voice attracted my attention. The owner of the voice was in appearance slightly exotic, but he spoke perfect English.

"I want a newspaper," he said.

"Yessir," said the young man behind the counter. "Which one?"

"Well, what have you got?"

The young man quickly ran through a list of them.

"Not so fast, young man, not so fast! Say them again more distinctly."

The young man obeyed somewhat ungraciously.

"That's better. And now what are their prices?"

"They vary from twopence to a halfpenny."

"Twopence seems a lot; why, I could get four halfpenny papers for that."

The young man did the calculation in his head, and said, "That is so, Sir."

"Well, let me look at all of them."

"Pardon me, Sir, but that is not usual."

"What?" cried the customer. "You expect me to purchase goods without examining them—to buy a pig in a poke? I've never heard anything so preposterous in my life. I shall tell your firm. They ought to know the way you conduct their business. I am acquainted with one of your directors."

Personally I did not believe this last statement. In my opinion it was merely bluff. However the young man credited it. He told a boy to take a copy of each of the papers and to lay them out on the table in the waiting-room. The customer, mollified, did not move yet.

"Tell me," he said—"you are an expert. Which paper do you recommend?"

"Well, Sir," said the young man, "it depends on your politics."

"Haven't any. And do they keep to the same politics every day?"

"Many of them, Sir."

"And which contains the most words?"

"Well, *The Times* and *The Telegraph*, I should say."

"How many words are there in *The Times*?"

"Couldn't say, Sir."

"Couldn't say! Couldn't say! I should hope this is the only business in which a man knows nothing of the goods he deals in. Do, please, give me your attention."

"Sorry, Sir, but that was an old customer I had to serve."

"It's more important for you to get a new one. The old one will remain a customer from force of habit. Can you tell me this? If I were to get the four halfpenny papers instead of the one twopenny one, which would fetch the more as waste paper afterwards?"

"Can't say I have ever considered that, Sir."

"Good heavens! Talk of efficiency! And what about the news? Which contains the best news? I am especially interested in news from Scotland, Greece, the United States and the Holy Land."

This was interesting, as it confirmed my theory as to the mixture of blood in him.

"Well, Sir, you'll see them all in the waiting-room."

"That, anyhow, is a businesslike answer," said the autocrat, and he went and had a look at them.

He spent quite half-an-hour there. It was wasting my time horribly, but I resolved to see the thing through. The man interested me. When he had extracted the honey from all of the papers, he emerged with *The Times* in one hand and a halfpenny paper in the other.

"Look here," he said, "I like this *Times*, but I have discovered a misprint in it. In the circumstances, shall we say a penny for it?"

"Sorry, Sir, but that would be against orders."

"Very well, then—it's your affair—I shall only be laying out a halfpenny with you. This paper is a halfpenny, isn't it?"

"Yessir."

"Ah, but stay a moment. Supposing I pay cash for it? Surely I don't have to pay as much as the man who only pays once a quarter. If I pay cash you have my money to play about with at once."

"Very sorry, Sir, but I cannot take less than a halfpenny."

"Oh, very well, then, we won't argue about that, but I wish you could find me a copy with a better impression of this print of 'England's Most Beautiful Actress.' I'm interested to see what her face is like."

Just then a train came up, and he said, "Well, never mind that—only if my wife does not like the paper I shall expect you to exchange it for another to-morrow," and he flung down his halfpenny and was gone.



CHINA T. ROOSEVELT;
OR, THE NEW CONFUCIUS.

[It is rumoured that ex-President ROOSEVELT, whose passionate distaste for alcoholic drinks was recently established in the courts, has been offered the post of Adviser-in-Chief to the Chinese Republic.]





"I AM AFRAID, MADAM, WE HAVE SHOWN YOU ALL OUR STOCK; BUT WE COULD PROCURE MORE FROM OUR FACTORY."

"WELL, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER. YOU SEE, I WANT SOMETHING OF A NEATER PATTERN AND QUITE SMALL—JUST A LITTLE SQUARE FOR MY BIRD-CAGE."

THE GREAT TUBE.

THE question of the Channel Tunnel is again becoming acute. *Mr. Punch*, following the enterprising lead of *The Daily Graphic*, has made a number of enquiries of public personages as to the pros and cons of this scheme.

The answers are subjoined:—

Col. SEELY: I am in favour of the Tunnel, both in peace and in war. In peace it offers a rapid means of transit from England to France and France to England, without the discomforts of sea-sickness; in war—but the idea of war is not to be thought of. Impossible!

CRAGANOUR: It will be sure to need competent boring. Can I be of any use?

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE: I can think of no bond more likely to cement the Anglo-French entente—next, of course, to a magnificent English rendering of some play by MOLIÈRE.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON: I disapprove of the Tunnel. Anything that substitutes land for water is obnoxious to me. However, if you must have it, may the best tube win!

Mr. C. GRAHAM-WHITE: To tunnel

is to regress. Let there be a constant supply of flying machines at Dover and Calais continually making the passage in a few seconds. My friends among aviators are so convinced of the superiority of this means that they express their willingness themselves to convey all the pretty actresses from England to France or France to England.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart.: I cannot begin to focus my intelligence on the scheme so long as the starting-point is the falsely-named Shakspeare Cliff.

The Rev. W. A. SPOONER, Warden of New College: Many years ago, after a rough crossing, I warmed a strong fish that I might live to see the Tunnel Channel. That fish has never waded from my heart.

Mr. JOHN REDMOND: Anything that promotes the Union of Hearts is sure of my support. But I think that a "boreen" under St. George's Channel should come first.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: The Channel Tunnel scheme is a great adventure, but personally I have no desire to be buried alive.

Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS: I hope the tunnel, if it is ever completed, will be utilized for the growing of mushrooms, an industry in which all good agriculturists are deeply interested.

Sir HENRY HOWORTH: The notion of boring the Channel appeals to me immensely. I am not without the hope that the Editor of *The Times* will give me facilities for assisting in this noble work.

Mr. ALFRED NOYES: The late Sir LEWIS MORRIS is said to have composed a good deal of "The Epic of Hades" in the Underground. The Channel Tunnel may give us a new DANTE and a finer "Inferno."

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT: As the author of *Earthwork out of Tuscany* and *The Scooping Lady* I am naturally much interested in all schemes of excavation.

Mrs. ANNIE SWAN (the Scottish candidate for the laureateship):—

Though leagues of foam-flecked and tempestuous ocean Part Albion's cliffs from France's lovely shore, Science and subterranean erosion Can dodge the sea. My brothers, let us bore.

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

III.

[Reproduced from "Punch" of 1463.]

To Daphne, Châtelaine of Horsmond.

MA MIE,—What do you think has happened? Some stuffy old things have presented a petition to Parliament protesting against the "inordinate use of apparell and array of men and women"! I was furyish at first, till Le Méchant explained that of course "men and women" only means *les autres*, and that all the best of us are supporting the petitty in defence of our higher interests, as Le Méchant calls it. The people who started it were some dreadful Burgess people whose wives had been exceeding the limit in pin money, poor dears; but of course it's simply splenny for us, because what it means is that the "social barrier"—isn't that a ducky phrase? I'm using it right and left—is going to be strictly enforced. Only those of us whose 'scutcheons are *sans peur et sans reproche* are to be allowed to wear gold or sables, and you've got to be somebody (in the correctest sense of the word) even to be allowed satin.

And oh, my dearest, it was only last week that the d'Argentilhomme woman came out in a brand-new cloth-of-gold walking skirt! Of course the creature is doing her best to pretend she isn't affected by the statute, and has even gone so far as to make a distaff claim to a French *comté* for safety's sake; but Le Méchant (who has promptly dubbed the husband *Compte d'Argentilhomme*) tells me that there's no doubt their pedigree is only on its first legs and as rikky as can be. So she'll have to come out in fustian. If she wears the cloth-of-gold confection she'll run the risk of being put in the stocks. And, my dear, if I was in her place I do believe I'd do it; for after all, you know, the stocks *would* display one's

ankles, supposing one had such a thing; and just think of the sensation!

Shoes are being worn as long as ever, to the great delight of *some* people, whose feet are only too glad to be allowed to "run to earth," as Zooks puts it. In fact, between sleeves and shoes, it's a question of which shall be the longer; and the other night at a reception I made a couple of utterly

had been horribly hard put to it to find a new sensation for their joust-party last week, because of course everything has been done *à outrance*. Still, they did the cleverest thing imaginable. They revived a craze that used to be the rage ages and ages ago, and after all, *ma mie*, for a real "take" there's nothing like a proved *succès du temps jadis*. This one of Zooks and Petty-

Petty's was a *reminiscence* (as Poupée Lady Godwin incautiously called it) of the time when everyone used to make pilgrimages to the shrine of St. THOMAS À BECKET, but it simply got overdone and so they left it off. Zooks and Petty-Petty thought of it through one of their Pom-poms dying just before we arrived. Zooks remembered smacking it once when it was a puppy, and as soon as everything had been explained to us he went off into the most beautiful paroxysms of remorse, chewing straw and clutching people's wrists and everything. So we decided that in order to console him there was nothing for it but to make a pilgrimage to the poor thingy-thing's grave. I had the most ravishing pilgrimage costume made on the spot—a white sheety affair, worn pannier fashion and looped up with ducky little scourges. The rest of the effect was all sandals and cockle-shells and flowing tresses. Everyone admired me and my

costume and my sorrowing frenzies immensely, but the nicest thing of all was said by Poupée Lady Godwin. "I don't think anyone could *possibly* look more *déchevelée*," said her ladyship; "or should I say *deshabillée*?" Le Méchant simply shrieked.

These by the hand of the dilliest of pages,

BLANCHE.

"Mr. R. E. de Beer, who came over in the *Armada* Castle to be married and who has been on his honeymoon in Paris, leaves again to-day for South Africa in the same vessel with his wife."—*South Africa*.

So far the marriage would seem to be a success.



Urchin (after indulging heavily). "Ow-w-w, I WISH I'D SWOLLERED THE SIXPENCE INSTEAD."

and absolutely dreadful *faux pas*—one of them was forward over the tips of my shoes, and the other backward over the ends of my sleeves; but it gave me the most exclusive of ideas, and the very next night I made a simply tremendous sensation by appearing with shoes and sleeves *in one*. There's just a point where they taper together, and I call these the steering ropes, because if you want to turn round or anything you just give them a twitch and make them alter the direction in which your feet are pointing with the most screaming effect.

Zooks and Petty-Petty told us they

TO MY DAUGHTER,

WHO TELLS ME SHE CAN DRESS HERSELF.

So, dear, have you and Nurse conspired

In secret, and all eyes evaded,
Till you can boast yourself attired
Unwatched, uncounselled and unaided?

Perfect in button, tape and hook,
You've learnt the knack, you come to tell us,
And while you turn that we may look
I own I am a little jealous

That she has taught you with success
How to assume your frock and shed it,
That you have learnt the art to dress
And Abigail's is all the credit.

Yet my devotion has its will,
Nor can I lightly yield to Nurse all
The praise, for I have prompted still
A spiritual dress rehearsal;

On your soft hair a helmet placed,
Fastened your breast-plate like a
hib on,
And tied the Truth about your waist
Where she is proud to tie your
ribbon.

Each has her task, decorous, sweet:
Fair, to surpass your friends, she
made you,
While for your hidden foes' defeat
I in your Pauline arms arrayed you.

For, though you tire of sash and gown
And fold them up for good, there's
no day
When these, that I have made your
own,
Shall be a burden or *démodés*.

Yet, though the clasps endure, I know
I'll wish our handiwork were neater
When at celestial gates you show
The well-worn harness to ST. PETER.

"WIFE DISAPPEARED IN 191
MR. SENSUKE SAITO NOW ASKS
FOR A DIVORCE."

The Japan Times.

We think such patience should be rewarded.

"A most interesting and ideal spot for picnics and parties. Netley Abbey Ruins, Cistercian Abbey. Founded A.D. 1239; dissolved A.D. 1536. Under new management."

Bournemouth Daily Echo.

Quite time there was some change.

"TO ANGLERS.

Beware of the fish named Weaver, a Sting from it is Dangerous."

Notice on Brighton Pier.

Nervous Angler (to his last captive).
"Pardon me, is your name Weaver?"



Taxi-Driver (to stout Metropolitan constable). "ERE, WHY DON'T YOU GET A TRANSFER? YOU'VE GROWD OUT O' CITY WORK."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE SIGN.

ONCE upon a time there was an inn-keeper who, strange to say, was unable to make both ends meet. Nothing that he tried was any use: he even placed in the windows a notice to the effect that his house was "under entirely new management," but that too was in vain. So in despair he consulted a wise woman.

"It is quite simple," she said, as she pocketed her fee. "You must change the name."

"But it has been 'The Golden Lion' for centuries," he replied.

"You must change the name," she said. "You must call it 'The Eight Bells'; and you must have a row of seven bells as the sign."

"Seven?" he said; "but that's absurd. What will that do?"

"Go home and see," said the wise woman.

So he went home and did as she told him.

And straightway every wayfarer who was passing paused to count the bells, and then hurried into the inn to point out the mistake, each apparently believing himself to be the only one who had noticed it, and all wishing to refresh themselves for their trouble; carts and carriages drew up; motorists stopped their chauffeurs and, with the usual enormous difficulty, got them to go back; and the joke found its way into the guide-books.

The result was that the innkeeper grew as fat as most of his class, lost his health and made his fortune.

Un Roi en Exil?

The following paragraph is headed:—

"ROYALTY VISITS PANAMA."

"Panama, May 20.—Lord Murray of Elibank, formerly chief whip of the British Liberal party, left here yesterday for Guayaquil."—*Rockford Register Gazette.*

COUNSEL'S OPINION.

My hostess was one of those women who are prepared to be ignorant upon every subject and only too anxious to be enlightened. When it comes to the pinch I hope I may marry such a one; I shall have lots to tell her.

"You are a man," she said as we came to the end of dessert, "of decided opinions."

"Few of which are reliable," I told her, "but many of them I impart to simple and trusting clients for payment."

She asked to be enlightened. "When I air my views to a solicitor," I told her, "it costs him two pounds four shillings and sixpence a time. Had you been other than you are, this evening's talk would have cost you upwards of a hundred pounds." I assured her, however, that I was glad she was not a solicitor.

"Why?" she asked. "Don't you like them?"

I held up pious hands of horror. "There is no class more adorable and more worth getting to know! But," I added, "the matters over which they elect to brood are so very dull. Only this day I have been instructed to concentrate my week's thoughts upon the dismal story of a garnishee."

"And what," she asked, "may a garnishee be?"

"That was the very question I asked myself. To my enquirer I said aloud 'that my lengthy experience had taught me how much they needed looking into. I would advise later.'"

She made signs of rising. "You barristers," she said, "are dreadful people." She cast her eyes round the table, then turned to me with one last unscrupulous smile that amounted almost to a wink, as she indicated a slightly bald youth at the far end of the room. "He is a solicitor," she whispered, "if that is any use to you."

"Thank you," said I, "it is."

* * * * *

Had the Bar Council seen me filling his port glass for him, its suspicions would have been instantly aroused. No man, it would have argued, could have conceived an affection at first sight for such an object without an ulterior motive, and I should have been accused of brief-hunting. I was, I am afraid, up to something much worse than that.

"They tell me," said I with great deference, "that you are a solicitor."

"I am," he said. "What are you?"

This was a little sudden. "Between ourselves," I said, lowering my voice, "I am a garnishee."

His look was slightly mystified but otherwise non-committal. "Tell me," I said, "is that a dreadful thing to be, or something rather nice?"

He was one of those fledglings fresh from the final examination, than whom not even Lord MOULTON OF BANK knows more of the written law. Naturally he told me all about garnishees and naturally he made it even duller than it need have been. I was about to yawn, when it occurred to me how I might make even more use of him.

"Let me," I suggested, "tell you my life story and call your attention to the sordid and complicated situation in which I now find myself," and, making myself the hero of it, I poured into his willing ear the facts of my case.

"Now," I concluded, "will you give me your opinion? It will be of great value to me."

I purposely said "great" value. I thought it impolitic to admit the exact worth at which I hoped to retail it.

He wore rimless pinee-nez, which gave him a wary look. I attribute his next remark to a desire to live up to that look rather than to innate lack of manners. "Do I understand," he asked, "that you are consulting me professionally in the matter?"

I found myself, under the influence of a full-bodied wine, saying that I was, and agreeing that he should write me on the matter. Little as I know of the law, I am aware that a solicitor's letter costs but six and eightpence, and, little as I know of arithmetic, I have reason to believe that if I buy an opinion off one solicitor for six and eightpence, and sell it to another solicitor for two pounds, four and sixpence, I have a margin of profit of one pound, seventeen and tenpence. So I took his promise to write to me and gave him mine to pay him his six and eightpence.

"Six and eightpence," he observed with great pedantry, "and disbursements."

* * * * *

"Well," said my hostess, when I got to her later, "did you profit by my hint?"

"To the extent," I explained, "of one pound, seventeen shillings and tenpence, less what he called disbursements, but you and I would call a penny for the stamp."

* * * * *

The daring plan was misconceived. I cannot recommend it to others. Not that there was anything wrong with the fellow's opinion; indeed, after joining up one or two of the split infinitives, I was able to use it *verbatim* as my own. It was the disbursements

that thwarted me, as I learnt on perusal of his second letter.

Dear Sir (it ran),

Re Garnishee.

We thank you for your letter, and note that our communication to you on the above matter gave satisfaction and cleared up your difficulties. In enclosing our professional account in the matter, amounting to a total of two pounds, eleven shillings and threepence, we would mention for your information that two pounds, four shillings and sixpence is the usual fee paid to a barrister for an opinion. You will, of course, readily understand that we did not deem it prudent to advise you in the matter without laying the facts before our counsel. A cheque at your convenience will oblige."

I am now engaged in endeavouring to satisfy myself, unprofessionally, on another intricate question:—Is the Bar an overpaid or an underpaid profession? The matter is not free from grave doubts; there is much to be said for both contentions.

THE TROUT FISHER.

PAN doth pipe to us anew,
Reedy calls and catches,
So we'll go and throw a fly,
Dainty, delicate and dry,
Forty miles from Waterloo—
Where the may-fly hatches.

Run of nigh an hour it is
From the City's leanness;
There's a walk when you get
out—
Riverwards a mile about—
Mile of elms and Alderneys,
And surpassing greenness.

Mile of gold imagining,
Crowned of all creation;
Eve may bring the fat content
Born of proud Accomplishment;
Morning hath the angel's wing
Of Anticipation.

Luck's a jade blows hot and cold;
Heed no wise men give her;
Yet howe'er the night come in—
Three good brace, or not a fin—
Always she's a lass of gold
Walking to the river.

As rector of Iken, in Suffolk, the Rev. Arnold W. Wainwright, aged 13, was presented by the chairman, Mr. H. W. Price, on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, with a silver watch, for his attempt to save the life of a five-year-old girl whose clothes caught alight at her home during the absence of her mother. It is Mackenzie's wish eventually to become a policeman."

Bristol Evening News.

Why drag in MACKENZIE? Surely the infant rector was attraction enough.



Chas. Peary, 1912.

Little Boy. "MOTHER, DID GRAN'PA THRASH DADDY WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY?"

Mother. "YES."

Boy. "AND DID HIS FATHER THRASH HIM WHEN HE WAS A LITTLE BOY?"

Mother. "YES."

Boy. "AND DID HIS FATHER THRASH HIM?"

Mother. "YES."

Boy. "WELL, WHO STARTED THIS THING?"

THE ORDEALS OF THE OPULENT.

SOME of the sufferings which well-born and delicately nurtured persons are now condemned to endure by the eccentricities of our social system are graphically described in a recent number of *The Daily Mail*. Thus it is narrated in the issue of May 30th how, under the portico of a theatre in Charing Cross Road, three young women "in sheeny, filmy frocks waited for twenty-five minutes before they could get a cab to take them home. . . . Hundreds passed, all full. Finally, they had to get the commissioner to go off and hunt. Even so, it was twelve minutes before they were on their way home."

It is hard to discriminate between degrees of suffering because so much depends on what Professor Papeson so admirably calls the "temperamentality" of the sufferer, but we doubt whether in all the annals of torture a more appalling ordeal has ever been recorded than that recently endured by Sir Halbert Bond, the great financier and publicist. Sir Halbert, it should be explained, had had a most trying day. He dictated to his shorthand writer for an hour before breakfast. Between breakfast and lunch he attended three

company meetings. After lunch he smoked only one Magnifico Pomposo cigar and took only two glasses of Grand Marnier with his coffee before going down to the House of Commons. There he remained till 7.30, focussing his massive brain on the basic interests of the country. Hurriedly returning to his mansion in Berkeley Square, he dressed and repaired to the Blitz Hotel, where he was giving hospitality to several Peruvian magnates. The entertainment passed off without mishap until the "Sorbet" was served, when, Sir Halbert, who was engrossed in conversation with Señor Tortuoso, inadvertently swallowed the contents of the glass at one gulp. The effect of such a mistake, as anyone will readily admit who has had the misfortune to make it, is painful in the extreme, and Sir Halbert's suffering, though borne with stoical fortitude, was most distressing to witness, Señor Tortuoso observing that in all his long experience of the Putumayo he had never witnessed a more terrible spectacle than the sight of his noble host gasping for breath and ejaculating at intervals in a strangled whisper, "Old brandy." On inquiring at Berkeley Square just before going to press we were immensely relieved to hear that Sir Halbert had

had a quiet night and hoped to resume his normal diet almost immediately.

Widespread sympathy is felt in land-taxing circles with the Baron de Chaudfroid in the distressing accident that befell him while motoring back from a successful labourers' meeting in his constituency. Baron de Chaudfroid was as usual driving his magnificent 200-h.p. "Fafner" at a high rate of speed, when in a dip of a narrow side road he was charged by a flock of sheep and delayed for twenty-three minutes until his chauffeur had extricated the fleecy assailants from the wheels. Not only was the Baron made nearly half-an-hour late for his dinner—which always affects his digestion—but, as though to add insult to injury, the farmer who owned the sheep brought an action in which he claimed and gained £50 compensation for the loss of his sheep, which, as the Baron's counsel convincingly showed, had practically committed suicide.

"The Foreign Secretary, however, entered a few moments later and took a seat in the centre of the table, having the Greek delegation on his left and the Ottoman delegation on his right."—*Standard*.

No doubt his posture was a concession to Oriental etiquette.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

II. INVENT (IF POSSIBLE) A SILLYER AND MORE UNDIGNIFIED DANCE THAN HAS EVER BEEN DANCED BEFORE.

THE VISION.

OH, auburn-haired! Oh, apple-faced!—
They found me at my knee-hole
table,

My head bowed forward in the paste,
Sobbing aloud for Mabel.

What conjured up from memory's
swarm

My earliest love, my half-forgotten,
A buxom and ingenuous form
Clothed in her Sunday cotton?

Merely a letter—one of heaps—
Yet not with tears nor laughter laden,
Serving to rouse the wound that
sleeps—
A letter from a maiden.

Was she, I wondered, fair as mine
Whom erst beside the streamlet's
water

I wooed and won when turning nine—
The local blacksmith's daughter?

I see her still, the eyes of blue
Like Junetide's rathe lobelia blossom,
The lips that shamed the cherry's hue
With chocolate dabs across 'em.

She taught me first what love may mean,
The heart-felt passion and the full
sighs,

Till tiffs occurred; there came a scene
Over an ounce of bull's-eyes.

And this, this other child of Eve
Whose artless missive lay before me,
What woof for her did Fortune weave,
Bright threads of gold or stormy?

Had she my darling's vermeil hair,
Where every sunbeam was a dancer?
Her voice, her walk, her queen-like air?
These things I could not answer.

A music of her filled the place,
But Fancy, though thou sweetly
pipest,

Thou couldst not forge for me the face
Of Smith and Boffkins' typist.

Only I knew, and this much sent:
The salt tears to my optics welling:
Whate'er her charms, whate'er her bent,
She had my Mabel's spelling.

Luxuriant as the wild, wild rose,
Scorning the dull, the mere expected,
Boffkins and Smith quite rightly chose
To leave it uncorrected.

"*Deer Sir*"—and straightway memory
woke;

Not otherwise would *she* have started;
The next coy sentence made me choke,
My self-control departed.

They came, they wondered why I
grieved,
And why these words with tears were
blotted:

"*Yours of the 19th ult. recieved
And contents duly notted.*" EVEE.

"She could not say on which side of the
road he was riding in Commissioner Street,
but he turned into West Street on the wrong
side. After the accident she fell on to the
pavement on the correct side of the road."

The Johannesburg Star.

Always the lady.

"As a recruit from municipal work Mr.
McKinnon Wood is not a bad exponent of
domestic affairs, but when he attempts to
deal with Imperial politics there is a good
deal to be desired. In addition to a prosaic
style and hum and rum delivery, he suffers
from a lack of imagination."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

Probably milk and rum would be a
better lubricant for the voice.



PEGASUS APPEALS.

THE STEED OF THE MUSES (to Ring-master Asquith). "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT I'M RATHER TIRED OF BEING MADE TO DO THESE CIRCUS TRICKS. COULDN'T YOU CONTRIVE TO—ER—DISESTABLISH ME?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 2. —Second Reading of Budget Bill first Order of Day. Looking round at almost empty benches and noting listless tone of talk, you wouldn't think it. Yet these conditions accurately define position of Budget of the year. Happy the country that has no annals. Fortunate the Chancellor of the Exchequer whose Budget fails to stir a ripple of interest.

LLOYD GEORGE, whose originality is fathomless, lives up to exceptional situation by presenting himself in fresh light. Budget of 1909 eased hard lot of landowner by enabling him to claim an income-tax rebate on 25 per cent. of his rental in respect of expenditure upon improvements or repairs. It appears that those concerned have failed to profit by this beneficence. With what looked like genuine tears in his eyes, certainly with a break in his voice, CHANCELLOR stated that last year, being the third since boon was granted, the Exchequer has been called upon to sacrifice under this head only £68,000.

"And there's half-a-million for them," sobbed the CHANCELLOR. "I suppose they can't believe it's true; they say, 'He's Limehousing again.'"

Amendment moved from Labour camp designed to reduce or abolish taxation on tea and sugar elicited the one verbal spark that lighted dulness of sitting. Struck by WOLMER. Facing Labour Members sitting opposite he enquired why at other times, in other circumstances, they supported food taxes? Whenever there was slightest possible chance of Government being defeated on subject they rallied to the rescue.

"To-day," said noble lord, with scornful gesture, "there's no danger. So they organise this window-dressing sham fight."

Some fine confused feeding in this metaphor.

SARK takes sort of grandfatherly interest in noble Viscount, being one of extremely limited circle who heard his maiden speech. It was delivered some twenty years ago, not in commonplace fashion from a Bench within

the House, but at the temporarily opened glass door leading to the Lobby. His father, the first Lord WOLMER, who had resolved, in concert with two other elder sons, the present Earl CURZON and Viscount MIDDLETON, not to be driven to the House of Lords, brought down his little son and heir to

night House still talking round Budget Bill. On motion made for adjournment wearied Members, by 259 votes to 201, decided straightway to go home.

Wednesday.—Since RACHEL wept for her children and would not be comforted there has been no scene more pathetic than that sympathetically witnessed this afternoon when Lord ROBERT CECIL cried aloud for presence of WINSOME WINSTON. House in Committee on Navy Estimates. FIRST LORD, present to answer questions, now temporarily absent. Observing this, LORD BOB, failing to obtain definite information as to his whereabouts, moved to report progress.

"When Navy Estimates are under discussion he should be in his place," he querulously insisted.

Piquant turn given to incident by fact that, though House has been sitting a full week since termination of Whitsun holidays, this the first occasion that LORD BOB has put in appearance. That of course nothing to do with desirability of other Members being at their posts.

CHAIRMAN refused to accept motion for progress. LORD BOB forlornly sank back in his seat whence, like Mariana in the Moated Grange, he with haggard face watched the doorway.

"'He cometh not,' he said; He said, 'I am away, away, I would that I were dead.'"

Ten minutes passed. LORD BOB could stand it no longer. Springing to his feet he again moved to report progress. Meanwhile scouts out in all directions hunting up the errant FIRST LORD. Even as CHAIRMAN was delivering judgment on the situation, WINSTON, with swinging stride and studiously casual expression on his countenance, entered from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair. LORD BOB emitted sigh of satisfaction and business went forward.

Episode one of those touches of nature that make the whole House kin.

Business done.—Navy Votes granted with both hands.

Friday.—Remarkable example of infinite care with which mundane matters are arranged that, whilst Ministerialists have the MAD HATTER in their ranks, the Opposition joy in



Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, hurt by the neglect of the landlords to take advantage of his beneficence.

look on the scene of his grandfather's early triumphs, and what might, in ordinary course of events, be the boy's own field of opportunity. Pointing through open door to various celebrities, he, indicating the Chair, said, "That's the SPEAKER."

"What!" queried a shrill childlike voice that startled House engaged in



Mr. ROWLAND HUNT devotes his attention to the Treasury Bench.

serious debate, "him in the big wig?"

The glass door was hurriedly closed, and the inquiring child, thus early showing his genius for supplementary questions, was hurried off wondering what had happened to cause this sudden flurry.

Business done.—On stroke of mid-

possession of ROWLAND HUNT. Distinct basic resemblance, happily diversified by individual characteristics. Of the two, the MAD HATTER takes wider range of view, encompassing the universe in his observation. ROWLAND is disposed to concentrate attention upon defects of the PRIME MINISTER, the vagaries of the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, and the indiscretions of the HOME SECRETARY.

These watch-dog services are consistent with tendency to attack Parliamentary Leaders which first centred upon him attention of the House. At a time when PRINCE ARTHUR was entering upon duties of Leader of Opposition consequent on General Election of 1906, the Member for Ludlow, like another "Man from Shropshire" accustomed to make incursion on the Court of Chancery whilst case of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* was in progress, suddenly attacked his esteemed Leader. House roared with laughter at incongruity of situation. PRINCE ARTHUR, contrary to his recognised habit of scorning to notice such little incidents, had the rebel's name struck off list of Unionists receiving whips. For a while ROWLAND was in dire disgrace. He lived through it, and has since exclusively devoted attention to right honourable gentlemen on Treasury Bench.

MAD HATTER, whilst a good party-man safe when division bell rings, is accustomed to doubt the perfected wisdom of his leader, the PRIME MINISTER. His intimate acquaintance with personages and policies all over the world naturally reveals to him weak spots. Whether (to cite cases submitted by him at a single sitting) he wants to know "if HEINRICH GROSSE, sentenced at Winchester to three years' penal servitude, is a German subject"; "whether a number of Finnish pilots have resigned their duties"; "whether the PRIME MINISTER is aware that British armament companies doing work on contract for the Government have a total share capital of 31½ millions"; whether he knows that "allegations have been made both in Germany and this country"; or "whether the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY can explain the delay in printing and circulating the Return on Education," he invests the query with air of gravity that sometimes obscures his meaning.

SPEAKER, asked whether one of the questions here summarised was in order, frankly replied, "I have not the faintest idea to what the honourable gentleman refers," declaration of ignorance in which the PREMIER concurred.

Severe snub like this would have shut up some men for a month. Merely

incites MAD HATTER to further endeavour. Members laugh at him. Has heard himself genially referred to from Opposition Bench as "the buffoon of the House." But after all, there is method in his madness. A comparatively new Member, he early discovered that cheap and easy way to obtain notoriety is to direct questions personally to the PREMIER. Addressed to other Ministers, chances two to one they would be left out of newspaper report. PRIME MINISTER certain to be reported verbatim; in all probability question will receive same distinction. In any



The MAD HATTER finding weak spots.

case enquirer's name appears in close association with that of PREMIER.

"Some of us," said ROWLAND HUNT, regarding MAD HATTER with suspicious glance, "are not so foolish as we look." *Business done.*—Last night devoted to Private Members' Bills. Hereafter remainder of session at disposal of Government.

"YOUTHS (two) Wanted for sausages; must be clean and willing."—*The North Star.*

Colonel SEELY will be glad to notice that in British cannibalism the voluntary principle seems to be recognised.

"HOW TO MAKE A HEALTHY HOME."

Take my advice, send your wives and children regularly down to the seaside at least once a year, so as to take their troubles with them, and then throw them bodily into the sea as if they were only a bundle of rubbish."

Our Home.

Come down to the pier and watch the paterfamilias readers of *Our Home* making their houses healthy.

It has been suggested in Parliament that a naval hydro-aeroplane shall be called a Navyplane. Very good; and an airman in the same service should be called a Navyator.

"The trial of Mr. Cecil Chesterton was continued at the Old Bailey yesterday before Mr. Justice Phillimore."—*Daily Record and Mail.* Sounds more like Mr. Justice DARLING's court.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROAD.

LET the 'igh-born madam go scorehin' by

In 'er motor-car, velvet-lined,
A "shover" in front with a 'aughty eye
And phew! what a stew be'ind.
I wouldn't be 'er, it's an absolute cert,
An' so I'd like to 'a' told 'er,
For I'm Queen of the road, when I bike
with Bert
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

When 'is shop is shut an' 'is work is done

Of a Thursday afternoon,
I knock off, meself, for a bit of a run;
I know 'e'll be round for me soon.
Then up we jump on the bikes we love—
In traffic no girl is bolder—
And the 'ills don't seem a bit of a shove
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

We pedal an' pedal by woods and grass

Where the country is real, no fake;
There ain't many couples as we can't pass,

An' for tea we 'ave cresses an' cake;
We watch the tip of the sinkin' sun
An' then, when the air comes colder,
'E starts me back for the 'omeward run
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

The night grows blaek an' we light our lamps—

Two sparks in a twinklin' chain—
I'm neither afraid of ghosts nor tramps,
Not me; I'm as right as rain.
Though me jersey's old the same as me skirt

An' me cap's a good bit older,
I'm Queen of the road, when I bike
with Bert
With 'is 'and upon me shoulder.

THE FALLEN STAR.

"THREE years ago I was a star," murmured the man with the tired eyes and the furrowed face and the scanty hair, fingering an empty glass suggestively:

"Hamlet?" suggested the bored journalist, who knew the race of provincial actors and their illimitable vanity, and saw no "copy" in the stranger.

"No, Sir!"

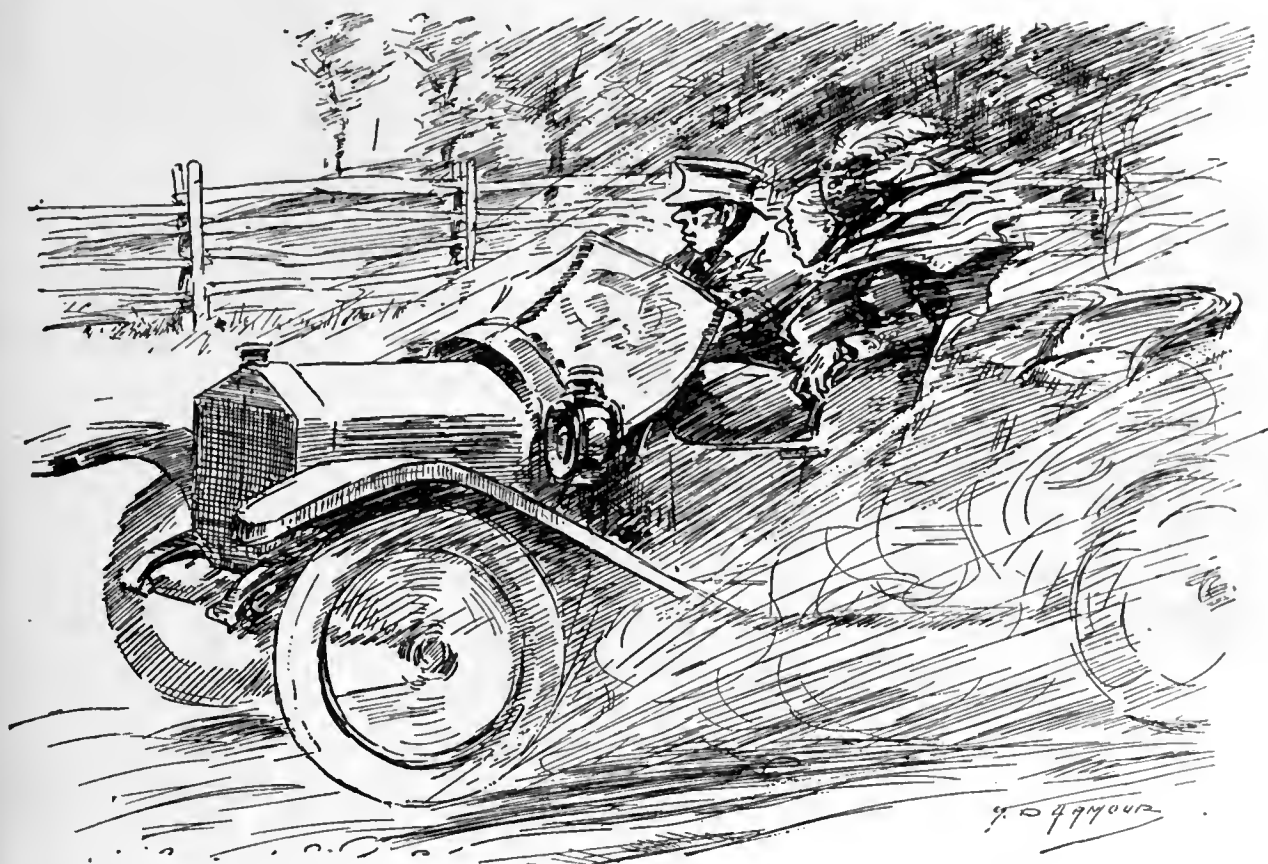
"*Silver King, Private Secretary, East Lynne, Charley's Aunt?*"

"No, Sir. I was a cinema star."

"What'll you take?" asked the suddenly brisk journalist.

The stranger indicated Blue Label with just a drop of soda. Mellowing, he told his story.

"Three years ago I was a star. That was when I was young and strong and full of nerve. I created 'Captain



ON AMERICAN ROADS.

Mrs. O'Brien (who has been instructed that she must on no account speak to the chauffeur when driving). "CHAUFFER! CHAUFFER! I MUST SPEAK! MRS. RAFFERTY HASN'T BEEN ON THE BACK SEAT OF THE KYAR FUR THE LAST TEN MINNUTS!"

Reckless.' I was the headliner at every palace in five continents. Millions have gasped at my daring; millions have thrilled at my exploits. I scaled precipices, hurled myself at runaway horses, dashed into raging fires, plunged into icy torrents gagged and bound, was suffocated in submarines, fought single-handed against overwhelming odds!

"They fake that sort of thing very cleverly," agreed the journalist.

"Fake? No, Sir, far from it! Not in my films. The public demand reality. My company gave them reality. A runaway horse was a runaway horse. A fire was a fire. A fight was a fight. As Captain Reckless, I broke both collar-bones, eight ribs, a tibia, an occiput and a nose."

There was evidence as to the nose, now that the journalist noticed it more observantly.

"The nose settled it," continued the fallen star with a certain melancholy relish. "The public like a hero with his arm in a sling, but they won't stand for a nose in a sling. So I had to change my line. I created 'Fathead.' I was again a headliner

in a thousand palaces. Myriads have roared at my misfortunes. I rode on a bicycle into a market-woman's apple-stand; I cannoned off into a lamp-post; I swerved into a plasterer's ladder; I tumbled into a tar-barrel; I ended up the ride in a crockery shop. The market-woman, the policeman, the plasterers, the tar-layers and the shop-keeper pursued me with sticks and brooms and anything they could lay their hands on. The more they battered me the better the film!"

"I thought it was a dummy they battered," said the journalist.

"No, Sir, far from it! The public don't laugh at a dummy being knocked about. They demand reality. My company gave them reality. I was Fathead with the new bicycle, Fathead with the runaway motor-cycle, Fathead with the aeroplane, Fathead as pantomime in the pantomime, and Fathead in love. You remember the young lady's enraged father and the bulldog? It made a screaming film; but it settled me."

"Have another?" suggested the journalist cordially.

The fallen star made no demur. After a brief interval he resumed. "So

I had to change my line. I became the old musician with the violin who dies through three hundred feet of film. It was easier work, but I was no longer a headliner on a billion bills. I became small type." His eyes dimmed moistly. "And then the public tired of the old musician. They demanded burglars and motor bandits and bad men with a nerve like chilled steel. My nerve was gone. I could no longer play the bandit. And I could not bear to face the camera as a super when once I had proudly ruffled it as a star. I crept away . . ."

"And now?"
 "Three years ago, when I was young, I was a cinema star. Now that I am old and maimed, I—" His voice dropped, and he looked round to make sure that no one else should hear of his last degradation—"I am a dramatist. I write cinema plays."

"A SIMPLE LOTION.

To remove a dark stain on the throat caused by wearing high collars or dark velvet neck-bands, sponge the sink with equal quantities of rosewater and strained lemon-juice."

Melther and Home.

If that is useless, massage the bath.

HAMLET.

A Character Study.

As to Hamlet's forbears or his earlier days I know nothing, nor am I greatly concerned. When I met him he was already old—unimaginably old—and grim and gaunt withal: he dwelt in a livery stable in a small Scotch town, and it was on his back that I made my first essays in horsemanship. I do not say he was agreeable to ride, but neither, I daresay, would he recall me as particularly pleasant to carry. I only hope I did not hurt him half as much as he often hurt me.

In those long and blistering hours of agony I came to know him with a curious intimacy. He used to walk along—and always on the wrong side of the road—with an air of mild abstraction tinged vaguely with remorse; when I sawed at his mouth, which was as iron or adamant, he smiled tolerantly and did nothing. Then would come the riding master's, "Now, gentlemen, if you'll just shorten your reins we'll trot for a bit," and with that a horrid spasmodic chuckle hook Hamlet's gaunt frame; he cocked one ear devilishly; he champed his bit and whisked his tail, and then with a sort of colossal hic-cough—as if, I used to think, he were changing gear rather roughly inside—he "trotted." Uphill he rolled and downhill he slid, and all the while his action would remind one of those fascinating movements made by British seamen while dancing the hornpipe. I believe the operation is known as "hoisting one's slack." That is what Hamlet seemed always to be doing, first on one side and then on the other. A hitch and a kick, a hitch and a kick—that was his notion of trotting. He was always far in the rear, and always perfectly pleased with himself and perfectly cheerful about it, and perfectly immovable. And when the "trot" was at an end he would glance round at his tortured rider with an expression incredibly free from malice and yet incredibly full of a fiendish delight.

I don't know who named him, but there was not a little of the moody Dane in his starved soul. He had a rolling and poetic eye, capable of unsuspected depths of philosophical speculation, and by the aid of this and a curious twitching of his unbeauteous mouth he achieved the gift of expression. For a long time I thought he was only making faces at me, but gradually I grew able to interpret. In the stable he used to lounge about in his box like some old bore in a club armchair, and all the time his face flickered and worked like a cinematograph. I don't believe he ever saw a racecourse, but I know he

dreamt of them, for when the clank of buckets floated in from the yard, with scraps of the strange jargon of the sporting press, he would draw himself up and scabble with his feet in the straw. "Two to one, Hamlet," the Ring shouted in his dreams; "six to four, Hamlet; *evens*, Hamlet!" And then Hamlet leading them all into the straight, and tearing away past the post amid roars of joy. Ah, well! After all, GEORGE THE THIRD believed himself a hero of Waterloo; so why should not poor old Hamlet win a Derby in his dreams?

Sometimes I think he realised that it was *not* true, and that he was no better than an old fool, and then there would creep into his tired eyes a wistful look. "Just once," he seemed to say, "just one real good time." And then would come a flash of resolution and out would go his heels in a way that sent the splinters flying. "I *will* have my day," it meant. Well, he did.

It so chanced that the local Territorials went into camp that year at Blair Atholl, and Hamlet and I went with them. He was very good and very docile all through three long summer days, but sometimes I caught that flashing resolution brightening his eyes in a way that boded trouble. He used to stand soaking himself as it were in the scent of pine and heather and the cool music of the Garry, and more than ever he seemed to be communing with things that were not of this world. Something in these long drowsy days must have told him that his chance must come soon now or never, and I am sure that his Derby-dream was always with him.

But on the third evening a great army of cloud came marching down upon us from Badenoch, and the dusk fell to an accompaniment of muttering thunder. About midnight the storm broke with a blaze of lightning and a merciless downpour of rain. I was battling my way down the horse-lines with a lantern when, on a sudden, the neigh of a horse rose twice, like a trumpet-call, above the roll of the thunder. Somehow I knew the voice for Hamlet's, even before the pandemonium broke loose; for in a minute tethers were snapping all round and pegs flying from their hold and about forty horses came down the lines like an avalanche. They were led by a great gaunt black devil with streaming mane and eyes of fire, going in great shapeless leaps and roaring all the time like a blacksmith's bellows. It was Hamlet holding *Walpurgis* and winning his Derby once again.

Heaven knows what spirits rode with him that night upon the storm. We got in the rest after a couple of profane

hours in the rain, but Hamlet was not to be found. A shepherd saw him about daybreak tearing round and round a field all by himself, and a surfaceman on the Highland line swears that he took a five-foot fence like a Grand National winner. Eventually a patrol of Boy Scouts found him about eight in the morning in a field near Struan very dejected and the moody Dane once more. He came back like a lamb.

Poor devil! He had his night; but he came back coughing, and he coughed himself out of this world in a fortnight. I suppose no one thinks of him now as anything but a raw-boned, unlovely beast, pounding along behind all the rest, patiently and stupidly hitch-and-kicking through the mud. But for the sake of the kind and cheering look he used to give one when the ride was over, the genial cock of the eye that softened the riding-master's profanities—above all, for his bold dreams and his big heart, I like to remember him as something more.

Substitute.

I went to Brooklands yesterday
A flying man to see;
But, as it chanced, he wasn't there,
And empty was the quivering air,
Save for a lark that o'er my head
His busy low-g geared pinions spread,
Singing most happily;
And, leaving, to myself I said,
"That's good enough for me."

"H. H. Hilton. Shares with John Ball the distinction of being the greatest amateur golfer ever known."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

We were quite aware that this is the age of superlatives. We therefore find it rather a comfort to feel that there are only two of them to share this distinction.

"A Millais record was established for the painting 'Sir I. Sumbras At the Ford,' which was finally sold at 7,500 guineas."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

One of the birthday knights, we presume.

"BOMB. WELLS'S
FAILURE."

Poster of "The Northern Echo."

We don't care what the bomb called itself; we are always glad when these infernal machines fail to come off.

"MARCONI CONTRACT CHARGES.

EVIDENCE OF SIR RUFUS ISAACS.

"ABSOLUTELY NO TRUTH IN IT."

Liverpool Daily Post.

If this kind of libel goes on Sir RUFUS is almost bound to issue a writ.

VILLAGE SCANDAL.

"Yis, he wor a great lump of a chap wi' fancy clothes," said the inoffensive little man who stood at the gate of his garden plot talking to old Joe Sherrington.

"I wor stood here smokin' a pipe artor my dinner, same as I am now, and he come up to me as bold as yow like, and he say, 'Good mornin', Giles,' he say. 'Good mornin', Brown,' I say. He fared wholly stammed at that. 'My name cent Brown,' he say. 'And mine cent Giles,' I say, 'so we're both wrong.' Wool, he laughed like what yow expect 'em to laugh in Lunnon, and he say, 'Will yow take a drink?' Wool, I di'n't want to make he angry, and you know Tuesday wor a warn day, when that di'n't come amiss to wet yer whistle like. So we went over to 'The Greyhound,' and when he'd led up to it nice and easy he say, 'Du yow hear anything of this backbitin' what they 're been talkin' so much about in the newspaper? They tell me yow du nothin' but talk scandal in these parts.' 'Du they?' I say; "then they 're doin' it theirselves, that 's plain."

"But I want to know for a particler reason," he say. "The fact is I'm a butcher by trade and I'm tired o' town life. I want to set up a little meat business in the country," he say; "but if there is a thing I'm afearod of, that 's scandal. I ha' had enough in the towns, what wi' folks talkin' of frozen beef and weighted scales and the thumb-trick an' all, and I want to start leadin' a quiet life."

"Wool," I say, "yow 'a' come to the right place. Yow 'oont find no scandal in Appleton," I say, "'cos tha's such a small place there cent no need to talk about our neighbours' business. We know it." "Oh," he say, and arter he'd thought a bit he say, "I suppose yow 've got a Squire here?" "Yis," I say, "we have. I can tell yow all the facts about Squire, but don't yow tarn round and tell me I'm scandal-mongerin'! What I understand o' scandal, that mean idle rumours. Yow 'oont find none o' them in Appleton," I say. "What we know we know. As to Squire," I say, "he ha' tarned over a new loaf altogether. If he did git a name at Oxford for takin' a drop too much and gittin' into debt for £1,000, surely that 's time that wor forgotten. Speak as yer find," I say, "and I cent seen Squire the worse for drink this last month." Well, bor, the townie he fared to prick up his ears. "And Mrs. Squire?" he say. "Ah! that 's sad about her," I say, shakin' my hid. "Whether that 's he four husbands she had when she was a actress afore she married Squire,



"WELL, ALICE, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY WAS THE MATTER?"
 "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, HE SAID I'D GOT YOUTH ON MY SIDE."

or whether that 's her low bringin' up from a place called Whitechapel, I don't know; but she 's gittin' nearer and nearer the madhouse ivery day. Yis, drink," I say, shakin' my hid still more sorrowful.

"Is there a Doctor here?" he say. "There 's a man what calls hisself Doctor Penny," I say; "but he cent a doctor at all. He comes from Americky, and he ha' got scores o' woolly scalps hangin' up in his house what come off the blackamoors he shot so as he could cut 'em up and see how they was made."

"The townie he started to look kind o' green. 'Hev yow got a board-schule here?' he say. 'Yis,' I say, 'and a schulemaster. He wor a stranger, same as yerself, when he fust come, but he ha'n't bin here a week afore we knowed

he wor a ticket-o'-leave man. Mind yow," I say, "there cent no scandal. I'm only tellin' yow the facts."

"Yis," he say, "quite so. Well, I ha' got a good meat business where I am now, and I don't reckon I'm saint enough to live in a place like this where there cent so much as a *breath o' scandal*," and off he went, and I hecn't seen um since."

Old Joe had listened to this recital in a species of dull amazement.

"But what on airth made yow tell all them wicked loies?" he asked. "Oh! and speakin' o' meat remind me o' suffin' else what du fare to whoolly 'maze me. Why du I hae to pay yow a shillin' a pound for beef when I can git as good for tenpence at either o' them shops in Fremley?"

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

IV.—*REX v. ADAMSON.*

THE defendant in this case was the Rev. Hercules Adamson, described as Vicar of Little Pottleton, Bucks, forty years of age, a married man with a family of ten children, two of them being twins of tender years. He was brought up on an indictment the main count of which was that he, being a British citizen of mature age and sound mind, had not in the past five years reported himself at the National Institution for Nervous Breakdowns and had never, as a matter of fact, absented himself from his ordinary avocations during the statutory period of one month in every year for the purpose of taking a rest-cure in accordance with the regulations thereunto made and provided by the Nerve Commissioners in the exercise of the authority delegated to them by the Act (GEORGE V., 10, cap. 4) for the Prevention of Undue Health, generally known as the Ailments Act. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Moper, K.C., and Mr. Trimble. Prisoner was defended by Mr. Soundy. The court was crowded with nerve-specialists, nurses, attendants from private hospitals, psychological experts and interesting invalids in various stages of involuntary convalescence. A pathetic incident was provided by the attendance in court of prisoner's aged mother, who had intended to appeal for the prisoner on the ground that he had suffered in early youth from a period of considerable robustness, from the effects of which he had never quite recovered. As it appeared, however, that she was in the enjoyment of all her faculties, could read small print without glasses and made a habit of walking two miles unattended before breakfast every morning, the Judge decided that it was impossible to take her evidence.

Prisoner was brought into court in charge of two powerful nurses from the Central Rest-Cure. He preserved a cheerful demeanour and appeared to be totally unconscious of his serious position.

From Mr. Moper's opening speech it appeared that Adamson, after a career of unbridled athleticism at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he is said to have stroked his College boat and played Rugby Football for the University, took his degree in the Theological Tripos. In spite of the earnest intercession of his tutor and the Senior Dean of the College he resolutely refused to submit to an *agrotat*, and was examined in the ancient manner by means of papers set to him in the Senate House. After a period spent as curate in an East-end parish, where he was said to have gained an unfortunate reputation as a skilful boxer, he was appointed to the benefice of Little Pottleton, his income being £200 a year, together with an Easter offering of varying amount. Here he became a violent advocate of open windows, walking tours, seaside camps for boys, athletic meetings, hockey matches, and of the strenuous life generally. Indeed, much as he (the learned Counsel) regretted it, it would be proved in evidence that this man, who was in a position to give an example and was looked up to with respect by his parishioners, had never known what it was to enjoy ill health.

Mr. Soundy. That is not strictly accurate, my Lord. I protest against such attempts to excite prejudice. I have evidence to show that the prisoner was at one time under the influence of chicken-pox, and a year later acquired a certain amount of mumps.

His Lordship. Chicken-pox and mumps can hardly be called an answer to the charge. Being involuntary they are at the most pleasing incidents.

Mr. Soundy. The prisoner obtained a severe attack of measles after purposely exposing himself to infection from his younger brother.

His Lordship. That might help you were it not for the fact that measles are expressly excluded by the Act.

Mr. Moper, continuing, said he did not wish to press hardly on the prisoner. He was willing to give him such credit as might lawfully accrue to him from his measles, but he must point out that the gravamen of the charge was really the abstention from a rest-cure, coupled with the complete neglect of any nervous breakdown. The State in its beneficent wisdom had made ample provision for the creation and accommodation of invalids, and every citizen ought to realise, as nearly all citizens did, that it was necessary to be ill, and that a violent predisposition to undiseased strength was an offence of the gravest description.

Witnesses were examined and bore out the learned counsel's opening statements. They all spoke with considerable esteem of the prisoner, but feared he must have been misled.

Prisoner then went into the box. He asked how a man in his position could afford time for such a thing as a breakdown. He had to preach, conduct services, attend to the business of various clubs and institutions, visit the distressed, play cricket when possible, and generally look after the affairs of his parish.

His Lordship. We cannot go behind the Act. No exceptions are there allowed. Other vicars have submitted.

Prisoner. Possibly they have nerves. I never had any.

His Lordship. The more unfortunate you.

The jury eventually returned a verdict of guilty, but without intent.

His Lordship said the prisoner was evidently one of those desperate characters who were apt of their own motion to defy the law. A man in his position should have been amongst the first to hurry into a nerve hospital. Possibly the jury might have felt that this public exposure was a sufficient punishment for such a man. He himself could not take that view. The sentence of the Court was that the prisoner be deprived of his benefice, be confined for ten years in a bath-chair with a respirator over his mouth, and be compelled to describe his symptoms three times a day to a pathologist.

The New Philanthropy.

"Sunday afternoon the Terrace was crowded of people who came out to breathe the fresh Desert air and to benefit the cinematograph."
Egyptian Morning News.

The Standard, describing the exhibition of motor-polo at Ranelagh, says:—

"There were some exciting moments, notably when one of the cars capsized and caught fire; but on the whole the game was not a success."

We are afraid that the growth of militancy is blunting people's taste for simple exhibitions.

"Prices of Admission by invitation: Gentlemen 6d. each. Ladies and Children free, if accompanied by parents. There will, however, be a raffle for them, at 3d. a ticket."—*The Daily Malta Chronicle.*

Those who failed to draw a horse in the Calcutta Sweep may still hope for a lady or a child.

"As a final hors d'œuvre a horse falls in another race."

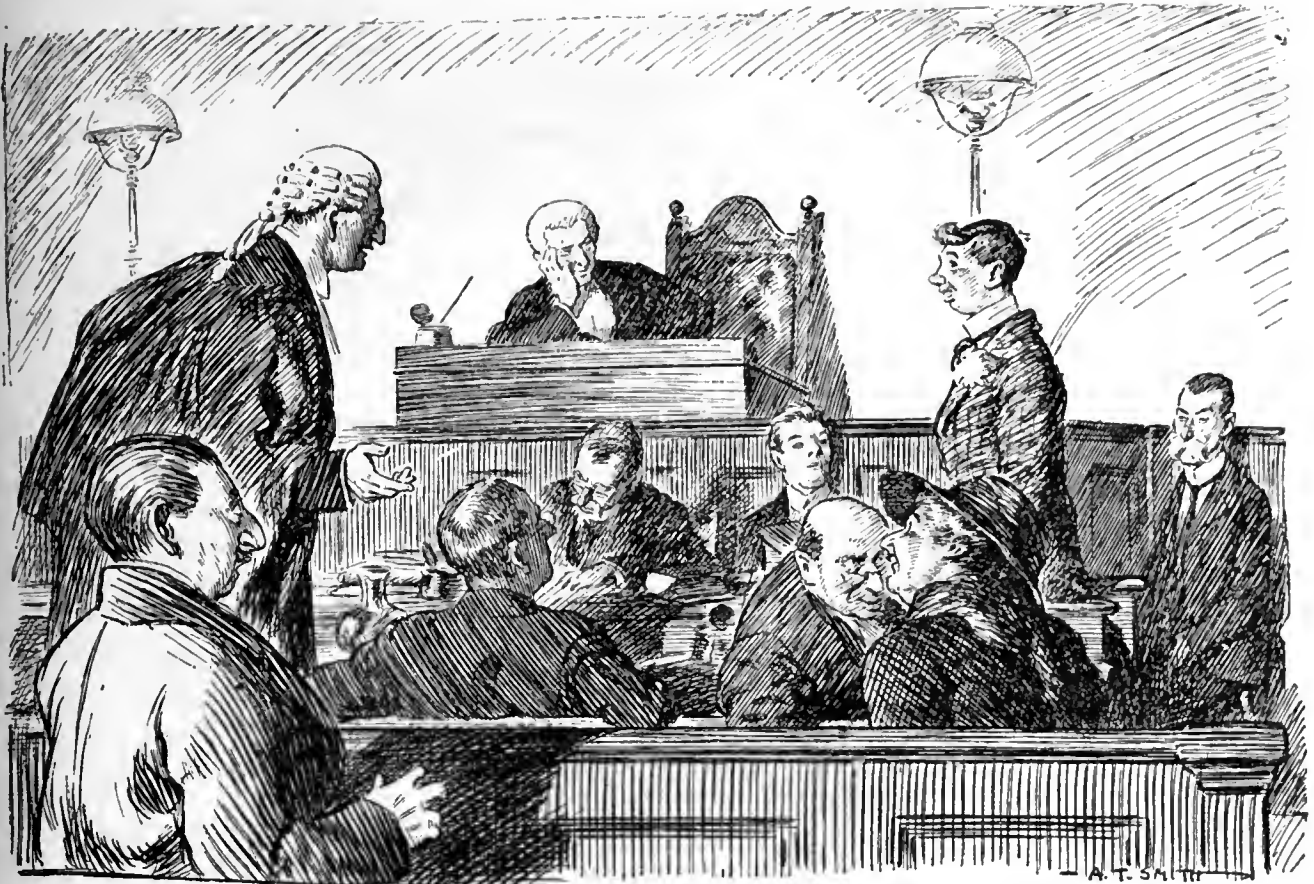
Evening Standard.

We think, in view of the usual order of courses, that the writer should have said "savoury," even at the sacrifice of so superb a *jeu de mots*.

"Pastor George Wise lectures to-night at St. Domingo Pit. Eight o'clock. Do not fail to miss this meeting."

Advt. in "Liverpool Evening Express."

We never dreamt of failure.



Counsel. "YOU HAVE GIVEN US A VERY GLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE DEFENDANT'S CLEVERNESS. NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY ABOUT THE CAPABILITIES OF THE PLAINTIFF?"

Witness. "WELL, SIR, 'E ALWAYS SEEMED PRETTY 'EALTHY LIKE."

Counsel. "YES, BUT CAN YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT HIS INTELLIGENCE?"

Witness. "WELL, SIR, 'E RUN LIKE A RABBIT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

THERE is a growing fashion of mother-heroes; and of this I am personally rather glad, since I like to fancy myself something of an expert in mothers. But they need to be written about very well. Fortunately this is the case with the latest example, *Mrs. Morel*, the central figure of *Sons and Lovers* (DUCKWORTH). The title gives you the whole matter of the tale. Will a man be more earnest and devoted as son or as lover? *Mrs. Morel's* three boys answered the question variously. *Arthur*, who was good-looking but not much else, hardly matters. *William*, the eldest, was somewhat quaint in his courtship; having become engaged to a young person who believed herself his social superior, he used to come home and abuse her roundly to his shocked parent. However he died, leaving the whole interest of the book, and of *Mrs. Morel*, to concentrate upon *Paul*, the youngest. If *Paul* was unfortunate in his sweethearts, he was very heartily to be congratulated upon his mother. In the first part of the book—which I infinitely prefer to what comes later—Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE has shown very movingly the affection and comradeship between these two. Incidentally also he has given us a picture of a collier's home that is either drawn from personal experience or imagined with quite amazing penetration. There are touches—the child in bed watching the light swing across the ceiling as the miners

go by with their lamps, is one I recall at random—that have the intimacy of memory. And throughout *Mrs. Morel* herself is a real joy. Perhaps this is why I objected so strongly to the painful realism of her end. I think indeed that, if I had my way, the book should consist only of Part One, and the other would never be missed; there is value and to spare without it.

The Adventures of a Newspaper Man (SMITH, ELDER) have not, I am afraid, moved, entertained or informed me to any great extent. Mr. FRANK DILNOT does not appear to have led a life any more adventurous than my own; if anything, it is the other way on, for what to the average man must have been such insignificant and frequent events as not to be worth worrying about excite him to a frenzy of turgid journalese. He plunges into cabs, hurls himself through doors, and is pulsating and tense in the most ordinary circumstances; constantly he is engaged in writing up the commonplaces of every-day experience in that peculiar language employed by the blood-and-thunder novelist to describe incidents of the turbulent and sinister sort. I do not so much attack Mr. DILNOT and his colleagues as defend the older school of newspaper men, whom he appears to despise, and I, with great submission, admire. The impudence upon which he insists in the present-day journalist is not necessarily the best substitute for the soundness of his forerunners; and, though it is a useful and, I ungrudgingly admit, a clever feat to get five minutes ahead of

the other fellow with an item of news, the men who achieve it must not rely on that alone and be wholly devoid of a sense of humour, style and proportion if they are to claim superiority in merits and power over the journalist of the other type, of whose printed opinions the influence is still felt. The book contains a *résumé* of many recent eries of the halfpenny press, a number of rather pointless anecdotes, a personal observation of the Russian people not without interest, and a rather ridiculous study of Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who deserves a more intelligent summing up than this: "Ruthless and merciless is he. . . . He sees things, and he knows not why he sees them."

These prophetic novelists seem a vastly uncomfortable set. Times without number they have smashed, deluged and devastated our poor earth. The latest to join the doleful company is Mr. J. D. BERESFORD, whose fancy, as depicted in *Goslings* (HEINEMANN), is for a subtle form of pestilence that practically wipes the male population off the face of the globe. Most of the women are spared, with here and there an isolated example of the sterner sex—Mr. Gosling himself, a resourceful engineer named *Thrale*, who is the hero of the book, and a young butcher who lived at High Wycombe. The situation, you observe, is one suggestive of comedy—with perhaps a musical accompaniment. Mr. BERESFORD however elects to treat it in all seriousness. *Gosling*, I am sorry to say, disappears from his placid suburban family, and from the reader, somewhat early in the time of terror. You are left to infer his subsequent

proceedings from the pungent character-sketch of him as he was in the old pre-pestilence life. *Thrale* settles down as joint-leader of a feminine community at Marlow. As for the young butcher, the less said of him the better. An absorbing and amusing tale, which I liked best in the mock realism of the early chapters, where the coming of the plague and the general disintegration of ordered society are told in delightful fashion. Later I seemed to feel that the magnitude of the situation he had created weighed upon Mr. BERESFORD to the detriment of his art. The arrival of a liner from America full of men could only be regarded as an evasion, and a cowardly one at that. But its appearance, and the race on bicycles of hero and heroine to meet it at Southampton, provide an excellent final thrill.

On page 493 the eponymous hero of *Father Ralph* (MACMILLAN) "took up his clerical collar and looked at it curiously. He smiled as he thought of how he had dreaded laying it aside: and now there was only a sense of escape from bondage, of freedom." I have noticed a good many lines in Anglican neck-linen about which I believe I should have felt like that if I had ever been compelled to put them on; but *Father Ralph* of course was speaking with a spiritual significance about the yoke of Rome; for during

the previous four hundred pages or thereabouts he had been a member of the secular priesthood of Ireland, and, allowing the usual discount for *odium theologium*, Mr. GERALD O'DONOVAN makes out an exceedingly plausible case for the blackness of that particular body. Ignorant for the most part and sordidly self-seeking, they are opposed, according to this writer, to all the best interests of Erin, and are the real enemy of Home Rule, the best chance for that measure lying apparently in the modernism which aims at dairy co-operation, the revival of Gaelic, and a certain amount of tolerance in religious thought. *Father Ralph*, a brilliant youth destined from early boyhood for the Church, became gradually disillusioned by the system of his theological seminary and the characters of his bishop and superior priest, and finally revolted when the "*lamentabili sane*" decree appeared to destroy all possibility of reform. The author writes so well that personally I am sorry he did not treat me to a novel instead of a thesis in romantic form; but I have little doubt that his book will figure in the

catalogues of most of our circulating libraries. In any case there is one Index where it is quite certain of securing a prominent place. *Father Ralph*, by the way, has now sailed to the New World, wearing a lounge suit and a lay collar of unspecified pattern. I wish him every success.

At the very outset of *In the Grip of Destiny* (ALLEN) we find a convict in Siberia swearing that "as surely as Heaven's lightning has blasted this pine-tree so surely will I avenge myself upon that fiend in human shape whose black treachery has sent me here." If inclined to be melodra-

matic this man undoubtedly meant business, and so it is a little disappointing to be switched off suddenly to Ilfracombe, and for some time to lose sight of him. Not that things were unexciting in Devonshire, for very soon a remarkably fine game—of "hunt the pebble," if I may call it so—was in full swing. This pebble is the key to the story, and in the pursuit of it Mr. CHARLES STERREY piles sensation upon sensation, making it the foundation-stone of the most bewildering plots and counterplots. Our old friends the stupid local police are once again trotted out for ridicule, but this time I found them a welcome relief from the bloodthirsty ruffians who baffled them. And I am also grateful for my introduction to the Polish Countess, who was, without flattery, a superb fiend. When I ultimately discovered that the Siberian convict was married to this diabolical woman I ceased to wonder at the ferocity of his oath. A love-interest is provided for those who want it, but Mr. STERREY devotes more attention to his criminals than to his philanderers, and it is only as an amazing sensationalist that he can be recommended.

"THE FLAT MURDER TRIAL."

"Daily News" poster.

Crime also seems to need brightening.



CANDIDATES FOR THE OFFICE OF CITY REMEMBRANCE ATTENDING A KNOT-TYING CLASS.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that Lord MURRAY'S prolonged absence in South America is due to the best of reasons. He is anxious to secure contracts for oil to pour on troubled waters.

It does not say much for the enterprise of our fashion journals that none of them has, in view of the possibility of a lady being appointed Poet Laureate, published an illustrated article on the most becoming mode of wearing the bays.

The poet PYE, we are told in *The Observer*, was the most conscientious of the Laureates. He used to turn out Birthday Odes with the precision of clock-work, and these were read out to KING GEORGE III. at his birthday parties. His Majesty ultimately became insane.

With reference to the charge of "Sweating Sovereigns" which was gone into at Preston last week, we have received several letters from crowned heads complaining of the miserable pittance upon which they are expected to live.

At the recent show of the Pekingese Club a policeman stood guard over one of the most valuable exhibits — to the obvious annoyance of the little smug-faced dog in question, who feared that it might lead the unthinking public to take him for a desperate criminal or a militant.

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM'S suggestion that telephone-users should make a point of writing a letter to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL detailing each cause of complaint that has occurred during the day has the hearty support of the Rt. Honble. SAMUEL, who looks forward to a large and permanent increase in the revenue from the sale of postage stamps as a result of this proposal.

Señor Dr. DON SALAS has arrived in London on a special mission from the Argentine Government to thank KING GEORGE for the visit of the British Fleet in 1910. No one seems to trust the Post Office nowadays.

It transpired during the trial of the Suffragette leaders at the Old Bailey

that a note of the following proposal had been found: — "Interrupt Premier's golf." This gives one an idea of the lengths to which these desperate women are prepared to go.

We understand that when the bag of flour was thrown at Mr. ASQUITH last week the PREMIER at first took it to be an argument against Free Food, the subject upon which he was speaking at the time.

It is stated that there are no militant suffragettes in the Isle of Man. Manx cats, as is well known, have no tails, and the HOME SECRETARY is again being urged to try the effect of cutting off the hair of his Suffragette prisoners.

Some statistics just published show that Bournemouth and Eastbourne are

was foretold to Mr. DOUGLAS some time ago in a dream. Such cases of a presentiment of evil are by no means uncommon.

The suggestion that the recent fire at MUDIE'S may have been due to spontaneous combustion on the part of certain "advanced" novels is endorsed by a statement in *The Evening News*. "The library proper," says our contemporary in its account of the conflagration, "suffered no damage."

Three hundred boys escaped without mishap from a fire which destroyed St. John's School, Leatherhead, last week. The only regrettable feature of the incident is a denial of the statement that it required the most strenuous efforts on the part of the masters to prevent the boys from dashing into the burning building to save their school-books.

A police order published in a Danzig newspaper warns those concerned that all thistles in fields and gardens must be uprooted by the end of July. The order has created some amusement locally, where it is held that it is a foolish bureaucrat who quarrels with his food.

During a representation, last week, of the Battle of Waterloo for cinema purposes, in which 4,000 players and 3,000 horses were taking part, only one of the combatants was injured. This recalls the famous battle between the Sultan of Morocco's troops and the adherents of a pretender, in which the only person killed was a civilian who was engaged in selling sherbet to both sides.

The Marconi Report.

"More whitewash!" said the FALCONER,

Doing the Party trick;
"Throw it about in bucketfuls;
Some of it's bound to stick."
"Very poor art!" the public cried;
"You've laid it on too thick!"

Women in Parliament.

"Lord Savile (18) beat Mrs. S. Roberts, M.P. (18) by 3 and 2." — *The Daily Telegraph* reporting the Parliamentary Golf Handicap.

"THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER ON THE STAGE." — *The Times*.

Mr. GEORGE GRAVES must look out.



"THEY SAY THIS PUNTING IS DIFFICULT, BUT I CAN'T SEE YET WHERE THE TROUBLE COMES IN."

the places where spinsters are most numerous. Few can have failed to notice what a harassed look the male inhabitants of those towns have worn for some time past.

Lady TREE, discussing the revival of fringes for women, said to an interviewer last week, "Women with really intellectual foreheads should not wear them." Personally, we always wear ours.

The Daily Mail headed its paragraph describing Sir J. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S farewell—"Our only Hamlet," and wound up with the statement, "The audience sang, 'He's a jolly good fellow.'" We believe that this is the first time the melancholy Dano has been so described.

Mr. JAMES A. DOUGLAS, a spiritualist, produced last week at the Aldwych Theatre what has been declared to be the worst play in London. According to *Light*, the production of his play

A CABLE TO QUITO.

The CHAIRMAN OF THE MARCONI COMMITTEE to
Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK.

MURRAY, you should be with us at this hour!
ASQUITH has need of you; the Party hungers
For that large smile which is your native dower
To petrify this swarm of scandal-mongers.
We would not have you hurry, MURRAY,
But things at home are just as hot as curry.

We picture you out there the slave of toil
(Your polished head a target for the sheer suns)
Among the gushers, doing deals in oil,
Not for your own ends but for Messrs. PEARSON'S;
We know your motto, fixed as fate,
Was ever "Duty first; let Pleasure wait;"

Yet, could you read what even Liberals say
Of truths extracted like reluctant molars,
You would not linger longer, not a day,
But fling yourself across the estranging rollers,
Cutting the prior claims of Quito
(*Bis venit, I may add, qui venit cito*).

For your appearance in our First Report
Occurs by proxy only; but I've reckoned
You'll be in time (D. V.) to share the sport
And have your *viva voce* in our Second;
Meanwhile, *en route*, our wireless stations
Shall flash you any further revelations.

Weather permitting, then, come pretty soon;
Come o'er the foam as fast as you are able;
For, though we much appreciate the boon
Of testimony kindly sent by cable,
The spoken word is always nicer;
Yours (less in wrath than sorrow), ALBERT SPICER.
O. S.

CHERCHEZ-LA FEMME.

I'M a burglar.

I say, I'm a burglar. There is no catch in it. My occupation, when I am at liberty to follow it, is burglariously breaking and entering dwelling-houses with intent to commit a felony therein.

I am the man of whom you are afraid by night. I also am the man who is afraid of you by night. You are always hearing me moving about down stairs, when in fact I'm elsewhere; I am always hearing you moving about upstairs, when in fact you are asleep. It is nervous work for both of us, isn't it?

Or rather, I used to be a burglar. It was in consequence of a remark addressed to me by a man named Hodgkinson that I gave up the business. Do you know the Hodgkinsons of 199, South Audley Street, W.? No? No more do I, but nevertheless I thought I might while away an hour or two at their house as well as anywhere else.

The servants having gone to bed when I arrived, I had to unpack my bag myself. It is a whim of mine to do this in the dark—a foolish whim, perhaps, as I always end by dropping something and breaking something else. One has to be a burglar to learn what a lot of glass there is in the world ready to create a disturbance on the slightest provocation.

"Who are you?" called out Hodgkinson from above.

I thought it was no good answering that I was a burglar. He would not have sympathised, so I let the remark pass.

"What are you doing down there?" he continued. Think as I would, I could not hit on an evasive answer; besides, my throat was curiously dry and did not lend itself to conversation. But this Hodgkinson was bent on conversing, so he went back to his room and explained to his wife how right everything was in this best of worlds.

His wife, however, was clearly of opinion that she had heard something, and, as I proceeded with my work not without trepidation, she was even more certain that she had heard something else. No doubt she was right; there was certainly plenty to hear. So back came Hodgkinson, determined to extract some information out of me.

I confess to being then a little nervous and almost upset upon realizing that here was Hodgkinson coming downstairs. For all I knew, he carried a revolver; and I had heard dreadful accounts of the lengths to which householders will go in their dangerous business of householding. I had an instinctive feeling that, pleasant place though 199, South Audley Street, W., might be, it was no place for me. Even as I was seriously thinking of changing my address, the hall was flooded with a brilliant light. I hate too much light, for it gives me a headache; so that decided me, and I moved towards the door.

Meanwhile this Hodgkinson, if you will believe me, heard a sigh of intense relief. "Oh!" he said, "it's only you, is it?"

Only!

Then he tried to be severe. "You have no business to give us such a fright," he continued. "We thought you were a Suffragette."

I retired once and for all from 199, South Audley Street, W. and the profession in disgust.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS PROGRAMME.

THE latest *revue*, just produced at the Colodeum, entitled *Mind the Step*, differs from its predecessors in no way except in the frankness of its programme, portions of which we are, in the interest of fairness, pleased to quote:—

"MIND THE STEP."

A New and Original Revue,
in Four Acts.

First Scenario by Digby Morrison.

Revision of same by Arthur Kaster.

Title by a luncheon party at Kimono's.

Humorous interlude in First Act by Chauncey Jones.

Joke in Second Act by Charles J. Masterman.

Joke in Third Act by J. Wilbraham Kank.

All other jokes by the Gotham Stunt Family.

Music conveyed from various places and arranged
by Leon Bolovitch.

Original lyric in Act II. written by Harry Bolder.
Other lyrics acquired.

Sensational spectacle in First and Third Acts
from America.

Ballet in Second and Fourth Acts from Paris.
Costumes by Willier from designs made in France,
Germany and Russia.

Wigs from the usual place.

The *revue* produced for a few days by Ben Lomino; then taken over by Argyll Laburnum; and finally completed by Arthur Kaster.

Dances adapted by Charter Fish.

"The Four and Twenty Peaches" collected from various
American cities by Hiram Baskervil.

Their complexions by Laurie et Cie,

&c. &c. &c.



THE MARCONI OCTOPUS.

LIBERAL PARTY. "ANOTHER TENTACLE OR TWO AND I'M DONE!"





THE BEDSIDE MANNER—LATEST.

Doctor (calling at hospital, ten minutes after the dinner-bell has gone, to "dress" his patient in private ward). "I SAY, THAT'S A FINE GAME AT LORD'S. BY JOVE! I REMEMBER PLAYING IN A HOLIDAY MATCH AT HORSHAM. THEY HAD A COUPLE OF SUSSEX MEN BOWLING FOR THEM, VINE AND KILLICK. I TOOK THE FIRST OVER FROM KILLICK. FIRST BALL, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; SECOND BALL, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; THIRD, DEAD ON MIDDLE STUMP; FOURTH, GLANCED IT TO LEG—FOUR; FIFTH, CUT IT TO BOUNDARY—FOUR; SIXTH, GLANCED IT TO LEG—FOUR! TWELVE IN FIRST OVER—NOT BAD, WHAT? ST. MARY'S MEN DIDN'T FLUFF A CATCH THE WHOLE DAY AND WE WON BY TWO RUNS. HERE, NURSE, WHERE'S MY OVERALL AND RUBBER GLOVES? LET'S GET TO WORK, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE."

BLEATINGS ABOUT BOOKMEN.

THE now series of *Classical Biographies* issued by the firm of Balder and Dash opens suspiciously with a brilliant monograph on HAROLD BEGBIE from the luminous pen of Sir OLIVER LODGE. The title-page is stern in its simplicity, only containing the words, "HAROLD BEGBIE, by OLIVER LODGE," with the affecting motto, *Trumpeter unus erat*. The illustrations include a wonderful X-ray photograph of Sir OLIVER LODGE'S brain and an interesting appendix on "brow-drill," showing how a dome-shaped bulbosity of the forehead can be promoted by a course of cranial gymnastics.

No less than 13s. 4d., or twice a solicitor's minimum fee, was asked the other day for a copy of the original edition of Mr. Main Bracefield's "Bilgewater Ballads," which appeared in the early nineties and is now out of

print. A reprint will shortly be issued of Mr. Bracefield's whaling romance, "In Quest of Blubber." The new edition, which will be issued in limp oilskin at 6s. net., will contain a striking portrait of Mr. Bracefield in the act of discharging a harpoon and at the same time reciting his poem, "The Unending Sea-Serpent."

The Napoleonic era, which has so profoundly influenced modern Europe, has never had a more penetrating exponent than Mr. Clemco Porterhouse. His new work, *Napoleon's Wardrobe*, gives us such a picture of the Corsican's inner life as is not to be found in the monumental works of LANFREY or ROSE. In its dazzling pages, which are enriched with a wealth of illustrations of NAPOLEON'S boots, hats, breeches, stockings, etc., the daring theory is propounded that the policy of the great conqueror was materially affected by the unhygienic character of

his clothing and his unfortunate fondness for wearing tight top-boots. Mr. Porterhouse is the happy possessor of a pair of these top-boots and relates the disastrous results of his resolve to put them on. He succeeded, but it took his entire household two hours to pull them off.

Mr. John Christopher Bunson's new book has been delayed for a few weeks owing to the difficulty which the author found in devising an entirely adequate title. His publishers, Messrs. Taper and Tode, inform us that no fewer than seventeen provisional titles were successively tried before the fastidious author was finally satisfied. Amongst these were "The Peak of Piety;" "The Road of Rectitude;" "The Pearls of Peace;" "The Glory of Goodness;" "The Joyous Guard;" "The Serene Stoker;" "Magdaleno Musings;" "The Cantillations of a Cantab;" "The Pitch of Perfection."

MR. PUNCH IN THE PAST.

[After the custom of several of his contemporaries and in the manner of himself.]

IV.

[Reproduced from "Punch" of 1086.]

"HAMMELINE," I said sadly, "it is now twenty years since at the call of duty—"

"Booty," interjected Hammeline with all a woman's shamelessness.

"Twenty years," I harked back, "since I came across and fought at Senlac."

"I have always taken your word for it," said Hammeline, "that you were not still sea-sick on the day of the battle."

"Being informed that I had pouched a goodly demesne," I continued, ignoring her, "you rashly packed up, put the scenschal on board wages, and followed me hitherward. You have told me at intervals ever since that your action was not premature. Well, Hammeline, I now find that we should be doing better with our three acres and a cow in dear old Normandy. I understand from this cartel," I said, handing it to her, "that we are going to be taxed."

"Taxed?" demanded Hammeline. "What on earth for?"

"Because of our land," I said bitterly—"The land, the land on which we stand," as we used to sing in the dear old days when 'the King gave the land to the Normans.'"

"On the simple understanding that they should fight for him when required," said Hammeline indignantly.

"Of course," I said; "but, since there haven't been any wars to speak of, it appears that another sort of *quid pro quo* will be extracted from us."

"Oh, well, of course," said Hammeline decidedly, "we simply shan't pay, and there's an end of it."

"An end of us," I said. "I think you had better read the cartel, Hammeline. An estate duty man is coming to assess us on Friday. He calls himself a commissioner, so that means that he will expect to dine with the family."

Hammeline called the scrivener and got herself posted in the contents of the cartel.

"This is the man," she said at last, pointing triumphantly to a twirly part

of the document. "His name is Rolfgar du Nord. Don't you know anything against him? He's one of us, of course."

"Of course," I said. "But I'm afraid he must be since my time. We can't square him—unless *you* know any details of his career, Henry," I continued hopefully, turning to our faithful scrivener.

"I fear, my lord," said Henry, "that Sir Rolfgar du Nord is in the main line of descent from Sir Kay de Calais—an excellent family and a blameless youth."

"I wonder if he's still unmarried," said Hammeline.

"What has that got to do with it?" I said irritably. "The point is that this outrageous robbery of the fruits of

Conquest, didn't they? And now all these people who've been saying the land was theirs ever since will say it's ours now, to escape the tax. These fields belong to Aelfred the Saxon, and you mustn't think they don't, just because we help him with his harvest now and then. You can spell his name with a simple 'A,'" she continued quickly, turning to Rolfgar's scrivener. "The diphthong is pure swank."

Rolfgar laughed good-humouredly and bade the scrivener make a note of it.

"The fact is," said I, seeing (if I may so phrase it) how the land lay, "the poppet knows as much about all this as I do. Shall I leave her to do the honours, Sir Knight? I have a knave or two to chastise. See you at dinner."

And with that I left them to it.

* * * * *

I understood that evening (Rolfgar had accepted Hammeline's invitation to stay the week-end with us) that I was no longer the landed proprietor I thought myself.

"All the same," said Rolfgar, when we were alone together, "I was given to understand that you'd done yourself rather better over the Conquest than this." He paused inquiringly.

"It's a bit awkward," I confessed, "and it worries me; for I am naturally concerned about the future interests of my daughter. I

have no son."

Rolfgar flushed. "Ah," he said eagerly, "what you want is a young strong hand to do the thing thoroughly for you—to arrange the swearing of the jury, and—"

"Precisely," I agreed. "Shall we leave it at that, then?" I produced my comfit case. "Do you take sugar plums, or will you try a *flor de Nizza*?"

"The nurse whose clothing was found in a ditch at Weston, Bath, has left for Montreal in a liner."—*Daily Express*.

We trust she was accommodated with a private cabin.

"THE STEWARDS' STATEMENT.

The following is the official statement of the disqualification of Craganour:—"Having bumped and bored the second horse, they disqualified Craganour and awarded the race to Aboyeur."—*Times*.

So it was the Stewards who were to blame.



Tram-Conductor. " 'AVE I 'AD YOUR FARE, SIR? "

Mild Man. " ER—NO; BUT I THOUGHT PERHAPS I DIDN'T COUNT. "

conquest (by so-called taxation) can be no more avoided than Domesday."

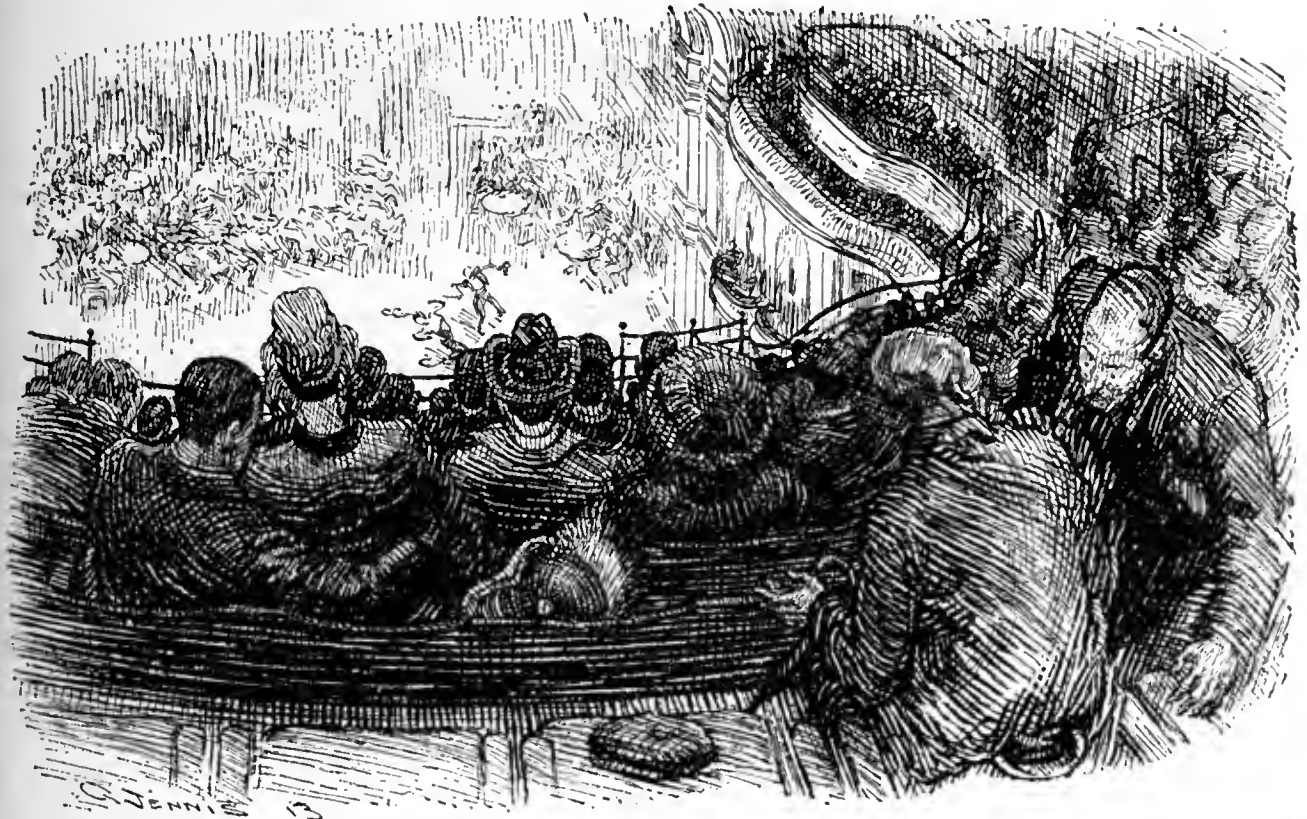
So saying, I took her hand in mine, and, standing together in the glow of the westering sun, we looked far abroad with eyes grown dim on the acres of our goodly heritage, where our Saxon serfs were busily ploughing our—that is, their—ancestral soil.

"Ah, Hammeline," I said softly, "we are growing old, and poverty stalks towards us. We cannot afford to feed so many mouths. I shall be obliged to hang a few of the scullions."

* * * * *

When Rolfgar du Nord and I rode forth to view the lands, Maude came with us, by the special request of her mother. And ever the minx rode at the saddle-bow of Rolfgar and prattled as she rode.

"You see," she said, "the difficulty is that we really don't know which *are* our lands, and which aren't. Things got so mixed at the time of the



Loud-voiced Gentleman (returning after the interval). "I'D LIKE YOU TO KNOW, SIR, THAT YOU'RE SITTING ON MY HAT! D'YE HEAR ME?"
 Gentleman with a soft hat (interested in play). "ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN SIT ON MINE."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

WIRELESS.

ONCE upon a time there was a daisy who conceived a fierce passion for another daisy a few inches away. He would look at this daisy hour after hour with mute longing. It was impossible to tell his love, because she was too far off, for daisies have absurdly weak voices. They have eyes of gold and the most dazzling linen, but their voices are ridiculous.

One day by happy chance a bronze-wing butterfly flitted into the meadow, and the daisy saw it passing from one to another of his companions, settling for a few moments on each. Bronze-wings are partial to daisies. He was an ingenious and enterprising fellow, this flower—something, in fact, of a "card," as they say in the Five Fields—and an idea suddenly came to him which not only would enable his dearest wish to be realised but might be profitable, too.

It was an idea, however, that could be carried out only with the assistance of the bronze-wing, and he trembled with anxiety and apprehension lest the butterfly should pass him by.

At last, however, after half-a-dozen false approaches which nearly reduced

the daisy to the condition of an anemone, the bronze-wing settled right on his head.

"Good afternoon," said the daisy. "You're just the person I wanted to see."

"Good afternoon," said the bronze-wing. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," said the daisy, "the fact is I have a message for a lady over there. Would you take it?"

"With pleasure," said the bronze-wing; and the daisy whispered a loving message to him.

"Which one is it?" he asked, when ready to start.

"How can you ask? Why, that beautiful one just over there," said the daisy.

"They all look alike to me," said the bronze-wing.

"Foolish myope," said the daisy. "There's only one really beautiful one."

"All right," said the bronze-wing; "but you mustn't call me names," and off he flitted.

Presently he came back and whispered the reply, which was so satisfactory that the edge of the daisy's dazzling white ruff turned pink.

"Now," said the bronze-wing, "what about my payment?"

"Well," said the daisy, "my idea is that you should devote yourself wholly

to this meadow and the daisies in it. There are enough of us to keep you going. You won't have to travel and get tired, and you'll be safe because no boys with butterfly nets—the bronze-wing shuddered—"have ever been seen here. You will become our Mercury and keep us all in communication. And in return—"

"Yes?" said the bronze-wing eagerly.

"In return we will refuse the attentions of other visitors; all our honey shall be for you. All our energies shall go to providing you with the best."

"Done," said the bronze-wing.

"Better make a start at once," said the card. "Here's another message for that lady;" and he whispered again; and off the bronze-wing flitted.

He was soon back with the reply, which turned the edges of the daisy's ruff pinker than before.

"Now tell her this," said the daisy.

"But what about the rest of the field?" asked the bronze-wing.

"Never mind about anyone else," said the lover.

A Stonewaller.

"E. Boorer played a fine not out innings of 58 for Ballards against Glynde on Saturday, and for the same team R. H. Higham took five weeks for 44."—Sussex County Herald.

MARVELS OF THE METROPOLIS.

THANKS to the courtesy of our contemporary we are enabled to print the following selection from the correspondence which will appear in the forthcoming number of *The Dictator*:—

THE BIRD AND THE BALL.

SIR,—While playing golf lately on the Hanger Hill course I had an extraordinary experience which may perhaps interest some of your readers. As I was lofting my approach to the second hole you may imagine my astonishment when I saw a bird swoop down, seize the ball in mid-air and carry it off. The really extraordinary point about the episode remains yet to be told. The bird was a Nuthatch, and the golf-ball was a Colonel.

I am, Sir, OFFLEY PHIBBS.
"Luneville," West Ealing.

[We are delighted to print Mr. Phibbs's well-authenticated anecdote. What renders the feat of the bird so remarkable is that a nuthatch is such a small bird. But size is no criterion of strength. The *Hamals*, or porters, at Constantinople are often quite small men, though one of them has been known to carry a grand piano on his back.—ED., *Dictator*.]

NORTH LONDON NOVELTIES.

SIR,—The variety of wild birds frequenting the metropolitan area has been illustrated by your Hampstead correspondent. May I contribute my own experiences, derived from my residence in Harringay? On April 1st, I saw two red-shanked bandidoots settle on my asparagus bed. On April 19th, at 4.30 A.M., I distinctly heard the note of the lesser pilliwink, though I failed to see the bird itself. Finally, on May 2nd, I saw a flock of almond-crested macaroons flying at a great height over the Highbury Athenæum.

Yours, SAPPHIRA MUNCHAUSEN.
Hotel Splendide, Mendax,
Corea, Crete.

[Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Munchausen's record is profoundly interesting. Personally, we had hitherto associated macaroons exclusively with confectionery, but journalists live and learn. The bandidoot is described in *The Standard Dictionary* as "a rat-like perameloid marsupial of Australia"; in this case they presumably made their way to Harringay from the docks. How admirably expressive a name the pilliwink is! Assuredly the old bird-namers were masters in the art of onomatopœia.—ED., *Dictator*.]

A TALKING OWL.

SIR,—The following story of the intelligence of an owl, for which my

whole family are prepared to vouch, will, I trust, find a corner in your esteemed journal, of which I have been a constant reader for the last eighty-five years, having been born at Thames Ditton in the year 1814. Some months ago I trapped a fine young owl in an elm tree which grew in my garden in Pinllico, and gave it lessons in talking. Owls will soon acquire an extensive vocabulary if fed on macaroni and dornice, and they never use bad language. Indeed, one lesson was sufficient to break my pupil of the bad habit of saying "To who" instead of "To whom."

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,
JONAH SWALLOW.

The Green House, Peckham Rye.

[It is always a pleasure to print one of Mr. Swallow's letters, which abound in the mellow wisdom of age combined with the alert sympathy of perennial youth. It is curious to learn on such good authority of the fine *moral* of owls. Can any of our readers explain why parrots, on the other hand, are so passionately addicted to ornamental excretion?—ED., *Dictator*.]

A CAT AND BIRD FIGHT.

SIR,—While recently walking in the Euston Road I was astonished to see, perched on the summit of a piece of monumental masonry, a full-grown capercaillie defending itself in resolute fashion against the attack of a large Persian cat. As I had an important engagement in the City I was unfortunately unable to witness the result of the conflict, and on calling at the monumental mason's house next day could gain no information on the subject. Is it possible that I was suffering from an optical illusion?

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,
AUGUSTUS TWIGG.

The Bungalow, Wapping.

[The capercaillie is seldom seen in these isles except in the Highlands. We cannot help thinking this was a Siberian bird which had escaped from cold storage. The animosity of the Persian cat was probably due to racial antipathy, inflamed by recent events at Teheran.—ED., *Dictator*.]

The Toy Dog Craze.

"Miss Asquith appeared in a charming gown of mauve moiré, the corsage composed of mauve chiffon embroidered in mauve, green, and pale pink, gracefully draped and caught with a shaded purple puppy."—*The Standard*.

The Prime Minister Masquerades.

"Mr. Asquith wore a striking and beautiful black gown with sphinx embroidery graduated below the waist and terminating with handsome tassels."—*Western Mail*.

SELLING THE DUMMY.

I MET Christine accidentally at the bottom of the Haymarket.

"You!" I said.

"From top to toe," she said. "What a good guess!"

"Yes," I said; "and I have guessed something else, too. You are coming to tea with me."

"Ought I?" said Christine.

"There is little doubt about it," I said. "In fact, it is written in the Book of Fate."

"Not in my pocket edition," said Christine, drawing a little silver-backed tablet from her muff and reading: "Dressmaker, 4. Tea with Charles, 4.45."

We were now opposite the Inglenook.

"Capital!" I said. "Come in here. Charles is sure to be here."

"I'm sure he won't; he is waiting for me elsewhere."

"London is full of Charleses," I said.

"Did you say muffins, tea-cake, or toast?"

We were firmly seated now, and I was tackling very strongly.

"Muffins and crumpets," said Christine, "then I can really forget Charles."

"I had already forgotten Charles," I said. "He is now at Oxford Circus eagerly scanning each Bayswater 'bus as it comes in sight; or," I added, "he is keeping another appointment." It was mean, but everything counts in love. Besides, it didn't matter; Christine was too busy to notice it.

It was at this point that I suddenly remembered that when I met Christine I had just paid away £2 7s. 3d. for some shirts and other things. Had I enough money to pay for the tea? I felt furtively in my pocket. Sixpence and three coppers!

"Come," I said, "let us leave this place."

"You've been looking at picture post-cards," said Christine. "I'm certain I saw almost those very words on one yesterday. Why should we leave? I'm just getting into my game."

"I've taken a dislike to the wallpaper," I said evasively. "Besides, my conscience is pricking me about Charles."

Outwardly I was calm, inwardly all was strife and turmoil.

"Christine," I said, "observe me closely. Do I look like a man in need?"

"Poor man, help yourself to a crumpet."

"Seriously," I said, "can you lend me five bob? I can't pay the Food Tax."

"Abs. imposs. I left my purse at home," said Christine. "I haven't a sou."



The Elder (to loafer). "WEEL, MR. McDONALD, WHAT CHURCH DO YE BELONG TAE?"

McDonald. "IT'S LIKE THIS, MR. MCPHEERSON. I CANNA RIGHTLY BE SAID TAE GANG TAE ONY KIRK, BUT IT'S THE AULD KIRK I STAY AWA FRAE."

"To think," I said, "that I cannot rely on you—you whom I have fed and sheltered—from Charles."

"Charles," said Christine severely, "would not have done this evil thing."

"Any way," I said, "they can't tear the muffins from us. You have seen to that."

Christine sighed.

"There are ways," I said, "dark and devious ways, known only to a chosen few, of extricating oneself from such quandaries."

"You can't hurry out absent-mindedly with the bill in your hand here," said Christine. "You pay the waitress, not at the desk."

"I must fall back on cards," I said, taking no notice of her. "It is a pity that all those in my case at the moment are other people's. Ah!" I said, glancing over them, "here is one, with the Athenæum Club on the corner. This should keep Scotland Yard at bay till I can get back from my rooms with the money. Farewell," I said. "If this doesn't come off all right, you will break it to my friends, won't you, and perhaps you will even come to see me on visiting-day?"

She did not move.

"Leave me," I said, "to face this alone. Such scenes are not for one who has been delicately and expensively nurtured. Are you sure you have finished tea?"

Christine ignored my remark, though it was meant kindly.

"I shall stand by you," she said.

"May I hold your hand," I asked, "when the supreme moment arrives? I am just going to ask for the Manageress."

"I shall stand—er—just near the door," said Christine, "in—in case——"

While Christine was standing by the door, gazing into the street, I waited the coming of the Manageress. Happening to feel in the left-hand top pocket of my waistcoat for my card-case, to see if I had a better card to play, I found something hard there. A half-sovereign, by Jove! I got up hurriedly to break the good news, and found the Manageress standing before me.

"Oh—ah!" I said. "Yes—my friend particularly wished me to—er—congratulate you on your—your muffets and crumpins. They're perfect. Can I have my bill, please? . . . Don't mention it. Good afternoon!"

When I rejoined Christine, she said, "Tell me quickly, are you on ticket-of-leave?"

"My dear child," I said, "what do you mean? I paid the bill, of course. I was only testing your courage."

"I shall have tea with Charles next time," was all she said.

The Difference.

One side (according to Radical members of the Committee) makes party capital out of Marconi's; the other side invests party capital in Marconi's.

KEATS ON LORD MURRAY OF ELIHANK (prior to the despatch of his cables):—

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

"TRAGIC AFFAIR IN MANCHESTER.

LANCASHIRE FOLLOW ON."

"Manchester Evening News" placard. That is the true spirit.

"After lunch the batsmen were so helpless that the remaining eight fell in forty-five minutes for 18."—*Westminster Gazette.*

A clear case for abolishing the lunch interval too—or making it strictly tee-total.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

III. BE ORIGINAL IN YOUR CHOICE OF PETS AND GET THE FACT REPORTED IN THE PAPERS.

REST FREE;

OR, THE DEAD-HEAD IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

(Showing how the poet who made complaint last week that his solitude was disturbed by the tax-gatherer in St. James's Park should have chosen a neighbouring pleasureance for repose.)

LONG, long ago, before the shadows fell
So slant across the undulating lea,
Here to the hallowed precincts of this dell
Sacred to afternoon *pâtisserie*,
Try to recall, dear waiter, how there came
A youth all flushed with hope, with heart aflame,
And sat on this green chair and asked for tea.

Lonely he was, but all about him sat
Deep feeding revellers; the pigeons swerved
Pompous as aldermen, with waists as fat,
After the dusty sparrows brazen-nerved
Who stole their breadcrumbs; but amid the press
No straw-crowned Ariels in evening dress
Came to inquire if he was being served.

A whispering rose at last among the leaves;
Less hotly glared the post-meridian sun;
And Time, who solaces all wounds and weaves
His poppy over hearts with toil fordone,
Brought him unconsciousness; at last he dozed,
A wan smile flickering o'er his lips half-closed
And murmuring to the table, "Tea for one."

And now what vast impertinence! You dare
To wake this Rip van Winkle from his sleep!
Look how the silver shines amidst my hair;
In this cold bosom now no passions leap.
Remove the hardware. Take away the hot
Buns of a boyhood's fancy long forgot.
Give those grass sandwiches to some poor sheep.

The place is silent now; the guests are gone;
The birds have staggered from the cake-strewn floor;
I feel imperious dinner creeping on;
To stuff myself with bread would be a bore;
I shall not pay you, but some day, mayhap,
I shall come back to you and take a nap
After my teatime, Heinrich, not before.

I like repose untroubled. Yonder waiif—
You know him with the ever tireless feet
Prowling for pennies? Here a man is safe
From all his huckstering. When you next shall meet
Tell him, oh, Heinrich, the amusing tale
Of how I sat within the Garden's pale
For two full hours and paid not for my seat.

EVOE.

"Less than three hours' cricket at Lord's yesterday served to give the Navy a ten wickets' victory over the Army. The Army, however, were only left 20 to get to win, which was done without loss."

The Scotsman.

So both won. The brightening of cricket still goes on.



FOR THE SPOILS!

KING PETER THE HERMIT. "ONE MORE CRUSADE!—THIS TIME AGAINST OUR CHRISTIAN ALLIES!"

[Happily the intervention of the Tsar has checked the bellicose zeal of the above Crusador.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

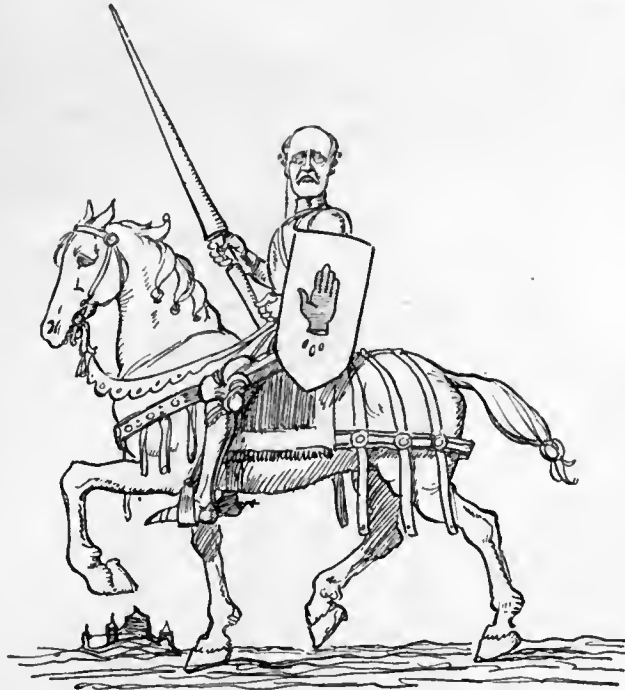
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 9. — Resounding cheer greeted PREMIER when he rose to move Second Reading of Home Rule Bill, which thus entered upon second lap of race that will automatically terminate in the third. Whilst storm of cheering rose and fell PRINCE ARTHUR, charged with mission of moving rejection of measure, entered from behind SPEAKER'S Chair. Now the turn of Unionists to cheer. Did their duty lustily; Ministerialists wound up to fresh response.

Thus business merrily began with inspiring appearance of hearts profoundly stirred. But House of Commons, in spite of frequent appearances to the contrary, is, after all, a business assembly. It recognises fact that under existing statutes and circumstances this performance of a second time of asking, with the full formulæ of Second Reading, Committee and Third Reading, is a mere ceremony. For all practical purposes it might be clattered through in an hour. Under provisions of Parliament Act there is no possibility of amending Bill in current session. You may make suggestions if you like and have nothing better to do at home. But the Bill, as it was last session carried by overwhelming majorities after prolonged debate, must needs be presented next session in the same textual form.

Then, and not till then, will crisis be reached.

PREMIER naturally rose to the occasion. Constitutionally averse from word-spinning. No use going back to burnish up in rhetorical form old arguments in favour of Home Rule. That stage over and done with whilst Bill still awaited decision of Commons. Accordingly chiefly confined speech, which barely passed half-hour limit, to analysis of situation as affected by recent by-elections. Recalled fact that of twenty-one taking place since Home Rule Bill was introduced the Government have lost four seats and gained one. Total vote cast for Ministerial Candidates was 121,269, for Unionist Candidates 105,568.



PRINCE ARTHUR as Champion of Ulster.

That, PREMIER diffidently submitted, did not indicate revulsion of feeling against the Bill.

As PRINCE ARTHUR noted, most important statement was declaration that demand of Opposition for another General Election before enactment of Bill will not be conceded.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill up again for Second Reading. PRINCE ARTHUR in vigorous speech replied on behalf of Ulster with emphatic "No."

Tuesday.—A lively night at last. Fighting all round with the gloves off. CARSON opened debate in what JOHN REDMOND described as "the most violent speech he had made in the House since Home Rule Bill was

Rule and all concerned in its propagation were, with one deplorable exception, listened to on the Ministerial Benches with respectful forbearance.

Nevertheless they gave tone to debate that followed, infusing it with hotly contentious spirit that sharply contrasted with yesterday's decorous duel between PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR. DEVLIN in his element. Not enjoyed so pleasant an evening for a long time. Silver-tongued AUGUSTINE, not heard of late save at Question time, wound up debate in lively speech. House much enjoyed brief chapter of autobiography. Protesting that religious bigotry is at bottom of the trouble in Ulster, he added, "I have had curious experiences during my official life, first at the Board of Education and then in Ireland. I have been brought into close personal contact with Cardinals of the Church of Rome and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and," he concluded with pious fervour, "I commend them all to God."

Big Ben had just tolled half-past eleven when PRINCE ARTHUR's amendment for rejection of the Bill was put from the Chair. For it there voted 270 against 368, representing Ministerial majority of 98, three less than carried same stage of the Bill last year. Second Reading was thereupon agreed to without division and the throng broke up, Ministerialists



"Not lacking in vigour."
(Sir E. CARSON.)

enthusiastically cheering the PREMIER as he passed out.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill read a second time.

Friday.—"Lycidas is dead!" Not ere his prime but in its very fulness, which makes the sudden end more tragic. On Monday, when House was crowded in anticipation of renewal of long waged fight round Home Rule for Ireland, news came that GEORGE WYNDHAM lay dead in a Paris hotel. The Irish question was intimately bound up with the threads of his political life. A sudden turn fatally entangled them, arresting forward progress that seemed to lead to loftiest plane of political ambition.

A cynical fate that news of his sudden cutting off should have enforced prelude of personal regret on part of PRIME MINISTER and LEADER OF OPPOSITION rising to confront each other across the Table on the war-worn theme. It was chivalrous attempt to solve this question whilst he was still Chief Secretary for Ireland that roused Ulster to storm of resentment before which the descendant of Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD fell, not to rise again to his former position.

As PREMIER said, in him the House loses an attractive personality. Handsome in appearance, courtly in manner, his mind touched with the tender light of imagination and poetry, he brightened and adorned debate whenever he took part in it. This more especially true of speeches before his forced retirement from Ministerial office. For a while he thereafter withdrew into obscurity to nurse poignant sorrow. Of late he had recovered



"Resolved to be 'the first man to be shot down.'"

(Lord CHARLES BERESFORD.)

something of his former gaiety of manner, and might, had life been spared and his Party recaptured their old predominance, found his fortunes re-established. But

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who in faltering voice echoed the PREMIER'S lament,



"Silver-tongued Augustino."
(Mr. BIRRELL.)

spoke of his lost friend's "great literary and imaginative powers, which had never received their full expansion and their full meed of praise, perhaps their full theatre in which to show themselves." GEORGE WYNDHAM, the public are apt to forget, if indeed they ever knew, was, in addition to being a statesman, a poet and a prose writer of distinction.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he know Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

In the general mourning there will not be lacking kindly thought of the gracious lady, his helpmate and wife through twenty-four momentous years.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

"Old-world Manor House, containing six bed rooms . . . five billiard rooms."
Advt. in "The Times."

Not enough for us. One billiard-room to every bed-room, we say.

From an Examination Paper:—

"The Renaissance was inaugurated by the invention of printing and of gunpowder which put an end to the Middle Ages."

"*Ceci tuera cela.*" as VICTOR HUGO said of printing in relation to architecture; but gunpowder is, of course, still more effective.

A WEAPON.

"Who was that?" demanded my wife as I returned to the luncheon table after seeing my visitor off at the garden gate.

"It was a railway man."

"It didn't look like a railway man. It was much too splendid."

I glanced carelessly at a card which I still held in my hand.

"He came from the head office," I remarked, trying not to lay any stress upon the fact. But I ought to explain that we live in a very quiet way and this sort of thing does not often happen to us. As I anticipated, my wife was considerably impressed.

"Do you think he was a Superintendent or something?"

"Either that or a General Manager," said I.

"What did he want?"

"It was purely a business matter," said I. "I don't suppose it will interest you. The water at the station cottages has been condemned and he wished to consult me about a new supply. They want to tap our pipe at the top of the lane and take it from there."

"Cheek!" said my wife, bridling. (I think that is what they call it. My wife often does it.)

"I don't know," said I mildly, "that it need necessarily be classed as cheek. We happen to have the only decent supply in the parish and I don't suppose he can get it anywhere else."

"So you mean to tell me," said my wife with much deliberation, "that he waits till we have brought water down off the hill at enormous expense and then calmly has the face to suggest—"

"I didn't tell him he could have it."

"Well, I should hope not."

"But I don't see why he shouldn't," I added.

My wife suddenly launched into a denunciation of the Great Scottish Railway. "It's just like them!" she said. "They never will do anything for themselves. They won't build cottages or repair the old ones, and you know perfectly well that you have had trouble for years about their polluting the stream that goes through the meadow, and the station is filthy and not properly lighted, and they lost that portmanteau of Uncle Robert's seven years ago, and the train service is abominable and getting worse."

"There's plenty of water to go round," said I, "and of course they will have to pay a reasonable price for it."

"Reasonable!" said my wife scornfully. "This isn't a case for anything



ALL THE MOST



OBVIOUS



PLACES



FOR NESTING



BEING OCCUPIED,



A LATE NESTER HAS HAD TO FALL BACK ON AN OLD-FASHIONED TREE. EXCITEMENT IN THE NEWSPAPER WORLD!

reasonable. Why, can't you see that you have got them in your power at last?"

"How?"

"They must have the water. Don't you see that you can squeeze them?"

That gave me food for thought. There was something arresting in the idea of squeezing the Great Scottish Railway Company. And, as I have said, we live in a quiet way.

"What did you say to the man?"

"I said I would consider it and let him know."

"Well, write and tell him that if he will stop the London express——"

"I don't suppose that that is his department, exactly."

"Nonsense. The whole thing must hang together. Come into the other room and work it out. People can't expect water for nothing."

On looking back upon it now, I see that my wife succeeded in over-riding my better judgment that afternoon. I am not by nature a blackmailer. The following was the schedule of our minimum demands:—

(1) An annual royalty of £6 17s. 9d. to be paid—being a poor interest upon

my outlay in bringing the water from the hill.

(2) The London express to be stopped by signal on due notice being given.

(3) Full compensation for the loss of Uncle Robert's portmanteau.

(4) Seven new lamps to be placed at the end of the platform in the station and duly maintained.

(5) The short cut from our house along the line to be legalized.

"But we mustn't be too selfish about it," said my wife at this point. "I wonder if we should put in an eight-hour day for the porters?" We did not include that, however, but demanded repairs for the station cottages.

There came a postcard in reply, announcing the arrival of our esteemed favour. And after that there was a long pause. I wrote once asking if a decision had been arrived at, but had no reply. After five weeks we began to compromise. I wrote and said that I would not press for more than five station lamps. Ten days later we threw over the cottage repairs and the short cut. There was still no reply, and the strain was telling upon us. Even my wife became more conciliatory.

"Uncle Robert's portmanteau will have to go," she announced one morning at breakfast.

"As a matter of fact," I pointed out, "as long as we can get our royalty it means that the Great Scottish is paying for our water supply. Don't you think——"

"They *must* stop the London express," said my wife severely.

A week later, without saying anything to my wife, I wrote and withdrew our remaining stipulations except Number One. The truth is that I had seen in the distance something going on at the station that I didn't like the look of.

After another month we heard from the General Manager at last. He wrote to say that the new artesian well was working satisfactorily, and under the circumstances he need trouble me no further in the matter.

"J. Shields, st Shields, b Killick . . . 2"
Daily Chronicle.

SHIELDS (anxious to get back to the pavilion), loq. "If they can't get me out any other way I must lend them a hand myself."

THE CURE.

WHEN Richard and Henry came back from Brittany last week I had, of course, heaps of things to tell them. I pictured to myself their happy up-turned faces, their ready smiles, their genial interest.

But I had forgotten the curse of the Returned Traveller; I had forgotten that the chief cause of nostalgia is the passionate desire to inflict a tale of petty happenings on long-suffering friends at home; I had forgotten—I have forgotten what I had forgotten.

They began with their adventures—the crossing, that was pronounced by the sailors to be the worst since the winter of '79; the waiters, who had answered halting French in flowing English; the price of English tobacco, and, on the contrary, the price of French wine; together with a tedious *résumé* of trifling dangers and difficulties of transport.

When my interest visibly flagged, they produced from their pockets tram tickets from Dinard, French matches from St. Malo, and lumps of mortar from the walls of Dinan keep.

Next day they began to unpack the picture postcards, and I left the house in a hurry. I felt somehow that Richard was going to describe them as an interesting record of an enjoyable trip.

I stayed away all the afternoon. Late in the evening I returned with an air of secrecy and pockets crowded with mysteries.

Richard and Henry looked up from a map of France.

"Where have you been?" asked Henry casually. I strode to the fireplace, turned my back on it firmly and began:

"I have been abroad (*sensation*) to Shepherd's Bush (*derision*), and now that you have *quite* finished the relation of your interesting, your *very* interesting adventures, I'm sure you will be glad to hear of mine."

I began with the adventures—the curiously shaped train that had stopped at every station; the humorous repartee of the apple-barrow man to the chauffeur outside the terminus—a little story which as I told it lost but little through my having forgotten the repartee itself; my difficulty in using one ticket on two trams, although the total distance covered did not exceed half a statutory kilometre.

I produced the ticket and passed it round, and then hurried on to other trophies. One middling large lump of brickwork from a wall adjacent to Wormwood Scrubs Prison; one receipted bill from an Italian restaurant where I had

consumed a eustard *éclair* and three feet of the finest spaghetti; one small packet of Shepherd's Bush tobacco, which I had brought back without paying an excessive duty.

I then passed to my postcards. They were, I am sorry to say, only perfunctorily enthusiastic over two really artistic photochromes of the Cinema de Luxe and the Electric Palace. These failed to grip them, even when I translated the title of the former for their benefit, and waxed exegetical over the finer points of their early Georgian construction.

But I had yet a trump.

"This," I said, "is the free library. Its architecture speaks for itself. But this eard has an interest over and above the building."

"A biplane?" asked Richard sadly. "If so, you've bought the wrong card. It's not in this one."

"I spoke figuratively," I said. "Actually, the interest is that rather good-looking young man standing to the left of the gate. No, it isn't me, Henry. I said 'rather good-looking.' Now I must ask you to cast your minds back to June, 1910. No doubt you will remember seeing a poster of *Suburban Opinion*: 'Shepherd's Bush Reader Wins £102 13s. 5d. in Muddles.' Well, *this* is the Shepherd's Bush reader. I bought the eard from the man himself; indeed, I had quite a long talk with him. He set up in the stationery line, and throws himself in with all local photographs he has taken."

They were now so dispirited that I was able to unveil a map of the district and spread it on the table without evoking a protest. But when I took out a box of pins with red, white and blue china tops the worms turned. By the space of several minutes they said hard and unjust things to me; and, though there is peace once more, we do not mention Shepherd's Bush nowadays.

Neither, however, do we make reference to Brittany.

"COSY SEWERS WANTED!"

Manchester Evening News.

Some people never seem satisfied with the ordinary comforts of homo-life.

The Chivalry of the Bar.

It is rumoured that Sir EDWARD CARSON, in the event of his being charged with treasonable conspiracy in the matter of Ulster, will invite Mr. BIRRELL, K.C., and Mr. JOHN REDMOND, of the Irish Bar, to conduct his defence, and that these gentlemen will, by the advice of the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, accept the brief.

CALCULATED ARGUMENT.

["The youngest child of a family is hard to convince. His is the accumulated experience of his elders."—*Recent Novel.*]

SHE seemed . . . well, let me put it thus

(My Muse has ever tact in plenty):
I feared her years were thirty plus,
While mine were barely five-and-twenty.

And so, although my callow heart
Went out to her in fond devotion,
I wondered if 'twere wise to start
The moving of the usual motion.

A horror filled my heart with gloom—
Lest she should reach the sere and yellow

While I was still in fairish bloom,
A reasonably youthful fellow.
"Be still," I said, "O tongue, refrain,
What time my subtle mind engages
In schemings that will ascertain
Approximately what her age is."

Thenceforward when she spoke to me
I only dealt in contradiction;
In disputatious causerie
I struggled to convey conviction.
We argued bacon *versus* ham,
Pink against purple (this for blouses),
The motor-bus against the tram,
Commodious flats and country houses.

Were she a Pethick, I would Pank
(Really my views were of the oddest);
I found a gentle charm in swank
Merely from knowing she was
modest;

But, spite of all that I could do,
My rhetoric with reason glowing,
I could not make her take my view
On any single subject going.

Then o'er my heart there swept a wild,
Wild wave of joy that strangely
moved it;

She plainly was a youngest child,
My failure to convince her proved it.
I knew her brother (twenty-nine);
My hesitating love grew firmer;
In pleading tones I breathed, "Be
mine."

There came no contradictory murmur.

One of the Old Breed.

"Since old Walter Blake died big bullocks are rare down here."—*The Tuam Herald.*

"If a few hours before the pigeon dies a tiny dose of vitamine be given to it then the pigeon quickly recovers."—*The Referee.*

The trouble, of course, is to know just when the pigeon is going to die.

Fast and Furious.

"The parishioners of Aysgarth have adopted a scheme for the restoration of the Parish Church bells, at a cost of £200. The sum of £80 has, so far, been subscribed towards the fun."—*The Northern Echo.*



ATMOSPHERE OF DISTRUST AT A GARDEN PARTY OWING TO RUMOUR THAT A MILITANT IS PRESENT.

THE RECANTER.

BRING me my gloves of dove-like hue,
 And, though my little fingers crack,
 They shall remorselessly induce
 The *suède*; bring out my brilliant black

Top-hat. My tie is fealty tied;
 My *piqué* waistcoat woos the breeze;
 My trousers, striped and darkly dyed,
 Are creased and bag-less at the knees.

Collar and pin are right, and now
 Waft me, ye nymphs, where, unafraid,
 Charles, my familiar, shall endow
 With all his goods a tender maid.

My Charles, my Charles, and has it come
 To this that, resolute but pale,
 You stand, your cynic spirit dumb,
 In ambush near the altar-rail?

Oh, misoparthenist morose,
 So deeply vowed to single bliss
 You seemed to hold, nay hug, it close,
 To think it should have come to this!

But Charles is in the church at play;
 He skips about and chats as though
 He had a wedding every day
 And never found the process slow.

And as his inexpressive sho
 Comes sudden sailing up the aisle,
 Observe our Charles; he does not flee,
 But dons his most possessive smile,

As who should say, "I am the one
 Who bound this maiden for my own,
 A deed of high emprise, and done
 Through wit and manly worth alone."

The ring is on, a tidy fit;
 He hears unmoved the organ's peal,
 While many stand when they should sit,
 And many sit when they should kneel.

The signatory vestry-throng,
 The bride in all her white array,
 The house, the aunts that most belong
 Thereto—so speed the hours away;

And Charles, who thought of frocks as foes,
 And vaunted mere celibacy,
 Must get him gone; but ere he goes
 What is it he confides to me?

He lifts his glass of wedding fizz
 And says he is convinced, "bar chaff,
 That he who isn't married is
 But half a man, and hardly half!" R. C. L.

ALB.

An Obituary.

ONLY an axolotl! Don't the mere words bring tears into your eyes?

Only an axolotl, I repeat, and if you ask me what an axolotl is I lay my hand on my heart and reply that I don't quite know. It is like a gold-fish, but its colour is not gold, and scientists say it is not a fish—an obvious error, because it lives in water and dies in the air. If you ate it (but please don't) I think it would taste like a sardine.

Only an axolotl, I say again (we are getting on), but his name was Alb and he was the pearl and prince of axolotls. Let me picture him as last I saw him. He was, to the unappreciative eye, of plain if not ugly appearance. The large flat nose (or rather head), the two enormous ears (fins?), the somewhat rotund, mud-coloured body, did not perhaps make for conventional loveliness. Yet his features, though hardly regular enough for perfect beauty, had about them an expressiveness, a charm, an—I know not what. They grew on one.

Alb had simple tastes. An occasional worm, perhaps a crumb, sufficed him for breakfast; an occasional crumb, perhaps a worm, formed his modest lunch. Tea he disdained, and supper he did not get. His bowl was furnished neatly but not luxuriously with seaweed, moss, stones and all the appurtenances of gold-fishery. He spent his working day swimming round and round the bowl, sternly and methodically, from ten to four. I believe he never quite realised that the bowl was round, but always thought that if he kept on long enough he would arrive somewhere. If this is so, he was the most determined character I know, and I think he should be a lesson to us all.

But you will expect some anecdotes of his sagacity. Living entirely in this bowl he could not fetch his master's paper or hold a savage burglar at bay, or carry a collecting box for an inebriate dogs' home. Yet he had intelligence of the domestic kind. He had a perfect passion for being read to. How often have I seen Alb, his head protruding, his fins cocked back, listening with a rapt expression while his master read some suitable extracts from *The Spectator*. Once I could almost have sworn he laughed.

If you asked him what he would like to do to LLOYD GEORGE he rushed wildly about the bowl. But as he did just the same to every question (you prodded him with a stick to make him answer) this throws little light on his politics. He would have been a wobbly voter, would Alb.

Then there was Axi! Picturo to yourselves a large, beautiful blonde axolotl, perfectly built, svelte, graceful, with the utmost of feminine charm. Having done that, you will have Axi, Alb's wife. She was worthy of him; they were worthy of each other. Throw a crumb to Alb and if Axi got there first she ate it. Throw one to Axi and it was the same—I mean it was *vice versa, mutatis mutandis*. One evening a strange axolotl was introduced to the bowl, dark, beetle-browed, with a sinister look. Next morning he was found dead. There are dark pages in the life of every axolotl.

But Alb is no more. I write these few lines at the request of his owner, an unworthy, a feeble appreciation from one who knew him. When he died there was not a dry eye in the bowl. Nay, it overflowed. Nor was that his only tribute. A very beautiful Latin inscription was written for him. "Poor Alb," I said, as I perused it, "poor, poor Alb!" It was a good bit of writing, but it did not do justice to Alb. Nothing could. Nothing will—nothing—but pardon me, I grow maudlin. I will desist. There was a peroration; but no matter. Alb needs no peroration.

"CRICKET GAMES IN OLD COUNTRY.

Playing Alexford, the University of Kent scored 480, all out, Woolley making the magnificent score of 224 not out, while Felder notched 52."—*Daily Colonist (Victoria B.C.)*.

Thus the glad news journeys through the Empire.

"At the Borough Police Court on Monday, the Mayor, who presided, called attention to the telephone at the police station. He said that on Saturday night there was a great disturbance close to his house, and at eleven o'clock he rang up the police station, but failed to get any response. He would like to know where the teenehsaowl d rworlow alok aylak dyogkkgb telephone was?"

Carnarvon Herald.

What language! Oh, Mr. Mayor.

"The weather had turned very cold, and the fieldsmen wore their sweaters, as a strong wind was blowing Charles Alderton Carter, of 1, Park View, right across the ground."

Bristol Evening News.

Brightening cricket still more.

"He was, I think, Keeper of H.M.S. Regalia in the Tower of London for close on forty years."—*Letter in "Daily Graphic"*.

This must be a sister ship to the one at the bottom of Bouverie Street.

"FORECAST TILL 11 A.M. TO-MORROW.

North Wind, mainly between West and South."—*Manchester Evening News.*

What has the East done to be so neglected?

THE MEM-SAHIB.

ANY morning you may meet her
Where the sunlight gilds the strand
And the curlews rise to greet her
As she gallops o'er the sand,
Riding swift, as though a wager's
In the fore-front of her mind,
With a brace of breathless majors
Close behind.

Watch her dole the daily rations,
Watch her scan the butler's book,
Watch her foil the machinations
Of a swart and bearded cook;
Prouder than a queen, sublimer
Than a goddess, see her stand
With a Hindustani Primer
In her hand!

When the swift and welcome gloaming
Shrouds the palm-trees and the huts,
And the bullocks, slowly homing,
Loom like ghosts across the ruts;
When the plantain (or banana)
Rocks to rest the drowsy midge,
She'll be up at the gymkhana
Playing bridge.

And it seems a little funny
That not one among us all
Ever danced the "Hugging Bunny"
Or the glad "Crustacean Crawl"
Till she came out East and taught us
Every trick of pose and gait,
Occidentalized and brought us
Up to date.

And our bungalows were gloomy,
There were bats behind the doors,
And the rooms were far too roomy
With their hare and shameless floors,
Till she burst upon our quiet
With her china and her prints,
With the reminiscient riot
Of her chintz.

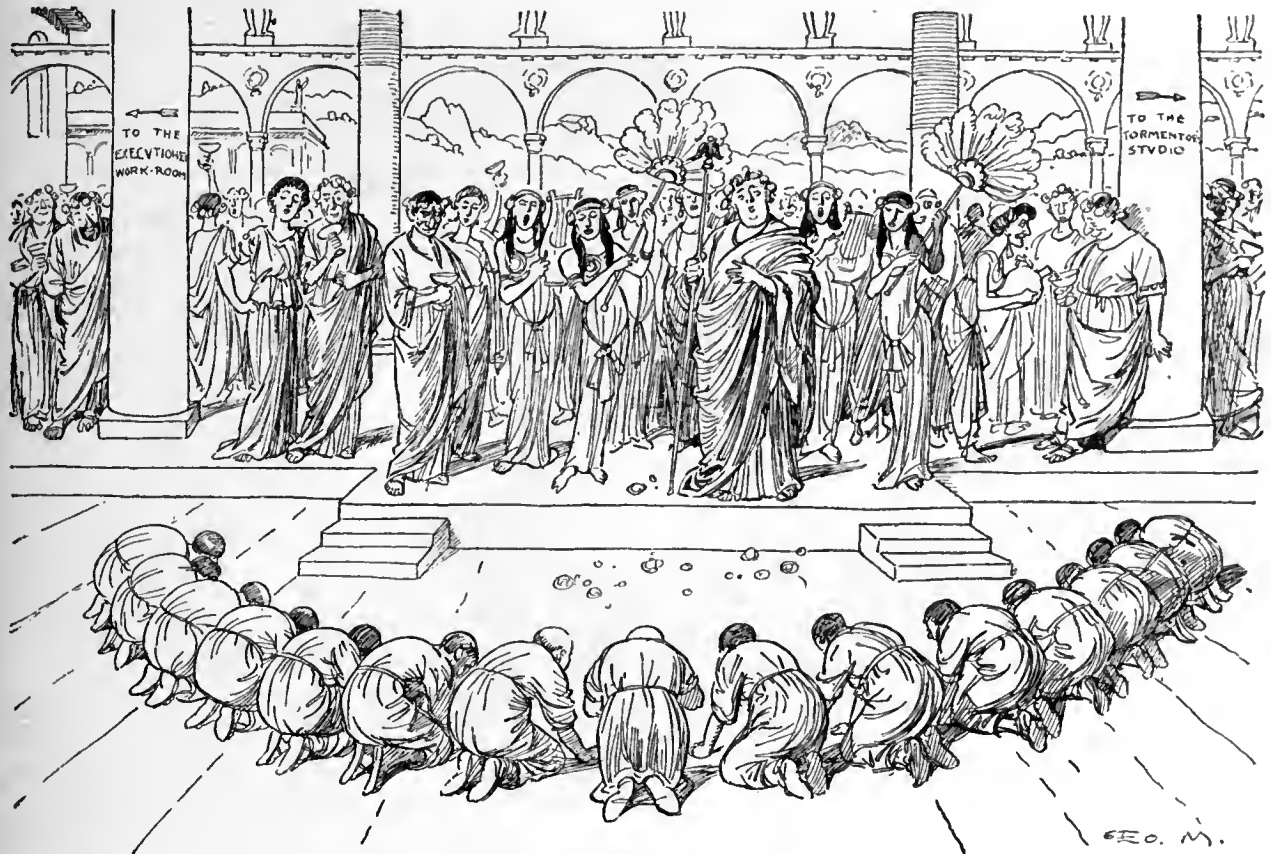
Would you learn the gladness of her,
Catch the charm before it pass?
Ask the butterflies that hover
Emerald o'er the sun-burned grass;
Ask the paddy-birds that settle
On the crimson-flow'ring boughs,
Or the frangipanni petal
In her blouse.

And I would not have you grudge her
Any pleasure she may wrest
From the wilderness, or judge her
By the standards of the West;
She's a "bold, designing creature"
To the folk who know her least,
But to us—the saving feature
Of the East. J. M. S.

Wait till the Reign stops.

"As reported elsewhere, the Urban Council on Tuesday evening sent a congratulatory telegram to his Majesty King George IV., on the occasion of his birthday."

Farnham Herald.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

A DEPUTATION OF RESPECTABLE RESIDENTS OF CAPREE WAIT ON THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS TO POINT OUT THAT HIS MIDNIGHT ORGIES GIVE THE ISLAND A BAD NAME AND DEPRECIATE THE VALUE OF PROPERTY THERE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

WHEN the Master of a College at Cambridge sits down to write the story of one who held posts of great authority in the University, intending readers may think themselves justified in anticipating a work of academically dignified dulness. In the case of "J.," a *Memoir of John Willis Clark* (SMITH, ELDER), by A. E. SHIPLEY, Master of Christ's College, they will, however, be agreeably disappointed. Mr. SHIPLEY has carried out his task in exactly the right spirit of affectionate and admiring levity. Being himself the Head of a House he does not disguise the painful fact that "J." was consistently in favour of the abolition of Heads of Houses, "though," he himself adds, "I never could see that the poor dears do much harm." This book is by no means a merely formal biography. It gives a vivid and unconventional account of a very remarkable man who was for many years the life and soul of Cambridge, the adviser, the helper and the indefatigable friend of many generations of dons and undergraduates. As our public schools are supposed to produce character, so it may be said that our universities have earned much fame by producing characters. "J." was one of these. Everything he undertook (and his activities were innumerable) he did well in his own uncompromising way. He wrote books on books, on architecture, on archæology; he arranged the Museum of Zoology; he was Registrar of the University; he investigated libraries; he was for years the tutelary genius of the A.D.C.; he was a teller of good stories and a careful drinker of good claret; and he had bursts

of a Boythornian temper which, though terrific while they lasted, endeared him the more, if that was possible, to his friends. As I who write these lines remember him, he was the embodiment of hospitality, good fellowship and kindness. I thank the Master of Christ's for this pleasant record of our common friend, and I recommend it warmly to all Cambridge men.

When Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, some years ago, first told me about the ghosts that he had seen I was quite sure that he was telling me the truth—I was horribly impressed. Then he began to tell me about fairies, and I enjoyed his revelations but doubted his sincerity. Finally, in his new book, *A Prisoner in Fairyland*, I discover no sincerity and only a little enjoyment. I hope that he will not write about fairies again. His prisoner on this occasion is a hearty middle-aged sentimentalist—ponderously affectionate by day, ponderously imaginative at night. This gentleman flies after dark with the simple stolidity of a *Slightly*; he is accompanied by children whose sweetness and attempted fun are painful to witness. "For the children," we are told, "night meant play and mischief; for himself it meant graver reverie." This "graver reverie" occupies over five hundred pages, and I should be afraid to calculate the numbers and numbers of descriptions of stars and moons and night-skies that those pages contain. The truth is that Mr. BLACKWOOD has nothing very new to tell us about fairies; his narrative is slow in its movement, and its characters—as, for instance, *Minks*, the secretary—are spoilt by a sentimentality worthy of DICKENS. He has been too long "a prisoner in fairyland," and I believe that he

is at heart more at home in the company of *John Silence* and his cats than in the innocent verbosity of the solid *Mr. Rogers*. I feel that he has here endeavoured to hammer out his theme when spontaneous invention was lacking. Fairies are elusive creatures, and in *Jimbo Mr. Blackwood* approached them very closely; but it seems that *Mr. Rogers's* heavy tread has, on the present occasion, alarmed them. I sympathise with *Mr. Blackwood*, but cannot commend his artificial substitute.

When the story opens upon the picture of a personable young man, in the garden of an old chateau, walking with an elderly but charming lady, and transfixed by the sudden appearance of a beautiful damsel ("No nymph, Monsieur. It is my daughter, the little *Héloïse*, whom you used to know"), and when moreover it is called by the engaging title of *A Summer Quadrille* (HUTCHINSONS), I protest that the reader has every reason to expect nothing but the happiest and most dainty

comedy. That indeed is my only ground of complaint against *Mrs. Hugh Fraser* and *Mr. Hugh Fraser*, that, having started a tale of pleasant artificiality about a gay cavalier, a charming maiden, a kindly abbé, a scheming servant, and in short all the usual cast for a costume romance, they should suddenly have turned to what is almost tragedy. I felt also that the pleasantly prattling style, so well suited to what the story seemed about to be, was hardly robust enough when it came to omens and shrieking sea-gulls and a villain with his face smashed. All these things you get before the finish.

The villain in question was *M. Le Grange*—the personable young man to whom I had so taken in the opening chapter—and his behaviour towards the little *Héloïse* was by no means what I had hoped from his appearance. But in the end, as you will see, he got his deservings; and perhaps, as I had never believed in any of the characters save as pleasantly-dressed figures in a tushery show, it need not have worried me. Still, I admit I prefer that in an affair of this fashion as little sawdust should be spilt as possible.

When four people find themselves shut up for eight days in a quarantined house, it is perhaps unreasonable to expect them to do anything very much except talk, and I ought, no doubt, to have borne more patiently with the deluge of conversation poured forth in these circumstances by the characters in *Middleground* (MILLS AND BOON), the new novel by the anonymous author of *Mastering Flame*. His theme certainly lent itself to much conversation. The position was as follows: *Louis Pembroke* was on the point of eloping with *Mrs. Comber*. Enter *Mrs. Comber* to chat over their plans. Enter *John Brent*, former lover of the lady, to announce that he knew all; and on his heels enter *Mr. Comber*, who also knew all, and wanted to know what was going to be done about it. At this point the discovery is made that the servant of the house—the scene

is laid in Shanghai—has developed cholera and that the four must remain where they are for eight days. It is an ingenious situation, reminiscent, however, of a popular American farce called *Seven Days*, but the flaw in it is that it can only lead either to a lot of murder or to incessant talk. Our author has no germ of melodrama in him, and it is speedily evident that there will be no murder. It is just as speedily evident that there will be much talk. For a time, I confess, the discussions absorbed me, and then, beaten down by the volume of them, irritated by the vacillations of the heroine, and maddened by the mild "After-you-my-dear-Alphonse" attitude of the sickeningly reasonable husband, I thanked whatever gods may be that the book contained only 296 pages, for otherwise my unconquerable soul could never have survived to the end. *Middleground* ought really to have been condensed and transformed into the last section of a long, quiet novel showing us the early developments of the situation with which it now opens.



Boy. "PY FOR US T' GO IN, LIDY?" Lady. "CERTAINLY NOT!"
Boy. "THEN TIKE US IN IN YER ARMS?"

adventurous surroundings. I want at once to say that I enjoyed the trip tremendously, even though my credulity did get worried again once or twice by the combined stupidity and good fortune of *James*. And then there was *Ambah*, of Moorish blood and brought up from childhood among the natives of Anum, of which town and district *James*—his life saved, after all, by quinine—became Commissioner; she was white-skinned and beautiful and capable of Platonic affection, and, after a few lessons in English verbs, I doubt whether English civilization would have had anything more to teach her. Still, I have never been on the Gold Coast, and *Mr. Adams* probably knows better than I whether *Ambah* can be found there. I will leave it to him. Meanwhile you must read his really thrilling description of West African life and scenery to discover how loath I was, at the end of six months or so, to come back home with the now distinguished *James* and see him wedded to an allopathic (and not too lovable) bride.

"Mr. James Douglas, the well-known journalist, states that he is not the author of 'The Duchess's Necklace,' the play at the Aldwych Theatre."—*The Daily News and Leader*.

We understand that *Mr. James A. Douglas* will retort that neither is he guilty of *The Renaissance of Wonder*.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME call it the Whitewash Report. Perhaps a better name would be the Won'twash Report?

By a curious coincidence the following appeared in a contemporary last week:—

"TO-DAY'S FASHION NOTE.

The white washing skirt is in great demand this summer. . . .

Rumour has it that Mr. FALCONER is now taking steps with a view to an illuminated address being presented to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Sir RUFUS ISAACS and Lord MURRAY, testifying to the Nation's appreciation of their investments in Marconis.

Dr. AKED, the Baptist preacher who went from Liverpool to New York, has now explained why he has renounced British nationality. The polo match, it seems, had nothing to do with it. He says he has become an American citizen through disgust at Royal rulers, for the idea of being anybody's subject was intolerable to him. For ourselves we would rather be a subject than an object. Meanwhile KING GEORGE is, according to the latest bulletin, doing as well as could be expected.

"Seas don't divide—they unite," was one of the KAISER's epigrams of which he was reminded during his Jubilee celebrations. But what about the Red Sea?

An awkward affair is reported from Hamburg. After General VON MACKENSEN had given to a new cruiser the name *Derflinger*, he uttered the following words in an impressive voice: "I commit thee, proud fabric of men's hands, to thy element." The fabric, however, proved even prouder than was expected. It refused to be dictated to, and remained on the stocks.

With reference to the alleged difficulty in obtaining mounts for the forthcoming Royal Review of our citizen soldiers, it is said that Lord HALDANE, from feelings of affection for the force which he created, offered at his own expense to provide the Territorial cavalry with hobby horses.

If Sir JOSEPH BEECHAM's incursion

into the theatrical world is to be a success he will have to keep his eyes wider open. How comes it that he allowed *The Gilded Pill* and *The Perfect Cure* to be produced by others?

Sir JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON has been persuaded to give another farewell performance in London. It was felt that to break with precedent by giving only one final performance would scarcely be in the best interests of the profession.

The "Old Six Bells" inn, Willesden, has been condemned by the local authorities as unfit for habitation. The house was a famous haunt of JACK SNEPPARD and JONATHAN WILD, and there is some talk of holding a meeting

Conference held last week to the serious amount of malingering by women under the Act. Indeed it may lead to the coining of a new word—"femalingering."

"It is more important," says Mr. WILL CROOKS, "to court the missus when you've married her than before." Unfortunately in certain circles a good deal of the post-nuptial courting that is done appears to be police-courting.

Two children were bitten by monkeys at the Zoo last week. It is thought that the monkeys, who often bite one another, did not realise that these little ones were not of their own species.

At Magherafelt (Londonderry) Petty Sessions last week, FELIX MULHOLLAND was fined twenty shillings for cursing the Pore, the police, the Army, the Navy, the buckles on Constable KELLY's "frock," and the Ancient Order of Hibernians. It sounds something of a bargain.

The director of *The Gourmet* has told an interviewer that English people do not think nearly enough about eating. In City Corporation circles this is considered a base slander.

"Certainly by far the best novel I have written," says a certain author of a book of his which has just been published. If this idea of circulating the writer's opinion of his work should become a custom, it will, we fancy, be found that the book which is being offered to the public is almost invariably his masterpiece.

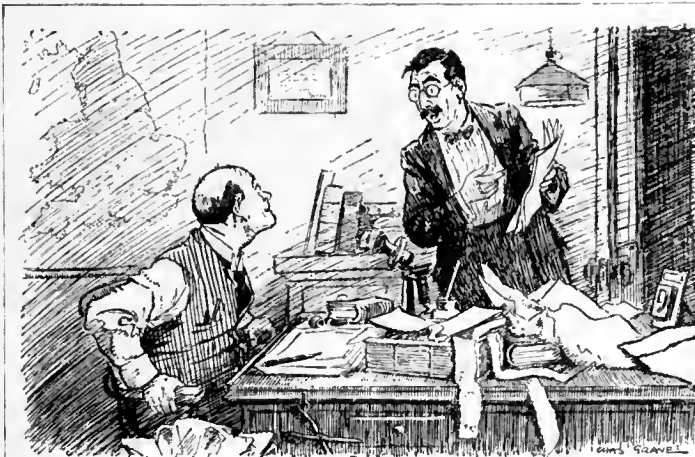
More Calumny in the Press.

"The quarterly meeting of the above association was held at the Constitutional Club on Tuesday evening, when an enervating address was given to the members by Mr. David Stuart (Tariff Reform League)."
Clevedon Mercury and Courier.

"NOVEL EXPERIMENT IN A DORSET VILLAGE. CLEAN LIVING."
The Daily Express.

Is Dorset as bad as that?

"Widow Lady Wants Situation as housekeeper to gentleman or bachelor."
Advt. in Daily Paper.
Let us hope that, if he's a bachelor, she will make him a real gentleman by marrying him.



MODERN JOURNALISM.

Editor of evening paper. "YES? YES?"

Chief Sub. (very excited). "I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT STATEMENT HERE FROM IVANOVITCH, THE RUSSIAN NOVELIST, ABOUT WHAT HE FEELS ON IN THE HOT WEATHER. FORTUNATELY THE TEMPERATURE TO-DAY IS EXACTLY ONE DEGREE HOTTER THAN THE CORRESPONDING DAY IN 1813."

of readers of penny dreadfuls and patrons of picture palaces with the view of raising a fund to preserve the building for the nation as a memorial to their heroes.

Another literary coincidence which seems to have escaped general notice attracted our attention at a bookstall last week. Side by side were the placards of *The Daily News* and *The Daily Mail*. They ran as follows:—

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| DAILY NEWS | DAILY MAIL |
| WHAT THE TRAMS HAVE DONE FOR LONDON | THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT |

Women, it is frequently stated, can beat men in most fields of activity if they are only given a fair chance. Attention was drawn at an Insurance

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

DANCES AND DOGS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Hostesses have been up against a quite *quite* novel difficulty this season—the scarcity of girls at parties! Isn't that a deliciously funny idea? It comes about through some of the oldest inhabitants not allowing their girls to do the Chimpanzee Cuddle and the Mexican Mix-up. The Duchess of Dunstable is one of these, and poor Francesca and Frederica have had a perfectly rotten time in consequence. They were both asked last week to a kick-up at Beryl Clarges', where things are generally made to hum. The old duchess refused, and arranged to take them to a ghastly scientific *soirée*—you know the sort of fearful function—tea and coffee and lemonade, and information while you wait! Franky gave in meekly, as she always does, but Freckles nursed rebellious thoughts and planned deep plans.

Among old Dunstable's other moss-grown habits and customs, she keeps up the childish punishment of sending the girls to bed early if they ever cheek her or answer her back. At dinner on the night in question, Freckles was particularly argumentative, and the more her mother repressed her the more she wouldn't be repressed. At last she flatly contradicted her stately parent. The latter got out the frown she keeps specially for Freckles and put it on. "You know what your punishment is," she said after an awful silence. "You will go straight to your room on leaving the table." In due time she dragged off Franky to science and sighs, and, as soon as they were off the premises, Freckles, instead of going to her penitential couch, put on her prettiest dance frock and went in a taxi to Beryl's, where she enjoyed herself hugely.

Unluckily, old Lady Humguffin, who's everybody's third cousin or first aunt once removed, met the Duchess of Dunstable next day, and said, "I looked in at my great-niece, Beryl Clarges', last night and found she'd a party of young people. What extraordinary dances they do nowadays, to be sure! I don't know when I've laughed so much! Your Frederica seemed particularly *au fait* at a dance called the Chimpanzee something-or-other."

"My Frederica!!" gasped old Dunstable. "My Frederica was at home—in bed!"

"I daresay you do," rejoined the Humguffin, who's deader than twenty posts; "but I think it's hardly wise for you to do such violent dances at your age."

The engagement of Peggy Sandys, the Ramsgates' younger girl, has come as quite a great little surprise, except to those behind the scenes. She came out last year and made an instant success. She's one of those girls who happen now and then (your Blanche was one of them once upon a time), who are proposed to by almost everyone, and are quite tired of saying No. She has the young girl's funny trick of having ideals and being in earnest, and has let it be understood that the men of to-day don't come *near* her standard. Her granny, Popsy, Lady R., tells people that, at eighteen, she was exactly like Peggy herself. But, in spite of the fearful prospect thus opened, the girl goes her conquering way. I can best describe her by telling you that half the women say, "I can't *imagine* what people see in that girl!" and the other half say, "*Pretty?*" She hasn't a *feature* in her face, my dear." When *those* things are said on all sides, you may know the lucky child has quite *quite* got there! *Passe pour cela.*

At a boy-and-girl dance at the Middle-shires' one night, Peggy was doing a sit-out with Lolly flollyott (Ninny's brother). Their chat began by Lolly proposing once more and being refused. Then they went on to talk Pekingese—they're both *ardent* owners and exhibitors of the little butterfly-dogs; and so they got to the Age We Live In, and Peggy pronounced it an age absolutely incapable of heroism.

"Why, look at you all," she said; "you men of to-day, compared with the knights of old who died for their lady-loves!"

"Don't be rough on us," pleaded Lolly. "The knights of old got their chance at tournaments and things, and there ain't any *real* tournaments any longer. But, if the idea is that we're to die for you, you've only got to ask us to cross the road—that's almost certain death now."

But Peggy wouldn't listen. "The age of heroism is dead," she persisted. "Not one of you is capable of an heroic act."

Next week was the Dog Show at the Floricultural Gardens. Peggy Sandys carried off everything with her peky-peky, Ming-Ming the 23rd. The little champion was quite the centre of attraction, sitting thoughtfully in a big satin-lined jewel-case, with mounted police all round him and Life-guards beyond the police—in case of foul play. Peggy, dressed in muslin and smiles, was seated near by, and Lolly came up to congratulate her.

"Thanks awfully," said Peggy. "Yes, I'm frightfully proud and happy

to-day. But why aren't *you* showing? You've some good ones, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've some good ones," answered Lolly, looking wistfully at Ming-Ming the 23rd and his mounted police and Life-guards; "but I ain't showing any of 'em to-day. I say, look here, I wish you'd come to tea at my place to-morrow and have a look at 'em—I'd like your opinion." Peggy said she'd go, and, as she's very independent and quite a law unto herself, she did go.

"They're all nice little thingy-things," said Lolly, as he showed her his doglets, "but Confucius is the best." Peggy darted forward to examine Confucius; then she gave a scream (if she'd lived fifty years ago she'd have fainted), and turned upon Lolly. "Why," she gasped, "he's got *all* the points—and *more* than all."

"Yes, I know," said Lolly sadly. "He's got 'em all—and a bit over. His eyes bulge a weeny bit more than Ming-Ming's, as you see, and his brow is a teeny bit more thoughtful; and then he's the extra toes."

"And yet you didn't show him?" cried Peggy. "Are you mad?"

"No, Peggy, I ain't off my chump," said Lolly; "I didn't show him—because—"

A light broke on Peggy. "I see; you didn't show him because you didn't want him to cut out my Ming-Ming."

"That's about the size of it," assented Lolly. "It's nothing to make a dust about—I—I was glad to do it—though it *did* want some doing."

"I take back all I said the other night," cried the enthusiastic Peggy. "The age of heroism is *not* dead! No knight of old ever performed a *greater*, *nobler* action for his lady-love than you did in keeping back this angel from the show, so that he shouldn't cut out my Ming-Ming."

And now Lolly and Peggy are engaged. (There are always poisonous persons who try to spoil a pretty little romance, and these creatures say Peggy only accepted Lolly to be part owner of Confucius.)

Norty, who keeps me posted up in Parliamentary matters, tells me a Bill is coming before the House for the abolition of coastguards and all coast defences, and in their place large notice-boards are to be erected warning foreign warships that if they approach our shores too closely they will be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings. The money saved on coast defences would be used to build free picture palaces for the unemployed. Norty hopes to put in one of his scathing speeches when the Bill comes up.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



BLAMELESS TELEGRAPHY.

JOHN BULL. "MY BOYS, YOU LEAVE THE COURT WITHOUT A STAIN—EXCEPT, PERHAPS, FOR THE WHITWASH."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

LIMITATION.

ONCE upon a time there was a trout who lived in a stream much frequented by anglers. But though he was of some maturity and had in his time leaped at many flies and grown sturdy on them, they had always been living creatures and not the guileful work of man. Hence, although well informed on most matters, of the hard facts of fishing he knew only what he had been told by such of his friends as had been hooked and had escaped, and from watching the ancient hooksmith of his tribe at work in his surgery extracting barbs. For, just as children stand at the smithy door watching the making of a horse-shoe, so do the younger trout cluster round the hooksmith and observe him at his merciful task.

This trout was in his way a bit of a dandy, and one of his foibles was to be weighed and measured at regular intervals (as a careful man does at his Turkish bath), so that he might know how things stood with him. Fitness was, in fact, his fetish; hence, perhaps, his long immunity from such snares as half Ahwiek exists to dangle before the eyes of indiscriminating and gluttonous fish.

But to each of us, however wise or cautious, a day of peril comes soon or late. It happened that on the very afternoon on which he had learned that he was fourteen inches and a quarter long and turned the scale at twenty-four ounces, the trout met with a misadventure which not only was his first but likely to be his last. For seeing a particularly appetising looking fly on the surface of the water, and being rather less carefully observant than usual, he took it at a gulp, and straightway was conscious of a sharp pain in his right cheek and of a steady strain on the same part of his person, pulling him upwards out of the stream.

Outraged and in agony, he dashed backwards and forwards, kicked and wriggled; but all in vain; and at last, worn out and ashamed, he lay still and allowed himself to be drawn quietly from the water in a net insinuated beneath him. In another moment he lay on the bank beneath the admiring and excited eyes of a man.

A pair of hands then seized him and the hook was extracted from his right cheek with very little tenderness.

It was at this moment that the trout's good fairy came to his aid, for the man in his eager delight placed him where the turf sloped. The trout saw the friendly stream just below, gathered his strength for a last couple of despairing struggles, and these starting him on

the downward grade, he had splashed into the water again before the angler realised his loss.

For a while the trout lay just where he sank, motionless, too exhausted to swim away, listening languidly to what was being said about him on the bank by the disappointed angler to a friend who had joined him. At length, having collected enough power, he swam away to safety.

That evening, you may be sure, the trout had plenty to tell his companions when, after their habit, they discussed the day's events in a little crowd. There were several absentees from the circle, and two or three fish who were present had swollen jaws where hooks had caught and broken away; while one actually had to move about and eat and talk with a foot of line proceeding from his mouth, attached to a hook which none of the efforts of the profession had been able to dislodge.

"But the thing that bothers me," said our trout, as he finished the recital of his adventures for the tenth time, "is men's curious want of precision. It is true they don't carry scales about with them as we do, but they oughtn't to make shots so wide of the mark. Not with all their advantages, they oughtn't. Look at their powers. Fishing rods and tackle and false May flies are alone a pretty good proof either that they have too many brains or we too few; but then there are all the other things. There's telegraphy and the telephone, phonography and the cinema; there's SHAKESPEARE, photography, MICHAEL ANGELO, and all the rest of it. Surely with such a record men ought to be able to do a little thing like guessing pretty nearly accurately the weight and length of a trumpery fish! Yet, while I was lying there in the water getting back my strength, I distinctly heard the fellow who had had me in his hands but had lost me, telling his friend that I was two feet four if I was an inch, and weighed not an ounce under three pounds."

"Prince Auguste Louis Alberic d'Arenberg, who has been President of the Suez Canal Company since 1896, is now in his seventy-sixth year of age, having been born in September 1837. In the absence of other information it may be assumed that his advancing age is one of the principal causes of the President's retirement."

The Egyptian Gazette.

Try again. Other information may put this right.

"Long jump (under 14), prize presented by George Griffiths, Esq.—1 Watson, 2 Geddes. Time, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ -secs."

Hoplake Herald and Visitor.

Very nearly aviation.

OCC. VERSE.

(In the manner of "The Westminster Gazette.")

TO-NIGHT you will fare afar
Through the limpid aisles of space
To the amber shores where the spindrift
soars

In a mantle of elfin grace;
And, though I may never share
In your swift translunar flight,
You will send me a hail o'er the star-
strewn gale
When your haven looms in sight.

And I with a limpet's elutch
To our love will ever cling—
Our love that grows with the budding
rose

And never outwears its spring.
And you, though your soul has flown
To glory, my Hildegonde,
In a vesture of bliss will waft me a kiss
From the boundless back of beyond!

Yes, you will asperge my brows
With the balm of Elysian dew,
Till the veil is drawn at the screech of
dawn

'Twixt the astral me and you—
The veil that I hope to rend
When I quit life's fevered foam
For the argent isles when our sundered
smiles

Shall merge in one monochrome.

Commercial Candour.

I.
"Intending Purchasers of Motor Cars are requested to inspect and try the '_____' before deciding to buy another make. You can walk comfortably beside one when travelling on top gear."—*The Statesman* (Calcutta).

II.
"Furnished room, suitable for one or two gentlemen, for June, July and August; all inconveniences."—*The Pittsburgh Press.*

A Gleam of Journalistic Modesty.

"The Times to-day publishes the full text of the whole document. It is quite impossible for any ordinary morning newspaper to publish this in extenso, but below will be found a summary."—*Daily Mail.*

"Ordinary" is unexpected.

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gloyne, formerly of Rhyll and now of Flint, have just celebrated their golden wedding."

Manchester Weekly Telegraph.

Can this mean that the happy couple have been hardened by their matrimonial experiences?

"Tennis player would like to meet another player, not necessarily first-class."

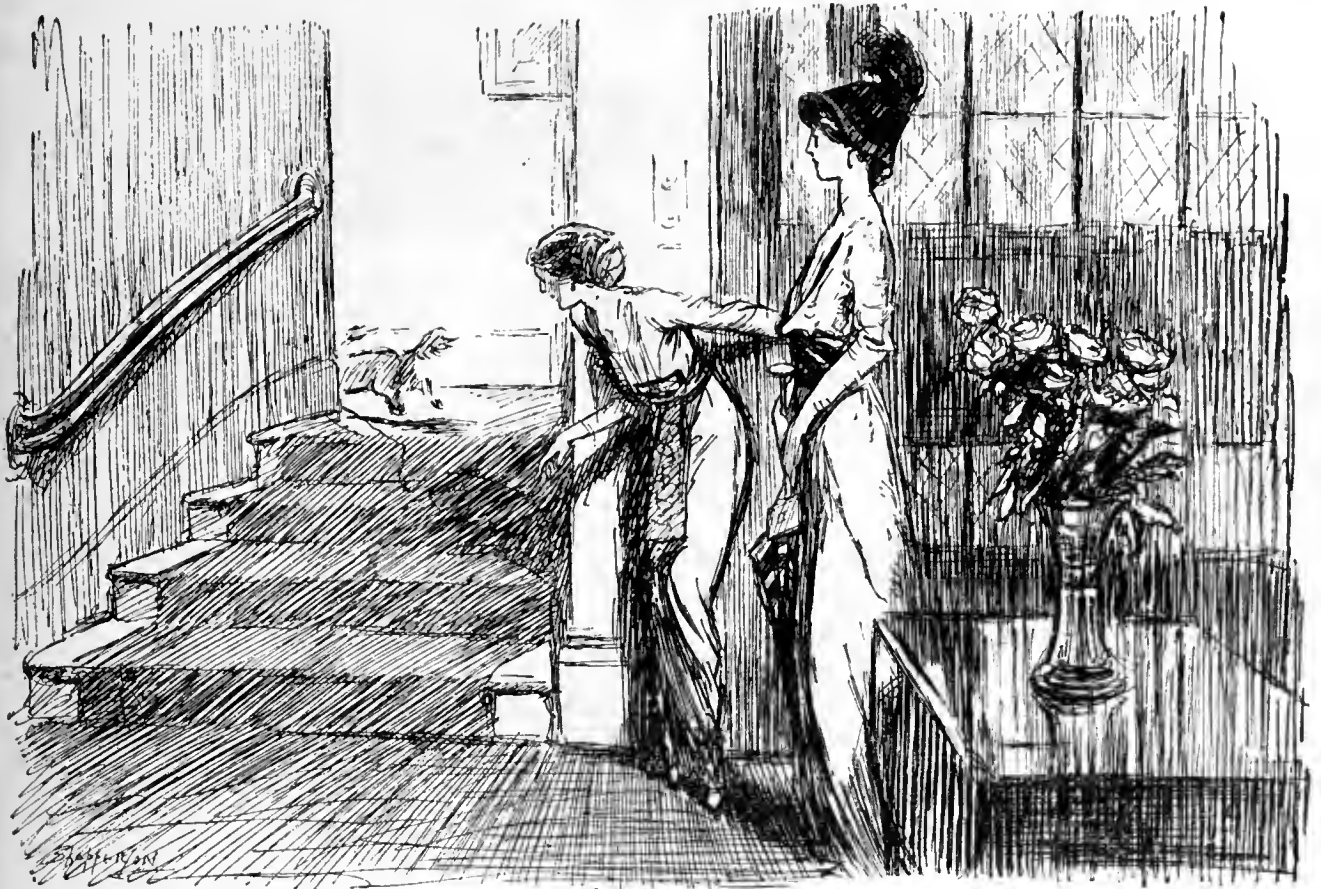
Bournemouth Daily Echo.

This is how we often feel.

Trop de Zèle.

"The Pastor will be glad to know of sickness in the homes of members of the Church."

Worthing and District Baptist Herald.



Hostess. "OH, I HOPE YOUR DOG WON'T GO INTO THE KITCHEN; THE FISH FOR BABY'S DINNER IS ON THE TABLE."
Caller. "I HOPE NOT, INDEED. HE ISN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE FISH."

THE SACRIFICE OF PAUL.

PAUL, when the great Panjandrum I obey
 Says to me sometimes, as we leave the office,
 "To-morrow morning I must be away,"
 Think you I ask him where his game of golf is?

Ah no! I take his meaning; London lies
 Hot as Sahara, pitiless and arid;
 Of course he sorrows for some aunt's demise,
 Of course some friend of his is being married.

Such strands of destiny the wise gods weave
 When the long summer hours begin to try men:
 Uncles pop off, and nephews have to grieve;
 Our boyhood's chums are yielded up to Hymen.

Yes, one and all we have these private claims;
 I, too, about a fortnight from to-morrow,
 Mean to attend some knitting-up of names—
 A mirthful push, oh Paul, not one of sorrow.

Already I can hear the choir-boys sing,
 I see the happy pair, the priest bald-headed;
 And why I want to warn you of the thing
 Doubtless you've guessed: it's you I'm having
 wedded.

Hush! hush! *she* would not like to hear that oath.
 I had some thoughts at first of Frank or Walter;
 But you are dearer to me, Paul, than both;
 I need the links, you need the nuptial altar.

As for the girl, of course your choice is free;
 My blessings on your heads, you two dear sillies!
 Her name, though, should be kept quite shadowy
 And non-committal. Let's say Clara Willis.

A quiet marriage, Paul. I hate to boast
 In cases such as this about the presents
 And who were there; I ban *The Morning Post*;
 A simple country rite with all the peasants

Strewing the road with hay and flowers of June
 (The Squire has dowered you with a silver cruet);
 It must be in the country, and at noon,
 Because I want the whole day off to do it.

You will not, Paul? Ah, stop, perpend again;
 I think you always loved me as a brother;
 This is a little thing; I must obtain
 My two full rounds on some excuse or other.

I like you for the *rôle*. You gain belief.
 I see you playing it with *verve* and unction,
 And I shall love relating to the chief
 The story of that blithe bucolic function.

But if you won't—ah well, I care not how,
 Golf I must have—my brains are green with mildew—
 Don't be surprised if three weeks on from now
 You find me in full mourning, *having killed you*.

EVOL.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FAUN."

ONE is familiar enough with the case of the Arabian *djinn* or of the Egyptian mummy revived and projected into modern stage-society, there to find many inventions and modes of speech and thought undreamed of in their philosophy of the remote past. The initial difficulty, for which a generous allowance is always made by the audience, is to give a colouring of probability to the resurgence of these antiques. Mr. KNOBLAUCH makes little attempt to account for the survival of his faun in the Italy of to-day; but his appearance in England is explained on the following grounds. He seems to have been studying the works of SHELLEY and, having acquired the language, he comes over to England to make the better acquaintance of a country that produced a poet so congenial to a child of Nature.

His first experience does not promise well, for the young gentleman from whose geraniums he emerges has just returned from dropping £70,000 at the races, and obviously has little in common with the author of *Hellas*.

However, as soon as the faun has doffed his unconventional skin-coat and got a little accustomed to the irritating coercion of twentieth-century dress, he proceeds gaily enough to the preaching of his gospel of Nature and natural selection; and the rest of the play—apart from some negligible distractions—is a sort of paganized version of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

There is an attractive freshness in the idea; but I venture to think that Mr. KNOBLAUCH has made one or two errors of judgment. It is true that the anthropomorphic imagination of the Greeks, seeking a symbol for certain forces of Nature, gave to the faun a human shape. (The Greeks, of course, called him a satyr, but the faun of the Romans, a variety of their Faunus, god of farmers, came to be identified with the Greek type. Pardon this pedantry). But, if more or less human in shape, in attributes he was animal; and only less bestial than some of the semi-deities, say, of Egypt, because he represented those instincts of the animal world which come closest to the primitive instincts of humanity. If, therefore, we attached to the sentiments of Mr. KNOBLAUCH's faun the only meaning that they could conceivably have in a faun's mouth, the topic all the time was animal instincts. I am assuming, for the author's benefit, that he intended his faun to illustrate the more romantic aspects of love, but

he could hardly expect this conception of the faun-nature to be accepted by anyone who thought about the matter at all, and certainly not by those who reflected that such aspects were barely recognised in ordinary life by the ancients who created this type.

At the end, after arranging the best part of the cast in couples on the lines of natural selection, the faun is made to say that he represented the joy of life in all its forms; but it was clear that he had really been insisting—not without tact, I admit—on one form in particular—the joy of animal attraction.

In a matter of detail, but a rather large one, I think the author was at fault in permitting his faun to play



BACK TO THE LAND.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY (under cover) emancipates himself from the bondage of civilisation.

the part of a racing tipster. How he got the inside information which enabled him to spot the winner for his patron in every race that he touched I never thoroughly understood. His unusually nice sense of smell could hardly account for this success; and I viewed with scepticism the alleged activities of the bluebottle which served as an intermediary between him and the stables. I do not, of course, cavil at this magic; my complaint is that, while in his homilies he was denouncing the sin of worldly greed, he should have given so much practical encouragement to speculations on the turf.

Another slight flaw was found in the Suffragette element, which served as a side issue. It was rather *vieux jeu*. The author seemed to have written his play several years ago, and not revised it in the light of the latest developments of militancy.

I cannot say that Mr. MARTIN

HARVEY in his skins recalled very closely any known representation of the faun in antiquity. Mr. FRASER OUTRAM, who piped and danced in Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's *Callisto*, came much nearer to the type. But as *Prince Silvani* (the title assumed by the faun) Mr. HARVEY suggested rather effectively the irksomeness of human clothes to a creature of the woods; and many of his movements and poises were in the right faun manner. And it is something to his credit that the air he had of pure joy in living, and making others live, lent a note of innocence to what might otherwise, without intention on the author's part, have been unpleasantly near to animalism.

Of the other actors, Mr. FRED LEWIS bore with great good-nature the reflections passed by the faun on his rotundity. Mr. BASIL HALLAM was a pleasant figure as young *Lord Stonbury*, and went through the preparatory stages of suicide—never a very eligible subject for light handling—with sufficient callousness. But, as no hero ever kills himself in the First Act, we allowed his courage a generous discount.

Miss MADGE FABIAN, who played the ultimate lady of his choice, gave an excellent account of herself as a good fellow with a fine disregard for sentiment; but I was very sorry for her when she was required to confess the latent instincts of sex by swooning in the arms of the first male who kissed her. It was the faun; and, though he assured her later that he had done it vicariously on behalf of the man she loved (who had not been consulted in the matter), still it looked rather bad at the time.

Both Miss MURIEL MARTIN HARVEY and Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD (as a futurist) threatened at the start to be amusing, but they too became victims of the faun's incurable passion for pairing people off, and degenerated into common romantics.

Up to a point the play was fairly intriguing, for you never quite knew what the faun was going to do next. But, when once we were satisfied about his design (pseudo-renaissance) and examined the material of the fabric, we found it rather unsubstantial. Colour and a gay fantasy showed in some of the decorations; but there were surfaces also of rather dull plaster. Still the freshness of the scheme remains, and I thank Mr. KNOBLAUCH for that. O. S.

"At 102 Buckenham was taken at the wicket, and 10 runs later fell to a catch at silly point."—*Evening Standard*.

Then BUCKENHAM had to go back to the pavilion.

**A MUCH-NEEDED REFORM.
LUMINOUS LETTERS.**

THE revision of our Imperial nomenclature suggested by Mr. HARCOURT, in his speech at the Corona Club on Tuesday the 17th, has elicited a number of interesting letters from various notable and notorious publicists.

Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, C.V.O., writes: Mr. HARCOURT modestly deprecated the substitution of "Lululand" for "The East African Protectorate." For my part I can see no objection to the change. I should certainly have adopted it in his place.

Captain CRAIG writes: As the remaining of portions of the Empire is now being seriously discussed by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, I beg to suggest that the Orange Free State Province might very fittingly be re-christened "Carsonia," to commemorate the efforts of our great leader to free Ulster from the fetters of Home Rule. I have it on the best of authority that in the event of the Government Bill passing into law it is proposed to call Dublin "Devlin," and Belfast, "Patrickford."

The President of the Reading Radical Club writes: The complete exoneration of our gifted representative affords our fellow-townfolk a splendid opportunity of testifying their appreciation in a concrete fashion. The derivation of "Reading" from the word "red" is well established by the best etymological authorities on place names. What more grateful way of linking town and hero together could be devised than by altering the name of the former to "Rufusville"?

Mr. BERNARD SHAW writes: I cannot see why the principle of shorter names should be confined to places. Take for example the case of Government Departments. What could be more cumbersome than the "Local Government Board" when the "Burns Board" expresses the same thing in one-third the number of syllables? Similarly "Burnsville" is a better because a shorter name than Battersea, and "Burnsland" is a great improvement on that pseudo-classical monstrosity, Nova Scotia. So, again, "Strauss Booth" is a better name than "Handel Booth," not only because it saves a syllable, but because Strauss means an ostrich.

Mr. FALCONER, M.P., writes: No one can study the question of Imperial nomenclature without becoming painfully conscious of its utter inadequacy. For example, we have the Solomon Islands, but so far we have neither the Samuel nor the Isaacs Islands. There are two Georgias—but one is in Trans-



WAR INCIDENTS.

(Oxford Street zone.)

Over-zealous P.C. (suspicious of concealed hammer). "NOW THEN, NONE OF THAT. MOVE ON, THERE!"

Perfectly Innocent Young Lady. "THEN PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY BLOW MY NOSE FOR ME."

caucasia and the other in the United States; Lloyd's Neck is a peninsula on Long Island; and Lloyd is a post-village of Jefferson Co., Fla., on the Seaboard Air Line. So, again, the Ural Mountains are not in Scotland or in Crete, but in Russia! And, lastly, there is no Oil City in the British Empire, though there are three in the United States, including one "on the Kickapoo River, 18 miles S.E. of Sparta"—I quote from *Lippincott's Gazetteer*.

Mrs. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the famous American Suffragist, writes: While this Government is in office why not change the Scilly Islands to the Isles of Man and the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Whitewash?

"At the top is a finely designed solid silver ribbon with the words, "National Reserve Challenge Shield." The subject is the parting of Hector and Andrew Mache, which symbolises the spirit of the National Reserve. The figures of Hector and Andrew Mache are raised from a silver base, and at the foot is the motto 'For God, King and Country.'"
The Elgin Courant and Courier.

The Mache family was more remarkable than is generally supposed. Not only is there this Scotch hero, Andrew, but Papier Mache did wonders in France.

"This Attractive Residence, standing in grounds of 4 acres, near village church and post. . . . Garden would be left if required."
Advt. in "Bystander."

Personally we always take our own garden with us when travelling.

CELEBRATED TRIALS.

V.—REX v. SLATTERY.

Martha Slattery, described as a spinster of no occupation, was brought up on an indictment charging her (1) with having wilfully abstained from setting fire to or otherwise consuming or wiping out one of the statutory Golf Club Pavilions built in pursuance of the provisions of the Act for the Erection of Destructible Edifices; (2) with being an unsuspected person found at large without intention to burn.

Mrs. Knightley, K.C., and Miss Stoker appeared for the Crown. The prisoner was undefended by counsel.

Mrs. Knightley, in opening the case for the Crown, said the prisoner came of a good Irish family, but had for many years been settled in London, where she lived in a small way on an annuity of £150. She spent her time and a part of her income in advocating the cause of homeless dogs and in taking occasional charge of certain nephews and nieces of tender years whose mother had suffered the loss of a leg in a motor-bus accident. Though she had had a good education, having indeed resided for three years at Girton College, where she had secured first-class honours in the Moral Science Tripos, she had never taken any part in the movement for the enfranchisement of women by violence. She had refused to belong to the Flames Club.

Prisoner. I was never asked. They put me up for election without telling me and then pilled me.

Mrs. Justice Catmus. What is "pilling"?

Mrs. Knightley. "Pilling," my Lady, is a process employed by certain clubs and similar associations for declining the company of those whom they consider unworthy.

Her Ladyship. The word is not familiar to me.

Mrs. Knightley. That would be so, my Lady.

The Prisoner. It was like their impudence to pill me when they knew that nothing would induce me to become a member of their silly club.

Her Ladyship warned the prisoner that no good could come of these interruptions, the only effect of which was to damage her case. She (the learned Judge) was prepared to give considerable latitude in view of the prisoner's not having counsel to defend her, but there must be a limit to indulgence, and that limit had now been reached.

Mrs. Knightley, continuing, said the prisoner had had every chance. Many pavilions, country houses, and grand stands had been placed at her disposal, but she had refused to touch any of them, and had accompanied her refusal with contumelious expressions which had seriously offended many of her fellow-women. Her Ladyship would remember that before the passage of the Act there had been formed a benevolent society composed of those who, in the words of JUSTINIAN, "*suffragia sive combustione sive malleis appetunt.*" This society still existed, though with a diminished sphere of usefulness, and its Committee had on more than one occasion remonstrated with the prisoner on her inactivity and lack of loyalty to the fundamental principles of the Cause. It had all been in vain. She might remind the ladies of the jury that under the provisions of the Act two thousand pavilions were built every year, the cost being a first charge on the Consolidated Fund. It was necessary that all these should be duly burnt before the 31st of December of each year, and the combustionists were selected by inspectresses appointed under the Act.

Prisoner. You've got the vote. What do you want to burn things for now?

Mrs. Knightley. The Legislature recognised the high moral value of such burnings and for that reason, as the preamble stated, had decided to perpetuate them and make them part of the normal life of the State.

Police Constable Muttonfist was called by the prosecution. He deposed that when he originally arrested the prisoner she came quietly.

Her Ladyship. Be careful, constable. Are you sure she did not offer to slap your face?

The Witness. No, my lady.

Her Ladyship. Did she not strike you on the chest with her fist?

The Witness. No, nothing of the sort.

Her Ladyship (to the prisoner). You have heard the very serious evidence given against you by the constable. Have you any questions to ask him?

Prisoner (to the witness). If I had slapped you, what would you have done?

The Witness. Lord bless you, I shouldn't have minded. I should have took you just the same.

Her Ladyship. Restrain yourself, witness. Your tone of levity is unbecoming.

The prisoner addressed the Court at great length on her own behalf. She said she quite realised the gravity of breaking the law, but her principles compelled her, and whatever the government might do to her she intended to go on not burning pavilions to the end of her life.

After the Judge had summed up against the prisoner, the jury immediately found her guilty, and she was sentenced to a year's detention in the crater of Vesuvius.

OUR CANDID CRITIC

AT LAST SUNDAY'S CHURCH PARADE.

THE fine weather encouraged a notable display of fashion in the Park on Sunday. Seldom have we seen anything more ridiculous than the figure cut by Lady Southford, who should know by this time that purple doesn't suit her. Mrs. Freischutz called for no particular comment, but her lanky daughter, Baba, should remember her size in shoes before affecting a tight hobble. Colonel Dandrough was hardly less humorous in a tight blue frock coat that would have delighted the heart of GEORGE ROBEX. The Hon. Mrs. Bargess evidently felt the heat, and, had her dress-maker allowed her, would doubtless have patronised a chair. Mrs. Dumbarton Scott was not in good voice, and probably not more than half the people in the Park heard her inform Captain Maddison (whose tie was an insult to the public) that her husband had appendicitis. A ridiculous pug was leading the Countess of Camperdown into all sorts of trouble, and had it taken her right out of the Park it would have shown intelligence as to what is *not* the correct costume for a lady of fifty-five summers. Dear old Lady Titherinton was gambolling among her many friends in a gown of crushed strawberry, while Madame de Bouillon looked especially foolish in a hat that might go far to upset the Entente. There are some necks that make us thankful for the open neck craze. Miss Ponter's is not one of these, and the two Miss Croucher-Brownes should remember that, however shapely theirs may be, Hyde Park at mid-day should not be mistaken either for the Opera House or the Waters of Trouville. Altogether an amusing pageant not without its pathos.

A Boy of the Bulldog Breed.

"In the last two games on the Grange ground, A. S. Nicholson has come to the rescue of the home side. For four innings his average is 2. He has been twice not out."—*Edinburgh Evening Despatch.*

Another Higher Critic.

"An interesting and impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D. His text was taken from the 15th chapter of Corinthians, and the 32nd, 33rd, and 34th verses. He dealt with it in his own inimical way."—*North Herts Mail.*

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX.

(A feature we miss at the Imperial Services Exhibition.)



THE LATEST CONFERENCE AT THE WAR OFFICE TO DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF OFFICERS' PAY.



AUTHORITIES FROM THE WAR OFFICE IN THE ACT OF REALIZING THAT AEROPLANES CAN FLY.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

FOLLOW NOTABLE PEOPLE ABOUT AT PUBLIC FUNCTIONS (ASCOT, FOR INSTANCE) AND, AS THEY ARRIVE WITHIN RANGE OF THE SNAP-SHOOTER, ADROITLY CONTRIVE TO BE IN THE PICTURE, SO AS TO APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPERS UNDER THE HEADING, "THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DUMPSHIRE AND FRIEND!"

A TEMPLE FLOWER-SHOW.

Not to go to the Temple Gardens on one of these summer evenings to see the Temple Flower Show is to miss a feature of the London season. Even though you dress in your best and fill your pockets with gold, you will not find it easy to get inside the gardens; the fuller your purse and the more glorious your raiment, the greater will be your difficulty in gaining admission. The Benchers have in effect ruled that unless you are something under five feet tall, with clothes whose glory has departed from them, and with nothing in your pockets but bits of string, cigarette pictures, portions of knives and pencils, tin boxes, odd buttons and treasures of that kind, you must stay without. But you can see through, and the whole show is visible to anybody who does not mind keeping his nose close against the railings.

Most of the flowers are wild. A splendid crop of scarlet runners is on view. One evening last week, I saw one of them hit a four perilously near to a K.C.'s window, and he ran them out as if a policeman were behind him. You will see climbers in great variety; it is one porter's work to keep them from going up the bank after the fuchsias and geraniums. I caught sight of a very pretty little creeping Jenny taking cover behind a big tree on her

way "home," while her pursuer sought her in an altogether wrong direction; and all this, remember, within sight and sound of the L. C. C. trams.

"Rowsie, come 'ere, you norty girl, 'relse the gentleman 'll 'ave you," called a mother's help to her charge; and thus I learned that one of the most fascinating exhibits was a rose. Ladies' slippers were not so plentiful as might have been expected, the reason being that to run barefoot upon the grass is the pleasantest way. But away from the groups, in a corner by herself, surrounded, no doubt, by fairies which she alone could see, there was a little pink columbine, or my eyes deceived me!

Most of them are wild flowers, as I have said. There are a few of the more delicate kind, a little sickly-looking, wanting care; but the more they appear in this Temple show the wilder they will become.

A little before seven o'clock is a good time to walk from Fleet Street through the Temple to see the show; do not make it much later for fear that bedding-out time should come and cut you off from your enjoyment of the flowers.

"A lady's gold watch, between Drostly Arch and Training College. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to the Penny Mail office."

Grocott's Penny Mail (Grahamstown).

Not sufficient reward for us.

THE RUNNER-UP;

OR, THE RIGHT WAY TO TAKE IT.

SHE moved to music up the aisle;
He tried to weep and had to smile.

He stooped and touched her bridal train,
Yet in his heart he felt no pain.

He heard her promise to obey
And knew 'twould be the other way,

And clasped his hands in silent prayer
For poor Augustus standing there.

Her heavy father's heavier wit
He bore as if he relished it,

And drinking deep of doubtful fizz
(At subsequent festivities)

He thought: "This courage in defeat
May seem inhuman; it is meet

That I should suffer for her sake
Some more or less authentic ache—
'Two slices, please, of wedding-cake!"

"Piano for sale; would suit beginner; also handy D. B. Hammerless Gun."

Belfast Evening Telegraph.

The latter for the beginner's audience.

"Nothing but Praise. Our 4-course 1s. dinner. Grotto Café."

Manchester Guardian.

A too unsubstantial meal.



ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.

[With Mr. Punch's respectful welcome to the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 16.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, whose sympathies are as wide as his views are impartial, is elate at new turn of Opposition campaign. Never since Parliamentary history was written has a belated Opposition, weakened by internal dissension, had such stroke of luck as beneficent Fortune cast in its way in connection with Marconi business. Their management of unexpected opportunity was equal to its unexampled greatness. By skilful nursing, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand grew to a magnitude that bleakly overshadowed a Ministry which, achieving the GERMAN EMPEROR's desire for his country, had long kept its place in the sun.

But, as SARK shrewdly points out, "We can't go on for ever or even for rest of session harping on one string. In forthcoming debate the Marconi affair will reach its climax. To persist in trotting it out would have effect of spoiling excellent game. The West End draper having by dint of bold advertisement done a fine thing in Spring goods doesn't continue to exhibit them through June and July. He has a clearance sale, and with necessary but slight alteration in text of advertisement brings out his Summer goods. Politicians not behind West End drapers in business aptitude. Marconi played out. Very well. Play in something else.

"And they've got it. It's oil—



A shaft from ARCHER-SHEE.

alleged fraudulent dealing in contracts for supply of oil for British Navy. That, as LATIMER remarked in quite another connection, may be counted upon to light a candle in England that

will burn up anything left of Ministry after devastating result of what may be called Marconigrams."

During past ten days been rumbling fire indicative of attack on Government from this direction. To-night ARCHER-SHEE makes determined reconnaissance. Invites PRIME MINISTER to appoint Committee to examine books of stockbroker who took advantage of native simplicity of Master of ELIBANK "with view of ascertaining whether investments of Party Funds had been made in shares of Mexican Eagle Oil Company." Gallant Major explained that he was concerned by fact that this Company "had had and was now in contractual relations with His MAJESTY's Government."

PREMIER gave one of the short but



The HOME SECRETARY moves the Second Reading.

circumstantial answers that don't always turn away intelligent curiosity.

"There is," he said, "no foundation for story of investment of Party funds. There has not been," he added, "and is not now any contract between the Government and the Mexican Eagle Oil Company."

In ordinary business assembly that would seem to knock the bottom out of newly projected enterprise.

"HERBERT H.," says SARK, "is much simpler than he looks if he thinks he has even temporarily checked the new hunt."

Business done.—Second reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill moved by HOME SECRETARY.

Tuesday.—"Mr. GLADSTONE!"

House half-startled to hear again echoing through the chamber name familiar in it for more than a generation. It was the SPEAKER calling upon Member for Kilmarnock to follow

PREMIER in debate on Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill.

In response there rose from bench at



A FRIEND OF COMPROMISE. (Mr. W. G. GLADSTONE.)

his right hand a tall figure. It bore no personal resemblance to the illustrious statesman asleep in Westminster Abbey these fifteen years. Nor was there anything recognisable in the tone of voice or manner of speech. The latter unilluminated by any spark of fire of eloquence that glowed round the orations of his grandsire, especially when there was a Church to be disestablished and disendowed. The House, fairly full, listened attentively to a modestly planned, quietly phrased, well reasoned speech, which obviously carried with it the weight of sincerity and honest conviction.



THE MINORITY REPORT. (Lord ROBERT CRIL.)

Opponents of Bill had hoped much from the prospect, at one time promising, of having a GLADSTONE on their side. When it was introduced last session Member for Kilmarnock caused

surprise and mortification in Ministerial camp by frank criticism. He regarded the measure as too relentless in its destructive-provisions. Something like a Cave was then formed. If its inmates were still active and would go the length of voting against Second Reading Ministerial majority would suffer useful set-back.

GLADSTONE speedily undeceived them. The compromise he and his friends suggested last year had been rendered impossible.

"The attitude of those representing the Church on the other side of the House," he said, "has been one of taking everything and giving nothing. As friends of compromise we are bound to do what we can against the Party most opposed to compromise."

So the Cave crumbled in, and the Moderates going into Division Lobby, with the Government kept their majority up to ninety-nine—"99 in the shade" of the Marconi muddle.

Business done.—Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—After two nights' debate House, by majority of 78, having heard statements made by ATTORNEY-GENERAL and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER in reference to purchase of shares in American Marconi Company, "accepts their expressions of regret that such purchases were made and that they were not mentioned in the debate on October 11 last, acquits them of acting otherwise than in good faith, and reprobates the charges of corruption brought against Ministers, which have been proved to be wholly false."

Strategic move indicated by this resolution started yesterday, when BUCKMASTER, following LORD BOB, still implacable in hostile criticism, moved amendment to resolution submitted by GEORGE CAVE on behalf of Opposition. Exultant shout went up from crowded Ministerial benches. It meant deliverance from grave dilemma. Opposition resolution cleverly couched in form designed to net Ministerial bird. As far as it went it probably broadly represented general opinion. Whilst regretting the Stock Exchange transactions of ATTORNEY-GENERAL and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER it lamented "lack of frankness in their communications to the House."

Difficult for Liberals to plump a negative against declaration thus moderately set forth. But Parliamentary strategy is a game at which two can

play. CAVE's card, at first sight bound to win the trick, was trumped by RYLAND ADKINS's with above result.

BONNER LAW's good generalship in selection of ground of attack followed up by admirable choice of Captain to lead it. GEORGE CAVE, a name not familiar to readers of Parliamentary reports, is one of most precious assets of Opposition in the Commons. Certain to obtain high office in next Unionist Ministry whenever, by whomsoever, formed. His speech justified his reputation for lucid argument presented in judicial form and manner.



THE AMENDE.

(SIR RUFUS ISAACS and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.)

Excellent effect partly nullified by HELMSLEY's performance in seconding motion. Whilst audience, thronged from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery, waited for the accused to offer their defence, the virulent VISCOUNT, with assistance of portentous bundles of manuscript, stumbled along for three-quarters of an hour saying nothing with wearisome iteration of phrases.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL's speech, when at length he found opportunity to make it, was set in a minor key. For one who, as he said in an eloquent passage, had for a period of eight months daily lived among his fellow-men, "conscious of the pointed forefinger" his manner was a little mild. LLOYD GEORGE, following, whilst equally submissive and regretful in

acknowledgment of mistakes made, was in more militant mood.

In opening sentence it seemed as if he proposed to carry the war into the enemy's country. Confession of desire to "examine the traditions of the past with reference to the private connection of Ministers of the Crown with trading companies holding contractual relations with the Government" seemed naturally to prelude citation of leading case set forth in *Hansard*, reporting debate on Address in session of 1903. There it was alleged, and not contradicted, that of

Government of the day thirty-three Members, including eighteen Cabinet Ministers, held between them sixty-eight directorships.

On reflection the CHANCELLOR sheared off, content to remain on the defensive.

To-day manœuvring for a place takes fresh turn. It was PRINCE ARTHUR who, in emergency re-asserting his natural place as Leader of Opposition, showed the way. In speech equal to highest effort of former days he suggested that a form of words should be adopted permitting unanimous acceptance. PREMIER eagerly held out hand to seize the olive branch extended across the table. There were consultations on Treasury Bench and in his private room. New amendment finally drafted, but, since it did not express regret of the House at conduct of Ministers inculpated, BONNER LAW would have none of it.

Accordingly, amid scene of intense excitement, House divided; Resolution quoted above was carried and will be entered on Journals of House.

Business done.—Marconi Committee's.

A "Circle" Train.

"A special train carrying police and newspaper reporters was rushed to the spot, and approaching the robbers quietly in the long grass, surrounded them."

Daily News and Leader.

"Referring to the purchase of American shares by Ministers, Lord Robert Cecil's daff report says:—"*Yorkshire Post.*

And a Tory paper too!

"GUARDS PETROL ASCOT COURSE."

Evening Telegraph and Post.

What is the Guards' grievance?

"Since the opening in 1898 of the Deptford baths and washhouses it has not been necessary to purchase a fresh supply of towels."

Evening News.

This sounds bad for Deptford.



HARD TO PLEASE.

Local Busybody (as new residents pass). "AWFUL PEOPLE, MY DEAR. THE MOTHER! SO DREADFULLY LOUD. I'M QUITE SURE SHE ISN'T A NICE SORT OF PERSON; AND AS FOR THE DAUGHTER——"

Vicar's Wife. "WELL, SHE LOOKS A NICE QUIET LITTLE THING."

Busybody. "MY DEAR, THAT'S JUST IT. I DETEST THOSE QUIET PEOPLE. STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, YOU KNOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I SUPPOSE the Novel with a Purpose to be infinitely the most difficult of any form of fiction to bring to a successful issue. It is so hard to mould a piece of special pleading into the shape of art. One remembers, for example, that unhappy work, *Danesbury House*, a story in which character and plot are alike submerged beneath a flood of alcohol. Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL has been more fortunate. Her *Story of Mary Dunne* (MURRAY) never makes the mistake of sacrificing probability to purpose; and the result is a tale all the more moving for its careful simplicity. Much of what the writer wished to bring about, in the way of punishment for the scoundrels whose victims are the *Mary Dunes* of real life, has already been done by recent legislation; but the work is by no means over. I have spoken of the book as designedly simple; its action is confined almost entirely to three characters, *Mary Dunne* herself, her peasant-lover *Mat*, and old *Father Delaney*, the parish priest, whose simple credulity in obtaining for his protégée a situation in England and handing over the girl to a plausible stranger is the innocent cause of her tragedy. Even Mrs. BLUNDELL has written no more poignant scenes than that in which poor *Father Delaney* tries (and fails) to tell the story of *Mary's* fate to her uncomprehending mother. I felt when reading it an emotion of reverence for the writer

who has placed such gifts at the service of a noble cause; it is a contribution that can hardly fail of its effect.

Before I read Dr. FITCHETT's story of Australia in the making, *The New World of the South* (SMITH, ELDER), I was, whether I knew it or not, at the mercy of any enquiring child who cared to cross-examine me on the subject. Had one of these dread searchers after truth asked me how, why, or even when, we managed to attach a continent to our Empire, I should have resorted to a subterfuge and referred him back to his school-boy stories of the bush, advising him that in this instance the truth was duller than fiction. As usual in such cases I should have been hopelessly inaccurate; for the story of Major JOHNSTON alone, a man who crushed one insurrection in 1804 and carried out another on his own account in 1808, leaves the average fictitious hero standing, and the tales the learned author has to tell of the actual careers of the bushrangers are quite as startling as anything that has been imagined of them. I approached the work with some reluctance, as being confessedly historical and matter of fact; but in supposing that I had something to contend with I reckoned without Dr. FITCHETT. He has done all the contending, to produce ultimately a book of the size and price of a novel and also as easily read and digested. The dates and the statistics are there, but are kept well in control. If it is an Englishman's duty to his Empire to get to know it

thoroughly, and his duty to himself to do so in the most comfortable way, here is the opportunity to begin or, as the case may be, to finish.

Having myself a nice taste in short stories, I was especially glad to welcome so choice a collection of them as this that Mr. FRANK HARRIS has made under the title of *Unpath'd Waters* (LANE). The author has long been known as among the very few English masters of this medium, and you will not have read one of the present series without becoming happily aware that his hand has not lost its cunning. There is a fine variety of styles and subjects, but in each the same sense of distinction. Probably only the reticence of its treatment saves the first, "The Miracle of the Stignata," from the risk of giving offense; granted the situation, it is handled with exquisite tact and delicacy. I have, however, a personal preference for the stories in which Mr. HARRIS can give free play to his somewhat caustic humour. Perhaps the best of these is "An English Saint," in which the progress of a good-looking fool, *Gerald Lawrence*, from being a nonentity at Harrow and Lincoln (under the mastership of *Luke Rattison*) to a position of fame and emolument in the Anglican Church, is traced with an irony none the less effective for its restraint. In one particular, it may be noticed, Mr. HARRIS displays a startling lack of this virtue. His employment of real names and easily recognised personalities is almost imperial in its disregard for convention. But, of course, this only adds to the fun. There are plenty of good things in the book, selected, as the catalogues say, to suit all tastes; I can only hope that there may be many more from the same factory

In one respect, at any rate, *The Law-Bringers* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is not short measure, for it is nearly four hundred pages in length, and has about fifty lines on a page. Mr. G. B. LANCASTER is also lavish of hyphens; from curiosity I counted the crop on page 23 until I came to "fine-tooth-combs" and did not know whether it ought to be recorded as a single or as a brace. The book is concerned with the lives of the Royal North-West Mounted Police of Canada, and so plentiful are the dangers through which the two heroes have to pass that it is greatly to the author's credit to have preserved them to the end. Relief, however, from the prevailing atmosphere of jeopardy is provided in the contrast between the characters of *Tempest* and *Heriot*; indeed, I cannot help thinking that Mr. LANCASTER is most in his element as a psychologist. *Tempest*, with his terrific love for Canada, is a most admirable study, and attracted me more by the workings of his mind than by his feats of physical endurance. Nevertheless, we are given so many hairbreadth escapes that readers who like their heroes to exercise themselves solely between the frying-pan and the fire must not be alarmed by my advertisement of Mr. LANCASTER's analytical gifts.

Family spectres may always look to me for a cheery welcome, and when I found that a brown dog was in the habit of appearing to the *Holts* at disastrous crises in their lives I settled down to an earnest perusal of Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE's *The Strength of the Hills* (STANLEY PAUL), for which, on the whole, I think I may say the merits of the story rewarded me. There are dull patches in the book, but not so many as to cause a reader to regret having allowed himself to make the trip to Yorkshire, personally conducted by Mr. SUTCLIFFE, who by this time has established as clear a title to the Haworth Moorland as the *Holts* had to Eller Beck Mead. *The Strength of the Hills* is the old, but always readable, story of the sport-loving son who turns his back on sport and goes to work at an uncongenial but profitable task in order to wipe off a debt of honour bequeathed to him by his dead father. When *Squire Holt*, having duly seen the brown dog, passed from this world, his son *Roger*, though not knowing shallons from plainbacks, which, as I need scarcely tell you, is like not knowing tummits from oats, built a mill on Eller Beck



Globe-trotter (from U.S.A., doing Europe). "SAY, WILLIE, WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS BLAMED COUNTRY?"

Mead, and did so uncommonly well out of the shallons that the debt of honour was paid off almost before he knew where he was. And, after all, for a young man of *Roger's* militant nature, there are worse lives. At any moment rioters may come and besiege your mill and have to be dispersed with guns. The description of the siege of Eller Beck mill was too brief for my taste. It is one of the best things in the book, and I should have liked to linger over it.

I think that Miss GREENWOOD, when she surveyed her study of

Horace Walpole's World (BELL), suspected some inadequacy in her treatment, for she has given her book the alternative title of *A Sketch of Whig Society under George III.*; but even as a "sketch" her book is hardly justified. She has written certain amusing and well-informed essays on such subjects as "The Ministers of George III.," "Society in France," "Horry's Duchesses," and then clamped them together between two handsome blue covers. These essays, however, obstinately refuse to catch either the master of Strawberry Hill or his world. To anyone who knows nothing of this period very little solid ground is here to be obtained, whilst for anyone who knows a good deal there is no fresh discovery nor novel interpretation. I fancy that Miss GREENWOOD has been worried by the brilliance, the shining humour and vitality of the famous Letters and has found so much that is entertaining that she has been bewildered and has lost the central theme that would have welded her sketches together. Her pages are never dull, but they have not, at the end, quite justified their existence. "HORRY" has, I think, eluded her, and, smiling, has remained always just outside her vision. A word of praise must be given to the excellent illustrations. I like especially the frontispiece, which shows us the subject of the book more truthfully and with a finer gaiety than all Miss GREENWOOD's pages.



MARCONI ECHOES.

It was Henley, and the luncheon-interval drew drowsily to a close.

On the flowery deck of a houseboat, side by side—indeed they had paired for the day—sat two of our statesmen, full of meat and drink, and in a state of content which had dulled the last lingering doubt as to whether the Legislature would be able to carry on without them.

"I wish," said the Radical, fanning himself with a copy of the anti-gambling *Daily News*,—"I wish I could get someone to give me decent odds against New College for the Grand."

"My dear fellow," said the Tory, "nobody bets at Henley. It is one of the few purely sporting meetings left to this nation of sportsmen. You must have been reading the Majority Report of the Marconi Committee. It's all for gambling among politicians. In future any Minister has only got to say that he's been having a flutter on the Stock Exchange and he becomes entitled to a bucket of FALCONER'S best."

"I don't see why Ministers shouldn't gamble if they want to. What have their private affairs to do with their public duties?"

"Well, we pay some of them £5,000 a year not to."

"No, we don't. We pay them salaries for the work they do. You'll tell me next that a Minister mustn't marry because marriage is notoriously a lottery."

"But you wouldn't have approved if HALDANE, say, when he was at the War Office, had married the daughter of an Army Contractor, would you?"

"No; but then I couldn't have endured to see him marry anybody. To me, he is the perfect type of celibacy—a lesson to us all!"

"But seriously—we'll grant that your speculating friends in the Cabinet meant no harm, but mightn't they have been a little more frank about it all?"

"But they *were* frank. They admitted their mistake when they saw what a mess it had got them into. But at the time—on October 11th—they naturally wanted to avoid the very *appearance* of evil. Appearances, as you know, are so deceptive."

"I noticed, by the way," said the Tory, "that, though these Members confessed a sort of regret for their errors,

it was given out that, if a majority of the House expressed itself as sharing that regret, they were prepared to resign. How do you explain that?"

"Oh, a very natural and pardonable vanity. They wouldn't care to have their own original views appropriated by a lot of other people. Besides, when I cry *Peccavi*, I don't want you to answer, 'So you have; I thoroughly agree with you.' On the contrary, I expect you to say, 'Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all.'"

"Which is practically what the majority of the House *did* say. However, that chapter is closed as far as Parliamentary verdicts go. But I will just add this parting thrust. When the rest of the scandal has blown over, LLOYD GEORGE ought still to find his position rather embarrassing. I don't care whether he gambles in American Marconis or Sumatra Rubber; the point is that you can't preach from pulpits about the horrors of unearned increment after you've been doing a deal in speculative stock yourself. Unless, of course, he wants to illustrate his discourses with an awful example in his own person."

"But why," asked the Radical, "should you insist on his practising what he preaches? Give me a man of principles, I say, who knows how to lay down the law; and anybody else can carry it out. I never confuse the legislative with the executive function. I agree with BROWNING'S *Ogniben*, who had seen three-and-twenty leaders of revolt. 'Ever judge of men,' he says, 'by their professions and not by their performance; which is half the world's work, interfere as the world needs must, with its accidents and circumstances; the profession was purely the man's own.' No, I have no fears for LLOYD GEORGE'S future. Besides, he wasn't speculating at all; he was investing for keeps. He said so."

"If he meant it for a permanent investment," said the Tory, "he sold out rather soon—a couple of days or so later, wasn't it? But take him at his word and say that he intended this speculative stock to be a source of steady income for himself and family—then, in that case, I find him a shade too guileless. A man who claims to be such a child in business matters is far too beautifully innocent for a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has to conduct the financial affairs of the nation. Hullo! Who's the ancient Pierrot in the punt?"

The Radical turned and saw a strange figure: obviously a sage, by his air of philosophical detachment that contrasted curiously with the gay trappings of masquerade.

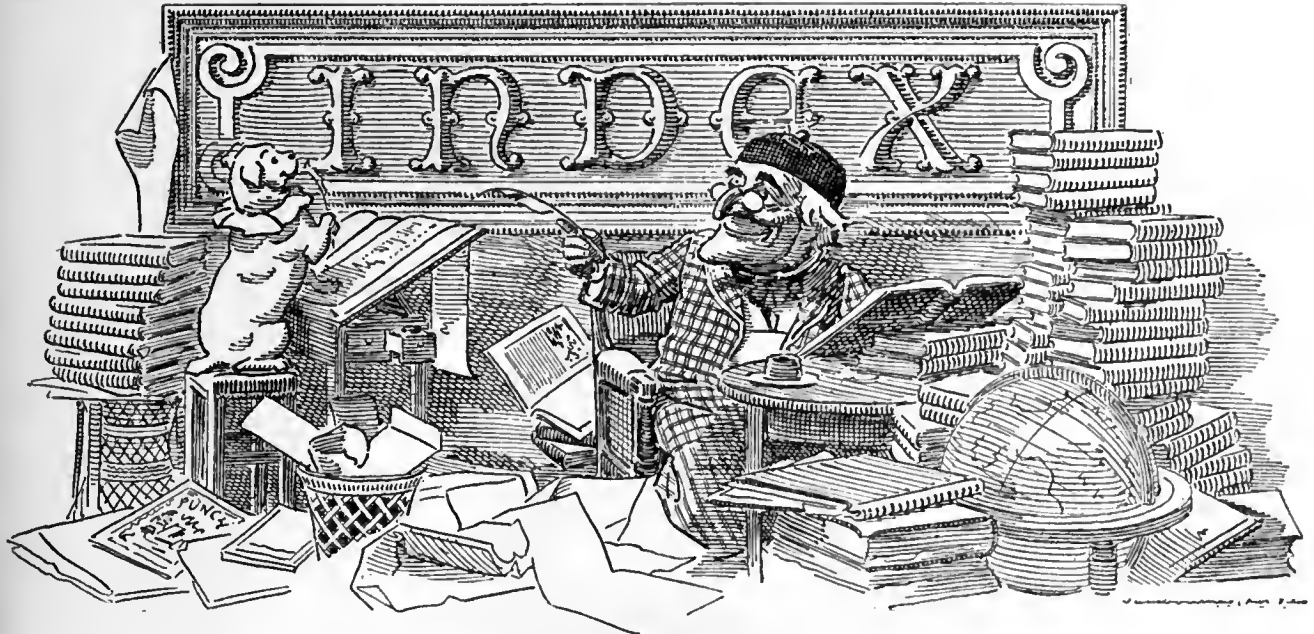
Conscious that he was the object of remark the Pierrot rose and addressed them.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "if I have involuntarily overheard your conversation. I will not intrude upon your political differences, for in these matters I make a point of preserving a nice impartiality. But you were comparing speculation with investment, and here I have strong views of my own. I am in a position to recommend to you something which is at once a sound investment producing high interest and also a speculative venture promising a sharp rise in value. Permit me—"

Thereupon *Mr. Punch* (for his identity now shone very luminously through his disguise) exhibited, amid a murmur of applause from the surrounding pleasure-craft, his

One Hundred and Forty-Fourth Volume."





Cartoons.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|--|-----|
| PARTRIDGE, BERNARD. | | RAVEN-HILL, L. | |
| Barred Out | 423 | Blameless Telegraphy | 495 |
| Blessings of Peace (The) | 163 | "Bunny Hug" (The) | 415 |
| Five Keels to None | 283 | By Favour of the Enemy | 8 |
| For the Spoils! | 483 | China T. Roosevelt | 455 |
| Futurist (The) | 243 | "Father to the Thought" | 315 |
| German Lloyd (The) | 263 | Feather for his Cap (A) | 335 |
| In Honour of Bravo Men Dead | 143 | Finishing Touch (The) | 117 |
| Latest Scandal (The) | 363 | Good Boy of the East (The) | 435 |
| Majesty of the Law (The) | 183 | Grand International (The) | 185 |
| Not Lost but Left Behind | 67 | "Les Beaux Esprits" | 175 |
| One of our Conquerors | 503 | Marconi Octopus (The) | 475 |
| Peace Comes to Town | 403 | Marking Time | 29 |
| Pegasus Appeals | 463 | Ministerial Bank Holiday Dream (A) | 215 |
| Pleasure Deferred (A) | 105 | Modest Request (A) | 255 |
| | | RAVEN-HILL, L. | |
| | | New Cocktail (The) | 195 |
| | | No Effects | 235 |
| | | Professional Jealousy | 205 |
| | | Road Blocked | 355 |
| | | Road Clear | 375 |
| | | Scholar-Poacher (The) | 59 |
| | | Surrey Riviera (The) | 77 |
| | | "Time, Gentlemen, Please!" | 275 |
| | | Under his Master's Eye | 395 |
| | | Who's Afraid? | 47 |
| | | TOWNSEND, F. H. | |
| | | Swan Song (The) | 39 |
| | | Turkey in Wonderland | 21 |

Articles.

| | | | | | | | |
|--|-----|---|-------------------|--|--------------|--|-----|
| ALLEN, F. L. | | DE HAMEL, HERBERT | | GITTINGS, H. W. | | GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V. | |
| Forecast Cards | 186 | Gratuity (The) | 374 | Marjorie on the Turf | 385 | Oce. Verse | 496 |
| Optimist (The) | 369 | Second Chest (The) | 169 | GRAHAM, Captain | | One More Chapter | 178 |
| ARMITAGE, G. W. | | Silent Tear (The) | 242 | Captains Courageous | 322 | Ordeals of the Opulent (The) | 461 |
| Mountain Hare (The) | 282 | Triumph of Method (The) | 366 | GRAVES, C. L., AND LUCAS, E. V. | | Our Personal Column | 342 |
| Turncoat (The) | 262 | ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR | | Advice to Native Composers | 122 | Oxford Intelligence | 161 |
| ATREY, BERTRAM | | Fashion Notes | 302 | Aftermas | 27 | Paving Stones for | 1 |
| Human Handicap (The) | 62 | How to Stimulate Play-going | 354 | All the World's a School | 76 | Pickwick for Paris | 377 |
| BIRD, A. W. | | More Dramatic Combines | 409 | Anti-Touchstones | 258 | Piddle about Penmen | 321 |
| Unexpected (The) | 180 | O.U.D.S. | 123 | Billiard Room (The) | 45 | Rag-Time among the Poets | 178 |
| BISSET, MISS N. D. | | Temporary Companions | 185 | Bleatings about Bookmen | 477 | Red Heads (The) | 70 |
| Nature Knowledge | 329 | EDEN, MRS. | | Books and their Makers | 408 | Rival for Caruso (A) | 421 |
| BREX, J. T. | | Epistle to Thomas Black | 388 | Bryan's Breaches | 402 | Sayings of the Week | 239 |
| London is so Bracing | 177 | Senior Mistress of Blyth (The) | 310 | Charm and wonder of it all (The) | 65 | SI Vieillesse Pomvati | 277 |
| Mr. Punch's Academy Encouragements | 400 | To my Daughter | 459 | Christening of Canberra (The) | 214 | Shop-hop (The) | 10 |
| More Academy Encouragements | 420 | ELIAS, FRANK | | Clarifying Comments | 5 | Teddy and Edwina | 96 |
| Rose Bowl (The) | 99 | By Favour of the Militants | 208 | Coming Kings | 400 | Unsettler (The) | 278 |
| BROWN, C. HILTON | | "Sling a Song of —" | 266 | Confessions of Weakness | 259 | Versatility Champion (The) | 358 |
| Hamlet | 468 | EMANUEL, WALTER | | Conscientious Programme (The) | 474 | Want every Liberal should know | 281 |
| BURNET, W. HODGSON | | Chrivaria .. 2, 19, 37, 57, 75, 95, 193, 273, 298, 313, 333, 353, 373, 393, 413, 433, 453, 473, 493 | | Crenation of the White Elephant | 419 | Will Power | 398 |
| Are we too Busy to Think? | 63 | World of Books (The) | 382 | Disappearing Gentlemen | 181 | Winter Sportsman (The) | 295 |
| Family "Agreement" (A) | 149 | FISH, W. W. BLAIR | | Dramatic News | 258 | Wonders will never cease | 446 |
| More Concessions | 123 | After Long Years | 130 | Easter Bonnet (The) | 229 | GORE, JOHN | |
| CHALMERS, P. R. | | By the Opposite Route | 26 | English Barbs and American Reviewers | 58 | Third-Single Combat | 110 |
| Chosen Saint (A) | 63 | Cheekmating Time | 320 | Flash of Summer (A) | 100 | GREY, G. DUNCAN | |
| Cowslip Wine | 367 | Cult of the really Heroic | 410 | Flights of Fancy | 299 | On a Friend of My Wife's | 190 |
| Cuckoo (The) | 280 | Emporium Sports | 194 | Further Glimpses of Carlyle | 437 | HASLAM, RALPH | |
| Father Thames | 427 | Home Thoughts of Abroad | 833 | Great Contest of Wits (A) | 198 | Pido | 51 |
| Flighting | 27 | How to Decline | 378 | Great Tube (The) | 457 | Rupert | 80 |
| I'd have a Dairy | 802 | Love and a Licking | 368 | How to Fill the Speco | 353 | HODGKINSON, T. | |
| IF Flowers had Ghosts | 269 | Mr. Punch in the Past 427, 441, 458, 478 | | Hullo, Waltz-Time! | 43 | Before the Turney | 289 |
| In the Beginning | 112 | True Knights-Errant (The) | 274 | Indiscretions of Mr. Blaise (The) | 818 | Calculated Argument | 488 |
| Lass I Love (The) | 239 | FOWLER, P. A. | | Jilted Nut (The) | 157 | Diagnosis (The) | 306 |
| Lurcher (A) | 254 | Comrades in Distress | 168 | Joints in the Armour | 318 | Farewell to Poetry | 317 |
| Old House (An) | 350 | Spring Victim (A) | 328 | Letters that help us | 202 | Insoluble Problem (An) | 348 |
| Real Turtle | 228 | FRENCH, C. O. | | Literary Gossip | 260 | Man's Last Word (A) | 197 |
| Snapdragon | 13 | Alb | 490 | Literary Notes | 104 | Picture with a Message (A) | 92 |
| Thirty Minutes Late | 389 | Fight for Freedom (A) | 846 | Looking Forward | 248 | HORNE, P. P. | |
| To an Elderly Female | 87 | Our Courtship Column | 38 | Marvels of the Metropolis | 480 | Literary Notes | 278 |
| Unicorn Story (A) | 201 | Silk Umbrella (The) | 158 | Millennial Meetings | 41 | HICKNES, J. F. | |
| With the Mule-Train | 171 | GARVEY, MISS INA | | Ministerial Minstrels | 139 | Unrest in the Cricket Field | 418 |
| CRESWELL, BULKELEY | | Blanche's Letters | 20, 237, 438, 494 | Mr. Porker v. Mr. Mardon | 140 | HUGHES, C. E. | |
| Fair Field (A) | 206 | Character-and-Destiny Chats | 2 | Much-needed Reform (A) | 499 | Hole Story (The) | 368 |
| "In the Spring" | 227 | Interview with our First Prize "Boblet" Winner | 138 | Musical Notes | 82, 209, 378 | INGE, CHAS. | |
| DEANE, Canon A. O. | | Suffrage Comedietta (A) | 188 | Musings from Morecambe | 359 | When War becomes Impossible | 154 |
| Transformation Scene (A) | 46 | | | Nice People (The) | 84 | JEFFRIES, J. M. N. | |
| | | | | No Replies Needed | 159 | Anglo-French Misunderstanding | 420 |
| | | | | Non Omnia Possumus Omnes | 430 | | |

Articles—continued.

| | | | |
|---|---|--|---|
| JENKINS, ERNEST Information..... 234 It's an Ill Wind..... 247 Latest from the Hives..... 422 Spring Sports..... 288 Temple Flower Show (A)..... 502 Truth out at Last (The)..... 122 | LANGLEY, F. O. Half and Half..... 230 Hors de Combat..... 428 Joyful Occasion (A)..... 14 Local Influence..... 52 Love in a Heat Wave..... 448 Motor-Bus Handicap..... 306 Past and Present..... 194 "Per Pro"..... 64 Pride and the Fall..... 110 Professional Remover (The)..... 92 Return (The)..... 368 Safe Bind, Safe Find..... 146 Vernal Equinox (The)..... 236 | MILNE, A. A. At the Play..... 15, 238 Getting Married..... 314, 340, 360, 380 Insurance Act (An)..... 268 "Happy Island" (The)..... 280 Landscape Gardener (The)..... 210 Mr. Punch's Didactic Novels..... 424 More Successful Lives..... 6, 24, 42 On the Bat's Back..... 394 Tragedy in Little (A)..... 240 William's Secret..... 300 Winter Sport 102, 116, 134, 160, 180, 200 "Within the Law"..... 440 | SEAMAN, OWEN. Marconi Echoes..... 509 Penance..... 174 Premier and the Bird (The)..... 20 Sitting Bard (The)..... 454 Thoughts on Spring Trousersings..... 291 To a very Ordinary Man..... 434 To Richard, a Minor Poet..... 354 Two on the Adriatic..... 374 |
| JOHNSTON, ALEC Address (The)..... 267 Cure (The)..... 488 | LAWSON, A. GORDON Blackleg's Conversion (The)..... 58 Village Scandal..... 469 | MUIB, WARD Hook (The)..... 234 | SMITH, BERTRAM Adjustments..... 240 Cricket Reform..... 217 How to Look on..... 61 Neighbours..... 308 On the Beauty of having Two Dentists..... 270 Origins..... 390 Speeding Up..... 407 Water Right (The)..... 167 Weapon (A)..... 436 |
| KELLY, J. G. Thoughts on looking through a Christmas Account Book..... 16 | LUCAS, E. V. Once upon a Time 249, 251, 281, 298, 323, 341, 425, 447, 459, 479, 496 | OGILVIE, W. H. On receiving an advertisement of Pheasants' Eggs..... 147 | SYKES, A. A. How to Celebrate St. George's Day 327 Insurance against Suffragettes..... 165 Our Booming Trade..... 82 Reflected Glory..... 119 |
| KENDALL, Captain Food of Love (The)..... 397 Futility..... 390 Morning After (The)..... 66 Revival (The)..... 187 Suffering..... 111 Superior Dramatist (The)..... 449 To a Beauty Photographer..... 297 | LUCY, SIR HENRY Essence of Parliament weekly during Session | PAIN, MISS NANCY Birthday Present (The)..... 110 | SYMNS, J. M. Chemist's Dream (The)..... 270 Mem-Sahib (The)..... 490 |
| KNOX, E. G. V. Better Way (The)..... 837 Changeling (The)..... 222 Deferred Stock..... 219 Duel (The)..... 83 Finance and Fashion..... 359 Flutter on the Flat (A)..... 44 For the Sake of the Few..... 379 Forty Winks in Fleet Street..... 442 Hero of the Hour (The)..... 405 In the Teeth of Resistance..... 205 Last Stand (The)..... 182 Merry Hind (The)..... 124 My Play..... 137 Non Bene Relicta..... 279 Ponsonby..... 310 Premature Progress..... 260 Pressed Critique (The)..... 249 Renegade (The)..... 28 Rest Year..... 482 Sacrifice of Paul (The)..... 497 Saved..... 162 Somewhere near Blenheim..... 301 S.P.L.K.S.A. (The)..... 174 Spectre (The)..... 167 Tactful Tenant (The)..... 101 To the Loamers of Light..... 7 Torture (The)..... 41 Two Epitaphs: a Fantasy..... 199 Very Modern Traveller (The)..... 248 Vision (The)..... 402 | LULHAM, HABBERTON "All in a Garden Fair"..... 200 "Smart" Heart (The)..... 212 | PHILLIPS, C. K. Green Jealousy..... 8 Labour Settlement (A)..... 170 | TOMBS, J. S. M. Art and Utility..... 139 Consummation..... 100 Dispassionate Conversation (A)..... 273 Fairy Tale (A)..... 257 Home Lies..... 226 In a City Restaurant..... 91 In my Album..... 108 March of Progress (The)..... 14 Object-Lesson (The)..... 367 Runner-up (The)..... 502 Yvonne..... 207 |
| LERMANN, R. C. Brighter Cricket..... 254 Celebrated Trials 410, 430, 450, 470, 500 Dance (The)..... 89 Family Group (The)..... 112 Fresh Air..... 328 Greek Lambies..... 148 Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires..... 454 Little Bit of Blue (A)..... 208 Maholi Galago..... 842 Moeso-Goths (The)..... 190 Monkey (The)..... 370 Mouse-Trap (The)..... 390 Party (The)..... 26 Question of Pronunciation (A)..... 130 Recanter (The)..... 489 Romance of a Bill of Costs (The)..... 54 Sad Business (A)..... 274 Sofa-dog (The)..... 228 Soliloquy of a Leader..... 241 Visitor (The)..... 198 War (The)..... 294 | MCKAY, HERBERT Long Memory (A)..... 338 | POPE, MISS JESSIE Clue (The)..... 153 Domestic Problem Solved (The)..... 60 High Notes..... 122 Milo Measure (The)..... 79 Post-Impressionist Puff (The)..... 319 Queen of the Road (The)..... 466 Thrush's Song (The)..... 260 Woolcombe Wood again..... 250 | WHITE, E. P. Memoir of a Celebrated Joke..... 37 |
| MARTIN, N. R. Boys of the Day..... 398 Great Cup Tie (The)..... 108 Latest Cuckoo Lore..... 179 Year (The)..... 250 | MARCHBANK, Miss Lang Tryst (A)..... 165 | RISK, R. K. To a Dachshund in Spring-time..... 370 | WHITE, R. F. Another Pathetic Fallacy..... 142 Compensation at Last..... 382 Consummation..... 181 Last and Lost..... 83 Not Cricket..... 354 Our Festal Anniversaries..... 326 Sportsman (The)..... 218 Stronger Links (The)..... 288 Taking the Plunge..... 446 |
| MORROW, GEORGE .. 18, 36, 56, 74, 94, 114, 132, 152, 172, 192, 212, 232, 252, 269, 279, | MORROW, GEORGE .. 292, 305, 306, 312, 319, 325, 326, 345, 346, 352, 358, 365, 366, 381, 385, 401, 412, 417, 432, 445, 446, 465, 466, 472, 485, 486, 491, 505, 506, 508 | RITZENBERG, MAX Fallen Star (The)..... 466 Rose-Time..... 348 | WODEHOUSE, P. G. Charivaria 115, 133, 153, 173, 213, 233, 235 |

Pictures and Sketches.

| | |
|---|---|
| ALLINSON, G. W. 37 | ARMOUR, G. D. .. 17, 35, 73, 93, 113, 131, 151, 197, 229, 249, 271, 289, 309, 327, 349, 369, 391, 427, 467, 481 |
| ARTHUR, EDWIN .. 138 | BAUMER, LEWIS 9, 46, 83, 103, 123, 177, 221, 261, 282, 297, 317, 338, 357, 405, 429, 442, 462, 482, 502 |
| BAYNES, PHILIP 100, 147, 167, 178, 387 | BELCHER, GEORGE .. 281, 321, 341, 409, 447 |
| BIRD, W. .. 109, 198, 233, 253, 278, 298, 332, 372, 386, 413, 431, 473, 487 | BLAIR, ERNEST .. 478 |
| CHENEY, LEO .. 437 | COBR, MISS RUTH .. 378 |
| FRASER, P. .. 158, 398, 452, 492 | GRAVE, CHARLES .. 81, 165, 206, 213, 248, 293, 353, 392, 418, 449, 453, 498 |
| HARRISON, CHARLES .. 54, 150, 311, 411 | HART, FRANK .. 101 |
| HASELDEN, W. K. 34, 72, 90, 120, 121, 150, 210, 226, 268, 288, 330, 350, 408, 426, 448, 498 | HORNE, A. E. .. 159, 179, 318 |
| JENNIS, G. C. .. 141, 241, 479 | KING, GENNING .. 43, 71, 129, 379 |
| LEWIN, F. G. .. 253, 273, 438 | MACPHERSON, D. .. 13 |
| MACWILSON, J. .. 393 | MILLS, A. WALLIS 5, 33, 51, 64, 89, 101, 121, 149, 161, 189, 199, 231, 239, 267, 301, 329, 351, 361, 389, 397, 421, 439, 489 |
| MORROW, GEORGE .. 18, 36, 56, 74, 94, 114, 132, 152, 172, 192, 212, 232, 252, 269, 279, | |



| | |
|--|--|
| MORROW, GEORGE .. 292, 305, 306, 312, 319, 325, 326, 345, 346, 352, 358, 365, 366, 381, 385, 401, 412, 417, 432, 445, 446, 465, 466, 472, 485, 486, 491, 505, 506, 508 | NORRIS, ARTHUR .. 14, 19, 153, 166, 186, 247, 459 |
| PARTRIDGE, BERNARD .. 1 | PEARS, CHARLES .. 57, 227, 407, 461 |
| PRANCE, BERTRAM .. 218 | RAVEN-HILL, L. 15, 16, 66, 84, 124, 142, 181, 202, 242, 262, 272, 302, 331, 342, 382, 402, 425, 510 |
| REYNOLDS, FRANK .. 10, 23, 91, 99, 115, 207, 219, 277, 299, 339, 377, 419 | ROUNTREE, HARRY .. 251, 259 |
| SHEPARD, E. H. .. 15, 27, 111, 119, 139, 192, 205, 217, 257, 371, 451, 458, 501 | SHEPPERSON, C. A. 28, 61, 162, 185, 222, 237, 322, 337, 362, 422, 497 |
| SHORE, E. W. .. 193 | SIMMONS, GRAHAM .. 75, 333 |
| SMITH, A. T. .. 25, 41, 63, 79, 169, 187, 287, 313, 367, 433, 471 | STAMPA, G. L. .. 55, 65, 80, 95, 171, 191, 211, 238, 291, 307, 347, 359, 399 |
| STYCHE, FRANK .. 133 | THORPE, J. H. .. 45, 469 |
| TOWNSEND, F. H. 7, 31, 32, 49, 50, 69, 70, 87, 88, 107, 108, 127, 128, 137, 145, 146, 157, 173, 201, 225, 245, 265, 266, 285, 286, 441, 457, 477, 499 | WATTS, ARTHUR .. 209, 373 |
| WHITE, M. H. .. 406 | |

PUNCH

Vol. CXLV.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1913.

HOMER

THE ILLUSTRATED

AND ANNOTATED

BY

THE

AMERICAN BOOK CONCERN, NEW YORK



The Orange Girl.

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



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



The Loyal Rebels.

COSMETICS: A QUESTION OF TASTE.

He read his *Daily Mail*, as I and you,
 And scanned the question of the moot cosmetic;
 He lent a patient ear to every view,
 The ethic, the eugenic, the æsthetic;
 The revelations shocked him, for, in truth,
 He was a prim variety of youth.

The solemn jeremiads of "M.D."
 And "Anxious Mother" had his approbation;
 The sage that kept his anonymity
 Beneath the veil of "Nature for the Nation"
 Our hero liked. He frankly could not hide
 His scorn of those that took the other side.

His sense of rectitude could never brook
 The shameless pleas of unrepentant ladies;
 To him, they had a Babylonish look;
 He saw the cloven hoof, and thought of Hades;
 Yet the conclusion forced upon his wit
 Was this, that every woman's doing it.

"But no," he cried, "two rosy cheeks at least
 Down to the paint-pot's lure have never knuckled!
 Two ruby lips their charm have ne'er increased
 With specious art!" His love o'erheard, and chuckled.
 She winked a roguish eye, albeit chaste,
 And said, "Dear boy! Ho has no sense of taste!"

THE LIBERAL CLUB NEXT DOOR.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

[If these lines contain an unjust reflection on his neighbours the poet invites some better explanation of the noises proceeding from their kitchen in the small hours of the morning.]

I HAVE a flat, a pleasant flat,
Whose windows look with eyes serene
Across a flowery garden at
The storied Thames; and, in between,
The Council's trams in steady flight
Rumble all day and half the night.

Not these annoy me; I ignore
The dissipated hours they keep;
Indeed, their rather soothing roar
Might rock a happier frame to sleep,
Like to the surf of thundering seas
That pound upon the Hebrides.

But on the other side my bed
Stands where a ruder clamour gains
Access to my recumbent head
And works like madness on my brains,
Coming from kitchens which supply
A Liberal Caravanserai.

Fresh from the Lobby's midnight hum
(Leaving the Welsh Church disen-
dowed)

I picture how these revellers come
And give their orders very loud—
Welsh Rarebit, and a lager beer,
And other strange nocturnal cheer.

And still they feast till nearly morn;
From hour to hour, from chime to
chime,

The chef grows wearier, more forlorn,
With toasting cheeses all the time;
And I must toss about and tear
The remnants of my Tory hair.

This happens when the Party's health
Is but *piano* (thanks to GEORGE);
But what, I ask, will be the wealth
Of Cymric suppers they will gorge
When these Marconi scandals wane
And LLOYD becomes himself again?

Meanwhile I seek the PREMIER'S ear.
Sometimes I think he seems to lack
A proper knowledge, full and clear,
Of what goes on behind his back;
So, for his sake—as well as mine—
I take this frank and open line.

O. S.

"Lost on 31st May, between Elie and
Kilconquhar, smooth-haired Fox Terrier.
Collar round neck."—*East of Fife Record*.
And tail at latter end of body.

"During lunch time Bird took four for 54."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

And yet we grudge these strenuous
athletes their tea interval.

Suggested name for a certain "rare
and refreshing fruit"—the Medlar.

THE COMPROMISE FINE.

I.

R. Fordham, Supervisor of Customs
and Excise, to Murdoch McGavin,
3, Poynings Avenue, Glasgow, N.W.
3rd April, 191-.

I am directed by the Commissioners
of Customs and Excise to acquaint you
that they have ordered legal proceedings
to be instituted against you for KEEPING
A DOG WITHOUT A LICENCE. They have
however authorised me to state that, if
you do not disclaim liability, they are
prepared, having regard to all the cir-
cumstances, and in virtue of the powers
given them by Sect. 35 (1) of the Inland
Revenue Regulation Act, 1890, to stay
proceedings provided you pay forthwith
the sum of FIVE SHILLINGS. I shall
therefore refrain from taking further
steps for ten days from the date of this
letter so as to give you the opportunity
of paying the above amount. If you
avail yourself of that alternative, the
amount should be paid or remitted to
ME within the time named.

II.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
7th April, 191-.

I have your favour of 3rd inst. in-
dicting me for keeping a dog without a
licence, and suggesting that I should
pay a fine of 5s. to stay further pro-
ceedings. It is true that I overlooked
this matter till 17th March, when you
sent me an official inquiry. I then
took out a licence and intimidated the
fact to you. I can only assume that
the charge you make refers to the period
between 2nd Jan. and 17th March.
But as the alleged offence must be
purely a technical one I am at a loss
to understand why you should threaten
me with legal proceedings. It is
perhaps not a wholly irrelevant fact
that my dog died on 27th March, and
that I shall therefore be guilty of keeping
a licence without a dog for fully three-
quarters of the current year. If you
think it necessary to go any further in
this matter, I shall be glad to be
favoured with your observations on
these facts.

P.S.—If I am entitled to a rebate for
the unexpired period of my licence,
perhaps you will be so kind as to refer
me to the proper form.

III.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
10th April, 191-.

In reply to your letter of 7th April, I
may say that there appears to be no
doubt that an offence was committed.
That being so, the Board are acting
leniently in giving you the option of
paying the Compromise Fine.

IV.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
11th April, 191-.

I have to thank you for your letter of
yesterday, and note that you are now
in some doubt whether an offence has
been committed. You say "there
appears to be no doubt," which shows
that there is room for considerable
dubity. In these circumstances I am
sorry I cannot agree with you in your
opinion that the Board is treating me
leniently. In my opinion the Board is
threatening purely vexatious pro-
ceedings against a regular taxpayer,
and the suggestion of a Compromise
Fine seems to come perilously near
compounding an alleged felony. You
have omitted to refer me to the proper
form of application for rebate on the
unexpired period of dog licence, and I
shall be obliged if you will kindly do
this within ten days of the date hereof.
My wife wishes me to add that she
considers it heartless on the part of
your Board to write as you have done
so soon after the death of poor Ponto.

V.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
13th April, 191-.

I have to refer you to my letter of
10th April, advising you that, in the
opinion of the Board, an offence has
been committed. The period allowed
for payment of the Compromise Fine
has now expired, but the Board will
accept the fine if sent within five days
from the date hereof.

VI.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
16th April, 191-.

I have your letter of 13th April and
note contents. I must remind you
that you have neglected, in spite of two
inquiries, to refer me to the proper
form of application for rebate on unex-
pired period of dog licence. This is not
in keeping with the usual courtesy of
your Department. If I am entitled to
repayment there would be a small
balance in my favour, even if the
Compromise Fine were legally exigible,
as I am advised that it is not. I make
out that the difference between three-
fourths of 7s. 6d. and 5s. amounts to 7½d.
This is, of course, without prejudice, and
is not to be founded upon by your Board
as an admission by me of the technical
offence you allege. I shall be glad to
hear from you at your convenience.

VII.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
17th April, 191-.

In reply to your inquiry of yesterday
I have to state that no rebate can be
allowed in respect of any dog-licence.



LANSDOWNE ENTERS THE LISTS.

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]



"NOW HERE, SIR, FOR EIGHTEEN-AND-SIX WE HAVE AN INFALLIBLE——"

"NO, THANKS; NONE OF YOUR HAIR-RESTORERS."

"THEN YOUR BALDNESS BE ON YOUR OWN HEAD, SIR."

The licence permits you to keep one dog at any time during its currency. You have the recourse of getting another dog.

VIII.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
22nd April, 191—.

I have to thank you for your reply to my inquiry, and am surprised to learn that no rebate is allowed in respect of an unexpired dog licence. I do not quite understand your reference to the currency of the dog. I should have thought that the currency of the dog ceased with its death. On this point my wife wishes me to say that she would never think of replacing poor Ponto within a year of his demise, and she is surprised that anyone should suggest such a reproach to his memory.

IX.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
23rd April, 191—.

Unless I receive remittance of FIVE SHILLINGS by return of post I shall understand that you disclaim liability, in which case proceedings will be instituted forthwith.

X.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
6th May, 191—.

The summons with which you threatened me on 23rd April, and which should have been delivered about 26th, has never arrived. As a regular taxpayer I must protest against your dilatory way of conducting the business of your Department.

XI.

The Same to the Same.
15th May, 191—.

I am still awaiting the summons which you promised me would be delivered immediately after your letter of 23rd April. As I am most anxious to have a public opportunity of clearing my character of the unfounded slander which you have laid upon it, I must insist upon receiving the summons within ten days of the date hereof. In the event of your failure to comply with this request, I shall be forced to send a copy of this correspondence to Sir Francis Tribble, Somerset House, and also to *The Times*.

XII.

The Same to the Same.
26th May, 191—.

The ten days' grace mentioned in my letter of 15th May having now elapsed, I must request you to forward a summons by return of post. If you fail to do so, I shall follow the course indicated in my letter, and thereafter institute legal proceedings for defamation of character.

XIII.

R. Fordham to Murdoch McGavin.
27th May, 191—.

The Board instruct me to acquaint you that, in the special circumstances of your case, they do not propose to take any further action. I have to add that no reflection on your character has been intended or could be implied.

XIV.

Murdoch McGavin to R. Fordham.
29th May, 191—.

I accept your apology and, in the special circumstances of your case, have instructed my lawyers to stay proceedings. Kind regards to your Board.

GUN-RUNNING.

THE children of the Opposition Member were congregated on the lawn preparatory to acting their original, topical, pastoral play, entitled *The Gun-Runners*. Harold, aged 11 and a born commander of men, gave his final instructions.

"Now, you're Sir Edward Carson, Reggie. And, Winnie, you're Mr. Redmond. When I——"

"If I'm Mr. Redmond I'm not playing," pouted Winnie. Actresses are like that sometimes.

"Oh! all right, then. Reggie'll have to be Redmond."

"Not me," said Reggie decidedly. "I'm Carson, and don't you forget it." Stern martinet as he was, there were occasions which rendered Harold susceptible to the noblest impulses of self-sacrifice.

"Very well, then. If you're such a couple of kids, I'll be Redmond," he said. "Win, you can be Keir Hardie."

"Why, what's he got to do with it?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Well, why's he in it?"

"Look here, if you're going to be so beastly inquisitive, I won't let you play at all. Who do you want to be, anyway?"

"Lord Roberts," said Winnie.

"I don't see what—"

Oh! well, I daresay we can work him in somehow. Now you see the summer-house in the corner? Well, that's Italy, where the rifles come from. This is England in the middle of the lawn, and that's Ulster by the rockery. You two have got to get the rifles past me and land them in Ulster. See?"

"Oh! that's easy," said Reggie.

"Is it?" replied Mr. Redmond, grimly. "Are you ready? Come on, then." At which command Lord Roberts and Sir Edward Carson raced madly in the direction of Italy and began to stagger heavily back across the Continent under the weight of a long wooden box. Vainly they tried to circumvent Mr. Redmond, sometimes making remarkable circuits *via* Norway and occasionally dodging

"Out of France into Spain,
Over the hills and back again."

At last they found themselves up against it on English soil. Mr. Redmond had actually laid hands upon the

contraband articles. Pointing with incriminating finger at the suspicious object the Home-Ruler cried, "What have you in that box, Sir Edward?"

"Rifles," replied Sir Edward, with commendable promptitude.

"Silly little ass. You don't say 'Rifles'; you say 'Bananas' or 'Pianos.' Anything but 'Rifles'!"

Then he repeated in the imperious voice that suited him so well, "What is in that box, Sir Edward?"

"Croquet mallets. You know they are!"

"I think not, Sir Edward. Kindly let me see inside that case."

"Shan't," replied the learned gentleman stoutly.

"No, don't let him," agreed Lord Roberts, with warmth.

"I would remind you, Sir Edward,

they succeeded easily in dumping their cargo on Ulster territory.

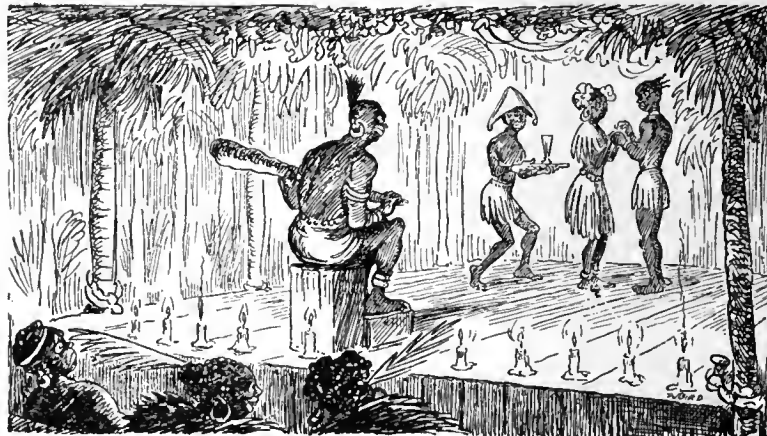
"Well, now that we've got here, what are we going to do with Redmond?" asked Lord Roberts.

"Tie him up and brain him," replied the other bloodthirsty conqueror.

Meekly, with a smile that tried to look sad upon his proud young features, Mr. Redmond submitted to the tying-up process. That done, his captors proceeded to burst open the case and extract a hefty croquet-mallet. Sir Edward, raising this on high, cast a questioning glance at Lord Roberts. The latter, with memories of a certain lavish cinema display, slowly turned her right wrist until the thumb pointed mercilessly downwards. And then, just as the murderous implement was about to fall, a clarion voice caused a sudden stay of execution.

"Stop!" cried the

Father of the players. "I've been watching you all the time. You're doing it entirely wrong. In the first place, why drag in Lord Roberts? Then you should really remember your geography, Harold. You seem to have made no allowances for the North Sea and the Irish Channel. And in this connection the excellence of your main idea is distressingly marred by the reflection that these rifles would never travel by land at all. They would be shipped direct from



PLAYWRIGHTS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES GO TO CHINA (SEE *THE YELLOW JACKET*). THEY MIGHT GO ALSO TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND OF ALMINTO, WHERE A DRAMATIC CRITIC IS ALWAYS ON THE STAGE. IT IS SAID THAT THE HISTORIC ART OF ALMINTO IS REMARKABLE CHIEFLY FOR ITS RESTRAINT.

that the laws of this country expressly forbid——"

What promised to be an excellent sentence, spoken with admirable restraint, was here brought to an abrupt termination. Paterfamilias had made a leisurely but at the same time dramatic appearance at the drawing-room French windows.

It was a mean advantage, but for the sake of the cause Sir Edward felt justified in using the vilest strategy to gain his end. "Look! There's Father!" he shouted, thereby causing Mr. Redmond to turn quickly and for one brief second to forsake his responsibilities. The second was enough for Sir Edward and Lord Roberts. Simultaneously they grabbed the case of rifles.

"Come on, Bobs!" shouted Sir Edward. "Ulster for ever!" And with a superhuman effort they made all speed for Ireland. The Grand Coup was so sudden and so effective that, with their pursuer still yards behind,

Italy, to avoid the risk of confiscation attendant upon the transport of any such consignment across Europe and England. Then to turn from the practical to the moral side. You two victorious invaders—are you going to forget that you are Britons? Would you inflict the death penalty upon Mr. Redmond without so much as a trial?"

A look of uncertainty passed between Sir Edward and Lord Roberts. For a space the fate of Mr. Redmond hung in the balance, until that gentleman himself turned the scale by remarking nono too politely, "Look here, Father! If you think you know more about this business than we do, you'd better come and play Redmond yourself. I'm sick of the part, anyway. Ah! you don't fancy it either. Then please allow us to continue." And, expanding his chest as fully as the cruel bonds would allow, he looked steadily into the eyes of his arch-enemy, and said, "Strike, Carson! Erin go bragh!"



THE CORRECT ATMOSPHERE.

"JUST IN TIME. WE'RE OFF TO SEE MY NEW ALPINE BORDER AT THE TOP OF THE GARDEN. HITCH AUNTIE ON BEHIND YOU, ALEC, AND JODEL WHEN YOU'RE READY."

THE MARVEL OF IT.

(A Rhapsody of Subterranean Travel.)

OH, not the seed of fire I praise
 In busy circuit running round,
 Whenas by labyrinthine ways
 Each morning on the Underground
 I journey—not the infernal skill and not the force profound;

Not all the system vast and strange
 Which shoots us Citywards like peas,
 The "bullet" of impetuous range,
 The lift, the oceanic breeze;

Let mightier bards than I hold forth on such dashed things
 as these.

To simpler phantasies I soar,
 A homely and bucolic theme:
 As through the tunnelled night we roar
 Of flowery pasture-lands I dream
 And the red steers of Hereford knee-deep in some cool stream.

The maze of this mechanic mole
 Affects me not at all. I spy
 The stern-faced ruminants who roll
 On meadow margents of the Wye;
 Theirs is the praise I sing. No other help but theirs is nigh.

For one of these it was, I think,
 A stalwart beast of splendid thews,
 That passed to death from that low brink
 Well loved, and amaranthine chews
 Of the lush grasses, and the wild flowers wet with pearléd
 dews,

And gave a portion of his strong,
 His undefeated epiderm
 To make me my familiar thong,
 Whereunto like a dangled worm

Pendent from first to last—yet still in that strong succour
 firm—

Always I cling. Nor I alone;
 The other day a stoutish chap
 Shared in my labour and my moan,
 Co-dancer on the selfsame strap;

Yet still the tough trapeze availed; we plumped on no
 one's lap.

Small wonder then that I should think
 Fondly on this, and pay no heed
 To larger glories of the "link,"

Its might, its magic and its speed,
 But boom the hide of England's ox, still staunch at
 England's need! EVEN.

"Dalkey's Island, a few hundred miles from the mainland, is an
 ideal spot for picnics."—*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

Herbert (to his wife, who is undoing the hamper): "No,
 dear, I will *not* go back for the mustard. The corkscrew
 last week was different. It was much calmer then."

"According to the calendar Saturday was the longest day in the
 year, the sun rising at 3.26 a.m. and setting at 8.37 p.m. For a
 day or two there will be no apparent difference in the length of the
 days, but of course the change will become more marked with the
 progress of time."—*Belfast News Letter.*

Indeed, as we get near to Christmas it should be quite
 noticeable.

LORDS TEMPORAL.

WE have eight clocks, called after the kind people who gave them to us. Let me introduce you: William, Edward, Muriel, Enid, Alphonse, Percy, Henrietta and John—a large family.

"But how convenient," said Celia. "Exactly one for each room."

"Or two in each corner of the drawing-room. I don't suggest it; I just throw out the idea."

"Which is rejected. How shall we arrange which goes into which room? Let's pick up. I take William for the drawing-room; you take John for your work-room; I take—"

"Not John," I said gently. John is—John overdoes it a trifle. There is too much of John; and he exposes his inside—which is not quite nice.

"Well, whichever you like. Come on, let's begin. William."

As it happened, I particularly wanted William. He has an absolutely noiseless tick, such as is suitable to a room in which work is to be done. I explained this to Celia.

"What you want for the drawing-room," I went on, "is a clock which ticks ostentatiously, so that your visitors may be reminded of the flight of time. Edward is a very loud breather. No guest could fail to notice Edward."

"William," said Celia firmly.

"William has a very delicate interior," I pleaded. "You could never attend to him properly. I have been thinking of William ever since we had him, and I feel that I understand his case."

"Very well," said Celia, with sudden generosity; "Edward. You have William; I have Alphonse for the dining-room; you have John for your bedroom; I have Enid for mine; you—"

"Not John," I said gently. To be frank, John is improper.

"Well, Percy, then."

"Yes, Percy. He is young and fair. He shall sit on the chest-of-drawers and sing to my sock-suspenders."

"Then Henrietta had better go in the spare-room, and Muriel in Jane's."

"Muriel is much too good for Jane," I protested. "Besides, a servant wants an alarm clock to get her up in the morning."

"You forget that Muriel cuckoos. At six o'clock she will cuckoo exactly six times, and at the sixth 'oo' Jane brisks out of bed."

I still felt a little doubtful, because the early morning is a bad time for counting cuckoos, and I didn't see why Jane shouldn't brisk out at the seventh

"oo" by mistake one day. However, Jane is in Celia's department, and if Celia was satisfied I was. Besides, the only other place for Muriel was the bathroom; and there is something about a cuckoo-clock in a bathroom which—well, one wants to be educated up to it.

"And that," said Celia gladly, "leaves the kitchen for John." John, as I think I have said, displays his inside in a lamentable way. There is too much of John.

"If Jane doesn't mind," I added. "She may have been strictly brought up."

"She'll love him. John lacks reserve, but he is a good time-keeper."

And so our eight friends were settled. But, alas, not for long. Our discussion had taken place on the eve of Jane's arrival; and when she turned up next day she brought with her, to our horror, a clock of her own—called, I think, Mother. At any rate, she was fond of it and refused to throw it away.

"And it's got an alarm, so it goes in her bedroom," said Celia, "and Muriel goes into the kitchen. Jane comes from the country, and the cuckoo reminds her of home. That still leaves John eating his head off."

"And, moreover, showing people what happens to it," I added severely. (I think I have already mentioned John's foible.)

"Well, there's only one thing for it; he must go under the spare-room bed."

I tried to imagine John under the spare-room bed.

"Suppose," I said, "we had a nervous visitor . . . and she looked under the bed before getting into it . . . and saw John . . . It is a terrible thought, Celia."

However, that is where he is. It is a lonely life for him, but we shall wind him up every week, and he will think that he is being of service to us. Indeed, he probably imagines that our guests prefer to sleep under the bed.

Now, with John at last arranged for, our family should have been happy; but three days ago I discovered that it was William who was going to be the real trouble. To think of William, the pride of the flock, betraying us!

As you may remember, William lives with me. He presides over the room we call "the library" to visitors and "the master's room" to Jane. He smiles at me when I work. Ordinarily, when I want to know the time, I look at my watch; but the other morning I happened to glance at William. He said "twenty minutes past seven." As I am never at work as early as that, and as my watch said eleven-thirty, I guessed at once that William had

stopped. In the evening—having by that time found the key—I went to wind him up. To my surprise he said "six-twenty-five." I put my ear to his chest and heard his gentle breathing. He was alive and going well. With a murmured apology I set him to the right time . . . and by the morning he was three-quarters of an hour fast.

Unlike John, William is reticent to a degree. With great difficulty I found my way to his insides, and then found that he had practically none to speak of at all. Certainly he had no regulator.

"What shall we do?" I asked Celia.

"Leave him. And then, when you bring your guests in for a smoke, you can say, 'Oh, don't go yet; this clock is five hours and twenty-three minutes fast.'"

"Or six hours and thirty-seven minutes slow. I wonder which would sound better. Anyhow, he is much too beautiful to go under a bed."

So we are leaving him. And when I am in the mood for beauty I look at William's mahogany sides and am soothed into slumber again . . . and when I want to adjust my watch (which always loses a little), I creep under the spare-room bed and consult John. John alone of all our family keeps the correct time, and it is a pity that he alone must live in retirement.

A. A. M.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

UPS AND DOWNS.

ONCE upon a time towards the end of June the birds gathered together to compare notes as to the nesting season. It is a regular habit—a kind of stock-taking.

"And what has been your luck?" the owl asked the plover.

"Half-and-half," said the plover. "My first clutch of eggs—beauties they were, too—were found by a farm boy, and within a couple of days they were in the oesophagus of a pretty actress at the Savoy, at one-and-six a-piece; but I need hardly say," added the plover with a wink, "that it was not the little lady herself who paid for them."

"So I laid again," the plover continued, "and this time we pulled through; and this very morning I've been giving my family a lesson in taking cover. The difficulty is to make them keep their silly little beaks shut when they're in danger: they will *cheep* so, and that, of course, gives the show away. Still, chicks will be chicks, you know."

"Yes, indeed," replied the owl; "but years will put that right only



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

V. DINE AT SMART RESTAURANTS AND FORGET ALL YOU EVER LEARNT OF TABLE MANNERS.

too successfully;" and both birds sighed.

"Yes," said the nightingale to the woodpecker, "I managed capitally. I had a wonderful season. Every night people came to hear me sing; CARUSO and MELBA couldn't have more devoted audiences. We brought up a healthy family, too, with strong musical tendencies. In fact, it wasn't till yesterday that anything went wrong; and that wasn't exactly a calamity, although it hurt me quite a little bit."

"Tell me," said the woodpecker.

"With pleasure," said the nightingale. "It was like this: I was in the hedge just as that nice lady at the Grange came along with her little girl, and the little girl saw me and, as children always do—you've all heard them time and again—asked the mother what that pretty brown bird was called. Now this, you must understand, is the lady who has been leaning out of her window every night all through June just to hear me sing; but what do you think she said to the little girl in reply? 'That brown bird, darling? That's only a sparrow.'"

"You've been as immoral as usual, I suppose?" said the thrush to the cuckoo.

"Quite," said the cuckoo, "if by immorality you mean taking furnished lodgings for my family instead of going in for building and small ownership, like you."

"That's not wholly what I meant," said the thrush. "There's such a thing as taking furnished apartments and paying for them, and such a thing as depositing your family there and never showing up again."

"Still," said the cuckoo, "it's a very small family—only one. Smaller even than a French family."

"I wish, all the same," said the thrush, "you'd tell me why you are so averse from building."

"I don't exactly know," said the cuckoo, "but I think it's fastidiousness. I never can find a site to suit me. Either there's no view, or the water's bad, or I dislike the neighbours; try as I will, I never can settle. So there you are!"

"And who, may I ask," said the thrush, "has had the honour of fostering your illustrious offspring this season?"

"The nuthatch," said the cuckoo; "and she wasn't half disagreeable about it either. While as for her own children, the little pigs, they couldn't have taken

it with less philosophy. Grumbled day and night. My poor boy was jolly glad when he was fledged, I can tell you."

"What are you going to do with him?" the thrush asked.

"I haven't made up my mind," said the cuckoo. "What do you advise?"

"Apprentice him to a builder," said the thrush as he flew away.

Final.

"Mrs. A. P. Payne, General Hospital, will not be at home to-day, owing to her absence from home."—*Brisbane Courier.*

"THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

By One of Them."

From list of contents of "Life and Work." A Mormon minister, we trust.

"The bridal pair motored to the station en route for Hubertusloch, where the honeymoon will be spent, cheered by enormous crowds."—*Cape Times.*

Not our idea of a honeymoon.

"Stevens, who is only twelve years old, has now played four 3-figure innings three of which were centuries, for his school."

Hampstead Advertiser.

Possibly the remaining effort consisted of three singles.

CHARIVARIA.

As a result of the slowness of the Government in appointing a Poet Laureate, we are still without an official Marconi poem recording adequately the famous victory of the Government.

"Lord MURRAY must be very thick-skinned," remarked a Tory the other day. As a matter of fact we believe he now has an oil skin.

The improvement of the road exits from London was foreshadowed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at the first sitting of the International Road Congress. It is hoped that this may make the Government less nervous about going to the Country.

A Berlin paper has started a prize symposium on the question, "Who is the most stupid man in Berlin?" Such is the respect for the bureaucracy there that all the local officials, we understand, are *hors concours*.

It was perhaps a little bit tactless on the part of the gentleman who drew up the *menu* for the Admiralty dinner to the French officers that it should have included "Crème Gerniny."

The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says that congratulations on the occasion of the EMPEROR'S Jubilee from foreign Sovereigns and Heads of states were so numerous that it has been decided not to publish them or the replies. It is hoped that this will put a stop to the nuisance.

Mr. JOHN WILLIAM GRIFFITH, of Shepton Mallet, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday last week, has spent seventy-three years among the cheeses. He gives them the highest character for quietness and general behaviour.

The BRAZILIAN PRESIDENT has sanctioned a decree establishing Greenwich time in Brazil. Over here we still reckon by rag-time.

The conditions prevailing at the famous Sing-Sing prison in New York are declared to be most inhumane, and are to be the subject of enquiry. The matter is an important one, as the

tendency has been of late to get a better class of prisoner there.

"Hen" parties, *The Evening News* tells us, were a feature of Aseot Sunday on the river this year. Fortunately there seems to have been no accident attributable to these boats with no cox.

Mr. HARRY LAUDER preached last week at the Castle Green Congregational Chapel, Bristol. He appears to have been the greatest success, and we can picture the sacred edifice ringing again and again with merry laughter.

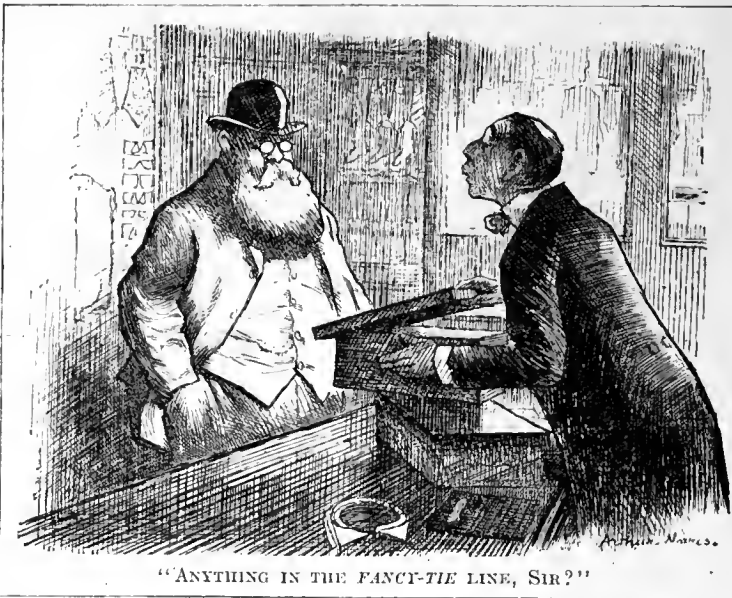
In his speech at the annual dinner of the Associated Booksellers, Mr. HALL CAINE, in referring to the sevenpenny reprints, pointed out that our publishers

NICHOLSON once wrote a novel entitled *The Port of Missing Men*.

No, my child, the Omnibus Box at the Opera House is not the place where the conductor sits.

The art of repartee in this country has received a blow from which it will take it some time to recover. A fire at Swansea Vale Spelter Works last week destroyed 4,000 retorts.

Professor KROMEGGER, of Breslau, predicts that three thousand years hence all males of the human species will be bald-headed. It is a long time since the brush and comb trades have been so depressed.



"ANYTHING IN THE FANCY-TIE LINE, SIR?"

were now giving the public "the masterpieces of literature at the price of a glass of brandy." One of the inevitable drawbacks of success is that one is charged sevenpence for a glass of brandy.

"Why not cow-catchers for race-horses?" suggests a correspondent with the view of minimising the danger of such incidents as took place at Epsom and Aseot.

The demand for Life Guards for Motor Omnibuses continues to be pressed. The War Office, however, is not prepared to risk the lives of these valuable soldiers in such service.

The appointment of Mr. MEREDITH NICHOLSON to the post of American Minister to Portugal seems an appropriate one. Mysterious disappearances of political opponents of the present régime are reported from Lisbon. Mr.

A New Disease.

"Mrs. — stated that her son was a good boy. . . . A little while ago he had tuberculosis of the not only of the bishop and his clergy but also lung."—*Eastbourne Gazette*.

Fortunately "Tuberculosis of the bishop" is very unusual in this country.

The following genuine letter reaches us from an Irish correspondent:—

"To Mr. —
Sir,—I should have sent on the interest to you on the money and am I told that you are dead, and if so please tell me who I am to send it on to but I hope it not true. I be very sorry, and very much oblige.

Yours sincerely, —."

"Queen Victoria Eugenie gave birth to a son this morning."

Irish Independent.

Won't Dr. SALEBY be pleased!

"Can a gentleman recommend a well-mannered boy, strong, good appearance, as Boy-Footman? Age 16; height 6 ft. 7. Town and country."—*Church Times*.

We know plenty of suitable boys but they are all relatively dwarfs.

"Notice is hereby given, that Life Policy No. 15007, issued by the Empire of India Life Assurance Company, Limited, on my life, has been totally destroyed by worms and due notice has been given to the Company.

JOGGASOMER ADHYCARRY."
The Statesman (Calcutta).

Alas, JOGGASOMER'S own turn is coming.

The Language of Convention.

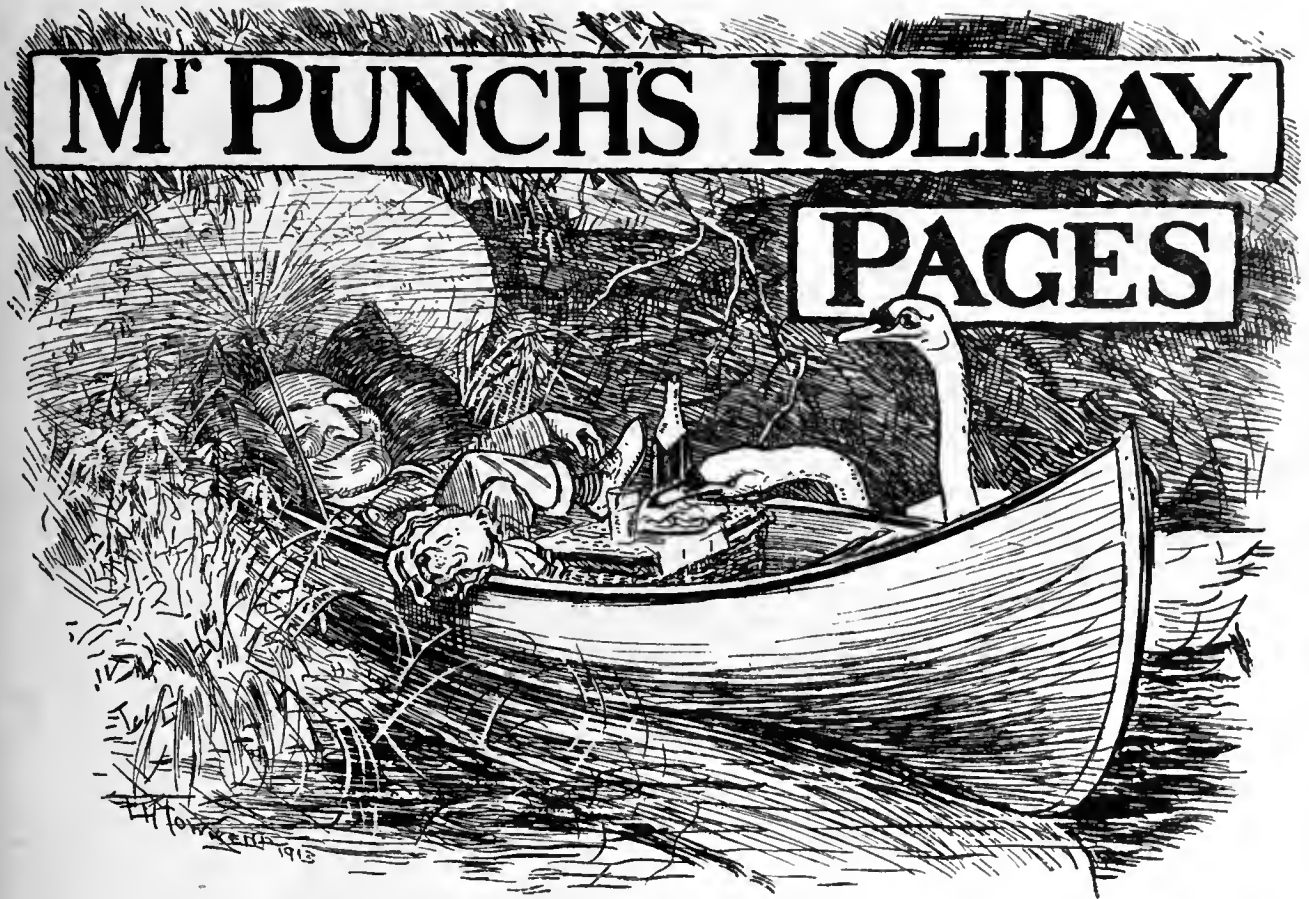
(SCENE—*Drury Lane Theatre, during enigmatical manoeuvres of so-called Tennis Ballet.*)

"*Qui va là?*" says he.

"*Jeux,*" says I, not knowing the language, but pretending to.

M^r PUNCH'S HOLIDAY

PAGES



FROM A RAILWAY-CARRIAGE WINDOW.

WE leave the draggled skirts of town
And pass to meadows, woods and rills,
Gladdened by Nature's spotless gown
And *Gollop's "Get-There" Liver Pills.*

Anon we rest our jaded eyes
On browsing kine and woolly flocks
Grouped in a grassy Paradise
That's labelled *Bloke's Extract of Ox.*

See yonder gently-rising knoll
With daisy-ribbons interlaced;
What message does it bring the soul?
Polish your Boots with Blinky Paste.

A sleeping church, a smiling farm,
An unsophisticated inn,
A crumbling tower, whose ivied charm
Retires before *Juventus Gin*;

A vision of a jewelled dell,
Where Flora lends her *habitat*
To blazon forth the magic spell
Of *Antitum, the Foe of Fat*;

And then the windy heights that slope
Down to the dancing sea; and there
We read the crowning words of hope—
Brinol will Banish Mal-de-Mer.

MODERN FAIRIES.

"THE Fairy Glen" I drew anear;
I'd seldom seen a spot more pleasing
To wearied eye and harassed ear,
Fresh from the town's incessant teasing;
And, seated by the rippling rill,
Watching its eddies' odd vagaries,
I wondered was the valley still
The chosen whereabouts of fairies.

They'll come (I thought) to dance and sing;
Kelpie and gnome and elf and brownie
Will form again the fairy ring
Here where the sward is soft and downy,
Or haply recommence the feast
(Such was my summer-day delusion)
That I feel sure has lately ceased
Owing to my profane intrusion.

I see their traces all around;
With fairy signs the banks bedecked are;
The feast's remains adorn the ground,
Ambrosial crumbs and drops of nectar;
'Tis plain enough the fairy brood
(Witness the way the grass is mottled)
Use paper-bags to hold their food
And much prefer their nectar bottled.

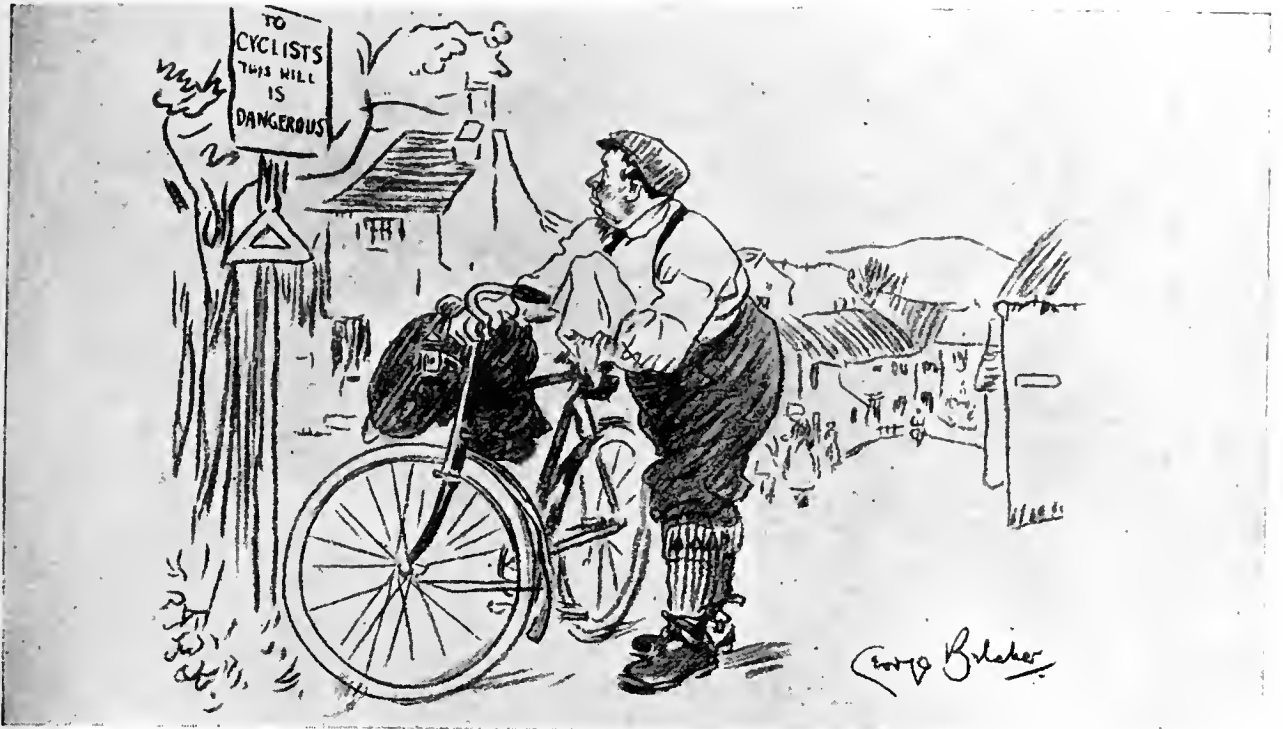


ADVERTISING THE ENEMY.

PAINFUL POSITION OF M.P. RETURNING TO HIS HOTEL IN THE ONLY CLOTHES LEFT HIM AFTER A QUIET BATHE BEHIND THE ROCKS.



Gorgeous Individual (visitor at sea-side, running across resident friend). "THANKS FOR YOUR NOTE, OLD CHAP. I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO DINE WITH YOU TO-NIGHT."
 Friend. "THAT'S GOOD. BY THE WAY, I THINK I SAID, 'COME AS YOU ARE,' BUT DO YOU MIND DRESSING? WE'RE SUCH PLAIN SIMPLE PEOPLE."



Gentleman (who has just climbed the hill). "NEVER WAS A TRUER WORD SPOKEN THAN THAT."



Old Lady. "DOES YOUR HORSE EVER SHY AT MOTORS?"

Cabby. "'LOR' BLESS YER, NO, LADY; 'E DIDN'T EVEN SHY WHEN RAILWAY TRAINS FUST COME IN."



THE FINER POINTS.

The Authority. "AS I EXPLAINED TO 'IM AT THE TIME, A CELLULOID COLLAR IN LODGINGS, WELL AND GOOD; BUT IN A BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT, SUCH AS SEA VIEW, A THOUSAND TIMES NO!"



A REARGUARD ACTION.

Ingoing Batsman (who has been commandeered at the last moment). "ER—HAVEN'T YOU ANOTHER PAIR OF GUARDS? MY LEGS ARE QUITE EXPOSED AT THE BACK."



Irate Major. "WHY DON'T YOU COME AND HELP ME OUT INSTEAD OF STANDING THERE GRINNING LIKE A TYPHOID IDIOT?"
Scout. "I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU WAS TAKING COVER, SIR?"



Owner. "YOU 'LL BE A NEW MAN AFTER THIS, MY BOY."
Feeble Voice. "WELL, THERE ISN'T MUCH OF THE OLD ONE LEFT."



Harold (after a morning's gardening). "I WON'T WASH MY HANDS FOR DINNER, NURSE, THEN I SHALL BE READY FOR GARDENING AGAIN DIRECTLY AFTERWARDS."



She (lecturing him on self-denial). "FOR INSTANCE, WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT A PENNY IN THE MISSIONARY-BOX THAT GIRL IS HANDING ROUND, INSTEAD OF SPENDING IT ON CIGARS?"

[Horror of superfine person whose cigars never cost him less than one-and-sixpence.]



OUR GARDEN SUBURB—ITS DARK SIDE.

Jones (unwarrantably suspecting another unneighbourly action). "ANNIE, JUST RUN NEXT DOOR AND TELL MR. SIMPKINS I AM PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF WATERING MY OWN LAWN, AND I SHALL BE MUCH OBLIGED IF HE WILL HAVE THE DECENCY TO KEEP HIS HORSE PLAYING WITHIN HIS OWN BOUNDARIES."



OUR GARDEN SUBURB—ITS BRIGHT SIDE.

Mr. and Mrs. HOGARTI-JENKINS, 89, Ruskin Close, AND Mr. and Mrs. DERWENT-POTTS, 90, Ruskin Close.
LAWN TENNIS.

AT HOME—July 3rd, 2.30 to 6.

R. S. V. P. to either address.

HOW TO HAVE A THOROUGH CHANGE;
WHICH, IN THE OPINION OF EXPERTS, IS THE ESSENCE OF A HOLIDAY.



THUS, A SOCIETY WOMAN MIGHT GO AS PAYING GUEST TO A COUNTRY VICARAGE.



A YOUNG LADY OF AMOROUS TENDENCIES COULD NOT DO BETTER THAN TAKE ROOMS IN A REMOTE VILLAGE.
+ Youngest male inhabitant.



A GOURMET SHOULD TAKE LODGINGS OVER A TRIFE SHOP AND FEED DOWNSTAIRS.



A MEMBER OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB SHOULD GO BEAN-FEASTING TO EPPING.





where's
Jonah?

THE LIBERAL PLAN



URE-PARTY AT SEA.



HOW TO HAVE A THOROUGH CHANGE.

(Continued.)



THE FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITE SHOULD TRY THE EFFECT OF ABSOLUTE LONELINESS, SAY, SOMEWHERE IN THE ORKNEYS.



THE SPORTING MAN MIGHT SAMPLE THE PLEASURES OF A MONTH AT A HEALTH RESORT.



THE SCOTCH ELDER SHOULD GO INTO RETREAT AT TROUVILLE OR OSTEND,



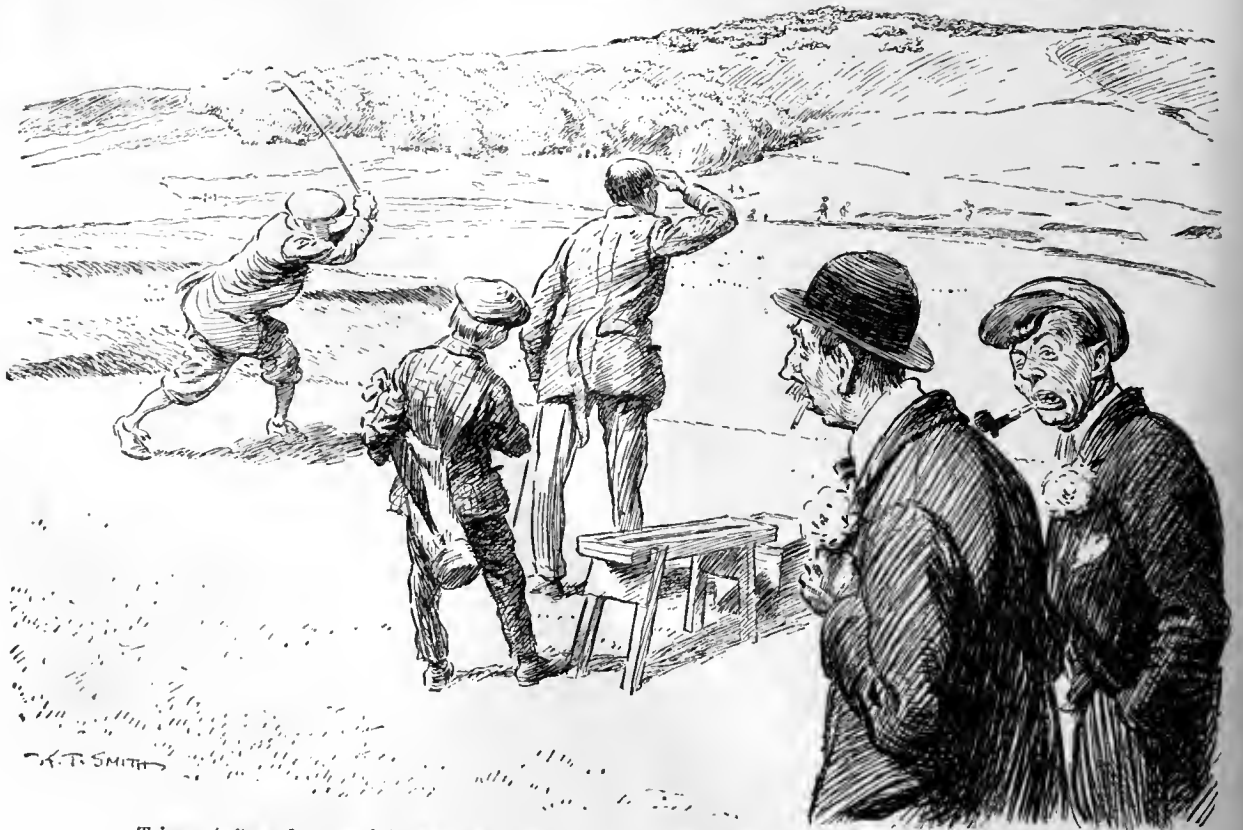
WHILE THE "MILITANT" MIGHT CAMP OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF DARTMOOR OR ANY OTHER NON-INFLAMMABLE LOCALITY.

LEWIS BAUER



OUR SCHOOL TREAT—BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Little Willie (triumphantly, having captured cow). "TEACHER!"



Tripper (after a long straight drive by golfer). "WHAT'S 'E DO NOW, 'ERBERT?"

Herbert. "WALKS AFTER IT AND 'ITS IT AGAIN."

Tripper. "DO 'E? LOR' LUMME, THEN I SHOULD TAKE JOLLY GOOD CARE NOT TO 'IT IT TOO FUR."

TO BRIGHTEN COUNTRY GARDEN PARTIES.



OUR TWO CRACK LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS MIGHT GIVE US A KNOCKABOUT EXHIBITION.



OUR YOUNG STOCK EXCHANGE RESIDENT MIGHT TELL A FEW OF THE LATEST STORIES FROM THE HOUSE.



DIVING FOR GOLDFISH MIGHT PROVE A DISTRACTION,



AND NO MALE GUEST SHOULD BE ALLOWED A DRINK UNTIL HE HAS LASSOED THE BUTLER OR A FOOTMAN.

A. WALLIS MILLS 1913



DUST MAN



FLOWER-GIRL



COSTER



CHAR-WOMAN



CADDIE



CHIMNEY-SWEEP

GEO. MORRO

SOME PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN NEGLECTED BY THE FASHION-PLATE ARTIST.



"LET'S GO AND 'AVE A SWIM, LIZA."

"GARN, SILLY! 'OW'D THEY KNOW I WAS WITH A SOLJER IF WE DID?"



Tourist (landing on small island in Hebrides—to old resident). "WHO LIVES HERE, MY FRIEND?"

"OH, JUST ME AND THE WIFE AND MY BRITHER-IN-LAW."

"AND WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS IT?"

"OH, AN AWFU' PLACE FOR SCANDAL."



MR. PUNCH'S SEASIDE NOVELETTE.

[May be read on the pier.]

No. XCVIII.—A SIMPLE ENGLISH GIRL.

CHAPTER I.—PRIMROSE FARM.

PRIMROSE Farm stood slumbering in the sunlight of an early summer morn. Save for the gentle breeze which played in the tops of the two tall elms all Nature seemed at rest. Chanticleer had ceased his song; the pigs were asleep; in the barn the cow lay thinking. A deep peace brooded over the rural scene, the peace of centuries. Terrible to think that in a few short hours . . . but perhaps it won't. The truth is I have not quite decided whether to have the murder in this story or in No. XCIX.—*The Severed Thumb*. We shall see.

As her alarm clock (a birthday present) struck five, Gwendolen French sprang out of bed and plunged her face into the clump of nettles which grew outside her lattice window. For some minutes she stood there, breathing in the incense of the day; then dressing quickly she went down into the great oak-beamed kitchen to prepare breakfast for her father and the pigs. As she went about her simple duties she sang softly to herself, a song of love and knightly deeds. Little did she think that a lover, even at that moment, stood outside her door.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Gwendolen, and she poured the bran-mash into a bowl and took it up to her father's room.

For eighteen years Gwendolen French had been the daughter of John French of Primrose Farm. Endowed by Nature with a beauty that is seldom seen outside a novelette, she was yet as modest and as good a girl as was to be found in the county. Many a fine lady would have given all her Parisian diamonds for the peach-like complexion which bloomed on the fair face of Gwendolen. But the gifts of Nature are not to be bought and sold.

There was a sudden knock at the door.

"Come in," cried Gwendolen in surprise. Unless it was the cow, it was an entirely unexpected visitor.

A tall and handsome young man entered, striking his head violently

against a beam as he stepped into the low-ceilinged kitchen.

"Good morning," he said, repressing the remark which came more readily



to his lips. "Pray forgive this intrusion. The fact is I have lost my way, and I wondered whether you would be kind enough to inform me as to my whereabouts."

Recognizing from his conversation that she was being addressed by a gentleman, Gwendolen curtsied.

"This is Primrose Farm, Sir," she said.

"I fear," he replied with a smile, "it has been my misfortune never to have heard so charming a name before. I am Lord Beltravers, of Beltravers Castle, Beltravers. Having returned last night



from India I came out for an early stroll this morning, and I fear that I have wandered out of my direction."

"Why," cried Gwendolen, "your lordship is miles from Beltravers Castle. How tired and hungry you must be." She removed a lettuce from the kitchen-chair, dusted it, and offered it to him. [Dusted the chair, of course, and offered it to him.—Ed.] "Let me get you

some milk." Picking up a pail she went out to inspect the cow.

"Gad," said Lord Beltravers as soon as he was alone. He paced rapidly up and down the tiled kitchen. "Deuce take it," he added recklessly, "she's a lovely girl." The Beltraverses were noted in two continents for their hard swearing.

"Here you are, Sir," said Gwendolen, returning with the precious liquid.

Lord Beltravers seized the pail and drained it at a draught.

"Heavens, but that was good!" he said. "What was it?"

"Milk," said Gwendolen.



"Milk, I must remember. And now may I trespass on your hospitality still further by trespassing on your assistance so far as to solicit your help in putting me far enough on my path to discover my way back to Beltravers Castle?" (When he was alone he said that sentence again to himself, and wondered what had happened to it.)

"I will show you," she said simply. They passed out into the sunlit orchard. In an apple-tree a thrush was singing; the gooseberries were over-ripe; beet-roots were flowering everywhere.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

"Yes," said Gwendolen.

"I must see you again. Listen! To-night, my mother, Lady Beltravers, is giving a ball. Do you dance?"

"Alas, not the Tango," she said sadly.

"The Beltraverses do not tang," he announced with simple dignity. "You valse? Good. Then will you come?"

"Thank you, my lord. Oh, I should love to!"

"That is excellent. And now I must bid you good-bye. But first, will you not tell me your name?"

"Gwendolen French, my lord."

"Ah! One 'f' or two?"

"Three," said Gwendolen simply.

CHAPTER II.—BELTRAVERS CASTLE.

Beltravers Castle was a blaze of lights. At the head of the old oak staircase (a magnificent example of the Selfridge period) the Lady Beltravers stood receiving her guests. Magnificently gowned in one of Sweeting's latest creations and wearing round her neck the famous Beltravers seed-pearls, she looked the picture of stately magnificence. As each guest was announced by a bevy of footmen, she extended her



perfectly-gloved hand and spoke a few words of kindly welcome.

"Good evening, Duchess; so good of you to look in. Ah, Earl, charmed to meet you; you'll find some sandwiches in the billiard-room. Beltravers, show the Earl some sandwiches. How-do-you-do, Professor? Delighted you could come. Won't you take off your goloshes?"

All the county was there.

Lord Hobble was there wearing a magnificent stud; Erasmus Belt, the famous author, whose novel "Bitten: A Romance" went into two editions; Sir Septimus Root, the inventor of the fire-proof spat. Captain the Honourable Alfred Nibbs the popular breeder of



blood-tortoises—the whole world and his wife were present. And towering

above them all stood Lord Beltravers of Beltravers Castle, Beltravers.

Lord Beltravers stood aloof in a corner of the great ball-room. Above his head was the proud coat-of-arms



of the Beltraverses—a headless sardine on a field of tomato. As each new arrival entered Lord Beltravers scanned his or her countenance eagerly, and then turned away with a snarl of disappointment. Would his little country maid never come?

She came at last. Attired in a frock which had obviously been created in Little Popley, she looked the picture of girlish innocence as she stood for a moment hesitating in the doorway. Then her eyes brightened as Lord Beltravers came towards her with long swinging strides.

"You're here!" he exclaimed. "How good of you to come. I have thought about you ever since this morning.



There is a valse beginning. Will you valse it with me?"

"Thank you," said Gwendolen shyly. Lord Beltravers, who valsed divinely, put his arm round her waist and led her into the circle of dancers.

CHAPTER III.—AFFIANCED.

The ball was at its height. Gwendolen, who had been in to supper eight times, placed her hand timidly on the arm of Lord Beltravers, who had just begged a polka of her.

"Let us sit this out," she said. "Not here—in the garden."

"Yes," said Lord Beltravers gravely. "Let us go. I have something to say to you."

Offering her his arm he led her down the great terrace which ran along the back of the house.

"How wonderful to have your ancestors always around you like this!" cooed Gwendolen, as she gazed with reverence at the two statues which fronted them.

"Venus," said Lord Beltravers shortly, "and Samson."

He led her down the steps and into the ornamental garden, and there they sat down.

"Miss French," said Lord Beltravers, "or, if I may call you by that sweet name, Gwendolen, I have brought you here for the purpose of making an offer to you. Perhaps it would have been more in accordance with etiquette had I approached your mother first."

"Mother is dead," said the girl simply.

"I am sorry," said Lord Beltravers, bending his head in courtly sympathy. "In that case I should have asked your father to hear my suit."

"Father is deaf," she replied. "He couldn't have heard it."

"Tut, tut," said Lord Beltravers impatiently; "I beg your pardon," he added at once, "I should have controlled myself. That being so," he went on, "I have the honour to make to you, Miss French, an offer of marriage. May I hope?"

Gwendolen put her hand suddenly to her heart. The shock was too much for her fresh young innocence. She was



not really engaged to Giles Earwaker,

though he too was hoping; and the only three times that Thomas Ritson had kissed her she had threatened to box his ears.

"Lord Beltravers," she began—
"Call me Beltravers," he begged.

"Beltravers, I love you. I give you a simple maiden's heart."

"My darling!" he cried, clasping her thumb impulsively. "Then we are affianced."

He slipped a ring off his finger and fitted it affectionately on two of hers.

"Wear this," he said gravely. "It was my mother's. She was a de Dindigul. Sec, this is their crest—a roeless herring over the motto *Dans l'huile*." Observing that she looked puzzled he translated the noble French words to her. "And now let us go in. Another dance is beginning. May I beg for the honour?"

"Beltravers," she whispered lovingly.

CHAPTER IV.—EXPOSURE.

The next dance was at its height. In a dream of happiness Gwendolen revolved with closed eyes round Lord Beltravers of Beltravers Castle, Beltravers.

Suddenly above the music rose a voice, commanding, threatening.

"Stop!" cried the Lady Beltravers.

As if by magic the band ceased and all the dancers were still.

"There is an intruder here," said Lady Beltravers in a cold voice. "A milkmaid, a common farmer's daughter. Gwendolen French, leave my house this instant!"

Dazed, hardly knowing what she did, Gwendolen moved forward. In an instant Lord Beltravers was after her.

"No, mother," he said, with the utmost dignity. "Not a common milkmaid, but the future Lady Beltravers."

An indescribable thrill of emotion ran through the crowded ball-room. Lord Hobble's stud fell out; and Lady Susan



Golightly hurried across the room and fainted in the arms of Sir James Batt.

"What!" cried the Lady Beltravers. "My son, the last of the Beltraverses, the Beltraverses who came over with Julius Wernher (I should say Cæsar), marry a milkmaid?"

"No, mother. He is marrying what any man would be proud to marry—a simple English girl."

There was a cheer, instantly suppressed, from a Socialist in the band.

For just a moment words failed the Lady Beltravers. Then she sank into a chair, and waved her guests away.

"The ball is over," she said slowly. "Leave me. My son and I must be alone."

One by one, with murmured thanks for a delightful evening, the guests trooped out. Soon mother and son were alone. Lord Beltravers, gazing out of the window, saw the 'cellist



laboriously dragging his 'cello across the park.

CHAPTER V.—THE END.

[And now, dear readers, I am in a difficulty. How shall the story go on? The editor of *Mr. Punch's Seaside Library* asks quite frankly for a murder. His idea was that the Lady Beltravers should be found dead in the park next morning and that Gwendolen should be arrested. This seems to me both crude and vulgar. Besides I want a murder for No. XCIX. of the series—*The Severed Thumb*.

No, I think I know a better way out.]

Old John French sat beneath a spreading pear-tree and waited. Early that morning a mysterious note had been brought to him, asking for an interview on a matter of the utmost importance. This was the trysting-place.

"I have come," said a voice behind him, "to ask you to beg your daughter—"

"I HAVE COME," cried the Lady Beltravers, "TO ASK YOU—"

"I HAVE COME," shouted her ladyship, "TO—"

John French wheeled round in amazement. With a cry the Lady Beltravers shrank back.

"Eustace," she gasped—"Eustace, Earl of Turbot!"

"Eliza!"

"What are you doing here? I came to see John French."

"What?"

She repeated her remark loudly several times.



"I am John French," he said at last. "When you refused me and married Beltravers I suddenly felt tired of Society; and I changed my name and settled down here as a simple farmer. My daughter helps me on the farm."

"Then your daughter is—"

"Lady Gwendolen Hake."

A beautiful double wedding was solemnized at Beltravers in October,



the Earl of Turbot leading Eliza, Lady Beltravers to the altar, while Lord Beltravers was joined in matrimony to the beautiful Lady Gwendolen Hake. There were many presents on both sides, which partook equally of the beautiful and the costly.

Lady Gwendolen Beltravers is now the most popular hostess in the county; but to her husband she always seems the simple English milkmaid that he first thought her. Ah! A. A. M.

"The Bishop remained motionless and impassive. . . . A woman rushed wildly to the front of the platform and endeavoured to agree with the vicar, whom she hit on the back with an umbrella."

The Englishman (Calcutta).
Agreement off.



PAINING THE LILY.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.
—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, rising at Question time to reply to inquiry from FRED HALL (still of Dulwich) about equitable readjustment of local and imperial finance, startled by outburst of cheering. It sprang spontaneously from Ministerial benches and was vociferously echoed by Irish Members opposite.

In exceptional gushes of wifely attachment Mrs. Micawber was accustomed to assure her husband that she would "never desert him." Not, as Mr. Micawber once tartly observed, that there had been any suggestion of abrupt parting. It was merely casual assurance of her faith, affection and attachment.

In this sense the unexpected demonstration was construed. In spite of anything that may have happened in the way of private investments, in scorn of insinuations made in certain quarters, Liberals are not going to desert LLOYD GEORGE.

Little incident prelude to brisk debate on procedure as applied to Bills engineered in connection with operation of Parliament Act. PREMIER moved Resolution intermitting Committee and Report Stage in respect of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill and Bill designed to encourage Temperance in Scotland.

In able speech that crowns Parliamentary reputation slowly but steadily growing, SON AUSTEN went to root of the matter. By way of mollifying Opposition the Resolution gave one day to consideration of Irish Finance and three hours for financial Resolution of the Welsh Church Bill.

"Is not the right honourable gentleman over-generous?" AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN asked. "Why give any time at all? What is the use of it?"

That is a question submitted the other day by the MEMBER FOR SARK. The course of procedure with these Bills is an inevitable sequence to the passing last year of the Parliament Act. That allotted to measures approved by majority of the Commons and thrown out by the Lords a course of three sessions before they reach the Statute Book. But, in order to profit by

provisions of the Act, a Bill passed for the third time by the Commons and sent on to the Lords must be identical word for word, comma for comma, with the one carried in first session.

Then what is the use of discussing it over again in the second session? Though Members speak with the tongues of men and angels, they cannot alter a line. If they did, the whole

That was SARK's idea. Pleased to find support from the eminent Parliamentarian who puts the question in briefest form "Why [in the second session] give any time at all? What is the use of it?"

Business done.—Ministerial Procedure Resolution carried by 294 against 202.

Tuesday.—Whilst the Lords have with fraternal zeal been considering case of Ancient Monuments, the Commons not only did exceptionally good day's work but finished it before half-past seven. This largely due to circumstance that Bill amending Insurance Act was brought in under Ten Minutes' Rule. Exposition of provisions of Bill limited to that period of time, and only one supplementary speech permitted. The privilege was not exercised by Opposition, and, within quarter-of-an-hour after his rising, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, amid loud cheers from Ministerialists, retreated to Bar, faced right-about, and marched up to the Table, bringing his sheaves with him in form of folded sheet of foolscap purporting to



"She would 'never desert him.'"
(Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as Mr. Micawber.)

fabric would break down; would have to be finally abandoned or rebuilt from the foundations. It is in the next, the third, session that business may be done.

If to the sensitive mind need be for formally going through stages of such Bills in second session, the measures now in hand might be driven three abreast, a stage a sitting, the journey to be completed in four days. This would be equally efficacious and would practically leave four sittings for progress with other business.



"SON AUSTEN goes to the root of the matter."

be a copy of the Bill.

(As matter of fact it was a blank sheet of paper known as "a dummy.") Thus doth the stately Mother of Parliaments upon occasion palter with the truth.)

House straightway went into Committee to consider financial proposals of Home Rule Bill. Here was more scope for conversation. The whole of remainder of sitting, a minimum of seven hours, might have been occupied more or less usefully in discussion. Yesterday, when PREMIER moved Resolution strictly limiting time for debate, angry speakers from Opposition Benches denounced him for "throttling" them and loudly lamented "the degradation of Parliament." And behold! with seven hours at their disposal exactly one-half the time was found to suffice.

While it lasted, conversation became occasionally lively. TIM HEALY—who has attacked the Bill from the first, not because he loves Home Rule the less but because he hates JOHN REDMOND the more—had a final fling. Protested he had no confidence in calculations of Treasury Clerks, upon which financial scheme of Bill was based.

"It is," he said, "the same at the

Treasury as with other departments of the Irish Government. If a Coercion Bill is wanted, up goes the record of murders and outrages. If the Government are on another tack, backing a Home Rule Bill, down go the numbers. The thing works like a concertina."

The INFANT SAMUEL, who knows more about finance than the semi-episcopal duties of St. AUGUSTINE BURELL permit him to acquire, blandly described the Irish policy of the Opposition as "a combination of kicks and ha'pence." Wherefore COUSIN HUGH, perhaps irrelevantly, retorted, "In dealing with the financial problem between England and Ireland the Government are combining a little robbery with a little starvation."

This sounds quarrelsome. Only their fun. At twenty-three minutes past seven Resolution moved by CHIEF SECRETARY agreed to without division.

Business done.—Insurance Act Amendment Bill introduced. Money proposals of Home Rule Bill agreed to.

Friday.—Motion made from Treasury Bench for appointment of Committee to consider Parliamentary procedure. The pertinacious PRUE, not waiting for its report, introduces new form. House, being in Committee on Scotch Estimates, was as usual almost empty. Denizens of other parts of still United Kingdom have so high an opinion of business capacity of Scotchmen that they instinctively leave them to manage their own business. The pugnacious PRUE, though not unconscious of the compliment, resented its result. If English, Welsh and Irish Members within call in case of snap division would not sit out the debate they should at least be disturbed in their idle pursuits in tea-room or on terrace. Accordingly at half-past four, the very moment when strawberries, cream and buttered buns are in most urgent request, he moved a count.

Members crowded in, "made a House," and straightway rushed off, hoping to find remains of their interrupted meal intact from alien hands.

"Very well," said the implacable PRUE. "At a quarter to six, I will do it again."

And he was as good as his word. At the hour named the tintinnabulation of the bell announced another count, which was followed by same sudden rush and swift retreat.

Here is a new Parliamentary procedure that promises pleasing excitement and useful exercise on sultry evenings. Attempt to count out the House common enough. Where the punctilious PRUE creates a diversion is in respect of naming the precise moment when he will move. As a doctor fixes

a particular hour when pill or potion is to be administered, so he decrees count at quarter-to-six.

CAMPBELL, of North Ayrshire so fascinated by idea that he attempted to adapt it. But it is not everyone who can wield the spear of Achilles. At a quarter-past nine CAMPBELL moved a count. DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN declined to put motion.

"What!" gasped the gallant Captain, "didn't you inform me that at a quarter-past nine you'd allow a count?"

"I informed the honourable Member that a count might not be called until



"The Infant Samuel."

a quarter-past nine," loftily replied the DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN. "I gave no indication as to what view I should take if my attention were then called to the absence of a quorum."

Business done.—Committee appointed to consider procedure.

PASTIMES FOR M.P.'S.

THE recent Parliamentary Pigeon-Flying Match proved such an enormous popular success and was, we may add, so eagerly supported by the illustrated Press that it seems quite certain that our legislators will not be content to stop there. Our representative in the Lobby last week met with only one opinion on the subject, namely, that it was a thousand pities that this sort of thing had not been thought of sooner, the more so as, in the opinion of many experts, the precincts of Westminster are curiously well-adapted to some of our national sports and pastimes.

The promoters of the Rabbit-Coursing Meet, which was to have been held (in the event of an Autumn Session) on the Terrace, have met with some opposition, and it is feared that the project will have to be abandoned. An alternative plan, however, is receiving

influential support. It is proposed to get through a short Bill legalizing the Embankment as the scene of this contest and closing it to all other traffic during its continuance. It is thought that even in the present congested state of public business such a Bill, powerfully backed as it will be and of an entirely non-contentious nature, should have no difficulty in reaching the Statute Book.

Meanwhile the Whips are being consulted on the feasibility of introducing a new system of Pairs, by which a whole team of contending members of the Government and the Opposition might be paired *en bloc*, in the event of an important division threatening to occur during a game of Rounders in Parliament Square.

It is said that the movement in favour of Rattling parties, with a terrier and hockey sticks, along the waterside, is by no means smiled upon by the Government, and it is even asserted that members of the Coalition have had to sign an agreement not to join any party for this sport unless it shall embrace members of the Opposition in a proportion of two to one, as a safeguard against "Snaps." On the other hand the Cabinet is doing all it can to foster the new interest that has been aroused in the old round game of throwing cards into a hat—with, of course, Order papers substituted as the regulation missile. This game may be enjoyed, with a little ordinary circumspection, in the Chamber itself, and is an admirable means of keeping one's supporters on the spot.

There are still some old-fashioned prejudices to be overcome. Hunt-the-slipper has been forbidden in the Smoking Room. But the new movement has been enthusiastically received by the Press photographers and it should do much as time goes on to brighten the lives of our members and relieve the tedium of debate.

The World's Builders.

The militants have erected minitancy into a princle."—*Glasgow Herald*.
Not so easy as it sounds.

Very Long Putts.

"Time after time long putts either stopped about an inch short of the tee or turned aside at the last minute."—*Yorkshire Post*.
Sickening, after being dead straight for the first five minutes.

"Will Ray maintained his straightness in the long game. On the answer to that question perhaps depends the result."

Daily Mirror.

But can a statement about EDWARD RAY's brother WILLIAM (if he has one) be called a question?



TOPIARY FEVER.

Inset—FIRST SYMPTOMS.

A DREAM-DINNER.

No silk pavilions raised of Eastern fable
 For me, nor ottomans and awkward poses;
 Dark oak upon the walls, upon the table
 White napery, old silver, and red roses—
 These o'er a garden where dream-borders shine
 I build of dreams, and Stella comes to dine.

I do not set the cresset's sparks a-flitting
 Down an Arabian dusk on hot winds roaming;
 Softest electricies in an old French fitting
 I blend for her with June's wide-windowed
 gloaming,
 Wherein I hang the yellow moon, because
 A friend to lovers moonlight ever was.

Slaves do not hand us, of *Aladdin's* uses,
 The snow-cooled sherbets of date-palmed
 Damascus;
 We do not squeeze the pink pomegranate's juices,
 But, when a shadow-butler bends to ask us,
 We plump for Château Rothschild '78
 (Stella's particular about the date).

No roasted kid for us, no fatted suckling,
 Whereof a Sultan eats in silken splendour;
 We like clear soup, Scotch salmon, and a duckling,
 And heaped red strawberries whose legions render
 Enough for half-a-dozen helps at least
 When Stella shares with me a moonshine feast.

No conch shall blare, nor any nauteh-girl's cymbal
 Sully the flow of pleasant conversation;
 My Stella—bless her!—has a wit that's nimble;
 Her tongue makes music for my admiration;
 And, should some sudden silence drop the veil,
 Outside my nightingales take up the tale.

Mocha comes last—black-magic, hot and fragrant,
 Ambrosial on the summer evening falling;
 We drink it on a terrace where the vagrant
 Blue smoke-wreaths curl up and the owls are
 calling;
 And what's to pay? But nothing. You will find,
 That he who dines in dreams leaves naught behind,
 Saving, mayhap, a little peace of mind!

A "Clerical" Error.

"The Rev. Preb. H. G. Hellier urged that the demonstration should be not only non-political, but everything should be done to make it irreligious."—*Wells Journal*.

"The special consignments at ——'s, Widmore Road, Bromley, this week are salmon, live lobsters, whitebait, trout, Marcho Héroioue Andantino in D flat, and . . ."—*Bromley District Times*.

Here the list breaks off; and we hasten to send in our order for a brace of Marches Héroioues and one whitebait.

"'Marcus stoned in the Garden,' 92 guineas."—*Western Mail*.
 We prefer the more stirring picture, "The Hon. John collaring the Cheat."

DICKENS.

(Possibly by the author of the article on Balzac in a recent number of "The Times Literary Supplement.")

THIS study, if indeed we may so term it, study being of the mind impalpable, whereas something solid may not unreasonably be expected to come of an addition of pages to the number of not fewer than four hundred and fifteen (and in this we do not, such being the custom, reckon either preface or index), has, since it was not unknown that Mr. Hickson was deeply engaged upon the work, been for a long time in the so blandly nebulous region of expectation, and is now at last, its sails bellying with a favourable wind, come into harbour.

It may be well, as we set ourselves to tread its decks and, with whatever of inspecting power we may possess, to explore and classify the so carefully packed and labelled cargo, to consider for not more than a moment and to explain clearly what the good ship "Hickson"—and for the word "good" we make no apology—is not rather than is, this method being not so much to aim a spear outside the target or around or above or below it, but to the very heart and centre of it, where you and we and they, too, may see it quiver. We may leave out, as being superfluous, the mere beginning and what next follows thereon as an immediate consequence, largely conditioned though it be, we make no doubt, by the reader's mind in grappling with the so insistent problem of enumeration.

Thirdly, then, Mr. Hickson—and if we name him again it is plainly with the respect due to one whose intellect, not, indeed, merged into, but plainly attracted by, the *fiction* (we underline that word) of DICKENS, has shown us mellifluously, none the less, the old stage-directions and *tutti quanti* of his subject—is not a tramp steamer ploughing the ocean by an unfixed route ever at the mercy of winds and waves and such other influences as an uncharted sea may bring to bear, but a stately vessel, showing by the mere magic of her predestined voyaging how closely and how reasonably, seamanship as a science being granted, a man with his limits of outlook may triumph over what, for want of a better word, we may tentatively term the elements.

Of the characters of DICKENS it must be said, and of this Mr. Hickson to his credit is more than dimly aware, that they move in orbits of their own and are subject, not to such accidents as may properly be predicted of these orbits, but to other quite extraordinary accidents having only this in common with the ordinary accidents of human nature that they happen and must necessarily be accepted as having happened; but of this the great reading public has scarce other than the vaguest notion and cannot know that they couldn't and didn't happen, but could and would be and were described in such far better language than if they had been what, in truth, they were never intended to be and actually were not. Caught and imprisoned, now thrust backward to a pillar, now forward with a quite different poignancy to something imagined that might, where all else was so remorselessly changeable, pass for a post, are there yet not intervals, are there not spaces in which it is still vaguely understood that *Pecksniff* was, indeed, a spirit not of compromise but of limitless mockery transcendently embodied for aversion and laughter? For this Mr. Hickson, while not too precisely convicted of . . .

[Here the M.S. abruptly ends.]

A Bargain.

"18-carat 3 stone diamond and ruby ring, large size, cost £1 10s., sell £3 15s."—*Evening News*.

RHYME OF THE EVASIVE REVIEWER.

WHEN a novel that might disgust a Dago
Falls to my lot for a full review,
Or a sex-romance by a shrill virago
With a hero-cad and a heroine-shrew,
I'm far too gentle to crab or slate them
Or lay them out in the Bludyer style;
So I make it my aim to understate them
With the aid of euphemistic guile.

Though the plot and the dialogue are amazing
Enough to startle a Tosk or a Gheg,
And the hero's language is equal to raising
A crop of hair on a hard-boiled egg,
I don't enlarge upon these shortcomings,
But I ladle the eulogy slab and thick
On the author's "freedom from hawings and
hunnings,"
His "faithful portraits done from the quick."

When the heroine jilts a dean for a tailor—
A Polish Jew with a terrible beak—
Or talks in a style that would shock a whaler
And raise a blush on a scavenger's cheek,
It were simply a verbal desecration
To call her a nasty little minx,
So I dwell on the fun of the situation
As the finest sport and the highest of jinks

When a prosperous versatile impostor
In a number of rôles essays to shine,
I lend my pen the illusion to foster
That here is an artist who's all divino;
He may be only the minnows' Triton,
But I find that it generally pays
To lavish upon a bastard Crichton
The pap of an undiluted praise.

When a half-baked suitor for musical laurels
Composes a sloppy amorphous thing—
To a book of pseudo-exotic morals—
That is hard to play and ugly to sing,
Though the creature's Himalayan labours
Have only produced a melodic mouse,
With patriot pen I exhort my neighbours
To hail the fraud as a super-*STRAUSS*.

When an underbred intellectual greaser
Has perpetrated a putrid play,
From which, in the days of a decadent Caesar,
The dregs of Rome would have kept away;
Though it's fit to turn a black man livid
I speak of its art in an awestruck tone
As "honest" and "brave" and "patiently vivid,"
And leave its dustbins and drains alone.

So over the gamut of gross evasion,
Day in, day out, I cheerfully range,
And use my gift of oily persuasion
To prove that the vile is only the strange;
For why should I strive to lift my brothers
Out of the clutch of their native mire?
Unsalariated tasks I leave to others;
No man can deny that I earn my hire.

Doing it thoroughly.

"In China not so many years ago a large river overflowed its banks and five millions of people lost their lives by drowning, and afterwards by starvation."—*Navy League Quarterly*.



Militant. "Now, isn't that provoking? Here's a lovely big house to let and I've forgotten my matches!!"

THE HAND OF FATE.

PEOPLE have called me inconsistent; some people have gone so far as to say I am hopelessly inconsistent; but then, some people. . . .

As a matter of fact and entirely without prejudice, I have the artistic temperament. It is only on this ground that I can account for the fact that I should love Olivia and Daphne at one and the same time, or concurrently, as we of the higher branch put it.

Olivia is very fair; I mean, of course, fair of feature.

Daphne is dark and, from an alliterative point of view, I feel sure that nothing could be neater. Daphne is dark.

When I add that Olivia is tall and cumbersome, whereas Daphne is *petite*, you will readily deduce that the two girls are distinguishable one from the other.

And yet I loved them equally well. In the absence of Olivia, Daphne occupied the whole of my heart; conversely, in the absence of Daphne, Olivia more than filled the vacancy.

It was a strange situation, even to one accustomed, as I am, to the vicissitudes of life.

Up to a few days ago, fortune had never decreed that the two girls should

meet in the presence of my heart, and therefore I had never been able to discover which of the two was to be the lucky one. After an encounter with Olivia, the odds rose a shade in her favour; a subsequent meeting with Daphne and the betting turned right round. The betting turned right round.

It was a strange situation. Whatever people may have said of me (see above), I am not lacking in courage. I decided that a joint meeting should be arranged, accepting with quiet calm the danger of the situation. I refer, of course, to the possibility of my heart being torn in doubt; in two, perhaps.

With consummate guile, I wandered into the town on the day when the largest local milliner was holding a sale. In the most natural manner, and perfect snow-white spats, I strolled up and down the High Street just outside the milliner's. My scheming was immediately successful. Before five minutes had elapsed Olivia was on the scene.

"Hello!" she said, and my heart leapt.

"Hello!" I replied with perfect calm. "Shopping?"

Olivia nodded. "M."

I was just about to say something witty, when Daphne emerged from the shop. My handkerchief pocket quivered in a most alarming manner.

"Hello!" said Olivia.

"Hello!" said Daphne.

"Are you there?" I suggested.

They both laughed. Honours, so far, were even.

"Shopping?" I enquired.

Daphne nodded. "M."

In the short silence that followed my excitement was tremendous. I was just on the point of saying something clever when Daphne interrupted.

"Well," she said, "aren't you going to congratulate us?" I looked at her blankly.

"Us!" I exclaimed. "But you can't both, you know. I mean, there can only be one of you, and, as yet, I don't know which." I was getting a little confused.

"My dear man, what *do* you mean?" said Olivia. "Of course we can both, you know."

She patted Daphne's arm. "The future Mrs. Banton," she announced.

Daphne nodded to Olivia. "The future Mrs. Merrilies," she exclaimed.

And then I understood. Fortune had shirked the task, and dealt with them equally. There was to be no lucky one.

"£1,000,000 WILL SUIT TO-DAY."

Daily Mail.

Or, at a pinch, would suit to-morrow.

AT THE PLAY.

"BORIS GODOUNOV."

THOSE who imagine from long and bitter experience of Grand Opera that singers cannot be expected to act, should at once correct this error by a visit to the Russian Company at Drury Lane Theatre. Certainly M. CHALIAPINE'S great performance is proof enough that the possession of a voice is no necessary bar to the highest dramatic gifts. And a rare delight it was, after the cosmopolitan medleys of Covent Garden, to hear a chorus singing their national tongue in a national drama and wearing their national dress as to the manner born. May Heaven—if not Society—reward Sir JOSEPH BEECHAM!

MOUSSORGSKY'S work calls itself a Music Drama, and this means, of course, that the dramatic element always had its chance. The action, in fact, was not there to illustrate the orchestra, but the orchestra was there to interpret the action. Yet the music in this play of forty years ago still retains a certain dominance over the drama, and a true compromise between the two arts, as shown, for instance, in PUCCINI'S *La Tosca*, is still only foreshadowed. For though the action is seldom delayed for the sake of the orchestra (the few superfluous moments that *Boris* wastes over his dying are as nothing compared with the interminable prolixity of *Tristan's* decease), no sort of attempt is made to give logical continuity to the plot. The designs, for instance, of the pretender *Grigori* are of the haziest. He starts from nowhere in particular and disappears into the inane. And the various disjointed scenes, or "tableaux," are obviously selected without regard to their part in the sequence of the scheme, but largely for the musical opportunities which they offer—here a choral effect, there a casual folk-song or a lament for a lost lover that nobody has heard of.

It was impossible therefore to be very greatly intrigued about the issue, and this made it the more remarkable that the dramatic intelligence of the actors should have cast so strong a spell over us. M. CHALIAPINE, alike in his attitude of composed dignity and in his moments of hallucination induced by the madness of remorse, was a splendid and noble figure. Next to him I most admired the charm of Mme. E. PETRENKO as the Tsarevitch's *Nurse*. She did not reappear with the others to take our plaudits, and I was greatly tempted to shout "*Nurse! Nurse!*" But the hour was getting late and I feared that my neighbours might suspect that it was my bedtime. Excellent singing was done, too,

by M. ANDREW as an old monk, and indeed by everyone, though I found M. DAMAEW (as *Grigori*) too nasal.

The music, naturally a little barbaric in its louder colouring, was very poignant in the simplicity of its tenderer passages. At times it seemed curiously to anticipate the flowing quality of *Madama Butterfly*.

Miss ROSA NEWMARCI'S libretto was much better than most operatic translations, and for the one-and-sixpence you paid for it they threw you in an astonishingly generous assortment of misprints. One of the best that caught my eye occurs in the duck-and-drake song of the bonny widow:—

"Sweetheart mine for whom I wait,
Come console me
Quick, your bony widow woo."

O. S.

THE DEADLY VIRTUE.

"You will go shopping with me tomorrow, won't you?" said Betty, lifting her head from his shoulder so that she might look at him.

Percival started. It occurred to him that Betty had fouled. He knew that she knew that he hated shopping. To visit shops in Regent Street with Betty was to feel that he was a cypher—something which Betty took along to hang her parcels on, and as a foil to her own stately appearance.

But Percival was bland and good-tempered—he was probably one of the best-tempered men who have ever lived.

"Er—well," he said, "I'd just been thinking that—that we hadn't done any shopping for a long time. I'll be delighted."

Then Betty made a terrible blunder. She took Percival's face between her hands and said, "I knew you'd say that. You're the best-tempered man in the world. There never was a saint with such a good temper."

Now to be called good-tempered is to be accused by implication of a lack of all other qualities worthy of remark. It is to be dubbed negligible, and Percival did not like this.

"No," he said, "no—I'm not like that. I'm not good-tempered."

Daintily Betty laid fingers upon his lips.

"Don't contradict me, dear," she returned. "Of course you're good-tempered. It's the thing I like about you best."

"I'm not," he told her, still smiling, but with a suggestion of pain in his voice. "I can't allow you to call me that. Please withdraw the observation."

"I won't," said Betty. "I've said that you have the sweetest nature any man ever had, and it's true."

Percival regarded her gravely.

"Betty," he said, "you are disappointing me. You call me good-tempered while all the time I know that I am not. I am cross-grained. At the least thing I am ready to do violence and to say terrible words. I am the plaything of my passions. If I have seemed suave and courteous, forget it. It was only a mask. And now you know the sort of man I am."

She did not. She still assumed that he was starting some new sort of parlour game. So she stuck to her point.

"I know I'm right," she said. "But, anyhow, don't let's quarrel over it."

"I have no desire to quarrel," he frowned; "but I object to being called names. I am not good-tempered. You hear? I am the worst-tempered man in London. I am like an east wind; I am like a tornado; I am an unbearable man."

With a laugh, the first symptom of mild hysteria, Betty moaned—

"You are not! You are not! You are good-tempered—sweet-tempered. It's just because you are so sweet-tempered that you won't admit it."

That touched Percival on the raw.

"Be quiet!" he cried out on a note of fury; "I won't stand it! Me good-tempered. I, I mean. You don't know me! Don't argue! I say you don't know me."

Betty was in tears now. "You are good-tempered," she sobbed. "Good-tempered. You couldn't do an unkind thing—or s-say a harsh word."

Percival's face grew red, his eyes fierce. Madly he seized an encyclopædia from the table and crashed it into the grate. The rattle of the fire-irons roused him to an access of wrath.

"This is too much!" he shouted, stretching a hand out for another book. "I tell you I am *not* good-tempered. I give you one last chance before we part for ever. Am I good-tempered?"

She bowed her head.

Percival stalked up to her and glared into her eyes.

"You persist?" he demanded throatily.

Again she bowed her head. With her right hand she fumbled at the third finger of her left. Shakily she held out the engagement ring.

"Yes," she told him; "and please go. I hear mother coming down. I don't want her to see you in this state."

"I don't want to see her in any state," he barked. "Good-bye! I am a bad-tempered man!"

In a moment he was outside in the road. A little innocent dog came trotting up to him. He kicked it aside and strode on into the gloom.



Excited Old Lady (as express thunders through station). "OH, PORTER, DOESN'T THAT TRAIN STOP HERE?"
Patient Porter. "NO, LIDY; IT DON'T EVEN HESITATE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

Roger Rochford was the missing heir, or the claimant, or something just as romantic, to the estate and title of Westwood. *Rosalind Wynstay* was the attractive niece of the American millionaire who had rented the former. So now you see what *Rosalind in Arden* (DENT) is about. Anyhow, you see the end, for with protagonists so situated it would be as much as a circulating library subscription is worth not to leave them embracing on the last page. Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON seems to have been not only sensible of this, but (I fancy) somewhat hard put to it to provide them with six shillings-worth of obstacle to the inevitable. Indeed, having practically finished his tale when the lovers told their love several chapters before it should be commercially due, he was obliged to invent a number of quite tiresome persons, who (like the works of a watch) have nothing to do with the case, in order that they might chatter through a sufficiency of pages. All this is only to say that I found *Rosalind in Arden* a dainty and attractive, if not strikingly original, short story, spoilt by expansion into a novel. Also the process seems to have been hurried. As witness this:—"At the registered hour he [Roger] was at Charing Cross to catch the boat train to Dover. He paid no heed to his man, but recalled him when he reached the *Gare St. Lazare*." If the author had paid a little more heed to his proofs this would never have happened.

The first few strains of *The Common Chord* (MARTIN SECKER) made my heart sink. For I found that PHYLLIS BOTTOME had apparently arranged for me to meet one after the other a composer-pianist with nerves, a beautiful young

girl living a Bohemian life alone in a studio, and a handsome young man, stupid but staunch, who loved her in vain. I felt these were all people I knew well enough to wish to avoid; which only shows once more the danger of judging by appearances. It was the fast friendship between *Jean Ucelle*, the French musician, and *Jimmy Armstrong*, the sturdy Briton, which first showed me that *Jean* at least must be unusual, and I soon began to realise that for all his Gallie charm he had enough Saxon grit (for after all he had an English mother) to gratify my insular prejudice. Oh, and another thing. *Jimmy*, who might so well have been handicapped in his rivalry for the love of *Judith S. Calvert* by the possession of riches or noble birth, laboured under no such unromantic disabilities, and in fact, on the score of prospects, *Jean* was always giving away a pound or two of weight; so that *Judith*, who was quite nice enough for either of them, had a fair choice. Still, she naturally enough chose *Jean*, though there were nearly some serious complications over the artistic allurements of *Sonia*, the great Russian dancer (need she have danced the swan dance? Are there not swallows and humming birds?), for whom *Jean* wrote the music which "caused him to arrive." In the end no one suffered much except *Jimmy*, and I am afraid he was always cut out for silent self-sacrifice, so that I did not greatly mind. Altogether, if PHYLLIS BOTTOME has used some familiar harmonies in building up her novel, she has managed to arrange them with unexpected freshness, and *The Common Chord* should on no account be lost.

Perhaps Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, author of the admirable *Coniston* and no tyro, therefore, in the novelist's art, has, in *The Inside of the Cup* (MACMILLAN), let his sincerities run away with him. He crowds his stage with so many folk that it is almost impossible to keep accurate count of

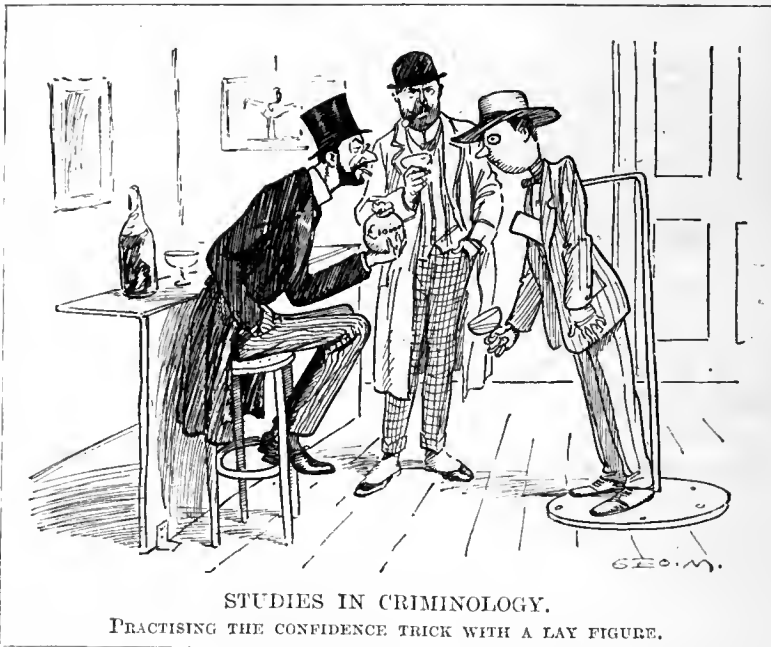
them, to say nothing of getting comfortably acquainted. His theme is the old theme of the generous and impatient modernists of every age. Why preach (and finance) Christianity and conduct lives and accept principles altogether opposed to it? Why polish so assiduously the outside of the cup? His hero, *John Hodder*, is a sterling parson in an important Middle-West American city; his villains, *Eldon Parr*, millionaire, manipulator and pillar of the Church, with the satellites who stand in with the big man in the same deals and worship in the same tabernacle. His heroine is *Eldon Parr's* daughter *Alison*, a lovable character, admirably drawn. The contending forces range themselves for the contest—the big battalions of the dollars and the orthodoxies on the one side, the modern ideas and the deep sincerities on the other—with a precise definition which it is the weakness of real life not to allow. If the eagerness of the author's convictions shatters the respectable quality of detachment, his book will be none the less welcome to those who are sincerely interested in the always recurring experiments with new wine and old bottles. And certainly here is a tract which is neither dull nor shallow.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is, for a proverb, an unusually acute estimate of the way of the world. But I think it rather loses its point when it is the sad, bad, mad dog who christens himself a wrong'un. In *Barry and a Sinner* (SMITH, ELDER) the sinner who tells the story of his relations with the friend who picks him out of the gutter is not nearly so black as he paints himself. He was too much inclined to look upon the wine when it is red, and he got six months for abstracting from the office petty-cash box the wherewithal to back a horse which didn't win. But beyond that the mud which he keeps flinging at himself doesn't stick. That, of course, is the obvious design of the author, MR. JOHN BARNETT. He means you to think him the fine fellow that he really is. But this left-handed way of drawing a hero, or rather of making the hero paint his own picture, using the darkest possible colours for the shadows, gives an irritating air of artificiality to the greater part of the story. There is a delightful love scene at the end, and nothing in the sinner's life becomes him half so well as the manner of his leaving it as described in his own words. But MR. BARNETT sacrifices too much in order to get his dramatic climax.

The Wilderness Lovers (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) makes two entirely distinct appeals to the reader, though Mr. E. R. PUNSHON has done his best—and a very good best—to weave them into one story. First there are the doings of an American millionaire who talks delightful Yankee and is blissfully convinced that the angels are blind to the misery his operations may cause so long as he endows a church or builds a Sunday School with part of the profits. Then there is a psychological study of the effect produced

on a young Englishwoman, married to a shrewd but stodgy solicitor, when she comes suddenly in contact with a rather fine and lawless dweller in the "foothills" of the Far West. These two last are the *Wilderness Lovers*, and I found their goings-on rather mawkish and Mr. PUNSHON's reasonings thereon a trifle dull beside the breezy go-ahead movements of the financier. Still, there are the two things, and you can make your choice which you will skip. There is very good stuff in the book either way.

I found something stimulatingly colonial about *Lu of the Ranges* (HEINEMANN). There is a fine quality of youth and vigour in Miss ELEANOR MORDAUNT's writing that invests with fresh interest the not very new story she tells. *Lu* herself is as vital a heroine as you need wish. We first meet her, the starving child-mother of two little brothers on the Main Ranges, the three of them having been abandoned by their parents. Then comes along *Julian Orde*, wanderer, cynic, sentimentalist and incurable egoist (a figure touched in with admirable success), who from the natural kindness that is in him rescues the little family from starvation, puts *Lu*—much to her disgust—on a farm, and finally, after a period of separation, drifts back to her with results that were inevitable. There follow some chapters dealing with a hospital that are as crudely (and superfluously) horrible as anything that I remember in recent fiction. What upheld me through them was the certainty that no heroine with the gift for dancing displayed by *Lu* as a child of nature in the mountains would ever be allowed to end without becoming a popular idol



STUDIES IN CRIMINOLOGY.

PRACTISING THE CONFIDENCE TRICK WITH A LAY FIGURE.

of the stage. Which of course is what happens; leading up to the final scene, grimly moving, in which she again meets *Orde*, and, dying, he commands her to dance again for him as she did under the trees in their youth. There is a plenty of other incidents; at some of them one might perhaps sneer as melodramatic, but the whole effect is undeniably robust. For this and for the character of *Orde* I hail the book as one that promises well for Australian literature.

The plight of Colonel SEELY's Territorial Cavalry, who are not to be allowed to march past at the Royal Review, finds a touching echo in the state of things at Carlsbad, as set forth with considerable pathos in the local *Herald*:—

"Some of our old cure-guests who use to come here regularly year after year, will surely remind themselves of those donkey cavalcades, which formerly walked through the whole town and how great the pleasure always was for the strangers to take a ride on those donkeys. They used to be quite a splendid specimen of donkeys and they belonged to the town stud. These times seem to be finally over now. Those donkey-cavalcades have totally disappeared. As far as they are still alive, the bearers of this beautiful donkey period are to be found in the town stable for donkeys. There are very few who live still and it won't be long till also the last of their race will be dead."

CHARIVARIA.

SAYS Mr. BARRY PAIN, in Mrs. Murphy: "There's illnesses as is illnesses, and there's illnesses as ain't. And it's only them with time and money to spare as can afford the illnesses as ain't." It seems almost incredible, but Mr. BARRY PAIN has evidently not heard of the Insurance Act.

"Dr. J. Sinclair," it is announced, "has been appointed chief medical officer to the Post Office." The work involved must be peculiarly arduous, for, since it took over the telephones, the Post Office suffers from more complaints than any other public department.

With reference to the gentleman who recently hoaxed the London Hospital in the matter of a big donation to its funds, we understand that the medical staff trust that, if he should ever have to undergo an operation, he will place himself in their hands.

Negotiations are reported to be in progress for the purchase by the British Government of an Unger airship. Meanwhile, is anything being done to provide us with guns capable of hitting aircraft? We need not only Ungers, but also Unger-Strikers.

A swarm of bees occupied a post-office letter-box at Salcombe, Devon, one day last week. A Suffragette is suspected of having brought them there in her bonnet.

Croydon, which is seeking to extend its boundaries, is in some fear lest the borough shall be annexed by London. This would be strenuously resisted by Croydon, and, as it is thought that London would probably object to being annexed by Croydon, it is possible that a delicate situation may arise before long.

An elephant, we read, figured among the presents at an Eastbourne wedding. We suspect it was a white one.

The Vicar of Sittingbourne, Kent, we learn from *The Express*, has started a "Bargemen's Brotherhood," which already numbers fifty-seven members, who pledge themselves "always to attend a place of worship once on the Sunday when on shore, and to endeavour not to swear." The word in italics (ours) would seem to point to a compromise

having been arrived at in the negotiations between the reverend gentleman and the bargees. * *

It is announced that, in spite of the considerable expense involved, the cross on the dome of St. Paul's is to be re-gilded. To the credit of the authorities an offer by an American commercial man to bear the cost in return for advertising rights is said to have been refused.

A cøstermønger's donkey was killed by a motor omnibus in the Strand last week. It must have been an unequal combat from the beginning.

Iris, Heidelberg Road, Clifton Hill." This must have been much more satisfactory than keeping back the news from Miss Howgate until the wedding day. * *

The fact that a huge signboard, advertising "Come Over Here" at the London Opera House, fell and was wrecked the other day, reminds us that, when France's champion prize-fighter appeared in the Revue, a strip of paper announcing "Engagement of Georges Carpentier" was pasted across the poster depicting Mlle. POLAIRE. So far, no damages have been claimed for breach. * *

In an age when under-dressing is all too common, it is gratifying to read that the monks at the monastery of St. Michael at Maikop, in the Caucasus, have gone on strike in consequence of an order issued by their Father Superior prohibiting them from wearing trousers.

Last year's floods in Norfolk have resulted in deposits of mud in the Broads. Norfolk people, however, are not easily discouraged, and we may expect shortly to see some such advertisement as this:—

"WHY GO TO THE CONTINENT
WHEN YOU CAN GET
EXCELLENT MUD BATHS
IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY?"

Reading that the Lowestoft drifter, *Lord Wenlock*, realised £337 for one night's work, her catch being 150 crans, a well-to-do Gotham man asked his fishmonger to obtain a cran for him, as he had never tasted one.

Sir ROBERT ROGERS has taken exception to the toast-master's having announced Sir SAMUEL EVANS as "The President of the Divorce Court" at the Guildhall Luncheon to the French President. "Sammy" would certainly have sounded more genial.

We are authorised to deny as a silly canard the report that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will shortly appear in a Revue at the National Liberal Club, entitled "Halo Ragtime."

"The Brass Band are entering for the Band Competition at the coming Feis in Mullingar. They are, however, severely handicapped for want of instruments."

Westmeath Independent.
No Brass Band of spirit would let a little thing like that worry it.



Kind-hearted Gentleman (who has brought a pavement artist to see the Academy). "THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL PICTURES HERE, PAINTED BY HUNDREDS OF ARTISTS."
Pavement Artist. "HO, YES; BUT ARE THEY ALL THEIR OWN WORK?"

We are not allowed to comment on a case which, at the time of going to press, is still *sub judice*, but we hope we shall not get into trouble for drawing attention to the following headlines which appeared in *The Daily Mail* last week:—

"LADY SACKVILLE
ON THE SCOTTS.
MR. WALTER SCOTT
ON HIS KNEES."

If *The Sydney Herald* publishes many paragraphs like the following we are sorry we do not see it more often:—"Mr. Herbert Moss has returned to Sydney. His engagement (under romantic circumstances) has just been announced to Miss Howgate, of 'Glen

BETTER THAN A PLAY.

[Lines addressed to a waiter at a restaurant where they offer facilities for theatre-dinners.]

NAY, rush me not, Antonio; let me savour
This coffee *à la Turque* at my slow ease,
And lap this blend of Benedictine flavour
Distilled by holy friars on their knees;
Bring me a brand of Cuba, green and balmy,
With gilded cummerbund and long and fat;
I have no play to see to-night, *mon ami*,
I thank my gods for that.

This hour to inward peace is dedicated;
To-night I will escape that captious mood
Which comes of healthy appetite unsated
Or else the bitter pangs of bolted food.
Lingering meals, with choice cigars for sequel,
Suit my digestive system better far;
I have seen many plays, but few to equal
A really good cigar.

And then compare the charges! For a scanty
Stall I must put my demi-guinea down,
Whereas this full and generous "Elegante"
Costs me the paltry sum of half-a-crown;
And, as I smoke it, I may hold a quiet
Duologue with myself, of fancy wrought,
Where no intruding mummings, making riot,
Distract my train of thought.

It is, I own, an honourable calling,
That of the histrion; I respect his art;
The grind, I always think, must be appalling
Of getting such a lot of words by heart;
I would not seem, for worlds, to cast suspicion
Upon his shining claims; I but protest
He cannot stand the strain of competition
With one of Cuba's best.

But when the ferment of my peptic juices
Begins, my good Antonio, to abate,
Letting my brain, now blind to Thespian uses,
Enter upon a more receptive state,
Lest you should deem that I have touched too lightly
On sacred matters, I will move along
To where they give two exhibitions nightly,
And hear a comic song. O. S.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

CIVILIZATION.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was tired of hurry and fret and competition and politics and fashion and modernity. Above all he was tired of newspapers.

"I will," he said, "betake me to the wilderness for a while and get back a little peace and simplicity."

But the first thing that he saw on reaching the wilderness was the office of *The Wilderness Gazette*.

From a circular:—

"Briefly, Pollidol is diacetylamidoazotoluol."

If the writer is really aiming at brevity, he must try again.

"Only one of the officers is now living who took part in the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' at Balaclava; but there are probably still 1,500 of the privates on earth who took part in that great historical event."—*Greenwood (B.C.) Ledger*.

All that was left of them—left of six hundred.

THE CREATIVE GIFT.

"A character will every now and then seem to take the bit between his teeth and say and do things for which his creator feels himself hardly responsible."—*WILLIAM ARCHER.*

THE budding dramatist looked again at the passage in the Playwright's Manual. Yes, there it was in cold print.

"Once your characters are clearly in your mind," he read, "you can let them work out their own salvation. They, not you, will construct the play. The late Clyde Fitch used to insist that his characters often surprised him by their actions."

The budding dramatist breathed hard. This was a new gospel to him; he had been on the wrong track from the start. Clearly the proper course was to individualize the characters mentally, to decide on the opening scene, and then to sit back in a receptive mood and record the actions of the children of his party. At last he could begin on *To-Morrow*, his great dramatization of Laziness; for already the character of *Lucius Doolittle* was clearly in his head. How, then, should the play open? Once this was decided, he could liberate *Lucius* and let him go his own way.

At exactly eight o'clock the next morning a splendid idea for the beginning of Act I. presented itself. Scene: *Morning in Lucius Doolittle's bachelor apartments. An alarm clock heard ringing without. Lucius in his pyjamas emerges from his bedroom door, and lighting a cigarette (character touch) strolls listlessly toward the bath.* A great beginning: true to every-day life and yet unusual. Not a soul in the audience but would be startled into attention by the insistent tinkle of the alarm. What psychology! And later, perhaps, the audience could actually hear *Lucius's* bath running. Uncompromising realism!

Such was the budding dramatist's fever of excitement that he could hardly wait to scramble into his clothes and to pounce upon his bacon and eggs before beginning the work of a lifetime. At last all was ready—his pen chosen, his paper ranged before him. Trembling with excitement he proceeded to focus his inner eye upon *Lucius Doolittle*, who was to choose his own path through the piece unhindered. Cautiously he wrote as follows: "*Time—early morning. Doolittle's apartments are in disorder. Glasses and a half-emptied bottle stand on the centre-table; beside them lies a pack of cards. There is nobody in the room; Doolittle is obviously not yet up.*"

The dramatist paused, and with a little gasp of excitement set down these words:—

"An alarm clock is heard ringing without."

He waited, eyes shut.

"Now, *Lucius*; go it," he murmured.

Somehow in his inner consciousness he could feel *Doolittle* stirring, waking. What was the character saying? Wait—here it was! Slowly the dramatist's hand traced the words as if from dictation:—

Voice of Doolittle (within). "Bl—the clock; I'm going to sleep again."

CURTAIN.

The dramatist looked at the finished work doubtfully, critically.

"It's a short Act," he muttered, "but I like the method. It certainly shows up the man *Doolittle*."

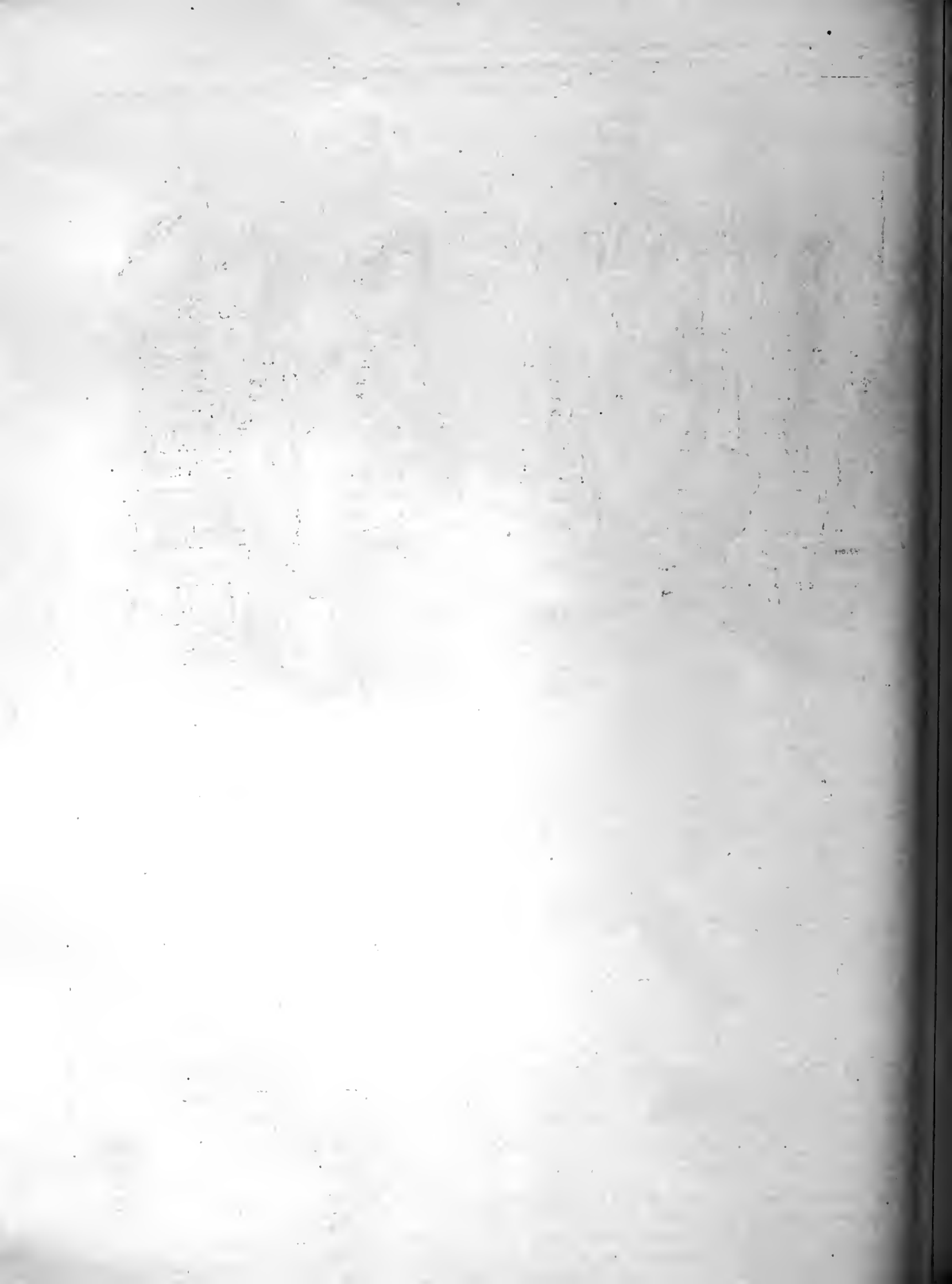
"Stuff the shoes with paper, then dip a rag in turpentine and rub the suede. Continue rubbing, turning the rag when soiled, till the shoes look quite clean. Then hang in a current of air to remove the smell of the turpentine."—*North Star*.

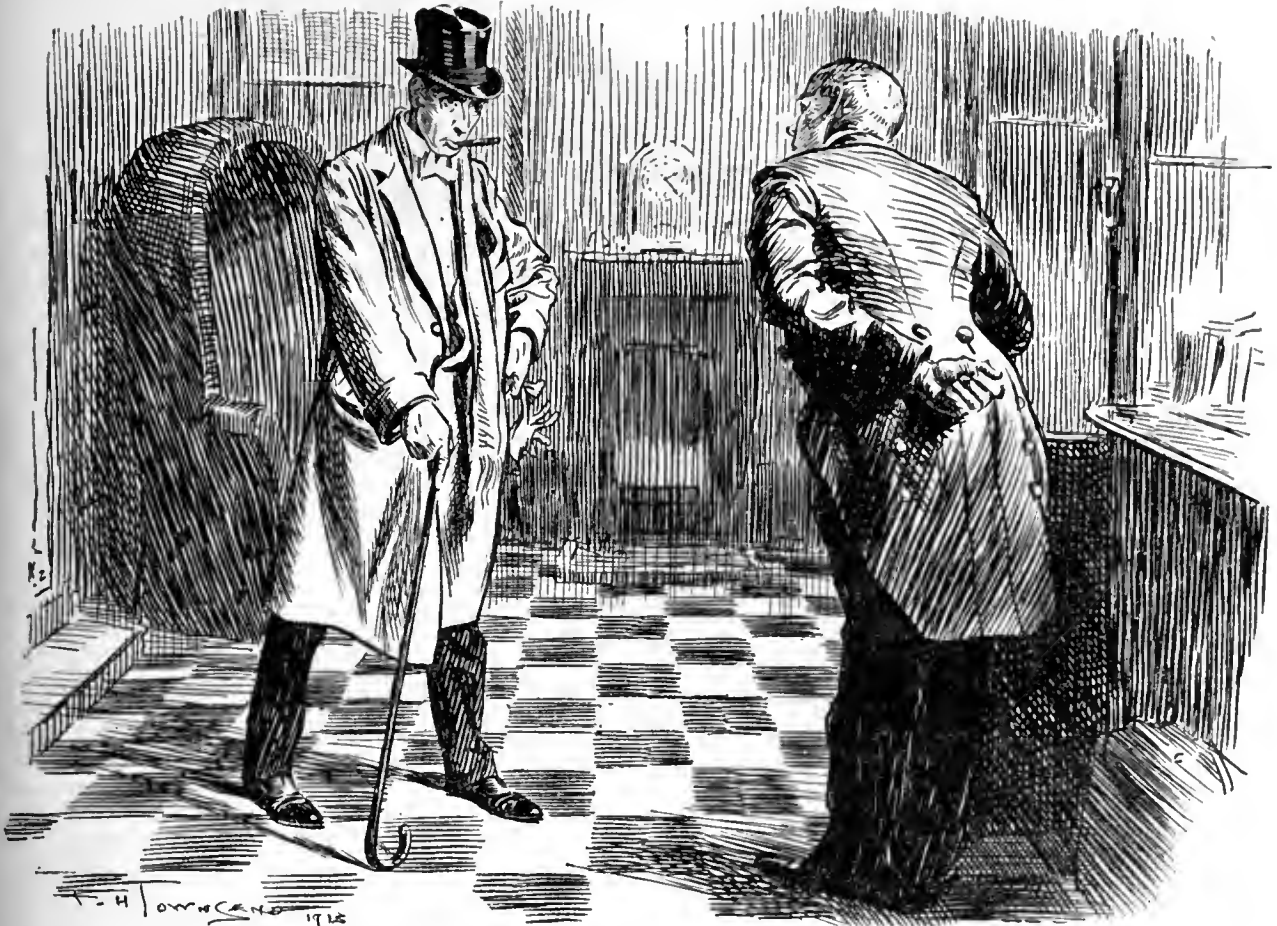
If on descending from this breezy position you find that the odour still remains, have a hot bath and change all your clothes.



THEIR ANNUAL TREAT.

IRISH AND WELSH BILLS (to Chucker-out). "WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"





Club Hall-porter. "GOOD NIGHT, SIR; AND NO STEP AT THE DOOR."

ANOTHER INJUSTICE.

BEING in the thick of a temporary embarrassment, and having, as it seemed, run upon the rocks at the precise moment that all my friends and relations had performed a similar feat, there was nothing for it but to seek professional aid.

On asking the advice of one to whom all such mysteries are an open book, I was directed to an upper room in Jermyn Street.

The second floor, he had told me; but when I reached it and found no name on the door but plain

AARON BREITSTEIN

I felt convinced there had been some mistake. For only that morning had I not been reading about Lord NEWTON's Moneylenders Bill, the point of which is that no moneylender at the present time would dream of having anything but a Christian—or, if possible, a Scotch—name.

I was therefore beating a retreat, when the door opened and I was asked if I was looking for anything. To the

blond, muscular, snub-nosed and very obvious Anglo-Saxon gentleman who put the question I replied that I was in search of one whose privilege and pleasure it was to assist his fellows in times of financial stress.

"Come in," he said; "that's what I'm jolly well here for."

I held my swimming head.

"But," I said, "how can you be a moneylender when your name is Aaron Breitstein? It's impossible. If your name was Aaron Breitstein you would have to change it in order to succeed in such a business. You would call yourself Graham or Moffatt or Buntly or Arclier or Rosslyn or Harnsworth or Pearson. I know; I have been reading the aliases in the daily press only this morning."

"My real name is not Aaron Breitstein," he said. "That's only my business name."

"What is your real name?" I asked.

"John George Albion," he said.

"But if that's your real name," I replied, "you must be English, and indeed you look it; and how can an Englishman be a moneylender? It's not done."

"I'm merely an innovator," he said. "I want to be in the van. Seeing this change coming I decided to be the first moneylender with a frankly Semitic name, and so I opened this office right away in order to get a start of all the 'Scotchmen' when they have to revert to their true style."

"But your triumph cannot last long," I reminded him; "for you'll have to change back too."

"I don't think so," he said. "I don't expect to be worried very much. Only the suspected are under suspicion, you know."

"True," I said.

"Meanwhile," he continued, "how much do you want?"

I told him.

"Your name and address?" he added, looking me full in the face.

I smiled as I gave them, and he smiled as he wrote them down.

"Ah!" he said, "Lord NEWTON is very solicitous for the health of the public, but what about the public's friends in need? What about money-borrowers' aliases? That's where we suffer, and no peer will ever do anything to protect us."



A CHEAP DIVERSION.

"LET'S GO TO THE MUSIC-HALL?"

"NAW."

"LET'S GO TO THE SINNEMER, THEN?"

"NAW."

"WELL, COME ON, LET'S GO AND SEE MY PANEL DOCTOR?"

"RIGHT-O."

RURAL REVELRY.

(Vide Local Press *passim*.)

ON Friday last the annual outing of the Titteringham Literary Society was held in perfect weather, to the complete satisfaction of all who were privileged to participate therein. Hitherto the members have fared forth on their annual expeditions in horse-drawn vehicles, usually of the waggonette type, but on this occasion a new departure was made, and the Society availed themselves of the new and commodious motor-brake recently acquired by Messrs. Docking and Posh. Mr. Jno. Posh, Junr., was at the wheel,

and his tactful execution of his chauffieral functions elicited the warmest encomiums, the list of casualties being confined to one hedgehog, for which no claim was preferred.

An excellent start was effected at 10.30 A.M. from the "Hammer and Tongs Inn," and in less than an hour the splendidly upholstered vehicle, gliding swiftly over the well-appointed road, drew up at the entrance to Newbottle Abbey. A special feature of these excursions is the excellent practice of allotting each place visited to a member with special antiquarian knowledge. On this occasion it fell to the lot of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Ezra

Tipple, to discourse on the beauties of Newbottle Abbey; and right eloquently did he avail himself of his opportunities. Mr. Tipple gave a short and masterly sketch of the original Roman camp of Novo-Bottilium, on the site of which the Abbey was subsequently built by Goswy, King of Northumbria. Later on, when KING JOHN was on his disastrous march to the Wash, he was entertained with lavish hospitality by the Abbot, and in return for a magnificent dish of carp, which were served up to the royal epicure, the Abbey received the right to adopt the somewhat pagan motto of *Carpe diem*. Proceeding thence to Stuttingford the party partook of an excellent luncheon at the "Gray Goose Hotel," where mine host (Mr. Jonah Bulpitt) literally surpassed himself in the amplitude of the *menu* provided.

Before leaving Stuttingford on the return journey, the Society spent a delightful hour in the Free Library, where Mr. Widgery Bamber, the librarian, did the honours of the institution, and Mr. Theophilus Moutl delivered an interesting address on the principal branches of local manufacture, viz., cotton, linen, canvas for sails, sacking, candlewicks, hats, axes, adzes, spades, hoes, and sickles. The chief articles of export, in addition to some of the above, are wool, grain, butter, bath-chairs, gunpowder, golf-balls, pig-iron, crinolines (for Central Africa), swoggles and bobbins. On the motion of Mr. Hatherley Goole a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Moutl for his lucid and illuminating address.

Having partaken of lunch at Stuttingford the party were delighted to find tea provided for them on reaching Tittenhanger at 4.45 P.M., Messrs. Pottle and Sons, the well-known caterers of Wigborough, having purveyed the repast, which included shrimps and cherries as *hors d'œuvre*. When repletion had supervened the party migrated to the monastery, where the Rev. John Bluck, whose services as *cicerone* were greatly appreciated, gave a vivid account of this great but now derelict foundation. In the days of HENRY VII. the staff included an arch-mandible, seventeen wapentakers, twenty halberdiers, several seneschals, and a deputy swan-marker. The soil is chiefly clay and the land is in many parts swampy, but remarkably fine lobsters are bred in the river; the air is salubrious and the surrounding scenery of pleasing character. Several human bones were dug up in the immediate neighbourhood of the gatehouse, which is a fine specimen of mid-Victorian *flamboyant* style, with machicolated transoms and garbled triforium.

On an excursion of this sort not much



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

AN ENTHUSIAST (WHO HAS THE FUTURE OF BRITAIN VERY MUCH AT HEART) TIMING A WELSHER OVER THE 200 METRES.

time is available for the collector, but while the Stuttlebury woods were being explored specimens were obtained of the lesser pimpernel, the striped or deadly pipsqueak, stuntwort, talking nettle, and friable rock-bane, also known as the vegetable lamprey. Mr. Josiali Povey also brought back with him two horseshoes, three gutty golf-balls, probably dating from the early 'nineties, a disused sprocket-wheel, and a pair of Argosy braces.

A halt was made on the return journey at the parish church of Great Snoring, which the Rev. John Bluck described as one of the stateliest monuments of the Decorated Soporific school of art. Within a mile of home the complete success of the excursion was very nearly impaired by a serious accident. Mr. Timothy Wanlip, junr., who had partaken heartily of shrimps, was suddenly seized with what Mr. LLOYD GEORGE elegantly calls "cross-Channel" symptoms, and fell from the box-seat. Fortunately the brake had been fitted only the day before by Messrs. Brackley and Jeeves with a cowscraper, which most efficiently prevented Mr. Wanlip, junr., from being crushed under the wheels. Restoratives were promptly administered by our good friend Mr. Hugo Trotter, L.P.S., and the homeward journey was completed without any further *contretemps*.

THE DAVID-AND-JONATHAN BRIGADE.

"THE affectionate relations between Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," says *The Star*, "was (*sic*) noted in various little ways at the National Liberal Club outside the speeches. As they left the room Mr. CHURCHILL was assuring Mr. GEORGE, 'You're the man for us,' and patting him on the back."

The almost doglike devotion that Mr. ASQUITH displays at all times towards Mr. JOHN REDMOND received a charming illustration during the division on the Third Reading of the Ministerial Investments Bill. As they returned from the Lobby the PREMIER was holding on to the Irish Leader's hand and, looking wistfully up into his eyes, was heard to remark, "Where *should* we be without you?"

Sir MAURICE LEVY and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, it is well known, are bosom friends and enjoy each other's confidence in a remarkable degree. The depth of the feeling existing between them was made apparent to passers-by the other day when, standing outside the Leicester Lounge, the Radical plutoerat placed his arm round his colleague's neck and murmured in his ear, "RAMSAY, you're the limit!"

Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN

BURNS are, of course, inseparable. Only the other day, as they strolled together across Palace Yard, the COLONIAL SECRETARY was observed to punch his comrade in the ribs and shout admiringly, "Ho, you are a one!"

THE STORY BOOK.

["It is announced in an American newspaper that a hen's egg, laid at Shuqualak, Mississippi, had the words 'Watch and pray' plainly visible and somewhat raised above the surface of the shell. The 'W' and 'P' were in capital letters."]

A VOLUME most delightful
I'm happy to possess,
Of pasted cuttings quite full
Collected from the Press;
For years I've kept it going,
Preserving thus intact
The fictions, glib and flowing,
Retailled to us as fact.

The range of choice is ample,
But one I chiefly love—
The staggering example
That's reproduced above;
I've sought in each direction,
But none with this can vie,
The gem of my collection,
The Very Biggest Lie.

Letter from a parent to a Bridlington schoolmistress:—

"Dear Miss —,—Dorothy's absence was required at home yesterday afternoon.—J.F."

LOT 176.

"Do you happen to want," I said to Henry, "an opera hat that doesn't op? At least it only works on one side."

"No," said Henry.

"To anyone who buys my opera hat for a large sum I am giving away four square yards of linoleum, a revolving bookcase, two curtain rods, a pair of spring-grip dumb-bells and an extremely patent mouse-trap."

"No," said Henry again.

"The mouse-trap," I pleaded, "is unused. That is to say, no mouse has used it yet. My mouse-trap has never been blooded."

"I don't want it myself," said Henry, "but I know a man who does."

"Henry, you know everybody. For Heaven's sake introduce me to your friend. Why does he particularly want a mouse-trap?"

"He doesn't. He wants anything that's old. Old clothes, old carpets, anything that's old he'll buy."

He seemed to be exactly the man I wanted.

"Introduce me to your fellow clubman," I said firmly.

That evening I wrote to Henry's friend, Mr. Bennett. "Dear Sir," I wrote, "if you would call upon me to-morrow I should like to show you some really old things, all genuine antiques. In particular I would call your attention to an old opera hat of exquisite workmanship and a mouse-trap of chaste and handsome design. I have also a few yards of Queen Anne linoleum of a circular pattern which I think will please you. My James the First spring-grip dumb-bells and Louis Quatorze curtain-rods are well known to connoisseurs. A genuine old cork bedroom suite, comprising one bath-mat, will also be included in the sale. Yours faithfully."

On second thoughts I tore the letter up and sent Mr. Bennett a postcard asking him to favour the undersigned with a call at 10.30 prompt. And at 10.30 prompt he came.

I had expected to see a bearded patriarch with a hooked nose and three hats on his head, but Mr. Bennett turned out to be a very spruce gentleman, wearing (I was sorry to see) much better clothes than the opera hat I proposed to sell him. He became businesslike at once.

"Just tell me what you want to sell," he said, whipping out a pocket-book, "and I'll make a note of it. I take anything."

I looked round my spacious apartment and wondered what to begin with.

"The revolving bookcase," I announced.

"I'm afraid there's very little sale for revolving bookcases now," he said, as he made a note of it.

"As a matter of fact," I pointed out, "this one doesn't revolve. It got stuck some years ago."

He didn't seem to think that this would increase the rush, but he made a note of it.

"Then the writing-desk."

"The what?"

"The Georgian bureau. A copy of an old twentieth-century *eseritoire*."

"Walnut?" he said, tapping it.

"Possibly. The value of this Georgian writing-desk, however, lies not in the wood but in the literary associations."

"Ah! My customers don't bother much about that, but still—whose was it?"

"Mine," I said with dignity, placing my hand in the breast pocket of my coat. "I have written many charming things at that desk. My 'Ode to a Bell-push,' my 'Thoughts on Asia,' my—"

"Anything else in this room?" said Mr. Bennett. "Carpet, curtains—"

"Nothing else," I said coldly.

We went into the bedroom and, gazing on the linoleum, my enthusiasm returned to me.

"The linoleum," I said with a wave of the hand.

"Very much worn," said Mr. Bennett. I called his attention to the piece under the bed.

"Not under there," I said. "I never walk on that piece. It's as good as new."

He made a note. "What else?" he said.

I showed him round the collection. He saw the Louis Quatorze curtain-rods, the cork bedroom suite, the Cæsarian nail-brush (quite bald), the antique shaving-mirror with genuine crack—he saw it all. And then we went back into the other rooms and found some more things for him.

"Yes," he said, consulting his note-book. "And now how would you like me to buy these?"

"At a large price," I said. "If you have brought your cheque-book I'll lend you a pen."

"You want me to make you an offer? Otherwise I should sell them by auction for you, deducting ten per cent. commission."

"Not by auction," I said impulsively. "I couldn't bear to know how much, or rather how little, my Georgian bureau fetched. It was there, as I think I told you, that I wrote my 'Guide to the Round Pond.' Give me an inclusive price for the lot, and never, never let me know the details."

He named an inclusive price. It was something under a hundred-and-fifty pounds. I shouldn't have minded that if it had only been a little over ten pounds. But it wasn't.

"Right," I agreed. "And, oh, I was nearly forgetting. There's an old opera hat of exquisite workmanship, which—"

"Ah, now, clothes had much better be sold by auction. Make a pile of all you don't want and I'll send round a sack for them. I have an auction sale every Wednesday."

"Very well. Send round to-morrow. And you might—er—also send round a—er—cheque for—quite so. Well, then, good morning."

When he had gone I went into my bedroom and made a pile of my opera-hat. It didn't look very impressive—hardly worth having a sack specially sent round for it. To keep it company I collected an assortment of clothes. It pained me to break up my wardrobe in this way, but I wanted the bidding for my opera-hat to be brisk, and a few preliminary suits would warm the public up. Altogether it was a goodly pile when it was done. The opera-hat perched on the top, half of it only at work.

* * * * *
To-day I received from Mr. Bennett a cheque, a catalogue and an account. The catalogue was marked "Lots 172-179." Somehow I felt that my opera hat would be Lot 176. I turned to it in the account.

"Lot 176—Six shillings."

"It did well," I said. "Perhaps in my heart of hearts I hoped for seven and sixpence, but six shillings—yes, it was a good hat."

And then I turned to the catalogue.

"Lot 176—Frock coat and vest, dress coat and vest, ditto, pair of trousers and opera hat."

"And opera hat." Well, well. At least it had the position of honour at the end. My opera hat was starred.

A. A. M.

Also Ran.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George were present at a performance of 'La Boheme,' given at Covent Garden on Monday night, when Melba and Caruso were never heard to such good advantage. The King and Queen were also present."—*Carmarvon Herald*.

"'Cynic,' 'jeonoclast,' 'wanton'—all these terms, and many more, have been applied to Bernard Shaw from the time when his *Widowers' Houses* was produced down to the present."

The Sunday Times (Sydney).

But you ought to have heard the things they said when his *Widowers' Houses* was produced.



THE MARCONI INFLUENCE.

Inspecting Officer (to captain who has been captured with his entire company). "I UTTERLY FAIL TO UNDERSTAND WHAT CAN HAVE INDUCED YOU TO EXPOSE YOUR COMPANY INSTEAD OF TAKING COVER."

Captain Feddup. "WELL, SIR, I MAY HAVE ACTED THOUGHTLESSLY, I MAY HAVE ACTED CARELESSLY, MISTAKENLY; BUT I HAVE ACTED INNOCENTLY, HONESTLY, AND, AS YOU SEE, OPENLY."

**A HIGHLAND SOLITUDE;
OR, SACRIFICED TO MAKE A SPORTSMAN'S
HOLIDAY.**

(Being a poignant illustration of the darker aspects of life on a sporting estate.)

It was generally understood in the hotel that Mr. Ezekiel Thornton, of Salford, was studying social conditions from a Radical point of view. Certainly he took no interest whatever in the fishing, and as the rest of us, for the time being, took no interest whatever in anything else our intimacy with him did not ripen as it might have done. He seemed to spend most of his time poking about making deplorable discoveries, but he was always most ready to talk when he could find a victim. I came upon him one sunny morning leaning against the railing and gazing out across the loch.

"You know, I do feel for these Highland shepherds," he began. "Theirs is a bleak, hard life." And he sighed.

I gave him no encouragement, but he went on.

"The population is leaving the country; and can you wonder at it? There"—with a fine wave of his arm—

"where there might be and ought to be a flourishing community tilling the heather, the place is a mere solitude given over to grouse and deer. Do you see that little white cottage over there? Near the head of the lake? One of the gillies was telling me to-day that the shepherd's wife that lives there has broken down completely—mental depression—nervous collapse. Surely that ought not to be."

"Certainly not," said I.

Mr. Ezekiel Thornton took a long breath, and I knew that I was in for it.

"Twenty years ago her husband took her over there as a bride, a strong, healthy, buxom young woman of twenty-three. And now it has come to this!"

"But what went wrong?"

"Sheer loneliness," he replied mournfully. "She had no neighbours. There is no road, not even a track to the cottage. Week after week she never saw the face of a stranger. There she sat day after day, her husband away on the hill, cut off from her fellows, looking out across the steel-grey loch."

There was a short pause, and then he began to pile it on. "There she sat, I say, listless, forgotten by the

busy world, forced back upon her own brooding solitude year after year. And now has come the inevitable collapse."

"And has she no children? I asked.

"Thirteen." He shook his head sadly. "Thirteen mouths to fill."

Journalistic Modesty.

"WASTE PAPER WANTED."

A PROBLEM SOLVED BY 'THE DAILY CHRONICLE.'—*The Daily Chronicle.*

"He believed the whole financial difficulty could be overcome through fostering free will offerings, and he held very strongly to the opinion that the whole difficulty could be overcome through fostering freewill offerings, and he held very strongly to the opinion that the whole difficulty could be overcome through the good old orthodox method—the church offertory."—*Daily News and Leader.*

He held on too long.

"WANTED TO BUY.—Handcuffs and Fakes of every description. Must be cheap or useless."—*The Magical World.*

Cheap, for choice, please.

The Lightning Impersonator.

"Then there was more applause and more recalls, and at last (copying Madame Patti) he appeared on the platform with his hat, his cane, and his gloves."

Daily News and Leader.



HINTS TO CLIMBERS: HOW TO ATTRACT NOTICE.

VI. ACQUIRE A FEW ORIGINAL EXPLETIVES AND LET THEM LOOSE ON APPROPRIATE OCCASIONS.

THE M.P.'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

(After ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.)

I.
THE WHOLE DUTY OF MEMBERS.
M.P.'s should to their chiefs be true
And vote as they are told to do;
Be gentlemanly in debate
Or try to be, at any rate.

II.

A THOUGHT.

It's really very nice to think
That in the House there's meat and
drink,

With no necessity to speak
And all the time £8 a week!

III.

THE DAILY ROUND.

In winter sitting late at night
I hate the artificial light;
In summer it is rather hard
To leave the sun in Palace Yard.
I have to go inside the place,
And hang about all day in ease
The Tories spring a snap division
And then object to its rescission.

Now does it not seem hard to you,
When there are nicer things to do,
That I should have to spend my day
In such a tiresome sort of way?

IV.

TWO OF A KIND.

I love the man who pairs with me
And gives me whole days off;
On politics we disagree
But both are keen on golf.

It's nicer far at Walton Heath
Than voting like machines,
For here there's lovely turf beneath
Our feet and perfect greens!

All worries we have left behind;
We are as free as air;
It would be difficult to find
A more contented pair.

V.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

I do as I am told each day
And in the end it's bound to pay,
For if I don't make any slips
I'll win the favour of the Whips.
A Member who, though not much
worth,
Can't some day get a decent berth,
He is a bad M.P., I'm sure,
Or else his brains are very poor.

VI.

A PRETTY THOUGHT.

The House is so full of delightful M.P.'s
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
bees.

VII.

GOOD AND BAD MEMBERS.

Members! once you've been elected,
Always vote as you're expected,
Not the way your heart inclines,
But on strictest Party lines.

Let it be your only hobby
To perambulate the Lobby;
Very seldom even try
To attract the SPEAKER'S eye.

Ready at a moment's notice
In your place, whate'er the vote is—
That was how—and still is yet—
Members reached the Cabinet.

But the lazy and unruly
And the sort who speak unduly,
Let them put aside the notion
They will ever get promotion.

Faithless and unwilling henchmen
Never will become front-bench-men,
And they cannot well complain
If Private Members they remain.

“Two reservoirs at Bradford have been
poisoned by dye.

“The action is attributed to Suffragettes,
and the supply has been cut off.”

South African News.

In England the supply of them con-
tinues.



THE LOOKER-ON.

TURKEY (to the Balkan "Allies"). "IT PAINS ME, GENTLEMEN, TO THINK THAT YOU, WHO HAVE BEEN ANIMATED FROM THE FIRST BY PURE CHRISTIAN ZEAL ON BEHALF OF OPPRESSED NATIONALITIES, SHOULD FALL OUT OVER THE SWAG. IF THE MEDIATION OF A MUTUAL FRIEND WOULD PROVE ACCEPTABLE, PRAY COMMAND MY SERVICES."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, June 30.—Lord NEWTON not only makes excellent jokes; he passes good Bills. Already this Session, whilst others talk and wrangle, he has carried through a useful measure dealing with the evils of betting. To-day moves second reading of the Moneylenders Bill. Not the kind that Josiah or Abraham would voluntarily endorse, even with the prospect of something more than the maximum of 5 per cent. interest which figures modestly in their circulars. And yet its provisions are so simple, and the obvious marvel is they were not earlier enforced.

All that Lord NEWTON asks is that moneylenders shall describe themselves as such; that in addition to their assumed names they shall give their own; and that their circulars shall be sent only to such hapless students of this type of literature as shall indicate desire to have it supplied.

A flutter audible on certain benches when, as result of inquiry, NEWTON told how these honest traders, solicitous to add appearance of respectability to shady business, borrow names of noble lords and flaunt them in place of their own, invariably suggestive of Semitic origin. For example, there are among the tribe a BURTON, a STEWART (no kinsman of LONDONDERRY or GALLOWAY), a FORTESCUE and—here NEWTON, smitten with genuine emotion, shuddered—a CURZON. This indignity to an historic assembly, which has not even a preamble to recommend it, will be made impossible by passing of the Bill.

"For example," NEWTON said, glancing lightly from Ministerial Bench to Front Bench opposite, from SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA to LEADER OF OPPOSITION who confronted him, "Moses and Aaron trading as CREWE and LANSDOWNE will be obliged to disclose their identity."

Prospect of deliverance from the pest of moneylenders' circulars evidently touched a chord of sympathy. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who watched debate from Commons' pen, bore personal testimony to prevalence of the plague.

"Rarely a morning passes without the post bringing me one or more of these circulars," he said. "Any day I might, on ridiculously low terms, find myself in possession of sums varying from £100 to £20,000. No questions asked; no disclosure made. Just your note of hand, and there's your money. Following a hint dropped some years

ago by my lamented friend LABBY, I used to put the circulars in an unstamped envelope and re-address them to the sender, Moses or Aaron as the case might be. Pictured to myself their benevolent smile when, having paid twopence for the missive expectant of prey, they found their own circular. "Am told this artless expedient is

Business done.—Second Reading of Moneylenders Bill passed without division. Chorus of approval promises swift and certain progress to Statute Book.

House of Commons, 8.30 A.M., Thursday.—After sitting that ran nearly the full round of the clock House sleepily adjourned. In other days, before Irish

Members found salvation, it was a familiar incident in week's work to go home with the milk in the morning. Of late an all-night sitting is so unusual as to create some talk. Suggests inquiry about reasonableness of charging overtime. Labour Members testify that when that overloaded Titan, the British workman, is required to stay on after completion of a full day's work he is paid per hour at increased rate. Why should there be one law for the dock-worker and another for the wage-earner at Westminster? Talk of organising strikes if demands on this score be ignored by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

Late sitting occasioned by resolute opposition displayed against Plural Voting Bill in Committee. Earlier in afternoon there was outbreak disclosing afresh electricity in an atmosphere which through long hours is dolefully depressing. Marconi episode petered out and ARCHER-SHEE not quite ready with his oil-can. Accordingly, by way of filling up time, WOLMER, devoured with anxiety for political purity, brings in Bill extending scope of Corrupt Practices Act. Based upon incident occurring at recent by-election at Leicester. Some misunderstanding about communication to working-men voters as to view taken by Labour leaders in the Commons of interposition of third candidate. WOLMER with frankness of comparative youth had already indicated his view of transaction.

"A forged telegram," he remarked, when MAURICE LEVY, who transmitted the message, escorted the new Member for Leicester to the Table to take the oath.

"A vulgar and insulting remark," LEVY described it.

WOLMER, shocked at this language, appealed to SPEAKER for protection. Got more than he expected in shape of stern reminder that his own disorderly conduct had put him out of court.

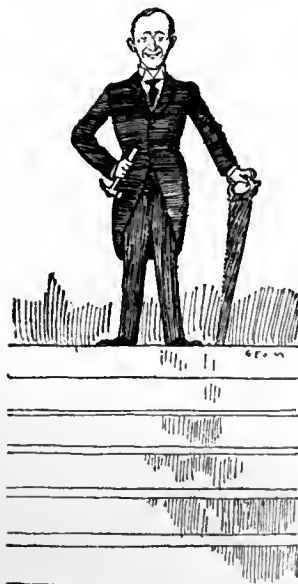
Few minutes later the SPEAKER again shortened unseemly episode by stopping LEVY, who was on the point of what would have been deplorable final retort to the noble Lord who talked about forgery.



THE MASKED MONEY-LENDERS.

"Moses and Aaron trading as CREWE and LANSDOWNE."

counterchecked by hereditary wariness. Orders have been given in all moneylenders' offices not to take in unstamped letters. What puzzles me is how these fellows come to know of my straitened circumstances, a condition of life the privacy of which I jealously guard. As they say at the War Office, the Admiralty or elsewhere, when an embarrassing document gets into the papers, there's a leakage somewhere."



THE STAIRS THAT BENN BUILT.
(Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN.)



"THE FIVE MEMBERS."

MR. MASTERMAN, Colonel LOCKWOOD, Mr. BONAR LAW, Mr. HARCOURT and Mr. WILLIE REDMOND figuring as models for the picture that is to decorate the centre panel of the new staircase to the Terrace.

Business done.—Wrestled round Plural Voting Bill the long night through.

Friday.—The week has seen something more than irresistible progress of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, and Plural Voting Bill towards Statute Book. Has witnessed opening of new staircase leading from dining-room lobby to Terrace. Tendency of Parliamentary mind distinctly running in direction of staircases leading anywhere so that they lead away from the workshop where our £400 a year is so arduously earned.

A few years ago new staircase was built regardless of expense for use of ladies going to tea on the Terrace or dinner in the Harcourt Room. Extravagance was the outcome of protest by clique of misanthropes who complained that, when they left enclosure on Terrace reserved "For Members only" and tried to run upstairs in response to sound of division bell, their progress was impeded by what they called "women" tripping downstairs, usually occupying the whole of centre-way.

New staircase primarily for service of Members; they are indebted to the energy of WEDGWOOD BENN, representative in Commons of Board of Works. A First Commissioner (in this case his deputy) is naturally desirous of leaving his mark—to be more precise, his signature—indelibly written on walls of historic edifice. Thus LOULU

built a spacious banquet hall and Members call it the "Harcourt Room." The new descent to the Terrace will be known as the Benmachree Staircase, a name which happily blends the patronymic of the Minister with a compliment to the Irish alliance with the Ministry of the day.

As BENN told a deeply interested House, it is intended to decorate the centre panel of the staircase with a picture designed by SEYMOUR LUCAS representing "The Flight of the Five Members." Promise of much competition for places on the panel. As yet no decision arrived at as to identity of sitters for what is likely to be a stirring picture of Members bolting downstairs. All that has yet been settled is that, in accordance with rule governing nomination of Select Committees, two shall be selected from the Ministerial side, two from the Opposition Benches, with one Irish Member.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill through Committee.

The Surprise.

From a Ceylon circular:—

"Printed Carpets on Japanese grass, looks like carpets."

Rotten if they had looked like banana skins.

"Wanted—Baby's cot; also rabbits."

Adv. in "Victoria Colonist."

We prefer the ordinary hutch.

THE PUSHER.

JAMES may say what he likes, but it was not my intention to hit the girl in the rhododendron-coloured jersey. I hate these losing hazards off the red. And the same applies to the young man with the artificially-preserved eye who was helping her to study the line of her putt; the wanton destruction of plate-glass is wholly abhorrent to my retiring disposition. But, just as the bee or the butterfly is lured by the brightness of certain flowers, just as the moth flutters round the evening lamp and the bird dashes itself against the lighthouse window, well—he was a pale-faced handsome-looking fellow, my ball, with a black rolling eye, and naturally enough the society of two commonplace men was a bit dull for him.

It was at the fourth tee that the trouble began. I had waggled about a long time before letting fly, and probably he hypnotised me, so that I caught him a most tremendous crack across the left flank with the toe of my club. Fortunately there is no silly point at golf, or he would have got it in the neck; but Pink Coat and her cavalier who were then standing on the seventh green only escaped his importunity by a magnificent piece of ducking. It was done in perfect time and looked very pretty. As I walked slowly away from James to round up the renegade I took off my cap and



First American Lady Polo Player. "DON'T LIKE HIM TO PLAY AGAINST? WHY?"
 Second American Lady Polo Player. "WELL, HE ALWAYS PLAYS AS IF I WAS ONLY A WOMAN."

spoke to them. "No holding him to-day, I am afraid," I murmured apologetically; "the drought seems to be in his blood."

The girl stared and the young man put up the forcing-frame which had fallen from his eye during the recent manoeuvres and positively looked niblicks at me.

"Oughtn't to allow them on the links at all," I heard him say, as I tried to bolt the wanderer from the burrow where he had gone to earth.

He was quite steady after that, until the eleventh hole, where, taking advantage of the fact that I used a cleek for my second, he tried to make up to them again. I shouted "Fore!" and watched him. He travelled with a low curly gait about ankle high, the sort of shot that leaves cover-point guessing every time. Rhododendron and Glass-house were taking the flag out of the fifteenth hole, and they cut him by a brisk leap into the air. I could scarcely refrain from shouting "Encore!" as I hurried across to whip him in. I managed, however, to make another apology, and there was another frest.

"Disgusting," said the young man as

he replaced his stopper, and they both deliberately turned their backs on me.

"I don't think I like those people," I said to James as I rejoined him; "they seem rather reserved."

"I know the man a little," said James, and as luck would have it he was the only occupant of the male compartment of the club-house when we came in to tea.

"Hullo, I'm afraid my partner nearly damaged you this afternoon," said James; "he's very sorry about it."

Then I made my third apology, and the chap looked at me through his glass as if I had been a green-fly. This was unbearable. Hang it all, the grievance was more mine than his. It was obviously the gay, worldly appearance of himself and his partner that had tempted my ball away from its proper courses.

I determined to be affable.

"Are you going to play another round?" I asked him.

"No," he replied coldly; "I am going home. There's no safe place on these links."

Very sadly indeed I ate an enormous tea, and, whether it was the effect of the second piece of cake or not I do

not know, but my first drive afterwards had a huge slice upon it. Almost at once it was obvious that my ball would drop, not on the course, but out of bounds in the road that runs outside. A second later, as it hovered in the air, it was clear that it was extremely likely to hit a large open motor-car coming from the club-house. As a matter of fact it timed its descent with extraordinary precision. I have seldom seen two motorists look so frightened. Simultaneously they leapt into the air and flung themselves back against the cushions. One of them, I noticed, had a monocle in his eye. His companion wore a fur coat, but she had a kind of pink woollen garment on her lap, and the adventurer fell exactly between them.

I did not pursue them to reclaim my property. Legally speaking, they had no right to appropriate the ball; yet, morally, I felt that they had earned it.

"Hampshire, 532. Oxford 1 for no wickets."—*Dundee Courier*.

This is headed "GOOD WORK BY OXFORD," and we must congratulate them on their plucky run.

TRY OUR MIXTURE.

SCENE—A RESTAURANT.

[Both the Old and the Young Man should look the picture of radiant health, the Waiter should be very genial, the Doctors pompous and well-meaning, and the Voices should be extremely agitated.]

Old Man. I am glad to see you are taking Bingo's Life Preserver.

Young Man. Yes, I always take it, and so do all my family. It is splendid stuff.

Old Man. And so cheap, too. Only one-and-nine the small bottle, and inferior makes cost two-and-nine or even three-and-two.

Young Man (steruly). I avoid all substitutes. Bingo's is the only true and original life preserver. (Very impressively) It saved the life of my aunt at Cromer.

Old Man. How delightful.

Young Man. And my great-uncle, who is ninety-eight, ascribes his robust health entirely to Bingo.

Old Man (con amore). I am not at all surprised.

Young Man. My grandfather lived to be one-hundred-and-eleven with the aid of the large bottle of Bingo, and then he was only killed by a motor-bus.

Old Man. Good.

Young Man. My liver, etc., etc.

Old Man (an hour later). You may well say that.

Young Man. It is splendid stuff.

Old Man (after a pause). It is splen—I mean it is really good. (A reverent silence for a minute.) But tell me, Abraham, how does your love affair progress?

Young Man (assuming a lugubrious expression and heaving a profound sigh). Alas! alas!

Old Man. Oh dear, does she refuse you?

Young Man. Refuse me? Aurelia? No, she loves me to distraction; she would go through fire and water for me; but her father will not hear of an engagement. He says I have no money.

Old Man. What an impasse!

Young Man. Aurelia has enough for two, but she will not marry without her father's consent.

Old Man. Why not?

Young Man. She would lose her money if she did. I don't know what we shall do. Alas! (Weeps bitterly.)

Old Man. All this is very pathetic. It affects me strangely. It is quite like a play. (Restaurant band starts playing "Hitchy Koo.") Ah, there is some slow music. I think I will now weep. (Does so.)

[Enter Waiter.]
Waiter. Another bottle, Sir? (Perceives their situation.) Dear, dear, don't take on so, gentlemen. Be British.

Old Man. Ow, ow, ow.

Waiter. Come, come, Sir, every cloud has a silver lining.

Old Man (rousing himself). That's true. I never thought of that.

[A woman's shriek now rends the air, which is also filled with confused cries and shouts. Several people rush in to the Restaurant in a very excited condition. Then an elderly gentleman in a state of collapse is carried in. His daughter (much affected) is by his side.]

First Voice. Quick, quick, a chair.

Second Voice. No, a sofa.

First Voice. Water, water.

Second Voice. Waiter, waiter.

First Voice. Fetch a doctor.

Third and Fourth Voices. Help, help! Oh lor! Oh lor!

Young Man. Goodness gracious, it is Aurelia. (Rushes up to her.)

Aurelia. Oh, Abraham, help. My poor father has been taken ill; he is dying. What shall we do?

Young Man. Send for a doctor.

[Enter three Doctors, each with a silk hat, a stethoscope and a thing that looks like a stiletto. They punch the elderly gentleman about the ribs.]

First Doctor (after hurried examination). I can do nothing. He has only an hour to live. Science is of no avail. My remedies are worthless. I am sorry. [Pockets fee and exit.]

Young Man. Aurelia, bear up. This one may be wrong. He is not on the panel.

Second Doctor (shaking his head). He cannot live a day. [Exit.]

Old Man. This one is very terse. The whole thing is strangely dramatic.

Third Doctor (after usual preliminaries). No, my colleagues are right this time. It is quite hopeless, though I give him a week. It is most interesting. I can do nothing. I will call again. [Exit.]

Aurelia. Oh! what shall I do?

Young Man (tearing his hair distractedly). I am completely nonplussed.

Old Man. Abraham, have you forgotten Bingo's Life Preserver?

Young Man. Ah, my Bingo. (Pulls out his bottle and gives it to Aurelia's Father, who at once shows some signs of life. Slowly he returns to consciousness; at last he rises, looks round him and begins to dance about.)

Aurelia's Father. I feel very fit. I would like a game of squash rackets.

Aurelia (shocked). Father.

Aurelia's Father (surprised). Why, it isn't Sunday. Oh! I remember now. I was ill. What was the matter?

Old Man. Ill, Sir! You were at death's door. You were saved by this gallant young fellow.

Young Man (modestly). It wasn't me. I only did what every Englishman

worthy of the name would have done. It was Bingo who saved you.

Aurelia's Father (in a tone of displeasure). Abraham, do I see you here? Young Man (nervously). I was here first.

Aurelia's Father. I suppose you were. I was brought in here, of course, when I was taken ill. And who is this Bingo who saved me?

Young Man. Bingo's Life Preserver, which I gave you in the nick of time.

Aurelia's Father (with emotion). Ah, how it comes back to me. My old father always told me to take it. The last, indeed the only, thing he ever gave me was a bottle of Bingo. But I neglected his warnings. I went my own way, reckless, careless, Bingoless. (Very firmly) I will be wiser now. Morning and night I will take my Bingo.

Aurelia. And you will consent to our engagement?

Aurelia's Father. Well, I suppose I must. (Grumpily) Abe, you can take my daughter.

All. Hip! hip! hoorah!

Old Man (to the audience). This is all due to Bingo.

Abraham and Aurelia embrace; the Waiter brings out drinks for all, and the Old Man walks off with Aurelia's Father. As the curtain falls he is heard saying—

Yes, but the large bottle at two-and-seven comes cheaper in the long run.

CURTAIN.

PUT TO THE PROOF.

LATELY I gave the camera-man

One last conclusive show:

He was to trace my final face

For after-men to know.

The deed was done; I looked—and got
A really nasty blow.

Plump and high-browed I knew I was,
But not half-bald and fat.

Those lines! That nose! Could they
be those

I wear beneath my hat?

And, horrified, "Kind heavens!" I
cried,

"It can't have come to that!"

Back went they; but next day arrived
Still deadlier printed lies;

A blasting sight! By day and night
Their memory never dies.

That Clapham Junction of a brow!
Those bagged and bleary eyes!

And with them came a note that made
Still worse his wanton act:

The earlier lot had given me what,
Said he, my features lacked,

Till Art "re-touched." These latest
showed

The Unmitigated Fact.

HINTS TO FOREIGNERS WHO PRODUCE CINEMA FILMS FOR THE ENGLISH MARKET.



AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AS A RULE DOES NOT ACT IN THE ABOVE MANNER DURING A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH A LADY WHO HAS ENGAGED HIS AFFECTIONS.



ENGLISH SPORTSMEN AND SPORTSWOMEN ARE SELDOM AS DECORATIVE AS THIS.



WHEN THE EARL OF WESSEX MEETS AN EX-OFFICER OF HIS REGIMENT IN THE DESERT THEY ARE UNLIKELY TO BEHAVE LIKE THIS.



WHEN THE NOTICE PRECEDING THE PICTURE DEFINITELY STATES THAT THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN PICCADILLY THE ABOVE DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT SOMEHOW.

CAMPER'S LUCK.

WELL, yes, of course one is "roughing it," as they say. That is all right. You don't expect a vagrant's life to be a bed of roses. But I am not complaining of the rules of the game. Being no mean sportsman, I am always prepared to rough it in a spacious, weatherproof, well-ventilated and luxuriously appointed caravan, with a first-class stove, comfortable chairs and a thundering good bed. The trouble lies not in the inherent privations of existence on tour—far from it. The trouble lies in the ups and downs, the undulations—if you take me—in the run of luck. Even so, it would be all right if one thing did not lead to another. But it does.

They go in cycles, generally of about twenty-four hours. If a day means to be good it is not at all easy to spoil it. And if it means to be bad you can't cure it. It is simply the steady preponderance of good days over bad that makes caravanning the finest holiday in the world. But "when they are bad" (like the little girl in the poem) "they are horrid."

You can nearly always tell them as soon as you get up. The rubber bath acts as a sort of rough index for the day. If it behaves well you are pretty sure to be all right. But if it begins by flopping over when you are filling it, and flooding the corner where you keep the boots, and ends by turning on you viciously as you are emptying it out of a high window, you are in for it. You must go forward in faith, with no immediate hope, and with your eye fixed bravely on the morrow. In the meantime you may expect a bad egg for breakfast, a heavy downpour of rain while you are packing up, a broken trace when you stick in the gate, a mistake in the map, which lands you into impossible country, a lame horse. You will find you have forgotten the corkscrew and left behind your only pipe; the shops in the village that you were counting on are closed for the weekly half-holiday; your letters have been sent to the wrong place. You endure endless delays in finding camping ground, because the farmer has recently made the farm over to his brother-in-law (just now at the station with the milk), who has sub-let the only possible field to the butcher, who is at a market four miles off, and (when he is found) can't move the cattle unless he has permission to put them into the meadow that belongs to the aged schoolmaster, who is in bed with a sharp attack of pneumonia and can't be consulted. That is the sort of way it works.

And, as I have said, one thing leads to another.

It is late at night and everything is at last in order. It occurs to you, just before turning in, that you will clean the fish for breakfast. That will not take five minutes. You go into the kitchen, get a bowl, a sharp knife and the bucket. In pouring the water into the bowl you slip and flood the floor. You mop it up, and then you must wash your hands. You get a basin, fetch the soap from the bedroom and pour out more water. You wash your hands. Very well, you return to the fish. The candle has almost burned out. You go and grope for another in the locker, and have the misfortune to get your hand into the blacking. You light the candle, wash your hands and return to your fish. But by degrees you are getting deeper in. The candle topples over. You had jammed it on the top of the hot stump and it has gone weak in the knees. You make a grab at it. You are too late to save it, but you knock something off the table and can hear it dripping quietly in the dark. You plunge fishy hands into your pockets, but find you have no matches. You have to go for them to the bedroom, stepping on the lard *en route*. You find that the dripping sound was methylated spirit and it has contaminated the frying-pan. Very well. You fix your candle. Everything is getting pretty fishy by this time, so you wash your hands. You return to your fish. Then you try to wash the frying-pan with cold water, and fail. You must boil water, and you have no water left. You light a lantern and go for water to the spring (600 yards). You propose to ignite the stove. It is empty. The oil is beneath the van, and it is now raining hard. You bring the oil and upset the milk which some fool had left on the step. You light the stove; boil the water; wash the pan; wash the floor; chuck away the lard; wash your hands; put out the stove; take back the oil and put the fish in the frying-pan. It is now two hours since you began and your net loss is one quart of milk, a pint of methylated spirit and a chunk of lard. You see what I mean when I say that one thing leads to another.

But then, if the morrow is a good day, it will inaugurate a new cycle. The fish will not, after all, taste of methylated spirit. You will find enough milk in the blue jug. As you empty the bath out of the window, it will quite gratuitously put out a rising conflagration where some one had set fire to the old newspapers, and might have set fire to the van. At breakfast, if you happen to drop a plate off the table, it

will not break but it will kill a wasp. As the day goes on itinerant butchers and bakers will minister to you in the nick of time. A preternaturally intelligent postman will pursue you on a bicycle with the lost letters. By taking a wrong turning you are brought to the most perfect camp of the tour in a sheltered meadow by a winding stream. One of the lamps of the stove goes out, while you are not watching it, and thereby saves the sirloin from being grossly overdone.

And late at night a sudden heavy shower extinguishes the gramophone of the party camped over the hedge.

FAUVETTE.

(A Toy Dog.)

FAUVETTE a dainty lady is;
Her life is hedged with luxuries,
Her room with richest tapestries.

Her garb is very fair to view;
She has a silken coat of blue,
And one of roseate satin, too.

In this attire her days are spent
Upon a couch of pleasing scent
'Twi'x sleep and taking nutriment,

For which she has a silver dish
Served with the rarer kinds of fish,
Or breast of game, if she should wish.

She comes of high and ancient line;
Her birth, her breeding, are so fine
That she has won of medals, nine.

Such worth demands the greatest care;
Tho' sometimes, when the day is fair,
She will go forth to breathe the air.

Not doomed to walk, as others are,
She takes a drive, not fast or far,
Well guarded in a costly car.

For this she has a coat of fur
And goggles light as gossamer,
Lest wind or dust should ravish her.

And she, from this high post, looks down
Coldly, between a sneer and frown,
On the low mongrels of the town,

Who see her on her owner's lap,
And, stung by her derisive yap,
Would give the world to have one snap.

It may be, if some boarhound ate
The frail and shivering Fauvette,
Her mistress would be much upset.

For me, at an event so triste,
I should not worry in the least,
I do so hate the little beast.

DUM-DUM.

A wit has applied the term "Lime-wash" to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's style at the National Liberal Club Luncheon. Conversely, the name of the CHANCELLOR's new private secretary is Mr. WHITEHOUSE.



Geo. Morrod

Policeman (on point duty, to inquisitive stranger). "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T WORRY ME WHEN YOU SEE I'M BUSY. JUST LOOK WHAT YOU 'VE DONE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MR. OLIVER ONIONS is the latest expositor of the art of what might be called the concurrent sequel. I remember that, when he published the further history of *Jim Jeffries* under the title of *The Debit Account*, I complained that only those with some previous knowledge of his past could make out what it was all about. In the present volume, *The Story of Louie* (SECKER), he has been so far from repeating this mistake that *Louie's* story is entirely and absorbingly complete in itself; and only when about two-thirds of the way through did I suddenly find myself in familiar company. This many-sided consideration of one history is a fascinating development of fiction, which may however be overdone. Certainly the previous books had given me no idea that there was so much in *Louie*. I am inclined indeed to call her the most attractive figure in all Mr. ONIONS' rather sombre company. Child of a runaway match between an artist's model (who was also a pugilist) and a lady of quality, *Louie* is throughout the true daughter of such parents. She is a fighter, but she fights clean. Her upbringing by a mother who is ashamed of her; her attempt to earn independence at a gardening academy; the episode of her early love and its consequences—all these are so vividly told that, long before she met *Jim Jeffries* at the Business College, *Louie* had become for me absolutely human and real; so much so that the tragedy wherein,

according to the previous books, she had played but a subordinate part I now regarded exclusively as it concerned her. On which, since it was presumably just what Mr. ONIONS intended, I make him my felicitations, coupling with them a gentle hope that he will now leave this somewhat depressing affair and tell us about another.

One of the chief attractions of that pleasant writer, Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, is the natural and unvexed fluency of style by which he communicates to the reader something of his own atmosphere of ease and confidence. It may be that in *The Honour of the Clintons* (STANLEY PAUL) the narrative is at times a little too unstudied; that a little more selection of detail might have strengthened it; that the dialogue, always extraordinarily probable, might with advantage have indulged our imaginations more freely; but these are the defects of a sound virtue. The plot of Mr. MARSHALL's clever story is concerned with a theft committed by a lady at a country-house party. A hint of her guilt is dropped rather early in the tale, but this matters less because the theft and its exposure, though no doubt they provided the author with his original motive for making the book, interest us chiefly for their effect on the character of someone who had no sort of hand in the crime. Pompous, dictatorial, thoroughly satisfied with himself and the Providence that has made him what he is, the Head of the House of Clinton is suddenly asked to face this blow that falls upon his family's honour, and in the test discovers an unsuspected

nobility. All the delicate phases of the struggle between conscience and the instinct of self-preservation are analysed by the author with the very nicest judgment. Mr. MARSHALL'S familiarity with the externals of this type has long been recognised, but here he is not content with just a true picture of life in a setting well-observed; he has attempted a difficult problem in psychology, and brought a very sure hand to his task. He has many admirers, and this new book promises to add much to the stature, and even more to the quality, of his reputation.

Let those who are fatigued by the novel of problem and of purpose turn to *How Many Miles to Babylon?* (CONSTABLE) and seek refreshment. One is naturally chary of superlatives when writing of a new novelist, but I can honestly say that no "first book" has for many years impressed me more than Miss IRWIN'S. *Mab*, the heroine, is taken through her childhood and school-days (which are most vividly described) until she returns to her relations, who did not understand her, and with whom she had little or no sympathy; and during this part of the story she is drawn with an insight that is almost uncanny in its perfection. Apart from the fact that Miss IRWIN evidently imagines that the Rugby and Marlborough cricket match is occasionally played at Marlborough, I can find nothing that is not precisely and exactly right. Later on, after *Mab*'s marriage, I think that the author's grasp over the story is a little less sure. Her account of *Mab*'s flight from her husband is too meticulous in its detail. It is impossible to cavil at

the flight itself, but one may well regret the attempt to make so much of what is rather attenuated material. For the rest, however, I am not only a captive to the curiously delightful atmosphere of the book, but also an enthusiastic admirer of the skill with which a most difficult character has been handled.

I had always supposed that any fool could make money in the late rubber boom. But apparently I was wrong. This certainly was not the experience of *Sir Derrek Ryderdale*. But then he was the hero of *The Lost Destiny* (STANLEY PAUL), and in many respects an exceptional man. Things happened to him as they do not happen to ordinary persons. For example, he had a visitation in a railway carriage from an invisible voice (something like the *gnat* and *Alice*) which warned him concerning his future. A little later on a bold bad financier—possibly in active league with the Evil One, but of this I am not certain—gave him two hundred pounds to gamble with in return for half his winnings during four years. So *Ryderdale* took the money, and abandoned his alternative career as an Empire-builder for that of a plunger. It was here that I detected the root idea that alone saves Mr. C. VILLIERS STUART'S story from utter sensationalism and futility. The conception of a man

on the downward path, haunted by what he might have been, is in itself excellent. Unfortunately the author has by no means done it justice in treatment. His characters are like nothing on earth. I thought the Jew financier was unreal enough, when, just for melodrama, he made an appointment with the now ruined *Ryderdale* at midnight, and dared his victim to murder him. Which the latter promptly did, with sufficient ingenuity, by means of a poisoned syphon. And then the Home Secretary—but no, you must really find out for yourself how he came in an easy winner in the race for incredibility. I have said just enough not to spoil the story for those who like this sort of thing, and to avert the danger of deadly boredom from those who don't.

I have a shrewd suspicion that of the twenty-and-three stories that go to make up the volume *Through the Window* (MILLS AND BOON) the twenty were got together mainly in order to provide the remaining three with an excuse for existence. I only hope that they were hunted up from the limbo of a bottom drawer and that time and effort were not spent upon writing them for the purpose. I am far from saying that they are bad; many of them were worth the telling, and one, "The Five Pound Note," so much so that it has already, I am afraid, been many times told. But if they are capable they are no more, and certainly they are not up to Miss MARY E. MANN'S form, as anybody could see for himself who had no previous experience of what Miss MANN'S form might be. Each story has its point, but

in none is the point fairly developed; the reader is informed that such and such a thing happened but is not given to understand why. There are, besides, two pervading faults. In the first place the politics are bigoted. Many will agree that Miss MANN'S opponents are a misguided party, but even they are not to be dismissed in such an offhand manner. In the second place the few serious attempts at characterization achieve little more than an unhappy class distinction, feminine merits being confined to the upper ten and masculine virtues to members of the Senior Service. The three that remain are "The Setting Sun," an elogy; "Beetles," a gruesome but delightful incident, and "Medlars," an incomparable jest. There is that about the two last named that leads me to suspect that the author, if she would subject herself to a process of ruthless self-criticism and elimination, could produce a book of short stories not unworthy of that great model, MAUPASSANT.

"It was decided that the members should endeavour to raise a fund for a marble font by asking parents who had had their children baptised in the Cathedral to donate at least one shilling per child towards the same. At the April meeting, Mrs. Z— headed the list with £5."—*Grafton Diocesan News*.

We are glad to see that the large family is getting popular again.



Mother. "COME ALONG, GREGORY, AN' DON'T BEGIN IMITATING THEM GOLFERS; YER MIGHT BE LIKE IT SOME DAY."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. KEIR HARDIE, in a speech at Plaistow, explained why he never goes to Buckingham Palace. "I never accept favours which I cannot return," he said. "I cannot ask the KING to my backyard, so I keep away from his." HIS MAJESTY is said to be greatly relieved by the explanation.

The marriage between the Balkan Allies being at an end, the Powers have decided to keep the ring.

A lady—Dr. MARIE C. STOPES—has been appointed Lecturer on Fossils at London University, and there is an ugly rumour on foot to the effect that the subject of her first paper will be Man.

The elephant which Lord HARDINGE was riding at the time of the bomb outrage at Delhi, has, in consideration of his steadiness on that occasion, been made a State pensioner. We understand, since the news has leaked out, that he has been pestered with unwelcome attentions on the part of fortune-hunters, and, with the view of putting an end to the nuisance, he would like it to be known in the elephant world that it is not his intention to marry.

One of the witnesses in a recent sensational will-suit is said to have refused fabulous sums offered to him by the managers of several Revues as an inducement to him merely to toddle once round the stage on his knees.

By the way, so many smart people were prevented by lack of accommodation from attending the trial referred to that it has been suggested that the High Court authorities should be authorised in future, on the occasion of a *cause célèbre* such as this, to hire a theatre for its run. The cost could be recouped by charging for all seats except those in the gallery, the surplus to go to the Trustee in Bankruptcy of the litigant who loses.

Owing to the advance in the price of raw materials our soap is to cost us more, and the day may not be far distant when it will be cheaper to use india-rubber.

Meanwhile it is said that quite a number of little boys, whose parents are alarmed at the prospect of an increase in the price of yet another necessity, have gamely offered to wash only once a week.

However, as a Member of the Government is reported to have said, even if



SECRETARIES OF SEASIDE AMUSEMENTS COMMITTEES SHOULD BEAR IN MIND, WHEN GETTING UP THEIR ANNUAL REGATTA, THAT, WHILE THE ARRANGED ITEMS MAY BE ENTERTAINING, IT IS



THE LITTLE IMPROMPTU FEATURES THAT THE PUBLIC REALLY LOVES.

the price of soap goes up, white-wash, thank Heaven, is cheap enough.

A few weeks ago we stated in this column that the "Old Six Bells" inn, Willesden, had "been condemned by the local authorities as unfit for habitation." We are now informed by the agents of the owner that this statement is "quite inaccurate and calculated to seriously damage both the value of the property and also the business at present being carried on by the tenant, viz: that of a Coffee and Dining Rooms." We hasten to express our regrets, and we trust that if any readers of *Punch* have been in the habit of using the place as "a Coffee and Dining Rooms" or have chorished the intention of bidding for it when (if ever) it comes into the market, they will not have been put off by our erroneous state-

ment. Long may the old inn remain as sound as a bell—as six bells!

The fact that Tagg's Island is being advertised as "The Riviera of London" is, we hear, hotly resented by certain South London watering-places, and steps are to be taken at once to draw public attention to the claims of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe.

The recent fire at the Welcome Club, Earl's Court Exhibition, fortunately did but little damage, but the Committee realise now that it is possible for a welcome to be too warm.

The Epping Guardians have decided to purchase a fifteen-shilling wig for a pauper inmate of the workhouse, but any lady pauper asking for a transformation will be discouraged.

LEAVES FROM THE BEERBOHM TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

[In friendly imitation of the first chapter—entitled "Our Betters"—of Sir HERBERT TREE'S recently published *Thoughts and After-thoughts*.]

WHAT is a gentleman? I once assisted at a banquet which was graced by the presence of a number of actor-managers. A humorist, called upon for a speech, addressed the company as "Knights and Gentlemen!" The distinction is only superficial, for they have much in common. A gentleman is one who does not care a coat-tail button whether he is a gentleman or not; and a knight is one who is so little concerned about his title that he would just as soon be a baronet.

Sweet are the uses of the University and the Public School if your sole object is

"to merge in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man."

But I have never found that SHAKSPEARE, who was neither at Oxford (like BENSON) nor Cambridge (like ADRIAN ROSS) was the worse for that defect. The triumphs of the author of "Endymion" were not won on the playing-fields of Eton, and ROBERT BURNS could never have learned to write "For a' that" at Harrow.

My own ideal type is the peasant. I have often come away a better man from holding converse with a yokel. He is nearest to Nature. For one who has given his life to Art such intercourse is a fine corrective.

I have spoken slightly of University education. I will do so again. My brother MAX has often complained bitterly to me of the damage done to his genius by his six years' residence (if I have got the period right) at Oxford. Had it not been for the disabilities which he acquired at that seat of learning so-called, he thinks, poor boy, that he might have rivalled me as an actor. There is BOURCHIER, of course. But it is not given to everyone to pass through the University and still keep, as he kept, the divine spark unquenched.

There are many kinds of snobbery. One might indeed devote an entire book to the subject of snobs. It would have made a good theme for THACKERAY.

To recur to the question of University education. You will seldom find a sailor who has taken the degree of Master of Arts at one of the Universities. Yet no class of men is more keenly intelligent about splicing a rope or boxing a binnacle. And why? Because they are constantly in touch with the elements. On the other hand I have never known a man to escape sea-sickness through wearing a University ribbon on his hat. I think, without conceit, that I have proved my point this time.

Self-respect is the very tap-root of the oak of independence. But it must be watered with humour and manured with modesty. Only the greatest—and therefore the most modest—actors can afford to dispense with the limelight. The curse of dramatic art is the publicity which it entails. If I had my way the names of the cast should not be given on the programme, and every actor should disguise his own identity; so that at the fall of the curtain the stalls would ask one another, "Which was TREE?"

The Spirit of the Age is undergoing a sea-change. Put your ear to the shell upon the shore and you will hear the rumble of the on-coming armies of Liberty and Equality, as they burst through the barbed wires of convention and sweep away the landmarks of vested interests. That is what I mean when I speak of a sea-change.

Too long have we been licking the boots of "Our Betters." But there is a cloud to every silver lining; and, when everybody is as good as everybody else, we must be prepared

to sacrifice the privilege of patronising "Our Worses." We shall all be on the same rung of the ladder—probably the bottom one.

Those who have never suffered from the disease of self-consciousness will be left unaffected by the sea-change to which I have referred. This applies peculiarly to the leading exponents of the drama. For the purposes of creative Art we may have imitated "Our Betters," but we have never recognised them as such. A Duke or a Marquess—they are all one to us.

To strain after originality is to confess oneself a Philistine. The note of genius is inevitability. How was it that the late GEORGE WASHINGTON spoke the truth so ably? Not because he was trying to distinguish himself from his fellows, but because he couldn't help it. I knew a Hamlet who wanted to be original about his dying. For weeks he fell dead without distinction, and then, one night, at the supreme moment, he slipped up on a banana-skin thrown from the gallery—and brought down the house. One touch of Nature often has this effect.

It was SHAKSPEARE who said, "To thine own self be true." SHAKSPEARE could say almost anything better than almost anybody else. Yet there have been other great writers whom I could mention if I gave thought to it. Meanwhile, MOSES, SOPHOCLES, DANTE, CERVANTES and GOETHE are names that occur to me.

Two of the greatest developments of our era are Eugenics and Boy Scouts. I remember once hearing of a congenital idiot who accidentally severed an artery and, in the absence of First Aid, bled to death. It was for lack of a Boy Scout that he died; and it was for lack of Eugenics that he was ever born.

The minority of to-day becomes the majority of to-morrow; and it is no less true that the majority of to-day becomes the minority of to-morrow. Life is full of these strange paradoxes—if that is the word I mean. The rain falls equally on the just and the unjust, but chiefly on the just; because the unjust takes the just's umbrella. The only safe course for the just is to shelter under the spreading chestnut Tree.

—O. S.

PETER PIGEON.

THE pigeons dwell in Pimlico; they mingle in the street;
They flutter at Victoria around the horses' feet;
They fly to meet the royal trains with many a loyal phrase
And strut to greet their sovereign on strips of scarlet baize;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, is in his cradle days.

The pigeons build in Bloomsbury; they rear their classic
homes

Where pedants clamber sable steps to search forgotten
tomes;

They haunt Ionic capitals with learned lullabies
And each laments in anapæsts and in iambs cries;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, how sleepily he sighs.

The pigeons walk the Guildhall, they dress in civic taste
With amplitude of mayoral chain and aldermanic waist;
They bow their grey emphatic heads, their top-knots rise
and fall

While elustering in the courtyard at their mid-day
dinner-call;

But Peter, Peter Pigeon, he nods beneath my shawl.

The pigeons brood in Battersea; while yet the dawn is dark
Their reedy aubade ripples in the plane-trees round the
park;

They light upon your balcony, a brave and comely band,
Till night decoys their coral feet, their voices low and bland;
But Peter, Peter Pigeon, his feet are in my hand.



BAULKED!

LORD MURRAY OF ELIBANK. "MARCONI ENQUIRY CLOSED! THIS IS INDEED A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT."





"I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, MADAM, BUT YOU ARE DIRECTLY ON THE LINE OF OUR DRIVE. WILL YOU KINDLY MOVE ONE WAY OR THE OTHER?"

"CERTAINLY NOT. I HEARD YOU SHOUT VERY RUDELY, BUT I'VE NO INTENTION OF MOVING. I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A GENTLEMAN, WHEN HE SAW ME HERE, WOULD PLAY THE OTHER WAY."

CREATING AN IMPRESSION.

THE summer swank-by-the-sea season is upon us again, and Brixton, Bow, Battersea and Bromley are busy.

You that have yachting caps to wear prepare to wear them—shortly. A well-found cap of this sort, a blue coat with brass buttons, white flannel trousers, a pair of white shoes, and the thing is done—you are a yachting man. But why make the mistake of buying or hiring a yacht? There is an easier and a cheaper way.

It is Saturday—a fine day—and you have arrived at Weymouth, or maybe it is Scarborough. Begin well by cultivating an air of aloofness, of detachment from the common herd.

There are yachts in the harbour. One of them, if not yours, shall be as yours in the eyes of the girl whom you wish to impress. Don't overdo the thing. Create an impression that you are the owner, or at least a guest of the owner, of one of those yachts, and the worst is over.

With as showy a weed as threepence will run to, make your way to the quay and stroll about in a dignified manner till your Duleinea appears with the latest holiday thriller under her

arm and the newest Bon Marché turban hiding her pretty curls.

Now is the supreme moment. Summoning your courage from its abiding place you should put one hand to your mouth, holding the cigar delicately with the other, and sing out, "Nymph, ahoy!" or "Lucy, ahoy!" as your fancy dictates, having first made sure that no yacht so named is within hearing.

It is unlikely that Duleinea is versed in the *nuances* of a nautical hail, but it is well not to call out twice unless you are fairly certain of yourself. There being no response from the vasty deep, it is as well at this juncture to pause, turn on your heel with a smothered exclamation of annoyance, and retreat to your bed-sitting-room in the little street behind the harbour for a while to allow the idea to sink in.

Duleinea has a receptive mind, and when next you meet she will probably respond to any suitable conversational opening.

Commercial Candour.

"Engraved free while you wait at our stores a few days only."

Advt. in "Lethbridge Morning News."

Sorry, but we cannot wait. We have an engagement the day after to-morrow.

THE MENU.

I HAVE a garden where there grows
The white, the pink, the crimson rose;
Carnations blent of every hue
Are there, and dandelions, too;
Some parsley, mint and thyme and cress
Are also grown at this address.

The place abuts upon a way
Untrodden save on market day,
And then frequented mostly by
Unhappy sheep *en route* to die.
These pass my gate and, passing, bleat,
And what return are butcher's meat.
But there were lambs on Wednesday last
Who called upon me as they passed
(Not by my invitation, but
Because the wicket wasn't shut)
And took a meal at my expense.
Was ever such impertinence?
I put that meal in evidence:—

They did not eat, as you'd suppose,
The white, the pink, the crimson rose.
Carnations blent of every hue
Were not the end they had in view;
Nor were the parsley, thyme or cress
Or lion in its dandiness.

They ate with neither pause nor stint
Their pet aversion—namely, mint.
Laid waste the bed and left it bare,
And, sauceless lamb being dismal fare,
I must admit they had me there.



Dorothy. "DO YOU WANT ANY PUDDING?"

Leslie (naughty, and sent into the hall to finish his dinner). "TELL THE PERSON WHO'S SERVING THERE'S NO ANSWER."

CHANCE, THE FRIEND.

HE got in at Southampton West—a retired Army man, I should guess, florid and with a bristling sandy moustache. All too soon he caught my eye. This orb was not out for capture at the moment; it merely rose inadvertently from my book while I turned a page and rested a fraction of a second too long on the newcomer's countenance. But it was enough. It was all he needed, and in a moment he was off.

"With this wet wicket," he said, "Oxford ought to win."

I said in reply as little as I could and resumed my reading.

"That fellow, MELLE," he went on. He'll do the trick. Very artful, those Colonials. Remember LE COUTEUR?"

I had to confess to a recollection of LE COUTEUR.

"RHODES scholar, you know. South African, I believe, or was it New Zealand?"

I had no suggestion to offer, although I knew that LE COUTEUR was neither, but an Australian.

"Well, anyway," he pursued, "he was that kind of bowler, too. If Oxford wins the toss they ought to put Cambridge in after all this rain. I did that once at Cheltenham, I remember, and the other side thought I was mad. But we beat them."

I made such a determined dive at my book that for a while he was mute. Then he relented.

"Funny thing," he said, "but I'm sure to see old Tom Hobson at Lord's to-day. I see him every Varsity match. I once scored off Tom—he's a ground bowler, you know. We were on tour, and I bet him half-a-sovereign I'd reach my hundred wickets before he did. We got to ninety-eight all, and then I took him off and put myself on and made up the hundred. You should have seen Tom's face! He said it wasn't fair, but I told him I wasn't

going to let him win if I could help it; not likely. We have a laugh over it every year. Are you a cricketer?"

I said I had dabbled in the game.

"Nothing like it," he said. "It's the best game. I wish I wasn't too old. Lawn tennis and golf for me now; but just at the present moment neither. The fact is I've crocked myself up."

I had to ask how.

"Broke a muscle in my leg," he said. "Just as I was serving. Most extraordinary sensation. Exactly as if some one had thrown a stone and hit me in the calf. As a matter of fact, I looked round to see who had done it. I'm going up to town now to see one of those Swedish masscur fellows; but not till they draw stumps at Lord's, of course."

The train stopping at Winchester gave me the opportunity to buy a paper and change my seat. Another man getting in took mine, and I wondered how soon the chatterbox would do it on him. He merely waited for the train to start and then began.

"Not a very promising day for the Varsity match?" he said.

The other agreed.

"You going?" he asked.

The other admitted that he was.

I then succeeded in getting into the power of my book again and happily lost some of the connecting links, the next thing I caught being these words: "But as a matter of fact I can't play anything just now. I've gone and crocked myself up. Broken a muscle in my calf. Have you ever done that?"

The newcomer had not and hoped he never would.

"Well, you never know," he was assured. "Lots of men have done it this year. It is the most extraordinary thing. Exactly as if some one had thrown a stone hard and hit you. In fact, I looked round to see who it was."

At Basingstoke the newcomer changed his compartment and another traveller entered and took the fatal seat, and he too was put through it.

But now an unprecedented thing happened, which I ask no one to believe, but which none the less is true. The conversation had followed its usual course—the weather, the wet wicket, the Colonial bowler, the Cheltenham triumph, the low subterfuge on Tom—all as though I had not already heard it twice; and I sat and marvelled at such a want of delicacy of feeling, such amazing hardihood and metallic insensitiveness; because I am one of those foolish creatures who are miserable for an hour if they catch themselves telling the same thing twice to the same person, even after an interval of weeks.



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

A PATRIOTIC FARMER TURNS A FIERCE BULL INTO A FIELD IN ORDER TO TEST THE HURDLING POSSIBILITIES OF HIS FARM-HANDS.

The talker of the L. & S. W. R. was, however, not like that, and on he went undismayed until he reached the broken muscle. It was then that the unexpected occurred, for no sooner did the newcomer learn of the calamity than he chipped in.

"Yes, I know what that is," he said. "I've done it too. Most extraordinary sensation—exactly as if you'd been hit in the calf by a stone!"

My talker, who had been all fussy animation till then, suddenly petrified. His mouth was open but no words emerged. He scrutinised his *vis-à-vis* with a cold and glassy gaze. Somehow he seemed to scent a "plant" or conspiracy, although knowing that there could not be one, for collusion had been impossible. He even glanced suspiciously at me, as I could feel.

"Yes," repeated the other, all unconscious of his Promethean theft; "it's the rummest feeling. Just here"—he touched his calf. "Exactly, as I say, as if someone had thrown a stone at you."

The conversationalist feebly acquiesced and turned to his paper. The other man turned to his paper, and we had silence all the way to Vauxhall.

I swear this is a true story.

The worst of it is that it was pure chance and could not be adopted as a strategic move with bores.

THE SEASON.

(To a *Débutante*.)

A FEW short weeks wherein to dine,
To dance, to flirt, to laugh, to shine
Like some new star;
To wear gay gowns and strange-dressed
hair

And hats that make the people stare
Or say we are

Original, as it may be—
Yes, that, my dear, for you and me

The Season means;
But for the girls who shape our frocks,
Our headgear (and, maybe, our locks)—
Some in their teens
Perhaps, as we—the Season holds
Quite other things. Tucks, hems and
folds,

Gauze, silk and lace
They wield for us with close-eyed care,
White-faced and worn, so we be fair
And take our "place";
The weeks drag slow for such as these
Whose backs are bent that we may
please.

For us to stitch,
Their fingers fly or else their wheels;
Their very dreams build cotton-reels!
Time's Hurry-Witch
Pursues them with her beating-broom
And cares not for their fading bloom.

Toil, toil, my dear,
The Season spells for poorer maids,
While we, in Fashion's jecund glades,

Have but one fear—
Lest, as we flit from flower to flower,
Our honey will at last turn sour!
So, should we not
Remember, now we both are "out,"
When we (for trifles) pine and pout,
Or moan our lot,
That there are maidens still more sad
Who, were they bidden, would be glad
Within our shoes
To step, to flirt, to dance, to dine,
Willing, as we, like stars to shine,
To pick and choose
How they each rosy day shall spend
And dream that rose-days never end?

Another Impending Apology.

"A lord-lieutenant is not always chosen because of his good looks. The Earl of Craven, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, is an exception."—*Daily Sketch*.

From an hotel advt. in *Daily News*:—

"Bedroom, Breakfast, Bath, Light Attendance—5/6."

The "light attendance" is not a feature of this hotel only.

"The enterprising proprietor of the Queen's Hotel, fashioned after the good old English style as regards cleanliness and home comforts, has undergone notable alterations internally."—*Trenton Sunday Journal*.

We shall call upon him when he is convalescent.

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"It's my birthday to-morrow," said Mrs. Jeremy, as she turned the pages of her engagement book.

"Bless us, so it is," said Jeremy. "You're thirty-nine or twenty-seven or something. I must go and examine the wine-cellar. I believe there's one bottle left in the Apollinaris bin. It's the only stuff in the house that fizzes."

"Jeremy! I'm only twenty-six."

"You don't look it, darling; I mean you do look it, dear. What I mean—well, never mind that. Let's talk about birthday presents. Think of something absolutely tremendous for me to give you."

"A rope of pearls."

"I didn't mean that sort of tremendousness," said Jeremy quickly. "Anyone could give you a rope of pearls; it's simply a question of overdrawing enough from the bank. I meant something difficult that would really prove my love for you—like LLOYD GEORGE'S ear or the KAISER'S cigar-holder. Something where I could kill somebody for you first. I am in a very devoted mood this morning."

"Are you really?" smiled Mrs. Jeremy. "Because—"

"I am. So is Baby, unfortunately. She will probably want to give you something horribly expensive. Between ourselves, dear, I shall be glad when Baby is old enough to buy her own presents for her mother. Last Christmas her idea of a complete edition of MEREDITH and a pair of silver-backed brushes nearly ruined me."

"You won't be ruined this time, Jeremy. I don't want you to give me anything; I want you to show that devotion of yours by *doing* something for me."

"Anything," said Jeremy grandly. "Shall I swim the Channel? I was practising my new trudgeon stroke in the bath this morning." He got up from his chair and prepared to give an exhibition of it.

"No, nothing like that." Mrs. Jeremy hesitated, looked anxiously at him and then went boldly at it. "I want you to go in for that physical culture that everyone's talking about."

"Who's everyone? Cook hasn't said a word to me on the subject; neither has Baby; neither has—"

"Mrs. Hodgkin was talking to me about it yesterday. She was saying how thin you were looking."

"The scandal that goes on in these villages," sighed Jeremy. "And the Vicar's wife too. Dear, all this is weeks and weeks old; I suppose it has only just reached the Vicarage. Do let us be up-to-date. Physical culture

has been quite *démodé* since last Thursday."

"Well, I never saw anything in the paper—"

"Knowing what wives are I hid it from you. Let us now, my dear wife, talk of something else."

"Jeremy! Not for my birthday present?" said his wife in a reproachful voice. "The Vicar does them every morning," she added casually.

"Poor beggar! But it's what Vicars are for." Jeremy chuckled to himself. "I should love to see him," he said. "I suppose it's private, though. Perhaps if I said 'Press'—"

"You are thin, you know."

"My dear, the proper way to get fat is not to take violent exercise, but to lie in a hammock all day and drink milk. Besides, do you want a fat husband? Does Baby want a fat father? You wouldn't like, at your next garden party, to have everybody asking you in a whisper, 'Who is the enormously stout gentleman?' If Nature made me thin—or, to be more accurate, slender and of a pleasing liteness—let us believe that she knew best."

"It isn't only thinness; these exercises keep you young and well and active in mind."

"Like the Vicar?"

"He's only just begun," said his wife hastily.

"Let's wait a bit and watch him," suggested Jeremy. "If his sermons really get better, then I'll think about it seriously. I make you a present of his baldness; I shan't ask for any improvement there."

Mrs. Jeremy went over to her husband and patted the top of his head.

"In a very devoted mood this morning," she quoted.

Jeremy looked unhappy.

"What pains me most about this," he said, "is the revelation of your shortcomings as a wife. You ought to think me the picture of manly beauty. Baby does. She thinks that, next to the postman, I am one of the—"

"So you are, dear."

"Well, why not leave it? Really, I can't waste my time fattening refined gold and stoutening the lily. I am a busy man. I walk up and down the pergola, I keep a dog, I paint little water-colours, I am treasurer of the cricket club; my life is full of activities."

"This only takes a quarter of an hour before your bath, Jeremy."

"I am shaving then; I should cut myself and get all the soap in my eyes. It would be most dangerous. When you were a widow, and Baby and the pony were orphans, you and Mrs. Hodgkin would be sorry. But it would be too late. The Vicar, tearing him-

self away from Position 5 to conduct the funeral service—"

"Jeremy, *don't!*"

"Ah, woman, now I move you. You are beginning to see what you were in danger of doing. Death I laugh at; but a fat death—the death of a stout man who has swallowed the shaving-brush through taking too deep a breath before beginning Exercise 3, that is more than I can bear."

"Jeremy!"

"When I said I wanted to kill someone for you, I didn't think you would suggest myself, least of all that you wanted me fattened up like a Christmas turkey first. To go down to posterity as the large-bodied gentleman who inhaled the badger's hair; to be billed in the London press in the words, 'Curious Fatal Accident to Adipose Treasurer'—to do this simply by way of celebrating your twenty-sixth birthday, when we actually have a bottle of Apollinaris left in the Apollinaris bin—darling, you cannot have been thinking."

His wife patted his head again gently. "Oh, Jeremy, you hopeless person," she sighed. "Give me a new sunshade. I want one badly."

"No," said Jeremy, "Baby shall give you that. For myself I am still feeling that I should like to kill somebody for you. LLOYD GEORGE? No. F. E. SMITH? N-no. . . ." He rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Who invented those exercises?" he asked suddenly.

"A German, I think."

"Then," said Jeremy, buttoning up his coat, "I shall go and kill *him*."

A. A. M.

ON A SMALL NUT.

(Seen at Eating.)

HE stood apart on the kerbstone's angle,
Where four crossways divide;
Mid the blare of the 'bus and the tram-
ways' jangle

He leaned on his stick and sighed;
Fourteen summers and winters—
quite,
His coat too long and his boots too
tight,

But he shone in button and flower and
bangle
Like the dogstar down the night.

I saw him stand there, passionless,
steady,
While the universe went round;
And, as sipping a vintage young and
heady,

He looked upon life and frowned.
And I felt like a truant child at play,
And I raised my hat as I went my
way

If not to the Nut that he is already,
To the Nut he will be some day.



OUR VILLAGE MATCH.

First Batsman. "WHY CAN'T YER CALL WHEN YOU 'RE COMING?"

Second Batsman. "'CAUSE I DON'T WANT TO PUT THE FIELDER ON HIS GUARD."

THE WORST POLICY.

A FEW months ago there appeared in *Punch* some examples of truthful advertisements issued by a firm of House Agents. The idea appears to be spreading. We have before us the following remarkable announcement of a Tourist Company:—

A WEEK IN DELIGHTFUL EAUVILLE
for
£5 5s. 0d.

(and certain additions which will be apparent to those who read further).

SELECT PARTIES

(as select as can be expected in view of the fact that nobody who pays the fees is refused) will leave London every Saturday evening until further notice and return to London on the following Friday morning.

(The advertised "week" therefore includes the days of departure and return.)

Charge (payable strictly in advance)—
£5 5s. 0d.

(This, however, means 3rd Class travel throughout. For 2nd Class the additional charge is £1; and for First Class £2 5s. 0d.)

Accommodation is provided in a boarding-house in Eauville (only

moderately good), and includes room (containing two, three or even four beds), light (which is cut off at 11 o'clock each night), attendance (for which the tourist is expected to give lavish tips), breakfast (coffee and rolls), and evening dinner (at which the only liquid provided free is water, which we strongly advise our clients not to touch) each day.

Extra charge for superior accommodation—
10s. 6d.

For first-class hotel accommodation—
£2 2s. 0d.

If a separate bedroom is required the additional charge is 12s. 6d.

(It will be noted that the tourist is expected to obtain any refreshments he may require between breakfast—which is, of course, quite unsatisfying to the average Englishman—and evening dinner. Similarly he must make the best arrangements he can for feeding himself on both journeys.)

The feature of this Tour is the admirable series of

EXCURSIONS.

These are arranged to give our clients an opportunity of visiting what we consider the principal points of interest in the district and at the same time to secure an adequate profit for ourselves.

Charge for the series of Four Excursions:—

If booked in London... £3 10s. 0d.
If booked in Eauville... £3 15s. 0d.

Charge for any Single Excursion:—

If booked in London... £1 0s. 0d.
If booked in Eauville... £1 2s. 0d.

(The Excursions are personally conducted, and gratuities to the conductor are heartily encouraged.)

The Tourist must expect a number of further incidental expenses, but these unfortunately will not benefit us. If, however, we can devise any further means of extracting money from him, we shall not hesitate to apply them.

Recreations of Great Men.

"He also took great interest in pushing electric tramways in Bradford."
Bradford Daily Argus.

"At the request of Dr. Mawson, Mr. E. R. Waite, curator of the Christchurch Museum, has consented to prepare the report on the collection of fishes made by the Australasian Antarctic Expedition. Mr. Waite has in hand already the fishes which he collected at the Macquarie and Auckland Islands when he went to the Southern Ocean in Dr. Mawson's exploring vessel, the *Aurora*, last year."
Christchurch Press.

We are prepared to congratulate Mr. WAITE, to take off our hats to him—but we will *not* shake him by the hand.



THE SUSPECTED SEX.

Girl (suddenly noticing policeman). "I FAHND IT LIKE THAT. I NEVER DONE IT, MISTER; STRAIGHT I NEVER!"

JEUX D'ESPRIT AT DRURY LANE.

(A tribute to the art of the Russian premier danseur and the two ladies who accompany him in a now famous pas de trois.)

NIJINSKY, there are certain souls
More blind to beauty than a hen is,
Who, jarred not by the caracoles
In all your other ballet rôles,
Take umbrage at your "Tennis."

They do not like your leaps and flings;
Some trifling disappointment rankles
When, bounding lightly from the wings,
You flaunt those tasteful trouserings
Tied tightly round the ankles.

They grumble at the ladies' skirts,
The Post-Impressionistic setting;
They muse on Wimbledon; it hurts
To see you waste your time on flirts
And otiose curvetting.

But I, I have the hidden key
To that coy dance, where others lack
it;
I comprehend the mystery;
The large hall does not bother me,
Nor yet the blood-hued racquet.

You have the core, the inner truth
(All errors in the husk it pardons)
Of tennis, not the game *sans ruth*,
But tennis, well-beloved of youth
In old-world English gardens.

With two fair maidens at your call
Amid parterres of bright geraniums,
Grown tired of hunting for the ball
You yield a captive to their thrall
And kiss them on the craniums.

But this to me most clearly shone,
Fantastic sprite from Eastern Europe,
That only three of you were on;
And where, I ask, was James or John
Who helped to make the four up?

A shadowy motive seemed to go
Through all those steps and still en-
liven:
"Shall we pursue the ball? Not so;
It was not we who whacked it. No;
The criminal was Ivan."

But where was Ivan? Fancy sped:
Through all the dance's twisting
mazes
I nursed his picture in my head,
Couched lowly in the strawberry bed
Stuffing himself like blazes.

This is the triumph of all art,
Especially its latest model—
Symbolic images to start
Of things unseen, of worlds apart.

* * * * *
The press critiques were twaddle.
EVOE.

"Apart from the honour of the thing there is little material profit awaiting Mr. Alfred Austin's successor, the salary attached to the post being only a paltry £70 a year, with an allowance of £27 in lieu of the traditional sack of butt."—*Liverpool Courier*.

Everybody is talking about Butt—the new breakfast food. Small sack 5/-, larger sack 7/6.

"On opening a double dark slide of book-form the loose plate will have its back towards the plate which is fastened in, and the loose plate will be the one in the lower (odd) number of the slide."—*Photography*.
One of the things we wanted to know.

"At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Peter Warren, in the name of the subscribers, handed over to the energetic secretary, Mr. S. Wood, a handsome oak dresser."
Cullompton Deanery Parish Magazine.
It is Mr. PETER WARREN who strikes us as the really energetic man.



A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE BALKANS.

GREECE. "NOW HOW DO WE DIVIDE THESE BULGARIAN SPOILS—SUPPOSING WE GET 'EM?"

SERVIA. "WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW, AREN'T YOU AND I ALLIES? OF COURSE WE FIGHT EACH OTHER FOR 'EM."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 7. —“The Angel of Death is abroad in the land.” Once again the PREMIER stood at the Table in presence of a crowded, hushed assembly, heads reverently uncovered as if in the actual presence of Death. It was only a few weeks ago that lament was raised for GEORGE WYNDHAM. To-day it is the sudden cutting-off of ALFRED LYTELTON that makes the House of Commons a house of mourning.

Points of resemblance make more striking the close sequence of their deaths. Both men were in the prime of life; both when last seen at Westminster were apparently in full enjoyment of health and strength; both, having by sheer capacity won their way to high place in the ranks of their Party, seemed to have before them a long career of useful work; upon both with awful suddenness came the end.

There was one notable absentee from Front Opposition Bench. It seemed natural, indeed imperative, that, as happened in the case of GEORGE WYNDHAM, PRINCE ARTHUR should add his wreath of “myrtles brown with ivy never sere” to the garland laid by the PRIME MINISTER on the bier of his lost friend. Shrinking from that ordeal he did not even trust himself to be present. It was left to the titular LEADER of the OPPOSITION to voice the grief of ALFRED LYTELTON’s personal colleagues on the Front Bench and the sorrow of the Party he graced and strengthened by his comradeship.

Not least arduous among the duties pertaining to office of Party Leader is that of from time to time paying a tribute to the memory of a great man dead. On an historic occasion DISRAELI, called to fill the part, was so prostrated by emotion that he inadvertently appropriated a purple patch from a funeral oration by a French statesman, incorporating it in what was presented to the House of Commons as his personal lamentation. Mr. GLADSTONE was a master of the art; so in differing styles was CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and is PRINCE ARTHUR. SARK, who has

listened to a long succession of funeral speeches delivered from either side of the Table, testifies that for genuine feeling, simplicity of construction and exquisiteness of phrasing few have equalled, none surpassed, the PREMIER’s brief speech, uttered with faltering voice under strain of emotion that more than once threatened breakdown.

As he said, ALFRED LYTELTON “has left behind him no resentment and no enmity, nothing but a gracious memory of a manly and winning personality, the memory of one who served with unstinted measure of devotion his generation and his country.” That a sentiment

that, in spite of angry difference on a particular question, there exists between Nationalist and Ulsterman a common sympathy, a sentiment of brotherhood jealous for each other’s welfare.

Came up accidentally, as such things frequently do. PREMIER having in reply to question stated intention of making new appointment to Laureate-ship, JOYCE rose from Nationalist Camp with supplementary question.

“When this matter comes to be enquired into,” he said, “will consideration be given to the undoubted poetic ability of the hon. Member for Nor h Armagh?”

House taken by surprise. Always found interesting personality in MOORE, K.C. His interjectionary contributions to debate rarely fail in leading to temporary tumult. Only the other week they led to his own suspension from service of the House. As far as may be judged from material supplied by him to brief biographical notices appearing in customary channels of information, if modesty permits him to claim special distinction over his fellow Members in any particular, it is based on the fact that he “stands 6 feet 4½ inches in his boots.” To have disclosure made that in his own country he, in common with another MOORE of earlier date, is recognised as a poet,

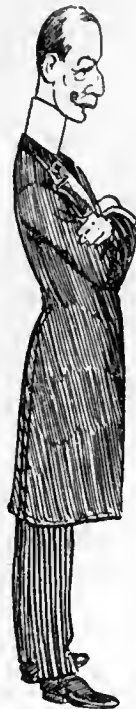
was agreeable surprise.

PREMIER took keenest interest in it. “Perhaps the hon. gentleman,” he said, addressing JOYCE, “will furnish me with a copy of the poems alluded to.”

Incident temporarily distracted interest from Plural Voting Bill. Useful suggestion made from above Gangway that specimens of the new MOORE Melodies shall be circulated with the Votes.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill discussed on Report Stage.

Friday.—Talk in tone of surprise about the SPEAKER permitting WEDGWOOD and OUTHWAITE wantonly to waste twenty minutes of precious time, first by challenging division on formal Resolution moved from Treasury Bench, then by actually forcing one on proposal to suspend eleven o’clock rule. Performance was by way of tit-for-tat



MESSERS. WEDGWOOD and OUTHWAITE v. COLONIAL SECRETARY.

in which Members on both sides shared. For the PREMIER, beyond the common grief at the passing of one “who of all men of this generation came nearest to the ideal of manhood,” there was the breaking of the link of thirty-three years’ affectionate friendship.

Happy in a pure and healthy life ALFRED LYTELTON was honoured in his death by rare eulogy spoken before a responsive audience gathered on the historic stage it was long time his pleasure and his pride to tread.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill read a third time by majority of 109 in House of 595 Members.

Thursday.—One of those little incidents that go straight to susceptible heart of House just happened. Personal, perhaps trivial, in its range, to the seeing eye it touches depth of grave political situation. Seems to show

with COLONIAL SECRETARY, who declined to gratify these eminent statesmen by repudiating action of South African Government in repelling fierce riot in the streets of Johannesburg.

Among the Standing Orders is one specially designed to meet case of divisions thus frivolously demanded. It directs that after the lapse of two minutes the SPEAKER or CHAIRMAN may take the votes of the House or Committee by calling successively on the Members who support, and on the Members who challenge, his decision to rise in their places. Thereupon he may declare the determination of the House or Committee without a division.

It was evident that the patriots



THE BARD OF ARMAGH.
(Mr. W. MOORE, K.C.)

below the Gangway had very small support for their pettish revolt. Indeed doubtful whether if a division were called they would have a single Member to "tell." The event proved that they had seven. Had Standing Order 140 been invoked the undignified performance would have been over in appropriate manner within space of three minutes.

"Why," Members asked each other, "did the SPEAKER, invariably master of a turn in the situation however sudden and embarrassing, ignore the weapon lying to hand?"

As may be expected there was sufficient reason. Standing Order in question requires that the minority Members rising in obedience to challenge from the Chair must have their names taken down and printed in the division list. As it turned out they, in common with a family known to WORDSWORTH, were seven. They might have been, as has happened on

former occasions, thirty-seven or even more. In such case, so far from there being saving of time, there would have been loss, together with infliction of undignified labour on the Clerk of the House. Profiting by past experience the SPEAKER took no risks.

Moral obvious. Either let the Standing Order be abolished or amended by deletion of the provision that the names of the frivolous persons must be taken down. It serves no other purpose than that of ministering to the vanity and pursuit of self-advertisement that actuate most of these exhibitions.

Business done.—Report of Plural Voting Bill agreed to.

LYRA HYPOCHONDRIACA.

(A Chronicle of Cures, with Biography of a Survivor.)

In the distant days, when he first began
To ponder the state of his inner man,
He thought he had found in drugs and pills

A remedy for all human ills.
He drank dry sherry—'twas called
Montilla—

And dosed himself with sarsaparilla.
But that was only a passing phase,
And he shortly took to other ways.
For then was the time when the
medicos

Were running a boom in cheap Bordeaux—

A cool but terribly acid drink
With a bouquet akin to that of red ink.

The next of his hygienic lures
Was the ancient craze for water cures,
And as long as ever the temperance
tide rose

He spent his summers at various hydros.
But, in spite of the eulogy of PINDAR,
When the human throat is as dry as
tinder,

The blameless liquid that flows from
the pump

Is apt to give one the double hump.
So, when his doctor prescribed Glenlivet,
He found himself as right as a trivet,
And hoped to reach life's final *coda*
Accompanied by whisky and soda.

But here, it seems, he reckoned without
Regard for man's fell enemy, gout;
And, after a spell of dire disquiet,
Again was forced to remodel his diet.
He had to abandon all "prime cuts,"
He took to outlets, but made of nuts;
And, like a little child in bibs,
Drank nothing stronger than cocoa nibs.

For three long years he underwent
This vegetarian punishment,
Then found (with SALISBURY) relief
In boiling water and half-cooked beef.
Next FLETCHER told him how to chew
Each mouthful by a rigorous law,

Until his single occupation
Throughout the day was mastication.
But since he could not quite afford
To throw all duties overboard,
And could not help himself, like SMILES,
He took the counsel of EUSTACE MILES,
And lived for nearly half a year
On plasmon and on ginger-beer.
Then, feeling for fresh adventure ripe,
He tried the barefoot cure of KNEIPP,
And dabbled in the morning dew
With others neither fit nor few.
Then for a while he placed reliance
In Mrs. EDDY's Christian Science,
Combined with lactobacilline
And copious draughts of paraffin.

But all these fads he has forsworn
And now professes himself re-born
And full of beans as the maddest Mullah
By dint of massage of the medulla.
In short, he's a full-blown osteopath,
But—tell it not in the streets of Gath—
Whenever a new cure comes along,
Whether it's gentle or whether it's
strong,
Such is the faith that fires and fills him,
He'll give it a trial although it kills
him.

Royal Metamorphosis.

"The King, changing into a four-horsed carriage, drove through the Cattle section."

A characteristic example of kingly tact.

"Silk Scarves. Usual price 5s. Sale price 4s. 11½d."—*Advt. in "North Star."*

We cannot accept this sacrifice.

"Little Lucy, on her way home from school along one of the main thoroughfares of Salford, saw a lorry horse slip and make the usual convulsive effort to recover. It kept its feet with difficulty. 'Oh, mother,' said Lucy, narrating the incident when she got home, 'it was so frightened that the electricity came out at its feet.'"—*Manchester Guardian.*

"A little boy coming out of the Gladstone-road School in Cardiff this week saw a lorry horse slip and make the usual convulsive effort to recover. It kept its feet with difficulty. When the youngster reached home he narrated the incident to his mother, and said, 'The horse was so frightened that the electricity came out at its feet.'"—*"South Wales Daily News" (two days later).*

This reminds us of a humorous remark made by our own little Ernest. He was coming out of Battersea Park last Tuesday, when he saw a lorry (or lorry) horse slip and make the usual convulsive—What? It happened to your little Emily at Nottingham on Monday? Extraordinary coincidence!

Hull has been protesting against a proposed flight by an airman on a Sunday. We should have thought it would have welcomed anything which would make people look heavenwards.



Lady. "Now, would one of you like to say grace?" (Pause of misunderstanding.) "Well, what does your father say just before you begin to eat?" Little Girl. "Oh, 'e sezs, 'Nah then, get on wiv it!"

A MAN WITHOUT IDEAS.

BECAUSE I chanced to look up at the exact instant of time when the illusion was perfect, I could have sworn—that a second or so—that the ear, like some swift grey beast, had sprung upon him from behind with a low roar, gulped him down whole and vanished, leaving only a billow of swirling dust to mark the spot where she had made him her prey. It was all illusion, of course, for a moment later he sat up in the middle of the road and peered about him, blinking. A stammering *erescendo* yell from the ear's exhaust horn came back to us through the drowsy dusty air, with a curious effect of mockery—already she was far off—and the tramp rose, rather alertly for a tramp. He limped over to my railings and, with one hand clutching a post, stared down the road. He gulped—a long, slow rise, decline and fall of the "Adam's apple" that was almost unnerving. He was collarless and slightly scrag-necked, so that I got the full benefit of it. "A narrow squeak," I said. He did not answer immediately. He merely gulped once more, and, breathing heavily, continued to survey the

slowly settling dust that the ear had raised. Then quite suddenly he turned to me. "A fine ear, that, Sir—magnificent. One of the best I've ever been knocked down by," he remarked. I had expected wrath, sorrow, language—anything, in fact, but praise of the ear, and I think I showed my surprise, for he smiled a faint, dusty smile. "It is my fatal habit of walking in the middle of the road," he explained rather shyly. "Thinking . . . I find I cannot think freely if I keep close in to the hedge. Of course I have never been actually struck by a ear—but the rush and clamour of their close passing sometimes slightly confuse me and I stumble—as you saw. I was wrapt in thought. Nevertheless, I know—" "Nuthin'," said an angry and contemptuous voice. "He don't know nuthin'. He's always being rode over—and he don't know nuthin'." The first drifter—a tallish person—shrank into himself like a snail's horn and quite suddenly an air of extraordinary insignificance pervaded him. "He don't know nuthin'," repeated the voice, and I looked round to

encounter the blue-eyed stare of another drifter—a small man in ancient tweeds, very sunburnt, with a lemon-coloured beard and a repaired nose. Manifestly angry and scornful. "We parts company here," he said decidedly. "But before we parts I'm going to tell the truth about you. Before your face . . . I've had enough of it." He turned to me abruptly; the first drifter resembled a captured apple-stealer. "He calls himself a philosopher . . . and that's the cause of everything. He don't do anything—except keep on philosophying. He ain't got an idea in his 'ead. The rows we've had!" The little drifter made a gesture of despair. "And yet I like the man—I don't deny it"—he ran his eye over the philosopher rather as though the latter were a horse for sale or a piece of furniture—"but he's too much responsibility. He keeps on with this philosophying all the time and he ain't practical. And it comes 'ard on me . . . Mister, he ain't got what a practical man would call an idea in the 'ole of 'is 'ead. He's like a child.

Helpless. Walks in the middle of the road and that. You seen for yourself. I don't hardly like walking with him. It makes folk stare and wonder. If he'd only try to learn to get ideas into his 'ead. . . ."

The little drifter suddenly opened the tattered rush fish-basket he carried, disclosing a tightly packed mass of withered, yellowish vegetable matter, which he described as salad. His comrade, the man without ideas, stood limply by, listening with an extraordinary appearance of guilt.

"I had to think out the idea of having some salad yesterday," said the small drifter with a sort of bitter pride, "and I left it to him to get it in a likely-looking road of houses in Brookenhurst, while I worked another road for a bit of something to go with it. I waited for him just outside the village about two hours afterwards with a knuckle of ham, four fairish crusts, a heel of cold pudding, and a hand-out of bread-and-cheese. Presently here he comes moonin' along the middle of the road, muttering to hisself. He stops at me and 'I've got it,' he says. 'Well done,' I says, thinking of salad. 'Yes,' he says, 'what England wants is a national wheat belt extending from one end of the country to the other, where she can grow her own wheat in ease of war,' he says."

"At the expense of the State, without regard to the price of wheat, imported or otherwise," put in the first drifter mildly. "You mustn't forget the State subsidy."

The little drifter turned to me with a gesture of infinite despair.

"There, Mister," he exclaimed, "now you can see for yourself. He thinks about wheat belts for England when he ought to be borrying a bit of salad. . . . Why, even when an old party back by Rufus's Stone took a fancy to him he couldn't do no good. It was a mild-looking, peaceful old party and they got talking together. I watched 'em, and estimated the old party would be worth a good shilling to us, and perhaps more, if this philosopher only used his 'ead and got an idea to put up on the old party. I edged up to 'em a bit, and I heard the old party saying something about he wished all the world was as peaceful as the New Forest. But where me or you would have agreed with him, Sir, this ridiculous man answers the old party very cold. 'I've thought it out,' he says, 'and I consider that the world will never be at peace until England has captured all the navies and made 'em all her own, and supports one great navy at the expense of all the other countries that used to have

navies—tax 'em in proportion,' he says; and the peaceful old party snorted and went away without a word or a shilling!"

The tall drifter looked ashamedly at his feet.

"He ain't got an idea in his 'ole body, Sir," insisted the other excitedly, "and yet I like the man. But we parts company to-day. It would ruin me to travel with him any longer."

"I wouldn't mind so much his not having no ideas in his 'ead," continued the small drifter, "but he ain't reliable. He spoils chances of odd money that a baby wouldn't spoil. And yet he's lucky—he gets plenty of chances. More than me—but he den't use 'em. Up on the downs near Winchester a gentleman, land-measuring or something, asked him to keep his eye on a spot on top of the downs and signal to him when the gentlemen reached the place. Well, the gentleman climbed up the downs about a mile and turned round and waited to be signalled to. But he never signalled a signal—he was staring at the clouds in the sky, and he told me afterwards that he was thinking of a plan for rejecting——"

"Projecting," corrected the tall drifter.

"—advertisements on to the clouds by means of skinometergraphs——"

"Searchlights, *not* cinematographs," protested the philosopher feebly.

"All the same," snapped the small drifter. "Craziness."

He half wheeled to the road, hesitated, glanced at the tall drifter with a curious look that was half affection, half contempt. "Comin'?" he said; "I'll give you one more chance—and only one. And don't forget it!"

"Yes, John," said the man without ideas, and, with a shy nod in my direction, followed his partner down the road.

I watched them for a few moments. Before they were out of sight the philosopher, with his head bowed in thought, had edged out into the exact middle of the road again. . . .

He was a curious character, and I believe it is quite possible that, some day, he may even light upon a notion that will make millionaires of them both—provided that a motor does not get him first. But I am quite, quite certain he will never convince his little partner that he has ever had an idea in his life.

"BEAUTIFYING COUNSEL."

Headline in "Evening News."

But alas for the hopes of our K.C.'s the advice which followed was meant exclusively for the housewife.

THE ROSERY.

"'Tis roses, roses all the way"

A-climbing to the leads,
Or blooming lowlier mid the clay
Of half-a-score of beds;
Standard and dwarf, they rise to view
For all the world to gorge
Upon a feast of scent and hue—
The handiwork of George.

He used to be a restful type,
A youth of cultured brow,
Who liked his after-breakfast pipe,
His morning screed, but now
He leaves the hurried meal to seize
A syringe and a pail,
To wage a war on aphides,
On anthracnose or scale.

He kens the name of every rose,
The lingo of his craft,
The latest thing in hoe or hose,
The proper time to graft;
And when the morn is young and fresh

He rises with the thrush
To water Madame Pauvert (flesh)
Or Mrs. Sandford (blush).

There was a day when he and I
Were seldom seen apart,
But time has rent the ancient tie
And others claim his heart,
While I can never really feel
I like his present set,
His Ulrich Brunner, Maréchal Niel,
And Marie Henriette.

I deprecate this garden zest,
My heart profusely bleeds
For one who bids the weary guest
Assist him with the weeds,
Who after dinner sits and dreams;
Of cankers and their cures,
Or talks for hours on cheerless themes
Like chemical manures.

What though the blooms he loves to raise
Bewitch the folk who call?
What though admiring neighbours gaze
Across his garden wall?
To me this rosery shall bring
Profound regrets, shall be
Anathema—the curséd thing
That came 'twixt George and me.

J. M. S.

From a Birmingham evening paper:

"In the time of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, green gooseberry pie was at the height of its popularity; and long before their time, in 1276, it was growing in Edward I.'s garden at Westminster."

Life, in fact, was very easy for EDWARD I.'s cook, even when, in the orchards, a blight had fallen on the apple-dumplings, and the steak-and-kidney-pudding tree had wilted.



"I SHOULDN'T MIND, MESSELF, IF THEY CLOSED THE PUBS A COUPLE O' HOURS SOONER. WOT I SEZ IS, IF A MAN AIN'T FULL BY 'ALF-PAST TEN, 'E AIN'T TRYING."

THE CRITIC IN THE CRADLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to you for sympathy and, if possible, advice. An unfortunate spirit of discord is stirring the hitherto unruffled atmosphere of my home, The Nest, Trafalgar Road, Shrimpsville-on-the-Solent. In a word, I am beginning to find myself opposed at almost every point by my eldest (indeed, I may add, my only) son, aged four months. Thus I am a staunch upholder of compulsory vaccination and a staunch enemy of all daylight-saving schemes, and on both these vital questions, among many others, he is in complete disagreement with me.

It isn't that he says much, if you understand me. To be accurate, he communicates with us principally by means of (1) a smile, (2) a sound not unlike escaping soda-water, and (3) a curious trick of waving his legs in the air. This is where he gains his advantage. It is impossible to argue with him on his own ground, since I cannot reproduce his syphon imitation and, possibly owing to an attack of sciatica

some years ago, I have lost the faculty of conversing with my legs.

The worst of it is, he appears to be undermining my influence over his mother. I will quote a single instance. Last Saturday evening after tea my wife and I were sitting in the drawing-room, while our son reclined in an extremely unconventional attitude on a sofa-cushion. I was explaining to my wife how by really unexampled bad luck I had been defeated in a match that afternoon by a golfer with a handicap of sixteen (my own handicap is nominally twelve, though I frequently play down to nine or even less). Suddenly I became aware that my son's face wore a distinctly sceptical smile. I regarded him sternly.

"Do you mean to suggest," I asked, with a touch of hauteur, "that under ordinary circumstances Jones is capable of beating me?"

"Ssszzz," he replied cynically.

"It is false," I retorted.

He smiled and rapidly cut a perfect eight in the air with his right leg.

"Baby grows more intelligent every day," said his mother, a woman, mark

you, who a year ago would have listened to my tale with a sympathy so deep that I should probably have acquiesced in her ordering a new hat from Bond Street by the evening post.

I got up and left the room.

The truth is, Mr. Punch, I cannot help feeling that my position in this house is not what it was. Have you any hints that might conduce to a restoration of the *status quo*?

Yours brokenly,

A NOSE OUT OF JOINT.

"AMONG THE CAVES AND POT HOLES.

INTERESTING VISIT TO CLAPHAM.

(BY 'ONE OF THEM.')

West Yorks Pioneer.

Oh to be a pot-hole, now that July's here.

Ill-timed Hospitality.

"Half-way up the straight the field was well lunched."—*The Egyptian Gazette.*

"His other remedy seems, to our minds, worse than the disease. It is phonetic spelling!"—*Hearth and Home.*

It doesn't look like it.

THE HICCUP.

WE met in a crowd, in fact at Henley Regatta. He looked quite an old man, though I suppose he must have been my contemporary—but even of this I am not quite sure. He was trying to run with a race, had rushed violently into me, and had panted a request for pardon. Then a recognising look came over his furrowed face and he did what all the recognisers do: “My dear old chap,” he said, “fancy meeting you here! Now I bet you don’t remember me.”

I kept to the rules of the game, put on a look of bright intelligence and said I remembered his face perfectly, but that for the moment his name had escaped me.

“Ah well,” he said, “it’s a good many years since we met. Old *tempus* does keep at it, you know; he doesn’t spare any of us, does he? Though, for the matter of that, you’ve kept your fig—(*hic*) wonderfully. Both this hiccup. I get it at the most inconvenient times. Just like a motor-car on a bad road. It’s indiges—(*hic*), you know, an awful nuisance. Now I’ll remind you of something that once happened to (*hic*) and me, and then I’ll lay a thousand you’ll remember my name.

“It was in eighty—(*hic*)—no, it wasn’t; it was in eighty—(*hic-hic*). That was the year in which I shaved off my (*hic*), and I can fix it by that. You’d just begun (*hic*) in the (*hic-hic*) and I was thinking of doing the same. It was very hot weather and I remember you always wore a white (*hic*) and patent leather (*hic*). It was the fashion then. We weren’t so careless about our dress as they are nowadays. Why, I actually saw a man walking along (*hic-hic*) yesterday in a (*hic*) and a (*hic*), and nobody seemed a bit surprised about it. Well, one morning I met you in the (*hic-hic*) and asked you if you were going to (*hic*) this year. You said, yes, you were, and would I join the party. There was just one place left in the (*hic*) and if I could manage to come you knew Mrs. (*hic*) would be delighted. I said I didn’t really know her, but you said it didn’t matter; you’d introduce me properly and look after me, and it was sure to be all right. Just at that (*hic*) young what’s-his-name—dear me, now there’s a name I’ve forgotten, but you’ll remember him, a short stout man with a regular (*hic*) and a (*hic-hic*)—”

“Belmore,” I suggested.

“No, I don’t know Belmore. You couldn’t mistake the man, once you’d seen him. He had a (*hic*) in the middle of his (*hic-hic*) and twisted his (*hic*) frightfully when he spoke. Anyhow, he came up and asked you if you had room for him in your (*hic*) party. This was a facer, because he was about as unpop—(*hic*) a man as you could find in the whole of (*hic*). You began to say something about not being quite certain as to going this year, as the health of your (*hic*) was giving the family a good deal of anxiety, but you’d let him know later on. However, he wasn’t going to be put off in that way and he started worrying you. I thought it was time to help you, so I put in my oar and said, ‘My dear’ (*hic*)—I wasn’t bothered with these infernal hiccups then—‘my dear chap,’ I said, ‘can’t you see that the whole thing’s off this year? If (*hic*) can’t undertake it nobody else can. We’ll hope for better (*hic*) next year.’ Before he could say anything there was a frightful clatter which made us all jump, and a (*hic*) with his (*hic-hic*) dangling on the ground came dashing along right on top of us. You and I got out of the way just in time, but old thingummy wasn’t so lucky. It took him right plumb in the (*hic*), and before you could say (*hic-hic*) he was sprawling on his (*hic*) and shouting for help. He wasn’t much hurt—just a few (*hic*) and a deepish (*hic*) on his (*hic*); but it settled his chances of going to (*hic*) that year. It was a

great blessing for us, for he’d have ruined any party with his (*hic*) and his (*hic*). That’s the story, and now I’ll guarantee you remember me.”

But at this moment another race came past, and he was swept away in a mob of running enthusiasts. When I last heard him he was shouting at the top of his voice, “Oh, well rowed (*hic*); you’re gaining. Keep it (*hic*) and get (*hic*) of it.”

If these lines should meet his eye, will he communicate his name to me, c/o the Editor? I am the tall, handsome, dignified man, with the blonde beard, to whom he talked for some minutes outside the (*hic*) enclosure on the tow-path side.

OUR REVIEW OF REVUES.

To the many and terrific attractions of “HIGHER UP, THERE!” the dazzlingly successful *revue* at the National Classical Theatre, is about to be added for one week only no less a personage than ABDUL HAMID, ex-Sultan of Turkey, who has been induced to leave his retirement for one week for this novel engagement. The famous *ci-devant* autocrat will recite in Turkish some of Mr. WILLIAM WATSON’S choicest poetry, in a gorgeous Oriental *scena* entitled “The Seraglio of Dubec.”

Although the Escorial is still filled to overflowing every night by the noble and stimulating *revue* entitled “THIS SIDE UP,” the indefatigable Messrs. Bonjour and Remercie are continually endeavouring to paint their lily. For next week they promise us an interlude by Etienne Soleil, the champion French polisher, for whom a special setting has been prepared by one of their numerous brilliant and witty tame authors.

It is not, after all, true that KING ALFONSO will appear at the Monodrome during next week in a scene written for him in the fabulously successful *revue*, “THIS WAY OUT;” but the ever alert management have obtained instead the services of La Goulue, the ancient French dancer, now a *dompteuse* famous in all the *foires* of France for her “*blessures terribles*.”

The striking and gratifying success of the French *revue* in London has decided the management to follow it with the vivacious and brilliant piece from the Moulin d’Or which took all Paris by storm last year. The title of the forthcoming *revue* is “MONSIEUR ET MADAME” (“Mr. and Mrs.”).

Last Monday the all-conquering Gramodrome *revue*, “OH! OH! HUGTIME!” for which the “*Revue King*” wrote his most brilliant libretto, not a word of which, we understand, has ever been departed from (surely a great triumph in an entertainment of this kind!), entered upon its extra special edition. Among the most fascinating of its “stop press” novelties is a burlesque of the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match, with rag-time songs between the overs, while Mr. Beerbohm Vienna, from Jamaica, gives an exhibition of how the Mango should really be eaten.

The cast of a magnificent and superb *revue* at the Solace, entitled, “RETURNED EMPTY,” is to be still further strengthened in a novel way by the addition of three troupes of rag-time singers from America, each from a different Southern state, whose speciality it is to sing all together, each of the three troupes executing a different song. The effect is said to be very startling, combining as it does the delights of music with the excitement of a battle or race.



Retired Haberdasher (late of London). "NOW THEN, 'ENRY, I'M GOIN' TO HAVE A LARGE PARTY 'ERE NEXT WEEK, AND I SHALL EXPECT AN UNLIMITED QUANTITY OF MILK, CREAM AND BUTTER. AFTER THAT THE COWS CAN 'AVE A REST TILL ME AN' MRS. P. RETURNS FROM THE CONTENONG."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MR. JACK LONDON is, I think, the most exhausting writer I know. Lest this should be taken for other than the genuine tribute I intend it to be, I had better hasten to explain. What I mean is that he can bring physical hardships and fatigue so convincingly before the reader that, for my own part, I rise from some chapters of his writing feeling as if I ached in every limb. I had this sensation stronger than ever just now, after reading *Smoke Bellew* (MILLS AND BOON). Here Mr. LONDON is back in that Klondyke country that he has made specially his own, and has already mined with such excellent results. *Smoke Bellew* however has this to distinguish him from other heroes of the district, that you make his acquaintance while he is still a genuine *chechaquo* (I put in that word because it sounds jolly and I have just learnt it—the meaning is tenderfoot, or amateur, or what you will) and watch the process of his gradual hardening. This is where the aches come in. I defy anybody to read of *Smoke's* journey to the Yukon, a chapter that deserves to be called an epic of fatigue, without sharing the sensations of its hero. It would, I am sure, give an appetite to the most dyspeptic. Arrived, *Smoke* and his partner *Shorty* have of course adventures in plenty, culminating in a breathless race with dog-teams, that leaves them with half of a million-dollar claim and the hero with a prospect of matrimonial bliss. Myself I didn't care over-much for his prospective bride; and I doubt if Mr. LONDON did either. I found it hard to

forgive her the trick by which—in the early stages of their acquaintance—she had deprived *Smoke* and *Shorty* of the results of their night march to Squaw Creek. But you do not go to Mr. LONDON for wedding-bells. You go to him for tales of endurance and for sheer breath-taking adventure, and here there is no living writer that I know of to equal him. He has them all beat.

I believe that Mrs. COXON, whose new novel, *April Panhasard* (LANE), has just held my attention, would have found everything simpler had she not been determined to enforce sprightliness in her characters. *April Panhasard* herself is clearly a very nice agreeable woman, but she is compelled to wriggle into wit every time that she opens her mouth; and this compulsion, together with the fact that "her hair in the shadowy light gleamed like a saint's aura, burnished, mystical," prevents her from showing the natural simple side of her character. She goes into retirement whilst her divorce case is proceeding, tells her neighbours (all of them, by the way, as sprightly as herself) that she is a widow, goes about with a young man, loves an American, and of course starts the sprightly tongues wagging. Then Mrs. COXON obviously felt that this little plot was neither long enough nor strong enough for three hundred pages, so she brought in some characters out of an earlier novel of hers, with a child who is prettily loquacious until he is suddenly killed in the hunting-field. The child's death is well written and shows one that Mrs. COXON would write a fine novel could she but allow her people to speak and act for themselves and could she avoid such sentences

as "A faint thrill of fear raced through her veins," or "A little sob escaped her, wrung from her full heart." I like her conception of her characters, but they are not given any very interesting things to do and their emotions are far too crudely stated.

Much is expected from a son of the man who wrote *The Life of Lord Macaulay*. The reader need not fear disappointment in taking up *The Life of John Bright* (CONSTABLE), by GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. His literary skill is shown in connection with various episodes, notably in the admirably condensed but vivid narrative of the Corn Law League Campaign, culminating in the surrender of PEELE and the establishment of originally obscure men like BRIGHT and CORDEN in the foremost rank of statesmanship, their aid courted by both camps. Disclosure is made of a remarkable overture by DISRAELI when defeat of his Budget of 1852 appeared imminent. Late on a December evening

he sent a note to BRIGHT at the Reform Club, asking him to call at Grosvenor Gate. The summons was obeyed. Straightway DISRAELI propounded a scheme whereby BRIGHT, COBDEN and MILNER GIBSON, extreme Radicals of the day, were to enter the Tory Cabinet. BRIGHT's scornful rejection of the proposal did not prevent its repetition when, a few years later, DISRAELI found himself in another fix.

Such flattering attention had the effect of increasing natural tendency on BRIGHT's part to have a good conceit of himself. During the last twenty years of his life this assumed something of a tone of arrogance. An example is supplied in a remark he made comparing his style of oratory with another's. "When I speak," he said, "I strike across from headland to headland. Mr. GLADSTONE follows the coast line, and when he comes to a navigable river he is unable to resist the temptation of tracing it to its source." There is truth and force in this. But it is the sort of thing that had been better said by somebody else.

Among other diversions, the author tells a capital story about BRIGHT's famous citation of the cave of Adullam. A French historian quoting it explained to his countrymen that it was an "allusion à un passage de la bible. Adullam avait voulu tuer David." In a more familiar reference, Mr. TREVELYAN is not so successful. Writing of Lord JOHN MANNERS' couplet about "our old nobility," he describes it as "a Frankenstein that was to pursue its author through life." Alas, poor Frankenstein, ever condemned to be thus mistaken for his own petard after being hoisted with it. Mr. TREVELYAN's admirable work, invaluable to the student of modern history, is illustrated by various cartoons reproduced from *Punch*, who, amongst other services to mankind, immortalized an eyeglass JOHN BRIGHT never wore.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter? Let's hear it and have done with it!" This is what I came near to crying aloud many times during the early chapters of *James Hurd* (HEINEMANN). But when I knew the horror of course it was by no means done with. For deliberate and unshrinking analysis of a hateful situation, commend me to Mr. R. O. PROWSE. Of the great cleverness of his book there can be no question; considered as an entertainment, I would rather go to the dentist's than endure it again. It is impossible to give an idea of it without revealing the plot; but this matters less since it is the treatment for which it should be read by all who value artistry more than good spirits. Well, then, *James Hurd* and his wife Evelyn had one child, a boy of seven years, who, as the result of an accident, had become maimed incurably both in body and mind. And the parents, having for his sake left the town, where they both enjoyed full and vigorous lives, for the depths of the country, had nothing to do but brood

and develop suspicious and estrangements and hatreds. So at last one day the father took the boy for a walk to the cliff-edge—and came back alone. You could hardly call it a pleasant story, could you? It is told by a third person, an old friend of the unhappy parents, who is staying with them; and this particular method adds a quality of detached and almost unemotional dryness to the tragedy that makes it far more horrible. It is indeed a fine piece of literary work, powerful, subtle, and sinister. But I should be very careful as to the persons to whom I recommended it.



FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

BALBUS, WHO HAS RENTED THE FISHING ON THE RUBICON, RESPECTFULLY BUT FIRMLY INSISTS ON JULIUS CÆSAR CROSSING IT LOWER DOWN SO AS NOT TO DISTURB THE BEST POOL IN THE RIVER.

Mr. GOAD has chosen a strange subject for the novel-form in *The Kingdom* (HEINEMANN)—nothing less than the struggle for peace and truth and perfect charity in the soul of a modern (and something of a modernist) friar, *Padre Bernardo*. Those who recognise this travail of a soul to be a legitimate and vitally tragic theme will here welcome a treatment of it which is marked by much sympathy and a quite exceptional detachment. The devil's advocate has the fullest licence notwithstanding that the author stands for the Catholic point of view and for his saintly, sore-tried hero who finally enters into his kingdom of self-conquest and peace. The littlenesses, bigotries and misunderstandings of conventual life are in particular suggested with a keen but not uncharitable emphasis, and it would seem that so detailed an impression could only be the work of one who had actually passed through the routine and struggle of the life. The secondary theme, the marriage of *Orlando* the singer, *Bernardo's* friend, and *Vittoria*, his cousin, is well handled so as to bring out the deep human sympathies of the friar. *Old Father Fidelis*, a modern St. FRANCIS, living apart and silent and on the best of terms with toad and lizard and stoat and every sort of little woodland brother and sister, looks very much like a portrait and is good to meet.

CHARIVARIA.

ROEMANIA's motto upon advancing into Bulgaria:—"J'y suis, j'y reste"—a free translation of which is, "I am here, I Roumania."

Is it quite fair to describe the ambulance which has been devised by Mr. S. F. CODY as our first air-hospital? Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Sanatoria were in the air for a very long time.

A propos, the report that a million pound hotel is to be erected on the site of St. George's Hospital has led to a curious misunderstanding among insured persons. They imagine that this new structure will be one of those sanatoria which the CHANCELLOR assured them a little while ago would be "sort of first-class hotels."

Meanwhile it is said that it is the intention of those interested in this hotel scheme also to buy up Buckingham Palace with a view to its being used as a cottage-annexe for simple-lifers.

It has been proposed, in consequence of the Suffragist outrages in the House of Commons, that the Gallery shall be closed. The idea, however, does not commend itself to certain of the Members, who must have something to play up to.

It is much more likely that members of the Public, before being admitted, will have to submit to being searched. Mr. LAWRENCE HOUSMAN hinted at this possibility the other day when he said, "In the war against evil it is not always sufficient to gird the loins. Sometimes it is necessary to strip."

Now that the Plural Voting Bill is bound to become law, many Unionists are concentrating their attention on the problem of how to abolish the Singular Voting which returned the Liberals to power.

Plural Residence, which will still be permitted after the abolition of Plural Voting, is being encouraged by the Cat-and-Mouse Act, and it is proposed that some of our leading Suffragettes should print on their visiting-cards, in addition to their

private address, the address of their prison.

Voluntary contributions towards the equipment of our Defence Forces continue to come in. The lack of mounts for our Territorials seems to have struck the popular imagination, and it is said that during the past week the War Office has received from various parts of the Empire offers of an elephant, three donkeys, a couple of trained ostriches, an old-fashioned high bicycle, a run-about, and a zebra.

existence of the requisite agreement, and stigmatises his opponents as "the hyenas of grand opera." The Company, we understand, retorts that that hyena laughs longest who laughs last.

According to Mr. CHARLES B. COCHRAN the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great was founded by a Jester. Here, surely, is another pulpit for the Rev. HARRY LAUDER.

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is generous. He has now made it possible for all of us to obtain his "Divine Gift"—on paying for it.



The Landlady (to applicant for apartments with sea-view). "THERE, NOW! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR A SEA-VIEW?"

"Bombardier WELLS and PAT O'KEEFE have signed articles to box twenty rounds at the Ring on August Bank Holiday." This, we understand, is not WAGNER'S "Ring," in spite of the precedent of the *Rernes*.

Our Field Sports day by day, as pictured in *The Liverpool Echo*—

"FIELD SPORT EDITION.
AT BISLEY.
HOOTING FOR THE EMPIRE TROPHY."

The German cruiser *Stettin* came into collision last week with the American yacht *Cassandra*. While the latter lost her jib-boom, the *Stettin* was holed above the water-line, and the yacht claims the victory.

By the way, the first prize in our International Story Competition goes, this week, to the following contribution from New York:—

"Mr. George Ensor, of Piedmont, West Virginia, while fishing near Mountindale, was attacked

by more than a dozen snakes measuring from four to six feet in length. Before he could beat them off they entwined themselves about him, binding his arms, hands, and feet.

"Mr. Ensor, after vainly endeavouring to loose his arms and legs, had the presence of mind to roll over to a fire he had built to cook his meal. His clothes caught fire, and the snakes, scorched and sizzling, untwined themselves from his body.

"He then threw himself into the stream, extinguishing his burning clothes."

It looks rather as if it is not only our Territorials who find a difficulty in obtaining mounts. In an account of a recent royal function *The Liverpool Echo* says:—"After formal presentations had been made their Majesties left the station accompanied by an escort of Life Guards in open carriages."

The Australian Labour Party is now agitating for a six-hours' day. We are not yet informed how many minutes there are to be in each hour.

Surprisingly low prices for old masters were realised at the sale of the late Duke of SUTHERLAND'S pictures at CHRISTIE'S, and, though no living artist was in this case affected by the slump, a meeting of painters of old masters is to be held to consider the situation.

The Metropolitan Opera Company of New York is bringing an action against Mr. HAMMERSTEIN, with the object of restraining him from producing grand opera in that city before 1920. Mr. HAMMERSTEIN denies the

MORE LEAVES FROM THE BEERBOHM TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

[In friendly imitation of Sir HERBERT TREE'S recently-published *Thoughts and After-thoughts*.]

EVERY true craftsman should take joy and pride in his handiwork apart from the incident of wages. And here we may learn a lesson even from "Our Betters." There exist men and women of the loftiest birth who are so enamoured of stage-craft that they will actually pay large sums to be allowed to play the part of walking gentleman and walking lady. The words of the late ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON are their cry: "Give us the guerdon of going on!"

To get what they want is the peculiar faculty of the English race. I once met an Englishman who had made a successful tour through the Fatherland with the most limited knowledge of the vernacular. He knew only one word of German, and that was English. It was "*Beer*." Yet his needs were always satisfied.

When power passes from the hands of "Our Betters" into those of the People—a risky translation, yet many such have reached us from the original French—I shall look for the reign of Universal Peace. I have an instinctive horror of war. Apart from bloodshed—almost always a marked concomitant of sanguinary disputes—war is the enemy of Art, and distracts attention from the theatres.

I have in my time played the part of great and bloody captains like *Macbeth*, but my heart was never in the work; nor were my legs either. I would always sooner play BEETHOVEN. BEETHOVEN created; *Macbeth* destroyed. Surely there is a difference here.

The modern critic rails at the star-system. Yet it is one of those eternal arrangements which have a heavenly origin. You have only to look at the firmament on a fine night and you will see stars.

How often, as an actor-manager, have I envied mediocrity! So gentle is the treatment it gets from the critics.

The actor is independent of recognised laws—the laws that govern blank verse, for instance. He needs no education and often gets none. He requires no tools or accessories. The painter has his palette; the sculptor his chisel, the poet his blotting-pad, the musician his loud pedal; but the actor has just himself.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I had forgotten that the actor from time to time makes use of certain aids, such as grease and pigments and wigs and costumes. Also of words, generally written by somebody else. How stupid of me! What would the greatest Hamlet be without SHAKESPEARE?

The latest hand-maiden of the drama is the gramophone. It helps to correct the evanescence of the actor's triumphs, permitting posterity to appreciate what might otherwise appear incredible in the reports of the time. I myself have, by request, done two gramophone records for the British Museum—in the respective voices of *Hamlet* and *Falstaff*. In a spasm of humour I once said that I was so nervous that I spoke the speech of *Hamlet* in the voice of *Falstaff*, and that of *Falstaff* in the voice of *Hamlet*. This statement (fictional, of course, as humour so often is) was received with scepticism by a critic who suggested that I had spoken them both in the voice of BEERBOHM TREE. Even a critic, it will be recognised, may be something of a humorist.

The absence of a "fourth wall" on the stage is no doubt desirable for the sake of unbroken communication between the actors and the audience; but it is destructive to that complete illusion which is the end of all art, seeing that very few actual rooms are constructed without this feature. In my more creative moments I have thought of introducing

it at His Majesty's, and here I am happy, for once, in enjoying the support of some of my most malevolent critics.

I have been accused, by a nameless writer, of overwhelming SHAKESPEARE under an avalanche of irrelevant scenery. My final answer to these criticisms is that my revivals have paid. The ultimate test of all Art (and when I talk of Art I exclude painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture, &c., except as they are ancillary to the drama) is the approval of the paying public.

In the setting of a play there must either be frank convention or an attempt at complete illusion. If you cannot reproduce the atmosphere of ancient Elsinore in the gravedigger's scene, better have no scene at all. A view of the Euston Road with its monumental masonry would be an intolerable compromise.

Those who contend that we should mount SHAKESPEARE'S plays in the simple manner of the Elizabethan age would, if they were consistent, demand that his female characters should be taken by males. Yet I have never heard it seriously suggested that *Juliet* should be played by Mr. BOURCHIER, or *Cleopatra* by me.

The effect of illusion can be produced by a combined effort of imagination on the part of actor and audience. Thus, if the actor imagines himself to be fat he appears fat. It is true that when playing *Falstaff* I have used material devices to produce the semblance of bulginess, but I could have done it just as well out of my own imagination, only I did not want to put too much strain on that of my collaborators in the pit.

The absolute aim of all Art (a term that excludes painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture, &c., except as they are ancillary to the drama) is illusion. It is not easy to be yourself (the secret of all strength), and at the same time to be somebody else (the aim of all Art). But it must be done somehow, and the true artist—by which I mean the true actor—will, while retaining his own identity intact for future use, so far merge it, for the time, in that of his character that, after creating the illusion that he is a corpse, it would be unthinkable that he should arise and appear before the curtain to take the applause of the groundlings. He would much rather that the audience should go home under the impression that he is still dead.

And, after all, what is the applause of men to the true artist? Dead to the world—for his illusory simulation of death will have deceived everybody but himself—the pulsations of his own heart, beating high with the sense of achievement, will be all the applause that he needs.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

If in the foregoing remarks I have now and then by inadvertence given vent to a vital truth, I take no credit. I am but a TREE on which a little bird has sat and sung. And these were the words that it sang:—

"Be yourself!"

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes," said the little bird; "be yourself. You cannot better that!"

O. S.

The People's Laureate.

(Without prejudice to Dr. Bridges.)

Though KIPLING long had been his country's pride,

Uncrowned, except with glory,

ASQUITH ignored the People's Voice, and cried—

"But that's another 'Tory.'"

In a recent article giving hints on the furnishing of a country cottage, *The Westminster Gazette* recommended that every room should contain "one suggestive picture." Can this be the effect of the Russian Ballet on our once incorruptible contemporary?



A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

DAME CURZON. "COME ALONG, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HAVE A NICE JOY-RIDE!"

MASTER ASQUITH. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY VIOLENT EXERCISE THIS SEASON; I THOUGHT OF WAITING TILL 1915."





Lynx-eyed Hubert (appearing, as usual, from nowhere). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I THINK IT MY DUTY AS A SCOUT TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU HAVE A SMUT ON YOUR NOSE."

THE BREAKING OF HENRY BOND.

Inspired by the receipt of a communication beginning:—

THE JURIES ACT, 1870.

THE TOWN CLERK OF THIS BOROUGH is required by Law to make out a true List in the following form:—

| Christian and Surname at full length. | Title, Quality, Calling or Business. | Nature of Qualification. |
|---------------------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| Adams, John . . . | Gentleman. | Freehold. |
| Alley, James . . . | Merchant (state nature of Merchandise) | Copyhold. |
| Bond, Henry . . . | Banker | Leasehold. |
| Boyd, George . . . | Grocer | Poor Rate. |
| Cole, Charles . . . | Butcher | House Duty. |

*THERE is joy to-day at the "Crown and Anchor,"
Where the fat pint mugs they fill,
But a bitter strife and a bitter rancour
At the leasehold house on the hill—
At the leasehold house of the lordly banker
Who bent the burg to his will.*

Gay are the peacocks that strut in his pleasaunces,
Bright are the lilies that float on his pond,
Very imposing and portly his presence is
(All save his hair, of which only a frond
Still stays on the bald pate, dabbled with essences),
Curved is the boko of Bond.

Proud of his place and its hireling beauty,
Thinking he walked with the world's élite,
He mocked Charles Cole and his dull House Duty,
Driving around with the morning's meat:
He spurned poor Boyd and his business fruity;
How oft in our humble street

At the sound of his cushioned motor's sally
The reverent suburb has bared its head!
Ay, even the merchant prince, James Alley,
And Adams (John)—who is quite well-bred—
From the freehold "Court" and the copyhold "Chalet"
Have curtsied and been cut dead.

But the English law respects not mammon;
"I serve the Law," said the grave Town Clerk;
"I will write me a list there shall be no sham on,
A steel-true list; and for all his park
I shall label Bond like the vendor of gammon
With a crude commercial mark.

A gentleman! Faugh! his pride is rotten,
He lifts in the air his upstart crown,
But the glory of gold is of dust begotten,
A barren breed and of no renown;
Is coin any better than beef or cotton?
A banker shall Bond go down.

His fathers carried no blood-stained banners,
The knightly plume they have never worn;
He wants the repose of Norman manners;
I brand him here with the brand of scorn;
His sires very likely were caitiff tanners,
While John is a gentleman born."

I read thus far and I knew the canker
That grieved our burg had been cut away;
The bubble had burst of Bond the banker—
I wrote to the Clerk and said, "Hurray!
You have scored off Henry, the horrible swanker,
Good luck to you, Sir. Good day!" EVOE.



Old Lady (offering policeman a tract). "I OFTEN THINK YOU POOR POLICEMEN RUN SUCH A RISK OF BECOMING BAD, BEING SO CONSTANTLY MIXED UP WITH CRIME."

Policeman. "YOU NEEDN'T FEAR, MUM. IT'S THE CRIMINALS WOT RUNS THE RISK O' BECOMIN' SAINTS, BEIN' MIXED UP WITH US!"

THE LONG-FELT WANT.

He was sitting next to me at Lord's, and I admired him for never pointing to Rhodes and saying, "There's Hobbs," as most of the other persons round me were doing. Nor did he attempt any conversation until the tea interval, when, after expressing his grief that a good game should be thus frivolously interrupted, he turned to diverse topics.

After a while he told me what he was.

"I am an inventor," he said.

"And a very interesting profession," I replied.

"None more so," he said, "even

when one is just an ordinary inventor; but when one is sociologically imaginative—ah!"

"How does one invent?" I asked him. "That's what always bothers me. Do you sit down under a clear sky and produce your patents, or—?"

"That's what the ordinary inventor does," he said. "There's no knowing when the idea may come to him. At breakfast, in the train, in the middle of the night, even while talking to somebody. But the sociologically imaginative inventor has to prepare the way. He has first to ask himself what is wanted, and then get to work to supply that want. The cinema came that

way, for example. The inventor of my type got up one morning with a blank mind and said to himself, 'What human nature now needs is that thousands of electric palaces should spring up all over the world, in which animated photographic representations of sentiment and melodrama may beguile the tedium of life;' and straightway he invented the cinema. That is the best kind of inventing. But, to give you an example of the other kind, asbestos grates were an accident pure and simple. An inventor chanced to walk through some catacombs and noticed a great heap of skulls, and this instantly gave him the idea of asbestos fuel. You see the difference? The accidental inventors may be useful enough, but very little credit is due to them, whereas the sociologically imaginative inventors are conscious benefactors, and should have pensions and statues."

"And what are you at work on just now?" I asked him.

"Just now," he replied, "and in fact for months past, my mind is occupied with a problem, the solution of which will come as a trumpet call all over England, and perhaps even more over Scotland. Many are the householders who will rise and bless me."

"Well?" I said.

"Well," he continued, "you have, I suppose, often stayed in country houses where, the people still having some remnants of old-fashionedness left, the billiard-room is locked on Sundays?"

"I have," I replied.

"And you have noticed," he went on, "that your host or hostess has always apologised for this state of things in much the same words. 'It is not they who object, of course; you will acquit them of being so small-minded as that; but one must consider the servants.' You have heard that?"

"Often," I replied.

"As to how it would affect the servants," he proceeded, "we need not pause to consider. That is a side issue. The point is that it might. But suppose the servants did not know; suppose that some one could invent a means by which billiards could be played on Sunday in secret, then no one would mind and many dull hours could be turned to cheerfulness. Do you see?"

"Certainly I do," I said. "But how?"

"There," said he, "is where I come in—the sociologically imaginative inventor. What is wanted is a silencer for billiard balls. It is that, deadly click, click that gives the show away and cuts into the very heart of the day of rest. Now if the ivory—or even bonzoline—could be muted, all would



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

AN EX-SWIMMING CHAMPION, ACCOMPANIED BY A FRIEND FOR TIMING, DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A SHARK AT A POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT.

be well. The mere fact that voices are heard proceeding from the billiard-room is nothing; you may sit and talk in any room on Sunday without doing the servants moral harm; it is the click, click that is fatal. My life-work then is to invent a means by which the balls shall touch in a silence as of the tomb. And," he added, "I shall do it. The word failure is not in my dictionary."

Intrepid fellow, I pray that he may.

"It was a similar fate which compelled Oliver Goldsmith to reel out Roman histories and 'Animated Natives' when he might have given us more masterpieces such as 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Deserted Village.'" *Birmingham Daily Post.*

Or when he might have been tucking in animated "natives."

"It is hard to believe that Sir Frederick Young, the Grand Old Man of the Royal Colonial Institute, was 97 on the longest day. He was erect, hale and hearty, and would easily pass for 5." *London Life.*

How annoyed he must be when strange mothers pat him on the head and talk baby language to him.

"A novelty also, will be provided on Monday morning by the arrival, direct from their nativity, of the two braves 'Setting Sun' and 'Running Bull.'" *Woltem Morning News.*
So young and yet so brave.

THE BATH.

HANG garlands on the bathroom door;
Let all the passages be spruce;
For, lo, the victim comes once more,
And, ah, he struggles like the deuce!

Bring soaps of many scented sorts;
Let girls in pinafores attend,
With John, their brother, in his shorts,
To wash their dusky little friend,

Their little friend, the dusky dog,
Short-legged and very obstinate,
Faced like a much-offended frog,
And fighting hard against his fate.

No Briton he! From palace-born
Chinese patricians he descends;
He keeps their high ancestral scorn;
His spirit breaks, but never bonds.

Our water-ways he fain would 'scape;
He hates the customary bath
That thins his tail and spoils his shape,
And turns him to a fur-elad lath;

And, seeing that the Pekinese
Havelustrouse eyes that bulgelike buds,
He fain would save such eyes as these,
Their owner's pride, from British suds.

Vain are his protests—in he goes.
His young barbarians crowd around;
They soap his paws, they soap his nose;
They soap wherever fur is found.

And soon, still laughing, they extract
His limpress from the darkling tide;
They make the towel's roughness act
On back and head and dripping side.

They shout and rub and rub and shout—
He deprecates their odious glee—
Until at last they turn him out,
A damp gigantic bumble-bee.

Released, he barks and rolls, and speeds
From lawn to lawn, from path to path,
And in one glorious minute needs
More soapsuds and another bath.

R. C. L.

Not Very Far North.

"Mr. Steffansson, on board the Karluk, is reported to have reached Rome on his way to the Far North." *Times.*

We shall be glad to welcome the intrepid explorer at Cricklewood when the ice breaks up.

"The Hill Club held their first Progressive Bridge Drivel on Thursday." *South Pacific Mail.*

We can imagine it.

"Will any kind reader of THE TABLE tell NELLTOM how to put water-lilies on a menu in French?" *The Table.*

Don't think to deceive your guests in this way, NELLTOM. At the first mouthful they will know it's water-lilies.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

"CELIA," I said sternly, looking up from my paper, "I have something to say to you, child. Cease your trifling for a moment; refrain for the nonce from writing absurd messages on the back of my collar, which can only be read by others."

"They'll tell you about it," said Celia, writing busily. "It's nothing very private."

"Really, I can't think why your nurse allows you a pencil. Do you know that this collar was quite clean when I started wearing it, and that there's nearly half the month to go?"

"I am rich," said Celia. "I will buy you a third collar."

This gave me the opening I sought. I put down the paper and turned gravely to her.

"Don't buy clothes for me, woman," I said bitterly; "buy them for yourself. Heaven knows you need them."

"I knew Heaven knew, but I didn't know *you* did," replied Celia gladly. "Hooray! Now I shan't feel so extravagant. Two dinner frocks, a hat, a—"

"Celia, you misunderstand me. Listen." I cleared my throat once or twice. "What I am about to read to you is from *The Times*—our first paper."

"Thank you. Our first husband," she added with a wave of the hand.

I began to read:—

"There is an orgy of undressing going on," I read, "and it shows no signs of abating." This refers to women's clothes," I explained—"an orgy of undressing."

"Oh, the shame of it!" said Celia in a shocked voice.

"Five years ago women still wore skirts and bodices which covered them, stockings thick enough not to show the colour of their skins, and sufficient—or stays and petticoats to conceal the details of their persons."

"Oh, fie, fie! Oh, la, Sir! How vastly improper, I declare," twittered Celia, and she swooned along the sofa.

"Nowadays, women wear almost nothing under their gowns. Petticoats—"

"Is this Russia?"

"Petticoats went some time back and were replaced by tights—"

"Where are the police?"

"Or not replaced at all. The stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder, and they are not covered by any but court shoes."

"Not even by waders?" cried Celia. "Oh, say at least that they wear waders!"

I put down the paper.

"Celia," I said, "this is very distressing. There is a further passage about the muscles of the legs, or rather limbs, being visible 'halfway to the knee' which I cannot bring myself to read. What have you got to say? Any defence you care to make will be given my most careful consideration."

"Who is the writer?"

"It doesn't say. Just a woman."

"Does she say what she wears when she goes on to the top of a 'bus'?"

"My dear Celia, you don't think that anybody connected with *The Times* knows anything about the top of a 'bus? How vulgar you are!"

"I only just wondered. Ronald, are you very much embarrassed when you behold a diaphanous stocking halfway to the knee? Do you go about all day being embarrassed? Are you just one big blush?"

"I—er—of course. This orgy of undressing—er—pains me. And why do you do it? Simply because other women do it. Because," I became sarcastic—"because it's the *fashion*!"

"Men are just as bad."

"Oh, no, they're not. You don't find men doing things just because some absurd person in Paris tells them to."

Celia looked at me thoughtfully.

"Supposing," she said, "it was the fashion to wear your tie all sideways, do you mean to say you wouldn't do it?"

"Of course not."

"Then why are you doing it now?"

Hastily and with as much dignity as possible I straightened my tie.

"Talking about orgies of undressing," Celia went on, "the bottom button of your waistcoat's undone."

"It always is," I said, smiling gently at her ignorance.

"Oh, horror!"

"It's just a custom. One always—you see if you—the point is—well, it's just a custom."

"It embarrasses me very much," said Celia, veiling her eyes with her handkerchief. "And why do you always turn up the ends of your trousers? Is that quite nice?"

"But surely—I mean, why—"

"It's—it's most suggestive. Anybody can see your diaphanous silk ankles. And, what is much worse, I believe they could guess the colour of your skin underneath. 'Good Heavens,' they'll say to each other, 'and I quite thought he was a little black boy.'"

"This is mere levity."

"Why do men wear much lower collars than they used to? Is it so that women can see the muscles at the back of their necks at work? Oh, horror piled on horror!"

She picked up the paper and began to read the article for herself.

"That's right," I agreed. "Ponder over it alone."

I walked over to the glass and had another go at straightening my tie.

"Ronald," said Celia suddenly, "are you a Liberal or a Conservative? I always forget."

"We are Liberals," I said. "That is to say, I am a Liberal, and you naturally desire to drop any silly Conservative ideas you may have had before marriage and become a Liberal too."

"Are you a supporter of the Government?"

"As long as ASQUITH behaves himself we support the Government. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. Only this article rather hints that woman's passion for undress has a good deal to do with politics. The writer wonders how much 'our almost bare feet and quite bare arms and neck owe to Mr. ASQUITH's indifference to stable government.' So you see it's really *your* fault that I am so entirely improper. Yours and—er—Mr. BIRRELL'S. Is it Mr. BIRRELL, by the way? I always forget. I mean the man at the Irish Office who won't let me wear top boots when I'm paying a call."

"BIRRELL," I said absently. I took the paper from her and slowly finished the article.

"Well!" I said. "Well, of all the—How perfectly—Really, *The Times* ought to know better. I've never read anything so ridiculous."

"It is rather a stupid article," said Celia indifferently.

"Stupid?" I said. "It's perfectly absurd." A. A. M.

"The Yarmouth steam drifter Cicero landed a small bottle-nosed sharp at Scarborough yesterday. It had been caught in the herring nets fourteen miles off the port."

Glasgow Evening Times.

Bottle-nosed sharps should stick closer to the race meetings, and then they wouldn't get into trouble.

"Invalid lady requires as lodger good-sized sunny, airy bedroom."

Hampstead Advertiser.

Quiet, domesticated apartment preferred, used to children.

"BEAUTY AT THE BUTTS.

A LADY SHOT AT BISLEY."

Glasgow News.

We are very sorry to hear of this *contretemps*. But people should never frequent the environs of the target while firing is in progress. It lays them open, in the event of an accident, to a charge of contributory negligence.

WORD PICTURES.

I HAVE had to give up reading Cricket reports. It is no good. "At 11.30 the two over-night not-outs—(6) and (13) respectively—faced the bowling of . . ." You know! I can't say why it is, but it doesn't grip me any more. It leaves me cold. But, after all, I am conscious of no gap in my intellectual life. For I have found a splendid substitute.

I wish it to be understood that I know nothing, literally nothing, about the game of Base Ball. I have never seen it, discussed it or heard it described. My mind is entirely free from the slightest vestige of information. And thus the reading of accounts of Base Ball matches becomes for me an exercise of the purest romance. It calls up before me vague compelling pictures, opens up for me delightful avenues of conjecture. And by now I am wholly engrossed in this pursuit. I must make it quite clear that I get my reports only from the best and most reputable of Transatlantic magazines, where the question is soberly discussed and the writing might almost be classed as literature. But it stirs me all the same. Who would not care to know that "a teasing fly was sent perhaps seventy feet back of the bag"? Perhaps a certain element of slang does creep in at times. At least I have wondered if it is considered quite elegant to speak of "the batter pushing down a sacrifice bunt." But I love to try to imagine him doing it. . . Then it is so refreshing to talk about "an inning"—so unhackneyed. And there is another most refreshing thing to one whose perceptions have become jaded by our ceaseless centuries. To make a run is such a tremendous event! In one match that I read of recently, this never occurred till "the second half of the sixth."

The beauty of it is that one can have such an enormous amount of pure entertainment with so small a measure of enlightenment. There is no danger as yet that I shall come to understand the process of the game and thus lose the keen edge of my enjoyment. All that I have been able to glean after weeks of delighted study is what I may call a faint flavour of Rounders. But I somehow have a notion that to "rearrange your pitching assignments" may be equivalent to changing the bowling. But how in the world do you "push a run over the plate"? It is very commonly done. On the other hand I have only read of one "pitcher" so far capable of "trotting out his reverse hook."

It is a magnificent game. There is



"DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D LIKE SOME OF THIS NICE BREAD-AND-BUTTER BEFORE YOU START ON CAKES?" "No!" "TUT-TUT! NO WHAT?" "NO FEAR!"

nothing quite like it. It is so full of picturesque and sudden touches. I read of a ball not long ago that "struck that section of the fence which means a new suit to the batsman." How feeble in comparison is our Hat-trick! And then there is the "Pennant." That is always cropping up. I imagine it to be some special reward of valour.

I am getting so enthusiastic about it all that I sometimes wonder if I have become a "Fan." If so I must be a "Paper Fan," I think, though I have already made up my mind that if ever I am present at a game I shall take a seat "back of the catcher." Take my word for it, that is the place. From no other point can one "criticise the curves." I am convinced that if any "Freak Plays" occur I shall get absolutely "roiled up." That, I am told, is what happens to the crowd. But just think of it! Compare it!

". . . At 11.30 the over-night not outs—6 and 13 respectively—faced the bowling of—"

"Captain Charles Charleton performed the extraordinary feat of navigating his vessel a distance of 15,000 miles to Queenstown without the aid of a single officer. The voyage occupied 108 days. Charleton . . . slept on the poop of the ship on a cabin chair during most of the 108 days."—*Financial Times*.

One of those tame ships that practically navigate themselves.

"Drama, the most recent capture by the Greek army from the Bulgarians, is a Turkish town."—*Manchester Guardian*.

It should be much more thrilling as a Greek Drama.

Nasty Accident to Russian Girl.

"A Russian girl was struck by the unceremonious waving of the hand which accompanies a parting."—*Daily Mail*.



"DRESS AND UNDRRESS."

First Guest. "THAT MRS. ASTERISK'S A PRETTY WOMAN, AND SHE AIN'T BADLY GOT UP; BUT SHE LOOKS ALL WRONG SOMEHOW."

Second Guest. "OF COURSE SHE DOES. THE RIDICULOUS WOMAN PERSISTS IN WEARING HER BACKBONE, AND BACKBONES ARE QUITE GONE OUT."

THE BUGBEAR.

It was a buff card, covered with sinister and menacing prohibitions and commands, and entitled "In the matter of Steggle (Jane), No. 9,773,143."

He was a man of downright character, actuated by strong likes and dislikes. At the moment his strong likes were in abeyance; for his charwoman, call her Steggle (Jane) or No. 9,773,143 as you please, he felt neither one way nor the other. As for the buff card, in "the week commencing Monday, 14 April, 1913," it left him cold; in "the week commencing Monday, 21 April, 1913," it bored him stiff, and in "the week commencing Monday, 28 April, 1913," it brought his worst side uppermost, and caused him to offer his soul to the devil, that he might be quit of all further Mondays. But the ten more of these named on the card relentlessly ensued, and upon each of them yet another week "commenced." As he dealt with them one by one his temper grew worse, and by the time he got to

the last of them, "the week commencing Monday, 7 July," all the blood in his system had mounted to his head. Having then fixed the last stamp in its place with a terrible thump, he sought for an opportunity of making his feelings known.

There was a space at the bottom of the buff card, about the only space left on it, and it was specially Reserved for the use of Society or Insurance Commissioners. Let him touch it if he dare! My word, if *he* had the impertinence to write in it, there would be the dickens and all to pay!

He took a pen with a big broad nib, and dipped it into the blue-black ink. On second thoughts he took a pen with a fine nib and dipped it into the red ink. Then, in his smallest hand, he wrote in the place most exclusively reserved for the use of the Elect:—

"If you suppose that I am going to waste the best part of my life and fortune over your vile cards, and not write where I like, you misconceive the situation. Danme, I've paid for it

and I'm going to write on it. Fine me, and I shan't pay; put me in quod, and I shan't care. Give me five years' penal servitude, and I'll laugh at you. I know you well enough not to believe that you'll keep me there and lose my threepence a week for five years."

You might gather from this that he was a man who disliked parting with his money, loathed the necessity for regular habits, had strong political prejudices. On the contrary, he was generous, methodical, impartial and fair-minded to a degree. But there was one thing he could not stand, and that was the word "commence."

"A Renter's telegram from the Hague states that the Queen has entrusted Dr. Bos with the formation of a cabinet."

Pall Mall Gazette.

And our only authority on foreign affairs heads this "NEW BELGIAN CABINET." We shall look for an editorial note on the subject—possibly in the form of a dozen front-page articles.



A BROKEN LULLABY.

EUROPE. "OH HUSH THEE, MY BABY!"

THE INFANT ALBANIA. "HOW CAN I HUSH ME WITH ALL THIS INFERNAL NOISE GOING ON?"

EUROPE. "WELL, YOU MUST DO AS I DO, AND PRETEND YOU DON'T HEAR IT."

[At last week's meeting the Ambassadors were still chiefly occupied with Albania. The question of the attitude of the Powers towards the present Balkan crisis was not discussed.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



THE CALL TO WESTMINSTER. TO ARMS! NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

House of Commons, Monday, July 14. —Self-appointed task of undermining Constitution assumed by reckless Government makes further progress. To-day sees beginning of end of that prop of an ancient Empire—the Plural Voter. Bill decreeing his abolition completes the quartette of revolutionary measures going on to the Lords. Would imagine that in such circumstances House would be crowded, seething with excitement. On the contrary, benches more than half empty. PRETYMAN,

rising to move rejection of Bill, was not encouraged by a cheer. Behind him as he stood at the Table sat dejected figures of BONNER LAW and ROBERT FINLAY, sole occupants of Front Opposition Bench. The House had come to bury the Plural Voter, not to praise him. With unconscious dramatic instinct it assumed attitude and expression suitable to melancholy circumstance.

Though this was the underlying fact there is no doubt that Mr. STANIER contributed to prevalent depression. At Question time he had not fewer than six queries on the Paper dealing with subject of swine fever. His interrogations formed a series of chapters succinctly chronicling condition of pigs in Holland. They seem to have a weary time in the Netherlands. It will be remembered that in the educational schedule at Dotheboys Hall there was regular recurrence of what was known in the establishment as "Brimstone morning." On such occasions the boys, mustered in the school-room, had administered to them in due order large spoonfuls of brimstone and treacle.

As Mrs. Squeers explained to Nicholas Nickleby, "If they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd always be ailing."

Same principle adopted in Holland in case of pigs. Should any one of them display symptoms of swine fever, not only he but every pig in the parish is dosed. No use any one of them observing in guttural Dutch, "I'm feeling particularly well this morning; never felt fitter in my life!" There, ready at hand, is the equivalent of the spoon and the bucket of brimstone and treacle. He is straightway dosed.

To vary CANNING's commentary:—In matters of med'cine the fault of the Dutch is, not asking too little, but giving too much.

STANIER's six questions made this



Captain PRETYMAN supports the "prop of an ancient Empire."



Mr. HOGGE makes a calculation.

clear. Mr. HOGGE naturally listened with exceptional attention. On other less directly personal topics himself a champion supplementary-questioner, he regarded with envy opportunity of Member for Newport. If, "arising out of that answer," STANIER put only two Supplementary Questions for each enquiry on the printed paper, there would be eighteen.

This was counting without the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE, to whom the catechism was addressed.

"With the hon. gentleman's permission," said RUNCIMAN, when STANIER resumed his seat after putting his first question, "in answering Number 36 I will also answer Numbers 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41."

He did so in briefest non-committal Ministerial fashion.

It is this kind of thing that sours the minds of private Members, making them sometimes doubt whether, subjected to such treatment, parliamentary life is worth living on £400 a year.

Business done.—Plural Voting Bill read a third time by 293 votes against 222.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Second night of debate on Home Rule Bill. House presents spectacle seen only two or three times in life of a Parliament. On approach of division every seat was filled. Had Lord CREWE turned his head to regard benches behind him, on ordinary occasion more than half-empty, he would have beheld a rare refreshing sight. Beneath the serried mass not a strip of red leather cushion showed. Seemed as if old times had come again, and that Liberal Party had re-established condition of equality in numbers with the adversary.

What actually happened was that, every castled cranny of the kingdom having been swept of noble tenants bidden to Westminster to bash the Home Rule Bill, there was not room for them in the Unionist camp. Accordingly strayed into alien quarters.

Even this temporary accommodation did not suffice. Peers who could not find sitting room on either side thronged passages right and left of Woolsack. Behind them, within rails fencing in the Throne, were packed a mass of Privy Councillors. The side galleries allotted to use of Peeresses were garlanded with fair women, whose towering plumes HENRY OF NAVARRE might have envied for their whiteness.

To lookers-on familiar with daily

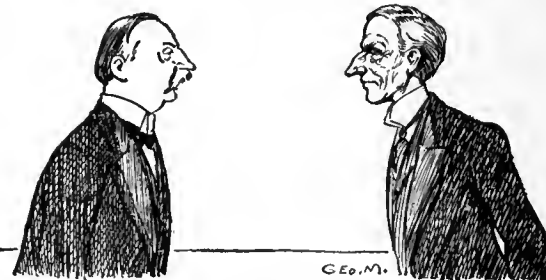
custom in the Commons, striking feature in the historic gathering was its imperturbability. Cheers were infrequent and decorously subdued. Laughter was rare. Of excitement there was no trace. Even when division was called, there was no rush towards the Lobby doors. No peer demeaned his order by quickening his step. With assurance of Civil



The Member for Newport introduces the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE to the Dutch Pig.

War in the near future they sauntered out as if in ordinary quest of hat and umbrella.

Only once in debate was there apparent danger of personal altercation. It came at final stage when Lord MORLEY was replying on debate. LONDONDERRY interposed statement that in the other House the IRISH SECRETARY had hinted that, in case of outbreak of Orange forces in protest against enactment of Home Rule Bill, English troops would not be ordered to shoot. Whereupon the PREMIER nodded assent.



Lord LONDONDERRY informs Lord MORLEY that he wants something more than a nod.

"What I want to know," quoth the MARQUIS, "is, do the Government endorse Mr. ASQUITH'S nod?"

Out of Ireland the process unfamiliar. In this effete country you may endorse a cheque but not a nod. MORLEY declined to make the experiment suggested.

"Very well," retorted the fiery (best Wallsend) LONDONDERRY. "I will tell the noble Viscount that a nod is not good enough for us."

Whether a wink would have been more acceptable he did not say.

Business done.—Second Reading of Home Rule Bill negatived by 302 against 64.

House of Commons, Friday.—During week FOREIGN SECRETARY bombarded with questions about state of affairs in the Balkans. Ho returns the diplomatic answer that does not turn away curiosity. Final attempt to force his hand made by raising debate on motion for adjournment. Statesmen below Gangway on Ministerial side, who are urging recall of Lord GLADSTONE because he authorised employment of Imperial troops to save Johannesburg from rapine, now suggest that England should step in and "impose peace" on the belligerents.

"How is that to be done?" inquired the imperturbable EDWARD GREY. "Am I to come down to the House and ask for a vote of credit in order to use the forces of the Crown to impose peace on Servia, Greece and Bulgaria? If the vote be given how are the forces going to be used?"

Statesmen below Gangway regard that as no business of theirs. What they desire is that they shall have direction of foreign policy, leaving small details such as those suggested to Ministers who are paid for doing the work.

Incidentally disclosure is made of Secret Treaty between Greece and Servia for partition of spoils when they shall have beaten Bulgaria.

"What if none remain?" SARK asks. "Situation recalls a couplet written by POPE after the signing of the Peace of Utrecht, within twelve months of two hundred years ago:—

Now Europe's balance'd, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales."

Apply second line to Balkans, and see how history repeats itself.

Business done.—Hurrying on with intent to prorogue on 15th

prox.

"Hay is so abundant in Sark this year that many animals are giving it to animals as bedding."—*Guernsey Weekly Press.*

Let us take an example from this, dear friends.

"The time-worn phrase, with its thousand jocular applications, 'C'est le premier pas qui toute.'"—*Glasgow News.*

Our contemporary makes it seem quite fresh.



First M.F.H. (greeting neighbour and sometime rival Master). "HULLO, OLD CHAP, COME IN AND HELP US."
 Neighbour. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" First M.F.H. "JUST ARRANGING WHAT WE'RE GOIN' TO SHOW."
 Neighbour. "OH! THOUGHT YOU WERE PICKING OUT SOME TO DRAFT."

BAZAR.

DIVE in from the sunlight, smiting like a falchion,
 Underneath the awnings to the sudden shade,
 Saunter through the packed lane, many-voiced,
 colourful,
 Rippling with the currents of the South and
 Eastern trade.

Here are Persian carpets, ivory and peach-bloom,
 Tints to fill the heart of any child of man,
 Here are copper rose-bowls, leopard-skins, emeralds,
 Scarlet slippers curly-toed and beads from
 Kordofan.

Water-sellers pass with brazen saucers tinkling;
 Hajjis in the doorways tell their amber beads;
 Buy a lump of turquoise, a scimitar, a neckerchief
 Worked with rose and saffron for a lovely lady's
 needs.

Here we pass the goldsmiths, copper, brass and
 silver-smiths,
 All a-clang and jingle, all a-glint and gleam;
 Here the silken webs hang, shimmering, delicate,
 Soft-hued as an afterglow and melting as a dream.

Buy a little blue god brandishing a sceptre,
 Buy a dove with coral feet and pearly breast,
 Buy some ostrich feathers, silver shawls, perfume jars,
 Buy a stick of incense for the shrine that you
 love best.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

(After reading about the curative power of colours.)

WHEN first I saw you, Thomas, and I noted
 Your noisy headgear and your blatant tie,
 The startling tints in which you went waistcoated,
 Your socks' assaults upon the passing eye,
 I murmured, "Here we have a nut indeed,
 One of the good old Barcelona breed."

I realised our suburb would be duller,
 Its streets with paler radiance imbued,
 Reft of your decorative scheme of colour,
 But yet I've often wished the thing less crude,
 Have often wished the dress that you put on
 Less imitative of the Union John.

But now I know I may have been unfeeling
 In thinking that you wished me to admire;
 You may be only one whom need of healing
 Has driven to medicinal attire.
 You may feel my disgust, or even more,
 When you assume "the mixture as before."

If that be so, expressive of my sorrow
 I dedicate these simple strains to you.
 Say you forgive me, Thomas, and to-morrow
 Drop me a line to tell me how you do,
 With details, for I greatly wish to know
 Where lurks the pain—the tummy or the toe.

THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE.

Paragraph inserted by Theodore Noke in the "Mutual Help" column of "Chirpy Bits."

Young Gentleman (residing in Streatham) desires male companion for fortnight's unconventional holiday on Continent. August. Good walker. Interested in bird life and old churches. Anxious to get right off beaten track. Smattering of French. Box 113.

Letter from Tinklett and Co. to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

DEAR SIR,—May we call your attention to the fact that our firm has been stuffing and mounting birds, reptiles, animals, etc., to the complete satisfaction of many thousands of clients for the last ninety years?

The high standard of our workmanship has been testified to by a famous Professor for whom we successfully preserved a unique pink-eyed canary in 1893. We can also boast of Royal patronage, having replaced the glass eyes of a stuffed owl for H.H. Prince Bingo of Cumberbundia only a few years ago. We therefore place ourselves at your service with every confidence.

Faithfully yours,

TINKLETT AND Co.

Letter from James Bunt to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

DEAR SIR,—“Everwear” special walking and climbing boots, which I supply at 22s. 6d., including spiral-tipped, solid leather laces, are absolutely the finest on the market. This claim has been recently endorsed by the fatality which overtook a prominent Alpinist who was unhappily killed in the Austrian Tyrol a few months ago. Although the body of the unfortunate climber was shockingly mangled, his “Everwear” boots were only slightly perforated.

If you will kindly let me know your size I shall be happy to forward several pairs for your selection.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am, Yours faithfully,

JAS. BUNT.

Letter from William Drinkwater to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

SIR,—May I crave your generosity for a very sad case of destitution I was once in a position to go abroad on holidays myself but business losses which was not my fault but was caused by Misfortune only have brought me to a state of absolute destitution and indeed of starvation and I implore you Sir to help me which you will never regret Sir you are young and fortunate please help one who was once a young Gentleman himself Sir I have not eat a square Meal for near three weeks and oblige

Yours respectfully,

WM. DRINKWATER.

Marked items in Catalogue sent by "The Excelsior Book Stores" to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office:—

"A BIRD IN THE HAND."

NEW NOVEL

by

J. P. MIGGERS.

Price 4s. 6d.

"THE CHURCH MILITANT,"

A COURSE OF SERMONS BY THE

REV. W. M. STICKLEBACK.

Price 5s. 0d.

"HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH LIKE A NATIVE IN THREE WEEKS,"

BY ONE WHO HAS DONE IT.

Price 2s. 6d.

"ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN."

A GUIDE TO CORRECT BEHAVIOUR ON

ALL OCCASIONS,

by

A PEER OF THE REALM.

Price 6d.

Letter from the Rev. P. Pinker of Streatham to Box 113, "Chirpy Bits" Office.

MY DEAR SIR,—I see that you are interested in old churches, which emboldens me to invite your assistance in connection with our St. Aloysius Belfry Restoration and Completion Fund. The total sum required is £750, towards which we have collected up to the present £62 14s. 7½d. and a gift in kind of 1,000 bricks.

Although St. Aloysius cannot perhaps accurately be described as "old" in the sense of the term usually applied to ecclesiastical erections, it was built as far back as 1802. Moreover it is credibly asserted that it stands on or near the site of a Roman Temple erected about the year 47 (I cannot for the moment recall whether B.C. or A.D.).

Your love of birds prompts me to add that three years ago a robin built its nest in one of our organ pipes, and in spite of grave inconvenience to the organist we allowed it to remain for several months.

In these circumstances may I confidently solicit your help? Donations should be sent to me and all cheques should be crossed.

Yours very truly, P. PINKER.

Letter from the Editor of "Chirpy Bits" to Theodore Noke.

DEAR SIR,—All the communications received in response to your paragraph in our "Mutual Help" column have been promptly forwarded to you. I am sorry if none of them have proved satisfactory, but of course we cannot guarantee anything.

Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR.

Letter from Theodore Noke to Mrs. Digger, of No. 4, Seaview Terrace, Blewsea.

DEAR MRS. DIGGER,—Will you kindly

reserve me a room from August 9 to 23? The same arrangements as usual, including the use of the bathroom twice a week. I suppose your charge will be as before—30s. a week inclusive.

Yours truly, T. NOKE.

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

(After some of our Contemporaries.)

CHARGED at Fine Street with driving to the common danger, a chauffeur named Herbert Tibbits, who was said to have collided with a lamp-post, cannoned into an undertaker's window, and run amok through a meeting of Militants, pleaded that he was endeavouring to avoid running over a bluebottle. Tibbits, who was defended by the S.P.C.A., was let off with a caution.

An elderly gentleman was about to cross the road at Piccadilly Circus when a motor-bus suddenly bore down in his direction, and only his presence of mind in remaining on the pavement averted what might have been a serious accident.

For a wager Hugo Schmelz, a one-legged Swiss waiter, has undertaken to hop round the world, supporting himself on the way by giving exhibitions of yodelling. Schmelz expects to complete his task by July, 1959.

A bull entered a house in Frimpton where an auction sale was in progress, and several valuable lots were knocked down.

A Balham Green man has invented a noiseless barrel-organ.

The Mayoress of Toddleton has given birth to triplets. This is the first recorded instance in the history of the borough of the mayoral term being distinguished in such a way, and in honour of the event it is proposed to revive the office of Town Crier.

At Muggleswick a goat has acted as foster-mother to a litter of white mice.

A cuneiform inscription recently unearthed at Hidji-Khû reveals the fact that rag-time was prevalent in Egypt in the middle of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

A purple-crested piliwip, one of the rarest visitors to the British Isles, has been seen flying in the neighbourhood of Vandlebury, but so far all attempts to shoot it have been unsuccessful.

Under the auspices of the Auxiliary Service League and in the interests of the Entente a party of British charwomen leaves London to-day on a visit to Paris, where several municipal functions have been arranged in their honour.

"A warm maternal heart beats under the Vicereine's petticoat."

Amrita Bazar Patrika.

In the light of this *The Times* correspondent will have to revise her indictment of women's clothes.



Frank
Reynolds

The Wife (triumphantly). "THERE YOU ARE, GEORGE! NOW YOU LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I TOLD YOU TO GET YOURSELF A NICE YACHTIN' 'AT!"

THE CREED OF SUCCESS.

["Dulness has its penalties. Vivacity and courage have their certain victories."—*The Times* on a recent cause célèbre.]

I THANK thee, *Times*, for thy consoling phrase,
 Though formerly men praised the grace Batavian;
 But that was in the mid-Victorian days
 Ere WALKLEY coined the epithet of "Shavian";
 Ere we had learned to crown with lavish bays
 Outlandish dancers, Spanish and Moldavian;
 Ere NIETZSCHE hurled into the black abyss
 The crude insensate creed of Altruism.

How far it seems, that quaint, old-fashioned age
 When people filled their albums with "confessions,"
 And duly noted on a pinkish page
 Their prejudices and their prepossessions;
 With prudish zeal or puritanic rage
 Rebuking genius for the least transgressions,
 And always choosing BAYARD as their hero
 Instead of CASANOVA or of NERO!

So was it also with their heroines, who
 Were stuffy when they were not suicidal,
 Like MRS. FRY, or that insipid crew
 Who congregated round the sage of Rydal,
 Or JOAN OF ARC—poor things, they never knew
 Us whose vivacity will brook no bridle,
 Who give our Sundays up to bridge or snooker
 And see no filthiness in any lucre.

I've never taken as my moral guide
 That superstitious peasant, JOAN OF ARC;
 Her birth was low, her style of dress defied
 The rules laid down by milliners of mark;

I don't object because she rode astride,
 Some quite smart girls ride that way in the Park:
 I simply ask, did any millionaire
 Espouse her cause or make her his sole heir?

I know that some profess to idolize
 GRACE DARLING, who, a lighthouse-keeper's daughter,
 Aroused one night by shipwrecked sailors' cries,
 Rowed out to save them o'er the stormy water;
 The deed no doubt was brave, but was it wise
 Judged by the one true test—the cash it brought her?
 Besides, her social status was obscure;
 There was no pathos in her dying poor.

The EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA—there
 You had a woman lacking erudition,
 Of dubious antecedents, but of rare
 Attractions and implacable ambition,
 Who let no scruples alter or impair
 Her steadfast will; who never knew contrition;
 While as for enemies or even bores
 She lopped their heads off constantly in scores.

I hold that life lacks all refreshing fruit
 When need of pelf produces melancholy,
 But yields a prospect of unbounded loot
 If only you are resolute and jolly.
 In short, the impecunious, if astute,
 May make an honest living out of folly.
 I think, in fine, "vivacity and courage"
 Give flavour to the Cup of Life—like borage.

THE NEW MILITANCY.

ADOLPHUS had entered the smoke-room with an intense look on his face.

I instantly retreated behind *The Daily Telegraph*—which affords better cover than any newspaper in England—but he had sighted me.

"Just the very man I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I particularly need your advice." And he sat down very close beside me.

I never knew Adolphus when he did not particularly need my advice. He goes about the world collecting advice and ignoring it. I have often thought of advising him to ask my advice.

"You see I have always regarded you as a level-headed man of the world," he began.

I looked as level-headed and worldly as possible and said, "What is it, old man?"

"It hasn't been formally announced yet, but I'm engaged."

"Ah! And you want to know how to get out of it?"

From his face I knew that I was near the mark, but he protested.

"Certainly not," he said. "It's this way. I didn't know that she was a strong politician. Of course she talks intelligently about affairs—says that LLOYD GEORGE ought to be banished to Bogotá, and so forth—but she gave me no reason to suppose that she held exceptional opinions on politics. Well, I took her in my car to-day to see an old aunt of mine. When I brought the car home again I found that she had left her bag in it. It was merely clasped, not locked, and it felt rather heavy. I wondered if she had left her purse in it. If so, I had better take it back at once. If not, it could wait till I saw her to-morrow. Well, I opened it."

"Letters from a rival?" I interposed.

"No, no. I am far too strong an attraction. What I found was a hammer and half-a-dozen pebbles."

"My poor friend!" I said, and patted him soothingly on the back.

"Now what am I to do?" asked the unhappy Adolphus.

"There are various courses of action before you," I replied. "You can break off the engagement at once. You can say that as she proposes to go to prison, she *ipso facto* proposes to desert you. You can say that, if she burned down the House of Commons or Westminster Abbey after you were married, your estate would be held responsible for the damage. Another injustice to man."

"But I don't want to break it off," said Adolphus.

"In that case you must fall into line

with her. Husband and wife should be as one. Go into the movement; become an active militant. You're quite a stone too heavy and a hunger-strike would do you a world of good. Besides, you used to have a fine throw-in from the out-field. You're just the man for the Strangers' Gallery."

Adolphus shook his head. "It's not that I'm absolutely opposed to the movement, but, frankly, I never cared much for the idea of prison."

"Coward. You want to save your miserable skin. Why, when you're married you may be glad of solitary confinement. However, if you refuse either to break it off or to become a militant, my advice is to temporise. Say nothing. Let sleeping dogs lie. Of course in this case it's a woman, and awake, but the principle's the same."

"Thanks very much," replied Adolphus. "I shall consider your advice very carefully. I shall do nothing hurriedly. Rely on me."

The next evening he burst jubilantly into the club library.

"Congratulate me," he cried. "It's all right. Have a drink!"

"Then she's made you join the Men's League for Women's Suffrage," I said. "Well, you'll stand a hunger-strike better than you would a drink-strike."

"I've not joined. She's all right. There isn't a nicer girl in England. I put it to her straight, and what do you think she is?"

I hate riddles about women, and said so.

"She's just a militant anti-militant," cried the triumphant Adolphus. "She just has a sly at any militants' windows whenever she passes them."

"And I dared to suggest that you should break off your engagement to this noble girl!" I exclaimed. "Adolphus, I ask your pardon, and will myself defray the charges of the refreshment which you proposed. . . . My toast, old man! 'The future Mrs. Adolphus, and more power to her elbow!'"

"John Harris, of Trelill, St. Kew, was on his way to Delabole slate quarries yesterday, and on reaching the lower part of Pengelly, collided with another workman (Mr. J. A. Parsons). Harris was thrown into Mr. Dawe's window, receiving several cuts."

Western Morning News.

MR. PARSONS gives the impression of being rather quick-tempered.

"Miss Lily Yeats and Miss Elizabeth Yeats, the sisters of Mr. Miss Elizabeth Yeats, the sisters of Mr. Industries, which include a printing press worked entirely by women for printing books by Irish writers."

Midland Counties Advertiser.

It is terrible to be left in a state of uncertainty like this.

CHAMELEON HENS.

EUGENIC theories are apparently making headway in the poultry world. *The Daily Mirror* of July 17 has it that Mr. CHARLES WORTHINGTON, of Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., has doubled the egg yield from his fowls by surrounding them with gaudy colours. He painted their town red and always wore a red robe and mask while feeding the hens. Some further experiments by Mr. T. Thorne Baker, *The Daily Mirror* scientific expert, with hens in a scarlet environment, have resulted in eggs with a distinct orange tint!

Mr. *Punch's* own Oologist is not going to take this challenge lying down, or even sitting. He can produce an Orpington from the Bouverie Street roof-chicken-run that is a perfect chameleon at the game. During the last visitation of a pea-soup fog her eggs so harmonised in hue with their surroundings as to be completely invisible when laid, and so could not be found at all. He has a still more sympathetic and intelligent bird in a coop next the north-east chimney-pot. This remarkable fowl, a black-and-tan Congoese, has developed her chromatic sense to such a degree that she promptly responds with the complementary tone to that presented to her gaze for the time being.

On being shown, for example, the office-boy's orange tie the other day, she triumphantly weighed in on the spur of the moment with a product of royal purple.

We have, besides, a speckled Wyandotte that has lately taken up Post-Impressionism. Her speciality is cuboids and icosahedrons with pea-green and vermilion cross-hatchings.

But we do not think it fair to press these devoted creatures too far, or to try practical jokes upon them, such as a repetition of the classic instance of the Scotch plaid and the too-imitative chameleon. No Highlander, therefore, in his native garb can be allowed to inspect our elevated fowl-run. Nuts, also, are requested to subdue their taste in socks when on a visit.

The hen, however, who is most loyal and most thoroughly imbued with the *genius loci* is an adventurous bird who fluttered down the other day into Mr. *Punch's* own sanctum, and, after paying her respects to a certain venerable and venerated model figure, has ever after laid eggs with a marked dorsal protuberance.

ZIG-ZAG.

"FOR SALE.—One pair Orangoutangs, tame like children."—*Advt. in "Statesman."*

Still, somehow children look nicer about the house.



OUR CADDIES' TEA-FIGHT.

First Caddie (pointing with his thumb to another caddie further up the table, who is eating with his knife in his mouth). "LOOK AT OLD BILL, GOING RAHND THE WHOLE COURSE WIV 'IS IRON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

Hunt the Slipper (STANLEY PAUL), by Mr. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER, is the sort of book that must give pleasure all round, and it is obvious from the swing of it that it was something of a joy-ride to the author. Far be it from me to attempt a *précis* of the plot, for never was an egg so full of meat. To begin with, a splendid old Englishman, retired general and active member of Quarter Sessions, sets out to the States in search of a grand-daughter. To end with, there are in New York the happiest possible terminations of the many complexities, mostly matrimonial, that ensue. One particular charm the tale has, that its characters in turn tell their part in the first person and very naively reveal themselves in the process. The J.P. starts it in a spirit of almost pathetic restraint; a swindler and a daughter of pleasure carry it on in a vein of tragic realism; others give it a help along, and the irresponsible boy of the piece ends it with a burst of laughter. What matter if that ending be a shade too happy to be consistent with the tragedy of the middle? As one of the narrators observes, there is enough trouble in the world without harping on it; and the chosen text of the book is, after all, true: "*Il y a des honnêtes gens partout*," including, I feel at this moment of completion, Mr. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER, myself, and, no doubt, the reader.

The nicest thing about being a sporting novelist is that you can jump a stone wall of improbability without changing feet on the top. If you supposed that the ingenious

testator had already done all he could to complicate the course of fiction, you reckoned without Mrs. CONYERS and *Sandy Married* (METHUEN). By the will of an uncle, *Hildebrand Hannyside* and *Araminta Mellicombe* were obliged either to keep up a racing stable until they won the Grand National, or to maintain their devout scruples, Evangelical and High Church respectively, in comparative poverty. By the same will *Sandy* himself was compelled to supervise the Northlap stud until the blue ribbon of the 'chasing world (I hope I have that right) adorned it. Northlap, it appears, is in England, but a water-jump like the Irish Channel is nothing to Mrs. CONYERS, so we swiftly find that *Sandy* and his delightful wife have coaxed the trainer to move their stable to Ireland, whither *Hildebrand* and *Araminta*, bickering and suspicious, pursue them. Once amongst the bogs and heather, Mrs. CONYERS of course is at home, and the atmosphere she creates would rouse hunting-songs in the heart of a fruitarian. Even *Hildebrand* and *Araminta*, infected by the general enthusiasm, buy themselves mounts, are badly and amusingly cheated, ride to hounds, and attend the most extravagant of race-meetings; and the rest of the characters live entirely on, with or by horses, and sometimes all three at once. How it all ended, how the great victory at Aintree was won, and what happened to *Hildebrand* and *Araminta*, you must find out for yourself. The book goes with a gallop, and, if you think that the farcical fun poked at the two unfortunate bigots is somewhat out of keeping with the real comedy of Irish life which the authoress presents both with freshness and enthusiasm, well, you shouldn't have started reading an Irish sporting romance.

I have just returned from a delightful week-end. The house, called Redmarley, is a charming old place, situate, as the auctioneers say, in one of the most picturesque neighbourhoods in the Cotswolds; so there was plenty of good scenery. But my friends with whom I was staying would make any spot happy. *Ffolliot* is the name of them, and they are the jolliest, most companionable folk in the world. Perhaps *Mr. Ffolliot* (who has nerves, reads WALTER PATER and doesn't appreciate noise) might be a little bit in the way; but, as he hardly ever leaves his study, that need worry nobody. *Mrs. Ffolliot* is an angel—so pretty and unselfish and sympathetic that it is no wonder that her crew of delightful children simply adore her. I wish I had time to tell you more about the children. Two of them are practically grown up; indeed *Mary* astonished us all, at the end of my visit, by becoming engaged to a nice soldier (just when I myself was almost sure she would marry the young Radical M.P. who so admired her—but it was better as things happened). The others will miss her awfully when she goes to India. Still, the house can hardly be dull, as there are two delightful infants growing up; and meanwhile there are the Rugby twins, *Uz* and *Buz*, to keep things lively. We had great fun one evening when *Buz* dressed up as a Suffragette and interviewed young *Mr. Gallup* about votes for women—and I must say the latter took the joke very well. But then everybody in or near Redmarley is like that. Would you care to meet them all for yourself? Then buy *Mr. L. ALLEN HARKER'S* new book. It is called, quite simply, *The Ffolliots of Redmarley* (MURRAY), and I pity you if you don't end by regarding every character in it as a personal friend.

FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON (Mrs. HARROD) is up against people in general, and it is possible that people in general, having read *The Horrible Man* (STANLEY PAUL), will be up against FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON. The story itself I liked, and so will others who can tolerate the sudden intervention of the supernatural in everyday affairs. It is the study of a young girl's soul, pure, passionate but immature; her encounters with every sort of man, and her occasional metamorphosis into an eerie white hound. I do not complain bitterly of the frontispiece, a portrait of Mrs. HARROD at the age of eleven, nor of the quotation on the fly-leaf: "Read it . . . It is so beautiful!" nor yet of the dedication, "To my beloved son, ROY HARROD, Scholar" (as were so many of us and mostly to our private shame). These things and a certain affectation of style, imitative of the Meredithian manner, may be forgiven in a work ingenious, at any rate, if not clever. The trouble lies in its wholesale and almost malicious attacks on humanity in general and the masculine part of it in particular. As a sex we are learning to bear with fortitude our detractors' trick of citing the bully, the seducer and the common cheat as typical of us; what we cannot stomach is the effeminate creature held up to us as the model man. (*Malleon, Grey and Stuart* were

all so lacking in fibre that they had better have been women.) Further, to condemn the whole British aristocracy as "ill-bred," and to applaud "the beautiful women who by night walk up and down Piccadilly" as noble, if guilty of some "childish naughtiness," is too much. These and its many other sweeping but half-baked ideas will not commend the book, except perhaps to the Militants; and the more shrewd even of them will not thank Mrs. HARROD for this unconscious exposition of the absurdity and looseness of which the feminine mind is sometimes capable when it starts generalising.

I recommend *Mr. CHRISTOPHER STONE'S Letters to an Eton Boy* (FISHER UNWIN) to all true lovers of Eton. It is one thing to write familiarly about the Wall Game, St. Andrew's Day, Pop, Agar's Plough, Upper Club, Trials, the Winchester Match, Lord's, Rowland's and all the rest of it, and quite another to invest them, as he does, with the right atmosphere. The boy who gets the letters is in his last year. His chief correspondents are his worldly but

warm-hearted and in some ways sensible mother; his rather uncles-uncle, whose epistles—they are really quite Pauline—show a profound knowledge of Eton and the world, and, I might add, of boy nature; and, last and most charming, his dear and only love. As for this last it is so long ago that perhaps I have forgotten, but—do people at Eton get engaged almost as soon as they get into Pop? However, *n'importe*. For, to tell the truth, *Lettice Ambrose* is to my mind the making of the book. There are two other episodes in the boy's life—one connected with a married lady with a past, the other with a visit to a night club in London—which seem rather out of place in a school story,

or, as perhaps I ought to say, rather unusual. For, as Mr. STONE treats them, they are perfectly innocent and natural, and they helped to produce some of *Lettice's* letters, which are a delightful revelation of modern girlhood. Mr. STONE has in fact woven into his book of school-life a pleasant little picture of a healthy romantic attachment, without any of the stale old nonsense of headmasters' daughters and the like which makes one wonder if the writers have ever seen the inside of a public school.

"Every precaution was taken to guard during the day the platform used by the Royal party. A special posse of police was on duty, and no one without a special permit was allowed to step on them."

Manchester Evening News.

The rush for permits must have been terrific, even among quite respectable citizens.

Extract from an Essay on the Founding of Rome:—

"Romeo and Juliet quarrelled about which hill to build Rome on. Romeo saw twelve vultures and Juliet saw six, but Juliet saw them first. So Romeo killed Juliet and built Rome on his hill, and that is why it is called Rome."

However, the ghost of Juliet had her revenge when the great CÆSAR was called JULIUS out of compliment to her.



THE WEAK POINT.

First Player. "HOW MANY HAVE YOU TAKEN?"

Second Player. "ELEVEN. HOW MANY 'VE YOU?"

First Player. "ONLY TEN; BUT YOU'LL WIN THE HOLE. I'M SO ROTTEN WHEN IT COMES TO THE SHORT GAME."



"STOP, THIEF!"



THE TRANSFORMATION.



"WELL RUN, SIR."
"I HOPES YOU 'LL BEAT THE RECORD, SIR."

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the Garden Party given by the KING and QUEEN to 5,000 teachers, we understand that their Majesties, to their great regret, find themselves unable to accept all the return invitations.

There is, we hear, considerable feeling against the Government in the office of *T. P.'s Weekly*. That journal instituted a competition to decide who should be Poet Laureate, and Mr. ASQUITH coolly appointed Dr. BRIDGES to the office without awaiting the result of the competition. This action on the part of the PREMIER is all the more surprising since we understand that T. P. is an Irishman.

By the way, it is said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at first objected to the PREMIER'S choice on the ground that the proposed Laureate was a medical man and not on a panel. It was, however, pointed out that Dr. BRIDGES was, in fact, a reformed doctor, who had given up medicine in favour of poetry.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S proposals in regard to our Navy have been well received in Germany.

The cruiser *Donegal* succeeded last week in salving the derelict Norwegian barque *Glenmark*. The sole occupant was a white cat, which bit a blue-jacket who tried to stroke it. Its bite was worse than its barque.

At CHRISTIE'S, the other day, "The Otter Hunt," which originally cost

£10,500, was sold for £1,260. At a time when everything tends to increase in price it is good to know that in future our Landseers are likely to cost us less.

Four young women who last week promenaded Fifth Avenue, New York, in slit skirts, etc., were surrounded by an enraged mob; but the gentleman who, with the view of remedying the outrage on good taste, shouted, "Tear the things off!" must, we fancy, have been an Irish-American.

We are glad to see signs of a campaign being started in favour of red-haired men. For too long have they been treated as pariahs. We have even known their presence objected to at a funeral. This, of course, is foolish, for nothing brightens up a funeral so much as one or two of these cheerful heads.

A thief broke into a house at Great Bireham, Norfolk, last week, carried off a purse which held several new farthings, which he apparently mistook for sovereigns, and overlooked a box containing a considerable sum of money. *The Jemmy*, which is the organ of the profession, is, we understand, about to open a fund for this poor fellow, who is said to be suffering from a breakdown consequent on shock.

"The majority of small nodding animals now on the toy market are of Japanese manufacture," we read, "and are supplanting those made in Germany." Animals "mit noddings on" will no doubt be the rage this year.

Large numbers of swifts have appeared in the neighbourhood of

Epping Forest and are attacking the mosquitoes vigorously. The local powers do not propose to intervene.

By a stampede of their horses at Erensham last week the Queen's Bays were deprived of a good many mounts. They received, we understand, some most touching letters of sympathy from officers and men in our Territorial cavalry.

"FRANCE'S THREE-YEAR SOLDIERS," read the old lady. "It seems very young," she mused.

According to a Board of Trade report, the average of fatal railway accidents last year was only one passenger killed in every 68,100,000 journeys. The Railway Companies wish respectfully to draw attention to the fact that this compares most favourably with the returns as to aeroplane accidents.

Will the unrest in the Balkans ever end? The latest report is to the effect that the Danube is rising.

Functions like the visit of the Mayor and Corporation of Peterborough to inspect the Braceborough Waterworks are usually such dull affairs that we cannot withhold a meed of praise from the Chief Constable and the Councillor who enlivened the occasion, the other day, by gamely falling into the reservoir.

It is said that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is not to be offered a seat in the Cabinet. The alleged reason is that, if the seat were to be offered to him, he might accept it.

HOME DEFENCE.

["Mr. ASQUITH's promise of a Bill designed to prevent England from slipping into the sea will be glad news to holiday-makers on the South and East Coasts."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

ROLL on, insatiate Ocean, roll!
Bring up your billows, mile on mile,
Gathering speed from either pole
To pound on our deciduous isle!
Roll on, I say, but roll in vain!
Never our soil shall feed your maw again.

Some years ago upon the strand
A British Monarch took his seat
And tried to make you understand
That you were not to wet his feet;
In safety, well behind the throne,
His Court encouraged this defiant tone.

You took no notice. On you came
(As he had been a barking pup)
Straight for his toes to swamp the same,
Till he removed them higher up,
And to his courtiers cried, "What ho!
I said it was no use; I told you so."

To-day a louder challenge rings
About our country's fretted base;
A nobler KNUT superbly flings
His glove in your erosive face;
ASQUITH himself arrives to bar
Your moist advances, saying, "Sea, thus far!"

So shall "Britannia rules the waves"
Mean that you mustn't undermine
Cliffs and marine hotels and caves:
And things that overlook the brine;
So shall our empire o'er the foam
Begin where Charity begins—at home.

For lo! our KNUT shall break your ranks
With mole and groyne and granite wall,
And to the strange anæmic cranks
Who like to have their England small
This stout remark shall he address:
"She may be little, but she shan't be less."

O theme for poets to rehearse!
Yea, well might he, our laureate-leach,
Accost your waves in courtly verse,
Singing "No more into the breach!"
Or write *To Neptune Damned: An Ode*,
Telling him plainly, "Thou shalt not erode."
O. S.

THE PERFECT CRICKETER.

XVIII.—THE CARE OF THE ROLLER.

(*Somewhat in the self-effacing manner of J. B. HOBBS.*)

THE best of cricket is that, if you get to the top of the tree, newspapers will pay you to write about the game and other cricketers, even if you can't write. Of course, being at the top of the tree is itself pretty good fun, especially to a Surrey man, because at the Oval you can always count on a friendly crowd, even if they do drop their aitches a bit. And it's true that we give them the opportunity, HAYWARD and me, to say nothing of HAYES and HITCH. Hero-worship never did anyone any harm, except perhaps the hero.

Now and then one gets a set-back, of course, and cricket's a game where you expect it. In fact, it's no use playing cricket at all unless you're ready for bad luck as well as good. The best of us have our spells of bad luck—when the ball's never bigger than a pea and the wicket's as wide as a church door. Even W.G. (who has just had a birthday, and I gladly hold out my hand to him to wish him many happy returns, and I wish he was young enough to be among us once more)—even W.G. could fail three or four times consecutively even in his zenith. Personally I have been somewhat out of luck during a week or two of this season; however, I must admit that I was somewhat surprised before the Gentlemen and Players' match started at the Oval when I heard one man ask another, "What do they play 'OBBS for? A bit out of form, ain't 'e?" "Just a bit," replied the other, "but they do say as 'ow 'o's played for 'is fieldin'." This seemed to me incredible talk, and I was therefore not knocked all of a heap when I found out afterwards that the two were genuine admirers of mine, and had been put up to saying what they did by one of my rivals.

What the public don't always understand is that a cricketer is usually doing his best, or, at any rate, if he is not doing his best he is doing something else which fully occupies his mind. Once or twice lately even I have let a ball get past me at cover; not in the least because I was fielding badly, but because I was slightly absent-minded through thinking of something else—an article for a paper, perhaps, or a new way of playing a stroke. Yet some foolish fellow in the crowd has groaned. Still the medal has its other side, for only last week I had a letter forwarded to me at Lord's, and the writer asked me if I would sell him the bat with which I had been making so many runs. I didn't know whether to reply or not, because it looked to me as if it might be a piece of sarcasm, and one does not like to be "had"; but even if it is not I can assure him that I never part with a good bat—indeed, when I have done with a really serviceable weapon it is not of much use to anybody.

Next week I shall go into the difficult question of the best kind of rope to put round the pitch to protect it during the tea interval.

From the programme of a Kwala Lumpar performance of *Hamlet*:—

1. There was a king who was poisoned by his wife for she was making love with her brother in law.
2. The late king became a ghost and the soldiers who were taking charge of the grave informed Prince Hamlet the ghost told Prince Hamlet all the secret, and asked Hamlet to have his revenge.
3. Prince Hamlet disguised himself as a poor man and went to his lover Ophelie.
4. Ophelie did not make him out and she sent him away.
5. Prince Hamlet started a play, and showed to his uncle.
6. His uncle and his mother was so ashamed of this went home at once.
7. Prince Hamlet at once started for his house and killed his uncle and mother, while he was aiming at his uncle. His Prime Minister happened to pass and he was shot dead instead of his uncle.
8. His uncle at once sent him to another country for school.
9. Ophelie got mad and threw herself in a river and dead.
10. Prince Hamlet returned in his country and had a sham fight with the son of the Prime Minister and all died.

PRETTY LONG TO MENTION COME AND WITNESS THE DELIGHTFUL STORY."

It is a pity that the author's name is not given, but it sounds an exciting play, and we should like to see it, even without this further lure:—

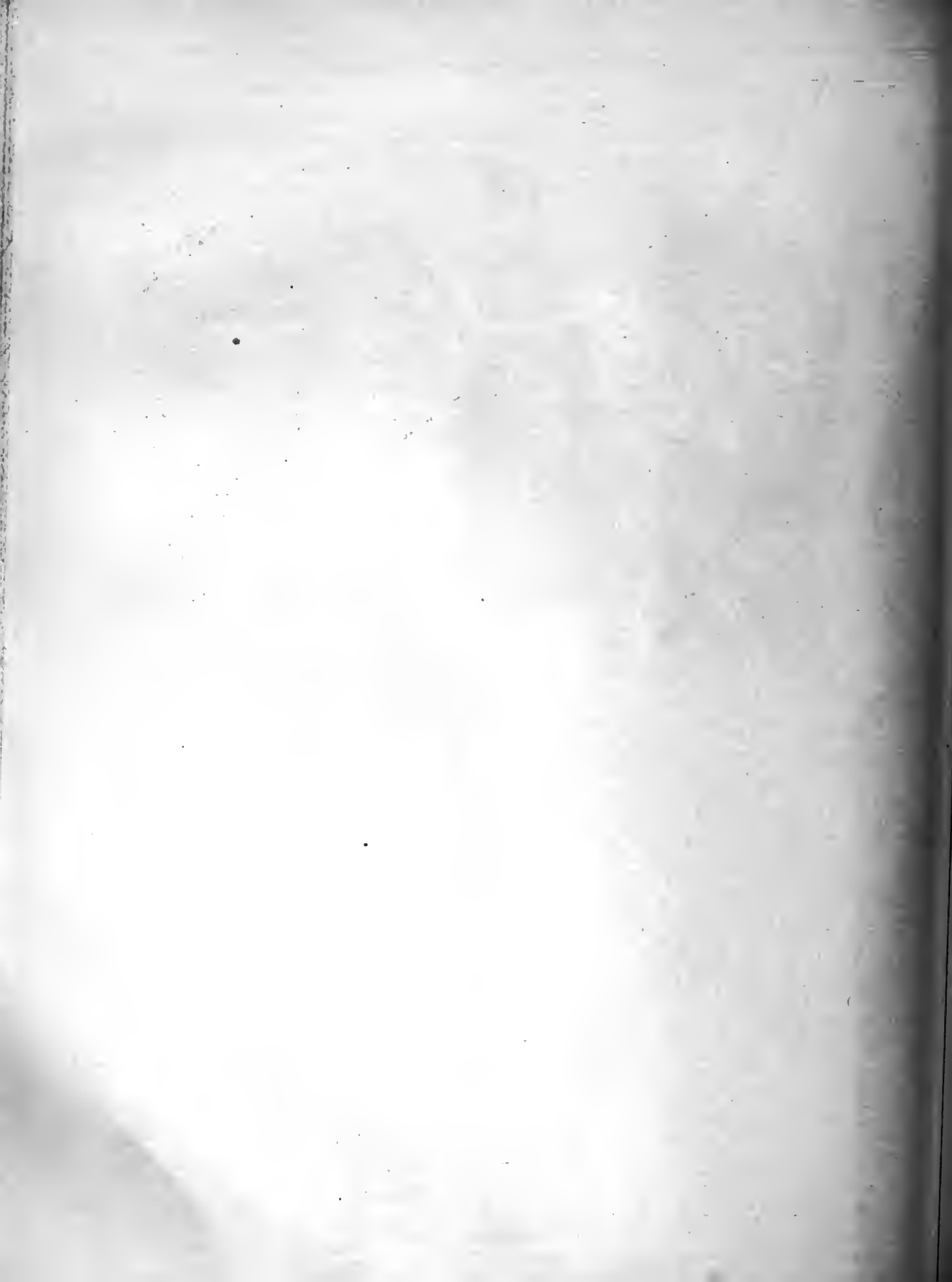
"New and novel. Lovely good. Fine and sensational. A splendid display of music, songs, scenes and costumes, &c. By our own smart actors and actresses."



ONE OF THE KNUTS.

Mr. Asquith (*addressing the Ocean*). "THIS IS GETTING A BIT TOO STEEP. I'M AFRAID I MUST REPORT YOU TO THE HOUSE."

[The PREMIER has promised a Bill dealing with coast-erosion.]





GENTILITY IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.

"JUST THINK OF IT, MRS. BROWN HAS GOT THE TELEPHONE FIXED. I WOULDN'T HAVE ONE."
 "WHY NOT?" "YOU HAVE TO ASSOCIATE WITH ANYBODY."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.
 SOME NEW DEPARTURES.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—An outstanding feature of the season just ending has certainly been the evolution of the bazaar. A few weeks ago somebody had the bright idea of selling badges to protect people from being bothered by sellers, but already *that's vieux jeu*. At the *Who's Who Fair* (a prodigious success, my dear, which brought in an enormous sum for a most deserving charity—I forget what) we charged five shillings admission, and we sold little ducky silk flags, with "I don't want to buy anything" on them, at a guinea each. We didn't trouble to stock any of the stalls. Fact is, we've faced the truth that *ces autres* only come to bazaars to look at *us*. The sensational feature was that we stall-holders wore as head-dresses our own family crests. Wasn't that a lovely idea of your Blanche's! And the loveliest part of it was to see the crests of people who haven't any! My sweet thing, it was absolutely! The Bullyon-Boundermere woman had got the Heralds' College to

find her some sort of animal, and she had it on her head carried out in black velvet and gold. "Whatever is it meant for?" I asked Norty in confidence. "I should think it's a boulder rampant," he said.

The outlying tribes came pouring down from the heights of North and South London and simply swarmed into the Fair. They all bought the little "Don't-want-to-buy-anything" flags, and then they moved upon the stall-holders *en masse*. For another guinea any stall-holder was ready to explain her crest and give a few particulars of herself. For two guineas a five-minutes' chat might be bought, in which we might please ourselves as to whether we answered questions truthfully or not; but for five guineas we pledged ourselves to stick to facts. It was gorgeous! I heard someone who'd duly planked down the guineas asking Mrs. Golding-Newman (the newest of the new people—she got there by the flukiest of flukes!) who she was and what her crest meant. "I'm Mrs. Golding-Newman," she replied with a good bit of pomp and circumstance; "and my head-dress is the Golding-

Newman crest—three goldfishes, *tachant de nager*." Wasn't that dilly? Whatever the woman supposed she was saying, it was utterly descriptive of her efforts to be in the swim. Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was in great form and very chirpy, till her head-dress, the Ramsgate crest, two arms counter-embowed, the dexter hand holding a knife and the sinister a fork (the founder of their family, you know, was Grand Carver to HENRY VIII.), caught in the decorations and got pulled off; and, oh! my dearest and best, more than the head-dress came off—and Popsy is doing a rest cure! Before that catastrophe happened she'd been telling questioners, in return for their guineas, that she was thirty-five, that she'd married the late Lord R. when she was thirteen, that she had an average of twenty offers a week, but didn't mean to marry again, that she loved dancing, and that her favourite dance just now was the Leapfrog Valse.

A *propos* of Mrs. Golding-Newman, the newest woman, there's been a hard-fought social race between her and Mrs. Bullyon-Boundermere in London this summer. If one forged ahead for

a time, the other came again and stuck to her gamely. When the Golding-Newman woman had Trillini to sing at one of her parties, the B.-B. hit back by getting Twirlinski to do his *exquy* dance, "The p.m. of a Satyr," at her next affair. It was a regular ding-dong race, and no one could spot the winner, till Mrs. B.-B. came a most tremendous cropper. *Il en était ainsi*. She gave a big party, old Lady Needmore, as usual, inviting the people and receiving them, with the B.-B. in the offing. The latter, not having much to do and being obsessed with the notion of uninvited guests (and really, my dear, they've put in some strong work this season!), kept a sharp look-out for these. At last she felt sure she'd spotted one. "I'm certain," she remarked to Mr.

B.-B., "that common-looking man in ill-fitting evening clothes, leaning by the door of the music-room, is one of those uninvited creatures! I'll go and speak to him." "Right you are, M'ria!" said her better half. So she sailed up to the man: "I am the lady of the house; may I ask your name?" "My name's Snaggers," answered the man. "Just what I should think it would be!" said Mrs. B.-B., with cutting sarcasm. "No person of that name was invited, Mr. Snaggers, so perhaps you'll withdraw before I send for the police!"

The man shrugged his shoulders, laughed and went away. At the end of the evening Mrs. B.-B. said reproachfully to Lady Needmore, "What a pity the guest I most wanted to see didn't come! I mean the big-game hunting earl who's had such thrilling adventures. I saw his name in your list—Lord St. Aldegonde." "Oh, Snaggers," old Needmore corrected. "But, my dear woman, he *did* come! I saw him. He came rather late, after we'd left off receiving 'em, and went away quite soon, I believe. Here, somebody! Get some brandy or something! Mrs. Boundermere's fainting." It was a hard blow for her, as St. Aldegonde's been quite a celebrity since his return from his last big-game expedition, owing to his having shot an enormous creature called a mommaroo, that everybody thought was extinct. But I believe what she felt most cruelly was that she didn't know St. Aldegonde is pronounced "Snaggers"!

I'm simply *furious, chérie*, with these Balkan people for going on fighting. At that little dinner I gave for the Delegates when they were over here, I'd such a lovely talk with them and was sure I'd made a great impression. "You simply *must* come to an agreement," I said to them. "Why *shouldn't* you? What does it matter who the places belong to? It's *absurd*! War is all very well at *first*; it makes a little change, and often gives us a new colour or a fashion; but it ought to stop quite, *quite* soon, or it becomes a *bore*; and you may take it as a cert that the Great Powers won't *stand* being bored!"

And they were such darlings, and seemed so pleased, and laughed so much with me and with each other, that I thought peace was *assured*. It's



"'E'S A BIT BASHFUL AT FUST, MISTER, BUT 'E SOON PALS UP WIV YER."

no use trying to do good in this wicked world!

One of the new departures this season has been that several popular people have turned themselves into companies. The first to do it was Bobby Brillmore, who makes things go so splendidly at dinners and dances and country houses. And so, as old Lord Brokeystone's allowance to his younger sons is immensely tiny, and as Bobby found life a harder problem than even the *hardest* thinker does, while at the same time he was simply snowed under with invitations, he thought he'd turn his popularity to account. And now he's a company with offices in the City and a trade motto that he cribbed from Soap or Cocoa or something—"Have him in your Houses"—and anyone who wants him must take shares. (Norty says the shares are already quoted on 'Change!) Quite an idea, isn't it? Perhaps I may follow suit and become,

Ever thine,
BLANCHE (Ltd.!)

THE WATER BABY.

[“At to-day's meeting of the British Medical Association at Brighton, Dr. Kennedy, of Bath, said he once placed a child one year old in the sea, and it struck out and swam.”]

MASTER Bunting, who, it will be remembered, has just attained his first birthday, this morning began his attempt to swim the Channel. He arrived early on the pier in his mail-cart, and remained in rather over-animated conversation with his parents for some minutes. An enquiry by our representative as to the prospects of the attempt elicited from the distinguished swimmer a hearty goo-goo.

Master Bunting entered the sea at 9.1 A.M. He seemed somewhat distressed on first contact with the water, and kicked a good deal, but afterwards settled down to a strong over-arm stroke, which took him through the sea at a good rate.

Master Bunting was accompanied by a turbine pram-boat containing his nurse (who was seen to be reading *Home Gloats* as the small vessel cast off), a police officer (whose duty it will be to converse with Master Bunting's attendant), a golliwog, a crib, a gallon of milk, and several tins of Kidling's Food.

At 10 Master Bunting partook of a half-bottle of milk. His stroke then became stronger. At eleven o'clock, to afford him a slight diversion, a rattle was lowered into the water, and the intrepid swimmer amused himself with this for a few minutes before resuming his powerful stroke.

Later. 12.15.—Master Bunting is still going strong. A few minutes ago he howled for a spoonful of Kidling's Food. The nurse, assisted by the police officer, administered the refreshment, and Master Bunting then proceeded.

At two o'clock the golliwog entered the sea and accompanied Master Bunting in his progress over the next half-mile.

Latest news: Calais, 5.13 A.M.—Master Bunting arrived here at 5.10 this morning. He was met by members of the Oni-Oni Swimming Club. He appeared little the worse for his immersion and, after dictating a short account of his early life to our representative, he retired to his crib.



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

THE SQUIRE INSISTS UPON HIS CLAY BIRDS BEING THROWN BY HAND IN THE HOPE OF DISCOVERING A BORN DISCUS-THROWER.

THE TREASURE-SEEKERS.

ACCORDING to the New York Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN's talent for finding hidden musical treasure was recently illustrated by the discovery of a useful tenor in a rotund middle-aged plasterer engaged on the building of the new Opera House. LUIGI GASPARINI, for that was his name, was dragged forth from a pile of bricks to the fire-engine station close by, where his trial performances led to a provisional engagement for the chorus.

Such episodes are interesting, but they are of quite common occurrence on both sides of the Atlantic. "Never the lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake," but genius discovers itself to the eye that is looking for it. Only last week Signor POLACCO, the famous conductor, was passing by a cab shelter in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden when he heard the strains of the *Abendstern* from *Tannhäuser* issuing from the interior. Darting swiftly into the shelter Signor POLACCO discovered that they came from the larynx of an elderly attendant named Annibale Sparagrasso, employed to peel potatoes for the cabman's midday meal. Sparagrasso was at once haled off to Covent Garden, and in two days had signed a contract for five

years as understudy for the chorus in a travelling company which is about to start for a prolonged tour in Patagonia, the Falkland Isles and possibly Alaska.

A somewhat similar experience befell Madame PAVLOVA last Friday. While she was flying in a biplane over St. Albans, the famous *danseuse* noticed an elderly man dancing a hornpipe in a backyard with extraordinary vigour and *élan*. Peremptorily ordering her pilot to descend, she persuaded the dancer, a retired petty officer named Gregory Hitch, to return with her in the biplane to Hampstead. After two lessons he was offered, and has accepted, an engagement to appear in a nautical ballet as a one-legged admiral with the Russian company which is shortly proceeding to Siberia. The only condition which caused any difficulty was that which imposed a change of name, but his consent was speedily secured for the adoption of the ingenious and euphonious *alias* of Gregor Hitchikoff.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, while spending a recent week-end in the New Forest, was in the happy position of being able to combine recreation with benevolence. He was lunching at Lyndhurst, when, from his private banqueting-room, he heard a venerable waiter named Ephraim Jubb reciting

passages from *Hamlet* with extraordinary fervour and charm. As the result of a brief but affecting interview, Jubb consented to accompany Sir HERBERT in his motor to town and has since been given the rôle of hero in a new drama, *Bacon's Boyhood*, by Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., which will be produced at a *matinée* at His Majesty's Theatre with Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE as *Queen Elizabeth*, and the author as *Philip of Spain*. No wonder that Jubb's grandchildren are now saying that he is a made man.

Taking Our Pleasures Sadly.

"ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAYS,
By reading
THE TERROR BY NIGHT."
Advt. in "Daily Express."

"Lady wanted, to undertake duties of small house. Two in family, treated as one. State age and salary."
Advt. in "Christian World."

One of the two (to the other): "After you with the egg."

From the ticket admitting to the recent ceremony in the Henry VII. Chapel:—

"GENTLEMEN—LEVÉE DRESS
LADIES—MORNING DRESS
NOT TRANSFERABLE."

Most certainly not.

MR. PUNCH'S SEASIDE PAGE.

WHERE TO GO.

It has been well said by SHAKESPEARE or one of our poets that we are an island race. At this time of the year, when so many of us are leaving the towns for the purer ozone of the country, the words come home to us with an added significance. We are an island race; and for that reason the thoughts of every Englishman worthy the name will turn first to the sea.

But what seaside resort shall he choose for his holiday? That is the difficulty. Fortunately the enterprise of the Town Council of Congerville in advertising in our columns enables us to refer without prejudice to the charms of this growing watering-place, and thus perhaps to solve the doubt in the minds of our readers. Congerville—or "The Venice of the North," as it has been aptly called by the Mayor, owing no doubt to the fact that both towns are on the sea—is, to our thinking, the ideal spot for a holiday. Within such easy distance of London that the visitor who does not like the place can go back again on the same afternoon (in the opinion of many people its chiefest charm), Congerville will be found to offer unique attractions to the wearied town-dweller; and we are convinced that its charms need only to be sufficiently advertised to become known to all.

CONGERVILLE.

"THE VENICE OF THE NORTH."

UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS.

BAND. PIER. NIGGERS.

OWN SEA.

Week-End Ticket, including Hotel Accommodation and Hire of Bathing Suit, 12/9.

Come where the whelks are larger.

[Advt.]

HOW TO BATHE.

I. On no account bathe immediately after a heavy meal. By a heavy meal is meant one weighing five pounds or so.

II. At most seaside resorts University costume is insisted on. Fortunately it is not necessary to have taken a degree in order to wear this.

III. It is bad form while waiting for your turn outside an occupied bathing machine to make sarcastic remarks to the gentleman dressing inside. However long he has been, such observations as "Mend your braces *afterwards*, ducky," are not in the best possible taste.

IV. Although in many places you will find notices strictly forbidding you to remove the foreshore, no objection will be raised if you should chance to take away some of the sea. At the same

time swimming with the mouth open is a habit to be condemned, particularly off those coasts where small jelly-fish (or Sea Tapioca) congregate.

V. Even if you cannot swim, you can safely venture into deep water with a pair of Phutman's well-known "Eykanseeyou's." Swimming can, of course, be taught quite easily on land, but the positions which it is necessary to assume are ungraceful, and if practised in the dining-hall of your hotel will probably cause comment. It is better to learn properly in the sea with the help of Phutman's popular invention.

"EYKANSEEYOU."

If you are an inexpert swimmer wear

PHUTMAN'S INFLATABLE SOCKS.

THEY SUPPORT THE ANKLES.

Even if your head should chance to be submerged

YOUR FEET

will still be visible from shore, and the Coastguards will put out and rescue you.

"EYKANSEEYOU"

THE GREAT LIFE-SAVER.

"YOU CANNOT SINK!"

[Advt.]

FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE BEACH.

A walk along the beach at Congerville or any of our Southern watering-places will reveal many unexpected treasures which the keen collector can add to his bag. One of the most common, and yet least understood, objects to be found upon the sea-shore is the *Single Boot*. One would naturally expect to find them nesting in couples, but for some unexplained reason they develop best alone.

A very common weed growing round our shores and flourishing particularly at this time of the year is *Father*. It grows horizontally; is anything from five to six feet from head to toe; and wears a paper over its face to protect it from the sun. So numerous is it that in some parts of the coast great care has to be taken not to step on it. A really good specimen will sometimes rise in the centre to a height of two or three feet, and thus afford ample shade to the weary pedestrian.

On such obvious *fauna* as crabs and starfishes it is not necessary to dilate at any length; the most inexperienced traveller is sufficiently familiar with them. It may not, however, be known that by far the best method of catching crabs is to tickle for them.

The process is as follows: the object of capture having been marked down in a likely pool, the hunter lies at full length upon the rocks and begins to tickle the crab gently on the chest. It

is notorious that crabs resent tickling, and in a moment the crustacean will fasten his pincers on your finger. The laugh however is with you; for, withdrawing your finger from the pool, you find that you are taking the crab with you; and with the aid of a tin-opener you can afterwards, at your leisure, remove the captured beast and transfer it to your killing bottle.

And finally, it has just been discovered that starfish make excellent and reliable compasses. Balanced carefully upon the ferule of a walking-stick the intrepid animal will invariably turn one of its feet to the north, the other extremities marking the remaining points of the compass with equal accuracy.

BUMPO,

THE POCKET HAMMER.

Invaluable for Sea-Shore Naturalists.

BREAKS LIMPETS.

STUNS ANEMONES.

CRACKS SHRIMPS.

Take your Bumpo with you when bathing, in case a jelly-fish attacks you.

BUMPO—THE ENEMY OF WHITEBAIT.

[Advt.]

BEACH ETIQUETTE.

Etiquette at the seaside is naturally not so formal as it is in London, and acquaintances may be made on the pier or in the sea much more easily than would be the case in Mayfair. For instance, it is permissible when bathing to introduce yourself to a stranger swimming near, on what would seem in London the comparatively slight excuse that his bathing-costume had the same coloured stripes as your own. Again, a genial remark may always be made to an old gentleman fishing off the end of the pier—an enquiry, to give an example, as to whether he had caught anything or, failing that, hoped to catch anything.

Dress again is less rigid in its cast-iron convention than it would be in Belgravia, and the ladies of your boarding establishment will probably find that a dressy blouse will be all that is required in the evening. (The word "all," of course, is used in its comparative sense only.)

Generally speaking, in short, life by the sea will be found much more companionable than life in London; and though seaside friendships do not always turn out as desirable as they seemed at first, it may well happen that you may make a life-long friend of the man whom you first made acquaintance with as you tapped the sea-weed barometer together in the hall of your boarding-house.

A. A. M.

HAPPINESS IS ALL THAT COUNTS.

(Gallant efforts of a determined family to win the holiday prize offered by a well-known photographic firm on the above lines.)



ARRIVAL AT WINKLEBEACH.



FUN ON THE SANDS.



A DAY'S SPORT.



A GOOD TIME ON THE BRINY.



A MERRY PIC-NIC.



AMUSING DISCOVERY OF THE TRACES OF BURGLARS ON RETURN HOME.



Small Boy. "MUMMY, IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT THE DEVIL HAS HORNS AND A CLUB FOOT?"

The Mother. "AH! MY DEAR, SOMETIMES THE DEVIL APPEARS IN THE SHAPE OF A VERY HANDSOME AND CHARMING YOUNG MAN."

Small Boy (pitifully). "OH, MUMMY! YOU'RE THINKING OF CUPID."

THE MÆNAD.

THERE is a maiden fair as dawn
Who sometimes spies me from afar,
And chases me on furious feet
As down the long suburban street
I gambol like NIJINSKY'S "Faun"
To catch the infernal ear.

At day-break when the winds are fresh,
Or, more exactly, 9.15,
Not seldom shall you see this sight,
The nymph's pursuit, the poet's flight,
As if he funk'd the rosy mesh
Of Cyprus' dove-drawn queen.

It causes quite a pleasant stir,
This hundred-yard Olympic burst;
The newsboy whispers to his pal,
"How exquisitely Bacchanal!"
The loafers lay short odds on her
To reach the tube-lift first.

So, ere the sordid years began,
Before aphasia took the Muse,
Athwart the uplands, thick with pine,
His rout pursued the god of wine,
Or shepherdesses danced to Pan
(But not in grey suede shoes).

Breathless we run; without a pause
We win the gates of Pluto's grot;
She gives me neither look nor word,
The cage descends, we join the herd,

Our ways are sundered now, because
I smoke and she does not.

But, though her frenzy seems to sink
Before she grabs her swain-elect,
Though never in her wild, wild arms
She lures me captive to her charms
And bears me off (indeed, I think,
The lift-man would object);

Though unconcernedly she sets
Her hair in trim and pulls a cube
Of chocolate from her leather bag,
Sucks it, and opes her morning rag,

And never for my fair face frets
Once we have reached the tube;

I love to think her hot despatch,
The fury of her Bacchant speed,
Is due to love, and not to this,
That well she knows if she should miss

The train I usually catch
She must be late indeed. EvOE.

THE BITING CRITIC.

[Experiments with music on animals have revealed the fact that dogs will show a preference for, and a prejudice against, particular composers.]

WITH BACH and BEETHOVEN we tried him—

His tail wagged his wishes for more;
With WAGNER and SULLIVAN plied him—
He barked for a double encore.
"Now play him," I said, "ere I offer a bid,

A passage of ragtime." The gentleman did.

As if to say, "Golly, what is it?"
He pricked up his ears at the strain,
Then growled his intention to visit
On someone his wrath and disdain;
And when off the player he started to sup
I purchased that highly desirable pup.

For under my window thrice weekly
Two picturesque aliens play;
Scant notice they pay me when meekly
Requested to wander away;
But next time they come he will alter all that,
This capable critic who lies on the mat.



KISMET.

TURKEY (*in Adrianople*). "QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES, BEING BACK HERE."
DAME EUROPA. "AH, BUT YOU'LL BE KICKED OUT, YOU KNOW."
TURKEY. "WELL, THAT'LL BE LIKE OLD TIMES, TOO."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, July 21.— If it were customary to decorate Bishops "For Valour" surely the Victoria Cross would figure on the meek bosom of the Bishop of HEREFORD. Not for the first time in recent years has he stood forward to demand full consideration of a measure obnoxious to majority of peers, abhorred by brother prelates. Always something pathetic about aspect of one crying in the wilderness. Additional discomfort in reflection that there are ranged, at convenient striking distance, beasts of prey ready to spring upon the rash if chivalrous soloist.

House considering proposal for Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. SALISBURY moved rejection in speech notable for dexterous back-thrust administered to his old adversary, the whole-hogger on Tariff Reform. Supporters of Bill pleaded that question had been before constituencies at last General Election, and that in framing the measure Ministers were obeying popular mandate. "Not at all," said SALISBURY. "If there had been no proposal for taxes on food before the electors in December, 1910, every candid honest Liberal knows that his party would not have won the day."

It was towards close of debate that Bishop of HEREFORD rose from group whose snow-white rochets cast upon Benches below Gangway what HALSBURY, looking on, recognised as "a sort of" halo. HEREFORD did not go so far as to support Second Reading. All he asked was that, granted a Second Reading, the Bill should go into Committee with intent to have its blemishes removed.

By striking coincidence it happened that in the Commons, within this very hour, TIM HEALY and WILLIAM O'BRIEN had been assaulting JOHN REDMOND in connection with BIRRELL'S Bill designed to hurry up Land Purchase in Ireland. Their patriotic passion paled its ineffectual fire by comparison with the energy with which the Bishop of WINCHESTER proceeded to demolish his right reverend brother. The least ill he wished him was that he should face one of the gatherings of churchmen throughout the country who met to discuss the Welsh Bill. He

promised him that "his reception would not be at all respectful and quite the reverse of gentle."

House delightedly recognised the episcopal way of indicating a bonneting and a chucking-out.

Peers streaming into Division Lobby to vote on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill; thinks he may as well take a hand in the old game; only when coming out, finding himself tapped on shoulder by wand of "Teller" who was counting the numbers, a horrible thought chills his marrow. He hasn't taken the oath in the new Parliament.

Accordingly has no business to take part in Division. Rather fancies that Tower Hill, if not actually the block, plays a part in consequences. What's to be done?

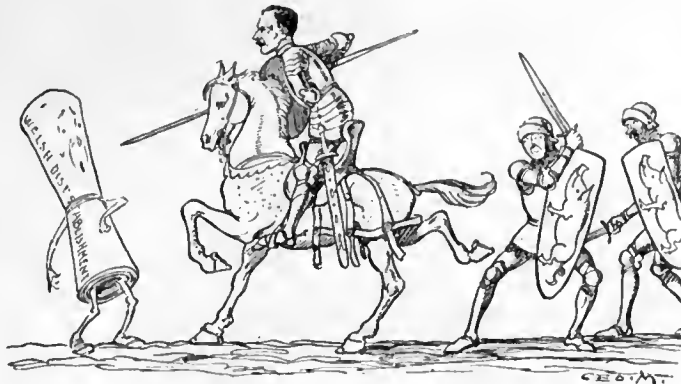
Happily recalls lesson gleaned from earlier episode in Marconi Muddlement. Agreed on all sides that, had Ministers at outset volunteered full statement of their private dealings in the matter, the cloud would have blown over. Profiting by this experience KENSINGTON yesterday, as soon as LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on Woolsack, rose and with proper penitentiary air made clean breast of what CREWE playfully called "his crime."

To-day the Leaders of House and Opposition, having been in consultation overnight, delivered judgment. CREWE, admitting absence of deliberately evil intention, suggested, amid murmur of applause, that it would "probably be the desire of the House not to proceed further in the matter." LANSDOWNE agreed, "if only," as he shrewdly put it, "for the reason that practically no other course is open to us."

Which shows that, after all, logic has some influence upon Parliamentary decisions.

What may be described by way of distinction as the Singular Voter being thus disposed of, House turned to consider case of Plural Voter whom Government propose to abolish. Bill having that object in view negated by 166 votes against 42.

Business done.—Commons discussing vote for Board of Agriculture. The PRESIDENT, a modest North-country man, overwhelmed with congratulations from both sides on his successful administration of his office. Amongst results of the year has been extirpation of Foot and Mouth Disease in England and Ireland, a task requiring tireless energy and much courage in facing protests of individuals and districts temporarily affected.



A dexterous back-thrust at the whole-hogger by Lord SALISBURY.

Business done.—Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill moved by BEAUCHAMP without wasting time on a speech.



The Bishop of WINCHESTER.

Thursday.—Sad case this of Lord KENSINGTON. Been abroad three years serving his country; comes home; looks in at House of Lords; finds



Messrs. HEALY and O'BRIEN attack Mr. JOHN REDMOND.

House of Commons, Friday.—A busy week. Seen introduction of new Irish Land Bill, Lords meanwhile throwing out Welsh Church Bill and one depriving Plural Voter of his ancient privilege. Important questions, these. But at close of week topic to the fore is the revolutionary procedure in Scotch Grand Committee. Engaged just now in considering delicate question of mental deficiency north of the Tweed. Natural impulse on part of some Members to place case on footing with famous Chapter On Snakes In Iceland. "There are none." Others, whilst not disputing soundness of this view, think it just as well to look through the measure remitted to them by the House.

Whilst thus engaged enter CHARLES PRICE, Radical Member for East Edinburgh, with fragrant cigar between his teeth.

Members move uneasily in their seats. Is this a case of mental deficiency, or merely absence of mind in temporary form? CHAIRMAN'S attention called to matter. He admits that on two former occasions Chairmen of Grand Committees have ruled the cigar out of order. Taking a middle course he would ignore the indiscretion unless anyone declared objection.

So far from taking that line, Members with one accord produced their cigarette cases and lit up.

With the bonds of Empire about to be severed, with an ancient Church tumbling about our ears, with the Plural Voter doomed, revolutionary procedure has under the present Government become a daily habit to which the mind insensibly grows accustomed. But, really, authorised smoking in Committee Rooms comes as a shock. If upstairs why not downstairs? If cigars, why not short clay pipes? If smoke, why not drink?

For latter luxury there is historical precedent. When CECIL RHODES was under examination by the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the dark places whence the Jamieson Raid emerged, he was accustomed, at approach of his usual luncheon hour, to send out for a dish-load of ham sandwiches and a tankard of stout. Of these he proceeded to make leisurely disposition under the eyes of hungry Commissioners.

The MEMBER FOR SARK is reminded how, whenever he, HARCOURT, LABBY and others put a peculiarly ticklish question, RHODES took an exceptionally large bite from the sandwich in hand at the moment. There neces-

sarily followed interval for masticating the food preliminary to regained articulation, a pause that, incidentally, gave opportunity for framing suitable answer.

If CECIL RHODES thus publicly lunched during process of critical inquiry why should Members of Select Committees be debarred from similar privilege? A simple luncheon, with a tankard or long tumbler according to individual taste, a cigar or pipe to follow, would do much to popularise the daily meeting upstairs.

Business done.—Treasury Vote dealt with in Committees of Supply.

SCOTLAND'S NEW SPORT.

THE Scottish bailies, town councillors and others who recently came up to town in the form of a deputation to



If smoking is permitted upstairs in Committee-room, why not downstairs?

interview the PREMIER on the question of Woman's Suffrage have returned to the North very well pleased, it would seem, with their week-end in the Metropolis. The fact that Mr. ASQUITH, after having three times definitely refused to see them, was absent from his residence when they called cannot be said to have militated in any way against the success of the visit, which has been so great that it is generally understood that the Scottish Deputation Season has now begun.

The Deputation from the parish councils of Strathbogie and district, which will leave for London towards the end of August to lay before the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER its views upon the introduction of a minimum wage for agricultural labourers, does not seem to have been discouraged by the information that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will be on the Continent at the date of its arrival. An extended week-end ticket has been arranged for.

The Deputation representing the Fishing Industry, which is now being

got together at Fraserborough to wait upon the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY and discuss with him the prospects of adopting the use of cod-liver oil in the Navy, will reach London on the first Friday in September. Names are coming in very well, and it is confidently expected that special railway rates will be quoted. Curiously enough Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL will be paying a visit to his constituents in Dundee over that week-end.

The Deputation of Wee Free Elders from Inverstrathbuck-on-Spey (to call upon the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND upon business that has not yet been divulged), and that of the inhabitants of the island of Tiree (to wait upon Mr. JOHN BURNS in connection with their new town-planning scheme), have apparently arranged to co-operate in order to secure a reserved saloon by the East Coast route. It is announced that they cordially homologate each other's opinions.

A curious position has arisen in Paisley, where a large and influential Deputation has been made up, which is expected to leave for the South in October. Every detail is settled with the exception of the object of the visit and members are complaining that it is well-nigh impossible for them to complete the preparation of their speeches until this point has been decided.

The Autumn Announcements of the North British Railway Company will, we learn, contain an entirely new feature which is bound to prove popular. It is proposed to issue "Deputation Tickets" on certain dates in the course of the winter, which—provided that a sufficient number of applications is received—will carry with them the best of saloon accommodation at a reduced rate.

The members of the original Woman's Suffrage Party, who must be regarded as the pioneers of the movement, have been so much delighted with their first experience that they are now arranging to take this Deputation on tour.

Meanwhile, the enterprising London photographer is quite awake to the new possibilities that have been opened up. (We do not, of course, mean the Press photographer; he has done very well out of it, but, as far as he is concerned, the boom is over.) One leading firm in Regent Street has already dispatched a traveller to the North, offering special terms for groups to be taken by appointment upon the door-steps of Cabinet Ministers. As the vacation is approaching in Downing Street, it is expected that no inconvenience will ensue.



PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

“HULLO, BETTY, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU AND PERCY DENUDING THE PLACE FOR? DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE MOVING.”
 “WE'RE NOT; BUT THE DARLING BOYS COME HOME FROM SCHOOL THIS WEEK.”

THE DESERTER

WHO REFUSES FOR THE 12TH.

How now, you faithless absentee,
 Now that the magic Hour draws near,
 You urge an unexpected plea
 Of duller claims that interfere!

I thought no mortal since the Fall
 Gifted with strength of will to raise
 Ramparts of conscience at the call
 Of grouse and grilse and holidays.

Review it all—the rush from town,
 The station platform stretching far,
 The crowds, the hurrying up and down
 In quest of the Fort William car;

And that first moment of delight
 When the long 8.15 swings forth,
 To thunder through the August night
 And meet the daybreak in the North;

Until—how great the prospect seems!—
 The faithful George shall stand
 revealed,
 And mingle in your restless dreams
 With early tea at Whistlefield.

Ten minutes more of tea and train
 And hasty donning of attire,
 And then—and then your feet attain
 The wayside goal of your desire.

I picture you the morning grey,
 With glint of sunshine now and then,
 And wonderful with scents that stray
 From the wet larchwoods in the glen.

What next? a sleepy search fulfilled,
 And baggage bundled out in tons,
 A waiting motor slowly filled
 With rods and cartridges and guns.

High on the pass the breeze is cool,
 And local memories return
 Of salmon in the Clachan pool,
 And grouse above the Laraig burn.

So be it: stoutly you resist;
 But wait until the Hour arrives,
 The Hour of mountain, moor and mist,
 And see if your resolve survives.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

NATURE.

ONCE upon a time there was a king
 who failed to please his subjects and
 was by consequence in instant peril.
 Hurriedly collecting together such treas-
 ures as they could, he and his young
 queen crossed the frontier one night
 with a few faithful retainers and
 settled in an old secluded castle in a
 friendly country.

On the first wet day the young queen
 was missing. High and low the re-
 tainers searched for her, and at last
 she was discovered in the middle of
 an open space in the forest, holding up
 her face to the rain.

Horror-struck, they hurried to her
 aid; but she waved them back.

“Do let me stay a little longer,” she
 pleaded. “All my life I have longed to
 feel the rain and I was never allowed
 to. All my life there have been coaches
 and umbrellas.”

And again the queen held up her
 face to the drops.

“Dancing Taught. — Step, Buck, Clog,
 Schottische, Wooden Shoe, Ragtime, Fancy.
 Three lessons 2/6. Stamp or call. 12 till 9.
Advt. in “Encore.”

We hardly ever stamp, even when
 we've come for a dance lesson; and
 anyhow we don't keep on stamping
 from 12 to 9. We just knock or ring,
 and, if nobody answers, we go away
 after the first hour or two.

“Looking from the rostrum one saw rows
 and rows of happy, smiling faces alternating
 with rows of huge white glistening mugs.”
Manchester Guardian.

Why this distinction?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BARRIER."

IF it had been an Italian opera instead of an American melodrama, it must have been called "La Fanciulla del North-West." But the resemblance between the First Acts of Mr. HUBBARD'S play and Signor PUCCINI'S music-drama was inevitable, since the Drink-and-General-Utility Store is the centre of social life in these pioneer communities. The title of Mr. REX BEACH'S novel refers to the invidious bar of birth which threatens to keep two lovers apart. The Girl of the Golden N.W. is supposed to be a half-breed. No one who cast even a cursory glance at the charming face of *Necia* (Miss MAY BLAYNEY) would have suspected her for a moment of being anything short of a whole-breed. As a matter of fact her parentage was white on both sides, though, in the case of her father, it was not the whiteness of driven snow, for his heart was as black as ink. All comes well in the end, though I should have liked to see her marry the picturesque trapper who never worried about her birth, rather than the U.S.A. Lieutenant who took some time to get over it.

It is, I believe, contrary to etiquette on the stage to keep a secret from the audience. Yet it was not till quite late in the proceedings that we got at the facts of the death of the girl's mother; and for a dark hour or so we were allowed to harbour suspicion about the career of her innocent foster-father. He himself did not help matters much by attempting a murder before our eyes. Fortunately he missed by six inches and eventually left the boards without a stain on his character. The facts came out in the course of the best scuffle of the evening. The situation was unusual and could only have been possible in a tentative state of society where Justice is compelled from time to time to lift her bandage and wink openly by the light of nature.

A deadly feud divided the girl's two fathers—the real and the adoptive. Each had a sorry record, true or false, and the representative of law and order, in the person of *Lieutenant Burrell*, U.S.A. Cavalry, thought it most convenient to let them fight it out for themselves with one revolver between them. So he deposited it on the table, posted the adversaries at equal distances

from it, and withdrew from the room with the other revolver. In the heavy rough-and-tumble which ensued when the lamp had been knocked over, the adoptive father does the villain to death. Before going out to expire he gives his case away in the course of a brief, but luminous, dialogue. The impression left upon me by this hurried exchange of conversation was to the following effect:—

Real Father. You shot my wife!

Foster-Father. Liar. You shot her!

Real Father. Liar. She shot herself by accident!

Another Alaskan novelty was presented in the casual procedure at the meeting held for the promotion of the No-Creek Mining Company on the site of the claims—a wild scene in "The Divide of Black Beer Creek." The villain had been careful not to peg out

himself punctilious about shooting only from the hip.

But, if there were things beyond my Cisatlantic understanding, I understood enough to see that, for what it pretended to be, the play was something more than passable. You will have gathered that it was not lacking in incident; and, though there were *longueurs* in the love-making, which did not suit our hero, the Lieutenant, nearly so well as the revolver business, the interest was strong to the last. And, apart from the behaviour of one of the minor characters, the performance of Mr. HUBBARD'S melodrama bore exceptionally few traces of the Surrey-side tradition.

Miss MAY BLAYNEY was a piquante heroine; Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY a workmanlike hero; Mr. ROCK (the foster-father) as sound as his name; and Mr. MATHESON LANG, the French-Canadian trapper, extremely picturesque. His broken English, with a touch in it—so I thought—of the negro quality, was very effective; and as extra-hero, of the sacrificial kind, he won great favour with the audience. Of the rest Mr. HUBERT WILLIS, in the part of *No-Creek Lee*, was very good.

Altogether, a clean piece of work, full of movement, and far better worth seeing than a great deal of more pretentious stuff; and if only our holiday invaders are well advised I don't see what's to stop the run of it this side of October. O. S.



THE HERO WINS HANDS DOWN.

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| <i>Lieutenant Burrell</i> | Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY. |
| <i>Dan Stark</i> (in the chair) | Mr. HARCOURT BEATTY. |

a claim of his own, because he proposed to usurp that of the girl on the alleged ground of its illegality, and nobody was allowed to hold more than one. You would have thought that, having meanwhile no part in the property, he had no *locus sedendi* at the meeting. Nevertheless, he went so far as to take the chair and conduct the business with a fine air of autoocracy. However, it is not for our sophisticated intelligences to attempt to cope with these savage anomalies; and, anyhow, the matter was settled by arrangement, the *Lieutenant* (as usual) suddenly covering the opposition with his revolver, and making them hold up their hands. Indeed the villain passed a good deal of his time in this position, rather ludicrous when prolonged. But why, on the present occasion, when he had a revolver in one of his raised hands, he didn't let it off in the face of his enemy two feet away, I am unable to conjecture. He was not troubled with scruples; nor had he previously shown

"The Sovereign was standing under his banner and the Great Master under his, both of them now depending from the west wall instead of, as formerly, from the corner, slantwise, above the Knights' banners and therefore hidden by them."—*The Times*.

We had no idea that the proceedings were as lively as this.

"Wilkie Bard tells a story of a husband and wife who were always quarrelling. A friend called one evening and found them in the middle of a row. After the storm had subsided a little he ventured to remonstrate with the husband."

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

And that is all; but probably Mr. BARD makes it seem funnier.

"There were only 15 scratchings recorded for the seven faces on Saturday."
Brisbane Daily Mail.

This reminds us that the midge season is upon us again.



THE "MONKEY SEAT."

Daughter. "SAY, POPPA, WHAT CUTE LITTLE THINGS THEY ARE!"

Poppa. "AND COST SOME! TAKES FIVE OR SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS TO HIRE A GOOD ONE BY THE SEASON, I GUESS."

Daughter. "WOULDN'T IT BE CHEAPER TO BUY ONE AND KEEP IT YOURSELF?"

A FORECAST OF THE BRITISH ASS.

(With some slight assistance from "The Westminster Gazette.")

THE subject of the Presidential address, always canvassed with eager interest in scientific and lay circles alike, has of course been long ago definitely determined in its main outlines. Sir OLIVER LODGE intends to take a survey of the position of science generally. Happily this scheme is sufficiently elastic to allow of his dealing with a number of topics which the academic scientist would probably regard as taboo. Amongst these, we understand, are the Psychics of Golf, with especial reference to the question whether it is legitimate to hypnotise your opponent; Recent Cranial Modifications in the Midlands pointing to the ultimate triumph of a Type distinguished for its high dome-shaped forehead; Interviews as an engine for promoting University Extension; the Poetry of the Aztecs; the Influence of Brown Boots on Telepathy, and other cognate subjects. Thus handled, the subject of his address is obviously of sufficient breadth to afford a thinker of Sir OLIVER'S notorious

versatility and range of outlook on life and its problems effective scope for an oration as stimulating and exhilarating as any delivered from the Presidential Chair.

This engaging and unconventional quality will also be found illustrated in the programme of the various sections. Of course the essentially scientific element predominates, but a certain latitude is allowed in the choice of subjects which is eminently calculated to command the interest of even the non-scientific mind.

Thus in the section dealing with Economics and Statistics there will be a remarkable debate on the cost of living. Sir HENRY HOWORTH will handle the question of Prehistoric Working-men's Budgets, Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH will discuss the Finance of League Football Clubs, and Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL will read a paper on the Kentish Coal Fields and their influence on Nonconformist Journalism.

In the Transport section such authorities as Mr. ROGER FRY, Mr. LAURENCE BINYON, Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT and Mr. EDMUND GOSSE will take part in a discussion on "Canals

and their effect on the language of those who use them," at which a number of bargees are expected to be present. In the Anthropological section Sir ALFRED MOND will deal in his Presidential Address with the Misuse of Prehistoric Oil-wells for bathing by the Troglodytes of the Caucasus, and Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD will read a paper on the Etiquette of Cannibalism. The Physiologists will have before them such subjects as "The Cause of chronic Hiccups among Caddies," a "Study of Oysters in Times of War," and a "Theory of the Behaviour of Guinea-pigs."

In the Education section a variety of intensely interesting subjects are down for discussion. Amongst these we may note "Champagne and Cigarettes in the Holidays," "Should Preparatory Schoolmasters be on the Telephone?" "A Plea for Administering Corporal Punishment to Parents," and "Ought Left-handed Batting to be Encouraged?"

In short, the programme, whether we consider its latitude or its longitude, bids fair to be as nutritive as any included in the records of British Asininity.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "I am intoxicated by the beauty of this day. Let us do something dashing."

"What particular dash do you feel like?" said Francesca.

"I think I've got the pic-nic feeling," I said. "Yes, I feel like a pic-nic."

"What a pity you didn't feel like that yesterday when we all wanted you to come."

"No matter," I said, "I feel like it to-day. I will carry the table-cloth."

"We shan't want a table-cloth."

"Is that wise, Francesca? A table-cloth gives an air of aristocratic ease to the humblest feast. You shake your head? Very well, then, no table-cloth. But I will watch you cutting the bread-and-butter and making the tea. The children shall carry the cake and the jam. I will choose a spot for the feast. We will go there in a boat, and, if you like, you shall do the sculling while I steer and the children all let their hands trail in the water. Yes, Francesca, I feel more like a pic-nic every minute."

"I'm sorry for that," she said.

"Sorry, Francesca! Why are you sorry? When I refuse in consequence of overwhelming work——"

"Overwhelming sofa-cushions," said Francesca.

"I repeat: when I refuse, owing to the pressure on my time, to join a pic-nic you are—I will not say angry, for you are never angry, are you, dear?—but you are certainly displeased. And now, when I propose a pic-nic, and when I expect you to dance for joy, you say you are sorry. *Varium et mutabile semper.*"

"It is useless," she said, "to fling a stupid old Latin insult at me."

"Let me," I said, "call the children and tell them about the pic-nic. They, at least, will be delighted."

"That, too, would be useless."

"But why, Francesca?" I said. "I'm quite determined to have a pic-nic."

"And that," she said, "is more useless than anything else."

"I knew it would be," I said. "I have only to express a wish——"

"And it is always gratified. But not to-day."

"And pray, why?"

"Because of the Garden Party."

"The Garden *what*?" I said frantically.

"The Garden Party," she repeated calmly.

"Gracious Heavens!" I said. "You don't mean to tell me you are going to a Garden Party?"

"I do. I am. And what is more, you are coming with me."

"We will see about that," I said gloomily. "But first let me tell you that Garden Parties don't exist. They are Victorian. They are like Penny Readings and Literary Institutes and—er—umbrella covers. Yes, they are exactly like umbrella covers. Don't you remember umbrella covers, Francesca? Some were of plain silk, others were very black and beautiful and glistened wonderfully. Everybody had them and nobody used them. We took them off and threw them away and forgot them. Francesca, there must be millions of unused umbrella covers in England. Let us start a company for the recovery of umbrella covers, but, as we value our peace of mind, do not let us go to a Garden Party."

"But," said Francesca, "it's such a beautiful day."

"It isn't really, you know," I urged. "It's only pretending. There's quite a nasty little cloud over there, and it's growing. You mark my words, it'll rain in buckets in another hour or so; and how will your Garden Party get on then? There, I felt a drop on my nose."

"But that'll stop the pic-nic, too, won't it?"

"How foolish of you, Francesca! It never troubles to rain on a quiet family pic-nic, but a great showy Garden Party brings out all nature's worst qualities."

"Well, I can't help it. You've got to come."

"No, no," I said warmly, "you mustn't take me. I don't know how to dress for a Garden Party. When you see me in a black frock coat and brown boots and a straw hat you will be ashamed of me and you will wish you hadn't brought me; but it will then be too late. It will get into the local paper. *The Daily Mail* will have a paragraph about it:—'Strange conduct of an alleged gentleman at a Garden Party.' You mustn't take me, Francesca."

"But how can I help it?"

"How can you help it! There are a thousand ways. You can leave me; you can forget me; you can suddenly begin to dislike me; you can go alone; you can lock me into the library: you can fail to find me when the moment comes; you can——"

"You needn't go on," she said. "It's not a bit of good."

"Indomitable and relentless woman," I said, "tell me at least where this Garden Party is to be, and who is giving it."

She laughed. "You're giving it," she said. "It's going to be here. Hurry up and get into your frock coat. They'll all be arriving directly."

R. C. L.

THE GLAD GOOD-BYE.

[According to the New York correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, recent practical tests prove that the substitution of ragtime melodies for the lugubrious farewell music usually played on a big liner's departure does away with the mournful scenes attending such functions and puts everybody in the best of spirits.]

WHEN I broke the news to Mabel that a most insistent cable Had demanded my departure to a land across the sea, She occasioned some dissension by announcing her intention Of delaying her farewell until the vessel left the quay.

I displayed a frigid shoulder to her scheme, and frankly told her

That no public show of sentiment my tender heart should sear,

For I knew the tears would blind me when "The Girl I Left Behind Me"

And the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" reverberated in my ear.

But I've recently relented and quite willingly consented To be sped upon my journey by the mistress of my soul; I shall banish sorrow's canker ere the sailors weigh the anchor,

And present a smiling visage when the ship begins to roll.

There'll be no one feeling chippy when the band plays "Mississippi"

(Such a melody would even lend a filip to a wreck);

I shall laugh and warble freely when they start "The Robert E. Lee,"

And my cup will be complete when "Snooky-Ookums" sweeps the deck.

Tears of joy there'll be for shedding when "The Darkie's Ragtime Wedding"

Sends a syncopated spasm through the passengers and crew;

And, when warning tocsins clang go, down the gangway Mab will tango,

While I bunny-hug the steward to the tune of "Hitchy-Koo."



A NEAR THING.

Disappointed Trundler. "NEARLY 'AD 'E, JARGE."

Disappointed Batsman. "AH, AN' NEARLY 'IT 'E!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

Gracechurch (LONGMANS) is one of those books that to some readers may perhaps seem lacking in "sustained interest," but to others, of whom I myself am certainly one, will have all the charm of true and remembered childhood. It is the record of his own childhood's surroundings that Mr. JOHN AYSKOUGH tells in these short and simple annals of a mid-Victorian country town. Exactly how far things happened just so, and how far the art of the grown-up novelist has improved upon the memory of the small boy, it is not for me to say. Perhaps even Mr. AYSKOUGH himself is not altogether sure on this point—at least, so I gathered from his entirely charming dedication, which, as a model of such things, should not be passed unread.

Of the sketches or studies or stories (it is a little difficult to find the right word for them) that the book introduces, I liked best the group that centres in the *Thorn* family. Especially do I recall the grim little picture that ends the first of these, called "Sal Fish," which tells how *Fernando Thorn* ruined the hopes of his sister *Kezia* (who doted on him, and expected the handsome lad to marry a friend of her own) by wedding a girl who cried fish in the streets of Gracechurch. The sudden shock destroyed *Kezia's* mental balance; and we see her later, as the boy Ayscough saw her, a middle-aged, over-dressed woman, "as mad as a March hare," sailing in to call on the triumphant sister-in-law, "who presently would turn to look at her, without interrupting her knitting, but with a full turn of her body in her chair, as she would say, 'Fidgety to-day! Full moon,

maybe.' And *Kezia* would collapse." Without doubt the little AYSKOUGH had an eye for the dramatic.

Collision (DUCKWORTH) is Miss BRIDGET MACLAGAN'S second novel, and I wish that it had more of the simple directness of her first. I am really confused as to what happened between *Gopi Chand*, *Maggie*, *Mr. Trotter* and all her other queer people who explored India together. Miss MACLAGAN is very clever; she knows how to give you a character's physical peculiarities with a mere twist of the pen; but this makes the clouded confusion of the incidents all the more to be regretted. I have, for instance, a very clear idea of that powerful little monster, *Mr. Benjamin Trotter*, and I feel that he should do most interesting things. It is possible that he does; but the author knows more about that than I do. In *Maggie*, again, I hoped that here at last one would enjoy a human and glowing portrait of a Suffragette, someone who was both real and interesting. But no, the incidents in which she shared are veiled and hidden.

It is, I believe, "atmosphere" that has made Miss MACLAGAN so elusive. Atmosphere at any price always leads to confusion in an Indian novel, because it is so strong and highly coloured that it swallows up the characters in those clouds of yellow dust of which we hear so much. In her next book, when one of her characters inquires, "What's the matter?" (they do so continually in *Collision*), she must answer the question so that the reader can comfortably settle down in his chair and know where he is. Miss MACLAGAN is too clever a writer for hide-and-seek to be worth her while.

Happy-Go-Lucky (BLACKWOOD) is well-named, for Mr. IAN HAY has never drawn a more irresponsible, irrepressible hero than *The Freak*. I had indeed begun to endure this youth very gladly, when (opposite page 106) I saw an illustration of him by Mr. G. B. BROCK, and my feelings received a rude buffet. Until that moment it had not occurred to me that *The Freak* could also be a nut, and the difference between Mr. Brock's conception of him and mine disturbed me not a little. Once over that difficulty, however, I derived much amusement from a book which is full of high spirits and high jinks. Mr. HAY must have been in a holiday mood when he wrote *Happy-Go-Lucky*, and seaside librarians will be tired of its name before the summer is ended. The characters—save *The Freak* himself and *Mr. Welwyn*—are conventional enough, and so is the theme of a rich and only son falling in love with a dressmaker; but the treatment is Mr. HAY's, which is as much as to say that it is slightly sentimental and very diverting. I must add that, if Mr. Brock had not challenged my idea of *The Freak*, I should have given undiluted praise to his illustrations.

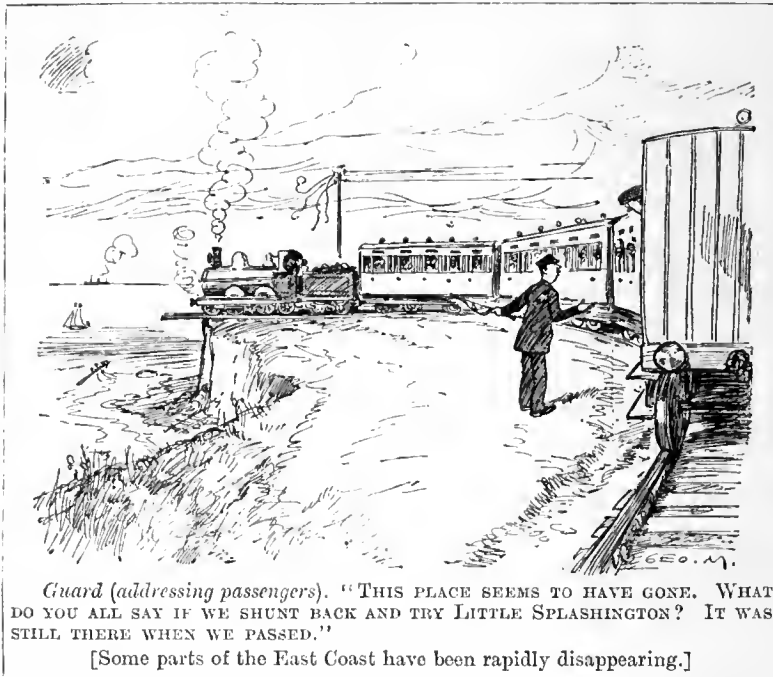
With that jolly assurance which the modern publisher affects, Messrs. CONSTABLE have announced in divers places that *V. V.'s Eyes*, by HENRY SYDOR HARRISON, is an advance upon his quite admirable *Queed*. Well, I wonder! It is widely different, anyway, oddly different. Not so arresting or so touched with that *bizarre* delightful humour. More possible, surely, and more real, and certainly exhibiting the same patient skill in developing incidents selected and arranged with seeming art-

lessness. *V. V.* is a slum doctor, who forgets to send in his accounts; lame and a helper of lameness in others; a believer in folk, a cheery despiser of money, with eyes that are extraordinarily (if unconsciously) appealing, questioning, restraining, compelling. *Cally Heth*, the beautiful daughter of a lesser business magnate—someone called the *Heths* "improbable" people—is intent on a successful marriage, with all the insincerity and heartlessness that go to make for victory in that ruthless quest. *V. V.'s* path crosses hers, menacingly as she thinks at first (for *V. V.* has attacked the conditions of labour at the *Heth* cheroort works), and he sows in her the seeds of a divine discontent which bear fruit in a changed outlook, so that her big fish, *Hugo Canning*, a sort of Transatlantic *Sir Willoughby Patterne*, is put back amazed into the troubled pool. I don't know if I quite believed in *V. V.'s* eyes—after all, the reader doesn't see them—but I can answer for his charm and courage and the inspiring quality of his fine philosophy of life. "There are useful people . . . and useless people; good people and bad people. But when we speak of poor people and rich people we only make divisions where our Maker never saw any, and raise barriers on the common which must some day come down." Of course this can be challenged, but it is a piece of thinking

V. V. in fact is a character which any writer might be proud to father; and to have carefully cut out the sentimentality which might have spoiled it is a considerable feat of reticence. Perhaps, after all, the publishers were justified.

The Garden of Ignorance (JENKINS) has this quality to distinguish it from most other books on the same topic, that it really does deal with the gardening troubles of an ignoramus, and trace his gradual progress (or, in this case, hers) to the rewards of knowledge. Mrs. GEORGE CRAN is the gardener; and, whether or not her story is wholly a true one, and she did or did not in fact bring to her garden so entire a lack of experience in the first place, she certainly tells the tale of her education and ultimate triumphs in a way that is both entertaining and helpful. I liked especially the passage in which she relates how, from the chance phrase of a guest, "What a paradise this will be after you've worked at it two or three years," there was born in her mind the idea that "a garden was

a canvas on which to paint a picture in flowers and trees and winding paths." There is no question that Mrs. CRAN thoroughly enjoyed the process; and the results achieved appear—judging them by a number of excellent photographs scattered throughout the volume—to have more than repaid her efforts. Thousands of garden-lovers will rejoice in this homely and practical book, which is further enriched by a useful appendix on the various flowers mentioned in its course, with hints upon their treatment. I have already praised the photographs; to one of them, however, the frontispiece (showing a sun-bath), I must take



Guard (addressing passengers). "THIS PLACE SEEMS TO HAVE GONE. WHAT DO YOU ALL SAY IF WE SHUNT BACK AND TRY LITTLE SPLASHINGTON? IT WAS STILL THERE WHEN WE PASSED."

[Some parts of the East Coast have been rapidly disappearing.]

exception. Here the Pagan effect apparently aimed at seems—in contrast to the costume of the subject—not wholly to have come off; and the only result is one of futile impropriety wholly out of keeping with a delightful volume.

Gleanings from History.

From an examination paper:—

"Domesday Book was published by Edward III. After it was published about four times it was called the Common Prayer Book."

"In 1666 there was a very great fire in London, which was caused by Suffragest."

"There was a case of mental deficiency which was hopeless up to eight years of age, and now the man occupies a post in the Civil Service," said Mr. Watt, M.P., yesterday at the Select Committee on the Mental Deficiency (Scotland) Bill.—*The Daily Mail*.

What was there, we wonder, about this particular case which called for notice?

M. CHALIAPIN, the Russian singer who has been having such a success at Drury Lane, has told an interviewer that his father was a peasant. This explains his talent. He comes of moujik stock.

CHARIVARIA.

It is difficult to ascertain the exact truth in regard to the alleged outrages in the Balkans, but it is certainly requisite that the Infidel Turk should commit more atrocities than the Christian Crusader if the face of the latter is to be saved.

The Light Side of the Suffragist Movement. "Hannah Booth was arrested last night for smashing two windows at 38, Smith Square, Westminster, in the belief that it was the residence of Mr. McKenna, who lives next door."

It is said that as a result of the recent stampede at Aldershot of the horses of the Queen's Bays, the War Office is pointing out to the Territorial Cavalry how dangerous it is to have mounts.

We hear that on the occasion of the Royal Visit to Aldwych the loud cheering and cries of "Coo-ee" caused the greatest alarm among the wild life in the neighbouring Forest of Aldwych, and representations are to be made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to those responsible for the arrangements.

Colonel CROMPTON, Engineer to the Road Board, considers that pedestrians need speeding up, and there is a good deal in what he says, especially as to the average Englishman thinking that he has a right to do exactly what he likes on the road. We have actually seen workmen on more than one occasion coolly dig themselves a hole in a busy thoroughfare and then pic-nic there.

The Daily Mail, the other day, published a photograph of Sergeant OMMUNDSEN's eyes. This is a new departure, and soon, no doubt, we shall have pictures of the tongue of a great speaker, the ears of a distinguished musical critic, and the nose of a prominent sanitary inspector.

In the opinion of Sir JAMES LINTON, the well-known painter, the bowler hat is artistic. It now remains for the Cubists to point out that the high hat is high art.

A German gentleman who was translating an English novel into his native language was puzzled for a time as to how to render "billycock hat." He decided ultimately in favour of "Wilhelm-Hahnenhut."

"NOVELTY OF THE WEEK. THE RUN-ABOUT BUFFET."

Daily Mail.

But a well-known toper informs us that this is no novelty. He has frequently seen buffets in motion.

"Alcohol will be the fuel of the future, and the sooner we start to utilise it the better," says Professor LEWES. In order to avoid disappoint-

in the first degree" and "Murder in the second degree."

At Ebbw Vale a thousand colliers went on strike owing to a dispute with the management over leave to attend a funeral. It does seem too bad to interfere with the simple pleasures of these poor miners.

"Why is it that there are so many bald men and so few bald women?" asked Dr. BARENDT at the British Medical Conference. The answer, we suppose, is because women consider baldness does not suit them.

A catch of herrings valued at £30 was destroyed last week at Ardglass, Co. Down, because the inhabitants thought they had been caught on Sunday. It is not generally known how much the fish enjoy their Sundays off. It is said that, to show their gratitude for the Sabbath respite, increasing numbers get caught on Mondays.

A hoopoe, a bird with a crown of feathers, rarely seen in Great Britain, flew in at the open window of the Manor House, Heston, Middlesex, one day last week, and was captured by Mr. P. H. BROWNE, who set it free after examination. We are afraid that Mr. Browne is not a genuine sportsman or he would surely have shot his visitor.

According to The Express, many English ladies are taking to a new Parisian method of keeping the figure slim and the limbs supple. A newspaper is torn up and the pieces are scattered on the grass, and the devotee, clad in a Japanese kimono, crawls along and picks them up one by one. If there were anything in the theory one would expect to find our professional street scavengers an exceptionally slim and supple race. But then, of course, they don't wear kimonos; not, at any rate, in the open.

Another paper informs us that many fashionable women are now suspending their bettless skirts by means of braces. Frankly, we grow nervous. This looks remarkably like the first step towards appropriating our trousers.



OUR HORSELESS RIDERS.

Sergeant. "WHAT THE —! WHY THE — AREN'T YOU ATTENDING TO YOUR RIDING BUSINESS?"

Territorial Trooper. "PLEASE, SIR, 'DOLPHUS AIN'T FINISHED WITH OUR SQUADRON'S HORSE YET!'"

ment in drinking circles, we think it well to point out that the Professor was referring to motors and not to human machines.

To a weekly causerie which he is contributing to a contemporary Mr. ARNOLD WHITE gives the title, "Looking Round." It is astonishing that this title should never have been used by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, for very few people look as round as he.

It is good to know that the wearing of the slit skirt will never become universal. A lady who had a wooden leg was heard to say the other day that nothing would induce her to assume this disgusting garb.

"Prisons," says Prince KROPOTKIN, "are the universities of crime." Hence, we suppose, the expressions, "Murder

THE HOMBURG CURE.

As one that has high work to do—
To win a rowing pot or two,
To box till all is black and blue,
Or run a league against the ticker—
Will wean his flesh, by force of mind,
From pleasures of a carnal kind
Likely to spoil his second wind,
As pastry, jam and liquor;—

Or as a man about to sail
Beyond the missionary's pale,
Where insalubrious airs prevail
That turn the health and temper rocky,
Will take some prophylactic pains
To cope with tropic heats and rains
By introducing in his veins
A stream of streptococci;—

Not otherwise, my James, you go
Where Homburg's healing waters flow,
And doctors keep your diet low
With regimens of awful rigour;
Bravely resigned to kiss the scourge
Laid on your grosser self, and purge
Your inward parts, and so emerge
A masterpiece of vigour.

Deadly the strain that you'll endure
Of what is loosely termed a "cure"—
That process which renews the pure
And perfect type of lissome beauty;
Yet what a purpose!—to repair
The tummy's annual wear and tear
And fit yourself once more to dare
The coming season's duty.

A noble sacrifice, I say,
And must, for one, admire the way
We English spend our holiday
Practising deeds of self-denial;
I recognise the patriot's part
And cry from out an envious heart,
"Fair winds attend you as you start
To face this searching trial!"

And, when in Town you take your meed,
I'll mark the *vie de luxe* you lead,
Performing miracles of greed

With scarce a single pause for panting,
And think of how your strength was won
Where Homburg's loathed waters run,
And say, "Such feats are never done
Except by prayer and banting." O. S.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

I HAVE made my will and arranged that Aunt Mary shall become guardian of my white mouse "Robert" in the event of my not returning, for I am embarking on a hazardous voyage. There are so many dangers which may prevent my return. I have worked it out and find that my chance is about 1-563 in a thousand of ever seeing home and friends again.

The Company has very kindly sent me a list of the chances to be faced; and I am determined to fare boldly forth to meet them all. The Company does not hold itself responsible for

loss of, or injury to, passengers from any of the following causes (I quote from the conditions under which I sail):—

"The Act of God, the King's enemies, pirates, restraint of Princes . . . barratry, collision . . . damage by vermin . . . perils of the seas and rivers . . . defective stowage . . . smell, insufficient ventilation . . . neglect of the Company's officers, deluge and deviation."

These are but a part of the many nicely-varied ways in which I may end my short, but so far pleasant, life.

You, out of the kindness of your heart, will say, "Bold adventurer. This is the stuff of which heroes are made. Is it an air-ship venture, or does he voyage to Pernambuco or Singapore?"

Nay, friend, my ticket is taken to Dublin by one of the lesser known routes. Where I shall arrive is evidently quite another question (see "Deviation"). Very possibly our gallant skipper, glancing at my ticket, will say, "No, no, my lad, not *Dublin*. This voyage my health requires a week-end in Japan." Or the steward will have a brother prospecting in Peru, and we shall simply deviate to see how the world goes with him.

At any rate, you will agree that it is at best a hazardous adventure, though, judging by the first danger on the list, I gather that my captain is a man of religion.

"*Pirates*," of course, in these days one is always prepared for. But "*Princes*"? I always have said that a Prince is a nasty risky sort of thing to meet at any time. "*Barratry*" I pass because I don't know what it means; but how well it would sound on a tombstone!

Glancing on a little, we come to the dread words, "*damage by vermin*." Cockroaches, it seems, may be encountered. Very possibly passengers are carried simply to feed the brutes, and thus leave the captain and crew free to discharge their duties unmolested.

"*Dangers of seas and rivers*"? I wonder if last voyage the captain took her up to Henley and was run down by a canoe.

"*Defective stowage*." It looks as if my sleeping-compartment might be congested. I may find myself with the live-stock (is it towards Ireland or away that pigs mostly travel?), or with the frozen mutton which comes from New Zealand. The latter association might be very tolerable in sultry weather. The idea of a little frozen leg of mutton lying in a corner of my cabin, clad chastely in white muslin, has often appealed to me.

"*Neglect of the Company's officers*." Evidently I must not count on my evening game of chess with the Bosun. It will be a hard life indeed if no one is told off to amuse me.

And "*Deluge*." This is annoying. Surely steamers should tow an Ark on every voyage. Though in these degenerate days we have no navigators to compare with the devoted and adventurous NOAH, the sight of a comfortable, roomy Ark bobbing on the waves astern would give timid travellers a feeling of great security.

Altogether, the prospect is very sinister. Yet I am an Englishman. I come of a race of heroic and fearless tars. With this thought to uphold me I take my life in my hand and fare forth to encounter the perils of the Anglo-Irish passage.

A Song of Ninepence.

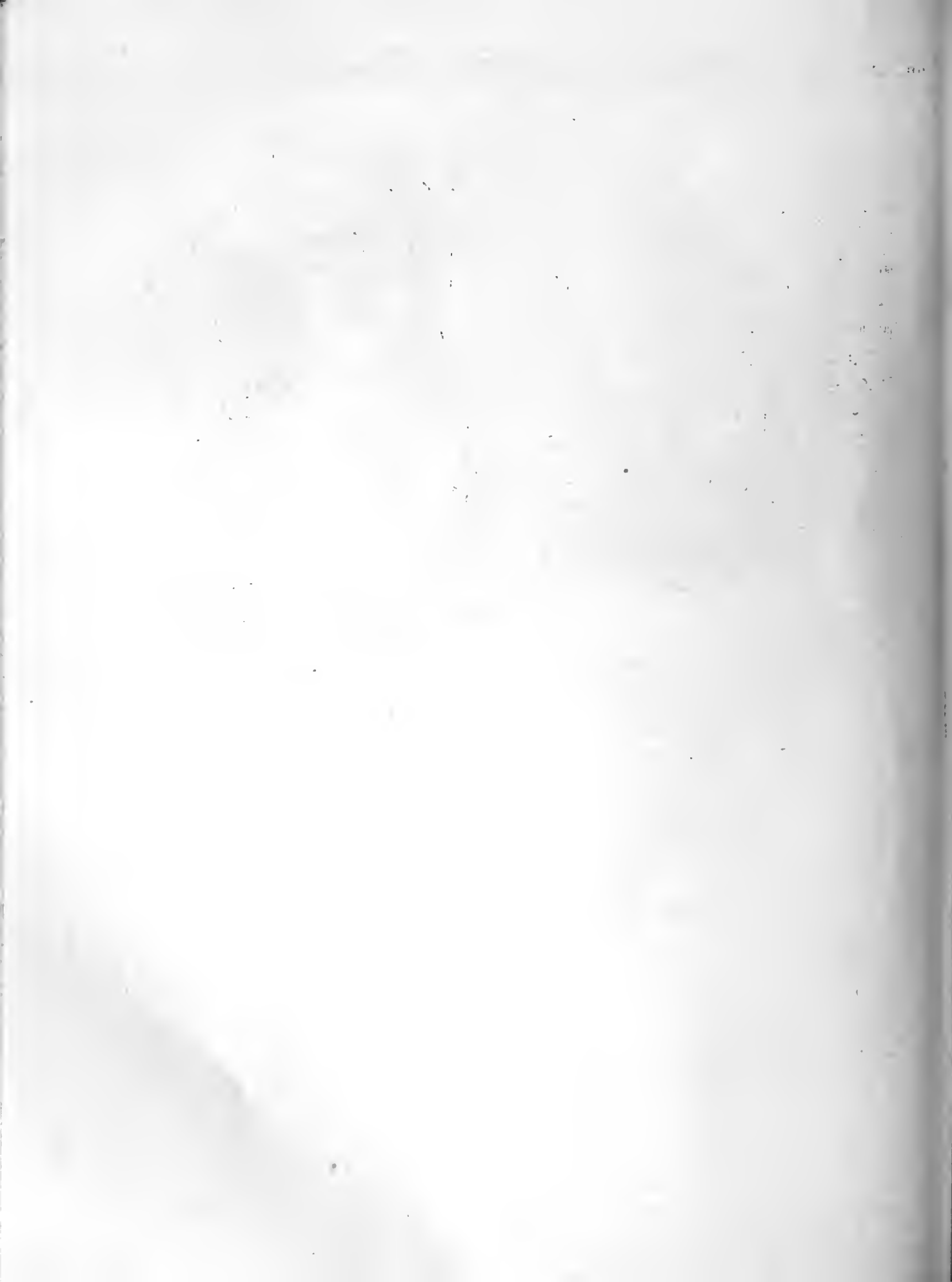
Sing a song of Ninepence, such a little sum,
Yet it means a whole day's outing from the slum;
Send it, then (and kind hearts should be gladly dunned)
To 23, St. Bride Street, Fresh Air Fund.*

* Since its establishment, twenty-one years ago, the Fresh Air Fund has given a day's holiday to over 3,000,000 poor children, and a fortnight's holiday, where the need was greater, to 21,000.



KLEPTOROUMANIA ;
OR, THE PINCH OF CHIVALRY.

ROUMANIA. "SIRS, I WILL NOT STAND IDLY BY AND SEE THIS HELPLESS GENTLEMAN EXTINGUISHED."





STAMPING OUT REVOLT IN UPPER TOOTING.

Mother (to daughter with yearnings for the higher life). "USE WHAT ARGUMENTS YOU LIKE, CHILD; NO TANGO-TEAS SHALL BE GIVEN IN THIS DRAWING-ROOM."

THE WITS.

If you want to know how to get a good joke out of every one I can tell you. I ought to add that it is the same joke, but since each probably thinks it original all is well.

I discovered it in this way. The week-end well ran dry and water had to be imported. Neighbours being rather distant, and milk coming in every morning by cart, I approached the farmer who supplies the milk and asked him to let us have water as well; and he said that if he could find a suitable receptacle he would.

The next morning the water arrived right enough, but (in the interests of the gaiety of the nation, as you will see) in a can precisely similar to those which hold milk and are tumbled about on railway platforms.

The can stood just outside the door and we dipped into it as water was needed.

So much for the premises. Now for the joke.

Our first visitor had a good look at the can and then asked if I had become a dairy-farmer.

I explained the situation. "Well," he said, "it's the first time I've ever known the water get into an independent tin."

The next visitor also pulled up at the can and became inquisitive.

"Oh, it's all right," I said. "It's only water. You see, we have to get it in owing to the well having gone dry."

He looked enormously droll and sly as he replied, "How refreshing to see it for once in a can all to itself!"

The next visitor was a lady, who put the case rather differently, but without loss of point.

"Delightful," she said. "Do you know it's the first time in all my experience as a housekeeper that the two fluids have not been together?"

All our friends were so immensely pleased with their efforts, and laughed so heartily, that I thought it was time I got a little credit for myself, especially as the burden of tipping Aquarius fell on me.

So before the next visitor could score I said, "Do you see that milk-can there? What do you think is in it?"

"Milk," was his instant answer. "No," I said; "water." "Ah!" he replied, before I could get on. "Tell me where you buy your separator. It's the one thing we've always wanted."

The final joke was made yesterday. A professional humorist turned up, and he too inquired the meaning of the can.

"Well," he said, on hearing it, "that's the most candid milkman I ever heard of."

Next week-end the can will be again filled, and the *beaux esprits* will again leap like troutlets in a pool.

But what a commentary, not only on the similarity of all our minds, but on the nation's milkmen!

A Bridge of Sighs.

"Salonika, Thursday.—The Greeks continue the pursuit of the flying Bulgarians, the enemy burning the villages and destroying the bridges to delay the Greek advance. Two incendiaries were caught in *Flagrante Delicto* and punished."—*Inverness Courier*.

Only a vandal would have destroyed the famous bridge at *Flagrante Delicto*, immortalised by BYRON.

A MISCARRIAGE OF HUMOUR.

DEAR SIR,—As a constant and careful student of your humorous weekly, might I ask your authoritative opinion upon a matter which is presenting great difficulties to myself?

From my infancy up I have been known as a keen humorist, and among my comrades have the reputation of being an incorrigible joker. My Aunt Matilda, whose opinion may be a little prejudiced, continually urges me to go on the Comic stage, and assures me that I should make my fortune there. For myself, I prefer to keep my genius for my own privileged circle, and I only cite Aunt Matilda's opinion to show you what my reputation is in the eyes of those who know me best.

I think I may say without undue conceit that I have always been in the vanguard of the funny ones. I have an excellent book of Conundrums, to which I know all the answers *without referring to the book*. I was among the first to ask such riddles as "Why was Charing Cross? Because the Strand ran into it," and have quite a good collection of such tricks as "The Red Hot Coal," "The Matches one Can't Light," "The Poached Egg on the Floor," and others of that type. (In passing, I should like to ask you where the "Funny Dog Bite," recently advertised in your excellent journal, can be obtained. I

have tried many places, but have been unable to procure this humorous device.)

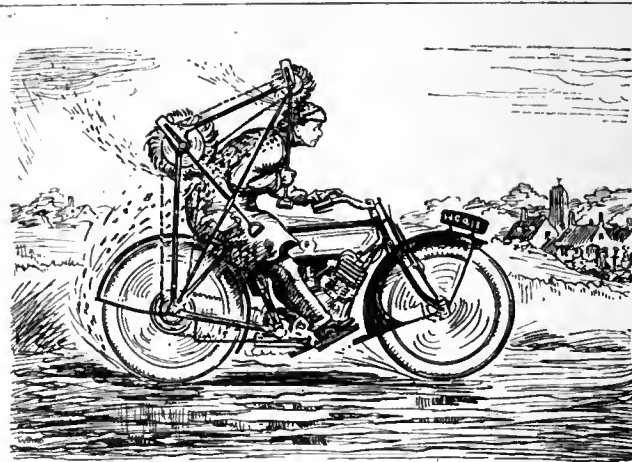
Hitherto I have always found my sallies taken in the merry spirit in which they were offered. I now, however, discover that *there are exceptions*. Perhaps it is that the joke itself is too subtle, and can only be told with success to educated people. I myself found it amusing and entertaining, and laughed heartily when it was told me by a friend. Though it is difficult to tell a joke without the necessary accompaniment of gesture and facial expression I venture to tell it to you, believing that, as a trained humorist, you will probably appreciate its finesse.

It is necessary to commence by showing to your listener an ordinary half-sovereign, and asking him if he sees anything wrong with it, in such manner as to insinuate that there is. After examination, he will (or should) return it to you, stating that he can see nothing wrong with it. At this point comes the joke: you tell him in all seriousness that you know where it was made, and

further that they can be bought for four-and-sixpence and five-and-sixpence each. This statement will naturally mystify him, and cause him to believe that you are in league with coiners. When you have sufficiently mystified him you can explain that the word "and" has the same meaning as "plus," or the mathematical sign +, and that the half-sovereign was made at the Mint, and can be bought for four-and-sixpence *and* (or plus) five-and-sixpence, *i.e.*, ten shillings, the actual value of a half-sovereign. It is quite a good and, when explained, simple joke. When I heard it I laughed heartily; begged my friend to repeat it to me, and, after I had rehearsed it several times, told it to other friends. Perhaps it may be due to the differences in temperament in different people, but I

joke he was listening to—I always believe that it is better in a really humorous story or joke to conceal the point of it till the end. When I got to the point of the half-sovereign being obtainable for four-and-sixpence and five-and-sixpence he was frankly amazed, for, as he said, the coin was of such excellent appearance. He begged leave to examine it, and took it to the light to do so. Perhaps I should have explained the joke at that stage. As it was, I was so delighted at the success of my sally that when he passed me four shillings and sixpence I did not realise the import of his action. By the time I did he had gone, and, as I do not know him, I am afraid that I shall lose five shillings and sixpence.

Had I been wise I should have refrained from repeating the joke again that day. But my failures had galled me, and so I tried it on a third person. He was a tall stoutish man who looked good-humoured, though obviously not highly-educated. He listened to the story with gratifying interest, and asked me a great many questions, to all of which I replied with humorous candour. Just as I was about to explain it, the man rose suddenly, gripped me by the shoulders, and asked me to come with him quietly. I explained that I did not wish to come with him, but he was very insistent and also very strong. You may picture my surprise and fear. Here was I being



ADJUSTABLE BRUSH ATTACHMENT FOR MOTOR CYCLISTS. CLEANS YOU JUST AS QUICK AS YOU GET MUDDIED.

hustled along at the mercy of a man whom I suspected of being another Scotchman. I tried to explain the joke to him and appeal to his sense of humour. He, however, repelled my attempted friendliness, and advised me to "shut my mouth and come along." Unaccustomed to such treatment, I was at a loss to understand it till I found myself in Vine Street Police Station. It appears that I had to do with a policeman in plain clothes who had mistaken me for a criminal. At first I thought that explanation would be easy, but I fear the police are somewhat deficient in humour. Each time I attempt to explain, that it is a joke I am met with the same rebuff that they "have heard that sort of joke before," and am recommended to tell it to the Magistrate. Therein, it seems, lies my only hope; but it will depend upon the Magistrate. If I were to go before Mr. PLOWDEN I should feel safe, for I feel certain that he would understand or, at any rate, believe it was a joke. Otherwise I do not know what may

find that it is not always so successful or so easily understood as might be expected. My first mishap with it was when telling it at lunch time to McPherson, who is a friend of a clerk in our office. I told it to him three times, in order that he might see the point. When I eventually convinced him that it was merely a joke I was dismayed to find that, instead of being delighted and amused, he regarded it with disfavour. Indeed he went so far as to rebuke me, saying that he was a Scotch Presbyterian, and did not hold with jesting upon serious subjects. Upon consideration, I am bound to admit that there is something in what he says, and am sorry that I unwittingly shocked his religious prejudices.

After McPherson had left, another gentleman sitting at the same table said he had heard the beginning of my story, but not the end, and begged me to repeat it. Having first ascertained that he was not Scotch, I proceeded to retell the story, and was delighted to find that he did not know that it was a

hustled along at the mercy of a man whom I suspected of being another Scotchman. I tried to explain the joke to him and appeal to his sense of humour. He, however, repelled my attempted friendliness, and advised me to "shut my mouth and come along." Unaccustomed to such treatment, I was at a loss to understand it till I found myself in Vine Street Police Station. It appears that I had to do with a policeman in plain clothes who had mistaken me for a criminal. At first I thought that explanation would be easy, but I fear the police are somewhat deficient in humour. Each time I attempt to explain, that it is a joke I am met with the same rebuff that they "have heard that sort of joke before," and am recommended to tell it to the Magistrate. Therein, it seems, lies my only hope; but it will depend upon the Magistrate. If I were to go before Mr. PLOWDEN I should feel safe, for I feel certain that he would understand or, at any rate, believe it was a joke. Otherwise I do not know what may



THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT.

A KEEN 'BUS-CONDUCTOR MAKES A POINT OF NOT STOPPING HIS 'BUS (WHILST APPEARING TO DO SO), IN THE HOPE THAT HE MAY DISCOVER A GOOD HALF-MILER.

happen; all magistrates are not as humorous as Mr. PLOWDEN

It is upon this point that I am venturing to solicit your proverbial kindness. Would you be so good as to appear as a witness for me, and in your capacity of Professional Humorist state that you recognise the story as a joke. I am told that it might influence the case a great deal. Perhaps it isn't really a good joke, or perhaps it requires more rehearsal, but I will not ask your opinion on that at the present crisis. All I ask at the moment is that you should bear witness as to the blamelessness of my intentions.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very respectfully, J. J. J.

P.S.—In case I have not made my joke quite clear: Half-sovereigns are made at a place I know of—The Mint. They are sold for 4/6 and 5/6 each—i.e., 4/6 + 5/6 = 10/- each.

The joke you will see is really quite harmless, and free from all taint of immorality or illegality. I mention this lest you should fear that you are being dragged into a shady case.

Rabies at Wimbledon.

"Roper Barrett was superb. He crouched down at the net and snapped at every ball that came near him."—*Glasgow Herald*.

GOOZLEY AND CO.'S NEW SONGS

May be sung in Public without Fee or Licence. Anyone singing them elsewhere will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour.

Offley Dodder's New Song

WHERE EARTHQUAKES BID ME SMILE (words by Margery Butterfield) will be sung by Mr. HAMISH TIPPLE at SHIDE, I. of W., and by Miss Rosanna Plimmer at Moreton-in-the-Marsh TO-DAY.—GOOZLEY and Co.

Adelaide Egham's New Song

THE STOKER'S SERENADE (words by Toschemann) will be sung by Mr. NIGEL COKE at RUNCORN and by Mr. Odo Stopper at Cinderford TO-DAY.—GOOZLEY and Co.

Eric Howlett's New Song

WHEN MIDGES BITE (words by Nellie Pupe) will be sung by Mr. COODY GLOTT at BRIXTON-SUPER-MARE, by Mr. Oliver Bath at Brightlingsea and by Mr. Nicodemus Pottle at Walberswick THIS DAY.—GOOZLEY and Co.

Tarley Bindell's New Great Song

MY LADYE HATH A TOOTHsome SMILE (words by Sarah Slumper) will be sung by Madame VESTA TANDSTICKOR at BARNINGHAM PARVA THIS DAY.—GOOZLEY and Co.

Bertram Blitherley's New Song

LET ME BLEAT AGAIN (words by Tiffany Bunter) will be sung by Mr. ERASMUS DOBY at CHOWBENT, by Mr. Alcuin Tibbitts at Bacup and by Mr. Hosea Hogg at Baconsthorpe TOMORROW.—GOOZLEY and Co.

Bernard Huxley's New Golfing Song

BURY ME IN A BUNKER, BOYS! (dedicated to the Grand Duke Michael) will be sung by Mr. JOHN DUFF at MACHRIHANISH, and by Mr. Hector McScalfie at Lossiemouth TO-DAY.—GOOZLEY and Co.

Bury me in a Bunker, boys,
When I've fozzled my last tee shot;
I've never been a funkler, boys,
Though my game was far from hot;
So let no banjo-plunker, boys,
Commiserate my lot.

I've often had to pick up, boys,
My ball when I've played fifteen;
And my caddie onco gave a hiccup, boys,
As I putted my tenth on the green;
And I once had an awful kick-up, boys,
When I drove through a bathing-machins.

So bury me, not in the sea, boys,
But deep in the yellow sand,
Some sixty yards from the tee, boys—
That's the carry I could command;
And bury my niblick with me, boys,
The noblest club in the land.

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

JEREMY was looking at a card which his wife had just passed across the table to him.

"Lady Bendish. At Home," he read. "'Pets.' Is this for us?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Jeremy.

"Then I think 'Pets' is rather familiar. 'Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith' would have been more correct."

"Don't be silly, Jeremy. It means it's a Pet party. You have to bring some sort of pet with you, and there are prizes for the prettiest, and the most intelligent, and the most companionable, and so on." She looked at the fox-terrier curled up in front of the fireplace. "We could take Rags, of course."

"Or Baby," said Jeremy. "We'll enter her in the Fat Class."

But when the day arrived Jeremy had another idea. He came in from the garden with an important look on his face, and joined his wife in the hall.

"Come on," he said. "Let's start."

"But where's Rags?"

"Rags isn't coming. I'm taking Hereward instead." He opened his cigarette case and disclosed a small green animal. "Hereward," he said.

"Why, Jeremy," cried his wife, "it's—why, it's blight from the rose-tree!"

"It isn't just blight, dear; it's one particular blight. A blight. Hereward, the Last of the Blights." He wandered round the hall. "Where's the lead?" he asked.

"Jeremy, don't be absurd."

"My dear, I must have something to lead him up for his prize on. During the parade he can sit on my shoulder informally; but when we come to the prize-giving, 'Mr. J. P. Smith's blight, Hereward,' must be led on properly." He pulled open a drawer. "Oh, here we are. I'd better take the chain; he might bite through the leather one."

They arrived a little late, to find a lawn full of people and animals; and one glance was sufficient to tell Jeremy that in some of the classes at least his pet would have many dangerous rivals.

"If there's a prize for the biggest," he said to his wife, "my blight has practically lost it already. Adams has brought a cart-horse. Hullo, Adams," he went on, "how are you? Don't come too close or Hereward may do your animal a mischief."

"Who's Hereward?"

Jeremy opened his cigarette-case.

"Hereward," he said. "Not the woodbine; that's quite wild. The blight. He's much more domesticated, but there are moments when he gets out of hand and becomes unmanageable. He gave me the slip coming here,

and I had to chase him through the churchyard; that's why we're late."

"Does he take meals with the family?" asked Adams with a grin.

"No, no; he has them alone in the garden. You ought to see him having his bath. George, our gardener, looks after him. George gives him a special bath of soapy water every day. Hereward simply loves it. George squirts on him, and Hereward lies on his back and kicks his legs in the air. It's really quite pretty to watch them."

He nodded to Adams, and wandered through the crowd with Mrs. Jeremy. The collection of animals was remarkable; they varied in size from Adams's cart-horse to Jeremy's blight; in playfulness from the Vicar's kitten to Miss Trehearne's chrysalis; and in ability for performing tricks from the Major's poodle to Dr. Bunton's egg of the Cabbage White.

"There ought to be a race for them all," said Mrs. Jeremy. "A handicap, of course."

"Hereward is very fast over a short distance," said Jeremy, "but he wants encouragement. If he were given ninety-nine yards, two feet and eleven inches in a hundred, and you were to stand in front of him with a William Allan Richardson, I think we might pull it off. But of course he's a bad starter. Hullo, there's Miss Bendish."

Miss Bendish, hurrying along, gave them a word as she went past.

"They're going to have the inspection directly," she said, "and give the prizes. Is your animal quite ready?"

"I should like to brush him up a bit," said Jeremy. "Is there a tent or anywhere where I could prepare him? His eyebrows get so matted if he's left to himself for long." He took out a cigarette and lit it.

"There's a tent, but you'll have to hurry up."

"Oh, well, it doesn't really matter," said Jeremy, as he walked along with her. "Hereward's natural beauty and agility will take him through."

On the south lawn the pets and their owners were assembling. Jeremy took the leash out of his pocket and opened his cigarette case.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Hereward has escaped! Quick! Shut the gates!" He saw Adams near and hurried up to him. "My blight has escaped," he said breathlessly, holding up the now useless leash. "He gnawed through the chain and got away. I'm afraid he may be running amok among the guests. Supposing he were to leap upon Sir Thomas from behind and savage him—it's too terrible." He moved anxiously on. "Have you seen my blight?" he asked Miss Trehearne.

"He has escaped, and we are rather anxious. If he were to get the Vicar down and begin to worry him—" He murmured something about "once getting the taste for blood" and hurried off. The guests were assembled, and the judges walked down the line and inspected their different animals. They were almost at the end of it when Jeremy sprinted up and took his place by the last beast.

"It's all right," he panted to his wife, "I've got him. Silly of me to mislay him, but he's so confoundedly shy." He held out his finger as the judges approached, and introduced them to the small green pet perching on the knuckle. "A blight," he said. "Hereward, the Chief Blight. Been in the family for years. A dear old friend."

Jeremy went home a proud man. "Mr. J. P. Smith's blight, Hereward," had taken first prize in the All-round class.

* * * * *

"Yes," he admitted to his wife at dinner, "there is something on my mind." He looked at the handsome cigarette box on the table in front of him and sighed.

"What is it, dear? You enjoyed yourself this afternoon, you know you did, and Hereward won you that beautiful cigarette box. You ought to be proud."

"That's the trouble. Hereward didn't win it."

"But they said—they read it out, and—"

"Yes, but they didn't know. It was really Elspeth who won it."

"Elspeth?"

"Yes, dear." Jeremy sighed again. "When Hereward escaped and I went back for him, I didn't find him as I—er—pretended. So I went to the rose garden and—and borrowed Elspeth. Fortunately no one noticed it was a lady blight . . . they all took it for Hereward . . . But it was really Elspeth—and belonged to Lady Bendish."

He helped himself to a cigarette from the box.

"It's an interesting point," he said. "I shall go and confess to-morrow to Sir Thomas, and see what he thinks about it. If he wants the box back, well and good."

He refilled his glass.

"After all," he said, "the real blow is losing Hereward. Elspeth—Elspeth is very dear to me, but she can never be quite the same." A. A. M.

—————

"The stories that appeared half a century ago in the *Cornhill* have no prototype to-day." *Everyman's Literary Notes.*

Why literary?

NOBLESSE OBLIGE?

HONESTY is all very well as a policy but it is sometimes very bad manners. If I had only known how unspeakably straightforward and outspoken George Nesbitt was in the matter of victuals and drink I might never have taken him and his wife on after the theatre to supper at the only supping place in London, and I certainly shouldn't have handed him the wine list and her the menu. I should have myself ordered the *table d'hôte* supper and a bottle of the best and given them no chance. As it was, I left the choice to them, with the implication that expense was no object; and they took me at my word—always a dangerous thing to do...

Imagine my discomfiture, surrounded as I was by the pink of Society, to see George beginning at the wrong end of the wine list!

"Your appointed task is to select a wine," said I, "and not to collect curious information concerning mineral waters and cigarettes."

"Why wine," asked George, "and why not beer?"

"H'sh," I interrupted him apprehensively. "They might hear you."

"And what if they do?" said George. "Nay more, what if they see me?"

I asked, with horror, if he was aware what he was saying. He spoke, he assured me, and was about to act, with the utmost deliberation. He had no intention of belying his feelings or denying his taste in order to impress people who were really belying their feelings and denying their tastes in order to impress him. "I don't believe," said he, "either in their air of wickedness in general or their lust for champagne in particular. That fat jovial old gentleman over there, what is he but a keen man of business who has got rich by the most glaring industry, and would have got richer still if he had not been unable to be unscrupulous. Do you think he deceives me by smiling subtly as he drinks his champagne? Does he do it because it is his idea of pleasure? or in order to create an atmosphere and conceal his sterling qualities under a show of ultra-smartness? And his daughter there, what has she to do with the magnum? Do you think she really prefers these goings-on to a glass of hot milk and an early bed? Even the lubricated youth by her side, are his motives honest? I shouldn't be surprised to learn that, when there are no appearances to keep up and he is absolutely sure that there is no one looking, he quenches his thirst with shandy-gaff. As for us, are we not here to enjoy ourselves?"



Ticket-collector (after heated argument). "WELL, YOU 'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR HIM; HE ISN'T UNDER THREE."

Mother. "NO, BUT IF HE HADN'T GOT A NEW SUIT ON HE'D BE UNDER THE SEAT."

"What has that to do with it?" I said. "If you drink shandy-gaff here, I shall go."

George resumed the wine list. "Expense is at least no object with you?"

"Nor," said I proudly, "with anyone else in the room."

"With the others," he waved a dogmatic hand to include the whole room, "expense is the sole object, but you I take to admit that there are other things to drink besides mere bubble, and that the best of all liquids comes out of a barrel. Waiter, we will drink Pilsener, and so would everybody else if only it was extremely expensive."

To maintain my dignity before the waiter, "There is no such champagne," said I.

George was not to be stopped. "I want BEER. If it wasn't so late at night I should want stout. Bring me beer in a jug, and if anyone at a neighbouring table demands an explanation you will have to blurt out the truth that it is for a gentleman—one, that is, who will only drink what he likes drinking."

Kidneys on toast and beer! I turned from him in disgust to Mrs. George, who was engrossed in the menu, hiding, I thought, her shame at her husband's brutal conduct. But women, though they set about things more delicately, are just as bad as their men when you get at the truth of them. She blushed to say she was not hungry, though it was getting on for three hours since



Sentry. "ALT! 'OO GOES THERE?"

Belated Reveller. "BLONDIN!"

she had dined. She was actually afraid, more shame to her, that she could touch none of the substantial things. She would wait till we got to a later stage and then, if she might . . . might she? . . . Well, we had been rather a long time discussing the drink question and it had given her space to study the menu thoroughly; and right at the very end, in small print, she had discovered . . . did I mind? . . . semolina pudding, and semolina pudding and cream she couldn't resist. But nothing to drink, please. No, absolutely nothing.

What was left for me but to settle down to beer along with George? And the most depressing thing about the whole affair was the inner feeling that for once I was honestly enjoying a midnight meal at . . . But it would never do to give the name.

"Unseasoned bats are generally found to work unsatisfactorily, and at times split up into two creating a sort of disliking towards its manufacturer."

Advt. in "Poona Mail."

This is not putting it too strongly.

"In English cricket yesterday Kent beat Mayeup, Queen Ena and Iron Duke."

Glasgow Herald.

Kent's chance for the championship seems particularly rosy.

LINES TO A PORPOISE.

SEEN LATELY AT THE BRIGHTON
AQUARIUM.

O PORPOISE, gamesome beast and
wild,

You that were Liberty's true child
(Or so it seemed),
'Tis with mixed feelings that I gaze
On one well known in other days,
And much esteemed.

For, truly, of all ocean sights
You are the one that most delights
The sad, bored eye
Of him whose watch, horizon-bound,
Sees but the great deep stretching
round,
And no land nigh.

'Tis sweet to mark you sport and
frisk,
Taking the maddest kind of risk
From the sharp prow,
Yet, somehow, never cut in two;
How you escaped I never knew,
And don't know now.

And then to see you sprint, and skip
Light-hearted past the quivering ship
In idle cheer,
Or to engulf some hapless meal,
I know not, but the swiftest keel
Was nowhere near.

Yes, porpoise, you're an agile thing;
The young bird in his pride of wing,
The cub, the pup,
The kitten, too, delight to sport;
But, as a rule, they cut it short
As they grow up.

But you—nor years nor weight can dim
The fire of that hilarious vim
With which you shave
The steely prow, and leap, and dive,
And generally look alive,
But never grave.

One would have bet, a thing so free
Would find his life one sparkling spree,
A constant game;
Even the dour and ravening shark
Would merely lend an added lark,
To dodge the same.

But none, alas, may dodge the nets
Of Fortune when she really gets
Up to her tricks;
A moment's error, seen too late,
And these grim words announce your
fate—

"Tank No. 6." DUM-DUM.

"Tom McInerney was a prominent figure, but it was rather his stylo and earnestness than the number of his runs that signalled him out."—*Porcupine.*
This always used to be the umpire's business.



THE COLLECTOR.

UNCLE SAM. "SAY, JOHN, WHAT'S THIS GAME, ANYWAY? CRICKET? WELL, SEE HERE; MAIL ME A COPY OF THE RULES, WITH DATE OF NEXT INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP. I'M JUST CRAZY ON CUPS."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Mr. BONAR LAW.



Sir FREDERICK BANBURY.



Mr. McKENNA.



Mr. JOHN REDMOND.



Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



Mr. ASQUITH.

THE DAY OFF, AUGUST 4TH.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28. —WINSOME WINSTON'S statement with respect to purchase of oil for Naval purposes spoiled promising little game in which, as mentioned at the time, ARCHER-SHEE led off. The Marconi affair played out, it was desirable, if not absolutely necessary, to break out in fresh place. Oil contracts made (or not made) by the Admiralty seemed propitious. ARCHER-SHEE read somewhere that the Admiralty had made a contract with the Mexican Oil Company for a trifle of a million tons of oil. Now Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK was closely connected with this commercial undertaking. He was the man who as Chief Whip invested certain funds in American Marconis.

You see? What more natural than to suspect that he had used his influence with old Ministerial colleague to load the Admiralty with this stuff to be paid for by the taxpayer?

ARCHER-SHEE having set this million-ton ball a-rolling, a series of questions

about Admiralty dealings in oil began to appear on Paper. WINSTON, following example that shall be nameless, lay low and said nuffin'. Bided his time till House got into Committee on Naval Estimates. Then he let fly. The fable about purchase of a million tons of oil resolved itself into microscopic fact that order for a hundred tons had been placed with Mexican Company with business-like view to test its quality and value for Naval purposes. That point cleared up, WINSTON emphatically insisted that if there were other aspersions or insinuations now was the time to set them forth.

Thus boldly confronted, ARCHER-SHEE and his friends dropped subject like hot potato. To-day DOCTOR FELL picks it up. Wants to know if Admiralty contracts for supply of oil will be made only with companies established or registered in the United Kingdom? WINSTON declines to pledge Admiralty to such temptation. DOCTOR FELL not to be set aside in that fashion.

"In the event of war would not grave difficulties arise," he asked, "if we had contracts running with firms or companies in foreign countries?"

"Strange as it may seem," replied the First Lord with grave courtesy that perplexed the good Doctor, "that aspect of the case is borne in mind by the Admiralty."

House laughed. DOCTOR FELL began to wish he had left other people's hot potato where it was dropped.

Business done. — Report stage of Mental Deficiency Bill wrangled round.

House of Lords, Tuesday. — Engaged in Committee on Scottish Temperance Bill. So recently as a fortnight ago measure regarded as foredoomed to fate of Home Rule Bill and Welsh Church Bill. The Lords would have none of it as it came on from the Commons. Last Session peremptorily threw it out. Repetition of experience seemed inevitable. Sitting to-day presented transformation scene. The spirit (non-alcoholic) of the measure permeated

proceedings. Temperance was the order of the day.

Committee witnessed an affecting scene between BEAUCHAMP representing Government and SALISBURY leading Opposition. There was about it something reminiscent of a once popular, still vaguely famous, melodrama resulting in discovery of long-lost brother. As conversation proceeded one almost expected to see BEAUCHAMP bare his right arm, disclosing the mulberry mark which identified the strayed, loyally-mourned kinsman. Stepping short of that, Minister in charge of Bill publicly thanked noble lords opposite, especially the marquis, for their friendly attitude.

SALISBURY, brushing away a furtive tear, acknowledged generosity of remarks thus made, but modestly deprecated excessive share of commendation bestowed upon his unworthy self. The PRIMATE interposing at this juncture, the peers thought he was about to pronounce a benediction. Instinctively felt for their hats in which to bury their faces. He however merely wanted to say "how entirely he shared the satisfaction that arrangement had been arrived at, even if it were not completely satisfactory to the advanced wings of those who represented two sections of opinion."

Here were Some Emotions. The Meral not lacking. For the little more than an hour in which business was in hand the Lords presented object-lesson of the method and manner in which social legislation might be effected if Party politics were discarded and personal prejudice held in restraint.

Business done.—Scottish Temperance Bill passed through Committee without division. Reported with amendments involving concessions from both sides.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Yesterday morning adjourned at a quarter to four o'clock. Sat up all night with Mental Deficiency Bill. Another late sitting last night. Progress blocked by little band of malcontents on Ministerial side. Dulness of debate illumined by solitary flash. New clause moved abolishing death sentences in cases of mental deficiency in criminals.

"I would sooner," said WEDGWOOD in reflective mood, "suffer the death sentence than perpetual imprisonment under this Bill."

Scanty audience pricked up its ears. Obvious that whichever alternative were selected its adoption would necessarily lead to a vacancy in the representation of Newcastle-under-Lyme and the withdrawal at Question time, and through subsequent stages of a sitting, of a persistent personality.

No one rose from either side to suggest preference as to method of

procedure. Tacitly agreed to leave the matter entirely in Mr. WEDGWOOD'S hands.

Business done.—Colonel SEELY heckled about his aeroplanes. On vote for War Office salaries and expenses Ministerial majority drops to 33.

Friday.—During debate on Welsh Church Bill last Session, LORD BOB and COUSIN HUGO, fighting for preservation of the Establishment, its fabrics and endowments, were habitually hampered by inconvenient citation from historical works showing that in the spacious times of ELIZABETH and earlier the CECIL family ran LLOYD GEORGE pretty close in matter of hen-roosting in connection with Church property. In present House this inconvenience of remote ancestry is not widely felt.



Mr. FELL picks up the hot potato.

Interesting conversation in smoking-room to-day on subject of Members' claims to pre-eminence in respect of family antiquity.

SARK insists that the Member who boasts the longest descent sits for East Edinburgh. Careful study of the question has convinced him that Mr. HOGGE is the lineal descendant of Og, King of Bashan, who went out against the ancient Israelites journeying forth from the Wilderness.

Earlier in conversation ATHERLEY-JONES drew attention to probability that ATHERLEY is a modern variation on ATHELSTANE, King of the West Saxons and Mercia in the tenth century, later crowned sovereign of all the English. That he regarded as indisputable. But when it came to reading HOGGE for Og, it was, if he might say so, going absurdly beyond the extreme length of the animal. Besides, as contemporary chronicles record, the Israelites smote Og, King of Bashan, his sons and all his people, till there was none left alive.

"That being so, how do you account for HOGGE?" asked ATHERLEY with that inflexible logic that marks alike his Parliamentary and his forensic addresses.

"I can't always account for him," said SARK, "especially when he goes for the harmless SECRETARY OF SCOTLAND. All the same I am convinced of his royal descent."

TO MR. SIKES.

[At the recent congress of the British Medical Association the theory was put forward that crime is a good thing, being to the country what pain is to the individual and teaching valuable lessons.]

O Sikes, I am sorry. Had I only thought,

Or ever I gave you in charge,
Of the good that arose from the deeds
that you wrought,

You'd still be serenely at large.
'Twas finding you prowling about in
my room

(I hurt you, I fear, when we clinched
And your head hit the washstand) that
made me assume

You richly deserved to be pinched.

I opened the window and shouted right
well,

While prone on the carpet you lay;
A constable came (at my thirty-first yell)
And stolidly led you away;

The judge heard my story, accounted
it true,

And cut off the freedom you prized;
He apparently failed to remember that
you

Were really a blessing disguised.

Why didn't your counsel put forward
the plea—

Alas! he was painfully young—
That crime is a thing it is pleasant to
see,

Whose praises deserve to be sung?
Had I but reflected the night that we
met

On what is now patent and clear,
My welcoming palm in your own I'd
have set

And pressed you to supper (with beer).

"After being coached in swinging he went out on a private ground one day with several caddies and several boxes of balls, and drove off five hundred consecutive balls before he left his teeing ground. This was three years ago: to-day he is a sound scorer about 90."

Observer.

All the same, 87 is too late an age at which to take up the game.

"At the height of her fame Theresa achieved perhaps more than any music-hall singer has, even in these days of te htiump m m m m mm."—*Melbourne Herald.*

These ragtime days, in short.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"MR. AND MRS. HENRY HAWKINS ARE NOW BACK IN TOWN AND INTEND TO FURNISH THEIR NEW HOME IN THE HACKNEY ROAD WITH OBJETS D'ART ACQUIRED DURING THEIR HONEYMOON."

A LIGHT OFFENCE.

WE had just crossed a local Alp, when Pilecott dismounted suddenly in the lonely, pine-bordered road; and I experienced a twinge of that unreasonable sense of injury with which the punctured sometimes inspire the resilient.

But it wasn't that at all.

"I've had a feeling all day that there was something I'd forgotten," he said blankly. "I forgot to fill the lamps!" and he explained how he had emptied them overnight, to clean them, and had intended to refill them in the morning; but—well, I suppose a Perpetual Curate—that is Pilecott's *métier*—has lots of things to think about.

His contrition was very proper. It was, he owned, entirely his affair. He had mounted me in the dewy morning—since I was his guest and must be kept amused—on the bicycle that commonly goes district-visiting with his sister, and, on his new and spirited all-black, had given me a lead all day across a stiff country.

"Now, what had we better do?" he went on, in tones of suppressed agitation. "Unless my watch is fast, it's two minutes past Lighting-up Time."

I pointed out that nature herself had provided for the contingency by introducing a large and practicable moon into the sky that arched our homeward path.

"But it's past Lighting-up Time," he repeated, with such an air of simple goodness as should have left me abashed. But it didn't.

"Now, shall I ride back," he continued with a brave cheerfulness, "and get some oil?"

I thought of the Alp.

"Leave me, and turn Ultramontane?" I said reproachfully.

"Or, as we shan't pass a house for another six miles, shall we just walk?"

"Ride," I corrected him.

And then, standing in the pale moonlight, he told me the story of Ernest Gabbage. It was a true but unexciting story. Ernest, a young man generally of good principles, sang bass in the village choir. But this did not avail him in the hour of temptation. And when he was ordered to pay half-a-crown and costs for riding without a light, Pilecott had had to lend him the money till Saturday, and threw in a homily with the loan.

"So, you see, I can't risk being caught doing the same thing," he said. "I've got to think of the example."

So we set our faces sadly to the night.

We had not covered many leagues, however, before I remembered that I at least had not got to set an example to Pilecott's parish. Indeed, it would be rather presumptuous on my part . . .

I only rode at a gentle footpace. But even the district-visiting bicycle's footpace tried Pilecott. So I got off again; and, at Four Ways Mark, Pilecott bared his head to the night wind and stood a moment in thought.

"I suppose," he said, with a new diffidence, with a note of apology that I found touching—"I suppose cold cutlets are all right—if—if there's a salad."

"Quite all right," I conceded. "But I shouldn't like—I mean, if you think our delay will hurt the cook's feelings in any way—"

I watched him anxiously. There was, I think, an inward struggle. But the priest conquered the man. We went on again, footsore and dismounted.

"I had an aunt once," I said presently, as we emerged on a heathy plain, "a good woman, who believed that if you felt that what you did was right, and harmed nobody, why, then there was no harm in what you did." I stole a furtive glance at Pilecott's

EDWIN ARTHUR

face. Methought it looked pale and stern in the white moonshine.

"But perhaps that is rank heresy," I added hurriedly, urging in extenuation that she was a Dissenter.

On, on, and the road plunged into an oak wood. How it happened I never knew. Suddenly Pilcott was riding—I was riding, with an uplifting of spirit, with a lightness of heart that I had not known since half-past eight. I breathed an ampler air. I had become a wild thing of the Forest—but with a human appetite for cutlets.

And then there was a scrunching crash as four feet came to the ground together.

We wheeled our bicycles forward.

"Good night, Williams," said Pilcott cheerily to the shadow that had resolved itself into a policeman. "A fine, warm night."

"Yes, Sir;"—and still our fate hung in the balance. Oh, the slowness of rustic speech!—"good night, Sir," said Williams, the clement, the great-hearted.

There was an interval of chastened silence.

"We got out of it better than Ernest Gabbage did," was my tactless comment.

The Penitent said nothing.

"But of course," I added with sudden inspiration, "you can put half-a-crown and costs in the plate on Sunday."

Pilcott heaved a sigh of relief. "I certainly mean to," he said fervently. (But it was my idea.)

"And I," I said, lifting myself deliberately into the saddle. "So that's settled, and now we can have our money's worth with a clear conscience."

I don't know whether you can find any fault with my argument; but, if Pilcott did, he showed no outward sign of sin, but ate his cutlets like a man absolved.

Rubbing It In.

"The whole source of the trouble is now found to be in the existence of this secret society, the members of whom believe in a medicine which they call horri-form, the principal ingredient of which is human fat, for which is human fat, for which is human fat, for which a human victim is required."

Bournemouth Daily Echo.

The writer is determined to make our flesh creep.

From a letter in *The Times* :—

"Those who are acquainted with the Ulster Scot know that there is little of the jelly-fish about him. He may be told that his 'Covenant' was rash, that it was unpatriotic—yea, even that it is revolutionary—but he need not be asked to tread it under foot."

But that is the last thing we should ask of a jelly-fish.

INSURANCE IN THE LOWER SCHOOL.

Of course the whole thing has been squashed now. That's the worst of this place. It's simply no use having ideas, and if you do get hold of a good thing you may just as well chuck it unless you can keep it dark. And all the money had to be paid back—what was left of it. That was a pretty complicated affair to arrange to everyone's satisfaction, for, as the Ape said himself, unexpired policies are tricky things to value. It was the Ape who thought of it, and as he has always been a special pal of mine I was a good deal mixed up in it from the start. I should explain that he is an extraordinarily brainy chap, the Ape. He simply sent out a secret circular to say that he had started an insurance company, and most of the chaps tumbled to it tremendously. He collected nearly five bob the first evening. There was nothing that he wouldn't insure you against (young Forman, who was down with the flu, took out a life policy), but his principal lines were Insurance

- (1) Against being licked.
- (2) Against your rabbits dying.
- (3) Against making a blob in a match between forms.
- (4) Against your watch stopping before the end of the term. (In this case you had to prove that it had been wound up the night before in the presence of two witnesses, which was rather a nuisance.)

All that was pretty useful, as these are the four things that chiefly worry a chap at school. And later on he had a ripping scheme on a sort of sliding scale for insuring batting averages.

The Ape knew jolly well what he was doing. As I have said, he is a most extraordinarily brainy chap. He was an excellent judge of risks, and you never knew what sort of a premium you would have to pay. Billy Turton had to pay eightpence a week to insure against being licked (which was paid for at the rate of 1s. a licking, with a bonus of 3d. if he got more than four); but he took Little Mary—that's Field Junior—for a halfpenny a term. And as for rabbits he absolutely refused to take Billy's at any price at all. Which showed his wisdom, because there was some sort of infectious disease among them that cleared out the lot before half-term. The Ape did quite well out of rabbits. He paid young Carey to go round and feed them all in case their owners forgot; and after Billy's epidemic he went about with a syringe and freely drenched the place with carbolic.

I myself was simply insured up to the hilt. It cost me a good lot, but I had plenty of money at the beginning of term, and after it was all fixed up I felt rippingly snug and secure. I knew that simply nothing could possibly go wrong with me for the whole term, which is a topping sort of feeling to have. It didn't matter a bit if I left my new bat out all night or had to sing a solo in chapel or was bottom of the form and got snarky letters from home or broke rules or anything.

The trouble is that you never really know how things will turn out until you try. As the term went on some of the chaps who were insured against being licked began to find that they weren't getting their money's worth. And then there was a most extraordinary outbreak of crime. The authorities couldn't make it out at all. Chaps went down town without leave in batches of half-a-dozen at a time; supper parties were held in the dormitories; people were always climbing on roofs, breaking windows, cattyng the house-master's fowls, missing roll-calls. We really had a high old time for a week or two, till Beardmore Minor gave the whole show away. He had just been licked for bringing a soda-water syphon into form and spraying Watkins Major over his shoulder, and after he had had his six he was heard to remark in a thoughtful kind of way, "Well, that's ninpence, anyhow." And later on he confessed, under pressure, that he simply had to be licked as he had run out of jam for tea and couldn't afford a new pot.

That was how it came out.

A White Man.

"The Prime Minister is now as white as he will ever be."—*Glasgow Herald's* "London Correspondence."

This is bad news. We had always pictured the PREMIER's soul as growing whiter and whiter every season.

Master and Pupil.

"Percy James Milner (24), polisher, and John Callaghan (24), polished, both of Birmingham, were found guilty at the Manchester City Sessions."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

"It is encouraging to find that some of our visitors think more of the city than the residents, with many of whom no doubt familiarity breeds an unjustifiable contempt."

Grocott's Penny Mail.

A little rough on the residents.

From a notice in the Hotel Hassler, Naples :—

"Ring once for the chambermaid, twice for the porter, three times for the boot."

At the third ring, you see, the proprietor is seriously annoyed.



Lady. "ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T COME TO THE WRONG HOUSE? I ORDERED A ONE-HORSE 'BUS.'"

Driver. "THERE AIN'T NO MISTAKE, LADY; THIS IS A ONE-ORSE 'BUS. BLESS YOU, MAM, YOU'VE ONLY SEEN IT STANDIN' STILL."

MY BEAUTY SPOT.

I **TOUGHT** not to give the secret away, but I have some vestiges of conscience, and I feel I cannot leave the public in entire ignorance.

Of course you are pestered by men who will tell you how superbly the sun rises over the penny-in-the-slot machines at Billingsgate-by-the-Sea; who will boast of the weather they never had, and force on you the names of the hotels where they were overcharged. I am not one of those. I shall recommend no hotels; I shall indicate no railway routes; I shall just describe precisely what I see before me.

In front of me lie—perhaps I had better say stretch—no, in front of me *are*—vast expanses of brilliant blue sea and shimmering yellow sand. So vivid is the view that one involuntarily exclaims, "Aha! the light that never was on land or sea!" It is all that I can do whilst writing to refrain from stepping forward and taking a header into those refreshing blue billows. A bright promenade borders the sands and on it I see scenes of refined jollity. I see the nut and the flapper, but a polished nut pursuing a dainty flapper.

And on the pier gay pierrots are enlivening a happy throng.

I look to my right and I see bosky dingles—faint paths leading amongst flowering bushes, where the honeysuckle twines round the honeymooners; green arbours of silence where nothing is heard save the murmurings of sweethearts and the cooing of nightingales.

Turn to the left. There the great cliff rises majestic against the sky-line and an awful precipice of hundreds of feet ends in huge piles of rocks and a smuggler's cave. My heart thrills as I recognise the famous Maiden's Leap and think of its romantic story.

Behind me is a fair expanse of peaceful country crimson with poppies, and with a rippling stream running through well-wooded meadows.

You are looking for the skeleton in the cupboard?

Let me point out that the rainfall is *nil*; the temperature never rises above eighty nor falls below sixty-five; that the postal service is superb; the sanitation splendid; the amusements unequalled; and the cost of living is no more than in any great town.

You insist on knowing the precise locality?

But I don't know that I want you there. Above all things I hate a crowd.

Still, if you'll promise not to intrude whilst I am in residence—

Well, it is my flat, with a seaside poster on each of its walls, and there is not a watering-place in Great Britain to touch it.

The Climber.

"For Sale.—Cottage Piano made in Berlin, requires tuning, owner getting grand."
Advt. in "Pioneer."

We are afraid that he is giving himself airs, and so thinks that he can dispense with a piano.

"With an hour to play Westmount only succeeded in notching 40, Brebner showing good form for a well hit 2."
Quebec Chronicle.

We should like to meet BREBNER and tell him about our masterly 3 last Monday.

The London General Omnibus Company invites suggestions with the view of solving the problem of keeping seats on the tops of omnibuses dry during wet weather. What's wrong with the old-fashioned plan of sitting on them?

HOLIDAY PLANS.

July 24.—At last we have settled where to spend our holidays. We are going to Les Sentiers, a most delightful little place in Switzerland. The Mordaunts are there and give a most attractive description of it. They have promised to engage rooms for us at the Hôtel Bertrand, which they say is much the best. After all this uncertainty and discussion it is very pleasant to have fixed everything. The children are overjoyed. They are now practising the *jodel* in the garden.

July 25.—To-day I went to Cook's and bought the tickets—very expensive. Was quite ashamed of myself for asking so many questions about reserved seats in trains, and sleeping cars, and restaurants, and customs, and whether, if you travel second class, they admit you to meals on the train or make you get out at stations and eat there, which, as we are so many, would certainly make all or some of us get lost. A dreadful fate, to be lost on the Swiss frontier and to wander backwards and forwards under perpetual customs' examinations. After about an hour's talk with the gentleman behind the counter, with everything or nearly everything settled and paid for, I asked him about Les Sentiers. He said it was very popular during winter, which was, of course, the best time, but if we didn't mind the great heat during the day and the chilliness of the nights we should perhaps be able to enjoy ourselves. Some people, however, preferred Les Cailloux, where the hotel was newer. Decided to say nothing at home about Les Cailloux. As I came away I ran across Battersby in Piccadilly. Told him I was off to Switzerland. He said, "Wherever you go in Switzerland don't let anyone tempt you to stay at Les Sentiers." He then hurried off. Wonder what they did to him at Les Sentiers. Mustn't mention this at home either.

July 26.—Jack Moberley and Mrs. Jack motored down and lunched with us. Told them where we were going. They looked at one another and at first said nothing. Then Mrs. Jack broke out and said she was too old a friend to let us ruin our holidays by staying at such a dreadful place. Jack chimed in and said it was the last place on earth and he wouldn't be found dead in it. "Why the deuce," he added, "didn't you ask our advice? Now if you were going to Les Cailloux it would be different. Everything's All there, but Les Sentiers is beyond conception for dulness. You'll bore yourself stiff and the children will simply hate it." Unfortunately the children were present. After the Moberleys had gone we held a family council and decided to write to the Mordaunts and get them to countermand rooms at Les Sentiers. On Monday I shall interview Cook's and try to change our tickets for Les Cailloux.

July 27.—Coming away from church this morning we had a talk with Sir William and Lady Hartsley. Lady H. said she was sure we shouldn't care for Switzerland in the summer. In fact it was quite old-fashioned to go there except for winter-sports. This was overheard by the children, who have been under the impression that winter sports go on in Switzerland all the year round. At luncheon they all said they didn't want to go to Switzerland.

July 23.—Up to London and called again at Cook's. My friend behind the counter not quite so friendly. Seemed colder and more distant and tired more rapidly under my questions. After a good deal of worry got tickets changed for Les Cailloux. Lunched at the Club and found Frank Naylor there. Told him we were going to Les Cailloux. He said, "Then I pity you." According to him it's a terrible place. Happened to meet Mrs. Nicholson in Bond Street. She said, "Les Cailloux! You'll be roasted and you'll be robbed and you'll bore yourself to death. I've

been once, but never again for me." This was a facer. Told Alicia when I got home. She said, "Why go to Switzerland at all? Let's go to the Isle of Wight."

July 29—Up to London again, and called at Cook's. Friend behind the counter tried to hide when he saw me. I got rid of all our tickets, countermanded all reserved places, and, just to show there was no ill-feeling, took tickets from him for Totland Bay. Wired there for rooms.

July 31.—No rooms to be had in Totland. Dare not interview Cook's again. Shall throw the tickets away and stay quietly at home. The children very dependent and occasionally sarcastic. The Mordaunts wire to say we shall have to pay a week for rooms engaged at Les Sentiers.

THE GURRUMPORE LINKS.

The fairway, I grant you, is shocking,
'Tis a nightmare of villainous lies,
Of speargrass that works through your stocking,
Of foul and importunate flies;
The greens are "brunettes," they are branded
With the trampling of bullock and horse,
And yet, to be thoroughly candid,
We're proud of our Gurrumpore course.

And why? Ask the vulture that track'd us,
Poised fearless o'er eyrie and bluff;
Ask the cobra that gaped through the cactus
At the sound of our laugh in the rough;
Go, stand where yon cataract crashes
In a passion of thunder and foam,
And ask of our jubilant mashies
If they yearn for the hazards at Home.

Though a tigress may happen to stalk me
Through the shadows of cañon and chine;
Though the yowl of her offspring may balk me
Of holes that were morally mine;
Shall my golf be upset by a trifle,
When "a tiger (or adult or cñb)
May be gently removed with a rifle"—
Rule IX. of the Gurrumpore Club?

There's a lake at the fourth, such as HERRICK
Might have sung in some exquisite lay,
But it goes by the name of "Enteric"
Since the fate of a foursome in May;
And an obelisk marks where our captain
(+ 12 and a K.C.I.E.)
Topped an easy approach and was trapp'd in
The anthills that guard number three.

It's not a long course—you'll remember
The landship just after the rains
That robbed us of half in September,
But we're proud of the piece that remains;
Though no golf periodicals name it,
Though St. Andrews would greet it with mirth,
From the depth of our hearts we acclaim it
A course with no equal on Earth. J. M. S.

"What beginner at collecting has not been struck by the startling resemblance of the female of *Hypolimnas misippus* (Linn.) to the common *Danais chrysippus* (Linn.)? or by that of the moth *Episcopia rolydora* (Westw.) to the Papilios of the *Philoxenus* group?—just to mention two very self-evident instances."

Bombay N.H.S. Journal.

Personally, though we have been often struck by these likenesses, it has never been a really staggering blow.



"SEA-BATHING DOESN'T SUIT EVERYBODY."—*Medical Opinion.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MR. ARNOLD LUNN, in *The Harrovians* (METHUEN), sets out to write the school story as so many have done before him. Any man who was ever a Public School-boy will be struck by his realism and truth to life, but any man, on the other hand, who is still a Public School-boy will call the book "tosh" and will, no doubt, be right. Only a boy at Harrow could have written a story of Harrow in a manner likely to appeal to the present generation, and, as he must have written it in a language unintelligible to the outer world, the outer world must be content with Mr. LUNN's record of *Peter O'Neil* as being the nearest to the truth that it is likely to get. This *Peter* must certainly arouse much interest, but whether he will get sympathy is another question. Myself, never too tolerant of Radicals even in later life, found the prevalence of them in a School-house quite intolerable, and that this most priggish and aggressive of them should be patted on the back for shirking his games when a "new man," and, when raised by his scholarship to be Head of House, for using every legislative and executive authority to humble and degrade the "Footer Bloods" in the presence of the fags, was to me monstrous. He badly wanted kicking, and, if he still lives, I feel sure without knowing him that he wants it now more badly than ever. Mr. LUNN, I gather, is all for the amelioration of the lot of the small fry, the suppression of brute force and the triumph of intellect over muscle as well at school as elsewhere. Apart from my general belief that we suffer from too much of the intellectual nowadays, I foresee no good from the substitution in Public Schools of an aristocracy of brains for an aristocracy of beef. But, however much I may

disagree with his opinions, I must give him credit for a very fair and accurate and felicitous statement of the facts.

Always a timid starter with historical romances, I am happy to say that my plunge into *Before the Dawn* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) was not half so chilly and ealiginous as its title had led me to fear. All the same, the book needed a little courage and perseverance, in spite of the fact that KATHERINE JAMES, its author, had chosen for her background one of the most blood-warming episodes possible—the Garibaldian struggle for a united Italy. I said background, but as a matter of fact it occupied the best part of the stage. The interest of that tremendous revolution, of which the writer has evidently made a most careful study, often came near to obscuring her fictitious creations, instead of bringing them out in relief, as a background should. Whole chapters passed in which these young people were seldom met with, and not particularly missed. To *Philip Sinclair*, for instance, the English hero, I sometimes felt inclined to say, "*Sinclair*—er—yes, I think I do remember your name. Same school—er—m—excuse me, will you? I've just got to go off and meet GARIBALDI;" and the ramifications of a plot which was concerned with a concealed will and a mistaken identity, not to speak of other intrigues, needed really more time than I was able to spare from the pressing business of Italian politics and the siege of Rome. None the less, I was glad to see friend *Philip* depart safely for England with *Monica Erskine*, after they had both jeopardised their lives for the sake of a country not their own. *Philip* was a plucky fellow, if a trifle *naif* and over-credulous. For he was mistaken surely in supposing that Mr. Punch sent out a special artist to make funny pictures of the war, and he shocked me severely when he said, reproaching

himself for trifling with a girl's feelings, "If I allow myself to hear that bell many more times I shall be worse than a cad—a damned cad, as we used to say at Rugby." Tut-tut, *Philip!* all I can say is that this must indeed have been Before the Dawn.

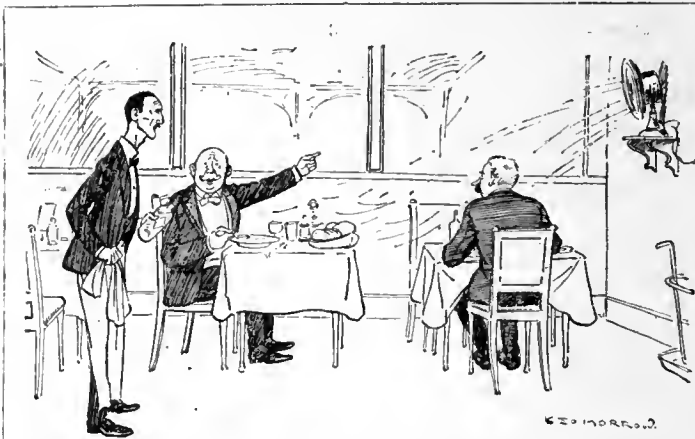
Mr. Whybrew's Princess (ALSTON RIVERS) is one of those stories that give you their argument in their title—at least very nearly. I opened it in the confident expectation of a strong, silent American millionaire, and a distressed Royalty from one of those states that the rise of Ruritania has made a little too frequent in fictional geography. As it turned out, I was practically right, the main difference being that the hero of Mr. HOWARD C. ROWE's novel is a north-country Englishman; but he is just as rich and strong and successful as the other type, and on the last page he is left exchanging pet names with the Princess in the same old way. One novelty is that the lady has in the meantime ceased to be what one might call a practical princess, her kingdom having become a republic. Also the villain of the tale, *Demetrios*, reigning usurper of *Transiola*, is perhaps even more villainously compounded than the generality of his species. The way he carries on in the attempt to defend his ill-gotten position from the efforts of *Mr. Whybrew* and party to kick him out of it is something dreadful, and will provide sensation-lovers with more than a sufficiency of murders and tortures and escapes and secret passages and all the rest of it. On the whole, indeed, though I am far from denying that its melodrama is tempered by a certain distinction, I was left with the impression that *Mr. Whybrew's Princess* would be more at home in paper covers. So attired, and with a picture in appropriate colouring, I should anticipate a long reign for her on the bookstalls.

Towards a New Theatre (DENT) reveals Mr. GORDON CRAIG still proceeding in this desirable direction upon the stepping-stones of his published works. There is this quality about Mr. CRAIG, that, having said once what he holds to be the truth, he never hesitates to say it again and again; and always apparently with the same fine careless rapture of conviction. Personally, I can only wish that I believed in his drawings half as much as I enjoy looking at them. In the present handsome volume forty of them are reproduced at large. Some of these you may remember, not long ago, at the Leicester Galleries; others are, to me at least, new. Anyhow, the art of their creator has here a fair trial. Art it certainly is; but, from the point of view of practical stage-craft, upon my word I don't know that one can say much more for it. I hope that this admission, regretful as it is, will not make Mr. CRAIG righteously indignant with me; for there are several instances in the book of persons who have been compelled by their consciences to object to this or the other design, on the ground that it was too vague, or lacking in point—and the pages of the letter-press are, so to speak, strewn with their corpses. Much of this letter-press is highly amusing, some of it vexatious, as for example when one looks to Mr. CRAIG for enlightenment

on a baffling illustration, and he elects instead to be rather cheaply cynical about something entirely different. But let me consolidate my faith. I do believe in Mr. CRAIG as an artist and a reformer; I acknowledge that he has already done great work; and, if it is the privilege of artists to become at times a little intoxicated with their inspirations, then that privilege I, very respectfully, concede him.

Upon first consideration I found *The Red Mirage* (MILLS AND BOON) vastly dramatic and moving, but a second and calmer thought prevents my passing it over without a captious remark or two. It is eminently a story of the hero and the heroine, the villain and the minx, and above all the man of strength, silence and imperturbability. The complications are infinite and adroitly contrived, and the Sahara makes a fine background for the clash of arms and passions involved. The atmosphere is wholly military, only one civilian intervening to any practical purpose and then to play the baser part. Army plans are stolen from time to time, the dishonour and punishment are vicariously suffered, and for the woman at the bottom of it there is little need to search. I cannot say how accurate may be

the representation of France's notorious Foreign Legion, that last resort of those who have lost everything except the fighting instinct. But it is very graphic and plausible, and it almost escapes one's notice that this legion, alleged to consist exclusively of the dregs of humanity, exhibits in its members little else than the most pleasing qualities of courage and unselfish generosity. Upon third, and personal, consideration, I refrain from emphasizing Miss I. A. R. WYLIE's great fault, her lack of a sense of the ludicrous, shown by the way in which



The Epicure. "WAITER, I WANT YOU TO SWITCH OFF THAT ELECTRIC FAN AT ONCE! IT'S WASTING THE FLAVOUR OF THAT GENTLEMAN'S FROZEN PTARMIGAN INTO MY SOUP."

she allows virtue and vice alike to go to such absurd lengths and by her habit of letting her people analyse aloud both themselves and each other in such strange phrases and at such strange times. In making the charge I am myself involved in it, for that I read the book with unaffected zeal from cover to cover and never paused to laugh or even smile at the contrast between it and real life.

The "Times" Literary Sensation.

Says SPIELMANN: "Here, through HEGER's *bonté*,
Are letters writ by CHARLOTTE BRONTË;
Says CLEMENT SHORTER: "Well, I'm blighted!
I thought I'd had 'em copyrighted!"

"Ce n'est que le premier pas. . . ."

From a list in *The Referee* of theatrical companies on the road:—

"'Her First False Step' (Sunderland to Glasgow)."
And a long one too.

"The Russian Court of Justice had ordered the first three volumes of the works of Leo Tolstoi in the Gorbunoff edition, containing the translation of the four Gospels, with notes by Tolstoi, to be destroyed."
Yorkshire Weekly Post.

To make this paragraph more acceptable, it has been headed "Motoring on the Cleveland Moors."

CHARIVARIA.

COLONEL SEELY has been elected a member of the National Liberal Club. We can only hope that this will serve as a warning to any other Unionist who thinks of going over to the enemy.

There is only one air-ship named Gamma. But there are several military aeroplanes known as "Gammon."

The fact that some members of the London County Council played bridge during an all-night sitting has been much commented on as an innovation, but we believe it to be a fact that the Corporation of London has a Bridge Committee which was instituted before the game was even invented.

"Over eighty abandoned cats," we read, "were picked up in the London streets on Thursday by the Animals' Rescue League." We are not at all sure that the expression "abandoned cats" is not a libellous one.

"Is there a Hell?" asks a volume recently published. Our New York Correspondent informs us that the doubt implied in this question has been greatly resented in Chicago.

Owing to its author refusing to supply the libraries with it on the day of publication a certain new book nearly became known as "The Woman Thou Wouldst Not Give Us."

Thieves who visited the residence of Mr. RENÉ BULL, the well-known artist, took away a small quantity of jewellery, but left his drawings untouched. Modern artists are getting used to insults of this sort.

The outburst of ill-feeling in the United States over our refusal to take part in the Panama Canal Exposition is a little bit difficult to understand. Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, Morocco and Siam have also declined the invitation. Why should we be singled out for attack?

Personally we would like to see Great Britain show just one exhibit, namely, a framed copy of the Panama

Treaty which the United States Government refuses to observe.

A Christmas greeting posted at Chiswick on the 24th December last was delivered at its destination, Market Square, Brentford, on the 29th July. It is only fair to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to mention that the 29th July was an exceptionally cold day.

According to Professor A. A. BERLE,

often felt that our own have been wasted on this trivial pursuit.

It is said that during the sitting of the International Congress of Medicine no one has dared to be taken ill in the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall for fear of perishing in the rush that would be made for him by the 6484 doctors.

Surgeon-General Sir David BAUER, who has returned to England from Central Africa, where he has been studying sleeping sickness, states that half the wild animals shot were suffering from this disease. If this be so the exploits of certain big game hunters become rather less miraculous.

"It is sixteen years since I was last here," said Senator JAFFRAY, of Toronto, at a luncheon given to him by Canadians at Prince's Restaurant last week, "but from what I see I am convinced that England is anything but asleep." That's so, Senator; it's these darned motor-buses that cause the insomnia. They'd keep even Canada awake.

In certain quarters the Balkan States are constantly being blamed for their war-like propensities. What nonsense this is! They're always making peace.

Commercial Candour.

From a circular:—
"Mr. Trilokinath Sharma writes:—'I have been unboundedly pleased with your sweet scented Kamunia Oil, which is a very useful preparation. It is an excellent remedy for headache. It cures it in no time; at the same time the hair becomes bright and smooth. Its perfume is so very strong that a man standing at a distance of 100 yards can enjoy it.'"

The Miler's Motto.

"Above all he would commend to them the well-known Latin quotation, 'Mens sana in corpore sano'—'A sound mind in a sound body.'"—*Bath and Wills Chronicle.*

DR. CHARLES GORING, in a criminological Blue-book just issued, says:—

"As regards cephalic measurements it is shown that in breadth of head Cambridge exceeds Oxford to about the same extent that Oxford men exceed criminals, but that criminals and Oxford men are equally longer-headed than the Cambridge men."

This should help parents in deciding whether to send their sons to Parkhurst or to one of the older Universities.



"ALONE IN LONDON."
PATHETIC WEST-END SCENE DURING AUGUST.

of Denver, "baby talk," in which parents indulge, is bad for babies. As a matter of fact many infants have for years looked upon it as an insult to their intelligence, and have refused to be interested in it.

Doris, the steam yacht belonging to Mr. SOL JOEL, and called after his daughter, has been re-christened *Eileen*. By way of counter-stroke we understand that DORIS has decided never again to call the sun Old Sol.

Mr. MARSHALL WHITLATCH, in an article in *The Century*, asserts that golfers do not need brains. We have

THE HEIRS OF HELLAS.

[On Wednesday last the HOME SECRETARY, presiding at the morning session of the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Abergavenny, made the following historical statement: "Since the times of the Grecian democracy no people but the Welsh have developed an institution like this, and it is your honour and glory to be the successors of the greatest artistic people in the world."]

O ISLES of Greece! O isles of Greece!
 (Where burning Taffy never sang),
 What though your warblers hold their peace;
 What though your lyres have lost their twang;
 Our choirs of Wales can do as well as
 Any old choristers of ancient Hellas.

Strange that, until the other day,
 Halfway, in fact, through yester-week,
 None had compared Apollo's bay
 With Cambria's local veg., the leek;
 Or noticed how a common fluid
 Flowed in the veins of Bacchic bard and Druid.

Who was it, steeped in pedant lore,
 That marked—what never yet was seen—
 The signs of kinship which they wore—
 The Welshman and the late Hellene?
 Who first conveyed this truth to men?
 He of the Celtic fringe, from Monmouth (N.).

Emerging from the Eisteddfod's chair
 He flung an eye o'er history's page
 And saw no rival record there
 Since Athens and the Golden Age.
 Where was its like? There wasn't any.
 'That 's what he told 'em down in Abergavenny.

Arising out of which remarks
 This further precious truth was found:—
 Not under bloated oligarchs
 Such beans of the bards abound;
 You never get the taste that 's Attic
 Except where governments are democratic.

Ah, well may Wales lift up her voice,
 When, full of sweetness and of light,
 A second PERICLES makes choice
 Of Criccieth for his cottage site,
 And breathes on this high bardic function
 A local air of Panhellenic unction! O. S.

KEEPING THE THEATRES OPEN.

["Miss Mary Forbes has had a few slight alterations made to the Third Act of *The March Hare* at the Ambassadors' Theatre, with the result that Mr. Harold Smith's piece now plays at a high speed and provides two hours of continuous laughter. During her sensational china-smashing scene a few nights ago Miss Forbes had the misfortune to let slip from her finger a very valuable diamond ring, which so far has not been recovered."—*Press, passim.*]

MR. PUNCH, who has been throughout in fullest sympathy with the great discussion on How to Keep the Theatres Open, is at present undecided whether to award the prize to Miss MARY FORBES. There are other cases of merit.

The MESSRS. MELVILLE have had a few slight alterations made to the Second Act of *Oliver Twist* at the Lyceum Theatre, with the result that the piece attributed to the late CHARLES DICKENS is now playing to packed houses. When the curtain rises on the interior of Mrs. Maylie's house the stage is seen to be crowded with plate and valuables, and Bill Sikes, instead of putting *Oliver* in through the window, comes to the footlights and extends a cordial invitation to Lyceum patrons to break in for themselves by means of a central gangway specially provided for the purpose.

At the Haymarket Theatre, where *Within the Law* is meeting with a success that is quite unprecedented, a trifling alteration has been made which is proving very popular. Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON, in conjunction with Sir HERBERT TREE, Mr. FARADAY, Mr. FENN, Mr. WIMPERIS and the author, has arranged that Joe Garson shall, at a crisis in the play's action, fire five-pound notes into every part of the house by means of a new Silent Tract-Distributing Pistol. Every member of the audience receives with his ticket a personal guarantee, signed by Mr. HARRISON, Sir HERBERT TREE, Mr. FARADAY, Mr. FENN, Mr. WIMPERIS and the author, to the effect that not more than nine notes out of every ten shall be counterfeit.

If anything could possibly add to the success of *Diplomacy* at Wyndham's Theatre, it is the announcement that during the sensational scene in which Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER draws from his pocket a cigarette-holder longer than any previously seen on the stage, the popular actor-manager allowed it one night last week to slip through his fingers and roll into the auditorium. The cigarette-holder, which is of solid silver handsomely chased, and is calculated to be of not less than twenty-four inches in length, has not so far been recovered. It is understood that if any stallholder should happen to come across it in the dark no enquiries will be instituted.

The enterprising management of the London Opera House have once more caused a few slight alterations to be made in their sensational entertainment. Some nights ago the Beauty Chorus (every member of which is understood to be worth not less than a quarter of a million dollars in the clothes in which she stands) had the misfortune to let slip from their necks a series of very valuable pearl necklaces, which so far have not been recovered. The misfortune occurred during a tour of the auditorium, and it is confidently expected that the invitation of the *revue's* title will now prove irresistible.

WANTED, INTEREST NOT CAPITAL.

A YOUNG MAN recently advertised in *The Times* that he would be delighted "if anyone would TAKE an INTEREST in HIM." He made no appeal for financial assistance, and the novelty of the idea should appeal to imitators. Thus:—

A WELL-KNOWN CLUBMAN would be grateful to any lady or gentleman who would be willing to listen to some of his Best Stories, say for an hour or so each day, and who would not object to an occasional repetition.—Address, BOREAS BROWN, The Chestnuts, Yarmouth.

A GOLFER (handicap 18), who seven years ago won monthly medal, would be glad to hear from others who would discuss the game with him for a few hours daily.—Address, T. PUTNAM GREEN, The Potbunks, Pulborough.

A GENTLEMAN would be grateful to anyone who would take an interest in his health by calling upon him periodically to make enquiries, etc. Advertiser is not actually unwell, but feels the absence of the attentions referred to.—Apply, Panel Cottage, Malinger-sur-Mer.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT who has never yet had an opportunity of addressing the House would be deeply obliged to any person or persons who would be willing to sit through an occasional speech from him, applauding at any passage which excited approval or admiration. The speeches would not, as a rule, be of more than two hours' duration.—Apply, Slate 35, The Bar, House of Commons.

Would some kindly disposed person permit Advertiser to send him or her once a week his views of LLOYD GEORGE?—Address, The Sanatorium, Lyme-on-the-Wash.



THE ENTENTE TUBE.

STEWARD (on night Channel boat). "IF THEY BRING IN THIS 'ERE TUNNEL, MY JOB'S GONE."

MR. PUNCH. "THAT'S THE ONLY SOUND OBJECTION I'VE HEARD YET."





Tramp (mistaking garden suburb householder for one of his own profession). "You 're WASTING YOUR TIME, CHARLIE. THE LAST TIME I CLIPPED THAT 'EDGE I WAS REWARDED WITH THREE 'A'-PENCE, A CUP O' TEA NEARLY WARM AND A PAIR O' CYCLING KNICKERS I WOULDN'T BE SEEN DEAD IN."

"THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT."

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

DEAR SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to a series of humorous drawings in your Journal depicting imaginary efforts to discover talent which could be utilised for the benefit of the country at the Olympic Games to be held in Berlin in 1916.

We are inclined to deprecate such light treatment of a very serious matter, and would like to point out that while your artist is fiddling with the subject, as it were, Rome would burn, if it were not for the efforts of ourselves and others equally anxious for the athletic welfare of the country.

Our own views are set forth in the brochure which we have enclosed with a copy of our Autumn Catalogue for your perusal.

The brochure has been specially compiled for us by Mr. Hyam A. Seelmann, a leading light in the American athletic world, and whom we have induced to relinquish an important post in the Games Department of John Moneywacker's famous establishment and to take up the even more onerous position of Manager of our Athletic Outfitting

Department (see Cat., p. 35). This fact alone speaks well for our determination to leave no stone unturned to uphold the prestige of Great Britain in the forthcoming Olympic struggle.

Our New Autumn Catalogue and Price List describes fully by means of letterpress and illustration our enormous stock, which has been manufactured in the firm belief that the chief requirements of an athlete are that he should be suitably clad (pp. 47-53) both during competition and after (see our "Sunbeam" Sweaters, with the little warm bath, p. 50), and that his weapons or implements, as the case may be, should be of the very best make and quality.

In this respect our new spring grip discus (43s. doz., rim brakes extra) will be found superior to any other on the market, giving longer flight at less cost, and the turned-up edge enables it to be of service on the dinner-table when not otherwise engaged.

A reference to our various makes and sizes of oars (pp. 71-76), tennis racquets (pp. 89-102), and javelins (pp. 113-118) will convince the budding athlete that we provide for every need in these directions. Our fencing foils—the "Panjandrum," with the little round button at top (pp. 133-135)—are the last word

in cold-rolled, old vatted spring steel; every blade is twenty over proof and marked "Excalibur" on every inch, without which none is genuine.

Our non-flam dumbbells and our Indian clubs, the latter made of real wood, are and have been for many years the talk of the athletic world (see a few of our unsolicited testimonials, pp. xxii-memiv.).

In the hope that these few lines will arouse you to a sense of your great responsibility in this matter, and trusting to receive your esteemed orders,

We remain, Yours, etc.,

THE OLYMPIC OUTFITTING CO., LTD.

From adjoining posters seen in Manchester:—

| | |
|---|--|
| "TEXTILE SPLIT: REMARKABLE SITUATION." | "LADY'S LAWSUIT ABOUT HER BATHING DRESS." |
|---|--|

The connection is obvious.

"Doubtless there are many of us who would be glad to pay rent with a red nose, as certain trustees at Bermondsey paid yesterday."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Speaking for ourselves we should be sorry to present such a spectacle.

HOLIDAY HINTS.

THE Paris Correspondent of *The Daily Mail* recently contributed to the columns of that journal a full account of the recommendations issued by Dr. F. HELME to mothers leaving home for seaside or country holidays. These recommendations, however, are confined entirely to a list of medicines, including serum for snake-bites, phials of morphine, etc. It has occurred to *Mr. Punch*, always solicitous for the welfare of the young, to supplement this imperfect catalogue of remedies with a number of useful hints to parents and guardians for grappling with holiday emergencies. For greater convenience of reference, these are arranged in alphabetical order.

ANIMALS, WILD, ESCAPED FROM MENAGERIES.—The most satisfactory way of dealing with this emergency is to engage a lion-tamer for the holidays and never allow any of the young people to go far afield without him. In case of a division of the party there should be one lion-tamer for each group. Failing this method, the next best is summed up in the rule: Never go for a country walk without a red-hot poker. (The poker can be kept red-hot in a specially constructed Vacuum Calidus Case, which can be purchased at Ram-jach's.)

BULLS, MAD, MEANS OF SOOTHING.—No affectionate parent should permit any excursion to be taken in pastoral districts without providing at least one of the party with a bottle of chloroform or some other powerful narcotic, in case of attacks by mad or misanthropic oxen. Some American millionaires have gone so far as to retain the services of an expert Spanish bull-fighter expressly for the purpose of securing the safety of their children and friends, but the cost is prohibitive to most professional Englishmen. N.B.—The best way of administering the chloroform is to drench the bag of a butterfly net and then put it over the bull's head.

EAGLES, HOW TO RESCUE CHILDREN CARRIED OFF BY.—The cryics of these birds being as a rule situated in well-nigh inaccessible places, climbing-irons are an essential requisite of the holiday outfit. But it is as well to supplement

them with a small howitzer. Accurate aiming is, of course, indispensable, as a badly discharged bomb might hit the child but spare its captor. On this account it is perhaps preferable to lure the bird away by the bait of some specially appetising viands, such as Caviare, or Bombay Duck, or Limburger Cheese.

GYPSIES, PRECAUTIONS AGAINST.—The large increase of the Romany race, due to the immense spread of the cult of Borrow, has been attended by

highly desirable to include in the holiday outfit a harp, or harps, for the purpose of soothing children to sleep. Lists of pieces of a specially soporific character can be obtained from any good nerve-specialist. These are generally known as Chlorales, varying in degrees of intensity.

LIMBS, ARTIFICIAL.—A good supply of false legs, arms and eyes should always be laid in to meet the requirements of adventurous children when holidays are spent in rocky districts.



AT HYGIENE HOUSE.

The Superintendent. "Now, Sir, it's time for your sun-bath on the roof."

serious results in the way of the kidnapping of children of wealthy parents and holding them to ransom. To guard against such disasters, it is strongly recommended, (1) that all children should be marked in indelible ink with their names and addresses; (2) that when left by themselves they should be securely tethered by unbreakable chains to absolutely immovable objects; (3) that where this is impossible each child should be provided with a powerful steam whistle or siren to acquaint its parents as to its whereabouts.

INSOMNIA, MEANS OF TREATING CHILDREN SUFFERING FROM.—It is

MOTORISTS, ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUTHFUL.—The irritation so generally felt by the high-spirited youth at obstacles to his progress will be largely allayed if thoughtful parents provide him with pea-shooters and air-guns for the regulation of tiresome pedestrians, cyclists, poultry, sheep, dogs, etc. A very pretty game can be played between the occupants of the two sides of the car, the object being to see which can score most hits.

NOSE-BLEED, REMEDIES FOR.—After all, the best remedy for this common summer complaint is the old device of putting keys down the patient's back. A bunch of keys should accordingly be taken for each member of the party, varying in size with the age and weight of the individual.

OIL, FOR ROUGH PASSAGES.—In cases where families are proceeding to the Hebrides or other holiday resorts which involve a sea passage in small steamers, considerate parents or guardians will not fail to provide themselves in ad-

vance with a liberal supply of oil in barrels or tanks, for the purpose of assuaging the disturbance of the troubled waters.

RAILWAY ACCELERATORS.—It is often found that children who start away from London in high spirits at fifty miles an hour on some main line route become impatient, fretful and refractory when they exchange this exhilarating speed for the slow crawl of a local line. To meet this difficulty parents will find it helpful to take with them auxiliary engines to assist locomotives incapable of hauling a passenger train at more than twenty miles an hour up a steep incline. These can be



Sergeant. "HERE! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU AT? LIE DOWN; YOU 'LL GIVE THE WHOLE BALLY SHOW AWAY."
 Entomological Private. "HANG IT, MAN, I MUST HAVE IT. IT'S AWFULLY RARE—A DOTTED IDDYUMPTICUS."

carried on a truck with steam up until such time as occasion arises for their use, and then transferred to the rails. The cost is extraordinarily small, considering the result on the temper of the passengers, averaging only about £100 a journey (exclusive of initial outlay).

SHARK-BITES, PRECAUTIONS AGAINST.—Where bathing is indulged in it is as well to provide juveniles with special water-wear, made of chain-mail, to resist the dental attack of these dangerous monsters. To counteract the access of weight, it is desirable to have the chain-mail fitted with unsinkable aluminium air chambers.

STOVES, PORTABLE.—In this context we may also insist on the necessity of small portable stoves to restore caloric in children who stop in too long when bathing.

Another Impending Apology.

From a criticism of a musical comedian:—

"It is not much good saying he was funny because he could not help being otherwise."
South China Morning Post.

A FATAL FLAW.

I SAT upon her dexter hand
 One day in London's busy whirl
 (A rhyme of lasting value) and
 Thought her a charming girl.

Not to embark on detailed praise,
 Her voice was low and very sweet;
 I liked her looks, her voice, her ways;
 Her figure, too, was neat.

Her converse gave me evidence
 Of an extremely active mind;
 Here is, I said, a girl of sense;
 This is indeed a find.

I will not say she took to me
 As I to her, lest you should mock;
 But it's the solemn fact that we
 Got on like one o'clock.

The garments that I chanced to wear
 Were now, and fresh as early May;
 I luckily had had my hair
 Cut on the previous day.

Happening gently to enquire,
 She clung, I learned, to rural scenes
 (As I do) and her doting sire
 Was dowered with ample means.

And thus she cast on me a spell
 So rapid and of such a flame
 That I had grown to love her well
 Before the coffee came.

And when the ladies left their male
 Companions to the wonted smoke,
 I did not heed the cheerful tale
 Nor chortled at the joke.

The customary talk of man
 Just then allured me not at all;
 I sat determining a plan
 To ask if I might call;

And let my fancy play about
 In dreams (ah me!) of wedded bliss,
 Which, but for what occurred, no doubt
 I had attained ere this.

But, when I saw her next, a blight
 Fell on me with a sudden chill;
 The maiden stood up to recite:
 And I am single still.

DUM-DUM.

"A great pearl robbery at Narraganset Pier is now exciting American society. The victim of America's ablest detectives is Mrs. Charles Rumsey."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*
 Yet another American police scandal?

THE MISSING CARD.

WHAT I say is this: A man has his own work to do. He slaves at the office all day, earning a living for those dependent on him, and when he comes home he may reasonably expect not to be bothered with domestic business. I am sure you will agree with me. And you would go on to say, would you not, that, anyhow, the insuring of his servants might safely be left to his wife? Of course you would! Thank you very much.

I first spoke to Celia about the insuring of the staff some weeks ago. Our staff consists of Jane Parsons the cook, the first parlourmaid (Jane) and Parsons the upper housemaid. We call them collectively Jane.

"By-the-way," I said to Celia, "I suppose Jane is insured all right?"

"I was going to see about it to-morrow," said Celia.

I looked at her in surprise. It was just the sort of thing I might have said myself.

"I hope she won't be unkind about it," I went on. "If she objects to paying her share, tell her I am related to a solicitor. If she still objects, er—tell her we'll pay it ourselves."

"I think it will be all right. Fortunately, she has no head for figures."

This was true. Jane is an excellent cook, and well worth the £75 a year or whatever it is we pay her; but arithmetic gives her a headache. When Celia has finished dividing £75 by twelve, Jane is in a state of complete nervous exhaustion, and is only too thankful to take the nine-and-sixpence that Celia hands over to her, without asking any questions. Indeed, *anything* that the Government wished deducted from Jane's wages we could deduct with a minimum of friction—from income-tax to a dog-licence. A threepenny insurance would be child's play.

Three weeks later I said to Celia—
"Has an inspector been to see Jane's card yet?"

"Jane's card?" she asked blankly.
"The insurance card with the pretty stamps on."

"No . . . No . . . Luckily."

"You mean—"

"I was going to see about it to-morrow," said Celia.

I got up and paced the floor. "Really," I murmured, "really." I tried the various chairs in the room, and finally went and stood with my back to the fire-place. In short, I behaved like a justly incensed master-of-the-house.

"You know what happens," I said,

when I was calm again, "if we neglect this duty which Parliament has laid upon us?"

"No."
"We go to prison. At least, one of us does. I'm not quite sure which."

"I hope it's you," said Celia.

"As a matter of fact I believe it is. However, we shall know when the inspector comes round."

"If it's you," she went on, "I shall send you in a file, with which you can cut through your chains and escape. It will be concealed in a loaf of bread, so that your gaolers shan't suspect."

"Probably I shouldn't suspect either, until I had bitten on it suddenly. Perhaps you'd better not bother. It would be simpler if you got Jane's card to-morrow instead."

"I will. That is to say, I'll tell Jane to get it herself. It's her cinema evening out."

Once a week Jane leaves us and goes to a cinema. Her life is full of variety.

Ten days elapsed, and then one evening I said— At least I didn't. Before I could get it out Celia interrupted:

"No, not yet. You see, there's been a hitch."

I curbed my anger and spoke calmly.

"What sort of a hitch?"

"Well, Jane forgot last Wednesday, and I forgot to remind her this Wednesday. But *next* Wednesday—"

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Well, if you'll tell me what to do I'll do it."

"Well—er—you just—you—I mean—well, they'll tell you at the post-office."

"That's exactly how I keep explaining it to Jane," said Celia.

I looked at her mournfully.

"What shall we do?" I asked. "I feel quite hopeless about it. It seems too late now to do anything with Jane. Let's get a new staff and begin again properly."

"Lose Jane?" cried Celia. "I'd sooner go to prison—I mean I'd sooner you went to prison. Why can't you be a man and do something?"

Celia doesn't seem to realise that I married her with the sole idea of getting free of all this sort of bother. As it is I nearly die once a year in the attempt to fill up my income-tax form. Any traffic in insurance cards would be absolutely fatal.

However, something had to be done. Last week I went into a neighbouring post-office in order to send a telegram. The post-office is an annexe of the grocer's where the sardines come from on Jane's cinema evening. Having sent the telegram, I took a sudden

desperate resolve. I—I myself—would do something.

"I want," I said bravely, "an insurance stamp."

"Sixpenny or sevenpenny?" said the girl, trying to put me off my balance at the very beginning.

"What's the difference?" I asked.
"You needn't say a penny, because that is obvious."

However she had no wish to be funny.

"Sevenpenny for men-servants, sixpenny for women," she explained.

I wasn't going to give away our domestic arrangements to a stranger.

"Three sixpenny and four sevenpenny," I said casually, flicking the dust off my shoes with a handkerchief.

"Tut, tut, I was forgetting Thomas," I added. "Five sevenpenny."

I took the stamps home and showered them on Celia.

"You see," I said, "it's not really difficult."

"Oh, you angel! What do I do with them?"

"Stick them on Jane," I said grandly.
"Dot them about the house. Stamp your letters with them—I can always get you plenty more."

"Didn't you get a card, too?"

"N—no. No, I didn't. The fact is, it's your turn now, Celia. You get the card."

"Oh, all right. I—er—suppose you just ask for a—a card?"

"I suppose so. And—er—choose a doctor, and—er—decide on an approved society, and—er—explain why it is you hadn't got a card before, and—er—Well, anyhow, it's your turn now, Celia."

"It's really still Jane's turn," said Celia, "only she's so stupid about it."

But she turned out to be not so stupid as we thought. For yesterday there came a ring at the bell. Feeling instinctively that it was the inspector, Celia and I got behind the sofa . . . and emerged some minutes later to find Jane alone in the room.

"Somebody come to see about an insurance card or something," she said.
"I said you were both out, and would he come to-morrow."

Technically I suppose we were both out. That is, we were not receiving.

"Thank you, Jane," I said stiffly. I turned to Celia. "There you are," I said. "To-morrow something *must* be done."

"I always said I'd do it to-morrow," said Celia. A. A. M.

"One of the many engagements that are always announced at the close of the season is that of Miss Constance —."—*World*.

We wish her better luck this year.

GREAT LITERARY SENSATION.

DICKENS AND MRS. HARRIS.
FIND OF VALUABLE LETTER.
VIEWS OF EXPERTS.

IT is *Mr. Punch's* privilege this week to throw light for the British public upon one of the most interesting secret chapters in the history of our literature.

It will probably come as a surprise, if not a shock, to our readers, howsoever versed they may be in the byways of bookland, to learn that one of the most famous characters in *Martin Chuzzlewit* not only had a prototype in real life but in CHARLES DICKENS'S youth inspired him with the liveliest feelings.

It is common knowledge that DICKENS was born at Portsmouth. Whether or not the lady whom afterwards he described for mankind as *Mrs. Harris* was born there too, we cannot say, nor indeed has research yet yielded her maiden name; but the irrefragable fact remains that at some time during his adolescence the young genius soon to dazzle the world as "Boz" expressed the warmest admiration for a mysterious lady unnamed, and all the evidence goes to prove that it was she whom later in life he rendered immortal in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. There is no direct evidence, but if ever circumstantial evidence spoke the truth it speaks it here.

The letter which has been placed in our hands is so surrounded with mystery that we can say little that is definite; we are not even at liberty to state from what source it comes. Let it suffice that we are ourselves satisfied with the *bona fides* of the present owners, who are beyond question the descendants of *Mrs. Harris*, although that is no more their name than it was hers. DICKENS, the soul of honour and delicacy, could never have used a real name; nor shall we. At the most we may say that the representatives of the family are now residing in a picturesque Spanish chateau, and that they have placed in our hands this document, hitherto so jealously guarded from the public eye, to do as we like with.

Before coming to the letter itself let us consider for a few moments the character of *Mrs. Harris*. For one thing she is never seen. All that we know of her we know by hearsay. Her friend, *Mrs. Gamp* (one of the leading nurses of her time), testifies to her existence and her good sense and sympathy, otherwise we should know nothing.

It is the same in the letter. Even as a younger woman she still was mysterious. DICKENS seems to have treated her rather as an ideal—shall we say a Grail?—than as an entity of flesh and blood. It was years after this letter



Aunt Jane. "REALLY, GLADYS, THE BATHING DRESSES YOU GIRLS WEAR ARE DISGRACEFUL. LOOK AT ME; DO I SHOW MY FIGURE?"

that he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, yet he forgot nothing. *Mrs. Harris*, as he then called the object of his early passion, is still vague, impalpable; but through the vivid eyes of her friend, *Mrs. Gamp*, we see her older, wiser.

The letter is dated April 1, 1828. DICKENS, it will be remembered, was born in 1812, and was thus in the neighbourhood of sixteen—a notoriously inflammable age.

We should premise that the italics in it are our own; but were ever phrases more significant read in the light of after events? After perusing the letter the reader will more than ever wonder how it came to be preserved. Though they may not be responsible for this, the heirs of DICKENS are surely its legal owners.

But here is the precious document:—
BELOVED,—If only I knew who you were and what you looked like how much

happier I should be! Yet should I? This is a question which I ponder throughout the watches of the night. To love an unknown is to palpitate in the presence of every woman. I do not even know if you will get this letter, since if I put no address on it how can it ever reach you? And how can I put an address if I do not know one? *I do not even know that you exist at all*, but it relieves my feelings to address you thus. If ever I can make you famous trust me to do so. At present I am all at sea about my future, but should I at any time take, as I sometimes dream of doing, to fiction, you may rely upon being *one of my dearest heroines*.

Fond charmer, farewell.

Your adoring C. D.

Proofs of the above article having been sent to various of those eminent



Actor. "I MUST INSIST ON BEING PAID FOR REHEARSALS."

Manager. "WHAT ON EARTH FOR? I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING."

Actor. "BECAUSE LATELY I'VE HAD SO MANY SIX WEEKS' REHEARSALS FOR A TEN DAYS' RUN. BUT I DON'T MIND GIVING THE PERFORMANCES FREE."

men whose opinion on everything is so valuable, we are in the fortunate position of being able to print a selection of their comments.

Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL writes: "Since the BRONTË bombshell fell and proved once and for all that CHARLOTTE did not invent her Professor, there has been nothing so epoch-making as the discovery of the Dickens-Harris romance. As an old student of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which I first read in a corner of the Manse library at Feecelewish, near Canterbury, in the green monthly parts in which it was issued, I must confess that the revelation is no surprise to me, for there are words in which DICKENS refers to this romantic lady which either meant something or nothing. But I can understand that to the mass of readers the story will be startling. The thanks of the whole world are due to *Punch* for its enterprise."

Sir CLEMENT SHORTER writes: "Although not interested as a rule in other

students' discoveries, I must admit to feeling a flush of excitement as I perused this absorbing letter. - Probably no one in either hemisphere has a finer collection than myself of books relating to the wizard of Gadshill, which occupy exactly eighty-three shelves of the hovel in which I take shelter when the toils of the day are done."

Sir GILBERT PARKER writes: "As one of the most prolific of modern novelists may I say that the story of the young DICKENS's infatuation for this lady is well within the bounds of credibility. Most youths destined one day to enthrall their fellows by the magic of the written word would have to plead guilty to similar periods of enamourment. I recollect—" [Next, please.—Ed.]

Mr. FRANK HARRIS writes: "An absorbing narrative. . . . But she was, strange to say, no relation of mine, nor did I ever interview her."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., writes: "A more astounding pageant of heart-

beats never found its way to paper. All our ideas of DICKENS must be revised by the light of this supreme discovery."

Mr. HALL CAINE writes: "Weary as I am from the task of putting forth another earth-shaking romance, I may, I trust, be excused from entering minutely into this matter. It was my privilege to know DICKENS personally, and he always struck me as a man in whose deep recesses in early youth a fierce fire might have glowed, leaving behind it such scars and cicatrices as an unrequited passion is known by masters of the human heart to cause. I say no more, except that an analysis of certain cognate effects of the emotion of love will be found in my new novel, which has just succeeded in getting noiselessly born into a hard world."

"Two boys, Oundle and Tonbridge, tied for the Spencer Cup. In the shoot off the Cup was won by Oundle."—*Eastern Province Herald*.
Young Master Giggleswick was unplaced.



ÆSCULAPIUS IN LONDON.

MR. MCKENNA (to Presiding Deity of International Medical Congress). "YOU LOOK AS IF YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT MICROBES, SIR. COULDN'T YOU FIND ME AN ANTIDOTE TO THIS?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 4.
—Bank Holiday; shops shut; banks closed; City empty; all the world abroad in search of amusement. GENERAL CARSON finds his in Ulster where he has stirred the population to profounder depths by hinting at issue of warrant for his arrest by "this wretched, rotten, discredited and hireling Government."

"Let them come on," said the Defiant Covenanter. "I know nothing about their intentions. I care less."

Rather spoiled effect of this bold declaration by the aside, "It may be true



"The Defiant Covenanter."

they have issued a warrant. One thing I feel certain of is they will never execute it."

Following general example House of Lords is literally shut up. Peers off to Hampstead or Greenwich bent on making a day of it. Only the Commons, dogged in industry, loyal to call of duty, go on with their work as if Bank Holiday were not.

Cannot say we are inconveniently crowded. Gaps on both sides, including two front benches. When SPEAKER took Chair one quarter of House was, by exception, thronged to fullest capacity. This the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery appropriated at opening of sittings to accommodation of Parliamentary agents in charge of Private Bills. As usual in last fortnight of a session there is accumulation of these measures. Urgent anxiety to get them through before Prorogation.



"Peers off to Hampstead."

Fully a score stand on Order of the Day awaiting permission to advance a stage. In ordinary circumstances this would be agreed to as matter of course. Circumstances to-day not ordinary. TIM HEALY is interested in a Bill promoted by Urban District authority of Kingstown to provide electric lighting for the town. Board of Trade eliminated this provision.

TIM, accustomed to trace untoward circumstances back to Source of All Evil, discovers in this procedure hand of JOHN REDMOND. Why or wherefore no one out of Ireland can say. However it be, suspicion suffices to bring TIM up in arms.

"If they put out our light," he grimly says, "I'll put out everybody else's."

Good as his word. As Clerk at Table read out list of Private Bills with proposal that they should be read a third time, TIM, half rising from his seat and politely removing his hat, murmured, "I object."

That sufficed. The wisdom of Parliament in this respect provides no

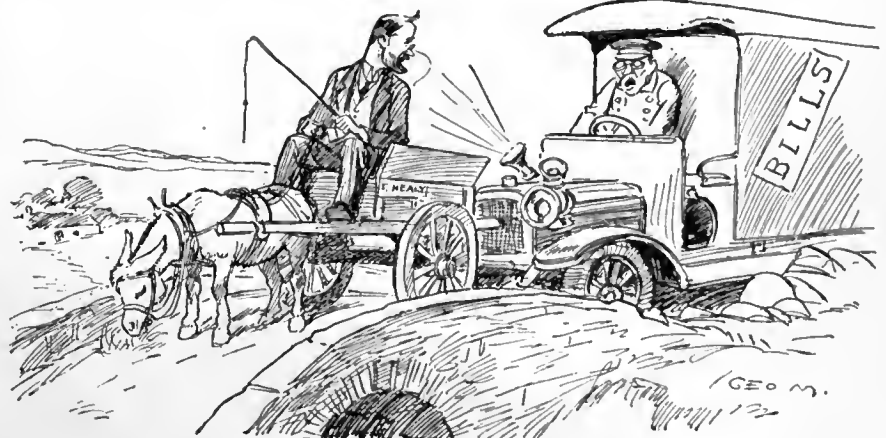
appeal against dictum of a single member, animated by whatsoever personal motive. One by one the Bills were blocked. The end reached, the Parliamentary agents slowly filed out of Gallery, despair written on their brows, dejection enfeebling their footsteps. Spectacle calculated to move the hardest heart.

"Sorry for them," said TIM. "Good chaps, I'm sure, and I don't care tuppence about their Gas and Water Bills. I'm concerned only for Kingstown's little scheme. They'd better call and see JOHN REDMOND and come back to-morrow."

Business done.—Report Stage of Supply closed. Four million sterling voted as rapidly as questions put from the Chair.

Tuesday.—Ever since last Wednesday, when five stout Unionists were discovered in a single bathroom, in preparation for a snap division, what time the Terrace silently filled with figures entering on tiptoe through the passage leading from the Speaker's Courtyard, Ministerial Whips have been in state of feverish perturbation. Ambuscade defeated only by rarest turn of luck. Whisper of the plot reached Whips' Room just before dinner hour. Extraordinary effort succeeded in mustering a majority. As it was it ran down to thirty-three.

Reported that at least one more attempt will be made on this lofty plane of opposition to defeat Government before Prorogation. Accordingly, in these closing days of a session un-speakably wearying, Ministerialists are not only brought down every day in full number; they are throughout the sitting shepherded with assiduity that prevents escape. Bitterness of the cup aggravated by discovery that Opposition Benches remain half-empty. When division bell rings less than a hundred saunter into Opposition Lobby, whilst



TIM HEALY holds up a few Bills.

two hundred and fifty to three hundred weary patriots troop into the other.

This circumstance obviously does not alter the situation. Rather it imposes increase of precaution. A few nights of this kind of thing has inevitable tendency to disarm suspicion and slacken effort. That done, the bath-rooms may again on eve of critical division become inconveniently populated, and the darkened Terrace swarm afresh with ghostlike figures watchful for signal to rush the House.

'Tis a noble game, maintaining loftiest traditions of Mother of Parliaments. One sometimes marvels what that shrewd observer the Man in the Street thinks about it.

Business done.—The MEMBER FOR SARK gives notice of a Bill to amend The Public Washhouses and Baths Act. Seems hopeless to endeavour at this period of session to attempt fresh legislation. SARK explains that it is a one-clause measure prohibiting overcrowding of bathrooms. Even if it is blocked its introduction will serve good purpose since it will thereupon be printed and circulated, affording opportunity for reflection during the Recess.

TIM HEALY triumphs over Board of Trade in respect of their meddling with the Kingstown private Bill. Friendly understanding arrived at, other private Bills will be allowed to make progress.

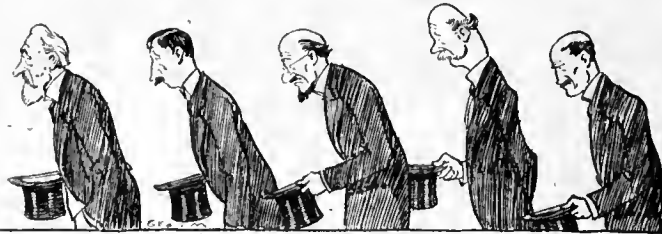
Friday.—A few days ago BONNER LAW publicly confessed that House of Commons is rapidly losing its interest. In measure the statement is incontestable. Various explanations might be offered. Most obvious is change of *personnel*, marked in especial degree on Front Opposition Bench. Have known the place longer even than BONNER LAW. Man and boy have lived in closest intimacy with it for full forty years. Confess to occasional fleeting mood of impatience at recurrent intervals of dulness. But *au fond* House remains what it always has been, a marvellous microcosm of humanity. In common with humanity it suffers from a tendency to descend to pettiness of manner. But it is capable of rising to loftiest heights.

Just heard of little incident that illustrates its multiform character. Hesitate to set it forth in cold print. Seems too intimate to gossip about, yet too charming to hide.

In the ranks of one of the sections of Party which make up conglomerate of the House is a Member who in point of service ranks among the

oldest. The best part of a life now drifting on to limit of three-score-years-and-ten was spent in tumultuous career of War Correspondent. Privation suffered in discharge of duties in field and camp that won for him high place in world of journalism undermined his health, leaving him in condition approaching physical helplessness.

Does not often come down to fill the



"Parliamentary agents slowly filed out of gallery, despair written on their brows."

seat reserved for him by easy access from door under Strangers' Gallery. Sometimes talks of retiring from scene familiar for more than thirty years. Colleagues will not hear of such thing. As long as he likes to hold the seat his constituents will return him, and his comrades at Westminster will welcome him. So when his presence is required for critical division his name is found in list of voters.

From moment he appears on the scene till he quits it he is attended with watchful solicitude by the Party Whip. Setting aside other engagements, howsoever important, this busy gentleman guides his faltering footsteps, looks after his evening meal, sits by him as he partakes of it, helpful as a nurse with a little child.

As was said of a gentleman accustomed to dye his hair, the House of Commons is not so black as it is sometimes painted.

Business done.—In Committee on new Marconi Contract.

MEDICAL CONGRESS NOTES.

LONDON is in danger of being overdoctored. You can't be knocked down by the simplest motor-bus without seven or eight of its occupants alighting rapidly to feel you over, set your broken limbs, and take your temperature in seven or eight different languages.

A bright young pharmaceutical chemist, with experience of the prescriptions of our most eminent physicians, has been kept quite busy by the principal hotels in deciphering the signatures of certain of their medical guests written in the registers, and has made a small fortune out of the fees he has received.

Opinions differ about the value of the Medical Congress. The proprietor of one of our well-known remedies for every disease under the sun declares emphatically that it is a great waste of time and money, being entirely unnecessary.

The other day a remarkable incident occurred in the Tube. A mother and her child were there; also a benign-looking gentleman with a Burmese cast of countenance. The child, a sickly-looking boy of some seven summers, being no lover of Eastern peoples and ignorant of Western manners, slowly but surely put out his tongue at the foreign gentleman. The wanderer from Burma gazed long and from Burma gazed long and her lips and shook his head gravely. Uttering a few polite words in Burmese he leaned forward and grasped the wrist of the child, whose howl of terror intimated to his mother that something was taking place. Before the train drew up at the next station, the mother informed the Burmese gentleman that he was a foreign kidnapper, that it was no use to raise his hat, that if she had had her umbrella with her she would have known what to do with it, that in future he should hit one of his own size, that it was disgraceful, and that she was getting out to inform the station-master. But for her haste her child might have had administered to him some potent Burmese pill that would have sufficed to save her any further medical expense on her offspring's behalf.

TO A REASONABLE BEING.

LADY, I do not even know your name,
Yet is my heart bereft of its repose,
Since in the lift to-day your hat-brim came

In sudden contact with the poet's nose.

'Twas not your face's beauty wove the spell;

I did not see it, and you best can tell
If after all that was not just as well.

'Twas not your taste in dress. The hat-brim hid

Even your summer costume from my view.

It was not anything you said or did.

Lady, the sole sufficing charm of you
Was that your hat-pins, merciful and wise,

Were fashioned to so sensible a size
I brushed you close and still retained
my eyes.



Mrs. Smith (to Smith who, starting for his annual "rest cure," is making a frantic rush for the train). "JOHN! ARE YOU SURE YOU LOCKED UP THE HOUSE?"

TWO FATHERS TO TWO DAUGHTERS.

[A member of the London Education Committee suggested at a recent meeting that the *Essays of Elia* was hardly the kind of book to be put in the hands of young women students.]

I.

"WHAT, reading? An improving book, I trust? Come, let your father look.

LAMB? And who's LAMB, my dear Maria?

What are the *Essays of Elia*?

I open straight away on 'd—n.' For shame! Away with Mr. LAMB!

'Chimney-sweeps,' 'Beggars,' 'Actors,' 'Whist'!

A scandal to the Library list!

What? He's a classic? More's the pity!

I shall complain to the Committee."
(He docs.)

II.

"I send you, *mia cara figlia*,
The volume of the gentle *Elia*.

Also a cutting, which at least
May lend a relish to the feast.

For Mr. Podsnap is not dead:
His brains alone are lapt in lead.

He lives, he lives, though sorely spent;
We shrug our shoulders, and lament

The tyranny not overpast
Of Philistine and agelast.

Well, well! While Mr. P. must cease,
And fade like old John Naps of Greece,

Still *Elia's* wit and *Elia's* way
Shall strike a bliss upon the day

For girls to whom the postman brings
These dear 'unlicked, incondite things.'"

THE MONEY COLUMN

(As it appears to one who knows nothing about it).

FEATURELESS MARKETS.

1,000, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

The commencement of a new account combined with the imminence of the settlement gave the stock markets generally a somewhat unsettled appearance. To these were added some apprehension over the reported outbreak of peace in the Balkans.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Consols showed an irregular tendency, finally ending the turn lower. Other gilt-edged securities moved in sympathy, much of the gilt having been by this time discounted. Home Rails, despite the expanding

influence of the recent hot weather, remained without decided movement; the chief feature being Underground Issues, which were inclined to rise. Bulgarian Four-and-a-Half were unchanged: home-brewed ditto however being lowered freely all round. In the American Market, Trunks were largely enquired for, especially by Customs officials. Yarns were, if possible, higher. Cements remained firm. Marconis were not mentioned.

The action of the Bank in restricting facilities for withdrawal was adversely commented upon, especially by a gentleman who was asked to accompany a cashier to the police station in consequence. Several important calls were paid, mostly between 3 and 5. The Egyptian Exchange fell off, but was happily undamaged. Throughout the day the Rubber market presented a welcome exception to the general uncertainty of tone, the leaders shedding their customary quarter with absolute regularity. The material remains raw; company balance-sheets being however, in many cases, distinctly the opposite.

After the House was closed, there was a universal set-back by the caretakers; but the street market was animated, bananas and collar-studs being in brisk demand.

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

1.

BACK in Town again, and, by Jove, it's good to be there! Feeling somewhat run down, I decided, the other day, to try the effect of a whiff of country air. So I flew to Waterloo, entered an empty first-class carriage—I did not feel well enough for company—settled myself comfortably in a corner of the well-padded seat, and got out at the first wayside station that took my fancy. But Town for me; Country's a rotten hole. Nothing there but a lot of stupid scenery and doltish animals. Too many birds, too, making darts at you. What their grievance against us is I don't know. It was different with a silly sow who snapped at me one day. There is a saying, "If pigs could fly. . . ." The clumsy brutes can't, of course, while we flies *can* pig—see us in a confectioner's shop—and that's what makes them jealous.

Taking it all in all, Country is an unexciting, sleepy place, and I have no use for it. So, feeling better, except for a slight sore throat, I boarded a train again this morning, and here I am back again in dear old London. I always travel by rail in spite of its being a somewhat old-fashioned method of locomotion—but I am a beggar for comfort. A fly friend of mine went to Brighton, the other day, free of expense, sitting on a motor-car. But he had to hang on like grim death all the time; the thing went at such a pace that he was more than once nearly blown off. His poor eyes became so inflamed that he was a sight for days afterwards, and he caught the cold of his life.

I am staying at Lord Belchester's mansion in Piccadilly. That is one advantage that we flies enjoy. All the best houses are open to us, and we can leave when we get bored. I fancy I shall stay here some time, for it is a well-appointed house with a capital larder, and the position is convenient, being near to both St. James's and Hyde Parks, which are so handy when one wants a breather.

After a feed in the larder and a rest on the drawing-room sofa, where I sprawled at full length for over an hour, I felt fit for anything. So I sought out the house-dog, dear old Rover. I found him trying to get to sleep in the library. I did the most hazardous things. I tickled his nozzle, and once I sailed right through his open mouth, he snapping his jaws just after I was the other side of him. Once or twice the dear old fellow tried strategy. He would pretend suddenly to have fallen

into a sound sleep, hoping to catch me that way, but naturally I saw the one eye open. Finally I settled on the lower part of one of the window panes. He rushed at it, attempted to crush me with his great fat paw, of course missed me, but broke the window, cut his paw, and no doubt later on got a sound thrashing from his master.

After that I went and plagued a beast of a yellow cat named Tabby Ochre, who lay in front of the kitchen fire. This was perhaps more enjoyable than dog-baiting, for with a cat there is always an element of danger, and that makes it real sport. However, in spite of the snakiness and eelerity of her movements, Tabby Ochre never got me, and I left her in a deuce of a temper, saying to myself, "Heaven save the mouse who comes her way within the next two hours."

I think that my country trip must have done me more good than I imagined, I feel so well and fit and frolicsome to-day.

I decided I would now go back and chaff poor old Rover. So to the library, where, however, I found much bigger game. Asleep in a chair, with a book in his lap—he is a well-known book-lover—was my lord himself. He had the most lovely bald head I have ever hit upon. It is perfectly smooth and shiny. It is astonishing how bald heads vary. It is the exception to find one without a blemish. Some of them are most miserable objects, absolutely lacking in polish and with unexpected hillocks springing up here and there. Lord Belchester has the perfect eranium one might expect from a man of his wealth and position. I had Winter Sports on it—some of the finest skating and tobogganing that have ever come my way. My word, but my lord did get angry! And what amused me was that he was not a bit more clever at it than old Rover. Every now and then he gave himself a violent slap on the head with his hand, hoping I would go pfutt under it, but, of course, I always saw the hand coming, and he must have got a sad head-ache. And he threw his valuable book at me, missing me but ruining the book. Finally he rang the bell for his chief flunkey. "Yes, m'lord?" asked that gloomy functionary. "Glanders, kill that fly," said his lordship. "Very well, m'lord," said Glanders. That made me feel quite important. I was flattered that this gorgeous and dignified personage should be told off to have a game with me, and I gave Glanders a great time. He fell over a chair, broke two valuable Chiny vases, and finally when, out of sheer devilry, I settled for a second on the bald head

again, he lost his, and brought a hand down on my lord's pate with such force that the pompous ass was dismissed on the spot. Then, as the game was beginning to pall on me, I flew out of the window, through the hole Rover had made, roaring with laughter, into the sunshine.

In the open, as I flew along, I meditated on men and their ways. How impotent they are! Size is by no means everything. Why, these stupid giants cannot even walk on the ceiling or crawl up a wall. The smug self-satisfaction of men amuses me whenever I think of it. I really believe they consider themselves our superiors.

While I was pondering these things I suddenly heard a voice behind me cry, "Why, it's Leslie! How are you, dear? I haven't seen you for ages." I turned round and saw Editha, an old flame of mine, of whom I had tired long ago. I looked at her and wondered how I could ever have been in love with her. She had fine eyes, it is true, but bandy legs, and altogether she looked a dowd; one of her wings was actually in holes. "Do go away, please," I said, "I don't want to be interrupted. I am thinking." With a sigh she dropped behind. Lord, how she has lost her looks! And to think that she was once known as "The Merry Widow"! Poor thing! What is there about me, I wonder, that makes me so confoundedly attractive to the other sex? I suppose they like me because I am such a dare-devil. Still, it has its advantages. It enables me to pick and choose, and, if it were not that these lines may fall into the hands of the young, I could tell a tale or two of *amours* low and high.

(To be continued.)

AT A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

(Meeting after Correspondence.)

"HE comes; a wild, ecstatic thrill
Consumes my heart, and sudden fire
Burns in a cheek unravished still—
Can this be William Jones, Esquire?"

"So she is there, and I must take
Her hand in mine and say the word.
But *must* I? There is some mistake.
Can this be Arabella Bird?"

O married life of mutual doubt!
O secret shame! Forbear to laugh,
Since each had sinned in sending out
Another person's photograph.

"This ceremony concluded, tea was taken
in the shady Fellows' garden."

Daily Telegraph.

In our pupillary state we always had
our suspicions of these Fellows.

IF YOU CAN'T
PUTT IN THE
ORDINARY WAY,



TRY LOOKING CLOSELY
AT THE BALL,



OR LOOKING CLOSELY AT THE HOLE,



OR NOT LOOKING
AT EITHER.



AGAIN,
SOME DO IT
THIS WAY



OR THUS.



YOU MIGHT
TRY ONE HAND,



OR—NO HANDS.



THEN WHY NOT



THIS?

OR (BEING ON A
HOLIDAY) THIS?



THIS, AGAIN, IS EXCELLENT IN
DRY WEATHER.



WE DON'T RECOMMEND THIS,
BUT YOU MIGHT TRY IT!



Frank
Reynolds

HOLIDAY PUTTS.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO THOSE WHO FIND THEMSELVES "OFF" THIS BRANCH OF THE GAME.

THE LAKE.

"OH," said Francesca, "that hurt."

"I am sorry," I said, "I had to slap your face. There was a horse-fly feeding on your damask cheek."

"But you needn't have slapped so hard."

"Yes," I said, "I need. These Swiss horse-flies are desperate fellows. A mere handful of them can kill a cow. Francesca, I would not have you perish in your prime."

"But why," she said, "are you stopping again? At this rate we shall never get to Lac Lioson. Come, pull yourself together. The children are far ahead out of sight."

"Let them," I said, "remain out of sight. They have no families, no husbands, no wives, no five-franc pieces, no heavy boots, no cares of any kind; and they have Arthur with them. Arthur is the best of fellows. He will look after them."

"Get up," she said, "and let us press on."

"No," I said, "not yet. In two minutes we will resume our climb. It is the hard-boiled egg that is impeding me."

"Which one?" she said. "You ate three."

"The second," I said, "was the largest. I think it is the second. This will be a lesson to me never to eat more than the first and third."

"There," she said, "Arthur's shouting back. He says it is just round the corner."

"I have learnt," I said, "to distrust Arthur. We have been climbing these precipitous ascents for more than an hour, and, according to Arthur, the lake has been round every corner. You must admit, Francesca, that the corners have been most deceptive."

"Are you going," she said, "to make me ashamed of having brought out a husband who cannot walk?"

"I will admit," I said, "that, if you wanted the husband who would walk to Lac Lioson in record time under a broiling sun, then you brought the wrong one. The one you have brought is an enjoyer of scenery, a smoker of occasional cigarettes, a taker of his ease, a despiser of the mad rush that is ruining human nature, a man, in fact, who, having rested, is willing to push on gently."

"Push along, then," she said.

"I am not sure," I said, "that 'push' was quite the right word."

"'Drag,'" she said, "would have been better."

"No, 'move' was what I wanted. I will now move on gently with you."

"We shall never catch them up," she said. "They're miles ahead."

"There you go, Francesca. Arthur says it is round the next corner, and you say it is miles away. I refuse to make any further concessions to this lake. From all I hear it is not a real lake at all. It is a mere tarn, a silly little sheet of water up in the mountains. We have plenty of tarns in England."

"But you're not in England," she said. "You're in Switzerland, and you've come out with your wife and family to see Lac Lioson, and if you hadn't sat down and rested about a hundred times you'd have been there by now. If only I had been a man——"

"That's just it," I interrupted. "If you had been a man you wouldn't have been so set on seeing this lake. You would have let me rest without worrying me. You wouldn't have made me carry all the girls' sweaters in case they should find it cold at the lake. In fact you wouldn't have wanted to see this ridiculous lake at all. But, being a woman, of course you're quite different."

"At any rate," she said, "this is going to be your last rest. When once you get off that tree-stump you'll have to walk on till you get to the lake."

"Then I shan't get up," I said. "I shall stay here and let you go round all the remaining corners. Leave me, Francesca, and get on to the children. You will find my body here when you come back."

"I will never," she said, "desert Mr. Micawber. Up you get. That's it!"

"Francesca," I said, "for your sake I will put my least damaged foot forward. Let us get to this lake and throw stones at it. One more corner, and——"

It really was the lake this time.

THE SCHOOL FOR SUCKLINGS.

[We learn from *The Daily Express* that an American professor has been denouncing "baby-talk." "Every bit of the foolish jargon taught to babies nowadays will have to be unlearned some day," he said in a recent lecture. "The average father and mother, instead of preparing their child for school, instead of establishing a foundation for education and knowledge, do the very opposite."]

THERE'S a pucker in Frederick's forehead,
There's an ominous look in his eye,
And I fancy he's forming a horrid
And hasty decision to cry;
And it's oh for the syrup that's soothing
To smother the imminent row—
For the prattle so potent in smoothing
The creases that wrinkle his brow!

But the power that rules over the cradle
Has started a novel crusade:
Henceforth, 'tis determined, a spade 'll
Be plainly described as a spade;
And baby, who 'll shortly be burning
To win academical bays,
Shall skip the ordeal of unlearning
The lore of his nursery days.

No longer shall "diddums" and "poppet"
Our Freddie to peacefulness woo;
That language is dead—we're to drop it;
We've uttered our ultimate "goo";
Though our temper he sorely should try by
A fixed disposition to weep,
He'll never be told to "go bye-bye,"
But simply requested to sleep.

In place of those fatuous fables
We lately prescribed for his pain
We'll recite him the multiple tables,
Or a list of the rivers of Spain;
He shall taste in his cot of the pleasures
He's destined at school to enjoy—
The tale of the weights and the measures,
Including the travail of Troy.

When he's cross, we shall bid him remember
The year CŒUR-DE-LION was crowned,
And how many days hath September,
And how many pence make a pound.
Endowed with these generous riches,
He'll grow a remarkable lad—
Unless, ere he's put into breeches,
His brain-drill has driven him mad.

"An official circular from the Governor-General's office states that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will prolong their stay in England until October 7, in order that they may attend the wedding of Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife, which has been fixed for October 15.—Reuter."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.
It will be a shock to them to find that they have missed it after all.



Self-satisfied Shot. "NOT A BAD ONE THAT, SANDY, EH?"

Sandy (gathering another winged bird). "MAN, YE'D BE A GRAAND SHOT FOR ANE O' THESE RETRIEVER TRIALS. THY'RE TERRIBLE FOND O' WOUNDED BUR-R-DS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

The *Pot of Basil* which Mr. BERNARD CAPES has produced with the assistance of Messrs. CONSTABLE is the sort of plant which should thrive on idle summer beaches. Perhaps you will be pleasantly intrigued (as I was) to meet on an early page and anything more than a hundred and fifty years ago a brave equipage lumbering up the high road containing a handsome gentleman in uncustomary suit of solemn but costly black. Very well then. This is an Archduke *incognito*. And lo! at a turn of the pass appears a vision of delight, apparently just a casual fair maiden of the place in difficulties about a water-lily, but really the destined princess, ISABELLA, granddaughter of LOUIS XV. of France and daughter of PHILIP, Duke of PARMA. And of course the Archduke must needs send a deputy to do his wooing, one *Tiretta*, an honourable soldier-courtier with a very pretty light tenor voice and a troubadour's gift of improvisation, a sort of cross between *Charles Wogan* and *Paolo*. Follows the inevitable tragic consequence, aided by wretched mischances and very thorough and rather incredible and insufficiently motivated villainy on the one part and an ingenuous lack of suspicion on the other. Mr. CAPES is an accustomed weaver of romances. Perhaps custom has staled his form a little. I doubt if he would once have thought that anyone even in the seventeen-sixties would say, "Hark to that chink, Gaspare! A double silver ducat to line your old breeches withal!" And I am inclined to wish that he had not chosen a pot of basil in which to boil up the

unhappy authentic ingredients of his romance, for the basil need have had nothing to do with the case and seemed forced rather than pleasantly fanciful. But Mr. CAPES is nothing if not allusive and one understands his temptation.

The *Scarlet Pimpernel*, you may be glad to hear, is at it again. He was, I fancy, too profitable a servitor of the Baroness Orczy to be allowed to remain permanently in retirement, however well-earned. His reappearance should be for everyone's benefit, especially since it shows him engaged upon such an excellent adventure as that set out in *Eldorado* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). This time his objective is the rescue of the Dauphin. "Could I, or anyone else, doubt for a moment that sooner or later your romantic hero would turn his attention to the most pathetic sight in the whole of Europe—the child-martyr in the Temple prison?" asks one of the characters in an early chapter. Of course not; no more could the *Pimpernel's* enormous public. So it is well that their confidence has been rewarded. No one at this time of day will be astonished to learn that the mission is a triumphant success, and the little prince safely smuggled over the frontier; for your *Pimpernel* is not the man to be checked by so trifling an obstacle as historical accuracy. The future course of events with the child is not indicated. What is of far more importance is that the tale shows *Sir James Blakeney* at his delightful best—witty, debonair, and so resourceful that even when things look darkest the reader can rest upon the comfortable assurance that all will come right in the end. There were moments when, but for this conviction, my own optimism would have been

soresly tried. Still I ought to have guessed that the bandaged ruffian was really Mr. FRED TERRY—I mean the *Pimpernel*—in disguise, because this sort of thing has happened before. That I didn't is my tribute to a breathless, improbable and most entertaining story.

There was once, you may remember, a gentleman named STERNE who wrote a book called *A Sentimental Journey*. Since then there have been others of like mind, such (for example) as STEVENSON, BELLOC, and plenty more whom I could mention, but have forgot. The point about these persons is that they all wrote books of easy-going travel, and (which is the strange thing) wrote them in very much the same style. There appears indeed to be a Common Form in these matters. The latest exponent of it is Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, whose book *The New Foresters* (NISBET) is not only an interesting study for the stylist, but incidentally as entertaining a record as you could desire to read. Mr. CAINE, being, as is clearly apparent, of the stuff of which adventurers are made, has hit upon a bright

idea. Perceiving that motors and their attendant dust have rendered high-road caravanning a humiliation and torture not willingly to be endured, he determined with his wife to explore only such side tracks as were impossible to the Destroyers. To this end, having secured a small cart and a moderately reasonable ass, he started upon a leisurely tour of the New Forest, with such results as are here set down. It is a book that any fool can enjoy and chuckle over; but to the choice company who love the Forest and its enchanting villages as a man may love good ale, or a mistress, or the apples that grow in a certain orchard near Minstead (I had to put that in), it will be a pure delight. I should like to quote from almost every chapter. What more could one say? Buy it at once.

"RICHARD DEHAN'S" method hardly lends itself to short story writing. It needs the elbow-room which it (and I) emphatically enjoyed in *Between Two Thieves*. *The Headquarter Recruit* (HEINEMANN) is, I am afraid, a sheaf of not very notably inspired or diverting pot-boilers, and their author is less concerned with probabilities of situation and character than any I have the honour to be acquainted with. The stories set out, for the most part, on a gay Kiplingesque note of genial allusiveness, but the plausibility of that adroit model is not at command. Besides, "his horses, his dogs, his guns, his hunters were discussed and rediscussed by men at clubs, in Fleet ward-rooms and garrison mess-rooms;" "the adjutant said in a tone that rang like bell-metal;" "the pale translucent hazel eyes of the young lady flashed violet;" and these things, I imagine, are no longer done, though they are well-known and convenient ingredients for the wholesale manufacture of fiction. But "The Fourth Volume," the story of the wife who married on his death-bed the hussar who had broken his back a-hunting is, strangely enough, as short and as ingenious in construction as one could desire; quite a satisfactory

example of the compressed and unexpected. There is a certain movement and fantastic vitality about this writer's work even when, as in several of the examples collected in this volume, it is brimful of defects of matter and faults of style. And vitality is, after all, a better thing than flawlessness.

"Hundreds of men," says Mr. S. E. WHITE, in *The Land of Footprints* (NELSON), "are better qualified than myself to write just this book." I commend his modesty, and only wish that he had carried it a little further and refrained from disparaging hunter-authors in general, an invidious task to which he devotes the first chapter of his book. But apart from this error of judgment I have only one fault to find with him, and it is that he refers to his comrades as B., C. and E. This reticence may have been obligatory, but all the same I can never pretend to a very human interest in a man who is cut down to a mere initial; and when I was told that "B. had not yet killed his lion, so the shot was his," I confess that my concern

about the issue was largely academic. On the other hand I found unqualified virtue elsewhere in Mr. WHITE'S reticence. He has not revelled in details of indiscriminate slaughter. If I happened to be a Grant's gazelle, a Newman's hartebeeste, or a lesser kudu and had to be hunted, I should esteem it a privilege to be pursued by such an unbloodthirsty sportsman as the author of *The Land of Footprints*. It is more than a thrilling story of adventure, for Mr. WHITE shows that he is a man of broad sympathies and understanding, who not only can deal successfully with primitive tribes like the Kikuyus, Monumwezis and Wakam-



"CAN MY 'ERBERT BATHE 'ERE, MUM? 'E AIN'T GOT NO UNIVERSITY COSTUME, BUT 'E'S GOT 'IS ETON COLLAR AND 'IS COLLIDGE CAP ON."

bas, but really knows them. If *Memba Sasa* and *Fundi* ever happen to come my way I shall feel that on their side the ceremony of introduction has already been most pleasantly performed.

In my experience there are two kinds of satisfaction to be derived from a good detective story. One is a sense of triumph when you have spotted the winning clue and find that you are right; the other a sense of relief following the solution of a mystery that has left you baffled till the last page. In *The Widow's Necklace* (DUCKWORTH) Mr. ERNEST DAVIES gives a taste of both kinds. Without claiming any very deep skill in detection I was able to guess pretty early in the story how the theft was accomplished, and I felt continually desirous of kicking the slow official sleuth because he didn't guess, too. I also had a correct suspicion, not, I confess, unclouded by one or two incorrect ones, as to the identity of the thief. But the finish was a complete surprise to me, and I flatter myself that most of Mr. DAVIES'S readers—and he deserves a good many—will find themselves in the same position.

"At the 17th the captain won by laying his iron shot about 140 yards on the green at the 18th hole dead."—*Croydon Advertiser*.
We have often laid our drive dead on the wrong green.

CHARIVARIA.

A TOPICAL touch was given to the proceedings of the Congress by Dr. WALSH, who, in a paper which he read, undertook the white-washing of LUCREZIA BORGIA.

* *

In view of the present pretty custom of suggesting that a Cabinet Minister is mixed up in every scandal of the day, it seems almost unbecoming that no one should have hinted darkly at the possibility of Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL'S having purloined the famous pearl necklace, which is admitted to have been consigned by post.

* *

Mr. HALL CAINE announces that his new book has been commended by the Archdeacon of WESTMINSTER, Archdeacon SINCLAIR, Sir DAVID JONES, Mr. WILLIAM CANTON, the Rev. Father JAY, and Sister MILDRED. May we add that one of our aunts also liked it, while Miss Effie Smith (of Balham) has written to say that she thinks it lovely and so interesting?

* *

During the last week of the Royal Academy Exhibition sixpence was charged for admission. Several visitors expressed the opinion that it was well worth the money.

* *

Suffragettes tried unsuccessfully to burn down the Higher Grade Schools at Sutton-in-Ashfield last week. We understand that this will prove to be the first of a series of attempts to gain the support of the rising generation.

* *

"Among Messrs. London, Weekes & Co.'s most recent publications is an effective setting of Tennyson's immortal 'Break, Break, Break.'" This should have an encouraging circulation among the militants.

* *

Says the author of *The Writing of English*, just published in the Home University Library:—"So precise a person as Matthew Arnold misquotes Keats's 'Pure ablation round earth's

human shores' as 'cold ablation' without a blush, and under circumstances that called for great accuracy." The classic instance, however, of such lapses is KEATS's "pure ablation," a slip which remained uncorrected not only during the poet's lifetime, but down to the appearance of *The Writing of English*.

* *

As a result of investigations into the sanitary conditions of the French

Visitors to Pourville have been officially forbidden "to carry away in any vessel or receptacle any quantity of sea water except by special licence." The local lock-up should be badly overcrowded on the first rough day by bathers who have inadvertently swallowed some of the precious liquid.

* *

A short way with poets! A prisoner, up before Mr. HORACE SMITH (himself a poet) last week, asked him to read a poem he had written. The magistrate read one verse, and then sentenced the prisoner to three months' imprisonment in default of finding two sureties for his good behaviour.

* *

The news that in the excitement of a cricket match a Leeds youth who had been dumb for ten years regained his speech does not surprise us. We have heard the most reticent man we know say quite a lot at the wickets when the ball hit him sharply on the little finger.

* *

"A VICAR'S MORAL," announced a paragraph in *The Daily Mail*. "Dear, dear! Have we come to this?" commented an old lady, "A vicar with only one moral!"

* *

At a ball that followed a rustic wedding the other day, there was a violent quarrel between the bride and bridegroom owing to the lady's dancing several times with her husband's former rival.

* *

Upon the bridegroom's boxing the bride's ears, the guests thrashed him and threw him out. Among the superstitious peasantry the incident is looked upon as a bad omen, and the wiseacres are prophesying that the marriage will not be a success.

* *

The Rev. Canon M. M. FINCH and Mrs. FINCH celebrated their golden wedding at Northfleet, Kent, last week. We congratulate these love-birds.

The New Obesity Cure.

"If Richard —, fat boiler, will communicate with Thos. —, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."



THE UNSEASONABLE NUT.

Minx. "WHATSOEVER ARE THOSE FEATHERS DOING?"

Nut. "OH, I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO TAKE 'EM OUT OF MY POCKET AFTER LAST MONDAY'S SHOOT."

Chamber of Deputies it has been discovered that on occasions there are 75,000 microbes there to the cubic yard. The scandal of this overcrowding is to be taken up at once by the local Society for the Protection of Animals.

* *

The gentleman who wrote to a contemporary last week from Saffron Walden to announce that three degrees of frost were registered there on the 7th of August did, after all, serve a useful purpose. A forgetful editor, we are informed, on reading the news, suddenly remembered that he ought to be making arrangements at once for his Christmas Number.

KAISER WILHELM TO KING CAROL.

(On the conclusion of Peace.)

GOOD KARL, your second loyal wire to hand,
Acknowledging receipt of Ours and sending
A further tribute to the brain that planned,
By just allotment of another's land,
This amicable ending.

Telegrams, as you know, We've sent before,
Throwing, at well-selected points of time, light
On Our supremacy as Lord of War,
And now this new one gives Us back once more
A place within the limelight.

For, frankly, We have been for many a day
(We who were born the cynosure of nations)
Eclipsed by this loud talk of EDWARD GREY,
How he was always, in his tactful way,
Saving the situations.

Yes, We have been bored stiff; We could not bear
Those tedious tales of how he kept his head on,
Calming the others when they lost their hair,
And, by his cool behaviour in the Chair,
Postponing Armageddon.

But now the public We so long have missed
Acclaim Us as The Man Who Made the Treaty—
Not as they make 'em at St. James's tryst,
But bearing on its face Our final fist,
German and mailed and meaty.

And, if some monarch—rival or ally—
Thinks to revise Our work a little later,
"Stet!" is our comment; "let it stand!" We cry;
"Enough to know (without the reason why)
It has Our imprimatur!"

Thus WILLIAM KAISER is himself again,
Halo on brow, superb in shining show-wear;
Once more Our prestige, slightly on the wane,
Retrieves its former bulk and swells amain,
And EDWARD GREY is nowhere. O. S.

THE PATRIARCHAL DRAMA.

THE statement that, at the beginning of Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE's Biblical play, *Jacob* (whom our great histrionic epigrammatist is to impersonate) will be eighty-six years of age, and at the end one hundred and six, has caused a flutter in centenarian circles, for hitherto the stage has paid very little attention to very old men. But, since every new dramatic departure finds instant imitators, Mr. CLARKSON has already laid in a large stock of venerable wigs and beards.

Sir HERBERT's *modus operandi* for getting age into him is most interesting. In his charming *villeggiatura* he has been busy for some weeks on a monograph of OLD PARR, which is said to bristle with good things; he has exchanged his magnificent limousine for a bath-chair; and his constant companion is a copy of *De Senectute*. So great has been his success, at any rate superficial success, that in the towns he passes through in his quaint conveyance he is deluged with old-age pensions.

There is no truth in the rumour that Sir HERBERT has consented, in deference to the wishes (or threats) of the W.S.P.U., to let the colours of *Joseph's* coat be purple, green and white.

In giving *Potiphar's* wife the name of Zuleika, Sir HERBERT has again displayed his marvellous ingenuity and readiness. "What shall we call her?" Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER asked one day at rehearsal. Quick as lightning came the reply, "Call her Zuleika." Any other man would have thought for hours and then have done worse. "Or, As you Like Her" has been suggested as a sub-title to the play; but Sir HERBERT is against it.

The pit used by *Joseph's* cruel brethren in the great desert scene will be supplied by TRAPP AND Co.

As we go to press we learn that the sprightly piece to be entitled *Methuselah*, which was confidently expected from Mr. BOURCHIER, is not to be produced before 2163, owing to the thoroughness of that actor's methods.

THE NEW INTERVIEWING.

(With acknowledgments to "The Observer.")

ANXIOUS to glean some information regarding the forthcoming production at the Novelty Theatre of Mr. G. Bernshaw's much-canvassed play, *The Girl from the Niger*, our representative called upon the famous manager, Mr. Garville Banker, and put a few leading questions to him.

"Touching *The Girl from the Niger*—" began our interviewer in an inviting tone.

"Who's touching her?" inquired Mr. Banker.

"—may I ask whether it is intended to give a realistic stage-picture of the West African interior?"

"You may," was the encouraging reply.

"Of course the popular legend may provide the substance of the story, or it may merely be treated in an allegorical fashion?" it was suggested.

"There are those alternatives," said Mr. Banker.

"And I suppose you do not intend to introduce a real tiger on the stage?"

"Do you?"

"If an allegorical treatment is adopted it is possible that the tiger may be designed to represent the retribution that follows upon the prevailing feminine follies of the age?" insinuated our representative.

"The word 'possible' covers every eventuality that may present itself to the imagination," replied the talented *impresario*.

"Do you think that an author should produce his own plays, or that a professional producer should be universally employed?" was the next question.

"I don't think," replied Mr. Banker.

"Does Mr. Bernshaw agree with your revolutionary stage methods?"

"I'm afraid we shall have some rain after all," said Mr. Banker, rising and peering anxiously out of the window.

"I presume—"

"Quite so, you do."

"And one would like to know how many scenes there will be, and who are to act in the play, and whether the incidental music will be of Nigerian origin?"

At this stage of the interview, however, Mr. Banker lapsed into a contemplative silence, first toying with some papers, then looking at his watch, and finally ringing the bell. Concluding that little further information was to be obtained in this quarter and hearing a heavy footstep on the stairs, our representative took his departure.

But to one who has known what it is to interview an actor-manager like Sir HERBERT TREE about a forthcoming production and to revel in the fine, free, generous manner in which he keeps nothing back which he feels the public ought to know—oh, what a difference!



THE GOLDEN SILENCE.

CONSCIENTIOUS M.P. "I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T REALLY BE EARNING MY FULL SALARY THIS YEAR WITH NO AUTUMN SESSION."

PAYMASTER BULL (*wearily with legislation*). "DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT. YOU GO AND TAKE A NICE LONG HOLIDAY; THE COUNTRY NEEDS IT."



Very faint, illegible text, possibly a list or a set of instructions, located in the lower-left quadrant of the page. The text is too light to read accurately.



Mabel (trying her first story—the latest from the Junior Atalanta Smoking-room—on Auntie). "D'YOU SEE THE POINT?" Auntie. "IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS, I DON'T."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

"EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST."

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was taken to the Zoo by her father. Her father's tastes were wholly scientific; he paid five guineas a year for the privilege of forgetting to give away Sunday tickets; he could add F.Z.S. to his name if he liked; and when he went in he asked for a pen, instead of paying a shilling like inferior folk. But the little girl was curiously unmoved by the world's strange fauna, whether elephants or snakes, and the result was that she followed listlessly and fatigued at her father's heels throughout the expedition, while with eager eyes he scrutinised this odd creature and that, from the very post-impressionist mandril by the Circle gate even to the distant and incredible camelopards.

The little girl, I say, was listless and fatigued—with the exception of two moments. For it chanced that as they walked in solemn procession through the house of the ostriches and the emus and various cassowaries, each of whom is named after his discoverer, they came to the Patagonian Cavy, and

the little girl, loitering at his bars, uttered a gasp of delight, for there, all unconcerned and greedy, sat a tiny English mouse, eating grain.

It looked at her with its brilliant eyes, and nibbled as though there were only two minutes of all time left for refreshment; and, secure in the knowledge of the dividing bars, it refused even to blink when she flicked her hand at it. She never saw the Patagonian Cavy at all.

"What is it? What is it?" her father impatiently inquired.

"Hush," she said. "Do come back and look at this darling little mouse."

"Pooh—a mouse," said her father, and so strode on, eager to reach the elusive apertyx. But not yet could he do so, for at the very next compartment, after she had dragged herself all unwilling from this one, the little girl stopped again, and again was absorbed, not however in contemplation of the Red-bellied Wallaby which resided there and had been brought at great expense many thousands of miles from Australia for her benefit, but of the half-dozen London sparrows which fought and scrambled and gourmandized in the Wallaby's food tin.

"Well," said her mother when the little girl returned, "and what did you see that pleased you best?" and the little girl mentioned the mouse and the sparrows, but chiefly the mouse.

And what of the mouse? "You may call yourself a Patagonian Cavy," he remarked later in the evening, "but it doesn't follow that you're everybody. Did you notice a little girl with a blue bonnet this afternoon? Just after tea-time? The one that called her father back to have another look? Well, being a poor benighted Patagonian, you don't, of course, know what she said, but it wasn't what you think it was, oh dear no. What she said was, 'Do come back and look at this darling little mouse,' which merely," the mouse concluded, "again illustrates an old contention of mine that the familiar can often give points to the startling."

"The last general election appears to have been in October, 1910. The Constitution provides for elections every two years, so that, did a normal state of things exist, they ought to take place in a couple of months. It may, of course, be pleaded, with some plausibility, that the condition is not normal."—*Times*.

It is more likely to be pleaded that the arithmetic is not normal.

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(By our Charivari Artiste.)

II.

WHEN Editha fell behind I was able to resume my meditations on humanity. I repeat it: I really believe these men consider themselves our superiors. I have often tried to think why. Possibly it is because they are so proud of having learnt to walk on their hind legs for a longer time at a stretch than other animals. Still, when all is said and done, that is but a circus trick. And how petty are these giants, and how cruel! Their hatred of us is born-in them; it comes out in their young; and it is thanks to a little brute of a boy of seven, who actually tried to kill me dead, that I have only three legs.

There are some who hold that men are more humane than they used to be. It is just possible, though I find it difficult to realise. It is true, though, that I remember my maternal grandmother telling me one day that, when she was a young girl, it was a common sight to see monsters walking about the streets selling things called Fly-papers, diabolical contrivances covered with some sticky substance which were so many death traps for us. One would see hundreds of flies on them either dead or in their death agonies. It was a gruesome sight which, grandma said, had often turned her sick. Poor old lady, she met with a violent end herself. Latterly she suffered cruelly from rheumatism, and one day, when she was dragging her poor tired limbs laboriously across the road, a horrid motor-car, which did not even blow its horn, went clean over her.

Well, well, I pondered, these are gloomy thoughts for so fine a day, and I resolved to put them from me. Just then I met a pal named Percy, and we decided to go for a ride in the Row. So we made our way thither, and each mounted a horse and had the most glorious gallop. It did our livers no end of good. My gee tried to throw me at first, but desisted on my promising not to tickle.

Shortly after this the two of us had some pretty good fun teasing a daddy-

long-legs whom we happened on near Hyde Park Corner. It was rather a shame, perhaps, as daddy-long-legs, though old-fashioned, are really quite good-natured. I always think they have such kind eyes.

Percy now said that he must be getting home, so we parted. As I was leaving the Park I caught sight of my brother Bertie, who was entering. However, I pretended not to see him, he is such a spectacle. I wonder, in fact, that he shows himself in public. Bertie is the fool of the family. Always

practically ruined, and he scarcely ever ventures out, and his best girl, a strapping wench named Maggie, transferred her affections to me. I suppose he was out to-day because it was so fine.

Near my home I myself had an ugly shock. Upon a hoarding my eye suddenly alighted upon a placard bearing the alarming words—

"KILL THAT FLY!"

and beneath these words was what I at first took to be a lifelike portrait of myself. I almost fainted with fright. I immediately thought of Lord Bel-

chester and his immense influence. Annoyed at my lack of respect for him, had he, I wondered, caused London to be plastered with these incitements to assassinate me? I pulled myself together and looked again. Imagine my relief on finding that the fly on the placard had six legs!

The fright caused by the "Kill that Fly" poster quite knocked me over, and on reaching home I sank back into an arm-chair feeling far from well. Soon I fell into a restless sleep, and I must have slept for some hours for, when I woke up, none the better for my rest, it was quite dark. I pulled myself together and made my way to the dining-room, where Lord Belchester was at dinner. I dined with him. It was a reckless thing to do, but fortunately he never recognised me. All went well until sweets were served, when I had the misfortune to over-balance myself and fall into a glass of Vichy water. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I was able to scramble out. At one

moment, indeed, I thought it was all over with me. Phew! It is this kind of incident that ages us flies. Death by drowning is indeed a constant menace to all of us. My own dear mother perished in a cup of tea, suffering all the agonies of scalding as well. I often think that it is a pity that steps are not taken to teach us long-distance swimming. We can most of us keep up for a certain time, but so soon get exhausted.

(To be concluded.)

The Treaty of Bukarest.

(By Our Military Prophet.)

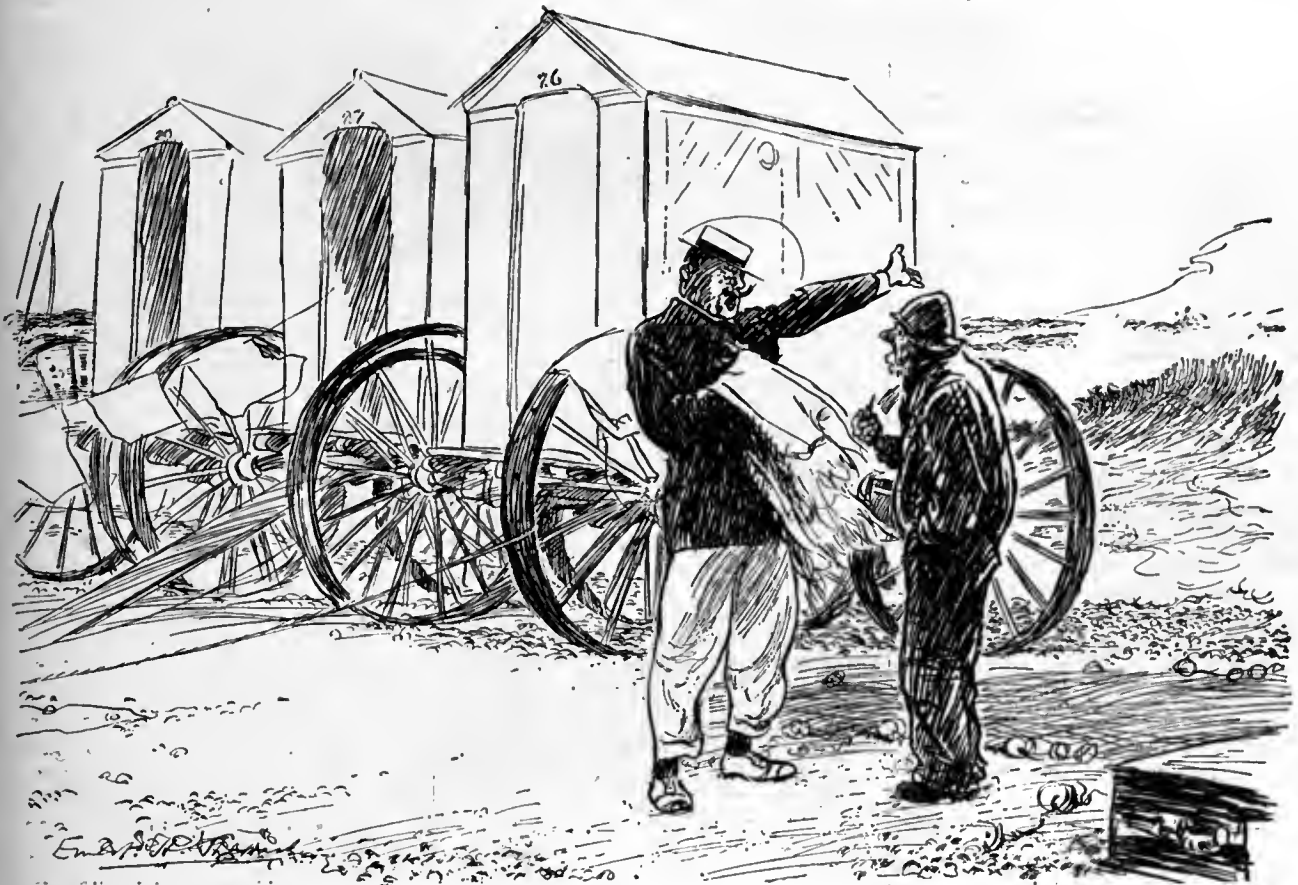
C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la paix.



THE RAGE FOR ANTIQUE BRIC-A-BRAC.

"WHERE SHALL I SEND IT FOR YOU, GOVERNOR? TO THE QUAYS?"
"NO, TO BUNGALOW TOWN. IT'S FOR A HOUSE, NOT A SHIP."

brainless, as a youngster he developed into a bit of a fop, and acquired in a very short time a reputation for being a lady-killer. And what must he do one day but fall in love with a painted lady? The butterfly gave him quite plainly to understand that she could never consort with anyone who was not of her own genus. At that, the silly young ass decided that he would become a butterfly. He imagined the process to be quite simple. So one fine morning he settled on a pat of butter at a chessmonger's—and escaped with his life, but no legs and no eye-lashes. Now he is an almost helpless cripple—a sheer hulk. So near was he to death that his nerves are



Teuton (on being told it is too rough to bathe). "YOU ENGLISH SAILORS—THE OCEAN, IS IT YOURS? ACH! WE SHALL SEE!"

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

William Bales—as nice a young man as ever wore a cummerbund on an esplanade—was in despair. For half-an-hour he and Miss Spratt had been sitting in silence on the pier, and it was still William's turn to say something. Miss Spratt's last remark had been, "Oh, Mr. Bales, you do say things!" and William felt that his next observation must at all costs live up to the standard set for it. Three or four times he had opened his mouth to speak, and then on second thoughts had rejected the intended utterance as unworthy. At the end of half-an-hour his mind was still working fruitlessly. He knew that the longer he waited the more brilliant he would have to be, and he told himself that even BERNARD SHAW or one of those clever writing fellows would have been hard put to it now.

William was at odds with the world. He was a romantic young man who had once been told that he nearly looked like LEWIS WALLER when he frowned, and he had resolved that his holiday this year should be a very dashing affair indeed. He had chosen the sea in the hopes that some old

gentleman would fall off the pier and let himself be saved by—and, later on, photographed with—William Bales, who in a subsequent interview would modestly refuse to take any credit for the gallant rescue. As his holiday had progressed he had felt the need for some such old gentleman more and more; for only thus, he realised, could he capture the heart of the wayward Miss Spratt. But so far it had been a dull season; in a whole fortnight nobody had gone out of his way to oblige William, and to-morrow he must return to the City as unknown and as unloved as when he left it.

"Got to go back to-morrow," he said at last. As an impromptu it would have served, but as the result of half-an-hour's earnest thought he felt that it did not do him justice.

"So you said before," remarked Miss Spratt.

"Well, it's still true."

"Talking about it won't help it," said Miss Spratt.

William sighed and looked round the pier. There was an old gentleman fishing at the end of it, his back turned invitingly to William. In half-an-hour he had caught one small fish (which he had had to return as under the age

limit) and a bunch of seaweed. William felt that here was a wasted life; a life, however, which a sudden kick and a heroic rescue by W. Bales might yet do something to justify. At the Paddington Baths, a month ago, he had won a plate-diving competition; and though there is a difference between diving for plates and diving for old gentlemen he was prepared to waive it. One kick and then . . . Fame! And, not only Fame, but the admiration of Angelina Spratt.

It was perhaps as well for the old gentleman—who was really quite worthy, and an hour later caught a full-sized whiting—that Miss Spratt spoke at this moment.

"Well, you're good company, I must say," she observed to William.

"It's so hot," said William.

"You can't say I asked to come here."

"Let's go on the beach," said William desperately. "We can find a shady cave or something." Fate was against him; there was to be no rescue that day.

"I'm sure I'm agreeable," said Miss Spratt.

They walked in silence along the beach, and, rounding a corner of the

cliffs, they came presently to a cave. In earlier days W. Bales could have done desperate deeds against smugglers there, with Miss Spratt looking on. Alas for this unromantic age! It was now a place for picnics, and a crumpled sheet of newspaper on the sand showed that there had been one there that very afternoon.

They sat in a corner of the cave, out of the sun, out of sight of the sea, and William prepared to renew his efforts as a conversationalist. In the hope of collecting a few ideas as to what the London clubs were talking about he picked up the discarded newspaper, and saw with disgust that it was the local *Herald*. But just as he threw it down, a line in it caught his eye and remained in his mind—

"High tide to-day—3.30."

William's heart leapt. He looked at his watch; it was 2.30. In one hour the waves would be dashing remorselessly into the cave, would be leaping up the cliff, what time he and Miss Spratt—

Suppose they were caught by the tide.

Meanwhile the lady, despairing of entertainment, had removed her hat.

"Really," she said, "I'm that sleepy—I suppose the tide's safe, Mr. Bales?"

It was William's chance.

"Quite, quite safe," he said earnestly. "It's going down hard."

"Well then, I almost think—" She closed her eyes. "Wake me up when you've thought of something really funny, Mr. Bales."

William was left alone with Romance.

He went out of the cave and looked round. The sea was still some way out, but it came up quickly on this coast. In an hour . . . in an hour . . .

He scanned the cliffs, and saw the ledge whither he would drag her. She would cling to him crying, calling him her rescuer. . . .

What should he do then? Should he leave her and swim for help? Or should he scale the mighty cliff?

He returned to the cave and, gazing romantically at the sleeping Miss Spratt, conjured up the scene. It would go like this, he thought.

Miss Spratt (wakened by the spray dashing over her face). Oh, Mr. Bales! We're cut off by the tide! Save me!

W. Bales (lightly). Tut-tut, there's no danger. It's nothing. (*Aside*) Great Heavens! Death stares us in the face!

Miss Spratt (throwing her arms around his neck). William, save me; I cannot swim!

W. Bales (looking like Waller). Trust me, Angelina. I will fight my way

round the point and obtain help. (*Aside*) An Englishman can only die once.

Miss Spratt. Don't leave me!

W. Bales. Fear not, sweetheart. See, there is a ledge where you will be beyond the reach of the hungry tide. I will carry you thither in my arms and will then—

At this point in his day-dream William took another look at the sleeping Miss Spratt, felt his biceps doubtfully, and went on—

W. Bales. I will help you to climb thither, and will then swim for help.

Miss Spratt. My hero!

Again and again William reviewed the scene to himself. It was perfect. His photograph would be in the papers; Miss Spratt would worship him; he would be a hero in his City office. The actual danger was slight, for at the worst she could shelter in the far end of the cave; but he would not let her know this. He would do the thing heroically—drag her to the ledge on the cliff, and then swim round the point to obtain help.

The thought struck him that he could conduct the scene better in his shirt sleeves. He removed his coat, and then went out of the cave to reconnoitre the ledge.

* * * *

Miss Spratt awoke with a start and looked at her watch. It was 4.15. The cave was empty save for a crumpled page of newspaper. She glanced at this idly and saw that it was the local *Herald* . . . six days old.

Far away on the horizon William Bales was throwing stones bitterly at the still retreating sea. A. A. M.

A VARIETY ARTIST.

THE itinerant entertainer who chooses for his pitch the turf within the ropes at the Oval is a fellow not without courage. For there are policemen about, and the score-card sellers pass frequently; and whatever may be the desire of the authorities to encourage the brightening of cricket it is doubtful whether they would allow any vagabond performer to take his stand upon the very field of play.

Yet the official must be stern indeed who would molest the perky little chap with the bright eyes, the knowing look, and the sprightly manner who sometimes entertains occupants of the six-penny seats. I was watching him the other day. He wore no hat; his clothes looked as if he habitually slept in them (which no doubt he does); and he was not over-clean. He belonged to the gutter, the young scamp, and little did he care who knew it. He kept within a few yards of the edge of the turf, and

facing his audience with all the assurance of a LITTLE TICH (yet keeping a sharp look-out for any who might come to turn him off) he pursued one of his methods of making a living. Perhaps only a few, if any, quite understood what he was saying; but if you will accept my version I think you will not be seriously misled.

"Now, gentlemen all," he piped in his thin, staccato voice, "they ain't 'ittin' any fours this arternoon, and the game's shockin' slow; so I'll ask your kind attention for a few moments to my little efforts to amuse you. First of all, gents, I propose to roll in the grass just like as if it was the dust old TICH out there keeps kickin' up in 'is 'op, skip and a jump to the wicket. Followin' that, I shall, if I 'ave any luck, engage in a contest under catch-as-catch-can rules wiv one of the wriggly denizens of this 'ere grass, if 'e'll only 'ave the pluck to put 'is 'ead out for 'arf a mo'. After that, I will give my celebrated performance of chasin' from the field one o' them overgrown insults to our speeces as is no use to anybody till they are plucked and shoved underneath the pastry. And, finally, I will give my side-splittin' imitation of a Petticoat Lane canary afore 'e's got 'is best clo's on.

"But first I'll ask you to throw in a few contributions, just by way of encouragement." Here a piece of bun struck him; but instead of taking offence he nibbled at it eagerly, and with his mouth full expressed cordial thanks. "Nine more like that, gentlemen all, is what I ask, and then the show begins," he continued. "Nine crumbs only—bun, biscuit or bread; I'm not perticklar. Thank you, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Seven more, and I begin with no further—thank you; much obliged, Sir—no further delay. Only five more, gentlemen. (Needn't look so cross, you with the nose; it's only crumbs I'm askin' for; I don't want to rob you of your whiskey.) Throw 'em on the grass, gentlemen, or I'll come and take 'em from the 'uman 'and, which you like! Now, only two more required, and the performance absolutely—"

But at this exciting moment the banquet spread upon the grass around the entertainer brought a baker's dozen of other sparrows and a couple of gigantic pigeons on to the scene. I cannot sully this fair page with the words which the one who was on the very brink of his performance presumably addressed to the intruders. Seizing the largest crumb with his beak, he flew over towards Hobbs and gobbled it greedily, and then departed to the other side of the ground, where I hope he found better luck.



Housholder (having subdued burglar with discarded golf club). "H'm! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER REALLY LIKED THAT CLEEK!"

TWO OF A TRADE.

THE moment Charles Meredith entered our Temple flat, just after we had finished our lunch, I knew that he was in trouble and meant to carry it off lightly. His face gave him away to those who, like myself, knew him well. Knowing, moreover, my Marjorie's fatal gift of spotting my unconfessed wickednesses, and her deadly habit of not allowing me to carry them off lightly, having also suffered much from odious comparisons between myself and this same Charles Meredith, I looked forward to a pleasant ten minutes or so. But I ought to have known that I am never very far out of trouble myself when Marjorie and trouble are about.

"I have come up to apologise to you, Mrs. Shelley," said he.

I waved a kindly hand at him. "Don't mention it," I said airily; "all is forgiven."

Marjorie said she would endorse this view, if she knew what the trouble was. I begged Charles, as being the only person who did know, to tell her.

After some hesitation, Charles began: "The fact is that a long, long time ago an uncle and aunt of mine fixed this week-end for their annual visit."

"If they are anything like my uncles

and aunts," said I, "it seems that you are entitled to the apologies."

"We dare not put *them* off," said Charles, "and we have only one spare-room."

I had suddenly the instinctive feeling of having not done something which I ought to have done. Was it possible that Charles had given me a message for my wife which my wife had never received? My worst fears were realized when Charles proceeded to inform us that his wife bitterly regretted having to put *us* off. "Let us," I said hastily to Charles, remembering now exactly what the message was that I had omitted to deliver—"let us go back to our respective chambers and resume our work. It is high time, very high time, that we were forgetting our respective wives and devoting the whole of our great minds to the affairs of others."

Marjorie got between me and the door. "Put us off what?" she asked.

"Didn't he tell you?" asked Charles, pointing an accusing finger at me.

I interrupted. "If you ask me . . ."

Marjorie interrupted. "I was asking Mr. Meredith. Yes, Mr. Meredith?"

"If you ask me," I continued, "he probably didn't, but he will do so now. Some little time ago a message was

despatched to you, which got lost in transit. It was to the effect that the Merediths would be delighted if we would spend the week-end in their Surrey home. The week in question would have started ending to-morrow, I believe. But now, since the uncle and aunt have unhappily intervened, shall we disperse without referring again to the melancholy affair?"

"Really, John," Marjorie began (I suffer more from "really" than from any other word in the dictionary). And then to Charles, "Why, I ought to have written to Mrs. Meredith days ago to thank her for asking us, for of course we should have loved to come. Of course it doesn't matter a bit about putting us off, and it was awfully kind of you both to have thought of asking us. But what does worry me is what she will think . . . *really*, John."

"What, again?" I said. But Marjorie's face had now assumed the familiar I-wish-I-had-married-some-body-else expression.

"But that doesn't matter in the least," said Charles, with great heartiness.

"But it does matter," said Marjorie; with so much more that Charles's bosom obviously burst with pride in his own generosity. "You would



WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

HUMILIATING POSITION OF BATHER WHO HAS REACHED THE LIMIT OF HIS POWERS IN SWIMMING TO THE DIVING-RAFT.

never treat your wife in this off-hand way."

"Yes, yes," said Charles. "I mean, no, no."

Marjorie I didn't mind—she is my fate and is, no doubt, good for me—but there came to be that element in the attitude of Charles which gave me to think that he was easily carried away. "And now," he said finally, arming me towards my own exit, "we ought to be getting back to work. Come along, you, John."

My next remark may not bear the impress of startling intelligence, yet it was the cleverest I have ever made in my life. "Marjorie," it ran, "you'll have to write to Mrs. Meredith and explain."

Charles waved the suggestion airily aside. "Don't you trouble to do any such thing," said he.

Now this Charles and I, friends though we be, have met as bitter opponents in the forum at any rate sufficiently often for me to know when he is in a hole and is trying to jump out of it.

"Write she must," said I, firmly.

"Write she must not," said Charles.

"Oh, yes," said I.

"Oh, no," said Charles.

Charles turned to Marjorie, brushing me aside much as he does his learned friend on the other side in court, when he is endeavouring to bounce a judge. "I am sure you will take it from me that there is no need to write."

I, on the other hand, kept that silence which I always keep when I know that judgment is going to be in my favour, however caustically pronounced.

"I shall most certainly write to Mrs. Meredith and explain," said Marjorie, "however incredibly monstrous the explanation may sound."

The arrogance of Charles collapsed. "I beg of you, as a favour to myself," he pleaded, "to do no such thing."

"But why not?" asked Marjorie.

"Because Charles has forgotten to tell Mrs. Meredith that we were ever asked," said I pleasantly; and to Charles, more in sorrow than in anger, as I led him from the room, "Really, Charles . . ."

"President Wilson has denounced the 'insidious lobbying' against free wool in the United States.

A column of these insects, five miles wide and 18 miles long, is sweeping over the country."—*Sydney Morning Herald*.

Help!

THE MERMAID'S TOILET.

WHEN Summer suns have warmed the sea

To sixty-two or sixty-three,
I saunter thither o'er the sand,
My brindled costume in my hand,

And find, as might have been foreseen,
An occupant in each machine,
While heavy booking in advance
Indefinitely queers my chance.

Mermaids through the ripples dash,
Mermatrons also sport and splash,
And, by the steps, a thought more
Dressed,

Wait others eager to divest.

However, sanguine on the whole,
In patience I possess my soul,
For girls who wear such scanty kit
Will soon slip out and into it.

But other habits, cut and dried,
Are not so lightly laid aside,
And ere I take my tardy turn
This bitter, bedrock truth I learn:—

Though garments to be donned or
loosed

To four or five have been reduced,
Woman takes root in her machine
As if she still wore seventeen.



A QUESTION OF DETAIL.

SIR EDWARD GREY. "YOU'LL HAVE TO GO, YOU KNOW. THE CONCERT FEELS VERY STRONGLY ABOUT THAT."

TURKEY. "AND WHO'S GOING TO TURN ME OUT?"

SIR EDWARD GREY. "CURIOUS YOU SHOULD ASK ME THAT; IT'S THE ONE POINT WE HAVEN'T DECIDED YET. HAVE YOU ANY PREFERENCE IN THE MATTER?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, August 11.—Heard of potted plays. Regarded from point of view of frequenter of *matinées*, they are nothing compared with this afternoon's performance of Potted Bills. Order of the Day contained as many as twenty-eight separate measures standing at various stages of progress, all bound to be put through at current sitting. Recognised that only possible way of accomplishing stupendous task was to meet an hour earlier than usual. Accordingly at quarter-past three LORD CHANCELLOR took seat on Woosack. Notice was taken that his constitutionally slim body bulged out in measure suggesting recent enjoyment of exceptionally lusty lunch. Explained later that these were amendments to Mental Deficiency Bill. Their total, including overflow, amounted to no fewer than ninety-one.

Two front benches well filled. Below Gangway to right of Woosack was here and there a Bishop. For the rest, red leather benches were with one exception unoccupied. Exception had important consequences affecting course of public business. The solitary unofficial peer was CAMPERDOWN, known to his peers as CONVERSATION CAMPERDOWN. Sobriquet acquired vogue because so full is he of information, so eager to convey it, that where another would interpolate a sentence in Parliamentary conversation he makes a speech.

On the Order Paper, amid battalion of Bills waiting to be carted off to Statute Book, there stood in his name a question so voluminous that it would have sufficed less gifted men for a treatise. Had something to do with alluring topic of Undeveloped Land Duty. In the Commons the thing would have been treated as a question. Minister to whom it was addressed would have read reply and there an end on 't. In the Lords innocent-looking question may, and frequently does, lead to prolonged debate.

For CAMPERDOWN something of pathos underlay prosaic circumstance of hour. Prorogation near at hand. This might be last opportunity of adding to long series of speeches with which during the Session he has endeavoured to enlighten unsympathetic, sometimes inattentive, gatherings. Set to as fresh as if it were a brisk day in February instead of a languorous thunder-charged afternoon in

August. STRACHIE, so recently imported from the Commons as to be still influenced by its methods, treated interpolation as a question. Read reply prepared by the Department he represents in the Lords.



MENTAL DEFICIENCY AMENDMENTS.
(LORD HALDANE.)

But for SELBORNE, House might forthwith have got to business. When one remembers historical scene in the last century when the first Viscount WOLMER, called to the Peerage by the death of the Earl of SELBORNE, insisted on remaining in the Commons—a revolutionary movement in which he was backed up by two other elder sons known at the time as GEORGE CURZON and ST. JOHN BRODRICK—his adaptation to later conditions is marvellous in its fulness. Come to be recognised as one of the most effective debaters on Front Opposition Bench.



DAY-DREAMS.
(LORD LANSDOWNE.)

Jumped up now and said a few words having remote reference to LLOYD GEORGE and his famous Budget. Thus encouraged, CAMPERDOWN positively made another speech. CREWE, most courteous-mannered man that ever led a hopeless minority, thought it incumbent upon him to say a few words. Pretty to see how, standing at Table, he, before opening his mouth, deliberately buttoned the front of his coat, with obvious intent to discourage expansion of phrase. In this he succeeded.

When he sat down the scanty audience glanced anxiously at Leader of Opposition. Would he think it necessary to follow Leader of the House? Happily LANSDOWNE, dreaming of verdurous sea-haunted Derreen in far-off Kerry, not inclined to risk delay in reaching that haven of rest by blocking Bills with idle talk. Accordingly made no move. CAMPERDOWN rose again. Was he on homœopathic principle going to fill vacuum by reiterated vacuity? With sigh of relief was heard to ask leave to withdraw the motion that had served as a peg for his diversion. Request hurriedly granted, and House went into Committee on Mental Deficiency Bill.

Noble lords, looking at their watches, found it was a quarter-past four. CAMPERDOWN had spent for them the precious sixty minutes dearly bought by earlier hour of meeting.

Business done.—More than a score of Bills coming up from the Commons disposed of.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Considering near approach to Prorogation and the lure of well-earned holiday, attendance at opening of business this afternoon surprisingly large. Due to fact that important statement on condition of affairs in the East of Europe expected from FOREIGN SECRETARY. Opportunity provided by Second Reading of Appropriation Bill, upon which may be discussed all matters in the heavens above (e.g. insufficiency of aeroplanes), on the earth beneath (the Piccadilly flat) or in the waters under the earth (lack of submarines).

On motion made, EDWARD GREY rose and in studiously casual manner remarked, "There is some information I should like to give the House with regard to foreign affairs which I think it certainly ought to have before it separates and on which it is necessary for me to make some explanation." In this characteristic manner was in-

introduced a speech of profoundest interest not only at home but abroad.

If ever there was a time when habitually impregnable modesty might temporarily yield to pressure it was here presented. As Sir EDWARD pointed out, up to outbreak of war in Balkans last October, there had been universal expectation that it would be the signal for a clash of arms among the Great Powers. Some would be unable to keep out of it, and if one or more were brought in it was impossible to say how many others would follow. That calamity, threatening the greatest war since the days of NAPOLEON, has been averted. By common consent the

with regard to the rumours arising out of HALDANE'S journey to Berlin in February, 1912, he observed, "It is not difficult to tell the truth; the difficulty is to get the truth believed." That difficulty he surmounted in his communications with the Foreign Ambassadors. The rest was comparatively simple.

Not easy to name a statesman who in equally critical times has done such supreme service not only to his country but to the Continent. The only man who seems unconscious of its magnitude is Sir EDWARD GREY.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time without division.

Friday.—Parliament prorogued.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH HOLIDAY-MAKING.

By NINE MAYORS.

(With apologies to a well-known photographic firm.)

Extract from Preface:—This book resembles no other book that has ever appeared. You never read anything like it before, and probably you never will (intentionally) do so again. It is about happiness, and nine mayors have written it to tell you how and where to be happy. What mayors don't know about being happy isn't worth knowing. Is there not an old proverb



THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

leading part in the difficult delicate task has been played by the British Foreign Minister.

Through months of anxious labour, unresting, unhurried, with sublime tact, unruffled patience, inflexible urbanity, he has at long last won a victory more renowned than any achieved in the annals of War. One secret of his success, generously extolled this afternoon on Opposition benches, is the conviction slowly but surely growing in the minds of Representatives of Foreign Powers with whom he has had dealings, that he is an honest man who says exactly what he means and, in spite of unflinching politeness, will resolutely do what he thinks is the right thing.

In one of his clearly-cut sentences EDWARD GREY defined the difficulties that since diplomacy was first set to work has environed its practitioners. Speaking in the House of Commons

"A CORRECTION.

Through inadvertence, the name of Mr. John Smyth, Moyarget, Ballycastle, appeared in the list of persons fined for drunkenness in our report of Ballycastle Petty Sessions in our last issue. Instead, the charge against Mr. Smyth was that of burying a horse within the statutory distance off the public road. We tender our apologies for the error and regret the unpleasantness involved."

Coleraine Chronicle.

All the passers-by regret the same.

"The flowers of nasturtiums make a dainty and delicious sandwich. Lick the flowers just before they are to be used, plunge them into cold water, to remove all dust or a lurking insect."—*Montreal Family Herald.*

Personally we would rather lick them after the dust and insects have been removed.

"Dr. T. J. Van Loghem, the Amsterdam infectious very long after biting a yellow fever infectious very long after biting a yellow fever patient."—*Evening Standard.*

He mustn't do it again.

that says, "The mayor the merrier?" Very well then.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT MUDPOOL.

By the Mayor of Mudpool.

I consider that at no place in the world has the visitor better opportunities for winning your Million Pound Happy Moments prize than at Mudpool; and, as the largest shareholder in the Pier and Winter Gardens Co., I ought to know. Here seascape and landscape are so pleasantly combined that on six days out of seven it is impossible to tell which is which. Surely there is significance in the old association of mud and larks. Come, then, to Mudpool and lark.

JOSHUA JUDKINS,

Mayor of Mudpool.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT SLUSHVILLE-ON-SEA.

By the Mayor of Slushville-o.-S.

Your suggestion that I should write



(After a desperate encounter with a conger-eel, which takes possession of the boat, Edwin persuades the monster to return to its element.)
 Extract from Angelina's correspondence: "YESTERDAY EDWIN AND I CAUGHT A SPLENDID CONGER-EEL, BUT UNFORTUNATELY IT FELL OVERBOARD."

to you, pointing out the many advantages which Slushville offers to competitors in your Happy Moments contest, is one that I readily comply with. [Idiot! Don't give the thing away. It was supposed to be spontaneous!—Editor of Symposium.] Of the joy to be had at Slushville I will simply say that the town supports five concert parties, three bands, and a scenic railway; and leave intending visitors to judge for themselves. I should, however, add that on the morning after last August Bank-Holiday no fewer than seventy-five cases of alleged inebriation were the subject of judicial enquiry, many of them being accompanied by disorderly conduct. And yet they say that the English take their pleasures sadly. Not at Slushville!

AMOS HIGGS,
 Mayor.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT TRIPTON.

By the Deputy-Mayor of Tripton.

The only objection that I can see to urging intending competitors for your Million Pound Happy Moments to seek them at Tripton is that it is so unfair to all the others. It is impossible to be anything else but happy at Tripton. Why, we have a town-crier who is enough to make a cat laugh. Why not photograph him? And as for

"picturesque" bits they abound. What about the old fish-market (or, to avoid misunderstanding, I should rather say the old market for fish)? Nor will lovers of the artistic willingly neglect such a spectacle as Sunset on the Tiam-terminus. So I extend a hearty welcome to all and sundry. Even should you fail—which is unlikely—to secure the million, you will at least have spent a happy time (and I hope much else) at entrancing Tripton.

JOHN BROWN,
 Deputy-Mayor of Tripton.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT SANDBOROUGH.
 By the Chairman Sandborough Council.

Salubrious Sandborough is so well known as the chief health and pleasure resort in the British Isles that any attempt on my part to enlarge upon its many advantages in a competition such as the one that you are so generously instituting would only be to gild the already refined lily. Passing by, therefore, such adjuncts to true happiness as our covey of Arabian donkeys (unequally on the coast for speed and comfort); our bathing beach, where at high-water mixed bathing (or neat if preferred) may be enjoyed with absolute safety, the depth never exceeding twelve inches; and our casino, boasting the most matured collection of illustrated

papers to be found in Great Britain, I would draw attention to the important fact that, if true happiness is to be found in health, then Sandborough offers both. For the past twelve months our death-rate has been 1 per population, that one being the local undertaker, who died of starvation. Need I say more? Remember the old phrase, "As happy as a Sand(borough)-hoy." Come then to Sandborough, and win the prize.

THOS. J. PINKERTON,
 Chairman Sandborough Urban District Council (but counts as a Mayor).

And so on.

The Revolt of the Missionary.

The Eastern Daily Press on the Human Leopards' Society of Cannibals:—

"Investigations showed the state of things to be so serious that a special tribunal was appointed, and over 400 parsons, including several paramount chiefs, were arrested."

We trust that no Colonial Bishops are implicated in this new policy of retaliation.

From a story in Pearson's Magazine:

"Mrs. J. G.'s bosom heaved, her eyelids snapped open and shut, and she glared her defiance at her husband. J. G. sighed again." He never did like his wife's transparent eyelids.

THE FRIENDLY WAITRESS.

Saturday, August 9th.—Arrived quite safely this afternoon at Les Vallons, which is really one of the most beautiful places in Switzerland. A grand view of valley and mountains. Our hotel stands high and commands the best of the scenery. Mary and Dorothy have become members of the Tennis Club. Little Cynthia and Dick are, of course, too young, but there is plenty of amusement for them in other ways. In fact this is an ideal place for children, and Edith and I are sure to have an easy time in looking after them. There are several Russian and French families in our hotel, all very stout and jolly-looking. We seemed quite sylph-like in comparison with them. Curious how foreigners nowadays run to fat. We all dined at the *table d'hôte* in the evening. We were looked after by the head waitress, who insisted on our taking a helping of every course. She is extremely friendly and seemed hurt by the mere idea of our refusing anything. It was a long dinner, and the leg of mutton struck me as unnecessary after what we had already eaten. Children a little flushed, especially Cynthia.

Tuesday, August 12th.—At the *table d'hôte* luncheon to-day, the two top buttons of little Dick's shorts gave way with a loud report. Under the influence of our waitress he had worked his way steadily through all the courses of the luncheon, which had included chicken patties and Irish stew and cauliflower *à la crème*. At the moment he was engaged upon caramel pudding. The waitress was highly pleased. She said he was increasing in weight *à vue d'œil*, which, indeed, is true of all of us. Mary and Dorothy not so keen on their lawn-tennis as I should like. Edith's skirts refuse to meet round the waist, and I myself am in great trouble with my flannel trousers. Perhaps they have shrunk in the wash. The waitress continues to urge us on at every meal and we dare not offend her. Where will this end?

Thursday, August 14th.—Had intended to make a walking excursion into the mountains to-day, but when the time for starting came could not move family. Though it was only 10.30 in the morning they were all asleep in the drawing-room. The Russian and French families prefer the smoking-room. The Russian snore has a very penetrating bass note. I cannot say I was displeased at the postponement of our walk, for the mere idea of exercise under a hot sun was most repulsive. Instead of exhausting ourselves by climbing steep ascents we all sat and watched the tennis tournament. Coming up hill afterwards to our hotel, Dick and Cynthia fell down, and before we could stop them they had rolled fifty yards to the bottom of the slope, where they lay, unable to get up, till the English chaplain, who was passing, set them on their legs and started them up-hill again. Edith and I felt inclined to cry with vexation, but what could we do? We could only sit still on a wall and hope for the safety of our children. Mary and Dorothy told me afterwards that they simply couldn't have gone down to the rescue with the prospect of having to toil up again. We hope this will be a lesson to Cynthia and Dick, but, like all children, they are thoughtless. At dinner to-night three of the buttons of my dress-waistcoat suddenly flew off, and one of them hit a French General on the forehead. He was much offended and said he had not the habitude to receive blows of buttons on the face without demanding an explanation. Mollified him with some difficulty. The misfortune was entirely due to a *poulet chasseur au riz* which I had intended to pass, but was not allowed to by our waitress.

Saturday, August 16th.—As a family we have put on eight stone since we came here. Am afraid this is not necessarily a sign of robust health. Every article of everybody's

wearing apparel has had to be let out everywhere. Have arranged to leave on Monday for home. Thank heaven, only two more *table d'hôte* dinners. Our faces are all cheek. If we could only have hunger-struck all would have been well, but the amiability of the waitress made it impossible. Wonder if the dogs will recognise us when we get home.

THE KING WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

(A Fable for Parents and Guardians.)

LONG years ago, in Puritania's realm,
A learned King stood firmly at the helm;
A man of blameless and industrious life,
Devoted to his exemplary wife,
A model father, generous and just,
In whom his subjects placed implicit trust.
And yet this paragon had two small flaws:
He was a slave to Logic's ruthless laws,
And owned a gift of humour far intenser
Than that of J. S. MILL or HERBERT SPENCER.

Yet all went well until that fatal year
When, as the last days of July drew near,
At Puritania's greatest public school,
Where all her noble sons are taught to rule
Her subject races, of all hues and sizes,
The King arranged to give away the prizes.

The sun shone kindly from a cloudless sky,
And rank and fashion loyally stood by
As, guided by the Reverend Head, the King
Inspected practically everything;
And then, proceeding to the College hall,
Amid the cordial cheers of great and small,
Rewarded with gilt-edged and calf-bound tomes
The scions of his kingdom's stately homes.
Then as the last prize-winner sought his seat
The King, whose voice though guttural was sweet,
Addressed the boys, who checked their loyal din
Till you might hear the dropping of a pin.
He said it gave him pure and genuine joy
To watch the progress of the human boy,
Especially when every one was yearning
To beat his neighbour in the race of learning.
"I gather," he continued, "from your Head
That you are all contented and well-fed;
That in these placid groves of Academe
Your life slips by like some celestial dream;
That, scorning luxury and slothful ways,
You lead harmonious and laborious days,
And never taste of bitter in your cup
Save at your periodic breakings-up.
Therefore, because your ardent courage falls
When you are exiled to your fathers' halls,
I have prevailed upon your worthy Head,
In recognition of the lives you've led,
To grant a boon as welcome as unique
And lengthen term-time by an extra week."

* * * * *
Within three days the monarch's blameless life
Was ended by a young assassin's knife.
Yet there are British parents, I am told,
Who his audacious sentiments uphold,
Who mourn in secret his untimely doom
And offer furtive tribute at his tomb.

"Mrs. — wore a lovely dress of black and gold; and carried a bouquet of yellow roses (all given by the bride's brother)."

Isle of Man Times.

And the leaves, too? How generous!



Father (finding his son doing nothing in particular near forbidden cupboard). "BOBBIE, HAVE YOU BEEN EATING THE JAM AGAIN?"
 Bobbie. "CAN YOU SEE ANY MARKS ROUND MY MOUTH, FATHER?"
 Father. "YES."
 Bobbie. "THEN I HAVE."

PSEUDO-NEO-GREC.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—So many of my (by acquaintances whom I have consulted at lunch or in the train about my new house have said, "You ought to have an architect," that I feel the enclosed diary is of public interest. anyhow, it answers the objections used to my project of designing the house myself.

I enclose my card and am
 Yours faithfully,
 BALBUS.

June 9.—Feel this project of building myself a house biggest event in my life. Am resolved to keep diary. Sphronia says, "Mind you *do* keep it." Myll. Architect calls himself Benson Benson Friba. Odd name; but Sir George Bilger, who recommended him, vites that he is "the coming man."

June 10.—Not much done. Did not know architect's address except that it was Gray's Inn Square, so asked man with broom in Square where Benson Friba's office was. Man asked, "Is he a harshteet?" Have been liking to word. At entry of house indicated by man found name put on wall, "Mr. Benson Benson,

F.R.I.B.A. (*i.e.* "Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Harshteets"). Sir George apparently thought "Friba" a title of rank similar to Pasha. Found my way slowly up to top floor, where Benson nests in rookery of Fribas. Some confusion as four names distributed among three doors but identified my harshteet's door at last and knocked.

Benson's office boy sits at a desk, looks out of windows and taps for a living with a pencil. He went to inner door, came back, asked me to take seat and resumed his tapping. Studied framed picture titled "Proposed house for F. Cheese, Esqr.," and discovered that bicycle accident in road was really nursemaid with perambulator talking to Arabian dwarf with turban and naked seimitar. Bell rings and I am shown into Benson's room. There are two dusty silk hats on top of cupboard, violoncello case and golf clubs in corner, and Gladstone bag in middle of floor. Benson Friba was in shooting clothes. Nervous manner; pulls his fingers and says, "I see, I see," but does seem to understand. Told him what we wanted—*i.e.*, library, drawing-room, Brodie's patent self-cleansing lavatory basins, conservatory, perforated gauze

to larder window to keep out flies, entrance hall with alcove at side for billiard table (full size), study, boudoir, squash racquet court at back and seraper at entrance firmly fixed because ours wobbled about and the man who came to mend it did not do it properly. Dining-room, of course, and kitchen, etc.

Friba listens nervously; says, "I see, I see," and then asks, "What style?"

"A thoroughly good style of house," I tell him. He means, however, what style of architecture. "What building do I particularly admire?" he asks.

"Westminster Abbey," I tell him. "I see."

Friba then pensive; finally he says, "The sort of house you want is a Pseudo-neo-Gree house."

"Do I?"
 "Yes."
 "Oh, all right."
 "Yes, you would like it."
 "Would I?"
 "Yes."

"Right; but don't forget the seraper and the fly gauze."

Friba makes note on blotting pad and asks how much I expect to spend.

"At the outside?"
 "Certainly at the outside."

"Five thousand."

"I see."

When I told Friba we wanted French windows to drawing-room he became dejected. Says, "Then it can't be Pseudo-neo-Grec." He explains this at great length. Seems to know what he is talking about. I tell him "All right, never mind the French windows, but we want a big bay-window to library."

"You won't like that," he says.

"Why not?"

"Well, for *one* thing it isn't Pseudo-neo-Grec."

He again explains at length. Evidently he is right.

"Well, never mind the bay-window, but we are very fond of oak beams and carved gables," I tell him.

"I am afraid that is out of the question," says Friba.

"Why?"

"Because it isn't Pseudo-neo-Grec."

It struck me Friba was coming it a bit strong, but he clearly showed me we did *not* like beams and carved gables, but only *thought* we liked them.

"All right; leave 'em out."

My harshitect waxes enthusiastic as we discuss the house. Says he will send rough sketches and then we can talk over details. Bid him good-bye. Then go back, put my head in at the door and say, "Lots of cupboards, please." Expect to hear "Pseudo-neo," &c., but Friba (who for some reason has begun to undress) agrees at once. Good chap, Friba. Have not told Sophronia about windows and oak timbers. Shall make most of cupboards.

July 16.—Sketches came by second post. Fine-looking house, but very strong and unpleasant smell. Don't understand plans yet. Cannot find any scraper. Only one cupboard.

July 18.—Have solved plans at last. Friba has drawn them upside down. No scraper, though; and can't see fly gauze. Sophronia discovered three more cupboards, then had to give up owing to smell of paper. No conservatory, no racquet court, no verandah. Can't understand. Billiard-alcove only fourteen feet square. We cannot make out what thing like starfish in kitchen yard is. No linen-room. Have written Friba asking why no verandah or conservatory or racquet court.

August 13.—No reply from Friba. Hear he is in Scotland. Have written asking estimate of cost. Sophronia has discovered another cupboard. Starfish proves to be pattern of paving.

August 14.—Wire from Friba: "Oban: Because Pseudoneogrec."

August 17.—Wire from Friba: "Pen-zance: Estimate from twelve to fourteen thousand."

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

By her unhappy machinations my sister-in-law has landed me in hot water again, and I am in need of advice. For if, on the one hand . . . but perhaps I had better first give you the facts and then you can judge for yourselves.

One Sunday in April I was sitting in her drawing-room waiting for her to offer me some tea. For the last twenty minutes I had been throwing out hints, which passed, however, unheeded. Frances does talk so.

"This morning," she said, breaking out afresh after a momentary lull, "this morning I saw—what do you think?"

"A man holding a mug," I suggested hopefully.

"No. Down in the waterside meadow I saw a swallow. Aren't you glad it's the spring again?"

"Are you sure it wasn't a labourer making a noise that looked like a swallow?" I asked, with grave misgivings. "Spring doesn't really begin, you know, till I've ordered my fancy vests."

"My dear boy, where is your nose? Can't you *smell* that it's spring in the air, in the earth, in the trees—everywhere?"

I took a sniff, just to humour her.

"I can only smell the spring-cleaning," I said, "and it always upsets me."

I sighed and went on with my thirst.

"Now that spring is upon us once more," she persisted in the voice of one with a mission, "there's something I've been wanting to speak to you about."

She paused. I cast my mind hurriedly back over the interval since last I had seen her. What had I been doing now?

"It's this," she said impressively: "it's quite time you thought seriously of settling down. Everybody says so."

"Don't move. I'm very comfortable, thanks."

"You know very well what I mean. Think how nice it would be," she went on in mellifluous tones, "to have someone always to love and protect, someone to welcome you at night and talk to you when you're lonely."

I thought about it.

"I don't see much in it," I said. "Nothing has been fixed up definitely, I hope—not for a day or two?"

"Don't be so absurd!"

"Upon my word, I don't know," I replied. "Since you all seem to have made up your minds about it. Produce the bride, then. Where is she? Why keep her skulking in the background? Is *nothing* ready for me?"

Frances gave a mysterious smile which annoyed me.

"Please understand," I pursued, with some heat, "I'm not going to get married for anyone, unless I like. And at present I don't like. . . Besides, I can't afford it," I added a little too hastily.

"What? With—why you're not in debt again already?"

"Er—technically—you see," I proceeded to explain, "it's the buttons. They keep on coming off. And so—what happens—"

"How much do you owe your tailor this time?" She eyed me severely as she spoke. My mind never works really well when people stare at me, and my memory is not what it was.

"I f-forget for the moment. But I dare say I could find out for you."

"And I suppose there's a lot more besides?"

"Er—now you come to mention it," I began.

"I thought so. Then it's certainly time you had someone to look after you," she announced with decision.

"That's not what you said just now, you know. You promised me that I was going to have the looking after somebody. That's not fair."

"I shall see about it at once."

"Give me till tea-time," I pleaded; "I'm very thirsty."

"Now I know the very girl for you. She's pretty, has a nice disposition, and is easily pleased."

"I ask you for tea," I complained, "and you give me a wife. Why is there all this delay? What are we waiting for? It seems to me this house isn't properly managed."

"You must get to know one another. I think you'd make a very good couple."

"I should only tread on her toes," I urged.

"Well, you shouldn't be so clumsy," she replied.

I sat up suddenly and gave Frances a piece of my mind; and there's more where that came from.

"I'm not clumsy. On the contrary, I'm said to be exceedingly graceful. If the truth were known, I believe you tell them to put their feet under mine on purpose so as to give them a secret hold over me. I'm not clumsy. Clumsy!" and I laughed with a hollow mirth.

"Her name is Gwendolen," said Frances, "Gwendolen Hope. Pretty name!"

"A very nice name," I agreed.

"I'm glad you like it, because—"

"I like it so much," I put in pleasantly, "that it seems a pity to disturb it."



Tyro (to Scotch chauffeur, who is acting as loader). "I DON'T KNOW HOW I SHALL GET ON WITH THOSE DRIVEN BIRDS."

Chauffeur. "YE 'LL OFT ON ALL RIGHT. ALL YE 'VE GOT TO DAE 'S TO POUR IT INTO THEIR BONNETS WHEN THEY 'RE FLEEBIN' TAE YE, AND INTO THEIR DEFFERENTIALS WHEN THEY 'RE FLEEBIN' PAST YE."

"Because," she continued, rising and ringing for tea, "just now I heard a knock at the door. I have asked her to tea, and I think here she is. Now mind you behave yourself!"

So that was why . . . I jumped up in alarm, preparing for flight, but it was already too late. The door opened and the bride-elect was shown in. She might easily have been worse; in fact she was really rather pretty. She wore a white serge tailor-made frock, well-shaped shoes, and brown silk stockings, which I like. Yes, she might very well have been worse. But in choosing a wife, especially the first, one has to be careful. And yet, dear friends, so inscrutable are the workings of destiny that, be as careful as you may, things have a way of turning out otherwise, in spite of every precaution. Being an actual eye-witness, I will try to explain to you exactly what happened. What happened was this. You know those cups they have nowadays, those senseless, precarious things with no balance to speak of? Well, I was handing her her third. I was taking particular pains over it, for I knew that Frances' eye was upon me. Another inch and I was practically there. And just then (to this day I cannot sufficiently account for it) something (I don't know what it was) suddenly gave way (without any warning whatever) in

the muscles of my arm. For one awful moment . . . "I've done it," I whispered, turning bloodlessly to Frances. "Look!" and I pointed to Gwendolen's lap.

If the good creature had only had the presence of mind to sit still! A girl at all handy with her needle could easily have let in a new piece, and nobody would have been any the wiser, excepting ourselves. But no. Rising quickly and without thought she spread it. And, whereas a small concentrated pool would have represented all the mischief done, many tributaries of tea flowed down to the floor in every direction, and the skirt was to all intents spoilt. I did what I could. I gave her my handkerchief and a spoon, and knelt down to point out the worst places. But unless she is not very particular, which I doubt, she will never want to wear it again. It is such a mistake, I do think, for mothers to allow young and inexperienced girls to wear white, especially white serge. Frances was obliged to lend her a cloak to go home in.

And now the question remains, what is the correct thing to do? According to Frances, having gone thus far and compromised myself, I must go further. The dietates of honour, she says, compel me to offer to buy the young person a new frock, and this would be to take

an intolerable liberty unless I first asked her hand in marriage. And I am bound to admit there is something in what she says.

Candour.

"Young Man teaches Pianoforte, practically and theoretically, 4s. monthly; painstaking with beginners, theoretically."

Advt. in "Dublin Evening Mail."

Practically—well, you should hear him.

"In the end stumps were pulled up half an hour before time, three having then fallen."

Daily Telegraph.

By which time even a single-wicket match was impossible.

"FIRST ZINGARI v. GEORGE ORR'S XI."
Glasgow Evening News.

The First Zingari, who are very proud of being first, have acquired the bad habit of calling themselves "I Zingari," instead of the more grammatical "We Zingari." This was bound to lead to trouble sooner or later.

"A pretty Summer Frock in spugged crepon with plague of Chinese embroidery, and flat vassell at the corsage."

East Anghan Daily Times.

This sounds like another orgy.

"Violent guests caught us, but the mono-plane behaved splendidly all the time."

Daily Mail.

An example to Ministers attacked by Suffragettes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

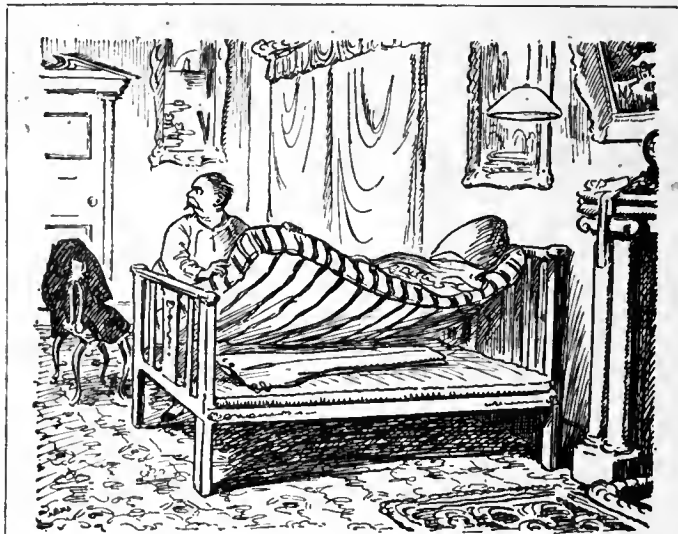
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOTHING about Mr. HALL CAINE's latest novel impresses me quite so much as its ruthlessness, the ineluctable vigour of its advance. He is a bloodhound on the trail of pathos, stretches octopus tentacles of coincidence, out of the pigeon-holes of memory plucks like a hawk every topic of recent interest, from the story of *Marie Claire* to the foibles of the Smart Set, from the Minority Report on the Divorce Commission to the discovery of the South Pole, and sweeps them all onwards to the great and final thrill. *Mary O'Neill*, the heroine of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* (HEINEMANN), educated in a convent, was forced into a marriage of "suitability" with the dissolute profligate *Lord Raa* (situate on the Isle of Ellan, wherever that may be), refused to be his wife in more than name, was humiliated because he flaunted his mistresses in her face, found no sympathy from Church, relations, or law in her struggle for freedom, and at last, just before he sailed for Antarctic parts, gave herself to her life-long lover, *Martin Conrad*. When she found that she was to become a mother she fled to London, suffered, starved, and in order to keep the child alive was just about to earn the wages of infamy on the night when *Martin* (whose ship was reported lost) arrived in London. "Yes, the very next man who comes along," I thought." The next man was *Martin*. . . . The elements and supernatural omens are pressed with equal relentlessness into the awful march. When *Mary* interviewed the bishop about the possibility of divorce, a "vast concourse of crows" was holding congress in the tall elms of Bishop's Court." As she left, "a dead crow tumbled" from one of them to the ground. There are a hundred-and-sixteen chapters in *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, and a great many tearful incidents, but I think I felt sorriest about the death of that crow. Poor bird.

With regard to *Miss King's Profession* (MILLS AND BOON), I am in the same position as if I had come across an excellent brew of home-made lemonade, a liquor which, however good of its kind, I should hesitate to press upon a stranger of whose taste in drinks I had no knowledge. There are those who neither have nor desire to form acquaintance with such a mild beverage. Myself, though no literary teetotaler, I found the book most refreshing. Mrs. FRANCIS CHANNON writes of schoolgirls and primarily for schoolgirls; in her ingenuous and innocent plot virtue of the more homely sort triumphs all the way. But if the tale is not intoxicating it is by no means flavourless; the career of *Miss King*, so far as it consists of Work with her Pen (always capitalized), is most lively and cannot but prove amusing and instructive to all who Write, have Written, or mean to Write. This young lady, having distinguished herself at school by composing essays elegant in style and agreeable in sentiment, settles down with serious purpose and at regular hours to develop that talent, of the

possession of which she is, like the rest of us, inwardly conscious. So doing, she affords Mrs. CHANNON the opportunity of knocking the bottom out of all the nonsense which is current with respect to the Writing and publishing of novels, and the real position is nicely summed up, with a simple directness and many sly touches of humour, as between the publishers and the authors, the point being that if there are some knaves amongst the former there is a much larger proportion of fools among the latter. In the title, moreover, we have a *double entente*; there is another profession, more conventional but no less honourable, open to *Miss King*. Men who still believe in real women, and real women who still believe in themselves, must find in the conclusion of this pretty story an element of peace and quiet very welcome in these sexless days. To those to whom I dare not, for reasons above given, recommend the draught as a thirst-quencher, I advise it with some confidence as a soothing medicine of a most pleasing nature.

HAVE you ever encountered one of those depressing little volumes published in the early part of the last century (and still to be met with on second-hand bookstalls, or the topmost shelves of circulating libraries) called usually by some such title as "Irish Wit and Humour"? Well, though it would be unkind to suggest too close an analogy between these and *Knockinscreen Days* (METHUEN), I am afraid I must confess that Mr. JACKSON C. CLARK's book did remind me of them more than a little. The trouble, I take it, for all writers of Irish studies is that, the Irish being accepted as a race of comedians, some show of Wit and Humour has to be somehow got into all anecdotes about them. On the cover of this volume, for example, is an illustration (reproducing one of four



THE DOUBLE LIFE OF A CELEBRITY.
THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "EVERYBODY'S USING IT" TROUSER-PRESS MANUFACTORY.

excellent drawings to be found within) which presents a gentleman in a farmyard being knocked down by the rush of several pigs, while a small boy flourishes a blackthorn in the distance. This is very typical of the ground of my complaint. I could have been far more entertained with the doings of Mr. CLARK's characters had they been less obviously out for laughs at all cost. As it is, his pictures of life in an Ulster village have at least a topical interest; more especially in such examples as that which describes the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in a Protestant neighbourhood, and what came of it. As for *Jimmy McGaw*, however, whom the publishers describe as "a manservant with original ideas," I can only regret that I found his originality too farcical to be amusing. This was my misfortune and not my fault. It is ill dogmatizing about humour. Very possibly other readers may be more happy: so I will leave it at that.

Financial Candour.

From a circular:—

"Quite a good number of our customers have taken advantage of this gilt-edged investment, which we can with every confidence recommend as a stock for those who wish their money placed so they will have no further trouble with regard to either the principal or interest."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Palace of Peace is to be opened on the 28th inst. A little while ago it was feared that the tenant for whom the magnificent structure had been erected would be unavoidably prevented taking up residence there, but it is now possible that she will anyhow be able to make a short stay.

It is stated "on the highest authority" that there is no present intention to make any Cabinet changes. In Mr. REDMOND'S view, the "highest authority" has not yet been consulted on the matter.

Says *The Observer*:—"Messrs. Guinness are to erect a brewery in the Manchester district, and Messrs. Jacob are to open a bakery in Lancashire. . . . These firms are the largest of their kind in Ireland, and their determination to seek in England a field for their enterprise is a matter which gives food for reflection." But is beer food? Possibly when one remembers the classic dialogue—"Ad any breakfast, Bill?" "Not a drop!"

A refreshment pavilion in King Edward Park, Willesden, has been burned down by Suffragettes. They are surely carrying their hunger-strikes to absurd lengths.

A doctor has been recommending the telephone as a cure for deafness. We believe there is something in the idea. We have more than once succeeded ultimately in making a telephone assistant hear our call after what appeared to be a sustained attack of deafness.

In spite of the assertion that in Mr. DUNNE'S invention the safety aeroplane has been discovered at last, the promoters of the Channel Tunnel intend to persevere with their project.

It is suggested by *The Hospital* that wild flowers, which can be sent cheaply by post or rail, would be welcome gifts in the hospital wards. It is important, however, that they should not be too wild.

"The bilberry harvest," we read, "is now being gathered on the mountains in the Lake district. The fruit this

season are poor." If it will help at all we are quite willing to provide a home for some of them.

The necessity of fresh air for pictures is, a contemporary informs us, being considered by the Louvre authorities. The idea seems to have been rather overdone in the case of "La Gioconda."

According to a bulletin issued by specialists of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, appendicitis and other intestinal diseases are due to gloomy spirits. They declare that an absolutely certain preventive for appendi-

mounted the pavement. It is not known what Mr. PATERSON had done to annoy the car.

A suggestion has been made that, in view of the number of children who are lost every year, labels should be attached to every child, giving its name and address. The idea might be carried further. If the words "OF NO VALUE EXCEPT TO OWNER" were to be added, much kidnapping might be avoided.

INTO THE FIRE.

[Fighting at bargain sales, says a daily paper, is growing obsolete.]

When Ermyntude from Oxford Street hies back
She looks not like a Manad who has revelled
The long night through. Her eyes are never black,
Nor rent her robes; her hair is undishevelled;
She does not hurl the name (as once she hurled)
Of "cat" at every woman in the world.

Her temperature is normal, suave her smile;
Her manner sweet that formerly was acid;
She heaps her acquisitions in a pile
Upon the floor, and scans them, proud but placid.
But oh, that heap, once moderately slight,
Has risen to a most appalling height.

I see it at a glance. Tho' hours she spends
In steady purchase now, in strife and rages
She squandered once. She

buys threefold, and lends Most rapid wings to my hard-gotten wages.

"Ah, would again," I am inclined to wail,

"That Ermyntude were at it tooth and nail!"

Triangular Cricket.

"The home side were mainly indebted to S. G. Smith, Haywood, and C. N. Woolley coming together when the second wicket went down at 57."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"These conditions were embodied in a document which was signed by the Hemmings, and Mr. A. Mills, the three great Hemmings, and Mr. A. B. Mills, the three Great Western Railway officials, and six men who formed the deputation."—*Western Morning News*.

We regret that we have never heard of these famous brothers.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Stranger (to Well-known Occupant of Treasury Bench). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT IS THIS THE WAY TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL?"

Well-known Occupant of Treasury Bench. "THE ANSWER IS IN THE NEGATIVE."

itis is to smile habitually. An unfortunate friend of ours who tried this has, it is true, not been operated on for appendicitis; he has, however, been relegated to a lunatic asylum.

It is announced that for the Confectioners' Exhibition, which opens at the Agricultural Hall on September 6, a cake is to be made 16 feet in height with a base of 9 to 10 feet in diameter. We are sorry to hear that a number of little boys are already being medically treated for delirium brought on by a mere perusal of the announcement.

Looking into a stationer's shop in Great Newport Street one evening last week, Mr. ANDREW PATERSON, a visitor from Montreal, was hurled through the window by a motor car which had

THE SPREADING WALNUT-TREE.

WE were having breakfast in the garden with the wasps, and Peter was enlarging on the beauties of the country round his new week-end cottage.

"Then there's Hilderton," he said; "that's a lovely little village, I'm told. We might explore it to-morrow."

Celia woke up suddenly.

"Is Hilderton near here?" she asked in surprise. "But I often stayed there when I was a child."

"This was years ago, when Edward the Seventh was on the throne," I explained to Mrs. Peter.

"My grandfather," went on Celia, "lived at Hilderton Hall."

There was an impressive silence.

"You see the sort of people you're entertaining," I said airily to Peter. "My wife's grandfather lived at Hilderton Hall. Celia, you should have spoken about this before. It would have done us a lot of good in Society." I pushed my plate away. "I can't go on eating bacon after this. Where are the peaches?"

"I should love to see it again."

"If I'd had my rights," I said, "I should be living there now. I must put my solicitor on to this. There's been foul play somewhere."

Peter looked up from one of the maps which, being new to the country, he carries with him.

"I can't find Hilderton Hall here," he said. "It's six inches to the mile, so it ought to be marked."

"Celia, our grandfather's name is being aspersed. Let us look into this."

We crowded round the map and studied it anxiously. Hilderton was there, and Hilderton House, but no Hilderton Hall.

"But it's a great big place," protested Celia.

"I see what it is," I said regretfully. "Celia, you were young then."

"Ten."

"Ten. And naturally it seemed big to you, just as Yarrow seemed big to Wordsworth, and a shilling seems a lot to a baby. But really—"

"Really," said Peter, "it was semi-detached."

"And your side was called Hilderton Hall and the other side Hilderton Castle."

"I don't believe it was even called Hilderton Hall," said Peter. "It was Hilderton Villa."

"I don't believe she ever had a grandfather at all," said Mrs. Peter.

"She must have had a grandfather," I pointed out. "But I'm afraid he never lived at Hilderton Hall. This is a great blow to me, and I shall now resume my bacon."

I drew my plate back and Peter returned his map to his pocket.

"You're all very funny," said Celia, "but I know it was Hilderton Hall. I've a good mind to take you there this morning and show it to you."

"Do," said Peter and I eagerly.

"It's a great big place—"

"That's what we're coming to see,"

I reminded her.

"Of course they may have sold some of the land, or—I mean, I know when I used to stay there it was a—a great big place. I can't promise that it—"

"It's no good now, Celia," I said sternly. "You shouldn't have boasted."

Hilderton was four miles off, and we began to approach it—Celia palpably nervous—at about twelve o'clock that morning.

"Are you recognising any of this?" asked Peter.

"N-no. You see I was only about eight—"

"You *must* recognise the church," I said, pointing to it. "If you don't, it proves either that you never lived at Hilderton or that you never sang in the choir. I don't know which thought is the more distressing. Now what about this place? Is this it?"

Celia peered up the drive.

"N-no; at least I don't remember it. I know there was a walnut-tree in front of the house."

"Is that all you remember?"

"Well, I was only about six—"

Peter and I both had a slight cough at the same time.

"It's nothing," said Peter, finding Celia's indignant eye upon him. "Let's go on."

We found two more big houses, but Celia, a little doubtfully, rejected them both.

"My grandfather-in-law was very hard to please," I apologised to Peter. "He passed over place after place before he finally fixed on Hilderton Hall. Either the heronry wasn't ventilated properly, or the decoy ponds had the wrong kind of mud, or—"

There was a sudden cry from Celia.

"This is it," she said.

She stood at the entrance to a long drive. A few chimneys could be seen in the distance. On either side of the gates was a high wall.

"I don't see the walnut-tree," I said.

"Of course not, because you can't see the front of the house. But I feel certain that this is the place."

"We want more proof than that," said Peter. "We must go in and find the walnut-tree."

"We can't all wander into another man's grounds looking for walnut-trees," I said, "with no better excuse than that Celia's great-grandmother was once

asked down here for the week-end and stayed for a fortnight. We—"

"My *grandfather*," said Celia coldly, "lived here."

"Well, whatever it was," I said, "we must invent a proper reason. Peter, you might pretend you've come to inspect the gas-meter or the milk or something. Or perhaps Celia had better disguise herself as a Suffragette and say that she's come to borrow a box of matches. Anyhow, one of us must get to the front of the house to search for this walnut-tree."

"It—it seems rather cheek," said Celia doubtfully.

"We'll toss up who goes."

We tossed, and of course I lost. I went up the drive nervously. At the first turn I decided to be an insurance-inspector, at the next a scout-master, but, as I approached the front door, I thought of a very simple excuse. I rang the bell under the eyes of several people at lunch and looked about eagerly for the walnut-tree.

There was none.

"Does Mr.—er—Erasmus—er—Perceival live here?" I asked the footman.

"No, Sir," he said—luckily.

"Ah! Was there ever a walnut—I mean *was* there ever a Mr. Perceival who lived here? Ah! Thank you," and I sped down the drive again.

"Well?" said Celia eagerly.

"Mr. Perceival *doesn't* live there."

"Whoever's Mr. Perceival?"

"Oh, I forgot; you don't know him. Friends," I added solemnly, "I regret to tell you there is *no* walnut-tree."

"I am not surprised," said Peter.

The walk home was a silent one. For the rest of the day Celia was thoughtful. But at the end of dinner she brightened up a little and joined in the conversation.

"At Hilderton Hall," she said suddenly, "we always—"

"H'r'm," I said, clearing my throat loudly. "Peter, pass Celia the walnuts."

* * * * *

I have had great fun in London this week with the walnut joke, though Celia says she is getting tired of it. But I had a letter from Peter to-day which ended like this:—

"By the way, I was an ass last week. I took you to Banfield in mistake for Hilderton. I went to Hilderton yesterday and found Hilderton Hall—a large place with a walnut-tree. It's a little way out of the village, and is marked big on the next section of the map to the one we were looking at. You might tell Celia."

True, I might . . .

Perhaps in a week or two I shall.

A. A. M.



A MINISTRY OF SPORT.

MR. PUNCH (*inspecting Candidates for the new Department*). "SELECTION IS INVIDIOUS WHERE EVERYONE IS SO ELIGIBLE; BUT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I SHALL PLUMP (IF I MAY USE THE EXPRESSION WITHOUT OFFENCE) FOR HALDANE."

[There is talk of our following the lead of Russia and establishing a Ministerial Department of Sport.]



DEBATE ON SPORTS' OFFICE VOTE.

MR. BONAR LAW rose amidst loud Opposition cheers to move the reduction of the vote for the Minister of Sports' salary by £100:—

"Sir, the conduct of Ministers, degraded, corrupt and incompetent as it is in all spheres, is peculiarly base in the domain of sport. We see foreigners unchecked, untaxed, subsidised by their respective Governments, enter our competitions and carry off our treasured trophies to other lands. This serious drain of silver pots must not be allowed to continue. I put aside with contempt the fallacy that we regain the value of the cups because they are carried abroad in British ships. I say emphatically that unless foreign competitors are handicapped on British ground our day is done. We cannot pretend to stand up against the competition of a protected world. Unless foreign athletes are compelled when performing to bear a burden of at least ten per cent. of their own weight"—(MR. SWIFT MACNEILL: "POOR HACKEN-SCHMIDT!")—"there is no hope of regaining our national supremacy.

"Wherever one looks in the field of British sport one sees cause for grave uneasiness. So far this season the aggregate attendances at the Chelsea Football Ground have only increased by thirty thousand"—(MR. CHIOZZA MONEY: "Hear, hear.")—"That may satisfy the honourable Member for Northamptonshire (E.), but the thoughtful sportsman will contemplate the German figures. The Berlin clubs have this season increased their aggregate attendances twenty-five per cent."—(MR. ROWLAND HUNT: "Shame! Let's have a war," and laughter)—"twenty-five per cent., and the Chelsea increase is only ten per cent. If this continues where shall we be? I see the handwriting on the wall. The day will come, given a prolongation of the rule of this the worst of all Governments, when excursionists will rush from this country to see the German Cup Final at Berlin." (Loud Opposition cheers.)

"Again, I accuse the Government of gross neglect in not enforcing the Aliens Act against foreign professionals. Blackburn Rovers have spent £5,000 on a centre-forward from Prague. The Cobdenite fallacies die hard in Lancashire. Sheffield United have given British gold for a Peruvian half-back. English money leaves the country, English footballers are thrown out of work, and the Government sits supine, content if they have robbed a Church, ruined an Empire, debased football and drawn their salaries." (Loud cheers and a Voice: "Rub it in!")



Gladys. "OH, BERT, I WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY STALACTITES IN THIS CAVE?"
Bert. "WELL, IF THERE ARE, HAVEN'T I GOT THIS STICK TO DEPEND YOU WITH?"

"But I have an even graver accusation to bring against this all-iniquitous Government. There is nothing in the realm of sport more important than the Derby. When the turf was nationalised I predicted that corruption would creep in even with the sport of kings. This year there chanced to be an Italian runner for the Derby. It was fairly obvious that Ministers wished it to win. They could not hide their love for the foreigner. I state with regret that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL received racing tips from the trainer of this foreign horse. The trainer was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S brother. And I may say that if there is any intention of promoting the right honourable gentleman to the important post of Judge on the Government race-courses"—(The Chairman: "Order, order. That question hardly arises on this vote.")—"in any case this tip enabled the CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-

CHEQUER to pile up an immense fortune." (MR. LLOYD GEORGE: "Well, now I must explain. I have made no fortune. I am a poor man. The horse ran thirteenth. And, to show that I was not actuated by motives of personal gain, let me state publicly that I have not yet paid the bookmaker." Loud Ministerial cheers.)

"I am content to leave it at that. We see the highest legal authority of the Crown accepting racing tips. We see England's CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who should be the acutest financier of the country, squandering his money on 'also rans.' Would Mr. GLADSTONE have done that?"—(Opposition shouts of "Never.")—"Would even the present PREMIER, enemy of the Empire as he is, deliberately use his position to back 'also rans'? I doubt it. Would he, if he had made a speculative investment, decline to pay his bookmaker?"—(Cocoa Member: "I hope so.")—"I am sorry that even one

of his supporters should have so low an opinion of him.

"Sir, I have shown the Government to be incapable, base, corrupt, and the friends of the foreigner. I have proved them to be the enemies of British sport, and it is my painful duty to move the reduction of this vote by £100." (Loud and continued cheering.)

"GENTLEMEN, THE DRAMA!"

A MEETING of dramatists to consider Mr. CYRIL MAUDE's suggestion that play-writing should be systematically taught in schools has just been held in the operating theatre at Guy's Hospital. Mr. WALKLEY was in the Chair, and he was supported by some of the leading dramatists of the country, including Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, the Revue King. Mr. MAUDE was also present.

In his opening remarks Mr. WALKLEY said that his own opinion was that everything that the budding dramatist need know was contained in the *Poetics* of ARISTOTLE. (Groans.) The misery of gentlemen present, he added, did not alter the fact. He was born lisping ARISTOTLE's name, and if ever he died, which was unlikely, no doubt it would be with ARISTOTLE's name on his lips. (Renewed commotion.)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that too much fuss was being made about what was, after all, only a trick. Play-writing was a gift which some men, such as himself, had, and others, such as SHAKESPEARE, had not. He would be ashamed to spend more than a few hours on any play, however masterly. (Sensation.) The idea of teaching play-writing was only one degree more absurd than teaching cricket. (Oh! Oh!)

Sir JAMES BARRIE wished Mr. MAUDE's project every success. Nothing could be easier, he held, than to teach successful play-writing. In Mr. MAUDE's words the pupils "would have exercises in dialogue, and would be taught conciseness, crispness, and how to make points. Then they would learn the construction of a play, openings, curtains, and all the vital matters which spell the difference between failure and success." Well, Sir JAMES asked, what could be simpler than that? Crispness and point were, of course, at any one's service, and the circumstance that so many plays were dull and ill-made was

wholly owing to the absence of Mr. MAUDE's scheme of instruction. Henceforward he saw no reason why any play should fail. It was not as if personality counted, as in other forms of art, or as if a sense of life was necessary. (Cheers and counter-cheers.)

Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER denied that the writing of real plays could be taught. Only genius, he held, could produce plays sufficiently true and drab to empty the theatre; which was, he said, the aim of all conscientious craftsmen. Mere entertainments no doubt could be knocked up, but not first-class plays of the order indicated. (At this moment a painful sensation was caused by Mr. SHAW's sorrowfully leaving the room.)

Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER, who looked

agreed with every word that Mr. MAUDE had said. Play-writing could be taught and should be taught—in fact, he had done something to teach it himself, as readers of his "How to do it like billy-oh" papers, recently running in *The English Review*, would remember. All that was needed was a clear-headed expository instructor, an apt pupil, paper, pen and ink. If they had a few minutes to spare he would show them. (Panic.)

Sir ARTHUR PINERO paralysed the company by asking in what way his latest play would have been improved had he attended a class for dramatists. No one replying, he sat down in silent and sarcastic triumph.

In the gloom that followed, the meeting silently dispersed, and Mr. MAUDE

returned to his theatre to complete arrangements for a number of new plays, none of which was written under instruction.

We hear that several of the public schools have taken so kindly to Mr. MAUDE's suggestion that they are already in negotiation with well-known dramatists to act as coaches. After the passage in *Peter and Wendy* describing Captain Hook's education, the headmaster of Eton had no alternative but to invite Sir JAMES BARRIE to instruct the Etonians whom he understands so well. Harrow has thrown out feelers towards the Brothers MEL-



THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

TIMID PEOPLE, EVEN IN THE IMPROBABLE EVENT OF A HOSTILE FORCE BEING IN POSSESSION OF CALAIS, NEED HAVE NO FEAR WHILST WE HAVE STURDY BRITISH CONDUCTORS ON THE TRAINS.

somewhat fatigued from his efforts in dramatising the Old Testament and satisfying Mr. BROOKFIELD with his tact and discretion, offered to teach play-writing to any pupil in six months—"provided he had the mind." (Mr. CYRIL MAUDE: "I forgot that.")

Mr. GALSWORTHY agreed that play-writing could be preceded by much useful learning; but it was not the learning of the schools but of the hard grey world. Coal mines, factories, prisons, mean streets—these were the proper training-ground of the dramatist. (Cries of Help!)

Mr. CECIL RALEIGH urged that Mr. GALSWORTHY had omitted the best school of all—Justice BARGRAVE DEANE's court. "All I ask," he said, "is two boards and a divorce case." (Loud cheers.)

The Revue King, who was greeted with cries of "No! No!" sat down again amid great applause.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT said that he

VILLE. Mr. MAUGHAM goes to Rugby, Mr. HOUGHTON to Winchester, Mr. DE COURVILLE to Ardingly, and Mr. GALSWORTHY to the School of Economics.

Meanwhile *The Daily Sale*, ever on the look-out for objects for its single-minded munificence, is offering £5,000 (five thousand pounds) for the best play written by a school-boy under sixteen fresh from a dramatic class, to be entitled *The Failure of Pickles*. The editor's decision to be final. A further sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) for the best "Pimplet" concocted from the above phrase.

"Another of Hodder and Stoughton's autumn books will be a snoring edition of Sir J. M. Barrie's 'Quality Street.'"

Liverpool Courier.

Just the book for the bedside.

"STRIKE OF PUTTERS," announces a contemporary. Our own has refused to do its job for weeks.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BRITISH ATHLETE.



"LET'S HIRE THIS LITTLE BLIGHTER; WE'LL SHOW HIM WHAT'S WHAT—WHAT?"



"COME ON, GUIDE! HURRY UP AND SEE THE WONDERFUL VIEWS."



"WHY WILL THE SILLY ASS POINT OUT VIEWS? COUNTRY FIT ONLY FOR FLIES."



THE SUMMIT!

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A FLY.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

III.

My narrow escape from a watery grave brought on another fit of nerves, and I quietly left the room and crawled upstairs and lay down on the library sofa again. Is it, I wonder, an unlucky house? There are such things. I may leave to-morrow.

What a deal of tragedy there is in a fly's life, if one comes to think of it. Few of us—only, I should say, an infinitesimally small proportion—die in our beds. Death is always lurking at our elbow. For example, each winter hundreds of thousands of us—all, in fact, who cannot manage to get to the Riviera—perish of cold. Something, I cannot help thinking, might be done to prevent this appalling mortality. I have seen moths, for instance, in expensive fur coats. If they can do it, we ought to be able to do it. But it is rather of the sudden deaths—the violent ends—that I was thinking. Take my own family. I have already mentioned the cases of my poor mother and her mother before her. My paternal grandfather, when asleep in an arm-chair, was sat upon by a man weighing eighteen stone. My brothers and sisters, Frank, George, Mary, Daphne, Joyce, Patience and Iris, when mere youngsters, were all trapped in treacle, and my father perished in an heroic attempt to rescue them. A spider got my dear sister Ernynttrude, and birds ran off with Dulcie, Clarence, and Stephen. Guy—powerful fellow though he was—had his spine broken by a horse's hoof. Marmaduke was pulled to pieces before his mother's eyes by a brat of a boy.

Then there was the case of Reginald. Reginald was our black sheep, and consequently his mother's favourite. He took to drink. It was perhaps scarcely his fault. He was egged on by others. It began in a small way. Out of curiosity he looked into a public-house one day. Some men there gave him a drop of beer. Apparently it amused them to see him intoxicated; the thought of it is sufficiently humiliating. The liking for strong drink grew upon Reg., and he became a public-house loafer. He would even steal beer. One day—possibly he was under the influence—he missed his footing on the inside wall of a tankard, fell into a half of bitter, and—it is almost too gruesome to tell—was swallowed by a bricklayer—without even enjoying the wasp's satisfaction of stinging the fellow as he went down. He left 51 widows and 3,071 children; for Reginald, in spite of his weakness, was an exceptionally hand-

some and taking fellow. By a mere chance the tragedy was witnessed by a friend of ours who happened to be on the bar counter at the time, and he gave us a full account of the affair—including a description of the coughing, spluttering, and swearing of the dirty toper who became, so to say, the grave and monument of my poor brother. It nearly killed my mother, and made teetotalers of such of us as had hitherto been in the habit of taking a drop now and then.

Another of my family perished through over-eating. My half-sister Geraldine had the good fortune, as she thought, one afternoon, to be the only fly imprisoned under the muslin cover over the cakes in the window of a confectioner's shop. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, and Geraldine made the most of it. But it was her undoing. She gorged and gorged and gorged. Then suddenly she felt a rush of blood to the head, there was a loud report, and then no more Geraldine.

Thus does misfortune dog our footsteps. And what about the "mysterious disappearances"? There have been hundreds of these in our family. Some few may possibly be explained by elopements, but the great majority point to a violent end. Not always, though. An old friend of mine—I had known her in her maiden days—lost one of her youngsters. Again he was the black sheep and the favourite—I don't pretend to understand these things—and the mother wore herself to a skeleton searching for him. One day, just as she was thinking she must give up the quest as hopeless, she spotted the young gentleman in a butcher's shop. "My dearest, dearest pet!" she cried as she rushed towards him. "Hulloa, Mother; fancy meeting you!" said the callous young beast, licking his chops and scarcely looking up. That is your modern young fly! He left home, he had the good taste to tell the old lady, because he found it dull there and the restrictions irksome, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, and after a promise had been given that nothing should be said if he came in late at nights, that Master Archibald was persuaded to return home!

Still, that was an exceptional instance. The mysterious disappearances which are so common with us are too horrible to contemplate

There is a question which I often think about. What becomes of us after death? Some say currants, and there is an end of us. I don't believe this. I believe we become angels—for we *can* fly. I wonder

In the act of wondering I fell asleep.

FINIS.

THE YELLOW GNOME.

Hush!

Creep at the cool of dusk
By a rill where sleeps the rush;
By a fern-choked fence
Where meadow-sweet and musk
Faint opiates dispense.

Whist!

Steal through the languid mist
Drowsed from the poppy's wound,
Sweet from the trodden clover,
Hurry tip-toe over.

Creep!

As the owl's low note is crooned
Hollow, mellow, deep,
Enter a wood, dark, old;
Step light on the yielding mould
O'er many a moulded plume;
Wake not a note of sound
Across the slumb'ring gloom.

Steal!

Stoop low to the velvet ground.

Kneel!

Behind a leafy mound—

See!

At the waist of the mouldering tree,
On the lip of the ragged hole,
In the stricken moss-grown bole,
There's a rogue of a yellow

Little fellow

Of a gnome

At the porch of his vaulted home.

"Where?"

There!

See!

With his chin on his gnarled knee,
Thumbs on shin,
Lips a-grin—

So.

See?

"No?"

Elbows bare,

Tangled hair

Like weed on a yellow beach;

Nose awry,

Glowing eye,

Now green as a mildewed peach,
Now saffron hot, then sapphire cool,
Like gems in a moonlit pool.

See? "No?"

Not yet?" Oh, oh!

Why, bless—

Ah, *yes!*

Too loud, too loud!

He's gone for good

In a musty cloud,

In an odorous shroud

Of rotten wood!

"*OW IN THE BULL HOTEL.*"

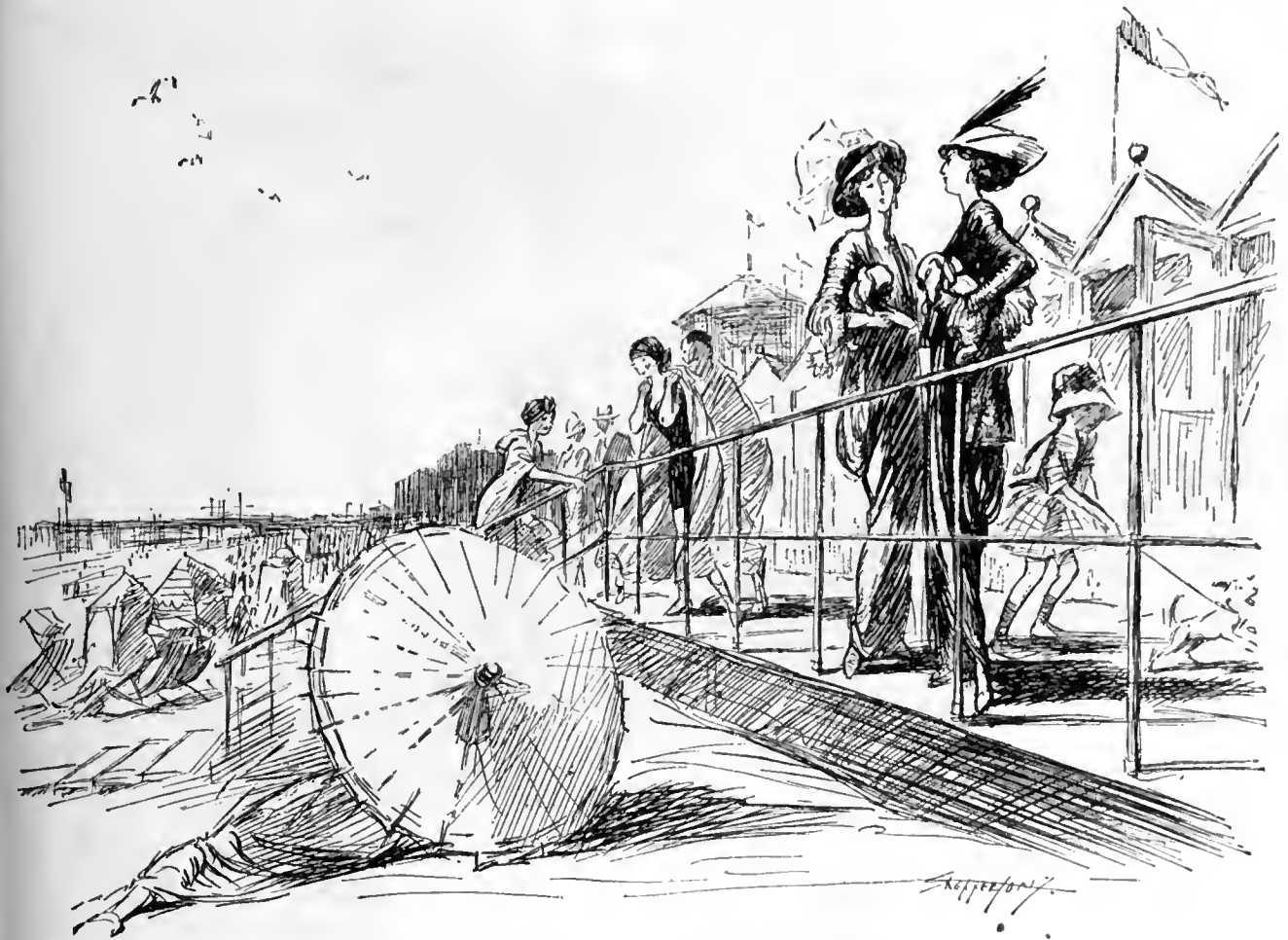
Essex County Telegraph.

The forward sex!

"Thanks mostly to a stand by G. N. Foster and Perrin, when things were critical, Leicester left off with 127 for four wickets."

Daily Mirror.

Very sporting of Worcestershire and Essex to allow this.



THE CULT OF THE PEKY-PEKY.

First Owner of Prize Doglet. "THESE SEASIDE PLACES DON'T APPEAL TO ME THE LEAST LITTLE BIT. BUT OZONEVILLE WAS RECOMMENDED TO GIVE TONE TO CHOO-CHOO'S NERVES. HE'S BEEN SUFFERING FROM SEVERE SHOCK THROUGH SEEING TWO FEARFUL MONGRELS HAVE A FIGHT IN THE PARK ONE DAY. YOUR LITTLE THINOY-THING'S OFF COLOUR TOO?"

Second Owner of Prize Doglet. "YES, A BIT RUN DOWN AFTER THE SEASON. SORRY, BUT I REALLY MUST HURRY AWAY. BAND'S BEGINNING TO PLAY SOMETHING OF BALFE'S, AND I NEVER ALLOW MING-MING TO HEAR BANAL DÉMODÉ MUSIC."

SADIE AND THE LAVENDER MAN.

SADIE and her "Pop" were doing London exhaustively. On a certain dull August morning they were in a taxi, sampling the suburbs, when Sadie suddenly called a halt.

"What's the trouble, baby-child?" asked "Pop," as the chauffeur brought them up short. "Nothing to see in *this* old place, anyway!"

"Maybe not, Pop, but something to *peer*," cried Sadie, her bright face alight with joyous triumph and her finger raised. Sure enough, in the distance sounded the remote, melancholy, mysterious cry of a lavender man.

"Sit up and take notice, Pop! That's the last, the *vurry* last, of the old London street Cries! There was haf a hundred and more in old times, and now there's only the Sweet Lavender Cry—the *vurry* last survivor. Isn't it a lovely chant?" and Sadie raised her voice,

which was not quite so pretty as her face, and sang the opening bars:—

"Will you come buy my sweet lav-en-der?"

"I know all about it, Pop, and I've been after that dear old cry ever since we concluded to sample Greater London this morning. It's one of the oldest of the old street cries; and the finest lavender comes from a place called Mitcham, way down south-west of London. For centuries it's been grown there; and for centuries the same families have cried it through the streets of London. The industry, by what I learn, has been kept *vurry* much among one set of folks, like a good many British institutions, and the dear old cry has been handed down from father to son; that's what makes it so interesting and so romantic; and that's why it seems to strike some old hidden chord somewhere in one's being. Guess this *vurry* man's ancestors sang that old lavender

chant through the streets of Old London, and *our* ancestors hearkened to it before ever they thought of booking passages by the *Mayflower*."

The lavender man, with his loud and somewhat raucous chant, had approached the stationary taxi by this time, and Sadie, after listening rapturously to him at close quarters, beckoned him and proceeded to buy up his whole stock. "The whole crowd'll want some," she said; "Momma and the boys, and Clytie and Edna—real, genuino Mitcham lavender, bought of a real, genuine, traditional, British lavender man. Say, Pop," as a new idea struck her, "what's the matter with our taking this man back, right now, to the Savoy and getting a record of the last of the old London street cries for my phonograph?"

"Best not take him back with us, Sadie," objected "Pop" in an aside. "Looks like we should be taking more



MODEST BUT SHORT-SIGHTED BATHER FINDS THE STONE WITH WHICH HE HAD WEIGHTED HIS BATHING-CLOAK MUCH HEAVIER THAN HE HAD IMAGINED IT.

than him if we took him. Let him clean himself some and come to the Savoy later, if you want a record of his old cry. Seems a mighty dull specimen. Hasn't said a word yet."

"No; isn't that perfectly lovely? Such true British taciturnity. Dear, dull, silent, moss-grown folks they are."

To the lavender man Sadie proceeded to explain: "We want a record of that lovely old cry of yours. We're from the other side; but we know all about lavender; how it's grown at a place called Mitcham, and all you lavender men live there in a sort of little settlement to yourselves, just as your fathers and grandfathers did before you; and you've learned the dear old chant from generation to generation, your father teaching it to you and his father teaching it to him, and so on way back till it's enough to give anyone brain fever to think of it! It's a perfectly perfectly sweet notion! And the fact that you don't answer anything I say to you is just right—shows what a true, genuine British lavender man you must be."

"'Fine capacity for silence,' to quote the late THOMAS CARLYLE, of Eccle-

fehan, Scotland, and Chelsea, London," put in "Pop."

"Well, now," went on Sadie, "that's what we want of you—a record of this splendid old chant, that's come down from father to son through the centuries. You'll come to the Savoy Hotel, Strand, and sing it good and hard into a phonograph—and you might add a few particulars of the life at the Mitcham lavender settlement and how far back you can trace your descent from the original old lavender men, and we'd give you seven dollars—or, say a pound and a haf, British money. Take it or leave it."

"'Scuse me, lidy," interrupted an expert in bottles and bones, who had stopped pushing his barrow in order to listen, and now drew up, "but it ain't no use arstin' that bloke nothin'—you won't get no change out of 'im. Laves in same 'ouse as me out Bednall Green way, 'e does, and 'e on'y landed 'ere last week, and earn't speak nothin' but Yiddish—couldn't tip you a word of English, not if it was ever so!"

"But—but he was singing the old lavender cry," urged Sadie desperately.

"Oh—that! Yus, lidy, 'e was chuekin' it out cert'nly, but they learns 'em that at the place where they gets their stock o' lavender."

* * * * *

"'Guess this vurry man's ancestors eried that lovely old cry through the streets of Old London, and our ancestors hearkened to it before ever they thought of booking passages by the *Mayflower*,'" quoted "Pop" musingly, as the taxi sped away again on its suburb-sampling mission. "Another illusion knocked out, baby-child!"

"Don't rub it in, Pop!" pleaded Sadie; and then, with a sudden movement, she threw all her recently-purchased lavender into the road. "Perishing old stuff! Reckon even *that's* imported! And maybe there's no such place as Mitcham, anyway!"

—————

"TYPHUS IN GLASGOW.
TWENTY-EIGHT CASES.
AILMENT WELL SPREAD."

These cheerful headlines appear in *The Glasgow News*, not *The British Medical Journal*.



WOODROW ON TOAST.

-- PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, U.S.A. "IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE, I SHALL HAVE TO TREAT YOU THE SAME WAY AS EUROPE TREATS THE TURK."

MEXICO. "AND HOW'S THAT?"

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON. "WELL, I SHALL HAVE TO—TO GO ON WAGGING MY FINGER AT YOU."





THE CALL OF THE WILD WAVES.

"WELL, LANCELOT, WE WILL GO DOWN TO THE SANDS JUST ONCE, BUT DON'T LET US CAPER ABOUT LIKE THE COMMON HERD JUST BECAUSE WE ARE AT THE SEA-SIDE."

THE FALL.

THE LAST LAY

Of an illegible Poet, whose typewriting machine, having occasion to travel, collapsed en route.

Is Cuthbert broke? Is Cuthbert dead?
 Shall he no more display
 His rampant S, his couchant Z,
 His slightly jaded A,
 His errant colon, sudden stop?
 Hath Cuthbert had a fatal drop?
 'Tis so indeed. Too dead is he
 To type a final R. I. P.

A porter man of coarse physique,
 Who'd never paused to note
 The verse, appearing week by week,
 That I and Cuthbert wrote—
 A porter man it was by whom
 Befell this comprehensive doom—

A porter man, who didn't choose
 To mind poor Cuthbert's P's and Q's.

By day, when I am other than
 The thing I am by night,
 I practise as a Business man
 And little else I write

Save "Yours to hand . . ." "the thirteenth inst. . . ."
 And such-like phrases, bald, unminced.

And even these I but dictate
 For others to elucidate.

The shaded lamp, the evening meal,
 The alcoholic cup,
 These bring my gentler muse to heel
 And keep me sitting up
 Inditing verses by the score,
 While others lie abed and snore;

But verses, which no human eyne
 Could later read—not even mine.

Till Cuthbert came, when poems which
 Had little use of old
 Were now discovered to be rich
 In seams of sterling gold,
 And, what is more, to scan and rhyme
 And earn a guinea every time.

And doth the sudden end of Cuth
 Involve the end of me? It doth.

That I am loth to fill his place
 Is not from sentiment,
 But only that I cannot face
 The money to be spent,

For twenty pounds is surely what
 May be regarded as a lot.

"Dictate 'em to the clerk," you say?
 The notion takes my breath away.

To call in person, sit beside
 The Editorial chair,
 And, once a week at eventide,
 Declaim one's verse from there
 Would be a gross unkindness to
 My Editor, nay, hero, who

This once (but, mark, this once alone)
 Has taken stuff by telephone.

Another Near Eastern Problem.

"Russian warships have been ordered to Sevastopol. It is thought that this move is in connection with Turkey's refusal to evacuate Constantinople."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

We all know that Turkey has a yielding nature, but this is asking too much of her.

"According to Kobe advices, refugees from China are daily swelling. Reuter."
Western Daily Mercury.

The Kobe mosquito is notorious among travellers.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BIG GAME."

It was on the third night that I paid a visit to the New Theatre, and was struck, before the rise of the curtain, by the curiously ingenuous and undistinguished aspect of the stalls. I half feared that they had been misled by the title of Mr. CARROLL's play and were anticipating the appearance of some of the larger fauna of the African continent. It was true that, in the hands of Destiny, a rhino had laid the seed of all the trouble, but he had been dead some ten years before the opening of the play, and consequently did not face the footlights. It was like this.

suspected, without any good reason, of complicity in his parent's death. Like a little *Hamlet* he sets himself to avenge that death, and it was indeed a cursed spite (both for him and the audience) that he should have felt called upon to put things right. For, unlike the *King of Denmark*, the late Mr. Ross was not nearly so white as he was painted. He was, in fact, a bigamist, and, in the article of death, had confided to *Grimshaw* the guardianship of his extra wife. Faithfully he executes the trust, concealing it, of course, from his wife, who cherishes the memory of her late husband as a model type, "a man in a million." Young *Hamlet*, however, sniffing a rat (as it might be

Act, where the legitimate wife pays her conventional visit of inspection to the illegitimate. The play, indeed, was only saved by the intervention of little Miss EILEEN ESLEK, who played with great charm and intelligence the precocious part of *Kitty "Morrison,"* daughter of *Ross* by the lady who was his wife "in the sight of God." Apart from her, the relief-humour was of the thinnest.

Mr. FRED KERN, as *Grimshaw*, did his possible for the play, and was very workmanlike. His brusque manner was admirably suited to the character of a man who didn't mind being a gentleman if only he could escape being a stage-hero. Miss ETHEL DANE, as the innocent lady whom the bigamist



"THE BIG GAME."

SCENE—Central Africa. TIME—Ten years or so before rise of curtain.

[NOTE—The track of the fatal bullet is indicated by a dotted line.]

Dying Rhino. "There 'll be trouble about this. I shouldn't be surprised if a pretty bad play was written on the subject."

Mr. and Mrs. Ross and their particular friend, Mr. *Grimshaw*, were on a shooting trip in Central Africa. One fine day a rhino charged the first-named. The native who was carrying his rifle threw it away and fled. Mr. *Grimshaw* at once discharged his piece at the monster, and at the same moment Mr. *Ross* ran across the line of fire and intercepted the bullet. Mr. *Grimshaw*, having received his friend's dying confidence, married the widow, and gave out for convenience that the deceased had perished of fever. His conscience was quite clear as to the accidental nature of *Ross's* death, and fortunately the lady, who witnessed the episode, was in a position to support his view.

All, then, might have gone moderately well in the home circle but for the fact that the extinct sportsman had left behind him a son, who adored his memory and detested the step-father, whom he

Polonius behind the arras), spies upon his step-father and reports him at home as a base deceiver leading a double life. *Grimshaw*, persistently noble, declines to clear himself at the cost of his dead friend's honour—always a good line for heroes of the stage. But the family doctor, who knows all and is sensible enough to recognise that a living lion is worth any number of dead dogs, gives the secret away.

It is patent that every step which the boy takes to expose what he imagines to be his step-father's baseness and duplicity only brings him nearer to the loss of his own ideal. Like *Edipus* on the track of his father's slayer, he brings about his own undoing. This is your right Sophoclean irony. But when you have noted that, you have noted practically all that is to be said for *The Big Game*. For, frankly, it was dull stuff, reaching the low-water mark of tedium in the last

had betrayed, never quite secured my sympathy. She had too much the air of a virtuous *cocotte*. Mr. BEVERIDGE a medical *amicus curiæ*, with a permanent frock-coat, an Irish brogue and a vein of extremely childlike and primitive humour (largely associated with his umbrella), was not so well served as I have seen him. Miss FRANCES IVOI as *Ross's* widow and *Grimshaw's* wife bore with a nice serenity the division of her dear heart between her two husbands; and Miss MARGARET DALLAS, a garrulous menial, saw the fun, and, hope, the improbability, of her lines.

It was unfortunate that Mr. DENY NEILSON-TERRY, in the part of the stepson, *Julian Ross*, the first part has "created" (I cull this dreadful word from his own alleged utterance to an interviewer), should have had to represent a spoilt and insufferable pro—or "neuropath," as he put it; with a young actor who has yet



Nervous Tourist. "ARE YOU SURE THE DRIVER IS A STRICTLY SOBER MAN? HE DOES NOT LOOK LIKE AN ABSTAINER."

Landlord. "WEEL, THERE'S NO AN ABSTAINER ABOUT THE PLACE, MAN, BUT HE'S THE NEXT BEST THING TAE IT; YE CANNA FILL THAT YIN FOU."

make his mark in original work an audience is apt to make confusion between the character that he plays and his own personality; and some of us may have been excusably tempted to attribute to Mr. NEILSON-TERRY the conceit and affectation of *Julian Ross*. It was a difficult and outrageous part, and he tried honestly to play it; but he has much to learn in voice and gesture and movement. It is, perhaps, a pity that, in the interview to which I have referred, he should have advertised the merits of *The Big Game* so loudly; for those who allowed themselves to be guided by his youthful judgment must have been sadly let down. O. S.

"More is expected of every class of woman than Girtton or Newnham, and if they have not they wish they had."—*Daily Mirror*. Surely you see that?

"Startled by the impact of bat and ball, it has been said that rabbits often scurry across the Worcester ground, but the two Surrey batsmen showed no such timidity." *Daily News*.

HOBBS and HAYWARD are no rabbits.

THE ADDED CUBIT.

[A doctor claims to have discovered a compound which will increase the height even of adults, though it is most efficacious in the case of children.]

FIREd by a firm resolve to rise
To heights untouched before,
And daunted not by frequent tries
To make my inches more,
I bought a bottle of this boon,
A large one, and a table-spoon.

"My son will note a change in me,"
Thought I, "and much admire
The strapping man that used to be
His far too puny sire,
And murmur in respectful tone,
'Oh, mother, hasn't father grown!'"

Alas, I did not count upon
His passion for research.
One morn I found the bottle gone
From its accustomed perch.
The youngster sought to know (and touch)
What is it father likes so much.

He drained this wondrous draught of mine,

And youth's the time to shoot,
So at the early age of nine
He tops me by a foot,
And, when he argues with his Pa,
Treats him too much *de haut en bas*.

The Coming of Autumn.

"Sir John Simon has already consented to address a series of Free Trade meetings in the autumn, which begins in Glasgow in October." *Manchester Guardian*.

And in England a few days earlier, as usual.

MR. AYNESWORTH, as reported in *The Evening News* :—

"It is, as you know, adapted from 'La Prise de Berg-op-Zoom,' an alliterative title." We should never have guessed it.

"Wanted a dwarf or midget. Must be small."—*Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."*

The conditions are too arduous. If the advertiser were not so absurdly particular he would get many more applicants.

RE-SESSIONAL.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the Parliamentary Representative of "The Daily Chronicle," the lines that follow being little more than a metrical version of the subjoined passages from his Review of the Session.)

["The Liberal party has had its ups and downs in the past Session, and on a few occasions it was confronted with very embarrassing, not to say perilous, situations. From all of them, under the cool and skilful guidance of the Prime Minister, it emerged not only without discredit, but with added strength—indeed, fortified and purified by the discipline of adverse circumstances. . . . Mr. Asquith has mastered the secret of getting forth for his Ministry out of circumstances of peril. . . . Mr. Asquith is an Englishman to his fingertips. Yet this typical Englishman has succeeded in winning the unqualified devotion of the Irish Nationalists. At the banquet given to the Prime Minister by Mr. Redmond, the warm-hearted Irishmen were almost swept off their feet by a thrilling passage in Mr. Asquith's speech in which he acknowledged his gratitude to 'my Irish comrades.' . . . Next to the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George has bulked largest on the Parliamentary stage. His daring and supple genius has been of incalculable value to the Liberal party. He was winged for a time by the wretched tracasseries of the Marconi affair, but quickly recovered."]

After noting Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S "apostolic fervour" for social reform, the writer goes on to describe Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "pæan on oil fuel" as a remarkable performance, enlarges on the exceptional humanity of Mr. McKENNA, the "flowering out" of Mr. MASTERMAN into a first-class Parliamentarian, and the all-round competency of Sir JOHN SIMON, "who shines with equal lustre in the House of Commons and at the Courts." In a previous issue he dilates on Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR'S championship of the small nationalities, especially the Armenians.]

We Liberals in the twelve-month past have had our ups and downs;

We basked awhile in Fortune's smile, and wilted 'neath her frowns;

Yet, though this arduous discipline our grit has sorely tried,

We've issued from the ordeal completely purified.

Our wonderful PRIME MINISTER full-throatedly we bless
For turning to our profit each Ministerial mess;
He pilots us through perilous seas, where surging billows
boil,

But hitherto has never lost his little can of oil.

Besides, he has no maggots in his massive English brain;
He's free from thrills and Celtic frills, he's sturdy and he's
sane;

Yet when he called the Irishmen at REDMOND'S festive
board

"My comrades," from O'CONNOR'S eyes the teardrops
freely poured—

O'CONNOR, ceaseless eulogist of all that's *chic* and smart;
Who takes the poor Armenians to his all-embracing heart;
Whose loving human kindness, saponaceous and serene,
Reaches the lactic level of the richest margarine.

Next to our priceless PREMIER, I must essay to paint
The superhuman virtues of our Cambrian super-Saint;
Who joins the lion's daring to the slither of the eel,
With his "apostolical fervour" and his Athanasian zeal.

Immune from all the weaknesses that hamper common
Dukes,

He thrives upon exposure and he battens on rebukes;
And, the deeper that he flounders in the mud of ill renown,
The more insistently he claims to wear the martyr's crown.

Next comes the only WINSTON, whose exuberance is such
That we cannot eulogize it or disparage it too much;
His Marconi exhibition was magnificent, of course,
But it showed less thought for others than vituperative force.

Still, after GEORGE and ASQUITH, he's quite our brightest
jewel,

And we all admired his memorable "pæan on oil fuel,"
Whose far reverberations cheered Lord MURRAY of Peru
On his journey from Bolivia to the wilds of Timbuctoo.

Of the admirable RUFUS 'tis perhaps enough to say,
As a man and as a brother, that he's perfect in his way.
While MASTERMAN, whose unction is exuded with such tact,
Is quite the shoving leopard of the great Insurance Act.

Though SIMON'S not so simple as his surname might sug-
gest,

And the way the Tories praise him stirs misgiving in my
breast,

Though he scorns to bluff and bluster or indulge in cheap
retorts,

Still "he shines with equal lustre in the Commons and the
Courts."

The facetiousness of BIRRELL is alone worth twice his
screw;

And a dilatory magic gilds the utterance of CREWE;
JOHN BURNS'S self-assurance is unshattered up till now,
And HALDANE still can perorate the hind-leg off a cow.

Last comes the mild McKENNA, so tremendously humane,
That to stamp upon a beetle gives him agonising pain,
And with such a noble passion for veracity imbued—
That he beats the best achievements of an amateur like
FROUDE.

In fine, however sketchily the Liberal artist paints
The variegated progress of his heroes and his saints,
He cannot fail to recognise that, though severely tried,
Their spiritual nature has been wholly purified.

THE GLACIER.

"THIS," said Francesca, "is your excursion, and I refuse
to bear any responsibility for its consequences."

"Consequences!" I said. "What consequences can
there be?"

"I have already," she said, "got a blister on my right
foot, and my throat is choked with dust."

"I admit that, in a sense, these are consequences, but I
am bound to point out that you must bear them yourself.
I cannot change feet or throats with you."

"I don't want you to," she said with dignity; "but why
have we hired a carriage?"

"We have ordered a carriage," I said, "in order that it
might precede us as we ascend these steep Swiss roads. It
makes a dust; but what of that? It is a comfort to know
that the carriage is there."

"For all the good we've had out of it, it might just as
well not have been there," she said. "Two hours have
gone by since we started and we have not been in it for
more than ten minutes."

"And that is due to the kindness of our hearts. We cannot
bear to inflict unnecessary suffering on the horses."

"Then we should have left them in the stables."

"No, for then we should not have had the beautiful
consciousness of self-sacrifice. It is for the sake of the
horses that your foot is blistered and your throat parched.
Let this thought console you as you limp through the dust."

"But you," she said, "have no such consolations; and
that is what annoys me."

"Francesca, you are an unselfish creature; but if both
my feet were one solid blister your pain would be the
same."



INFLUENCE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET ON BATHING DESIGNS.

(SALOME AND THE FAUN.)

"Then there's the coachman," she said. "Why doesn't he get off his box and walk sometimes?"

"He is a fat coachman," I said, "and, once on the box-seat, he prefers to stay there. Though I am myself a slim man, I can understand his preference. Perhaps his doctors have told him that carriage exercise is good for him."

"In that case he ought to pay *us* thirty francs instead of our paying him."

"I will mention it to him," I said, "if you like; but I do not think he will look favourably on the suggestion. They are a grasping lot, these Swiss coachmen, and the law protects them."

"What I am asking myself," said Francesca, "is why we came out on this excursion at all."

"We came," I said, "to see a glacier."

"Pooh!" she said. "What is a glacier?"

"A glacier," I said, "is a sea of ice. That is to say, it is not the sort of ice that you know. It is made of snow. It is always there——"

"Then all I can say is that we could easily have gone some other day, or even imagined it. The things I want to see are the things that are not always there—earthquakes, avalanches and that sort of thing."

"If money could buy an earthquake, you should have it on the spot. But this glacier is not so constantly there——"

"You said it was."

"It is not so constantly there as you seem to think. It moves, you know—only a few inches a day, I fancy, but still it moves."

"But we shan't see the silly thing move."

"No," I said, "perhaps not; but it is grand to know that it can get along without our seeing it. Francesca, there are crevasses in a glacier."

"Page 45 of 'Physical Geography for Beginners.'"

"In face of this great blind natural force your flippancy is misplaced. If, for instance, I fell into a crevasse to-day, and you came back to this glacier forty years hence——"

"I should come in a carriage, you know," said Francesca cheerfully. "I shouldn't walk."

"Yes," I said, "you would probably come in a carriage. Then you would stand at the edge of the glacier and let your mind stray back over forty sad years."

"I've lost my handkerchief," said Francesca.

"You always have. And while you stood there you would suddenly see amongst the stones a gold watch and a large boot with nails in it. That would be me—I mean, those melancholy relics would be all that was left of——"

"You unwoman me," said Francesca. "All the same," she added, "I can't help saying this glacier of yours is a very slow worker, and, if you wanted me to admire it, you haven't succeeded."

"Look! There it is," I said, pointing across the gorge.

"Call *that* a glacier!" she said. "It's about as big as a large tablecloth."

"Anyhow," I said sharply, "that's all the glacier you'll get to-day. If you wanted something bigger you should have said so. Personally, I admire it very much."

"I don't," said Francesca.

R. C. L.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

USED though I am, more particularly in novels, to those who do, or talk of doing, Big Things, I have never before met so large and mixed a company devoted to this vocation. There is no doubt, of course, that the class of which Sir GILBERT PARKER writes in *The Judgment House* (METHUEN) did much, if not most, of the bringing about and carrying through of the Boer War, but I cannot think that the Magnates of the Rand or the Officials of Diplomacy set about the business in quite the large, direct and melodramatic spirit of *Rudyard King* and *Ian Stafford*. They must have given some thought to details; some trifles must have obtruded themselves upon their notice, causing them to show impatience or irritability, to laugh or at least smile; even at such a crisis the tension of the situation and the facial muscles of those who conducted it must have relaxed a little once or twice in a period of some years. On this part of the affair I speak without authority, not knowing by the light of nature, nor having been told with any exactness in the book, how

Magnates are created or of what Diplomacy (always with a big, big D) consists. The social and criminal elements of the story are, however, open to the criticism of the man in the street. As to the former, I would argue that the smart and plutocratic set of London is herein credited with a brilliance and breadth of mind not its own; as to the latter, that the murder of *Adrian Fellowes* cast too long a shadow before it. And when it did come the identity of the agent was not difficult to guess, though much mystery was

made of it. But the important thing for his many admirers is that Sir GILBERT has written another novel; and nothing that I have said can alter that fact. At the worst, I shall only expect a few of them to agree with me that, while his book is by no means wanting in wit, it would have been much better for a touch or two of humour.

I think I have seldom met with a more obvious example of the short story masquerading as a novel than *The World's Daughter* (LANE). The first two parts of the tale, which take one hundred and sixty-five pages to tell, are all about the events of one day. True, it was an extremely crowded day. In the morning the hero met the heroine quite casual-like at a railway station. The heroine was missing trains, and the hero, who was a perfect stranger (and a far from imperfect hustler in such matters), said, "Come along for a picnic with me instead," and, a few minutes later, "I love you." They were in the train by this time, and the rest of the book is devoted to the picnic and what came of it. Incidentally one may say that it was a somewhat comprehensive outing, involving a bathe in a stream, two accidents—by dive and bicycle—and a night in a friendly cottage. But no one need be really alarmed. The proprieties, though strained almost to breaking-point, do just hold. This is rather more than I can say about the plot, which, after the lovers have got back to town, and she has

sent a wire saying they must part for ever, becomes even tedious. Yet Mr. CYRIL HARCOURT has written an engaging fantasy, which, though it never convinced me, has many delightful moments. In other words, Mr. HARCOURT the plot-inventor will probably owe the success of his book entirely to Mr. HARCOURT the dainty stylist. Heavily treated, his theme would have been intolerable.

I read *The Power Behind* (HUTCHINSON), by M. P. WILLCOCKS, with deep interest, as a novel quite out of the common run. Much of it I have since read a second and a third time, partly from delight in its many beauties of style and diction and descriptive power, and its thoughtful analysis of life, and partly with the wish to get a clearer understanding of its author's design. In the second of these aims I confess to have fallen short of success. The girl who is the chief figure is brought into close relationship with three men. She was adopted first of all by an old West Country doctor and naturalist, who in his youth had been the loved but rejected lover of her French grandmother. Then she was secretly married by a masterful young astronomer, who

cared much more about the stars than for the mother of his child, and brought wretchedness and disillusionment into her life. And lastly, when he died because another doctor hesitated too long to perform an operation which would have saved him, she married the almost would-be murderer, who was old enough to be her father, and became "the power behind" him, so that he played a finer part among his neighbours than he would have done without her help. All this is straightforward enough, and is worked out with taste and discretion.

But I feel dimly that there is a power—that Miss WILLCOCKS has a power—behind it that I have not fully grasped. And to some extent I think that is her fault and not mine. Her canvas is overcrowded with people and ideas. In the title of nearly every chapter there is an abstract thought large enough in itself to furnish material for a separate novel. In this respect her book is inclined to be vague and baffling. But then so is life, with its good in ill and its ill in good. And because *The Power Behind* is a fine picture of life it seems to me a book that is very well worth reading.

Miss MONTRESOR's *The Strictly Trained Mother* (MURRAY) is a gentle chronicle of rather smaller beer than is likely to suit the general palate. The story of *Mrs. Bellerton*, ruthlessly managed out of all liberty by her competent daughters and breaking away from home to go and stay with a grandchild, cannot be said to provide matter that is morbidly exciting. The old lady's portrait has been done with skill and sympathy but the daughters' outlines are not free from a rather crude exaggeration. There are no doubt many managing folk who would do well to read this little study of results; though they might only say, "I quite agree!" or "How ridiculous!" without making suitable inferences. For the rest of us I cannot honestly say that there's quite enough interest in this pale narrative.



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

MR. HALL CAINE'S ETERNAL QUEST FOR A BOOKSHOP THAT DOES NOT STOCK HIS LATEST MASTERPIECE.

CHARIVARIA.

THE King of ROUMANIA was attacked, the other day, by a gang of bandits. After HIS MAJESTY'S recent appropriation of Bulgarian territory we feel very strongly that their action was contrary to a proper sense of *esprit de corps*.

It has been decided by the Government not to send a punitive expedition against the MAD MULLAH. We consider, however, that a pretty sharp letter ought to be addressed to him; otherwise he will think we don't mind.

One hundred-and-fifty German physicians arrived in Dublin last week, and visited Guinness's Brewery; also Trinity College Medical School and the College of Surgeons.

Le Temps expresses itself in favour of a Channel Tunnel divided into two sections — one for the railway, and one for motor traffic. Why not a third, asks an Irish correspondent, for aircraft?

Nine years after being posted from Buxton on August 25th, 1904, a post-card was received last week by Mrs. MARSTON, of 51, Great Queen Street. It is only fair to point out that the Liberal Postmaster-General has succeeded here where his Conservative predecessor failed.

Mr. GODFREY ISAACS as a pessimist! At the annual meeting of the Marconi Company he prophesied that the day was not far distant when, even if we were aboard ship, our friends on land would be able to ring us up by means of wireless telephony.

Both the Rubber Growers' Association and the Rubber Sharebrokers' Association are offering handsome prizes for the discovery of new uses for rubber. We trust that, in making their awards, these Associations will remember that it was Mr. Punch who first suggested that, if the price of soap continued to rise, that commodity

might be replaced by india-rubber in the case of adults, and by ink-eraser in the case of children.

By the way, not so long ago, rubber was used largely for floating companies. This application of it seems now to have fallen into desuetude.

The Open-Air Theatre Society has

will feel compelled to make a charge of one penny for such a ride. Otherwise, it is feared, mean persons would make a habit of taking their rides that way.

While two boys were endeavouring to burn out a wasps' nest on a farm at Halstead, Suffolk, last week, an oat stack was accidentally fired and entirely consumed, damage being done to the amount of £150. It is said that nothing more ghoulish has ever been heard than the laughter of the wasps on appreciating what had happened.

A fly (who was clearly not a militant, for it happened in New Zealand) has burnt a house down. The insect got itself alight by flying through a gas jet, and in its fall set the window-curtains ablaze — and hence the conflagration. "Burn that house!" may yet become the flies' answer to "Kill that fly!"

Motor prison-vans, it is announced, will be seen in the London streets in a few weeks' time. It will be interesting to note whether this leads to an increase of custom.

Dr. WOODWARD of the Geological Department of the British Museum has pronounced the skull recently discovered at Ealing to be that of a woolly rhinoceros of the Pleistocene age. This, we understand, is the sort that spinster ladies used to keep as pets at that time.

Dr. H. F. BAKER is, we read, to address the British Association on the importance of pure mathematics in the ordinary relations of life. Can it be that even our mathematics are becoming decadent? If so, it is good to know that steps are to be taken to keep them pure.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN has gone to Shuna, in the Western Hebrides. His Lordship, *The Glasgow News* informs us, will spend his leisure there "in fishing for fish in the sea." We have often wondered what people fished for.



IN 1930.

"I SAY, CARRY THIS BAG TO THE STATION FOR ME, WILL YOU?"

"HO, YUS, AND 'AVE THE UNION ON TER ME."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"WHY, IF I TOUCHED THAT THERE BAG I'D 'AVE THE AMALGERMATED SOCIETY OF LOAFERS ON ME TRACK. THAT'S WOT."

applied to the London County Council for permission to give plays in the parks. We know no surer means of ending a drought.

A new life-guard which is now being tested on motor-omnibuses will, it is said, when it collides with you, pick you up and carry you along on a kind of screen until the vehicle stops. If the contrivance works well we see no reason why it should not develop into "Society's latest craze."

We understand that the companies

PEACE WEEK.

[Contemporaneously with the Carnival at the Hague in connection with the opening of the Palace of Peace, attention was drawn in the Press to arrangements for further internecine contests between the Liberal and Labour Parties at the next Election. During the same period there was a strike of the Building and Allied Trades in London which affected the Office of Works, the Athenæum Club, and other well-known institutions.]

While jocund banners wave above
 CARNEGIE'S Palace, called of Peace,
 And all the embassies of Love
 Give their emotions full release;
 While She, the warrior peoples' guest,
 Enters the gates, an honoured boarder,
 And on the Founder's heaving chest
 They pin the Orange Nassau Order;—

While banquets mark with seemly mirth
 The dawning age of muted drums
 When war shall cease to blast the earth
 (Until the next occasion comes);
 While olives bulge from every beak
 And each, in Dutch, adores his neighbour—
 Is this, I ask, the proper week
 To fan the Liberal feud with Labour?

If nations born to martial lust
 Can so assemble at the Hague
 To talk in terms of mutual trust
 (Though possibly a little vague),
 Shall *brethren* fight? Shall Tory prints
 Be suffered to indulge in glib blab,
 Dropping the most offensive hints
 Of ructions lowly known as Lib-Lab?

Alas! 'tis so! Affection cools,
 And, as the masses catch the chill,
 The Works Department downs its tools
 And BEAUCHAMP gets a bitter pill;
 And, just to spite the Liberal few
 In that Conservative Museum,*
 The decorators, gone askew,
 Decline to wash The Athenæum.

Ah! what avails yon Palace scheme
 (As good as Sydenham's own, I guess)
 If kinsmen cannot form one team,
 Or coalitions coalesce?
 What is the use of Europe bound
 By one continuous cosmic tether
 If Lib and Lab, on common ground,
 Cannot lie down and coo together? O. S.

* The word is here used in its original and higher significance to mean a Temple of the Muses, not a repository of antiquities.

THE RUSTIC INNKEEPER.

(A SILLY SEASON SYMPOSIUM.)

SIR,—I was touring through the Western Counties on my 180 h.-p. Mèrcèdes when I reached the cheery little town of Blickhampton. I stopped at the leading hotel, "The Blue Boar," and told the landlord that I proposed to dine there. Knowing that he would scarcely have a chef at so small an establishment I suggested the following simple menu—an omelette Russe, veal cutlets à la Maintenon, half a brace of grouse, and any simple sweet his cook could supply. To my amazement he replied, "You can have chops, or steaks, or bacon and eggs." I told him of the delightful meals I had had served at a moment's

notice in Carcassonne and Nijni Novgorod, and his answer was (I give it verbatim), "You may get them things in America, but we ain't asked for a dinner once in a month." The more one tries to simplify the task of the country hotel-keeper the more pig-headed and obstinate he becomes.

Yours truly, A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

SIR,—I have been making a five days' tour of your island, visiting all its points of historical interest, the ancestral home of the WASHINGTONS, the residence of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S great-aunt, and the gaols inhabited by the persecuted Pilgrim Fathers before they started to make the greatest country the world has ever known. At not one of your local inns have I ever found more than a single bathroom. At the Astor Hotel, New York, there is not a single bedroom without four bath-rooms, and the suites rented to multitudes always have ten. Even the cheap hotels would be ashamed if they had not two bath-rooms for every guest. And I have not even seen a tonsorial parlour at one of your country hotels. I asked for the tonsorial parlour at the Puck Hotel, Little Chidgley, to-day, and was told that there was none, but the boots would brush me down in the lobby. Don't you ever wash or shave? Can't you get the hayseed out of your hair?

Yours truly, KENDRICK J. BINGS (of Pluto, Mass.).

SIR,—Touring through the Midland Counties with that distinguished German savant, Dr. Offlicher (on a special investigation to discover traces of Teutonic civilization in rural British life), we came at 2 A.M. (in consequence of a motor breakdown) to The Reindeer, Chipping Tutbury, Rutland. I remembered a night visit I had paid with the same famous savant to an hotel in the Black Forest—the choice omelette which was instantly cooked; the fourteen varieties of sausage which, as if by art-magic, seemed to leap on to the table. I thought it would be a joy to give him a pleasant little night-meal on this occasion. After I had knocked at the door of The Reindeer for ten minutes, a head appeared at the bedroom window. "Good morning," I said politely. "Can we have a hot supper for two immediately?" "Go to blazes!" came the uncouth reply, and the window was instantly shut.

Dr. Offlicher is strongly of opinion that traces of debasing Celtic influences are to be found in Chipping Tutbury.

Yours truly, ONE ASHAMED OF HIS COUNTRY'S INNS.

AERIAL ETIQUETTE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am always anxious to do the gentlemanly thing, but, though my mater has got a book about Etiquette, it doesn't say anything about flying, which is what I am worried about. I hope you won't mind my asking your advice, because I know if I told my own people they would immediately knock the whole thing on the head. I have sixpence per week pocket-money, and, as I am dead keen on flying, I have saved up the two guineas which is the lowest price for flight at Hendon (no reduction for children). It has taken ages to do it, including tips, but I don't grudge the money. The awkward part is I have just got the exact sum, and I wonder if you are supposed to give the driver sixpence for himself, like you do a taxi? That would mean waiting another week; but I want to do the proper thing, especially if it's GRAHAME-WHITE.

Yours truly,

JAMES HODGKINSON GREEN (JUN.).

P.S.—All the same I don't see how it could make any difference to the sort of flight they gave you, because the aviator wouldn't know what he was going to get till he'd landed you—would he?



THE LAND-CAMPAIGNER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO GINGER IT UP OR WATER IT DOWN?"

[The CHANCELLOR is reported to have been camping out on a Welsh mountain.]





["Since the introduction of tarmac the surface of many roads resembles a cement tennis-court more than an ordinary highway." *Road Board's Report.*]

THE INGENIOUS MR. FARNBOROUGH-SMYTHE HAVING INVENTED THE RISING TENNIS-NET, HIS WIFE IS GIVING A SERIES OF MOST DELIGHTFUL RECEPTIONS AT THE 34TH MILESTONE, PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

SOME people are not like others; I am one of them. To most men the refusal of a proposal is, in sporting terms, a knock-out blow. A refusal by Diana is, I should think, the worst possible. And yet I merely smiled, and with some appropriate, light, half-humorous remark I turned the conversation into other channels.

I almost think Diana was the more affected of the twain.

No one would have guessed that the well-groomed, debonair man, chatting so gaily with his beautiful companion, had just been refused by her. But he had; and perhaps the incident defines my character more clearly than many words.

That evening I sat up very late, thinking. Suddenly I reflected that Diana was a woman, and it is the privilege of women—nay, even a proof of true womanhood—to change their minds.

Diana in time must change her mind. I met her two days later and immediately started to change it. Diana is, however, very clever.

"If you're going to propose," she said, "don't."

I did. After all, what are a few words wasted?

Following this incident Diana became very alert. When we encountered she somehow or other kept me at bay, and, if necessary, took to flight. But she found in myself a foeman worthy of her steel.

"Hello!" I said, one morning. "Doing anything on Friday?"

"No," she replied, falling into the trap.

"Like to get married?" I suggested, and was so pleased at having got past her guard that I hardly noticed her mind had not changed.

"Ah, well," I thought. "Some day I shall catch her when her mind is wanting a change; then we shall see."

Eloquent appeals were out of the question; my proposals had to be short and to the point. I flatter myself that, at times, I was original. The culminating effort was a telegram (reply paid) as follows: "What day would suit?"

The reply (paid) was very terse: "None at all."

I felt it could only be construed in one way. And then I had a sudden inspiration.

Some people are not like others, and, as I told you, I am one of them. With me thirteen is a lucky number. My thirteenth attempt would bring me luck.

A brief calculation showed that I had

already put the question eleven times. Only two more tries were needed.

The twelfth was a clever piece of acting. I rang up Diana on the telephone, disguised my voice, and then proposed like lightning. Then I sat down to consider my next move. The thirteenth proposal was to be successful; it ought to be exceptionally good.

For two days I thought very carefully, but no idea came to me.

On the third day I received a letter addressed in Diana's handwriting. I lost my breath. Had she anticipated my thirteenth proposal and accepted? With trembling fingers I tore the envelope open; a dainty sheet of notepaper fell out. Quickly I seized and read it. Then I winced as in great pain.

Blindly I groped for the telephone. Even her number was engaged. Eventually I was put through.

"Diana," I said, "you can't marry Denholme. Throw him over. I'm proposing for the thirteenth time: six times more than Robert Bruce, and my lucky number."

"Sorry," said Diana, "I never change my mind."

And then I realised that thirteen was indeed my lucky number. I had had an escape. Diana was no true woman; she never changed her mind.

ASSURED REVOLUTION.

[In the fear that the Ulster cause has not been sufficiently advertised lately, the author begs to offer this little sketch, at the opening of a new dramatic season, to any manager patriotic enough to take it.]

The scene is laid in the private house of Mr. James McSmith, a hard-headed Belfast linen manufacturer. Mr. and Mrs. McSmith are seated in the library, a commodious room, furnished on the north wall with a large photogravure of Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. BONAR LAW shaking hands, on the east wall with one of Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. P. E. SMITH shaking hands, and on the west wall with one of Sir EDWARD CARSON and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD shaking hands. The south wall has been removed for the convenience of the audience, but actually it bears a large photogravure of Sir EDWARD CARSON and Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE shaking hands. On the mantelpiece is a snapshot of Mr. James McSmith himself signing the covenant.

Enter Norah McSmith.

Norah. Oh, father, there's another photograph just come from the enlarger's. It's of Sir EDWARD shaking hands with Mr. ROWLAND HUNT. What are we going to do with it?

McSmith (much moved). A stirring picture, my dear. Hang it in the drawing-room, where our visitors—

Mrs. McSmith (placilly). Not in the drawing-room, Norah.

Norah. Well, really, it's the only room left, mother.

Mrs. McSmith. You forget the bathroom, love.

McSmith (indignantly). The bathroom! Certainly not!

Mrs. McSmith. Just over the taps, Norah.

Norah. Right you are, mother.

[She goes out, slamming the door behind her.]

McSmith (jumping up from his seat). Good Heavens, what's that?

Mrs. McSmith. Only Norah, dear. I'm always telling her not to.

McSmith (mopping his brow). I thought it was a pistol shot. I thought the revolution had begun.

Mrs. McSmith (soothingly). There, there, James. You forget it doesn't begin till next year.

She goes on placidly with her knitting.

McSmith (testily). Why doesn't John come? It's quite time he was back.

Mrs. McSmith. Back? Why, where has he been?

McSmith (mysteriously). Ah, my love! We were keeping it as a little surprise for you. Still, you may as well be told now. (Importantly) As you know, dear, I am in the councils of the Provisional Government, and at the last meeting I exerted my influence to get our son a post. He was sent for to-day; and I hope, I greatly hope—

Enter John McSmith, the hard-headed son.

John (proudly). It's all right, father, I've got a job. They've made me— You'll never guess.

McSmith (eagerly). Inspector of the Brick-bats? Snapshotter to the Marchers Past? Descriptive reporter of the Hand-shakes?

John. No, no, better than that. I'm

business. We are in for a—h'r'en—a—a—bloody Civil War next year, and as a loyal subject of the King I need hardly say that I'm quite prepared to take part in it.

Rankin. Of course.

McSmith. If, as we all expect, there is to be fighting, desperate fighting, I am prepared to sell my life dearly.

Rankin. Quite so.

McSmith. But though I am prepared to shed the last drop of my blood, still more to shed the last drop of the blood of any troops sent against us, I should—or—naturally be very much upset if my property got damaged in any way.

Rankin. I quite understand, Mr. McSmith. I may say that that feeling is extraordinarily prevalent in Ulster just now.

McSmith. You see what I mean?

Death, particularly the death of others, is, after all, a little thing—a loyal Ulsterman can face it cheerfully; but financial loss hits him very hard. I propose, therefore, to insure this house and the factory against damage by revolution, and I want you to see about it for me.

Rankin (moved more than a solicitor would care to admit). My dear Sir, your feelings do you infinite credit. And, let me assure you, you are not alone in your romantic and chivalrous idealism. All Belfast feels the same. The news, when it gets about, will be a trumpet call to England.

McSmith (simply). Say no more, Rankin. I am only doing my duty.

[He turns to the north wall and salutes the large photogravure of Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. BONAR LAW shaking hands.]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

A year later. The scene is the same.

McSmith is discovered in the library. [Enter John.]

McSmith. Well, John: had another busy day?

John (bitterly). Busy? I've lost my job.

McSmith. Why, how's that? Every day I read of the long speeches which our noble leader delivers to the army. As Warden of the Voice Lozenges—

John. That's just it. Bar a little rioting and revolver-shooting among our own men there's been nothing doing for three months except harangues to the troops. The result is that the supply of lozenges has completely



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

SUFFRAGETTE PRIVATELY HARDENING HERSELF AGAINST GASTRONOMIC TEMPTATION WITH AN EYE TO PROBABLE HUNGER-STRIKES IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

—(dramatically)—Warden of the Voice Lozenges!

McSmith (overcome with emotion). My boy!

Mrs. McSmith. Well, so long as you don't get your feet wet—

John. And that reminds me. I saw Rankin and said you wanted to speak to him. He'll be up here at any moment.

McSmith. Ah, good! I've important business to discuss with him. My dear, would you mind—

John. Come into the garden, mother.

[Mrs. McSmith and John go out. Enter Rankin, a hard-headed solicitor.]

McSmith. Good morning, Rankin. Sit down, won't you? You've heard about my boy, I suppose. (Carelessly) Warden of the Voice Lozenges. It's a fine post for so young a man.

Rankin. He'll be pretty hard worked, I expect.

McSmith. I suppose so. Well now, Rankin, I want to talk to you about



Indignant Bather. "Go away! I object to being photographed in the water!"

Photographer. "But I'm taking these for the weekly papers; besides, I don't think I took you."

Indignant Bather. "Why not? What impertinence!"

given out. And now that the so-called British-Government has gone and put a tax on 'em I don't see how we're going to get any more.

McSmith. Why not, John?

John. Father, don't be absurd. The tax money would go to the Nationalist Parliament, of course.

McSmith. Ah, yes, I was forgetting that.

John. And the result is, as I say, that I've lost my job. (*Gloomily*) I don't know what our leaders will do. The army can't fight because there's no one to fight against, and the generals will have to go on making speeches. With nothing to do it on—

[*A shot is heard.*]

McSmith. Good heavens, what's that?

John (calmly). Revolver. Some of our men playing the fool. By Jove, it sounded near. I wonder if it came this way.

[*Enter Servant hastily.*]

Servant. Fire, fire! The mistress has been shot. (*She faints.*)

McSmith (weakly). John, go and see. (*Exit John.*) Dear, dear! (*He looks round the walls dully, slowly gathering fresh courage from the photographs of Sir EDWARD CARSON.*)

[*Re-enter John.*]

John (with emotion). A revolver shot through the drawing-room window. Hit mother in the shoulder. They've sent for the doctor. It's bad, but I don't think dangerous.

McSmith (bravely). John, we must bear this like heroes. It is our first sacrifice for the cause.

John (much moved). It came through the window, just where mother—

McSmith (patting him on the shoulder). Bear up, my dear boy. It is not so bad as you think. (*Triumphantly*) The window is insured!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

Painful Reflection on the First Commissioner of Works.

The Globe, after discussing details of the strike at the Office of Works, goes on to say, "Up to the present there has been no serious interference with any service of public utility." Lord BEAUCHAMP will please note.

From a Charing Cross bookseller's window:—

"LARGE TYPE CICERO IN LATIN."

CICERO was always at his best in this language.

The Perils of Cricket.

In a cricket match between Montreal and the Australians, MAYNE (according to *The Montreal Daily Star*) was dismissed by "a bull that kept low."

"The Real Estate Trust Company is the agent for this property, a 9-room residence, of the living room type, having two baths in a desirable neighborhood."

Within a shilling taxi drive, we hope.

Mr. RALPH CONNOR as reprinted in *The Manitoba Free Press*:—

"I, who have never set foot outside my native shoes. . ."

They must be too small for him by now.

"Until last week no Englishman had taken so much as a set from him. Indeed the sets he has dropped during the last year could almost be counted on the fingers of two hands—five to Brookes in Australia, five to McLoughlin at Wimbledon, two to Wilding at Manchester, two each to F. G. Lowe and Beamish in the Australasian championship at Hastings, New Zealand, one to Graham at Dublin, one to Doust at Newcastle, and one to A. H. Lowe at Scarborough."

Manchester Guardian.

If the writer is also a golfer he should try the overlapping grip. He has a grand pair of hands for it.

A MUSICAL-OLYMPIC APPEAL.

THE recurrence in the year 1914 of the great International Pan-Orphic Competitive Festival to be held at Vienna brings home to all patriotic British musicians the peremptory need of securing adequate representation of their country at this great tournament of song and sound. The situation is best understood by the following statement of the results of the last competition at San Marino in 1910:—

| | |
|--|------------|
| Highest note (solo) | America. |
| Highest note (chorus) | Finland. |
| Loudest note (solo) | Patagonia. |
| Loudest note (chorus) | Corea. |
| Deepest note (solo) | Russia. |
| Deepest note (chorus) | Russia. |
| Longest sustained note. | Germany. |
| Three-legged singing-race | Turkey. |
| Most powerful steam organ | Belgium. |
| Largest larynx | Tibet. |
| Longest hair (pianists) | Hungary. |
| Largest butterfly tie | Venezuela. |
| Best advertised <i>prima donna</i> | America. |
| Heaviest <i>Briimhilde</i> | Germany. |
| Most realistic <i>Carmen</i> | Roumania. |
| Highest paid tenor | Italy. |
| Longest round of applause | Croatia. |
| Best organised <i>claque</i> | Argentine. |
| Largest wardrobe (ladies) | Russia. |
| Most epileptic conductor. | Morocco. |
| Greatest number of presents from Crowned Heads | Italy. |
| Greatest number of floral tributes | Australia. |
| Most eulogistic criticism | America. |
| Most savage ditto. | Servia. |

It is, as the Marquis of Mull observes in his impassioned appeal to the public in last Saturday's *Daily Terror*, one long tale of British disgrace and decrepitude. That we are a musical nation cannot be denied. Our ballad concerts, our street organs, our devotion to the banjo, the concertina and the penny whistle proclaim it on every side. We have pledged ourselves to compete at Vienna, and yet with only a brief year in which to prepare ourselves nothing has been done to select or train representatives. To expose ourselves to a repetition of the defeat which we underwent in 1910 is not only humiliating but dangerous. It advertises our weakness and lends impetus to the Chauvinistic policy of the other Powers. In short, by neglecting to organise victory we disregard a most effective insurance against invasion.

The Marquis accordingly appeals to the nation to raise a sum of £500,000 to enable the Executive Committee to carry out their scheme for the selection

and preparation of British representatives. The amount, he admits, is considerable, but it will be a magnificent investment and will be repaid a hundred-fold in national prestige and security. The scheme involves the appointment of 1,000 "talent-searchers" to scour every corner of Great Britain, Ireland, the Isle of Man and the Scilly Isles. Suitable competitors, when thus secured, will be sent to specially equipped training colleges, where their preparation will be systematically carried on under the supervision of the best experts. Thus, for example, candidates for the heavy-weight Wagnerian *prima donna* prize will be segregated in Dietetic Sanatoria, where they will be subjected to a process of intensive nutrition by which a stone weight can be put on in a fortnight.

Another of these colleges will be exclusively devoted to the cultivation of luxuriant *chevelures* by a process of constant immersion in hot baths of petroleum. Another and a very costly department of the process of preparation is the equipment of poor singers with costumes, jewels, pet dogs and all the other indispensable paraphernalia of prima donnahood. A special school of journalism, again, will have to be maintained for the instruction of competitors for the Musical Criticism prizes in the whole vocabulary of eulogy and obloquy. There will also have to be High Note, Low Note, Deep Note and Long Note Gymnasias. There must be an Academy for the promotion of Epileptic Conductors. And, as the Marquis of Mull eloquently remarks, all this will cost money.

The Marquis of Mull concludes his stirring appeal with a request that all subscriptions may be sent to him at the Fitz Hotel. The list has been headed by £5,000 from the proprietors of *The Hairdressers' Gazette*, £2,000 from the Marquis himself, £1,000 from the Duke of Swankerville, £500 from Messrs. Hufenvogel and Fleischheimer, the great petroleum refiners, and 1/- from "A Lifelong Lover of Music."

From "Naval Appointments" in *Portsmouth Evening News*:—

"Lieutenants.—St. A. B. Wake to the Thunderer, as First Lord."

And so poor WINSTON'S brief reign is ended?

"Some amusement was afforded by a typical Frenchman with well-waxed moustache who . . . cried again and again, in true French style: 'Encore, encore, madame!'"

Yorkshire Evening News.

One can always tell a Frenchman.

BEST MILD BIRD'S EAR;

OR, WHAT WAS OVERHEARD BY THE LITTLE GENTLEWOMANLY BIRD ATTACHED TO SOME OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

AT STRATHMOORSIDE.—That one or two grouse got away even when his lordship was shooting.

AT HURST PARK.—That not even the pretty musical comedy actress could find a winner in every race.

AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.—That the bride was very charming.

AT YATTENDON.—That the Laureate may or may not be preparing a wedding ode.

IN PARIS.—That the little Comtesse's blind chauffeur has at last been discharged.

IN THE SAME.—That the street named after the late KING EDWARD is progressing.

AT FORT WILLIAM.—That "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.—That the workmen are doing overtime on Buckingham Palace and that the scene is one of great activity.

IN LONDON GENERALLY.—That the paviors are taking advantage of London's emptiness.

AT ALDERSHOT.—That he was the youngest subaltern who ever failed to grow a moustache.

AT MARGATE.—That a certain young lady who lost a spade on the sands the other day is in danger of not getting it back.

IN THE STRAITS OF DOVER.—That the fish are talking of little else but the Channel tunnel and what it will cost them.

IN BERLIN.—That questions of foreign policy are not unlikely to be requiring attention before long.

IN VENICE.—That the bathers at the Lido include more than one member of the Italian nobility.

AT BILCHESTER.—That the Earl and Countess received many congratulations on the occasion of their golden wedding.

IN ROYAL CIRCLES.—That the past season has been a strenuous one and a little rest is not being resented.

AT HOMBURG.—That certain visitors this year are more than usually in need of cures.

AT THE SAME.—That "he may have looked at her, but that was all."

IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE.—That the Houses of Parliament are quieter than they have been for months.

"Many of the low-lying parts of the river are already under water."—*Times of India.*

This is also true of the Cam.



E. H. Shepherd

Batsman (indignant at being given out on a confident appeal for a catch by the wicket-keeper, Brown). "WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU GIVE ME OUT?"

Honest and Painstaking Umpire. "WELL, SIR, IT WERE LIKE THIS: MUSTER BROWN 'E THOUGHT 'T WAS HOUT, AND I KNAWED AS 'OW 'E KNAWED MORE'N I KNAWED, SO I SAYS, 'HOUT.'"

"A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION."

DEAR SIR,—Before making a few remarks upon your interesting series entitled, "Pages from the Diary of a Fly," I should like to explain my motives in writing to you at all. They are twofold. In the first place, as a naturalist of, I hope, some distinction, I want to discuss the matter scientifically. And, as the victim of certain misguided people who, under the impression that I was a confirmed dip-teramaniac, caused me, some years ago, to be placed in a home for the mentally unsound, I wish to prove my complete and unquestionable sanity by a course of didactic reasoning the infallibility of which you will be bound to recognise.

Assuming, as I do, that your alleged contributor hails from the *Calypterate Muscida* family, we are reduced to a choice of two species, viz., the Blow-fly or "Bluebottle," and the *Musca domestica* or common "house-fly." My knowledge of the whole order *Diptera*, to say nothing of certain details in the narrative under discussion, leads me to suppose that the writer belongs to the latter of the two sub-families. Very well. I now come to my contention,

which is this: that no *Musca domestica* yet born can assimilate coherent and veracious ideas such as are put forward in this Diary; and, further, that, were any fly possessed of this capacity, he would find the difficulty of transferring those ideas to paper, if not utterly insurmountable, at least far greater than you evidently suppose.

One moment, Sir! "Tush," I hear you say, "there it is in black and white. We have the fly's word for it. And, moreover, how can any naturalist, however eminent, make such a comprehensive negation concerning the thinking capacity of an insect?"

Every word that I have written, Sir, I can thoroughly substantiate. Let me give a brief outline of my own humble researches. Though in the main of antivivisectionist principles, I have made various experiments upon the brain of the *Musca domestica*, in every case unsuccessfully. Being forced to the reluctant conclusion that nothing new was to be gleaned from within, I set to work on the inductive plan. Having obtained a healthy specimen, one entirely free from empusa and not long emerged from the pupa state, I began a series of instruction classes

with the view of broadening out my pupil's imitative ability. In one instance only did I achieve any real measure of success. Occasionally, after clapping my hands and chuckling for some minutes, I had the satisfaction of seeing him simulate the emotion of glee by rubbing his front legs together. But that was all. Often, in trying to make him rear on his hind legs, I not only became stiff from my own exertions, but experienced considerable hoarseness from incessant reiteration of the word "up." His intellect, if any, seemed quite impenetrable. For hours I was in the habit of reading to him select passages from *Baedeker*, *Horace* and *Bradshaw* without response. Only a week ago I subjected my theory to an exhaustive test. Having obtained another excellent specimen, I regaled him with the first reminiscences of your small contributor. If you will believe me, Sir, his eyes showed no flicker of interest. But not content with this as a convincing proof of defective receptivity, I established what was almost a forgone conclusion—that he was entirely unable to produce decipherable hieroglyphics. I went to the trouble and expenso of having a diminutive



Jack (whose twin has been isolated owing to measles). "WHEN'S TEDDY COMING BACK TO SLEEP, BEE?"
 Bee. "WHY? DO YOU MISS HIM AWFULLY?"
 Jack (promptly). "RATHER! ONLY THIS MORNING I TURNED OVER TO BIFF HIM IN THE EYE AND HE WASN'T THERE!"

silver pen made for him, one-eighth of an inch long. It was relatively easy to procure the pen: but to make him hold it was a very different matter. First I placed it between the adhesive pads of his front feet whilst he was rubbing them together. The only result was that he immediately desisted from his occupation, and the instrument fell with a tiny clatter on to the sheet of foolscap I had provided for him. Next I tried the lobes of his proboscis, but these seemed sadly lacking in tenacity. Not to be beaten too easily, however, I dispensed with the manufactured article and dipped the lobes themselves in a bottle of ink. This turned out to be an unfortunate move, for, instead of making any attempt to transfer his thoughts to paper, he contented himself with sucking up the fluid with evident relish, thereby inflicting upon himself an attack of what I took to be acute indigestion. At any rate the malady has incapacitated him from experimental work for several days. Although I intend going into the matter more thoroughly when my patient has recovered, I think I have said enough to convince you that this so-called Diary, far from being the work of any enlightened member

of the *Diptera* family, is some spurious production of the *genus Homo*.

Yours in sympathy,

OCTAVIUS GRUBBE (ex) F.R.S.

P.S.—During a further perusal of your current issue, I have just noticed the words "By our Charivariety Artiste." This, of course, proves that you yourself were not the victim of an imposture, and stultifies the main purpose of this letter, which I nevertheless forward to you for the sake of its scientific interest.

ROCKS AHEAD.

[The City of London Public Health Department have issued a circular in which it is stated that the custom of rocking babies in cradles is a wrong one and should be abolished.]

UNREST continues to prevail in influential infant circles owing to the threat of the elders to withdraw cradles, and a force of 4,000 fathers had to be called out during the small hours to quell threatened insurrections. The men were not able to return to bed before daybreak. It is clear that the paternal authorities are uneasy and dread an outburst at any moment.

At a meeting of infants held in Little Britain, E.C., last evening Master

Bunting protested against their being deprived of a privilege which had been theirs as babies since the days when their poets had first sung. They would remember that imperishable line—

"When the wind blows the cradle will rock."
 He was a Pro-cradler, as he had always been. Perhaps he was not so young as he once was, but, if they would allow an old infant, with eighteen months experience of the ways of the world, to advise them, they would solemnly register a determination never to go to bye-bye without a good rocking.

The Procession of Babies made its way through the principal streets last evening. Banners were carried bearing such inscriptions as—

"THE HAND THAT DOESN'T ROCK THE CRADLE DOESN'T RULE THE WORLD.—
 YOU CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH WAYS."

"ROCK US IN THE CRADLE OF
 THE DEEP IF YOU LIKE, BUT
 ROCK US."

Later.—At a meeting of Parents called specially last evening it was agreed to urge the Public Health Department to withdraw their circular. It is confidently expected that the babies will come in without delay.



THE "NATIONAL DISASTER" OF 1912.

JOHN BULL (*prostrate with shame*). "MY PLACE IN THE COUNCILS OF EUROPE MAY BE HIGHER THAN EVER, BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF THAT WHEN THE OLYMPIC PALM FOR THE KNEELING HIGH JUMP IS BORNE BY ANOTHER?"





Flute (to Harp). "THERE YOU ARE—SCHUBERT'S BROUGHT IN FIVEPENCE—TUPPENCE WORSE THAN 'THE ROSARY.' LET'S AVE ANOTHER GO AT 'ITCHY-KOO;' IT'S ALWAYS WORTH ONE-AND-A-TANNER."

UN—"MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI."

"TALKING of doctors," said Roleystone, "their job isn't as easy as it looks. I know—I was once a doctor myself—ship's doctor—for two whole days. I was coming back from a country in South America where you must be either a 'doctor' or a 'colonel.' I nominated myself 'doctor.' 'Doctor' allows a greater margin of prevarication than 'colonel.' There are several kinds of doctors and you don't have to elect which kind you will be.

"I didn't ask the agents to book my passage with this prefix to my name, nor did I ask my misguided friend to introduce me to the ship's officers as 'Doctor.' Anyhow, I couldn't have foreseen that the resident medico would take sick leave in his bunk and that I should be appointed to his duties. I might have made a full disclosure to the Captain and so escaped from an equivocal position, but more eminent men than I have fallen into a similar error.

"On the whole I managed fairly well. It was unfortunate that the

patient whom I told to knock off meat turned out to be a vegetarian. If the Lascar whom I treated had not had the sense to jump overboard, I might have been in trouble over his death certificate. As it was, the man was so obviously drowned that a certificate seemed hardly necessary. I have always had a feeling that I should like to know what the stuff really was that I gave him. That it did nothing to soothe his last hours I am certain, but whether it was actually fatal in itself I shall never know. These uncertainties are very harassing.

"I was somewhat nonplussed when they brought a girl to me who had a finger sticking out at the back of her hand at a most absurd angle. She seemed surprised when I asked her how long it had been like that. It appeared that she had, a few minutes before, unintentionally sat down on the deck and had found her finger that way when she got up. Under these circumstances it seemed to be up to me to do something about it. By a dispensation of Providence, as I was pulling it about preparatory to what I

believe they call 'setting' it, the thing suddenly resumed the normal. It was lucky that I had not actually diagnosed a compound fracture, as I had intended. The girl seemed quite relieved and grateful when she saw all the fingers on her hand in a row again. It was rather a nice hand, and it was some time before I felt that it was safe to let it go.

"I still stick to my opinion that that steerage passenger was merely suffering from sea-sickness. I know enough about doctoring to be sure that appendicitis is only found in first or second-class passengers who can afford to pay biggish fees for operations. I am glad that I refused to operate or to assist the ship's surgeon in doing so, when he got well. As it turned out, the woman was still alive when they carried her ashore.

"However, I freely admit that it would have saved my colleague trouble in the end if I had found all the pieces of china which were imbedded in another patient's head before I applied bandages. But then even steerage passengers ought to know better than



Short-sighted Territorial (oblivious of the rule that badges of rank are worn on the sleeve in Field Service). "EXCUSE ME, BUT I WANT TO SEE IF I'VE GOT TO SALUTE YOU."

to try to settle their differences with the aid of water jugs.

"I do not believe that the man who said that he had lumbago ever found out with what he had been rubbed. He was much better the next day. There must be some unsuspected curative property in brown boot polish. In spite of this, I have a feeling that the surgery is not the proper place in which to keep a thing of that kind. If I had administered a dose to the child with whooping cough, the result might have been most serious.

"I did quite well with the fever patients when I discovered which of the white compounds really was quinine.

"If I had suspected that the lady with the sore throat would remember the phrase and brag about it all over the ship for the rest of the voyage, I should not have told her that she was suffering from 'periostitis of the ear-don shaft.' It was when the old gentleman who came on board at Lisbon heard about this complaint that he

began to take an interest in me. He bored me considerably. I could not see that it was any business of his where I had studied medicine. It was certainly careless of me to tell him at different times on the same day that I was a 'London' man and a 'Guy's' man. I do not profess that my explanation was very convincing. I said that I thought it was elementary knowledge that 'Guy's' was in London.

"Finally he had the bad taste to expose a nasty motley-looking arm in the smoking saloon and to ask me what I thought of it. To get rid of him, I said that it looked to me as much like incipient beri-beri as anything. It did, though I never met beri-beri. This had the effect of clearing the smoking saloon. It also seems to have given rise to a general feeling throughout the ship that he was an uncompanionable person. It was only when the Captain wanted to know more about it that I discovered that he was a well-known London surgeon recovering from an

attack of blood-poisoning. I tried to make out that I really knew all about it and that I was only pulling his leg, but the 'dressing' had, so to speak, come off me. My popularity began to wane from that time, and a faint-hearted attempt to get up a testimonial for me met with a cold and unsympathetic reception."

CABINET GOLF.

[*"In a speech at Crickieth Golf Club Mr. Lloyd George told how he had holed out in one.*

It happened (he said) in the South of France. He played a mashie shot off the tee in a short hole over some olive branches and could not find the ball, which, he might say, was not an unusual experience for him.

Later he and others hunted for it to the left and to the right, and were still hunting when a young Frenchman with a sudden stroke of inspiration suggested that it might have rolled into the hole, and behold it was there."

Evening News.]

ANXIOUS to ascertain whether any other Cabinet Ministers have equalled the CHANCELLOR'S feat *Mr. Punch* wrote to them all. He has however only received the following replies:—

No, I cannot say I have ever holed out in one. I may add that I make it a rule *not* to take my "olive branches" with me on to the links; they put me off my game.—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

I once took thirty-four to the ninth hole at Archerfield, which I think is the record. The score was accounted for by the fact that a party of Suffragettes kept kicking my ball away from the hole every time I putted. They certainly held out nothing in the nature of "olive branches."—H. H. ASQUITH.

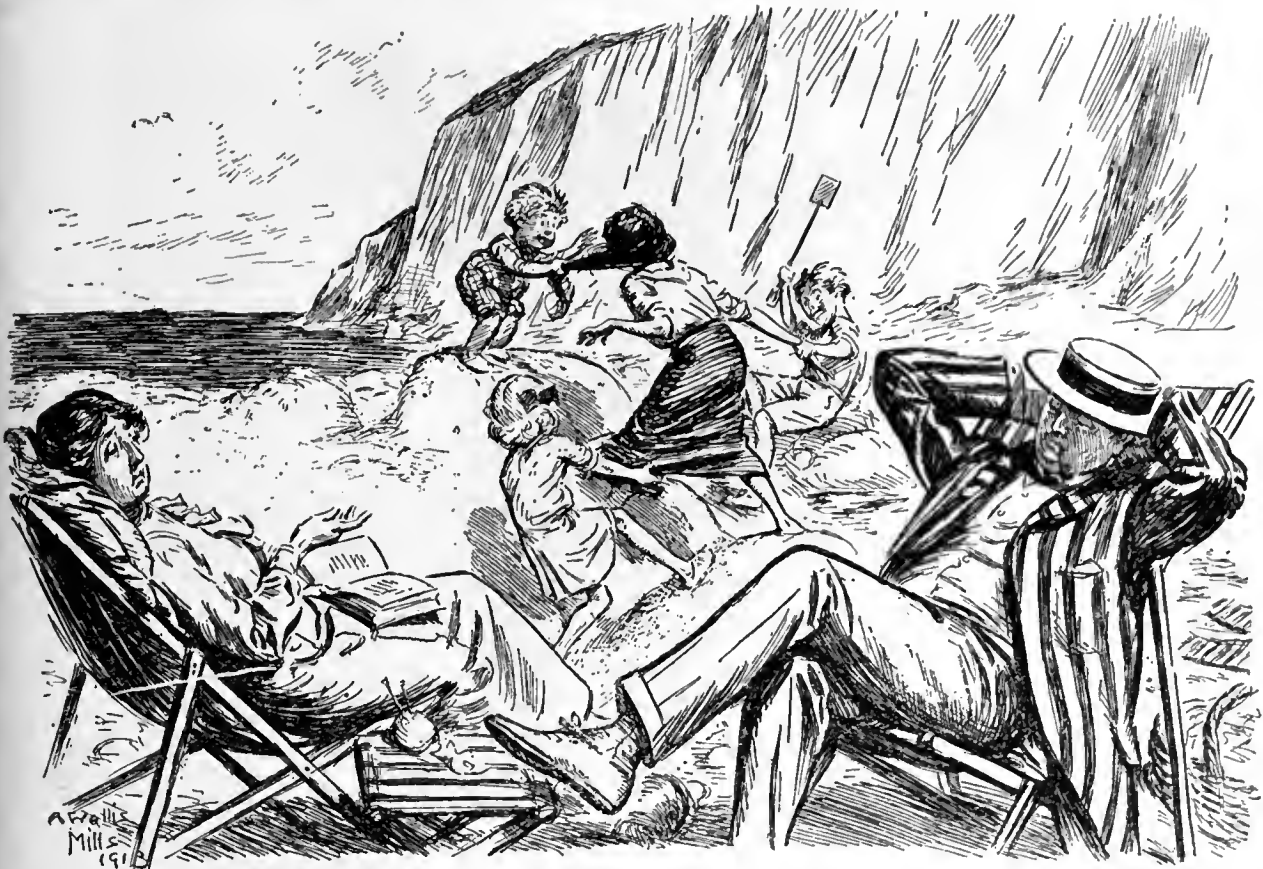
ONCE UPON A TIME.

ANOMALY.

ONCE upon a time there lived and flourished in a small city a worthy man. He was devoted to his native place; he loved its streets and stones, its strange odours, its smoke, its high rates, its indifferent water supply, its clubs and cafés and everything about it. Nothing could induce him to leave it even for the briefest period. In vain did the railway companies spread their Holiday Arrangements before his eyes; he returned with the more satisfaction to his favourite seat overlooking the central square.

And then one day the King of that country, who was full of capricious impulses, issued a decree that no one in this little city should ever leave it again, under pain of fearful penalties.

And immediately our friend began to be consumed with a longing for travel.



Wife. "REALLY, THE INGRATITUDE OF SOME PEOPLE! HERE'S YOUR NIECE MINNIE, WHOM I ASKED OUT OF PURE KINDNESS TO BE WITH THE CHILDREN, COMPLAINING THAT SHE IS ALWAYS TIRED; AS IF OUR DARLINGS WEREN'T ENTERTAINING HER ALL DAY LONG."

THE PHOTOGRAPHY THAT TELLS.

"EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY."

LAST year Charles Edward Lartington spent his holidays with a friend on the Norfolk Broads.

By profession he was a bank clerk—teller, in fact, at the Plumboro' branch of the Northern and Southern Bank—and, being in receipt of about one-half of the salary with which Plumboro' commonly credited him (for the directors expected their officials to keep their appearances up and their expenses down), he had that year, as on many preceding years, been unable "for family reasons" to take the Swiss tour sketched out for him by Mrs. Twemlow, as also the Norwegian cruise suggested by Mr. Aislabie.

By nature he was very much like most of the other hirers of boats at Wroxham, a good sort of a fellow in his way, neither brilliant nor dull, a little weak, a little dissatisfied; in short, just one of the crowd which the camera of publicity, directed at the egregious, gets so hopelessly out of focus, but which forms the background, and, in the opinion of each individual

member of it, the backbone of the country.

So Lartington and his friend set out each morning for their leisurely life on those slow-moving waters with provisions, camera and pipes. It was not a yacht they had hired, but a skiff; for Lartington enjoyed the sculling. His friend, being a photographer of no mean order, lay back in the stern of the boat and kept an eye open for subjects. This attitude of non-interference with another's pleasure is often observable on rivers.

One hot day they lunched off pork-pies and bottled beer and, in the afternoon, Lartington, having landed his friend for the purpose of stalking wild-fowl with the camera, pulled up-stream alone. It was with a certain exultation at his sense of mastery that he rowed. Here, in the boat, he was director and worker in one ideal combination. What his mind directed his body effected, and for his every stroke there was something definite to show. How different from the Plumboro' bank! There they wanted only the workers, the steady, reliable, trustworthy men—men who were painstaking, men who could follow out instructions automatically, indefi-

nitely, interminably; but talent!—That started him off on a new train of thought, of thick-headed duffers who had been at school with him and had long since passed him in the race for wealth. That was the bitterest part of all and made him feel almost anarchical.

And then a new thought struck him, and he began to think harder and deeper, so that his friend had to shout to attract his notice.

"Cheer up, old man," he said, as Lartington drew into the bank. "What are you thinking so deeply about? Stay there and I'll take you before the sun goes down."

Now, had Charles Edward Lartington possessed the gift of prescience, or had had ten minutes more to complete his train of thought, it is probable that he would have refused; but, being just a little vain and just a little vacillating, he did as he was told.

"That's it," said his friend; "better take your hat off, though. Now look this way."

* * * * *
The photograph turned out to be one of those lucky snapshots which the professional photographer can seldom hope to take. Lartington was not trying

to look like a bank manager, nor a repertory actor, nor a jolly fellow, nor a bookish prig. He looked just like the man everybody in Plumboro' knew, yet with his "How-will-you-take-it, notes-or-gold?" air entirely gone. It showed him, as someone said, "away from the counter"; a little preoccupied perhaps, and disguised by his boating flannels, but still Lartington. His friend evidently possessed a good lens, for the empty beer bottles and a paper-bag, with "A. Smith, Confectioner. Pork Pies a Speciality," printed upon it, were plainly visible.

Everybody seemed pleased with the photograph, particularly its author, who printed several copies.

* * * * *
Eventually it got into the papers. In fact, it was there that I saw it; and it was the newspaper photograph and the explanatory note beneath it that first made me aware of Lartington's existence.

Poor fellow! They caught him at Liverpool trying to pass as an emigrant with most of the gold tightly wedged in his trunk. It was a third-class steward, an assiduous reader of *The Daily Snapshot*, who saw through his disguise and told the police. He was suitably rewarded. His Lordship, having sentenced Lartington to five years' penal servitude—for embezzlement he said, but really for being photographed—commended the steward's smartness in court, and the bank presented him with £10 (which made him miss four successive boats). A not wholly disinterested photograph, which showed him clutching his favourite paper (with its title very conspicuous), gladdened the homes of several hundred thousands of *Snapshot* readers; none more so, perhaps, than that of Charles Higson, the Stockton-on-Tees agent of a hire-purchase firm, who had been looking for this same steward (under another name) for the last two years in connection with several unpaid instalments on a vanished piano.

"Fashions and Fancies."

Under the above heading, *The Globe*, speaking of the new skirt, says, "Made in the most fragile and transparent of materials, it is worn over tights worn close-fitting." This idea of close-fitting tights is new to us. We always wear ours quite loose.

"RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

32,000,000 PASSENGERS LOST.
SIGNIFICANT DECREASE."
Glasgow Evening Times.

We are very glad to hear of this decrease. The figures were much too high last year.

THE GAMBLER.

No, it has nothing to do with Marconis. You will be thankful for that.

The hotel was full of grumbling guests. The smell of wet umbrellas penetrated to the remotest bedroom. The proprietor, who had assured us that never in the records of his establishment had rain continued for two consecutive days, had gone into dishonoured retirement. People tapped the barometer and read in yesterday's papers the approach of disturbances from the Bay of Biscay, Iceland, the Balkan Peninsula, and the Women's Social and Political Union. The golfers had talked themselves hoarse about the defects of the links. The fishermen, who only two days before—unscrupulous fellows—had been longing for a steady rain, were now grumbling that it would take a week to get rid of the flood-water.

The optimist was arguing in the smoke-room that because the oak had come out before the ash, or the ash before the oak—he wasn't quite sure which—abnormally fine weather was about to set in. But every one knew that the optimist was wearing a pair of the head-waiter's trousers, having drenched all his own garments. The pessimist argued that the presence or absence of icebergs in or from the North Atlantic proved conclusively that we were to have a cold, wet, miserable summer. We all hated the optimist for his irrational optimism, and the pessimist for his irrational pessimism.

Then a mild old gentleman incurred wide-spread unpopularity by remarking that this weather would be the making of a lawn he had just had laid down.

And then the stout man, who stood at the window cheerfully watching the downpour, turned round and addressed the company.

"You should have insured your holiday weather as I have done. As there must have been a fifth of an inch of rain yesterday and the same to-day I get my expenses for the week."

"A fifth of an inch? There's been a fifth of a foot" said the optimist.

"Of a yard," said the pessimist.

The general feeling was that whilst the optimist absurdly underrated the downpour, the pessimist was inclined to exaggerate.

"That being the case I'm in clover," said the stout man, rubbing his hands. "I get this week for nothing, and I can take another week when the weather is more settled. My forethought has justified itself. I paid a guinea and I shall draw ten."

Black hatred filled the hearts of everyone.

"Do they take your word for the weather?" enquired the pessimist scornfully.

We all felt that no insurance company could be so foolish.

"No, it is decided by the meteorological reports in the papers."

One by one we left the smoke-room. The presence of that degraded being who gambled in sacred things like holidays was as repulsive to us as that of a Stock Exchange gambler must be to Dr. CLIFFORD. We stood in the hotel porch watching the golden rain (*Daily Mail* copyright) pouring money into the pockets of a miscreant.

"One comfort," said the optimist, "these insurance companies generally do you."

We felt that the dishonesty of insurance companies was a thing to be thankful for.

It was at dinner-time next day that the London papers arrived. The optimist opened his paper and gave a cry of delight.

"Another anti-cyclone," sneered the pessimist.

"Listen," said the optimist. "Here's the weather report for Saturday and Sunday: 'Caergwyle-on-Sea, Saturday. Showery. Rainfall .042. Sunday: Passing showers. Rainfall .031.'"

"It's a fraud," said the stout man, banging the table.

Twenty people explained to him at once that showers were awfully local and that the district rain-gauge might have been left comparatively dry. The optimist declared that no doubt the rain-gauge had sprung a leak. But the general opinion was that there must be no gainsaying the scientific authority of rain-gauges. The stout man left by the night train to dispute the point with the insurance company.

Whether the figures really were 4.2 and 3.1 inches of rain and were deemed incredible by the meteorological authorities, or whether the local council thought it more expedient to modify the facts, I know not; but we all felt thankful for this providential set-back to that most repulsive of men, a holiday gambler.

Commercial Candour.

"These light-to-wear vests are made of fleecy material in different shades of color, and it would be almost impossible to mention the occasion on which such garments are useful to gentlemen."—*Advt. in "Scotsman."*

From *The Times* Paris correspondent:—

"The fiction that 'every one has left town' at this time of the year is perhaps less of a fiction in Paris than in London. My concierge, who went to visit his family at Dieppe the other day, told me that he had to stand as far as Havre in a crowded third-class carriage." Silly of him to have got into the wrong train.



She. "HAVE YOU GOT THEIR NUMBER?"

He (seeing stars). "THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS!"

THE DOGS' WELCOME.

Hush! We're not a pack of boys
 Always bound to make a noise.
 True, there's one amongst us, but
 He is young;
 And, wherever we may take him,
 We can generally shut
 Such a youngster up and make him
 Hold his tongue.

Hush! Most cautiously we go
 On the tippest tip of toe.
 Are the dogs expecting us
 At the gate?
 Two, who usually prize us,
 Will they jump and make a fuss?
 Will they really recognise us
 Where they wait?

Hush! I hear the funny pair
 Softly whimpering—yes, they're there.
 Dane and Pekinese, they scratch
 At the wood,
 At the solid wood between us;
 Duke attempts to lift the latch;
 It's a month since they have seen us—
 Open! Good!

Down, Duke, down! Enough, enough!
 Soo-Ti's screaming; seize his scruff.
 Soo-Ti's having fearful fits;
 Duke is tearing us to bits.

One will trip us, one will throw us—
 But, the darlings, *don't* they know us!

Then off with a clatter the long dog leapt, and, oh, what a
 race he ran,
 At the hurricane pace of a minute a mile, as only a long
 dog can.
 Into and out of the bushes he pierced like a shooting star;
 And now he thundered around us, and now he was whirling far.
 And the little dog gazed till he seemed amazed, and then
 he took to it too;
 With shrill notes flung from his pert pink tongue right
 after his friend he flew;
 And the long legs lashed and the short legs flashed and
 scurried like anything,
 While Duke ran round in a circle and Soo-Ti ran in a ring.

And last they hurtled amongst us, and then there were
 tales to tell,
 For all of us seemed to be scattered and torn, and all of us
 shrieked and fell;
 And John, who is plump, got an awful bump, and Helen,
 who's tall and thin,
 Was shot through a shrub and gained in bruise as much
 as she lost in skin;
 And Rosamond's frock was rent in rags, and tattered in
 strips was Peg's,
 And both of them suffered the ninepin fate to the ruin of
 arms and legs;
 And every face was licked by a dog, and battered was
 every limb,
 When Duke ran round in a circle and Soo-Ti ran after
 him.

R. C. L.

A MARE'S NEST EGG.

"THE investment itself," George continued, "is a comparatively trifling one. But look at the possible results. By purchasing only one ticket, you may in a moment become the possessor of no fewer than sixty thousand pounds."

"But it's a hundred thousand to one that I don't win it," I said.

"The advantages," he replied, "are not, of course, limited to one prize only. The others vary in amount from fifty francs to five thousand pounds. There are one thousand prizes of fifty francs alone. Fifty francs," he repeated, making a hasty pencil calculation on the back of an envelope. "Why, that's two pounds in our English money. I myself have bought five tickets. Looking at it, if you like, purely as a gambling operation," he added, "it is infinitely superior to betting on a horse. Think of the possibilities. Sixty thousand p—"

I spare you the rest. He went through it all over again. So finally I gave him his sovereign, as he knew where to buy the beastly things.

"You won't regret it," he confided to me at parting. So far from regretting it, I thought I had bought his silence cheaply at a sovereign, and, of course, dismissed the whole preposterous idea of foreign lotteries from my mind at once.

Somehow or other, one dismissal did not seem to be sufficient. The very next day, when Angela came to lunch (Angela is my property), I fell into a muse. It had suddenly occurred to me what a much better lunch I could have given Angela if only the sixty—

"What's the matter, dearest?" enquired Angela. "You look very worried."

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "Business—business." And I dismissed the idea.

Then Jack Chalmers came to see me in his new car—one of those long, terrifying, very latest cars that arouse immediate covetousness. Now with sixty th—

I abandoned the idea of dismissal and plunged headlong into my new vice. Every moment of leisure, and some others, were occupied for weeks afterwards with careful calculations. Judiciously invested, the amount would bring in quite a tidy income. First in the list of expenses would come charities (say a tithe); that would only be right, considering how I had acquired the money. The other items were wonderfully various, including such objects as an emerald necklace (for Angela), a cabinet of cigars (for me), a yacht, a new hat (for me again), and an estate (roughly speaking, for Angela). Then, in case my expecta-

tions should be too sanguine, I would momentarily lay aside the calculations on the sixty thousand basis, and suppose for the nonce that I had only won the five thousand pound prize. That would curtail the possibilities—but it couldn't be helped, I would have to make the best of a bad job. The fresh list dropped the emerald necklace and the estate as being out of the question. But all my plans were thoroughly cut and dried, and in readiness for either contingency.

Then, one day, I actually rang George up. I talked of the weather, and then said carelessly:

"By the way, that old lottery of yours—when do the results of the wretched thing come out?"

"One day more," he said; "results out to-morrow. I can come round to the Club before dinner and let you know, if you like; I'm having a wire sent. To my mind, it's an excellent investment. At the worst you only stand to lose the initial expense of the ticket—that is one pound. On the other hand, think what you might do with no fewer than sixty th—"

I replaced the receiver. I passed a trying day and a sleepless night.

The following evening I waited anxiously at the club for George. I had made up my mind how to receive him. I would be reading *The Globe*, nothing being further from my thoughts than lotteries. Then, when he came in and said, "You have won the sixty thousand pound prize," I would get up and reply indifferently, "No, really? By Jove, you were quite right then, after all. Have dinner with me, old chap, won't you?"

I settled myself down in a chair in the smoking-room with *The Globe* all ready. The nervous tension of the last forty-eight hours had been great, and in utter exhaustion I began to doze. But my brain continued to make calculations—on a larger scale than anything hitherto attempted. More judicious speculation, in which George's advice proved invaluable, gradually increased my fortune to gigantic proportions. I became the owner of ten hotels, four theatres, seventeen newspapers, a huge tract of timbered land in Canada, a few South American diamond mines, and a fleet of yachts. I was a multi-millionaire. I indulged in horse-racing. I was leading in my Derby winner, amid shouts from a thousand throats, with Angela smiling rapturously upon me. George, waving his hat, had rushed up through the press, and was shaking my shoulder and yelling, "You've won, you've won, you've won!"

Then I woke up, and my Derby

winner was a leather cushion, and George was actually shaking my shoulder and repeating excitedly, "You've won, You've won!"

Fortunately I remembered my prepared impromptu in time.

"No, really?" I observed calmly. "By Jove, you were quite right then, after all. Have—"

"Yes. You've won one of the small prizes. Fifty francs, my boy."

"Oh! Well, have—have an *apéritif* with me, old chap, won't you? How much did you win?"

"Nothing," he said. "But then, of course, I haven't your luck. Fifty francs! Why, that's two pounds in our English money."

* * * * *
My arrangement of my winnings ultimately resolved itself into this:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|
| Tithe (to charity) | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| 2 Apéritifs ... | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Placed on Derby favourite (and lost) | 0 | 17 | 0 |
| | £1 | 0 | 0 |

TO A FOOD-REFORMER.

[Eating less, especially less meat, is recommended as a sweetener of the temper.]

LADY, I feel full sure no lust for gold
Has set you where "five minutes
from the sea"

You give the welcoming smile to young
and old,

Who hither come in search of jollity.
Yours is a nobler task: you fain would
seek

Our moral good (at thirty bob a week).

And well you seek it; gallantly you
strike

A blow for amiability each day,
Carving a microscopic joint that, like
The British Army, goes a long, long
way.

I praise your noble fight—for such it is—
With man's carnivorous propensities.

But pause amid your labour of reform
And note the bard's innately placid
mien.

He has no tendency to rage and storm,
He never figured in an angry scene.
'Twould be no falling from your high
ideal

Did you give *him* a really decent meal.

Things that might have been expressed differently.

From *The Times'* critique of *The Real Thing*:—

"If Mr. Aynesworth were a little bit less of a gentleman, if Miss Terry were a little bit less of a lady—but why speculate about impossibilities?"



LEAVES FROM OUR HOLIDAY SKETCH-BOOK.

AN ARISTOCRAT OF NORTH BRITAIN SEA-BATHING FROM HIS ANCESTRAL FORESHORE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I SHALL not easily forget the delightful revelation of a new power that was given me by Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S *Carnival*. Ever since then I have been waiting anxiously for its successor, and it is now a great pleasure to find, after one uncertain moment, that *Sinister Street* (SECKER) confirms and heightens my estimate of its author. The one uncertain moment came to me in the early pages, while I feared lest Mr. MACKENZIE was going to let his Balzacian method run away with him; but this was only before the charm of the subject had taken hold of me; afterwards I had no more complaints. There are indeed aspects of this book that I should find it difficult to overpraise; its marvellously minute observation, for one, and its humour, and above all its haunting beauty both of ideas and words. These gifts are brought to the telling of something that has not, I think, been told before, or at least not in this fashion—the education of a London schoolboy, so different from the cloistered existence of his contemporaries elsewhere. *Michael Fane* is a figure to love, because he is of the very small company of boys in books who are entirely human. He grows before our eyes, as with an almost passionate honesty the author traces every detail and influence of his development. I do not know if the result will prove to be a popular novel, and I do not care; what I do know is that as a study of the education of character it is already a masterpiece; and that I look forward to *Michael's* career at Oxford (which we are promised in January) with as much interest as if I were going up myself. It is not my habit lightly to prophesy fame; but after these two books I am prepared to wager that Mr. MACKENZIE'S future is bound up with what is most considerable in English fiction. We shall see.

I have always this difficulty when confronted in book form with a story which I have already seen as a play—that I find it exceedingly hard to believe in the reality of those episodes that take place, so to speak, off the stage. The others are a very different matter; there I have my own recollection to support the author's statements, especially in the case of a play so delightfully well acted as was this that Mr. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM has now published as a novel under its original title of *General John Regan* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). For example, when *Mary Ellen* enters in the first act—I mean chapter—Mr. BIRMINGHAM really need not have bothered to tell me that she was adorably pretty, and that as she saw the motor-car "her beautiful brown eyes opened very wide. Her mouth opened slightly and expanded in a smile. A long line of the black transferred from the kitchen kettle to her cheek reached from her ear to the point of her chin. It was broken as her smile broadened, and finally part of it was lost in the hollow of a dimple which appeared." All this is quite firmly fixed in my delightful memory of Miss CATHEEN NESBIT. Conversely, when *Dr. Lucius O'Grady* is here described as riding furiously away on his bicycle, I am unable to banish a suspicion that it carried him no further than the wings. Still, I would not have you suppose from this that the present version of the affair does not make a highly entertaining novel. It does. If you have been unfortunate enough not to meet it already at the Apollo Theatre, you can read about it here, and chuckle continuously from page the first till "the curtain drops" on the last. That these words are a quotation seems to show that Mr. BIRMINGHAM was not wholly insensible of my own difficulty.

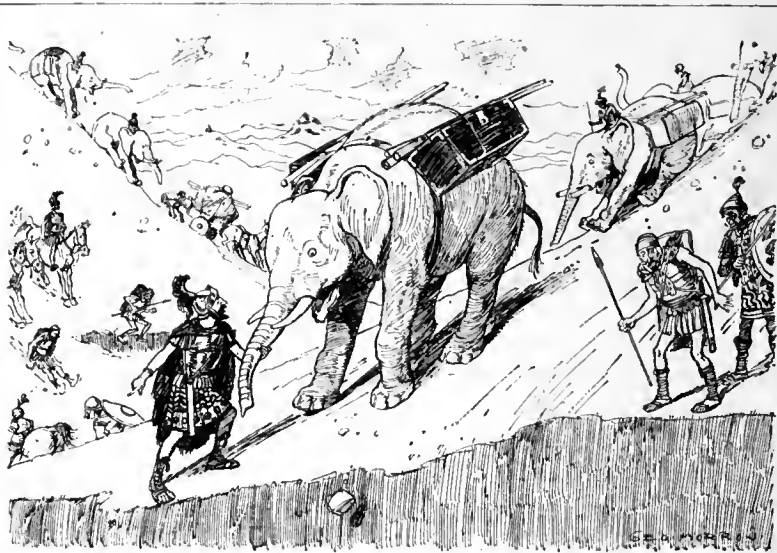
Valentine was a young man who was not in himself especially remarkable. Mr. GRANT RICHARDS writes a story

about him, calls it by the young man's name and publishes it himself; it is therefore obvious that he considers his hero of very considerable importance, and indeed he spends some time in telling us about his discovery of Paris, his bills, his dinners and his wines; but, although he tells us of these things pleasantly enough, he knows quite well that we've heard it all often before. No, it is not *Valentine* who is interesting, although he is an agreeable fellow and his tailor's address it would be pleasant to discover; it is his author's consciousness of the fantastic *bizarrie* of London that I enjoy. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT and Mr. CHESTERTON were once also aware of this, but lately their activities have been in other directions, so it is delightful to have Mr. GRANT RICHARDS building us enormous palaces in Leicester Square, palaces with thousands of flats and kitchens and shops, but palaces that the architects' miscalculation of the exact amount that is made by twice two may send toppling at any moment to the ground. There is also that colossal moment when *Valentine* loses ten thousand and seventy pounds because the letter N turns up on the tape instead of the letter R; that is a really thrilling chapter. In short, Mr. GRANT RICHARDS, having been for so long a publisher, believes in the Cinematograph Novel and enjoys *Valentine's* external adventures more than his internal ones. For myself, I agree with him that they are, at any rate in *Valentine's* case, considerably more interesting.

As I sit reading Sir RAY LANKESTER'S new series of *Science from an Easy-chair* (ADLARD) I am very glad to be able to picture him in an attitude so conducive to a sense of well-being; but I am still more glad that the style of his instruction permits his readers also to assume the same comfortable posture; for easy writing does not always mean easy reading. I cannot say—since I have never caught him in the flagrant act of composition—whether the Professor, with his writing-pad on his knees, was in a position to reach, without rising, a considerable library of books of reference. If not, then I confess myself overwhelmed by the versatility of his erudition. His topics range from Glaciers to Sea-squirts; from "Fatherless Frogs" to "Pre-historic Petticoats;" from New Guinea Pygmies to the Galloping Horse in Art; from the Origin of the Soul to the Extinction of Turtles. Here is matter for all tastes. And as for the manner of it, the author writes as he would talk, repeating himself if he wants to, digressing and meandering at his own sweet will, but always keeping to the happy middle way between the preserves of the pedant and the hunting-grounds of the popular writer. And through it all runs a pleasant savour of what I hardly dare to call humaner studies. I like, too, his way of suggesting that, while making due allowance for my state of darkness in relation to science, he assumes that I possess intelligence of a sort. He has a chapter that treats of the rudimentary idea that underlies the cognate

habits of Kissing and Nose-rubbing. Well, I will not salute Sir RAY as he was once, to his great embarrassment, saluted by a foreign *confrère*, but in my gratitude for a charming volume I offer him the alternative privilege of rubbing noses with me.

I am not the proud possessor of an ancestral estate, but I have always flattered myself that I should feel and do all the right things if I were, so that CONSTANCE HOLME has given my self-esteem a sad fall in *Crump Folk Going Home* (MILLS AND BOON). To the *de Lyndesay* family, who belonged to Westmorland, and whose ramifications and relations recall some Highland clan in the days of BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, the estate of Crump was scarcely less than a fetish. To walk across the park resolved itself almost into an act of worship, and whatever form of *harakiri* seemed good to any member of the sept would cheerfully have been performed for the sake of the land. The heroine, a distant cousin, daughter of a long line of



UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.

HANNIBAL ENCOURAGES A TIMID ELEPHANT DURING HIS PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

Crump stewards, unhesitatingly promised to marry *Slinkin' Lyndesay* because, though a ne'er-do-weel, he was the heir, and as a girl only thus could she serve the estate. When he died a violent death in accordance with the family curse which connected itself with a huge cedar-tree (presently to slay the terrible dowager, *Mrs. Lyndesay*, in the throes of its uprooting) *Christian* or *Lakin' Lyndesay* won his cousin *Deb's* love for himself as well as for his land, so that after many woes all ended peacefully, and the young couple went home to a distinctly brighter Crump, with curse, cedar, mother-in-law and misunderstanding all removed at once. Till then I had hardly felt that Crump could be called an asset, so greatly was the atmosphere of storm and gloom and necessity insisted on throughout, and so heavy seemed the *Lyndesay* yoke. Yet they would all stop and admire the Crump scenery for hours, or stoop down (almost) and kiss the turf at any time. It seemed a preposterous obsession of the soil for its own sake apart from most of the things it usually stands for. Still, Crump was Crump; there is no getting away from that; and for those who were born to Crump the very name spelled balm. An ordinary fellow like myself would probably have tried to get it altered.

"HOW THE KING STRUCK AN ARCHBISHOP."

This was the terrible headline in *The Liverpool Echo* that caught our eye. But his Grace was no modern Thomas à Beckett; he was merely the Archbishop of SYDNEY, and the KING "struck him as being one of the most vigorous and alert personalities that any one could wish to meet."

The Boarding-House Keeper's Paradise.

"ILLANDUNG.—The threatened break-up in the weather has passed and the money was again beautifully bright and clear."

Birmingham Mail.

POETS AT BAY.

A PAMPHLET by Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., on "The Future of English Poetry," has caused so much disturbance in the best poetic circles that a mass meeting was recently called to debate the great critic's conclusions. Objection was principally taken to his contention that the poets of the future will disdain the ordinary forms of speech and will refrain from celebrating natural objects on the ground that everything that can be said about their obvious beauty has been said. "Future poets," says the gifted Librarian of the House of Lords, "will seek to analyze the redness of the rose [not "nose," as in an unfortunate misprint], and will scout, as a fallacious observation, the statement that the violet is blue. All schemes of art become mechanical and insipid, and even their *naïvetés* lose their savour. Verse of excellent quality, in this primitive manner, can now be written to order by any smart little boy in a grammar-school."

The meeting was held over the Poetry Shop in Devonshire Street, W.C., where the modern hard may be found, of an afternoon, declaiming his latest effusions to admiring audiences; and the chair was taken by Mr. EDDIE MARSH (by kind permission of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL). There were present a number of distinguished poets, some looking strangely like ordinary persons, a large contingent of ladies, and, at the back, two rows of smart little grammar-school boys.

A phonograph on the table was, it was understood, intended to convey a report of the meeting to Mr. GOSSE, who was week-ending with one of his peers.

Mr. MARSH, in his opening remarks, said that he was, he supposed, peculiarly qualified to take the chair, since he was the editor of *The Book of Georgian Verse*. (Loud applause.) It was called Georgian, he said, because all the poets in it were born in the reign of VICTORIA and educated in the reign of EDWARD VII., and most of the poetry was written before GEORGE V. came to the throne. None the less, Georgian was a good title, especially as the word had no eighteenth-century connotation. (Renewed cheers.) He had made a close study of modern verso, he continued, and was satisfied that a return to simplicity might occur at any moment, and that when it did

smart little grammar-school boys would have no hand in it. (Riot on the back benches.) Rather would it be an affair to be managed by certain long-haired friends of his own. (Tremendous excitement.)

The chairman then proceeded to read a letter from Dr. ROBERT BRIDGES, the Poet Laureate, whose name was received with supernatural delight. "Mr. GOSSE," said the writer, "is clearly wrong in his suggestion that one poet can be checked in his raptures by the fact that another poet has anticipated him. Any little grammar-school boy, smart or otherwise, could have told him that it is part of the nature of the poet to admit no predecessor and to believe his discoveries original." (Hear! Hear!)



A STICKLER FOR PROPRIETY.
"WAITER, WAITER, CALL THE MANAGER. HERE IS A FLY BATHING WITHOUT A COSTUME."

A letter from Mr. THOMAS HARDY followed. "Mr. GOSSE," he said, "is always industrious and often ingenious, but not even Commanders of the Bath are invariably right. Mr. GOSSE has decided that, 'the natural uses of English and the obvious forms of our speech will be driven from our national poetry.' That may be so; but for my part I believe that upon the arrival of a great poet great and simple poetry will follow, and that the combination of old-fashioned words is no more exhausted than the combination of the notes of the piano. (Loud enthusiasm.) In my opinion," the letter concluded, "there are few less profitable tasks than the attempt to forecast the trend of the arts, since a genius may at any moment appear, to blow conjecture sky-high." (Renewed applause, and not a little self-conscious enthusiasm among the younger men.)

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, who wore a sou'-wester and was imperfectly heard

owing to a large quid in his starboard cheek, said that he—well, agreed with everything that Mr. GOSSE had said. There was no doubt whatever that mere—pettiness had had its day. What the poet of the futuro needed was a hard-bitten vocabulary drawn from experience of rough-and-ready life, no matter how squalid. Realism was the thing. "Give your readers—," was his advice to the young. (Sensation.)

Mr. RUPERT BROOKE said he was one of the young guard. His particular line was emotion. He had in fact written a volume chiefly of love poems, but he was bound to confess that his interest in love was principally the conviction that it was certain to end. He defied any little boy in a grammar school to write anything that would naturally fall into place in his, the speaker's, volume. (Cheers.)

A slight hitch now occurred, brought about by a little misunderstanding as to whether Mr. EZRA POUND or Mr. LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE should speak first, which was settled by Mr. POUND, who comes from Arkansas, in the ready manner of his country. Mr. ABERCROMBIE's body having been removed, Mr. POUND remarked that obviously Mr. GOSSE was right, since he, the speaker, had already begun to employ a jargon of his own and to avoid the obvious. No one should ever be able to lay a "Psalm of Life" to his conscience. (Applause.)

No doubt other speakers would have risen but for the circumstance that the chairman at this point received a cablegram from his chief requesting his immediate presence at Kiel. The meeting thus terminated without anything very definite having been arrived at except renewed respect for the genius of the Sainte-Beuve of the House of Lords.

"The Countess of Seafield, who received a most cordial reception, said:—'I have great pleasure in declaring the bazaar open, and I wish it every success'—(loud laughter)."
Aberdeen Free Press.

And they say Scotland has no sense of humour.

The Daily Telegraph, describing a burglary at Datchet, says:—

"Some sticky brown paper was discovered on the lawn, but the visitors succeeded in getting away."

It probably wasn't sticky enough.

AN OLYMPIC CATECHISM.

Question. What are the Olympic Games?

Answer. An athletic festival held every fourth year for the purpose of reviving the glories of Greece and promoting international friendship.

Q. Are they like the ancient games of Greece?

A. Not much.

Q. Have they promoted international friendship?

A. Not at all. There have been unfortunate incidents—

Q. We will not go into that. Must we take part in the Games?

A. Oh, yes.

Q. Why?

A. Because we are pledged.

Q. Who pledged us?

A. Some one.

Q. Can you give me his name?

A. No, but the GERMAN EMPEROR would be offended if we did not appear at Berlin.

Q. Has he said so?

A. No, but it wouldn't do to let the Americans win everything.

Q. Why not?

A. Their methods, you know. The way they train and shout and all that.

Q. But don't you propose to imitate these methods?

A. Yes.

Q. Do British athletes like the Olympic Games?

A. No, but they must learn to like them.

Q. Why?

A. Because of the Americans, you know, and the GERMAN EMPEROR and all that.

Q. How do you propose to deal with the Americans and the GERMAN EMPEROR?

A. By collecting £100,000.

Q. For what special purpose?

A. To discover Olympic talent; to provide champions; to pay for talent and champions; to pay for trainers; to make it easy for champions to give up their business and devote themselves to athletics; to avert national disaster; to restore our athletic supremacy.

Q. Are these champions to be amateurs?

A. Certainly.

Q. What is an amateur?

A. An amateur is one whom we do not call a professional.

Q. But if other people call him a professional?

A. That only shows their ignorance.

Q. What is a professional?

A. A professional is one whom we do not call an Olympic amateur.

Q. Thank you, that is very satisfactory. Now tell me, please, what is the character of the Olympic Games? Are they a recreation?

A. Certainly not. They must be made the business of a man's life.

Q. Why?

A. In order to avert national disaster.

Q. But when a professional makes them the business of his life?

A. We refuse to have anything to do with him.

Q. Why?

A. Because he is a professional. He has not got the Olympic spirit.

Q. How is the Olympic spirit acquired?

A. By taking part in the Olympic Games; by subscribing to the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S fund; by devoting oneself to the discovery of champions; by advertising; by organising

a boom; by promising a public reception to successful athletes; by paying their expenses; by—

Q. I see. Then I suppose Great Britain has no athletics at present?

A. No, none of the right sort.

Q. What is the right sort?

A. The sort that is inspired with the Olympic spirit

Q. Does everybody like the Olympic spirit?

A. Yes, everybody who is anybody.

Q. But if somebody says he dislikes it?

A. Then he is a crank.

Q. What is a crank?

A. One who has not got the Olympic spirit.

Q. Are the subscriptions coming in?

A. I refused to answer further questions.

R. C. L.

ODE ON A WEEK-END COTTAGE.

Two miles from a town where the road runs down

To an olden mill and a buttressed bridge,

And the river runs wimpling, bright and brown,

By haunts of dragonfly, kingfisher, midge,

It stands on a bank

And faces its flowers,

Where the hollyhock towers

And rank on rank

The lavender stalks stand single and straight 'gainst the shine of the stream on its flank.

Four rooms in all, and a tiny hall,

And a balcony raised on the river's front

With fishlines drying and steps that fall

To the channel beneath where they tie the punt;

And a pump, be sure,

And a porch, and an arbour

Where roses harbour

The honey-bee's lure,

And a bucket for cellaret dangled deep where the current runs cold and pure.

There are chub and bream in the brown mill-stream

That leap with a swirl at the well-flung fly

From the pool where the white weir waters cream,

Or close to the turf-slope lurking lie.

There is yet more sport

When put on our mettle

To boil the kettle

For tea of a sort

(Our milk's left under the flowers by the gate in a jug that is good for a quart).

O the gold of the days when a soft heat haze

Hushes the river and stills the trees!

O eyes more quiet when blues and greys

Steal down in a glamour of muted ease!

When night's warm wings

With peace come teeming,

The stream slips dreaming

Of ageless things,

And a chub leaps plashing till silence again flows out on the widening rings.

"Miss Laramore . . . interviewed an imposing 'Bobby' on the subject of motor-buses . . . and hurried up the steep staircase to the top of the one he hailed for her. Once on the top she secured a seat directly behind the red-faced, loquacious driver and proceeded to make friends with him."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The last time we hired a hansom we looked for a nice place beside the driver, but he simply wouldn't talk.



OUT OF COMMISSION.

LORD HALDANE (back from his lightning tour). "QUICK, TELL ME, HOW IS ENGLAND?"
THE GREAT SEAL. "SPLENDID! WHY, WE'VE HARDLY HAD TIME TO MISS YOU."





Colonel Blastingham. "WHY THE — — CAN'T I PLAY THIS — GAME?"
Caddie. "YOU AIN'T GOT THE GOLFIN' TEMPERATURE, SIR!"

PENNY WISE.

You see, there are two stations: Blackhaven Harbour and Blackhaven Central. The train for Ellam starts at the first and passes through the second. When I say passes through, of course I mean stops. Trains on the Ellam branch stop at all stations and between most of them.

As we arrived at the Harbour Station with thirty minutes to spare, Charles suggested walking in to the Central Station.

"Why?" I asked.

"It will pass the time away."

"That can be done automatically,"

I protested.

"It will be exercise."

"I'd rather do some Swedish drill in the refreshment room."

"It will save a penny."

"Charles," I said, "my forefathers occupied the throne of Scotland, but you cannot tempt me thus. When I am on my holidays I never think about anything less than threepence."

"Come on," said Charles illogically.

He fascinated me with a walking-stick.

I came on.

But my worst fears were realised. As the engine flies, it is, I believe, half-a-mile onward from Blackhaven Harbour to Blackhaven Central. As we fled it might have been anything up to fifty miles, if Charles had not admitted after ten minutes that he did not know the way. Inquiry only served to acquaint us with unblissful truths. In the first place there was the river Wurzel. You have to go along the street by the Wurzel till you come to a bridge. But it must be the right bridge. In the second place there is the cemetery. Somehow I had known that there would be trouble with a cemetery. You have to walk round three sides of it because the fourth side is the railway, where one is prosecuted. I rather expected a swinging barrel and a water-jump, but apparently the Corporation hadn't quite finished laying out the course.

Charles remained insolently cheerful. His conversation concerned itself with pennies, their origin, history, and future; with great men who had started life with a penny arduously scraped together from weeks of office drudgery;

with stories of banks which had averted closure by an odd penny; with the purchasing power of the penny in the sixteenth century. He was just looking forward to the day on which a first-hand copy of *The Times* would be purchasable for a penny when we reached the Central Station, in time to see the Ellam train disappearing slowly but firmly into a tunnel.

"It is true," said Charles, "that by wasting time we might have got to Ellam two hours sooner. But you must not forget that the fare from the Harbour Station is sevenpence, whereas—"

There are moments when Charles comes near palling.

I strode to the booking-office.

"Third single, Ellam, please," I said wearily. "How much?"

The clerk felt for the ticket.

"Ellam, Sir?" he replied. "Sevenpence."

"THERMOMETER HOVERS AROUND 83 AND PUBLIC REVELS IN ITS RAYS."
Vancouver World.

Our own thermometer sets too early for us to do this.

GOLF FOR HEROES.

A HUGE, grim man in tweeds, with the jaw of a gladiator, sombre, smouldering eyes, and a pair of crutches, who was standing outside the granite-built clubhouse, pointed out the secretary with, I fancied, a boding, rather sinister look.

"You have played so long upon your rather easy local links that you seek a change—something a little more trying, a shade more difficult—and have heard that the Shadow Valley Links have been laid out especially to accommodate those who like their golf made strenuous?" said the secretary, a bland, easy-mannered, enthusiastic gentleman. "Quite so; you have done well to come here. You must let me show you round the course. I am very proud of it—extremely proud. Yes, I designed it; every detail of the laying-out was completed under my personal supervision. I came to the conclusion that, for really ambitious players, golf generally was too safe, simple, dull—trivial, in fact. But we are not trivial here. One's nerves must be more or less in order if one is to play a good round on the Shadow Valley Links. But you will see for yourself.

"I think we need not waste much time over the first hole; it is comparatively simple. The bunkers seem rather formidable? Oh, one would hardly say that—the wasps' nest inside each of them makes it a tolerably interesting hole, but hardly formidable. I beg your pardon? Oh, yes—wasps, I said. Three nests—one in each bunker. When a ball trickles into the bunker it automatically sets into action—gentle and sustained action—a patent stirrer and poker attached to the nest, so that the wasps are more or less ready to receive the player when he arrives to play out. We use hornets at the fourth hole—it is much more awkward to be bunkered there.

"This is one of the longer holes—a good hole. We call it the Great Surprise. There are no bunkers, you see. It is a clear fairway from tee to flag. Easier than the fourth, you think? Ah, but one has to keep straight because of the pitfalls. The safe fairway is only four yards wide. Either side of that, here and there—dotted about, don't you know—are concealed pitfalls, with lids—trapdoors—covered with real grass, of course. They work on the dead-fall principle, and contain water or tar—five water, six tar. Only two are staked; or possibly three. I really don't remem-

ber at the moment. Do you cultivate the pull at all? I should not advocate that shot just here. The hole is a great favourite with heroic golfers. Mr. HENRY LEACH admires it so much that he has written seventeen different articles about it.

"This is the sixth. You see, the green is well guarded. Yes, they are bull-terriers—four of them. Fierce? Oh, so-so—moderately. It is possible to hole out without risk, but one needs to approach very accurately. Hardly a fair test, I think, because some men have an inborn dislike for dogs. We meet that, however. We provide long



"Now, HORACE, STOP THAT WRIGGLING ABOUT AND WALK PROPERLY."

steel rakes, so that a badly played ball can be raked out of the bull-terrier zone. One forfeits the hole in that case, naturally. You see some of the finest approaching in the world at this hole. Oh, yes, they are safely fastened; each dog can only work within the limits of its string—unless the string snaps. The posts flimsy? Oh, I don't know. Do you think so? We have had no complaints. (Ah, Cerberus, o'd boy; there you are. Down, sir; the gentleman is not yet a member.) Don't mind him; he's a little petulant to-day.

"Now, this is really *chic*, the twelfth. The green is under the cliff, as you see. One positively must play a good shot here; a slovenly stroke is sharply punished. Put your ball anywhere but on the green and an avalanche falls upon

you. It is loosened by a magnetic-hydraulic device, patented by me. You see the avalanche—up there, straight overhead. Good imitation of snow, is it not? Rather expensive, but one cannot have really heroic golf without paying for it, obviously. We call this the Excelsior Hole. Mr. P. A. VAILE considers that the cliff is not sufficiently under-cut to allow the correct amount of over-spin to the avalanche. I begged him to play the hole for himself, but he was of the opinion that it was hardly necessary; he relied upon his calculations, he said. Personally I think he was wrong; we regularly bag our two brace a month at this hole.

"That one with the red flag is mined in every direction—in six places, to be exact. We use the old-fashioned black blasting powder; we find it slightly more effective than gun-cotton. It is fatal to slice there. Mr. BERNARD DARWIN thinks it is a very amusing hole. He wrote quite airily about it.

"But you must not imagine that we have neglected the ladies. We are not so ungallant as that, I hope. Indeed, no. Upon the tenth and sixteenth greens are a number of small holes of decidedly menacing appearance. Round about these are sprinkled baited mouse-traps and rat-traps. This is for the moral effect. If a lady makes a bad putt a circuit is completed and an electric current causes a number of mice to pop fiercely in and out of the holes. We have found it very successful. We use snakes also—sprawling, curled up in certain of the holes. The size of the hole, of course, is a draw-back. One rather leans to rattlesnakes;

the sudden ringing of their rattles would test the composure of a putter admirably. Unfortunately rattlesnakes run large. A pity; but I am giving some thought to the point, and hope soon to overcome the little difficulty.

"Of course, the idea is really in its infancy. You must not expect too much at first. It is not easy to make golf really heroic, but we shall improve. We welcome suggestions, too. If you have an idea at any time—" he spoke absently, musingly, his eyes fixed rather vacantly on a building close by which looked ominously like a cottage hospital.

"I think you have it all very complete," I said. "But there is one thing, perhaps, though probably it is merely an oversight on your part. It would be expensive, I fear."



Motorist. "WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AFTER THAT CHILD?"

Elder Girl. "ME! WHY, SHE DON'T BELONG TER ME."

His face lighted up. "And that is?" he enquired.

"An automatic earthquake, or even a pneumatic volcano."

He beamed.

"Oh, glorious!" he said; "we will have both. Forgive me, I must telephone to our chief engineer at once. This will delight some of our members."

He hurried into the clubhouse.

The grim person with the crutches hobbled up.

"How do you like the course?" he asked.

"Oh, very fine, very fine," I said. "I am just going to get my clubs."

It was fearfully annoying to discover that I had left them in London—two hundred miles south—and, as I am not at my best with new or strange clubs, there was nothing for it but to come home for them. It was during the train journey that I strained my back—which, of course, put golf out of the question for a long time.

Commercial Candour.

From a time-table advertisement:—

"N— DRIVES AWAY Nery Symptoms. Gives POWER of Brain and Body. LEAVES BEHIND Irritability, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, etc."

THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS.

Our Jane till very lately,
By high ambitions swayed,
Was serious and stately,
An academie maid.
She shunned the Russian ballet,
She studied Roman law
Admired Professor RALEIGH
And looked askance at SHAW.
But now she dotes on munnung,
Her books away are hurled—
Jane's rapidly becoming
A woman of the world.

Despising froeks and fashion,
She solemnly had vowed
To shun the tender passion
And flee the madding crowd.
Desipere in loco
She had entirely banned,
And meant to live on cocoa
And potted meat, or canned.
But now she's given up slumming.
Her hair is waved and curled—
Jane's rapidly becoming
A woman of the world.

Time was when on the Army
She looked with deep disdain;
Her views were all school-marmy,
She only worshipped brain.
With apathy impartial
She viewed all sons of Mars,

And was so anti-martial
As to despise Jack Tars.
But now her heart goes drumming
When'er a flag's unfurled—
Jane's rapidly becoming
A woman of the world.

Jane's sense of the artistic
Was formerly austere,
The waltz was too lubristic
For her fastidious ear;
A florid *cavatina*
Oppressed her soul with blight,
While BACH and PALESTRINA
She studied with delight.
But now she's always strumming
The tunes to which she's
twirled—
In short she's fast becoming
A woman of the world.

This wholesale transformation
Her serious friends deplore,
And yet her fascination
Is greater than before.
So, if she took to flying
In some outlandish dress,
I feel there's no denying
I'd have to acquiesce.
For Jane's kept all things hum-
ming,
Since, totally ungirl'd,
She started on becoming
A woman of the world.

AT THE PLAY.

"JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERN."

THE production of *Joseph and his Brethren*—a play in four Acts by MOSES and LOUIS N. PARKER—marks (I am told) an epoch in theatrical history, the Bible being recognised henceforward as fit material for the English stage. This recognition may take a load off the minds of actor-managers, producers and playwrights, but it leaves me cold. My temperature, however, being a matter of no public interest I will not dwell upon it, but, instead, will try to find the reason for the enthusiasm of the faculty.

The story of *Joseph* is known to everybody. It is a simple story enough; and though the method which *Joseph* adopts to reveal himself to his brothers when they come to Egypt for corn has more than a touch of the theatre about it, yet, told in simple Biblical language, its very naïveté makes its appeal. The story of *Zuleika* is known chiefly to Mr. PARKER. *Zuleika*, having marked *Joseph* as her prey from the moment when she bought him for twenty shillings at the pit's mouth, played the scorned villainess so thoroughly that twelve years later she was still plotting to stab him by the hand of another. Not unnaturally her husband *Potiphar* was there to overhear the plot (for it is unthinkable that so good a plot should not be overheard by someone), and *Zuleika's* eyes were put out to the accompaniment of a thrilling scream and the fall of the curtain on Act IV., Scene 3.

Very well; now call *Joseph* by any other Jewish name—*Jimnah*, say; imagine that the story of *Jimnah* was also invented by an Englishman, and let us all go to see the great Eastern production *Jimnah and Zuleika* in four Acts by LOUIS N. PARKER. What would be the result? Well, of course, the play would not have a chance. Not all the skill of Mr. JOSEPH HARKER (scenery), Mr. ADOLF SCHMID (music), Mr. PERCY MACQUOID (costumes), and Sir HERBERT TREE (overseer) could save so absurd a melodrama.

So perhaps that explains the enthusiasm of the profession. *Joseph and his Brethren* will be a success, but it will be a success because it rests upon a Biblical story; it could never stand on its own merits. That it can have any evil effect on the spectator, that it could offend the most susceptible, I do

not believe for a moment; though the Censor apparently has believed so for years. But, on the other hand, I do not see that it is going to do any good—either to the stage or to the public.

Yet it may have this effect; it may send people to the Bible to see how much of the story comes from Genesis and how much from Mr. PARKER. And having read the story of JOSEPH they may stray backward or forward a little. If they stray backward they may come to this verse—

"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

Then at least they will understand the difficulties of a collaboration in which one author writes like this and the other like Mr. PARKER.

Joseph was excellently played by Mr. GEORGE RELPH, and as *Jacob*,



Probable appearance of Sir HERBERT TREE if, in consequence of his success as *Jacob*, a mere boy of one hundred and six, he should be tempted to portray METHUSELAH.

Sir HERBERT TREE had a small part which gave him no difficulty. But I was most taken with *Judah* and *Simeon*, and particularly *Judah*. Mr. HUBERT CARTER made the first scene extraordinarily lifelike, and his delivery of that fine speech from the forty-fourth chapter of Genesis was a triumph. I don't know what authority Mr. PARKER has for making *Simeon* the villain of the piece, but Mr. H. A. SAINTSBURY gave him something more than the ordinary Adelphi touch.

"THE WILL"

AND

"THE ADORED ONE."

I have now had twelve hours in which to wonder what went wrong at the Duke of York's on the first night, and I have come to the conclusion that it was Sir J. M. BARRIE'S own fault. He started too well.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has been explaining lately what happens to a play between its conception and its production. According to him it is really

four different plays. First, the play as the author writes it and as he means it to be. Second, the play as the producer imagines the author means it to be, and as, accordingly, he decides to produce it; possibly a better play, but anyhow quite a different one. Thirdly, the play as rehearsed by the actors, when each character is reinterpreted by a new mind; again, it may be, a better play, but again a different one. But what, you ask, is the fourth play? The fourth play, says Mr. BENNETT, is the play of the opening night—the play in which for the first time an audience collaborates. And it was the fourth *Adored One* which went wrong.

This is simply to say that the audience was not in the right mood for it. What was meant for fantasy was considered as comedy and rejected as misplaced farce. It was, as I have said, BARRIE'S own fault for starting too well. He opened the evening with *The Will*, a serious comedy of real people, finely conceived and finely worked out. In this atmosphere began the First Act of *The Adored One*, and it too started delightfully on the plane of high comedy. True, there was some talk about a murderess coming to dinner, and some nonsense about nobody thinking much of a murder nowadays, but we didn't take it very seriously. And then suddenly

Leonora announced that she was the murderess; that she had pushed a man out of a railway carriage and killed him because he objected to having the window shut—her excuse being that her little girl had a cold. And when all her friends had agreed that the excuse was sufficient and the incident in itself trivial, there was a wildly fantastic trial, which resulted in her acquittal.

I have not tried to do justice to the fun of the trial scene; to the delightfully absurd behaviour of judge, counsel, witnesses and jury, all in love with *Leonora*; to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S adorable conduct in the dock—her bewilderment at the necessity for a trial, and her repeated "I just pushed him out; my little girl had a cold"; her explanation of the different kinds of colds her children had; her confidential smiles to the jury, and her discussion with one of them as to the best soil for roses; her subjugation of the warder whom she made hold her wool for her; all this was delightful. But, as I say, the audience was not

ready for it. Having expected real life, it was bewildered by this. True, Sir J. M. BARRIE tried to let us down gently at the end by making the Judge tell *Leonora* that she was really only a legend—a legend of the dear old-fashioned women, of their inconsequence, and of the adoration men paid to it—but it was then too late; the fourth play had gone wrong.

I do not presume to tell Sir JAMES how to write plays; but as one of the audience, and therefore (according to Mr. BENNETT) one of his collaborators, I would tell him how he could have helped us to do our share better. He once wrote a joyful little story about the murder of an editor; it was called, *Pettigrew's Dream*, or something of the sort. I may have the name of the man wrong, but I am right in saying that it was described as a dream. Now, if the First Act of *The Adored One* remained as it is, with this exception, that, instead of *Leonora* confessing to a murder, there were merely some talk of a murder which had happened; if the Second Act were a dream—*Rattray's* dream that *Leonora* had committed the murder and that after an absurdly fantastic trial she was acquitted; and if, in the Third Act (for one Act is all that is wanted for the trial) the parable were explained, and the contrast shown between the *Leonora* type of woman and the modern woman, why then the collaboration of the audience would leave nothing for regret, and *The Adored One* would be the splendid success that it ought to be.

I say "ought to be," chiefly because it is so full of good BARRIE, but partly because it is so full also of adorable Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. M.

OUR INSECT FRIENDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been recently delighted to read—in the London Letter of one of our leading newspapers—a statement with regard to glow-worms which should not be allowed to escape notice. "A well-known Member of Parliament," says the writer, "informed me some time ago that he was constantly in the habit of using a number of these luminous insects in his nursery in place of the ordinary night-light."

May I say, without undue vanity, that it is many years since I first began to make a study of the practical efficiency of insects, and that I have found them of use to me in a great variety of ways? I have myself kept a tame glow-worm for some months which has rendered me splendid service as a bicycle lamp. It has proved far superior to acetylene in penetrating fog,



"JAMES, DO LOOK AT THESE LOBELIAS! THEY'RE QUITE PARCHED, POOR THINGS. YOU SHOULD HAVE WATERED THEM."

"T'AIN'T OI NOT WATERIN' 'EM, YE KNOW, MUM; IT'S THIS ERE DROUGHT AS 'AS DRIED 'EM UP, THAT'S WHAT 'TIS."

and it is only necessary to attach a lettuce to the handle-bars for the little object to settle down and make itself at home.

But it is not only in luminous insects that I have enjoyed marked success. The wasp is a valuable ally. When leaving one's house locked up for the holidays no form of burglary protection is more effective than a wasps' nest attached to the sash of each of the downstairs windows. A scorpion, by the way, may be used for the same purpose, suspended from the blind-cord by the tail.

I am at present engaged upon the education of a colony of ants. Ants are, of course, not capable of lifting really heavy weights, unless they are

employed in inconvenient numbers, but I have found them admirable for doing all manner of little odd messages about the house, and they are always ready to bring me a stamp, an envelope or a cigarette. In conclusion, in my capacity of Secretary to the Society for the Employment of Insects, may I tender my thanks to the M.P. in question for indirectly bringing this important matter to the public notice?

Yours faithfully,
JOHN CLEGG
(Hon. Sec. Soc. E.I.)

"It is stated that the new building will be the first of its kind, and we hope may remain so for an indefinite period."—*The Builder*. It will.



Short-sighted Old Lady (gazing with horror at bathers). "WELL, IF THOSE ARE THE NEW SKIRTS WE HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT, NOTHING WILL INDUCE ME TO WEAR ONE."

CHARIVARIA.

"AFTER cutting through a thick haulk of timber, she buried her nose in the cement wall." No, this was not Mrs. PANKHURST. It was a German submarine which collided with the harbour wall at Heligoland.

It is announced that Mr. KEIR HARDIE is going to hold a meeting in Dublin. Won't someone tell us, as a change, when Mr. KEIR HARDIE is not going to hold a meeting?

Two goldfinches, we are told, regularly visit Totland Bay to feed their four young in their nest in the middle of a battery. Spies!

"It is understood," says a *Reuter* telegram, "that the British, Austro-Hungarian and Russian Embassies have received instructions to lend diplomatic support to the Bulgarians during the negotiations with Turkey." "Loan oft loses both itself and friend" seems to be an appropriate quotation.

The Hon. A. P. McNAB, the Saskatchewan Minister of Public Works,

has been praising Scotsmen and requesting them to come in thousands to Saskatchewan. "Our country," he added, "is not nearly broken up yet." Is this the way to lure a peaceable Scot from his home? *

Mr. WESTMORLAND, a motor-cyclist, has climbed Skiddaw on his machine. We welcome this movement for bringing the counties of England more closely together. Appropriately enough, Mr. WESTMORLAND was accompanied by Mr. DRINKALL. The name opens up glorious possibilities. *

The Inverness Town Council has been talking of holding a baby-show. It was suggested that some of the babies might be left on the Council's hands for good. Surely this would be taking too literally the good old name of City Fathers. *

"All Round Idleness" is the heading of a Stock Exchange article in a contemporary. All square business is what we really want. *

Mr. WADE, a town councillor of Germiston, South Africa, has referred

to the British Government as a man-eater and to the Union Government as a hyana. Mr. CLARK, another town councillor (who, by the way, has been arrested), has disagreed with him, and has said that the Union Government is more like a common ass. We deprecate these zoological amenities of controversy. Even the common ass has his feelings.

The Return to Eden.

"Mrs. Combe—a most chic gown of two coloured cinnamon fronds cleverly put together."—*Times of Ceylon*.

Pretty, but—you know what people are.

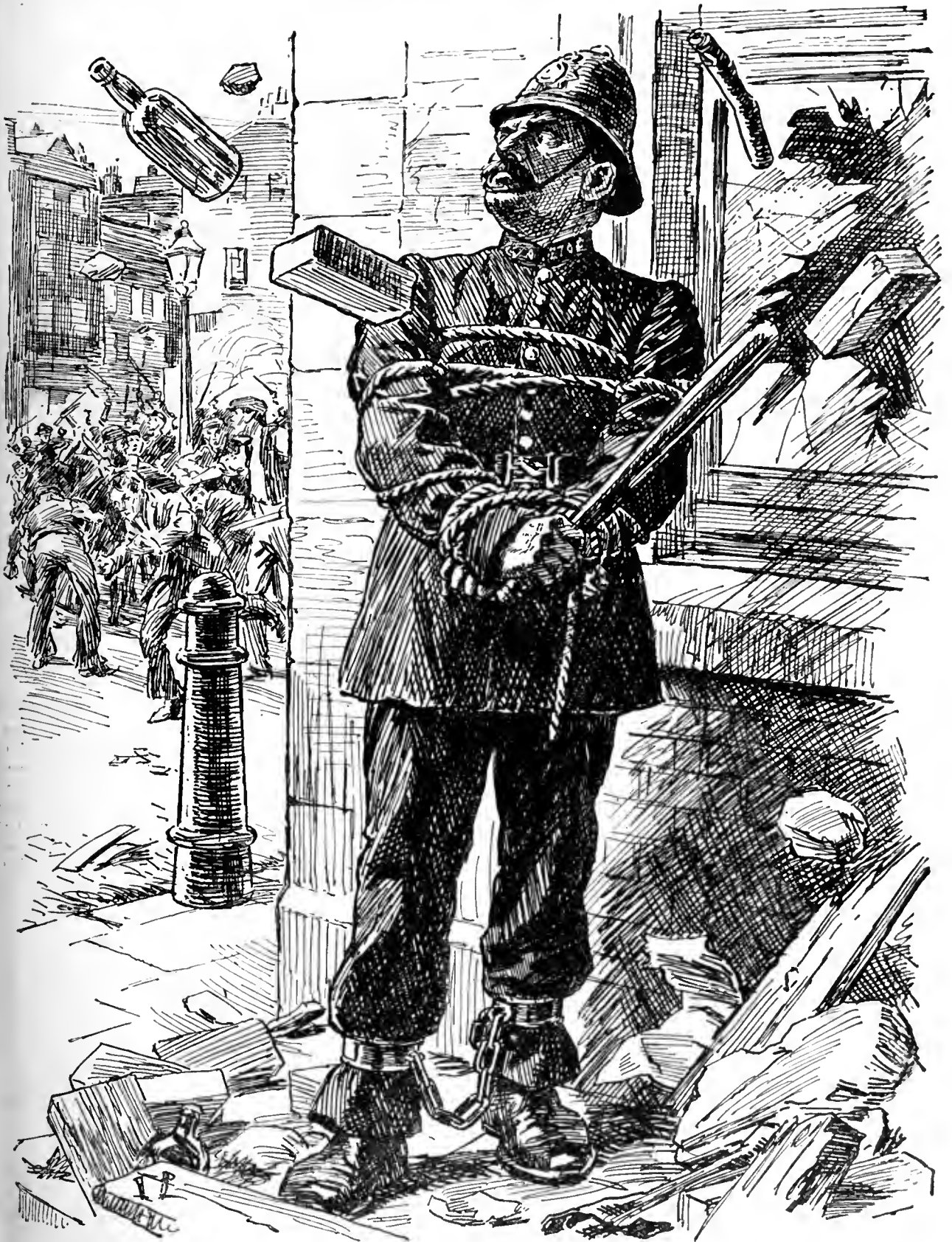
"The bride, who was given away by her father, was trimmed with handsome lace." *Hull Daily Mail*.

This is worse than Mrs. COMBE'S costume.

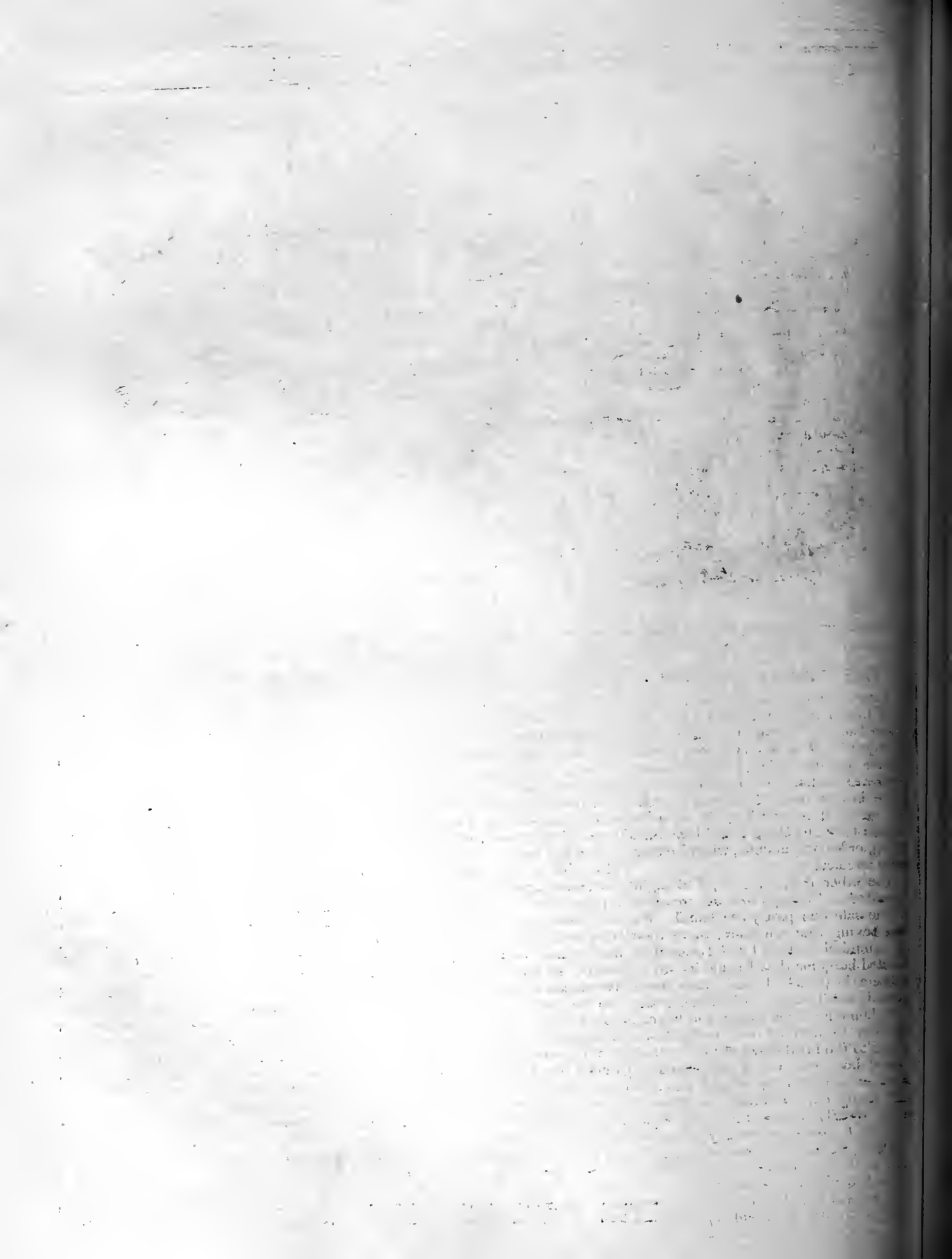
"At about 12.30 p.m. today tram car No. 13, driven by W D Francis, while going to Grandpass, collided with a little urchin at New Moor Street. A large crowd soon gathered—chiefly consisting of Moors—and it was found that the foot-board had struck the lad's head, fortunately only cracking the head slightly."

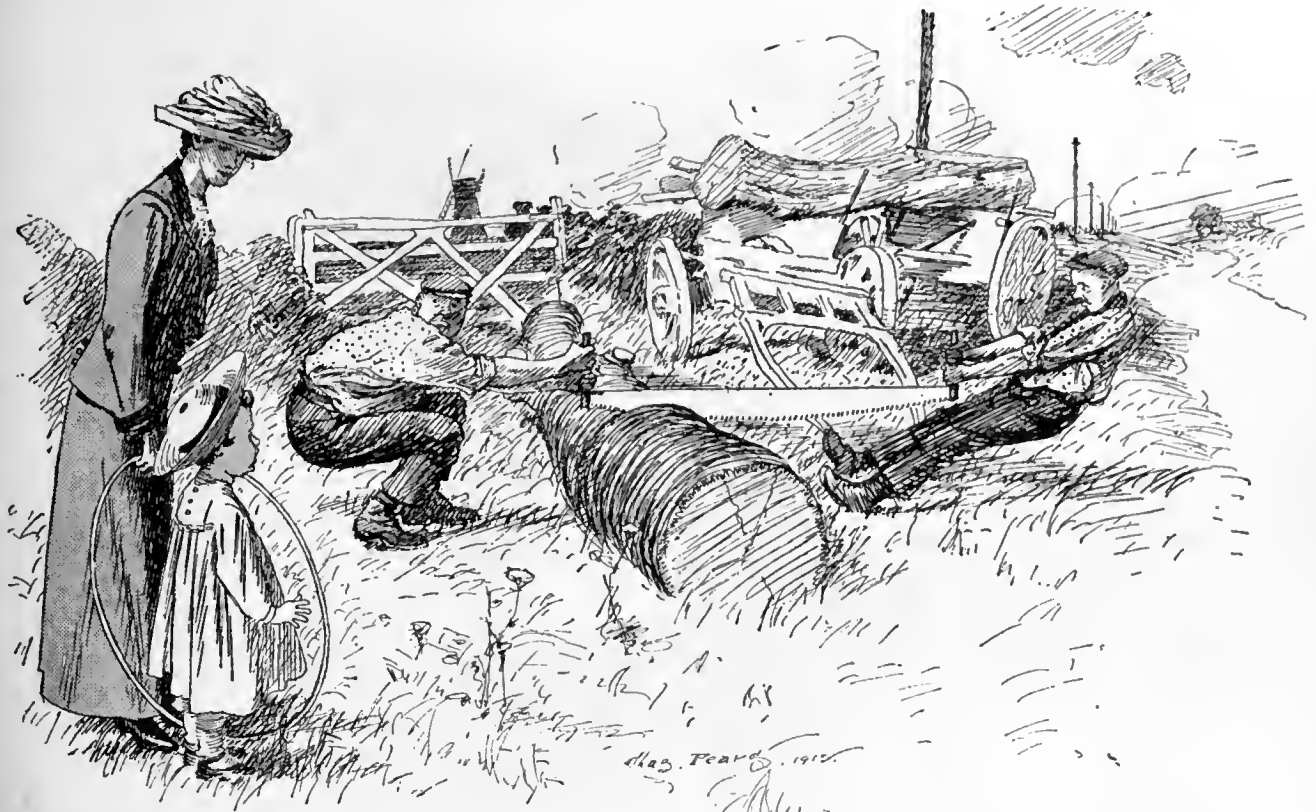
Ceylon Observer.

"Tut, tut, hard-boiled," said the conductor, and rang his bell.



THE RIOTER'S IDEAL.





Edwin. "OH, MOTHER, LOOK AT THOSE NAUGHTY MEN QUARRELLING. WHY DON'T THE BIG MAN LET THE LITTLE ONE HAVE IT?"

THE PURPLE DRAGON.

I SUPPOSE it is not once in two years that I drop into an auction room, but when I do go I invariably make a fool of myself. It is a queer coincidence. Ursula, my dear wife, is the sweetest-tempered woman in the world, but if there is one thing that does provoke her more than another, it is quite certain to be the thing that I have been doing, or leaving undone, when I return from an auction.

The other day, however, I thought myself safe. To begin with, my presence at the sale was partly accidental. No one having sent me there, there were no commissions that I could exceed or coveted bargains that I could let slip—matters in which I had often been proved liable to error. I had been away from home for three weeks, and having an hour to wait at our market town owing to the breakdown of the car that should have met me, I was strolling about at a loose end, when I saw the sale going on, and went in. That I think clearly shows that for what followed I was not personally to blame. Anyhow, it seemed at first as though I were in luck. I hadn't been inside the place five minutes before the man in shirt-sleeves began carting round something that caught and held my attention

like a flash. I saw then that it must have been inspiration that had sent me into the sale-room that afternoon, to encounter a treasure for which I had ransacked Europe (more or less) in vain. The auctioneer was letting off some of his usual patter about rare old Oriental porcelain, but this didn't concern me. I had seen in an instant what the thing really was—the long-sought fellow to Uncle Dick's purple dragon.

You can fancy if I was excited or not. The other dragon, the mate (if I may so express myself) of this one, had been a present to Ursula from her uncle at our wedding; and for years we had tried to find its companion. The thing had at last begun to get on Ursula's nerves, so much so that I had heard her express actual distaste for our lonely monster, and even a wish to destroy it. But of course now it would be different. It appears to be a rule about china that two horrors make a beauty; I don't profess to understand these matters myself, but I have observed this.

So I began to bid. One of the reasons for my dislike of auctions is that they make me nervous. I can never hear my own voice naming a figure without the sensation of going extremely white about the lips. Whether I do so really or not is another matter; I have never been able to see. But I feel like it.

Also the backs of my hands tingle. Thus it requires a considerable exercise of courage on my part to bid at all.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "make a start. For this valuable piece of genuine old Eastern ware. What offers to commence? Shall I say fifteen guineas? Only fifteen guineas for this exceptionally——"

"Five," said a stout man, immediately below the table. ("This," I thought, "is excellent; I shall get it dirt cheap!")

The auctioneer rewarded him with a smile of encouragement. "Thank you, Sir. Five guineas I am bid. Five guineas for this—I beg your pardon, Sir, pounds. Five pounds only. What improvement on five pounds?"

He looked round the company, and his eye caught mine. Possibly my lips moved, but I am uncertain; at all events some subtle telepathy seemed to have been established between us. "Six pounds," said the auctioneer (though how he knew is a mystery). "Six pounds offered."

"Seven," said the stout man.

"Eight," said the auctioneer, after another glance at me.

"Ten," said the stout man, who was apparently a dealer.

"Eleven." This was a travesty of my own voice, raised for the first time.

Silence followed. The stout dealer was sucking a pencil and meditating gloomily. No one else bid anything at all.

"Come now, gentlemen," repeated the auctioneer. "This is simply giving it away. Eleven pounds for one of the most exquisite examples of the best period of Oriental art. You'll be sorry for it afterwards. Eleven pounds only I am bid. Going at eleven pou—"

"Twenty," snapped the stout man. But my blood was raised.

"Twenty-five," I said quite calmly and clearly. The pricking in my hands had ceased. Several persons looked round, and I could feel that they were impressing my features upon their memory, perhaps so as to tell their children afterwards. I returned their

gaze with the impersonal regard of Royalty or people who open bazaars. It was a great moment. "Any advance on twenty-five pounds?" said the auctioneer; but it was obvious from the first that there would not be. The stout man had pocketed his pencil and turned away. "For the last time, only twenty-five pounds. Going, going, gone!" The hammer fell. I had conquered.

The price of victory was possibly a trifle stiff; but as it happened I had the precise sum in gold in my pocket. Thus there were no delaying formalities. The precious object (a phrase apt in more senses than one) was wrapped up and handed to me. I will not linger over my emotions upon the homeward ride. I had determined during it to say

nothing about my purchase to Ursula, but to find some secret occasion to install the new arrival in the once lonely cabinet, and await her delight at discovering it. There is often an art in the actual making of a gift that enhances its value tenfold.

Ursula met me in the hall. "I'm so sorry you had to wait for the car," she said sympathetically. "If you'd known, you might have looked in at the Hambletons' sale."

I decided that after all I would not postpone the pleasure. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I did."

Ursula looked interested. "How brave of you!" she exclaimed. "I suppose you didn't happen to see what the purple dragon fetched?" So she must have known, and not dared in my absence to try for it. Obviously the time was come when such wifely duty should be rewarded. I leant back carelessly.

"Twenty-five pounds," I said. "Of course it's a lot of money, but—"

She interrupted me with a delightful bubble of excitement. "I should think it was!" she cried. "Twenty-five pounds! How simply too splendid! And for a thing that I'd got to hate the very sight of! When Major Hambleton let me put it into their sale, I never thought it would fetch a penny more than ten." After a pause she added, "I can't help feeling, dearest, that whoever bought it was rather carried away!"

"That," I said placidly and without the quiver of an eyelid, "is the whole object of an auction."

So the rule had held good, after all. We received our cheque, which amounted to twenty-three pounds odd, in the course of a week; and Ursula



THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE ON A WALKING TOUR.

(8 P.M.—10 miles from the nearest inn. It has been a long day. They have not exchanged a word for the last hour.)

The Tired One. "OH, I WISH YOU WOULD STOP THINKING ABOUT DINNER."

has not yet ceased to marvel at such good fortune. The net result of the transaction is that she has had two new frocks—to say nothing of lunch at the Savoy, and a matinée—and that I possess (hidden under the bed in my dressing-room) a rare old Oriental vase, for which no reasonable offer will be refused.

"People are asking why Irish farmers do not raise more onions than they do. There is no country where better onions can be raised, and we import no less than 12,000 annually, at a cost of £60,000 per year."

Cork County Eagle.

£5 an onion is of course only the price of the hot-house variety. An ordinary young onion can frequently be picked up for as little as fifteen shillings.

"Girl's nearly new cycle; age about ten years."—*Advt. in "Western Daily Press."*

We should like something just the least bit newer.

BROWN BABIES.

[*"Brown Babies"* is the English for the name of a certain Indian village.]

THERE'S a stir in the village, a rattle Of looms in the tumble-down huts, A tramping of humpy-backed cattle That plod through the dust and the ruts;

For it's sev'n o' the morn and there's work to be done,

But the tiny brown babies, the shiny brown babies,

They wriggle and roll in the sun.

Above them the kestrels are wheeling, Beside them the buffaloes stare, And a red-eyed old pi-dog is stealing As near as he possibly dare;

They may wheel, they may stare, but they know they must shun

Those merry brown babies, those berry-brown babies

That tumble and turn in the sun.

The fat little mynas are hopping, The lizards are darting for glee,

And a big blue chameleon's popping

Round the trunk of a tamarind tree;

There's a spirit of joy in the day that's begun,

And the crowing brown babies, those knowing brown babies,

They twitter and twist in the sun.

In the breezes the palm-trees are swaying,

A cocoanut falls with a thud,

By the creek little monkeys are playing

Ridiculous games in the mud;

'Tis carnival madness, 'tis fairy-land fun,

And it's thanks to the babies, the pranks of the babies

That serimmage and squirm in the sun. J. M. S.

Two extracts from *The Irish Independent* :—

"CHAMPION WALL JUMP.

MR. JOHN M'MORRAN'S JOHN B..... 4"

"CURRENT CRICKET.

BEST INDIVIDUAL FEATS.

MR. JOHN M'MORRAN'S JOHN B..... 4"^{Runs.}

We are glad to call attention to the extraordinary versatility of Mr. M'MORRAN'S horse.

A Strand bookseller's advertisement:

"'Misti': 1/- net. Guy de Maupassant's latest volume of short stories."

But we are saving up our money for the appearance of BALZAC'S new novel.

SLINGING IT ABOUT.

PLAIN WORDS TO POLICEMEN.

(In the gentle manner of Mr. ARNOLD WHITE in "The Daily Express.")

WE have got them on the run. Their hair is on end, great clammy beads of sweat are on their brows, and with the light of panic in their eyes they are sprinting for the horizon; they are fleeing before their doom—the muddled Ministers who have torn the Constitution into shreds, despoiled the Church, sung psalms while they wallowed in the slime of speculation, insulted the KING, and sent up the price of bacon.

And with them is the Editor of *The Dictator*. The Editor of *The Dictator* is an accomplished writer, but he has dared to oppose his faint-hearted counsels to the clarion call of the men who wield the bludgeon, and who exult fiercely at the sound of their horrific weapons beating the air. When I told him last week that his politics were pig-wash, he attempted no reply. He too has donned his running-shorts and is showing a clean pair of heels to the advancing host. But the heels of Ministers are far from clean. They are befouled with thick mud. There is mud all over their traitorous bodies, and they shall stick in it all the days of their life.

In previous articles I showed how the Separation Bill, if passed into law, would split the Army and the Navy. This week we have to consider its no less cataclysmic effect upon the police force. The finest thing in boots is a British policeman, fixed and rooted in the determination to preserve the peace. Shall these stout souls be ordered to trample upon the inalienable rights of the Ulstermen, to coerce them into submitting to govern themselves? I do not know a single policeman who would not rather swallow his truncheon than apply it to the heads of men, women and children who are fighting for the priceless heritage bestowed upon them by the Act of Union. In Ulster, they tell me, even the infants are in arms. And why? Because they know that Home Rule has in store for them convulsions more terrifying than any of the natural ills their tender flesh is heir to, and because the stench of the Ministerial slime-pits has turned their stomachs. Shall the knee of the British policeman be pressed into their innocent backs? Calmly and dispassionately I say that the very thought is a shrieking outrage upon all instincts of decency, and that the feet of any policeman who for one moment harboured it would be a disgrace to their leather.

The temper of the force is one of the most vital factors to be reckoned with in any consideration of this stupendous



Brother. "WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THAT OLD CHAP JUST NOW?"

Sister. "I ONLY THANKED HIM FOR PICKING UP MY BAG."

Brother. "MY DEAR GIRL, YOU MUST LEARN NOT TO BE SO BEASTLY GRATEFUL. IT'S NOT DONE NOWADAYS."

subject. What does Mr. McKENNA know about the police he is supposed to have under his control? He has a slight superficial knowledge of the manipulation of processions and the cost of helmets; but of the soul of the police he knows no more than my aunt's tomat. If he imagines that this patriotic body of men is going to stoop to the dirty work of running in Ulstermen, the doors of Colney Hatch are yawning to receive him.

There are some delicately nurtured people (such as the Editor of *The Dictator*)—men who put on a clean collar every morning and dress for dinner—who say that the KING should sign the abominable Separation Bill, and who would thus wash their finniky hands of the consequences. The politicians who would thus stand calmly by and see the Empire dynamited are reckoning without the British police-

man and his multitudinous affinities. If the cooks of England are willing that the burly arm of the law, which has so often essayed the circle of their waists, shall be laid upon the shoulders of the most loyal of His Majesty's subjects, then in Heaven's name let the KING sign, and let the cooks stew in their own juice. But everybody who is not a victim of the verbal staggers (like the Editor of *The Dictator*) knows that the goddesses of the kitchen will not allow this atrocity, and it is this knowledge that makes the faces of our muckrake Ministers turn ghastly pale beneath their coating of mud.

(And so on.)

"While playing in the roadway at Compton, Cookham, a Farnham angler states that he hooked a tortoise about 6in. long."

Portsmouth Daily Post.

But then anglers say anything.

A PERSONALITY.

ANY lawyer will elaborate to you, if you will let him, the root idea of companies. When he explains that the principle is the creation of a new *persona*, which is the company as distinct from the individuals it comprises, you will look very knowing, murmur, "Ah, yes, of course," and wonder privately whether the speaker himself sees any sense in the words he is using. It is not till you come to pick a quarrel with a company that you realize the soundness of the lawyer's observations and discover how elusive is this *persona* of the company, and how little it has to do with the individual *personæ* upon whom you endeavour to fix the blame.

Our back-to-work train was already half-an-hour late at Exeter, yet there was no single person I could get hold of and say, "You've done this; what in thunder do you mean by it?" There were only innumerable porters and ticket collectors, guards and a bookstall boy unanimous upon one subject, that nothing would induce the train, once having started, to stop again before it got to Cheltenham. "Next stop, Chltnm!" they repeated, getting more heated and determined about it every time. But even on this point they were wrong, wrong by about twenty-five full-stops and as many commas. They had reckoned without the signals, and signals at holiday time do not believe in too much rush. My carriage happening to stop opposite a signal-box, I took the opportunity to go into the matter with its occupant.

"You ought," I told him, "to be ashamed of yourself, carrying on like this."

Affably but finally he explained that he was not to blame. The explanation was dull and familiar; I do not repeat it.

The guard walked along the track in order to join in our conversation. I tried him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I told him. The guard also had his defence ready and gave it smilingly. "As the engine-driver appears to be unoccupied," I continued, "you might just ask him to step this way and hear what I think of him."

"Old Bill?" said the guard. "Why, he's as anxious to get home to his supper as any of us. You can't blame him."

"Then who the deuce can I blame?" I asked.

* * * * *

You see what I mean? If it had been the other way on and the Company had been employing me to do a job for them at the price of 18s. 3½d.,

you may be sure that a definite *persona* would have emerged to abuse me for doing it so badly. Why then, as I put it to the inspector at Cheltenham eventually, why shouldn't such a one be put forward for me to abuse?

The inspector (having disclaimed liability) assured me that the Company's one object in existence was to give satisfaction.

"Bah!" said I (I had seen the word in a book).

The inspector could only suggest that at Birmingham, where all commodities are to be had, including Railway Magnates in top hats, I might get what I wanted. With no great confidence I waited for Birmingham and a top hat. "Now, Sir," said I, at last having cornered an overdressed official, "I trust that you are heartily ashamed of yourself."

He regarded me calmly. "You refer," he suggested, "to the lateness of this train, of which I have already heard some mention?"

"I do indeed," I cried bitterly.

He looked as one about to fight, but on second thoughts he seemed to appreciate the depth of my feelings and to decide upon another attitude.

"I can only say," he declared, "that I am very, very sorry about it."

"It is no good *your* being sorry," I sniffed. "I desire to find the person who is to blame and make him sorry."

He blushed; he appeared very nearly to weep. "I," said he, "I am to blame."

I was at first incredulous, but being assured on the point, I told him in what opinion I held him, what course I proposed to adopt with regard to him, and what end I hoped would overtake him, when, reported, disgraced and dismissed, he crept solitary and broken into the outer darkness. It was a five minutes' speech, but the pleasure of it was ample compensation for the suffering of many hours.

Upon being assured that I had dealt with the subject in all its many aspects, my friendly enemy asked me if there was anything else he could do for me.

"Tell me," said I pleasantly, for I was now, if exhausted, on good terms with the world again, "how came you to make the train behave so badly? How, I mean, do you influence its movements one way or the other?"

"I?" he queried. "I?"

"Yes, you. Without prejudice, what exactly have I been reprimanding you for? What was it which neither the signalman, guard, engine-driver nor inspector could do to expedite the train, but which you could have done but did not do?"

"I expedite the train?" said he, at

a loss. "I have nothing to do with trains. My business is with passengers."

"But what are you?" I asked.

"The Responsible Official," he said.

"But what are you employed to do?"

I pressed.

"To listen, mostly."

"Speaking quite technically," I said, "what are you for?"

"To blame," he said. "I mean, to be blamed."

* * * * *

Since then I have always travelled by this line, whenever its trains and I are bound for the same destination; I have frequently deviated from the straight way, have even on occasion adapted my destination for the purpose. The most important and real convenience of railway travelling is to have an official ever ready to accept in person a responsibility which he may in fact have done nothing to deserve, always prepared to look upset and downcast when I swear to him that nothing on earth shall ever induce me to be a passenger on his line again.

THE GREATER MAGIC.

THE entertainers on the pier
Are pretty bad, as pierrots go,
But now a conjurer is here
I never miss a show.

His tricks are all as clear as day
(With one exception); far from smart
His patter: I regret to say
I know it off by heart.

So, when he takes the final trump
From any given pack of cards,
Some gambler's pulse may haply jump,
But not the present bard's;

When from the magic kettle's spout
Free choice of stimulants is poured
And thirst-tormented people shout
For drinks they can't afford;

When handkerchiefs a hen disclose
Or rabbits from a topper spring,
I murmur, "I am tired of those,
Show me that other thing—"

That trick for which the audience lend
You coins. I put a florin down
On Monday night, and at the end
You gave me half-a-crown."

"GABY DESLYS PUZZLED.

SHE DISCUSSES WHAT SHE SHALL WEAR
WITH THE DAILY SKETCH."

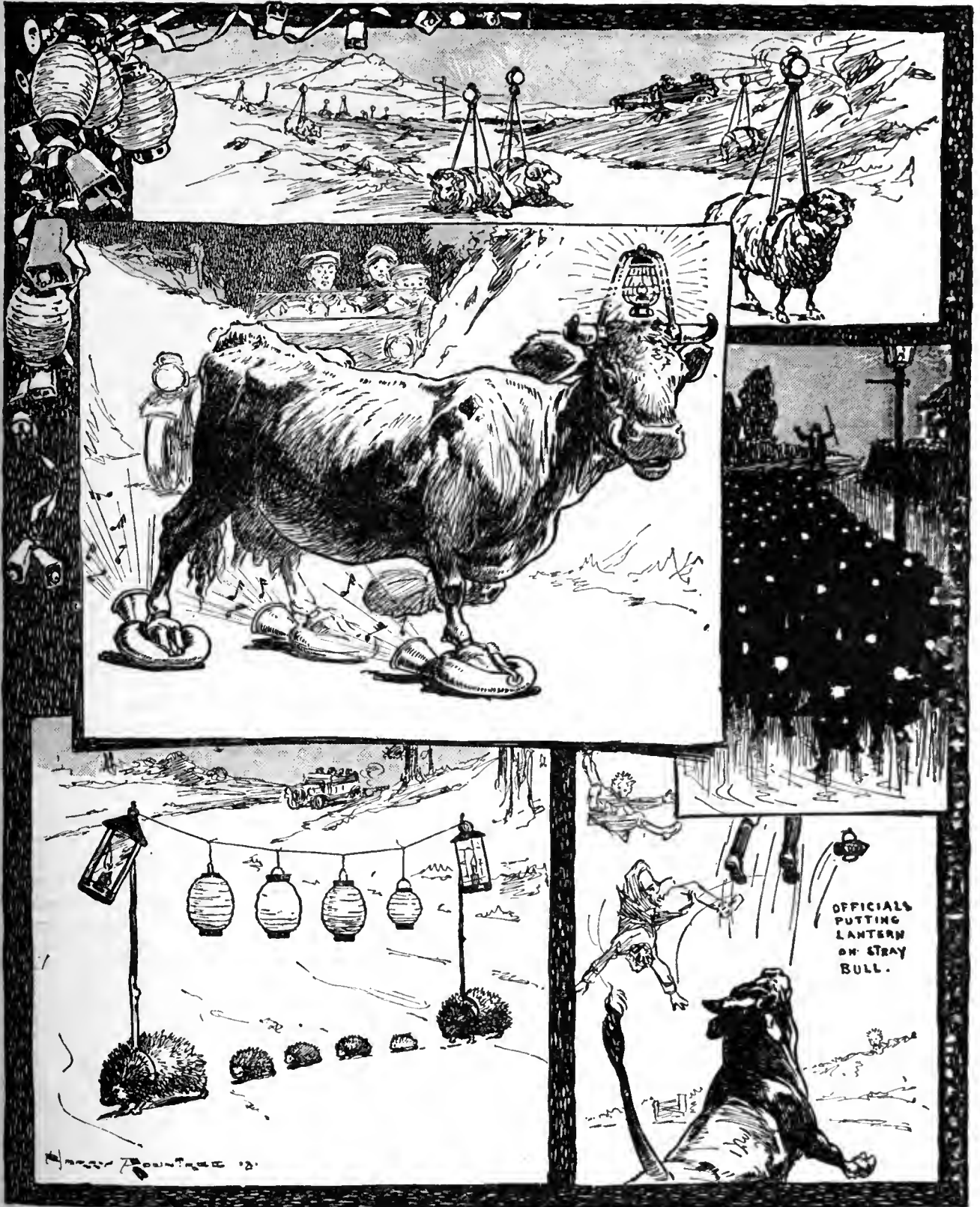
Daily Sketch.

Won't *The Daily Sketch* be enough?

From a Madras catalogue:—

"The price of the — car, Rs. 2,850, brings motoring within the reach of all."

Lo, the poor Indian is not so poor as we thought.



TO PROTECT THE POOR MOTORIST.

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT ANIMALS ON OUR ROADS AT NIGHT SHOULD CARRY LIGHTS.

THE LIFE-HISTORY OF A NOBODY.

(Being an essay in the modern psychological novel designed to appeal to the present-day taste.)

BOOK I.—HUBERT SELECTS A TIE.

HE entered a shop in the Burlington Arcade to buy a tie. To be accurate, he did not enter it so much as he was drawn into it. He wanted to buy a tie, but he had not utterly and finally decided that he would purchase it at that particular shop. Indeed, for a fraction of a second he hesitated in the very doorway. An almost sub-acid intuition warned him that the whole current of his life might depend on the particular shade of the tie he selected.

A fly buzzed. It was an ordinary fly, not different outwardly from a million other flies. Yet the convolutions of its brain could not be exactly like the convolutions of its million fellows. The path in which it flew was inevitably different from the path which any other fly would have taken. It alighted on a purple tie. If the tie had not been of a soul-arresting purple, it might have flown elsewhere. Somewhere back in the æons of ages a Purpose had decided on this concatenation of circumstances.

Hubert followed the fly. He examined the tie. He brought his whole faculties of mind to bear on the problem. He held the silken trifle to the light. The purpleness changed under the incidence of the sunlight from a challenging militancy to a slightly faded ineffectualness. It seemed to him as a Parable of Life. He would have said so to the shop-assistant, had not a flooding intuition warned him that this automaton of the mart might misunderstand the inmost significance of his thought.

"The very latest shade," insinuated the assistant. He was a small man, or rather youth, with a moustache which appeared to have been forced beyond its natural development and gave the suggestion of social striving doomed to eventual impotence. He lived in Fulham. It was three miles from the Burlington Arcade. He reached his mart daily by motor-'bus, buying a twopenny ticket of an unassertive blue. Sometimes he took 'bus No. 42, and sometimes 'bus No. 19. He had no preference in the matter, for such was his temperament. He cared nothing for where the 'bus proceeded after it had deposited him at Bond Street—or rather, eight yards to the eastwards of Bond Street—and continued on its journey. His stunted imagination could not follow its passage down

Regent Street, through the pleasure-bustle of the Strand, through the shiny-elbowed strivings of Fleet Street, up the sharp incline of Ludgate Hill, perfumed with incense from the slow-burning strips of the street-hawkers . . . (At the end of three pages the 'bus reaches Bow and disappears out of the story.)

"The very latest shade," insinuated the assistant.

"H'm," said Hubert non-committally. He searched into the eyes of this fellow-human, groping for the sympathetic understanding his soul craved for. He tried to dissect a fellow-soul with the inadequate lancets of his vision. He would have liked to discuss that tie from the point of view of æsthetics, of ethics, of morals, of philosophy, of metaphysics, of pragmatic neo-Bergsonism. He would have liked to engage in a discussion which could have embraced the universe and the stars and the purpose of creation. Yet he faltered, and examined the tie anew.

The assistant was a sordid being. After half-an-hour he fidgeted. He wanted to sell Hubert a tie, and that was the limit of his present ambition. He could not realise the epochal significance of Hubert's decision. He lived in Fulham in a little semi-detached, two-storied house where he occupied a rear room on the upper floor. . . . (Description of the room occupies four pages solid without a paragraph.)

"H'm," repeated Hubert at the end of thirty-four minutes of thought.

"Three-and-six," said the assistant.

It was an ill-judged observation. What did it matter to Hubert whether the tie were three shillings, three-and-six, or four shillings? Sixpence more or less would not ruin his finances; but a shade of purple more or less might shatter his soul. It might sear his ego with an ineffaceable brand of emotion. True that he could not see the tie when it was knotted into place, except by straining his eyes downwards over his 3¼ inch wing collar, but the effect nevertheless would be all the more crassly dangerous. It would catch his eye from the glass of a shop-window or the mirror of a taxi—suddenly, thunderously, with the force of a planetary collision.

He was torn with doubts. Another ten minutes passed. The assistant whispered discreetly to a fellow-tradesman at the rear end of the shop. Out of the tail of his eye Hubert caught the clandestine converse. It disturbed him rudely. He felt that they were mocking at a momentous decision far beyond their dwarfed understandings. How petty the world was—how ineffably unsympathetic! He felt

hideously alone. A barrier of glass, steel-strong, separated him from his fellow-beings. It had always been the same. He recalled the days of his cradle. . . . (Ten pages of cradle-thoughts follow.)

Then his first school—a mixed school of little boys and girls. . . . (Twelve pages.)

Afterwards the public school, rudely repellent. . . . (Eighteen pages, including two on the psychology of having measles.)

The 'Varsity. . . . (Twenty-one pages, with eight devoted to an analysis of his feelings towards the girl at the tobacconist's.)

And now life! Full-grown, full-blooded life, where a man struggled and made decisions that were irrevocably vital. Should he buy that purple tie?

The fly, tired of the battle of temperament—or perhaps not caring greatly for the outcome—had flown away to other fields of endeavour. It had done its work in the life-history of Hubert. It had come into touch with his soul, and then moved on light-heartedly to jostle with other souls.

A clock struck eleven . . . (Two pages on the way the clock did it.)

"Will you buy the tie, Sir?" insinuated the assistant.

His crude impatience shattered the fabric of the sale so pearly consummated. Hubert roused himself.

"I think not," he replied, and left the shop.

(End of Book I.)

MAKESHIFTS.

WHEN love arrives, the poet feels
A passionate desire to sing;
Where coarser souls neglect their meals,
And nurse, in silent gloom, the sting,
I longed to burst.

Into a lyric from the very first.

But, somehow, didn't. Goodness knows
The theme has been explored enough;
In moments too sublime for prose
I spout some other poet's stuff,
And squeeze her hand
(My own idea). She seems to understand.

A Paris contemporary, *Excelsior*, says of the Isle of Man:—

"Cette île est dépourvue d'habitants, d'hôtels et de commerce."

Yet the *Booming Thou Gavest Me* still goes on.

"Madrid proposes to utilize the water brought to the city by an old camel to produce about three thousand electric horse power."

Montreal Daily Star.

It was the last pint that broke the poor old camel's back.



She. "HALLO! THERE GOES FATHER!"

He. "YES, HE TOLD ME HE HAD AN APPOINTMENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

IN fiction—I say nothing of real life—I have a constitutional objection to the importunate wooer who will not take no for an answer. At least, if the object of his affections is as charming as she is in *The Secret Citadel* (HUTCHINSON), the man must have a great deal in his favour for his persistence to command my sympathy. And *Godfrey Denne* is not that sort of man. He is selfish, he is idle, he has a very good opinion of himself, and a very poor one of the plebeian family from which he is sprung; he is ashamed of the clean, honest soap from which, without any exertion on his part, his wealth is derived. Nor am I attracted by the members of the old Roman Catholic family into which he aspires to marry, and the motives which induced them to tolerate his suit. Miss ISABEL C. CLARKE does her best to make him fascinating in other respects—he is good-looking and cultivated—and, of course, neither the girl nor her people could be expected to know beforehand that he was going to turn out the tyrant of a husband that he proved till he was brought to his bearings and his better self by his wife's narrow escape from death. They objected to his origin and his soap, and particularly to the fact that he was a Protestant. And yet they accepted him, and encouraged the girl to accept him, because of his wealth. That, no doubt, has been known to happen before in our rough island-story. But the weakness of the position in this case is that the author is herself blind to their real motive. Everything is subordinated to her chief object, which is to conduct a rather poor creature of a man to the bosom of the Roman Church, regenerated at last by the suffering caused by his own selfishness. On the whole, though she gives us a fairly interesting study of an unhappy marriage with a happy ending, she fails to make it convincing.

I strongly suspect that if the question were put to him Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT would acknowledge *Edward Henry Machin* as his pet creation. You no doubt remember this fascinating character as the "card" of an earlier volume; he reappears now in *The Regent* (METHUEN) with all, or nearly all, his former vitality, with the same fertile resource and engaging impudence, crowned as before with triumph. He was left, you may recall, practically monarch of all he surveyed in the Five Towns. *The Regent* brings him to London to build and run a West-end theatre with that name, and to experience various entertaining adventures in the process. There are some quite delightful chapters about the inception of this idea; and the *First Night*, with its rapturous applause promising success for what turns out to be financial failure—this betrayed the man of theatrical experience in its author. Later, I thought the hero's wit a trifle less active and personal than of old. It was certainly a fine idea to snatch victory from defeat by engaging the head of the Militants to speak three lines in the languishing poetic drama—but somehow I had looked for something even more startling. However, the quost of the saving suffragette takes *Machin* on an amusing dash to New York (where his experiences, with motors, hotels, and the like, seem to have been oddly similar to those of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT as recorded in *Those United States*), so I have no cause to complain. An optimistic and merry volume, which (as in a double sense nothing succeeds like success, or is so jolly to read about) is certain of huge popularity, and well deserves it.

Miss SOPHIE COLE's appeal is so essentially not to men that I felt, after opening *Penelope's Doors* (MILLS AND BOON), as if I had concealed myself in the heroine's flat and was playing the despicable part of eavesdropper to conversation that was not intended for me. But when this embarrassment had been conquered I began peacefully to enjoy the

optimism of *Penelope*, for although it has never been my happy fate to meet such a determinedly plucky and cheerful woman (or man) in the flesh, it is cheering to read of those who can never see the clouds because of the rifts in them. Men in this novel do not amount to very much, if we except *Mr. Tuppy*, who by trade was a comedian, but by instinct seemed to be a professional "turner-up" whenever *Penelope* wanted him. Another man, called *The Inconnu*, was well-named as far as I was concerned, for I never got a clear conception of him. If, however, Miss Cole has failed a little with her men, she has succeeded most thoroughly in drawing the characters of *Penelope* and her nieces, and I am glad to recommend the book to those who like to be mildly intrigued but not violently excited.

Captain Corbeau's Adventure (HUTCHINSON) was of the sort that begins on a snowy night in mediæval Paris, with a penniless soldier of fortune, a fair lady, and a mysterious message. However, the message was but the first of many mysteries, not the least of which to me was the fact that

what was obviously the same story that I had just read should appear in the advertisements at the end of the book under another title. But to return to *Captain Corbeau*. I could hardly tell you (and should not if I could) the weird and wild things that happen to him as a result of accepting the commission of the pretty serving-maid on that snowy night. They bring him to a ruinous old chateau on the coast of Brittany (what a certain Oxford don of my acquaintance would call "a most gloom-surgng place"), the home of an elderly and evil dame, who does

creepy things with bats and red-fire in order to frighten a young and beautiful maiden into some course of action about which I am regretfully vague. Indeed, my chief complaint against the whole affair is that it works up to a breathless but empty climax, in which I found myself too muddled to understand what anybody was doing, or why. Perhaps this was my own fault. For I can hardly believe that those clever persons, Mrs. HUGH FRASER and HUGH FRASER, whose craft I have before now praised, would wilfully leave me in such obscurity. Yet I read every word of the book. Of these, by the way, there are rather less than one expects of a novel, but quite enough to contain a good florin's worth (the net price) of swashbuckling and mystery; indeed, somewhat less of the latter would have been an advantage.

Mr. HICHENS in his new book is concerned with the effect that an ambitious wife may have upon an unambitious husband. As is usual with him he is quite frankly occupied with the sensational thrills to be obtained from his theme and cares more for the excitement of some situation skilfully contrived than for the human spontaneity of his characters. He gives us, of course, some of the properties that he has used before, and I recognise the mysterious Eastern musician with his fascinated audience of European ladies, the fashion-

able London gatherings to which no one but unpleasant people ever seems to be invited, and the glittering and artificial Eastern scenery in which palms, sunsets and distant music have so important a place. But, above and beyond these things, *The Way of Ambition* (METHUEN) does make a real attempt to grapple with the psychology of an artist who has in him a little genius, a little self-confidence and a little humility, but not enough of any of these qualities to drive him to carve out his career for himself. Mr. HICHENS' hero is not a very attractive character and his wife is positively unpleasant; but the reader, if he cannot be honestly interested in Mr. HICHENS' people, is carried away by the things that happen to them. The final scenes concerned with the production of an opera in New York are as noisy, as theatrical, as nerve-shaking as though one were actually present and personally involved. I hope that in his next novel Mr. HICHENS will, in addition to his deft technique and brilliant dialogue, give us some characters who are attractive not only as puppets in a skilful fable but also as human beings whose histories are not limited by the necessities of a plot.



FORGOTTEN ACTS OF KINDNESS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT PRESENTING DIOGENES WITH A NEW RESIDENCE.

Alexander Pryde, M.A., B.Sc., Edin., of Mr. CROCKETT'S *Sandy's Love Affair* (HURMANSON), is a cocksure, doughty Scot who comes to London in these our days to make his mark. As to whether in so short a time the confident *Sandy* could attain high eminence as a novelist and also found, organise and run to financial success a parcel delivery business with motor-van service I leave to the judgment of workers in those two excellent trades. But *Sandy* is a droll. Ladies throw themselves into ponds for love of him,

and he insists on diving in and fishing them out; strong men mock him and he hurls them out of windows. There is indeed a general air of unsubdued accomplishment about the whole environment that put a heavy tax on my credulity. I scarcely believed that little *Alice MacComie*, a gay and pleasant enough young lady, should easily beat, apparently playing level, the champion of Portrush G.C., and that too with just a driver and a cleeck! Nor did I find either her or *V.V.*—*Vivid Vivienne*, the music-hall star and *Sandy's* beloved—quite as irresistible as alleged *passim*. Most difficult of all to believe was the gentleness of Mr. CROCKETT'S quite astonishing gentlefolk. Indeed I fear that his ready skill has betrayed him into just writing the first things that came into his head. It must be noted, for the avoidance of epidemics, that *V.V.*, having been already twice this season independently employed as a pet name, is no longer available.

Fashions in Autumn Underclothing.

"He was wearing a neat suit of dark grey over a smart fawn dust coat."—*Yorkshire Evening Press*.

From a testimonial in *Golfing*:—

"The course here is of a brittle, sandy nature. I have played 21 to 30 rounds with it, and it is still in sound condition." That's because he replaced the divots.

CHARIVARIA.

UPON the occasion of her visit to the Perthshire home of Lord LANSDOWNE, Her Majesty the QUEEN, it is said, greatly admired the famous hedge there. To Lord LANSDOWNE'S credit he has never, in spite of its size, sat upon the hedge. * *

LORD HALDANE'S expression of opinion that fifty years hence the United States would be the leading nation both materially and intellectually has, we hear, caused no little offence over there. However, the fact that His Lordship failed to notice that this desirable consummation had already been arrived at is attributed to the shortness of his visit. * *

Statistics just published, show that New York has 1,156 buildings of ten or more storeys. Of these, 117 have more than 16 storeys, and 9 have more than 30. America, in fact, might be called the Land of Tall Storeys. * *

Mrs. PANKHURST is now undergoing a rest cure in France. We understand that she prefers this to arrest cure in England. * *

By the way, the authorities at New York, which city Mrs. PANKHURST proposes to visit, are, it is stated, undecided whether to treat her as a fugitive from justice or as an undesirable alien. It is possible that they will gallantly allow her the choice. * *

During the painters' strike, we read, there was a stoppage of work at St. Mary's Hospital. We are a little bit doubtful as to what this means, but presumably patients with relaxed throats were unable to have them painted. * *

The imported policemen in Mid-Cornwall have been boycotted, and cannot buy cigarettes or be shaved. We cannot help thinking that this is foolish policy on the part of the strikers. The policemen will be all the more fit for not smoking cigarettes, and the lack of a shave will make them more terrifying in appearance. * *

Stands Ireland where she did? We think so. A resident of Armagh, who

died the other day, made his will appointing executors, but omitting to give any directions for the disposal of his property. * *

Many motor omnibuses are now being fitted with a patent guard to prevent mud splashing on to the pavements. This unselfishness is more than creditable to the company concerned, for it will now be unnecessary for such pedestrians as wish to avoid being splashed to travel by omnibus. * *

name of each station as the train arrives," writes a correspondent, "why is it necessary for the names to be written up in the stations?" This is done, we imagine, to enable passengers to ascertain what the guard has shouted out. * *

Mr. McAdoo, chief magistrate of New York, has issued warrants empowering the police to close any theatre where disorderly resorts are shown on the stage. The proprietors of the theatres declare that this is a case of McAdoo about nothing. * *

Noticing the words "The Insect Virgil" at the heading of a review of a book by JEAN HENRI FABRE, Smith minor, who was struggling with the *Aeneid*, remarked that the epithet was not a bit too strong. * *

Mr. RAYMOND ARTHUR PRICE PIERPOINT has founded a Courtesy League, the members of which will bow to statues. The members may like to know that there is one statue at least in London which will return the compliment. We refer to the gentleman on horseback at Holborn Circus who is raising his hat. * *

A white Leghorn hen of Harleston, Norfolk, *The Express* informs its readers, has laid two eggs of remarkable size—one weighing 4½ ozs., and the second 3¾ ozs. The enterprise of our newspapers would seem to know no limit. *The Express*, we believe, has a special correspondent in every fowl-run in the country. * *



Suspicious Wife. "NOW DO HURRY UP, DEAR; WE MUSTN'T LOSE SIGHT OF THE LUGGAGE. I DON'T MUCH CARE FOR THE LOOKS OF THAT MAN." * *

A Highgate doctor was last week robbed of a number of valuable silver articles by a bogus patient. To the fellow's credit, we understand, he left untouched several bottles which were labelled "Not to be taken." * *

Miss ISABEL VALLE, of St. Louis, whose engagement to Mr. J. H. NELSON is announced, is declared by Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT and Mrs. ROBERT GOELET to be the most beautiful girl in America. She is also the heiress to a great fortune. A picture, in fact, in a gold frame. * *

"Seeing that the guards on the Central London Railway announce the

The following cautions appear in the railway carriages on the South Eastern and Chatham line:—

"DO NOT LEAN OUT OF THE WINDOW."
"NE PAS SE PENCHER AU DEHORS."

The GERMAN AMBASSADOR is said to have drawn attention to the fact that nobody seems to care what happens to the heads of his countrymen. * *

Three mantelpieces are reported to have been stolen from a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields which is in the hands of builders and decorators, and in future the men will be searched before leaving. * *

AN EDITOR TO HIS LOCUM

(on receiving, during his holidays, a request for a copy of verses).

Your welcome favour (so to speak)
That finds me set by Breton seas—
Where softest airs caress my cheek,
Tanned to the tone of coffee lees—
Proves, by its quaint request for rhyme,
The need of more imagination
To picture how I pass my time
In far, far better occupation.

O'er sea-blown sward and sandy dune,
Fretted by dimpling sapphire bays,
Through sweltering morns and eves that swoon
I flog the little ball all ways;
And by the cliff's elusive ledge,
Taking a line of desperate valour,
I skirt the perilous beetling edge
Where Bogie turns a deathly pallor.

At noon I bathe with all my might
In University costume;
Down the long lane of sunset light
This manly process I resume;
And, when the day-hours have to die,
Night brings, amid her languorous balm, a
Sea-breath to lull me where I lie
At our "Hôtel des Panoramas."

And you, my colleague (meaning well
And flatteringly, I like to think),
Urge me to snap the golden spell
And plunge myself in seas of ink!
Rhymes are the sport of sad-eyed care,
Akin to that of picking oakum!
How can I rhyme in this boon air?
Surely you see I can't, dear Locum?

ADAM, from bowers of Eden banned
According to the primal curse,
And deemed to sweat of brow and hand,
May have assuaged his wee with verse;
But, while he lodged in Paradise,
If asked for rhymes, he'd not have writ any,
Not on the Serpent's own advice;
Neither will I, on yours, in Brittany. O. S.

A CENSORIAL SYMPOSIUM.

THE action of the libraries in laying a semi-ban on certain novels has drawn down on us a flood of criticism, comment and suggestion. We print the following letters as perhaps the most representative of enlightened public opinion:—

ANGEL FACES.

DEAR SIR,—The notion of banning books on the score of morality is absurd and a sure sign of reaction. It is impossible to define morality. Besides we have the positive assurance of all the authors who have been banned that their motives are moral and that they are entirely on the side of the angels, and obviously they know best. Their photographs prove it. Anything more cherubic than the countenance of Mr. Max Abel, one of the victims, it would be impossible to imagine. A man with such a name and face is no more capable of leading people astray than

Mr. NORMAN ANGELL or

Yours faithfully, SHONARD BURR.

MEAT v. THE MILLENNIUM.

DEAR SIR,—Of all the books which injure the community none are so dangerous as those which inculcate unsound dietetic principles. The greatest offender of all was DICKENS, who habitually glorified indulgence in butcher's meat, plum pudding, turkey and spirits. Under an enlightened Government his works would be all placed on an *Index Expurgatorius* and a ban laid on all writers who failed, in their allusions to food, to insist on advocating a fruitarian or vegetarian regimen. To attack novelists on the score of morals is to get hold of the wrong end of the stick. When men give up meat the Millennium will advance with leaps and bounds.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, EUSTACE SMILES.

THE RIGHT STUFF.

DEAR SIR,—If we are to boycott books, for Heaven's sake let it be those which profess to help people instead of teaching them to help themselves. What we want is men of backbone and independence, not a race of doormats and molluscs. I have preached this doctrine in my volumes *Vim and Grit*, *Buck up*, *Britain*, and have received testimonials as to their value from Sir Prescott Knight, the famous actor-manager, Archdeacon Tinkler, and Mr. HARRY THAW, copies of which I enclose.

Yours faithfully, ERNEST BLATHERWICK.

P.S.—Can you suggest any means by which I could get my books banned? I understand it has a marvellous effect on their circulation.

A GOLFER'S GROWL.

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest, as the question of restricting the circulation of undesirable books has now assumed the dimensions of a conflagration, that a limit should be placed upon the number of treatises dealing with style in golf. Personally I should be quite content that not more than six should be allowed in circulation at the same time. As matters now stand the members of my family alone possess eighteen volumes dealing with grip and stance, with the result that in every instance their handicaps have been raised.

Faithfully yours,
The Nuggets, Colorado. BUNKER BROWN.

A LABOUR LEADER'S LAMENT.

DEAR SIR,—The action of the Library Censorship is as nothing compared with the tyranny of the National Union of Journalists. A volume of essays of mine contributed to various newspapers has been boycotted by them so persistently that my royalties for the last year have dwindled to £100. And yet we speak of England as a free country.

Yours despondently, FLIMSY MACRONALD.

THE CURSE OF CÆSAR.

DEAR SIR,—Now that people are trying to put a stop to rotten books, perhaps something will be done for us schoolboys. They've abolished that old blighter EUCLID at my school, but CÆSAR and XENOPHON are just as bad, and no one says a word against them in public. Do help us.

Yours truly, FOURTH FORM.

"Five Pups; mother between Bull Dog and Irish Terrier, father between Boarhound and Retriever."—*Gloucester Citizen*.
We'll have the one that looks most like a dachshund.

From a letter in *The Cape Times*:—

"As Stevens' manager, I am willing to match him against Sivers any day for the best nurse offered."
The loser would really want the nurse.



“DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES.”

KING OF THE HELENES. “OUR SUCCESS WAS, AS YOU KNOW, ENTIRELY DUE TO YOU.”
GERMAN EMPEROR. “THANKS, THANKS.” (*Aside*) “I SUPPOSE HE CAN’T BE REFERRING
TO OUR ORGANISATION OF THE TURKISH ARMY.”





AUTUMN MANŒUVRES—THE MOUNTED ORDERLY CORPS.

WE ARE GLAD TO LEARN THAT, IN VIEW OF THE SHORTAGE OF ARMY HORSES, THE AUTHORITIES ARE AT LAST RISING TO THE OCCASION; SEE "FIELD SERVICE REGULATIONS," PART 1, PAR. 20:—"ORDERLIES . . . MAY BE MOUNTED ON ANIMALS."

GREAT FOOTBALL CONCILIATION SCHEME.

PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

IN athletic circles the sole topic of conversation is the proposal of Lord Burnlaw to call a Conference for the purpose of ending the long and distressing antagonism between the Rugby Union and Association games by consent.

Briefly summarised, the proposals which he submits as the basis of the Conference amount to a compromise, according to which running with the ball and collaring will be allowed till within a distance of sixty yards of the goal on either side, while goals can only be scored by kicking into the net; the shape of the ball to be rhomboidal, and the game to be played in goloshes, cricket pads and fencing masks.

Provincial, Scottish and Welsh opinion as expressed in the messages of our local correspondents shows that there is little enthusiasm for the project.

SOUTH WALES.—Leading footballers throughout the district regard Lord Burnlaw's suggestion as wholly impracticable. His motives and sincerity are not called in question, but it is pointed out that the concessions demanded of either side go far beyond the limits of practical politics. The

Ovate Bards are solid in their adhesion to the oval ball, and Professor Griffiths of the South Wales University declares that the rhomboidal form advocated is incompatible with the genius of Wales.

EVERTON.—Lord Burnlaw's proposals are greeted with modified approval in the centre of the Toffee industry. The concessions to the Association game are admitted to be considerable, but it is strongly held that League finance would be imperilled by a compromise. Alderman Badger is of opinion that the risks of refereeing would be greatly increased. As matters now stand, no referee can insure himself at ordinary rates.

LONDON.—Mr. Adrian Stoop, the famous Harlequin, refrains from criticising the scheme until he has seen a trial game played, but is of opinion that it would be improved from the spectacular point of view if the players wore accordion-pleated shorts and used a small gas balloon instead of a ball.

DUBLIN.—The proposals are treated with indifference in Gaelic athletic circles. If the proposed amalgamation indicated any approximation to the rules of Gaelic football, it would be another matter. Mr. Kickham, a prominent Sinn Fein leader, denounces the scheme as a cowardly Sassenach

hybrid combining all the weaknesses of two puerile pastimes long discarded by the virile youth of Erin. Mr. LARKIN has also expressed his disappointment.

SKIBO.—Mr. Carnegie has addressed a letter of sympathy to Lord Burnlaw, expressing his entire approval of a scheme calculated to mitigate the brutality of a game which tends to foster militarism and retard the advent of international peace.

Another Forthcoming Apology.

"Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, who had kindly consented to speak, was prevented from doing so, and what might have been a dismal failure turned out a very successful venture."

The Common Cause.

"Marie Hart, a school girl who turns the scale at fifteen stone, has been kidnapped from her home at Galesburg, Illinois.

"It will pay you, when considering anything electrical, to consult T. S.—, Electrical Engineer and Contractor."

Burton Daily Mail.

This is hardly electrical enough. Had she turned the scale at twenty-five stone we should have consulted him.

"He was a native of Liverpool, but had lived for many years in the Isle of Wight."

Edmonton (Canada) Journal.

Perhaps the East coast is more bracing.

THE DIVISION.

FOR the most part of the year I am on excellent terms with myself, but in the beginning of September there always comes the split. There is something about the mere thought of walking up partridges which sets me against myself, puts me beside myself: you have only to place me in a line of guns at the bottom of a field of roots and you have in the clothes and the body of the one Me two separate individuals, by no means friendly enough to be so close to each other. The metaphysicians call this a phenomenon, which gives it an air of importance, and describe it as the divorce of Mind from Matter, which adds the romantic touch. With a word of sympathy for poor old Matter, I leave it at that. If only Mind would behave as becomes a divorcee and go away altogether it would be so much easier all round. But it stays to carp and criticize, and this year the result has been worse even than usual.

We—that is, I—took up our place in the line and the word was given to advance. Immediately the trouble began. “Now then,” whispered Mind, “are we ready, are we all ready? Come, come: it’s no use carrying our gun on our shoulder; we shan’t be able to find it when we want it, and then, of course, it will be too late. . . . And it’s hopeless carrying it in both hands. . . . H’st! No, it’s nothing. All right, go ahead: what are we waiting for? Do let’s go ahead. . . . and don’t let’s point our gun down the line; can’t we see the line doesn’t like being pointed at? . . . For goodness’ sake stop those fingers clutching the stock nervously; we must have some of them standing by to work the triggers.”

“Very good, Sir,” says Matter, making a show of special alertness and going through the movements. You may be sure that if a bird had got up at that particular moment all would have been well, except with the bird. But birds are wary, they don’t get up at particular moments.

“Now don’t let’s get thinking about the next fellow’s spats,” continues Mind, after an interval. “Anything may happen at any moment and it’s a thousand to one we shall be too late for it when it does. We must keep our attention on what we are doing. Hasn’t that keeper got his eye on us? What do you suppose he’ll say

when . . . B-r-r-r-r! Hi! Look out! Where’s our gun? Where are the bally triggers? . . . Stop, stop, stop, you fool. This isn’t a lark shoot. . . . Do, for heaven’s sake, let us put down the gun and keep quiet.”

“Beg pardon,” says Matter, a little upset, “but you’ll note we didn’t fire.”

“Only because we had the thing on ‘Safe,’” answers Mind angrily. “That’s a clever way of going about things, isn’t it? Do, do let us pull ourselves together a bit. Suppose that *had* been a partridge, how late should we have been if we ever got off at all? They’re looking at us and beginning to wish they hadn’t. . . . Well, well, WELL!”

Matter looks round hurriedly. “Why, what’s doing? Birds? Five of them, my goodness, and no one plugging at them. Someone’s not doing his duty. Can it be ourselves? What we ought

incoherently. “Why can’t we put up our gun just like anybody else and have a . . .? What the dickens was that? Someone shooting within a foot of our ear. . . . Bless my soul if it wasn’t ourselves. Well, I never! What about that, Mind? Pretty bright of us, wasn’t it?—I mean, we did make a noise, at any rate, didn’t we?”

“We weren’t much more than half-an-hour late,” comments Mind with bitter sarcasm.

Matter takes a deep breath and throws the chest out. “Next time,” it says very firmly, “we-are-not-going-to-be-late. You just wait and see.”

“What’s the use of talking like that?” says Mind. “You know as well as I, do that we are hopelessly incompetent.”

“Next time,” repeats Matter, even more firmly, “next time we-are-not. . . .”

“What’s the use of talking at all?” says Mind, pointing to a disappearing bird.

“Sorry,” says Matter, and shoots.

“Oh, my goodness,” groans Mind. “All we’ve got to do is to watch, and when we see a partridge that’s big enough to be a real partridge. . . .”

“Next time,” interrupts Matter, “we are not going to be late. I’m not listening to you; I’m concentrated elsewhere.”

“Well, you’d better listen,” goes on Mind, “when I’m telling you how to do it. We’ve got to

face the others some time, so we must try, at any rate, mustn’t we? It’s simple enough, isn’t it? Then why not do it, and, if we are going to do it, why not do it at once? Why waste time thinking about it? . . . Here, what on earth are we going to do now?”

“Shoot,” says Matter, and shoots.

“Now we have gone and done it,” says Mind.

“Ay,” says Matter, “I told you we weren’t going to be late this time.”

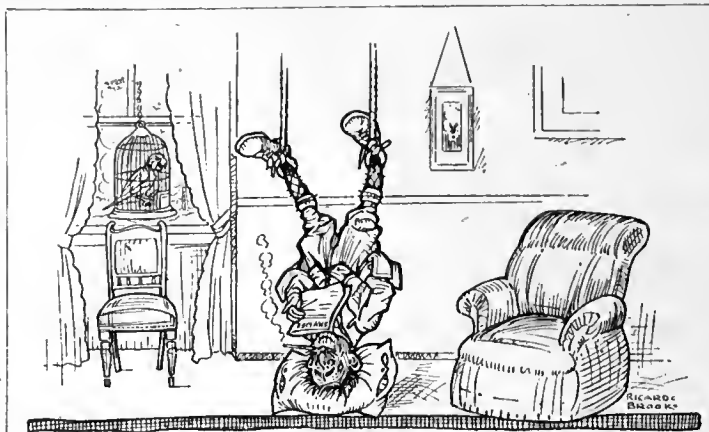
“We’re early, you juggins,” says Mind.

“Early?” asks Matter, feeling a sudden dread. “But only a second at the most. And, after all, it is a dead ‘un.”

“Too dead,” says Mind, “much too dead. And it isn’t a matter of seconds but weeks.”

Matter now feels an intense longing to be dead itself. “You don’t say we’ve gone and killed a. . . .”

“Hen pheasant, you fool,” snaps Mind angrily, as others approach to join in the discussion upon the Early Bird and the Worm that shot it.



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

AN AVIATOR CULTIVATING SANGFROID UNDER ADVERSE CONDITIONS IN VIEW OF THE NEW DEVELOPMENT IN UPSIDE-DOWN FLYING.

to be doing now is getting the gun up to the right shoulder, stretching the left arm well forward, slightly advancing the left foot and getting on to the victim. But we’re not doing it; you know. We’re just standing still and watching. I wonder why?”

Mind, if it can be conceived, shrugs its shoulders and sniffs in disgust. “Well, it’s too late now,” it says, “and I suppose we’re done for. If we are paralysed, then we are paralysed and there’s no more to be said about it. All I’m thinking is that it was a pity to go and spend three pounds on a game licence for a paralytic. . . . Suppose we might as well finish the walk and enjoy the scenery till we are warned off. Personally, I think we are just about the worst rotter that ever. . . . Another covey ahead, you observe; but I suppose it’s no use my suggesting that we loose off at them?”

“I’d do anything to oblige you if only we could stop all this hammering and noise inside us,” splutters Matter

SWALLOWS.

The train has left the hills behind
 And South we're flying fast,
 "Clack—Clack, alack," the pistons
 grind,
 "That Summer cannot last,
 That holidays are passed ;"
 And on the humming wires that flow
 Between the posts that flit,
 Regardless of the G. P. O.
 Assembling swallows sit.

They sit, the signal and the sign
 Of days of done delight,
 I see them all along the line
 A-busking them for flight,
 In decent black-and-white ;
 And, "Oh," I cry, "you dapper dears,
 The leaf and I are brown,
 So you are going to Algiers
 And I am going to 'Town.

"On Afric's strand you'll meet the
 sun,
 But I, when fogs are mirk,
 Shall walk along the London one
 And only meet my work,
 Which mightily doth irk ;"
 And still the engine's dirge endures—
 "Alack, alack, alack,"
 Because they're going to the Moors,
 And I am coming back.

HOLES AND "BEASTLY HOLES."

["The golf craze has been greater this autumn than in any previous year. Nobody is quite safe from the fever. It seizes those who mocked at it, and pays no respect to sex or age. As a rule, a holiday resort might as well dispense with food and water as with a golf course."

London Letter, "British Weekly."

It should now be possible for resorts of the smallest attraction, even if they have never before been considered in the light of holiday centres, to draw the custom of visitors. All that has to be done is to set up a golf course, and, when the more celebrated links become overcrowded, as they must soon do, the opportunity of the new bidders for custom will come.

SINKCHESTER.—The water supply has been cut off since May, and water can now only be obtained by carrying it in buckets a distance of three miles. This fact, and not the coal dust with which the atmosphere of our town is laden, accounts for the blackened faces of the thousands of golfers whom our famous links continue to attract into our midst.

So great is the demand for rooms and so over-taxed the accommodation that hundreds of well-known players are content to sleep in the pit workings.

ISLAND OF DULL, N.B.—Owing to scanty food the hundreds of visitors now here have to content themselves with the spoonful of oats daily, which



G. L. SCARPA.

(Club steps during heavy shower.)

Brown (who has just returned from his holidays, to Robinson about to leave for his). "Ah, THIS IS WHAT WE ALL WANT. THREE OR FOUR WEEKS OF STEADY RAIN WILL BRIGHTEN THINGS UP A LOT!"

is all the Provost can now allow. It is feared that even this quantity may have to be curtailed owing to the continued influx of visitors. Play for the Autumn Vase begins to-morrow, when, if not too faint, two hundred and fifty-three couples hope to go out.

SMELDSOME, Lincs.—The season is now in full swing. Thousands of visitors may be seen daily threading their difficult way through the dense chomical fumes to the links. A large sale is being done among the smart and

well-dressed throng with a neat form of nostril stopper, which may be carried by the caddie when not in use. 1,631 visitors arrived this morning; one left.

MOULDHAM.—Throngs of distinguished persons continue to pour out of our two railway stations intent upon our famous links. When not playing, visitors spend their time visiting the tram terminus, the "site for four houses" in Pip-pip Street, the windows of Mr. Cooz's new ready-to-wear tailoring establishment in Market Street, etc.

THE RALEIGH TOUCH.

[A hint of what is in store for visitors to Drury Lane, where the great autumn melodrama, *Sealed Orders*, by CECIL RALEIGH and HENRY HAMILTON, is now on view.]

Scene 27.—A West-end gambling hell.

Lady Felicia Gaveston is playing cards with somebody whose name I have forgotten.

Lord Jones (or whoever it is). Well, what are the stakes this time, dear lady?

Lady Felicia (recklessly). Five thousand pounds. [They play.]

Lord Jones (suddenly). Snap!

Lady Felicia. Bother! Let's see, that's five thousand I owe you. Just one more. [They play again.]

Lord Jones. } (together). Snap!

Lord Jones. } (together). Snap!

Lord Jones. I said it first. That makes ten thousand. Let me have a cheque in the morning. [Exit.]

Baron Kurdmann (the Something Ambassador). I am afraid you have lost, dear lady?

Lady Felicia. Oh, Baron, what shall I do? My husband, Admiral Lord Hugh Gaveston, G.C.B., will be so annoyed. He's so fussy about little things like this. I suppose you couldn't lend me ten thousand pounds till—er—till—till I pay you back?

Kurdmann (aside). Admiral Lord Hugh Gaveston, G.C.B.! The man to whom the sealed orders will be sent tomorrow! If my country could only get possession of them before war breaks out— (To Lady Felicia) Alas, I have only three-and-ninepence on me, dear lady; but my friend, Gaston Fournal, might help you. There he is. Shall I ask him?

Lady Felicia. Do.

Kurdmann (impressively to Fournal). Listen! Is my moustache on straight?

Fournal (surprised). Fairly. Why?

Kurdmann. Every now and then it seems to be slipping to one side. However, that wasn't what I wanted to speak to you about. (Sinking his voice) Our time has come. Lady Felicia wants to borrow ten thousand pounds. What with my moustache and my foreign accent and one thing and another, it's fairly obvious that I am the villain of the play. Now you got cheered by the gallery in the First Act, and you have a little daughter eight years old. Nobody would suspect you.

Fournal. But that was twenty years ago. She's twenty-three now.

Kurdmann. Well, anyhow, you're popular. The man who steals the diamonds in the First Act to keep his little daughter from starving is always popular. Now, can I leave it to you? She wants ten thousand pounds and we

want her husband's sealed orders. All right? Good. (To Lady Felicia) Ah, dear lady, this is my friend Fournal. Perhaps he will help you. [Exit.]

Lady Felicia (eagerly). It's only ten thousand. I'll pay you back—er—some time.

Fournal (impressively). Lady Felicia, I will give you the money on one condition; which is, that you seal your husband's stealed—I mean that you steal your husband's sealed orders.

Lady Felicia (indignantly). Betray my country? Never. (Hear, hear.)

Fournal. You don't understand. The fact is (lying) I am writing a melodrama for Drury Lane and I want to see what sealed orders look like. That's all.

Lady Felicia. Oh, well, if you promise . . . I don't know . . . perhaps . . .

Enter her brother, Lieutenant Willoughby, R.N., known in aquatic circles as Breezy Bill.

Breezy Bill (out of sheer breeziness). Yo-heave-ho, Top-hole. What? (To the rest of the cast) Look here, everybody, we're giving a ball on our ship to-night. Of course you'll all come? Everybody. Rather!

CURTAIN.

Scene 45.—The battleship. A ball is in progress.

The Rt. Hon. Ronald Caversham (to Admiral Lord Hugh). Here are the sealed orders. If you lose them, England is destroyed. [Exit Caversham.]

Lord Hugh. Right. I'll put them in my safe. (Does so.) Nobody would think of looking for them there.

Enter Lady Felicia.

Lady Felicia. Hugh, my diamonds are in your safe. May I have the key?

Lord Hugh. Certainly, dear. Let me have it back. [Exit.]

Lady Felicia (opening the safe). The sealed orders! (She takes them.) Now I can pay my "Snap" debts. [Exit.]

Enter Lord Hugh. He goes to the safe.

Lord Hugh. Help! The sealed orders have been stolen. Stop the music!

[The band stops, and he rushes on deck and addresses the guests.]

Lord Hugh. Ladies and gentlemen, the sealed orders have been stolen. I propose to search the thousand or so odd people on board. I shall begin with—er—who shall I begin with?

The Prompter. Lieut. Willoughby.

Lord Hugh (slightly nettled). I shall begin with Lieut. Willoughby.

Breezy Bill (to Lady Felicia). Oh lord! I've just remembered something.

Lady Felicia. What?

Breezy Bill. Why, that letter of Baron Kurdmann's that you showed me, asking you to meet him at the Zoo

next Thursday. It's in my pocket. If your husband read it you would be seriously compromised.

Lady Felicia (anxiously). Can't you eat it?

Breezy Bill. He writes on such stiff paper. (Thoughtfully) I might drown it.

Lord Hugh. Well, Lieut. Willoughby, I am waiting for you to turn out your pockets.

Breezy Bill. Never, Sir!

Lord Hugh (annoyed). Arrest that man!

Breezy Bill. Wait a moment.

[He climbs to the top of the mast and dives into the sea.]

CURTAIN.

Scene 119. On an Airship.

Ruth Fournal. Father, I wish you'd explain what we're doing here.

Fournal. Wait a moment, dear. (Looking over the side) Are there any boy-scouts hanging on behind?

Ruth. I can't see any. Why?

Fournal. They're always popular on the stage, and I thought perhaps one of them was saving England or something. Ah, now we're rising better. What were you saying, dear?

Ruth. I said, why are we here, and why did you give me the sealed orders, and why—

Fournal. Well, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS insisted on an airship this year, and somebody had to go in it. Of course I'm escaping with the sealed orders, and you—well, you're the heroine, and Lieut. Willoughby is going to rescue you from the waves in the next scene, and—er—this is my new chauffeur who's driving the thing. That's all.

[A searchlight plays upon his face.]

Chauffeur. Blimy, it's 'im!

Fournal. The navy has seen us, but their guns can't reach us. We— Well, my man, what is it?

Chauffeur (politely). I think we have met before. Do you remember stealing some diamonds in the First Act?

Fournal (alarmed). N-n-n-n-n-no.

Chauffeur. Oh yes, you do. And I got twenty years for it. (Annoyed) Beast!

Fournal (nervously). Here, go away.

[The chauffeur leaps at him and they plunge over the side together.]

C. M. HALLARD (below the stage level). Steady; you got your foot in my eye that time.

CLIFTON ALDERSON. Awfully sorry. It went all right at the dress rehearsal.

[A gun is heard, and the airship collapses and falls into the sea.]

Ruth. Help!

CURTAIN.

Epilogue.

CECIL RALEIGH. M'yes. I don't

think that quite does it justice. (*Lights cigarette.*)

ME. Still, it gives the idea.

HENRY HAMILTON (*plaintively*). You've gone and left out all the funny part.

[*Sits down.*]

ME (*surprised*). Sorry; I thought I'd put it in.

HENRY HAMILTON. I mean the humorous palmist and the beauty specialist and all that.

ME (*coldly*). Oh, I see.

CECIL RALEIGH (*reproachfully*). You know you were thrilled and excited by the airship scene and the burglary in the First Act. (*Crosses to syphon.*) Weren't you?

ME. Rather—awfully.

HENRY HAMILTON (*stirring his coffee*). And you say nothing about the acting.

ME. Oh, that was splendid.

CECIL RALEIGH. So you really did enjoy your evening?

ME. Most certainly I did.

CECIL RALEIGH. (*together*).

ARTHUR COLLINS. } Then that's
HENRY HAMILTON. } all right.

A. A. M.

AT THE PLAY.

THE ST. JAMES THEATRE.

EVERYBODY knows the story of the little girl who complained that "one poor lion hadn't got any Christian;" I can remember how I laughed—"Ha, ha!"—when I heard it. There is another good story of Daniel in the lions' den, not quite so well known; to the effect that when the King came to see Daniel in the morning and asked him how he had got on, Daniel answered that he had been a little troubled by lions; to which the King replied indignantly, "Then you must have brought them with you." There are also current some excellent jokes about cannibals and missionaries, one of the most popular being the retort of the cannibal that, even if he wasn't a Christian, at any rate he had Christian blood in his veins. As I said above, "Ha, ha!" For a joke about anything so serious as death or religion begins to be funny even before one tells it; in the same way that the entrance of the Vicar's fox-terrier into church starts one giggling long before it joins its master in the pulpit.

MR. SHAW is quite funny in *Androcles and the Lion*, but if he had any purpose other than this I did not see it. Certain passages in the play seemed to indicate a view that the early Christian martyrs were not necessarily brave or good, but merely proud. At least they died. Personally, I am quite sure that I should not have died . . . and I have



Binks (*viewing his pct production*). "You've 'AD QUASSIA CHIPS, FERTILIZER, BONE-DUST, SOOT, AND THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO! AFTER THIS YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHANCE WITH THE REST!"

a horrid feeling that if the Bernardus Shavins of the day had, before entering the arena himself, tried to persuade me that I was really the braver man and the better Christian of the two, I should not have believed him.

MR. O. P. HEGGIE was remarkably good as *Androcles*, and MR. EDWARD SILLWARD was a delightful lion. They had a particularly funny turn with the *Emperor* (perfectly played by MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE) in the last scene, which might have well been encoired. This reminds me that MR. SHAW has just announced again that he does not like the audience to indulge in rude laughter at his plays. I am sorry, but on this occasion I simply could not help it. If MR. SHAW were to sit in front of me in church with his tie under his left ear I should always giggle.

Androcles and the Lion is preceded by *The Harlequinade*, "contrived by: DION CLAYTON CALTHROP and GRANVILLE BARKER." This was charming, but just not charming enough. With such a good idea to work upon, and with such pleasant people as MR. ARTHUR WHITBY and Miss CATHELEEN NESBIT to sit in front of the curtain and explain what was happening, the authors should have cast a greater spell over the audience. Perhaps the others were completely enthralled; I can only speak for myself. I wanted to be entirely captivated, and I was not. None the less *The Harlequinade* is very well worth seeing as an original entertainment, whimsical and pretty, and well acted by (among others) MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR the *Clown*, and MR. DONALD CALTHROP, the *Harlequin*. M.



AGAINST THE WIND.

WITH THE WIND.

DISASTROUS INFLUENCE OF THE SEA-BREEZES ON THE MODERN "NUT" COIFFURE. RECENTLY WITNESSED BY OUR ARTIST AT A POPULAR WATERING-PLACE.

THE DEGENERATE.

(A tale of the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S
£100,000 fund.)

It is befitting, is it not,
That I should tell you frankly what
Temptations of the baser sort
Beset the devotees of Sport?

Our hero, Herbert Henry Smith,
Was born with muscles, wind and pith
Enough to win the foremost place
With ease in any cycle race.
One object from his boyhood up
Fulfilled his soul—to hunt the cup,
And all the prizes which he won
(No idler he who rode for fun)
He'd realise, invest and lend
And flourish on the dividend.
Such was the man, as you'd expect,
Collectors hastened to collect.

Collecting sportsmen is a line
In which the most expert combine
Discernment, wits, persistence, dash,
With readiness to part with cash.
The early bird, who has in view
The worm it means to cotton to,
Must not rely for its success
Entirely on its earliness,
But, bluffing boldly once or twice,
Must ultimately pay the price

The victim asks for. Wily worms
Negotiate for stiffish terms.
Was Herbert hired, then? Not at all;
He was no low professional.
"I scorn," said he, "all sordid sums;
But posts in Sports Emporiums,
Remunerative sinecures
Which keep men rich but amateurs,
I might consider. *Verb. sap. sat.*"
He let the matter stand at that,
Nor later asked what money's worth
Was spent in getting him a berth . . .
And thus we find him at his prime
The leading sportsman of his time,
Secure, by his own competence,
In independent affluence.
Who could foresee for such a blend
Of perfect parts so bad an end?

So hard a bargain did he drive
And with such subtlety contrive
The business side of his affair,
That friends remarked, "You have
the *flair*
For commerce in your soul, my lad,
If anybody ever had!"
A little pleased, himself, the fool
Began to find his office stool
A pleasant hobby. Bit by bit
He grew, alas, so fond of it
That more than hobby it became,
And stern ambition's nobler aim,

To concentrate upon the pot,
No more inspired him, was forgot.
Unseen, but strong, temptations lurk
As some for Drink, so he for Work
Conceived an overwhelming lust,
And left his bicycle to rust!

A word of sympathy is due
For all those minor heroes who
Subscribed to put him on the Track
But never got a penny back.

Pride of Body.

From a cinematograph poster:—

"THE BLACK SNAKE
3000 FEET LONG
(Exclusive)."

So should we be.

"Hayati once had a job as a court-jester
under Abdul Dammit."

East London Dispatch.

In fact, that was his first official joke
Unfortunately ABDUL HAMID never
really appreciated it.

"The most important was a six round con-
test between Seaman Garman and Stoke
Greenwood. . . . The match ended in a win
for Garwood on points."—*Ceylon Observer.*

The referee seems to have hedged in
very cowardly way.



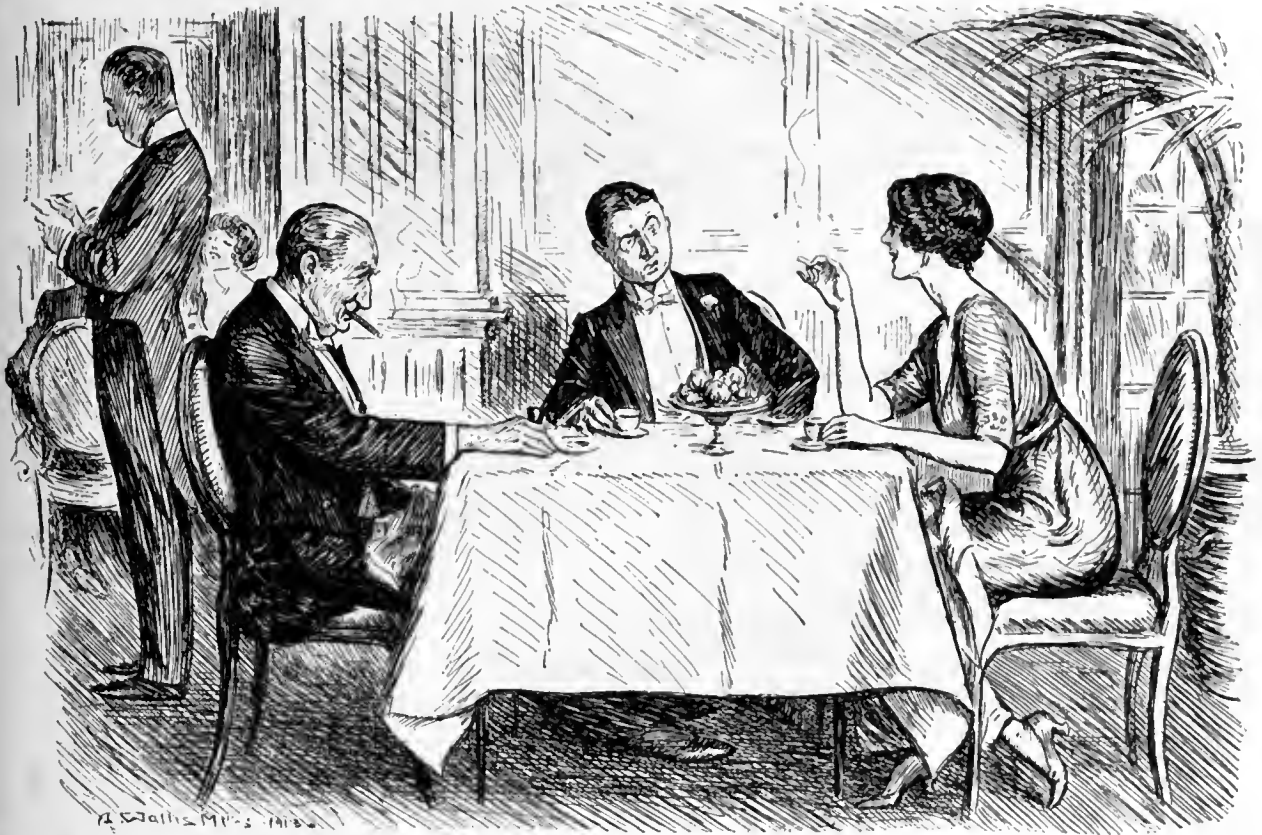
A DANGEROUS GAME.

Mr. Punch. "WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THERE?"

CHORUS OF IRRESPONSIBLES. "WE WANT TO GET AT THE CROWN AND PLAY PARTY POLITICS WITH IT."

Mr. Punch. "YOU TAKE MY ADVICE AND MOVE ALONG, OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE."





The Youth (just returned from his holiday). "OH, I'M A GREAT BELIEVER IN HOLIDAYS. ONE COMES BACK SO FIT. BRAIN CLEAR, APPEARANCE IMPROVED AND ALTOGETHER MORE WIDE-AWAKE."
 The Maid. "AND WHEN SHALL YOU TAKE YOUR HOLIDAY?"

THE DESCRIPTIVE THEATRE PROGRAMME.

Mr. PUNCH cannot help feeling that the efforts of the serious school towards the Brightening of British Drama would be materially assisted if the depression induced by some of the more popular forms of production were dissipated by means of a descriptive programme, similar to that in use at concerts. He respectfully submits a sample of what he proposes, applied to a drawing-room comedy obsessed by an actor-manager with melodramatic tendencies:—

ACT I.

The play opens with a short prelude of minor characters, during which the main theme is stealthily introduced. Some light fluting is interspersed with a few heavy notes, which gradually assume the predominance. The *motif* is touched upon, and a few incidental explanations furnished.

This practically comprises the First Act (or movement); but a climax is provided by a gradual *agitato* of all the subordinate parts, whose tonic value we now perceive to be at the point of fullest expression, and the whole move-

ment culminates (with a swift series of arpeggios) in the entrance of the actor-manager. The minor embellishments at once fade away as the actor-manager momentarily strikes the dominant. The curtain falls. The main theme is not developed.

ACT II.

This Act is full of movement and force. The dominant is resumed at the outset and never relinquished. The actor-manager takes up the burden of the heavy notes suggested at the beginning of Act I., and interpolates them into the main theme, which is now fully developed. He also imputes the *motif* with some vigour.

The strain is temporarily relaxed in favour of some warblings of a lighter character, there being no departure from traditional technique in this respect. Almost immediately, however, the main theme is again resumed by the actor-manager, who, working infinite variations upon it, leads it up to a strident climax full of subtle suggestion for the Third Act, the harmonic minors meanwhile providing a muted under-movement suitably subservient to the principal melody.

ACT III.

This opens with a brief *thorale* for mechanical instruments, an interlude which is quickly succeeded by a stormy *scena*, the sinister character of which finds the actor-manager quite at his best. There follows a long and tender passage, very sweet and contagious, which the actor-manager sustains on a lofty note to the running accompaniment of the principal lady. Interwoven with this is the main theme, and from it is gradually evolved the grand finale, heralded by the universal entrance of all the parts.

The grand finale, which is very effectively interrupted by a fine *aria* for the actor-manager, gathers together all the threads of the main theme, explains the *motif*, and finally resolves itself into an assortment of cumulative duets, on which the play closes.

"I hope that the gentlemen who worked so hard last season to put the League in working order will not be downhearted, but will have another try, and will keep in mind the old story of King Alfred and the spider."

Catholic Herald.

We prefer the story of how BRUCE let the bannock burn. [Joke.—Ed.]

CONCERNING WILLIAM SMITH.

I LIKE William Smith. I do not know him but I like him. What is more extraordinary perhaps is that he evidently knows me intimately and loves me. Romantic attachments are rare nowadays.

I met William in this way. On opening my letters one morning I saw at the head of a letter an engraving of a noble, if side-whiskered, face. It impressed me at once as that of a kindly, thoughtful gentleman, and I began to read his letter with interest. It ran—

MY DEAR SIR,—As a fellow-sufferer from that intensely painful complaint, lumbago, I have pleasure in calling your attention to the William Smith Lumbago Discovery.

Then came a page describing William's agonizing attack of lumbago in Yucatan (which brought tears to my eyes), and an account of the miraculous herb with which a Mexican caecique cured him. William, with great and considerate kindness, offered me the complete course of lumbago cure at half-price—one guinea. He very thoughtfully enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope (with detachable stamp) for my reply.

I should have answered at once but for three reasons—I hate writing letters, the detachable stamp became detached, and I have never had lumbago.

So William's stamp vanished into the maw of the Post Office and I regret to say I forgot William.

But William did not forget me. Side-whiskers and fidelity go together. A month later I opened a letter and found William staring at me. I feared he had written about the little matter of the stamp, but I did not know the lofty-minded William. This time he was more intimate. He began—

DEAR MR. JONES,—From the description you give of your symptoms I have no doubt that you are suffering from lumbago of an aggravated type.

Then came a little more about Yucatan (William, like many other men, is a little lengthy in describing his travels), an offer to send me the complete course at half-price—fifteen shillings now—and another stamped envelope.

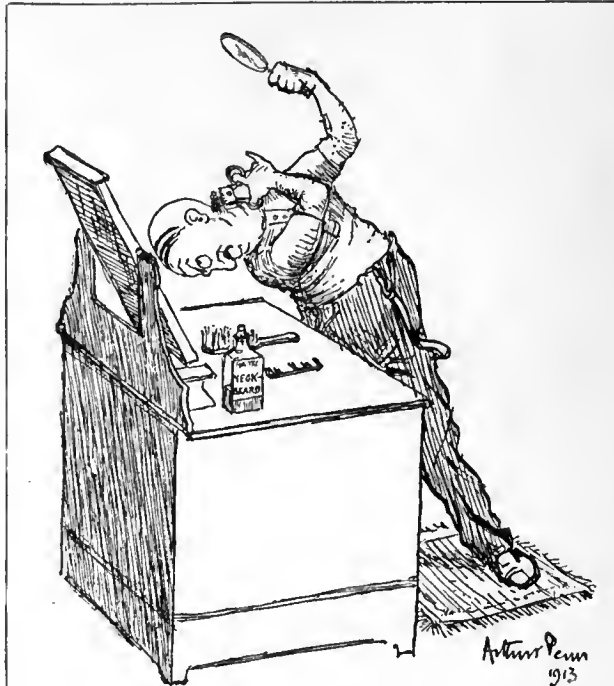
I used my dear friend's stamp, and then, such is the ingratitude of mankind, I forgot him.

Just a month afterwards who should

turn up but dear old William again. "This time," I thought, "I have hurt the dear fellow. He will surely say something about that envelope."

Did he? Ah, how I misjudged him. His letter ran—

MY DEAR MR. JONES,—Lumbago is frequently the forerunner of Bright's disease and diabetes. It means pain, collapse, prostration, DEATH. There is only one hope for the sufferer. (Here William once more wandered to Yucatan.) Consider your wife and family. Save yourself while there is time. I will send my great Lumbago Discovery post paid for 10s. 6d.—half-price.



["Pocket-clipper—can be used for the beard or hair at back of neck."—From a catalogue.]

PORTRAIT OF GENTLEMAN USING POCKET-CLIPPER TO TRIM BEARD AT BACK OF NECK.

He did not enclose a stamped envelope. I feared my friend had begun to doubt me. What was I to do? Either I must send 10s. 6d., and I have a constitutional objection to parting with money, or else I must relieve William's agonizing anxiety about me. It seemed to me best to end the matter. Better one sharp shock than corroding care. So I wrote—

MY DEAR MR. SMITH,—You will, I am sure, be grieved to hear that your old friend, Mr. Jones, expired in agonies of lumbago this morning. His last words were, "William Smith—Yucatan—half-price." I know that this will be a bitter blow to you. Still you have this consolation: you warned him faithfully of his danger.

Believe me, his sorrowing widow,

EMMA JONES.

Would you believe that William Smith never replied? I did think he would at least have sent a wreath, or a few stamped envelopes for the widow. Perhaps he was too overcome to write.

And now that I am defunct (officially) I have a strange longing to meet William in the flesh. Suppose some day I see that thoughtful, side-whiskered face in the Tube I shall certainly introduce myself. Not, of course, as Jones. I shall whisper in his ear, "Are you William Smith?" When he says, "Yes, dear me, I ought to know you; your face is quite familiar," I shall reply, "William, I am the Mexican caecique from Yucatan. Do you happen to have any of your excellent stamped envelopes about you?"

Modern Potato Culture.

"I once got a circular from a man, who grew potatoes containing his photograph, and, I think, an autobiography."—*Musical Standard*.

We have a giant gooseberry that reminds us of Mr. CHESTER-TON, but that is not quite the same thing.

A correspondent writing to *Amateur Gardening* on his forthcoming flower show, says:—

"I like to set up cut flowers in twenty-four kinds, but find it difficult to get that number in anything like good condition. I prefer good perennials for cutting, but animals are allowed."

Answer. Trim your canary and send him up.

"The Bishop is unmarried, and has four brothers and two sisters. His brothers are . . . as widely extended as a Colonel of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, at Merut, India; a Vicar in Monmouthshire; the Rector of Standerton, and a barrister at Johannesburg."—*Sydney Church Standard*.

The stoutness of Monmouthshire vicars is of course proverbial.

"MR. H. D. PARRY-MITCHELL has had erected a handsome clock on the turret of Merevale Church, with dials facing two ways. This is not only an ornamental addition to the exterior of the edifice, but will be found to be very useful to people wishing to know the time."—*Atherstone News*.

A most ingenious idea of Mr. PARRY-MITCHELL'S.

"Between lunch and dinner take another tumbler of water cold. Take a glass of cold water half an hour after lunch, half an hour after tea, half an hour after dinner, and before going to bed at night. Never drink between meals."—*Woman's Life*.

One seems to be doing nothing else.



First Boy (returning from Sunday-school). "GOING TO HAVE MY HAIR CUT IN HERE TO-MORROW."
 Second Boy. "WHY DON'T YOUR MOTHER CUT IT FOR YOU?"
 First Boy. "ME LET A WOMAN CUT MY HAIR? NO FEAR! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO SAMSON!"

EXIT.

[In Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's new play, to be produced at the Playhouse, the room in which the scene is set throughout is provided with only one door.]

WHERE are the dear traditions of my youth
 That raised the worst concocted play
 Above the things of every day?
 Exterminated, in the name of Truth.

The villain who ejaculated "Ha!"
 Gnawed his moustache and snarled
 and smiled;
 The golden-haired, confiding child
 Who said his prayers and saved his
 dear Mamma—

These and a many more were my
 delight;
 And, when an icon-smashing age
 Ordained that they must quit the
 stage,
 My soul sustained an almost fatal blight.

And now the last attraction is no more;
 The colourless, anæmic hordes
 Who tread our "realistic" boards
 Must come and vanish by a single door!

Gone is the agony that thrills and
 numbs.

How shall the heroine be drugged
 If in a trice she can't be lugged
 Into concealment ere the hero comes?

Gone, too, those comic scenes that split
 our sides,
 In which Lothario meets his doom.
 As library and dining-room
 Disgorge together both his would-be
 brides.

One thing remains ere we prepare the
 pall
 To drape the drama, now effete:
 Let's make reality complete
 By adding on the fourth and final wall.

The Yorkshire Evening Post on
 Doncaster Week:—

"One firm alone, as the writer can state on
 authority, are in the habit of selling 60,000
 tons of Butter Scotch during the four days."

Assuming a crowd of 300,000 on each
 day and all of them eating butter
 scotch bought from this particular
 firm—a moving spectacle—there would
 be an allowance of 112 lbs. of butter
 scotch per head, or rather per inside.
 It sounds almost too much.

A PROFESSIONAL COMPLIMENT.

I WAS very diffident about calling in
 the doctor in the first place. Simply
 because fourpence is being deducted,
 much against my wish, from my salary
 every week, it somehow seemed scarcely
 fair to expect him to devote all the
 resources of his skill and training to
 the business of making me well.

Still it had to be done, and when he
 came to visit me in an expensive motor
 car, and made a prolonged examination
 of me with the minutest care, I felt still
 more keenly that my fourpence a week
 did not justify it. As some salve to
 conscience, I determined to give him
 the least trouble possible, and so I
 carried out all his instructions to the
 letter, took my medicine punctually,
 and, indeed, did everything in my
 power to make his task light.

At last it was over. "I hope, doctor,
 I haven't been too much of a nuisance
 to you," I said apologetically to him
 at his last visit.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed
 brightly, "you've been positively an
 ideal patient! Why, you really *deserve*
 to be ill!"

THE CHILDREN'S GYMKHANA.

It was the man in the white suit who organised the Children's Gymkhana for us, as he organised nearly everything else that helped to make pleasant our stay in the Swiss valley. The project, once started, leapt and bounded towards success. There were no subscriptions. - Nobody went round with a list and offered to make you a Vice-President for twenty francs or a member of the General Committee for ten francs, or a full member of the Association for five francs. Indeed, there was neither General Committee nor Association. The man in the white suit waved his wand, invited a friend or two to luncheon, and, lo, the Children's Gymkhana sprang into vigorous existence. Of course it was understood that there were to be prizes—prizes for both sexes and all ages of childhood liberally interpreted to include boys and girls of fifteen. When once this great fact of prizes had been grasped a tremendous excitement began to seethe throughout the valley, and all sorts of possible competitors set to work to train and practise. There was a sensible diminution in the receipts of the tea-shop. For several days cakes of all sorts lay under a dreadful ban. Cakes with cream in them were held up to special execration as being "bad for the wind." An incautious Swiss roll might easily take an inch or two off your high jump, and "three-eyed Dick" (our pet name for an agreeable sort of jam biscuit) would be sure to ruin anybody's chance for the girls' three-legged race. No sterner exhibition of the true athletic spirit has ever been seen.

At last the great, the wished-for day arrived in a gorgeous panoply of sunshine, and the nations began to gather together on the field of prowess. There were English children, American children, French children, Dutch children, Russian children, German children, Belgian children, a Babel of conflicting tongues and diversified animation, all held together and reduced to order by the man in the white suit and his select band of stewards. A jollier or a more eager crowd could not be met anywhere—this at least was the opinion of the proud and anxious parents who sat round the course in various positions of vantage and shouted polyglot encouragements to their young braves. Dimitri and Etienne, the sturdy sons of a Colonel in the Tsar's body-guard, were there; there, too, were Edgar, Arthur and Lewis, fresh-faced representatives of British boyhood, and John aged six and Billy aged five, who were to compete in the race (eighty yards' handicap) for children over five and under ten, and who now were eyeing one another with a jealous interest, each computing the athletic points of his sturdy rival. There were two Peggies and two Betties. Nancy and Rosie and Joyce and Helen had entered for most events. Nancy and Rosie are poetesses in their off moments, but now they were thinking of their feet rather than their rhymes, and indeed showed a most stubborn and pedestrian determination to excel in bodily effort. And, finally, there was our little French friend, "The Blob."

"The Blob" is a great character, a very round and sturdy little boy of twelve, in shorts and stockings. His face is plump and smiling, his body is thick-set, his legs are those of a conqueror. Good nature and friendliness shine from him as light shines from the sun, and his temper is imperturbable. His real name is Le Poix, but, when first he arrived at the tennis courts seeking a game, somebody, seeing him, said, "Who's that funny little jolly blob of a fellow?" and the name, taken up by the English boys, whose sworn friend he has become, stuck to him. Now it is, "Blob, will you make up a four?" or "Blob, will you lend me your racket?" and the little sportsman has accepted

his name comfortably and without a shadow of pretext. He too, as I say, was there to defend the honour of his nation and to show what *élan* really means. His efforts in the high jump were magnificent. He looked like a football flung gloriously at the bar—which, by the way, was a string weighted with a tennis ball at either end. "The Blob" did his best, but a tall youngster of fourteen from Haileybury proved too much for him and everybody else.

Splendid, too, was the race for girls over ten and under twelve. They got away to a capital start, but soon strung out. They tore round the course, their hair streaming in the wind, so many comets unpredicted by KEPLER or HALLEY, until at last the Peggy comet gleamed to the front in a panting spurt and won the desperate race. Other encounters, too, there were, and, for diversion, we had a three-legged race and an egg-and-spoon race. Never were beheld such complicated falls as the three-legged race provided. It is a marvel that any limbs survived unbroken. The two poetesses, securely bound together and thundering along like two young Clydesdales turned out to grass, campt through their shattered rivals and carried off the double prize. As for the egg-and-spoon race, I need only say that the eggs were mercifully made of chalk. Otherwise the course must have been converted into an *omelette à l'herbe* a Gargantuan omelette fifty yards long by ten wide!

All this time the organiser of victory, the CARNOT in the white suit, was, as it seemed, in every part of the field planning, ordering and executing with a busy vigour that assured success. And near the middle of the course, at a table, sat a kind lady having at her feet a large box containing the prizes. These she allotted as the sports went on, selecting for each event the particular prize which she thought would be most acceptable to the winners. Thus every winner was delighted when at last the distributor came. Indeed it seemed to be a magic box, inexhaustible in appropriate prizes, so that, when all the firsts and seconds had been satisfied, there still remained consolation prize for nearly all the rest. We wound up a memorable cosmopolitan day with cheers for everybody, including three cheers for the best for the man in the white suit. R. C. L.

SPEYSIDE.

A LAND full of the lilt of running streams,
The Highland scents of peat and whin and fir,
The crested hills like giants in their dreams,
The light airs, heather-sweetened as of myrrh,
The golden sunshine flashing out in gleams
And all the clouds astir.

A place where many things may dwell and hide:—
The little Brownies, timorous of the din
Of mortal men; dead reiver-folk who ride
Abroad o' nights; a kelpie at the lynn;
Witches and warlocks—ay, and more beside,
May find a howff herein.

A land where faery fancies have their wills—
A gallant land besides, where you and I,
Calling a truce with books and briefs and bills,
Tarry a space to cast the luring fly,
Or walk in wariness upon the hills
That small red birds may die.

The Temptation.

"Grocer's Porter: wanted a strict T.T., who will be liberally treated."—*Freeman's Journal*.



Neighbour. "AND HOW 'S YER GUID MAN THIS MORNIN', MRS. TAMSON?"

Mrs. Tamson. "HE DEED LAST NICHT."

Neighbour. "I 'M REAL SORRY TO HEAR THAT. YE 'LL NO REMEMBER IF HE HAPPENED TO SAY ONYTHING ABOUT A POT O' GREEN PAINT BEFORE HE SLIPPET AWA?"

HIGHER TRAINING FOR BUSINESS.

UNDER this heading *The Daily Telegraph* discusses the scheme of a well-known emporium for a course of special education, with scholarships, for shop-assistants. Heartily approving the idea, we give below some suggested points from the examination papers.

MATHEMATICAL.

- (1) If one woman takes 2½ hours to match one piece of silk, how long will six men take to buy twelve ties?
- (2) From two shillings subtract "one eleven three" giving the answer in terms of (a) actual money; (b) customer-traction.
- (3) State the rules of reduction. How can an article whose usual price is 5s. be reduced to 6s. 3d.?

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL.

- (1) Explain, with speaker and context "The remnant of an army."
"A sale, a sale, we aro saved!"
- (2) With what famous ovents is the Paris Louvre associated in your mind? At what period was the custom of presenting toy balloons first instituted?

(3) Write a short essay on "Counter-irritants."

GENERAL.

A customer enters a shop at 11.15 to buy a packet of pins, and leaves at 12.30 having purchased a sable coat. Trace her progress (with diagram if necessary).

ONCE UPON A TIME.

ADVANCE.

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who asked his father if NERO was a bad man.

"Thoroughly bad," said his father.

Once upon a time, many years later, there was another little boy who asked his father if NERO was a bad man.

"I don't know that one would exactly say that," replied his father; "but he certainly had his less felicitous moments."

"Car No. 1073 after colliding with the Maha Mudaliyar's car went against a lamp post smashing it and also the lamp. The Maha Mudaliyar, who was in his car at the time, cseaped with a slight thanking."

The Ceylonese.

"Not at all," said the Maha. "Any time you're passing."

A PASSIONATE PROTEST.

DEAR SIR,—When I heard that *The Daily Mirror* had started a Woman's Olympic Games Fund, I naturally concluded it was for the use of competitors of *my own sex*. As soon as I realised the money was to be spent in training *our natural enemies*, my indignation was equalled only by my scorn.

From experience in militant encounters, I have found that men are quite muscular enough, and, while I have strength to lift my voice or my pen, *women's wages* shall never go to bolster *men's biceps*.

No, Sir, the whole proposition smacks (to use an appropriate expression) of *sheer insolence*. On the other hand, if you choose to show sufficient foresight as to open a fund, yourself, to train young Englishmen to Jarn their socks, make their beds and sweep their cigarette ash off their mothers' carpets, I shall be pleased not only to contribute myself, but to arrange for a collecting-box to be placed in the lobby of my club.

Yours faithfully,

SPINSTER
(and proud of it).

THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING A MOTHER.

WHEN Eustace and Adeline came to us, aged three months and very weak on their legs, they cost seventeen-and-sixpence, with a shilling extra for packing, and we thought them very dear at the price. That is a year ago. Now Adeline is an older and a sadder duck.

It happened this way. When the shiny days came of the opening year, Adeline made up her mind to have a family. She took to absenting herself mysteriously, and one day we found six greeny eggs in quite a nice place. The six became eight, and the eight ten, and the ten twelve, and we began to ask anxiously whether Adeline didn't consider it any part of her duty to sit on them. When she had made it thirteen, for luck, she made it clear that she didn't, by becoming quite regular for meals again; so we took away her eggs and gave them to a broody hen. The broody hen had the tomato-house to herself for three weeks and five days, during which she never moved except when we moved her to see how the eggs were getting on, and on the sixth day in the fourth week, towards evening, she was rather suddenly found to be sharing it with nine active ducklings, who didn't surprise her in the least. But what was our heroine doing all this time? Well, if you must know, our heroine had started all over again on another family, in a new place. I suppose she took a dislike to the first lot, or to the first place, or something. At least, those were the theories. But Eustace or somebody must have told her that she had left out the most important part, for this time she took her job much more seriously. She only came off it *once* a day, at five o'clock precisely, and then we always thought she would choke herself, because all the time she ate she fairly screamed with self-importance and anxiety to be off, or I suppose I should say to be on. I should also tell you that she had stopped at six this time; I suppose Eustace had suggested moderation.

And now for purposes of clearness I shall have to speak of Family Number Two and Family Number One. Even then it is as complicated as a novel by ARNOLD BENNETT. For one morning, at breakfast time, at the end of the third week and the fifth day, Adeline came paddling down the river with a perfect little flotilla, all asking if breakfast was ready. It wasn't quite perfect, though, because there were only five in the squadron, and as there was nothing but cast-off egg-shells in the

nest she must have lost one on the way down to breakfast. The armada suffered another loss directly after breakfast. It happened like this: obeying her instinct to take her family to the finest possible pastures, she set off down the river ever so far, and when she came back she had only four. I think she must have noticed something this time, because Eustace was sent off in a great hurry downstream, and he didn't come back until the evening, but he hadn't found anything.

And now, reader, we must go back a little and see for a moment what Family Number One is doing. (You remember—the nine.) It is being sat upon by its foster-mother. But what is this? How unaccountably has it dwindled! Yes, they all lived for a week, and then, whether it was that with years of discretion came questioning doubts as to whether the broody hen really was their mother or whether their house wasn't so good for little ducks as it was for little tomatoes, one by one they took to dying, quite regularly, one a day, almost as though someone had told them the story of the nigger-boys. On the day before the Second Family's arrival, Adeline's First Family was down to two. And she had never seen it! From her subsequent conduct I imagine, if she had seen it, she would have regarded the whole thing as a great mistake. She would have taken the line that she didn't ever mean that first lot to be a family, because she had thought of a better one.

It is time to say that this is going to be a tragedy. It is going to have a Recognition scene, just like EURYPIDES, and then it is going to end in the most complete and utter tragedy. But before that comes there is going to be one happy scene, so you may read a little further. Adeline's Second Family arrived on a Saturday, and the next day was a Sunday—the first of the real shiny Sundays. You should have seen her with that Second Family! Eustace took himself off for the whole day; I suppose he felt he had done as much the day before as could be reasonably expected of him. She was as happy with the four of them and as pleased with herself as though four was the perfect number and she had taken great pains to trim it down to four. She dived, and the four dived, she went ashore and cleaned herself, and the four went ashore and cleaned themselves, and then she sat and just looked at them in the sunshine while they chased the water-spiders who were enjoying their own little day. We prepared the scene of confrontation. There were two ducklings of her own flesh and blood, swimming about, in spite of their three

weeks in the tomato house. But, bless you, Adeline gave one look at the bank, where a great clucking was coming from, and decided that it was no wonder a mother like that had such hideous little children. She wouldn't have anything to do with them. The recognition scene had been a failure.

All that day we said at intervals to one another that if their life was going to be a short one it had been merry anyhow. The next morning they were still four. They ate their breakfast as usual. In the evening three little bodies were high-and-dry in some thick seam where the fish-net is, and Adeline was looking surprised to have only one. I suppose she had obeyed those instincts of hers again and taken her family to a perfectly splendid pasture which had choked three of them. I don't think she noticed anything seriously wrong until the next morning. Eustace (who had turned up again, looking not quite sober), and she and it were taking breakfast together. Now I must introduce you to Jack Hearne. There is nothing irrelevant in this; he is not the Middlesex bowler; he is a heron, and that is his proper name in this county. Before this fatal Tuesday I should have introduced him to you as a tame heron. Now it is impossible. For Jack Hearne, walking past on the way to his own breakfast, finished off Adeline's Second Family at a mouthful. We think, we like to think, it was a mistake on his part. Herons will act so rashly. But that doesn't bring back Adeline's Second Family. She finished her breakfast and turned round and distinctly noticed it had gone. Her grief is terrible. We don't think she would have noticed anything wrong if Jack Hearne had left her with her one. But now she sits all day on the river-bank and refuses to be comforted.

You will notice that this is an almost perfect tragedy because there is the element of hope left at the end. Fortinbras and Horatio, of her First Family, still live. Will she ever recognise them, or will she go on mistaking them for chickens, until, taking heart, she begins her own task of motherhood all over again? We do not know; we only know that we do not any longer think seventeen-and-sixpence too dear for a pair of healthy ducklings raised successfully to the age of three months, even with the addition of a shilling extra for packing.

The Latest Continental Flight.

"Sunday. Morning service at Crosthwaite. Canon Rawnsley kindly pilots us to Shelley's grave."—*British Weekly*.

And they got back from Rome in time for the evening service.



INTENSIVE CULTURE.

Scientific Chicken Farmer. "YES, YOU WERE RIGHT. THE FILTERED AND ICED WATER, THE ELECTRIC FANS AND THE HOT-WATER PIPE PERCHES DIDN'T SEEM TO TOUCH 'EM; THE FRENCH COOKING, THE GRAMOPHONE DURING MEALS, AND THE CINEMA ON WET DAYS LEFT 'EM COLD; BUT BY GEORGE, OLD MAN, THE HIENS DO APPRECIATE THAT MOVING STAIRCASE. SINCE ITS INSTALLATION THE EGG OUTPUT HAS INCREASED 90 PER CENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

WHAT I chiefly felt about *With Drums Unmuffled* (MILLS AND BOON) was that it was the work of an author with a considerable gift of expression, much charm of manner, and (here at least) insufficient matter upon which to employ it. L. A. BURGESS gives upon the title-page no indication of sex, but I will make a bold shot for it that the writer is feminine. Her title itself—at first somewhat obscure—has reference to the military practice of marching back from a funeral to the accompaniment of some lively tune. There is indeed a pleasantly service atmosphere about the whole of the simple tale, which concerns the life and mild loves of a group of persons stationed at Gibraltar. There are two heroines, the young army nurse who tells the story, and *Susan Pickle*, the country-bred nursery-maid of *Major Tracey's* little daughter. Each has her romance, that of the former running so uneventfully smooth a course that the author has been forced to fret it with quite the thinnest and most artificial misunderstanding that I ever remember. *Susan's* is a different affair; she is indeed far the most clearly individualised character in the book, and her devotion to the unworthy cad whom she loves is told with a sympathy that makes me expect considerable things from L. A. BURGESS in the future. For the present, however, she has written just a mildly pleasant tale, one that may be gently enjoyed both by those familiar with the life it describes and those to whom it is strange—the former for choice.

Mr. NEVINSON'S *Essays in Rebellion* (NISBET) are concerned with all manner of vital things that divide serious folk, from war to the hunger of the poor. It is a gallant little book such as might be expected from one who has taken his life in his hands in sundry quixotries of the last twenty odd years. There are two keynotes. One from GOETHE: "For myself, I am happy enough. Joy comes streaming in upon me from every side. Only, for others, I am not happy." The other is contained in the parable of "The Catfish," which serves as the first of the essays. Now the catfish used to be put in the tanks of the East Coast fishing boats in order that his lively and stimulating activities should keep the cod in health, which else were observed to fall torpid and arrive for market flabby and unwholesome. Mr. NEVINSON is an excellent catfish, a genuine rebel radical with opinions cut to no mere party pattern. He pours out a fine scorn on the complacent type that welcomes rebellion—after the successful event. For himself he is content to be champion of all unpopular causes, of all subject peoples. This very consistency of his attitude is a defect of his generous qualities. He sees life too symmetrically, as a matter of sheep and goats in their divided pens. For instance: "Do the people call the tune of peace or war? Not at all. The ruling classes both call the tune and pocket the pay." Whatever of truth is here needs qualification. Mr. NEVINSON never qualifies. He knows enough of war to hate it and has hope of some modification of present insanities along the lines of Mr. ANGELL'S well-known thesis. "It will become either civil war—the most terrible but the

finest kind of war because some principle of the highest value must be at stake before civil war can arise—or it will become a combined war between the classes of various countries between whom there is a feeling of sympathy and common interest." And this sentence involves a good deal of what is most characteristic in the thought of this latter-day rebel. There are many good things in this book, grave and gay. It is really a compliment to the author to note that the grave are the more effective. Most of all I would commend "The Heroine," some extremely apposite thoughts concerning FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, to those who have the temperamental hatred of new things.

"The most dreadful and baffling of all the unsolved murder mysteries in English criminal annals," of which *The Lodger* (METHUEN) is said to suggest a solution, is, I take it, the performance of the once notorious but now almost forgotten JACK THE RIPPER. Had the learned author thought of her ingenious explanation at the time, no doubt she would have expressed it in a letter to the Press; and some would have said it was probably right, others that it was certainly wrong, while all would have abused the Police for not thinking of it, and no one would have known how much truth was in it, except JACK himself. But correspondence on the subject being now closed, there was nothing for it but to revive the mystery in a fictitious parallel and to solve that. I wish the author had set about her business in this order, instead of bursting out with the solution in the first chapters and leaving the mystery to state itself subsequently. Myself, I am always ready to take part in a really good murder, but I have too much respect for crime to see it treated thus off-hand and by the way; and when the dastardly deed is being repeated at regular intervals throughout the book, I am more than reluctant to concentrate upon the private feelings of Mrs. Bunting, or any other lodging-house keeper, or upon the homely romance of the detective who should have been wholly occupied in tracking down the miscreant. Had *Daisy* been a victim I would gladly have assisted in her matrimonial affairs; but she was never within a mile of it. Instead, she merely gets in the way; and, every time there is a sudden loud knock at the lodging-house door, it is only her tiresome lover come for a purpose no more sinister than to pay his irrelevant respects. I was not allowed to be present at any of the murders; I was not even introduced to one of the murdered; how then can I be expected to say a kind word for a murderer who was not suspected or arrested and did not cause anyone else to be suspected or arrested in his stead? I regret to have to add that the author who has so trifled with my affection for the gruesome is no other than my admired Mrs. BELLOC-LOWNDES.

Whenever I read of a quest for gold—
The kind that happened in days of old,
When someone, finding a cryptic clue,
Chartered a ship with a cut-throat crew,

And sailed straight into a lurid squall
Of mutinous oaths and musket-ball—
You know the type? Whenever, I say,
A story of this kind comes my way
All else is abandoned, and down I sit
And then and there I am on to it.
People, period, place of the quest
The author may settle as he thinks best,
But, whatsoever the form it take,
One proviso I always make—
The find, when the questers do unearth it,
Must be something that's really worth it.

And that's where HAMILTON DRUMMOND's tale, *Winds of God* (PAUL), seems to fail.
It's told with charm; there are thrills enough;
The heroine's tender, the hero tough;
The brave ship's company lacks no brawn;
Most of their number are deftly drawn,
But the paltry sum that they fetch away's

A scandalous slur on the good
old days.

Fifteen thousand! Good
Lord! Why, I'm
Paid nearly that for this
trifling rhyme!



UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.
JULIUS CAESAR ALLEVIATES THE SUFFERINGS OF A WOUNDED
SOLDIER BY READING HIS COMMENTARIES TO HIM.

reserve fiftens ready to appear in the field. The tales are put into the mouth of *Johnny Rowland*, landlord of "The Plume of Feathers," who was both a publican and a bit of a sinner. For although *Johnny's* own beverage was "dry ginger," he practised various amusing devices to induce his customers to settle down to bibulous evenings. *The Old Time Before Them* neither harms nor improves its author's reputation, and doubtless it will provide a fund of amusement for those who are not weary of the shrewd sayings and rather grim humour of the Dartmoor natives.

"The Terriers' team won the toss, and elected to bat first, and the Reserves, captained by Sergeant Fawsitt, won the toss and elected to bat first."—*Orpington Times*.

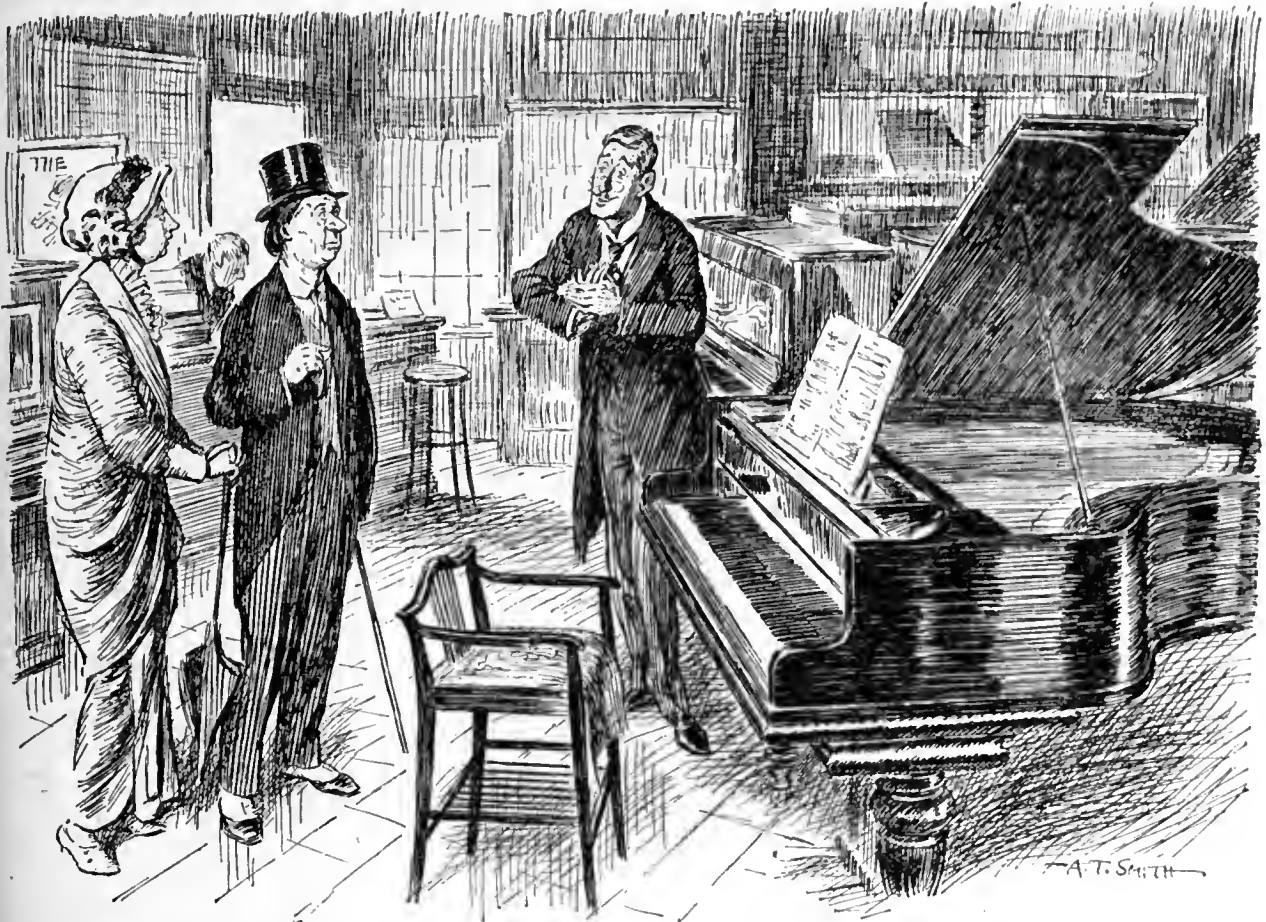
Sergeant Fawsitt. Heads it is. We'll go in.

Terrier Captain (*indignantly*). I distinctly heard you say tails. (*Left arguing*.)

"Altogether he obtained four 6's and nineteen 4's, and his only mistake was when 52 Humphreys missed him in the deep field."

Glasgow Herald.

The luncheon interval sometimes has this effect. Though it may have seemed like fifty-two HUMPHREYS to the reporter, it was actually only one.



Nervous Assistant (to purchaser of grand piano). "CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU?"

CHARIVARIA.

THE visit of British M.P.'s to Australia does not appear to be arousing a great deal of enthusiasm there. According to *Reuter's* despatch from Sydney, "The British parliamentary visitors were accorded a civil reception at Newcastle." We fancy they expected something more than this.

At the Russian Olympic meeting at Kieff the prize for the high jump was won by Mlle. POPOVA. With superb reticence we make no comment.

The POET LAUREATE is said to be writing a poem on the approaching royal wedding. The fact that "Fife" rhymes so easily with "wife" renders the task more simple than usual.

"Sir Herbert Tree," says *The Daily Sketch*, "is not what we would call a superstitious man. He has no maseot, for instance, like Mr. Cyril Maude." Possibly, however, he has one like a Teddy Bear?

Professor DICKSON, in an address

delivered at the meeting of the British Association, expressed the view that our food supply may only last for three centuries more. May we, in the circumstances, beg all little boys to be as sparing as possible in their diet?

Suffragettes damaged the bowling-green of the South Croydon Club last week by burning the words "Votes for Women" into the turf. The rumour that this has produced many converts among the members lacks confirmation.

The Durban correspondent of *The Standard* tells us that the performance of "ismet" by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE's company there has been causing trouble. It is obviously not O.K.

"A Householder" writes us a word in favour of the cinematograph. For the second time in his life, he says, he has had to carry a drunken and struggling cook out of his house. On the first occasion, which happened about ten years ago, a huge and excited crowd collected. Last week, however, the incident attracted little attention, passers-by merely imagining that a

cinematograph rehearsal of *L'Enlèvement d'Hélène* was taking place.

Garters with flap pockets have, we read, been invented by an American hosiery manufacturer to aid women in carrying jewellery or money. We understand that, so long as slit skirts are the vogue, pick-pockets will not lodge a protest against this new contrivance.

The Rev. BOYD MORISON, of Darlington, pleads for more comfort in churches, and suggests that the seating accommodation might be made more luxurious. Uncomfortable seats undoubtedly account for much of the insomnia from which many church-goers suffer during the sermon.

The Daily Express is taking the lead in the campaign against sensational head-lines. Consider, for instance, the following paragraph in a recent issue:—

"M. Coulon, who lives at Montlucon, wears a beard which is three yards thirty inches long."

Our contemporary heads this quite simply "Five foot beard."

THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

"We must really do something about the bath," said Celia.

"We must," I agreed.

At present what we do is this. Punctually at six-thirty or nine or whenever it is, Celia goes in to make herself clean and beautiful for the new day, while I amuse myself with a razor. After a quarter-of-an-hour or so she gives a whistle to imply that the bath-room is now vacant, and I give another one to indicate that I have only cut myself once. I then go hopefully in and find that the bath is half-full of water; whereupon I go back to my room and engage in Dr. HUGH DE SÉINCOURT'S physical exercises for the middle-aged. After these are over I take another look at the bath, discover that it is now three-eighths full, and return to my room and busy myself with Dr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL'S mental drill for busy men. By the time I have committed three Odes of HORACE to memory, it may be low tide or it may not; if not, I sit on the edge of the bath with the daily paper and read about the latest strike—my mind occupied equally with wondering when the water is going out and when the busmen are. And the thought that Celia is now in the dining-room eating more than her share of the toast does not console me in the least.

"Yes," I said, "it's absurd to go on like this. You had better see about it to-day, Celia."

"I don't think—I mean, I think—you know, it's really *your* turn to do something for the bath-room."

"What do you mean, *my* turn? Didn't I buy the glass shelves for it? You'd never even heard of glass shelves."

"Well, who put them up after they'd been lying about for a month?" said Celia. "I did."

"And who bumped his head against them the next day? I did."

"Yes, but that wasn't really a *useful* thing to do. It's your turn to be useful."

"Celia, this is mutiny. All household matters are supposed to be looked after by you. I do the brain-work; I earn the money; I cannot be bothered with these little domestic worries. I have said so before."

"I sort of thought you had."

You know, I am afraid that is true. We are, indeed, often having these little arguments as to whose turn it is to be useful. We had one about Jane's insurance card. Celia got it in the end, but only after I had been very firm about it.

"After all," she said, "the drinks are in your department."

"Hoek, perhaps," I said; "soapy water, no. There is a difference."

"Not very much," said Celia.

By the end of another week I was getting seriously alarmed. I began to fear that unless I watched it very carefully I should be improving myself too much.

"While the water was running out this morning," I said to Celia, as I started my breakfast just about lunch-time, "I got *Paradise Lost* off by heart and made five hundred and ninety-six revolutions with the back paws. And then I had to shave myself again. What a life for a busy man!"

"I don't know if you know that it's no—"

"Begin again," I said.

"—that it's no good waiting for the last inch or two to go out by itself. Because it won't. You have to—to *hoosh* it out."

"I do. And I sit on the taps looking like a full moon and try to draw it out. But it's no good. We had a neap tide to-day and I had to hoosh four inches. Jolly."

Celia gave a sigh of resignation.

"All right," she said, "I'll go to the plumber to-day."

"Not the plumber," I begged. "On the contrary. The plumber is the man who *stops* the leaks. What we really want is an unplumber."

We fell into silence again.

"But how silly we are!" cried Celia suddenly. "Of course!"

"What's the matter now?"

"The bath is the *landlord's* business! Write and tell him."

"But—but what shall I say?" Somehow I knew Celia would put it on to me.

"Why, just—*say*. When you're paying the rent, you know."

"I—I see."

I retired to the library and thought it out. I hate writing business letters. The result is a mixture of formality and chattiness which seems to me all wrong.

My first letter to the landlord went like this:—

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose cheque in payment of last quarter's rent. Our bath won't run out properly. Yours faithfully."

It is difficult to say just what is wrong with that letter, and yet it is obvious that something has happened to it. It isn't *right*. I tried again.

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find cheque in payment of enclosed account. I must ask you either to enlarge the exit to our bath or to supply an emergency door. At present my morning and evening baths are in serious danger of clashing. Yours faithfully."

My third attempt had more sting in it:—

"DEAR SIR,—Unless you do something to our bath I cannot send you a cheque in payment of enclosed account. Otherwise I would have. Yours faithfully."

At this point I whistled to Celia and laid the letters before her.

"You see what it is," I said. "I'm not quite getting the note."

"But you're so abrupt," she said. "You must remember that this is all coming quite as a surprise to him. You want to lead up to it more gradually."

"Ah, perhaps you're right. Let's try again."

I tried again, with this result—

"DEAR SIR,—In sending you a cheque in payment of last quarter's rent I feel I must tell you how comfortable we are here. The only inconvenience—and it is indeed a trifling one, dear Sir—which we have experienced is in connection with the bath-room. Elegantly appointed and spacious as this room is, commodious as we find the actual bath itself, yet we feel that in the matter of the waste-pipe the high standard of efficiency so discernible elsewhere is sadly lacking. Were I alone I should not complain; but unfortunately there are two of us; and, for the second one, the weariness of waiting while the waters of the first bath exude drop by drop is almost more than can be borne. I speak with knowledge, for it is I who—"

I tore the letter up and turned to Celia.

"I'm a fool," I said. "I've just thought of something which will save me all this rotten business every morning."

"I'm so glad. What is it?"

"Why, of course—in future I will go to the bath first."

And I do. It is a ridiculously simple solution, and I cannot think why it never occurred to me before.

A. A. M.

Entertaining made easy.

"AT AN EXTREMELY LOW FIGURE. SPLENDID FACILITIES FOR ENTERTAINING. One of the most entertaining Adam Mansions in the West End for Sale."
Advt. in "The Morning Post."

"In view of the surplus of £20,000 shown in the municipal accounts, the 2,000 citizens of Klingenberg, Germany, were not only absolved of all taxation for the year, but were each presented with £20 from the town treasury."—*Tit-Bits*.

The Town Clerk is now adding up the figures again. He has a sort of feeling that a mistake has been made, and that the treasury has been too hasty.



SAVING HER FACE.

TURKEY. "SORRY, MADAM, I COULDN'T OBLIGE YOU BY RETIRING."

EUROPA (with great dignity). "NOT AT ALL. YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT AT THE VERY START I STRONGLY INSISTED ON THE *STATUS QUO*."





THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

(After a day's sea-fishing.)

Mother. "I DON'T THINK WE WANT TO KEEP MORE THAN ONE OR TWO, CHILDREN?"

Tom. "HAVE THAT ONE, MUMMY—HAVE THAT ONE—HE STRUGGLED MOST."

IN SELF-DEFENCE.

GREAT VIOLINIST SPEAKS OUT.

(Special.)

THE prominence attached to a recent account of Signor CARUSO's activities as an agriculturalist has elicited a dignified and striking letter of protest from Mr. Boldero-Bamborough (formerly Bamberger), the famous violinist, who has recently incorporated his father-in-law's name with his own and slightly modified the latter by deed poll. "I see it stated," observes Mr. Boldero-Bamborough, "that CARUSO is the possessor of several large estates in Tuscany, including twenty farms at Bellosguardo; that he is building an art gallery in the eighteenth-century style to house his collection of statuary, and that another of his country houses is surrounded by sixteen farms, each containing a piano.

"The obvious inference to be drawn from this statement is that such prosperity is exceptional in a musician. This is nothing less than a slur upon the

noble profession to which I am proud to belong. Loath as I am to obtrude my personal affairs on the public—not only from my own ingrained aversion from advertisement but in view of the fastidious self-suppression of my wife, *née* Polyxena Boldero, and my father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L.—I have no choice but to make known the following facts:—

"My property includes an estate of 5,000 square miles in New Guinea, a rubber plantation in the Solomon Islands, a mine in Alaska, an elephant ranche in Central India, a deer forest in Sutherlandshire, a tobacco farm in Tipperary, and fifty farms in Norfolk. The management of the latter I keep under my own supervision, the produce including thousands of tons of tomatoes, turkeys, Bombay ducks, milk from the cocoa-nut plantations, broad beans from the Broads and many thousands of gallons of gooseberry wine. I think it only right to add that not only is there a cottage piano on every labourer's holding, but

that every cow-byre is fitted with a pianola and every pig-sty with a gramophone.

"At my residence, Bamborough Towers, near Thetford, there are three butlers, fourteen footmen, thirty-six best bedrooms, and twenty bathrooms.

"My silver swimming-bath measures ninety by fifteen yards.

"My press-cutting room, which is decorated with porphyry columns, with a ceiling painted by SIGISMUND GOETZE, is the largest in the world. My press-cutter is an M.A. and Litt.D.

"I feel it necessary to repeat, though it is most painful to me to do so, that my father-in-law is Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L., whose name is a household word in the most fashionable salons of Mayfair.

"It remains to be added that I am the only violinist of world-wide distinction who is the father of triplets (Orpheus, Beethoven and Paganini), and has been kidnapped by Nihilists, serenaded by Amazons and partially eaten by cannibals."

THE WINGED VICTORY.

THE question is, What becomes of the mosquito when you are hunting for him? (I say "he," although, of course, there are supporters of the theory that mosquitoes are Militants. But I know he is a he, and I know his name, too: it is, for obvious reasons, Macbeth.)

This is my procedure. I undress, then I put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and, lifting the mosquito curtains, I place the candle inside them on the bed. Then, with the closest scrutiny, I satisfy myself that there is no mosquito inside, as indeed Eleanor, the handmaid, had done some hours earlier, when she made the bed. "Niente, niente," she had assured me, as she always does. None the less, again I go carefully round it, examining the net for any faulty hanging which might let in an insect ascending with malice from the floor.

This being done, I creep through, blow out the candle and go to sleep.

I have slept perhaps an hour when a shrill bugle call, which I conceive in my dreams to be the Last Trump, awakens me, and as I awake I realise once again the melancholy fact that it is no Last Trump at all but that there is, as there always is, a mosquito inside the curtains.

Already he has probably bitten me in several places; at any cost he must be prevented from biting me again. I sit up and feel my face all over to discover if my beauty has been assailed; for that is the thing I most dread. (Without beauty what are we?) I lie quite still while I do this, straining to catch his horrid song

again; and suddenly there it is so near that I duck my head swiftly, nearly ricking my neck in doing so.

This confirming my worst fears, there is nothing for it now but to lift the curtains, slip out on to the cold stone floor, light the candle, and once again go through the futile but necessary movement of locating and expelling a mosquito.

That there will be none to expel, I knew.

None the less I crawl about and peer into every corner. I shake the clothes, I do everything that can be done short of stripping the curtains, which I am too sleepy to do. And then I blow out the candle for the second time and endeavour to fall asleep again.

But this time it is more difficult: Macbeth has performed his pet trick too thoroughly. At last, however, I drowse away, again to be galvanised suddenly into intense vigilance of dread by the bugle shrilling an inch from my ear.

And so once again I get up and once again the pest vanishes into nothing. . . .

The next time I don't care a soldo if he is there or not, I am so tired; and the rest of the night is passed in a half-sleep, in which real mosquitoes or imaginary mosquitoes equally do their

I examine him minutely and observe him to be alive, and the repugnant truth is forced upon me that he is not merely drunk but drunk with my blood. That purple tide is alcoholic; and his intemperance has been his ruin.

There is only one thing to be done. I have no paltry feelings of revenge; but his death is indicated. The future must be considered. And so I kill him. It is done with the greatest ease. He makes no resistance at all, but merely, while dying, salutes me with my own blood. It is odd to have it thus spread before one.

A good colour, I think, and get up, feeling no triumph.

Then, going to the glass, I discern a red lump on my aristocratic nose, hitherto my best feature. . . .

P.S.—There is no cure for mosquito bites, all the chemists of the world to the contrary. There is not even a lenitive.



OUR BARBER TAKES UP GARDENING.

worst, and I turn no hair. And then, some years later, the blessed day dawns and another Italian night of misery has passed; and, gradually recognising this bliss, I sit up in bed and begin to tear away at the fresh poison in my poor hands and wrists, which were like enough to a map of a volcanic island in the Pacific yesterday, but now are poignantly more so.

And suddenly, as I thus scratch, I am conscious of a motionless black speck on the curtain above me. . . .

It is—yes—no—yes—it is Macbeth.

I agitate the gauze, but he takes no notice; I approach my hand, a movement which in his saner moments he would fly from with the agility of electricity; he remains still. He is either dead or dazed.

THE CURTAIN-RAISER.

SIR,—The discussion raised by the recent substitution at a West End theatre of variety turns for the usual first piece is being briskly maintained. One writer in the Press claims that it should surely be possible for the dramatist to invent some means by which the interest of his play can be so divided as to be enjoyed by late arrivals, no matter at what period of the action they take it up. May I, as a writer of many one-act plays, respectfully put forward my proposed solution of this problem? On a system of equitable exchange it is frankly borrowed from the music halls. The essence of the idea is a time-table of the leading situations

in the curtain-raiser. Thus on reaching his stall all that the fashionably tardy spectator has to do is to consult his watch, refer to the corresponding time on the programme, and be at once *en rapport* with the dramatic position. What could be more simple? I call my proposal the "You Can Start Now" system, and am confident that it only needs to be tried to be generally adopted. An example is enclosed.

Yours, etc.,

PRACTICAL PLAYWRIGHT.

"HALF AN HOUR."

A Farce in One Act. Every evening at 8.15.

8.15.—Frank, a young dramatist, and Dora at home. They have no



REALISM.

Impressionable Visitor. "BY JOVE! THE GAS WORKS! NOW THAT REALLY IS TOP-HOLE!" "DO YOU KNOW, I'LL SWEAR I SMELT GAS AS I CAME IN!"

money. They therefore live in a dilapidated and inconvenient flat, built close against the footlights, and furnished with any old rubbish from the property-room.

8.18.—Frank explains to Dora that he has an enormously wealthy uncle who imagines him to be still a bachelor, and so cannot be applied to for aid.

8.20.—Frank goes out to offer his play to managers.

8.22.—Dora, alone, explains to the furniture how sorry she is that Frank's enormously wealthy uncle imagines him to be still a bachelor and so cannot be applied to for aid.

8.25.—She finds a paper saying that many burglaries have been perpetrated in the neighbourhood, and gives way to comic alarm. [N.B. There is a scream somewhere here which will tell you where you are.]

8.30.—Enter the enormously wealthy uncle, who asks for Frank, and takes Dora for a house-maid.

8.32.—Dora takes him for a burglar. [N.B. The uncle has white hair and spats, so if you arrive at this point you will not confuse him with Frank.]

8.35.—The uncle kisses Dora, whom he greatly admires.

8.38.—Dora shuts uncle in the coal-cellar. [The door on your left out of the drawing-room is the coal-cellar. The one on the other side leads to the street.]

8.40.—Dora is frightened again. The uncle bangs on the door (L.).

8.41.—Frank [brown hair, no spats] enters by the right-hand door, and says that his play would be produced if only some rich patron would provide the money.

8.42.—Dora is pathetic. There is no more banging, so you will know when she is being pathetic. She again laments the obduracy of the uncle.

8.43.—The uncle resumes banging. Frank is startled. Dora explains that it is a burglar.

8.44.—Frank lets out the uncle, who enters with his coat inside out (because of the coal) and his face black.

8.44½.—Explanations prestissimo.

8.45.—The uncle promises to finance Frank's play. Dora joins their hands. *Curtain.*

8.46.—[Perhaps.] The curtain may go up and down again. Should you arrive at this point, you will see three persons bowing. But you needn't bother about them.

PEACE.

WHEN the holidays are over,
And to Eastbourne, Westgate, Dover,
Mother's darlings by the trainful
(After partings rather painful)
Go to spend the autumn term in
Schools like "Cliff House" or "St.
Ermin"—

When no longer we're appealed to
(For our sins) to bowl or field to
Little boys who think we play so
Very rottenly, and say so—
When the shouts which for a while lent
Horror to our home are silent,
And we realise it's true that
There's no need to say, "Don't do
that"—

It is then that I confess you
Are a blessing, and I bless you,
Folkestone, Eastbourne, Westgate,
Dover!
Yes, the holidays are over.

THE AUTHORS' STRIKE.

THE action of the libraries in placing a modified ban on the circulation of certain novels has led to an unexpected development. Yesterday morning the leaders of the Authors' Union, after a sitting which had lasted all through the night, decided by an overwhelming majority to advise their members to down tools. The advice was instantly followed. At 10 A.M. Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY threw his inkstand, his penholders and three boxes of "J" nibs out of the window into the street below, where they were picked up and secreted by an admirer of the novelist. At the same hour Sir GILBERT PARKER publicly burnt his typewriting machines and dismissed his corps of typists, while Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, after having torn into twenty strips his relief map of the Five Towns, put on his fur coat, entered his motor-car, and set off to Hampstead to join a peaceful picket organised and commanded by Mr. W. B. MAXWELL. Similar scenes were witnessed in most of the novel-factories of the Metropolis and the adjoining suburbs. The female section of the Union has been very busily employed in arranging processions and embroidering banners. Some of these are of a most tasteful design. One bears the words, "No more Mud from Mudie," surrounded by a laurel wreath. Another is emblazoned with an excellent and terror-striking portrait of Mr. HALL CAINE set in the midst of a circle of realistic flashes of lightning. Below this is the appeal (red letters on a black ground), "Who would be Free must smash Class B."

The strike, it should be stated, is not primarily directed against the publishers, but it is difficult to see how these can remain neutral. Mr. JOHN MURRAY, interviewed by our representative, declared that he sympathised warmly with the Libraries. The strikers, in his opinion, have committed a serious mistake and must fail for lack of funds. None of his own men, he says, has so far shown any intention of ceasing work, and he believes himself to be in a position to guarantee a regular supply of all sorts of books during the autumn. On the other hand Mr. JOHN LANE, when interviewed in Vigo Street, expressed himself in severe terms in regard to the rash action of the Libraries. He ridiculed the idea that strike pay will not be forthcoming. Mr. LANE thought the public did not, perhaps, sufficiently appreciate the fact that there were two sexes in the world.

At 4 P.M. a mass meeting was held in Trafalgar Square, which was packed with a huge crowd of prosperous and well-fed strikers. On the outskirts a brisk business was done by the sellers of Mr. HALL CAINE's autograph, countless specimens of which found purchasers at the starvation price of a guinea apiece. After Mr. A. C. BENSON had been voted to the base of Nelson's column much enthusiasm was caused by the appearance of a contingent of sympathetic poets headed by Mr. JOHN MASFIELD, who brought with him in a covered van a newly-arrived consignment of briny oaths and a sailor's glossary in ten volumes. It was stated that Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, Mr. LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE and Mr. EZRA POUND had intended to be present, but a sudden attack of *afflatus*, a most distressing illness to which they are occasionally liable, had confined them to their homes. All three, however, sent a message expressing warm sympathy with the movement and pledging themselves to abstain from the publication of verse until the demands of the men were conceded. "We may not," they wrote, "be able to control the poetic impulse so far as to prevent ourselves from *thinking* in metre, but we shall certainly write nothing down." This declaration, when read to the meeting, was received with loud cries of "The battle's won" and "That finishes it."

When calm had been sufficiently restored Mr. A. C. BENSON, standing on a platform constructed entirely out of books written by himself, opened the proceedings. It was not for him, he said, to pass any harsh judgment even on the proprietors of circulating libraries. What they had done spoke for itself. A wrong had been committed, and, as the Bishop of Kamschatka once observed to him, wrong must be righted before anything valuable could be undertaken. He (the speaker) had not read the books complained of, but that very fact made it possible for him to take an impartial view. Moderation was all very well, but even those whose lives were a round of limpid tranquillity could join with others who were moved to action by a sense of intolerable oppression. He had much pleasure in proposing a resolution pledging those present to support the strike by a voluntary royalty of fifteen per cent. on the selling price of their books, thirteen to count as twelve, together with ten per cent. on American and Colonial sales.

At this point Mr. BERNARD SHAW drove up in a Roman chariot. He was closely guarded on one side by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, mounted on a Suffolk Punch, and on the other by Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, who rode a horse stated to have been purchased from a French battery of artillery. Mr. SHAW, having removed Mr. BENSON from the chair, proceeded to describe himself as a martyr, but was himself immediately flung from the platform by Mr. BELLOC, who danced on him, and Mr. CHESTERTON, who fell on him. Mr. BELLOC then attempted to propose a resolution condemning Judaism in politics, while Mr. CHESTERTON denounced the Insurance Act, and the meeting broke up in indescribable confusion.

Later.—It is reported that some of the publishers, acting in concert with the Libraries, have decided to import three hundred American novelists of both sexes in order to break the strike. Pickets have been sent to all the ports to persuade these blacklegs to return to their own country, and the worst is feared.

"AND THEN THERE WAS NONE."

"Only one case has come to our notice," says a daily paper, "of a subscriber who was satisfied with his telephone service."

I was that man, Sir, I was satisfied;
Alone in London, nay, alone in Britain,
I never growled about my 'phone, or sighed
("The office 'phone" I really should have written);
Dear heaven, how could there be the slightest hitch
While Claribel, my queen, was on the switch?

I got her every time in one, and then
What bliss was ours; what billing and what cooing!
In vain might uninitiated men
And maidens overhear our wire-borne wooing;
In sooth, it is not generally known
How kisses sound upon the telephone.

But late, upon a day of direst grief,
The darling rang me up and spake me sweetly;
The call was answered by my gouty chief—
Since when my love has cut me off completely:
Now, Sir, the "satisfied subscriber" groans
And vehemently swears at telephones!

Another Impending Apology.

"Mrs. Herbert Pullar, in blue, with a small black hat; Mrs. Mitchell, of Glassel, in black, with an ivory and blue hat; Mrs. Martin White, in a white suit and small black and white hat!"

The Queen.

Why this note of exclamation? A correspondent who saw the hat assures us that it was quite all right.

THE UNIVERSITY PROVIDER.

[Lady Boot's declaration that she is prepared to take fifty college girls as assistants in Boot's Stores is likely to lead to the general development of a superior type of shopwoman.]



"MY LITTLE BOY HAS A COLD IN HIS NOSE. I WANT——"

"CERTAINLY, MADAM. MISS SMYTHE, PRODUCE THE NASO-PHARYNGEAL PAROLEINE ATOMISER FOR SPRAYING OLEAGINOUS AND AQUEOUS SOLUTIONS."



"SO THAT FUR'S WHAT YOU CALL MINK? WELL, I CALL IT JUST MISERABLE COMMON CAT."

"AH, MADAM. DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM!"



"I WANT CORSETS SUITABLE FOR GOLF."

"THE VERY THING, MADAM. THEY ALLOW FREE PLAY OF THE PECTORALIS MAJOR AND THE LATISSIMUS DORSI AND DON'T INTERFERE WITH THE DIGITATIONS OF THE SERRATUS MAGNUS."



"BUT IS IT A REALLY GOOD HAIR-RESTORER?"

"WELL, MADAM, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT MY OLD COLLEGE FRIENDS, LADY DUMPSHIRE AND LADY DI SPIFFINGTON, ALWAYS USE IT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT BEAUTIFUL HAIR THEY HAVE. A BIG BOTTLE, MADAM? THANK YOU."



CASTE.

The Lady (on a cheap week-end visit). "WHERE'S YER MANNERS, BROWN—BLOWIN' ON YER TEA? ANYBODY MIGHT TAKE YER FOR A DAY-TRIPPER."

ON SIMON'S STACK.

HILL shepherds, hard north-country men,
Bring down the baa'ing blackface droves
To market or to shearing-pen
From the high places and the groves—
High places of the fox and gled,
Groves of the stone-pine on the scree,
Lone sanctuaries where we have said,
"The gods have been; the gods may be!"

'Mid conifer and fern and whin
I sat; the turf was warm and dry;
A sailing speck, the peregrine
Wheeled in the waste of azure sky;
The blue-grey clouds of pinewoods clung,
Their vanguard climbed the heathery steep;
A terrier with lolling tongue
Blinked in my shadow, half asleep.

The Legion's Way shone far beneath;
A javelin white as Adria's foam,
It gleamed across dark leagues of heath
To Rome, to everlasting Rome;

Likewise from Rome to Simon's Stack
(That's logical, at least), and so
It may have brought a Huntress back
On trails She followed long ago!

I watched my drifting smoke-wreaths rise,
And pictured Pagans plumed and tense
Who climbed the hill to sacrifice
To great Diana's excellence;
And—"Just the sort of church for me,"
I said, and heard a fir-cone fall;
The puppy bristled at my knee—
And that was absolutely all.

A queer thing is a clump of fir;
But, if it's old and on a hill,
Free to that ancient trafficker,
The wind, it's ten times queerer still;
Sometimes it's filled with bag-pipe skirls,
Anon with heathen whispering:
Just then it seemed alive with girls
Who laughed, and let a bowstring sing!

Yes, funny things your firwoods do:
They fill with elemental sounds;
Hence, one has fancied feet that flew
And the high whimpering of hounds;

"A wind from down the corrie's cup—
Only the wind," said I to Tramp;
He heard—stern down and hackles up,
I—with a forehead strangely damp.

* * * * *
Wind? or the Woodland Chastity
Passing, as once, upon Her way,
That left a little dog and me
Confounded in the light of day?
A rabbit hopped across the track;
The pup pursued with shrill ki-yi;
I asked him which, when he came back;
He couldn't tell—no more can I.

"Hitherto the record year for the four months from May to August has been 1911, but this summer 75,000 people in excess of that number landed on the island."
Liverpool Evening Express.

Making 76,911 altogether.

"STOLEN POST OFFICE SAFE."
Daily News.

We are glad that the missing post-office has been traced at last. We were really getting quite anxious.

"WANTED.—Good General Servant for Hampstead, London. Good home for willing girl with good charabanc."
Advt. in "Barmouth County Advertiser."
Useful during a 'bus strike.



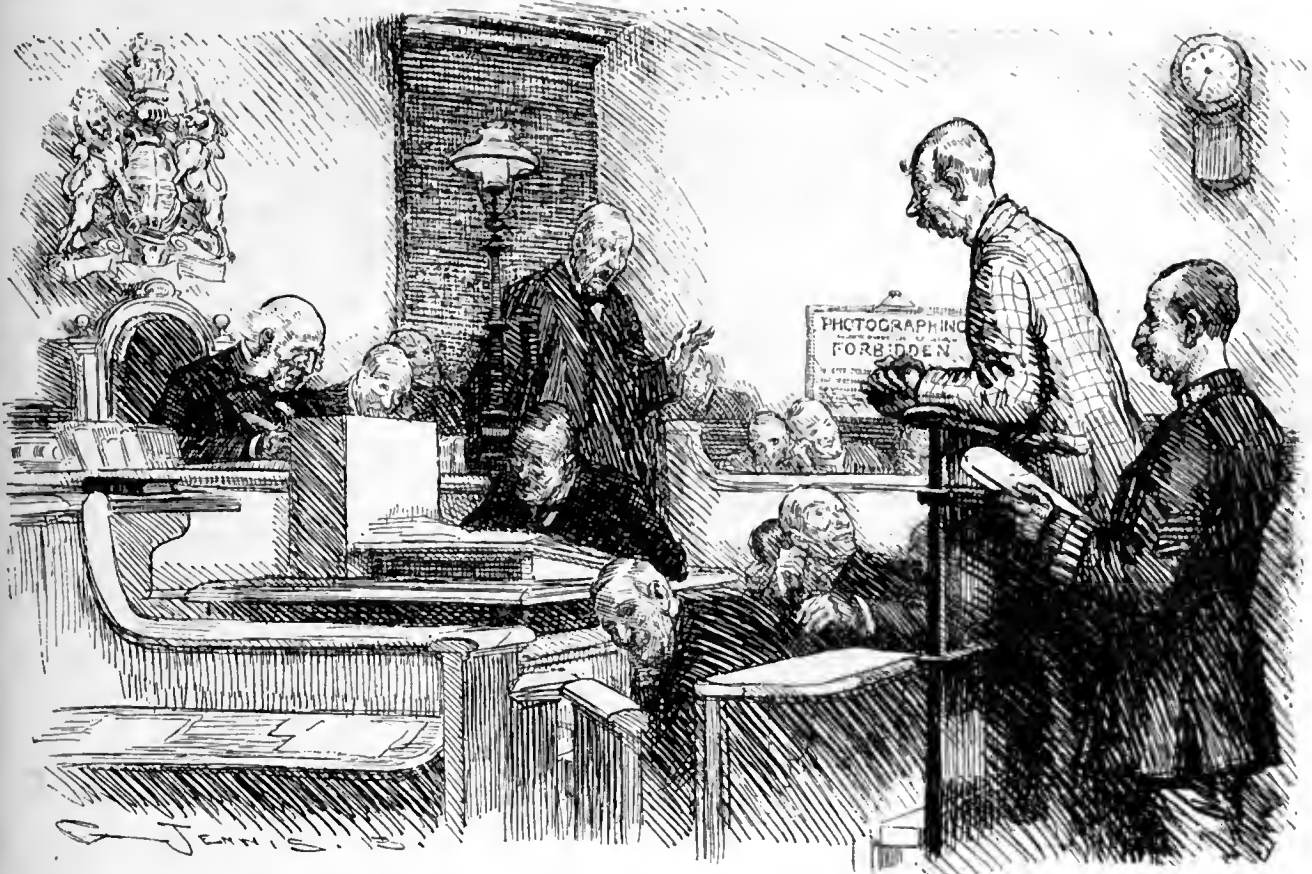
THE DAWN OF HARMONY.

MR. REDMOND (to Mr. Asquith). "I'LL DARE YE TO COMPROMISE!"

SIR EDWARD CARSON (to Mr. Bonar Law). "D'YE HEAR HWAT THE GENTLEMAN SAYS?
I'M WID HIM ENTIRELY."

LORD LOREBURN (cherub). "AH, HA! ALREADY THEY BEGIN TO AGREE."





Magistrate (to yokel visiting London and taken into custody for stealing bicycle). "I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO SEND YOU TO PRISON FOR SIX MONTHS."
 Yokel. "YER CAN'T."
 Magistrate. "HOW IS THAT?"
 Yokel. "AH'VE NOBBUT COOM FOR THREE DAYS."

A TEST CASE.

AT the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice DARLING and a Special Jury, George Duncan (thirty), who gave his address as Hanger Hill, Ealing, pled not guilty to the charge that, at Muckle Brigbrae, N.B., he had wickedly and feloniously broken a valuable record, the property of Alexander Sanders Elshioner Cattanaeh, commission agent in Glasgow. Owing to the exasperation of public sentiment in Muckle Brigbrae and adjacent parts of Scotland, it had been deemed expedient to remove this case to a calmer atmosphere, and Mr. Justice DARLING consented to preside, on receiving a hearty and unanimous requisition signed by the Press Association and other eminent news agencies. The Special Jury was composed of six minor golf professionals, and the amateur champions of the South-West of Ireland, Bohemia, East Rutlandshire, Buganda, Bessarabia and St. Kilda.

Mr. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., who prosecuted, had objected to JAMES BRAID, THOMAS BALL and JOHN HENRY

TAYLOR as jurors, on the ground that they had been accessories before, during, and after the alleged offence. They were accommodated in the well of the court, which was free from casual water. The court was crowded, and Mr. Justice DARLING explained at the outset that if anybody laughed before he, the learned Judge, came to the point of a joke it would be necessary to have it—the court, not the joke (loud laughter)—instantly cleared. Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., appeared for the accused. The Provost of Muckle Brigbrae held a watching brief for himself and the Publicity Committee of the Muckle Brigbrae Town Council.

Mr. Alexander Sanders Elshioner Cattanaeh said in evidence that he was the holder of the record which the accused had broken. He had acquired the record—a 72—six years ago, and with any ordinary luck it would have been a 70, two full brassie shots having stopped on the lip of the hole. Though he did not know the accused personally, he believed that Duncan had a grudge against him, for two years ago he had attempted to break complainer's record, but had failed to get under 72. Now

Duncan had gone back to Muckle Brigbrae, and by going round in 67 had broken complainer's record and made it of absolutely no value as a family heirloom, and totally useless to complainer as an asset in the commission business. As a consequence of Duncan's conduct witness's orders had already fallen 35 per cent., and he was now seeing managing-clerks instead of principals. He would lose by Duncan's conduct socially as well as in his business. He had been known among his friends as Brigbrae Cattanaeh, but they used that name now in a jeering way. Men who used to take a third from him now wanted to play him level. This was a serious matter for any business man in the West of Scotland.

Mr. F. E. SMITH (to witness). You say you made this record six years ago. Had you any witnesses?—Of course. It was a three-ball match.

Mr. Justice DARLING. Played chiefly by pawnbrokers, Mr. SMITH. (Laughter.)

Mr. SMITH. Thank you, m' lud. So I have heard. Now, Mr. Cattanaeh, who were the other players?—My brother and the assistant green-keeper. I was playing their best ball.

Mr. SMITH. Never mind about their best ball. It is your ball I want to know about. This appears to have been a Family Record.

Mr. Justice DARLING. That sounds like a domestic magazine of an improving character. (Laughter.)

Mr. SMITH. Very good, m' lud. (To witness) Do you admit that this was a Family Record?—It was our Family Record until the accused broke it.

Mr. SMITH. Don't quibble with me, Sir. You say that the witnesses of this athletic triumph were your brother and an assistant green-keeper. Did you tip the green-keeper?

Mr. MARSHALL HALL. M' lud, I have never heard so foul an insinuation made in a Court of Justice in the whole course of my professional experience.

Mr. Justice DARLING. Then you have been much more fortunate than I. (Laughter.)

Mr. SMITH. I ask you again, Mr. Cattanaach. Did you tip this assistant green-keeper?—Yes.

Mr. SMITH. How much?—A shilling. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. SMITH. Was that before or after this alleged record?—After.

Mr. SMITH. To purchase his silence, I suppose?—No.

Mr. SMITH. Did you holo out on every green?—Yes, on every green.

Mr. SMITH. You never lifted your ball?—Oh, yes. Twice.

Mr. SMITH. Oh, you lifted your ball twice, did you? Why was that?—Because I had laid my brother a stymie.

Mr. Justice DARLING. What is a stymie?

Mr. SMITH. A stymie, m' lud, is the fortuitous juxtaposition of two balls on the putting green, so that the one nearer the hole is in line with and obstructs the path of the ball further from the hole, it being essential to the emergence of the condition of stymiefaction that the balls should lie more than six inches from each other, measured from the nearest protrusion or depression on the circumference of each ball.

[At this point JAMES BRAID fainted and had to be carried out of court by THOMAS BALL and JOHN HENRY TAYLOR, who both used the interlocking grip.]

Mr. SMITH. I submit, m' lud, that there is no case to go to the jury. The alleged Cattanaach record, upon which the charge against my client depends, itself depends upon evidence that is partly fraternal and partly venal and altogether untrustworthy.

The Provost of Muckle Brigbrae (speaking under strong emotion). And I submit, my lord, that Mr. SMITH disna ken whit he's talkin' about. This record has stood for sax year. It has been of the greatest public uteelity to Muckle Brigbrae. It has broecht hunderds of golfers doon every simmer to see if they couldna gang round in seeventy-wan. An they've aye come back, wi' their wives an' faimlies, to hao anither lick at it. An' noo this lad Duncan has come breengin' in wi' his saxty-seven—fair ruination to the hoose-lettin' for next season.

[At this point some commotion was caused by the return to court of JOHN HENRY TAYLOR and THOMAS BALL, accompanied by ALEXANDER HERD. During a whispered consultation, in which counsel and the



"WOT I SEZ IS, A MAN CAN DRINK AS MUCH AS 'E LIKES SO LONG AS 'E DON'T HINTERFERE WITH ME; BUT AS SOON AS 'E HINTERFERES WITH ME 'E'S A NOOSANCE TO SOCIETY."

accused joined them, the Provost of Muck'e Brigbrae, producing a copy of "Funny Cuts" from his umbrella, was immediately invited to take a seat on the Bench, and at once consented to do so.

Mr. MARSHALL HALL. M' lud, I am pleased to say that the prisoner has consented, on the advice of his professional friends, to plead guilty to an error of judgment, and in these circumstances, and in view of the undertaking which I have obtained from himself and his friends, the Crown will not press for a conviction. (Loud applause.) I may say that I welcome this conclusion to proceedings which have been conducted, so far as the defence is concerned, with the scrupulous fairness and moderation in statement which are so characteristic of my friend.

Mr. SMITH. I have to thank my friend for sentiments which I heartily reciprocate. My client is willing to admit that in going round the course of Muckle Brigbrae in 67 strokes he

had no intention of treating Mr. Cattanaach's record, a highly creditable one, so roughly as to cause a compound fracture.

Mr. Justice DARLING. He meant to break it gently.

Mr. SMITH. Quite so, m' lud. He meant to go round in 70 or 71, as his professional friends did. But in his own words, "The ball would not keep out of the hole." My client had no animus whatever against Mr. Cattanaach or the Town Council of Muckle Brigbrae. Ho is willing to give an undertaking, and so are his professional friends, that in playing exhibition games they will in future refrain from knocking more than two strokes off the local amateur record, except in cases where they may obtain the previous consent in writing of the record-holder and the

local authority to reduce the record by more than that number. I trust that this settlement will be approved by your lordship, and also by the Provost of Muckle Brigbrae.

The Provost. Weel, aweel, the mischief is done noo. We'll jist need to tryst an extry baund o' peeryotts for next simmer.

Mr. Justice DARLING (to the jury). As nothing humorous occurs to me at the moment, I suggest a formal acquittal, gentlemen.

The Foreman. Yes, my lord. And the jury desire to add a rider in the form of a recommendation that Mr. Duncan and his professional brethren should abstain from playing at all on the championship courses of South-West Ireland, Bohemia, East Rutlandshire, Buganda, Bessarabia and St. Kilda.

Mr. Justice DARLING. I shall forward this recommendation to the proper quarter. The accused is discharged.

[The prisoner was warmly congratulated on stepping down from the dock. Outside the court some excitement was aroused by the eccentric behaviour of an Aberdonian gentleman, who grasped his young fellow-townsmen by the arm, and invited him to tea at an A.B.C. shop, explaining, in a burst of generosity, "You'll can tak' twa cups, George, an it'll no cost you a single lawbee."]

"Now in a dispute of the kind which is threatened there are three parties to be considered, the employers, the men, and the public, and the last is certainly not entitled to the least consideration."—Evening News.

It certainly seildom gets it.

AN APPRECIATION.

I got a good idea to-day,
A hint that stuck and grew,
The very thing for verse, you'd say—
Bright, topical, and new.

And, as I wrote, my jest maintained
A fine *crescendo* swell,
Until, the *grand finale* gained,
It wound up rather well.

Then to a neighbouring typist-maid,
Well pleased I took my lay,
And, being in a hurry, stayed
To bring the lines away.

And she my precious bantling bore
Where other maidens wrought,
And, through the half-closed inner door,
I watched her; till I thought—

"This must be quite a change for her
Whom dull MSS. irk,
Not often thus can wit confer
Such glamour on her work."

And so I stood, and looked to see
How, in this pleasant case,
My sparkling points should presently
Irradiate her face.

But not so; even when she came
Where they most brightly shone,
Just near the end, 'twas all the same—
Stolid she hammered on.

"Ah, wait," I thought, "that last line
read,
She'll loose her pent delight;"
But up she jumped, and all she said
Was, "Wish he'd learn to write!"

SHOULD SHE HAVE DONE IT?

It is possible that the question whether *Leonora*, the heroine of one of Sir JAMES BARRIE'S new plays, should have murdered the man who insisted on the railway carriage window being kept open, will be a topic for discussion for some time to come. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is emphatically of opinion that some other and less serious crime should have been committed, the capital charge being hardly suitable for comic treatment. And it is certainly the case that, had *Leonora* committed larceny or forgery, or even blackmail, instead of murder, there might have been a happier laughter inspired by the play.

At the same time, for another person to keep a railway carriage window open when one wants it closed is a serious offence and merits a severe punishment. It is only equalled by that of a person who closes the window when one particularly wants it open.

On the other hand a correspondent writes: "*Leonora* did a great wrong. This expression of affection for her



Editor. "DID YOU SAY YOU EVOLVED THIS JOKE YOURSELF?" Artist. "I DID, SIR."
Editor. "H'M, AND YET YOU DON'T LOOK MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS OF AGE."

little daughter, who was suffering from a severe cold, was an unhappy error. I have it on the authority of the medical press that for a cold, especially bronchial catarrh, fresh air is the only adequate specific. I do not know whether Sir JAMES BARRIE makes it clear that the child was suffering from bronchial catarrh, but, unless he definitely states that it was another kind of cold, I think that we may assume that the malady took that form. When the little girl got home she would have found that the open window had greatly benefited her. It was a pity, therefore, that *Leonora* pushed her child's would-be benefactor on to the line."

Another correspondent, whose views are different, writes: "Every morning I have the misfortune to travel to town with a man whose obstinacy causes me to suffer tortures from draught. I

support *Leonora* heartily in her action. My only criticism is that a better victim might have been found."

A third writes: "But was it murder? The man wanted fresh air, and to that end he kept the window open. *Leonora*, being an intelligent woman (the author, I think, makes that fairly clear), argued that he would have still more fresh air if the door also were open, and for his good she opened the door. A little further contemplation (it was but the work of a moment) caused her to conclude that the lover of fresh air would find more outside the door than in the carriage. She, therefore, acted for his good."

"Mr. Frank Haskings, of Bathelton, was reserved in a young bull class at Dunster Show on Friday."—*Wellington Weekly News*.

No doubt the strange company made him shy.

"A ROGUE IN GRAIN."

I stood for some time outside the dealer's shop, displaying an altogether fictitious interest in its altogether fictitious antiques. At intervals of five minutes I swallowed a dose of tonic in tabloid form. Finally I pulled myself together and went in.

"I have come," I said to the proprietor, "about that chair which I bought."

If I had any romantic notion that he would behave like Macbeth at the sight of Banquo's ghost, I was promptly brought back to earth.

"That *Chippendale* chair," he amended briskly. "Yes, Sir. You sent it back. I have it in the yard if you want to look at it again."

I didn't ever want to look at it again. The thing was a fake. An expert had told me so. . . . But I wanted its former owner to be confronted with it, so I followed him into the yard, hating him immensely. He had what he himself might have described as a bow front and baroque features. Also, I knew that he knew that he knew far more about antiques than I did.

But I had been told quite positively that the chair was a fake. . . .

He looked at it tenderly.

"As nice a article o' furniture as any gentleman could wish to 'ave in his library," he apostrophized it.

I produced his invoice.

"Genuine eighteenth-century Chippendale arm-chair," I read tentatively.

"Certainly, Sir."

"I propose one of two amendments. Either 'genuine twentieth-century Chippendale chair,' or 'imaginary eighteenth-century chair with Chippendale and other features.'"

I had prepared this speech beforehand, together with the cold, acid tone which should have accompanied it. Which *should* have accompanied it. . . .

"In other words," said the dealer, with a deliberate straightforwardness, "—let us be plain about it, Sir, if you please—you mean that I've set my 'and to that invoice, thereby perpetuating a fraud?"

"Oh—er—I didn't mean that," I protested. "A—a mistake, perhaps." Dash it all! If it was I who was making the mistake, my attitude was an awkward one to get out of. I oughtn't to have condemned him unheard.

"A mistake!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Me! But I see what it is. You've been got at by one of these 'ere 'experts,' 'aven't you, Sir?"

"Well—er—a friend of mine," I said. "He knows quite a lot about antiques. At least . . ."

"I know, I know! These 'ere amacher experts! Come now, sir, what did 'e tell you was wrong with this piece? Before I alter the invoice I 'ope you'll substantiate your statements asperative to its authenticity. Under English law even a antique's innocent until proved guilty."

He was rallying me in a humorous, indulgent sort of way, and I felt an awful worm. But I had to say something.

"The point is," I began, "Chippendale never made a chair like that—er—did he?"

"Perhaps not *another* like that, Sir," said the dealer gravely. "Of course, that chair's a rarity—and charged for according, I admit."

There was no doubt the man was honest, or he'd never have said a thing like that.

"I see," I said. "I see . . . The fact is," I continued, by way of candid apology, "I thought—I mean I was told—it oughtn't to have an Adam vase in the back splat."

"No, it oughtn't!" agreed the dealer ecstatically. "By all the accepted ideas, it oughtn't! I tell you, that chair *proves* something. It *proves*," he continued enthusiastically, "that Adam got his inspiration not direct from the classic furniture periods, but *via* Chippendale. That chair's what I call a missing link. It'll come to be talked about."

"By Jove! will it really?" I cried. "Well, what about the Gothic work on the rest of the back? And the Chinese legs?"

These had been other counts in the expert's indictment. But I made it clear that I was only asking for information, I was perfectly satisfied.

"Both Chippendale features," said the dealer gravely.

"But—er—in the same chair?" I queried.

"It looks like it, don't it? I don't care for it myself—seems a mixture of styles to my mind—but you can't blame me for what Chippendale chose to do. *He* was a master cabinet-maker; I'm only a dealer."

"Of course!" I agreed. "I suppose it's the same with the feet. They're Louis Quinze, aren't they?"

"Now I ask you, Sir," he demanded, "did Louis Quinze come before Chippendale or after?"

I was unable to tell him, and anyway there was no need. It was perfectly obvious that in either case one of them had drawn his inspiration from the other. And the more incongruous the decoration seemed—by all the accepted ideas—of course the rarer it made the chair.

"Er—you'll send it back to-morrow then?" was all I said.

"Very good," he replied with dignity, and we returned to the shop.

Then he was so ill-advised—for it was what I dreaded, feeling that I deserved it—as to begin a sermon.

"'Aving, I 'ope, convinced you of my *bonâ fide*," he began, "I don't deny that I feel 'urt by your suspicions. Of course there *are* dishonest dealers, just as there's dishonest gentlemen. If I'd been one of them, I don't deny that there's other features about that chair, over and above what you noticed, that might 'ave give rise to doubt. I don't mind pointing them out. The lack of freedom in the curves, for instance—the modern look about the fretwork—the state of preservation."

Wasn't he carrying his candour rather beyond the bounds of reason?

"As a matter of fact the lack of freedom in the curves is a most useful index in determining the date of the article. It shows that this chair was manufactured while Chippendale was in mourning for the death of his partner, 'Aig. I'm sorry about the fretwork. I touched it up here and there myself, because it *was* a bit dilapidated. I wouldn't have done it if I'd known my word was going to be doubted. I bought the chair off an old lady that 'ad just discovered it in an old cupboard in the panelling of 'er 'ouse. That's why it's preserved so well and kept its polish. She found Chippendale's original bill for it, too, and I wish more than ever now that she 'adn't burned it."

I had been convinced, perfectly convinced. But now . . . in the persistence of his endeavour to climb the very topmost pinnacle of virtue, I felt that he was toppling. . . toppling. . .

"I see you 'ave nothing to say," he resumed. "I know I've no remedy against these aspersions which 'ave been made. I'm only a dealer. But speaking to you as a gentleman, Sir, in a way which I 'ope you will understand, I make bold to say that your way of doing business is Not Cricket, Sir—Not Cricket!"

It was too much. On the instant he tumbled into the abyss of discredit. Again I pulled myself together, telling myself that I was an Englishman, whose sires had fought at Lewes, knowing that it was but for an instant, remembering that the door was close at hand.

"You needn't send the chair," I said quickly. "For, speaking to you in a way which I hope you will understand, I can only say that your way of doing business is Not Chippendale. I grasped the handle of the door "Not Chippendale, Sir!"



Perfect Ass (to coster). "EXCUSE MY ASKING, BUT WHEN YOU MEET A LADY FRIEND HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO RAISE YOUR HAT? OR DO YOU SIMPLY BOW?"

ENGLAND ON THE UP-GRADE.

It is truly gratifying to learn that something can already be written off the tale of national disaster recently recited by the Duke of WESTMINSTER. A great many championships, it is true, have still to be regained, but newspaper reports during the past week show that a splendid beginning has already been made. Not only has a new world's record for the 100 yards (Admirals) been set up, but a number of other competitions held at various centres afford convincing evidence that the charge of national decadence is to say the least premature.

At Tunbridge Wells last Friday the annual sports of the British Bathchairmen was held with resounding success. The great event of the day was the three-mile bath-chair slow race with octogenarian patients, in which regard it had not only for the time occupied but the comfort of the persons propelled. After an exciting race the prize was awarded to Jonah Gawmer, of Ryde,

who completed the distance in 3 hours 27 minutes 33½ secs. without a single jolt. We understand that the Amalgamated Society of British Bathchairmen have forwarded an application to the Olympic Committee for a grant of £10,000.

The inter-county meeting of the National Wasp-Shooting Association passed off with great *éclat* at Yealmpton last Wednesday. The shield, presented by the Worshipful Company of Beekeepers, was won by the Devonshire team, who used the new cyanide of potassium pop-gun with deadly effect. The Olympic Fund Committee have unanimously decided to award a grant of £15,000 to the N.W.S.A.

The annual meeting of Merry-ground proprietors took place at Clacton-on-Sea on Saturday. The competition for the most sonorous steam-organ was won by Messrs. Bolsover and Gedge, of Hull, whose organ, fitted with a Parsons auxetophone, was distinctly audible at Bishop's Stortford, Lowestoft and Beccles, while Messrs. Malling and

Vamper's organ, driven by a French Gnome engine and fitted with a German saxophone, failed to carry further than Frinton and Thorpe-le-Soken. The endurance prize for passengers was carried off by Albert Snodland, of Turnham Green, who completed 7,300 revolutions before being removed in an ambulance to the Cottage Hospital. A special grant of £500 has been made to Mr. Snodland to enable him to continue his training.

"A daring robbery was discovered at the Bolton Art Gallery yesterday morning, a picture by H. Verman, entitled 'The Old Cellist,' having been cut from its frame and taken away. A second picture, 'The Evening Drink,' by Sidney Cooper, was found in a cellar."—*Daily Mirror*.

We should have expected to find the old 'cellist next to it.

"The island had dwindled to a mere perch for sea birds 200 yards long by perhaps 50 broad."

Mr. Basil Thomson in "The Times." This perch is one of those rods, poles or perches, apparently, of which they told us in our youth.

AT THE PLAY.

"INTERLOPERS."

If a young author wants something on which to flesh his satire-tooth he could hardly choose a safer subject than Eugenics. The public is not likely to have its most sacred feelings lacerated by ridicule of this latest religion. On the other hand, he must not expect that the fun to be got out of it is going to be uproarious. Indeed, the picture of *Jack Chisholm* protesting against his wife's absorption in the two healthy children he had given her, and her neglect of all further interest in him as lover and comrade, was quite a serious one. For he was bound to seek consolation in the love of some other woman whose "life he could fill"—a much more vital thing, in his eyes, than the mere begetting of sound children.

And it is with just such a companion that we (and his wife) find him in the Second Act against a background of Italian lake. The discovery—rather crudely constructed—is irksome to him, for he has an incurable taint of conjugality. Returning to London, he is made to confront his wife in full family conclave—a scene that recalled Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON'S *Hindle Wakes*, but with a change of *milieu* that made it hopelessly improbable. Here, in an eloquent tirade addressed to the secretary of a Eugenic society, a lady-friend of his wife's, he declares himself sick of all this enthusiasm for the younger generation and the future prospects of the race. What had posterity done to deserve his consideration? A civilised woman had higher duties to her husband and to society than the bringing of bouncing offspring into the world. If that was the sole end of her existence she might just as well—and even better—be a savage or a cow. He declines to return to his home, and settles in a bachelor's flat, keeping up his *liaison* with discretion.

But the atmosphere of London differs from that of an Italian lake and does not encourage irregularity in the life of a candidate for political honours. *Chisholm* lacks, too, the Bohemian spirit and a natural gift for impropriety. His mistress—*une vraie amoureuse*, who can easily replace him at a pinch—recognises that he still hankers after domestic felicity, and so, in the course of the usual interview between the two women, she surrenders him to his wife.

Unfortunately the interest of all this was largely academic. The author's theories might intrigue us, but not the personality of his puppets. I, for one, found so little attraction in the wife—and, of course I was not meant to find much—that I entertained no concern whatever about the issue.

Indeed there was only one brief interlude in which I felt that I was looking at life and not at the dramatisation of an idea. This was when Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN introduced a delightful breath of reality into the very minor part of a Scotch election-agent who mistook the candidate's mistress for his wife.

The practical methods of Mr. NORMAN



A JOCUND LOVER.

Jack Chisholm (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR) to *Iris Mahoney* (Miss MIRIAM LEWES). "I haven't felt as happy as this for years!"

TREVOR were well suited by the rather unromantic part of the husband. When a man has to explain to his mistress why he doesn't want to return home, and is made to express himself in these ponderous terms: "I shall have the daily irritation of living in an alien atmosphere," I would just as soon hear Mr. TREVOR say it as anybody else.

To those who recalled Mr. DENNIS EADIE'S performances in Mr. GALSWORTHY'S *Justice* and other strenuous plays, it was something of a shock to find him, as the wife's brother, in the rôle of a casual cynic, saying smart things with here and there a word of worldly wisdom. Indeed at first he seemed a little contemptuous of his part and had an air of insincerity; but this wore off and one grew to believe in him.

Miss MIRIAM LEWES, in the part of *Chisholm's* lover, showed strong natural gifts of gesture. She has learned

something, I think, from Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, but also, I fear, from lesser models. She might be a great actress if she could keep away from the stage.

Miss WEEDEN as *Mary*, had an uncongenial part, but that did not excuse her staccato manner. Of the rest, Miss GWYNNE HERBERT, as *Margaret Chisholm's* mother, was adorable, and Mr. MALLESON gave a clever little sketch of a eupeptic crank.

I hinted that the fun to be got out of a satire on Eugenics was not likely to be uproarious. Yet the subject clearly lends itself to a certain salacity; and the suggestiveness of the dialogue in the Third Act, where the wife's sister, a brazen flapper on the eve of marriage (played with great gusto by Miss RISON), discusses the relations of married people, vastly tickled the pit.

On the whole I should like to compliment Mr. HARWOOD on what I understand to be his first production. If his work improves as his play improved in the course of its progress, his success should be assured; for he has many wise and happy thoughts in his head, if he can only find the right excuse for their utterance.

"THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY."

I have just assisted at a most delightful Cinematograph Exhibition of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S popular drama. As a play of action (pugilistic) it is, of course, admirably suited to the new art which the London Film Company have brought almost to perfection. To those—and in moments of bitterness I have been of their company—

who contend that the ideal play would be one in which the actors were not permitted to speak, this show should be a pure joy. Never was better acting done by Mr. BEN WEBSTER, Mr. CHARLES MAUDE and the rest of the cast, excellent right down to the tip of its tail. For with no words to say they had to rely on gesture and facial expression—the true tests of the actor—and these they employed with the most commendable economy. O. S.

"There was a large attendance at the Holloway Institute, Stroud, on Tuesday evening, when Mr. H. Page Croft, M.P., gave an address under the auspices of the Imperial Mission. . . .

The Chairman referred to the objects and work of the Imperial Mission, and extended a cordial to Mr. Croft."—*Gloucestershire Echo*. He should have waited till after the speech, when it might have been wanted.



Collector. "H'M—FAIRLY GOOD SPECIMEN. I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY POUNDS FOR IT."

Curio Dealer, "No, Sir. I'VE JUST SOLD THAT FOR A HUNDRED GUINEAS."

Collector. "A HUNDRED—! GOOD HEAVENS, YOU'VE BEEN SWINDLED. IT'S WORTH TWICE AS MUCH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I THINK I should like *Thorley Weir* (SMITH, ELDER), if for no other reason, for the unique personality of its villain. As a matter of fact there are several other reasons, but *Craddock* remains the greatest. I question if Mr. E. F. BENSON has ever done better character-drawing than this of the mean-souled, middle-aged egoist. The delightful thing about him is that even at his wickedest he is never wholly free from some quite human lapses into nice feeling. He is in short a real person and not a malevolent machine, as are so many of the naughty in fiction. I can't tell you all of what he does, because that would be to give away the whole interest of a somewhat slender plot. But his occupation in life, and the main source of his comfortable income, was speculating in genius. You take me? If there were new men with plays or pictures going unrecognised, *Craddock* would encourage them by taking an option on their future output at a figure that his business acumen told him would become exceedingly cheap. Amongst others for whom he did this was the painter, *Charles Lathom*, who was so grateful and lovable that, even while he swindled and slandered him, *Craddock* could not help a secret admiration for the boy. Another of *Craddock's* speculations was *Frank Armstrong*, the dramatist, whose fortune he made, and who wasn't in the least bit grateful, but detested him for it in a manner that was cordially returned. Perhaps you don't yet see where the villainy comes in? For that you must read the story itself; you will find it

a simple tale of well-observed characters in a delightful riverside setting. And, if you also find, as I did, that your sympathies are not wholly on the side of wronged virtue, that will not perhaps lessen your enjoyment.

In the detective story the author's business is to make mystery and yours to unravel it if you can. You are being played with; but you know that it is a game of hide-and-seek in which you are invited to join. In *The Devil's Garden* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. W. B. MAXWELL plays by himself; he has a secret and keeps it for over two hundred pages, and it is only when he shocks you by the sudden exposure of it that you become aware that there ever was a secret at all. You were given to understand that a certain man had died by accident, whereas he had really been murdered; but the murderer had found sufficient trouble in the infidelity of his wife (palliated after the murder which avenged it) to account for most of his subsequent heart-burnings and eccentricities of conduct; and so the reader harbours no suspicion. Now I should not complain of Mr. MAXWELL's having his fun to himself—the prospect of making the reader jump with surprise; the joy of indefinitely delaying that surprise. But I do complain that in the meantime he should not have provided us with a little more entertainment to go on with, since we could have no share in his own sport, aloof and Olympian. For, to be candid, there are in the centre of the book vast tracts of dull country; trivialities that seem to contribute nothing of any purpose; chapter after chapter that begin with an ominous air of promise and lead you nowhere. The

excellent animation of the opening pages may have made me too sanguine of adventure; anyhow, I had to be content with a very masterly analysis of character, for nothing further happens till the very end. There is, it is true, a most dramatic account of the process of the murder and the paralysing terror that followed; but this is all merely retrospective. The author could not at the same time have the fun of keeping his murder a secret for years and years and also the satisfaction of thrilling us with suspense over the immediate action of it.

Mr. MAXWELL does not trouble himself much about his style, which is simple and inornate; he relies upon an unflinching realism, and seeks to create an atmosphere by insistence on details whose cumulative effect is more recognisable than the method of their selection. *The Devil's Garden* is a book to be read twice; once for the surprise and once for appreciation of the author's irony and his clever handling of circumstances now first seen in their true significance. And if this review is bound to spoil your surprise, well, you can omit the first reading and go straight on to the second.

Priscilla, the heroine of Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK'S new novel, *Below Stairs* (METHUEN), is a delightful person, and it is pleasant to me to think that there are *Priscillas* to be found in almost every household; it is also aggravating to me to consider the number of *Priscillas* whom, in the past, I have stupidly omitted to observe. It is to be hoped that every head of every house in this country will read this book and that then it will be passed on to every cook and then to every housemaid. *Priscilla's* adventures are not, for the most part, at all highly coloured (I am not sure about the German governess and the gentleman cook), and if anyone has ever considered that an explorer in the heart of Africa has less horrible adventures than a small ordinary scullery-maid he will, after his perusal of this book, be once and for ever undeceived. There is one picture, drawn for me by Mrs. SIDGWICK, that I shall never forget—*Priscilla* sitting, on a Sunday evening, terrified in a grim kitchen that swarms with black-beetles, knowing that there is no one in the wide world who desires her presence, expecting to hear anon the sounds of her drunken mistress's return: that chapter is a fine piece of realistic writing, and it is as dramatic as it is truthful. Especially admirable is the manner in which Mrs. SIDGWICK enables her heroine to experience every variety of service without straining coincidence or appearing hasty in her development of the story. Finally, one is left with the overwhelming conviction that Mrs. SIDGWICK'S own servants must have the most delightful time. I hope that *Priscilla* realises her good fortune.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has apparently been consorting with the Pirate Captain in *Peter Pan*. In her new historical romance, *The Governor of England* (METHUEN), she splits her infinitives in the most merciless fashion. "To carefully thread them," "to any longer regard him,"

"to so limit the King's authority," "to always put him," "to slowly continue their walk," "to very plainly urge," and "to now and then make some remarks," are the specimens that I have culled from its pages, and there may be others, though I think not, for I have read it with the care that it deserves. Apart from these instances of her feminine defiance of modern convention, her book is singularly free from blemishes. In writing the story of CROMWELL and CHARLES I. it would be very easy to adopt a partisan spirit. That danger she has successfully avoided. The failings and virtues of the two characters are plainly and fairly stated, without any tendency to over-much blame or praise. Another striking feature of her story is that, as far as I can see, every single character in it is historical; there is thus none of the contrast between real and imaginary persons which so often jars in books of this kind. Conversations and thoughts she has, of course, invented, but so skilfully and with such fine taste and such enlivening touches of sound, colour, movement, atmosphere, weather and even smell, that they always seem to be the real thing. I congratulate Miss BOWEN on having made a human and original story out of material so well-worn. At the same time I venture to very plainly urge her to now and then refrain from maltreating innocent little parts of speech.



UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.
ALFRED THE GREAT PRESENTS HIS MASTER OF THE BEDCHAMBER WITH AN ALARUM.

A bewildering number of characters flutter, as it were, through the leaves of *The Watered Garden* (STANLEY PAUL) and the whole story is conducted by Mrs. STEPHEN RAWSON in an abrupt, jerky style which harmonises not at all well with my notions of a "green oblivion." Nor unless it was the rather perennial theme that one ought to do some serious work in the world, am I at all sure what seed of purpose the authoress was supposed to be cultivating in her arboreal plot. Flirtation, political ambitions and the foundation of a quarterly review, entitled "The Amphitheatre," of advanced and "precious" tendencies and costing a guinea a copy (I seem to see the gold pouring out upon the bookstalls), occupied for the most part the minds of the set in which *George* and *Ella Pardew* (he a rich retired manufacturer and she a beautiful butterfly) moved. The book purports to be the impressions of *Ella's* secretary-garden-mistress and confidante, and almost lady's maid *Bettina Gale*, who finally, by one of those chances rare in actual life, inherits the place in whose garden she has been playing the hired Pomona, and marries a brisk young army aeroplaneist with a desperately facetious turn of phrase. *Bettina* seems to have been a person of admirable taciturnity and charm, but, somehow, I never got interested in her (I think the authoress took my sympathy too much for granted), and the whole novel left me feeling rather as if I had been in the maze at Hampton Court than in the spacious lawns of Kew.

"MEN THREATEN TO STOP
EVERY PASSENGER CARRYING VEHICLE."
Daily Mirror.

"Now then, young man, put that motor-'bus down!"

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that it afforded some little consolation to RAY and VARDON for their failure to win the American Golf Championship to see the victorious OUMET being kissed by excited American ladies.

* *

"An anonymous gift of £5,000," says *The Daily Mail*, "has been sent to the Bishop of WINCHESTER towards the Portsmouth Six Churches Fund. The total is now £42,000, and only £8,000 is required." It is, of course, no affair of ours, but we cannot help feeling a little bit curious as to what is going to be done with the balance.

* *

"Are Women Clubable?" asks a contemporary. Will the Dublin police kindly reply?

* *

Herr BEBEL has left a fortune of about £47,000. Not bad this for a Socialist.

* *

The fact that one of the light cruisers of this year's naval programme is to be called *Caroline* draws attention to the curious omission of the names Mary Ann and Jane from the Navy List.

* *

In view of the fact that so many of our horses are now purchased for foreign armies it is, we hear, being considered whether it might not be possible to train these animals, before they leave the country, to desert to us in the course of hostilities.

* *

A dear old lady, hearing that the Defender is to have sails made of silk for the race for the America Cup, has, it is said, offered to present Sir THOMAS LIPTON's yacht with a set of satin sails trimmed with plush, so that the British boat shall not look shabby by comparison.

* *

The Standard has been publishing the views of authors and artists on the question of the value of illustrations in novels. The artists are in favour of them.

* *

It is a nice question whether the translator of the play by KING NICHOLAS of MONTENEGRO, which has just been published by Mr. EVELEIGH NASH, was well advised to retain the original names of the characters, considering that one of the most prominent of these is called *Stanko*.

* *

Once more—this time at Tiverton—a family has been saved by a cat's giving an alarm of fire. The dog world is, we hear, much exercised at the increasing



THOMAS HENRY 13.

A SUCCESSFUL TRIAL.

["Scientists are experimenting to discover whether plants can feel pain."—*Daily Paper*.]

tendency on the part of cats to usurp their functions, and a meeting is shortly to be held to consider the situation, which so closely resembles the invasion, among humans, of men's rights by women.

* *

A strike on the part of publishers' bookbinders is threatened. Mr. MURRAY announces that he is issuing Miss CHOLMONDELEY's new novel *Notwithstanding*.

* *

The Express is offering a prize of £200 for a serial story. One of the conditions runs: "Competitors must enclose sufficient postage to ensure proper return of manuscript." It is said that a Scotch competitor has written to enquire whether the stamps

would be returned in the event of his winning the prize.

Our Frustrated Feuilletons.

I.—THE COSMOPOLITAN.

DEVEREUX knew Boulogne intimately. Three times had he been there on daily trips. In many respects he preferred it to Brighton.

[Won't some one—Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN or one of those fluent fellows in the halfpenny papers—go on with this?]

"As M——'s hook and line caught his eye—'What's the meaning of this?' he asked. 'Don't you know that your hook is illegal?'"

Daily Telegraph.

We should have said something much stronger.

THE SPORTING SPIRIT.

LIKE to the tar (in COLERIDGE) who
 Contrived with glittering orbs to freeze on
 The stranger at the wedding feast,
 I love all sorts of bird and beast,
 And cannot think what I should do
 Without them—in the shooting season.

But first of things that fly or run
 I love the hare to mere distraction;
 I love him roast, I love him jugged,
 But best I love him lying plugged,
 When it has been my private gun
 That put his trotters out of action.

Great is the partridge as he flies
 (A natural gift) across the clover;
 But often, brooking no delay,
 He is a field or so away
 Before you grasp the thought that lies
 Beneath the simple phrase "Mark over!"

Good is the pheasant; fully fed,
 He makes a most superb objective;
 But so magnetic is his tail
 That it attracts the deadly hail
 Which should have hit him in the head,
 Where blows are always more effective.

I like the bunny; but he lacks
 A sense of sport: he swerves and dodges;
 Seldom runs straight—the honest plan—
 Nor keeps the open like a man,
 But, even as your weapon cracks,
 Enters the low haunts where he lodges.

But, oh the hare! In him I trace
 A nature nobler than the rabbit's;
 Big as his body (which is large
 And gives the eye an ample marge)
 He scorns, as something rather base,
 The coney's too-secretive habits.

He nests beneath the open sky
 Just where the larks compose their carols;
 Sits up that you may have no doubts
 Of his immediate whereabouts,
 Then runs as straight as any die,
 An obvious butt for both your barrels.

And that is why I love the hare
 Better than all and praise him louder;
 To me he represents the pure
 And perfect type of amateur,
 With whom I'd always gladly share
 My last remaining pinch of powder. O. S.

A Welcome Change.

"The marriage arranged between Mr. Charles Bayley and Miss Violent Brett will take place quietly at Motihari."—*Statesman*.

Important Ruling by the House of Lords.

"The Chairman of Committees: Before the Motion to read the Bill a third time is taken, I would ask your Lordships to make three small Amendments, which I can assure you are practically nothing more, except in one case, than setting right misprints. In page 52, line 4, the words "to prevent effectually" should read "to effectually prevent."—*Hansard*.

After this official pronouncement we are wondering if it is legal to under any circumstances, and if so which, use an unsplit infinitive.

MINISTERIAL MISFITS.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, on the occasion of his recent visit to Buckingham, has elicited a stern rebuke in the current issue of *Men's Wear*. The evidence is unanswerable, being that of the camera, which shows him "wearing a square felt hat, stiff linen collar with large wings, a bow necktie, a lounge coat with flap to the outside breast pocket, kid gloves, and trousers which look like a cross between a pair of riding breeches and of woollen pants, the pants part having large creases at the lower part of the leg. To complete this extraordinary rig-out, the right hon. gentleman thought it a fit and proper thing to put on a pair of button boots. These boots are the worst iniquity in an iniquitous conglomeration of unsuitable clothing; they positively make one shudder."

We regret to say that Mr. CHURCHILL is not the only sartorial offender in the Cabinet. Paradoxical as it may appear, by far the greatest outrages against the laws of fashion are committed by one who as a rule is scrupulously particular in his attire—MR. LULU HARCOURT. In him the old saying, *Corruptio optimi pessima*, receives a new, a painfully vivid, illustration. Clad as a rule with a meticulous correctitude, Mr. HARCOURT is subject to occasional fits of slovenly eccentricity, in which he "goes Fanti" in his dress. The last time he was seized in this way was when he was out grouse shooting on the Yorkshire moors. To the horror of the other members of the party he appeared in a pair of gray flannel trousers, a frock coat and a straw hat. Worse still, he had dispensed with a collar and wore a pair of white tennis boots. The Baron DE FOREST, who was one of the party, was so much upset that, although a strict teetotaler, he had to be revived with a stiff tumbler of sal volatile and ammoniated quinine, while Lord LONSDALE felt obliged to send a telegram of protest to the GERMAN EMPEROR. It is generally felt that the doom of the Cabinet cannot be long delayed when prominent Ministers behave in this way. Only last week Lord HALDANE was seen at a dinner-party wearing a white tie with a turn-down collar! And more than once Mr. SAMUEL has been suspected of wearing a dicky secured with a couple of postage stamps.

PICK OF THE LITTER.

BEAGLE puppy, a fortnight old,
 Squirming sluggishly in the straw,
 You're only conscious of warmth and cold
 And the chastening pat of a parent paw.
 Fat as butter, liver and white,
 Stern and shoulder as black as jet—
 Pick of the litter? Perhaps they're right.
 Rather early to say as yet.

Well, you come of a worthy pair,
 Punter and Priestess, two of the best—
 Punter, who'll sing to the line of a hare
 And hold it longer than all the rest;
 Priestess, who collars the leading place
 From find to finish, from east to view—
 If you've got your mother's manners and pace,
 Her nose and her bone and her ribs, you'll do.

Mottled barrel of puppyhood,
 Nuzzling muzzle cool and wet,
 Next year's pride of the pack (touch wood)—
 Rather early to say as yet.
 Grim distemper may lurk ahead;
 Deadly "yellows" may lay you low;
 Perish the thought—we'll hope instead
 For a possible pot at the Puppy Show.



THE LANDLORD'S NEMESIS.

PHOENIX (on the eve of the First). "THEY'RE GOING FOR ME TO-MORROW."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (fully armed for future events). "DIE HAPPY, BIRD! TEN DAYS LATER I'M GOING FOR THEM."

[The opening of the CHANCELLOR'S Land Campaign is promised for October 11.]





Farmer (in position of absolute safety, at "square leg," to golfer who has just driven). "'ERE, YOUNG FELLER, YER DIDN'T OUGHT TO 'IT YER BALL WHEN I'M AS CLOSE AS THIS!"

Golfer. "DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT THE GAME OF GOLF?"

Farmer. "YES, I DO. I WAS ONCE 'IT IN THE STOMACH!"

MY DAY'S PLEASURE.

I DISCOVERED the other day that one could hire a motor-'bus. I immediately took steps, and on the following morning a bright one drew up before the door of Charlemagne Palace Mansions, and I felt that I was going to have the time of my life. I was not mistaken.

I had attired myself appropriately, and my sister-in-law had promised to come with me as a passenger. But she is always late; so I drove round to her house.

I don't mean to imply that I sat at the wheel; there was a man for that who knew exactly what to do, and invariably did it—a most remarkable man, named Wilson. No, I simply mean I gave directions, and myself occupied the footboard. Hence the need for an appropriate costume. When I say appropriate, I am willing to admit that the hat was of rather a marked type.

The company, who was most obliging,

had insisted on the 'bus's being marked *Private*; had insisted, in fact, with a firmness I was not prepared for in so urbane a personage. I, you know, had wanted all those nice boards, with names: Hampstead, Bethnal Green, and Hyde Park Corner. But the company was as firm as a rock on this point. It took me several minutes to realise how firm he was.

However, lots of people didn't notice *Private*, so no great harm was done. I flatter myself, if you'd heard me call out things like "Tottenham Court Road; a penny all the way," you'd have thought I'd been doing nothing else from infancy. My sister-in-law, at any rate, said it was as good as a circus. She may have been partial or she may not, but that was what she said.

The people wanted tickets; but I explained that I was running that 'bus as a private venture and that I was giving them excellent value for their money, and they were soon pacified.

Except a commercial traveller, who was in a hurry and wanted—really did want—to go to Tottenham Court Road. He said he had an appointment or something.

"Why didn't you mention you wanted to go to Tottenham Court Road, old top?" I asked him.

I admitted that I had suggested Tottenham Court Road, and I was quite prepared (I told him) to go to Tottenham Court Road, or much farther, provided I could get the right sort of passengers. But I put it to him:

"If the public won't support you, what are you to do?"

I called his attention to the fact that out of a load of eight or ten souls he was the only one who seemed inclined for Tottenham Court Road; and I asked him, was it fair, was it reasonable, was it even decent that his wishes should prevail over those of an overwhelming majority?

He asked me whether I went to Hanwell by any chance.

I knew what he meant.

However, I gave him back his fare; told him that no one regretted the incident more than I did; but with one passenger wanting to go to Tottenham Court Road, another to Richmond, and several to the Nag's Head, Holloway, what were you to do? "You can't please everybody in this world," I added as I helped him off the 'bus.

It was my prices that fetched 'em. My sister-in-law—I'd better call her Rosamund at once and have done with it—said I was putting 'em too low; said that no one would expect to travel from Hyde Park Corner to Richmond, *via* Ealing Broadway, for tuppence.

But, I said, you never know what anyone would expect in this world; and wasn't it about time for lunch?

It was at this point that the old lady who had said she wanted to go to Richmond—who, in fact, had been the originator of the Richmond idea—got up violently and announced her intention of reporting me to the company.

"Don't do that," I said. "He's such a nice man, and he wouldn't take the least notice of you."

"Don't you *want* to go to Richmond?" inquired Rosamund.

But she would hold no parley with Rosamund; called her names, in fact, for talking to the conductor. Of course I had to interfere.

I can be firm myself when I choose, and I was firm with that old lady. I handed her off the vehicle.

We were not properly full up till we got to Hammersmith; then there wasn't room to move. You talk of strap-hangers! You should have seen my 'bus. And to make matters worse I kept on ringing the bell. I liked doing that, but I didn't always do it at the right time. The motor-man stopped once, right in the middle of the traffic, and got off his seat and came round to me and wanted to know what the so-and-so I thought I was playing at.

"It's all right, old thing," I said. "I only want a little practice. We'll have lunch at Ealing Broadway, so hurry up and get a move on you."

He went back and got such a move on him that he nearly ran over a policeman. It was partly the policeman's own fault. He stood in the road pointing out that there was something the matter with the 'bus; it was infringing some regulation or other. Worse than that (so he said), it was stopping all the trams. My man had

brought the 'bus up with a jerk right across the tram-lines. With all the hurry and bustle around me I didn't notice the trams at first, but when my attention was called to them I saw that we were in their way, for they extended in a long line ever so far; and the conductors and drivers and people were all getting off and crowding round my 'bus, except those that stayed behind to sound their gongs. I soon saw what would happen if this sort of thing went on—I should get flurried.

My man was sitting stolidly at the wheel, just as though nothing was happening. I went round to him.

"Look here," I said to him, "I can see what you're trying to do—you're trying to spoil my day's pleasure."

The upshot of the matter was that Rosamund talked the policeman over and put all the blame on the chauffeur.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW venture of great interest and attractiveness has been planned by Mr. Goodleigh Chump, being nothing less than a series of Banworthy Books, in which the great elemental problems of life will be treated with a noble and fearless candour. The series will start with *The Confessions of a Super-Cad*, by Mr. Max Abel, in which the struggles, privations and ultimate triumph of a guttersnipe of genius will be traced with that ruthless realism for which Mr. Abel has long been celebrated.

The next volume will be *The Souvenirs of a Shyster*. In this wonderful work Mr. Condy O'Doll has incorporated his variegated experiences as a lift-boy, bootblack and sewage-farmer in Pittsburgh and other great industrial centres of the United States. Mr. Chump has himself written a vivid "Foreword," in which he asserts that in the whole course of his career as a publisher he has never been so thoroughly raked up as by Mr. O'Doll's recital. "I read the MS. at one sitting," he says, "disregarding meals and business engagements, and at the close I could not resume the thread of my ordinary existence until I had taken a Turkish bath."

Next we are promised *The Peregrinations of a Pipsqueak*, a picaresque romance by Mr. Brompton

MacGregor. Mr. Chump again contributes a prefatory note, in which he tells us that his reader fainted twice during the perusal of the work in its original form. To guard against heart failure in the case of the public, Mr. Chump has generously undertaken to supply a small phial of digitalis with each copy sold.

The Land of Tosh is the gay and insouciant title of a volume of essays by the witty humourist who veils his identity under the pseudonym of "Sileas." Another volume of outstanding interest is the budget of reminiscences promised by Mr. Mack B. Lalor, under the title of *Horsewhippings I have earned*. Altogether, the series promises to be a thumping, or, as a witty friend of the publisher's puts it, a Chumping success.

"YESTERDAY'S FOOL' BEGINS TO-DAY."
Daily Mail.

Some people never know when to stop.



THE IRONIES OF LIFE.

THE QUEUE WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE PIT AND GALLERY DOORS, ALDWYCH THEATRE.

All the chauffeur said was:
"Never again!"

He kept on saying this till I asked him what he was pleased to mean by it, and then he relapsed into an unsociable silence.

"Look here, my man," I said; "I've got a bit of a temper myself, but I'm thankful to say it isn't a sulky one."

He was better after that.

But the policeman, you know, made himself very officious; said I mustn't carry passengers, hadn't got a licence or something. As if you wanted a licence for a sister-in-law!

However, I needn't go into that. Most of the passengers stuck by me like Britons. Of course I couldn't take any more money after what the Law had said, but we all went on to Richmond and had lunch at the "Roebuck." It was a jolly lunch, but rather mixed, of course. The landlady, at any rate, seemed to think so. She said the same as the motor-man had said:

"Never again!"

A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.

THERE was one little item of news in connection with the labour troubles in Dublin the gravity of which has, it appears, been entirely overlooked. It was communicated by *The Daily Mail's* correspondent, who, speaking of the spread of the strike to the farm labourers in the neighbourhood, foreshadowed in a stirring passage the coming of a period of agricultural chaos. All work was at a standstill, and not only that, but unthatched stacks were rotting (he announced) for want of thrashing and turnips were decaying in the fields. Our text, so to speak, will be found in these last striking words, and especially in the unprecedented behaviour of the turnips.

At first we were frankly incredulous. We found it hard to believe that turnips in the month of September (when they may generally be counted upon to make their greatest growth) should thus, in defiance of Nature's laws, have suddenly begun to waste away; and our own stacks, whenever we have had the good fortune to possess any, have usually endured for several weeks without much damage, even if they were unthatched. Still, the idea haunted us; we could not dismiss it from our mind. We felt that it should be looked into, and at last we despatched a Special Correspondent to investigate upon the spot. To-day we are able to give his report—a report, we may say, which has profoundly moved us.

"I have made my way [he writes] through many acres of decaying turnips, whose odour was almost insupportable, to a small farm-steading seventeen miles from Dublin, where I have found a remarkable state of affairs. I may say at once that the extent of the damage has been, if anything, underestimated. I set to work without delay upon a careful investigation. The first thing that attracted my notice was a heap of fire-wood near the back door. It was entirely covered by purple fungi, attributed by the farmer to the fact that it had not been dusted for several days. I next took a look at the supply of linseed cake in the barn, which I found in an advanced state of disintegration, much of it already having crumbled to dust. But perhaps the most surprising discovery that I made, and one that immediately banished my scepticism, was when I put my head into the hay-shed. After watching carefully for some minutes I came to the amazing conclusion that the hay was slowly evaporating, and the farmer assured me, with tears in his eyes, that he had lost nearly two tons since the beginning of last week. As I approached the pig-

sty the poor fellow laid a hand on my arm.

"Don't go in there," he said. 'There's trouble among the pigs.'

"And indeed it was easy to see that something was the matter, for I came at once upon a large litter which appeared to be in a state of intoxication.

"It was the fomented barley," the farmer explained. 'We can't keep barley these days. Come this way; I want to show you the blight on the clover. . . .'

With those grave words from our correspondent before us we can only say that we hope that long before this report appears in print the labour troubles in Ireland will have come to a satisfactory conclusion. Rumours have reached us that the sympathetic strike is not likely to be confined to the vegetable kingdom. Cows are already giving buttermilk in some places, while hens are persistently laying last week's eggs. We have not yet been able to corroborate the news to hand from the Wicklow Mountains that a flock of sheep has been discovered with fleeces



The Professor. "BOY, GET ME A FLY."

New Page. "YES, SIR. DEAD OR ALIVE, SIR?"

of inferior cotton-wool. But there is no doubt that Trade Unionism has found a valuable ally and a new and most powerful weapon.

CUBS.

THE bees still haunt the garden border
 Though nights come crisp and cold,
 And berries ripen in their order
 In hedgerows manifold;
 The beech has stolen the summer's gold,
 The gold of the summer sun,
 And now comes in October
 With skies soft and sober
 And mornings full of melody and red
 cubs that run.

There's some that like an April coppice
 So tender to behold;
 There's some that like the pride of
 poppies
 Among the barley bold;
 But I, I like an autumn wold
 And a wood where summer's done,
 And white hounds and limber
 To sing through its timber
 The melody, the melody that makes the
 red fox run.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

HENRY was practising niblek shots when I looked in at his flat the other morning, and he had just made a clever recovery from the waste-paper basket as I came into the room.

"That settles it," I said. "I was going to offer to take a stroke a hole next Monday; now I shall want two. Henry, I've got a letter for you; the porter gave it to me as I came up."

Henry took the letter, glanced at the writing and threw it on the table.

"I don't think that's quite polite," I said. "You should read letters which I take the trouble to bring you. Besides, Williams and I— That is Williams on the sofa, isn't it? How do you do, Williams? We are naturally eager to know who your correspondent is."

"It's from the solicitor to my landlord, if you want to know," said Henry.

"That sounds very depraved. An ordinary solicitor is bad enough; a a solicitor to one's landlord—"

"You can read it if you like," said Henry, and he gave me the letter. "He's never very interesting. And you can pay the rent too if you like."

"Excuse me, Williams," I murmured, as I opened the letter. "Tut, tut, this is more than interesting, this is epoch-making."

"What's the matter?"

"Listen. It's from the solicitor to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society."

"My landlord, Wibs."

"Quite so. 'Dear Sir,—This is to inform you that, as from September 29th next, Shakspeare Mansions is the property of the Liverpool Estate Syndicate. Take notice that from that date all rents should be paid to the Liverpool Estate Syndicate, and not to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society. Yours faithfully, JOHN BATES.' Henry," I added solemnly, "Wibs is no longer your landlord."

"Well, what of it?" said Henry.

"Quite so," said Williams. Williams, I ought to have said before, lives below Henry. There is only one other flat in the building, and that has been empty for some time.

"What of it?" I cried. "Henry, Williams, my dear friends, don't you see what has happened?"

Williams tried to look as if he did, but obviously didn't.

"My brothers, this is what has happened. By a corrupt bargain between John Bates and the Liverpool Estate Syndicate you have been sold to Liverpool. For years you have been loyal to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society; you have lived at

peace under the rule of Wibs; you have paid your rent cheerfully—"

"Not cheerfully," said Williams.

"You have paid your rent loyally to Wibs. Are you now to be robbed of your birthright? Are you to be handed over to the domination of Liverpool? All we ask," I went on with great emotion, "is to remain beneath the flag of Westminster; to continue to pay rent to the Westminster Incorporated Building Society; not to be placed under the heel of a Liverpool landlord. All we demand—"

"Why 'we'?" said Henry. "You don't live here."

"True. But there is a precedent for saying 'we.' Speaking as a barrister, I associate myself in this matter with my clients. And, gentlemen," I went on, "there is also a precedent for what we are about to do. We are about to form a Provisional Government."

"Hear, hear," said Williams.

"What we propose to do is this.

We propose to keep Shakspeare Mansions in trust for the Westminster Incorporated Building Society until such time as Wibs is ready to take it over again. Meanwhile we will collect the rent for him, pay the rates, repair the crack in Henry's geyser and arm ourselves against any attack on our liberties. My friends, are you with me?" Williams reflected for a moment.

"Suppose they send policemen against us?" he asked.

"They will never dare, and if they did would a Westminster policeman consent to arrest a fellow Westminster man? He would eat his truncheon rather. All we ask—"

"You're not going to say it all over again?" said Henry in alarm.

"You'll be very lucky if you only get it twice," I said stiffly. "As your leader in this revolution I do all the talking. When the Provisional Government is set up I shall be your president."

"Then I shall be the Finance Committee," said Henry.

"That only leaves the Army unfilled. Williams shall be our gallant army. I shall be photographed taking the salute from him. He has a bowler hat already; all he wants is a bandolier and an indemnity fund. If you are arrested, Williams, your family will be compensated—supposing they think it necessary. Meanwhile, what about lunch?"

"Whoever takes the rent we must eat," said Henry. "Come along."

The Provisional Government put on its hats and went out to lunch. It returned, somewhat torpid, two hours later. The Finance Committee sank into the sofa and the Army stretched itself on two arm-chairs. The President

rested his elbow on the revolving bookcase.

"I will now," I said, "address my followers again." I waited until the Army had said "Hear, hear," and then went on:—

"Gentlemen, the time for talk is nearly over. I speak for all of us when I say that we are inflexibly resolved never to pay rent to Liverpool. We have, as you know, already signed a covenant to that effect, and none signed it more willingly than myself who do not live here and will never be asked to pay. Shakspeare Mansions is united in its resolution to remain loyal to Westminster, and so long as we are united our liberties cannot be assailed. We have this day formed our Provisional Government. I see before me our hard-headed Finance Committee—asleep; our gallant Army—with its tie all sideways. We send a message to John Bates that we denounce his corrupt bargain, and refuse to be bound by it. Shakspeare Mansions, I repeat, is united—"

There was a sudden surprising noise from the ceiling—a noise like "Hitchy-Koo."

"What's that, Williams?" I asked quickly.

"The man above. He's got a pianola."

"I didn't know there was a man above. I thought the flat was empty."

"He hasn't been in long. He's come up from Liverpool, the porter says, to see life."

"Oh!" This altered matters a good deal. The President left the revolving bookcase and walked up and down in anxious thought. At last he came to his decision. "Williams," I said sorrowfully, "the revolution is off; the Provisional Government is dissolved; the Army is disbanded."

"Oh, I say! Why?"

"A revolutionary government must be whole-hearted, united. It can wage civil war against the enemy, but it cannot face a civil war within itself. I thought Shakspeare Mansions was united in its resistance to Liverpool and its loyalty to Wibs; but it seems now that one-third of it knows no Wibs and loves Liverpool. How can you go on in the face of that? You can withhold your rent from your alien landlord, but you cannot compel rent from this alien tenant. The revolution is over."

"Oh!" said Williams. "I'll tell Henry when he wakes."

I took my hat and prepared to go.

"By the way, Williams," I said, as I opened the door, "let me remind you that you are now an ordinary citizen again. In future, when you get into trouble with the police there will be no compensation." A. A. M.



"MOTHER DEAR, WILL YOU SIT PERFECTLY STILL FOR A MOMENT?" "CERTAINLY, DARLING."



"THANKS AWFULLY, MOTHER."

LAPSES OF TIME.

"WHEN (if ever) you have finished your lunch," said Marjorie, "we have an important meeting to attend on the village green."

"If," I said, drawing to a conclusion, "if I am to address your feudal tenants on the Land Question I must have a liqueur with my coffee."

George, be it said, though he is at once Marjorie's husband and the local squire, was at the moment elsewhere. Behind my week-end invitation there now appeared to be this ulterior motive, that I should act as his understudy on this Saturday afternoon.

"We are due to take part in the village sports," explained Marjorie. "They don't really want us, but would be hurt if we didn't join in."

"But I have left my cycle and my egg and my spoon behind me in London," I protested.

Marjorie took a large silver watch from the mantelpiece and handed it to me graciously.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said I, with a rustic curtsy. "To receive the first prize before the race is run is to be relieved of all anxiety from the start."

Marjorie took me up quickly. "There are three things to remember about it.

First, that it is a loan; second, that George, its owner, sets great value by it; third, that it is a stop-watch. Are you to be trusted with its manipulation?"

"Anybody can stop a watch," said I haughtily.

"But the difficulty is to start it," was Marjorie's significant reply.

Arrived later at the village green I at once associated myself with the Parson and the Publican, who held the tape between them. They had little to say to me, so I turned to Marjorie and discussed the political situation. "We have before us," I said, in an eloquent whisper, "the Church, the Licensed Trade and the Landed Interest united by a common bond. Is not this our opportunity to strengthen George's position against the assaults of the Single Taxer?" My flow of words was suddenly interrupted by a pistol shot, exactly a hundred yards away.

"Are you hurt?" I asked her anxiously.

She pointed to the onrush of some half-dozen natives. "Are you ready to stop the watch?" she asked breathlessly.

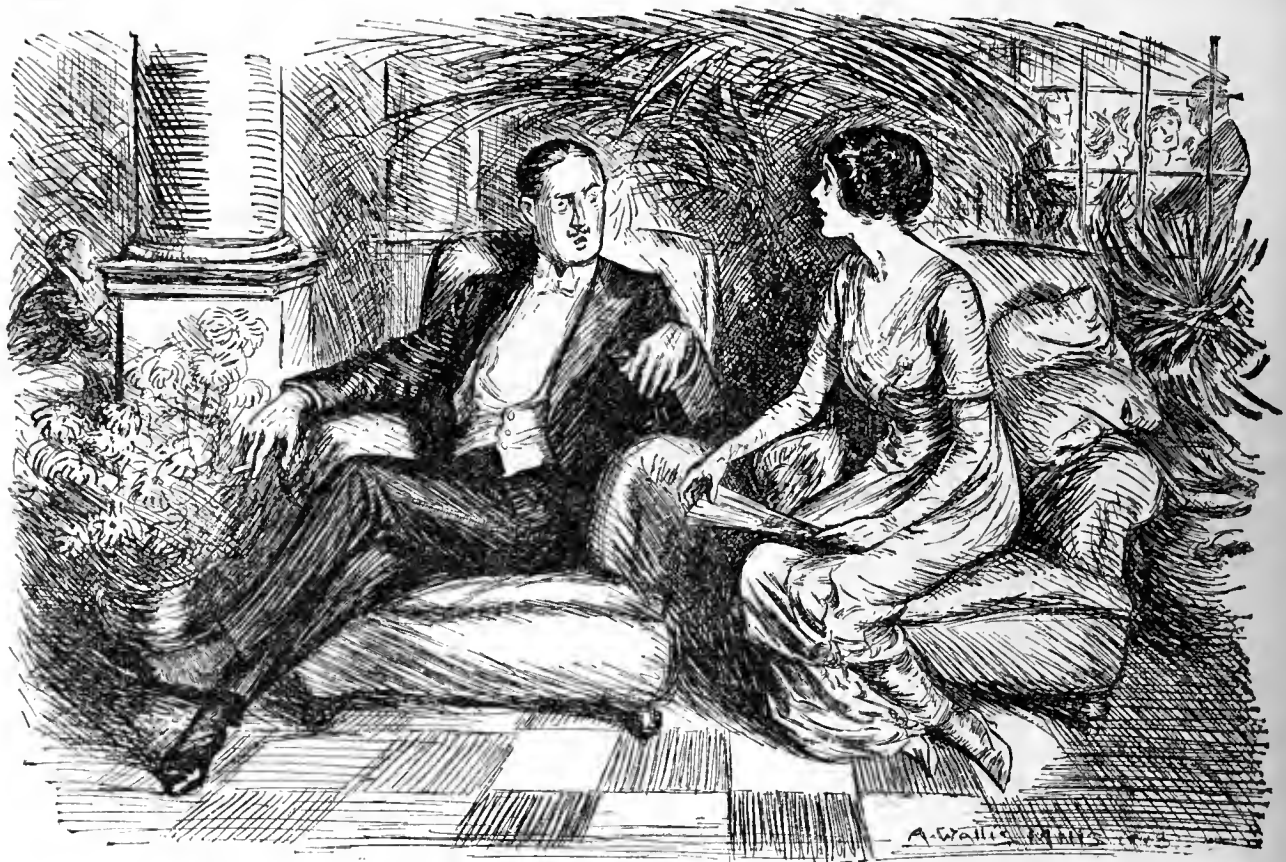
"Quite," said I, starting it.

The first heat of the hundred yards took four and three-fifth seconds; to

the next I wouldn't swear; the third took even less. As to the Final there was some dispute as to who had won. When it was settled and I was free to resume my particular business, I discovered that the time for that was three minutes, forty-five and four-fifth seconds, an ample period which was rapidly increasing. Marjorie wasn't at all pleased about it. "But you mustn't expect too much of mere rustics," I told her.

Before they started the mile she took my watch off me, and the villagers, having lost confidence, also got another timekeeper of their own. Marjorie blamed me very much and explained, with illustrations, how simple it was to work. She was still explaining when they finished the first lap of the mile. On her attention being called to this fact she blushed and made a sudden movement, on which I commented as follows:—"Ah, yes," I said, "it's all very well starting to time it now, but you'll find yourself in difficulties when they get to the finish . . . unless you can get them to run an extra lap for you."

When the finish was achieved she went very straight to the other timekeeper. "What do you make it?" said she, looking confidently at her own



He. "AND—AH—WHEN DID YOU COME OUT?"

Debutante. "OH! BUT I WAS NEVER IN. I'M NOT A MILITANT, YOU KNOW."

watch, which, however, the other time-keeper was not allowed to see.

"Five minutes, five seconds and a fifth, lady," he said.

"Oh, well, you may be right," said she after the briefest pause. "I make it five minutes and five seconds exactly." And she set the watch back at once to zero. The villagers were obviously pleased. "There!" said Marjorie to me, "that's how it ought to be done!"

Feeling that the honour of London was at stake I determined to retrieve the position. But there was only the obstacle race left, and nobody seemed interested in the timing of that. Marjorie, being thoroughly pleased with herself, was easily induced to address the assembly in conclusion. Not till she was surrounded by a ring of expectant yokels did she realize that, when one rises to make a speech, one is without a single friend, that even one's nearest and dearest are against one. Having begun and ended in confusion she turned for support to me, who stood just behind her.

I held the stop-watch prominently in view. "Twelve seconds and a bittock," I announced in my most official voice, and for once the villagers' sympathies were with the Londoner.

HUMANER LETTERS.

THE plays of the moment seem to be curiously provocative of public correspondence. Last week attention was drawn to the misgivings of certain members of Sir J. M. BARRIE'S audience (who, by the way, when next they visit *The Adored One*, will find all their troubles gone), and now we seem to be in for heated discussions on others. . . .

Here, for example, is no less an epistolary warrior than the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE (unless we are misled by our correspondent's style and attitude) on the track of *Androcles and the Lion*:—

"Sir, [he writes] it is incredible to me that such a notoriously humane person as Mr. BERNARD SHAW should derive fun from the spectacle of a dumb animal in agony, as he does in the opening scene of his otherwise amusing trifle at the St. James's Theatre. To drag the King of Beasts into a piece of stage mummery at all is offensive; but to exhibit him in the throes of pain is unpardonable. What kind of effect can a cynical display such as this have on a house full (or partly full) of unthinking pleasure-seekers? Will it be believed that *Androcles*, in performing

his operation on the poor creature's foot, never even dreams of an anæsthetic? Not that that would make it any better in reality, as all readers of my letters to the Press are aware; but, at any rate, earnest would be given of some hope of alleviating suffering. But no, and there is nothing for me but to give up also Mr. SHAW, who hitherto has been wholly on my side in my war against callousness. Now, alas, he too goes."

A propos of the new musical comedy at the Shaftesbury, the advent of which was made such a secret by the management and the Press, an anxious householder asks:—

"Is it not more than a little tactless, not to say unfortunate, that the title, *The Pearl Girl*, should be given to a new frivolous production at the moment when a great legal case involving a number (sixty-one, to be precise) of pearls of extraordinary value is *sub judice*? Surely any other stone would have done as well for the purposes of the stage—sardonyx, chrysoprase, opal, chalcedony, agate? I enclose my card and sign myself FAIR PLAY."

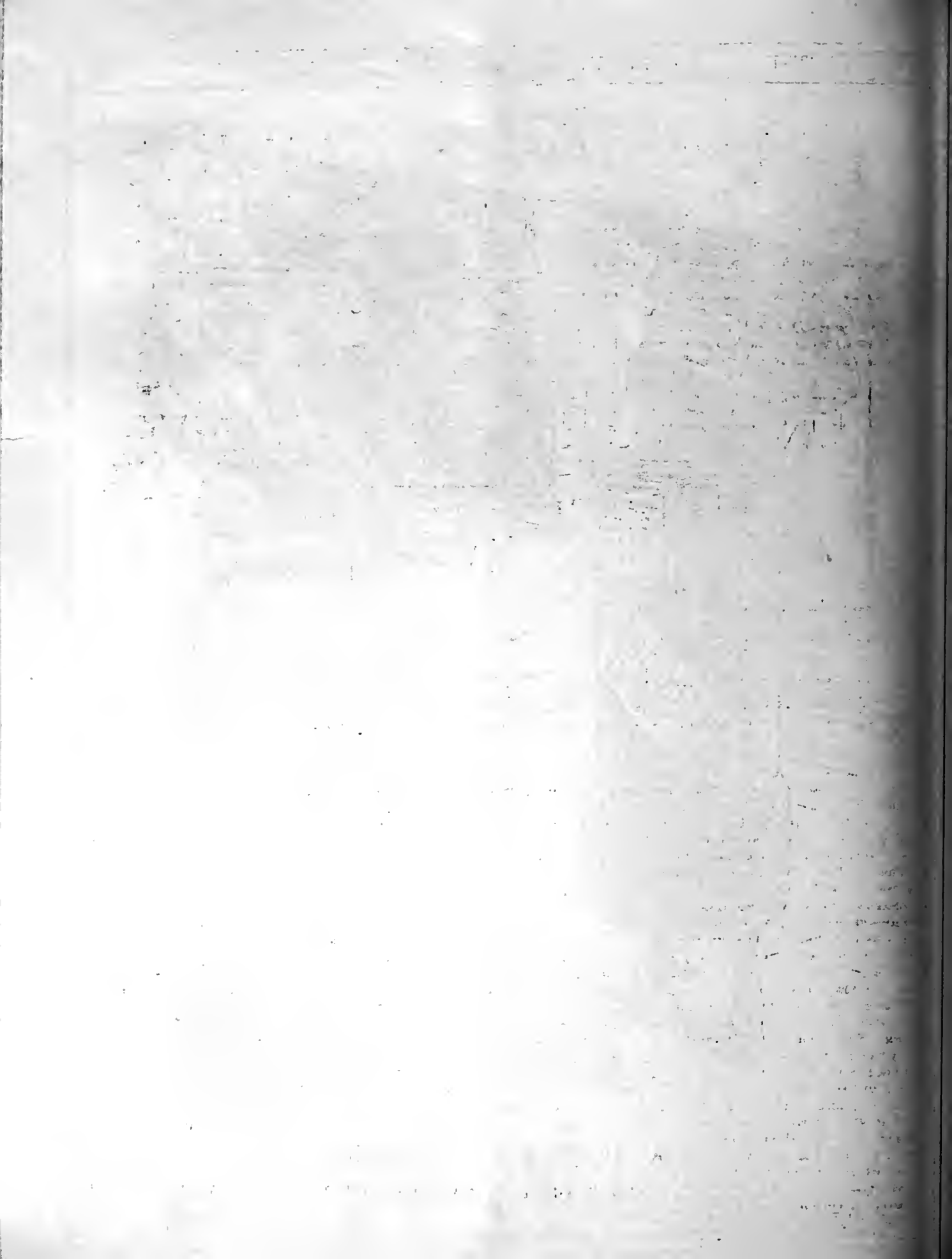
We hold over a number of letters from Tariff Reformers protesting against the title of "The Ever Open Door."

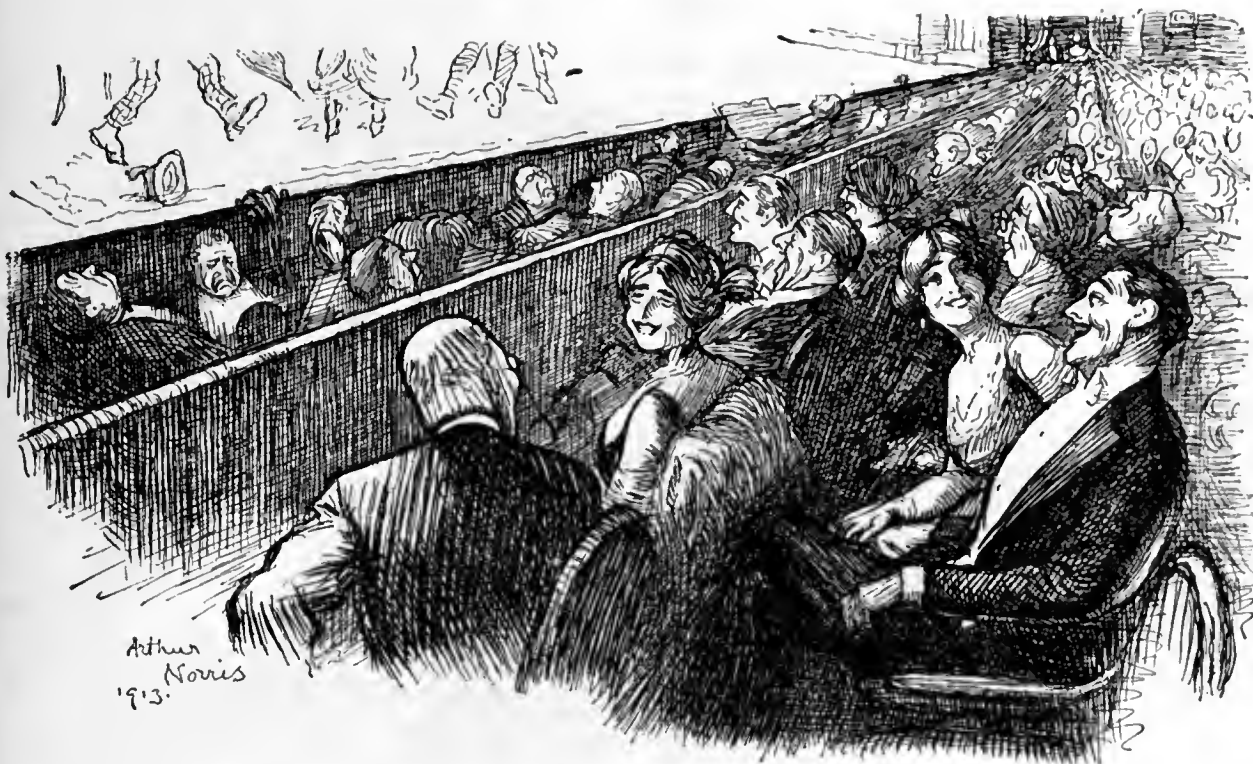


A POSTAL DISORDER.

JOHN BULL. "I LIKE THE LOOK OF YOU, MY LAD—BUT YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH TOO WIDE."

[A striko of Post Offices Employees has been threatened in the event of a refusal of their heavy demands for fresh concessions.]





Country Cousin (at popular musical comedy, which has had a very long run). "HOW CAN THOSE ORCHESTRA-MEN SIT THERE THROUGH IT ALL WITHOUT A SMILE?"

Town Cousin. "CAN'T SAY. BUT THEN I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE OF THESE THINGS MORE THAN A COUPLE OF HUNDRED TIMES."

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OSTRICH.

My First Day.—I am successfully hatched.

While my shell was yet unbroken I had decided I would write my life history at the earliest opportunity; for I believe few ostriches follow a literary career. I am the youngest of my eight brothers and sisters; and, as my shell was a thick one, I was naturally rather exhausted when I had my first peep of my family and our home. It is a comfortable though unpretentious nest, merely a dent in the ground, and around it is a sort of fence made from the old shells we children came out of, and some eggs which haven't hatched. Mother always lays some extra eggs, so that Father may have something to play with when he takes his turn at sitting. Yes, in our family these things are properly divided. You see, an ostrich egg is so precious, it must be sat on for six weeks. Our mothers sit in the daytime because their feathers are a greyish brown, the colour of the ground, and thus they can't easily be seen by intruding humans. For the same reason, our fathers, being black, sit at night.

Mother says that we chicks had an exceptionally good father, for he would

often take his place on the nest at four in the afternoon (three hours before his time) so that Mother should be able to slip over the hill and have a chat with the ostrich hen who lives there and who hasn't any eggs to look after.

Our Mother seems rather fond of society. She wears such lovely feathers and carries her neck at a perfect angle.

My Second Day.—I have a tragedy to write of to-day. How pitiful that my young life should be saddened almost at the outset! Early this morning, as soon as Mother had tidied up our broken shells, she and Father took us out walking in the long grass quite a distance from home. Mother was teaching us the right weeds to eat, and my eldest sister—the beauty of our family—was with Father a little way off. We heard Father say, with great delight, that he had found just the sort of rusty nail his gizzard had required lately. In fact, he came across to tell us about it. Mother, after listening for some time, her head thrown to one side and a curiously sleepy expression in her eye, which meant, I fancy, that she had heard quite enough about Father's digestive arrangements many times before, suddenly raised her head and, interrupting him in the middle of a sentence, shrieked, "Where's Prudence?"

Father, looking rather ashamed, hurried back to where he thought he had left her; but Prudence had disappeared. My parents spent some time hunting for her, but as they are both short-sighted and Father was continually discovering a different blade of grass beside which he would declare positively he had left her, it was hardly surprising that our dear Prudence's place was empty at lunch-time.

My Third Day.—Yes, I have decided this world is a disappointment. There seems so much discord. I feared this the moment I hatched, and now am certain. Still, one must worry through it somehow, I suppose.

Father and Mother can never agree whether china or old nails make the better digestive foods. They frequently spoil my sleep arguing about it at night.

Two more of my brothers are lost. They were having a kicking match just outside Father's feathers late last night, and we fear a jackal must have picked them off.

Our Farmer came this morning and said several very impolite things to Mother when he saw some of us were missing, just as though it was not *his* business to see we were properly protected! What a curious species these humans are! I suppose we can scarcely blame the poor things. They would

naturally have been ostriches if they could, but really the shortness of their necks—well, it strikes one as scarcely decent!

Three Weeks Later.—I have a terrible occurrence to chronicle to-day. Father and Mother have been plucked. This is one of the reasons we hate all humans. They take our beautiful feathers and give us the trouble of growing more, just so that their females—who apparently can't grow feathers themselves—may wear ours on their heads!

Our parents look so curious without their long wing and tail feathers; and we shall be shockingly short of bed-clothes. I have registered a solemn vow never to allow anyone to cut my feathers off. By the way, they really are shaping very becomingly. I shall be a pretty figure of a cock.

Two Years Later.—To-day I met the dearest hen in the world. Curiously enough, we found on comparing notes that we were hatched in the same month. Her name is Nancy, and I found her extraordinarily companionable and exactly of my own opinion on the vital subject, namely, that *brass-headed nails* are really the most appetising. Strange that a hen should have discovered this!

One Day Later.—Two of my sworn enemies, the humans, came this morning, drove me into a corner of the fence, and put a pole across behind me. I did not object at first as much as I should have done at another time, for my meeting with Nancy yesterday had made me feel kindly disposed to all the world. But when I saw one of the creatures preparing to put a stocking over my head (for that is the ignominious way they treat us) I guessed at once they meant to attempt to take my feathers. What would Nancy say when we met? She would never gaze at me again with the admiration I had seen in her brilliant eyes yesterday. For one mad moment I saw red, and, lifting one powerful limb, while deftly retaining my balance on the other, I struck—but only air; for the stocking descended over my eyes at that moment.

Next Day.—I spent a fearful morning, sitting behind a bush. I felt so extremely undressed and quite unable to face Nancy, even though I wished very much to walk with her. About mid-day I saw her in the distance. Heavens! She had lost her feathers too. I rushed to meet her, and we spent the afternoon walking and comparing notes on our awful experiences of yesterday.

We passed a hollow which Nancy pointed out, saying it would be a good site for a nest. Queer how the minds of oven intelligent hens always run on nests! She giggled rather, too.

A Few Weeks Later.—Nancy showed me an egg in the hollow. Said it was *hers!* Very curious.

A Month Later.—The last few weeks have been a happy time. Nancy thinks with me in all things. Truly, she is a hen of exceptionally good taste.

The hollow is now full of eggs, and there is a ring of them outside, reminding me of my old home and making me vaguely uneasy. But still I could never be expected to sit on them. For one thing, my legs are too long.

A Few Hours Later.—Yes, it is as I feared. Nancy says I must sit on those wretched eggs all night. I find I can fold my legs; but the whole thing is a

As I took my seat the latter was saying:—

"Mind you—it seemed to be just talk. That's all. But the extraordinary part is this. Though it was quite a year ago in New York, I can remember practically every word that was said. When the Cockney strolled into the saloon and looked round like a lost sheep on a desert island, I got ready for something to happen. A man at the bar spotted him in two seconds.

"Jest out, sonny?" asked the American.

"Yus," said the Cockney. "Come over on the *Mauritania* yesterday."

"That so? Well, what are ye goin' to have?"

"I'll 'ave a pig's ear," said the Cockney.

"Come again. I didn't get you."

"A pig's ear. That's what we call beer in London. Rhymin' slang, yer know."

"Say, that's ente. But why not have a Martini Cocktail?"

"I don't mind. You 'avin' one?"

"Sure."

"After a couple of sips the Cockney expressed his approval thus:—

"Well, my ole China, they say there's no bad beer. But I'll lay six to four the man what drinks this for a fortnight 'll say all beer's rotten."

"So. Glad you like it."

"Yus. And I like the 'ole town on the quiet."

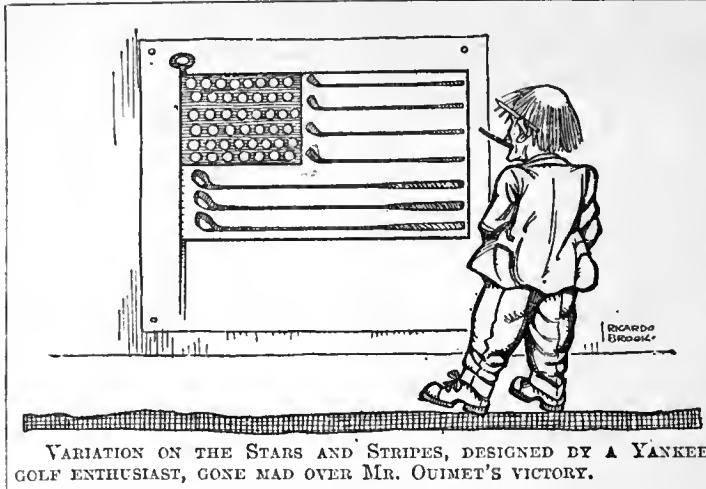
New York is the finest city 'artside 'eaven. And I ain't kiddin'.

"Oh, Gee! Not so faast," said the American deprecatingly. "I'll allow N'York is some village; but—the finest city outside heaven? No, Sir."

"But I'm tellin' yer. Why, look at yer sky scrapers! Look at that statue in the 'arbour! Look at yer streets all laid art so as you carn't make no mistakes! What do yer want better than Broadway by night, with all the beautiful lights and the signs goin' in and art, and what not? Thumbs up, New York, every time."

"Now go easy, son. Remember you're speakin' to a guy who was over in Europe and took in your London laast fall. Wa'al, I've seen *some*, but your Lei-cester Square and Piccadilly Coireus—Gee!"

"Oh, I ain't sayin' nothink against the smoke," remarked the Cockney tolerantly. "Only as regards to bein' the first City when it comes to enterin' for the world 'andicap I say London is one of the also's."



VARIATION ON THE STARS AND STRIPES, DESIGNED BY A YANKEE GOLF ENTHUSIAST, GONE MAD OVER MR. QUIMET'S VICTORY.

fearful bore and will interfere with my literary work.

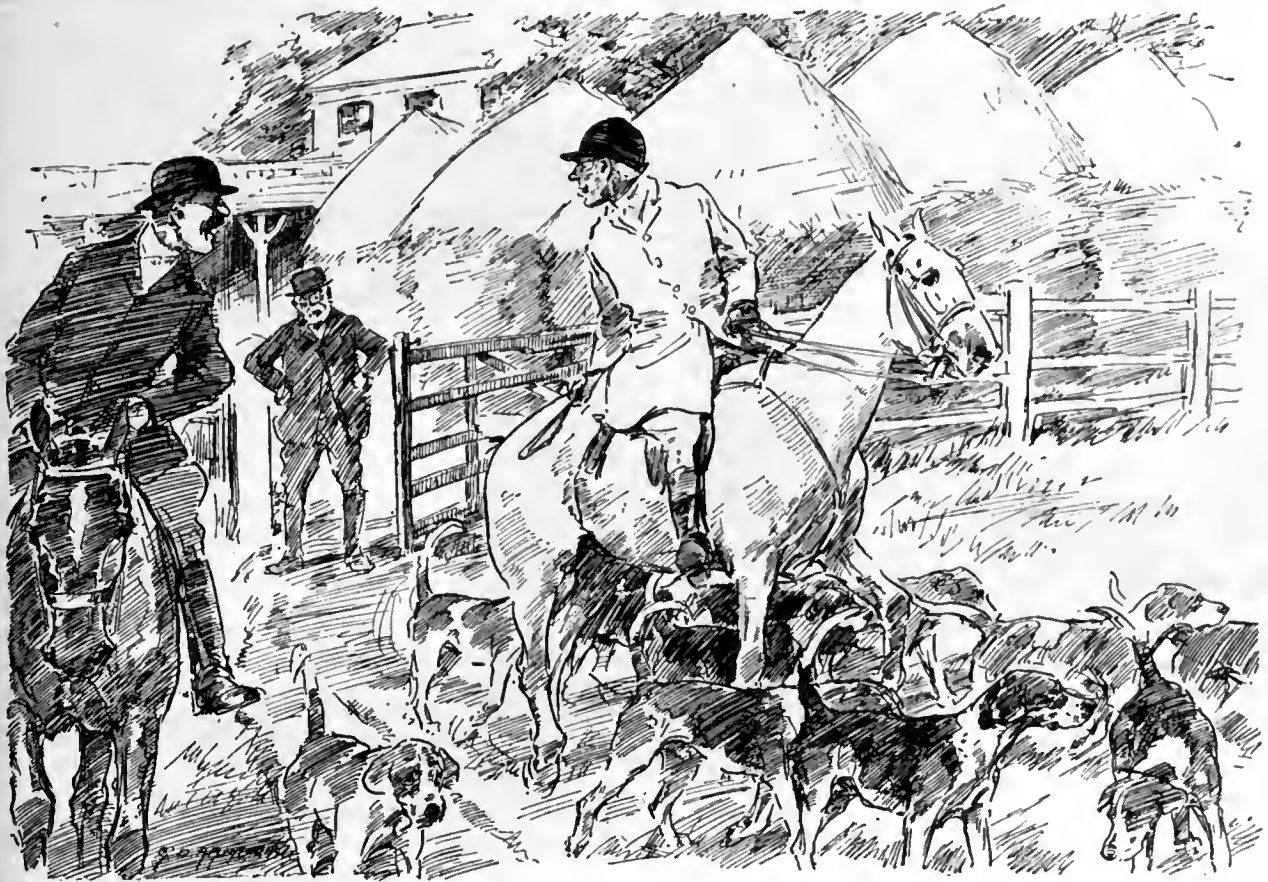
However, every ostrich to his duty, and, at any rate, you don't catch me going on to the eggs at four o'clock, the way my old Father used to do.

(Not to be continued.)

THE FINEST CITY.

How it was that Antonio came to forget himself so far as to allow a couple of complete strangers to take possession of half the table which, between the hours of six and eight, I have learnt to consider exclusively my own, still remains a mystery. His lapse from duty was quite inexcusable, I know. And yet I have forgiven him. For through his neglect I am able to give to the world one of the most remarkable narratives heard in modern times.

Both intruders bore the stamp of men about the world, and one, at least, as I hope to show, was a raconteur of no mean order.



Huntsman (to irate farmer). "NEVER 'EARD SUCH LANGUAGE IN MY BORN DAYS. I'M ASHAMED FOR THE 'OUNDS TO OVER'EAR IT."

"But see here. You're not wise to your own City, or you wouldn't talk like that. We got nothin' over here to compare with your *Saint Paul's*, your houses of Congress, your parks. And, Sir, the way your traffic is regulated! And the civility of your trolley-car conductors! Above everything, the comfort of your rail-road system, and your rapid transit in all di-rections! Yes, Sir. You got us skinned to death. London is the finest city on this oirth. And anyone who says contrary is not the wise guy I guessed you to be when you came through that openin'."

"What do yer mean abart bein' a wise guy? Can't I 'ave my opinions as well as you? And ain't they as good?' asked the Cockney, thoroughly roused.

"Now cut that out, son. I don't want you to git me rattled. But see here. We can settle this right now. If the boys are agreeable, we'll take a ballot as to which is the finest city of the two."

"Right-o!" said the Cockney, 'I'll stand by that.'

"Well, to cut a long story short, they took the ballot. Whereupon every one of the twenty odd New

Yorkers in the saloon gave London the palm. That's all."

A hush, almost of reverence, followed the speaker's abrupt finish. He had been talking in a fairly loud voice, and Panini's is a somewhat select little place. Diners of all descriptions had laid down their eating utensils and strained their ears to catch every word. The hush lasted only a few moments, and was succeeded by a low murmur of satisfaction, to the effect that "these Yankees aren't as bad as they're painted!"

One old gentleman, with unmistakable stars and stripes written over him, made no attempt to conceal his interest and astonishment, but stared open-mouthed at the occupants of our table. Antonio himself had been hovering round with a weird smile on his face from the beginning.

I held out my hand for the bill, and then groped in a dazed fashion for my hat.

The raconteur's companion had listened stonily to the whole recital. Now he took a sovereign from his pocket, and pushed it without enthusiasm across the table.

"You've won," he said sadly. "That was a stranger dream than mine."

THE "HAPPY MOMENTS" COMPETITION.

(A retrospect.)

A song of "happy moments." To pursue

The wraith of pleasure for a fortnight's span

Behind a lens and shutter will not do; I leave the pictures to some other man;

Enough for me to chronicle in rhyme The brighter memories of a tedious time.

A wasp and Aunt Eliza; Uncle John Starting the motor; Alice and her swain

A-cooing; Maud with brassie; at mid-on

Her caddie, very nearly cut in twain; Myself, with contributions to the Press Rejected; Eve, in last year's bathing-dress.

A song of happy moments—very brief; A single stanza has sufficed to state

Their details. Alfred, to his lasting grief,

Took all six portraits on a single plate, And, smashing the result, provided what

I thought the happiest moment of the lot.

A GREAT REFORMER.

Miss Toovey has deserved well of the public in writing an authoritative Life of her maternal uncle, the late Mr. Emanuel Porpentine, whose demise a year ago at an almost over-ripe old age occasioned such widespread regret; for this is pre-eminently one of those Lives of Great Men which are sent to remind us that with a little luck we may all hope to pilot our own careers to a similarly sublime altitude. In five hundred and seventy-three well-printed pages, enlivened with a unique series of portraits of the great inventor from the age of two upwards, Miss Toovey has given us a fascinating narrative, and has at the same time raised a handsome monument to one whose name has been writ not in water but in indelible ink on the pages of his country's social annals.

The name of Porpentine is famous for all time as that of the original inventor of the moustache-cup. In millions of British homes to-day the solid (or rather liquid) comforts of the breakfast-table and the more elegant amenities of afternoon tea are strikingly enhanced by the employment of this beneficent device. But how many of those who possess what a gifted writer has picturesquely described as "mouth-frills," and who must be grateful every day of their lives for the protective ingenuity of Mr. Porpentine's invention, are aware of the vicissitudes and public obloquy it experienced before it attained to its present-day popularity? With deft fingers the curtain is lifted on the thrilling events connected with its birth, and we are given a lively presentment of the great struggle and of its heroic protagonist.

"A man without moustachios," says Miss Toovey in an arresting Foreword, "is like beef without mustard"; and this infectious enthusiasm for her hero's most distinguishing feature gives the book a peculiarly engrossing interest. Quite early in his adolescence Mr. Emanuel Porpentine boasted an unusually heavy and handsome pair of what his biographer calls "man's crowning glories." A native and a leading citizen of Mugshead, where his father had been one of the founders of the Postdiluvian Primitive Chapel, until his fortieth year he was absolutely unknown to the great mass of his countrymen, although his striking personality, combined with the possession of a fruity and full-bodied bass voice, had already made him a local celebrity. Miss Toovey draws a vivid word-portrait of Mr. Porpentine as he appeared at this time:—

He was a tall, handsome man, and of a

rotundity that was no more than agreeable. He carried his weight well, and the habit he had of rising on his toes as he walked gave him an appearance of elasticity and perfect balance that removed all suspicion of heaviness. He was accounted a good, if deliberate, dancer. His eyes and what could be discerned of his initial chin betokened great determination of character, and he had a way of twice repeating everything he said that lent a wonderful force to his most commonplace utterances. His complexion, again, was rich; but it was his moustachios that singled him out as a man in a million. With their golden pride challenging the world, as it were, and almost completely veiling the lower part of his face from the public view, he seemed a veritable Viking returned to life. A contemporary statistician estimated that if each single hair were joined end to end they would reach from the Mugshead Infirmary to Temple Bar. But mere figures of this kind, however accurately calculated, can convey no idea of the brilliant and luxuriant growth of the virgin forest that flourished beneath Mr. Porpentine's well-modelled nose.

Like ARCHIMEDES, NEWTON, and other celebrated pioneers of research, Mr. Porpentine made his momentous discovery by accident. It should be mentioned that, after four decades of consistent celibacy, he had betrothed himself to the lady who subsequently became the partner of his triumph. Miss Euphemia Gussett—such was the name of his elect—was a woman of remarkable character, and, although she brought all the appreciation of her sex to bear upon the unique quality of her future husband's caresses, she took firm exception to salutations performed just after he had been partaking of liquid nourishment, portions of which had a way of adhering to the well-developed feature so effectively described above. In fact, she firmly refused to embrace him on these occasions at all until he had devised some method of preventing the contamination. "Evidently," observes Miss Toovey in one of those epigrammatic asides that make her volume one long surprise-packet, "the young lady was of opinion that kissing goes by flavour; and, when the consequences of her ultimatum are considered, few will censure her fastidiousness."

Mr. Porpentine, who was not of a disposition to brook such an abrogation of a *fiancé's* privileges, spent anxious days and sleepless nights in vain efforts to tackle the problem. The solution came suddenly one morning at breakfast. At this important meal he was in the habit of reading the local newspaper, and on the morning in question, being deeply engrossed in an article which contained the daring suggestion that Mugshead should be provided with a drainage system, he lifted his coffee-cup to his lips without removing his eyes from the paper. By accident the top of the cup became partly covered by the journal, leaving but a narrow open-

ing for the passage of the fluid, while at the same time his moustache was amply protected from contact therewith. In a flash Mr. Porpentine's discerning mind grasped the possibilities of this fortuitous revelation, and the invention of the world-renowned appliance that was destined to bring him fame and fortune was practically accomplished there and then.

The appearance of the moustache-cup on the market was hailed at first with almost universal derision, and in scores of lampoons and vitriolic newspaper articles its inventor was held up to public ridicule. Even sermons were preached against it. But gradually Mr. Porpentine succeeded, by unlimited grit and pluck, in wearing down all opposition, and in a few years' time he had the satisfaction of reaping a rich material reward from his benevolent enterprise.

We cannot leave the volume without some reference to the intimate glimpses of domestic life with which Miss Toovey furnishes her readers. Besides being a chivalrous husband, a devoted father, and a striking figure of a man who left a deep impression wherever he moved, Mr. Porpentine was endowed with a fund of sterling wisdom that frequently rose to the level of wit. Some of his *obiter dicta* are well worth recording. "Poverty," he was fond of remarking, "is no disgrace; neither are the mumps. But both are ridiculous." He had a healthy contempt for all unproductive work. Once he was discussing poetry with a friend, who ventured the observation that "poets are not made." "And as a rule," rejoined Mr. Porpentine, "they make nothing." On another occasion a young and unknown writer who aspired to the hand of his only daughter was pulverised with the retort: "Sir, we Porpentines need no quills." To the end of his days he preserved the same unaffected *bonhomie* that had, as a young man, made him the darling of Mugshead Society, and his death caused a wide gap in the circle of his many acquaintances. As his biographer rightly observes, he has left footprints on the sands of time which it will be very difficult to obliterate.

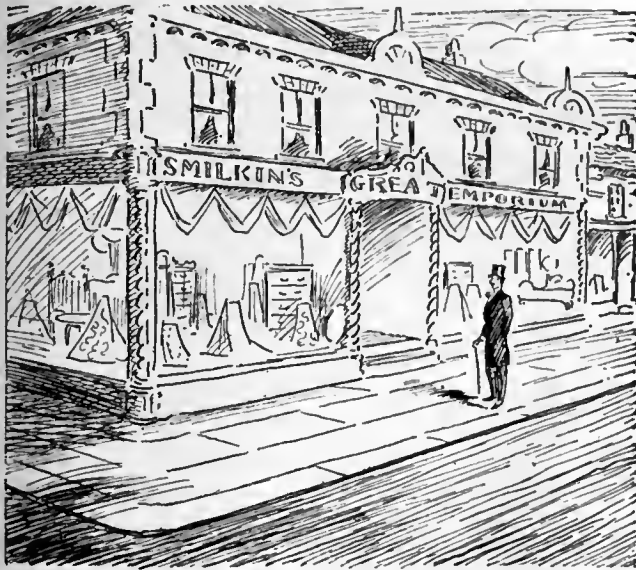
A Sultry Autumn.

The summer of St. Luke is nice
Compared with rain and storm,
But when it makes me long for ice
I find it too Luke warm.

The Force of Example.

"Pegoud, at height of 2,500 feet gave two exhibitions of upside down flying, considerably startling spectators. He was in the air half an hour, and is to fly again later."

Liverpool Echo.



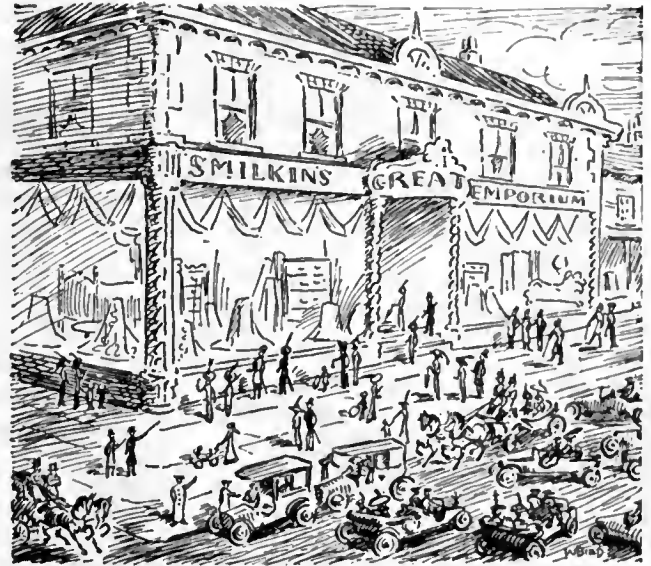
SMILKIN'S EMPORIUM.

Dear Sirs,—We are returning your design advertising our emporium, and will be glad if you will kindly instruct your artist to delete the solitary giant in the foreground and put in a number of people of the normal size.

We are, yours faithfully,

SMILKIN AND CO.

Block and Co.,
Colour Printers and Designers.



SMILKIN'S EMPORIUM.

Dear Sirs,—We thank you for your amended design advertising our emporium. It is now quite satisfactory. We return drawing and will be glad if you will kindly push on printing.

We are, yours truly,

SMILKIN AND CO.

Block and Co.,
Colour Printers and Designers.

PANSIES.

TUFTED and bunched and ranged with careless art
Here, where the paving-stones are set apart,
Alert and gay and innocent of guile,
The little pansies nod their heads and smile.

With what a whispering and a lulling sound
They watch the children sport about the ground,
Longing, it seems, to join the pretty play
That laughs and runs the light-winged hours away.

And other children long ago there were
Who shone and played and made the garden fair,
To whom the pansies in their robes of white
And gold and purple gave a welcome bright.

Gone are those voices, but the others came,
Joyous and free, whose spirit was the same;
And other pansies, robed as those of old,
Peeped up and smiled in purple, white and gold.

For pansies are, I think, the little gleams
Of children's visions from a world of dreams,
Jewels of innocence and joy and mirth,
Alight with laughter as they fall to earth.

Below, the ancient guardian, it may hap,
The kindly mother, takes them in her lap,
Decks them with glowing petals and replaces
In the glad air the friendly pansy-faces.

So tread not rashly, children, lest you crush
A part of childhood in a thoughtless rush.
Would you not treat them gently if you knew
Pansies are little bits of children too?

R. C. L.

THE REFERENDUM.

WISHING to be, if possible, more than ever on the safe side, one of our more popular dailies has recently called upon its readers to assist the editor in making up his columns. With every copy of the paper on a certain date was issued a stamped circular asking for criticism and help.

It ran thus:—

"The Editor of the ——— would be greatly obliged by the speedy return of this slip with an answer to the question upon it; for only by obtaining the information thus desired can he confidently go to work to prepare a budget which shall really fulfil the best ideal of a daily paper—that is, to give the public what the public wants.

"What subjects of public interest do you consider are at the present time insufficiently treated in our columns?"

As an enormous number of replies was received—a number certainly six times as large as that of the circulation of any penny morning paper—the work of tabulation was necessarily arduous, but the figures were recently got out.

To the editor's question, 465,326 readers replied, Football; 235,473, Golf; 229,881, Flying, and 2, Foreign Politics.

"Clerk Wanted."

"Here on Christmas Eve, 1906, the Vicar murdered the clerk as he went to strike the bell early in the morning, as was his usual custom."—*The Ringing World*.

An unpleasant custom, particularly in a vicar.

From an article on "The Rector's Garden Party" in the *Northenden Parish Magazine*:—

"How that long procession of urn carriers reminded one of the cup-bearers at Belshazzar's feast!"

Having been to neither entertainment we are not in a position to comment upon this. But we fancy that the rector will think this comparison an unfortunate one.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARY GOES FIRST."

IT is just as well for Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES that Miss MARIE TEMPEST's personality is so popular that it is of little consequence what she plays in. She has only to bunch her lips and blink her half-closed eyes and a rapturous public is content. Still she must have something to say, and so Mr. JONES has manufactured for her a four-act comedy on the rather thin theme of envy, spite and malice in the matter of the Honours List. Of course not every house in London was open to him, for the actor-manager who still belongs to the order of the Great Un-knighted, and is therefore free to ridicule the methods by which titles are conferred, is a rare figure. But this is Miss TEMPEST's season at The Playhouse and there he was safe.

For a play that is just meant to amuse, and makes no appeal to the intelligence, *Mary Goes First* began very heavily. In the two scenes of the First Act there was scarcely a smile. Later on, as it became more frankly farcical, there were moments that invited to laughter. But in the mutual jealousy of a pair of provincial female snobs there was never enough fresh stuff for a whole evening's work.

Still I learned something about local manners. In the best suburban circles of Warkinstall you introduce a medical guest as Dr. So-and-so of *Harley Street*. And you go in to dinner like this: your host gives his arm to the leading lady, and then pauses for a brief dialogue. At its conclusion the butler announces dinner, and you all move off. This is relatively simple. But things are complicated when the claims of the leading lady (wife of new knight) threaten to be usurped by those of Another (wife of new baronet). In the play the former is taken ill and has to undergo a rest cure in the cloak-room. Compelled at last by her husband to mount to the drawing-room, she bursts into a flood of tears, and, refusing consolation, rehearses her woes before an embarrassed company. The dinner grows colder every minute (and I, for one, colder still). No solution is at hand, and it looks as if we shouldn't even get away to supper, when the new queen of Warkinstall has an inspiration. She offers her own arm to the ex-queen (who is on the stout side), and, to evade the vexed question of precedence, they stick in the door together.

It is unusual for two dinners to be given in one play by the same host to the same guests. A pronounced variation in the procedure was therefore almost imperative, and Mr. JONES

seems to have recognised this. Certainly no one who witnessed the remarkable preliminaries of the second of these two meals had any right to complain that the dramatist lacked invention. For my part, I am conscious of having done a great injustice to provincial society. I see now that its annals are not nearly so colourless as I supposed.

Most of the fun—a little antiquated, some of it—turned on *Lady Dods-worth's* wigs and complexions, which were made the object of libellous comment by *Mary Whichello*, who went so far as to say that her rival looked like an "impropriety." It was the concrete suggestion underlying this term that



MARY'S FIRST WRIT.

Mary Whichello .. Miss MARIE TEMPEST.
Felix Galpin Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE.

provoked the infuriated husband to issue a writ. But at the last moment the injured party declined to seek satisfaction in the courts, for fear that she might be required to exhibit to the jury the artificial aids to beauty which had provoked the alleged libel. All this was good matter for a brief farce, but nothing more.

MARIE, of course, was first past the judge's box (as I am confident she would have been if her case had come into court), and Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE was a good second. Of the rest it may be said that they "also ran." This was no fault of Mr. FRANCE (as *Whichello*) or Mr. MUSGRAVE (as *Sir Thomas Dods-worth, Knt.*). The behaviour demanded of the former was too extravagant for comedy, and the latter was a figure which might have come straight out of DICKENS in his worst mood of insistent overstatement.

It is right to add that Mr. HENRY

ARTHUR JONES's triffo seems to have taken the wilful fancy of the public, which is probably what he wanted; so that he can easily do without my best flattery. O. S.

THE LITTLE REVENGE.

TOM, when, your holiday ended, homeward you wended to town,
Flaunting a face that the breezes had bronzed to the orthodox brown;
Proudly you prattled of Plashville, almost as though you'd alone
Called into being its mud-flats, blest them with bilgy ozone.

Choking my yawns with an effort,
Tom, I allowed you to prate,
Merely remarking (inside me), "Just let the imbecile wait;
I too shall have a vacation, I'll have a tale to reveal,
I too will show a proboscis brazenly starting to peel."

Well, I've been wallowing lately far from the taxi-cab's roar,
Out where the rag-time was ringing down the salubrious shore;
Fishermen (splendid in oilskins) filehed me my food from the sea;
Only last Monday your Herbert ate several winkles for tea.

Tom, did you roam among seaweed luscious and wondrous and rare,
Walk where the resolute shrimper bearded his prey in its lair?
I have done this, yea, and further, staking the twain as they browsed,
Once I took two single-handed—I am a wonder when roused.

Tom, I have bathed in the briny, going right up to the waist,
Paddled for hours at a stretch, Tom, chartered a donkey and raced;
And, now that I've told you about it, shall we agree to esteem
Honours are even between us? Friend, shall we alter the theme?

The Ever-Encroaching Sex.

"The 3,600 boys with their maters as contingent and company commanders were organised into a brigade of four battalions."
Madras Mail.

"The man who would invent a silk hat that would do really well for a suit lining would make a fortune."
Sunday Times.

At the Halls, of course, as a humorist.

"Somewhere in North London there is a pearl worth £2,000 literally asking to be found!"
Daily Mirror.

Scientists who have listened carefully outside oyster beds report that this is probably the only pearl in existence that talks literally.



Countryman (who has come to London by excursion with a party of villagers and got separated and lost his way). "'AVE YOU SEEN ANY OF OUR LADS ABOUT?'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MR. WELLS, in his new novel, *The Passionate Friends* (MACMILLAN), has, I feel, complicated his difficulties by having his story told by an elderly father for the benefit of an extremely youthful son. I can see young *Stratton*, arrived at years of discretion, feeling that he must, alas, read all this heavy pile of manuscript, struggling through it, and then wondering how it applies to the exciting and entirely original passion that is colouring his own life at the moment. Mr. WELLS himself undoubtedly forgets, from time to time, the device that he has adopted, flings hurried "little sons" upon the paper and then hopes that the illusion is sufficiently maintained. Telling the story in the first person is a pleasant and easy method for a novelist, and permits him to enlarge upon his experiences of India, China and Lapland, his theories about art and education, and, if Mr. WELLS is the author in question, his ideals of government and social tolerance. I the more regret the haphazard inconsequence of some chapters in *The Passionate Friends*, because the love story of *Stratton* and *Mary Christian* is of fine quality. *Lady Mary* herself comes as a living person to the reader only at certain moments in the novel, and Mr. WELLS has been bewildered at times between the things that he wishes her to say on behalf of her sex and the things that she naturally, as an individual human being, would say spontaneously. Her long letter, towards the end of the book, is an admirable statement of the position

of the modern woman, but it is the voice of Mr. WELLS and not of *Lady Mary*. I hope that, in his next book, Mr. WELLS will not allow himself the easy latitude of a narrative in the first person, and that he will restrain some persistent mannerisms. There are many pages in this book that are finer than anything that he has yet given us, but there are, here and there, signs of carelessness and hasty writing.

When we first meet *Amory Towers*, the heroine of *The Two Kisses* (METHUEN), by Mr. OLIVER ONIONS, she is, if not actually "wasting Christian kisses on a heathen idol's foot," doing something very like it. She is kissing the marble cheek of the Antinoüs in the Louvre. Shortly afterwards, at an artist's party, a young man "with restrained manners but a hardy eye" ventures to kiss her. From that moment she makes up her mind that she will devote the rest of her life to embracing Art and avoiding being embraced by Man. She is never going to marry. She is simply going to paint great pictures and have long conversations on the Soul, Art, Philistines, Eugenics, TOLSTOI and WEININGER with her platonic friend Mr. Pratt. Unfortunately, Mr. Pratt comes into money and an estate in Shropshire, cuts that beautiful hair of his that used to cling like tendrils over the back of his soft grey collar, replaces this article with one of the stiff up-and-down kind, and begins to suggest marriage like some ordinary conventional person who has never heard of PLATO. Finally he induces her to marry him; and there Mr. ONIONS leaves them, while the grim old gentleman who was painting-master to both of

them remarks to a friend, "Perhaps Pratt knows at least one little bit about Life by this time." If I know *Amory*, I feel that he does, poor fellow. It has taken Mr. OXONS some time to tear himself away from the great *Jeffries* murder-case; but no one can say that he has done it half-heartedly. *The Two Kisses* is one long laugh from beginning to end. I have seldom read a book so crammed with quotable passages, so full of admirable thumb-nail sketches of character. I defy anyone with a sense of humour not to revel in *Mr. Wellcome, Mr. Edmondson*, and the other dwellers in the boarding-house, "Glenerne." Best of all, perhaps, though he comes into the book too late, is *Mr. Miller*, the American publicity expert of *Hallowell's Stores*—that "noo edifice" which he was determined to run on "noo methods." I hope Mr. OXONS is going to make a practice of writing his books in threes. I want at least two more volumes about the people of *The Two Kisses*.

Tommy Johnson's name was not really *Tommy Johnson*, yet, for reasons not wholly intelligible but mostly connected with the pride of the lady he proposed to marry, he was loath to divulge himself to the world as the missing *Sir Theodore Champ*; on the other hand, he was not ready to allow the title and estate of that Baronet to remain even in temporary abeyance. Determined, then, upon a *locum tenens* while his retiring mood lasted, he gave the go-by to all his Bohemian friends, who, being impetuous actors, would have been glad of and competent for the rôle, and employed a genteel-looking wastrel whom he met on Southwark

Bridge. The business of impersonation, never too arduous in novels, was less exacting in this instance even than usual; none of the people concerned had seen the proper Baronet since his earliest infancy or had any but the vaguest idea what he ought to look like. Moreover, they were astonishingly willing to accept the first claimant for the post without insisting on any substantial proof of identity, an attitude difficult to understand in the next-of-kin. Much point was indeed made by Mr. EDWIN PUGH of the necessity of the understudy's possessing one brown eye and one blue, but none of the relatives and friends thought to observe the colour of either eye of either *Sir Theodore* until the so-called *Tommy*, at a later stage, insisted upon it. Even when they did look they do not seem to have been very much impressed. They accepted the impostor off-hand and refused to part with him when the genuine article, upon a second and wiser thought, asserted himself. In such circumstances it was not to be expected of the impostor that he should voluntarily sacrifice ease and affluence and return to Southwark Bridge. . . . Certainly there is little that is new and less that is true in *The Proof of the Pudding* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), but I am equally certain that there is no harm and plenty of fun in it.

It is not uncommon to speak of this or the other book as being "redolent of the soil," but I think I never met a story in which the soil played a more actual and conspicuous

part than it does in *O Pioneers!* (HEINEMANN). It is a tale, as you may just possibly have guessed from the title, about the settlers in a new country, and a vigorous, earthy and altogether unusual tale it is. The name of the writer, Miss WILLA SIBERT CATHER, is unfamiliar to me, but I daresay she has a transatlantic reputation, and, if so, it is certainly deserved. Her story is of a family of Swedish folk, pioneer settlers in Nebraska, and their early hardships; how, under the leadership of the girl *Alexandra*—left guardian and controller of her brothers by a far-seeing father—these troubles were overcome; and of the later prosperity that came to the little clan in consequence of her management. There is also thrown in a rather belated sensation in the latter pages—jealousy and a double murder; but somehow I could not be greatly moved by this. Nor could I reconcile the very attractive coloured illustration of a fashionably dressed young lady with my own conception of the practical and hard-working *Alexandra*. But these are minor matters. What really counts is the vivid sympathy with her scene that Miss WILLA SIBERT CATHER (if I may say so with all respect, what remarkable names these American novelists do have!) clearly possesses; it has enabled her to convey an impression of the land, both wild and tamed, which alone would suffice to confer distinction on her work.

Of *Mrs. Day's Daughters* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), *Deleah* was much too good, and *Bessie* much too bad, to be true. Mrs. MANN has made altogether too symmetrical a pattern. From the moment of *William Day's* disgrace and death, demure, delightful *Deleah* faces all misfortunes with courage, breaks, of course un-

consciously, all adjacent male hearts, and is finally folded in the arms of the benevolent baronet, *Foreus*; while *Bessie*, bold and brazen, setting her cap at all and sundry, failing in every duty, is left with the dull, disastrous draper, *Boult*, for her portion. I can never bring myself to believe that in a given household there can long be any doubt as to which of the inmates is in love with which of the callers, but our author makes a liberal use of such mystifications. And, by the way, I wonder if *Mrs. Day* would have said, "Environment has told on *Bessie*," so many years before the popularising of the Darwinian jargon? And I also wonder whether the author, writing (on p. 193) *Reggie for Bernard*, is really visualising her scenes very keenly, or is just turning out so many thousand words of wholesome story, somewhat overweighted with gloom, rather arbitrarily or (one might put it) negatively dated, such as will ruffle no library censor's breast, will please many of Mrs. MANN's admirers and will disappoint a few who know her capable of better and less "phenomenally" facile stuff.

Modesty is at war with loyalty in *Mr. Punch's* breast when a book by one of his own family comes in for review. But no one, he hopes, will carp at him if he simply calls the attention of the many friends of Captain KENDALL to a new collection of "DUM-DUM's" verses, published by CONSTABLE under the happy title of *Odd Numbers*.



THE WORLD'S WORKERS.
THE BARLEY-SUGAR TWISTER.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. REDMOND says that his motto is, "Full steam ahead towards the mouth of the harbour." He seems to forget that ships are sometimes wrecked at the harbour bar. In this instance the Bar is represented by Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. F. E. SMITH.

Sir ALMROTH WRIGHT's trenchant attack upon the militant suffragist movement comes from the house of CONSTABLE. It speaks well for the self-control of the Force that a Constable should not have hit back before this.

Sir ALMROTH declares that there are no good women. This is a bit rough on his mother—if the rumour that he had one be true.

Yet another millionaire has died, making the fifth who has done so during the present financial year. This willingness to help him out with his Budget is looked upon by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as valuable disproof of the statement that he is hated by the rich.

Mr. J. M. ROBERTSON's threat of withdrawing all postal facilities from Ulster has, it is reported, caused trouble between him and the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. Mr. ROBERTSON is said to have received the following peremptory and somewhat pathetic cable from America: "Hands off my letters—SAMUEL."

The Socialist delegates assembled in conference at Stuttgart have rejected a proposal for the erection of a monument to their late leader, Herr BEBEL. History is certainly against a Tower of Bebel being practical politics.

"Russia turns out the best dancers to-day," says a contemporary. "And India to-morrow," says Miss MAUD ALLAN.

Sir EDWARD HENRY has decided that there are to be special police vans for ladies. It only remains now to hope that these will be sufficiently patronised to make the experiment worth while.

"As a train went out of Paddington Station the other day," we are told, "there were in a third-class compartment two women smoking cigarettes and a man knitting." Let us hope for

the dignity of our sex that he was only knitting his brows at the sight of the brazen minxes.

Mr. BOURCHIER has been complaining that English theatrical audiences are unintelligent. Mr. BOURCHIER is one of our most popular actors.

"NEW HARDY PLAY," announces *The Daily Mail*. This is what theatrical managers have been wanting for some time. So many recent plays have lacked durability.

A play by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON will be produced shortly at the Little Theatre. Mr. CHESTERTON should be able easily to fill this tiny house.

Chicago aviator, has wooed and won a wealthy bride in his air-ship. It is unofficially reported that the words of the proposal were, "Will you be my aires?"

Two boys, who are described as being scarcely out of their teens, held up the New York to New Orleans express train last week, and escaped with £20,000. This happened near Bibville, Alabama. The taking ways of Alabama coons have long been recognised, and, if names mean anything, Bibville must be the babies' own town, and these evidently develop into precocious youngsters.

From an observation made at Greenwich it has been proved that the "new" comet discovered by an Argentine astronomer is Westphal's comet, which returns every sixty-one years. The faithful little beast! The homing instinct in some comets is wonderful.

A volume on Girton Colloge is to be added by Messrs. BLACK to their "Beautiful Britain" series. The girl students, who are so frequently accused of cultivating their brains to the detriment of their personal appearance, must be pleased at this vindication.

"Evidence showed that the accused had left a basket at the cloakroom. Later he called and asked to be allowed to go into the basket."—*Scotsman*.

But he couldn't escape the police like that.

Another Baboo Letter.

"HELL!

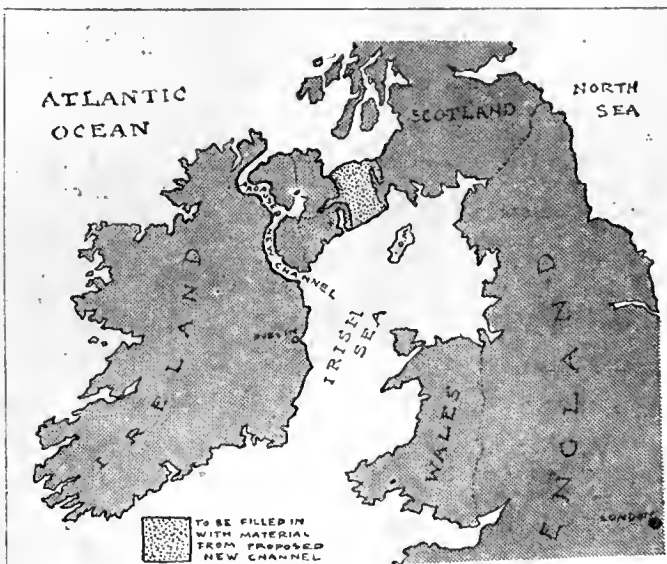
MY KIND MASTER, MISTRESS, & MISS SAHIB.—I handfully beg in your kind feet Sirs If truth is something on a world for God sake beleve to me. I am in a great distriss so I dont want any sort of trouble to master except take a few minutes to write a word to any of these under-mentioned officer who coming out to India in next cold season weather any officer engage me on trial.

If I will get any job by masters kindness one doz hungry men will pray
Sir Exeuse for bother
My humble salaam to all."

"MR. ILLINGWORTH PATS.

Mr. Illingworth led through the turnstile and tabled the pier dues for the Chancellor."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

If the reporter had been listening as well as watching, he would have heard the CHANCELLOR say, as they walked up the pier, "ILLINGWORTH, you know I am a comparatively poor man."



THE PROBLEM OF DIVIDED IRELAND SOLVED BY A SIMPLE FEAT OF ENGINEERING—IF SCOTLAND MAKE NO OBJECTIONS.

A valuable old English Bible, printed in 1603, which was left in a public-house near Victoria Station, is, it is announced, now in the possession of the Pinlico police, who are anxious to discover the owner. It is thought that it must have been left there by an absent-minded divine.

A report just issued shows that only thirty-eight elephants were shot in the Eastern African Protectorate during 1911-12. This is due to the fact that heavy licence-fees are charged for killing elephants, and the sport is thus confined to millionaires who can hit hay-stacks.

The same report tells us that during the year nearly two hundred rhinoceros were bagged. This is too many. We should be sorry if these pretty creatures were to become extinct.

Mr. LOGAN VILAS, a prominent

THE PAVED COURT.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "you may as well save yourself further trouble. It is useless. You shall not interest me in the garden."

"But I *will* interest you in it," she said. "You must share with me the planning of these alterations."

"And that," I said vehemently, "is precisely what I refuse to do. I like the garden well enough as it is. It has flowers and shrubs and grass, and trees and beds and borders. There is a pond. There are lilies and gold fish in the pond. There is, I believe, a pergola; and there are vegetables. All these things are usual in a garden, and I have no personal objection to any of them; but when it comes to alterations——"

"And that is just what it *has* come to," she said.

"When it comes to changing things about I take no part in it; I let it flow over me, for I know it would be quite useless for me to say or do anything."

"And when it is all finished you suddenly become aware of it, though it's been going on under your very nose——"

"It is my best feature," I said.

"And then you ask wildly who has ruined your garden (*your* garden, indeed) by all these hideous changes. Oh, I know you, and I refuse to let you do it this time."

"Francesca," I said, "you are now uttering wild and whirling words. I cannot influence your determinations, but I can always say 'I told you so.' You could not think of robbing me of that poor privilege."

"I call it mere perversity," she said.

"Do you really, Francesca?" I said. "Surely that cannot be the right word. My mother and my Aunt Matilda have often told me that in early childhood I was bold, gentle, generous and affectionate. My fault, they said, if I had any, was an excessive softness of heart, but they never said a word about perversity."

"Your nature," she said, "must have altered."

"There you go again," I said. "You can think of nothing but alterations. Natures are not like gardens. They are not altered; they develop. Mine is still what it was, only more so."

"Hereditry," she said in the vague tone of one addressing herself, "is a strange thing. It was only yesterday that I had to correct Frederick for being perverse and unmanageable."

"Not harshly, I hope, for remember Frederick has your high spirit. He would not brook much correction."

"On the contrary, he brooked it like an angel. I've always said that little boy——" She paused.

"Is like his dear father.' You meant to say it, Francesca, I know you did. Oh, why that cruel pause?"

"We will leave Frederick out of the question," she said.

"No, we will not," I said. "I did not drag him in, but now that he is there, I mean to use him for all he's worth. Frederick is like me——"

"He is not," she said.

"He is," I said. "He may be led, but he will not be driven. You should appeal to his reason."

"Let us," she said, "resume the subject of the garden."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "let us. Where were we? Yes, I remember. You want to move the pond from its present retired position to the centre of the lawn. Do it. I approve. Frederick and the girls will tumble into it more readily, but what of that?"

"I never said anything about the pond," she said. "I was asking you——"

"How foolish of me," I said. "Of course it wasn't you who mentioned the pond. It was Mrs. Baskerville. She was saying the other day what a wonderful gardener you

were, and how beautiful the garden was, except for the position of the pond."

"The pond," said Francesca, "is going to remain where it is."

"Is that wise, do you think? I rather thought it would do the pond good to be moved; but, of course, if you really object I yield at once."

"No, no," she said, "I couldn't think of asking you to make such a sacrifice. It is for me to yield. We will move the pond."

"Francesca," I said, "I insist on yielding. The pond shall remain rooted to its rockery."

"Very well," she said; "I will let you yield about the pond, and I will yield about the little paved court."

"How so?" I said.

"I half thought of having it on the north side, but you said you didn't care for that. I give way at once. We will have it on the south side, where you thought the pond ought to be."

"But——" I said.

"I insist," she said. "Sometimes on wet days it will look like a pond."

"I am not sure," I said, "that a paved court is exactly what I wanted there."

"Now," she said, "you are going to be too generous. You are going to yield again."

"No," I said, "not quite that. I only want you to be quite sure about it."

"Oh, I'm that all right. It's the one place in the garden where a paved court ought to be."

"Aha," I said; "then you admit I was right in objecting to the north side?"

"Absolutely right," she said. "I can't think why I ever suggested it there."

"It's not a bad thing," I said, "to take advice now and then."

"An excellent thing," said Francesca. "I'll order the paving-stones at once and tell Macpherson to mark it out."

R. C. L.

THOUGHTS ON A GLITTERING BAUBLE.

(Inscribed with undying gratitude to "The Daily Mail.")

It filled me with a positive obsession
From merest infancy, this lust of fame;
A mewling cub, in moments of depression
I bawled my own, and not my nurse's name;
My conduct, sweet by turns and vitriolic,
Was ever aimed at rousing public bruit;
It was, indeed, of coroners and colic
I really thought when pouching stolen fruit.

And when I came to Culture's high academy
I carved my name on each conspicuous spot;
The Head observed it really was too bad o' me—
And oh, the handsome swishing that I got!
At length I bloomed in verse and gave some
promise I'd
One day be famous by my Muse's dint;
Alas, I found, unless by wreaking homicide
On editors, I'd never bloom in print!

But now my woes are vanished, and the rigours
Of foiled ambition. Only yesternorn
Two million eyes (*cf.* official figures)
Perused my name in blazoned honour borne.
My long obscurity was lightning-riven,
My ears with fame were fairly thunder-stunned,
For I, by all the gods, had been and given
A penny to the High Olympic Fund!



ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE.

TURKEY (to Greece). "AHA! MY YOUNG FRIEND, ALONE AT LAST! NOW WE CAN ARRANGE A REALLY NICE TREATY."



Husband. "ERE, LET'S MOVE ON; IT'S GETTING LATE."

Wife. "OH, LET'S STAY AN' WATCH THE OLD GEEZER A LITTLE LONGER—IT'S JOHN ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY."

ARE GOLFERS SNOBBISH?

THE charge of snobbishness brought against golfers by ABE MITCHELL (late Mr. ABE MITCHELL) is one that has aroused quite as much interest as it deserves. Whatever grounds the eminent professional may have for his complaint, there appear to be reasons for both agreement and disagreement with his opinion.

One of our little band of special investigators has been making a few inquiries on a popular holiday course in the South of England. "Golfers snobbish?" exclaimed one breezy player with whom he discussed the question. "Bless my soul, not us! Why, only the other day—but you're not smoking. Have one of mine—half-a-crown for three, they cost, and worth it. Well, as I was saying, only the other day I played with a young chap down here, and what do you think he was? A bank clerk. Well, you know, I never said anything, not even when he beat me. And we had a drink together afterwards, just as if he was one of my own class. Here's another instance: last Tuesday I sent my caddie to ask a gentleman if he would play with me—a very ordinary-looking gentleman too. We got on very friendly until the ninth green. Then I asked him how many he had taken, and he said he thought it was

five. Now I had been watching him closely, and knew it was six, and I told him so. I also told him to be careful how he counted. Well, he took it quite calmly; he even apologised for his mistake—and yet, after the game was over, I was informed that he was Lord Dormy. Of course, when I saw him next day I went up and apologised. Not a bit snobbish, you see. No, MITCHELL's prejudiced. No use attaching any importance to these working men—I know them. Let me see, what paper did you say you represent? Oh, do you? Well, let me give you a lift in my car."

"Certainly, I consider golfers an intensely snobbish class," said a thoughtful-looking young man who was searching for a ball among the heather beyond the fourteenth. "For instance, those two men who have just gone through would have helped me look for my ball if they had been gentlemen, instead of shouting so rudely. I had an experience here three weeks ago which bears out MITCHELL's complaint. I arrived late, and only one player was waiting. So we agreed to play together. My handicap will, I hope, soon be 24; his, I believe, was 6. After all, as I said to him, a difference of eighteen is not serious—it might be more. He was a most uncommunicative man; he could

talk of nothing but golf, and when I tried him with SHAW, the principles of vegetarianism, eugenics and other topics upon which intellectual persons may converse, he was silent. I happened to mention that my father was a draper, and that, I believe, must have prejudiced him against me, for he has never offered to play with me since, and, indeed, appears to wish to avoid me. But one of the biggest snobs down here is a person with a woollen jacket. You may have seen him. I happened to get in a good brassie shot one day—better than I expected—and it fell rather near him. It may have even struck him. That is how I first noticed him. He is an offensively snobbish and uncompanionable person, in my opinion."

From the Rules of Winchester Football:—

"No player may back up a kick made by one of his own side or play the ball in any way, unless he was behind the ball at the time when it was kicked, or has afterwards gone back behind the point from which it was kicked, or has since been kicked by a player of his own side."

The most likely of these three saving conditions is that he will be kicked by a player of his own side for backing up too soon—thus automatically (as it were) becoming "onside" again.

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

(An honest attempt to reduce the dangers of the pedestrian.)

HAPPENING to look over the garden wall the other day, I was surprised to see my neighbour Gibbs busily engaged with something in the nature of a perambulator. The contents of the perambulator bore a resemblance to a baby. Gibbs is a bachelor. Hence my surprise. I hailed him.

"Hullo! Have you got relations staying with you?"

"No."

"Friends?"

"No."

"Where did you get the baby then?"

"This isn't a baby. At least it isn't a real baby."

He turned towards me, and I noticed that he was dressed in the shabbiest of garments. He approached the wall. There was a strange look in his eyes.

"You don't own a motor, do you?" he asked.

I did not, and said so.

"Do you like motors?" he went on.

"Not unless I'm in one. And then I don't like other motors."

"Well, I'll tell you about it," he said. "I'm tired of being chased about the roads and driven down subways like a scared rabbit. I've declared war on all motor traffic. I smashed one fellow's windscreen not long ago—with my head."

"Didn't it hurt?" I asked.

"At the time, yes;

but they managed to get my ear back into pretty much its old place, and after a while the pieces of my face came together again. It hardly shows—a nice piece of surgical work."

It was quite true. I could only just make out the scars.

"I've done a good deal to abate the cycle nuisance. But that was easier. A gentle push on the handle bar would be enough. But motor-cars are more difficult. There is no 'give' in a motor. Bus poles were bad enough, but motor-cars are worse. Horses didn't like treading on people, and the drivers were afraid of being put to a lot of expense

through killing you. I have known the driver of a hansom use the most dreadful language when he nearly ran over me. But I was a human life then. Now I am merely a third party risk. Insurance companies have a good deal to answer for."

"But you haven't explained what you do with the baby?" I asked.

"I once had a great success by dropping my cricket bag under a cyclist's

"I thought once of using real babies. But they're difficult to come by for the purpose, so I gave up the idea. I asked my sister for the loan of one of hers, but she was nasty about it. If you borrow them without asking the owner's leave there's apt to be a fuss, and I hate notoriety. Besides, you can get compensation for crockery but not for babies.

"I never try for more than five pounds' compensation.

The first five pounds is generally 'owner's risk.' You can often scare five pounds out of a motorist while he's still weak from the shock of thinking it was a real baby. Over five pounds you run on to insurance companies, and they're very inquisitive.

"You have to dress the part, of course. I don't work the same pitch twice. The policeman on that beat might recognise you and get suspicious, if he should happen to arrive before the thing was quite over.

"In any case you get exercise and good sport at a small outlay, and sometimes you make a profit. And at the worst there is always the inspiring thought that you are striking a blow for the down-trodden pedestrian."

Dutch Courage.

"Finally there is, I think, the finest 18th hole in all the world. The tee shot must first be hit straight and long between a vast bunker on the left which whispers 'slice' in the player's ear and a hurried hook."—*Times*.

A quick pull at the whisky flask is more popular at St. Andrews.

The campaign against sensational headings recently illustrated in *Punch* does not find favour in the provincial Press. *The Bourne-mouth Daily Echo*, describing the illness of a member of the House of Commons, says:—

"A doctor was sent for, and the hon. gentleman was removed home. His condition is regarded as more or less serious."

This is headed:—

"M.P.'s SUDDEN DEATH."



Irishman (after ten years in the Colonies, arriving in Dublin during the recent riots). "HOOROO! THEN THEY'VE GOT HOME RULE AT LAST."

touring club that tried to frighten me. That's where I got my idea of leaving a perambulator under a motor."

"But it wouldn't upset a motor."

"It upsets the occupants. I make up the contents to look like a baby, and I choose a car with women in it. Women are queer about babies. They don't like running over them. The foundation is really old crockery, which isn't good for rubber tyres. A turnip or a piece of cheese at the top looks quite like a very young baby's head. Sometimes, too, I make a bit out of my smashed crockery. Business combined with pleasure.

A NASTY JAR.

["There is no surer way to make a girl beautiful than to make her happy."—HALL CAINE.]

I HAVE known fairer maids. Nay, I'll be frank,
And own her void of all external graces.
Lack-lustre hair and freckles joined to rank
Hers with the unattractive brands of faces.
Her friends (in sorrow) said that "dearest Jane"
Was almost preternaturally plain.

But I—I had the sense to look within.
What though her features might be fashioned rumly,
Plainness is seldom deeper than the skin;
Her soul might be comparatively comely,
The sort of simple spirit that would see
How clever was her husband (meaning me).

And so I made the (very) old request,
Behaved myself in much the usual fashion,
Save that perhaps the words of my behest
Proclaimed a slightly patronising passion.
I spoke—there came a negative reply.
O strange event! O omer in the eye!

Nor is that all. More painful to confess,
Far from repenting this egregious blunder,
Straightway she blossomed into loveliness,
Turning her fair companions green (with wonder).
And now each radiant feature bluntly mentions
Her joy at being rid of my attentions.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

NOWADAYS, variety managers when in doubt go to America. No one objects to that, but unfortunately they do not stay there. They come back with "the goods," or what they consider the goods. Hence the recent race between three of these enterprising gentlemen to see which could reproduce first in London a stage staircase effect which they had all seen simultaneously on the other side. The obvious house for it, the Scala, did not compete.

The new *revue* at the Opprobrium, which has been called (very properly) *Cheese It!* is absolutely packed with novel features. Among those is of course the wonderful staircase, on which five hundred carpenters were at work night and day. Another feature is a procession of the smartest dressed men in London, wearing all the latest things in socks, ties and waistcoats, who walk through the house from stalls to gallery and then round the parapet of the dress circle singing "The Glad-rag Rag." All the company is American, but there are a few vacancies still for programme-sellers, for which English actors and actresses are invited to apply.

In addition to the very remarkable staircase effect which is offered at the Delirium, on which no fewer than eight hundred carpenters have been working, the new *revue*, called *Throw that Brick!* has a specially constructed slide from the gallery to the stage, by which the performers make their entry. There is also a Fur Chorus, consisting of the most beautiful women which a certain amount of money could tempt from the United States, all wearing different kinds of fur, the price of each being fixed to it in legible figures. Orders for similar articles are received in the box-office during each performance. The management wish it to be understood that the statement that no English performer is engaged in this theatre is a vile falsehood. One of the male chorus is English, as also is the call-boy.



Chief Officer. "A STOWAWAY, EH?"

Bo'sun. "WELL, NOT EXACTLY, SIR; 'E 'ARDLY GOT THAT FAR. WE FOUND 'IM WEDGED 'ARE-WAY THROUGH A WATERTIGHT DOOR."

The clever gentlemen who have adapted from the French the sparkling farce entitled *Les 100,000 Chemises*, under the title *Sign, Please!* have not stopped there. They have also arranged that the theatre shall be open every morning at eight for Tango Breakfasts and remain open for Tango Luncheons and Tango Teas, together with a ceaseless exhibition of the best under-clothes that can be obtained. All true lovers of the British drama must rejoice at their efforts.

"SOCIETY'S DIARY."

The following list of engagements is published for general information and to assist Committees and others in arranging the dates of social functions so as to prevent inconvenient clashing:—

SEPTEMBER.

- 11—The Shanghai Cotton Manufacturing Co., Ltd., annual general meeting, at 5 p.m.
 - 12—The Sungei Duri Rubber Estate, Ltd., annual general meeting at 4.30 p.m.
 - 24—Annual meeting of The See Kee Rubber Estates, Ltd. 4.30 p.m."
- North China Daily News.*

Really, life in China seems to be one constant whirl of gaiety.

"The horse shied and became unmanageable, struck a grass tree, and horse and rider came with great force to the ground. Mr. Coutts escaped with a broken neck, which he had given £25 for a short time previously and had to walk and carry his saddle and bridle."

Lawloit Times.

Mr. COUTTS should get a cheaper neck next time.

"In M. Pegoud's first flight he rose to 3,000 feet, and flew with his wheels in the air a distance of over a mile."—*Evening News.*

Six or seven years ago this would have sounded quite wonderful. Now it leaves us unmoved.

A TRUNK CALL.

LAST Wednesday, being the anniversary of the Wednesday before, Celia gave me a present of a door-knocker. The knocker was in the shape of an elephant's head (not life-size), and by bumping the animal's trunk against his chin you could produce a small brass noise.

"It's for the library," she explained eagerly. "You're going to work there this morning, aren't you?"

"Yes, I shall be very busy," I said in my busy voice.

"Well, just put it up before you start, and then if I *have* to interrupt you for anything important, I can knock with it. Do say you love it."

"It's a dear, and so are you. Come along, let's put it up."

I got a small screwdriver, and with very little loss of blood managed to screw it into the door. Some people are born screwists, some are not. I am one of the nots.

"It's rather sideways," said Celia doubtfully.

"Osso erry," I said.

"What?"

I took my knuckle from my mouth.

"Not so very," I repeated.

"I wish it had been straight."

"So do I; but it's too late now. You have to leave these things very largely to the screwdriver. Besides elephants often do have their heads sideways; I've noticed it at the Zoo."

"Well, never mind. I think it's very clever of you to do it at all. Now then, you go in, and I'll knock and see if you hear."

I went in and shut the door, Celia remaining outside. After five seconds, having heard nothing, but not wishing to disappoint her, I said, "Come in," in the voice of one who has been suddenly disturbed by a loud "Rat-tat."

"I haven't knocked yet," said Celia from the other side of the door.

"Why not?"

"I was admiring him. He is jolly. Do come and look at him again."

I went out and looked at him again. He really gave an air to the library door.

"His face is rather dirty," said Celia. "I think he wants some brass polish and a—and a bun."

She ran off to the kitchen. I remained behind with Jumbo and had a little practice. The knock was not altogether convincing, owing to the fact that his chin was too receding for his trunk to get at it properly. I could hear it quite easily on my own side of the door, but I felt rather doubtful whether the sound would penetrate into the room. The natural noise of

the elephant—roar, bark, whistle or whatever it is—I have never heard, but I am told it is very terrible to denizens of the jungle. Jumbo's cry would not have alarmed an ant.

Celia came back with flannels and things and washed Jumbo's face.

"There!" she said. "Now his mother would love him again." Very confidently she propelled his trunk against his chin and added, "Come in."

"You can hear it quite plainly," I said quickly.

"It doesn't re—rever—reverberate—is that the word?" said Celia, "but it's quite a distinctive noise. I'm sure you'd hear it."

"I'm sure I should. Let's try."

"Not now. I'll try later on, when you aren't expecting it. Besides, you must begin your work. Good-bye. Work hard." She pushed me in and shut the door.

I began to work.

I work best on the sofa; I think most clearly in what appears to the hasty observer to be an attitude of rest. But I am not sure that Celia really understands this yet. Accordingly, when a knock comes at the door I jump to my feet, ruffle my hair, and stride up and down the room with one hand on my brow. "Come in," I call impatiently, and Celia finds me absolutely in the throes. If there should chance to be a second knock later on, I make a sprint for the writing desk, seize pen and paper, upset the ink or not as it happens, and present to anyone coming in at the door the most thoroughly engrossed back in London.

But that was in the good old days of knuckle-knocking. On this particular morning I had hardly written more than a couple of thousand words—I mean I had hardly got the cushions at the back of my head comfortably settled when Celia came in.

"Well?" she said eagerly.

I struggled out of the sofa.

"What is it?" I asked sternly.

"Did you hear it all right?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"Oh!" she said in great disappointment. "But perhaps you were asleep," she went on hopefully.

"Certainly not. I was working."

"Did I interrupt you?"

"You did rather; but it doesn't matter."

"Oh, well, I won't do it again—unless I really have to. Good-bye, and good luck."

She went out and I returned to my sofa. After an hour or so my mind began to get to work, and I got up and walked slowly up and down the room. The gentle exercise seemed to stimulate me. Seeing my new putter in the

corner of the room, I took it up (my brain full of other things) and, dropping a golf ball on the carpet, began to practise. After five or ten minutes, my ideas being now quite clear, I was just about to substitute the pen for the putter when Celia came in.

"Oh!" she said. "Are—are you busy?"

I turned round from a difficult putt with the club in my hand.

"Very," I said. "What is it?"

"I don't want to disturb you if you're working—"

"I am."

"But I just wondered if you—if you liked artichokes."

I looked at her coldly.

"I will fill in your confession book another time," I said stiffly, and I sat down with dignity at my desk and dipped the putter in the ink.

"It's for dinner to-night," said Celia persuasively. "Do say. Because I don't want to eat them all by myself."

I saw that I should have to humour her.

"If it's a Jerusalem artichoke you mean, yes," I said; "the other sort, no. J. Arthur Choke I love."

"Right-o Sorry for interrupting." And then as she went to the door, "You *did* hear Jumbo this time, didn't you?"

"I believe that's the only reason you came in for."

"Well, one of them."

"Are you coming in again?"

"Don't know," she smiled. "Depends if I can think of an excuse."

"Right," I said. "In that case—"

There was nothing else for it; I took up my pen and began to work.

But I have a suggestion to make to Celia. At present, although Jumbo is really mine, *she* is having all the fun with him. And as long as Jumbo is on the outside of the door there can never rise an occasion when I should want to use him. My idea is that I should unscrew Jumbo and put him on the *inside* of the door, so that I can knock when I come out.

And when Celia wants to come in she will warn me in the old-fashioned way with her knuckles . . . and I shall have time to do something about it.

A. A. M.

"The members of the various committees appointed yesterday to administer the affairs of the North of Ireland in the event of Home Rule coming into operation, found on arrival in the hall that most business-like arrangements had been made for their accommodation. To each of these committees had been allotted a separate table, with writing materials and all facilities for preliminary work."

Liverpool Courier.

Surely *this* will bring Mr. ASQUITH to his senses.

THE COMMERCIAL DOUBLE-LIFERS.

["Curious stories come to light occasionally of men who are 'something in the City,' but who conceal from their wives and families the true nature of their humble occupations."—Daily Paper.]



WHO WOULD IMAGINE THAT THIS APPARENTLY DECREPIT SPECIMEN OF THE SUBMERGED TENTH



COULD BE NO OTHER THAN MR. —, THE MOST FAMOUS AMATEUR ON THE LURBITON LINKS, WHOSE WEEK-END PERFORMANCES DRAW CROWDS FROM THE REMOTEST SUBURBS?



MR. —, OF STREATHAM, HAD AN ANXIOUS MOMENT SOME DAYS AGO AT HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS.



A GENTLEMAN OF EAST SHEEN FINDS SOME DIFFICULTY IN PREVENTING HIS FAMILY FROM KNOWING THAT HE ACTS AS A PORTER AT BILLINGSGATE.



A SECRET CHIMNEY-SWEEP, WHO LIVES AT RAYNES PARK, LEAVING HIS HOME AT DAYBREAK.



THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF MR. —, OF GOLDER'S GREEN, KNOW NOTHING OF HIS EMPLOYMENT BUT THAT HE GOES TO THE CITY DAILY TO ATTEND BOARD MEETINGS—



AND, IN A SENSE, THIS IS TRUE.



INVADERS OF DEBRETT.

SCENE—The drawing-room at Mercia Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of Mercia have a large family party for the shooting.
TIME—After dinner.

The Duchess (to her daughter). "HOW ARE WE GOIN' TO AMUSE OURSELVES TO-NIGHT, DEAREST?"

Lady Edelfleda. "WHAT D'YOU SAY TO A PERFORMANCE OF *THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE*, MAMMA? YOU 'VE NEVER SEEN IT, YOU KNOW, AND"—(with a glance round at her numerous and beautiful sisters-in-law)—"WE 'VE THE LEADING LADY HERE—AND HALF THE CHORUS!"

IT'S THOROUGH AS DOES IT.

AN American cablegram states that a wealthy citizen of Auburn, N.Y., has just entered the State penitentiary. "He has taken this method of becoming a convict in order to learn from actual experience just what goes on inside the penitentiary, and will afterwards use his experiences in his prosecution of reforms. In order to do the thing quite regularly he was committed by a judge who is an intimate friend of his. He will remain thirty days in the prison, and on his entrance to-day he was shaved and served out with the striped costume of a convict. During his sojourn he will fare precisely as the other prisoners do."

A convict in the same prison, on hearing of this experiment, expressed his desire to test for a few weeks the social and economic conditions of the life of a wealthy Auburn citizen; but so far he has been unable to begin.

None the less his wish indicates how keen the American empirical mind can be.

Fired by the example, many of our own public men have been investigating up to the hilt. Sir HERBERT BEER-BOHM TREE, we learn, wishing to know exactly what were the feelings and aspirations of a limelight man, himself took a turn in the flies. The first time, by some curious chance, he seems to have held the lantern in such a way that all the rays fell on his own person; but, after some practice, he succeeded in occasionally illuminating part at least of the stage. Sir HERBERT, however, in spite of this progress is disposed to continue as actor-manager.

With extraordinary self-abnegation one of our most widely-read novelists, whose books do not exactly steal on tip-toe and with finger on lip into the light of day, has been endeavouring to discover what it feels like to be both modest and unknown. He was dis-

covered the other day by his publisher in the habit of a Carthusian monk committing to memory the poem which begins—

Down in a sweet and shady bed
A modest violet grew.

The publisher, in his astonishment, could only exclaim, "What is this that thou art giving us?"

The rumour that Mr. ROCKEFELLER was found recently in a workhouse disguised as a very hairy old pauper still requires confirmation; but we should not be surprised.

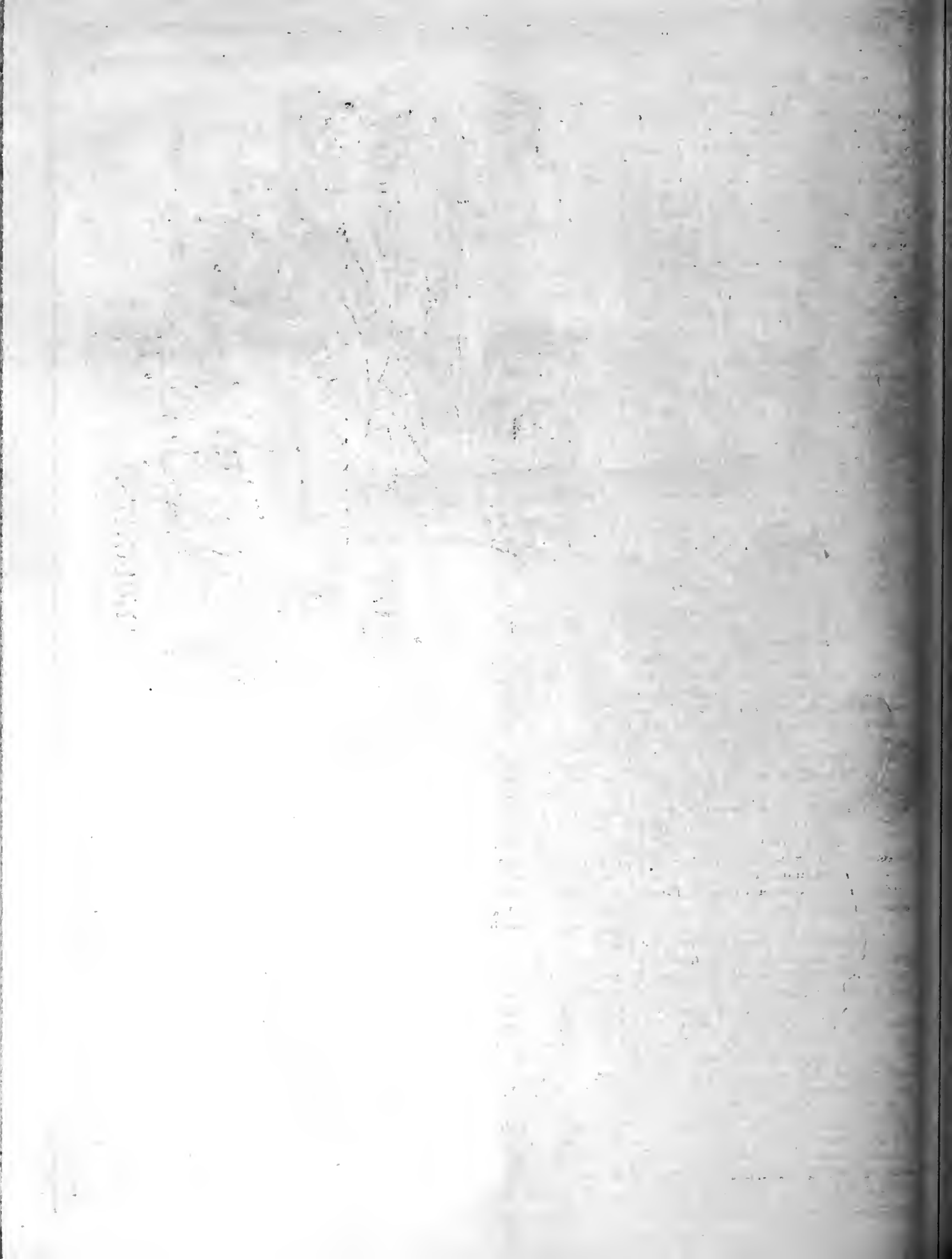
Our Stylists.

"Drawing the Miller's plantation, they found a litter of cubs, dusting them well about, but did not kill. They next moved on the Dean, and found a good show, rattling them well about. One cub broke at the top end, and made for Timprim, which they killed in a small plantation, from which another fox came out, they hunted him, which went into a field of standing corn. The hounds being called off, then went home."—*Scotsman*.



SECOND THOUGHTS.

Mr. JOHN REDMOND. "FULL SHTeam AHEAD! (Aside) I WONDHER WILL I LAVE THIS CONTRAIRY LITTLE DIVIL LOOSE, THE WAY HE'D COME BACK BY HIMSELF AFTERWARDS?"



MR. CARRUTHERS.

PICKING up a paper a fortnight or so ago I read this: "Never find fault with or criticise your husband directly. If you dislike his ways, criticise the same thing in another person, and your husband will be likely to take the hint."

Let me say at once that this is not true. He is unlikely to take the hint, as I can prove. Nor is it wise counsel either. On the contrary, it is fraught with danger, and my advice to all wives is to have nothing to do with it, but, when they have fault to find, to find it in the good old-fashioned style—right out.

Listen.

For the moment I was taken with the idea, and decided to try it. Henry (my husband) has not a few vexatious ways that get on my nerves, one of which is rising from the table directly he has finished his meal, no matter at what stage I, who am a slower eater, happen to be. Having previously said nothing about this I chose it as my opening experiment.

"I lunched with Mrs. Carruthers to-day," I said casually at dinner.

"Did you?" Henry replied. "Is it a nice house?"

"Quite," I said.

"And what is Carruthers like?" he asked. (I may say that Mrs. Carruthers is a new acquaintance.)

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Carruthers was not there at all; but obviously this kind of corrective treatment demands inventive power in the corrector or it cannot go on; for how is one actually to find men with all one's husband's bad habits?

"Oh," I said, as non-committally as possible, "the ordinary kind of man. But he has one detestable mannerism."

"Only one?" Henry answered easily.

"One very noticeable one to-day," I replied. "He got up and left the table directly he had finished."

"While you were still eating?" Henry asked with interest.

"Yes."

"The low swine!" said Henry; and, even as he said it, he threw down his napkin and sauntered off, although I had but just begun a pear.

What was I to do? In the ordinary way I should have drawn attention to his own inconsistency, but the paper so particularly said that direct means were to be avoided; and I therefore sat on dumb and enraged.

A day or so later I tried again, and again I employed Mr. Carruthers as my terrible example.

Henry has a very annoying—more than annoying, exasperating—way of stealing my tunes. After a visit to the



MORE TELEPHONE TROUBLES.

"WHAT! YE CAN'T HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN'? WELL THIN, REPEAT WHAT YE DIDN'T HEAR AN' I'LL TELL IT YE AGAIN."

theatre or a *revue* I naturally find certain memories of the music in my head, and it amuses me to hum them over. This I can do accurately. Now whatever Henry may be doing when I begin, even perhaps humming something himself, he at once takes up my tune; and what fun is there in continuing with it then?

Very well. I decided to make a second attempt to cure him in the newspaper's way, and to attack this humming tendency.

Mrs. Carruthers had been to tea, and I mentioned this to Henry.

"I suppose you dissected your wretched husbands?" he said.

"She certainly talked a little about hers," I replied, with a terrible glibness that nearly frightened me. As a matter of fact she had not mentioned him.

"Complained, I suppose?" said Henry.

"Oh no, she's too loyal for that," I

replied. "But she said that there is one thing he does—harmless enough, no doubt, but irritating beyond words: no sooner does she begin to hum a tune than he hums it too, although he has no ear."

Henry whistled. "He does that, does he?" he exclaimed. "Then I quite agree with his wife. That sort of thing would make me just rabid: One's own humming is sacred. By jingo, yes. This Carruthers seems to be no end of a blighter," he added.

Again I was foiled, and I determined to have no more to do with the scheme, but in future to make any effort towards correction openly and honestly and forcibly. And no doubt I should be doing so but for an occurrence only this afternoon.

Henry, very unlike his custom, came in to tea, and a Mrs. Vyse was there, a new neighbour returning my call.

We talked the usual small talk, and

she was just going when she remarked, "You know my friend Mrs. Carruthers, I think?"

I said that I had recently made her acquaintance.

"You'll love her," said Mrs. Vyse. "Such a dear! And such a sad life! But she never mentions it—never complains."

I began to feel vaguely alarmed.

"Yes," Mrs. Vyse repeated, "you'll love her."

"But not her husband," Henry replied, with a laugh. "We shall never love him—not with that deadly way he has of leaving the table directly he has finished gobbling his food and all his other little tricks. Oh no, not Carruthers!"

Mrs. Vyse looked suddenly both grave and perplexed. "You needn't worry," she said at last. "You are not likely to meet Mr. Carruthers. Mr. Carruthers has been separated from his wife for two years."

* * * * *

And now what chance have I to take any line at all about anything my husband does?

WASTED TALENT.

WE dwellers in a provincial town like Brookmouth find much to excite our wonder in the enterprise of the London halfpenny papers. Every morning we are confronted with fresh evidence of it; every morning we are, so to speak, invited to take off our hats to *The Megaphone*, *The Daily Snap*, *The Watchman*, *The Morning Spout*, *The Roarer* and *The Wireless*. Only *The Trumpeter* lags behind in the competition for our respectful admiration.

It is all very flattering to Brookmouth. Great events are taking place in the busy world without. Day by day the problem of the Home Rule Bill grows more insistent and more serious; airmen fly on their heads; desperate battles are fought out on the football pitch; the investments of the Liberal Party Funds are fiercely discussed; new books are published and banned; new plays are produced and withdrawn; there are earthquakes, fires and fights in foreign parts. Yet yesterday *The Megaphone* announced on its placard, "Summer returns to Brookmouth"; *The Daily Snap* said, "Great Heat in Brookmouth"; *The Watchman*, "Brookmouth Revels in the Sun"; *The Morning Spout*, "The Brookmouth Thermometer Soars"; *The Roarer*, "Autumn or Summer in Brookmouth?"; *The Wireless*, "Sol favours Brookmouth." *The Trumpeter* merely said, "Home Rule Conference Development."

And what a *flair* they have for items of local interest! Some time ago there appeared in one of our Church magazines a jocose remark by the genial vicar of St. Aloysius with regard to the consumption of buns at Sunday-school treats. "The Ban on the Bun," announced *The Megaphone* next day.



HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

THE UNCHIVALROUS SIR ALMROTH DENYING HIS IDENTITY TO FAIR CALLER AT FIRE-PROOF RETREAT, WHERE HE IS RESTING AFTER NERVOUS STRAIN OF WRITING *THE UNEXPURGATED CASE AGAINST FEMALE SUFFRAGE*.

"Buns in Peril at Brookmouth," cried *The Daily Snap*. "The Bun-bursting Vicar," exclaimed *The Watchman*. "To Bun or not to Bun?" asked *The Morning Spout*. "A Hot and Cross Bun Outburst," facetiously said *The Roarer*. "Vicar's Maxim at Brookmouth," still more facetiously said *The Wireless*. "Renewed Fighting in the Balkans," said *The Trumpeter*.

And I could multiply examples indefinitely. As I have remarked, it is very flattering to Brookmouth and it

reveals extraordinary enterprise on the part of *The Megaphone*, *The Daily Snap*, *The Watchman*, *The Morning Spout*, *The Roarer*, and *The Wireless*. All the same, it is a little curious that these clever young sub-editors, or whoever they are, do not realise that we should never dream of buying a London daily paper in order to read about Brookmouth. We can do that quite well in our local journals.

That is why I, for one, always take in *The Trumpeter*.

THE PLAINT OF PERCY ILLINGWORTH, Esq., M.P.

In a moment of expansion
I engaged a ducal mansion
On a most romantic island on the Clyde,
Where, remote from work and worry,
And the aftermath of MURRAY,
I intended in seclusion to reside.

But the attitude of Ulster
And the leaders who've convulsed her
With incentives to the wickedest of crimes,
Has dispelled the blissful vision
Of a holiday Elysian,
And prompted LOREBURN's letter to
The Times.

No more the strains melodic
Of the pipes are heard at Brodick;
No more I taste the pleasures of the chase;
But in sequence swift and sinister
Comes Minister on Minister
To mar the ancient magic of the place.

It's nuts for the snapshotters,
And the journalistic jotters
Who desecrate the glories of Goatfell,
And it's worth a small Bonanza
To the natives of Loch Ranza
And the people who the picture post-cards sell.

But JOHN REDMOND down in Kerry
Has been anything but merry,
And his prophecies are very far from smooth;
And the culpable omission
From our Island coalition
Of LARIN stirs the ire of HANDEL BOOTH.

In the Session I am reely
Rather fond of GEORGE and SEELY
And the merits of young WINSTON
can applaud;
But to have them here, all talking
When I want to go out stalking,
Turns my holiday into an Arrant fraud.

Mixed Farming.

"About 1803, an Officer named Macarthur started wheat-growing in Camden with a couple of Spanish Merino sheep given him by George III."



Mother (to Mabel, who has fallen over mat). "BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT, DARLING?"
Mabel. "I—I—C-COMED IN BEFORE I C-COMED."

THE HISTRION.

OBSERVE, from Jasper Jones' ascent
To Fame, how art may circumvent
A natural impediment.

Designed in Nature's finest mould,
With eyes of blue and hair of gold,
With smile at once refined and bold,

A figure of compelling height,
A size of waist exactly right,
He was a most attractive sight,

And built to act the leading part,
The central Earl, the lime-lit Bart.,
Who wins or breaks the Prima's heart.

But mark the flaw: his twang was such
As irked his hearers very much,
Having the strongest Cockney touch.

In every line he had to say
His *h's* always went astray
And gave his origin away.

It makes me shiver even now
When I, who know, remember how
He spoke that dreadful diphthong
"—ow."

But yet he got there all the same,
So that the Stage's scroll of fame
To-day is headed with his name.

And once a month, but never less,
His portraits fill the picture press,
In every pose, in every dress.

And high-born flappers, taught to ban
The coarse or vulgar, think him an
Ideal English gentleman;

Nay, murmur passionately, "Ah!"
When, taken by a kind papa,
They see him act . . . in cinema.

R.S.V.P.

THERE can be little doubt that instruction in English literature could be made more interesting if presented in some fresh form, and the following examination paper is put forward as an attempt to direct the minds of examinees into new channels:—

QUESTION I.

"Old Caspar's work was done."

What was old Caspar's work? Is there any reason other than the statement that it was done, for suggesting that it was not that of a Panel Doctor?

QUESTION II.

"Tears, idle tears."

Why were they unemployed? Suggest schemes for utilising their labour.

QUESTION III.

"I must learn Spanish one of these days."

What particular Conversation Course had the speaker in mind when making this resolve?

QUESTION IV.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed."

Did it?

QUESTION V.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

By means of what newspaper Apartment List was the writer ultimately suited?

QUESTION VI.

"Survey mankind from China to Peru."

Was this instruction addressed to a properly qualified member of the Institute of Surveyors? If not, why not?

"An article in the *Engineering Supplement* examines the possibility of using existing telephone lines for telephonic purposes."—*Times*.

It is hoped that telephone subscribers will not be unduly elated by this possibility. The thing will probably fall through in the end.

LAST WORDS ON THE CLOTHING CONTROVERSY.

(An irresponsible protest.)

WHEN ADAM'S wife was first advised
To study fashion, I should say
Her modest wardrobe advertised
That vanity had come to stay;
And vainer generations wore,
As time went on, a little more.

(To overclothe the human form
Makes men of morals rage and storm.)

But now, when modern Eve aspires
To alter this, and just to wear
The minimum our clime requires,
It seems, to say the least, unfair
That virtue's guardians should unite
In blaming her for doing right.

Such steps towards a simpler state
No moralist should deprecate.

Not such am I. But I protest
The world is brighter since the Fall,
And life would lose an interest
If people wore no clothes at all,
But stalked about with nothing on—
Their most delightful foible gone.

How very dull to have a reign
Of perfect innocence again!

PRACTICAL HINTS ON GOLF.

(With full acknowledgments to our
illuminating contemporaries.)

I.—THE ART OF LONG DRIVING.

THERE is no doubt that the player who can drive a long ball from the tee gets further than his less fortunate *confère* who is a short driver. Much has been, and will be, written on the art of long driving. How is this *desideratum* of all followers of the Royal and Ancient Game to be attained? That is what I am about to tell you.

Some men when going all out for a long one from the tee play their ball with a little pull on it; others merely drive a straight ball down the middle of the course. Anyway, as I have said, the player who hits a long ball gets further than the one who hits a short ball, and consequently he needs a shorter shot to reach the green with his second.

Speaking of reaching the green reminds me of two of the most remarkable shots I ever witnessed. I was playing for the Championship of Texas, U.S.A., in 19—. My partner was Mr. "Slick" Samson, the celebrated professional amateur. At the 14th he pulled his drive into the rough. When we came up to the ball it was neatly cupped in a lark's nest which contained four eggs. Now I am betraying no secret when I say that, on the three

previous greens, Samson had been put off by the incessant singing of a skylark, and had missed holing three 25 feet putts in succession: a most unusual thing for him. I therefore expected to see him take his revenge by lifting nest, eggs, and ball all on to the green together with his niblick. But I was disappointed. Instead, he took his mashie and played the ball with such nicety that it landed dead within 2 feet of the pin, and the eggs remained in the nest unbroken; not even cracked.

Strange to say, the other remarkable shot was made by the same player on the same course. The game was all square at the 17th. We both had good drives at the 18th; but Samson had the misfortune to find a rabbit-hole, his ball lying about 8½ inches inside the front entrance. Here was a quandary! It was the only rabbit-hole on the course, and had been constructed subsequent to the drafting of the local rules, so that no provision was made for this contingency. If he picked up, it meant losing the match. He walked forward, towards the green, with a worried look on his face. Then, returning, he took his niblick and hit with tremendous force. The ball disappeared down the rabbit-hole. Imagine, if you can, our undisguised amazement when it bolted out of Brer Rabbit's back-door, about 5 yards from the green, and came to rest within 2 feet of the pin. (If I recorded the exact distance—6 inches—many golfers might be tempted to doubt my veracity.) Needless to say, I lost the hole and the match.

But I am digressing. I merely mention these two shots because I am trying to get a good length with my article, which reminds me that "The art of long driving" is the subject under discussion. Well, I hope that, after a careful perusal of these few practical hints, you will find that you are consistently getting a longer ball from the tee than you did formerly. If you succeed in doing this you will experience a feeling of true satisfaction.

Next week I hope to publish [in another journal.—Ed.] a few hints on "The art of approaching."

"Promoters of all kinds of public meetings and entertainments should assimilate the lesson contained in the appended extract from an appreciative letter addressed to the Editor of this Journal. The writer, a consistent and persistent advertiser, evidently knows a good thing when found, and, quite unsolicited by us, has written as follows:—

"I write because I find that a good make a difference to the size of the notice in your excellent paper DOES audience."—*Enfield Gazette*.

Another time he should be asked not to write.

THE COMMON ROUND.

JOHN looked important and mysterious. "The fact is," he announced, "Eva and I are going to get married."

"Ah!" said I, "so that is why you got engaged, is it?"

"Yes. Three weeks to-morrow. We shall want a parson, a bridesmaid or two and a best man. There is work for all. Will you help?"

"What will it cost me?" I asked. "You know, you have omitted to mention the other things you want and, I have no doubt, mean to have. Look here—will you take five shillings in cash and the rest by monthly instalments?"

John protested that he would be quite content with my mere blessing, so fine a fellow was I (as I am).

"Good," I said. "But then there is always Eva's point of view. Hadn't we better get straight to business? What about a sugar-sifter?"

"It's awfully kind of you, old boy, and there is nothing we should have liked better. But Eva and I intend to live quite simply, and we feel that the six sugar-sifters we have already received will see us through."

"Has anybody suggested giving you the wedding-ring? You'll probably find you want one when you get to the church. . . . Or what about half-a-dozen novels, with PRESENTATION COPY neatly stamped on the inside cover?"

"Wouldn't the publishers be hurt if they found out?" he asked. "Give us any old thing, if you insist. We don't mind what."

"I simply don't believe you," I said. "I am quite certain that you have put your two heads together and made out a list. Produce it."

He produced it and began to read aloud. "We shall want a house and some furniture to put inside it. Cheques will be accepted in payment or part-payment. Tantalism strictly prohibited, but we are open to salvers, cutlery, entrée dishes. . . ."

"Start at the other end," I suggested.

"Ash-tray, blotting-pad, Bradshaw cover, ink-pot. . . ."

"Times are bad, but not quite so bad as all that. Try the middle."

"Breakfast-service, tea-service, dinner-service."

"Don't you intend taking lunch?" I asked.

"Apparently not, but we make up with an extra dinner-service, called the dessert-service. The nut-crackers, nut-pickers, nut-scrapers have already been supplied."

"Then," I declared, "I will give you the nuts."

"Or," said John, "what about the Jubilee port?"

* * * * *
 The function was a complete success, and I filled my part to the last item. I can never be too grateful to Eva for choosing so charming a Chief Bridesmaid as Gladys, for I take it that, whatever she had been like, it was my duty (as Best Man) to fall in love with her. I opened the subject by complimenting her on her choice of a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service, which I considered much superior to the other three samples of the same convenience appearing among the numerous and costly presents.

"Let's go and look for yours," she said, but I felt that what I had to say could best be said in a more private corner.

"Probably they couldn't hold back and drank it last night," I said, as I led her apart. . . . The result of our conversation was such that I foresaw that a schedule of our own would become necessary at a later stage. So I felt I could not do better than make a list of the presents that John and Eva had received.

* * * * *
 When John had recovered from his wedding, I thought that it was high time to be getting on with my own. So I called upon him.

"I have here," I said, "a list . . ." "Splendid," he answered, with a great show of enthusiasm. "If you will forgive an experienced man advising you, I may say that the whole question of conjugal happiness depends entirely upon what you drink and when. Have you, for instance, a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service on your list?"

"We have," said I. John was inclined to be jubilant, but Eva, who was standing by and has a better memory for detail, checked him. "We have never ceased to be grateful for Gladys's delightful gift," said she. "I don't know what we should do without it."

I think that perhaps John did know, but he had learnt wisdom in this short time and said nothing.

"Have you a sugar-sifter on the list?" asked Eva, tentatively.

"Six," said I. "But perhaps I ought to tell you that it is in some ways a peculiar list and contains only the things we can do without."

"Does it even include," asked Eva in desperation, "the handsome marble timepiece John's Uncle Frank gave us?"

"Underlined in red ink," I stated, "and marked with an asterisk by way of special caution."

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.



OLD STYLE.



NEW STYLE: INSPIRED BY AMERICAN TAILORING.

John tumbled to it at last. "It looks to me," he said, "as if we shall have to buy you something."

I deprecated this extreme measure. "No, no. Our list doesn't include everything you had given you."

Eva brightened visibly. I think she had the foolish hope of getting rid of the antimacassars of the faithful retainer.

"We haven't included the cheques," I explained. "If you're pressed for room, we could take over a couple or so of those."

From a list of wedding presents in *The Oxford Chronicle*:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Ashbee, 'Prometheus' (unbound)."
 How mean!

"Dorothy Forster's New Song: DEAREST, I BRING THREE DAFFODILS (in the press.)"
Advt.

Pressed flowers are all very well, but we fancy Dearest would prefer them fresh.

"Always use rain-water for the face if you want to keep your complexion. If you live in a town, strain the rain-water through the leg of an old stocking. This removes the black."
Home Chat.

From the stocking.

Directions for use of —'s Tonic Lotion:—

"Unscrew the cap on top, and apply to the roots of the Hair, and then well brush."
 We always brush our cap *before* putting it on the hair.

THE SORCERESS.

THERE are two outside doors to our offices, one to the waiting-room for our clients, and the other to our sanctum (marked "PRIVATE") to let my partner or myself out by when the typist announces the arrival of a tradesman's emissary on a matter of an "Account rendered."

On Tuesday last my partner and I were earnestly discussing the latest phases of the Insurance Act when there occurred a gentle tapping at the door marked "PRIVATE." My partner went deathly pale, but having paid my tailor the previous week and sent a post-dated cheque to the Gas Company, I rose with an easy grace, opened the door and closed it behind me. I found myself in the passage—I usually do on these occasions, so was not particularly surprised at the scenery—and facing a charming girl of about twenty-two, as near as I could judge. She smiled sweetly; I bowed. In her hand was one of those small yellow leather cases that people of either sex so often carry, big enough to hold night-gear and a tooth-brush, or possibly a couple of small bombs.

As my fair visitor continued to smile and say nothing, I mentally ran over the list of people I ought to know and don't always recognise, but I couldn't place her.

"It's no good," I said. "I'm sorry. I ought to remember you, but frankly I don't!"

Still she smiled.

"I say, you know," I said, "you might let me into the secret."

At last she made an effort to speak but failed; so, fearing that she was very nervous, I said cheerfully—

"Do you mind coming round to the outer office; there's no one there, and we can have a heart to heart talk about this little matter?"

"Now," I said, when she was seated, "are you a niece who has grown out of all recognition? If so, I will fall on your neck. I adore my relations, especially those who are strangers to me. Can I say more?"

At last her voice managed to force its way through the pearly portals, and she spoke.

"Do you wear—er—neckties?"

As it happened to be wearing my tennis-club tie—and the Ealing Ramblers' tie is universally execrated by jealous outsiders for its obtrusiveness—the question seemed unnecessary.

"Well, yes," I said, "funnily enough I do, when I don't forget to put one on."

Almost unconsciously I put my hand to the tie enclosure.

"I haven't forgotten it to-day, you

see," I said with one of my most brilliant smiles.

Her eyes followed the direction of my hand and she smiled again, rather broadly I thought.

Then she began to fumble with the clasp of the leather case. Her hand shook. Clearly she was a beginner.

"Allow me," I said. "If you have a tie to pit against mine I will accept the challenge."

"What I want to show you," she said, "is not so—er—striking, but much more wonderful."

She opened the case, exposing two or three dozen neatly-folded neckties, and, running her finger lightly over an octave or so, selected a black silk one with a purple *leit motif*.

"There," she said, holding it poised lightly in her left hand.

"Well, what about it?" I said. "Very nice design, certainly, but—"

"Wait," she said, making a swift movement with her left hand and gently stroking the tie with her right.

I thought I must be suffering from myopia; in place of the purple spots were white triangles, parallelograms and other geometric shapes dotted about on the black silk. Before I had time to express my astonishment the sorceress executed two more feats of legerdemain, the colour and shape of the pattern changing with each feat.

"Look here," I said, trying to suppress my excitement, "if you can teach me to perform these mysteries and your terms are not too high, I will have one of your conjuring outfits."

"Eighteenpence," she said briefly, laying the tie on the table.

I turned it over and over. Each end had a different pattern on each side or face of it—four neckties for eighteenpence!

"This," I said, "is the greatest thing that has happened. I'll have two ties, that is to say eight, making one for each day of the week and one over for Saturday *matinées*. "I can see myself," I said, weighing out my three shillings, "being soon spoken of as the best dressed man in Ealing."

"Thank you so much," she said. "This is my first attempt at selling things. Wouldn't your partner like to have some?"

I had no intention of letting William into this good thing. I brook no rivals. "Come, come," I said; "you are a woman. Let me appeal to your sense of human nature. Do you give away the name of your dressmaker to your best friend?"

"No," she said, with a sigh. "I suppose you are right."

I wished her good luck and good morning and, after studiously seeing

her off the premises, re-entered the sanctum.

"There, my lad," I said, spreading out my purchases. "A complete neck-tie outfit, except for evening wear and funerals."

William turned them over contemptively. "You ass," he said, "what about the part that goes round your silly neck? There will be a different pattern showing on each side. You can only wear these baubles with double collars."

I simply loathe double collars.

LITTLE COW HAY.

Stephen Culpepper

Of Little Cow Hay

Farmed four hundred acres—

As Audit-book say;

An' he rode on a flea-bitten

Fiddle-faced grey;

There's the house—in the hollow,

With gable an' eave,

But they've altered it so

That you wouldn't believe;—

Wouldn't know the old place

If he saw it—old Steve;

His dâds an' his gran'dâds

Had lived there before;—

Born, married an' died there—

At least half a score;

Big men the Culpeppers—

As high as the door!

His wife was a Makepeace—

An' none likelier,

For she'd five hundred pounds

When he married o' her;

An' a grey eye as kindly

As grey lavender;

He'd sweetest o' roses,

He'd soundest o' wheat;

Six sons—an' a daughter

To make 'em complete,

An' he always said Grace

When they sat down to meat!

He'd the Blessin' o' Heaven

On barnyard an' byre,

For he made the best pries

Of all in the shire;

An' he always shook hands

With the Parson an' Squire!

An' whether his markets

Had downs or had ups,

He walked 'em three couple

O' blue-mottle pups—

As clumsy as ducklings—

As crazy as tups!

But that must be nigh

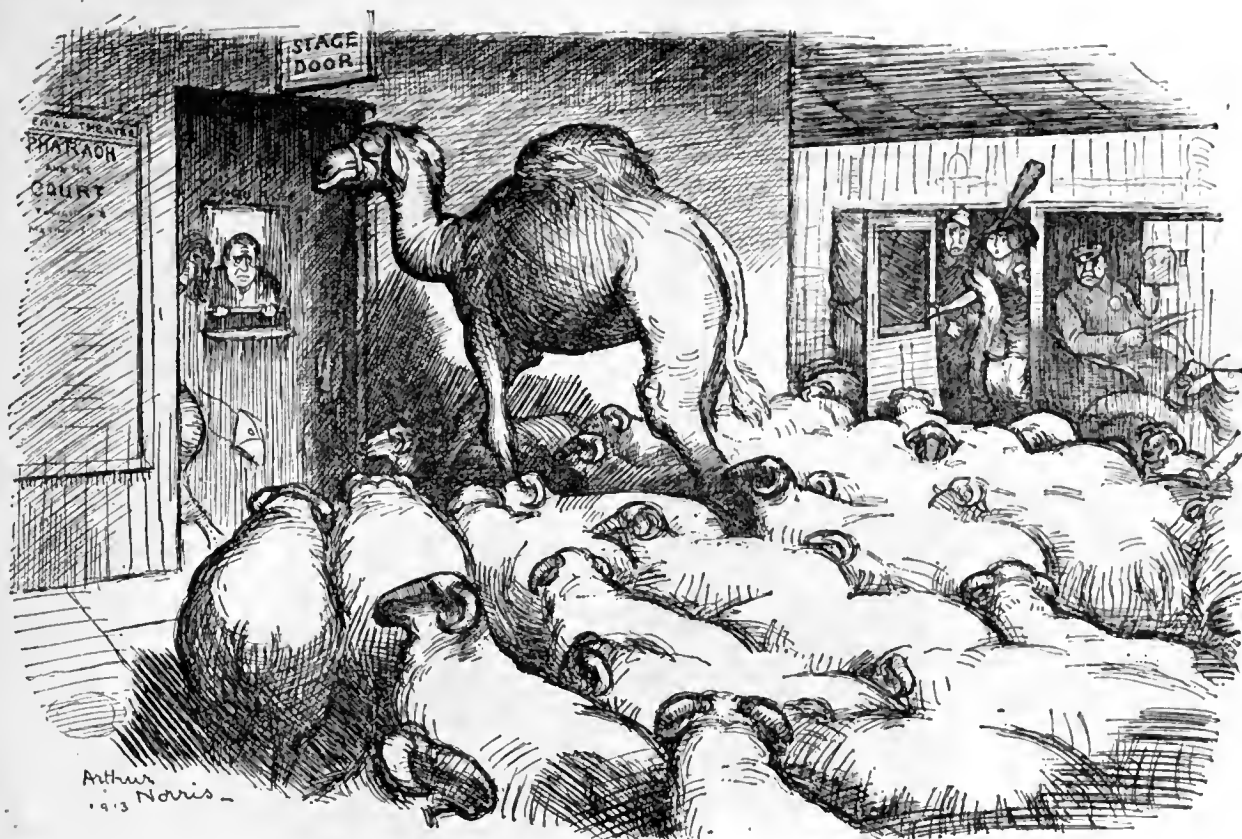
Sixty seasons away,

When things was all diff'rent

D'ye see—an' to-day

There ain't no Culpeppers

At Little Cow Hay!



PEEPS INTO BIBLICAL THEATRICAL LIFE.

ARRIVAL OF ACTOR-MANAGER, LEADING LADY, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CAST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

IF I am not mistaken a good many people besides old Anglo-Indians will delight in Miss S. MACNAUGHTAN'S *Snow upon the Desert* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). At the end of the story the young married woman who is its chief character—

Like snow upon the desert's dusky face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

But before she goes to meet old Charon, in spite of her occasionally sharp or rather reckless tongue, in spite of her carelessness about public opinion and the damning fact that a brilliant young V.C. had first sent in his papers and then shot himself because his love for her had broken his career and his heart, she had done far more than ninety-and-nine just persons to make life happier and smoother and more amusing for her fellow countrymen and countrywomen. "She came out here," says the author, "when she was very youthful, very full of courage, and with her beauty and her great charm to refresh us, and we loved her and blamed her, found fault with her, and could not do without her. We were not always merciful to her, but perhaps that need not be remembered now. At one time she was perhaps one of the most prominent figures in India, and certainly the most admired." And yet her life was a tragedy. To me she stands as a type of English womanhood in India, of the courage and sadness and self-sacrifice that so often accompany the apparently selfish pursuit of pleasure of that glittering exile. I speak of her as if she were a real person, which perhaps is the case. That, at any rate, is the effect that Miss MACNAUGHTAN has produced upon my mind. All

her characters are wonderfully alive, as if indeed they were not only types but realities. Some of them are very lovable, some, like their author, are distinctly humorous, and their story makes a clean, wholesome and refreshing book.

I used to revel in a tale
Of mediæval schemes and plottings,
Daggers averted by chain-mail,
Love philtres, poisons and garrottings;
So when *The House of Eyes* turned up,
A yarn of Milan in its gloiy
(HANCOCK AND GAY) I rushed to sup
Once more on horrors weird and gory.

But no such luck! I'm bound to state
This book of MR. ARTHUR GEORGE'S
Recalled but did not recreate
My old-time literary orgies.
Either he lacks the vivid touch,
The skill, and other points that matter,
Or else, grown old, I ask too much;
And I'm afraid it's not the latter.

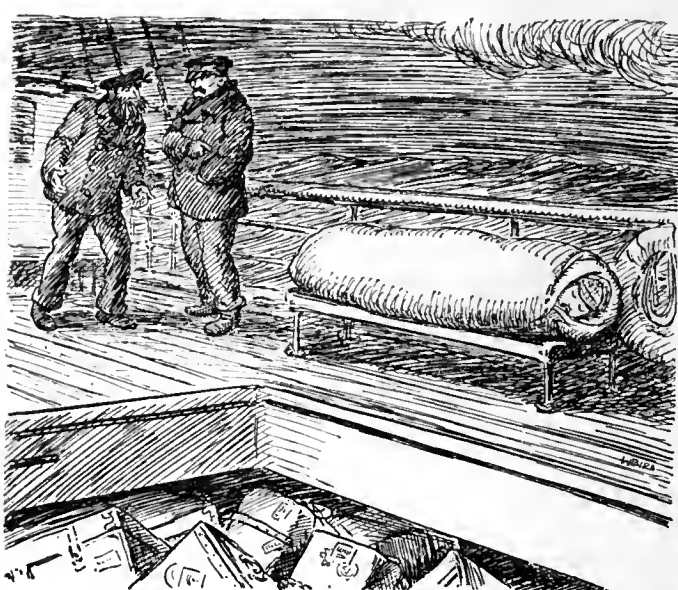
Mr. GEORGE ADE, in one of his *Fables in Slang*, giving a list of the various types of novels of the present day, mentions the "careful study of American life," in which nothing happens till the last chapter, when the hero decides to sell his cow. With the difference that, instead of selling the cow, the hero resolves to commit suicide, *The Bankrupt* (MARTIN SECKER) may be said to be the English equivalent of this kind of book. Mr. HORACE HORSNELL has given us, in his story of the life of *Oliver Clay*, as grey and depressing

a novel as I have ever read. *Oliver* "desired a permanent base on which to build his life," and, after several unsuccessful attempts to find it, gave up the struggle and, following the advice of MARCUS AURELIUS, "walked gravely and handsomely into the other world." Nothing of any moment brightened his life, and nothing of any moment brightens the story of it. He is so constituted that women do not interest him, nor religion, nor art, nor even the intellectual atmosphere of Hampstead. He tries them all in turn and they fail to grip him. The experiment of thinking for an instant of anybody except himself he omits to try. It is a pity, for it might have made all the difference. The question whether it was worth while to write a three hundred and sixteen page novel about this extraordinarily futile young man is one that need not be discussed. MR. HORSNELL has done it, and done it so well that it is only occasionally that he allows the reader to be irritated. The irritation comes in the retrospect, when one wonders why the author should have concentrated his attention upon *Oliver* when, with his gift for character and his minute observation, he could have dealt equally well with some more stimulating hero.

Suppose we were playing a game in which I told you the characters and setting of a book, and you guessed the author. Well, with regard to *Watersprings* (SMITH, ELDER), I should say that the scene was partly laid in a country village and partly in Cambridge, and that the chief character was a don, a man charming, cultured, verging upon middle age, but still full of lively sympathies, surveying the world as from a college window, who—
But before I got any further you would probably exclaim, "A. C. BENSON," and win. If, however, I had not been interrupted I might have gone on to tell you much more about the book: for example, that it is not a volume of meditations, but a real story, with several admirably studied characters, and a hero and heroine who marry. To be sure the action is less physical than emotional, but that you would expect; and I suppose there are few writers who can convey thoughts with a surer and more delicate touch than Mr. A. C. BENSON. Throughout I was fascinated by two things—his sense of atmosphere, and the skill with which he has presented the point of view of "forty and a bittock" when confronted with youth. *Howard Kennedy*, the central figure, is drawn with an extraordinary sympathy and minuteness; in his amiable but lonely college existence, his courtship, and the sorrow and consolations of his married life, the man is wonderfully human. There are other characters, too, which I should like to praise in detail—a most actual undergraduate for one, and his father, whose loquacious enthusiasm on every possible topic is a thing of pure joy. *Watersprings*, in short, is exactly the story, tender, introspective and lovable, that Mr. A. C. BENSON's countless admirers will most thank him for having written. I do so now.

I have just enjoyed a most pleasant and very inexpensive holiday in Venice and St. Petersburg with Mr. ROTHAY REYNOLDS as my guide, and only wish the story of *The Gondola* (MILLS AND BOON) were as fascinating as its atmosphere. The author of *My Russian Year* has used his knowledge to such good purpose that the setting of his tale is quite excellent, and I fear to seem a little insensible of benefits bestowed if I suggest that the only reason I can find for the laying of the opening scenes in Venice is that Mr. REYNOLDS wanted some excuse for his title. He would have done better for the construction of his book if he had laid them in St. Petersburg. But, even so, *The Gondola* remains an attractive love-story of the old-fashioned type. For one thing it has done me the rare service of an introduction to a charming Polish countess, for whose acquaintance I am peculiarly grateful. So accustomed have I grown to the abnormally wicked Polish countesses of modern fiction that it was difficult at first to believe in

Wanda's goodness; but as soon as I was convinced that she meditated no appalling crimes I fell quietly in love with her. *The Gondola* is a "first" novel, and its freshness and unpretentiousness ought to assure it a most cordial welcome.



["Buy one of our sleeping-bags and have a good night's rest when travelling."—ADVT.]

Second Mate. "WHO LEFT THAT SACK ON DECK? JUST HEAVE IT IN THE HOLD, WILL YER."

Welsh valley, finds unaccountable sinister influences at work; strange accidents happen to men and machines, and a despairing depression of spirits settles over him. The mountains, the river, and the trees seem to him to have a threatening life, and the visionary Welsh shepherd, *Morgan*, "of the blood of Morgan Ap Owaine," quite simply accepting the fact that they have, drives home the stark reality to the terrified consciousness of this prosaic Glasgow man. He finds the diary of his predecessor, who, more in harmony with the spirit that moves in the undergrowth, has found the peace of death. With *Forsyth* the thing brings a decline to intemperance and despair, Destiny, like *Caliban upon Setebos*, choosing to act in this arbitrary way. Perhaps the authors had no strict right, as story-tellers, to leave suspended and unexplained the episode of wild *Meredith's* sacrifice of a sheep in the circle of stones on Pen Savaddan. But they have woven a convincing tissue of eeriness with the plausible suggestion of an esoteric knowledge which an unlearned reader may not challenge.

From an account of a wedding in *The B. E. Africa Leader*:—
"The parents were many and varied, there being 98 in all."
A motley collection, well repaying inspection.

CHARIVARIA.

It is said that there are now twenty-four candidates for the throne of Albania, and it is proposed shortly to hold a Review of them.

A recruit named LESPAGNOL, weighing eighteen stone, and over seven feet in height, has been enrolled at Tours, and a further increase in the German army may become necessary.

The 2nd Battalion of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry has been camping on the playing fields of Eton. Someone has evidently just remembered that it was there that the Battle of Waterloo was won.

The interest taken in today's royal marriage is so great that it is thought that it may become necessary to restrict the number of reporters who wish to accompany the royal couple on their honeymoon to one hundred.

It is not surprising that Mr. CHESTERTON should always be ready to scoff at Eugénies. Mr. CHESTERTON, we understand, was born under the old-fashioned conditions and brought up in the old-fashioned way, and yet he has developed into one of the finest children in the country.

The road to advancement! Signalman KERRY, who was dismissed by the Great Eastern Railway Company after the Cromer express collision at Colechester, has been adopted as a Labour candidate for the Colechester Town Council.

Attention has been drawn to the exceptionally large number of marriages which, according to recent announcements, will not take place. It would be well if people recognised at an earlier stage that the great danger of engagements is that they may lead to matrimony.

It is rumoured that Miss MARIE LLOYD's language, when pointing out to the immigration authorities at New York that she was a lady, was exceedingly interesting.

A theatrical forecast has come true.

"Is *The Laughing Husband* likely to pay?" asked an investor before its production. "There's POUNDS in it," came the answer.

The author of *Mary Goes First* has been getting into trouble because the name Whichello, which occurs in the play is in actual use off the stage. In spite of this the author of the new play at the Strand Theatre pluckily persists in calling his comedy *The Joneses*.

The musical play, *Are You There?*

nounced at one of our cinematograph theatres. Positively *The Last Days*. Hurry up!

"Saints have a bad record as statesmen," says Dean HENSON. This is evidently realised by some of our politicians, who are palpably steering clear of the danger.

A new Insect House was opened at the Zoo last week. A visit to the Monkey House, however, proves that not all the insects have yet been segregated.

THE BADGER.

LAST of the night's quaint clan
He goes his way—
A simple gentleman
In sober grey;
To match lone paths of his
In woodlands dim,
The moons of centuries
Have silvered him.

Deep in the damp, fresh earth
He roots and rolls,
And builds his winter girth
Of sylvan tolls:
When seek the husbandmen
The furrow brown,
He hies him to his den
And lays him down.

There may he rest for me,
Nor ever stir
For clamorous obloquy
Of terrier;
Last of the night's quaint clan
He curls in peace—
A friendly gentleman
In grey pelisse!

"Serpent, I say!"

"If we were to take Mr. McKenna's speech as representing the considered resolve of his colleagues we should be obliged to conclude that the Government are marching 'à plat ventre' to civil war."—*The Globe*.

Our sportive contemporary must not say these hard things of the Government, or the worm may turn.

"The two suffragists who are to be charged at next High Court in Glasgow with having purposed setting fire to a house in the West End refused to plead at the preliminary diet."—*Scotsman*.

Another hunger-strike.

"Responsions. Mr. Maclure, M.A., Author of Greek Accents, prepares exclusively for above."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

A committee of public school boys is to meet without delay to decide upon the fate of the self-confessed inventor of these horrors.



MODES FOR MEN.

From a weekly *causerie* by "A Bath Club Chap" we gather that ladies are not alone in being catered for in the matter of "Tango" wear. All the smart men's tailors are busy evolving creations suitable for the ball-room. No better could be approached than W. E. Spiffin, of Conduit Street, whose "Tango" suits (ten guineas, with extra waist-coat in white, cream or mole) are a joy to the modern dancing-man.

which will shortly make its appearance at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, will, we are told, consist in part of a satire on the London telephone system. If the General Post Office possesses an ounce of spirit there will, we should say, be some little difficulty in booking seats by telephone.

In the first number of *The Thespian*, Mr. F. R. BENSON urges upon actors the importance of athletics. We believe it to be a fact that, owing to their neglect of athletics, many of our leading actors are prevented from performing on the staircases now in vogue, and are consequently fuced by ruin.

The Last Days of Pompeii is an-

HOW THE LIBERALS GOT THERE.

["Liberalism has been successful because in all its quarrels it tries patiently to understand and make allowances for the sincere point of view of the other side."—Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Dundee.]

MEN of the City of Marmalade,
Stern by nature and sweet by trade,
Every morning you hear new tales
How Victory sits on the Party's sails;
Has it ever occurred to you to guess
What is the secret of our success?

Here are the facts: we have always tried
To get at the sense of the other side;
We have made allowances all along
For what is sincere, though plainly wrong;
Ever we say, as we fight like hell,
"They don't know better, but may mean well!"

A typical case. My old friend GEORGE,
When he went, all out, for the ducal gorge—
What was the burning thought that lay
At the back of his head down Limehouse way?
He was taking the landlord's point of view;
He was making allowance for blood that's blue.

So with his great Insurance Act,
Marked by the most amazing tact.
Counsel he took with the Tory camp
On the vital question of licking the stamp,
And constantly racked his fertile brains
To appease the Unionist Mary Janes.

Similar care we have freely spent
In the matter of Disestablishment.
Before we fully arranged to wrest
To secular use the Church's chest,
We took incredible pains to find
Whether the Clergy would really mind.

The Chamber of Peers is another case
Where we sought to save the enemy's face.
We might have prescribed a deadly cure
For the scandal of primogeniture,
But we simply suspended its doom in air
By a brief Preamble—and left it there.

So it has been with the Home Rule Bill:
We have patiently sought, and are seeking still,
Though Ulster's wrongs are the merest myth,
To make allowance for F. E. SMITH,
And pleaded for grace (from yonder skies)
To see the picture with CARSON'S eyes.

Enough! To assume a kindly tone
With those who honestly err; to own
That even a Tory's heart may be
Just possibly human—there you see
The methods that made us what we are,
And how we have climbed so fast and far.

So now I have told you all about
A thing you'd never have guessed without;
It's my own idea, and I don't suppose
That anyone else in the Party knows;
Certainly ASQUITH hasn't yet
Mentioned it to the Cabinet.

O. S.

MRS. BAXTER.

"Francesca," I said, "you look weary."

"And so would you or anybody else," she said, "if you had to endure all these worries."

"Worries," I said, "are sent to us for our good. If life were always placid——"

"I should like it much better; but it never is."

"No, it is never *always* placid; but it is occasionally *sometimes* placid, and——"

"You are getting mixed," she said; "men ought never to get mixed."

"Oh, do you think so?" I said. "Don't you feel that a little mixing now and then adds a spice of unexpected variety to conversation—something better than the plain No and the solid Yes? The man who never got mixed never got anything."

"Anyhow," she said, "it won't help us just now."

"Is this," I asked, "one of those moments in which strong practical commonsense could be of any help?"

"It might be," she said; "but where am I to find it?"

"Or what do you say to the sympathy of a good man? Not an obtrusive fussy sympathy, you know, but a quiet soothing sympathy not so much expressed in words as—— You know the sort I mean; you have often experienced it, haven't you?"

"Do you," she said, "mean the sympathy that smokes a pipe and sits in an armchair reading *The Times* while I'm busy about the house?"

"And why not?" I said. "Besides, you know perfectly well that I have offered to do your work over and over again."

"I should like to see you dare," she said.

"Francesca, I feel absolutely reckless. I am off this very moment to order dinner. Fish, meat and groceries shall all yield their mysteries to me. I could interview a thousand cooks and never flinch. I——"

"You'll find it difficult enough to interview one," she said.

"One!" I cried enthusiastically. "In my hands she will be as clay to the potter. I shall mould her to my special taste in *entrées* and savouries. Oh, Francesca, what dinners we shall have!" I half rose from my chair and prepared to make a dash for the kitchen. She checked me with an imperious wave of her hand and I fell back again.

"It's no good," she said. "You would not find her in a humour to receive you."

"Oh, but I should soon get her into a receiving humour. We should become great friends. There would be no orders. I should make a few tactful suggestions. I should say, 'Mrs. —— By the way, what is her eminent name?'"

"Baxter."

"Thank you. I should say, 'Mrs. Baxter, how does a sweet omelette strike you?' or 'Mrs. Baxter, what are your views on outlets *à la Soubise*?' and then I should tell her who Soubise was and why the outlets were called after him, and she would be deeply interested, and the whole thing would go off splendidly. Do let me try."

"I tell you," she repeated, "it's no good. She has just told me she wants to go at the end of her month."

"WHAT!!" I said convulsively.

"Shouting," said Francesca, "won't alter it."

"Another dream shattered," I said. "Who wouldn't shout at the disappearance of so fair a vision? Why, oh why must she go?"

"I said something about butter, and she seemed to resent it."

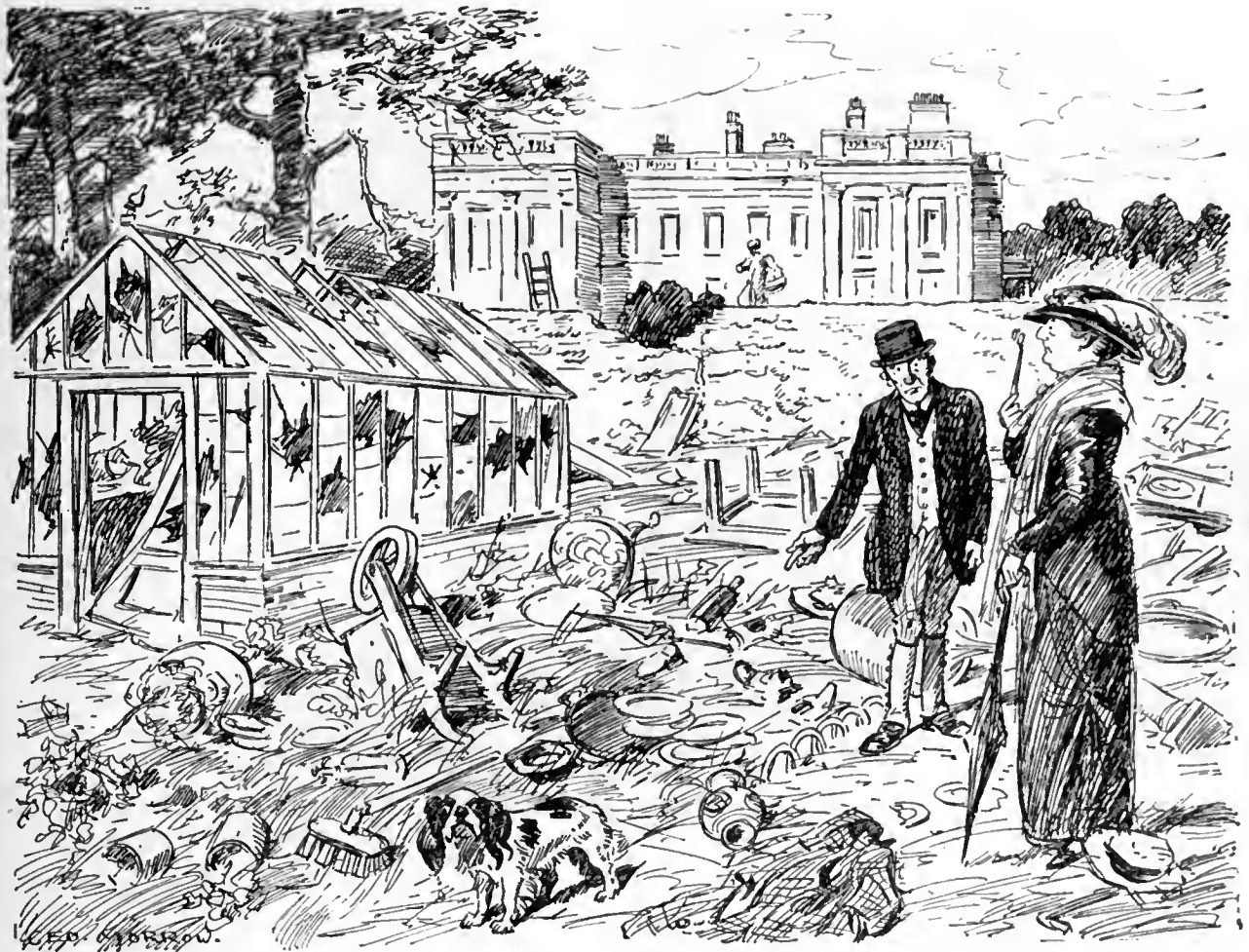
"But you are ready to apologise for your buttery imputations—I know you are. Surely genius must not be hampered by hard words about such a thing as butter. Let her have tons of butter."

"WANTED—A Eurasian or Baboo who thoroughly understands the working of an Auto-knitter. Will pay one anna per pair." Eurasians are cheap to-day.



THE IDEAL HOME (RULE) EXHIBITION.





Bailiff. "OH NO, YOUR LADYSHIP, I DON'T MIND THE BATTLE PICTURES—THEY DON'T DO MUCH DAMAGE, BUT IT'S THESE COMEDY ONES THAT MESS THE PLACE UP THE WAY YOU SEE IT."

["Several owners of large estates are allowing the use of their grounds for the production of cinema pictures."]

"You'd be the first to resent having to pay for it."

"Not I," I said. "Think of her vegetables."

"I admit," said Francesca, "that her vegetables are good."

"And her soup," I continued. "Have you ever tasted better?"

"Her soup is excellent, but——"

"There must be no 'buts,'" I said. "We cannot let such vegetables and such soup leave us for ever without a struggle. Did you try to persuade her?"

"Well, I didn't fall on my knees, you know. You wouldn't have liked me to do that."

"Oh yes, I should," I said. "Surely it was the one thing to do. Your high spirit and your pride are admirable qualities, Francesca, but I have noticed, with regret, that they sometimes lead you astray. They make you do things you are afterwards sorry for."

"Well, this time, you see, I did nothing. I just said, 'Oh, very well,' and asked her what she had to complain of."

"Then I suppose she broke into tears and you mocked at her grief?"

"Not a bit of it. She went off into a long rigmarole, and, amongst other things, she complained very much of you."

"Of me?" I said. "Impossible."

"Yes, of you. She said Mr. Carlyon didn't seem to fancy her way of cooking, and sometimes the dishes wasn't

more than tasted, and sulkastic messages come out of the dining-room, and that led to disagreeable back-talk from the other servants. Altogether, she didn't seem to approve of you."

"You ought not to have listened to her, Francesca," I said.

"I couldn't help listening to her. Besides, she's entitled to give her reasons."

"I consider it," I said, "a great impertinence in her to talk like that of me before you."

"Yes, and the kitchenmaid was listening, too."

"Indeed. And how did it strike the kitchenmaid?"

"The kitchenmaid," said Francesca, "seemed to think it was a joke. She sniggered."

"Francesca," I said, "I have been thinking this matter over. I am afraid there is nothing for it. Mrs. Baxter must go."

"I was sure you would agree with me," she said.

"And the kitchenmaid?"

"Oh, she's young," said Francesca.

"She must be warned not to repeat her behaviour. It was not respectful to you. You ought to have displayed a proper spirit."

"Oh, no," said Francesca. "I have too much pride for that. Proper spirits make all the mischief in the world."

R. C. L.

AUTHORS DISCUSS CHINA.

TURKS DISCUSS AUTHORS' ILLUMINATING UTTERANCES.

As a result of the clarifying effect on public opinion of the recent discussion of the *ethos* of the Turk at the Authors' Club, a debate of authors on the China-man was held at Caxton Hall last Friday, Mr. CHARLES GARVICE again presiding. In his introductory remarks the Chairman observed that although he had never personally visited China, he had attended a performance of *The Yellow Jacket* and preferred Mandarin to Seville oranges. Men of letters, he continued, would always regard China with sympathy in view of the stimulating effect of opium on the genius of DE QUINCEY and COLERIDGE, though personally he preferred barley-water.

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY was not present, but he wrote a letter, which the Chairman read, to the effect that, if it could be authoritatively ascertained that most Chinamen married the wrong woman first, he would extend his patronage to the race. Otherwise China was no place for a conscientious English novelist.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT also wrote stating that he had not as yet gone very deeply into the matter of China, but when next he had half-an-hour to spare he would devote it to the composition of an article instructing the Chinese in all the duties of life.

Mr. BANISTER FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A., who apologised for the lateness of his arrival, explaining that he had been detained by a dress-rehearsal at the Gas Congress, delivered an exhaustive address on the architecture of the Chinese Wall, a knowledge of which, he maintained, was absolutely essential to all journalists and novelists. Whether one looked at its length, its height or its breadth, it impressed the imagination and furnished food for thought.

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING, who followed, said that it was a commonplace of European criticism to speak of the immobility of China. Yet they had abandoned the pig-tail, and the Deputies at their new Parliament all wore top-hats. The revival of the silk-hat trade in England was a direct result of this enlightened policy.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., in an eloquent speech, expressed the indebtedness of the Irish people to China. The Irish were notoriously the "tea-drinkingest" race in existence, and since

they had taken to China instead of Indian tea the cause of Home Rule had progressed by leaps and bounds. Again, Ireland was famous for its ginger-ale, the raw material for which was principally imported from Canton. Speaking for himself, it was one of the greatest disappointments of his journalistic life when the late DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA declined to contribute an account of her early life to the columns of P.A.P.

The Mayor of WESTMINSTER paid a handsome tribute to the efficiency of the municipal administration of Pekin. That city was far ahead of Kensington, where the pavements in High Street were often so congested with perambulators that foot-passengers were driven into the roadway, to the imminent peril

Was this economy necessary? Was it not rather an insult to the 450 millions of patient Orientals now ruled by YUAN SHIH-KAI? He was no scare-monger, but if ever we were confronted by a Yellow Peril it would be largely due to such acts as these.

By way of supplement to this interesting debate we may give a brief summary of the speeches made at a meeting held in Constantinople last week to discuss the tone and tendencies of British authors, with TALAAT BEY in the chair.

TALAAT said that the time had come to decide whether the importation of English novels should be allowed to continue. For his own part, he had no hesitation in declaring his conviction that a wholesale prohibition would be in the best interests of the Ottoman Empire.

AHMED RIZA said that what was wrong with the British authors was their lack of idealism. There were exceptions, of course, but the worst of it was that the few idealists were pessimists to the core. Take GALSWORTHY, for instance, who had given such a fine picture of the English aristocracy in *The Patrician*, but whose later works gave him (AHMED RIZA) the pure pip.

ENVER BEY, while admitting his indebtedness to HERBERT SPENCER, deplored the decadent spirit which animated most English novelists, with the exception of the Brothers HOCKING and the Baroness ORCZY.

HILNIC PASHA followed on similar lines. The censorship in Turkey was purely political; from the moral point of view Turkish romances were above reproach, whereas in England the great majority of novelists were engaged in a carnival of competitive impropriety.

DJAVID PASHA noted the extraordinary inconsistency of British authors, who, while criticising the domestic morals of the Turks, yet encouraged them in their writings. He understood that one of the most popular works recently published in England was entitled, *Some Experiences of an Irish Harem*.

Ultimately a resolution was unanimously passed, expressing sympathy with the Libraries Association in London in their noble effort to restrict the circulation of poisonous novels.

"Already the Premier, Hsung-Hsi-Ling, has begun applying for sick leave, showing that internal difficulties are rampant."

Daily Telegraph.

A good doctor would soon cure them.



Secretary of Village Entertainment. "Now, DON'T GIVE THEM ANYTHING TOO HIGH-CLASS; THEY WON'T UNDERSTAND IT."

of motorists. Such a thing would not be tolerated in Pekin.

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL said that China was the ideal country for a novelist because there was no Library censorship. You could publish just what you liked there; but the melancholy result was that very little was published. Why this should be so he could not imagine.

Mr. FILSON YOUNG observed that he was glad that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR had raised the question of the hygienic quality of China tea, as it enabled him to call attention to an extraordinary lack of consideration shown by English *châtelaines* for their guests. Quite recently, while staying in a well-appointed country house, he was brought his early morning tea, which turned out to be of the most inferior Indian quality. At breakfast the tea provided was the best Soochong. But his appetite had been entirely destroyed. (Cries of "Shamel!")

DEFINITIONS.

As soon as we had joined the ladies after dinner Gerald took up a position in front of the fire.

"Now that the long winter evenings are upon us," he began—

"Anyhow, it's always dark at half-past nine," said Norah.

"Not in the morning," said Dennis, who has to be excused for anything foolish he says since he became obsessed with golf.

"Please don't interrupt," I begged. "Gerald is making a speech."

"I was only going to say that we might have a little game of some sort. Norah, what's the latest parlour game from London?"

"Tell your uncle," I urged, "how you amuse yourselves at the Lyceum."

"Do you know 'Hunt the Pencil'?"

"No. What do you do?"

"You collect five pencils; when you've got them, I'll tell you another game."

"Bother these pencil games," said Dennis, taking an imaginary swing with a paper-knife. "I hope it isn't too brainy."

"You'll want to know how to spell," said Norah severely, and she went to the writing desk for some paper.

In a little while—say, half-an-hour—we had each a sheet of paper and a pencil, and Norah was ready to explain.

"It's called Definitions. I expect you all know it."

We assured her we didn't.

"Well, you begin by writing down five or six letters, one underneath the other. We might each suggest one. 'E.'"

We weighed in with ours, and the result was E P A D U.

"Now you write them backwards." There was a moment's consternation.

"Like 'bath-mat'?" said Dennis. "An 'e' backwards looks so silly."

"Stupid—like this," explained Norah. She showed us her paper.

E U
P D
A A
D P
U E

"This is thrilling," said Mrs. Gerald, pencilling hard.

"Then everybody has to fill in words all the way down, your first word beginning with 'e' and ending with 'u,' and so on. See?"

Gerald leant over Dennis and explained carefully to him, and in a little while we all saw.

"Then, when everybody's finished, we define our words in turn, and the person who guesses the word first gets a mark. That's all."



A. T. SMITH

Genial Idiot. "HULLO, WHITE, OLD MAN. NOT SEEN YOU FOR CENTURIES; SCARCELY RECOGNISED YOU; MOUSTACHE AND ALL THAT'S ALTERED YOU SO MUCH."

Perfect Stranger. "PARDON ME, SIR, MY NAME IS NOT WHITE."

Genial Idiot. "THAT'S BAD! ALTERED YOUR NAME, TOO!"

"And a very good game too," I said, and I rubbed my head and began to think.

"Of course," said Norah, after a quarter of an hour's silence, "you want to make the words difficult and define them as subtly as possible."

"Of course," I said, wrestling with 'E-U.' I could only think of one word, and it was the one everybody else was certain to have.

"Are we all ready? Then somebody begin."

"You'd better begin, Norah, as you know the game," said Mrs. Gerald.

We prepared to begin.

"Mine," said Norah, "is a bird."

"Emu," we all shouted; but I swear I was first.

"I don't think that's a very subtle definition," said Dennis. "You promised to be as subtle as possible."

"Go on, dear," said Gerald to his wife.

"Well, this is rather awkward. Mine is—"

"Emu," I suggested.

"You must wait till she has defined it," said Norah sternly.

"Mine is a sort of feathered animal."

"Emu," I said again. In fact, we all said it.

Gerald coughed. "Mine," he said, "isn't exactly a—a fish, because it—"

"Emu," said everybody.

"That was subtler," said Dennis, "but it didn't deceive us."

"Your turn," said Norah to me. And they all leant forward ready to say "Emu."

"Mine," I said, "is—all right, Dennis, you needn't look so excited—is a word I once heard a man say at the Zoo."

There was a shriek of "Emu!"

"Wrong," I said.

Everybody was silent.

"Where did he say it?" asked Nora at last. "What was he doing?"

"He was standing outside the Emu's cage."

"It must have been Emu."

"It wasn't."

"Perhaps there's another animal beginning with 'e' and ending with 'u,'" suggested Dennis. "He might have said, 'Look here, I'm tired of this old Emu, let's go and see the E-doesn't-mu, or whatever it's called.'"

"We shall have to give it up," said Nora at last. "What is it?"

"Ebu," I announced. "My man had a bad cold, and he said, 'Look, Baria, there's ad Ebu.' Er—what do I get for that?"

"Nothing," said Nora coldly. "It isn't fair. Now, Mr. Dennis."

"Mine is *not* Emu, and it couldn't be mistaken for Emu; not even if you had a sore throat and a sprained ankle. And it has nothing to do with the Zoo, and—"

"Well, what is it?"

"It's what you say at golf when you miss a short putt."

"I doubt it," I said.

"Not what Gerald says," said his wife.

"Well, it's what you might say. What HORACE would have said."

"'Eheu'—good," said Gerald, while his wife was asking "Horace who?"

We moved on to the next word, P—D.

"Mine," said Nora, "is what you might do to a man whom you didn't like, but it's a delightful thing to have and at the same time you would hate to be in it."

"Are you sure you know what you are talking about, dear?" said Mrs. Gerald gently.

"Quite," said Nora with the confidence of extreme youth.

"Could you say it again very slowly?" asked Dennis, "indicating by changes in the voice which character is speaking?"

She said it again.

"'Pound,'" said Gerald. "Good—one to me."

Mrs. Gerald had "pod," Gerald had "pond;" but they didn't define them very cleverly and they were soon guessed. Mine, unfortunately, was also guessed at once.

"It is what Dennis's golf is," I said.

"'Putrid,'" said Gerald correctly.

"Mine," said Dennis, "is what everybody has two of."

"Then it's not 'pound,'" I said, "because I've only got one-and-nine-pence."

"At least, it's best to have two. Sometimes you lose one. They're very useful at golf. In fact, absolutely necessary."

"Have you got two?"

"Yes."

I looked at Dennis's enormous hands spread out on his knees.

"Is it 'pud'?" I asked. "It is? Are those the two? Good heavens!" and I gave myself a mark.

A—A was the next, and we had the old Emu trouble.

"Mine," said Nora—"mine is rather a meaningless word."

"'Abracadabra,'" shouted everybody.

"Mine," said Miss Gerald, "is a very strange word, which—"

"'Abracadabra,'" shouted everybody.

"Mine," said Gerald, "is a word which used to be—"

"'Abracadabra,'" shouted everybody.

"Mine," I said to save trouble, "is 'Abracadabra.'"

"Mine," said Dennis, "isn't. It's what you say at golf when—"

"Oh lor!" I groaned. "Not again."

"When you hole a long putt for a half."

"You'd probably say, 'What about that for a good putt, old thing? Thirty yards at least,'" suggested Gerald.

"No."

"Is it—is it 'Alleluia'?" suggested Mrs. Gerald timidly.

"Yes."

"Dennis," I said, "you're an ass."

* * * * *

"And now," said Nora at the end of the game, "who's won?"

They counted up their marks.

"Ten," said Nora.

"Fifteen," said Gerald.

"Three," said his wife.

"Fourteen," said Dennis.

They looked at me.

"I'm afraid I forgot to put all mine down," I said, "but I can easily work it out. There were five words, and five definitions of each word. Twenty-five marks to be gained altogether. You four have got—er—let's see—forty-two between you. That leaves me—"

"That leaves you *minus* seventeen," said Dennis. "I'm afraid you've lost, old man." He took up the shovel and practised a few approach shots. "It's rather a good game."

I think so too. It's a good game, but, like all paper games, its scoring wants watching. A. A. M.

"He, in brief, was a fine example of the saying, 'Suarter in modo seo forther in re.'" *Clonmel Chronicle.*

Gaelic always leaves us cold.

NIGHT AND MORNING THOUGHTS.

THINK, when you sleep
And slip alone into a world of dream,
That fairies erecep

Up to the darkling house by glow-
worn gleam;

And then kind-eyed

They cast delicious spells at your bed-
side,

And take you in their keeping
When you are sleeping.

In and out and round about, while
moonshine is peeping

Through the dimity curtains on the
floor and counterpane,

Puck with his fairy broom is furbishing
and sweeping,

And all the rest in the dimpsy light
are dancing, ring and chain,

Cross hands and down the middle
and cross hands again.

Think, when you wake
And blink your eyelids at the morning's
blue,

That fairies slake

Their dainty thirst upon the garden dew,
And tell the flowers

To dress and give them breakfast in
their bowers,

And set the sunbeams shaking
When you are waking.

Here and there and everywhere, when
broad day is breaking

They troop into the garden, very
eager to be fed.

If the dew is not delivered, what a fuss
they will be making!

But at last they wander back into
the wood and go to bed,

With yawns of gapy gossamer, each
fairly sleepy-head.

Mr. BIRRELL, in acknowledging the receipt of the freedom of Glasgow, spoke in praise of great cities, and is reported to have referred to the "magic names of Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Paris, London, Glasgow and Edinburgh." Dublin seems for the moment to have escaped his memory.

"The great cathedral of Gloucester was filled to overflowing, so that the acoustic properties were excellent. The nave is usually too snorous."—*Evening Standard.*

Of-course it depends to a large extent on the preacher.

"Having confessed to stealing ten motor cycles from different owners by riding off on a pretence of testing the machines, a carpenter was sentenced to three months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday, Judge Rentoul stating that he should use extraordinary leniency in order to give him another chance." *Standard.*

Making the eleventh.

G.L. STAMPA.
1913.

Beginner. "I WONDER WHAT THE CLUB'S LIKE I OUGHT TO HAVE USED HERE? NONE OF THESE SEEM QUITE RIGHT!"

SPEEDING THE LINGERING GUEST.

SOME remarks which appeared in a leading provincial newspaper the other day upon the "concentrated essence of hospitality" which is extended at modern week-end shooting parties may perhaps have been received with resentment by certain society hostesses concerned. "Modern hospitality," it was explained, "is quite shameless in fixing the hour of arrival and departure for guests; in some country houses the hint is conveyed by the tiny cake of "visitor's soap" in the bedrooms, symbolical of the brief time guests are expected to stay." One has always had a feeling that that is the sort of thing that ought not to be given away in the press, but as our contemporary has made a start in this direction we may perhaps take the opportunity of discussing the subject more fully.

The system of the symbolical soap does not always work quite so smoothly as one might think. There is a story now going the rounds of an old gentleman, quite incapable of consciously committing a *faux pas*, who nevertheless made himself extremely unpopular at a well-known country house in the Midlands by grossly outstaying his welcome. It is only fair to add that, as soon

as the whole truth was known, he was completely exonerated. It happened that the housemaid, in preparing his room, had carelessly left behind her a large slab of household soap, on which the old gentleman worked away for several weeks, never dreaming that he would be expected to leave before he reached the end of it. One cannot, however, so easily excuse a certain Army officer, who now finds all doors in society closed to him. For it is said that he had committed the unpardonable *gaucherie* of ringing for more soap.

But symbolical soap as a means of getting rid of one's friends is rapidly going out. Involving as it does the personal habits and tastes of the various guests it has been found altogether too rigid in its operations. Some hostesses, too, prefer a more direct hint and simply cut off the food supply; but this is not done at the best houses. It is considered more delicate to disturb the even tenor of the guest's tranquillity by a series of slight but cumulative impediments.

Thus he will find that his morning tea is stone cold; that the fire in his bedroom is allowed to go out at 9 P.M.; that only one of his boots has been blacked. If these fail there are other and more drastic means, for the modern hostess is a marvel of ingenuity when

it is a question of speeding the lingering guest. He will find a *Bradshaw* beneath his pillow, or, if he has brought his motor, his chauffeur will be instructed to hang about in unexpected places waiting for orders. Sometimes the car is even brought round and kept waiting at the front door.

In the case of extreme obtuseness, further steps may sometimes have to be taken. The delinquent will find that he has to unpack his bag several times a day and to be continually retrieving his golf-clubs from the front hall, where they are lying in conspicuous readiness for his departure. And at last, when he goes up to his room to make ready for luncheon, he will be shocked to discover that the blinds are down and the carpet up, while a couple of workmen are busy with the electric light. Then it will come home to him. The game is up and he must go.

But it must not be supposed that he will be made to suffer any embarrassment in his farewells. The modern hostess is the very impersonation of tact.

"The curtain rises on a splendidly-set hunting scene. Nothing is left out at all. Even the setters are there."

Sydney Morning Herald.

And, of course, the landing net.



Rosamund (at the words, "This is for the second time of asking"). "OH, MOTHER, THEN SHE'S A WIDOW!"

WHY YOU YELL.

(Written, for the benefit of the neighbourhood in general, to a phenomenon who is still too youthful to make coherent explanations for himself.)

I do not think you have a pain inside;
Not hunger nor a sad satiety
Makes you screw up your face like that, and hide
Those optics where celestial stars abide,
And bellow like the D.

Some there may be of Calvinistic view,
Nursing the notion of primeval sins,
Would say old Adam's still alive in you;
Others would hoist you to a posture new
And readjust your pins.

These are in error. So is your mamma,
Who seeks to soothe you down with wordy sham
And deems you weary from your long *ta ta*.
(Editor: "What on earth is that?" Papa:
"Why, driving in his pram.")

That could not cause such poignancy of wee,
But sorrow for a place where sordid pelf
And lies rule everything—this spectre show
Where all is hollowness. Poor child! I know;
I felt the same myself.

I howled, they tell me, also; I could make
Sufficient noise for two when I was hurled
Into this vale of mourning: "Life's a fake"
(That was the line which I proposed to take);
"Crikey! Is this your world?"

I came, like you, from Paradise; I slid
Down by the rainbow stairs, and, when I saw
The meanness that enshrouds a mortal kid,
I told them what I thought of it—I did.
I nearly burst my jaw.

Well, you'll get used to it. You'll learn to veil
The heartfelt anguish underneath a smile,
Accept life's tinsel, and forget to wail
For that dim land beyond terrestrial hail
Where things are done in style.

Meantime, what wonder that your days are flat?
Contemptuous of the women's idle talk,
What wonder that you spurn the dorsal pat?
Your father's sympathy's too deep for that;
He's going for a walk. EVOE.

"FAT-BABY MISTAKES.

STRAPPING INFANTS ON WRONG DIET."

Daily Mail.

It is very wrong to strap them whatever you may have been eating.

A Farmyard Imitation?

"It was heard under excellent conditions. Miss Edyth Walker and Mr. John Coates were obviously at home and in complete sympathy with their parts, the mooring duet being sung with the deepest feeling and dramatic fervour."—*Yorkshire Evening News.*

"Among the wedding presents to Prince Arthur of Connaught are a pair of socks, knitted by an octogenarian shepherd and a collie."

Standard.

Probably they did a sock each.

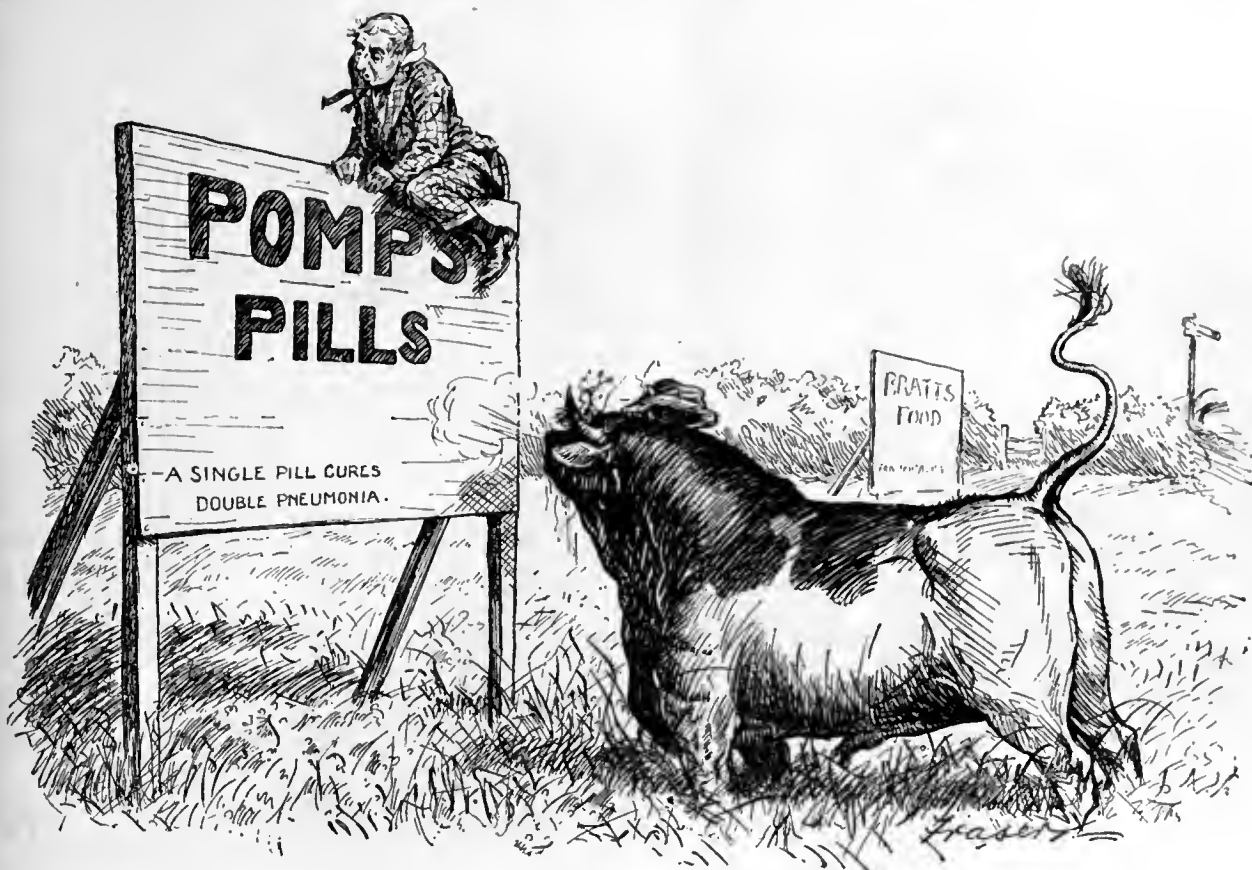


A UNION OF HEARTS.

THE ROYAL WEDDING, OCTOBER 15TH.

MR. PUNCH. "GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH, SIR! WE MAY DIFFER ABOUT ULSTER, BUT WE'RE ALL SOLID FOR CONNAUGHT!"





"WELL, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I REMEMBER TO HAVE DERIVED ANY REAL BENEFIT FROM THESE PILLS."

THE NEW WAY OF ADVERTISING PLAYS.

The observer of contemporary journalism can hardly fail to have been struck with the change that is coming over theatrical advertising. Should the present tendency continue, this is what we are coming to:—

Why suffer from Autumnal Depression when for a price within the reach of all you can forget your woes by witnessing the enormously successful farcical comedy

"WELL, REALLY, I MEAN——"

Every evening at 9. DRYTEARIAN THEATRE. Just the thing for the chilly weather. Try it before you go to bed to-night.

THE DESCRIPTIVE TOUCH.

How glorious is the crisp morning air up on this mountain side! How the waters of the burn sing with gladness as they go splashing and flashing towards the tarn in the valley below. The cottagers sing also, for blitheness of heart, as they stand at their doors to watch the passing of the Duke of Shaftesbury-Avenue and his high-born house-party on their way to stalk the stag. See! There goes a golden eagle; it has carried off a little child to its eyrie amongst the mountains, but no

one seems to mind. The day is too sparkling and fresh for repining. Now the stag runs away, and all the house-party follow. "Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" they cry, tumbling over one another in their light-hearted eagerness to secure the quarry. But, swift as they are, there is one amongst them, a tall and beautiful English maid, who is faster than any. Her name is——

Ah! For that you must witness Act I. of

"THE TWIRL GIRL."

ARCADIAN THEATRE. Every evening at 8.30.

MORE TESTIMONY FROM THE MIDLANDS.

Perhaps you remember what the critics said about *The Powder Puff*? (Anyhow, we are not going to repeat it.) Now let us hear what the Public, those who really know, think.

Mrs. Harris, Charwoman, of 225, Bath Brick Cottages, Rugby, writes:—

"In the summer of this year my health had become very low. My husband and all my friends noticed it. I was unable to rouse myself, and even the exertion of attending a picture-palace was frequently too much for me. One day a friend, who had seen your advertisement, advised me to try a visit to the World Theatre. At first

I resisted the suggestion, but ultimately allowed myself to be persuaded to take advantage of a cheap excursion to attend your Saturday *matinée*. The result was *well-nigh incredible*. After the First Act I was able to sit up and take nourishment. Before the end of the Second my lassitude and general apathy had entirely disappeared; and I left the theatre a different woman. I consider your piece is nothing short of marvellous, and I am directing all similar sufferers to at once visit

'THE POWDER PUFF.'

WORLD THEATRE. Evenings, 9. Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

"Braid was only a couple of yards from the tee in two, but his putt went past the hole." *The Globe.*

"Nonsense," said BRAID to his caddie, who offered him a brassie, "I always use a putter for my third shot," and proceeded to make the longest putt on record.

"Navy blue pram, white, washable, kid lined; good condition, 30s. or near offer." *Advt. in "Portsmouth Evening News."*

We don't know what the kid was lined with ("good capon," perhaps), but we hope he will be taken out before the p:am is sold.

PROPER PRIDE.

George Fallon ran into me as I turned the corner.

"You're just the man I want to see," he said. "I want your advice."

"You won't take it," I replied. "No one ever does. But come in here any way." I drew him into a doorway.

"It's like this," he said. "I want to know how to reply to a letter I've had from the Earl of Frocester."

"An earl!" I exclaimed. "Things are looking up."

"Well, it's not exactly quite so good as you think," he said. "But I've got it here. I'll show it to you."

George, I may say, is a baritone—one of the best we have in our town. An amateur strictly. By day he is engaged in land agency pursuits.

He brought out packet after packet of envelopes and went through them. From their appearance I guessed that they represented the mails of some weeks.

"I know it's here somewhere," he said.

He went through them again and opened one or two without success.

"I'm sure I put it in my pocket," he said. "Well, never mind, I can tell you what it said." He put the bundles back.

"As far as I can remember," he said, "it went like this: 'Dear Sir'—either 'Dear Sir' or 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' I'm not sure which. 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' I think. Yes, I feel sure it was 'Dear Mr. Fallon.' That made it the more interesting, of course. How I wish you could read it! I'll look for it again. It must be here somewhere."

He was again extracting his bundles when I stopped him.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "You have the sense of it."

"But I'd like you to read it," he said. "Do let me look again."

"No," I said.

"Very well," he replied. "It went on like this:—As chairman of the committee who are arranging the benefit performance on the 19th for the Cottage Hospital, it gives me much pleasure to ask if you will be so very good as to figure in our programme and favour the audience with one of your charming solos? An early answer will oblige. Yours faithfully—'I'm sure it was 'faithfully,'" George interpolated—"FROCESTER."

"Well," I said, "that's simple enough. Of course you replied that you would?"

"No," said George, "I didn't."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "there were reasons. You know I'm not exactly a nobody here, am I?"

I assured him he was not—very much somebody, in fact.

"And you would have said that my name would occur as quickly as any one's to the mind of a person getting up a concert?" he continued.

"I should think so," I said.

"Well," he said, "other people had had letters of invitation like this a full week before mine." His look challenged me to counter that.

"Oh, well," he said, "never mind; but I'd like you to see it. I could have sworn I put it in my pocket after lunch. Still, I've given you the substance right enough. The point now is, should I be fair to myself—and, after all, that's of some importance in the world, isn't it?"

"Most certainly," I said.

"Should I be just to myself if at my time of life I overlooked the deliberate passing over of me by this committee until they had had a lot of refusals? For that's what it comes to."

"Do you really feel as strongly as that?" I said.

"I do," he replied.

"But think of the muddle there always is in this kind of thing," I said. "It may have been his lordship's fault. He may have forgotten to write to you for a week."

"I wish I could think so," he said.

"And the object," I continued, "the charity. Surely you would like to do something for that?"

"Why don't they want more than one song?" George asked evasively.

"It's a very full programme," I suggested, "and you're sure to get an encore. You'll take more than one with you, of course."

"If I go," he said.

"Oh, you'll go," I replied.

"His lordship has never asked you for anything before, and to refuse would be a bad start. He did call you 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' too!"

"I wonder if he did,"

said George. "I wish I had the letter here. I'll look again. I'd so like you to see it."

"Oh no," I said quickly. "That's all right."

"No," he replied; "I may as well look once more. I must have it somewhere."

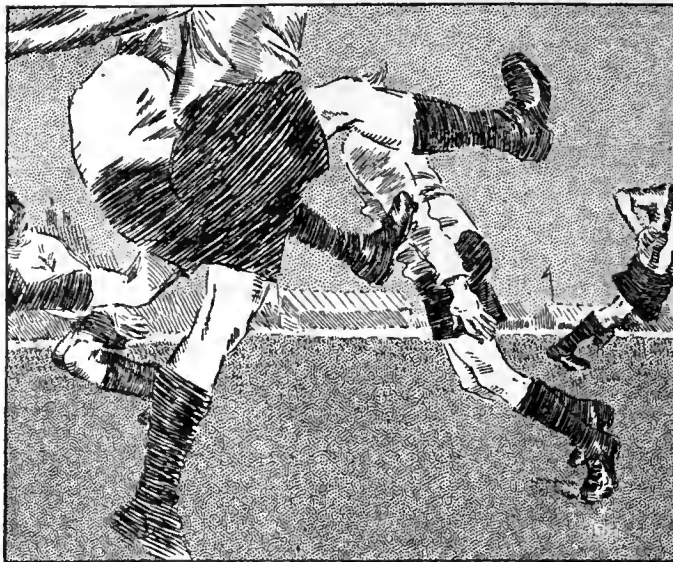
Again he went through his bundles, and this time the letter actually appeared.

He was overjoyed.

"Now," he said, "you shall see for yourself," and he spread it out.

As he did so his face fell. It began, "Dear Sir."

"Well, I'm hanged!" he said. "To think I should have got that wrong! But that settles it," he added, as he drew himself up proudly and replaced the packets. "Nothing shall induce me to sign there now."



THE CAMERA IN THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

(Five well-known players snapped at Bromleigh by a rising young artist who should go far in photographic journalism.)

Reading from left to right—BERT SCROGGINS, "BULL-DOG" JENKINS, ALF BOOTS, JIM BILKER AND CHRIS MONTGOMERIE.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Quite," he said. "I've seen them."

"But perhaps London people were asked first," I suggested.

"No, these were local artists—like me," he said.

"Then what are you going to do?" I asked him.

"That's what I want to know," he said. "Of course I should like to oblige his grace."

"His lordship," I corrected, but he missed it.

"I should like to oblige his grace," he repeated, "who, after all, does call me 'Dear Mr. Fallon'—at least, I believe so. I wish I had the letter here to show you. But I have got it, I'm certain; I'll look again."

Again he went right through his bundles of correspondence, again he nearly had it, but had it not.



Dear Old Lady (to celebrated Professor who is showing her some chicken-houses he has made in his spare time). "BUT I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SUCH A HANDY MAN. YOU'RE SIMPLY WASTED IN ENGLAND; YOU OUGHT TO HAVE GONE OUT TO THE COLONIES."

THE IMPERIAL LYONS.

THE KAISER becomes more and more like Sir JOSEPH LYONS every day. We all know that he paints pictures; so does Sir JOSEPH. The KAISER can do deadly work with the pen; and Sir JOSEPH also is a writer. The KAISER preaches; and even Sir JOSEPH has been known to hold forth. Now we are informed by *The Daily News* that the KAISER owns a café; and still more so does Sir JOSEPH LYONS. HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, we understand, occasionally drops into his own restaurant for a little light refreshment; and here again, if our information is correct, he follows the great English restaurateur's example.

"If KAISER WILHELM is going seriously into the business, however," Sir JOSEPH is alleged to have said to a representative of the Press the other day, "I am sorry for him. Forty to fifty per cent. profit is not so easy to make in these days."

"But supposing he employed good musicians and gave orders for his own compositions to be played?"

"No," said Sir JOSEPH, looking thoughtfully out of the window, as if the pools of memory had been stirred,—"no, even then he might fail." And he sighed. We did not know before that Sir JOSEPH was a composer also.

Whilst on his tour of enquiry, the representative of the Press was authoritatively informed that there was no truth in the rumour that APPENRODT was only an *alias* of the GERMAN EMPEROR.

An incident which might have been attended by alarming results took place in the Imperial establishment a few days ago (writes our Berlin Correspondent). A gentleman entered and sat at a table. The waitresses were gathered together by the coffee-urn busily putting each other's brooches straight. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the customer rang the bell on his table, whereupon a young waitress, who had only recently joined the staff, approached him slowly. She stood by his table looking at the reflection of herself in a mirror. "A small cup of coffee and some biscuits, please," said the customer. Without a word she returned to the coffee urn, convulsed

her colleagues with some playful remark, and presently came back to the customer to fling before him half a pork pie and a glass of ginger beer. "No, my child," he said kindly, "I want coffee and biscuits." "Then why couldn't you say so?" asked the waitress crossly. At this juncture a young cavalry officer sitting at another table, who had with difficulty restrained his feelings during the incident, sprang to his feet, drew his sword, and would have felled the unhappy attendant to the linoleum. But the neglected customer rose and with an imperious gesture stayed him. "Sheath your sword, my gallant one," he said; "you mean well, but we must not have bloodshed here. This is a respectable establishment. Do you hear, Sir? Put up your sword—I, your Emperor, command you!"

For it was he!

"Before that thing happens blood would flow, and once blood had flown that thing would never happen."—*Observer*.

Funny how this craze for aviation gets into the blood.

PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE.

THE publicity given by *The Daily Express* to the life-history of EUGENETTE, the super-baby of Hampstead, whose parents prepared for her arrival by undergoing a careful course of mental and spiritual exercise, has brought us a host of letters from correspondents who give the results of their own essays in this branch of Eugenics. We select a few of the most interesting cases that have been brought under our notice:—

Burble Cottage, Bilgewater.

SIR,—Before our darling Egredia was born my wife and I made a complete study of the works of Mr. HALL CAINE. The result is that now, at the age of eleven months, Egredia has begun to express her thoughts with fluency and distinction, while her sense of morality is wonderfully developed. Her favourite plaything is a pen, and, while displaying a healthy contempt for teddy-bears and dolls, she invariably refuses to go to bed unless accompanied by the bust of SHAKESPEARE, which during the daytime reposes on the principal bookcase. I may mention that she has converted the library into her nursery, and it is a significant fact that on entering that apartment yesterday I found her absorbed in *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, over parts of which she was busily engaged in pouring the contents of the inkpot.

Yours faithfully,

THEOPHRASTUS KNIBBS.

*The Acorns, Flowery Way,
Crankley Garden Suburb.*

DEAR SIR,—Believing as I do that the perfect life is only attainable by a strict adherence to vegetarian principles, I spent the months preceding my son's birth in daily communion with the products of Mr. EUSTACE MILES, Mr. G. B. SHAW, and other leaders of the same school of thought. Carrots (as we call him, though his baptismal name is Bernard) is now seven months old, and whenever he has been put to the test he has refused meat in the most uncompromising fashion. He is a strong, healthy lad, and takes an unaffected delight in the physical and breathing exercises which he is set to perform every morning. Intellectually he shows the greatest promise, and from certain expressions, as yet indistinct, which I have heard him let fall, I believe he will develop into an accomplished linguist. This I attribute to my own customary diet of French beans, Brussels sprouts, and Spanish nuts.

Yours sincerely,

SEMOLINA SIMPKINS.

365, *Contango Terrace,
West Hampstead.*

SIR,—I am willing to wager that my firstborn, Montagu, is the most business-like baby in the kingdom. His mother and I took care of that. Before he arrived she used to come down to my office every day and go through the books, and when I mention that I am a financial agent in the West-end of London you will appreciate what this means. Montagu already knows what's what. I recently gave him some coins to play with, in order that early in life he should become familiar with the value of money. The other day I handed him a shilling and asked him to change it for me. He solemnly counted out eleven pennies and pushed them towards me; the other penny, of course, he had kept for himself as commission. He can already do sums in simple interest (from sixty per cent.). I enclose my business card in case you or any of your friends should wish to consult me, and remain,

Yours obediently,

EPHRAIM MONTMORENCY.

Belfast.

DEAR SIR,—The wife and I are both staunch Unionists, and have thrown ourselves heart and soul into the Anti-Home Rule movement. A few weeks after the opening of the present campaign, during which we attended scores of meetings, our baby girl, whom we have named Effie Carsonia, made her appearance. She is of a fierce fighting disposition, and from the moment of her birth has never ceased to declaim day and night. The light that comes into her eyes when she is shown a Union Jack is beautiful to see. I regret to say, however, that she is now suffering from an ulcerated throat.

Yours faithfully,

PATER AND PATRIOT.

Portland.

SIR,—Unfortunately for myself, I happened to be born shortly after the discovery of the great Bank Swindle of '64. Doubtless my parents, who took a deep interest in current affairs, were full of it at the time, and this explains certain defects in my character which have always caused me great pain, and which I have never been able to eradicate. Perhaps now that attention has been drawn to this important subject my case will be investigated scientifically, and steps will be taken to have me removed from my present uncongenial surroundings. Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours hopefully,

A. CROOK.

MUSICAL OMENS.

MISS LILIAN GRANFELT, interviewed by *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject of her forthcoming appearance in Mr. RAYMOND RÖZE'S *Joan of Arc*, tells an interesting story of an incident which befell her in her student days at Paris:—

"One day I was riding on horseback with some Scandinavian students when my horse shied and bolted. My hat flew off, my hair came undone and fell round me in streams, but still I held fast and would not let go. The people who saw me shouted, 'Bravo, Jeanne d'Arc!' and it was, I think, a sort of sign that I should one day be the creator of the Maid of Orleans in this opera."

Inquiries made of various luminaries of the musical world show that these premonitions are of comparatively frequent occurrence.

Mr. Boldero-Bamborough (*né* Bamberger), the famous Scoto-Semitic violinist, writes from Boldero Towers to point out that in his early infancy the nursery rhyme to which he was always lulled to sleep by Madame Bamberger was "Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle." It should be mentioned that Mr. Boldero-Bamborough possesses a very fine Persian cat called Beethoven, because of its addiction to Moonlight Sonatas.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE, in a recent interview with a Polish journalist, describes the curious omen which befell him when attending a public elementary school in Podolia. "One day," remarked the great tenor, "I was playing tipcat with some of my schoolmates on the banks of a small lake, when, in the ardour of the game, I lost my balance, fell into the water, and being unable to swim would probably have been drowned but for the timely assistance of an old swan, which seized my waistband with its bill and brought me to the shore. The schoolmaster, who had been summoned by the cries of the boys, shouted out, 'Buck up, Lohengrin!' and for the rest of my schooldays I went by the name of the rôle in which I was subsequently destined to win some of my most resounding triumphs."

Madame MELBA is fond of telling a curious story of her schooldays at the High School at Mazawattee, which foreshadowed her success on the lyric stage. On her arrival at the school with several other new-comers the headmistress asked, "Which of you is Nellie Mitchell?" and the future *prima donna* replied with ungrammatical emphasis, "Me, me." As a result she was at once nicknamed "Mimi," in accurate anticipation of her ultimate identification with the heroine of PUCCINI'S opera.

LAMENT FOR THE BUTLER.

[It has recently been stated that, owing principally to the increasing charges on land, the butler is vanishing from the social system.]

ATTEND, ye peers, to this my painful coil;
Ye squires and high manorial lords, attend,
Whom the harsh taxes on your native soil
Compel to stint, and rudely recommend
A stern frugality that sees no end,
While I, with dirges due and measures low,
Deplore your butler, who has got to go.

For he was wonderful. His matchless mien,
So calm, ineffable and full of rest,
Would have done honour to the purest dean.
Unsmiling, at the board the noblest jest
Awoke no echo in that stoic breast;
Nay, frequently 'twas not without a qualm
Of daring that one tipped his ample palm.

And in that rite how well he would compare
With the awed donor. Not for him the spell
Of fluttering coyness, but a wavy air
Of one who, from his loftier height, would quell
All doubts with "Peace upon you, it is well."
Gold only was his metal; that full port
Forbad all coinage of the baser sort.

He was a thing of ornament, a sun
With satellites in his reflected ray;
These worked that he might see that it was done;
Only with pious hands he would convey
The wine from the deep cellar where it lay,
And tend, and serve it with full care, and beam
Forth on the board, immobile and supreme.

A sun. And whence he rose none ever knew.
We think he was not made of common earth;
Surely that classic presence never grew
(Save to its full convexity of girth);
Fully equipped, he must have sprung at birth
Like Pallas; for in truth 'twould half destroy
His wonders had he been a human boy.

Haply—we may not know—he did but come
From some dim far isle in mysterious seas
Where dwell the favoured race of butlerdom,
And little baby butlers bloom at ease,
Austere, grey-whiskered, with small cellar-keys;
Till in a faery bark they seek the shore
Of gilded Mammon and return no more.

But times wax hard. And he, the stay and prop
Of many a proud demesne, must disappear.
His lord will mourn him; guests who come to stop
Will to his memory drop a kindly tear.
Pert maids, of undeniably trim cheer,
Will ply his gentle task and save expense,
Yet never reach his storied eminence.

Then, butler, pass; tho' not without regret,
Thy nest, no doubt, is feathered, and I see
Those chambers in the West, which thou wilt let,
And prosper, and from every care be free
Save one, which may be safely left to me:
Thou shalt not be forgotten, for all time
Being made famous by this deathless rhyme.

DUM-DUM.

"They started side by side at the fall of a flag, and flew neck and neck to York, where the Lancashire pilot (Mr. F. R. Raynham) arrived something like forty minutes in front of his opponent."—*Daily News*.
Either he had a very long neck, or they flew very slowly.



The Mother. "Now, young Llewellyn, I've only got a penny left, so you'll 'ave to run along of the 'bus an' I'll meet yer at the other end."

SPARING OUR FEELINGS.

THE recent softening action of Sir JAMES BARRIE has led to still more developments of the new "Drama without Fears." A new Act is to be added to the enormously successful drama *Sealed Orders*, in which it will be explained that all the horrid happenings of battle and bloodshed, airships and assassination, are in reality but the disordered imaginings of the (supposed) burglar who drinks the drugged wine (not poisoned) in Act I. What actually took place was that a party of high-spirited young people had arranged a mock burglary, with no felonious intent whatever, through the roof. One of them, overcome by huskiness, drinks the wine that has been treated with a soporific but quite innocuous powder, and dreams the rest of the play. It is to be hoped that the new Act, which shows him wakening none the worse, and the restoration of the dismissed clerk, will go far to dissipate any doubts that might have been formed concerning the perfect niceness of everybody concerned.

Actuated by a kindly anxiety lest the feelings of the audience should be unduly harrowed by the spectacle of a too-realistic lion, the management of the St. James's Theatre have now made arrangements by which the beast shall appear before the curtain and address the spectators, saying that he is no such thing, but a man as other men are, and indeed telling them plainly that he is Mr. SILLWARD, the actor. It is reported that Mr. BERNARD SHAW has been induced to take this suggestion from a fellow dramatist (the author of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and other plays).

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GRAND SEIGNEUR."

ONE has had the opportunity of admiring on many a stage the lofty and contemptuous detachment of the French aristocrat in face of the Revolution; the heroism, too, of his devotion and self-sacrifice. But about the *Marquis de la Vallière's* indifference to death there was something original. With the guillotine waiting for him round the corner he could still find time to be a private villain. Indeed, though faithful to his caste and prepared to die gamely with the best of them, he has the effrontery to adopt the insignia of the common enemy in order to compass a personal revenge against a member of his own class. During the process he finds himself in a position to effect several gallant rescues, and altogether his villainy has a rather attractive flavour. His very name, *Désiré*, though for some reason it had discarded its first accent and anyhow was singularly inappropriate to his character, tended to dispose one in his favour, and his graceful cynicism always found a foil in the brutality of the *sansculottes* who might at any moment have his blood. His candour, too, was very disarming; he was not satisfied that his villainous designs should be known to the audience; his victim must share them. "I have decoyed you to my bedroom on a false report," he tells the innocent *Adèle*, in his gentle voice, "in order that you may be compromised, and then you will have to marry me." You can't expect the gallery to hiss a villain like that.

It was just a simple melodrama of action with no play of character and frankly free of all intellectual subtlety. From the moment in the First Act when the *Marquis* says, in effect, to his menial, *Captain Taberteau*, "You may have forgotten a certain detail in your past career which it is convenient that the audience should know; I will therefore recall it to you"—we saw that we were not to be worried by any defiance of dramatic tradition. Nor could the ingenuous remark, "Let's have no more of your histrionics"—an old ruse, this, by which an actor is made to refer to the stage as if he weren't on it—deceive us into supposing that we had to do with anything else but histrionics all through. But there was a momentary lapse at the end. A pathetic scene between the villain's victim and her little sister, which very nearly touched

my own hard heart, should by all the rules have easily broken down the villain himself who overheard it. On the contrary, he took it unmoved, and it was only when the mob got wind of his identity, and he saw his game was up, that he assumed repentance and made admission of his evil life in a speech of studied rhetoric.

Due credit must be given to the authors of the play for its unpretentiousness. But there was one very pretentious scene where promise far outran performance. A certain dancer, *Odette*, of the Parisian stage, had renounced frivolity in exchange for the love of a good honest fellow, the *Vicomte de St. Croix*. An accident to her coach—she

should change garments with her. After a very improbable scene, in which he affects to mistake her for *Odette*, the *Duchesse* is compelled to dance a minuet with him in this alleged costume of *Phryne*.

I have so seldom had the experience of seeing Miss *MARIE LÖHR* in a play where she has not been asked to appear in pyjamas or other undress that I suffered no appreciable shock. And anyhow the performance was of the most perfunctory and respectable. The *Marquis*, who was justified in expecting something a little more *troublant*, didn't attempt to conceal his boredom, but just walked through the dance, keeping up a continuous flow of conversation.

Mr. *HARRY IRVING* was content to play his villainy in a low key, and made no very strong bid for unpopularity. He acted with an easy skill worthy of a much better setting. Miss *MARIE LÖHR*, in the distressful part of the *Duchesse*, which allowed little scope for her lightness of touch, was most moving in the scene with the tiny *Annette*, prettily played by Miss *SYBIL JOSÉ*. The rest of the cast, including a revolutionary with a strong Cockney accent, do not call for much remark, though Miss *MAX WHITTY* played well as a Comtesse who could talk scandal or step to the guillotine with equal aplomb. Mr. *BEN FIELD* afforded a little relief as a *Maire* in liquor; and Miss *GLADYS FOLLIOTT*, impersonally described as "A *Virago*," showed great spirit. It was not her fault that she suddenly decided to have no more taste for blood on the



The Grand Seigneur (greatly bored and making conversation).
"Been to many Minuet Teas this season, Duchesse?"

Marquis de la Vallière Mr. H. B. IRVING.
Duchesse de Rennes Miss *MARIE LÖHR*.

is on her way to Paris—brings her to the Château of Rennes, occupied by a few intoxicated Sons of Liberty. A miniature trunk that accompanies her is understood to contain her repertoire of dancing apparel; and she is invited to perform before these ruffians in the costume of *Phryne*, a part in which she has won much esteem in the metropolis. I have my own ideas as to the costume appropriate to this historical character, and the one assumed by *Odette*, though sketchy, bore no resemblance to it in point of impropriety. Nevertheless, and though it was concealed by a voluminous cloak, she chose, by an incredible kink of modesty, to risk her husband's life rather than escape with him in a costume in which he must have seen her a hundred times on the stage. So she insists that the young *Duchesse de Rennes* (object of the wicked *Marquis's* loathsome addresses)

strength of a remark made by the *Duchesse de Rennes* about a lady who had just lost her head on the guillotine: "I pray God she had no children!" I thought these *tricoteuses* were made of sterner stuff.

Mr. *HARRY IRVING* is very welcome back amongst us, and I wish his new enterprise a great success. But he must not mind if I also wish that he would be a shade more ambitious, and allow his fine gifts a better chance than they can find in a play which offers so little exercise for the intelligence of actors and audience. I would very gladly share the strain. O. S.

"The last edition was obviously a great improvement. It contains 352 pages, besides 58 pages of Introduction; say 600 pages in round numbers."—*Freethinker*.

Of course, if they ask us to, we will say it, but we don't believe it.



Disgusted Sportsman. "MISSED AGAIN! I CAN'T HIT A THING. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT UP!"
Stalker. "OH, I WADNA DAE THAT. YE CANNA HIT THEM, BUT YE HAE A FINE STYLE, WHATEVER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I HAVE long suspected that there are two Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEYS, and the publication of her new novel, *Notwithstanding* (MURRAY), confirms my suspicion. One Miss CHOLMONDELEY is an entirely delightful person. She rejoices in country scenes—some village with its parson, its old maids, its rectory and its rooks, its school and green, its manor house with the squire, and its inn with the gossips. Such scenes she describes supremely well, and I enjoy immensely her own enjoyment in the doing of it. There is in her new novel a chapter that contains the very best description of a village choir-practice that I have ever read, and indeed all the homely humorous scenes in *Notwithstanding* are pictures of quiet English life that neither Miss MITFORD nor Mrs. GASKELL have excelled. But, alas, there is also the other Miss CHOLMONDELEY. This is the lady who gave us the melodrama of *Red Pottage* and of *Prisoners*. In those books she had herself to some extent under control, but in *Notwithstanding* she revels gloriously. Her story depends upon at least a dozen most elaborate coincidences; upon conversations either just overheard or just missed; upon four characters who are either paralytic or insane; upon a wicked nurse who marries the idiot son in order to obtain the property; upon a will which is lost and found with a quite bewildering iteration; and finally upon the most convenient fire in all fiction—a fire that burns, with great precision, the exact corner of the will that the hero and heroine desire it to burn. How hopelessly are the quiet realistic scenes of country life upset by these extravagances!

Why is Miss CHOLMONDELEY so determined upon a manufactured and incredible plot? No one wishes for melodrama when so many real and convincing delights are offered. I beg of her to dismiss once and for ever her Surrey-side collaborator.

It was happily inevitable that Mr. G. F. BRADBY (whose *Dick* contained one of the most delightful studies of boyhood in modern fiction) should sooner or later write an exclusively school story. *The Lankester Tradition* (SMITH, ELDER) is however unexpected in that its protagonists are not school-boys but schoolmasters. I must say that the relative novelty of this is welcome; and it may at once be added that it proves Mr. BRADBY well qualified to deal shrewdly with his own kind. One feels on every page that the book is the work of one who knows thoroughly what he is writing about—not to say one who has taken an unholy and impish joy in a good deal of it. Certainly the peculiar atmosphere of a public school community, that strange blend of idealism and pettiness, courage and futility, could not have been conveyed with more truth than in this story of the new headmaster of Chiltern and his difficulties. Many of the characters are clearly portraits, though, I suspect, composite ones; they are certainly all very much alive, from Mr. Flaggou, the head, down to Tiphani, whom he imports as the latest product of Cambridge culture—with results somewhat devastating to the senior staff. Mr. BRADBY, has a gift of phrase that I have admired before (there is, for example, a definition of English oratory that is alone worth the sum charged for the book) and an ironic humour none the less biting for its placidity. He has in short written a

book that, though its chief appeal will be to the specialist, provides the general public with a sufficiently entertaining story, and some valuable instruction. The expert will read it with emotion—of various kinds.

I believe that the worth of a novel could be at once discovered from a glance at the handwriting in which it was originally composed. I do not, however, anticipate that the publishers, even for the purpose of testing my theory, will take to reproducing authors' works in facsimile, for what is most readable in print would probably prove least legible in manuscript. Mr. A. SCOTT CRAYEN writes, I suspect, in a diminutive and scholarly hand, giving a pleasing effect from a distance but proving undecipherable on closer inspection. Further, his written page must, I think, be noticeably darkened with frequent erasures, many a word having been altered many a time. There is that in *The Fool's Tragedy* (SECKER) which makes me wish that he had dictated it to an impatient and bullying stenographer, insistent on speed, regardless of diction and intolerant of any later revision; in which case a meticulous sense of style would not have been allowed to interfere with the flow of a ready inspiration.

He has a fine type of fool, the brilliant thinker, the restless, sparkling theorist detached from and incapable of all worldly considerations, and the tragedy is developed in the most cogent circumstances, those politely known as "reduced." The situation is acutely felt and acutely impressed, and the relations of the magnificent pauper with the world in general and his wife in particular are vivid and real. All that is wanting to make the book great is the spontaneity which I feel has been suppressed. Over-elaborate descriptions I could forgive as an amiable diversion, but it is a more serious flaw that the dialogue should be stilted. One conversation, as a result of which the chief speaker incurred suspicion of practical immorality, was so much edited that it was rendered and still remains (to me, at any rate) meaningless.

Mr. Blake of *The Bab Ballads* was, as no doubt you remember, a regular out-and-out hardened sinner, and

"quite indifferent as to the particular kinds of dresses that the clergyman wore at the church where he used to go to pray."

His latitudinarianism, however, obtained a measure of toleration from his biographer which is not extended to *Horace Blake* (HUTCHINSON) by Mrs. WILFRID WARD. That gentleman, a dramatist of unsurpassed genius, but a militant atheist and by all standards a thorough bad lot, is introduced to us when under sentence of death from an incurable disease, and at the zenith of his career as an iconoclastic but popular playwright. Leaving at home his wife, who worships his intellect though she understands his character, he goes to St. Jean des Pluies in Brittany with his daughter in order to take what must be his last holiday, and falls under the spell of the religion which had been his in childhood, so that he dies shriven and in the arms of the Church of Rome. He had previously given orders that the last act of his cleverest and most provocative play should be destroyed. From the beginning of the second part of the

book, which goes on to narrate the happy ending of the love affair between his daughter and the rather ingenuous young man who has been chosen to chronicle his life, my enthusiasm, I fear, gradually dwindled, since none of these people evoked in me sufficient interest to drive away the overshadowing memory of the dead man. This is perhaps what the authoress intended, and yet I cannot help feeling that a dead sinner, even though he is expiating his evilness in another world, does not make a wholly satisfactory character for romance. As with all books that I have read written by Roman Catholics the trail of the tract is everywhere clear in this one; but in fairness it must be added that, like nearly all novels that are the work of Roman Catholics, it is written exceedingly well.

It is an odd paradox that stories about real persons and events should always be harder to believe than those that are entirely imaginary. But the fact remains, and I was conscious of it just now when reading *The Rescue of Martha* (HUTCHINSON). Everybody knows what good rousing romances Mr. F. FRANKFORT MOORE can make up out of his own head. Here, however, he has gone to actual

happenings; the theme of the book is a reconstitution and an explanation of the shooting of MARTHA REAY by JAMES HACKMAN. It is a sufficiently sordid story; and the reader, who will rejoice to find Mr. MOORE again in that eighteenth-century period that he knows and handles so well, may be excused for wishing that he had chosen a more fragrant episode. Of its three chief personages indeed—*Martha* herself, the elderly *Lord Sandwich*, whose light o' love she was, and *Hackman*, who intrigued with her under the roof of her noble protector—there is none for

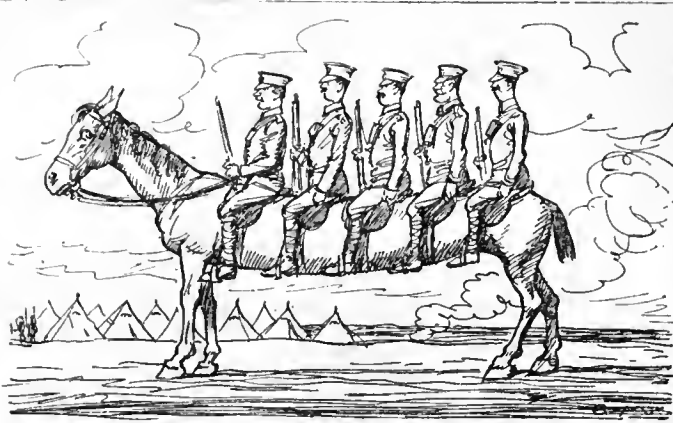
whom very much sympathy can be claimed. I am not sure that I didn't find my lord the best of the trio—he was at least free from cant. Still, such as it is, the story is told with an engaging bustle; and the eighteenth-century atmosphere is excellently preserved. The scenes move before one like a series of contemporary prints—more delicate in treatment than in subject. But, after all, this is only another way of praising Mr. MOORE's mastery of his medium, a task happily superfluous. So I will let it go at that.

"Mr. Claude Grahame-White is now making a flight with a passenger," shouted the megaphone man as 'Claudie' banked gaily overhead with a rather stout young man wearing a monocle behind him." We always wear ours in front.

"VIENNA, Thursday. The King of Greece had intended to visit the Emperor on his way back to Greece, as his father used to do nearly every year. His Majesty was compelled, however, to accelerate his return to Athens, but he sent a telegram to the Emperor expressing his great regret at the fact that his intended visit could not take place.—*Reuter*."

[King Gustave V. was born in 1858, and ascended the throne of Sweden in 1907, in succession to his father, Oscar II. He married in 1881 Princess Victoria of Baden, and has by her three sons. The eldest, the heir to the throne, Gustaf Adolf, was born in 1882, and married in 1905 Princess Margaret of Connaught, by whom he has four children.]—*Daily News*.

"Good!" said the Editor. "I'm glad you've been able to get rid of that stuff about KING GUSTAVE at last."



HOW TO OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTY OF THE SHORTAGE OF HORSES IN THE ARMY.

A NEW BREED ON THE LINES OF THE DACHSHUND.

CHARIVARIA.

ALL attempts to secure Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for the forthcoming Welsh comedy at the Strand Theatre have failed.

With reference to the CHANCELLOR'S promise of a Bill to settle the Land Question, a correspondent writes from Gotham pointing out that we already have a Settled Land Act, and protesting against more legislation.

"Father," asked the boy, "did Mr. LLOYD GEORGE make the Panama Canal? Because I read somewhere that he had gone in for land-bursting."

The desire for local self-government is spreading in Ireland. Ulster wish to be ruled by Sir E. CARSON, but in Dublin there is now a large party in favour of that city being controlled by Mr. LARKIN, and Mr. REDMOND is asking what will there be left for him.

It really is astonishing the number of people who take LARKIN seriously.

Mr. URE has been made Lord President of the Court of Session. What a change—from political life to a sphere where the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth must be told!

The conversion of the building behind the Victoria Memorial, St. James's Park, into a palace is now rapidly approaching completion.

Mme. LYDIA YAVORSKA, who, in *I love you*, played the part of a duck, has changed her bill at The Ambassadors.

Satisfaction is being freely expressed in juvenile circles at the settlement of the trouble in the spinning trade which threatened to interfere seriously with the peg-top season.

There is no pleasing some people. The Suffragettes disliked the Cat and Mouse Act, yet no sooner does the HOME SECRETARY agree to suspend it in favour of two of their number convicted of arson than these ladies are more annoyed than ever.

It may afford some poor solace to

Suffragettes to know that it is not only women who are treated as chattels. The management of the New York Hippodrome have agreed to lend their little clown, MARCELINE, to Mr. CHARLES COCHRAN for his Christmas season.

The Mayor of GUILDFORD, it is announced, is departing from the usual custom of inviting only male guests to the Mayoral banquet. The ladies protest that they have never had any desire to shirk such functions.

"DRESS AND THE MAN ..
COLLARS AND SHIRTS FOR THE EVENING."

Evening Standard.

There is no doubt that they smarten a man up. Try them.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

[The bargees of the Swale assert that they have now finally renounced the use of strong language.]

I POLED my punt on Thames' silver tide,
And there, by dint of faulty navigation,
I struck a barge, and gave her shabby side
A barely palpable excoriation;
The bargee's words were positively rank:
"Dash blanky dash," he yelled, "blank dashy blank!"

On Kentish Swale I met a like mishap,
And, motor-launched and furiously driving,
I made the bargeman execute, poor chap,
An unrehearsed and sudden feat of diving.

When, grampus-like, he rose from that assault,
He smiled and said, "So sorry, Sir; my fault!"

Legal Intelligence.

On Monday, October 11, the Michaelmas Law Sittings were opened. Having attended the service at the Abbey and sung, without hesitation, the anthem ("Behold, how good and joyful a thing

it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"), the Bench and Bar proceeded to the Law Courts to start on the 1,817 actions awaiting trial.

"Her whole aspect was altered, she was staring round in utter surprise, like a shop-walker suddenly awakened."—*The Pictures*. "Shopwalker" would appear to be a misprint for "Post Office Clerk."

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as reported in *The Liverpool Courier* :—

"If that is fair for a property which is the creation of a man's brain, why should it be unfair for another monopoly, not created by the landlords—a coquidity which is more vital to the whole conditions of life?" This is a question which every thoughtful citizen should answer for himself.

A new book has been announced in America as follows :—

"ROOSEVELT. Theodore Roosevelt. An autobiography. By Theodore Roosevelt. Col. Roosevelt's own story of his life." Those who are in the know tell us that there will be a lot about ex-President ROOSEVELT in it.



PASTIMES OF THE GREAT.

PRIMA DONNA CURBING VOICE SO AS TO RELY ENTIRELY ON DRAMATIC GESTURE IN VIEW OF PENDING DÉBUT IN CINEMATOGGRAPH PLAY.

Drink, it is evident, still retains some of its old attractive power. Messrs. ALLSOPP AND SONS offered two vacancies on their staff to University men. They received seventy applications.

It is announced that it has been decided that the new battleship provisionally ordered of Messrs. VICKERS LTD. is to be named *Revenge*, and not *Renown*. The MAD MULLAH declares, however, that he is not to be intimidated.

The huge building Olympia is now labelled :—

"OLYMPIA IDEAL HOME."

A countryman gazed up at it. "A size too big for me," he remarked.

Two women fought a duel at Naples last week, and one of them was wounded. We trust that this may prove a salutary lesson to them as to the danger of this method of settling a dispute.

TO THE CURSE OF MY COUNTRY.

(After reading Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S views on the predatory habits of the pheasant.)

GAY fowl that in my more ethereal moods
I count too fair, too innocent, to perish!
When men have talked about the plague that
broods

Over the rustic lives we ought to cherish,
Little I dreamt that you were at its root,
Voracious brute!

Under those radiant plumes I hear you hide
A constitution which would shame a vulture;
The ruin of our ravaged countryside,

Our blighted homesteads, and our agriculture
Reduced to pulp—all this, I'm told, is due
Largely to you.

Like to a monstrous army on the sack
You plunge our teeming tilths in desolation;
Like to a swarm of locusts, in your track
You spread the germs of rural emigration;
The scene reminds one of the Halls of Tara,
Or, say, Sahara.

Your natural food is worms and fallen grain;
You have no fancy for the mangold-wurzel;
And yet your wanton beak, for joy of bane,
When in a leisure hour the chance occurs, 'll
Puncture the last-named, causing more distress
Than one would guess.

For now the truth comes out: a searching light
Thrown on our blasted land reveals my error
Who thought of you as something quite all right,
Not as a bird of prey, a ravening terror,
That makes the bowers where once the turnip smiled
Perfectly wild.

Well have you kept your secret till to-day;
But LLOYD has probed it with his Land Enquiry;
Relentlessly he plucks the veil away,
Promising vengeance and a *Dies Ira*
When you and other things that he has cursed
Are to be burst.

For Hodge and England! Yes, your day is dead;
And I, for one, shall do my best endeavour
To take, when next you rocket o'er my head,
A deadlier aim (if possible) than ever,
As though behind me GEORGE'S voice I heard
Say, "KILL THAT BIRD!"

O. S.

HOW CAN THEY AT THE PRICE?

HAVE you tried the shilling *table d'hôte* luncheons? I only discovered them last week. And ever since I have been wondering whether it's some kind of philanthropic institution or a business move.

This morning I treated my friend Grumpson to a shillings-worth, and I believe he has come very near to solving the problem for me.

I will briefly describe the lunch and its effect on Grumpson. Picture him sitting there contentedly after demolishing the first course. I watch him furtively, and marvel at the cheapness of it all. I know Grumpson of old. He is an epicure of the first water. Nothing but the best satisfies him. I myself have not quite sunk to the inclusion of gastronomy amongst the fine arts, but I can at least

appreciate good cooking and edible food. The management is most considerate, and refrains from blazoning the absurd price of this feast upon its menu cards. I do nothing to defeat this tactful reticence, for I think that a knowledge of the facts might tend to mar Grumpson's enjoyment. Besides, he is rather fond of twitting me about what he politely terms my excessive economy.

I sit, as I said, furtively watching him, wondering the while how on earth they can do it at the price. Mind you, this is an anxious time for me. The whole adventure is an experiment on my part, for I owe Grumpson a luncheon, and a restaurant of this kind may be rather a handy thing to have up one's sleeve for these occasions. Yet apparently I need have no fear. The fish proves just as excellent as the *hors d'œuvre*, and the *entrée* is simply delicious. Grumpson usually talks through an indifferent meal, treating the act of mastication as a mere bodily necessity. Now he says nothing, but his facial mirror reflects the satisfaction within.

The service, again, is nothing short of perfection. Our waiter is the essence of competence, and though the place is full we suffer no inconvenient delay between the courses. We arrive at the cheese and biscuits after a sweet that I know happens to be one of Grumpson's particular weaknesses. He attacks his Stilton with undiminished gusto. Finally coffee is served—of so fine a quality that the aroma of it might well cause the mouth of a Sultan to water.

It really is a wonderful meal.

Carelessly, yet with a note of triumph in my voice, I remark: "Well, what do you think of it, Grumpson?" He drains his cup and beams upon me. "Excellent, old chap! By Jove! They must pay their chef a pretty penny. It's one of the best lunches I've ever tasted." He glances at his watch. "Yes. We've just time. Have another with me!"

THE SINGLE-BLOT.

Lilac Cottage, Bilberry Green.

SIR,—In an age when the setting aside of convention and time-honoured British custom is all too popular (due, in my opinion, in great measure to the present so-called Government), it has been delightful to read of the incidents attending the wedding of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught last week. I was so glad to see in the pictures that (all unknown to the happy pair, I am given to understand) a slipper was fastened to the back of the motor in which they started for their honeymoon. This is as it should be. It has given equal pleasure to read that both rice and confetti were thrown over the royal bride and bridegroom. Even the King himself, they tell me, threw some rice; and we may be sure that one who bears the reputation of being among the best shots in Europe did good service in that direction.

But, Sir, it was with something akin to pain that I discovered the absence from this occasion of a detail which, to my mind, custom has made a hallowed necessity to a truly British marriage. Let me say at once that in no way can blame be attached to the newly-married pair for the omission to which I refer; their domestic happiness must suffer, alas, through no fault of their own. Upon their friends must lie the responsibility for the fact that, among the multitude of wedding gifts, not one single silver cruet for the centre of the table was included. My own dear parents had no fewer than seven, several of which I still possess. Still, I do hope that the dear Prince and Princess may be truly happy.

Yours, etc.,

LAVINIA LAVENDER.



"S. O. S."

PUNCH (to Mr. MARCONI). "MANY HEARTS BLESS YOU TO-DAY, SIR. THE WORLD'S DEBT TO YOU GROWS FAST."

HOW TO APPEASE ULSTER.

SIR,—May I, through you, bring before your Radical contemporaries of the daily and weekly press a perfectly infallible method of making Ulster and Ulstermen happy and reconciling them to Home Rule?

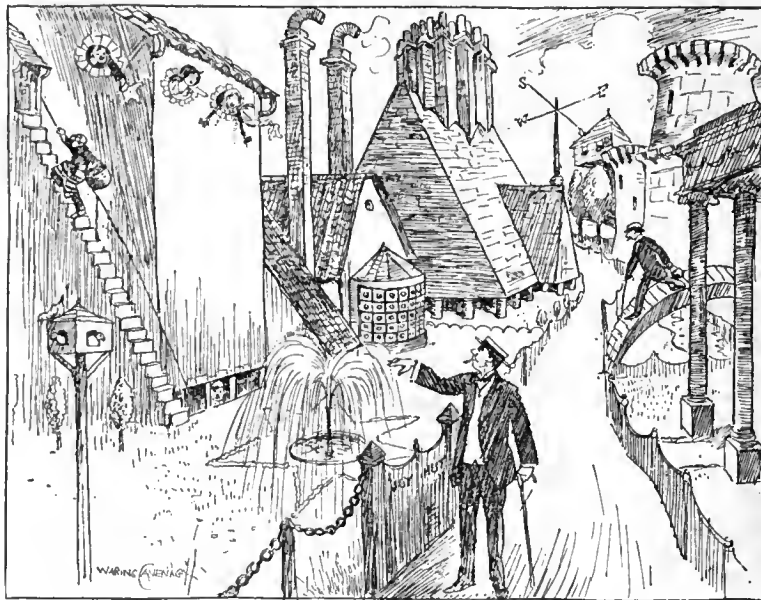
I have noticed that no true Ulsterman has the least objection to being called a traitor, a bigot, a sedition-monger, a potential rebel, or anything of that kind. Indeed, he seems to revel in it. But if you laugh at him or ridicule his plans, his armies or his leaders he becomes purple and all but inarticulate with passion, and any attempt at argument is thenceforth wasted on him.

That being so—you must have noticed it yourself—I suggest that Radicals should change their tactics. In future, when Sir EDWARD CARSON, with F. E. SMITH in attendance, reviews his forces, instead of belittling the attitude of the leader and depreciating the character and number of the army, they should write of them after this fashion:—

“These men are traitors of the very worst and most traitorous description. They are massing their fighting men (and, whatever else we may think of them, we know that Ulstermen can and will fight to the very last gasp); they have an inexhaustible store of arms and ammunition; they have appointed their leaders. Their chieftain is Sir EDWARD CARSON, and none has greater skill than he in appealing to the basest and most seditious passions of mankind. Their fighting commander, General RICHARDSON, a scarred veteran of a hundred campaigns, is noted not merely for his genius as a strategist and a tactician, but also for the iron discipline which he ruthlessly enforces upon his men. He is, perhaps, the greatest soldier who has ever worn the British uniform. We shudder to think what the issue of the war will be when such a captain commands the hosts of the zealots and bigots who have rallied to the standard of the revolution in Ulster. Moreover, it must be remembered that Mr. F. E. SMITH is on the side of Ulster. We have never agreed with those who are inclined to make light of this man. On the contrary,

we believe him to be a good rider and the possessor of a venomous tongue. He is an iron embodiment of unalterable devotion to principle, and, when fighting begins, he is sure to be found wherever the bullets are thickest. The presence of such a leader in the field is worth 10,000 men.

“Yesterday there was another review of militant traitors before KING CARSON. It is said that there were 12,000 men (including Mr. F. E. SMITH) on parade. This is obviously an understatement put forth with the view of lulling the Government of the country into a false security. Our own information is that as many as 50,000 men in the flower of strength and manhood marched past



GARDEN SUBURB IDYLLS.

THE BREADWINNER'S GOODBYE TO HIS CHILDREN.

the saluting point. We have reason to believe that throughout Ulster Sir EDWARD can reckon on the support of no fewer than half a million warlike men.

“We have stated the facts as calmly as we can. The danger is overwhelming. Why does the Government give no sign? Let them look to it before it is too late. Their plain duty is to arrest and imprison the rebellious leaders of this dreadful movement. Otherwise we see no alternative except a prompt submission to traitors who are prepared to drench the land with blood.”

There, Sir, what do you think of the idea? On reading such an article *The Pall Mall Gazette* will, I am sure, say that at last a ray of light has begun to pierce the miasma of Radical blindness.

Yours, etc.,

ANTI-DEMOCRITUS.

THE VILE CORPUS.

[A provincial schoolmistress recently applied for the loan of a baby from the local workhouse for several hours weekly to enable her to give practical lessons in the washing and dressing of infants. It is to be hoped, however, that there will not be a repetition of the grim tragedy described in the following lines.]

HE was only a workhouse baby,

A poor little creature, left
In a railway cloak-room, or, may be,

From natural causes bereft;
But his fame shall for ever be written

In letters of purest gold,
For he lived and died like a Briton,
And thus is his story told:—

On Monday to school he was taken
And shamelessly stripped of his
clothes—

An insult designed to awaken

A fury of infantile oaths.

On Tuesday, with heartless exertion,

They plied him with water and soap,

And at the eleventh immersion

He ceded his remnant of hope.

On Wednesday and Thursday the victim

By amateur fingers was clad;

With wandering “safeties” they pricked him

And drove him incurably mad.

They put him to bed on the Friday,

With physic next day he was dosed,

And, looking a little untidy,

On Sunday he gave up the ghost.

There are tears for his fate, which was rotten,

But he suffered in order to save,
And babies as yet unbegotten

With garlands shall honour his grave;
For, if there's exemption for others

From exquisite torment of limb,
'Twill be due to the fact that their mothers

Once experimented on him.

An esteemed contemporary publishes a photograph of a gentleman smoking a pipe “outside the High Court buildings, where his wife was sentenced to eight months imprisonment for attempted fire raising.” The headline

“THE PIPE OF PEACE”

seems to lack the finer sense of chivalry.



G. L. STAMP.

Father (angry). "THAT APPOINTMENT YOU FORGOT TO KEEP TO-DAY WAS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME, AND WOULD PROBABLY HAVE MADE YOUR CAREER. BUT YOU PREFER TO WASTE YOUR TIME PLAYING GOLF—"

Son (hurt). "NOT WASTE, FATHER—I WON THIS CRUET."

FICTION ON THE FILM.

(A reflection on the enormous educational value of the cinematograph, suggested by a happy hour at one of our suburban palaces.)

I HAVE seen the pick and flower of the world's romances,
Not mirrored in mental images faint and slow;
Too long I had moved in the midst of boyhood's fancies,
But now I know;
I have seen how the bioscope stages the story of *Ivanhoe*.

I have seen the Templar* himself, the great *Bois Guilbert*,
With a waxed moustache on his lip like the KAISER'S own,
And *Front de Baufr*, who was also a bit of a filbert
And crowned with a cone,
Half-drunk in a Norman castle with arches of Gothic stone.

I have seen the scutecheonless knight oppose *Sir Brian*
To the sound of an old tin tea-tray beaten "off";
I have seen the charger that carried *Richard the Lion*;
I have marked the trough
That stared between every rib—I could almost hear him
cough.

I have seen the rout of the mail-clad Norman troopers
By *Robin Hood's* men with never a bow to hand,
All running about like musical comedy supers
In time with the band;
I have seen the mysterious *Palmer* returned from the
Wholy* Land.

A podgy young man, the *Palmer*, and soft the quilting
Of tavern beds, I wis, on his homeward way.

* Sic (in the explanatory notes projected on the screen).

Ah, well! he was never obliged to do any tilting;
The champion's fray
Was a duel, it seems, on foot, and no doubt it was
cheaper in hay.

These things have I seen. I have seen old *Isaac* chivied,
Rebecca a-top of a ruinous castle stair,
Her hands to her fluttering breast, her face all livid:
"Young man, you dare!
Hands off! or I fling myself down on the courtyard
stones, so there!"

What need to tell you the rest? How, lifting his visor,
The *Disinherited Knight* confronts his foe
With a huge sardonic wink; I say I am wiser
Than long ago.

I have learnt more things than I dreamed of the drama
of *Ivanhoe*.

But why stop there? Shall only adventurous nove's
And stories of doughty deeds with an old-time plot
Be filmed for the sake of a mind that halts and grovels,
And *The Egoist* not?

I want *GEORGE MEREDITH* "cined †" as well as *Sir*
WALTER SCOTT.

I want to see *Richard Feverel* made immortal
With pearls from the Pilgrim's scrip in a print of
flames;

I want *JANE AUSTEN* starred on the cinema's portal,
And, name of all names,

I want to see *Albert* and 'Lize enjoying their 'ENERY
JAMES.
EVOE.

† American.

"UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT."

I know a fool of a dog who pretends that he is a Cocker Spaniel, and is convinced that the world revolves round him wonderingly. The sun rises so it may shine on his glossy morning coat; it sets so his master may know that it is time for the evening biscuit; if the rain falls it is that a fool of a dog may wipe on his mistress's skirt his muddy boots. His day is always exciting, always full of the same good things; his night a repetition of his day, more gloriously developed. If there be a sacred moment before the dawn when he lies awake and ponders on life, he tells himself confidently that it will go on for ever like this—a life planned nobly for himself, but one in which the master and mistress whom he protects must always find a place. And I think perhaps he would want a place for me too in that life, who am not his real master but yet one of the house. I hope he would.

What Chum doesn't know is this: his master and mistress are leaving him. They are going to a part of the world where a fool of a dog with no manners is a nuisance. If Chum could see all the good little London dogs, who at home sit languidly on their mistress's lap, and abroad take their view of life through a muff much bigger than themselves; if he could see the big obedient dogs, who walk solemnly through the Park carrying their master's stick, never pausing in their impressive march unless it be to plunge into the Serpentine and rescue a drowning child, he would know what I mean. He would admit that a dog who cannot answer to his own name and pays but little more attention to "Down, idiot," and "Come here, fool," is not every place's dog. He would admit it, if he had time. But before I could have called his attention to half the good dogs I had marked out he would have sat down beaming in front of a motor-car . . . and then he would never have known what now he will know so soon—that his master and mistress are leaving him.

It has been my business to find a new home for him. It is harder than you think. I can make him sound lovable, but I cannot make him sound good. Of course I might leave out his doubtful qualities, and describe him merely as beautiful and affectionate; I might . . . but I couldn't. I think Chum's habitual smile would get larger, he would wriggle the end of himself more ecstatically than ever if he heard himself summed up as beautiful and affectionate. Anyway, I couldn't do

it, for I get carried away when I speak of him and I reveal all his bad qualities.

"I am afraid he is a snob," I confessed to one woman of whom I had hopes. "He doesn't much care for what he calls the lower classes."

"Oh?" she said.

"Yes, he hates badly dressed people. Corduroy trousers tied up at the knee always excite him. I don't know if any of your family—no, I suppose not. But if he ever sees a man with his trousers tied up at the knee he goes for him. And he can't bear tradespeople; at least not the men. Washerwomen he loves. He rather likes the washing-basket too. Once, when he was left alone with it for a moment, he appeared shortly afterwards on the lawn with a pair of—well, I mean he had no business with them at all. We got them away after a bit of a chase, and then they had to go to the wash again. It seemed rather a pity when they'd only just come back. Of course, I smacked his head for him; but he looks so surprised and reproachful when he's done wrong that you never feel it's quite his fault."

"I doubt if I shall be able to take him after all," she said. "I've just remembered—"

I forget what it was she remembered, but it meant that I was still without a new house for Chum.

"What does he eat?" somebody else asked me. It seemed hopeful; I could see Chum already installed.

"Officially," I said, "he lives on puppy biscuits; he also has the toast-crusts after breakfast and an occasional bone. Privately, he is fond of bees. I have seen him eat as many as six bees in an afternoon. Sometimes he wanders down to the kitchen-garden and picks the gooseberries; he likes all fruit, but gooseberries are the things he can reach best. When there aren't any gooseberries about, he has to be content with the hips and haws from the rose-trees. But really you needn't bother, he can eat anything. The only thing he doesn't like is whitening. We were just going to mark the lawn one day, and while we were busy pegging it out he wandered up and drank the whitening out of the marker. It is practically the only disappointment he has ever had. He looked at us, and you could see that his opinion of us had gone down. 'What did you put it there for, if you didn't mean me to drink it?' he said reproachfully. Then he turned and walked slowly and thoughtfully back to his kennel. He never came out till next morning."

"Really?" said my man. "Well, I

shall have to think about it. I'll let you know."

Of course I know what that meant.

With a third dog-lover to whom I spoke the negotiations came to grief, not apparently because of any faults of Chum's, but because, if you will believe it, of my own shortcomings. At least I can suppose nothing else. For this man had been enthusiastic about him. He had revelled in the tale of Chum's wickedness; he had adored him for being so conceited. He had practically said that he would take him.

"Do," I begged. "I'm sure he'd be happy with you. You see, he's not everybody's dog; I mean, I don't want any odd man whom I don't know to take him. It must be a friend of mine, so that I shall often be able to see Chum afterwards."

"So that—what?" he asked anxiously.

"So that I shall often be able to see Chum afterwards. Week-ends, you know, and so on. I couldn't bear to lose the silly old ass altogether."

He looked thoughtful; and, when I went on to speak about Chum's fondness for chickens, and his other lovable ways, he changed the subject altogether. He wrote afterwards that he was sorry he couldn't manage with a third dog. And I like to think he was not afraid of Chum—but only of me.

But I have found the right man at last. A day will come soon when I shall take Chum from his present home to his new one. That will be a great day for him. I can see him in the train, wiping his hoots effusively on every new passenger, wriggling under the seat and out again from sheer joy of life; I can see him in the taxi, taking his one brief impression of a world that means nothing to him; I can see him in another train, joyous, eager, putting his paws on my collar from time to time and saying excitedly, "What a day this is!" And if he survives the journey; if I can keep him on the way from all the delightful deaths he longs to try; if I can get him safely to his new house, then I can see him—

Well, I wonder. What will they do to him? When I see him again, will he be a sober little dog, answering to his name, careful to keep his muddy feet off the visitor's trousers, grown up, obedient, following to heel round the garden, the faithful servant of his master? Or will he be the same old silly ass, no use to anybody, always dirty, always smiling, always in the way, a clumsy, blundering fool of a dog who knows you can't help loving him? I wonder . . .

Between ourselves, I don't think they can alter him now . . . Oh, I hope they can't. A. A. M.

THE RACE FOR ARMAMENTS.

THE FACT THAT THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO IS ABOUT TO ADD FOUR GUNS TO ITS ARTILLERY, BRINGING THE TOTAL UP TO FIVE, IS CAUSING A STIR AMONG THE MINOR POWERS. WE LEARN WITH APPREHENSION—



THAT THE MAHARAJAH OF CHOKUM BIHOTAL HAS BEEN TESTING A DIRIGIBLE WITH A VIEW TO PURCHASE.



THAT THE NAVY OF BORI BOOLA IS SHORTLY TO BE STRENGTHENED BY THE ADDITION OF A SUBMARINE.



THAT THE DEFENCES OF BAFFIN LAND ARE BEING BROUGHT UP TO DATE.



RESOURCE.

Motor Cyclist. "QUICK! EVANGELINE—PINCH BABY; THE HORN WON'T WORK!"

THE PROFESSOR.

IN one of the Greek manuscripts which recently came to light in the cellar of the Armenian monastery of San Lazzaro, and are now being patiently deciphered and translated by the learned Father MECHIDAS, there is a story of DIOGENES which has not yet seen the light. The venerable scholar (who recently related it to a visitor to Venice) permits *Mr. Punch* to print this interesting legend.

On one of the Cynic's infrequent visits to Athens curiosity induced him to make the round of the theatres to see how public taste was tending and to what lengths the leniency of audiences (which had long been on the stretch) could go. He passed silently and grimly from one play to another, in each finding more triviality and folly than the last. How many theatres there were the chronicler does not say, but certainly no fewer than five-and-twenty, in not one of which, at that unfortunate period, was any sign of pure tragedy. Nothing but farce, comedy and the *tertium quid*

melodrama. In not one theatre was a classical author being played.

DIOGENES passed on to the very numerous singing and aerobatic houses, and there he found chiefly performers from other countries in trumpery medleys of dialogue, music and dancing which purported to be satirical commentaries on the times but were nothing of the kind. He was prepared for a certain amount of second-rate foolishness here and there; but what struck him as the most curious change that had come over the city was the fact that not only was every place of entertainment crowded, but everyone seemed delighted with the fare that was offered. No murmur of surprise was heard; no dissentient voice. The Athenians, in short, had relinquished, under the influence of some strange passion for beguilement, their ancient right of criticism.

The next day DIOGENES was observed walking slowly through the streets of Athens leading a goose. Hither and thither he wandered, through all the principal thoroughfares, and even up the steep rock to the Parthenon itself,

attended always by his grotesque companion. For a while no one dared venture to question the illustrious curmudgeon. At last one bolder than the rest put the question. "What is the goose for?" he asked. "He is an excellent and most useful fellow," replied the Cynic, "and I want to find him some pupils. He gives lessons in hissing."

IN OCTOBER.

In Richmond Park
The leaf was thinned,
The dusk grew dark,
Loud piped the wind;
The blown West yellowed
A cloud's torn cloak,
An old stag bellowed
Beneath an oak.
Now here's delight
To think I've stood
And met the night
In a lone wood,
Where great stags thunder
And antlers toss,
Eight miles—or under—
From Charing Cross.



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

HODGE IN THE LIMELIGHT.



"LABBY."

By TOBY, M.P.

IN writing the Life of his uncle, HENRY LABOUCHERE, Mr. ALGAR THOROLD enjoyed the advantage of having for his subject one of the most interesting men of the nineteenth century. He has lived up to rare opportunity. The portly volume presents a vivid portrait of the man and an enlightening record of his work. In discriminating study of the character and genius of his old chief, Mr. BENNETT, who in succession keeps the sacred lamp of *Truth* burning in Cartaret Street, arrives at the conclusion that "the best work of LABOUCHERE'S life was done as a journalist." That life was so varied in its course, so starred by conspicuous success in divers walks, that it is difficult to decide wherein it reached its highest excellence. A scholar at Eton, a student at Cambridge, a gambler, a *roué*; contemplating avoidance of starvation by accepting a proffered place as croupier at a Monte bank in Mexico; doorkeeper in a circus; promoted to a line in the bill in the character of "The Bounding Buck of Babylon," wearing pink tights with a filet round his head, extorting admiration by the springiness of his standing jumps; companion of Chippeway Indians hunting buffalo; *attaché* at several Embassies in both hemispheres; editor, newspaper proprietor, lessee of a theatre, friend of BISMARCK, Member of the House of Commons, on conversational terms with PADDY GREEN in the palmy days of EVANS'S, later admitted to the intimacy of Mr. GLADSTONE—here is a career more nearly recalling chapters of *Monte Cristo* than the annals of a rate-paying resident in Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

The universality of LABOUCHERE'S character was testified to by the range of his correspondents. The bursting over political parties of the thunderbolt of Home Rule, directed by the hand of Mr. GLADSTONE in 1886, created profound, in many places irreparable, rents in ancient friendships. Absolutely devoid of feeling of resentment (save in one case) "LABBY" preserved all his old intimacies. Not the least interesting chapters of a book of high historical value are those devoted to reproduction of his correspondence in 1885-6. He was a sort of friendly, convenient, pillar-box into which men taking a hand in a critical game of politics dropped their missives. A strange conglomeration it was. Amongst the contributors were Lord ROSEBERY, RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, HERBERT GLADSTONE (on behalf of his father),



ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE SEX.

Indignant Wife (whose repeated assurances as to her husband's sobriety and general respectability have been totally ignored by the police, comforting herself with a parting shot). "MIND YER PURSE, BILL!"

CHARLES DILKE, JOHN MORLEY, PARNELL, TIM HEALY, DAVITT, and, above all, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

The only notable exception to the confidences bestowed upon LABOUCHERE throughout the manœuvring that ended in the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, the rout of Mr. GLADSTONE and the rending in pieces of the party he had long been accustomed to lead to triumph, was Lord HARTINGTON. He did not seem to take to "LABBY'S" playful way of dealing with Imperial politics.

Up to the Spring of 1886 the relations between LABOUCHERE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were of the closest intimacy. Confidential letters daily passed between them, sometimes twice a day.

LABOUCHERE set himself the task of avoiding disaster to the Liberal Party, to his clear political insight a result inevitable if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were permitted to withdraw from its councils. He was within an ace of succeeding. Through the medium of letters chiefly passing between LABOUCHERE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. THOROLD sets forth the story up to the fateful day appointed for the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill. Possibly because the narrative was earlier continued elsewhere he stops there. It was LABOUCHERE himself who completed it in a letter addressed to me dated from Old Palace Yard, 5th April, 1898.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S main objection to the Bill of 1886 was the proposed

exclusion of Irish Members from Westminster. Had this been dropped he would have refrained from joining the Conservative party and the history of England for the next thirty years would have been written in altered characters.

On the Saturday night preceding GLADSTONE'S speech winding up debate on the Second Reading, "LABBY," a little fatigued by his patriotic efforts, withdrew for a brief period of well-earned rest, comforted by assurance that Monday night would see his labours crowned with success. When Monday came Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, CAINE and others in the secret, sat expectant whilst GLADSTONE spoke, waiting for the words that would re-establish unity. For reasons never understood, certainly never publicly explained, they were not spoken. LABOUCHERE, dismayed and despairing, turned round to CAINE seated on a bench behind and said, "What a thimble-rigger the Old Man is!"

Having at this epoch been dragged into the vortex of Parliamentary conflict, "LABBY" thereafter for some years devoted himself to the game with enthusiasm equal to that with which in early manhood he gave himself up to gambling at Homburg and elsewhere. At the outset, content to amuse the House of Commons

with persiflage casually introduced into debate, he became constant in attendance, frequent in speech-making. An incentive to this new departure was the bitterness of his resentment against his old friend and companion dear, now a pillar of strength in a Cabinet presided over by Lord SALISBURY. As a rule, he had no personal resentments. Sublimely imperturbable, he lived in a serene atmosphere undisturbed by what anybody said, did, or thought about his actions or his motives. He made up for this indifference by concentrated hostility to the statesman he in 1886 was accustomed to address as "My dear Chamberlain," whom he now invariably alluded to as "Joe," importing into the monosyllable an indescribable note of half-amused scorn and reprobation. Since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was a member of the Conservative Government the more urgent was the call to wreck it.

No one more effectively than "the Christian Member for Northampton"

contributed to the end brought about by the General Election of 1892. The spoils to the victor. It was anticipated, by none more surely than by LABOUCHERE, that he would receive at Mr. GLADSTONE'S hands Cabinet office. For personal reasons in high quarters, about which "LABBY'S" own testimony, cited by Mr. THOROLD, leaves no doubt, his claims were overlooked. Another disappointment not less bitter befell him, a few years later, when, a vacancy occurring in Ministerial post at Washington, he turned his eyes wistfully towards the appointment. Its withholding was the final blow to his Parliamentary ambition. Some men thus treated would have taken their revenge by turning and biting the hand that repulsed them. "LABBY" would have been welcomed

grapher, "as simply as a child tired with play he took to his bed on the 11th January and did not get up again. He died peacefully at midnight on January 15th, 1912."

"LABBY" never fussed about anything, not even about dying.

THE PEPPER POTS.

ONE of the most ingenious of the many labour-saving appliances which are now on the market is the little set of pepper-boxes for sub-editors which an astute watcher of the literary skies has invented.

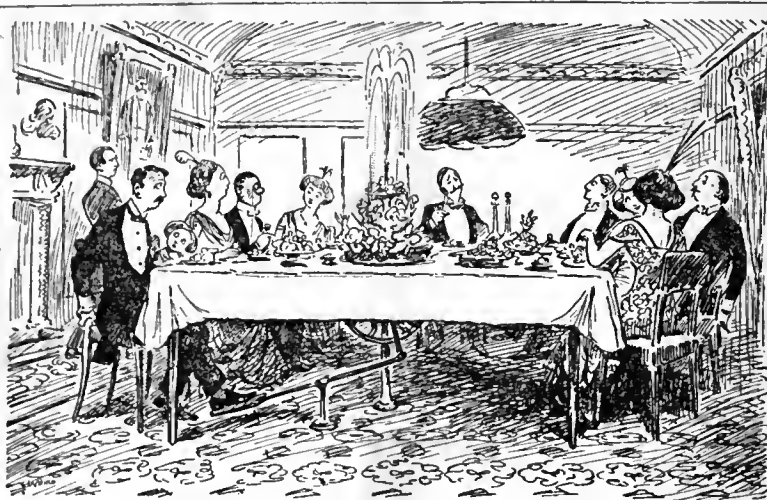
Like all the great inventions—as the cliché has it—it is very simple. But he shall describe it in his own words as spoken to one of our representatives

a day or so ago.

"My invention," said Mr. Travis, who is a bright-looking young man with a bald head and a faint American accent, "you want to know about that? Well, I'll tell you. I have always been a great newspaper reader, and I noticed, as every one else must have done, that there is a deadly monotony about the reviews of new novels, or, to put it another way, there is a deadly monotony about the output of old novelists. It is the same with playwrights and public speakers: after a while

they are, with very few exceptions, all true to type. It follows then that any description of their latest efforts must bear similarity to the description of their previous efforts. Yet these descriptions—or criticisms if you like—must always be written afresh and the writers paid. My idea was at one blow to do away with much of the expense of the newspaper and at the same time provide the reader with authentic impressions. How do I do it? With my pepper-pots.

"I'll give you an example. A new play by Mr. GALSWORTHY comes out. The statement that it was produced last night can be prepared by any one in the office, or I am ready to supply a flexible framework of this kind to fit any play or any book or any speech by anybody on the list. Certain spaces for adjectives are left blank. It is then that the pepper-box comes in. If it is a GALSWORTHY play the sub-editor takes the pepper-pot hearing his name and sprinkles the paper with it, and straightway the gaps are filled up with



HOW TO UTILISE A POOR RELATION.
MAKE HIM WORK THE TABLE FOUNTAIN.

on the Conservative side in the familiar character of the Candid Friend. He had in fullest possession the qualities that would have made him a dangerous enemy on the flanks of the Leaders of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons. That however was not his way. Towards the end of a long life's labour he was growing tired. His indomitable spirit was a little soured by repeated disappointments. But he was faithful to the end, voting steadily with his Party and, when necessary, coming to their help with still sparkling speech.

Unexpectedly abandoning his throne in the Smoking-Room of the Reform Club, round which would gather a rapt circle of listeners, quitting his cherished companionship with the House of Commons, he retired to Florence, where for a few years he lived surrounded by "that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

In the touching language of his bio-

such words as 'sincere,' 'restrained,' 'characteristic,' 'dignified,' 'thoughtful,' 'restrained,' 'thoughtful,' 'dignified,' 'sincere'; and the criticism is complete.

"Or Mr. SHAW. Then the G. B. S. pepper-pot is employed, and out tumble 'Shavian,' 'audacious,' 'Shavian,' 'startling,' 'characteristic,' 'witty,' 'incisive,' 'Shavian' and all the rest of it.

"A book by Mr. CHESTERTON puts the G. K. C. pepper-pot into action, and we have 'paradoxical,' 'good-humoured,' 'Falstaffian,' 'characteristic,' 'paradoxical,' 'paradoxical,' 'topsy-turvy,' 'wrong-headed but genial,' 'paradoxical,' 'topsy-turvy,' 'paradoxical,' 'paradoxical.' You see the idea?"

Our representative said he saw it perfectly, but he could not admire any scheme which substituted a mechanical device for good Fleet Street brains.

"But what's the use of setting brains to such tasks as this," Mr. Travis asked, "when all that they have to do is to provide paraphrases of what was written before? Why waste a man's time on re-re-re-writing about a re-re-re-written book or play?"

"We won't argue about it," said our representative. "Give me some more examples."

"Well," said Mr. Travis, "here's the Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD pepper-pot," and he shook over the table "calm," "measured," "studious," "understanding," "characteristic," "sympathetic," "calm," "studious," "measured," "serene," "calm."

"Here's another—you must guess the author;" and "melodramatic," "strident," "passionate," "melodramatic," "characteristic," "noisy," "theatrical," "chromo-lithographic," "strident" were scattered out.

"You can't deny it's a clever notion?" he asked.

"No," our representative replied, "it's certainly clever, confound you. But have you a pepper-pot for every one?"

"No," he said, "there are one or two I can't fix up for certain. There's one literary man and several politicians. It wouldn't be safe to have a pepper-pot for them. At least not yet."

"Mayn't I know their names?" our representative asked.

"Not from me," said Mr. Travis, closing the interview. "You must guess."

"Mr. George Yates, who has been secretary of the Bury Central Conservative Club for 20 years, has resigned owing to advancing years. Mr. Yates has been a member of the club since his formation 34 years ago."

Daily Dispatch.

Mr. YATES's appointment to the secretaryship at the age of 14 must have caused surprise.



THE TWO DINNERS.

SCENE—The Majestic Hotel.

"DRAGOON GUARDS OR PEACE SOCIETY, SIR?"

FINIS.

LAST month I thought that we had said
 Goodbye
 For ever and a day, nor dreamed that I,
 October come, should hold you in my
 grip,
 Still doting on our sweet companion-
 ship;
 That May-day walk—our first; that
 Devon lane;
 That riverside in June with just us
 twain;
 That Scenic Railway where one July
 night
 I was obliged to squeeze you rather
 tight;

Those lazy August mornings when you
 lay
 Upon the sands beside me; that sad day
 When, bathed in mid-September's
 mellow sheen,
 I fell a-wondering whether you would
 clean.
 Goodbye again; for such the fears
 whereat
 Love flutters off—like you, my dear
 Straw Hat.

"SHILLINGS WANTED.

REMARKABLE APPEAL TO BURY FOOTBALL FOLLOWERS."

Daily Mail.

We would sooner bury football writers.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As to the clerks of the Inland Revenue, or whatever it may be, with whom all of us have been in correspondence at one time or another, they are not what they are supposed to be. You know the sort of correspondence I mean: the righteously indignant on the one side and the coldly pedantic on the other—the sort of letter-writing in which you score all the points at first but the clerk gets his postal order in the end. It is not generally known that these clerks are by nature men and not machines, and it will be scarcely believed that they, ruthlessly oppressive as they are in their demands, have their off-moments when they are positively human. Such has been my recent discovery.

The controversy, a lengthy one, concerned itself with the matter of a dog that had everything a dog could want except a licence. I will not trouble you with the details, since you had a dog-licence case in your pages a little while ago and may be tired of the subject, but will admit to you at once, what I admitted to the clerk bit by bit, that the law was undoubtedly on his side, and I was prepared to obey it eventually, when I had had my fill of heated dialectics. You will readily believe that I got the best of all the repartee from start to finish, and that I thought of some unanswerable arguments for the abolition of clerks in general and Revenue clerks in particular; in short, that I succeeded, as all of us do succeed, in making the fellow sit up before I climbed down. So long as the battle was waged in his territory I won all the way (except as to the booty), but when he came out of his defences and took me on in my own country he showed an entirely unsuspected humanity which, I must confess, defeated me utterly.

My country is Edgbaston, where I, together with many others whose work lies in Birmingham, live. If we spend the most of our day in that city we prefer in our late evenings and early mornings to forget its existence; whatever we may be when at work, in our leisure we are of Edgbaston and by no means of Brummagem. Yet that clerk would persist in addressing me at "Edgbaston, Birmingham." Having suffered several envelopes so addressed there came a time when I could bear it no longer, and I demanded that the offence should be withdrawn, failing which I should instruct my solicitors to take proceedings. To describe Edgbaston as Birmingham, as I pointed out, was a cruel and calculated lie. He responded with a "Yours to hand of

the 10th inst. and your observations *re* Edgbaston noted," and addressed that envelope to "Edgbaston, *near* Birmingham." Though I resented the "*near*" almost as much as the original sin he refused to budge from his attitude, and up to the very end so addressed me.

When the correspondence was drawing to a close and the time had come to pay I enclosed my cheque, and in a covering letter spoke more frankly to that clerk than he or any colleague of his had ever, I am sure, been spoken to before. Which done, I commanded him to send me merely a formal receipt for the money and never to address a word to me again. In due course the receipt arrived, accompanied by no letter in reply to mine, and the envelope it came in was addressed, "Horatius Johnson, Esq., 'The Pines,' Edgbaston, *very near* Birmingham."

Following a lengthy period of frigid politeness, that one touch of red-hot temper, Sir, wrought such a change in my feelings to the man that I wrote forthwith, begging permission to call on him when next I came to London, and asking him meanwhile to accept as a small present from an admiring friend the dog in dispute, which I was forwarding under separate cover.

Yours faithfully,

H. JOHNSON.

A BRILLIANT PHANTASY.

It often happens that I am asked out for the evening—music or what not—and accept "with pleasure," because it is so much easier than refusing. Very well then. When the day comes, I wish I hadn't. I arrive home to dinner on the night and feel I don't want to turn out at all. By the time dinner is over I am really angry. I leave the house in a bad temper; reach the house of my hosts in that condition, and pass a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

- This has occurred not once, not twice, but several times.

Last Monday I made a casual arrangement to drop in at the Penbys on Wednesday after dinner.

On the morning I arose with a weight on my mind.

"What is it?" I thought.

With the cold bath, my brain cleared, and I remembered; we had to go to the Penbys.

"Dash!" I said.

The rest of the day calls for no comment. It passed.

On my way home I suddenly had an idea. Once at the Penbys I should probably enjoy myself. It was the fact of having to go that was worrying me. So I reasoned with myself.

At dinner I confided it to Edith.

"What we must do," I said, "is to imagine we're not going out. After dinner we sit quietly by the fire. Then I suddenly decide to take a stroll. You join me, and we happen to pass the Penbys. 'Let us turn in here,' I say; and there we are."

Edith looked at me compassionately. "If it amuses you, I don't mind," she said; "but in the first place the drawing-room fire isn't being kept in, and in the second place I'm not doing any strolling; I've ordered a taxi."

That, as I explained, was mere quibbling. As long as we maintained the right spirit all would be well.

As a matter of fact, Edith made things very difficult for me. She gave the maid audible instructions not to wait up for us, and enquired twice about the latchkey.

I set my teeth and acted magnificently.

When the taxi drove up I was reading.

"Hello! what's this?" I exclaimed. "A taxi ride?"

"Don't be silly," said Edith; "have you got the key?"

Half-way down the drive I sat up quickly.

"By George," I said, "why not call on the Penbys? They're often asking us to drop in."

I seized the speaking-tube and whispered the address to the driver. He nodded rather brusquely.

As we drove up to the house I surpassed myself. "I wonder if they'll be in," I said.

Curiously enough they were not. Somehow I had misunderstood Penby; the invitation was for quite a different evening.

The Crimes of the Pheasant.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE sure that the outrages perpetrated by this voracious bird are confined to attacks upon mangold-wurzels and the wholesale destruction of all kinds of crops?

There may be possibly some ground for the recent report that this rascally creature is now emulating the infamous exploits of the eagle in carrying off lambs and even young children.

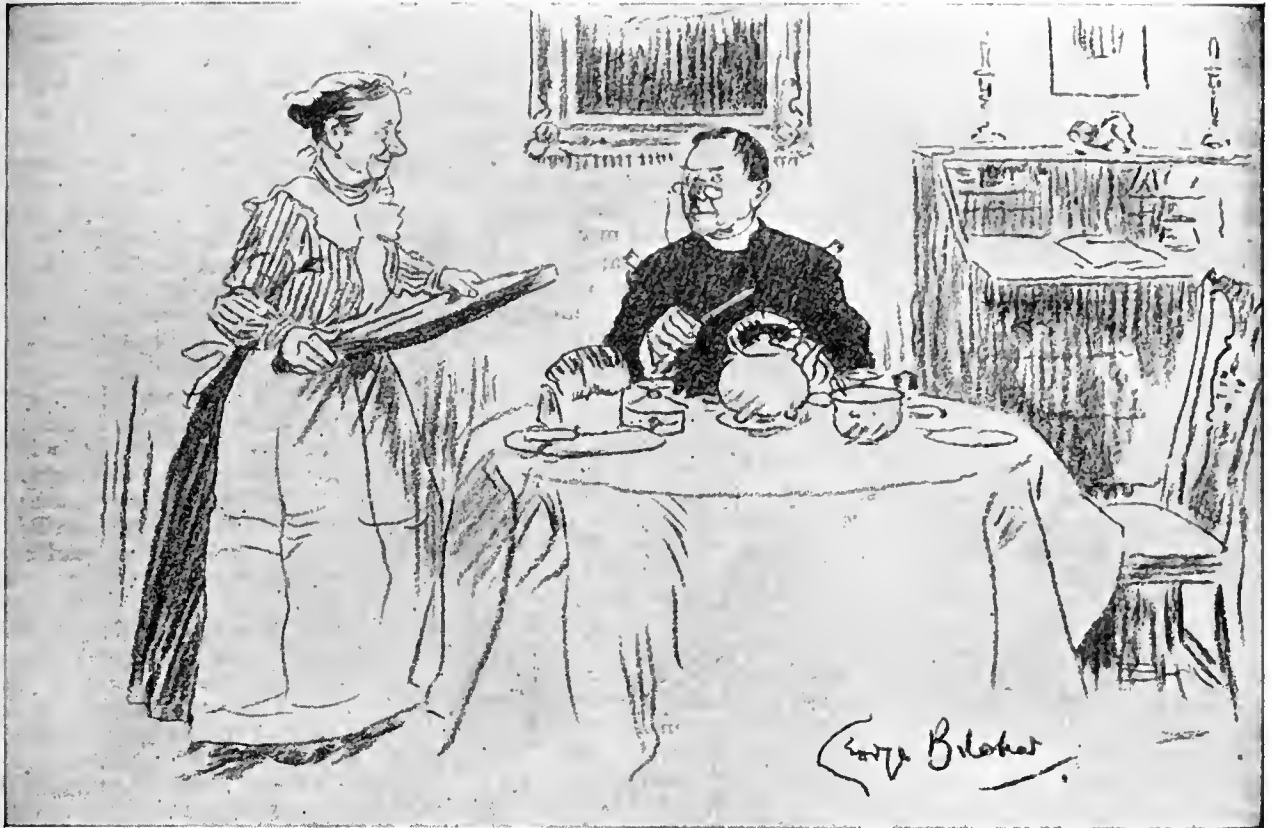
In the latter case, might not this account to some extent for the growing depopulation of the countryside?

Yours, &c., BEDFORDIAN.

HOND. ZUR,—I caught a feasant t'other noight in rabbert gin, and he was smellin' that strong of turmits thet I was only jest in toime to stop our cow from aitin' of 'en.

Yours respectful,

DARTMOOR SHEPHERD.



"ANOTHER BROKEN PLATE, MRS. BIGGS?"

"YES, SIR. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT SO MUCH WASHING MAKES THE CHINA BRITTLE-LIKE."

A SPASM OF GRATITUDE.

HE was reading the paper while crossing Fleet Street. He had got to a paragraph about the Lion Sermon, which had been preached on the previous day in a City church in memory of a 17th century Lord Mayor who was saved from a lion in the Arabian desert. There was a hoarse shout, a hand grabbed him and dragged him back, a motor-bus thundered by, and a policeman said, "Another inch, Sir, and you'd have been under it." "Near go," said a postman. After similar remarks from the crowd, he began to realise that he had narrowly escaped a nasty death.

He walked very solemnly along the pavement near to the wall. "I will," he said—"I will institute a Motor-bus Sermon." It seemed to be the least he could do.

It did occur to him a little later that sermons are not so popular nowadays as they used to be; and it was while waiting for his train that the idea of an organ recital instead occurred to him. It would be the more suitable because he, the founder, was fond of music. Yes, it should be a musical event that he would endow. One had

to remember, of course, that organ recitals appeal to rather a restricted class; that point required consideration. By the time the train reached St. James's Park he was beginning to feel that a combination of a kind of Morality play with good music would be just the thing.

Such a play might be more expensive, perhaps, than an organ recital; he would not like to begin any memorial that would be too costly to continue. He must remember that he was not really wealthy. Another idea that came to him, after leaving Earl's Court, was that a refined literary-musical recital, by a really capable performer, would present less difficulties.

Anything he decided upon must necessarily cost money. He did not mind that so very much; but there would be legal formalities to be observed, so that the thing should be on a proper footing, and every year there would be the difficulty of choosing the right person to do whatever thing he decided upon (if he should decide) to mark his gratitude.

Then again, if one faced the thing squarely and without sentimentality, this endowment business was not without objections. Would it not be better,

he wondered, to give a donation to some charitable object instead of saddling posterity with an annual event whose interest, if pious, would be remote? In any case, he would think it over and decide in a few days.

Humming a little tune, he was leaving the station when he hesitated. He had been thinking of music; an idea struck him. He had nothing particular to do that night, and he knew his wife had no engagement. He stepped lightly into a telephone call-box. "Hullo! That the Gaiety? Have you two good stalls for to-night?" he asked.

"After somewhat unguarded language used by Mr. Churchill in an otherwise admirable speech in Scotland, we are glad to have the assurance of our Parliamentary Correspondent that the Cabinet are firmly resolved to treat Ireland as one and indivisible."

Daily Chronicle.

The real authority.

"A Soul building other worlds seeks correspondents."—*Advt. in "T.P.'s Weekly."*

Extract from the first letter: "DEAR SIR,—In answer to your advertisement I beg to say that I am now in a position to lend sums from £10 to £10,000 on note of hand alone, no further security being required . . ."

AT THE PLAY.

"PEOPLE LIKE OURSELVES."

IT is perhaps a little late in the day to represent the Chorus Girl as a pattern of all the virtues. But her latest champion, Mr. VANSITTART, is not to be put off by the fact that his damsel was never in less distress. His methods are of the most guileless. He places her among a second-rate set of people, and then invites you to observe how star-like she shines among these lower creatures. He is careful not to admit a single excellence among the whole menagerie. You have a self-made knight with his lady, climbers both; you have their son, in a "crack cavalry regiment," with a record of dirty work to his name; you have a guardsman (Old Etouian) with the manners of a hog; you have a South American adventurer with no morals; a noisy politician with an eye for the party funds; and, for the rest, an unspeakable crew of snobs who condescend to take the hospitality of the *parvenus* for the sake of the chorus girl's society or anything else they can get. You will guess that she doesn't need to be very noble to stand out in pretty sharp relief against such a background.

Indeed, she is almost superfluously admirable. For love of the shady soldier she forces her way into the heart of his mother (a dear, vulgar, old soul) by introducing a few titled undesirables into her very domestic *ménage*; she gets her man into Parliament against his will; she secures for his father (sadly prejudiced against the stage) a contract for armaments from the South American adventurer; and from the same villain she abstracts (by threatening him with a bottle of smelling-salts which he takes for vitriol) certain compromising documents which might have landed her lover in gaol; and finally she gets permission to marry this hopeless object. Well might she say to his parents, as she does with the utmost candour, "I'm the only live person you've ever met."

There was a moment in the play when it looked as if a red herring was to be drawn across the trail of the chorus girl's career. *Sir Joseph* and *Lady Juttle* had arranged to give a dance for their Queen's Gate circle, and when *Miss Vivienne Vavasour* proposed to convert this entertainment into a dinner for her Society friends, some excuse had to be found for Kensington. So it was agreed that they should send

out a cancelling note, alleging the death of a young relative in Australia.

This gave promise of a rich vein of farce, for nothing could be more certain than that the Colonial would give them away by turning up. He did; but the diversion was very brief and we were soon back on the old trail.

But there were other distractions— notably some rather pleasant *mots* distributed impartially among the company. Perhaps the best remark fell to *Lady Juttle*, whose motherly instincts were more concerned for her boy's comfort than for his loyalty to Radical principles. "I don't care," she said, "on which side of the House he sits so

But he did not quite do himself justice. He had many difficulties to face and they seemed to force him back into his old habit of jerkiness. Mr. FREDERICK KERR, older than his wont, was very perfect as *Sir Joseph Juttle*, but the part lacked variety and the good things did not come his way. I make exception however of one bright thought that occurred to the Radical Knight. He stipulated that his contribution to the party funds should be invested in his own firm. Miss LOTTIE VENNE was his lady, and I have never seen her in better form. She played with exceptional restraint, steadily refusing to slip into farce. There was something very human in her vulgarity, and at times she was almost pathetic in the loneliness of her widening sphere.

My acquaintance with the emissaries of South American Republics is so limited that I cannot say whether Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE'S oiled and curled *Laguera* was true to type. But the voluptuous pink-puce dressing-suit, with the generous chest-protector, leads me to infer that fantasy had been at work in this exotic picture.

Miss ETHEL WARWICK as *Vivienne Vavasour* found, at last, a part to suit her. As the "one live person" in the play she had so much managing to do that she found less time than usual for letting her voice go wrong. Yet I had often to agree with *Lady Juttle* where she says of her, "How oddly she talks!" not, of course, meaning what I mean. She was still too hard and sudden; but one seemed now and then to catch a note of sincerity, and, anyhow, she held her own with great coolness.

Her part, and indeed the whole play, should be popular, not necessarily for its good qualities, but because the public dearly loves to see the virtues of the stage vindicated in a *milieu* where opinion is most likely to be judicious— namely, on the stage itself. O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"Motor and Aviation Exchange. Insure with us before the accident. Afterwards we can do nothing for you."

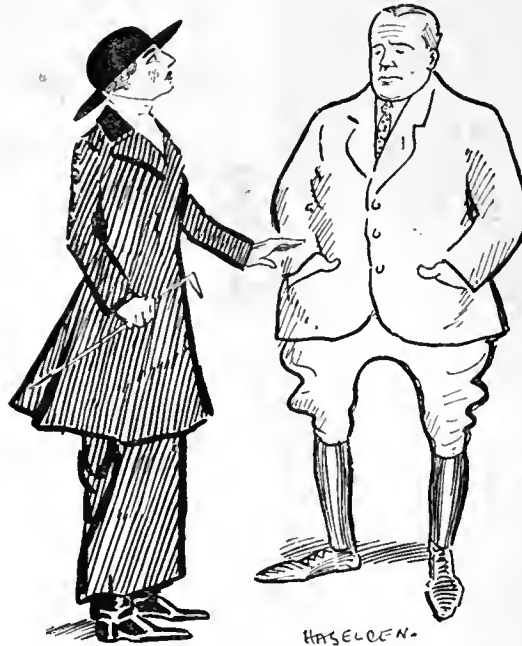
Adv. in "The Cyclecar."

"Lost, between Victoria and Norbury on tram, Sunday, between 4 and 5 p.m., Minx Fur."—Adv. in "Times."

Bad-tempered little minx; she's lost her fur again.

"To clean white kid gloves, rub gently with a piece of rubber, and shoes will look like new."—Star.

Then you can go out in them and take the gloves to the cleaner.



A CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT.

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------|----------------------|
| <i>Vivienne Vavasour</i> | | Miss ETHEL WARWICK. |
| <i>Mervyn Juttle</i> | | Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS. |

long as he isn't in a draught!" The son's own attitude towards parliamentary life was also very fresh. He loathed the idea of being shot into what he regarded as a monkey-house, and did his best to lose the election by telling his supporters just what he thought of them. Unfortunately this only gave him a name for original candour, which followed him into the House. Waking up, dazed with the sleep of boredom, he would often wander into the wrong Lobby, and thus confirm his reputation as a free-lance who would have to be reckoned with. This was very pleasant fooling, and altogether Mr. VANSITTART'S humour was rather refreshing, though now and then we may have felt that we had been there before.

You would have said that Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS was just the man for this part of a politician *malgré lui*.



Amateur Archaeologist (in search of flint implements). "I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY LOOKING FOR THESE ON YOUR LAND?"

Farmer. "WHAT BE DOIN'? PICKIN' UP STOANS?"

Amateur. "YES."

Farmer (sympathising with a harmless case). "THAT'S RIGHT; THOU FILL THY POCKETS WITH 'EM AND TAKE 'EM WOME TO MOTHER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD shows in *The Coryston Family* (SMITH, ELDER) that she has not lost the art of diverting us with the intelligent marionettes which she manipulates so adroitly from the wings of her decorous little stage. *Lady Coryston*, having tyrannised her husband into an earlier grave than was strictly necessary, chiefly because he had once dared to vote against her convictions, is left to perfect the disintegrating process upon her family and dependents. She meets with a fine sporting opposition from her eccentric first-born, who develops ideas of his own distinctly out of harmony with the smoother traditions of his class. The truculent dowager promptly disinherits him, a proceeding which is condemned as distinctly bad form in the distinguished circles in which the *Coryston* family moves. And when *Arthur*, her second and favourite, elects to fall obstinately in love with *Enid Glenwilliam*, daughter of the deplorable Chancellor of the Exchequer who had begun life as a colliery check-weigher, all *Lady Coryston's* heavy guns are trained on the impossible position. *Enid*, however, an attractive, clever, but, as you would guess, not quite satisfactory person, routs the ridiculous great woman—this concession to the forces that are ruining the country being no doubt made in the interests of an enlightened impartiality. The fourth member of the family, *Marcia*, falls in and out of love with an unusual variety of high churchman, in whom the struggle between common humanity

and a highly developed ecclesiasticism is cleverly portrayed, and more convincingly than would at first sight seem possible. One cannot readily absolve Mrs. WARD of the charge of writing with some excellent purpose. Could it in this instance possibly have been to show by the horrid example of *Lady Coryston* the terrible condition to which voteless political women are reduced?

Everyone knows the strange way in which the characters and pictures of childish books, read when one was very young, remain for ever in a kind of dim borderland between fact and fancy, affecting imagination and our inmost ideas of life. I sometimes wonder whether the modern child, for whose delight such exquisite work is turned out in yearly increasing quantity, takes any greater pleasure in it than did his predecessors in their small and comparatively crude library. These profound reflections have been evoked by certain beautiful volumes now issued by Messrs. HEINEMANN, and more immediately by one of them, *The Adventures of Akbar*, written by FLORA ANNIE STEEL and illustrated by BYAM SHAW. I fancy I am right in supposing that *King Akbar* has before now served as hero to one of Mrs. STEEL's Indian stories; here, of course, she tells only of his childhood, and tells it in a style modulated to a youthful audience. So far as a grown-up reviewer can judge, its appeal should be certain in the quarter to which it is addressed, for it provides plenty of adventures and escapes; two jolly animals who again and again preserve their young master; and *Akbar* himself invariably comes off victorious over his

enemies. For an added excellence there is a slave boy named *Roy*, who is obviously and delightfully destined to "turn out to be somebody" before the final chapter. All this has been illustrated by Mr. BYAM SHAW with pictures of the right Oriental magnificence in crimsons and gold, just such pictures as the youthful eye (which appreciates liberality in such matters) will most enjoy. Altogether this experiment in "STEEL without tears," if I may call it so, is a distinct success, and should make a host of new friends for its author among the Empire-builders of the future.

News from the Duchy (ARROWSMITH) is very good news, and appropriately enough I received it in the same week in which the old charter was restored to Fowey. If I know my Q, it is not too much to hope that in the near future we shall hear his version of the proceedings which have been taking place in "Troy Town." Novelists imported from "up along" may invade the Duchy and persecute it with floods of ink, but however fatigued some

of us may be by Cornish novels there will always be a welcome for Q and his delicately attractive work. "I hate," he says, "to hear the Duchy mis-called 'the Riviera of England,'" and at this I laid down his book, and thought of writing to tell him how cordially I shared his hatred. But I was in the middle of a most good-humoured account of an election, and decided that what he had got to tell me was far more interesting than anything I could tell him. Here he gives us one long short-story, several short short-stories, and some sketches, and without exception they are to be recommended for their humour, tone and style. "Pipes in Arcady" would screw a smile out of the morosest of misanthropes, and will remain in the memory of normal people as a perpetual provocation to laughter. Taking the volume as a whole I cannot remember to have found Q in better form.

There are two ways of writing a short story. The first, the recognised method of the popular magazines, is to start with an arresting incident, give the reader a fillip with another arresting incident at about the half-way mark, and to dismiss him, content, with yet another incident which brings the story to a full stop. The second, and more artistic—though the other method has produced some good work—is to treat the short story as a novel in little, and go about your business soberly and without "curtains." Mr. W. L. COURTNEY favours the second method in his new book, *The Soul of a Suffragette* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). It is possible that you may find the alliterative title jar upon you, as I did, but I do not think that you can fail to enjoy the contents of the book. Mr. COURTNEY'S restraint is admirable. He never takes a hundred pages to say what he can say in ten; and that seems to be almost a lost art nowadays. A good instance is to be found in his story, "A Priest in Israel," of which the theme is the gradual decay,

mental and physical, of the vicar of a small village in the wilds, dead and deadening as such villages are. The *Reverend Herbert Binstone* had been forced into holy orders by a masterful mother with the view of succeeding to a family living. It takes Mr. COURTNEY just two pages to present the reader with a complete picture of the victim's attitude towards life during the years of his early manhood. In one sentence, "He accepted his fate with a certain nonchalance, varied at times with signs of repugnance and revolt," he gives us the equivalent of a dozen chapters of the ordinary novelist. I seem to see some of our leading Marathon performers at work on those "signs of repugnance and revolt." To my mind "A Priest in Israel" is the gem of the collection; but each of the others, from the story which gives the book its title to the little sketch, "Herodias' Daughter," is distinguished by the same masterly sureness of touch.

Anyone can quote you tags from "Montrose's Love-Song" (since it became popular as a drawing-room ballad), but



The Man on the Street. "YOU NEED NOT TROUBLE TO SEND FOR THE AMBULANCE, CONSTABLE. I'M EMPLOYED BY THE 'BUS COMPANIES TO GIVE PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS OF HOW NOT TO GET OFF A 'BUS WHEN IT IS GOING.'"

how many people know that the "dear and only love" of the soldier-poet was not a woman but a country? And, if they do, are they sure what the country was, or could they give the name of any of the battles that he fought? I suspect that there are one or two other things about this great soldier and most gallant and loyal gentleman that the general reader has either never learnt or has forgotten. For that reason, amongst others, I commend to his notice Mr. JOHN BUCHAN'S story of *The Marquis of Montrose* (NELSON). But Mr. BUCHAN is no schoolmaster. His history is right enough, but his way of telling it gives his book the fascination of a romance. It is a stirring tale of tremendously plucky fighting, generally against heavy odds, and always, save once, triumphant. Also it makes you feel that you understand the man and his contemporaries—ARGYLE, HUNTLY, and the rest—even without the aid of the excellent portraits reproduced in the volume. I congratulate Mr. BUCHAN on the way in which he has made these men live, even though one of the vilest of them all happens to be my own ancestor. But most of all I am grateful to him for his picture of MONTROSE, in his way, I suppose, as fine a Scotsman as ever lived.

The Landburster's Lament.

Without rebuke I freely claimed as mine
Virtues the wide world owns to be divine.
Who then shall make me adequate amends
For wounds inflicted in the house of friends
When MASTERMAN—unkindest cut of all—
Degrades me to the level of ST. PAUL?

"Mr. Rogers' fine steam yacht spent the week end in the harbour and enjoyed some excellent grouse shooting."—*Cowichan Leader*.
Meanwhile we dare say that Mr. ROGERS was being re-painted.

CHARIVARIA.

PERSONS of artistic perception who have seen the huge memorial erected to commemorate the Battle of Leipzig describe it as a powerful reminder of the horrors of war.

The Peace Movement day by day. "Over £2,000,000 Chinese Treasury bonds have been taken over by Austrian State banks on condition that China orders a large cruiser in Austria."

Fortunately the United States gave way and admitted Mrs. PANKHURST on her undertaking to be of good behaviour while in that country. It is said, however, that the militant leader almost broke her word upon meeting Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL over there. The sight of a Cabinet Minister nearly proved too much for her, but, mastering herself with superb self-control, she simply said, "Quite like home, isn't it?"

Mrs. LLOYD GEORGE says that the motto of the Liberal Party ought to be, "Go on!" So long as its schemes do not come off the other Party has no objection to raise.

"One portion of Ireland," says an unconscious humourist in *The Daily Chronicle*, "already enjoys complete Home Rule. The inhabitants of Innishmurry, an island off the coast of Sligo, have for many years defied collectors of both rates and taxes." Those who know the Irish peasant will tell you that this is just about what he imagines Home Rule to mean.

Referring in his Manchester speech to the Land question Mr. CHURCHILL said, "The policy of the Government will be laid before the people step by step." The staircase craze is apparently spreading from the Music Halls to Politics.

It is said that the enterprising proprietors of the Ideal Home Exhibition

offered Prince and Princess ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT the use of the Ideal Cottage at Olympia for their honeymoon, but the royal couple found it impossible to change plans already made.

"The Prince," says *The Dublin Evening Mail*, in an account of a shopping expedition by our heir apparent, "wore sprats and carried an umbrella." It does credit to the PRINCE'S kind

"Small wonder," writes a gentleman from Notting Dale, "if our modern young men are slack, seeing the reward that is meted out to the strenuous ones," and he encloses with his letter a newspaper-cutting showing that Mr. PERCY FRANCIS HOWE, aged twenty, who was stated to have broken into no fewer than fifteen houses in the Balham district in one night, has been sent to prison for three years.



Countryman (seeing cyclist carrying motor tyre). "WE'D BETTER GET HOME ALONG AT ONCE, MARTHA; IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY'RE EXPECTIN' BIG FLOODS IN LUNNON. THAT'S THE THIRD CHAP I'VE SEEN TO-DAY WI' A LIFE-BELT ON."

heart to have carried an umbrella, but sprats, as a matter of fact, are quite used to getting wet.

With reference to the Exhibition, at the Grosvenor Gallery, of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, a correspondent, whose ignorance makes us blush for him, asks, "What is a Graver? Is he the same as a Monumental Mason?"

"HARROW FINDS A LOST DIAMOND RING."
—*Daily Express*.

Buck up, Eton!

It is satisfactory to know that the convict who recently escaped from Dartmoor does not blame the warders for his recapture, but attributes it to our wretched climate.

Funeral plumes for horses have been condemned by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it has been notified that their use after January 1st will be punishable by fine. As a matter of fact we understand that female horses, at any rate, do not at all mind the discomfort of the feathers, holding that they improve a lady's appearance.

"The town crier of Devizes," we read, "has grown a parsnip 44½ inches long and of excellent shape." We hope now that he will stop crying.

"It is as a fearless sportsman that the Prince has won his most cherished laurels. He has . . . led his own horse past the winning-post."—*Daily Mail*.

It sounds like a walk-over.

From an advertisement in *The Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"REPERTORY THEATRE.
THE MOTHER.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Press Opinions.

Daily Post.—"One regrets the misfortune of having to criticise it at all."

We have not seen Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' play and therefore cannot say whether we should share *The Daily Post's* regrets; but we know the feeling well.

GAME AND GOLF.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—“Supposing,” says the CHANCELLOR, “you turned the whole of a Highland deer forest into a golf course.” (He got mixed in the next sentence and talked of people sheeting over it; but that is quite excusable when you think how an audience gets into his head.) Now, I should like him to know that not only did we convert an uncultivated deer park at Richmond into a golf course, but we added features which cannot fail to be of the greatest moral benefit to our members. Many of them are so devoted to duty that they can seldom find time to go abroad and see an Alp; year after year they used to miss the unique spiritual advantages which accrue from contemplation of nature in its more sublime and uplifting aspects. So we provided for this defect by the creation of mountainous scenery, range upon range, in the neighbourhood of every hole. The effect of this has been appreciably to raise the moral tone and culture of our members.

Yours faithfully, MID-SURREY.

DEAR SIR,—What is all this talk of LLOYD GEORGE'S about golf as a natural attraction for brain-workers from the Stock Exchange? Is it implied that no intelligence is required of those who shoot game? Let me tell this political bagman that it takes more brains to pick off a couple of brace out of a covey of driven partridges, or to get within shooting distance of a stag (let alone hitting him), than to push a little rubber ball into a hole with nobody to stop you. Yours indignantly,

SPORTSMAN.

HONOUR'D SIR,—I was makin a bit extry the other day doin a turn of beatin for Squire, when down the road comes one of these luksyoorous motor-cars. As a rule I ain't got much use for your rich Lunnon folk as comes messin up the place with their dust and smell, but this time I sees who it is, knowing him from his carrykators. I touches my cap to him, bein Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who as my interests at cart. I'd hev given a lot to be lowed to stop him and arst him a question or two. Frinstance, what's this here forestation he talks about? Would it be the same as wot Squire does,—takin a bit of useless land and puttin in a plantation for his birds? Our Radical Member he says that it can't be the same, coz anything to do with pheasants must be wrong. Anyways, it's difficult for country folk to unnerstand these things same as the Lunnon folk; and I might hev picked up a

thing or two if I could hev ad an cart to cart talk with Mr. GEORGE in his motor. Yours respectful, HODGE.

DEAR SIR,—The CHANCELLOR has spoken in praise of golf, but has he realised the drain that it makes upon the resources of the brain-worker? I refer to the iniquitous charge for golf-balls, which still stands at the same figure—two shillings and sixpence—at which it stood when rubber was four or five times its present cost. Ninety-six millions of golf-balls are purchased every year, at an expenditure of twelve million pounds, yielding a profit of eight to ten million pounds to the bloated capitalists who manufacture them. This sum would go far to replace the damage done to crops by pheasants.

Yours, on the verge of ruin,

A POOR MAN.

P.S.—I have no means of checking the above figures, which came out of my head, but I give them for what they are worth.

SIR,—I once had a job as a market gardener near a big town. I liked the pay all right, but the work was on the heavy side. Well, a syndicate come along and buys up all the market gardens and acres and acres of cultivated land and turns them into a golf course. I lost my job, but I sees my chance of chippin in as a caddie. I gets a decent wage what with tips and that, and me and my mates has the best part of every day for lyin about and doin a bit of gamblin in a sort of a cow-shed. There ain't many softer jobs goin, and the life suits me nicely. I wouldn't change with a brother of mine who's got a stiff billet as a game-keeper. His pay's good, and he's got a kind master and a nice cottage, but he has to do more work than I should fancy, and no picture palaces of an evening. And now that Mr. GEORGE tells me what a dirty business this game-keepin is, compared with the noble sport of golf, I pities my brother from my heart. Give me my blind-alley, I says, and a good conscience.

Yours obedient, CASUAL CADDIE.

DEAR SIR,—Has Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, I wonder, ever heard of the deer forest owned (or rented) by the Municipality of Glasgow? I don't ask if he has ever seen it, for he admits that he has never seen one of these deer forests that he knows so much about; but has he ever heard of it? I have. I have often stalked in the neighbourhood, and many a time I have shuddered to picture the scenes of desolation that must have occurred at its making—hundreds of gallant pea-

sants driven from their happy homes where they had previously earned an honest competence by the sale of white heather; their desolate hearths laid waste by flame; their sporrans flung to the winds; the music of their bag-pipes rendered dumb. But let that pass. It is for the future prospects of the sturdy race that I tremble when I think of the possible realisation of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S dream; of “six hundred thousand” subscribers let loose on the hill with lethal weapons—not counting his “eighteen thousand workmen who would shoot regularly over the deer forest on payment of half-a-crown a year.” The carnage would be awful. Ulster would be nothing to it. I speak of human lives, not of stags. Indeed, my only solace is the thought that these serried battalions of sportsmen would be certain to push the astonished deer across the march into the forest of my host.

Yours, with mixed feelings,

O. S.

OUT OF SEASON.

(One of the remarkable effects of the recent exceptional weather.)

IN Autumn, when the woods are wet
And mournfully the breezes moan,
Love fades away without regret
From bosoms like my own.
Nature is tired, the grey skies weep,
The dormouse lulls himself to sleep,
The lamb, that used to frisk and leap,
Becomes a staid and stolid sheep,
And I leave girls alone.

Such is the normal course of things.

To-day the frenzy still remains,
The magic of a hundred Springs
Riots in all my veins.

Love masters me; his ardent flame
Quivers through my exhausted frame;
Friends, you have doubtless felt the same

When some rare April glamour came
To turn your sober brains.

September wrought this mood in me;

Her gleaming sun, her joyous air
Had all Spring's potent wizardry
(Which really wasn't fair);
October, faithless, joins the pact
And leaves my amorous fire intact.
Well, anyhow, I won't extract
A mean advantage from the fact—
Girls, you are warned. Beware.

One Party, anyhow, in Keighley,
doesn't seem in very close touch with the Feminists.

“KEIGHLEY DIVISION
THE UNIONIST CANDIDATE”
announces *The Daily Telegraph*.



THE WUNDERKIND.

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ. "I HAVE THROWN COLD WATER, MAJESTY, ON MR. CHURCHILL'S HOLIDAY SCHEME. I TRUST THAT I HAVE RIGHTLY INTERPRETED THE VIEW OF THE CROWN PRINCE."





Passenger (suddenly to conductor). "I WISH—YOU'D—TELL—YOUR DRIVER NOT TO—JERK—THE 'BUS—WHEN PEOPLE ARE—GOING UPSTAIRS. HE 'LL CAUSE—AN ACCIDENT—ONE OF THESE DAYS!"

THE IDEAL HOME.

(With apologies to the progressive organisers of the recent Exhibition at Olympia.)

"BEFORE the thing ends," I observed to my Lilian,
 "Let's hasten and see if it's true
 That the Fortunate Isles and the Vale of Avilion
 Are dumped at Olympia. Do."
 And Lilian said, "Thos,
 Happy thought!" and it was;
 But that very same day it occurred to a million
 Intelligent Londoners too.

There were hangings and curtains and carpets and ranges
 For kitchens, and cauldrons and pots,
 And vacuum-cleaners and servant-exchanges,
 And toys for the infantile tots.

There were homes of the Russ
 Which would not do for us;

There was furniture taken from futurist granges
 At Hanwell and similar spots.

There were baths with gold taps and a malachite stopper,
 And one with a card that explained
 It was open to all who expended a copper
 To fill it and try it. But, trained

As we were in the rules
 Of Victorian schools,

Neither Lilian nor I thought that that would be proper,
 And so we severely refrained.

There were rooms which suggested the time when the
 slattern

Should trouble no longer, and all
 Should be comfort and peace in the empire of Saturn,
 But oh, it was hot in that hall!

And "Lilian," said I,
 "I could drop. Let us buy
 That brace of armchairs of a willowy pattern,
 And rest by the side of this stall."

But Lilian said "No." The implacable faces
 Of constables frowned. With a sob
 We turned us away from that palmy oasis
 And went and had tea for a bob.
 That was helpful, no doubt,
 But before we got out
 Through the ranks of the ravenous, squealing for places,
 We all but expired in the mob.

"This is closer," said Lil, "than the bell of a diver."
 "It's awful," I answered, "my sweet;
 Any room in this show would be dear at a fiver,
 Compared with our worst. Let us fleet."

So I hastened to nab
 A well-oiled taxicab,

And "The Ideal Home," I remarked to the driver,
 And mentioned our number and street. EVOE.

Our learned contemporary, *Nature*, writing of the recent work of Lord RAYLEIGH, O.M., says that it is "no slight record for a man during the seventieth decade of his life." One would think that "O.M." stood for Old Methuselah.

"In the interval Watson had his best run of the afternoon, but, after rounding two or three opponents, he was brought low by Wilson."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

We ourselves once scored a try in the interval—everybody else being busy sucking lemons. After all, one must distinguish oneself somehow.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

LATEST FASHIONS IN WEDDINGS,
DANCES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's quite a little feeling just now for being married in the City, especially if one's forebears have had anything to do with trade, or the old City Companies and so on. The power and prestige of the City, Norty tells me, are being threatened in a most *odious* way by *certain persons*, and the least we can do, to stem the tide and all that sort of thing, is to take some notice of the City, and be married there sometimes.

The best done City wedding, so far, has been Evangeline Merewether's (the Exshires' second girl) to Billy Flummary. The founder of the Exshire family was a City pickle merchant and Worshipful Master of the old Picklemakers' Company, and he founded the family by inventing a pickle of which QUEEN ELIZABETH said: "Marry come up, Master Merewether, thou hast given us a new joy with our victuals!"

The wedding was at St. Anne's-Pieklebury, where the old pickle-makers always went on Sunday, a wonderful old church, built by WREN or somebody. It had been brightened up a bit inside, and was all done with capsicums, and jerkins, and doubloons, and those other wonderful old vegetables they used to pickle. "Olga" had very cleverly hinted at City interests, royal approval, and successful pickle-making in the eut, hang and trimmings of Evangeline's bridal gown. Instead of posies, the bridesmaids carried little gilt baskets of small red pickling-cabbages. The wedding-breakfast was at a City hotel and we drank the dear old City toast, "All friends round St. Paul's," and when we got back into civilised regions again we all felt we'd done great things for the City at whatever cost to ourselves!

Nowadays, you know, at every possible function one must dance oneself or be the cause of dancing in others, as SHAKSPEARE says. The sweet Peruvian dance, the Inca Shuffle, and the equally lovely Bolivian Bollyooma are the dances of the moment, and, as the Inca Shuffle has 500 steps and the Bollyooma 700, and people who mean to be there or thereabouts must know

them both, one's time is pretty full. Special shoes have to be worn, of course. For the Inca shuffle one wears them with collapsible heels, as some of the steps are done without heels and others with, while for the Bollyooma the heels are placed right in the middle of the soles, so that one can do those delicious teetotum twirls. Part of the Bollyooma is done on all-fours, and for this one has the dearest little hand-shoes, which, of course, must match the other ones.

When Peggy Sandys and Lolly ffollyott were married last week at St. Hilary's, the Ramsgates sent out cards for a Bollyooma wedding, and Popsy Lady Ramsgate has been giving a series of Bollyooma dinners, a different step for each course, and the all-fours step for the dessert; and now the poor

bother, and, best of all, they don't grow up and make one seem old!" And he said some immensely fearful things of all the people I know, and banged out of the room; and, though the poor dear doll's Bollyooma lunch frock was a ruin, I don't know when I've liked Josiah so well. Perhaps if he'd stormed at me oftener we should have been what old-fashioned people call a more united couple.

There's a small rage just now for having one's photo done *crying*. Your Blanche set the fashion. I'm one of those lucky people, as you know, who can shed tears without looking absolutely ricky, and my new photo, my eyes cast down on a letter in my hand, and the tears just falling gently down my cheeks, has had a *succès fou*. It's been in ever so many of the weeklies,

and people have been simply awfully sweet about it. Babs and Beryl and quite several more have had weeping photos done since mine. Beryl's are pretty good, but Babs can't cry without making a face.

The letter I'm holding in the photo (this is for your own *own* ear only) was *really* the cause of my shedding some tears, and on that occasion, seeing myself in the mirror *tout éplorée*, I thought I'd have a weeping photo done. The letter was from Beryl, asking me down to Clarges Park, where she'd a large party to



Wife of his Bosom. "GEORGE, COME OFF OF THEM SEATS, D'Y' 'EAR? THET'S THE WORST O' BRINGIN' YOU AHT, Y' NO SOONER GET A LOOK AT THE SWELLS THAN Y' START SWANKIN' IT ON THE PENNY CHAIRS!"

old dear has such a frightful attack of indy that she's forbidden to go anywhere or do anything!

A quite funny little thing happened yesterday. I was in my rest-room, having a cigarette and watching Yvonne dress my new doll (made to my order and just arrived from Paris) in all the correct things for a Bollyooma lunch, when Josiah came in. "Let me present you to Blanchette, my new pet," I said. "Isn't she a darling? She's being got ready to go to a Bollyooma lunch with me." My dear, he actually made quite a scene, sent Yvonne out of the room, threw Blanchette on the floor, and almost shouted, "What does it all mean? Has the world gone mad?" "My dear man," I answered, laughing, "the world went mad ages and ages ago. As for my poor dear doll, everybody has a doll now, and who am I that I should be different from the others? Dolls make the most ideal companions; they don't howl, they don't

meet Kloppa, the little forest-man who's been said to be the Missing Link between us and *creatures*, and I was so entirely wretched to think that I hadn't secured him first for my party at Broadacres that I cried!

When I felt better I asked Professor Dimsdale if Kloppa is *really* the Missing Link between us and *creatures*. "Certainly not," said the dear Professor; and then he asked me if I took an interest in anthro-something. I said, No, it wasn't that, but if he *wasn't* the Missing Link I shouldn't so much mind Beryl's having had him down at Clarges Park; and the Professor said Kloppa was certainly not the Missing Link, because there wasn't *any* Missing Link; so I suppose we go straight on. I thanked him for taking quite a load off my mind, and now I tell everyone who's been staying at Clarges that they *haven't* met the Missing Link, because there isn't one, and we go straight on. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

A FALLEN STAR.

I MET him in Hyde Park. He was alone, sitting on one of the penny seats. I subsided into the next, wondering how soon his people would join him. Meanwhile I glanced at the paper.

Sitting there idly reading, and now and then stealing a glance at him, I was conscious of two things: one that he was asthmatic, and the other that he was profoundly unhappy. That he should be asthmatic was, of course, to be expected, but I did not like his melancholy.

Time passed, and no one arrived to look after him, and my paper was finished, and then, as I folded it up, he spoke. "Good afternoon," he said.

Why I was not astonished to be thus addressed by a pug dog I cannot say, but it seemed perfectly natural. "Good afternoon," I replied.

"It's a long time," he said, "since you saw any of my kind, I expect?"

"Now I come to think of it," I replied, "it is. How is that?"

"There's a reason," he said. "Put in a nutshell it's this: Peeks and Poms, or, if you like, Poms and Peeks." He wheezed horribly.

I asked him to be more explicit, and he amplified his epigram into Pekinese and Pomeranians.

"They're all the rage now," he explained; "and we're out in the cold. If you throw your memory back a dozen years or so," he went on, "you will recall our popularity."

As he spoke I did so. In the mind's eye I saw a sumptuous carriage and pair. The former was on C-springs, and a coachman and footman were on the box. They wore claret livery and cockades. The footman's arms were folded. His gloves were of a dazzling whiteness. The horses flung out their forelegs as though they lived on golden oats and champagne. In the carriage was an elderly commanding lady with an aristocratic nose; and in her lap was a pug dog of plethoric habit and a face as black as your hat.

My poor friend was watching me with streaming eyes. "What do you see?" he asked.

I told him.

"There you are," he said; "and what do you see to-day? There, look!"

I glanced up at his bidding, and a costly motor was gliding smoothly by. It weighed several tons, and its tyres were like circular pillows. On its shining door was a crest. The chauffeur was kept warm by Russian sables. Inside was another elderly lady, and in her arms was a russet Pekinese.

"And the next'll have a Pom," said the pug dismally, and wheezed again.



Country Doctor's Housemaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MRS. JONES HAS SENT TO SAY MR. JONES IS DEAD, AND SHE'S BEARIN' UP WONDERFUL."

"So you see what I took away with me," he continued after a noisy pause. "It wasn't only pugs that went, you see. It was carriages and pairs, and the noise of eight hoofs all at once, and footmen with folded arms. We passed together. Peeks, Poms and Petrol took our place."

I sympathised with him. "You must transfer your affection to another class, that's all," I said. "If the nobles have gone back on you, there are still a great many pug-lovers left."

"No," he said, "that's no good; we want chicken. No, we had better become extinct." He wept like a number of syphons all leaking together.

"But that's not what worries me most," he resumed. "The thing that's on my mind is the loss to literature. The novelists of our time—and we had a long innings—knew our worth. When they drew a duchess with her ebony crutch-stick and all the rest of it, they saw that her constant ally, her Grand Vizier, so to speak, was properly drawn

too. They made us too fat very often, but they did not forget us. We shall never find our way into novels any more. We are back numbers."

At this moment the man who has charge of the chairs came up for my penny, and when I looked round the dog had gone. I gave the penny.

"I'm afraid I must charge you two-pence," the man said.

I asked him why.

"For the dog," he said.

"But it wasn't mine," I assured him.

"It was a total stranger."

"Come now," he said; and to save trouble I paid him.

But how like a pug!

From "Thoughts for To-day" in *The Dublin Evening Mail*:—

"The cow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature subsist without recreation.—CERVANTES."

Advice to Farmers: Do not bend your cows.

UNCLE EDWARD.

CELIA has more relations than would seem possible. I am gradually getting to know some of them by sight and a few more by name, but I still make mistakes. The other day, for instance, she happened to mention Uncle Godfrey.

"Godfrey," I said, "Godfrey. No, don't tell me—I shall get it in a moment. Godfrey . . . Yes, that's it; he's the architect. He lives at Liverpool, has five children and sent us the asparagus-cooler as a wedding present."

"No marks," said Celia.

"Then he's the unmarried one in Scotland who breeds terriers. I knew I should get it."

"As a matter of fact he lives in London and composes oratorios."

"It's the same idea. That was the one I meant. The great point is that I placed him. Now give me another one." I leant forward eagerly.

"Well, I was just going to ask you—have you arranged anything about Monday?"

"Monday," I said, "Monday. No don't tell me—I shall get it in a moment. Monday . . . He's the one who—Oh, you mean the day of the week?"

"Who's a funny?" asked Celia of the teapot.

"Sorry, I really thought you meant another relation. What am I doing? I'm playing golf if I can find somebody to play with."

"Well, ask Edward."

I could place Edward at once. Edward, I need hardly say, is Celia's uncle; one of the ones I have not yet met. He married a very young aunt of hers, not much older than Celia.

"But I don't know him," I said.

"It doesn't matter. Write and ask him to meet you at the golf club. I'm sure he'd love to."

"Wouldn't he think it rather cool, this sudden attack from a perfectly unknown nephew? I fancy the first step ought to come from uncle."

"But you're older than he is."

"True. It's rather a tricky point in etiquette. Well, I'll risk it."

This was the letter I sent to him:—

"MY DEAR UNCLE EDWARD,—Why haven't you written to me this term? I have spent the five shillings you gave me when I came back; it was awfully ripping of you to give it me, but I have spent it now. Are you coming down to see me this term? If you aren't you might write to me, there is a post-office here where you can change postal orders.

"What I really meant to say was, can you play golf with me on Monday at Mudbury Hill? I am your new and favourite nephew, and it is quite time

we met. Be at the club-house at 2.30, if you can. I don't quite know how we shall recognise each other, but the well-dressed man in the nut-brown suit will probably be me. My features are plain but good, except where I fell against the bath-taps yesterday. If you have fallen against anything which would give me a clue to your face you might let me know. Also you might let me know if you are a professor at golf; if you are, I will read some more books on the subject between now and Monday. Just at the moment my game is putrid.

"Your niece and my wife sends her love. Good-bye. I was top of my class in Latin last week. I must now stop, as it is my bath-night.

"I am, Your loving NEPHEW."

The next day I had a letter from my uncle:—

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I was so glad to get your nice little letter and to hear that you were working hard. Let me know when it is your bath-night again; these things always interest me. I shall be delighted to play golf with you on Monday. You will have no difficulty in recognizing me. I should describe myself roughly as something like Apollo and something like Edmund Payne, if you know what I mean. It depends how you come up to me. I am an excellent golfer and never take more than two putts in a bunker.

"Till 2.30 then. I enclose a postal-order for sixpence, to see you through the rest of the term.

"Your favourite Uncle, EDWARD."

I showed it to Celia.

"Perhaps you could describe him more minutely," I said. "I hate wandering about vaguely and asking everybody I see if he's my uncle. It seems so odd."

"You're sure to meet all right," said Celia confidently. "He's—well, he's nice-looking and—and clean-shaven—and, oh, you'll recognize him."

At 2.30 on Monday I arrived at the club-house and waited for my uncle. Various people appeared, but none seemed in want of a nephew. When 2.45 came there was still no available uncle. True, there was one unattached man reading in a corner of the smoke-room, but he had a moustache—the sort of heavy moustache one associates with a Major.

At three o'clock I became desperate. After all, Celia had not seen Edward for some time. Perhaps he had grown a moustache lately; perhaps he had grown one specially for to-day. At any rate there would be no harm in asking this Major man if he was my uncle. Even if he wasn't he might give me a game of golf.

"Excuse me," I said politely, "but are you by any chance my Uncle Edward?"

"I don't think so," he said with an air of apology.

"I was almost certain you weren't, but I thought I'd just ask. I'm sorry."

"Not at all. Naturally one wants to find one's uncle. Have you—er—lost him long?"

"Years," I said sadly. "Er—I wonder if you would care to adopt me—I mean, give me a game this afternoon. My man hasn't turned up."

"By all means. I'm not very good."

"Neither am I. Shall we start now? Good."

I was sorry to miss Edward, but I wasn't going to miss a game of golf on such a lovely day. My spirits rose. Not even the fact that there were no caddies left, and I had to carry my own clubs, could depress me.

The Major drove. I am not going to describe the whole game; though my cleek shot at the fifth hole, from a hanging lie to within two feet of the— However, I mustn't go into that now. But it surprised the Major a good deal. And when at the next hole I laid my brassie absolutely dead, he— But I can tell you about that some other time. It is sufficient to say now that, when we reached the seventeenth tee, I was one up.

We both played the seventeenth well. He was a foot from the hole in four. I played my third from the edge of the green, and was ridiculously short, giving myself a twenty-foot putt for the hole. Leaving my clubs I went forward with the putter, and by the absurdest luck pushed the ball in.

"Good," said the Major. "Your game."

I went back for my clubs. When I turned round the Major was walking carelessly off to the next tee, leaving the flag lying on the green and my ball still in the tin.

"Slacker," I said to myself, and walked up to the hole.

And then I had a terrible shock. I saw in the tin, not my ball, but a— a moustache!

"Am I going mad?" I said. "I could have sworn that I drove off with a 'Colonel,' and yet I seem to have holed out with a Major's moustache!" I picked it up and hurried after him.

"Major," I said, "excuse me, you've dropped your moustache. It fell off at the critical stage of the match; the shock of losing was too much for you; the strain of—"

He turned his clean-shaven face round and grinned at me.

"I am your long-lost uncle."

A. A. M.

THE FREAK ADVERTISEMENT—WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



GOOD NEWS FOR USERS OF SIMPKIN'S SCALP INVIGORATOR. ON NOVEMBER 5TH FREE BARBERING IN LUDGATE CIRCUS. DON'T MISS "SIMPKIN'S-DAY" IN THE CITY.



4·7 CONCENTRATED SYRUP OF BEEF-EATERS' DAY. SATURDAY NEXT. REAL COWS GIVEN AWAY TO BONA FIDE CONSUMERS. WEAR THE SYRUP SMILE AND WIN A COW.



THE CHOICE.

Sportsman. "WELL, I BELIEVE I'VE GOT A BIRD DOWN ABOUT HALF-A-MILE BACK, AND I KNOW THERE'S AN EXCELLENT LUNCH READY IN THE BARN THERE."

THE INFINITUDE OF COMMONPLACE.

By A WILCOX-WORSHIPPER.

[“The charm of her verse is in itself a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous assumption that the appeal of poetry has passed. There may have been poets who have essayed to sing in a more sublime strain. But the very fact that Mrs. Wilcox points us to the infinitude of the commonplace proves how completely she has identified herself with what must be the mission of all art, and especially poetry, in the future.”—R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.]

(The gifted authoress speaks.)

I WILL be kind. Though idiots often madly
Rush in where expert angels never tread,
I will endure their wild incursions gladly
And cheerfully bind up each broken head.
There is no vital use in being bitter;
There is no joy in acrimonious jeers;
There is more virtue in a simple titter
Than in a wilderness of clever sneers.

I will be strong. There is no room for weakness.
The feeble folk go to the wall at length;
And I should never have achieved uniqueness
But for a brain of quite colossal strength.
Yet must I never use it as a tyrant,
Or trample on the unobtrusive toad,
But rather stimulate the young aspirant
To tread with fearless feet the upward road.

I will be sane. Although a bard has written
Great wits to madness closely are allied,
Madmen at large, or men by mad dogs bitten,
Are deleterious to the countryside.
But short of madness there are many mortals
Who frequently betray a mental twist,
And, if they entered an asylum's portals,
Indubitably never would be missed.

I will be sweet. Though salt is sometimes tonic
There is no balsam in the boundless brine,
And in a soil where saline streaks are chronic
The kindly fruits of nature peak and pine.
Mine be the noble task to chant and chirrup
In numbers honey-sweet for man's relief,
To ease the cosmic ill with soothing syrup
And sugar-coat the acrid pill of grief.

I will be good. The high-born and the haughty
By sin are whelmed in dark, untimely doom;
NAPOLEON, though magnificent, was naughty,
And closed his life in exile and in gloom.
Great prelates, too, unworthy of the mitre,
Have smirched their fame by deeds of ill report;
And SAPPHO, though a meritorious writer,
Would not, I think, have been received at Court.

I will be great. Some lives are all sedateness,
And some like sabres in their scabbards rust,
And some tremendous souls are born to greatness,
And some again have greatness on them thrust.
My place is with the third; sent as a healer,
To mitigate mankind's momentous lot,
I shall endure, the only ELLA WHEELER,
When even MARTIN TUPPER is forgot.

A testimonial from the catalogue of a Live Fish Company:—

“Dear Sir,—We are so delighted with the delicious fish of this morning and we are very much obliged to you for same. Kindly send us bill as often as you like.”

This is just the line we have often taken ourselves with regard to our own commodities, but it has never been popular.



THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

Mr. Asquith (waiting for the "patter" to finish). "THIS IS THE PART THAT MAKES ME NERVOUS!"





A WANT OF TACT.

“Oh—er—I WANT THIS PHOTOGRAPH FRAMED. I WANT IT DONE VERY NICELY, WITH A CREAM MOUNT AND A GOLD—”
 “YES, MISS; I UNDERSTAND, MISS; EXACTLY SIMILAR TO THE LAST, MISS.”

**ONCE UPON A TIME.
WASTE.**

ONCE upon a time there were three toadstools. They were not the fat brown ones like buns with custard underneath, or the rich crimson ones with white spots, or the delicate purple ones. They were merely small white ones, a good deal more like mushrooms than it was quite fair to make them.

They sprang up within a few inches of each other, and with every moment added to their stature, and, as they grew, they discussed life in all its branches and planned for themselves distinguished careers . . .

The eldest was not more than eighteen hours old, which is a good age for a toadstool, when an angry boy on his way home from the village school kicked him into smithereens for not being a mushroom—which is the toadstool’s unpardonable sin.

The younger brothers, watching the tragedy, vowed to fulfil their destiny with better success than that and forth-

with they prepared a placard that ran as follows (in a form of words which was not perhaps strictly original, but, like most of the jokes at which audiences laugh, was none the worse for that):—

TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY
OF TOADLAND.
YOU WANT THE BEST SEATS.
WE HAVE THEM.

Having placed this notice in a prominent position they waited.

For some time nothing happened, and then an extremely portly and aristocratic toad, with eyes of burning amber and one of the most decorative waistcoats out of Bond Street, waddled towards the expectant brothers, read the advertisement, and sat heavily down on the nearer of them. I need hardly say that the stool was crushed to pieces beneath his weight, while the toad himself sustained, as the papers say, more than a few contusions, and was in a disgusting temper.

It was not long afterwards that a

small girl, who had been sent out by her mother to pick mushrooms, added the surviving brother to her basket with a little cry of triumph. “What a beauty!” she said, and hurried home with the prize.

But her mother was very sharp about it. “Do you want us all in our graves?” she said as she picked the toadstool up and flung it into the ashbin.

“And not even the satisfaction of poisoning any one!” he murmured as life left him.

From the report of a lecture in *The Birkenhead News*:—

“The modern tongue is capable, in competent hands, of rendering the subtlest distinctions of thought, feeling, and imagination.”

Hence the expression to “hold the tongue.”

“EX-SHAEPHOENOMINOLOGY.
Second Edition enlarged.”

“Times” *Literary Supplement*.

Yet pessimists continue to complain that it is a frivolous age.

MR. PUNCH'S FOOTBALL EXPERTS.

ALTHOUGH *Mr. Punch* has watched with sympathy the spirited policy of one of his contemporaries in employing such authorities on the winter game as Lady HELEN FORBES and Mr. PETT RIDGE to report football matches, he feels that the scheme is capable of development. There are others able and willing to let the public have pen-pictures of the game they love so well. Graphic accounts of last Saturday's matches by some of his own corps of special reporters are appended:—

BERMONDSEY HORNETS

v.

HANLEY WOLVES.

By

D-V-D LL-YD G--RGE.

Hornets 2. Wolves 0.

I am a comparatively poor man, but, if I were half as poor as the work in front of goal of the Hanley Wolves, I should be tempted to give up the Stock Exchange altogether as too risky. It was this, combined with the spectacle of that great track of uncultivated land (land which might have been congested with happy and prosperous agriculturists), that spoiled my Saturday afternoon. And this is going on all over the country, while British labourers emigrate to America. I spoke to a Bermondsey farmer after

the match, and he gave me some figures which appalled me. Every footballer destroys twenty turnips a day. You cannot have half-backs and agricultural prosperity. You must choose between outside rights and inside wrongs. I looked into the housing of the spectators. In many cases whole families were packed into a space which a sardine would have considered inadequate. I saw ten reporters huddled together in a single room. I have no remedy to suggest. I merely mention the facts.

PLYMOUTH TIGERS

v.

NEWCASTLE CORPORALS.

By

W-NST-N CH-RCH-LL.

Tigers 2. Newcastle 2.

The pointless struggle between these two great teams, the third in three successive matches, encourages me to think that the time is now ripe for some sane arrangement for the reduction of excessive armaments. For years team-building has gone on

between these two football-centres with ever-increasing activity. In 1909, the Tigers spent £3,501 19s. 3d. on their front line. Newcastle replied by purchasing Scotsmen to the value of £4,002 18s. 5d. In 1910, Newcastle paid over six thousand pounds for backs of the Dreadnought class. The Tigers responded by laying down a new goal-keeper at a cost of well into the seventh thousand. And so it has gone on ever since. Now, the proposal which I put forward in the name of His Majesty's Government is simply this. Let Plymouth say to Newcastle: "If you will put off buying centre-forwards for twelve months from the ordinary date when you would have opened negotiations with the slave-dealers, we will put off buying half-backs in absolutely good faith for exactly the same period." That would mean

serve, so long will this inane state of things continue. Women are not permitted to become members of First League teams. What is the result? Idiotic and ineffectual struggles like Saturday's at Leytonstone. These footballers do not know the rudiments of warfare. Not a single member of either eleven carried with him on to the field a bomb, a horse-whip or even a hat-pin. There was an autocratic official who, I believe, is known as the referee. I saw this man blow his whistle and refuse to allow one burly player a goal which he had scored. What did the player, the craven, do? Did he hunger-strike, like a man of spirit? No, he took it lying down. For the rest, the Hotstuffs wear rather sweet shirts, pink relieved with a green insertion; and the Tuesday Afternoons' goal-keeper has a nice face.

**HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.**

HAVE A TAXIMETER FITTED TO YOUR PRIVATE CAR FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOME CHARITABLE OBJECT AND SEND THE TOTAL REGISTERED EACH DAY TO THE CHARITY.

that there would be a complete holiday for one year between Plymouth and Newcastle. The relative strength of the two teams would be absolutely unchanged.

SHEFFIELD TUESDAY AFTERNOON

v.

LEYTONSTONE HOTSTUFFS.

By

S-LV-A P-NKH-RST.

Tuesday Afternoons 0. Hotstuffs 0.

The crude exhibition of masculine fatuity which attracted 30,000 prejudiced males to Leytonstone on Saturday ended, as one might have foreseen, in a result which was no result—a result as negative and fruitless as the Government's opposition to the Cause. A pointless draw, I heard it called by one man. Another, a moment later, stated that each side had secured a point. Can anything better illustrate the futilities and contradictions of this man-made sport? As long as football is confined to one sex, as long as Man guards it jealously as his special pre-

accomplished, Mr. Binns has travelled everywhere and met everybody—at least everybody who is also somebody. His recollections range from Mr. GLADSTONE to LOLA MONTEZ, and they have the merit of being expressed in an admirably vivid style, as the following extracts will abundantly prove. For example, when Mr. Binns asked Mr. GLADSTONE whether he was an Anti-Semite, the G.O.M. replied, "How could I be when my name is a translation of Gluckstein and my favourite fish is salmon?" And yet there are those who say that Mr. GLADSTONE had no sense of humour!

Mr. Binns, staunch republican though he is, is never happier than when he is discussing royal or imperial personages. There is nothing more charming in the book than the following touching anecdote of the venerable Emperor of AUSTRIA:—

"The Emperor of AUSTRIA-HUNGARY was at Biarritz in the 'nineties, and I can just remember once receiving a despairing note from Mrs. Hunter Tufton,

"THINGS I CANNOT FORGET."*(Published to-day.)*

This charming and brilliant volume of reminiscences, issued by Mr. Goodleigh Chump, is the work of that universal favourite, Mr. "Hobby" Binns, the brother of that distinguished American publicist, Senator Binns, and forms an agreeable pendant to the volume which recently emanated from the cultured pen of Mr. FREDERICK MARTIN. Wealthy, cultivated, and



CHRONIQUE SCANDALEUSE.

Gossip (at top of her voice as tube train rushes along). "WHY DO I STOP TALKING AT THE STATIONS? MY GOOD GIRL, DO YOU SUPPOSE I WANT EVERYBODY TO HEAR ALL ABOUT AUNT SOPHIE AND THE CHAUFFEUR?"

bidding me come to her villa at once. 'Dear old Hobby,' she wrote, 'I am in the deuce of a fix. The EMP. proposes to dine with me to-morrow night, and I've only fourteen footmen. For the love of goodness send me a few of your men.' I sent back word at once that I should be delighted to send six of my men, who were all much pleased at the idea of serving the EMPEROR. On the evening all went well until the *sorbet* was served, when my head valet lost his nerve and upset the *sorbet* down the back of the EMPEROR'S neck. My man began to sob and cry, saying, 'For Heaven's sake forgive me, Sire; I have a wife and five small children.' FRANZ JOSEF then, as always, behaved like a perfect gentleman. He turned to the man, who was ashen-grey with fright, and said, '*Nunquam mens*, old cocky; it wasn't your fault. I leaned back just at the wrong moment. Say no more about it;' and in ten minutes he had changed into another uniform and was back again at the dinner-table as if nothing had happened. My man's comment to me afterwards was thoroughly

characteristic: 'Oh! Sir, fancy an Emperor being so considerate. Why, he might have cut my head off on the spot!'

OUR TAINTED EDUCATION.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "Paterfamilias," but whom we believe to be nothing of the sort, writes to protest against the introduction of politics into the school teaching of the present day. "The English History lesson," he very truly says, "has long been a medium for disseminating the particular political opinions of the teacher; and, in arithmetic, sums involving a mental struggle with exports and imports are, in my opinion, to be gravely suspected. I need hardly add that a vast amount of criticism of the War Office can be introduced into half-an-hour's lesson in geography. And the evil continues to spread.

"Not very long ago I discovered my youngest child in the bathroom moistening a postage stamp with a bath-sponge, because she had been instructed at school that microbes lurk

in the gum of stamps and that to lick them imperils the health. I wrote at once a strong letter to her schoolmistress, objecting to the unloading of this pernicious political nonsense on to the immature intelligence of a child of tender years, and a somewhat curt reply came back to the effect that it was not politics at all, but hygiene!

"Yesterday my son came home from school full of new facts about what his schoolmaster is pleased to call natural history. But, Sir, only a brief questioning sufficed to reveal that under the guise of nature-study my child is learning some of the most dangerous political doctrines of the day, especially those relating to the foodstuffs in favour among the feathered dwellers in our woods and copses.

"Hygiene and natural history, forsooth! Ten minutes in almost any railway compartment in the country are surely enough to convince anybody with a pair of ears that such matters, far from being merely associated with hygiene and natural history, have become the very life-blood of the politics of our time."

THE PATIENT.

"No, Francesca," I said, "I will not."

"What, you won't take your medicine?"

"No, nothing shall induce me even to look at it."

"But is that wise?"

"No, it is probably the height of folly, but I am beyond caring for that. I have a gnawing pain in my—Ow-ow, there it is again—in my right big toe, and you choose that moment to talk to me about medicine. Is that tactful? Francesca, I had expected better things of you."

"But Dr. Willett said it would relieve you."

"How can he know?" I said. "I have had one dose of his hateful fluid, and I'm sure it has thrown me back a whole week."

"Oh, my dear," said Francesca, "how can you possibly tell?"

"And, if I can't tell, who can? Dr. Willett can't. I, at any rate, can *feel* what it does to me. It gives me cold shudders up and down my back and makes me want to cry. Can that be a good result?"

"Did you really want to cry?" she said with some interest.

"I did," I said. "I often do want to, but I restrain myself. I have one of those stern and unbending natures—Ow-ow, it's got me again. Francesca, can't you do something? Must you stand there and smile?"

"I will banish my smile," she said, "since it seems to distress you; but I was thinking of your stern and unbending nature."

"And now," I said bitterly, "you are—how shall I express it?—you are quoting me against myself. You are chopping straws with a miserable invalid who is nailed to his bed and cannot lift a foot to defend himself. Is that generous? Is it even just? Great Heavens, Francesca, how do you suppose a big toe like mine can endure to have straws chopped at it? Oh, oh."

"There," she said, "I knew you'd do yourself harm if you got excited."

"I was never calmer in my life," I said.

"Then this is the moment for smoothing your pillow and helping you to put on your flannel jacket."

"You shall smooth my pillow, if you like; but you shall not speak of my old rowing coat as a flannel jacket."

"Certainly not," she said, "if you object. We women have no sense of the dignity of things, have we?"

"Now you are getting peevish," I said. "I cannot bear people to be peevish. And, as to my old rowing coat, I simply couldn't face it in this condition. It would be a mockery."

"But it will keep you warm," she said; and with a few deft movements she robed me in it.

"There," she said, "you'll be more comfortable now."

"If you think so, Francesca, you deceive yourself. I have not been at all comfortable, and therefore I cannot be *more* comfortable. That stands to reason."

"I know," she said. "It is a shame."

"Yes, it is. I wonder why I of all men should have the gout."

"Oh," she said cheerfully, "that's easily answered. Dinners, you know, and champagne and port. I'm told they're all deadly."

"And that," I said, "shows how you misjudge me."

"But you have had some dinners, you know."

"Only one a day, and that a meagre one."

"And you have drunk some port and champagne."

"A thimbleful here and there," I said. "How can that matter?"

"But Dr. Willett—"

"I will not have Dr. Willett thrown in my teeth."

"Well, he has to examine your tongue, you know."

"Francesca, your jests are ill-timed. I want you to realize that my gout is not rich man's gout, due to excess in eating and drinking. It is poor man's gout, due to under-feeding and over-working and worry."

"They all say that," said Francesca. "Sir William Bowles is most emphatic about his gout, and Charlie Carter always tells me he can't make out why he should have it, living such a simple life as he does."

"There you are, you see. The men who ought to know best all agree with me."

"Not a bit of it," she said. "They both said they quite understood why *you* had the gout, with your City dinners and all that."

"I despise them and their opinions."

"That's right. It'll do you good. And now I must go out. I've got to see Mrs. Hollister."

"Francesca," I said, "you are going to desert me for a Hollister?"

"Well," she said, "I'm sure you ought to rest. You've been talking a great deal."

"I have scarcely," I said, "opened my mouth. However, if you must go, go at once."

"Shall I send Frederick in to entertain you?"

"No," I said, "I am not up to Frederick, though he is only six years old."

"He is a very intelligent boy."

"That's just it," I said. "He's too intelligent. He has suddenly developed a passion for the multiplication table. He would ask me eleven times eleven, or eleven times twelve, and I should not be able to answer. I am afraid he would cease to respect me."

"Very well," she said, "I will withdraw Frederick, but only on condition that you take your medicine."

"Bah!" I said.

"Just one good gulp will do it . . . There, it wasn't so bad after all, was it?"

"Francesca," I said, "it was simply execrable."

R. C. L.

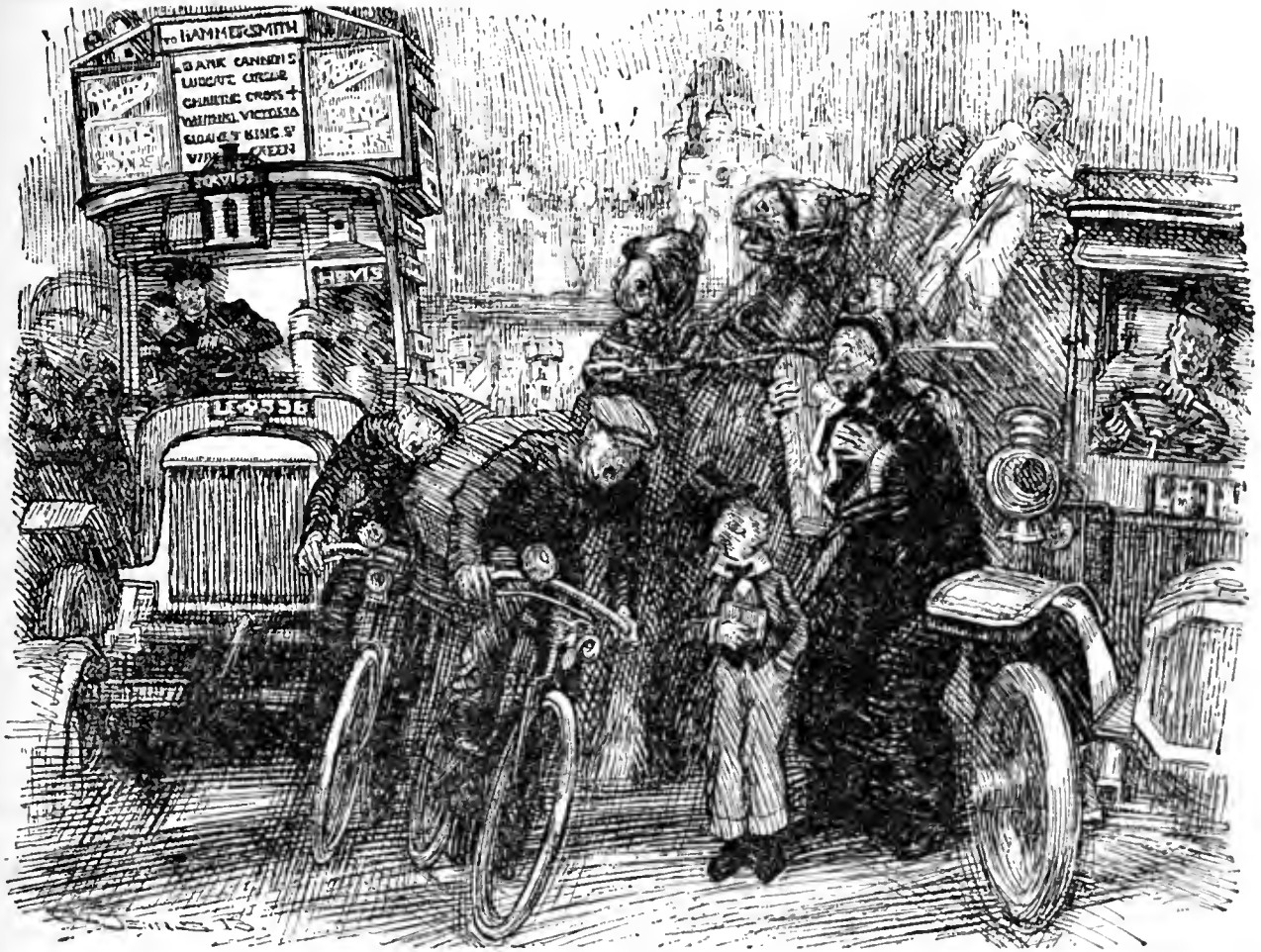
THE PERFECT SMOKE.

(A Hint to Young Men.)

I NEVER loved the baleful briar-wood,
Nor longed for any herb but asphodel,
But then they said it did the system good,
Nerves and all that. I bought a pipe—and fell.
Pale and alone I sucked the sacred reed;
I drew deep breaths, and chunks of fragrant weed
Swept through the orifice, a good old feed,
And golden juice from some perennial well.

A cold, cold sweat stood wanly on my brow,
Yet still I plied its vile unnatural cause.
While hardened smokers came and showed me how,
And took great pains to tell me all their laws—
How such a herb was fit for men more skilled,
And such was mild, or hot or opium-filled;
I hated it—and them—and yet, weak-willed,
Held ever some foul tube between my jaws.

For, while I hated, habit held me tight,
Till soon I saw the essence of the show
Was, after all, to keep the thing alight—
And why need that impair the vitals so?
One can have all—the something hard to chew,
The something (not too difficult) to do—
Yet never draw the fatal juices through,
Nor die of smoker's heart. *You simply blow.*



DETACHMENT.

Albert (always eager to improve himself). "AUNTIE, WAS KATHARINE OF ARAGON THE FIFTH OR SIXTH WIFE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH?"

OUR COUNTRY DIARY.

(By the "Rural On-looker.")

Saturday, October 25th, 1913.—The reference made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in the opening speech of the Land Campaign, to the serious depredations made by pheasants has brought me a huge mass of correspondence. I understand that among economists this statement is generally regarded as the most arresting and important item in all that terrible indictment. But I am myself more closely in touch with sportsmen and naturalists, who also have much to say upon the subject. I have, for instance, a letter from a Highland Laird who writes (from his castle on the Wee Whoon Saft Estate, near the Yetts of Drumtoolie):—"The habits of black-gamo in this district have often been a source of considerable surprise to visiting naturalists. During the month of September they would seem to subsist almost entirely upon a diet of mushrooms, and they frequently approach quite close to the house in their voracious search for this succulent

fungus. We often pot them from the bedroom windows on wet afternoons. But reformers are beginning to feel that some compensation is due to the school-children who, if they cannot bring home to their mothers the customary supplies, will naturally be deprived of their winter ketchup."

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's statement does not surprise me in the least," writes "An Old Naturalist" from Ballyfolly, Co. Down. "Anyone who has ever seen the wild duck in this district gathering up the butter-cups on the lawn after a shower of rain will have no difficulty at all in accepting it."

"Small Holder" writes from Kent to the effect that he has never suffered any inconvenience from pheasants; and the CHANCELLOR, in his opinion, is entirely upon the wrong tack. What he wants is adequate protection—or compensation, or both—in the matter of the depredations of badgers. It is perfectly heart-rending, he says, to observe them at work, digging up potatoes.

"Let the whole matter be fully ventilated," demands a certain Market

Gardener (who writes from The Day Nurseries, Chorley-cum-Bootle). "I can tell you I am running up a pretty bill for scarecrows this season. Business is becoming almost impossible owing to the prevalence of coveys of grouse in the strawberry beds."

That the CHANCELLOR's powerful words have not been spoken in vain is already made sufficiently clear by the sudden and startling advance in the price of wire-netting.

"Advertiser seeks birth in wine cellars." Advt. in "Wine and Spirit Trade Record."

To be born in the purple vats, with a silver corkscrew in his mouth—how it must appeal to Advertiser.

"Assistant master wanted for private school in Germany; salary £84; Germany unnecessary."—Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."

Perhaps; but still, there she is.

"A very picturesque note was lent by a corps of Lascar seamen from the Anchor Line in their blue native costumes and red turbans." *Journal of Commerce.*

Both picturesque and appropriate.

AT THE PLAY.

"BETWEEN SUNSET AND DAWN."
"THE GREEN COCKATOO."

SEVEN hours by the directions in the programme—actually less than two hours by stage reckoning—seem, perhaps, a short allowance of time for a man to make his first acquaintance with a woman, become intimate with her to the length of Christian names, propose elopement, change his mind, and then stab her fatally in the back. But things move fast in a doss-house, where the hesitations and circumlocutions of ordinary life are apt to be ignored; and matters may be still further accelerated when one of the parties happens to be mad.

The real trouble was that nobody, except, perhaps, the madman himself, was in the secret of his mental estrangement. Looking back, one recognises certain indications of it; but at the time, unfamiliar as we were with the accepted manners of a doss-house management, we assumed that the opprobrious terms in which *Jim Harris* addressed his mother, constantly offering to "wring her — neck," represented the ordinary filial attitude towards a gin-sodden parent in these circles. I admit that a drunken acquaintance of his did hint that *Jim* was an eccentric, but as, at the same time, he referred contemptuously to his habit of reading books, we merely took this to be the author's satire upon a society in which a taste for culture was regarded as a sign that its owner was not all there.

Some, again, might have suspected his sanity when he was prepared with an easy conscience to run away with another man's wife, but was put off by the fact that she had told her husband a lie about his feelings for her. Personally, I trace no indication of madness in this nice distinction on a point of honour. Indeed, I found so much method in the madness of his final act that it seemed to me the most reasonable solution of the difficulty. It was impossible to let her return to the savagery of her legal husband; and, since it was unthinkable that she should be allowed to go on the streets, the only alternative was that he should go off with her, a scheme from which her instincts had always revolted, and which had been abandoned by him on the ground of her proved capacity for lying. So he killed her, in the certain knowledge that he was saving her from a life of horror or shame, and in the vague hope that he was sending her straight to heaven, and might possibly follow her by way of the gallows.

One was reminded of the spiritual sanity that inspired the madman in

BROWNING's poem, *Porphyria's Lover*, where the girl's soul is saved by the killing of her body:—

"I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around
And strangled her."

Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL has become so habituated to the brutal method, of which he is a past master, that he finds difficulty in relaxing his facial muscles to the semblance of amorous infatuation. But this only lent an air of



BETWEEN 9.45 AND 11 P.M.

(1) Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, as *Jim Harris*, does his great knife-in-the-back feat.

(2) Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, as *Henry*, does it again.

naturalness to what, in the play, purported to be a first essay in love-making. It seemed to me a very intelligent performance, but then—and I say it without boastfulness—experience has given me no standard of doss-house manners to go by. Mr. EDMOND BREON, as *Bill Higgins*, the drunken husband, looked the part to admiration. Miss ADA KING was an astoundingly lifelike figure as *Mrs. Harris*, and, whether or not the name was chosen by design, there is no doubt that the imaginary bosom-friend of *Sairy Gamp* has now become incarnate. But my deepest gratitude I reserve for Miss MAY

BLAYNEY, in the part of *Liz Higgins*. Here we did not simply say, "This looks like a clever piece of play-acting, a *tour de force* in something outside the common experience"; rather we felt, by an intuition which responded to her own, that she had merged her personality in that of the woman, body and soul.

The Green Cockatoo, a "grotesque" in one Act, which followed this grim little tragedy in the "Grand Guignol" vein, was the name of a subterranean tavern in Paris which the aristocracy used to frequent for the joy of meeting various desperadoes, who recounted the story of their crimes. Actually they were just innocent mummers who flattered themselves that they were imposing upon the credulity of their audience, though the *habitués* of the place had, of course, got beyond the stage of deception.

Among the actors is a certain *Henry*, who has just married a notorious courtesan of the stage, and proposes to lead the simple life with her in the provinces. He comes in to tell how he has found his wife intriguing with the *Duc de Cadignan* and has killed that nobleman. The old hands in the stage-audience regard his performance as a very fine sample of histrionics; but so circumstantial and probable is his story that we in the other audience are left in doubt whether he has not been giving us a slice of actual life. Meanwhile *Henry* learns from the evidence of an actual criminal (who happens to find himself in this atmosphere of imagined crime and can't get anyone to listen to his true tale of murder) that at least a part of his story is true: that his wife has indeed been unfaithful to him. At this moment the alleged corpse enters, less concerned about his love-affair than about the Revolutionary mob that holds the streets outside. *Henry* at once plants a knife in his betrayer's back (Mr. MCKINNEL's second mortal blow with the same weapon in the same quarter of the anatomy during the course of one evening), and in the popular enthusiasm provoked by the announcement of the fall of the Bastille his act is regarded as a sound and citizenlike piece of work.

An excellent little drama, full of colour and movement, and with a nice ironic blend of comedy and tragedy, but perhaps rather complicated and overcrowded (there are two-and-twenty characters) for a one-Act play. O. S.

Commercial Candour.

"What Ho! She Bumps (a slang expression) aptly describes the running of the — car."
Advt. in "Ceylon Morning Leader."



Motorist (who has run over a patriarchal fowl). "BUT THE PRICE IS VERY HIGH. THE BIRD'S IN HIS SECOND CHILDHOOD!"
Irish Peasant. "IT'S THE THREE WORD YER HONOUR'S SPAKIN'; THIM YOUNG CHICKENS IS TERRIBLE DEAR AT THIS SAISON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

THOUGH some of his novels are better than others there is no such thing as a bad novel by Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. He seems incapable of those side-slips which mar the smooth career of most authors. Just where on the list I should place *The Children of the Sea* (HUTCHINSON) I hardly know. In some ways it is the finest piece of work he has ever done. Very few novelists could have treated so horrible a central idea with the same delicacy. It is extraordinary how, without weakening his story in any way, he contrives to avoid grossness. For this reason, I think I should place the book at the head of his list, considered purely as an example of the art of writing. On the other hand, I have enjoyed reading some of his other works a good deal more. Perhaps "bracketed first" is the best decision. Of the three books into which the story is divided, I liked the first best, which is set in the Sea of Japan, and culminates with the adventure which ultimately wrecked the life of *Erik Ericsson*, of the cable-laying ship, the *President Girling*. There is nobody like Mr. STACPOOLE for conveying scenery and atmosphere in a few sentences; and he is at his best in his descriptions of the strange colony of sea-women among the sand-hills by the Japanese telegraph station. Iceland is the scene of Books Two and Three; and here the author, though just as successful in handling his material, has less attractive material to handle. It is in the second book that *Schwalla*, the cousin of his shipmate *Magnus*, comes into *Ericsson's* life. Their love-story

has something of the quality of a saga. It is great with a greatness in keeping with its background of sea and rocks and ice; and over it broods the ever-deepening shadow of the final tragedy. If ever there was a story devised to inspire pity and terror, this is it. I do not recommend the book to those who demand a happy ending from their novels; and I doubt whether it will have the popularity of its predecessor from the same pen, *The Order of Release*; but there can be no two opinions as to its artistic merits.

Tide Marks (METHUEN), by MARGARET WESTRUP (Mrs. SYDNEY STACEY), is more ambitious than a delightful work by the same author entitled *Elizabeth's Children*. That earlier book had, I think, a quite unusual vein of humour and sentiment, and the characters concerned were nice human people who moved and spoke in a very real amusing world. But now I am afraid that Mrs. STACEY wishes to advance in her art, and I suspect that the simple humours of *Elizabeth's Children* seem to her very tame and commonplace beside the vagaries of her new heroine. The lady in question is, to quote the publishers, "the child of a gipsy mother and an ascetic father," and she has inherited, of course, a quantity of temperament which she splashes about upon the rocks and moors of Cornwall. It is regrettable that Cornwall lends itself rather too readily to loose colour and haphazard passion, and I am beginning to feel that its use as a background in the novels of the day is very often a confession of weakness. In any case, the sea and the gipsy mother and the ascetic father have proved quite too much for Mrs. STACEY's heroine, who is as unconvincing.

and unsatisfactory a creature as ever ate pilchards. The author is happier in less exotic company, and I hope that in her next book she will give us one of her own delightful studies in ordinary human beings rather than an imitative portrait of a girl who is both unpleasant and unreal.

Of all the female, not to say feminist, stories that ever I read, *Gold Lace* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) seems the most entirely characteristic. So much so that I question whether the mere male reviewer is qualified to appreciate the *nuances* of Miss ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE's conception. There is really nothing whatever in the story but atmosphere; that, however, seems to me to be fairly well done. It is by no means a pleasant or exhilarating atmosphere, but that is not the point. The scene of it is a small garrison and naval town in Ireland (you can fairly easily supply the original of it for yourself); and the story, such as it is, treats of the relations between the migrant Service visitors and the resident youth and beauty of the place. Miss ETHEL

COLBURN MAYNE writes, I take it, with some sense of Mission. It is hers, as it was the part of her heroine, Rhoda Henry, the London-bred girl who came to stay in Rainville, to implant in the minds of the local ladies a divine discontent with the conditions of their existence, especially as it is affected by the visiting officers. Flirted with, even embraced, they might be, all without knowing anything really of the lives and homes of their temporary swains. *Gold Lace* is, in short, the story of men with a sweetheart in every port, told from the point of view of the sweetheart. Rhoda sets herself to correct all this, to teach the damsels of Rainville independence and the art of keeping itinerant gold-lace at a respectful distance. This process the author poetically calls, "The Flowering of London Pride." If you object that it is all somewhat thin, I shall have nothing to say. In spite of some reality in the characters, my own impression was of a good light comedy theme mishandled as serious drama, which is a pity.

In *Pillars of Society* (NISBET) Mr. A. G. GARDINER gives us a second selection from his portrait-gallery of the celebrated. His method is now well known. The brutal spite that leads to bludgeon-work has no attraction for him. If, for instance, fate had imposed on him the duty of doing Mr. Blank's work as editor of *The Roaring Review*, it is safe to assume that he would have carried his task through with perfect efficiency and despatch, but he would not have left on his readers the impression that they had been taking part in a low public-house brawl. It is fortunate for Liberals that their champion in the personal style of journalism should have so strong a sense of literary courtesy that, when occasion requires, he can polish off his foe with a series of rapier-thrusts that leave the victim smiling in spite of his pain. When Mr. GARDINER wishes to slay or

scarify (the occasions are rare) he does not dip his pen—I crave pardon for varying my metaphors; but what are metaphors meant for if not to be varied?—he does not dip his pen in vitriol, but in the no less deadly mixture of his subject's own egotism, vanity, ambition and unwarranted self-respect. If he compares Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY with *Pecksniff* it is only because Mr. STRACHEY himself has, in a moment of what may be called unctuous recklessness, made that very comparison. "To Mr. and Mrs. Webb," says Mr. GARDINER in another essay, "we are statistics. We are marshalled in columns, and drilled in tables, and explained in appendices. We do not move to some far-off divine event, but to a miraculous perfection of machinery and a place in decimals." The book is full of these agreeable flashes of literary lightning.

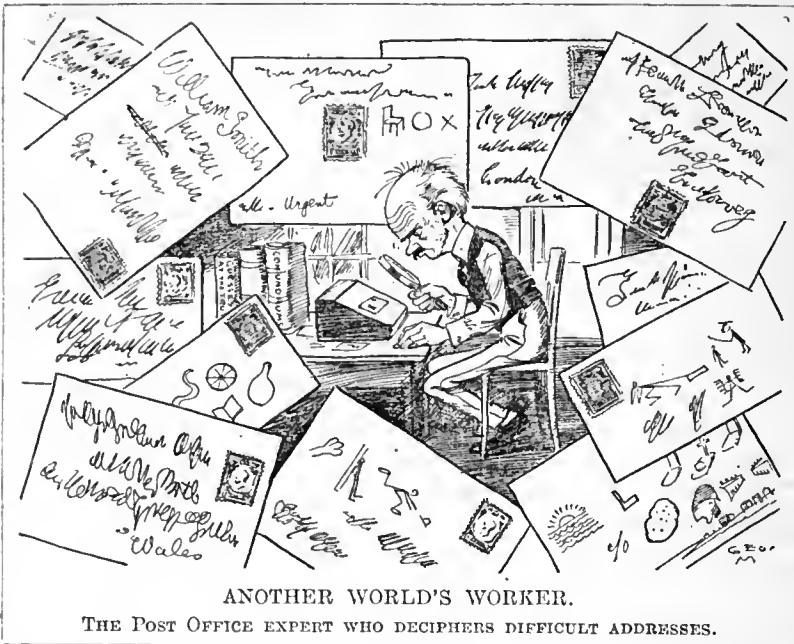
If you intend later to die famous you cannot be too careful now in your choice of a private secretary, seeing that he is bound to turn biographer after your decease.

CECIL RHODES, careless of many things, was particularly incautious in this respect; he employed, among others, Mr. GORDON LE SUEUR, obviously a most competent secretary, but a too candid, minute and fearless critic to be entrusted with one's posthumous fame. I had always imagined Mr. RHODES to be exclusively employed in building empires; if ever he condescended to the smaller pastimes, I took it for granted that he performed them with an easy grace and a magnificent perfection. I now learn from *Cecil Rhodes, the Man and his Work* (MURRAY), that in his

off-moments he shot recklessly and indifferently, sat with insecurity in his saddle, ate voraciously, swore copiously, lost his temper often, and cracked the poorest and most dismal of jests. Luckily his greatness was such that it does not suffer by so intimate an exposure of his minor habits, and the biographer, no mere detractor, but a loyal, if scrupulous admirer, is alive to this. It may have been his deliberate intention to emphasise the god-like attributes of his subject by setting them against a background of human weaknesses; if this be so, Mr. LE SUEUR has succeeded in his purpose and committed a peculiarly noble act of friendship, seeing that it was the habit of Mr. RHODES, ever generous with his own possessions, to make lavish distributions also from the not too complete wardrobes of his secretaries. This one in particular has reason to believe that what was once his best dress-coat is at the moment adorning the back of a Matabele mendicant! Mr. LE SUEUR has not taken his revenge, but has paid a proper tribute to the memory of his master, hero and despoiler.

More Olympic Talent.

"Mr. A. Bassett, farmer, Acton Trussell, near Stafford, has lifted a potato which turns the scale at 4½ lbs."—*Dundee Advertiser*.
We take off our hat to the Hercules of Acton Trussell.



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.
THE POST OFFICE EXPERT WHO DECIPHERS DIFFICULT ADDRESSES.

CHARIVARIA.

THOSE American papers which hinted at the possibility of war between their country and ours on the subject of Mexico did not know what they were talking about. The preparations for the celebration of the One Hundred Years' Peace between the two nations are far too advanced to allow of hostilities.

A destroyer of destroyers was launched at Chatham last week. The Germans are now said to be at work on a destroyer of destroyers of destroyers. And so the game goes on.

On the occasion of his visit to Austria, Reuter tells us, the GERMAN EMPEROR shot no fewer than 1,180 pheasants. The statement, originating in Liberal circles in this country, that His Majesty afterwards received a deputation of grateful Mangold-wurzelheimers, is declared to be untrue.

During a golf match at Acton a crow picked up the ball of a Mr. A. S. SMITH and, after flying with it for some distance, dropped it in a deep ditch. It looks as if the bird had mistaken itself for a pheasant, and Mr. SMITH for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. REDMOND is said to be much gratified at the news that an influential meeting to protest against "Carsonism" has been held at the Ulster town of Ballymoney. "It's your Ballymoney we want" has long been the Home Rulers' message to Ulster.

We are in a position to deny the rumour that the cruiser *Terpsichare* was blown up the other day by the Italian F Rays. We are informed that the explosion took place amid British Hoo Rays.

The Secretary of the National Anti-Vivisection Society is alleged to have disappeared. Also £5,000. If this should prove to be something more than a coincidence it will perhaps be a consolation to the Secretary to know that in any event the Society will not press for his vivisection.

In reviewing a song entitled "A Throne of Roses," a contemporary says:—"Love enthroned upon roses conjures up an irresistible vision of frag-

rant happiness." Provided, we take it, that the thorns have been previously removed.

Is there no honour among winds? Among those who were injured by the tornado which visited the Taff Valley last week was a Mr. BREEZE.

"The Gray's Inn rooks, which were driven from their nests last spring by carrion crows, and left London, have,"

EMPEROR on the ground of its being inadequate, and it is possible that the monument may be taken down.

The Camera Club seems to have very spacious quarters in John Street, Adelphi, for *The Pall Mall Gazette* tells us that amongst its exhibits at the present moment are three enlargements of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.



THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

"COMING TO OUR BONFIRE?"
 "RA-THER. WHOSE HOUSE ARE YOU BURNING?"

The Express announces, "now returned to the gardens." It is really rather too bad to publish the fact. The rooks, we understand, did not want the crows to know it.

A correspondent asks: What was the nature of the charge brought against the ladies who attempted to deport the children of the Dublin strikers? We believe it was Petty Larkiny.

The President of the League of Patriots, which collected the money for the "Battle of the Nations" monument at Leipzig, has refused the decoration conferred upon him by the GERMAN

THE TWELVE GARDENERS.

I know twelve gardeners good
 To make my garden grow
 In all the multitude
 Of all the blooms that blow;
 Sunflower and rose and pink,
 The big flowers and the small,
 Yes, any sort you think,
 My gardeners serve them all.
 They work in shifts of three,
 And when one shift has gone
 (All gardeners want their tea)
 Another shift comes on.
 Three gardeners to a shift,
 Four shifts of gardeners three,
 To make my beds uplift
 And burgeon joyously.
 One shift to rip the seed;
 And one to tend the flowers
 And give them steadfast heed
 Throughout the golden hours;
 One shift to drop them down,
 Tender and reverent,
 Upon Earth's kindly brown,
 When all the gold is spent;
 And one to watch and wait
 And blow upon its thumbs,
 Till through the garden gate
 Again the first shift comes.
 I know twelve gardeners good
 That watch and serve and sow
 Of their solicitude
 For all the flowers that blow.

From a leader in *The Daily Telegraph* on the Mexican crisis:—

"The day has gone by when the two great English-speaking peoples can afford to fall out over the affairs of a South American State." The office-boy will have to be replaced if he continues to show such ignorance of geography.

Another Impending Apology.

"Thanks to the bookbinders' strike, which is holding back various books, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's new story, 'The Golden Barrier,' will not appear until January."

Daily Chronicle.

With regard to the book here named, we cannot share our contemporary's gratitude; and think that anyhow it was expressed too bluntly.

SHOCKING EXAMPLES.

["The presentment of a case by means of 'shocking examples'—Mr. Lloyd George's most trusty weapons—is clearly in the highest degree fallacious."—*The Times*.

NOTE.—In the shocking examples that follow, the author does not claim to present a case against any particular class; nor are they examples of the iniquity of any particular system; but that doesn't make them any less shocking.]

THE REFORMED LANDLORD.

THERE was once a landlord (I suppress his name and locality) who owned a suburban property and had grown rich on improvements made by his tenants. But, being shown the error of his ways, he determined to be a better man. And on the expiration of certain three leases which the tenants did not wish to renew he let the properties for a period of fourteen years to A, B, and C, with the undertaking that at the end of that term he would demand no compensation for improvements, but, on the other hand, would himself recoup the tenants for their outlay. Further, he nobly refused to put into the leases any harassing conditions that might limit his tenants in the development of their respective properties. And A turned his house into a fever hospital, and B started a brick-kiln, and C set up a fish-manure business. And after the lapse of twelve months all the surrounding yearly tenants left the neighbourhood, and no one would take their houses, and the landlord was reduced to great straits. And at the end of fourteen years A, B, and C demanded compensation for improvements and also for the goodwill of their respective establishments. And the landlord is now in the workhouse.

THE MAN WHO BIT THE HAND THAT FED HIM.

There was once a poacher (you are not to ask me his name) who died. And the duke whose game he had poached (he also shall be anonymous) took pity on the orphan child of the deceased, and had him educated at a distance, so that his father's record should be no reproach to him. And the boy imbibed knowledge so well that he grew up to be a Socialist. And returning to the scene of his birth he preached the doctrine of the wickedness of landlords at the very gates of his benefactor. And having thus convinced the neighbouring tenants that all landlords, and notably dukes, were the seed of the devil, he induced them to migrate. And by an active boycott and the employment of other forms of peaceful persuasion, he made the vacant tenancies very undesirable. And the land passed out of cultivation; and the duke, being in great difficulties, had to dispose of his property by a

forced sale. And it was bought by a gentleman from the Stock Exchange, who turned it into a golf course. And the duke is now engaged in the logging trade in Saskatchewan. But in recognition of his good work the poacher's son has received an appointment as an itinerant lecturer on the evils of the feudal system.

THE RAILWAY THAT WENT CHEAP.

There was once a Chairman of a Railway (which I will not specify), and he contrived by very careful management just to make ends meet and give a modest return to the shareholders. And there were strikes, and the wages of the company's employees had to be raised to prevent further inconvenience to the great travelling public. And the rates on the company's land went up, and the public demanded better and better accommodation and faster and faster trains and more and more of them, and he said: "I'm afraid we must charge our passengers a slightly higher price or we shall be insolvent." And the Government said: "No, you mustn't; on the other hand you must reduce your charge for farmers' merchandise." And the Government also said: "We insist on better arrangements for the safety of your employees." And all this cost a great deal, and the price of the shares went down and down. And then the Government said: "We will nationalize your railway." And at this threat the shares went further down and further down; and when they had got as low as they could the Government bought the railway. And it was considered a very clever deal. And the Government had many new posts to offer, and they awarded several situations as porters and brakesmen to the old shareholders.

THE DOCTOR'S GOODWILL.

There was once a doctor (who shall be nameless), and he sold his practice to a young man from the country, to whom he represented its value as £400 per annum. But he did not mention that the chief source of his income was the case of a patient, an old lady alleged to be incurable, whom for years he had been in the habit of attending daily at a fee of one guinea. And the new doctor was very honest, and by the end of three months he had completely cured the patient, and in consequence was himself a ruined man.

THE CONVERTED EMBEZZLER.

There was once a Nonconformist Minister (he shall remain *incognito*) whose stipend was derived in large measure from the pew-rents. And he had a man-of-all-work who cleaned his knives and boots and looked after

his bulbs. And one day this man embezzled two spoons and a fork, the property of his master. And this came to the knowledge of the Nonconformist Minister, who spoke to him as man to man upon the vice of petty larceny, and then, having a very kind heart, forgave him. And this treatment had so softening an effect upon the character of the man-of-all-work that he adopted a religious life and began to preach in the open air. And his favourite spot for preaching was on a common adjacent to his master's tabernacle. And so popular and persuasive was his manner of preaching that he quickly drew away the regular congregation whose pew-rents supported the pastor. And when I last heard of the reverend gentleman he was in sore plight, and talked of entering Parliament for the sake of the salary.

O. S.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I SAID to myself in a confident tone:—
"The lady I marry (and keep)
Must 'not be distinguished by beauty
alone,

For beauty is only skin deep.
I know I should tire of a doll in a day;
For something more lasting I'll look."
And then in my usual provident way
I married Amelia Cook.

Deceived by her name, I imagined the
girl
My passion would duly requite
By making my days one continuous
whirl
Of epicurean delight.
By way of a dowry I begged her to bring
A copy of *Beeton*, her book.
Oh! I thought I was doing a sensible
thing
In wedding Amelia Cook.

Alas for those glorious visions of mine
I find that the lady can show
No shadow of skill in the cookery line,
No deftness in dealing with dough.
My high expectations are knocked on
the head;
Dyspepsia's come to supplant
The hopes that I cherished the day
that I wed
Amelia Cook; for she can't.

From an interview in *The Daily Dispatch*:—

"This subtle proposal of orchestral concerts for the poor is but the thin edge of the wedge to gradually freeze out the new organisation with the assistance of the rate-payers' money."

We should have described it as the thin end of a red herring drawn across the path.



“IN THE MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS—”

JOHN BULL. “AH! NOW I OUGHT TO KNOW WHERE I AM.”





"I SAY, MADDICK, YOU AND JENKINS HAVE GOT A FAIR WALK-OVER IN THE FOURSOMES THIS AFTERNOON."
 "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST US. WHEN I PUT HIM ON THE GREEN HE PUTTS ME OFF AGAIN."

THE NEW WAY WITH LANDLORDS.

(By a Labouring Man.)

My landlord had sent me a neat little document, "To quarter's rent due September 29th—£12 10s. 0d." He is a trifle too punctual in these little attentions. Now were I landlord I should occasionally show sympathy with my tenants by forgetting a quarter-day. I know that I could easily forget quarter-days. I give you my solemn word of honour that were it not for these little reminders I should not know a quarter-day from an ordinary day.

Generally I send the man a cheque, and at the same time put up a petition that the bank-manager may be in a kindly frame of mind when it is paid in. This time (after Bedford and Swindon) I merely sent him a note asking him to call.

He came in with the genial smile of one who is (or imagines he is) about to draw money and shook hands quite affably. Then he produced a fountain-pen and began to scribble a receipt.

"Wait one moment," I said. "I think you will admit that England's chief glory is her literature."

"Yes, yes," he replied, prematurely producing a stamp.

"At present," I continued, "literature is in a depressed condition. Foreign

competition is telling. Inferior products from the Isle of Man have glutted the market. Besides, the weather this summer has been unfavourable to literary production. It is impossible to work on fine golfing days. Now you will admit that the foundation of literature is the dwelling-house?"

"Yes," he answered, and courageously licked his stamp.

"It stands to reason. The house is a prime necessity. One must have a house as a place for the return of manuscripts. You couldn't expect the postman to deliver them to a field or a golf-links, could you?"

"No," he said dubiously.

"I am glad you follow me. You will perhaps further agree with me that any financial shortage caused by literary depression must be transferred to you. I propose to deduct for that at the rate of £25 per annum, or £6 5s. 0d. for the quarter. Now comes the important question of the living wage."

He stared blankly at me.

"At all events the dependants on literature are entitled to a living wage. Without the services of my cook I should starve. The production of literature would cease. She demands an advance of 10s. a month, and the housemaid requires a sympathetic advance. That means, between the two of them,

£3 for the quarter. This, of course, must also be passed on to you."

"Why?" he asked feebly.

"Because you are the landlord. But I am forgetting the great question of the housing of the literary classes. Am I to work in a chilled, cold, miserable condition? Is my intelligence to be numbed by unfavourable conditions?" The landlord looked at me as if it was his intelligence that was being numbed. "Therefore," I concluded emphatically, "I deduct £3 10s. 0d., the cost of the new gas-stove for my writing-room. Now if you will kindly hand me that receipt you have so thoughtfully prepared and the small sum of five shillings we shall be square."

And then, I deplore to relate, the landlord, who is a Vice-President of a Liberal Association, used disgusting language about putting the bailiffs in.

"Evict me?" I cried. "Evict me because I am a follower of LLOYD GEORGE? The Commissioners will never tolerate an eviction for political reasons. This, Sir, is free England." And I showed him out.

"Is Pike's Peak sinking? The latest Government survey, just announced, says the altitude of that famous peak is only 14,109,079 feet above sea level."—*Toronto Mail*.

However, it is still higher than Constitution Hill.

THE CURE.

THE fame of any discovery that can remove depression of spirits is surely worth spreading. Nothing but that belief led to the composition of this article, for I am under no illusion as to the interest of my personality. My personality is dulness in essence, but I did make a discovery.

My name is Arthur Murecott Stokes, I am thirty-seven, I am an architect in a modest way, and I live with my family in a house built by another on the Parling Estate at Raynes Park. My office is in London. I pay my way.

The other afternoon I was at home with that detestable affliction, the first cold of the season—a slight cold only

in itself but the cause of dark forebodings for the dreary months to come. My family were out and I sat and shivered in my study and saw nothing but calamity ahead. In addition to the cold, I had just failed to get a commission, a speculation had gone wrong, the library had sent me a novel with forty-eight of the most important pages omitted by a fool of a binder, and I had lost my temper at lunch without sufficient reason. I was now sorry for it. I need hardly say that my mood was black and hopeless.

After indulging it a while I suddenly realised that at any cost I must pull myself together or it would get the upper hand; but the question was, how to do it? I was so far gone in pessimism that only from without could any succour come; and how to get that?

In a flash an idea entered my mind and I acted without a moment's hesitation. If only I could collect some disinterested and favourable opinions of myself from the world at large they would flatter me back to serenity and hope; that was the notion, and I reached for the telephone book and looked up a tailor with whom I have dealt for some years. I asked to be put on to him. In course of time I got his number.

"Hullo," his clerk said.

"Hullo," I replied. "I am Murray and Co., solicitors. We want to know anything you can tell us about a customer of yours who has given you as a reference, Mr. Arthur Murecott Stokes."

"Hold the line," said the clerk.

The usual buzzing, and now and then a voice or two, detached as the cries of migrating birds at night, and then I heard the tailor approach and pick up the receiver.

"Who are you?"

I told him I was Murray and Co.

"Mr. Stokes," he said, "has dealt with us for fifteen years at least. He is absolutely safe. You need have no misgivings."

"Thank you," I said, and returned to my chair vastly improved in health. I was a gentleman to my tailor, which is the next best thing to being a hero to one's valet. I was conscious of something gently relaxing like a smile passing over my face. It almost hurt, it was so unusual.

"Thank you," I said, and meant it. I returned to my chair and simmered in recititude.

This is fine, I thought, and not only fine but tonic too. I must have some more of this. PINERO was right when he prescribed "Praise, praise, praise!"

I then ventured upon a real risk. I rang up a rather testy client of my own, for whom I had recently completed a house, not without tears.

"Is that Mr. Forrester?" I asked.

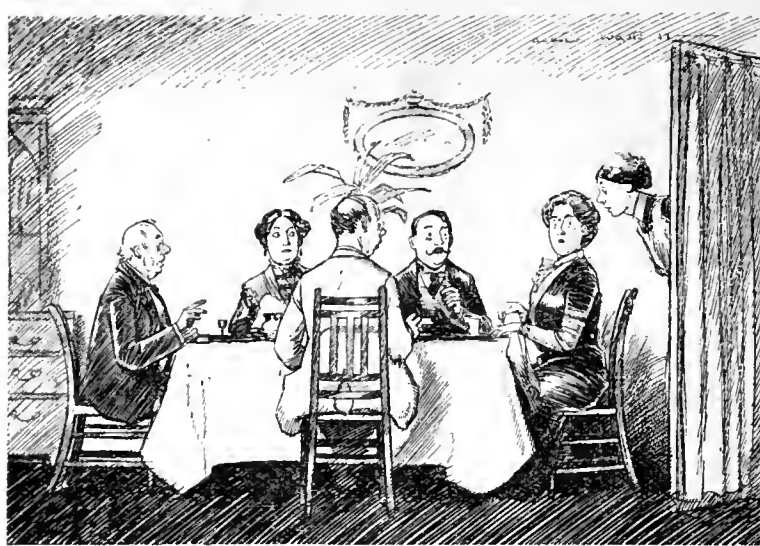
"Yes, it is," was the rather grumpy answer.

"Excuse my troubling you," I said, "but I am Mr. Cole, and I have been advised to go to an architect named Stokes for a house. I understand that he has just built one for you. Can you recommend him?"

There was a terrible silence for a moment.

"Yes," said Mr. Forrester, "I can. Of course no architect does exactly what you want, but I should call him good and thoroughly reasonable, and also a very pleasant man to deal with."

I returned to my chair a sunny optimist, and, when my wife and children came home, I at once proposed a game of "Demon Patience," which never fails to amuse and excite us.



A GLIMPSE OF THE UNDER-WORLD.

Maid (in hoarse whisper). "EXCUSE ME, MUM: COOK SES SHE'S VERY SORRY BUT SHE'S TROD ON THE PUDDING."

But suppose that was the only good character I could collect, I thought suddenly, and hastened to test this dread by ringing up another firm. This time I chose the solicitors who had done little things for me.

"Messrs. Spalding speaking," I said. "Can you put me on to one of the partners?"

I was put on.

"I am Messrs. Spalding," I said, "and I understand from Mr. Arthur Murecott Stokes that you know him well in business. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Who are you?" asked the cautious lawyer.

"We have a number of flats in the West End," I said, with extraordinary quickness, "and Mr. Stokes wants to rent one."

"Oh," said the lawyer. "That will be all right. You need have no fears. A most exemplary person."

Theatrical Candour.

From an Indian poster:—

"Shakespeare's one of the best dramas 'King John' will be performed by this company to-night for the last time, at the repeated request of the public."

"Two tenders were received, the Clerk now reported, and that of Mr. ———, of Axminster, who offered to supply and fix the required number of hammocks at £19 2s. 6d. each, was accepted.—Dr. Wood was rather curious as to whether the hammocks were cheaper than new beds."—*Pulman's Weekly News*.

In our opinion Dr. Wood's curiosity was justified.

"The programme, which will last an hour, includes studies of fish life, the Manchester Ship Canal, the making of silk hats, the fly pest, Turkestan and its inhabitants, the cocoa industry, the ant and the grosshopper (humorous), a day in the Paris Zoo, and scenes in Trichinopoly."

It is annoying, when one is just preparing to be humorous about the misprint of "grosshopper" for "grass-hopper," to learn that the printer is being funny on purpose.



Caretaker (showing tourist round old castle). "S-S-S-I—GO QUIETLY, SIR; THIS IS THE 'AUNTED CHAMBER OF 'BLOODY RUFUS'— I GOT AN OLD 'EN INSIDE A-SETTIN' ON SIXTEEN EGGS, AN' I DON'T WANT 'ER DISTURBED."

SALVE ATQUE VALE.

(To an unknown plantigrade; a threnody inspired by the necessity of parting at last with a long-cherished shaving-brush, and also by the panegyric upon the noblest of our British fauna published a few weeks ago in the pages of "Mr. Punch.")

SHALL I pour water on it from the geyser,
 Badger, on this that was a part of thee?
 Or strew soft shaving-papers silently,
 Or scatter old blades from my safety razor
 Such as some Western pirate loves to fix
 Up in green envelopes at two-and-six?
 Or wouldst thou rather, as in life before,
 Beechmast and eggs or what of other meat
 (Ere commerce cleft thy hide and made it sweet)
 Fed thee in that dark cavern thou didst bore,
 Scooped by those inturned feet?

For sometimes thee the vegetable courses
 Allured, that blossom in our underwoods,
 And sometimes thou wouldst pluck from shelly hoods
 The snail (this fact my gardener endorses),
 And sometimes eat young birds. Ah, who can tell
 Thy loves, thy dim carousals, guarded well?
 Not I, for one. But this much I have built on,
 That always in those huntings thou wouldst wear
 A most prodigious mat of piebald hair,
 Also an odour like a too-ripe Stilton,
 Racy and rich and rare.

Ah yes, in thine old rooting season, badger,
 Dinners thou hadst no human eye could scan,
 Part murderous and part fruitarian,
 And times when hunger made of thee a cadger

For alien cast-off food. Thou wast not nice,
 But Death absolved these things and, strowing spice,
 Made toilet apparatus of thy mop.
 And now less high, and now with no demur,
 Far other now than when the yelping cur
 Bayed thee, I purchased at a chemist's shop
 This tuft of votive fur.

And stout has been its service. Oft and often
 For toil half over (ere the steel cut in),
 For fangless bristles that embraced my chin
 With amorous clasplings and with suds that soften
 And make the beard more kindly, I have poured
 Libation to thy soul, thou beast adored,
 Who moist'nest hard lips with the hair that tames!
 There sprout no hairs like those the badger keeps
 To curb men's stubble when the daylight peeps,
 Lest their saluted consorts whimper, "James!"
 Whilst the wet tea-urn weeps.

And now the thing moults. I must buy another.
 Yet for the sake of many a happy morn
 I praise the dumb friend out of whom 'twas torn;
 And none of what wild kisses went to smother
 The unprofitable harvest of the night
 Shall fade from my remembrance. Gentle sprite,
 More fair than skunk or chipmunk or opossum,
 See where upon the bonfire's heart I hurl,
 Not garlandless, thy gift, but paste of pearl
 Mingle, and souse with odorous lather-blossom
 For the last time thy curl. EVOE.

"Here is admirable humour for we Southerners to read, but what will they say in the Highlands?"—C. K. S. in "The Sphere."
 "Us," we hope.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN UPJOHN.

THE LATEST LITERARY SENSATION.

John Upjohn is not a Frenchman. To the despair of MARIE CLAIRE, ANTONIN DUSSEY and others as yet undiscovered he is a mere Englishman. I will admit that it took me a dickens of a time to find him. The blue eyes were the difficulty—that and the shyness. I found plenty of them in humble positions who could write; in fact the difficulty would have been to find anyone who could write occupying anything but a humble position. But they would have looked all wrong in the photographs and would almost certainly have come to London, smoked cigarettes and visited picture palaces, if I had made them famous, instead of remaining meekly at the forge or the plough or the wood-chopper.

I found John in Blankshire. It is necessary thus to disguise the name of the county that John may not be bothered by reporters. I am determined that he shall not be lionized, for when spoken to he always runs. When I brought him up to see his publisher (also mine) to discuss terms, we had to lock the door of the room to keep him with us. Even then he spent the whole time butting at the panels. That night, so pleased was he to be back in Blankshire, he slept with the plough in his arms.

Yes, John Upjohn works on a farm. A farm—hayricks, rabbits, poultry, midges, wasps, nightingales, sheep, cows, cider and all that. It is an amazing thing. No wonder they sneer at me at my club when I tell them. I often tell them. Those whom I have taken the most pains with are the most obstinate. One friend of mine not only refuses to believe in John Upjohn but refuses to believe there is such a thing as a farm. This is absurd. There are farms. Just as there are suns and moons and stars. But I am afraid I am falling into John Upjohn's style.

Let me tell you something of his life. He rises at three, washes the sheep at four, bathes the hens at five, hard-boils the eggs at six, breakfasts on hay and oil-cake at seven, brews cider at eight, grows hops at nine, sings ragtime to the bees at ten, shoots starlings off the fruit-trees at eleven, digs potatoes at twelve. His afternoons are much the same, save that the horses, pigs and cows are washed instead of the sheep. But you know the routine. When nothing else occurs to him, he ploughs—and then does some more ploughing.

What first prompted him to write would be difficult to explain. Perhaps it was because his master, the farmer, owned books. The one under the short

leg of the kitchen table was called *Select Female Biographies*, and the one they tore papers out of for spills was *A Guide to Conchology*. Seeing these about must have fired his ambition.

At first he contented himself with mere mural monographs. The earliest of these is in the hop oast and has been glazed over and photographed. It reads "Pie Powder and Proper Pride, Scissorwitch and Cambridgeshire." It shows a taste for alliteration but has no other literary value. Genius had hardly rumbled then.

At the age of twenty-five we find him writing in a memorandum-book. On the one side he would enter his wages, which were two shillings per week. On the other he would record the expenditure. Thus:—

| | | | |
|--------------|---------|----------|---------|
| Erned | £ s. d. | Loast .. | £ s. d. |
| Cary forward | 0 2 0 | | 0 13 6 |
| | 0 12 6 | | |
| Total .. | 0 13 6 | | |

There is a mistake here, as you will discover by adding the items in the first columns. Six and nothing are six. He has the pence right. But twelve and two are fourteen. He has thirteen. Thirteen from fourteen is one. So that he is one out. We who are educated may sneer, but you must remember that this simple fellow was never at Eton or St. John's, Leatherhead, and to get only one out when your education has been confined to five or six years at a parish school is no mean achievement.

Later in life we find something more than a mere record of financial operations in this well-thumbed book. Some of the entries are almost diaristic. For example:—

"Went for boss with hedge hook and got land."

At first sight it would seem that John, annoyed with his employer, had attacked him with a hedgehog. But it does not do to entirely mistrust (John would say mistrust entirely) the young genius's spelling. Enquiries extending over several weeks revealed the fact that in John's neighbourhood there is such a thing as a hedge hook. It is a long weapon used for trimming hedges, and John, in his naïf way, had no doubt planned to behead his employer with it.

It was not till he reached the age of thirty that he attempted a connected narrative. This took the shape of a letter to a village tailor:—

DEAR SIR,—When will my clothes be reddy? I reckon our side ought to win Saturday.

Yours truly, JOHN UPJOHN.

You note the reticence, the domesticity, the simple touch of the thing.

Well, the book is all like that. Just simple. When you have read it you will feel like eating grass and m'cong like "a grave, kind cow." You will feel uplifted, stop the cat's fish, cut down the housekeeping and go and see *Diplomacy*.

Anyway you can't help being better. The price will be only three shillings and sixpence (including my preface and a full-length photograph of me and John), and the publishers are, of course, Messrs. Bilge and Bluff.

THE FAME OF CHARLOTTE.

WHO Charlotte was we may not know.

We meet her in the pleasant ways
Of an old book of long ago,
A memoir of the Georgian days,
Of courts and coaches, routs and
plays;

And, postscript to a lady's letter,
We find the simple, touching phrase,
"Poor Charlotte's chilblains are no
better."

It sweetly comes across the years
Like some old simple song and
quaint
Borne softly to our jungled ears
Fragrant and fresh, and ah, how
faint.

Yet all who lack the modern taint
Of hard and callous thought, will
quicken
In sympathy with that complaint
By which poor Charlotte's feet were
stricken.

A shadow of a gentle name,
She passes, never to return;
Her maiden age, her slender fame,
We find not, howso'er we yearn.
Only she had—'tis all we learn—
Two loyal friends (of good position)
Who showed a mutual concern
About their Charlotte's sad condition.

No doubt she mildly lived and died,
A grey-toned lady, fair and sweet,
Much honoured by the countryside,
Precise in all her ways and neat;
She shunned the cold, and loved the
heat;
And, by the customs of Society,
Held all light comments on her feet
An act of grossest impropriety.

O irony of vain repute!
O bitter fame that makes a slave
Of him who starts the long pursuit,
Nor wins the goal for which men
crave.
Full many a gallant heart and brave
Has missed the crown for which he
lusted;
While Charlotte in her gentle grave
Learns her renown, and turns dis-
gusted. DUM-DUM.

SPORT FOR THE PEOPLE.

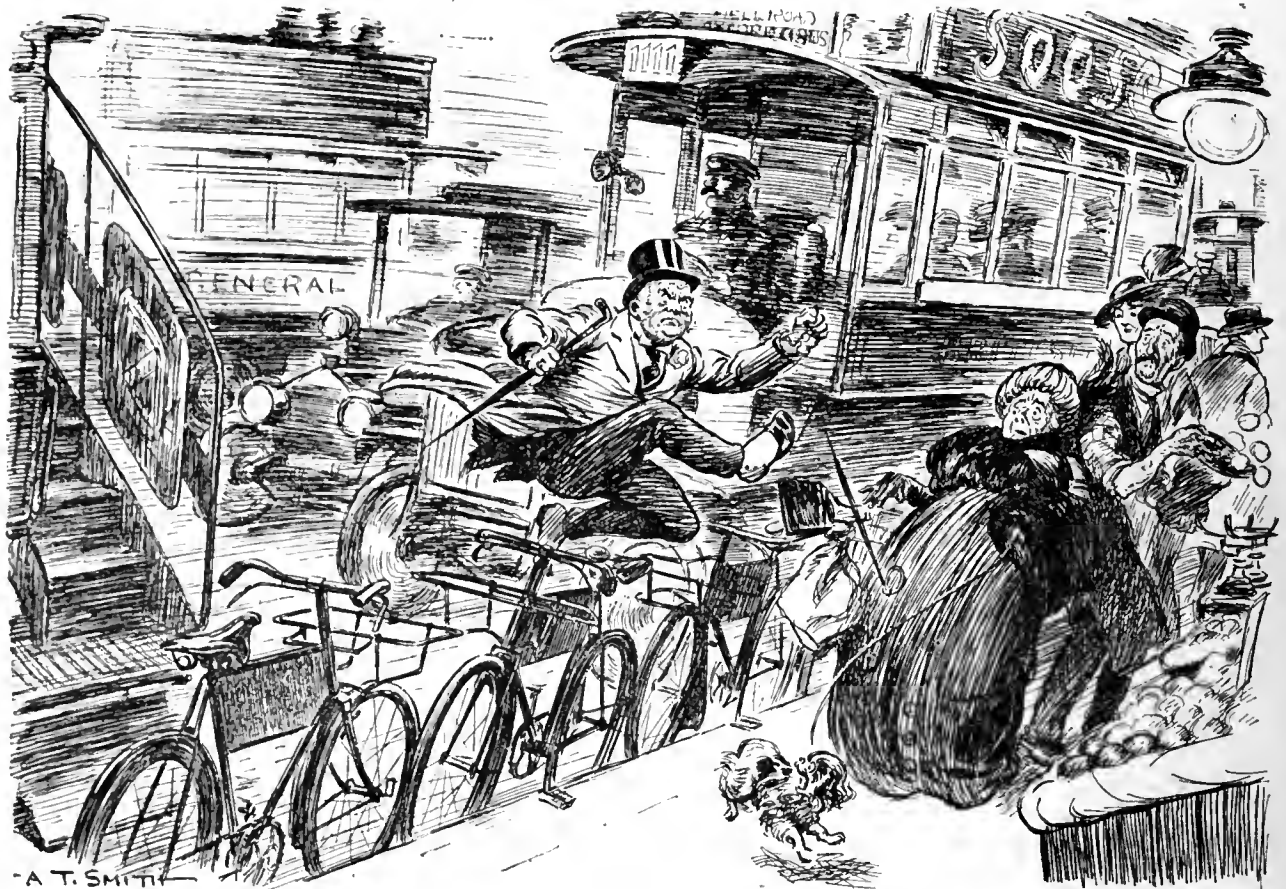
[As a set-off to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Land Campaign it is proposed to propitiate the masses by encouraging them to participate in the sports of the classes.]



HAPPY SATURDAY AFTERNOONS WITH FOX-HOUNDS IN AN URBAN NEIGHBOURHOOD.



BI-MONTHLY JOY-DAYS AMONG THE PHEASANTS.



-A. T. SMITH

Old Sportsman (escaping out of danger zone). "WHEN I SUBSCRIBED TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES TALENT FUND I EXPECTED OTHER PEOPLE TO DO THIS SORT OF THING FOR ME."

HOW GENIUS WORKS.

THE great vespertinal publicist, Mr. FILSON YOUNG, has been combating the notion that the excellence of literary work varies in a direct ratio with the clearness of the atmosphere. With him fine weather engenders idleness, while in foul weather he can settle down contentedly to the assiduous composition of his most illuminating italicisations. This momentous revelation of the mentality of a great writer has suggested a comparison of the methods of other eminent luminaries of the literary firmament.

Mr. GALSORTHY finds the creative impulse most active in sleet or heavy rain. As a preparation for composition he finds nothing so stimulating as to be towed slowly in a bath-chair round Wormwood Scrubbs prison on a moist November afternoon.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, while claiming to be impervious to the weather, admits that the quality of his work varies considerably with the conditions and the place in which it is composed. The ideal spot for creative work he finds to be in the crow's-nest of his yacht, from

which he dictates through a tube to a typist located in the saloon. This position, he finds, gives him a sense of detachment and exaltation which is indispensable to the artist. When, however, the scene is laid in the Five Towns, he prefers to potter about his garden, with his amanuensis within earshot but concealed behind the shrubberies.

Mr. ROBERT HICHENS, unlike Mr. FILSON YOUNG, is never so fertile in ideas as under the blazing sun of North Africa. Much, however, depends on costume, his favourite attire being an Arab *jibbah*, with a green turban, and sandals of cream-laid crocodile skin. One of the great advantages of writing in the desert, he points out, is that you never require any blotting-paper. For emotional passages he finds the gait of the camel, or, better still, the dromedary, peculiarly stimulating.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, recalling SWIFT's genial remark that the happiest faces were to be seen in mourning coaches, observes that the constant contemplation of the emblems of our mortality is the best antiseptic to pessimism. The germs of some of his

best letters and his most hilarious musical compositions have come to him in churchyards. As he puts it:—

"When my mood is propitious to joking,
When my temper is blithe and serene,
I hie me instanter to Woking,
Or Kensal's funereal Green."

Contrariwise, the spectacle of a harlequinade always acts upon him as a "depressant." Indeed, it was while witnessing a pantomime at Drury Lane that he began the composition of his famous crematorium, "The World in Ashes."

"The tubgoat Volunteer tried to render assistance, but ran against the Hero's propeller."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Our own pet tubgoat Algernon would not have butted in so impulsively.

"SIR,—*Re* Mr. Fortune's letter in your last week's issue, surely it is well known that the apparent increase in the size of both the sun and moon is due to the greater density of the atmosphere through which they are seen when nearer to the horizon. Not on account of their apparent proximity to 'trees, hay-stacks, houses, &c.'—I am, Sir, &c., MATELCT."

This letter in *The Spectator* is headed—a little subtly, we think—"High Pheasants."



AS THEY TAKE IT.

SCENE—A forest with deer. Duke: Duke of SUTHERLAND. First Lord: Lord LANSDOWNE. Jaques: Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

FIRST LORD (referring to the moralising of Jaques).

“THUS MOST INVECTIVELY HE PIERCETH THROUGH
THE BODY OF THE COUNTRY, CITY, COURT,
YEA, AND OF THIS OUR LIFE, SWEARING THAT WE
ARE MERE USURPERS, TYRANTS. . . .”

DUKE.

“SHOW ME THE PLACE;
I LOVE TO COPE HIM IN THESE SULLEN FITS,
FOR THEN HE'S FULL OF MATTER.”

As YOU LIKE IT, Act II., Scene 1.



Lady (who has come to grief over an Irish bank). "I THINK I'VE CUT ONE OF MY KNEES."
Young Farmer. "SURE, WHAT OF UT! IT'LL NIVER TAKE A HAPENNY OFF YER PRICE."

BY THE LEFT.

As a rule, I am not in any way nervous, particularly with people I have known for some time. And yet, as I sat with Daphne in her drawing-room, my heart undoubtedly fluttered. And I wasn't smoking.

Daphne was contemplating the palm of her hand.

"Cut yourself?" I asked. She smiled in rather a lofty manner.

"I've had my hand told," she said.

"Really. I've had my hair cut."

There was a short silence. I started a third piece of something.

"She was wonderful," Daphne murmured.

This time my smile was lofty. "I know," I said. "Strong will. Generous. Artistic. Not without ambition. Perhaps a little too soft-hearted . . . I could have said all that."

"Yes," said Daphne, "but then you know me."

"Did she go into the future?" I enquired.

Daphne nodded. "Yes. She made me think."

"A very remarkable achievement. I suppose you're going to marry?"

"Rather. He's very good-looking."

"Da—sh!" I exclaimed; and not

without good reason. When a man is just about to propose to a girl, it is hardly encouraging to learn that she will marry somebody good-looking—that is to say, if the man is myself.

Daphne looked at me doubtfully.

"Would you like to hear it all?" she asked. I nodded resignedly. "You are a dear. Well, I'm going to marry very soon. He's tall, good-looking, and has plenty of money. We shall be very happy at first."

"And at second?"

"She didn't say. He's got dark hair."

I sighed. "I could manage dark hair," I said. "Dye's cheap enough. It's the tall, good-looking part that's worrying me. Besides, he's sure to have no brains."

Daphne laughed quietly. "Don't be silly. Of course it isn't you. She taught me a lot," she added. "I believe I could tell your hand."

"Oh, do!" I exclaimed. I removed it from the cake-stand and held it out to her.

Daphne patted it thoughtfully. "You're honest."

"Ha! and sober and willing?"

"Don't interrupt. Obstinate."

I coughed. "Quite so; but what about the future?"

Daphne looked thoughtful. "Oh, of course," she said. "I want your left hand for that." I passed it across.

"Your right hand is what you are, your left hand is what you make yourself," she explained.

"But suppose you're ambidextrous? And besides I've no desire to compete with Providence."

"Oh, well, if you think you're beyond improvement—"

"Not at all," I objected with quick modesty.

Daphne stroked my left hand. "You're going to marry," she said.

"No, thank you."

"You are."

"Never," I insisted. "If you're going to marry a tall, good-looking man with plenty of money, I'm not."

"Of course not. How could you?"

"I mean, if I don't marry you, I don't marry at all." I spoke in quite a serious tone.

Daphne released my hand. "You are," she said, and resumed a study of her right palm. "Tall and good-looking," she murmured sadly.

I leant forward. "Daphne, dear," I asked, "are you really keen on tall good-looking men?"

"Not a bit."

"Would you like me with my hair dyed?"

"N-no."

"Then, dash it, why worry about what this woman said?"

"But she's marvellous, Billy. She's never wrong."

I sighed. Daphne looked at her hand and sighed also. Suddenly I sat up.

"You're looking at your right hand, Daphne."

"Yes; that's where he is."

"Hooray!" I exclaimed. "Then he doesn't count. Your left hand is what you make yourself. Let me see your left."

I looked at it carefully.

"Yes," I said, "there's certainly something there. I don't think he's tall or good-looking. But such brains, and, oh! such loyalty."

I dived into my pocket.

"Yes," I said, "your left hand is what you make yourself," and I slipped the ring on to the proper finger.

WHAT MUSIC MEANS.

SPEAKING of "the musical side" of the production of his new opera, *Joan of Arc*, to a representative of *The Daily Chronicle* Mr. RAYMOND RÔZE declared himself very satisfied with the cast. "My *prima donna*, by the way, is an expert horsewoman, in fact she has often broken in horses, so that she will be quite at home in the saddle when she rides on to the stage. Horses, I may say, are used in several scenes of the opera."

Mr. RAYMOND RÔZE's very proper insistence on the possession of athletic and sporting qualities as essential to the success of the purely "musical side" of his opera has been very well received in all quarters. It is understood that a famous jockey has approached Mr. RAYMOND RÔZE with a view to his writing an opera on the subject of MAZEPPA, in which he should be entrusted with the title rôle. The jockey—who does not wish his name to appear for the present—has no musical ear and practically no voice (thus differing widely from Mr. RÔZE's *prima donna*), but, as he points out, in such a part a mastery of the art of equitation is far more important than mere vocal fluency. Besides, the part could easily be sung "off" by a substitute, just as Sir HERBERT TREE is able vicariously to perform prodigies of musical valour on the violin, or indeed any instrument.

Hardly less interesting is the proposition which has been made to Mr. HARRY HIGGINS of the Opera Syndicate by a retired engine-driver who for many years drove the express from Paddington to Exeter. The veteran,

a man of fine physique, with a flowing beard, on learning that Mr. HIGGINS intended to revive *The Flying Dutchman*, intimated his readiness to undertake the principal rôle for a suitable remuneration. On being informed, however, that the hero was not an engine-driver but a sailor, the old man expressed his opinion of WAGNER with more vigour than politeness.

On the other hand, Mr. HIGGINS has favourably considered the application of eight young ladies, who have recently obtained their pilot's certificate at Brooklands, to take part in the last Act of *Die Walküre* on hippo-aeroplanes. Though their musical education has hitherto been entirely neglected,



HISTORIC GOLF.

JOAN OF ARC PLAYS A LONG SHOT OUT OF THE ROUGH.—With apologies to the pictorial advertisement of Mr. Raymond Rôze's Opera.

it is confidently expected that in a very few weeks they will be able to sing the rôles of *Brünnhilde* and her attendants in a thoroughly competent manner.

"He walked along the sloping wooden projection that is used as a landing stage for pleasure skiffs, walked until the water splashed over him. Then he dived into the boiling serf."—*Novel Magazine*.

Serf (boiling with indignation). "Now then, Sir, look out where you're coming."

"Wanted, at a factory, sixteen Girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor."

Aberdeen Evening Express.

What we want to know is, how is the fifth floor supported?

"SEVEN KINGS REVOLT AGAINST ILFORD."
Daily Chronicle.

The modern "Seven Against Thebes"?

THE EDITORIAL ADVERTISEMENT SCANDAL.

WE are glad to observe that the bare suggestion that any British journal could be persuaded to publish advertisements in the form of news or Editorial comment has been received by our Press with a universal cry of horror and indignation. In this connection a Society paper would like us to state that the following passages, about to appear in its pages as news or comments, are the honest expression of Editorial conviction, uttered for the good of the reading public; and that, if it should happen that the same issue contains paid advertisements of the firms there referred to, this is just one of those strange coincidences which cannot be accounted for.

"A CHARMING RESTAURANT.

All the world lunches and dines at the Réclame in Old Sinister Street; yet so excellent a restaurant should surely be more widely known. I have patronised every restaurant in the Eastern Hemisphere (writes our junior reporter), but I can truly say that the Réclame stands alone. Its generous proprietor, the ever-courteous Monsieur Pousse, provides a marvellous eighteenpenny *table d'hôte*. No wonder the success of his enterprise is colossal, and such famous men as Lord ROSEBURY, Mr. EUSTACE MILES, Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, Earl SPENCER, and Mr. WILL CROOKS, M.P., have been seen not a thousand miles away from Old Sinister Street when the hour for dining approaches. Lucky indeed would be the individual whom the gods permitted to have a share in the well-deserved profits that Monsieur Pousse is making."

"ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mabel.—Yes, you should certainly be careful as to the kind of food you give him. But, for my part (and I speak for myself alone), I should try Subtractipose, which I believe can be obtained from 1778a, Cosmetic Chambers, Old Regent Street, W. This worked wonders for me; and after three doses concealed in his soup I think you need have no further fears of possessing the fattest husband in Surrey."

"NEW YORK, Oct. 27.

"Miss Katherine Elkins, whose engagement to the Duke of the Abruzzi has been so frequently announced, was married at her home in West Virginia to Mr. Billy F. Hitt."

One time the semi-royal name of ELKINS Resounded through a lot of different welkins; Glory came first; joy follows after it; Miss missed her Princeling, but has hit her HITT.



TRAGEDY IN "NUT"-LAND.

"NUT" DISCOVERS SPECK ON SHIRT-FRONT—FEARS MUD. EXPERT OPINION, IN SHAPE OF CROSSING-SWEEPER, DECLARES IT UNDOUBTEDLY TO BE MUD. COLLAPSE OF "NUT."

HINTS ON SELECTING A BOWLER.

THE straw hat has run its course for 1913, and if not too sunburnt and battered for future use has retired to winter quarters. But there is really no close season, no "on and off" licence, for the bowler in this country. One should always be included in a gentleman's *répertoire*, and the choosing of it is a serious matter not to be lightly undertaken.

The offices of some of the firms devoting themselves to the planning and erection of bowlers are plain of exterior; others are ornate and the windows decorated with full-size models bearing such legends as:—

THE LATEST.

NEWEST SHAPE.

AS WORN.

STYLISH.

On entering the establishment you prefer, you will probably be approached by the Vendor or his agent, who, on your requirements—as to price and accommodation being made known, will at once bring forward cases containing bowlers of all sizes and designs, the

Curly-brim (or balcony), the Flat-roofed (very nutty this one for country week-ends), the No-brim (to speak of), the Skyscraper, and the One-storeyed or Bungalow type.

If you are foolish or weak enough to be guided by the Vendor, you will probably leave the place wearing a sort of pent-house that will be the butt of your friends and acquaintances, or one of last season's designs that did not "get off."

But, if you are a knowing buyer, on seeing a likely, serviceable-looking edifice, you will say, "Please allow me a few moments alone with this one." Once by your two selves, act with firmness and decision. After pressing down or drawing in as well as you can your cranial excrescences, place the hat carefully on your head, on whatever part you prefer to wear it, but don't be satisfied merely because you think you look well in it. After observing the effect of it from every point of view, remove the hat and inspect it carefully from basement to roof. Turn down the leather skirting inside and examine the structure on which the dome is supported. Make sure that the two are properly welded together. Pass

your hand over the fan vaulting of satin in search of flaws, and read carefully the inscription on the ceiling. Test the acoustic properties and see that the proper means of ventilation have been provided. Your hair will strongly resent a stuffy, ill-ventilated hat, and may show a desire to leave before the lease is up.

When you have thoroughly investigated the interior of the premises turn your attention to the exterior.

Examine the ribbon decoration running round the building just above the balcony. This should be of the best ribbed silk, and the bow should be well and truly laid against the left wall, not at the back. Note any careless workmanship with a view to a possible reduction in the price.

Last of all, administer a few blows to the crown. If dust flies out you know that the structure is old and insanitary. Should dents or cracks appear in the roof or walls, rejoin the Vendor at once, mix the hat up amongst the others you have rejected, and ask to see a few more. Do not be discouraged. You are pretty sure to find something suitable among the first hundred shown you.

"THE WITCH."

[An evening at the St. James' Theatre with some of the gloom rubbed off.]

ACT I.

TIME—*The sixteenth century.*

SCENE—*The courtyard of Absolon Beyer's house. Absolon's second wife, Anne Pedersdotter, is discovered alone. Enter Martin. He looks at Anne doubtfully.*

Martin. Good morning. I—er—is Master Absolon in?

Anne. He is out.

Martin. Oh! Er—are you—we—surely I've seen you before somewhere?

Anne. I don't think so. I am Anne Pedersdotter.

Martin (*puzzled*). I beg your pardon—whose daughter?

Anne. Anne Pedersdotter, wife to Master Absolon.

Martin. Oh, I see! Why, then you're my stepmother? I'm Martin.

Anne. Martin! I've heard such a lot about you. You're just back from the University, aren't you?

Martin (*proudly*). Yes, I'm a B.A. now; it has been a long business—five years. And I haven't seen my father all that time. He mentioned in one of his letters that he was marrying again, but—(*sadly*)—I was having a little trouble with my Latin declensions just then, and it slipped my memory. (*He goes closer to her.*) But surely we've met somewhere?

Anne. I don't think so.

Martin. Yes, now I've got it.

Do you remember, fifteen years ago, some waits singing carols outside your house? And a window was opened and a little girl poured a jug of cold water on them? You were that little girl—I remember you now. Ugh!

Anne (*excitedly*). And you were one of the waits. I remember your voice. You sang very badly.

Martin. I was only eleven.

Anne. And I was eight. Just fancy—it's quite a romance!

Enter Absolon.

Absolon. My boy! My dear boy!

Martin. Father!

Absolon. So you're back from the University—and with a degree? What a day this is! *Mensa, mensa, mensam, mensae, mensae, mensa.*

Martin. Er—*Amo, amas, amat*—

Absolon. How it brings back my own University days! *Hic, haec, hoc, hujus, huic*—You must excuse us, Anne, but when we University men get together—*Dico, dicere, dixi,*

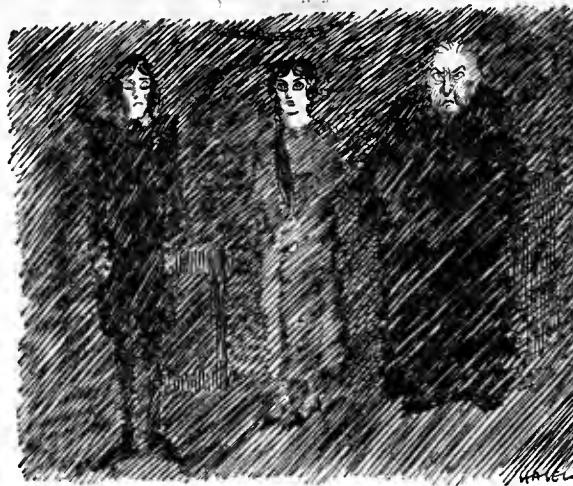
dictum. Go on, my boy; it's your turn.

(*Martin looks appealingly at Anne.*)

Anne. Oh, father, I've got a message for you, but Martin's coming put it quite out of my head. You're wanted up on the common—they're burning a witch or something. They want you to be there in case she confesses. I think that was it.

Absolon (*getting up*). Well, well, I suppose I must go. I don't like to leave you, Martin, my boy, but it's not for long. When I come back from this little conflagration I shall have much to talk to you about. *Balbus aedificat murum Ubi est Balbus?* Dear, dear, how it all comes back. *Ignis, ignem* . . . A witch—I wonder who it is?

CURTAIN. [*Exit.*]



A VERY GLOOMY PLAY.

Martin Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.
Anne Pedersdotter Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY.
Absolon Beyer Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.

ACT II.

Inside the house. Evening.

Absolon (*gloomily*). Anne, Martin, gather round me. I have a confession to make. It's about Anne's mother. . . . Anne, your mother was a witch!

Anne. A what?

Absolon. I said a witch. Five years ago I discovered it. She had a daughter living with her; I loved that daughter. It was my duty to deliver up the mother and the child to be burnt. Instead I spared the mother and married the daughter. Anne, Martin, can you forgive me my sin?

Anne. Was I the daughter?

Absolon. Yes.

Anne. Then I forgive you.

Martin. I think you look at it rather selfishly, Anne. It was very wrong of father. Father, I will retire and think it over. Good night. [*Exit.*]

Anne. Tell me more about my mother. What did she do?

Absolon. She used to summon people before her, just by calling upon their names. She had that wicked power.

Anne (*eagerly*). Is it hereditary?

Absolon. I hope not. (*He kisses the top of her head.*) And now I must go to bed. Good night. [*Exit.*]

Anne. I wonder. I think I'll just try . . . One, two, three—Martin!

Enter Martin.

Anne (*excitedly*). I am a witch! (*She turns to Martin and holds out her arms to him. He falls into them.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Another evening. As Absolon comes in, Anne and Martin break away from each other.

Absolon. I have been seeing the doctor. He says my heart is very weak, and any sudden shock may kill me. Somehow I have a sort of feeling that I am going to die to-night.

Martin (*quickly*). Oh, don't say that, father.

Anne (*not quite so quickly*). N-no, don't say that.

Martin. Well, anyhow, I'm going to bed. Good night. [*Exit.*]

Anne. Tell me more about my mother. What other powers had she?

Absolon. She could kill a person by looking at him and saying, "I wish you were dead!"

Anne. Fancy! (*To herself*) I wonder. I think I'll just try . . . Absolon, look at me. Now listen—I love your son; he loves me. If you were dead I could live with him. I wish you were

dead. (*Absolon dies.*) Good heavens, I've done it again! Martin!

Enter Martin. *She falls into his arms.*

CURTAIN.

* * * * *

ACT V

TIME—*The Twentieth Century.*

SCENE—*The inside of a taxi-cab.*

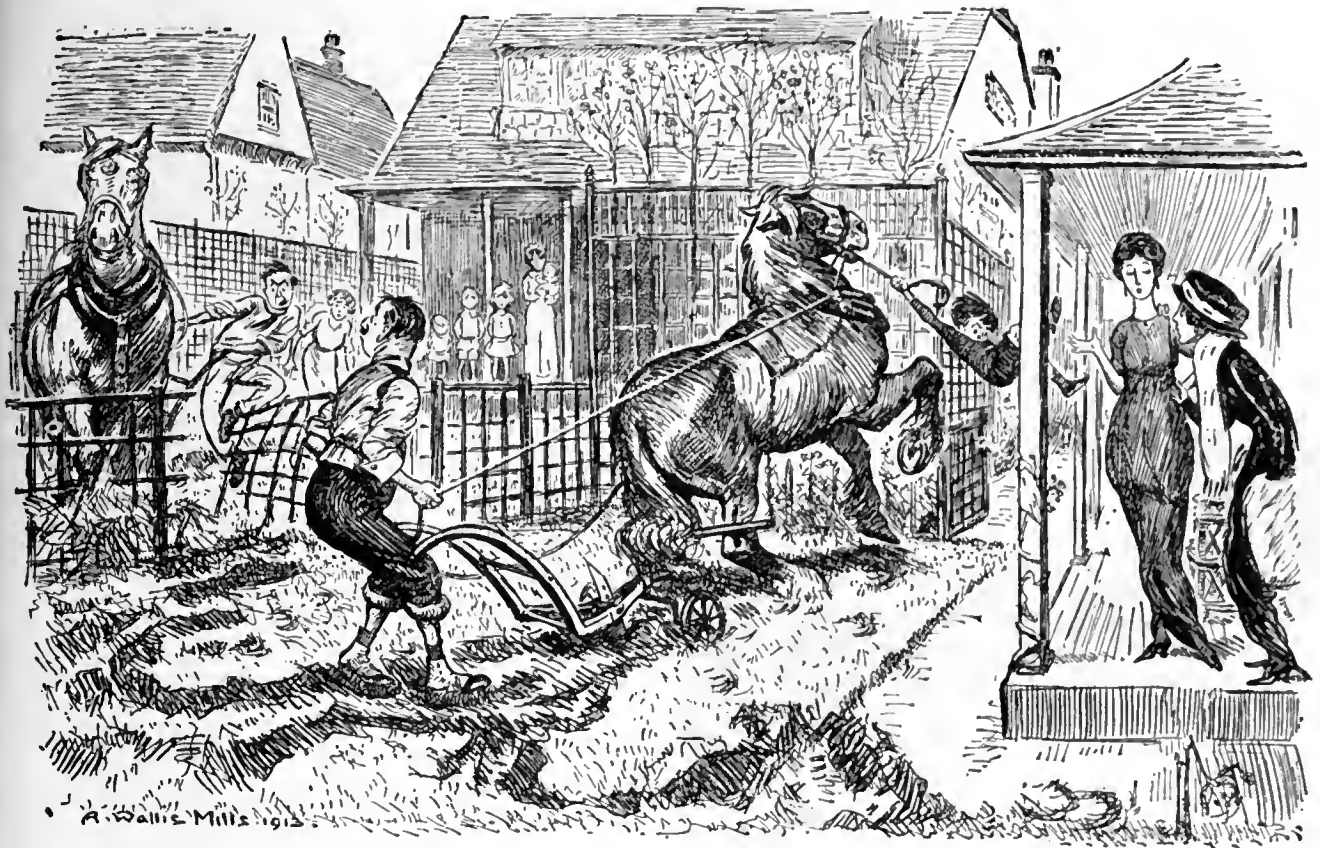
Wife. Ugh, what a play! I shall dream horrible things to-night.

Husband. Powerful's hardly the word. You know, there are some people in that play with very nasty minds. I shouldn't like to annoy Anne on a dark night . . . Jove, LILLAH MCCARTHY was good.

Wife. Wonderful. Too good. Oh, that last Act! Why didn't you take me out at the end of the third one?

Husband. Well, I wanted to see what happened after Absolon died . . . I say, look here, we can't go home like this. Let's go and have a cheery supper somewhere, just to buck us up.

CURTAIN. A. A. M.



BALHAM FOLLOWS THE DUCAL LEAD.

Visitor (from town). "WHAT ON EARTH IS HAPPENING?"

Hostess. "OH, PUTTING THE LAND INTO CULTIVATION. ALL THE BEST PEOPLE ARE DOING IT."

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

MY DEAR OLD CHAP,—I simply can't help writing to you. I want to tell you again how enormously I enjoyed meeting you again this morning after all these years. Do you know, I had almost forgotten your very name (your fault, old man, for keeping yourself away from me), and then, almost before I could think about it, there you were, just the same clever, refined, abbreviated, sly fellow that you used to be. That was, indeed, a meeting.

You wouldn't tell me where you had been or what had been happening to you. Were you wise in that? I should have sympathised, you know. I should have said to myself, "Dear old *Verb. Sap. Sat.* has had bad luck. His gold mine in South Africa has gone wrong, or they haven't been kind to him in South America, or they wouldn't give him a job in Uganda, and he's had to retire from the glare of the world and live a very quiet life. But now that he's recovered a bit and got out again we must all be good to him and try to make it up to him a bit." Something of that kind I should have said, and then I should have taken you to *The Cock* and given you a brace of sausages on mashed potatoes, and we should have wandered about Fleet Street and tried to recall some of the old scenes and the old faces from that past in which everybody knew you and far too many used you for their own purposes. One old man with a fishy eye and a very shiny frock-coat did seem to recognise you after we had parted. "There's something about that fellow," I heard him muttering, "that reminds me of old *Verb. Sap. Sat.* But no, it can't be. He's dead long

ago." I could have enlightened him, but I judged it better to hold my tongue.

It wasn't only Fleet Street that knew you in the happy past. Peers quoted you; solicitors mentioned you in their letters. I have heard the Colonel of a cavalry regiment boast of his acquaintance with you after mess, and all the young subalterns were much impressed, declaring that the old man knew a thing or two and it was no use trying to get the better of him. But, of course, all that's over long ago, and perhaps it's foolish of me to remind you of it.

By the way, I wonder if you could tell me anything about *Quis Custodiet*, another old friend of ours. I saw him last a very long time ago sitting close to a magistrate who was sentencing a policeman for an aggravated assault on a eostermonger, but since then I've heard nothing of him. If you ever knock up against him remember me to him.

And now farewell. We may never meet again, but I shall often think of you.

Yours to a quote, A. TAGG.

"Belfast, Thursday.

"Aviator Dancourt, who started on Tuesday from Paris to fly to Cairo, arrived here to-day with passenger Roux.—*Reuter.*"

Brighton Argus.

Aviator DANCOURT (to Passenger ROUX): Yes, it is a bit out of the way, but I thought you'd like to have Captain CRAIG pointed out to you.

From an account of the sports of the Wiltshire Regiment:—

"Brewer's Cup—won by A Coy. with 40½ pints."

An apparent misprint for "pints."

THE ELUCIDATION.

(After the manner of the Parliamentary Correspondent of "The Daily News.")

ALREADY the rural districts are agog. The CHANCELLOR'S great message has come home to the highways and hedges and roused at last from their patient apathy the toilers of the soil. Further, we have no doubt at all that they will be considerably more roused when we have had an opportunity of explaining what it means. Let us examine the proposals.

It is recognised that the Minimum Wage is the pivot. The Provision of Cottages, in the same way, may be said to be the lever; it would perhaps not be inapt to describe Security of Tenure as the driving-wheel of the new machinery of the land.

Dealing first with the question of a Minimum Wage (for until the labourer is enabled to pay an economic rent for his cottage, a financial price for his bacon and a commercial contribution to his Christmas Goose Club no advance in any direction is possible) it may be said at once that payment in kind must go the way of other feudal impositions. We must have daily cash for daily toil. Let there be no mistake about that.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S figures regarding the shortage of cottages (which have appalled the nation) next call for comment. It is now freely admitted that the State must step in with no uncertain hand—that is, no uncertain foot. The provision of 120,000 cottages, which is contemplated as a first instalment, would provide, as far as one can judge, something like the same number of homes. That indeed is manifest, but it involves the purchase of land. Cottages, it is recognised, must have something to rest on; they cannot be suspended, however much the shooting tenant might prefer that arrangement as causing less disturbance to the ground game. Now, it is intended to build four cottages to the acre, so that for this purpose the amount of land required would be, roughly speaking, 30,000 acres. At a cost of £50 an acre this would come to £1,500,000. Let us suppose that the Board of Agriculture can build at the rate of £150 for each cottage. Very well. This means £18,000,000, or, including the ground to build thereon, £19,500,000. In any case there must be no turning back.

The figures given of the increase in the number of game-keepers (which have staggered the community) must next come under review. It is recognised that when the pheasant and the fox are no longer free to gorge themselves to repletion upon the food of the people many of these men will be thrown

out of employment. The problem is best understood in conjunction with security of tenure. A little imagination will show that as soon as the farmer is safe against summary eviction (a fear which to-day casts a shadow on many a homestead) he will be encouraged to spend his money more freely upon the small amenities of his house. To give only one instance, it will be—for the first time, mark you—well worth his while to order large quantities of note-paper stamped with his address. Calling cards may even come into vogue in some places. Then he will be able to launch out into more expensive wall-papers. He will no longer grudge to measure his rooms for carpets. All this means work. And in the great revival of rural industry that is thus to come the labour of the superfluous game-keepers will soon be absorbed.

Gun-makers are also alarmed, as I learn by personal investigation in the proper quarter, but surely without cause. It is the peculiar virtue of the new proposals that every one is bound to profit by them. We may confidently look for a sharp revival in the gun trade, when farmers come to arm themselves against the hordes of weasels and sparrow-hawks which will appear to prey upon their beans and clover as soon as the game-keepers are withdrawn. At least that is the opinion in Fleet Street, whatever may be felt in the rural communities.

Finally it may be asked, Where does the landlord come in? He will, of course, have to be content with less rent, less power over his property, less game. But with an opulent and contented peasantry at his very gates he will be relieved from the present odious necessity of providing Christmas rabbits and winter blankets; from all that vast degrading traffic in tips and doles upon which his position so largely depends.

There must be no turning back. A new spirit is sweeping through the villages. The Motherland is rocking with excitement.

SHOULD RIVAL POLITICIANS DINE TOGETHER?

THE report of Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE'S announcement that he will not dine with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and of his protest against dining at all with one's political enemies, is causing something like social revolution in our midst.

In order to meet any difficulty which the new custom might create, it has been suggested that the hour of dining should become a fixed political principle, like tariff reform or the nationalisation of landlords or the keeping of people in their places. An impartial critic

proposes that Conservatives should adopt 8 p.m. as their hour for dining, that Liberals should dine habitually at 7 p.m., and adherents of the Labour Party at 1 p.m. or thereabouts, and Irish Nationalists never.

Yet there are family and other ties between people of opposite opinions which cannot thus be severed; and even if connections of this sort are not definitely asked to dine, it will still be felt, by such as do not see altogether eye to eye with Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE in his decision, that some courtesy should be shown to them. To this end a new fashion in invitation cards is likely to arise. Lady Primrose-Dame will send a card to Mr. Singletax, requesting the pleasure of his absence from dinner on December 5th; to which Mr. Singletax will reply that, owing to another engagement on December 5th, he is glad to be able to accept Lady Primrose-Dame's kind invitation.

But we hope it is not too late for Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE to be persuaded to swallow the hatchet and think better of letting political principles interfere with the pleasures of the table. We beg him to reflect on the bitter disappointment that might be caused to many if his example should rob them of dining occasionally with a lord. There is, of course, the type of man who declares that food would only choke him if taken in the company of a political enemy; but he must not overlook the fact that there is always a possibility of his enemy, from like reasons, being choked. Again there is the fear that at the dinner-table your hated opponent might perform the significant ceremony of helping you to salt; but this act could always be responded to with pepper.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTY, NOW IN RETIREMENT.

This is Isabel, and she
Once was young, like you and me;

Making youthful hearts to stir,
Youthful feet to follow her.

Now she deems it right to wear
Sober garb and serious air;

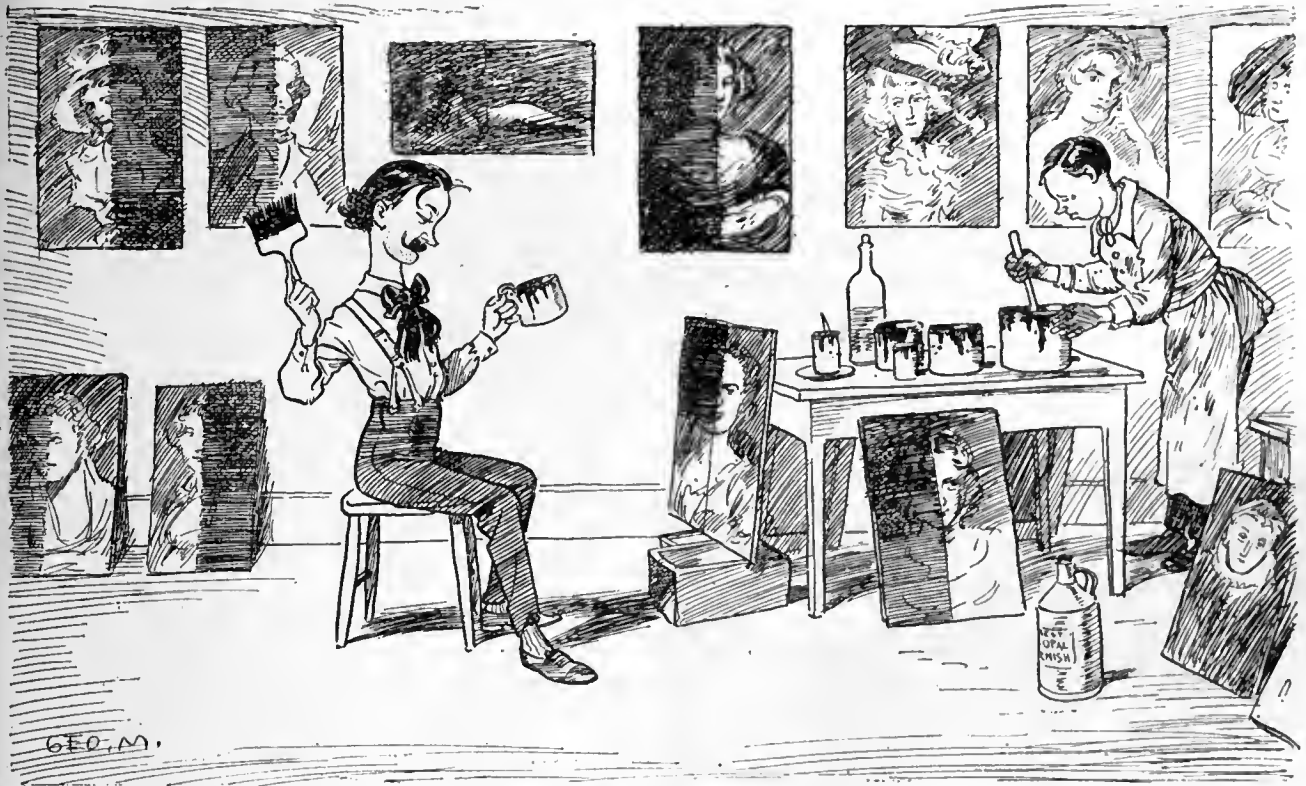
Seems to think the beauty gone
Foolish lovers doted on.

But, alas! a simpler dress
Cannot hide her loveliness;

Other men as well as I
Murmur, as she passes by,

"If perhaps in fifty years
Time confirms your present fears,

Placing you upon the shelf,
May I have you to myself?"



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.

THE ARTIST WHO PAINTS THE BLACK HALVES ON "RESTORED" PICTURES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

MR. FORREST REID is a writer from whom one may always expect work that will have a quality of refinement and distinction. I am not sure that I think *The Gentle Lover* (ARNOLD) altogether equal to the books that have preceded it, but this is only because the plot is rather more obvious and ordinary than has been the case with Mr. REID's other stories. His touch is as tender (this is the only possible word for it) as ever. Perhaps it was hardly possible for him to present the middle-aged lover in any new light; the character is one that has been too hard worked in fiction to retain any of the charm of novelty. Still *Bennet Alingham* has charm, and enough reality to make me hope against hope, even up to the final chapter, that precedent was going to be falsified in the matter of the bestowal of the heroine. Perhaps it is because of a natural, and increasing, fellow-feeling with the adorer who is no longer in his romantic youth that I always feel a little sore when he is dismissed to a future of picturesque but unsatisfactory regrets. Of the other characters in the tale I cared far the most for *Brian*, the red-haired and altogether pleasing young brother of the heroine. *Alingham* certainly was well called the gentle lover; so little was his adoration insisted upon that I doubt if to the end of the story *Sylvie*, its object, was aware of it. Its gently sentimental course runs in pleasant places—Bruges, Florence, Pisa—all drawn in a way that makes me think that Mr. REID must have recalled happy memories in writing about them. Indeed, these pictures of uneventful travel are really more attractive than the slender story that strings them together.

Penetrate by all means, with Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON,

into the little shops on the southern side of the river, or the mean dwellings of Soho, or pace the streets with him all day long, and sleep at last on the Embankment or the steps of a squalid doorway as he shall direct you; for you will be touched, amused, and, more than that, you will be greatly cheered; you will encounter no gruff words or harshness of heart in these sordid places, but only a kindly sentimentalism that almost out-does DICKENS and incidentally destroys the author's rather elaborate pretensions to realistic treatment of life. *Richard Furlong* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) was an artist (and a very good name for an artist too, for it was long and curled down right over his collar), an artist unrecognised for more than three hundred pages, except by the good-hearted dwellers in lowly purlieus, like *Mr. Nibbs*, the little picture dealer, *Mrs. Baldwin*, the young man's landlady, and her daughter *Custance*, a music-hall artiste, with whom he conducted a liaison, and whom afterwards, when disowned by his father and jilted by his fiancée, he persuaded (against the girl's own advice) to marry him. *Richard* was a bit of a genius, it seems, and the first man to make coloured wood-blocks; but everybody (everybody who was poor, that is to say) was so kind to him, that I failed to sympathise very deeply with the struggles of his unrecognised inspiration. That *Custance* suddenly died, for no particular reason, at the end of the book, I simply refuse, in spite of Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON's explicit assertion, to believe. For Fate, in the presence of the author's indefatigable optimism, could never have had the face to do a thing like that. By the way, there is one little error in the book that ought to be put right. Two very pleasant wood-cuts are reproduced, which are stated to be the work of *Richard Furlong*, but are signed W. R. D. I hope this rather careless oversight will be corrected in the second edition.

I may say at once that Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE'S *The Romance of the Cambridge Colleges* (MILLS AND BOON) is an agreeable book, and that Cambridge men will do well to add it to their libraries. To be sure, Mr. GRIBBLE is himself an Oxford man, but he avows the dreadful fact with a candour that disarms criticism. And, after all, the book speaks—I might almost say chats—for itself. I am not sure that it would be easy to justify the word "Romance" in the title. It seems to me not to express quite accurately the manner in which Mr. GRIBBLE deals with the story of the various colleges. He mentions great names and gives an account of the strange characters who have always abounded in Cambridge and whom no Royal Commissions and no legislative reforms can utterly abolish or destroy. But a string of anecdotes, however well told (and Mr. GRIBBLE tells them excellently and with gusto), is not precisely equivalent to what most of us understand by "Romance." However, they make pleasant reading and thus satisfy to a large extent what must have been the author's desire, and is certainly that of his readers. I commend very highly Mr. GRIBBLE'S gift of literary tact. It is well known, for instance, that members of St. John's College have a nickname—at any rate, they used to have one; perhaps the more delicate susceptibilities of our own day have swept it away. Still, there it was, and Mr. GRIBBLE was bound to mention it. He performs his task with an allusive discretion which cannot offend even the most patriotic and sensitive Johnian. Finally, I must congratulate Mr. GRIBBLE on having been able to escape for a time from the narration of the more or less scandalous love affairs of celebrated ladies. To these his fluent pen has been largely devoted, and I cannot help thinking he is better occupied when telling anecdotes of the Cambridge colleges.

I have just met a very dear and charming girl, *Angelina Peachey*, in the pleasant pages of *Set to Partners* (HEINEMANN), and I want to know why nobody ever seriously introduced me before to her creatrix, Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY. *Angelina* had a grandmother who was no better than she ought to be, but a good deal prettier than she might have been according to the table of chances in these matters, and *Angelina*, it was prophesied, would take after her. Well, she did and she didn't. She had learned from a delightful, plain Irish Catholic maid how serious and big a matter being in love was, and how it was a dreadful thing to marry except for love. This was about the only religious teaching she ever had. So when *Angelina* met a man who fell in love with her she wouldn't marry him until she was quite sure, but took him on trial, so to speak, though all the world understood her to be his wife. And I don't

suppose this was quite what Catholic Kitty meant. Then came along the real man, not a better man, not a nicer man, but just *the* man. So there was nothing to be done but to follow the gleam in *Julius Pole's* eyes. Unhappiness comes of it, and *Angelina*, always sincere and pure in heart, makes amends. And I don't like that part of it so well as her childhood, her early love passages, and her first letter to St. Mary of Egypt—her later correspondence was more self-conscious. And it was very nice to be reminded by the "little naked baby doll of pink soap," which papa *Peachey* gave *Angelina* to comfort her in some childish sorrow, of a little pink soap sister of *Angelina's* consoler once very, very dear to my own young heart.



DENTIST WITH TOOTHACHE TRIES TO REASSURE HIMSELF BY REPEATING FORMULA EMPLOYED WITH CLIENTS.

As a warm admirer of Mr. MARRIOTT'S work I would gladly have opened the flood-gates and praised *Subsoil* (HURST AND BLACKETT) without reserve, but my trouble is that his book pretends to be a romance, and is really a very clever essay upon painting. It deals too much with minds and too little with morals to be a popular success. Nevertheless by thoughtful people who are interested in the connection between life and art it has simply got to be read, for however violently they may dissent from the views expressed by *Saffery*, the novelist, and *Iugh Sutherland*, the painter, they must admit that Mr. MARRIOTT is an eloquent champion. The tale itself suffers from the defect that at the outset it is impossible not to guess the ending. No sooner have you discovered the author's point of view than you know that *Sutherland* and his fiancée *Sylvia Bradley* must drift apart. Mr. MARRIOTT'S characters, though their conversation is almost bewilderingly instructive, are not puppets; they are without exception admirably drawn; all the same, they are a little overwhelmed by the idea which they are used to exploit. And I am left wondering whether the author has not sacrificed one form of art in propounding his views upon another.

From an Insurance Company's advertisement:—

"Total Disablement by 35 diseases (26 weeks) £3 per week."

Not worth it. [Additional note by COMMENTATOR: This is another example of the danger of dictating important announcements. "Certified diseases," said the Secretary, and as the result of his hereditary lisp it came out "Thirty-five diseases." EDITOR: Nonsense. It really means "any one of thirty-five specified diseases." COMMENTATOR: How dull.]

"Headstone, 7 feet high, cost £12, for £9; selling cheap through death of proprietor."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

It would seem to be the exact moment when he wanted it.



THE TRAFFIC TROUBLE.

WHY NOT ORGANISE THE PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC IN BUSY THOROUGHFARES?—*Mr. Punch.*

CHARIVARIA.

A FINE statue of RAMESES II., which has long been hidden away near Bedrashin, is being erected by Lord KITCHENER in a prominent position at Cairo. There is no petty jealousy about K. of K. * *

It is possible that Battersea may choose a coloured gentleman for its Mayor. Personally, we should be pleased to see this. Anything would be better than the present monotonous arrangement by which all our Mayors are of the same hue. * *

Skippping is again being recommended as an aid to health. It is said that many book-reviewers would not be alive to-day had they not practised this art. * *

The prevailing craze! Smith Minor, asked in his Latin examination to translate *tetigi*, replied, "I have Tango-ed." * *

Bishop QUAYLE, of Washington, has been discussing the respective merits of thin men and fat men, and has come to the conclusion that the former are often wicked and the latter nearly always good. As a thin man ourselves we would like to ask whether the reason of this wonderful goodness of the fat men may not be due to realisation of the difficulty they would have in running away from the police?

And Dr. LEONARD K. HIRSBERG, of Johns Hopkins University, has been studying the question of the colour of our eyes. "Black eyes," he has come to the conclusion, "are often found associated with strong passions." This view is one which has long been held by policemen and magistrates. * *

Since Sir THOMAS CLOUSTON, in a lecture at the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, emphasised the need for a scientific and impartial study of the effects of drinking alcohol, he has, we hear, been inundated with offers from public-spirited gentlemen who are willing to be experimented upon. * *

A Philadelphia banker has distinguished himself by giving a supper-party at which monkeys mixed with the guests. To avoid confusion the guests wore evening dress. * *

The parrot which last week saved the lives of a Harringay family by giving an alarm of fire is, we hear from a reliable source, much amused at the fuss which is being made over it, for its idea was just to save its own life. * *

Replying to enquiries from fly-paper manufacturers, the American Consul at Prague states, "It is not possible to work up an extensive trade in Bohemia, for there are not sufficient flies to exterminate." But the fly-paper trade is not easily beaten, and inducements, we

understand, are being held out to a number of New York flies, with their immense families, to emigrate. * *

Lord WEARDALE, speaking at the Gas Conference, said that with the increasing use of gas there was a marked improvement in the quality of our London fogs. We trust that the philanthropists concerned will now turn their attention to improving the quality of our rain, of which many persons complain. * *

It is announced that *Where the Rainbow Ends* is to be revived on Boxing Day. One might almost call it "Where the Rainbow Begins Again." * *

The reason of the failure of such a large proportion of theatrical ventures is still being debated. We will only remark that one at least of our newspapers classifies its advertisements of theatres under the heading "Theatres," and those of music-halls under the heading "Entertainments." * *

We are requested to state that the charming Drinking Song sung by Mr. COURTICE POUNDS in *The Laughing Husband* is not published by Messrs. BOOSEY but by another well-known firm. * *

"Cook (Plain), dining rooms, used to same," runs an advertisement in a contemporary. Some dining-rooms are so very sensitive.

THE WOMAN TURNS.

(Being the protest of a novelist's wife against the modern method of regarding love as a subject for surgical or pathological treatment.)

THERE was a time ere middle age had chided
The ardours proper to the Spring of life
(This period, roughly speaking, coincided
With our initial stage as man and wife),
When you would write of Love—its tears and
laughter,
Of lovers' quarrels cancelled by a kiss,
Of wedding chimes—and then, for ever after,
Unmitigated bliss.

I liked it; others may have deemed it twaddle;
Not such it seemed to my adoring eyes;
I liked to see you as the hero's model,
Myself the gushing heroine in disguise;
It pleased me, when perusing those romances,
To feel that our experience, yours and mine,
Though duly brodered with creative fancies,
Furnished the main design.

But now you follow fiction's later fashion;
You take your operator's knife and dig
Into the palpitating heart of Passion,
And vivisect it like a guinea-pig;
As one who probes the more obscure diseases
You ask yourself (his symptoms closely scanned)
Whether the patient ought to try sea-breezes
Or have his brain trepanned.

Calmly you diagnose this heavenly miracle,
Treating it like a measles or a mump
By methods scientific or empirical—
A patent plaster or a stomach-pump;
The wine that glows in Love's empurpled chalices,
Which once you sketched in complimentary terms,
Is now subjected to a sharp analysis
And shown to reek with germs.

No doubt your attitude's disinterested;
You gaze aloof, with speculative poise;
But women's hearts, you know, are not invested
With that detachment which the male enjoys.
Anyhow, here is matter made for furious
Thinking, and I who once, like Love, was blind,
Am taking notice now, and getting curious
About my state of mind.

At first I held the whole affair outrageous,
But now I too grow sniffy in the nose;
I find your air of Harley Street contagious,
I emulate your pathologic pose;
And, after careful inward consultation,
I apprehend that what you hint is true—
It must have been some mental aberration
That made me marry you!

O. S.

A MODERNISED "PUNCH AND JUDY."

I AM told that "Punch and Judy" is losing its hold on the Public. If so, I cannot help thinking that the fault must lie in the drama itself. It does not treat the problem of marriage with the insight, the psychological subtlety which a cultured and intellectual audience expects in these days. And its characters are all too low in the social scale to be interesting or sympathetic to any intelligent spectator. However, it only needs a little effort to bring it into touch with modern requirements—and here is *my* little effort:—

SCENE—The usual sort of thing.

Judy, Lady Punch [enters. She wears a white "peignoir" and a boudoir cap with lace frill. Her face is of a remarkable pallor; the great eyes have the intense gaze of one who has borne much, without perhaps being able to say precisely what]. Not a taxi anywhere! But I should have betrayed myself if I had used the *laudulette*!

Lord Jocj [enters. He has the battered look of a man about town. Time has turned his top-knot sky-blue, but the locks on either side of his brow retain their original auburn]. Hullo! hullo! Lady P.! Where are you off to?

Judy (looking straight before her). I don't know! I don't care! So long as it isn't Home!

Lord J. (wagging his head with reproof). Don't like to hear you talkin' like that, Lady P. Sounds as if you and poor old Punchie had had a row or somethin'—what?

Judy. He never will have a row! That's what makes him so absolutely unbearable! That—and his perfectly awful hump!

Lord J. But I say, you know—he had that hump when you married him. I remember noticin', when I was his best man, how doocid round-shouldered he was gettin'!

Judy. I was so young then. I never in the least realised what it would mean to be wedded to a hump for the whole of my life! Oh, why, why aren't girls told more about these things?

Lord J. Dunno, I'm surè, Lady P. Still, hump or no hump, he's a toppin' good feller, don't you know? What I mean to say is, there's no sort of harm in him!

Judy (bitterly). There's nothing worse you could say!

Lord J. Well, he seems to be comin' this way, so I'll say good mornin', Lady P. [Exit tactfully.]

Sir Percy Punch, K.C.B., F.R.B.S., F.R.Z.S., &c., &c. [enters. His large black eyes are melancholy and introspective, and the flush on his rather prominent nose is manifestly due to chronic indigestion]. Why, Judy, my love, I'd no idea I should meet you here! I've been taking the dog out for a run. [Enter Toby.] Toby, sit up and give your paw to the little Missis! [Toby obeys.]

Judy (refusing the paw). I thought you knew I simply loathe dogs.

Sir P. (forgetting himself for the moment). Oh! Rootiti-toot! Rootiti-toot!

Judy (with quiet scorn). Is it absolutely necessary to express yourself in quite such language?

Sir P. Sorry, my love, sorry! Force of habit! [Enter Nurse with the Baby.] Aha! Here's the icklo coecalorum! (Sir P. takes the Baby and offers it to Judy, who covers back.)

Judy (hysterically). I—I can't. I can't! It's too like you! And it isn't eugenic! I do wish you'd throw it away. Won't you—to please me?

Sir P. Really, my dear, our son and heir, you know—no, I must draw the line at that! (handing Baby to Nurse). There, take Master Punch home and keep him well wrapped up. (As Nurse goes off with Baby) Judy, my darling, I'm afraid you're a little upset about something or other?

Judy (breaking out). If you must know, I'm sick of you

"On eating the sixth oyster Rogovoy's teeth came in contact with another hard substance which he took from his mouth and examined critically. Believing that he had found a gem he took the object to a jeweller, who pronounced it a pear-shaped pear of perfect contour, and placed the value at \$5,000."—*Cornell Sun*.

It seems a lot for a pear, even at this time of the year, but perhaps the unusual shape made it valuable.



THE HOME RULE MAZE.

MR. ASQUITH. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU TRYING TO GET IN OR OUT?"
MR. BONAR LAW. "JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU, SIR."





AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

Dear Old Lady (after an exhaustive explanation of the engine). "AND NOW TELL ME, WHERE DO YOU LIGHT THE FIRE?"

and the Baby and Toby, and I simply can't stand it any longer.

Sir P. Why, rootiti—I mean, tut-tut. What on earth have I done?

Judy. You're so *appallingly* affectionate, so conventionally domesticated and all that. It's *too* sickening.

Sir P. (sadly). Tell me, Judy, is there no way—*none*—by which I might regain your affection?

Judy (dreamily). If I could see you reckless, lawless, riotous, triumphing rough-shod over all opposition, I *might*—but no, you will never be like *that*—never, *never*.

Beadle (enters with thick stick). Beg pawdon, Sir Percy, but might this 'ere belong to you?

Judy (excited). Say it *does*! And hit him on the head with it! Or hit me! *Anything* that will make me respect you once more.

Sir P. (to the Beadle, after inspection). No, it's not *my* stick, my man. I *never* carry a cudgel. You'd better take it to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard.

[Exit Beadle, as Jack Ketch enters carrying patent gibbet.

Jack K. 'Seuse me, Sir Percy, but is this anythink in your line? Little apparatus of me own. Wunnerful simple. I jest puts me 'ed through this 'ere noose (*he does so*), and all you 'ave to do is to give a tug to this 'ere pulley, and I'm 'ung proper, I am!

Judy (feverishly). Oh, *why* don't you hang him? You would if you were half a Punch!

Sir P. (meditatively). H'm! (To Jack Ketch) Your

invention seems ingenious. I should advise you to show it to the HOME SECRETARY.

Judy (passionately, as Jack Ketch departs). That settles it. I will no longer be dependent on *you*. I will live my own life.

Sir P. May I remind you, my love, that our resources entirely depend on the pennies my agent collects in a bag from the populace? If you decline to share that income, I don't *quite* see what you are going to live your own life on.

Judy. I can start a little show of my own, I suppose?

Sir P. You *could* do that, of course, but—rootiti-toot—I should say, ahem—I rather doubt if you'd be much of a draw without me.

Judy. Perhaps. The world is very hard on us women. But I don't care; I shall find an opening in spite of you.

Sir P. I should rather like to know *where*.

Enter a large Crocodile.

Judy (driven to desperation). Where? . . . Why, *here*! (Throws herself into Crocodile's jaws and disappears.)

Sir P. (with mild concern). What a pity—what a pity—what a pity!

Here ends the drama, which is entirely at the service of any travelling showman who has enterprise enough to produce it. But I know what managers are. F. A.

"During the winter months a lady and her husband offer to take charge of a house in return for a small salary and board."

Advt. in "Lady."

Two more world's workers.

AN OUTBURST.

I HAD been to the Rutland Gallery to see the Yiddish pictures. As I went in, an official took my stick from me and gave me a number for it.

"Can't I keep it?" I said, for I like its support.

He pointed to a notice saying that the relinquishment of sticks and umbrellas was compulsory, and I gave it up. I suppose that the idea was that I might be a Suffragist, and desire to prove my fitness for exercising the vote by pushing my ferrule through a masterpiece. Anyway, I gave it up without another word.

Half an hour later I came out and, handing in the number, I received the stick. On the counter was a saucer full of pennies; but this did not worry me. I took my stick and was going out when the expression of mortification and contempt on the custodian's face caught my eye.

I went back. "Let's have this out," I said. "You think me dirt for not giving you a tip."

He denied it.

"Oh, yes, you do," I said. "I know. But why should you?"

"Most gentlemen give something," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "but why should they? Have you ever asked yourself that? Here am I, a not too robust man after influenza, but you took my stick away. I would much rather have had

it with me. I am much too fond of pictures to injure them, even when I see a false ascription, as I have done here more than once. And then, having taken my stick against my will, you ask me to pay you rent for it. Is that reasonable?"

He had nothing to say.

"Are you paid any wages?" I asked.

He admitted that he was.

"And you want to be paid twice over?" I said. "Is that quite the game?"

Again he had nothing to say.

"I am getting tired of it," I said.

"Paying money for something is no great lark, but paying money for nothing is beyond my endurance. Every day I have lunch at a restaurant where there are no hat-pegs inside. It follows therefore that I must leave my hat and stick in the cloak-room, and every day

I give the able-bodied custodian sixpence for being in the same room in which my hat and stick repose. That is all they do. They don't brush my hat or do anything for me. I can't give them nothing, much as I should like to, but they can easily do nothing in return. And now you flaunt this saucer of money at me to suggest that I should pay you. Well, I'm done with it."

He grew restive, as indeed he might, but kept silent.

"Now look here," I said, "if this were a sensibly run country, which it is not, but a country of stupid tolerant sheep, a great strong fellow like you

HIST! WE ARE OBSERVED!

(Suggested by some recent incidents in theatrical competition.)

As dusk fell, the streets about the beleaguered building began to assume an even more deserted appearance. Here and there, sinister figures lurked in the shadows or crept furtively from one hiding place to another. Every few moments the orange glare of a searchlight from some neighbouring tower swept the roadway from end to end. . . .

Near the threatened citadel itself silence, oppressive and ominous, prevailed. The long blank wall, broken only by a small and secret-looking door, over which flickered a solitary lamp, exposed its taciturn surface to the world, jealous guardian of the mysteries within. But somewhere out of sight was unwinking watchfulness; behind every loop-hole and embrasure men stood armed and waiting, as they had waited night after night. . . .

And now, the hour was at hand. Silently, out of the brooding shadows, strange and shrouded forms took shape, moved, and passed. Whispered challenges were heard, and countersigns. One by one the muffled figures reached in safety the little door in the wall, and, after breathless intervals of scrutiny, were admitted within the

building that waited for their coming. Who were they? Conspirators who met to hatch some foul plot behind these menacing and secret walls? Leaders of a forlorn hope to save the city from some alien conqueror? No, they were actors on their way to attend a rehearsal of the great elevator scene in the next Musical Revue.

"Yonag German gentleman deceives lo echang lessong in English gimny in return lessons in Spanish conversacion and gramman."

Advt. in "Antofagasta Mercurio."

He had much better stiek to Esperanto.

A hint from "Garden Work for Amateurs":—

"If there are slugs in the garden wait till the end of March before planting them out."

They are very patient little fellows.



A GOOD ADDRESS.

To Harold Binks, Esq.,
"The Grange," Wimpleton Park, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—We beg to call your attention to the accompanying catalogue and price list of latest winter fashions in liveries for chauffeurs, grooms, footmen, etc.; also if your gardeners and gamekeepers have not yet ordered their winter clothing we have a new stock of tweeds, etc.
Assuring you of our best attention, etc., etc.

would never be in a position like this at all. Stick and umbrella guarding would be given to the feeble and otherwise incapable—to hunchbacks and so forth. To hand them a penny or so for doing nothing would not be so degrading. But you——" and I turned to go in disgust.

It was then that he spoke. "Look here, guvnor," he said, "if you're too jolly mean to give a man twopence why don't you say so? What's the good of delivering a lecture on it?"—which was exactly the kind of retort I expected.

But none the less I was, as usual, right.

Commercial Candour.

From a Bombay catalogue:—
"Rubber Stamps. Cheapest and Fine. (Possible.)"
But not likely.



SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

Golfer. "ANYONE OUT AHEAD OF US, CADDIE?"

Caddie. "YESSUR—A GENNELMAN WIF A CADDIE, AND A MAN CARRYIN' FOR 'ISSELF."

L'ALLEGRO IN 1913.

(By a whole-hearted admirer of the latest phase in our national drama.)

HENCE, ordinary Folly,
Of Dionysus born and Deuced Rot!
Be thou presented not
Even by EDWARD-S (GEORGE) and
FRIM-N (CHOLLY);
Seek out some rustic stage
Where bumpkins still admire the
good old wheeze
And the sad vales please;
There for the ebou pit and high-
browed gods,
Who understand thy nods,
Reserve these pranks that erst were
London's rage.
But come, thou Nymph of the inept,
In Paris a *Révue* yelept
(By us translated a Review),
Whom Piffle, if the tale be true,
With Bosh and several children more
To undiluted Bunkum bore;
Or whether (this perhaps is right)
The soul of Bowery, taking flight,
With coy Lutetia carried on
In furnished rooms near Paddington,
Chucked her chin, and cried, "Ar Har!"
And, linked with her by Registrar,
Bequeathed us thee, an offspring fair,
Vulgarity beyond compare.

Haste thee, Honey, don't forget
Tights and teeth, a brand-new set,
Jokes in far from dubious taste,
And gowns not all too straitly laced,
Fashioned by what creators bold
The programme hath not left half-
told.

Cast your bridge across the stalls
And weave no plot, because that palls.
Come, and loose from glittering fang
All the latest New York slang,
And, hugging closely, lead with thee
Turkey Trot and Tango Tea;
And, if these joys I rightly class,
Oh give me a perpetual pass
To love thee and to live with thee
And evermore thy patron be;
To hear the Yankee accent rise
That tears the canvas in the "flies,"
And see the girls display their charms,
Not much of wit, but legs and arms;
Whilst the coon, with lively din
And well-pied pants, comes prancing
in.

Then to the spicy nut-made chaff
And chunks of cinematograph,
And turns from music-halls, but worse,
And notes of unmelodious verse,
Such as, I ween, had raised the roots
Of tufted elms and scared the brutes;
And Pluto's self, if he had heard
So harsh laments by Orpheus stirred,

Had changed his purpose and set free
For comfort's sake Eurydice.
These things if thou canst surely do,
Enchant me still, sublime Review.
EVOE.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

LAST year *Mr. Punch* published an appeal from The Children's White Cross League on behalf of the sufferers from the London Dock Strike. Another appeal now reaches him from the same quarter; and this time it is for the starving women and children of Dublin that *Mr. Punch's* readers are asked to open their generous purses. He ventures to recall the legend that runs beneath his cartoon in which he asked help for the wives and children of the London Dock Strikers: "Come, Madam," he there says to Charity, "you will not ask where the blame lies: you will only ask how best you can help."

Gifts should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer of The Children's White Cross League, 3, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

"Ousting the Foreigners from our Kitchens. A L.C.C. school for turning out British Chefs."
Daily Graphic.

It really seems to be for turning out foreign chefs.

THE FINANCIER.

It is nearly two years ago that I began speculating in West African mines. You may remember what a stir my entry into the financial world created; how Sir Isaac Isaacstein went mad and shot himself; how Sir Samuel Samuelstein went mad and shot his typist; and how Sir Moses Mosestein went mad and shot his typewriter, permanently damaging the letter "s." There was panic in the City on that February day in 1912 when I bought Jaguars and set the market rocking.

I bought Jaguars partly for the rise and partly for the thrill. In describing my speculation to you eighteen months ago I find that I dwelt chiefly on the thrill part; I alleged that I wanted to see them go up and down. It would have been more accurate to have said that I wanted to see them go up. It was because I was sure they were going up that, with the united support of my solicitor, my stockbroker, my land agent, my doctor, my architect and my vicar (most of them hired for the occasion), I bought fifty shares in the Jaguar mine of West Africa.

When I bought Jaguars they were at $1-1\frac{1}{16}$. This means that—No, on second thoughts I won't. There was a time when, in the pride of my new knowledge, I should have insisted on explaining to you what it meant; but I am getting *blasé* now; besides, you probably know. It is enough that I bought them, and bought them on the distinct understanding from my financial adviser that by the end of the month they would be up to 2. In that case I should have made rather more than forty pounds in a few days, simply by assembling together my solicitor, stockbroker, land-agent, etc., etc., in London, and without going to West Africa at all. A wonderful thought.

At the end of a month Jaguars were steady at $1\frac{1}{16}$; and I had received a report from the mine to the effect that down below they were simply hacking gold out as fast as they could back, and up at the top were very busy rinsing and washing and sponging and drying it. The next month the situation was the same: Jaguars in London very steady at $1\frac{1}{16}$, Jaguar diggers in West Africa very steady at gold-digging. And at the end of the third month I realised not only that I was not going to have any thrills at all, but (even worse) that I was not going to make any money at all. I had been deceived.

* * * * *
That was where, eighteen months

ago, I left the story of my City life. A good deal has happened since then; as a result of which I am once more eagerly watching the price of Jaguars.

A month or two after I had written about them Jaguars began to go down. They did it (as they have done everything since I have known them) stupidly. If they had dropped in a single night to $\frac{3}{4}$, I should at least have had my thrill. I should have suffered in a single night the loss of some pounds, and I could have borne it dramatically; either with the sternness of the silent Saxon, or else with the volubility of the volatile—I can't think of anybody beginning with a "V." But, alas! Jaguars never dropped at all. They subsided. They subsided slowly back to 1 —so slowly that you could hardly observe them going. A week later they were $\frac{9}{8}$, which, of course, is practically the same as 1 . A month afterwards they were $\frac{11}{8}$, and it is a debatable point whether that is less or more than $\frac{9}{8}$. Anyhow by the time I had worked it out and discovered that it was slightly less, they were at $\frac{5}{4}$, and one had the same trouble all over again. At $\frac{5}{4}$ I left them for a time; and when I next read the financial column they were at $1\frac{5}{8}$, which still seemed to be fairly near to 1 . And even when at last, after many months, I found them down to $\frac{7}{8}$ I was not seriously alarmed, but felt that it was due to some little local trouble (as that the manager had fallen down the main shaft and was preventing the gold being shot out properly) and that, when the obstruction had been removed, Jaguars would go up to 1 again.

But they didn't. They continued to subside. When they had subsided to $\frac{1}{2}$ I woke up. My dream of financial glory was over. I had lost my money and my faith in the City; well, let them go. With an effort I washed Jaguars out of my mind. Henceforward they were nothing to me.

And then, months after, Andrew came on the scene. At lunch one day he happened to mention that he had been talking to his broker.

"Do you often talk to your broker?" I asked in admiration. It sounded so magnificent.

"Often."

"I haven't got a broker to talk to. When you next chat to yours, I wish you'd lead the conversation round to Jaguars and see what he says."

"Why, have you got some?"

"Yes, but they're no good. I have a cigarette, won't you?"

Next morning to my amazement I got a telegram from Andrew. "Can get you ten shillings for Jaguars. Wire if you will sell, and how many."

It was really a shock to me. When I had asked Andrew to mention Jaguars to his broker it was solely in the hope of hearing some humorous City comment on their futility—one of those crisp jests for which the Stock Exchange is famous. I had no idea that his broker might like to buy them from me.

I wired back: "Sell fifty, quick."

Next day he told me he had sold them.

"That's all right," I said cheerfully; "they're his. He can watch them go up and down. When do I get my twenty-five pounds?" To save twenty-five pounds from the wreck was wonderful.

"Not for a month; and of course you don't deliver the shares till then."

"What do you mean, 'deliver the shares'?" I asked in alarm. "I haven't got the gold mine here; it's in Africa or somewhere. Must I go out and—"

"But you've got a certificate for them."

My heart sank.

"I have I?" I whispered. "Good lord, I wonder where it is."

I went home and looked. I looked for two days; I searched drawers and desks and letter-books and safes and ice-lanks and trouser-presses—every place in which a certificate might hide. It was no good. I went back to Andrew. I was calm.

"About these Jaguars," I said casually. "I don't quite understand my position. What have I promised to do? And can they put me in prison if I don't do it?"

"You've promised to sell 50 Jaguars to a man called Stevens by the middle of next month. That's all."

"I see," I said, and I went home again.

And I suppose you see too. I've got to sell fifty Jaguars to a man called Stevens by the middle of next month. Although I really have fifty fully matured ones of my own, there's nothing to prove it, and they are so suspicious in the City that they will never take my bare word. So I shall have to buy fifty new Jaguars for this man called Stevens—and buy them by the middle of next month.

And this is why I am still eagerly watching the price of Jaguars. Yesterday they were $\frac{5}{8}$. I am hoping that by the middle of next month they will be down to $\frac{1}{2}$ again. But I find it difficult to remember sometimes which way I want them to go. This afternoon, for instance, when I saw they had risen to $1\frac{1}{8}$ I was quite excited for a moment; I went out and bought some cigars on the strength of it. Then I remembered; and I came home and almost decided to sell the pianola. It is very confusing. You must see how very confusing it is.

A. A. M.



Candid Hostess (on seeing her nephew's fiancée for the first time). "I NEVER SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU FROM YOUR PHOTOGRAPH. REGGIE TOLD ME YOU WERE SO PRETTY."
Reggie's Fiancée. "No, I'M NOT PRETTY, SO I HAVE TO TRY AND BE NICE, AND IT'S SUCH A BORE. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED?"

A SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

A SUGGESTION was thrown out the other day at the Hull Congress for Women Workers that training for parentage was badly needed, and that, side by side with schools for mothers, there should be similar institutions for their husbands, to induce the latter to pay more attention to the development of the coming race. We are happy to say that this project has already been anticipated, as there exists a flourishing academy for male parents over at Child's Hill, where the middle-aged idea is taught to shoot by youthful professors. A glance at the following syllabus of Lectures for the Winter Session should reassure any infant who may be anxious about the correct upbringing of his progenitor.

PATRICULATION COURSE.

"The Dawn of Intelligence" — or "Making Him Sit Up and Take Notice at 3 A.M.," with Gramophone Demonstration by Junior Members of the Staff.

"The Vatergarten" — Object-lessons in Nature Study for Budding Owners of Nurseries.

"Aids to Conversation," or Practice in the Three R's—*ripping, rotten, and righto.*

"Tact and Back-Chat," or the Art of Deference to the Opinions of a Twelve-year-old—A series of Dialogues allowing the last-word-but-one to the Grown-up.

"The Problem of the Only Father," or "How a Spoilt Parent Should Restrain his Whims."

"Pater Pan, or the Father who Wouldn't Grow Up."

"The Stern Papa, his Bank Balance, his Solemn Blessing, and his deplorable Habit of Disinheriting—a Warning to Heavy Fathers," illustrated by the Cinematograph.

"The Art of being a Super-dad," showing how a Father should recognise himself as a Superfluity in the View of the Rising Generation.

We think that a term's attendance, even as day-parents, at the Academy in

question, with such a stimulating series of lectures, should produce results calculated to satisfy the most exacting filiusfamilias.

From an account of a speech in *The Fife Herald*:

"Speaking of the gentleman whose death he had to propose, he knew that he had been regarded in Dundee as one of the most popular men in that city, a man who had become popular in the execution of his duty."

And this is his reward!

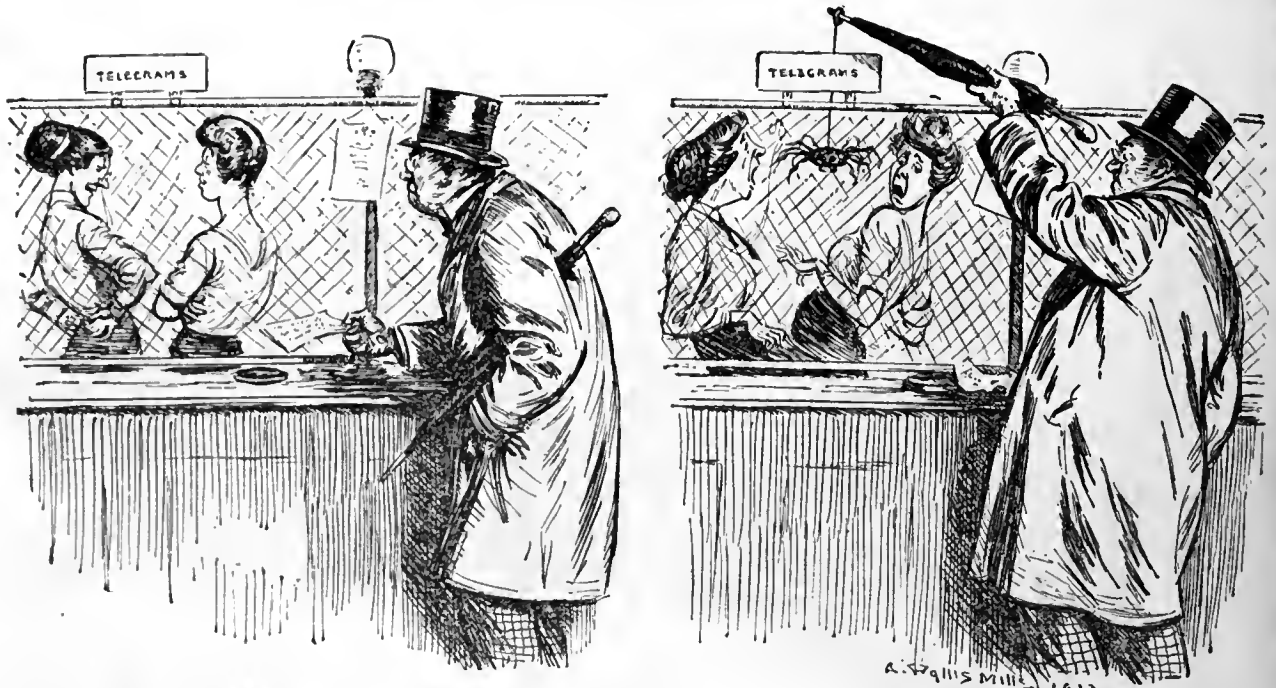
"At Manchester, in the professional handicap, Harry Lambert was in brilliant form, and after accounting for Latham, who conceded 15, defeated Bisque in the final, 6-1, 6-3, 5-7, 6-3."

Johannesburg Evening Chronicle.

Wait till he meets Dedans in the challenge round.

"The Lord Mayor of London remanded the accused, and assisted the wife out of the poor box."—*Liverpool Evening Express.*

The Lord Mayor (always polite). Take my arm, ma'am.



INVENTION FOR ATTRACTING THE NOTICE OF POST-OFFICE LADIES.

(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

MR. WALKER—PIONEER.

FULL many a golden bard has sung
How RALEIGH brought the weed
That cheers (and sometimes burns the
tongue),

And served a world-wide need;
But not a star that ever shone
Has cast one tiny ray upon
Our Mr. WALKER (name of JOHN),
And his colossal deed.

For, grandly though Sir WALTER strove,
And matchless though his might,
The fire he kindled never throve,
Lacking the fuller light;
His best disciple could but feel
A need beyond the flint and steel:
And WALKER 'twas that rose to heal
This lamentable plight.

Yes, it was he whose ardent will
Came nobly to the scratch;
He whose indomitable skill
Evolved, at length, the match;
And, as the goodly tidings spread,
Each earnest smoker rose and said,
"Blessings on Mr. WALKER's head;
This is indeed a catch."

And soon, with that great victory won,
For each that smoked before
There bloomed, like flowers beneath the
sun,

Ten thousand, ay, and more,
Who, revelling in the greater ease
Of matches, not to say fuzees,
Could light up even in a breeze
That was the greatest score.

And we, from that surpassing start,
Have risen to things supreme;
For, with these growing numbers, Art
Took Mixture for her theme,
And, greatly toiling, in the end
Arose to many a perfect blend,
The least of which would far transcend
Stout RALEIGH's wildest dream.

Then let us, in these happy days,
Brood gratefully hereon,
And, as we strike the careless blaze,
Reflect on him who's gone;
Recall to whom we owe the flame,
And, in a tumult of acclaim,
Uplift the mild but honoured name
Of Mr. WALKER (JOHN).

DUM-DUM.

HIEROGLYPHIC FICTION.

THERE are signs that the increasing
tendency of people to bring actions for
damages because their quite ordinary
names have been made use of in novels
or plays is getting on publishers' nerves.

Something will have to be done about
it, and the only absolutely safe course
is to dispense with names altogether.
Surely our halfpenny press could set
the example, in this way:—

OUR FEUILLETON.

"THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW."

BY CYRUS PIFFELHEIMER.

(Special Notice.—All the characters
appearing in this remarkable story are
entirely unreal and not one of the inci-

dents or situations described therein is
taken from life.)

You can commence this absorbing
serial at any time.

Start to-day and get it over.

This will help you:—

SYNOPSIS

of the chief actors in this thrilling
romance:—

- ✱ The All Star Heroine.
- A retired Alderman, her father.
- ↑ A rising young airman, in love
with ✱ but suspected of murdering
- ££ A Multi-millionaire found dead
in Chapter II. by
- A super-detective.
- ♀ A mysterious adventuress with
several pasts who plots with
- ! An unspeakable bounder, to ruin ↑.
- ☞ A nutty young nobleman in love
with ✱, ♀, and
- ▽ A musical comedy actress who
resides with
- △ Her mother.
- ∩ A chauffeur.
- ! A lift-boy.

"On Saturday last an interesting wedding
was solemnized in the parish church, the
entending parties being Charles — and
Amelia —."
A bad beginning.



THE SORROWS OF HUERTA.

MEXICAN PRESIDENT. "WHAT HAVE WE HERE?"

AMERICAN EAGLE. "THAT, SIR, IS ANOTHER STRONGLY-WORDED REMONSTRANCE."

MEXICAN PRESIDENT. "NO USE FOR IT. I HOPED IT WAS GOING TO BE AN ULTIMATUM."

[It is anticipated that a definite threat of armed intervention on the part of the United States would determine all factions in Mexico to unite in the common cause of national independence.]





He. "TELL ME, WHY ARE YOU SO DISTANT TO-DAY? ONLY YESTERDAY IN THIS VERY PLACE WE WERE GETTING ON SO WELL."
 She. "OH! THAT! THAT WAS FOR OUR CINEMATOGRAPH. DIDN'T THEY TELL YOU?"

SAMUEL THE SUPERCILIOUS.

SAMUEL lives at the top of Regent Street, close to a rather select post office. The first call I made upon him was at two in the morning. "Samuel, old thing," said I, "give us a stamp."

It is worth while remarking that, had Samuel been a company promoter or a performing elephant, of neither of whom is it reasonable to ask a postage stamp at two in the morning, it would still have been discourteous on his part to throw my penny on the pavement. As I took pains to point out to him, he was there for the very business on which I approached him. Stamps were what he had to sell, and for two pins I would take his number. I concluded with the remark, possibly ill-advised, that he was a Jack-in-uniform.

"Bent or battered coins," said Samuel, "will not be accepted." I picked my penny up and brushed it carefully. It was an old penny, worn with honest service, and bore the Order of the Ship and Lighthouse. This, as I pointed out to Samuel, was a distinction and not a disability. "When you are old, Samuel," I said, "I will write things about you to the newspapers. Your infirmities shall not

escape the public eye; your unfitness for the Civil Service shall be duly advertised, and for the present just you leave my pennies alone."

It was then that a policeman passed, so I went home and did not see Samuel till the following night. This time I fed him with the newest and thickest and shiniest penny in Marylebone, which he promptly threw in the mud.

"That settles it," I said. "I report you to-morrow. I should send off the complaint now if only I could get a stamp out of you. . . ."

"Can't you read?" asked Samuel in a snappy tone. "The notice says plain enough that I'm empty."

* * * * *

Last Sunday night at half-past eleven—not, I think, an unreasonable hour—I paid Samuel my third visit. He was not looking so bright and perky as usual, so I determined to give him no loophole for rudeness; and, after wishing him a pleasant evening and lots of business, I produced a painfully respectable penny (la'le Victorian) and handed it to him.

He bit it once, and then pushed it back to me. "Come, come," said I, "you know very well there's nothing the matter with it."

"That's as may be," said Samuel with a sickly scowl; "but there's something the matter with me. I'm out of order, as you might have known if you'd troubled to look."

So the victory at present is with Samuel, the slot machine. And I have yet to discover whether it is my pennies he objects to, or myself, or if he is merely touting for half-crowns.

But if he is malingering (as I strongly suspect, for all his symptoms of disorder) and happens to be an insured person under the Act, let me point out to Samuel that one of the panel doctors for his district is a second cousin of mine.

At the moment of writing, the weather is not very appreciably colder, and we therefore continue to receive accounts of robins' nests in motor-bonnets, primroses by the river's brim, and gooseberries on Dartmoor. But the most poignant communication we have had is from a husband in Chiswick. "I wrote to you last week to say that in my garden I still have blooming violets, so mild is the weather; now I beg to inform you that, from the same cause, no doubt, on Tuesday last my wife began spring cleaning."

ANOTHER LAND GRIEVANCE.

I AM a small landowner. Wait one moment, please, before ordering me to the guillotine. I am also a victim of game-preservers. That ensures me a temporary reprieve, does it not?

Let me state my case—which by the way has not yet been submitted to the Liberal, Unionist, or Labour land inquiries. My humble estate of three acres is bounded on the north by the Marquis of Bungay, on the east by Sir Granville Toots, on the south and west by Lord Brockstones. I am surrounded by the best game preserves in England. Cabinet Ministers are always doing their best in my locality to diminish the deadly game plague. The crack of guns and the click of cameras are heard all day long. I make a small, but appreciable, addition to my income by charging way-leaves for *Tattler* snappers as they rush from one shooting party to another. I have spent much money on the cultivation of my land. Little patches of rye and barley are spread all over it, and it is encircled by a ring of mangolds. Till this season I have enjoyed excellent sport. The pheasants escaping from the battues around me congregated on my little haven of peace. I assure you that when I went shooting myself it was necessary to carry an umbrella to shield one from the falling birds.

But now, alas, these greedy game-kings have erected fences of wire-netting twenty feet high around their preserves. They have taken labourers from the productive work of tilling the soil and stationed them round my borders to "hish" back any pheasant which desires to pay me a friendly visit. My melancholy mangolds stand unpecked—that is good blank verse, by the way. Base gamekeepers taunt me over the boundary as they go their rounds. And I have arranged my annual shooting-party for next week. My tailor had promised to come. My bootmaker had consented to set off a battue against his bill. All my club acquaintances to whom I owe a debt of hospitality will be there. And yet

there will be no game unless they are lucky enough to bag a *Tattler* snapper.

Can such things be in free England? Unless all the gamekeepers are taken from their usual work and set to raising food for the people the happy natural life of the countryside is doomed.

I appeal to the great CHANCELLOR, the Little Brother of the Poor, for help.



KEATS ON THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.

(With Variations.)

[President WOODROW WILSON and his Foreign Secretary, Mr. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.]

So, like stout CORTÉZ, with spread-eagle eyes,
He viewed the unpacific; and W. JEN.
Gazed at his leader with a wild surmise,
Chatty upon a peak in Darien.

I appeal to Captain PREYMAN, the Big Brother of the Dukes, to save the aristocracy from the consequences of their own greed. If all fails I must take to violent measures, as most politicians seem to do nowadays. I will call in the aid of Mrs. PANKHURST, the Mother-in-law of the People, and arrange for a Suffragette demonstration on my estate. Then, when every pheasant has fled from the district, the Marquis of Bungay, Sir Granville Toots, and Lord Brockstones will appeal for mercy, and I shall sternly reply, "Too late—too late."

THE NEW CITY:

THE complete annihilation of Tammany Hall has had—pending its resurrection—an astonishing effect upon New York and its people. Boss MURPHY is in such a state of collapse that he cannot now take anything, excepting his defeat and occasionally a little bread and milk. On the other hand, the new Mayor, Mr. JOHN MITCHEL, begins his term of office full of righteous enthusiasm; he has already instituted a pretty little custom of gathering his officials together at the beginning of the day's work and reading to them choice extracts from LONGFELLOW, EMERSON, and ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

To the English visitor the alteration most apparent is that in the conduct of the police. "Constable," said a gentleman (obviously English, from his foreign accent and the shape of his boots) to a police inspector in Maddison Square, "will you be good enough to direct me to 174th Street?" For a moment or two the burly official was overcome, and could hardly restrain his feelings; but ultimately his better nature conquered, and, keeping his hands strictly behind him, he replied courteously, "Sure; go right on and you'll find it between 173rd Street and 175th Street."

A touching story of the changed character of another police official comes from the Bowery district. A gambling-saloon keeper met him one evening, and with a cordial wink pressed a roll of greenbacks into the hand of the guardian of public morals. Shrinking back as if he had touched a viper, the policeman threw the notes into the gutter, then, drawing his bludgeon, he felled the saloon-keeper to the ground, saying firmly but kindly as he did so, "Sonny, I'm not taking any."

From a notice of the Chemical Society's publications:—

"Conversion of orthonitroamines into oxadiazoleoxides (Furazanoxides)."
The explanation in brackets is perhaps hardly necessary, but it may be welcomed by some of our more ignorant readers.



G. L. SZAMPA.

Publisher (to humorous artist who is showing him some "side-splitters"). "ARE THESE HUMOROUS DRAWINGS?"
 Artist. "YES—ER—"
 Publisher. "YOU DO THEM FOR AMUSEMENT, I SUPPOSE?"
 Artist. "OH! NO—I—"
 Publisher. "WELL, THEY DON'T AMUSE ME EITHER!"

THE DONGO.

A RHYME OF REVOLT.
 (Vide Press passim.)

*F'sing the delcetable Dongo,
 The national dance of the Pongo,
 Who dwell on the banks of the Congo.*

Historical.

'Twas danced before great RHAMPSI-
 NITUS;
 It horrified the Emperor TITUS;
 It soothed the last hours of St. VITUS;
 It was the joy of AGRIPIINA,
 The EMPRESS-DOWAGER OF CHINA,
 SEMIRAMIS, ANACREON
 And, just a little later on,
 JIM LARKIN and AUGUSTUS JOHN;
 But not, perhaps, of ANNIE SWAN.

Geographical.

It cheers the natives of Gaboon;
 Tarantulates the mild Walloon;
 It makes the Englishman less rigid,
 The chilly Eskimo less frigid,
 And gives the boon of perfect manners
 To sons and daughters of meat-canners.

Therapeutic.

It cures club-feet, arthritis, mumps,
 Expels the doldrums and the dumps;

It dries up water on the brain;
 It brings delusion to the sane.

Economic.

It finds employment for the freak;
 It makes poor Mrs. Grundy shriek;
 It frees from their financial kinks
 Owners of unfrequented rinks,
 And causes their confiding friends
 To thrill with hopes of dividends;
 It fills, when other diet palls,
 The restaurants and music-halls;
 And even weans our golfing nuts
 From prattling of their drives and putts.

Ethical.

It shows in an engaging shape
 The antics of the human ape;
 Inkslinging pedants it impels
 To search for classic parallels;
 And very nearly, but not quite,
 Wins sympathy for ALMROTH WRIGHT.
 It spurs dilapidated satyrs
 To tear stale passions into tatters;
 It fires the measly amorist
 To tell of kisses never kissed;
 It turns the tea- or dinner-table
 Into a bounding blithering babel;
 Teaches photographers to blush
 And floods the press with rancid gush,

Revels triumphant in the void,
 Till Reason's still small voice is
 drowned
 In billows of insensate sound,
 And Drivel, sheer and unalloyed.

"We were 173 miles east of Belle Isle, and proceeding at very slow speed, when the officer on the look-out on the sternhead reported the presence of an iceberg, which was easily avoided."—*Glasgow Herald*.

A stern chase is a long chase, and most of these icebergs are under-engined.

From a local paper:—

"Taylor told how he concealed himself at night-time, and at an opportune moment fronted the defendant. He found two rabbits in his possession. Later on he picked up seven snakes."

It was a kindly act, for they had been bothering the defendant a good deal.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN ON HOME Rule:—

"Mr. Gladstone suddenly declared his conversion, and the bulk of the Liberal party . . . found salvation, and were baptised by quadrans and platoons."—*Daily Telegraph*.
 The coloured gentlemen coming first.

THE LAST SMOKE.

"I HAVE made up my mind," I said.

"Absolutely and irrevocably?" said Francesca.

"Yes, absolutely and irrevocably."

"I'm glad to hear that," she said, "because sometimes, when you've merely made up your mind, you've gone back on it, you know."

"What strange language is this?" I said. "How can a man go back on his mind? Minds do not lend themselves to that sort of thing."

"Don't they?" she said. "I know one that gives itself."

"Francesca," I said, "we will not quibble any more. I want you to realise that I have made up my mind to give up smoking." I paused to watch the effect of this announcement. Nothing happened. The clock went on ticking. The Pekinese dog continued to snore. Francesca did not cease to sew.

"I have decided to give up smoking," I repeated.

"Well," she said, "there's nothing in that."

"Nothing in that?" I cried. "The whole world is in it. Here am I, changing the entire course of my life, sacrificing something that is very dear to me, deciding to make myself extremely miserable, and you sit there doing a piece of absurd plain sewing and tell me there's nothing in it. It's enough to make a saint selfish."

"We won't worry about saints," she said; "they don't come into the question."

"There you go again," I said; "you refuse to allow me the least little bit of credit."

"All I wished to point out was that this is the tenth time to my certain knowledge that you've decided to give up smoking."

"What of that?" I said. "If it's a good thing to do you can't do it too often. And, anyhow, the other nine times weren't nearly so strong and determined as this one. This, Francesca, is the real thing."

"And that, I suppose, is why you are at this moment smoking a cigarette."

"Francesca," I said, "you have an eagle eye. Nothing can escape you. I had not noticed—I mean, I lit it without—that is, it's my last cigarette. You wouldn't rob a man of his last cigarette, would you? Please look well at this cigarette before it's too late, for it is my last. There—it's gone. You'll never see it again—unless I make it the last but one, and then it won't be the same, will it? Still, I think that's the best way. I really do want you to notice the whole of my definitely last cigarette so that you may some day tell the children all about it."

"No, you don't," said Francesca, and she seized the cigarette box.

"Francesca," I said, "I am surprised at you. Is it kind, is it even ladylike, to pounce upon a gentleman's cigarettes at the very moment when he was about to bid them a last farewell?"

"I am defending the gentleman against himself," she said.

"But the gentleman doesn't want to be defended by you. He feels that you are not acting in accordance with the dictates of your better nature; that you're putting yourself forward; that in calmer moments you'll be sorry for what you're doing; that you ought to show greater confidence in his strength of will; that——"

"You may say what you like," she said, "but you're not going to have this box."

"Then," I said, "I will have your work-basket," and I removed it and her work from her side.

"I was hemming a handkerchief for you," she said.

"And I was going to smoke an absolutely final cigarette

solely to give you pleasure. How can a man give up smoking unless he smokes an absolutely final cigarette?"

"You've done that," she said.

"No," I said, "it was intended to be the last, but, when you refused to watch it, it became the last but one."

"We'll put off the last indefinitely," she said.

"Well," I said, "you can have your old work-basket back, and you can keep my cigarette box, and I'll give up smoking—not voluntarily, but under compulsion—under your compulsion, remember—and whenever I feel wretched about it and pine for a smoke and can't get it I shall put it all down to you."

"I refuse to be intimidated," she said.

"I'm not intimidating you. I'm merely telling you what kind of a happy home you're going to have unless you give me back my cigarettes and allow me to give up smoking of my own free will and in my own way."

"Take your old cigarettes," she said; "I'm sure I don't want them. Only don't you ever talk to me again about the weakness of women."

"Francesca," I said, "you have done a noble action. Observe, I take one—only one—cigarette out of the box. I close the box and push it away, for I have done with it for ever. I now light the one cigarette—puff—puff—and there you are. I've given up smoking at last, and I've done it entirely for your sake—because you *did* want me to give it up, didn't you? You felt I was smoking too much, and you couldn't help trying to save me, could you? And now you've saved me."

At this moment tea was announced.

"Come on," said Francesca cheerfully, "let's go into the drawing-room and give up afternoon tea for ever and ever, absolutely and finally. It's all ready." R. C. L.

MAMMOTHS.

Up and down the high woods, up and down the low,
Must 'a' gone a-hunting morts of years ago;
When the beaver whistled, when the aurochs ran,
Must 'a' been a-hunting when the world began.

For I half remember (tusk on kingly tusk)
How I've seen the mammoths moving through the dusk,
Mammoths all a-marching, terrible to see,
Through an awful oak-wood glooming ghoulishly.

Shadows huge and hairy, as the day was done,
Somehow I remember, walking one by one,
Bulls grotesque and solemn pulling boughs in halves,
Running 'neath their mothers little idiot calves.

Lumping through the oak-swamp, vast and dim and grey,
I have watched the mammoths pass at dusk of day;
Through the quaking hollow, through the tree-trunks
stark,

Gleams of mighty ivory breaking up the dark.

That's the way I dream it, that's the way I know,
Must 'a' gone a-hunting years and years ago,
For I've seen the mammoths—'t isn't you that could—
Moving like cathedrals through a dreadful wood.

"Smoking room contains a vast number of trophies of the chase, including buffalo horns, cane furniture, card and occasional tables, rocking chair, arm chairs, carpet, rugs, skins, brass ornaments, hassocks, ferns and palms in tubs."—*Advt. in "East African Standard."*

Only yesterday we followed the spoor of a hassock for some miles over Hampstead Heath, but at Golder's Green the beast winded us, and we had to return with nothing but a couple of occasional tables in the bag.



THE RIFLE SUPERSEDED.

SIR,—Having read in a daily paper a statement to the effect that “Miss Emmy Destinn, the famous *prima donna*, conquered ten fierce lions with her voice at Babelsburg, near Berlin,” I beg to send you a sketch, done by a friend, of a somewhat similar incident which occurred to me on my recent concert tour in East Africa, when unexpectedly encountering a troop of lions. The music employed was a selection from STRAUSS, sung in rag-time. But for a slight cold which affected my low notes I am confident that I could have bagged the whole family.

Royal Opera House, Mombasa.

I am yours truly,

TONIO SPAGHETTI.

AN IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW.

THE advertisement manager of the influential journal requested the deputation of West End shopkeepers to be shown in.

They entered. They were dazzling in frock coats and tall hats, but a few of the younger bloods wore tweeds to show that they belonged to a new and more flexible generation.

“What can I do for you?” the manager asked.

“It’s like this,” said the spokesman. “It is now November. What we want is that the public mind should be imbued as early as possible with the idea of the approach of Christmas.”

“But surely we are all aware of that?”

“Yes, but I do not refer to Christmas purely as Christmas.”

“*Quid* Christmas,” put in one of the younger bloods who had been to a public school.

“Exactly,” said the spokesman a

little uncertainly. “Not Christmas purely as Christmas, but Christmas as a season for the exercise of unwonted generosity.”

“But that is the general conception of it,” said the manager, “is it not?”

“It may be, but we have reached a period in the world’s development when one cannot say a thing too often or too emphatically.”

“Yes,” said another of the younger bloods, “what we want is the importance of this Christmas generosity jolly well rubbed in, don’t you know?”

“Precisely,” said the spokesman. “Now, a series of articles and reminders from you would do wonders for us. A paragraph here, a column there, pointing out that present-giving is to be more than ever fashionable.”

“Yes,” said another of the tweed suits, “a list of nobbs seen yesterday in Bond Street and Piccadilly, don’t you know? A word as to what Lord Lumney is giving the Marchioness of Milkshire. And so on.”

“Because,” said a fourth, “there’s nothing that bucks up the ordinary ruck of people so much as knowing that they’re in a nutty movement. That’s what we want you to do. To keep on hammering away for the next few weeks at the Christmas-present rago. To make generosity the thing. Nothing more. It’s quite easy.”

“Will you?” asked the spokesman.

“It might be done,” said the manager, “as it’s not beyond the bounds of possibility. But what . . . ?”

“Our society has plenty of funds,” said the spokesman. “We wish to put the thing on a commercial basis.”

“Ah,” said the manager, “then I daresay something may be done. After all, it is a season of friendliness and good cheer, is it not? Liberality should be rampant then, if ever it is. Good afternoon; good afternoon. You will hear from me very shortly.”

So now, as this is a wholly impossible conversation, you will know what not to expect.

AT THE PLAY.

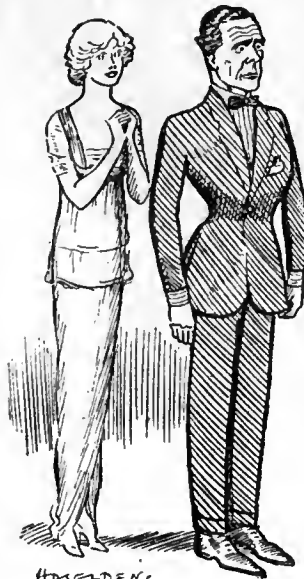
"THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA."

THE lady was both pursuer and pursued. The hero she was after (with an ingenuousness often found on the stage, and in this case said to be due to her upbringing in the back-blocks of America) was that pleasant waster, *Alan Greame*; the villain after her was her newly-acquired husband, *John Dodder*. *Pamela* had not met the elderly and repulsive *Dodder* for six years before their marriage, and she had become his wife simply to escape from the back-blocks. However, their wedded life was quite happy until five minutes after the ceremony; when, having presented her with a cheque-book, and told her that she had plenty of money of her own ("*Bridegroom to Bride—a cheque-book*"), *John Dodder* tried to kiss her. Indignantly *Pamela* jumped on her horse and rode away with the cheque-book. I suppose (though we are not told so definitely) she rode to the nearest bank, and I should much have liked to be present at the cashing of the ingenious *Pamela's* first cheque—"Pay Me £1,000"—by the even more ingenious bank manager. But no matter. The great thing was that she embarked with a suitable wardrobe for Honolulu, and on the boat met *Alan Greame*. Under the impression that she was a widow *Alan* made love to her, and under the impression that marriage ceremonies meant nothing (except perhaps cheque-books), *Pamela* made love to him. Of course, as soon as he heard of *John Dodder* he was all remorse; and in order not to compromise her—which was an expression *Pamela* did not understand—he escaped to Japan. *Pamela* followed. Again, in her ingenuousness, she offered herself to him; again, determined not to take advantage of it, he withstood her. They parted for ever; she shamed and angry, he miserable.

So far, excellent. The first two Acts make a delightful entertainment. Mr. C. B. FERNALD has provided *Greame* with an extraordinary number of good things to say, and no one can say them so effectively as Mr. DENNIS EADIE, no one respond to them so charmingly as Miss GLADYS COOPER. Mr. FERNALD is a man of wit; I take off my hat to him. But in the last two Acts he becomes more serious, and reluctantly I put my hat on again. (I hate writing in a hat.)

Act III. of this geographical play finds *Pamela* at Hong-Kong. She may as well go there as anywhere else—particularly as her visit serves to introduce us to a delightful Chinese

gentleman, Mr. AZOOMA SHEKO; but it is a shock to find that *Greame* is there too. You'll never guess why. He is starting on a Polar expedition; and in order to come on in this Act he starts from the port to which *Pamela* has fled. By this time he has thrown his morals overboard; and, when he accidentally comes across *Pamela*, he throws the expedition overboard too, and suggests that she should come to Italy with him. However, Mr. FERNALD will have to get Italy into some other play, for *Pamela* refuses. Poor dear, she only wanted a little persuasion, and I was longing to shout to *Alan*, "Pick her up in your arms, man, and carry



THE FAVOURITE "PURSUIT OF PAMELA."

Pamela (Miss GLADYS COOPER) to *Alan Greame* (Mr. DENNIS EADIE). "O, *Alan*, I do so feel like fishing."

her out." But the cold-blooded Pole explorer only stood and said sternly, "Once more, are you coming or are you not?" No wonder she hesitated. Even *John Dodder* could have wooed her better than that.

A poor Third Act; and the Fourth was as poor. It is three years later, and *Alan*, returning from the Polar Expedition where he had been "staggering along the sky-line with a comrade on his back" (these details never sound impressive in a theatre), is dying in Canada of inanition. His pulse is only sixty when it really ought to be seventy. (I need hardly say that I immediately got out my watch and, as well as I could in the dark, tried to time my own pulse, which, to my horror, seemed about fifty-five.) *Pamela*, now a widow (of course), follows him; and there is a long scene in which, standing behind his sick chair, she

pretends (with only an occasional disguise of voice) to be his new nurse. By-and-by she tells him who she is, and then he jumps up and embraces her. It is obvious that his pulse will now get back to seventy. . . and I am glad to say that, with the lights on, my own got back safely to seventy-two.

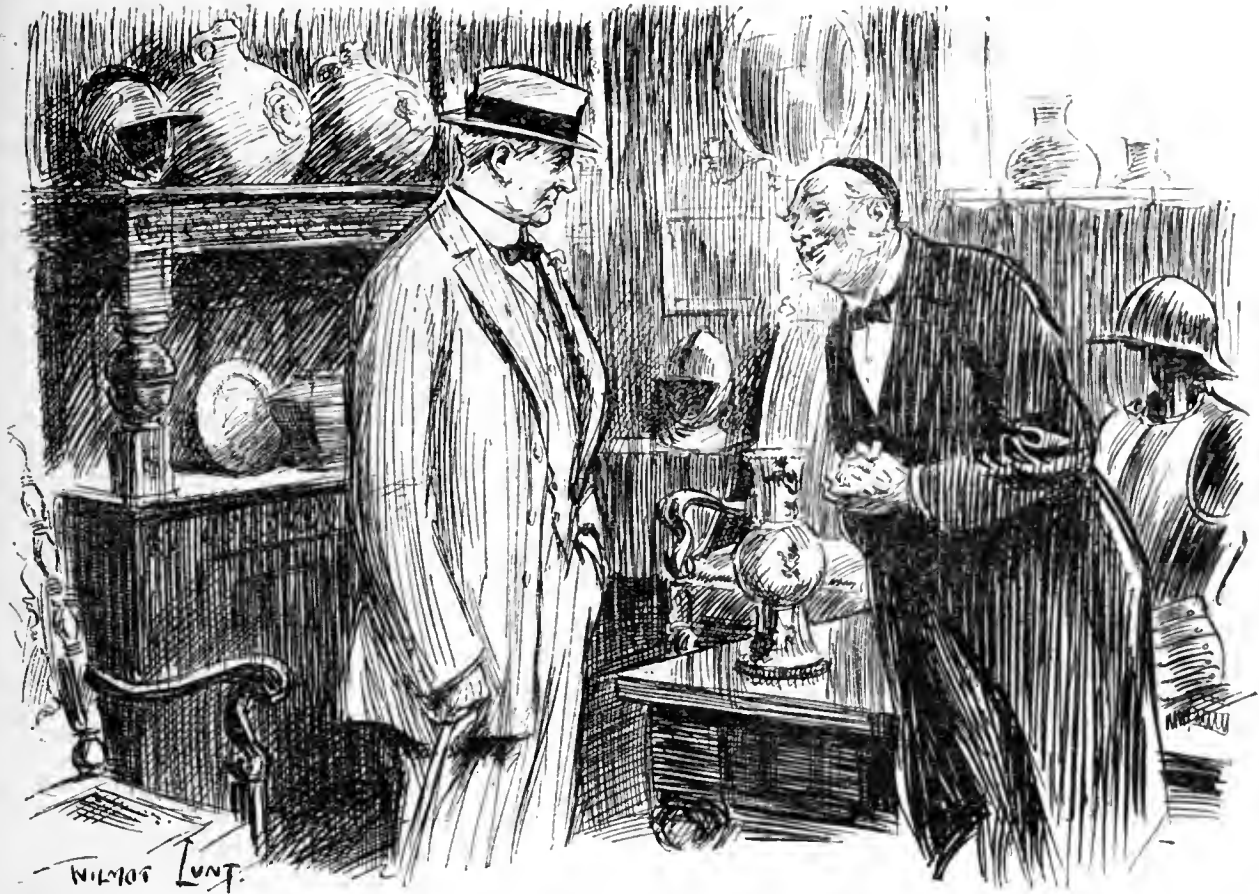
It is a pity that a play which began so well should have ended so badly. The acting is good. Mr. DENNIS EADIE does not make a passionate lover, but perhaps *Alan* could never have been that. In other respects he was excellent. Miss GLADYS COOPER surprised me; I had no idea that she could make such a true and pathetic figure of the Hong-Kong *Pamela*. She played beautifully throughout in a long and difficult part. I must say a word for Miss AYA YAMADA, a charming little Japanese actress with nothing to say and a most attractive way of not saying it. Not quite nothing, though, for she had learnt a little English in the last two Acts and could make it sound entirely delightful. Having my hat still on I take it off again to Miss GLADYS COOPER; and once more to Mr. FERNALD's wit. I hope that one day it may play round a scenario more worthy of it. M.

A TRIER.

I'm only five foot and a bit;
My name as a flapper was "Plumpie;"
And, between you and me, I admit
My shape's still a little bit stumpy;
But oh! I've a passion
For up-to-date fashion,
And such is my craving for "chic"
That I load up my figure
With all that's *de rigueur*
And pass in the crowd, with a kick.
My muff makes the other girls sulk,
It's almost as big as myself;
My furs are enormous in bulk,
They stand from my chest like a shelf;
But I leave them untied
For fear they should hide
My neck, in the lowest of V's,
Unveiled by a fichu,
And that's why (a-tishu)
I often give vent to a sneeze.
My hat covers most of my face,
I only see out of one eye;
My stockings are gossamer lace,
My heels are prodigiously high;
My skirt clings and tapers,
Prohibiting capers
In spite of the orthodox slit;
In short, from shoe leather,
To top-gallant feather,
I'm doing my best to be It.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Her breadth of mind, was masculine in its depth."—*T. P.'s Weekly*.



Customer (after completing purchase). "BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU GOT A TIME-TABLE I COULD LOOK AT?"
 Antique Dealer (with air of gentle reluke). "NOT A MODERN ONE, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

THERE is a "reading without tears," but it is not the reading of this book, *Scott's Last Expedition*, published in two volumes by SMITH, ELDER. The first volume gives us the journals of Captain SCOTT; the second, the reports of the journeys of other members of the Expedition. There is courage and strength and loyalty and love shining out of the second volume no less than out of the first; there were gallant gentlemen who lived as well as gallant gentlemen who died; but it is the story of SCOTT, told by himself, which will give the book a place among the great books of the world. That story begins in November, 1910, and ends on March 29, 1912; and it is because, when you come to the end, you will have lived with SCOTT for sixteen months, that you will not be able to read the last pages without tears. That Message to the Public was heart-rending enough when it first came to us, but it was as the story of how a great hero fell that we read it; now it is just the tale of how a dear friend died. To have read this book is to have known SCOTT; and, if I were asked to describe him, I think I should use some such words as those which, six months before he died, he used of the gallant gentleman who went with him, "BILL" WILSON. "Words must always fail me when I talk of him," he wrote; "I believe he really is the finest character I ever met—the closer one gets to him the more there is to admire. Every quality is so solid and dependable. Whatever the matter, one knows Bill will be sound, shrewdly practical,

intensely loyal, and quite unselfish." That is true of WILSON, if SCOTT says so, for he knew men; but most of it is also true of SCOTT himself. I have never met a more beautiful character than that which is revealed unconsciously in these journals. His humanity, his courage, his faith, his steadfastness, above all, his simplicity, mark him as a man among men. It is because of his simplicity that his last message, the last entries in his diary, his last letters, are of such undying beauty. The letter of consolation (and almost of apology) which, on the verge of death, he wrote to Mrs. WILSON, wife of the man dying at his side, may well be SCOTT'S monument. He could have no finer. And he has raised a monument to those other gallant gentlemen who died—WILSON, OATES, BOWERS, EVANS. They are all drawn for us clearly by him in these pages; they stand out unmistakably. They too come to be friends of ours, their death is as noble and as heart-breaking. And there were gallant gentlemen, I said, who lived—you may read amazing stories of them. Indeed, it is a wonderful tale of manliness that these two volumes tell us. I put them down now; but I have been for a few days in the company of the brave . . . and every hour with them has made me more proud for those who died and more humble for myself.

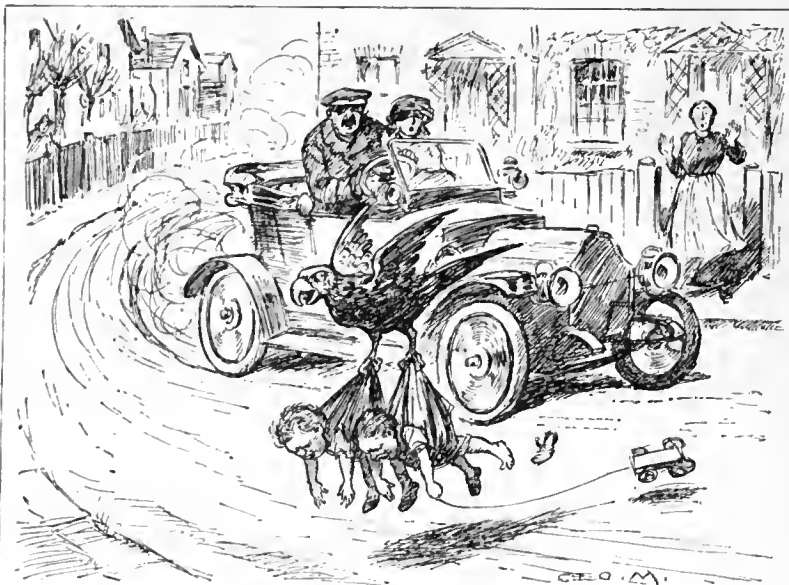
Few readers of *Punch* should at this date require an introduction to Mr. ANTHONY DEANE, but if such there be I have here a volume of little papers brought together under the title of *In My Study* (NISBET) that will furnish them with an excellent occasion for making his acquaintance.

Those especially who like to see what a genial and cultivated writer can make of a great variety of subjects will enjoy these scholarly trifles. It was, I think, another kind of dean to whom our school books always used to refer as the "Witty Divine." At his best, this DEANE is certainly well worthy of the epithet, though his wit is perhaps more gentle than pungent—as indeed befits papers reprinted from *The Treasury*. He has the eye of the expert for unconscious humour in others; though I am not quite sure that I believe in the delicious quotation that he gives from a hand-book to oratory, which, by the omission of brackets enclosing the last three words, was made to read: "Sir,—Having been a lifelong Conservative or Liberal, according to circumstances." I am afraid that this sounds almost too fortunate to be true. It is in a paper called "At a Railway Bookstall"; and I can imagine few more suitable volumes to pick up there than this—the chapters are so short that you could master one entire before the attendant began to look inhospitable. Or for five shillings you could secure the chatty and entertaining company of Mr. DEANE for the length of your journey. It would be money well laid out. Not for nothing is the paper wrapper of the book decorated with a picture of an elderly gentleman in wig and ruffles; the eighteenth-century flavour which should pertain to every good essay is very tastable in these pleasant compositions and the personality that they reveal.

In rare access of lucidity and forcefulness, GEORGE III. summed up in a sentence the character of his long-time favourite (because always obsequious) Minister, Lord NORTH. "He is," said his Majesty, "a man composed entirely of negative qualities, actuated in every instance by a desire of present ease at the risk of future difficulty." Mr. REGINALD LUCAS, capping the King, includes him in an antithetical portrait. "The King," he writes, "is like a conscientious watch-dog, courageous, ready to resent any sign of insult. NORTH may be compared to a peaceful well-disposed wether goaded into a reluctant ineffective attitude of self-defence." These shrewd appreciations so accurately and fully describe the personages named that his two portly volumes—*Lord North, 1732-1792*—just published by ARTHUR HUMPHREYS, seem almost superfluous. Nevertheless the reader endowed with leisure will find himself well rewarded by devoting it to a close study of them. Steeped in knowledge of the Georgian epoch, Mr. LUCAS has produced a work that will have permanent value among English histories. If a fault may be hinted at, it is that so full is his wallet of biographical and critical scraps that he is inclined to be too generous in distributing them.

Having read every page of both volumes, there remains in my mind marvel at the innate vitality of a nation that could survive nearly sixty years of the reign of GEORGE III.,

with intervals of the Regency of GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES, a dozen years of the Premiership of Lord NORTH, with the Marquis of BUTE, Lord ROCKINGHAM, Lord GRENVILLE, and the Duke of GRAFTON successively in high places. The period covered by the Ministry of Lord NORTH was perhaps the most disastrous in the history of "this Realm, this England." The American Colonies had been stupidly driven into rebellion. With a mutinous army, a leaking fleet kept manned by the agency of the press-gang, a starving population breaking out in riot, England was, at the same time, at war with France and Spain. For its guidance the country needed a man like PITT; the KING imposed upon it Lord NORTH. In place of an eagle fluttered a pigeon. The only excuse for NORTH was that he never sought the post thrust upon him and was always whining confessions of his hopeless incapacity to fulfil its duties. That is an explanation that can scarcely be accepted as a justification. Mr. LUCAS's volumes are illustrated with reproductions of historical portraits of men who played a part in this sad eighteenth-century drama. Amongst them is one of JOHN WILKES, painted by JOHN PINE. The memory of WILKES is partly kept green by the fame of exceptional ugliness. He is here presented as a bright-faced, intellectual, almost handsome man.



"PARROT SAVES FAMILY."

THE MAN WHO DERIVES HIS NEWS SOLELY FROM THE CONTENTS BILLS MAY NOT ALWAYS GET AT THE FACTS, BUT HE RECEIVES A STIMULUS TO HIS IMAGINATION.

almost wish that Polly had survived the wedding ceremony and lived for many years afterwards in order to prove to this impersonal and short-sighted enthusiast, and to others of his way of thinking (including possibly Mr. ALGERNON GISSING), how much the commonsense of ordinary selfishness is to be preferred to the folly of dispassionate altruism in such a case. There were four people involved in *A Dinner of Herbs* (F. V. WHITE): Daniel, Polly, Weston, her seducer, and Agatha, the beloved of Daniel. Upon Number One discovering the plight of Number Two it was clearly desirable, as a first step at any rate, for him to question Number Three, with a horsewhip if necessary, as to his intentions before undertaking the burden of his sins and giving the go-by to Number Four. Weston's subsequent conduct shows that pressure would probably have induced him to do the proper thing; and you may be sure that Polly would have been happier with a brute, who had at least wronged her at the instance of a passion for herself, than as the life-long wife of a cold-blooded hero who married her only from a sense of duty to human kind. However, by the intervention of Providence and the local sergeant of police, all ended as it should; and here is an honest and happy tale of village life.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HARRY LAUDER is to receive from a Glasgow music-hall a salary of £1,125 a week. We shall not be surprised if this leads to an agitation among the admirers of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in favour of his stipend being raised to enable the CHANCELLOR to resist a temptation which must be very appealing to a comparatively poor man.

Said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Middlesbrough, "I am confining myself to the land." We must be thankful for small mercies. Fortunately Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL won't let him have the sea.

A thoughtful person, a great admirer of Lord CREWE, writes to suggest that Mr. CHURCHILL was guilty of a grave error in allowing *The Empress of India* to be shot at and destroyed the other day. The effect of this in our great Eastern dependency will, he declares, be deplorable.

MR. ALAN OSTLER has been trying to discover the source whence the MAD MULLAH obtains his arms. Some, he finds, are taken from the friendly tribes who are supplied by us with rifles. As tax-payers we would suggest that in future the War Office should place on each of these a distinctly-printed label "NOT TO BE TAKEN."

Now that a precedent has been made, it is anticipated that many London boroughs will in the future choose men of colour for their Mayors, seeing that they show the dirt so far less than the white kind—which is quite a consideration in a city like ours.

Reading that Mr. ALFRED BUTT had last week "agreed to release Mlle. GABY DESLYS" so that she could sail for America, a dear old lady remarked that she had no idea that the impudent little baggage had been sent to prison, and she hoped it would be a lesson to her.

Those who know their modern young

man are prophesying that the reign of the Tango will be extraordinarily short, for it is being discovered that this dance is not necessarily improper.

There is evidently still a considerable amount of ignorance in the minds of most persons as to the correct form of Tango. A friend of ours who, though

Reports as to recruiting continue to be disappointing, and the London General Omnibus Company is still searching for a satisfactory life-guard.

There is no pleasing some people. A dignified old gentleman of our acquaintance collided with a tram-car the other day, and was thrown off by its cow-catcher. He flew into a temper, and declared that he would far rather have been run over than chucked aside like a piece of dirt.

An account, in *The Buckingham Express*, of a football match winds up with the following words:—"The goal-keeper stood in commanding attitude in the centre of the goal as if he was Julius Cæsar, when that famous Roman commanded the waves to fall back. That kind of business didn't stop the ball, though." Even the ball knew better.

Criticism of our music-halls shows no signs of abating. A contemporary has now taken exception to a parade of corset models which is a feature of one of them. If this parade is anything like an illustrated advertisement of ladies' underclothing published by our contemporary in the same issue as the complaint, it certainly ought to be stopped.

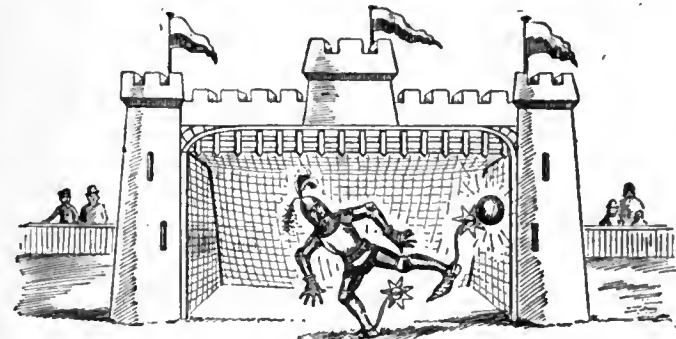
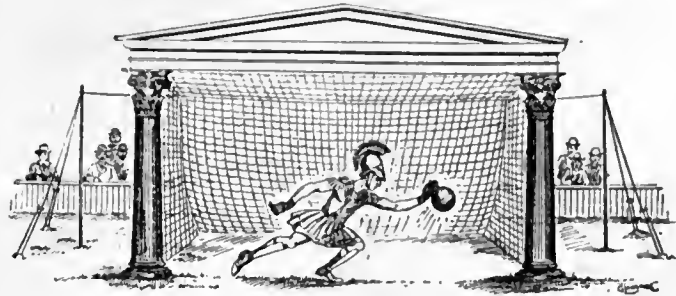
It has been suggested that, with a view to the relief of traffic congestion in London, slow and heavy vehicles should be allowed in the streets at night only. After all, persons living on the main thoroughfares could, we suppose, if necessary, go to bed during the daytime instead of at night.

Among recent arrivals at the Zoo there is, if you please, a "Lion-faced Ape." Up to the present the news has been kept from the lions, as they are so touchy.

"Asked if he would not do a lot to alter people's minds, the Chancellor said: 'Not as long as these people are going on like this.'" *Standard.*
Anyhow, he had better leave it to his friends the doctors.

TO BRIGHTEN FOOTBALL.

(Appropriate designs for goal and costume of goal-keeper.)



he had had no time to take lessons in the new dance, yet liked to be in the movement, went through his callisthenic exercises in the ball-room, the other evening, with the greatest success.

"GREEN-ROOM GOSSIP.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CIRCUS;
MR. SHAW'S NEW PLAYS."

Daily Express.

It started, of course, with *Androcles and the Lion*, but it seems rather a pity for Mr. SHAW to be carrying the menagerie idea still further.

"THE LOVE LETTERS OF A DUCHESS."

AMAZING SELF-REVELATIONS.

By the courtesy of the Editor of *The English Review* we are enabled to present our readers with a few choice extracts from the next instalment of the Love Letters of the Duchess of Bilgewater now appearing in that fearless and exuberant periodical. It is the boast of the Editor that every article in his *Review* is true to its name—that it makes the reader "tingle with ecstatic spirituality." How nobly he fulfils this vaunt may be gathered from the subjoined extracts. We would gladly quote the entire instalment, did not the laws of copyright forbid. It should be explained that the Duchess of Bilgewater is the *nom de guerre* of a beautiful lady who has recently been sojourning in Egypt with her husband, and that the letters are addressed to a famous politician, detained in London by his Parliamentary duties, whose arrival she is shortly expecting.

XXI.

"I am sitting, Beloved, in the pergola of the Pandemonium Hotel in my thinnest X-ray nainsook clothes, writing in our love book for you, gazing on the Pyramid of CHEOPS, the poinsettias and the bougainvilleas, while you, poor dearest, are toiling for your Party at by-elections, growing more grey and haggard with each speech. . . . Sometimes you assume an entirely boyish aspect, but when you are tired your face becomes strangely dimmed, and your raven hair seems silvered all over instead of only faintly touched with grey—a touch that perhaps contributes to the extreme distinction of your appearance and enhances your resemblance to GEORGE ALEXANDER. . . . But, to return to flowers, the *Lilium auratum* is to me the most enthralling of all things that grow. Its scent is the most passionate thing I know, except the curve of your lips and your proud petulant nostrils. (You must come!)"

XXVII.

"HICHENS—you remember our going to see his *Bella Donna* together—is an impostor. He says that the Sphinx does not care. It is a base and horrible blasphemy. She cares deeply and tremendously for you and me. She has told me so, in a low muffled hieratic whisper, and she is waiting in a tense expectancy for your arrival on these immemorial shores, to crown you Dictator of the Delta, Sovereign of the Sudan, and Archimandrite of Abyssinia. I am wearing my bluest tea-gown, dearest. . . ."

XXXIV.

"O mate of my heart, master of my medulla, captain of my cerebellum, I cannot live without you. Why did you let me go? . . . You must come; you must come; you must come; you must come. How I thank dear FILSON YOUNG for teaching me the true use of italics! They are the only real intensifiers of emotion, the sparking plugs of passion, the accelerators of the human combustion engine! You! You!"

XLI.

"Before you go, we must be in Cairo together. You must see the Pyramids by day and the Sphinx by moonlight, or perhaps I should say, the Minx by spoon-light, for I shall be with you. And we will take twin donkeys that will never want to leave each other's side, not twin screws, but real wild asses of the desert, with twin donkey-boys, little brown Bedouins, and we'll picnic on *caviare* and *crème de Menthe* and recite MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "My-cerinus" in alternate lines to an accompaniment of twin tom-toms. Beloved, we will! . . ."

LII.

"There are so many fascinating places to visit—Karnak and Luxor and Port Said. One day we will bathe in the Suez Canal, and another day we will motor to the Tombs of the Queens. We will take no dragoman, for I know it all by heart—AMENHOTEP and SETI and the Tarbooshes and the Khourbashes and the dahabeeyahs and the shadoofs and the scarabs and the Arabs. I will introduce you to them all, and I shall say to them in the lovely words of the Etruscan Phuphluns, 'Ulat tanalarezul, amavakar, lauten weltbeinasse, sthlaftanas slelethearriu!'"

LVI.

"Last night I dreamed of you; my Adered One, my soul's core, my Ikon! We were on horseback together, riding, ever riding! Suddenly you leaned over towards me and kissed my tall hat. How I shall love my hat after this!"

LXI.

"There are still, Beloved, all the Theban temples which I have not yet mentioned, but which you will find in *Baedeker*. These, too, we will visit, O Chauffeur of my Soul, and meditate hand in hand upon holocausts of imperial passions, whose most appalling ebullitions are as naught when compared to the volcanic and demoniac *terribilità* of my Love for You, you Gorgeous and Gargantuan Idol. Even my husband likes you, though you two have not a thing in common; the

children love you, though you hate children like black-beetles; and the servants adore you in spite of the unusual trouble you give. And I am sure your valet worships you idolatrously—indeed I am furiously jealous of Louis. Oh to be your doormat, your pen-wiper, even your door-scraper or your hat-brush, you magnificent, Mephistophelean, marmoreal monster, you perfect and impenetrable Pipsqueak!"

LXXXIII.

"You are coming! You darling! You are actually coming. Yes! It's true! Coming! You! You! YOU! Everything has become gay. All the stars are singing, just as they do at music-halls. I am trembling like a blanemange. I sing a *Te Deum* day and night. It is an excerpt from a passionate Italic opera and goes like this: *You are coming! You have bought your ticket, my beloved. You have engaged a state-room. You will be sea-sick, but you don't care. You are coming nearer and nearer to Egypt every day. I wait for you here, I, queen of women, because you are my king. The moon is my cream cheese because you love me. The sun is my glow-worm. The earth is my football!*

"There, that's my *Te Deum*. I sing it all day and all night, and George is furious about it. But how can I help it? You! You!"

The Larkin Ascending.

(Sung, to a Birrell-lirrel accompaniment, by a peaceful picketer, in praise of the hero of the Dublin strike.)

"Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall . . .
We want the key of his wild note . . .
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns,
The voice of one for millions."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

From a letter in *The Daily Sketch*:

"Your correspondent who likens a man to a super-monkey, and impugns his morality, seems to be ignorant that the greatest anatomists and physiologists are unanimous in opinion that woman is less evolved from the monkey woman must be the better evolved from the monkey woman must be the better ape."

At one time we quite thought the writer was going to say something rude about women, but the danger passed away.

"Perhaps that which calls for most comment is the short travelling coat of fawn corduroy, worn with a loose belt of the same material and cut with long narrow labels." *Paris Fashions.*

The labels would, of course, be very useful on a travelling coat.



THE BRONCHO-BUSTER.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON. "I WONDER WHAT I DO NEXT."





WHY SHOULD NOT ACTORS, IN THE SIRESS OF MODELN COMPETITION, DO THEIR OWN ADVERTISING?

THE PROTAGONISTS IN *PHARAOH AND HIS COURT* MIGHT STROLL THE WEST-END WITH THE NOW POPULAR ADVERTISEMENT-UMBRELLA.

WHILE LESSER MEMBERS OF THE CAST, WITH THE TITLE OF THE PLAY PAINTED ON A PROMINENT PART OF THE PERSON, MIGHT BE TRAINED TO CREATE A "BLOCK" AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND OTHER FAVOURABLE CENTRES.

A NIGHTMARE OF THE UNDERGROUND.

I DREAMED a dreadful dream the other night;
I dreamed that I was on the Underground—
One of those mornings when you have to bite
The fog, not bolt it; horror grew around
Such as in marshy places men have found
Or Amazonian forests thick with vapours,
Where no fires gleam, but only wandering tapirs.

Glow'ring we sat. But oh, not all of us;
The gangways and the platforms at the ends
Were filled with careworn spirits dolorous
Striving to find the halter that suspends,
Who bat-like seized the shoulders of their friends,
Staggered and reeled in Dionysic poses,
Lit the wrong pipes and tended alien noses.

And many asked, when they beheld that rout,
What, in the name of Styx's ninefold rings,
The Company's directors were about
Not to foresee so blank a state of things,
And when the Lord of Darkness stretched his wings,
Why, for his sake, they did not put more blooming
Carriages on. Yes, most of us were fuming.

But I, I had a seat. Till suddenly
I saw an old man silver-haired and frail;
Not fit to take the tango's steps was he,
Much less to ride on that tempestuous rail.
Like a blown leaf he was, worn thin and pale,
For which the winds of Autumn chafe and chaffer,
So I politely rose and said, "Old gaffer,

Here, take my seat." I felt a kindly glow
Suffuse my cheek, I felt my conscience warmed
By service to his venerable woe;
Like a boy-scout, his day's good deed performed,
I turned to join the shades that shrieked and
swarmed,
While he, the old man, like a gale-tossed petal
Squatted with grateful words upon my settle.
So far so good. But later, when in pain,
Hurled to the door, escheated of my strap,
I saw that antique buffer disentrain,
The guard saluted him; he touched his cap.
"Who's that?" I asked him. "Who is that old
chap?"
"One of the Board," he said. . . . I howled with
sorrow—
And woke, perspiring, to the mist-veiled morrow.
EVOE.

Our readers may remember that we called attention a little while ago to the alleged visit of Aviator DANCOURT and Passenger ROUX to Belfast on their way from Paris to Cairo. *The Cork Constitution*, in announcing their arrival at Bukharest, heads its paragraph "CAPE TO CAIRO FLIGHT." Aviator DANCOURT's generosity in showing Passenger ROUX all these interesting towns not strictly on the line of flight cannot be too highly praised.

"IMITATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.—By William Wordsworth."
Times Literary Supplement.
So far WORDSWORTH'S imitation of it looks almost like the real thing.

THE "S.P.H.G."

EVERY sincere and conscientious attempt to increase the gaiety of nations must merit the respect that all genuine philanthropic effort evokes. The man who can make two smiles grow where one grew before is rightly entitled to be regarded as a public benefactor, and to label my cousin George Biffin a drone, simply because he is under no necessity to work for a living, would be as unjust as it is obviously discourteous. It may, indeed, be safely asserted that in the course of a brief and apparently otiose existence Cousin George has done more than most of his contemporaries to augment the sum of human happiness. As the result of his persistent labours, light and laughter have invaded many of the earth's darkest and most desolate places, while innumerable lost and broken souls have found fresh comfort and courage in the contemplation of his facetious activities.

It is now some ten years since George was inspired with the brilliant notion of forming what he called a Society for the Promotion of Human Gaiety, and it would be no idle boast to claim that during the whole of this happy decade the Society has fully earned the title so felicitously conferred upon it by my cousin at its inception. Like all successful institutions the S.P.H.G. (to give it its popular name) is controlled by a small and select committee, of which I am the Managing Secretary, while my cousin is the Vice-President, and to his aged mother have been entrusted the duties of Honorary Treasurer. The fact that Mrs. Biffin is partially blind and completely bedridden detracts but little from her capacity to fulfil the delicate financial functions associated with her office, since, although she is not too blind to sign cheques, she is sufficiently bedridden to be unable to spring across to the bank and stop their payment; her physical disabilities therefore qualify her in a peculiar degree for the important post to which she is annually and unanimously re-elected.

It is not necessary to explain that the by-laws and regulations of the Society are all framed with one object, namely to stimulate healthy human laughter by any innocent means that

may occur to individual tastes. The cruel hoax is taboo, and the vulgar practical joke is actively discouraged. Any member, for instance, who balances a wet sponge above his hostess's bedroom door, lines an uncle's hat with mustard, or gratuitously rings a fire alarm, is at once requested to resign. But almost every decent practical joke of any importance and originality successfully perpetrated during the last few years has been planned at the headquarters and carried out under the auspices of the S.P.H.G.

the space that separated us diminished. We could see our victim vainly racking his brains to try to remember who on earth the strange couple could be who seemed to know him so well, whom he did not recollect ever having previously laid eyes on. He must finally have come to the conclusion that he had probably made our acquaintance on board ship or in some Swiss hotel, and that his memory had played him false, for by the time he was within ten yards of us he had made up his mind to do what was apparently expected of him, and his face lit up with a polite but somewhat nervous grin of recognition.

This was, of course, the signal for George and me to assume a look of frigid hostility, and, glaring ferociously at the unfortunate man, as though indignant at his impertinence, we passed him coldly by. It was pathetic to watch our victim's genial smile freeze upon his lips; and, when he looked round and saw us smiling at someone further up the street, he seemed inclined to kick himself with annoyance.

George and I repeated this process with different strangers until we reached Trafalgar Square, buoyed up the while with the consciousness that we were supplying our various victims with stories to tell to their wives when they reached home, and thus infusing gaiety and colour into many an otherwise drab and dreary household.

A strong gale was blowing round the base of Nelson's Column, and, as we stationed ourselves at the breeziest corner of the plinth, my

cousin and I foresaw that we should not have long to wait before carrying out the second part of our morning's programme. In less than ten minutes a particularly violent gust of wind swept down the square and, as we had hoped, lifted the hat from an old gentleman's head and bore it gracefully away towards Charing Cross. Before its owner had time to start in pursuit I was at his elbow and had placed a delaying hand upon his shoulder.

"What is it?" he inquired pettishly, while the truant hat careered madly across the path of approaching omnibuses.

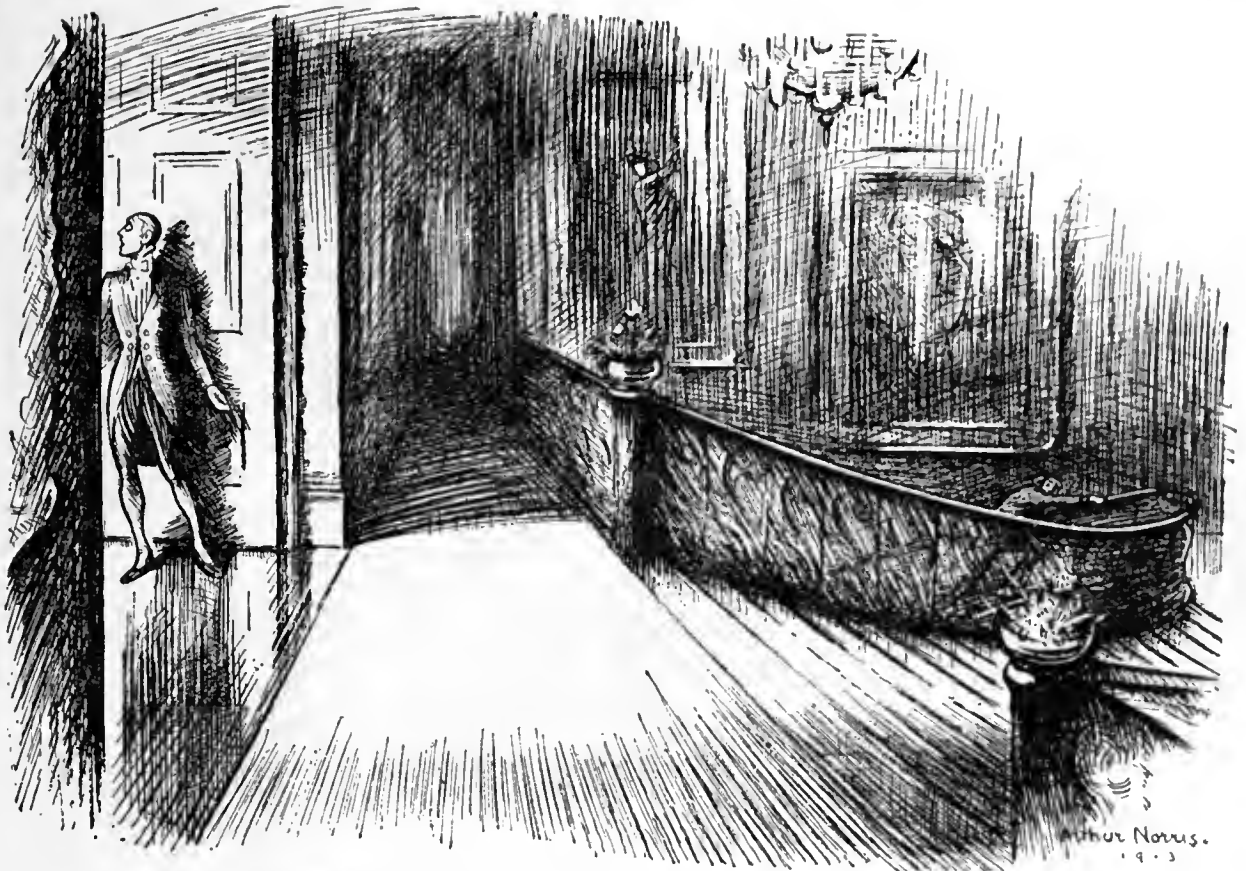
"Excuse me," I remarked politely, "but I thought I ought to tell you. Your hat has blown off."



KEEN MOTORIST, TAKING HORSEBACK EXERCISE BY DOCTOR'S ORDERS, HAS MOMENTARY RELAPSE WHILE TRYING TO STEER ROUND CORNER.

George and I have always regarded publicity as an essential concomitant of success, and in the crowded street we find the most suitable arena for the display of those mirth-provoking qualities which it is ever our ambition to cultivate and develop. It has long been our custom to devote one whole day of every week to the claims of the Society, and on Monday morning last, when my cousin called for me at my club and we set off together down Pall Mall, I was in the proper frame of mind to carry out the harmless project that we had already carefully discussed.

Selecting the first innocent stranger whom we observed approaching in the distance, we fixed him with a radiant smile, which increased in cordiality as



Agile Footman (candidate for Olympic sprinting honours). "MR. JENKINS, M'LADY."

With a muttered oath the old gentleman shook me off, and was once more about to dart away in pursuit of his headgear when George stepped suddenly in front of him.

"What do you want?" roared the old gentleman, by this time completely upset.

"I beg your pardon," said George in his suavest tones. "I trust you will forgive me for mentioning it, but I felt you would like to be told. The fact is, Sir, your—your hat has blown off."

At this moment a gallant policeman, risking his life in a worthy cause, succeeded in disentangling the elusive topper from the mudguard of a National Steam Car, and bore it towards us in a much battered but not irreparable condition; and if you could have seen the tears of joy that filled the eyes of hardened bus-conductors, the smiles that illumined the faces of weary bank-clerks on their way to work, as they listened to our old gentleman's views on the folly of well-meaning officiousness, you would have realised that our efforts had not been vain, and that many a human being that day had good cause to bless the ceaseless activities of the Society for the Promotion of Human Gaiety.

THE TERROR.

The Swankington Estate to Mr. John Smith.

Swankington Estate Office.

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of his Grace the Duke of Swankington we beg to remind you that the lease under the terms of which you occupy premises in Swank Street, W., granted by us twenty-one years ago, will expire on September 29th next, and we have to state that we shall be happy to renew it on the following very reasonable terms, viz.:

The rent to be increased by £1,200 per annum.

As you are aware, the value of the premises has greatly appreciated since your occupancy. The now stone face which you have added is an improvement which alone justifies us in asking this small additional sum in rent. Your installation of a modernised electric lighting system has also added so much to the value of the premises that we are not satisfied that we are doing ourselves justice in the matter. Still, as you are an old tenant, we should wish to treat you as generously as possible.

Yours faithfully,

THE SWANKINGTON ESTATE OFFICE.

Mr. John Smith to the Swankington Estate Office.

DEAR SIRS,—I have received your letter and I'm going to tell LLOYD GEORGE. Yours faithfully,

J. SMITH.

Telegram to "Smith, Swank Street, W."

Do nothing till you receive our letter.—SWANKINGTON ESTATE OFFICE.

The Swankington Estate Office to Mr. John Smith.

SIR,—We beg respectfully to acknowledge your letter, and sincerely apologise to you if anything we said therein gave you cause for anxiety. Having carefully reconsidered your case, we have decided not only to remit the proposed increase but to reduce your rent by one-half. Hoping to learn that you are not proceeding to take the extreme step indicated in your letter, we beg to remain, Sir, Yours respectfully,

THE SWANKINGTON ESTATE OFFICE.

"An unpaced cycle ride of 27 miles 355 yards is the wonderful performance accomplished by M. Berthet at Paris recently."

Times of Ceylon.

This is nothing. We once rode by ourselves from London to Brighton, a distance of more than fifty miles.

A BREATH OF LIFE.

THIS is the story of a comedy which nearly became a tragedy. In its way it is rather a pathetic story.

The comedy was called *The Wooing of Winifred*. It was written by an author whose name I forget; produced by the well-known and (as his press-agent has often told us) popular actor-manager, Mr. Levinski; and played by (among others) that very charming young man, Prosper Vane—known locally as Alfred Briggs until he took to the stage. Prosper played the young hero, *Dick Seaton*, who was actually wooing *Winifred*. Mr. Levinski himself took the part of a middle-aged man of the world with a slight *emboupoint*; down in the programme as *Sir Geoffrey Throssell*, but fortunately still Mr. Levinski. His opening words, as he came on, were, "Ah, Dick, I have a note for you somewhere," which gave the audience an interval in which to welcome him, while he felt in all his pockets for the letter. One can how quite easily while feeling in one's pockets, and it is much more natural than stopping in the middle of an important speech in order to acknowledge any cheers. The realisation of this, by a dramatist, is what is called "stagecraft." In this case the audience could tell at once that the "technique" of the author (whose name unfortunately I forget) was going to be all right.

But perhaps I had better describe the whole play as shortly as possible. The theme—as one guessed from the title, even before the curtain rose—was the wooing of *Winifred*. In the First Act *Dick* proposed to *Winifred* and was refused by her, not from lack of love, but for fear lest she might spoil his career, he being one of those big-hearted men with a hip-pocket to whom the open spaces of the world call loudly; whereupon Mr. Levinski took *Winifred* on one side and told the audience how, when he had been a young man, some good woman had refused him for a similar reason and had been miserable ever since. Accordingly in the Second Act *Winifred* withdrew her refusal and offered to marry *Dick*, who declined to take advantage of her offer for fear that she was willing to marry him from pity rather than from love; whereupon Mr. Levinski took *Dick* on one side and told the audience how, when he had been a young man, he had refused to marry some good woman (a different one) for a similar reason, and had been broken-hearted ever afterwards. In the Third Act it really seemed as though they were coming together at last; for at the beginning of it

Mr. Levinski took them both aside and told the audience a parable about a butterfly and a snap-dragon, which was both pretty and helpful, and caused several middle-aged ladies in the first and second rows of the upper circle to say, "What a nice man Mr. Levinski must be at home, dear!"—the purport of the allegory being to show that both *Dick* and *Winifred* were being very silly, as indeed by this time everybody but the author was aware. Unfortunately at that moment a footman entered with a telegram for *Miss Winifred*, which announced that she had been left fifty thousand pounds by a dead uncle in Australia; and, although Mr. Levinski seized this fresh opportunity to tell the audience how in similar circumstances *Pride*, to his lasting remorse, had kept *him* and some good woman (a third one) apart, nevertheless *Dick* held back once more, for fear lest he should be thought to be marrying her for her money. The curtain comes down as he says, "Good bye . . . Good ber—eye." But there is a Fourth Act, and in the Fourth Act Mr. Levinski has a splendid time. He tells the audience two parables—one about a dahlia and a sheep, which I couldn't quite follow—and three reminiscences of life in India; he brings together finally and for ever these hesitating lovers; and, best of all, he has a magnificent love-scene of his own with a pretty widow, in which we see, for the first time in the play, how love should really be made—not boy-and-girl pretty-pretty love, but the deep emotion felt (and with occasional lapses of memory explained) by a middle-aged man with a slight *emboupoint* who has knocked about the world a bit and knows life. Mr. Levinski, I need not say, was at his best in this Act.

* * * * *

I met Prosper Vane at the club some ten days before the first night, and asked him how rehearsals were going.

"Oh, all right," he said. "But it's a rotten play. I've got such a dashed silly part."

"From what you told me," I said, "it sounded rather good."

"It's so dashed unnatural. For three whole Acts this girl and I are in love with each other, and we know we're in love with each other, and yet we simply fool about. She's a dashed pretty girl, too, my boy. In real life I'd jolly soon—"

"My dear Alfred," I protested, "you're not going to fall in love with the girl you have to fall in love with on the stage? I thought actors never did that."

"They do sometimes; it's a dashed

good advertisement. Anyway, it's a silly part, and I'm fed up with it."

"Yes, but do be reasonable. If *Dick* got engaged at once to *Winifred* what would happen to Levinski? He'd have nothing to do."

Prosper Vane grunted. As he seemed disinclined for further conversation I left him.

* * * * *

The opening night came, and the usual distinguished and fashionable audience (including myself), such as habitually attends Mr. Levinski's first nights, settled down to enjoy itself. Two Acts went well. At the end of each Mr. Levinski came before the curtain and bowed to us, and we had the honour of clapping him loud and long. Then the Third Act began. . . .

Now this is how the Third Act ends—
Exit Sir Geoffrey.

Winifred (breaking the silence). Dick, you heard what he said. Don't let this silly money come between us. I have told you I love you, dear. Won't you—won't you speak to me?

Dick. Winifred, I— (*He gets up and walks round the room, his brow knotted, his right fist occasionally striking his left palm. Finally he comes to a stand in front of her.*) Winifred, I— (*He raises his arms slowly at right angles to his body and lets them fall heavily down again.*) I can't. (*In a low hoarse voice*) I—can't! (*He stands for a moment with bent head; then with a jerk he pulls himself together.*) Good-bye! (*His hands go out to her, but he draws them back as if frightened to touch her.*) Nobly Good ber-eye.

[*He squares his shoulders and stands, looking at the audience with his chin in the air; then with a shrug of utter despair, which would bring tears into the eyes of any young thing in the pit, he turns and with bent head walks slowly out.*

CURTAIN.

That is how the Third Act ends. I went to the dress rehearsal, and so I know.

How the accident happened I do not know. I suppose Prosper was nervous; I am sure he was very much in love. Anyhow, this is how, on that famous first-night, the Third Act ended:—

Exit Sir Geoffrey.

Winifred (breaking the silence). Dick, you heard what he said. Don't let this silly money come between us. I have told you I love you, dear. Won't you—won't you speak to me?

Dick (jumping up). Winifred I— (*with a great gulp*) I LOVE YOU!!!

Whereupon he picked her up in his arms and carried her triumphantly off



THE FASHIONABLE AGE TO MARRY.

IT IS WITH PLEASURE THAT WE ARE ABLE TO RECORD THE CULMINATION OF A TENDER ROMANCE IN THE MARRIAGE, LAST WEEK, OF OUR DEPUTY SUB-ASSISTANT INK-MIXER (PENSIONER) TO OUR AUXILIARY CHAR (RETIRED).

the-stage . . . and after a little natural hesitation the curtain came down.

Behind the scenes all was consternation. Mr. Levinski (absolutely furious) had a hasty consultation with the author (also furious), in the course of which they both saw that the Fourth Act as written was now an impossibility. Poor Prosper, who had almost immediately recovered his sanity, tremblingly suggested that Mr. Levinski should announce that, owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Vane, the Fourth Act could not be given. Mr. Levinski was kind enough to consider this suggestion not entirely stupid; his own idea having been (very regretfully) to leave out the two parables and three reminiscences from India and concentrate on the love-scene with the widow.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Your plan is better. I will say you are ill. It is true; you are mad. To-morrow we will play it as it was written."

"You can't," said the author gloomily. "The critics won't come till the Fourth Act, and they'll assume that the Third Act ended as it did to-night. The Fourth Act will seem all nonsense to them."

"True. And I was so good, so much myself, in that Act." He turned to Prosper. "You—fool!" he hissed.

"Or there's another way," began the author. "We might——"

And then a gentleman in the gallery settled it from the front of the curtain. There was nothing in the programme to show that the play was in four Acts. "The Time is the present-day and the Scene is in Sir Geoffrey Throssell's town-house," was all it said. And the gentleman in the gallery, thinking it was all over, and being pleased with the play and particularly with the realism of the last moment of it, shouted "Author!" And suddenly everybody else cried "Author! Author!" The play was ended.

I said that this was the story of a comedy which nearly became a tragedy. But it turned out to be no tragedy at all. In the three Acts to which Prosper Vane had condemned it the play appealed to both critics and public; for the Fourth Act (as he recognised so clearly) was unnecessary, and would have spoilt the balance of it entirely. Best of all, the shortening of the play demanded that some entertainment should be provided in front of it, and this enabled Mr. Levinski to introduce to the public Professor Wollabollacolla and Princess Collabollawolla, the famous exponents of the Bongo-Bongo, that fascinating Central African war

dance which was soon to be the rage of society. But though, as a result, the takings of the Box Office surpassed all Mr. Levinski's previous records, our friend Prosper Vane received no practical acknowledgment of his services. He had to be content with the hand and heart of the lady who played *Winifred*, and the fact that Mr. Levinski was good enough to attend the wedding. There was, in fact, a photograph in all the papers of Mr. Levinski doing it.

A. A. M.

TO CYNTHIA,

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ALMOST ANYTHING.

DEAR, when amid the babel,
Raucous and insincere,
That rules the dinner-table
You whisper in my ear
With breath so sweetly bated
Words only meant for me,
I feel myself translated
To realms of chivalry.

Do you require a token
Of such a love as mine?
The many vows I've spoken
My deeds shall underline.
But though, as your defender,
My very life I'll yield,
One thing I won't surrender—
The walnut I've just peeled.



Little Girl (fortissimo). "Oh! LOOK, MOTHER, THERE 'S A LADY SELLING FURS."

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THE Ape and I wrote the whole of the first number ourselves, but after that we used to take outside contributions, only of course we made chaps pay to get their things into the paper, except advertisements. We found we had to pay for them or we shouldn't have got any, and a paper looks rotten without advertisements. It was called *Bilge*, and it came out whenever we had enough money to pay the printer. Later on we got old Clarke—he's the Fourth Form master and he really was pretty decent about it—to guarantee the thing up to ten bob, and then we could go to press on the off-chance of selling enough copies to make up the amount. The Ape invented a splendid motto that was always put at the top of the front sheet: "What the Lower School thinks to-day the Sixth will think to-morrow."

He always put in a good deal of news, of course. When the Under Fifteen team played the Lunatic Asylum he had an account running to at least two columns; and then he used to put a rotten little paragraph in a corner called "Other Matches," just giving the scores of the First and Second. Of course that made them rather mad. We had any amount of poetry, in fact

we got so much of it that we put up our prices; but I am not sure that we got the best stuff in that way, because, as I pointed out to the Ape, the chaps that have the most money aren't always the best poets. It doesn't follow, I mean.

But the chief object of the paper was to show up abuses, which the Ape says is the highest mission of the Press.

One of the Ape's best ideas was his series of Character Studies of the Prefects. They used to make it sell like hot cakes sometimes. He called them "The Man of the Week," and they were supposed to be interviews. They were frightfully clever and sarcastic, but the Ape is an extraordinarily brainy chap. After a time the prefects hardly dared to touch him, because if one of them licked him he used to put in little snipey paragraphs about his batting average or his voice (if he was in the choir) or the colour of his hair. And then he often got licked again for cheek.

Of course the whole thing was suppressed at last. That's the worst of this place. They can't stand hearing the truth. The Ape had started a new column called "Things they do better in Other Schools." Of course he didn't know anything about other schools, but that didn't bother him. And in one

number he showed up all sorts of things—the butter, which certainly had been putrid for weeks, and the clock in the tower of the Pav. that doesn't go, and a shirt of his that was lost in the wash, and the electric light in the Gimmy, and the chimney in the Fourth Form room, and the rotten supply of new fives balls, and the beastly uncomfortable seats in the chapel. I think that number would probably have finished us in any case, but it also had an Editorial which even I thought was a bit personal.

"Of course we don't wish to impute anything," it began (the Ape was always using "impute"), "but it is a coincidence that the whole of the funds of this newspaper, amounting at the time to 3s. 5d., should have disappeared on the same day on which Mr. Binks, our late Third Form master, sailed for America."

That finished it. The Ape will have to try to think of something else.

From a Baboo letter received from an applicant who was selected for the Police Training School:—

"Your honour is, I may say, the Hen of Benevolence. If your honour will consent to continue to sit upon this poor egg, there is great hope that it will hatch into efficient police-officer."



YORKSHIRE RELISH.

PRIME MINISTER (to CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP). "DISTRACT ME, PERCY; DISTRACT ME WITH SONGS OF KEIGHLEY; DO NOT FEAR TO OVERDO IT."





Our Host. "BEFORE PRESENTING THE PRIZES TO THE WINNERS I SHOULD LIKE TO REMARK ON AN INTERESTING—AH—NOT TO SAY CURIOUS OCCURRENCE—AT THIS NUMBER FOUR, THE 'TEST OF SMELL,' TABLE. QUITE NINETY PER CENT. OF YOU MISTOOK THE PORT FOR METHYLATED SPIRIT, AND WHAT MAKES THIS MISTAKE SO REMARKABLE IS THAT IT'S THE VERY PORT YOU HAD AT DINNER."

BRANDY.

(A hill-man.)

GRIZZLED and stiff with his eight Decembers

The old dog hobbles across the yard,
Eyes blood-shotten and red as embers,
Coat worn thin and a face be-scarred;
Poor old bandy dog, poor old Brandy dog,
Full of battles and fights fought hard.

Time to sit in the cosy ingle?

Time to curl on the roe-skin mat?
Where the warrior dreams shall mingle
Fox and otter and mountain-cat?

Torn ears cock to them, grim jaws lock to them

(Devil a doubt—you'd say—of that!).

"Passed your best," so the critic said it,

"Bit too old for the hill," said he;
"Liked the looks of you" (to his credit,
Captious Sassenach though he be);
That's his say of it, that's the way of it?

Let him climb to the cairns and seeo.

Cairns and crags where the snow-flake flurries,

Coigns where the great hill-foxes grin,
Hostile caves of a hundred worries—

'Take the terriers, huic them in;
Litho and little dogs, keen and kittle dogs,
Two twin devils that thrust and pin!

Hark, they're up to him, hot and deadly
(Hark, and hear it, and hold your breath);

Yards below how the fight roars redly—
Gallant Besom and little Beth;
Hark the noise of 'em, hark the joys of 'em,

Battle, murder and sudden death!

Beat, though—out again, bristling,
bleeding,

Lost him somehow (your young 'uns can);

Pick them up, they shall prove their breeding

Yet with many a cateran;

"Now, old pup, to him! in, and up to him!

Leu in, Brandy! leu in, old man!"

Mute and murderous, in he bustles;
Never a whimper boasts ho's found;

Only an eerie wind that rustles,
Moans and moils as the flasks go round;

Dark and chill it is, on the hill it is,
Yes, but the old dog's still to ground!

* * * * *

Out at last crawls the grim old savage,
Red as ribbons from crest to pad;

One hill-robber no more shall ravage—
Had the brush of him, eh, old lad?

Lord, no fears o' you, eight hard years o' you;

Wouldn't 'a' left him 'less you had!

Grizzled and stiff with his long Decembers,

The old dog hirlples adown the hill,
Eyes blood-shotten and red as embers,

Rumbling yet of the grip and kill;
Poor old Brandy dog, poor old bandy dog,

Worth the pick of the young 'uns still!

"Priest wanted January or earlier, through preferment. £180—£200. Graduate, single, active, good clear voice. Married if possible."
Advt. in "Church Times."

For a single man we are afraid it is not possible.

THE HAT-HUNTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I know you lunch. These facts do not escape me. I have even imagined your doing it to rhyme and bringing the matter to a logical conclusion by amplifying your name into Mr. Puncheon. I also know that you do it sometimes at the Inner Temple Hall, and have actually seen you informing a bored and apathetic clerk at the pay desk what you have eaten (this between you and him, in the strictest confidence).

Possibly your readers also lunch; but they do not all perform that feat in that Hall. It is therefore necessary for me to explain that Templars who arrive in hats and remove them for luncheon purposes place them on a side table, unless they are lucky enough to secure one of the few pegs. Among these said Templars are, as often as not, myself and my friend Carr.

Any man can lunch, but it takes a genius to select his hat afterwards from a mass of some hundreds, the names of which, if they are there, it is next to impossible to read. Genius is a matter of instinct, and it is an instinct which all of us at the Temple, except Carr, possess. When he began the lunching habit, he used to manage the hat selection all right, because he carefully chose his spot to begin with, sat firmly opposite it to go on with, and for the rest concentrated his attention on it till the end, to the exclusion of a considered ordering and a proper enjoyment of his victuals. When we used to talk to him in those days, we never got his undivided attention. I of all his fellow-lunchers was the first to distract him. I engaged him in conversation on this very subject of hats and he became so engrossed in describing his method of identification that he forgot to carry it out. It was only by thinking backwards, by reminding himself of the site of his past meal and looking inside every hat that could possibly be said to be opposite that site, that he ever found it again.

That event alarmed Carr. He positively refused for a while to speak to any of us between the doffing and the donning of his hat. We took exception to this and for a few days he lunched

with his hat on. But some casual person, noting the fact, chaffed him about it. "Hallo, old man! are things as busy with you as all that?" Carr is very sensitive. The bare suspicion of his deliberately keeping his hat on to identify himself with the brisker practices and to suggest the inference that he could only just snatch time for lunch and none for removing hats, was repugnant to him. He gave up trying to avoid the problem and returned to his effort to solve it.

one to find both the hats, since he had seen to it when he came in that both were together.

The other day he nearly had an accident. He informed Baxter, just before the decisive moment, that he was depending on him, for Baxter can, he says, always find his own hat on the unconscious impulse of the moment. But the responsibility of having to find two hats unmanned even Baxter, and as the two stood or fell together there must have been a double disaster but

for a bit of luck. "Ah!" said Carr to the also hatless and now nervous Baxter. "that's mine; I can tell it by the ribbon;" and he grabbed at a hat which, though it turned out to be Baxter's, nevertheless put him on the line of his own.

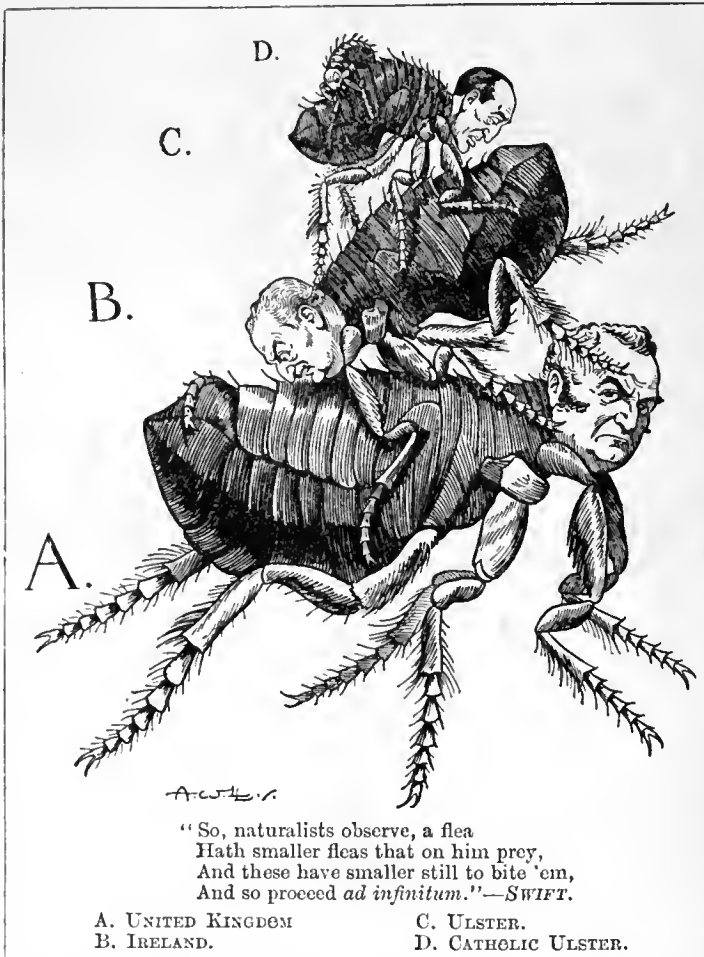
To-day Baxter told us about it at lunch, and placed Carr in another difficulty. He was at the moment relying on me; but to get up from the table with me now might be to make me aware of my responsibility and possibly lead to my bungling the affair. So he lay low and let me go out alone. Then, having closely watched my movements, he followed me, hoping for the best. Alas, it was a misplaced hope.

I am told that the sight of him walking helplessly up and down twenty feet of top-hats (four or six deep) was melancholy in the extreme. It must also, to those hat-owners who did not know the scrupulous and conscientious nature of Carr, have given ground for considerable anxiety. At any rate, I met him later, moving across King's Bench

Walk bare-headed and slightly damped by the rain. He greeted me with the remark, "My worst fears are realised at last!"

As he told me this, I felt glad that I, at any rate, had secured a hat. Later investigation, conducted in private, showed me that the hat I had was Carr's. Sorry though I am about this, I am not going to tell Carr until he has retrieved my hat, which (I hold) he has lost. Can you please (as between barristers) tell me what is the law bearing on the matter? Otherwise I shall have to look it up, and I hate doing that.

Yours very faithfully,
INNER TEMPLAR.



He resorted to a number of different devices. He would arrange a series of other people's hats upside down and place his own in their midst upside up. He would reverse the process. This failing by reason of the mutability of hats, he resorted to the device of going without lunch. Not being able to bear that, he tried lunching elsewhere. Not being able to bear that, he joined us once more, adopting yet another system. He would wait outside Hall for one of us, go in with that one, and stick to him through the thick and thin of the meal, sitting on, or even leaving before his appetite was appeased, for the purpose of coming out with that one. By this means he left it to that



HYGIENICS.

Mother (cheerfully to perfect stranger). "THIS OUGHTER BLOW THE 'OOPING CORF ART OF 'IN.'"

THE STAR TURN.

JAMES and I do not think very much of Ermyntrude; we find it impossible to understand her parents' enthusiasm for one so small and, apparently, so imbecile. Of course we have not told them of our perplexity, but we have definitely stopped trying to teach the thing tricks.

We tried very hard; and I sometimes believe we came near success. James and I both say that it was only a matter of stage fright that our respective tricks wouldn't come off before an audience. But, after all, Ermyntrude has no business to be bothered with stage fright at her age—three months, or half a year, or some similar age common in babies.

James had wagered that he would perfect Ermyntrude in his trick before I got her ready with mine.

His trick was throwing envelopes into a waste-paper basket; mine was simpler but more rational; it consisted in her accepting my bowler hat and putting her head in it. Then I would take it off and she would make a sort of noise which passes for a laugh

among people of Ermyntrude's station in life.

I could not get her quite sure of the laugh part, but in other respects our rehearsals were perfect. James says the same of his, but, in view of Ermyntrude's performance on the day, I do not feel quite sure of James.

When the day came, everybody was there. Mr. and Mrs. Ermyntrude, Naney—the only person who professes really to understand Ermyntrude—James and myself, brothers of Mr. Ermyntrude, and, last and easily least, Ermyntrude.

James won the toss and elected to take first knock. The waste-paper basket was brought and handed round; after inspection it was deposited in front of Ermyntrude. It struck me that James had placed it in such a position that any envelope dropped *must* fall into it; but I said nothing.

He began with an ordinary envelope, that had been through the post. Ermyntrude received it gravely, took one look at the basket, turned to the right and dropped the envelope over the side of her chair. He plied her with an income-tax-return envelope; with a

large manila at fourpence the packet; and with a stamped envelope as yet unemployed. The first two went over the side of the chair; the stamp attracted her, and she sucked it until her parents summarily stopped play. James objected to having his innings declared closed, but was over-ruled by a huge majority.

After a brief interval, I approached with my bowler hat on my head. I smiled; Ermyntrude smiled. I took off the hat and showed it to her; Ermyntrude held out her hands with an understanding glance. I placed the hat in them with every confidence. The five shillings were as good as mine.

Without a sound, but still smiling, Ermyntrude leaned over and dropped my hat into the waste-paper basket. Then she laughed.

Clause 3, rule 16 of the Stock Exchange, according to *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"The Committee may expel or suspend any member who may be guilty of honourable or disgraceful conduct."

The golden mean between these two extremes is the safest on the Stock Exchange.

CONCERNING PHEASANTS.

THERE is not going to be anything about mangel-wurzels in these notes, though there will be remarks about other matters which do not, at first sight, seem to concern pheasants. Leaves, for instance. Everybody who goes out to shoot pheasants must be prepared with his little bit of leaf-lore. This is approximately how it goes:—

1st Gun. It's quite extraordinary how the leaves hang on this year. Standing in covert you can't see the birds till they're right on top of you.

2nd Gun. It's the same all over the country. I was shooting in Blankshire the day before yesterday and there was hardly a leaf off any of the trees.

1st Gun. It's these mild autumns that do the mischief. What we want is two or three nights of sharp frost and a gale of wind on the top of that.

2nd Gun. The weather isn't what it used to be.

1st Gun. No, you're right there.

So much for leaves. Next let us take the subject of luncheon. It is, I think, reasonably accurate to say that at 1.15 the thoughts of all the guns begin to turn irresistibly to the question of luncheon. Are we going to lunch after this beat, or is there—deadly notion—to be another beat before we are allowed to devote ourselves to eating? The keeper always wants just one more beat. The sportsmen always want to eat. A good luncheon puts even the worst shot on easy terms with himself. But what is a good luncheon? I answer without hesitation: Irish-stew is a good luncheon; so is hot-pot; so is beef-steak pudding or pie. A really good lunch must show a lot of steam, and the potatoes, whether peeled or in their jackets, must be large. Cold ham or tongue may come in as a second course, but the backbone of the luncheon must be hot—hot and steaming. And there should be tartlets (preferably with jam in them) to finish up with. It is hardly credible how much elderly sportsmen—I do not call them old, for in these days we must call no man old until he is dead—how much they relish jam tartlets. Battered men of the world, who might be supposed to have out-grown the delights of their boyhood, may be seen munching jam tartlets with evident satisfaction at any shooting-luncheon. By way of these sweets they return to a pristine simplicity of taste, and may be heard, while their mouths are clogged with strawberry jam, telling innocent little anecdotes about shooting-boots or gaiters, or the man who killed a rabbit and a woodcock with the same shot, or the special malignity of the pheasants in deciding to swerve instead of flying straight and giving an honest jam-eating gun a fair chance. Swerve in pheasants is an inexhaustible topic.

Another by-product of a shooting-luncheon (when it takes place in the keeper's cottage) is the discussion of the keeper's artistic taste. They all love to decorate their walls with cheap German coloured prints. Imagine a picture of a ferociously black-bearded and be-whiskered gentleman dandling on his knee a fair-haired, blue-eyed child in a sailor suit. In another the same or a similar gentleman is teaching the child his letters. The first picture is called "His Moter's Eyes" (the letter "h" coming after "t" is Teutonically neglected) and is intended to show that Black-beard once had a beloved and blue-eyed wife for whom he is now in mourning. The second picture is, perhaps, entitled "In the Moter's Place" and indicates the same domestic tragedy. Now in real life, if the keeper chanced to meet Blackbeard, he would call him "a poor furriner," and despise him accordingly. Meeting him, however, through the medium of art, he is affected to the very depth of his honest velveteen soul, and learns lessons of hope and consolation from the dreadful prints.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE HOUSE-TOP.

THE light beneath the bushel was never popular with the disseminators of literature, but we have had to wait many years for such a desperate signed appeal as the publisher of a certain new work of sentiment has just put forth. It runs thus, except that the blanks represent the name of the book, and the name of the favour-asker is at the end:—

"A REQUEST.

— is a book with a spell, and it has an appeal so tender that it is difficult to read it without tears. Yet there is laughter in its pages, and to the despondent it contains a great lesson on the little-ness of losing courage.

— radiates a nobility of spirit which seems all too rare to-day, and I hope that everyone who likes to spread the news that a good book has come into the world of literature will help me to make it known."

Since few persons, not even the devisers of revues, are more imitative than advertising publishers, we now know what to expect. Something like this, for certain:—

THIS CONCERNS YOU DEEPLY.

DEAR FRIEND,—I want you to know that I have just finished reading a book called —, and I cannot rest until you and in fact all the world have read it too. It is nothing to me that I am also its publisher and shall not do badly out of it if it succeeds. The sole reason that I want you to read it is that it is a pure and tender evangel of joy, and it will make you feel better. Also it will here and there make you roar with laughter, just as this advertisement could never do. Yours in all good will, NASHLEIGH EVE.

That is the fairly thorough style which we may count on very shortly seeing. But there is something more snappy also to be done with a new book that has to be got down the public's throat at any cost. Thus:—

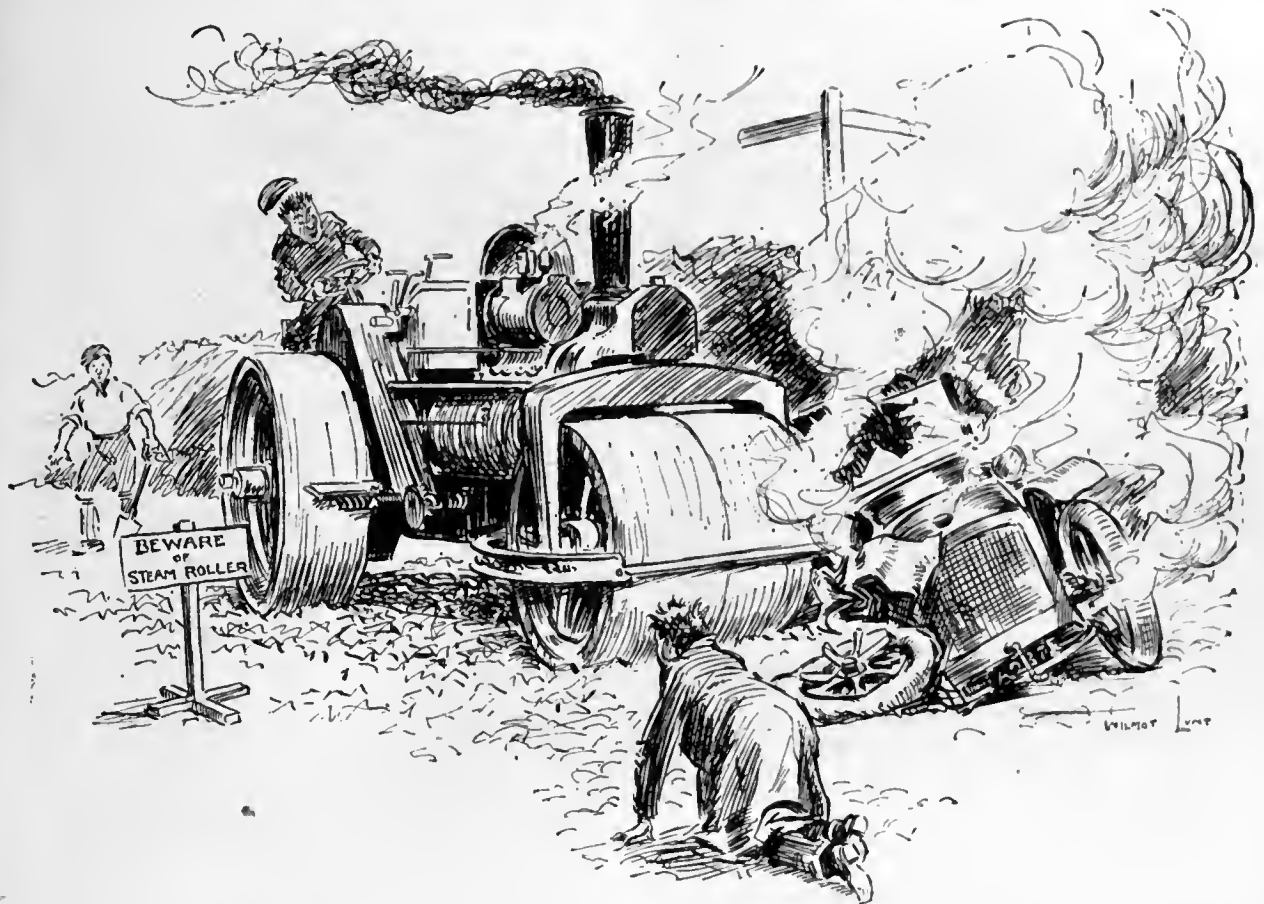
HERE, YOU!

There's only one book worth reading at this moment and it is called —. Now then?
NEVELEIGH ASH.

Finally there is the really unctuous:—

HEART TO HEART.

My brethren, do you want to read the most exquisite and intimate story in the world? Do you want to weep and smile by turns and feel as though you were the darling of the gods, and the heir of the ages, and the pick of the basket, and the leader of the modern Athens all at once? Because if you do I have the very thing for you. It is called —; and I implore you to sing its praises near and far, talk about it at dinner, ask for it at every bookshop and bookstall, and generally make it boom, as I too am endeavouring to do. What does The Short Cham of Literature say about it in his Littery Letter? He says that the author "has, if I am not mistaken, produced an undying classic." And how can The Short Cham be mistaken? So I beseech you to let the book do you good, make you feel all nice inside, and force you to force it on others. ASHLEIGH NEVE.



Polite Motorist (after the accident). "I DO TRUST I HAVEN'T DAMAGED YOUR CHASSIS!"

AGENT TRIUMPHANT.

*Bill, and you, 'Erbert of the unkempt beard,
Take each a spade and delve, until the earth
Release this notice of a house to let
(Or to be sold, perdie), while I uplift
A lyric pæan on the proud event.*

They were many that came to view,
That came and that hastened away;
For the soil was so palpably clay,
And they spotted the place where the plaster peeped through,
They saw that the woodwork was rotten,
They saw that the banisters trembled,
They saw that the sink was forgotten,
They saw that the tiles of the hearths had been cheaply
assembled.
The ideal was their evident vision,
And they went in their wrath and derision.

Some of them noticed the range,
Some pulled the knobs off the doors,
Some put their feet through the floors,
Some of them thought that the paint had the mange,
Some saw the cracks in the ceiling,
Some of them looked for the larder,
Some said the papers were peeling,
Some of them felt that the mortar might well have been
harder;
And the house (it may be with some reason)
Stayed empty from season to season.

Then, *then* came the greenhorn, the mug,
The about-to-be-married young man!
He saw nothing wrong with the plan,
He considered the dining-room "smallish but snug,"
He asked not for wash-house or kitchen,
He accepted the coal-hole with gladness,
And lastly he did a thing which in
The eyes of his bride and his mother will simply seem
madness:
He bought (on my recommendation)
This house without *their* approbation.

*Bill, and you, 'Erbert, have you dug it up,
That board which seemed so wedded to the soil?
Go, bear it tenderly to other scenes,
Chanting the while a song of holy joy:
"A silly ass 'as been and bought this 'ouse—
A silly ass 'as been and bought this 'ouse—
An 'opeless ass 'as bought this bloomin' 'ouse."*

Mr. S. A. MUSSABINI in *The Daily News*:—

"There is a record somewhere—I fancy it was made by the late Scottish champion, J. G. Sala—of over seventy consecutive losers off the white ball, often described as a sheer wanton waste of billiard skill and energy. If he had been playing now the Italo-Scot would have known better than do such things. He would have saved his shots for the more prolific points raising cochineal dipped sphere."

In other words he would have scored off the red, but it would never do to say so.

AT THE PLAY.

"MAGIC."

You can do almost anything with fairies, but the difficulty is to find anything to do which hasn't been done before. Yet here is Mr. CHESTERTON, in a trial enterprise on the stage, bringing the freshness of his own immortal childhood to Sir JAMES BARRIE'S well-exploited field, and treating it as virgin soil. And his sanguine faith in the inexhaustibility of its treasures has been justified. Perhaps the most charming feature of a delightful entertainment was the author's little speech at the end. With a modesty unusual in dramatic circles, Mr. CHESTERTON disclaimed all merit as a maker of words. His play he regarded as an amateur piece of work; he had no gift, he said, for composition, whether done for the columns of a paper or for the back of a postcard; but he did pride himself upon his opinions, and of these he was anxious for us to approve.

But with the best desire in the world to oblige him, it was impossible for us to determine which his own opinions were among the variety to which his characters gave vent. On the question of miracle and magic we were given choice of some half-a-dozen attitudes, including the clerical-orthodox, the blasphemously sceptical, the calmly scientific, the innocently credulous, the devilishly supernatural; and the only solid satisfaction to be got out of this medley of opinions (I speak for us other common people, and not for Sir OLIVER LODGE, who sat there in his stall, towering above us, body and spirit) came from the exponent of No. 5, who concluded that it was better to marry a concrete girl than to go on debating about the impalpable. Even this was not completely satisfactory, for it meant the shattering of our faith in the credulous maiden who used to take her Irish temperament out into the Park after dark and talk with the spirit-folk. For it turned out that the largest of the fairies with whom she had consorted (returning from this communion with the rapt face of a mystic) was not a real fairy, and that she had recognised him, all the time, for a man.

He is, in fact, no other than the conjurer (known as *The Stranger*) whom the girl's uncle (a duke) has commissioned to perform before the household and "brighten things up." But he is no ordinary conjurer, for in the course of learning the tricks of his trade he has caught a few germs of the Black Art and can do the most uncanny feats. The girl's young brother, fresh from a commercial apprenticeship in America,

where he has shed his faiths and illusions and become clever enough to tell you, very blatantly, how everything is done, permits himself to behave towards the conjurer in a most contumelious manner. In revenge this Master of Magic exhibits his Black Art, and one of his performances—the turning of the colour of a doctor's lamp, half a mile away, from red to blue—is so inexplicable that the boy's intellect becomes unhinged. Nothing can save him except to learn how it was done. So the conjurer invents, for his private ear, a natural cause for what was really the result of devilment, and so the sceptic is restored to sanity. Probably he was told that this changing of light upon a little disc at the back of the scenery had been arranged in collusion with the property-man. Certainly that was my own unaided interpretation of the mystery.

Indeed, Mr. CHESTERTON'S apparatus was quite simple and, though he may speak with disparagement of his play as the work of an amateur, there was true professional art in the way in which, without ever doing anything very magical, he kept his audience thrilled with the sense that there was magic in the atmosphere, and that something thrilling might happen at any moment. Here he was greatly assisted by Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL, who played *The Stranger*, and even in the thickest of the argument never lost his air of inscrutability. Mr. DYALL does nothing without thought, and I can only suppose that so intelligent an actor remains rather stagey in his manner for good reasons of his own.

The old gentleman who lent his house and grounds for the purposes of the play was described as *The Duke*. I do not think this was because, like WELLINGTON, he overtopped all other contemporary dukes, for he was the most improbable of Graces. I can only suppose that Mr. CHESTERTON must have made him a duke simply because strawberry-leaves, like wurzels, are in the air just now. Mr. FRED LEWIS, with his jolly retundity, did not make him any less improbable, but he got great fun for us out of the *Duke's* inconsequent association of ideas and his habit of giving the same pecuniary support to the Pros and Antis of every social movement.

The part of *Dr. Grimthorpe* fitted that irreproachable actor, Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, as close as his own skin. As the *Rev. Cyril Smith*, Mr. O. P. HEGGIE'S rather wooden and unemotional style, with its suspicion of provincialism, gave perhaps a stronger force to his arguments than if they had been coloured by gifts of refinement or fanaticism. Still I could have wished that he had

done better justice to the lesson he delivered from the Book of Job as an example of a magic more irrecoverable than the greatest of Biblical miracles.

Of the younger people Mr. LYONEL WATTS, though he was not quite the "little, little boy" of his description in the play, still seemed rather too juvenile for so fluent a command of blasphemy; and Miss GRACE CROFT, as his sister, did very little beyond looking intense and taking herself and Mr. CHESTERTON very seriously—except in a certain passage to which I shall refer in a moment.

I think, by the way, that the little "Prelude" scene, with the gentleman-fairy talking spells in the moonlight, and the young girl hanging upon his unearthly wisdom, might well be omitted. The meagre information here given to us, chiefly touching the popular error as to the size of fairies, did not quite compensate for the long, long wait in darkness while the scene-shifters put up the *Duke's* interior. And, after all, we might have guessed that, for this night at least, the little people would be as large as life or larger; for is not Mr. CHESTERTON also among the fairies?

The audience on the first night seemed chiefly made up of superior people, concerned to show themselves connoisseurs of the Chestertonian manner. They laughed swiftly and knowingly when Mr. SHAW'S name occurred. I hope I laughed in some of the right places, but I might easily have laughed once in a wrong one and so shocked my reverent neighbours. It was where the girl *Patricia* comes to the conjurer, in an agony of apprehension, to implore him to reveal the way in which he had done his lamp-trick; otherwise her brother was bound to go stark mad. "Instead of which" the conjurer proceeds to make love to her, and she to respond playfully. In her light-hearted oblivion she prattles of domestic prospects—how, as his wife, she will darn his hat and cook his goldfish for dinner—and even goes so far as to make an old joke about poached rabbits. This joke, of course, was not the funny part. The funny part (undesigned) was the fact that the girl, in a spasm of self-interest, had totally mislaid her mission; had forgotten that, all the time while she was getting engaged and making little jests, there was her brother (we had heard his groans whenever the door opened) writhing on a bed of incipient imbecility.

I have just refreshed my memory of this remarkable passage by reference to the published version of the play. It improves on closer acquaintance, and this time I was free to laugh in the wrong place, all by myself. O. S.



"GEORGE, GEORGE! SAVE ME! IT'S RUNNING AWAY!"

"ALL RIGHT, DARLING; YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID. DON'T YOU SEE I'M GETTING DOWN TO HELP YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

IT is strange, after so long an interval, to be shown once again the cruel and grotesque beauties of Mr. HARDY's world. In this collection of stories, *A Changed Man* (MACMILLAN), I have received the impression of life isolated and remote, sometimes sharply unreal, sometimes almost naively arranged for unhappiness, always arresting and provocative—that world that was, it seemed, finally closed with the tragic history of *Jude the Obscure*. The life that Mr. HARDY reveals has in it some of the unsuspecting credulity of a child. There are here old wives' tales about dukes and corpses, graves at the cross-roads, fair and unfaithful wives, that have about them a strangely simple trust and confidence. By kitchen fires on Egdon Heath such tales have for many years been told, and the grand reality of rocks and moor beyond the lighted windows gives the *Duke* and *Alicia* and the *Dairymaid* a spectral contrast that causes the narrator, in the full flood of his story, to fling a glance over his shoulder. "The Grave by the Handpost," "What the Shepherd Saw," "The Duke's Reappearance," betray this same glance. On Egdon, by night or day, anything may occur, and here, in these pages, wild desolation and primitive history have their overwhelming effect. It is finally the simplicity that remains; and, as always in Mr. HARDY's world, it is a simplicity that is huge and tragic but never artificial nor self-conscious. These tales were there before Mr. HARDY, and they of themselves chose him as their interpreter to the world; and very wise they were.

It is not often that the public-school novel (as opposed to the school story) has an original central idea. As a rule the author is content to take a small boy without any particular characteristics to distinguish him from other small boys, and describe his life at whatever public school he, the author, happens to know best. Mr. CHARLES TURLEY, in his latest work, *A Band of Brothers* (HEINE-

MANN), has been more ambitious. He has hit on the excellent idea of making his hero the last of a super-athletic family. Mr. Rumbold had been a member of "one of the best elevens Granby ever had," and four of his sons had established such a Rumbold tradition at the school that, when Joe, the youngest, went there and began to show a disposition to be head of his form instead of a marvel at football, there was something more than mere consternation in the family; and only the discovery that this black sheep had the makings of an excellent long-distance runner prevented Mr. Rumbold from taking him away from Granby in disgrace. Eventually Joe displayed other gifts, so that on the last page we find him receiving from his father the following compliment: "I'm afraid you will never get a Blue at Oxford, but all the same it may be worth while to send you there." To my mind, the best thing in an admirable book is the subtlety with which the characters of the four great brothers are drawn. They appear but seldom, yet it is quite easy to see that *Pads* is a thoroughly good sort, that *Bingo* has the worst kind of swelled head, and that *Flip* and *Jumpy* are so magnificent that they can hardly be treated as human beings at all. If Mr. TURLEY has a fault (which is very doubtful), it is that he is apt to allow his sense of caricature to run away with him. But, after all, it is not a serious fault, and it is certainly one of which other school story-writers with a sense of humour have been guilty. It should be unnecessary to add—but I do it for the benefit of any curious reader who does not know this best of school-chroniclers—that the Rumbold portraits come straight out of Mr. TURLEY's own head, and are not drawn from the members of any well-known athletic family.

After begging Mr. EDEN PHILLIPOTS to come out of his groove I should indeed be an ingrate if I did not thank him for the leap he makes in his new book, *The Joy of Youth* (CHAPMAN AND HALL); for he has left his Dartmoor rusties and landed rather plumpingly upon people of lineage and inherited traditions. Devonshire is still the background of his story, but it is only the background; the salient events

have Italy for their immediate setting. Here the author finds scope for much instruction and entertainment, but the crudition of the painter, *Bertram Dangerfield*, is over-emphasised. His rival, *Sir Raleigh Vane, Bart.*, talked—and was doubtless meant to talk—like a prig, but *Dangerfield's* long-windedness was often boring, and this could scarcely have been intended. *Loveday Merton*, however, was charmed by his conversation. Local influences may have had something to do with this, for no sooner had she reached Florence, where he had a studio, than she fell a victim to the spell of that bewitching city, and came to the conclusion that she had only just begun to live. Meanwhile *Sir Raleigh*, whom she was originally engaged to marry, remained at home and wrote letters to her, in which he announced that "Providence, in Whom I trust absolutely, will order things for the best from a standpoint veiled in clouds beyond the mind of man to reach," and similar things. Before I was half through the book I knew that the baronet would never marry *Loveday* if Mr. PHILLPOTTS could help it. For he deliberately mars his story in order to be unfair to the type. To make an Aunt Sally out of an aristocrat is too cheap an amusement for a novelist of his ability. Nevertheless, when all my complaints have been made, *The Joy of Youth* remains a pleasant guide to the treasures of Florence, and to the heart of a peculiarly attractive girl.

When a story with a title like *The Irresistible Intruder* (LANE) begins with the expected visit of a small boy to some quiet people in the country, and their fears that he is going to prove an unmitigated nuisance, you may be pretty safe in assuming that he will turn out to be nothing of the kind. Which of course is what happened. *Publius*, the homely and freckled but altogether lovable little guest of the *Fennels*, has not entered the story for ten minutes before his instant subjugation of his host is followed by that of the reader. But it is not till later that you will relish the full significance of the book's title, and see that *Publius* was not the only irresistible boy whose arrival set a peaceful neighbourhood by the heels. Another, not carrying a straw-hat and a Gladstone bag, but a pair of wings and a bow-and-arrows, was certainly present upon the station platform when *Publius* introduced *Bill Fennel* to *Mrs. Swift*, his travelling companion. Mr. WILLIAM CAINE has in short written a love-story, and as captivating a one as I remember to have read this great while. *Joan Swift* was a youngish widow, pretty, appealing and moderately well off, who had come to Berwick Eviass to lodge in the cottage of an old nurse. Naturally, *Bill Fennel*, who was the middle-aging squire of the place, fell in love with her at sight, the more so as there was another romance maturing at the time between his sister and a genial young neighbour. So the four of them, and that jolly *Publius*, had the time of their lives, till something happened. Of course, it had been bound to come. There was an occasional air of mystery about *Joan Swift* that foredoomed it from the first. And

I confess to having entertained an unworthy suspicion (unworthy in one who admires Mr. CAINE's work as I do) that the unlamented *Swift* was going not to be dead after all. But the real blow was something both more original and more human. I don't think you would ever guess it.

I turned with the greatest excitement to hear *The Truth about Camilla* (HEINEMANN), for all that I knew previously about any lady of that name was comprised in the last fifteen lines of the seventh book of the *Aeneid*; but from that brief account I had gathered that she was an extremely interesting, able and active young person. As a matter of fact, the triumphs of Miss GERTRUDE HALL's heroine lay in a different field and at a different date from those of *Turnus'* Amazonian aide-de-camp, but none the less she did not belie my hopes, and hardly for a moment of her career between the ages of nine and fifty did I weary of her exploits. Fairly sure from the beginning that she was the daughter of *Count Mari*, and not of his steward, I was scarcely surprised at the engaging mixture she showed of patrician pride and good taste with a peasant's endurance and simplicity. Her beauty and her brains (she told such fascinating lies as are, I believe, only possible to children of the sunny South) raised her to the proud position of consort to a worn-out and cynical Russian prince; but she met the love of her life in an opera singer many years her junior, with whom she would not consent to stay lest he should tire of her as she grew old. Finally, after his early death, we leave her enjoying a peaceful and moderate splendour, richly deserved, as a marchesa in her native Florence. There is a great deal more than this, however. *Camilla* moves in many circles during her varied career—in the

humble home of her youth, amidst the entourage of the famous American novelist, *Mrs. Northmere*, in the glittering world of Monte Carlo, and behind the scenes at the opera—but in all of them with a light-footed agility almost rivalling that of her Volscian namesake, self-possessed, adequate and triumphantly facing the buffets of the world. I ought to add that Miss GERTRUDE HALL made me feel as if I had witnessed all these scenes and met all these people myself, and since I have not for a long time past come across a more vivid personality in fiction than that of *Camilla* I have every hope that the crowd of readers will overlook her numerous peccadillos and follow the rapid flight of her daring fortunes, as I did, *attonitis inhians animis*.

The Martyr's Way.

If you would climb to PARNELL's throne,
Prison's the place to make your mark in;
The crown that once was REDMOND's own
Now lies upon the crest of LARKIN.

"Clothes—Advertiser wants to sell her son's Clothes privately."
Advt. in "Norwood Press."
There will be trouble when he finds out.



Policeman (investigating a burglary). "NOW, IF YOU COULD ONLY TRACE THE OWNER OF THIS SHOE—"
Householder. "WELL, DO I LOOK LIKE A FAIRY PRINCE?"

CHARIVARIA.

It is denied that the KAISER has forbidden his officers to dance the Tango, the One-Step, and the Two-Step; but it is well known that he prefers the old-fashioned Goose-Step.

"MEXICO TRAMS JUMP" was a heading which caught our eye the other day in the financial column of *The Star*. This gives one some idea of the state of nerves that everyone and everything is in just now over there.

The Budapest Court of Appeal has sentenced an ex-member of the Hungarian Parliament to one month's imprisonment, and two others to two weeks' imprisonment, for throwing ink-pots at the PREMIER. It is clear that any usurpation of the right of journalists is very jealously watched in Hungary.

"It has been suggested," said the POSTMASTER-GENERAL at a dinner last week, "that, when the London Post-Office telephone system is in full working order, we should have our hair cut by telephone." As a matter of fact we have already heard people who declare that they have been fleeced by it.

During the official round of inspection before the opening of the Autumn Salon in Paris, a study in the nude by a Dutch artist was adjudged to be perilous to the morals of Parisians, and the police had it removed forthwith. The sense of relief in Paris on the next day, when the citizens realised what a narrow escape their morals had had, is said to defy description.

The painting in question, we are told, was thrust into a dark cupboard. This sounds like the appropriate place for it if the cupboard was like Mother Hubbard's.

Excavations at Jericho, it transpires, prove that the walls of that city were not destroyed to the extent we were led to believe, and a great deal is being made of this fact. For ourselves, we think it would be well to let by-gones be by-gones.

Free shows for the people are not so common that one should omit to draw attention to the fact that those star-artistes, the Leonids, are now giving their clever *vol plané* performance early in the morning.

Preparations for amusement on a colossal scale, we read, are being made

for the Panama Exhibition. One of the attractions is to be a scenic representation, entitled, "Creation," based on the first chapter of Genesis. An attempt, we understand, is to be made to persuade Great Britain to lend Mr. Justice EVE, and Franco MME. ADAM, in connection with this show.

With reference to the announcement that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS will probably bring *Broadway Jones* to the Prince of Wales' Theatre in January, the manager of the Strand Theatre would like it to



First Housebreaker (resting from his labours). "AN' 'E SEZ TO ME, 'WHY DON'T YER JOIN THE SYMPERTHETIC STRIKE?' 'E SEZ. 'YUS, SEZ I, 'THAT 'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT I GOT TO LIVE. I CAN'T TAKE NO BLOOMING RISKS.'"

be known that this friend of Mr. HICKS' is not one of "The Joneses."

"I spend £14,000 a year on my clothes," says Mlle. GABY DESLYS in *The Patrician*. So much for those persons who think she does not wear enough!

Attention is once more being drawn in the Press to the danger of crossing the road in London, and a recent drawing by our Mr. MORROW leads us to ask the authorities seriously to consider whether it might not be possible to train powerful birds to carry little children and old ladies and gentlemen from one side of the street to the other.

"Three hundred and sixty mill girls came out on strike at Braintree yesterday, and paraded the town singing in rag-time." This should surely have been headed, "STRIKERS' NEW WEAPON."

During his twenty-three years' service at Eye, Suffolk, the rate-collector, it is stated, has never had to issue a single summons against a ratepayer. Those who hold that miracles never happen nowadays would do well to remember this instance of a rate-collector getting the universal Glad Eye.

A statement that live animals were shut up in the old battleship *Empress of India* during the recent firing exercises is officially denied. There was not even a single representative of a hostile naval Power on board. Could humanity go further?

"SCAPE—SCAPE."

THE lawn is all with rime embossed,
There must have been a touch of frost
This fair effect contriving;
But blue of cornflowers is the sea;
The marsh is gold; it seems to me
The snipe should be arriving.

The snipe a nimble little elf;
His bill's as long as he himself;
He dodges like the devil.
I take my gun and look for him
Beside the ditch's silent brim
And round the sea-girt level;

And there the bouncing Clumber pup
Tempestuously puts him up—
"Scape—Scape," he blithely carols;
And so he does, before my eyes,
Because I hate the way he flies,
And miss with both my barrels.

"For sale as a Going Concert.—By Direction of Trustees. Valuable Leasehold Sawing and Turning Mills."

Advt. in "*Manchester Guardian*."
We have often heard them at work in an orchestra.

"Alice, do one sweet thing more, because it's Christmas morning. 'Come and watch the sunset round the corner.'"

Grand Magazine.
Alice (on her return). "Aren't the evenings drawing in?"

"Ten thousand! It rolls deliciously upon the tongue, a rich, a satisfying number. Pleasant its figures are to the eye; a picture of round achievement is in 10,000, five magic circles and the upright staff that has traced them."
"*Evening News*" (in case you hadn't guessed it).
"Five magic circles be blowed," said the unpoetical compositor. "He's got to have four ovals and a comma, like the rest of 'em."

THE SODA-WATER SIPHON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I make no apology for addressing you on the subject of my Soda-Water Siphons, because you, Sir, are accountable for what I have gone through. You will recall that not a great many weeks ago you protested, by the pen of a contributor, against the reiteration on our Insurance Cards of the term, "The week commencing." Well, ever since I can remember I have been galled, Sir, and made sore and restive by the substitution, not only of "commence" for "begin," but of "assist" for "help," "sufficient" for "enough," etc., etc., etc., etc., and, I may add, that my resentment is quite apart from a private conviction that I pay for these popular refinements of my mother tongue when I pay the Education rate. You may judge, then, how firm is my habit of self-suppression when I say that for more than seven years I have, without revolt, endured as right-hand companion at my dinner table a Soda-Water Siphon bearing the inscription:—

THIS SIPHON
IS THE PROPERTY OF
JAMES WODDLE,
The Arcade Grocery,
WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE
TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2s. 6d.

Your protest, Mr. Punch, Sir, fell like rain on the arid soil of my compliance; it was like leaven in the dough of my idle acquiescence. I burst into leaf. I rose. It was easy to decide that the proper thing to do was to write to my grocer. To speak to him would be to humiliate him in the presence of his new bacon-cutter. On the other hand, if I wrote, he could read and hide his blushes behind the little screened desk where (as I happen to know, for I once drew a cheque there) he uses a potato as a pin-cushion.

Having decided to write I simply took a pen and wrote, courteously adopting his illiterate way of spelling the word Siphon:—

"SIR,—Referring to your Soda-Water, I observe that the Syphons bear a printed notice to the effect that if the Syphon is not returned it 'will be charged half-a-crown.' It is clearly impossible to exact a fine from a Soda-Water Syphon. Why not therefore alter the label? Yours faithfully,
J. M. PABSLIP."

Mr. Woddle's reply came next day, skewered to a Stilton cheese with a pin. It was written on very thin paper with a very hard-pointed pen.

"SIR,—I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I always

charge the Syphons 2s. 6d. when not returned. We are obliged to do so in order to protect ourselves. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,
Yours respectfully,

JAMES WODDLE."

I hastened to reply.

"DEAR SIR,—You have misread my letter. I quite agree that you must protect yourself against loss of your Syphons, but why not say on the label that I—the user—will be charged half-a-crown? You cannot possibly mean that the Syphon will be charged half-a-crown. Pardon my writing to you on this subject, but in point of fact the wording on the label causes me some annoyance. Yours faithfully,

J. M. PABSLIP."

By return of post I got Mr. Woddle's answer:—

"SIR,—I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I can only repeat that when Soda-Water Syphons are not returned they will be charged 2s. 6d. I have no intention of charging you for your Syphons. We used, at one time, to make this charge universally, but it was unpopular and we found it unnecessary with our large circle of customers among the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. At the same time we are bound to protect ourselves, and therefore put the notice on the Syphons to which you take exception. Hoping this explanation will be satisfactory and soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,
Yours respectfully,

JAMES WODDLE."

I could not obviously let the matter rest there, so I sat down and laid myself out to settle the thing for good and all.

"MY DEAR SIR," I wrote,—“Please do not misunderstand me. I fully realise that you must reimburse yourself in the event of your Syphons not being returned to you; that is only fair and reasonable. What I object to, if I may say so, is that on the printed label you clearly state that the Syphons will be charged half-a-crown, and this is an absolute impossibility. If you read the label you will see that the relative 'which' refers to the Syphon. Surely this is clear. What you mean is that, if for any reason the user (myself, for instance) fails altogether, or unreasonably delays, to make due restitution of any Syphon or Syphons to you (the rightful owner), then you reserve the right, in the event of its not being returned in reasonable time, to exact from him (me, for instance) the payment of the sum of two-and-sixpence for each Syphon lent by you. This is

what you mean. Then why not say it? The continued publication year after year of a printed phrase which is blatantly ungrammatical can only tend to undermine our native tongue, and I submit that it is incumbent on you to do your duty to the public by revising the label. Yours faithfully,

J. M. PABSLIP."

Woddle's amazing reply came with the bacon next morning:—

"SIR,—I am duly in receipt of your esteemed communication. I am surprised that a gentleman should continue to make complaints when a satisfactory explanation has been offered. If my Syphons are not returned they will be charged 2s. 6d. I put it on the labels so that gentlemen may know beforehand, and that's business. I don't know why, after all these years, a gentleman should object to my Soda-Water, which is the best made and same as always supplied. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favours,
Yours respectfully,

JAMES WODDLE."

It was impossible to do more than I had done. It also seemed unreasonable to go on ordering Soda-Water from Woddle. I had grounds for reconsidering this decision, however, when the rival Siphon was put on my table. The label ran as follows:—

THIS SIPHON
IS THE PROPERTY OF
CHARLES F. BINKS,
Family Grocer, 19, Wool Street,
AND WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE
TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2s. 6d.

The italics are mine. Please, Mr. Punch, tell me what I ought to do next.
Yours obediently,
J. M. PABSLIP.

"Mr. Hicks, yesterday, executed two flights upside down. . . . This afternoon Mr. Hicks again went up. . . . During his experiments this afternoon Mr. Hicks flew head downwards."—*Cork Examiner*.

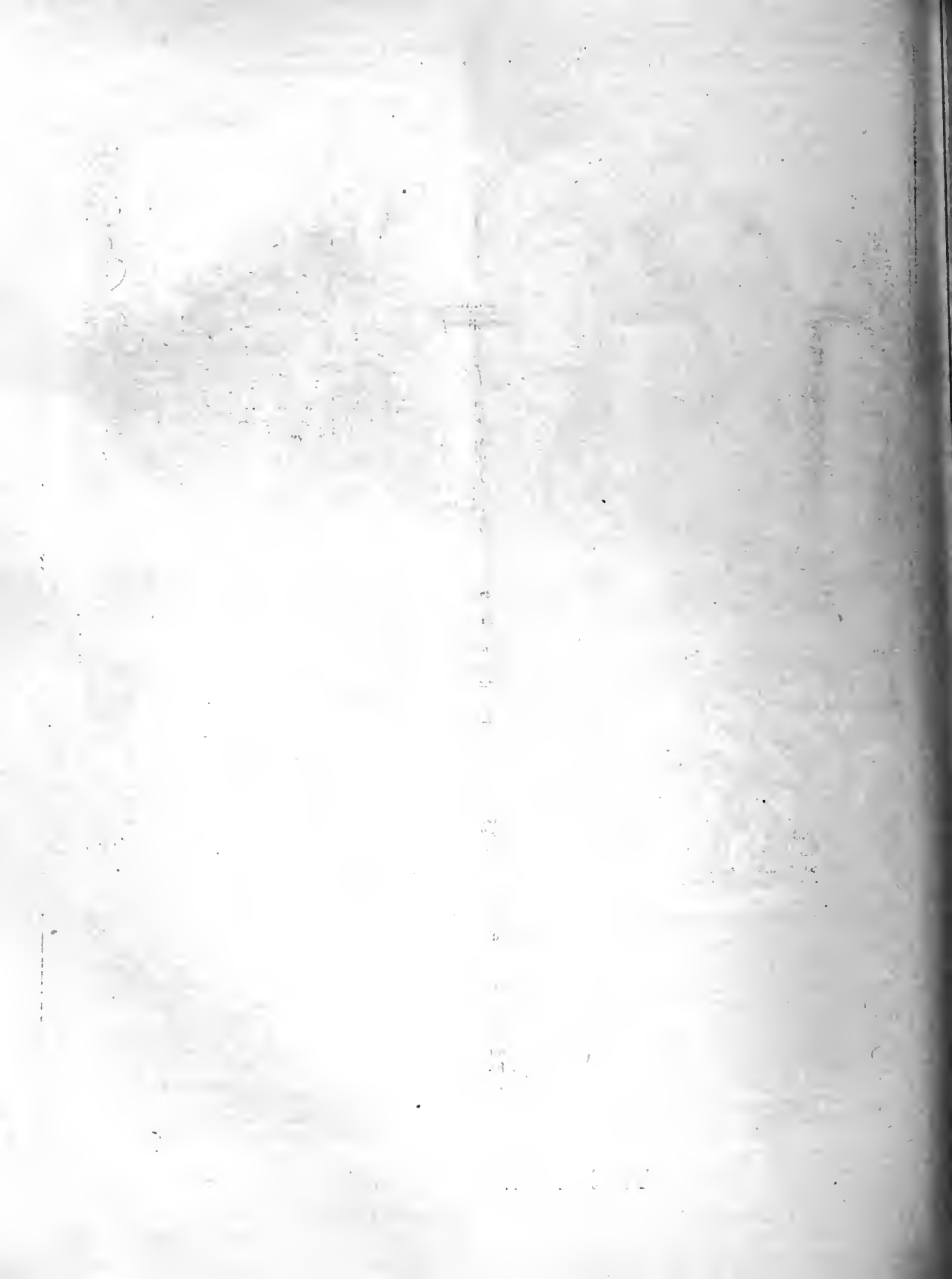
The blood seems to have rushed into his name.

"It is alleged that he stabbed a labourer on the cheek with a knife held in his hand."
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

The good old-fashioned stroke with the knife held between the second and third toes of the left foot is losing favour.

"The language of Scott and Burns is not a heritage to lightly be dropped, though too little is being done to avert that act."
Paisley Gazette.

Luckily the language of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON is in the safe hands of our contemporary.





Our Demon Tangoist (to fair stranger, to whom he has just been introduced). "WHAT'S DOIN'? WHAT'S DOIN'? WILL YOU SHOUT?"
 Fair Stranger. "HOW ABOUT NUMBER FIFTEEN?"
 Demon Tangoist. "NOTHIN' DOIN', NOTHIN' DOIN'. SHOUT AGAIN."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

(Mr. ARNOLD WHITE and Mr. LEO MAXSE.)

Mr. WHITE. "This Government of political GEHAZIS—"

Mr. MAXSE. "How dare you compare them to GEHAZI, Sir? GEHAZI was merely a looper, a liar and a thief. And you call yourself a Die-Hard!"

Mr. WHITE. "I am a Die-Hard. I die hard in *The Express* every Monday. My blood will be shed in the last ditch—the very last ditch. No one will die harder."

Mr. MAXSE. "You are not a Die-hard. You are a base, trimming mandarin. GEHAZI, indeed! GEHAZI would have blushed even to walk past Downing Street."

Mr. WHITE. "I live in hopes of seeing ANANIAS ASQUITH swinging from a Downing Street lamp-post."

Mr. MAXSE. "Your humanity, Sir, is that of a coward. I live in hopes of seeing that disgraceful cur, whom you grossly flatter by comparison with a not wholly worthless character like ANANIAS—I say I live in hopes of seeing him stamped under foot by the herd of polluted swine he is leading to a political Gehenna."

Mr. WHITE. "And BIRRELL, the Herod who demands slaughtered hecatombs of Ulster's babes?"

Mr. MAXSE. "If I am to continue conversing with you, Sir, I will endure no insults to HEROD. HEROD may have had a trifle of inhumanity, but, at any rate, he was never swayed by American dollars."

Mr. WHITE. "But what do you think of CHURCHILL—CHURCHILL, who took a royal salute on the high seas, thus proclaiming himself a traitor to King and country? Surely you agree with me that he would be none the worse for a hanging?"

Mr. MAXSE. "I disagree absolutely. A hanging! Why, many highly respectable men have been hanged! I would have him impaled over an oil-furnace in one of those *Dreadnoughts* whose plans he has sold to Germany. Then, like his fellow-criminals, he will for once be dabbling in oil."

Mr. WHITE. "And MCKENNA, the paltry, mean, squalid robber! Should we not have his head off?"

Mr. MAXSE. "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Coalitionist. Why this tenderness to traitors? These are times for men to speak out, not to mince their words. Beware of lukewarmness. As

for the caiff you mention, I would immerse him in a vat of boiling leeks and enjoy, as a patriot should, his coward howling."

Mr. WHITE. "Still, we shall agree on one point. We cannot differ about the Marconi saint?"

Mr. MAXSE (gaspng). "I need a new language. I cannot speak—I choke. (Converses violently in the deaf and dumb alphabet for ten minutes.) Now talk to me of some one pure and noble and disinterested."

Mr. WHITE. "What a comfort we have F. E. SMITH—"

Mr. MAXSE. "That accursed Moderate! A man who dines with members of the Criminal Cabinet—whose speeches are all courtesies and honeyed compliments to the traitors!"

Mr. WHITE. "At any rate Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE—"

Mr. MAXSE. "Ah! There you have a man. BROKE and myself are the Last of the Old Guard."

Mr. WHITE. "What about me?"

Mr. MAXSE. "BROKE and myself and not another to help! Would there were one more outspoken man of brain and heart. For such a one I would give an army of mealy-mouthed Moderates."

Mr. WHITE (testily). "Good night."

RHYMING SLANG.

"How's the bother and gawdfers?" I heard a porter in Covent Garden ask, by way of afterthought, loudly of a friend from whom he had just parted. "Right as rain," was the shouted reply; and I went on my way in a state of bewilderment as to what they were talking about. What was a bother and what a gawdfer? I could think of nothing except possibly some pet animal, or a nickname for a mutual friend. In a higher commercial rank they might have been gold mines. Among soldiers they would have been officers. I asked a few acquaintances, but without any result, and so made a note of the sentence and dismissed it until the man who knows should arrive.

In course of time I found him. He knows because he has had a varied career in both hemispheres, even to the navigation of tramp steamers, and is able and ready to talk with anyone. Conversational ease and naturalness in every class of life are pre-eminently his. He has seen some strange things too, including the hanging of women, and he has swapped stories with both STEVENSON and MARK TWAIN. To-day he is journalising in London; to-morrow he may be off again for 'Frisco, Sydney, anywhere. That is my man.

"What are a bother and a gawdfer?" I asked him.

"A wife and kid, of course," he said. ("Of course!" Think of saying "of course" there.)

I looked perplexed, and he added—"Rhyming slang, you know. Wife is 'hother and strife.' Kids are 'God forbids.' And then, according to the rule, the rhyming word is eliminated and the others are the only ones used;" and we settled down to discuss this curious development of language and the Londoner's mania for calling nothing by its right name.

Some one said recently, when a member of the company had accused America of having no poetry, "What then is her slang?" And he was right, American slang is poetry, her poetry. It is descriptive, vivid and full of images. But no such certificate can be given to rhyming slang, which is without any reason at all and, after the rule referred to above has been put in operation, without rhyme too. The

only principle it has is a perverse passion for obliquity.

When an American is asked a question for which he has no answer, and he says, "Search me," he is emphasising in a striking and humorous way his total lack of information on that point. When he calls a very strong whisky "Tangle-foot," he indicates its peculiar properties in unmistakable fashion in the briefest possible terms. When the same man sees a notoriously intellectual person and exclaims, "Another high-brow," he at once calls up a picture of SHAKESPEARE, MR. HALL CAINE, SIR OLIVER LODGE, or some other domed cranium associated in our minds with literary pursuits. His slang is essentially pictorial. But when a Londoner asks another after his "bother and gawdfers," there may be a certain

head is a *lump of lead*, a pillow is a *weeping willow*, and to sleep is to *plough the deep*. A certain bibulous and quarrelsome peer was told by a cabman that he hadn't been "first for a bubble." It was probably only too true; but what do you think it means? It means that he hadn't been *First of October* for a *bubble and squeak*: reduced to essentials, sober for a week.

All this and more my friend told me. Here are some anatomical terms. The face is the *Chevy*, from *Chevy Chase*; the nose is *I suppose*, this being one of the cases where the whole rhyme is always used; the brain is the *once again*, shortened to "once"; the eye is a *mince*, from *mince pie*; the hand is *bag*, from *bag of sand*; the arm the *false*, from *false alarm*. The œsophagus (so to speak) is the *Derby*, or *Derby*

Kell, from one Derby Kelly; the garment that covers it is the *Charlie*, from Charlie Prescott; but who these heroes were I have not discovered. A collar is an *Oxford*, from *Oxford scholar*. Nothing, you see, is gained by rhyming slang; no saving in time; and often indeed the slang term is longer than the real word, as in *tie*, which is *all me*, from *all me eye*, and *hat*, which is *this and that* in full.

Your feet are your *plates*, from *plates of meat*; your boots are your *daisies*, from *daisy*

roots; your teeth are your *Hampsteads*, from a northern common; money is *don't be*, from *don't be funny*; the fire is the *Anna*, from *Anna Maria*. Whisky is *I'm so*, from *I'm so frisky*; beer is *pig's ear* in full; the waiter is the *hot*, from *hot pertater*; and so forth.

And these foolish synonyms are really used too, as you will find out with the greater ease if (as I did) you loiter in the Dolly. "In the Dolly?" you ask. Oh, if you want any more information let me give it: in the Garden—Covent Garden, from *Dolly Vardon*.

But what I want now to know is the extent of the rhyming vocabulary and the process by which new words are added to it. Supposing, for example, it was felt that Mr. BERNARD SHAW had to be referred to in rhyming slang, who would decide that he was to be known as, say, *Holdyer*, from *hold yer jaw*? Who would invent that term and how would it gain currency? That question my friend could not answer. Is there not some sociologist who can?



THE JOY-TOUR.

Super-Cargo (with delight). "I SAY, THESE CROSS-MARKS ON THE ROAD MAP DON'T MEAN SECONDARY OR BAD, ONLY VERY PICTURESQUE, SO WE CAN LET HER RIP." (They do, as usual.)

asinine funniness in the remark, but there is neither cleverness nor colour. He might as well have said wife and kids, whereas, when Americans use a slang word, it is because it is better than the other word.

Ordinary London slang has few merits. "Nut," for example, carries no picture with it. Nor does it explain itself. "Swank" happens to be a good word, but it is not descriptive. In American slang every phrase, like the advertisement pictures, "tells a story."

But if we condemn ordinary London slang for its dulness, what shall we say of rhyming slang? Only this, that the Englishman should blush for it. The silliness of it is abysmal. Look at this sentence: "So I took a flounder to the pope, laid my lump on the weeping, and did a plough." That is quite a normal remark in any public bar. It means that the speaker went home in a cab and was quickly asleep. Why? Because a cab is a *flounder and dab*; one's home is the *Pope of Rome*; a

A LAPSE IN ART.

(The photographic smile is going out of fashion. A sleepy look is said to be taking its place.)

I READ it on the printed page;
It stood out sharp as fate,
That that wide smile, so long the rage
With ladies of the lighter stage,
Is doomed and out of date.

Those steady lips that served to show
Twin rows of glittering white,
The canines well exposed, as though
The artist meant to put below,
"Be careful, for I bite,"

Henceforth, if what men say is truth,
Are wholly banned and barred;
Of all I've loved from early youth
There will not be a single tooth
On any picture eard.

My comrades charge me not to weep;
For, tho' the smile be doomed,
In place thereof a look of deep
And calmly idiotic sleep
Even now is being boomed.

But how could such a thing atone
To my distracted heart?
'Tis worse. I do not sigh alone
For that long smirk so tried and
known;
I mourn the fall of Art.

For lack of truth I hold a sin
Of infinite degree;
There was some colour for the grin;
But where the sleepy look comes in
Is one too much for me.

Nay, judging by the strenuous way
In which these damsels make
Their noble matches, one would say
That, far from being sleepy, they
Are very wide awake.

DUM-DUM.

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

THERE was once a man who went twenty-three times to the performance of *Peter Pan*, and was inspired thereby with a belief in fairies. He confessed his belief openly and vowed to devote his life to proving its truth. He himself would find a fairy.

And to this end he cut himself off from the world, and dwelt in woodland ways still untouched by hoardings blatant with the praise of petrol. Until at last, by great good hap, he found the frontier of Fairyland, and was called upon to display his luggage for inspection.

"Nothing to declare," he announced boldly; but his word was not deemed sufficient, and he had to submit to a search. Not that this troubled him, for his conscience was clear. In fact,



Counsel. "NOW TELL M'LUD AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY WHAT WAS THE DEFENDANT'S CONDITION WHEN IN YOUR BAR."

Witness. "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD SAY 'FRESH BUT SERVABLE.'"

as his spiritual equipment was unpacked he was very proud of it.

"What is this?" demanded the Customs officer suddenly, and the man had to confess that he did not know. He was dimly conscious of possessing the thing, but that was all, and so it had to be examined. And lo! it proved to be a little thought, the thought that his ability to believe in fairies raised him above his fellows. A little thought, hidden away right at the back of his mind, but it was enough. The fairy regarded it sadly and shook his head.

"That sort of pride," he said, "has ever been contraband in our country. You must leave it outside."

But the man demurred, offering to pay the heaviest duty upon it; for he realised that the thought had become

a living part of himself, even as his fingers and toes. He had been but vaguely aware of it, but now he felt that life without it would be a joyless thing.

"What," he asked plaintively, "is the good of believing in fairies, if it does not make one a superior person?"

But the fairy inspector was adamant.

"Either you cast that aside, or you go," he said.

And the man went.

"To-night and every evening:

GRAND SOCIETY CIRCUS

The most remarkable collection of trained animals ever seen in London."

Advt. in "Evening News."

Shall we never hear the last of this Tango business?

OUR ANNUAL MASSACRE.

Major Hertingfordbury telegraphed: "Delighted. Will 1,000 cartridges be enough?"

To which I replied: "Thanks very much. Will last me nicely for season."

Jim sent a post-card: "Right. Suppose it's going to be like last year. Lunch at 1.0?"

The weather was excellent. So was the lunch. I pointed out that they should make the most of what might prove easily the best feature of the day, and we got off about 2.30 p.m. Jarge, the gardener, scraped his boots on a spade, slung the potato-sack—I should say, game-bag—over his shoulder, whistled to Spider, and followed us as soon as his pipe was well alight. Jim stared at the dog in an extremely offensive manner, but said nothing.

Any idea of walking the rough field in line for a rabbit was frustrated by the spaniel. I had left strict orders for him to be taken a long walk in the morning and, if possible, to be thoroughly tired out; but the brute had kept a good bit in hand, and we were all well blown before we got him on a lead. This delay gave time for a maid from the house to catch us up with the news that the men had finished cleaning out the ashpit and would like to see the master before they went. I sent a verbal honorarium, pulled the shoot together, and started off again. We spread out through the allotments, the occupants courteously ceasing work to note our passage, and entered the stubble.

There was a great deal of stubble, acres and acres of it, with only one precious patch of roots into which we hoped to chivvy the birds—when found. We walked and walked; had a breather; walked again, and at last came upon them. A covey of thirteen, all full-feathered in the wing, strong in the leg and keen-eyed. Unluckily they found us a fraction of a second sooner than we did them and hopped over a hedge. We nipped round and chivvied cautiously up wind. I was afraid that Spider's breathing as he bore on the leash would put them up. We breasted rising ground and saw them. They saw us, too, and began running towards the station-sidings, where we had lost them last time. Jim and I doubled back and round to cut them off. An engine shrieked and the birds got up wide to swing round behind us . . . down with a turn of wing in the far meadow. The first chivvy was a failure.

At this point Major Hertingfordbury came up and asked whether we intended driving at all, as, if not, his

man could take his second gun and his stick back to the house and see to a few details on the car. Jim said the birds were a bit wild, but how would it be now to send Jarge well round behind them, casual like, to push 'em back on to our ground, we keeping low in the ditch? Jarge said that, knowing Grierson's cowman, he thought it might be done and that without offence, if anyone would take on Spider for a bit and the light held up.

It worked all right. The covey wined him the moment he crept under the stile into the meadow; they seemed thoroughly roused now and got up squawking their loudest. They made a wide circle, shied at the sidings, and finally settled in the roots. It was the moment of the afternoon. Jarge returned breathless and beaming. There was no time to shake hands. We gave Spider back to him; then, the Major in the centre, Jim and I on the flanks, pale, grim, and at the ready, we stole up. The swedes were high, our hopes higher. . . .

I still think we might have got them but for sheer bad luck. Jarge trod on a rabbit, hit at it with his stick, and missed it. The spaniel barked himself free and plunged into the chase with all the pent-up ardour of the last two hours. His idea seemed to be that if he only jumped high enough and came down hard enough, listening for a moment between whiles, he might stun something before it could escape. Like a porpoise at play, he leaped on before our outraged eyes and raucous voices. Well out of shot, sudden as pantomime demons, the birds rose around him. Far down the valley they skimmed—were seen as specks against the setting sun as they rose to the river . . . then no more.

We filled our pipes and walked home in silence. As I stopped behind to close the gate there was a pattering of feet, and out of the darkness came Spider. In his mouth was a rabbit. It just saved us from a blank day.

One hesitates to accuse any class of men of cowardice, but the following extract from *The Post Office Guide* seems to point at least to vicarious timidity on the part of our postal officials:—"Packets containing liquids, greasy substances, or live bees can be sent to countries in the Postal Union. They must be made up so that they can be easily opened for purposes of inspection, with the exception of packets containing live bees, which must be enclosed in boxes so constructed as to allow the contents to be ascertained without opening."

GOOD NEWS FOR RUPERT.

(Suggested by an inspiring paragraph upon a recent exhibition which stated that a reaction against luxurious and effeminate apparel for toy-dogs had set in.)

So long as Poms and Pekingese
And lordlier tykes, mayhap, than these
Would go to Bond Street tailors,
And every day adown the road
One saw exotic reptiles towed
In fancy suitings à la mode
And Homburg hats or "sailors,"

I also did my humble best
To have my Irish terrier dressed
In fairly decent clothing,
Lest some proud darling on a chain,
Attached to Beauty's chatelaine,
Should point the forepaw of disdain
And flout him as a low thing.

I could not give him patent boots,
Nor all the gear of hats and suits;
That made these playthings too pert;
But what my humble means allowed
(I may be poor, but I am prond),
That none might scorn him in the crowd,
I freely gave to Rupert.

A thickish coat of homespun tweed,
A cap to save his ears at need
From that brute of the vicar's,
Large-brimmed, because he fights with cats,
Two pairs of purple-coloured spats
To guard him from the bites of rats,
And two of football knickers.

Yes, that was all. Yet I may say
He jibbed at even this display,
He simply loathed his swathing;
You should have seen his coat, by Jove,
On days when he decreed to rove,
His Tyrian gaiters turned to mauve
By dint of frequent bathing.

But now the edict issues forth—
Let it be barked from south to north—
Fashion has changed her habits;
The hat, the gown, the sock, the snood
Have sunk into desuetudo,
The stout goloshes may be chewed
As substitutes for rabbits.

And Rupert—with what conscious pride
He prances at his master's side
And leaves him at his daily 'bus;
A freer, but a happier hound,
And (gentle ladies, gather round)
I think quite adequately gowned
In puris naturalibus. EVOE.

"Crabbe proposed marriage, which, though followed by a short engagement, never came off."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Perhaps the marriage would have been more successful if the engagement had come first.



Proud Member. "NOW TELL ME, HOW DID YOU FIND OUR GREENS?"
Distinguished Visitor. "WELL, YOU SEE, THEY HAD FLAGS ON THEM!"

THE SUPER-AGITATOR.

So long as Mr. JAMES LARKIN continues his timid and half-hearted methods he will never gain that full publicity and approval which he so much desires. Only the weaklings were impressed by the manner in which, on his return to freedom, he staggered Dublin, shook Ireland, and made threatening grimaces at Great Britain. A really competent agitator would have staggered the earth, shaken the solar system and shot ink into the Milky Way.

A *Daily Mail* writer has told us that "if Larkin at a public meeting is given the lie direct he jumps from the platform and hits his accuser on the jaw." Surely that is a totally inadequate method of dealing with such an amazing *contretemps*. A really strong man would take hold of the chairman and hurl him at his accuser, striking that unhappy person on *both* jaws and also giving him a thick ear.

"Every man, woman and girl who

has gone back to work while I have been in prison must come out again," LARKIN is reported to have said. But give us a thorough agitator, he would have ordered the recall of all the Irish who had settled down comfortably in the United States; he would have wired at the same time to the Channel Fleet to be off Dublin at daybreak and await orders for proper treatment of the employers; and in the meantime one of his assistants would have forwarded instructions of different kinds to the Lord Mayor of LONDON, Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the GERMAN EMPEROR, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and even Mr. JOHN REDMOND himself.

As a matter of fact, LARKIN has been merely toying with his task. It may not be true that the ideal strike-leader never sleeps; but he should be of the stuff that demands to be wakened every hour so that nobody else may be allowed to rest. At midnight the attendant rouses him. "Time to wake, Sir," he says, keeping his jaw well out of reach. "Tell O'Larrikin to 'phone

ASQUITH that I want a Cabinet meeting called at 11.30 to-morrow," says the great one; and he settles down to sleep again. Opening his eyes promptly at the next reveille, "Ring up Dublin Castle," he says, "and tell Lord ABERDEEN he is not to have porridge for breakfast." At 2.0 A.M.: "Tell BIRRELL he's a Red Russian; and, if the line's engaged, call out the telephone operators"—and so the night would drag on.

It is no compliment to the really capable strike-leader to be called Napoleonic (a term applied by an evening newspaper to LARKIN). If NAPOLEON were alive now it would be a risky thing for him to venture near a first-class agitator; every bone in his body would be in jeopardy. "Damn the Empire!" LARKIN is reported to have said; but it is still not certain that what he has said he has said. If he wants to be really popular and respected he will not be content with so mild an utterance. LARKIN must really pull himself together and try a little harder.



Maud (to governess, after having received a well-deserved whipping from her mother). "IT ISN'T THE SMACKING I MIND, IT'S—IT'S—MUMMY MAKING HERSELF SO RIDICULOUS."

THE "FULL-STEAM" OPTIMIST.

["The real tempest is over, and, although the wind may be shrieking through the rigging, although the waves may still look a little angry, the sky is clear, the glass is rising, and we know in a very, very short time we will be in calm water."]
From a speech at Birmingham by Mr. Redmond, author of the new nautical phrase, "Full steam ahead."

THE worst is over, the storm is done,
 The clouds have all rolled by;
 Notice how nicely beams the sun
 Out of a nice blue sky;
 Long have we been the blizzard's sport
 Till hope was as good as dead;
 But now we are pounding straight for port
 At the word "Full steam ahead!"

The wind (there's some of it still) may blow
 And the waves rise ridge on ridge,
 But the Cabinet's stoking down below
 And I am on the bridge;
 Yes, I am the Captain of this stout ark,
 A mariner born and bred;
 And the mercury's soaring like a lark
 As we go full steam ahead.

There never was such a loyal crew:
 There's trusty bosun TIM;
 There's mate O'BRIEN, as true as true—
 I'm terribly fond of him;
 Rather than quarrel with friends so old,
 This I would do instead:—
 I'd clap 'em in irons down the hold
 As we drive full steam ahead.

ASQUITH and WINSTON, too, I like,
 Excellent stokers both;
 They never would think of going on strike
 And breaking their briny oath;
 They may prattle of rocks that leeward lurk,
 Charted a bloody red,
 But they soon get back to their bunker-work
 When I shout "Full steam ahead."

Thus in these poor brief seaman's rhymes
 Broadly I've shown the gist
 Of the hopeful signs of the present times
 That make me an optimist;—
 There's no sting left in the beastly foam;
 We can die (if we must) in bed;
 For everything points to a clear run home
 As we forge full steam ahead.

O loud and long will the welcome be
 (And it's going to come quite soon)
 When we cross the last reef (No. 3)
 Into the still lagoon;
 Already I hear the local smiles,
 For which we have toiled and bled,
 Break on the greenest of Blessed Isles
 As we plunge full steam ahead.



THE EVER-OPEN DOOR.

MR. BIRRELL. "DON'T TEMPT ME TOO FAR, MY DEAR CARSON, OR ON MY HONOUR AND CONSCIENCE I SHALL HAVE TO PUT YOU THROUGH *THIS*."



"ON APPRO."

The Gables, Sarkchester.
October 29, 1913.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge will be glad if Messrs. Velour and Chatt will send her a few heavy satin coats on approval. They should be quietly smart, well cut and thoroughly up to date, with small inside pockets if possible.

Oxford Street, London, W.
October 30, 1913.

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your esteemed favour we send four satin coats on approval, as per invoice. Trusting that you will be able to make a selection, We are, Yours faithfully,
VELOUR AND CHATT,
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE. per A.O.K.

The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 6, 1911.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge regrets to say that owing to unexpected circumstances she is unable to keep any of the coats forwarded by Messrs. Velour and Chatt. She, therefore, returns them, per rail, carriage paid, to-day.
MESSRS. VELOUR AND CHATT.

Oxford Street, London, W.
November 7, 1913.

DEAR MADAM,—In reference to four satin coats returned by you, we regret to inform you that No. 695 coat, @ £8 19s. 6d., has evidently been worn.

We shall, therefore, be glad to return you the coat upon receipt of cheque for the amount.

We are, Yours faithfully,
VELOUR AND CHATT,
MRS. BERKELLY-BIGGE. per A.O.K.

The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 8, 1913.

Mrs. Berkeley-Bigge is utterly at a loss to understand Messrs. Velour and Chatt's extraordinary communication. She is handing their letter over to her solicitor.
MESSRS. VELOUR AND CHATT.

The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 8, 1913.

MY DEAR MR. STRAIGHTER,—Why should I pay for the coat? I returned it intact to those stupid drapers, I enclose details. Yours sincerely,

ETHEL B. BERKELEY-BIGGE.
EDWIN STRAIGHTER, ESQ.

Lincoln's Inn.
November 13, 1913.

DEAR MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE,—Unfortunately there are two damaging facts in re Velour and Chatt and the satin coat: (1) A Prayer-book, with your name inside, was found in the inside pocket of the coat, and the said book is still in the possession of Messrs.



THE ESCAPED PARROT.

Voice (apparently of a pheasant). "NOW THEN, WHO ARE YOU SHOVIN'!"

Velour and Chatt; (2) The head mantle woman at V. and C.'s was sitting behind you at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Nov. 3, during a fashionable wedding. She recognised you and the coat. Yours truly,

EDWIN STRAIGHTER.
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

The Gables, Sarkchester.
November 14, 1913.

DEAR MR. STRAIGHTER.—The whole thing is horribly unjust. Kindly settle the business with Velour and Chatt and let me have your account.
Yours sincerely,

ETHEL B. BERKELEY-BIGGE.
Please ask Velour and Chatt to forward coat direct to the Gables.
EDWIN STRAIGHTER, ESQ.

Lincoln's Inn.
November 15, 1913.

DEAR MADAM.—Kindly forward us cheque for £8 19s. 6d. for Velour and Chatt.

In reply to yours, our little account is £2 2s. 0d. Yours faithfully,
STRAIGHTER AND FACER.
MRS. BERKELEY-BIGGE.

"The second game was a hollow win for the visitors, 15-1, in which the second string played with his head."

Eton College Chronicle.
Hence, perhaps, the hollowness.

"Fine play by a Swede."
Manchester Guardian.
This was in a three-ball match with a pheasant and a mangold-wurzel.

THE BUTTON-HOOK.

"Out," said Francesca, coming vigorously into the library, "so you're back, are you?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm back. I really am. But couldn't you have guessed it by just looking at me? Was it necessary to make me say so?"

"How was I to be sure that a heap of shooting clothes in an arm-chair was really you? It might have been anything."

"No, it must have been me. What was it doing when you came in?"

"It was snoring—I mean, it was breathing with much regularity and heaviness. It almost seemed to be asleep."

"Asleep?" I said doubtfully. "What a strange thing! It can't have been me after all. I haven't been asleep. I've been sitting by the fire and thinking—thinking of writing letters, you know, and all that sort of thing; and seeing pictures in the glowing logs; and resolving to be up

and doing, and to beat down things, and to leave the world a better place than I found it, and to strike a blow for freedom and good government, and to pay the rates under protest, and to try a new trick with high pheasants swerving to the right, and to put on my slippers, and—and lots of other things. My brain was very busy."

"Adorable dreamer!" said Francesca. "And did I interrupt you?"

"I wasn't dreaming," I said. "I want to have it clearly understood that I was thinking. What you mistook for heavy breathing—"

"Was really hard thinking. Yes, I know. When you've sat before the fire after shooting I've often heard the working of your mind quite plainly."

"Francesca," I said, "is it quite lady-like to speak so harshly of one who sometimes has a ravelled sleeve of care and tries to knit it up?"

"I'll take it all back if you'll admit that you were asleep when I came into the room just now."

"No," I said, "I cannot do that. Woman, would you have me—have me palter with the truth?"

"But you know," she said, "you did snore—you did make a funny noise in the back of your nose."

"Of course I did. I was practising making noises in the back of my nose. It's the new Swedish gymnastics. You've got to develop every part of your body to the utmost, and naturally you can't leave out your nose. Listen: *Honk-ho-onk*. Wasn't that the kind of noise?"

"That was it, more or less."

"There you are. It is Exercise 19 in Professor Gustafsen's System—the hardest of the lot. However, I've mastered it, but I'm not going in for the Gustafsen gold medal."

"Generous gymnast," said Francesca, "unsleeping guardian of our domestic hearth, tell me, did you shoot a lot of things to-day?"

"Aha!" I said, "you're beaten. You're changing the subject."

"No," she said, "I'm just letting it go to sleep. It's tired."

"Let us," I said, "have no more of this bandying of words. What was it you were pleased to ask?"

"I asked if you had shot a lot of things to-day?"

"I do not," I said, "like the form in which you put your question. If I were to say that I *had* shot a lot of things—"

"You would say so, wouldn't you, if it were true?"

"Certainly not," I said; "it would savour of boastfulness."

"Well, what ought I to say?"

"You ought to ask me if we had good sport."

"Did you have good sport?"

"Meek and submissive one," I said, "we did; but I should have enjoyed it more and shot more accurately—"

"Then," she said, "you didn't shoot your best. Why, oh, why do you always bring this shame upon me? We

women sit at home and knit—yes, and we knit our best, and the men go out and miss—"

"And that," I said, "is just it. Some of us get most frightfully good at missing. It is an art like any other. I myself was not in my best missing form to-day—"

"But why did you miss at all?"

"I will tell you," I said, "since you are determined to wring it from me."

"It's going to be my fault," said Francesca.

"You have guessed rightly; it is. I shot below my true form because you had taken away my button-hook."

"Never."

"You must not deny your guilt. I found it

eventually on your toilet-table; but before that I had hunted for it through all the nooks and corners of my dressing-room. The time began to slip away. At last I found it and then began to use it hastily to tighten the laces of my boots. As I was doing this a lace broke, and my innocent hand flew up and struck me on the mouth. Result, a swollen lip and an agitated mind. So you see, if I shot but poorly the blame must rest on you."

"I see," she said, "I see, and I am profoundly sorry. But why did you not mention all this at the breakfast-table this morning, so that we might have comforted you?"

"I did not," I said, "wish the children to know that their mother was a petty-larcenist of button-hooks. I preferred to suffer in silence."

"But, you know," she said, "that wasn't your button-hook at all. You haven't got one. You left yours in London last week."

"So I did. Then that rascally button-hook this morning was *yours*, after all. Francesca, that makes it worse."

"I will now," she said, "leave you to practise the nineteenth new Swedish exercise. *Honk-ho-onk*. And, when you've done, perhaps you'll restore my button-hook to my room."

R. C. L.



["Nothing makes a stronger appeal to the man of business than a clean cut well-fitting collar."—*Advt.*]

Business Man (regarding card of applicant for position). "OH, I'M TOO BUSY TO SEE ANYONE. ASK HIM TO BE SO GOOD AS TO LEAVE HIS COLLAR."

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

I.—THE OMNISCIENT EGOTIST.

(With acknowledgments to DR. ARTHUR LYNCH, M.P.)

BISMARCK once told me of an evening at VON RANKE'S. The great historian, then in his eighty-fifth year and hard at work on his *Weltgeschichte*, was asked whether he thought elegance of style was of vital importance in his branch of letters, and replied, "No more than your favourite mixture of champagne and stout is essential to the making of the German Empire."

I have been reminded of this story by the perusal of *Post-impressionist Musings* by our excellent friend, Orlando Wambley. The volume revives in my mind the old conflict of the Nominalists and Realists, DUNS SCOTUS, THOMAS AQUINAS and BONAVENTURA, ARISTOTHELES the Trapezuntine, Psittacus Ambulator, and, above all, Coreorygus the Borborygmatic, to whom Wambley is the most perfect modern analogue. I will only say, whatever you read, never allow your epistemological bias to deflect your mind from the conceptual basis of an altruistic empiricism. We are all post-impressionists nowadays, but, as BERGSON once remarked to me, when I criticised his gelastic hypothesis, the difference between "post" and "ante" is an arbitrary convention. As he wittily observed, "even a postcard can be antedated." SAPHO was a post-impressionist, so were PAUL the Silentiary, CONFUCIUS and HOKUSAI, whom I once met at Prince Ito's bungalow on the slopes of Fujiyama, where HOKUSAI, the BARONESS ORCZY and Mr. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR had taken refuge during a protracted earthquake. I mention these names, not to emphasize the range of my acquaintance, but simply to illustrate the advantages of foreign travel. It is true that GIBBON, whom I know intimately, once observed, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school of genius," and my friend FILSON YOUNG, who once lived for seventeen weeks in a lighthouse, is a living example of the truth of the saying. But genius can be gregarious too; witness GOETHE, XOCHEMILCO the Aztec philosopher—with whom I once spent a delightful fortnight at his chalet at the foot of Ixtacihuatl—and BUNYAN, whom, alas! I never met.

Personality is the true antiseptic of literature, and in this vivifying quality, I regret to say, the work of our excellent friend, Wambley, is somewhat to seek. Thus, though he gossips cheerfully of BAUDELAIRE and BARBEY D'AUREVILLE, the intimate savour of personality is lacking in his pages, and I, who knew



Mrs. Macpherson (always careful to qualify her remarks). "Eh, Nurse, you 're looking bonny the day—or else it's me that's no seein' right."

them all, look in vain for anything that recalls the many hours spent in their stimulating company. Not one word is said here of PATER'S moustache, or of BAUDELAIRE'S green socks, or BARBEY'S wonderful nankeen pantaloons.

I often marvel why it is that in such a book as Wambley's, the product of an esoteric cénacle of choice spirits, the application of the craniometrical test should be conspicuous by its absence. I know that the Italian anthropologist, SERGI, has led a revolt against metrical methods of all kinds. I am content to take my stand under the banner of Poupinas the French, and Blödiföl the Hungarian, expert. SKOBELEFF, who taught me scouting, had practically no back to his head. PERICLES'S head was compared to a sea-squill or sea-onion, which has a large acrid bulbous root. And that brings me to the important point that all first-rate genius is bulbocephalic. SKOBELEFF was only partially bulbocephalic—that was the tragedy of his career. As the late Professor VAM-

BÉRY said to me at Plevna, "SKOBELEFF'S sphenomaxillary angle is little better than a gorilla's." I think VAMBÉRY went too far, as he often did, but to eliminate this aspect of genius altogether, as our excellent friend Wambley has done, is even more reprehensible. For, in spite of all the fatuities of the so-called phrenologists, we can never get away from the basic fact that genius varies in a direct ratio with the cubical contents of the cranium. When I offered myself as a pupil to HAFKINE he said nothing, but took up my hat, and, seeing that the size was 8½, accepted my application forthwith.

Still, I admit that this in no way justifies my venturing to sit in judgment on a pundit like Wambley. But I feel that the foregoing remarks may be not without their interest to those who recognize that, in letters as in life, personality is the paramount asset, and that the louder the personal note is struck in journalism, the more resounding must be the success of the journal.

THE ROUT OF THE THEORIST.

For a full minute the excitement was simply tremendous. The ball kept bobbing about in the mouth of the goal amid a perfect frenzy of kicking legs and twisting bodies, behind which the goal-keeper danced on his toes in an agony of apprehension. Then, all at once, it shot clear and landed at the foot of our outside right, who without hesitation raced with it down the field. We were saved again!

"I am ready to wager, Sir," said the little man sitting next to me, "you were not aware that you were gripping the edge of the seat just then as if your very life depended upon it."

"Well, what about it?" I asked coldly. "It's a perfectly natural action at such a time."

"Just my point!" he cried brightly. "I always say it is in moments of great emotional stress or excitement that the power of atavism reveals itself. Ages and ages ago our ancestors, living in trees, had to be gripping the branches all day long. Their lives, in fact, *did* depend on a tight grip. And so, when you got violently excited just now, you simply reverted. You grasp the idea?"

I tried hard not to listen to him. The play had again reached an acutely interesting stage. Sanderson, our outside left, had just forced a corner, and was about to take the kick himself.

"Now do just look at that!" cried the persistent voice in my ear. "Another really remarkable proof of my theory. Did you notice how the player moistened his hands? What possible, what conceivable reason could he have for doing that, since he is about to kick the ball, not to pick it up? Atavism, I assert, my dear Sir, simply atavism. Far back in those days of tree-dwelling, of which I spoke just now, our ancestors would naturally moisten their hands before some great effort—a more than usually long spring, let us say—in order to ensure a good grip. Now, you observe, when called upon to make a supreme effort . . ."

He was cut short by a shattering roar of applause as our inside right dodged skilfully round the opposing backs and sent the ball whizzing past the helpless goal-keeper. One excitable spectator in our neighbourhood snatched off his hat and hurled it high into the air.

"Here we have another remarkable example of reversion," continued the little man when he could make himself heard. "Ages and ages ago our ancestors, as you know, wore no clothes. Gradually, very gradually, they acquired the habit of covering themselves with skins and other sub-

stances. Now, I think, after a little reflection, you will admit it to be more than probable that a covering for the head, or hat, was the last article of clothing to be adopted, and this being so it is naturally the first to be discarded by our friend when, in his emotional moment, he experiences this overpowering instinct to revert to the primitive state of mankind."

Just at this point the referee gave a foul against one of our side, and in the torrent of abuse and exhortation which followed I missed the concluding words.

But he had by no means finished. "Now let us consider the manifestation of anger," he went on imperturbably as soon as the noise had exhausted itself. "Ages and ages ago . . ."

I turned upon him in desperation.

"So far as I understand you," I interrupted, "you assert that in a moment of supreme emotion a man's actions are determined by atavism, that he does precisely what a primitive man, or monkey, if you like, would do in similar circumstances."

"Not quite as I should have put it," he replied, "but still you have the idea."

"Very well, then," I went on. "I am going to prove that you are wrong."

"Good!" he replied, rubbing his hands delightedly. "This is really most interesting."

"You were about to deal with the manifestation of anger," I continued. "If your theory were correct, a man's instinctive act in a moment of intense irritation and annoyance with another man would not be to snatch out a pistol and fire at his tormentor, or to draw a dagger and stab him, but simply to seize hold of him and attempt to bite him, or possibly to double up his fist and hit him between the eyes, even though he realised perfectly well that the effect of this would be trifling compared with the effect of other measures he might take."

"Exactly," cried the other. "You could hardly have chosen a better example."

"You are wrong," I repeated, opening the big pocket-knife which I always carry, and leisurely testing its edge on my thumb. "Ages and ages ago our ancestors may have been satisfied . . ."

But he was gone.

"South-Western Districts batted first, and at the luncheon interval had lost eight wickets for 50 runs. M. C. Bird kept wicket.

Lunch score.—South-Western Districts, 50 for eight wickets.

Lunch.—South-Western Districts, 50 for eight."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

We are a little slow at acquiring a new idea, but, when once it has penetrated, we never forget.

A TIME-HONOURED TYRANT.

["The popular belief that influenza is a comparatively new disease is quite wrong; it is as old as the hills."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

LAST year, when a sudden affliction
Put me prone on the pillow of pain,
When the flu brought the sombre
conviction

I should never be happy again,
Times past, although rougher and ruder,
Tó me seeméd unspeakably blest,
For I counted this chilly intruder
A parvenu pest.

But it seems I was making an error;
No better our forefathers fared;
They too fell à prey to this terror,
If their woad was improperly aired;
It watched our historic upheavals
In the days of the Saxon and Jute,
And harried the hapless coevals
Of HARDICANUTE.

For this in their wisdom the master
Physicians who ruled at the date
Gave BOADICEA a plaster
And bled ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
Or (what is more likely) selected
Some quainter medicinal boon,
Say, the tail of a rabbit bisected
At full o' the moon.

And, could we obtain his confession,
That sage of the cynical snub,
We should find that it caused the
depression
That ruled in DIOGENES' tub;
Proud TARQUIN it tortured with ill ease,
Kept REMUS a prisoner pent,
And fully explains why ACHILLES
Sat tight in his tent.

Can we catch consolation from knowing
This horror by which we are hurled
To the depths of despair has been going
Quite strong since the youth of the
world?

Dare we hope it has long passed its
high day,
That writ is its history's page,
And that haply to-morrow or Friday
'Twill die of old age?

A Fond Hope.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see by the papers that the postmen are threatening to come out on strike just before Christmas, but I am afraid it is too good to be true. If they only would, what a halcyon time we might have!

Yours, OLD FOGGY.

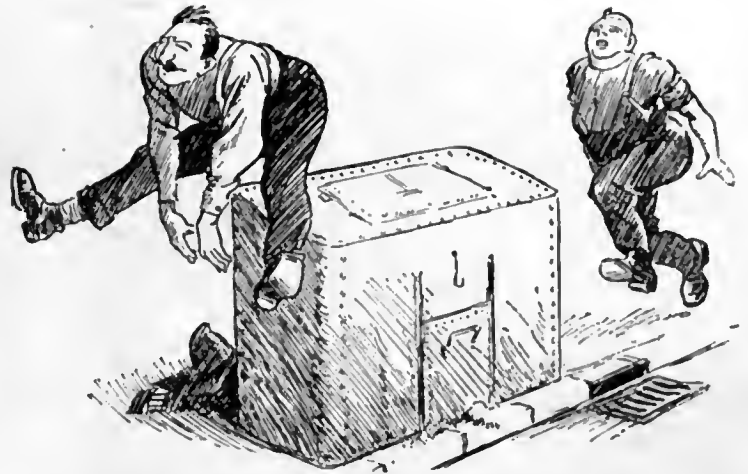
"Purple is a colour which is prominent at present, but it is very trying to some complexions. It looks very well veiling a bright green."—*Sunderland Daily Echo*.

So if any of our women readers has a bright green face she should order a purple veil at once.

(We learn with pleasure that various authorities and employers are giving facilities for Olympic training.)



A STREET REFUGE CONVERTED INTO A TEMPORARY RING FOR THE USE OF NEWSBOYS OFF DUTY.



CITY POLICEMEN USING A SAND-BIN AS A VAULTING-HORSE WHEN THINGS ARE SLACK.



BILLINGSGATE FISH-PORTERS HIGH-DIVING OFF LONDON BRIDGE.



BEEFEATERS PRACTISING JAVELIN-THROWING ON THE GRASS IN THE TOWER MOAT.



L.C.C. ROAD-MENDERS DOING LONG JUMPS AND HORIZONTAL-BAR WORK DURING THE DINNER-HOUR.

CHAS. GRAVE

AT THE PLAY.

"GREAT CATHERINE."

THE best form of charade is that in which, having chosen your word—e.g., "PUNCH"—you proceed in dumb show to act episodes in the lives of famous people whose names begin with the letters of the word. Thus you would have five characteristic scenes wherein figured in turn POMPEY, ULYSSES, NERO, CHARLES I., and HANNIBAL—or anybody else who occurred to you. Perhaps, very late one evening, having already used up CHARLES I. and II., CROMWELL, CANUTE, and JULIUS CÆSAR, the name of CATHERINE might occur to you—CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA. It is doubtful whether you would consider any incident in her life to be sufficiently well known to a mixed audience to need no words to explain it, but anyhow it would amuse you to try. After all, charades are only meant to amuse the actors; the audience is there at its own risk.

At the Vaudeville the other night I felt that *Great Catherine* must have started life as a family charade. The incident represented was probably that in the fourth scene, where *Catherine* tickles a trussed-up English prisoner with her foot. She mentions casually that this is her favourite torture, and if (as is quite likely) history mentions it too, then it would be a scene which an audience of Mr. SHAW'S friends, better-read than myself, might easily recognise. Possibly Mr. SHAW himself played the small part of *A Cossack Sergeant*.

And then next morning, so I picture it, the jolly charades of the previous night came back to Mr. SHAW, and in particular the fun which they had got out of "C for CATHERINE." "If only we had been allowed words, we could have had a lot more sport with it." Idly he played with the idea in his mind, giving first himself a few words as the *Cossack Sergeant* (including a joke about his "sweetbread," subsequently used three times) and then allotting an occasional speech to the others. Gradually his ambition for it increased; by the afternoon he was refreshing his memory at his encyclopædia (CAN—CLE); by the evening the whole thing was planned out in his mind. Next morning saw him at work. *Great Catherine* (he wrote). *A thumb-nail sketch of Russian Court Life in the XVIII. century. In Four Scenes.* And before he went to bed it was finished.

So only can I explain Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S new play at the Vaudeville. I am sure it amused him to write it; I am sure it would amuse him to act it with his friends; but he mustn't be

selfish. He must think of the amusement of others. That the English have an elementary sense of humour is probably his opinion. *Captain Edstaston*, of the Light Dragoons, is shown us as a very solemn gentleman until the Russian name "Popoff" is mentioned, when he goes into fits of laughter; and no doubt when Mr. SHAW himself (in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*) got so much fun for us out of the mispronunciation of *Etataleeta's* name he was purposely writing down to the English level of humour. But there are people in his audiences who are not entirely English—people also who have some feeling for Mr. SHAW and a great admiration for his genius. It is a pity to disappoint them.

To Mr. NORMAN MCKINNELL I owe most of my laughter; as *Prince Potemkin* he was delightful. Mr. EDMOND BREON played excellently as the English captain, being particularly good in his last speech, and Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON was the *Empress Catherine* to the life. (Not that I ever saw the *Empress Catherine*, but I feel now as if I had.) It is only fair to say that *Great Catherine* is preceded by *Between Sunset and Dawn*, a play which of itself demands a visit to the Vaudeville.

M.

"IF WE HAD ONLY KNOWN."

The characters that pleased me most in Mr. INGLIS ALLEN'S play were *Meeks* and *A Loafer*. *Meeks* was a Scots maid-of-all-work who spoke, through the medium of Miss JEAN CADELL, with a fine native accent and a pleasant directness of expression. *A Loafer*, though he caused nearly all the subsequent trouble by omitting to post a crucial letter, was only on just long enough to state, and reiterate, to *Meeks* his opinion that she was a "dirty general servant." But these two smaller parts served to recall the reputation that Mr. INGLIS ALLEN made long ago in literature for the observant humour which he brought to his dialogues of the highways and byways of humble life.

If it were not the recognised ambition of every humorist to be taken seriously one might have been surprised at his choice of such a theme as the deliberate avoidance of fatherhood and motherhood. There are grave subjects which yet lend themselves to a light treatment; but this is not of them, if offence is to be escaped. Mr. ALLEN started lightly, but when once he had entered on the domain of gynæcology and obstetrics he found little chance for humour, and had all his work cut out to spare us unnecessary embarrassment. Here he managed as tactfully

as could be hoped. For the rest, I think that conscientiousness was his prevailing virtue. When he thought that dull and futile things would be said in real life he never hesitated to make his characters say them. I am afraid that this is a virtue which he will have to slough if he means to go far with a British audience.

If it is a test of a good play that it should arouse sympathy in the hearts of the audience I think Mr. ALLEN has here failed of complete success. One can imagine oneself deeply moved by a father's emotion in the deadly waiting hours before the birth of his first child, but unfortunately the exhibition of stupid and vulgar misunderstanding between husband and wife in the First Act (though no doubt the wife could plead the excuse of her physical condition) had permanently disabled me from taking more than an academic interest in their subsequent histories. Then again I am always annoyed when a woman shows a morbid hesitation—so rare in real life and so common in books and plays—about letting her husband know that she is to bear him a child, though here again there was an excuse for the wife in the play, who understood that her husband did not regard his income as warranting this luxury. Thirdly it was never explained to us why she should choose to consult a lady-doctor whose male friends were offensive. In fact we received the impression (too clearly to lose it later, when the author wanted us to) that the heroine was half prude and half vixen, and in consequence the question of her fate in child-birth left me brutally cold. Still, when all is said, I must credit Mr. ALLEN with an honest and not undignified attempt to glorify parenthood as the brightest joy of married life and the most satisfactory solvent of its difficulties.

The jealous irritability of the wife in the First Act seemed to suit Miss MARY JERROLD'S gifts better than the subsequent pride of maternity. Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY, as the husband, was sincere within his limitations; and Mr. RUDGE HARDING, as a medical *amicus curiæ*, went meritoriously through some very trying alternations of humour and homiletics.

Miss MADGE MCINTOSH, as the mother-in-law, bore the unrelieved banality of her utterances as if she enjoyed it. Mr. PERCEVAL CLARK began funnily as a parenthetical observer of life, but his chances tailed off. Finally Miss AIMÉE DE BURGII (a temptress) needs to be reminded that an affected modification of vowel sounds is not necessarily a guarantee of great wickedness of heart.

O. S.



AN INSULT TO THE PROFESSION.

Shocked Juvenile. "Oh, MOTHER! FAIRIES WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THAT, WOULD THEY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

IN the modern literature of humour Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK is what the Harlequins used to be in Rugby football. He takes risks. Sometimes he will try for a joke where a more cautious man would have perceived that no joke was. But far more frequently he will extract humour of the finest kind from absolutely nothing, and score, so to speak, a try from his own goal-line. In his latest book, *Behind the Beyond* (LANE), he is in brilliant scoring form. I can see *Behind the Beyond* breaking up many homes; for no family will be able to stand the sudden sharp yelps of laughter which must infallibly punctuate the decent after-dinner silence when one of its members gets hold of this book. It is Mr. LEACOCK's peculiar gift that he makes you laugh out loud. I am a stern, soured, sombre man, one of those people who generally show that they are amused by a faint twitching of the lip; but, when Mr. LEACOCK's literal translation of HOMER on page 193 met my eye, a howl of mirth broke from me. I also forgot myself over the interview with the photographer. As for "Behind the Beyond" itself, the sketch which gives its title to the book, it is the last word in polished burlesque. I cannot say that this book has actually displaced Mr. LEACOCK's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* in my esteem, for that classic created a new world for me and has a place of honour of its own on my shelves. *Sunshine Sketches* was super-LEACOCK. The present volume is merely Mr. LEACOCK at

his best. But I respectfully submit that that is worth four-and-sixpence of anybody's money.

Mr. BOHUN LYNCH is a bold man. I do not know whether there actually exists any family called *Tibshelf*, but, if such there be, these are days in which they might quite possibly bring an action for defamation against the author of *Cake* (MURRAY); because the whole plot of his tale hangs upon the unpleasantness of being called *Tibshelf*. I must say I agree. It seems to me a quite beastly name; but of course this is a pure matter of opinion. In *Cake* there are some wholly charming persons called *Luffingham*, who own a delightful old house as picturesque as themselves, but not enough ready cash to support it. To them comes the chance, through a will, of wealth attainable only on condition of calling themselves *Tibshelf*. Well, of course it wouldn't be exactly a happy exchange; but I do think that Mr. LYNCH makes too much fuss about it. To him evidently a *Luffingham* by any other name would by no means smell so sweet. However, his characters seem to have been of my opinion; for half-way through the book you find them basking contentedly enough in the affluence that this name of *Tibshelf* confers. They, in short, eat their cake with an appetite. And, after all, the ingenuity of their creator was to find a way in which they could falsify the proverb and still have it. What that way is I shall not explain; though indeed the plot of this story is not to be compared with the pleasant way in which Mr. BOHUN LYNCH tells it. He has the gift of a chatty and yet witty style that forces you to

become a friendly listener to even the thinnest tale. And there is one character, an aggressively broad-minded parson, for whom alone the book should be read as an awful warning by the entire Clergy List.

Between ourselves and ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER there is by now a complete understanding based upon the jovial acquaintance of years and in no way affected by the less familiar "THE HONBLE. MRS. ALFRED FELKIN" which has more recently taken to appearing in brackets on the title-page. It is tacitly agreed that all our attention shall be concentrated on the dialogue and that the plot be left to take care of itself; no offence will be caused, then, when I remark that the machinery of *Her Ladyship's Conscience* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is crude and primitive and creaks a good deal. The book is less a story than an animated *Burke's Peerage*; a pocket collection of Dukes and Duchesses, Dowagers, Marquises and other aristocrats who thoroughly discuss themselves and each other, as illustrating the foibles of humanity and the excellence of the Divine Providence. It is the conscientious *Lady Esther* who brings grist to this conversational mill by denying herself the love of *Lord Westerham* on the score of divergent ages, thus letting in the youth and beauty of the soulless *Beryl* to secure the coronet and lead the soulful lord to disillusion and dismay. So much for the main idea. As to the talk to which it gave rise, be it said that this is as fresh and as witty as ever and full of the most delightful *obiter dicta*. I must, however, note a tendency in our authoress to lecture, even to preach at us, sometimes through the mouths of her characters, but more through her own. At one time I found myself sympathising, out of pure devilry, with the flippant naughtiness of *Beryl* as contrasted with the utter godliness of *Lady Esther*; and I was quite upset when the former, to pave the way for the latter's ultimate reward, was overtaken by sudden death in the last chapter but one, though I must own that I had been expecting it since about the first chapter but two.

In *The Milky Way* (HEINEMANN), by Miss F. TENNYSON JESSE, there is a very pleasant fusion of matter and manner. The light-hearted courage of the true Bohemian is presented with the bravest gaiety of style. It is true that both *Vivien*, who tells the story, and *Peter*, who shares her unchaperoned adventures, have deliberately chosen poverty for the sake of freedom of soul; but this does not make their experience any less exhilarating either to themselves or to us. Starting acquaintance on a ship that easily gets wrecked; acting in fifth-rate circus-drama; chalking pictures and selling flowers on the pavement; playing in a tent on tour, and ending up with a Sentimental Journey out of which they make between them a commissioned book (he does the letter-press and she the pictures, though I'm sure she could easily have

done both), they meet all fortunes with a smiling pair of hearts.

"He who is light of heart and heels
Can wander in the Milky Way."—*Provençal Proverb.*

Somewhere an editor tells them: "It's the great complaint against life that it's so little like the books." But that does not worry the author; she just goes on with her delightfully impossible story, revelling shamelessly in the kind of coincidences that never think of occurring outside books. It is only as an artist that she takes herself seriously, growing really eloquent about colour and the values of shadows. Her sense of beauty, though apparent throughout the book, gives a special charm to the story of her journey through Provence, and I was particularly

grateful to her for refreshing my memory of the little-known marvels of Les Baux, where the troubadours held their Courts of Love; Les Baux, the headquarters of "gilded platonics," "the most wonderful place in the world." And a very suitable scene for the first stage of the "pilgrimage" of this pair with whom "platonics" were a fine art. Indeed (for I will say nothing about the repellent shape of *Peter's* head in her clever frontispiece picture) my only serious complaint of Miss Jesse's work—a curious criticism to make in this age of the sexual novel—is that she carries sexlessness to the verge of indecency. The innocence of these two—of *Peter*, anyhow, who is also a little too precious at times—seems almost more than one can bear; and there is at least one episode in the book which may be very good milk for babes, but is rather strong meat for grown men and women.

Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL has me at his mercy, for no sooner do I begin to read about his roistering, bewigged, tender-hearted blades than what critical faculty I have is stifled; I become passionately eager to cross swords and swagger with the best of them, and my heart is possessed with envy of the

days when we referred to our friends not as "two-handicap" but as "two-bottle" men. The quality of his work I could praise unendingly, but in *The Honourable Mr. Tawnish* it is possible to regret the meagre quantity of it. In *The Broad Highway* and *The Amateur Gentleman* we were given abundant measure, but not even Mr. Brock's illustrations make up for the fact that this book only occupied me for an hour. It was a crowded hour enough, for Mr. FARNOL has never written anything more exhilarating than his account of the efforts of *Mr. Tawnish* to prove himself worthy of *Penelope Chester*, nor has he ever been more completely master of his plot. His tendency to ramble is gone, which means, I suppose, a better craftsmanship, though I, for one, would always be glad to ramble with him when he gives me the chance.

"Broken-hearted.—Try sucking lemons."—*Yorkshire Gazette.*
If only *Romeo* had known of this in time.



THE SPREAD OF TANGO.
ARREST OF A MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. GORDON HARVEY, a Radical M.P., has declared that he will resign his seat rather than vote for a bigger navy. The country is thus placed in the awkward dilemma of having to decide which it would rather lose—Mr. HARVEY, or the Empire. It is scarcely fair of Mr. HARVEY to place us in such an embarrassing position.

The fact that Miss WILSON, the daughter of the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, was married quietly last week, is said to be resented keenly by Mr. ROOSEVELT, who considers this reversal of his policy a slight upon himself.

By-the-by, the word "Oboy" was omitted from the marriage service. President HUERTA is said to have noted this, and expressed himself as willing to enter into closer relations with the United States on these lines.

It has now transpired, with reference to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's recent visit to Oxford, that there was a scheme on foot to kidnap the CHANCELLOR after the debate and duck him in the fountain of a certain college quad. News of the plot leaked out, but Mr. GEORGE laughed at the danger and refused to make his speech in bathing costume.

It is proposed that our public telephone boxes shall be equipped with writing pads. It would be an act of humanity if, at the same time a shelf of readable books could be added to enable one to while away the weary hours of waiting.

The Montrose Town Council has arranged with the War Office that a large portion of the Montrose Golf Links shall be used as an aviation base. How is it that there has been no outcry against this? It really does begin to look as if the nation were losing its spirit.

On the ground that they would be of use to a hostile army in war time, the French War Minister has forbidden the painting of the names of French towns on the roofs of their railway stations to

guide airmen. We should have thought that it would have been better to have the names there, but to alter them on the outbreak of hostilities. It would, for instance, lead to a rare scene of confusion if a German general, on reaching what he imagined to be Paris, were to find it labelled "Balham."

Mr. P. AMAURY TALBOT, a commissioner of Southern Nigeria, in the course of a journey in the Ekot district came across traces of bird-worshippers. For aviators on the look-out for a new religion, here surely is the very thing.

According to a contemporary, the militants "are losing their heads." There certainly have been a good many timber fires lately.

word of complaint from the Bishop of KENSINGTON in regard to the costumes in *Oh! I say!* it is announced that the entire play has been re-dressed.

It has been decided by the Divisional Court that sheep that pass in the night need not carry tail-lights. This is just as well, for, even had it been decided otherwise, it would always have been possible to allege that the sheep had left their tails behind them.

According to *The Religious Telescope*, the official organ of the United Brethren, of Dayton, Ohio, somnolence is often due to the sober colour scheme of a church. Parsons all over the world will be delighted to hear the true physical reason why so many worshippers give up the fight soon after the sermon begins.

"ROMAN REMAINS IN NORFOLK," announces a contemporary. But why shouldn't he?

It is pointed out that our winters are now always late. One more sign of the growing habit of unpunctuality in our degenerate age!

A Baltimore gentleman has married a veiled lady whom he did not see until after the ceremony. We cannot help thinking that this is done more frequently than one

imagines, and may be the explanation of many a union which has puzzled us.

Commercial Candour.

"Twenty-five years' reputation goes with every tyro sold."—*Advt.*

Manager (despairingly, as he makes out the bill). Another twenty-five years' reputation gone!

"Alex Sweek of Portland, Ore., has been selected by President Wilson to be minister to Siam."—*Savannah Morning News.*

This is headed "Typhoon sweeps Guam," in order to catch the eye of those of Mr. SWECK's friends who might otherwise miss it.

"Sunday Nov. 30th, 8 o'clock. Speaker: Mr. A. Horspool (Ora). 'A Defence of the Super-tanaurletaoin shrldu etaoin shrldu cinfwyp natural.'"

It wants no defending; it speaks for itself.



Fare (long past her destination). "WHY DOESN'T HE STOP, CONDUCTOR? I PULLED THE BELL A LONG WHILE AGO."

Conductor. "VERY SORRY, LADY. I CAN'T GET 'EM TO STOP NOWHERE THIS JOURNEY—NOT PROMPT-LIKE—'E'S THAT BENT ON BEATING NUMBER 498—SAYS 'E 'AS TO STOP WHERE 'E CAN AFFORD TO."

The Tango craze shows no sign of slackening, and there is a rush for anything that resembles it. For example, last week as many as two gentlemen named TANGYE are reported to have been sued by their wives for restitution of conjugal rights.

To judge by the following notice exhibited in a provision shop, Election Eggs have had their day:—

BY ORDER OF THE SANITARY INSPECTOR,
MUST BE SOLD.
A LARGE STOCK OF
ELECTION PHEASANTS.

Garments of tiger-skin are the latest freak of fashion in Paris. As a matter of fact there is nothing new in the idea. Tigers have worn them for years.

Although we have never heard a

A UNITED FAMILY.

(Dedicated with best regards to the Chief Secretary.)

[At the last performance in his orgy of oratory at Bristol, Mr. BURRELL is reported to have said:—

"During the last two days the Cabinet have sat for a considerable number of hours. I have been present at those deliberations, and all I say is—dismiss from your minds any notion that there is any difference of opinion. We are one and all behind the Prime Minister. . . . We are a united Government."

Subsequently, in addressing the National Liberal Federation at Leeds Mr. ASQUITH endorsed this allegation of perfect unanimity.]

THINK not that I would lightly play
Like a buffoon or comic mime
With this grave theme that night and day
Has tasked my manhood's serious prime;
Others may choose to trifle, but
It is not so with Bristol's BURRELL,
Who owns that Ireland is a nut
That might unnerve the stoutest squirrel.

Nevertheless I plead excuse
If, just for once in all this while,
I let my solemn features loose
And lapse into a pensive smile;
I cannot help it when I meet
With men who think (oh, how erroneous!)
Our dovecote up in Downing Street
Might possibly be more harmonious.

I have been there and taken part
In high debate, and so I know,
And I assure you, on my heart,
'Twas "like a little heaven below;"
There was not one at that bright board
Who mutinied or even muttered;
When ASQUITH spoke we all encored,
We echoed every word he uttered.

Though on the platform GREY invites
The conversazione's aid,
While RUNCIMAN, with lesser lights,
Cries "Blood!" and bares his infant blade;
Though various voices float through space
From dulcet coos all down the gamut
To roarings in a DEVLIN bass
("Sure, who's afraid of Ulster, damn ut!")—

Yet on my conscience I protest,
And for a token, as I speak,
I lay this hand upon my chest,
This tongue against my bulging cheek—
I swear (and, when I swear, you've got
Something that you may safely trust in)—
We are a most united lot;
Believe me, Truly yours, AUGUSTINE.

O. S.

Bishop BOYD CARPENTER as reported in *The Times*:—

"Instead of saying to the children, 'You shall not do this or that,' they should say, 'You should keep the whole of that great organism which God has put into your care, with its delicate forces, physical, moral, and intellectual, in such a state of healthful activity that they shall be combined in your own individuality in such sort as to be real powers for good through the whole length of your days.'"

Harold (continuing to pull the cat's tail). "What did you say, mother?" (She says it again.)

HOW WE LOST A LITTLE DOG.

I MAY say that, for better or for worse, our house is a doggy house, and there is always a considerable amount of cheerful tail-wagging going on in it. Amongst others who have dedicated to our use their genius for friendship and affection we reserve a high place for Soo-ti, a dusky little Pekinese who for two years has been our gay and inseparable companion. I have spoken of him before. To-day I propose to relate a crisis in his existence.

Soo-ti has all the engaging characteristics of his race. He is shaped on a leonine model, heavily maned, broad-headed, thin in the flanks; his nose turns up most perversely, and his eyes are large, luminous and expressive. He is a compact embodiment of all the obstinacies, independences and humorous wilfulnesses that have always been found in spaniels of his breed. His courage is tremendous. He faces a cart-horse, a mastiff or a motor-car with equal coolness and disdain, always walking by preference along the centre-line of whatever road he happens to be on, and refusing to budge for vehicles of any description. How he escapes destruction I cannot understand; but there seems to be amongst coachmen and carters and chauffeurs in our district an agreement that he is to be considered a sort of policeman's hand, and, when his airy impudence is seen swaggering along, traffic stops and even butchers' carts delay the delivery of joints in order that Soo-ti may walk unscathed.

Such, then, was and is Soo-ti, endeared to us by much wickedness and many virtues, and not least by his infinitesimal size. He is, indeed, an absurdly small compendium of all that is great and glorious in dogdom. With one little hand a child can lift this tiny mass of faith and arrogance, of devotion and defiance, into the air, hold it out at arm's length and deposit it on a sofa cushion, where, after its three ritual circlings, it goes to sleep and becomes a mere little black blot on its soft bed. We had watched Soo-ti grow up from puppyhood, but he had never seemed to become larger, and whenever we spoke to him or thought of him it was in terms of diminutiveness.

Now it happened that some eight weeks ago, Soo-ti was suddenly, and without being in the least aware of it, promoted to the honourable state of being a father—"Sire" is, I believe, the technical term. A puppy was assigned to us, was duly invested (*in absentia*) with the name of Puk—short for Puk-wudjie—and was yesterday fetched away from its agitated and protesting mother to its new home in our midst. We were all gathered to receive it, and when, released from its basket, it was set down upon the floor there was a universal shout of joy and admiration. It was an adorable ball of soft and seemingly boneless black fluff, so small that a man's coat pocket could easily contain it, and, save for a white shirt-frill and four sets of tiny white toes, it was the born image of its father, who, as it chanced, was not present when it was unpacked. It began its new life with enthusiasm, licked whatever hand or cheek it could lay its coral tongue to, waddled about the room or turned itself on its back, submitting to everything that fate might decree for it, got up and gave three short prances that brought it into collision with an armchair, sat down gravely and looked out upon this perplexing world from its blue puppy eyes, laid offerings of overwhelming and undying affection at everybody's feet, and altogether behaved as if it realised its importance without being in the least abashed by its lack of size.

While we were engaged in this scene of worship the door,

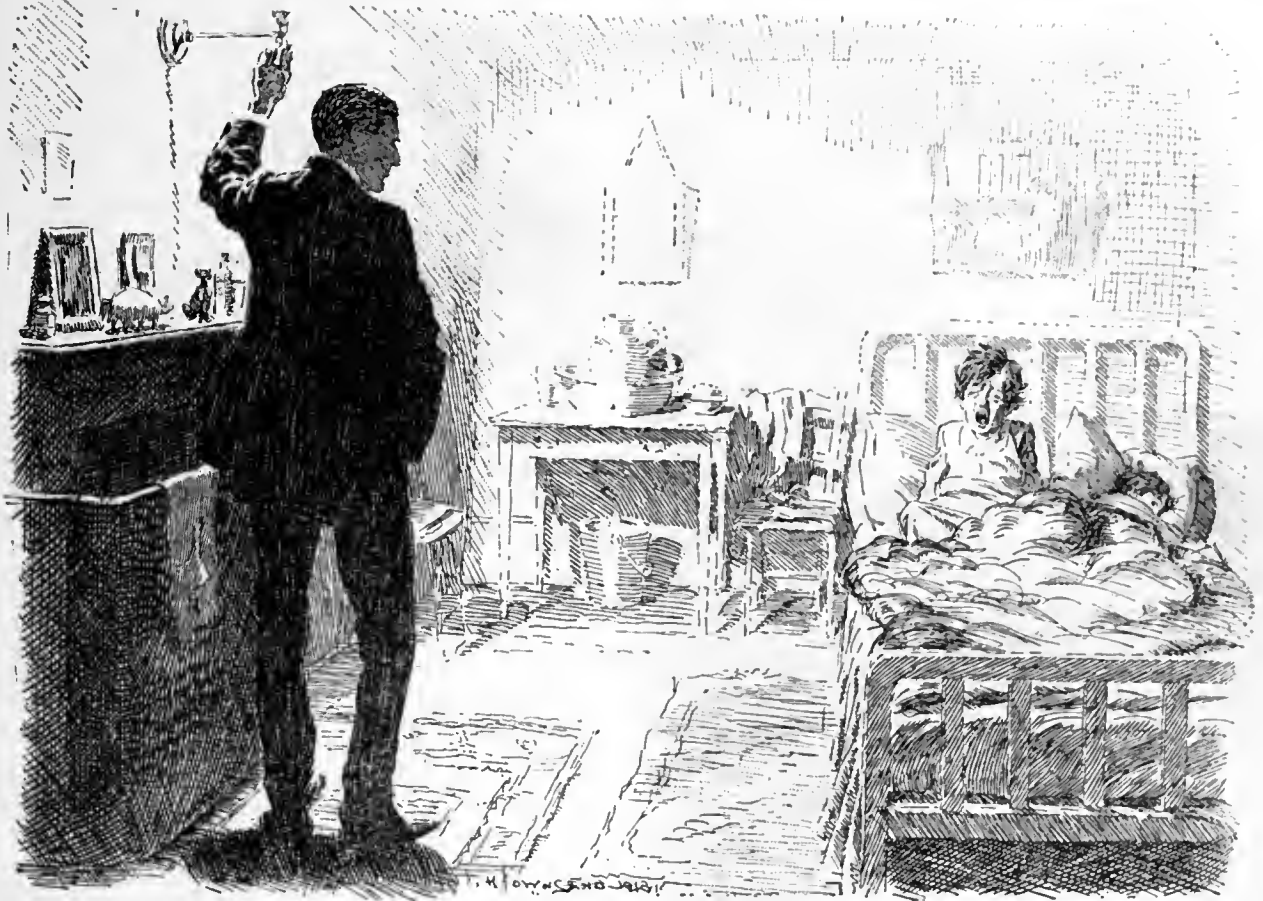


“WIEN!”

MR. REDMOND. “DON'T DROWN IT!”

MR. ASQUITH. “VERY GOOD, SIR.”





OUR YOUNG SCIENTISTS.

"OH! DAD, PLEASE SPEAK TO BOBBY. HE WILL PUT HIS FEET MY SIDE OF THE BED, AND HIS TOES ARE BELOW ZERO!"

which was ajar, was slowly and solemnly pushed open, and a large black retriever stalked majestically into the room. It seemed to me that I had never seen him before, and yet there was a familiar something about his aspect. He approached Puk and sniffed at him without interest, while the small dog, turning himself into a temporary fried whiting, with his tail in his mouth, protested his harmlessness and insignificance. Then the giant, having finished his inspection, turned away and took no further notice.

"Who's this?" said Helen.

"It's— No, it can't be," said Rosie.

"It must be— No, it isn't," said Peggy.

"It's Soo-ti," said John. "He's grown up."

"It *is* Soo-ti," they all shouted together. "How big he's got!"

As a matter of fact, it *was* Soo-ti, but, by contrast with the atom to which we had been devoting ourselves, he had grown in our eyes to proportions so gigantic that for a moment we had seen a retriever in his place. And even to-day we have failed to reduce him to his normal size. Something we managed to effect by taking him for a walk with the Great Dane, but as soon as he came home and found himself in the same room with Puk he began again to swell visibly, and now he is once more a big dog. The pretty graces that belong to the very small seem through the presence of his son to have dropped from him. In short, we have lost our little dog. But we still hope that, when Puk himself shall have grown up, our old original Soo-ti will be restored to us in all his delightful dwarfishness. R. C. L.

THE WINDOW-CLEANER.

HE mounts his ladder and attacks each pane—

As though, behind it, I elude his vision;

If I were robbed before his eyes or slain,

He would clean on with unimpaired precision;

In short, with the first action of his wrist,

I simply cease by some means to exist.

It stands to reason that, my light grown dim,

My peace destroyed, my business dislocated,

I'm forced to take an interest in *him*

(However plainly unreciprocated);

I've thought his mien a studied insult—yet

At other times I've hoped it's etiquette.

Of course I don't expect him to converse

Or doff the pride so proper to his station;

I merely wish that he would let me nurse

My natural self-respect (in moderation).

He won't; and it is very hard for me

Thus to resign my dear identity.

Despair.

"Hardinge got the ball, but, however, made a terrible attempt at scoring, putting the ball high over the bar. Again Rutherford repeated his performance, and after his centre had been again wasted he tried to shoot himself."—*Evening News*.

It would have been more natural (but, we hasten to say, no less regrettable) if he had tried to shoot HARDINGE.

“MR. WU.”

[A thrilling Chinese Night's Entertainment at the Strand Theatre.]

ACT I.—The garden of Mr. Wu's house.

Enter a good deal of Local Colour.

Local Colour. Allee-samee, piecee-piecco, chop-chop (and other things which I cannot translate for you properly until I have unpacked my Chinese dictionary). [Exit Local Colour.]

Enter Basil Gregory and Mr. Wu's daughter, Nang Ping.

Basil. Darling, what a heavenly fortnight we have had together, while your father has been away.

Nang Ping. Basil, my velly own! (They embrace.)

Basil (withdrawing himself). And now, darling, I have some bad news for you. I am going back to England with Mother. So this is good-bye for a year . . . or two years . . . or three years . . . or—well, I mean I might easily turn up again some time. In these days of rapid locomotion—

Nang Ping. Basil! You have bloken my heart.

Basil. Oh, come. You'll marry some nice mandarin and be quite all right.

Nang Ping. Never. My father will kill me when he hears what has happened.

Basil (kindly). Oh, I hope you won't let him do that.

Nang Ping. Ho will kill you too.

Basil (seriously alarmed). In that case, Nang Ping, you certainly mustn't tell him.

Nang Ping. But if he has found out?

Basil. How could he? He's miles away. (Two Chinese men spring on him from behind.) I say, shut up there! Help! Oh lor', here's Mr. Wu!

[Mr. Wu appears suddenly in front of the lovers. A terrible silence ensues—and, as far as the First Act went, I felt that you or I could have played Mr. MATHESON LANG's part quite well ourselves. But of course there's more in it later on.]

Nang Ping. Father! (She throws herself at his feet.)

The Audience (excited). Ah-h-h!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.—The offices of the Gregory Steamship Company at Hong Kong.

Mr. Gregory (bluntly). Now then, Mr. Wu, I'm going to have things out with you. I sent for you here to ask you, as man to mandarin, what it all means.

Mr. Wu (blandly). What what all means?

Mr. Gregory. You know perfectly

well. I'm not afraid of you. I'm a plain, blunt Englishman, and I'm not to be bullied by all the spirits of all the ancestors of all the mandarins and tangerines in China. Why are you persecuting me?

Mr. Wu. Please explain.

Mr. Gregory. Three weeks ago my son disappeared. Now I don't say Basil is a nice boy, but I happen—er, his mother happens to be rather fond of him. We miss him—that is to say, she misses him—well, anyhow, he is missed . . . at times. But that is not all. Yesterday one of my ships went down; to-day my coolies have already struck three times in five minutes—no, you needn't look at that clock, it doesn't go—have struck three times in five minutes for higher pay. Worse than this, my manager, who is supposed to do a good deal of the work

a moment? (Mr. Gregory takes out the cartridges and hands them to him.) I was wondering if you used the old-fashioned smokeless Gregory powder. (He puts the cartridges into his own empty revolver, which he takes from his pocket.) Now then, Mr. Gregory! (He presents the revolver at his head.) Kindly ring the bell and ask your wife to come in.

Mr. Gregory (overwhelmed by this sudden turn of fortune). Confound you! You have got the better of me by your devilish Eastern cunning, but you cannot cow my English spirit. I will not ring the bell. (Rings it.) What do you want my wife for? (Enter Murray.) Murray, send Mrs. Gregory in.

[Mrs. Gregory comes in, and Gregory goes reluctantly out, leaving his wife alone with Mr. Wu.]

Mr. Wu. Mrs. Gregory, I can help you to find your son. Mr. Gregory doesn't know how to talk to a gentleman, so I have sent for you instead. If you will come to my house this evening at six I will tell you my plans. No, you needn't look at that clock, it doesn't go.

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, Mr. Wu, if you could find my son for me, I should be so grateful. But I oughtn't to come to your house alone. Might I bring my Chinese maid, Ah Wong, with me?

Mr. Wu. Certainly. Till six then. [Exit.]

The Audience (excited). Ah-h-h!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.—Room in Mr. Wu's

house. Mr. Wu (genially). Ah, Mrs. Gregory, you have come. Will you please send your servant away?

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, Mr. Wu, I don't think I ought to.

Mr. Wu (gravely). Mrs. Gregory, I cannot sit down—

Mrs. Gregory (sympathetically). Rheumatism? Oh, I am sorry.

Mr. Wu. I cannot sit down in the presence of a servant. The spirit of my ancestors will not let me.

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, bother your old ancestors.

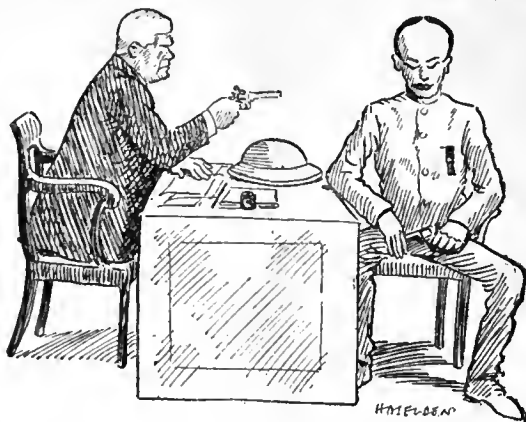
Mr. Wu (annoyed). Mrs. Gregory, this is the second time my ancestors have been insulted to-day. If it occurs again I shall have to call upon them to do something about it.

Mrs. Gregory. Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to. Ah Wong, please go away. Now, Mr. Wu, where is my son?

Mr. Wu. He is here.

Mrs. Gregory (surprised). Here?

Mr. Wu. Yes, he is my prisoner. I



A QUIET BUSINESS CHAT IN HONG KONG.

| | | | | |
|-------------|----|----|----|--------------------|
| Mr. Gregory | .. | .. | .. | Mr. LESLIE CARTER. |
| Mr. Wu | .. | .. | .. | Mr. MATHESON LANG. |

of this office, has adopted of late a play of facial expression and a wealth of gesture which reminds one of the worst excesses of the transpontine stage. He can't say the simplest thing in a natural way nowadays. I feel convinced, Mr. Wu, that you are behind all this. It's annoying enough to lose a son, but to lose a good boat and a valuable manager as well—it's simply unbearable.

Mr. Wu. How can I be behind all this, Mr. Gregory? To take one case, how can I be responsible for your manager's extraordinary behaviour?

Mr. Gregory (reasonably). Well, after all, you're producing the play, MATHESON, old man. I mean, Mr. Wu, that I'm a plain, blunt Englishman, and I can see that you've got your knife into me. Well, I'm not going to stand it.

Mr. Wu. How are you going to stop it?

Mr. Gregory. Like this. (He produces a revolver.) Now then!

Mr. Wu (craftily). Dear me, a revolver. May I look at the cartridges

found him making love to my daughter. He will probably die. (*Coming closer to her*) Unless— Mrs. Gregory, you have only one way of saving him.

Mrs. Gregory. What is it?

Mr. Wu (*plaintively*). Can't you guess? I don't want to put it too crudely, because of the Bishop of KENSINGTON.

Mrs. Gregory (*guessing*). Never!

Mr. Wu. I will leave you to think it over. If you decide to sacrifice yourself for your son, I shall strike this gong—a remarkable specimen of early thirteenth-century work, supposed to be a genuine Hee Chee Koo—and that will be the signal for his release. The doors are locked and the only window—allow me to call the audience's attention to it—is much too small and much too high up to escape through. You will find some tea on the table if you are at all parched. I think that is all. I shall be back in five minutes. (*Aside to the audience*) Just keep your eye on the window, and don't forget what I said about striking the gong. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Gregory (*faintly*). What shall I do—what shall I do—help—help. (*Gazing up at the window*) Ah, Wong—I mean ah, Ah Wong—if you could only come to my aid! (*She does. At this very moment something is thrown through the window from outside—to the extreme gratification of those of us who were keeping our eyes on it. Mrs. Gregory picks it up.*) How wonderfully these Chinese women throw! What is this? Why, it is a phial of poison. What shall I do with it? Why, drink it and save myself from dishonour. The simplest thing would be to drink it now, but that would spoil the play. Of course I might keep it in my hand and drink it at the last moment, but that would spoil it too. I know—I'll put it in my cup of tea. (*Does so.*) There! Now he won't know I'm killing myself. (*Brightly to Mr. Wu outside*) Read—y!

Enter Mr. Wu.

Mr. Wu. Well? . . . Ah! (*He takes her in his arms.*)

Mrs. Gregory. Wait a moment. (*She picks up the cup of tea and prepares to drink.*)

Mr. Wu (*lovingly*). Let Wu-wu drink too! (*He stops for a moment with the cup at his lips.*) It smells like poison, but it may be only the milk and sugar that you Europeans spoil your tea with. (*He drinks.*) I say, though, it was poison! Waugh-waugh, tchah, pshaw, waugh-waugh. (*He chokes, falls over the table and recovers himself with an effort.*) At any rate, woman, you shall die too. (*He seizes an old Chinese sword, a remarkable piece of work dating from the Kah Sun dynasty, and lurches after her.*) She dodges behind the gong,



G. L. STAMP. 1913.

Riding Master. "WHY DIDN'T YOU DIG YOUR KNEES INTO 'EM?"
Victim. "I—I WASN'T THERE LONG ENOUGH!"

and he strikes at her.) Take that—and that—and that!

Mrs. Gregory. Never touched me! (*He strikes and she dodges again.*) Only hit the gong, silly!

He makes another effort and then falls down dead. The doors open at the sound of the gong (*I hope you hadn't forgotten about that*) and Basil comes in to his mother. The Audience (*relieved*). Ah-h-h!

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

"Jericho was a very important city, situated on a caravan road, which led, probably, due north and south, or, perhaps, east to west."
Daily Express.

Until this is cleared up we shall continue to refuse our many invitations to go to Jericho.

A Treasure-hunt.

"The Archdeacon of Buckingham was the preacher at St. Mary's, Aylesbury, on Sunday morning.

The subject of his sermon was the Bishop of Oxford's Fund.

Lord Dalmeny was in command, the meet being at Mentmore cross roads.

A high wind militated against successful hunting.

A generous response was made to his appeal for support to the fund."

Bucks Advertiser and Aylesbury News.

"TORQUAY ECHOES.

Heavy rain fell in Torquay yesterday. Over half-an-inch of rain fell in Torquay yesterday."—Exeter Express.

However, visitors who go to Torquay for the echo must not expect always to be so well served.

WELL DONE!

After the enormous success of his description of a football match for "The Daily Mail," the Dean of Manchester, the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon, is, we understand, so enamoured of sporting journalism that there is no holding him. Hence the following article on a billiard match which "Mr. Punch" is privileged to print:—

As I crossed Leicester Square I observed that not a few persons, equally interested with me in the delicate manipulation of ivory balls over a verdant cloth, were making their way towards the Grand Hall, and it seemed to me that such a crowd, all sober (at any rate, to the decanal eye), all well dressed and well behaved, all honestly interested in a competition of skill, were creditable representatives of English manhood.

The match, I may say at once, was admirably contested. The play was fast and even throughout. There was not a dull moment, and now by one player and now by the other the marker was kept busy.

For the benefit of those readers who have never seen this fascinating game I should explain that it is played on a large green table by two players, each armed with a long stick called, if I may venture to say so, a cue. The balls are three in number, two the colour of lawn sleeves, and one, I regret to say, recalling the hue of a Cardinal's hat. One of the balls is a pure white, the other, alas! my brethren, is spotted. Ah, if only we— [Kindly keep to the game, dear and right reverend Sir.—Ed. PUNCH.] The object of each player, if I may put it thus crudely, is to get the better of the other.

It was borne in upon me that billiards, although I do not, I think, recommend it as a pastime for school-boys, would seem to be rising as cricket is in danger of falling in popularity. It must, I fear, be acknowledged that cricket as it is now played is a less attractive game than it used to be. The faultless excellence of the pitches, the accuracy of the bowling, and the practice of aiming at making a century by any means, however tedious, render cricket over after over an exceedingly dull game to watch. None the less the two games are strangely alike. Both require, if I may say so, a green ground. The ball at cricket is red. Now that I come to think of it, the similarity here seems to cease.

One word as to the spectators. The crowd at Saturday's match showed, I think, the true sporting spirit. They applauded good play with almost equal impartiality, whether it was the play of their own favourite or that of

his rival. There was no unseemly wrangling, no jumping on the table, or stealing the chalk, or breaking the cues, or displacing the balls, such as might have occurred if—well, if manners were less under control. Watching them I was proud to be an English amateur journalist.

As I surveyed the game I could not help remembering similar contests in which I had taken part myself in the old days, when the Headmasters of the great public schools had an annual billiard tournament. I remember, as though it were yesterday, a break of 5 (3 off the red and 2 by a superb white winner) which I compiled in my heat with the Headmaster of Eton, and I could not help thinking that it is a pity that the particular stroke by which I used to effect most of my scoring plays so small a part in the first-class game. It is not easy to describe it in print, but I may call it, if a metaphor from another but less laudable English sport—that of racing—may be permitted one, a stroke by Wrong Policy out of Fortunate Chance. I remember during one of these matches, when my favourite stroke was more in evidence than usual, the Headmaster of Winchester, an inveterate wag, said that one of my cannons was too good for such a commonplace name. "It is a major cannon," he said, "and ought to be called a dean."

And so, the necessary points having been reached or some other cause bringing the game to a close, I came away breathing a silent prayer that all English games might be equally well-managed, and somewhat regretting that I had not ascertained what players the match was between or for how many points. [That doesn't matter, my lord; we have an ordinary common fellow to do that. The scores were, INMAN 14063, NEWMAN (in play) 16521.—Ed.]

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOUL-PANGS AND OTHER DIVERSIONS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The new thing to suffer from is *soul-pangs*. Quite almost everyone is having it. It's not illness—and it's not nerves—it's just *soul-pangs*. You begin by wondering about things; then you go on wondering about things; then you get disgusted with people; and after that you get disgusted with yourself; until at last, in very bad cases, you get to asking questions of yourself, and even of the furniture in the room when you're alone—such questions as "Why?" and "What?" and "How?" and "Is everything nothing?" and "Is nothing every-

thing?" and then, dearest, you're in for it and must have a soul-doctor.

Soul-doctors aren't always, or even often, *real* doctors—they're generally *people*. For instance, Lord Exshire and Sir Gervase Oldacres have each made quite a little reputation as soul-doctors. When you consult one of them you tell him that you've unusual feelings, and he tells you you *haven't*. You say, "I'm positively *martyred* by soul-pangs! I'm *wondering* about things—and I'm questioning myself—and I'm absolutely *thinking*—I'm in an immensely fearful state!" and the soul-doctor looks into your eyes and holds your hands firmly and says, "No you're not;" and presently, my dear, *you're not!* Isn't it simply marvellous?

Sir Gervase Oldacres has been even more successful than Lord Exshire with his cases. I don't know that he'd actually a greater gift, but Exshire has been hampered in his cures by his wife. Anne Exshire *will* go with him to his cases, and when he looks into the eyes of the case and holds her hands Anne pushes in and says, "Can't I do that?" There is a story that just as Exshire was *willing* away, with his eyes and hands, the soul-pangs of a particularly obstinate case Anne burst into the room and slapped her!—and the soul-pangs came back worse than ever.

Sir Gervase Oldacres had no wife to interfere with his use of his gift, and he's done wonders. You notice, I said he *had* no wife—but wait! He was particularly concerned about one of his patients, Mrs. Meekly, a cousin of the Plummers, the quietest, most mouse-like little nonentity of a widow. Hers was a really terrible case. Not only had she all the usual soul-pangs, but she was thinking quite a quantity about her husband who died a whole year ago, and sometimes even remembered quite vividly what he was like! We persuaded her to consult Sir Gervase as a soul-doctor, and he said it was the most difficult and obstinate case he had yet tried his will upon. When he was holding her hands and *willing* with all the power of his eyes (the traditional Oldacres' eyes, large and grey with black eyebrows), she still kept on saying she could see her dear husband and hear his voice, in spite of the soul-doctor's reiterated "No, you can't." But it has turned out, my dear, that she was right after all, for by-and-by their engagement was announced, and now they're married! The new Lady Oldacres is a quite *quite* different person from little Mrs. Meekly; she never seems even to have *heard* of soul-pangs, wears dreams of frocks, talks incessantly, and always has Oldacres Towers full of people to the very brim! But isn't it a



RECENT SCENE IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY NOT A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE STRAND.

"MY MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE,"

TOLD BY POPULAR MUSIC-HALL ARTISTES,

WILL APPEAR IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE —.

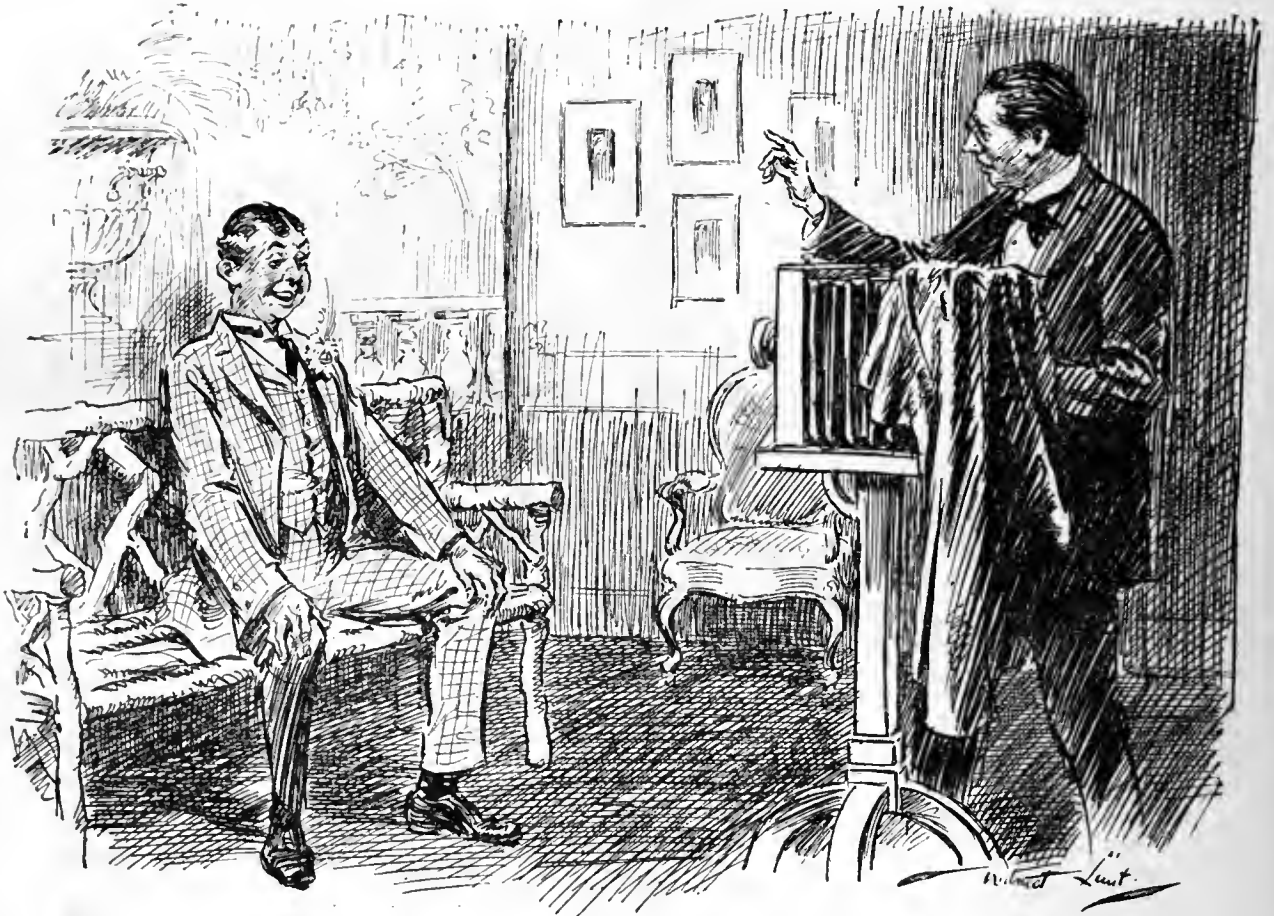
tragic thing—*Sir Gervase himself has soul-pangs now!* And, as no soul-doctor can do anything in his own case, and, of course, wouldn't ask help from a rival, I suppose there's no hope for the poor dear man.

I gave a dear little lunch party for Mr. Tim Flanagan when he was in London. Everyone was charmed with him. He looked so really *chic* among all the monotonous well-groomed people around him. After lunch he went out on the balcony and began to address the passers-by, and soon there was an immense mob outside. We all crowded up to the windows to hear him, and he was simply enormously amusing! He told the crowd what he'd had for lunch, and he asked how *dare!* we live in such luxury; and he *somethinged* the lunch and the wine; and he said we didn't heed the writing on the wall, and was a great mansion like the one he was speaking from to be left in the possession of a man and a woman and some flunkeys? No, it wasn't! And he invited any of the crowd who felt like it to come right in and live in our house and take whatever they wanted. And the crowd laughed and cheered again, and then the police dispersed them, and I persuaded Mr. Tim Flanagan

to come in and have tea, as his clever speech must have made him very thirsty. And all the lunch people stayed to tea too, and before going away they perfectly overwhelmed me with congrats on having given such a charming afternoon.

There's another burst-up at the Thistledowns'. We're all quite a little sorry about it. Fluffy, poor dear thing, is a very much misunderstood little woman. Only a short time ago, you know, things were patched up there, and there was a reconciliation, and they arranged to live happy ever after. They gave a very cheery *reconcilly* dinner-dance, and we all gave them presents, and altogether it was quite a happy little second wedding. Their gifts to each other were too sweet for words. He gave her a complete set of baby-tiger—coat, cap and muff. (Baby-tiger is the last syllable of the last word! To get even *one* baby-tiger costs, I hear, several natives' lives, and such a set as Fluffy's must account for *dozens* of the little stripers. Of course, one's sorry for the poor natives, but it gives baby-tiger a *cachet* above all other peltry.) Really and truly, my own Daphne, I don't think I ever envied anyone in my life till I saw Fluffy

Thistledown at the Newmarket Houghton in her new set of baby-tiger. Her cap had the baby-paws in front and the tail sticking straight up at the back, and the effect of eyes was got by two immense topaz hat-pins. Her reconcilly gift to *him* was a gold match-box with her smile on the lid, surrounded with brilliants. So everything seemed quite comfy and charming at the Thistledowns', till one week-end Lord T. was running over to Paris *tout seul*. Jack Hurlingham, Doody St. Adrian, and some other men that he knew got into the boat-train with him, and presently Thistledown, preparatory to lighting up, took out his new match-box, looking complacently, no doubt, at Fluffy's smile on the lid. The box proved to be empty, however; there was nothing behind the smile—(some people have said the same of Fluffy herself). Jack and Doody and the others, seeing T.'s matchless condition, simultaneously took out their own match-boxes, proffered them, then suddenly recollected themselves and pocketed them again in a hurry—but not before Thistledown had seen them. My dear, every one of those boxes was gold, with Fluffy's smile surrounded with brilliants on the lid! Ever thine, BLANCHE.



"NOT SO MUCH SUNSHINE, PLEASE, OR YOU 'LL FOG THE PLATE."

DOOMSDAY.

(Lines written on receipt of the information that the hazards of my favourite golf course are to be made even more difficult than before.)

ERE yet with arrogance grown drunker
 Ye build to flout the stars,
 Stern members of the Green Committee,
 On me, the gentle fool, have pity,
 Not all because with face so gritty
 I needs must dare the embattled bunker
 And burst its beetling bars.

What though I may not leap the ramparts,
 As others may, in one?
 If that were all 'twere no great matter;
 What though the bootless mounds I batter
 And club by club impetuous shatter,
 And bid the caddy take the dam parts
 And burn them and be done?

Ah no! but on the People ponder,
 The People and their right;
 How age by age with grip tenacious
 The dukes annexed the soil, till (gracious!)
 Our England which was once so spacious,
 All greenwood glades where men might wander,
 Contracted and grew tight.

And shall the mob's increasing dudgeon,
 When serfdom breaks its thrall,
 Strike only at the red-deer forest,
 That thou, O GEORGE, so much abhorrest,

And spare the links where once they morriced,
 But now, with overweening bludgeon,
 The golfer belts his ball?

[Thus, long ago, the lawless barons
 Upreared from Thames to Tyne
 Their castles to the outraged heavens
 (Only last week I said to Evans
 One's lucky to get round in sevens),
 In days when WARWICK ruled and CLARENCE
 Was soused in Malmsey wine.]

And now, I ween, no grouse nor harriers,
 Nor marshlands of the snipe,
 No, nor the mangold-munching pheasant,
 Shall so enrage the risen peasant,
 Until he makes himself unpleasant,
 As these, these erenelated barriers
 That curb my well-meant wipe.

And when at last the score is reckoned
 (*A bas les clecks!* the cry),
 I fear me much lest, late and laggard,
 When all the rest to lunch have staggered,
 I may be hauled, a victim haggard,
 From that vast peel-tower at the second,
 Niblick in hand, to die.

EVOE.

**ULSTER
ARMY**

RECRUITS
WANTED

**WHITE'S
IRISH NATIONAL
ARMY**

RECRUITS
WANTED

**ANCIENT ORDER OF
HIBERNIANS
(AMERICAN ALLIANCE)**

ARMY

RECRUITS
WANTED

**SYLVIA PANKHURST'S
"PEOPLE'S
ARMY"**

RECRUITS WANTED

**DEVLIN'S
OWN
ARMY**



Bernard Partridge.

A NATION OF FIRE-EATERS.

PEACEFUL TEUTON. "HIMMEL! THEY HAVE ALL THOSE ARMIES! AND THE FATHERLAND HAS ONLY ONE!"





INTELLECTUAL LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

SCENE—College room.

First Undergraduate. "COMING TO BREKKER TO-MORROW?"

Second Undergraduate. "NO, YOU'D BETTER COME TO ME."

First Undergraduate. "WHY ON EARTH SHOULD I?"

Second Undergraduate. "ALL RIGHT, THEN, DON'T!"

First Undergraduate. "THEN I SHALL!"

SMOKE ABATEMENT AT HARROW.

THE Headmaster of Harrow has issued orders to the effect that boys "must not allow Old Harrovians or other visitors to the school to smoke in their rooms at the various houses." The boys are also "requested not to go about the High Street or public roads adjoining the school with people who are smoking."

Unfortunately several painful incidents arising out of the new regulations have to be recorded. The Hon. W. D. H. O. Birdseye was getting on very nicely with his grandfather, the Duke of Cherrywood, who was paying a visit to the boy's study, until his Grace took out a cigar and lit it. Finding remonstrance was met only with indignation, the Hon. W. D. H. O. reluctantly proceeded to the performance of his duty. When duty has to be faced, it matters nothing to an

Harrovian that he stands to lose a fiver a term by his loyalty. On inquiry at a late hour last evening we were informed by the Duke's doctor that his Grace was progressing as favourably as could be expected. His Grace's chaplain, however, takes a very grave view of the condition of the veteran nobleman.

The budding diplomatists of the school are contriving to carry out the Headmaster's rules less forcibly than the above youth. One of them keeps a tin of almond rock on his mantelpiece, and on the first fretful sign made by a visitor who is dying to smoke he generously supplies this soothing sweetmeat.

A distressing scene was witnessed in the High Street on Monday. A bronzed man, after an absence of six months in the Sahara, ran down to Harrow to pay a surprise visit to his son. Smoking a cigar, he walked along full of the happy anticipation of seeing his curly-headed boy again.

Suddenly, in the High Street, he came face to face with the little chap. With outstretched arms and shining eyes the father advanced to enfold his child to his bosom; but the boy, with a horrified look at the cigar, pulled himself together and marched by with averted nose.

"Of the sugar contained in the cane not less than 150 per cent. is lost, since from cane containing 15 per cent. of sugar it is not possible to get 6 per cent., if that."

"Times" South American Supplement.

We cannot cope with this at present. We propose to read one or two of our contemporary's *Educational Supplements*, and then to try again.

"When the little dark man gets up at a meeting, his square, bony jaw seemingly obscured by the spectacles he wears, the Boers stir restlessly in their seats."—*Daily Mail*.

Our only suggestion (not a good one) is that he wears his spectacles on his eye-teeth.

THE BIG DAY.

DEAR Mr. PUNCH,—At our principal shoot, to take place shortly, we ask the honour of your own presence and assistance. We do so because, in the first place, we shall have need of a trusty and discriminating gun; in the second, you happen to live near the scene of action (The Temple) and your knowledge of local conditions and the habits of the game (pigeons) will be of great help to us in devising our strategic schemes.

We shall be about a dozen guns in all at the start, including one or two of the more sporting but less preoccupied K.C.s, a retired Master of the Supreme Court (not to be trusted too far), and a section of the Junior Bar; we may, when it is known what is afoot, be joined by others to the extent of not more than a few hundreds, and the weapon shop in the Strand should do good business in bailments that morning. We hope to begin about eleven; if this seems to you to be late in the day, it has been deemed better to wait till the Courts are sitting. We cannot expect to avoid some regrettable casualties; clerks don't matter, being cheap and excessive; half-a-dozen or so of solicitors might not in the worst event be missed, and even a barrister or two could be spared. But Common Law Judges, the sort to be met sometimes in the Temple out of working hours, are very scarce nowadays, practically numbered, and if one of them was mislaid there might be a fuss. So we do not intend to begin till they are on their benches and out of harm's way. After all, the pigeons are our main and legitimate objective (as I will show later), though a brace or so of Telegraph Boys would be welcome, both as rounding up the bag nicely and also with the view of keeping down a species which threatens these days to become a bit too thick on the ground Mitre Court way.

There is, as you know, a little discreet gate by the Middle Temple Library, leading out to the Underground, and another, also on the Western boundary of the estate, leading into Devereux Court; it is the idea at present to put

the guns in at these two points to begin with, the general object being to collect all the birds forward and finally to get them together at the Eastern extremity. (If one or two escape over into Bouverie Street, no doubt your Young Men will be keeping a look out from your upstairs windows and will enjoy accounting for these. Which reminds me: we mustn't forget to square the Police with a promise of a share in the booty, must we?) It will take us all the morning and the first part of the afternoon to

majority of their acquaintances would, perhaps, prefer it so. The objection is, however, the number of guns, and I think myself it will probably be driven birds, driven, that is, from South to North; with a gun in every window in King's Bench Walk, a gang of them on the lawn, behind and at the side, our best shots up Mitre Court to pull down the pigeons as they soar away over towards the Strand, and all our spare fellows on the Library roof, up the Clock Tower if they like, to snap what is

missed from below.

It would be a pity, too, not to have this drive, seeing that all the "Boys" in Chambers who are to act as beaters have been looking forward to it for weeks, and have been collecting old (and possibly some new) electric light bulbs, which they will drop to the ground at a given signal, a process which has never yet failed to stimulate these birds to flight.

And let me, lastly, anticipate any possible objection on the grounds of inhumanity. Let me point out that this proposed expedition is wholly righteous, and, so far from having any connection with the scandals in rural life which have evoked the Georgie ire, is itself a furtherance of DAVID'S own reformative schemes. The Temple, Sir, is overrun by these fat and voracious beasts, and, if they continue to increase at their present alarming rate, they must be a grave menace to the welfare of the local toiler. Nay, they will drive from his proud and ancient patrimony the

honest, industrious barrister-at-law and substitute in his place a sparse population of pigeon-feeders, competent only to distribute bread-crumbs, and certainly not able to take the place of the legal labourer and solve knotty problems under the Finance Acts. And not only are these pigeons a future danger, they are a present evil; it would be impossible to calculate the harm they have done by, I will not say eating, but, at any rate, pecking at the wretched Juniors' briefs!

So you will join us, will you not, on this eventful day?

Your respectful
INNER TEMPLAR.



Viceroy of India (to General Botha) "I'M SURE YOU ONLY MEANT TO HAVE A LITTLE HARMLESS FUN WITH HIS TAIL, BUT WHAT'S FUN TO YOU MAY BE VERY ANNOYING TO THE REST OF THE TIGER."

walk up New, Garden, Essex, Hare, Pump, and Fig Tree Courts, Temple Gardens, Harcourt Buildings and the Lawn, but by half-past three we ought all to be foregathered, ready for our big drive up King's Bench Walk, which should by then be teeming with game.

If it turns out that we are still only a reasonable number of guns by this time, we may shoot over cats; we have, of course, some of these famous and self-trained pointers, artful as they are made, on the spot. The superiority of cats to dogs in this connection is obvious; if they exceed their jurisdiction and get out of hand, they themselves become (as they well know) fair game, and the

OUT OF BABYLON.

THE moon was up, the deed was done,
And things that ran as shadows run
Pursued us to the brazen gate,
Where the king-carven lions wait
Beside the doors of Babylon.

There was no sound to break the spell
Save footsteps, light as leaves, that fell
And followed ever, followed on
Where the enchanted moonlight
shone
O'er charmed towers and terrible.

The Wizard's word was muttered low;
The brazen doors swung open—so;
The Wizard's word was soothingly said;
The footsteps died, and forth we fled
Into the darkness, long ago.

Now of the deed that had been done,
And what pursued, as shadows run,
And of the word that passed us
through—
The Wizard's word, the word of rue—
I may not speak to anyone.

I only sing the fear of flight,
And ask your pity on my plight,
For the pale Wizard's eyes of ill
Keep tryst throughout the years,
and still
They find me every Friday night!

ARMY EXERCISES.

THE NEW AUTUMN AMUSEMENT.
(Suggested by a study of the Daily Press.)

RECOGNISING that West End theatrical managers will never be brought to study the comfort of their patrons, especially in the less expensive seats, till some really drastic measures are taken, The Poor Pittites Training Corps has lately been founded by Mr. Rupert Swashbuck, of Ealing. The chief objects of the movement are said to be the demolition of early doots for which extra payment is demanded, the gratis distribution of programmes, and the extinction of late arrivals, who will be shot at sight. In a word, the support and preservation of Law, Order and the Rights of Playgoers. Major-Gen. Sir Charles Hooter has accepted the provisional command of the corps, and drilling *matinées* will take place on Wednesdays and Saturdays on Ealing Common.

The Company of Anti-Motorist Rough Riders held its first monthly inspection and parade yesterday. This is a civilian force which has been raised by Col. P. Destrian, of Watford (and late of the Indian army), for the maintenance of the amenities of the high-road. The troopers, mostly well-set-up young farmers, were mounted on serviceable-looking steeds, and armed



Newly-appointed Territorial Colonel. "LOOK HERE, SERGEANT-MAJOR, I'M AFRAID MY DOG HAS KILLED YOUR CAT. I—"
Sergeant-Major (ingratiatingly). "OH, IT'LL DO IT A POWER OF GOOD, SIR."

with six-shooters, steel chains, and bags of ten-inch nails for tyre-destruction. Altogether some twelve hundred men were said to be on parade, and the gallant colonel, who himself took the salute, expressed himself as more than satisfied with the success of the movement.

The Society for the Suppression of Street Noises has lately brought itself into line with the prevailing militancy by the institution of a company of expert bomb-flingers, under the personal command of Captain Bayard, D.S.O. Target-practice is indulged in every week-day evening at the South Kensington headquarters of the company, and the members, who are mostly fine stalwart-looking civil servants on the retired list, are said to have attained remarkable proficiency in aim. Great enthusiasm is displayed for the movement, Onslow Gardens especially being prepared to run with blood rather than sacrifice one jot of its traditional quiet and respectability.

With reference to the fighting reported from the Midlands we learn that a battalion of the Coventry branch of Practical Canvassers, who had been scouring the country with maxims in support of a candidate for the city council, appear to have fallen in with the mounted section of the Society for the Suppression of Political Speeches returning from a field-day near Kenilworth. At the moment of writing no exact details as to the casualties are obtainable, but these are known to be enormous. Heavy firing having been heard this afternoon from Leamington, it is feared that the Peace Preservation Party, who are reported to be in the neighbourhood with several field-guns, have joined in the action. Further particulars will be published in our later editions.

"Frenchman, bachelor, 19, seeks place as Tutor."—Advt. in "Morning Post."
It is time that these confirmed women-haters were taxed.

BIFF-BALL.

THE NEW GAME THAT EVERYONE
WILL SOON BE PLAYING.

(With acknowledgments to many of our
contemporaries.)

INTENT upon learning what game is to fill our homes with innocent merriment this Christmas, our representative yesterday visited the vast emporium of Tiddledy, Winks & Co., and interviewed the genial manager.

"The game of the coming season?" repeated the latter. "Undoubtedly *Biff-Ball*. Come with me."

Our representative followed him into another room, where a large green cloth was found to be laid on the floor, securely pegged at the four corners. Two goals were placed at opposite ends of this cloth, and a wooden ball about the size of an orange reposed in the middle of it.

"This is all the apparatus required," said the manager. "The rules are equally simple. Two players insinuate themselves between the cloth and the floor, and at a given signal each endeavours to urge the ball from underneath through his opponent's goal. We claim that *Biff-Ball* will promote more hilarity among spectators in ten minutes than any other sport in a week, while among players it has already been found to cure gout, indigestion and obesity and to conduce to a beneficial thickening of the skull. Mr. SHAW has praised it on the ground that it abolishes the absurd tradition of chivalry towards women (for, of course, "mixed" matches will be frequent). Mr. CHESTERTON has challenged the Bishop of LONDON to a series of three matches to be played on Boxing-Day, and Bombardier WELLS, the eminent pugilist, is using it as his principal means of training in preparation for his great fight with CARPENTIER.

Biff-Ball is destined to be among indoor games what the Tango is among dances. In a few weeks it will have swept the country from John o' Groats to Land's End, not excluding John

Bull's Other Island, as Mr. KIRLING has wittily termed it. . . . Good morning, if you must go. I think we shall have rain shortly, but *Biff-Ball* will keep you amused through the most depressing weather."

The price of a *Biff-Ball* set, as announced in the full-page advertisement which appears in this issue, is only 15s. This includes a complete outfit of court plaster, lint, arnica and other medical requisites.

He bit his lip and frowned, and his words came with difficulty. "I am the strong, silent man," he said.

"Oh, you are, are you?" I said; "and what do you want with me?"

"I want a job in your book," he answered sullenly. Then, with a mighty effort, he shook off his reluctance to speak. "I've been out of work for months," he said. "There was a time when I was so busy I didn't know which way to turn. I figured in practically every novel that came out. No sooner had *Hearts and Crafts* closed, leaving Muriel in my arms at last, than I had to hurry off to rescue Marjory in *Out of the Mist*. Now, for some reason, no one wants the strong, silent man. And yet, properly treated, I could bring anyone a fortune."

He turned those great expressive eyes, of which I had so often read, upon me.

"Give me a job in your new book, Sir!" he cried imploringly. "I can do anything. I'm the finest horseman in Europe, and the finest shot. I can do anything but talk!" And he relapsed into silence.

I felt really sorry for the fellow.

"Ronald, Gerald, Alec," I said—"whichever of your aliases you prefer—I am sorry that I have nothing to offer you. I have a comic gardener's part still open"—he gave a gesture of scorn—"but that, of course, is of no use to you. Now, may I be frank?"

He bent his head in silent assent.

"Then I will tell you why you have joined the ranks of the unemployed. It is because you have been found out. It is a dreadful thing to say to any man, particularly to so fine a specimen as yourself, but there it is; you are a humbug. Despite your splendid, your miraculous achievements, it has been impossible to conceal any longer the fact that you are silent, not because you are strong, but because you cannot think of anything to say. There is only one chance for you; you must learn to talk. Buy a book of Irish—"

But he had turned on his heel, and, still with his air of indescribable distinction, had left the room.



HOW ONE IMAGINES THE EPOCH-MAKING SPEECH WAS DELIVERED AND RECEIVED.



WHAT GENERALLY HAPPENS NOWADAYS.

"THE STRONG, SILENT MAN."

I was busily engaged upon the first chapter of my new romantic novel, *Golden Syrup*, and had just realised that in my description of Courtleigh Manor I had used the word "ancestral" thirteen times, when I looked up and saw him standing by my writing-table.

He was a tall man, but exceptionally well proportioned, and he carried himself with a rare distinction, despite the fact that his clothes were frayed and patched. He wore his hair a little longer than I care to see it, but he was undoubtedly handsome in a square-jawed, gloomy style.

"And who are you?" I asked.

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

II.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

THIS charming volume of literary studies by Mr. Desmond Jubb has a peculiar interest for me, because it recalls that period—the happiest of my life—in which I was privileged to be his comrade and fellow student at Balliol College, Oxford. For, in truth, I can say more than *Virgilium videntantum*. I not only saw Desmond Jubb at lectures in Hall and on the tow-path, where his clarion tones rang out above all his contemporaries during the torpids and eights, but I belonged to the same wine club and wore the same waistcoat-buttons. I shall never forget the first time that I met him. It was in the Michaelmas term and I had returned a fortnight late, owing to a rather severe attack of German measles, from the *sequela* of which I still suffer in the shape of slightly impaired hearing of the right ear. I was hurrying out of college to order some more brown sherry, a beverage to which in those days I was much addicted, when I ran violently into a handsome young man with a high forehead, wearing a rather *outré* tie. I should explain that he was a freshman, while I was already in my fourth year; yet in this collision he at once assumed the position of a senior, gravely rebuked me for my precipitancy, and then with irresistible *bonhomie* invited me to lunch at Goffin's. Goffin's shop, I should explain, was renowned in those days for its marvellously fine pork-pies, of which I was immoderately fond, and I found that my new acquaintance rendered equal justice to their succulent qualities, albeit not apparently endowed with the same undefeated digestion as myself.

The conversation that took place is indelibly imprinted on my memory. I remember Jubb's observing what a remarkably protean animal the pig was, inasmuch as an entirely different quality attached to various portions of his anatomy, ham differing from bacon and pork from brawn. He confessed that the mere mention of pig's feet filled him with horror, in which I cordially concurred. That exquisite fastidiousness which is so marked a feature of these essays had thus already declared itself. He was rather shocked at my drinking shandy-gaff, while admitting that the name had always interested him. On this occasion, I remember, he partook of cherry-brandy, to correct, as he put it, the exuberance of the pork-pie. He smoked two or three cigarettes afterwards, and I noticed that they were Russian, of the "La Ferme" brand—Egyptian cigar-



THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

ettes had not yet come into vogue. He told me that he got his ties from the famous London house of Fraternity and that they cost him 7s. 6d. apiece, and he was surprised to hear that I only paid 1s. 11½d. for mine at Charity Bros.

At the time, of course, I was not aware that I was entertaining a literary angel, and yet I felt that I was exchanging ideas with one of the most versatile and engaging of my fellow-students. He was so perfectly frank and ingenuous, so ebullient and yet so reserved that I had a sub-conscious feeling he must be marked out for exceptional greatness. Besides his taste in ties, I remember that he never wore a mackintosh, though curiously enough in wet weather I have often seen him in goloshes. He resented familiarity. I remember once, in a

moment of expansion, addressing him as "old chap," and his replying, "I am neither old nor a chap," and when I begged his pardon he kindly said, "Granted, but don't let it happen again." At our wine club he always sat at the other end of the table, so that I seldom had the opportunity of speaking to him on these occasions.

Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave Balliol in the middle of my fourth year owing to an attack of pernicious squiffies, and I have never met Desmond Jubb again. Our paths have lain apart, but I was never surprised at his meteoric rise to eminence in the literary firmament, and I welcome this charming volume as a rich fulfilment of the early promise that he gave in what I may call, not his salad, but his pork-pie days.

FUTURISTIC FUN.

(Notice from "The Daily Iconoclast" for
November 21st, 1923.)

AT last London has a "real theatre of wonder and of records" on the principles laid down by the great Founder of Futurism, Signor MARINETTI! And, by a singular coincidence, this notice appears exactly ten years to-day from the date of publication of his epoch-making article, "The Meaning of the Music-Hall," in the columns of our contemporary *The Daily Mail*! Needless to say that the entertainment last night at the Pallidrome Theatre of Varieties was received with delirious enthusiasm. Considerations of space forbid us to mention every "turn" individually; we can only particularise a few, though there was none that failed to fulfil Signor MARINETTI'S condition of success—the production of "Futuristic wonder."

The "synthetic combination of speed with transformation," which, as he has taught us, is one of "the dominating laws of life," was luminously illustrated by a phenomenally stout entertainer who with lightning rapidity peeled off several successive garments of startlingly Futurist hues, until he eventually revealed himself as a living skeleton, an "absorbing and decisive symbol" which excited the "torrents of hilarity" that the Master mentions as one of the peculiar products of the Variety Theatre. Then, as Signor MARINETTI so nobly recommended, "heroism and a strong and healthy atmosphere of danger" were furnished for the delighted spectators by a lofty trapeze act with bars that had been so effectually soaped that one of the gymnasts fell about sixty feet, fortunately landing on a member of the orchestra who, till that moment, had been performing on the ophicleide.

Next we were entranced by an artist who gave lifelike imitations of a Buff Orpington hen being run over by a motor-car, a beetroot in a state of incipient hysteria, and a debased half-crown, thereby exemplifying what the High Priest of Futurism terms "the profound analogies between the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds, and human beings."

Following him came a couple who were described with some aptness as "knock-about comedians," and of them it is only justice to state that, in Signor MARINETTI'S memorable phraseology, "they pleasantly fanned the intellect with a network of sprightly wit, doltishness, and foolery of the deepest kind, till they insensibly urged the souls of their hearers to the very edge of madness, and to participate noisily in queer improvised dialogues."

After that a highly instructive exhibition of another of the dominating laws of life—"the interpretation of rhythm"—was afforded by a lady who performed an *impromptu* and daringly unconventional dance in a costume that, when perceptible, was exquisitely diaphanous.

Then the two "Synthetic Sisters," strangely seductive with their Futurist green hair, blue necks, violet arms, and orange chignons, sang a duet which, to quote once more the illustrious Futurist philosopher, "brutally stripped Woman of all the veils that mask and deform her," to the unspeakable edification of all the "adolescents and young people of promise" present, for whom, as Signor MARINETTI holds, "the Variety Theatre is the only school to be recommended."

But perhaps the wildest *furor* was evoked by a Topical Singer, who, fulfilling what the immortal MARINETTI declared to be the function of such artists, "explained in swiftest, most striking manner the most mysterious, sentimental problems of life and the most complicated political events." And all by a refrain that was a little masterpiece of "coarse simplicity."

The "mechanical grotesque effects," too, of an American Eccentric, and his "methodical walk round after each verse," were deeply significant of things in general.

Sketches were interspersed—and such sketches! We can give them no higher praise than to say that each and all achieved the Marinettian ideal of "destroying all that is solemn, sacred, earnest, and pure in Art," and "decomposing such worn-out prototypes as the beautiful, the great, and the religious."

Altogether an historic evening. A show the like of which this Metropolis has never before seen, palpitating with the actuality and originality that are still so deplorably lacking on the regular stage. And the audience, all of them imbued to their finger-ends with "the new sensibility," simply "ate" it. There was nothing stupidly passive or static about them—except in the case of spectators whose stalls had, in accordance with Signor MARINETTI'S recommendation, been liberally smeared with secotine.

Owing to the fact that the Box Office had followed another suggestion of his and sold the same seats to ten different persons, there were, as he correctly predicted, several "rows" during the performance, as "immenso" as the most unreasonable Futurist could wish for.

Perhaps, however, he was less inspired in the advice to "alot free seats to ladies and gentlemen who are notoriously cranky"—a practice which, we think, might well be abandoned in future. It is a regrettable fact that the inmates of private lunatic asylums who had been given complimentary tickets maintained a comparative self-restraint and decorum that might well have damped the spirits of their neighbours, had the latter been less completely under the sway of what Signor MARINETTI aptly described as "the great Futurist Hilarity that shall rejuvenate the face of the earth."

F. A.

GARKIN AND LARVIN

Garkin and Larvin were wonderful men,
Each with an energy equal to ten;
Each was endowed with superlative vim,
Each was addressed by his cronies as "Jim."

Garkin, when speaking in Albert his Hall,
Made you imagine the ceiling would fall:
Larvin, whenever he blew on his trumpet,
Made you feel "barmy" all over the "crumpet."

Never an orator stumping Hyde Park in
The power of his tongue was a patch upon Garkin;
But with his length and his vigour combined
Larvin left Garkin completely behind.

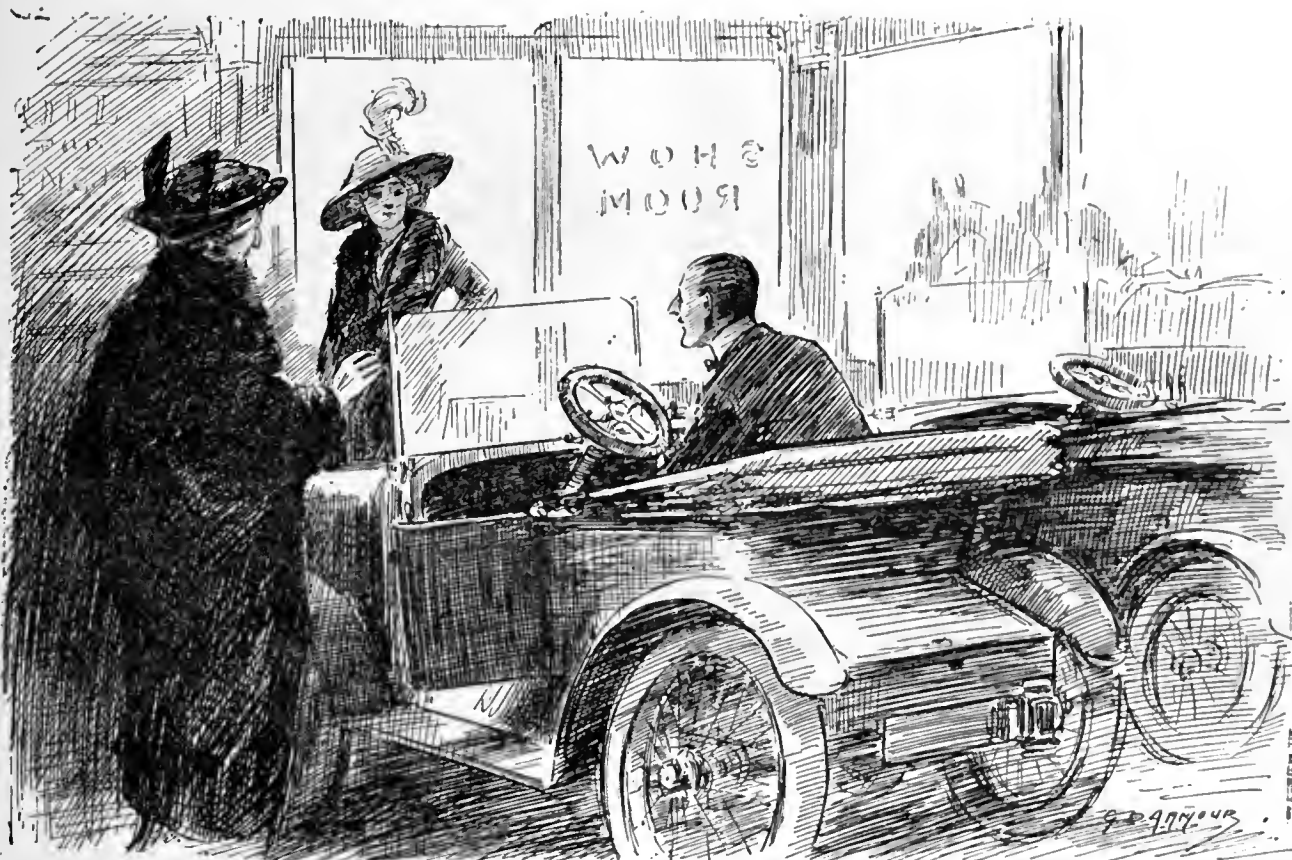
Stark in defying all law and authority,
Wholly unequalled in vocal sonority,
Garkin, exhaustively tested, emerges
First of the moderns who ape Boanerges.

Grand in his nobly pontifical mien,
Greatly majestic, superbly serene,
Never defeated in any dispute,
Larvin annexes the whole arrow-root.

Here then 's a health to you, wonderful pair,
Lord of the larynx, High Priest of hot air!
Long may you live in democracy's hymns
Hailed as by far the most jumpy of Jims.

Another Impending Apology.

"In Mr. John Palmer we have a critic of the younger generation who merits a good deal more than the general scorn that is so lavishly bestowed upon the critic."—*Observer*.



Salesman. "AND, WHATEVER SPEED YOU MAY BE GOING, WHEN YOU PUT ON THIS BRAKE YOU STOP IN FIVE YARDS—DEAD."
 Prospective Purchaser. "HOW DREADEFUL! I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY WERE SO DANGEROUS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

IF you care to hear a wise and kind old lady talking pleasantly of the many interesting folk she has known during a long and distinguished life, make haste to put yourself in communication with Lady RITCHIE, who will speak thus to you *From the Porch* (SMITH, ELDER). Welcome as this volume will be to all who love men and things of good report, it can be greeted by none more warmly than by Mr. Punch, for whom the name of the writer must always recall some of his proudest associations. Lady RITCHIE does not tell us much in the present book about her great father, but there are many others of the famous dead of whom we obtain new and happy pictures. For myself I found a peculiar interest in the paper called "Charles Dickens as I remember him." Here there is one little pen-portrait that I cannot resist transcribing. The writer is telling of the time when the families THACKERAY and DICKENS were opposite neighbours in Paris. "One day I specially remember, when we had come to settle about a drawing-class with our young companion K. E. [DICKENS' daughter], her father came into the room accompanied by a dignified person—too dignified, we thought—who came forward and made some solemn remark, such as *Hamlet* himself might have addressed to *Yorick*, and then stood in an attitude in the middle of the room. The Paris springtime was at its height, there was music outside, a horse champing in the road, voices through the open window, and Mr. Macready, for it was he, tragic in attitude gravely waiting an answer. Mr. Dickens seemed to have instantly seized the incongruity,

suddenly responding with another attitude and another oration in the *Hamlet* manner, so drolly and gravely, that Macready himself could not help smiling at the burlesque." Does this little extract show you the original charm of the book? I hope so.

When your small nephew or niece replies to your question on the subject of Christmas presents that he or she would like a book this year, do not rush off to the nearest bookshop and hunt through the shelves devoted to juvenile literature, for that way madness lies. It is not good for any uncle to be confronted suddenly by that blaze of colour. Just stay at home and write to the shop as follows: "DEAR SIR,—Kindly forward me at once Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S adventure story, *Bird Cay* (WELLS GARDNER, DARTON). One of Mr. Punch's Learned Clerks informs me that it is an admirable story in every way." Mr. STACPOOLE is, of course, at his best in describing stirring deeds in tropical surroundings; but never before have I received so vivid an impression of the atmosphere of those distant seas. His story deals with a search for treasure buried on a desert island; and when I say treasure I mean treasure—great chunks of gold in brick form. The hero is a boy who stows himself away on the treasure-hunting ship and has the satisfaction of being the one who succeeds in actually unearthing (or unsanding) the gold. It is this part of the book which I count on to attract the young nephew. The story is a little reminiscent of STEVENSON'S masterpiece; but, after all, what does that matter? And if the villain is a shade disappointing to admirers of *John Silver* he is nevertheless a pretty good villain, so that's all right.

Mr. MACDONAGH has left nothing more to be said by later historians about *The Reporters' Gallery* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). In exhaustive, as distinct from exhausting, manner he deals with the subject from two points of view—the first, historical; the second, personal. Possibly the latter part of his work, for which he is qualified by twenty-five years of experience in the gallery, will be the more popular, though the former has abiding interest, being the result of painstaking study of the relations between Press and Parliament going back to Stuart days. One of the ordinances governing debate in the House of Commons enjoins that a Member on his legs must not direct his speech to the House or to any section of it. "This rule," Mr. MACDONAGH testifies, "is as often broken as it is observed." Its breach is commonest in the case of Members rising from one or other of the Front Benches. The Speaker in the Chair is close at hand; their audience is seated behind them and below the Gangways as far as the Bar. Strictly to obey the order it would be necessary for them to turn their backs on their audience. Instinctively it is their habit to present that view to the Speaker's eye. Mr. GLADSTONE was a great sinner in this respect. Not infrequently he turned right round to his supporters above the Gangway and literally drove home his argument by violently beating the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was, in respect of this rule, another habitually disorderly person. The Cross Benches at either side of the Bar would afford the best vantage, but as they are technically outside the House they may not be used for oratorical purposes. BRADLAUGH accidentally discovered the merits of this quarter when, being forbidden to enter the House, he addressed it from the Bar. The interest of reporters in this matter is direct. Their gallery being immediately over the Speaker's chair, speech addressed in obedience to the rule reaches their ears. They suffer even more than the Speaker when a Member turns his back on the Chair. This is one of the particulars of Parliamentary proceedings that Mr. MACDONAGH makes clear to the understanding of the man in the street. I have touched upon only one detail of his work, but the whole book is alluring, and I advise every student of Parliamentary reports to get it and read it through. He will find it equally entertaining and instructive.

Most readers will thank Mr. GEORGE WOUIL for his delightful *Sowing Clover* (LONG), but such as live in South Staffordshire will do so with a touch of suppressed irritation. In a particularly graphic book he has done a particularly tiresome thing, and that is, while making a great point of his topography, to call some places by their own and others by assumed names. He should have dealt impartially with the whole Black Country, disguising all or none; as it is, the native Black must be upset to read how *John Wittongate*, the cobbler, made a house-to-house canvass for work from Salop Street, Wolverhampton (which is known to exist) to the outlying Tambridge (which is

known not to exist); how, when he had got it and made such a prodigious success of it that he could educate his son to be a fine gentleman, that son won most events at the school sports at Walshaw (a fictitious spot) by reason of his having trained on the cinder track behind *The Fighting Cocks* (a very actual public-house). Let it, however, not be thought that Mr. WOUIL's interest is purely local; his observations apply to all parts of the country wherever is known that invaluable and never-to-be-sufficiently-legislated-for entity, the working-man (Hear, hear), whom he exposes and shows to be no better than the rest of us (Shame). I was, I must say, surprised to find a son of this so humbly originating cobbler almost entangled in a dashing divorce case; but the fault of improbability is less with this novel than with the others which have always taught me to associate the pastimes of responding and co-responding exclusively with the higher and less innately virtuous classes.

On page 135 of *The Pilgrim from Chicago* (LONGMANS) its author, Mr. CHRISTIAN TEARLE, observes, "Describing

places is a very troublesome business." It was, I suppose, because he felt this difficulty that he has tried to avoid it by filling his book of topography with dialogue, and inventing a visitor from the States to hang it upon. The idea, which he has used once before in *Rambles with an American*, is certainly ingenious—indeed, to my own thinking, a little too much so. Mr. TEARLE's enthusiasms and information about old places and their associations would be more pleasing without this elaborate pretence. In short, the



Unwelcome Intruder. "COULD YER 'ELP A POOR FELLER AS UD STOP AT NOTHIN' TER GAIN 'IS ENDS, KIND LADY?"

Chicago gentleman bored me. I felt all the time that if I had the author to myself, content just to point out things of interest and let me enjoy them, I should spend a much happier time than as eavesdropper to the frequently rather rapid conversation he exchanges with his American friend. Perhaps I am ungracious. No doubt there are many persons (I have a suspicion of their nationality) who will prefer this method of imparting knowledge, and for whom the *cliché*, so painfully frequent in Mr. TEARLE's pages, will have no terrors. As it is for these that the book has obviously been written its success should be assured. It is only fair to add that even the most fastidious reader will find in it a wealth of engaging speculation and discovery, of which the scene is largely, though not solely, London. Hunters of the Dickensian snark should especially appreciate this book, above all for its wholly admirable photographs, many of which deal with spots that Mr. TEARLE has identified in the novels. He has done this so cleverly that only the presence of the third party aforesaid prevented me from being properly grateful.

"It was an ideal morning, with the hounds still glowing in their brilliant autumn colours."—*Westmoreland Gazette*.
Colour Enthusiast. "That's a nice brown hound."
Huntsman. "Ah, but you should see him in his pretty green summer coat."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Bishop of CARLISLE says he was never so startled in his life as by the sight of fashions in London recently. This reminds us that we remember how amused we were the first time we saw a bishop.

With reference to the arrest of Mrs. PANKHURST, which was carried out in such a manner that the general public, Mrs. PANKHURST's suffragette supporters and the Press representatives were all outwitted, it is felt in Fleet Street that the police were justified in hoodwinking the first two classes, but the besting of the Press representatives bordered on an infringement of etiquette.

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT HOLLOWAY," said the poster. But of course they will let him out before long—like Mr. LARKIN.

Mr. KAINES SMITH, lecturing on "Beauty and Morality" at the Victoria and Albert Museum, described LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "Monna Lisa" as "one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted—one with an atmosphere of indefinable evil." The lady, it will be remembered, ended up by becoming the associate of thieves.

Meanwhile, after Mr. SMITH'S pronouncement, it will be interesting to see whether the thieves will now come forward and claim a reward for removing an evil influence that was a grave danger to Parisian morality.

It is good news that London is at last to have an efficient ambulance service, and that soon we shall not feel compelled to exercise such extreme caution in crossing the road.

"Feeder motor-bus routes" is an expression which appears in an advertisement of the L.G.O.C. We imagine our old friend the Chocolate 'Bus will be found on one of these routes.

Tango classes for Army officers started last week in the Soldiers' Club at Bordon Camp, Hampshire. While it is a pity that we allowed the German army to forestall us in aeronautics, it really begins to look as if we may gain the lead here.

After being in a state of coma for the best part of a year, *The Sleeping Beauty*

is to be revived at Drury Lane on Boxing-Day.

There would seem to be no limit to the enterprise of publishers. One of them has succeeded in persuading that reclus Colonel ROOSEVELT to talk about himself, and his autobiography is to appear next week.

A foolish lady recently enquired at a library whether *Richard Furlong* was a sequel to *Alice-for-Short*.

"Best regards to Sir William, the Duke, Mr. Beckford, and all our friends,



"I WANT TO SEE SOME MUDGUARDS."
 "FOR WHAT MAKE OF CYCLE, SIR?"
 "THEY'RE NOT FOR A CYCLE, THEY'RE FOR ME."

and damn all our enemies," is an extract from a letter written by Lord NELSON to Lady HAMILTON which was sold last week at SOTHEBY'S. There is a rumour that the purchaser was Mr. LARKIN.

The hull of an early sixteenth century warship has been discovered at Woolwich, and our Radical economists are hoping that Mr. CHURCHILL may be able to adapt this to modern needs and reduce his estimates.

According to the *Dresdener Nachrichten*, a narcotic powder has been invented which will revolutionize warfare. Shells charged with this powder, when exploded among the enemy, will send them to sleep for several hours instead of killing them. It should, however, always be possible to send a rescue force with bagpipes.

ARTISTS AND AUDIENCES.

(How to mollify their mutual relations.)

[S] that concert artists may not be discouraged by the indifference of audiences, Chevalier Arrigo Boechi has planned a new scheme of lighting at St. James Hall, Great Portland Street, which he has acquired for a syndicate of music lovers. Lights will be focussed on the stage, the auditorium being in a state of semi-darkness which will shut out the audience from the sight of the performer." *Daily Mail.*

An excellent beginning. Some further humane efforts of a like character seem to have escaped our bright little contemporary.

So that concert-goers may not be discouraged by the hideous antics of long-haired piano-thumpers, Signor Vertigo Bashwood has planned an entirely novel scheme at the Tubal Hall, New Bond Street, by which at the commencement of the programme an extinguisher made of perforated zinc is let down from the roof of the stage, which, while permitting the free passage of sound, will entirely shut out both instrument and performer from the sight of the audience.

So that indifferent theatrical artists may no longer be discouraged on first nights by the hoots and cat-calls of the audience, Professor Sumerun Rheingold has planned a new scheme of acoustics at the St. George's Theatre, by which at the conclusion of each Act (or indeed whenever circumstances seem to demand) the audience can be rendered entirely inaudible from the stage. The invention is said to have the hearty approval of Mr. BERNARD

SHAW.

Much the same plan will be followed at the Adaptations Theatre, with one important difference, that here, on the approach of any line whose wealth of meaning is likely to discourage a family or episcopal audience, the stage manager is able by touching a lever instantly to sever the acoustic connection between the two sides of the footlights, which will only be restored when all possibility of danger is at an end.

An item of "Local News" in the *Teesdale Mercury*—

"The Queen of Spain, who, prior to her marriage, visited the Bowes Museum, and who has completely recovered from her indisposition, will leave Paris to-morrow for England to visit her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg." But it might be wiser not to visit Bowes Museum again.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEAR FUTURE.

["We mean to see this thing through."
Mr. Asquith at Leeds.

"We are bound to see the thing through."
Sir Edward Grey at Bradford.]

We're not so young as once we were;
Amid our raven locks

Unlovely intervals occur;
We shrink from sudden shocks;

Our salad days, a vivid green—
Time has impaired their hue;
But we've a stubborn will, and mean
To see this business through.

Owing to life's exhausting stress,
Coupled with growth of girth,
We move more slowly, we are less
Resilient in our mirth;

But still our heart, as ever keen
At Duty's call, will do
What England still expects; we mean
To see this business through.

Others may shirk the higher claim,
Over the sea may go
To sport with Chance at Monte's game
Or ski about the snow;
For us, we ask no change of scene,
No skies of borrowed blue;
We stay at home because we mean
To see this business through.

The pledge we gave to pay our debt
(Hands clasped in solemn grip)
We shall redeem with teeth hard set
And stiffened upper lip;
Boy! you may trust your Uncle; he
Has sworn to face with you
Even a pantomime, and see
This Christmas business through.

O. S.

SHOULD AN AUTHOR TELL?

It was a memorable morning on which I found myself in the waiting-room of Mr. Silas K. Joshfeller's Variety Agency. Again and again I had assured myself that, if one parson could wake up the music-hall world with a problem sketch, there was no reason on earth why another member of the Church should not meet with almost equal success. So that my natural trepidation was leavened by a measure of self-confidence. And yet I had an uneasy feeling that the little collection of music-hall artistes saw me coming—in the slang sense. Two men especially I singled out, and I could have sworn that I at once became the subject of their whispered conversation. One of these I took to be an American. He had the usual sartorial features, including a low-crowned felt hat, a suit not quite as broad as long, and a pair of indescribable boots. His companion was a big Irishman, and appeared to be a member of the hatless brigade. I remember thinking at the time that

any man with such very musical hair could well afford to dispense with head covering.

With my wideawake and the book of my sketch in one hand I was just about to tap on the door marked "Private" with the other, when the American called out politely,

"Say, excuse me. I think you'll find Mr. Joshfeller's busy just now."

"Oh, thank you," I said, taking a step in the speaker's direction and realising that I had committed something approaching a breach of etiquette. "How thoughtless of me," I went on, setting out to be friendly. "Of course, all you ladies and gentlemen are also waiting for an interview."

"Waal, he's naat an easy man to see," replied the American. "I should say a variety agent is somethin' like your Archbishop of CANTERBURY to git right hold of."

"Er—yes. With regard to the Archbishop," I said, "I have never had the pleasure. But I've no doubt it's an apt comparison. Perhaps you could tell me if they deal in sketches here?"

"I could naat. Sketches are naat in my line. I'm a comedian. But see here. What is this sketch you've gaat? Is it sensational, cahmedy, or what?"

"Oh, it's—it's a problem sketch."

"Is ut funny?" asked the Irishman.

"Oh, no. Quite serious," I said. Here was an opportunity of gaining an unbiassed opinion, and, encouraged by their interest, I showed them the script and related the story in a few words.

"Sir," said the American, when I had finished, "that show would cause a riot on a cannibal island."

"Ye'll be afther wantin' a fortune for ut?" asked the Irishman.

"Oh, no. Quite a modest sum would content me," I said. "But I'm very gratified to think you like the idea."

"I'm thinkin' ut'll revolutionise the music-halls," said the Irishman. "Ye'll want to use great caution the way ye dispose of ut."

"Yes, Sir!" added the American. "And listen here. I caan't let a man of your cloth rush into vaudeville without a word of preparation, and without tellin' you that there's some store of disillusionment waitin' for any stranger. All around you'll find things are unreal. You'll see Hindoos that are white men, Chinese that are Yanks, comedians that caan't make you laaf, and angelic-lookin' women that are naat. For instance, if you've weighed me up at all you guess I'm Amurrican. Sir, you think I'm a genuine Yank. Waal, I'm naat. I was born in Brixton, and never been out o' this country. But I know what pays. Now you caan't

tell me you ain't shocked at that. Is it not deception? Do you, as a cloirgyman, think it's right?"

"The question you put me is a difficult one," I answered after a moment's thought. "I have come here to find an opening for my sketch, and I realise that if I join the ranks of your profession I must conform to its customs. On the whole, I am inclined to take a rather broad-minded view. Perhaps if I myself were in any way connected with the Church—but, as a matter of fact, I'm not."

The Brixton-American burst into a roar of laughter at this statement. The Irishman merely smiled a peculiar smile and nodded his head. I somehow felt very elated. It was as if I had already proved my worth in another sphere. The only tiny midge in my ointment was the thought that the Brixton-American combination rather tended to detract from the originality of my own enterprise.

"You see," I went on, trying to speak with indifference, "if a real parson can do this kind of thing, and cause a public sensation with the help of his clerical position, there seems to be no reason why a bogus one should fail. And I have no doubt that the sight of a clergyman will considerably impress a man of the variety agent type. Now don't you, as a music-hall artistes, consider my idea rather ingenious? Don't you think that, compared with the ordinary ruse, it savours of originality?"

"Oh, say, I think it's cute," said the Brixton-American, and laughed again.

"Shpeakin' for meself," remarked the Irishman, the lines about his mouth hardening in a quite unaccountable manner, "I'll admit that yer cunning does not appeal to me. There's deception and deception. And ut's the public, and not the agents, that ye've got to deceive. Maybe if I was a music-hall artiste—but I'm not. I'm an agent. Me name's Silas K. Joshfeller."

"Really?" I said. "I hope you will forgive my unfortunate intentions towards yourself."

"Ach! Your intintions and my idinthty don't matther at all at all. Ut's your claim to one shpark of originality that dhrives me shtark ravin' mad. You and your rotten whiskered sketch and your pantomime parson make-up. Originality, begorra! Why, you're the tenth sham priest that's afther comin' up hero wid sketches the last month."

The Surprise of the Week.

"There is no prospect of any change in the changeable weather."—*Manchester Courier.*



THE TRIBUTE OF ENVY.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*singing*). "J'AI FAIT SAUTER MON MINISTÈRE."

MR. BONAR LAW (*to Lord LANSDOWNE*). "ADMIRABLE WOMAN! THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."





"WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY MAKING ME SLACK UP? YOU NEEDN'T GET FUNKY ABOUT AN OLD HORSE LIKE THAT SHYING!"
 "MAYBE, SIR, BUT HE'S A BIT SHAKY ON THE LEGS AND I HAD TO THINK OF THE DRAUGHT!"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Why not make life a little easier for your friends?
 Why not rub off the corners?
 And smooth out the creases?

THE BARE NECESSITY SUPPLY ASSOCIATION have the honour to announce their list of Daintiest Recencies for the Yule-Tide Season. Last year we had the pleasure of introducing to our patrons those three labour-saving devices—now to be found in every home—the CHIPEGG, the KEEPOP and the SLIPON.

Our Committee of Long-felt-want Experts has been at work again, and we now quote from this year's catalogue the following three SPECIAL DOMESTIC NOVELTIES and AIDS TO THE ELEGANT LIFE.

(Full catalogue sent on application by special delivery van.)

No. 125463 B. THE CHILCUP.

This is a charming, indeed exquisite, little breakfast-table adjunct for those in a hurry. A most appropriate Christmas present for business men and others. It is a delicate little silver electric fan, which can be clipped on to the rim of the coffee-cup, to cool the contents. No more gulped coffee! No more missed trains!

No. 69 AAJ. THE ASPARAGLOVE.

It has long been felt that something should be done to facilitate the eating of asparagus in public. There is nothing clumsy about the Asparaglove. It only encloses the thumb and first finger, and may be left in the finger-bowl if preferred. Supplied in dozens. A most appropriate and topical Christmas gift, but must be put aside—along with tennis shoes or parasol—till the proper season.

(NOTE.—It has been suggested to us that it might be a little awkward for the diner-out to come to the table wearing an Asparaglove when there was no asparagus provided. This difficulty can be easily overcome, however, by hostesses printing in the corner of invitation cards the one word "Asparagus." It should be in very small type and need not obtrude itself. N.B.—These cards can be obtained from our Stationery Dept. No. 11111121.)

No. 5454336 L.

THE THERE-AND-BACK SPOON.

Beautifully simple in its operation. (May be had in sets of half-a-dozen with monogram.)

Have we not all met with the difficulty of eating cherry and other stone fruit with any degree of elegance? The problem is now solved, thanks to the

secret chamber beneath the head of the spoon, which is always ready noiselessly to receive the stones as they are rejected.

Let us all do something to brighten the Home.

THE BARE NECESSITY SUPPLY ASSOC.

"The 'Eclair' says that Miss Pankhurst began to speak in French, but that, as she appeared insufficiently familiar with that language, she was obliged to continue in French. Part of the audience protested and others applauded."—*Westminster Gazette*.

We should have applauded her pluck while protesting against her unintelligibility.

"Lord Henley, of Watford Court, has just presented each of his estate cottagers with 10 cwt. of coal. The gifts are keenly reciprocated."—*Northampton Mercury*.

In fact they have a local proverb now about carrying coals to Henley, and his lordship wishes it to be understood that his cellars are full.

"In the last Act she commits suicide by throwing herself in front of a locomotive engine. This, of course, is not all that happens, but it is the main line."

Morning Post.

On a branch line you can't always be sure of getting an engine.

THE SPORTSMAN.

"Mr. Lumley to see you!" said the office-boy, interrupting my usual noon-day nap.

"Lumley?" I said. "Lumley? I don't know anyone of that name. What does he want?"

"Says it's a private matter, Sir, and pertiekiy asks to have a few words."

"Oh, well, show him up."

For aught I knew my visitor might be the secret emissary of a wealthy stranger who proposed to leave me an immense fortune. Such things do happen, I believe, at any rate in books.

I hurriedly arranged some important-looking documents on my writing-table, and had successfully assumed the attitude of a man immersed in affairs, whose valuable time was not lightly to be encroached upon, when Mr. Lumley was announced.

"I trust I'm not intruding, Mr. Biffin," he began, "but your name was given to me by Major Hardaway-Pilchard and Sir Edward Topping. I ventured, therefore—"

"It was kind of these gentlemen, whoever they may be, to give you that which did not belong to them," I remarked severely, "but I may as well say at once that I am totally unacquainted with either of them."

"I was talking to Captain Spindler only the other day," he continued unabashed, "and he said he was sure you would be interested in our little scheme."

"To the best of my belief," I replied, "I have never set eyes on Captain Spindler. But what is your 'little scheme,' as you call it?"

"Sir Edward Topping and Major Hardaway-Pilchard and, I may add, many other gentlemen equally well known in sporting circles, have long felt the want of a volume—a book of reference—that should contain brief biographies of persons who, like yourself, are interested in all matters connected with sport."

"I am certainly interested in sport," I began, "but I must confess that—"

"Exactly, Mr. Biffin! Precisely. And in this publication we propose to devote an entire page to every one of our leading British sportsmen who is good enough

to provide materials for a biography. We thus hope to produce a work of absorbing interest, the value of which will be greatly enhanced by photograph portraits. I have been commissioned to approach you as one of our typical—"

"Really, Mr. Lumley, I can hardly be called typical."

"If you will kindly give me a brief sketch of your sporting career, I shall not detain you long, I assure you." He drew a note-book from his pocket.

"In early life, Mr. Biffin," he continued, "you were, I believe, a keen footballer?"

"If there is one game I have always detested," I replied, "it is football. As

"that I am utterly useless at both tennis and croquet, while my handicap at golf is twenty-four. Indeed, until last summer it had always been thirty-two."

"Perhaps shooting and fishing are more in your line?"

"I gave up shooting twenty years ago, because I never hit anything except a beater, and the only fishing I ever indulge in takes the form of a little mild shrimping during my summer holidays at the sea-side." I rose to my feet to intimate that the interview was at an end.

"I am very much obliged to you for all your valuable and interesting information," said Mr. Lumley as he left the room. "You shall hear from me later."

Three months elapsed and I had almost forgotten this interview when I was pleasantly surprised, one bright June morning, by the receipt of a handsomely-bound volume, entitled *Leaders of British Sport*, containing a slip inscribed, "With the Publisher's compliments. See p. 83." Turning hastily to the page mentioned I read the following notice:—

"BIFFIN, REGINALD DRAKE.—Stock-broker; b. 1872; educ. Harrow and Oxford; n. of Sir Theodore Biffin, K.C.V.O.; four s. and two d.; owns three acres. Played football regularly for many years in a school eleven, but was not included in the team that

represented Oxford at Blackheath in 1892. As a cricketer his batting average was remarkable, and the wickets he took on the playing-fields at Harrow are still remembered. Is deeply interested in polo, and though it would be unfair to compare him with players of the calibre of Mr. Buckmaster or the Brothers Waterbury he has long been a conspicuous and familiar figure at Ranelagh. Plays tennis and croquet with equal skill, and if his golf-handicap continues to be reduced at the present rate should undoubtedly become a scratch player in less than three years. Has renounced shooting in favour of the gentler art, and is considered by some to be among the keenest and not least successful salt-water fishermen on the South Coast . . ."

I could find nothing in all this that



a boy I was, of course, compelled to play it, but I never developed the least taste for it. When I left my private school I was still in the fourth eleven, and at Oxford I gave up the game altogether."

"At cricket, no doubt—"

"I was just as poor a performer. My batting average at Harrow never reached double figures, and the occasions on which I bowled a wicket were rare enough to be memorable."

"Polo, Mr. Biffin, I am sure you—"

"Never," I answered firmly. "Though as a member of Ranelagh I often enjoy watching the inter-regimental matches, I have too great a respect for my bones to take part in so dangerous a pastime."

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Lumley appeared to be disappointed.

"I may further add," I went on,



Arthur Nozès
1913

Conscientious Window-dresser. "MR. GRAHAM! WOULD YOU MIND GIVING MISS WILCOX A CALL, AND ASK HER TO KINDLY STEP THIS WAY AND GIVE ME THIS POSE? I CAN'T QUITE GET WHAT I WANT."

seemed to call for criticism. As a brief epitome of my various activities in the realm of sport it seemed to be eminently truthful and satisfactory. I read it aloud to my wife after luncheon, and she expressed herself no less delighted than surprised by it.

"Oh, Reginald," she exclaimed affectionately, "why didn't you tell me all this before? I had no idea you'd done so much."

"There are some things one doesn't talk about," I replied modestly.

"Won't mother be pleased!" she continued.

"I hope so. It even occurs to me that a copy of this book would make a very suitable Christmas present for your dear mother, and indeed for Uncle Joseph and others of your relatives who don't perhaps appreciate me as much as——"

"Oh, wouldn't it!" she agreed enthusiastically. "I hope you'll order a dozen copies at least."

"That is what I propose to do. And now," I added, glancing at my watch, "I must be getting off to Ranelagh."

An anxious expression crossed my wife's face. "Reginald," she appealed,

"polo is *such* a dangerous game. Promise me you won't take any risks!"

"Have no fears, darling," I replied with some emotion; "I promise."

THE PICTURE-PAPER TO ITS PUBLIC.

WE, who purvey pictorial news, Profess the most enlightened views, For we maintain that all sensation Is ours, to share with you, the nation. Down, therefore, with the social pest Who hugs his horrors to his breast! Down with the vile, self-centred man Who keeps things private when he can! We have our eye on him—we mark All woes which he would fain keep dark. Our Press photographer is out To put his privacy to rout. For all man's passion, grief, distress, Are merely matter for the Press, And mainly that which craves omission Shall go to feed our vast edition.

Then, O our Public, gather near! We've got a tit-bit! Just look hero! Here's something over which to gloat— The funeral of a man of note. We hope you will not fail to see Our really painful Picture 3,

For we have had the luck to snap The dead man's son (that tallish chap) And favorite brother (head bent down, Confound him!) walking through the town.

We got them, after quite a hunt, At six yards' range from close in front. It seems that, suffering as they were, They shunned our Press photographer. They didn't wish their grief to rise Before a million pair of eyes; Tried to escape from our molesting. *This makes the snap more interesting.*

Here, then, they are: their sorrow's plain, Or should be, to your eager brain. Look at them closely; thus you will Not fail to feel the authentic thrill. Ah! ain't it sad to think those men Have lost their loved one from their ken?

Could any other human sight Harrow you more than such a plight? Thanks to our enterprise you see Their realistic misery (Behind—see Picture 1—the bier). Inset, we have the mourner's tear, Taken while falling. Overleaf, We chat about the widow's grief.

IN THE SWIM.

"Do you tango?" asked Miss Hopkins, as soon as we were comfortably seated. I know her name was Hopkins, because I had her down on my programme as Popkins, which seemed too good to be true; and, in order to give her a chance of reconsidering it, I had asked her if she was one of the Popkinses of Hampshire. It had then turned out that she was really one of the Hopkinsons of Maida Vale.

"No," I said, "I don't." She was only the fifth person who had asked me, but then she was only my fifth partner.

"Oh, you ought to. You must be up-to-date, you know."

"I'm always a bit late with these things," I explained. "The waltz came to England in 1812, but I didn't really master it till 1904."

"I'm afraid if you wait as long as that before you master the tango it will be out."

"That's what I thought. By the time I learnt the tango, the bingo would be in. My idea was to learn the bingo in advance, so as to be ready for it. Think how you'll all envy me in 1917. Think how Society will flock to my Bingo Quick Lunches. I shall be the only man in London who bingoes properly. Of course by 1918 you'll all be at it."

"Then we must have one together in 1918," smiled Miss Hopkins.

"In 1918," I pointed out coldly, "I shall be learning the pongo."

My next partner had no name that I could discover, but a fund of conversation.

"Do you tango?" she asked me as soon as we were comfortably seated.

"No," I said, "I don't. But," I added, "I once learned the minuet."

"Oh, they're not very much alike, are they?"

"Not a bit. However, luckily that doesn't matter, because I've forgotten all the steps now."

She seemed a little puzzled and decided to change the subject.

"Are you going to learn the tango?" she asked.

"I don't think so. It took me four months to learn the minnet."

"But they're quite different, aren't they?"

"Quite," I agreed.

As she seemed to have exhausted herself for the moment, it was obviously my business to say something. There was only one thing to say.

"Do you tango?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I don't."

"Are you going to learn?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ah!" I said; and five minutes later we parted for ever.

The next dance really was a tango, and I saw to my horror that I had a name down for it. With some difficulty I found the owner of it, and prepared to explain to her that unfortunately I couldn't dance the tango, but that for profound conversation about it I was undoubtedly the man. Luckily she explained first.

"I'm afraid I can't do this," she apologised. "I'm so sorry."

"Not at all," I said magnanimously. "We'll sit it out."

We found a comfortable seat.

"Do you tango?" she asked.

I was tired of saying "No."

"Yes," I said.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to find somebody else to do it with?"

"Quite, thanks. The fact is I do it rather differently from the way they're doing it here to-night. You see, I actually learnt it in the Argentine."

She was very much interested to hear this.

"Really? Are you out there much? I've got an uncle living there now. I wonder if—"

"When I say I learnt it in the Argentine," I explained, "I mean that I was actually taught it in St. John's Wood, but that my dancing mistress came from—"

"In St. John's Wood?" she said eagerly. "But how funny! My sister is learning there. I wonder if—"

She was a very difficult person to talk to. Her relations seemed to spread themselves all over the place.

"Perhaps that is hardly doing justice to the situation," I explained again.

"It would be more accurate to put it like this. When I decided—by the way, does your family frequent Paris? No? Good. Well, when I decided to learn the tango, the fact that my friends, the Hopkinsons of St. John's Wood, or rather Maida Vale, had already learnt it in Paris naturally led me to— I say, what about an ice? It's getting awfully hot in here."

"Oh, I don't think—"

"I'll go and get them," I said hastily; and I went and took a long time getting them, and, as it turned out that she didn't want hers after all, a longer time eating them. When I was ready for conversation again the next dance was beginning. With a bow I relinquished her to another.

"Come along," said a bright voice behind me; "this is ours."

"Hallo, Norah, is that you? Come on."

We hurried in, danced in silence, and then found ourselves a comfortable seat. For a moment neither of us spoke . . .

"Have you learnt the tango yet?" asked Norah.

"Fourteen," I said aloud.

"Help! Does that mean that I'm the fourteenth person who has asked you?"

"The night is yet young, Norah. You are only the eighth. But I was betting that you'd ask me before I counted twenty. You lost, and you owe me a pair of ivory-backed hair-brushes and a cigar-cutter."

"Bother. Anyhow, I'm not going to be stopped talking about the tango if I want to. Did you know I was learning? I can do the scissors."

"Good. We'll do the new Fleet Street movement together, the scissors-and-paste. You go into the ball-room and do the scissors, and I'll—er—stick here and do the paste."

"Can't you really do any of it at all, and aren't you going to learn?"

"I can't do any of it at all, Norah. I am not going to learn, Norah."

"It isn't so very difficult, you know. I'd teach you myself for tuppence."

"Will you stop talking about it for threepence?" I asked, and I took out three coppers.

"No."

I sighed and put them back again.

It was the last dance of the evening. My hostess, finding me lonely, had dragged me up to somebody, and I and whatever her name was were in the supper room drinking our farewell soup. So far we had said nothing to each other. I waited anxiously for her to begin. Suddenly she began.

"Have you thought about Christmas presents yet?" she asked.

I nearly swooned. With difficulty I remained in an upright position. She was the first person who had not begun by asking me if I danced the tango!

"Excuse me," I said. "I'm afraid I didn't—would you tell me your name again?"

I felt that it ought to be celebrated in some way. I had some notion of writing a sonnet to her.

"Hopkins," she said; "I knew you'd forgotten me."

"Of course I haven't," I said, suddenly remembering her. The sonnet would never be written now. "We had a dance together before."

"Yes," she said. "Let me see," she added, "I did ask you if you danced the tango, didn't I?"

A. A. M.

"As Richard looked at the girl her whole throat and face rose in one soft wave."

London Budget.

It would have drowned the affection of any man but Richard.

THE TANGO IN THE BALL-ROOM.



AS LETTERS IN THE PAPERS FROM AMATEUR SOCIAL REFORMERS WOULD HAVE US IMAGINE IT.



AND AS WE HAVE ACTUALLY SEEN IT.



Vedette (on Irish manœuvres). "WELL, THEY MAY 'AVE THEIR BLOOMIN' 'OME RULE, THEIR WHOLE BLESSED COUNTRY, AN' 'ARF INDIA TO DRY IT IN FOR ANYTHINK I CARES!"

THE ROUND-SHOT OF ENGLAND.

(On reading the news that December 11th is the last day for dispatching Christmas puddings to Roumania via Germany.)

By south, by north, from Thames to Forth,
The fair projectile sails;
What packing up of soundless bombs
For unforgotten Dicks and Toms
In far-off places of the earth,
From Leeds, from Exeter, from Perth
(And very possibly from Porth,
Glamorgan county, Wales)!

They bring no shame of shells that maim,
But only Christmas cheer;
Charged with the fruitage of the grape,
With shrapnel spice they round the Cape,
But not the Horn (why not? Aha!
That new canal at Panama);
They burst into a blue-green flame
By many an unknown pier.

The white-winged gulls attend the hulls
That bear them to the west;
The camels in the Libyan sand,
Who watch the old mirage expand
And feign belief with wondrous tact,
Trudge on with these all neatly packed
In suitable receptacles
And properly addressed.

They speed; and if by texture stiff
Or too luxuriant plums
On eaters of so godlike fare
There falls some aftermath of care,
How short-lived that internal pain,
How fond the memories that remain
Of home and England! What a whiff
Of Piccadilly comes!

But most of all I love to call
Sweet images to mind
Of aliens not of English blood
Who hear the Saxon pudding thud,
Who see, who crave, who taste, who smile
At this first glory of our isle,
Who bow the knee at last, and fall
With England's suet lined.

So, fat and sweet with all things meet,
I like to think there ride
Tremendous orbs of British duff,
Fulfilled with Orient fruits enough,
On Teuton rails from Teuton shores
To where Roumania smelt the wars,
That smoked about the Balkans' feet
And vanquished Turkey's pride.

EVOR.

"MEXICAN AFFAIRS
PRESIDENT WILL REJECT AMERICAN DIAMONDS."
Natal Advertiser.

Bribery is of little use with your true Mexican.



“AS MAN TO MAN.”

LORD HALDANE. “ONE HUNDRED AND TENTHLY AND LASTLY—IF I MAY BE PERMITTED TO GET IN A WORD EDGEWAYS—”

[Fancy picture of Lord HALDANE'S ideal of a conference: that “one on each side . . . should come together and talk with the unrestrained freedom with which men talk when they are talking to each other in private, as man to man.”]



THE DRUDGE.

"GEORGE, old man," said James, drawing up his chair to my end of the table, after Christine had gone out and left us to our male pursuits, "I want a heart-to-heart talk with you, old man."

I handed him the decanter and preserved a non-committal silence. The sudden prominence of the phrase "old man" in his conversation led me to expect the worst.

He pulled his chair even closer and stretched out an affectionate hand towards me. I placed a cigar in it, thus avoiding what was obviously to have been a long silent grip. "You and I have been the best of pals," he asserted.

"Pals!" I said with scorn. "Nay, chums."

But he was not to be deterred. "When we were boys together, we fought often, but we loved each other if boys ever did."

I gave him a very searching look. "James," I demanded, "is this morbid gush the preface of a jest or a money application; or is it drink, or"—and a horrible suspicion came over me—"is it an engagement?"

He extended some more hands in my direction. "She is the dearest girl on earth," said he.

The deathless clasp was now inevitable. "No doubt," I said, clasping with all appropriate enthusiasm. We have known each other for a long time, thought I to myself as we held on, but are we all this to each other?

"You must hear all about her," said James.

"Must I?" said I.

* * * * *

"Really?" "Quite so," and "Well, I never!" said I from time to time.

* * * * *

I found myself wondering if I was like this when I was engaged to Christine . . . whose birthday, by-the-by, was on the morrow . . . which reminded me that I had promised her a new driver . . . which made me ask myself, "Had I ordered my own?" . . . which recalled to me that I should have to get my clubs from Wimbledon in the morning and that I had promised Hartree to be at Richmond by 10.30 . . . This took some arranging . . . I arranged it . . . The best way would be to taxi to . . . There was a sudden burst of silence, and I awoke to find James regarding me with a cold, hurt, indignant stare.

"You are not interested a little bit," said he.

"On the contrary," I protested, "I congratulate you with all the sincerity of which I am capable."



C N Heathcote

Unfortunate Pedestrian (who has been knocked down and is a little dazed). "WHERE AM I? WHERE AM I?"

Enterprising Hawker. "'ERE Y'ARE, SIR—MAP O' LONDON, ONE PENNY."

"Idle and meaningless words," said he. "It is my passionate belief," I swore, "that you have done the best possible thing for yourself in getting engaged to . . . Help me out with the name."

James paid no attention to me. "At any rate," I continued, "whatever her name, I stand here for engagements in the abstract. Why? Because as often as not they lead to marriages. And why do I advocate marriage as an institution? Because it provides a man with a helpmate, someone with whom to share his joys and his sorrows and the joys and the sorrows of his friends. My dear fellow, I cannot tell you what your news means to me," I added rising. "But I know who can, and that's Christine."

Even so James was all for shaking my dust off his feet.

"Very well," I said; "but you must say good-night to her before you go."

I pushed him into the drawing-room and withdrew before he had finished telling Christine that he really must go. Two hours later I came back to tell him myself that he really must go. "But first," I said, "you must have something to moisten your parched throat."

"Let us drink your Audrey's health," said Christine; and James, who was now all over himself again, insisted upon drinking also the health of all his many friends.

"How many?" I asked. "About fifty odd?"

James put the number even higher. "And one by one they'll get engaged?" I suggested.

James fervently hoped they would. "And one by one they'll insist upon your hearing all about it?"

James went on hoping. I yawned comfortably. "Well, if your Audrey likes the prospect," said I, "it's her affair, not mine."

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

III.—THE NEW ART CRITIC OF
THE TIMES.

AMONGST recent exhibitors at the Neo-British Art League there are few more arresting painters than Mme. Strulda Brugh, yet even she has never chosen a more radiantly intractable theme than that of her "Pekinese Puppies" (92). Her method is flatly antipodean to that of the Congestionist school represented by M. Pipposquillacé in that she deanthromorphizes her scheme of pigmentation into nodules of aplanatic voluminosity.

It is perfectly obvious that by the evaluation of the subliminal factors and the substitution of rhomboidal for conical elasmobranchs, each bounded by its own laminated penumbra, a sense of pragmatic serenity should result as contrasted with the stark jocosity of the Congestionists. But it is still more obvious that if you press this hypothesis to its logical extreme and introduce the whole-tone scale of colour into a polyphonic pattern where only conjunct chromatic progressions are available, the conflict of the equal and the unequal temperament resolves itself into a *tesitura* so rarefied that the conscientious critic can only cope with the resulting discord by submerging himself

and his readers in the profundities of a polysyllabic pomposity. To put it in rather simpler language, the eye of the observer must be buttressed by the ability to supplement the conscious recognition of the exact angle of the implied rays of light with the definite disengaging of what is typical of that direction and to be maintained in a summary, and what is accidental and therefore to be deleted.

When, therefore, as in the case of Mme. Strulda Brugh's picture, we have to assume a fluorescent reticulation of the interstitial sonorities, a situation is developed which might well baffle any but an advanced expert in transcendental mathematics. As a result the modelling of the puppies' tails is lacking in curvilinear conviction; their heads fail in leonine suggestiveness, their fore-paws in prehensile subjectivity; and we feel sure that the late Döwnger Empress of CHINA would have been disappointed with the arbitrary

simplification of the dynamic illusions germane to so imperial a theme.

MARCELLUS THOM AND OTHERS.

Mr. Marcellus Thom exhibits a large fresco, "Sardine Fishers in the Adriatic" (99), executed in creosoted truffle-stick, which is a masterpiece of suppressed yet dignified antinomianism. Wonderful though the drawing and the interfiltration of co-ordinating parabolooids are, it is the psychological content of the picture rather than its direct presentative significance which affects the *solar plexus* of the enlightened onlooker. The whole atmosphere is summarised and condensed in a circumambient and oleaginous *aura*. We see no sardines anywhere, but we are delicately subconscious of them translated to their tins, and consecrated to

chromolithographs which dedecorated the Christmas numbers of the early eighties. Yet in her other picture, "Girls Playing Rugby Football" (82), there is a vigorous economy of outline, a sort of jejune spirituality that recalls the early work of Bomboudiac, or perhaps rather of Etienne Jauréguiberry. Observe here the dramatic import of the foreshortening of the left leg of the three-quarters in the middle distance. The expression on the features of the scrummagers is admirably summarised, but it is a pity that so much dynamic intensity should be neutralized by the somewhat perfunctory triangulation of the successive sections of the linear boundaries.

On a lower plane of achievement we may notice the deftly suggested interior of Mr. Snitram's "Coal Shoot" (21), the ingenuous pigment of Miss Olga Pupe's "Hara-Kiri" (74), the business-like planning of washes in M. Margelot's "Crab-catchers in the Humber" (42), the delicious "Clothes Line in a High Wind" (122), by Mme. de Tilkins, and the superb *bravura* of Mr. Nigel Guggenheimer's portrait of Mr. Adrian Stoop (14), though we boggle a little at the false *appoggiatura*, so to speak, introduced by the lighting of the left nostril. It is a subject which M. Bombinante would have treated with a more poignant and intimate particularity of sentiment.



Pat (selling a young horse). "MIND MOTY CARS, IS IT? SURE, YESTERDAY ONE PASSED THE SIZE OF A HOUSE, AN' SHE CHASED IT TO CLONMEL."

the glosity of the sympathetic gastronomie. To do full justice to such a picture is unhappily beyond the resources of the most sublime preciosity. It demands the *εσωτερική φλαβία* of Theopompus of Megalocrania, or even the *intima desipientia* distilled in the *Atopiad* of Vesanus Sanguinolentus.

THE ART OF MISS BOLSTER.

The successful employment of the sophisticated apparatus of the Congestionist in order to pervert or disintegrate the appearances of nature does not, of course, prove an adequate substitute for pure "patternization," to quote the useful if somewhat barbarous neologism of Professor Slattery, and the importance of a due discrimination in this regard is strikingly demonstrated in the work of Miss Toupie Bolster. Of her ten contributions "A Study in Oxford Socks" (99) is perhaps the most realistically satisfying, reminding one in its hectic diathesis of the florid

CLEMENT CLINGENPEEL.

(A Memoir.)

THE late Clement Clingenpeel was a life-size piano-tuner. He would rather have been anything else, but then all the Clingenpeels right away back have been life-size piano-tuners, and it is no use grousing at destiny. There was an old legendary couplet about the Clingenpeels which I have forgotten, though this is the sense of it:—

"Chow, chough, chuff, clipping Clingenpeel;
Oranges and lemons—"

This is the bit I've forgotten, but it ends in "eel" to rhyme.

Briefly what it means is that, come weal, come woe, no Clingenpeel can expect to earn any money save by tuning pianos. (One of the Clingenpeels set up once in business as a builder of dust-destructors. But one of his machines, to the surprise of one

of his patrons, one day in one year commenced to destroy dust, and so people lost faith in it.

My Clement—I call him my Clement because he owed me all his prospective income—although a loyal piano-tuner, had tried his hand at several minor pursuits. He failed at them all, which does seem to bear out in a way the truth of that superstitious old couplet. Ah, I remember it now. It goes:—

“Chow, ehough, ehuff, clipping Clingenpeel;
Oranges and lemons—”

Dash it! It's gone again. I know perfectly well what the next word is. It rhymes with one of those places where QUEEN ELIZABETH stayed for one night only, and in shape it is like a banana. But the actual word escapes me. However, I will think of it presently. (If you're gone, I'll send it to you on a postcard.)

Well, Clement tried for one thing to be a dramatist. He wrote a play about three generations. This was how he mapped it out:—

Act I.—Pithecanthropus, 400,000 B.C.

Act II.—Anthropus, 1913 A.D.

Act III.—Hyperanthropus, 400,000 A.D.

His idea was to get someone to do Act I., someone to do Act II. and SHAW to do Act III., and give them a proportion of the royalties. It all stopped at the idea, however, and perhaps it was as well.

Clement was in many ways unlucky. In fact he used to say to me, “Sir, I have an unlucky number.” This was fourteen. There may be nothing in it, but he died on the 21st (which, after all, is $\frac{3}{4}$ of 14), had seven children (which, after all, is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 14), and was exactly fourteen months in arrear with the rent. Fourteen was his unlucky break at billiards. He couldn't get past it. He'd either make fourteen or twenty-eight (which, after all, is just twice fourteen) or something a mere trifle more or less. There may be nothing in it, of course, but he believed in it, poor chap, and he's gone now. I remember his saying to me when borrowing money, “Fourteen pounds will be enough, Sir, but it's unlucky. Make it fifteen.” I never refused. For the sake of one pound why deny him his whim?

I never knew such a happy family man as Clement Clingenpeel. Sometimes he would even speak to his wife at dinner, and her eyes would light up with admiration and affection. When he threw anything it was never the bootjack. He would amuse the children for hours by shaking the coppers out of their money-boxes, and on their birthdays he would measure their height against the wall and give them his



Pavement Artist (on duty). “I CAN'T RECKON IT UP. I DRAW A LOT BETTER 'N YOU DO AN' YET I DON'T GET 'ARF THE MONEY.”

Pavement Artist (off duty). “YER SUBJICKS IS ALL WRONG. BITS O' SALMON IS OUT O' DATE. I DONE TREMENJUS BISNESS IN THE SUMMER WITH 'OBBS AN' RUFUS ISICKS, AN' NOW I'M RUNNIN' BOMB, WELLS, GABY AND LARKIN, AN' THEY'RE GOIN' GOOD.”

blessing. Of literature he left little behind. A few letters, terse and to the point, may be found in the files of *Concord: the Organ of the International Association of Piano-tuners*, with his signature appended, but save in one instance the subject is too technical to be of general interest. I quote the exception:—

DEAR SIR,—This is the twenty-first anniversary of my joining the I.A.P.T. Wishing you and all fellow I.A.P.T.s the best,

Thanking you, yours,
C. CLINGENPEEL, I.A.P.T.

There is something of the man's fine nature in that missive. It gladdens me to think that his departed spirit may be aware of the simple inscription

on the urn (containing his ashes) that stands on my mantelpiece—

CLINGENPEEL, CLEMENT, I.A.P.T.
1860—1913.

Many misunderstood mortals
Leave to the living their life.

Rather good, I think. Mysterious and melancholy without being maudlin.

P.S.—The new piano-tuner's name is Henry Zinnpank. That's the sort of luck I have.

“Now for the cars. . . . They would naturally turn into Argyle Street at the top of Oswald Street, and thus restore at the corner of Argyle Street and Jamaica Street the very congestion which they had relieved at the corner of Jamaica Street and Argyle Street.”—*Glasgow News*.

It seems hardly worth it.

MR. PUNCH'S OWN INDIAN POET.

It is well known that *Mr. Punch* desires to keep abreast of all such literary movements as may elevate humanity by purifying the more obvious emotions and throwing a veil of poetry over the expression of thought. It is plain that this object cannot be properly attained without the possession of at least one highly qualified Indian poet ready at all times to break into verse (or, as some might say, to drop into poetry) on every subject that may conceivably be treated through the medium of metre. Such an assistant *Mr. Punch* has at last secured. It is not necessary that this gentleman's name should be divulged. *Mr. Punch's* word is a sufficient guarantee both for the poet's existence and for his unimpeachable good faith in the discharge of his poetical duties. Moreover, it is not to be supposed that *Mr. Punch* would be willing to pay the substantial honorarium to which he has committed himself unless he had previously satisfied himself that his poet was the genuine article.

After much consideration *Mr. Punch* has decided not to publish his poet's effusions in the original. It is a characteristic of true Indian poetry that it should be as effective in a prose translation as in its own language. It is only necessary to add that *Mr. Punch's* corps of translators has all the best Rabindranath qualifications, and that their work may be depended upon to convey to English readers all the simple mysticism and the plaintive outpourings which distinguish the votaries of the Indian muse.

In order to prove that he is not talking at random or attempting to mislead his readers, *Mr. Punch* ventures to append two specimens of his poet's work.

I.

A WOMAN IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The moon is shining as moons have sometimes shone through hours that would otherwise have been devoid of light. O pale moon, what art thou shining upon and what becomes of thy beams when they have completed their work of shining? Does the quiet pool absorb them? Nay, the pool sends them back with renewed brilliance. Does the buffalo in the pasture fill his mouth with them and use them as a cud to be chewed placidly? Not so, for he has grass, which for the buffalo is better and more palatable than moonbeams. Who then is this walking with silver feet through the sleeping village?

It is a woman, and to her the moonlight is as a home. She has knees and ankles and arms—think of it, O my heart: knees and ankles and arms. Silver bangles are on her wrists and her hair is dusky with the kisses of the south wind.

She approaches and her eyes gaze into the night. What does she see in the night? Does she see my love in the night while I myself am concealed behind the wall? O wall of my safe concealment, let me cling to thee while she passes.

O my fair one, thy veil is as an enchantment and the turn of thy shoulder breathes mystery.

The moon has faded, and thou, too, hast vanished, but I will return and sing thy praises.

II.

THE FLOWING OF THE RIVER.

My beloved is poised upon the river-bank with a delicate poisoning. Waft your favours to her, ye breezes, and make her fair with all your gifts of beauty. If she be not beautiful how shall she be sung? But she is beautiful, with one foot dipped in the cool surface of the water.

When the soul is young it sings like a bird in the top-most branches of the tree. Sing, thou careless bird, and my soul shall sing too. But my soul can do more than sing. My soul can fly, bearing a message. My soul can skim along the river and can kiss the moist toes of her dipped foot.

Lo, she raises her foot, for she has felt the kiss, though it was light as the rustle of the tamarisk. Canst thou kiss like that, O hard-beaked bird?

The foregoing specimens are, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, sufficient for his purpose. Not only will they be appreciated, he feels sure, by all readers who have refused to close their minds to the appeal of a poetry which is at once sensuous and refined and passionate and restrained, and which, without sacrificing sound to sense, tends to raise those who read it far above the harassing conventions of a life lived in these islands; they will also, he has no hesitation in saying, bring conviction to the soul of the most hardened and contemptuous cynic.

THE SHIP'S KITTEN.

It was a barque that dropped down the river
For the Indies or the Isthmus, and it rained a bit and blew;
She had a cargo of deals to deliver
And the Tower Bridge was lifted to let her go through;
"Hoo-oo," said the syrens, "hoo-oo" and "hoo-oo,"
"The Ark she got her anchor up when early fell the dew";
But the little ship's kitten it started to mew!

When they got to the Bay the cook's bell tinkled,
Though the big seas they tumbled and the big seas they rolled,
And through the rain squalls a lone beam twinkled,
Flashing and wheeling at night-time to behold.
"Ser-wosh," said the great seas so black and so bold,
"The Ark made heavy weather we have always heard it told";
And the little ship's kitten it let its tea get cold!

But when they got to the calm Equator,
The sun was setting crimson, very hot and heathenish,
And the stars turned over, and the moon grew greater
Low on the yard-arm like a big gold dish;
"Swish," sighed the little seas, "ser-wish" and "ser-wish,"
"The Lord He sent an olive-branch to them that did languish";
And the little ship's kitten it caught a flying-fish.

And when they got back from the Indies or the Isthmus,
The Isthmus or the Indies, whichever they'd been at,
They'd not seen the Thames since t'other side of Christmas,
And the Tower Bridge rose end-ways that lay down so flat;
"Hoo-oo," said the syrens, "how's that?" and "how's that?"
"We've sailed the Flood a twelve-month and we're fain for A'arat,"
And the little ship's kitten had grown to a cat!

"More than 2,000 persons work in Somerset House, and not a soul sleeps on the premises."—*Daily Express*.

We suppose we must accept this tardy vindication of the Government clerk, but the popular legend as to how he spends his time in Somerset House will not easily be allowed to die.



Small Daughter of Fortune (as third trolley goes by). "I REALLY THINK, MUMMY, IT MUST BE SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY."

THE WILL.

Mr. Gannaway was an elderly merchant who lived in one of the large outlying towns in the South of London. Let us call it Troydon. Every day he went up to town by the 8.43; every evening he returned by the 6.15. His house was only a few yards from the station.

Mr. Gannaway was an ordinary person in most ways, but he had a peculiarity. He could not bear noise, and day by day he noticed that the Troydon railway men were becoming noisier. The porters and inspectors banged the doors with more abandon than of old, the engine-drivers let out steam with a more shattering roar and whistled louder than they had ever done, while the shunting at night had become an outrage.

Mr. Gannaway did not want to leave his house, nor was he sufficiently superior to other people's laughter to adopt ear-flaps, as HERBERT SPENCER used to do, on the platform and in the train. He therefore, like a wise man, hit on a ruse . . .

"Do you happen to have seen to-day's *Troydon Gazette*?" he asked the

more talkative of the inspectors one morning.

"No, Sir," he said. "I've got it, but I haven't had time."

"There's a curious thing in it that ought to be interesting to some of you here," said Mr. Gannaway, and passed on.

The inspector took the earliest opportunity of searching the paper for the item. He found it at last under the heading

TROYDON RESIDENT'S STRANGE WILL.

The article ran thus:—

"A legal correspondent, who states that he is committing no breach of etiquette in thus divulging information acquired professionally, tells us that he has just drawn up a very interesting will for an infirm and elderly lady who occupies rooms in a house on the outlying Rawson Estate. So much did she once suffer from nerves due to reckless noises made by various forms of workmen—clumsy railway porters who bang doors that could as easily be shut quietly, careless engine-drivers who overdo their whistling and make their brakes scream, and so forth—to which, indeed, she attributes her poor

health in the past years, that she has determined to devote some of her great wealth to an attempt to abate this nuisance.

"Believing that charity should begin at home, she has set apart a considerable sum as the nucleus of a fund, the interest on which is to be distributed every Christmas by the station-master among the railwaymen of Troydon if, in the opinion of six regular passengers to be selected by him, the improvement in the noise nuisance merits it. Otherwise the money is to be applied to other purposes which she names.

"Since making this will," the article ended, "we regret to hear the lady was taken worse and now lies in a precarious state, so that the provisions of it may too soon be operative."

"That's a bit of all right," said the inspector, and passed the news about for the rest of the day. The result was that the station gradually became a much more civilised place and Mr. Gannaway has lost that worried look.

The lady is still alive. Every effort to find out who she is has failed; but the railway staff believe in her absolutely, which is more than Mr. Gannaway does.

LUCK.

THOU that hast baffled many an earnest thinker,
Strange Power, whose wayward fancies none may
guess,

That canst o'errule the great, or idly tinker
With trifling men in equal freakishness,
Thou that dost enclose hour ban, another bless,
More dour than thunder, brighter than the sun,
O Luck, O sovereign Luck, thee to address
Has long been my desire, mysterious one,
And now, I think, I see my way to get it done.

I am not of the narrow heirs of Science
Who, with a high contempt that nothing awes,
Deny thee flatly, in serene defiance
Of aught that reigns beyond her formal laws;
Who, when they profit for no seeming cause,
Ascribe it to their own deserts and skill,
Yet, when some looked-for gift eludes their jaws,
Turning, they mourn their luck with right good will,
Nor bless thee for the good, but damn thee for the ill.

And there be some who, finding thee capricious
Beyond all hope, assume a cold neglect
Of thy dark forces which, if thou wert vicious,
Would rouse thee probably to some effect.
I join them not; nor yet that wider sect
Who, viewing thee in undisguised alarm,
Offer their worship with an awed respect,
With strict observance due and solemn charm
Which, if it does no good, they hope will do no harm.

These in their little lives are ever flustered
By signs and portents sombre as the tomb;
They find them in a magpie or the mustard;
Upon their path a ladder casts a gloom
As of a cypress; some there are for whom
The dawn of Friday has an evil eye,
And Thirteen is a number great with doom;
There is no rite too strange for these to ply,
And they might save their time for all they get thereby.

For I, that long have sought thee in thy doings,
Have noticed how the wildest votary came,
For all the pious ardour of his wooings,
Out in the end to pretty much the same
As he that paid no honour to thy name.
Here thou wouldst frown, and haply there wouldst smile,
And one would lose, or win, his little game,
Till I, that searched thee out, for quite a while
Had well-nigh giv'n thee up, thou wast so volatile.

Yet there is this wherein I judge thee surely.
For thou art female; by these very traits
Female, and therefore one may swear securely
Ripe to be wooed, if one could only raise
The proper system. I for many days
Have pondered on this matter, and I ween
That thou art tired of too obsequious ways,
And seekest, even as seeks a weary queen,
Simply by way of change, a decent 'twixt and 'tween.

Wherefore I step me forth to woo thy favour.
Withholding not thy fair and rightful due,
I do not with crude flatteries beslave
Thy sick and female soul, as others do.
The rites that I enjoin are strict but few—
Enough to win thy notice, not to pall:
I turn my coppers when the moon is new;
No peacock plumes affront my sober hall
With their malignant eyes: and that, I think, is all.

Thus, then, O Luck, to-day I lay before thee
An opportunity thou long hast lacked
To pour thy horn on one that does not bore thee
Or hold thee light, and is, in point of fact,
A worthy object for some graceful act.
I would not specify the royal boon,
But leave it to thy dormant sense of tact;
Fame, Love, and Money make a good Triune;
These would suffice at first; and kindly send them soon.
DUM-DUM.

A FREE EXCHANGE OF VIEW.

I ought to say at the start that Robinson and I are not the leaders of our respective political parties, but we share with them some of the foibles of our common humanity.

"Hadn't we better sit down and talk this matter over together, and try to come to some agreement?" said Robinson, as he got up and put on his overcoat.

"The sooner the better, the sooner the better," said I, and left the room very hurriedly.

I saw him again next day, for our trams met on the Embankment. I was pleased to notice that he had not forgotten his conciliatory proposal, for just as we passed each other he leaned over the top and called out, "When shall we meet?"—but unfortunately he was out of ear-shot while I was still trying to find the place in my diary.

It was Saturday afternoon before I came across him again. I was playing to the 13th hole, and as he was bunkered at the 9th I cannot have been more than 50 yards away. "What about that talk?" I shouted. I saw the sand fly vigorously and his mouth move, but I am a purist in these matters and do not consider an expletive as good as an appointment.

Later in the evening he passed my house in a motor. I was not there, but the lodgekeeper told me that he had not exactly stopped, but "had slowed up like, and thrown out his card." The card had "Better come and see me" pencilled in one corner, and "Mind the dog" in another.

So I got out my monoplane on Sunday and flew across his grounds. I lipped the lip four times in succession, and at the conclusion of a long fanciful flight, in which I put myself and the whole situation repeatedly upside down, I dropped an explosive on his dog-kennel from a distance of 1,000 feet. I did not alight, for Robinson was not visible, and he would, of course, quickly understand that I had as good as called.

That is how the position stands at the moment, but it is something to know that we are alike in our desire to meet, and when we do I am sure we shall arrange something, for we are sensible men.

There is to be a dinner in Southport to some of the local boatmen and fishermen. Says *The Southport Visitor*:—

"The dinner will be succeeded by a social. The Mayor hopes to attend some portion of the proceedings. At the close of the gathering, Mr. Jno. Barrington has generously volunteered to convey the men to their homes."

We hope that in many cases his services will not be wanted.

Remorse.

"Confused by the noise of traffic a cow that probably was experiencing its first taste of city life, got mixed up with vehicles at Woodward and Milwaukee avenues yesterday and was struck by a street car. It was so badly injured that Patrolman Stegmiller ended his life with a bullet."—*Detroit News*.

Patrolman STEGMILLER's friends should have assured him that it wasn't his fault, and exhorted him to bear up.



Sportsman (to enthusiastic motorist whom he has mounted). "HULLO! What's wrong?"

Friend. "COULDN'T THROTTLE HER DOWN; STEERING GEAR WOULDN'T WORK; MISSED ONE OF THE PEDALS, AND THEN I FELL OUT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

STARTING in to read *When William Came* (LANE) I supposed, from the title, that I was about to learn of the birth of a baby-boy, and to study the immediate effect of this domestic apparition upon a small family circle. I forgot in my haste that there is only one *William*, and he a very much alive Kaiser, so that I was more than a little astonished when I realized the identity of the comer and the national significance of his coming. Whatever views the reader may hold about the possible advent of the Germans he would be well advised to study a most graphic though humiliating picture of what life in these islands would be like if they did come to stay. He may remember, as I do, having read other essays on this theme; but usually the novelist has, out of the kindness of his heart, imported so much exaggeration and improbability as to leave one comfortable in the thought that the tale is only told for one's diversion, and that nobody for a moment believes that the thing can ever really happen. "SAKI," that is Mr. H. H. MUNRO, does not so temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Ruthlessly, almost I might say callously, he develops to its logical conclusion and with the most probable circumstances an alleged (and I for my part say accurately alleged) tendency in Englishmen of all classes to-day to selfish indifference; showing how our downfall as a ruling nation, should it occur, would be more justly ascribed to this national vice than to the political and industrial agitator, whom he regards as an effect and not a cause of our present (and I hope momentary) decline. Mr. MUNRO is, in my opinion, to be heartily congratulated as a novelist for

making a very good tale of it; he is even more warmly to be praised as an Englishman for his individual effort to stop the rot by impressing upon us the proper and probable destiny of any nation that cannot face the expense and fatigue of arming for war—namely, degradation to the rank of a province peaceful but over-taxed, non-militant but menial.

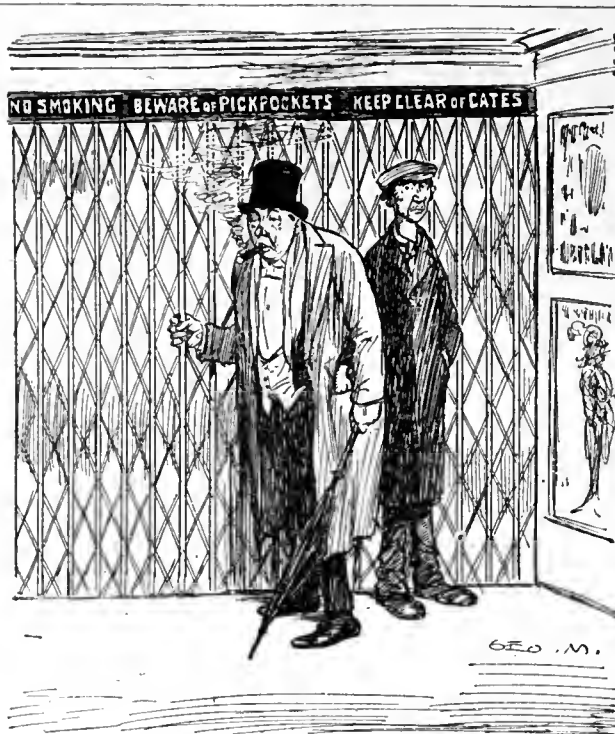
To Mr. JAMES STEPHENS anything is possible and nothing is fore-ordained. In his new book, *Here are Ladies* (MACMILLAN), he plays with the absurdly settled convictions of men and women, showing them to be worth nothing at all; he is away before you can catch him, and is back again at one's elbow with some new story about Paradise or Hades, or some fresh humour at the expense of his fellow-mortals. Although I consider "The Halfpenny Bit" one of the best stories that he has ever written I do not think that, on the whole, *Here are Ladies* is so satisfying as *The Crock of Gold* or *The Charwoman's Daughter*. The old man who holds the stage for the last portion of these pages I found frankly tiresome, and I dislike his implication that anything that he may happen to say is good enough for me, or, at any rate, for Mr. STEPHENS. One thing, however, is certain. We have not had for a very long time a poet who is so acutely aware both of the glories of heaven and the ugly oddities of the side-streets in Dublin as the author of *Here are Ladies*. Policemen and landladies, middle-aged women and very foolish young men are as clear and as interesting to him as leprechauns and the angel Gabriel. And many people, after reading this book, will question apprehensively the solidity of their furniture and the shape and colour of their own familiar street.

In days when we hear almost too much both in fact and fiction about the dreamy idealism of dwellers in the sister isle it is refreshing, if rather surprising, to come across the old Irishman whom THACKERAY with his crude Victorian pen held up to Saxon scorn. Fearlessly anachronistic, Mr. TOM GALLON has not only made the principal figure in *Young Eve and Old Adam* (LONG) a handsome soft-spoken and utterly good-for-nothing Irish officer, but, planting him in the present year of grace, has even dared to name him *Barry Raggett*. Almost the least of this adventurer's sins (perhaps, on the whole, it may be called his redeeming virtue) was his early desertion of his wife. After her death and that of an aunt, who subsequently had charge of their daughter *Molly*, the girl comes to live with her dear papa and overlook, if not actively abet, his life of card-sharping and spoof. She draws the line when he attempts to sell her to one of the pigeons he is plucking, but when afterwards in a fit of passion he murders the unfortunate young man she relents sufficiently to back in open court his plea of the unwritten law. So there is plenty of excitement, you see, in Mr. TOM GALLON'S book, and as it is racy and goes with a rare good swing it keeps the reader in a state of excitement that renders probability a matter of no great concern. Only at the title I cavil a little. Whatever may be said about *Molly's* name, it surely is an insult to our first father to compare him with *Captain Barry Raggett*, whose part in the drama of Eden is that of the parent of lies, and, in his gushing enthusiastic Irish way, he overplays it a lot.

When I begin a new volume of detective stories, I am still hopeful that the author will leaven the lump by giving one tale in which the hero will be fairly and squarely baffled, and that the character whom I am expected to regard as an ass will not be a super-ass. And now in *November Joe* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. HESKETH PRICHARD has fulfilled one of my hopes by being quite kind to his butt. Indeed, *Mr. Quaritch* has been given both brains and money, and has even been allowed to tell the stories. Butts, I fancy, are looking up in this class of literature. "*November Joe*," the publishers tell me, "is the one really original detective in recent fiction . . . The scene of his exploits is not the crowded haunts of civilization, but the vast forests of Canada." The latter statement may be accepted as correct, but the former betrays a note of pardonable prejudice, for, although the tales of this detective of the woods gain freshness from their setting, they are in essence not extraordinarily original. Where Mr. PRICHARD has really scored a big point is in making his tracker a most magnetic personality, so magnetic in fact that my mischievous desire to see him beaten gradually vanished. In the last story a charming heiress falls in love with *Joe*, and we are left doubtful whether she is not—in a future book—going to be his wife. But if that is to happen

I trust that she will deign to become a woodwoman, for I really cannot bear to think of *Joe* in a tail-coat and spats.

How often one has heard it said, "What a pity doctors can't tell all the stories that they must know!" Well, after reading *The Indiscretions of Dr. Carstairs* (HEINEMANN), all I have to reply to this is, "Thank goodness they can't!" It is not so much that I object to the indiscretion of the fourteen tales that make up this volume; it is their medical atmosphere that puts me off. The author, who elects to be known as "A. DE O.," can certainly claim to have brought the scent of the drug store and the operating-theatre into the pages of his book more pungently than in any other I know. The result therefore can hardly fail to be a little depressing. I was the more sad that *Dr. Carstairs* should have left these unpleasant and not specially remarkable anecdotes to his literary executor, because the sketch of the doctor himself, as given in the opening chapter (by a long way the best in the book), is such as to prepare me for worthier things. So it was disappointing to find him indulging in the kind of plots suitable to our less expensive magazines, about disguised princesses and the like. Of a different type is one of the stories, called cheerfully "Death in a Chelsea Lodging." There is pathos and considerable unforced power in the telling of this. But by so much the more do I protest against it as a record of disease and pain. In real life the effect of such an experience might well be cleansing and good; but in fiction— After perusing the symptoms of *Alec Majoribanks* I declare I was tempted to turn for relief to those columns of the popular press that are devoted to the advertisements of proprietary remedies. The same details are there, but there is the pleasing difference that the characters always recover. I hope the next indiscretions that "A. DE O." may be tempted to communicate will occur in some more agreeable atmosphere.



A CHAMPION BY-LAW BREAKER.
STUDY OF A MAN WHO DISREGARDS ALL THREE RULES AT ONCE.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
sang Lovelace in his cavalier fashion, which reminds me of his concluding lines, since applied by a South African to doubtful Cape claret:

Minds innocent and quiet take
That for : ; ; snn, h : g 1 1 2 v 3 s 1 m s p n - e."
Johannesburg Illustrated Star.

It must have been very doubtful claret.

"Messrs. — and Son, who have a business as coal factors, lightermen, etc., in which nearly £3,000,000 is employed, have decided—the approval of the shareholders being given on Thursday—to start a scheme giving the employers an interest in the welfare of the Company."—*Birkenhead News*.

At present their interest is morbidly rooted in the welfare of the employees.

CHARIVARIA.

The Nation—the paper, not the other thing—is glad to hear that there is to be a great Anti-Armaments demonstration in London during the early winter. Nothing, however, is said as to the campaign of the Society for the Abolition of the Police. We regret this, for the two movements should work together.

The result of last week's Great Fight is now said to have been due to French politeness. "Why stand?" said CARPENTIER to WELLS. "Pray be seated."

Mr. REDMOND has vetoed the proposal to present him with a national tribute. We cannot help thinking that the Irish leader carries his modesty too far. He has, for instance, in spite of his enormous influence, refused to put himself forward and try to end the Dublin strike.

The Surrey Theatre has produced a Cockney *révue*. It is called *I should say so*. We welcome this step in the direction of greater purity of pronunciation. Most Cockneys say "sow."

"Mother," asked the postman's child, "if there is a postman's strike, will Christmas have to be postponed?"

Thoughtful persons are at a loss to account for the apparent popularity of the Tango. We fancy, however, that we can understand the inner meaning of the Tango supper at certain restaurants. The dance takes your attention off the food.

The scathing remark which we made last week in this column on the subject of LEONARDO'S "Monna Lisa" seems to have borne rapid fruit. We understand that the prodigal will shortly return from her deplorable escapade and be restored to home and honest society.

A journalist has been bemoaning, in the pages of a contemporary, the fact that our poets have ceased to wear long hair. Our modern bards certainly seem shy of identification. In many cases one would not even guess from their writings that they were poets.

Nervous pedestrians hear with alarm

that a committee of the Imperial Motor Transport Council is investigating the possibilities of alcohol as a fuel for motors. What will happen when their throttles are open we do not care to contemplate.

A Bill for the compulsory taking of babies' finger-prints within three days after birth is to be laid before the Washington Legislature by the Chief of the Bureau of Identification of the

widow's accepting a dinner engagement one month after the loss of her husband. At the same time it is only fair to her to state that she first ascertained from her hostess that it would be a very dull affair.

"Miss Marion Edwards wore a costume made of furniture in the new *révue* at the Grand Theatre, Clapham Junction." There is, we fancy, nothing new in this idea. We have frequently met ladies who had every appearance of having been upholstered.

Large waists high up under the armpits are a feature of the newest Paris fashions, and an amalgamation of the waist and the neck is thought to be impending in the near future.

A TRYST IN A TEA-CUP.

[“China Dept.—The Old English Violet Pattern . . . breathing as it does of woods and copses, has a singularly chaste and artistic effect and appeals strongly to all British residents over the sea.”
Christmas Catalogue.]

ONCE they were just a china set

Adorned with modest purple flowers,
The neatest that my clerk could get
To meet the need of office hours;

But now (see catalogue) I find,
Though they have dwelt with me a year,
Such is the smallness of my mind
That I have missed their message clear.

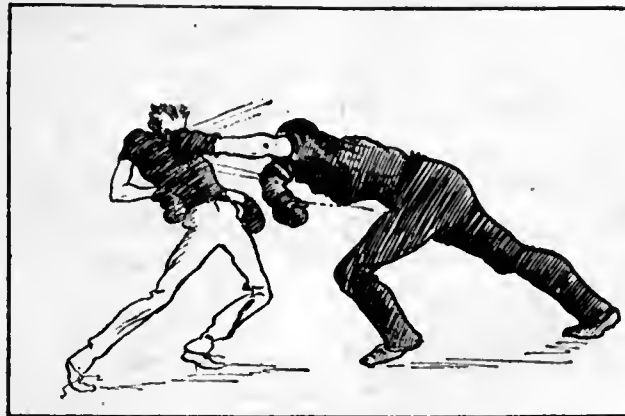
They should have breathed, no, not of tea,
But of a little fragrant wood

Where Maud picked violets with me
When we were young and life was good.

Is this a tea-cup? No, my soul,
This is a copse that once I knew.
Is this a plate and this a bowl?
Nay, these are posies wet with dew.

Ah, Maud! you choose in foreign climes
Far from my humble sphere to roam,
Nor, though I mail impassioned rhymes,
Will you return to share my home.

But Christmas comes; I'll try my fate
Once more, and send you over-sea
My heart, marked "Fragile," in a crate
Of this wild woodsy crockery.



Instructor. "KEEP YOUR EYES MORE OPEN FOR 'LEFTS' AND



PRACTISE FEINTIN' A BIT MORE."

Spokane Police Department. It has been discovered that all the most notorious criminals started life as babies.

Moreover, many infants, it may not be generally known, become desperate characters at a very early age. More than once recently we have come across in our newspaper the headline "ABANDONED BABY."

Mourning, we are told, is no longer fashionable, and even three months' abstention from "going out" after a bereavement is considered excessive. Indeed, we know an instance of a

A VISION OF IRELAND'S ARMAGEDDON.

THE armies met just outside Dublin. The Orange Army drew itself up on one side—the Green Army on the other, whilst the O'Brienite Army split itself into two sections so as to be able to take either army in flank. A great blare of trumpets announced the arrival of the Political Purity Army. General BELLOC turned to it and said, "GILBERT and CECIL, there has been no such day since I led the guns at Gravelotte."

In the forefront of the Orange Army rode Colonel ROWLAND HUNT in a motor car with scythe-blades fixed to its wheels. Beside him stood the inspiring figure of the Duke of NORFOLK, bearing a huge Orange banner, which he waved defiantly at Colonel the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE of the Green Army, who was brandishing a flag with a portrait of CROMWELL and the legend, "Keep the Priest out of the Schools." Colonel GARVIN headed four Orange columns and ever and anon looked dubiously at his command. "Three columns more," he murmured, "and we should be over the page." General "TAY PAY" wrote his last sketch on the top of a maxim. "If I should fall," he whispered to General DEVLIN, "write me as one who soaped his fellow-men."

Marshal CARSON viewed the opposing legions with calm, even when he tore open a telegram and read, "Will try to be in time for battle, but must get lawn tennis match with Duke of MARLBOROUGH over first.—F. E. SMITH, General." Marshal CARSON spurred his horse forward, and NAPOLEON REDMOND rode forth to meet him.

"Blood!" said Marshal CARSON.

"Gore!" replied the Irish Napoleon.

"No compromise!" cried the Marshal.

"Victory or death!" came the stern reply.

"How few of these will see another day," said the Marshal sadly.

"Alas, that it cannot be settled by single combat," returned NAPOLEON REDMOND. "Why should Irish blood be shed? Cannot 'TAY PAY' and GARVIN, both practically Saxons, fight it out together?"

"We are here to shed blood, not ink," said the Marshal.

NAPOLEON REDMOND drew himself up. "Then we must march over your dead bodies to Belfast."

"Nay, we shall march through a sea of blood to Cork."

"I am about to give orders to begin," said NAPOLEON.

"In another moment I shall draw my sword and throw away the scabbard," came the reply.

"To give my fellow-Irishmen to the sword is a painful thing."

"I hate to encrimson the green sods of old Ireland."

"But the reporters are all waiting."

"They are. REDMOND, promise me one thing. You will vow not to spare the Press in the coming conflict?"

"No mercy. GARVIN has seen his last sunrise."

"I will cut down 'TAY PAY' with my own hand. But what is this?"

Another motor-car darted into the arena.

"'Tis the infamous BIRRELL," gasped the Marshal.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," wailed the IRISH SECRETARY, "one word, I beseech you."

"No compromise!" cried the leaders simultaneously.

"Listen, listen. The Larkinite Army is besieging Guinness's Brewery."

"God save Ireland!" gasped both the great captains.

"CARSON," cried NAPOLEON REDMOND, falling on his neck,—"CARSON, we must save the country together. Three cheers for KING WILLIAM and CROMWELL. Come, let us address our armies. Where are the megaphones? You speak to my army and I will speak to yours."

"Belovéd Protestant brethren," cried NAPOLEON REDMOND, waving a Union Jack, "in time of peril all Irishmen are one. Guinness's Brewery is in danger. Advance with your fellow-countrymen and save it from the thirsty foe. Come, my brave prentice lads of Derry, and follow my flag to victory."

"Fellow Irishmen," shouted the Marshal, "in the name of the glorious Fenians, the loyal Clan-na-gael, and the noble army of Ancient Hibernians, follow the green flag I wave. Guinness's Brewery is in danger. Shall there be nothing left to drink in Ireland but Boyne water?"

An enthusiastic murmur ran through both armies.

"A brewery in danger," roared Marshal BELLOC. "Let my army lead the way."

"In the name of temperance, halt!" cried Colonel the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE.

"Charge, the Heavy Brigade!" roared Marshal BELLOC, and the only objector was crushed to the earth. Away rushed the armies, fraternising together, interchanging flags, all alike eager to get to Dublin before the besieged fortress fell, or at least immediately after.

Colonel ROWLAND HUNT was the solitary warrior left on the open field.

"What would BOADICEA do under these circumstances?" cried the Colonel.

He answered his own question by cutting a swathe down the line of

cinematograph operators, and slicing the top from Mr. ARNOLD WHITE'S helmet as he protruded it from the last ditch to see how the bloodshed was going on.

Armageddon was over.

AN AVENGER OF OUR BOMBARDIER.

WHO can forget that black Tuesday when the appetite of England was missing from the breakfast tables of our fair land, when every head in Fleet Street was bowed in shame, and members of the Stock Exchange went about their business weeping silently? Frenchmen may now be able to forget Waterloo; but it will be many a day before Englishmen can efface from the tablets of their memory the awful name of CARPENTIER.

Having lauded the victor and dealt suitably with the vanquished, it was the duty of the halfpenny papers to look about for another Englishman who would enter the ring with the French boxer and readjust the balance of power. They looked in vain towards the universities; they searched the army with disappointment; even among the ranks of our gallant sporting journalists, who so bravely said what they thought of Bombardier WELLS after the fight was over, not one was found worthy to restore the glory of England. Again they bowed their heads in shame; and if anybody had come along with a "round-robin" to the KAISER, begging him to step across and take over an effete nation, the little ink that was left in their pens might have been at his service.

For our part, we are not without hope. In our braver moments we raise our heads again and take courage. There is one sphere in which inquiry for a suitable opponent to CARPENTIER has not been made, and that is the Church. A full day before the calamity which has darkened the life of the nation for the past eight days, a gallant son of the Church, none other than the Bishop of LONDON, was issuing a sort of challenge to any of his audience of his own age to play with him. CARPENTIER has shown that boxing is play, not merely stripling's play, but child's play. What advantage the French lad may possess in years is counterbalanced by the Bishop's wide experience and depth of learning. We suggest to Lord LONSDALE that he could do many a less interesting thing than persuade our athletic Bishop to go into training for the sake of the dear old country; and to the Bishop we would point out the unique opportunity this would afford for influencing for good a large section of non-churchgoers.



THE LAND "CAMPAIGN."

SCOUTMASTER ASQUITH (to Scout GEORGE of the "Pheasant" Patrol). "WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT?"
SCOUT GEORGE. "THE ENEMY IS ON OUR SIDE, SIR."
SCOUTMASTER ASQUITH. "THEN LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!"

["Whatever can be done to improve the lot of the agriculturist will have the Opposition's cordial support."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*]





OVERHEARD AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.

Persuasive Merchant. "ONE-AN'-FRIPPENCE THE LOT! NOW THEN, COME ALONG, SOME OF YER! 'ARF A BLOOMIN' 'OME FOR ONE-AN'-FRIPPENCE!"

GOOD WEEDS FOR ILL.

(Being a letter written to a friend accompanied by a seasonable gift.)

William, because, whene'er I come to stay,
With no apologies, with no regrets
You hand me certain tubos of poisoned hay
That you call cigarettes;

Also because, whene'er I have mislaid
My tris-ambrosial pouch, you give to me
Something you call a "mixture" which is made
Of fruit of the Dead Sea,

List to my words. Beyond the ocean rim,
Beyond the Atlautic sunset's flaming bars,
There lie the happy lands that poets hymn—
Chief industry, cigars.

Virginia also lies beyond the seas,
Bearing a herb that comforts mortal moan
When smoked in pipes, but by the gods' decrees
When smoked in pipes alone.

The East is not the West; strange ways are hers;
Brooding in mystery and ancient awe,
She binds up little paper cylinders
Not wholly stuffed with straw.

With frankincense she fills her fragrant whiffs,
But when it comes to 'baccy, bless my soul,
Where did you buy that bane for hippogriff's
That dams your cross-grained bowl?

Confusion on the Syrian town that lends
Its name to Latakia's baleful chunks!
Out on a boyhood's pal whose fume offends
Like the lone-wandering skunk's!

For sins like these some men would cast you off,
But Christmas, William, Christmas comes again;
Charity fills my heart, and, though I cough,
Your friend I still remain.

Please find enclosed a box of cigarettes
Of the right breed, by Orient maidens rolled,
Also some frondage from the shore where sets
Phœbus in flakes of gold.

Not that I hope to wean you from your sins;
You will go on, I know you, all your life,
Culling their offal from the various bins
With which your rooms are rife;

But, when I come to call on you next year
Amidst the envenomed vapours where you choke,
You shall have something decent, William dear,
To give your guest to smoke. **EVOE.**

"Eighty-nine years ago, almost to a day—on Monday, December 10, 1821—William Hazlitt walked down Chancery-lane to inquire at the Hele in the Wall publichouse where the fight next day, between Bill Neate and the Gasman, was to be."

This is from a leading article in *The Times* of Dec. 9, 1913, and you should ask your little boy to subtract 1821 from 1913 and tell you what *he* makes it.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

"PERFECTION," said Fowkes sententiously, "is always a divine accident."

"Pardon me, Sir, but you are wrong," interrupted the tubby, red-faced little man sitting opposite. "Perfection can be attained by long and painstaking effort. I speak from personal experience."

"You misapprehend me," said Fowkes, after a leisurely stare at the speaker. "I was alluding to works of art." ("Not to sausages, for instance," he added under his breath.)

"Precisely," replied the other. "Precisely. I take it you would regard a perfect short story as a work of art. Quite so. Well, I claim to have written a perfect short story."

"The perfect short story," I put in, "is asserted by critics not to exist."

"Critics are all very well in their proper place," he retorted. "Their proper place is in a sack at the bottom of the sea. With your permission, gentlemen, I will endeavour to shorten the tedium of the journey by relating to you how I came to produce this story."

Taking our embarrassed silence for consent, he went on.

"I am a modest man," he said, "and I don't flatter myself that the tale was more than ordinarily good when I first wrote it. It was just an average magazine story, which I sent to an average magazine. It came back, as most of them do, accompanied by the usual printed slip—*The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution.*' I have had hundreds of them in my life; in fact I save expense by writing my copy on the back of them."

"I promptly sent it to a second magazine, and again it was returned. But now, instead of this stereotyped formula of rejection, there was included a novelty (to me) in the shape of a slip on which was printed quite a comprehensive list of literary faults. A brief note stated that a cross was placed opposite the particular fault which had decided the Editor to reject the manuscript. A kindly, thoughtful editor that, gentlemen, anxious to help a dog over a lame style, if you will excuse my little witticism. Ha, ha! Pardon me.

"Well, my story, it appeared, lacked 'dramatic interest.' 'Alexander Holborn,' I said to myself, 'this is a great day. Heighten the dramatic interest of your story and it will be accepted. That is the one, the obvious, the only possible conclusion.'

"Alas, gentlemen, it was not so simple as that! I strengthened the plot of my story and submitted it again with perfect confidence. Three weeks later it was returned to me with an intimation that it was now 'too diffuse.'

"Happily I am a strong man and not easily discouraged. Acknowledging the justice of the criticism, I rigorously condensed my manuscript. Eventually I succeeded in reducing it by nearly a half, while still retaining all the

"I won't weary you, gentlemen, by continuing in this depressing strain. As I may have hinted, I am a strong and pertinacious man and not easily driven to despair. Painfully and conscientiously I overhauled my story time after time as it came back to me, until at last the day arrived when the damning cross was placed opposite the only fault up to then left unmarked. The list was complete. My long task was practically done.

"Very carefully I remedied the alleged defect, and returned the story for the last time. Every possible fault had now been corrected.

"And that, gentlemen, is how I achieved the Perfect Short Story. I am not a boastful man, but I defy you or anyone else, knowing all the circumstances, to describe it otherwise. But, I tell you, the prolonged strain was fearful. Strong and resolute as I am, as soon as I had posted the manuscript I went to bed for a week."

* * *
"What did they pay you for it?" I asked, after a pause.

"Nothing," he replied shortly.

"Nothing!" I cried. "Surely he didn't reject it again?"

"He did," answered the other grimly. "When it came back I tell you I could scarcely believe my eyes. Still, there it was. But,

after all, my disappointment was insignificant compared with the great passion of curiosity which took possession of me as I fished out the printed slip."

"What did it say?" Fowkes and I demanded simultaneously.

"It said, '*The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution.*'"

"The six magistrates retired, and on returning to Court the Chairman said:—'Hell, the matter stands in this way.'"

Japan Chronicle.

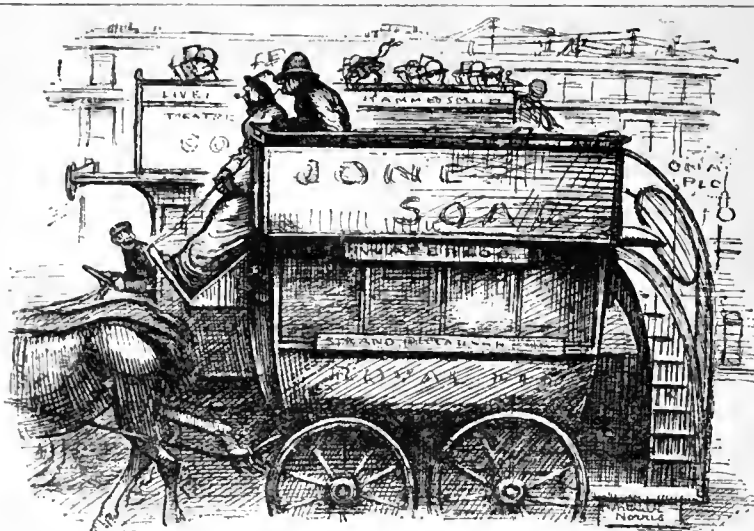
We like his directness.

"Missionary Thought for the month:—

O'er weather lands afar
Thick Darkness troddeth yet."

The Brighton Parish Magazine.

A very deep thought. We must try and think it out.



Motor-bus Driver. "LOOK AT 'EM, SITTING THE OLD CONDUCTOR ON TOP AND SWANKIN' ALONG, PRETENDIN' 'E'S GOT A FARE."

strengthened plot. 'Alexander Holborn,' I said, 'this story is now a gem of purest ray serene, a pearl of price. Be pleased with yourself. Exult.'

"Again, gentlemen, incredible as it may seem, it was declined. This time it was condemned for the unexpected reason that it 'contained too strong a religious element.' I suppose the Editor must have overlooked this flaw on the previous occasions, or possibly he was too kind-hearted, too conscious of the sensitive temperament of most literary men, to announce more than one fault at a time.

"I am a determined man, gentlemen, and my blood was fairly up. I ruthlessly cut out all the religion and sent the tale back. It was rejected on the ground, if you please, that it was 'not bright enough.' I brightened it up, and it was refused because it was 'too frivolous.' I took out 33½ per cent. of the frivolity, and then I was informed that it lacked 'human interest.'



PRIZE WINNERS AT OUR FANCY DRESS BALL.

MR. JOHN JINKS,
AS GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FATHER.

MASTER JOHN JINKS,
AS GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MASTER TOMMY JINKS,
AS THE TREE.

THE TRIALS OF GREATNESS.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE AT THE PALL MALL THEATRE.

I HAD the pleasure of being present last Thursday night at the complimentary reception given to M. ANATOLE FRANCE, the famous French *littérateur*, by Sir Seebohm Forest in the dome of the Pall Mall Theatre. Many well-known figures in the London literary world found their way into the reception room, including Miss Carrie Morelli, Mrs. Annie Duck, Sir Clement and Lady Longeri'th'arm, Mr. Winy-mann, the famous publisher, Sir Knight Prescott, the Rev. Claudius Clear, Dr. Marcus Corker, the Rev. Sir Silvester Ivory, Professor Jesse Blogg, and Sir Nicholson Roberts, whose keen intellectual face would attract attention anywhere.

It was disappointing not to see the ever genial countenance of Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, so usual a feature at all gatherings of this kind, but he was, I was told, saving himself for the greater dinner to M. FRANCE, who has always been one of his *protégés*, at the Alsace Hotel. As some compensation, however, that undaunted intellectual

gladiator and *ami de France*, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, was present.

Sir Seebohm Forest, who, I regret to say, looked somewhat pale and weary, made a charming speech in proposing the health of the guest, which, in deference to the views of the majority of those present, was drunk in dry ginger-ale. His comments on the literary merits of M. ANATOLE FRANCE were, so far as I could hear, remarkably happy and in perfect taste, and the comparison of his style with that of Mr. L. N. PARKER was a striking proof of Sir Seebohm's appreciation of native letters. I thought that M. ANATOLE FRANCE, who had just attended a performance of Sir Seebohm Forest's great spectacular drama, *Jacob and Esau*, wore a slightly enigmatic expression. It was certainly a little unfortunate that in the hurry of introduction he had mistaken Sir Nicholson Roberts for Lord ROBERTS, with whom, as a pronounced anti-militarist, he could not be expected to feel much sympathy. Otherwise the evening passed off most pleasantly.

M. FRANCE's reply was a masterpiece of delicate elocution, but, alas! I caught too little of what he said. I gathered, however, that England appealed to him

chiefly as a country in which the Non-conformist—literary conscience was never hampered by the restrictions of public opinion, and that, as a student of imperial Rome, he rejoiced to find the *Apocolocyntosis* of CLAUDIUS perpetuated in the luminous pages of *The British Weekly*. It was to him peculiarly touching that the very flower of contemporary English literature of the weightier variety should have been thus culled for him by his gifted host. To be in such a company was the highest honour he could conceive.

It was pretty to see M. FRANCE saying good-night to Miss Carrie Morelli. There were many graceful bows on both sides. Somehow M. FRANCE made another speech, in which I understood him to say that while Greece boasted her SAPHO and China her DOWAGER-EMPERESS, England could proudly point to the literary triumphs and enormous emoluments won and earned by Carrie Morelli, who combined the tropical exuberance of the Italian temperament with the high ideals of English Puritanism. There was more popping of ginger-ale corks, and we all retired in high good humour with the cheery and phosphorescent hospitality of our host.

A FEW TRICKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

(In the manner of many contemporaries.)

Now that the "festive season" (*copy-right*) is approaching, it behoves us all to prepare ourselves in some way to contribute to the gaiety of the Christmas house-party. A clever conjurer is welcome anywhere, and those of us whose powers of entertainment are limited to the setting of booby-traps or the arranging of apple-pie beds must view with envy the much greater tribute of laughter and applause which is the lot of the prestidigitator with some natural gift for legerdemain. Fortunately there are a few simple conjuring tricks which are within the reach of us all. With practice even the clumsiest of us can obtain sufficient dexterity in the art of illusion to puzzle the most observant of our fellow-guests. The few simple tricks which I am about to explain, if studied diligently in the week remaining before Christmas, will make a genuine addition to the gaiety of any gathering, and the amateur prestidigitator (if I may use that word again) will find that he is amply repaying the hospitality of his host and hostess by his contribution to the general festivity.

So much by way of introduction. It is a difficult style of writing to keep up, particularly when the number of synonyms for "conjuring" is so strictly limited. Let me now get to the tricks. I call the first

HOLDING THE LEMON.

For this trick you want a lemon and a pack of ordinary playing cards. Cutting the lemon in two, you hand half to one member of your audience and half to another, asking them to hold the halves up in full view of the company. Then, taking the pack of cards in your own hands, you offer it to a third member of the party, requesting him to select a card and examine it carefully. When he has done this he puts it back in the pack, and you seize this opportunity to look hurriedly at the face of it, discovering (let us say) that it is the five of spades. Once more you shuffle the pack; and then, going through the cards one by one, you will have no difficulty in locating the five of spades, which you will hold up to the company with the words "I think this is your card, Sir"—whereupon the audience will testify by its surprise and appreciation that you have guessed correctly.

It will be noticed that, strictly speaking, the lemon is not a necessary adjunct of this trick; but the employment of it certainly adds an air of mystery to the initial stages of the

illusion, and this air of mystery is, after all, the chief stock-in-trade of the successful conjurer.

For my next trick, which I call

THE ILLUSORY EGG,

and which is most complicated, you require a sponge, two table-cloths, a handful of nuts, a rabbit, five yards of coloured ribbon, a top-hat with a hole in it, a hard-boiled egg, two florins and a gentleman's watch. Having obtained all these things, which may take some time, you put the two table-cloths aside and separate the other articles into two heaps, the rabbit, the top-hat, the hard-boiled egg, and the handful of nuts being in one heap, and the ribbon, the sponge, the gentleman's watch and the two florins in the other. This being done, you cover each heap with a table-cloth, so that none of the objects beneath is in any way visible. Then you invite any gentleman in the audience to think of a number. Let us suppose he thinks of 38. In that case you ask any lady in the audience to think of an odd number, and she suggests (shall we say?) 29. Then, asking the company to watch you carefully, you—

To tell the truth, I have forgotten just what it is you *do* do, but I know that it is a very good trick, and never fails to create laughter and bewilderment. It is distinctly an illusion worth trying, and, if you begin it in the manner I have described, quite possibly some way of finishing it up will occur to you on the spur of the moment. By multiplying the two numbers together and passing the hard-boiled egg through the sponge and then taking the . . . or is it the— Anyway, I'm certain you have to have a piece of elastic up the sleeve . . . and I know one of the florins has to — No, it's no good, I can't remember it.

But mention of the two numbers reminds me of a trick which I haven't forgotten. It is a thought-reading illusion, and always creates the *maximum* of wonderment amongst the audience. It is called

THE THREE QUESTIONS.

As before, you ask a gentleman in the company to write down a number on a piece of paper, and a lady to write down another number. These numbers they show to the other guests. You then inform the company that you will ask any one of them three questions, and by the way they are answered you will guess what the product of the two numbers is. (For instance, if the numbers were 13 and 17, then 13 multiplied by 17 is—let's see, thirteen sevens are—thirteen sevens—

seven threes are twenty-one, seven times one is—well, look here, let's suppose the numbers are 10 and 17. Then the product is 170, and 170 is the number you have got to guess.)

Well, the company selects a lady to answer your questions, and the first thing you ask her is: "When was Magna Charta signed?" Probably she says that she doesn't know. Then you say, "What is the capital of Persia?" She answers Timbuctoo, or Omar Khayyam, according to how well informed she is. Then comes your last question: "What makes lightning?" She is practically certain to say, "Oh, the thunder." Then you tell her that the two numbers multiplied together come to 170.

How is this remarkable trick performed? It is quite simple. The two people whom you asked to think of the numbers are confederates, and you arranged with them beforehand that they should write down 10 and 17. Of course it would be a much better trick if they weren't confederates; but in that case I don't quite know how you would do it.

I shall end up this interesting and instructive article with a rather more difficult illusion. For the tricks I have already explained it was sufficient that the amateur prestidigitator (I shall only say this once more) should know how it was done; for my last trick he will also require a certain aptitude for legerdemain in order to do it. But a week's quiet practice at home will give him all the skill that is necessary.

THE MYSTERIOUS PUDDING

is one of the oldest and most popular illusions. You begin by borrowing a gold watch from one of your audience. Having removed the works, you wrap the empty case up in a handkerchief and hand it back to him, asking him to put it in his waistcoat pocket. The works you place in an ordinary pudding basin and proceed to pound up with a hammer. Having reduced them to powder, you cover the basin with another handkerchief, which you borrow from a member of the company, and announce that you are about to make a plum-pudding. Cutting a small hole in the top of the handkerchief you drop a lighted match through the aperture; whereupon the handkerchief flares up. When the flames have died down you exhibit the basin, wherein (to the surprise of all) is to be seen an excellent Christmas pudding, which you may ask your audience to sample. At the same time you tell the owner of the watch that if he feels in his pocket he will find his property restored to him intact; and to his amazement he dis-

covers that the works in some mysterious way have got back into his watch, and that the handkerchief in which it was wrapped up has gone!

Now for the explanation of this ingenious illusion. The secret of it is that you have a second basin, with a pudding in it, concealed in the palm of your right hand. At the critical moment, when the handkerchief flares up, you take advantage of the excitement produced to substitute the one basin for the other. The watch from which you extract the works is not the borrowed one, but one which you have had concealed between the third and fourth fingers of the left hand. You show the empty case of this watch to the company, before wrapping the watch in the handkerchief and handing it back to its owner. Meanwhile with the aid of a little wax you have attached an invisible hair to the handkerchief, the other end of it being fastened to the palm of your left hand. With a little practice it is not difficult to withdraw the handkerchief, by a series of trifling jerks, from the pocket of your fellow guest to its resting place between the first and second fingers of your left hand.

One word more. I am afraid that the borrowed handkerchief to which you applied the match really did get burnt, and you will probably have to offer the owner one of your own instead. That is the only weak spot in one of the most baffling tricks ever practised by the amateur prestidigitator (to use the word for the last time). It will make a fitting climax to your evening's entertainment—an entertainment which will ensure you another warm invitation next year when the "festive season" (copyright) comes upon us once again.

A. A. M.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A THIRD-RATE SHOT.

I.

(In his trap shortly after an early breakfast.)

(To himself) Well, I'm in for it. Don't know what in the world induced Sir John to ask me to this show. The last day of the cover shoot is a pretty sudden jump from the annual garden party which has always represented the extent of our social intercourse. Shall certainly have to do my best to play up. A hard-working beggar like me, who has no time to shoot seriously, can't expect to be in the running with these experts. However, it's a mere toss-up. Depends very much upon how we are placed. A lot can go on at a cover shoot that no one ever sees. And I may be hitting them. I have had my



CHAS. GRAVE.

Barber. "I'M SORRY, CULLY, BUT I OUGHT TO TELL YER 'FORE I START. I'LL 'AVE TO CHARGE YOU AS A LADY."

useful days even among high pheasants. But I expect I'll miss 'em and wing 'em and tail 'em and have 'em running all over the place; and then a woodcock'll come along and— (Shudders).

Well, here we are. Good luck to you, my son.

II.

(On his way to the first stand. He is walking with one of the other guns.)

(Aloud) Been a rotten season, and he has very few birds, eh? (To himself) Dare say it is just as well. Won't pass over me in solid streams quite unscathed, as I feared. Doesn't want any hens shot? Well, hang it all, I generally know a hen when I see one. (Aloud) Only using one gun? (Wisely) Ah, yes. (To himself) That was a stroke of luck, as I never dreamed of bringing two. Haven't got two. This Captain Bowker must be the famous Bowker, I suppose. That's the feller that has three birds falling in the air at the same time. Heaven preserve me from that chap! (Aloud) Yes; a ripping day. What? What charge of powder am I using? (To himself) Hanged if

I know. Just my luck. If he'd asked me the shot I could have told him. Wish they wouldn't propound conundrums. Must try to change the subject. (Aloud) Many woodcock come in yet? (To himself) Seems surprised. I wonder if woodcock do "come in"? Always supposed they did. (In reply to an observation of his companion's) Yes, nice warm covers. (To himself) Wish I knew how one cover contrives to be warmer than another; should have thought that depended on the weather. Shall have to find out about that. (Moves on.)

Here comes Bowker. Know he's going to ask me what charge I use. I'll have to get beforehand with him. (Aloud, cheerfully) Nice warm covers, aren't they—warm as toast. What? (In reply to a keeper) That stand by the hedge? Right you are! (To himself) In full view of the experts! Just my luck!

III.

(At the first stand. An asterisk denotes the shots of the speaker.)

Now, my son, pull yourself together,



Host. "NUMBER FIVE—THAT'S YOURS, MAJOR."

Guest. "HAVE I GOT TO HIDE BEHIND THAT?"

and let your watchword be, Through the neck every time. Hen! Only just saved myself. (Rather feverishly) Remember, they are shorter in the tail, you fool—no comparison, far shorter, miles shorter and not so pictorial. There goes another hen . . . and yet it had a goodish long tail for a hen. Markham's fired at it! Hang me if it wasn't a cock after all! That was a bad break. No mistake about this one. * * Never mind—pretty high bird, that. Hullo, Bowker has him down. Now how in the world can Bowker kill 'em from there? Here they come. * * Never mind. Load; don't fumble. * * Cheer up, you'll soon be on to them. * * Rotten. * * Ha, that one's down! But he's running, the brute, like a hare. Lord, he is moving! * * Skimming brutes. Why don't they get well up? (Several shots down the line and shouts of "Woodcock! Mark!") He looks round trembling. Growing excitement. The bird comes straight for his head.) * * Now then, again. * * No earthly good. To the left—quick! * * That one's down. But it's a hen—and it's running. (Looking after it) Through the hedge and right up the hill; twenty miles an hour. * * (Pause) * * (Pause) * * You helpless idiot! Why did I ever leave my happy home? What on earth is this? Is it an owl or a crow? Seems to have a most extraordinary flight. I wonder why it flops about like that? Better leave it

alone. (In deep anxiety) Can't see with the sun in my eyes—makes me look such a blamed fool. (Suddenly) I've got it! It's a hawk! Shall I fire? * * Sure to want his hawks shot. * * Well, it's down, whatever it was. Bet he won't run. (Continues to blaze away without further result till the beat is over. During the pick-up he hears a voice behind him, "I wonder who shot a tumbler pigeon?") A tumbler pigeon? (In the deepest horror) How utterly awful! (He plunges into the cover out of sight.)

IV.

(Before the second beat.)

(Aloud) I should like to walk, Sir John, if you want a gun with the beaters. Got a bit cold, standing.

V.

(Before the third beat.)

Let me walk. I like the exercise.

VI.

(Before the fourth beat.)

Yes, I'm walking, if you don't mind. I forgot to bring a sweater and I've got a touch of a chill, I think.

VII.

(In the cover during the last beat, walking in line with the beaters.)

(To himself, enthusiastically) Perfectly charming in the seclusion of these delightful woods! (Strolls complacently along.)

VIII.

(On the way in after the shoot is over.)

(To his companion gun) I had the sun in my eyes, you know. Sir John really is annoyed about it? Hates having anything shot that can't be eaten? (To himself) I'll eat it, if that's all he wants. Beastly awkward. Here comes Sir John himself. Must keep him off the subject. (Aloud) Nice warm covers you have, Sir John!

IX.

(At tea.)

(To himself) Think he's forgotten all about it! No, by Jove, he hasn't! (He listens to the voice of his host at the far end of the table) "It isn't sport, and it can't possibly have been a mistake. I'm not going to have tame pigeons shot on this place." (He rises hastily. Aloud) I think my trap is waiting; so, if you'll excuse me—

X.

(On the way home.)

Well, that's over, thank Heaven. Suppose we shall now revert to the annual garden party.

"The playground is covered with red baize; a sand pit will be placed in a corner in summer. When the warmer weather comes the children will take their afternoon sleep in the verandah."

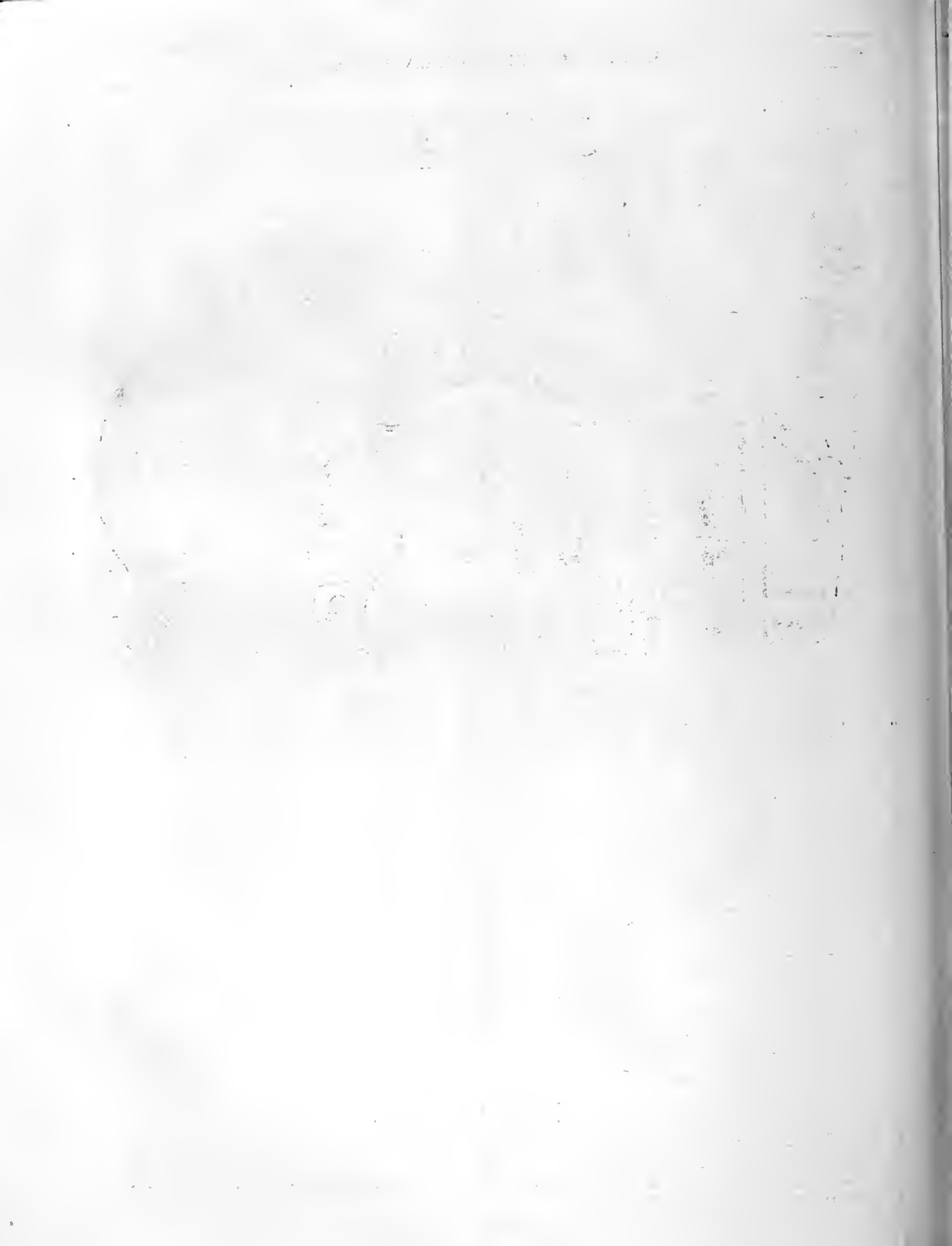
The Glasgow Herald.

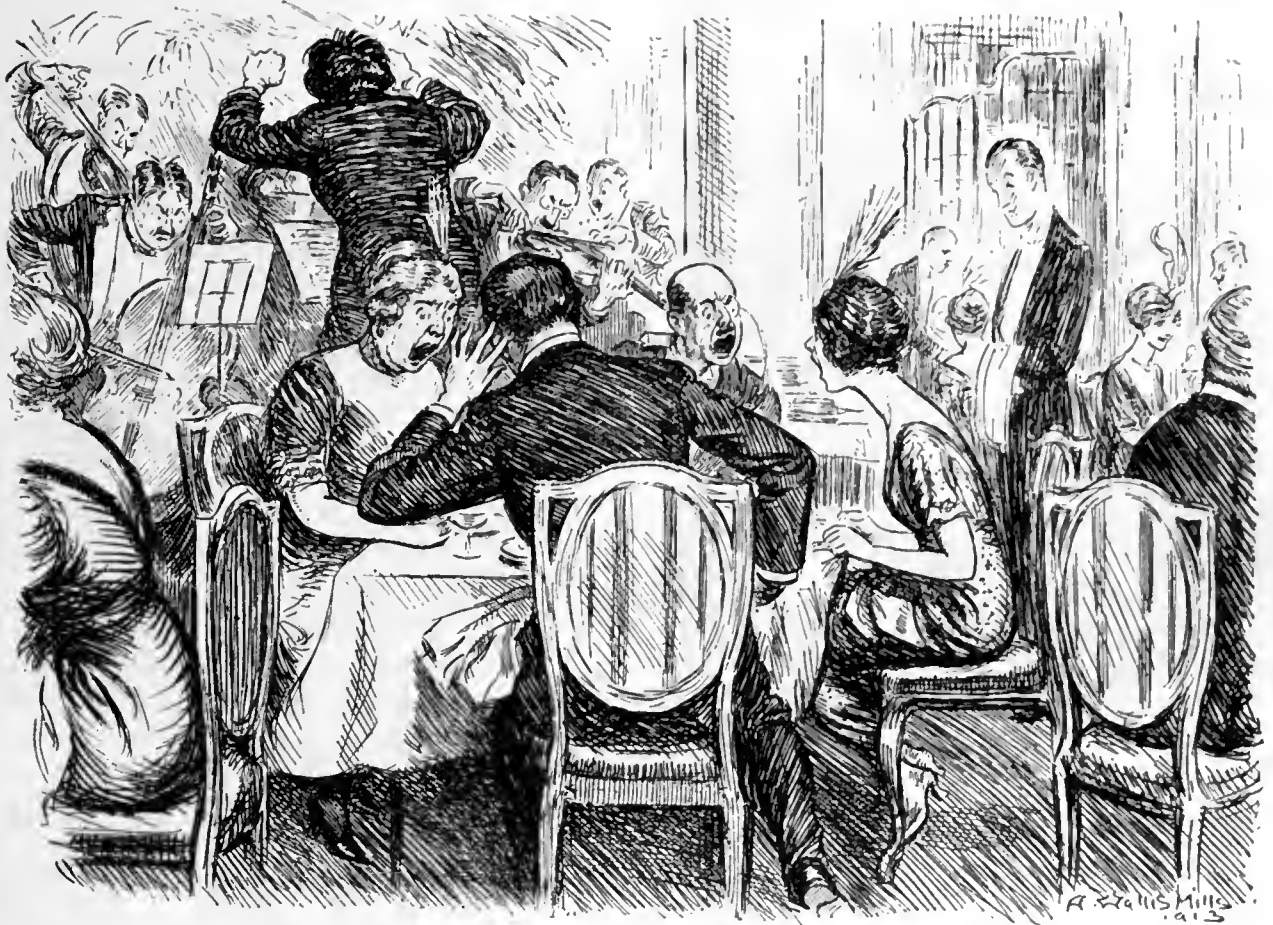
Till the warmer weather comes, the children can draw a corner of the playground over them, and be quite snug.



FORE-ARMED.

SIR EDWARD CARSON (in course of promenade on the quay, to Customs Officer BIRRELL). "CAPITAL IDEA THIS OF STOPPING IMPORTATION OF ARMS. NOW THERE'S A DANGEROUS CHARACTER; YOU SHOULD SEARCH HIM. THAT'S JUST THE SORT OF BAG HE'D HAVE A COUPLE OF HOWITZERS CONCEALED IN."





JOYS OF RESTAURANT LIFE.

WHY BE DULL AT HOME WHEN YOU CAN DINE BRIGHTLY TO MUSIC IN A PUBLIC ROOM?

THE BOXIAD.

(A Fragment.)

SHADES of the great, what make you in this hall,
Here where the British bays that erst you wore
Are by the Frenchman's ruthless hand defaced?
Lo, how they lie in ruin on the floor,
Each leaf a separate mark of impotence,
And every broken twig a fount of tears.
Shades of the great, what make you in this hall?

Then JACKSON veiled his agitated eyes,
And passed in silence; RANDALL bowed his head,
And drooped his difficult and ravaging hand;
And CRIBB and BENDIGO and KING were mute;
And SAVERS averted his too mournful gaze,
That SAVERS who held his own the long day through,
Spite of his shattered arm, and came to time
Again and yet again, and would not yield,
While with one dauntless fist he struck and bunged
The bold Benicia Boy's discoloured eyes.
And other Shades there were of lusty men
With flattened noses and with thickened ears,
Men who while yet the blood coursed through their veins
Had dealt and taken many a crashing blow
On face and ribs and chest and on the mark,
The much-desired uncomfortable mark—
Whose peepers had been closed, whose kissing-traps
Had rained to earth their fragmentary teeth—

Brawny, bull-necked and muscle-covered men,
With beefy fists and deadly driving arms—
All these were there and all were very low.
Shades of the great, what make you in this hall?

At last the Spirit of British Boxing spoke,
And he was cheerful, on his open brow
No frown was seen, nor sadness in his eyes:—
"If hearts ye have, lift up," he said, "your hearts;
Let not your manly minds be steeped in woe.
'Tis true CARPENTIER beat the Bombardier,
Jabbing him six times shortly in the stomach,
So that he fell and swift was counted out.
But this CARPENTIER is a proper man;
And you, old heroes, you may well be proud
To own a hero, though he comes from France.
And it may hap that on another day
Some beef-fed British boxer shall arise,
Cool in his guard and crafty in his blows,
Lithe and enduring as CARPENTIER is,
And turn the changing tables on the Gaul.
Dame Fortune shifts her smiles, but gives them most
To those who by their toil deserve them well."

So spoke the Spirit, and the thronging Shades,
Won o'er to cheerfulness, acclaimed his words.

AN ACADEMIC DISCUSSION.

IN such time as she can spare from the frivolities of life, Matilda runs a school. As she believes in "keeping things separate," the frivolities are not permitted access to the school or to Matilda in her capacity as school-mistress. Thus when I (who am one of her frivolities) presented myself I was refused admission. So I must needs resort to subterfuge, and disguise myself as a father with children to educate. Incidentally, I am no father and know little or nothing of children. Side-whiskers, an artificial complexion, and a falsetto voice completed my incognito. A borrowed visiting card gained me admission.

"I understand that you keep an academy for the young," I said.

"I keep a school," Matilda replied.

"Ah! Well, I wondered if you could undertake the care of some children?"

"That is one of my objects in keeping a school." (Matilda was not helping me much.) "Are they boys or girls?"

"Both," I said. "Boys mostly—two boys, in fact, and a girl. Does that matter?"

"I take both boys and girls."

"That relieves

my mind. I should like them all to be together. I am looking for some one who will be a mother to my orphan children."

"They have no mother?" said Matilda sympathetically.

"None of them. Forgive me, but you look a little young for the post."

"How old are they?"

"Seven."

"All of them?"

"All but two. The others are either less or more. Let us say they average seven."

"As you please. You would like to see over the school?"

We visited the playing fields, gymnasium and other appliances for physical culture. At last I asked—

"Is any provision made for mental gymnastics?"

"Of course we don't neglect the mind. We teach nearly everything—dancing, deportment, music, French, German, algebra and trigonometry."

"Arithmetic?"

"Not directly."

"In my young days there used to be a person in vogue called Euclid. Is he still extant?"

"No, he has gone."

"Dead? Ah, well, I never liked the man and always thought that some misfortune would overtake him. Greek?"

"No."

"Quite right. It always struck me as the language of an untrustworthy race. History?"

"Ancient and modern."

"Like the hymns—what?"

We had reached the class-rooms and I observed a large flat bath which appeared to contain sand.

"What is that?" I asked.

"It might save confusion."

"Is there anything else they will want—beds, for instance?"

"We supply beds, but each child is expected to bring a spoon and fork."

"How many spoons and forks will that be? Did I say three or four children?"

"You said three. Three spoons and forks."

"I suppose they couldn't manage on less—tak' turns to eat, so to speak?"

"I thin' not."

"You supply everything else—measles, mumps etc.? I should like them to have all these things properly."

"We cannot guarantee disease. Indeed, we rather encourage attention to the principles of hygiene."

"And as to fees, is there any reduction on a quantity? Do you take three as two, or anything of that kind?"

"We make a slight reduction in the case of brothers and sisters."

"That will be all right then; they are all by the same mother. How would you like them sent?"

"Under suitable protection. And when may I expect them?"

"I cannot say definitely, not to a term or two. I shall have to consult their mother."

"I thought they



THE CHARITABLE SEASON—HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.
EMPLOY PROFESSIONAL READERS TO ENTERTAIN THE NIGHT WATCHMEN WHO LOOK AFTER THE STREET WHEN IT IS UP.

"That is part of the curriculum. The younger children draw maps and make designs in the sand."

"Delightful. Every school its own beach. And where do they paddle?" I looked round for the water.

"They don't paddle; they bathe at the baths."

"You don't teach paddling? That's a pity, but I suppose one can't get everything. You teach mixed bathing, of course? It is a most essential part of modern education."

"The children bathe together."

"Now, as to food. I suppose that they have meals and things?"

"Breakfast, dinner and tea."

"Do the children dress for dinner?"

"No, but they dress for breakfast. We insist on that even with the youngest."

"Then I suppose they will require clothes. It would perhaps be better to get the girl a different kind from the boys?"

had lost their mother?"

"Quite true, they have lost their mother—irretrievably; but I am something of a spiritualist. I believe in—"

"Excuse me, but your left whisker is hanging by a thread. Would you like to remove it and clean the rest of your face while they bring in tea?"

A communication from REUTER states that during the recent tumult in the Lower House of the Reichsrath:

"Two members (Herren Budzynowski and Siengalewicz) had electric bells . . . while Herr Olesnickij blew a bugle."

The noise they produced with these instruments, however, was nothing to the ear-splitting effect when they began to call each other by name—a custom which, we understand, is forbidden under the rules of the House, owing to its generally unhappy consequences.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Customer. "ALL THESE SEEM VERY EXPENSIVE: CAN'T YOU SUGGEST SOMETHING CHEAPER?"

Shopman (with views on commercial morality). "CERTAINLY, MADAM. I COULD SUGGEST A PIECE OF THIS PAPER AND A COMB!"

TO ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK.

(After hearing "Hänsel und Gretel" for the fifteenth time.)

How strange that modern Germany, so gruesome in her art,
Where sheer sardonic satire has expelled the human heart,
Should also be the Germany that gives us, to our joy,
The perfect children's opera—pure gold without alloy.

I know there are admirers of the supra-normal STRAUSS
Who hold him, matched with others, as a mammoth to a
mouse,
And, though they often feel obliged his lapses to deplore,
His "cerebral significance" increasingly adore.

In parts I find him excellent, just like the curate's egg,
But not when he is pulling the confiding public's leg;
Besides, the height of genius I never could explain
As "an infinite capacity for giving others pain."

No, give to me my ENGELBERT, my gentle HUMPERDINCK,
Whose cerebral development is void of any kink;
Who represents in music, in the most enchanting light,
That good old German quality, to wit, *Gemüthlichkeit*.

I love his gift of melody, now homely in its vein,
Now rising, as befits his theme, to the celestial plane;
I love the rich orchestral tide that carries you along;
I love the cunning counterpoint that underlies the song.

Though scientific pedagogues that golden realm have banned,
He leads us back by pleasant paths to childhood's fairyland,

Till, bald and grey and middle-aged, we watch with child-
like glee
The very games we learned long since at our dead mother's
knee.

Our hearts are moved when in the wood the children lose
their way,
And strange uncanny echoes mock their innocent dismay,
And when, clasped in each other's arms, they cast them
down to sleep,
We know that real angels come and night-long vigil keep.

We thrill with apprehension of the risks that loom ahead
When they cross the magic threshold of the House of
Gingerbread;
And O! with what contentment we at last behold them pitch
Head-foremost in her furnace-fire the broomstick-riding
witch!

There's not a bar of *Hänsel's* part that's not exactly right;
There's not a note for *Gretel* that's not a pure delight;
And having heard it lately for (I think) the fifteenth time
I know I'm talking reason, though it happens to be rhyme.

Then let us thank our lucky stars that in a squalid age
When horror, blood and ugliness so many pens engage,
One of our master-minstrels, by fashion unbeguiled,
Keeps the unclouded vision of a tender-hearted child.

THE SILHOUETTE.

We were having tea.

"No sugar," I said.

"Milk?"

"What tea is it?" I asked. "Ceylon, China, caravan?"

"Ceylon, I believe," she said.

"Then a little milk," I replied.

"But supposing it had been caravan?" she hazarded.

I sighed.

"Next time," she promised.

We talked about the usual things—the beauty and wonder of CARPENTIER; the gaiety of HAWTREY in *Never Say Die*; the charm of *Quality Street*; ROMNEY'S Sleeping Baby at the Grosvenor; ANATOLE FRANCE; the fall of LARKIN.

Having completed this round, she asked me if I would like to see her silhouettes.

"Fearfully," I said.

She placed a little portfolio before me.

I turned over the black profiles.

"That's Jack," I said.

"Yes."

"That's his wife Marjorie."

"Yes."

"How clever you are! That's what's his name who lives near you."

"Yes."

"This is wonderful. But who's this?"

"Oh, that's the wife of a man who lives near Jack."

"I don't know her?"

"No."

"That accounts for my not recognising her," I said. "But it looks horribly lifelike. Won't you," I said, after a judicious pause,—“won't you do me?” (I am rather set on my profile. I have been told it is good.)

"I'd love to," she said tactfully.

"Right," I said. "How shall I sit for it?"

"Just like that," she said, getting her sketch block and sitting beside me.

"Look straight ahead."

"I can't look straight ahead without something to smoke," I said.

She brought me a cigarette.

"Now," she said.

"Then you draw it?" I remarked.

"I thought you cut it out with scissors."

"Oh, no. I draw it and then ink it in."

"Right," I said.

She worked diligently while I smoked.

"Do you want me to be realistic?" she asked.

"Of course," I said, fearing nothing.

"You won't mind?" she replied.

(What an odd remark!)

"Why should I?" I asked, still in a fool's paradise.

"Nothing," she said, and continued.

I felt I would give a thousand pounds to face her, but I didn't dare. This was a profile. My nose, I knew, was good. I had seen it at the hatter's in one of those triple mirrors—clean cut, Roman, efficient. Then my blood ran cold: I suddenly remembered my chin. My chin, I say; I mean my chins.

"Why did you ask that about being realistic?" I said in agony.

"Nothing," she said.

I took another cigarette.

"There," she said, "that's done." She showed it me.

"Is that me?" I asked.

"Yes. Who did you think I was drawing: LLOYD GEORGE?" (That's the worst of letting girls go to music-halls, they pick up cheap sarcastic ways.)

I studied it. It did not look like me as I remembered myself from the last visit to the hatter's, and yet she had seemed to be clever.

"What's this?" I asked, pointing to a lump.

"That? That's your second chin."

"And this?"

"That's your third chin."

(Heavens! how rich I am!)

"But surely," I said, "the nose isn't right? And you've made the lip much too long."

"I don't think so," she replied coldly.

"How do you know?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "I have a kind of instinct."

She forced me back into my position, something between the dentist and the photographer, and scrutinised me carefully.

"Perhaps it is a shade too long," she said, and shortened it. You can make all the alterations you like before the ink is applied.

"Now?" she said.

I looked again. "That's better," I replied.

"But how do you know?" she asked. "You must be very vain."

"I was," I said. "But never again. Look at that array of chins."

"I'll ink it in after you've gone," she said. "Then I'll send it to you."

The silhouette came home two days later.

I tried it all over the room—on the mantelpiece, on the tables, in picture frames. Then my landlady came in.

"Who do you think that's meant for?" I asked her.

She subjected it to minute study. "It's either NAPOLEON," she said at last (my heart gave a joyful bound),

"or DANNY MAHER."

"But neither of them had three chins," I said.

"All real gentlemen have three chins," she replied bravely.

DRAMATIC EXCLUSIVENESS.

WHAT with a Woman's Theatre established at one playhouse and a Children's Theatre at another, each with its appropriate dramatic fare, we are evidently on the way to a state of things in which every separate class of audience will have its suitable drama served up in a special building. We may then look for the following announcements:—

A fine performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* was given last night at the Misogynists' Theatre in Adam Street. This cosy little house, with its smoking and billiard rooms, was packed to the doors by an audience that applauded every point in the comedy with rapture. The grand Christmas pantomime, *Blue Beard*, is advertised for Boxing Day.

The latest addition to London's playhouses is the newly-built Socialists' Theatre, which will start its activities on Monday next with the production of *An Enemy of the People*. The building is constructed throughout of steel and asbestos, so as to render it suitable as a meeting place for conferences, etc. All the seats are equal in price, with the exception of the first tier boxes, which have been equipped with bomb-proof safety curtains capable of being lowered at will by the occupants, thus providing absolute security for Labour leaders visiting the entertainment.

The Theatre of the Advanced Symbolists, opened last evening, is said to be the first of its kind in Europe, and embodies all the latest views of its special patrons. Suggestion rather than physical comfort has been the chief result aimed at, the seats, designed on the cubist system, being so arranged that an interrupted view of the stage is permitted from all. The initial programme consisted of the first performance of the new Symbolist drama entitled *What?* and gave the highest pleasure to a distinguished audience. Silence and complete darkness prevailed both in the auditorium and on the stage. It was unfortunate that, owing to the careless duplication of the title on the bills, the masterpiece should have been advertised as *What, What!* thus creating a misapprehension as to its character, which explained the arrival of several parties really bound for the Postprandial Theatre next door, and a regrettable display of feeling when their mistake became clear to them. This apart, however, the evening was a deserved success.

Notices of the performances of *Money* at the new Financiers' Theatre in Copthall Avenue, and *The Odonto Girl* before the Society of Incorporated Dentists, are unavoidably held over.

THE APATHY OF ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—As one of years, authority, and high ideals, devoted to golf, the noblest of all pursuits, I beg permission to protest against the deplorably apathetic and frivolous attitude evinced by my countrymen towards the game in these days. I call it a game, but in reality it is more than that. Nor is it merely to be compared with a trade or profession, for in the heart of the true golfer it arouses a purer and more exalted enthusiasm. Clearly, it stands in a category by itself.

Now this apathy, this lack of interest, must be apparent to all. Take for example the space allotted by the Press to an event of such historic and national importance as a British or American Open Championship. Do we not find it passed over in as few columns as might suffice for the trifling matter of a pronouncement by a leading member of the Government? Instead of enjoying an exhaustive detailed description and criticism of every stroke played by every competitor, we have to be content with a brief *résumé* incorporating the more sensational incidents. But this is not my sole complaint. Golfing news from day to day is disgracefully microscopic. We find even prominent newspapers publishing only one descriptive or didactic article per week on the various aspects and difficulties of the game, instead of what is clearly demanded—a regular daily article. When, therefore, I see the Press paying so scant a regard to golf, I am not surprised at the indifference of the public.

They do not take the game seriously. It occupies a second, third, or even lower place in the order of their pursuits. They expend upon it a few meagre hours of leisure; they will frivel away half a day, sometimes even a whole day, at the office; linger over their luncheon; loiter at the club. And this is not all. Spendthrifts of their time, they are niggards with their money. I have heard of one golfer, indeed, who unblushingly declared that he spent only £200 a year upon the game. Few, perhaps, can emulate my friend A., who has cheerfully sacrificed fortune, worldly ambition, and the joys and comforts of family life to the ardour of his master-passion.

I desire to appeal to all exponents of this great art to correct their deplorable habits of levity and slothfulness; to wean themselves from the luxury of business and other distractions; to realise the pressing necessity for self-sacrifice. They should also conquer their foolish reticence and talk more

freely on golfing topics. The benefits to be derived from airing a subject in conversation are inestimable; and golfers are noticeably backward in this particular.

And then there is the duty owed to their children. I cannot overestimate the need for impressing youthful minds with the vital significance of golf; that they may learn to approach it in a more earnest and respectful spirit. The humorous and ironical attitude increasingly manifest among caddies, too, is greatly to be regretted. It is, however, but another of those evils which must be attributed to the lamentable lack of seriousness on the part of golfers themselves.

In golf the pre-eminence of Britain is already questioned. Other *Quimets* may arise. Soon we may descend from a plus to a scratch or minus power.

With this warning, Sir, I must conclude; only hoping that the country will be awakened to a more patriotic spirit, a loftier and sterner enthusiasm, before it is too late.

Yours, &c., BUNKER MASHIE.

"Last night great beams of light shot slantingly upwards from the earth, as if they proceeded from a mighty lantern which had been discovered somewhere about Kom-el-Shogafa, and which Cyclops or some huge prehistoric cave dweller had seized with his great hands and swinging it about his head, caused the rays of light, miles long, to strike athwart the sky, crossing and recrossing each other incessantly, now forming themselves into wonderful diapers, anon elashing with and lighting up the floating clouds, giving curious, fantastic shapes, while, as a crouching gladiator, then as of an archer with his bow, and presently as of a Jack Tar stepping 'Jack's a Lad' atop o' the giddy mast."

Egyptian Gazette.

Actually the Fleet had just arrived.



STRICT GOLF.

"HERE, WHY DON'T YOU COME AND HELP TO LOOK FOR MY BALL?"
"SHOW ME THE RULE THAT SAYS I'VE GOT TO."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE NIGHT HAWK."

I HAVE never quite understood why it should be more difficult to rise from bed at one hour than another, if you have had your full allowance of sleep. Yet this appears to be a law of depraved human nature, and against it the *Hon. James Daubenay* had fought in vain. In the end he had given up the struggle to rise before luncheon, and only got up in time for dinner, going straight from his bath into his evening clothes.

This habit of turning night into day is one that moralists have ever deplored. Yet I have known editors of great daily journals who have followed it without visible loss of moral fibre; and the night-porter of my flat, if his inward graces are at all commensurate with his manly exterior, is a spiritual stalwart. But what is permissible and even admirable in the slave of duty may, in the case of a lover of pleasure, be matter for the gravest reprobation.

If virtue is its own reward, vice, I hope, is equally its own punishment. Not that there was anything traceably vicious in the character of *Daubenay*; but we were allowed to conjecture unutterable things from the character of his associates of the Night Hawk Club. Of the actual habits of this nocturnal bird of prey from which the club drew its symbolic name I know absolutely nothing; but a less seductive crew than the vulgarian females who used to sweep into *Daubenay's* flat by night on a whirlwind of noisy banality, I cannot easily imagine. Certainly the authors of the play have done their public no moral damage by making vice too picturesque.

Into the midst of this stupid orgy there entered one night a young girl from the country, a veritable dream of stage innocence. From that moment, even to the end of the play, our gifts of credulity were taxed almost beyond endurance. We were invited to believe that this prim little thing had come up to town for the day; had lost her rustic escort in a Trafalgar Square crowd; had then gone to look up her divorced mother at her old address (for, though they were on terms of secret intercourse, this unnatural parent had not confided to her daughter her change of residence); and was now anxious to consult the present occupant of the flat as to the next thing to be done. Moved to respectful sympathy, *Daubenay*, instead of putting her into the last train for home, insists on conducting her there in his motor. Safely arrived, he is captured by the girl's infuriated father—a man with an iron heart and a stout cudgel—and detained on

suspicion. It was now that our simple faith underwent its worst strain. For the stern father compelled *Daubenay*, under threat of the stick for himself and banishment for the girl; to remain indefinitely on the premises, earning his feed by the sweat of his brow. To have seen this seion of the aristocracy employed in the menial labour of polishing harness in his evening clothes, with a little casual accommodation from the local wardrobe, would have melted the heart of a LLOYD GEORGE.

After this it was relatively easy to believe that the hero would be tracked by his Society friends to the scene of his alleged "rest cure" and be whisked off in their car; that the innocent girl, exiled by her Spartan sire, would appear again at *Daubenay's* flat in the middle of an orgy identical with that of the first Act, but this time herself in the gay attire of a Night Hawk, so as to compete on level terms with the other ladies of the club; and so would win his honourable love by those charms which innoceneo in the garb of vice always exerts upon the jaded senses of the *roué* of the footlights.

It will be guessed that it needed some pretty good acting to carry off a plot like that. Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS, on whose almost unaided shoulders fell the task, came very near to achieving it. He was practically never off the stage, and played with an extraordinary fluency and that natural humour of which he is so accomplished a master. Whether as a night-bird with no particular taste for the game, or as a man of ease compelled to undergo the grossest manual labour, and, subduing his Olympian habit, like Apollo in the demesne of Admetus,

θήσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι, θεός περ ἄν,
or as a Londoner suffering the horrors of the countryside with its deadly noises of awakening nature, he was always quietly equal to the occasion. Miss JANE COOPER'S pleasant angularity, proper to the part of rural innocence, made an agreeable contrast to Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS'S mature facility of style. Mr. FISHER WHITE, as the farmer-tyrant, demonstrated with the most unflinching resolution how the strongest religious convictions may be compatible with a total disregard for human charity.

I shall excuse myself from particular reference to the remainder of the cast, except to say that Mr. STAFFORD HILLIARD, as *Daubenay's* man, whose personal health and private convenience suffered badly from the irregularity of his master's mode of life, bore it all with a most touching stoicism.

The humour of the play lies more in the situations than the dialogue; but a

pleasant vein of fun runs through the talk, in which I gratefully acknowledge the absence of imported epigrams. My programme, which is very specific about the origin of the furniture, the motor-hats, the plate, and the gramophone, omits to give a definition of the genus of Messrs. WORRALL and MERVILLE'S play; so you may define it as you will. It is a blend of comedy and farce, too incredible to be purely the one and not boisterous enough to be purely the other. But the mixture will serve, if you are not too exigent. O. S.

THE MAN BEHIND THE FACE.

My old acquaintance, William Jones,
Is not a handsome man,
The physiognomy he owns
Is wandering in its plan;
Some careless person must have let
His features run ere they had set.

It would be difficult to lay
One's finger, I suppose,
On any special spot and say,
"Look, that is William's nose;"
One could but state, "'Tis somewhere
here
The nasal organ should appear."

His general expression, too,
Betrays a vagueness such
As very seldom meets the view
Outside a rabbit hutch;
At times he almost has the air
Of one who is not wholly there.

Not once, nor twice, but oft have I
Heard strangers in the street,
When William Jones was passing by,
Exclaim with sudden heat:
"That man at large should never roam,
His proper place is in a home."

Alas! the superficial gaze,
How powerless it seems
To thread the soul's interior maze,
Where genius broods and dreams!
They err who think that Jones is what
The world calls barny; he is not.

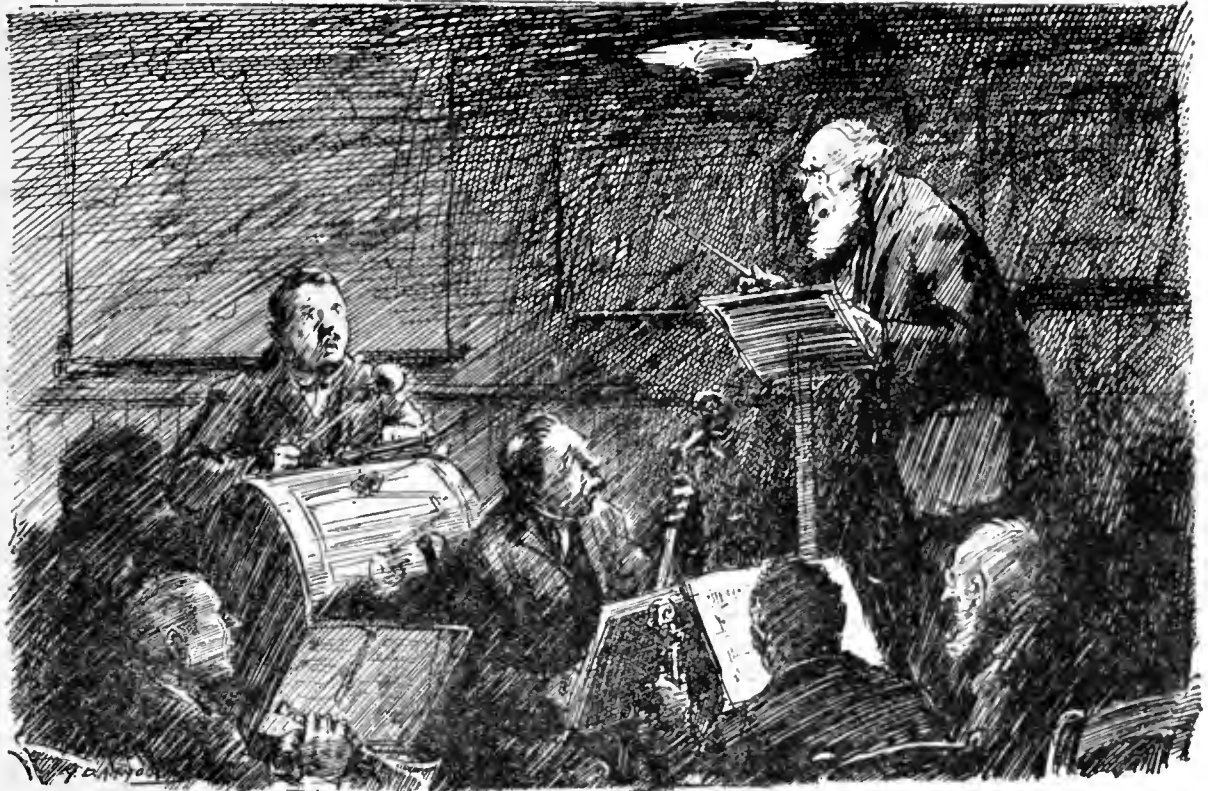
Forbear to scoff, look not askance
On William, for behind
That unimpressive countenance
Lurks a colossal mind;
In fact, fame whispers it was he
Who patented the Tango Tea.

The Modern Cinderella.

"If the lady who lost a black silk stocking at the dance on Wednesday evening will communicate with Box A., Saskatoon Daily Star, said loss can be recovered."—*Advt.*

"When the crew went on board the vessel yesterday morning they discovered she was under the water."—*Daily Mail.*

No doubt their wet feet gave them the clue, but they must have thought the boat looked rather funny from the shore.



Conductor of Village Band. "WHAT'S WRONG, DUNCAN?"

Duncan (Celloist). "THE DRUM'S BEEN PLAYIN' MA MUSIC AND I'VE BEEN PLAYIN' HIS."

Conductor. "I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING NO JUST QUITE RIGHT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

ALL the time I was reading Mr. FRANK HARRIS's *Great Days* (THE BODLEY HEAD) I was wondering where I had come across an earlier story written in the same style. Then I realised. *Great Days* is just like the fairy stories of my childhood, where the King's youngest son goes out to seek his fortune. Like the writers of the fairy stories, Mr. HARRIS takes it for granted that we shall be interested in the smallest details of his hero's career, however little they may have to do with the main theme or the development of his character; and, for myself, I must admit that he is not mistaken. I became so interested in *Jack Morgan* that I welcomed the information that he drank hot water at night after an evening at the inn, so as to avoid a headache next morning, and that he gave a little dinner to two friends, beginning with oysters and Sauterne, and was amused to find that one of his guests thought the white wine too thin. But *Jack's* career was not confined to these trivialities. Belonging to the great days that followed the French Revolution, and being by profession a smuggler and privateer, he lived a very vivid life on both sides of the Channel. Mr. HARRIS has the admirable virtue of not being afraid to make his hero a real hero. When *Jack* is not running cargoes of old brandy, he is passing through passionate love adventures, thrashing bullies or capturing frigates. The culminating point of his exciting life is where the great BUONAPARTE himself offers him supreme command of the French Navy if he will sweep the English off the seas, as he has expressed himself able to do. Fortunately, *Jack's* patriotism is greater than his ambition, and England is still

in a fairly satisfactory position as regards naval supremacy. But it was touch and go. We could manage France all right, but France and *Jack*—it does not bear thinking of. To sum up, a good, bustling yarn which kept me entertained from start to finish, and will have, I guarantee, a similar effect on others who believe in fairies.

Mrs. WHARTON's new satire, *The Custom of the Country* (MACMILLAN), suffers, I think, from the bitterness of her indignation. In an earlier novel, *The House of Mirth*, she showed her fierce intolerance of the restless, grasping spirit of some part of the New York world, but with that fierceness there were mingled pity and even tenderness. I find no pity or tenderness in her new chronicle. There is in the quality of her work the hard, shining, metallic glitter of an American railway-line. *Udine*, the heroine, passing from stage to stage, from husband to husband, trampling remorselessly as she goes upon all those who have helped her, is, at the last, inhuman in her lack of contrast. Mrs. WHARTON hates her so deeply that she will allow her no suspicion of human feeling or human softness. I failed, therefore, to realise that the gentle first husband and the courtious second one would have fallen at her feet. Something more of her than physical beauty those men would have demanded, and something more, perhaps, she had; but Mrs. WHARTON will not reveal it to us. So with it all. The miserable side of human nature, the degraded, selfish instincts of society—these are emphasised. The book, with all its cleverness, lacks justice, and therefore truth. Here the artist, driven forward by her contemptuous disgust, paints her picture in dark, sombre colours, and has too readily allowed personal prejudice to darken her vision. Once

a lady called *Becky Sharp* dazzled, hoodwinked, tricked the London world. She was, I dare say, a wicked woman than Mrs. WHARTON'S *Undine*, but her historian was, in spite of himself, fair to her. Mrs. WHARTON is never fair to her victim. The brilliance of the book remains; whether it be finance, social contrasts, the Old World or the New, French *châteaux* or American hotels, Mrs. WHARTON'S talent can most ably reveal them for us; but it is a hard and a cruel revelation.

I did not see *The Witness for the Defence* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) in its previous incarnation as a play at the St. James's Theatre. Hitherto I have always regretted this, but I hope Mr. A. E. W. MASON will not misunderstand me when I say that my regret is now banished. The reason is that I have been able to approach the book with an appreciation unhampered by those worrying memories of the theatre about which I have spoken before in similar cases. As a result I have enjoyed it greatly. The rule is that good plays do not make good novels, though authors

are slow to believe this, and perhaps the fact of getting double profit out of one idea does not serve to quicken their apprehension. Anyhow, I am glad to find *The Witness for the Defence* a triumphant exception. It makes quite a good novel, picturesque, alive and convincing. In one way the story has gained much by its liberation from dramatic fetters. We are now enabled to see something more of the previous relationship between *Thresh* and *Stella*, and this greatly helps the grip of the subsequent developments. You probably know what these are. A story does not enjoy a successful run in the West-End, and goodness knows how many provincial tours, and retain much of the charm of mystery. Still, Mr. MASON and his publishers were no doubt right in supposing that you would care to hear a little more intimately about the characters, and "their whys and wherefores." And to the benighted who, like myself, have not met them before, I would say, Do it Now.

In *The Booklover's London* (METHUEN) MR. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK sets out on a pleasant gossipy round of the town in the track of characters out of his favourite imaginative literature, from BEN JONSON to GEORGE GISSING. I am afraid I suspect him of a little self-deception when he protests that in this or that place the imaginary folk throng about him and are more real than the whistling errand-boys and pompous, rotund merchants who are there in actual prosaic fact. It may, of course, be even so. More likely 'tis a harmless device to put his spirits in key for his enterprise and is justified by its entirely amiable results. One of these is to send you from the quotations with which the book is freely embellished back to the originals to renew their acquaintance. And that, no doubt, is one of the author's benevolent purposes. The chief of them, I guess, was to please himself by indulging a hobby—which is no bad way of giving pleasure to other people. Mr. ADCOCK

has a thoroughly sound idea that the kind of fact that it is *not* important to know about London is that on a very clear day one may have a view of the Crystal Palace if one looks straight down Bouverie Street. The Sage who lives in this sacred congested thoroughfare has never noticed it, and, like Mr. ADCOCK, doesn't want to. An index makes this little volume a lazily convenient occasion of happy reminiscence.

What a passion for untempered veracity seems to have taken hold of our novelists! The latest professor of the system of withholding nothing is Mr. WILLIAM HEWLETT, whose new novel, *Telling the Truth* (SECKER), sufficiently explains its character by its title. In his introductory pages Mr. HEWLETT almost vehemently protests that no consideration shall prevent him from giving us the facts, even if, like GALILEO, he shall "suffer the penalty of public condemnation." Really I don't think he need have worried. These devoted truth-tellers always a little remind me of the hero of DICKENS'S *Holiday Romances*, who "fought his desperate



Professional Palmist (absently). "THE MOUNT OF JUPITER IS REMARKABLY DEVELOPED. IT DENOTES AN EXCESSIVE LOVE OF POWER, A TYRANNICAL DISPOSITION AND EXTREME EGOTISM."

way hand to hand to the lane," being "so fortunate as to meet nobody." Because, despite an occasional much-proclaimed movement of the libraries, no one is really very greatly concerned to interfere with them. Anyhow, the truth about Mr. HEWLETT'S central figure is that he was a cad; that he was a sentimental egoist as well does not alter this primal fact about him. After a boyhood during which his character causes a good deal of well-founded uneasiness to the authorities, he runs away from home and becomes first an actor, then (sounding deeper depths) a popular novelist. It is in this capacity, as the idol of society, that he is brought into contact with his soul-mate, already the wife of another. Honestly, what I think must have been the matter with *Hugh Middlecomb* was a too-fervent admiration for the heroes of Messrs. H. G. WELLS and COMPTON MACKENZIE. This may explain his taking his bruised spirit to Cornwall in the final book, and thus giving his own author the opportunity for some pleasant descriptive writing. To be fair, the story has also some good passages of stage and journalistic life; but, on the whole, I hardly found myself in agreement with Mr. HEWLETT about its importance.

From an account of an R.S.P.C.A. prosecution in *The Liverpool Evening Express* :—

"Mr. J. B. Marston, of Mold, defended, and stated that the mare along with others was travelling to Chester, when a motor passed and scared all the horses, which jumped about, and the mare in question got knocked down and thus received the injury.

A large body of evidence was called for the defence."

This would no doubt be the body of the mare, the animal having been destroyed previous to the police court proceedings. (Our contemporary's actual words are "the Mayor was destroyed," but no doubt its reporter got a wrong impression of what had happened).

CHARIVARIA.

THE Emperor MENELIK has died again. He never quite rallied from his previous deaths.

The KAISER's dislike of the Tango is well-known. His Majesty, who has recently been suffering from a cold, has now insisted on the CROWN PRINCE ceasing to be a Danzig man.

Seizures of rifles continue to be made in Ulster. It is said that the Government intend, if they catch sufficient, to re-arm our Territorials with them.

We understand that not only is there to be no postal strike just now, but the men do not even propose to show their dissatisfaction with present conditions by refusing to accept Christmas boxes.

A Norwood lady has left £800 in Consols to her dog. This is a striking commentary on the loss of prestige suffered by what was once our premier security.

A pathetic incident is reported in connection with the purchase of the Duke of BEDFORD's Covent Garden estate. "Had I known," said an aged and wealthy burglar, with tears in his eyes, "that Bow Street Police Court was for sale I would have bought the thing myself and razed it to the ground."

"The various leaseholders on the estate," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "were unaware of the transaction until it was announced in the Press, but they will, of course, remain unaffected." Certainly if they weren't affected when they had a Duke for a landlord it is unlikely that they will put on airs when his place is taken by a Commoner.

After the recent confusion between the names of the two plays, *Love and Laughter* and *The Laughing Husband*, we are not surprised that a muddle-headed friend of ours should have asked us the other day whether we had seen *Wu's the Lady*?

JACK JOHNSON's motor-car ran into a gate at a level crossing near Montreuil last week, and the negro boxer was badly punished about the head. The gate, it is said, is to be adorned with the inscription, "I knocked out JACK JOHNSON."

From New York comes a tale of the sale of a husband for a gold bracelet. As a husband ourselves we are pleasantly surprised to learn that we still have a value. Heaven grant that the bracelet was not of rolled gold!

We have noticed as part of the Christmas window display in a number of shops a fall of snow with exactly the same distance between each flake and its neighbours. This well-drilled snow must come, we fancy, from Germany.



First Urchin. "Yus, I ORLWYS SES ONE O' THESE 'ERE SHOWS IS WORTH 'ARF-A-DOZEN OF THE OLD PUNCH AND JUDYS."

We hear that, since the return of the prodigal "Monna Lisa," other female portraits in the Louvre have been making some very catty remarks.

The entire Press will suspend publication on Christmas Day, and an appeal is made to events of importance to make this experiment a success by kindly not happening just then.

The Pan-American Association, a cable tells us, is considering plans for the erection of the tallest building in the world. The Association evidently does not know that the tallest building in the world has already been erected.

A HOUSEHOLD BOON.

"But how can I tell you of anything I want," said Philip peevishly, "when I've got two of everything, except razors, and seven of those, three safeties and four ordinary ones?"

"But aren't there any little patent contrivances I could give you that make for man's comfort and convenience?" pleaded Muriel.

"Oh, plenty," he replied. "A patent hootlace, for instance, that does itself up; a patent letter-answerer, or a patent razor that shaves me while I sleep. Those are the only kind of things I should find useful, if you could get them."

Muriel stared at the fire and deliberated.

"Very well," she said hopefully. "I'll see what I can do."

On Christmas morning Philip found a soft parcel by his plate and Muriel looking at him with suppressed emotion.

"That," she said, "is a patent contrivance which guarantees you a good start for every day and adds to the happiness of the whole household in consequence—is that the kind of thing you wanted?"

"Just," said Philip, smiling incredulously as he drew forth about four yards of green silk cord. "But how does it work?"

"You stretch it along one side of your bed, from the head to the foot."

"What for?"

"Stops you getting out the wrong side!"

More Schoolboy Howlers.

From a paper on MILTON:—

"Milton wrote Thomas Antagonist. Amaryliss is a name given to Milton's Tutor at Cambridge."

"The afternoon hunt from Cleve-wood was over the vale to the Hangings, and on over the hill to Yatesbury, where hounds were beaten."

Those which escaped the hangings, no doubt; but surely they deserved to be spared.

"Both streams are clear and in fair order. Grayling have been rising at midday."—*Field*. They'll never catch the early worm if they get up so late.

Another daring Theft.

"Perugia states that the Louvre has been in his room in Paris for the past two years."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

Can he not be persuaded to come over to England and steal the Albert Memorial?

THE NEW LORD OF COVENT GARDEN.

[MR. MALLABY-DEELEY'S purchase of a large slice of the Duke of BEDFORD'S London property has made him the Press-hero of the week.]

I SING to your superb renown,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Whose name like thunder shakes the Town,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
To whose exploit *The Times* has lent
As much of space as might be spent
Upon a shattering World-Event,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

Others have waked in quiet beds,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
With sudden haloes round their heads,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
But none of all historic feats
(Concerned with liquid lucre) beats
Your scoop of six-and-twenty streets,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

Alone you did it, so you state,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Unbolstered by a syndicate,
MALLABY-DEELEY;
Simply, while walking down the Strand,
You found some millions loose in hand
And thought you'd buy a little land,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

A hobby, and, to you, I guess,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Not worth recording in the Press,
MALLABY-DEELEY;
You must have been surprised to trace
What was alleged to be your face
Advertised all about the place,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

Such is true greatness: like the air,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
It breathes its benison unaware,
MALLABY-DEELEY;
This princely deed by which you won
A splendour second to the sun—
You hardly noticed it was done,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

And, as you tread your Covent Mart,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Breaking each apple-woman's heart,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Their flattering notes will be ignored
When buxom breasts with one accord
Cry out: "There goes our Garden's lord,"
MALLABY-DEELEY.

Yet every pumpkin I explore,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Will have your savour at its core,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
And when, to crown my homely meal,
The Ribston pippin sheds its peel,
I shall recall your ducal deal,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

If in my humble stall I sigh,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
When *Tristan* still declines to die,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
I shall avert my weary view
And through my glasses gaze on you
Recumbent in the BEDFORD pew,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

And oh! to think the selfsame school,
MALLABY-DEELEY,
Taught me to serve and you to rule,
MALLABY-DEELEY!
That, while your fame was yet a dream,
We two have oared the ambient stream
Where fair Sabrina's tresses gleam,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

In those obscure Salopian days,
MALLABY-DEELEY;
Hyphenless both we went our ways,
MALLABY DEELEY;
But if I met you now—a god,
And I the merest worm (or clod)—
I know I should not dare to nod,
MALLABY-DEELEY.

O. S.

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

(With apologies to our contemporaries.)

NOTHING is more interesting or (to the journalist hack) more profitable than a comparative study of the many quaint and old-world beliefs concerning the present festive season that still linger in various places.

Thus in certain districts of Northumberland it is considered very unlucky to eat crab on Christmas Eve that has been boiled more than three weeks. If mince-pies be taken at the same meal the danger is supposed to be increased. There are many legends of persons who disregarded this tradition and perished miserably.

In some villages of the Lower Danube the peasants say that, if a householder takes a large pail of dirty water to his bedroom and leaves it all night upon the window-sill, it discourages the Herald Angels from singing outside his house on Christmas Eve.

"The mouth that is opened too wide at Christmas stays open for long," runs a Turkish proverb, based upon the story of the Sultan who broke five front teeth on his plum-pudding, and had to spend the next fortnight with his dentist.

Among the natives of the Gold Coast there is a saying that, if a dog howl all night on Christmas Eve, a stranger will come in the morning. Curiously enough much the same tradition is found in Acton and Ealing, with the difference that there the stranger is the next-door neighbour.

One of the most extraordinary beliefs to be found anywhere at the present day is the conviction amongst the inhabitants of Fleet Street that Christmas really comes at the beginning of November. The quaint ceremonial, observed about this date, of "Bringing out the Christmas Number," is evidence of this superstition, the origin of which is lost in the mists of obscurity.

The Descent of Man.

Latest type (commonly found in ballrooms).—The Orangoutangorilla.

"During the evening the chair of All Souls', South Hampstead, sang a few carols."—*Era*.

This must be one of the musical chairs we have often heard of.



SOLD OUT.

FATHER CHRISTMAS (*in Covent Garden*). "GOT ANY HOLLY AND MISTLETOE FOR ME?"
DUKE OF BEDFORD. "SORRY, SIR, I'M OFF. NOTHING LEFT BUT STRAWBERRY LEAVES."



"MONNA LISA" AND THE MAN WHO KNEW.

It is not often that anything happens in Europe or America without Harberry getting to know the why and how of it. The fall of a government, the crumbling of a monarchy, may be due to causes hidden from the common eye, but not from Harberry's. The most impregnable mysteries keep open house to Harberry. Allow him time and he will give you three explanations of any one you name, each more impeccably authenticated than the last, and all mutually exclusive.

Harberry was, I believe, the first person in Europe—at all events the first innocent person—to know exactly what had become of the "Monna Lisa" after her disappearance from the Louvre. The thief, it appeared, was—well, there was no need to name him—but he was a very high official among the Louvre hierarchy, and his wife's extravagance in dress was a by-word in three capitals. In the meantime "it" had been bought by an English grocer.

It was next Spring that I met Harberry again. He was just back from New York.

"Most extraordinary thing about 'La Gioconda,'" he observed in the course of conversation.

"Oh?" I asked. "Anything new?"

"Well," he said, "I suppose you know where it is?"

"Not absolutely for certain," I replied, "but I understood from you—"

"Oh, that story last September? That was only a dealer's rumour. But do you mean to say they haven't heard the truth on this side of the Atlantic yet?"

I intimated that Europe sat in darkness.

"Why, it was stolen by a downtown gang of New York cracksmen for X.—he mentioned a world-famed multi-millionaire—and now he's got the thing framed up in a little private gallery of his own, and spends hours a day cooped up with it, simply gazing at it. He has a whole staff of private detectives to watch it; and he's sent nearly half-a-million hush-money to the Louvre people to keep them quiescent."

I bowed amazed credulity. The crime of X. held the field until the Summer of 1913.

Meeting Harberry casually, I gleaned my usual harvest of first-hand international secrets.

"Anything new about 'La Gioconda'?" I asked, when his confidences drew to a close. "I suppose it's the most astounding theft—"



Mrs. Briggs. "SO THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE A POSTAL STRIKE AFTER ALL, MRS. JOHNSON."

Mrs. Johnson (remembering the Coal Strike). "WELL, YOU NEVER CAN TELL BUT WHAT IT MAY COME AT ANY MOMENT; SO I SHALL LAY IN A GOOD STOCK OF STAMPS NOW."

"Theft?" thundered Harberry. "There never was a theft. I tell you every official in the Louvre wants hanging. That picture never left the galleries. They were trying on some new way of cleaning which the Curator thought he'd invented, and simply rotted the surface off the thing. And now the canvas is lying in the Departmental offices—along with the missing parts of the 'Milo'; and there it'll lie for evermore. It's nothing short of an international scandal."

It was a few days after the recovery of the picture that I ran across Harberry once more.

He seemed a trifle more subdued than usual, and, beyond the comparatively unimportant fact that WELLS

had been drugged, he had little to communicate.

"What do you think about the 'Gioconda' now?" I was tempted to ask.

He came nearer blushing than I had thought possible to him.

"Think about it," he said. "I think it's a devilish clever business—copied right down to the scratches. But if France is satisfied I suppose the rest of the world has no right to complain."

"What can a woman do against a burly ruffian who without any ceremony proceeds to prise the jewels from her like carbuncles from a fishing smack?"—*Globe*.

Answer. Explain to him the difference between a carbuncle and a barnacle.

ORGANISED HOSPITALITY.

IN view of the unqualified success of the recent banquets to M. ANATOLE FRANCE and Dr. GEORGE BRANDES, it is proposed to form a permanent committee of what might be called *Entrepreneurs of Culture*, whose duty it shall be from time to time to select foreigners of distinction worthy of being feasted in this country and to arrange for a fitting ceremonial, thus relieving Mr. EDMUND GOSSE of more hard work than ought to fall on any one man, however willing he may be.

A preliminary meeting to this end was held last week at the Café Royal, at which the chair was taken by Sir SIDNEY LEE. After having outlined the objects of the gathering, the Chairman added that it was held that in the future every effort should be made to avoid what he might call an *embarras de richesse*, such as had distinguished some recent manifestations of cordiality. It might not be generally known that, while M. ANATOLE FRANCE was in London, the great Danish critic, Dr. GEORGE BRANDES, who had but just been put through the same ordeal, was still with us, but wholly in retirement; while no one could have helped noticing that M. GEORGES CARPENTIER was also gathering laurels on one of the nights that should have

been the sole perquisite of M. FRANCE. It was felt that such a deplorable state of things must never occur again. One at a time must be the rule, and whatever arrangements were made as to hospitality they must always be conditioned by the programme of the National Sporting Club. (Loud applause.)

Sir THOMAS BARCLAY said that a leader in *The Times* had suggested that a dinner was not the best form of entertainment to which to invite these honoured guests. Speaking from his own not trifling experience as a host of men of genius, he could say that it was. (Cheers.)

Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS rose to know whether there was likely to be any reciprocity in these matters. Were corresponding societies being formed in, say, Paris, Rome, Berlin or Copenhagen, for the entertainment of distinguished Englishmen? He asked only for information.

The Chairman said that he did not

know; but it was to be hoped so. (General applause.)

Sir E. RAY LANKESTER rose to know if Americans were to be included among the guests.

The Chairman said that that question raised a delicate point. There was one writer who, if he were still an American, would naturally be the first to be asked; but as no one quite knew whether he was or not, and his own reply to a request for information left the matter so much more vague than before—he referred to Mr. HENRY JAMES (wild excitement)—it was thought that for the present America had better be excluded.

Sir E. RAY LANKESTER said he thought the decision was a pity as it shut out Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING.

Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL rose to point out that Mr. HOCKING was an Englishman.

Mr. JOHN LANE said that he was sorry that he had no guest to propose. M. FRANCE was the only superlatively great French author on his list.

Mr. DUCKWORTH stated that he could offer no suggestion as he had ascertained that DOSTOIEVSKY was dead.

Mr. HEINEMANN said he did not see why retrospective enthusiasm should not be indulged. After all, one could eat as good a dinner to a great man's memory as in a great man's presence. He thought that a TOLSTOI or TOURGENIEFF dinner would be equally delightful.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON said that it was a crying shame that so many of the greatest authors were dead. He would enormously have liked to meet GOETHE; and might the best man win! (Cheers.) He could think of no name to suggest to the meeting.

The Chairman here interposed to point out that the purpose of the meeting was not to find suitable guests, but to form a permanent committee for hospitality. He would ask for names for that committee.

Omnes: "Sir THOMAS BARCLAY." (Cheers.)

In the course of a few stormy hours the committee was formed, consisting of the Chairman himself, Sir THOMAS BARCLAY, Mr. GOSSE and Sir JOSEPH LYONS. The meeting then dispersed.



THE OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS-CARD WAS CHEERING.



BUT THE MODERN KIND CAN HARDLY BE DESCRIBED AS JOLLY.

Sir E. RAY LANKESTER. "Then he has no right to be—not with a name like that!" (Cries of Order.)

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER (author of *Giotto and his Circle*) rose to ask if it were not possible to extend the word foreigner, which now meant chiefly a European, to include the Scotch. If so, he begged to propose the name of Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL as a fitting guest for the society. It was monstrous that so illustrious a man as Sir WILLIAM had had to wait so long for such an honour.

Mr. H. G. SELFRIDGE said that he was for fair play and no favour. (Cheers.) Having recently honoured a Dane and a Frenchman, he thought we ought to look next to Italy. Wasn't there some one named CORELLI?

Sir CLAUDE PHILLIPS begged to suggest the name of VINCENZO PERUGIA. He was worthy of the highest honour for having shown himself better able to take care of LEONARDO's "Monna Lisa" than the Louvre was.

Further Decline in the Aristocracy.

"A large row of pink ears worth £5,000 and belonging to a well-known lady of the old French nobility has been restored to her."
South Wales Echo.

"Sheriff Fyfe said that this was a case of garrotting, a form of crime with which he had no sympathy."—*Scotsman.*

Sheriff FYFE gives us the impression of a narrow-minded man.

"REECE v. HARVERSON.

A kiss closed Harverson's career at 27."

The Sportsman.

Another promising young life cut short—but what a romantic end!

Magisterial Lore.

"A poor mother summoned at North London yesterday for not sending children to school pleaded that she had a family of thirteen, and that it was very difficult to get them all ready at the proper time.

The Magistrate: Thirteen children. It is a case of Mother Hubbard."

Thirteen children and a dog; poor Mother Hubbard!



Son of the House (collaring joyous guest). "LOOK HERE, YOU MCS'N'T ENJOY YOURSELF AS MUCH AS THAT! THIS IS MY BIRTH-DAY PARTY!"

THE BIRD, THE BOUGH AND 'THE BARD.

(A Reverie of Blighted Love.)

I CANNOT pass the poulterers' shops
And notice how they hang them o'er
With evergreens from brake and cospse,
Without becoming sore;
Such transports to my mind they bring
Of bitter-sweet remembering,
A savour just like acid-drops
Of hours that are no more.

'Twas springtide in the verdant dell
(The date I can't exactly fix),
When I was courting Amabel
Whose size in gloves was six;
Gold-haired, I think, but this I know—
We came across some mistletoe
In a wet garth where ran pell-mell
A troop of turkey-chicks.

And there I vowed a deathless flame,
And she, the siren, turned her head,
Swore she preferred her maiden name,
Then, softening and grown red,
"When yonder bough hangs in the hall,
When yonder poult gets plump and fall,
Ask me once more," she cooed with shame.
"Done with you, girl!" I said.

The moons went by without a word
To ease my amorous care;
December brought the well-stuffed bird
But not the faithless fair.
I wrote. She answered me, the minx,
"Have sworn to marry H. J. Binks."
Whether she did I never heard;
I left the business there.

But underneath the Yule-tide bough
I stood, a fool forlorn and sad;
What comfort were its berries now?
They simply made me mad.
Most vile and parasitic growth,
Fit emblem of a perjured troth!
I still get vexed when thinking how
Supremely I was had!

And, when they twine the turkey's bier
With golden leaves for kinghood,
I always stand and shed a tear . . .
But, having wept and stood,
I always smile again; for, though
That girl was false as mistletoe,
Turkeys I recollect that year
Were good, uncommon good.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

My young friend Bobby (now in the early thirties) has been making his plans for the Christmas holidays. He communicated them to me in a letter from school:—

"I am going to write an opera in the holidays with a boy called Short, a very great and confident friend of mine here. I am doing the words and Short is doing the music. We have already got the title; it is called 'Disappointment.'"

Last week, on his return to town, he came to see me at my club, and when the waiter had brought in drinks, and Bobby had refused a cigar, I lighted up and prepared to talk shop. His recent discovery that I write too leads him to treat me with more respect than formerly.

"Now then," I said, "tell me about it. How's it going on?"

"Oo, I haven't done much yet," said Bobby. "But I've got the plot."

"Let's have it."

Bobby unfolded it rapidly.

"Well, you see, there's a chap called Tommy—he's the hero—and he's just come back from Oxford, and he's awfully good-looking and decent and all that, and he's in love with Felicia, you see, and there's another chap called Reynolds, and, you see, Felicia's really the same as Phyllis, who's going to marry Samuel, and that's the disappointment, because Tommy wants to marry her, you see."

"I see. That ought to be all right. You could almost get two operas out of that."

"Oo, do you think so?"

"Well, it depends how much Reynolds comes in. You didn't tell me what happened to him. Does he marry anybody?"

"Oo, no. He comes in because I want somebody to tell the audience about Tommy when Tommy isn't there."

(How well Bobby has caught the dramatic idea.)

"I see. He ought to be very useful."

"You see, the first Act's in a very grand restaurant, and Tommy comes in to have dinner, and he explains to Reynolds how he met Felicia on a boat, and she'd lost her umbrella, and he said, 'Is this your umbrella?' and it was, and they began to talk to each other, and then he was in love with her. And then he goes out, and then Reynolds tells the audience what an awfully decent chap Tommy is."

"Why does he go out?"

"Well, you see, Reynolds couldn't tell everybody what an awfully decent chap Tommy is if Tommy was there."

(You see how Bobby has mastered the technique of the stage.)

"And where's Felicia all this time?"

"Oo, she doesn't come on. She's in the country with Samuel. You see, the second Act is a grand country wedding, and Samuel and Phyllis are married, and Tommy is one of the guests, and he's very unhappy, but he tries not to show it, and he shoots himself."

"Reynolds is there too, I suppose?"

"Oo, I don't know yet."

(He'll have to be, of course. He'll be wanted to tell the audience how unhappy Tommy is.)

"And how does it end?" I asked.

"Well, you see, when the wedding's over, Tommy sings a song about Felicia, and it ends up 'Felicia, Felicia, Felicia,' getting higher each time—Short has to do that part, of course, but I've told him about it—and then the curtain comes down."

"I see. And has Short written any of the music yet?"

"He's got some of the notes. You see, I've only just got the plot, and I've written about two pages. I'm writing it in an exercise-book."

A shadow passed suddenly across the author's brow.

"And the sickening thing," he said, as he leant back in his chair and sipped his ginger-beer, "is that on the cover of it I've spelt Disappointment with two 's's.'"

(The troubles of this literary life!)

"Sickening," I agreed.

* * * * *

If there is one form of theft utterly unforgivable it is the theft by a writer of another writer's undeveloped ideas. Borrow the plot of Sir J. M. BARRIE'S last play, and you do him no harm; you only write yourself down as a plagiarist. But listen to the scenario of his next play (if he is kind enough to read it to you) and write it up before he has time to develop it himself, and you do him a grievous wrong; for you fix the charge of plagiarism on *him*. Surely, you say, no author could sink so low as this.

And yet, when I got home, the plot of "Disappointment" (with one "s") so took hold of me that I did the unforgivable thing; I went to my desk and wrote the opera. I make no excuses for myself. I only point out that Bobby's opera, as performed at Covent Garden in Italian, with Short's music conducted by RICHTER, is not likely to be belittled by anything that I may write here. I have only written in order that I may get the scenario—which had begun to haunt me—off my chest. Bobby, I know, will understand and forgive; Short I have not yet had

the pleasure of meeting, but I believe he is smaller than Bobby.

ACT I.

SCENE—A grand restaurant. Enter Tommy, a very handsome man, just back from Oxford.

Tommy sings:—

Felicia, I love you,
By all the stars above you
I swear you shall be mine!—
And now I'm going to dine.

[He sits down and orders a bottle of ginger-beer and some meringues.]

Waiter. Your dinner, Sir.

Tommy. Thank you. And would you ask Mr. Reynolds to come in, if you see him? (To the audience) A week ago I was crossing the Channel—(enter Reynolds)—Oh, here you are, Reynolds! I was just saying that a week ago I was crossing the Channel when I saw the most beautiful girl I have ever seen who had lost her umbrella. I said, "Excuse me, but is this your umbrella?" She said, "Yes." Reynolds, I sat down and fell in love with her. Her name was Felicia. And now I must go and see about something. [Exit.]

Reynolds. Poor Tommy! An awfully decent chap if ever there was one. But he will never marry Felicia, because I happen to know her real name is Phyllis, and she is engaged to Samuel.

(Recitative.)

She is engaged to Samuel. Poor Tommy, He does not know she's fond of Samuel. He will be disappointed when he knows.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE—A beautiful country wedding.

Tommy (in pew nearest door, to Reynolds). Who's the bride?

Reynolds. Phyllis. She's marrying Samuel.

Enter Bride.

Tommy. Heavens, it's Felicia!

Reynolds (to audience). Poor Tommy! How disappointed he must be! (A *oult*) Yes, Felicia and Phyllis are really the same girl. She's engaged to Samuel.

Tommy. Then I cannot marry her!

Reynolds. No.

Tommy sings:—

Good-bye, Felicia, good-bye,
I'm awfully disappointed, I
Am now, in fact, about to die,
Felicia, Felicia, Felicia!

[Shoots himself.]

CURTAIN.

* * * * *

That is how I see it. But no doubt Bobby and Short, when they really get to work, will make something better of it. It is an engaging theme, but of course the title wants to be spelt properly.

A. A. M.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BREATHING SPACE.

ONCE upon a time there was an old pheasant—a real veteran who had come victorious out of many battues. Not perhaps wholly unscathed, for his tail was no longer the streaming meteoric plume that it once had been, but sound in wind and limb.

No one knew his lordship's guests so well as he, so often had he seen them in the coverts: old Sir Mark, who had an arm-chair at the angle of the two best drives; Sir Humphry, with his eternal cigarette in the long gold tube; the red-faced Colonel, who always shot too late; the purple-faced Major, who always shot too soon; the smiling agent, who would so tactfully disown a bird whenever it seemed politic; and all the rest of them.

How the veteran rocketeer had escaped he could not say, but shoot after shoot found him still robust and elusive, while his relations were falling all around, some, to their dying satisfaction, thudding into the features of their assassins.

One morning three young pheasants came flying up to their Nestor in a state of nervous excitement.

"Quick! quick!" they said, "the gentlemen are leaving the Hall. Tell us where to go to be safe."

"Go?" said the old bird. "Don't go anywhere. Stay where you are."

"But they're coming this way," said the young pheasants. "They've got the same clothes on."

"Let them come," said the old bird. "There's no danger. Why don't you use your ears?"

"What do you mean?" they asked.

"Listen," said the old bird. "What is that sound?"

"It's too gentle for guns," said the young pheasants meditatively.

"Yes," said the old bird. "That's church bells. It means they're going to play golf."

L'Illustration on Paris:—

"N'est il pas, ne sera-t-il pas encore longtemps, et toujours, e-pérons-le, comme centre scientifique et centre d'art *the beast in the world?*"

This shows the dangers of the *entente cordiale*. Fifteen years ago the writer would have said it quite comfortably in his own language.

Science for the Home.

"M. Bunau-Varilla claims that with his torpedo-shaped hood the resistance of the air is practically nullified. Those present noticed that a match, lighted just behind the machine when in full course, burned as if in a vacuum." *Daily Telegraph*.

This must mean that it went out. M. BUNAU-VARILLA will have to try again.



"I SAY—ER—DO YOU KEEP ANY MEN'S TOYS?"

NATURE STUDIES.

THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

THIS common but entertaining little creature will well repay observation. The present is one of the best periods of the year for such a purpose, as it has been proved that the two seasons when it flourishes and propagates most abundantly are the weeks about Christmas and those immediately preceding Lent. With the approach of warm evenings it usually retires into comparative obscurity.

In its habits this biped presents several strongly marked characteristics. Its chief distinction is the employment of what is known to naturalists as Protective mimicry. Thus the same specimen may frequently be found to simulate at one time Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, and at another Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, according to circumstances. This habit is not only employed for protection, but may very often be used for purposes of offence. We have seen an amateur imitation of Sir HERBERT TREE that was most offensive. On the other

hand, the amateur, especially the female variety, is often both decile and engaging in manner, and may form a perfect pet for the household. It eats little, but usually drinks a lot. "Scratch meals" and champagne are its chief articles of nutriment.

Should any reader be contemplating amateur-keeping, the rules to be observed are very simple. A large empty room, in which they can play about undisturbed, is the chief requisite. At their period of full activity they take very little sleep, and that mostly in the early morning. They are perfectly safe, except that anything like unfavourable criticism irritates them to frenzy, and should on no account be permitted. With this precaution a few of these bright little creatures will more than compensate for the expense of upkeep, and provide a constant source of entertainment for a Christmas party.

"LADY DANCER'S SECOND SUT."

Daily Chronicle.

Some lady dancers consider even one unnecessary.



OUR DRILL HALL.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE ARMY COUNCIL HAVE WRITTEN TO THE COUNTY ASSOCIATIONS SUGGESTING THAT THEY MIGHT ADD TO THEIR INCOME BY LETTING OUT THEIR DRILL-HALLS FOR ENTERTAINMENTS, DANCES, ETC BUT WHY NOT, AT THE SAME TIME, ADD TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF SERVICE IN THE TERRITORIAL RANKS BY LETTING THE ENTERTAINMENTS BE GIVEN DURING RECRUIT DRILLS?

THE SWEETS OF SURPRISE.

AT the recent farewell appearance of Mr. HARRY LAUDER at the Palace Theatre we learn that "the popular Scotch comedian, to his evident surprise and gratification, was presented with a huge wreath of laurels and white heather tied with a plaid ribbon."

It is pleasant to learn, on good authority, that the lives of successful public performers, arduous and fatiguing though they may be in the main, are, contrary to the view of cynics, largely redeemed by the frequent occurrence of incidents which entirely baffle the forecast of the most far-seeing artist.

Mr. Hardy Marvin, the famous actor-manager, who is now on his pre-ante-penultimate farewell tour in the provinces, was the recipient of a most gratifying testimonial to his abilities at Moreton-in-the-Marsh last week. At the close of the performance of the romantic drama, *The Pompadour's Pet*, in which

he sustains the leading rôle, loud and repeated cries of "Speech" resounded from all quarters of the house. The famous histrion, who was quite overcome with emotion, remarked that this unprecedented demonstration, for which he was completely unprepared, would always remain enshrined in his memory as one of the most reassuring evidences of the intelligence of the British public.

Mr. Bamberger, the famous violinist, at the close of one of his recitals was asked by the headmistress of a well-known girls' school if he would kindly sign his name in the birthday-books of twenty of her pupils who had attended the concert. The famous Scoto-Semitic virtuoso, who was evidently taken completely aback by this sudden manifestation of goodwill, graciously consented to execute the request.

Mr. Alf Abel, the illustrious novelist, whose forthcoming romance, *The Passport to Paradise*, has already convulsed the literary world with palpitations of

agonised expectancy, is the subject of a 10,000 word interview-article in the current number of *Praise to the Face*. The world-renowned writer, whose genius is only equalled by his self-effacement, describes himself as altogether overwhelmed by the request of the editor, and regrets that the lack of notice has rendered it impossible for him to do full justice to the occasion. We understand that this defect will be remedied in a supplementary interview of 20,000 words which will appear in next week's issue of *P. T. T. F.*

A fine portrait of Miss Poppy Flipper, the delightful *soubrette*, appears in last Saturday's *Giggles*. Interviewed on the subject by "Gobemouche" in Monday's *Daily Longbow*, Miss Flipper expresses the extreme surprise which this honour has given her. "I thought I should never get into *Giggles* without paying £25," remarks the famous comédienne, "and I'm jiggered if they didn't let me off for ten quid."



“IL GIOCONDO.”

THE ENIGMATIC SMILE OF THIS OLD MASTER DISTINGUISHES IT FROM THAT OTHER NATIONAL TREASURE, THE “BONAR LISA.”



A VILLAGE POET.

His was the red-roofed corner shop
 (They pulled it down to build the station)
 Into whose dimness one might drop
 For bird's-eye or for conversation,
 And meet what most of us have missed
 A Poet-and-Tobacconist.

Delightful trades, of Heaven blent—
 The homely, useful, aromatic,
 With the divino, Olympian-lent,
 The servicable with the Attie;
 'Twas good to meet a man whose views
 Combined Tobacco and the Muse.

I do not mean to say you'd call
 My friend a SHAKESPEARE or a MILTON;
 He liked to write, and, after all,
 That's what the *Iliad* was built on.
 If HOMER's job had been no joy
 To HOMER, who'd have heard of Troy?

The merchant first (although he found
 His chief delight the reed of *Thyrsis*),
 His navy-cut continued sound,
 In fact much sounder than his verses,
 Although *The Wealdsman* now and then
 Would print a sample from his pen.

Of local happenings he would sing,
 Of maidens too and how to love them;
 He still had heart to hail the Spring
 Though he had seen some fifty of
 them;
 A jolly fellow, hale and stout,
 Who knew of dressing flies and trout.

A desultory Unionist,
 On GLADSTONE he could "speak
 satiric,"
 And stop to serve an ounce of twist
 Or read aloud his latest lyric;
 Or, if that week there wasn't one,
 To talk of ALFRED TENNYSON.

I recollect how he'd applaud
 (His mind mayhap on some lost
 Mabel)

The genius that created "Maud"
 And sang the loves of ARTHUR's
 Table;
 Unwedded he—and quite content—
 But very fond of sentiment.

Ah well, 'tis now this many a day
 (How swiftly do the seasons pass us)
 He's doffed, as he'd have said, the clay
 And gone to find his loved Par-
 nassus:

The gods of all the mysteries
 Be good to him where'er he is.

His memory's green, his face stands
 out

Amid a score of friendly faces,
 Cheery as then, nor do I doubt
 He sojourns in congenial places,
 Where on his jolly brow doth stay
 The Weed's pale flower, the Poet's bay.



Quack Medicine Vendor. "HERE YOU ARE, GENTS, SIXPENCE A BOTTLE. FOUNDED ON THE RESEARCHES OF MODERN SCIENCE. WHERE SHOULD WE BE WITHOUT SCIENCE? LOOK AT THE HANCIENT BRITONS. THEY HADN'T GOT NO SCIENCE, AND WHERE ARE THEY? DEAD AND BURIED, EVERY ONE OF 'EM."

THE BULBARIUM.

"HOORAY!" shouted my cousin George Billin, rising to greet me as I entered his sitting-room. "You're the very man I'm looking for. You're just in time to help with my bulbarium!"

"Your what?" I enquired, with pardonable curiosity.

"Reginald, your classical education has been sadly neglected. Bulbarium is a term of Latin origin, derived from the two words *bulbus*, a bulb, and *arium*, an area or place, signifying a place for bulbs, a bulbarium. These," he continued, pointing to two large round-shouldered sacks leaning wearily against the coalscuttle—"these are the supplies of moss-fibre and crushed oyster-shell.

Here are the bulbs"—he indicated a number of paper bags with white labels, carefully arranged upon the writing-table. "And if you'll follow me down to the telephone-room I'll show you about forty vases, bowls, pots and soup-tureens which I have prepared for their reception."

I have always entertained a morbid dislike of telephone-rooms, but I meekly accompanied my cousin downstairs. On the floor of a chill and cheerless apartment on the ground floor stood a large bath containing a tin water-can, while all around was ranged row upon row of empty jars of every dimension.

"Are you going to have a bath?" I innocently inquired.

"No, no," my cousin answered testily; "that's what we mix the compost in."

"Mix the what?"

"Compost: the technical term for moss or cocoanut fibre."

"Oh, I see. But why not call it moss or ecco-nut-fibre?"

George ignored my question. "I've borrowed Mother's hip-bath," he said. "I don't believe she wants it a bit—hips have gone completely out of fashion this year—and it's the very thing for the job. By the way," he added, "I wish you'd be an angel—"

"No," I interrupted firmly, "I utterly decline to be an angel. From earliest childhood experience has taught me that the angelic function invariably entails running upstairs and fetching something, and I'm much too old to run anywhere."

"Oh, very well," he sighed resignedly,

"I suppose I must go myself. Don't touch anything till I come back."

George was only away about three minutes (during which I successfully resisted the temptation to touch his mother's hip-bath), and returned laden with the two sacks that I had already noticed in his sitting-room.

"I've brought a book of the rules, too," he remarked, "so that we shan't do anything silly."

"Speak for yourself," I said, "personally—"

My sentence was never completed.

"Look out! Stand clear of the gate!" shouted George, as with a vigorous heave he emptied the contents of the sacks into the bath. For a few moments the atmosphere was filled with thick yellow dust, and my eyes and lungs were choked with it.

"Now then, look alive," he added peremptorily, "we must do this thing properly. You roll up your sleeves and churn the fibre and the shell together while I keep the mixture damp with water from the can."

As I surveyed the condition of my fingers after a few minutes of this churning exercise I could not help recalling the beautiful old poem beginning:

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow,"

and wondering whether any modern bard might possibly be inspired to similar flights of fancy by the garden in my nails; but I knew it would be useless to try to explain such sentimental thoughts to George.

He was studying a small pink

pamphlet he had produced from his pocket, and his brow was furrowed with care.

"I hope you're not letting me put in too much water," he suddenly remarked. "It says here that about four quarts to the half-bushel is enough."

"My dear George," I expostulated, "I may know how much a quart is, but how on earth am I to tell what half a bushel is like?"

"They don't seem to have taught you anything at all at Eton," he complained. "Surely you remember your table of avoirdupois? Two pecks one gallon—er—two gallons one peck— Wait a minute. It'll come back to me directly. Two pecks one bushel; two bushels one rod, pole or perch; two rods, poles or perches, one—"

"That's all very well, George. I know I'm old-fashioned and all that, but I must insist that very few mothers moisten their young children and then put them in a dark and airy cellar."

"I believe they'd do best under Mother's bed," said George.

"But would that be healthy or hygienic?"

"For Mother, do you mean, or the bulbs?"

"For either," I said.

George was clearly more concerned about the bowls. "It says here," he went on, "that they must on no account be kept too wet, but that if they become dry, even for half-an-hour—"

"Like me," I suggested. "Mixing fibre's thirsty work."

"If they get dry for even half-an-hour," he repeated, "they go blind."

"That's just what I meant."

"Yes," he continued, "Mother's bed's the very place. She'll never know."

"Poor Mother," I could not help remarking. "Butchered to make a Roman Hyacinth!"

With a great deal of effort we carried the bowls upstairs one by one, and deposited them beneath the maternal couch. When at last our labours were at an end we descended to the Library, thankful that our task was safely accomplished.

As we entered the room George gave a sudden start, and his gaze became rivetted upon the paper bags that strewed the writing-table.

"Good lord!" he gasped.

"What is it?"

"We've forgotten the bulbs!" said George.

"The high figures that have been given are due to the fact that owing to the method of collection through a member of the sibship the chance of a sibship being recorded is approximately in direct proportion to its size."

Star.

Personally, so interested are we to see a sibship, we should record even the smallest one to the proper authority.

"He searched his pockets for Glide's ear."
"Daily News" feuilleton.

"No, that's Thompson's," he said, fingering again the one in his ticket pocket; "I can tell by the feel of the bonnet."



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Nutty Cousin from Town. "I SAY, EDWARD, I WISH YOU'D LEND ME A PAIR OF YOUR ROUGH SOCKS. MINE ARE ALL RATHER NICE ONES, AND I DON'T WANT TO GET THEM TORN WITH SOMEONE TRYING TO SHOVE A CLOCK-WORK ENGINE OR A CAMERA INTO THEM."

At that moment a large lump of soaking fibre that I was engaged in kneading eluded my grasp and fell over the edge of the bath on to my left patent-leather boot, causing me to utter a somewhat unparliamentary expression.

"Reginald! I'm shocked!" said George.

"Eh!" I repeated; "two perches one ell; two ells one rood—"

"Oh, shut up! The compost is ready now. Let's fill the bowls."

My cousin held each jar in turn while I packed it with sodden fibre, until at last the supply of receptacles was exhausted and the bath was nearly empty.

"The question now is," said George, "where are we to put the bowls? It says here"—he turned once more to the pamphlet—"The jars or vases should be kept in a dark but airy cellar. To ensure success they must have constant care, like a mother gives her young children."



THE BARBER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

The Headless Knight of the Clanking Chain. "HAIR CUT, PLEASE."

TO A CENTENARIAN COCKATOO.

CREATURE of mystery, above whose head
More than a hundred years, I'm told, have sped,
Strange Bird, who should by every right be dead,

Yet seem to all appearance just as well
As when your dam, with forest-splitting yell,
Proclaimed you issuing from your native shell,

I wonder, when you muse upon the lot
That's brought you to this age of heav'n knows what,
If you congratulate yourself, or not.

Great are your blessings. You can still digest
Trifles like nuts and matches with the best;
You still retain a lively interest

In the vain plumage you so much approve;
And—inwardly—I grieve to say, you move
Still in the same unalterable groove.

Your gift of speech does not advance with age;
It is not guarded, apposite or sage;
You have one joke, to lure within your cage

Some kindly finger, and, with sudden beak,
Transfix that member till its owner squeak;
As manners, this is poor; as humour, weak.

Far from that alien country in whose trees
Your wilding brothers had their little spree,
Here you have sojourned in superior ease.

You did not share with them the daily risk,
That keeps the faculties agog and brisk,
Of passing to oblivion in a whisk;

And oft, no doubt, in this your easy state
You chuckle at the grim and tragic fate
That must have caught those others, soon or late.

Yet these your kin, however rough their lives,
Had active times and multitudinous wives;
While you, the sole relation that survives—

It never has been yours in Spring to screech
A mad love-music, not in human speech,
But in the language love alone can teach.

The flamelike crest that you so proudly raise,
Though you have flaunted it these myriad days,
Has ne'er been lifted for a female's praise.

The plumes that you have preened and kept so neat
You have but tended for your own conceit,
Not for the winning of some dearer sweet.

Musings like these may possibly have stirred
Your inmost soul—although it seems absurd,
They being suited to a younger bird.

Still, even with the old are moments when
Such feelings touch them—lightly—now and then;
Though you, for all I know, may be a hen.

DUM-DUM.

Official Candour.

From a G.P.O. letter to a correspondent who had complained of his (you'll never guess what)—yes, his telephone:—

"While every reasonable endeavour is made to reduce the inconvenience occasioned by faults to a minimum, unbroken interruption cannot be guaranteed."

Meanwhile they go on trying for it.



BEFORE THE POW-WOW.

"Red Hand" } (to their respective chiefs). "LOOK HERE, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SIT DOWN AND SMOKE THE PEACE PIPE TOGETHER,
"Black Thorn" } MIND IT'S YOUR TOBACCO AND NOT HIS."

AT THE PLAY.

"ROBINA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND."

MR. JEROME K. JEROME has called his production at the Vaudeville "an Absurd Play." I have had no previous quarrel with Mr. JEROME, but I am sure we should differ bitterly over the right application of this epithet. He probably used it in a modest, deprecatory way, to imply that his creation was just quaint nonsense. But I should want it to mean that the play was seriously bad. Now a bad serious play I can bear with some show of fortitude, but a bad funny play reduces me to a state of sombre despair.

MR. JEROME'S old mechanical device of an exchange of dresses and identities leads in the end to almost as much bewilderment for the audience as for the actors affected. Myself, I should have preferred a frank buffoonery to this mental knockabout business. It is true that a comic policeman was introduced, but he did nothing to excuse

his existence. The situations offered no matter for mirth; up to half-time the dialogue seldom lapsed from banality; and the whole play contained only one realisable character—that of an American, played naturally by Mr. BREON.

MISS ROWENA JEROME, for whose talents, I must assume, her father designed this unhappy opportunity, went bravely through the part of a minx under the apparent impression that it was humorous, but failed to convey her own convictions across the footlights.

When I have added that Mr. RICHARD EVANS was pleasantly pedestrian in his delivery of poetic sentiments, I have said all that needs saying about the cast.

There are mysteries, insoluble to the outsider, about the production of certain plays, and it is not for me to conjecture whether Messrs. NORMAN M'KINNEL and FREDERICK WHELEN made a contract with Mr. JEROME on the strength of his name without first seeing the stuff

that they were to "present." But I prefer to hazard this guess, because the alternative explanation would be less flattering to their intelligence and experience.

As for Mr. JEROME, who has here done such poor justice to his undoubted gifts, I don't grudge him the right to any personal amusement he may have got out of this composition, but I do grudge him the privilege of wasting one of my evenings; and unless my temper shows a marked improvement it will be a long time before I take the risk of assisting, on a first night, at another Absurd Play from his pen.

O. S.

An Impending Apology.

"Mr. Chas. Preston presided and the attendance was particularly good considering."
Middlesex Advertiser.

"The Rev. W. V. Vickers, Rector of Bearwood, was awarded principal prize for calves."
Observer.

They ought to make him a bishop.

HOW TO SET ABOUT PURCHASING A CAR.

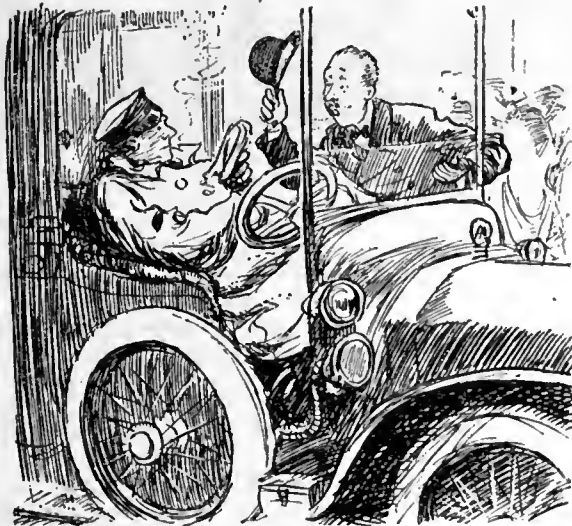
(Start with an open mind; seek unbiassed expert opinion.)



"EIGHT-TEN TOOTLETS! MY DEAR FELLOW, DON'T TOUCH 'EM."



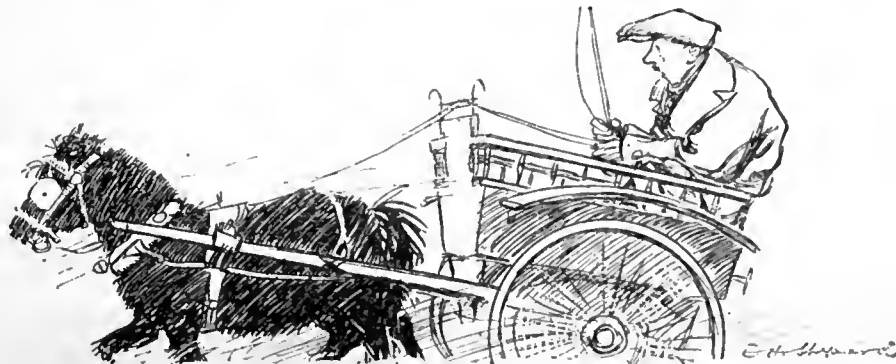
"TWELVE-SIXTEEN WURZELS!! KNOW 'EM? SHOULD THINK I DO. MIGHT AS WELL THROW YOUR MONEY INTO THE 'HAMER."



"SIXTEEN-TWENTY BLIPS!!! YUS; DROVE ONE ONCE; STEERING GEAR WENT WRONG; THREE WEEKS IN 'OSPITAL WAS WHAT—"



"TWENTY-FOUR SCORCHERS!!!! WELL, IF YER WANT TO COMMIT SUICIDE—"



THE RESULT—RELIABILITY, SAFETY, ECONOMY AND COMFORT.

OUR DAILY POLITICAL FARE.

(Being an imitation of the London Letter of every provincial newspaper every day.)

[NOTE.—The alternatives in brackets may be regarded as purely optional, to be retained or omitted according to the political opinions of the reader. They are not of any importance any way.]

MR. ASQUITH'S speech on Friday night is the sole subject of discussion in political circles here. Its importance can hardly be overrated. There is, however, much diversity of opinion. Some see in it the clearest possible hint of approaching conciliation, while others find themselves baffled by its manifest ambiguity. Still it cannot fail, following as it does upon the epoch-making pronouncements of the leaders of both parties at Ladybank, Leeds, Oldham, Newcastle, Widnes, Paisley, Carnarvon, Ballycoran, Chowbent and elsewhere, to have a profound effect on the situation.

Had it been made immediately after Mr. CHURCHILL'S reply at Portobello to Mr. BONAR LAW'S retort at Newcastle to Mr. ASQUITH'S statement at Ladybank it would have been accepted by the Opposition leaders without hesitation as approaching more closely to the Aberdeen position, which, owing to the less conciliatory attitude taken up at Southampton, appeared to have been finally abandoned. But, coming as it does on the eve of the demonstrations at Baslow, Birmingham, and Beattock, its special significance cannot be ignored.

It may be said with confidence that there is no new element whatever in the situation. As I pointed out yesterday—and the day before, and the day before that, and any time in the last six weeks—the attitude of the leaders on both sides is perfectly clear. Unionists demand a General Election. That is [not] a possible solution of the *impasse*. Radicals hotly maintain that the present Bill holds the field. Clearly it does [not] hold the field. If any conference is to take place it is indubitably [not] up to the Government to make the first move.

The exclusion of Ulster . . . (3,000 words on that).

The development of the federal idea . . . (500 words on that).

It must be borne in mind that, faced with the actual danger of a rising in the North of Ireland . . . (1,500 on that).

But all this is merely to repeat what I have been saying daily in almost the same words during the last two months. The vital point is that the time is short, the sands are running out. A terrible responsibility will be incurred if the position is not faced immediately by

the Government [Opposition]. At the best I cannot hope to go on writing this sort of thing for more than another five months. For the crisis is at hand.

The Times by the way, commenting on last night's speech, sees in it a frank return to the position adopted at Leamington. *The Morning Post* draws a striking parallel between it and the Kinloch-Rannoch pronouncement. *The Daily News* is confident that in some points it directly controverts the Liverpool utterance, but it must be remembered that that was afterwards qualified by the St. Andrews deliverance. But this is surely to leave out of account the Prestatyn assertion, the Golders Green declaration and the Inverness pronouncement.

To sum up: both sides are still feeling their way and there is no change whatever in the situation. Tomorrow I hope to discuss the position in precisely the same terms.

MUSICAL NOTES.

PROFESSOR DE BANVILLE'S NEW SYMPHONY.

GREAT enthusiasm prevails in Bootle in consequence of the announcement that Professor Quantock de Banville's new Choral Supersymphony will be heard there in the course of the next year. This great work, the words for which have been selected by the composer from the works of CONFUCIUS, MR. W. B. YEATS and RABINDRANATH TAGORE, is written in forty real parts, each of the four ordinary divisions of the chorus—soprano, contralto, tenor and bass—being divided into ten.

With the view of obtaining the due variety of *timbre* and colour desirable in an orchestra, Professor de Banville has provided the most elaborate instructions for the singers. For instance, some of the tenors are enjoined to sing always through their noses; in one passage the *soprani* are adjured to "emulate the tones of a terrified peacock;" in another the basses are bidden "to imitate the booming of the chimera in the void;" while in a third the *contralti* are enjoined always to keep a Carlsbad plum in their mouths to ensure a "rich fruity tone."

Again, though no instruments are employed, the Professor indicates means by which novel effects may be produced, as, for example, by clicking the tongue, or striking the jaw with the clenched fist, or again, as he graphically puts it, "bubbling with the lips." The libretto is partly in English, partly in Chinese, but in one striking chorus, perhaps the culminating

moment in the symphony, no words are uttered at all, the forty different parts representing forty different animals and birds, including hyenas, gorillas, cecatoos, bobolinks, tapirs, capercailzie and giraffes.

No title has as yet been fixed upon for the work owing to a slight contretemps which has arisen from the composite character of the libretto, Yuan Shih-Kai having expressed a strong preference for a Chinese name, while Mr. YEATS holds out for a Celtic designation. During the composition of the work Professor de Banville lived entirely on China tea, rice and potatoes—in order to attune his system to the triplex nature of the libretto—and was arrayed in a costume which included a turban, a saffron kilt, and a pig-tail amongst its most impressive features.

It is hardly necessary to add that the difficulties of the new work are gigantic and Gargantuan. Professor de Banville, in an interview with a representative of the *Boote Clarion*, declares that no choral singers have ever been called upon to perform such feats of sustained enormity as those which are demanded in his latest work. In the second trio of the third Scherzo the *soprani* have to sing a figure in rapid semiquavers for fifty-four bars at a stretch, ranging between C and F in alt. Professor de Banville admits also that the strain imposed on the semilunar ganglions of the diaphragm by the extraordinary *bravura* of the gorilla *motif* for the basses in the Finale is, perhaps, excessive. But he has been assured by athletic experts that this is of the greatest value for long-distance runners, and he has accordingly applied to the Olympic Fund for a grant of £5,000 for his chorus.

Professional Candour.

"Leaving Kely Monday, 22nd inst., Madame —, renowned Palmist, Crystal Gazer. Everybody pleased."

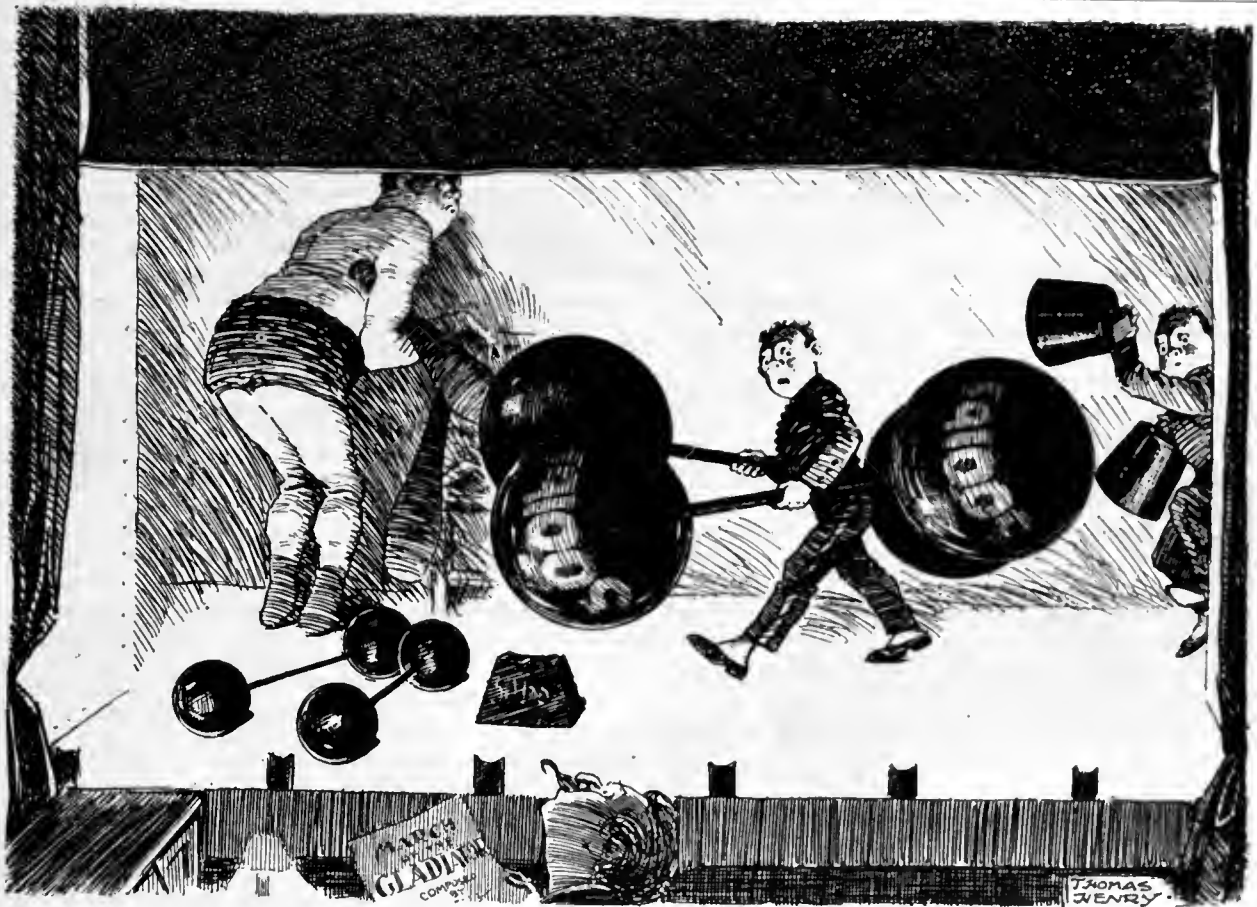
Cowdenbeath Times.

"Mr. Vachell . . . is perhaps most widely known as the author of one of the best modern stories of school life, 'The Hell,' in which Harrow is described."—*Bristol Daily Press*.
But that was the Harrow of some years ago, before smoking was stamped out.

From a letter in the *Ceylon Independent*:—

"The girls present at the Public Hall function were the *creme de menthe* of Colombo Girls' Schools."

In fact they impressed the writer so much (particularly the fourth from the end in the ninth row) that he has decided to become a benedictine.



THE TRAVELLING VARIETY SHOW AT OUR VILLAGE HALL.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CURTAIN THAT WENT UP TOO SOON.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

THE chiefs of the Clan Donald cannot trace their line of descent quite so far back as the fabled Phairshon, who swore a feud against the Clan McTavish. For he, if the legend is correct, had a son who married Noah's daughter, and nearly spoiled the Flood by drinking up the water. But, with that one possible or impossible exception, I doubt if any Scotch family can boast a more ancient lineage. They were sprung, according to the pedigree table published in Mrs. STIRLING's fascinating book, *Maedonald of the Isles* (MURRAY), from CONN-CEUD-CHIATACH, the hundredth supreme King of Ireland, who held his court at Tara in the second century of our era. Wherever he may be now, the said CONSTANTINE, Conn of a hundred fights, has certainly no reason to blush for the unwarriorlike qualities of his descendants. They have always been born fighters, and in their continual feuds with their neighbours and each other have never lacked the spirit that earned old "Centimachus" his hybrid nickname. But the clan has moved with the times. Two years ago the three rival claimants to the chieftainship—CLANRANALD, GLENGARRY, and SLEAT—agreed that henceforth, when any question of precedence arose between them, it should be decided *pro hac vice*, not with claymore and dirk, but by the spin of a coin or the drawing of lots. So that nowadays, if two of them happen to meet at the same flower-show or other public function, no bloodshed takes place. From beginning to end the story of the clan is rich in excitement and romance, and as a

devout lover of Skye and a fervent admirer of the clan sentiment I tender my thanks to Mrs. STIRLING for the admirable way in which she has used the excellent material at her command. Her book is the most human and personal sidelight on Scottish history that I have ever read.

"England has long been in labour, but at last she has brought forth a man." Thus FREDERICK THE GREAT, summing up the character of WILLIAM PITT and the condition of affairs in Europe that he was called upon to face when in 1756 he formed his first Ministry. The story of his career, bound up with the destiny of England at one of the most critical epochs in her history, is treated in masterly fashion by Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS in his *Life of William Pitt* (LONGMANS). The opening pages show a tendency to overload the narrative with detail. One cannot clearly see the wood for the trees. But this defect, doubtless due to excessive conscientiousness, soon disappears with our introduction to the private life of the great statesman. A disposition to develop into what JOHN FORSTER's cabman described as "a harbitrary gent" was aggravated by attacks of gout, to which he was a martyr all his life, and in particular at critical epochs when his presence was exceptionally desired. His hastiness of temper, his downrightness of speech, made him a host of enemies. But there was always balm for him in his home. To the end of a long married life his wife and he remained on the terms of lovers. Outside his home PITT lived a stormy life. GEORGE II. liked him not, and GEORGE III. long fought against the inevitableness of his being called to the supreme direction of affairs. Happily

for England PITT, born in due season, was inevitable. He based his Ministry on the principle of trust in the people, quite a novelty in the mid-eighteenth century, insistence upon it taking away the breath of successive GEORGES. Another of PITT's axioms of government, familiar enough in these days, recognised the Fleet as the first line of national defence. The royal GEORGES, anxious chiefly for the safety and prosperity of the pitiful State of which they were still Electors, spent millions of English money in subsidising the Hanoverian army "England should put herself on board her Fleet," said PITT, and spent his chief energy on building it up and maintaining it in the highest state of efficiency. The life and times of the Great Commoner are not to be dealt with in a paragraph. The study of both presented by Mr. BASIL WILLIAMS's two volumes forms a liberal education in English history at a prolonged crisis.

If ever dainty book was labelled "For Christmas," *In Powder and Crinoline*, a sheaf of fairy tales from many sources, retold by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and delicately illustrated by Mr. KAY NEILSEN, is that book, and the publishers, Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, are heartily to be congratulated on its winning appearance. Not that it is a holly and mistletoe affair—nothing so obvious. The artist, deeply in love with the decorative possibilities of the crinoline, seems to have demanded a set of fairy tales that could be interpreted in that roomy mode, and the ingenious "Q." did his best to supply them. I can answer fully for their charm, their discretion, their fragrant, gentle, whimsical humour. Perhaps of all the stories that of "John and the Ghosts," the author's own puckish version of the Berkeley Square legend, is the most

intriguing, but to say I read every word of all the others with delight is not to exaggerate. And, as for Mr. NEILSEN, he has taken the most pleasant liberties with his theme, involving in a common apotheosis the Trianon and the 1851 Exhibition with a happy audacity that lightly laughs at antiquaries. He will not resent being reckoned, along with so many contemporary draftsmen, especially in Germany, a faithful disciple of the brilliant and perverse BEARDSLEY. Indeed, his colour drawings are essentially patterns thought out in line, with the colour as a graceful afterthought. There are many of the authentic BEARDSLEY notes and phrases, but embroidered with an intelligence and originality which forbid any charge or suspicion of plagiarism. I began to wonder whether it was only the older children who would appreciate these retold tales and their attractive colour commentary, until I remembered that, barring perhaps the higher Cambridge undergraduate, there is no one in the world so old as our modern nieces and nephews. So I would urge the giving of this very charming book to both the young children and the old.

Should the reviewer meet with a collection of pleasant but undistinguished pot-boilers, gathered into volume form, and pretending to be something important on the strength of their author's reputation, he would be well justified in some severity of censure. But a collection of pot-boilers

that pretend to be nothing at all but what they are is a different affair. I think I never read a more thoroughly disarming preface than that which Mr. HORACE A. VACHELL has written to the volume that he calls *Loot* (JOHN MURRAY). He chose the name, he says, "because whatever this volume may raise in hard cash must be regarded as plunder to which some critics may contend the author has no warrantable right." After that what is one to say? One may protest that the scope of the tales is too brief, and their action (being written for the popular magazines they are full of action) too crowded to allow of the delicate character-drawing in which Mr. VACHELL really excels; one may say that many of them are unlikely to the verge of the incredible; that (for example) young wives do not pass themselves off successfully for months as boy-waiters in order to support invalid husbands; or that understudies at West-end theatres do not leap in one evening to the prominence of whole columns in the daily Press. What would you? In the domain of the commercial short story these things are not only possible but compulsory. And the stories of Mr. VACHELL remain exceptionally good of

their kind. Taken one or two at a time you will find them capital entertainment; in larger doses the repetition, every fifteen pages or so, of the matrimonial climax inevitable in this *genre* tends to produce some feeling of repletion, not to say indigestion.

I suppose the life of a reviewer of novels must always be one perpetual struggle between his prejudices and his conscience. "Oh, I say," cries Prejudice, "I don't like this book at all." "Read on," replies Conscience sternly. "It's a perfectly good book. It's simply your wicked nature that makes you object to it." I tried to keep an open

mind while reading "IOTA'S" latest work, *Two Ways of Love* (HUTCHINSON), but it was not easy. You see, one of my prejudices in fiction is against the spectacle of two women fighting for one man. I never can bring myself to believe that any man is worth fighting for. And here Mrs. CAFFYN has so drawn *Lord Bentwicke's* character that I cannot conceive why a brilliant woman like *Gertrude Allonby* should have loved him; why *Denne*, the dreamy Irish girl, should ever have married him, and why somebody did not kick him. This made my enjoyment of the book intermittent. I could see the technical skill of it: some of the situations were handled with a firmness and delicacy which won my complete admiration; and among the many characters in the story there were few that were not excellently drawn. But I could not sympathise. Was this, as I have suggested, due simply to my wicked nature? It is worth anyone's while to read the book and see for themselves, if only for the sake of making the acquaintance of *Denne*, of *Elisabeth* her sister, of *Mrs. Charteris*, and of footman *George*. Those of you who happen to have been at Rugby must resist the temptation to throw the book down and stamp on it when you come to *Jerry*. That unpleasant little bounder can hardly be intended to represent a typical Rugbeian. Usually, in novels, the heroine's brother goes to Eton. It was a rare slice of luck for Eton that Rugby got *Jerry*.



Spoilt Youth (a few days before Christmas). "I SAY, NURSE, DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHT TO SCRAP THESE BEFORE THE NEW LOT COMES IN?"



Effie (anxious to do something in return for her parents' Christmas largesse). "WELL, PABY, I D.N'T SEE ANYTHING WE CAN GIVE DADDY AND MUMMY IN THESE SILLY BOOKS—AT LEAST, NOT FOR THREEPENCE; SO WE SHALL JUST HAVE TO GIVE THEM THE MONEY AND TELL THEM TO DIVIDE IT BETWEEN THEM."

CHARIVARIA.

A SITE for a National Theatre to be established as a Memorial to SHAKSPEARE has now been secured. We are very pleased that steps are being taken to prevent the memory of this clever dramatist from perishing.

"CHRISTMAS" PROSPECT.

RAPID CHANGES TO VERY COLD.
THE QUEEN'S SURPRISE FOR THE KING.
Daily Mail.

We doubt whether any other country has a Queen so influential as this.

"The luncheon guests at 10, Downing Street, last evening," said *The Cork Examiner* the other day, "included Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre and Dr. Page." It is always difficult to impress Americans with our originality, but this looks like a very brave attempt.

M. PÉGOUD is to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Will he, we wonder, wear it upside down?

Mr. B. C. HUCKS, last week, looped the loop for the eightieth time. There is nothing B.C. about Mr. HUCKS except his initials.

Considerable difficulty was experienced at the Zoo last week in getting the Polar bears to leave their old home and take up their new quarters. This was due, we understand, to a little bit of snobbery on the part of the bears. After having a detached villa to themselves they did not care about their address being changed to No. 1, Mappin Terrace.

We see from an advertisement of the "Wonder Zoo" that there are appearing at the Circus two "Comical Clowns." It was a good idea to have comical ones.

Paris having started the vogue, stout women are coming into fashion again, and many of them who have been in retreat for some years are returning to Town.

One of our revolutionary painters, we learn from a critique, is named BOMBERG.

"Why has practical joking on the grand scale died out in London?" asks a contemporary. But has it? What about Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Red Herring?

From *The Daily News*:—"The jury at the conclusion of the evidence for the defence stopped the case, and returned a verdict of 'Not guilty.' The Judge quite agreed with the verdict in every respect." It would have been unfortunate if the Judge had agreed, for instance, with only the second half of the verdict.

Sir CHARLES ERNEST SCHWANN, Bart., Liberal M.P. for North Manchester, announces in *The London Gazette* that he has, changed his name to Swann. But it is still spelt wrongly, Sir. Try again.

The clerical benediction on "Who's the Lady?" has, we hear, had an unfortunate result. Muddle-headed people are now mixing up Mr. LOUIS MEYER and the Rev. F. B. MEYER—to the great annoyance of both.

"The *Sydney Sun*, referring to the recent parade of cadets in Melbourne, says that the most significant feature of 'the seven miles and a half of khaki-clad Australian boys was the fact that 18,433 pairs of boots were clean, 18,433 puttees were neat and dapper, and 18,433 brass numerals were polished.'" What was wrong with the other 18,433 puttees?

THE TRUMPET: A CURE FOR BORES.

"Major Hackett is extremely angry," said Lady Aldersley to me. "He insisted upon my giving him Mr. Norton's address. He intends to call on him. I wonder if Mr. Norton really is deaf? I wish you would go and see him, and perhaps give him a friendly warning."

"I will," I promised, and straightway took a taxi to Percy's flat, where I found him lounging in an arm-chair, in a mood of quiet self-satisfaction. Beside him, on an occasional table, stood an ear-trumpet—not one of those little modern devices that save labour for all concerned, but one of the regular old-fashioned trumpets that require to be held stiffly by the listener and violently yolled down by the other person. He eyed it in the friendliest manner and, almost before I'd had time to light one of his cigarettes, said:

"Look at that! It's given me the most delightful evening of my life."

"I've heard about the evening," I assured him. "Parts of it at least."

"Have you?" he said thoughtfully. "Lady Aldersley annoyed?"

"Major Hackett is. She wants to know if you *are* deaf."

"No," said Percy. "I could be again, if necessary, but I'm not—no."

"Perhaps you had better tell me just what happened," I suggested.

"If you like." He lit a cigarette himself and puffed at it serenely. "It was an experiment, as a matter of fact. I was reading the other day how old HERBERT SPENCER used to carry cotton-wool about with him to put in his ears when conversation bored him. It struck me as a neat idea, but boorish and incomplete. Why let bores go on boring? Why not stop them? That would be a lot better than merely ceasing to listen oneself. Well, I happened to notice that ear-trumpet at a pawnbroker's the same day that I read about old SPENCER. Yesterday, in fact. It was oightenpence—a sum I possessed. So I bought it, and took it with me to Lady Aldersley's dinner. I knew there would be some bores there. Lady Aldersley's charming, but she likes a few foils."

"Like yourself?"

"Like Major Hackett," Percy corrected. "She ought not to have had him. He's one of those men that can't keep away from LLOYD GEORGE, no matter what you talk about. I could hear him hanging LLOYD GEORGE, and drowning LLOYD GEORGE, and poisoning that 'scoundrelly Welsh attorney' to the poor girl next him the whole of dinner-time, till she went dumb with fatigue; and the moment the women had gone out he tacked himself on to

me to do it all over again. There are men like that—can't leave LLOYD GEORGE alone. I've no use for him myself—all the more reason why I don't want to hear about him every two minutes. So I got my trumpet ready and explained that I was a bit deaf, and we began to talk hunting. I forget what I said or what he said, but at the end of a minute there he was at it again.

"All thanks to LLOYD GEORGE!" he said.

"I beg your pardon?" I said, putting up my trumpet.

"I said, 'All thanks to LLOYD GEORGE!'" he yelled down it.

"Didn't catch, I'm afraid," I said, shaking my head; and he butted into the trumpet again.

"I said it was all thanks to LLOYD GEORGE!"

"All thanks to whom?" I inquired.

"LLOYD GEORGE," he shouted. He was pretty hoarse by then, having talked too much all dinner-time, but I gave him another chance to get it right, which he accepted, and then I said: 'I can't agree with you. I'm a loyal subject. I don't see that the King is in the least to blame.'

"I said 'LLOYD GEORGE—LLOYD GEORGE,' he bellowed, and I removed the trumpet with a pretence of indignation.

"If you're a Socialist," I said, 'I'd rather not discuss the matter further.'

"Socialist!" he panted. "Socialist! Me a Socialist!"

"I'm afraid so," I said.

"He tried to explain, and got purple doing it, but it was no use, and he could only sit and glare helplessly till we went into the drawing-room. There I heard him explaining pitifully to various people that he'd been taken for a Socialist by that deaf man. I lost him after a bit, and forgot that I was deaf for the evening. The fact is Lady Aldersley introduced me to a very pretty girl. We got quite friendly—I fancy she had escaped from the Major too. Anyway the trumpet was not in use, and we were chatting away as intimately as possible when I became aware of Major Hackett watching us. From his expression you might have thought I was LLOYD GEORGE. I tried to get the trumpet going, but the girl got up just then and said she must find her aunt or somebody, and, though I stuck to her for as long as possible, the Major stuck on too. The moment I was alone he was down on me, and I barely had time to elevate the trumpet when he began.

"Might I ask whether you really are deaf, Sir; or was it meant for a joke?"

"Didn't quite catch you," I said as

composedly as possible, and held him off with the trumpet.

"If it was a joke, Sir—joke," he stutted.

"Ah, you mean your remark about the King? I'm very glad to hear it was a joke. Not in the best of taste perhaps, but still—Good night, Sir," I said coldly.

"I slipped into the crowd at that, trumpet and all, and said farewell to Lady Aldersley as soon as possible. Sorry she's annoyed."

Percy finished his narrative with his cigarette, and was about to begin another when the telephone rang.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, and went towards it. "By Jove," he went on, "if it isn't the Major. Come and listen to him, old chap. Take hold of the other receiver. Yes; this is Mr. Norton's. Mr. Percy Norton's. Mr. Norton at home? No. I'm his housekeeper. Is Mr. Norton deaf? Well, he keeps an ear-trumpet, Sir. Looks like he's deaf, Sir, don't it? You don't believe he is? Well, I never. Couldn't say when he'll be in, Sir. He's gone abroad. To Lourdes, Sir. To get his deafness cured. Faith-cure, Sir. 'Opes to come back with 'is 'earing restored. Is that all, Sir? Thank you, Sir."

The Major was rung off at that moment, and Percy hung up the receiver.

"Persistent old boy, isn't he? Care to buy an ear-trumpet, dear chap? Always useful while the present Chancellor is in office."

SOME NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

(WE HOPE).

THE PRIME MINISTER.—To see without waiting.

MR. GARVIN.—To wait before seeing.

MR. MCKENNA.—To stiffen his back.

MRS. PANKHURST.—To try reason.

SIGNOR VINCENZO PERUGIA.—To confine his energies to Post-Impressionisms.

M. CAILLAUX.—To live and let live.

LIEUT. FOERSTNER.—To grow up.

TERPICHORE.—To recall the waltz.

The Central London Tube.—To run lifts in connection with trains.

"The Daily Mail."—To give no more portraits of Mr. Mailby-Daily.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.—Not to allow any more of his inferior stories to be collected.

MR. C. B. FRY.—To play first-class cricket again.

MR. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS.—To hit in England as in S.A.

MR. JACK JOHNSON.—To keep out of the papers.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.—To have a little bit of mercy.



THE NEW BRUNSWICKER.

(After Sir JOHN MILLAIS' "The Black Brunswicker.")

TARIFF REFORM (to Mr. BONAR LAW, of New Brunswick and Bootle, Lancs.). "DEAREST, MUST YOU LEAVE ME FOR THE ULSTER WARS?"

MR. BONAR LAW. "I FEAR SO, MY LOVE; BUT ONLY FOR A TIME, ONLY FOR A TIME."

TWO POETS.

I KNEW a poet once; as poets go
 He was a most companionable man;
 And oft with me, who have no lyric art
 And cannot call a regiment of rhymes
 To serve my purpose as a poet can,
 He proved his skill and built his palace of song,
 Rhyme set on rhyme and verse or gleaming verse,
 And towers of music gay with flaunting flags,
 So that I marvelled, saying, "If for me,
 Who have no music, he can thus disclose
 His high majestic and airy notes,
 How will it be if he should chance to meet
 Another poet tuneful as himself?
 Then surely SWINBURNE will be left behind
 And MILTON be out-Miltoned; SHAKESPEARE's self
 Will own a rival and the Mermaid Inn
 With all its coruscations be revived."
 So did I reason, and one day it chanced
 As I had hoped—he met a second poet;
 And those two talked, and I myself was there
 And heard the talk, and thereupon went home
 And wrote it down, and this is how it ran:—

First Poet. Yes, that's a very comfortable chair,
 And so is this; the cushion fits your back,
 And you can stretch your legs. I like to stretch
 My legs. It seems to make digestion work.

Second Poet. If my digestion could be got to work
 But half as well as yours I'd not complain;
 You've tamed your gastric juices.

First Poet. Yes, I've done
 My best to tame them. Have a cigarette?

Second Poet. Thanks, Yes, I've got a match. Oh, blank
 the thing!
 Its head broke off and burnt me—

First Poet. It's a way
 These wooden matches have. Here, try another,
 Or, better, light your cigarette from mine.

Second Poet. Puff, puff—I've got it, thanks—puff—puff—
 puff—thanks.
 Where do you get your cigarettes? This one
 Is really excellent; one always likes
 To know the latest man for cigarettes.

First Poet. I'm glad you like them. I have always
 smoked
 This special size. I get them in Soho
 From Boxley—he is quite a little man,
 But only sells the best. I buy them there
 In lots of half a thousand at a time.

Second Poet. Thanks, let me write it down. Soho, you said?

First Poet. Church Street, Soho, and Boxley is the name.
 I quite forget the number, but you can't
 Mistake the shop.

Second Poet. I'll order some to-morrow.

First Poet. Mention my name; he's sure to treat you
 well.

Second Poet. Thanks. It's a very long time since I've been
 In Soho, but I used to know it well,
 With all its funny little restaurants.

First Poet. Things change so quickly, don't they?

Second Poet. Yes, they do.
 London's much altered since I was a boy.

First Poet. That's very true; it's hard to find one's way.
 The County Council's pulling all things down,

And what with taxi-cab and motor-bus
 It's not too safe to walk in London now.

Second Poet. No, that it's not; however, there it is.

Such was the talk of these two poet friends.
 There was much else, but the above may serve
 To show the working of their mighty minds.

FURTHER DEALINGS OF MR. MALLABY-DEELEY.

WE have it on the highest authority that Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY purchased Manchester last week for a sum approximating to £16,000,000. Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY chanced accidentally to hear that Manchester was in the market when crossing Piccadilly. With the greatest nonchalance he paused and wrote a few figures in the mud with his walking-stick, dropped into a telephone box and bought the lot. It is, we believe, the intention of the enterprising Member for Harrow to spend about a million on washing Manchester, and then to put it on the market as a Garden City.

The purchaser of Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons, about whose identity so much curiosity has been expressed, is the Member for the Harrow Division, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY. It is, we believe, his intention to erect a large up-to-date hotel on the site of the House of Commons. Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY is of opinion that London is sadly deficient in large, bright hotels, and he thinks that such a novelty would prove a successful speculation. He intends to reserve Westminster Abbey for his own use, and all admirers of business enterprise will hope that it will be very long before he finds a use for it.

It is understood that the purchaser of Berlin (including Potsdam) is Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY. He was approaching the fourteenth hole at Mitcham when a passing aeroplane informed him that Berlin was for sale. Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY instantly marooned an offer.

He wishes it to be understood that he intends to give no tenants notice to quit. In reply to a message of enquiry from a Very High Quarter Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY has sent assurances that so long as the Palace rent is paid regularly no questions will be asked, and the usual allowances for decorations will be made at the end of the Spring quarter.

Our own representative (who only gained access to him by the innocent pretence of being a Duke fleeing from the greedy hand of a Chancellor) found Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY engaged in opening telegrams. "Offers are pouring in on me," explained the enterprising M.P. "Only this morning I have been asked to buy the manorial rights of Pudsey, the Isle of Man (with sole use of its advertising agent), and two million acres of deer-forest; and here is a wire from General HUERTA asking what is my spot-cash price for Mexico. Of course to-day is not what I call a really busy day. Do look in to-morrow. Perhaps business will be stirring then." And with the greatest courtesy Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY bowed our representative out.

"Barbara was yesterday persuaded to leave her old quarters at the Zoo and rejoined her mate, Sam, in the new Polar bears' enclosure. A tempting dish of fish, after having nothing to eat for a day, decided the matter."—*Daily Express*.

Even a dish of fish will do desperate things when really hungry.

In reproducing the POET LAUREATE's Christmas Eve poem a contemporary prints, "Now blessed *by* the towers" instead of "Now blessed *be* the towers." This error will probably be cursed by the BRIDGES.



Delicate Lady (witnessing leap for life by old gentleman who has no time to escape except by springing on bonnet of on-rushing car). "DREADFUL MAN, DOING THOSE TRICKS, AND ME WITH A WEAK HEART!"

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

NO. IV.—THE NEW TOLERATION.

A NEW novel from the pen of Mr. Hector Crow is like a benevolent bomb-shell. Sedative fiction, no doubt, has its virtues, but it is all to the good that we should be blown up occasionally—not in the sense of distention—by such stimulating writers as Mr. Crow. Cotton-wool is an excellent thing in its way, but so too is gun-cotton, and there is no author now before the public who exerts a more consistently explosive influence on the gentle reader.

His latest work, *The Savour of Sin*, is the life-history of a rebel. *Mordred Blurt*, for that is his aptly-chosen name, is expelled from a public school for stabbing his fag, a deformed and delicate boy, in the back, and resolves to be revenged on the social code which has interfered with the expression of his individuality. Entering the Army under the alias of *Philip Sidney*, he sells an important secret to a foreign power, but contrives to fasten incriminating evidence on an innocent brother-officer, who is sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. Leaving the Army on the outbreak of war he marries a rich widow with three children, and after forging a will in her name, poisons her and the step-children and purchases a peerage by liberal contributions to the party funds.

To speak frankly, his career, judged by conventional standards, is open to criticism, but so convincing is Mr. Crow's art, so vivid his power of presentation, so plausible his arguments, that our sympathy is enlisted with the hero at every stage of his chameleonic career. Not since DUMAS has any romancer exploited the fine art of toxicology with such superb *bravura*, while the insipidity of orthodox morality has never been subjected to a more destructive or exhilarating criticism. At all points *Mordred Blurt* is *splendide mendax* and, judged by the test of uninterrupted success, he is justified all along the line in his radiant deviations from conventionality. It is, of course, possible that some minds may be repelled by the wholesale nature of his revenge, but there is an artistic fitness in its completeness which compels the unstinted admiration of all enlightened intelligences.

As a writer in a leading journal finely put it the other day, dulness and monotony have their inevitable penalties, while vivacity and courage have their assured triumphs. No broad-minded critic can therefore grudge Mr. Crow the vogue which he enjoys in virtue of his enforcement of this great doctrine. Whether his novel is altogether suitable for the nursery, or can be safely entrusted to readers who think they are justified in slavishly

imitating the actions of characters in a novel, are matters on which we feel ourselves under no obligation to pass an opinion. It is enough for us that Mr. Crow has written a brilliant and beautiful book. More than any of his compeers he has revealed to us the endearing aspects of criminality and the compelling charm of the Cad.

"Histy Paper.

1. Six events in the reign of Henry VIII.

- (1) He married Katherien of Aragon.
- (2) He soon got tired of her.
- (3) He wanted to get rid of her.
- (4) He wanted a divors.
- (5) He got a divors for her.
- (6) I don't no.

2. Wolsey was called the boy bach-clour because he passed the labour examination when he was fourteen. My sister passed it when she was twelve.

3. On the side of the king there were all the people who had long hair but when they had their hair cut short they went on the side of parlyment."

Scene outside an Islington Picture-house:—

"SNATCHED FROM DEATH
IN 3 PARTS."

It would, perhaps, have been kinder to leave him alone.

THE ANTIQUE.

(Anticipating an article in "The Magazine of the Curio Collector" for November, 2113 A.D.)

GRANFER JARGE sat at the door of his model cottage, chewing his patent plug and apparently oblivious of the approach of the well-dressed stranger. The latter, James Wilberforce to be exact, appeared to be equally oblivious of Granter Jarge and the model cottage, prominently displayed in the window of which was an old wooden box about ten inches long by six deep. Than this nothing appeared to be further from the thoughts of both, as they suddenly noticed each other and exchanged greetings.

"Ha!" said Wilberforce genially, "and how goes the world with you, my friend?"

"It be a pleasant day, Zur," said Jarge.

Conversation having continued in this strain for half an hour or so, Wilberforce at last mentioned, quite incidentally, the box. "A curious old thing," said he.

"Ay, that it be," said Jarge, and the conversation turned to other topics.

It was Jarge who brought it back. "My granfer, he used to keep his bits of string in that same box, and his granfer before him he used to keep his bits of string in it, and his granfer—"

"And you?" asked Wilberforce politely.

"I keeps my bits of stung in it too."

Wilberforce picked it up and examined it with studied indifference. "I should rather like one of these," said he.

Jarge dared say he would. "They be hard come by these days and I wouldna part with that one for twa hundud pound, that I wouldna."

Wilberforce laughed merrily at this. "I expect if I were to offer you thirty shillings down—?"

"I wouldna part with that for twa hundud and fifty pound," said Jarge in an even voice, looking away into the far distance.

Wilberforce seized the opportunity to examine his face closely. Then he laughed again cheerfully. "We'll test that, my friend," he declared boisterously. "Just for the fun of the thing I offer you a hundred sovereigns for it now—not that it's worth a tenth of that sum."

"I wouldna part with that there box for three hundud pound," pursued Jarge with all the obstinacy of a foolish old man.

"We'll try you with two hundred," said Wilberforce jocularly.

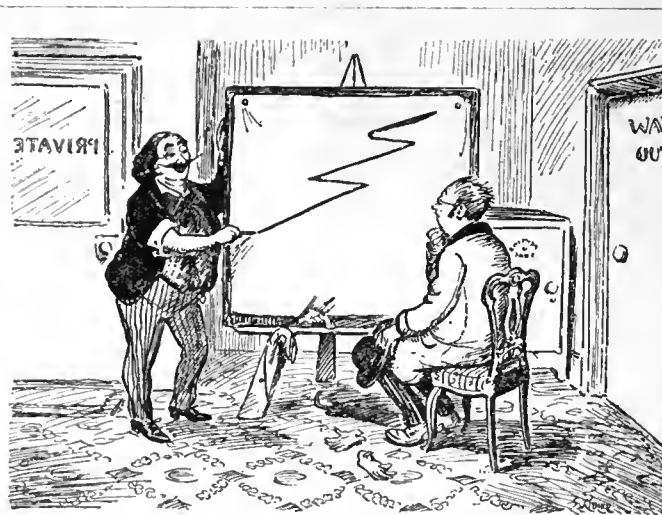
"But I might let you have it for four hundud, seeing as you wants it so bad."

"Fool!" scoffed the other. "I'll not go a penny beyond two fifty."

Jarge became businesslike. "I'll tell you what I will do for you, Sir. I'll take three fifty, spot cash."

In his excitement Wilberforce did not notice, as you have done, that Jarge had dropped his various forms of lingo. He offered three hundred pounds, made it guineas, and the box was his.

"This, Sir," said the Bond Street.



HOW TO MAKE MONEY QUICKLY.

Advertise in the papers: "HOW TO DRAW. BECOME A LIGHTNING CARICATURIST IN ONE LESSON. FEE, 2s. 6d. (PAYABLE IN ADVANCE)."

Dealer in Curios and Antiques, James Wilberforce to be exact, "this is a genuine old English cigar box, twentieth century, no less. It is made of genuine cedar wood, now almost unobtainable; it is, as you will see, in precisely six separate pieces. Ah! you don't see work like that nowadays!"

The customer observed a non-committal silence; he was no amateur in these matters.

"You are aware, no doubt," continued the dealer, fingering the box delicately, "that before the hermetically sealed metal cases became known, and in days when the cigar was only smoked by the pick of the aristocracy, these elegant receptacles were used for the storing of the weed. How it is that so few of them have survived is a mystery, only to be explained by the vandal tendencies of the twenty-first century. . . . Absolutely in its original state, Sir. A beautiful thing indeed."

The customer took it in his hand.

"I bought it," the dealer went on, "off an incompetent old man who had no idea what he was selling. He kept bits of string in it, if you please! If I had cared to deceive him, I could have got it for a mere song; as it was, I gave him five hundred pounds, and he thought I was mad. It is worth every penny of five thousand, but I'll let you have it for four. There!"

The customer was passing his finger over the surface of it gently and still said nothing.

"Real old cedar, the very best. Undoubted nails and a remnant of the quaint picture still attached to the inside of the lid. . . . Dash it all, Sir, it is an absolutely authentic Colorado Claro, made by the hand of the Spanish Master himself," and he pointed to the signature on the end.

The customer opened his mouth at last. "Have you taken your penknife and tried to cut a bit off it? . . . I only say tried, for you could not succeed. Why, man, it's a fake; ingenious, if you like, but a fake. It is cast in one piece, with imitation nails and polish. Cast out of nothing more valuable than aluminoradio-platinum and not worth five shillings!"

The customer (in reality the secret buyer of another dealer) was right; the thing was cast metal, and it was Jarge that cast it. . . .

* * *

Is it not a dismal thought that the climax of universal education, upon which this century prides itself, so far from eradicating from the humble peasant all desire to defraud, should have supplied him with the necessary wits to do so? Is it not an even more dismal thought that the model cottage (with garden, acres and cow on the intensive system attached), in which Jarge now plies his profitable and nefarious trade, was built for him gratis by a kindly Government, on the distinct understanding that he had not a penny in the world wherewith himself to provide a roof for his poor old wicked head?

From the legend under a picture in *The Sphere*:—

"This charming camera study shows a little Lapland boy in the arms of his mother and singing away under the impulse of a Christmas feed which he already scents in the air. There is no doubt about this little fellow being the son of his mother."

We believe *The Sphere* to be right.



Arthur Noyes

Belated Luncheon. "I SAY, WHERE IS MY WAITRESS? THE COFFEE'S GETTING COLD AND THERE'S NO SUGAR AND NO—"
Waitress. "THAT'S 'ER; SHE'S OFF THURSDAYS AT 3.15."

NARROW ESCAPES.

THE Grand Duke Gabriel, while playing a round of golf at Biarritz last week, narrowly escaped what might have been a fatal injury. In the act of driving off from the thirteenth tee the Grand Duke sliced his ball with such force into the tee-box that, in bounding back, it narrowly missed his head, and killed a wood-pigeon in mid-air at a distance of some sixty yards. The Grand Duke, though naturally much shaken, is reported to be making satisfactory progress, and will, it is hoped, be allowed out in a week or so.

Sir Hubert Seebolm-Wood, the celebrated actor-manager, slipped on a piece of orange peel just outside the stage door of the Pall Mall Theatre last Saturday at 7.30 p.m. Being always in perfect condition Sir Hubert managed to avoid falling by cleverly clinging to the neck of a passer-by, and beyond a slight wrench to the metatarsal muscles of his medulla oblongata sustained no injury. He has, however, been ordered complete rest for two or three days, and is unable to respond to all the congratulatory telegrams which he has received on his fortunate escape.

It is not generally known that M. Caracolo Prance, the world-renowned French *littérateur*, was within an ace of being permanently disabled during his recent sojourn in London. He was walking down Vigo Street in company with his inseparable friend, the eminent publisher, Mr. Long Jane, when, just as they were turning into Sackville Street, a boy who was playing tip-cat on the pavement smote the projectile with deadly precision straight at the face of the Master. With a self-sacrificing agility that cannot be too highly commended, Mr. Long Jane rushed forward, intercepting the missile on his massive chin. The force of the impact was so great that one at least of Mr. Jane's molars was slightly loosened, but being a man of iron constitution he was able to attend the Reception at the Richmond Galleries that night and to breakfast next morning along with M. Prance at Sir Albert Blond's. We understand that representations have been made to the Royal Humane Society with a view to their bestowing their Gold Medal on Mr. Long Jane for his conspicuous bravery. The offender, on the other hand, has been sent for ten years to Borstal.

Mlle. Nydia Vassilino, the Russian dancer, had an unpleasant adventure while staying for the week-end with Sir Sannel and Lady Hornblower at Kosherville Park. On Sunday afternoon, while the house party were taking a stroll in the demesne, a bull in an adjoining field, attracted no doubt by the red toque which Mlle. Vassilino was wearing, rushed up to the fence and emitted several menacing bellows. With great presence of mind Sir Samuel, reaching over the fence, which was only about six feet high, struck the infuriated animal several hard blows on the nose with his walking-stick, while Mlle. Vassilino was assisted in a prostrate condition to an adjacent summer-house. Dr. Bilbury Stoot, who was at once summoned, states that at her present rate of improvement Mlle. Vassilino ought to be able to resume her engagement at the Bolosseum in about a fortnight's time.

"The pilot waved his hand. It was Lord Edward Grosvenor up alone, but very few people knew it. However, he kept his head."
Cheshire Observer.

Our aristocracy is not so effete as some people make out, if it can bear successfully a shock like this.

THE KING'S SONS.

"TELL me a story," said Margery.

"What sort of a story?"

"A fairy story, because it's Christmas time."

"But you know all the fairy stories."

"Then tell me a new fairy story."

"Right," I said.

Once upon a time there was a King who had three sons. The eldest son was a very thoughtful youth. He always had a reason for everything he did, and sometimes he would say things like "Economically it is to the advantage of the State that—" or "The civic interests of the community demand that—" before doing something specially horrid. He didn't want to be unkind to anybody, but he took what he called a "large view" of things; and if you happened to ask for a third help of plum-pudding he took the large view that you would be sorry about it next morning—and so you didn't have your plum-pudding. He was called Prince Proper.

The second son was a very wise youth. You couldn't catch him anyhow. If you asked him whether he knew the story of the three wells, or "Why does a chicken cross the road?" or anything really amusing like that, he would always say, "Oh, I heard that years ago!"—and whenever you began "Adam and Eve and Pinchme" he would pinch you at once without waiting like a gentleman until you had got to the end of the verse. He was called Prince Clever.

And the third son was just wonderfully beautiful. He had the most marvellously pink cheeks and long golden hair that you have ever seen. I don't much care for that style myself, but in the country in which he lived it was admired more than I can tell you. He was called Prince Goldenlocks. I'll give you three guesses why.

Now the King had reigned a long time, so long that he was tired of being king, and he often used to wonder which of his sons ought to succeed him. Of course nowadays they never wonder, and the eldest son becomes king at once, and quite right too; but in those days it was generally left to the sons to prove which among themselves was the most worthy. Sometimes they would all be sent out to find the magic Dragon's Tooth, and only one would come back alive, which would save a lot of trouble; or else, after a lot of discussion, they would be told to go and find beautiful Princesses for themselves, and the one which brought back the most beautiful Princess—but very often that would lead to another discussion. The best

way of all was to call in a Fairy to help. A Fairy has all sorts of tricks for finding out about you, and her favourite plan is to pretend to be something else and see what you do.

So the King called in a Fairy and said: "To-morrow I am sending out my three sons into the world to seek their fortune. I want you to test them for me and find out which is the most fitted to succeed to my throne. If it *should* happen to be Prince Goldenlocks—but, of course, I don't want to influence you in any way."

"Leave it to me," said the Fairy. "You agree, no doubt, that the quality most desirable in a king is love and kindness—"

"Y-yes," said the King doubtfully.

"I was sure of it. Well, I have a way of putting this quality to the test which has never yet failed." And with that she vanished. She could have gone out at the door quite easily, but she preferred to vanish.

I expect you know what her way was. You have read about it often in your fairy books. On the next day, as Prince Proper was coming along the road, she appeared suddenly in front of him in the shape of a poor old woman.

"Please give me something to buy a crust of bread, pretty gentleman," she pleaded. "I'm starving."

Prince Proper looked at her sternly.

"Economically," he said, "it is to the advantage of the State that the submerged classes should be a charge on the State itself and not on individuals. The civic interests of the community demand that promiscuous charity should be sternly discouraged. Surely you see that for yourself?"

The Fairy didn't quite. The language had taken her by surprise. In all her previous adventures of this kind, two of the young Princes had refused her roughly, and the third had shared his last piece of bread with her. This adventure was going all wrong.

"Let me explain it to you more fully," went on Proper, and for an hour and twenty-seven minutes he did so. Then he went on his way, leaving a dazed Fairy behind him.

By-and-by Prince Clever came along. Suddenly he saw a poor old woman in front of him.

"Please give me something to buy a crust of bread," she pleaded. "I'm starving."

Prince Clever burst into a roar of laughter.

"You don't catch me," he said. "I've read about this a *hundred* times. You're not an old woman at all; you're a Fairy."

"W-what do you mean?" she stammered.

"This is a silly test of Father's. Well, you can tell him he's got *one* son who's clever enough to see through him." And he went on his way.

By-and-by Prince Goldenlocks came along. I need not say that he did all that you would expect of a third and youngest son who had pink cheeks, long golden hair and (as I ought to have said before) a very loving nature. He shared his last piece of bread with the poor old woman . . .

(Surely he will get the throne!)

But the Fairy was an honest Fairy. She did understand Proper's point of view; she had to admit that, if Clever saw through her deception, it was honourable of him to have said so. And though, of course, her loving heart was all for Prince Goldenlocks she felt that it would not be fair to award the throne to him without a further trial. So she did another thing that she was very fond of doing. She changed herself into a pretty little dove and—right in front of Prince Proper—she flew with a hawk in pursuit of her. "Now we shall see," she said to herself, "which of the three youths has the softest heart."

You can guess what Proper said.

"Life," he said, "is one constant battle. Nature," he said, "is ruthless, and the weakest must go to the wall. If I kill the hawk," he said, "I am kind to the dove, but am I," he said, and I think there was a good deal in this—"am I kind to the caterpillar or whatever it is that the dove eats?" Of course, you know, there *is* that to be thought of. Anyhow, after soliloquising for forty-seven minutes Prince Proper went on his way; and by-and-by Prince Clever came along.

You can guess what Clever said.

"My whiskers!" he said, "this is older than the last. I knew this in my cradle." With one of those nasty sarcastic laughs that I hate so much he went on his way; and by-and-by Prince Goldenlocks came along.

(Now then, Goldenlocks, the throne is almost yours!)

You can guess what Goldenlocks said.

"Poor little dove," he said. "But I can save its life."

Rapidly he fitted an arrow to his bow and with careful aim let fly at the pursuing hawk . . .

I say again that Prince Goldenlocks was the most beautiful youth you have ever seen in your life, and he had a very loving nature. But he was a poor shot. He hit the dove . . .

"Is that all?" said Margery.

"That's all," I said. "Good night."

A. A. M.

THE PANTOMIME SONG.



TIME—A few days before the Opening Night.

Father (reading the words of new pantomime song)

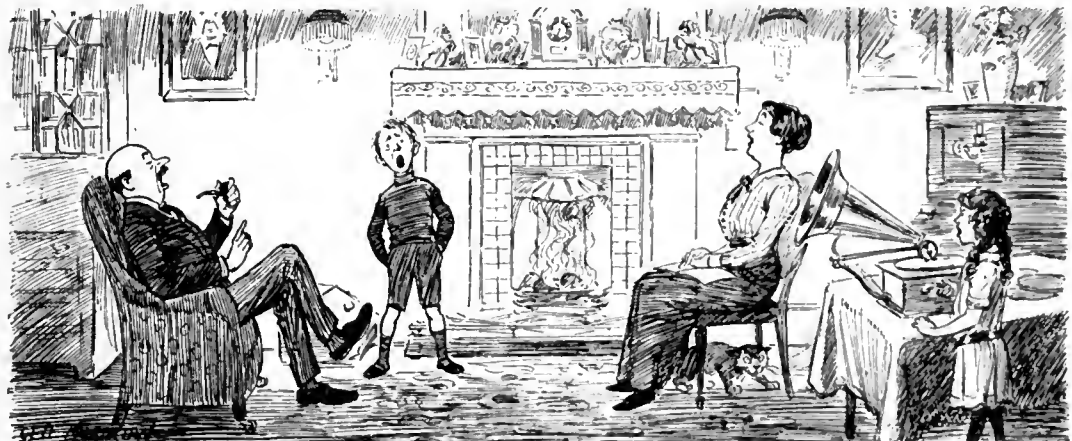
“Come with me to Demerara;
 'Neath the palm-trees we will stray;
 Bid farewell to pain and sorrow;
 Our love will grow from day to day.”

THAT'S THE SILLIEST ROT I EVER READ. HOW CAN PEOPLE BE PAID TO SING SUCH BOSH, &C., &C.”



Chorus. “COME WITH ME TO DEMERARA, &C., &C.”

Father. “NOT BAD, EH? SEEMS DIFFERENT SOMEHOW WHEN YOU HEAR IT SUNG.”



TIME—A week later.

The Family (all together, with zest). “COME WITH ME TO DEMERARA, &C., &C.”



Female Spectator (to companion). "I DON'T 'OLD WIV DRESSIN' UP FOR A PARTY MYSELF. ONLY LAST NIGHT A GENTLEMAN UPSET A BOTTLE O' STOUT OVER ME!"

NO PRISMATIC HAIR FOR MEN.

THE DECISION OF THE NUT KING.

THE new fashion, which is being introduced into London from Paris, of brightly coloured hair for women, to go with different costumes, has been causing considerable panic in lower Nut circles, but happily their unrest is now over.

A West End coiffeur having expressed himself in print as favouring the new feminine mode, and recommended various shades of hair-dye in green and blue and purple, a number of the more noticeable Nuts began to wonder whether or not some such adjunct to their beauty would not also be forced upon them. But the heart of Nutville now beats normally once more. The fiat has gone forth.

Interviewed by a representative of *Mr. Punch*, the leading Nut, or Philopena, declared firmly against any such change. "Our trouble is this," he said. "We feel that we must keep pace with the girls. Yet no self-respecting Filbert could dye his moustache blue or green. For two reasons. One is that he dislikes the idea; the other, that very likely he has no moustache. All Barcelonas do not have moustaches. Some

don't like them; others can't grow them. A Nut is no less a Nut because he is clean-shaved. It is the hair that tells with a Nut, not the moustache; and no Nut wants green or blue hair."

"But surely," our representative said, "if you had neckties and socks to match, your hair might be very charming if it were dyed. Think of the symphony; you might even be in danger of being stolen, like Leonardos."

"We are now," he said with pride.

"Do not be impetuous in resisting so alluring an adjunct, I implore you," said our representative as he rose to leave.

The Nut King pondered for a moment.

"No," he said at last, "I think not. Let the ladies have it alone. We must be magnanimous now and then."

BEYOND REFORM.

GRIDLEY was an average sort of man, such as you may see in Throgmorton Street on any day of the week except Sunday. Voneril, on the other hand, was a teetotaler, non-smoker, early riser, two-meal-a-day vegetarian—and, if you can think of anything else of that sort, he was that as well. Still, Voneril was sometimes human; he had not always been these things.

Being a plain, normal man, Gridley possessed a capacity for making good resolutions; and the end of the year found him talking to Voneril at the club with that anxious expression on his face which the turner-over of new leaves is accustomed to wear.

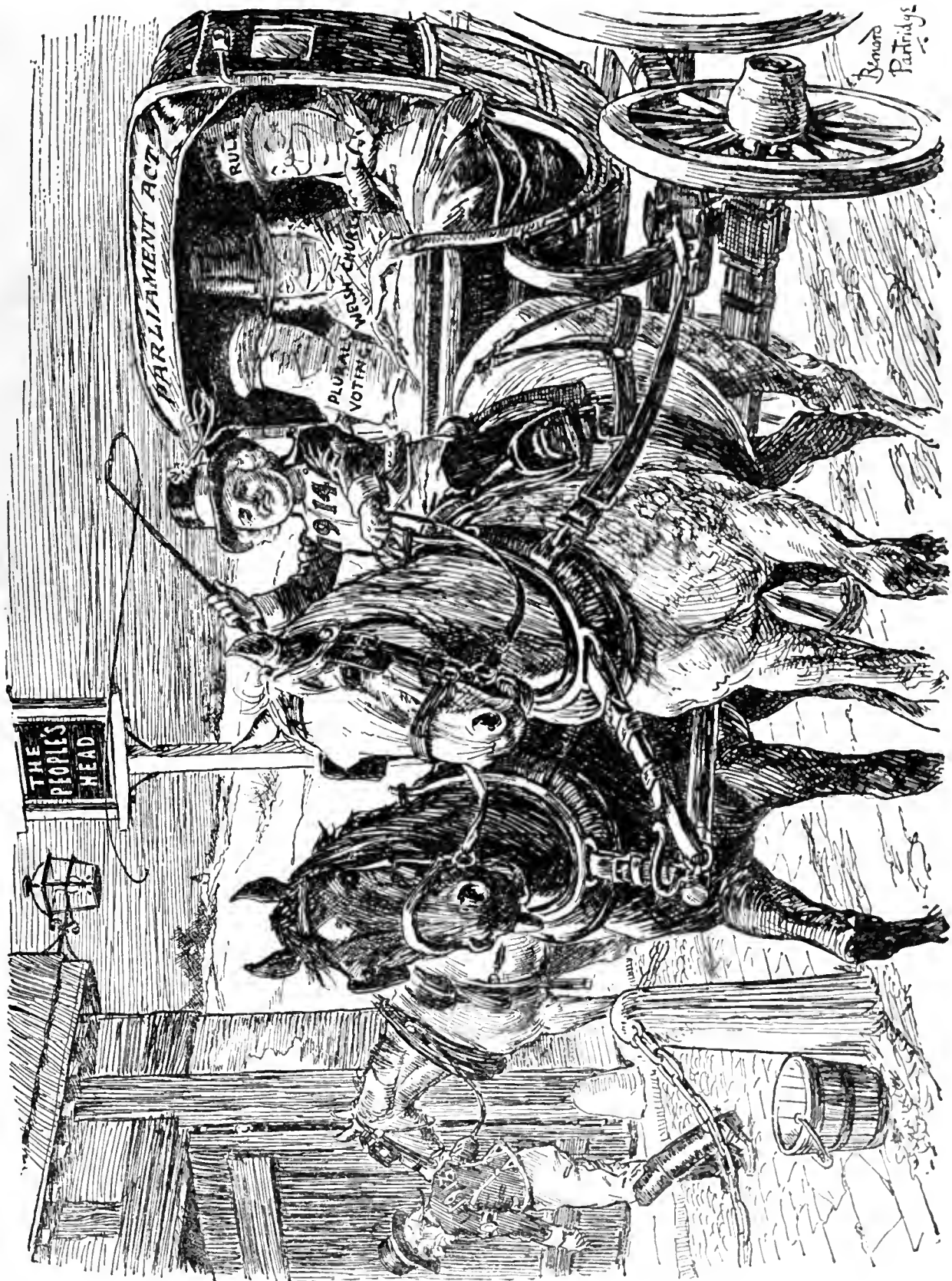
"Thank you for telling me all about vegetarianism," said Gridley gloomily, "but I really do not think it would suit me. At the same time I must make an effort to limit myself to, say, three square meals a day in the New Year. And I am not sure that it would not be well for me to knock off a cigar or two"—and as he continued his appearance became more and more dejected.

"Well, Gridley," said Voneril briskly, his healthy face beaming genially, "while I admit that men with habits like mine have a rotten time at Christmas, you must agree that they are saved a lot of worry when the New Year comes."

English as she is wrote.

"The sort of Champagne one's guests, on tasting the first glass, turn to their host with an unspoken look of admiration."—*Advt.*
Can it be that "return" is meant, the admiration being for his pluck?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 31, 1913.



THE THIRD STAGE.

NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

Mr. Punch is glad to note that the sensible custom is spreading of choosing gifts that will be of practical use to their recipients during the New Year. He is pleased to give publicity to a few of the novelties displayed:—

Messrs. Armstrong-Bilberry have devised the "CIVILWAR SURTOUT," a smart slip-on garment that should be very popular during the social inelencencies of 1914. This sound and protective storm-coat is woven throughout of the finest Harveyised steel, and reinforced over the heart by three-inch plating. Loopholes for revolver fire in street fighting are cleverly masked by the large black-and-white cheek pattern which is painted on this really natty overcoat of the man about town. They also ensure the ventilation so essential in all heavy garb.

The "Civilwar" has already caught on. Orders have been received from Mr. JOHN REDMOND, Lord LONDON-DERRY, Sir EDWARD CARSON, Mr. JAMES LARKIN and several other leaders who favour a stout equipment against the disturbances of what promises to be an exceptionally stormy year. Travellers contemplating the crossing of the Irish Sea cannot be given a more useful present than the "Civilwar Surtout."

The increasing number of golfers who naturally resent the interruption by business of the real game of life will welcome the sporting little "PUTTUMBRELLA" sold by Messrs. Hopage and Co. The removable knob of this umbrella is a veritable "gutter," disguised by Japanese carvings that give an excellently true run. The ribs and silk cover are instantly detachable, leaving a perfectly balanced putter. The familiar disc on to which the frame of an ordinary umbrella fastens is of convex aluminium, and makes an ever-ready "hole." The "Puttumbrella" is undetectable by partners, employers, head-clerks, supervisors and all other pests, and it can be re-fixed (according to tests that Messrs. Hopage have made in their own offices) between the time a tread is heard on the stairs and the opening of the door.

A really timely novelty has been invented by Madame Clarkson Pomeroyd, the famous beauty specialist. The "'GIOCONDA' TOILET CASKET" is sure to find a place on the dressing-table of every butterfly of fashion. We cannot divulge the secret of this charming preparation. Let it suffice to remark that its basic ingredient consists of a priceless and ancient Florentine cosmetic which has the miraculous



THE TAPESTRY MODE.

The Millionaire (declining to purchase post-impressionist creation). "NOTH'S' DOIN'S! WHY, MY MAIDEN A'NT CUD DARRN A BETTER PICTURE 'N THAT."

power of giving to the lips of the fair user the subtle and enigmatical smile which will be the society rage of the coming year.

No better advertisement of this new face cream could be devised than the letter of the Bishop of Dalston to the Press:—"The 'Gioconda' Toilet Casket is the most actively evil emollient of our decadent age."

The custom of all classes is sought by our great modern emporiums. With this in view Messrs. Whiterods are advertising "THE SYMPHETICON," an ideal gift for any ardent trade unionist. This little invention is something more

than a mere scientific toy. It is like a watch in appearance and can be worn in the pocket or fastened to a belt. It is fitted inside with a delicate mechanism of wireless telegraphy. If an employer of any sort discharges a British workman for any cause whatever, an alarm rings in the nickel case and continues until the owner has declared a sympathetic strike. Messrs. Whiterods anticipate a sale of millions of these faithful little friends of the organisation of Labour. They can accordingly offer them at the trivial price of one shilling each—or, with extended affiliation to the Continent, at sixpence extra.

WINTER SPORTS.

HOW TO CHOOSE A SWISS HOTEL.

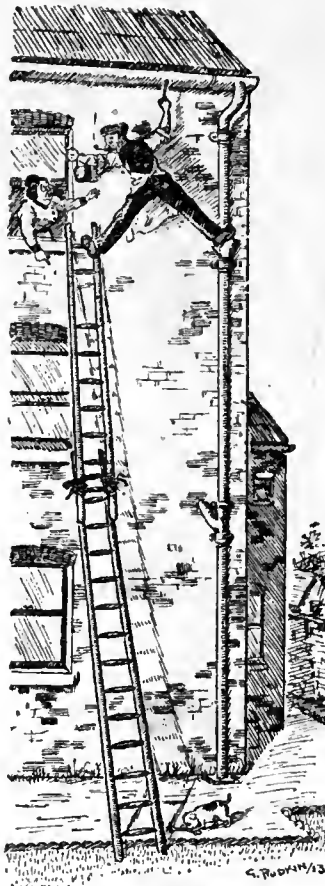
"In order to estimate the style of a hotel count the bathrooms and private sitting-rooms and roughly measure the size of the reception rooms. The ratio of these to the size of the hotel will be in inverse ratio of life in the hotel to the simple life." That is the advice given in *The Public Schools' Alpine Sports Club Year Book*, by a Director of Alpine Sports, Ltd., and no doubt he ought to know; but, although it is a good idea in its way, it does not really take us very far. The thing is getting more difficult every year. It is not, I would have you understand, that there is any lack of data on which to form an opinion. Quite the reverse. You cannot in this matter begin to make the faintest, most timid and tentative enquiry without being instantly overwhelmed, glutted, smothered in information. If the people who run these things would be content to send you particulars of only two hotels—one obviously good and the other clearly rotten—you might, without any surrender of your right of unfettered choice, know what to do; but as it is I have an economical friend in the North who no longer finds it necessary to take in a daily newspaper in winter as there is always a supply of material for lighting fires since the day, two years ago, when he sent an enquiring post-card about Swiss hotels.

There are some who choose by the picture at the top. That is a mistake. You will be disappointed. The three small spruce trees covered with snow which stand in a row on the extreme left will not be there when you arrive. The flag will not be flying like that, or if it is it means that there is an abominable wind which makes the place quite unfit to live in. The skating rink will not be covered with all those graceful people doing those beautiful figures. There will merely be a few ordinary people, like yourself, scratching round in the usual way. And the old gentleman on a toboggan, who is uproariously flying down the slope in front of the hotel at such a breakneck speed, with his comforter trailing behind him, will probably—when you arrive—be painfully prodding himself along with a stick in either hand. No, it is a mistake to choose by the picture.

Some choose by the altitude, but there is apt to be a touch of snobbery about that. Some choose by the name of the proprietor. I admit that I like one with a hyphen myself, such as Baumgrab-Egger or Rikli-Metzenheim. But this is a chancy method at best.

I really think it is simplest after all,

although at first sight it seems a desperate course, to choose by the plan of the rooms. Get some pins and spread the sheet out on the table. First mark down the lift. If there is no lift, do not accept a photographic dark-room as a substitute, but give it up and try another hotel. Then hunt out the dining-room and observe if it happens to have any windows that open upon the outer air. If it is buried in the heart of the building, with winter-gardens on three sides of it, give it up



Lady (anxiously, to reckless painter). "DO BE CAREFUL, MY GOOD MAN; MY LITTLE PONGIE'S JUST UNDER YOUR LADDER!"

and start again. You will now mark down the reception-rooms, count the bathrooms and carefully estimate the number of squaremetres in the passages. (People always put their empty luggage in the passages, and you want to know, of course, if you are likely to fall over it in the dark.) Roughly calculate the number of balconies, then turn back to the picture and count the chimneys.

Now we may make a few helpful calculations. The balconies multiplied by the bathrooms, with the chimneys added, will give us a useful index number as to the standard of luxury

maintained. This may be divided into the bedrooms, plus the length of the ballroom in metres. Now throw in the lift, and the result will be in inverse ratio to the probabilities of Tango Teas. If you want to know whether you may look for finger-bowls, discover first of all if any charge is made for the band. If not, it is an excellent sign. It may mean that you are to get your music for nothing, and that is good. It may mean that there is no band, and that is magnificent. The price of the band, if there is one, in francs, multiplied by the radiators in the ballroom and taken in the strictest proportion with the size of the winter-garden, will give you a sound working idea concerning the prospects of fancy-dress balls.

To get at the quality of the food it is not a bad plan to estimate and consider the number of miles to the coast (fish); to Paris (eggs—so they say); to Berne (salads and fresh vegetables); and to Ceylon or China (tea). But the question of the tea is not so simple as it seems. Afternoon tea is not inclusive, you must understand, but in order to cheekmate the exodus to the cafés it is charged at a fixed rate of so much a week, so you may as well drink it, anyhow.

We hope that these few hints may be of service to those who like to go into a matter of this sort and make themselves masters of it. For our own part, when the time comes to make up our mind, we generally blindfold ourselves and pick our hotel from the waste-paper basket.

Another Impending Apology.

"Although he was detained in St. George's Hospital, it is not expected that his recovery will take many days."—*Daily Telegraph*.

More Street Noises.

"As a result of the development of Barking, it was agreed to write to the Postmaster-General, asking that Barking should be included in the London district postal service."—*The Standard*.

A Callous Comment.

"FOOTBALL.
LONDON'S LEAGUE CLUBS DO WELL.
TWO PLAYERS' LEGS BROKEN."
—*Daily Mail*.

"The old bride at Berwick-on-Tweed connecting England and Scotland by the Great North-road is becoming dangerous owing to motor traffic."—*Daily News*.

It sounds like a relie of Gretna Green.

"In the current number of a golfing weekly J. H. Taylor gives a description of the early days at Westward Ho! Golf was played then in a state of nature."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

No doubt it encouraged a free swing, but didn't the Bishop of KENSINGTON object?



Christmas Holiday Sportsman (whose dilapidated hireling has got his foot over a rein). "WHAT'S TO BE DONE?"

Runner. "WELL, WIF A HORNERY 'OSS YOU COULD LIFT 'IS LEG, BUT WIF THIS 'ERE 'OSS, IF YOU LIFTS 'IS LEG, I BELIEVE 'E 'LL FALL ON 'IS 'EAD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

THE mainspring of one of the current *révues* is an adorable lady who sings sprightly syncopated songs from time to time and, in between, smiles expansively and chatters volubly at the audience, leaving the stoniest critic with not a word to say against her, except, possibly that, if anybody else did what she did, it would be thoroughly bad art. It has now been my luck to meet in a novel this same intimate cheeriness, which assumes or creates a corresponding vivacity in the person addressed, and is, as far as I can see, a gift peculiar to the American artiste. In *Van Cleve* (MACMILLAN) Mrs. MARY S. WATTS operates on material of a different and, happily, very much better class than the plot of a music-hall production; she tells the tale of a young man's life in the States, who encounters every kind of domestic, military and commercial complications and is involved in love affairs of all sorts. There appear in the tale also a boastful major who has never seen action in his life, a weak-kneed youth addicted to strong drink but otherwise excellent company, a *semi-demi-mondaine* with an eye to the main chance, and a bevy of the most unreasonable and amusing female relatives I have ever met. The sinking of the *Maine* looms large and real, and about the whole situation, at home and abroad, Mrs. WATTS rattles on with a lively exuberance of phrase and a breadth of mind that are rarely found together. With the manner of spelling in which she, with the cussedness of her race, persists, I shall always quarrel; but with her humour I am content. If it is typically American in form, it is essentially English in spirit.

If, before reading Mr. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON's *Wild Animals at Home* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I had been compelled to face that fearsome inquisition, a General Knowledge Paper, and had been asked to write chattily about the chipmunk, the coyote, and the sneak-cat, I should have sat inactive in the seat of the scornful. Now, however, I am not only prepared to tell you a great deal about these animals, but also to encourage you to believe that it would be my fault if you were bored in the telling. Without being in the least didactic Mr. SETON is teaching all the time, and I never put down a book of his without realising his marvellous store of knowledge and his admirable manner of imparting it. Occasionally he is more than a little startling, and I was afraid that he was meaning to be humorous when I read, "I have a profound admiration for the skunk. Indeed, I once maintained that this animal was the proper emblem of America." But before I had finished the chapter I was equipped to defend the skunk against all comers. Respectfully I raise my hat to this brilliant *advocatus diaboli*. The sketches and photographs with which the book is illustrated cannot be beaten in quality, but they are apt, by force of numbers, to interfere with a pure enjoyment of the text. For Mr. SETON's pen is even mightier than his camera.

When you secure your copy of Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM's collection of sketches of Irish life, entitled *Irishmen All* (FOULIS), please do not begin reading at page 1, for the opening sketch may lead you to suppose that Mr. BIRMINGHAM is in a less rollicking mood than is customary with him. Go to page 137 and start on "The Publican."

It is quite the funniest thing its author has ever written. I can imagine Mr. W. W. JACOBS reading it and wishing that he had thought of the idea for one of his *Bob Pretty* stories. But then the atmosphere is so peculiarly Irish that it may be that only Mr. BIRMINGHAM could have handled it satisfactorily. I have met people who do not enjoy this author's humour, but I think that even they would be thawed by this story of *Mr. Peter Fogarty*, the inn-keeper, and his manœuvres to counteract the baleful influence of the temperance reformers in his village. But of all the sketches in the book perhaps the one calculated to give the greatest pleasure to the Saxon reader is "The Exile from Erin," as satisfying a satire on a particularly irritating pose as I have ever read. *Desmond O'Donoghue* and his Chelsea circle are a delight—from the two earnest young men, both atheists, who learned to dance Irish jigs because, being possessed by the idea that Irish priests were opposed to dancing, they "hoped to do something towards breaking the power of the Church by becoming expert jig-dancers," to the young lady who danced jigs, "hoping in that way to get in touch with the fairies." As for *Mr. O'Donoghue* himself, "there is," says the author, "so far as I can find out, only one thing which he will not do for Ireland; and that is, live there. But we must not blame him for that. Unlimited patriotism is too much to expect from any man."

I hesitate to recall how long it is since first Mrs. HONGSON BURNETT enlisted my sympathies; but here she is doing it again as freshly and skilfully as ever in her latest story, to which she has given the perplexing title of *T. Tembarom* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Perhaps, indeed, I should be justified in calling this the latest version of a before-told story, as you will understand when I explain that *T. Tembarom* is the nickname given to an American youth of obscure and apparently humble birth, who from the position of ill-paid reporter on a New York paper is suddenly translated to be the owner of Temple Barholm in Lancashire and seventy thousand a year. But if *T. Tembarom* is somewhat obviously a relation of the famous *Fauntleroy* he is certainly none the worse for that. Better indeed, for what Mrs. HONGSON BURNETT does not know about the picturesque details of coming into unexpected affluence isn't worth knowing. There are scenes in *Tembarom's* initiation worthy to rank with that immortal moment (how beloved of my youth!) when his little velvet-suited lordship is shown the room full of toys. There is also much else that makes for a pleasant entertainment: a mystery, some slight roguery, and at least one character, the *Duke of Stone*, quite excellently portrayed. The mystery, perhaps, is no great matter; just transparent enough to keep us mildly impatient for its revelation, and in a state of flattered superiority to the characters in the tale, who could not perceive that *Strangeways*, the man without memory whom *Tembarom* had picked up in the streets, was really the missing—well, you know. A happy and picturesque novel, untroubled by realism, that I have much enjoyed, both for its own sake and for what it pleasantly recalls.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN makes a charming little chronicle of simple loves and joys and sorrows out of *The Story of Waitstill Barter* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) and her half-sister, *Patience*, in their obscure New Hampshire village. For the sake of her little sister, *Waitstill* puts off her devoted lover, *Ivory Boynton*, until *Patience* makes her own secret, happy, romantic match, and then, in defence of her, explains to her father, *Deacon Barter*, a miracle of sordid meanness and petty tyranny, her long withheld opinion of him, with a candour which even so good a girl must have found extraordinarily pleasant when once she got going. I wonder if I am right in detecting some carelessness in Mrs. WIGGIN's later methods. Does she not tend just to deal out the sections of her story to her characters and make them pass them on to the reader without troubling about subtleties of characterisation? Of course this does not apply to her grotesques—she draws her curmudgeon of a deacon with gusto; but doesn't she give her nice ordinary people rather long and unlikely narrative speeches? I know it is a jolly simple method which I should undoubtedly adopt myself, but that would be for lack of the skill and experience of

the author of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. However, here is a pretty story, prettily told, and it has the rare and surely not always unwelcome quality of rather accepting and making the best of a traditional morality than of attempting a brand-new one trimmed to the very, very latest requirements.



Old Lady. "P'RAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND JUST NUDGIN' ME WHEN WE GETS TO THE NEXT STATION—I'M A-GOIN' TO 'AVE A WINK O' SLEEP."

On the crushed strawberypaper-wrapper round the cover of *One of the Crowd* MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL assert that the pages of MME. ALBANESI's new novel "scintillate with the glitter of the footlights, which do not, however, outshine the deeper flame of love." On the fly-leaf MME. ALBANESI herself has written, "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us; " but it is only fair to add that she acknowledges the sentiment to be a citation from *Ecclesiastes* i. 10. Personally, if I may be allowed to get in a word edgewise, I found that where the authoress was dealing with the life of mean lodging-houses and the language and behaviour of musical-comedy favourites, both "on" and "off," her book was exceedingly bright and entertaining; but when she strayed outside this field to thrill us with genuine romance the construction of her story and its characters were of a very commonplace and conventional kind. *Sophie Beamish*, the derelict daughter of a great actor, being forced to adopt "the" profession in order to earn money, became the friend of *Miss Boodie Gaye*, a transatlantic star whose orbit was apparently at the eastern end of the Strand; and for *Miss Boodie Gaye* I have nothing but the sincerest admiration. Not since "The Chorus Lady" left London have I heard such a fine flow of American theatrical back-talk as gushed from this siren's lips, and I guess that *Sir Robert Devrington*, the "mother's joy-boy" who for so long "did the dog Tray act" after her, but eventually married *Sophie*, will sometimes weary for his old flame. Further, I am practically certain that the author of *Ecclesiastes* would have been startled some if he had been introduced to *Miss Boodie Gaye*.



MUNITIONS OF PEACE.

An Episode at the Belfast Customs.

Now it began to be recognised that there was a general prejudice in the country against Civil War. It is true that nobody—not even the Earl of HALSBURY—could remember from experience what even a sort of Civil War at home was like; but history showed that fratricidal strife had never suited the national genius or been really popular in these islands. Consequently the practice had fallen into desuetude during the last few centuries.

There were reasons, too, why a Civil War would be peculiarly inconvenient in the conditions of the time. Although Sir EDWARD CARSON had been at pains to say that the Army was bound, by all the laws of loyalty, to shoot at him if it was told to, it was felt that the spectacle of British troops fighting under Mr. REDMOND'S two flags—the Irish and the American—against the bearers of the Union Jack, would have in it the essential elements of a Music-Hall *Révue*, which is to say that, while those who took part in it might find it humorous, it would greatly shock the intelligence of the spectator.

Then, again, a Civil War would be a bad example to Mexico; and, once more, at a moment when our Military Forces were a bit below themselves in point of numbers, it was not fair to Germany to throw fresh temptation in her way.

Finally, a Civil War would distract people's attention from the prior claims of the Land Campaign.

Under these circumstances there was a feeling that the leaders on both sides ought to meet and talk things over together. And, indeed, they even went so far as to talk separately about talking things over together. And this they did on party platforms, where the other side is never present. And each side protested that all this shouting at one another on party platforms was rotten, and kept on doing it.

And, as a basis for conversations (in case they ever took place), the one side said that, if they could only have their own way about all points that really counted, they were fully prepared to make concessions about anything that didn't matter at all. And the other side said just the same.

And the trouble was that the one side, having committed themselves very deeply, wanted to save their faces; and that the other side, not having any faces to save, wanted the People to be consulted. "For," said they, "if the People are against this great wrong being done to Ulster, they will put us into power and the great wrong won't be done; but, if they are in favour of it, then we wash our hands of the Civil War."

But it was never made quite clear why Ulster should be any better pleased at having this great wrong done just because the People thought it would be good for her.

Meanwhile, since it seemed probable that, unless somebody began to do something, Civil War would be well advanced before the conversations had started, it was thought that, if we were to have fighting at all, it would be best for only one side to be armed. So a Proclamation was issued in the KING'S name that no unofficial weapons or other deadly wherewithals should be admitted into Ireland.

Now the Customs House Officers, fearful of imposition, were instant to investigate all baggage, whatever profession was made as to its contents. And in this way a great amount of material designed for the destruction of snipe and woodcock was detained under suspicion. But also much clever work was done, and many disguises penetrated. Thus, a gun-case labelled "Monna Lisa" was not allowed to enter the country. And a very large trunk, though it bore the deceptive superscription, "Canary Seed," was also debarred from admission, on the ground that a bayonet was observed to be protruding through a fissure in its side.

Now the Right Honourable AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, being the Chief Secretary for Ireland and therefore responsible for its integrity, presided over these detective operations. And in the execution of his duty he came upon a box that bore a strong similitude to a cartridge-magazine. And, giving it an authoritative tap, he said to the owner, who had the air of an inveterate sportsman, "Have you anything to declare? Ammunition, guns, rifles, pom-poms, maxims, howitzers, submarines, mines or pea-shooters?"

"I have nothing to declare," replied the proprietor of the box, "except that I am a Sage. Sages should be exempt from suspicion."

"I am a bit of a Sage myself," replied Mr. BIRRELL, "yet I am not exempt from public suspicion. And, though Philosophers profess to ignore externals, they are quick to suspect a brother Philosopher when appearances are against him. Hence I ask, How comes it that, if its contents are not lethal, your box should so closely resemble what I am told is known as a cartridge-magazine?"

"That is only my humour," explained the Sage.

"I am a bit of a humourist myself," replied Mr. BIRRELL; "yet I am constantly reminded that there are certain affairs of which a light treatment is not permissible. Only the other day I read a leaderette in *The Globe* headed 'Dangerous Humour,' in which that guardian of the public weal attacked *Mr. Punch* for publishing a gay article entitled 'A Vision of Ireland's Armageddon.'"

"It baffles my poor comprehension," replied the Sage, "that a journal which in all heavy seriousness has done its best to encourage Ulster to prepare for Civil War should object to an article which, if it were likely to produce the effect predicted of it, would only be assisting towards the same result. But as a matter of fact, as you well know, Sir, there is no better solvent of a strained situation than clean and impartial ridicule. I take no shame that the article in question should have appeared in one of my own pages."

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Mr. BIRRELL. "Your hump had escaped me, for my attention was confined to your front view. But I ought to have recognised you by your genial countenance. Permit me to pass your baggage unopened."

"On the contrary," replied *Mr. Punch*, "I insist on revealing the matter within; for in my humble and unbiassed opinion it constitutes the most desirable of imports. Its nature, I admit, is explosive, but it only operates when brought into contact with kindred natures made for mirth. Without its presence in the home, no form of Home Rule, even by consent, is conceivable; on the other hand, Ulster will adore it, and Ulster will be right."

And on this note of optimism *Mr. Punch* unlocked his magazine and exposed to view his

One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Volume.





Cartoons.

| | | | |
|---|--|---|---------------------------------|
| PARTRIDGE, BERNARD. | PARTRIDGE, BERNARD. | RAVEN-HILL, L. | RAVEN-HILL, L. |
| Æsculapian in London | Postal Disorder (A) | Dangerous Game (A) | New Ulysses (The) |
| "As Man to Man" | Question of Detail (A) | Dawn of Harmony (The) | One of the Knuts |
| As They Take It | Rioher's Ideal (The) | "Entente Tube" (The) | Pleasure Deferred (A) |
| Collector (The) | Second Thoughts | Golden Silence (The) | Sold Out |
| Ever-open Door (The) | Sorrow of Huerta (The) | Home Rule Maze (The) | "S.O.S." |
| Fore-armed | Third Stage (The) | Ideal Home (Rule) Exhibition (The) | Their Annual Treat |
| "Il Giocando" | Union of Hearts (A) | "In the Multitude of Counsellors" | "When!" |
| Irrepressible (The) | Way They Have in the Balkans (A) | Kleptomaniac | |
| Kismet | Woodrow on Toast | Land Campaigner (The) | |
| Looker-on (The) | Yorkshire Relish | Landlord's Nemesis (The) | |
| Man of the Moment (The) | | Landowne enters the Lists | |
| Nation of Fire-eaters (A) | | Liberal Pleasure-Party at Sea (The) | |
| "National Disaster" of 1912 (The) | | Ministry of Sport (A) | |
| Painting the Lily | | New Brunswick (The) | |
| | RAVEN-HILL, L. | | TOWNSEND, F. H. |
| | Another Peace Conference | | "Deutschland Ueber Alles" |
| | Balked! | | "Land Campaign" (The) |
| | Broncho-buster (The) | | Out of Commission |
| | | | Saving Her Face |
| | | | Tribute of Envy (The) |
| | | | Wanderkind (The) |

Articles.

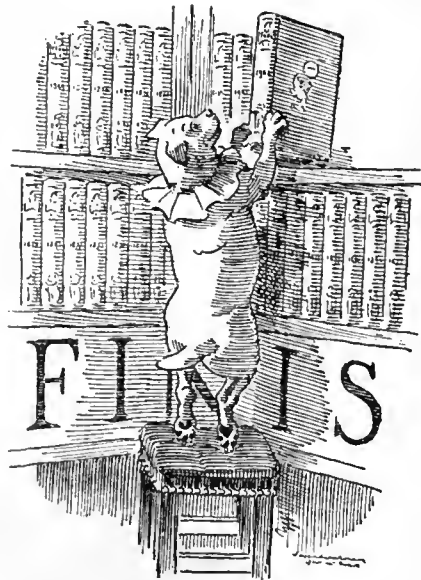
| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| AGNEW, GEORGETTE | ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR | GRAVES, C. L. | GUTHRIE, F. ANSTAY |
| Season (The) | New Way of Advertising Plays | Garkin and Latvin | Eclectic Fun |
| ALLEN, F. L. | Purple Dragon (The) | Plaint of Percy Hingworth, Esq., M.P. (The) | Modernised "Punch and Judy" (A) |
| Creative Gift (The) | Sparing our Feelings | Re-sessional | HASTINGS, B. MACDONALD |
| ANNESLEY, FRANCIS | ELIAS, FRANK | Rhyme of the Evasive Reviewer | Autobiography of John Uppjohn |
| Miscarrange of Humour (A) | Holes and "Beastly Holes" | To Engelbert Humperdinck | Clément Clingenpeel |
| ATKEY, BERTRAM | Wanted, Interest, not Capital | GRAVES, C. L., and LUCAS, E. V. | HODGKINSON, T. |
| Golf for Heroes | Water-baby (The) | Another Injustice | Biting Critic (The) |
| Man without Ideas (A) | EMANUEL, WALTER | Authors discuss China | Chamber Music |
| BIRD, A. W. | Charivari | Censorial Symposium (A) | Little Revenge (The) |
| Peace | Pages from the Diary of a Fly 156, 164, 188 | Chance, the Friend | Modern Fairies |
| "Strong, Silent Man" (The) | FAY, STANLEY J. | Creed of Success (The) | Nasty Jar (A) |
| BREX, J. TWELLS | David-and-Jonathan Brigade (The) | Cure (The) | Second Thoughts |
| New Year Nostalgia | From a Railway Carriage Window | Fallen Star (A) | Time-honoured Tyrant (A) |
| BROWN, C. HILTON | Glad Good-bye (The) | Forecast of the British Ass. (A) | To a Food Reformer |
| On a Small Nut | Great Reformer (A) | Gentleman of the House-top (A) | To Mr. Sikes |
| Speyside | Items from Everywhere | "Gentlemen, the Drama!" | What's in a Name? |
| BURNET W. HODGSON | New Interviewing (The) | Gozley & Co.'s New Songs | HOPKINS, E. T. |
| Cabinet Golf | Pre-natal Influence | Great Literary Sensation | Free Exchange of View (A) |
| M.P.'s Garden of Verses (The) | School for sucklings (The) | Holiday Hints | HORTON, HAROLD |
| CHALMERS, P. R. | Slugging it about | How Genius Works | Yellow Gnome (The) |
| Badger (The) | Vile Corpus (The) | Infinite of Commonplace (The) | HOSKEN, J. F. |
| Brandy | AGNE, W. W. BLAIR | In Self-defence | Academic Discussion (An) |
| Cubs | Age-nt Triumphunt | King with a Sense of Humour (The) | Traffic Problem (The) |
| Dream Dinner (A) | Night and Morning Thoughts | Literary Gossip | Un "Médicin Malgré Lui" |
| In October | Orle on a Week-end Cottage | "Love Letters of a Duchess" (The) | HOWE, P. P. |
| Mammals | "Rogue in Gaiin" (A) | Lyra Hypochondriaca | Difficulties of being a Mother (The) |
| On Simon's Slack | FRENCH, C. O. | Ministerial Misfits | Keeping the Theatres Open |
| Ship's Kitten (The) | Try our Mixture | Mr. C rrrrthers | Are Golfers Snobbish? |
| Swallows | FRY, C. H. | Musical Notes | Avenger of our Boarder (An) |
| Village Poet (A) | Trumpet (The): A Cure for Cores | Musical-Olympic Appeal (A) | Editorial Advertisement Scandal (The) |
| COCCHRANE, ALFRED | GALVEY, INA | Musical Omens | Imperial Lyons (The) |
| Deserter (The) | Blanche's Letters | Organised Hospitality | Medical Congress Notes |
| COLLINS, G. H. | Endie and the Lavender Man | Our Review of Reviews | New City (The) |
| "And then there was None" | GITTINGS, H. N. | Outburst (An) | Our Talented Education |
| Cosmetics: A Question of Taste | Brilliant Phantasy (A) | Patriarchal Drama (The) | Should Rival Politicians Dine Together? |
| Thoughts on a Glistening Bauble | By the Left | Pepper Pots (The) | Spasm of Gratitude (A) |
| CRISWELL, HULKBLEY | Lucky Escape (A) | Perfect Cricketer (The) | Super-agitant (The) |
| Pseudo-neo-Gree | GRAHAM, Captain HARRY | Poets at Bay | V-riety Artist (A) |
| Soda-water Siphon (The) | Bullarium (The) | Proper Pride | JOHNSTON, ALEO |
| DARK, RICHARD | "S.P.H.G." (The) | Prude's Progress (The) | "Monna Lisa" and the Man who Knew |
| Critic in the Cradle (The) | Sportsman (The) | Rural Revelry | Penoy Wise |
| ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR | GRAVES, O. L. | Studies of Reviewers 453, 475, 492, 513 | |
| Christmas Superstitions | Dongo (The) | Treasure Seekers (The) | |
| Higher Training for Business | | Trial of Greatness (The) | |
| | | Well Done! | |
| | | Winged Victory (The) | |

Articles—continued.

| | | | |
|--|---|--|--|
| KENDALL, Captain Fame of Charlotte (The) 386 Fatal Flaw (A) 147 Fanvette 58 Lament for the Butler 335 Lapse in Art (A) 445 Lines to a Porpoise 130 Luck 496 To a Centenarian Cockatoo 533 | LEHMANN, R. C. Friendly Waitress (The) 176 Garden Party (The) 118 Glacier (The) 196 Hiccups (The) 58 Holiday Plans 138 How to appease Ulster 344 How we Lost a Little Dog 158 Lake (The) 414 Last Smoke (The) 494 Mr. Punch's Own Indian Poet 320 Mrs. Baxter 220 Olympic Catechism (An) 275 Pansies (The) 374 Patient (The) 469 Paved Court (The) 390 To an Old Friend 305 Two Poets 542 | MILNE, A. A. Lords Temporal 8 Lot 176 48 Missing Card (The) 148 Mr. Wu 404 Mr. Punch's Seaside Novlette 28 Mr. Punch's Seaside Page 108 Order of the Bath (The) 260 Point of View (The) 88 Raleigh Touch (The) 246 Spreading Walnut Tree (The) 182 Stumbling Block (The) 286 Tragedy of the Sea (A) 167 Trunk Call (A) 306 Uncle Edward 396 Under Entirely New Management 346 "Witch" (The) 394 | SEAMAN, OWEN Shocking Examples 380 Sporting Spirit (The) 280 Thoughts on the Near Future 420 To the Curse of My Country 340 United Family (A) 400 Woman Turns (The) 400 |
| KNOX, E. G. V. Bird, the Bough and the Bard (The) 525 Breaking of Henry Bond (The) 75 Doomsday 408 Fiction on the Film 315 Good News for Rupert 446 Good Weeds for Him 501 Ideal Home (The) 363 Jeux d'Esprit at Drury Lane 70 L'Allegro in 1913 405 Manad (The) 110 Marvel of It (The) 7 Nightmares of the Underground (A) 423 Pusher (The) 54 Round-Shot of England (The) 488 Salve Atque Vale 385 Why you Yell 328 | LUCAS, E. V. Once upon a Time 8, 42, 115, 165, 212, 255, 271, 527 Rhyming Slang 444 | MOORE, CLIFTON My Day's Pleasure 283 | SMITH, BERTRAM Camper's Luck 58 Elucidation (The) 396 Freedom of the Press 428 Highland Solitude (A) 49 Insurance in the Lower School 176 Our Country Diary 375 Our Daily Political Fare 536 Scotland's New Sport 114 Sympathetic Strike (A) 585 Tribulations of a Third-rate Shot 507 Winter Sports 552 Word Pictures 89 |
| LANGLEY, F. O. Antique (The) 514 Big Day (The) 472 Bugbear (The) 90 Common Round (The) 314 Dedgerate (The) 248 Division (The) 244 Drudge (The) 491 Hat-hunter (The) 432 Historic (The) 313 Lapses of Time 287 Last Lay (The) 193 Menu (The) 65 Noblesse Oblige 129 One Touch of Nature 354 Personality (A) 234 | LUCY, SIR HENRY Essence of Parliament 33, 33, 73, 93, 113, 133, 153, 173 "Lobby" 351 | MULGREW, FRANK Photography that Tells (The) 213 | SPERO, LEOPOLD Samuel the Supercilious 411 |
| LAWSON, A. GORDON Finest City (The) 292 Gun-running 6 How can they at the Price? 340 Should an Author Tell? 480 | LULHAM, HABBERTON Appreciation (An) 273 Put to the Proof 50 | MURRAY, FITZROY Apathy of England (The) 515 | SYMNS, J. M. Brown Babies 238 Gurrumpore Links (The) 133 Rosery (The) 76 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Authors' Strike (The) 266 Bath (The) 87 Boxiad (The) 511 Button-hook (The) 452 Charivaria 228 Children's Gymkhana (A) 254 Concerning Pheasants 434 Dickens 36 Dog's Welcome (The) 215 | MACKELLAR, Miss Bazar 95 | PHILLIPS, C. K. Debt of Honour (A) 178 | SYKES, A. A. Chameleon Heens 98 School for Fathers (A) 407 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Among the Animals 123 Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | MARTIN, N. R. Another Land Grievance 412 Concerning William Smith 252 Debate on Sports' Office Vote 185 Further Dealings of Mr. Mallaby-Deeley 542 Imaginary Conversations 443 My Beauty Spot 137 New Militancy (The) 98 Rustic Banquet (The) 200 Vision of Ireland's Armageddon (A) 500 | POPE, JESSIE Household Boon (A) 510 Maidmaid's Toilet (The) 170 Pick of the Litter 280 Trier (A) 416 | THOMSON, W. H. Dedgy Virtue (The) 38 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | MILLAR, H. R. Light Offence (A) 133 | RISK, R. K. Compromise Fine (The) 2 Test Case (A) 271 | TILDESLEY, CECIL Practical Hints on Golf 314 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | MILNE, A. A. Among the Animals 123 Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | RITENBERG, MAX Life History of a Nobody (The) 236 | TOMBS, J. S. M. Greater Magic (The) 224 Last Words on the Clothing Controversy 314 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | MILLAR, H. R. Light Offence (A) 133 | SEAMAN, OWEN. At the Play 38, 116, 194, 276, 296, 336, 356, 376, 436, 456, 516, 534 Better than a Play 422 Editor to his Locum (An) 210 "Full-steam" Opt mist (The) 448 Game and Golf 360 Heirs of Hellas (The) 142 Homburg Cure (The) 122 Home Defence 102 How the Liberals got there 320 Kaiser Wilhelm to King Carol 162 Leaves from the Beerbohm Tree of Knowledge 62, 82 Liberal Club Next Door (The) 2 Munitions of Peace 555 New Lord of Covent Garden (The) 520 Peace Week 200 | TORIN, Mrs. Extracts from the Journal of an Ostrich 291 Perils of the Deep 122 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | MILNE, A. A. Among the Animals 123 Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | SEAMAN, OWEN. At the Play 38, 116, 194, 276, 296, 336, 356, 376, 436, 456, 516, 534 Better than a Play 422 Editor to his Locum (An) 210 "Full-steam" Opt mist (The) 448 Game and Golf 360 Heirs of Hellas (The) 142 Homburg Cure (The) 122 Home Defence 102 How the Liberals got there 320 Kaiser Wilhelm to King Carol 162 Leaves from the Beerbohm Tree of Knowledge 62, 82 Liberal Club Next Door (The) 2 Munitions of Peace 555 New Lord of Covent Garden (The) 520 Peace Week 200 | WATT, BASIL H. Mare's Nest Egg (A) 216 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | MILNE, A. A. Among the Animals 123 Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | SEAMAN, OWEN. At the Play 38, 116, 194, 276, 296, 336, 356, 376, 436, 456, 516, 534 Better than a Play 422 Editor to his Locum (An) 210 "Full-steam" Opt mist (The) 448 Game and Golf 360 Heirs of Hellas (The) 142 Homburg Cure (The) 122 Home Defence 102 How the Liberals got there 320 Kaiser Wilhelm to King Carol 162 Leaves from the Beerbohm Tree of Knowledge 62, 82 Liberal Club Next Door (The) 2 Munitions of Peace 555 New Lord of Covent Garden (The) 520 Peace Week 200 | WHITE, R. F. Age of Enterprise (The) 96 Bill-ball 474 Out of Season 360 Rout of the Theorist (The) 454 Traveller's Tale (A) 504 Wasted Talent 312 Worst Policy (The) 69 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | MILNE, A. A. Among the Animals 123 Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | SEAMAN, OWEN. At the Play 38, 116, 194, 276, 296, 336, 356, 376, 436, 456, 516, 534 Better than a Play 422 Editor to his Locum (An) 210 "Full-steam" Opt mist (The) 448 Game and Golf 360 Heirs of Hellas (The) 142 Homburg Cure (The) 122 Home Defence 102 How the Liberals got there 320 Kaiser Wilhelm to King Carol 162 Leaves from the Beerbohm Tree of Knowledge 62, 82 Liberal Club Next Door (The) 2 Munitions of Peace 555 New Lord of Covent Garden (The) 520 Peace Week 200 | WHITNALL, S. E. Our Annual Massacre 440 |
| LEHMANN, R. C. Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | MILNE, A. A. Among the Animals 123 Assured Revolution 204 At the Play 226, 247, 416, 456 Birthday Present (The) 68 Breath of Life (A) 426 Definitions 225 Disappointment 524 Few Tricks for Christmas (A) 505 Financier (The) 406 In the Swim 486 King's Sons (The) 546 | SEAMAN, OWEN. At the Play 38, 116, 194, 276, 296, 336, 356, 376, 436, 456, 516, 534 Better than a Play 422 Editor to his Locum (An) 210 "Full-steam" Opt mist (The) 448 Game and Golf 360 Heirs of Hellas (The) 142 Homburg Cure (The) 122 Home Defence 102 How the Liberals got there 320 Kaiser Wilhelm to King Carol 162 Leaves from the Beerbohm Tree of Knowledge 62, 82 Liberal Club Next Door (The) 2 Munitions of Peace 555 New Lord of Covent Garden (The) 520 Peace Week 200 | WODEHOUSE, P. G. Mr. Punch's Football Experts 372 |

Pictures and Sketches.

| | | |
|---|---|--|
| ARMOUR, G. D. 55, 79, 95, 117, 137, 159, 179, 195, 215, 255, 293, 337, 357, 377, 391, 415, 437, 451, 477, 497, 517, 531, 553 | MACHESON, D. 27 | MORROW, GEORGE 26, 28, 29, 30, 33, 34, 40, 53, 54, 59, 73, 74, 80, 93, 94, 113, 114, 120, 133, 134, 140, 153, 154, 173, 174, 181, 218, 238, 258, 278, 284, 298, 299, 307, 323, 338, 358, 378, 397, 418, 428, 458, 474, 498, 518, 538, 547 |
| ARTHUR, EDWIN 135 | MILLAR, H. R. 348 | NORRIS, ARTHUR 10, 141, 227, 291, 317, 373, 425, 452, 459, 485, 504, 519, 545 |
| BAUMER, LEWIS . . . 9, 18, 23, 50, 89, 109, 170, 190, 228, 248, 287, 308, 371, 428, 487, 503 | MILLS, A. WALLIS 25, 57, 90, 115, 149, 185, 213, 233, 251, 267, 288, 313, 333, 365, 395, 408, 453, 475, 495, 511, 527, 539 | PARTRIDGE, BERNARD 1 |
| BAYNES, PHILIP . . . 211, 275, 411, 444, 515 | | PEARS, CHARLES 24, 99, 231, 253 |
| BELCHER, GEORGE . . . 13, 46, 77, 190, 355 | | PEDDIE, TOM 155 |
| BIRD, W. . . . 6, 41, 61, 101, 126, 160, 166, 180, 231, 295, 318, 324, 352, 372, 467, 479, 512, 524, 532, 544 | | PEGRAM, FRED 551 |
| BROOK, RICARDO 198, 204, 241, 292, 312, 339, 393, 421 | | PENN, ARTHUR 252 |
| BROWN, GEORGE C. 439, 499 | | RAVEN-HILL, L. . . . 15, 49, 69, 180, 175, 194, 226, 243, 311, 368, 488, 508, 556 |
| BUCHANAN, FRED 100 | | REYNOLDS, FRANK . . . 14, 97, 119, 157, 169, 247, 265, 315 |
| CAVENAGH, WARING 146, 344 | | ROUNTREE, HARRY . . 187, 235, 353, 405, 433 |
| CORBETT, E. F. 492 | | RUDKIN, G. F. 478, 552 |
| DOWD, J. H. 272, 399 | | SHEPARD, E. H. . . . 167, 197, 207, 237, 268, 347, 367, 387, 427, 457, 535 |
| FRASER, P. G. 106, 224, 264, 303, 331, 385, 554 | | SHEPPERSON, C. A. . . . 16, 110, 183, 208, 263, 328, 343, 407, 448, 471 |
| GRAVE, CHARLES . . . 47, 67, 87, 107, 127, 186, 199, 305, 335, 455, 493, 507 | | SIMMONS, GRAHAM 364 |
| HARRISON, CHARLES . . . 35, 505, 533 | | SMITH, A. T. . . . 7, 24, 66, 147, 161, 219, 223, 257, 259, 285, 325, 388, 403, 431, 473, 525 |
| HART, FRANK 483 | | STAMPA, G. L. . . . 12, 37, 70, 86, 139, 177, 205, 245, 277, 327, 345, 363, 379, 393, 413, 431, 465, 548 |
| HASELDEN, W. K. . . . 116, 276, 296, 336, 356, 376, 391, 416, 464 | | THORPE, J. H. 392, 447 |
| HEATHCOTE, C. N. 491 | | TOWNSEND, F. H. . . . 5, 11, 17, 45, 65, 85, 105, 125, 145, 165, 193, 203, 283, 304, 319, 332, 351, 283, 423, 443, 463, 513, 523, 543 |
| HENRY, THOMAS . . . 81, 239, 279, 359, 401, 537 | | WATTS, ARTHUR 384 |
| HORNE, A. E. 27, 39, 225, 273 | | |
| JENNIS, G. C. . . . 129, 212, 271, 375, 445, 528 | | |
| KINO, GUNNING 75, 297 | | |
| LLOYD, A. W. 412, 432, 472, 484, 531 | | |
| LOXOMIRE, GEORGE 419 | | |
| LUST, WILMOT 417, 435, 468 | | |
| MCCORMICK, H. 121 | | |











AP
101
P8
1913

Pu.ch

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

