

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the real truth about Lord HALDANE, which has not yet been stated, is as follows. It is a fact that the KAISER invited him to Berlin to discuss University affairs. His Majesty was anxious to know who was likely to win the Boat Race. The conversation led, not unnaturally, from racing craft to larger vessels, and so it ultimately came about that navies were discussed.

"Her Majesty the Queen," we read, "has been pleased to accept a copy of 'Chinese Porcelain and Hard Stones.'" If Mr. CHURCHILL had persisted in his original plan a somewhat similar presentation was to have been made to him at Belfast.

The rumour that Mr. HAMMERSTEIN is going in purely for Comic Opera has no foundation. It seems to have arisen from the nature of some of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S remarks when appearing on the great impresario's stage.

"MALEDICTIONS ON DOCTORS"

was the title given by a contemporary to its description of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech at the London Opera House. Look out for

FEMALEDICTIONS ON MINISTERS

at the forthcoming suffrage meeting.

The appointment of Mr. E. A. BENDALL to be joint Examiner of Plays with Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD caused no little surprise in the theatrical world, where it was expected that Mr. HAWTREY, who is producing Mr. BROOKFIELD'S *Dear Old Charlie*, would have had the post.

"The freak dinner at a Tottenham Court Road hotel on Saturday night was held by the members of the Studio Club, and not by the Irish Literary Club." This correction, we cannot help thinking, came from the Irish Literary Club and not from the Studio Club.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL states that his decision to remove the telephone factory from Nottingham to Birmingham is irrevocable. He refuses to tie himself up in Notts.

Some idea of how the competition of the monkeys—referred to in this column last week—is making itself felt on the music-hall stage may be obtained from the fact that at the Alhambra a human artiste—one of the Nathal Trio—has found it necessary to disguise himself as a monkey.

We cannot help thinking that some of our contemporaries have been making too much of Lord AMPHILL'S remarks to a German interviewer on the subject of the British Press. It is stupid to make a mountain out of an Amphill.

sweets, and slabs of cake. It was pretty of them to think of their little ones at home.

An Austrian gentleman, *The Express* tells us, has taken out a patent for a discovery whereby new cheese can be given all the qualities which pertain to old cheese. This seems to point to a successful experiment in colonisation.

Theatre managers in Vienna are considering a proposal to bar the matinée hat even in boxes. But if it is brought in a box it can't do much harm.

"How to write for the Papers" is the title of a little volume which we see advertised. Surely there is no better formula than the following:—"DEAR SIR,—Please send me 100 copies of *Punch* each week."

LATER.—The truth about Lord HALDANE is gradually leaking out. Our information is to the effect that, upon reaching this side of the Channel, our War Minister was noticed suddenly to look very thoughtful. "There now!" he murmured, "I knew I had forgotten something. . . That University Commission I went over about."

Scotch Disestablishment.

"Following a free kirk, taken by England's full back, there was an exciting scramble near the Irish posts."—*Evening News*.

"Many old Bedfordians will remember the mother of Mrs. K—, who died in 1883, and was interred in Bedford Cemetery. While a schoolgirl in Paris she had the strange experience of carrying secret despatches, bringing to England the first news of the escape of Napoleon from Melba."

Bedfordshire Standard.

Perhaps he didn't like music.

"By dress I mean the appallingly intricate gallimaufry of luxurious insanities which is necessary to satisfy the morbid craving of the modern slave of fashion."—*London Opinion*.

But, as one can't keep on saying that, one calls it quite simply "dress."

"He was quite sure that Syndicalism was the last word in Socialist lunacy."

Cambridge Magazine.

He is wrong; we can think of another word. Sydniwebbicalism.

Commercial Candour.

"Lawn Sand.—Destroys Weeds or Lawns." Advt. in *"Amateur Gardening."*



CRUEL SPORTS OF THE PAST.
BREAKING THE CAMEL'S BACK.

Twenty men named Solomon were summoned on a jury at Whitechapel County Court the other day. A further coincidence was the fact that—according to our information—they were all of Jewish extraction.

Reading that divers at work at Cowes had found the ram of the cruiser *Hawke*, weighing several tons, a dear old lady remarked that she did not know that ships as well as regiments had pets.

Burglars who broke into a confectioner's shop at Newport, Isle of Wight, last week, carried off not only a number of bottles of whiskey and gin, and the contents of a patent till, but also a quantity of chocolates and other

OF PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS.

UPON the day when Cupid's darts
 Are timed, by old and hallowed custom,
 To perforate the rockiest hearts
 And to his gentler ends adjust 'em ;—
 UPON the day of Valentine's rotation
 They met together and the row began
 For which the various brawlers charge the nation
 £400 per ann.

And now henceforth till crops are ripe
 The Press will give them full recital
 And relegate to smaller type
 Topics that count as far more vital—
 Things that we want to know particularly :
 As, How will Mr. BROOKFIELD cut the knot ?
 Will dear old CHARLIE buck at *Dear Old Charlie*,
 Or find it harmless rot ?

To kindly luck our thanks we owe
 That some events which really matter
 Occurred in time to get their show
 Before the House began to chatter :—
 Thank Heaven ! we 'd heard of DOUGLAS and the ashes ;
 We 'd read the rout of HORDERN's googly lobs ;
 And now no editor's blue pencil-slashes
 Can prune the praise of HOBBS.

But those who deal in Culture's news
 No more are free to go and spill pots
 Of precious ink on authors' views
 Touching the art of EDEN PHILLPOTTS ;
 Even the best Society divorcees
 Must not usurp the acre (such it seems)
 Reserved for what each Parliamentary bore says—
 Reams of it, reams and reams.

What have we done, I wish to ask,
 What sin that calls for castigating,
 That we must read, for daily task,
 These sorry bouts of shrill debating ?
 Not that I do it ; surely no sane creature
 Within that waste of dismal verbiage delves ;
 Those only take it for a newsy feature
 Who spoke the stuff themselves.

I may be wrong ; I often fear
 My country's vein is not convivial ;
 That she derives a curious cheer
 From what is deadly dull and trivial ;
 If so, I also, like the politician,
 May hope to please her taste from time to time ;
 Let others make her laws ; give *me* permission
 To build her doggerel rhyme. O. S.

"We venture to believe that we have lighted upon a possible answer, which may or may not entirely change the face of the situation, and this before much more water has passed under the bridges."—*Financier*.
 The position of *The Financier* seems fairly safe.

The Cork Constitution of the 13th inst., in its report of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's speech, has the following interesting passage :—

"He had been trying to explain to Lord Robert Cecil that if one got so much for four pence, one would get more than double for ninepence. At first he thought such misrepresentation was wilful. Not at all. (Laughter.) It was not misrepresentation. It was not misrepresentation :d(iPa£. xlf8' sheer muddleheadedness. (Cheers.) That they could never cure."

Fortunately Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has an iron, not a cork, constitution.

PERVERTED PUPILS.

THE astonishing discovery made by Mr. GUY LIVINGSTONE, Secretary to the Chelsea Golf School, that it is not necessary to keep one's eye on the ball, has thrown the golfing world into the wildest commotion, and, like most of his contemporaries, *Mr. Punch* is being inundated with correspondence on the subject. From a perfect cataract of interesting communications we strain off the following :—

DEAR SIR,—I am a hearty supporter of Mr. GUY LIVINGSTONE's scientific theory, so far as tee-shots and long play generally are concerned. Since it is the object of the player to get the ball away with the greatest possible speed and with the best trajectory, it is obvious that any downward external pressure upon it at the time of starting is deleterious. The aerial vibrations set up by the retina when glued on the sphere naturally retard its speed at the moment of impact, and largely counteract the top spin so essential to a good drive. Yours faithfully,

P. A. VAILE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am neither a long nor a straight driver, but I feel obliged to enter my humble protest against Mr. LIVINGSTONE's revolutionary tenets, so far at least as our jolly little course at Fozzleby is concerned. What with the amazing intricacy of the "rough" on both sides of our fairway, the high price of rubber, and the dishonesty of the caddies, I find that to keep my eye on the ball the whole time, so far as is possible, is the only way to save myself from financial ruin. Yours faithfully,

MINUS THIRTY.

DEAR SIR,—I have always found that to keep my eye on the ball entailed, by a natural association of ideas, getting a hook on it as well. Yours truly,

C. LEITCH (Miss).

DEAR SIR,—Which eye ?

Yours, etc., S. K. WINT, Westward Ho.

DEAR SIR,—Which ball ?

Yours, etc., HEAVY LUNCHER, Stoke Poges.

MY DEAR SIR,—There is not the smallest doubt that in addressing the golf ball, the head should be held firmly as if in a vice, and the tip of the nose pointed at an imaginary spot on the hinder part of the globe's circumference, suitable allowances of course being made in cases where the nasal organ is of a *retroussé* or Aramaic character. The eyes do not matter a bit. In support of my principle I am prepared to play any ten-handicap man over thirty-six holes for half-a-crown, rolling up my eye-balls before each stroke until only the whites are visible, after the manner of a man possessed by evil spirits. Yours ever,

TOOGOOD TOBY TREW.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—About the Chelsea Arts Club, and keeping an eye on their Ball—

(*This correspondence must now cease*—EDITOR.)

"The King has consented—probably some time in July—to cut the first sod of the new dock about to be constructed south of the Royal Albert Dock."—*Times*.

It is interesting to know when the KING consented, but we should also be told when HIS MAJESTY is going to do it.

Alderman FLANAGAN (no less) as reported in *The Sligo Times* :—

"He sent you a bull on his own recommendation that cleared the decks at all the shows last year."

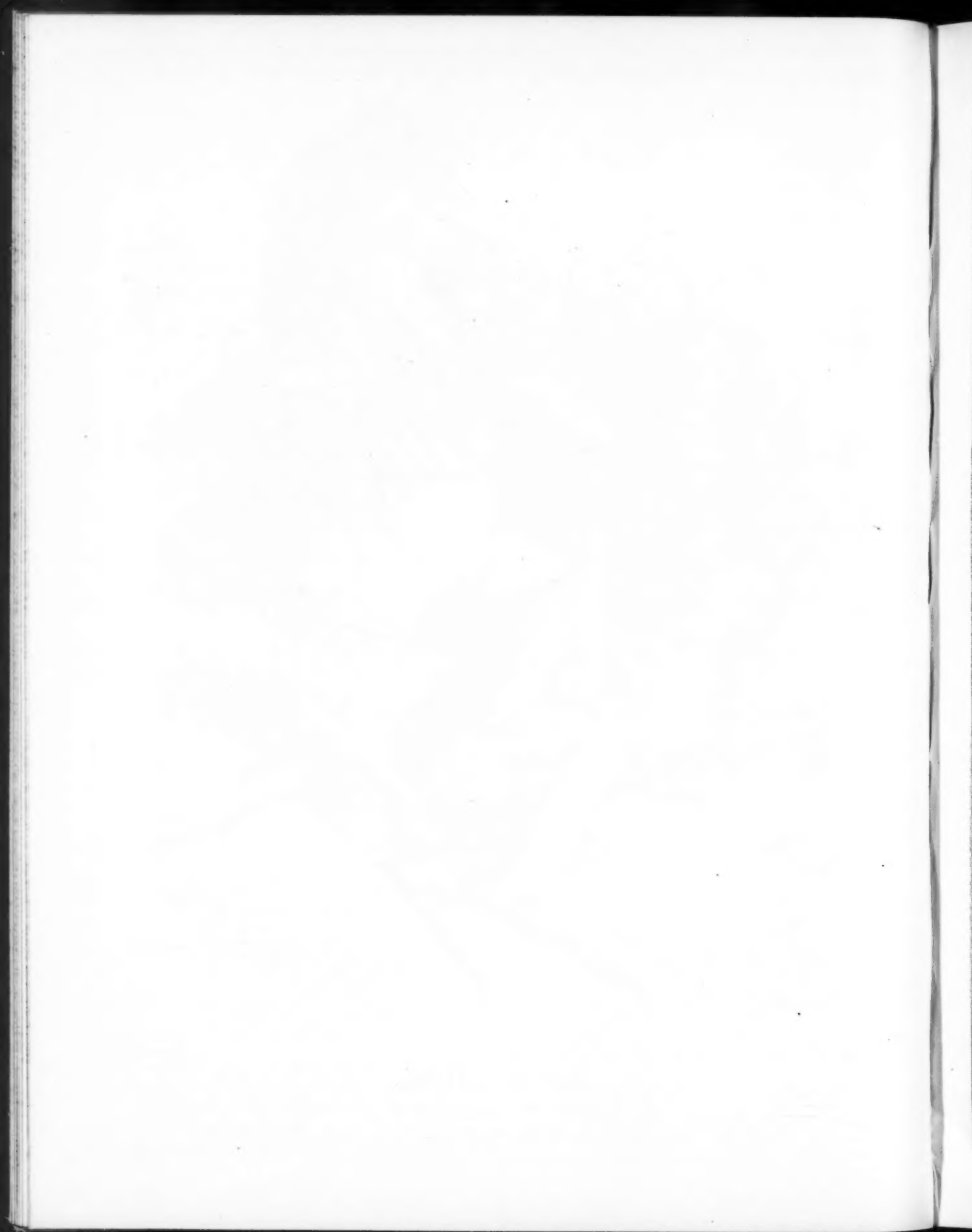
This is not the one, however.

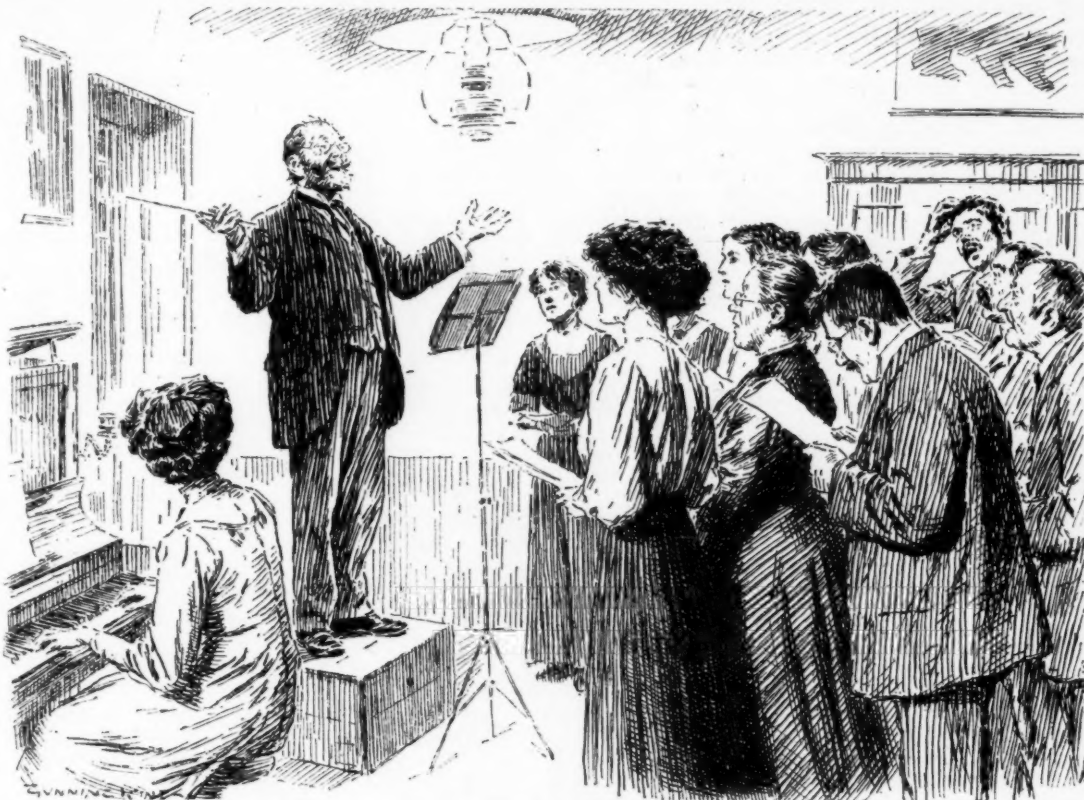


DOWN UNDER.

THE KANGAROO. "NO MATTER! WE MEET AGAIN IN ENGLAND."

THE LION. "YES, BUT LET'S BE PHOTOGRAPHED LIKE THIS FIRST."





THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

Conductor (after village cho'r has massacred a sublime passage at oratorio rehearsal). "YE'LL HAE TO DAE BETTER THAN THAT. I CAN A'MAIST SEE HANDEL HIMSEL' LOOKIN' DOON FRAR HEAVEN AN' SAYIN', 'MAN JAMIE, BUT YE'RE MAKIN' AN AWFU' BUNGLE O'T.'"

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATIONS.

[MR. VAUGHAN NASH'S appointment to the Development Commission has led a number of minds to the conclusion that this is only a preliminary to dissolution. Some days before the announcement of this promotion for the PRIME MINISTER'S Private Secretary, the statement that MR. LLOYD GEORGE had bought a house at Putney had led to an expectation of the Government's resignation.]

The rumour that MR. BONAR LAW has begun a study of BERGSON and is in negotiation with the Editor of *The Hibbert* for an article on that most fascinating of modern philosophers has led to reports that the right hon. gentleman is already weary of leadership, and is about to follow MR. BALFOUR into retirement.

A confirmation of the sanguine hopes of Home Rulers is to be found in the statement that, on his recent visit to

Belfast, MR. CHURCHILL was induced to sign on for the Celtic F.C.

That the Insurance Bill will not be amended out of all recognition is indicated by the rumour that during the past few days MR. LLOYD GEORGE and MR. MASTERMAN, who had secretly been undergoing the full medical course in anticipation of difficulties with the doctors, have taken a house in Harley Street and are now only waiting for the engraving of their brass plate to take possession of the premises.

If the statement be true that important communications in cypher have been passing between Downing Street and Melburne, there seems ground for the suggestion that it should be coupled with the fact that the post of Lord Privy Seal is to be held, for the present, by the SECRETARY FOR INDIA. Whether, however, on returning to England, MR. DOUGLAS will care to relieve LORD CREWE of his added responsibility, remains to be seen.

If MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD defeats the Government, as he threatened to do in the event of the Suffrage Bill not being of a universal character, it will not be in order to put the Conservatives in. Light, at any rate, would seem to be thrown on the Labour Party's intentions by the report that MR. WILL CROOKS is taking lessons in the French language and trying the effect of a broad blue riband fastened obliquely across the chest.

The Age of Specialisation.

From a catalogue:—

"This small tent is specially made to meet the requirements of Officers proceeding on service where tents are not allowed to be taken."

"We drew attention to the results which he achieved when they were published in *The Indian Medical Journal*. Briefly, they are that the lepra parasite is not an acid-fast bacillus belonging to the fission fungi, but that it is a pleomorphic streptothrix. This constitutes a very great advance in our knowledge."

Times of Ind.ia.

Anyhow, in ours.

THE GUARDING OF EDEN.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, having written a play which that popular functionary, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, refused to pass in its entirety, a number of Mr. PHILLPOTTS's fellow authors have written to the papers expressing their intention of performing it free, so that the public may judge for themselves of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN's wisdom. An excellent idea; and it is to be hoped that the passages which caused the refusal of the licence will be underlined in some way, to make the public understanding of the situation the more complete. They might perhaps be prefaced by an orchestral crash of warning. Meanwhile, when next a body of distinguished authors sends a letter to the press, perhaps they will write it in piquant individual sentences rather than with the composite pen of comparative dullness, especially when the writers include such popular names as Mr. BARRIE, Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY, Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, Mr. HEWLETT, Mr. HENRY JAMES, Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, Mr. G. B. SHAW, Mr. H. G. WELLS and Mr. ZANGWILL.

Mr. ARCHER would of course begin:—

DEER SER,—Our old and esteemd friend the SENSOR haz been at it again. It is eesi enuff to reform orthografi, but to reform the SENSOR is another pare of shoes. Still justiss must be dun tho the hevens fawl.

Then Mr. BARRIE:—

Clearly the man has no mother or he could not be so heedless; but, be that as it may, this pair Devonshire body has been roughly handled.

Mr. HEWLETT:—

As to the plot, a murrain on it. That's nought. The crux is this: Should men of genius—or approximately so—be censored by a jack-in-office? There's the rub. Dramatic art's the lady; no wanton she.

Mr. HENRY JAMES:—

Or, to put it in another way, whatever scheme of correlated and reticulated values, moving in their divers planes, the author, with due apportionment of his energies, may have beautifully envisaged and subtly translated in terms of architectonic finality, cannot, if the matter be dispassionately contemplated, amount to, figuratively speaking, a row of pins. But that our young gentle-

arrogation of power that we object to. Similarly, if in the night, any one of us—vastly inferior to, or, at any rate, different as we may be from, Mr. PHILLPOTTS—should chance to throw a boot at a cat, it would not be the cat that we wished to criticise, but the scheme of things which had provided cats with a genius for nocturnal discord. Nor would the cat have reason for resentment.

Mr. JEROME K. JEROME:

So this 'e what we're going to do, we other authors. We're going to give free performances of PHILLPOTTS's stuff and issue an invite to the world at large.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD:

And should the CENSOR ever be
As useful as a farmer
—he!—
And play us still such
dirty tricks,
We'd— well burn
his — ricks.

Mr. ALFRED NOYES:—

As a noise annoys an
oyster and his placid
calm alloys,
So the CENSOR in his
cloister shall be terri-
fied by NOYES.

Lastly, Mr. SHAW:—

The pleasure of defend-
ing Mr. EDEN PHILL-
POTTS is a pure luxury
to me, because I am
entirely out of sympathy
with his choice of sub-
jects, his scenery and
his treatment of women.
I dislike country folk, I
hate Dartmoor, which is
one of the worst places
for motoring that I know
of, Devonshire cream
always disagrees with
me, and Devonshire was



Ex-Servant. "SO YOU WON'T GIVE ME A CHARACTER!"—(with deep scorn)—
"YOU—YOU LADY!"
Moult. "YOU'EE NOT, ARE YOU, MOTHER!"

man from Devonshire, who so beautifully, in repeated romances, has depicted, with admirable reiteration, the unending misery of mankind, should be subject, at this stage of his prosperous career, to the illiterate regulation of official pedantry, this is a point on which, with all the involutions and commas at my disposal, I cannot insist too clamorously.

Mr. GALSWORTHY:—

But it must be understood that we have no quarrel with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN as an individual. It is his

the home of those buccaneering malefactors who invented Imperialism, despoiled the courteous Spaniards, and were the spiritual progenitors of RHODES and KIPLING. Then PHILLPOTTS's women are strong, masculine, meat-eating viragoes. But all these grounds of antipathy are as nothing compared with the fact that his play has been banned and therefore must be moral, instructive and salutary. If Mr. BROOKFIELD would have the sense to ban the revival of *Dear Old Charlie* I should be the first to lead a crusade in its favour.



Bold Sportsman. "IS THERE A HEDGE THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT HEDGE, BOY?"

Foal. "NOA, SIR."

Bold Sportsman. "PULL THAT HURDLE AWAY, THEN, AND LET'S HAVE A CUT AT IT!"

WITH ANY LUCK.

[A deferred, and slightly larger, answer to the lady who asked three times, on a Hampstead tube train going south, whether the author was sure she was all right for Charing Cross.]

BECAUSE of that old error made by ADAM

There is no certainty in human life;

Changes and chances come to us, dear madam,
Suddenly, ere a man can call out "Knife!"

Earthquakes, for instance. It has not escaped you
That, wearied now and then with jolly's load,
The world appears to think a kind of gape due,—
One might occur at Tottenham Court Road,

Or Goodge Street, let us rather say at Goodge Street,
Where things so seldom happen. Earth, I say,
Might open to the Stygian halls a huge street,
A speedier route than ours and less to pay.

Then the young man in front, who drives the engine,
May have some rival for his lady fair
Here in the blooming train, and seek revenge in
Bashing us all to bits at Leicester Square.

You know what love is; if his brakes and levers
Have any power at all to wreck the show
We may be rid for ever of life's fevers
And jerked, in half a jiff, to Jericho.

Sewers again: beneath a town so pompous,
So swathed in luxuries, what pipes, what rats!
And one of these might spring a leak and swamp us—
A strange drear death; or are you fond of rats?

Man is a butterfly, a mere *papilio*,
And on the knees of the Olympian gods
It lies to send him suddenly to billy-oh,
Or keep him safe; and who can judge the odds?

Therefore I cannot say (I, too, am mortal,
Although the Muses' child) what chance you stand
Of breathing the fresh air about the portal
In Villiers Street, or did you want the Strand?

It may be, when you set at stark defiance
The sister Fates, and plunged in realms like these,
They doomed you nevermore to see the lions
That skirt Lord Nelson, nor the A. B. C.'s.

But, putting risks aside, I'd have you notice
The maps, the bills, the schedules, wreath on wreath,
With darts, designed to pierce rhinocerotes,
Showing you how from Hampstead's swarthy heath,

Ay, and beyond it, from the Green of Golder,
Unswervingly these trains are due to run
Slick to their terminus, till time shall moulder
And the moon wane and darkling grow the sun.

Look at these well, dear lady, and be certain,
So far as earthly clerk or railroad boss
May lift with trembling hand the future's curtain,
This train will struggle through to Charing Cross.

EVOE.

From a letter in *The Mirror* :—

"The earthquakes, upheavals and other terrible things referred to by your correspondent are best explained by the hypothesis that limitation has its analogue in the nature of the ultimate reality."

LLOYD GEORGE seems an easier explanation.

"Hollands was frequently prominent in the rushes, his face being very useful."—*Bristol Sports Times*.

This reminds us somehow of the finding of MOSES, though others, of course, have had faces that have been of some use.

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

IV.—THE CIVIL SERVANT'S.

It was three o'clock, and the afternoon sun reddened the western windows of one of the busiest of Government offices. In an airy room on the third floor Richard Dale was batting. Standing in front of the coal-box with the fire-shovel in his hands he was a model of the strenuous young Englishman; and as for the third time he turned the Government india-rubber neatly in the direction of square-leg and so completed his fifty the bowler could hardly repress a sigh of envious admiration. Even the reserved Matthews, who was too old for cricket, looked up a moment from his putting and said, "Well played, Dick!"

The fourth occupant of the room was busy at his desk, as if to give the lie to the thoughtless accusation that the Civil Service cultivates the body at the expense of the mind. The eager shouts of the players seemed to annoy him, for he frowned and bit his pen, or else passed his fingers restlessly through his hair.

"How the dickens you expect anyone to think in this confounded noise," he cried suddenly.

"What's the matter, Ashby?"

"You're the matter. How am I going to get these verses done for *The Evening Surprise* if you make such a row? Why don't you go out to tea?"

"Good idea. Come on, Dale. You coming, Matthews?" They went out, leaving the room to Ashby.

In his youth Harold Ashby had often been told by his relations that he had a literary bent. His letters home from school were generally pronounced to be good enough for *Punch*, and some of them, together with a certificate of character from his Vicar, were actually sent to that paper. But as he grew up he realised that his genius was better fitted for work of a more solid character. His post in the Civil Service gave him full leisure for his *Adam: A Fragment*, his *History of the Microscope*, and his *Studies in Rural Campanology*, and yet left him ample time in which to contribute to the journalism of the day.

The poem he was now finishing for *The Evening Surprise* was his first contribution to that paper, but he had little doubt that it would be accepted. It was called quite simply, "Love and Death," and it began like this:

Love!
O love!
(All other things above).—
Why,
O why,
Am I afraid to die?

There were six more lines which I have forgotten, but I suppose they gave the reason for this absurd diffidence.

Having written the poem out neatly, Harold put it in an envelope and took it round to *The Evening Surprise*. The strain of composition had left him rather weak, and he decided to give his brain a rest for the next few days. So it happened that he was at the wickets on the following Wednesday afternoon when the commissionaire brought him in the historic letter. He opened it hastily, the shovel under his arm.

"Dear Sir," wrote the editor of *The Surprise*, "will you come round and see me as soon as convenient?"

Harold lost no time. Explaining that he would finish his innings later, he put his coat on, took his hat and stick, and dashed out.

"How do you do?" said the editor. "I wanted to talk to you about your work. We all liked your little poem very much. It will be coming out to-morrow."

"Thursday," said Harold helpfully.

"I was wondering whether we couldn't get you to join our staff. Does the idea of doing Aunt Miriam's Cosy Corner in our afternoon edition appeal to you at all?"

"No," said Harold. "Not a bit."

"Ah, that's a pity." He tapped his desk thoughtfully. "Well then, how would you like to be a war correspondent?"

"Very much," said Harold. "I was considered to write rather good letters home from school."

"Splendid! There's this little war in Mexico. When can you start? All expenses and fifty pounds a week. You're not very busy at the office, I suppose, just now?"

"I could get sick leave easily enough," said Harold, "if it wasn't for more than eight or nine months."

"Do; that will be excellent. Here's a blank cheque for your outfit. Can you get off to-morrow? But I suppose you'll have one or two things to finish up at the office first?"

"Well," said Harold cautiously, "I was in, and I'd made ninety-six. But if I go back and finish my innings now, and then have to-morrow for buying things, I could get off on Friday."

"Good," said the editor. "Well, here's luck. Come back alive if you can, and if you do we shan't forget you."

Harold spent the next day buying a war correspondent's outfit:—the camel, the travelling bath, the putties, the pith helmet, the quinine, the sleeping-bag, and the thousand-and-one other necessities of active service. On

the Friday his colleagues at the office came down in a body to Southampton to see him off. Little did they think that nearly a year would elapse before he again set foot upon England.

I shall not describe all his famous coups in Mexico. Sufficient to say that experience taught him quickly all that he had need to learn; and that whereas he was more than a week late with his cabled account of the first engagement of the war he was frequently more than a week early afterwards. Indeed the battle of Parson's Nose, so realistically described in his last telegram, is still waiting to be fought. It is to be hoped that it will be in time for his aptly-named book, *With the Mexicans in Mexico*, which is coming out next month.

On his return to England Harold found that time had wrought many changes. To begin with, the Editor of *The Evening Surprise* had passed on to *The Morning Exclamation*.

"You had better take his place," said the ducal proprietor to Harold.

"Right," said Harold. "I suppose I shall have to resign my post at the office?"

"Just as you like. I don't see why you should."

"I should miss the cricket," said Harold wistfully, "and the salary. I'll go round and see what I can arrange."

But there were also changes at the office. Harold had been rising steadily in salary and seniority during his absence, and he found to his delight that he was now a Principal Clerk. He found too that he had acquired quite a reputation in the office for quickness and efficiency in his new work.

The first thing to arrange about was his holiday. He had had no holiday for more than a year, and there were some eight weeks owing to him.

"Hullo," said the Assistant Secretary as Harold came in, "you're looking well. I suppose you manage to get away for the week-ends?"

"I've been away on sick leave for some time," said Harold pathetically.

"Have you? You've kept it very secret. Come out and have lunch with me, and we'll do a matinee afterwards."

Harold went out with him happily. It would be pleasant to accept the editorship of *The Evening Surprise* without giving up the Governmental work which was so dear to him, and the Assistant Secretary's words made this possible, for a year or so anyhow. Then, when his absence from the office first began to be noticed, it would be time to think of retiring on an adequate pension.

A. A. M.

HOW TO BUY THINGS.

A RAILWAY TICKET.

Railway tickets can be purchased at all prices and, like CLEOPATRA, they are of infinite variety. Each to his taste, therefore. Those coloured white cost most. Keen buyers used to favour Weston-super-Mare (4/6), Brighton (half-a-dollar), and Southend (purely nominal sum); these prices are now out-of-date, to be sure, but there is no harm in mentioning them. Persons of leisure have been known to buy tickets to Folkestone and Herne Bay. It all depends on your class of life. The worst of buying railway tickets is, you have to pay cash for them. Booking-clerks are not a bit like tailors in this respect: they book nothing. On the contrary, they take a sour view of life. The compiler of these hints once offered a booking-clerk an electric lamp and a recipe for catching rats in exchange for a shilling ticket. Just a twelve-mile ride. What did that booking-clerk do? He refused to part, and he couched his refusal in terms which were the reverse of affable. And the writer walked home—twelve miles. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that you can get a twopenny ticket for a penny out of an automatic machine. True, this does not happen often; but the mere possibility of its occurring adds a fresh zest to life.

A HAT.

This is obviously a very important subject for the shopper's consideration, for nearly all of us have to buy a hat at some time or other. The people who don't wear hats are people who never buy anything—except nuts, and fret-saws, and things like that. Buying a hat, therefore, is not a labour of love; it is one of the elemental obligations of our human existence.

Hatters are notoriously mad, so go armed, and stand no nonsense. If he shows you a green velvet thing with a bow at the back, draw on him at once; you will have rendered a public service. If possible, get a hat that fits. It is true that Nature, foreseeing and bountiful, has provided us with ears in order to keep our hats at a suitable elevation; but it is better, in the long run, to get a hat that will keep up of its own accord. It is quite easy, after all. If the hat makes your nose bleed it is too small; if it makes your ears ache it is too large. Bear this formula in mind, and you cannot go far wrong. Then there are women's hats. The right way to buy a hat, if you are a woman, is to take a friend with you, have a simple lunch, talk it over in the Silence Room, spend the afternoon in trying on, take



Father (to Margery, who has been a long time fetching the newspaper). "WHEN YOU'RE ASKED TO DO ANYTHING, MARGERY, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS RUN."
Margery. "YES, I WILL, DADDY; EXCEPT, OF COURSE, I CAN'T WHEN MY LEGS ACHE."
Father. "RUBBISH; YOUR LEGS NEVER ACHE."
Margery (indignantly). "HOO! WHAT'S THE USE OF THE WORD 'ACHE' THEN!"

tea, complete purchase of hat, and send it back next day if it does not suit. Some very Smart Women keep hats that they can't wear two or three weeks before sending them back. That is what makes female hatters mad.

A SUIT OF CLOTHES.

Next to a wedding ring, a suit of clothes is the most important purchase a man can make. You should exercise great care, therefore, before taking the final plunge, and it is worth while to consult some reliable authority. CARLYLE has written a book on the subject which every Man About Town should study. The Sunday papers, too, publish articles on sartorial matters, and should be carefully filed by dressy men. If money is no object, go to a West-end tailor; it is no object to

him either, so you will both be satisfied—for a time, at any rate. Another way to dress economically is to send a postal order to some man who sells clothes on the instalment plan. After one postal order you can go and live in South America. The effect to aim at, in matters of dress, is the happy medium between untidiness and undue brilliance. Trousers should always have a crease down the front, though it is only fair to say that many well-known men (JULIUS CÆSAR and WILLIAM TELL are two names that occur to one) have been notoriously careless in this respect.

"POLIOMYELITIS.

PLAIN WORDS TO DEVON AND CORNWALL AUTHORITIES."

That's only one plain word; there are worse to come.



First A.B. (mess cook). "WOT'LL WE GIVE 'EM TO-MORROW FOR AFTERS? TAPIOKER?"

Second A.B. (mess cook). "THAT'LL DO; BUNG IT DOWN; YOU'LL WANT FOUR POUNDS."

First A.B. (spelling audibly as he writes). "4 LBS. T-A-B-A-T-A-B-I."—(hesitates)—
"WE'D BETTER 'AVE MACARONI."

Second A.B. "ALL RIGHT; BUNG IT DOWN, THEN."

First A.B. "4 LBS. M-A-K-A-M-A-K-I-ON, WE'LL 'AVE RICE! 4 LBS. R-I-S-E!"

THE ENTHUSIASTS.

A WEEK has passed since then, but I recall every detail as clearly as if it had only happened this morning.

Barton had gone out to discover the score at the close of play, and he returned to the office even more radiant than we had expected.

"We've won," he cried. "We've won by an innings and 225. Gentlemen, the Ashes are ours!"

There was a burst of frenzied cheering, followed by a brief silence during which every face assumed that expres-

sion of abandoned recklessness which is the mark of supreme triumph.

"I say," exclaimed Peterson, "let's all throw ink over Wilkie's new trousers."

I am Wilkie.

Fortunately I retained sufficient self-control to negative the proposed outrage very sternly. Though not a dude, I am considered to have a nutty flavour.

"Well, anyhow," said Peterson, baffled but exuberant, "I don't care now if it snows."

"And I don't care," said Holloway incoherently, as he clasped his hand—

"I don't care if I have to pay LLOYD GEORGE 4d. a week every day of my life."

"And I don't care," chimed in Barton, a glow of sublime renunciation on his features,— "I don't care now if Pauline Chase gets married to-morrow."

But it was left to me, I think, to express adequately the feelings of us all. I seized a telegraph form and wrote as follows:—

ASQUITH,
Downing Street,
London.

You may now proceed with Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and Manhood-Suffrage. I don't care a blow.—WILKIE, Bournemouth.

It cost me 11½d., but the occasion more than justified it.

IN AN OLD NURSERY.

A PRIM old room where memories stir
Through faded chintz and wall-paper,
Like bees along the lavender

Of some dim border;
Bay-windowed, whence at close of day
You see the roosty starlings sway
High on the elm-tree's topmost spray
In gossip order.

In its quaint realm how soon one slips
Back to an age of treasure-ships,
An atmosphere of cowboy-trips
And boundless prairies;
And when the red logs fret and fume
(They're lit to-night to air the room)
Here come a-tip-toe in the gloom
Old nursery fairies.

Here come dear ghosts to him who sees—
Fat ghosts of long digested teas,
Thin little ghosts of "saying please,"
Big ghosts of birthdays,
And sundry honourable sprites
To whisper those foredone delights
Of hallowe'ens and stocking-nights
And other mirth-days.

Its walls are full of musics' dawn
From twitterings in the eaves at dawn,
From click of scythe on summer lawn,
From Shetlands pawing
The gravel by the front-door yew,
And, wind-tossed from the avenue,
Fugues of first February blue
And rooks a-cawing.

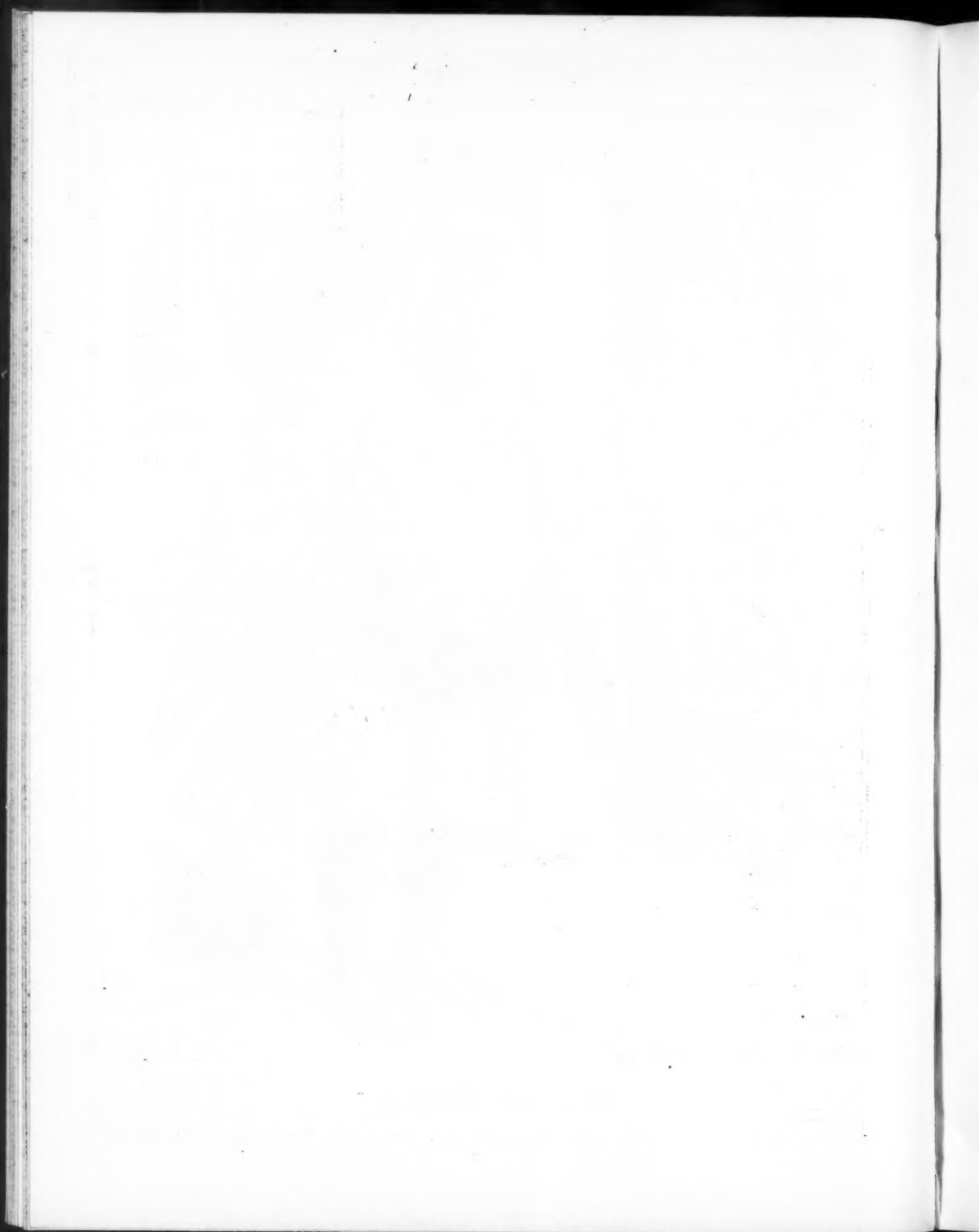
Old room, the years have galloped on,
The days that danced, the hours that shone
Have turned their backs on you and gone

By ways that harden;
But you—in you their gold and myrrh
And frankincense of dreams still stir
Like bees that haunt the lavender
Of some walled garden!



TURNED TURTLE.

THE WAR MINISTER. "A LITTLE MORE OF THIS AND HALDANE'S OCCUPATION'S GONE!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

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

House of Commons, Valentine's Day.—So much obliged to Mr. HOGGE, just returned for East Edinburgh. One of our youngest Members, he has established precedent which, to certain extent, cheers BONNER LAW in his lamentations over a shattered Constitution. Some men would have been upset by embarrassment accompanying approach to Table to be sworn in. As usual, escorted by couple of Members—on right hand GULLAND, the Scottish Whip; on the other LYELL. Ordered ceremony is that, standing in line at Bar, when SPEAKER calls out, "Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table," they bow in unison, advance a certain number of paces, halt, bow again, and so complete journey.

In Mr. HOGGE's case what should have been stately procession became disorderly trot. It was LYELL "began it," as did in other circumstances the kettle known to *The Cricket on the Hearth*. He bobbed a pace and a half too soon. Mr. HOGGE, thinking he knew all about it, bobbed in turn. GULLAND, whom practice had made familiar with the precisely proper spot, went on till he reached it, and there made obeisance. Mr. HOGGE's blood now being up he came along, got in an extra bob, and so they arrived at the Table not, of course, all sixes and sevens, but quite twos and threes.

It was now that Mr. HOGGE, left to himself, triumphantly asserted his individuality. Instead of taking the Oath and kissing the Book, he elected to affirm. Procedure in such cases is for Members to hold in left hand card on which is printed the form of affirmation, up-lifting right hand. Approaching House, however, new Scotch Member much struck with action of police in charge of crossing from Parliament Street to Palace Yard. On appearance of Member they, automatically as it seems, hold out their right arm with open hand, at which signal traffic stops and Member crosses road in safety. In moment of happy inspiration, Mr. HOGGE introduced this gesture into familiar Parliamentary procedure. Holding affirmation card in left hand as directed, he extended right arm to full length with peremptory palm opened.

Accidental circumstance added in-

terest to gesture. COUSIN HUGH, hurriedly entering, crossing the Bar with long stride and making for corner seat by Gangway, observed extended hand. Recognising that traffic was temporarily stopped, he halted, faced about, returned to Bar, where he stood till Mr. HOGGE, having completed recital of affirmation, dropped his arm and advanced to sign the Roll of Parliament.

As a rule, moving and seconding of Address perfunctory drear performance. To-day proved to be of especial interest. Sir HARRY VERNEY, who well became the velvet Court suit which upon occasion relieves the monotony of an

Unionists joined in welcoming cheer, responded to by modestly delivered speech.

At opening of last Session it was PRINCE ARTHUR who at this stage of proceedings followed with attack on policy of Government, past, present and to come. To-day BONNER LAW attempted to stretch the bow of Ulysses. Effect rather marred by early firing off of dire threats of something terrible to come.

"Now I have done with compliments," said BONNER, when he concluded customary tribute to speeches of mover and seconder of Address.

Amid loud cheers from expectant followers proceeded (of course in parliamentary sense) to take off coat and turn up shirt-sleeves, preparatory to punching PREMIER'S head. Action and words fatally reminiscent of remark and attitude of curate in *The Private Secretary* when, goaded into condition of feigned ferocity, he exclaims, "If you don't take care I'll give you a good hard knock."

One of BONNER'S knocks unfortunately struck his own breast. In course of commentary had spoken disrespectfully of the Insurance Act. Even ventured on prediction that it will never come into operation.

"Why not?" asked ASQUITH, who was in exceptionally thumpty form—if new word may be coined for the occasion. "Who is going to prevent it? Is the right hon. gentleman, if and when he comes into power, going to repeal it?"

"Certainly," said BONNER, nodding assent.

Exultant shout rose from Ministerial benches at this remarkable giving-away of self and party. MASTER OF ELIBANK nearly rolled off Treasury Bench in ecstasy. On reflection BONNER saw his mistake. After House adjourned sent round letter to papers explaining, as in analogous circumstances *Benedick* attempted to explain away his declaration of love, that when he said "Certainly" he had (on the whole) meant "Certainly not."

Polemics apart, most valuable passage in PREMIER'S animated speech was that in which he dealt with NAPOLEON B. HALDANE'S expedition to Berlin. In accordance with his habit when interpolating in a speech remarks affecting international policy he read from manuscript. Statement listened



MR. HOGGE, NEWLY-ARRIVED FROM EAST EDINBURGH, HOLDS UP THE TRAFFIC.

(If this bears no resemblance to the gentleman referred to, the artist pleads that he was so hypnotised by the peremptoriness of the uplifted hand that he quite forgot to look at the face.)

Englishman's dress, won the heart of House at outset by confiding to it interesting fact that he was born at Llanfairpwllgwyngyll. That was good. But when he was able to add that he spent his honeymoon between this pleasing conglomeration of consonants and Llanerchymedd a burst of hearty applause greeted him from all quarters of crowded House. Here at least was a man who had mastered the Welsh question which is to occupy considerable portion of Session.

Uprising of a tall figure arrayed in uniform of Lord-Lieutenant reminded House that once more it numbered WILLIAM GLADSTONE among its members. Neither in face, figure nor voice was there resemblance to the illustrious grandfather. Sufficient that here was the grandson. Home Rulers and

to amid strained silence broken now and then by outbursts of applause. With evident satisfaction House gained impression that the plump dove despatched to Berlin had brought back over land and sea an olive branch promising early termination of misunderstanding between Germany and this country.

When PREMIER sat down a strange thing happened. Customary order of things in opening debate on Address is for the Premier to be followed by Leader of Irish Party, to whom in turn succeeds Leader of Labour Members. To-night no one rose to take up threads of debate. JOHN REDMOND'S place unoccupied. After moment's murmur of bewilderment RAMSEY MACDONALD interposed to move adjournment of debate. Before Members quite knew where they were they found themselves streaming forth through the open door, the clock pointing to half-past six.

Business done.—Both Houses re-assembled for the second Session of new Parliament.

Friday.—During last two days BONNER LAW'S comings and goings, his rising up and his sitting down, have been watched with keenest interest. During recess, in speech delivered at Albert Hall, he accused Ministers of being guilty of corruption inasmuch as they had created a number of paid offices and distributed them amongst their political partisans as reward for political service. In speech of Wednesday PREMIER, recognising in this



NO WONDER HE MOVED THE ADDRESS.

"Last month, Mr. SPEAKER, I spent my honeymoon between Llanerchymedd and Llanfairpwllgwyngyll." (Loud laughter.)
(SIR HARRY VERNEY, Bart., distinguishes himself.)



DISGUISED AS THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A new WILLIAM GLADSTONE seconds the Address (in Lord-Lieutenant's raiment).

"the most serious accusation that could be made against a democratic government," challenged LEADER OF OPPOSITION to repeat the charge in the House upon an amendment to the Address.

Such accusation made by private Member in heat of platform oratory would not particularly matter. Different when accuser occupies position of Leader of a great Party. According to a long-established parliamentary usage such a one is bound either to accept the challenge delivered across Table by Leader of House or to withdraw accusation.

BONNER as yet has made no sign. But the session is young. Debate on Address will run through greater part if not the whole of next week. In meantime may hear more of the matter.

Business done.—Third day of debate on Address.

THE MORE THAN ANDY BOOKS. A MODEL PROSPECTUS.

Books, there is no doubt, have hitherto been too dear. The time has come, not for talk about cheap books, but for cheap books. Not reprints of old books, but new books written by live authors for live readers. The best pens for the best perusers at the lowest figure. The maximum of mental pabulum for a minimum of financial outlay. Such books are those which Messrs. A. B. & C. D. Jill are issuing under the title of THE MORE THAN ANDY BOOKS at a farthing each, bound in cloth. The name of the series has been carefully constructed not only to suggest extreme portability

and convenience but to indicate that people need no longer wait for Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE to endow a free library, because at the low price of a farthing each they can get for themselves all the books they want.

The First Thousand Volumes are now nearly ready, a selection of subjects and authors being given below:—

<i>The Choice of Parents</i>	by ANNIE WILLIAMSON, M.D.
<i>Turkey</i>	by Professor TROTT, B.Sc.
<i>Disestablishment</i>	by the Rev. HOBSON CHOYCE, D.D.
<i>Shaw</i>	by the Rev. PRINCIPAL LOST, D.D.
<i>The Golf Stream</i>	by Prof. DRIVER, F.R.C.S.
<i>Plowden</i>	by HILARY SESSIONS, B.A.
<i>How to Write Poetry</i>	by Prof. ERIM MAUNDER, M.A.
<i>Rhodes</i>	by Professor YORKER, Litt.D.
<i>Toxophily Hobbs</i>	by WILLIAM ARCHER, by Rev. LONG HOPPIE, D.D.
<i>The Uses of Candour</i>	by ERNEST TREND, M.A.
<i>Allsopp's Fables</i>	by Professor STOUT.
<i>Demosthenes De Corona y Corona</i>	by AUSTIN HARRISON, O.M.
<i>Oliver Lodge</i>	by HAROLD BEGGIE, by Sir OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.
<i>Harold Begbie</i>	by Rev. F. B. MEYER, D.D.
<i>The Noble Art</i>	by Lord CHESTERFIELD.
<i>Jack Johnson</i>	by Rev. R. F. HORTON, D.D.
<i>Kant</i>	by Captain COE, R.A.
<i>George Cadbury Luther</i>	by Sir ALFRED MOND, Bart.
<i>Bacon</i>	by Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart.
<i>Cremation</i>	by JOHN BURNS, P.C.
<i>Sigismund Goetze</i>	by ROGER FRY.
<i>China and San Marino</i>	by Professor EASTON WEST.

Intimidation in the Poultry World.

From a cook:—

"Dear Madam,—I write to you in the company of a cock, and I think I shall shute you."

"FOR SALE—A MALTESE PUDDLE."

Adv. in "Statesman."

Thanks; but we have plenty of our own.

"We respect and like Shelley better after reading his letters, and frequently there comes a flash like the 'I am bathing myself in the light and odour of the flowery and starry Autos,' which reveals the enthusiast."—*Morning Post.*

Certainly, only an enthusiast would care to bathe in petrol.



"WHICH OF THESE CLOCKS IS RIGHT?"

"I DON'T KNOW. WE'VE FIVE CLOCKS. WHEN WE WANT TO KNOW THE TIME WE ADD 'EM TOGETHER AND DIVIDE BY FIVE, AND EVEN THEN WE'RE NOT CERTAIN."

WHAT MR. ROGERS THINKS.

[A Mr. ROGERS (U.S.A.) proposes that, as an assistance to the other sex, every bachelor should be compelled to wear a badge.]

ATTEND to the words of the eminent ROGERS,
The fruit of whose wonderful brain
Would doom the most artful of masculine dodgers
To ply his devices in vain.

How often a maiden's affairs have miscarried
And come to a desperate hitch
For want of a line between single and married,
Distinguishing t'other from which.

She may have been wooing with earnest intentions
A youth of most promising sort,
When, just at the crisis, the gadabout mentions
A wife who's his only support.

Moreover, the swain she's been ardently plying
Can always escape from the lure
By saying he's married—he's probably lying,
But how can the lady be sure?

It's hard to be wasting her time on a quarry
That proves in the end but a rat;
It's all very well to explain that he's sorry,
But what does she get out of that?

And ROGERS, aghast at this sad situation,
Would stamp on each unmarried man
Some brand, or a means of identification—
And let him dodge that if he can.

But, oh, Mr. ROGERS (I take it you're wedded),
Whatever your daughters may say,
Beware, I implore you, of getting light-headed,
And don't you be carried away.

Those ladies, no doubt, with their excellent mother,
Combine to consider alone
The sex that they honour; but is there no other?
O traitor, reflect on your own.

The man who is not by profession a rover,
Whose views on the holier state
Are limited mainly to thinking it over,
Has done pretty well up to date.

But though, given care and attention, he's able
To order his ways with success,
To stick the man up in the mart with a label
Is asking for trouble, no less.

Your scheme may be subtle; but, once you begin it,
As sure as he's known by his marks,
A bachelor 'd never be safe for a minute
(Apart from occasional larks). DUM-DUM.

"Hill was dismissed by a beautiful bail-high ball from Douglas at 112, and Ponsford followed in. The new batsman straight drove Barnes to the boundary, and then with another beauty clean bowled Minnett at 117."—*South Wales Echo*.

"*Et tu, PONSFORD?*" said MINNETT reproachfully, as he wended his way to the pavilion.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FIRE SCREEN."

MR. SUTRO must have been asleep for twenty years; so only can I account for his beautiful innocence. Much has happened to the drama in the last two decades, but it has missed Mr. SUTRO. He is still ingenuous enough to be pleased with the play of intrigue; he still thinks that no woman can set foot in a bachelor's flat without being compromised for ever. Innocent Mr. SUTRO! How shocked he will be when he hears of the suffragettes!

Oliver Hadden was innocent too; but then he was a stage scientist and man of genius, and such men are always innocent. He was so innocent that he failed to see through his wife's cousin, Angela, notoriously wicked woman as she was, when she set herself to make love to him. Martha Hadden had no illusions, of course; and she thought of an elaborate plan (the dear!) for making everything come right in the Fourth Act. She asked Horace Travers down, and persuaded him to make love to—no, not herself this time; no, there are limits even to the naïveté of the eighties—she persuaded him to make love to Angela. She hoped to keep Angela away from her husband by this means; but alas, the plan miscarried. A second plan had hastily to be formed. Horace would ask Angela to his rooms, and Martha would see to it that Oliver discovered them together.

Oliver was a Galahad among men—a pure innocent soul who had refused to hear a word from his wife against Angela. Yet no sooner did he see her in Horace's rooms, whither she had come to tea at four o'clock in the afternoon, than he staggered back, convinced of the worst. Angela was having tea with a man! Her reputation was gone for ever.

O noble sweet-minded Oliver! O delightfully ingenuous Mr. SUTRO, who still absorbs life eagerly from the boards of twenty years ago!

The First Act was as dull an Act as I remember ever to have seen. Mr. FISHER WHITE (Oliver) and Miss KATE CUTLER (Angela) did their best with it, but they never had a chance. Later on, Miss CUTLER had opportunities, of which she availed herself successfully; but Mr. WHITE's great powers were always wasted on an impossible part. Mr. BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, as Horace and Martha, were perfectly



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (*Horace Travers*) to Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH (*Mrs. Hadden*). "Yes, Angela Verinder is coming to my rooms to tea. But I don't see what you're making such a fuss about. You know very well that if it was anywhere else but on the stage it wouldn't compromise her a bit."

suited, and though they could never make the play alive, their presence on the stage generally made it theatrically effective.

And I must congratulate Mr. SUTRO on one excellent remark he gave to Mr. BOURCHIER. "I know him," says Horace, "to nod to, and to say 'Ah!' when I hear he's dead." M.



The Business-like American. "Impending suicide? Witness, forward!"

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| John Madison | Mr. GODFREY TEARLE. |
| Laura Murdock | Miss SARAH BROOKE. |
| Annie | Miss VIOLET RAND. |

"THE EASIEST WAY."

I don't know if American ideas of honour differ from ours, or whether it is just that, like other things, they lose a sense of consistency when they find themselves on the stage. Here, for instance, is Brockton, a patron of the drama, whose method it is to induce managers to dispense with the service of an actress in order that she may be forced to come under his protection. In this way he has secured Laura Murdock for his mistress. But, before the play starts, she has, like the lady in *He Who Passed*, met with a man (*Madison*) who wants to marry her; but with this difference, that he is conversant with the lurid character of her career. She begs Brockton to let her off. He consents, but warns *Madison* that, while waiting for him to become eligible, she will miss the luxuries to which she has become habituated, and, as a struggling actress, may easily relapse. In that contingency he promises to keep the hero *au courant* with the facts. So *Laura* takes up her work in New York, loses her part, and is reduced to the extremities of poverty. At this point Brockton, who no doubt has been assisting his own prophecies to verify themselves, intervenes and offers to relieve her on the old terms. She reluctantly consents. Instead of writing to tell *Madison* of the restoration of the *entente*, he prefers a more improbable course

of action and makes *Laura* take down from dictation a letter to her lover, informing him that she has no further use for him. In a spasm of reaction she burns the letter. Meanwhile *Madison* has struck metal in Colorado, and comes to claim her. Brockton, on discovering that the letter was never posted, is furious at the outrage done to his reputation as a gentleman of his world. He has been made a liar in the eyes of *Madison*. He will therefore expose her. Such, it would seem, are the niceties of American honour—on the stage.

Madison, I need hardly say, proposes to shoot him at sight; but *Laura* objects to this. She will commit suicide instead. "Commit it, then," says he, and calls in a coloured slavey to witness the discharge of the pistol, so that nobody can say that he has done it. *Laura* gives the matter her full consideration, and then thinks better of it; and *Madison* leaves her for ever, after a brief but poignant lecture on her bad

habit of always choosing "the easiest way."

The other Acts had been received surprisingly well, but this gloomy solution seemed to offend the gods. Possibly the ending may have to be made happier. This would only necessitate a slight modification of the title, which might be changed to "The Easiest Way Out."

Miss SARAH BROOKE as *Laura* had a very heavy part, being always there or in the next room; and she played with unsparing energy. She has, of course, a charm of her own, but it is not perhaps quite the peculiar charm that was needed to give the right attraction to this character. If she had not from time to time shown an unconscious staginess and a good deal of stocking, I might never have recognised her profession. Mr. GUY STANDING (*Brockton*) acted with an easy aplomb. It was not his fault that, having started out as a fairly reasonable type of rascal, he should have had to serve the purpose of the author (Mr. WALTER) by developing into an unspeakable brute, on a plea of punctilio. Try as he would, he could not convince us that his honour was capable of sustaining any severe damage.

As for Mr. GODFREY TEARLE (*Madison*) he was away most of the time in Colorado, and I imagine that the unrestrained life of a mining-camp suited him best. He had good moments, but he is really meant for a gallery-hero. He should never be allowed to be anything but the soul of chivalrous generosity. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE played pleasantly in a part that didn't matter. The *clou* of the evening was the delightful performance of Miss NELSON HALL in the character of *Elfe St. Clair*, a child of freedom and a friend of *Laura's* in the old days, who comes to cheer her poverty and to weaken the resolutions of virtue with an object-lesson on the advantages of the looser life.

One naturally wishes success to Miss SARAH BROOKE in her first trial of management. But when Londoners hear that a play has had a wide success in America they have their misgivings. The States are so easily pleased. This time it can hardly have been the humour of the piece that did it, for the things at which our first night's audience laughed loudest were those exotic phrases which would escape the notice of anybody familiar with the American language. O. S.

The Neutrality of Peace.

The *Sphere* last week had an illustration entitled, "Visible signs of the Pax Britannicum." This, of course, is preferable to a *Bellum Germanica*.



SCENE—Crowded Restaurant: all seats taken.

Harold (who has been earnestly watching gentleman evidently enjoying his luncheon). "I SAY, MOTHER, I DO HOPE WE'LL GET A SEAT SOON; THAT MAN'S MAKING ME FEEL FEIGHTFULLY HUNGRY."

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

(After the *Halfpenny Press*.)

CRASHERS CONFIDENT.

CONFIDENCE is the note which greets one at the headquarters of the Crashers. The men are in the highest spirits and are convinced that they will beat the Rushers on Saturday in spite of the fact that, owing to injuries, the team will consist of eleven reserves. "We shall win," was the confident remark of the genial Trainer, as he sprinted round the field with his charges and applied wet sponges to their foreheads.

RUSHERS READY.

CONFIDENCE is the note which greets one at the headquarters of the Rushers. As a result of the desperate struggle in the last round the team is seriously depleted, but the men are positive that they will triumph over the Crashers on Saturday. "We are going to win," said the smiling Trainer confidently, as he stroked the head of the fair-haired

right-half and read passages from GRAY's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

SWANKERS SEERENE.

CONFIDENCE is the note which greets one at the headquarters of the Swankers. Owing to recent injuries six new men have hurriedly been acquired at enormous cost, but all anticipate an easy victory over the Clinkers on Saturday. "You will see us win," exclaimed the urbane Trainer with the utmost confidence as he poured out hot beef-tea and cautioned his centre-forward against damp feet.

CLINKERS CHEERFUL.

CONFIDENCE is the note which greets one at the headquarters of the Clinkers. Owing to injuries the third eleven are playing, with the exception of the goalkeeper, who is drawn from the fourth; but all are certain that they will overcome the Swankers on Saturday. "We shall win easily," whispered the courteous Trainer confidently as he tucked his "boys" into bed for their afternoon siesta. (And so on.)

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.)

I.—THE DOMESTICS.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Master of the House.

Mistress of the House.

Buttons.

Chorus of Footmen and Housemaids.

SCENE—The Hall of the House at 10 a.m.

CHORUS.

A fate is waiting for all of us; it's waiting for you and me;
But only the dim far gods can tell the day when the fate shall be;
For one may be drowned and one be shot, and one of us die in bed;
And it doesn't matter a feather's weight so long as you're really dead.
For ourselves we know that the work we have is more than we ought to do,
Being out of our beds at six A.M. and at it the whole day through.

Sometime since our lady went,
Humming tunes and well content,
Making still her venturesome way
Through the passage reft of day,
Till she paused where oft before
She had paused—the kitchen-door,
Opened it and smiled and so
Entered in some time ago.
Ai-ai-ai and well-a-day!
What is happening? Who can say?

HALF-CHORUS OF FOOTMEN.

We are rather afraid we must side with the maid, that is, with the cook in her distress.

HALF-CHORUS OF HOUSEMAIDS.

You're as blind as a bat and a poor one at that. Now for our part we side with our mistress.

FULL CHORUS.

The amount of the books is the curse of all cooks; the addition would puzzle a BABBAGE;
But as often her grief is a question of beef or the manner of boiling a cabbage.
Oh, it's meals for us all (which we take in the "hall");
and it's meals for the Mistress and Master;
And the meals of the nursery are part of the curse, and the total implies a disaster.

(Enter the Master and the Mistress.)

Master. Well I know whither we are tending, for to me a revelation has come.

Mistress. Is it of bankruptcy thou speakest, not weighing well thy words?

Master. Ay, of that and of other things, for they too add to a burden already intolerable.

Mistress. Nay, but to me it seems that I have heard thy speech before.

Master. To an understanding woman the familiar words of a husband are beautiful.

Mistress. And a wise husband is to his wife a happy purveyor of money.

Master. But to me the happy and the unhappy are not far apart.

Mistress. Do thou speak things of fair import, handing to me the necessary cheque.

(The Master draws the cheque and exit followed by the Mistress.)

CHORUS.

Woe is coming to our roof;
Weave the web and weave the woof.
She has got her cheque; why, dash it,
All she needs is just to cash it.
But the cook, our food-provider—
Oughtn't we to stand beside her,
Who; by nobody defended,
Now perhaps her life has ended,
Flying from a load of sorrow
To a bright Elysian morrow?

For her never again shall the Sussexian uplands the world-renowned furnish the bleating sheep, fit subject for her skill; nor in Wales the gallant, nor in Canterbury the glory of New Zealand shall any four-footed wool-bearer meekly submit to inexorable fate so that she may prepare it for feasts. Woe is me, woe, woe, for to this we must all come bidding our time. Over us too the black wings shall beat; but to her all is summed up and finished.

(The Buttons rushes in.)

Buttons. Dreadful things I have seen and these I would fain reveal.

Chorus. Speak on, for thy aspect forebodes calamities.

Buttons. Calamities, indeed, but of such there is already a superfluity.

Chorus. What art thou about to relate, thou many-buttoned bearer of tidings?

Buttons. Nay, but I know not how to apply my tongue to the words.

Chorus. But do thou proceed, for not to deliver one's message is shameful.

Buttons. Shame is to the shameful, but me no guilt overloads.
Chorus. Speak on then, for to the innocent to speak is to be relieved.

Buttons. Know you the cook who in the rearward parts of the palace bore rule?

Chorus. Is it of her thou speakest having thy lips framed for tidings of evil?

Buttons. Of her and of no other, but the gods lay this upon me.
Chorus. Is the much-endurer now haply lapped in slumber?

Buttons. Slumber may come in many ways, but she will wake no more.

CHORUS.

Now is the fate, ordained of old,
The terrible fate that our minds foretold,
Now at last is the fate fulfilled
In the blood that a pitiless Mistress spilled.
On high Olympus the gods at ease
Look down with a smile on things like these:
Guilt for some and for others woe,
For the gods, the mighty, must have it so.

R. C. L.

"AN ELDERLY SCHOLAR.—Mr. Edmund Herring, aged 55, has just been selected as a Rhodes scholar.

The veteran, Mr. Morris Herring, aged 129 (?) is the uncle of Mr. Edmund Herring.—REUTER.—North China Daily News.

Although herrings frequently attain to a great age this paragraph ought not to come under "Fish Notes," but under "Cricket Notes"—the actual facts being that, playing against M.C.C., a Rhodes scholar and his uncle made 55 and 129 respectively.



Affable Alf. "BEEN 'AVING A BIT O' CROKEY, MISTER?"

DID SHAKSPEARE PLAY FOOTBALL?

OR, TO PLEASE ALL PARTIES, WAS BACON A SPORT?

ALTHOUGH SHAKSPEARE only makes one direct reference to the football player, a close study of his plays has convinced us that he himself followed the game.

His one allusion to a footballer is in itself strong evidence of this. "Base football player" are the words he uses in *King Lear*, Act I., Scene 4. The reference is probably to foul play—on the other side.

But if this example fails to carry conviction, we can find confirmatory evidence everywhere throughout the plays. In *Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 3, for instance, occur the words "trip him," which, to have their full value, should be read in conjunction with *Twelfth Night*, Act I., Scene 3, where we find the frank confession, "I have the back trick."

This confession brings us to the consideration of SHAKSPEARE as a player. When he talks of "the virtue of a good wing" (*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I., Scene 1), we see that he

learned the back trick against forwards of merit; and we know him at once as a back of the robust, stick-at-nothing school ("not nice but full of charge": *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V., Scene 2), when in the first part of *Henry IV.*, Act V., Scene 1, we read that "nothing can seem foul to those that win."

Of the team for which he played all we know with any certainty is that it was famous for its striking and artistic colours. For SHAKSPEARE was too good a partisan to intend the phrase "Heavenly harnessed team" in *Henry IV., Part I.*, Act III., Scene 1, to refer to any opposing eleven.

It would almost seem that on one occasion at least the poet was to be found keeping goal, but that was probably only in a friendly match not taken too seriously. Perhaps it was at a stage *fête*. At any rate, "the net has fallen upon me" (*Henry VIII.*, Act I., Scene 1) suggests a practical joke or faulty materials such as would never be tolerated in a League contest.

"The premiere of Sir Arthur Pinero's new comedy 'The Mind, the Pain, and the Girl,' is fixed for Saturday."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

The great Christian Science drama.

RELICS.

["A log of wood, supposed to be part of the famous apple tree in Sir Isaac Newton's garden, has been presented to the Royal Astronomical Society. According to tradition the scientist's attention was directed to the subject of gravity by the fall of an apple from the tree."]

Daily Mail.]

WE understand that a jet of steam, if not the same as, at least similar to, one which issued from the spout of the kettle of JAMES WATT's mother, has been secured by the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, in whose museum it now rests.

A tin pot, very like the tin pots which JOHN BUNYAN must have mended, has been prevented from going to America by the public-spirited action of a gentleman who has procured it for presentation to the Baptist Union.

A biscuit, one of those named after the famous physician, Dr. ABERNETHY, has been presented to the British Museum, where it resides next to the Garibaldi biscuit recently lent by the Italian Government.

Some soap-suds, believed to be from MARAT's last bath, are to be sold at the hammer next week.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I CONFESS that ROBERT HUGH BENSON is an author from whom I myself can only snatch a joy that is more than half fearful. For one thing, when he sets out to make my flesh creep, he can do it with a cold and logical completeness that is very unnerving. *The Coward* (HUTCHINSON) shows him at his best and worst. It begins quite pleasantly, with one of those charming descriptions of life in the stately old country homes of England at which FATHER BENSON is an adept. But I knew it couldn't last like that; the more peaceful the opening, the more I felt, as in a kind of conscious nightmare, the terror that was bound to be in store. It came, a glimpse of it, when the boy *Val*, having been thrown from his horse, pretends that he is too stiff to ride again next day. Then I saw what we were in for—an extraordinarily subtle and detailed analysis of the physical coward, done in FATHER BENSON'S most merciless and convincing manner. Of course it is tremendously clever. Poor, haunted *Val* (that he is otherwise so delightful and promising a lad is only what another author has called an extra turn of the screw) is laid bare to the very springs of his miserable life. His self-hatred, varied with flashes of glorification, when under press of nerves he exhibits the reckless daring that is really the concomitant of cowardice, is traced step by step, from incident to incident. For a long time I hoped that the wise and sympathetic priest, who was obviously being held in reserve, would be allowed to work one of those miracles of regeneration which FATHER BENSON has given us before. But—however, you must read the end for yourself. It is very well written and quite horrible.

When two people fall in love, and one of them is a Catholic and the other is not, the safer and more prudent plan is, I am told, for each to start again and fall in love with somebody else. But in the case of *Evodia Essex* and *Felix Scrafe* inquiries had elicited that both were of the same Protestant faith, and it was considered right to proceed. I do not think those inquiries can have been very searching, or it would have transpired that the belief of *Felix* was very wobbly. Certainly, it was easily reversed in less than a week, and reversed to such good purpose that he deserted his love for a whole fortnight in order to become better acquainted with his new religion, and that without warning or explanation almost on the eve of their wedding-day. The call being assumed to be a right call and irresistible, two interesting problems at once arose: what under the circumstances he should have done, and in what spirit his conduct should be treated by his betrothed? Some will hold that creed should come before affection, others that affection is more important than creed; but all will be interested to learn how things, in this instance,

worked themselves out—who gave in, and how. For this purpose *Prisoners' Years* (METHUEN) must be bought and read. In complimenting Mr., Mrs. or Miss I. CLARKE on a fine study I feel bound to protest that justice has not been done to the Established Church or the language of my country. The former is not wholly without hope for the faint-hearted, support for the afflicted, and ideals for the spiritually earnest. The latter is strong enough to manage for itself without the assistance of at least one French word to every page. I conceived a dislike, of which I never quite got rid, for one character who was *émotionné* no fewer than three times in the first five minutes of our acquaintance.

There are some rather curious people in *The Story of Clarice* (JAMES CLARKE), as KATHARINE TYNAN has named her latest novel: there is the hero, for instance, *Hugo Venning*, of whom we are told, when he is proposing to marry on a pittance of six hundred a year, that previously his cigars and his button-holes had cost him as much.

Also he is made to say in one place to *Clarice*, "Why, I stroked my college boat last July twelvemonth at Henley." (Do they really say "last July twelvemonth" at Eton? Perhaps it is this that has been worrying Lord TANKERVILLE.) And there is *Jerry Polkinghorne*, who took a First-Class in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge, and is subsequently spoken of as debating "with the best temper in the world and the training of the Oxford Union." And there is Mr. *Mauleverer*, who eats (absently-mindedly)



"WHEN HE FIRED THE PISTOL AT YOU, WHAT DID YOU DO, CAPTAIN?"
"I MOVED TO ONE SIDE AND THE BULLET SPED HARMLESSLY BY AND BURIED ITSELF IN THE THICK PART OF THE MATE'S HEAD."

fourteen chicken sandwiches at tea on a fast-day, and is contrasted unfavourably by the authoress with the Non-conformist minister, because of his narrow-mindedness. The story is once more a very pleasant love-tale, with an element of mystery not too terribly dark for the reader's intelligence to unravel; but I could have wished that the promise of rivalry between the two extremely eligible suitors for the hand of *Clarice* had been maintained. As it is, the man of two universities rather tamely throws up the sponge, and in a chapter entitled "*Io Hymen*" (practically equivalent to "*Floreat Etona*") the old school comes by its own.

The Moving Staircase.

"The osculator at Earl's Court has been so successful that a number of others are to be installed at various places."

We compliment our contemporary (who shall be nameless) on this pretty example of *esprit d'escalier*.

"The adoption of the garter as its sign is explained by the famous story that the Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter at a state entertainment, whereat there was much tittering among the courtiers. Edward III. picked it up with the words 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.' 'Accursed be he who sees shame in a garter.'"—*Daily Mail*.

We prefer the older and more elastic rendering.