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June 8, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 108, JUNE 8, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Vol. 108.

June 8, 1895.

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ROBERT ON THE TEMS.

ME and sum of the Gents of the Lunden County Counsel, as they calls theirselves, has had sum considerable differences of opinion lately, but I don't suppose as it will cum to much. It seems as sum on em has got theirselves elected into the Tems Conserwancy Gents, and nothink as is dun quite sattisfys em unless they has the best places on bord the crack steamers as takes em either up the River or Down the River, as the case may be. In course they all wants the werry best heatables and drinkables, and plenty on em; but if the water appens to be jest a little ruff, the one thing as they all scrambles for is plenty to heat and plenty to drink, and a nice quiet seat in the Saloon all the way home.



I herd tell the other day as how as some of the Tems Conserwancy Gents had a reglar quarrel with sum of the County Counsel Gents, all becoz of the diffrence that sum on em wants to make in the way in which things is conducted on bord when agoing on their way home. It most suttently must make a great diffrence weather it is a nice, brilliyant, sunny day, and all happy on bord, or weather it is a dull, dark, rainy day, and not room enuff for harf the cumpany.

I don't find as how as the too partys in the Corporation agrees with one another more than they used to when they used to quarrel so much about everythink. In fack they seems jist as much opposed to each other as ever, and I, for my part, most truly hopes as how as they will continue in the same noble spirit, and then they will hate each other with the same cordial hatred as so distinguished them in days gone by.

I don't know a greater treat myself than spending a nour or too with the County Counsellors at Charing Cross. They can lay the stingers about in splendid style, and both sides of the question, much alike in force, and werry much alike in qouality. But the werry finist sight of all I shoud think wood be to see a thorowly good set to between a picked set of the Tems Conserwancy and another of the County Counsellors. From what I hears of the former I shoud think their chance would be grand indeed, and from what I have herd of their reckless perseverance I should think their loss almost incredible. The Tems is the river for me, and long may it remain so!

ROBERT.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

TERRIBLE things have been happening in Newcastle. If any one doubts this statement, let him read the following extract from one of the local papers. "Though it is a good while," observes a leader-writer, "since it could be said with justice that the trade of the country was advancing by leaps and bounds, the observation may with absolute accuracy be made with respect to our Newcastle rates. They have stolen along with woollen feet, and are now about to strike with iron hands."

I bow to the ground in awe-struck admiration before this picture of rates stealing along on woollen feet and raising iron hands for a deadly blow at the unfortunate ratepayers of Newcastle. There is something fell and savage in the mere contemplation of it. Prose is quite inadequate to it; it demands rhyme, and must have it:—

Consider Newcastle, its pitiful case,
Where the rates have a habit of stealing.
'Tis a way they are prone to in many a place,
And they do it without any feeling.

They move without noise, and they thus get the pull,
Like a cab with a new rubber tyre on;
For their feet, it is said, are a compound of wool,
Though the hands that they strike with are iron.

The vision appals me, one glimpse is enough;
With terror my bosom is heaving.
Yet I venture the hint—do not treat it as stuff—
That steel were more suited for thieving.

SOMETHING always appears to be wrong with the streets of Bristol. I had to notice the melancholy case of Christmas Street last week. The epidemic has now extended to Old Market Street. Here the pitching is so dangerous that horses fall and break their legs, and ladies die from falls on Easter Mondays. A correspondent who calls attention to this matter says that "it is quite annoying on a busy day to have to ask customers two, three, or even four times what they require." I scarcely see what this has to do with the pavement, but personally I have always found it more than annoying to be asked four times as much as I require, even when my requirements are small, as they usually are. It is gratifying to find that, in Old Market Street, at any rate, the shopkeeper who asks has an equal share of annoyance.

THEN again, Conduit Place, Lower Ashley Road, is not only badly lighted, but its name is practically unknown. "Even shopkeepers in the neighbourhood and policemen on the beat do not seem to know of it, and sometimes lead people astray in consequence." This, however, is not to be wondered at, as "another difficulty is the numbering of the houses; although only about thirty in the road, they are divided into five terraces with different sets of numbers, which causes endless confusion."

INCREASE not, wanderer, the policeman's load;
Ask not the site of Lower Ashley Road.
Inquire not eagerly for Conduit Place,
But start unasking on thy terraced chase.
These places to policemen are unknown,
So shall the pride of finding be thine own.
Go forth, go forth, itinerary pundit,
And find the place that takes its name from Conduit.
Thy journey, after many a turn and twist'll
Land thee at Lower Ashley Road in Bristol.
Then pause, and, having raised a thankful voice,
Take 'midst five terraces thy doubtful choice;
And, envied by policemen on their beats,
Return, a lexicon of Bristol streets.

BUT the badness of the streets and the ignorance of policemen as to their whereabouts is nothing to the annoyance caused by the Salvation Army bands near St. Clement's Church in Newfoundland Road. "On Ascension Day," the Vicar writes, "our service was completely stopped for several minutes, as the preacher, who had a bad cold, was unable to shout above the din of the passing drum." I shudder to imagine what would have been the plight of the congregation if the preacher had been free from cold, and capable of shouting down a drum.

ROWING and cricket are more closely connected than many people suppose. In an account of the Oxford eight-oared bumping races, I read that "New College started at a tremendous bat."

This of course accounts for the bawling on the bank by which these races are always accompanied. Further on it is stated that "New College finished at 40, all out"—which seems rather a small score.

I COMMEND the brevity of the Mayor of Cambridge, Mr. HYDE HILLS, who, being obviously above Hyde Park, does not condescend to the verbosity of the spouters who on Sundays congregate in that locality. The other day Mr. HYDE HILLS was elected to be an Alderman, and all he said was, "I thank you." This is *optimi exempli*, especially for Aldermen.

LATELY I came across the following touching appeal of an impecunious son to his father:—

Sir,—I have piles of bills,
Regular miles of bills;
My banking account's in a hash.
All on the debtor side,
Nought on the better side;
The balance you'd hardly call "cash."

'Tis terrible when you're reduced thus to penury,
Even if *that's* nothing new.
Hope! Can I dream of it?
Yes, there's a gleam of it;
My quarter's allowance is due!

AT the Bigg Market in Newcastle was recently held what a local paper describes as "a demnostration in favour of temperance reform." "Demnostration" is a delightful word. It seems to express in the most compact form enthusiasm and strong language.

A QUESTION OF POLICE.—A few days since Liverpool set another lesson to London. No doubt with the consent of the Liverpoolians (inclusive of "the dangerous classes"), the local police force had a grand field-day. To quote our excellent contemporary, the *Courier*, "those who witnessed the police's steady march through the streets in three battalions, and their effectively-performed manœuvres in Sefton Park, would hardly realise what the turn-out meant to most of the men. They were on duty through the night, and had very little rest before they had to parade for inspection (with the march-out and review), and the weather being warm, the display involved fatigue, so that the refreshments provided were very welcome." Yes, and no doubt well deserved. But why should London wait? Why should not we have something of the same kind? We might have a grand Police Review in Hyde Park. All that would be necessary would be to arrange that the metropolitan thieves should keep the ground!

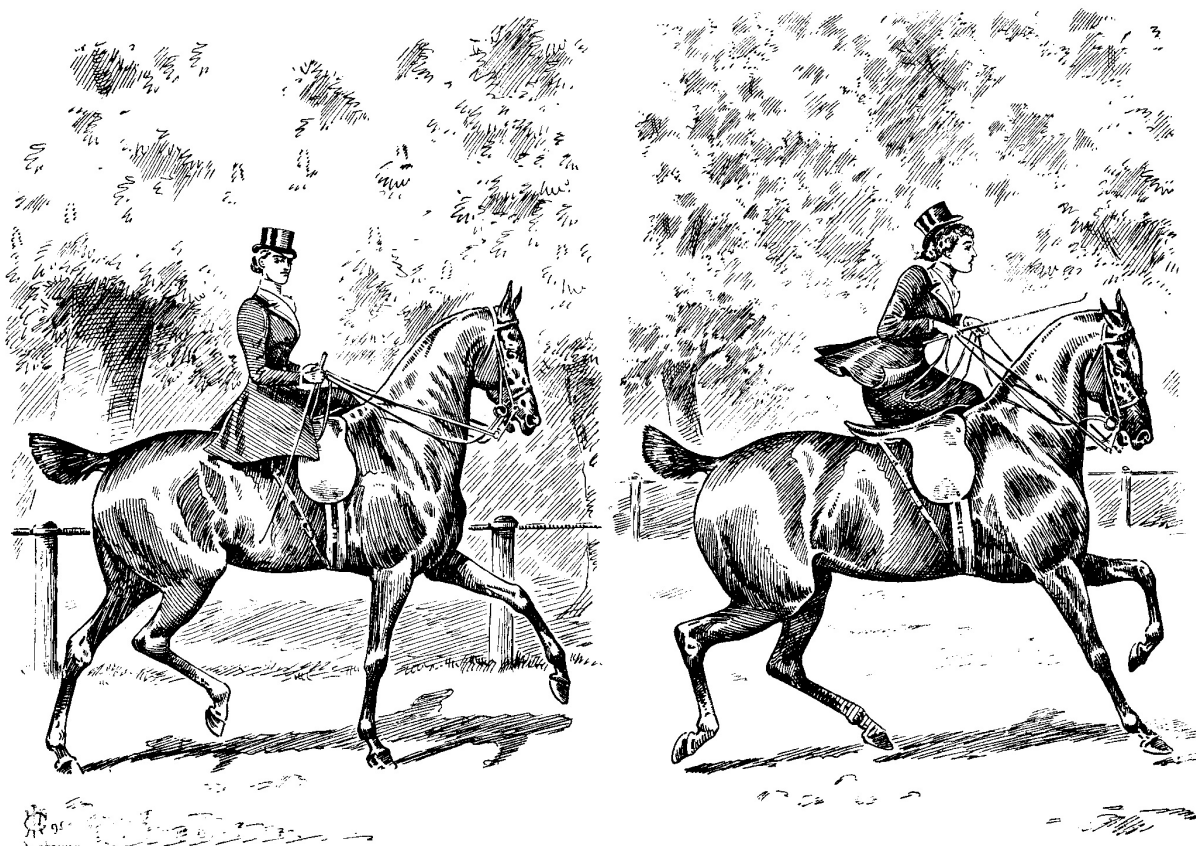
PROVERBIAL PARLIAMENTARY ECONOMY, OR SHORT COMMONS FOR UPPER HOUSE.—Don't spare the Black Rod, and then you won't have to spoil the Upper-Housemaid.



"WHAT A KNIGHT WE'RE HAVING!"

David Garrick. "CONGRATULATE YOU, SIR HENRY! IN THE NAME OF THE PROFESSION! 'MAY YOU LIVE LONG, AND PROSPER!'"

[pg 267]



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

DON'T PUT YOUR HORSE OUT OF THE WALK UNLESS YOU CAN REALLY RIDE.

NOTES FROM A PATIENT'S DIARY.

["Music is a serious therapeutic agent, which exercises a genuine and considerable influence over bodily functions."—*The Lancet*.]

Monday.—Feel rather out of sorts, slight touch of influenza, I fancy. Send round for Doctor. He shakes his head gravely, and produces stethoscope. I protest that there's nothing wrong with my lungs, and this is, therefore, unnecessary. But he explains that he treats all his patients by music nowadays; supposed stethoscope turns out to be a cornet, on which he performs selections from *Il Trovatore* for my benefit. Asks me if I feel better, and in order to get rid of him I pretend that I do. Later on in the day a small musical-box arrives, labelled "to be taken twice a day." Find it only plays one tune out of *Rigoletto*. Pitch it out of window.

Tuesday.—No better. Consult another doctor, who's just taken his degree (in music) at Oxford, and is supposed to be very clever. He feels my pulse, and looks solemn. Then he asks if I've been giving way to Italian opera lately, and appears coldly sceptical when I explain that I have been taking it by medical advice. Prescribes essence of WAGNER, to be taken at short intervals. Begin by attending a RICHTER concert. Dr. RICHTER'S practice is said to be enormous, and every part of St. James's Hall is thronged by his patients.

Wednesday.—Better. Receive a large number of patent medicine circulars—this kind of thing: "Try our Indigestion Waltzes! Warranted to cure. All headache, giddiness and faintness removed at first time of hearing." Here's another: "Dentists superseded! All sufferers from Toothache should attend Herr BOSKOWSKY'S course of Dental Piano Recitals. Worth a guinea a stall." I also learn that the Hirsutine Symphony cures baldness, and that the Pink Bavarian Band may be engaged to play "Slumber-Songs" to sufferers from insomnia.

Thursday.—Am aroused by five barrel-organs performing simultaneously under my next-door neighbour's window. Send a note round suggesting they should be dispersed. Answer "Sorry to cause annoyance, but our youngest child is suffering from chickenpox, and has been ordered street-music every three hours." Go out to buy an air-gun. Later in the day, happening to take up the *Lancet* at the Club, I find in it a long article on "The treatment of pleurisy by BEETHOVEN'S Fifth Symphony in C Minor."

Friday.—Two seedy-looking men suddenly appear in the drawing-room after dinner to-night. Discover that they are "The Brothers TITTLEBAT" from the Abracadabra Music Hall, and that my wife has engaged them, by her doctor's orders, to sing comic songs every evening for a fortnight, in order to cure the depression of spirits from which she believes herself to be suffering. "The Brothers TITTLEBAT" seem to be suffering themselves from elevation of spirits—gin, to judge by the smell; kick them out, and decide to emigrate to-morrow.

LA DIVA AT DALY'S.

GISMONDA is poor stuff. The selection was a mistake. Lucky man SARDOU to have SARA for heroine. Great is SARDOU and SARA is his profit! Splendid as ever, but genius wasted on *Gismonda*. She will be seen at her best in other dramas. Wonderful *artiste*!

Yes, *artiste jusqu'au bout des ongles*, but why give us these real good tips, painted red? If it were in English, SARA might make some joke about her fingers being "reddy" for the assassination of the villain. This explanation does not exist in French. Probably it was the fashion in the time of *Gismonda*.

Will any dramatist give SARA an entirely new part in which she will not be compelled to purr, swear (like a cat, not a trooper), scratch, shriek, tumble on settees, clutch curtains, wrestle with cushions, and so forth?

Why, on first night, revive old custom of handing up baskets of flowers, per orchestra, to the heroine of the play and the Star of the Night? Why keep the audience waiting so long between each Act? We are not in Paris, and when we have too much "song," or play, we can't get any "supper."

NOTE (*by our City Man*).—Excellent notion for a hot June—"the *Chili* Loan." It will be a hot favourite: to be taken up warmly. *Mem*. Invest "cool thousand" in the Chili Loan.

THE SCARLET PARASOL.

SCENE III.—*The Hall. A quarter to Three in the afternoon.*

Muriel (to ALAN, who is just taking his hat). Oh! May I speak to you one moment, Master Roy?

Alan. Pray do, dear Miss VANE. I am just going for a stroll by myself—to—to develop an idea I've got.

Muriel. If you should happen to be going for a secret drive along the high road with VIOLA, in a dog-cart from JOHNSTONE'S, would you be so kind as to give her this? (*Hands scarlet parasol*.) She

forgot it. And don't let her leave it anywhere. You see her initials are carved round it. And she is *always* losing things. Please be very careful!

[*She smiles.*]

Alan. What on earth can have given you such an extraordinary idea, Miss VANE?

[*Takes parasol.*]

Muriel. Well, a sort of coach-building, livery-stable person, from JOHNSTONE'S, is engaged to JANE, the housemaid. He came to see her to-day.... She has been ill, poor thing!

Alan. How very distressing!

Muriel. VIOLA *said* she was going to visit cottages. However, in *case* you *should* meet—one never knows—you'll give her the sunshade.

Alan. You may depend upon it, Miss VANE.

In the Dog-cart. ALAN *is driving very leisurely, and VIOLA trying to hide under her parasol.*

Alan. That's a perfectly delicious hat of yours!

Viola. I am so glad you like it! This is a very nice dog-cart, and this is a pretty lane to drive in, so cool and green.

[*A pony-carriage passes.*]

Viola (starting violently). Good heavens! There are the clergyman and his wife.

[*She bows, blushing crimson.*]

Alan. Why are you agitated, Mrs. TRAVERS? They look very gentle and harmless.

Viola. Gentle and harmless! If they tell ALBERT?

Alan. Does he disapprove of the clergy taking exercise in the open air?

Viola (pettishly). Of course not. How absurd!

[*A silence.*]

Alan. Shall we get out presently, and sit in one of these nice fields, and make daisy-chains? There are daisies in fields, I know—though I *am* rather urban.

Viola. Oh, yes; and cowslips!

Alan. You ought to give a cowslip-ball, Mrs. TRAVERS. It would be charming. May I come?

Viola. If you're old enough by then!

Alan. Oh, I'm never going to be old enough.

Viola. Really not?

Alan (candidly). It's a great thing to have settled on one's pose, Mrs. TRAVERS; and one can't be always changing—it's so much trouble!

In the Field.

Viola (trying to enjoy herself). This is lovely! So cool! and the sky so—so blue!

Alan. You have a perfect passion for scenery! (*He picks some flowers, and gives them to her.*) I have so many things I want to tell you—

Viola. About yourself?

Alan. No, about you. Things you don't know—

Viola (starting). Oh! Is that someone we know?

Alan. I *hope* you wouldn't know a man who wears such a hat as that in the country!

Viola. It's all right—I *don't* know him.

[*Sits down.*]

Alan (trying to recover the thread). About yourself—your eyes, for instance. Has anyone ever told you how annihilating they are?

Viola. I'm very glad you like them, Master ROY; but we really *must* go now, Dr. ROBERTS will be there to tea, and they will think it odd—

Alan (ironically). Oh, it would be terrible to miss Dr. ROBERTS—quite terrible!

[Follows her, thinking the expedition rather a failure. As he helps her into the dog-cart, she knocks her ankle very slightly.]

Viola. Oh! Oh! I've broken my ankle! I shan't be able to walk home! It will all be found out! Oh, why did we do this!

[She begins to cry.]

Alan (to himself). Why indeed! (*To VIOLA.*) Poor dear child, how absolutely dreadful! But, if Dr. ROBERTS is there it will be all right. He can set it.

Viola. Set it! How can you talk in that heartless way! Why did you make me come for this drive?

Alan (apologetically). I really thought you seemed as if you'd like to! Come, I can't allow you to cry.

[Tries to dry her eyes. She moves away. He drops his whip and has to get out and pick it up. They drive back very quickly and in entire silence, save for a few groans from VIOLA.]

Viola. Well, I suppose I must try to hobble home. Yes, I'm a little better. Do take the horrid dog-cart away! It's an absurd one—brown and ridiculous. Do I look as if I'd been crying—much?

Alan (coldly but evasively). You look perfectly charming.

Viola. Oh! take that buttercup out of your coat! Someone might suspect!—

Muriel (meeting VIOLA at the garden gate). Oh, VIOLA, such wonderful things have been happening! Quick—before we see anyone else. Dr. ROBERTS has been here. Well, he proposed to me! and I accepted him like a girl in a book! You see, you were out.

Viola. All right. Oh, MURIEL, I am so ill, and so anxious. I have such a toothache, I can hardly walk. I hurt my foot, reading to a poor woman in a cottage.

Muriel. Some tea will cure you. But, VIOLA, will you and ALBERT be nice about my engagement?

Viola. The truth is I had such a dull, wretched, idiotic drive with ALAN ROY, that I can't be nice about anything.

Muriel. Will you consult VALENTINE? Dr. ROBERTS, you know?

Viola. How can you go and get engaged to people called VALENTINE!

At Dinner. Everyone very cheery, except CLAUDE MIGNON, who looks depressed, and Mrs. AVERIDGE, who is unnoticed.]

Albert (serving soup). What is that ring?

Viola. Oh, nothing.

Servant. Please, Sir, it's only JOHNSTONE has sent misses's parasol, that was left in the cart!

Albert. This is some mistake! You didn't drive to-day, VIOLA?

Muriel (apart to ALAN). Shall I betray you? (*To ALBERT.*) The fact is Master ROY went out alone, to develop an idea; and I lent him VIOLA's parasol, because he was afraid of getting sunburnt.

[Everyone laughs.]

Alan. One has to be so careful. Freckles run dreadfully in my family. I had them once, and a relapse is most dangerous!

After Dinner.

Viola. Darling MURIEL! I congratulate you and VALENTINE. VALENTINE is such a pretty name! How sweet you were! I shall never have another secret!

Muriel. And shall you tell ALBERT all about it?

Viola. Perhaps—to-morrow!

Claude Mignon (to ALAN). I hate a house where a girl is engaged! I'm going away to-morrow.

Alan. So am I.

Claude Mignon. Rather a clumsy-looking creature—the old Doctor?



At the garden gate.

Alan. Oh, no! Very distinguished!

Muriel (to ALAN, in a low voice). I told you not to leave the parasol.

Alan. You did, dear Miss VANE. It was dear of you.

Muriel. And did you develop your idea?

Alan. Well—no. Somehow, it didn't quite come off.

THE END.

BYE-BYE TO DAUDET.—We could not stand the presence of two lions in London; so, when NASRULLA KHAN appeared on the scene, ALPHONSE DAUDET made his exit. Our, "*Beau-bel Poète*" sends us his jingle:—

DAUDET *est parti!*
Good-bye my hearty!
"Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo,"
Bon soir DAUDET! "*allez faire Dodo!*"

AN INTERREGNUM OF BRUTALITY.—The *Times* last week announced that

"Applications for the vacant Chair of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh should be lodged not later than Saturday, June 29."

Alas! Poor Humanity! It may be news to many that the Chair of Humanity is in the possession of the Northern University. Of course a very large arm-chair, with arms to embrace all mankind. And a very easy chair. Whoever sits in it is only a Professor, and what is mere profession without practice?

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OPERATIC NOTES.



Tuesday.—Madame MELBA as *Juliette!* Bless her heart, she must have had a very large one, being a decidedly fine girl for her age, which I believe was fifteen; while *Romeo* was about nineteen, or thereabouts. Mons. ALVAREZ, it is needless to add, looked quite "thereabouts." Both singing and acting in first-rate style. *Jupiter-Plançon*, converted, appears as *Frère Laurent*, which, sounding like "Law-wrong," is a name rather descriptive of this worthy Friar's somewhat underhand proceedings. *Friar Law-wrong-Plain-song* excellent. Full house night before the Derby. If omens go for anything, the gentleman who was making a book in the lobby, and who overheard some one speak of the opera as *Rosebery and Juliette*, might have made a small fortune. The slip was a tip.

Some people say, "Why orchestra in 'well' below stage?" But Sir DRURIOLANUS, with experience of general advantage to sound and sight, says, "Shan't touch 'em. 'Leave well alone' is my motto." Exit Sir D. merrily.

Saturday.—Strange case of *Rigoletto & Co.*—"Co." being MELBA at her best, BAUERMEISTER and clever JULIA RAVOGLI, with DE LUCIA as the Gay Dook, ANCONA as the Fool, suggestive of the PAGLIACCI mummer with a court appointment. "House full." MAUREL is coming. To *Falstaff* and *Don Giovanni* he will give a "high Maurel tone."

SPORT, SPECULATION, AND COUNSEL'S OPINION.

So many letters have reached me during the past week begging for my opinion upon the legality of what may be termed sporting financial speculation, that I scarcely apologise for asking the hospitality of the columns of the leading law paper to give my response. No doubt the inquiry has to some extent been fostered by the report that I was seen taking part in the hippodromatic revels of the Derby Day. It is true that I certainly visited Epsom on the occasion in question; but only in a semi-official capacity. I have the honour to be consulting assessor of the Diamond Mine Salting Syndicate, Limited, and in that desirable position have frequently attended the meetings of the directors on occasions, so to speak, outside the Board-room. It is true that my experience as one learned in the law is seldom required at such seasons, still the directors, as fiduciaries, are to be applauded for neglecting no opportunity of availing themselves of my services.

Having satisfactorily explained how it came that I was on the Downs when, by a not unnatural coincidence, the Derby was decided, I proceed to consider the question that has been propounded to me. Is sporting speculative finance illegal? It is not a matter that can be decided off-hand. One must be careful not to interfere with the policy of trade, and do nothing to impede the development of honest industry. I am asked by a correspondent, who dates "From Sheffield," if there is anything undignified in his appearing as a "bookie" in a pink velvet coat, a yellow

slouch hat, with blue feathers, and black leather knickerbockers. I can see no objection to a tradesman wearing any costume he determines to select. It would perhaps be as well not to attempt to disguise his features, as the operation might savour of secrecy, the chief element of fraud. This limitation of course does not apply to an auctioneer, who, having his name and address displayed on a board hanging on the rostrum he occupies, can legally carry on his business, if it so pleases him, in a false nose, a comic wig, and a pair of green spectacles.

But really, a consideration of the costume of the "bookie" merely reaches the fringe of the subject. The real point at issue is this—Is betting legal or illegal? It is hard to say. That a bet made on the racecourse is recoverable is questionable. Suppose that A is prepared to give odds against *The Earl's Choice* (the favourite, quoted officially at 2 to 1) at the rate of five shillings against one thousand pounds sterling. Presume that B agrees to the wager and *The Earl's Choice* wins. B naturally asks for the immediate payment by A of one thousand pounds sterling. A declines. Has B any remedy against A? I am afraid that the Court (although allowing costs on the higher scale) would not assist the plaintiff in making good his claim. However, it would be possible for B to represent to the other side that the conduct of A was of a character warranting chronic detention in a lunatic asylum. If this suggestion were adopted with the necessary discretion, I have no doubt that a compromise satisfactory to B would eventually be the outcome of the negotiations.

However, although I am a little uncertain about other bets, I have no doubt in my own mind that coach sweepstakes under certain circumstances should be discouraged. I do not wish to rely upon case law, but would rather appeal to that honest, manly feeling that is (so I have been given to understand) the birthright of every Englishman. When all Nature is smiling, and man (smoking a three-shilling cigar) is at rest, why trouble about mounts and starters and blanks?

I have in my mind at this moment the drawing of a certain sweepstakes. An eminent counsel (I will not mention his name), was present and drew a blank. On his behalf I appeal for a revision, a reversal of judgment. Do not let there be a mixture of the glories of Nature with the ups and down of sporting speculative practice. Let those who took part in that sweep—winners and losers alike—return their stakes. I will hold them on the general behalf. Then when I have received the cash as trustee I will find out that eminent counsel and place the money in his hands. I have nothing more to add, save to set forth as a guarantee of good faith my signature warranted by my address.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, June 1, 1895.

OH, MY PROPHETIC SOUL, MY PUNCHIUS!

["*Punch* made a great hit" (in his last Cartoon "A Doubtful Stayer"), "and will probably take credit to himself for having been one of the very few who 'tipped' *Sir Visto* for the Derby."—*Leeds Mercury*.]

Thanks, Mercury, thanks! Acclaim from all ranks
Declares *Mr. Punch* is *the* prophet to follow.
The Public rejoices, and Mercury voices
The popular praise due to Punchius Apollo.
The oracular god, with a genial nod,
Admits that he knew it, foresaw it, and *said* it!
But oh, deary, deary! His pen it would weary
If for all his successful straight tips he "took credit."
At Delphi of old they *sometimes* hit the gold;
Punch's oracles nought to equivocal mist owe.
No riddle or rebus contents the new Phœbus,
So all wise men twigged when he tipped 'em *Sir Visto!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE particular Baronitess to whom the Baron handed over *The Holy Estate* (a novel in three volumes, by two authors, W. H. WILKINS and FRANK THATCHER, published by HUTCHINSON & Co.), says that in explanation it is called by its authors "a study in morals," but where the morals come in or come out it would be difficult to say. Apparently, in the majority of the characters, there is a singular lack of any virtuous quality. A young innocent girl marries a gay soldier and goes out to India. Here she finds herself placed in a land where principles are decidedly at a discount. Her husband turns out, to put it mildly, a blackguard (with a big, big "B"), and his friends are of the same fascinating type. In a typical, melodramatic, "Adelphi villain," there is something almost wholesome as compared with the modern bad man of "*Yellow-Book*" fiction, who is simply revolting. [By the way, interpolates the Baron, the latest *Yellow Book* is comparatively quite decorous and without an Aubrey-Beardsley illustration!!] Of course, the hero and heroine of *The Holy Estate* have to pass



through the fiery ordeal of Indian Society; how they come out of it the reader may discover. But as pessimism is the artistic order of the day, they are not allowed to finish well and "live happy ever afterwards." My Baronitess adds, with a frown, "It cannot be called pleasant reading, nor is there in it any sign of the genius of a DAUDET or a ZOLA which might be accepted as, in some sort, a literary excuse for its being brought into existence."

(Signed) THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

As Broad as Long.

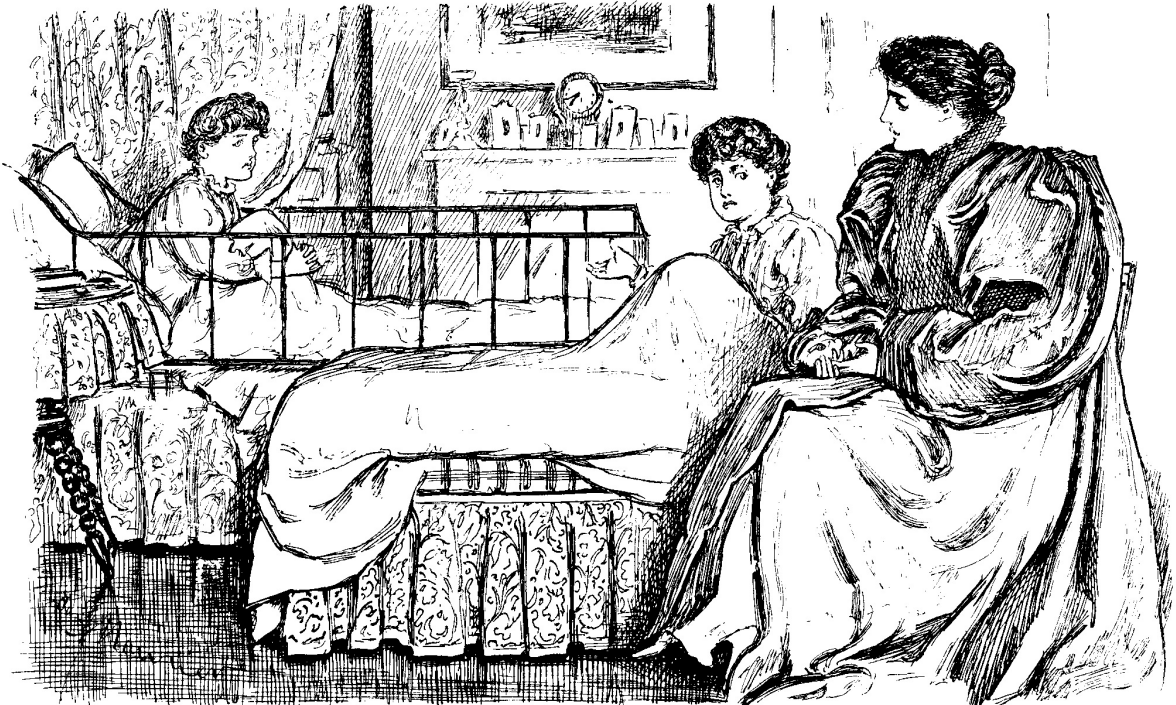
First Critic. Shortness now rules in Novel and in Song,
Which, like men's clothes, are cut and made to order.

Second Critic. It may be Tale and Lay are now less long,
But they make up for it by growing broader.

SPORTING PARADOX.—ROSEBERY was more of a "favourite" when he was an "outsider." Perhaps, like his *Sir Visto*, when an outsider again—which he seems likely soon to be—he will be safer to back for a "place," if not for an absolute win.

BEST SOLUTION OF MINISTERIAL DIFFICULTIES.—*Dissolution.*

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A FORTIORI.

Mamma. "NOT ASLEEP YET, GEORGE?"

George. "NO; I CAN'T GET TO SLEEP BECAUSE JACK SAYS HE'S GOT CRUMBS IN HIS BED. HE COULDN'T MAKE MORE FUSS IF IT WAS THE WHOLE LOAF!"

DAUDET!

(An old Comic Song re-sung for the benefit of a French Critic.)

["As for English women, their looks and their dress, the less said the better. They have, in M. DAUDET's opinion, neither beauty nor taste."—*The Times' Correspondent in Paris.*]

AIR—"Doo-dah!"

Oh, ALPHONSE! Gallantry befits your race!
DAUDET! DAUDET!
Can you look hereafter in an Englishwoman's face,
DAUDET? DAUDET-say?
You must have snoozed all night,
You must have blinked all day;

Have been blind—*pro tempore*—to Beauty's light,
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

Is every Englishwoman then a Grundy or a Gamp,
DAUDET? DAUDET?

Did you play Diogenes—without his lamp—
DAUDET? DAUDET-say?

Have you joined the pessimist churls
Who of nothing good can say,
That you slight our women and insult our girls,
DAUDET? DAUDET-say?

Oh, Dan seems empty and Beersheba bare,
DAUDET! DAUDET!

And there's nothing tasteful, and there's no one fair,
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

To the saffron skin of France
English rose-tints must give way?
At our British Beauties *did* you get a glance,
DAUDET? DAUDET-say?

You laud male Britons, whilst you pour dispraise—
DAUDET! DAUDET!—

On our girls and matrons! 'Tis a travellers' craze,
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

The Frank abroad—is frank,—
From the *belles* of France away,
He is doubtless home-sick, but he need not turn "crank."
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

The less said the better? Well, *that's* true, no doubt,
DAUDET! DAUDET!

But the little that you *have* said is all sneer and flout,
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

The maids of France are fair!—
Are the men *fair* too? Ah! nay.
Not if *you're* a specimen, my debonair
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

Neither taste nor beauty? Oh! you *must* have been bad,
DAUDET! DAUDET!

The *mal de mer* all the time you must have had,
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

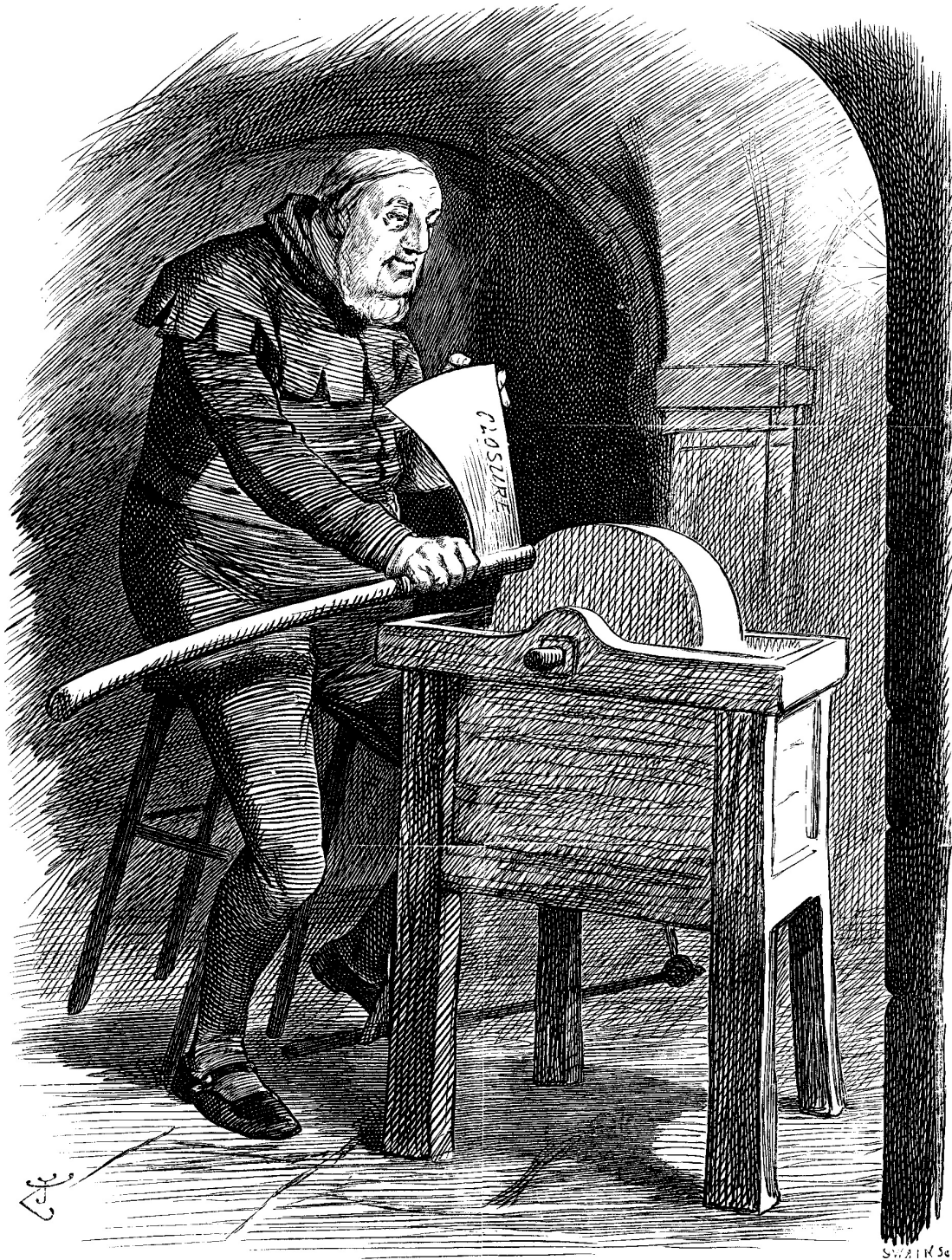
The jaundice worked its will
Upon you all the way!
Try again—after swallowing a big blue pill—
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

Sands and Sea.

(By a Harrow Boy who was "ploughed" at Exam.)

"Ploughing the sands" has been shown, in a letter to the *Times*, to be, in some cases, a productive operation. If the sands are well ploughed, and well sown, then may a fine crop be expected. When "Ploughing the sands" is no longer remunerative, then let all hands be summoned aboard, and the Government vessel in search of General Election Island may "Plough the sea," and come safely into port. What is successful "ploughing" to them will be "harrowing" to the Opposition.

"O SUCH A DAY WAS NEVER SEEN!"—Mr. Justice DAY is always a bright, never a dull DAY. His judicial utterances are like the sea around the Isle of Man, clear and profound. Rarely does he miss a good point; yet so it was the other day when, in a trial of "*Legge v.*" a heap of people (not involving any question of "*Legge bail*"), Mr. Justice DAY observed, "I find now very high rank held by doctors in the Army. There are Captain-surgeons, Colonel-surgeons, and I am not sure there are not Generals. (*Laughter.*)" "Not sure," Mr. Justice! Why 'tis as clear as Day! There is another and a higher grade, viz., "General-Practitioner."



HARCOURT THE HEADSMAN.



'HOPE YOU BACKED THE WINNER?'

"MY DEAR FELLOW, ONLY TOO DELIGHTED. BUT YOU NEVER TOLD ME!"

A REALLY BIG PURCHASE BY A PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL, AT A VERY MODERATE FIGURE.—For 260 guineas Mr. W. AGNEW purchased "*Lambeth Palace—in the distance.*" It is no "distance" to speak of, as twopence more will take the purchaser by steam-boat from almost any landing-stage across the river to Lambeth. It should perhaps be added, so as not to frighten the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, that in the purchase were included "*Old Westminster Bridge (a view of), with State Barges and Boats.*" The whole Thames-water-colour having been painted in oil by SCOTT. This lot, by Great SCOTT, went as above-mentioned.

MUSICAL EXERCISE FOR BICYCLISTS.—Try WAGNER'S "'CYCLE."

"WANTS TO KNOW."—"Dear Sir,—I saw a paragraph in the *Times* quite recently headed '*A Confirmed Pickpocket.*' I am all for the religious improvement of the dangerous classes, and what I want to know is *Firstly*, Was the lad a pickpocket before he was confirmed? *Secondly*, Or, did he become a pickpocket after confirmation? *Thirdly*, What bishop or curate was responsible for his confirmation? Other questions arise out of this case, but these are enough for the present.

Yours, A FEMALE SEARCHER."

FROM OUR OWN SMALL SCHOLAR.—"That's where I should like to be," sighed SAM SUCKER minimus, as in his geography lesson he read the name of Orange Free State. "Fancy, oranges free!!"

A MODEL REMODELLED.

The "Revised Edition"—probably to style it "The Revised Version" would savour too much of the Biblical Committee Room—of *An Artist's Model* now removed to the Lyric is occasionally "funny," though not absolutely "without being" occasionally "vulgar." Its weakest point is its story, but as the plot only occasionally obtrudes itself upon the audience, the weakest point is, therefore, not worth mentioning, only its strong points, which consist in MARIE TEMPEST'S singing, but not in what she has to sing, and in Miss LETTY LIND'S mild warbling and charming dancing,

which latter thoroughly deserves the hearty encores she obtains, as does also Mr. FARKOA's capital rendering of an otherwise not particularly brilliant French laughing song. Mr. ERIC LEWIS and Mr. W. BLAKELEY attain great distinction by their clever rendering of nothing in particular.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN appears depressed. But comic relief to his sentimental sadness is given by both LAWRENCE D'ORSAY, with as much of the traditional D'ORSAY courtliness that is left of it, and Mr. FARREN SOUTAR, worthy inheritor of a double talent. Lyrics of H. GREENBANK neat, as they always are; but the compositions of Mr. SIDNEY JONES will probably "keep the stage," as it is impossible, at one hearing, at all events, to carry any of it away with you. The "house," on this occasion, excellent; far better than the piece.

Joseph's Coat.

["There is a Chinese regiment which enjoys the terrible and glorious appellation of 'The Tiger-Braves.' They are dressed in coats covered with spots to resemble the skin of the animal from which they take their name.... The Government are a regiment of Tiger-Braves."—*Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham.*]

JOE, who should know all about "beasts" and "caves,"
Now calls his whilom colleagues "Tiger-Braves."
Well, his own coat bears strange new Party blots,
He is a leopard who *has* "changed his spots."

DELIGHTFUL PROGRAMME.—We see that Mr. CHARLES REDDIE advertises a morning concert for June 11 at Prince's Hall. The audience will be there, and he will be always "Reddie, aye Reddie." Exhausted after playing, he will re-appear and be *Reddie-vivus*; and, in fact, there is a perfect store of puns on his name which must have frequently occurred to himself as a Reddie-witted person. That he is to be assisted by M. EMIL SAURET on the violin no one will be Sauret to hear; and that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE gives his name and presence on this occasion will make the concert ever memorable. Concert under direction of ubiquitous DANIEL MAYER, in himself Mayer and Corporation of musical world.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—In view of the French President's accepting an invitation from the LORD MAYOR, the Common Councillors are daily practising a bacchanalian chorus, in harmony, of which the words are:—

"*Faure!* he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us!"

LYCEUM ADVERTISEMENT.—"*King Arthur*"—Sir HENRY IRVING. Knightly performance.

MOTTO FOR EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.—Open for "Wheel or Woe!"

COMBINED DISPLAY OF ALL ARMS.—A *soirée dansante* during the season.



"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE CARES FOR YOU?"

"WHY, MAMMA TALKED TO HIM FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR LAST EVENING, AND HE REALLY SEEMED TO ENJOY IT!"

"WATERS, WATERS EVERYWHERE!"

One of the reasons for the popularity of Apollinaris Water mentioned the other day at a "meeting of the waters" was, that men generally soon became on such intimate terms with this water-nymph as to be able to speak of her familiarly as "Polly." "Whisky and Polly" seemed to go so well together as to be suggestive of a round dance, in which the admirer of "Polly" was whisky-ing her round the ball-room. The gradual rise of Johannis in public opinion, delayed, of course, in the first place, by politeness on the part of "Johnnie," who must cede the *pas* to "Polly," is due to the fact that the aerated-water drinkers had not made up their minds as to whether Johannis was to be addressed as "Jo" or "Johnnie." We believe that "Johnnie" is now the accepted appellation. Whether "Johnnie" and "Polly" are on the best terms, this deponent knoweth not; nor is he aware that during the season The Bishop of Bath and Wells or The Bishop of Sodor-water-and-Man will bless the union of "Johnnie" and "Polly," though at one time there was a report to that effect. To alter the title of the old semi-nautical drama, *Poll and Partner Joe*, of which the second hero was

a Water-man, "Poll and her Partner Johnnie" ought to get on well together.

AFTER WHITSUNTIDE.

Brown. You're looking extremely well.

Jones. Never fitter!

Brown. Took a run to Paris, eh?

Jones. No. Saw French play, though.

Brown. Went to seaside or river, eh?

Jones. No. Can't stand expensive discomfort. I had some decent boating, though.

Brown. Went for inland scenery?

Jones. No; although I sauntered under noble trees, and got some magnificent views.

Brown. Switzerland? Italy?

Jones. No time for long journeys. I enjoyed fine air, and walked twenty miles a day; studied fine Old Masters, and enjoyed a stroll in a museum which has no equal.

Brown. Really!! Then, in the name of wonder, *where* have you been staying?

Jones. In London.

[*Farewells exchanged, and exeunt.*]

A KNIGHT OF THE WILLOW;

Or, why not "Sir W. G. Grace"?

["Dr. W. G. GRACE, whose name has been everywhere of late—except where it might well have been, on the Birthday Honours list."—*Times.*]

Why not? Great Scott! "The play's the thing,"
Before the footlights, round the ring
At Lord's, it little matters,—
Easily first *is* easily first!
Just fancy what a glorious burst
From throats aglow with zeal—and thirst—
Would hail the Knight of Batters!

They've shouted for him many a time,
Whose mellow age is still his prime,
And others' youth surpasses;
But how they'd make the welkin split
If honours donors had the wit
To knight this Hero of the Hit,
And favourite of the masses!

"The play's the thing." Sir HENRY IRVING
Sounds well. Who'll question *his* deserving
When 'midst the knights they place it?
But here's a player just as great
In his own field. Why should he wait?
However high be knighthood's state,
The name of GRACE will grace it!

What greater joy to crowds affords
Than the announcement "GRACE at Lord's"?
What lots of "Lords" and "Graces"
Do less than England's W. G.
To furnish genuine sport and glee
To thousands, who still throng to see
How well he "times" and "places."

True, "Thunderer," true! He stands the test.
Unmatched, unchallengeable Best
At our best game! Requite him!
For thirty years to hold first place,

And still, unpassed, keep up the pace,
Pleases a stout, sport-loving race.
By Jove, "Sir WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE"
Sounds splendid. *Punch* says—"Knight him!"

"IN THE NAME OF PROFIT—TOGS!"

It seems that the uniform of the SHAHZADA, worn by his Highness on State occasions in England, was designed by a Briton, and consequently is not included in the official garb of the Afghan Army. Presumably the same sartorial artist was responsible for NASRULLA'S "get up" at the Derby. The son of our ally appeared on that memorable occasion in "a harmony in grey"—grey frock-coat, waistcoat and trousers, with grey fez turban to match. No doubt the head-dress was relieved with a diamond worth £1,000,000, or something of the sort, just to show that our guest was of eastern origin. The following suggestion for complete outfits may be found useful:—

Yachting.—Suit of blue serge, covered with rubies and diamonds. Straw hat, made of golden wire, encrusted with emeralds. Tan shoes, studded with brilliants. Shirt of silver tissue, with collar and cuffs of virgin gold. Telescope of turquoise, with sling of linked Queen Anne's guineas.

Shooting.—Suit of ditto's of gold tissue. Shoulder-guard of diamonds. Deer-stalker of birds of Paradise breast-feathers. Boots of young crocodile leather, embroidered with lapis lazuli.

Private Dinners.—Gold coat and trousers. Silver shirt and waistcoat. Diamond opera hat and overcoat of various precious stones. Handkerchief of woven brilliants. Necktie of antediluvian aluminium at £520 10s. 4d. a grain.

[pg 275]

TARTARIN SUR LA TAMISE.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET has gone back to his own country. He is pleased with us on the whole. We have learnt his language and read his books.

We are not so clever or intelligent as the French; but we are more stable of purpose and despise ridicule, and keep ourselves well informed about other countries. *L'enfant dit vrai, peut-être!*

Our women, however, are inferior to French women, as they lack either beauty or taste: and the less said about their looks and dress the better. *Toujours galant, "le petit Chose!" Pécaïré!* TARTARIN has surpassed himself; and if he manages to persuade his fair compatriots that he is sincere in this, *il aura bien mérité de la patrie*; and will recover all his old popularity. Nothing will remain for him but to prove that we lost the Battle of Waterloo, and that the Lord Mayor is a more important person than Queen VICTORIA. After that, "*Aux grands hommes de la France, la Patrie reconnaissante.*"

THE Latest Edition of "The Chronicles of Holinshed," written by JOHN "of that ilk." Honest JOHN is outspoken. His motto is the truth and nothing but the truth—as far as he can recollect it. His memory appears to be good. JOHN is Frank.

DRAMATIC TEMPORARY PROVERB (*adapted for Garrick Theatre*).—"When the HARE is away the WILLARD will play."



INSULARITY.

"BY THE WAY, RADDLES, A RUSSIAN PRINCE IS COMING TO DINE WITH US NEXT WEEK!"

"AH, THEN, SIR, I SUPPOSE HE AIN'T O' MUCH ACCOUNT IN HIS OWN COUNTRY?"

REGRETS.

"To wish is folly, to regret absurd."

That I went out in my new hat and light summer clothes, and did not take my umbrella the only day within the last fortnight when there was an hour's rain.

That I had already accepted an invitation when one to a party that would have been infinitely more pleasant all round subsequently arrived.

That I took that champagne last night, and some other things.

That I left off my winter "things" before summer had set in.

That I returned to my winter "things" just when summer weather did set in.

That I went out to supper and supped heartily.

That I didn't have that tooth out when it first pained me.

That my dentist should take a four days' holiday just when I wanted him badly.

That I put into five sweeps and drew blank.

That I lent a man half-a-sovereign.

That I didn't back the winner.

COMMERCIAL AND NAUTICAL.—Two City men, twin brothers and partners, in character the very reverse of CHARLES DICKENS'S kind and generous *Cheerybles*, are known as "The Twin Screws."

WHITSUNTIDE.—"Don't stop in! I'll take you out if you'll only come," as the dentist said to the tooth.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May, 27.—RITCHIE back to-day, after long absence. Changed address from Tower Hamlets to Croydon. Waiting to be called to table by SPEAKER, had opportunity of hearing long debate round Bill promoted by London County Council. RITCHIE, as President of Local Government Board in last Ministry, made London County Council possible. Happy thought to play him in, as it were, with County Council debate.

"Been out of it nearly three years now, TOBY," said RITCHIE, when, one of a score of old members, I went to shake hands and bid him welcome; "just the same old place; perhaps a little duller at the moment. What they want is new blood, or, perhaps, better still, a re-infusion of old blood. Can't give them a new County Council Bill; must try and make them somehow sit up."

These thoughts pressed upon him as he stood at table signing Roll of Parliament after having been sworn in. Brought his hat with him, as new Members do, since, as yet, they have no peg to hang it on. Placed it on table whilst he signed the Roll. Passing on to be introduced to SPEAKER, observed with a start that there were two hats on the table. Odd. Was sure he had brought only one. Blessed is the man who makes two blades of grass grow where formerly only one peeped forth. Possibly analagous benison for a man who, planting one hat down on a table, looks and behold there are two. Happy omen; make the most of it; wouldn't do to go off with two hats. House sure to remark it. Besides, how could he shake hands with the SPEAKER holding a hat in either hand? Next best thing to select the newest; did so with pretty air of abstraction; advanced one step between table and Treasury Bench on way to SPEAKER'S chair when he felt firm grip on his elbow, and a well known voice in his ear.

"Give me neither RITCHIES nor poverty, but do leave me my hat."

It was the voice of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. How d'ye do?" said RITCHIE, hurriedly returning the SQUIRE'S Sunday hat, and taking up his own, which had suffered the rigours of a wet and windy nomination day.

House cheered and laughed. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN gravely shook his head. "That's all very well," said he. "But a man who would pander to the lowest instincts of humanity by clearing the way for parish councils, would do anything."

Business done.—Another night's talk round Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Tuesday.—Prospect of hearing JOHN WILLIAM move adjournment of House over Derby Day, and JOHN LENG reply on other side, sufficed to crowd benches. Such encounter of wits rarely delights mankind these degenerate days. Such lightness of touch! Such gleaming attack! Such brilliant defence! In short, such badinage! Such persiflage! Old Members recall earlier conflicts in same field. Young Members look back on clever speech made by ELCHO in moving adjournment one year, capped by equally brilliant speech when, in the following Session, he seconded WILFRID LAWSON on the negative course. This and all else would be excelled when JOHN WILLIAM began to jest, and LENG made light reply.



Ritchie Redivivus!
(From a sketch
picked up near the
Front Opposition
Bench.)



Cromwell. "Brother JOSEPH, Brother JOSEPH, for a Roundhead I find thee in strange company!"
 "But what a pity it is that we cannot revive Oliver Cromwell in the flesh, and not only in marble."

Mr. Chamberlain's Speech at Birmingham, May 29.

This was natural expectation from reputation of these famous wits. In dreary conversation that followed there was one solitary flicker of humour; it was discovered by anxious searcher in the circumstance that the whole business was utterly, hopelessly prosaic. There wasn't a laugh in it from beginning to end. House begins to think it has had enough of this elaborate annual tourney of humour. Next year, if motion for adjournment over Derby Day is made, it will be better to have question put forthwith, and so divide. Another experience like the exceedingly bad half-hour endured this afternoon is more than should fall to the lot of a single generation.

Business done.—House agreed by 221 votes against 174 that it could not afford to take a holiday. Straightway proceeded to waste remainder of sitting in vain repetition of argument round clauses of Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday.—Well for PRINCE ARTHUR he chanced to be absent to-night when Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES hauled alongside SILOMIO and raked him fore and aft. KENYON, who knows more than you think when you hear him speak, tells me it is pretty certain when the next Government is formed SILOMIO will have his choice of succeeding either EDWARD GREY or SYDNEY BUXTON. Neither office is of Cabinet rank. But with the chief in the Lords, a statesman of SILOMIO'S ability and sagacity can make and keep a position equal in importance and influence to some more highly placed. No one will deny that the promotion will have been well earned. The Sheffield Knight has, perhaps, been more prominently associated with the conduct of Colonial affairs than with those nominally directed by Lord KIMBERLEY with the assistance of EDWARD GREY. This is a view strengthened by the circumstance of the honourable title conferred upon him by the emissaries from Swaziland. Actually, SILOMIO knows quite as much of Foreign Affairs as he does of Colonial.

To-night, on Vote on Account, he concentrated his attention on the action of the Foreign Office. Surveying its operations from China to Peru, he was constrained unreservedly to condemn them. Everywhere the British Minister had truckled to the foreigner. The flag of England, which the emigrants in the *Mayflower* proudly carried with them even in their exile, was dragged through every gutter of foreign capitals.

"There never was a time," said SILOMIO, "when this country was so isolated among the nations of Europe."

This grand speech echoed through nearly empty House. PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues on Front Opposition Bench, as usual, paid their distinguished colleague the highest compliment. They knew he would say the right thing in the right way, at the right time. Whilst he kept the gate no traitor could pass, no harm befall a beloved country. So, with one accord, they went off, leaving CASABIANCA SILOMIO to tread alone the deck, burning with his eloquence.

On the benches behind sat only TOMLINSON, who sometimes wishes PRINCE ARTHUR had a little more of SILOMIO'S go; KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN who doesn't think the Knight is quite the model of a country gentleman, but likes to hear him shout at the Government; and Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, wearing his best Sunday ducks in honour of a sultry day that reminds him faintly of breathless moments spent in the Forties in the Bight of Benin.

SILOMIO sat down and mopped the shining top of his patriotic head with a handkerchief hemmed in Germany. The Cap'en, catching the Chairman's eye with the hook that serves in place

of the strong right hand cut off by the flashing blade of the Moor whose felucca TOMMY was boarding under the impression it was a ferry-boat, sprang to his feet. "Unthinking diatribes," he called SILOMIO's noble speech; lamented the effect upon foreign powers of its delivery "by a responsible leader of the party"; and said much else that would have shocked the House had Members chanced to be present. PRINCE ARTHUR, who so acutely felt, and so bitterly resented, GEORGE RUSSELL'S recent sneer at the Patriot Knight, was spared the anguish of the moment by that carefully concerted movement which, happily, calls SILOMIO'S colleagues off the Front Bench when he is about to discourse on Foreign Affairs.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

Friday.—House met to wind up business previous to Whitsun recess. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, always considerate, been thinking over ways of enjoying the holiday. Struck him nothing would be nicer than free admission for M.P.'s and their friends to witness process of vivisection. Put the matter before HOME SECRETARY in his genial way. ASQUITH very sorry, but has no power to give the desired admission. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS a little depressed, but went off with the consciousness that he had at least done his best.



An Authority on
Heraldry!
(Mr. Eg-rt-n All-n.)

"There is no enterprise in these people, TOBY," he complained. "We in London are much behind the age. We haven't here what in Paris is, I believe, called the Mor-gew: a nice, quiet place to turn into when you are out holiday-making. I have my own resources. When house is shut and I can't go about the basement and cellars smelling out the oil lamps, I sit on edge of fountain in Trafalgar Square and sniff its balmy waters. Everyone not equally independent. If we had only about the parks and in the thoroughfares places open to the respectable public where they might see vivisection going on, we should be a happier nation."

Business done.—House adjourned for the Whitsun recess. Back again June 10.

Wail of the Wire-puller.

Oh dear, what can the matter be?
R-S-B-RY doesn't seem hearty.
'Tis very well winning the Derby "Blue Ribbon,"
But *that* will not bind up—our Party!

NASRULLA KHAN.—On the Sunday immediately following his uncommonly fatiguing first day in town, the SHAHZADA was requested to visit the Zoo. Wire from Porcupine, who, on account of his splendid set of quills, acts as Secretary to the Zoo Society, ran thus:—"Will Khan visit Zoo?" Exhausted Receiver's reply brief but to the point, exhibiting fine mastery of English language, "*Khan can't.*"

CLASSIC TITLE FOR DR. GRACE.—"The Centurion."

Transcriber Notes:

Throughout the dialogues, there were words used to mimic accents of the speakers. Those words were retained as-is.

The illustrations have been moved so that they do not break up paragraphs and so that they are next to the text they illustrate.

Errors in punctuation and inconsistent hyphenation were not corrected unless otherwise noted.

On page 267, a period was added after "sufferers from insomnia".

On page 267, "litte" was replaced with "little".

On page 273, "Lind s" was replaced with "Lind's".

On page 275, a single quotation mark was replaced with a double quotation mark before "Ah, then, Sir, I suppose".

On page 275, a single quotation mark was replaced with a double quotation mark after "Oh, I beg your pardon. How d'ye do?".

On page 275, "nea" was replaced with "near".

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

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