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November 2nd, 1895, by Various and F. C. Burnand**

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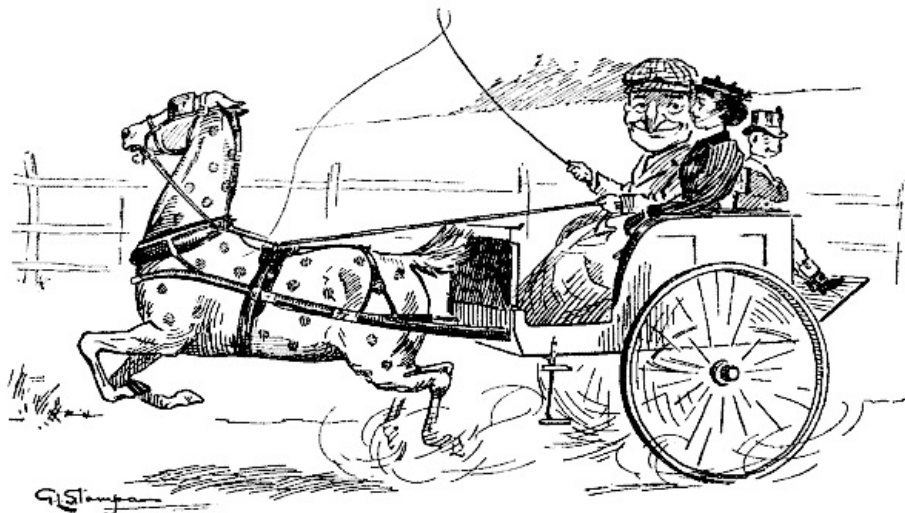
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 109, NOVEMBER 2ND, 1895 ***

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

Volume 109, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

edited by Sir Francis Burnand



"WEATHER PERMITTING,"—MR. PUNCH DRIVES TO THE FIRST MEET.

TOOLEIANA; OR, THE MOOR THE MERRIER.—At the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, in answer to calls for a speech, at the termination of his visit with *Thoroughbred*, Mr. J. L. TOOLE presented himself to the audience "habited in his sables" as the nigger minstrel. *Mr. Punch's Own Popular Comedian* was in excellent health and in his best, *i.e.*, his own, "form." He explained that, despite appearances which might lead to such a conclusion, he was *not* about to join the Christy Minstrels. However, it was probable, but not yet definitely settled, that in the next revival of the Shakspearian tragedy at the London Lyceum, he might impersonate *Othello* to the *Iago* of his friend Sir HENRY IRVING. We hope so. What crowded houses! Booking-office should open at once.

THE MINISTER OF FINE ARTS.

(From a Newspaper of the Future.)

Many years ago, in 1895, our esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Graphic*, suggested the appointment of a Minister of Fine Arts. This seemingly admirable scheme was soon after carried out. The first Minister was a cautious man. His one great improvement, which met with universal approval, was to remove all the statues and fountains from every part of London, and to place them in a row on Romney Marsh, from Dungeness to Hythe, where they would undoubtedly scare away any French army endeavouring to land. The second Minister tried to introduce the so-called "Queen Anne," or Dutch architecture, and prepared a scheme for altering the whole of London. As a beginning, the north side of Oxford Street, from Holborn to the Marble Arch, was completely transformed. Along the whole distance stretched a fantastic row of red-brick buildings, the surface of which was diversified at every possible point by useless little windows, and little arches, and little projections, and little recesses, and little balustrades. These had risen to the level of the second floors, when a change of Government brought in a Minister who believed only in English architecture of the fifteenth century. Under his directions the new buildings were therefore continued in stone, in imitation of the Houses of Parliament, but the work was stopped by his death. His successor, though of course one of the Gothic party, preferred the Gothic architecture of Italy, and the upper parts of the houses were therefore finished in that style. As at that time the reduction of the Budget was urgently needed, it was decided to use painted stucco instead of real marble, as in Italy.

When the next Government came into office all the houses on the South side of Oxford Street were pulled down, and everyone said that at last we should have an imposing row of buildings. Unfortunately a difficulty arose. The new Minister of Fine Arts was only interested in gardening, and hardly knew one style of architecture from another. He could not therefore decide the great question whether the new houses should correspond with the opposite ones, and, if so, whether they should be "Queen Anne," or Italian Gothic, or English Perpendicular in style. The controversy raged for months. Every person interested said, or wrote, what he thought, or knew, or did not think, or did not know, about architecture, and taste, and art in general. The Academy of Arts, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Institute of Architects, hitherto sedate bodies, became so excited that free fights occurred almost daily in the neighbourhood of Burlington House, and on the waste land in Oxford Street. In every newspaper "The Improvement of Oxford Street" was discussed vigorously. Suddenly the current of public opinion was turned in another direction by a lamentable event. The Minister of Fine Arts, returning from his weekly inspection of the maiden-hair ferns on Wormwood Scrubs, was killed in a cab accident in Vigo Street, a miserably narrow turning, which had escaped the notice of everyone but the cabmen, who always prefer the narrowest streets.

At once there arose a universal cry that safety and space were more important than style. The new Minister was beginning to widen some of the narrow thoroughfares, when his party went out of office. The work has not been continued by the present Minister, who is considering a scheme for the improvement of London by the erection of fountains and statues. Meanwhile the Oxford Street site is still vacant, and no improvements are attempted elsewhere. Half of Vigo Street has been made the same width as Burlington Gardens; the other half remains, as before, about fifteen feet across from house to house.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Daily Graphic*, always alive to the artistic needs of the age, remarks that it is impossible to regulate art by Acts of Parliament, or to improve London by party government, and therefore suggests that the Ministry of Fine Arts should be abolished.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

BOARD AND RESIDENCE.—Here is a gem from the Bandon Quarter Sessions. Their Medical Officer of Health, Dr. MAGNER, was suing the Guardians of the Clonakilty Union for failing to erect a fence round the Dispensary residence:—

Counsel argued that the true cause of all this was that Dr. MAGNER happened to be a gentleman of independent mind, who had not, like others in the same position, the *savoir faire* to cuddle guardians.

His Honour. Do you mean to say that any unfortunate medical officer has to cuddle boards of guardians? A very unpleasant duty certainly.

Mr. Powell. Well, they had to attend the meetings, and, perhaps, stand drinks, and things of that kind. (*Laughter.*)

Who would not be such a Medical Officer,
Practised in keeping his Board well in hand?
D'you think that he offers them cocoa or
coffee, Sir?
No; but it's whisky he's called on to "stand."

Paupers fall ill, and his task is to cure 'em;
In fights with infection he comes up to time;
'Gainst bad sanitation he's paid to secure 'em;
His drains may be poor, but his "drinks"
must be prime.

Is any Guardian cantankerous? He "cuddles"
him
(So did a Counsel obscurely declare);
And should this fail, then his "Irish hot"
fuddles him;
For what is a doctor without "*savoir faire*"?

THE WATER-BANDITS AGAIN!—Not content with spoiling the Falls of Foyers, the Aluminium Company now threatens an attack on the Falls of Clyde. Oh, what a Fall is there, my countrymen! exclaims the patriotic Scot. The Co. that dares to lay its hands on Clyde, save in the way of kindness, is a willun, and should be wound up instanter. Says the *North British Daily Mail*—

The times are distinctly utilitarian and prosaic, and yet we have not all progressed up, or down, to the level of the man who sees nothing in a grand cataract beyond so much horse-power running to waste.

Neatly put, and even from a utilitarian standpoint it may be well to remember that as much money may be brought into Scotland by a thousand tourists wanting to view the Falls, as by a single company wanting to ruin them.



A THIN DISGUISE.

*The Russian Bear (in Chinese costume, only more like himself than ever, slyly chuckles as he crosses Manchuria).
'AHA! THEY WON'T KNOW ME NOW!'*

(See Special Communication to "Times," October 25.)

THE ENGLISH WIFE.

[MAX O'RELL says that the English wife sits opposite to her husband at the fireside in the evening with her curl-papers in her hair.]

Air—" *She wore a Wreath of Roses.*"

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night when first we met;
Her hair, with careful oiling,
Looked shiny, black, and wet.
Her footsteps had the lightness
Of—say a mastodon;
And oh! she look exceeding smart,
Though high of hue—and bone.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now
With the slimness, style and
lightness
Of—say a Low Dutch Vrow!

A wreath of orange blossoms
When next we met she wore,
The spread of form and features
Was much greater than before.
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and strove in vain,
To make believe that such a wife
Was a domestic gain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With her big front teeth projecting,
A queer blend of horse and cow.

And once again I see that brow—
No bridal wreath is there—
A ring of curl-papers conceals
What's left of her scant hair.
She sits on one side of the hearth.
Her spouse, poor man, sits near,
And wonders how that scarecrow
thing
Could once to him be dear!

I wondered, and departed,
Yet methinks I see her now,
That type of British wife-hood,
With the corkscrews round her
brow!

LETTERS FROM A FIANCÉE.

MY DEAR MARJORIE,—Since I wrote to you last, ARTHUR has developed unmistakable signs of acute jealousy. *Bluebeard* was mild in comparison with him; *Othello* childishly unsuspecting. At first, I liked it, and was flattered; but it is now beginning to be a little wearing. Also, I find that it has the effect of making me ridiculously and unjustifiably vain; catching, as it were, from ARTHUR, the idea that everyone I meet must necessarily admire me, and would like to take his place. A quite absurd instance of this has just happened, of which I am rather ashamed. My cousin FREDDY, who is staying with us in the country, has a musical friend, called PERCIVAL, for whose talents and accomplishments FREDDY has the greatest possible admiration. Having got permission to bring him down, FREDDY instantly dragged him to the piano and insisted on his playing and singing a song which went like this:—

"The people call me DAISY,
Little DAISY, with the dimple,
And all the boys are fond of
me
Because I am so simple," &c.

We were all charmed, except ARTHUR, and except PERCIVAL himself. PERCIVAL composes songs, called "*Dreaming Eyes*," "*Far from Thee*," "*Ever*"; besides, he can play WAGNER, and MASCAGNI, and TOSTI, and all kinds of real classical music, and didn't quite like to be treated as if he were a mere music-hall singer. He is a gentle, amiable creature, without any pose, and with (as I know *now*) not the very smallest intention or desire to steal the heart of one who belonged to another. It would be difficult to find anyone less likely than PERCIVAL to break up—let us say, for instance, a happy English home. ARTHUR thought otherwise; to ARTHUR, PERCIVAL seemed a *Don Juan*, a gay *Lothario*, a very *Lovelace*, the most dangerous of young troubadours. And he glared—really, glared is the only word—so much while I talked to poor young PERCIVAL that I, also, actually began to think there must be something in it; and, from mischief, I talked to him the more. After dinner, we danced. To tease ARTHUR, who was snubbing everyone and looking sulky, I couldn't resist sitting in the conservatory a little while with FREDDY'S friend. True, my conversation with this reckless *Rizzio* might have been, word for word, carried on between two provincial old ladies: and yet, the knowledge that ARTHUR wouldn't have believed it, gave a sort of imaginary romantic wickedness to the whole thing. He asked me if I had read *Trilby*, and said he had, curiously enough, never seen the *Shop Girl*. We agreed, that though we didn't much like the winter, still it was certainly a nice change after the summer. We had reached this point, when ARTHUR came into the conservatory; I rose, so did PERCIVAL, and at the same time he handed me a little piece of paper on which he had, while he talked, been writing something in pencil.... I walked away with ARTHUR, mechanically squeezing the little bit of paper in my hand.

"What," he said, furiously, "was that letter that young fool gave you?"

Becoming frightened, I denied that he had given me a letter, slipped it into my mouth, and slowly ate it.... We had a scene. I cried; we made it up, and he gave me a new brooch afterwards.

The next day I seized an opportunity to tell PERCIVAL that he *mustn't* do such things, as it made ARTHUR very angry, and also to ask what was on the piece of paper. He looked at me. "Why, Miss GLADYS," he said, "didn't you show it to your future husband?"

"What was it?" I asked, timidly.

"It was my publisher's address. You said you would like to have some of my songs, and——" Thank heaven, he has gone away now, and as FREDDY is always cycling, there is peace again.

But advise me what to do about ARTHUR.

Your affectionate friend,
GLADYS.



THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

Johnnie (who finds that his Box, £20, has been appropriated by "the Fancy"). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT THIS IS MY BOX!"

Bill Bashford. "OH, IS IT? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TIKIE IT?"

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. X.—COMICALITY IN CABLAND—"CARROTTY CHOLLOP" —A TALE OF A "TENNER."



London is not *only* gloomy and ghostish, at least Cabby's London is not, by a dollop,
But chock-full of fun. Wot *is* fun you may ask. Well, I'd like to refer you to
"CARROTTY CHOLLOP"!

Wot arf-a-dozen of street-boys or gutter-snipes doin' a skylark or slum double-shuffle,

And you'll find *one* of 'em a native born *comique* who'll make you crack sides with a kick or a snuffle.

Same with a cab-rank! There's mostly one cove with a mug like a clown's, needing no chalk or scarlet;

"CARROTTY CHOLLOP" 's a natural grin-maker; don't seem to *try*, the mischeevous young varlet.

Tryin'g's no good, for you can't *learn* the comic; it comes, like a knowledge of 'osses, spontanyus.

And if without props, with the flags for a stage, you can make people *laugh*—well, that's wot *I* call janyus.

ROBERTS and PENLEY theirselves can't do *more*. Tell you "CARROTTY CHOLLOP" can "gag," and no error.

To bumptious 'bus drivers and 'igh-'anded bobbies and fussy old toffs 'e's a fair 'oly terror.

Never says nothink offensive—not CHOLLOP!—'e's far too hartistic, 'is voice soft as gruel;

But still 'e can make puffy Crushers go purple with just one tongue-snack as goes 'ome and

stings cruel.

Can't score off CHOLLOP. "'E leaves nothink on," says our champion cue-'andler, "JOHNNY THE JIGGER."

'E can make fun out of anythink, CHOLLOP can, jam-full of jokes, if 'e just pulls the trigger, Bang goes 'is charge, sweeping like a machine-gun; old "CARROTTY" ramming 'is 'ands in 'is pockets,
And cocking 'is queer ginger-scrub of a chin, while the wheezes fly round 'im like crackers and rockets.

Fussy young coppers fight shy of 'im mostly, for 'e knows the ropes, and 'e can't be caught napping.

No "two-and-six-and-two" (fine and costs) knock 'im at Marlboro' Street, 'long o' loitering or lapping.

Sharp as a weasel, and slippy as jelly, 'e's got such a manner of landing 'is wheezes As makes the most wooden-chumped constable snigger behind 'is own cuff; *then* it's go as 'e pleases!

Actor? 'E's good as a pantermine, CHOLLOP is. 'E can play simple and soft as a babby; Make you emagine 'e's some gawping chawbacon 'stead of a hartful and up-to-date Cabby. Struck a bright once. At the risk of 'is life stopped a runaway carriage. Old gent, name o' JENNER,

Told 'im to call at 'is 'ouse the next day; and, when CHOLLOP turned up, old gent *tipped 'im a tenner!*

'E set some store on 'is life, that old codger did. Many a swell, whose sole motter seems "collar,"

After a sharp risky service like that, would 'a' thought a mere Cabby well paid with a dollar. Many a charge against Cabbies is cackled, and many a bit o' sharp practice recorded, But 'onesty don't come as sweet as it should when you know wot some mean by the words "well rewarded."

Wealth 'as rum notions of *wages*—sometimes. I once 'ad a case as tots up in this manner:— To saving a bosky old toff from two footpads, and drivin' 'im 'ome (two miles) two-and-a-tanner!

Watch they were grabbing was worth fifty quid, and *he*—I persoom—was worth *somethink*, to someone,

Though I wouldn't buy such at tuppence a stun. In the matter o' meanness this world *is* a rum one.

CHOLLOP was luckier. "JACK," 'e says, rubbing 'is rhububy chin, like a old nutmeg-grater; "JACK, I was fair discumfuddled *that* journey. 'Ardly knew wich was my bloomin' equator, And wich my North Pole. Left my 'at on the 'arthrug, and tried to shake 'ands with the mortar-haired flunkey!

Scott! if you'd seen 'im dror back with a shudder! 'Twould fetch a fair grin from a blessed brass monkey.

"A tenner! The fust my ten fingers 'ad 'andled. As crisp and as clean as my Sunday-best dickey.

Wanted to change it right off; 'fraid o' losing, *or* lighting my pipe with it. Paper's so tricky; Popped in a shop for a ounce o' best shag and a sixpenny briar. But when the old codger Clapped heyes on the flimsy in *my* bunch o' fives, wy 'e set me down, strite, for a fair Hartful Dodger.

"'Where did you get *this?*' 'e croaked, down 'is throat, like a pompous old Beak bullyragging a Cabby;

'Lawks, 'ere's a lark on!' I sez to myself. 'Hay? *Git* it?' I drawls, making heyes like a babby. 'Found it, perhaps?' sneers the Josser. 'Ah! p'r'aps so,' sez I, 'or maybe, dontcherknow, it was *guv* me.'

Lor, 'ow 'e bossed at me over 'is barnacles. Tenners, 'e thought, looked a long cut above me.

"'If you carn't give more straightforrard account of 'ow this ten-pun note came into *your* possession,

Wy, I shall detain it, and send for a constable,' snorts 'e, a-thinkin' 'e'd made a himpression. 'Well,' sez I, 'umble, 'a gentleman guv it me, if you *must* know.' Then 'e wagged 'is old pow-wow

And sez, 'I must 'ave that gent's name and address, and see *into* the thing, as I think sounds all bow-wow.'

"'Well, shall I take you to see 'im,' I asks, mild and mealy and timersome-like. Sniffin' orty 'E pops on a topper, and *jumps in my cab*. Then I *druv* 'im,—no, *not* to a 'undred and forty In Topsawyer Square, but to Scotland Yard, strite! Then I alters my part, playing up hinjured virtue.

'*Now charge me!*' I sez. 'E went squelch like this hegg. 'Look ere, Cabby,' 'e starts, 'I've no wish for to 'urt you—'

"Larf? 'Ow the bobbies and me did a chortle to see 'im cave in and squirm round and skedaddle.
'Hi! Stop, Sir!' I shouts. 'For a fourteen-stun lump of fat helderly fuss, you *are* prompt on the paddle.
But—fare, if you please,—from your shop to the Yard! Eighteen-pence, Sir, to *you*, though it *should* be two shillin'.
That fare knocked 'im silly, at fust. But 'e parted; and I never took a fare's money more willin'."

CHOLLOP should go on the boards, so I tell 'im. I've 'eard 'im change patter with regular pros. Heggd on by their lydies to take the shine out of 'im. When they've squared up, 'tis but little 'e owes.
Ah! the world's tenners are sprinkled unreglar; but talent does not always follow the money, And many a *comique* at ten quid a week, though much fatter than CHOLLOP, is not arf as funny.

NOTE FROM THE OPERA.—Dash my LUDWIG, but this artist is mighty good as the *Flying Dutchman* at Covent Garden. Likewise Madame DUMA, as *Senta*, enthusiastically applauded and showered with bouquets. And that DUDLEY BUCK, too! Delightful name for a lady-killing lover is the Deadly BUCK, who appropriately played the forester *Erik* in love with *Senta*. Capital performance and first-rate house. Conductor, Mr. FELD. Recognised his style of conducting at once. Merely saw his back, and exclaimed, "That's FELD to the ground!"

CONCERNING THAT LITTLE PARTY.—A correspondent objects to the suggestion made in these columns last week that Dr. GRACE should give a dance in honour of his recent cheque from the *Daily Telegraph* without consultation with the representative of domestic Home Rule. "It is possible," writes the scribe, "that were such an appeal made to such an umpire, the verdict might be 'no ball,' and cause some confusion." Were such a thing to happen, the champion cricketer might be "put out"—a contingency so highly improbable, that it does not merit a moment's consideration.

SHAKSPEARIAN QUOTATION FOR MIDLAND RAILWAY.—"My word, we'll not carry coals!" (*Aside.*) But we must, and not on our own terms. (See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I., Sc. 1)

Shortly to be published, in illustrated form, by the Punch Press, "*Historic Peeps's Diary.*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



The Chronicles of Count Antonio, by ANTHONY HOPE. "Delightful," quoth the Baron; all colour laid on artistically, yet in bold slap-dash style. Broad effects as in scene-painting. He is the Sir JOHN GILBERT of romancers is Count ANTONIO HOPE HAWKINS The *beau cavalier* wins his lady against all odds. It is WALTER SCOTT, G. P. R. JAMES, LEVER, AINSWORTH, DUMAS, Drury Lane drama, ancient Astley's Amphitheatre, essenced; the whole thing done in one readable volume! Genuine romance: all "movement": interest never allowed to flag: drums, alarums, excursions: obstacles everywhere only to be surmounted: dramatic finish and final tableau magnificent! Curtain: loud applause: and calls for author. Great success.

Hugely content is the Baron with a book published by SMITH, ELDER & Co., and writ by one "JACK EASEL," some time a frequent contributor to *Mr. Punch's* pages. The title of the work is "*Our Square and Circle.*" All is written "on the square," and that the matter is "non-contentious" is evident, as otherwise the author would be "arguing in a circle," which is absurd; or "in a vicious circle," which would of course utterly take away the reputation of his quiet square for eminent respectability. That it is pleasantly written, the reader will find out for himself; that it was a labour of love, and therefore Easel-y writ, goes without saying. The Baron joins issue with him on certain details as to the table, the wines, and dinners generally; though up to now he should have thought himself at one with him [or "at 7.45 with him," which is the more likely hour] on all such important points. The Baron gives the book his "Imprimatur," says "Pass JACK EASEL," and is the author's and everybody's

B. DE B.-W., THEIR OWN BOOKING OFFICER.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

[It has recently been suggested in the *Author* that novelists should take the management of their books entirely into their own hands.]

Happening to call lately on my friend SNOOKS, the eminent novelist, I was rather surprised at the

change which had come over the appearance of his drawing-room. The books, which had been scattered over the table in former days, were now methodically arranged along the shelves which covered the entire walls, and in the corner, where a china cabinet had formerly stood, there now figured a sort of counter, behind which stood SNOOKS himself, arrayed in his shirt-sleeves.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as I entered, "what can I have the pleasure of showing you to-day? Romances, poetry, travels——"

"Why, SNOOKS," I said, "don't you remember me? What on earth are you doing?"

SNOOKS's face fell somewhat. "Oh, it's you, is it? I thought it was a customer. You see that I've taken the *Author's* advice, and am managing my own affairs."

"Indeed? And how in the world——"

"Hush!" the novelist interrupted. "Here are some customers." And as he spoke four or five people entered the drawing-room, and marched up to the counter.

"A nice novel, Madam," said SNOOKS, just like one of MESSRS. MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S young men. "Certainly. Kindly step this way, please. Here is my *Love's Dilemma*, very sweet, I assure you. Yes, only four-and-six cash. Thank you.... Can I show you anything, Sir? This is in the latest style—*The Decree Nisi*—or I could write you something to order, if you prefer it.... Hymns, Madam? No, I am afraid I've none in stock, would a devotional sonnet do? Of course, I could make any number you require at the shortest notice.... Thank you, seven-and-sixpence change. They shall be delivered to-morrow morning. Evangelical, I think you said?... To suit a young lady—*not* advanced? Certainly, Sir; I can offer you my *Milk and Mayblossom*, published at six shillings; reduced to half-a-crown.... You didn't like *Murder and Sudden Death*, Sir? Well, I *am* surprised, it's one of my favourite productions; but I can sell you a rather milder blend, if you prefer it."

And so the conversation went on, until all the customers had been satisfied, and SNOOKS wiped his heated brow and turned to me. "There, you see how it works; splendid system, isn't it? No trouble with publishers or booksellers, entirely a ready-money trade, done over the counter in one's own drawing-room."

"Then all these books are your own work?" I asked.

"Of course; you don't suppose I'm fool enough to sell other people's goods? Of course I keep a large ready-made stock, and turn out others to order as required. And, as you're here, do just buy——" At this point I fled.

N. B. IN N. B.

If you'd make them feel "Big Pots,"
Then by all means call them
"Scots."
If you'd make their tempers
hottish,
You may coolly call them
"Scottish."
But, if wise, be on the watch
That you *never* call them *Scotch!*
True it is that BOBBY BURNS
Uses all these terms in turns.
(Such, at least, appears the boast
Of the northern *Yorkshire Post*.)
But if *you* essay the three
You'll soon find you're not—R. B.

SPORT PER WIRE.

[An international revolver match by cable is arranged to take place shortly between English and American teams.]

"Good morning," said a representative of *Mr. Punch* to the Chief Umpire of a well-known Telegraphic Agency; "I have come to ask if you would kindly favour me with some details of your new Sporting Department."

"Certainly," he replied. "It has a great future before it. We intend to revolutionise sport in all its branches."

"For instance?"

"Well, as it's in season, take Football. In fact, I've just finished umpiring in an Association match between England and America, which, in my unofficial capacity, I'm happy to say we've won—for

a change."

"Where was it played?"

"Why, at this desk, of course. You see, we cable over to the Associated Press full particulars of the imaginary kick-off, and they look it out in the Code—which doesn't generally take more than ten minutes—and wire back their return kick (also imaginary), with name, age, weight, and address of the kicker. This is generally repeated as a security against the risk of error. The charge for repetition is one-half the charge for transmission, any fraction of one penny less than a halfpenny being reckoned as one halfpenny, according to the admirable wording of the Post Office rules."

"And then?"

"We wrangle for the rest of the time. This is quite in keeping with the modern spirit of football, the game now having developed into a kind of Hibernian debating society."

"But how was it you won to-day?"

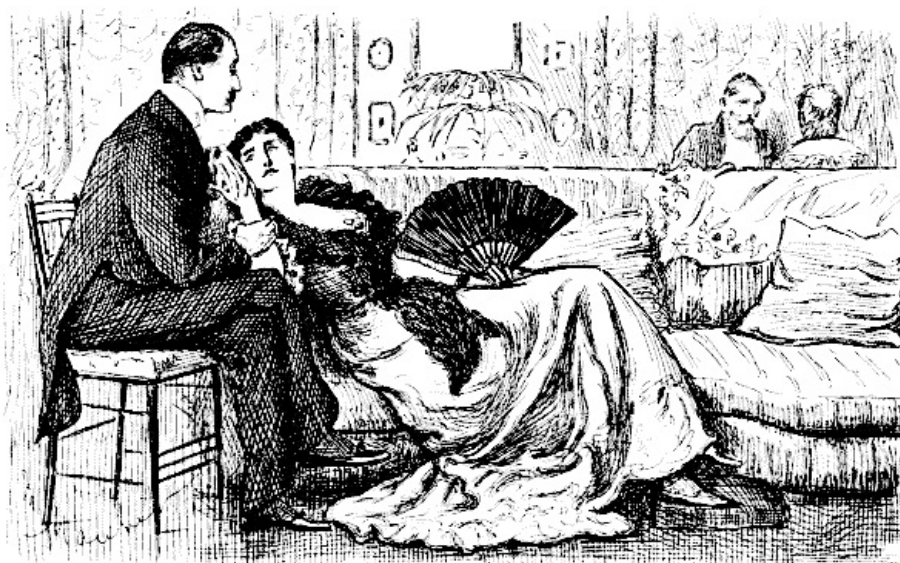
"Oh, we had the last word before 'Time' was called, which enabled our Sporting Editors to prove conclusively that the first kick scored a goal, and was not 'offside.' Our American colleagues, however, have appealed to the Central International Committee of Football Referees, so that the wires will be kept warm for the next half-year on the subject in the most sportsman-like manner."

"Capital! And have you any other telegraphic developments?"

"Oh yes! There's our Ladies Inter-Varsity Stay-at-Home Hockey Contest—that's played over there in the corner every afternoon by sixpenny telegram. The Dramatic and Novelist Editors attend to that, in order to acquaint themselves with the workings of the feminine mind. The Golf Department is in charge of the Scottish Editors. They have an anxious time of it, as most of the language used is not fit for transmission, and bunker them badly.... That's the River Editor, hard at work in that arm-chair, rowing against Yale by cable. And there you see our Racing Authority, busily engaged over a Horseless Derby with the French Staff.... My Second-in-Command is now arranging the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, which will take place at last by telegraph on opposite sides of the Atlantic.... We do a bit of Comic Volunteer Manœuvres as well, but I'm sorry to say that our Shouting Editor, whose idea of humour is somewhat noisy, has just broken the telephone with one of his ejaculations.... But I must ask you to excuse me now, as I have a billiard tournament, a yacht race, and a cricket match with all Australia to manage simultaneously, and the spectators—I mean newspaper readers—are getting impatient."



REWARD OF MERIT.—SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., having been *M.P.*owered to appear for the *M-P*ire before the L. C. C. licensers, and having successfully scored all his Imperial Pints, is to be decorated with an Order [not admitted after eight], and allowed to practice at any of the Bars of the Empire. The restriction of "No Fees" is not in accordance with Imperial practice.



COMPENSATION.

The Future Bridegroom. "WELL—IN ANOTHER WEEK I SURRENDER MY LIBERTY!"

The Future Bride. "AND I GAIN MINE!"

THE OLD DOCTRINE NAMED AFTER MONROE.

(*A New Yankee Song to an Old Yankee Tune.*)

Air—"Old Rosin the Bow."

I'm the Yankee, to whip all creation,
And *own* all creation al-so;
If rivals should seek explanation,
I tip them the name of MONROE;
I'll tip them the name of MONROE,
The doctrine called after MONROE;
And 't isn't surprising that I should keep
rising
Whilst holding that doctrine MONROE!

Of the universe I'll be director,
That's quite in accord with MONROE;
And if there's no room for the others,
The others, of course, have to *go*,
When I tip them the name of MONROE,
The doctrine named after MONROE;
Though to them abhorrent, with me it is
current,
Then hurrah for old Snap-up MONROE!

From the President's chair it was stated,
Like rooster our Eagle will crow;
And if lesser fowls kick up shindies,
We'll tip 'em the name of MONROE,
The magnanimous name of MONROE,
The doctrine named after MONROE;
O'er world-wide dominions a-waving its
pinions
Our Eagle will squeal—for MONROE!

Thus I'll blow myself out, and my fixings
From ocean to ocean shall go,
And from pole to pole also; all hemispheres
Pan out for me,—ask MONROE!
Ask octopus-handed MONROE!
The doctrine—improved—of MONROE!
Some folk think his way hard, but I shall tell
BAYARD
To stick to the text of MONROE!

Our ambassador must be—in London—
A smart go-a-head plenipo,
And, if SALISBURY does cut up didos,
Must tip him the name of MONROE;
Explain to him Mr. MONROE,
And the doctrine called after MONROE.
Then, if things look squiffy, buck-down in a
jiffy,
And drop—for the present—MONROE!

THE MUSIC HALL AS OTHERS WOULD SEE IT.

(*With compliments to those it may concern*)

The *entrepreneur* had conducted, the visitor here, there, and everywhere. He had shown the stage, the auditorium, and the tea and cake-room. Every feature of the reformed scheme had been duly explained.

"No singing allowed in the entertainment?" queried the visitor.

"None at all," was the reply; "we consider that music is a mistake. Of course some songs are good, but as others are bad it is better to prohibit them altogether, and thus escape the risk of a mistaken choice."

"And no dancing?"

"Of course not. That would be entirely contrary to our principles. If people require exercise they can walk or run."

"But how about the poetry of motion? How about the grace of movement?"

"We desire to have nothing to do with either," returned the *entrepreneur*. "You see our object is to have an entirely new entertainment, and consequently we reject all items, that have figured in other programmes."

"Well, well," murmured the visitor; "you may be right. But I should like to see the result. I will wait until the performance is given, and judge for myself."

"I am sorry I cannot assist you to carry out this scheme," declared the Manager of the Progressive Music Hall, "because we are not going to have an entertainment."

"No, of course not. Of course it won't be an entertainment in the usual sense of the word. It can't naturally be an entertainment—I should have said a performance."

"But we give neither entertainment nor performance."

"Why not?"

Then came the answer, which was more convincing than surprising—"Because, my dear Sir, we can't get an audience!"

THE NEW HOTEL ON THE EMBANKMENT.— Our Dear *Daily News*, in a recent note, says that the "Hôtel Magnifique" (as it ought to be called, reminding us as the *D. D. N.* justly observes of the *Hôtel Splendide* in Paris) has been already styled by its proprietors *The Cecil*. "The Cecil!"—"There is only one in it," observes bluntly a certain well-known comedian, quoting the song "*There's only one in it, that's me!*" And pleased is ARTHUR CECIL with the gratuitous advertisement. But *The Cecil!* Good name for club, not for hotel. *The Sarum* sounds too ecclesiastical; so we return to *The Magnificent*, which can be familiar in our mouths as "*The Mag.*" "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*"

"Odd notice!" observed a short-sighted man, who had been cursorily inspecting a card stuck up in a Restaurant's. "What is?" inquired his friend. "Why this," was the short-sighted one's reply, pointing to the notice; "*No charge for changing plates.*" Who ever heard of—" But here his friend broke in, "Why, you noodle, you've been reading a photographer's advertisement!"



A SIMPLE DEFINITION.

MASTER JOHNNY BULL. "MONROE DOCTRINE! WHAT IS THE 'MONROE DOCTRINE'?"

MASTER JONATHAN. "WA-AL—GUESS IT'S THAT EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE BE-LONGS TO US!"



A NICE DISTINCTION.

Porter. "TRAIN'S AWA, MAN. YE SHOULD HAE RAN FASTER."

Passenger. "RAN FASTER! DOD, 'A RAN FAST ENEUGH, BUT 'A SHOULD HA'E STARTIT SOONER."

ANOTHER CONFERENCE OF WOMEN WORKERS.

(*Not held at Nottingham.*)

SCENE—*The garish but unsavoury "Saloon Bar" of a "South-side Pub." A group of "Daughters of Toil" sipping and gossiping.*

Laundress (throwing down newspaper). Wot's this 'ere National Union of Women Workers there's so much cackle about?

Step Girl (sullenly). Dunno, I'm sure. *We're* not in it, anyhow.

Workman's Wife. Ho no! *We ain't* women workers, I suppose, *we ain't!*

Laundress. Then I should like ter know where they find 'em. (*Sips "white satin" and sniffs.*)

Shop Girl (to Sempstress). 'Ere Miss MIVVINS, you're no hand of a scholard, and know all erbout everythink. Wot *is* this Nottingham Goose Fair, anyhow?

Sempstress. Well, it is not a goose fair, exactly EMMA—not in the sense of the old song, at any rate. Seems to me it's a meeting of ladies of title, who don't know what work is, to talk about women of no title who have to do it. (*Sighs.*) But I suppose they mean well, poor dears.

Young Machinist (pallid and cramped). Well, Miss MIVVINS, no doubt as they do. But oh dear me, what good are they going to do the likes of us? My knees crackle, my back aches, and my head swims. Thanks, yes, I don't mind if I do. (*Drinks.*) Ah! that warms and straightens one out a bit! But if, as you say, these ladies don't know what work is, one of 'em should do *my* little bit at the warehouse for a week.

Laundress. Ah! or mine, at the wash-tub.

Workman's Wife. Or mine at the wash-tub *and* all over the shop as well, as I 'olds is the 'ardest of all, seeing as how it ain't *never* done.

Sempstress (mildly). Ah, yes; but you have *your* husband and children for company, whereas I— Oh, the long, dreary loneliness of it!

Tailoress. Lookee 'ere, Liz, don't you talk about the old man being *cumpny*, not till you know wot sich "cumpny" is. *You* never got a black heye like this; and do you 'appen to know 'ow a kick from a 'obnailed 'ighlow feels in the ribs?

Sempstress (gently). Well, no, my poor soul; and perhaps I'm ungrateful to grumble.

Flower Mounter. Yes; but what might these topping Nottingham Lydy-Workers talk about when they *do* meet?

Sempstress. Well, you see—

Laundress. 'Old 'ard a minnit, LIZ. Before you begin, let's drink up and 'ave another all round. Torkin' 's dry work, as I dessay the Nottingham spouters found it.

[*They toss off, and replenish.*]

Sempstress (continuing). Well, I see, one of their papers is on "The Ethics of Work."

Step Girl. Lor! wot's that, Miss MIVVENS?

Sempstress (hesitating). Well—you see—I suppose it means the *morals* of work, or something o' that.

Laundress. *Morals* of work! Might as well talk o' the morals of misery while you 're erbout it. The less I 'ave to do, the better I like it—that's *my* moral.

Shop Girl. Not much morals about work nowadays, SARAH, if I'm any judge. Piling up work and cutting down prices, with the halternative of the streets if yer strikes—that's about the "morals" of *our* firm. And if you torked to our Boss about these 'ere Nottingham notions, 'e'd "moral" you!

Sempstress. Another lady, I see, with *such* a pretty, poetic-like sort of name, talks about "The Responsibility of Refinement."

Workman's Wife. Ah, well, we ain't got none, so that can't consarn us, can it?

Shop Girl (tartly). I say, you speak for yerself, Mother MATTHEWS. Of course, that means refinement in *dress*, and—well we don't *all* wear a pancake 'at with a 'aporth o' green feathers dobbed on to it! (*Sniffs, and adjusts her own "high-up" hat with ambitious "hortridge" plumes.*)

Workman's Wife (sharply). Now look you 'ere, Miss STUCKUP, if I 'adn't more "refinement" in my little finger than wot you 'ave in your 'ole five foot nothink, my old man 'ud swop me off for a ragman's black doll, 'e would, so there!

Voice from the Bar. Now then lydies, a *leetle* less noise there *if* you please!

Sempstress. I see here's another talks of "Home Life," and another of the "Morals of Money Spending."

Workman's Wife. Haw! haw! haw! *Morals* o' money spending, indeed! If these 'ere torcky lydies 'ad got as little money to spend as *we* 'ave, and as many mouths to fill with it, 't isn't the *morals* on it as 'ud trouble 'em. When the wealthy 'uns begin to patter of morals to us poor trash, they mostly mean *meanness*, I reckon.

Young Machinist. Right you are, Mrs. MATTHEWS!

Sempstress (sadly). And as to "Home Life,"—ah! how many of them know that to some of us it only means a painful "Home *Death*?"

Laundress. Oh, come, I sy, Miss MIVVENS, you'll give us all the 'orrors if you tork like that! While there's life—and liquor—there's 'ope, *I* sez. So let's 'ave another kind love all round, and then we must see about—

Sempstress. "Home Life" and the "Ethics of Work" again, as the "Women Workers" say at Nottingham.

Workman's Wife. But not in the New Cut—no fear!

Voice from the Bar. Now then, time, gentlemen, please!

Exeunt.

THE CYCLE AND THE CAMERA.

The Cycle and the Camera
Were resting side by side,
When suddenly the Cycle ask'd,
"Why is it you don't ride?"

"Why *not*?" exclaim'd the Camera,
Taking a secret "shot."
"To do so is considered
As easy just as 'pot.'"

"But now I come to think again,"
The Cycle cried, "I guess,
Although the notion isn't bad,
I like it less and less.

"You see, of reputation I
Have still a *little* left.
And if I went about with you,
Of *all* I'd be bereft.

"Of 'spoony' folk you are the dread;
You '*take them*' reckless-lee;
You 'spot' the spouse delinquent
when
He's out upon the spree.

"In fact you do a *heap* of things
You ought to leave undone."
The Cam'ra murmur'd musingly,
"I have a *heap* of fun!"

"AN EMPIRESARIO."—MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.



THE MARKIS O' S-L-SB-RY, AS NEW LORD WARDEN OF CINQUE
PORTS, REVIEWS FORCES AVAILABLE FOR DEFENCE.

WALMER, OCTOBER, 1895.

"THE 'PINERIAN' SPRING" AT THE COMEDY.



MR. PINERO is temporarily Ibsenised. "*What will become of them?*" should have been the sub-title, if not the single title, of his new play at the "C. C. C.," or COMYNS CARR'S Comedy Theatre. Instead of "*What will become of them?*" Mr. PINERO calls it *The Benefit of the Doubt*, which is supposed to be a quotation from the Judge's summing up in the Divorce Court in the case of *Allingham v. Allingham*. Mrs. *Allingham* has sued for a divorce in consequence of her husband's misconduct with Mrs. *Fraser*; the misconduct was not proved, but the Judge was so severe on the conduct of Mrs. *Fraser* that there is for her, as far as her husband, friends, family, and Society generally are concerned, no benefit whatever to be obtained from the existence of the doubt in question. Such is the cheerful subject Mr. PINERO, in Ibsenitish vein, has chosen, and he has written a series of dramatic scenes artistically developing his characters by the most natural dialogue possible, but not, as it seems to me, by means either most natural, or most probable. The great situation of the piece is brought about by a gentleman (in the best sense of the word, as far as we can judge up to this point) permitting his infernally jealous wife—there is

Mr. P-n-ro (making up after the portrait of Ibsen). "Ah! I think I'm getting uncommonly like him."

no other epithet for her except "infernally"—to conceal herself on purpose to overhear a conversation between himself and her supposed rival! Analogous situations in broad farce and farcical comedy are frequent and permissible: but surely not in a drama of real life. But then, I remind me, that this drama is Ibsenitish; which

does make a difference.

The play is far too long, but it is admirably written and admirably acted. The dramatist intends most of his leading characters to be repulsively sordid, vulgar, and selfish, and those who are not so are amiable, but weak. The first heroine, perfectly played by Miss WINIFRID EMERY, is a fast member of a fast family as badly brought up as *La famille Benoiton*, the vain, frivolous mother being well portrayed by Miss LINDLEY; and the second heroine, admirably represented by Miss LILY HANBURY, is simply an odious, jealous shrew, and the prospect of happiness in a "place unmentionable to ears polite" would be more probable than any happiness for a husband with a wife like this. With neither heroine is sympathy possible. Another splendid comedy performance is that of Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, as the Bishop's wife, a character whose original is to be found in ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *Barchester Towers*, from which I will quote a specimen passage, and ask those who have seen *The Benefit of the Doubt* whether it does not sum up in brief Mr. PINERO'S characters of *Mrs. Cloys* and her husband the Bishop:—

"What did you say about it, Bishop?" asks *Mrs. Proudie* of her husband.

"Why," replies "her little man," "I said that I thought that if, that is, should I—should the dean die—that is, I said I thought——" As he went on stammering and floundering, he saw that his wife's eye was fixed sternly on him.

And these, with the stage directions, are the *Right Rev. Dr. Cloys* and *Mrs. Cloys* of "St. Olpherts," and not of "Barchester"—that's all. And this *Mrs. Proudie-Cloys* serves as a *Dea ex machinâ* coming forward to offer temporary relief to the hard, austere husband *Mr. Fraser* (also a good performance by Mr. J. G. GRAHAME), from his very trying wife. The Bishop is, oddly enough, a mere "lay" figure; and is "left till called for" at the last moment.

Having already said that the acting all round is of first-class quality, it will be superfluous to single out Mr. LEONARD BOYNE for special praise. Yet he deserves it. Had the author given this character an Irish title, the combination would have been perfect. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, as the fussy, empty-headed M.P., adds another finished picture to his eccentric portraitures; but Mr. PINERO might have refrained from adding to this personage's eccentricities one which originated with Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM'S *Headless Man*, whose system of *memoria technica*, and recalling things by initial letters, Mr. PINERO seems to have borrowed, in order to complete *Sir Fletcher Portwood's* equipment for the stage. It is as well to note this, lest by unconscious cerebration Mr. PINERO should, in some future piece, develop *Sir Fletcher* into another *Mr. Hedley*, and refer to *Sir Fletcher* in this piece as his original.

The only pleasant scene is where, in the Second Act, two club "pals," *Denzil Shafto* (Mr. J. W. PIGOTT) and *Peter Elphick* (Mr. STUART CHAMPION) appear, the latter with a banjo; both coming to cheer up their unhappy friend *Misther Allingham*. These two lighten up the gloom of the Second Act for a brief space, and then are heard no more; yet the scene in which they strut their short ten minutes on the stage is one of the best imagined, and best stage-managed as regards "business," in a piece where every detail has been considered and not a point lost. For acting, for dialogue, for character (granting these to be what the author of their being has made them), this unpleasant play ranks with the best of the dramas from, what *Mrs. Malaprop* might term, "The Pinerian spring." And the end? Nothing; a blank. The audience look at one another and say, "Well—and then?... What next?" It is a highly-finished play without a finish. It belongs to the new order of dramas classified under the heading of the "The Problem Play." Whether these will pay, or not, is another problem of which the author and manager may find a satisfactory solution.



"Bedad then, 'tis
Misther Shawn
Allingham!"

A Toiler to a Twitterer.

BARD MORRIS sings:—"For this of old is
sure,
That change of toil is toil's sufficient
cure."
Ah me! You ought to add, oh bard
omniscient,
"Provided always that the pay's
sufficient."

deputation from the Dominion, is said to have remarked that "he felt assured of help from them, as they were *Hall Caine-aidians*."

QUITE NATURAL.—A composer who had taken rooms in certain mansions in Victoria Street has given them up, as he found himself writing everything in A Flat. Most monotonous.

The "Hook of Holland" ought to catch some large fish. What is it baited with?

HOW KIPPER SLEW THE NEW FOREST HORNET.

CHAPTER II.—*The Rescue.*

For what length of time KIPPER and the stagbeetle remained in the unwonted positions described in the preceding chapter it would be impossible to say without a stop-watch, which makes a good repeater. However, it is certain that a couple of snails out for a stroll, who saw the fall from the bottom of the heap, tried to come to their help; but, owing to gout, they were unable to get more than half-way up. A neighbouring mole heard the stagbeetle's smothered cries, but, being blind, scuttled off in the wrong direction; while an old-fashioned toad, who lived in a mud-bank just opposite, was aroused from an afternoon nap, and, after peering out of his hole, declared that it was no business of his. But then he was always hard-hearted, and had made it a point never to interfere in the affairs of others ever since he was out-voted in the Zoological County Council on the question as to whether tadpoles should be recognised as young frogs. He was opposed to the measure, stating, in a powerful speech, that inasmuch as a frog had no tail, therefore a tadpole could not be a frog. Being defeated, he retired into private life, and was, so report said, building a home for destitute dormice, for he was a person of considerable wealth. But he was very mean, and a shrew was heard to observe that the reason he wished to take the dormice under his protection was because they ate nothing in the winter.

But while we are discussing politics KIPPER and the stagbeetle are still in danger. Although the stagbeetle kicked with all his might he found that it only injured his horns, and so, like many other creatures not of a gambling nature, lay still and trusted to chance. As to KIPPER, he was as motionless as a schoolboy's watch. But about a quarter-of-an-hour after the accident a pretty young maiden, named EGLANTINE, came tripping along the road. She was not one of those girls who know that they are nice, because no one had ever told her so, and she was too poor to afford a looking-glass. But this did not prevent her from being good to all the inhabitants of the forest, whether they had four legs, or two, or none at all, as was the case with the snakes and blind worms. Yet the best of us must have enemies, and she had incurred the anger of NIPPARD, the great and poisonous hornet, whose only pleasure, like that of some people who have guns, was to go out and kill something. EGLANTINE had saved two lambs once from his murderous attacks by driving them into an out-house, and NIPPARD had never forgotten or forgiven the insult, and vowed vengeance. This he had carried out in several ways. He had stung EGLANTINE'S goat to death, killed her pet dog, and so tortured a brood of chickens belonging to her widowed mother, that they had imagined themselves to be ducklings and were drowned in a pond.



"Here we are again!"

These troubles caused great grief to EGLANTINE and her parent, and ruin stared them in the face; and, when ruin stares, there is not often a back way out of the difficulty. Very sad, therefore, was the poor girl as she approached the place of KIPPER'S disaster. But directly she saw what had happened she forgot all her own troubles, and, with many words of pity, extricated the stagbeetle from the stones. The insect was so pleased, that he wished to embrace her: but stagbeetles kiss, like Laplanders, by rubbing noses; so EGLANTINE declined the offer, and hurried to pick up the luckless KIPPER, with whom she had a bowing acquaintance. In her case, therefore, familiarity had never bred contempt for his sulky ways. She was really sorry to see the poor fellow in such dreadful plight, and took him up, as tenderly as she would have a butterfly with a broken leg.

Then she laid him on the soft grass, and sent the stagbeetle to get some wild mint while she loosened his waistcoat, and gently fanned his face with a dock-leaf. When the mint arrived, she crushed the fragrant leaves between her fingers, and made him inhale the scent, still keeping up the fanning.

In two or three minutes KIPPER gave two or three sobs, shook himself like a dog who has been in the water, and, sitting up, opened his eyes, and exclaimed, "Here we are again!" He had come to

himself, for he could have gone to nobody else. Then he looked at EGLANTINE with a curious sort of smile, which made her blush, and cried, "So you have saved my life. What reward do you expect?"

EGLANTINE blushed again, and the stagbeetle gave his master a gentle pinch and whispered that there had been no time to advertise their misfortune in the *Gossamer Gazette*, which is the official organ of Fairydom. KIPPER took the hint and in a milder tone said, "Well, EGLANTINE, you have done me a good turn. Why did you do so?" "O! Mr. KIPPER," replied the maiden; "was it not my duty?" "It is a bad habit," replied the goblin, "to try and answer one question with another, but it is an excellent but rare custom to try and repay one favour with another. Can I be of any use to you? Think before you answer." "Why should I," said EGLANTINE; "are you not a fellow-creature?" "A fellow-creature!" screamed KIPPER. "Don't you know that I am a goblin, a mischievous goblin, a good-for-nothing goblin?" "O! no," answered EGLANTINE, simply; "I only know that you have the right to be made happy, as has every creature on earth." KIPPER leapt to his feet. His queer little face seemed suddenly freed from wrinkles, there was something like a dew drop in each corner of his eyes. "Why, EGLANTINE," he shouted; "you are a perfect ——" It has never been known whether he would have added "donkey" or "angel," because at this minute a fierce trumpeting rent the air, EGLANTINE shrieked, the stagbeetle quivered, even KIPPER turned pale, for just above them hovered a great tawny and black creature, with fierce hate in its glowing eyes: in short, NIPPARD the Terror of the Forest!

(*To be continued.*)

THE WAY THEY HAVE AT THE BAR.

(*Fragment from a Romance not entirely imaginary.*)

SCENE—*A corridor in the Royal Courts. Eminent Counsel in conversation with Estimable Solicitor and Respected Client.*

Client. I am rather sorry, Sir, that you could not conduct my case in person.

Coun. So am I. I took a deal of trouble in preparing the argument I proposed to advance, and it was a great disappointment to me that I was unable to deliver it in person.

Solic. But your junior, Sir, represented you to perfection.

Coun. I am rejoiced to hear it. I give every credit to my young and learned friend, and am pleased to think that when we met in consultation I was able to choose the right line of policy.

Solic. Besides, if you were not with us, your retainer prevented you from being against us. And that was a distinct advantage.

Coun. You are most flattering, and too kind.

Solic. Not at all; and I am sure my client agrees with me?

Client. Well, of course I would rather have had the assistance of silk, although your junior no doubt did his best.

Coun. I am sure he did. And now, gentlemen, is there anything further I can do for you?

Solic. Thank you very much—I think not. You got up your case, consulted with your junior, and if you were prevented from putting in an appearance in the Court itself, were there in spirit. Besides, I repeat it was a good thing for us that you did not join the Bar of the other side. Thank you very much indeed, Sir. Good day.

Coun. Good day. (*He prepares to walk off, when, noticing a movement of the solicitor, he stops.*) You are sure I can do nothing more for you?

Solic. Oh, it's scarcely worth mentioning. But perhaps you would not mind returning your fee.

Coun. With the greatest pleasure! (*Hands over a bag of gold and exit.*)

Client. Well, really, that seems to me very generous! Isn't it rather unusual?

Solic. Unusual! Oh dear no! Why, it's the practice of the whole profession!

[*Curtain.*]

CHILLY KIND OF HOLIDAY.—The *Standard* of Friday last, in a leading article on legal reforms, expressed its opinion that, "the Judges cannot be expected to take their vacation 'in shifts.'" Mr. Justice PUNCH quite concurs, and quotes from the same article to the effect that such a proceeding would be "*neither a practicable nor a proper one.*"

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