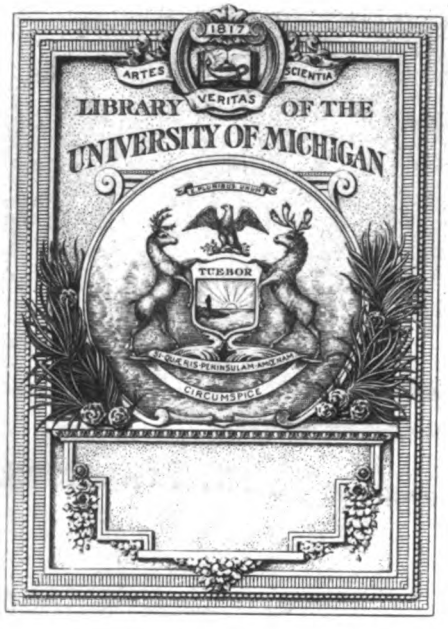
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FOR 1902.

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28

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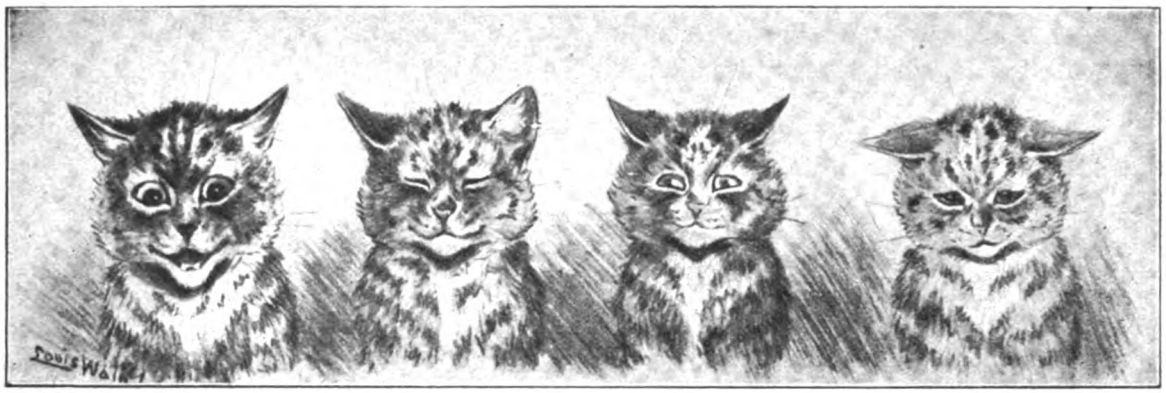
"I never like to talk scandal, but this is too good to be lost. One of the Pom-Pom girls has turned Pro-Boer and sent De Wet a proposal of marriage. It's true. *I know!*"

Louis Wain's annual for 1902



Our Lady of the Sunshine.

By THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

IT was the eve of the Coronation, and I had been examining with admiration a Coronation Memorial Medal which had been placed in my hand, representing Britannia seated gazing meditatively into the future, whilst in the distance could be seen looming the towers of Westminster Abbey, and above was the crown entwined with laurel leaves.

And as I looked and pondered on the thoughts which would occupy the mind of the great Mother of our race at such a moment, I fell asleep, and in my dreams methought I saw Britannia holding audience. Monarchs and statesmen, scientists and poets, warriors and theologians, all crowded in—all had some question to ask, some boon to crave from one who had been as a mother to them all, and in whose calm, grand countenance there seemed to mingle infinite knowledge, infinite love, and infinite faith in the future, and at the same time an inexpressible longing and yearning for the children whom she had nurtured.

Even as I watched, the doors swung wide open once more, and there entered a train of eager, bright-faced youths and maidens. I wondered what these might have to seek from the Queen of the Ocean Empire. Her face seemed to grow tender as she watched the approaching troop, and she motioned those around to stand aside whilst she gently welcomed them and said:

"What would ye, my children?"

And making obeisance, they made answer:

"Ah, Mother! great Mother of us all, we come to thee, who alone canst guide us to her whom we seek. We have heard that through all the years thou hast been preparing a great gift for thy children, and that far away in the north country over the seas thou hast been training and watching over a fair young Queen, whom thou dost destine to bring light and beauty and riches and hope to such who know how to seek her aright. Tell us, oh, tell us, of 'Our Lady of the Sunshine,' and of how we may become worthy to seek her. How

shall we find her? How shall we know her? And how may we gain her favour?"

And as she heard these words, Britannia slowly rose and spoke:

"Children, and have ye indeed heard of her who is my delight, and would ye woo her? True it is, that it has ever been to the golden West that the nations of the world have pressed; true it is that the sceptre of the North must ever have pre-eminence!

"But how shall I describe to you her whom ye are seeking? And how shall I show you the power by which her rule shall be made great?

"Think, then, of broad, stately rivers destined to bear the world's commerce on their bosoms, whose banks on one side can scarce be discerned by those standing on the other; and picture wide stretches of long, cultivated fields clothed with low, white houses, and tiny, bright, shining spires all bathed with the rosy flush of sunlight penetrating and permeating long, rounded pink masses of clouds hanging close over the ranges of mountains behind!

"Think of battlements and citadels surmounting an old-time city of bright metallic roofs clustered on cliffs over a broad sweep of water, and the whole heaven and earth and river illuminated with a crimson sunset glow!

"Think of wide provinces studded with garden cities and prosperous homesteads in the midst of smiling orchards and harvest fields and pastures—a country side which inevitably brings the thought of sunshine with it.

"Or, go farther West, and see thousands of acres of wheat ripening in a light all too fierce for denizens of greyer climes, but which, penetrating into the rich soil, prepares food for millions who dream not of its power.

"See the vast prairies blossoming into myriad colours, see the grim mountain tops melting into beauty, see the thick forests pierced by her strength, see the unknown lands of the great West, yielding to the touch of 'Our Lady of the Sunshine' and blessing the world with their produce—and learn how to know her.

"But learn, too, to know her in yet another garb. Behold her covering up her vast domains in the warm folds of mothering snow, and then see our 'Sunshine' come tripping forth, awakening the country with the music of her sleigh-bells, and with the laughter of her children, as they gain health and strength and prowess in the sports in which she rejoices. You may shrink from her in her fierce consuming midsummer mood, you may love her as she prevails over you in her sweet spring garb, you may rejoice over her rich handiwork in the autumn, but you will see her in her glory as you perceive that 'Our Lady of the Sunshine' is also 'Our Lady of the Snows.' It is then that she is preparing her plenteous harvests, and it is then that she is training her sons and daughters to endurance and to joyful service."

She paused, and then bending tenderly towards the entranced faces of the youthful petitioners, she continued:

"Would ye seek her, my children? Would ye become her loyal subjects?

"Then hear something more of what I would require of those who enter her kingdom.

"Her realms are wide, her resources are vast, and sown within her borders are the seeds of a mighty nation.

"There have I planted of the fairest and boldest of my children from the old world, and there in freedom Celt and Saxon, Frank and Teuton, are learning to live together in unity.

"I glory in the golden future of the people reigned over by my daughter of the Sunshine. But beware ye of marring her work—she will fill the land with plenty, she will endue her subjects with strength

of body and strength of mind through her gracious influences, but she needs loyal followers for the perfecting of her work. Will ye serve her? Will ye toil for her, following loyally in the steps of her noble pioneers, winning her lands for her by persistent labour? Will ye uphold her just laws? Will ye be fellow-workers with her and spread her rule by the influence of sunshine and love? Will ye 'lay your hands in hers and swear to reverence her as your own conscience, and your conscience as your Queen?'

"Will ye uphold the Christ within that realm?

"If ye will do these things, then go, seek 'Our Lady of the Sunshine,' and take my blessing with you, for even as I speak do I see the coming fulfilment of the fair vision of which I have so ofttime dreamt.

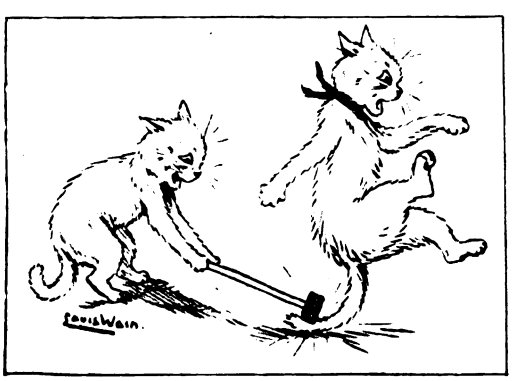
"There yet may come

"'A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model to the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time'

when the mighty peoples of the West shall join with the sea-girt Island Empire to proclaim Peace throughout the world.

"Go, my children, I command you; bear my benediction and your own to 'Our Lady of the Sunshine.'"

ISABEL ABERDEEN.



Sister Mary Jane's Top Note.

Cat-Kingdom "Limericks."

By ANGEL DAVIS.

THERE was a black cat of Truro,
Who took the first prize at a show;
It made him so vain, that never again,
This Thomas cat mousing would go.

This is the tortoiseshell thief
Who stole from the larder some beef;
He ate so much mutton, this sad little glutton,
He died! So my story is brief.

Look at this bad Tabby Grey,
Who loved from her mistress to stray,
She had a mishap, got caught in a trap,
Which cut her poor tail quite away.

See here the dainty tom-cat,
Who would not eat anything fat,
Liked everything lean, and never was seen
To look at a mouse or a rat.

This is the Persian so vain,
Whose pride gave his mistress great pain;
He wore a top hat, and a black silk cravat,
And would not go out in the rain.

This is the white cat, Miss Snow,
Who loved on the house-tops to go;
In the dead of the night, with the moon shining bright,
She sang to the sleepers below.

Here lies the cat who would fight,
Till he looked a poor, battered, old fright;
At last he was found, stretched out on the ground—
They buried him darkly at night.

Alas! for the kitten so bold,
Who would not do what he was told;
He would not he said, would not come to bed,
Was frozen to death in the cold.

This clever cat, you must know,
Once used to perform in a show:
Ate fish with a fork, and drew out a cork,
And danced on a rope to and fro.

Here see the cat who liked mice,
And thought them for dinner so nice;
When they were quite dead, he took them to bed,
And ate them with sugar and spice.

This is the tabby who mews,
When ever he's reading the news;
He gets in a rage, and tears out the page,
Which does not agree with his views.

THE UNSPEAKABLE S'CAT.

I AM FOND OF CHAMPAGNE, IT IS SO INSPIRING.

Give me a glass of really good wine,
And jolly good health to drink :
A liver that's wise, to live in the skies,
And no head to make one think.
Here's to you.

To-morrow's the day that ne'er comes nigh
Though many a day is lost.
But keep up good cheer, as long as you're here,
Let others count the cost.
Here's to you. —L. W.

The Black Cat's Claw.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

IT was one of the most distinguished detectives in France who told me the story the other day. We had been lunching at Durand's, in the Place de la Madeleine, the restaurant that Boulanger loved in the days when he was *not' brav' Général.*

I had on the previous evening been on a personally conducted tour through a district rendered notorious by the deeds of "Les Apaches," a gang of young Hooligans whose deeds were making the Parisians shudder, and this little luncheon was offered in return for the courtesy extended to me by my guide.

Our conversation turned naturally upon French crime, and incidentally I remarked upon the great difference which existed between the French and English methods of criminal procedure.

A few days previously I had assisted at a trial at the Palais de Justice. To my mind, the case against the prisoner, a man accused of robbery with violence, had been most unfairly conducted.

From the moment he was placed on "the Bench of the Accused," the Judge had done everything in his power to prejudice him in the minds of the jury by making statements as to the prisoner's past career of a most damaging kind, and challenging him to deny them.

None of the statements introduced into the "dossier" had anything to do with the crime with which the prisoner was charged. The only evidence against him was that of the man who had denounced him to the police, and this man admitted to the prisoner's advocate that he and the accused had quarrelled violently, being rivals for the smiles of a dark-eyed damsel who sold the bocks in a certain Brasserie de Femmes. Moreover, the witness himself bore a bad character, and had on more than one occasion taken a little drive through Paris in the "Panier à Salade," which is the French equivalent for our Black Maria.

The man, who had been attacked on the exterior Boulevards, had not seen his assailant. He had been the victim of "Le Coup de Père François," that is to say, he was "lassoed" from behind. He had been jerked backwards with great force, and his head had struck the stones so violently that he had been rendered unconscious. In this condition he had been robbed of his watch and chain, his money, his coat, and even his boots. But nothing had been traced to the prisoner. Yet on the accusation of his "enemy," and because he had a bad record, the jury had found him guilty.

Commenting on the case after luncheon at Durand's, I remarked to my guest that such evidence as had been tendered would not in England "have hanged a cat."

"It is curious you should say that," exclaimed the detective, "for while you were talking I was thinking of a case in which all the evidence the police had to go on to secure a conviction was that of a cat."

"The evidence of a cat!" I said, smiling. "Do you mean to tell me that you allow animals to give evidence against human beings in your French Courts of Justice?"

"It was not in a French Court. The case was tried in Belgium. I was in Brussels at the time, looking for a man suspected of having committed a murder on our Northern Railway, and hearing the details from the Belgian police, I attended the trial. The evidence was so peculiar

A DREADFUL MOTOR CAR ACCIDENT IN CATDOM.

that it made a deep impression on me. Shall I tell you the story?"

"By all means."

"I must give you the particulars briefly," said the famous detective, looking up at the clock, "for I have to be at the Morgue at three o'clock for a 'confrontation,' and it is now past two.

"The facts are few and simple. In a little country place about fifteen miles from Antwerp there lived two elderly sisters. They rarely went out, they were peculiar in their habits, and encouraged no friendship from their neighbours. It was generally understood in the village that they had money, and that they hoarded it; in fact, that they were misers. Their only companion was a big black cat. Little boys who had crept up the garden path and peered in through the window said that the black cat always sat on the shoulder of the elder of the two women, and the postman, who went into the cottage twice a year with a registered letter, declared that when he handed the old lady the receipt form to sign, the cat, who was on her shoulder, spat at him. The cottage, I should tell you, stood by itself some little distance from any other, and at the back of it was a field.

"One day a violent quarrel occurred between the two old ladies. A farm labourer at work in the field behind the cottage heard something of the quarrel, for the door and windows were open, and he related the circumstance to the police later on. It was about money. The elder sister accused the younger of having been to her 'hoard' and taken some gold.

"Nothing more was seen or heard of the two old ladies, but the next day, as the cottage remained shut up at noon, the neighbours feared something unusual had happened. The door was forced open and a search was made. In the bedroom the elder sister was found lying on the floor with a nasty wound on the back of her head. Close by her lay a thick billet of wood, with which the poor old lady had evidently been attacked.

There was no trace of the younger sister anywhere. Further search revealed the fact that her clothes were gone, and the police, who had been summoned at once, concluded that the younger sister had committed the crime, and made her escape with all the money she could lay her hands on. That gold had been taken was certain. A box had been pulled out from under the bed, the lid still lay back open, and close by were a couple of gold coins which the guilty woman had probably dropped in her hurry.

"The only occupant of the cottage, besides the victim of the crime, was the black cat, which sat crouched by its mistress, and sprang angrily at the neighbour who was the first to approach the prostrate body. It was with some difficulty that it was secured, and thrust into a hen coop while the doctor attended to the injured woman, who, when she came at last to her senses and was able to speak, looked round the room and exclaimed, 'Where's my sister? Where's my sister?'

"The poor creature was, of course, questioned as to what had happened. At first she was confused, but presently she declared that she had been aroused in the night, hearing a noise, and had got out of bed. Instantly she received a blow on the head and knew no more. Asked if her sister was there at the time, she replied that her sister had gone away —earlier—she didn't know where.

"Of course, the police concluded that the poor old lady was endeavouring to shield her sister, who, a few hours later, was arrested in Antwerp. She had over fifty pounds in gold on her, and her guilt was considered certain. Interrogated, she declared that she was innocent. She and her sister had quarrelled about their money, and in a fit of temper she, the accused, had taken what belonged to her, packed her bundle and got away late at

Judge: "I am afraid that I must give you six months."

night, intending to walk to Antwerp, and there get some employment.

"All the other old lady, who was in a critical condition, would say when confronted with her sister was, 'It is quite true—it is quite true.' But the police felt certain that they had caught the real culprit, and so the younger woman was kept in prison waiting the issue of events.

"In the meantime, the doctor who was attending the injured woman, had, with the police, been making a complete examination of everything. While doing so he discovered on the neck of the old lady's night dress a curious blood-stained mark like the print of a paw.

"Then he remembered that the cat had had to be secured before anyone could approach the wounded woman. One of the assistants secured the cat and took it to the doctor's house, where he examined its front paws under the microscope, and found that the right one was stained with blood, and some tiny shreds of human skin were still adhering to the claws.

"'That cat,' said the doctor to the police officer in charge of the case, 'scratched the hand or the face of the assassin when its mistress was attacked. The sister is innocent. She has no marks. And, moreover, the cat would know her and would not be likely to fly at her.'

"The official who had charge of the investigations was communicated with, and it was desired that nothing as to the doctor's supposed clue should be divulged. Only the police were instructed to look out for someone with the mark of a cat's claw, and a 'note' was circulated through the Police Bureaux of the country.

"Three days later a plain clothes 'agent' was in a low 'bar' in a notorious street in Antwerp near the docks, when he noticed a rough-looking man, dressed in an ill-fitting but apparently new suit of clothes, fling down a gold piece to pay for the liquor he had consumed. The agent crossed the room and, leaning over the bar in the corner, engaged the proprietress in conversation, at the same time carefully studying the man in the looking-glass.

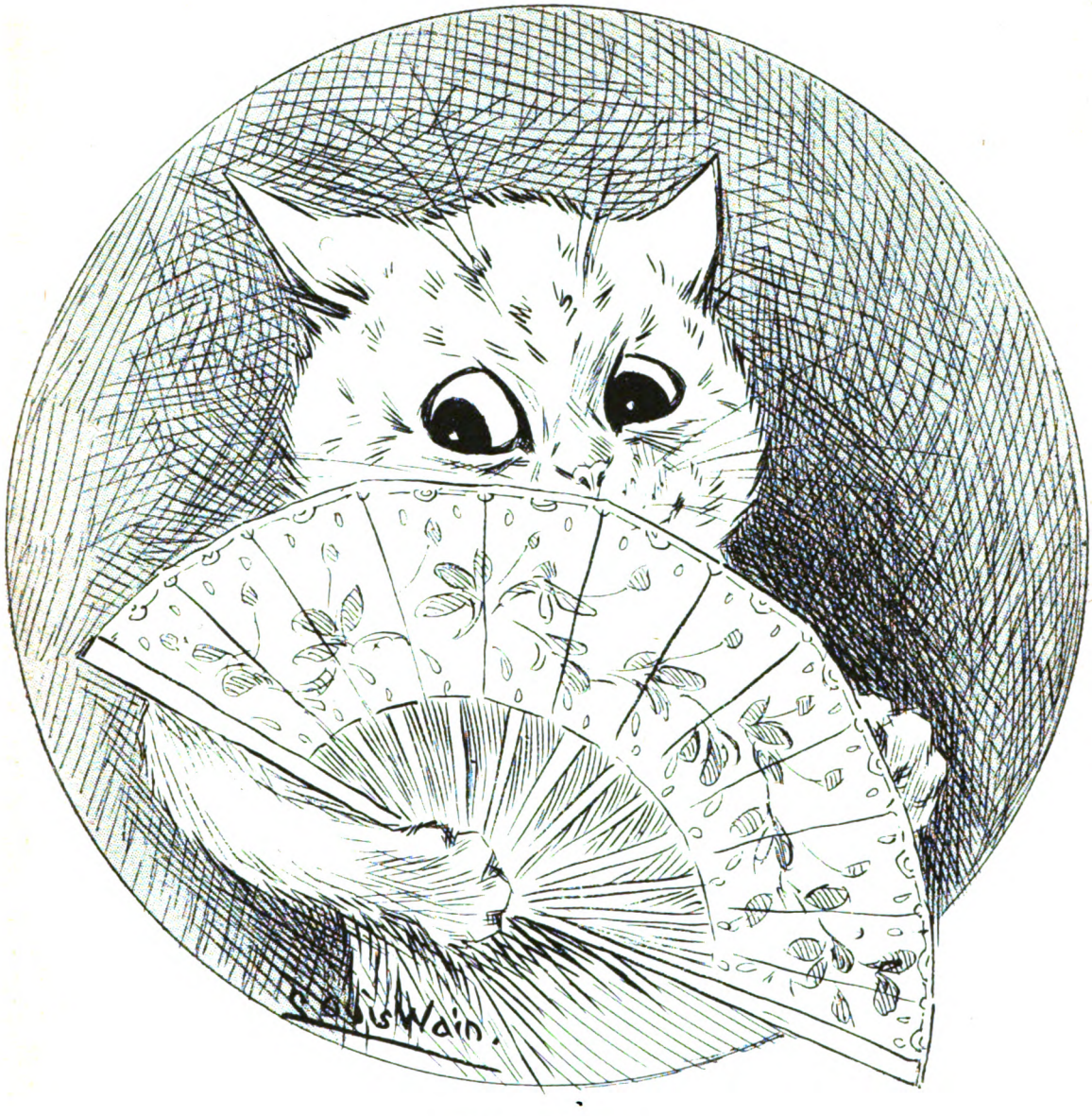
"The agent soon made up his mind that the fellow looked a suspicious character, but after all, in a place like Antwerp, many a rough-looking fellow has gold to spend which he has earned legitimately.

"Presently the man put out his hand to take his drink, and as he held the glass up, the light flashed full on the bit of bare wrist that with the action came above the coat sleeve. On the wrist was an angry-looking wound of a peculiar shape. The agent stepped outside and gave a signal to a colleague on duty in the street. A minute later the man with the wounded wrist was pleasantly accosted by them—they were sorry to trouble him, but would he kindly produce his 'papers.'

"The man replied with an oath, and said he had no papers. He was a foreigner. He had just come off a ship that had arrived from America. 'Which ship?' The man hesitated. That was enough for the agents. In one minute they had secured the suspect, and when he began to resist 'les menottes' were clapped upon his wrists and he was taken to the depôt.

"When searched, some forty gold pieces were found upon him, for the possession of which he was unable to account. Inside the clothes was the address of the 'ready-made' shop at which they had been bought. The proprietor, confronted with the prisoner, recognised him as the man who had purchased the clothes a few days previously. He had paid for them and taken them away, declining to try them on. He was very shabbily dressed at the time. Inquiries made the next morning resulted in the finding of the lodging-house in which the man had taken a bed-room. Hidden in a cupboard in the room his old clothes were found; there were blood-stains on the sleeves of the jacket.

"The man denied all knowledge of the village in which the crime had taken place.



THE FLIRT.

Shoot? Oh, yes! I can shoot a glance—
That's the way a man to entrance.
If a warrior knew the arts of war
As well as a flirt's, who makes hearts sore,
Wouldn't his captures be many and great,
And wouldn't he seem a splendid bait?
See, they wince under an artless smile,
Poor dear things, they are caught without guile!

But it was soon proved that on the afternoon previous to the crime he had been seen tramping along the road in the neighbourhood. The labourer who had heard the quarrel between the two sisters remembered that a rough-looking man was hanging about outside the beer-house while he, the labourer, was telling an acquaintance that the two 'old misers' at the cottage had been quarrelling about their money.

"The man was brought to trial. At the trial the most remarkable evidence was that of the doctor. From a basket he produced a black cat. The cat was securely held by a gendarme, while the doctor showed the jury the claws that he had examined microscopically. These claws had upon them at the time of the discovery particles of the skin of the old lady's assailant. The skin had undoubtedly been scratched from the hand of the prisoner in the dock.

"At the time of his arrest an experiment was made. The cat's paw was held tight. It spread its claws out in a rage. The paw was then drawn violently across the wax model of the man's hand and wrist. The marks made on the wax model corresponded exactly with the marks at that time existing on the hand of the prisoner.

"The prisoner was found guilty of robbery and attempted murder, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. His victim eventually recovered, and she and her sister left the neighbourhood, taking with them, you may be sure, the black cat who had not only brought the guilty to justice, but had probably saved an innocent woman from being branded with a monstrous crime.

"That," said my friend, the Parisian detective, "is the case in which a man was convicted on the evidence of a cat. And now you must excuse me—Au revoir."

My friend hailed a voiture and jumped into it.

"Cocher!—à la Morgue." G. R. SIMS.

Mr. Sun.

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

DADDY, do we know the sun?
Is he a friend of ours?
For he walks about the garden,
Kissing all the flowers.
And every morning, long before
The servants have gone down,
He's peeping through the window,
All dressed to go to town.

And then, again, at evening
He's peeping as before.
He's prettier at evening,
And shines a good deal more.
I never saw a gentleman
So very gaily dressed,
For every time I see him,
He seems to wear his best.

I wish you'd ask him in to tea:
I'd love to see him shine
On you, dear Dads—light up your face,
As sometimes he does mine;
For somehow, Dads, he never seems
To shine upon you, dear.
Don't you care about him, Daddy?
Don't you want to ask him here?

The Colonials at the Abbey.

By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

SCARCELY ever in its long history has Westminster Abbey—the Holy of Holies of the British race, the Temple of Silence and Reconciliation—witnessed a scene of such deep interest, fraught with so much meaning, as it did on that Sunday morning last August when it received the sons of our far-flung Empire within its solemn aisles.

For the only time, since first its grey mass reared itself to the sky, our children from beyond the seas met for a moment within its storied fane, adding by their presence a sentence to its stirring history, and then passed away for ever. And as one watched the harmonious mingling of the Khaki browns and yellows with the time-worn stones of mediævalism, and listened to the splendid volume of their tuneful praise, one could not but reflect on the pregnant meaning of the hour. They all were there; men from the lonely Australian Bush and the scented shores of Ceylon, from the volcanic wildernesses of New Zealand, "the vex't Bermoothes," the splendid silences of Canadian forest and prairie; all these assembled for a moment of thanksgiving in the great cradle of their race—Britons once and for ever.

And then the mind wandered to the long dead past, and one imagined the scenes that on many a similar occasion of prayer and praise had taken place beneath that all-embracing canopy.

There must have knelt some of the conquerors fresh from the blood-stained field of Senlac, and there, too, must have come the Crusaders with memories of Palestine still burning within them. And the soldiers of Crêcy and Agincourt, and perhaps even stern-faced Ironsides. And here may well have knelt, each after his own historic battle, Marlborough and Wellington, Francis Drake and our well-loved Nelson.

And as one looked at that brown-clad

mass of Colonial warriors, one wondered if all the hidden meaning of the morning, and all the gracious story of the great church had found its way into their souls.

How must not the ghosts of the past, as one by one they were conjured up by the preacher, have shaped themselves from out those dim recesses and then faded away for ever. There was the Conqueror, trembling at the altar's side, as he waited with impatience for the moment that was to make him King.

There beneath them were the graves of St. Edward the Confessor, of Elizabeth and Mary, at rest at last, and of the ill-fated Queen of Scots. There, by that pillar, stood, all unknown and unsuspected, the young Pretender, witnessing the coronation of George III.

And lastly, and perhaps most to be noted of all, there stood the empty throne upon which so many of England's Kings had sat for the one supreme moment of their lives, a silent witness to the continuity of our long and glorious history.

They had come to the cradle of their race, they had come also to the resting place of its greatest children.

There, though few may have realised or remembered it, lies the body of David Livingstone, brought by faithful hearts and hands over sea and land; and there, too, the long-loved story-teller, laid to rest that sweet summer morning more than thirty years ago, Charles Dickens; and Tennyson, to whom the meaning of the scene, almost as though it had been picked bodily out of his own "Locksley Hall," would have so powerfully appealed, lay beneath their very feet; and Charles Darwin, too, the great Apostle of Evolution, whose thought had made possible for so many of them, perhaps, the meaning and intent of their splendid creed.

Westminster Abbey—the Holy of Holies of the British race, the Temple of Silence and Reconciliation, the resting place at last of Sovereign and statesman, of soldier and of sailor, the last shelter for the great ones who have penned for us our literature, or who have wandered to the ends of the earth to spread the glory of our race, or add yet more to its priceless treasures.

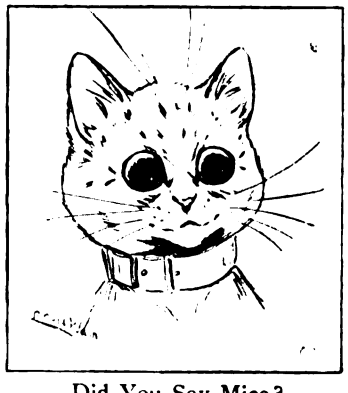
And yet, overwhelming as was the storied past, the present interest of the moment on that August morning had its preponderating place.

For there, beneath one roof, together for the first and last and the only time, not only in their own lives, but probably also in the whole history of the race, past, present and to come, stood the children of the Empire in common worship of the God and Father of us all. There were the stolid English who had never, even for an hour, quitted the homely shores of the little island, Mother of the widespread Empire; and there stood, too, the far-off cousins they had never seen, and never would see again, who in their turn were meeting each other and meeting them for the first and only time in that momentous moment.

They have taught us many a lesson, these younger sons of ours, and many a hard-won fight they have fought at our side; and did they realise, one wondered, at that moment how we loved them, and how our hearts went out to them?

There may be coming, we know not what hours of darkness upon the Empire, and will they always be at our side in the future, as they have been within the last three eventful years?

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



Did You Say Mice?

MATRIMONIALITIES.

He: "You have taken my half of the good things of this world."
She: "And so have you taken mine."
He: "Let us exchange. *You* bear the heat and toil of the day"
She: "All right! I will *bear* anything if you will do the work."
Both (viciously): "Yah!!!"

"Dan."

By HELEN MATHERS.

HANS was whirling up the room with five plates of soup balanced on his left arm, and four more inserted dexterously between his fingers, the right hand being free for express delivery. We held our breath—there must surely be a pink tomato rain on somebody, but each received his portion safely, and he flashed out of sight for new supplies, a beatific smile on his face, as if lost in a dream at his own cleverness.

"I've counted five transformations, and one wig," said a voice from apparently the middle of my back, that caused me to start violently (for I supposed the speaker a couple of continents away), a voice young, alert, malicious with youth's own thoughtless acid, and I listened for more.

"I *know* them," continued the voice enjoyingly; "I see tons of them at Parson's! Did I tell you what happened to the dear man the other day? He is a—hem! plump—and squeezing out of the stalls at the theatre, the button of his dress-coat caught in a lady's toupée—and he took it with him. Imagine such an artist, hoist with his own petard—he nearly died! In handing it back, he told me he longed to ask leave to arrange it for the poor woman!"

"Take care—people are listening."

It was an older voice that intervened, fruity and vaguely irritating to fine ears.

"Let 'em—it may save 'em from a like fate. Parsons is a dear—but he tells fibs. Once he saw the barmaid curling her hair in the bar-parlour of a Cornish hotel, and offered to do it for her. He fixed her up just lovely, and when she remarked admiringly on his skill, he told her he was in the habit of doing his wife's hair every night and morning, and the barmaid canonised him ever after as the perfect spouse! Rascal! Of course, wild horses won't make him marry—and as I said to him one day, 'Just fancy, after living amongst false hair all day, to wake up and see some *real* on the next pillow!'"

"Dan! Dan!"—the voice was now preserved fruit without sugar—"we shall be turned out if you go on like this."

"Not we," went on the unblushing voice, "animals don't notice when they are feeding."

Nevertheless, for we were jammed in one solid mass, I felt smiles all about me, even saw one on the face of my silent vis-à-vis, and however one might condemn the matter of "Dan's" conversation, the manner of it was so deliciously naughty that, like the "Visits of Elizabeth," we longed for more.

"Hans! I want some more roast beef. It makes one greedy when one doubts if the food will last out!" said Dan.

I turned my head slightly, and saw Hans' olive, clean-shaven, clever face assume an air of profound commiseration.

"Alas!" he said, "the beef it is no more!"

"Like the oysters supposed to be in the sauce last night, that were not," said the girl severely.

"Ah!" said Hans, with regretful sympathy, "there was von leetle one!" and he

IT WASN'T MILK.

darted away to control a mob of waiters, who, crushed by his Napoleonic qualities, flapped helplessly around, looking to him for inspiration.

"Cinquevalli isn't in it with Hans," said "Dan," admiringly, "and if we take that bottle of gin, and paper bag of shrimps that I heard was *de rigueur* in Bargate, we'll send for Hans to bring us home! Can't you *see* him cleverly balancing us—the long and the short of our sloping bodies—and bringing us up smiling on this very door-step?"

"If you don't stop," said the now quite un-fruited voice, "I shall leave the table."

"You can't, except through the ceiling! We are forty-five mortal beings jammed into a space warranted to hold twenty. Look at that man with half his body up the chimney, and his head in the vase of flowers on the mantelpiece!"

It was true. So closely were we pressed together that "Dan's" back touched mine as we sat at our tables, each holding two, and I could distinctly feel what she was saying in my chest.

"I saw Mr. Moses Beddington out on his bike this morning," continued "Dan," in decently lowered tones. "He looked all white helmet and stomach—his crushed strawberry wife (so nice of her to wear a frock to match her complexion!) sat in the hall, and talked Christianity——"

I had seen her, too, and choked at Dan's remark, whereupon she squeezed nearer to her table, as if my propinquity annoyed her.

"Really, Dan——"

"And ordered roast fowl, and a special sweet for lunch, just to show us she wasn't a poor *table d'hôte* Christian, you know! Did I tell you the story of two Jews meeting in August at Brighton, and one saying sorrowfully to the other, 'Ikey, I am going avay!' 'Vy?' 'I haf seen *von* Christian!'"

"Dan! Dan! The room is half full of Jews!"

"Dear Trots, poverty makes you acquainted with strange bed and day-fellows. It's because we're poor, and h'orful nice, that we are here to-day!"

"Darling!" said the voice, melting suddenly, and I felt "Dan's" shoulders move restively under the epithet. It struck me that she would want a tremendous lot of starving to be kept loving—that she was an epicurean, able to endure just enough love, and no more—neither a glutton, nor an ascetic, in short, standing mid-way between the two armies into which most women unhappily fall.

"There's rather a decent man sitting behind you," said "Trots'" discreet voice. "I like the nape of his neck."

"Wonderful!" said "Dan." "All the other men have polls. It feels nice," she added audaciously, and indeed the crown of her head was more or less tucked into the back of my collar.

The little wretch! How often had not her forehead reposed happily on my collar's other side!

"When we've sizzled out, like soda-water (mostly flat) from a full syphon, I'll look," said "Dan." "There goes the unhappy father of twins! He grins as if he had never survived the shock of them. Look at that little beauty—what is beauty but harmony of feature? One puzzles it out, and can only catalogue eyes, and nose, and mouth, but all just in right proportions to each other, and you get something that makes a whole street smile!"

"As it does at you, Dan."

"Yes, but the one I want to smile, won't. Heigho!"

"He is fishing in Norway, I suppose——"

She sprang up, so did I, for by now the impact of surrounding bodies was lessened, and we were face to face.

"Pat!"

"Dan!"

"Miss Dandelion, if you please," she

THE BRUTE.

Mrs. Toddles: "Oo-h-h! I shall not be able to speak again for a month."
Mr. Toddles: "What a blessing!"

said demurely, and this delighted me, for it was our own private especial reading for her uncommon name of Danila.

"This is my friend, Miss Trotter," continued the girl, and her eyes danced, "come with me to exploit this land of shrimps and gin!"

"I think I could 'balance' the pair of you almost as well as Hans," I said, glancing at that gentleman, who, with an air of nothing on earth to do, stood gracefully near. "Shall we begin this afternoon?"

Dan turned to look at Trots, but through a side door that lady had vanished, and I forgave her fruity voice on the spot.

"She calls me 'darling'!" said Dan with helpless vindictiveness, as her blue eyes met mine.

"I know how you always hated it," I said warmly. "I promise not to err that way again."

She gave me a glimpse of an enchanting little Ellaline Terriss profile, and said,

"But Norway?"

"But California?" I said.

"You were horrid," she said, making a face; "you darlinged me to death! I always loved savouries, and hated sweets!"

"You mean," I said slowly, "that so long as there was a doubt about it, you coveted my love—when I gave you paper-bags full, you revolted?"

She nodded.

"It was like the baker calling each day—no matter how many loaves he left, you felt certain there were dozens more in the bakery!"

"Well," I said shortly, "I have stopped baking. I doubt if there's as much as a breakfast-roll left!"

"We'll have shrimps instead," she whispered, for now the room was empty, even Hans, still wrapped in ecstatic self-approval, had vanished.

"One at a time!" I said, and held her arm, and nodded sternly.

"Trots has an invalid sister here," she said, and laughed in my face. "I'm disappointed, Bargate isn't low, except on the jetty. And the weather—ever since Mont Pelée let go—has been hateful. What can our poor globe do, with a lot of gas and things rumbling about inside, and without heart for a real good burst-up? Now, one or two fat earthquakes——" she paused.

"And I came to look after my brother who is in a home here," I said. "When your voice hit me in the back"—I paused, (and she murmured unkindly, "Men's voices buzz so!"). "You shall have the shrimps and not the gin," I added in a tone as final as the "answer" correspondent who wrote to the Brixton lady, "No, you may *not* wear your tiara at luncheon!"

"Dear Pat!" said Dan, and looked so sweet that I was forced to kiss her, and make sure she was not sugar, that would melt.

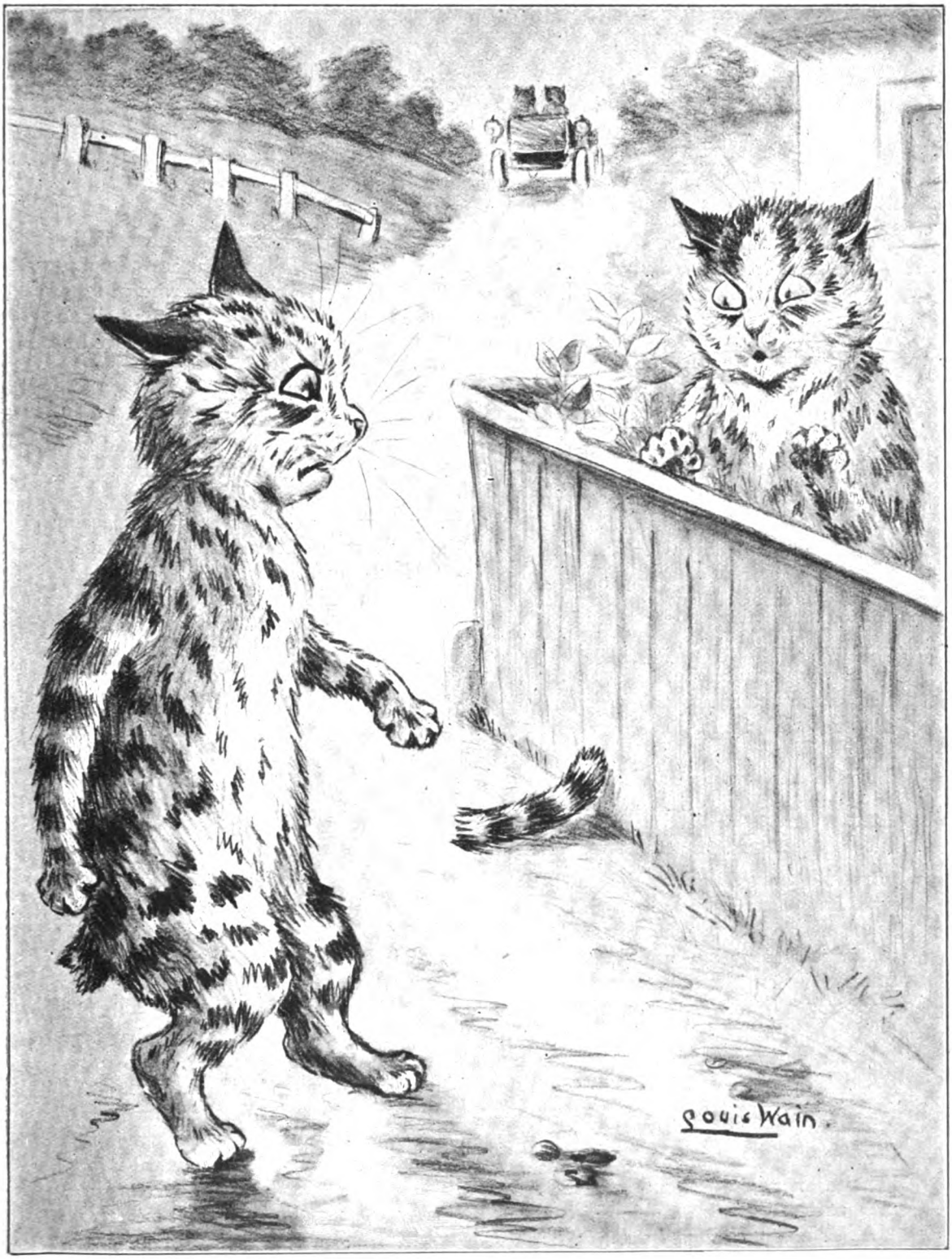
"Didn't my voice sound very miserable and tired?" she said, with a blink of utter innocence.

"No, miss, it was round, enjoying, *young*. That is why you ought to be ashamed of yourself for the things you said. When a woman is really tired, brain-fag, body-fag, or heart-fag, she inevitably multiplies foolishness in her talk, but you have no excuse."

"Supposing we go out and buy those shrimps," she said meekly—and we went.

HELEN MATHERS.

Look at this cruel cat of Crewe,
Who ate mice, and dicky-birds, too;
A starling flew by, and pecked out his eye,
And now he can't see what to do.



Mrs. Kits: "Gracious, I did not know you were a Manx!"
Mr. Tippy: "Neither did I until the motor car discovered the possibility"

Navigators of the Air.

By A. SANTOS-DUMONT.

THE airship which is now ready at Brighton Beach, America, was built by mechanics in my employ, who were sent over there for the purpose. All my airships have been built almost entirely by myself, even the motors used being constructed under my personal direction. The airship mentioned above is my No. 6 model, and is the same one which won the Grand Prix de Paris last year, and in which I made five voyages in the Mediterranean in the first months of the present year. At this time, too, I am building elsewhere three new airships—No. 8, No. 9, and No. 10 of the series—all of which can be completed on short notice. It should be added, by way of encouragement to those who would like to take part in this year's experiments, that in the aeronautic industry conditions are such that a new airship can be constructed within thirty days' time.

Not as the dream of a visionary, but as an affirmation which can be backed up by figures, I have no hesitation in saying that my No. 6 airship, if its present proportions were followed and it were increased to the size of an ocean-going greyhound, like the "Lucania" or the "Oceanic," would, with a motor sufficiently powerful, be capable of transporting one thousand passengers of my own weight from New York to London in about one-third of the time now required for a transatlantic voyage by steamer, or about two days. I feel that I can safely prophesy that if the progress made in aeronautic science within the last few years continues, the feat just mentioned as a possibility will become an accomplished fact within the present decade.

At Guines, in Normandy, stands the only aeronautical monument in the world. This monument was erected in honour of the French aeronaut, Blanchard, and the physician, Dr. Jeffries, of Boston, who, in 1775, crossed the English Channel in a balloon from Dover. Since that time we have become indebted to aeronautics as the science which has made possible all our knowledge of climatology within the regions of more than twenty thousand feet above the earth. In July of last year a series of experiments were made in Germany, in one of which an aeronaut reached the greatest height ever attained by man, viz., thirty-five thousand feet. But the problem in which I am specially interested is not so much a question of great altitude as one of direction and speed, and of making airships of practical use, not only as a sport, but as a commercial venture.

Meantime, the flying machine, if one is ever successfully built, promises to become of practical use for short journeys, in that such machines will fly at incomparable speed—an advantage which will be greatly appreciated by the wealthy in making certain crossings in their travels, such as that over the Straits of Dover. These machines, too, can be used for the transmission of despatches, when speed is of importance.

The airship, on the other hand—thanks to hydrogen—will maintain an advantage over the aeroplane because of its capabilities in carrying a large quantity of combustible material for very long runs, not to speak of another advantage which imparts to it the greatest practical utility, making it superior in war and commerce, namely, the carrying of a great number of travellers and a large cargo of merchandise.

But why is it that so little practical progress has been made in airships since 1775, when the monument before mentioned was erected at Guines? Why not at once apply the naphtha motor, which even now affords us a single horse-power under a weight of six pounds? I ask again and again why our inventors—who seem to love the seclusion of their laboratories better than journeys in the open air—continue passively to wait for a so-called light motor? After devoting myself so long to the fascinating study of aviation, in all its mechanical branches as well as its theoretical side, I am amazed that so many aeronauts waste time trying to apply the electric motor to aeronautics, when this motor, with its generator (accumulator or battery), is perhaps the heaviest motor yet invented. Why not use the energy stored up in petroleum, especially when in one kilogramme of this valuable fluid ten thousand calories may be transformed into force?

In the airship at Brighton Beach there is a 16-horse-power motor constructed by the Buchet Motor Power Company, of France. It carries four gallons of gasoline, tanks for which are located just back of the motor. The entire weight of my vessel is about twelve hundred pounds. The airship itself, which supports the car in which I travel, is about one hundred and fifteen feet in length and about nineteen feet in diameter when fully inflated. This balloon is in the form of a spindle—sometimes it is called cigar-shaped—and is heavier than air—that is to say, when the propeller is stopped it does not rise of itself. It is a mistake to oppose "aerostation," the principle of which requires a combination of materials which is lighter than the air, to "aviation," which necessitates a combination heavier than the air. In my airship No. 6 I employ both these principles. My airship is what may be called a tubular aeroplane; and it was by the use of hydrogen gas under pressure, to keep tense the vast surface, and by the use, at the same time, of the very lightest materials in the mechanism, such as aluminium and pieces of fine wood bound together by the finest metallic thread, that I was able to construct thus in tubular form the only aeroplane which has ever been so successful as to raise itself and its aeronaut while remaining heavier than air. By the dynamic action of the propeller which I use, about twenty kilogrammes are supported.

The birds themselves furnish all aeronauts with ideas. In the first place, they set the example of the necessity of economy of weight in the mechanism of airships, in that the quills of their feathers are hollow. Their bones are also hollow, air being substituted for the marrow of the bones of beasts. Again the aeronaut can take lessons from the birds in audacity, that bravery common to the young eagle when it spreads its wings for its first flight from the nest.

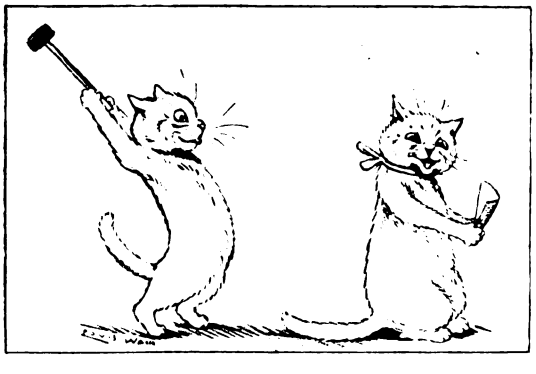
As a matter of fact, there is no keener sport, no more delightful sensation, than that of soaring like a bird through the air. But over and above all, it is the spice of danger that gives the keenest enjoyment to this sport. For we must not forget that in all experiments with airships or flying machines there is constant danger. By further evolution I dare say that the danger will be eliminated, so far as danger may be eliminated from any form of locomotion. Of course, it may always be possible that an airship may burn up in mid-air, but the hazard of passage in an airship because of fire will be no greater than aboard an Atlantic steamer.

I have been asked scores of times to say whether it is true that I have written a book setting forth the vast and multiple problems of aeronautics. The answer is that I have the manuscript of such a book ready for publication, and am resolved to issue it in different languages as rapidly as the translations can be made. This manuscript is the result of four years of

study and practical experiment, not *en chambre*, but in the open air. It is voluminous, for in it I have summed up all the scientific principles and the historic facts of aerial navigation, from the invention of the first balloon, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, to the present time.

My desire is to create a universal movement in favour of aeronautics. If I cannot accomplish this by example, that is, by building airships and in making voyages therein; if, despite my expectations, I cannot induce others to build airships and sail in competition with me, I can at least devote my time and resources to exhibiting my airships in the large cities of the earth, hoping thereby to popularize the idea of aerial navigation. Months ago there were completed, and are now in existence, to my certain knowledge, at least twelve petroleum balloons, some of them the property of men of great wealth, to whom the cost of aerial experiments would form no appreciable drain upon their purses. By all the means in my power I tried to induce the owners of these balloons to enter the competition for the Grand Prix de Paris. I still hope that some of these gentlemen will enter the competitions next summer at St. Louis and elsewhere; for I am sure it is understood that an aeronaut finds nothing less exciting than to be in the air alone during an exhibition.

A. SANTOS-DUMONT.



A Bass Note.

Romance of a Menu.

By FRANK SCHLOESSER.

So you think we might get on
In a cottage of our own,
If we started life together—
You and I.

You profess no love romantic,
Nor passionate, nor frantic;
But you think "we suit each other,"
You and I.

Our tastes are much the same
In pictures, books—and game,
And we both adore good cooking—
You and I.

And you'll really be my wife
For the whole of your long life,
And we'll trample all romance underfoot—
You and I.

P'raps you think I'll listen calmly,
And never speak up warmly,
To prove you don't believe your theories,
Little maid.

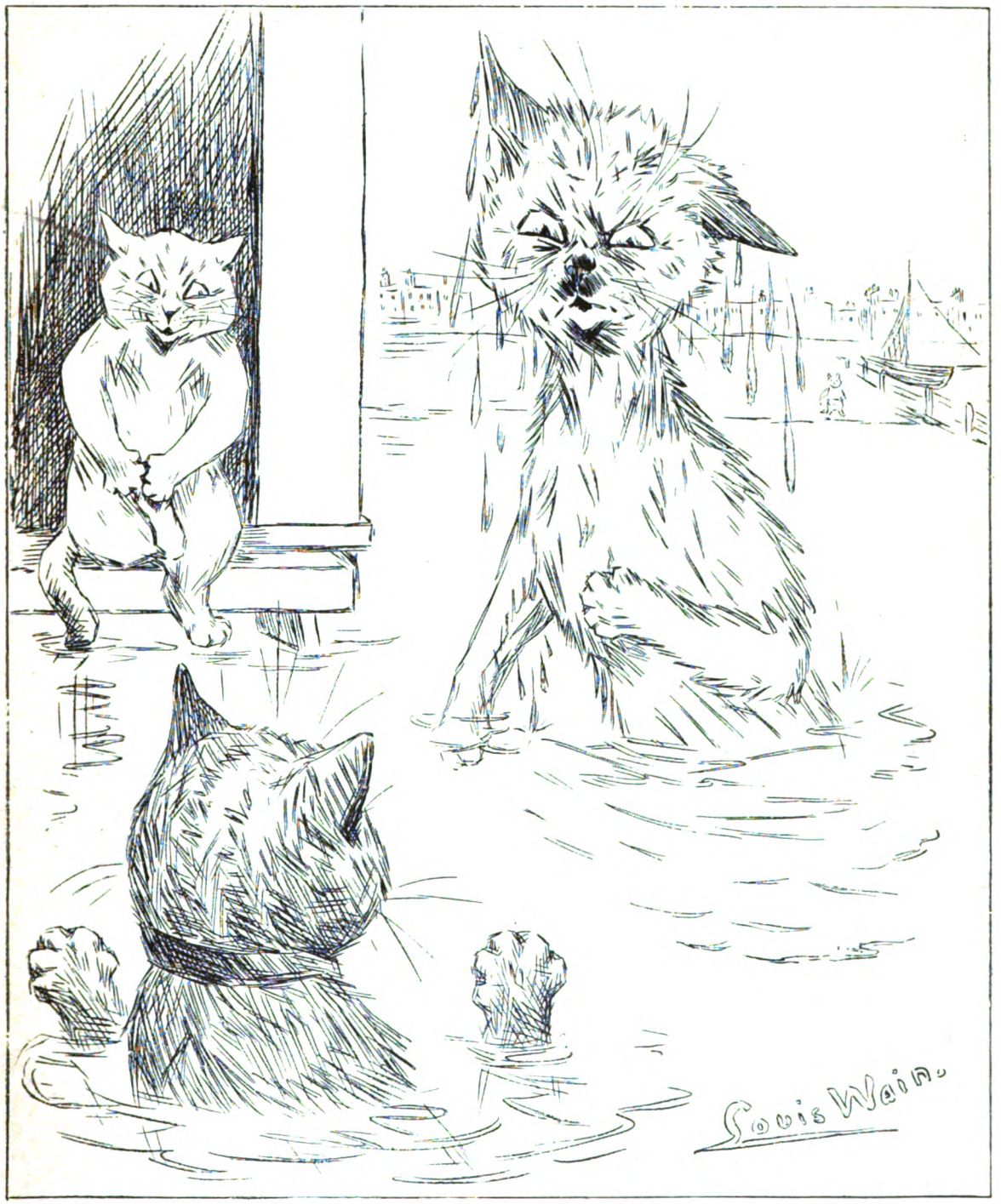
But, behold now! I remember
How, the end of last December,
A remark you made which disproved all you've said,
Little maid.

We were at a dinner party,
And our appetites were hearty,
For the menu was artistically fashioned,
Little maid.

We had soup, and we had fish,
We had entrées—and I wish
I had a little more of that chaud-froid,
Little maid.

For I love chaud-froid de cailles;
And I turned to you to smile,
As I said you must partake of these sweet birds,
Little maid.

But you gravely shook your head,
"Perhaps they, too, have loved," you said;
So you must believe in romance after all,
Little maid!



NEVER LOOK YOUR WORST.

Mrs. Toodles: "Law, Mr. Toodles! I should not have known you again, but for the smut on your nose. Marriage is a disillusionment."

"A Cheap Pleasure Trip."

By the EARL OF YARMOUTH.

SCENE: *The pier at Brighton, crowded with cheap trippers of the cheapest and trippiest description. The "Blooming Belle," an uncouth emetic-looking boat, is on the eve of departure to Ryde. A very fastidious person arrives somewhat late, having been taken aback at having to pay 2d. to go on the pier, besides his steamer-ticket, which involved argument. His luggage, a portmanteau and several brown-paper parcels, is being slowly and carelessly placed where the brave people who have made up their minds that they need a spring-cleaning and thorough over-hauling, so to speak, will find them most in their way.*

* * * * * *

FASTIDIOUS PERSON: Here, I say! you've left my portmanteau behind—get that on board.

A GENTLEMAN IN UNIFORM *(who seems to have something to do with the ship's works)*: 'Ere, 'urry up there with that there luggage. Think we've got all dye to waste?

A "OI POLLOI": Look alive there, yer swabs, and 'oist aboard the gentleman's 'ousehold furniture, and take care of the grand pianner!

F. P. *(as the boat starts)*: Well, never mind, I've got everything on board, anyhow. Now for a quiet place, smoke, and read—this will do. *(Chooses a rickety camp-stool as remote as possible from the common herd.)*

GENERAL TRIPPER *(among a select party of friends, who are plainly nautical, because they are dressed in serge pea-jackets and have telescopes)*: 'Ere, 'oo says these glasses ain't no good? Yer can see the clock at 'Ove Townall as clear as clear, and say, Bill, see them 'orses in the carridge on the Front.

BILL *(looking through an impossible telescope)*: Hi see!

G. T. *(observing Fastidious Person)*: Morning sir, nice fresh breeze. Going to rain, do you think?

F. P. *(grumpily)*: It may, or may not.

G. T.: You're right, sir. Feel at all ill?

F. P. *(with hauteur)*: Certainly not—I never am ill.

G. T.: Well, one never knows. *(Proceeds with an autobiographical discussion on the restless iniquities of the sea, during which the Fastidious Person abruptly decamps to another insecure seat next to an Inquisitive, but laconic, Tripper.)*

I. T. *(after looking him well over)*: Theatrical?

F. P.: I beg your pardon!

I. T.: Hactor?

F. P. *(much upset)*: No—yes—no.

I. T.: Hi see. Doing a bit on the beach. What line? Banjo?

F. P.: Certainly not.

I. T.: Oh, no! Saw your luggage come aboard—wondered who you might be. Toff, sez I at first, and then I see yer speaking to yer friends—'im in the blue coat with the dimond ring, 'e's an hactor, sings comic songs lovely—quite a masterpiece on the piano.

F. P.: No, sir, that man is not my friend. *(Indignantly turns his back, but in so doing the camp-stool collapses, to the unholy mirth of his neighbours.)*

A PECULIARLY OBNOXIOUS PERSON: Here, sir, won't you take a chair—only one penny—unless you prefers the deck.

A KIND-HEARTED ELDERLY FEMALE: What a shime. Don't hadd hinsult to hinjury. 'Ere, young man *(to Fastidious One)*, sit on my knee.

(F. P., beginning to feel rather too popular, retires to the only vacant seat, where nothing can reach him but the warm smell of the engines.)

A ONCE TIDY BUT NOW TOUSLED ANGELINA: Edwin! I don't feel well. I do hope I'm not going to be sea-sick. Give me another banana. Oh! why does the boat jump up and down so. Do you think it's safe?

EDWIN *(rather thickly)*: It's all right.

ANGELINA: Aunt Maria said it was always smooth on these boats, but—but—*(subsides into silence and shivers).*

EDWIN *(suddenly and somewhat irrelevantly)*: I—I think I'll go below.

(Both stagger along till they are opposite the Fastidious Person.)

F. P. *(seeing green danger lurking in their expression)*: Heavens! *(Is routed again.)*

(An anæmic-looking band appears from nowhere in particular—bar for choice—and finally pitches on a spot convenient to the Fastidious Person. A yellow-haired, per-oxide daisy sings, "A Life On the Hocean Wive," and then collects coppers from those strong enough to search for them.)

WITTY YOUTH *(to F. P.)*: 'Ow are you enjoying your ride. Quite a ride to Ryde, as you may say, ain't it?

COMPANION *(anxious not to be outdone)*: He's a bright 'un—he is! Haw! Haw!

(During an animated discussion as to the respective excellence of their witty remarks, the Fastidious Person crawls away and retires below. At entrance to saloon the Stewardess shoves past him.)

STEWARDESS: Excuse me, sir. Coming, Miss! There, dearie, you'll be better now. Oh! dear, drat them children—don't they know no better than that? Here *(to Fastidious Person)*, 'old that for me for a minute, sir! *(Flies to protect the velvet adornment of saloon.)*

G. T. *(entering with a Wonderful Mother)*: 'Ulloa, you took bad? Thought you said you was never ill. It never does to count your chickings before they're 'atched, as I always says. Come along and join our crowd. Ma's going to stand a brandy and soda—make us feel more familiar-like.

F. P. *(rather accablé)*: Thanks—I mean—no, thanks.

WONDERFUL MOTHER: No need to be so stand-offish, young man.

G. T.: Ho! leave 'im alone, ma, can't you see the pore young feller feels bad? Come on. *(Passes on and becomes more and more genial and, as he predicted, "more familiar-like.")*

(Off Ryde pale faces emerge on deck with the aid of the handrail, when the "Blooming Belle" runs into a sand-bank.)

W. Y.: Wot ho! she bumps!

COMPANION: We've gone to the bottom.

ANGELINA: Oh! Edwin, are we shipwrecked?

EDWIN *(pale, calm and desperate, without moving)*: I don't know, and I don't care.

G. IN U.: We've run aground, mum.

ANGELINA: On the ground! Heavens!

G. IN U. *(soothingly)*: But the tide's coming in.

ANGELINA *(in consternation)*: We're on the ground and the tide coming in. Oh! we shall be drowned. *(Rushes frantically down to the saloon and succeeds in frightening all the ladies there.)*

G. T.: What'shematter?

ANGELINA: We're underground, and the tide's coming in!

(All the ladies repeat like a Greek

chorus, more or less hysterically according to their state of health.)

F. P. *(addressing Gentleman in Uniform)*: How long do you think we may be aground?

G. IN U. *(prophetically)*: Impossible to say exactly. *(Cheerfully)*: About half an hour, possibly.

(F. P. groans.)

G. IN U.: There's a boat alongside, sir; like to get ashore?

F. P.: Certainly—most certainly. *(They hail the boat, and the F. P. haggles over the exorbitant sum demanded, but finally concludes bargain.)*

ANGELINA: Oh! Edwin, let us go, too—do let us get away before it gets rough again.

G. IN U. *(dropping portmanteau overboard)*: Look alive there! *(A wave carries the boat away, the portmanteau misses it and sinks amid the sympathetic gurgles of the entire crowd, who are leaning over the side. The Fastidious Person descends and is rowed ashore, taking no notice of the sundry polite and impolite "Good-byes" that hail his departure.)*

ANGELINA *(collapsing in the bottom of the boat)*: Edwin, why did you make me leave the ship. This is a thousand times worse.

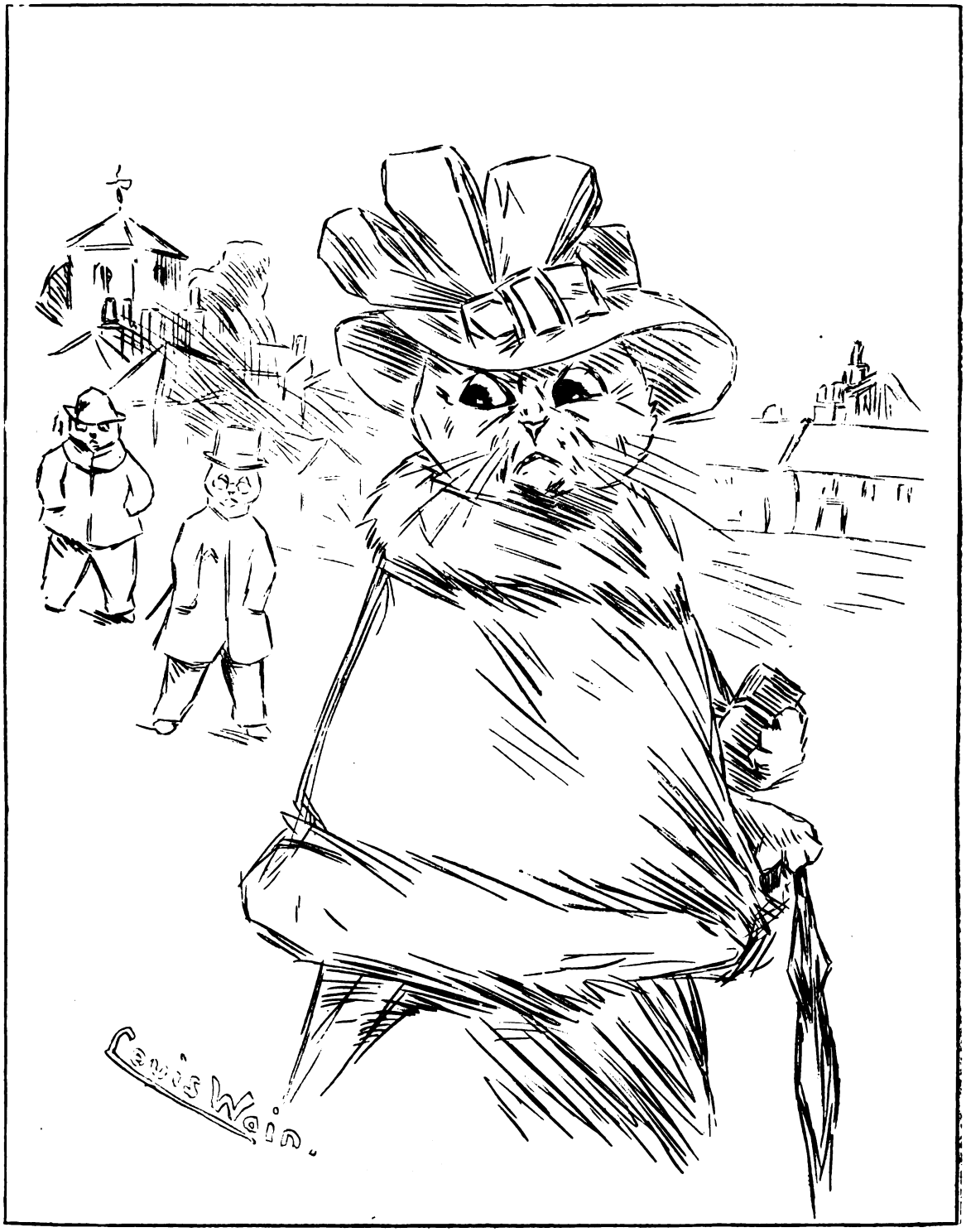
EDWIN: Ur——

F. P. *(stepping ashore and clutching his brown-paper parcels)*: And this is a Pleasure Trip. *(Vanishes.)*

YARMOUTH.

Muddied Oaf.

Flannelled Fool.



MARRIAGE? BAH!

"Marriage a failure? Why, I never had so many lovely dresses in all my life!"

A New Waterloo Bridge Mystery.

By SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart.

I.—The Deed.

Waterloo Bridge, the place at which the crime was committed, the place, too, at which I am going to introduce two of the chief characters of this tragedy, is well known to all my readers. Some may have passed over it without noticing the small recesses, the very places for loiterers to get a good view of the Thames Embankment without being subjected to the annoyance of being jostled by every passer-by, or ordered to move on by some officious policeman.

In one of these recesses, one Christmas Eve, at 8 p.m. by Westminster clock, there was seated a woman dressed in black.

Motionless the woman sat, intently watching everyone that passed. She seemed evidently desirous of being herself unobserved, for she was sitting in the darkest corner of the recess.

Concealed under her cloak she held one of those rush fish-baskets, of which we see so many at the metropolitan stations at Christmas time.

We do not want to pry into the contents of other *innocent* people's baskets, though we should like to know what this identical one held by the woman in black does contain—something alive, judging by the twitching and moving of its sides, something struggling inside, one would guess.

The woman herself does not seem very desirous of any investigation into the nature of her load, for she is holding it tight under her cloak. Three minutes later, and it is too late for any such examination, for she has suddenly jumped up and cast her burden away into the darkness, down into the obscure mist below. With a heavy splash it strikes the surface of the water, and then all is silent. She has chosen a convenient moment for the deed—one at which, it so happens, no passers-by are hurrying along. In fact, she had been waiting for this opportunity of effecting her purpose unobserved.

"There," she said, "'tis done at last, and no one has seen nothing. I'm preshus glad it's over, too. I've never had occasion before to harm any mortal thing, not so much as a creeping, crawling fly. And, if John hadn't a asked me to do it as a speshul favour, I'm blowed if I'd ha' done it. I didn't a-mean to swear tho', all the same. Yet it did go agin the grain to drown the poor thing. It's mighty cold, too, these winter nights."

Then why did not the woman go home at once? From her appearance she must have comfortable quarters somewhere. Those ruddy cheeks were not reared in a hovel; nor could that stout figure have been the growth of poverty. The lines on that apparently good-natured face were not those of grief and want, but of cheerfulness and plenty.

But there, at the bottom of muddy Thames, lay the proof of her guilt. Her own words, too—though showing that she had already begun to repent of her deed, were evidence enough to convict her.

"Drat the man, why don't he come?" she exclaimed. "He said he'd be here at eight; but I'll give it him when he do come. I'll let him know that he can't keep—oh! but I do wish John would come," she continued, changing her tone; "it's really fearfully cold out here late of nights. I wonder what can be a-keeping of him?"

Precisely at 8.15 p.m. the bulky proportions of Mr. John Burnyside hove into view at the Strand end of Waterloo Bridge; and, coming along at a slow pace, though a quick one for him, he began muttering to himself.

"I s'pose Mary's been waiting for me all this time; won't I just catch it when she sees me. It wasn't my fault, neither. I told Sir William I had promised to meet Mary at eight. All through him, too, I had this nasty job. I wonder whether Mary has really found heart to do away with the poor thing. Maybees 'tis for the best."

Chuckling to himself, he reached the recess in which Mary was waiting.

"Halloo, old lady!" he called out.

Mary Burnyside started and really turned pale. Turning pale with her was only the process of bringing out her rosy tints stronger and brighter by contrast, the ground colour becoming a shade lighter.

"Oh, John, you frightened me so; I thought it might be a bobby, or some'un else as seed me throw it over, a-going to ask me what was inside. The poor thing did cry a bit with cold, and when I chucked him overboard he give a scream. It went right to my quick."

"Well, Mary," returned her husband, "I've got something for a Christmas dinner. Sir William gave me a sov. for the job—dear at the price, I calls it, speshully as it seems to have scared you so a-doing of it. Let's come and drown dull care in a tumbler of hot whiskey and water, as the poet ses."

Now, Mr. John Burnyside was unaware (how could he guess?) that at the very moment when he accosted Mary on Waterloo Bridge, the Honourable Linton Tuelle, in his great ulster coat, was strolling over the bridge. How could he know that the above honourable gentleman had stopped to listen to his conversation with Mary, and, above all, that the honourable gentleman had a great predilection for horrors and tragedies?

Here there was a ready-made murder for him; here he was not only chief witness, but the sole one.

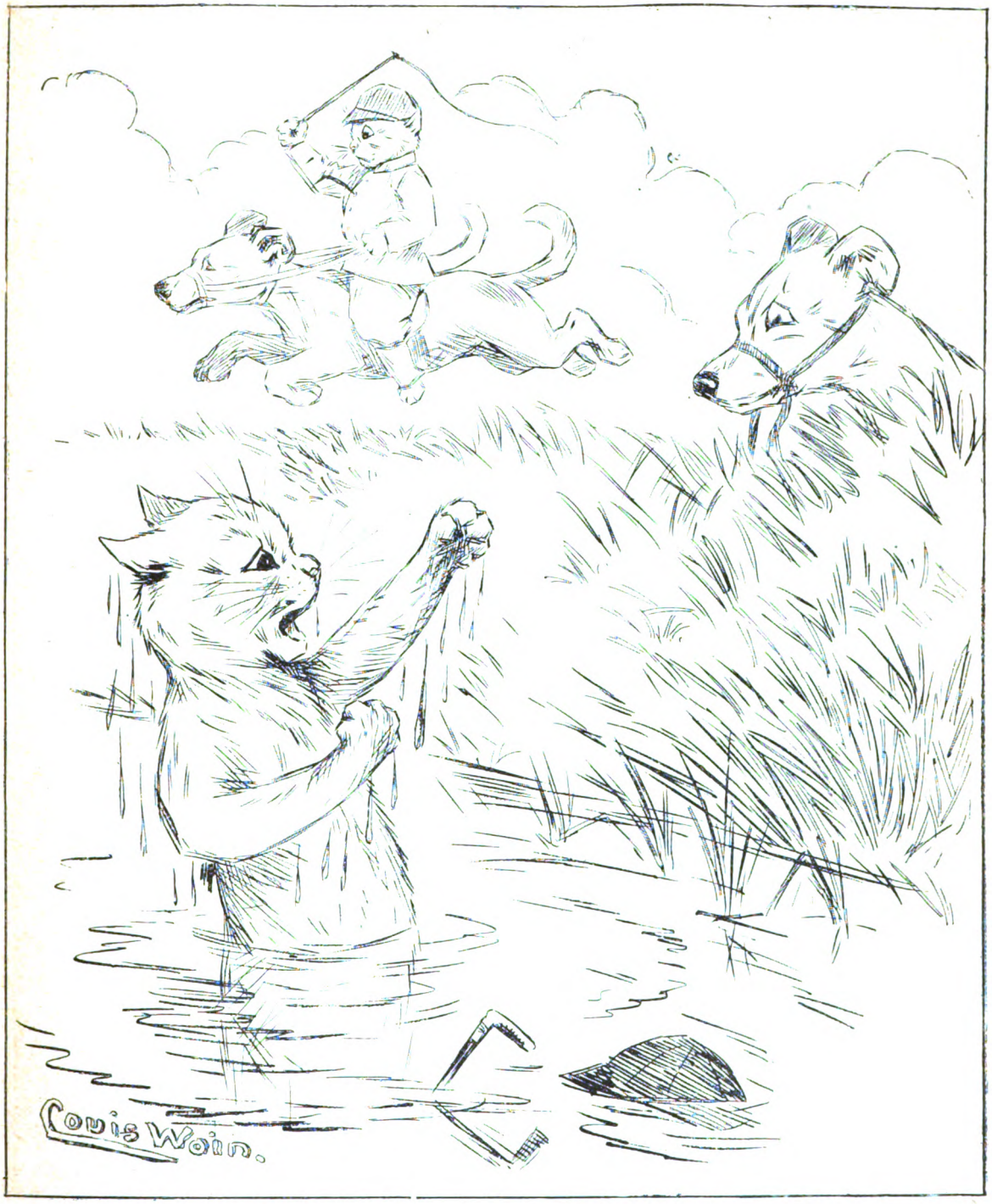
One might ask why the hon. gentleman had not seized the culprits *in delicto flagrante*. With all his personal advantages Mr. Tuelle lacked a bold heart; in fact, at the present moment, he had no heart at all. Little as it was, he had offered it to, and it had been accepted by, the youngest Miss Fitz-Rupert, and at this very time he was going to "ask papa" at Lady Fitz-Rupert's *soirée* at Bergen Square. He had never seen Sir William, so he was naturally a little nervous and anxious, primed up as he was with the exact words suitable for the important occasion of offering his hand. He had written on a sheet of paper, "I am of noble birth, though not rich; I have been promised an appointment at the War Office by my uncle, Lord Bayman. I love (here put your hand on your heart) your daughter—she loves (here smile) me. I have come to ask your sanction." Reading these words again as he was driven along by a hansom which he had hailed in the Strand, the Hon. Linton Tuelle will reach Bergen Square a long time before Sir William's fat old coachman, toddling along over the London pavements.

II.—The Discovery.

There was no need for the London cabdriver to inquire the number of the house. The blaze of light from the drawing-room floor of No. 10 was a sufficient beacon. The hansom was driven straight to the right door.

Mr. Tuelle handed Jehu his fare, and obtained entrance through the portal of Paradise, the abode of his angel.

Miss Lucy Fitz-Rupert was waiting to welcome him, and with a shake of the hand, with a little more pressure from her pretty fingers than she usually bestowed on her ordinary and less fortunate friends, hast-



SPORTING AMENITIES.

"Yah, coward! Come in here and fight it out!"

ened to introduce him to her parents. Proud Sir William and her stout Ladyship were, to say the least, affable; so Mr. Tuelle had just cause in imagining that he had received a favourable reception.

Deeply in love, Mr. Tuelle had actually quite forgotten his recent adventure on Waterloo Bridge. So engaged was he that he did not notice the liveried servants handing the refreshments; it required a good loud "Tea or coffee, sir?" to recall him to the outer world.

With a blush on his manly cheek, the lover looked up; the blood that had rushed to his face as suddenly returned whence it came.

For there stood before him, in veritable solid flesh and bones, the accomplice in the murder on Waterloo Bridge.

His fixed stare did not in the least disturb John Burnyside, who, taking his silence as a refusal, proceeded to hand the silver tray to his young mistress, and then solemnly moved his silk-encased legs towards the door.

All Mr. Tuelle's amateur-detective propensities and his natural love of horrors returned with redoubled force. He would follow him, would find out who and what he was.

Apologising to the young lady, he followed John into the corridor, where whom should he find but Sir William Fitz-Rupert in earnest conversation with this hard-hearted felon. He was just in time to hear the concluding sentence:

"Well, John, that's all right. I'm glad to hear you say that it's done; it is quite a relief to me to know that I shall not be bothered any more by the wretched little thing."

Mr. Tuelle was amazed; this was beyond belief—Lucy's father a participator in this fearful crime!

Now, surprising as it may seem, Mr. Tuelle was not overcome by grief. The complicity of Lucy's father gave additional interest to the already accumulating horrors. Not only was he a successful detective, but here was an opportunity for him to become a magnanimous hero. He would demand a private interview with Sir William, would announce to him his discovery of the murder, and then promise never to betray him, for the sake of the love he bore for the criminal's daughter.

Mr. Linton Tuelle at once proceeded to carry out his plan. Sir William acceded to his request for a few words in private, and they descended to the library.

Closing the door, Sir William addressed his friend, "Now, what is it that I can do for you?"

As we already know, Mr. Tuelle at the best of times was not very good at opening a conversation, and he had so drummed into himself the projected form of proposal that for the life of him he could not help commencing, "I am of noble birth, though not rich." Perceiving his error, he stopped short and looked confused and silly.

Sir William, smiling, said, "Perhaps you are in a little difficulty? I often used to be so when I was your age. If you require a loan I should be happy to oblige you. How much shall I say?"

A bribe offered, and to the Hon. Linton Tuelle! This was too much. With a burst of indignant rage Mr. Tuelle exclaimed:

"Sir, you cannot buy silence from me! I see that you know that I have discovered all; if it were not for the regard that I retain for your daughter, I would denounce you before the whole world. I would be chief witness; I would see you convicted; I would see you hung!"

Sir William was, or pretended to be, dumfounded at this charge. He opened his eyes with surprise, and looked at his enraged friend with an incredulous smile, just as if he were looking at some extraordinary animal that he could not quite understand.

Before he had time to answer, a loud knock at the door startled both the occupants of the room, and in walked Lady

Fitz-Rupert in a rage. When Lady Fitz-Rupert condescended to lose her temper it was no laughing matter.

"William!" she cried out, "I insist upon your telling me where Tommie is."

"Yes, Sir William," broke in Mr. Tuelle, "where is Tommie, if that be the poor thing's name? I tell you I was on Waterloo Bridge to-night, and I heard that wicked woman in black confess she had thrown him over the bridge."

Sir William Fitz-Rupert burst out laughing. "Well, this is rich!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Tuelle began to feel extremely foolish, for he could not help perceiving that he had made a fool of himself. The Waterloo Bridge Mystery was no mystery after all.

Sir William now turned his attention to his wife; he had never expected that she would have grieved so much at the loss of her pet. The dog had grown so old that it had become a perfect nuisance, and was always in Sir William's dressing-room soiling all his things. But now he began to regret that he had given instructions for the destruction of the miserable animal.

When Sir William's endeavours to soothe Lady Fitz-Rupert and Mr. Tuelle's apologies for his rudeness would have ended, goodness knows, had not their attention been attracted by a scratching at the door.

Upon opening it, in rushed a draggly, wretchedly-damp little dog, his coat dripping with water. It was poor Tommie brought to life.

In a moment Lady Fitz-Rupert recognised her pet and received him on her lap, much to the detriment of her beautiful evening dress.

The story of Tommie's escape is soon told. The basket had opened on reaching the bottom of the river; the dog had swum to shore, whence he had run straight home, and found some means of getting into the house.

WILLIAM INGRAM.

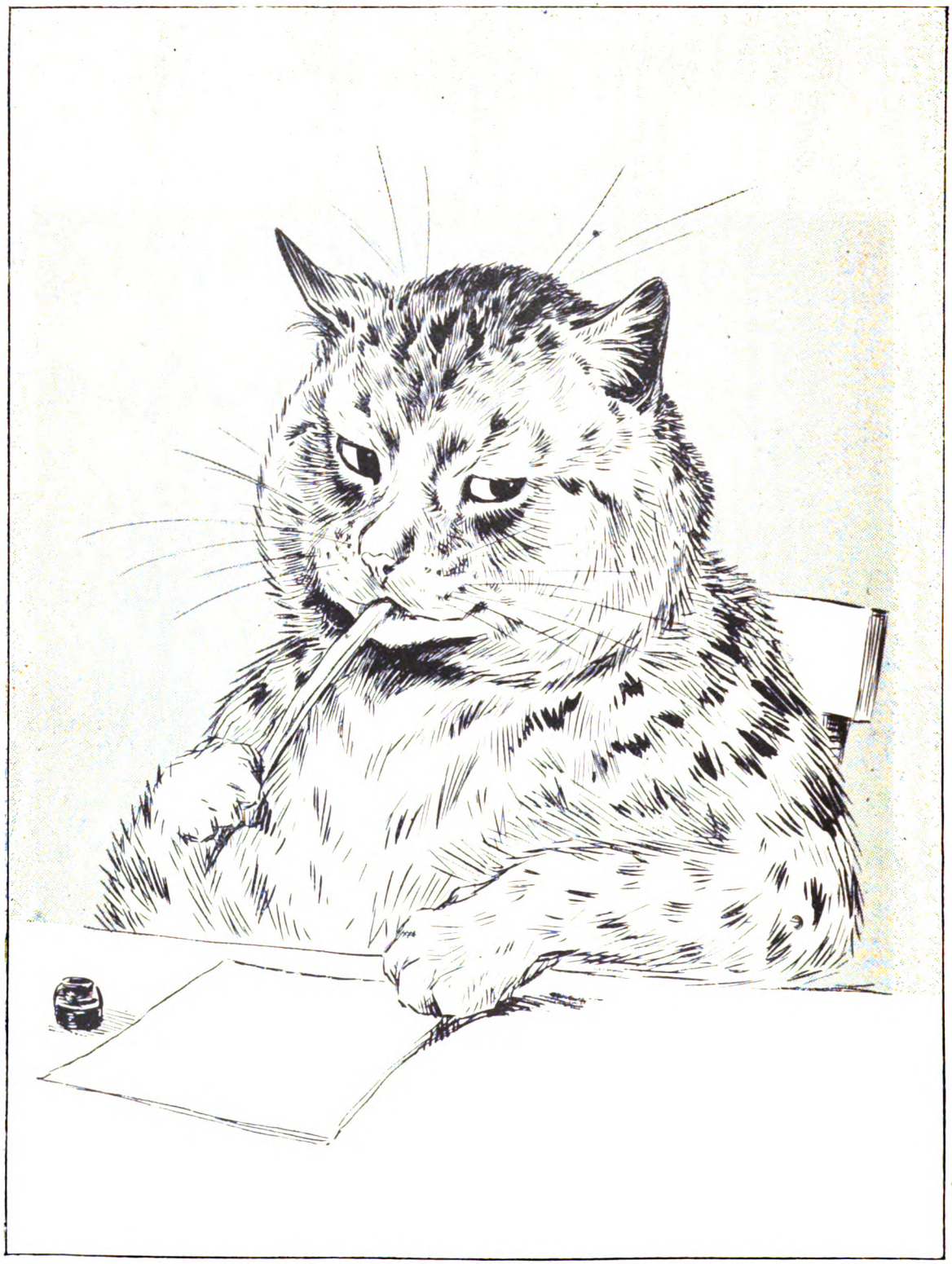
It is interesting to note that this story was written more than 30 years ago.

This is the stay-at-home cat,
Who loved "forty winks" on the mat;
If you stroked his soft fur, he would pleasantly purr.
All day by the fireside he sat.

A. D.

Can it be some evil fate?
When you are already late,
And the cab is at the gate,
You've a minute more, perhaps,
Just to do up rugs and straps;
Then it is your boot-lace snaps.

ANGEL DAVIS.



THE OPTIMIST.

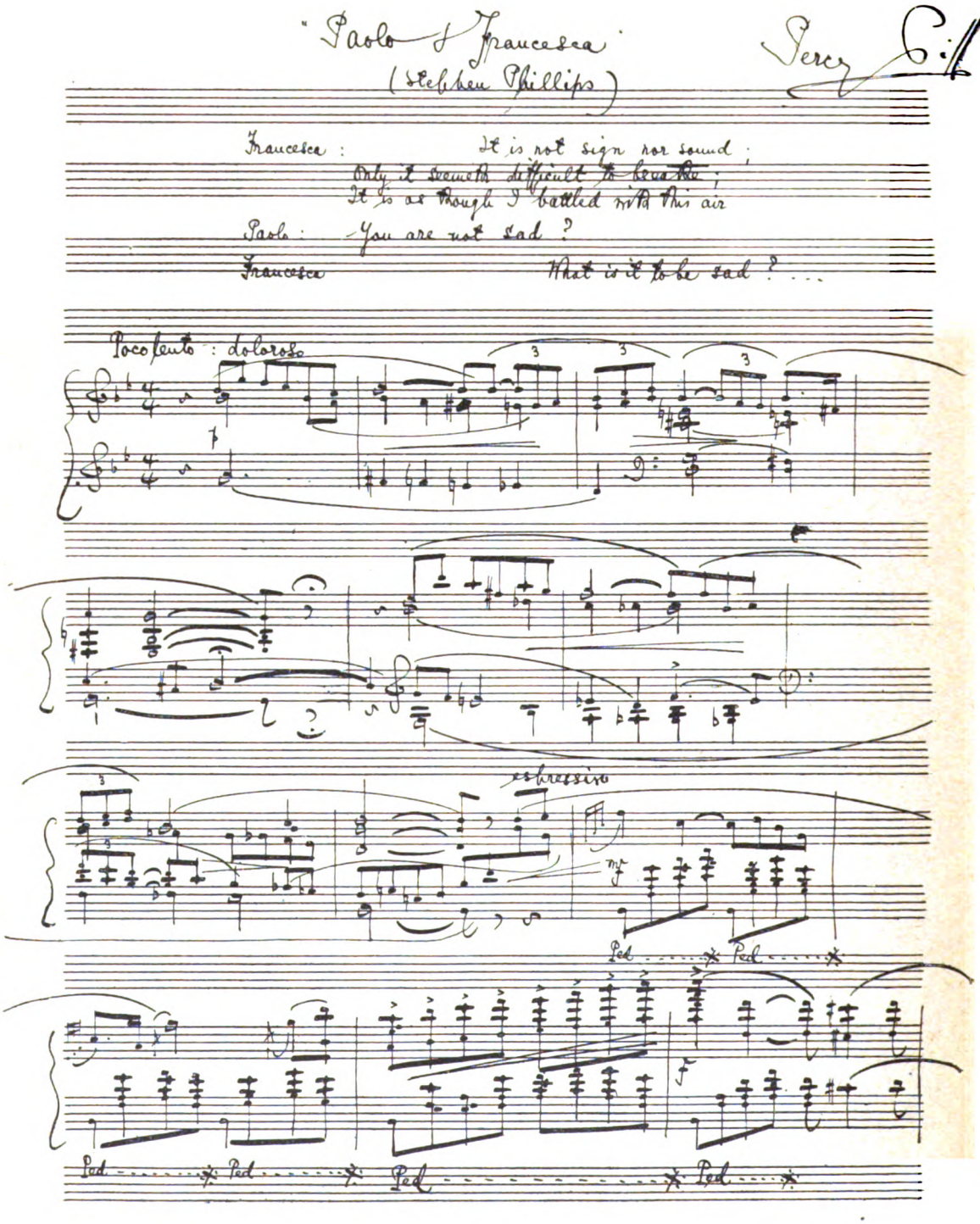
'Tis said that life is a honey-pot
Full to brim of sours;
But I rather think the sun doth shine
Through many golden hours.

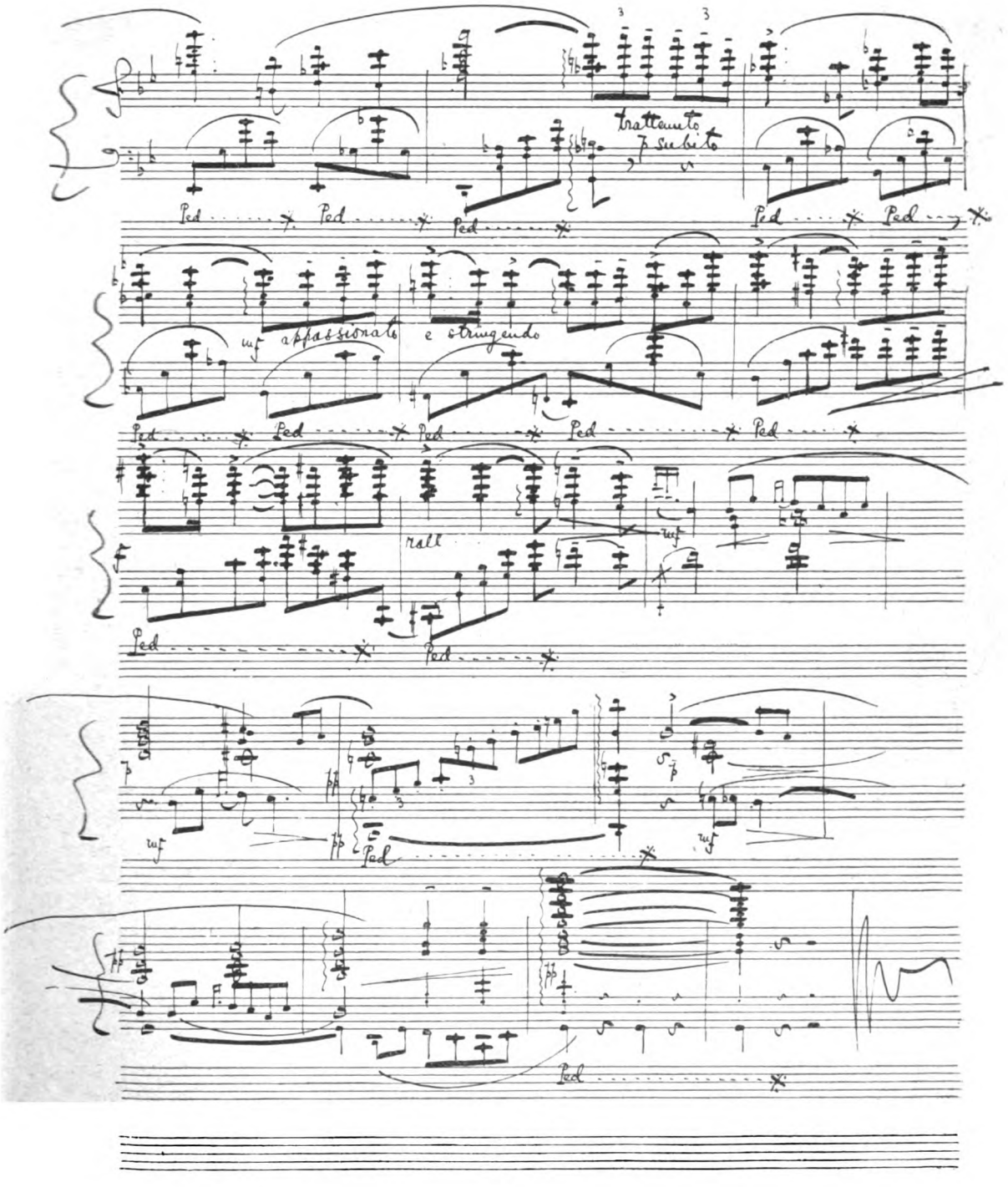
Note how the lark doth speed with song
On merry, tripping wing;
Pack up your world of troublous cares—
A merry heart doth sing.

THE PESSIMIST.

'Tis of no use being hit when you are down.
Where's the glory in the stump of a cigar?
You cannot feel happy on a foggy day;
There is nothing substantial in saying
"Bah!"

How about the brightest of bright sunshine,
If to-day's rain shivers you to the bone?
And what is the real use of last week's clouds,
If the heat bakes you as dry as a stone?


"Paolo & Francesca"
(Stephen Phillips)
Francesca : It is not sign nor sound ;
Only it seemeth difficult to keep the ;
It is as though I battled with this air
Paolo : You are not sad ?
Francesca What is it to be sad ? . . .
Poco lento : doloroso
espressivo
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


trattenuto
p subito
Ped
mf appassionato
e stringendo
rall
mf
ff

NO. 1.

"There won't be many cats left when I have got through this Annual!"

NO. 2.

"Why are they not frightened when I bark? I cannot stand impoliteness; I have actually been scratched!"

A Christmas Message.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

It was a happy thought on the part of Messrs. Merryface, Goodhart & Co. to put little bits of real poetry into their crackers.

Reggie Thompson was distinctly of this opinion when he pulled a cracker with Mildred Browne at old Browne's Christmas dinner-table, and found that the major part of the cracker, which came away in his grasp, contained other spoil besides a tiny little fan and a gaudy paper helmet. Instead of the usual empty trifle of love doggerel by a rhyming hack paid to retail out his verses at half-a-crown a sentiment, Reggie unfolded a little piece of paper bearing a delightful snatch from Browning, which, in a low voice but with due emphasis, he read out to Mildred:

"*I will hold your hand just as long as all may,*
Or so very little longer."

And so, the time and the season being all in his favour, Reggie took the rather masterly hint conveyed to him by the cracker, and held Mildred's hand very much longer that night than any man had ever held it before.

* * * * * *

"Only three years ago—but it seems ever so much longer!"

Such was the wistful thought which came into Mildred's mind as, about nine o'clock on another Christmas night, she heard the front door of her father's house close on her young husband.

Yes, again it was Christmas, and again there was jollity at old Browne's house; again the pulling of many crackers from the factory of Merryface, Goodhart & Co., and all the accompanying fun and bustle.

But everybody was three years older. Old Browne went to sleep before dessert was well over; the boys were young men now—or thought they were—and retired to the smoking-room for the discussion of tobacco instead of going into the drawing-room for games; the long-haired girls of three years agone wore long skirts now; and Mildred's erstwhile lover, now her husband, lit a cigar as soon as dinner was over and slipped off to his club. He had not given his club a solitary thought on that Christmas night three years ago, but——

Everybody knew it—old Browne had good cause to know it, the boys knew it, the girls knew it—all knew that the marriage had not been the success it promised to be. Reggie had come under the fascinating spell of the card-table, and old Browne's hospitable roof had afforded the young couple shelter when the crash came.

* * * * * *

It was three in the morning when Reggie fumbled round the dining-room mantelpiece for a spill or match wherewith to ignite his half-consumed cigar. There was a dim jet of gas. Pushing his hand with some irritation into the pocket of his dinner jacket, he drew forth a crumpled half of a cracker. This solitary one he had pulled with his wife that night ere leaving her for the little table with the green-cloth top.

"This'll do," he said, winding the cracker into a wisp as he approached the gas jet.

But something had fallen out—a tiny slip of paper. Reggie picked it up and surveyed it idly by the light of the gas. The words it bore he read, first, carelessly, then

again, thoughtfully; then he stared at the paper without reading its message:

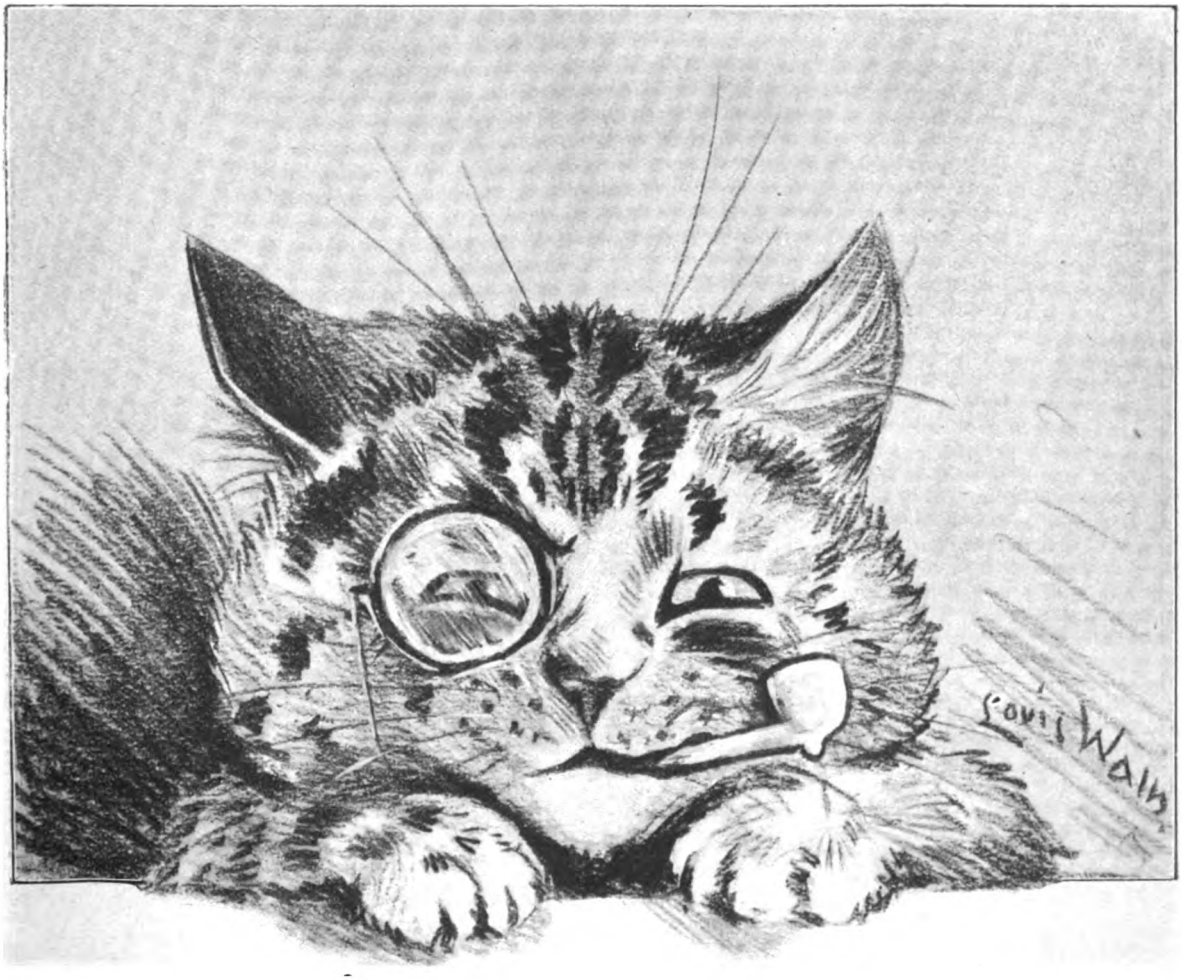
"*I will hold your hand just as long as all may,*
Or so very little longer."

The young husband turned back from the gas jet, and flung his cigar into the fireplace.

This little piece of poetry reminded him, too, of a Christmas night but three years ago. And what had happened since then—how had he kept his plighted troth? How had he loved, how had he cherished?

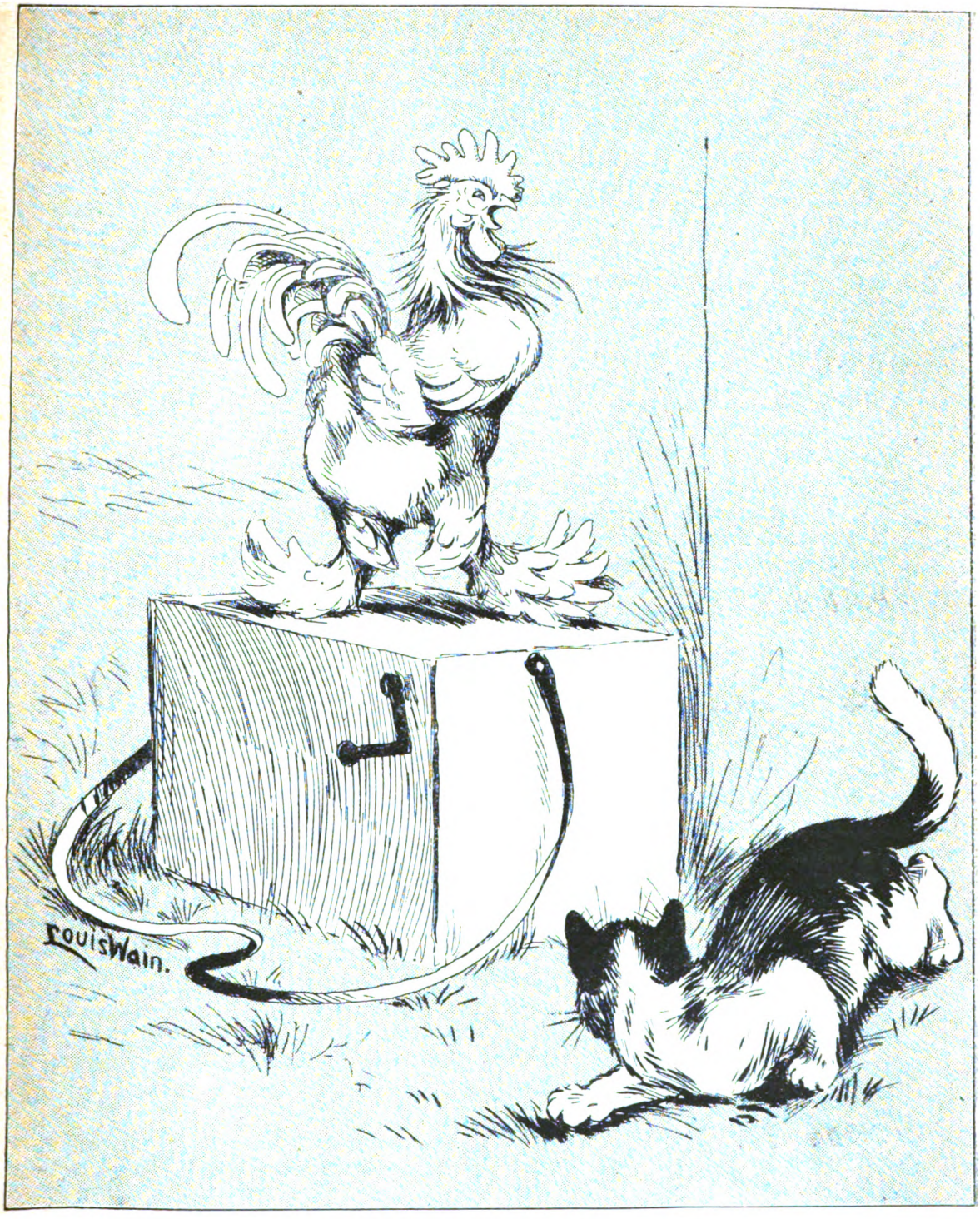
Softly he stole upstairs, softly stole into his bedroom. There, in a cot, lay his little child, asleep; there, turned towards the cot in an attitude of maternal protectiveness, lay his wife, asleep, too, but with tear-stains on her young face—tell-tale stains that surely should not have been there on a Christmas night!

Reggie leaned over his wife and kissed her forehead gently. But even this slight embrace awoke her. As she opened her eyes he again kissed the lips that softened to his with a sweet wifely surrender, and as she put her arms round his neck and kissed him in return, he knew that she understood. R. S. WARREN BELL.



WHAT'S UP?

He's been sitting on a freshly-varnished floor for an hour, and has only just discovered it.



CITY INTELLIGENCE.

"Stock is up to-day."

London's Music Makers.

By SIDNEY DARK.

THE man who makes a nation's songs plays no small part in providing the nation's pleasure, and even in developing the nation's character. By the nation's music one does not mean the music affected by the cultured amateur, but the tunes whistled by the errand-boy, sung by the bean-feaster and ground out by the barrel-organ.

Perhaps the best known of the makers of the modern popular tune is Mr. Leslie Stuart, the gentleman who first won musical fame by giving high-class orchestral concerts in Liverpool, and has since made a fortune by writing coon-songs. I first met Mr. Stuart in these old Liverpool days, before he had adopted his famous pen-name, and was known by his real name of Barrett. His greatest achievement as an impresario was the first engagement in this country of Paderewski, but Mr. Barrett found high-class music did not by any means lead to fortune, and he wrote "Louisiana Loo," a song of which nearly half a million copies have been sold, and which has left singers and public eagerly and constantly asking for more. Since then have come a dozen other great successes, "Little Dolly Daydream," sung by the inimitable Mr. Eugene Stratton; "Soldiers of the Queen," which has displaced "The Girl I Left Behind Me" as a military march, and "Florodora." The double sextet in "Florodora," "Tell Me, Gentle Maidens," has, it is interesting to know, caught the fancy of the Americans to such an extent that the young generation is ceasing to remember "Yankee Doodle."

Mr. Stuart did not write the "Honeysuckle and the Bee." It seems strange that he did not, but the fact remains. In appearance Mr. Stuart is a short gentleman, with a very fair complexion, who looks about twenty, though his career and his children prove him much older. He lives at Hampstead, composes with the help of an American organ, and still retains a slight Lancashire accent.

Equally short of stature is Mr. Sidney Jones, the composer of "The Gaiety Girl," "The Artist's Model," "The Greek Slave," and "The Geisha." Mr. Jones was an orchestral leader, and is as retiring as he is accomplished. His score of the "Greek Slave" was the most musicianly light opera done since Sir Arthur Sullivan, and his modesty is shown by the fact that his name is not mentioned in "Who's Who."

Mr. Ivan Caryll, conductor and chief composer at the Gaiety, and Mr. Lionel Monckton, the composer of the "Toreador," and of many of the popular songs sung during the last six years at the Gaiety and Daly's—among them "The Little Bit of String" and "The Gay Tom Tit," and so on—are two other gentlemen to whom the street whistler is indebted. Mr. Caryll is a clever-looking gentleman with a dark beard, and Mr. Lionel Monckton is tall, spare and a little saturnine in appearance. Mr. Monckton, besides being a composer, is a journalist, and criticises other people's music in the intervals of writing his own.

Among the younger composers, whose ambitions are perhaps rather more exalted than those of the gentlemen to whom I have referred, no one is more promising than Mr. Landon Ronald, the author of the latest Alhambra ballet, "Britannia's

Realm." Mr. Landon Ronald inherited music. He is a son of the late Henry Russell, the famous singer and composer of "Cheer Boys, Cheer," and, of course, the brother of Mr. Clark Russell, the novelist of the Sea. Mr. Landon Ronald is dark, clean-shaven, and possesses great enthusiasm and superabundant energy. He was for a long time connected with Covent Garden Opera House, under the regime of the late Sir Augustus Harris, and of him it can certainly be said that he "knows his business."

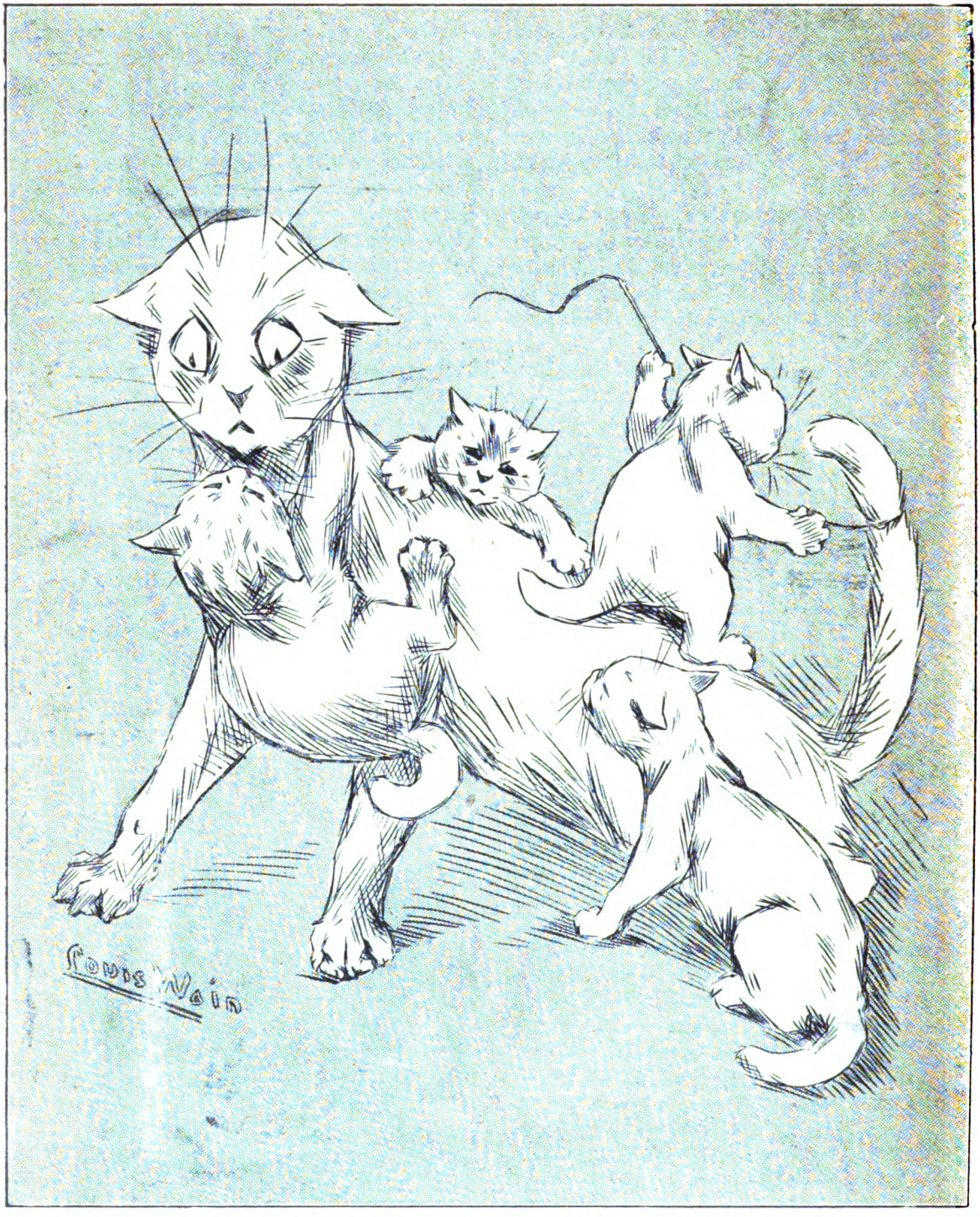
The composer of "Bluebell in Fairyland," the wonderful children's play that ran for eight months recently at the Vaudeville, is Mr. Walter Slaughter, who before had been responsible for "Gentleman Joe," "The French Maid," and several other light-hearted musical frolics. Mr. Slaughter is a broad-shouldered gentleman, with a tendency to embonpoint and a genuine geniality. He used to be conductor at the St. James's Theatre, and is one of the chiefest of the possessions of the Savage Club.

Possibly London's most famous master of the music is Mr. J. M. Glover, of Drury Lane Theatre. It is within the truth to say that "Jimmy" Glover is as much a feature of the metropolis as the Monument or the Hippodrome. A very Admirable Crichton, he can compose an opera, score a pantomime, edit a newspaper, defend a libel-action, or manage a motor-race meeting all equally well. His value to Drury Lane could not be exaggerated. On a Boxing night, when the comedians are nervous and more than one of the actors not quite sure of their lines, Mr. Glover is a host in himself, leading the orchestra and the laughter, and generally holding the show together. Great, however, as Mr. Glover is at Drury Lane, he is still greater at Bexhill-on-Sea, which for all intents and purposes is his private pocket borough. Mr. Glover is an Irishman. He has a strong voice and an exuberant wit. He knows everybody and everything, and is altogether an uncommonly good fellow.

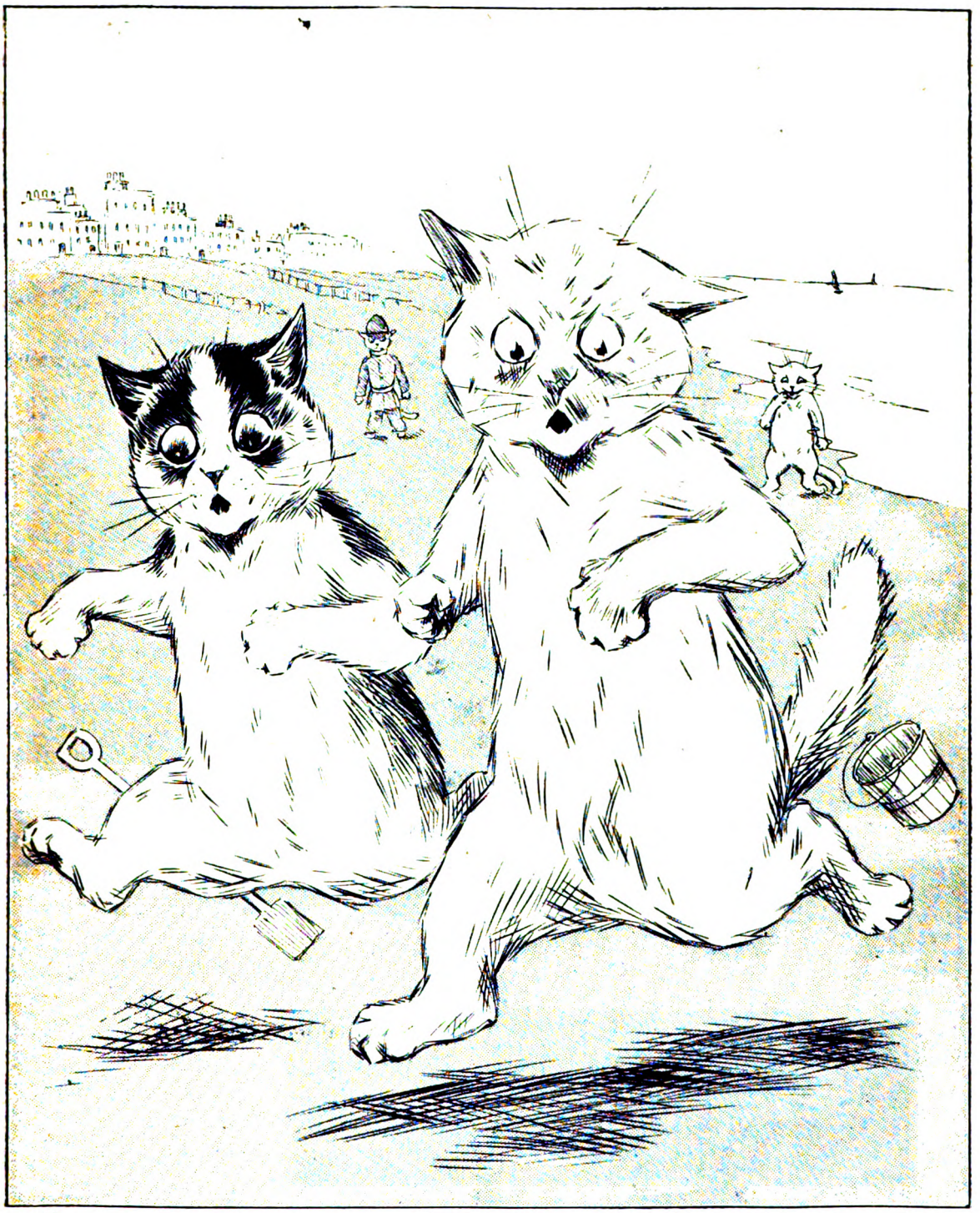
The youngest music-maker is Mr. Paul Rubens, the Wagner of the musical comedy, who writes dialogue and lyrics as well as music, and whose "Three Little Maids" is the success of the Coronation year. Mr. Paul Rubens is very young. He learnt to act as well as to do other things at Oxford, and still occasionally plays as an amateur at Canterbury and Tranby Croft. He deserted stock-broking for musical comedy, and does not regret it. He is a dark, curly-haired young fellow, and his principal grievance is that no one takes him seriously. He was the author of the incidental music used by Mr. Tree for "The Twelfth Night," but he is remembered as the composer of "She Was a Miller's Daughter." He plays golf, billiards, and most other things, and is considerably absent-minded. He possesses a brother, who also writes light music, and is a quite charming young man, whom even the admiration of Mr. George Edwardes has not made unduly vain.

SIDNEY DARK.

Begone, dull care! we'll dance everywhere, even through the floor of "Annual."



NO WONDER DADDY LIKES HIS CLUB.



Tommy and Kitty: "There's a lobster coming."
Distant Cat: "No, it is not! It's only a blue-coated policeman."

The British Workman.

Oh, for the brave old British workman,
With his great, jolly heart of oak;
His splendid way of looking at things,
His propensity to soak!

Oh, for the long time he spends in thought,
For dear "Uncle's" care of his tools,
The work he makes for his plumber pal,
And his lofty contempt for fools!

L. W.

If!

If all the men had gone to war
Who stayed at home to talk,
Then on to glorious victory
Had been an easy walk.

If all the "arm-chair" critics
Had shouldered each a gun,
The war would have been ended
Before it had begun.

ANGEL DAVIS.

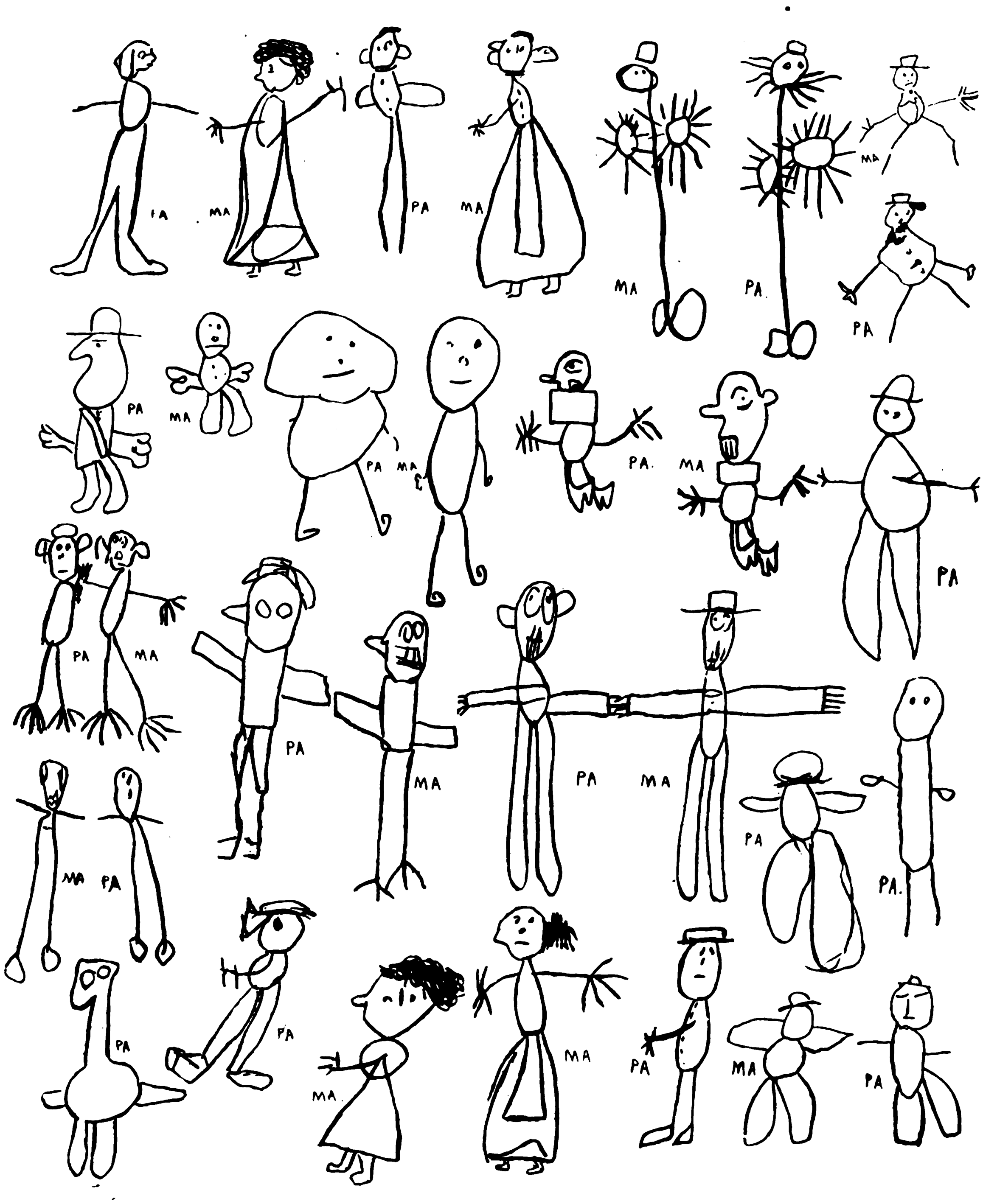
The Young Man Lodger.

By JAMES BOITEUX.

MY DEAR JAMES,—Knowing that you feel interested in Mrs. Short's welfare, I thought it would please you to hear that she has a new young man lodger, who showed up about 10.30 last night. She has given him the best room, and they are making a fuss about him, though he brought no references, and hadn't a shred of luggage with him! We are all hoping that he will turn out all right, though he drinks, and is very red. Of course, he is going to board with her! I haven't yet heard what he is doing, or what he is going to pay—pay her out, perhaps. However, the doctor happened to call just after he had made his appearance, and was introduced to him, and he told me in confidence that he was a very nice young fellow; in fact, he had heard some time previously that he was coming, and so was not a bit surprised to find him here. He doesn't seem at all bashful, but makes himself quite at home. Mrs. Short has taken quite a strong fancy to him, and treats him quite like one of the family, and Mr. Short does not seem to mind a bit, but rather looks on with approval. Dear little Queenie—the landlady's daughter—has already struck up a strong friendship for him, but he seems of a very independent nature, and does not notice her pretty little ways; but he will have to, for it is decided that he is to be a permanent lodger, and he won't be able to resist her affections, but just now—being a stranger—he is rather retiring.

The christening of the new lodger takes place on Friday, and I have been asked to act as Godfather.—Always your friend,

BOB.



THE LEICESTER BOARD CHILDREN AGAIN DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES.

Mr. Charles Copack sends a contribution from his infant class. This time they were requested to draw Pa and Ma. Mr. Copack says that he failed to persuade many infants to draw Ma, as they know from experience that Ma has a big hand and knows how to use it.

Henry J. Wood.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A FAMOUS MUSICIAN.

By EDGAR F. JACQUES

IT is pretty generally known that the distinguished conductor of the Queen's Hall Concerts and the Sheffield Musical Festival, born in 1870, was a "prodigy," and began his musical career as an organist.

His mother—a native of Wales—taught him his notes when he was two years of age. She also induced him to repeat the names of the lines and spaces of the "Treble clef" (E, G, B, D, F; F, A, C, E), using the fingers of her hand to represent the stave. For some time the child repeated these sounds and movements without realising their meaning; but, one day, before he was three years old, their significance dawned upon him. Thus was laid the foundation of the wonderful power which now enables Mr. Wood to read a complex modern orchestral score with little more difficulty than the average reader experiences in deciphering a page of George Meredith, or a paragraph from the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer.

Mr. Wood's father occupied the post of principal tenor at St. Sepulchre's Church (which, by the way, he retained for over thirty years), where a great feature of the music was the fine playing of Händel's choruses by the organist, George Cooper. Mr. Wood speaks enthusiastically of the effect of these master-works on his taste, and attributes to it in great measure his present ideals of style in such matters as rhythm and grandeur of outline. Händel's choruses, in fact, possessed him altogether at this time. He strummed them on the piano, sang them, and practically lived with them. On his sixth birthday a friend gave him a volume of arrangements entitled, "The Children's Bach," and it was then decided by his parents that their hopeful six-year-old should receive orthodox lessons in the art of playing the pianoforte.

The first interview between pupil and teacher is a fine object lesson in how not to do it. "I offered to play her one of Händel's Choruses," said Mr. Wood, with a delightful twinkle in his eye, "but she insisted on showing me how to play five-finger exercises. Rather than submit to this, I dived under the table, and there I remained until the despiser of Händel's Choruses left. But, if unenlightened, the teacher was persevering. She came a second and a third time. On each occasion the lesson finished in the same way.

"My musical education," said Mr. Wood drily, "was therefore abandoned."

The impression made upon the child's mind by the playing of George Cooper bore fruit also in another way. He became an enthusiastic devotee of the "King of Instruments," and was so determined to master it, that he induced his father to have a set of organ pedals affixed to the pianette, upon which his Händelian experiments had hitherto been conducted. On this he used to practise after the family had retired to rest, seldom ceasing until the sleep-robbed neighbours protested by means of vehement thumps on the wall.

But the youthful ambition was soon destined to be rewarded by something better. Through the influence of an uncle, Churchwarden at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, he was appointed deputy organist at that church, and was for the first time able

THE ARISTOCRATIC TENOR.

to enjoy the sensation of controlling with his own fingers the glorious volumes of sound which had hitherto captivated him.

Mr. Wood's musical experience gradually became greatly enlarged. Once a week he, his father, and a friend assembled for the practice of chamber music, and the boy thus became familiar with the masterpieces in this genre of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and their successors. A turning point in his career was reached at the age of twelve, when gifts asserted themselves in the direction of drawing and painting. These were so remarkable that for three years Mr. Wood devoted five or six hours a day to the study of painting (water and oil), and eventually, on the advice of Faed and Waller, decided to give up music and join the brotherhood of the brush.

By the time he reached the age of fifteen, however, the effect of continuous sitting told upon his health, and he decided to return to his first love—music—and so lay the solid foundation for his future career.

Mr. Wood has, however, never allowed his hand to lose its power of transferring to canvas a thought or a scene, and his sketch books testify to his skill.

Mr. Wood obtained his first engagement as a conductor by answering an advertisement.

The Arthur Rousby Opera Company wanted a musical *chef*, and placed the fact *en évidence* through the usual channels. Mr. Rousby was naturally astonished at the youth and assurance of the applicant for the post. "Have you conducted before?" said he.

"No," said Mr. Wood.

"Do you know the operas?"

"Yes, all of them, inside out." He was engaged at once at the munificent salary of two pounds sterling per week. The tour opened at Ramsgate, and Mr. Wood assures me that, after hunting about for hours on a rainy day, the cheapest rooms he could obtain that were at all suitable, gobbled up the whole of his salary.

He added, "And to this day I maintain that conducting doesn't pay."

A conductor's experiences are many and varied, and Mr. Wood has many to tell.

Two of them, curiously enough, are concerned with the same passage in Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—"Hear and Answer."

"I was rehearsing this with the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society on January 22, 1901," said Mr. Wood. "You remember that the words, 'Hear and Answer,' are twice repeated by the choir, each time followed by an impressive silence. During the second silence a bell across the road tolled, and we knew that Queen Victoria was dead. It was impossible to proceed with the rehearsal, all the ladies burst into tears, and the choir was dismissed.

"On June 8, last, I was rehearsing the Sheffield Festival Chorus in this self-same passage, 'Hear and Answer.' When in the middle of the second silence some urchin outside blew a hideous squeal on a 'Mafficking' penny trumpet. My chorus burst out laughing, and for the moment all was disorganization, but there entered a member of the committee shouting, 'Ladies and gentlemen, peace has been declared!' With an impulse that was almost instantaneous the whole of the choir stood up and sang 'God Save the King.'

"My funniest experience? Well, I think it happened at a prosperous town in the North. I was there with the Rousby Opera Company, and we were rehearsing 'Don Giovanni.' The famous statue scene in the churchyard was being prepared, when it was discovered that there was no horse for the Commendatore to sit upon. The stage carpenter was appealed to, and assured us that the resources of the town were quite unequal to the supply of a counterfeit presentment of the necessary quadruped. Mr. Rousby stoutly refused to allow the opera to be given without it, and I was in despair. But the stage carpenter was a man of resource. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'if you will pay my expenses to Leeds

we can manage it. There was a cow used in the last pantomime at the theatre there, and if I can get it, I can easily fake it up and make it look like a horse.' The next day our friend arrived in triumph with the cow, escorted to the stage door by an admiring crowd of small boys, who quickly spread the news of its arrival about the town. The transformation began, and the poor cow soon assumed a form something like that of a horse. Its tail, however, still retained a tuft at the end, and the animal being constructed on the 'flat,' was quite unsuited for the seat of a ponderous basso. A bicycle saddle was, however, procured, and by this means the difficulty was partly surmounted. When the curtain rose, however, Don Giovanni and Leporello had no sooner started their duet when cries of 'Milk,' and 'Take it home,' began to emanate from the gallery. These gradually increased, until, when the Commendatore began his famous solo, and the horse-cow commenced to rock ominously, the merry screams of the audience put an end to the scene, and the curtain had to be ignominiously lowered."

It will interest many to know that Mr. Wood is an enthusiastic cyclist. He thinks nothing of a 120-mile ride home to London after a long rehearsal in a country town.

E. F. JACQUES.

Whittington and His Cat.

By R. S. PENGELLY.

IT is now just over six hundred years since Richard Whittington first became Lord Mayor of London, and for these six centuries his gracious memory has been one of history's ever-greens. No cat-lover would willingly part with the pleasant story, and though a utilitarian criticism has boldly declared the greater part of it myth, it is by no means certain that this sweeping conclusion is justified. The children, at least, will never believe that Dick, the poor London prentice, did not hear the bells on Highgate Hill, cheering him with tidings of future eminence. Nor will they forget his cat, the source of all his good fortune—for is it not revivified almost every Christmas, when, amid the splendours of pantomime, no more popular subject is found than that of "Dick Whittington and His Cat." The "principal boy" need ask no sprightlier role than that of Dick, blithe, frank, rollicking Dick. The "principal girl" never looks sweeter than as Alice Fitzwarren; while the professional acrobat and contortionist finds in the rough cat-skin the opportunities for raising the thunders of Christmas applause. Decidedly the pantomime season would be dull without that trio of triumphant virtue.

But how much of the story is true, and how much myth? We cannot separate them exactly, but we may safely set forth the pros and cons, for the cat-lover to spend an idle hour.

We know, first, that Richard Whittington was born in 1350, the son of a poor knight in Gloucestershire. Some critics have hastily assumed that his father's knighthood disproved the story that he was a poor boy, but they have forgotten that the social convulsions, the wars, the pestilences, and other calamities were quite sufficient to account for the son of a poor knight coming to London to make his fortune. It has been a special characteristic, too, of the growth of societies in England that even in the feudal atmosphere of the middle ages, men of good birth entered into trade, while men grown rich in trade have been admitted to the ranks of the aristocracy and the peerage.

There is, therefore, no inherent impossibility in the story that Whittington, a well-bred lad, tired of the drudgery of the narrow city, did hear the bells of Bow on Highgate Hill, and turned back, thereby encouraged to renew the fight for fame and fortune. Certain it is that there has stood for many centuries on Highgate Hill a stone purporting to mark the very spot. The present obelisk only dates from 1869, but in a print published in 1745 its predecessor is shown bearing date 1608, so that the gulf between us and the dauntless Dick is thus half-bridged by authentic record. For the remainder we must trust to speculation, and the field is one of generous breadth.

So far as the second incident which tradition associates with Whittington's name, there is more evidence. It is true that there is no contemporary record of the story of the cat which played such havoc with the Barbary mice, but as Whittington's romance was certainly over before 1397, when he first was elected Lord Mayor, and Caxton did not start printing until 1471, nearly a century later, we must not expect to find the same flood of printed record as our posterities will find available on, say,

THE DEAR OLD CLOWN!

Once a year we are allowed to laugh,
Allowed, come, write that down!
For once a year the King of Mirth
In pantomime is clown.

the rise to fortune of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In 1613 we find Henry Parrett writing in his "Springes for Woodcocks":

'Tis said that Whittington was raised of nought,
And by a cat hath divers wonders wrought.

Taylor, the water-poet, in 1621, in his "Motto," recalls the tradition thus:

For long ago I doe remember that
There was a proverb, "Care will kill a cat";
And it is said a cat's a wondrous beast,
And that she hath in her nine lives at least.
And sure if any cat this care should shun,
It was the famous cat of Whittington
For whom was given a ship, rich, fraught with ware—
And for a lucky pusse like that I care.

So strong a hold had the story by this time—200 years after Whittington's death—acquired over the popular mind, that a copper-plate engraving of Sir R. Whittington, published in the reign of James I., was actually altered to fit it. Originally it showed the city's benefactor with his hand resting on a skull—a quaint reminder of mortality much in vogue in the portraiture of the period. But the public mind demanded the cat, and when a second impression was produced, it was from the original copper-plate, so altered that what had been a skull was now a grinning cat.

Of course, all these references in early Stuart literature do not carry us back to the Henrys, when Whittington flourished, but there is in the Guildhall Museum a very interesting piece of evidence which, if it be authentic, links the story up completely. It is a stone tablet representing a boy carrying a little quadruped, resembling a cat, which was presented to the Museum by the Rev. Canon Lysons, the well-known antiquarian. He stated in a paper, read before the Archæological Institute, that he believed it to represent Whittington and his Cat. There is this remarkable fact, that it was dug up in the foundations of a house in Ashwell's Place, in the City of Gloucester, and the painstaking Lysons proved that that house stood on the site of another owned in 1460 by Richard Whittington, lord of the Manor of Staunton. This is established by a rent-roll of that date still in existence.

Now this "Richard Whittington," it is known with absolute certainty, was a grand-nephew and a namesake of the famous Lord Mayor, and the rent-roll was made within 37 years of the latter's death. Mr. Lysons was strongly of opinion that the tablet represented Whittington and the Cat, that it was carved in the life-time or soon after the death of Whittington to celebrate a romantic incident known to his contemporaries. If these two points were established, it would be conclusively proved that the popular tradition was founded on fact.

Another curious piece of evidence which may be recorded is that up to 1861 there existed in Hart Street, Crutched Friars, behind Fenchurch Street Railway Station, a large mansion traditionally known as the residence of Sir Richard Whittington. This ancient house had cats' heads—whose eyes seemed always turned on you—carved in the mouldings of its ceilings, a fact not without weight. It is also curious that the popular folk-lore of the Continent contains no story of adventure like that associated in our land with Richard Whittington, so that it cannot have been imported here. It is indigenous to our soil.

The mayoralties, the riches, the benefactions of Sir Richard Whittington, all these are well-established facts, and with a little stretching, the generous mantle of history may well shelter the form of poor puss also.

R. S. PENGELLY.

This is the quarrelsome cat,
Who put up his back and then spat.
He never was petted, and died unregretted,
Of poison put down for a rat.

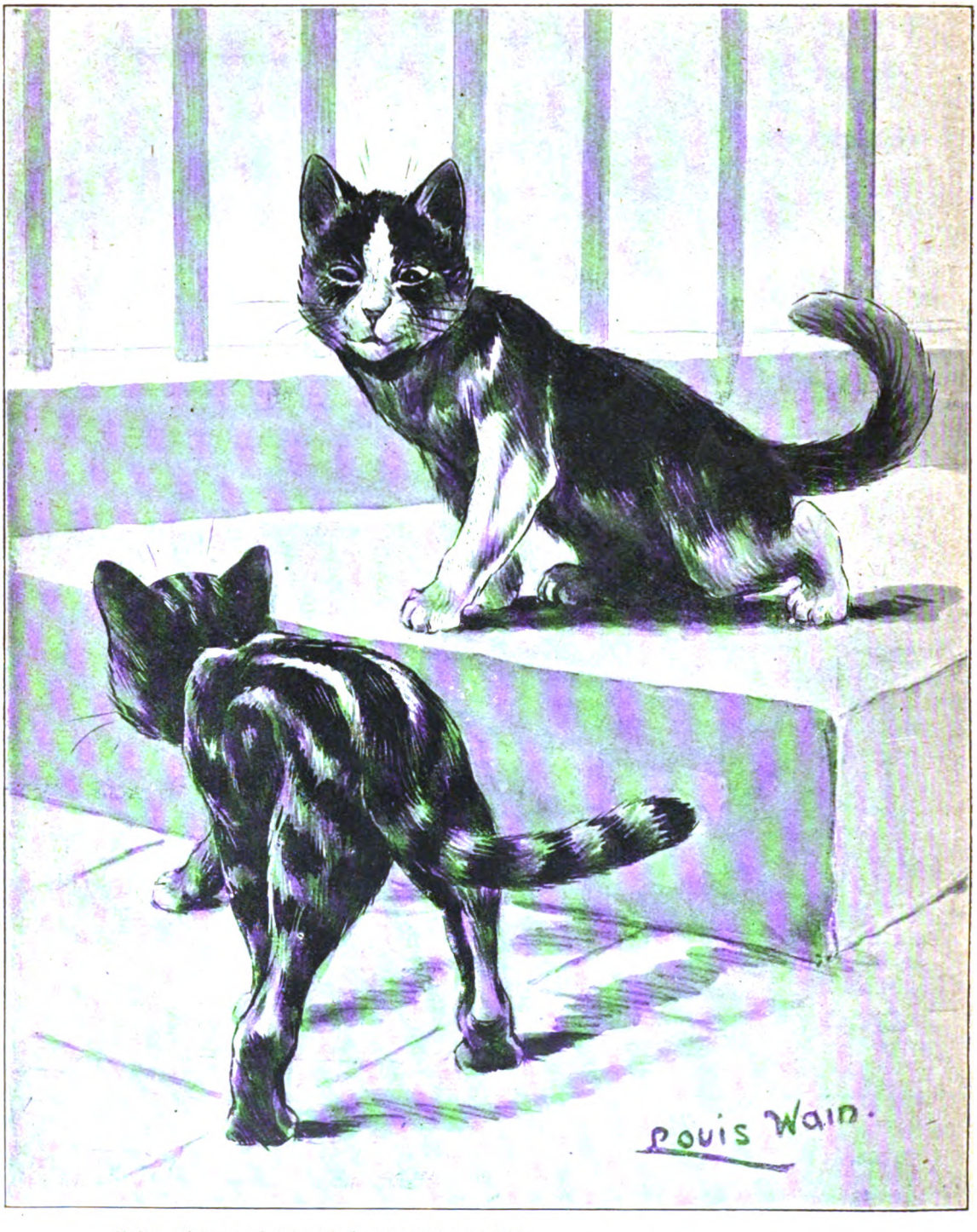
A. D.

THE CARES OF FAMILY.

Of course, I'm indoors,
  Anchored to the family;
Of course, it's needlework,
  Making a dress for Emily.
Of course, there's Tommy's medicine,
  And Billy's but a kitty.
Of course, it's *most* important,
  This business in the City.
    It always is.

But I know where the shoe pinches—
  It isn't only lobster salad
Which goes down to posterity
  In a music-hall ballad.
Where does that smoky coat come from?
  Ah! That is the rub.
And that terribly unsteady footstep?
  I know! It's that club.
    It always is.

L. W.



"Any chance of a meal down your area?"
"Not much; the policeman's lunching with the cook, and his appetite is great!"

A Thespian Cat.

By GEORGE ALEXANDER.

PERSONALLY I am devoted to cats, and I have always wondered why the word "cat" should be applied to a woman as a term of reproach. For myself, I have never called a woman either "an old cat" or a "little cat," and *I have been an actor-manager for twelve years.* But what I have promised you for the readers of this annual is a cat story.

I remember when I was acting George D'Alroy in "Caste," in the provinces some years ago, a cat came uninvited into the home of the "Eccles," and so engaged the attention of the audience by its vocal talent and gymnastic ability, that it seemed useless for me to continue my part. In order to regain my hold upon the audience, I determined to get rid of the cat. As playgoers will remember, George D'Alroy, at the beginning of the act, has to light a stage fire—which on this occasion, as is common in primitive theatres, consisted of red tinsel paper, and not real flame. Behind this fire I saw a property man, who, having more sympathy with actors than with cats, had noticed my difficulty, and now signed to me to pass to him my powerful rival. Hardly had I done so, through the fireplace and over the paper fire, with perhaps a little more energy than was necessary, when a ginger-beer bottle, flung from the gallery, hurtled past my head. One of the gods (probably an "old cat," if I may use this expression for the first time), evidently possessed of more sympathy with cats than with actors, had thought that I had consigned "puss" to a horrible death by actual burning. At least, this was my idea, though it may be more right to regard the action as a candid expression of the lady's impression of my histrionic abilities.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Beware!

By W. H. COBELY.

Two cats they went a-motoring
Upon a summer's day;
The sky was blue, and on they flew,
Along the dusty way.

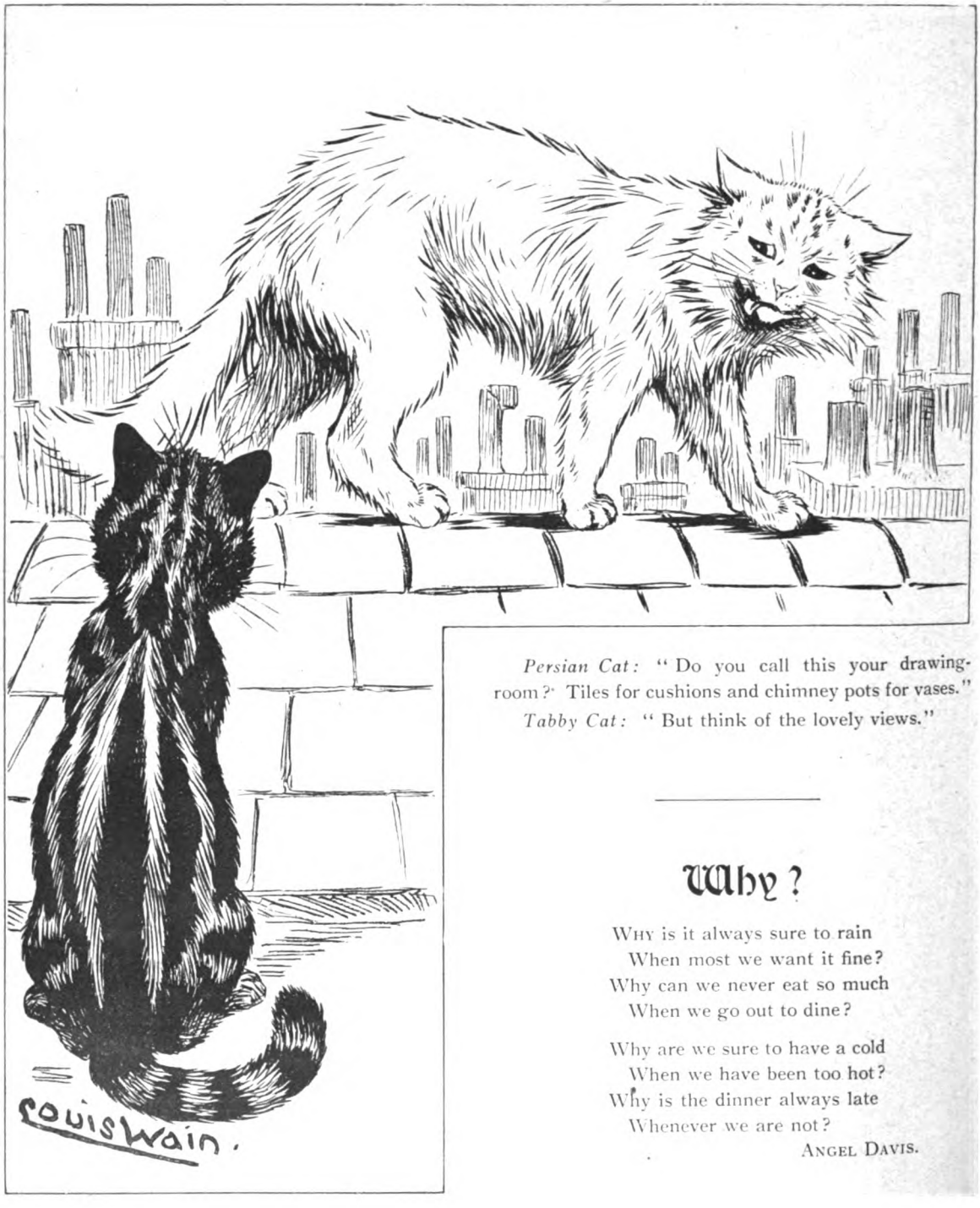
Along the dusty way they went,
Through village, town, and smoke,
At such a pace, it seemed a race,
But not a word they spoke.

But not a word they spoke until
They neared the railway track,
And then the wife, for very life,
Suggested turning back.

Suggested turning back, but *he*
Would drive with might and main;
She used the brake; that car did shake,
And onward dashed the train.

And onward dashed the train, and then
They bumped upon the rail.
My little friend, you know the end
Of this pathetic tale.

Of this pathetic tale, but still
To make its meaning clear—
Don't disagree, just when you see
Some danger very near.



Persian Cat: "Do you call this your drawing-room?" Tiles for cushions and chimney pots for vases."
Tabby Cat: "But think of the lovely views."

Why?

WHY is it always sure to rain
When most we want it fine?
Why can we never eat so much
When we go out to dine?

Why are we sure to have a cold
When we have been too hot?
Why is the dinner always late
Whenever we are not?

ANGEL DAVIS.

The Ecstasy of the Editor.

A PREPOSTEROUS EPISODE.

By H. HAMILTON FYFE.

IN a room at the office of the *Evening Herald* a young man is correcting proofs at a table. The room is barely furnished; two bookcases line two walls; the other two are blank. On a chair close to where the young man sits is a pile of newspapers. The table is littered with papers and letters arranged in neat disorder. On the table stands a telephone instrument. A door (centre) leads to the Editor's room. In a corner near the other door (L.) a small boy is furtively biting into an orange and shuffling his feet. As the young man finishes a proof he blots it methodically and turns to the small boy, who instantly conceals the orange behind his back. The young man, it should be added, is the Assistant Editor of the *Evening Herald*.

A. ED.: Here! *(sniffing discontentedly)* what? are you eating something?

BOY: No, sir.

A. ED.: You'd better not. Take this down quick, and let someone come for the last slip who can stand still. D'you see?

BOY: Yes, sir. *(He takes the slip and goes hastily out.)*

A. ED.: Phew! And it's oranges. He was eating. *(He presses the telephone call, waits a second for the answering click, then puts the receiver to his ear and speaks.)* Are you there? Yes. Well, look here, don't send that boy who has just gone down up here again. He does a double-shuffle all the time he waits. And he eats oranges. What? Well, I can't help it. You must find someone else. Are you there? If you send that boy up again, I'll—I'll bite him. *(He puts back the receiver and goes on writing. After a moment's interval the Boy reappears, this time without the orange. He stands perfectly still.)*

A. ED. *(without looking up, as he blots his slip)*: You can stand still at any rate. That other little brute—*(looking up and holding up proof)*—Oh! it's you, is it? What do you mean by shuffling your feet about like that? I can hardly hear myself think. Down you go—quick—it's late.

(The Boy goes out. The A. Ed. rises and stretches himself. Then he picks up a proof from the table and casually glances at it. The door (L) opens and the Editor, a small man with a wearily wrinkled forehead and straggling grey hair, rather long, comes in with a rush.)

ED.: I say, who's Verna Goop?

A. ED.: Who?

ED.: Verna Goop. Some beastly pianist or violinist or something. Look here, look here! Townsend says she's the greatest genius he has ever heard.

A. ED.: Ah! he says that about everybody.

ED.: Well, but look here, does she advertise?

A. ED.: I don't think so.

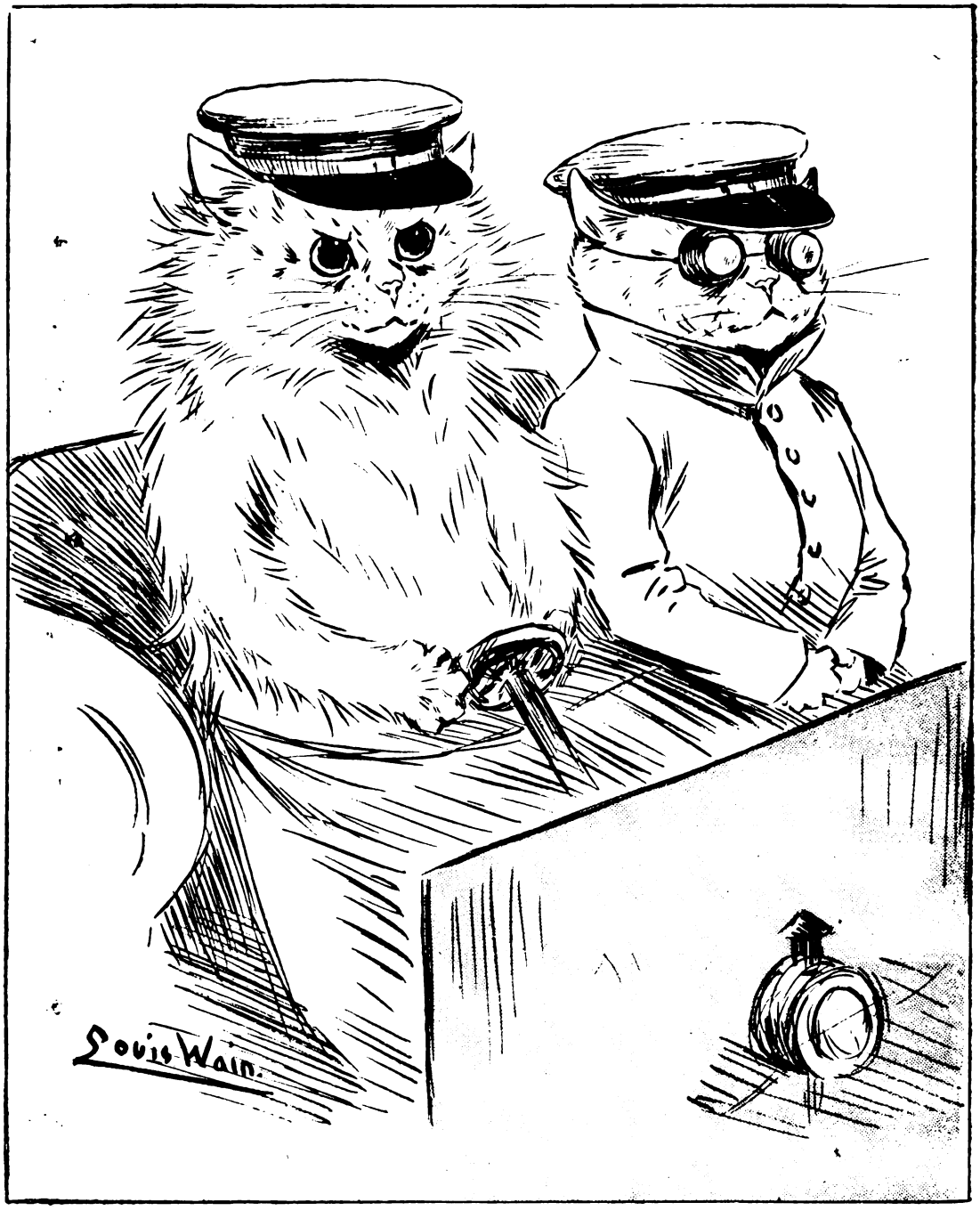
ED.: Oh, well then—*(He sits at the table and begins to write on a proof which he holds in his hand)*—"Her phrasing is magnificent." Oh, no, not if she doesn't advertise. "Her phrasing is"—but look here, what can phrasing be?

A. ED.: Say "neat."

ED.: "Her fortissimo passages are stupendous," eh?

A. ED.: "Meritorious."

ED.: Good. "In short, her playing will be *the* feature of the musical season." Eh?



THE MOTOR CAR.

All the way to Catdom in two two's.

A. ED.: Putting it rather high.

ED. *(running his pen through the sentence)*: We'll have that out altogether. She shall be the feature of the season when she advertises. *(He presses the bell on the table; in a few minutes the Boy appears and takes the proof away.)* Have you finished?

A. ED.: Yes. I say, that paragraph puff about meat extract looks rather funny.

ED.: Eh? funny?

A. ED.: In that article about the supply of army horses.

ED.: Oh, that's all right. He's taken the whole of the back page for three days next week.

A. ED.: But don't you suppose people spot it as a puff?

ED.: Puff? eh? Of course not. What does it matter if they do? It's paid for, my boy; that's the main thing. Look here, look here. You publish a clever article, literary, on the spot, poetical; three extra people buy the paper to read it; result, net gain of three pence. That's journalism, you say. I stick in a sentence about Manger's Meat Extract, and Manger forks out thirty pounds for advertisement. I say that's business.

A. ED.: H'm, yes. By the way, isn't Goldberg coming to see you to-day?

ED.: Eh? to-day? Yes, yes, it is to-day. There's a man of business for you!

A. ED.: I've heard him called names that didn't sound so well.

ED.: Envy, my boy, envy.

A. ED.: He makes all his money out of other people's folly.

ED.: Well, so do we all. So does everybody.

A. ED.: What does Goldberg want now?

ED.: More puffs—more new companies.

A. ED.: More pigeons to be plucked.

ED.: Look here, look here, what are pigeons made for? Anyone who puts money into Goldberg's companies deserves to lose it—every penny of it.

A. ED.: They don't deserve much sympathy, I admit.

ED.: Not a scrap; it is only because there are such a lot of fools about that Goldbergs make their money. When anyone says to me, "Goldberg's a knave—ought to be locked up," I say, "Lock up fools and the knaves 'll lose their occupation."

A. ED.: Still, I'm sorry for them, even if they are fools.

ED.: Weakness of head, my boy, that's what it is. Oh! there's a card in there, someone waiting—a woman.

A. ED.: H'm. Young woman?

ED.: Better ask her up and see. *(He goes into his room for a moment and returns with a visiting card.)* "Miss"—at any rate, there you are.

A. ED.: I seem to know the name. Oh, yes, of course, she sent us some verses the other day—they went in last week.

ED.: Well, you'd better see her. I'll be within call. *(He goes out into his own room. The A. Ed. speaks through the telephone, "Bring that lady up, please," then sits down at the table.)*

(In a moment a young lady, dressed quietly but with taste, evidently nervous, carrying a small parcel, is ushered in by the Boy.)

YOUNG LADY *(to the Boy)*: Oh! thank you, thank you. *(To the A. Ed., who has risen at her appearance)* Oh! I'm so sorry to trouble you. You're the Editor, I think. Of course, I know how busy you are, I won't take up your time. Perhaps another day. I—I'm so sorry.

A. ED.: I am the Assistant-Editor, if I can be of any use.

YOUNG LADY: Oh! you're not the Editor. Ah, then I'll wait. I—I thought the Editor would be older than you. I mean—Oh! I'm so sorry to trouble you.

A. ED.: I'm afraid the Editor is engaged just now. *(From the Editor's room comes the sound of a popular tune whistled vigorously.)* Couldn't you tell me?

YOUNG LADY: Oh, no, I couldn't, thank you. If the Editor is engaged, I'll come another day.

A. ED.: Was it about your verses?

YOUNG LADY: Oh! you read them? I'm glad. Did you—did you like them? I did them all myself.

A. ED.: I liked them very much.

YOUNG LADY: Oh, thank you, so much.

A. ED.: Perhaps you have brought some more.

YOUNG LADY: Yes, to show the Editor, you know.

A. ED.: Well, to tell the truth, he generally leaves the choosing of verses to me. Just now he's occupied with other things. *(The sound of uproarious laughter is heard.)*

YOUNG LADY: Oh! But you see it isn't altogether about verses I want to see him. There are other things that I couldn't very well explain to you.

A. ED. *(hastily)*: I'll fetch the Editor at once.

YOUNG LADY: It is so kind of you.

(The A. Ed. goes to the Editor's room. The Young Lady unties the string of the parcel she carries. She is looking at some manuscripts, which the parcel contains, when the Editor appears.)

YOUNG LADY: Oh! I'm so sorry to trouble you. You're the Editor, I think. Of course, I know how busy you are.

ED.: Anything I can do for you—of course—

YOUNG LADY: So kind of you—er—what shall I call you?

ED.: Call me? eh?

YOUNG LADY: Yes, I don't know your name, you see. It's easier to talk to people if you call them by their names, isn't it?

ED: H'm, look here, look here, never mind about names, call me "Editor."

YOUNG LADY: I might call you "Mr. Editor." That wouldn't sound so familiar, would it? Well, Mr. Editor (I hope you don't mind), last week you published a poem I sent you. I wrote it all myself.

ED.: Ah! and you haven't had a cheque yet. I'll see about it. *(He stretches a hand towards the telephone.)*

YOUNG LADY: Ah, yes, I have had a cheque this morning—that's why I'm here.

ED.: Eh? not a good cheque?

YOUNG LADY: Oh, yes, dear Mr. Editor—a *very* good cheque, a beautiful cheque.

ED.: Well then? well then? That's all right, isn't it?

YOUNG LADY: Well, but you see, I want to earn some more cheques. So I've brought some more poetry.

ED.: Oh, look here, look here, not all that at once?

YOUNG LADY: There isn't so very much, really. You see, it was like this. I thought to myself I could easily write a poem every two days. That one you published I got a guinea for; well, three a week, at a guinea each, would be three guineas a week, wouldn't it?

ED.: Yes, it would certainly.

YOUNG LADY: And that would be a hundred and fifty-six guineas a year, which is the same thing as a hundred and sixty-three pounds and sixteen shillings. You're looking as if that wasn't right.

ED.: Nothing wrong with the arithmetic.

YOUNG LADY: Well, then, that's all right, isn't it?

ED.: Well, but look here, look here, you're assuming that we should publish three a week.

YOUNG LADY: Oh, of course; you've published one. Why shouldn't you go on? Let me read you some of them.

ED. *(rising)*: No, no, I never understand poetry. I can't bear it. It doesn't agree with me.

YOUNG LADY: Oh, but do please take them. If you don't like these I can write some more.

ED.: No, no, no. Look here, look here, it's out of the question. You don't understand these matters—of course not—how should you? Send us a verse now and then and I will see what I can do, but—oh! now, my dear child, don't, don't, don't cry.

YOUNG LADY: I—I'm very sorry. I can't help it. It's a dreadful disappointment. And we want a hundred and sixty-three pounds a year so badly. Oh! couldn't you please change your mind?

ED.: Well, look here, look here, you run along home *(looking round uneasily).* Let me think it over, and I'll—write to you.

YOUNG LADY: Yes, but how shall I tell Mamma that my wonderful scheme has failed? It was going to do such wonders—a doctor for her, and a seaside holiday and bath-chairs. Oh! you are really very unkind. *(Indignantly.)* You must have verses—you do have them every day—why can't you have mine?

ED.: So you wanted the money for your Mamma, eh?

YOUNG LADY: Yes, mostly for her, and just a little for me. You see, I want a new hat, and these gloves have got little holes in the fingers *(she shows him her gloves with a pretty air of deprecation).* And it's so hard when you've once had nice things, to do with shabby ones.

ED.: So you haven't always wanted a hundred and sixty-three pounds a year?

YOUNG LADY: Oh, no, not until poor Papa put money down a mine.

ED.: Eh? down a mine? Down a mine? Why?

YOUNG LADY: No one knows. It was called the Bottomless Pit Gold Mine.

ED.: Oh, was it?

YOUNG LADY: Yes, and poor Papa put £7,000 down it.

ED.: No, no; in it.

YOUNG LADY: Well, it was just the same thing, we never saw it again.

ED.: And your Father actually——

YOUNG LADY: My Father is dead.

ED. *(rising)*: I beg your pardon. *(He walks uneasily about.)*

YOUNG LADY: And Mamma and I— *(she breaks down again)*—Oh! I am so sorry, but I can't help it. And I did so hope you would take my poems.

ED.: Well, well, look here, look here. Suppose you leave the poems and——

YOUNG LADY: You will read them?

ED.: No, no, no. Don't ask me.

YOUNG LADY: Then what is the good of my leaving them?

ED.: Well, I'll ask the gentleman who was in here when you came to read them.

YOUNG LADY: Oh! thank you—thank you ever so much. And will he look at them directly, do you think? And will you tell him I thought he had such a nice, kind face? May I come back in half an hour?

ED.: Eh? half an hour? No, no, leave them for a few days.

YOUNG LADY: But I can't go back to tell Mamma that I haven't done any good at all. Oh, do please let me come back.

ED.: Well, look here, look here, don't cry—above all, don't cry. Come back presently, and we'll see what we can do. *(He goes to the door and opens it.)*

YOUNG LADY: Oh! you have been so kind. And you won't forget, will you *(nodding her head towards the other door where the A. Ed. is).*

ED.: Eh? forget? forget?

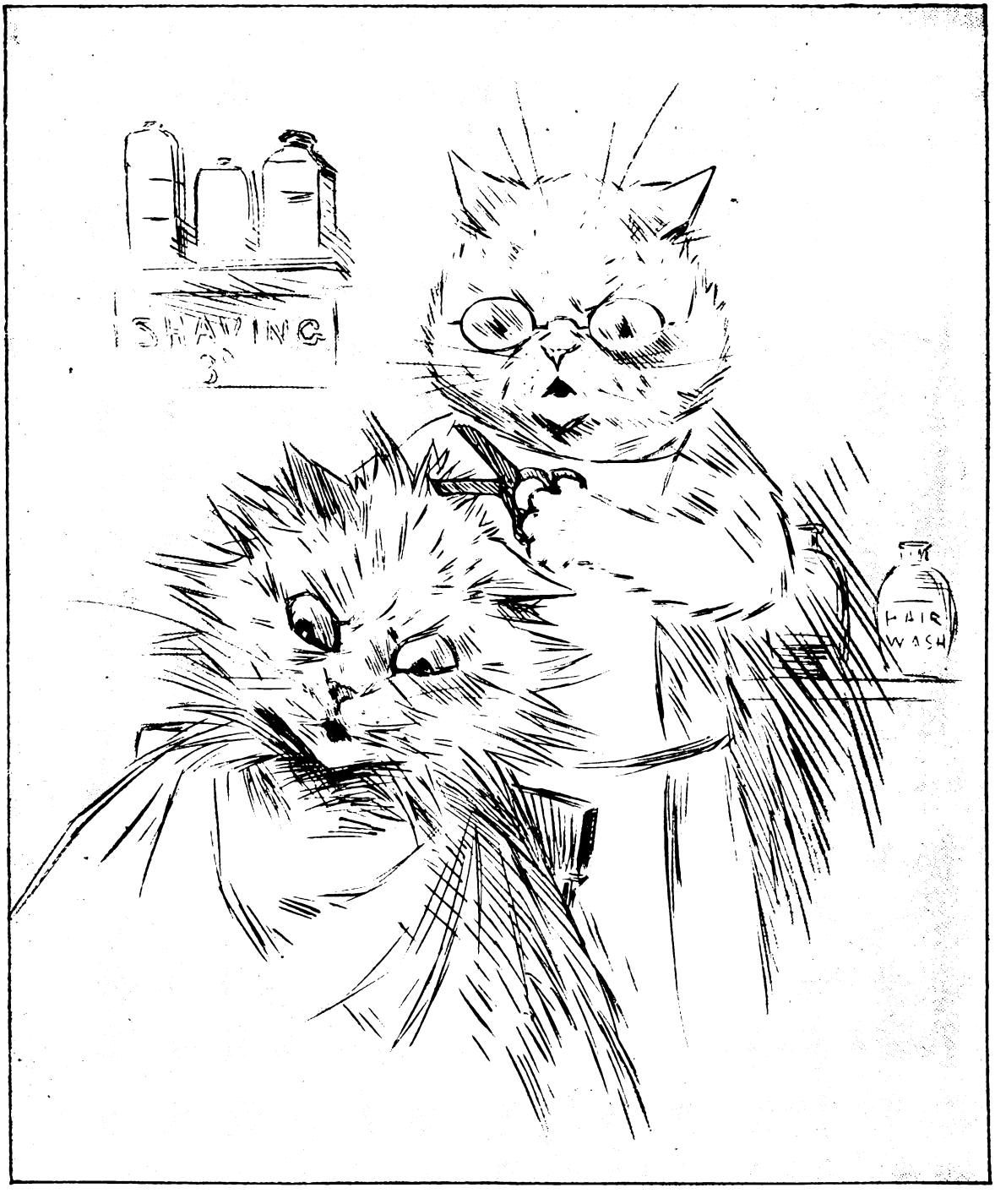
YOUNG LADY: You know *(in a whisper)*, his nice, kind face. Ssh! *(She goes out.)*

(A moment's pause. The Editor runs his hands through his hair. Then there is a gentle tap at the door and the Young Lady appears again.)

YOUNG LADY: It was half an hour you said, wasn't it?

ED.: Yes, yes, yes, something like that.

YOUNG LADY: It is twenty-four and a-half minutes to twelve now. I shall be back at five and a-half minutes past. *(In a whisper.)* Have you told him yet? *(The*



Barber: "You must have been in a very wild part of the country, your hair has grown very long."
Customer: "Scotland."

Editor shakes his head.) Well, be quick. *(She blows him a kiss and goes out.)*

(The A. Ed. appears in the doorway.)

ED.: I say, look here, look here, nice job for you. Poems!—all that heap. You've got to look through them in half an hour, and you've got a nice, kind face, and she's coming back to know what you think of them.

A. ED. *(laughing)*: She seems to have roped you in pretty completely.

ED.: Poor little creature. Funny thing, too, to come the very morning I'm expecting Goldberg.

A. ED.: Goldberg, why?

ED.: Because her father put all his money into Goldberg's Bottomless Pit.

A. ED.: And lost it?

ED.: Did anyone ever put money into a Goldberg Company and not lose it?

A. ED.: He was only one of the fools who don't deserve a scrap of sympathy.

ED.: Eh? sympathy? I daresay not. He's dead. But look here, what about these poor creatures he's left behind him?

A. ED.: Goldberg's a man of business. He can't afford to think of them.

ED.: Yes, yes, yes, but——

A. ED.: You don't mean to suggest that he should be sorry for them? Weakness of head, you know, that's what it is.

ED.: The thing was simply an infernal swindle. Seven thousand pounds! The man must have been an idiot.

A. ED.: Or a reader of the *Evening Herald.*

ED.: Eh? what? what? what?

A. ED.: You haven't forgotten your article about it?

ED.: Yes, but look here, look here, that was before I knew it was a swindle. Poor little girl! Why can't the man fleece people who won't miss the money? And Goldberg rolling in money.

A. ED.: Ah! there's a man of business for you!

ED.: Rolling in money, and that dear little thing hasn't the money to buy a new pair of gloves. Doesn't he ever think of the poor, helpless creatures like that?

A. ED.: They have to stand the racket.

ED.: You're a hard-hearted young devil. *(As he sits at the table he pulls open the drawers one after the other with a preoccupied air.)*

A. ED.: You don't think of declining Goldberg's advertisement?

ED.: Of course not, of course not. Why should I? But I wish—hullo! what's that? *(He has a drawer open and he takes out of it a revolver, which he handles with extreme caution.)*

A. ED.: That's mine; you'll find the cartridges in there, too.

ED. *(putting down the revolver hastily)*: No, no; what's it doing there?

A. ED.: You remember that madman who got in here? The police-inspector advised me then to have a six-shooter somewhere handy. I generally keep the drawer locked. The thing isn't loaded.

ED.: No, but look here, look here, think of all the people who've been shot with pistols that weren't loaded.

A. ED.: Well then, put it away again, and I'll lock the drawer.

ED.: Eh? lock it? No—no, don't lock it.

A. ED.: Oh! all right. You aren't afraid of Goldberg, are you?

ED. *(slowly)*: No, I'm not afraid of Goldberg. *(To himself)*: But Goldberg might be afraid of me.

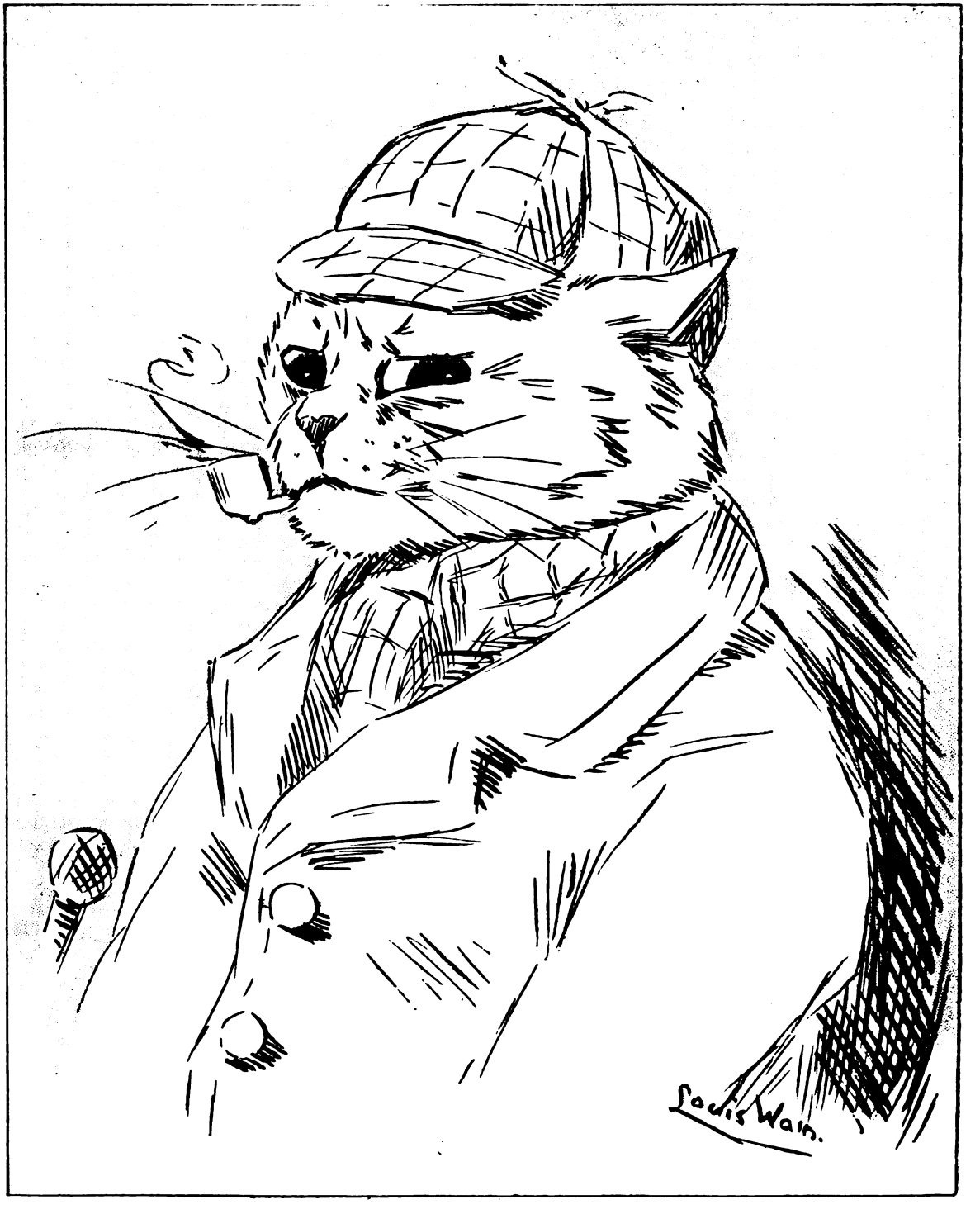
(The telephone rings. The Editor takes the receiver and listens, then speaks, "Send Mr. Goldberg up, please." He hangs up the receiver again.)

A. ED.: You are in a funny mood; you've got something on your mind.

ED.: I can't get that poor little girl out of my head, and her Mamma at home.

A. ED.: Well, I'll cart the "poems" away and look through them.

ED.: Take these penny novelettes, too, and see if you can't make a funny column out of them.



THE BURGLAR.

I don't see things in the ordinary light,
In fact, I'm down upon the world all round.
If folks be Hasses, and go to bed at night,
I get through work while they are sleeping sound.

L. W.

A. ED.: Were you laughing over them just now in there?

ED.: Yes, yes, yes, and look here, look here, don't forget—she thought you had a nice, kind face. *(The A. Ed. goes out of the door (L) laughing. The Editor smooths his hair nervously, and just before Goldberg comes in, peeps into the drawer to see that the revolver is still there. The door opens, and he shuts the drawer with a bang as Goldberg comes in; tall, florid, bland, a slight accent.)*

ED.: Good morning, good morning.

GOLD. *(shaking hands ceremoniously)*: I hope you are well. *(A pause.)* It is so good of you to receive me.

(They sit one on each side of the table.)

ED.: You want an article, I suppose.

GOLD. *(with deprecating hands)*: I have ventured to trouble you principally in order to interest you in a new enterprise that will much benefit the British commerce. In that sense, yes, I want an article.

ED: A new company, I suppose.

GOLD.: A new company being formed, yes. These papers *(which he takes from his breast-pocket)* will fully explain. We shall inform the public of our enterprise largely through the advertising pages of the *Evening Herald.*

ED.: Very good.

GOLD.: Yes. If there are any questions more you wish to ask——

ED.: How much are you going for this time?

GOLD.: The capital will be one million. If, Mr. Editor, you should desire some shares——

ED.: Me? thank you, thank you. I prefer to invest my money.

GOLD.: I do not quite understand your distinction between investment and taking shares in my company.

ED.: The same as the difference between putting your money in a bank and putting it into the sea.

GOLD.: You are satirical, I think.

ED.: Oh no, I'm not.

GOLD.: Then, sir, I do not choose to understand you.

ED.: Come, come, surely we understand one another. You don't expect me to pretend to believe in your companies?

GOLD.: As you wish. I have come, it is true, on business. We will be business-like. I wish to buy the good opinion of your paper. What are your terms?

ED. *(springing up)*: Look here, look here, do you mean to insult me?

GOLD.: Not at all. You do not expect me to pretend to believe in your honesty.

ED.: H'm, I suppose that's tit for tat.

GOLD.: You propose to play with cards face upwards; I turn them upwards. That is as you desire?

ED.: I suppose it is. You're a devilish clever man, Mr. Goldberg.

GOLD.: It is the clever people who succeed, Mr. Editor.

ED.: And the fools help them, eh?

GOLD.: The fools whom you assist me to get hold of? Cards upwards, is it not?

ED.: Well, I suppose some people would say we're a couple of scoundrels.

GOLD.: There is a law of slander, I believe.

ED.: M'yes—would you like to take your reputation into court?

GOLD.: And why should I not? Always have the law on your side, Mr. Editor. My maxim through life. The law is my friend always.

ED.: And as long as you keep within the law you don't care for anyone?

GOLD.: Am I responsible for greediness which makes people lose money?

ED.: And you don't feel sorry for those who suffer, perhaps through other people's greediness?

GOLD.: Sorry? Oh! ye—es—sorry if you will. That costs me nothing.

ED.: Well, look here, Goldberg, I want you to do a generous thing.

GOLD.: I fear I have no time to be generous to-day, Mr. Editor.

ED.: I've come across a sad case. A

certain man put £7,000 into the Bottomless Pit. He's dead now, but his wife and daughter are in straits. It was almost all the money they had to live on.

GOLD.: Immoral speculation brings always unhappiness.

ED.: Now, won't you do something for them? You'd never miss a few thousands.

GOLD.: A few thousands! *(Shrugging his shoulders with a tolerant smile.)* Oh! make it a few millions.

ED.: What means so little to you would mean everything to them.

GOLD.: I came here to talk business, Mr. Editor, not sentiment.

ED.: Come! Show you've got a heart for once.

GOLD.: This is long enough a joke.

ED.: You won't do anything for them? Think of it, a poor old lady, ill and helpless, a poor young lady tortured by the sight of a suffering mother—can't make her better for want of a little money—the money that went into your pocket.

GOLD.: This is foolish wasting of time.

ED. *(slowly pulling out the drawer)*: You won't be generous? You won't make good a little of their loss?

GOLD.: It is absurd to suppose it.

ED. *(putting his hand into the drawer)*: You won't repay them anything?

GOLD.: Not a penny.

ED. *(suddenly producing the revolver)*: Then, look here, look here, I'll make you, I'll force you to. If you don't, I'll kill you with this.

GOLD. *(keeping his eye on the pistol, outwardly calm)*: You are in a merry mood, Mr. Editor.

ED.: Yes, yes, very. I always play with loaded firearms when I feel really cheerful.

GOLD.: A good joke, but *(suddenly)* don't point it. It might go off.

ED.: It *will* go off if you don't write out a cheque.

GOLD. *(rising)*: I don't care for jokes.

ED.: Sit down.

GOLD.: I will now leave you.

ED.: Sit down.

GOLD. *(sitting down hastily)*: This might make necessary an appeal to my friend, the law.

ED.: Your friend, the law, is outside, you see. My friend, the pistol, is here, within three feet of you, Mr. Goldberg.

GOLD.: The law is never far away. It has long ears as well as long arms.

ED.: But every now and then, you see, Justice goes one better than law.

GOLD.: Justice? Law? I know not the difference.

ED.: No? Well, I am going to show you the difference.

GOLD.: You stand for Justice?

ED.: That's it, that's it. You're looking for the bandage over my eyes. It's so difficult nowadays to tell knaves from honest folk that Justice can't go blindfold any longer.

GOLD.: If you do not immediately put away that pistol, I shall call for help.

ED.: No, no, no, I don't think you will. In case you should be tempted *(he raises the revolver to a level with Goldberg's head)*. Now, we'll talk comfortably. Pray don't trouble to raise your voice. I can hear you perfectly.

GOLD.: Put it down, put it down, my nerves—my nerves—they can't bear it. I shall not call out.

ED. *(lowering pistol)*: Good. I thought you would be sensible. Well, now, how much shall we say? Three thousand?

GOLD.: You know what a court of law would call this—blackmail, I think?

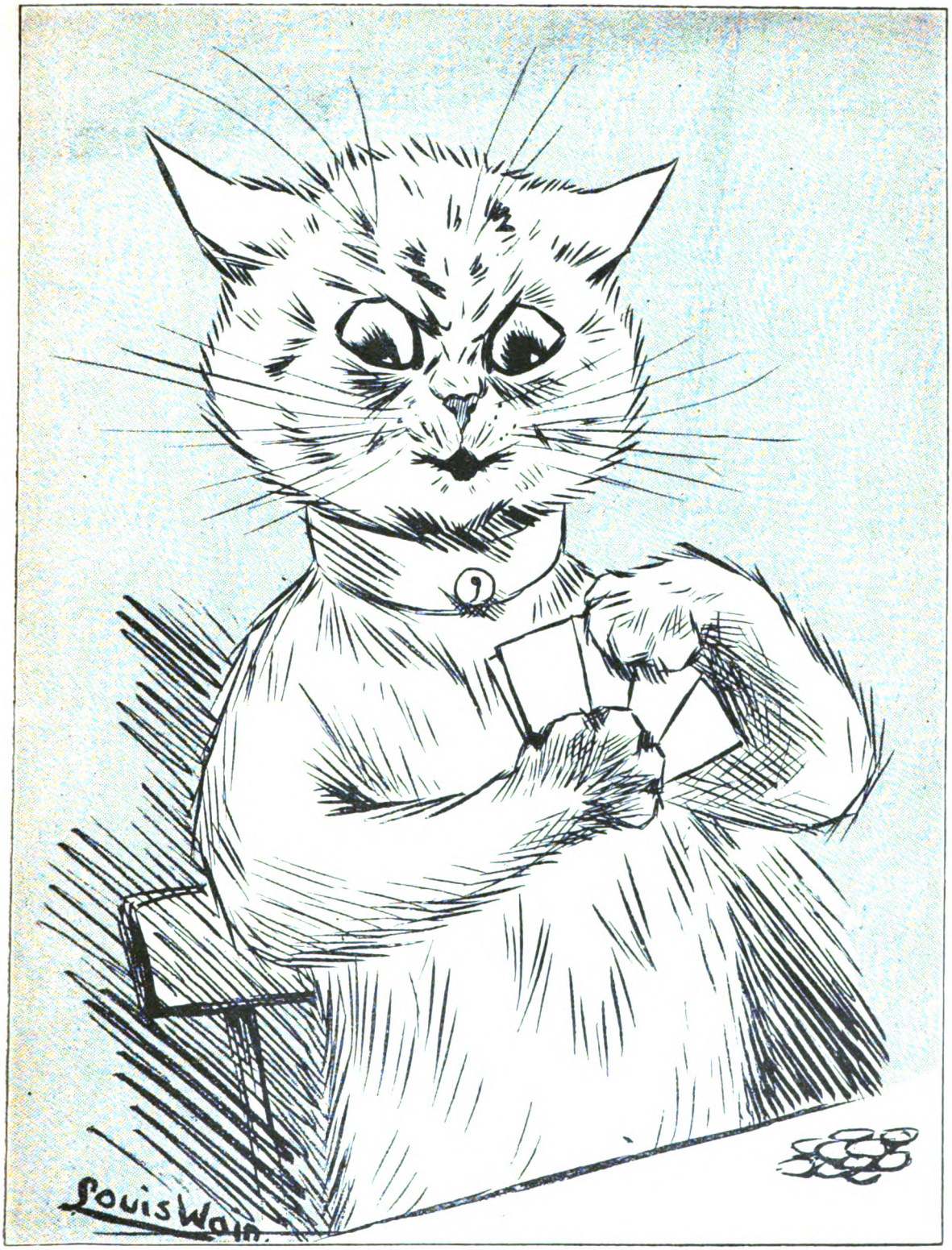
ED.: A court of law will never get the chance.

GOLD.: You do not suppose I should submit to this intimidation?

ED. *(raising the pistol again)*: Do you know that's just what I do suppose?

GOLD.: No, no, keep it away.

ED.: Come, come, now. Here we are, you and I, all alone. Unless you write me out a cheque for £3,000, this pistol will ac-



DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

It looks as though his hand might be
Worth a kingly crown;
But you cannot tell the luck until
All the cards are down. L. W.

cidentally go off; the notorious Mr. Goldberg will cease to exist, and the jury will return a verdict of "Accidental Death."

GOLD.: Of accident?

ED.: Certainly. I was showing you the pistol, and unfortunately it went off. No one would dream that it was anything but an accident. There would be no motive.

GOLD.: Oh! I pray you, Mr. Editor, let us finish this joke now.

ED.: Look here, look here, if you can't see this is serious, I shall lose my temper. *(Wildly)*: Then anything may happen.

GOLD.: I beseech you, put it away. It will go off. You do not know what it is to have blood upon your hands. You have never killed a man.

ED.: Me? I've killed dozens of men. I'm a perfect demon when I'm roused—kill a man as soon as look at him.

GOLD.: Not here in London?

ED.: I don't often kill people here, but when I'm out on the boundless prairie—in my holidays, d'you see? Now, how long are you going to be making up your mind?

GOLD.: You are a dangerous madman, you must be locked up. *(Rising, and about to shout.)*

ED. *(rising, too, and pointing pistol again)*: Would you? would you? Now I'm losing control over myself. I feel I must have blood. Your last hour has come; down on your knees.

GOLD. *(dropping down in grovelling terror)*: Don't shoot! don't shoot! I will do anything you wish. Don't point it at me. *(A gentle tapping at the door is heard.)*

ED.: Get up, get up, quick. *(Goldberg scrambles to his feet.)*

ED.: Come in. *(The door opens and the Young Lady peeps in.)*

YOUNG LADY: Am I too soon? I'm so sorry to be a bother to you.

ED.: Eh? look here, look here, not quite time yet.

YOUNG LADY *(softly)*: Have you been thinking whether you can help me?

ED.: Yes, yes, yes—help you if we can. I'm going to see if I can persuade this kind gentleman to do something.

YOUNG LADY: Oh! how nice. I thought he had a good, kind face.

ED.: Suppose you tell him so?

YOUNG LADY: Oh! do you think he would like it?

ED.: I'm sure he would.

YOUNG LADY *(going between the Editor and Goldberg)*: Oh! it is so very kind of you, Mr.—Mr.—I don't know your name, do I?

GOLD. *(in a whisper)*: When you go out, send in a policeman.

YOUNG LADY *(sweetly)*: I beg your pardon?

GOLD. *(seeing the Editor's eye upon him)*: Nothing, nothing.

YOUNG LADY: I only wanted to say how very kind I know you are. You are going to—*(mysteriously)*—to do something for us—Mamma and me.

GOLD: No, no—I—*(he sees that the Editor behind the Young Lady is pointing the pistol at him, and changes his tone)*—Yes, yes; perhaps, perhaps.

YOUNG LADY: I suppose you are a sort of poetry merchant.

GOLD.: Gott in Himmel! She is mad, too!

YOUNG LADY: Shall you buy the poems for yourself, or to sell again?

GOLD. *(looking for guidance to the Editor's eye and the pistol-barrel)*: To keep for myself; yes, oh! yes.

YOUNG LADY: Oh! that is nice of you. Well, I mustn't interrupt your business, so I'll be off again for a little while. *(Nodding gaily to the Editor as she goes out.)* Back soon.

ED.: Now then, now then, doesn't the sight of that pretty little creature soften your heart, eh? with her poor little fingers coming out of her gloves. *(Extending his hand and gazing at it with compassion.)*

GOLD. *(edging towards the door and*

also extending his hand in imitation): Coming out of her gloves! Oh! dreadful! dreadful!

ED.: Ah! I thought you would be touched. Well then, well then, sit down and write out a cheque. *(Goldberg sits down now on the left side of the table, that is, near the door.)*

ED.: Where's your cheque-book?

GOLD.: Here it is, here it is. I will write anything.

ED.: Well then, make it out—three thousand pounds—an open cheque.

GOLD.: Certainly, certainly, make it out to whom?

ED.: H'm, awkward! I don't know the name. Ah! where's her card? *(He looks about on the table.)*

(While he is looking, Goldberg softly rises and makes a rush for the door. As he reaches it, it opens, and the Assistant Editor comes in. Goldberg retreats discomfited. The Editor quickly gets round to the door side of the table.)

A. ED.: I beg your pardon. I'll go into your room. *(He goes across and disappears into the Editor's room.)*

(As he goes, the Editor behind him keeps the revolver pointed at Goldberg, who looks as if he would like to appeal for help, but knows better.)

ED. *(politely)*: I've found the name, Mr. Goldberg. Won't you sit down again? *(Goldberg hesitates.)* Sit down *(this the Editor says under his breath, but with some force)*. There, on that side of the table, if it is equally convenient to you. *(He throws down the card.)* There's the name. Take your time. No hurry.

GOLD.: I—I don't wish to detain you. *(He writes a cheque.)* There it is—three thousand pounds—more if you like.

ED.: No, no, that'll do.

GOLD.: Then now I may—I may go?

ED.: Wait a minute. I know what your idea is. To go out, stop the cheque, and send in the police. Isn't it? isn't it? Tell me quick, my finger's on the trigger.

GOLD. *(clasping his hands)*: Yes, yes, yes, I confess it was a little my idea.

ED.: I smelt a rat; I saw it floating in the air, but I will nip it in the bud.

GOLD.: I give it up—the idea—altogether.

ED.: I think you had better. Attend to me. If you ever breathe a word of this to any living soul, I'll hunt you to the ends of the earth. I'll dog your footsteps day and night. Always you will know your trail is followed by Dick the Avenger, the Fearless Freebooter of Finsbury Park.

GOLD.: I shall recollect it.

ED.: In other words, tell anyone and you're a dead man. As for your advertisements, you're thinking you'll take them away. But you won't, you know. Business is business, a little affair of sentiment like this musn't interfere with business.

GOLD.: No, no. That's all, is it, Mr. Editor? No more little affairs of sentiment? *(edging round, back to the wall. As he comes to the door in centre, the A. Ed. comes suddenly out. Goldberg springs away in terror).*

A. ED. I beg your pardon, I hope I haven't hurt you?

GOLD.: Oh! no, oh! no. My nerves are a little disarranged.

ED.: Mr. Goldberg's just going, he can't stay any longer. You won't forget, Mr. Goldberg? Good-bye, we've had a most interesting talk.

GOLD.: G-g-good-morning. *(He leans a moment against the door, opens it with an effort, gasps, and goes out.)*

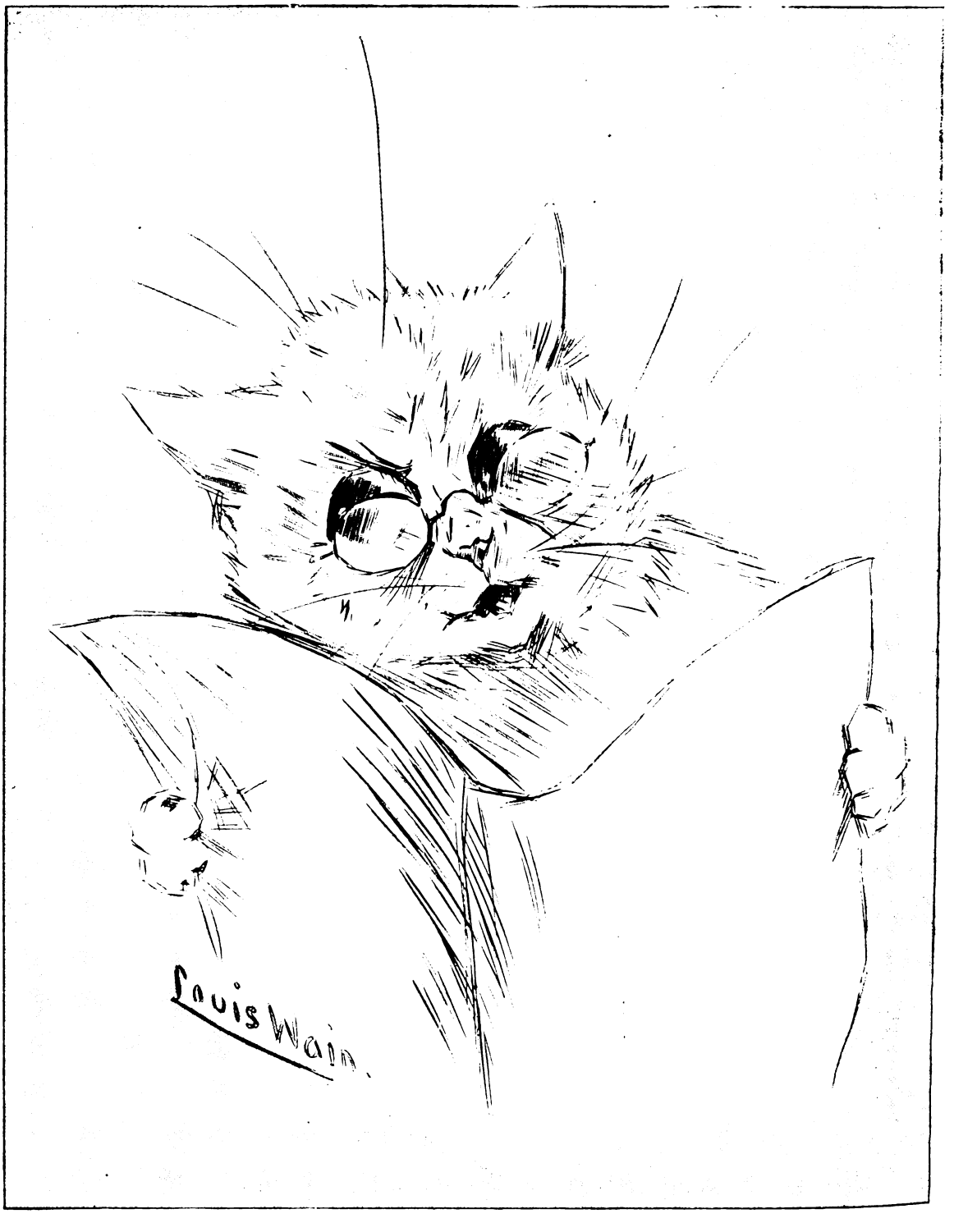
ED. *(sinking back in his chair, limp and exhausted, his hands hang down, the pistol in one of them)*: O-h-h-h!

A. ED.: Curious man that, always hanging about the doors. Hullo! What's the matter? What have you got there?

ED.: This *(holding up pistol, and letting his hand fall heavily).*

A. ED.: My revolver.

ED.: And that *(pushing cheque across the table with the other hand).*



" What terrible goings on among the aristocracy, Persians ! "

A. ED.: Goldberg? Three thousand pounds? What for? Advertisements?

ED.: Advertisements? look here, look here, am I the sort of man to canvass for advertisements with a loaded pistol?

A. ED.: Well, but it isn't loaded.

ED.: Not loaded? not loaded? *(He goes off into a fit of hysterical laughter, and rests his head upon his arms folded on the table.)*

A. ED.: Can't you tell me the joke? *(Looking again at the cheque)* "Pay Miss ——"—why that's the poetess! You don't mean to say——

ED.: Think of it! think of it! with a pistol that wasn't loaded!

A. ED.: I say, this is serious, though. You really frightened him?

ED.: My boy, I never thought my penny novelette reading would have come in so useful. Oh! but I couldn't do it again—I was in as much of a funk as he was. I thought the pistol might go off, too.

(The telephone bell rings. The A. Ed. takes off the receiver and listens.)

A. ED.: It's the little poetess again; shall she come up?

ED.: Yes, yes, let her come up.

A. ED.: Send her up please. *(He hangs the receiver up.)* And you don't expect to hear any more of it?

ED.: He's thoroughly frightened—thinks I am a kind of Buffalo Bill. If I send him a note presently: "Dear Goldberg, the pistol wasn't loaded, and the cheque has been cashed," he'll see what a fool he would look if it ever came out.

A. ED.: Well, you're a wonderful man. *(The door opens and the Young Lady comes in.)*

YOUNG LADY: Oh! I do hope you are going to take some of them. *(Aside to the Editor)* Did you tell him?

ED.: Yes, my dear, yes, I told him. We're going to take some of them, eh?

A. ED.: Yes, I've picked out a few.

YOUNG LADY: Oh! thank you, thank you so much. I felt sure you would.

ED.: Yes, but look here, look here, here's something better still. Look at that. *(He hands her the cheque, and stands watching her.)*

YOUNG LADY: Three thousand pounds! Pay me three thousand pounds! What, for my poetry?

ED.: No, no, no. A little money that we've got back out of the Bottomless Pit.

YOUNG LADY: What? Some of the money poor Papa put down the mine?

ED.: Yes. Take it to the bank, quick.

YOUNG LADY: And you've got this for me and Mamma. Oh, it isn't only fun, is it?

ED.: No, no, my dear, it's serious enough.

YOUNG LADY: Oh! I can't believe it. Three thousand pounds. Was it the—the other gentleman with the nice, kind face?

ED.: Yes, that's it, that's it.

YOUNG LADY: But it was your idea—you persuaded him.

ED.: Y-yes—I persuaded him—certainly.

YOUNG LADY: Well, but how did you——

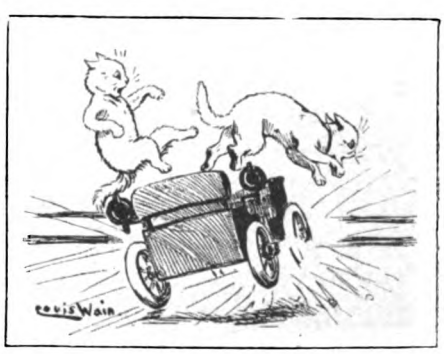
ED.: Never mind how. Will you take it without asking questions?

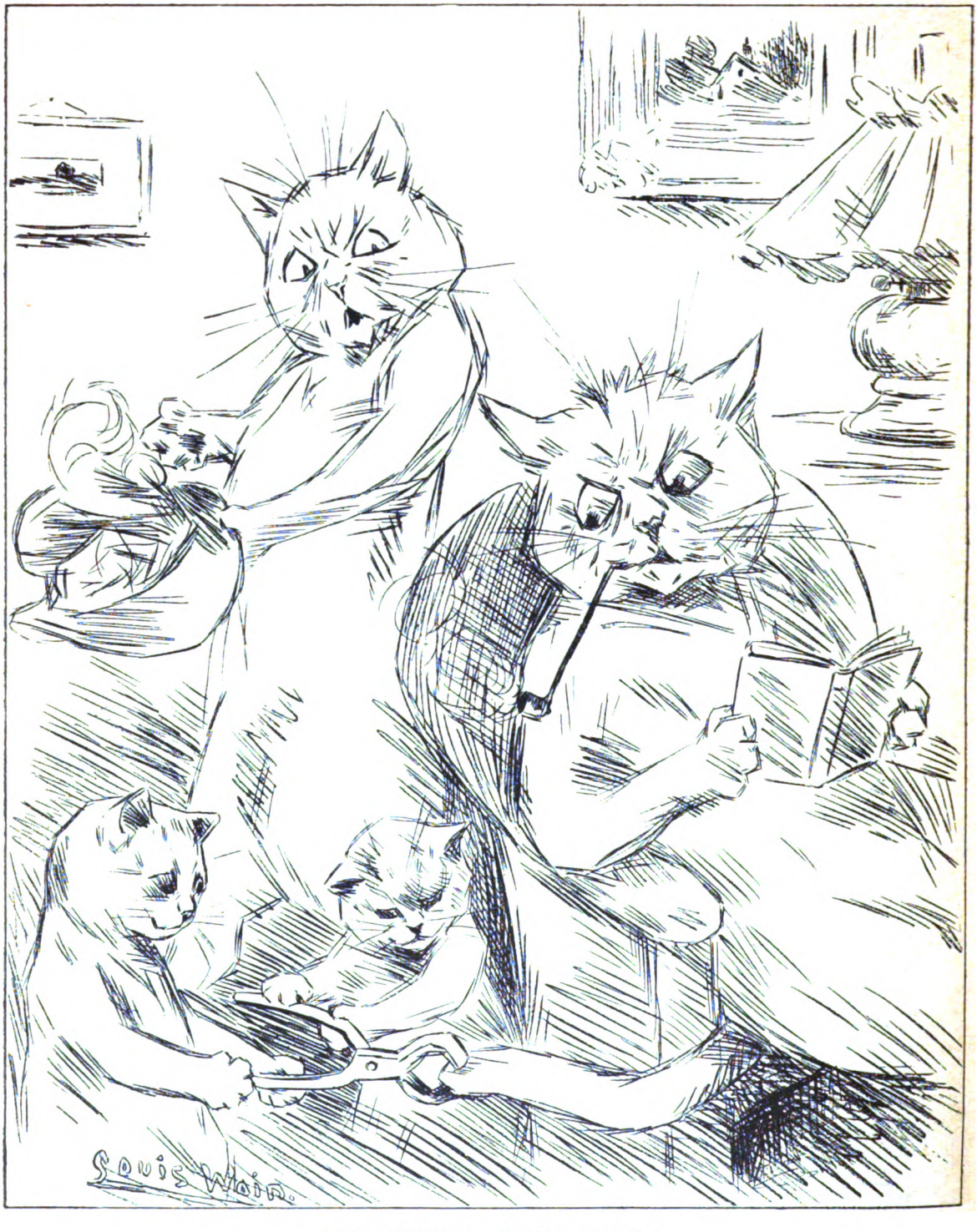
YOUNG LADY: Yes, but not without giving you a good hug!

(She flings her arms round his neck, and the curtain falls.)

THE END.

H. HAMILTON FYFE.





OH! THOSE HUSBANDS!

Mrs. Pops: "I haven't had a new hat the whole year, poppy dear."
Mr. Pops: "Then sell the kittens, and get one."

Under the Clock.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

By ARTHUR W. A'BECKETT.

It was the time of "the terrible year" that I found myself in Strasburg. I had been employed by my friend, the late Captain Hamber, to get "at the back of the war." In those distant days the rights and wrongs of "special correspondents" were not so well defined as they are now. In the preceding summer my friend, Mr. J. L. Molloy, barrister-at-law, composer, and, for the nonce, journalist, heard I had been within an ace of getting shot at Amiens as "Espion Prussien." So, naturally, I was a little anxious to have my position defined. I had been to the authorities of the Red Cross Society, but had received cold comfort at their hands.

"Thank you very much," had said the representative of the powers that were, "but we can do very well without your kind assistance. You say you are going along the banks of the Rhine?"

"Yes. My instructions are to report on the condition of the French wounded."

"Just so. Well, all that part of the country is in exceedingly efficient hands. A young officer of the Rifle Brigade is doing the thing thoroughly."

So I was positively thrown out—without my badge. I was not officially or unofficially recognised by the Red Cross Society.

"My dear boy, you will get on well enough," said Captain Hamber genially, as he bade me good-bye. "Mind and send plenty of stuff to Mrs. Harris, of Shoe Lane."

We had arranged that my copy should be addressed to the nick-name that someone (I think it was my father, Gilbert Abbot à Beckett) had given to the *Standard* in the days of the *Morning Herald*, very long ago. Captain Hamber very appropriately called me "my boy"—I was just out of my teens.

As a matter of fact, I did get on well enough. It was rather lonely work, as I never ran across a fellow-countryman. The malicious delight I enjoyed through failing to trace the officer in the Rifle Brigade who was doing such excellent work for the Red Cross Society, was scarcely a compensation for the lost pleasure of his company. Now and again I reported to Shoe Lane that the English ambulance was conspicuous by its absence. I would far sooner have been able to record that the British doctors I had met had been the best of good fellows. But this I could not do. I repeat, the English ambulance was conspicuous by its absence. Stay, to be just, I must make an exception. I spent Christmas, 1870-71, in Cologne, and in Cologne I met a medical man of British nationality.

I use the expression "medical man" advisedly. From his account of himself, he had no right "to put up his plate." He had come to Cologne to see if he could make himself useful. On the shore of the Rhine had been erected a number of tents, to be filled immediately with the German wounded. They were terribly short of surgeons, so my friend—we had a yule-tide fraternisation—had been snapped up and put in authority.

"I am enjoying myself very much," said he. "You see at the hospital at home I

hadn't much chance of doing anything. But here I have quite a nice number of little operations. I take out a bit of bone here, and a bit of bone there—when no one is looking!"

I was passing the Christmas holiday at the back of the war, at the suggestion of two London editors. I have mentioned Captain Hamber; my second master was Mr. Marwood Tucker, a nephew of Lord Salisbury, and ruler of all he surveyed in the office of the *Globe*.

I had arranged to treat my subjects from two points of view. I was grave when I was working in Shoe Lane, and gay when I addressed my envelopes to the Strand. On the whole, it was easier to write for the *Standard*. The cold was intense, and the uniforms of the poor French officers were meant for summer wear. The Prussians could not do very much to help their vanquished foes. The Empire was taken, and Count Bismarck had refused to recognise any concession to the Third Napoleon. So those who held commissions in the French army had a very rough time. I reported this fact in the *Standard*, and as a result succour came from England. Some hundreds and hundreds of French prisoners were down, not only with wounds, but sickness. I was always smoking, and deluged my ulster with vinegar. I came face to face with black small-pox; some one had told me that tobacco was an excellent disinfectant. I have heard since that the vinegar safeguard was of doubtful value.

I return to my opening statement. I found myself in Strasburg. The city had been occupied by the Germans. I was staying at the principal hotel, which had become the headquarters of the staff. The *table d'hôte* was held at the customary hour, but a special table (the best situated) was retained for the officers' mess. A German soldier—especially if he held a commission—was impossible. At least, so I found him. And so did the proprietor of the hotel.

"See here," said my host in English, "they are our masters. I am bound to serve them. But they are pigs!"

And whenever the manager passed me as he hustled about the room (his movements stimulated by the sharp commands of his German guests), he paused for a moment to say in an undertone, "But they are pigs!"

Well, Strasburg bore the traces of a severe bombardment. The city was in ruins. I learned (as I had my hair cut) that many of the inhabitants during the siege took refuge in the cellars of their houses.

"And the Cathedral?" I asked.

"Ah, the Cathedral! The poor Cathedral!" and the barber held up his hands as a gesture of more than conventional sorrow.

After this I was naturally prepared for a terrible event. Well, certainly the Germans had been no respecters of structures. Thirteenth century glass had been smashed, and there had been a heavy fall of masonry. I approached an elderly verger, who met my words of condolence with a smile.

"The Cathedral," he replied, "is not damaged at all. No, not damaged at all."

"But the thirteenth century glass?"

"It will be replaced in due time by better glass."

He smiled and took a pinch of snuff.

"A great deal of nonsense is talked about the Cathedral. It is not hurt at all. Not in the very least. The clock is safe. Now, if the clock had been struck it would have been different. But it is complete, even to the cock crowing."

"I am glad of that. But surely the thirteenth century glass——"

"Never mind the thirteenth century glass. I never received a sou for showing it. But the clock is different. The fee is fifty centimes. It is in perfect order. I will show it Monsieur. Half a franc, sir, please."

THE SHOP-WALKER.

"What can we do for you, please, madam? A packet of tape? Certainly, madam! We have a thousand varieties to choose from."

Tabby: "Now shall I propose to her or not? These Persian cats are so uppish!"

NATURE'S FITFUL MOMENTS.

An Interview with Prince White Heather.

THE WONDERFUL BLACK CAT OF A GREAT PIANIST.

By MISS JANOTHA.

YES! I am black. This means "good luck," and as white heather is a good-luck bringer, so I, by bearing this name, combine "double good luck," and may my best wishes surround all on this fairy Christmas Feast.

It is to oblige Mr. Wain that I shall speak about myself, though I leave it generally to the interviewers, photographers, painters, sculptors, and poets!

But this is Christmas time, and as I have always my own tree, full of lit candles and presents for me, so I shall join others, in my thoughts, who may then attribute some nice surprises to the good wishes of White Heather.

When very small, I was taken to a bazaar, though I felt very cosy in the hands of the sole lady survivor of the "Elbe." I was placed near a gorgeous stall, and during the time that I was surrounded with caresses and cream, all the objects in the stall were sold. It was the American stall, presided over by Mrs. Richards. Then I was taken in the palms of the hands of my friend Janotha, who wanted me to guard her chapel which she arranged at Northwood Park. It was a beautiful place. I had my soft and warm place on a "Prie Dieu," a garden full of flowers, a huge fir tree, from the top of which I had a splendid view of the country, and butterflies galore, which my fighting nature prompted me to hunt and kill. No mice ventured near me; bats and vipers were my next victims. But all savage instinct was restrained when I was to represent "good luck" to august visitors—amongst them an Empress, a Crown Princess and Royal Princess honoured me with their kindest sympathy. Then I was taken to America, where the President invited me specially to the White House. The fair Americans kept several locks of my hair for good luck. I crossed the herring pond again, and visited the whole of Great Britain, from Channel Islands to Balmoral, from Ireland to Osborne, and went to Germany, Paris and Rome. Othello was my extra name in Berlin, at Court. In Paris, Heinler painted me. In Rome, Queen Marguerita invited me to the Quirinal, and I wear a necklace blessed by the Pope—you must not forget that I guarded a chapel. Then Venice, where I had my fresh-fish breakfast in a gondola; Florence, Milan, Loretto, miraculous Lourdes, and the dear England again, where I have had the talisman of a gentle stroke by the gracious royal hand of Queen Alexandra, and who said that I was "lovely."

Then I have been painted by Borglum, Rogers, and Melville. I have been biographed. Miss Howell has nearly finished my "statue." I have my doctor—Mr. Broad—as I love partridges, grouse, and haddocks (in fact, John Oliver Hobbes—Mrs. Craigie—calls me "Marquis of Haddock"), and I may forget to use discretion in my good appetite. My toilette is made twice a day, with special hard and soft brushes, and I can walk several miles at a stretch.

I find that only water suits me, though I do not refuse a drop of champagne on special occasions.

There's a good time coming.

Among the places where I feel quite at home, is the Mansion House, where the Lady Mayoresses are gracious to me, and when I am there with Janotha, one and all think of Whittington and his pet.

I have been welcomed by the immortal Mr. Gladstone, by the Prince of Monaco, and by Sir Henry Irving, who calls me Sphinx; by the great Sarah Bernhardt, who understands my mysticism, and by Cardinal Vaughan, on account of my guarding the chapel. The royal children use my note paper with my portrait on it. And there are "good-luck dolls," each carrying a small counterfeit, for good luck, of myself. But speaking of dolls reminds me that it is Christmas time, and I will concentrate my thoughts in proposing to one and all, the wish for a happy, happy Christmas.

WHITE HEATHER.

Friendship.

By THE HONOURABLE MRS. A. McLAREN MORRISON.

"*They say thou art dying, friend; my friend!*"

Lo! the path grows very lonely
That I once 'mid roses trod;
Some are lost to me, some only
Sleep beneath the peaceful sod.

Some have sunk ere strife or trouble
Turned their golden locks to white,
Like a sunbeam that returneth
To the realms of perfect light.

Others—well, I will not blame them,
Though 'tis long since we have met;
If they ever should remember,
Well—perhaps I could forget.

Yea, forget that they were heartless;
Thus for someone's love we long,
For the road is steep and weary
In the ceaseless world-wide throng.

They who wander through the gloaming
Of a long and sunless strife,
And have stood alone 'midst hundreds,
Know what friendship means to life.

Ah! my friend, I cannot grasp it
That those words shall be thy last—
That another link is broken,
And another milestone past.

Friends are as the green oases
In an arid, stifling land—
Greeted as the silvery fountain
In life's weary, desert sand.

Many breathe and die 'mid thousands,
Yet, alone, misunderstood;
Bearing with them, all uncherished,
Priceless souls of peerless good.

Thou who yet in love art wealthy,
Bend before the God-head's throne—
Bend, imploring that thy life-path
End not loveless and alone.

Wagner and His Household Pets.

By J. S. SHEDLOCK.

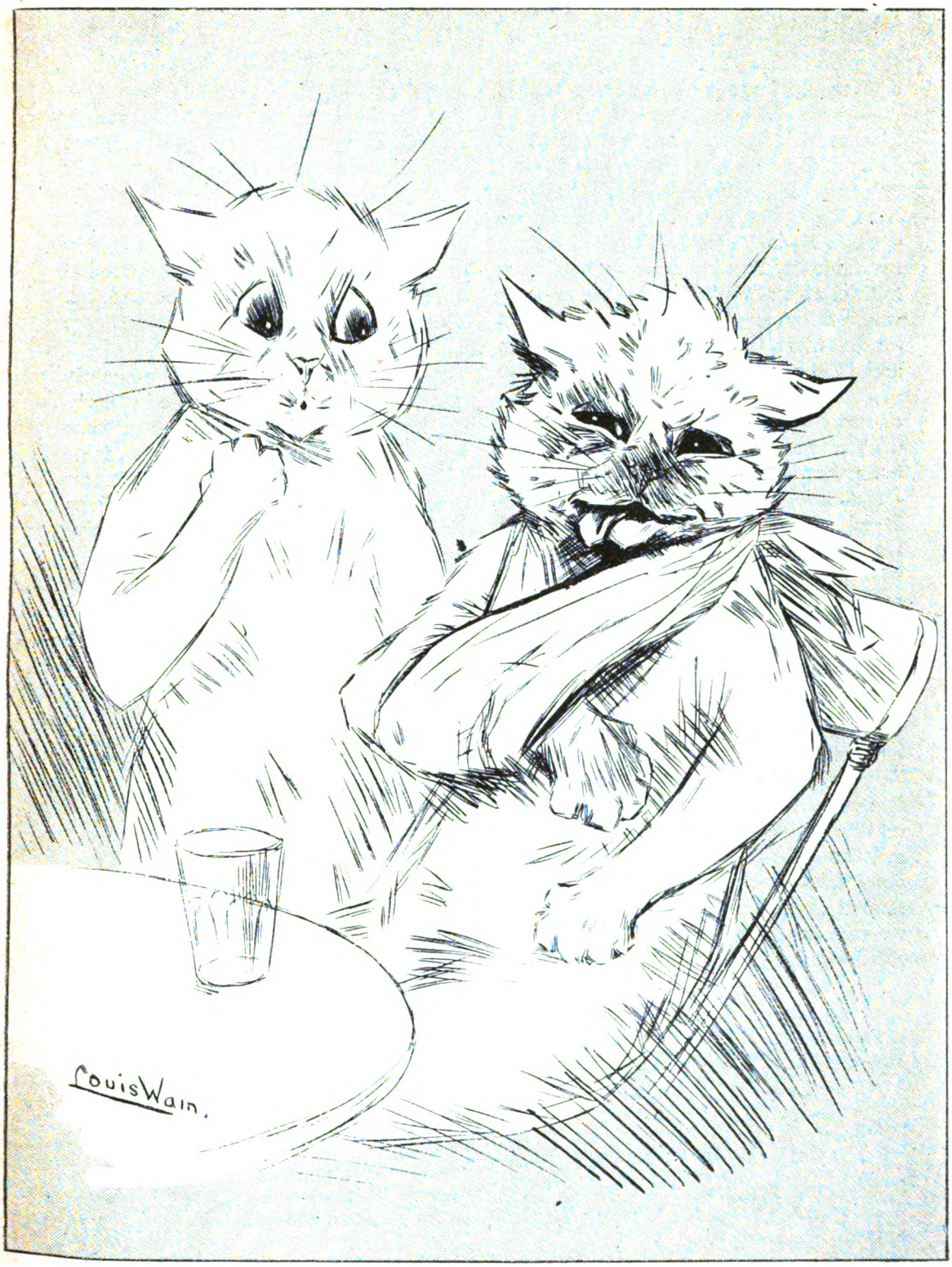
CATS, dogs, and birds are such common objects in homes, whether these be lordly castles or humble cottages, that, except for a story connected with some special pet, biographers, in writing the lives of great men, would scarcely think of mentioning them. And with regard to composers, this is especially true. We read of a cat which, by walking over the keyboard of a harpsichord, gave to Domenico Scarlatti the subject of the well-known "Cat's Fugue;" or of the Young Orpheus, as Jahn names Mozart, who, after playing before kings and queens, princes and princesses in Paris and London, returned to his home at Salzburg, where with childish delight he made a hobby-horse of his father's walking-stick, or, sitting down to his harpsichord to improvise, sprang up in the middle to play with his favourite cat. There are a few passing allusions of this kind, but with the exception of Wagner, there is, to the best of my knowledge, no composer of note whose dealings with the animal world have been recorded.

Beethoven, that great lover of nature, was constantly moving from one house to another, or rather from one lodging to another; hence he probably never thought of keeping any domestic pet. Had he done so, it would at times have fared ill with cat or dog, for the master, whose temper was easily roused, was constantly at loggerheads with his servants, none of whom stopped with him for any length of time. There is, however, one reference to a domestic animal in a letter of the composer's, the only reference, in fact, which has been handed down to us, and which, though brief, is of interest. Beethoven, about the year 1807, had been introduced by his friend, Gleichenstein, to the charming Malfath family, and in a letter to that friend, after saying what happy times he spent in that circle, mentions the Malfaths' dog, Gigous by name, which had followed him to the inn where he dined, and afterwards to his house; in fact, he adds, "it afforded me good entertainment."

With regard, however, to Wagner, there are many stories, some humorous, some pathetic, and all interesting. Of these, good reader, let me select one or two.

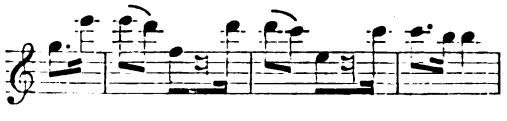
For many years Wagner had the idea of writing a "History of My Dogs," and, for aught I know, it may exist in the autobiography which at some future day is to be published. As a small boy "he would always be exploring for dogs with whom to strike up friendship"; his love for dogs he retained, indeed, to the very last. At Wahnfried he had two splendid retrievers. One died and was buried by the master next to the vault intended for himself; on a gravestone was inscribed: "Here rests and watches Wagner's Russ." The other is thus mentioned in a special notice of the master's funeral which appeared in "The Musical Review": "During the brief religious service before the coffin was lowered into its vault, it was touching to see the way in which the big Newfoundland dog, that used to follow its master about like a shadow, fawned upon the various members of his sorrowing family, as if it really understood their grief."

While conductor at the Magdeburg Theatre from 1834 to 1836, Wagner's constant "companion and consoler" was his good dog Rüpel, who at first used to follow him into the orchestra, until he was made to understand that dogs were not admitted; then he used to saunter about the town, and after that wait for his master at the



Mrs. Tiddles: "Good gracious! I did not hurt you as much as all that!"
Master Tiddles: "Perhaps not, mother; but it makes the girls think I've been in South Africa."

stage door. In 1839, when he started from Riga, bound for London, he had with him a "terribly large and terribly ravenous Newfoundland dog," which, to his sorrow, disappeared shortly after his arrival in London, but which, to his frantic joy, returned after a couple of days. The dog crossed with him to Boulogne, and later on went to Paris. Wagner travelled thither by diligence, so that most probably the faithful animal walked, or rather ran, the whole distance. The grand old Ropper, for that was its name, was at length stolen, and all its master's endeavours to trace it proved fruitless. Fond, however, as he was of dogs, Wagner had another attraction while he was living in Switzerland, viz., his pet parrot Papo. When forced to quit Dresden, he went first to Paris and then to Zurich. In a letter to his friend, Ferdinand Heine, he says: "My better-half (i.e., his wife Minna) has reached me safe and sound. I went as far as Rohrschach, on the Lake of Constance, to meet her. The bird and dog have also come, and we are just settling down in a little abode." In another letter, written to Uhlig three years later, he tells the sad story that the bird, which was "something indispensable between us, and for us, is no more." The master spoke of it as "the most amiable creature, and most tenderly attached to me, the little talking, singing, whistling, good spirit of my secluded little home." And at the end of the letter he gives the well-known phrase from the finale of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor:



adding:

"The little pet had only just lately picked this up, and with unspeakable joy used to whistle it at me when I came home."

In a letter to Heine, also telling of the death of "dear little Papo," he calls it "our household fairy."

In Dresden this bird was most amusing. At dinner-time it would so exactly imitate the sound of a creaky door, that if a visitor were present he would at once, and, to Wagner's great delight, turn round to see who was coming in. And when it saw people about to clink their glasses, it imitated the sound, or, if someone took out his pocket-handkerchief, it would sneeze and cough.

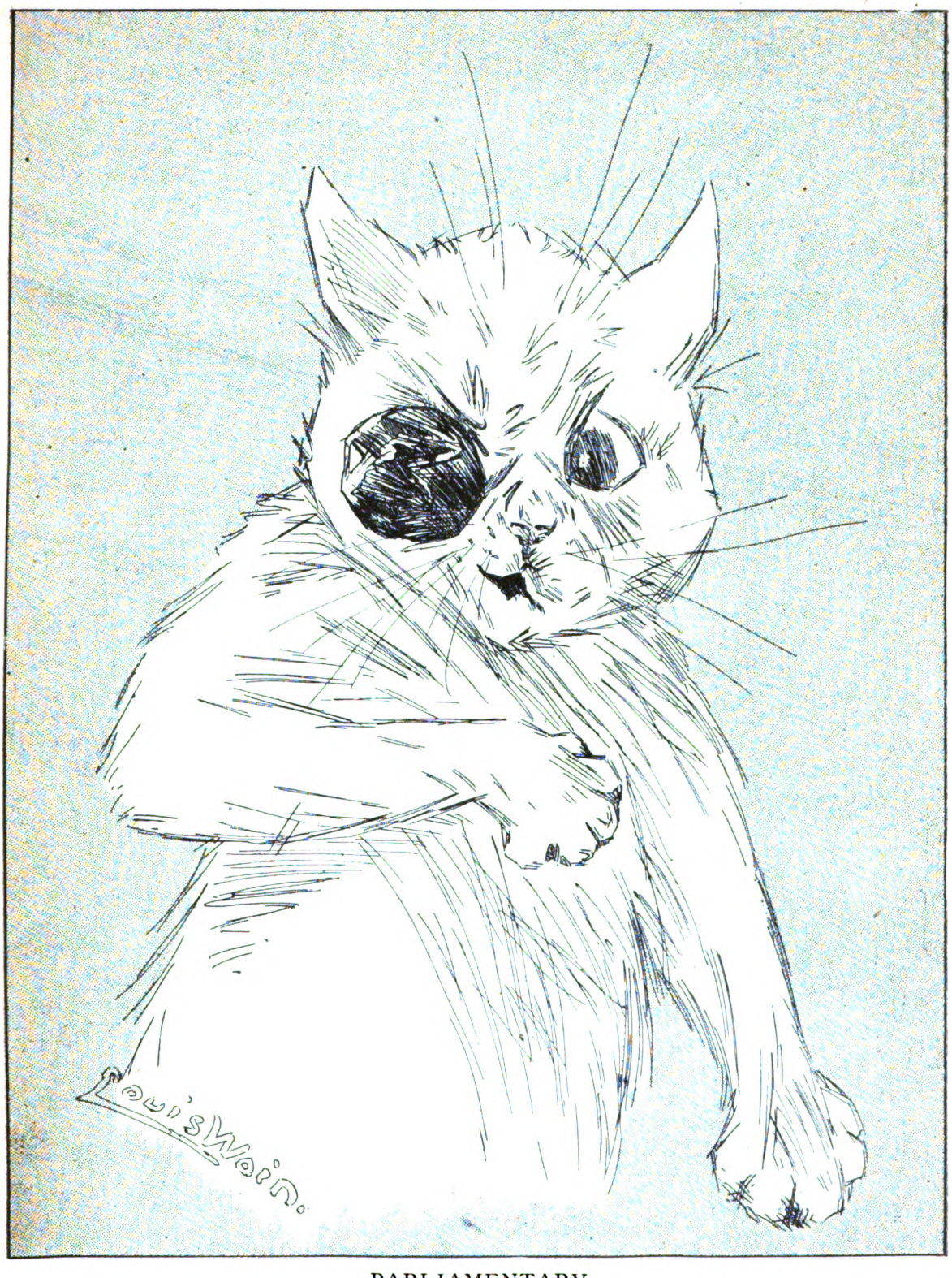
As to the dog Peps, Wagner frequently mentions him in his letters. He is "barking loudly," or attracting notice in some way. In 1855, Wagner, as is known, came to London to conduct the Philharmonic concerts. Ten days after his return Peps died, an event which "deeply affected myself and Minna."

Wagner's mourning for his dogs recalls Lord Byron's sorrow at the loss of his Newfoundland dog Boatswain, and it is curious to note that as Wagner's body lies buried in his garden near that of his Russ, so Byron in his will directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden of Newstead, near his much-beloved Boatswain.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

This is the cat you all know,
Who once to a cupboard did go;
There is a lot more, you've heard it before.
To tell it again would be slow.

A. D.



PARLIAMENTARY.

Catching the Speaker's eye.

My Dumb Friends.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

THE title of this paper is a tribute to convention. Why should animals—I had almost extended my tribute to saying the lower animals—be described as dumb? There are certain politicians who are aptly described as dumb dogs, but it is a mistake to imagine that the accent of insult lies on the word dogs. Dogs always have fidelity, politicians rarely, and we know that garrulity is expected of statesmen. But shall any animal be reproached for his reserve in the matter of speech? When two or three humans are gathered together, they think it polite and necessary to gibber. They rarely have anything edifying to say, so they state obvious facts about the atmosphere, or invent scandals about their fellows. Compare this habit with the behaviour of a dog or a cat. The domestic—or, as I should prefer to phrase it, the domesticated—animal, does not waste words so recklessly. Under the influence of a sudden emotion, or at a critical juncture, he will raise his voice, but he scorns small talk. Yet he contrives to communicate his reflections and wishes as well to his own kind as to the human unkind. And his silence affords him increased opportunity for reflection.

One prime impertinence of humans is the arrogation to themselves of reason, and the concession only of "instinct" to their betters. What is instinct? In a human, it means a thoughtless action. If I were prompted to punch the head of a Radical, or a Frenchman, the rascal would perhaps raise his arm instinctively; if I threw a banana at him, he would blink instinctively; if I raised my foot, he would be impelled by instinct to sit down. Such motions on his part would not be preceded by reflection, which, indeed, is foreign to his whole temperament. But are they not ignoring the very meaning of words, who relegate to such a category all the wise and thoughtful deeds so frequently observed in birds and quadrupeds?

Take the case of Mr. Robert Buigshire, an Irish terrier who presided over my house in Chelsea. Though I was on the modern side at school, my geographical sense could never compare with his. I remember the first walk I took in his company. We had gone fairly far afield, at any rate, quite out of his beat. On our way home, I turned to the right instead of going straight down a slum. He stopped short and looked at me. I called him, but he remained at the corner with an expression of surprise. At the next street, I found I had gone wrong; I turned to the left twice and soon encountered the triumphant dog. He had travelled straight, while I had compassed three sides of a square. Was that "the homing instinct?" If so, I wish I possessed it.

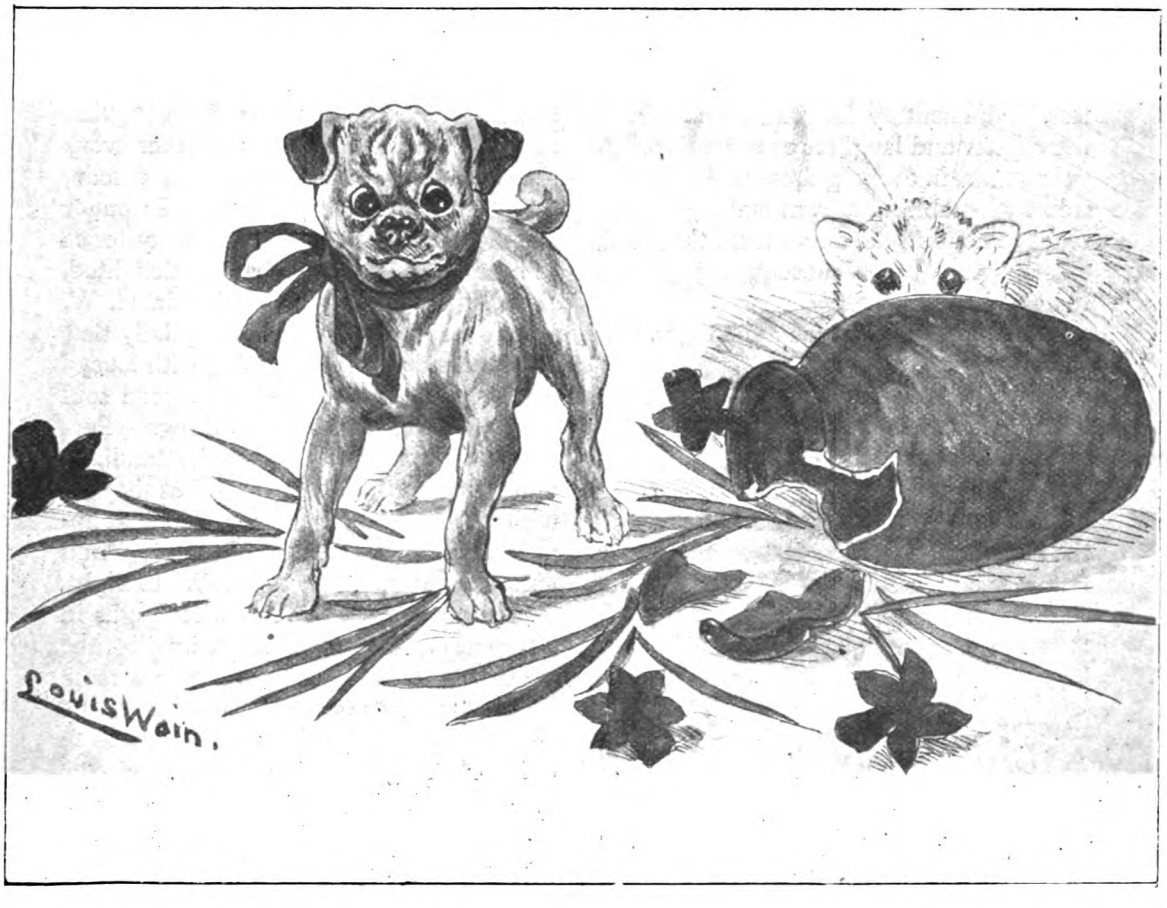
Take the case of a stork, which belonged to a friend of mine at Belgrade. She fed it with fresh fish, and it always greeted her with enthusiasm whenever she visited the garden. It was perfectly free to come and go, but for months it remained a faithful companion. Then a little daughter appeared upon the scenes, and the stork took its departure. It knew that its traditional mission was at an end. Can we call that instinct? If so, I wish that men and women possessed so delicate a tact.

Consider Gabey, my dear gazelle, who inhabited a flat in Westminster during three joyous months. We had a prim parlour-maid, who wore long white streamers to her cap. At the solemn moment when

she was handing an entrée, he would creep behind and tug the streamers as though they were bell-ropes. One day he lurked under the table when a friend was lunching, and he gnawed that friend's boot-laces so that they exploded in the street. A clumsy joker would have bitten them right through, but what you are pleased to call his instincts were more artistic. Well might humans have envied his subtle sense of humour.

Behold Babs, the genial bull-dog, whose smile was popular throughout the neighbourhood of Winchester. Never was there a more sympathetic friend or a better boon-companion. He could climb trees, he could play the harmonium; there was no end to his accomplishments. But what I valued most was his unvarying and disinterested affection. Never shall I forget the sad parting from him at the end of a happy year. For days he had understood that he was to lose us, and his spirits were visibly subdued. At last the carriage was at the door, the luggage was piled up, and the moment came to say good-bye. When we had gone away for short periods, he had always bidden us a boisterous farewell, jumping up to be caressed. Now he sat all huddled in the hall, with averted face, refusing to be comforted, refusing even to shake hands, and I believe I saw a tear steal down his rugged cheek. Affection, gratitude, emotion, all are instinct forsooth when we find them in a dog—partly perhaps because they are so rare in man.

HERBERT VIVIAN.



A Compromising Name.

By LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.

IF a stout, elderly person named John Florence is keeping the promise he made more or less publicly one night last week, he is now in consultation with his solicitor with a view to executing a deed poll, or obtaining a licence to assume another name.

It came about in this way. At a little after nine o'clock, the attention of those who were loitering in the club was suddenly arrested by high words.

"I suppose you could explain."

"I tell you again, you great ass, that my wife wouldn't believe it."

These, and other sentences couched in less Parliamentary language, rose above the chatter and laughter of the crowd. A young man, in evening dress and in an extremely irritable mood, was making no pretence to conceal his anger from the stout, elderly person, who subsequently proved to be a Mr. Florence.

"I decline to know you any longer, sir," said the younger.

"Oh!" said Mr. Florence, after an ineffectual search round the recesses of his mind for a more biting retort. "Oh! indeed!"

"Change your beastly name," shouted the other party to the dispute, "and then a fellow might associate with you without running any risk; but at present I can't afford to do it any longer." And with that he pushed his way through the ring which had formed to listen, and purported thenceforth to be absorbed in the operations of the tape machine.

Mr. Florence, resigned rather than resentful, and the picture of chagrin, retired to the bar.

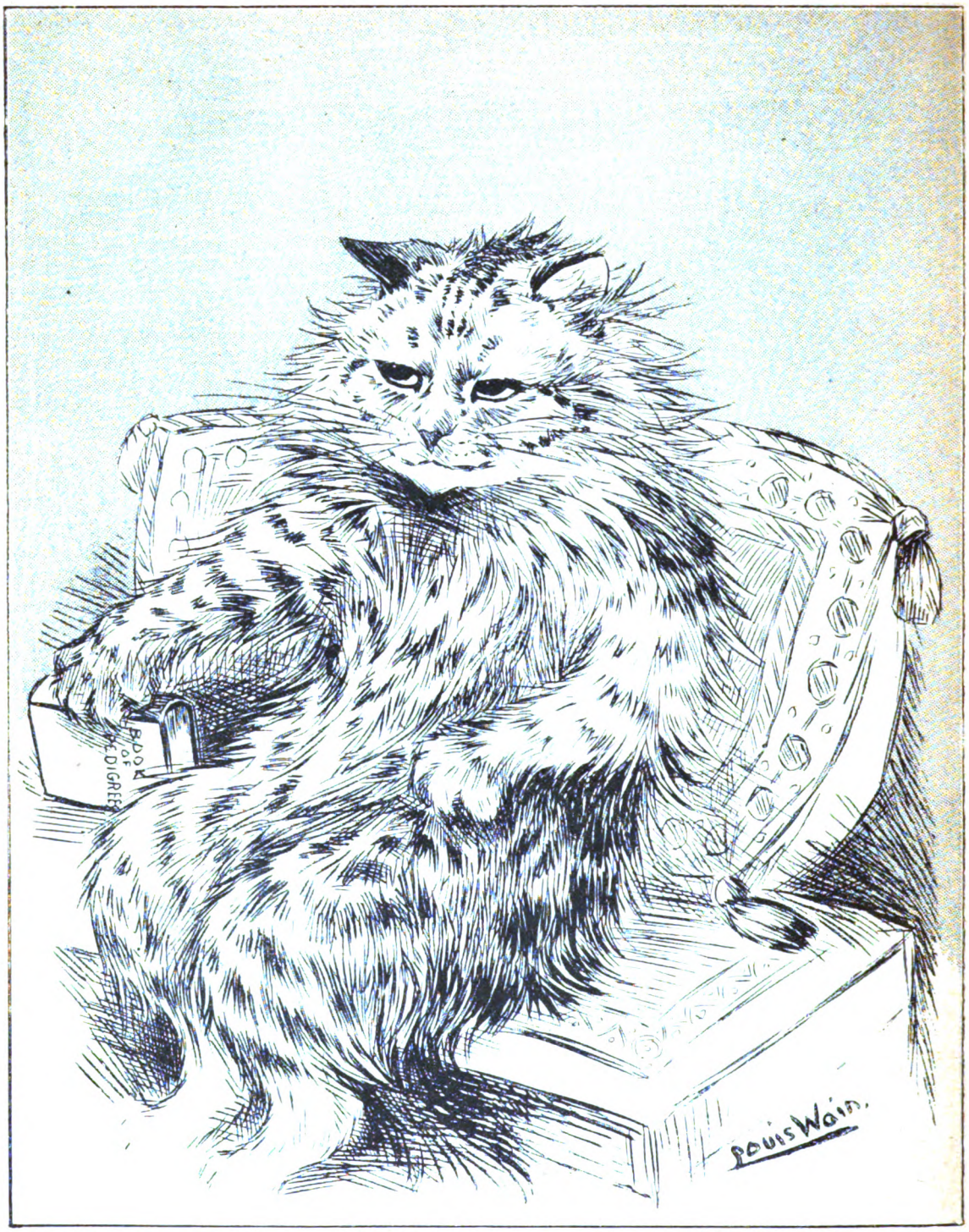
"He's quite right," said the rueful Mr. Florence. "I'll change my name to-morrow. It's done mischief enough. And yet there are others. Why, there are

Rose, the millionaire;
Lucy, the *Punch* writer;
Grace, the cricketer;
Maude, Cyril Maude, the actor;
Lilley, the wicket-keeper,

and hundreds of others, I daresay, whose surnames are the same as the Christian names of ladies. I wonder whether every time Grace sends a telegram to a man, signing it just 'Grace,' of course, I wonder whether that man's wife goes into hysterics as soon as she reads, 'Shall be delighted, Grace.' I wonder whether in Mr. H. W. Lucy's circle the remark to any lady that her husband was seen 'dining with Lucy' the previous evening, sets the good soul suspecting all sorts of evil things. Perhaps these wretched misunderstandings don't occur with other people, but they do with me, every time, you bet. Look at my young friend over there. I simply wired him, 'Meet you at the Alhambra to-night, Florence.' He tells me his wife laughs in bitterness at the insult to her intelligence when he assures her Florence is a man. My name after to-night is going to be 'Mud,' or anything else. I'm tired to death of being Florence."

'TIS ALWAYS THUS.

Sailor Cat: "Dear me! Now what was that last girl's name?"



THE CORRECT PHOTOGRAPHIC ATTITUDE.

(Humans please note and copy.)

A Christmas Episode in Bohemia.

By ARTHUR LAWRENCE.

HE was an artist, and she, also, had no money. They hardly knew one another, even—as the phrase has it—"by sight," although the studios which they severally occupied were under one roof.

Their studios were the only ones occupied, for it was Christmas Eve, the time of festivity, when apoplectic old gentlemen, grown red in the service of Mammon, condescend to make an effort at marketing, and even delight in portering those birds whom, in the inflamed look of the turkey and the fat foolishness of the goose, they so closely resemble.

Cyrus Newton, as we will name him who strove after expression in paint, unobserved by the rich connoisseur, but sometimes bought by the dealer, looked out of his window and did not find the prospect inviting. Funds stood at nil, and the larder, never replete, was now practically empty. Ordinarily this did not so much matter. But all his friends had departed, and, for some little time past, his work was not good enough—or had become perhaps a great deal too good—for the dealer. In fact, the moment had come when Newton realised that even an artist needs food. He was not much given to sentiment, but the deprivation of society and creature comforts seemed more effective at Christmas.

Newton leant out once more, took another survey of the darkening street, and shut down the window.

He had been inspected. She, too, had looked out of her window and had seen him. Her thoughts and her circumstances did not greatly differ from his. Her studio and her cupboard were not much better furnished. It was now three years ago since she had come up to town, with the blessing of her family and with the little money that they could provide her. She had yearned to fight her way in the world, as she had said, and had some hope that the same world might one day be illumined by the light of her genius. She had permitted her people to think that she was exceedingly busy, and had astonished them and herself by refusing, for the first time, to spend Christmas at home. She had thought her pretence of work was kind to her family, and was conscious that the deceit would melt away in the warmth and affection of their inquiries. Perhaps, however, it would have been better to have owned that the hope of gaining recognition for her pictures had grown very faint. However that might be, it was her last thought that evening—how insupportable would be her loneliness on the morrow.

Hence it happened that, on the morrow, Maisie did an unmaidenly thing. She had been in her studio all day, doing but little, and it was over a cup of tea drunk in solitude that she came to her decision. "He is alone—so am I. I will call on him. At all events that is less invidious than his calling upon me—and he won't." Maisie decided that she was doing a bold thing, and wisely decided that 'twere best to do it as boldly as possible. Newton felt some surprise when he heard a knock at his door, but courteously showed none when he opened it.

"Let me introduce myself to you, Mr. Newton," she said. "My name is Lochrane. We seem to be alone in the place, so I've called in to see you." Newton looked at her critically. He liked her manner of doing this thing, and admired her for doing it. It was evening, and she was dressed as if for a walk. Newton was decidedly nice, she thought to herself, self-reliant, calm and collected, with an air of maturity which the strenuous life gives to some men. Then, ignorant of his circumstances (poverty always seem to us to

be our own exclusive possession) Maisie made her last plunge. "It's Christmas time, and if you like the idea I thought we might go out to dinner together. I mean that I want you to invite me to dine with you."

Newton liked the pluck of his new acquaintance. It amounted to that, for he saw that she was proud and sensitive. She had the air of reticence which every true woman possesses. She had judged him aright in believing that he would not think less of her or misapprehend her bold attempt at acquaintance.

He would test his credit. These were the thoughts of an instant, and the next moment he had gravely told her the name of the restaurant where he would like her to dine with him, and had reached for his coat.

The restaurant was the best that the north of London provides. Newton had dined there on several occasions in moments of exceptional wealth, and, although he was not prone to emotion, he found that his spirits were rising so rapidly that even the eventual presentment of the bill had no horrors for him.

The restaurant was, of course, nearly empty. It was the hour of dinner, but its habitués were now dining elsewhere. The waiters seemed delighted to have something to do, and the manager assisted Newton in discussing the items which his friend and he preferred in the menu. You may be sure that the pudding sacred to Christmas figured in it, nor need I mind mentioning that the repast was flanked with a bottle of very aromatic and well-preserved Burgundy.

It proved to be an excellent dinner, but as Newton lit up a cigarette his indebtedness and the absurdity of his position flashed into his mind. He must speak to the manager. At that moment he heard his name ejaculated in baritone. "My dear Newton, I haven't seen you for years. How are you?" The owner of the voice was a big, good-humoured, rather boisterous fellow, looking younger than his real age. "Why have you not called on me?" Newton replied candidly, "you are rich and I am not. Why not have looked in on me?" he added.

Harding received the brusque explanation good-naturedly. He had made much money by inventing and exploiting a very excellent sauce, and had since developed a tenderness for the arts. "I have wanted to," he explained, "and with motives of the proper self-interest, too. Forgive me talking of business, but you are just the chap who could paint me a couple of portraits, and put something into them. Tell me the terms."

"I will put aside other work for it," said Newton gravely, as he lit a fresh cigarette, "and the terms will be fifty guineas apiece," he added, courageously, although conscious that he would be glad to do the portraits of even the most commonplace people for anything over the cost of paints and canvas.

"Done with you!" cried Harding, giving Newton his card, and promptly departed.

For one moment Newton had thought of making the not unusual demand for something on account, but pride forbade it.

"Excuse me, old chap"—it was Harding in a boisterous hurry—"but it's on my mind that you'll repent of the bargain, and I shan't see you. Here are four fivers. Take them, and that clinches the bargain. Can't stop," and Harding rushed away.

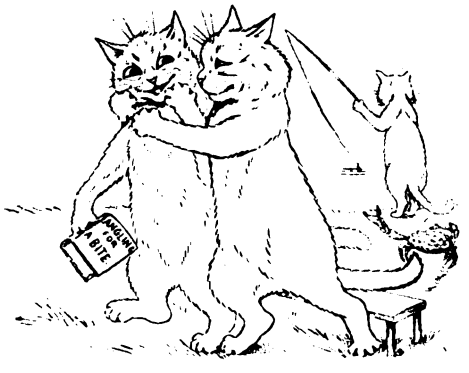
Newton breathed a pious thanksgiving, left one of the notes on the table, tipped the waiter extravagantly out of the change, and, in a trice, two happy people were driving back to the studios.

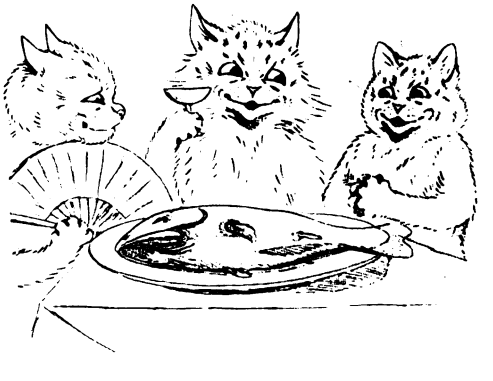
Of course, you guess the rest, gentle reader, and must have looked for the inevitable when you read the first sentence. They were married and are now very happy.

ARTHUR LAWRENCE.

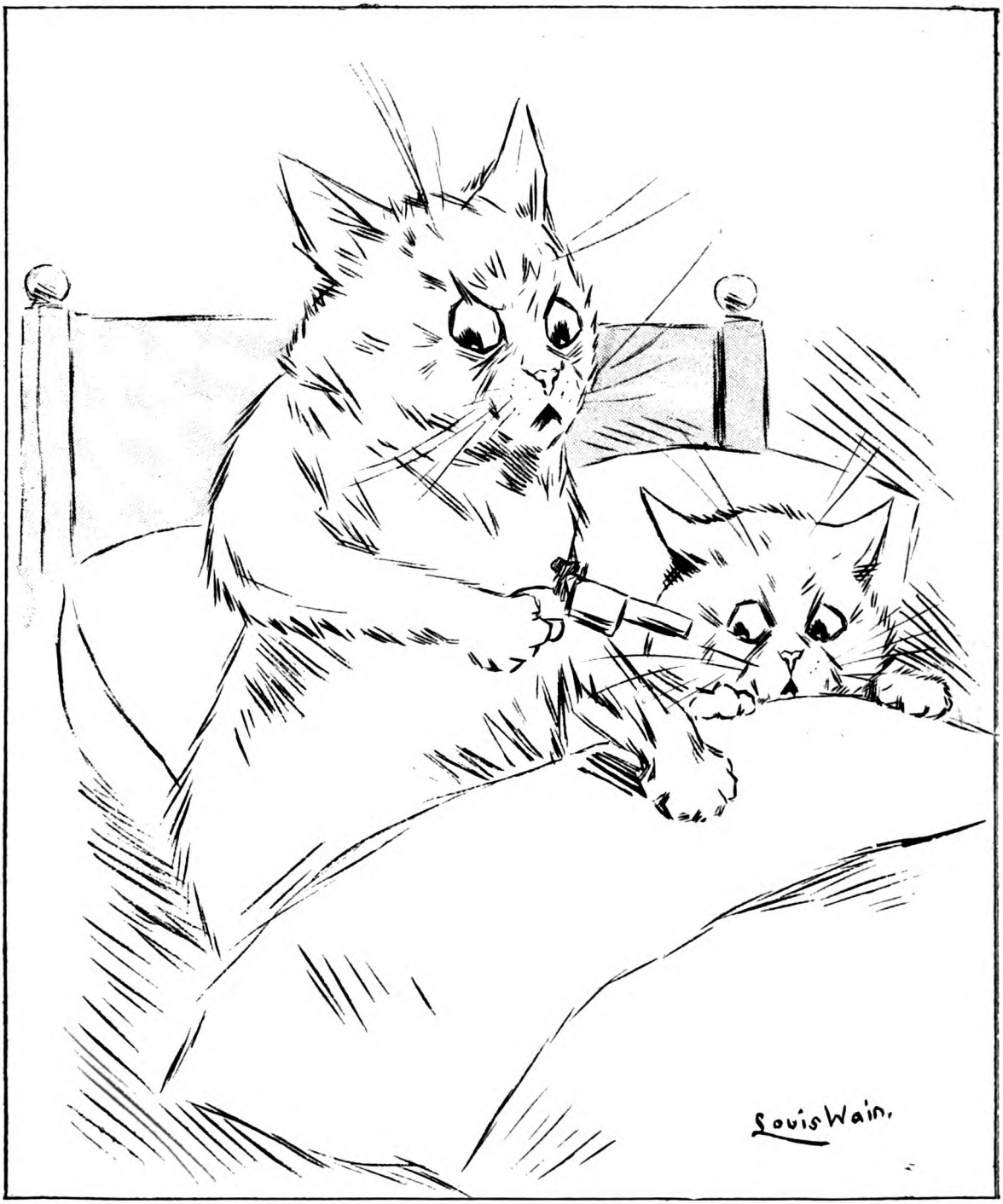
GOLF NEWS.

Caddy: "Keep your e'e on the **ba', sir!**"





A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



OO-H-H!!!

Mr. Toms is afraid of burglars, but Mrs. Toms is more afraid of the revolver going off and breaking the looking-glass.

A Stolen Team.

By PEGGY WEBLING.

"JESS! Hello there! Jess!"

The loud voice of Walter Hervey rang out on the nipping night air as clearly as the crack of a whip. Lily Stephens heard it. She started from her bed and listened.

Walter Hervey stamped his feet on the frosty sidewalk, while Joe thundered at the heavy storm-door of the house, and there was an occasional clish-clash of bells from the restless horses in their sleigh. Lily heard Jess, the hired man, moving overhead, and her father hurry out of his room on the other side of the landing and shuffle downstairs. The girl hung over the banisters as the door was opened, and a gust of wind rushed into the house.

"Say, what's this raisin' Cain in the dead o' night?" asked old Stephens, in his slow Canadian drawl.

"We've lost our team!" exclaimed Joe Hervey, "or we shouldn't be foolin' round here—say, will you let your Jess have a horse and go after 'em on the East road?"

"After which?" gasped the old man.

"The team! They've been took clean out of our stable—gone!"

"For the land's sake!"

The Hervey boys' chestnut team was the pride of the little Canadian town of Mapleville.

Lily Stephens, when she caught the meaning of their midnight visit, darted back into her room. Her cheeks flushed with excitement. Beginning to dress as quickly as she could, her thoughts skimmed along the frozen country roads in pursuit of Hervey's stolen team. As she pulled on her warm snow-boots she heard Jess run downstairs, and then the sound, from the back of the house, of the horses being harnessed. A few minutes later and the sleigh was ready.

"Follow the East road, Jess," said Walter Hervy, "Joe and I'll go through Cainsville—if the roads ain't opened up since the storm this morning, perhaps they'll be stopped, curse 'em!"

"The East road and Cainsville," repeated Lily, pulling her fur cap over her brow; "then I shall go to Whiskey Valley!"

She put her ear to the door and waited till her father slowly creaked upstairs. Then she scribbled a note. "Dear Pa,—Gone after Hervey's team. Home to-morrow supper. Lil," left it on the parlour table, took the stable key from her father's desk, and crept out of the house.

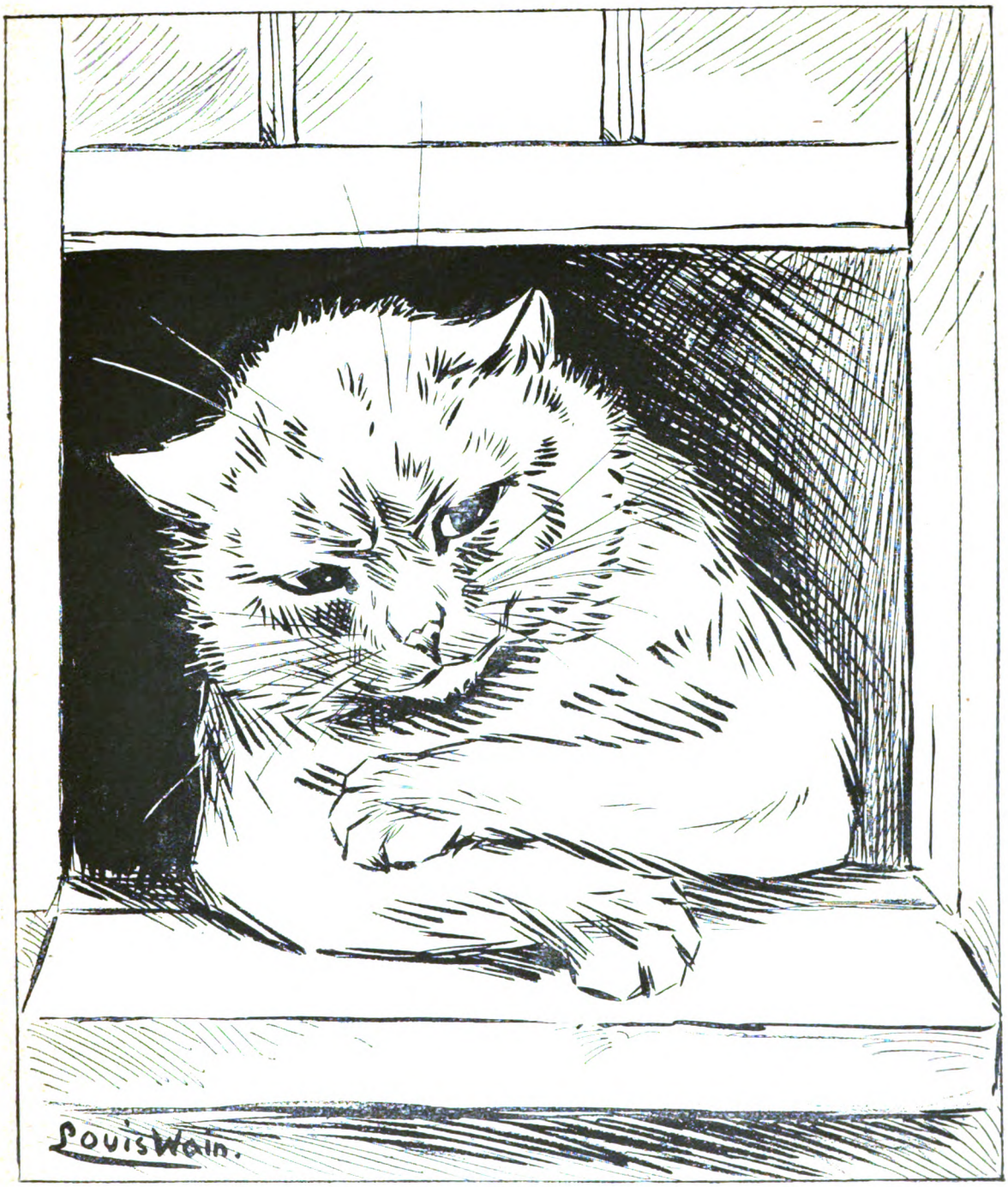
There was a wide ring of light round the moon, and the gaunt maple trees glistened with icicles. Lily drew her own little cutter out into the yard and fetched Goldenrod from his loose box.

"Guess you'll just have to get a move on, old boy!" she said, when all was ready.

Goldenrod bounded forward. The girl and the sleigh seemed to vanish in a cloud of feathery snow. The "runners" left silver streaks behind them.

Jess, the hired man, was driving along the wide East road; the Hervey boys, swearing and furious, were dashing through Cainsville, but Lily Stephens was only a mile—had they but known it!—behind the famous team, struggling in a snow drift in Whiskey Valley.

Lily knew every inch of the road—where the tangled undergrowth had made a great gap in the rough stump fencing, and where the valley, overhung with ma-



"Do you hear? Mrs. Malony! And will you keep that brat of yours quiet next door?"

ples, was smothered in the heaviest mantle of snow.

She heard a faint sound in the distance, at which her heart leapt. It was the jingle-jangle of bells—fitful bells, which told her that horses were plunging and fighting their way through a drift—the indistinct, hoarse voice of a man, the lash of a cruel whip.

"I reckon that somebody has 'placed' that gap in the stump fence," said Lily, coolly.

Goldenrod answered to her firm touch and slackened speed. Standing up, she could plainly see the figure of a man plying his whip and shouting, while a couple of chestnut horses plunged in a sea of snow at the side of the road. Goldenrod, keeping to the centre, was soon within a few yards of the other sleigh, and Lily Stephens would have sworn that she looked on Hervey's team.

She was seized with an inspiration, but numbed with a second's fear; then, quickly but steadily, she turned the cutter in its own length, jumped out, whip in hand, and smartly flicked Goldenrod. He started, threw up his head, realised his freedom, and was gone!

Lily Stephens was alone in Whiskey Valley, with a swearing horse-thief and Hervey's team.

She ran forward, and, with the strength of a boy and the quick wit of a girl, climbed over the back of the sleigh. The man beside her stopped in the middle of an oath, dumbfounded.

"Say! Give me a lift, boss!" cried Lily.

"Wal—I'm—darned!" exclaimed the horse-thief.

Lily clasped her strong little hands over his on the reins, and pressed up close beside him.

"Say! You're a boy! But say, you can't drive worth a cent"—she hardly knew what she said, and the man still looked in amazement into her keen, bright face, under the curly hair, white with rime—"send 'em on, boss! Can't you see they'll fall!"

They both shouted. With a desperate, last effort, Hervey's team cleared the drift and stood still for a minute, panting. The man beside Lily suddenly threw his arm round her waist.

"You little peach!" he cried.

Lily, held in a vice, made no answer, but waited, waited for the cross-roads, which she knew were only half-a-mile away. Goldenrod would be sure to find his way home, but what would become of *her?*

At the cross-roads she was able to breathe more freely, for the man loosened his grasp and drew rein.

"Which way for North Brant?" he asked, fiercely; "I've lost enough time already in that darned, dark valley—which way?"

"Stand up!" said Lily, "and you'll see the railway track that goes to North Brant."

The man stood up and stared over the white world.

"Can't see no track, darn it!" he exclaimed.

"Over there!" cried Lily, beginning to tremble. "Look!"

The man leaned forward eagerly, and the reins slackened in his forgetful fingers. His back was turned to the girl, and he rested his right foot on the narrow edge of the sleigh.

One blow—well placed, swiftly dealt, with all her strength! Lily struck the horse-thief fairly and squarely in the back. He tilted forward. The reins jerked out of his hand, and he fell, head first, into a deep bank of snow.

"Hi—i! G'lang!"

The long whip flew out. The girl, with a cry of triumph, twisted the reins round her hands, wheeled about, and the horses broke into a wild gallop along the road which led to Mapleville.

That is how Lily Stephens saved the Hervey team. PEGGY WEBLING.

SOCIAL AMENITIES.

"Dear me! Visitors coming, and I have mislaid my comb and brush!"

"Curl Papers."

(FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE EXCLUSIVELY SUPPLIED TO LOUIS WAIN'S ANNUAL.)

By FRANCIS JOHN SIMS.

LONDON is fast filling up, and several men have been seen in the West End. On Monday, Mr. Dolly Perkins was having his hat ironed in Bond Street; Sir Athelstane Mogg and his favourite Pug were driving in the Park, and Mr. "Baby" Bunting, who is in the Navy, was seen chasing a pirate 'bus in Piccadilly.

Lady Dymley's small dance took place last week. The electric decorations were distinctly good, and the wallflowers, amongst whom were the three daughters of Sir Thomas Topwayte, were simply immense, and attracted much attention. There were any number of dancing men present, including Lord Athlooney, Sir Cheyne Walke, Hon. Algy Dunnse, and The Tullochgorum. Everything was very well done, and several of the ladies were quite the prettiest in the room.

The Bishop of Blunderland is taking lessons in Bridge.

Sir Saffryon Hyll, the eminent sculptor, has gone in for one of the new Boer beards.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. "Issy" Shadrach, of the Stock Exchange and "Bolter's" Lock, and Miss Rosey Mosse, eldest daughter of Mr. Moyses Mosse, of Cloth Fair, Old Jewry, Cairo, and The Hutch, Hackney Wick. The prospectus will appear on Monday.

Friday saw the opening of Whirlingham for the season. One of the earliest arrivals was Mrs. Jack Dawe, looking very fit and workmanlike in a box coat and puttees. Mrs. Golde-Lynx brought her eldest boy, who is in the Guards, and has been serving at Purley. Several Peers came in cabs, and the Baroness de Bouse, who has been taking the waters at Apenta-on-Rhine, travelled per motor bike. Music was furnished by the Anglo-Beervarian Band, and efficient remedies were supplied by the St. John's Wood Ambulance Brigade.

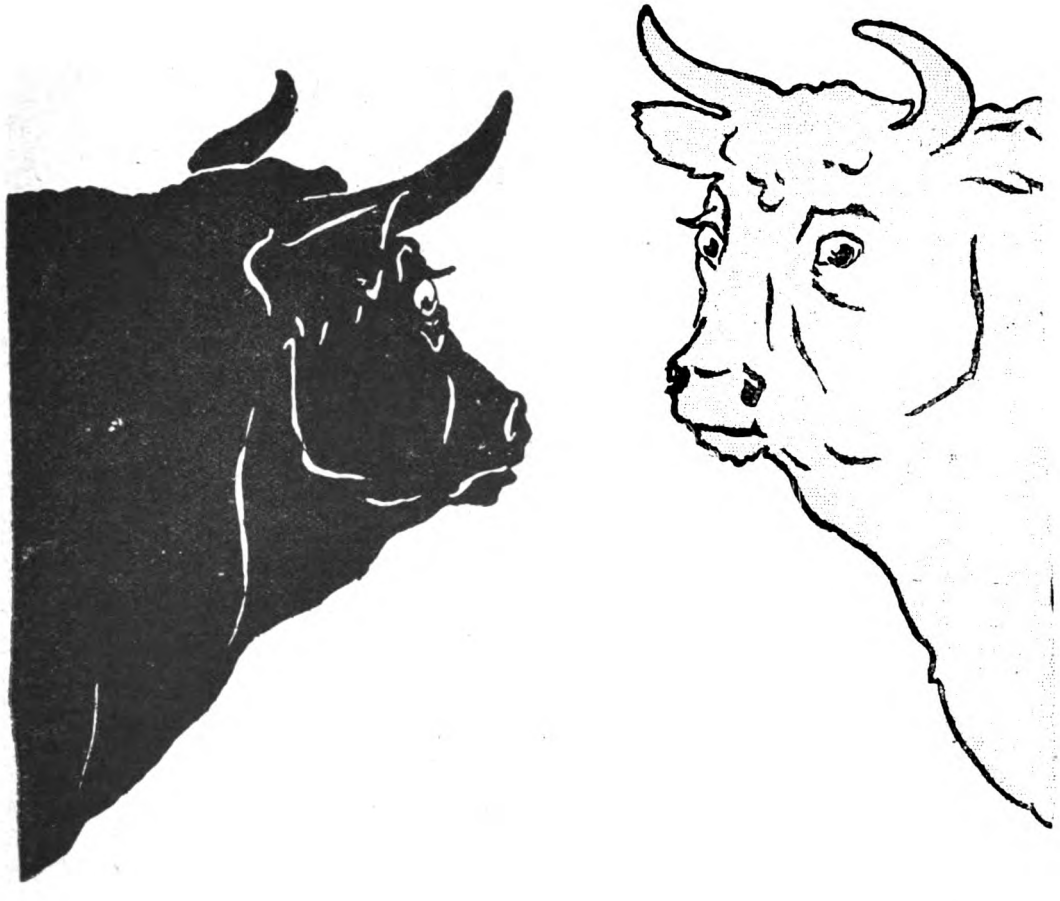
The Countess de Ton is taking lessons from the coiffeur of the Fijian contingent.

Such a crowd turned up at the reception at Hullabaloo House last evening that at times the rooms were impassable. Lady Bowntifulle brought several of her girls; the Countess Caramel was wearing her new Coronation corset; Lady Sangfroid, in purest white, brought her husband, who is a native of the Gold Coast, in deepest black. Several pretty women brought their chaperons; Mrs. Hyghlyfe came on from the Bankruptcy Court, and her daughter, the Countess of Cassiobury, looked cool and ethereal in her coronet and a robe of cucumber-color transparent muslin.

At the Charity Flower Show at Hogsbench last Monday, Sir Geo. Dumbell, the famous "Whip," manipulated a Bran-Mash Tub; the Duchess of Dartmoor did a roaring trade with tomato plants, at "three pots a shilling," from her own nursery; and Lord McShave assumed the chairmanship of a baked potato can which went to allotment quite early. The county gentry came in large numbers.

Lady "Ham" Sandwyche, wife of Sir Hamilton Sandwyche, Governor of Congoland, lately gave a pink tea at her flat to

"I hear they want more



BOVRIL"

Reg.d S.H.B.

some members of the North Nigerian Irregular Forces. Music was provided by the Sisters Seraphim, and the dusky warriors were vastly amused by the Coronation Cake Walk, arranged by Lady Margaret style, and rendered on the Hebraic harp, the comb en tissue, and the harmonica. The feature of the afternoon was a representation by the guests of the capture and cooking of a missionary.

Among the people passing this town last week were Sir "Dicky" Bird, who was seen at Rule's; Mr. Ben Nevis, who is reading for an examination (before the Official Receiver), and Lord "Jimmy" Snailsham, of the Guards, just back from Cape Town, where he has been engaged as Acting Deputy Sub-Assistant Adjutant-General in the Soap Store of the Kindergarten in the Concentration Camp.

The Dowager Lady Camembert's Small and Early was very successful on Friday, and several guests arrived soon after eleven. Many striking toilettes were seen, and several ladies wore their own hair. Lady Camembert herself opened the cotillon with the Native Bishop of Wagawanda, and later on led the Barn Dance with the First Sergeant of the Fijian contingent, whose magnificent proportions attracted almost as much admiration as the Countess of Cremorne's robe of diaphanous brandy-and-soda-coloured chiffon.

Mrs. McIntosh McTairg, whilst attending a charity matinée in the Menagerie at Earl's Court, lost a gold chain net purse containing a key and some copper coins. She announces that the finder may keep the contents of the purse if he will return the purse itself to 13, Parritch Street, S.W.

In consequence of so many of the West End clubs being in the hands of the decorators, members have had to be farmed out. The Eccentrics have migrated downstairs to the British Tea Table, the Guards are at the Sinhala, the Carlton at Lockhart's, and the Cobden at the National Liberal (Boer Laager) in Whitehall Court.

The marriage of the Earl of Dareall (Colonel of the Loomshire Yeomanry) and Mrs. Pollie Rox, relict of the late Orpheus P. Rox, of Chicago, took place on Tuesday at St. Bride's, Mayfair, and attracted an audience which completely filled the house by the early doors, and made it very difficult for those who had booked pews to get to them.

As it is noted for its arctic-like temperature, the gallant bridegroom, who was on the field of Waterloo (having been born there), had the walls and aisles of the church lined with troopers of his regiment, whose drawn swords and scarlet tunics imparted a warm tone of colour, whilst a deputation of Irish tenantry (unarmed), imported for the occasion, did the like in the churchyard.

The bride, who was given away by the fourth son of her third husband, wore a Nell Gwynne hat, a robe of voile of the fashionable "B. and S." tint, and picture hose studded with seed pearls.

The presents were costly, numerous, and unique. Amongst those from the Earl to his bride were a diamond tiara, a motor car, and a cheque on Childs; whilst the bride gave her husband a Bath chair in ormolu and platinum, a half interest in her Mammoth Sardine Foundry in Illinois, and a Perpetual Free Admission to her freehold cemetery Lot in Wilderness End, Lake Drive, Chicago.

The wedding reception took place at Earl's Court, kindly let by the directors, and later in the day the happy pair left town for Aixanpanes, where the noble and gallant bridegroom will resume and complete his interrupted annual cure.

FRANCIS JOHN SIMS.

"Indispensable for the open-air girl."—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

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A BRIEF REMINISCENT SKETCH, AND SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED STORIES.

By HERBERT A. JONES.

THE war in South Africa has produced no personality that has inspired the public mind with a livelier sense of imagination than Major-General Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell.

It sounds a strange, almost incredible, story, that although eventually he became a Major-General in the Army at the age of forty-three, and one of the youngest officers ever appointed to general rank, eight years ago he was very nearly lost to the military service for being too old—that is to say, for the rank he held. It is "a way they have in the Army."

Ashanti—that wonderful country which has cost this country so much—"saved" him. Special Service in the Expedition under the late Sir Francis Scott, and his success as commander of the Native Levies in that brief campaign obtained for him the brevet rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and provided him with what was practically a fresh career in the Army. As a regimental Major his "time was in." Had he not been so promoted, there was at the moment but the remotest chance of his obtaining a "step" in his own corps, the 13th Hussars, and he would inevitably have been "retired" under the age clause.

I will not weary my readers by pretending to describe General Baden-Powell's wonderful and strenuous services to the Empire after his return from Ashanti in detail. It will be sufficient simply to indicate their leading points very briefly. He had not long been in England—a couple of months at most—before the Matabele expedition was fitted out. In this he was Chief Staff-Officer, and enhanced in wonderful degree the reputation he already enjoyed, when he went out as a commander of irregulars, and also as an expert in that most fascinating branch of the military art—scouting. This campaign obtained for him another step in rank, and he became a full Colonel. Soon after its close he was chosen to command the 5th Princess Charlotte of Wales's Regiment of Horse, and the erstwhile Hussar doffed his busby and his blue jacket for the brass helmet and scarlet tunic of a Dragoon Guardsman.

"B. P." was one of that small, but select if you like, group of Special Service officers who were despatched to South Africa, for what purpose exactly the public affected ignorance at the time,—Plumer, whom the end of the war has left with an enormous reputation, was another,—in July, 1899. Of the General's services in the war no call is here made to recount them. Recently he has organised, and now commands, the South African Constabulary, a body upon whose tact and energy, qualities which are so strongly exemplified in the character of its leader, so much of the future of the Colonies which have been added so recently to the Dominions of the British Crown, depends.

It was in the Autumn of 1894 that I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of General Baden-Powell, and I am sure at this date he will pardon me if I recall some of the circumstances of our meeting. He was then a Major, as I have already said, of Hussars, and acting as Brigade-Major to Colonel—now Lieutenant-General—Sir John French in the Cavalry manœuvres which took place under the

MORE WAR.

Father: "I fired off 500 cartridges, and then——"
Son: "Did you hit anything, daddy?"

late Lieutenant-General James Keith-Fraser on the beautiful, swelling downlands of Berkshire.

The one or two little matters which I venture to think are of interest, and, so far as I am aware, have not yet been published, tend to illustrate some of those characteristics of adaptability, resourcefulness, pertinacity, and unquenchable brightness of disposition that so many writers have enlarged upon, which are compounded in the wonderfully complex nature of the man. At the time I speak of the military horizon which encompassed him seemed very close indeed. He dreaded the retirement, which seemed to be so imminently pending, and spoke of the temporary appointment he was then filling with such marked success, as being in all probability his "last job." He wields the pen of a ready and a forceful writer, and the pencil and the brush of an accomplished draughtsman and colourist, and in the employment of all these varied mediums display a bright and humorous facility that is as delightful as his own personality.

To me, and to an artist-journalist colleague—dear old "Tommy" Crowther—he confided that when he "left the service" he intended, if possible, to turn these accomplishments to account. Next to the profession in which he had been brought up, they had more attractiveness for him than any others. Could we put him up to any wrinkles as to how best he could approach the Autocrats who edit newspapers—illustrated and otherwise? We—at least, I am certain I did—thought he was as likely to make his way with the Editors without our advice or introduction as with.

A short time previously he had been bitten in the right hand by a dog, and when I first met him he carried the injured member, covered with what looked like the foot of a black woollen sock, in a sling. He rode all day with the troops and continued to fulfil his onerous duties with complete satisfaction. He is ambidextrous, and the notes and sketches in his pocket-book were models, both in points of method and execution, despite the disability of only having one hand to use. On several occasions when Crowther and I sat with him in his tent, when the troops had returned to camp after a heavy day in the saddle, he would be busy writing out with his left hand an elaborate critical report of the day's work, illustrating it with an amplitude of elaborate sketches, or perhaps drawing up tactical schemes, or "orders," for the operations of the morrow. All the time he would be holding his right hand in a metal basin of hot water, sometimes with a small spirit lamp alight beneath it. Parboiling was the "cure" for dog-bite that he followed.

In my time I have seen some wonderful instances of self-concentration—men who could write, or draw, or paint, in a din or an uproar, or amid turbulent surroundings that would have completely upset all but one in a thousand. But never have I seen this power of self-concentration demonstrated more perfectly than in the case of "B.-P." The idle, I fear inconsiderate, commonplaces of conversation of men whose work was done, and the par-boiling process as well, never appeared to put him off the exacting task he had in hand. Sometimes he would break off and show us a sketch-book in which he had hit off in colour some extremely amusing types of Irish character, in which he took a great delight. (His regiment was then stationed in Ireland.) Many of his caricatures were exceedingly grotesque, but in unfailing good taste.

In this brief, sketchy, reminiscent writing, I have not presumed to attempt to assess the exact position in the military hierarchy General Baden-Powell does, should, or yet may, occupy. That must be left to time to indicate. He still has youth on his side, and even greater opportunities than yet have been his may fall his way.

HERBERT A. JONES.

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