



A SUGGESTION BY OUR NERVOUS CONTRIBUTOR, WHO IS CONVINCED THAT, IF HIS IDEA WERE PROPERLY CARRIED OUT, THE PLEASURE OF HUNTING WOULD BE IMMENSELY INCREASED.

CRUMBS OF PITY.

KEEN is the morning, keen and bright,
 And all the lawn with frost is white;
 In every bush, in every tree,
 The birds sit watching warily.
 Now out, now in, they hop and peer,
 And cock their cunning heads to hear
 The chirping of a childish voice:
 They know it well, and they rejoice
 When, resolutely stepping, comes,
 To scatter here her gift of crumbs,
 Her round face topped with shining curls,
 My little laughing girl of girls.
 And, O ye soft and feathered things,
 Redbreasts who flit on fearless wings,
 Familiar, friendly, boldly shy,
 Birds of the liquid, trustful eye;
 Ye sparrows chattering o'er your food,
 Linnets, and all the pretty brood
 Of finches, blackbirds yellow-billed,
 And thrushes with your music stilled—
 Since winter's icy breath makes mute
 The swelling ripple of your flute;
 Ye, too, ye sable-suited rooks,
 Timid for all your threatening looks,
 Who in solemnity survey
 Your twittering colleagues at their play,
 Where on the poplar's top you swing,
 And desperately claw and cling,
 Then, when each bird has pecked its last,
 And all the fluttering rout is past,
 And all the chirpings duly dumb,
 Swoop down, but rarely find a crumb;—

All ye, whose hungry bills are fed
 By Helen's daily doles of bread,
 Be not afraid, be not afraid
 To gather round my rosy maid.
 Oh, give a kindly thought to her,
 Your little friend and minister;
 And, as you watch her, pass the word—
 "She's but a plump unfeathered bird."
 So when the day is done, and night
 Sets all the twinkling stars alight,
 You'll breathe a bird-wish, as you sleep,
 That One who guards the birds may keep
 Cosy and safe from every ill,
 From winds that bite and frosts that chill,
 And through the night's long hours defend
 The birds' unfeathered little friend.

Ye sportive mice that swiftly go
 Behind the wainscot to and fro,
 And sometimes to your outlets creep
 And half pop out and take a peep,
 Alert, but ready to retreat
 Into a world where cheese smells sweet—
 Ye quivering, twisting specks of fur
 With whisking tails and ears astir,
 We do not grudge you of our store:
 A little less, a little more,
 It matters not, so nibble on
 In peace, then like a flash begone.
 I cannot bear to bar the house
 To here and there a tiny mouse.
 And Helen, if she marks at all
 Your scamperings from wall to wall,
 Will smile to hear you frisk and run:—
 "It's mousies, Daddy, having fun."

So, Helen, ere at eve you steep
 Your busy baby-brain in sleep,
 Your mother takes you on her knee
 And whispers to you tenderly.
 You watch her lips, you clasp her hand,
 And, though you may not understand
 Each word she says or all that 's meant,
 You listen and you purr assent.
 And it may chance that, on a day
 Far hence, to this your thoughts will stray,
 And in a dream you 'll seem to hear
 The words with all their meaning clear:
 Ah, then you 'll recollect and know
 What the dear voice said long ago:—
 "My sweet, be sure no gentle thought
 That from God's love a ray has caught,
 No tender childish pity spent
 On creatures meek and innocent,
 No mercy for their lowly lot
 Is ever wasted or forgot.
 God, who gave children pity, heeds
 Such loving thoughts, such gentle deeds:
 He sets them, gold and clustering gems,
 On angels' brows as diadems,
 And looks Himself in pity mild
 On bird, and mouse and little child." R. C. L.

"HOW I DOTE ON THE MILLINERY!"

(Which title is a very free rendering of the celebrated chanson of the Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein, "Ah! que j'aime les militaires!")

"It is now some forty years ago," as any leading actor in an old-world drama used to say when communicating to his stage-companion, and to the audience, the story of his life, "It is now some forty years ago" since JOHN OXFORD, author of many excellent pieces, wrote a play, adapted from the French of Messrs. SCRIBE and LEGOUVÉ's *Les Doigts de Fée*, entitled *The World of Fashion*. It was written for Miss AMY SEDGWICK, and was produced in 1862 at the Olympic. The characters, place and time, remained French. Mr. GRUNDY has taken the same original and made them all English; the time is the present day; and London in 1902 is substituted for Paris in the early part of the nineteenth century. The stuttering character, *Monsieur de Pontalec*, then played by Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, has become *Sir Richard Kettle, Bart.*, with a variation of the original impediment in his speech, and is now capably played by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. In fact, *Frocks and Frills*, as Mr. GRUNDY calls the piece, is simply a very old friend with a new dress, or rather with an entirely new set of costumes. Each act, according to the plain statement on the programme, is a dramatic advertisement for some well-known fashionable dressmaker, and the actresses appear as animated figures in coloured fashion-plates. For a comedy offering such rare opportunities immortality is secured, as after each run it can be laid up in lavender for another forty years, and then be brought out fresh as the *Sleeping Beauty* awakened, with new costumes up to the date of the day, new scenery (ditto), with dialogue amended, and so polished up and modernised as to suit the time and the re-christened characters by whom it has to be spoken.

O fortunate puer Sydney Grundy! As here played every character is acted for all it is worth (with the emphasis on the "Worth"), and more. The exhibition of "frocks" sends "frills of pleasure" through the female "bodies" present.

As *Sir Richard Kettle, Bart.*, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE has fitted himself with an eccentric character, which might be to *Frocks*

and *Frills* what *Lord Dundreary* was to that commonplace play *Our American Cousin*.

Then, as the elegant feather-brained woman of fashion, *Lady Pomeroy*, whose one idea is "dress," Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, with her irresistibly idiotic laugh and her irritatingly rapid chattering, is admirably natural.

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT is delicious as the dowdy dowager *Lady Athelstan*, who, like her shifty, crafty and Pecksniffian son, *Earl Athelstan* (cleverly played by Mr. ERIC LEWIS), while proud of her descent from somebody who came over with the Conqueror, is quite willing to descend to very questionable methods of raising "the needful."

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH's amatory nobleman, the *Duke of Ilminster*, is a carefully studied rendering of a very difficult part. In *The World of Fashion* he was a "young duke," but Mr. GRUNDY's gay ducal dog is apparently about forty. He is a gentleman of ordinary man-about-town immorality, who thoroughly "knows the ropes," and yet, falling in love at first sight, he offers his hand and ducal coronet to a young person whom he has once accidentally encountered in a railway carriage, and of whose name and circumstances he is entirely ignorant until he suddenly discovers that she is the manageress and proprietress of a fashionable dress-making establishment. What is to be done with such an improbable individual as this? Not even Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH's rendering can make the character convincing.

Miss GRACE LANE plays with force and distinction as the spirited heroine *Olive*, a most "sweet *Olive*" (though why she should make a mystery about her love for *Noel, Viscount Doughton*, capably impersonated by Mr. HERBERT SLEATH, will be a recurring problem as often as ever the piece be revived), reminding me occasionally of Mrs. KENDAL (and an excellent model, too) in what is technically termed her "method"; and the *ingénue* of the piece finds a charming representative in Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT. Clever Miss LOTTIE VENNE's *Mrs. Martinez* gives us a perfect type of a vulgarity which was not so much *en évidence* in 1862 as it is nowadays.

How it came about that *The World of Fashion* should seek re-dress at the hands of Mr. GRUNDY, or of any other author, at the present day, is no affair of mine: it seems to have been "a happy thought," judging by present results. It is a comedy of costume and character, of new costumes and old characters, and as the costumes have been, and the characters are, in the hands of first-rate artists, the success of the piece is already assured.

A COCKNEY CRY.

["There will be no penny steamers on the Thames this season."
Daily Paper.]

Them boats is orf, MARIER—yus, it 's orl too bloomin' true,
 An' we shan't go a-picnickin' nex' summer, me an' you,
 Ter eat our shrimps at Greenwich an' our creases up at
 Kew—

Them boats is orf, MARIER!

Wot fun we 'ad togever! 'Ow yer sniffed the river breeze.
 An' 'ow yer stared, MARIER, when yer fust saw grass an'
 trees!

But this year not a blide o' grass nor yet a leaf we sees—
 Them boats is orf, MARIER!

No! no more 'appy outin's! If an' 'ollerdy should come,
 Yer 'll 'ave ter sty at 'ome, ole gal, an' stick it in the
 slum;

Instead o' smellin' flowers yer 'll 'ave the usual drines an'
 rum—

Them boats is orf, MARIER!

THE VEXED TELEPHONE QUESTION.—"Are you there?"



CLIPPING HIM CLOSE.

H-cks-B-ck (shearer, to *Br-dr-ck*). "I'VE GOT A GOOD DEAL OFF HIM ALREADY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO GO OVER HIM AGAIN."

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MR. CROKER'S FAREWELL.

["The admirers of Mr. CROKER, the late "Boss" of Tammany, have presented him with some massive silver plate in recognition of his services during the late municipal elections. Mr. CROKER, when receiving it, reiterated his intention of withdrawing from Politics forever, and said that he intended to sail for England on Wednesday."—*Laffan.*]

'Tis hard to say "Farewell," dear friends,
But here our long connection ends.
I've worked for Tammany for years,
At length we part—and part in tears!

The compliments that fall from you
I take them, since they are my due;
Also this piece of silver plate,
Because my services were great.

I take them and I make my bow,
I'm going to live in England now;
To-day, dear friends, our ties must sever,
I give up politics forever!

No longer victory crowns our toils,
And leaves us pocketing the spoils;
No longer can we give our hosts
Of followers agreeable posts.

No longer under my directions
Poor Tammany controls elections;
We've had our triumphs in the past,
But even We have failed at last!

I really thought that we should win,
But we are out and Low is in,—
A state of things which, you must see,
Is most disheartening to me.

And so (by general desire)
I have decided to retire;
The burden's more than I can bear—
And votes are dearer than they were.

Some new expedient must be tried
To rally people to our side,
And possibly some younger man
May hit upon a likely plan.

The thing should certainly be done,
But I, alas! can't think of one;
Which, for the moment, renders less
Our Party's chances of success.

Farewell! Farewell! I turn my face
To England (where I've bought a place);
You'll see me, friends, when next we
meet,
Established in a country seat.

Under my immemorial trees,
In opulent and leisured ease,
I shall forget the sorry tricks
That make the game of politics.

RE THE B. G. V.—
A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—As the Registrar of the records of the regiment of which I have the honour to belong I approach you. One of your contemporaries—an evening paper—the other day declared that, "the



"MRS. BABBLE TOLD ME SUCH A DELICIOUS SECRET THE OTHER DAY; OF COURSE IT HADN'T TO GO ANY FARTHER. SO STUPID OF ME, I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS NOW. IT IS SO TIRESOME, AS YOU WOULD SO ENJOY IT!"

Brook Green soldiers' patriotism arose in the Crimean days." Sir, this statement is contrary to the facts of the case. The Brook Green soldiers' patriotism commenced long before the Russian War. Search our records—yours and mine—and you will find that the Brook Green Volunteer went sentry go—with his feet in a warm bath and his shako protected by an umbrella fixed to his bayonet—before the days of the great Exhibition of 1851. The P. M. G. is distinctly wrong.

I beg to sign myself,
THE VOLUNTEER,
Brook Green.

FROM THE BROWN-POTTERIES.—We have heard how "Calypso could not console herself for the departure of Ulysses,"

and we have recently learnt how Ulysses has consoled himself at the Haymarket for the departure of Collapse-o—no, we mean Calypso. "What price Calypso?" asked the Poet. "NANCY PRICE" answered ULYSSES TREE, readily. So when Poet HEROD PHILLIPS' new classical drama Calypso shall have been successfully produced, then will Mr. TREE, let us hope, be in a position, Calypso facto, to exclaim, taking his pick out of some Sortes Virgilianæ (or Virgil of Sorts),

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in—Her Majesty's,

where may he be "bound over to keep the piece" for some time to come. And may not the much-tried author, whose poet's soul has been so greatly vexed, exclaim, Shakspearially, "Rest, rest, Pott'rbéd spirit!"



"HI, SILLY! COME 'ERE OUT OF THE RINE!"

THE PILGRIM BROTHER.

II.

[Being Imperial advice, continued, to Prince HENRY OF PRUSSIA, prior to his departure for America with the nominal purpose of appropriating the KAISER'S new yacht.]

HENRY, as touching your projected cruise,
We now acquaint you with Our further views.
Thus far in Our remarks you may have missed
The usual reference to the Mailéd Fist.
That is because you need no more conceal
Beneath the plush an under-pelt of steel;
But some integument you still must wear
To cope with certain customs over there;
Let Us dilate on these, that We may throw
Light on the hemisphere to which you go.

It is a clime where every son of labour
Respects himself as if he were his neighbour;
Where each assumes the style of equal birth,
If he can prove descent from Mother Earth;
Where all, at any hour of any day,
Hold through the Ruler's House a right of way;
Can, by the Constitution's hallowed laws,
Enter at large, with none to give them pause;
Summon the Highest Person in the land
And claim to wring him warmly by the hand.

We mention this that you may turn your wits
On such precautions as the case admits;
Thus, for receptions, you might well depute
Some princely shape to serve as substitute,
Or even fabricate, by German art,
An automatic dummy for the part,
Constructed to maintain with perfect nerve
A happy mean of affable reserve,
Neither obtrude the Hohenzollern throne,
Nor yet affect a too familiar tone.

As for your martial trappings, We suggest
That you should not employ your very best,
Because they keep a habit, so one hears,
Sprung of a sentiment for souvenirs,
Which lets their women carry off by storm
Outlying portions of your uniform.
But if, dear HENRY, they should go too far,
And treat you like that other naval star,
Lieutenant HONSON; if, in fact, they seek
To kiss collectively your cherished cheek;
If natural homage takes this parlous line—
You will unhesitatingly decline;
For though it is not in Our wish to thwart
Any advances of a friendly sort,
This kind you should discourage all you can,
As is becoming in a married man.

Now, in conclusion, HENRY, We repeat
This trip of yours is not a private treat;
You go, as We observed but yester-week,
To forge a link in Our *Welt-Politik*;
Your business is, by captivating hearts,
To bolster up Our tottering Teuton marts;
So that Our gracious attitude may earn
Something by way of tangible return.
But O be cautious! do not unawares
Become the prey of multi-millionaires!
For you will find among this fertile nation
A tendency toward buying up Creation;
And, as MEDUSA'S petrifying gaze
Converted men to stone in mythic days,
So all that look upon the modern Gorgon,
Are turned into a Trust by J. P. MORGAN!
If he should tempt you, then, with fearful odds
To realise Our country's household gods,
O shrink from bartering for ready pelf
Things that are scarce less sacred than Ourselves;
O HENRY, do not in a moment's heat
Arrange to pop Our precious German fleet! O.S.

SEEN IN THE CRYSTAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do you gaze into crystals? You should: it is a restful and refreshing occupation. You take your crystal as soon as it is dusk, lie down on a comfortable sofa and gaze: you will find the tedious hours before dinner pass away like winking. I was put on to it by Mr. ANDREW LANG'S article in the *Monthly Review* a little time ago. But until to-day no very remarkable results happened to me. This afternoon, however, they were quite surprising. I went home just before sun-set and found lying on my table, beside my faithful glass ball, the latest edition of *Who's Who*. As it was not quite dark enough for my favourite amusement, I read that useful and interesting publication for half-an-hour. Then I lay down (as before recommended) and gazed. I believe that what I saw is real prophecy, the genuine thing. But I would not have supposed that I mean any disrespect to *Who's Who*: it is admirable now, but it would have to alter with the times. By the way, Mr. LANG suggests that the results should be sent to *him*. So likely that I should help him to write an article or a book instead of making copy for myself!

The first thing I saw was a dim green light, turning to bright red and gold lettering. The letters were: *Who's Who*, 1952.

Then—whiff! and behold—

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Owing to the pressure on our space caused by the increasing number of prominent Flip-Flap and Chuff-Chuff players



THE TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

PLEASANT SITUATION OF WINKLES, WHO HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED BY HIS TRAINER (UNAVOIDABLY ABSENT) THAT ON NO-ACCOUNT MUST HE TRUST ANYONE WITH HIS GREYHOUND. THAT, IF NOT TAKEN AWAY PROMPTLY, HE WILL EAT HIS HARE, AND THAT HE BITES.

(7,560 in the last year), and the ever-growing ranks of successful financial operators, we are reluctantly compelled to state that after this issue we must reduce the number of other public men noticed by us very considerably. We have decided to omit (1) all members of the merely titled aristocracy unconnected with our great financial houses by marriage; (2) all generals, admirals, statesmen, etc., not mentioned at least once a week during the past year by *The Fast Lot*; and (3) all authors whose incomes are not certified by our accountants to be over £5,000 a year. We believe that these reductions will permit us to deal more adequately in future with the biographies of the speculator-princes whose presence enriches our country, and of those eminent Flippers and Chuffers whose accomplishments are its greatest glory and pride."

Then, one by one, came biographies. I will not pledge myself to every detail, but I am certain of my substantial exactness.

PLUCKER, AUGUSTUS WELLINGTON, holder since 1949 of Flip-Flap champion trophy, President of All-England Flip-Flap Association; b. June 4th, 1928, *e.s.* of OLIVER PUMPERGILL PLUCKER. Unmarried. *Educ.* Winchester (Flip-Flap scholar), and Balliol Coll., Oxford (Flip-Flap Exhibitioner); first-class Parlour Sports Moderations, first-class combined Flip-Flap and Chuff-Chuff Final Schools; Fellow of All Souls'; second prize Aquarium Flip-Flap Tournament, 1947; first prize West Country Tournament, 1948; winner

of All-England Championship, 1949. In 1950 conducted Flip-Flap tour round the world, attracting large audiences in Chicago, San Francisco, etc., etc. Pretended derision in France and Russia nearly led to war with those countries to avenge insult to national sport. Presented with subsidy by German Government to spread exclusive devotion to Flip-Flap among Englishmen. Introduced important new rule that the ball must only be flipped with thumb and second finger. Thanked by both Houses of Parliament (April, 1951), and voted sum of £20,000. Inventor and sole patentee of parchment ball. *Publications*: "The Rules of Flip-Flap," 1951 (ten-thousandth edition). *Recreation*: watching Chuff-Chuff. *Clubs*: Patriots, British Games.

MUSGRAVE, JOHN ARTHUR, man of science. Only living Englishman referred to in Continental scientific treatises, holder of several foreign honorary degrees. Has written several books on scientific subjects. At present residing abroad.

HICCPHEIMER, ADOLPHUS, senior partner in firm of HICCPHEIMER, ISAACS and MONTAGU, Johannesburg and New York; b. Frankfort, 1900; *s.* of late M. HICCPHEIMER. *Educ.*, private. Is reputed to be worth £3,000,000 *per annum*. Gave £500 to Royal Hospital Fund. Travelled much in South Africa and Riviera. President of Society for Promotion of British Welfare. *Recreations*: the usual amusements of an English gentleman. *Addresses*: Devon-

shire House, Piccadilly; Arundel Castle, Sussex; Bowood Park, Wiltshire, etc., etc. *Clubs*: the most exclusive.

BLOGG, FRANK HOSKINS, Ex-Champion Anglo-Saxon World Chuff-Chuff, Inventor of Chuff-Chuff. *b.* 1905, *s.* of HENRY BLOGG, famous Ping-Pong player in early days of century, before the supersession of that sport.—*Educ.* before the days of Chuff-Chuff scholarships, but sent by National subscription to Eton and Trinity, Cambridge. Inspiration to invent Chuff-Chuff came while watching his little brother and sister blow a tiny balloon about the room in his paternal home. This moment is the subject of a fine painting by SIMEON BROWN, R.A., now in the Tate Gallery. Presented between the years 1936 and 1948 with the freedom of every city in Great Britain and Ireland. Has done much to make Chuff-Chuff compulsory subject in all primary and secondary schools. *Publications*: "My Life's Work" (1950), "Chuff-Chuff" (Badminton Library), "Our National Greatness" (1951). *Recreations*: watching Chuff-Chuff and Flip-Flap.

SMITH, FRANCIS, Poet and Essayist. *b.* 1910. *Address*, under Waterloo Bridge.

That is all I saw this afternoon, but I shall try again, and if the result is interesting and printable I will let you know.

UNEXPECTED INTERVIEWS.

A MUSIC-HALL ARTIST.

"THAT YOU, DICK? Walk right in. I'll attend to you in half a—Why my! It's not DICK. But who on earth—why, of course. Been expecting you all the morning. From the *Epoch*, ain't it? Oh, that's all right. You won't mind loungin' round a bit while I fix up my mail. I'm nearly through with the typing. Look at 'em. Only skipped across the pond last evening, and been at it ever since, haven't we, Miss REMINGTON? Here, put that in your face. Got a light? You'll find some whiskey and Polly over in the corner. Righto! I shan't be a split second. Now then, Miss REMINGTON, I'm your man.

"Who's this from? I ought to—yes, I thought so. JOS PHILLIPS. Wants me to do a turn at the Limpet. H'm, forty quid. Not good enough, dear boy, even if—will you tell him so, please? Oh, anyhow. Put 'Dear old Jos.' No, wait a bit. Don't do to be too familiar with that sort of animal. 'Miss DAISY PIGGE presents her compliments to Mr. JOSEPH PHILLIPS, and begs to inform him pork is ris'.' Hullo! Who's the coronet? Oh ah, yes, old BLUESTONE, of course. 'Dear Miss PIGGE. Welcome home. Will you come to a little'—h'm. Tuesday the 18th. What's to-day? Well, I guess I will. Are you ready? 'Dear Lord BLUESTONE. There ain't no place like it. Don't mind if I do. Cordially, D. P.' That'll do for him. I must make Dick go.

"Only two more now, Mr.—er—EPOCH. Oh, here's something from my beloved Lambeth. Ever been there, Miss REMINGTON? Well, no, I daresay most people don't love it. But I'm Lambeth to my finger-tips, born and bred there, and the parson knows it. Good little chap, though. Ah, I thought so. A little parish entertainment on the 18th. Will I do something for them? Why, certainly. 'Dear Padre, of course! I'll be delighted.' What, the 18th? So it was. That knocks his lordship's little supper. You'll have to write him another, and say I'm booked for the 18th, and, why, of course, I can't desert Lambeth. Here's the address—no, S.E. Now for the last.

"Don't know this fist. 'Dear Madam. I am writing to ask if you will help me to go on the stage. I've no experience, but I'm nearly nineteen, and can sing, and I would work hard. I've no father or mother, and I must make some money. It isn't only for myself, and if you could help

me I should be for ever grateful.' Nineteen! She looks about six! Do look, Miss REMINGTON. Perfectly lovely, isn't she? Can I help her? Well, yes, my dear, I'll try. But it'll have to be in my own way. And she might have written to Jos! Think of it! Makes one sort of shudder. Well, that's the lot for to-day. No, I'll write this one myself, thanks. Good-bye. Let me help you with your jacket. You'll find my carriage at the door: Just tell the coachman where you—Bus? Bus be hanged! I know you're dead tired. No, no thanks. Please, and mind, you're not to give my coachman anything. Good-bye! Yes, same time to-morrow, please.

"Now then, Mr. EPOCH, you can fire ahead with your questions. Mind? Lor', no! You've never been in America, or you wouldn't ask. I thought not. Why, this is bliss. Been ashore nearly a whole day, and you're the first. In my own rooms, too, on a sofa, with my feet up—you don't mind, do you? I'm a bit fagged as it is. Why in N'York, they started in before we landed, and never left off.

"Well, let's get to business. Now you just sit still and keep right on with your smoke. I'll do the questions for you. Number one. Did I have a good time, and am I glad to be back? Yes, to both. Number two. Which is the best audience, American or Britisher? That's right, ain't it? Three, what does N'York think about the war? Four, did I have a flutter on Yankee rails? Five, do I like cars better than railway carriages? Six, did I find the Yanks more particular about the stage than we are?

"What, dear boy! Answer my own questions! Not much. Answer 'em yourself, if you—well, I'm not going to, so there. Say what you like, I don't care. They're always the same, question and answer, from BERNHARDT to me. Can't you be a trifle original and leave 'em out? But—but—but. But what? But you must have something? Why, certainly. Of course you must. Well, what more'd you want? Haven't you got me, and the lovely time I had, and the quaint little Americanisms I've picked up, with which—what's the word—I interlard my conversation? Between you and me, they're all put on for your benefit. And haven't you got the typist, pretty Miss REMINGTON, and the little girl who wanted me to introduce her to—well, to Jos? There's a text for you. Don't give her name though. Oh, didn't I? Well, I won't, then, and if you can't make copy out of her—Nothing? Bless the man, he calls her nothing. Well, I've made my life out of nothing. I did my first steps on the pavement. Yes, I'll tell you.

"It was when I first started, Surrey side. I'd only got one song, and I was as nervous—well, I clean forgot it, every word. So I just stood and smiled, like a frightened child, which is what I was. And then, somehow, I began to laugh, and they began to laugh too, and to clap, and I sort of twigged they thought I was doing it on purpose. So I just went on laughing all the different laughs I could think of—you've seen me do it since? Well, then, you know; but that was how it started, because I forgot my words. My! how they cheered. I had to go on again and again, and then all of a sudden the words came back. But I didn't sing 'em. No, Sir. I gave 'em the other side. Let my hair down and went and sat in the middle of the stage and cried and cried,—like a young girl would cry if she could see in a flash all the sorrows waiting for her, and the awful things that might happen, on there in her life. I believe I did see them for that little bit of time. And the people just sat and—well, I couldn't see them, of course, but I knew they were crying with me, lots of 'em.

Well, that made me. Old Jos was there, and he had me trained, and here I am. Now, that was something made out of nothing, wasn't it? Why, look at me. I haven't

got much of a voice, and I'm not half as clever as Miss REMINGTON, or a quarter as nice-looking as that little girl. I'm not a bit pretty, really, you know—and yet from Royalty downwards they all want to see me—and I can get anything I choose to ask. Rum, ain't it?

"I can't get that poor little girl out of my head. I suppose it's thinking of my happiness—you know I'm going to marry DICK?—and—Pretty? Why, she's like an angel straight from heaven, and then she wants me to help her to— Look, here's her photo. Did you ever— Why, bless the man, what's the matter? Nothing? Why, your hand's shaking like a bloomin' aspik. Here, drink this. Go on, you— you juggins. Now, then— better? You've got to tell me all about her. Oh, yes you must. Who is she—your sister? No, she isn't a bit like— wife! You're married? To that baby? Oh, you—you sillies! You infants! And you mean to say you're going to let her go on the boards? Well, you ought to have known. Then—did she tell you she was writing to me? Didn't she tell you anything? 'M yes, I see, a little plan to make money, but you weren't to know until it was all—yes, I can see her saying it, with her great round eyes half laughing, half frightened, looking just adorable. Is she as pretty as her picture? And as good? Of course. Well, now I'll tell you. We'll do the surprising—you and me—and— and DICK. He's got a little estate up north which will want looking after and—well, you shall have a trial anyway. And if that don't do I'll find something else. Oh, but I will, and it isn't a bit good of me, and DICK will be delighted, of course, and you've just got to do what you're told. She's asked me to help her, and I'm going to, and you've nothing to do with it. Go to the Halls! Not if I know it. Now be off with you. No, not good-bye. You're going to fetch your—your angel. Bring her back to tea. DICK'll be here and if I want a thing DICK wants it, and if DICK wants it it's done. So off you go."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who's Who (ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK) for 1902 is just out, celebrating the fifty-fourth year of issue. The new volume has that increasingly portly appearance which accompanies growing prosperity. Actually it is due to the circumstance of considerable addition to the number of biographies, thus widening the circle of interest and usefulness. All other familiar features are re-introduced, making it, within limits of size, the most compendious



BULL-DOGS DO GET SO ATTACHED TO PEOPLE!

book of reference issued. The publishers would, however, be well advised to resist temptation further to enlarge the bulk. It would be idle to attempt to rival the *Post Office Directory*. My Baronite confesses that he is not absolutely unselfish in proffering this advice, since on his travels he always carries with him a copy of *Who's Who*, and wonders how he got through correspondence and other work before he formed the habit.

The ninth volume of the *Liberal Magazine*, just issued by the Liberal Publication Department, of which Mr. AUGUSTINE BURRELL is chairman, modestly describes itself as a periodical for the

use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It would be unduly exclusive, to confine it to that circle, attractive and tessellated though it be. The volume will be found equally useful in the other camp, or wherever interest is taken in the political history of the year. It is full of meat, condensed in masterly fashion, so that it may be conveniently carried in the knapsack of the political trooper. My Baronite finds in it the pith of the principal speeches on Imperial topics delivered last year, together with a mass of information in the form of facts and figures. A full index brings desired points of reference promptly to hand.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"YOU COULDN'T GIVE I A LIFT, COULD 'EE, MASTER!"

PLAY "WITHOUT A HERO."

THACKERAY'S *Vanity Fair*, as a whole, has been for many years the despair of dramatisers, and so it has happened that, from time to time, characters and scenes have been placed on the stage easily traceable to their originals in our great satirist's best-known novel. Wise in their generation, Messrs. HICHENS and LENNOX, stiffening themselves against all temptations to err and stray from the central figure, have succeeded in stringing together such scenes from a portion of the artful heroine's life as constitute a sufficiently effective play. Moreover, they were most fortunate in finding so ideal a representative of the little adventuress as is Miss MARIE TEMPEST. Her only fault is her attempt, for the sake of poor humanity and a mixed audience, at toning down the hard, cruel nature of this mercenary little wretch. THACKERAY'S *Becky* has not one purely generous impulse: no, not even when she hands over *George Osborne's* love letter to his sorrowing, colourless widow.

The piece, owing its success to the admirable acting of Mr. LEONARD BOYNE as *Rawdon Crawley*, and of Mr. GILBERT HARE as the *Marquis of Steyne*—though the brutality of this unprincipled voluptuary is over-emphasised at the expense of his courtliness—also to its generally good rendering by a most capable company, has already had a considerable run, and may yet "go strong" for some time to come. By the way, on our second visit, Mr. MALCOLM DUNN appeared as *Rawdon Crawley* (vice LEONARD BOYNE, whose absence, we trust, is only temporary), and of his performance we are delighted to be able to say, "Very well DUNN."

Yes, MARIE TEMPEST'S *Becky* is an almost perfect performance, at least for those who do not know THACKERAY'S *Becky*. "Was she guilty or not?" asks THACKERAY. "She said not: but who could tell what was truth which came from

those lips; or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure?" It would require a finer, far better, and far more complete drama than this is, to give the real comedy and tragedy of the story of *Becky's* life, which THACKERAY himself left unfinished, only informing us "that a very strong party of excellent people consider her to be a most injured woman." The utter mistake in this play is the scene of the private theatricals at Gaunt House.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—An eminent London Actor-manager and lessee of one of our largest theatres, says:—"Delighted as I always am to see several clergymen in the front of the house, yet I should not like my audience to be all wholly 'Orders.' That would spell bankruptcy."

SCENE—Boulevard Café.

First *Irate Frenchman*. Imbécile!

Second *I. F.* Canaille!!!

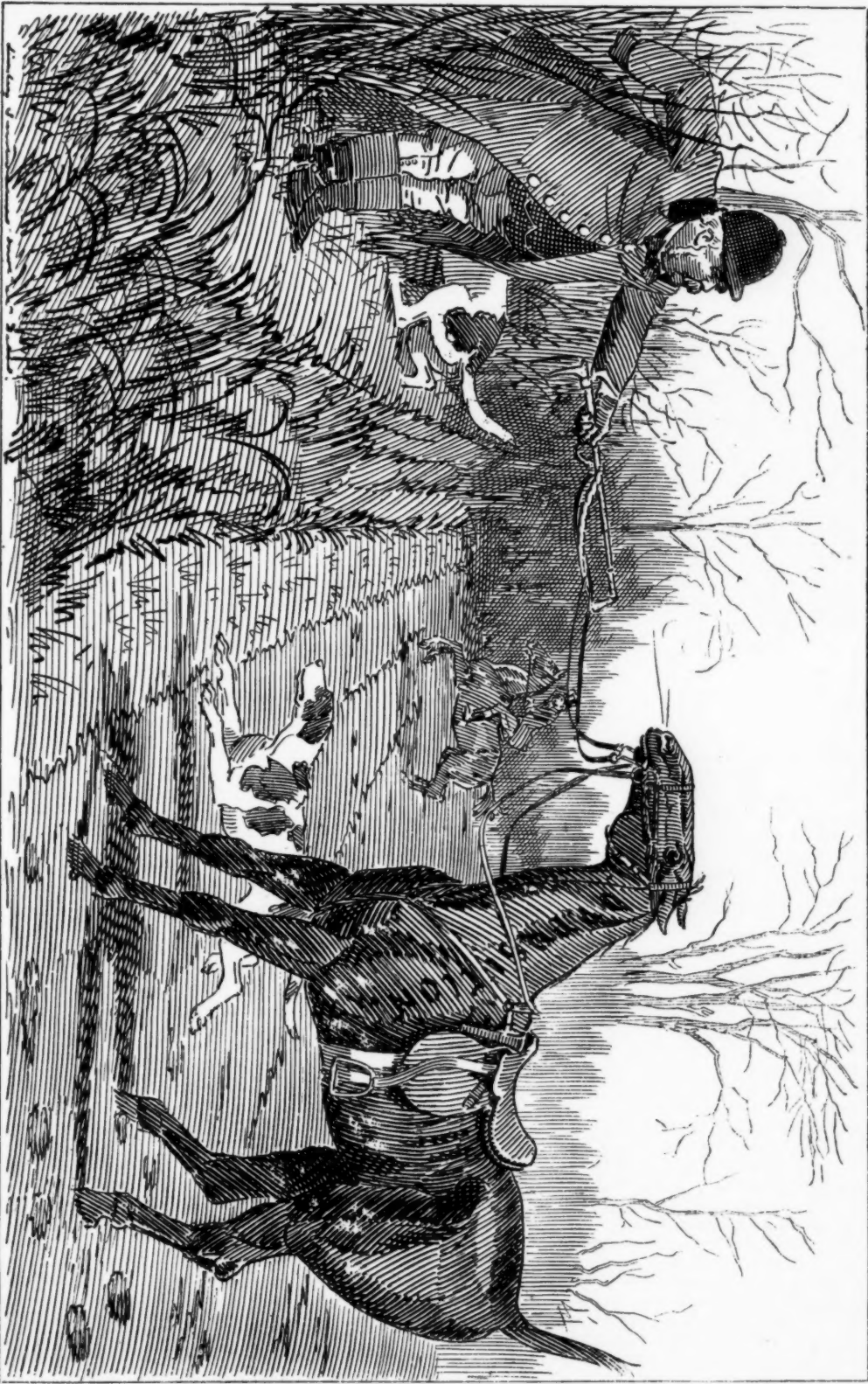
First *I. F.* Cochon!!!

Second *I. F.* Chamberlaing!!!!

NEW DISHES FOR BAKESPERIAN CONTROVERSIALISTS.—If "BACON" and "The Bard" are identical, then a pretty dish for Mrs. GALLUP'S breakfast-table would be "Eggs and Shakspeare," and for the dinner menu "Shakspeare and Beans."

"ARE YOU ANSWERED NOW?"—"Sir,—Is 'Astronomer Royal' a real or only an 'Orrery appointment?'"

[Certainly, very real: the "A. R." is entitled to wear, as a decoration, "a star of the first magnitude."]



POUNDED!

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN-JORROCKS. "COME HUP, I SAY, YOU HUGGLY BRUTE!"

(After John Leech's well-known picture.)

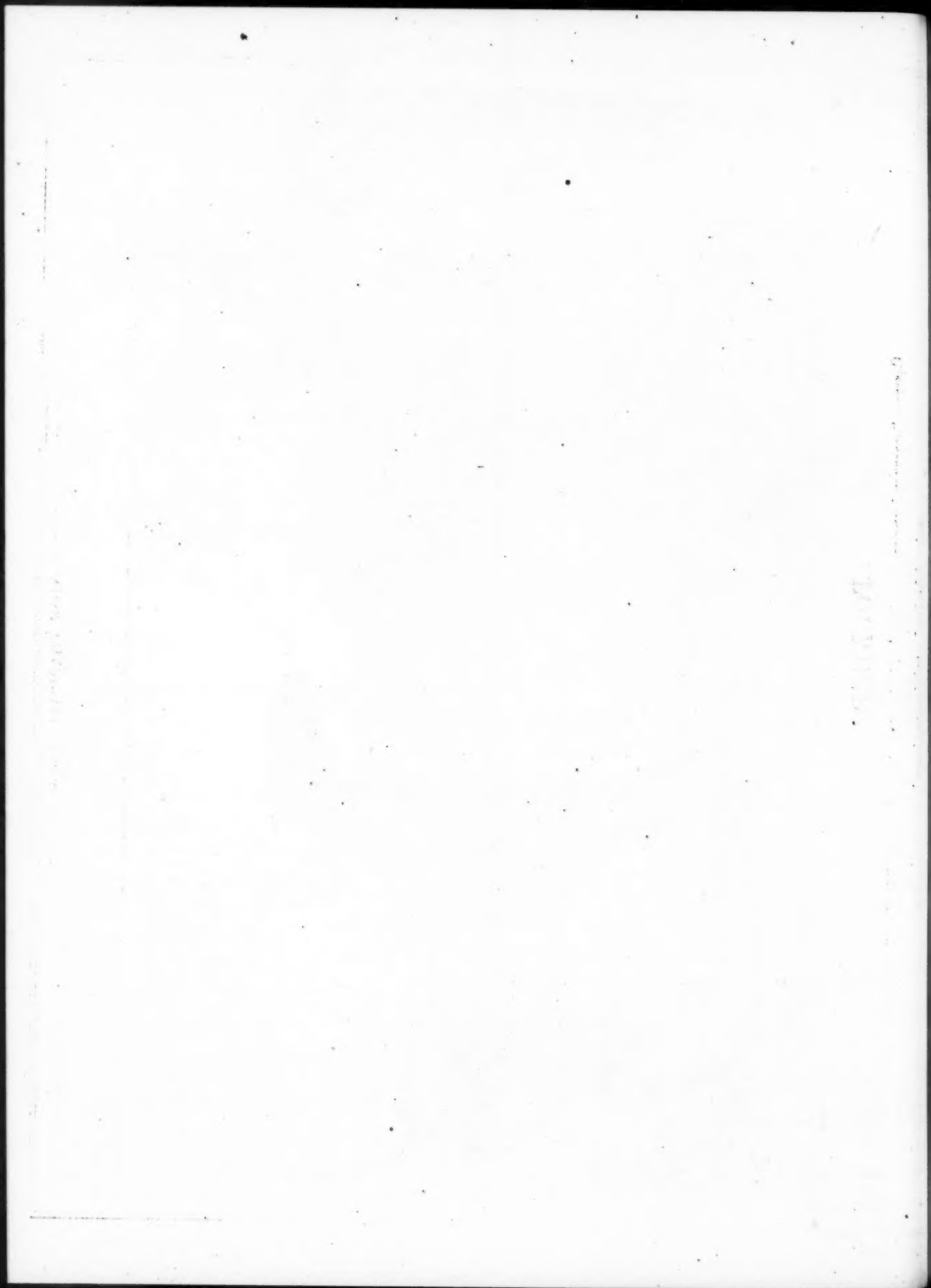
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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"Coral Insects"—more or less.
(Suggested by Mr. George W. N. M.)

House of Commons, Monday Night, January 20.—HERBERT GLADSTONE enjoyed to-night rare and well-earned pleasure. At call of duty he accepted thankless post of Whip to the Opposition at a period of its direst dilemma. He brought to it the prestige of illustrious name, a shrewd head for business, a sweet urbanity of manner. Ever since he has plodded steadily on, making the best of a bad business, his office in Parliament Street the vortex of eddying stream of jealousy, suspicion and brotherly love. When called upon to act as Teller in the House of Commons he has ever found himself at the wrong end of the Table. To-night all was changed. The Tellers marshalled, the Clerk handed him the paper. Proudly he read the figures. "Ayes 64, Noes 283."

And HERBERT was Teller for the Noes! Yes, but, alack! the minority were those of the Opposition's own miscellaneous household. Only the other night C.-B., desirous of demonstrating how immaterial are the obstacles that

separate him from Lord ROSEBURY, went out of his way to declare himself still in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. His grateful allies, *more Hibernico*, take this, the earliest opportunity, of acknowledging the service by stabbing him in the back. C.-B., with assistance of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and ASQUITH, of EDWARD GREY and JOHN MORLEY, drafted amendment to the Address, cunningly designed to draw into one net the divers fish that float and quarrel with each other in Opposition waters. Amendment moved to-night in speech of sombre eloquence by a private member specially invented. Irish Members promptly came to front, proposed to mutilate the amendment, insisted on a division. And C.-B. went out shoulder to shoulder with smiling PRINCE ARTHUR to beat back his own lambs.

A comical business altogether; but nothing quite so comic as CAWLEY. He was the champion C.-B. had chosen to lift and carry to victory drooping flag of the Opposition. Peculiarity about the case was that few knew him even by name. Since the *Disinherited Knight* rode into the lists of the Grand Tournament there has been no such mystery. Difference established was that whereas the disguised *Ivanhoe* overthrew all comers, CAWLEY was himself overcome—with emotion. Brought down his speech written on fair manuscript. His voice

he had left at home. After murmuring for twenty minutes he sat down, whereby Members knew he had concluded his speech. Never in Parliamentary history was pitched battle between the Outs and the Ins opened in such fashion.

REGINALD MCKENNA did something to retrieve disaster by a bright speech delivered in seconding Amendment. But he thought sadly of the changed demeanour of his comrade in the enterprise. Had in his pocket the jubilant note received less than twenty-four hours earlier:—

You must wake and CAWLEY early, CAWLEY early, REGGIE dear, To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year. Of all the glad New Year, REGGIE, the maddest, merriest day, For I'm to move Amendment that gives our "JOE" away.

The maddest day certainly, considering the tactics employed; scarcely the merriest on the Front Opposition Bench.

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government moved.

Wednesday, 12.15 A.M.—Fresh triumph for Opposition. The charge led as noted by the indomitable CAWLEY; C.-B., got up to look like NAPOLEON crossing the Alps, directed operations from neighbouring hillock. Deliberate, much-trumpeted attempt to dislodge Government. Result of division just announced. Normal maximum minis-

terial majority runs about 140; C.-B. has satisfaction of learning that at a bound he has sent it up to 210. A glorious victory.

And it would have been so easy to leave it alone!

Adulvening; House of Commons can never be induced to affect interest in a sham fight; varied by line taken by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, and by PRINCE ARTHUR'S dash down upon it. Last night DON JOSÉ protested that there was so little difference between the HERMIT OF DALMENY and the Government that they might work together. Whether DON JOSÉ or the HERMIT in command was not particularised. The SQUIRE, armed with copy of the Chesterfield speech, set himself to destroy this illusion, citing successive passages that proved how baseless it was. Laboured at this for half-an-hour.

"The Chesterfield speech," said PRINCE ARTHUR, when his time came, "was a considerable effort of a considerable man. But, upon my word, I never knew what a speech it was until I saw the right hon. gentleman come down to-night tied to Lord ROSEBERY'S chariot-wheels, urging everyone else to join the procession."

Truly a charming concatenation of circumstance. Things generally a little mixed. On Ministerial side CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, mustering officers and crew on quarter deck, soundly rated his esteemed leaders for mismanagement of the war. On the other side, P.C. LLOYD-GEORGE, in mufti, but still armed with the authority that pertains to his uniform, brought his esteemed leader into court, charging him with duplicity, shuffling, and generally muddling matters.

Business done.—Opposition succeed in obtaining for Ministers a rattling Vote of Confidence.

Thursday.—The melancholy truth underlying assertion that one man may steal a horse whilst another may not look over the hedge strikingly illustrated to-night in the case of Colonel SAUNDERSON and his fellow-countrymen across the floor. As a rule your Irish Member is the most sensitive creature in the world when subjected to personal criticism. For himself he claims privilege of employing lurid language indicative of trifling difference of opinion with his neighbours. But if the vitriolic torrent of his wrath be checked by retort or reprisal his indignation is volcanic. Nothing more frequent in history of the Parliamentary Session than cases of breach of privilege raised by Irish Members of whom someone has been "saying things," the comparative mildness of which, if used by an Irish Member towards the CHIEF SECRETARY, would excite the pitying contempt of his compatriots.

And here to-night, for full three-quarters of an hour, the Colonel has been heaping personal abuse on his countrymen, who have rather enjoyed it, keeping him up to the mark by necessity of dodging an occasional brick or a casual dead cat flung at him by way of repartee. SARK says it's all clannishness. The Colonel, albeit a landlord, sits on the Tory side and supports coercion, is one of themselves. He has the password, the sign manual, is free of place. Just now, in reply to boisterous interruption, he hinted doubt as to what becomes of the twenty shillings levied on the Land League branches for the support of the victims, some of them now grey-headed as well as gaunt, of the historic Plan of Campaign.

"I'm not sure," said the Colonel, reflectively, "whether the money goes into the pocket of the victim or of the agitator."

Imagine that being said by an English Member! Half a dozen Irish patriots would have leapt to their feet, and SWIFT MACNEILL would have out-roared them all in claiming the protection of the SPEAKER. Being SAUNDERSON they merely laughed, nudged each other with appreciative elbow, whispered in proud exultation, "A broth of a boy."

One of the Colonel's sallies gave them pause. JOHN DILLON chancing to thrust his head from under the tent, the Colonel, with Donnybrook Fair instinct, quickly brought his shillalah down on it.

"The Hon. Member for Mayo," he said, in response to an interruption from that quarter, "is the parent of the Land League—or," he added, after a slight pause, desiring above all things to be accurate, "he is *one* of the parents."

As everywhere (at least, out of Ireland) parentage is divided between a father and a mother, there was some ambiguity about the Colonel's meaning.

None marred the acuteness and exactitude of his vision of an Irish Member in recumbent position.

"The Nationalist cause in Ireland," he said, "does not thrive in peaceful waters. It requires a certain turbulence to enable the Nationalist to live as he likes, and to float on the froth."

The picture conjured up of the portly person of REDMOND *ainé* sympathetically floating on froth delighted the House. Since another, unhappily long-deceased, Irish Member "smelt a rat, saw it floating in the air," there has been nothing so good as this. But, as this same Member for Tralee in the Parliament of 1775 appositely observed, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater."

Business done.—Irish Members make a night of it; on the whole, a dull one.

THE CHARM OF CALYPSO.

[Mrs. BROWN-POTTER has resigned her part of *Calypso* in Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' *Ulysses*, on the grounds that the author objected to her playing the love scenes in an emotional manner, and required her to pay more attention to her enunciation of the "ands," "ifs" and "buts."]]

How should the sea-nymph's part be played?

Perhaps you have a feeble notion
That, like an ordinary maid,
She would indulge in fierce emotion.
Some lovers murmur soft and low,
In grammar often they make slips O!
Apparently that was not so
With HOMER'S goddess, fair *Calypso*.

The classic student (when he hears
How she behaved in selfish style and
Detained *Ulysses* seven years
Upon a solitary island)
Concludes at once—though he may guess
Her character was rather shady—
That fair *Calypso*, more or less,
Was a most fascinating lady.

But though she made *Ulysses* pause
Upon his way, as we've above seen,
It really can't have been because
Of her emotion in a love scene.
The words she said were spoken by
Comparatively cold and chill lips;
(That is to say, if we rely
*At all on Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS).

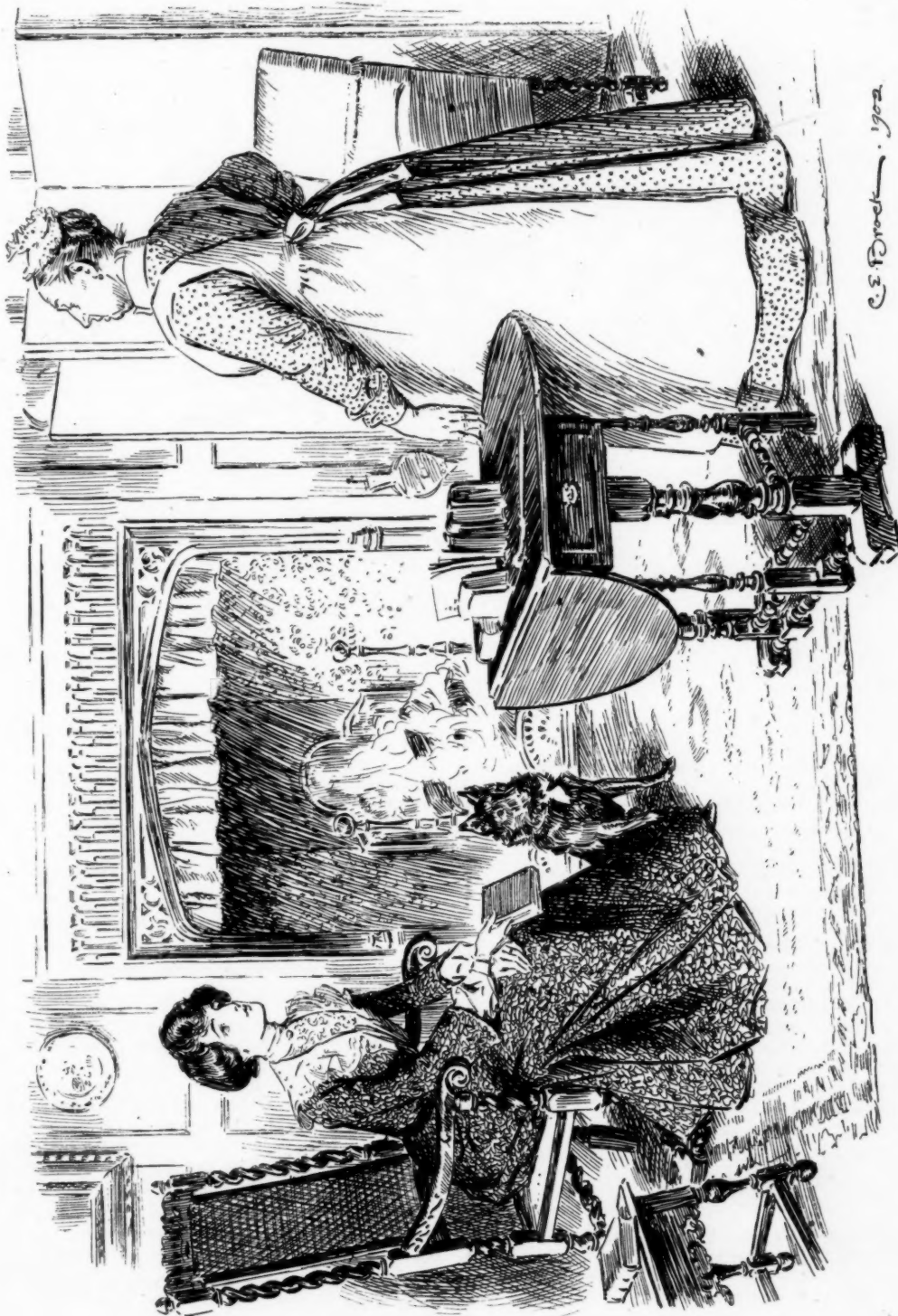
Her beauty one might rave about,
But that's of small consideration;
What fetched *Ulysses* was, no doubt,
Her exquisite pronunciation.
Thought he, "Although I've lots to do,
Yet here I'll stay without compunc-
tion;
It gives me joy to listen to
Each simple, well-expressed conjunc-
tion.

"She never drops her voice or cuts
A word that should be spoken clearly;
And when she mouths her 'ifs' and
'buts,'
I feel I love her very dearly.
Her rhetoric is simply grand,
But of her triumphs here's the
proudest:
I hear the lady murmur 'and,'
When Zeus is thundering his
loudest!"

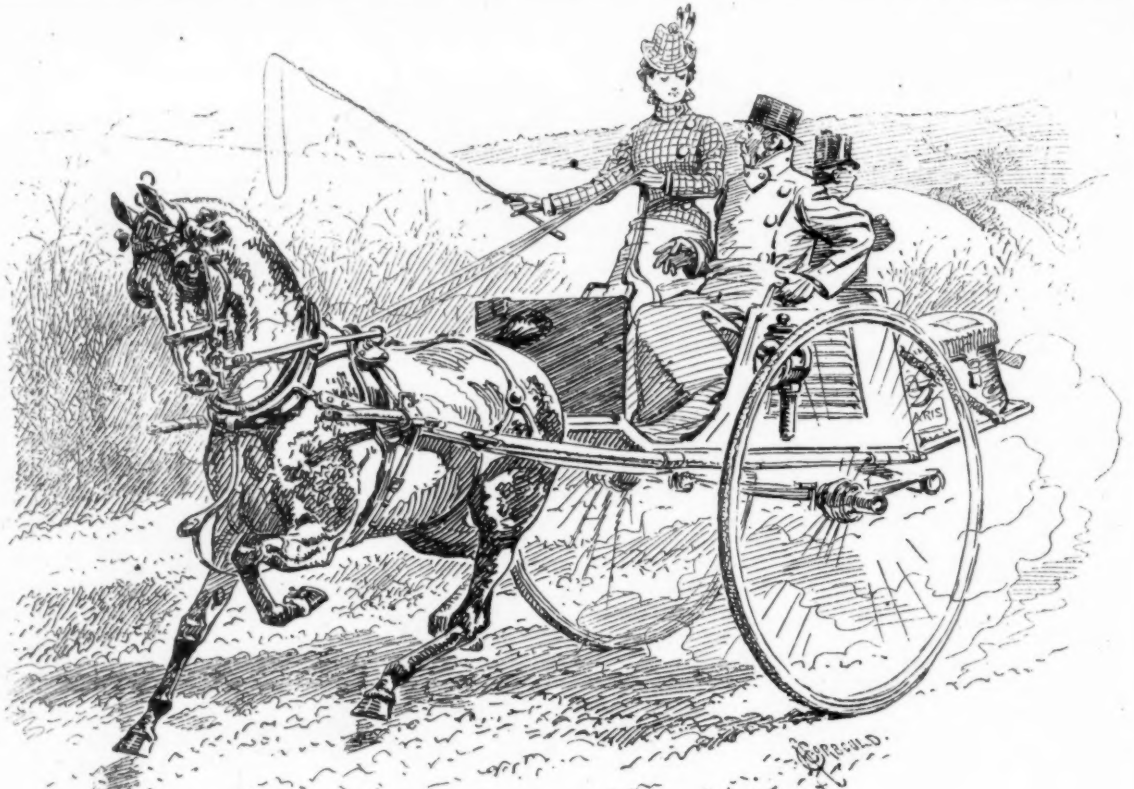
A good impression thus she made,
And, gentle reader, in your heart
you're
Not much surprised *Ulysses* stayed,
And did not hasten his departure.
The goddess turned the hero's head,
But—this, perhaps, is to her credit—
'Twas not exactly what she said,
It was the way in which she said it!

A LITTLE LEARNING.

Teacher. And who was JOAN OF ARC?
Scholar. Please, Sir, NOAH'S wife.



Inexperienced and anxious Young Mistress. "THE NEW HOUSEMAID, MARIA, IS A ROMAN CATHOLIC; BUT I HOPE YOU WILL NOT ALLOW ANY RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY IN THE SERVANTS' HALL."
Cook (with much dignity). "YOU NEEDN'T HAVE ANY FEAR, MY LADY. IN REALLY 'IGH-CLASS FAMILIES RELIGION IS NEVER MENTIONED!"



“TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.”

Kitty (just back from Paris). “WELL, UNCLE, I’M ENGAGED TO A DUKE, A MARQUIS, AND A GRANDEE OF THE FIRST CLASS!”
Uncle. “WHAT!!!!!!!!!!”
Kitty. “OH, IT’S ALL ONE JOHNNIE. HE’S A SPANIARD, YOU KNOW!”

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD TUNE.

[“We maintain that this Amendment (to the Address) has at the same time contributed something to shift the Liberal centre from ‘Derby’ to ‘Chesterfield.’”—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Sir H. C.-B. sings:—

DERBY dear, you are old and grey,
 Somewhat changed are my views to-day,
 Better to yield
 To Chesterfield

In a graceful way.
 Derby dear, when I spoke before
 LOUD-JAWGE listened and cried for more;
 Ah me! as I heard him cheer
 Little I recked of a certain Peer!

Refrain:—

Always the same, Derby my own!
 Always consistent and firm in tone!
 Always remarkably firm in tone!

Derby dear, on a later day
 All I said I explained away,
 Now I agree
 With ROSEBERY
 And (who knows?) with GREY.
 Derby dear, ’twas the former’s hand
 Showed me the ground where I really stand.

Ah me! Though I don’t know how,
 We’re in the fullest agreement now!

Refrain (with even greater conviction):—

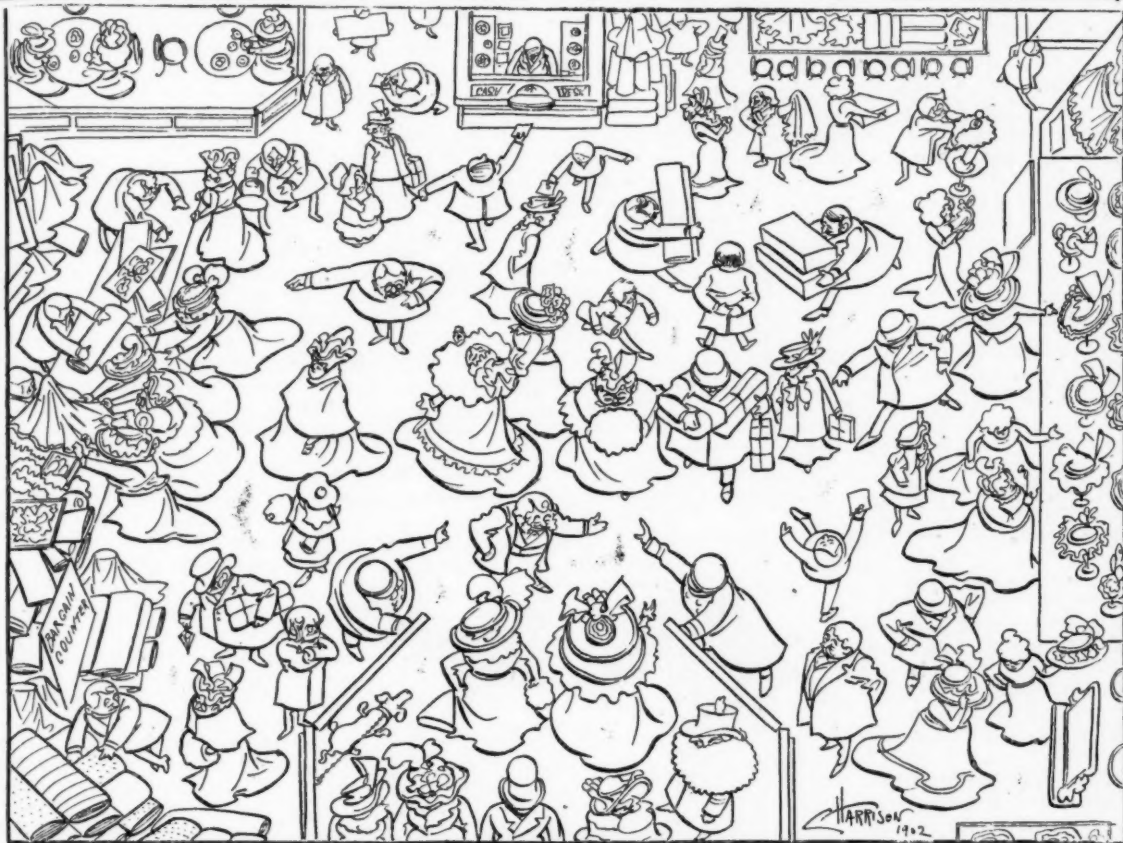
Always the same, Derby my own!
 Always consistent and firm in tone!
 Always remarkably firm in tone!

Answers to War Correspondents.

ENQUIRER.—No, we cannot tell you the exact colour of either Kitchener’s or Bethune’s Horse; but we are glad to learn that the former surrounded a farm and took three prisoners, while the latter “created a diversion.” We recommend, however, that any further tales you may have of Sagacity in Animals should be sent to *The Spectator*.

PRO-BOER.—In answer to your request for the name of the battle in which several of the Continental Boer Lecturers were wounded while sitting in the ambulance, we understand that it is known as *Brussels Spruit*.

PING-PONG POST.—Practical publishers of Paternoster Row present *Mr. Punch* with post-cards, prettily pictured, inviting to Ping-Pong parties. Having first caught the post, they catch the eye: they name the day and hour and have only to add “Please be Ping-Pongtual” to make them complete.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS—A WINTER SALE.

THE MORAL DRUG STORES.

[According to a New York journal, a new drug has been discovered which "induces a feeling of genial benevolence to all men" in its taker, "while having," as the announcement rather oddly continues, "no permanent ill-effects."]

ANXIOUS to learn more of this remarkable discovery, *Mr. Punch* stepped into the nearest chemist's shop, and inquired whether they could supply him with an ounce or two of "genial benevolence."

"Certainly, Sir," replied the polite young man behind the counter. "And if you are suffering from depression, allow me to do you up a box of our celebrated Blue Pills?"

Mr. Punch shuddered slightly, and remarked that he had made acquaintance with that remedy many years ago, and that he had no desire to renew it.

"Oh, but this is quite a new invention," urged the druggist. "It has nothing in common with the old-fashioned medicine which you name. It is, in fact, a pill for curing a fit of the blues. And it's most effectual. Only this morning a customer called in a state of morbid despair. He was only

hesitating, he assured us, between the Thames and prussic acid. We administered a couple of blue pills, and a minute later he was turning somersaults in the street from sheer light-heartedness! Then, again, you might like a bottle of our Decisive Tonic? It's a sure remedy for indecision. People who can't make up their minds swallow a few doses, and their disease is cured. We are expecting large orders for this medicine from members of the Liberal Party. Here you have our Repletion Globules! One of these produces the precise sensations commonly experienced after an Aldermanic dinner. They were freely asked for about Christmas time. Yes, the next bottle contains our Imperial Mixture. No, it's not a tobacco, Sir, but a medicine. The patient who takes it at once feels extraordinarily brave and breezy, and his next purchases, as a rule, are a Union Jack and a volume of Chamberlain's speeches. Or, since you're in the literary line, I believe—?"

Mr. Punch bowed. "Some of our Absolute Misery Tablets might be welcome. We sell hundreds of these every week to some of the best-known writers. In old days,

when they were starving and unknown, the world seemed to them an extremely dismal place, and they depicted it in their books accordingly. Now that they're fat and prosperous, they find themselves suffering from chronic optimism. But, of course, they are bound to write more grimy and gloomy books, otherwise their works would no longer be described as 'masterpieces.' Every morning, then, before beginning work, they take some Absolute Misery Tablets—three or four if their story is to appear in a Christmas number, one or two in other cases. Our Remorse Lotion also is much liked. Rubbed in twice a day, it stimulates the most sluggish conscience. Customers use it a great deal in the first week or so of each year, and indigent young married couples give bottles of it to their rich relations. Those bottles? Oh, they contain a beautiful preparation—our Anti-jocular Cure. A sense of humour often is found fatal to success in public life,

SO—"
At this point *Mr. Punch* smashed a whole row of Anti-jocular bottles with one indignant wave of his stick, and then hurriedly withdrew.

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

V.—ROBIN AND THE MOON-FAY.

"THE Moon-Fay," began the Robin, "was looking into one of the big houses by the Park on Christmas eve, and she wrote down what she saw and heard on this leaf."

Then I noticed that the redbreast had a leaf tucked in one claw.

"Shall I read it?" asked the Robin. "Certainly," I said.

THE STORY RELATED BY THE MOON-FAY.

I always look in upon the children after they have been tucked in bed and nurse has gone away. They do not always see me, but most of them feel my influence. OLIVE does at any rate.

"I do want to see a fairy so much, but I feel drowsily sleepy," sighed my little friend.

A small grunt of contempt came from a neighbouring bed.

"You are silly!" said GWENDOLEN, twisting over on to her side and regarding her eight-year-old sister with patronising blue eyes. "Of course there's no such thing as a fairy. I've seen that in a book."

The dying fire gave a spasmodic blue-red flicker, and a gust of wind swept round the house, rattling the windows and moaning disconsolately down the chimney.

A fizzle of flame shot up from the fire, and a tiny puff of smoke floated into the room.

OLIVE watched it with round, questioning eyes. It did not melt into the air as smoke usually seems to do. It grew bigger and began to twist itself into odd shapes. Gradually it assumed the figure of a bright-eyed fairy, dressed in white from head to foot.

"Oh, I am so pleased to see you!" exclaimed OLIVE, scrambling out of bed.

The figure at the fireplace turned towards her, and two eyes like forget-me-nots smiled down upon the eager face.

"Into bed with you at once!" said the new comer. "This is fairy time, and if we find you wandering about you'll be whisked off to Fairyland directly."

"I shouldn't mind," said OLIVE. "O-o-h!"

This last remark was caused by a curious sensation of cold, followed by a glowing heat. The fairy had touched her cheeks with both hands, and the touch seemed to take her off her feet, into the air over the foot of the bed—over . . .

"How ever did I get back?" drawled OLIVE, staring first at the motionless figure, and then at her eider-down quilt.

"What are you doing?" said GWENDOLEN, fretfully. "Do keep still, OLIVE. First you get out of bed and stand in the smoke by the fire, jabbering; then you jump into bed and jabber there."

"Can't you see her?" cried OLIVE. "Why, the fairy is staring at you!"

"Pooh! you know I don't believe she exists," declared her sister, looking slowly round the room. "There's nothing except a little puff of smoke hanging about near the fireplace!"

"Oh, GWENDOLEN."

Then there was a sound like bells across the water.

"Never mind, little one!" said the

longer what was said. There was a curious tinkle above my head, and I fancied the Hyde Park fairy was laughing. And that fairy laugh haunted me as I walked across to Hyde Park Corner.

It was something between a sound and a sunbeam.

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—The publicity you have kindly given to my suggestions has caused me to be the recipient of a number of letters. They all complain of the new regulations. It would appear that these orders will increase the expenses of London corps—already sufficiently heavy—by fifty per cent. The members of country battalions take a less pessimistic view. This is not calculated to cause surprise. It is obviously impossible for the Volunteers of the capital to pass their classes in musketry without a proper range. In rural districts, however, marksmen can fire with an easier conscience. All that a rustic rifleman has to guard against is the unpremeditated dismantling of a haystack or the accidental causing of the premature decease of a passing pig—both by bad shots. Without attempting to tinker the new regulations, I beg to offer a few suggestions to Pall Mall that I am sure will be found worthy of consideration:

1. Give permission to C.O.'s who have received the distinction of V.D. to write V.C. after their names. The latter letters would sound more heroic than the former.

2. Permit the battalion on the march to advance in line with the band five paces in front of the centre company. By this means every private will get, more or less, a decent share of the music.

3. Revive the past glories of Wimbledon and convert every camp of instruction into a liberally-appointed picnic.

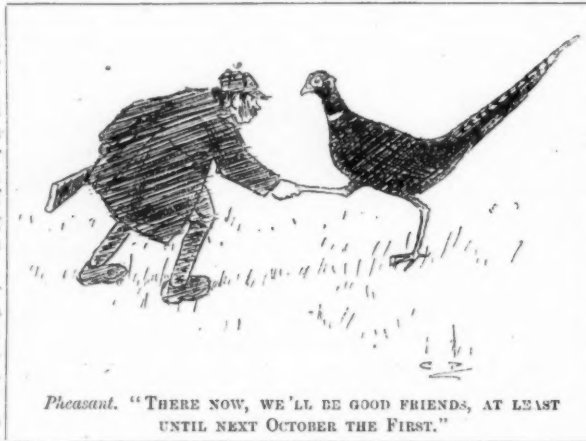
4. In place of the King's Regulations, let by-laws be substituted at the pleasure of the rank and file.

So much for the moment. I insist that if the above suggestions were adopted we should secure a force, if not exactly of soldiers, at least of Volunteers.

Yours practically,

A. DUGOUT, Captain.

FROM HAMPSTEAD (Saturday, Jan. 25).—MILVAIN first, and the unsuccessful candidate is now "Second ROWE."



Pheasant. "THERE NOW, WE'LL BE GOOD FRIENDS, AT LEAST UNTIL NEXT OCTOBER THE FIRST."

Moon-Fay (that's myself) cheerily. "She'll know me again some day. From ten to twelve is a bad age for fairy-sight, but when she's twenty or thirty perhaps she'll grow quite young again. Look there, there's a snow-fairy sliding down that moonbeam!"

OLIVE shook her dark curls excitedly. "Oh!" was all she could say. Then suddenly the red splash of colour on the ceiling from the fire became alive with shadows, twisting, turning, and rolling over one another.

"Lively fellows!" observed the Moon-Fay. "They want the snow fairies to dance with them, but snow fairies don't like the fire, and the shadows are afraid of the moon. Makes them look too dim. Ah . . ."

"At this juncture," observed the Robin, regarding the leaf with a frown, "the fairy seems to have been wanted elsewhere, but so far as I can make out . . . Tweet, tweet!"

Yes, the bird language suddenly merged into the usual chirps that human beings hear. I could understand no