



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Sportswoman in India (HUTCHINSON) is a narrative of personal adventure and experience of travel in known and unknown parts of the great Empire. The authoress, ISABELLE SAVORY, is a mighty huntress. Anything comes handy to her—the wild boar, the leopard, the red bear, the black bear, the panther, the tiger, the cobra, and eke the crocodile. She made their personal acquaintance at close quarters, and generally got the better of them. Not less exciting than her shooting and stalking experiences are her exploits in the way of mountaineering in the mighty Himalayas. The narrative is written in sprightly fashion, with prevailing tendency here and there to indulge in a break-down and a snatch of song, RUDYARD KIPLING for preference. But that is the effect of high spirits happily communicable to the reader. There are many illustrations, the most attractive to my Baronite being a photographure of the authoress in most becoming, workmanlike dress.

In anticipation of the General Election—mere reference to approach of which surprises Mr. BALFOUR—the Liberal Publication Department, whose office is in Parliament Street, have issued a Handbook for the use of Liberals. It summarises the results in home affairs of five years of Tory Government. My Baronite, imitating the lofty reserve of the signator of this column, reckons nothing of politics. All the statements contained in this little volume may be baseless, albeit for the most part they appear as quotations from the speeches of members and supporters of the government. Regarding it simply as a work of arrangement and condensation, it is admirable. As an electioneering engine it is a veritable pom-pom. If there is any corresponding Publication Department in the other camp they would do well to get their batteries into position and try to silence it.

That the Wonderfully Winsome Wicked Wily Woman who is the Leading Lady in WINIFRED GRAHAM'S excitingly dramatic novel entitled *The Beautiful Mrs. Leach* (WARD, LOCK & Co.)

should be suddenly delivered up, all alive O, to Justice, and should entirely disappear from the scene, is decidedly hard upon the seasoned reader of sensational fiction, who will already have experienced a sneaking kindness for the dazzling demon or fascinating fiend (whichever you like, my little dear), the hardened heroine of this mysterious melodrame. This is bad enough, but that the insipid, say-nothing-to-nobody, meek-and-mild, bread-and-butter Miss, the second walking lady in so sensational a story, should be allowed to hold out to the end and come up fresh, smiling, happy, glorious and victorious, posing in the last chapter as the Bold Baronet's Bride,—having, mind you, done nothing whatever to deserve so great a reward (for it means money, lands, title, and position)—is a literary misdeed only pardonable as a first offence on no account to be repeated "in her next." As to the story of the *Beautiful Mrs. Leach*, it is interesting, exciting, well told, and, as possessing these qualities, the Baron recommends it. The scene with the terrible telephone or fearful phonophone (which, is not quite clear—though the voice is) would have been rendered less improbable had the speeches of the invisible avengers been considerably abbreviated, more to the point, and less theatrically declamatory. The fascinating enchantress ought to have been supplied with that bottle containing a poisonous pill which she, as quite a young girl, was wont to carry about when taking her share in burglarious enterprises with her elder companions in crime. Thus she would have been freed from the inglorious commonplace of capture by police. But evidently this method of putting an end to the heroine had escaped the novelist's memory at the last and critical moment.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOW FIX HIM?—He was married three times: never divorced: never a widower: his three wives all alive at the same time, but none of them alive to his deception. Is this man a bigamist or a trigamist? Well, perhaps the best description of him would be "Liberal Unionist."



"YOU LOOK VERY BORED, BOBBIE. CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING TO DO?"
 "NO. I WISH I COULD. IF I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING I OUGHT TO DO, AND
 WASN'T DOING IT, I SHOULD FEEL MUCH BETTER!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

["Certainly, if the death-rate be taken as a criterion, then London ranks high as a health resort, with its annual range of between sixteen and seventeen per thousand."—*Daily Express.*]

AGAIN you ask me, DAPHNE dear,
 As looms in sight our short vacation,
 Where shall we bend our steps this year
 In quest of annual relaxation,
 And find some sweet salubrious breeze,
 Free from all taint of dire disease.

Then health reports by scores I scan,
 Statistics of each spot comparing—
 Wales, Margate, Aix, the Isle of Man—
 Before upon our journey faring,
 And through the catalogue I run,
 But to reject them, one by one.

TILL, DAPHNE, but one place remains
 (Since some defect mars all the rest of
 them),
 Where ever low the death-rate reigns,
 One health resort, by far the best of
 them;

Yes, search the whole world, far and near,
 You 'll find no place like London, dear.

Then still in London, DAPHNE, stay,
 Where no unwholesome ills alarm you,
 Let its perfections, day by day,
 In health and vigour hold and charm you;
 While I, alas! at Duty's call
 Must go to Paris after all.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 23.—Now ancient operatic history. But it can't be helped. Exigences of press, printing and publication. As sung the ancient songster,

"Things isn't now
 As they used to was
 In my old uncle's time."

Suffice it, then, to say that T.R.H. Prince and Princess of WALES, so constant to the opera this season, were again present, that the house was full, and everyone generally pleased with Wagnerian Walküre, and specially delighted with Herr VAN ROOY as Wotan, "Who," sings the Hibernian poet, "is the broth of a Boy."

Monday, 25.—*Das Rheingold.* "First performance of the Second Cycle." All Cyclists present. SUSAN STRONG, as *Freia*, a tower of strength, and *Erda* in splendid voice. Praise due to Stage Manager, whoever he may be, for scenic effects in Act 1 of the Three Nymphs, represented by the Fräuleins HIESER and OLITZKA, and one Madame, yeleft SOBRINO, Watchers of the Waterburied treasures, each one was a diva, and each part went swimmingly. Herr VAN ROOY again excelling as *Wotan*, and all the others combined to "give satisfaction."

Tuesday, June 26.—*Die Walküre.* Encore *Wotan*. Wot an encore! It is VAN ROOY as *Wotan* that does it. Likewise Fräulein TERNINA as *Stieglinde*, who vocally and histrionically is perfection. Fräulein GULBRANSON as *Brünnhilde* comes next, and Fräulein EDYTH WALKER of *Die Walküre* as *Rossweisse* "very nice." Royalties present: first-rate house. If the War has "cast a gloom" over society, it is not visible on the faces of either the operatic patrons nor on those who crowd the restaurants and hotels where supper parties do mostly congregate. Madame CALVÉ commandeered to Windsor for Calvé-Ileria.

Wednesday, June 27.—Herr SLEZAK as *Siegfried*. His Slez-

aking all that could be desired. Herr BREUER as *Mime* (with out the "Panto," which Wagnerian properties supply), and Herr FRIEDRICH as *Alberich*, both as good as anyone, not exorbitant in demands, could wish. Herr BERTRAM as *Der Wanderer* rather dull, but this, may be, is not to be wondered at when you come to think how hard it must be on "BERTRAM" to separate him from "ROBERTS." Wrench SPIERS from POND, tear FORTNUM from MASON, divorce IND from COOPE, and would any one of these compulsorily separated ones be in so lively a humour as to be able to divert an audience in any operatic character, let alone that of *Der Wanderer*? Miss EDYTH (why with a "y"?) WALKER (why not WALKYR?) as *Erda* "not so good," WAGSTAFFE says, "as when last he 'eard 'er." But all put right, and H.R.H. the Princess of WALES, with Princess BEATRICE of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, evidently greatly delighted with the splendid *Brünnhilde* of Frau GULBRANSON, who raised our spirits, and brought down the house. Finally, everyone not present, but interested in Wagnerian Opera, will be delighted to hear that to find a better "*Stimme des Waldvogels*" (pretty this, isn't it?) than Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF, would be a task not positively simple. Then, as RICHARD THE RHYMER writes,

"To end with a grand
 Satisfactory tittle,
 Give praise to the Band
 Sub-Conductö're MOTTLE."

Thursday 28.—*Lohengrin.* JEAN DE RESZKE, announced to play *Lohengrin*, didn't. He was not well enough, and so Herr DIPPEL did it for him. Now, however good the DIPPEL may be, and good he was, he is *pas de Reszke*. ("Is he?" inquires the apparently innocent WAGSTAFFE. "Dear me! I didn't know he was so old as to be *pas de Reszke*. Turn him out! *À bas WAGSTAFFE!*") Frau GADSKI powerfully dramatic as *Elsa*, and that she sings divinely goes without saying.



A LITTLE HUSBANDRY AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Portly Widow. "NOW, SIR THEOPHILUS, YOUR CANDID OPINION. WHICH DO YOU CONSIDER THE MOST CHARMING—ER—
PRODUCTION HERE TO-DAY?"
Sir Theophilus (fixing his glass). "MY DEAR MADAM, CAN YOU DOUBT?"

The Prince not present, nor Princess. Herr MOTIL and his merry men in the orchestra, especially those representing "the wind," very naturally looked up ever and anon to the Royal Box, where sat the Chief of all the Fifes. The house was crammed, which in itself is sufficient proof that DE RESZKES, or only one DE RESZKE (namely EDWARD "of that ilk," playing and singing the part of *Heinrich der Vogler*, as only he can play and sing it; but he may vogle as much as he likes, he can't get t' other singing bird out of his nest), or even with no DE RESZKES at all, this Opera's the thing wherewith to catch the custom of the M. P., or Musical Public. Congratulations generally to the Opera Sing-dicate.

Friday.—Grand Wagner Night. *Götterdämmerung* commenced 6.30, timed to conclude at 11.40. Ahem! Gave stall to dear friend. Haven't seen or heard of him since. Have I lost dear friend?

KENTISH AND IRISH COMPLAINT.

SIR,—I can't do much in readin' and spellin' line, so get this writ for me. I'm reether annoyed. Here's the KAYDEEVY with party at Windsor, with CHAFFIT Bey (an amosin' chap this must be) and AZ-IZ IZ-IT Bey (a sort of answer and question gent), KORTSKY Bey (a very fine fellow, I should say) and YAWER Bey (rather a lardy-dardy sort, eh?), all forriners, and not a single other Bey, English or Irish, to meet his Highness! I ain't aware as either Morecambe Bey or Dublin Bey is a-writin' to you to purtest, but it's another grievance to Ireland, as it is a slight upon your well-known loyal old Kentish friend,

PEGWELL BEY.

P.S.—Down goes the price of shrimps.

CHORUS OF GENTLEMEN.

["Of course, no gentleman wears the same collar two days running."
The Gem.]

We trace our devious ways through life by many varied courses,
For some of us exist by cards and some by means of horses,
And some of us have figured in illustrious divorces,

And never pay our bills—but then
Though tradesmen grow importunate, though vulgar duns be dunning,
Though Scotland Yard be watching us with all its wicked cunning,

We'd never dream of putting on a collar two days running—
All of us are gentlemen.

The pious prudes may prate to us of virtue and of morals,
As if we were mere infants who were chewing at our corals,
And talk about the wickedness of matrimonial quarrels,

Gambling, debts and such—but when
You look into their linen you will find that while they're shunning,

According to their own accounts, all kinds of crime and cunning,
They wear their collars regularly two or three days running—
None of them are gentlemen.

AND AFTER?—When the war is over it has been wisely suggested that our soldiers should be encouraged to turn their swords into reaping hooks, and become proprietors of farms and lands in the Transvaal, let to them at merely nominal rents. It is to be hoped that a large number of our TOMMIES will become speculators in such property, and invest largely in South African Plough-Shares.

SIC ITUR AVERNO.

["The Government refused to grant special facilities for passing the Bill for the prevention of the sale of intoxicating liquors to young children." *Daily Paper.*]

Oh, whither are you toddling,
Little man, little man,
Oh, whither are you toddling
With your can?
By your haste and looks intent
On some errand you are sent;
'Tis on business you are bent,
Little man.

Scarce a twelvemonth since to toddle,
Little man, little man,
Scarce a twelvemonth since to toddle
You began;
You are three, perhaps—not more,
Yet you've often been before
To the jug and bottle door,
Little man.

True, babies had their bottles,
Little man, little man,
True, babies had their bottles
Ere they ran;
But the bottles that you know
Do not very often flow
With mere milk and water—no,
Little man.

You are learning many lessons,
Little man, little man,
You are learning many lessons
With your can,
And the Government—the friend
Of the brewers—don't intend
They should prematurely end,
Little man.

A REAL TREAT.

THE summer weather was no sooner upon us than I made an appeal to my wealthier parishioners for funds to provide a school and choir treat. As a Curate of nearly a year's standing, I flatter myself that I am rather an authority on the subject of school treats. I seem to have a natural gift for organising everything, and people are always saying nice things of my powers in this direction. So kind of them. Having raised the necessary funds, I arranged for a certain number of third-class carriages to be reserved for our party, and a beautiful (oh, so balmy!) morning, saw us all assembled on the platform of Brixanmortar Station. The party was in charge of the Head Mistress of our Voluntary Schools—oh, such nice schools!—and the two pupil teachers—such dear creatures!—and I was in supreme command of all. Well, we got out into the country—charming place called Fallowfields—just about 10 o'clock, and although the dear children had made rather a noise coming along, and had been somewhat rough in their pretty horse-play (one old gentleman, who got into my carriage by mistake, was re-

moved in convulsions by the guard at the next station—so silly of him!). Yet we all derived a certain measure of enjoyment from witnessing others' happiness. Yes, it was so, although I could have wished, personally, that happiness and ear-splitting yells had not been interchangeable terms with them—dear things!—and when we arrived at the scene of our day's enjoyment, Miss ROSE DEW, the junior mistress, assisted me—oh, so kindly!—to start a cricket match, and running races, and oh, so many things. Such fun and frolic as you never knew.

I have always considered Miss ROSE DEW—charming name, so sweet, so fragrant, so poetic!—an attractive personality, and have even approved of her method of teaching, on more than one occasion, in the schools; but, really, this day she surpassed herself. The dear good creature had brought her bicycle, and



after riding it from the station, she—so silly of her!—persuaded me to try it, and I really got on very well until I fell off. After this she actually challenged me to join with her in a game of rounders! So pastoral! I consented, and for an hour or more we gave ourselves up to—amusing the little ones. And, judging by their hearty and somewhat boisterous laughter at our capers, I think we succeeded.

The day was full of incident, for we were twice ordered off the field for trespass, then warned by a constable—such a stolid, unfeeling creature—that if our "noise" continued we should certainly kill an invalid lady, living within half a mile of the scene of our simple sports, and finally, having adjusted the quarrels and pacified the would-be combatants in seven different projected fights amongst our little friends, we packed up the remains of our hampers, threw away the empty ginger-beer bottles all over the field (an act which, I afterwards heard,

greatly annoyed the owner—selfish man!) and trudged off on the road to the railway station, so weary, but ah, so happy, after our harmless frolic in the lanes and green fields. One of the boys was deputed to lead Miss Dew's bicycle to the station, whilst she herself walked with me—so flattering!

And then it was that the serpent entered into the garden, the fly—nay more, it was a bluebottle!—into the ointment. For Miss ROSE DEW, half way to the station, made the alarming discovery that she had left her new parasol lying on a grassy bank. I, as in duty bound, offered to return for it. She, dear, sympathetic creature, refused to let me go alone. And so there was nothing for it but that we should both return for the—what I once heard a rude man describe as a "mush." We were tired, and I suppose walked more slowly than we should have done. We reached the field, recovered the naughty parasol—which I insisted upon carrying—and then after a two-minutes' rest, started off to overtake the others.

Let me cut short the rest of this unhappy adventure. When we reached the station the train had gone. And it was the last train!

Oh, the long-drawn agony of the fateful moment which witnessed the callous utterance of the fustian-clad and evil-smelling porter! Never will it be erased from the tablets of my mind!

"Las' train gone? Yus, took the bloom-in' school treat; that's right. No, there ain't no way o' gettin' to Brixanmortar till termorrer mornin'. Wot yer to do? Why, sleep 'ere I s'pose: there ain't nothink else to do."

And then he whistled—ah, how appropriately—the "Absent-minded Beggar."

I turned to Miss DEW. "This is a horrible situation," I said, as the cold perspiration gathered on my brow. "If you take a bed at the Inn, I will walk into Brixanmortar—that will—that will—er—be better—er—be the best plan."

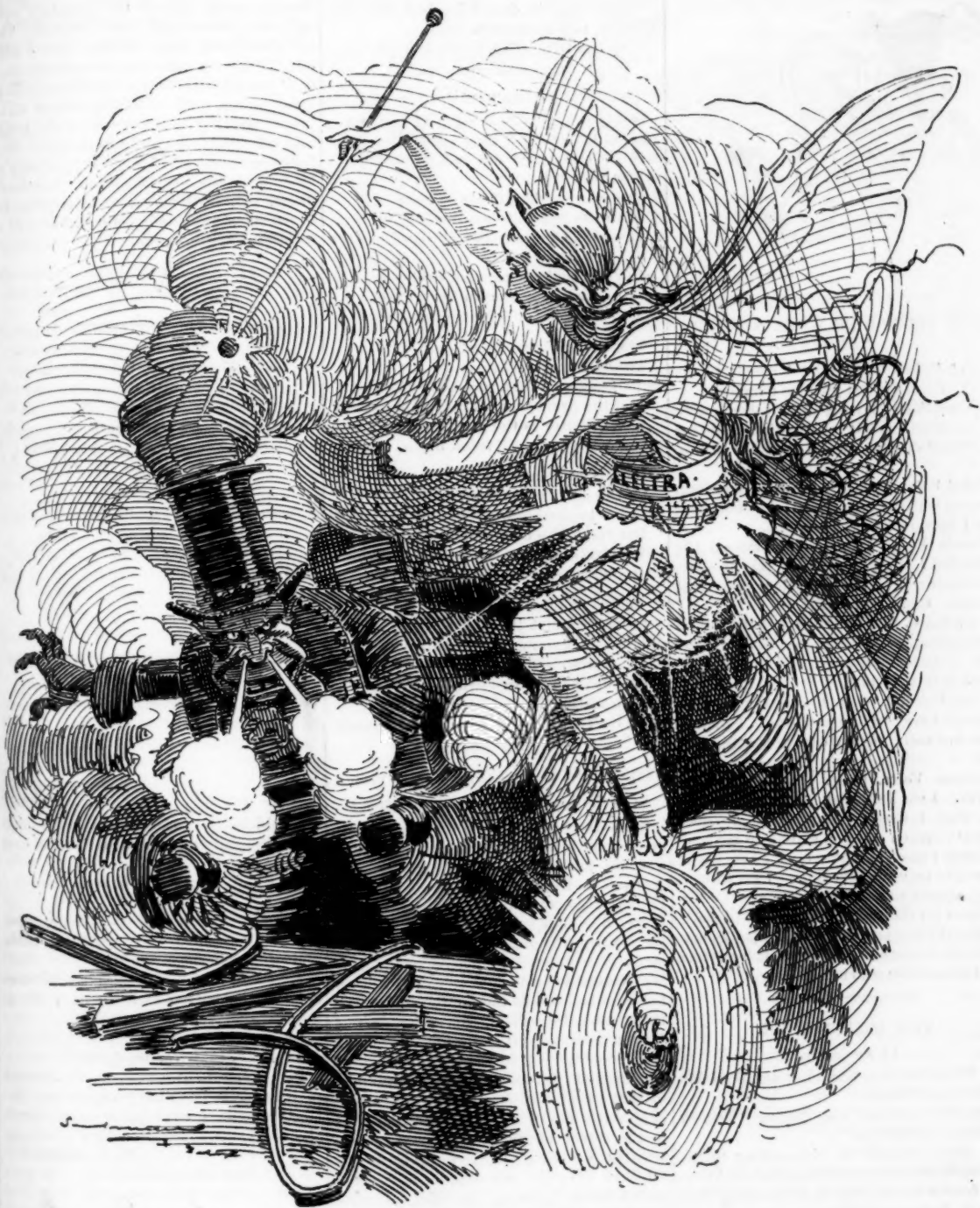
She assented through her tears, and I conducted her to the little hostelry, bade her a farewell, and set out on my lonely walk.

Next morning I arrived, dishevelled, dirty and worn out: arrived—with the milk! But it was all of no use; my nocturnal tramp had been in vain; the busy tongue of scandal, as exemplified in the person of Mrs. McVIPER, said, "There is but one thing for the Reverend Walter WORMLEITE"—that is my name—"to do. He must marry Miss DEW."

And I—miserable man that I am!—I am engaged to the niece of my Bishop!

F. R.

SCIENTIFICO EXAM.—What is a Spectroscope? *Ans.* A glass too much by the aid of which you see spectres.



NOTICE TO QUIT.

The Fairy Electra (to Steam Locomotive Underground Demon). "NOW THEY'VE SEEN ME, I FANCY FOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED."

[Centre of London Electric Railway opened by H R.H. the Prince of WALES, Wednesday, June 27.]



IF THE TELEPHONE WERE WORKED
BY THE G.P.O.

First Voice. Why can't I speak to my wife? I have given you the number!

Second Voice. I must be hitched on to my stockbroker. It's more than a matter of life and death! When will you see to it?

Third Voice. Can't I tell the meeting, who are waiting for me as their Chairman, that I have missed my train?

Fourth Voice. Will you put me on the Specialist? Pray attend to this at once. Our doctor says the symptoms are most serious. Can't you do it?

Fifth Voice. It is imperative that I should communicate with my leader writer. The news is most startling. When will you let me talk with him?

Sixth Voice. I want to see my lawyer. He must hurry to find me alive. I wish to alter my will. When can you attend to me?

Seventh Voice. Pray, let me speak to EDWIN. I am ANGELINA. Pray, let me tell him that I forgive him before he goes abroad. When can you attend to me?

Eighth Voice. Let ANGELINA know that I am really leaving this time. I am EDWIN. Pray, attend to me.

Voices (in chorus). Pray, attend to me.

Official Voice (after a pause). The Department can do nothing for you. It's against the rules of the service.

THE DINNER-HOUR.

(A Prophecy.)

A WORKMAN was admiring the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Another workman was "doing" Trinity College, Cambridge.

A third artisan was inspecting SHAKESPEARE'S Monument at Stratford-on-Avon.

A fourth was having an interesting time of it at Walmer Castle.

A fifth was at Chatham.

And the last—keeping nearer home—was spending a spare half-hour at Hampton Court.

There was a whistle, and in five minutes everyone was engaged on his London work.

"How was it done?" asked RIP VAN WINKLE, new to modern ideas.

"By electricity," was the prompt reply.

QUACKERY.

[If chicks seek shelter, it will be wet. When ducks bathe and quack, there will be rain: when they are quiet, there will be a thunderstorm.—*Science Siftings.*]

If a man would sift his science
With the requisite appliance,
And would separate the fiction from the fact,

Let him shake a common riddle
Till there's nothing in the middle
But the reason for some ordinary act.

Thus a duck's vociferation,
To the ear of education,
Is portentous with a prophecy of rain;
And the preference of chickens
For a shelter is the dickens
Of an omen to a cultivated brain.

The countenance seraphic
Of the maiden in the *Graphic*
May be eloquent of weather "settled fair,"
But they take umbrellas, chuckling,
Who have marked the downy duckling
Pale and pensive at the thunder in the air.

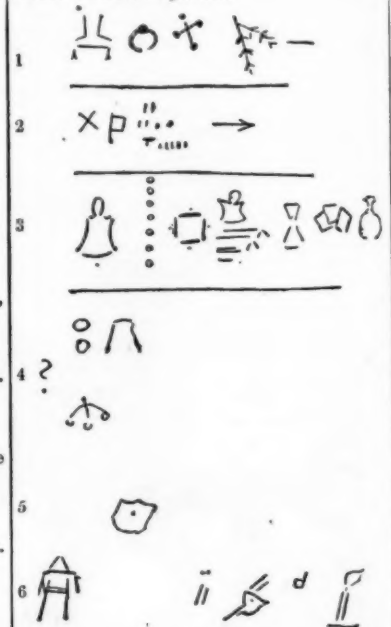
And so Science is uplifted
On the rubbish it has sifted,
While our ignorance, despairing of the knack,
Can but pen a panegyric
On a method so empiric
That it gives a new importance to a quack.

SOME STRANGE NOAH'S-ARKIVES.

(To the Editor, *Punch's* Head Office.)

SIR,—In the *Athenaeum* for June 23 appear some interesting inscriptions, pictographic and hieroglyphic, sent by Mr. ARTHUR J. EVANS from Crete. Gracious Evans! it's very kind of him. To correctly decipher them is far from impossible. I beg to send you, sir, a few specimens of a collection, placed now among my Noah's-Arkyological treasures, never before submitted to the public. I secured these when inspecting the upper part of Mount Araratatatat (I'm quite "up to the knocker," you see), which, soon after my visit, as you may be aware, was lost in that great and memorable storm that deprived some of the highest mountains in the world of their tops, and consequently so many hard working mountaineers of their one simple amusement and exercise. Spinning tops being no longer possible for them, they have come down from the hills, to gain a precarious livelihood by telling plain tales, and by the industry of yarn-spinning. A subscription was got up for these simple moun-

taineers in which I had no little share. But though money can do much, yet not all the Lowther Arcades and toy shops of Europe could restore the mountain tops my poor friends had lost. However, 'tis not about them I am writing; yet, I may add that if any subscriptions are still due, or if any charitable person wishes to send a few notes, gold or silver, address them to me, and I will answer for their being laid out to the very best advantage. The following form of hieroglyph, probably a kind of Cretan, or Discretan, shorthand diary, will be found most interesting as illustrating the habits and manners of a rather uncertain period.



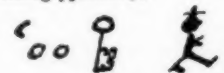
I subjoin the absolutely correct interpretation, only arrived at by years of most severe study.

1. Chair-ring, cross, branch, line.
2. Ex, p(ress), 2 45, sharp.
3. Dinner, seven, party of four, coffee, pipes, cigars, cigarettes, gambling, cards, no end of drinking.
4. Cash, all lost (purse upside down empty.) Query? (What to do?) Go to Pop-shop.
5. Re-filled purse.
6. Back, to, wife, de, lighted.

In number 3, the bell, as significative of dinner, is peculiarly ingenious. Also the bottomless wine jar is most suggestive. Yours excavationally,

H. P. DESTRIUN.

And hieroglyphically,



Strandend, Louther Arcadia.

AN (UNFINISHED) BALLADE OF MID-SUMMER DAY AND NIGHT.

(JUNE 24, 1900.)

(With apologies to Mr. W. E. Henley.)

It's pouring in torrents, it's raining in streams,

It's drenching the meadows, it's drowning the hay,

The sun's ashamed of his wintry beams, Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!

The morning's sombre, the evening's grey,

The sodden woods are a dismal sight, The moon has a pallid, sickly ray, Midsummer Night! O Midsummer Night!

The cuckoo in dumb depression dreams Of the horrible cold he has had since May,

On the lawn the draggled peacock screams, Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!

The squirrels are far too wet to play, The barndoor cocks are too wet to fight,

The barndoor hens are too wet to lay, Midsummer Night! Ugh! Midsummer Night!

* * * * *

Envoy.

And it's O! for the poet with nothing to say,

Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!

It's O! for the poet with nothing to write, Midsummer Night! Bah! Midsummer Night!

St. J. H.

THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

OUR sprightly contemporary the *Londoner* calls this line "The Twopenny Tube." Why jeer at "Twopence"? 'Tis the price of the *Londoner* itself.

It is almost worth twopence to see any absolutely clean building in London. When that building is a railway station, it is the more surprising. If we add that it is a railway station without a single advertisement, it is evidently a marvel.

But this will not last long. So walk up, or rather walk down, or lift down, ladies and gentlemen, and see a station at present without puffs, not even puffs of smoke, where the Society for the Propagation of Encouragement to the checking of the Abuse of Advertising by Private Persons or Others in Public Places, or the Association for Abusing Advertising, or whatever its name is, might be quite happy.

Sixty feet, or more, below the level of the ground, westward from the Bank, one may find these reposeful spots. The air is contrifed, for it came by the last train from Shepherd's Bush. The temperature is equable, not only cool in summer, as the upper air so often is, but warm in winter. The station is a glittering tube of spotless white tiles, bearing only one inscription—its name. It is so strange to be able to distinguish the name of a railway station



Stout Party. "NOW, BOY, WHY DON'T YOU BE PERLITE, AND GET UP AND GIVE ONE OF THESE YOUNG LADIES A SEAT!"
Cheeky Boy. "NOT ME! WHY DON'T YOU GET UP, AND GIVE THEM BOTH A SEAT!"

anywhere that, at first, passengers will probably not see it at all.

Here is the train, ladies and gentlemen, so please step in. The carriages, made in England, are very comfortable. The seats are divided, and at first sight the space allotted appears rather small. Eighteen inches, or thereabouts, is ample if you are thin, but what if you are plump—nay, more, stout—nay, even more, fat? Why, the company has provided even for you; and you will find transverse seats, in the middle of each carriage, where a DANIEL LAMBERT in a fur coat, with a few parcels at one side and a handbag at the other, could sit comfortably. It is not quite certain that he could get through

the little gangway between the seats, but he might be hauled over the back by the other passengers.

So here's success to the new railway. It will not interfere with existing means of transport; it will relieve them. A bicycle or two less in Oxford Street would never be missed. H. D. B.

O, LAW!

Judge. Now, Prisoner at the Bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

Convict. Well, my lord, I have been looking through the crime statistics, and I chose my particular transgression to keep the class up to the average!



A QUIANT SUGGESTION.

Miss Ingénue (at her first Polo Match). "HOW TIRED THEY MUST GET OF JUST GALLOPING ABOUT AFTER THAT SILLY BALL! COULDN'T THEY HAVE SOME FENCES ACROSS THE GROUND TO JUMP OVER!"

MODERN ROMANCE OF THE ROAD.

"It is said that the perpetrators of a recent burglary got clear away with their booty by the help of an automobile. At this rate we may expect to be attacked, ere long, by automobilist highwaymen."—*Paris Correspondent of Daily Paper.*

It was midnight. The wind howled drearily over the lonely heath; the moon shone fitfully through the driving clouds. By its gleam an observer might have noted a solitary automobile painfully jolting along the rough road that lay across the common. Its speed, as carefully noted by an intelligent constable half-an-hour earlier, was 41·275 miles an hour. To the ordinary observer it would appear somewhat less. Two figures might have been descried on the machine; the one the gallant HUBERT DE FITZTOMPKYNS, the other, Lady CLARABELLA, his young and lovely bride. CLARABELLA shivered, and drew her sables more closely around her.

"I am frightened," she murmured.

"It is so dark and cold, HUBERT, and this is a well-known place for highwaymen! Suppose we should be attacked?"

"Pooh!" replied her husband, deftly manipulating the oil-can. "Who should attack us when 'tis common talk that you pawned your diamonds a month ago? Besides, we have a swivel-mounted Maxim on our machine. Ill would it fare with the rogue who—Heavens! what was that?"

From the far distance sounded a weird, unearthly noise, growing clearer and louder even as HUBERT and his wife listened. It was the whistle of another automobile!

In a moment HUBERT had turned on the acetylene search-light, and gazed with straining eyes down the road behind him. Then he turned to his wife. "'Tis CUTTHROAT giving us chase," he said simply. "Pass the cordite cartridges, please."

Lady CLARABELLA grew deathly pale.

"I don't know where they are!" she gasped. "I think—I think I must have left them on my dressing-table."

"Then we are lost. CUTTHROAT is mounted on his bonny Black Jet, which covers a mile a minute—and he is the most blood-thirsty ruffian on the road. Shut off steam, CLARABELLA! We can but yield."

"Never!" cried his wife. "Here, give me the lever; we are nearly at the top of this tremendously steep hill—we will foil him yet!"

HUBERT was too much astonished to speak. By terrific efforts the gallant automobile arrived at the summit, when CLARABELLA applied the brake. Then she gazed down the narrow road behind her. "Take the starting-lever, HUBERT," she said, "and do as I tell you."

Ever louder sounded the clatter of their pursuer's machine; at last its head-light showed in the distance, as with greatly diminished speed it began to climb the hill.

"Now!" shrieked CLARABELLA. "Full speed astern, HUBERT! Let her go!"

The automobile went backwards down the hill like a flash of lightning. CUTTHROAT had barely time to realise what was happening before it was upon him. Too late he tried to steer Black Jet out of the way. There was a yell, a sound of crashing steel, a cloud of steam. When it cleared away, it revealed HUBERT and CLARABELLA still seated on their machine, which was only slightly damaged, while CUTTHROAT and Black Jet were knocked into countless atoms! A. C. D.

ICONOCLASM.

"A member of the Scottish Archaeological Society declares that OMAR KHAYYAM is a myth and the *Rubdiyat* an unblushing forgery." *Daily Chronicle.*

AWAKE! for ruthless Science puts to flight FITZGERALD's fame and OMAR'S, in despite Of fashionable fad, and bids us look Upon the Master in another light.

'Whether at Naishapur or Babylon'—
Since nought is stable underneath the sun—
Still one by one explodes another myth,
And idols keep on falling one by one.

Alike to those the banquet who prepare,
And those outsiders in the craze who share,
An expert from the north of Britain cries:
Fools! OMAR KHAYYAM'S neither here
nor there.

And as for those *Rubdiyat* that you laud,
The cult whereof your club proclaims
abroad,

Ah! leave them to oblivion, for they
Are an unblushing Oriental fraud.

Then cease to wrangle over text and
version,

Silence vain iteration and assertion,
And cultivate a philosophic doubt
If ever there existed such a Persian.



Cheap Jack. "I WILL MAKE A PRESENT OF THIS GENUINE GOLD WATCH—NONE OF YOUR CARROTS—TO HENNY LADY OR GENTLEMAN FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS AN' SIXPENCE. WHY AM I DOIN' THIS? TO HENCOURAGE TRADE, THAT IS WHY I AM GIVIN' IT AWAY FOR FOURTEEN SHILLINGS AN' SIXPENCE. LOOK AT IT FOR YOURSELVES, FOR FOURTEEN SHILLINGS! IF YER DON'T BELIEVE IT'S GOLD, JUMP ON IT!"

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

SIR,—Seeing a paragraph in the *Times*, the contents of which I hadn't time to read, headed "Property Market," I wrote, Sir, to inquire whether this is an Emporium of Properties where any theatrical manager or property master can obtain good goods cheap at market prices? If so, where? When?

Yours, as ever, VINCENT CRUMMLES (V.C.).

P.S.—Wasn't there a talk quite recently as to "Shall *Crummles* have a statue? Of course, I am the last person to hear of it or to offer an opinion.

A BIT OF FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE NEW PALACE STEAMER CO.—*La Marguerite* is a first-rate boat, excellently well found and fitted, and calculated to do a first-rate trip most enjoyably, if there be aboard first-rate company. But should "quantity" not "quality" be the rule, then let the more-or-less fastidious travellers, such ladies and gentlemen as may be desirous of enjoying themselves quietly, be careful to inquire when the fewest "ARRY'S and 'ARRIETS," *et hoc genus omne*, are likely to patronise this vessel. Might it not be advantageous to do a few trips at raised prices? Otherwise, for the quiet and sensitive minority, able to pay for their pleasure and comfort, the ordinary trip with the very ordinary trippers may be rather "a trial trip" than otherwise.

CHINESE LI-EROGLYPHICS.—It is clearly unsafe to place absolute confidence in any news wired from China, under the signature of "Li." There are so many "Li's" about, and to no "Foreign Devil" is to be attributed their paternity. Who is it that gives us the "Li" so frequently? We don't know, but he should have his name changed or added to, and be "Li Hung."

A SUGGESTION.—Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, on Thursday night, intimated that the papers *à propos* of Lord ROBERTS, Lord LANDSDOWNE, Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS, and the sick of S. Africa (who isn't among the "Sick of S. Africa!"), would be in the hands of the Members within a very few hours. Owing, however, to what the *Times* happily describes as "a complicated system of red-tape which surrounds the Stationery Office, the War Office was unable to rise to the emergency." Consequently, the papers weren't there. Would it not be an opportune moment for changing the spelling of the name of this Government Department, and let it be, until there is a marked improvement, "The Stationary Office?"

QUERY FOR THE SPHINX.—You've known a lot of Pashas or Pachas in your time, Ibrahims and Ismails. Did you ever come across Blackmail Pasha?

For the great Sphinx
Nor nods Nor winks,
But only thinks.

Naturally, the Pasha made no impression on you, my Sphinxy, personally.

A NOTE.—But—"that's another story." This sentence, as a break in sentences, so frequently quoted now-a-days as typical of Mr. KILLING'S style, is to be found in STERNE'S *Tristram Shandy*, and was intended to prevent one of the many digressions that interrupted *Corporal Trim* when reading aloud the sermon, ch. xvii. As a quotation, let it have a rest, with "the Man in the Street."

THE Boer General who ought to know how to make provision for a rainy day:—"DE WET."



Ernest Patridge J.C.S.

Winnie. "DICK, WHY DO THEY PUT G.C.B. AFTER LORD ROBERTS'S NAME?"
Dick. "OH, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT! THAT MEANS 'GENERALLY CALLED BOBS.'"

HINTS FOR HENLEY.

(For the use of Visitors. Male and Female.)

TAKE an umbrella to keep off the rain—unopened.

Beware of encouraging burnt cork minstrels, or incurring their resentment.

Remember, it is not every house-boat that is sufficiently hospitable to afford lunch.

After all, a travel down from town in the train is better than the discomforts of dawn on the river in a house-boat.

Six hours of enforced company is a strong order for the best of friends, sometimes leading to incipient enmity.

A canoe for two is a pleasant distraction if the man is equal to keeping from an upset in the water.

Flirting is a not unpleasant accompani-

ment to an *alfresco*, lunch with well-iced liquids.

If you really wish to make a favourable impression upon everyone, be cheery, contented, good-natured, and, above all, slightly interested in the racing.

SUMMER SALES.

(By a Victim.)

MY wife dislikes the ocean wave,
The slightest breeze will make her quail,
Yet now long voyages she'll brave
In order to go for a sale.

No matter where the bargains lure her,
By present "buy-and-buys" I'm poorer;
The counter skipper keeps on "saling,"
It pours, not rains, when he is hailing
A pirate without shame or fear,
His only aim to command dear.

THE MEMBER FOR KIMBERLEY.

(To the Patron of his Borough.)

CECIL, your cosmic influence, like a star
(Of late, perhaps, a little dim),
Is not confined to lands of which you are
The empire-making eponym.

Rhodesian streams reflect your living form;
Your sculpt Colossus sails the sea;
And in your ample pocket, safe and warm,
Lies the elect of Kimberley.

Time goes his course with regulated foot,
Yet 'tis but five short months or so
Since there were those who boasted they
would put
Our CECIL in a travelling-show.

And here I pace the old familiar pitch,
That held its own when all was blue,
Thanks (as the others said) to KEKEWICH;
Thanks (as I think you said) to you!

Meanwhile, beneath these very self-same
skies
De Beers have made there profits up,
And primed with salmon, pledged your
sombre eyes,
Over the jewelled loving-cup.

A stormy petrel, you have swept the
main;
On London stones a moment stood;
And now are back at serious work again,
After the war's light interlude!

But what a change from those insistent
guns!
From prospects of a public cage!
Of feeding through the bars on burghers'
buns
Seasoned with burghers' badinage!

Me, too—with me has captious Fortune
played
A curiously giddy part,
Dating from when I launched the little
raid
That spilt my CECIL'S apple-cart.

A patriot—roses flung about my feet!
A theme to start the Laureate's lyre!
A name to conjure with about the street,
Or set a titled breast on fire!

And then the quick oblivion of the Town!
And suddenly an unearthed grave;
Red war, and I, a by-word up and down,
Cursed for a solemn fool or knave.

Which terms (though I adopt the former
view)
Fail to impose themselves on me,
Because I chance, just now to be the new
Member-elect for Kimberley!

It seems that I shall strengthen Milner's
hands,
And be a kind of fairy wand;
A moral force in these misguided lands
To bind the loose, and loose the Bond.
O. S.



“RUBBING IT IN!”

JAPAN (addressing the Powers), “DELIGHTED TO JOIN YOU, GENTLEMEN; BUT PERMIT ME TO REMARK THAT IF SOME OF YOU HADN'T INTERFERED WHEN I HAD HIM DOWN, IT WOULD HAVE SAVED ALL THIS TROUBLE!”

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 25.—Life is full of illusions. Like another sufferer, long withered from the scene, I never knew a young gazelle, but when I came to know it well, it went and married a market gardener. Now there's HORACE PLUNKETT. If ever there was a high-minded, straight-forward, simple-hearted, unselfish person, he's the man. Comes along COGHILL with the abhorred shears, and slits the mask from his face. For some years PLUNKETT been working out practical scheme of Home Rule for Ireland. No meetings in Committee Room No. 15. No Conventions in Dublin; no interchange of compliments about "gutter-snipes" and the like; no broken heads, and no weekly salaries paid with more or less regularity. Just been getting the Irish farmer to wake up and do business for himself direct with the consumer.

Immense impetus given to agricultural business throughout country. PRINCE ARTHUR, seeing possibilities of extending good work, created Agricultural Department in Ireland, and made HORACE PLUNKETT Vice-President. New Minister nominated T. P. GILL, sometime active member of Parnellite Party, to paid office in Department. COGHILL sees it all at a glance. Another Kilmainham treaty!



The Hon. Member for the Maresmead Division!
Mr. C-gh-ll.

PRINCE ARTHUR, disguised as a Quaker, met one of many leaders of United Irish Party and struck bargain. If HORACE PLUNKETT might quietly take Vice-Presidency of New Department, GILL should be it in as Secretary, or something with

snug salary. COGHILL a good Ministerialist. This more than he can stand. Writes to papers, and blows the gaff—whatever that may be.

Whilst I am still mourning over this broken idol, up gets BUTCHER and straightens things. Quite accidentally puts Question to First Lord of the Treasury "of which I have given him private notice." Reads COGHILL'S paragraph in the papers. "Is there," he sternly asks, "any foundation for this suggestion of corrupt bargain between Government and Irish Nationalist?"

As a rule, PRINCE ARTHUR hasn't seen the papers. Moreover, objects to have questions sprung on him without notice. Trounced BASHMEAD-ARTLETT just now for making the attempt. Curiously ready for this interrogation.

"There is not a shadow of foundation for the statement," he said emphatically. Irish Members cheered hilariously. COGHILL, the picture of despair.

"BUTCHER-ed," he moaned, "to make an Irish holiday."

Business done.—Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday.—Advantage of early military training triumphantly vindicated to-night by BROWN of Wellington, sometime Cornet in Fifth Dragoon Guards. Private Bill dealing with Electric Lighting in Dublin came up on report stage. Cornet BROWN was Chairman of Select Committee dealing with it upstairs. Now supported Bill against onslaught of Irish members, briefed by Dublin Corporation. The Cornet was first discovered on a kopje under shade of gallery below gangway. With many curious contortions of a lengthy body he was understood to deliver a speech, hostile to insistence of Dublin Corporation to be left in undisturbed possession of lighting arrangements of the hapless capital.

Having fired a few rounds of ammunition and sat down, it was understood that his part in the fight was finished. Though still youthful in appearance the Cornet is an old soldier, brim full of strategy. When Debate gone on for half-an-hour and he forgotten, profound sensation created by discovery of the Cornet on a kopje above gangway apologetically wriggling and putting a pom-pom poser to Irish member on other side who was opposing Bill.

Another half-hour sped; no one thinking of the Cornet when JOHN DILLON, on his legs championing the Dublin Corporation, suddenly resumed his seat. Members looking up for explanation discovered the Cornet, this time in a donga below the gangway, wriggling more apologetically than ever, saying something in inaudible voice.

Talk about mobility of the Boer forces, nothing to Cornet BROWN of Wellington, Shropshire, when his blood is up. To non-

military men the tactics a little obscure. Usual for a Member to deliver his contributions on current Debate from the seat



"Most offensive these references to 'men of sound common sense'! Lord Roberts ought to know better!"

(Mr. B-rd-tt-C-tts.)

whence he first rose. Cornet BROWN has not studied Magerfontein and the Tugela business for nothing. No frontal attack for him. Hence this rapid manoeuvring, that bewildered the enemy and had something to do with carrying the Bill against powerful Municipal interests leagued against it.

Business done.—Companies Bill and Money-lending Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—Finding time hang heavy on his hands, and wishing to air the latest sartorial triumph of Tralee, Mr. MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN, the other night, took a walk down Victoria Street, terminating at railway station. It being five o'clock Mr. FLAVIN bethought him of taking slight refreshment. There was tea to be had in the adjacent refectory. But tea was fourpence a cup, and Mr. FLAVIN'S eye, resting on a penny-in-the-slot machine, discovered the opportunity of obtaining a slab of chocolate for a copper. Disposing of the coin as directed, he pulled the handle. It didn't move. A cloud gathered over his massive brow. His penny had disappeared, and, as he put it in the Question submitted to the Home Secretary to-night, "nothing whatever was had in return."

Still, it might be an accident. The machinery was delicate; unscrupulous boys, rifling their trowsers of buttons, might have feloniously tampered with it. Close by stood another machine, bearing the alluring legend "Butter-Scotch." Mr. FLAVIN'S lips watered. He didn't

know what butter-scotch was, but it sounded well. "Butter," as he once informed the House of Commons, "is sippence a pound in North Kerry." Butter-scotch was to be had for a penny.

Mr. FLAVIN produced another coin; dropped it in the slot; clutched the handle; tugged away at it, with same result. Bang had gone twopence, and he had neither chocolate nor butter-scotch! Sense of duty ever present with Mr. FLAVIN; question became one of public concern. Would see thing through, regardless of expense.

Not far off was a weighing machine, financed on the same pernicious principle. Business wholly different; would complete full circle of inquiry. Mr. FLAVIN, with head erect, a dangerous light in his eye, marched up to machine; planted himself firmly on it; fixed his eye on the record; dropped a penny in the slot.



Mr. FLAVIN and the Penny-swallowing Machines!

The dial returned his fiery glance with stony stare. Nothing stirred but Mr. FLAVIN'S bile.

"Me country," he said, "me bleeding country; for a century the Saxon has wronged ye in the matter of proportional payment of imperial taxes. He has so fixed up the form of tender, that it is teetotally impossible for an Irishman having an oat weighing forty pounds to the bushel to get a look in. Every year he exacts £37,000 from the Corporate towns of Ireland in the shape of quit rents. Now he has set these mantraps in every railway station. Three blessed pennies have I dropped in the slot, and divil a farthing's worth of good have I got. But they'll find that MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN is not to be trifled with."

Returned straightway to House, and put down Question which Home Secretary feebly fenced with to-night.

Business done.—Irish Tithe Rent Charge Bill read a second time.

LOOKING FORWARD.

[An Evening Paper has declared that it is not the ultimate absorption of China by Russia that is to be dreaded, but the ultimate absorption of Russia by China.]

In the year 3,000 A.D., the Great Powers found themselves face to face with great difficulties in the East. The Chinese Empire was again making a determined effort to expel all foreigners from its dominions. Riots had occurred in the Treaty Port of St. Petersburg, and British gun-boats had to patrol the Nev-tse-kiang or river Neva to protect the lives of the missionaries and traders in that district.

In Mos-kau, the Capital of the Empire, the outlook was even more alarming. The Foreign Legations were said to have been attacked by "Coxers" (a corruption of the old-fashioned "Cossacks"), and there were fears of a general massacre. It is true that the Emperor NI-KO-LAS had issued an edict repressing the "Coxers," and calling upon the Mandarins to exterminate them, but it was known that his Council viewed the disturbances with considerable favour, while his Prime Minister, LIE HANG SHOOT was himself a "Coxer."

The position of the Embassies, therefore, was a perilous one in spite of the Foreign Guards, and an expeditionary force consisting of detachments from all the Powers was sent in hot haste from St. Petersburg to their assistance.

Meanwhile, the wildest rumours were in circulation. Mos-kau, as a correspondent of *The Times* hastened to point out, is divided by thick walls into several parts. There is the Chinese City, the Tartar City, the official quarter, and the Pink or Forbidden City, the Krem-lin. The Legations are all situated in the official quarter, but they are commanded by the guns of the Krem-lin. If, therefore, it should be true that the army itself, and especially the foreign drilled troops, was in league with the "Coxers," the worst consequences might ensue.

Nor were things better in the country districts. From the Yellow Sea to the Black Sea, from Port-ar-thur to Ba-tum and the Kri-mir, came reports of rioting. The railways were torn up in all directions by roving bands of "Coxers," and large numbers of native Christians had been murdered. Under these circumstances, energetic action on the part of the Powers could hardly be avoided, and it was even feared that, for any final settlement of the difficulty, a partition of China would be inevitable.

ON HENLEY BRIDGE.

I LOUNGE upon the balustrade—
I'm rather lazy, I'm afraid—
But I note,
Beside the "Lion" lawn that you—
Are calmly waiting for the Crew
Of your boat!

A sweeter little Skipperress
Was ne'er, I honestly confess,
Seen afloat:

But now you doubtless feel irate—
At finding you're compelled to wait—
In your boat!



To hear you talk last night was grand,
Of croquet, conquests, khaki and

Mr. CHOATE:
But now you're silent, glum, and sad,
For where 's the Crew—it is too bad!—
Of your boat?

The sun is hot, the wind is fair—
You're wearied out with waiting there;
And you vote

Your Crew disgraceful, and declare
He never more a place shall share
In your boat!

* * * * *
At last, the Crew!—most grieved no
doubt—

Whom you resolve, with smile and pout,
To promote:

He's now first mate, and, blithe and gay,
I watch you, laughing, drift away—
In your boat!

SUCH THINGS WILL HAPPEN.—Mr. McTURK, London Correspondent of a certain North Country Journal, is the recipient of a number of letters which, when in open envelopes, Mrs. McTURK, *née* McSTINGER, is at liberty to open. Thus it happened that Mrs. McSTINGER-TURK came upon a card whereon was printed, "THE BATH CLUB. Ladies' Night—Press Ticket." Mr. McTURK had to explain that "it was only an invitation." "Hum!" said Mrs. McTURK, *née* McSTINGER, "I consider the invitation as rather too pressing." Mr. McTURK was not present on that occasion.



REGATTACA FESTA HENLIANA.

(From a rare old Roman Frieze (not) in the British Museum.)

THE MILLENNIUM.

["If the temperance party were backed by a Christian paper, I should hope to see the millennium in a decade."—Rev. Mr. Sheldon.]

I DREAMED a dream. I seemed to dwell
In ages yet to come,

The palmy days of Mr. SHELDON'S pet millennium,
When Vice did, hide her head and fly
To some dark cave infernal,
And every one did flock to buy
Good Mr. SHELDON'S journal.

I purchased, and expectant ope'd.
The Drama is my rage,
And here would be, I fondly hoped,
Some news about the stage;
But when I sought some simple facts
Of Zazas and of Teses,
I found instead improving tracts
Of pious Mr. S's.

The Parliamentary report
I next perused; but lo!
There was no word of any sort
From SALISBURY to JOE;
MORLEY was silent, dumb C.-B.,
ARTHUR forgot to rate 'em;
One speech, one only, could I see—
'Twas SAMUEL SMITH'S, verbatim.

In wrath I flung the paper down
And trampled it. Ah, why,
Why did I waste my dusty brown
On tracts and sermons dry?

Have men such nincompoops become
That they can read these pages?
If this be the millennium,
Give me the darkest ages.

FASHIONS FOR BAZAARS.

(From the Note-book of a Male Impressionist.)

How to represent the Army.— Long skirt of gauzy material, parasol tied with tricolour ribands, silk blouse with epauletted sleeves and a Crimean medal pinned on to a bunch of flowers. High-heeled shoes. Regimental levée scarf worn over the left shoulder. Tiny cocked hat attached to the hair by two long pins and a small silk flag.

How to represent the Navy.— Short skirt decorated with brooch anchors. Garibaldi with naval collar. Bag hanging from waist-belt with silver letters H.M.S. Coquette. Hair built up à la Belle of New York surmounted with a small sailor hat decorated with streamers.

How to realize Britannia.— Classical tailor-made gown. Gants de Suède, with eighteen buttons. Pasteboard helmet. Large Union Jack shield—to be left in a corner after a quarter of an hour's use. Trident ditto. Fan, powder puff, and long-handled pince-nez. And, perhaps, at the end of the day's arduous labours, a tiny Egyptian cigarette.

THE SWORD VERSUS THE LANCET.

(An Echo from the Front.)

"Now, can you tell me something interesting about your regiment?" asked the interviewer.

"Don't call it a regiment, my dear sir," replied the warrior. "We are a corps—a Royal corps—and as such entitled to wear blue facings."

"Of course, you have military rank?"

"I should think so! And why shouldn't we? We can form our men into companies, and teach them to get into fours. If we can do that, why should we not be Colonel, Majors and Captains?"

"Quite so. Will you tell me something about your last engagement?"

"With pleasure. We had a grand time of it. We got into column, and then advanced in echelon from the right."

"I see. But how about the hospital tents—how about the patients?"

"Of course, most interesting cases—but in time of war everybody at the front is a soldier, and must behave as such."

"But, surely a surgeon is a surgeon first, and a soldier afterwards?"

"A false idea, my dear sir, a false idea: England expects every man to do his duty."

"But, surely there are tales about the hospitals not pleasant reading?"

"A detail, my good friend. And—excuse me, 'that's another'—anecdote!"



Bernard Partridge fec.

MONDAY.—Late for breakfast, as I could not get new boots on. Left foot absolutely impossible.

Shall return them to LAST, and speak to him like a father. Big batch of letters. Complaint from PORKSTON'S farm. PORKSTON says my hounds ran over his young wheat on Thursday, and adds that "forty pounds ain't nothin' to do with the damage done." Asks shall he "County Court" me, or will I pay damage? Will see him dam-aged first! Note from Mrs. LITTLEPIG to say that a fox eat five turkeys on Saturday night. Seems large order, this—that fox must have fairish appetite. Shall have to send cheque, I suppose. Letter from Hunt Secretary saying subscriptions don't come in fast—will fall very far short of outgoings, this season. Just my luck. Shall have to supply deficit myself, of course. Sir FUSSINGTON GUNNING writes request'ng me not to bring hounds to Cartridge Hall, next Thursday's meet, as he and a few friends will be shooting the coverts. Confound the man! why couldn't he let me know before this? Throw letters into fire, and start for meet. Blowing hard and raining. Have to wait half an hour for Lord GILTEDGE, my biggest subscriber. Draw four coverts blank. GILTEDGE murmurs something about being sick of this pack, and going out, in future, with the West Bottle-shire, my rival. More complaints, verbal, this time, from farmers as to riding over wheat. Begin to hate the sight of wheat. Feel that something must be done, however, to prevent this form of damage, so ride up to man I don't know and order him peremptorily off some young barley he is riding over. Fellow grins, and, with some heat, I repeat order. Fellow then says that he shall ride over the barley as much as he likes. In furious rage, and just about to use violent measures, when he informs me that it is his barley. I collapse, and retire hastily. Wind and rain increase. Hat blows off, and Miss CRASHINGTON'S horse puts his foot through it. Idiotic schoolboy "larking" over small fence jumps on my best hound. "Go for" him wrathfully, when GILTEDGE bawls out, "He's my nephew!

How can you expect a boy like that to know any better?" Draw three more coverts blank: then chop a fine vixen. Use up whole of English language, and give the order for home. Wet through, and return thoroughly out of humour. Retire to my room, get out of wet things, ring and order hot bath. "Please, Sir, the plumber's been to mend the kitchen range, and he says we sha'n't have no hot water till to-morrow."

Thursday.—Fine day. Meet Cophthorn Green, ten miles from here, so must start early. No unpleasant letters. Most extraordinary circumstance. Just mounting my hack, when saddle slips round. Fall flat on back, in mud. Groom says, "Very sorry, Sir, forgot to tighten girths." Draw long breath preparatory to swea—saying things. Suddenly remember I shall be late, so have no time for luxuries. Rush upstairs and change into another "pink" (brand new one), and make fresh start. Canter along smartly, and splash boots all over. New pink horribly uncomfortable, "girts" under arms, also too tight across sto—chest. Confound SNIFFON! if he dares to say I'm growing fat, shall leave him at once. SNIFFON always thinks the man should be made to fit the coat, instead of the coat the man. Arrive Cophthorn Green, two minutes past eleven. GILTEDGE, punctual for about the first time in his life, bawls out, "You're pretty late to-day: bad example for a Master to set, hey?" GILTEDGE may be a lord, but is certainly not a gentleman. Ride off and encounter PORKSTON, the ever-querulous one, who begins in doleful tones, "Beg pardon, Sir, but that there barn roof o' mine—" Say, "But surely, my good man, foxes don't eat barn roofs?" "Well, no Sir," he reluctantly admits; "but, you see, it's like this—your 'ounds runned over moy land, and frightened moy cows, and they runned out and frightened moy dorg, and he runned out and frightened the cat, and she clomb up the barn and—" Here I hastily adjourned the meeting. Say, "Next time I've whole week to spare, I'll go into this matter: ramifications really too intricate for present solution." Nod to WILL to move off, and draw first covert. Thrash it through for half-an-hour, but no fox there. Move off to next, awfully long trot, and am on execrable hack (though fine hunter). Talk to the pretty Miss FANSHAW, in succession of gasps—this brute jerks all the breath out of my body. Reminds me of old days in Camel Corps. Camel riding decidedly acquired taste. Miss F. (delightful girl) tells me she loves these pretty lanes and "could ride on, thus, for ever."

Say nothing, but reflect bitterly that about ten minutes more of this sort of jolting would find me with just about strength enough left to fall off. Confound all hunters which are not good hacks, say I. "Isn't it all lovely?" she asks. "Ye-ye-yes," I gasp, "ch-ch-charming!" Hounds rush in to next covert at one end as fox goes out at the other. "Gone away!" I shove my horse into a gallop, grateful that the agonizing trot is done with *pro tem*. Fox goes away over splendid line of country, and for five minutes I thoroughly enjoy myself. What Elysium! a good horse, hounds well settled on the line, nice clean fencing on sound old grass, a— Miss F. calls piteously to me to ask if I should very much mind pulling up, as she has lost her stirrup-iron? Evidently one of those infernal things with a spring, which "goes off" just when you don't want it to. Stop and try to look pleasant. Fail. Hunt after the beastly stirrup, execrating ladies out hunting, stirrup-makers and stirrup losers. Can't find it. Agony! and hounds running like destruction, all the time! Oh, was ever man so cursed, so— Hah! here it is. Slide off horse and dash at it. Miss F.'s brute won't stand to let me fix it. I dodge round and round in pursuit—jam the beast up against tree—ah, I have him now. Miss F., to facilitate matters, throws her knee over pommel, hitting me severely on nose, at same time horse jumps forward, and Miss F. shoots off saddle. Next moment, Miss F. is in my arms and I am on the ground. Situation perfectly awful. Miss F. very red, both of us horribly embarrassed. After delay of at least five more precious minutes, we are both ready for the field again. Miss F. says she will return home—chuckle secretly, as now I can go my hardest to catch hounds again. Ride my horse's tail off, for twenty minutes, No sign, nothing to see but the hoof marks in the wet ground. Hope they've checked, but feel they haven't; toil doggedly on after hounds (seems room for joke here—doggedly, and hounds) for half-an-hour longer, then give it up in sheer despair, horse pumped clean out. Sigh and produce cigar. Find I have forgotten to bring lights, so can't even smoke. Start disgustedly for home. Half way back am overtaken by PHIL POUNDAWAY, radiantly, gloriously, idiotically happy. Knew by instinct what he was going to say before he had even opened his lips. "We've had the best run of the season, old chap, the red-letter day! Where did you get to?" Only needed this to complete the measure of my woe. Feel inclined to resign to-morrow and go to Monte Carlo for rest of season.

Friday.—Off day. No hunting. Look over my letters. PORKSTON, like the poor, is ever with us—writes that he has seen his "Sellisiter," who advises him to "County Court" me for damages. Note from JERKER, J.P., of Suddenjump Park, warning me from bringing hounds on to his land—the idiot hasn't got fifty acres altogether, and every bit that's wired. Kennelman comes in to say he's afraid dumb madness has broken out; at least three cases he "doan't loike the look of, at all." Sigh, and say I will come and see them on my way to stables—visit stables. PERKS, the studgroom, meets me. "All well?" I say cheerfully, but with somewhat sinking heart. "Yessir, yessir, quite well, Sir." Breathe freely again. "Leastways, there's the brown 'oss you was on yesterday, Sir, he ain't very grand"—heart sinks into my boots—"s'pose you 'ad to ride him very 'ard, Sir? He's terrible tucked up this mornin', Sir. Ain't locked at his grub ever since he come 'ome, Sir, but I don't think he'll die,"—dismal man, PERKS. "No, Sir, I should think he'd get over it,"—most encouraging, this. "And the grey?" I asked, trembling. "Oh, he's lame, Sir. Off 'ind leg—very lame, 'e is, leg's as big as 'is 'ead; 'owever, we must 'ope for the best. S'pose you'll be buyin' another couple to take their places, Sir? That new young 'oss, 'Sir, I've 'ad 'im over 'arf-a-dozen fences but 'e seems to lose 'is balance" (shall lose what's left of mine, if I have to buy many more hunters, I'm thinking!), "'e seems to land on 'is 'ead, as it were, and when you ride him to-morrer, I should look out, Sir, if I was you, that 'e don't come down a

reg'lar buster with you." This sounds cheering, especially as I am so short of horses that I must ride him to-morrow. "All right," I say feebly; "I'll ride him for second horse." "Beg pardon, Sir, 'adn't you better ride 'im fust 'oss? You see, Sir, 'e'll probably fall before 'e's got very far, and 'e might damage SHORT" (SHORT is my second horse), "and SHORT's so useful in the stable, and we bein' rather pushed for 'elpers, just now—" I wave him away. Evidently my neck quite secondary consideration in PERKS's eyes. Delightful creature, PERKS; so frank. Say, "And the black for second horse, then." "Oh, the black 'oss, he's in physio, Sir. 'Ad to give 'im a ball, last—" "Well, then, I'll ride Kismet." "Kismet's got a wrung back, Sir." "Then what the d—ickens am I to ride?" I cry, in despair. "Well, Sir, I thought you'd 'ave one o' the Whip's 'osses up from the kennels, Sir, for your second 'oss." "Oh, anything you like," I murmur resignedly; "and remember that the Point to Point races come off next week. For goodness sake, try to let me have something fit to gallop the course, anyhow." "Yessir, certainly, Sir. P'aps you'd like to run the new 'oss? Of course, in a manner o' speakin' 'e's rayther likely to fall on 'is 'ead, but—" "D—ash the new horse!" I cry, exasperated, and flinging myself out of the yard. PERKS seems positively hurt.

Visit kennels. It is not dumb madness! Kennelman is an ass. Give him directions how to treat affected hounds, and retire to well-earned luncheon.

Monday.—MARY, Queen of England, commonly reported to have said that "Calais" would be found written on her heart (probably a lie, but no matter). Am perfectly certain "Bicycle" will be found not only on my cardiac arrangements, but plastered all over me, when I die. On road to meet, "scorcher" whizzed past and my young horse shied right into branchy hedge. Just after arriving at covert side, whole cohort of bicyclists came tearing down lane and round corner, right "into the brown" of the equestrians. Awful scene of cursing and confusion. Felt that our mother tongue was hardly able to cope with situation. Tried my hardest, however, on leading bicyclist. Got clear, at length. Casualty list: one "buckled" wheel, three cyclists more or less contused from falls: one horse dead lame from kicking at bicycle, one rider bruised and shaken, from horse suddenly bolting and shooting him over its head. Vast expenditure of wrath and language. Several reputations for "gentleman-like conduct" hopelessly shattered in eyes of fair sex present, by reason of indiscriminate use of swear-words.

Most unlucky in finding foxes. Not until three o'clock in afternoon that second Whip, who had clapped on to down-wind side of covert, hollows a fox away, and, full of joy and sandwiches, we hurry-skurried off, right on the tails of hounds. Over a beautiful post and rails, which took a bit of doing, and "sifted out" many—that ass GILTEDGE amongst them. We raced along, fox in full view. He was a white tagged one, and such a "traveller." Ran like fury for seven or eight minutes, and then—and then, just as he was about to cross the main coach-road, evidently shaping for Worples Earths, five miles distant, and over a glorious grass country, he suddenly stopped and doubled back. What had turned him? How had he been headed? Chased by cur or sheep-dog? Frightened by man at plough, or hedger-and-ditcher? Oh dear, no! None of these. Only a cloud of about thirty bicyclists "scorching" down main road, and looking as pleased with themselves as though they had really done something clever. "What 'o, Mister!" bawls out one, "I see 'im turn back, jest 'ere. Your dogs ain't goin' the right wa-a-y." Felt freezing as I sat there, glaring at him. Then relief came. I froze no longer. On the contrary, I suddenly thawed, and talked to that cyclist. When I had finished, and turned to rejoin the cruelly disappointed field, I overheard the "scorcher's" commentary on my own brief address. "Well, so 'elp me, BILL, I thought I could do a bit in that line myself; but gimme a bloomin' toff for

reely expressin' of 'is feelin's!' 'Would like to hunt in mountainous district where even ubiquitous "bike" cometh not; and even *there*, I suppose, the unfortunate M. F. H. could be harried by balloons!

Tuesday.—Entries close to-day for Point to Point Steeplechases, one event for Hunt members and one for farmers. Am giving silver cup in each. Letter from old GROWLHURST, objecting to the course crossing his dirty little two-acre meadow. Must ride over to pacify (and probably bribe) him. Entries satisfactory. Several farmers enter horses for the wrong race, must write to each one, pointing out error. So worrying. Luncheon caterer calls to consult about arrangements and worries me still more. GILTEDGE writes patronizing note, saying that he will only give subscription to race fund on condition that the fence out of the lane is done away with. "The worm will tread upon when turned;" I mean "the tread will worm upon when —" oh confound it! I mean "No" I will not alter any part of the course for GILTEDGE, will see him d— anywhere first! Finish with entries and then walk over the course. Farmer FOODLE accosts me and says he does not approve of racing. Express sorrow and hope that we shall not hurt his feelings by racing on adjoining fields. Looks disappointed, and says he thought we were coming over *his* fields. Evidently that conscientious objection not unconnected with pecuniary compensation. Score off him neatly, when I add, "Of course, as you disapprove of racing, no good to send you luncheon tickets for the day!" Nod, and leave him smiling in very sickly fashion.

Thursday.—Meet at Barnsley cross roads, seven miles off. Nice country, but too near big town to make sure of sport. Arrive punctually, to find enormous crowd of "operatives" on foot, on bicycles, and crammed into those inventions of the Evil One, motor cars. Could run any of these last by scent (paraffine), with ease. Nice, genial souls, these pedestrians. "Ullo, Bill," shouts one; "I jest come darn 'ere to-day, to see these 'ere toffs ride. 'Ope one or two 'll come a buster and break their bloomin' chevys." Bill, *loquitur*, "Yus, 'ope so. Wot's become o' Jim Crackly?"—"Oh, ain't you 'eard? 'E's got seven stretch for borrowin' of a gent's clock. If one o' these 'ere covas was to git 'urt to-day, me and you might jest run our 'ands over 'im and pick up a bit, eh? Well, any'ow, you stick by me, and we'll foller 'em up close and see if we gets any luck." Not re-assuring, this. Give order to move on as soon as possible, and try to shake off crowd. Miss FANSHAWE just ahead—ride on, and join her. Miss FANSHAWE very apologetic for having spoiled my gallop last week. Reply that it really didn't matter a bit. What awful Leyds—I mean Lies—one has to tell occasionally! Miss FANSHAWE evidently delighted at hearing this, and says archly, "I'm not sure my stirrup leather won't break again, to-day!" Seize earliest possible opportunity to get away—not going to have another fine run spoiled by that sort of thing, if I can help it!

Draw first cover vainly. Yelling horde of "operatives," bicyclists, and motor-car fiends, enough to drive every self-respecting fox a hundred miles off. Trot on to next cover, and the next, in despair. Success at last! Reynard is at home, and away we go over most delightful country. Am riding what PERKS calls the "new 'oss." Agreeably surprised to find that he does not (as genially predicted) "jump on to 'is 'cad." Twenty minutes without a check—delightful—then, after a bit of cold-scenting work, hit it off again, cross the Faringford Brook which the "new 'oss" jumps beautifully, and on to Cold Horton earths. Really think this the run of the season, and am confident of finishing with a kill. Hounds want blood badly. Then they suddenly throw up their heads, and come to a standstill. GILTEDGE comes up five minutes later, and draws out, "Awfully sorry, my dear chap, but I met old DIGGORY, and told him not to stop these earths, yesterday, as I really didn't think any fox would be likely to run this way!" I look at GILTEDGE, and speech fails me. Two minutes ago, I had wished

to assist at our fox's obsequies—*now*, I could cheerfully have superintended—someone else's!

Saturday.—The Point to Point day. Naturally, as it is being kept as general holiday, it is blowing hard and raining at frequent intervals. Just my luck! Go over to course early, to superintend tent erecting, bringing up commissariat, etc., etc. Have tent up by 10.15. Wind has it down again by 11. Re-erect tent. Lay out long table in middle, with fine display of hams, tongues, chicken, cold beef and various other delicacies, too numerous for mention. Give finishing touches to table myself, most kindly assisted by Miss FANSHAWE, who has come over on purpose to arrange the flowers. Say, "I really don't know how to thank you enough, Miss FANSHAWE, for your —" Sudden and awful collapse of tent! Miss FANSHAWE and I again in most embarrassing position, amidst struggling crew of waiters, grooms and the local policeman, all writhing together on the ground and half suffocated by folds of canvas. Arms and legs showing in struggling heap. Help from outside at length extricates us, and literally and metaphorically also, we breathe again. Am full of apologies to Miss FANSHAWE. Miss F. again turns ruby red and says she will go back home—seems to be her universal panacea for all the ills of life, this. After desperate strugglings with gale, succeed in establishing tent on firm basis, luncheon wreckage salvaged, and restored to long table. Set waiters to work to pick out bits of broken glass from beef and blanc-manges. Fear we shall be very short of crockery after this general smash. Miss half box of cigars, diligent search brings them to light in lobster salad. Have doubts as to whether either cigars or salad will be improved by their brief association. An hour's work makes things more ship-shape. People begin to arrive. Hurried message sent up from local printer, apologising for absence of race cards; he thought races were for next Saturday, not this, but "would use best endeavours to deliver them by Monday." So useful. GILTEDGE arrives in bad temper and makes himself generally unpleasant, especially about absence of cards. Luncheon tent soon crammed. Lunchers ditto. Bell rings for first contest, I act as starter, the faithful PERKS having ignominiously failed to evolve one son. horse from my much battered stud which I could ride in the race. Eighteen competitors go down to post. Seems much more difficult to get them into anything like a line than I should have thought possible. Drop my flag, at last, and see nothing more of contest. Office of starter rather over-rated. Struggle across to finish, arriving long after horses have passed the post. Most unsatisfactory. However, have to repeat performance for farmers' race. Awful row at start between young MANGOLDS, riding his father's great roman-nosed brown, and BARKINS on a grey. Each declares the other is not qualified, and they appeal to me. Wish they wouldn't, so embarrassing. Suggest compromise; offend both, and then they appeal to rest of competitors. Fear general row, so drop flag at once. All start, except MANGOLDS and BARKINS, who make no attempt to move, but continue quarrelling. They dismount and engage in mortal combat. I leave scene of battle precipitately. Raining harder than ever and course almost under water. Retire to luncheon tent. Meet Miss FANSHAWE's eye. At remembrance of morning episode, she turns scarlet; I turn scarlet. Pass on to table, nothing left to eat except wet sandwich. Overhear remarks in all directions to effect that races have been miserable fiasco. Return home thoroughly disheartened with everything. Wish I had resigned cares of office and spent season in comparative calm of fighting the Boers.

Fox Russell