

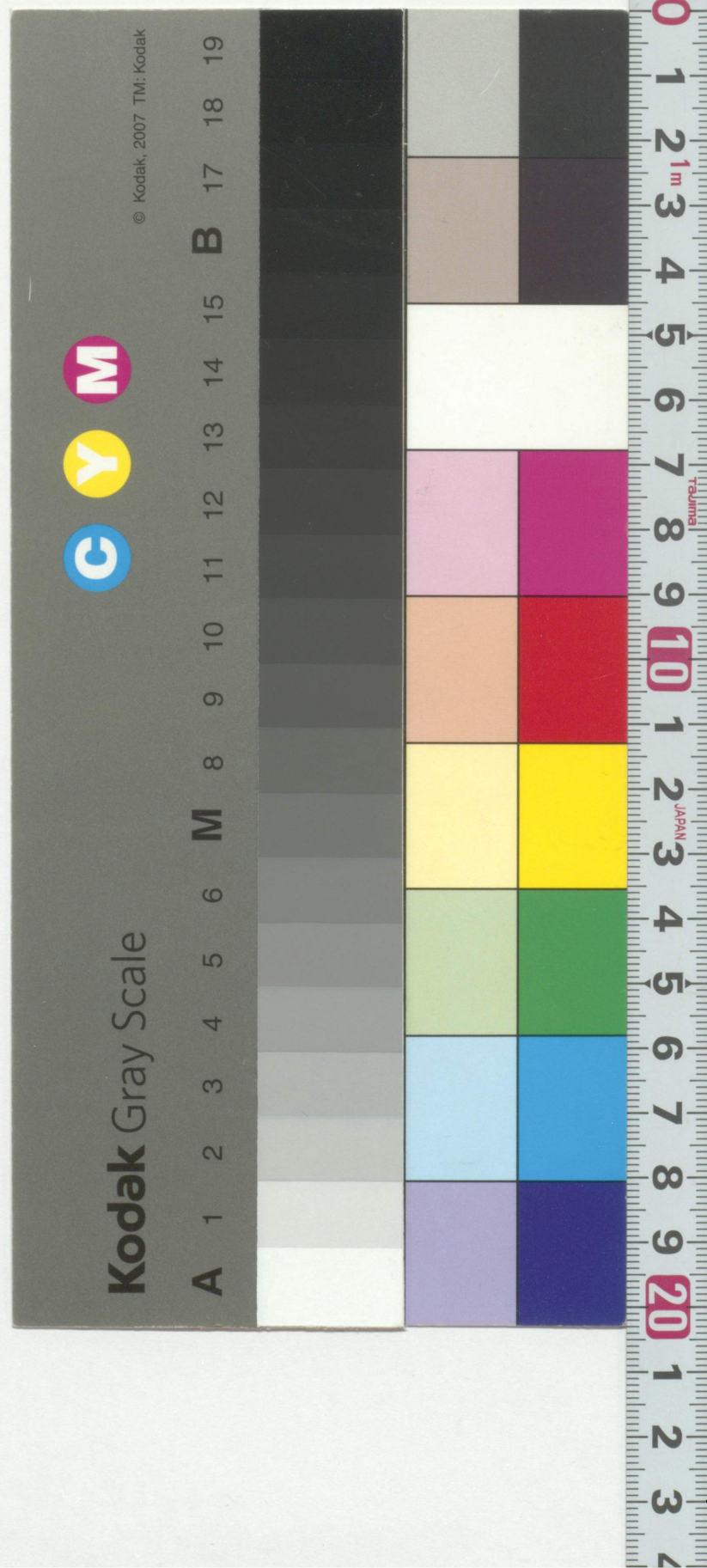


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Vol. 17



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Specialities for Invalids.

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SOUPS OF ALL KINDS,
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HOME-MADE BEEF TEA
OF DOUBLE STRENGTH,

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Beef Tea.

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Essence
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CHICKEN.
VEAL AND MUTTON
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POTTED MEATS.
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"THE GROCER," Jan. 6th, 1894.

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The Unrivalled Remedy

One gives relief they will cure,
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SOLD IN TINS, 13½^d each

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

Is warranted to Cure all Derangements of the System,
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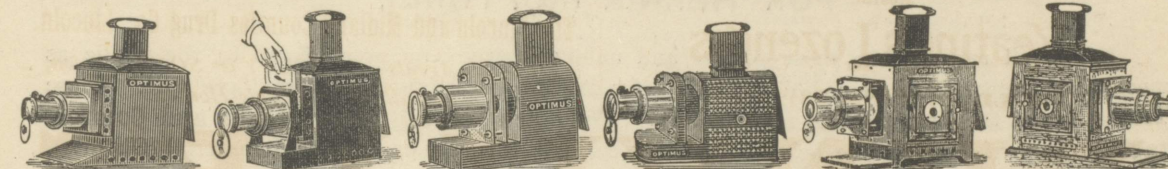
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WHITENS THE TEETH
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2/9 PER BOX.

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Is the INSTANT CURE for

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NEURALGIA.

"Owing to extensive decay of two double teeth, I suffered for days excruciating pain. I was recommended to try 'BUNTER'S NERVINE.' I did so. To my joy, the pain quickly and entirely ceased. I have since repeatedly derived the greatest possible relief in severe neuralgic headache with from four to five drops of 'BUNTER'S NERVINE,' taken upon a lump of white sugar."—REV. AUBREY C. PRICE, B.A., late fellow of New College, Oxford.

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IN THREE GRADES OF STRENGTH, VIZ. :—

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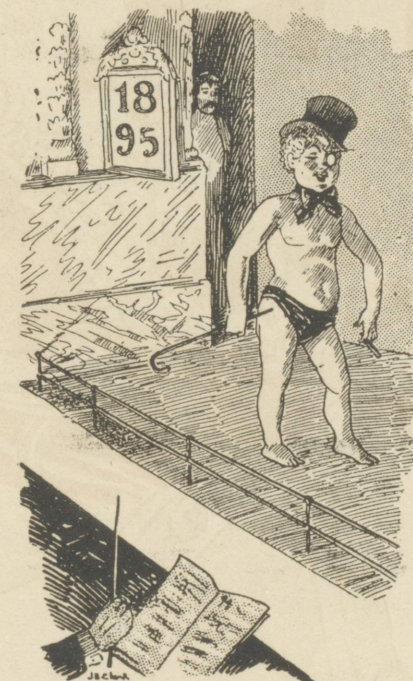
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AND I LIKE IT BETTER—HAW!"

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"But do you tell me that 'Judy's Annual' Gallery is only a shilling?"

"That's all, sir."

"Bless my soul! Do you hear that, Minnie?"

Then the Dandy facetiously took the other extreme.

"And can we have our money back if we don't like the show?"

"But you will like the show, sir."

"But if we don't?"

"But you will."

"But if we *don't*, you numskull! may we have our money back?

Yes or no."

"Yes."

But they never asked for it.

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—This wonderful remedy was discovered by Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE, and the word Chlorodyne coined by him expressly to designate it. There never has been a remedy so vastly beneficial to suffering humanity, and it is a subject of deep concern to the public that they should not be imposed upon by having imitations pressed upon them on account of cheapness, and as being the same thing. Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a totally distinct thing from the spurious compounds called Chlorodyne, the use of which only ends in disappointment and failure.

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—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE-WOOD STATED PUBLICLY in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

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"I have no hesitation in stating that I have never met with any medicine so efficacious as an Anti-Spasmotic and Sedative. I have used it in Consumption, Asthma, Diarrhœa, and other diseases, and am perfectly satisfied with the results."

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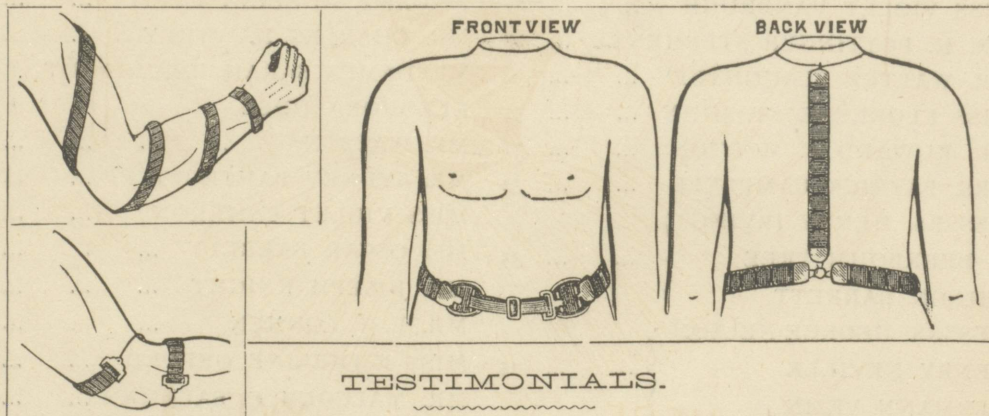
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Have stood the test of Medical and Scientific authority for the past Fifty Years. They are to-day the recognised curative in cases of Pains in the Back, Gout, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Sleeplessness, General Weakness, Nervous Debility, Anaemia, Epilepsy, General Depression, Neuralgia, and kindred troubles. Electricity cures when all other remedies fail. High medical authorities, including Sir Charles Locock, Sir Henry Holland and Sir William Fergusson, Physicians to H.M. the Queen; also Sir E. H. Sieveking, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Physician to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Dr. J. Russell Reynolds, F.R.C.P., have testified to the genuine character of PULVERMACHER'S APPLIANCES. For children in delicate health the results are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials. Every appliance warranted to send a current through the body.



TESTIMONIALS.

NEURALGIA.

"Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Friday, 3rd June, 1870.

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS sends his compliments to Messrs. PULVERMACHER & Co., and begs to say that he wishes to try a Voltaic Band across his right foot, as a remedy against what he supposes to be Neuralgia there (originating in over-walking in deep snow), to which he is occasionally liable.

"MR. DICKENS writes on the recommendation of Mrs. Bancroft, who assures him that she has derived great relief from a similar complaint from the use of one of these Bands. If Messrs. PULVERMACHER & Co. will be so good as to send him one, he will remit them a cheque for its cost by return of post, and will give it the fairest trial."

"Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Wednesday, 8th June, 1870.

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS begs to enclose Messrs. PULVERMACHER & Co. a P.O. Order for the Band safely received. It has been obtained, by mistake, for a shilling or two more than the right amount. They can, if they please, return the balance in postage stamps."

RHEUMATISM.

"Eden Lacy, Lazonby, R.S.O., 4th May, 1893.

"DEAR SIR,—All the winter months I was troubled with a painful joint in my foot, just behind the great toe of the right foot, and could not walk without limping. But after applying your powerful Chain Battery some four or five times to the affected joint, I was cured, for I have not suffered since. The Battery has also proved of great service in the case of my son, who gave his knee a sudden and violent twist while playing at football.—Yours faithfully,
"W. H. LOWTHER,
(Major-General)."
Messrs. Pulvermacher & Co.

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

"54 Kingston Road, Portsmouth,
22nd January, 1894.

"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to tell you that the Combined Band has worked wonders on me. I had not had it on for more than 24 hours before I felt 'quite another man,' and have continued well ever since. I may now say that I am better, or rather in sound health, after being for several years in a very weak and depressed state, and I would not part with the belt on any account. I thank you very much for the relief it has afforded me.—Yours truly,
"GEORGE WARREN.
Messrs. J. L. Pulvermacher & Co."

Pamphlet Free by Post.

J. L. PULVERMACHER & CO., 194 Regent Street, London.

"FOOTLIGHTS."



A PANTOMIME.

WHAT a thrill it always sends through you! We are never too old to enjoy a Pantomime. Our children enjoy it as we

did, and we enjoy it again in them. Perhaps we enjoy it more in them. Besides, it breathes of Christmas, and Christmas is the merry time of year—the time of year when we are re-introduced to our oldest friends in the



harlequinade.

Columbine, sweetheart of Harlequin, whose legs bring the blush to the maidens' cheeks—whose blushes are reflected on the cheeks of the youths'.

Columbine, the envy of women and the jealousy of men.

Harlequin: all powerful in his magic invisibility.

Harlequin the faithful lover, the envy of men and the jealousy of women.

Pantaloon: the cully of the clown, who aids and abets him in his jobberies and bobberies.

The poor old fellow who does wrong by right of order, and gets hot-pokered for his pains.

"The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and
slipperd Pantaloon."

And clown: Ah! the clown! that rascalion, that knave! that Pantomimic Ahremanes.

"Whose tricks and jokes would make a judgment laugh."

But all is good and innocent and merry, so don't mind what the dyspeptic says of the clown in the next chapter. Rather let us start the New Year imbued with the frolics of the Pantomime.



THE CHORUS.



1.—DAISY DAVENPORT.

she has a peace of mind), then let him or her take good heed, and avoid going to see, or taking their children to see, at any time or place, any kind of Clown—and his criminal coadjutor.

For what is a Clown? And why? Likewise when? Reasoning backwards, as is the method of some *fin de siècle* evolutionists, let us first consider the When. Happily, this When is not so much an excrescence as it might be. For the Whenness of this nefarious class is by merciful dispensation of Thalia, confined to some eight or ten weeks in each year from Christmas until nearly Easter, when saner methods and purer laws begin once more to prevail upon our stage.

Travelling next to the Why (not the river of that name) we naturally ask the reason that a class so dangerous as the one now under notice—not to say beneath notice—is permitted to exist upon this otherwise peaceful planet (exist is, I believe, the word in this connection, for I am glad to learn that some of these pantomimic criminals mostly find it difficult to live). But to resume: One reason

THE CLOWN.

(BY A DYSPEPTIC.)

THERE are, of course, certain seasons when a certain class of the Dangerous Classes is more dangerous than at any other time. Thus in the Winter the Clown is doubtless the most dangerous of all.

If the gentle reader (I am supposing that he or she is gentle)—if the gentle reader, I say, values his or her peace of mind (I am supposing that he or

she has a peace of mind), then let him or her take good heed, and avoid going to see, or taking their children to see, at any time or place, any kind of Clown—and his criminal coadjutor.

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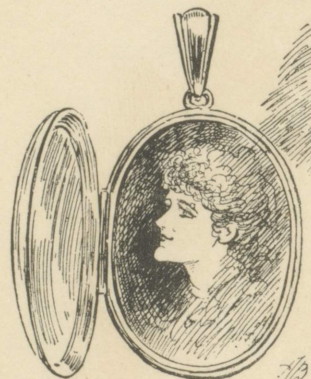
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LETTING HIM DOWN A PEG



"YES, I KNOW YOU'RE A VERY NICE LITTLE CHAPPIE. BUT I COULDN'T POSSIBLY MARRY YOU—I SHOULD BE AFRAID OF STEPPING ON YOU!"

MISS ELLEN TERRY.



Ophelias, too, by scores, dear;
None of them have been
Half so nice as yours, dear!
Beatrices like you
Benedicts must cry for!
Juliets so true
Romeos *should* die for!
Say, how dost thou grow,
'Spite of Time's endeavour
(We'd all love to know!)
Younger, sweet, than ever?
"A mystery," sayest thou?
Let us know its history!
Write a pamphlet, "How
I'm a perfect Miss Terry."

given by those who foster this kind of felon,
is that he excites hilarity!

First he bounds on to the stage, in answer
to some doggerel from a pretended fairy queen.
He then proceeds to address some maniacal
query to his victims in front, such as: "How
are you, to-morrow?" "A merry Michael-
mas, and a Sloppy New Year," or he will
emit some such totally unnecessary remark as
"Here we are again!" when it is all the
while obvious to all present that there we
are! And that there we have been all along.

Presently he will utter some sort of topsy-
turvey epigram that would make Oscar Wilde
turn as green with envy as his recently-petted
"buttonhole" was wont to do with dye. Then
he (the pantomime Clown, not the other) will

FAIREST of the
fair—
(Can't say fairer,
can I?)—
Say, are you aware
None more ardent
than I
Seek your precious
hand?
Nay, I pray you
chaff not:
Please to under-
stand
I'm *in love*, and
laugh not!
Olivias I have
seen—

vigorously slap the face of a mumbling, eye-
blinking, doddering old gentleman, who is
supposed to be his father. Anon, he will
compel that veteran, and sundry others to
madly join in a game of "Ring o' Roses,"
until the red fire and a change of scene merci-
fully, though but for a moment, shuts him
from our gaze.

But in the twinkling of an eye, we find him
busy in some street, or other place of public
resort; and then you, indeed, find out *What*
the Clown is! You find him, indeed, a
criminal of the very deepest dye, painting
the town the very deepest red. He will take
shops, purses, babies, bread, the "knock," and
the "nap," with equal readiness. He will
borrow and maltreat sausages, servants, pork
chops, policemen, and other common objects
of the sea-shore; and will boil or bake, mince

or mangle each with
impartial eagerness.
He is, indeed, a very
Chang Yung of cruelty.
Anon, he will, like cer-
tain political, social,
theological, and so-
called "freethought"
parties, unblushingly
charge others with his
dark deeds. Thus this
annual Anarchist, with
cruel red-hot poker
would terrorise every
grade of society
through which he
chances to pass.

And this perverter
of law and order is
allowed to annually
stalk unchecked in our
long-suffering country
—in this, our so-called
Britain.

And yet we have a
Home Secretary!



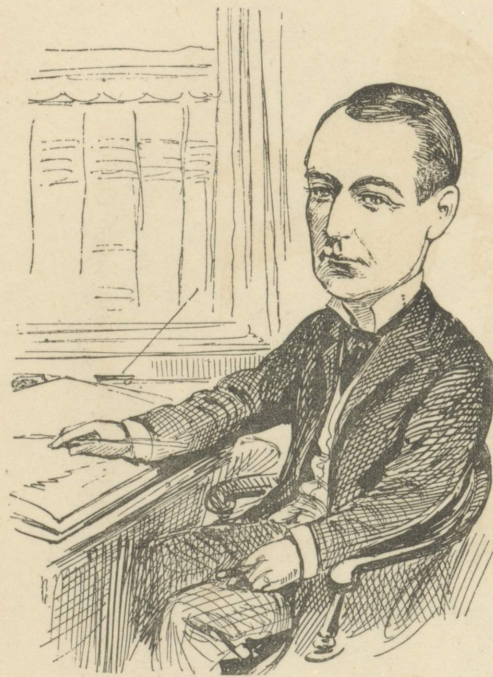
"THE GREATEST MISTER
I OF THE AGE."



ENCOURAGING.

(At a Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball.)

Unacted Dramatic Author. COVENT GARDEN WOULD BE TOO BIG FOR MY PLAY.
Man-Friend. BY THE WAY, WHICH THEATRE IS YOUR PLAY GOING TO BE PRODUCED AT?
Girl-Friend. IT ISN'T BUILT!



MR SIDNEY GRUNDY.

THE CONFESSION OF A BROKEN-DOWN ACTOR.

"NO-O, sir," said he, as he raised his left hand in an admonitory manner and turned upon his heel to go, "No-o, no more drink for me, *thank you*; but"—and he dropped his tone almost to a whisper—"for a few pence more than the price of a drink, I could get—and, egad! I could relish—a chop at—"

"Thanks, keind friend, ten thousand thanks, 'tis pitiful that I—I, who have played with Phelps, with Brooke, with Tom Swinburne, with Forrester—poor Harry!—and with dear old Jack Ryder, should come down to accepting a florin from a comparative stranger, but—forget it, noble sir, forget it, my accursed craving for food has brought me down to—well, not beggary, and yet 'tis begging.

"Yes, yes—of course I'll tell you—are not

you my friend—ha, ha! 'Charles, his friend'—(playbill)—yes, yes, I'll tell you:

"Years—years ago I was *the* Shakesperiar actor. Nay, check that smile that gathers round your lips—I could give names an' I wished. It does not matter *now*: the Bard is not the vogue—you cross the Channel, not the Avon, for your plays. Those were the days when things were *real*, sir; when Macbeth's supper could be literally eaten, and when the cup of Borgia held the veritable port wine of Rockley. I sometimes think 'twas the realism of those days that proved the undoing of me.

"I developed a most astounding appetite. How often has dear old Cooper, at the Albion, made merriment at my expense when shouting my midnight order up the lift to the scullions' room? 'Tripe and onions, *one—and enough for six!*' he would cry. Ah well, ah well!—but that is another story. They say that the thirst of the traveller, lost in the Libyan desert, is more terrible than death. Believe me, sir, it is a colossal, a stupendous lie, and

THE CHORUS.



2.—GWENDOLINE JONES.

the man that first uttered it—for remember that *one* man utters an epigram and ten thousand *parrots* repeat it—had never, as I have done, groaned literally for a bite. There have been times, sir, when I could positively have *cried* for—for a sausage!

"Dame Fortune, the hoyden! did not smile upon my

NOT A LIONESS



"NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, OLD CHAPPIE!"



"ELLO, PRETTY ONE, WILL YOU HAVE A BOTTLE WITH ME AFTER THE—"

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.



PRITHEE glance, my pretty puppet!
 Glance at what is written here.
 Run thy optic down and up it,
 Then produce the joyful tear.
 Ay! for tears of joy *should* flow it—
Should, dramatic doll, ensue—
 When a would-be comic poet
 Sings in praiseful terms to *you*!

Things of automatic movement—
 Dangling doll of wobbling wires,
 Matters tell of much improvement
 When *thy* work a bard admires!
 For a poet *does* admire it—
 Yes, the fact you're bound to know!
 Would he for his drama hire it
 If, sweet child, it were not so?

Smiles he smiles of satisfaction,
 Each with power to extol;
 Much he reckons of your action,
 Seeing you are but a doll.
 Female marionetting mouth,
 Much he reckons of thy face,
 Seeing the Arcade of Lowther
 Was thy birth-occurring place.

Cipher of dramatic law, dost
 Know how happy are thy days
 When thy brain (though only sawdust)
 Earns a comic poet's praise?
 No! Then learn at once to measure
 All the good that must accrue
 From possessing such a treasure
 As this note addressed to you!

histrionic efforts. Younger men—with mannerisms that humoured the fickle, vulgar, public eye—swept me, so to speak, from the front; and, where once I used to thrill the pit with my Macduff, I was to be found, my spirit groaning in chains the while, carried off in the first act as 'Bleeding Officer.' And even worse remained: with one fell blow I went from high tragedy to pantomime—think of it, sir, *pantomime*!

"But yet more serious was the fact that, as my resources diminished, so my appetite seemed to increase, and in order to appease my inner wolf I had recourse to the meanest devices. I was at war with the cookshops of the metropolis—at war, sir. Only where I was not known could I get waited upon. I ate so much.

"My crowning misfortune fell on Boxing-Night—a keen, cold night 'twas, too, with a cutting blast that sharpened up the teeth like rasps. And I was clowning in the rôle—psha!—of 'Baron Bosky Bumble,' in *George Banger's Royal Pantomime of Harlequin, Prince Hippodrome, the Fairy Godmother, and the Palace of Crystal Coughdrops. Eheu fugaces.*

"Doubtless you have heard, sir, of George Banger's Christmas productions? They were the talk of all London once; and it was a *sine qua non* that, no matter what the piece, there should be at least *one* Imposing Spectacle, with a procession which included one giant elephant, seventeen camels, ten zebras, fourteen tame elk—and heaven only knows what besides, in 'em. Ah, me!—I had my knife in the elephant from the first. To think

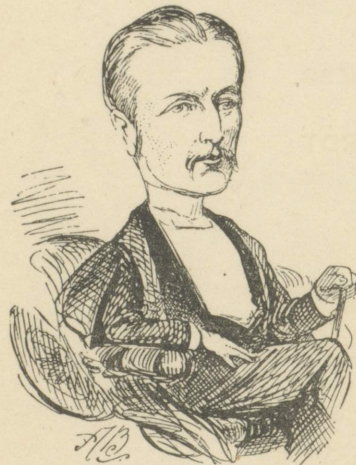
THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.



"ARE YOU GOING TO BUTTER UP THIS PLAY OR SLATE IT?"

"FRAID I'VE NO CHOICE, DEAR BOY: MY CRITICISM'S ALREADY IN PRINT."

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.



MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER is an excellent critic. His opinion is always worth having, and if you can possibly get hold of it before he has time to get it published himself, so much the better for you and your reputation. Fairness is his aim, and as a fair critic, this Archer has certainly hit the mark.

Moreover, and despite the insinuations of a little man with a big grievance, Mr. Archer is not in the habit of breakfasting every morning at the expense of Mr. Ibsen, lunching every midday with a man-mummer, tea and watercressing every afternoon with one of his Dora Helmers, dining every evening with a *Lady from the Sea*, and supping every evening with a lady from *By the Sea*.

that I—I who have played with Phelps, with Brooke, Tom Swinburne, Forrester—poor old Harry!—and dear old Jack Ryder, should have been panning out a bare existence at a wage that wouldn't have half paid for that brute's buns—for I should tell you that he never moved out of his stall in the stables of a night till he'd had his buns—two whole sacks of 'em, sir, sent across from a confectioner's in Parliament Street—ah me!"

He brushed his threadbare coat sleeve across his eyes. Then he heaved a bitter sigh, and whispered—as though to slow and creepy stage music:

"One night—I had not tasted food all day—I passed his stall—unobserved, I thought—my inner man cried out for food—*there lay the buns*—two sacks, and half a hundred-weight of baled hay——"

"Surely you never ate them?"

"By Heaven, I *did*, sir, and slept upon the sacks. And, if it hadn't been for that blessed elephant trumpeting and pounding through the floor boards, and getting me the sack, I might still have been in what the *Referee* with justice, calls *the profession*."

ON THE LITERARY DRAMA.

THERE are no snakes in Iceland, and some people say that there is no Literary Drama in England. But Mr. H. A. Jones thinks otherwise, so that it may be worth while to study the subject analytically.

The Literary Drama of England falls under three heads. There is the farcical comedy; there is the melodrama; and there is comic opera.

Farcical comedy is the easiest kind of Literary Drama to write. It is in three acts. In the first act all the characters arrange, unbeknown to each other, to go to some place where they have no business to be*. In the second act they arrive at this improper place, and play hide-and-seek in cupboards and behind doors and under tables, occasionally emerging from their retirement to put on each other's hats. In order that the piece may be a complete success, the low comedian should be secreted in the coal-cellar, and get his face dirty, or be locked up in the larder and discovered eating a pork pie. After three quarters of an hour of this sort of thing, all the characters suddenly appear on the stage at once, and the curtain falls quickly. In the third act everybody tells everybody else a lot of perfectly transparent lies, and a happy ending is arranged on this satisfactory basis.

As for the literary element of a farcical comedy, it is a moot point whether this is to be found in the low comedian's "patter" or in his pork pie. But nobody cares—least of

* Not always, but nearly always.—ED.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
AT HOME.

"SALLY IN OUR ALLEY."

all the author, whose chief anxiety is that his royalties should be punctually paid.

Melodrama is in five acts. It begins harrowing our feelings at eight o'clock. The heroine is abducted at eight-thirty; the hero is reduced to poverty at eight-forty-five; the comic retainer begins to get on the track of the villain at about ten; soon after ten-thirty the comic villain is converted to virtuous courses; and the heavy villain is handcuffed at about five minutes past eleven.

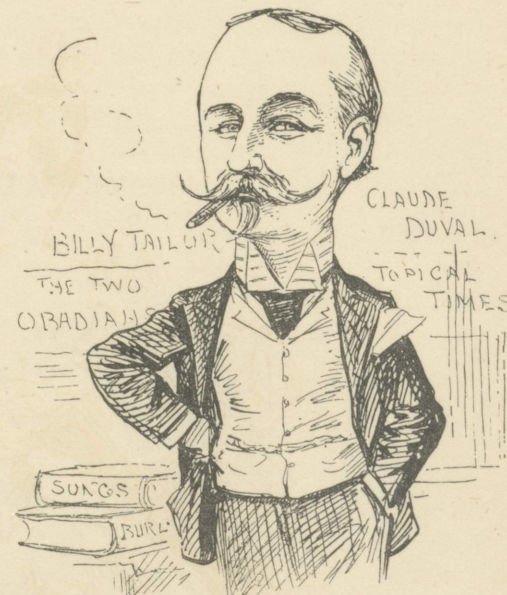
In melodrama, as in farcical comedy, it is not quite certain where the literature comes in. Some people say that it comes in when the injured wife, having heard her husband wrongfully sentenced to seven years penal servitude, says, "My place is by my husband's side!" Others hold that it comes in in the dialogue between the comic policeman and the street arab. For example:

STREET ARAB. It is so cold; and I am so hungry. Oh, I am dying!—dying all alone!

COMIC POLICEMAN. Cheer up, my lad!—cheer up! (*Fumbling in his pocket*). 'Ere's a 'am sandwich for yer. (*Applause from gal-*



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.



MR. H. POTTINGER STEPHENS.

lery.) It's all I'd got for my own supper, ye know. (*Renewed cheers.*) But there, now! never mind; I daresay I can get one of the charming young ladies in the areas to give me some cold mutton. (*Laughter from gallery.*)

The consideration of the literary elements of comic opera must be postponed.

AT A CONCERT.

Young Man (*speaking of the girls on the platform who are singing, to Strange Old Gentleman next him*). Is it possible that one can make such dreadful deafening noise—

Strange Old Gentleman. Sir, those are my daughters who are—

Young Man. I repeat, sir, such a dreadful, deafening noise—

Strange Old Gentleman. And I repeat, sir—

Young Man. As those chattering magpies behind us. They hinder me from hearing and admiring the talent of those beautiful young ladies on the stage.



"SKIRTS-ANDO MA NON TROPPO"—NOT TOO MUCH SKIRT BUT JUST ENOUGH.



MR. WALTER SLAUGHTER.

"GO HANG!"

HOW TO WRITE A MUSICAL FARFICAL COMEDY.

THE burlesque "up to date" that burlesques nothing at all is already "out of date." The latest development of the Drama is the "musical farfical comedy"—called "farfical" because it isn't "comedy," and "comedy" because it isn't "farfical," and "musical" because it is neither farce nor comedy, and must be called something. This is a free country, and the author of a "musical farfical comedy" may call it just what he pleases. So, of course, may anybody else; and JUDY, availing herself of the liberty of a British subject, calls it rank nonsense.

The funniest thing in a "musical farfical comedy" is, that a sane human being should sit down in cold blood deliberately to write such stuff. It is difficult to conceive of his doing it on purpose. Does he laugh as he writes? Does it make him sad? Does he try very hard to be funny? or does he do it without thinking?

Perhaps he leaves it to the low comedian to find out for himself where the fun comes in.

It is the business of a low comedian to be funny and low. It is, no doubt, enough for the author to say to him, "You have to play a King, or a Monk, or a Costermonger," as the case may be, and the low comedian is himself at once.

"You leave it to me, old man," says he, and he will send you into fits of laughter—or despair—with his jokes about the pot-house—ha, ha, ha!—and the pawn-shop—he, he, he!—and the racecourse—ho, ho, ho!—in the character of the King, or the Monk, or the Costermonger. It makes no difference. It is all the same to him.

Now, the puzzle is to find a title for the piece. For you must give it a name. But anything will do; for whatever you call it, it would be the same by any other name. The same sparkling repartee about excessive drinking, and pawning, and backing horses, whatever the characters, wherever the scene may be, a King in modern Greece, a Monk in ancient Rome, or a Costermonger on the banks of the Nile. Let us call it *Go Hang*. *Go Hang*

THE CHORUS.



3.—LILLIAN FOWNES.

will serve as well as anything else, though you might wish to call it *Don Juan*, or *Sardanapalus*, or *Up to Dick*, or *Down to the Ground*. Don't you trouble your head about that. All you have to do is to look after the company; or *you* look after the manager, and *he'll* look after the company, and *they'll* look after the play. You leave it to them.

The play begins—for it must have a beginning; it does not so much matter

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.



If such praise as the point of my pen will induce Can be reckoned to be of the slightest of use To so great a theatrical treasure As the lady to whom, in my negligent way, I am calmly addressing this critical lay, It is yours with the greatest of pleasure.

Though I cannot but feel, as your praises I sing, That my song is a very superfluous thing.

There's an ease in your acting which puts me in mind Of the grace, the repose, the refinement we find In a lady I'd rather not mention.

If I spoke in one breath of *your* art and *her* art She would think it extremely bad taste on my part, And accuse me of surly intention.

For myself, I consider it strangely grotesque That a lady, albeit her form picturesque, Should object to the light of the lamp of burlesque.

You are pretty and pleasant; your figure is neat; You have nice little ankles and nice little feet, And a peach might possess your complexion; While your voice, which partakes of three qualities—viz.,

The *contralto*, *soprano*, and *mezzo-sop.*—is, I declare, on the brink of perfection.

If you boast any qualities other than these, Will you do me the favour of naming them, please?

about an end, so long as the curtain comes down about 11 p.m. Where shall we say? Well, we may leave it to the scene-painter and the costumier, and they will settle that point between them.

Wherever it is, we must begin with a chorus, or what's the use of a composer? A number of pretty women in pretty costumes are disposed of in the usual way about the scene—that's where the stage-manager comes in—singing the alphabet or the multiplication table: for the people with "books of the words" alone know what or why. When they

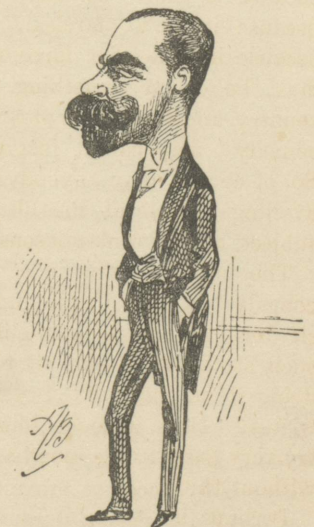
have exhausted the patience of the audience, the low comedian enters and does a "turn"—song and dance. A "serio comic" singer has the honour of appearing next, then follows the pet dancer with a song. It is because she dances so prettily that she is cast for the speaking part. That's where the dancer comes in.

Between the "turns" there are scratches of dialogue, just enough to prevent the audience from thinking that they are at a music-hall, not a theatre.

But what has all this to do with *Go Hang*? There is no hurry; we are coming to that. Just before the end of the first part of the entertainment—the first "act"! as it is called, out of complaisance to the Lord Chamberlain—the low comedian seems to remember it. He

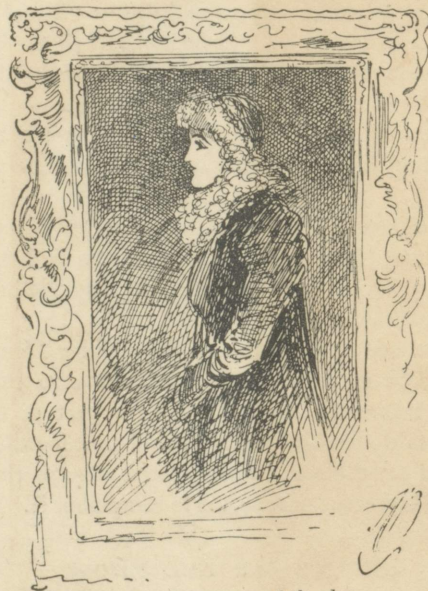
CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.

MR. EDWARD A. MORTON is one of the busiest of dramatic critics. It very often happens that he writes four different criticisms of a play for four different newspapers; and if, when he does this, you will read what he has written, you will be struck with the remarkable manner in which he contrives to vary the expression of his opinion. It is by some supposed that Mr. Morton, when thus engaged, resorts to four different dictionaries for his adjectives. Be this as it may, "E.A.M." is undoubtedly well up in a variety. Besides being, so to speak, the ventriloquist of dramatic journalism, Mr. Morton possesses an enviable knowledge of the early French drama, which same knowledge he exercises with valuable effect when there is doubt concerning the true origin of a new and original play by Brown, H. A. Jones, or Robinson.



MR. EDWARD A. MORTON.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.



No portrait painter of the day
On show down Piccadilly way—
The R.A. or the A.R.A.—
E'er put his velvet coat on,
And took his brush in hand to trace
A much more intellectual face
Than that which finds an honoured place
Above, and which I gloat on.

No man exhibiting pretence
At harbouring artistic sense
Could fail to mark the prominence—
And make approved remarks on—
Of features so distinctly rare,
Including that delicious hair—
Though half, perhaps, of what is there
Has been supplied by Clarkson!

Your figure has been well cut out :
You're not too thin and not too stout ;
Indeed, no more to beat about
The bush or yet preamble,
I've noticed, as I've watched the play,
You've even such a winning way
That I'd describe you from to-day
As Mrs. Patrick Gamble.

stops joking suddenly, as who should say, "Oh, I quite forgot where we were"; and everybody becomes grave for the time being, whilst he makes a great pretence of telling them all to go hang, and suggests—say, Central

Africa, as a nice convenient spot for the purpose. And off they go to change their dresses.

When the company have changed their dresses—that's where the costumier comes in—the piece goes on, or begins again. We are now in Central Africa, where everybody has come on the hanging business. But they seem to have forgotten all about that, and appear to have travelled all this long way, every one of them, only to sing more songs, and dance more dances, ostensibly for the amusement of a dusky potentate, who serves much the same purpose as the "chairman" at a music-hall in the good old days when there was more difference between music-halls and theatres than there is between a "musical farcical comedy" and a music-hall without farce or comedy.

The dusky potentate finds his interest in the doings of the theatrical and music-hall profession so absorbing, though the reports he receives from his visitors is not flattering—for they cannot say anything too insulting about it—that the drift of the story is lost again. It is brought to light once more by the young lovers of the piece—for whom it is no laughing matter—who pop up again quite unexpectedly, as if they had mislaid their music all this time, and, having found a duet, must sing it now or never. That's where the composer comes in.

The low comedian leaves the coast clear for them, and explains in his amiable way that he is going to take something to drink at the "bar." He will find a "bar," though he be in the heart of the African desert. His invention is equal to anything. That's where the low comedian comes in.

Having given expression to their pent-up feelings in a song, they make haste to explain that there is no reason to go hang—or go anywhere.

Everybody is very surprised—on the stage—to hear that. The low comedian looks as if they had spoiled all the fun by letting the audience into the secret which it has been the sole aim of the piece to keep from them, and—the curtain falls.

FACSIMILE OF LABEL ON EACH BOX,
without which none are genuine.



A WORD OR TWO.

THE three jewels of Life are unquestionably *Health*, *Wealth* and *Happiness*. We must all admit that; but how few of us possess either of them? Out of the three, *Wealth* is by far the least important. Let a man be as rich as Cræsus, if he hasn't *Health* he won't have *Happiness*. Our argument is that *Health* and *Happiness* are almost inseparable, and together weigh down *Wealth* in the Scales of Life by a very great deal. Of course *Wealth* can do a lot to soften our troubles, but it does not guarantee *Happiness* unless *Health* is there at the same time. The first thing, then, to do is, if you possess *Health*, keep it; if you do not possess it, seek it. Many of us who are born of healthy parents start with a clean slate, and go through life with nothing to complain of—troubling the doctor, the surgeon and the chemist very little. On the other hand, look at the number of people who from their childhood suffer with bad and

RT-Y"!



Mr. Hyde-Parkyns. CONFOUND IT, YOU IDIOT. WHERE ARE YOU COMING TO?
Miss Blanche Hyde-Parkyns (sympathetic). NEVER MIND, PA, DEAR; THEY'RE CERTAIN TO GET THE STAINS OUT AT THE WASH.
Miss Lillie Hyde-Parkyns (unsympathetic). I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE SEEN A BETTER PANTOMIME.

MRS. PATRICK C



No portrait painter
On show down Piccadilly
The R.A. or the A.R.
E'er put his velvet
And took his brush
A much more intelligent
Than that which finished
Above, and which
No man exhibiting
At harbouring artist
Could fail to mark the
And make approval
Of features so distinctive
Including that delicate
Though half, perhaps
Has been supplied
Your figure has been
You're not too thin
Indeed, no more to
The bush or yet
I've noticed, as I've
You've even such a
That I'd describe you
As Mrs. Patrick

stops joking suddenly, as who should say, "Oh, I quite forgot where we were"; and everybody becomes grave for the time being, whilst he makes a great pretence of telling them all to go hang, and suggests—say, Central

indifferent health, and do what they will, never feel well. Again, we must not forget the enormous number of men and women who get into a bad state through indiscreet living at some time of their lives, and who give up their existence to despair. For all of these, unless suffering from incurable disease, there is a chance of Brighter Days. Broadly speaking, with the exception of contagious and incurable complaints, the Stomach is at the bottom of all the trouble. In recommending SLOPER'S PILLS we feel we are offering the Public a really sound and good Medicine, and one which is far more reliable than many of the high-priced Pills which have in recent years commanded such Phenomenal Sales. We don't claim to do impossible things with SLOPER'S PILLS, but what we say they do, they will do. They are made from the prescription of an Eminent London Physician with a huge practice in the West End, and are entirely free from Mercury or any other poisonous ingredient, and we have perfect confidence that very few doctors, if asked, could do other than speak as to their excellence. In conclusion we ask you to read the *Directions for taking the Pills*, and after giving them a fair trial to recommend them to your friends. We believe by the use of SLOPER'S PILLS that *Health* may be restored, that *Happiness* will come hand in hand with it, and that to those whom fortune favours *Wealth* will follow.

GURDEN & CO.

Everybody is very surprised on the stage to hear that. The low comedian looks as if they had spoiled all the fun by letting the audience into the secret which it has been the sole aim of the piece to keep from them, and—the curtain falls.

THE BEACON LIGHT!

Attend, all ye who list to hear, of ALLY SLOPER'S praise,
We'll tell how this Samaritan the stricken ones will raise!
Let beacons flash along the coast, and blaze from towers to hills
Announcing to the wide, wide World,
The fame of SLOPER'S PILLS!

SLOPER'S PILLS.

PRICE 9½^d PER BOX (50 PILLS).

SLOPER'S PILLS supply a long-felt want—namely, a Pill at such a price that it comes within the reach of both rich and poor.

SLOPER'S PILLS, although new to the Public, have been in private use for many years past, and their efficiency is beyond question.

SLOPER'S PILLS are made from the prescription of an Eminent Physician, practising in the West End of London, whose name is a household word.

SLOPER'S PILLS are free from Mercury and all pernicious ingredients, and are not unpleasant to the palate.

SLOPER'S PILLS are practically half the price of any other Pill in the market, and are equally effectual.

SLOPER'S PILLS will be found invaluable in cases of Liver Complaint, Indigestion, all Stomachic Affections, Giddiness, Nervousness, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Headache, Wind, Blotches on the Skin, Pimples,

RT-Y"!



Mr. Hyde-Parkyns. CONFOUND IT, YOU IDIOT. WHERE ARE YOU COMING TO?
Miss Blanche Hyde-Parkyns (sympathetic). NEVER MIND, PA, DEAR; THEY'RE CERTAIN TO GET THE STAINS OUT AT THE WASH.
Miss Lillie Hyde-Parkyns (unsympathetic). I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE SEEN A BETTER PANTOMIME.

MRS. PATRICK C



No portrait painter
On show down Picc.
The R.A. or the A.R.
E'er put his vel
And took his brush
A much more intell
Than that which fin
Above, and whi
No man exhibiting
At harbouring artist
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Of features so distin
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Debility, Disturbed Nights, Unpleasant Dreams, Biliousness, Want of Tone, all Female Complaints, etc.

SLOPER'S PILLS give almost immediate relief. Full directions accompany each box.

SLOPER'S PILLS only require a trial to be used by everybody—young, middle-aged and old.

SLOPER'S PILLS.—Each box bears the Government Stamp and the signature of GURDEN & Co., without which none are genuine.

SLOPER'S PILLS.—Each box contains Fifty Pills for Ninepence Halfpenny, which, to all intent, is half the price of the best Pills now being offered to the Public.

SLOPER'S PILLS.—As there may be some difficulty at first in obtaining SLOPER'S PILLS at your Chemist's, they will be sent through the post, free of cost, to any address, on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for Ninepence Halfpenny, but be sure to ask your Chemist or Druggist first if he keeps them.

"WORTH A MINT OF MONEY."

SLOPER'S PILLS.

PRICE 9½D. PER BOX (50 PILLS).

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, WITHOUT CHARGE FOR POSTAGE.

SLOPER'S PILLS.—FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EACH BOX.

Wholesale and Retail from the Proprietors,

GURDEN & CO.,

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.

DIRECTIONS FOR TAKING SLOPER'S PILLS.

ALTHOUGH they may be taken at all times, we strongly recommend that the Pills be taken at night, immediately before going to bed. If this is done, the remedy is acting while a sweet and refreshing sleep is being enjoyed, and a sure and certain relief may always be relied on by the morning. Again, we would advise abstemiousness in eating and drinking during the period the Pills are being taken, and as much exercise as can be conveniently done. This will unquestionably assist the action of the medicine, and hasten the desired-for result. For nearly all the complaints named hereafter SLOPER'S PILLS can be taken with confidence by persons of all ages. If the relief does not come as soon as expected, patience and perseverance must be exercised, and all will come right in time. Our bodies may be likened to a cistern into which water is always running and being drawn off. To keep a cistern right it must be emptied and cleaned out at stated intervals, and the pipes leading to and from it must be looked to, or they get foul and clogged, and the contents of the cistern become polluted and give off poisonous germs. So it is with the human organisation; our internal cisterns, so to speak, want cleaning out now and then, and our pipes want looking to. We get clogged, through eating and drinking what we cannot digest. When such is the condition of things we must not say, "Oh, Nature will put it right again," because Nature will not put it right. Nature, though gentle to gaze upon in all her Heaven-born beauty, is a severe mistress, and will have her laws obeyed. We have to coax her; we have to conciliate her to get what we want. Our pipes, or blood vessels, from one cause or another, get clogged periodically; our cisterns, or stomachs, get wofully out of order; our heads and limbs ache, we get peevish, and cannot either work or sleep, or get through any of the ordinary functions of life with anything like comfort. This is a grim picture, perhaps, but it is nevertheless a true one, and a picture we have all had to look upon, and will again have to look upon at some time

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of our lives. You ask what is to be done under such circumstances? Why, clean out the cistern, and sluice out the pipes. Rid the body of the impurities that are preventing the machinery from working properly by taking SLOPER'S PILLS, and as a distinguished scientist said in the past, "If your exports are satisfactory, the imports can, with safety, look after themselves."

THE CHARM OF SLOPER'S PILLS.

For Indigestion, Vomiting, Loss of Appetite, Fulness after Meals, Sickness, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Asthma, Shortness of Breath, Spasms, etc., we advise one of our Pills every night before going to bed, until the trouble ceases. It is somewhat difficult to prescribe exactly for all alike, but when one Pill nightly does not bring about restored health, try two or three.

For Acidity, Flatulency, Heartburn, Foul Breath, etc., we recommend two Pills nightly, until a cure is effected, at the same time taking the greatest care to avoid heavy meals and everything that is rich.

For Headache, Giddiness, Dimness of Sight, Swimming in the Head, Sick Headaches, etc.—These ailments arise from so many different causes that there is a degree of uncertainty in the exact doses to advise. Speaking generally, the best thing is to regulate the dose according to the result, starting with one or two Pills regularly every night. We are not going to frighten the Public by alluding to these complaints as being the premonitory symptoms of illnesses that lead to an early grave, like some patent medicine proprietors do, for such is not the case. We content ourselves by advising sufferers to carry out our suggestions.

For Disturbed Nights, Unpleasant Dreams, etc., we recommend one Pill nightly, until a perfect sleep is experienced. An important thing is to avoid late meat suppers. Nothing much should be eaten after 7.30 to 8 o'clock.

For Costiveness and Yellowness of the Skin, etc.—With severe cases of Constipation, there is no limit to the number of Pills that may be taken with perfect safety and

perfect faith in the result. The best way is to commence with three Pills every night, and increase the dose by one Pill each night until the normal condition of the bowels is attained. **Yellowness of the Skin**, which so frequently arises from Constipation, may be entirely got rid of by a similar treatment.

For Intemperance in Eating and Drinking, etc.—With over-indulgence in drink, if of immediate occurrence, the wisest thing is to cleanse the stomach of the effects of the alcohol with as little delay as possible, and at all risks. With this view in mind, we would advise four of our Pills on going to bed, with a cup of hot tea, coffee or cocoa immediately on getting up next morning. Of course, the usual condition of the bowels must be taken into consideration, and the dose either increased, or decreased, according to circumstances. If the disordered state is caused through chronic intemperance, of either short or long standing, we would prescribe two of the Pills every night, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if this is kept up, the craving for stimulants will cease entirely at the end of six months. As to **Over-Eating**, the doses may be less than those taken for over-drinking. Much depends on the general habit of living. Speaking generally, a Pill every night, until ease and comfort are experienced, is all that is necessary.

For Disordered State of the Stomach and Bowels, Wind, Pains in the Side, Spasms, Pains in the Back, Gout, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout and Flying Pains in the Body, etc., we would advise one and two Pills alternate nights; that is, one Pill, say on Monday, two on Tuesday, one on Wednesday, and so on until the pains disappear altogether.

For Impurities in the Blood, Cutaneous Affections, Pimples, Blotches on the Skin, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Scurvy, Sores, and all Scorbatic Affections, etc.—These are troubles which require time and patience. It is quite useless saturating the system with large doses of medicine every day. The safest plan is to go steadily on, taking one or two Pills every night according to the state of the bowels, until the blood has regained its healthy condition, and the outward signs have entirely disappeared. These complaints are often very disheartening in consequence of

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the slowness of their cure, but persistency in the treatment suggested must bring about a change in the long run.

For Debility, Weakness of the Body, Want of Tone, Palpitation of the Heart, Lowness of Spirits and all Nervous Affections, etc.—These distressing complaints very often arise from family, private, or business troubles, which medicine, perhaps, fails to arrest. On the other hand, the majority of cases are entirely due to a condition of the blood and stomach, which, with a little care, can soon be put right. Whatever the cause, however, we strongly recommend one Pill every night, with good and generous living, plenty of exercise in the open air, and cheerful society.

For Female Complaints and Ailments, etc.—There is a natural delicacy in approaching this subject; but in cases where any irregularity occurs, these Pills are most invaluable. One or two, on going to bed, will be found of great assistance, even in the most obstinate cases, and a veritable blessing to those who are suffering pain and inconvenience.

For Influenza, Sore Throats, Wheezing on the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, Cold Chills, and Flushings of Heat, etc.—These complaints are often thought by the sufferers to arise solely from a catarrhal condition, whereas, in most cases, disordered intestines are, if not the only cause, certainly the main one. Immediately there is a sign of cold in the system, take one or two of our Pills each night, and keep them up until the usual temperature of the body is regained. At the same time, care should be exercised to avoid draughts and taking chills. Warmth and early hours are also most desirable.

CAUTION!

When you ask your Chemist or Druggist for **SLOPER'S PILLS**, do not be persuaded to purchase a higher-priced article instead. Ask for **SLOPER'S PILLS**, Nine-pence Halfpenny per Box, and insist upon having them.

to hear that. The low comedian looks as if they had spoiled all the fun by letting the audience into the secret which it has been the sole aim of the piece to keep from them, and—the curtain falls.

NO WONDER HE WAS "SHIRT-Y"!



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THE CHORUS.



4.—EFFIE EMMERSON.

A FRIEND
IN NEED.

I.

From ANTHONY JUDKINS to FREDERIC UPTON.

MY DEAR UPTON,—I'm in a deuce of a hole, and it will take £20 to pull me out of it. Can you, like the good fellow that you are, find it in your heart—and pocket—to lend me that sum? Only for a few days, dear old boy, only for a few days. You

are the one man of whom I care to ask such a favour, and I ask it of you because I know that a friendship such as ours may dispense with compliments. We know one another, and like one another too well to make any compliments in a case of this sort, and I am only asking of you what I should expect you, in like circumstances, to ask of me with equal frankness. So send me the cash at once, as I am leaving town to-morrow by an early train, and your petitioner will ever pray, etc.,

Yours always, TONY.

P.S.—And how is your piece getting on? Is it finished yet? You know how deeply interested in it I am, so do let me know, by return of post, how the thing is going. To tell you the truth—which I haven't told my wife—I dropped every penny I had over the Derby.

II.

From FREDERICK UPTON to ANTHONY JUDKINS.

MY DEAR TONY,—My piece is on the point

of production, as you may remember I told you it was when I saw you the other day. We start to-morrow for Tode-under-the-Harrow, where the play is to be performed just by way of a start, and thence we mean to work our way through the provinces and so up to London.

Every available penny I have put into it, and I am sorry it is utterly beyond my power to assist you. If you had only asked me a week ago, or if it had been a week hence, I'd have done it like a bird.

My wife desires her very kindest regards to Mrs. Judkins. She wishes me to add that she is sending her the "Heavenly Woman," by the authoress of "The Superfluous Twins," which she wants Mrs. Judkins to read and let her know what she really thinks of it.

Yours to the last kick,

FRED.

P.S.—We are taking a little cottage up the river for a month. You and Mrs. Judkins must come and spend a week or two with us.

III.

SCENE—The South-Northern Railway Station.

JUDKINS—UPTON.

JUDKINS. Hullo, Fred, where are you off to?

UPTON. To Tode-under-the-Harrow.

JUDKINS. What the deuce are you going there for?

UPTON. My play, you know.

JUDKINS. Of course, I was forgetting your letter of this morning. I say, it was awfully good of Mrs. Upton to send my wife that book, but she doesn't care a rap for that sort of thing, you know, and between you and me, I don't think she'd read it at all but to please your wife. By-the-by, I was sorry you couldn't manage that affair for me.

UPTON. What affair?

JUDKINS. The little loan I asked you for.

UPTON. Oh, yes; I was awfully distressed

about it. But you managed it all right, eh? If you hadn't been in such a hurry—

JUDKINS. Thanks, old chap; but if you—

UPTON (*apprehensively*). You see, I've spent every penny I've got on this play of mine, which is bound to turn up trumps. Better than backing horses, eh? It's a dead certainty this time. But what are you doing here? Going to Ascot?

JUDKINS. Well, yes, you've guessed it first time. I'm desperate, and am going to get back a bit of my own.

UPTON. Then you've got the money, after all?

JUDKINS. Borrowed it.

UPTON. Borrowed it?

JUDKINS. On the strength of your letter.

UPTON. Well, look here, Tony, we open to-night at Tode-under-the-Harrow. The thing's bound to be a success—a huge success—and the expenses are nothing to speak of. My company's composed chiefly of friends—



THE THREE HAMLETS.
MESSRS. IRVING, TREE AND BARRETT.

my wife, two cousins, and an uncle. I needn't have any hesitation in talking confidentially to you. The theatre holds £254 when it's full; and say we play to full houses every night for a week, that will come to close on a thousand pounds. I've reckoned it up, you see—a thousand pounds, old chap, and pretty nearly all profit. Now, if you could lend me a tenner, for I've run beastly short, you shall have it back, and fifty—a hundred, too, if you want it. You see, it's like this, pretty well every penny I had on me has gone in railway fares. . . . Come and have a glass of wine, old fellow?

IV.

From ANTHONY JUDKINS to FREDERICK UPTON.

DEAR UPTON,—I'm sorry you haven't thought fit to answer my letter. I told you I lost every penny I had at Ascot, and I shall be obliged if you will let me have the tenner you had from me, and the £50 you promised



THE THREE STAGE COACHES.
MESSRS. NELSON, NEVILLE AND VEZIN.

MISS MAUDE MILLETT.



You delightful
young lady,
Maude Mil-
lett,
Were this
column as
lengthy as
you,
I believe I could
easily fill
it—
You may
laugh, but I
honestly
do—
With expres-
sions of love
about you!

But I fear (which is why I am moody)
I shall have to be horribly brief.
You don't know how I get it from JUDY
When she catches me turning the leaf!
(Not to mention the wrath of her "chief"!)

Now, prithee, I see you've been playing
Down at Oxford and Cambridge—what *chie!*—
How I envy the "boys" who are staying
At these centres of frolic and freak
(I had almost said Latin and Greek!).
When I first saw your acting, your measure
Of the *art* proved your positive claim
To your part. And I've noticed with pleasure
Your quick strides up the ladder of Fame.
I was sure you would soon make a name.

In the course of my busy existence
On this earth, I have frequently heard
People wish that, with someone's assistance,
They'd a butterfly be—quite absurd!
Now, I wouldn't mind being a bird.
'Tis a *rôle* I would love, and could fill it,
And I long to be given the part,
That the seed of my choice might be Millett,
And my perch in the cage of your heart.
(A large order, I guess, for a start.)

to lend me. I see by the *Morning Moon* that
your play has been a success, or I wouldn't
trouble you.

Yours truly, ANTHONY JUDKINS.

v.

From FREDERICK UPTON to ANTHONY JUDKINS.

DEAR ANTHONY,—What am I to say? I re-

frain from
What am I to do? The piece was a failure
at Tode-under-the-Harrow. It was over the
heads of the provincials. If you are in a
hole, old chap, I am very sorry for you. But
I am sure it can't be such a hole as Tode-
under-the-Harrow.

At present I do not know where to turn for
a few pounds, for I haven't enough to pay a
railway fare. If I could only get back to
town, I think I could sell the piece on the
strength of the notice in the *Morning Moon*.
For nobody, of course, attaches any import-
ance to what the local papers say.

Yours truly, FRED.

P.S.—I don't mind telling you that I wrote
the notice myself that you read in the *Morn-
ing Moon*. Good business, eh?

VI.

From the same to the same.

DEAR JUDKINS,—I received your Post-office
order, which
may be as you
insultingly re-
mark, just
enough to pay
my fare back
to town. But,
as you remind
me of the
money I owe
you, I may
inform you
that I also
owe something
to my wife.
I am surprised
that you
should dare
to suppose that
I could think
of leaving her
here. I re-
frain from



WILLARD AT LAST.

MR. GEORNGEY GRAINSMITH
AT HOME.

"I went the other day to see my old friend Corney Grain,
He had got the influenza and was in a deal of pain,
But he asked me a conundrum, saying, 'Tell be, if you cad,
Why you ad I are just alike? 'Cub, give it up, ole bad
The adswer sibply is, of course,
As easy as cad be, G.,
Because I ab a little hoarse
Ad you're a little
G. G.'"



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

commenting upon the too obviously degrading effects that horse racing may produce upon a man. The paltry trifle you are kind enough to send me will enable us, at anyrate, to get quit of this place, and we shall play to-night at the Assembly Rooms in the next town, where we may, no thanks to you, be able to retrieve something of our lost fortunes by more legitimate means than backing horses.

Yours, etc.,

FREDERICK UPTON.

P.S.—My wife will be obliged if your wife will return the book she so kindly lent her.

TOO BAD.

"Your idea for the play is good—but it's been done before," said the manager.

"By whom?" queried the author.

"Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*."

"Hang it all! There's another good idea spoiled."

THE PLAYWRIGHT.

(THE UNACTED SPECIMEN.)

IF any one of our myriads of readers should happen to know a more dangerous specimen of all the Dangerous Classes that can be mentioned than the Playwright, the present writer, who has had considerable dangerous experience in this connection, will be glad—that is to say, sorry—to receive specifications of the same at the earliest convenience.

For, look you, this most dangerous criminal evinces his terrible dangerousness long before he becomes admitted into his most dangerous craft! Nay, worse, he is sometimes still more dangerous, if he doesn't succeed in gaining the said admission; although he, of course, has not the blithering idiocy to admit it. For take your Unacted Playwright. (For the matter of that, I know many who would willingly take him. But let that pass, and let me pass on to my painful narrative.)

You must know, then that I, too, have been a follower of this dreadful trade in my unregenerate days. And well I know that all Unacted Playwrights, especially if they are absolutely unactable, regard all managers who decline their plays as their natural—or rather, unnatural enemies! You will see how unfair this charge is when I tell you that these managers are often utterly innocent of any prejudice in the matter; seeing that they so seldom read the Unacted Dangerous Class-ic that is submitted to them!

And yet the declined dramatist will mostly, in his fanatical outbursts of Playwrighteousness, aver that the decliner must be, in consequence of this declension, a barbarian, compared with whom the Chinese are in the highest state of civilisation. And candour compels me to confess that sometimes the accusation contains a considerable percentage of the beautiful, lovely, unadulterated truth!

But enough of the Unacted specimen of this cankerworm of commerce—in fact quite



NELLY IS INTRUSTED WITH A ONE LINE PART, AND SPENDS FOUR HOURS EVERY DAY FOR TWO MONTHS IN REHEARSING



PENLEY STILL DRAWING.

enough. Turn we now (weather and editor permitting) to a still more dangerous example of the species, namely—the Acted Example. He's far more dangerous than the Unacted. There is much to say about him, too. Too much to say here, and now. Besides, at the moment, words fail me. I haven't them at my command. I must read up and make a careful collection, and let you and *him* have it next year.

A VERY FAIR ESTIMATE.

Interested Friend. Tell me, dear boy, when a manager wants a play from you how do you arrive at the price?

Eminent Dramatist. This way: I reckon up at £5 an hour all the time I used to kick my heels at his stage door inquiring about my 'scripts when I was an unknown man, I add to the total what I consider the intrinsic value of the play I'm selling him, and—there you are.

A VIRGIN DRAMA.

[A witness in a late theatrical case said that if an acting-manager plodded conscientiously through every MS. play left at his stage door he would probably end his days in Hanley or Earlswood.]

SCENE—The manager's den at the Vawdyveal Theatre. MR. HALFSHERRY, the manager, discovered "plodding conscientiously" through the MS. of *Our Daily Struggle*; or, *The Dying Pieman*. He wears a worried look: there are cornflowers and malmaison stalks twined in his dishevelled hair. A tap is heard at the door, and, enter MR. CHIPS, the stage doorkeeper.

MR. CHIPS. Oh—er—beg parding, sir, but that young gent with the long 'air as left that play 'ere o' Monday 'as called again.

MR. HALFSHERRY (wearily). Show him in, Chips, show him in.

Enter MR. J. SHERIDAN MCPUSH, a prematurely aged person, with exceedingly long hair and pince-nez, which he uses ad lib.

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.

It's the Pelican Club that's dead. The *Pelican* newspaper is very much alive and—no. not kicking. What fighting the *Pelican* has to do, that merry old bird does fairly. Hence it is a long way above the common or garden weekly penny-worths of society. Mr. Frank M. Boyd is the editor of the *Pelican*. He is a writer of smart, "newsy" paragraphs; possesses a wonderful faculty for securing interesting information before anyone else and is an excellent critic.



MR. FRANK M. BOYD.

A VIRGIN DRAMA.

MR. MCP. Er—Mr. Halfsherry, I believe?

MR. H. The same, sir, at your service.

MR. MCP. Er—tha-anks, awf'ly. I—er—I left a little—er—seventeen act thing of mine for your careful consideration a few days ago—have you looked through it yet?

MR. H. You—er—refer to—er—*Drug from Her Fireside to Drown on a Friday*, I believe? Ye-es, I read it yesterday; or rather I should say Mr. Briar and I read it together.

MR. MCP. Indeed. And pray what do you think of it?

MR. H. (undecidedly). Well—the fact is that we—er—may I ask how long you have been engaged upon this piece?

MR. MCP. (grandly). You may, sir. I have worked at that play since the winter of '81. It has been re-written and re-constructed many times: it is my *magnum opus*.

MR. H. Quite so—no doubt—but it struck us—Mr. Briar and myself—that you had been—pardon the suggestion: it is *only* a suggestion, of course—that you had been almost *too* long on it. You began it in '81?

MR. MCP. I did, sir. I started it about half-past nine on Guy Fawkes night. After

a few weeks I put it away and went to work at it again during the following summer; I put in a few more acts in '84 and '85, and finished it off only the other day.

MR. H. Oh, yes. We thought it—er—quite unconventional.



NELLY FARREN "ON THE ROAD TO HEALTH."

MR. MCP. It is a style singularly my own.

MR. H. Dear me, yes—and *very* singular it is, too. For instance, in the first act you cause Fanny Flybloughe to refer to the previous death at sea of the low comedian's father, and in the ninth act—no, I'm wrong, ninth *scene*, third act—you make him fall in love with his cook, marry her, and have a son whom Fanny fears will succeed to the property that should fall to Jack Tarflatte. Your idea is excellent, but—er—we should say—er—not quite consecutive.

MR. MCP. That is rather a flaw, certainly. Fact is, the first three acts were written in '82, and I'd forgotten I'd killed the old man. '82, you see, it's more than twelve years ago.

MR. H. Truly; and you thought you could resuscitate him? We both admired the pathetic speech setting forth the great misfortune of Fanny's blind sister in the fourth act. Mr. Briar was deeply touched at the devotion of the poor afflicted girl—and then being blind, too; it appealed to his—er—his Caleb Deecie emotions. I fear, however, you rather trip yourself up in the fifth scene of the sixth act, for you make the Count de Clichylebong rave of her "fair blue eyes that gazed divinely into mine, feeding on my fond glances with a look of loving longing." I



THE NEW BOY.



Low Comedy. WHAT PART DO I TAKE?
Heavy Man. OH, YOU—YOU ARE THE HEROINE'S FATHER. HE DIES TEN YEARS BEFORE
 THE FIRST ACT!

fear that would hardly pass with the captious critics.

MR. MCP. Odd that I could have overlooked that—the blindness, I mean. However, I could alter that.

MR. H. Yes, I fear you'd have to. Then there's another point I'd call your attention to. When you come to the murder in the eleventh act you lay great stress on the fact that it was committed with a shoe-maker's knife, and you make the old groom who picks it up describe minutely the make, shape and peculiarities of the instrument. So far, all right; but when you get to the inquest in the taproom of the Fair Wind inn, you make the village doctor swear that he found the bullet—a metal button, by the way—embedded in the heart of the victim. It is a mistake that might occur to anyone, I know, but still it takes away from the *realism* of the incident.

MR. MCP. It is rather unlucky, but—

MR. H. It is. And you seem somewhat complicated, too, about your minor characters. The Briggs family, for instance, so far as I can make out, seem to have married their own brothers and sisters; and though, in the seventh act, you make Mrs. Briggs have a terrible quarrel with her brother about the forged letter that he sends to her younger sister, yet in the fourteenth act we find her lamenting over the library fire that she was an only child, and envying those who enjoyed the love and affection of brothers and sisters. Again, Mrs. Montmorency Mudde, in the second act, when she is approached by the villain, is contentedly playing in the hay meadow with her eight lovely children and the twins. In the ninth act, where she implores her husband's forgiveness, she thinks that if she had only been blessed with a baby it would have taught her to lead a better life. There are one or two other slight oversights—pardon me for calling them so—but in your big scene, the foundering of the *Hop Tonic* off

Beachy Head, both Jack Tarflatte and Fanny Flybloughe are drowned; two acts and five scenes further on he saves her from the house on fire in Holywell Street. But you don't stop here, for after you have married them at the registry office you make Jack Tarflatte out to be Nance Oldelove disguised in sailor's clothing.

MR. MCP. Ah, that is a bit awkward. But, on the whole, Mr. Halfsherry, what—er—do you suggest?

MR. H. (as he extends his hand towards the doorkeeper's bell). I beg to suggest, sir, that, instead of writing for the stage, you turn your attention towards starting a private lunatic asylum, and, if many more of such plays as these are left at the Vawdyveal, Mr. Briar and I will come and be your two first customers!

CURTAIN.



M. JEAN DE RESZKE.

MISS JULIA NEILSON.
(As the Serpentine Dancing Girl.)



YOUR skill as the deep Drusilla
Is more than I've space to write;
To tell it would mean to fill a
Whole page of the paper, quite.
So pardon, if only partly
I manage, like clumsy churl,
To praise what you act so smartly—
The Serpentine Dancing Girl.

Oh, beautiful, bad Drusilla!
Oh, difficult part to take!
The greed of a great gorilla,
The heart of a sneering snake;
The form of a lovely lady—
To look at, a priceless pearl;
But only a lady shady—
A Serpentine Dancing Girl.

It wants, to play sly Drusilla,
Two things, and these things I'll pen—
The strength of a marble pillar,
The beauty of Julia N.
Without them 'twould be a failure,
A thing at which ink to hurl.
So, Queen of *your* art, I hail yer,
The Serpentine Dancing Girl!

A DRAMATIST who is Never Tame: Oscar Wilde.

WHY I DON'T WRITE PLAYS.

BY THE RT. HON. W. E. GL-DST-N-, M.P.

THE proposal that I should address myself to the production of dramatic literature is one which indubitably claims my careful and attentive consideration. A study of the works of the great playwrights of ancient Greece and Rome—to say nothing of those of modern France, with whose compositions I am less intimately acquainted—has impressed me most forcibly with the importance, for good or evil, of this difficult department of human endeavour; and it has been my occasional privilege to hear utterance given to very similar sentiments by my friends Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole. The question, however, of my personally entering into competition with Mr. Pinero, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Grundy seems to me to be, at present, at a stage at which exhaustive and thoughtful discussion, whether by deputation or otherwise, should precede the adoption of any declared and definite policy. Nor can I refrain from adding that it will be quite impossible for me to seriously entertain the interesting suggestion of Mr. William Archer until I have satisfied those national aspirations of the Irish people, to which I conceive it to be my duty to devote whatever brief period of mental activity which it may be the will of Divine Providence to allot to me.

BY THE REV. J-S-PH P-RK-R, D.D.

Candidly I believe that I have the dramatic instinct. Is not a sermon, skilfully constructed and artistically delivered, in the style in vogue at the City Temple, practically a theatrical entertainment, in which the preacher, for the Kingdom's sake, plays many parts? The rounded periods of melodramatic declamation; the barbed shafts of epigram; the broad and boisterous jest; the adroit appeal to the gallery—all these are part and parcel

MIXED.



Mabel St. Clair. WAS IT *YOU* SENT ME THAT BOUQUET LAST NIGHT?
Charlie Goldflake. WHY, OF COURSE! DIDN'T YOU READ THE NOTE?
Mabel St. Clair. YES; ONLY IT WAS ADDRESSED TO SOPHIE LIGHTFOOT, AND SHE HAD ANOTHER JUST LIKE MINE, WITH A NOTE ADDRESSED TO ME.



"TOOLE IN TWO PIECES."

of the preacher's art. Nay, more. The subtle endeavour to procure insidious advertisement is as characteristic of the leading luminaries of the Nonconformist ministry as of the actor who never goes to the seaside without rescuing a drowning child. What need is there, therefore—whether in the interest of the Word or of myself—that I should professionally ally myself with an art the distinguishing features of which I already cultivate not without success?

By MR. K--R H--RD--., M.P.

Next to the press and the pulpit, I consider the stage the most demoralizing influence of modern times. This must necessarily be so, so long as the theatres cater for a degraded, dissolute and mindless aristocracy, instead of for the honest, intelligent and cultivated working classes. I once went to a performance at the Gaiety. There was plenty of rubbishy music and plenty of rubbishy dancing, which evidently gave the greatest satisfaction to the idiotic young mashers in the stalls. But, from the beginning of the play to the end, there was not one single allusion to the Eight Hours' Day for Miners, Employers' Liability, the Taxation of Ground Rents, the Reform of the Registration Acts, the Payment of Members, the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, or any other of the items of the Newcastle Programme. So long as managers pursue this policy and refuse to produce plays treating of matters of real

interest to the people, it will be of no use for me to think of writing plays.

By MR. G. R. S.-MS.

The reason why I don't write plays is, that it pays me better to write melodramas and burlesques.

By MR. W--LL--M--RCHER, MR. A. B. W--LKL--Y, AND OTHERS.

We don't write plays because we find it very much simpler work criticising the plays of other people.

TO A BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS.

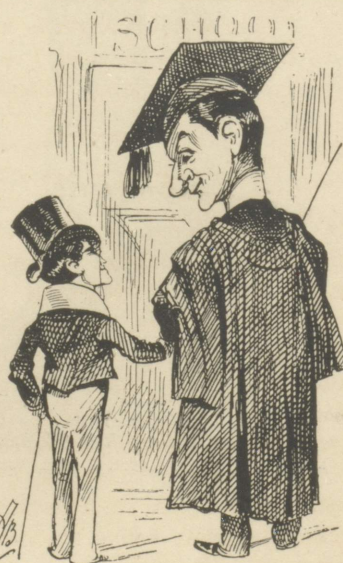
By AN UNBIASSED CRITIC.

(The lady will guess at once to whom he alludes.)

ANGELIC emanation
Of a fairer world than this;
Your smile's an education
In the subtleties of bliss;
Your sway I grovel under
With a passion strong and true—

And, I ask
you, can
you wonder
When you
know that
you are
you?

You're fairest
of earth's
creatures
(From the
fact there's
no escape),
You're perfect
in your
features
And you're
faultless in
your shape;



THE TWO HARES.

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.



"CARADOS."

THE fairness of "Carados" (Messrs. Richard Butler and Henry Chance Newton) is well-known. "Carados" is one of the best fellows, or two of the best fellows, that ever breathed. They are always wideawake to a sense of British straight-forwardness, and have their eyes ever open (whether they be in the playhouse or the "Carados"-house in Wine Office Court) to the rights and the wrongs of the people in the profession (to use a Carados and Refereeism).

matter of fact, it is very difficult to take him (or her). For the A.P. can never by any chance be brought, or taught, to consider himself (or herself) as such. The more he (or she) is associated with Average Pro.-kind, so much the more will the A.P. regard himself (and even herself) as an Extrordinary Pro. whose transcendent abilities Fate will persist in regarding as a Poor Relation, and never recognising.

The said A.P. will also inevitably denounce the few who are really E. P.'s as being utterly unworthy of that position compared with him (or her) the denouncer—or denounceress. As for the aforesaid few Extraordinary Players ("Regular" or Variety) it is even more difficult to persuade each of them that he (or even she) is not really the Absolutely Only E. P. that ever was, is, or will be! And hence it will be found occasionally (very occasionally)

Elaborate inspection

Will discover no defect—
You are absolute perfection,
Yes, in every respect.

Your hair is soft and silky,
And your eyes (I think) are blue,
Your complexion's fair and milky
With a healthy kind of hus,
Your lips are just distracting
(With a smile or with a pout),
And, when it comes to acting,
Why, you knock creation out.

Your Comedy has magic
No one else can hope to reach,
You thrill us in "the tragic"
Till we "positively screech;"
Your insight and expression
Are but rivalled by your grace—
Not a soul in your profession
Is your equal in the race.

Presenting my devotion
On a (metaphoric) knee,
(I doubt if you've a notion
How devoted I can be);
Your name I have not printed,
(I'm afraid it might be seen),
But the gifts at which I've hinted
Show you plainly whom I mean.

THE "PRO."

It is considered in all well-regulated communities as doubtful whether there is in any of the many Dangerous Classes that infest these Islands any more dangerous person than the Pro., whether he be of the Acting, Bicycling, Football, or Pugilistic Species.

Our present intention, however, is to treat the Acting Pro.—which is quite enough subject for one essay, and perhaps a bit over. Besides, he likes being treated. Take, for instance, the Average Pro.; although, as a

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.



MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT is the critic of the *Daily Telegraph*. He is always getting into trouble with the actors, the authors, the dramatic critics, and, worst of all, with the public; but that is the penalty of being Great Scott!

that ructions will set in even in Theatrical and Music-hall circles.

The Pro. is invariably of superior ability to the Amateur (that is, the Acting, not the Athletic Pro.). His will-power, however, does not always pan out so well in Probate as could be wished—not even when (as is sometimes the case) the Pro. has had a big salary most part of each year, and several “clear” benefits. These often prove, alas! as a certain Playwriting Pro. remarks in one of his plays, “Benefits forgot.” Speaking of Pro.-bate, perhaps the best and most “fetching” is the common (or puff) par., which these strange fish will swallow with great avidity at all seasons.

In spite of many dangerous qualities, the Pro.-player is distinctly unselfish. If you should chance to mention any specially successful “rendition” (as it is called in the Pro.’s language)—that is, any “rendition” of someone else’s—the Pro., listening, will never decry or pooh-pooh the said “rendition,” but with an air of pathetic and profound pity for *you*, will gently remark, “Ah! I believe you never saw ME play the part.”

Another redeeming feature in the Pro. is his love for his Understudy, and his great anxiety to learn how that Understudy is progressing in his difficult task: Nay, even if that Understudy is extra-talented, the Pro.

will often hasten back to his duties with lightning speed in order that the “Dear, darling” Understudy may not be over-taxed!

The chief dangerous qualities of the Pro. may be enumerated as follows:

- (a) His acting when off the stage.
- (b) His frequent *not* doing so when *on*.
- (c) Committing any crime, heroic deed, or “presentation” for the purpose of securing a Par.
- (d) Falling (with or without the slightest provocation) into the Bankruptcy Court.
- (e) Living on the Fat of the Land—not to mention the River—meanwhile.
- (f) Also his habit (with or without the slightest provocation) of frequently changing wives, his own or other people’s.
- (g) Regarding this sort of thing as “quite the thing, you know.”
- (h) His frequent dropping of them—dropping of the H’s without the slightest provocation.

(i) An Incessant Craving for “Fat,” especially that of his fellow Pro.’s.

(j) The Commission of any Dark Deed in order to secure the same.

There are a sufficient number of crimes to fill up the remainder of the Alphabet, yea, even were it a Chinese alphabet of five hundred letters. But I forbear, haply lest the list should assume the form of “confessions.”

THE CHORUS.



5.—MILDRED MILTON.

THE NEW CHRISTMAS GREETING.

“Have
you
tried
a
Sloper
Pill?”

[SEE OVER.]

*It is an interesting fact that many celebrated
Actors and Actresses take*

SLOPER'S PILLS

9½D. PER BOX (50 PILLS).

From amongst some dozens of TESTIMONIALS already received from members of the Theatrical Profession, we select the following:—

LETTER FROM CHARLES COLLETTE.

20 CARLISLE MANSIONS, VICTORIA, S.W.

October 22, 1894.

GENTLEMEN,—I am much obliged for the **Sloper's Pills**. They were strongly recommended by a friend, and I have much pleasure in endorsing his good opinion. I find them a mild, effective, useful and most excellent medicine.

Faithfully yours,

To Messrs. GURDEN & Co.

CHARLES COLLETTE.

LETTER FROM PAUL MERITT.

THE HOLLIES, PEMBROKE SQUARE, KENSINGTON, W.

October 26, 1894.

Messrs. GURDEN & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I think it is only an act of common fairness to you to write and tell you how much I have been benefited by **Sloper's Pills**. Like many another good Christian, I am subject to occasional attacks of Bile, and during one of these a Chemist recommended me to try **Sloper's Pills**. I did so, with most satisfactory results. Since then, at the slightest sign of Bile, I fly to Sloper's Pill Box and the enemy vanishes rapidly. The price, too, is ridiculously low and places them within the reach of the humblest.

Faithfully yours, PAUL MERITT.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR DRUGGIST FOR

SLOPER'S PILLS

9½D. PER BOX (50 PILLS).

IF THEY HAVE NOT GOT THEM SEND 9½D. IN STAMPS TO THE PROPRIETORS,

GURDEN & CO.,

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.,

And a Box will be sent you immediately.

[SEE OVER.

THE EPILOGUE OF THE PLAY.

51

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.



"G. A. S."

Is it possible, I wonder, for Mr. George Moore to have had in his mind another George—to wit, Mr. George Augustus Sala—when he told us that there were no dramatic critics in England with opinions worth reading? Did he mean that he, too (G. A. S.) was as black as the other black sheep of dramatic criticism? It is not unlikely, for there is no limit to the impudence of the Blacker-Moore who envies the "white man." That Mr. Sala is the "white man in the right place" when he is looking on at a play from a private box, with the object of criticising what he sees, is a fact worth fifty of Mr. George Moore's. Mr. Sala seldom goes to the theatre now: at least, he seldom attends at the first nights. I used to be a regular G. A. S. meeter at one time. I'm sorry I'm not now.

and I—etc., etc.

CLAIRETTE. And may we never forget—etc., etc.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT VI.

One week later. SCENE—A handsomely furnished apartment.

Enter JAMES ROWLANDS, in great agitation.

JAMES. Darling, I have bad news for you. We cannot be married to-morrow, or at least we cannot take our proposed wedding tour.

CLAIRETTE (horried). In Heaven's name, what has happened? Has Jasper escaped?

JAMES (gloomily). Worse. He is going to be tried, and we are subpoenaed to appear as witnesses.

CLAIRETTE. But I thought it was only necessary to denounce him and the authorities would do the rest?

JAMES. Such, my darling, is the impression we convey to the audience, but the reality is far different. We must go to the Court and

THE EPILOGUE OF THE PLAY.

ACT V.

(Just before the curtain falls.)

DETECTIVE. Do you accuse this man?

JAMES ROWLANDS (firmly). I do! Oh, do not deny it, Dick Jasper! Here are the papers that prove you a thief, and I—with my own eyes—saw you murder Uncle Gosling.

OMNES. A murderer!

JASPER (aside). Discovered! Damnation!

CLAIRETTE (shrinking). Oh, take him away!

[JASPER is taken away in the usual manner.]

JAMES. And now, darling, the clouds have chased themselves away for ever, and you



"PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
MR. CHARLES HARRIS."

4—2

MISS MAY YOHE.



I've looked my Shelley through and through,
I've spent an afternoon with Gilbert—
And lastly, to be frank with you,
I've tried my own poetic filbert.
But though I search with anxious nib,
I find among the mentioned sources,
There's nothing good enough to crib!
To dry up, then, my only course is!

face the worst. (*Aside.*) Dash it all!

SCENE II.—*Court Room.* JAMES ROWLANDS
has just descended from the witness box,
pale and dishevelled.

CLAIRETTE (*who clings fondly to him*). Oh,
James, are you—pray tell me—are you an
abandoned villain and the persecutor of
innocence?

JAMES (*gloomily*). So it seems, pet. And—
you, Clairette: it is strange that I never
detected that you tempted this man to his
ruin. (*They weep in each other's arms.*)

FOREMAN OF THE JURY. Guilty of murder
in the first degree.

JAMES and CLAIRETTE. We are vindicated!

ACT VII.

One month later. SCENE—*A parlour.*

Enter JAMES ROWLANDS, hurriedly.

JAMES. Clairette, Jasper has been granted

a new trial!

CLAIRETTE. And must we go through it all
again?

JAMES (*agonised*). Yes; all—all! Oh, this
is terrible!

CLAIRETTE. Oh, James, would that you
had not denounced him!

JAMES. It was a fatal mistake! Uncle
Gosling was dead, and the bonds and jewels
had been recovered. Why couldn't I have let
it go at that?

CLAIRETTE. You might have said: "Go,
wretched man, and let your guilty conscience
be its own punishment!" or something like
that. I have heard of that being done.

JAMES (*bitterly*). It's too late now. Ah,
that fearful fifth act! But come, darling,
cheer up—all is not yet lost.

SCENE II.—*Court Room.*

FOREMAN OF THE JURY. Guilty of murder
in the first degree.

ACT VIII.

SCENE—JAMES ROWLAND'S office.

Enter CLAIRETTE.

CLAIRETTE. Well?

JAMES. Guilty again!

CLAIRETTE. Then we will be married next
week?

JAMES (*hoarsely*). No, precious. The Supreme
Court has set aside the verdict and ordered a
new trial, and you—you, Clairette, are to
blame!

CLAIRETTE. I?

JAMES. Yes. On the first trial you swore
that you wore a China *crêpe* when you last
saw Uncle Gosling, and on the last trial you
said it was nun's veiling.

CLAIRETTE (*weeping*). Oh, wretched gur-r-l
that I am!

JAMES (*gloomily*). The fates are indeed cruel.
Clairette, if you have ordered your going-away

THE CHORUS.



6.—LETITIA ROBINSON.

gown, counter-
mand the order
at once.

ACT IX.

SCENE — *Court
Room.*

FOREMAN OF
THE JURY. Guilty
of murder in the
second degree.

COUNSEL FOR
PRISONER. Your
Honour, I make
a motion for a
new trial. I have
just discovered
that there are two
t's in the indict-
ment not crossed.

CLAIRETTE.

Merciful powers! (*Faints.*)

JAMES (*dragging her out into the corridor*).
Courage, dearest, and all will be well. This
night we will be married, and at dawn take
the steamer to South America. I will save
you, or perish in the attempt!

ACT X.

SCENE—*Interior of the Argentine Republic.*
Mr. and Mrs. ROWLANDS at dinner.

JAMES (*reading letter*). Free, darling! free
at last!

MRS. ROWLANDS. Has he been hung?

JAMES. No, not quite. The jury, on the
fourth trial, brought in a verdict of not guilty,
as there was no evidence against the prisoner.

MRS. ROWLANDS (*joyously*). Then we may
return home again?

JAMES (*slowly*). Not at present. I am
advised by my lawyer to keep dark for a year
or two, as Jasper threatens to indict us for

malicious prosecution. But cheer up, loved
one; let us remain here for eight or ten years
and Jasper may relent.

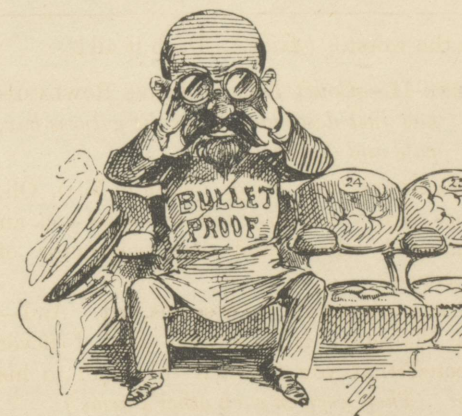
MRS. ROWLANDS. And you will never de-
nounce anyone any more, darling?

JAMES (*fervently*). Never!

[CURTAIN.]

"WHAT TITLES IT?"

DISTINCTIONS are becoming distressingly
common among the profession. We have
long known of "Lieutenants" who ventrilo-
quise. "Lord George Sanger," too, we have
heard of, and now it is refreshing to read of
the doings of "King Ohmy" in sundry of the
theatrical journals. We await the sure
coming of Emperor Smith, of Czar Jones, and
of Great Mogul Robinson.

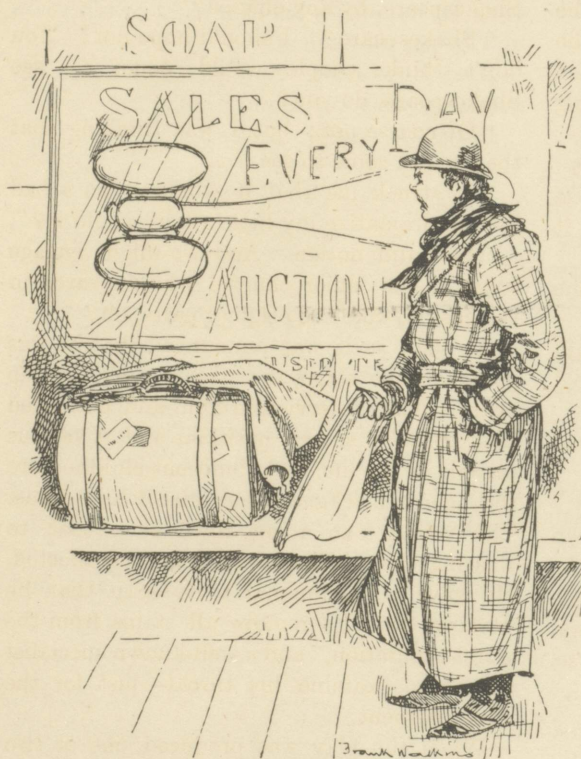


THE NEWEST CRITIC.

IN view of the awful risk to precious life that
dramatic critics now run in expressing their candid
opinions of silly plays, we have asked Mr. Alfred
Bryan to design a new dress coat for first-night wear,
and here it is.

Enraged and revengeful dramatic authors are parti-
cularly requested not to shoot below the belt.

A BAD START.



Actor (just starting on tour). Great Scot alive, look at that! the whole of my personal effects "under the hammer"! Phew, what an omen! [Almost decides not to go.]

"THE MAD DRAMATIST."

ALL the critics, in turn, have said their say about the great Dr. Ibsen. Mr. Walkley has covered him with praise. Mr. Clement Scott has covered him with obloquy. At last, at the Theatres and Music Halls Committee, Mr. Pigott, the official examiner of plays, delivered an opinion about the great Norwegian. "It seemed to him," he said, "that all Ibsen's characters were mentally deranged."

I do not like you, Dr. I.
I find your plays uncommon dry,
Your characters inane.

I will avow—I have avowed—
I deem a melodrama crowd
Comparatively sane.

The murderer in evening dress,
The beautiful adventuress,
Who's several people's wife;
The comic lovers—leading line
Of Clara Jecks and Johnnie Shine—
All these are true to life.

The heroines who never fall,
The leading juveniles who bawl
And start for foreign parts;
The street boy—plucky little man!—
Who disconcerts what villains plan:
These rightly touch our hearts.

But Dr. Ibsen, as for you,
Who fain would look us through
and through,
Strip us and lay us bare;
Who sharpen your dissecting knife,
And would expose our inner life;
I do not like—so there!

I rather loathe you, Dr. I;
I find your plays uncommon dry,
Your characters inane.
I will avow—I have avowed—
I find a melodrama crowd
Comparatively sane.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

THE jury had disagreed, and the prisoner left the dock—not without a stain upon his character.

Indeed, he felt himself irretrievably ruined—hopelessly disgraced. His name was known all the world over: for months it had been appearing in the newspapers, day by day.

But he was a man of resource; and even his misfortunes he was able to turn to account. For months past people had crowded into a

stuffy law-court in order to gaze upon him—had gathered in their hundreds outside the court just to catch a glimpse of him as he passed.

The desire to see him was something intense.

He determined to gratify such curiosity: and now he was at last at liberty to choose his own way of doing so, he decided to do it on his own terms.

He made up his mind to go on the stage.

"Never been on the stage before?" said the enterprising manager, to whom he offered his services.

The poor, despicable fellow admitted he had not.

"Doesn't matter in the least, dear boy," said the manager. "You're well-known enough to draw on your—merits. You'll be a huge success as an actor. Now, what do you propose to play? If you were a woman, burlesque would be the best thing, of course,

but as a man—— You wouldn't like to play Shakespeare, by any chance?"

"Shakespeare? I should hope not! You don't think people would come to see Shakespeare, do you?"

"Of course not; but I was thinking that they would come to see *you*."

"It struck me that it wouldn't be a bad idea to dramatize my little affair, would it?"

"Splendid notion. And we might engage some of the junior counsel who appeared in the case to take the original parts, eh?"

As soon as it was announced that he was going on the stage, the papers took him up again. They interviewed him, and published his portrait in several positions and at various periods of his life, from innocent childhood to the age of blackguardism, infamy and crime. The young man about town even took to wearing the peculiar-shaped hat he affected. He gave a testimonial to a soap that he declared would "remove all stains from the worst reputation," and a well-known specialist offered to examine his throat—just for the advertisement.

When the play was produced, one or two writers welcomed the play because it was so thoroughly unconventional, but the critics, generally, damned the piece, and the manager damned the critics.

And people did not go to see the play.

But they went to see the notorious rascal who was playing in the chief part. The interest in his performance only waned when the recollection of his case passed out of the public mind.

However, his reputation as an actor is not likely to suffer, for he is the co-respondent in a forthcoming divorce case, which is likely to attract so much attention, that the fair respondent herself has already decided to take the "short cut" to the stage, through the doors of the divorce court. But, of course, she won't appear till the case—which promises to be a great success—is over.

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.



MR. MOY THOMAS.

a straight-forward criticism without offending the criticised.

MR. MOY THOMAS' fairness is too well-known to require much advertisement here. Gentleness is a strong point with the D. C. of the *Daily News*. He is never cruel, be the play or player ever so; and even when it is a case of "the Moy he looks, the less he likes it," Mr. Thomas contrives somehow to produce



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

DIRECTIONS TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

JANUARY.—Now advertise morning performances of pantomimes, and proclaim in letters twenty feet long that your pantomime is the best in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Berwick-upon-Tweed. Quarrel with the actors who only play in the first pieces, and tell them that they are of no use to you, as the pantomime is the only attraction. If they resent the remark, tell them they can leave the theatre if they choose: by these means you may save salaries. Snub your tragedian if you think he will bear it; if he won't, snub somebody else. Plant thorns in the bosom of your stage manager: he may throw up his engagement—and he is of no service—after the pantomime is produced.

FEBRUARY.—Thin your ballet if you think

the audience will not notice. See that your money-takers put no more money in the money-boxes than is taken at the doors. Prepare a grand new sensation drama. Hire an author; if with an idea the better; if without an idea, send him to Paris, and let him stop there. Before the piece is written, advertise at the bottom of your playbills that it is in rehearsal, "The New, Grand, Romantic, Realistic, Modern Drama of *The Sewers!* With Real Gas-Pipes, Real Navigators, Real Rats and Real Sewerage."

MARCH.—Train big posters for the walls, and prune your author's fees. Cut off popular actors at other theatres by offer of a larger salary. Attend to planting *clacqueurs* in boxes, pit and gallery. Force your newspaper criticisms with sherry, champagne, cold fowl, and jelly.

APRIL.—If your piece fail, go to the Jews. They will lend you money at 60 per cent., and will amuse their minds by writing orders for your theatre until you pay them. Cut off necessary expenses at theatre, and take a larger villa. Give parties to the money-lenders. Find a foolish friend with money—one fond of acting to be preferred—and point out to him how sure your speculation is of succeeding if you can only obtain the required amount of capital.

MAY.—Get up a testimonial to yourself, and make your actors pay for it. A silver service, with an inscription about your "gentlemanly conduct, public spirit, private worth, urbanity, courtesy, charity, benevolence, beauty, magnanimity, magnificence, munificence, etc., etc." Don't pay your rent!

JUNE.—Shut up your theatre.

JULY.—Keep your theatre shut!

AUGUST.—Go to Paris.

SEPTEMBER.—Stay in Paris.

OCTOBER.—Go through the Bankruptcy Court—an easy process, and be complimented by the Court. Stick to the moneylenders, for they will stick to you. Reopen your theatre

LOVE LOCKS.



"AND BEAUTY DRAWS US BY A SINGLE HAIR."

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.



GREAT Queen of Songstresses, good afternoon !
I'm glad to see you, to be e'en thus near you ;
Though gladder far (for 'tis a greater boon,
O Champion Warbler of the World) to hear
you !

I like thy singing—and I'll condescend—
Nay, thank me not : it is my business merely
And not the act of an admiring friend—
To state my flattering opinion clearly
In print. Thy powers of the vocal kind
Show special promise in the line Soprano.
I'm showing candour, you protest, behind,
And saying only what is pretty? Ah, no!
I would not blind thee for the whole world wide ;
'Twould serve no purpose—or, at least, no good
one.

Just fancy loading you with false-found pride
To breast the billows of the stronger tide
Of musical opinion ! O, how *could* one ?

I state but solely what I think is true.
That Madame Patti has a fine soprano,
A voice of liquid (which is liquid, 'oo,
As rich as any *you* can show, Romano !)
I state but simply what I think is right—
I heard you sing a song in Cincinnati :
You sang as smoothly as an oyster might
If oysters warbled. I've an appetite
For Feasts of Music when there's *Oyster Patti* !

if the proprietor will let you. Bring out a Meteorological Drama, with a Shower of Frogs in it if possible ; if not, engage an Aërolite. Inaugurate the scientific drama. Produce a Farce with a balloon in it, and a Comedy on the Adulteration of Food.

NOVEMBER.—Produce a Drama, and fill your theatre with orders. Then advertise "Crowded Houses !" Prepare your Pantomime. Engage eight Clowns, sixteen Pantaloon, thirty-two Harlequins, and sixty-four Columbines—all thick. Put out a new transparency over the pit door, and discharge your money-takers ; revive *Oronooko* with real slaves, recently escaped. Appeal to the philanthropist and the abolitionist, and compel all the male members of your company to wear white cravats. Establish a day school for your supernumeraries.

DECEMBER.—Get credit for Dutch metal, foil, and timber, and trust in the British Public. Encourage your carpenters, and snub your actors. Be obsequious to your scene-painters, and deferential to your clown. Produce your Pantomime. Make a fortune. Prepare your books for going through the Court in the following year—it keeps your name before the public.

THE HAPPY PITTITE.

I HAVE rarely read livelier verse in its way—
And I fancy 'tis rarely I *shall*—
Than the lines Captain Morris address'd in
his day

To "the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall."
I am sorry to differ in any degree
With so charming a songster and wit,
But the sweetest of places in London to me
Is the sweet second row of the pit.

Let the bloated and opulent aristocrat
Go and lounge in a box or a stall—
I would never, if Destiny made me do *that*,
Spend a night at the playhouse at all.

THE CHORUS.



7.—JESSIE LYNTON.

Till they open that scene of delight.
And a trifling delay of no matter how long
Never flurries my temper a bit,
If at length I can rush in the front of the throng
To my sweet second row of the pit.

Whether Boucicault, Byron, or Robertson
write,

He will find a stern critic in me ;
Let him bring out his piece on a Saturday night,
I am there to approve or to d— !
Let the journalists come in a body to ask
If the play be a miss or a hit,
I can give them a number of hints for their task
From the sweet second row of the pit.

ON OSCARISM.

THE science of Oscarism was originated
by the French. The lady who said that
Marriage was the Sacrament of Adultery, and
the gentleman who, hearing someone observe

I am thoroughly
happy when
seated at ease
Where my
limited means
will permit ;
I can hiss or ap-
plaud, cry or
laugh, as I
please,
From the sweet
second row of
the pit.
With a couple
of shillings
concealed in
my hand,
Once a week,
on a Saturday
night,
At the doors of
the temple of
Thespis I stand

that "*Les grands esprits se rencontrent*," added,
"*Et aussi les petits, et plus souvent*," may be
said to have invented Mr. Oscar Wilde. But,
whereas the early Oscarisms were, so to
speak, hand-made, the Oscarisms of Oscar
himself are turned out by machinery.

The raw material of an Oscarism is one of
those obvious truths which the inherited
experience of generations has made patent to
all the world. Invert one of those obvious
truths, and state the inversion as though that
were the obvious truth, and there you have
the manufactured article. There is a saying,
for example, to the effect that "Art is short
and life is long." By saying, in italics—for
italics are essential to an Oscarism—that *Art
is Long and Life is Short*, you will gain credit
for having composed an epigram.

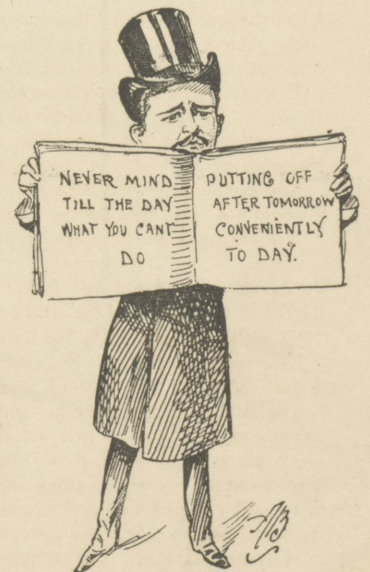
Here are a few assorted Oscarisms for
general use at the dinner-table, or at any
other place where epigrams are in re-
quest :

*A really good man may commit many crimes :
but he will never be guilty of the wickedness of
doing his duty.*

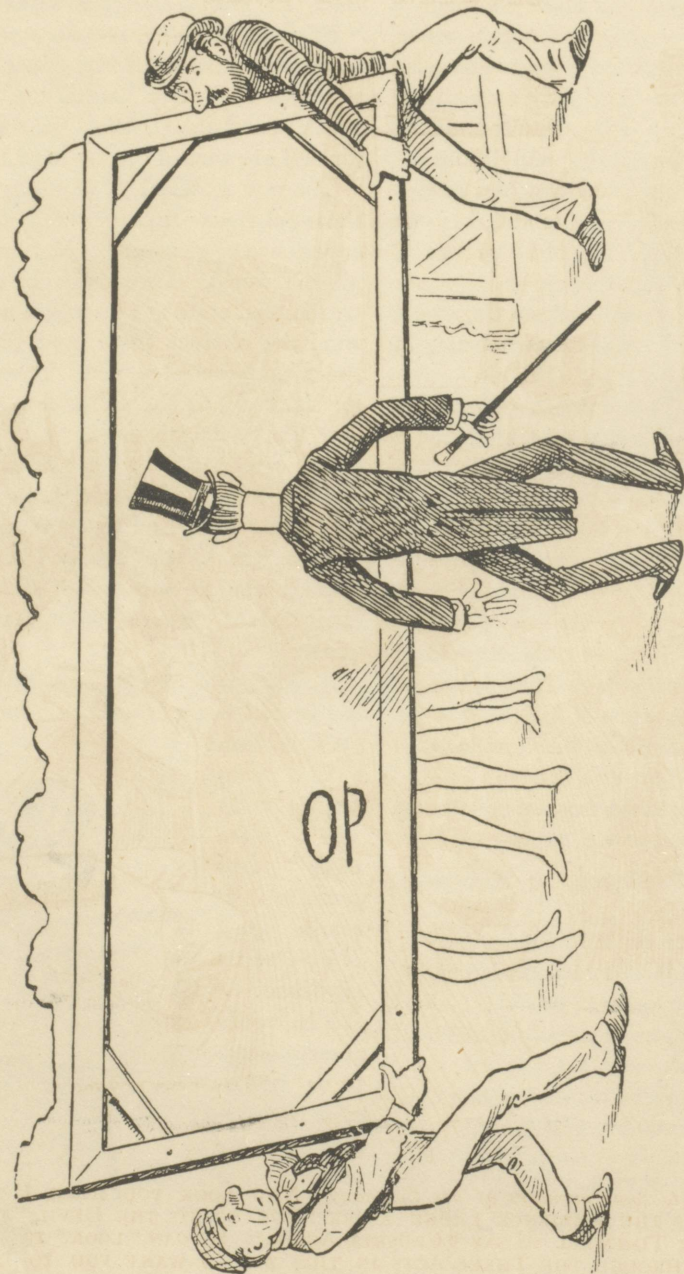
*Vice loses
half its gross-
ness when
those who
practise it
smoke good
Egyptian
cigarettes.*

*The only
sinner whom
it is impos-
sible to par-
don is the
sinner who is
ashamed of
h a v i n g
sinned.*

*It is the
chief failing
of the cynic*



CHARLES HAWTREY.



The Hon. Boodleton Bobbs. HERE, I SAY, YOU FELLAHS, WHAT THE DOOCIE ARE YOU UP TO?

BETWEEN THE LINES.



The Manager (to some members of his Company). NOW LOOK YOU HERE, I WANT TO FIT THESE LINES. IF THE AUDIENCE LAUGH AFTER "YOU GO TO THE DEVIL," THEN THERE'S NO OCCASION FOR TIMWELL TO SAY "CRUSHED AGAIN." HE CAN "LOOK" IT. NOW, I WANT TO RUN RIGHT THROUGH THE THREE ACTS IN THIS WAY—I WANT YOU TO LAUGH WHENEVER YOU THINK THE AUDIENCE WOULD LAUGH; SO THAT—
The Author. BUT WE SHALL LAUGH AT EVERY LINE.
The Manager. THEN WE'LL CUT EVERY OTHER LINE OUT!



A REMINISCENCE.

ENTER SARAH BERNHARDT; EXIT ELEONORA DUSE.

that he can seldom or never resist the temptation to see things as they really are.

In order to appear original nowadays it is only necessary to be conventional.

There can be little doubt that the Christian religion is true; so many people disbelieve it.

Paradox is the raw material of platitude; the epigrams of to-day will constitute the proverbial philosophy of to-morrow.

These are our assorted Oscarisms. If the samples give satisfaction, others can be supplied on reasonable terms, for cash on or before delivery. All orders will be executed with punctuality and dispatch.

THE POLITE LETTER WRITER.

From the Manager of a Theatre to an Author who has submitted an Unsuitable Play.

DEAR SIR,—I must request pardon for not having answered your kind letter before. But I have been out of town and so busy

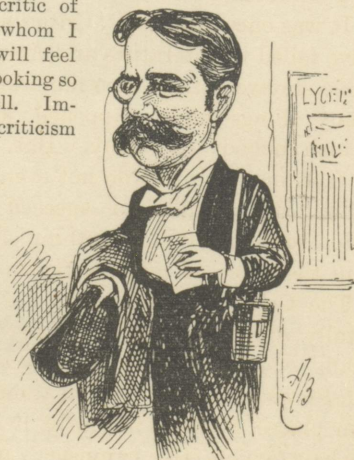
with my provincial companies, that I can only now find an opportunity to read the play which you were good enough to send for my acceptance, and which I herewith return, after a perusal which has both pleased and interested me. I much regret that your piece, though, as I think, exceedingly clever, will hardly appeal to a London audience. The idyllic simplicity of the first and second acts is all very well, but the *dénouement* of the act in which the School Board mistress marries the curate, is not calculated to make the "great heart of this vast metropolis" palpitate much more than it usually palpitates.

I fancy that you bring about a wedding between the struggling heroine and the parson in the last act. But this is in some measure surmise on my part, for your writing, my friend, is simply awful, and nobody less earnest than myself would have waded through your hieroglyphics—much less have returned them to you, even though you inclosed an insufficiently stamped and directed envelope.

I cannot use your work, but I venture, now

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.

HERE is Mr. Watson, the dramatic critic of the *Standard*, whom I am sure you will feel pleased to see looking so spruce and well. Impartial in his criticism to Wats-on, he cannot be said to allow self to stand in the way of his duties; while in the matter of looking awfully nice when he comes to the first nights, he is only knocked out of time by our sometime representative.



MR. WATSON.

that we are talking as friends, to give you a little advice which you will probably not follow. My first suggestion is that the next piece that you submit to eager managers shall be "type-written." Believe me, you will stand a better chance of being accepted if you do not rely upon your own unassisted caligraphy. You say that you are "a clerk, earning £100 per annum, with a leaning towards the Drama." My second suggestion is that you should not be tempted to lean too heavily in the Drama's direction, lest you should overbalance yourself and topple over.

To an intelligent man and experienced *littérateur* I need scarcely say more, and accordingly I subscribe myself,

Yours faithfully and obliged,
THREE STARS.

THE CRITIC.

WE have surely now arrived at what must really be, without any fear of contradiction, the most dangerous of all the exceedingly Dangerous Classes infesting this most dangerous world, namely, the very Personal Personification of Personality, who is always in a chronic Critical state.

It was once said that "Critics are men who have failed in Literature and Art." But the same shrewd satirist also remarked, "A good many things have happened since then." Which nobody can deny. But, as a matter of fact, many Critics do not even give themselves the trouble to succeed or fail in Literature or Art, or anything else that they vent their sple—I mean criticism upon.

The Critic on the Hearth is, of course, a totally different being from the Critic in the Stalls, or the Study, or the Concert Room, or the Picture Gallery. When at either of these four places, he rages furiously, if silently, and his hair (which, if he is musical, and not bald, is extra long) mostly bristles with suppressed



MR. SYDNEY BANCROFT.

passion for slating all players, plays, sonatas, "ops.," fugues, novels, pictures, etc., that come between the wind and his ignobility! Unless, of course, the player-playwriter, sonata-snatcher, "op."-merchant, fugual-swain, novel-builder or picture-mixer happens to be a member of his set, and then he is not only meek and mild, but he (the Critic) then often removes his boots and prostrates himself before the About-to-be-Criticised, and takes out his exercise on the rolling around of any number of Logs!

The Dramatic Critic (*Firstnighticus*) sometimes has one big stroke of humour. That is to arrive when the play is half over and depart before it has reached three-fourths of its whole. During the period of his stay it will be found that the progress of the piece often interferes sadly with his conversation, which is doubtless the reason why he very

THE VENUS FLY-TRAP.



"CATCH 'EM ALIVE, OH!"

THE CRITIC.

MISS VIOLET CAMERON.



It looks so beastly impolite!
I hope you haven't thought it spite,
Or any nasty, sneaking slight,
And stopped awake and cried at night!

often takes his departure so soon, and in the natural confusion of his mind often writes a description of the play that is not a bit like it.

Sometimes the above-named species, especially if he is belonging to a miserly proprietor, is compelled (honest as he may be—and often is) to divide himself into three or four parts. Thus he, on one evening, sends Part I. of himself, say to the Hayceum, Part II. to the Vaudelphi, Part III. to the Valhalla of Varieties to see the new sketch, while Part IV. looks in, say, at the Chivoli to hear a new coster ballad. Hence it sometimes happens that he becomes so mixed in his "notices" that he receives his own!

Then it often happens that in seeking for fresh employment, the Critic discovers a still

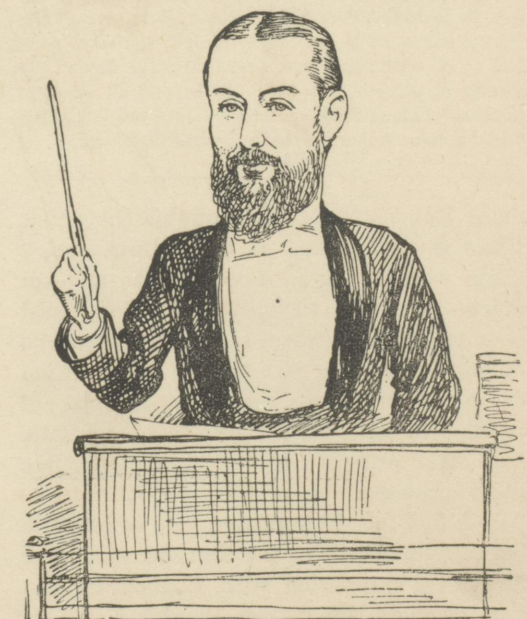
I've looked industriously through
The names on every *billet-doux*
I've written (and they are not few)
And find (you'll hardly think it true)
I've clean forgotten one to you—
And such a jolly subject, too!

To *you* there's such a heap to say,
So many compliments to pay,
That, when I think of the delay
In sending what I send to-day,
I fairly tingle with dismay,
And very nearly faint away.

To think that *you* I've clean forgot!
To think to *you* I've written not!
And after notes to such a lot
For whom I scarcely care a jot!
I feel my cheeks with shame so hot
I'd like to perish on the spot!

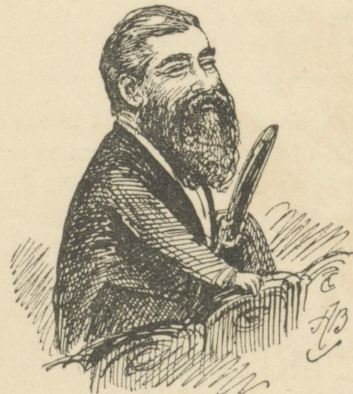
Neglecting *you*! upon my word,
The like of it was never heard!
'Twere not so hopelessly absurd
If all the *others* I preferr'd—
My wonder *then* would not be stirr'd—
I *can't* think how the thing occur'd!

I *can't* think why I didn't write—
It beats my comprehension quite!



MR. OSCAR BARRETT.

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.



MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT.

THIS is Mr. Joseph (first) Knight. Upon Mr. Joseph Knight, a knight of the first order, how impossible it were to waste the "order" of the first night! The theatrical manager who addresses a stall to the editor of his paper, knows perfectly well that, in return for it, he—or, rather, the play

at his house—will receive most excellent value. Mr. Knight's criticisms are famous for their frankness. Herein lies their worth. If he doesn't like a thing, he says so without the smallest hesitation—and he tells you *why* he doesn't like it, so that the object of his dissatisfaction may gain rather than lose by the criticism. Mr. Knight has a nice way of writing out his checks. Their value can be realized at once, because they are always *open* and never *cross* checks. Nor, when praise is to be bestowed, does Mr. Knight gush immoderately. On the whole, he is the fairest Knight that ever stars had to do with; and that he imitates the day, in the matter of being honest, is proved beyond all question in those words of Shakespeare (delivered per Polonius), "And it must follow, as the Knight the day," etc.

more Dangerous Member of this Dangerous Class thwarting him at every turn—viz., a Class who, having no need to earn any—or much—money of their own, take jolly good care to do all they can to prevent those who ought to be able to earn their livelihood from doing anything of the kind. For this class of interlopers will "knock off" your dramatic and other criticism for the sake of the free seats and passes, books, etc., etc., in order to pose before their little clique; and so interfere with business even as the Teutonic and other aliens are interfering with English trade—yea, even as the British Burglar has now actually been knocked out by the German

Burglar. The reader might perhaps think, from reading the above "Confessions," that sincere and straightforward members of the Critical Class are about as plentiful as snakes in Iceland; but let me hasten to assure them that there are a good many who, albeit destiny hath driven them into this criminal kind of life, do their duty honestly and fearlessly. These are just to the meritorious, encouraging to the promising, tolerant to the erring, and go on their way acting uprightly to all, and not the slaves of any clique or clan.

It is, of course, needless to say that the Critics of this kind include Messrs. —, —, —, —, etc., etc., and last, but not least, my dear old friend, —.

* * * * *
On second thoughts, the writer of the above Dangerous Class-ics deems it advisable to leave these names blank, until he finds which critics have the unerring wisdom to praise his next performance, play, picture, novel, opera and poem—all of which will presently appear. See Small Bills—the writer not yet having paid for his large ones.

THE CHORUS.



S.—MARY FITZ-GEORGE.

AIRY.

MR. GRANGER (at the pantomime.) Now, from her costume, what would you say she was supposed to be?

MRS. GRANGER (severely). Nothing!

ELEVATION OF THE MASSES.

(The Play is the Play of "Hamlet" and the scene is the Players' scene.)



BIL. NOW, 'LIZA, TELL US STR'IGHT. WHAT DO YER THINK O' THAT FER HACTING?
'Liza. TRICKY, TRICKY, TRICKY, I GRANT YER; BUT TO MY IDEA O' THINKIN' WERRY WULGAR!



MR. E. J. LONNEN.

THE LIGHT ON TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

YOU have seen the *tableaux vivants*, of course?

I mean the exquisite living pictures shown at the Palace, at the Empire, and at the Alhambra and elsewhere. And having seen them, you have, of course, found them excellent in all respects. *Judy* likes to know a bit about the inner workings of things, and being filled with curiosity to learn how some of the effects are produced, I persuaded a well known gentleman and friend of mine—no less a one than Mr. Frank Boyd, of the *Pelican*—to tell me something of the entertainment as seen from the other side of the curtain.

But Frank Boyd had to know first. This was an easy matter to him. He knew—no

matter—but he knew one of the living pictures herself, and this is generally what passed between them and between him and me:

"There is really very little to tell you," she said. "Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the show is the rapid manner in which the various pictures are shown. The curtains are only down for half a minute, you know, then up they go, and you find an entirely different scene from that which preceded it, with the various figures and draperies all beautifully posed. People wonder a good deal how it is all done so well and so quickly, and yet it's all very simple, as I'll explain to you. The stage we stand upon is raised off the actual stage. It is circular, like a round table in fact, and revolves.

"This stage or table is divided into sections, and in each of these sections a picture is arranged. As the stage revolves each of these pictures comes into position before the large picture frame through which you see us. Thus there is no delay, and the waits are as short as possible, for while the audience are admiring one *tableau*, the following ones are being arranged, and the various figures are being correctly posed.

"The whole thing depends on the posing, and it takes a clever man with a really artistic eye to pose two or three girls naturally and gracefully. Most of the girls who appear in the *tableaux* are artists' models, and are accustomed to sit still for a lengthened period; but I can assure you it is very trying work indeed, although it may not look so, and I can certainly say it takes a lot out of me every night.

"When the picture in which one appears is before the audience, the lights are quite dazzling, and it is impossible to see anything at all. You sit or stand or recline in a position you have been told to assume, then the curtains are pulled aside, and all the innumerable lights which are fitted up all round the

inside of the picture-frame are shining full upon you, and the auditorium looks nothing more nor less than a great black cavern, and you can't recognise a soul in front."

Then I (that is, Mr. Boyd) asked my fair informant to tell me somewhat of the costumes in which sundry of the damsels appear in the reproductions of well-known classical paintings and statuary. As you will recollect, some of them are a good deal undraped, and I ventured to inquire as delicately as might be how the effect was produced. And the lady, who takes her calling very seriously indeed, and regards it purely from its artistic point of view, told me at once. "The tights and jersey worn," she said, "are made in one piece, and thus there are no apparent joinings. The feet are made with separate toes, and the ends of the arms terminate in gloves. Thus you get the effect of a perfectly bare arm and hand, and even at a short distance off it is impossible to tell that you are not gazing at a natural and uncovered arm. The only opening to this skin-like garment is at the back; and when you have got into it, this is laced right up to the neck. It naturally fits very tightly.

"Of course, too, you make up your neck to the exact shade of your tights, so that it is almost impossible to tell where the real neck begins. These garments are made of cotton. Silk is not so life-like. It shines too much, but the effect of cotton of the proper shade is most realistic, as you must have seen."

And I admitted that this was so.

Then I ventured to inquire if my fair informant could tell me where all the beautifully figured models who pose in the various *tableaux* come from. "Most of them are artists' models," she said. Some were dancers, some chorus girls. Many of them were women who had never been on the stage before, but who simply possessed the natural physical qualifications for the work.

"But," she added, with a smile, "you

mustn't believe that all you see is real, and that all the perfect figures you admire are the result of Nature's handiwork, because they are not. There is a deal of padding, I can assure you—clever padding, of course, but padding all the same, and a deal of "shaping." If you were not a man I could tell you quite a lot of things about that part of our business,



MISS EMMELINE ORFORD.

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.



MR. MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

How readers of the *Sunday Times* must have smiled when they learnt that a gentleman had somewhere written it down that no dramatic critic could be relied upon for an honest criticism, "or words to that effect"! It must have tickled them

immensely to imagine, or to try to imagine, the process of paradoxical reasoning that made it possible for this to be while there existed Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, the contributor of the "Play and Players" paragraphs to the journal in question! And that he *does* exist is evident—above.

and I could let you into a number of secrets as to the construction of the figures of many well-known beauties whose photographs stare at you from half the shop windows in town. But it was not necessary that she should—for Judy's purpose.

PUCK'S IDEA IN FRONT.

THEY sat anxiously awaiting the rise of the curtain.

The frou-frou of the peanuts floated from the gallery, and the musicians began to ooze from under the stage like so many insects from a flooded crevice.

The play was one of those melodramas that cause the hair to stand on its hind legs and stay there.

Finally, the tootle of the trumpet and the whirr of the violoncello died away, the bass drummer stopped making base hits, and the curtain rolled softly and smoothly up.

Neither the house in the background nor

the large rock in the foreground came through, nor did any of the water in the distance drop on the stage.

The people retained their places in the boat just near the bridge, and the cow went on munching the clover.

Now just think how pleasant it would be if a man could roll up his farm in this way and bring it into the city to show to a prospective purchaser.

Finally, the villain, in a liver coloured overcoat and silk hat, shot and killed the fifteen-dollar-a-week man who could not act at all, but was only there to be murdered. The young lady became greatly alarmed.

"Don't be frightened," said her escort: "they're only doing this for a salary. They'll do it to-morrow afternoon at the *matinée*, and over again in the evening. The murdered man is by this time taking a drink on the next corner, and he will probably be back in an hour and a half, to appear as the sheriff to lead the murderer to the gallows."

Just then the murderer commenced to fly into a paroxysm of rage.

"Oh, oh!" said the girl.

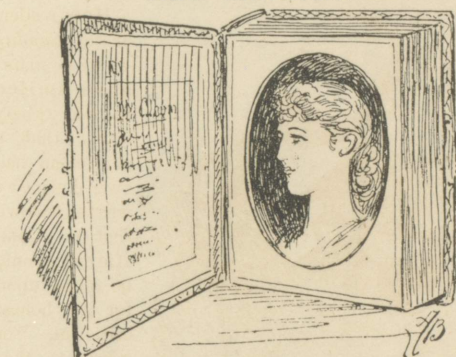
"Don't be at all alarmed; he is not in an ill humour, even. He is just as full of fun as he can be. He does that thing eight times a week, and, probably, at the present moment he is

THE CHORUS.



9.—MAUDIE MILLSON.

MRS. LANGTRY.



FAIR Lily, deem me not a wretch
Because I am a slave to duty,
And cannot, at a decent stretch,
Attribute much to you but beauty.
I know you've studied pretty hard,
And recognise your efforts gladly;
I never thought you played the Bard
Of Stratford altogether badly:
Indeed, it was your pleasing way
As Rosalind, in *As You Like It*,
That made me think, and duly say,
That very probably the day
Was not far off when you'd betray
Ability that would repay
The public for the manner they
Received you; when you showed us play
That certainly would hit the gay
B. P., and favourably strike it!

Your latest effort on the stage,
However, proves I was mistaken—
Nay, waxeth not to stagey rage,
And swear your Call Boy should be shaken!
'Tis not *my* fault your Josephine,
In Mr. Wyndham's piece disjointed,
Should strike me as a cross between
An automatic tragic queen
And someone's telephone machine—
'Tis not *my* fault I'm disappointed!
I'd have you move and speak as free
As everyone's divinest Sally.
But, please don't let us disagree,
Although, as anyone can see,
You are not what we'd hoped of thee,
You still inspire that wish with me,
That I (excuse this *jeu d'esprit*)
Might e'er thy slave, thy valet be,
And you the Lily of the valet.

road track at night and tuck themselves away in a snow-drift? That is not snow. It is

asking the leader of the orchestra, under his breath, to lend him a couple of dollars."

"But hasn't he the delirium tremens?"

"He has not. He not only hasn't tremens, but he doesn't possess a single tremen. In all probability, he hasn't had a drink for a week. It would take five times as much as he would hold to affect him."

"But why does he put his foot down so firmly?"

"Because he thinks he is walking on a rock-bed railroad, and he skips as lightly over the sleepers as a grave-digger."

For quite a time everything went smoothly. Then there was a winter scene, and a woman dying hungry in a snow-drift.

"Oh, this is terrible!" sighed the young lady.

"It is almost as warm on the stage as here," chimed in the young man: "and at the present moment the supes are probably arranging a summer scene on the back of the stage, with beautiful paper roses growing out of shaggy door mats, painted green to look like grass."

"But she seems to be starving."

"But she isn't, though. That actress lives at some first-class hotel; and you can see that she is stout and suffering from indigestion. If you think she is starving in rags, just look a moment and you will see a diamond cross on her bosom. You can rest assured that she is not hungry at all; and if she is, she can easily have a sandwich between the acts. She is well paid for starving, as you can see by her well-fed look, and probably she's wondering now if the silk dress which the dressmaker promised for to-morrow will be sent home inside of a week."

"I cannot help feeling sorry for one lost in the snow."

"Snow!" said the young man, smilingly. "Don't you know that all theatrical people are more or less accustomed to snow? Don't you know that they gracefully roll off the rail-



Muriel. OF COURSE, YOU UNDERSTAND IT'S ALL OFF BETWEEN US, ALFRED. I NEVER COULD MARRY YOU NOW; I SHOULD ALWAYS BE FANCYING YOU LIKE THAT.

note-paper, and the man who is conducting the snow-storm isn't spreading it enough. It doesn't fall on the poor woman so that she can die properly. It is all going on one side of her now, without touching her, as she wrings her hands with the b-i-t-t-e-r co-c-cold. That snow-storm isn't two feet wide. It is a narrow-gauge snow-storm. Besides, it isn't snow. It's note-paper torn up. And, by gracious, I just saw some lavender flakes, and one of them had 'Dear Sir' on it!"

* * * * *
"But just see; they are going to push that fellow into the river!"

"There is no water there; it is green cloth, shaken to look like water; and when the man is pushed off he will strike that water so hard that you will hear a thud all over the house, and he will probably be badly bruised."

Just then he disappeared from view and landed in the water, with a crash and not a splash.

And the young lady kept on worrying as though she was looking at real anguish and suffering. First she would sigh and then shed tears, until she really appeared to be in a great state of agitation. Her sympathies were thoroughly aroused, and her tender heart was touched hundreds of times by the pathos of hundreds of things she saw.

THE SEALSKIN JACKET.*

A MONOLOGUE.

BY CHARLES HARRIE ABBOTT.

SCENE — KITTY'S Boudoir. Stage closed in thus

Door C., in C. flat Wardrobe, L. of door. Fireplace, with fire in grate, C. of L. flat. Kettle boiling on hob. Mantelpiece with mirror overhanging fireplace. Clock on mantelpiece. Sofa

* Copyright.



MR. FRANK WYATT.

with front to audience set obliquely across fireplace a little up. Dressing-wrapper thrown over foot of sofa. A very handsome sealskin jacket is hanging over head of sofa. Table within arm's length of sofa. Workbasket on table. Also tray with tea-things for one, and a small plate of thin bread and butter. Wash-hand-stand R.U. corner. Dressing-table C., in R. flat. Letter propped up against pincushion. An altogether well-appointed room, looking very cosy and cheerful on a winter's afternoon with lamps on the table, toilet and mantelpiece burning under pretty pink shades.

The Curtain rises. The room is empty. The door is open. KITTY is heard outside roaring with laughter.

Enter KITTY in her outdoor dress and a paroxysm of laughter. She closes door, comes down and sits at foot of sofa and laughs until her laughter is contagious to the audience.

Nota Bene. The monologue of "The Sealskin Jacket" imposes three tasks on the actress: (1) To laugh and cry. (2) To tell a story by word and action. (3) To perform the natural little tricks and manners of a woman shut up in her own four private walls. For instance, when dressing and undressing, let KITTY show as much bare neck and arm and silk stocking as is compatible with decency and good taste.

As it is a difficulty to laugh and cry on paper, and

MISS MARION TERRY.



WHEN it cometh my turn to depart on
A St. James's "society" play,
Like a Chambers, a Wilde, or a Carton
(And no doubt I'll oblige you some day)
I shall only cross over the ferry,
Which at present divides me from fame,
On condition that Marion Terry
Is my principal feminine name.

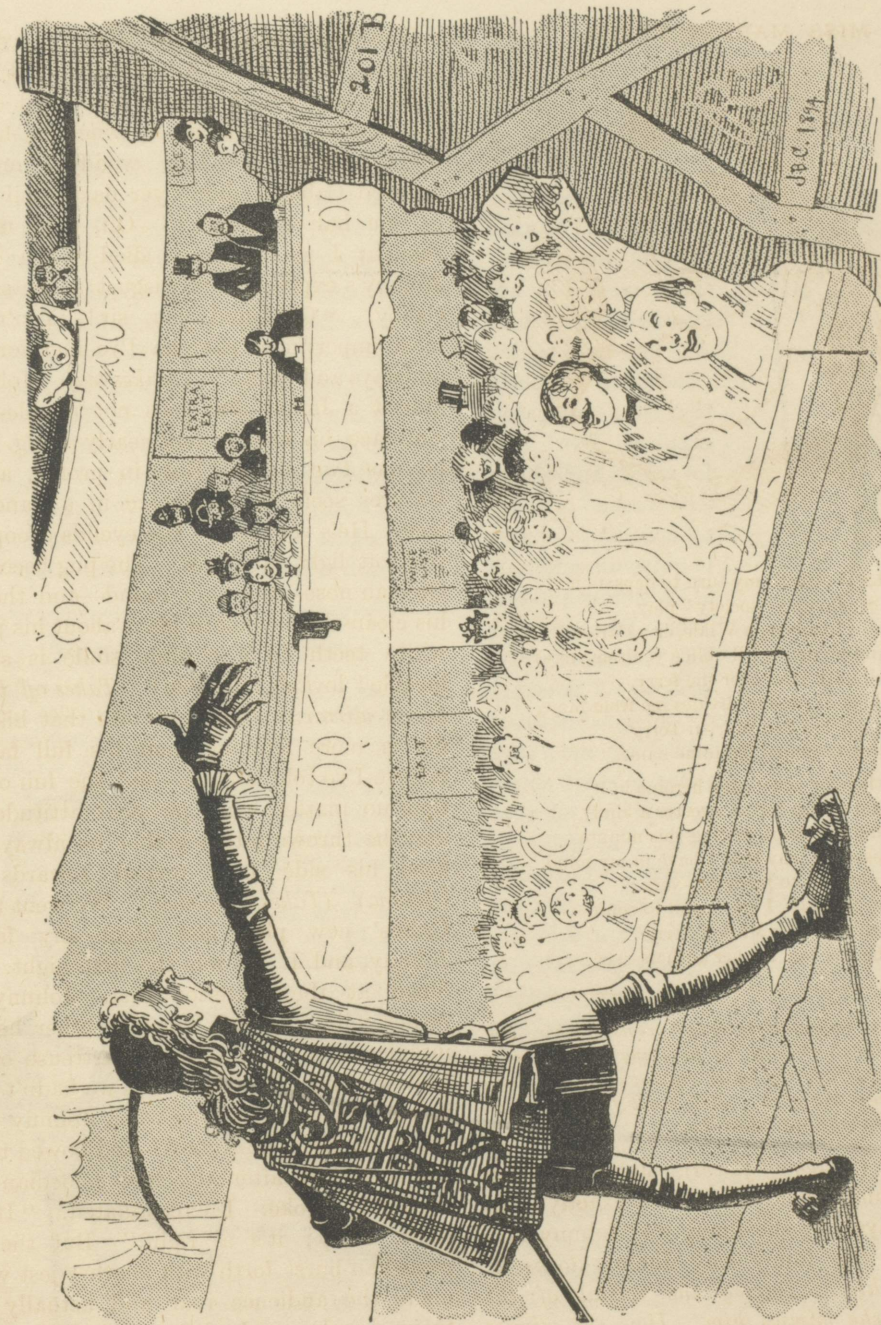
If I thought you'd play heroine in it
(And I wish for no sweeter a kind),
I would set about writing this minute
This same play that I have in my mind.
It is pleasant to fancy it—very;
For, in truth, I am bound to confess
It is chiefly Miss Marion Terry
Who has won for her authors success.

almost an impossibility to tell precisely where and how to laugh and cry, the laughing and crying is therefore left to the better regulation of the lady who plays the part. But, until further notice, KITTY laughs—at intervals.

KITTY (*taking off gloves*). Johnny. Such a funny fellow. It's not exactly what Johnny says, but the funny way Johnny says it. And the funny way Johnny looks it. (*Mimics him. During the recital of the following she mimics him. How she mimics him is explained below.*) We just drove home in a hansom—Johnny and I. Johnny asked,

"How much shall I give Cabby?" "Half a crown," said I. "All right." But when Johnny got out, he found that he'd only a two-shilling piece in silver, which he handed up to Cabby. "'Ere, woddier mean?" growled Cabby, "didn't yer darter tell yer to gi' me half a crown?" Oh, dear me! I thought I should have died when I saw Johnny's expression of disgust as he said to Cabby, "Confound you, sir! You're the most impertinent cabman I've met for days and days and days!" (*Makes tea.*) Johnny's almost a Janus—but he's not double-faced. Full face, his nose is very nearly a pug. And he has two chins. But, in profile, all his features seem to harmonize in a handsome face. He's very fair. His eyelids droop over two soft light blue eyes. The pug becomes a Grecian nose—the chin round—and the way his clean-shaven mouth plays about his pretty white teeth in a chronic smile is simply lovable! lovable! lovable! (*Takes off bonnet before mirror.*) Johnny knows that his profile is more fetching than his full face—I believe I've told him so—and the fun of it is that no matter what physical attitudes we may be thrown into together he always will keep his side face turned towards me. (*Action.*) (*Takes off jacket.*) We went to see Cribbs' new play last night—my father, Johnny, and I. It was the first night. We dined at the Criterion first. Johnny got rather jolly. I don't know whether he was intoxicated by the Green Chartreuse or the Yellow Hungarian Band, but we hadn't been in the theatre very long when Johnny leant out of our box—(*Business*)—and bowed to the audience just after the low comedian had exploded a joke. I expostulated. "It's a' right, Kitty; it's a' right." But the low comedian burst forth with another jest which made the audience roar and actually clap their hands, and Johnny bowed again. (*Business.*) "Don't be an idiot, Johnny! What on earth are you doing? You'll get

A N'APPY THOUGHT.



Great Actor. AH, KNAVE, GO TO! GO TO! Voice from the "Gods." SAY, MISTER, YOU GO NAP WITH A HAND LIKE THAT.

THE CHORUS.



10.—JENNIE DENNISON.

turned out." "It's a' right, Kitty; it's a' right! Cribbs is an old friend of mine, and he's put in his play all the good things I've said to him in conversation and I'm acknowledging 'em." And he bowed again. (*Business.*) "This is the most enjoyable evening I've had for weeks and weeks and weeks." (*Takes off bodice.*) Johnny is quite an original. He's not exactly a—er—Johnny, and he's not exactly a—er—wit; I'm afraid he's a—er—fool—but he's a good-natured one, and I like him, and he likes me; says I'm great fun; says I belong to the "smart set," not straight-laced or anything of that sort, don't you know? Well, I'm going to marry him; he's rich; he loves me and—and I'll make him a good wife—if I can. (*During the following she takes off her skirt, drinks tea, puts on dressing-wrapper, pokes fire, sits on sofa, and unpicks the sealskin jacket.*) We've just been to Gillows' to choose the furniture for our house. Johnny said he'd leave it all to me—not the furniture but the choosing of it—so I determined to have the drawing-room furnished after the Louis Seize period. I said to Johnny, "Johnny, we must have the drawing-room furnished Louis Seize." (*Assuming a perplexed look in imitation of him.*) "Yes, we must have the drawing-room furnished, of course, dear." But we were first ushered, by an aristocratic gentleman in a frock coat and awful boots, into the general department in which were specimens of all

sorts and conditions of furniture—the Chipendale period, Sheraton, Elizabethan, Italian Renaissance, Louis Seize, etc., etc., and Johnny fell in love with a saddle-bag sofa. "I say, Kitty, look here! Wouldn't that be a capital sofa for the drawing-room?" "My dear Johnny, we must have all Louis Seize in the drawing-room." He looked at me. And his mouth dropped. (*Business.*) Presently he took a fancy to an oriental rug. "By Jove, Kitty, this is the jolliest rug I've seen for months and months and months. Wouldn't it do for the drawing-room?" "Yes, Johnny, it *would* do for the drawing-room. My dear boy, if we have some things Louis Seize, we must have all things Louis Seize." "Exactly, dear. I quite agree with you: but who the dooce is Louie, and what on earth does it matter what

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.

It is not very often, even in this Jack-of-all-trades and professions and services, one meets with an able dramatic critic and an able Seaman rolled into one. And yet, such is Mr. Isaac Seaman, of the *Weekly Times and Echo*, and endless other (or other endless) newspapers. His experience as a Seaman he finds invaluable, too, at all the dramatic balls, of which there is by no means a dearth; there being few present on these occasions that look or feel so well in the giddy waltz as he. The men are extremely scarce he cannot dance off their feet; while (and this is strictly between ourselves, mind) the number of ladies is extremely small he cannot dance off their heads. He criticises with a fair and gentle hand; is a good fellow in company; and that he is the best living authority on all matters concerning the nautical drama *ought* to go without saying if it *doesn't*.



THE "ABLE SEAMAN."

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.



As on and on these letters flow,
I find it harder every week
To know precisely where to go
Fresh compliments and things to seek.
I've sung of "cleverness" before,
And "beauty" has been overdone.

Oh, Muse! inform me, I implore—
What *can* I say to such an one?

But what's the good of asking *you*
To tell me what to sing or say?
You're *thought* to help, but never do!
It's like your beastly caddish way
To go and leave a *Chap* alone
The very tick his work's begun!
You're sure to make your presence known
When I have *finished* such an one.

I'll have to do without the Muse—
She's not the slightest bit of good:
I might as well attempt to use
A block of stone or chunk of wood.
She's quite an overrated thing—
Assistance she affords you none.
I do believe she's taken wing
Because I've come to such an one!

The Muse I'll have to do without—
I'll have to do the work alone:
Of that there's not the smallest doubt.
It's most annoying you will own;
For when a fellow writes in rhyme,
It's rather heartless sort of fun
To go and leave him every time—
Especially at such an one!

I've sung, as I remarked before—
As I've remarked before, I've sung—
That is, of course—I can't say more;
Perhaps I'd better hold my tongue!
If novel words of praise I had,
I'd take and use a blessed ton!
The Muse is such a horrid cal—
She leaves me just at such an one!

Louie says?" When I explained to him, he said, "By George, that's the best joke I've heard for years and years and years." (*A pause. She goes on unpicking the sealskin jacket.*) George! (*Looks in the fire; drops work mechanically into her lap. N.B.—Here her laughter ceases, and her sobbing and crying begin.*) George! Poor fellow! Ah! I wonder where he is now? This sealskin jacket reminds me of him. It was a wager. I won it from him, and he gave it me on the day we became engaged—five years ago. Five years ago to-day. It's out of fashion now, and I'm altering it myself because—because *he* gave it me. Five years ago. What a long time back. Yet I remember as if it were but yesterday. My father seemed as pleased as George that I was going to marry him. And George seemed as pleased as me. And I was happy; oh, so happy—then! George! The dear old times. How I loved him. And how I thought that he loved me. What a fine manly fellow he was. Not a bit like Johnny. We met in a diving-bell. At the Aquarium. Brighton. When we went down I felt frightened and took hold of George's hand. In mistake for my father's, George, I think, felt frightened too. For he kept hold of my hand. When we got out of the diving-bell my father and George got into conversation. George had only come to Brighton that day, and was putting up at our hotel. We dined at the same table ever after. And we went walking, and driving, and riding, and sailing, and boating. With my father. Sometimes. When we got back to town he came to see my father. So he said. And I went to see his mother. So I said. "I remember my first Henley with George. George looked so handsome in his striped flannels. I wore a white serge sailor suit. How pretty I looked! How perfectly indifferent to the races we were. How it rained! How we were caught in a shower in mid-stream, and how drenched to the skin we

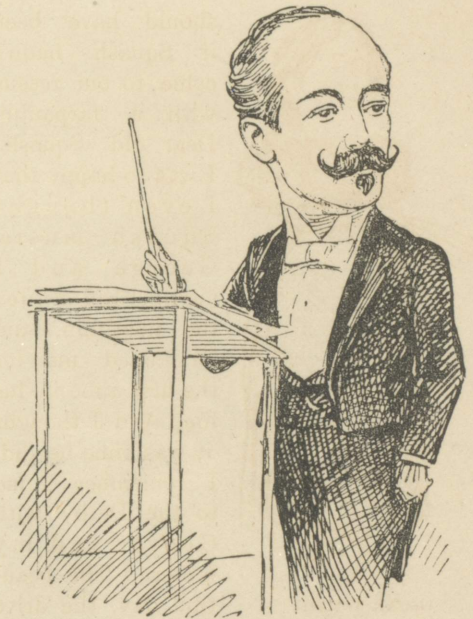


OSCAR WILDE.

should have been if Squash hadn't come to our rescue with a tarpaulin. Dear old Squash! I was so happy that I even thought Squash music. George and I scrambled under the tarpaulin, and he kissed me for the first time in his life. And I thought it was time he did. I remember going to the Derby with George and my father. The beautiful day, the drive down, the dusty roads, the gaiety, frivolity and glory of the motley scene. The lunch on the drag on the top of the hill. I remember when the great race was just going to begin. The saddling bell. The preliminary canter. The bookies were almost breaking blood-vessels in yelling their odds. "Six to four I'll lay!" "Two to one on the field, bar one!" "First past the post! Six to four I lay! Six to four I pay!" "Which'll win, George?" "Alpha, the favourite; she's evens; they're barring her at six to four." "Put a pony on her for me!" "Bet with me, Kitty; I'll lay you a sealskin jacket to a box of cigars against her?" "Done with you!" (knowing that if I lost I shouldn't be expected to pay). The flag falls. The crowds roar "They're off!" On they go in a level line. The line widens out. Alpha drops behind and runs to the rails. They're in the dip. They're on the hill. Alpha's in the rear. They're past the bushes. The pace begins to tell. Alpha's still behind. A shout goes up, "The favourite's beat! The

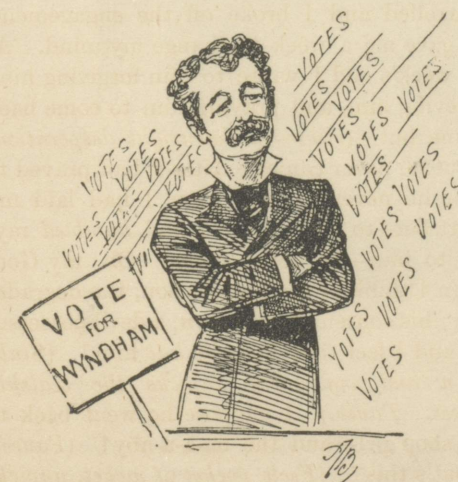
favourite's beat!" They're pounding down the hill to Tattenham Corner, their hoofs sounding like thunder. Alpha gains. The Flyer leads. The Devil's second. Blueblood's third. Alpha's fourth. Here they come. Now for it. The Devil's straining thew and sinew to catch the Flyer—passes her! Alpha—"Go it Alpha! Go it Alpha!" and she *does* go it. Her colours, cherry and white, shoot past the Flyer, up to the Devil's girths, and now Alpha and the Devil are running neck and neck. "Dead heat! dead heat!" "No! No! No!" Alpha stretches herself and—"Hooray! Hooray!"—she gets home by a nostril, and the seal-skin jacket is lost and won. Ha! Ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! (Then she relapses; sinks down and cries hysterically). We were engaged. For two months. We were going to be married. Our wedding was announced. In a society paper. Then a woman came to see me! With a ba-a-a-by! She'd known George before he'd met me. She said George loved her. That he'd promised to marry her. That he was only going to marry me for my money. She was a shop girl. And very pretty. Not so pretty as I. But very pretty. I accused George of loving her. He said he never did. But we quarrelled and I broke off the engagement. He gave me a week to change my mind. At the week's end I wrote to him forgiving him, believing him, and praying him to come back to me but—(rises—in downright desperation)—but he never came! After I had prayed to him, he never came! After I had laid my heart bare to him; after I had humbled myself to him—he never came! Oh, my God, when I think of the humiliation, the degradation; his contempt and scorn, a devil possesses me and I feel that I could kill him! (Sinks down and vigorously unpicks the sealskin jacket. Pause.) I suppose he went back to the shop girl—and the ba-a-a-aby! (Pause). What's this? (Feels pocket of jacket, unpicks it and produces a letter.) A letter—in my

hand!—to George! (Opens it, tremblingly.) "March, 1888. My dearest George. Come back to me. Love is stronger—" My heavens!—oh! (falls back.) I never posted it! (Pulls herself together.) "March, 1889. My dearest George. Come back to me. Love is stronger than anger, and my love is stronger than my pride. I believe you. I forgive you. I dare not lose you. If it is money that this girl wants (and she says it is) I can satisfy her. But—come back to me! Come back to me." Then it was I who sent him away. It was I who was silent. It was I who was absent. I rejected him. I never posted this letter. (Sits still and gazes into the fire. Clock strikes.) Six. And Johnny comes to dine with us at seven. The opera afterwards. I couldn't go to-night. (Throws off dressing-wrapper, goes to mirror over mantelpiece.) I've been crying. (Crosses to wash-hand-stand, bathes her eyes, powders herself, etc., etc., during the following.) How it all comes back to me. I remember that a seam of the pocket had come undone. I remember sewing it up. I remember putting the letter in my pocket. It must have got in between the lining. I remember going to

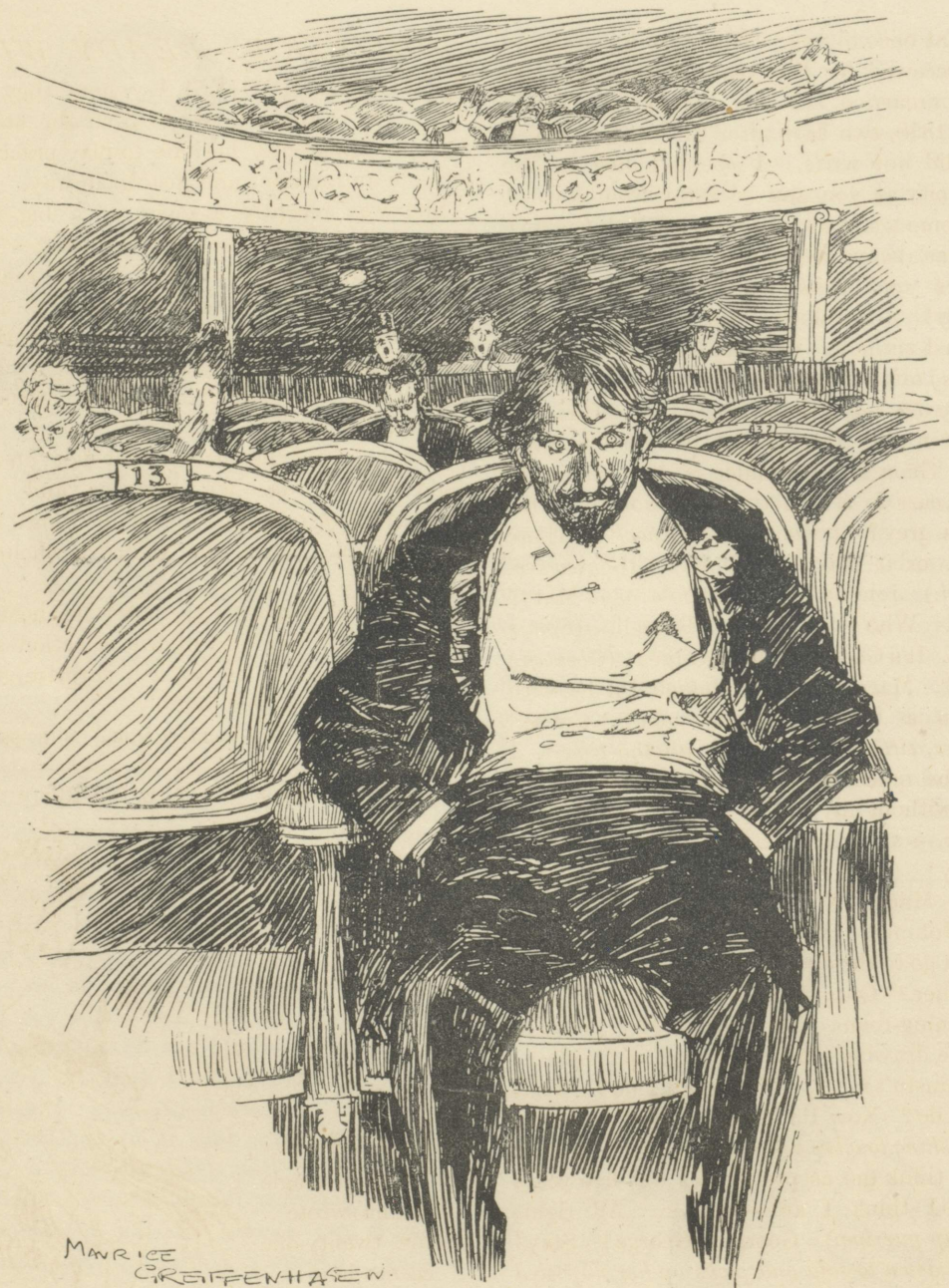


M. LEOPOLD WENZEL.

post it myself—I wouldn't trust it to other hands—and I forgot it. I was preoccupied, I suppose—agitated, distressed in mind—and thought I had. I ought to have gone to him. I ought not to have trusted to a letter. To think that one's life should be determined by a little piece of forgetfulness; by the accident of a torn pocket. (Pause.) George's spirit was prouder than mine. Where is he now? Oh, George! George! You could not have loved me or you would not have given me up so easily. But what am I doing? Weeping for George. I must forget him. It's hard, but I must. My duty is to another now. Yes—(At dressing-table she sees a letter propped up against the pincushion.) Letter? (Picks it up: starts.) Looks like George's writing! (Opens it excitedly.) No stamp—my envelope—is he here?—is he—Yes, from George! (Steadies herself.) "My dear Kitty, I'm only just back from Australia. This is my first day in London and I must



THE RETURN OF CHARLES, THE CANDIDATE.



"Oh for a home in some vast wilderness!" sighed a poet twenty times a day; but after half an hour in the stalls on the first night of his latest (and last) tragedy, he was only too anxious to exchange the solitude there for the comparative delectability of his attic.

MODJESKA'S READY WIT.

MADAME MODJESKA, whom they do say is about to retire from the stage, does not apparently hesitate to play practical jokes in an innocent and justifiable way.

She was recently a guest at a big "at home," and was asked by her hostess to recite something. But though she racked her brain, nothing *apropos* recurred to her, and finally she begged to be let off with a short selection in her native language. The suggestion was applauded, and Madame Modjeska began.

Although her listeners could not understand her words, her gestures and her thrilling tones held them enchained until the final syllable, when she was overwhelmed with praise.

As she was preparing to depart her hostess asked her for the title of the selection she had given, and much to her surprise, the eminent actress smiled audibly.

"I am sorry to deceive you," she said, smilingly, "but my recitation hasn't any name. My memory failed me so badly, that as a last resource I recited the numbers from one to two hundred and thirty in Polish."

THE CHORUS.



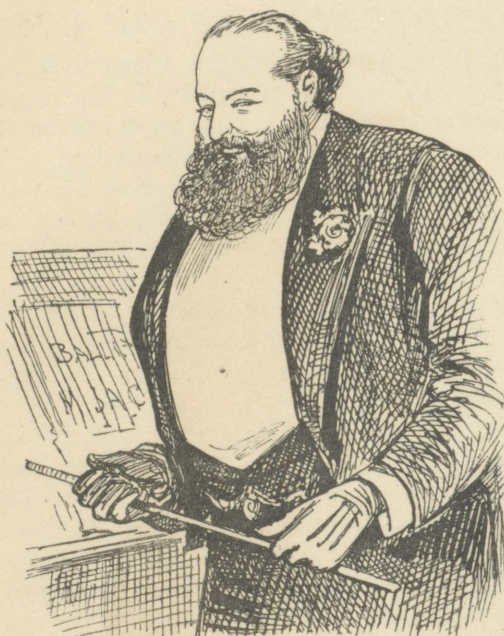
11.—MURIEL MANTON.

come at once to you. The most joyous news I've received for five years is that you are still unmarried. I left London on March 27th, 1888, two days after the week in which you did not write. I couldn't live in the same city as you and be away from you. I will come again at six to-day. With the love that has always been yours,—George Russell." *(laughs and cries hysterically.)* George! George! Six o'clock. Six o'clock, he says. It's past six now. *(Throws letter and towel on dressing table, flies to wardrobe and gets into her evening dress as quickly as she can.)* He loved me after all. It may not be too late even now. George! I wonder if he's changed? Five years is a long time. I wonder if his hair is grey? I wonder—*(Knock.)* There he is; or it may be Johnny! *(Conscience-smitten.)* Johnny! *(Rushes to door.)* Mary! Mary! Who's that? Mr. Russell. *(Comes down.)* It's George! It's George! *(Goes up.)* Mary! Mary, tell Mr. Russell I'll be with him in a second. *(Comes down, dresses, powders, tittivates, etc., etc., all the time.)* I must be quick. Oh, if George were to go away without my seeing him! I should die! *(Knock,—starts.)* That's Johnny! Poor Johnny! *(Then suddenly flies to door again.)* Mary! Mary! Who's that? Mr. Peterkin. That Johnny! Mary! Mary, wait a minute—don't go to the door for a moment. Where's my father? Out. Where's Mr. Russell? In the dining-room. Then show Mr. Peterkin into the drawing room. *(Comes down to glass.)* They mustn't meet. What shall I do? What shall I do? Now I'm ready, I think. *(Makes the finishing touches before glass, etc.)* I wonder if he'll think me as pretty as I was five years ago? I think I am—prettier. All right. *(Goes up purring.)* George! George! Stay! *(Comes down to sofa and picks up her unposted letter to George.)* I must show this letter to George. *(Goes up; stops.)* No—I must show it to Johnny! *(Exit.)*

CURTAIN.

HARD LUCK.

THE bard a tragic drama wrote
Some twenty-one scenes long;
Then to the manager repaired
And sold it for a song.



M. JACOBI.

CONCERNING BALLET DANCERS.

ONE evening we ventured to remark to a very distinguished master of stage dancing that it was a pity it took so long a time for a girl to become a really good ballet performer; for at the time her talents were at their best, her face and figure were, in all probability, not as attractive as they once were.

"You are quite right," he said. "It is a pity, but it can't be helped.

"At the same time, there is, however, no dearth of young and pretty girls who can really dance well. The youngest and prettiest, as well as the slimmest girls, are found in the back rows of the ballets. They are nearly all English, chiefly Londoners, while the more accomplished dancers, those who make up the front rows, are usually foreigners, and older and less attractive in feature.

"When the girls are 'called' for rehearsal

they are drawn up in lines before the ballet master. Priority of position is determined, generally speaking, by ability, but uncommon physical advantages will sometimes secure a dancer a position of prominence to which her leg-twirling capacity would not rightfully entitle her. The ballet master has a list of dancers, with the measurements of neck, bust, waist, hips, and calves set against each name, and these figures are given no little consideration in the assignment of positions.

"As we have said, as a rule, the front row is largely made up of foreigners, chiefly Italians. They are better dancers than English girls, because the ballet is their trade. They go into it more seriously, and they are more amenable to discipline and receptive of instruction.

"In beauty of form, these foreign professionals do not approach the English girls who are seen in the back rows. Most of them, to be sure, possess that beefiness of physique and immense circumference of calf that seems to delight the callow youth.

"Look at this list," continued our friend, "there you have the details of a large number of ballet ladies whom I have in hand just now."

And we looked.

A glance at the signor's list revealed a number of calf measurements, sixteen and seventeen inches, and other interesting details. And then we marvelled quietly in our innermost selves.

THE REFUGE.

PRIZE fighters having appeared in plays of their own and achieved huge success, it is not surprising to hear that there is a possibility of a noted criminal who recently completed a long term of imprisonment figuring on the stage in a thrilling melodrama.

And yet there be folks who still persist in asserting that the stage is not on a level with the other professions.

"ME AN' 'ER, 'ER AN' ME."



Me. I SAY, YOU KNOW, IF MY FATHER WERE TO SEE ME TALKING TO YOU HE'D CUT ME OFF WITH A SHILLING.

'Er. REALLY! NOW, IF MY FATHER WERE TO SEE ME TALKING TO YOU HE'D GIVE ME HALF A CROWN, BECAUSE HE'D THINK I MUST BE HARD UP!

CRITICS WE ALL KNOW.



MR. CECIL HOWARD.

MR. CECIL HOWARD, of whom our artist supplies a full length portrait, is one of the fairest critics in the field—and his field is a remarkably large one. He writes for many papers, and many papers write for him; but—as is instanced by his having declined the post of the Paris corre-

spondentship of the *Times*—they don't always get him. It would take up too much space to mention here the numerous papers for which Mr. Howard acts, or has acted, as dramatic critic. Suffice it to say that he turns out a quantity of matter, it being with him not merely a matter of quantity but also a matter of quality. I was reading some of his writings a week or two back—articles that he'd written some sixteen and twenty years ago. By gad! what a brilliant and caustic pen he had in those days. He is more gentle now.

THE PETS OF ACTRESSES.

IT will doubtless be no special intelligence to you to be told that the young ladies of the Stage, who are the pets of everybody, are as a general rule the possessors of pets "on their own," as Mr. Gus Elen sings. Certainly this is so. And the pets to which they pin their affections are weird, wonderful and varied.

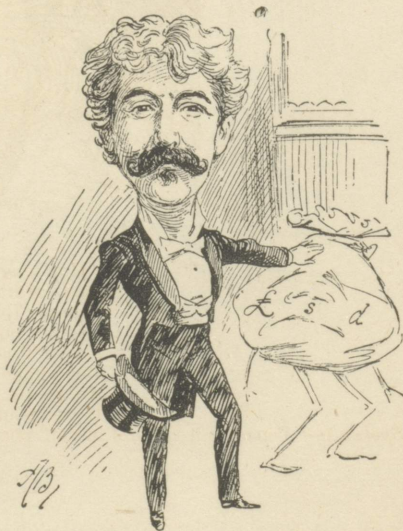
For instance—as you will see from the illustration which appears on page 27—the great Sarah Bernhardt is the proud possessor of a fine and large Bengal tiger of peculiar ferocity and evil odour. This animal divides the affections of his mistress with a large coffin, which accompanies the eminent

actress all over the world in the course of her wanderings.

Then, to get back to our own country-women, there is Miss Ellen Terry, of Lyceum renown, who is the bosom friend of a small fox terrier named Fussie, a present, so report has it, from Mr. Henry Irving.

Then you have Miss Lilian Russell, the great American comic opera *prima donna*, who is a breeder and an exceedingly keen judge of spaniels, and who owns several for which she has refused a thousand pounds a tail. One ceases to feel surprised at the folly of man on reading of such things.

Miss Marie Studholme, whom you have, of course, seen in *A Gaiety Girl*, at Daly's, being exceedingly pretty, has attached herself to a hideous but amiable bulldog, and in this respect she resembles Miss Ethel



OUR WEALTHY EMPIRE.

The "Living Picture" of Mr. H. J. Hitchins, as he appears turning money away nightly.

MISS LOTTIE COLLINS
AT HOME.

"Moy song is jast immense,
Sam soy it's got now sense,
Sam soy th'y down't know whence
It kime, but twown't gow hence.
I down't mean now offence,
But whoile I gily dence
An' medly jemp an' prence,
It brings me lots of pence.

(Spoken.)—"Pence, indeed—shillin's an' pounds! to soy nothin' of benk-nowtes!!

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-de-ay."

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.



If Fate (who's often very silly)
Should ever come to me and say,
"Good morning! write me something thrilly—
A death-by-poison sort of play,
The poisoner a lovely lady
Rejoicing in a foreign name,
Together with a history shady"—
If Fate, with such instructions came,
I'd answer (and I'd do so gamely)
"Agreed! I'll scribble round that rôle
On this express condition, namely—
It's played by Olga Nethersole."

Matthews, whose "Blobbs" of the same persuasion is the terror of Ashley Gardens.

Mrs. Langtry fancies poodles, and has one especial and highly-trimmed pet, whose black coat is cut in fearful and wonderful fashion.

As for Miss Agnes Hewitt, she has quite a menagerie at her pleasant flat in Ridgemount Gardens. There she resides with a Cocker spaniel, a tiny Yorkshire terrier, eight canaries, a parrot, a jackdaw, a sparrow and three cats.

Miss Maud Milton owns a poodle, too, but he is white. His name, like that of A. Sloper's friend, is Billy.

Miss Florence St. John is also of the

poodle-admiring brigade, but hers is black, and is called Pompey. A clean animal this, and one replete with c'e'verness.

Lady Clancarty thinks a lot of collies.

Miss Eastlake fancies hounds of the same persuasion, and I am of opinion that I have said quite enough upon a practically unenviable subject.

GILBERTISM.

THE idea of a Grandee of Spain going on the stage is one so worthy of the fertile brain of Mr. W. S. Gilbert that it comes as a sort of shock to hear that "Bab" has *not* thought of it, but that the event is about to actually happen in real life.

Don Fernando Dioz de Mendoza is the gentleman's name, and his blood is the bluest in Spain. Now, for a grandee to do aught but smoke cigarettes, wear a cloak, twang the guitar, and fight an occasional duel has always been considered distinctly *infra dig.*, and naturally the new departure has given rise to the wildest excitement amongst the old noblesse.

One of our music-hall managers ought to secure this *rara avis*, but if they do so they had better be on their best behaviour, for the Don is a gentleman of fiery temper, and an unerring shot.

THE CHORUS.



12.—CORYNTHIA SMITH.

AT BEAUTY'S SHRINE.



THE ABOVE REPRESENTS BEAUTY, WHO LOOKS UPON ALL HER ADMIRERS AND FOLLOWERS AS SOURCES FROM WHICH TO DERIVE A FAIR AMOUNT OF FUN.

FOOTLIGHTS.

MISS CISSIE LOFTUS.



A DIFFICULTY meets the bard
Who has to fit this sketch with verses:
He finds it singularly hard
To write effusions by the yard
To girls who've scarcely left their nurses!

To say, as I have said to such
Who're old, old friends with Master Cupid—
Whose ages near on fifty touch—
That I adore you very much,
Would sound, of course, extremely stupid.

I ought, no doubt, to get my quill
To write on eyes for ever glancing
In mischief, or upon a frill
That shows itself—as these things will—
When Cissie is engaged in dancing!

Alas! I can't: you're much too young;
I'm sorry that I cannot, very.
My voice is flat, my harp unstrung—
I'll have to leave your points unsung,
And give the job to Ashby-Sterry.

THE END.

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This is usually accompanied or followed by indigestion, languor, or debility, or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits, and fatigue after slight exertion, faintness, nausea, offensive breath, headache, pains in the side and back, palpitations and coughs.

When these are neglected, more serious affections frequently follow, such as chronic skin eruptions, eczema, dropsy and consumption.

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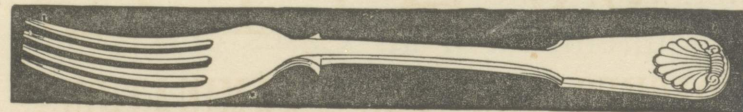
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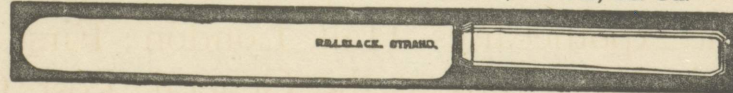


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Keep trampling on each other?

Oh! fellow-men, remember, then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide, in lands beside—
There's room enough for all.—HENRY RUSSELL.

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