

Through a Glass Lightly



BACHELORS are a batch o' laws unto themselves.

A woman's conscience is like a man's banking account. Life, without it, is a nuisance; with it—a hindrance.

Herewith an extract from my new serial story, which is going to make Suburbia weep—

"You have no heart!"

"Pale, but tearless, she stood before him and uttered those words in a voice trembling with the passion of her dauntless soul. He faced her, unmoved. Her eyes quivered. Yet they never flinched. Shining and moist with subdued weeping, those eyes, that spoke so much more than words could ever express, stared him squarely in the face. Between him and her there rose the squalid picture of her desolate home—a widowed mother, an attic, and the chill surroundings of inexorable poverty. Misfortune could not dim the lustre of those eyes or tame the indomitable spirit of the woman. Erect and queenly, she stood facing him as he, mute and ashamed, shuffled uneasily beneath the scorn of her gaze. Again she spoke, her voice carrying in its fervent tremor the finality of her soul's renunciation: 'You have no heart!' she said.

"No, Miss; sorry; but we have some nice calves' liver," said the butcher apologetically."

Post Office clerks are sent to try us.

One of those traditionally brow-beating counsel was hammering causticisms into an immobile witness and getting nothing in return. The simple-looking Agricola in the box just gaped in reply, but said nothing. The caustic barrister had said everything that even a lawyer is allowed to say to a "civilian" in a court of law, but the witness's impassivity conquered in the end, and the barrister resorted to unmitigated abuse. "You," he shouted, pointing menacingly at the harmless witness—"you appear to be the biggest idiot that has ever been allowed in this court." The idiot grinned. But the judge, thinking that things were going too far and that reprimand from the Bench was needed, leaned forward and, addressing counsel in grave tones, said: "You forget where you are, Mr. —; you seem to forget my presence."

A pearl-diving native of Togo
Obtained, from a trader, a pogo.

He tried, for a lark,
To jump over a shark.

But the shark pogo'd too, so 'twas no go.

Strange, isn't it, that with so much college training, so few people seem to be educated?

Another funeral story has just come to port from a newspaper man recently returned from Yew Ess Ay—in one word, America.

He had been sent to report the obsequies of a multi-millionaire shoe-lace exporter or something, and, after the somewhat gorgeous ceremony, he was approached by a lugubrious person in black, and asked if he represented the *Red Gulch Gazette*. He admitted that he did. The lugubrious one then explained that he was "in charge of the affair," and concluded with this astounding request: "The body's brother would like you to lunch with him."

A Ruridical Chapter was being held in one of the outlying and unknown parishes, or whatever they are called, of North Wales. Having first got over the objection to talking in Welsh—or English—the meeting of clergy settled itself to business. As the discussions were likely to be rather prolonged, the question arose first as to what kind of lunch should be provided. After an hour's debate, *pro* and *con*, hot or cold collation, the assembly decided upon a cold meat lunch. Then the more serious matters were entered upon. The talk was about the existing attitude of Welsh Churchmen towards the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. In the midst of questions apropos the discussion of this momentous matter, a voice rose from the back of the hall: "Mr. Rural Dean," said the voice, in unmistakable English-Welsh accent. "Mr. Rural Dean, I should like to ask if we are to understand that the *tatws* [potatoes] will also be cold?"

A laddered silk stocking suggests taste without propensity. A crinkled stocking speaks propensity without taste. Put not your hose in crinkles!

Beware of the woman who wears a scowl and a diamond tiara at the same time. She's an intriguer.

The existing licensing laws have provided a worried nation with a number of new moods and words. The newest word broke

forth upon a coterie of club members the other evening when one, newly landed from a dry country, asked for a whisky-and-soda. The barman, with a smile, said: Double, Sir? The thirsty one replied: "No; fourple, please."

We are all quite aware that the world is full of "crooks." But not one of us will ever dare to call anyone a bad egg until he is "broke."

Father was trying to read his evening paper to while away the time until mother returned from the sales. He was being pestered the time by the persistent questionings of his young son, who, boylike, asked for the most impossible information about the most improbable things. Father was becoming irritated. Then, at the worst point of parental irritation, the boy said: "Daddy, tell me; what is a she-dragon?" The old man replied, in sheer exasperation: "Now, look here, sonny; one more word about your mother, and off you go to bed!"

The world is so full of a number of laws,
You cannot commit *any* crime, without cause. SPEX.



AT ST. GEORGE'S HILL CLUB: COMPETITORS IN THE R.A.F. GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS.

More than sixty R.A.F. golfers took part in the first day's play of the Royal Air Force Golfing Association championship meeting at St. George's Hill Club last week. In the individual competition Flight-Lieutenant C. H. Hayward (+2) was the winner in the first division, with a return of one up. Air-Vice-Marshal Arthur V. Vyvyan (12) (standing on step, pipe in hand) won in the second handicap division with two down.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]