

hares, 81 couples of rabbits, ten brace of poultry, six couples of ducks, five brace of pheasants, 12 brace of grouse, 133 brace of small birds, 91 pounds of beef suet, 32 pounds of lard, and 26 pounds of butter.

The fourth Denby Dale effort was as disastrous as it was magnificent. It received an encouraging 'preliminary notice' in the local press, which announced that, to celebrate Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the inhabitants of Denby Dale would bake, in a specially constructed pan placed in a specially constructed oven, a pie two feet deep and measuring eight feet six inches from rim to rim. It would require two and a half 'packs' of flour, and among its ingredients would be between 200 and 300 pounds of beef, mutton, pork, etc. 'Geese, fowls, grouse, and small birds will be among the tasty morsels enclosed within the crust.' Special plates were to be provided embellished with portraits of the Queen and a suitable inscription. These would be sold on the spot to pie-buyers. The newspaper which contained this fine promise printed the next week, under its local news, this harrowing paragraph: 'Kirkheaton—This village contributed largely to the disappointed multitude that went to have a look at the big Jubilee pie. Every kind of conveyance was called into requisition to convey to Denby Dale from this district hundreds who, on returning in the evening with disappointed looks, were loud in their anathemas against the committee of management.'

It was a sad story. The pie was 'high.' The *Yorkshireman* of that date has a satirical account of the scene 'when the pie was opened.' The opener had been furnished with a specially prepared knife, two feet six inches long, and a fork to match. 'The first lash into the crust with this enormous knife,' says the *Yorkshireman*, 'produced effects the plain statement of which is discredited by the public who were not there. But the simple truth is that, while the crowd was utterly uncontrollable and was crushing up round the pie-dish until the carver had no elbow-room, the mere opening of the pie and the fragrance from it instantly cleared a space of 20 feet on either side.' It is said that a man secured a piece of the pie and took it to Bradford, and that

'the moment he produced his trophy there was a sudden and general disposition of the company to go elsewhere.'

After this unhappy venture 'Denby Dale pie' seems to have become one of those bywords that need only to be said to raise a laugh, just as one may raise a laugh by simply saying, 'Desist!' if one is clever enough to look something like Mr. Robey while saying it. An advertisement of a sale of rugs at that time begins: 'This is not a Denby Dale pie story'; and included in the programme of music to follow a cricket club's annual dinner is 'a song composed on the Denby Dale pie.'

Smarting, doubtless, under the anathema of Kirkheaton, and fearful lest one bad pie should corrupt a good custom, the committee of management set to work again. A second Jubilee pie was produced, and it gave satisfaction to 3,000 hungry souls. It contained 47 stones of beef, one calf, one sheep, 48 stones of flour, and 100 stones of potatoes. Another pie, almost as large as the Jubilee pie, was made when the South African War came to an end.

R. H. S.

At the sale of government cars recently held in London, one of the cars was described as a 'rattling' good one. It is said that the sale included a tame squirrel trained to run behind and pick up the falling nuts. Truly English humor is of a more gentle kind than ours.

A RECENT dinner conversation in an English country house turned on the curious sights seen on the road. There were many notable experiences, but they were all capped by this story, told by one of the guests, which surely deserves the epithet 'unique.'

'I was driving into Winchester,' he said, 'some fifteen years ago, with my wife, and on the road, some distance ahead, we saw two men shoving a handcart, which seemed to be occupied by another. On getting near we found that the owners of the cart were two sailors, and the occupant a seal, lolling in a well at the back of the vehicle, in which there was a little water. The startling thing, however, was that the seal wore an old top hat, and seemed quite happy and

contented. My wife, who has a tender heart for all animals, came to the conclusion that the poor animal was being ill-treated by the sailors, and I was compelled to write to the head constable, begging him to make inquiries. The answer I received was that, so far from being ill-treated, the seal, after giving several successful street-corner performances, was found in a lodging-house asleep between its two masters! Whereupon my wife, not to be balked of her grievance, wrote to the head constable and told him that, if the seal had suffered no physical acts of cruelty, the age and cut of the old top hat must have caused it excruciating "moral and intellectual" agony.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

(Selected Definitions from the Westminster Gazette)

DEFINE ME, SOMEONE, if you can,
The elusive term of gentleman.

Says Vere de Vere, 'A man is he
Of pure blue-blooded ancestry.'

Says Newman Prig, 'He 's best defined
As one who has a cultured mind.'

Says Midas, 'Culture? Blood? Poo! Dash!
The true criterion is cash.'

Says Priest, 'He is in thought, deed, word,
A Christ-like person — Church preferred.'

Says Books, 'Whoever in he lets,
He never fails to pay his bets.'

'T is clear enough he 's one,' says Shirk,
'Who for his living does n't work.'

'A pal,' cries Bella Flapps, 'who 's prime
At giving girls a top-hole time.'

'A real gent,' says Ikey Chink,
'Don't know the price of anythink.'

Between these various views they voice,
Come, pay your cash, and take your choice.

R. M. Freeman.

THE French Government has decided that the familiar red trousers which have for so many years formed part of the uni-

form of the French soldier shall no longer be used. An official notice recently issued states that, with the exception of the *képi*, pré-war uniforms are now definitely abolished and their manufacture prohibited. The Chasseur battalions will retain their special uniform and the Colonial and African troops their khaki, but the rest of the army will be clad in the horizon blue adopted during the war.

Officers possessing the old uniforms, including red trousers, are allowed two years in which to wear them out, but are strictly forbidden to wear portions of both the old and the new-style uniform at the same time.

A *Daily Chronicle* man who interviewed Mr. Shaw at his residence in Adelphi Terrace, where he had returned after a sojourn out of town, did not find him very enthusiastic on the subject at all.

'Beer,' he confessed, 'is a subject that has never inspired me. I have been a teetotaler all my life.'

'What then do you suggest as the alternative to the trade proposals?'

'Put the whole thing into the melting pot,' said Mr. Shaw. 'The question before the whole of the civilized world is—shall it go wet or dry?'

'But as long as we have public houses, you admit that a model can be set up, and houses should be reformed?'

For the moment, Mr. Shaw appeared nonplused. Had so profoundly serious a subject as beer dried up for once his unending flow of high comedy? Seizing a large and handsome carafe of pure and sparkling water, he filled a deep goblet, and drained it to the last drop. Thus fortified, he spoke:

'The trade proposals are a sign and a portent,' he said, 'but that is all. Ever since I have been alive the brewers have been going to reform the public house. They have never done so, because if they did, there would no longer be any public houses.'

'You mean that a reformed public-house is a private house?'

'No, I mean that the public would never stand such a thing as a reformed public house. The trade think it will be a good thing if they put their house in order. But