

NUTS : AND : WINE

GOSSIP FOR THE AFTER-DINNER HOUR



Miss Violet Hopson in new film, "V" of Smith's Alley.

Miss Jessie Ruddick in "Robey-en-Casse-rol" at Alhambra.

IN THE COAL WORLD.

DISMAY DAY.

Cul-de-Sac Conferences.
Blind dallying.

French Proverb Revised.

The more they differ, the more it's the same thing.

Headline Lyric.

"Settlement No Nearer."
"Railwaymen Suspended."
Isn't that a cheerer!
Isn't that just splendid!
"Still Negotiating."
"Further Disagreeing."
So we keep on waiting,
And never, never seeing.

It Might Be Worse.

By the way, there is no reason why you shouldn't still have a fire in the kitchen. It isn't full stop yet; only semi-coal.

Treasure Island.

An advertiser wishes to buy an island. What a lot of offers he would have received if he had added, "or would exchange for lwt. of coal."

Information.

No, Rupert, "The Knave of Diamonds" is not a play on the window-slashing mania.

Those Spook Effects.

Although there are only two male characters in "Count X," I am able to state that the play has a strong Maske-lyne interest.

The Choice of a Husband.

Miss Peggy Hopkins, having married three millionaires, declares that they are too much "absorbed in stock and bonds" to make satisfactory husbands.

Miss Peggy Hopkins thrice
Espoused a millionaire;
She did not find them nice,
So bids the girls beware.
She'd drown them all in ponds,
She'd burn them all as guys,
Because, absorbed in "bonds,"
They quite forget their "ties."

Easy Starters.

Being out of practice, the Australians are wise to begin on Leicester. It gives them Leicester contend with.

Housing Shortage.

Denn Inge suggests that houses should be built of tarred felt. The housing shortage, in fact, suggests to him a tarred felt want.

The Week in a Nutshell.

The Germans make proposals which
The French with scorn reject,
Saying: "The Hun is very rich;
There's plenty to collect."
The strike continues as before;
The land is full of scares;
And Peggy Hopkins will no more
Be loved by millionaires.

This Week's Playgoers' Guide.

"Othello."—Produced by Mr. Fagan in response to his Shakespeare-loving patrons' demand for some Moor. Mr. Tearle uses his splendid voice with fine effect, consequently we get a sound performance. The revival affords an excellent opportunity of seeing Godfrey black and Mary Grey. Mr. Basil Rathbone's admirers will find him lagging strong, while a remarkably good Cassio is seen in the person of Mr. Cellier, who shows us how easy it is to make a Venetian blind (or nearly so). The Desdemona is charming, appealing, pathetic, and several other Tither-adjectives.

Nature Note.

Spring is really here, the hedgerows are in bud, and Mrs. Bamberger has come out.

Free Translation.

"Unemployment is the prelude to revolution," says a Labourite. Thus, in truth, the out-of-works may fitly be described as *hors d'œuvres*.

Overheard in a Pit Queue.

"Have you been to Count X?"
"No, but I've seen 'Don Q.' and 'The Naughty Prince S.'"

Presence of Mind.

A bull which invaded a draper's shop in North London caused a panic among the customers. With great presence of mind, a young lady assistant showed the intruder the price of their latest Paris model, whereupon it hurriedly left the premises.

A Toast to "Pussyfoot."

"I do not think it is up to me to go off the earth until your country has gone dry," says Mr. Johnson. Your health, Mr. Johnson! We drink it with zest;

May your motto be "Never say 'die.'"
You're really a sport and we wish you the best,
Though we find you a little too dry.
We hear that on earth you intend to remain
Till these islands your principles follow.
So we'll fill up our—teacups and sing the refrain:
"May you beat old Methuselah hollow."

Champagne and Cigars.

In his Budget speech Mr. Chamberlain promises "drastic reductions" in—next year's Budget. I expected to hear of reductions next year, It's the Chancellor's annual joke! But my hopes of relief—which were happily brief—
Have undoubtedly ended in smoke.
There's the Dickens to pay in the usual way,
For the income-tax stays where it is;
But the faults of the past are admitted at last
Through a small illustration by "Fizz."

Oh, Abe!

"If President Lincoln were alive to-day," says a contemporary, "he would probably be a Socialist." And then, of course, everyone would call him Labouraham Lincoln.

Foolhardy.

A man who died recently at the age of 104 tasted medicine for the first time three days before his death. No reason is assigned for his rash act.

Good Advice.

"A house-fly transmits an alarming amount of disease by carrying germs," says a medical authority. So next time you see a fly with a germ in its hand, give it a sharp rap on the knuckles.

'Nuff Said.

I find it impossible to agree with that beauty specialist who has been putting it round that much laughter is bad for a woman's beauty. All the pretty girls I know read "Nuts and Wine."



Miss Phyllis Archibald, operatic contralto, at Coliseum.

Mr. W. Boyd Davis, in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."

Song of the Slasher.

"I Passed by Your Window."

The Poet's Comment.

"A scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough."

Now Commencing.

The season of good willow.

Teaming with Interest.

The selection of the English eleven.

Carpentier's Challenger.

A Ken-worthy opponent.

Revised Version. (By Mr. J. H. Thomas.)

Whom I have written I have written.

Celebrity of the Week.

The *nouveau riche* who, on being asked if she had seen the Academy pictures, declared that she never patronised the cinemas.

Art Note.

Although Burlington House contains only one Sargent this year, it is understood that the usual complement of constables and an occasional inspector will be on duty.

About a Benefit.

"Sixty-seven years is a long time for Horace to have Lingard on the stage," remarked a wag at the Savoy Theatre on Friday.

Now Clan.

My flapper has a new craze. She is so enamoured of things that are Scotch that at tea she never eat any cakes but McArsons.

A Fixed Easter.

It does seem irrational that Easter should be a movable feast, determined by the changes of the moon. Why not make the date dependent on the price of eggs?

Police!

The announcement that two men have been arrested on a charge of pretending to be policemen has caused, I understand, a certain uneasiness in the ranks of the Special Constabulary.

Philosophic Doubt.

People ought to speak more distinctly. The S.P. office-boy came to me to announce that a visitor was without. "Who is he?" I demanded. "I couldn't quite make out," said the boy, "but I think he said he came from Burmah or Bermndsey or somewhere."

Does Nares Exist?

Some boobs question whether Shakespeare ever really existed; and now a fellow suggests to me that even Owen Nares is a myth. "Anyway," he says, "you can't possibly deny that, while there is, I admit, an O in Owen, there isn't any O in Nares."

In a City Post-Office.

The customer in front of me dumped his parcel on the scales. The official juggled with the weights. "That'll be one shilling," he said, producing a stamp. "One thilling!" cried the customer in front of me. "Ridickerluth, young man; ridickerluth! Look here—I'll offer you tenpenth!"

And in a Country One.

"My girl," said the sub-postmaster in the shop-of-all-goods, "how often am I to tell you that you will never make a success in life until you learn to keep the postage-stamps off the bacon?"

MR. MAYFAIR.

DID MEN ALWAYS LONG FOR THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" ?



Apparently they did—if our cartoonist is a reliable historian. Let the thought cheer us up when we feel dismayed by the troubles of the present age.