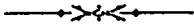


our forefathers, and he must plead guilty to a feeling of amazement not unmingled with horror, at the amount of "punch" which is consumed by the hero and his friends in almost every chapter of the book. The uproarious fun and practical jokes are almost always the result of, or attended by, a carouse followed by headaches and soda water the next morning, while even the heroines seem amused rather than disgusted, at seeing a man in a state when he finds his legs rather an inconvenience than otherwise. Those days are as completely gone as the ones of Fielding and Smollett, and as fiction ought more or less to portray the social history of its times we shall have a different sort of stories to depict, from those of the first part of this century. We may not be more moral, but we are more—hold! that remark has been made before, so with this hint as to the dishes to be served the Editor will make his first bow.



Origin of Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.

"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" is older than most people think. The origin is mythological. As previously announced, one Orpheus felt pretty rocky when his wife, Eurydice, died and he found that he could not hire a good housekeeper for less than 35s. a week. He immediately hit upon the happy and economical expedient of descending into Hades to bring back his wife. He effected an entrance to the eternal regions by chloroforming Cerberus, the blood terrier at the gate, and walking boldly into the presence of Pluto, who was running Hades in those days, demanded his Eurydice. "If you don't give her up," he thundered, "I'll go back and get a writ of habeas corpus." "Get out," rejoined Pluto, evasively. "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," persisted Orpheus hotly. "Hush," cried Pluto in horror. "Don't do that again. The condemned souls here-about might catch the tune and get to singing it, when we'd have a Hades of a time." Under the circumstances Pluto was very glad to let Eurydice go, but that is neither here nor there. The true origin of Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay is thus established.

—London "Strad."



A Tale of the Time, in Eleven Chapters.

YE TERRIBLE FATE OF YE OLDE MISTER BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

YE olde Mister Browne goeth to ye popular theatre and heareth ye girl sing ye song called "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and it pleaseth him greatly.

CHAPTER II.

Ye next day as ye olde Mister Browne walketh down Beaver Hall Hill he heareth ye organ-grinder playing ye "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and he giveth him one copper coin and smileth.

CHAPTER III.

Ye olde Mister Browne walketh further down ye street and, crossing Victoria Square, heareth all ye people whistling "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and then he sigheth.

CHAPTER IV.

He goeth into ye bank to cash ye cheque, and ye cashier hummeth ye "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and ye olde Mister Browne frowneth.



EVENING. From a painting by Jacques Wagner.

"Such was the scene this lovely glade
And its fair inmates now displayed,
As round the fount in linked ring
They went in cadence slow and light,
And thus to that enchanted spring
Warbled their farewell for the night,"

—Moore's "Evenings in Greece."

CHAPTER V.

He goeth into his office and heareth all ye clients singing ye "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and he becometh very weary.

CHAPTER VI.

He goeth to bed at night and his wife singeth ye "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," in her sleep, and he groaneth.

CHAPTER VII.

He goeth in to ye office and heareth ye office boy whistling ye "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and ye olde Mister Browne grabbeth him by his collar and shaketh all signs of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" out of him.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ye office boy hath ye olde Mister Brown arrested, and ye police officer whistlith "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," as they go along the street.

CHAPTER IX.

Ye olde Mister Browne is put in ye dark cell, and ye other prisoners singeth ye "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and he becometh insane.

CHAPTER X.

Ye olde Mister Browne goeth to ye bank, having recovered from his temporary derangement, to learn how much there is to his credit, then offers a reward to the writer of some song, with or without words, that may drive ye "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" off ye face of ye earth.

CHAPTER XI.

Ye olde Mister Browne is anxiously waiting ye substitute of ye "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," meantime he may be seen as he goeth about ye city with ye cotton-wool in his ears.