

— THE ARROW —

LETTER FROM MR. CHOLMONDELEY CHOLMONDELEY, LATE OF ENGLAND.

ROSSIN HOUSE, May, 1886.

To the Editor of THE ARROW.

My Deah Sir,—What stwikes me as being particularwy abs'ed in Pawlian rentawwy and all political speaking is the aw—undue pwoeminence given to the fawmah and the fawmah's son. Why these wustics should wauk above decent and wespectable awtizans and mechanics, I fail to see—aw.

On my arrival heah from England some two yeahs ago, I thought it would be a pleasant and—aw—healthful idea to take up quartehs with some well to do fawmahs. Well, be Jove, I twied it, but I assuah you I won't twy again. There were plenty of fowl of all sorts, legions of eggs, and—aw—hundredweights of buttah, but not a chicken, goose, turkey or egg did we evch see. We had as a wule pawk, fwash and salt, exequably cooked, the weakest of cheap tea, and, be Jove, they wouldn't allow us a pwopeh quantity of milk. These aw—natives send everything to mawket, get cash for theah pwoduce —and—aw—to use a wathah common expression, "Salt it down;" and I wepeat, why the Government of the countwy should take undah their especial pwotection and actually toady to such awawicious old hunks, who are too mean to pawtake of a good meal at theah own expense, is to me a deep —aw—mystery.

Twuly yaws,

CHOLMONDELEY CHOLMONDELEY,
Late of Cholmondeley Chase, Berks.

BILL NYE ON HOTEL ROLLS.

THE MACADAMIZED BISCUIT WITH A FLAP ON TOP.

Guests at remote American hotels, conducted on the You're-a-payin' plan, have no doubt noticed, after a few weeks at the house, a heavy feeling in the pit of the stomach. At first this is mistaken for mental gloom, but this is an erroneous diagnosis. It is gastric gloom. It is induced by the great hand-to-hand conflict between the bomb-proof biscuit of the hotel and eternal justice.

Eternal justice comes out on top, perhaps, but she is in poor shape to tackle the next one. These wads of gun cotton, plaster of Paris and alum are met with at the hotel where the crape is never taken off the door. Death and baking powder biscuits are synonymous terms. The old-fashioned poet used to picture Death in the act of mowing down his millions with a scythe and a wappy-jawed snath, but now the bard could not be more vigorous in his language than to say:

Death shied a hotel biscuit at him,
And he slept.

These macadamized rolls are made now with a flap on the top, I notice, similar to the flap on an old fashioned pocket-book. The hunting-case biscuit is found to be superior to the old style, which could be opened with a nail. The present hotel roll—that is, the one we have in our midst—is made of condemned flour. This flour, with amalgam filling and fire-proof works, makes a roll that will resist the action of acids or the grand jury.

If we could lay aside our work for an hour or two, and pass into the presence of old Mr. Gastric, what would we see?

A man about medium height, with a sinister expression, a little soured by overwork and anxiety. He has just reduced to pulp a small wad of cake made by a bride,

and, entirely exhausted, he sinks down near the storm door at the foot of the via cesophagus for rest.

This is old man Gastric, the man who never flinched when pie and pantaloons buttons have been bestowed upon him. But now, why does he quail? Why does he shudder? He is not paid extra for shuddering!

Hist!

It is the stealthy footfall of the baking powder biscuit, with murder and alum in its breast.

With a snarl of rage, and a low, malicious gurgle that makes every little gastric follicle curl up and try to sneak away into the duodenum, he slaps old Mr. Gastric across the face and eyes, and the tournament begins.

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These stars represent the appearance of the firmament as viewed by Mr. Gastric. Two hours have passed. Down in one corner of his laboratory, with the death damp gathering on his brow, lies the old man, who has met everything at picnic or lunch-counter that the broad Empire of Hashdom could furnish, and yet never lowered his arm. They are folded calmly now across his breast, and the weary hands of the brave digester are forever at rest. All is quiet save the low moan of the liver. Then all is still again.

Near the pyloric orifice stands the pride of the Metropolitan Biscuit Foundry. He smiles ironically as he sits down on a cotton flannel cake to get his breath.

This roll is the bane of our modern civilization. It is carrying thousands down to the disagreeable realms of death. It is attractive in appearance, and when it beams upon us with its siren smile, we are too apt to yield. But let us beware. No man should put a hotel biscuit in his mouth to steal away his brain.

If I had a son who wanted to become a hotel man, and eat these death balls, I would say to him, "Buy a hotel if you wish, Henry (provided his name happened to be Henry), and run it and make money, but have a home that you can go to for your meals. Do not eat your own biscuit."—*Boston Globe*.

THAT man is only a comparative improvement on the monkey finds corroboration in the fact that while it's the tail that marks the monkey, it's the tailor that makes the man.

At a wedding not long since among the presents displayed was a \$1,000 bank note from the doting father of the bride. After the wedding was over, the old gentleman folded up the note and put it back in his vest pocket. The bank note was very much like the promissory notes of reform you hear from candidates until the election is over.

PUBLIC OPINION.—Get the majority on your side and you are safe, let your cause be ever so bad. Give five hundred dollars to a public institution and let the fact be spread abroad in the newspapers, and you will have the name of a public benefactor; if at the same time you withhold ten thousand dollars, justly due to a family of orphans, the gift will set the matter right, and you will not be reproached. If you are wealthy and nobody knows it, you derive but little pleasure from your riches. A beautiful face concealed beneath a veil secures no admirers. A boot may conceal a cloven foot. Public opinion is a curious jade. Everybody does her homage. The question, Is it right? is seldom asked; but quite often the question, What will people say?