

“GET UP AND GET!”

I WILL preach you a word on a practical lay;
 'Twill be short, sharp and right to the point.
 Just remember the text and the drift of my say
 When the times are with you out of joint.
 Never mind what your neighbors and friends seem to think
 Of the “tightness,” the “outlook,” *et cetera*,
 But when you're in trouble or e'en on its brink,
 My advice is to “get up and get!”

I don't mean you to act as the bank cashiers do,
 When an expert takes hold of the books,
 And finds that the cashier is short quite a few
 Of his thousands through quibbles and crooks;
 That, of course, is a getting—a getting away
 To where safety and ease may be met.
 But it's not with the boodle and nary “good-day!”
 I would have you, friend, get up and get.

There will always be times when the honestest trade
 Will yield little, howe'er hard you buck;
 There was never a really successful self-made
 But was once in a while down in luck.
 This old world is cram full of worryful work,—
 Heaps of trouble and toil and back-set,
 But the conquering hero's the man who won't shirk,
 He says: “Here, you, just get up and get!”

What's the use of a man with no starch in his comp?
 Can you walk if you unhinge your spine?
 The cab-carried fellow, with all of his pomp,
 Ain't the stuff among stalwarts to shine.
 So, in hustling and bustling in business, I say,
 Never falter, or fluster, or fret—
 Pack a good dose of sand in your crop, is the way,—
 Then, hoop-la! you get up and get!

That's my sermon, old Gruesome, and you, young Faint-heart;
 It's not longish or heavy or dry.
 But it's sober and honest and all in good part,
 And it's easy to grasp if you try.
 I don't care if you haven't caught on to it all;
 My style may not hit you right yet—
 But the text, man—grab it! and, whenever you fall,
 Remember to “get up and get!”

T. T.

THE FAKIR IN ENGLAND.

14 BUMMER'S ROOST,
 WHITECHAPEL, LONDON, ENG.

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DEAR GRIP:—



SINCE my last letter detailing my experiences with the British aristocracy, I have had pretty hard luck. I tried several of my old rackets, but somehow they didn't work; the people here are awfully suspicious of a man unless they know who his grandfather was—especially of a foreigner. I tried to interest some capitalists in a cattle-ranch in the Rockies. I told 'em they had only to put up the money and I would easily get the ranch for them at Ottawa; but they absurdly suggested that I had better get the ranch first and then they would talk business.

I had nearly got down to my last dollar when I happened to remember that unfortunate fellow, J. Ingledew Duxter, LL. B. — you recollect him, don't you?—the young Englishman that I once got to write a volume of first-class, native Canadian poetry when he was dead broke—told me that his people here were pretty well fixed. I saw him when I was last in Toronto and he gave me his father's address, “Rev. Canon Duxter, of Lower Bebington, Cheshire.” Well, being in that neighborhood, I thought I'd

call on the Canon, tell him something about his son and try and strike him for a quid or two. “Quid,” in the language of people of culture, means a pound.

“Tell the Canon,” said I to the gorgeous footman who opened the door, “that an American gentleman wishes to see him.” It's no use to call yourself a Canadian in this country; everybody from our side of the water is called an American.

“The Canon will see you, sir,” said the menial, “hand 'e said as 'ow perhaps you would be kind enough to leave your revolver and bowie-knife in the 'all. 'E don't mind Hamerican gents a-smokin' their cigars, but he wouldn't like any shooting or anything of that kind in 'is parlor.”

Repressing the pun which naturally suggested itself on this remarkable peculiarity in a Canon, I was ushered into a parlor, where the dignitary of the church was seated in an arm-chair before a blazing fire. He received me cordially, when I told him that his son had desired me to call on him.

The flunkey's remark about the revolver had given me a cue as to what was expected of me as an American, so I tilted my chair back, put my feet on the table, lit a cigar and began to smoke.

“Ah,” said the Canon, approvingly, “that's right. I am glad to see you make yourself at home. Will you have some refreshment? I am sorry we cannot offer you a cocktail or a ‘corpse reviver,’ or any other of your national drinks.”

“Thankee, Colonel,” I replied, “I would have liked a carbohic acid cocktail or a lemonade with a dash of aquafortis in it, but I reckon a snifter of brandy or a glass of old port will go to the spot.”

“Bless my soul!” said the Canon, “do you really drink such deadly poisons in America?”

“Why, cert. I guess you Britishers might find 'em rather strong for your stomachs, but the climate, you see, makes a difference.”

“Ah, no doubt it must.”

The Canon rang a bell and ordered in some wine, “Well, pard, here's another nail in our coffins,” said I as I tossed off my glass.

“I suppose that is the customary toast in America?” said the Canon.

“Oh, yes,” I said, “you folks don't quite understand our ways. When Prince Arthur was out our way I believe it rather hurt his feelings when the Mayor of Toronto proposed his health in that fashion, but it's always done at public banquets.”

“Most extraordinary!” said the Canon, “and my son, you say, is doing well.”

“You bet your life, Colonel; he's a leading citizen. As you are already aware, he is a distinguished author. It was my pleasure to assist him in bringing out his book. But literature, you see, is not self-supporting with us, and he has been obliged to turn his attention in more practical directions. He has been engaged of late in the manufacture of artificial ears and noses.”

“Artificial ears and noses!” exclaimed the Canon; “is it possible that there can be any great demand for them?”

“Of course, an immense demand. You see, many of our people lose their ears and noses by reason of the intense cold, which during the winter averages 50 below zero. Many others have them chewed off in fights.”

“Oh, ah, very natural,” replied the Canon, “one finds it difficult to realize American customs. Certainly people in America must often lose their ears. And does my son take part in public affairs?”