

*Sir C.* Oh, they're—well, they're quite different!

*Francis.* Really!

*Sir C.* Four halfpenny comic papers, four boys' papers, and I don't know what else.

*Francis.* I distinctly remember you saying once at school there wasn't a schoolboys' paper fit to wipe your feet on—you were always buying them to see.

*Sir C.* And there wasn't! It was a boys' paper I began with—*The Lad's Own Budget*. The schoolboy was the foundation of this business. And let me tell you our capital is now nearly two and a half millions.

*Francis.* The deuce it is!

*Sir C.* Yes, didn't you know?

*Francis.* No, and I suppose you're the principal proprietor?

*Sir C.* What do *you* think? Kendrick and I, we control a majority of the shares. Kendrick—that's the man who was here when you came in—gets a salary of five thousand a year.

*Francis.* Well, this is very interesting. I've had all sorts of disconcerting impressions since I reached Charing Cross twenty-four hours ago—when I saw that Exeter Hall was gone, reason tottered on her throne—but really, Charlie! Really, Charlie! It sounds a strange thing to say of one's own brother—but you are the most startling phenomenon of the age.