

DISJECTA MEMBRA POETAE

"Oh, she's my fancy girl,
With 'er 'air all outer curl,
'Ooks orf, eyes orf, petticoats all awry.
For then she isn't shy ;
She gives 'er bangs a twirl,
And it's—' Kiss me quick ! '—and—' That's the Trick ! '
—and—(*dim*)—' Wouldn't yer like to try ? ' "

When the stage Humorist with the concertina stopped chasséeing, and put his finger to his nose, and observed, "That's wot you might call a dim innuender," Rickman could have kicked him.

(*cresc.*). ' But got up fit ter kill,
In 'er velverteen an' frill,
It's—' Ands orf ! '—' Heyes orf ! '—' Fetch yer one in
the hey ! '—
A strollin' down the 'Igh,
With 'Enery, Alf an' Bill,
It's—' None er that ! '—and ' Mind my 'at ! '—and
(*fortissimo*)—' WOULDN'T yer like to try ! ' "

"To try! To try!" Her chassée quickened ever so little, doubled on itself, and became a tortuous thing. Poppy's feet beat out the measure that is danced on East End pavements to the music of the concertina. In the very abandonment of burlesque Poppy remained an artist, and her dance preserved the gravity of the original ballet, designed for performance on a flagstone. Now it unfolded ; it burst its bounds ; it was a rhythmic stampede. Louder and louder, her clicking heels beat the furious time ; higher and higher her dexterous toes flew to her feathers that bowed to meet them, and when her last superhuman kick sent her hat flying, and the Humorist caught it on his head, they had brought the house down.

Rickman went out to the bar, where he found Dicky Pilkington, and at Dicky's suggestion he endeavoured to quench with brandy and soda his inextinguishable thirst.

He returned to the storm and glare of the ballet, the last appearance of that small, incarnate genius of Folly. There were other dancers, but he saw none but her. He knew every pose and movement of her body, from her first tentative, preluding pironette, to her last moon-struck dance,