

## LIFE.

At Covent Garden.—the Ball, not the Market. Say that it is somewhere about three in the morning. That being so it is only natural that the youngish men whose clean shaven faces are to be found in packets of things rather satirically called cigarettes, if one is daring enough to look for them, are indulging in gentle horse play, i.e., in ruffling other men's hairs, ripping off the tails of their coats catching them by the heels and sending them sprawling on their noses; in imitating farm yards, gramophones, motor cars, one another, and other famous actors. The band still plays cake walks and rag time airs with undiminished enthusiasm: Nelson is dancing with "London Day by Day," Napoleon with "A Bit of Old Chelsea," Charles I with the "Pyjama Girl," and "Lord Roberts" with "Windsor Castle from the Long Walk." The whole affair is sordidly ungay, Bohemian, noisy, rowdy and utterly English.

With an inequity quite indescribable, Pershore and Nostell, both of 8 ndhurst, are got up, the former to represent "The boy who stood on the burning deck", and the other as "Hall Caine in his adolescence." Both are sitting the stage nursing prizes—silver things of a rather blatant character—all too well pleased with the world.

Pershore (in a whisper): Nossy.

No tell: Well, Percy?

Pershore. This is a red letter day in our careers.

Nostell: Rather! Is it?

Pershore: 'Do you realize that we are wallowin' in life my boy?

Nostell: I should think so. By Jove, yes. It's—it's the real thing, isn't it?

Pershore: It's it, dear old lad. Just it. Do you know what I've decided in the last ten minutes?

Nostell: To come here again.

Pershore: To come here always. To make a hobby of it.

Nostell: You won't let it interfere with your career in the Service, will you Percy?

Pershore: I shall run it along-side. Nossy. After a dose of pipeclay this splendid Bohemianism will take the taste of it out of one's mouth.

Nostell: Yes it don't do to get into a groove. What

Pershore: You're a man of sense. You'll make a name—as I shall.

Nostell: I say though.

Pershore (breezily): Say it, dear old lad. Say it. Be plucky. We are Men from to night.

Nostell: Er—I suppose you're quite sure that this is—

Pershore: Is what?

Nostell: It.

Pershore (scornfully): Great Caesar's ghost! Here's a man that don't know Life when he sees it

Nostell: Well, but—don't think I ain't enjoyin' it and all that Percy—er—the fellows here ain't quite up to snuff, are they?

Pershore: What's that? What matter whether they are up to snuff or not? They're men, men of the world, men of pleasure, men who live! By thunder, Nostell, you amuse me. Is it possible that I am going to be disappointed in you?

Nostell (hurriedly): No, no, my dear fella