

FOLLOWING UP A CLUE.

A DETECTIVISH REPERTORIUM OPERETTA

SCENE I.—Detectives' office—Present, detectives in full force.

CHIEF INSPECTOR:

Oh! gentlemen, I've something here which I'm about to mention:

A burglary has taken place, and calls for our attention. The burglar has sent his card; behold it here! this is it; He also writes and says he hopes we'll pay him soon a visit.

He directs us most minutely, to prevent the least mishap;

He diagrams his dwelling-place, and also sends a map which shows exactly where he lives; he gives the number too.

Now, I think we ought to catch him; brother sleuth-hounds, what say you?

CHORUS—ALL.

We certainly must catch him, but first we want a clue; We really can't do anything till we obtain a clue.

CHIEF INSPECTOR:

That's so, my trusty henchmen; but I think I'm on the track;

You'll observe that in this letter the ink that's used is black.

Now, first, we must divide ourselves and search the city through

For every bottle of black ink, for therein lies our clue. And every man that we perceive—let none from duty shrink—

A-writing of a letter and a-using coal-black ink We must arrest. Next, you perceive—I learnt this dodge from Draper—

This letter from the burglar is written upon paper; Now, every man who writes his notes on paper, we must take;

So let's to work at once, my boys; our fortunes we shall make.

You perceive, again, this letter is read from left to right, Which proves the man's right-handed: that clue's by no means slight.

You, Spriggins, use your optics, as you so deftly can, And take into your custody each individual man You see who is right-handed; by doing this we must arrest this daring burglar: we'll have him if we bust.

ALL.

Hail, mighty chief detective,
With your powers or perspicacity;
With mind so deep, reflective,
And o'er-burdened with sagacity,
Continue to enlighten us,
Your most obedient clue-men,
With thatuteness that doth brighten us,
And professional acumen.

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

Now, look upon this letter—you'll perceive its written steadily;

'Twould not be written by a man upon his feet so readily. The writer wrote this sitting down; now, it will be belting

For you to capture every man you see write letters sitting.

Now, off you go; conduct yourselves in no way ill or risible:

Keep dark about this matter—that's decidedly advisable. If the papers should get hold of it the burglar will see That he's actually been and gone and done a burglarye.

From the fact he wrote this letter, and says that it was he

Who committed this atrocious crime and did this burglarye,

He seems to know he did it; but though he seems to know it,

We must obtain a clue which more decidedly will show it;

So go ye forth, you've several clues: the men you must arrest

Are those who write on paper: those who like black ink the best;

All men who are right-handed, who work from left to right;

Who don't stand up, but take a seat a letter to indite. Go forth, my gallant hawk-eyes, go forth my clever crew,

Go forth, my cute detectives, and follow up each clue; Steal off and work this matter, and soon bring here to me.

This most audacious burglar who did this burglarye.

ALL.

Oh! did you ever?
No, we never.
Saw a man so wondrous clever,
So efficient, so effective,
As our wondrous chief detective.

(Detectives disperse themselves around to the various saloons. The Chief Detective leans his head on his hand and THINKS. Enter Reporter.)

REPORTER SINGS:

In an attitude reflective
Here I see the chief detective;
He appears to be asleep; perhaps he has been drinking.
But no! I really do believe—
Unless my eyes do me deceive—
This chief of the detectives is actually THINKING.

(Peeps over the detective's shoulder and reads burglar's letter.)

This affair is most mysterious;
Ha! the fellow can't be serious.
It verges on incomprehensibility;
Here's a man commits a felony,
Then, as cool as water-melon, he
Tells where he may be found. My! what civility!

Now, if this detective's shaken
He may possibly awaken,
And with him I'd like to have a little chat. Sir!

(Shakes Chief.)

CHIEF (starting up).

Why do you bother me,
When I'm in a reverie?
Will you tell me what the dickens you are at, sir?

REPORTER:

Oh! I'm a reporter of the daily press,
In the choicest of language I my thoughts express.

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

What! a reporter; one of them fellows as puts pieces in the papers about us. (Blows whistle, and the rest of the detectives rush in.) Seize him! He's a reporter. He writes. He is right-handed. He sits down to write. He uses black ink and paper; THEREFORE—he is the burglar. Seize him! Search him! (The unfortunate Reporter is overpowered by numbers, and his note-book produced.) Ha! ha! what have we here? Treason! What's them hieroglyphics?

REPORTER:

Unhand me fellows. I am left-handed, as you see. (He tips a snuff in the eye with his sinister hand.) I can write standing up as you perceive. (Dips his left forefinger in the ink and writes DUNCE across the Chief Detective's nose.) And I write from right to left. Behold my notes.

ALL:

What's them? Them's hieroglyphics.

REPORTER:

That's shorthand, you fools.

ALL:

Then he isn't a burglar; let us once more disperse.

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

Have you any further clues?

ALL:

We have further clues.

CHIEF D.:

Will you catch the burglar?

ALL:

We shall catch the burglar.

(The reporter goes out, and in fifteen minutes returns with a villainous looking creature in his grasp.)

REPORTER:

Oh, chief detective, here he is!
Cast your eyes upon his phiz;
What a lot of fools you are,
This here chap's the burglar.
Whilst you chaps were hunting clues,
Prowling round for budge and booze,
I took the hint the burglar threw,
And captured him without a clue.

CHIEF D.:

You captured him without a clue?

REPORTER:

I captured him without a clue.
This burglar's a knowing chap,
But I have caught him in his trap.
He gave you fellows his address,
Because he knew you'd make a mess
Of things, as you so often do,
A-hunting round to find a clue;
This burglar, he did maintain,
That if his whereabouts were plain
You fellows would be off the scent.
I wasn't, though, and straightway went
To where he said he'd be, and poz!
I sought the man, and there he was,
The simpler any thing may be,
The more you make a mysteree;
The smallest thing you cannot do
Until you think you've found a clue

(Enter all the rest of the detectives.)

We've got him! We've got the burglar!

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

Who's got him?

ALL:

We've all got him. The cells are filled with him. We've arrested the whole city. Every right-handed man we found sitting down to write a letter on paper with black ink; we've gathered them all in. We've got every lawyer and clergyman in the city in custody.

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

Let the clergymen go—keep the lawyers.

ALL:

The whole country will ring with our fame—

REPORTER:

As dolts, blockheads, dunces, ignorami, muddle-pated loons. Hist! I have got the burglar. I took him single-handed.

ALL:
Where was he

REPORTER:

Where he said he'd be.
DETECTIVES (in chorus).
Well, them reporters bates all. If we'd only gone to where the burglar was we'd have found him!

(Curtain drops in haste.)



“LIBERAL” TEMPERANCE.

Casual Bystander—I'm very sorry, Jones, to see you in this condition again, and you a member of the Liberal Temperance Union.

Jones—Is tha' all the 'couragement (hic) you give a fellow who is (hic) trying to become (hic) 'ornament to the institution? It 'quires prae-(hic)rice, don' it?

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.

A BITTER CRY.

Oh! harken to my cry, dear GRIP,
Sagacious inky bird,
Oh! spurn me not with joke or quip,
Nor deem my plea absurd!

I am a youth, I'd have you know,
Short, ugly, freckled, tubby,
And all that sort of thing, but oh!
I want to be a hubby!

A female maid I fain would wed,
Who'd make me truly happy,
And love me for myself alone,
And call me her dear chappie.

But just as soon as e'er I start
To court some fair creation,
Before I can pour out my heart
In love and adoration,

Some Grecian featured city dude,
Or howling moneyed swell,
Scoops up the girl I'd fain have woo'd,
And makes me feel unwell.

Oh! where can I, an ugly youth,
Short, freckled, snub-nosed, tubby,
And all that sort of thing, forgoth,
Find one to call me hubby?

Despair is gnawing at my heart,
It's spoiling my digestion,
Oh! vomit forth, thou fowl so swart,
Some comforting suggestion.

—J. W. B. S.

DRIVE IT AWAY.—Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Bitters will do it.