

V. TO PHILIP CRUMBLY BAKER.

DEAR BAKER,

Just a note to tell you how we are getting on ; swimmingly, my boy ! rehearsing all day. I've touched up the first act, and introduced a screaming song for myself (all my music's catchy) ; everything ready for the performance next week. I'm going to play *Arthur* in a blue evening suit, except as the servant, when I wear white and a cook's cap. I think of carrying an immense crush hat, and appearing with a bald head. Won't it be corking ?

To think of you—you, Baker, my boy !—being a successful writer of burlesque ! I can't get over it ; it breaks me up ! We'll send you a wire on the great day. Why haven't you written ? Are you dead ? Let me know if I shall announce the piece by the *late* Crumbly Baker.

Hastily yours,

TED.

VI. TO P. C. BAKER.

DEAR OLD BAKER,

I only wired you last night, "Roaring success," but I can tell you this morning that