

**BETWEEN THE WHIFFS: BEING SHORT
STORIES, ANECDOTES, ODD SAYINGS,
PRINCIPALLY ABOUT CELEBRITIES
LITERARY, THEATRICAL, ETC., AND
ABOUT SAVAGE CLUBMEN**

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Between the Whiffs: Being Short Stories, Anecdotes, Odd Sayings, Principally About Celebrities
Literary, Theatrical, Etc., and About Savage Clubmen by Henry Herman

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President of the Board

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principally about Celebrities Literary,
Theatrical, etc., and about
Savage Clubmen

BY

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"EAGLE JOE," "SCARLET FORTUNE," ETC., ETC

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"THE SILVER KING," "CLAUDIAN"

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Between the Whiffs.

SCENE: *A Paris Exhibition restaurant.*

An Englishman, seated at one of the tables, calls "Waiter!"

Waiter comes.

Englishman: "What do you mean by bringing me fish like that? Take it away; it's gamey!"

Waiter sniffs at the piscatorial offence, shrugs his shoulders, and says:

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur is right; mais que voulez-vous? Ze exposition is opane since May, and ve are near ze end of it."

I N. the days of Barnes of glorious memory, king of all surveyable in Printing House Square, a brand newly-appointed reporter came to the master of the "Thunderer" with his "copy," freshly taken at the House. Barnes looked at the scrip, and, after his habit, pursed his lips.

"Much too long, sir; much too long, sir!" he cried.

"It's exactly as I took it, sir," the brand newly-appointed one replied; "and it's very interesting."

"Never mind, sir," was the *Times'* editor's answer; "cut out one-half."

A timid and anxious look clouded the reporter's features.

"Which half shall I cut out, sir?" he asked tremulously.

If the *Times'* salary sheets were consulted, they would prove that that reporter was not retained on the staff.

I am in a similar fix to-day. I have a heap of good stories to tell, quite a shower of leaflets from my diaries to collect, and I barely know which half to take. There was a Lord Mayor's fool—a very intelligent fool he was—who, when asked whether he preferred good things or lots of things, said that if he were given his choice he would like to have good things *and* lots of them.

I confess without a blush that, hardened sinner as I am, I have a sneaking liking for good things *and* lots of them. That Lord Mayor's fool knew which half to choose. He chose both, and so will I. I will dip into the lucky-bag, and higgledy-piggledy, as they may come up, I will give the reminiscences, the odd sayings, the anecdotes that are called to my mind.



AN old Savage, a good one and a true one, has blown his last whiff, has sipped his last glass of Scotch, and has told his last good story. John Maclean has started on the road which we all must travel some day or other. He was a man of many friends, and I do not think that good, kind, genial John boasted of such a luxury as an enemy in this world. He was always in great request at the Saturday house-dinners, and his Scotch recitations and patter songs were quite as popular as those of that most comic of his countrymen, John Proctor. Maclean was a Mason of high rank, and was father to more apprentices in the dramatic profession than any other man alive. On one occasion he succeeded in teaching a man who was afflicted with periodical fits of loss of memory. He successfully coached him

through his three degrees, and a few weeks afterwards he met the newly-made Master Mason in the street. The latter was in one of his clouds of forgetfulness, and remembered nothing and nobody. He did not recognise John.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Maclean. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't know me? You were initiated at the —— Lodge, nearly a month ago."

The initiated one looked at Maclean doubtfully.

"I suppose so," he replied. "I dare say you are right."

Mac imagined the man was having a lark with him, and commenced to lose his temper.

"Don't know me!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm your father!"

The cloudy one looked at Maclean with an air of sad perplexity.

"My father!" he drawled. "I shouldn't have thought it. How's my mother?"