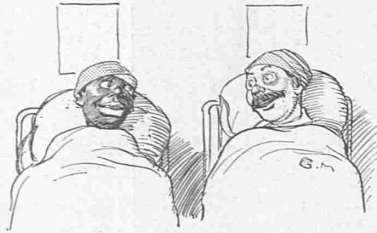




CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

THERE are only three spots on the map of the world that are still uncharted, and one of them is the bend of the Brahmaputra. It is safe now to point out that this fact was the origin of the now happily defunct phrase, "My word, if I catch you bending!"



"There is nothing so powerful in bringing the black and white races together as the hospital," says Sir Frederick Treves. Unless it is the

crack on the head that brings them to the hospital.

Mr. Lehar's best waltz will never hypnotise the public, because he jotted it down upon his collar, and his maid, with the recklessness of maids, sent that collar to the wash. That is the worst of modern civilisation. In the good old Bohemian days a composer would not have had a collar, and if he had possessed such a boastful luxury he would not have sent it to the wash.

"Hohenzollern Bridge," in all the glorious simplicity of a headline, seemed to promise a new variant on Auction Bridge; but, after all, it is nothing in the world but the name of a rotten bridge over the Rhine, which can be of interest to no one but Germans.

In and around London there must be thousands of lonely pet monkeys who never, from year's end to year's end, see one of their own kind. A monkeys' tea-party is being organised to remedy this awful defect. We are a tender-hearted race, we are, we are, we are.

"Cockney rot," was the comment of the bold Coomberland farmers on the suggestion that those who milk cows should wash their hands before milking. It is, no doubt, the insistence on these finicking fads that makes the population of Central London decline.

WHITSUN IN BED.

(If you feel that you are in need of a week's rest, but can only get one day off, spend that day in bed. It will be as beneficial as a week's holiday if you do it thoroughly.—Daily Mirror.)



After all the rush and riot
Of an Eastertide away,
Percy longed for peace and quiet
In his Whitsun holiday.
Balancing the rest provided
By his bed and by his flute,
He for long was undecided—
Should he sleep or should he toot?

Finally, he read that sleeping
Fortifies the heart and head,
So decided upon keeping
All his holiday in bed.
Now it's painfully pathetic
To observe him at his work,
For he's grown so energetic,
He's forgotten how to shirk.

Fussy people have got another poke in the eye by the failure of the "Less Lonely League," for



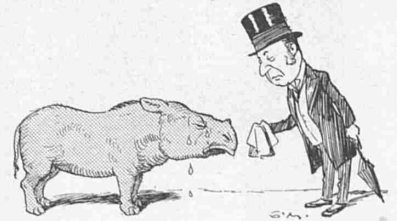
bachelors and spinsters in New York. If a man prefers being lonely to being bored, that is his look-out.

THE WEEPING RHINOCEROS.

(The baby rhinoceros at the "Zoo" is so fond of its Swahili attendant that it cries if he goes away, and often goes on crying till he returns.)



We've heard from earliest childhood about the crocodile That sheds the tear of hypocrites to mask its toothful smile; But now the young rhinoceros they're dandling at the "Zoo" Has puzzled Mr. Pocock by becoming tearful, too.



It came from far Nairobi (which perhaps you do not know Is the place above all others where rhinoceroses grow), And it loves a black Swahili, who shares its sleeping-van: (A Swahili, I should mention, is a sort of nigger man).

If it misses that Swahili it immediately fears That its nurse is Lost in London, and it pumps up leaden tears; And sentimental persons have subscribed for its relief A colossal silver-mounted leathern pocket-handkerchief.

So go up north to Regent's Park, and watch the rhino cry, And dab its sodden hanky to its bleary little eye; But scowl at the hyenas, which sarcastically laugh, And call the young rhinoceros a sentimental calf.

The Official Joker has not been allowed to call the Navy airship H.M.S. *Mayfly*. Considering the ephemeral nature of the mayfly, it would have been as ominous as calling it H.M.S. *Zeppelin*.

Someone has given £100 worth of mustard to the new Antarctic Expedition. The gallant fellows will never want for a mustard plaster on a frost-bitten nose.

England is the only country in Europe which does not possess a national repertory theatre. There is some sense still left in the Old Country, after all.

Major-General Sir Alfred Turner propounds the riddle, "Whoever heard of a vegetarian drunkard?" This is not the answer, but there are rumours going about that whisky, beer, and other drinks are extracts of vegetable substances.

Mr. Wedgwood stated before the Copyright Committee that an author wrote his best work nineteen years before death. It is this dread of committing suicide that makes so many of us put off doing our best work until it is too late.

American visitors to the Coronation are said to be taking lessons in soft-voice production and in English. This is too iconoclastic. If no toney bud from Dayton, Ohio, is to shout "Say, Poppa!" across Trafalgar Square, all the colour and picturesqueness will fade from our streets this merry month of June.



Fashion Note.—Shapeless sack cloaks are being worn by women. Owing to the warm weather, coal merchants are able to supply them cheaply.