

Charades and Proverbs

THE amusements which we have described in this section are now universally recognized among the most legitimate means of spending an evening agreeably. Charades in tableaux, to speak of them first, are acted, not spoken. The great rule to be observed in playing them is silence, nothing more than an exclamation being allowed. Both charades and proverbs in tableaux are sources of great amusement. The charade words must be divided into syllables, each one of which is represented in a tableau, and the whole word is given in a final tableau scene. Proverbs are given in one scene only. At the conclusion of the drama the guessing begins on the part of the audience. If they are successful they, in their turn, perform; if not, they remain as audience.

"PATCHWORK," for example, makes three pretty scenes. The first scene is—

Patch.—Two little girls, dressed in expensive costumes in the prevailing style, stand as if just meeting. They wear jaunty hats and gloves, and carry parasols. Both are laughing and pointing to a third little girl, who stands near them, hiding her face, as if ashamed. Her dress is poor, calico sunbonnet, coarse boots, and upon a dress of some very light material is a large square patch of dark stuff.

Work.—A very pretty tableau can be made for this scene by representing several trades, each at a small bench or table. The costumes can be picturesque.

The blacksmith hammering a horseshoe; the dairy-maid making butter; the cobbler mending a shoe; the milliner trimming a bonnet; the carpenter planing a board; the cook plucking a fowl. In short, as many figures as the size of the stage will admit, all busy at some work.

Patchwork.—The scene is a farm-kitchen, with several

figures. Centre of background is the mother rocking a baby; over the cradle is a patchwork quilt. The grandmother, in the foreground, is sewing upon a piece of patchwork, and at her feet a very little girl is putting two patches together, with a very big needle, very long stitches, and a face puckered up as if very intent upon the work.

Good words for charades in tableaux are the following :—

Band-age	Cribb-age
Book-worm	Purse-proud
Hand-some	Broom-stick
Peni-tent	In-fan-cy (sea)
Watch-man	Horn-pipe
Mad-cap	Bride-cake

Proverbs in tableaux resemble the charades of which we have just been speaking. They are intended to represent in scenes some popular proverbs, one scene for each, and must be guessed by the audience. Here is an example :

"A stitch in time saves nine." The scene is a boudoir with two young ladies in handsome walking dresses standing in the centre of the foreground. On a chair, to the left of the foreground, is a handsome dress with a great rent conspicuous upon it. A strip of black cambric with torn edges basted down is a perfect imitation of such a tear.

One of the young ladies holds up the overskirt of her dress and sews up a very tiny rent, whilst the other points to the torn dress on the chair as if quoting the proverb.

The following proverbs will be found very suitable for constructing proverbs in tableaux :

A stitch in time saves nine.

Hunger is the best sauce.

Money makes the mare to go.

It never rains but it pours.

Killing two birds with one stone.

Out of the frying pan into the fire.

The more the merrier; the fewer the better fare.

Charity begins at home.

Fine feathers make fine birds.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

PROVERBS ACTED BY SINGLE PLAYERS

These sometimes afford a great deal of amusement. In this pastime each player must represent by dumb show a proverb, or well-known quotation or saying, in a sufficiently intelligible manner to enable, at least, one of the company to repeat it aloud. As, however, it has been sensibly remarked, the performance may sometimes happen to be too obscure for the highest capacity, a president should be elected—we'll up in the game—empowered to demand an explanation of the actor's intentions from himself when the riddle has been given up by the entire company, and to put it to the vote whether such explanation shall be admitted or not. In case of its being pronounced satisfactory, the audience pay forfeits for their stupidity in not finding out the proverb. In case of its rejection the performer pays one as the penalty for his inability to render himself intelligible.

PROVERB NO. 1.—The performer takes something to represent a large stone and rolls it for a considerable distance. He then picks it up, looking at it as if expecting to find something on it, and appears disappointed. He rolls it again, picks it up again, and shows it to the company, appearing (by appropriate action) to think its nakedness a singular phenomenon. The explanation of this proverb is soon given: "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

PROVERB NO. 2.—A gentleman tries to make himself up for the character of a male bird of the barn-door species as nearly as possible. He opens the performance by appearing to be at roost with his head tucked under the side of his wing, and one leg in the air. Gradually he awakens and appears to be snuffing the morning air. He crows; but not being thoroughly awake drops off again. He awakens a second time shaking his imaginary feathers and crowing prodigiously, as if it were really time to rouse himself. He becomes wide awake, and indicates as well as may be that he wants his breakfast. He seeks for it on the ground for some time, but without success. At length he sees something. He flaps his wings with delight, and stoops to pick the article up with his beak. He secures and swallows it with much gusto, and crows repeatedly by way of

expressing delight and assisting digestion. *Explanation:* "It's the early bird that picks up the worm."

AN ACTED CHARADE

This is a little drawing-room drama, by the performance of which the players represent first the syllables, then the whole of the word. The parts may be represented by one connected story, or not, as the performers please; or they may be distinct from one another, which is an easier and more common way of representing them. In playing charades you must make the most of everything you can lay hands on. Table-covers and coloured blankets do admirably as dresses for Indian chiefs; large scarfs make excellent turbans; ladies' shawls do for trains; and with some white aprons and caps, the theatrical wardrobe is soon completed. You can manufacture Mont Blanc out of two chairs, a fishing-rod and a sheet; an Irish car out of a couch judiciously draped, with a circular tea-tray to represent the wheel, and so with other things. A room with folding-doors is of course best for a stage; but wanting this, an iron rod suspended across the end of the room on which a pair of curtains can be hung will answer the purpose. Impromptu charades are always the funniest.

TO MAKE CHARADES SUCCESSFUL

The following hints should be remembered and acted upon. Choose one person to organize and direct the band of actors. Let the choice fall on one who is quick to decide on the suitability of words and scenes. Let the scenes be of short duration, and see that the conversation is kept up with spirit. If the number of actors will admit of having two parties, let them act alternately, for long pauses between the scenes weary the spectators. The more complete the transformations, the greater the fun.

The following, by the author of *A Trap to Catch a Sinner*, will serve for illustration of the outlines of a charade:

The word is "RINGLET."—Ring might turn on the loss of this ornament, and the suspicion of theft against one of the servants, who is consequently discharged.

Let might be a house to let, where the discharged servant has found a situation. The old master and mistress take the apartments, and, on unpacking the portmanteau, the long-lost ring is found at the bottom of it. Of course, due reparation is made to the suspected servant, and she is taken back to her old service at increased wages. Making the part of the servant Irish would increase the fun.

* THE WHOLE.—If the plot is still carried on, there might be a party at the same people's house; the daughter is engaged to be married; the gentleman is seated near her; she suddenly becomes uneasy; he questions her, but she declares there is nothing the matter; suddenly a little girl, a younger sister, one of the *enfant terrible* kind, who has been very mischievous all the time, jumps up from under the table, holding aloft a false ringlet, the loss of which had caused the poor young lady's distress. General astonishment of the guests; and discomfiture of the young lady, would close this last scene.

The following is a short list of suitable charade words :—

Accent	Axe-sent	Hamlet	Ham-let
•Accident	Axe-sigh-dent	Handcuff	Hand-cuff
Altar	Awl-tar	Hartshorn	Hearts-horn
Announce	Ann-ounce	Humdrum	Hum-arum
Artful	Art-full	Idol	Eye-doll
Apex	Ape-x	Illbred	Ill-bred
Artless	Art-less	Implore	Imp-lore
Assail	Ass-ale	Invest	Inn-vest
Bagpipe	Bag-pipe	Insight	Inn-sight
•Bandage	Band-age	Loadstone	Load-stone
Bedlam	Bed-lamb	Messmate	Mess-mate
Behead	Bee-head	Mistake	Mis-take
Blacksmith	Black-smith	Nightmare	Night-mare
Bulrush	Bull-rush	Nightshade	Night-shade
Carpet	Car-pet	Nosegay	Nose-gay
Crossbow	Cross-beau	Outfit	Out-fit
Cutlass	Cut-lass	Pilot	Pie-lot
Cashier	Cash-car	Ringlet	Ring-let
•Catastrophe	Cat-ass-trophe	Shamrock	Sham-rock
Dolphin	Doll-fin	Toilet	Toy-let
Donkey	Don-key	Welcome	Well-come
Footpad	Foot-pad	Wilful	Will-full
Flatten	Flat-ten	Yellow	Yel-low

We give here an example of an acting charade:—

BULL'S EYE.

FIRST SYLLABLE—BULLS.

CHARACTERS.

TERENCE O'CONNOR. *A broth of a boy.*

MR. BLARNEY. *A fine old Irish gentleman.*

NORAH. *His only daughter.*

COSTUMES.—*Terence* may wear a shabby tail-coat, knee-breeches (or rolled-up trousers), a high stand-up collar (cut out of paper), and a very battered hat. *Old Blarney* should be attired in a similar costume; his hair must be whitened by Time or the flower-dredger. *Norah* must dress in a very simple style.

Enter TERENCE.

TERENCE. Och! it's a sin and a shame to see a fine young man cut off in his prime, and made miserable for the rest of his life by a pair of iligant black eyes. Though it's my own tongue that's to blame entirely, for if I'd kept it still I might have gone on talking to her till this present moment. I was in too great a hurry to pop this delicate question; for though we had known each other ever since we were babies in arms, it wasn't decent for me to try to strike up a match at our very first meeting. So when I said to her, "Norah, darlint, I mane to talk to Father Maguire to-morrow," she got into such a towering passion, that I was glad to get out of her sight. Since then I've never clapped eyes on her, though it's many a time I've peeped through the keyhole, and seen her looking so disconsolate, that I've felt terribly inclined to make it up with her. I know she's sorry she drove me away from her side at the very moment I was kneeling at her feet, and offering her my heart and hand, to say nothing of the pig and the field of praties. She must be the most miserable creature in the world; but what's her misery compared to mine? I can't even sleep a wink at night for dreaming of her; and though I've banished her from my thoughts entirely, I can think of nothing else. Bedad! here comes her ould father. I thought the family had gone to bed.

Enter BLARNEY.

BLARNEY. I'm sure I heard somebody. Who can it be at this time o' night?

TERENCE. Good-evening, Mister Blarney.

BLARNEY. Sure then I did hear somebody.

TERENCE. Your stupid ould ears have deceived you, Mister Blarney. There hasn't been a soul near the place, barring the pig.

BLARNEY. That's as fine a bull as I've heard for a long time. Sure, haven't you yourself been lurking about the premises?

TERENCE. Bedad! I clean forgot that. Maybe it was me that disturbed you?

BLARNEY. Maybe it was; and if it's not troubling you too much, Mister O'Connor, might I be so bould as to ask what brings you here so late?

TERENCE. Your daughter's to blame entirely. She refused to marry me; and as I've made a vow never to speak another word to her, I thought I'd just come and say "farewell" before I started by the train for Ameriky.

BLARNEY. Ameriky! Why, the boy's mad! Norah, the darlint, will break her little heart.

TERENCE. Never fear that. If she'd a heart at all, she'd never have been hard-hearted enough to have broken mine.

BLARNEY. I'll call her out at once. I wouldn't have her lose your iligant pig and your beautiful crop of praties for the world.

TERENCE. That's foinsly said, Mr. Blarney. But, depend upon it, the girl won't listen to you.

BLARNEY. You're mistaken, entirely. If she was as deaf as a post she'd listen to her poor ould father. (*Calling.*) Here, Norah! Norah machree, come here this minute.

TERENCE. Stop a bit. I'll turn my back upon her, and listen to what she says. It's getting dark, and she won't know who I am.

BLARNEY. Oh, you're a clever boy.

Enter NORAH.

NORAH. Was it calling me you were, father dear? If

it's supper you're wanting, it won't be ready for ten minutes at least.

BLARNEY. Bother the supper ; I have got bad news for you, my jewel.

NORAH. Good gracious ! Has anything happened to the pig ?

BLARNEY. No ; saints be praised, the pig is all right !. But poor Terence O'Connor is going to Ameriky.

NORAH. Oh ! don't say so, if you love me. (*Crying.*) What shall I do without the dear boy ? And it's I that's driven him away. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! (*Puts apron to her eyes, walks across, and runs against TERENCE.*) Holy Mother ! who's that ? Why, I declare it's Terence himself, Terence, darlint, you won't be leaving your own Norah ?

TERENCE. It isn't me, machree, it's a gentleman from Dublin.

BLARNEY *bursts into a violent fit of laughter.*

NORAH (*aside*). It's Terence himself. There's not another boy in Limerick that could make such a beautiful bull as that. I'll tease him a little. (*Aloud to TERENCE.*) If you please, Mister Gentleman from Dublin, was it you that brought the message from Terence ?

TERENCE. It was, miss.

NORAH. And will you be seeing the poor boy again ?

TERENCE. Yes, I intend calling upon him before he goes away.

NORAH. Then tell him, sir, that the young woman he's running away from forgives him, although he did steal her poor father's pig.

BLARNEY *tries to stifle his laughter.*

TERENCE (*turning round*). That's not true ! Mister Blarney, I appeal to you. Did I ever carry off one of your family ?

BLARNEY. You never did, sir. Saints forbid that I should suspect a gentleman from Dublin ! It was the boy Terence that stole the hapless little animal.

TERENCE. I can't stand this any longer. Norah ! Mister Blarney ! do you want to drive me out of my senses ? Are you playing the fool with me, or did I really steal a pig

unbeknown to myself? It's Terence O'Connor that asks. (BLARNEY and NORAH laugh.) Oh! please don't laugh.

NORAH. Will you promise, then, never to get angry with your own Norah?

TERENCE. Yes, darlint.

NORAH. And that you'll never think of leaving ould Ireland again?

TERENCE. I'll promise anything that's reasonable, if you'll only promise to make ould Mister Blarney my mother-in-law.

BLARNEY. Terence, you're a broth of a boy, and I don't mind giving my consent to your marriage, providing Norah's agreeable.

TERENCE. Say the word, honey, and call me back from Ameriky.

NORAH. Get away with you, do.

TERENCE. Where to, darlint?

NORAH. To Father Maguire's if you please. (They embrace.)

BLARNEY. The boy's bulls will make his fortune yet. Come to supper, my darlint!

[Exeunt.]

SECOND SYLLABLE—EYE.

CHARACTERS.

MR. TESTY. *An irascible old gentleman,*

MR. RAPID. *A fast young gentleman.*

MRS. TESTY. *A sympathetic old lady.*

DORA. *A charming young lady.*

COSTUMES.—As the above characters are supposed to be gentlemen and ladies of the present period, there will be no difficulty in finding suitable dresses. RAPID ought to be attired in a smart morning suit. Should a juvenile performer take the part of MR. TESTY he will require a very high white cravat and a pair of spectacles, to make himself appear sufficiently venerable.

Enter RAPID with bandage over right eye.

RAPID (*talking, very fast*). Treat, this! Fancy getting a black eye to-day, just as I am about to make the acquaintance of my beloved governor's old friend Testy and his

niece, the lovely and accomplished Dora. How very provoking. Never had such a thing before, though I'm turned two-and-twenty. Let me see—22 by 365 gives something over 8,000. I've actually existed for 8,000 days, and never experienced till this morning the delights of a black eye. Now, I don't object to black eyes as a rule, but I do object to having one to-day. It's some consolation that I got it while doing my duty as a defender of the rights of property. Coming up Regent Street I see a charming young lady looking in a bonnet-shop, while a repulsive young man is picking her pocket. I alarm the first and collar the second. The young lady faints and is carried into a shop by an elderly female. The young man shows fight, gives me a back-hander, which effectively closes my right eye and wakes the lion within me. I struggle with the pugnacious young man, and succeed in getting from him the purse of the sensitive young lady. The disappointed young man breaks away from me and rushes blindly into the arms of a vigilant policeman. I enter shop, throw myself at the feet of convalescent young lady, and restore to her the purse. Emotional elderly female weeps, embraces me, and thanks me in the name of her niece, whose looks express intense gratitude. I rush out of shop, call a Hansom, drive to the nearest butcher, purchase half a pound of beef-steak, and clap it on my eye damaged by dishonest, but muscular young man. I then drive home, wash, dress and remove beef-steak. I turn out again, jump into another Hansom, and drive here to meet, according to appointment, the lovely and accomplished female whom my governor wants me to marry. He and old Testy have arranged everything: and if Dora likes me, and I like her, there will be nothing to prevent us entering into the blessed state of matrimony next week—nothing but this horrible black eye! I'm half afraid it will upset the pretty little scheme which has been concocted by the old gentleman. How can I hope to make a favourable impression on a simple-minded girl with this! (*Removes bandage and shows black eye.*) I wonder how it's getting on? I wish there was a looking-glass in the room. I must try to keep it covered, as I don't want to be taken for a prize-fighter.

Enter MRS. TESTY.

MRS. T. How do you do, Mr. Rapid? I have long looked forward to this meeting.

RAPID (*covering his black eye with pocket-handkerchief*). My dear madam, I am delighted to make your acquaintance.

Places his left hand over eye and gives her his right.

MRS. T. I saw your papa last week, and learnt from him that you were disposed to regard my niece with a favourable eye. (*Aside.*) I wonder why he keeps his handkerchief up.

RAPID. Oh, yes! (*Aside.*) I should be sorry to let her see my unfavourable eye.

MRS. T. (*aside*). I declare he's weeping. His wicked father wishes him to contract a marriage that is repugnant to him. (*Aloud.*) Young man, look me in the face. You love another!

RAPID. You are quite mistaken, madam. My heart has never yet been wounded by the arrows of Master Cupid. (*Aside.*) What is the stupid old woman driving at?

MRS. T. Do not attempt to deceive me, young man. One blighted being can feel for another. I, who was driven by a father's threats to accept the hand of a gentleman that I didn't care two pins for, can understand those bitter tears that you try in vain to check! (*Weeps.*)

RAPID. Really, Mrs. Testy, I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning. My father never threatened me in his life.

MRS. T. You play your part well, young man. It is noble of you to attempt to screen your bad father; but, as I said before, you cannot deceive me. I will leave you to complete your self-sacrifice.

RAPID. You're very kind, I'm sure.

MRS. T. (*gazing at him with an expression of pity*). Poor young man! Allow me to embrace you.

Rushes into his arms, then bursts into a fit of crying, and Exit.

RAPID. What a remarkable old person! She seems to be somewhat mad. I hope Dora doesn't take after her. I wonder where I can have met her before; her face seems quite familiar to me. Oh, for another slice of beef! How this troublesome eye of mine smarts.

Enter MR. TESTY on RAPID's left.

I wonder whether I could find the cook.

TESTY (*in loud voice*). Good-morning, Master Reginald.

RAPID (*starting*). Good gracious, how you made me jump!

TESTY. My name is Testy! (*Offers hand to RAPID, who in taking it exposes his black eye for a moment.*)

RAPID. I am proud to meet so old a friend of my father. (*Aside.*) I hope he didn't catch sight of the eye.

TESTY. You've commenced the battle early.

RAPID. Oh 'yes, exactly so. (*Aside.*) He must have seen it.

TESTY. Well, there's nothing like punctuality. Many a match has been spoiled for want of it.

RAPID (*aside*). He evidently takes me for a prize-fighter.

TESTY. You have not seen Dora yet? Poor girl! her nerves received a dreadful shock this morning.

RAPID. I'm very sorry to hear that. (*Aside.*) I wonder how they'll bear the second shock—the appearance of my right optic?

TESTY. I'd advise you to say nothing to her about the ring this morning.

RAPID. The ring! Oh, of course 'not. I should be sorry ever to allude to it in her presence.

TESTY. What, sir! Do you mean to tell me that you will never talk to her about the ring?

RAPID. Never, sir! I could not degrade myself so.

TESTY. Degrade yourself by marrying my niece! What do you mean, you scoundrel?

RAPID. Now don't be cross. I never said a word about marriage, so it's evident we don't clearly understand each other.

TESTY. You said you would never speak to her about the ring!

RAPID. You mean the wedding-ring! (*Laughing.*) I declare I thought you were talking about the prize-ring.

TESTY (*haughtily*). Sir, I have a horror of prize-fighting, and am not in the habit of talking about that ring with which you seem so familiar.

RAPID. Forgive me, sir. I did not intend to hurt your feelings.

TESTY. Well, then, shake hands. By the way, what's the matter with your eye?

RAPID. Nothing worth speaking of. Merely a slight discolouration of the surrounding parts. I think it advisable not to expose it. (*Drops handkerchief. TESTY seizes him by the shoulders.*)

TESTY. You call that a slight discolouration! I should very much like to know, sir, what you consider a black eye. How dare you come here, sir, with such an eye as that?

RAPID. Allow me to explain. This blackened optic is an honourable disfigurement. It was obtained in a good fight.

TESTY. I thought as much. You are a disgrace to your family.

RAPID. Sir, I did not come here to be insulted.

TESTY. No, sir; you came here to insult us.

RAPID. Do you take me for a prize-fighter?

TESTY. I do, sir; you carry the badge of your calling upon your face.

RAPID. I will leave this house at once.

TESTY. My servants shall kick you out, sir.

Enter MRS. TESTY and DORA.

MRS. T. Good gracious! What is all this noise about? (*Sees RAPID's black eye, and screams.*) I declare my wicked husband has actually given that blighted being a black eye!

DORA. Oh, aunt! Why, that's the brave young gentleman who restored my purse to me.

MRS. T. So it is. How foolish of me to forget him! Young man—dear Reginald, embrace me again! (*Rushes into his arms.*)

TESTY. What's the meaning of this, I should like to know? Perhaps you can tell me, Dora?

DORA. Oh, uncle dear! That's the gentleman who fought that horrible man in Regent Street this morning, and got back all my money. (*Aside.*) What a dear young man he is! That black eye which he got in defending me quite becomes him.

TESTY. Reginald, my boy, I have wronged you. My niece is yours. Take her—be happy. (*Weeps*)

MRS. T. Ah, me! It's too late now to save the poor young man from his doom. (*Weeps.*)

DORA. Oh, Mr. Rapid, forgive my uncle; he is always in such a hurry! You can't know whether you like me yet!

TESTY. Nonsense! Of course he likes you. Don't be self-willed.

DORA. I'm sure I shall faint.

RAPID. Faint, darling Dora, by all means. This arm that was raised in your defence a few hours ago shall support you now. [*Exeunt.*]

THE WHOLE WORD.—BULL'S EYE.

CHARACTERS.

SMITH, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, *Effective Members of the Puddlelock Volunteer Rifle Corps.*

SERGEANT BANG, *Drill Instructor.*

TOMKINS, *a Recruit.*

COSTUMES.—The uniform of the Puddlelock Corps may be got ready in a very short space of time. Any description of coat or jacket may be worn. The belts and gaiters are to be formed of brown paper, and cocked hats of the same material may be substituted for caps. Tomkins will not wear the uniform of the corps.

Enter SERGEANT BANG, SMITH, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, *marching in single file.*

BANG. Halt! To the right face. Stand at ease! (*Volunteers go through the motions indicated by words of command.*) Attention! Privates Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, you are to proceed at once to the practice-ground to shoot off the tie made by you for the Puddlelock Challenge Cup. You will fire one shot each at three hundred yards.

SMITH. The marker hasn't come yet, sergeant. I've sent Tomkins to look for him.

BANG. Oh, then, you'd better wait here 'till he comes. Stand at ease—stand easy a moment. *[Exit.]*

BROWN. I say, Smith, if you hadn't made me laugh I should have won the prize last night.

SMITH. My dear boy, I didn't make you laugh; it was Jones.

JONES. I merely called your attention to little Dobson's elegant position while firing at the long range from the knee. It was much better that you should lose the match than miss the chance of seeing Dobson in the regulation position.

BROWN. Poor little chap, he looked for all the world like one of those fat Chinese idols.

SMITH. I thought he'd never get up again.

BROWN. I shall win to-day, I'm confident.

SMITH. I'm not at all sure of that; something tells me that I shall come off the conqueror.

JONES. Now don't be too fast. I tell you beforehand I shall make a bull's-eye with my shot.

ROBINSON. I wish I was as certain of success as you all seem to be. *(All laugh.)*

SMITH. Poor fellow—did he want the Challenge Cup?

BROWN. Let me give you a bit of advice, Robinson. Shut your eye and press the trigger at the same time, and you'll perhaps have just such good luck as you had last night. If you aim at the bull's-eye you are sure to lose.

ROBINSON. I mean to try my best for the prize, in spite of your chaff.

JONES. Fancy Robinson the champion shot of Puddlelock. Wouldn't he give himself airs!

ROBINSON. Not I! I shouldn't give myself half so many airs as some people I could mention do now.

Enter TOMKINS and SERGEANT BANG.

TOMKINS. The marker's come! And almost everybody belonging to Puddlelock waiting to see the sport. Oh, don't I wish I was an effective!

BANG. Squad: Attention!—Right about face—March!

Exeunt SMITH, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.

Now, Mr. Tomkins, let me put you through your facings.

Attention! Keep your head up, sir; shoulders square to the front; knees perfectly straight.

TOMKINS. Can't I go and see the shooting?

BANG. No talking, sir. Now, sir, attend to me. On the word "Face," place the hollow of the right foot smartly against the left heel, keeping the shoulders square to the front. On the word "Two," raise the toes, and turn a quarter circle to the right on both heels, which must be placed together. To the right. (TOMKINS *draws back foot.*) As you were! Wait till the word "face" is given. To the right face! (TOMKINS *draws back left foot.*) As you were! The left heel must never quit the ground. Pay attention, sir! To the right face! (TOMKINS *executes the order correctly.*) Two! (TOMKINS *tries to turn round to the left, and tumbles down.*) As you were! Don't you know your right from your left?

TOMKINS. Oh yes! I know, but I forget.

BANG. Must try to remember, sir. Here comes the competitors. I wonder who's the winner?

Enter SMITH, BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON.

TOMKINS. What news, Brown?

BROWN. Bad news. I'll read you the score. (*Reads paper.*) "Robinson, three; Jones, one; Smith, none; Brown, none."

TOMKINS. What, is old Robinson first?

SMITH. Yes, by accident.

BROWN. Jones made me laugh again.

JONES. Serve you right, for nudging my elbow.

ROBINSON. I don't care for your chaff now. I've got the cup, and mean to keep it. (*Dances about.*)

BANG. Private Robinson, you are an honour to the corps; shake hands.

TOMKINS. Shake hands with me, too, there's a good fellow. Though I'm only a recruit, I can respect the man who makes three points with one shot.

BANG. Squad, fall in! Attention! Right face. Quick march!

All march out, TOMKINS not in step.