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"I'll get him to play 'The Cook o' the North.'"

When the piper finished what he had been playing, the ex-soldier walked up to him and patted him on the shoulder. "That's capital, my man," he said, "but give us a taste of 'The Cook o' the North.'"

The piper's face was a study as he replied: "Moo, A've bin playin' at for the last quarter o' an oor!"

I always think that this is one of the best stories about my friend Tree. It was during the run of "A Village Priest," and the booking was extremely good. One night when Tree was leaving the theatre he stopped to speak a word with one of the commissionaires, an Irishman, who promptly gave expression to his joy over the success which the piece had met.

"Carriages roll up all day long, and the booking is tremendous," went on the voluble Irishman. "And Mr. Tree, sorr, if I may say so, it proves to me conclusively that you are one of the first twenty leading actors in London, sorr, and there's no getting away from the fact, sorr!"

Talking of Tree reminds me that when he first revived "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at His Majesty's we were drawing large audiences at the Haymarket with the revival of "Caste."

One night, after the first act, two burly countrymen descended from the gallery, and demanded an audience of our business manager.

He was sent for, and on arrival politely asked the nature of their grievance.

"Well, look here, mister," said the spokesman of the two, "we want our money back. Tree ain't been on yet, and as for merry wives, why those two girls won't be married in their natural lives!"

The pet aversion, however, of the business manager of a theatre is the gentleman who has looked upon the wine when it is red. Obviously it would be dangerous to the good reputation of the house to admit the unwise diner; at the same time the greatest care must be taken not to offend him. Besides, your wine bibber is not invariably easy of conviction. The usual plan is to inform him politely that there has been some mistake over his ticket, and return him his money. But even this admirable plan does not invariably succeed. One night a gentleman who had certainly not been sparing the wine turned up at the theatre, and upon the usual excuse about a mistake having been made as to his seat, promptly produced two tickets bought at two different places.

"I (hic) thought you'd shay that," he chuckled amiably, "so I bought another!"

Perhaps one of the most amusing incidents which occurred at the Haymarket was that in which the late King Edward and poor William Terriss figured. His Majesty King Edward—then, of course, Prince of Wales—was in the Royal Box one night with Princess Maud of Wales. It was during the run of "The Marriage of Convenience," in which poor Terriss played so splendidly; it was his last engagement but one, by the way. Between the acts His Majesty sent for my wife, poor Terriss, and myself, being desirous of expressing his gracious approval of our efforts to amuse. I must confess that I was not a little nervous, and my conversational powers were at their very worst.

Things were going distinctly stiffly when Terriss said, in his cheery, sailor-like manner:—

"We all hope Persimmon will win the Gold Cup to-morrow, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Terriss," replied His Majesty; "it is most kind of you to say that. So you are interested in my horse?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was Terriss's reply; "we've all got our shirts on him!"

Needless to say, the King was enormously amused, and all signs of stiffness disappeared after that.

Thinking of horse-racing reminds me of my company some years ago at the Haymarket, a dear old lady, who was persistently "greened" by another member of the company. One day, for instance, she was intensely interested to learn that English racehorses were invariably trained with express trains running beside them.

"Where is the boat-race rowed?" she asked once on the eve of the Varsity boat-race.

"Oh, it's not always in the same place," was the calm reply. "One year they row from Oxford to Cambridge, and the next from Cambridge to Oxford; and so on, alternately."

I am afraid I cannot vouch for the truth of the following stories of Harry

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