

BLACK & WHITE

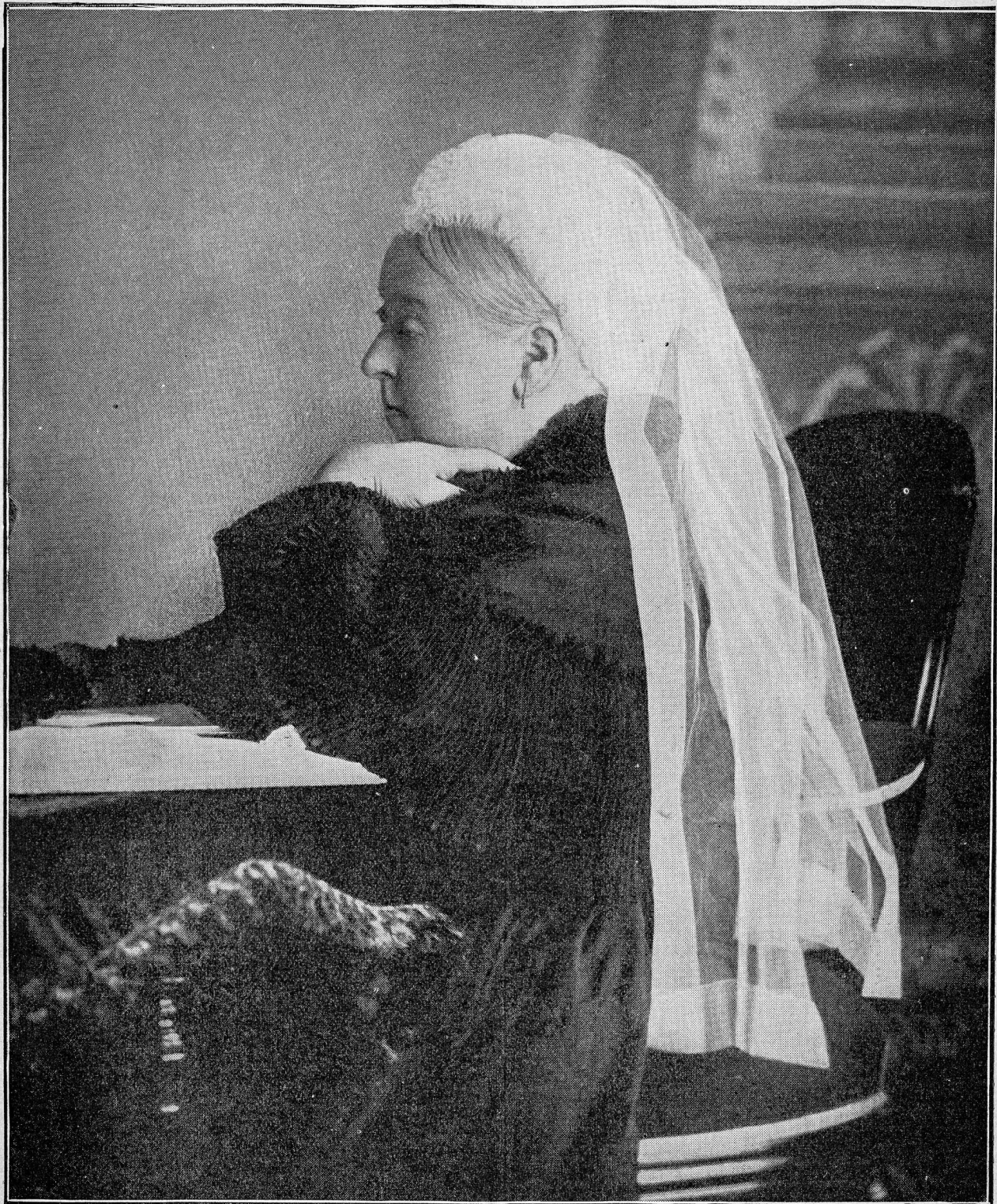
BUDGET

VOL. IV.—No. 68.]

Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.)

[JAN. 26, 1901

PRICE 2d. Post free, 2½d.



THE OLDEST BRITISH SOVEREIGN

Her Gracious Majesty, who has reigned the longest reign and lived the longest life of any British Sovereign. On the 18th of this month she had lived 81 years 239 days, the age at which her grandfather George III, died

CURRENT COMMENTS

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET is NOT, as many are led to suppose, a reduplication of BLACK AND WHITE; neither is it a cheaper edition of that paper. It is run entirely upon its own merits on the basis of being a SIXPENNY PAPER FOR TWOPENCE. Therefore, contributors, artists, and correspondents are requested, when addressing communications, to make sure of the address—which is BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET, 34, Bowverie Street, E.C. Letters addressed merely BLACK AND WHITE and meant for the BUDGET, are thereby subject to very great delay.

Requests for back numbers and communications regarding the sale of the paper to be addressed to the Publisher, 63, Fleet Street; all other communications must be addressed to the EDITOR, BLACK AND WHITE BUDGET, 34, Bowverie Street, E.C.

OUR Gracious Queen has not only reigned the longest of any British sovereign, but has also lived the longest life. On the 18th of this month Her Majesty completed 81 years 239 days, the exact age of her grandfather, George III., who died on January 29th, 1820, he having been born on June 4th, 1738 (new style). Long may Her Majesty reign.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales are to open the Glasgow Exhibition on May 7th. As mentioned previously, the exhibition bids fair to be a huge success, the Russian Government, among others, having decided to send the best possible exhibits that can be made in the Muscovite Empire.

“POLICE - CONSTABLE JACK,” the dog shown in the accompanying illustration, is a pathetic figure at Southampton Docks as day by day he watches for the troopship that is to bring back his lost master. Every troopship that arrives is eagerly scanned by the faithful dog, and every returning soldier, as he crosses the gangway, is wistfully examined from head to foot. At times the expectant animal quivers with delight when he fancies he can see the long-lost, familiar form, but almost at the same moment his ears droop and his eyes resume their wistful look, for his master has not yet returned. A year ago he was left behind by an officer going to the front, and since then he has taken up his station on the quay. He has been adopted by the kind-hearted dock policemen, with whom he makes his rounds daily. Jack's faithfulness has been noised abroad, and offers to give him a good home have been received from all parts of the country, but naturally the police decline to part with him. However, many people, if denied Jack's company, have sent money against his keep, one admirer undertaking to make him a quarterly allowance until the return of the dog's original master.

CATS'-MEAT men of the metropolis were highly honoured the other evening at the dinner and entertainment arranged on their behalf at the City of New York Restaurant, Holborn, by a letter from the Princess of Wales expressing her Royal Highness's best wishes for its success, and her regret that absence from London prevented her having the pleasure of being present. Mr. Louis Wain, the famous cat artist, presided, and, rapping on the table with a soda-water bottle, explained that the gathering was not a charity, but the guests were invited as cat-lovers, and met as “pals.” Visitors were impressed by the youth of many of the vendors of pussy's favourite dainty. They were a hilarious assemblage, and greeted the appearance of the

soup, the roast beef, and the boiled legs of mutton with prolonged cries of “Mee-att!” in the familiar notes of the street. At the end of the repast Mr. Wain said that all knew the old tom who ran after the cart and “sneaked” his ha'porth, and her who said “Meow” till she got her bit. They were all right, but he appealed for pity for those poor cats who by chance, circumstances, or cruelty were thrown out into the world.

DURING the dinner the Duchess of Bedford rendered invaluable assistance by passing the sprouts at a critical juncture. Lady Reid was there, and Mrs. Stannard Robinson, of the Ladies' Kennel Association; also the editor of *Our Cats*, by whose efforts the dinner was organised. By the nature of his calling the cats'-meat man's voice is singularly well developed, and as the evening went on things became very merry. Several theatrical people very kindly came and sang. Mdlle. Janotha brought her cat, and the Duchess of Bedford gave the men 250 half-pound tins of tobacco.



“Jack,” the derelict dog of Southampton. Once a soldier, now a policeman

H.M.S. CRUISER *Sybil*, which went ashore the other day at Saldanha Bay, near Cape Town, had landed guns and bluejackets for the defence of Piquetberg, in Cape Colony, and was cruising about the treacherous coast of Lambert's Bay. Originally she cost £174,670 without guns or stores, which probably increased the outlay upon her to over £200,000. Her armament consisted of two 6-inch and six 4.7-inch quick-firers, besides eight 6-pounders, one 3-pounder, and four maxims. She has a protective deck of from 1 inch to 2 inches in thickness. The cruiser is one of twenty-one similar second-class vessels constructed under the Naval Defence Act, all having a displacement of from 3,400 to 3,600 tons. Pleasing in their lines, all these ships have proved most successful, and are excellent sea-boats, with a nominal speed of twenty knots. Built by contract in 1890, the following are the main dimensions of the *Sybil*:—Length, 300 ft.; beam, 42 ft.; draught, 16½ ft.; indicated horse-power, 9,496. A picture of the *Sybil* will be found on page 517.

THE Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., warns emigrants that there is no demand in Canada during the winter for anyone except female servants.



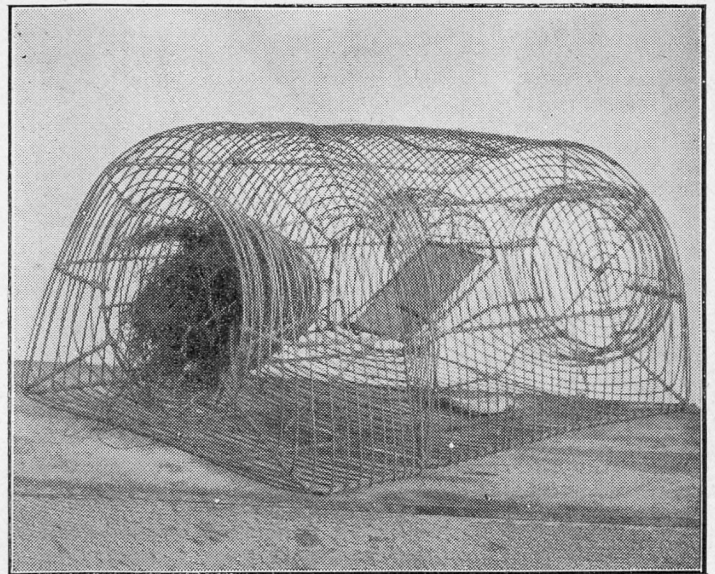
The largest book in the world

the possession of the nation when his Majesty King George III. bequeathed the whole of his library to the British Museum, where it is now most tenderly guarded under the immediate care of Mr. C. H. Coote, who has been good enough to furnish this brief account of what is believed to be the largest book in the world.



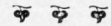
THE photograph above is a proof of what even rats will do to protect their young. Mr.

THIS unique atlas is a collection of the finest engraved Dutch maps of the period bound in red leather, beautifully ornamented in gilt, and secured by three massive gilt clasps. It measures 5 feet 10 inches high; the dedication page is hand-drawn and richly illuminated. It was presented to King Charles II. immediately before his leaving Holland on his restoration to the Throne in 1660. The only known contemporary reference to this volume is given by John Evelyn in his diary under date 1666, November 1st: "I went with some of my relations to Court," says John Evelyn, "to show them his Majesty's cabinet and closet of varieties. There I saw a vast book of mapps in a volume neere 4 yards large." The book came into



The ingenuity of a mother rat

Livingstone, Portaskaig Hotel, who kindly lent the trap, says he had been in the habit of getting two and three young rats in it of a morning, and his surprise may be imagined when, the other morning, he went as usual and found that the opening had been completely closed up with some teased roped. This occurred within twenty-four hours, and the only explanation is that during the night the mother rat had teased a piece of rope which was lying in the place, and closed up the trap-way (as will be seen in the photo), to prevent the young ones being caught.



It is an old adage that the world is small, and the saying is particularly true at the present time. Many of our Christmas turkeys came from America, and just the other day the market was inundated with partridges from far Manchuria. Evidently the Russians have not made a bad start in their occupation of that distant country. The Manchurian partridge is a pretty little bird, and is distinguished by a black horseshoe mark on its breast.



"Ca-doe-mee" — The dinner given to cats'-meat men of London

(Photo by W. D. Dando)