

HOBBIES,

A
Musical Sketch

WRITTEN BY

JAY HICKORY WOOD,

Composed and Sung

BY

ERNEST HASTINGS.

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(Begin by playing a few bars of "Ride-a-Cock-horse," to suggest idea of Hobby-horse.)

I should like to talk to you for a few minutes about hobbies. Of course you all know what a hobby is— it is a mania for doing something you would consider a great nuisance if you had to earn your living by doing it. As you are not paid to do it, you call it a pleasure. For instance, I know a literary man who spends all his spare time hammering and sawing and otherwise spoiling valuable pieces of wood— he calls this "doing a bit of joinering." I also know a respectable carpenter who wastes any amount of paper and ink in what he describes as "writing poetry"— the result in each case is terrible, but then, of course these are their hobbies.

Take the hobby of gardening. Has it ever struck you as curious that as soon as a man gets married he is seized with a great desire to do his garden up? That is the first effect of married life— do you know why? It is simply the example of Adam. We never heard of Adam doing any gardening before Eve came, but, directly he got married to her, he got a spade and began to dig for all he was worth. Why? I don't know. Eve was quite content to sit still and watch Adam dig. Just like the young wife in the suburbs of to-day. She enjoys sitting in an easy chair on the topstep, and watching George at work in the garden—"it is such a nice rest for him after a hard day in the City, poor fellow!" Of course, George learns sense as he grows older.

The Suburban Gardener.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

p

Dear - est George is new.ly married And he loves his dar-ling bride, But to

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business he is forced to go a - way. So he grudges ev.'ry minute that he

is - n't by her side, And he thinks a - bout her near - ly all the day. Still he

works his ve - ry hard - est, rush - ing up and down the street, Seek - ing

or - ders that are ve - ry hard to find, Till to home, sweet home, he hurries, To for -

get a - bout his worries, And to rest his wea - ry bo - dy and his mind.

3

Oh! Georgel *Though* you're feeling tired, *Though* your day in town has been a hard un. When the

sun is in the west, You can get a lot of rest, By digging like a navvy in the gar - den.

2

So he gets a spade and shovel, and he digs and rakes and hoes,
 Till the perspiration stands on him in beads,
 While his darling wife sits by him in an easy chair and sews,
 And instructs him where to plant his little seeds.
 Then he drags his garden roller till he dislocates his arms,
 While his wife looks on with sympathetic eyes,
 Though his muscles all are aching,
 And his back is nearly breaking,
 Yet it's very, very healthy exercise.
 Oh! Georgel won't you feel annoyed?
 Won't you think your lot in life a hard 'un?
 For the seeds you bury deep,
 Are dug up while you're asleep,
 By the neighbours' cats that prowl about the garden.

3

Dearest George is growing older, and he's learnt a lot of sense,
 But his garden's running very much to seed,
 For he's got no time to bother, and he grudges the expense
 Of a man to come and mow the lawn and weed.
 He has been a few years married, and he's other things to do,
 So he exercises now another way,
 For he's now a happy "pater"
 With a new perambulator
 And a child that turns the night into the day.
 Oh! George! never mind your lawn!
 Though it is untidy we will pardon.
 The best thing you can do
 Is to spend a pound or two
 In macadamizing over all the garden.

You all know the man who goes in for photography as a hobby. He practises, first of all, on his family until they go on strike and refuse to be made fools of any longer; then he begins on his friends.

He asks you to tea and then lures you into the back garden, and takes you in about eighteen different positions— when it's too dark to photograph you any more, he's done with you, and you can go home. When he shows you the result you cease to be a friend of his, and by the time he has used up all his friends and begins to know something about photography, he gives it up and buys a bicycle or something else he knows nothing whatever about. Whenever he catches you alone, he brings out of his pockets a lot of photographs of people he has taken, and whom you know. Then you can have your little revenge. To every picture you must say "Very nice! Who is it?" and when he tells you, say "Oh!" as if you were very much surprised. There is another way you can annoy him— that is, by guessing each picture to be the photo of somebody it isn't meant for. But this is rather dangerous, because the photos are generally so bad that when you think you're guessing wrong, you may guess right and flatter him by accident.

Most hobbies are, of course, quite harmless, but some are positively dangerous. The very worst and most dangerous hobby is one that is very often taken up by ladies— I mean the cookery mania.

Now, cookery is a very important art, and the cook holds a very responsible position. It is not a thing to be approached lightly— ladies who cook for amusement should remember that what is fun to them may mean death to us.

The Amateur Cook.

Allegretto Moderato.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

Once there lived a gen-tle-man whose ap-pe-tite was good, He

rel-ished ve-ry near-ly ev-'ry sin-gle kind of food, And ate ex-act-ly ev-'ry thing he




fancied that he would, Till his wife studied cook - e - ry for fun. She'd

nev - er cooked in all her life, in fact was green as grass, But she had lots of time to spare, and

so it came to pass, She thought she'd have a hob - by, and she joined a cooking class, And at

once started cooking just for fun. And I'll take my af - fi - da - vy, She spilt

par - af - fin in gravy, And she nev - er told her hus - band what she'd done, She was

on-ly a beginner, But her husband soon grew thinner, When she started learning cooking,

When she start-ed learn-ing cook-ing just for fun. _____

She started off by baking him a loaf or two of bread,
Outside they felt like brickbats and inside they weighed like lead,
And, after he had eaten them, he had to go to bed,
While his wife went on cooking just for fun.

2

She started off by baking him a loaf or two of bread,
Outside they felt like brickbats and inside they weighed like lead,
And, after he had eaten them, he had to go to bed,
While his wife went on cooking just for fun.
She got a lot of apples, and she made an apple-pie,
With that peculiar pie-crust it's impossible to buy,
The crust, which, when you've eaten it, will make you say "Oh! My!"
And she gave him a helping just for fun.
'Twas enough to kill a carter,
But he ate it like a martyr,
And he felt as if a victory he'd won,
He had pluck and he'd endurance,
And a heavy life insurance,
So he let her go on cooking just for fun.

3

Each day for him some little fancy dish she would prepare,
Strange food he'd never seen before was on his bill of fare,
She made him little trifles, which were *not* as light as air,
But that weighed on his chest like half-a-ton.
At last she made her master-piece, and called it Angel-cake,
And of it made that wretched man so freely to partake,
That very, very soon of him an angel it did make
And his goose she had cooked it just for fun.
So please to shed a tear-oh,
For this very noble hero,
And do your best his awful fate to shun,
Within your house be master,
And, to obviate disaster,
Don't let your wife start cookery for fun.

Then there are the people who collect things. Of course, we all do that, in a sense, we collect as much as we can every day— that's common sense. I'm a collector myself, but I should get on better if there were not so many on the same game. Directly I manage to collect a little money, some other collector comes along and collects it from me. But when you collect as a hobby, you go in for pictures, fiddles, old china, stamps, old boots,— anything old. The chief aim of a collector is to annoy another collector. He buys a specimen— not because he wants it, but to prevent some other fellow having it. If he happens to have a lot of money and can pay a bigger price than anyone else, then he is called a connoisseur. The man who advises the connoisseur, and stands in with the dealer is called an art critic. If he's a particularly good "spoofer" he's an expert.

The most unfortunate hobby a man can have for his own sake, is the "public-spirited" hobby. Be thankful if you're not public-spirited, because, if you are it means a lot of time and trouble. You go on committees and get up indignation meetings, and superintend sewers and drains all the week, and on Sundays you're a sidesman, or a churchwarden, or a vestryman or something. Isn't it a mercy there are so many gentlemen about who ride this public-spirited hobby? They are like virtue, they are their own reward— at least, that is all the reward they get, except, perhaps, a hearty vote of thanks.

A Hearty Vote of Thanks.

Allegro Moderato.

I'm a member of a club that's ve-ry so-cial, Though our in-come is..n't what it used to

be, We have got a sec-re.ta-ry Who is pure-ly hon-o-ra-ry And di-

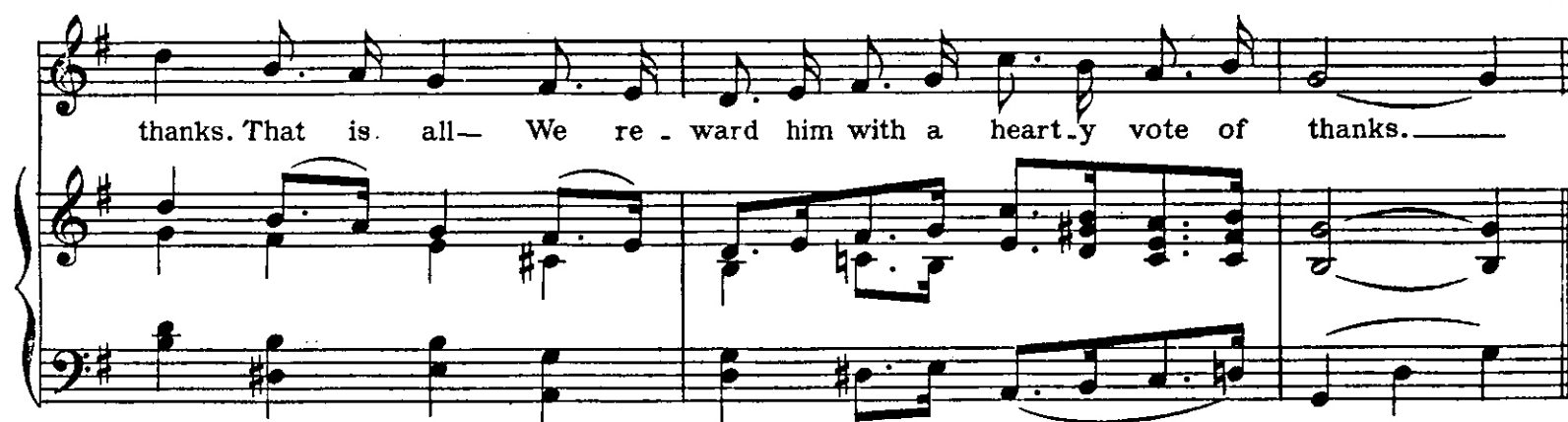
rectors who do not require a fee. — When the bills to our committee are pre-sent-ed, They pro-

ceed in quite the cus-tom-a-ry way. — It's be-come an in-sti-tu-tion Just to

pass a re-so-lu-tion, That the hon-o-ra-ry trea-sur-er must pay. — Oh! the

honor-a-ry treasurer's a gem, sir, For his club his ready money down he planks, — And he

feels he's quite reward-ed, Once a year when he's applauded, And ac-cord-ed just a heart-y vote of



2

Oh! we want a first class dinner for a shilling,
 And we grumble at the carpet on the stair,
 And we ask a lot of questions,
 In a book that's for suggestions,
 Why the furniture is not in good repair?
 And when we hold our meeting, which is yearly,
 Our honorary treasurer we cheer,
 When he tells us what we owe him,
 We applaud him and "bravo" him,
 And we re-elect him for another year.
 Oh! Our honorary treasurer's a gem, sir,
 His reports are full of little quips and cranks,
 When he says we owe him money,
 We pretend to think he's funny,
 And we offer him a hearty vote of thanks,
 Nothing more—
 Just a very, very hearty vote of thanks.

3

Then the meeting pass a formal resolution,
 Just to fill his cup of pleasure to the brim,
 That he pay to those demanding,
 Ev'ry debt that is outstanding,
 That the club might owe to no one but to him;
 Then we go on very fairly for a twelvemonth,
 When we hear some news that fills us with dismay,
 That the very next September,
 There'd be calls on ev'ry member,
 With an increase of subscription, p'raps, to pay.
 For our honorary treasurer's in debt, sir,
 And the faces of his tradesmen all are blanks,
 And instead of what he owes sir,
 To his butcher and his grocer,
 He has offered them a hearty vote of thanks,
 Nothing more—
 Just a very, very hearty vote of thanks.

4

When we held again our meeting which was yearly,
 The treasurer alluded to the debt,
 Of course we might have hissed him,
 But, in order to assist him,
 We passed a resolution of regret.
 Then we formally deprived him of his office,
 And we wondered were there any other cranks,
 Who would follow his example,
 And consider it was ample,
 If we paid them with a hearty vote of thanks.
 For our honorary treasurer's insolvent,
 And he hasnt any balance at the banks,
 So we cannot re-elect him,
 But to show that we respect him,
 We have passed a very hearty vote of thanks,
 Paid him out—
 With a very, very hearty vote of thanks.