

[Undated newspaper cutting (September 1886) advertising an appearance by a giant (3 feet tall), 1 year old baby at the Albert Palace, Battersea, London].

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A GIANT BABY.

Mr Holland has added to the attractions at the Albert Palace a giant infant, who is on view in a room on the south side of the nave. He (for it is a he, though Mr Holland, with commendable caution, speaks of the novelty in his prospectus as "it"), was born at Porlock, in Somersetshire, and is about a twelvemonth old. He weighs upwards of 58lb., is 3ft. in height, and measures 30in. round the chest, 11½in. round the arms, 20in. round the thighs, and 11½in. round the calf. He is exhibited without much pomp and circumstance by his proud mother, who must be intensely gratified by the encomiums lavished on her offspring by the numerous visitors who called to see the child last Monday afternoon. The young gentleman lies on his back, breathing a little heavily, but otherwise comporting himself in the usual baby fashion—"just in the old sweet way," as Miss Harriet Vernon remarks nightly on the open-air stage. His body and head are well proportioned, and the former is covered with rolls of firm flesh, creased at the joints. The child, considering his age, is really monstrous, and quite worth a visit, especially from parents. It struck us on the occasion of our visit that the giant infant was not made quite enough of—we mean in the way of stage-management. There might be a trifle more "effect" in his surroundings, and a small or average baby of the same age might be shown by his side as a standard to judge by. And it will not be like Mr William Holland if he does not make arrangements with one of the numerous manufacturers of infant's foods to attribute the size of the giant baby to their use. "Fed on Jones's Farinaceous Food" would be an excellent advertisement, and no one knows the value of advertisement better than Mr Holland, who, we hope, will not think we are trying to teach him the business he so thoroughly understands. Sept. 4. 1886

possibly appear, I have known professional managers play copyright pieces in quiet country places, without showing any enthusiastic desire to acquaint the author of the fact and remit him his fees. Possibly, however, as in such cases the manager usually alters the name of the piece and rechristens the principal characters, he may consider he has thrown sufficient originality into the work to entitle him to the rights and profits of it.

As for the actor, I am sure the amateurs are his very staunchest supporters. The people who take the greatest interest in every art or sport, who most liberally support it, who most intelligently appreciate it, who most spread abroad a liking and a longing for it, are the amateurs of that art or sport. What would be the position of music if it were not for those who strum the piano and warble a ballad in every spacious family mansion and desirable semi-detached villa throughout the length and breadth of Britain? Where would your forty and fifty thousand spectators of a cricket match be drawn from if every healthy English lad had not been taught to handle a bat and bowl a ball? The more amateurs the better for professionals, and the more amateur dramatic companies that are established, and the more theatre royal back-drawing-room performances that take place the better for the regular stage, from both the artistic and pecuniary point of view.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JEROME K. JEROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ERA.

Sir,—With reference to your recent article on the above, with which I quite concur, you do not suggest any way of putting a stop to the said "nuisance." All nuisances ought to be put a stop to. But how? As Hamlet is made to observe, "that is the question." I can, like another great man, suggest three courses. 1. By boycotting, as in Ireland. 2. By muzzling, as in London. 3. By paying them, and so make professional

"Newspaper's" letter is all very well, but