

Tootsie and the giant.

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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

TOOTSIE AND THE GIANT.

Out, dears, such a sight! I shall never forget it! We have been to see Herr Winkelmeier, the giant, at the London Pavilion. Talk about Jack the giant-killer and "Gulliver's Travels"! why, they can take a back seat now. Mr. Edwin Villiers, whom Papa styles "the backbone" of the Pavilion, with his usual gallantry, sent me a sweet little note and invitation to see this wonderful giant. So I accepted, of course, and was escorted by Billy; and then Papa decided to go too, with Tottie. The London Pavilion is a charming place, and if my opinion is worth anything, the luxurious comfort displayed in the building reflects great credit on dear Edwin and the management generally.



Poor P.
I felt such a little shrimp

the handsome black whiskers, you know), I felt at first inclined to screech. But he is perfectly harmless, and I soon recovered myself, and shook hands with him. I felt such a little shrimp beside him, when he raised his ponderous arm over my head. Of course he cannot speak a word of English, so we had to converse with him through an interpreter. We learnt that he was born at Freedburg, in Austria, and is only twenty-one years old. Up to his fourteenth year he was only of ordinary height, but since then he has grown so rapidly that he is now the enormous height of 8 feet 2 inches, and, according to the medical authorities of Paris and Berlin, he is still growing. Goodness only knows where he will end! He is already one foot taller than Chang, the Chinese giant. His parents are peasants in Austria, and he has five brothers and sisters, but they are all of ordinary stature. What must his ma think of him!



Poor Papa's Generosity.

He can span two octaves on the piano, and can play as well. When his arms were stretched out they measured exactly ten feet from finger tip to finger tip. His top coat is lined with beautiful fur, and he only eats three meals a day, and then not more than an ordinary person would. Billy seemed struck with this, and compared his fat sides with the lean proportions of Herr Winkelmeier. We poked them with our parasols to see which would bounce the most, like they do at the cattle shows; but Billy was the most tender.

Afterwards, as Poor Papa was with us, we went to see Herr Winkelmeier's sleeping apartment. Upon my word, you would hardly believe it, but his bed is tremendous! I believe they could not get one large enough for him, which caused his poor feet to stick out. Billy said "Ain't he got some fine business!" I do not know what Billy meant, but Tottie whispered that perhaps it was cocoon-plasters.



Such a comparison.

Papa, to make it more absurd, called all his usual sympathies into play, and generously offered Herr Winkelmeier, as Poor Pa persisted in calling him, his pocket flask of cordial, which Papa somehow generally manages to have about him.

Every Well-Regulated Girl should go and see the giant, because he is the biggest one that has lived for more than three hundred years, and it may be another three hundred before there is such an one as this again. Mr. Cavendish, the genial chairman, will tell you all about him, as he takes the giant on the stage and introduces him to the people.

Mour is German for a head servant. Winkelmeier is a head and shoulder servant, I should think. In England a Winkel, or as it is here commonly called winkle, is a tasty fish, small in size, and retiring in disposition, which requires carefully coaxing forth with the end of the hair-pin of loveliness.

Do go, dears, it is such fun, and you will never, never forget it.



POOR LITTLE OLIVER TWIST.

A. SPOKEN is going to thoroughly inspect all the Industrial Schools, so look out, all ye "Squires!"

A PEG



Drop!!



1. "Something wrong with someone's hat, oh, Hon-ery?" "Yestr."



Yestr's blessed hat Yestr."



2. "Well, thank God for a good dinner. And now, Hon-ery, my hat and stick, please. . . . Way! Confound it!"



IN A HURRY FOR HIS DINNER.

conductor. Go ahead, Bill; our dinner's ready, and we've only a Monster left.