

# **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 152, May 16, 1917 eBook**

## **Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 152, May 16, 1917**

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# Page 1

## CHARIVARIA.

Several factories where counterfeit bread tickets were printed have been discovered in Berlin. We understand that the defence will be that the tickets were only intended to be exchanged for counterfeit bread.

\*\*\*

"The enemies' desire," says *king Ludwig* of Bavaria, "will he dashed to pieces against our troops, who are accustomed to victory." A number of the victors who are now eating themselves in behind our positions profess to be absolutely nauseated with it.

\*\*\*

Five million four hundred thousand pigs, says Herr BATOCKI, have "mysteriously disappeared" in Germany in the last year. The idea of having the *crown PRINCE'S* baggage searched does not seem to have been found feasible.

\*\*\*

A festival performance of *Parsifal* is to be given in Charlottenburg, to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of Jutland. The proposal to substitute the more topical opera, *The Flying Deutschmann*, has been received without favour.

\*\*\*

"With such troops," says the *crown Prince*, "we could fetch the Devil from Hell." We have always maintained that the German military route lay on a direct line to Potsdam.

\*\*\*

A Manchester man writes to say that he has not heard the cuckoo this year. What England hears to-day Manchester may hear next month.

\*\*\*

A Norfolk lady has left an annuity of seventy pounds for the support of her two favourite cats. Since the announcement of this windfall we understand that the beneficiaries have been overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

\*\*\*

"The bascules of the Tower Bridge were lifted 3,354 times last year," says a news item. Yet there are those who pretend that petty crime is on the decrease.



\*\*\*

Arundel proposes to have a house-to-house collection of bones. The Borough Engineer is understood to be completing specifications for a dog-proof trouser which will be a part of the collector's uniform.

\*\*\*

The Islington Borough Council report that in the Lady Day quarter only ten per cent, of the residents had removed without paying their rates. The inhabitants of the New Cut now accuse Islington residents of losing their nerve.

\*\*\*

"Ipswich," says a daily paper, "is fighting a rat plague by putting a penny on the head of every rat captured in the borough." The arrangement with birds is of course different, You put salt on their tails and capture them afterwards.

\*\*\*

The new restrictions on the use of starch will, says Captain *Bathurst*, affect the wearing of starched garments. It is expected that in the House of Lords Lord *Spenser* and Lord *Harcourt* will join in an impassioned plea that, until the shortage grows more acute, really well-dressed men should be allowed to compromise on stiff dickeys.

## Page 2

\*\*\*

Owing to the surveyor receiving increased powers the work of conscientious objectors on the roads in East Essex has improved. Mr. OUTHWAITE, we hear, will ask in Parliament whether under these powers the surveyor has actually threatened to give one conscientious objector a good hard slap.

\*\*\*

We understand that Mexico has promised to stand by America on condition that if she takes this step on the side of law and order America will raise no objection to her having a revolution now and then just to keep her hand in.

\*\*\*

Allotment-holders in all parts of the country say that their gardens need rain very badly, and *The Daily Mail* is going to take the matter up.

\*\*\*

It was stated by a defendant at Wandsworth County Court that his house was haunted, the bell being rung several times without any visible human instrumentality. The "Hidden Hand" again!

\*\*\*

To enjoy good health, says Dr. A. *Fisher* in an American journal, we should occasionally sleep for twelve hours on end. We confess that we may be faddy in these things, but when sleeping we prefer the horizontal position.

\*\*\*

"One hundred thousand tons of sugar is wasted each year," says Mrs. *Peel*, "through being left in the bottom of the teacup." A correspondent points out that if that amount has ever been left in the bottom of his teacup it was an oversight.

\*\*\*

The German people, says the *Koelnische Zeitung*, will not soon forget what they owe to their future Emperor. The *crown Prince*, while thanking them for their kindly intention, privately expressed a wish that they would not keep rubbing it in.

\*\*\*



According to *The Express*, every British theatrical star who plays in America is regarded as the best that England has ever sent out. Until he has heard from Mr. *Charles Chaplin*, Sir *Herbert tree* is holding back his message, which reads, "That is so."

\*\*\*

A workman at a brewery last week fell into a large vat of beer. It is given to few men thus to realise the dream of a lifetime.

\*\*\*

All vendors of comic postcards at Llanfairfeehan, North Wales, are to be asked by the Town Council to cover them up on Sundays. We understand that comic postcards may be differentiated from others by the word "Comic" plainly printed on the card.

\*\*\*

*The Daily Mail* has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday, and the silence of the *Poet laureate* on the matter is being adversely commented upon.

\*\*\*

The Anarchist, *Lenin*, says the Swedish *Dagblad*, has been missing for two days. Even before that he never really seemed to make a hit.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: *The bribe*.

## Page 3

*"Who goes there?" "K—Kamerad—MIT souvenirs."]*

\* \* \* \* \*

HEREINAFTERS.

### I.

There are people in the world called tenants. I think nothing of them; Celia thinks nothing of them; jointly we do not think anything of them. However, as this is not so much a grammar as an explanation, I will get on with it.

For the last two years we have been letting our flat. Naturally Celia has had to do most of the work; my military duties have prevented me from taking my share of it. I have been so busy, off and on, inspecting my fellow-soldiers' feet, seeing their boots mended and imploring them to get their hair cut that I have had no time for purely domestic matters. Celia has let the flat; I have merely allotted the praise or blame afterwards. I have also, of course, taken the money.

Our tenants have varied, but they are all alike in this. They think much more of their own comfort as tenants than of our happiness as landlords. They are always wanting things done for them. When they want things done for them, then I am firm. Celia may be a shade the more businesslike of the two, but I am the firmer. I am adamant.

Take the case of Mr. Toots. As the wife of an officer proceeding overseas, Celia let the flat to Mr. Toots at the nominal rental of practically nothing a week. I said it was too little when I heard of it, but it was then too late—Celia had already been referred to hereinafter as the landlord. When he had been established some weeks Mr. Toots wrote to say that he wanted seven different kinds of wine-glasses, six of each. Personally I wanted seven different kinds of Keating's Powder just then; tastes differ. The trouble with Mr. Toots was that for some reason he expected Celia to supply the glasses. Whether he only wanted them during his tenancy or meant to keep them afterwards, we never knew. In any case Celia was businesslike; she wrote regretting that she could not supply them.

But I was firm. I sent a picture-postcard of the champagne country, which said quite simply, "You must not drink wine during the War. My husband's milk-glass is in the corner cupboard."

Again, take the case of Mr. and Mrs. Winkle. After getting the flat practically presented to them for a small weekly bonus, they suggest that they should only pay half terms during the summer, as they wish to take the children to the seaside. Celia was for telegraphing to say that it was impossible. For myself I have just written the following letter:—



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“Dear Sir,—Could I consult my own feelings I would say, ‘Pay no rent at all during the summer. Further, why not sub-let the flat to any of your own friends who can afford to give you a few guineas a week for it? Nay more, let *me* have the privilege of paying your expenses at the Sunny South. What do you say to the Metropole at Brighton?’ But, alas, I cannot speak thus; there are others to think of. The King of Greece, President *Wilson*, Marshal *Joffre*—I need say no more. You understand. Things will have to go on as they are, except that the rent will probably be doubled about July.

Yours admirably.”

This letter is now waiting to go off. Celia says it is waiting for a stamp. Personally I don’t see the necessity for a stamp.

## II.

There are people in the world called owners. I think nothing of them; Celia thinks nothing of them; jointly we do not think anything of them. However, as I said before, this is not a grammar.

For the last two years we have been renting cottages. Naturally Celia has had to do most of the work; the cut and thrust of a soldier’s life has prevented me from taking my share of it. I have been so busy, off and on, seeing that my fellow-soldiers have baths, getting them shaved and entreating them to send their socks to the wash that I have had no time for domestic trifles. Celia has taken the cottage; I have merely allotted the praise or blame afterwards. I have also, of course, paid the money.

Our landlords have varied, but they are all alike in this. They think much more of their own comfort as landlords than of our happiness as tenants. They are always wanting things done for them. When they want things done for them, then I am firm. Indeed I am granite.

Take the case of Mr. Perkins, who owns our present cottage. Celia borrowed the cottage from Mr. Perkins at a rental of several thousands a week. I said it was too much when I heard of it; but it was then too late—she had already been referred to hereinafter as the tenant. As soon as we got in we began to make it look more like a cottage; that is to say, we accidentally dropped the aspidistra out of the window, lost the chiffonier, removed most of the obstacles and entanglements from the drawing-room to the box-room, and replaced the lace curtains with chintzes. In the same spirit of altruism we improved the bedrooms. At the end of a week we had given Mr. Perkins a cottage of which any man might be proud.

But there is no pleasing some people. A closer examination of the lease, in the hope that we had over-counted the noughts in the rental, revealed to us the following:—



“At the expiration of the said tenancy, all furniture and effects will be delivered up by the tenant in the same rooms and positions in which they were found.”

Not a word of thanks, you notice, for the new avenues of beauty which we had opened out for him; no gratitude for the great revelation that art was not bounded by aspidistras nor comfort by chiffoniers; nothing but that old reactionary spirit to which, if I may speak of lesser things, the Russian Revolution was due. Like Mr. Perkins, the Bourbons learned nothing and forgot nothing.



## Page 5

Naturally I wrote to Mr. Perkins:—

“Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that the aspidistra has perished. It never took kindly to us and started wilting on the second day. As regards other *objets d’art* once in the drawing-room, but now seeking the seclusion of the box-room, we are in a little difficulty. Before letting it go my wife took the bearing of the marble how-now from the bamboo what-not and made it 28 deg. 20’, quite forgetting, unfortunately, that the what-not had also decided to lie fallow for a season. Consequently, while the direction of the what-not-how-now line is definitely fixed, their actual positions remain unestablished. Is it too much to hope that when the time comes for them to seek again the purer air of the drawing-room they will be able to rely upon the guidance of an old friend like yourself rather than upon that of two comparative strangers?”

Yours anxiously.”

### III.

Sometimes I wonder what Mr. Perkins would say if I suggested paying half-rent during the winter.

Sometimes Celia wonders what she will say if she finds that Mrs. Winkle has rearranged all her furniture for her.

“We might,” said Celia, looking at the two letters, “send the Perkins one to Mrs. Winkle and the Winkle one to Mr. Perkins.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Just to show how broad-minded we are,” said Celia.

A.A.M.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Economy.*

Seen in a Birmingham shop window:

“*Second & furniture.*”

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: *A bad dream.*



*Spectre. "Well, if you don't like the look of me, eat less bread."]*

\* \* \* \* \*

*On the spy-Trail.*

Jimmy says he thought there must be something the matter with Jones minimus, he was so gloomy.

He actually told Jimmy that he wished he was in heaven. Jimmy had to tell him not to say such wicked things, because sometimes when you wished things like that they came true, and then where would Jones minimus be?

Jimmy says it takes a lot to make Jones minimus gloomy, but it turned out that he had lost the War Loan; he had either lost or mislaid it, he told Jimmy.

It was on a card, and Jones minimus only wanted another shilling to make 15s. 6d., and then in five years they gave you one pound, and it was because of the compound interest someone invented.

Jimmy says as they were talking the milkman came up and asked if they had seen his pig. The milkman is always losing his pig. Jimmy says it wanders off for a walk nearly every day talking to itself and going into gardens and relishing things. It is a very good relisher, Jimmy says.

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Jimmy says the milkman's pig is being talked about in home circles; but it doesn't seem to mind, it just goes on its way.

You can always tell the milkman's pig by the black spot on its back.

Jimmy says he knows a man who is going to shoot the pig at sight next time.

Jimmy was just telling the milkman that he ought to put butter on its feet to make it stay at home, when Jones minimus suddenly remembered. He had put the War Loan in his algebra book and left it in Jimmy's garden. Jimmy says it was a good thing they went back when they did, because when he got home he found his bloodhound, Faithful, busy suspecting a chimney-sweep of being a spy; he had done it to the chimney-sweep's trousers, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the chimney-sweep was doing bayonet exercises with his brush at Faithful and working his black face at him.

Jimmy says the chimney-sweep had evidently never seen a prize bloodhound before, because when Jimmy came up he stood on guard, and in a frightened whisper said to him, "What is it?"

Jimmy says the beads of perspiration stood on the chimney-sweep's face like ink. The chimney-sweep told Jimmy that he was travelling the country sweeping chimneys; but Jimmy said that they had already had theirs swept, because a cat got in their dining-room and Jimmy had put in his bloodhound to tell it to go out.

Jimmy says they looked everywhere for the algebra book, but couldn't find it, and they were just giving up in despair when they heard Jimmy's bloodhound wrestling with something in his kennel, and there it was.

Old Faithful had worked half-way through the algebra and was busy solving simultaneous equations whilst sitting on the War Loan.

[Illustration: *Scandalised N.S. Volunteer*. "INDENBURG's WATCHIN' Yer!"]

Jimmy says his bloodhound looked so disappointed when they took the algebra book from him that Jones minimus gave it him back again, as he said it was no good to him, and perhaps Faithful would find out how to catch another German spy, or else how to make up the War Loan to 15s. 6d.

Jimmy says his bloodhound did enjoy the algebra, and the way he tackled several pages of harder problems made old Jones minimus's mouth water.

Jimmy says Faithful had finished the problems and was just beginning to chew some quadratics when he looked up and there was the milkman's pig calmly standing in the



garden next door, looking at him through the hedge and actually munching a piece of coal at him.

Jimmy says it made his bloodhound chew algebra like anything, and when the pig began flapping his ears at him old Faithful had to go right into the far corner of his kennel and nurse his wrath.

Jimmy says that bloodhounds have been known to kill a pig in a very short time; but the pig didn't seem to know this, when Jones minimus and Jimmy took hold of the kennel and shook out Faithful at him. Jimmy says the pig just turned on its heel and walked round the garden sampling things and inquiring into them.



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Jimmy says that Faithful is a good sampler too, and when the pig saw him they tried to sample each other. Faithful thought he was chasing the pig, and the pig thought he was chasing Faithful, and they did it in a ring on the lawn.

Jimmy says he could see they were both working themselves up, because the pig went up to a standard rose-tree and scratched his back at Jimmy's bloodhound, whilst Faithful kept smelling the ground like anything.

Jimmy says the pig is a sacred animal to the natives of some places, but it wasn't to the man who owned the garden; he came out and accused it of being there.

Jimmy told him that if you placed a pig in the middle of a lake it always cut its throat when it tried to swim out. But the man hadn't got a lake, he had only got an ornamental fountain, and the pig had already scratched that over with its back. The pig seemed very uneasy about its back, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the man offered Jones minimus a shilling if he would remove the pig and that piebald anteater from the garden in five minutes.

Jimmy says Jones minimus is a very good pig-remover, and he thinks it must be a gift with him. Jimmy says the pig was very much surprised at Jones minimus, and it wanted to go home and get to bed.

Jimmy says the pig trod on Faithful's toe as they both squeezed through the gate together, and Faithful pulled the pig's ear, and then they both went down the road, Faithful leading by about a yard, and looking behind him with both eyes to make sure the pig was following him. Jimmy says his bloodhound was working beautifully, and when the pig stopped to smell one end of a cabbage-stalk which was lying in the gutter old Faithful, with his nose to the ground, his ears hanging slightly forward, and his eyes looking upwards, crept slowly back and deliberately smelt at the other end. It was grand, Jimmy says. There they stood in silent contest for about five seconds, each trying to bend the other to his will, till the pig could stand the strain no longer, and, breaking away with all its strength, actually rushed into the garden of the man who had promised to shoot it at sight next time.

Jimmy says you might have thought the pig owned the garden until the man came out. It rooted up wall-flowers and bit off tulips and browsed on some early peas and was making a regular meatless day of it, and then the man came rushing out with his gun.

Jimmy says that he and Jones minimus had to duck down, because the man was so excited; he kept rushing about, talking about things and aiming his gun at the pig, and the pig kept running round and round and getting mixed up with Faithful. Then just as Jimmy was expecting the gun to go off the chimney-sweep suddenly came round some



laurels from the back part of the house, with a bag of soot on his shoulders, and walked right into the middle of it all.

Jimmy says the way his bloodhound had worked it all out made even Jones minimus gasp. There was the pig being puzzled at the chimney-sweep's face; there was the man with his double-barrelled gun pointed straight at the chimney-sweep, and there was the chimney-sweep, with both hands up in the air, shouting "Kamerad!" as hard as he could.



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Jones minimus couldn't get over it. To think that Jimmy's bloodhound had actually made up the War Loan to 15s. 6d., and caught a German spy at the same time, with nothing more to work with than a pig! Of course Jimmy knew how old Faithful had done it, but then he knew what a really prize bloodhound is capable of. It was the simultaneous equations, of course.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: *Newcomer (to veteran sanitary orderly)*. "ARE YOU THE REG'LAR GARD'NER, OR JUST IN FOR THE DAY?"]

\* \* \* \* \*

"Scheinboden, who is very well known as a partisan of the 'Mailed Fish.'"—*Manchester Evening News*.

The very man for a submarine campaign.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The main goal for which our troops went was the Oppy switch line, a hastily constructed main goal for which our troops went was the Oppy switch line, a hastily constructed trench system by which the Germans have extended their Hindenburg line northwards."—*Sunday Paper*.

Some of our contemporary's own lines seem also to have been rather hastily constructed.

\* \* \* \* \*

NATIONAL SERVICE;

OR, THE SINGLE EYE.

Good Jones, who saw his duty plain,  
 Resolved he would not live in vain;  
 He bought some land and made a start,  
 He gave up literature and art,  
 He studied books on what to grow,  
 He studied Mr. PROTHERO;  
 He worked from early dawn till ten,  
 Then went to town like other men,  
 And in his office he would stand  
 Expatiating on the land.  
 Prom five again he worked till eight,



Although it made his dinner late;  
He could not tear himself away,  
He could not leave his native clay.  
At last, his energy all spent,  
He put his tools away and went,  
Took off his suit of muddy tan,  
Became a clean and cultured man,  
And settled firmly down to dine.  
On fish and fowl and meat and wine  
And bread as much as he might need;  
And while he dined he used to read  
What PROTHERO had said last night,  
And felt that he was doing right.  
He didn't notice food was short;  
He quite forgot Lord DEVONPORT.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE TWO CONSTABLES.

It happened one evening when my wife was staying away with her mother, in the dark months of last winter, when we were without servants, and I was glad to have received an invitation from my neighbour Jones to dinner.

He and his wife welcomed me warmly, and their rather unintelligent maid had just brought in the saddle of mutton—a great weakness of mine—when we heard a firm knock on the hall door. She returned to say that someone wanted to speak to Mr. Brown immediately. “Who is it?” I demanded. “I don't know, Sir,” said the girl, “but he looks like a policeman.”



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"I hope nothing has happened to your wife," said Mrs. J. anxiously. "Or her mother," added Jones rather cynically.

The man at the door was certainly a policeman, and an elderly one, and had probably been recalled from pension when the War broke out.

"Good evening, Sir," he said, staring hard at me. "Are you Mr. Brown"—I nodded—"of Myrtle Villa, next door"—he eyed me suspiciously—"No. 17?"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently; "what of it?"

"I must ask you for your name and address, Sir," pulling out his note-book, "for showing a strong light at the back of the 'ouse at 8 P.M."

"That's all nonsense," I answered impatiently; "the house is empty."

"Excuse me, Sir, I saw it myself from the road at the back and came straight round," said he with his notebook ready.

"But it can't be," I said, getting annoyed.

At this moment a Special came running down the path. "They're coming," he panted.

"Who are?" I asked. "No one's been invited but myself."

"The engines."

"But I haven't ordered any," said I.

"I gave the alarm myself," he added proudly.

Jones's rather unintelligent maid had been standing by my side the whole time.

"Excuse me, Sir," she said, "I don't know, but I think there's something wrong with your 'ouse—the little room at the back, where you sit and smoke of an evenin'. There's been a big light there for some time—a wobbly one. I don't know, Sir, but I think the 'ouse is a-fire."

"*What?*" I yelled, and dashed aside the two varieties of constabulary. Yes, it was all true. The strong light at the back of the house—a wobbly one—was rapidly becoming a glow in the heavens, as they say in journalese. I stood and looked at it, staggered for the moment, when I heard a cheer and saw the engines coming. I dashed for my front-door, but found myself forcibly dragged back. It was the Special, who seemed to be having the time of his life.

"No one allowed to enter a burning building," said he importantly.



“But I must,” I cried; “there are some valuable papers——”

“No one allowed to enter,” he repeated firmly—he seemed to have learned it by heart—  
“except the firemen and police.”

“Well, you go in and get them then. I’ll——”

“Pass along, please,” he said quite suddenly, as a new phase of his duties seemed to occur to him, and I found myself edged back towards the crowd.

Now I had to have those papers, and an idea occurred to me, so I stopped. “I say, how about your dinner? You’ll miss it altogether. I don’t want to keep you. Perhaps if you hurry off at once——”

“Dinner,” he cried indignantly, gripping me fiercely by the arm—“what is dinner compared with duty? Do you know, man, I’ve been doing this bally Special business for over two years and never had a case yet, and now that I’ve got a real fire—and this is my own fire, mind you, my very own——”



## Page 10

"I thought it was mine," I ventured.

"You talk to me of dinner! Pass right along, please;" and I found myself back among the crowd, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying it.

There was a small cheer just then as the flames came through the roof. Of Jones and his wife I saw nothing, but supposed they must have stayed on to enjoy their saddle of mutton, and wondered if they had kept mine hot for me. I could have kept it hot in my own house, I reflected rather miserably.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fire had been extinguished. As the crowd dispersed I felt a touch on my shoulder. It was the elderly constable, note-book in hand. "You are Mr. Brown, Sir, of Myrtle Villa?" he inquired patiently. "I haven't had your name and address yet, Sir, for showing an unguarded light at the rear of the premises at 8 P.M."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Plain Cook (good). Wanted for country house; six kept."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

Too many; sure to spoil the broth.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Irish Party cars are placarded with posters calling on the electors to vote for 'Unity and Party,' and there are the cryptic words, '1/8 Up. M'Kenna.'"—*Daily Paper*.

But as the result of the election Mr. MCKENNA went to a slight discount.

\* \* \* \* \*

A CHATEAU IN FRANCE.

Artists reared it in courtly ages;  
WATTEAU and FRAGONARD limned its walls;  
Powdered lackeys and negro pages  
Served the great in its shining halls;  
Minstrels played, in its salons, stately  
Minuets for a jewelled king,  
And radiant gallants bowed sedately  
To lovely Pompadours curtseying.



Pigeons cooed in its dovecots shady;  
Down in the rose-walk fountains played;  
Many a lovelorn lord and lady  
Here in the moonlight sighed and strayed;  
Here was beauty and love and laughter,  
Splendour and eminence bravely won;  
But now two walls and a blackened rafter  
Grimly tell the tale of the Hun.

My lady's chamber is dust and ashes;  
The painted salons are charred with fire;  
The dovecot pitted with shrapnel splashes,  
The park a tangle of trench and wire;  
Shell-holes yawn in the ferns and mosses;  
Stripped and torn is the avenue;  
Down in the rose-walk humble crosses  
Grow where my lady's roses grew.

Yet in the haunted midnight hours,  
When star-shells droop through the shattered trees,  
Steal they back to their ancient bowers,  
Beau Brocade and his Belle Marquise?  
Greatly loving and greatly daring—  
Fancy, perhaps, but the fancy grips,  
*For a junior subaltern woke up swearing  
That a gracious lady had kissed his lips.*

\* \* \* \* \*



## Page 11

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.

From a butcher's advertisement:—

“TOUGH & INDIFFERENT MEAT  
IS DEAR AT ANY PRICE.

TRY

----- & Sons

And prove it for yourselves.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“A certain amount of discussion took place, and it was acknowledged that the number of horses in training had been exaggerated.”—*Daily Chronicle*.

Nevertheless there is certainly one gee too many.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Lokalanzeiger* publishes an appeal for a new German National Anthem. We understand that the best composition that has been sent in up to the time of going to press begins as follows:—

Who is WILLIAM? What is he  
That all our swine adore him?

\* \* \* \* \*

ROYAL ACADEMY DEPRESSIONS.

[Illustration: *The Plough Girl*. “NOW THEN, MABEL, NOT SO MUCH POSING OR YOU’LL HAVE THE HORSES BUMPING INTO THAT RAINBOW.”]

[Illustration: *Old Lady (regarding the mannequin)*. “I DON’T THINK THAT DRESS WOULD REALLY SUIT ME. CHIN-CHIN DOESN’T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT IT EITHER.”]

[Illustration: THE UNHAPPY DINER WHO HAS BEEN REFUSED A SECOND HELPING.]

[Illustration: *Mr. Martin Harvey*.—“IT IS A FAR, FAR BETTER *HAMLET* THAN ANYONE HAS EVER DONE.”]

[Illustration: THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION OF THE BRETON AND THE BISHOP.]



[Illustration: *The Terrier*. “EXCUSE ME, GUV’NOR, BUT WHEN YOU’VE FINISHED READING THE DESPATCHES YOU MIGHT LOOK AND SEE IF THEY’RE GOING TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT US.”]

[Illustration: *The Angel and the Veteran (to conscientious objector)*. “YOUNG MAN, WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR?”]

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE JOLLY BARGEMAN.

I’ve put the old mare’s tail in plaits, now ain’t she lookin’ gay?  
With ribbons in ‘er mane as well—you’d think it First o’ May;  
For why? we’re under Government, though it ain’t just plain to me  
If we’re in the Civil Service or the Admiralitee.

An’ it’s “Gee-hup, Mabel,” oh, we’ll do the best we’re able,  
For we’re servin’ of our country an’ we’re ‘elpin’ ‘er to win;  
An’ when the War is over then we’ll all lie down in clover,  
With a drink all together at the “Navigation Inn”!

I brought the news to Missis, an’ to ‘er these words did say,  
“Just chuck yon old broom-’andle an’ a two-three nails this way,  
We’re bound to ‘ave a flagstaff for our old red-white-and-blue,  
For since we’re under Government we’ll ‘ave our ensign too.”

The Navy is the Navy, an’ it sails upon the sea;  
The Army is the Army, an’ on land it ‘as to be;  
There’s the land an’ there’s the water, ‘an the Cut comes in  
    between,  
And I don’t know what you’d call me if it ain’t an ‘Orse Marine.



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The Missis sits upon the barge the same's she used to sit,  
But they'll 'ave 'er in the papers now for doin' of her bit;  
An' I walk upon the tow-path 'ere as proud as anything—  
If I 'aven't got no uniform I'm serving of the KING.

An' it's "Gee-hup, Mabel," an' we'll do the best we're able,  
For the country's been an' called us, an' we've got to 'elp to  
win;  
An' when the War is over, oh, we'll all lie down in clover,  
With a drink all together at the "Navigation Inn."

C.F.S.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: OUR MIXED ARMY.

*First Recruit.* "ERE—TELL OLD BALD-'EAD TO BUNG THE SALT OVER."

*Second Recruit.* "ER—MIGHT I TROUBLE YOU FOR THE SALT, SIR?"]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE OPEN DOOR.

Mr. Punch has thought that some of his hospitable readers might be glad to have the opportunity of giving the welcome of their houses, in however simple a way, to Australian soldiers on leave, who would greatly appreciate the chance of seeing something of English home life. An "Invitation Bureau" has been opened at the "Anzac" Buffet, 94, Victoria Street, where offers of entertainment should be addressed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The Military Representative appealed against the exemption of William Blake, aged 35, unmarried, a slaughterman in the employment of Mr. George Rigg, pork butcher. The Military Representative suggested that Mr. Rigg should slaughter himself. Mr. Rigg stated that he could not slaughter himself."—*Carlisle Journal*.

Compare *The Mikado*:—

*Koko.* "Besides, I don't see how a man could cut off his own head."

*Pooh-Bah.* "A man might try."

\* \* \* \* \*



[Illustration: HIS LATEST.

THE KAISER. "THIS IS SORRY WORK FOR A HOHENZOLLERN; STILL, NECESSITY KNOWS NO TRADITIONS."]

\* \* \* \* \*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*Monday, May 7th.*—The Royal House has found an unexpected defender in Mr. OUTHWAITE. He alone has perceived the hidden danger underlying the recent proposal of the Lower House of Convocation to restore KING CHARLES I. to his old place in the Church Calendar. This, he considers, is a direct encouragement to the persons who seek the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, and would make Prince RUPPRECHT of Bavaria heir-apparent to the British Throne. The House was relieved to hear from Mr. BRACE that there was no immediate danger of this contingency. Indeed, Prince RUPPRECHT has had so much trouble already with his prospective subjects that he has probably no desire for their closer acquaintance.

Sir LEO CHIOZZA MONEY is ordinarily a chirpy little person, quite able to take care of himself. But he was obviously depressed by his inability to furnish a plausible reason why two food-ships, having arrived safely in home ports, should have been sent away undischarged, with the result that they were torpedoed and their cargoes lost. The statement that he was "still inquiring" brought no comfort to the House of (Short) Commons. Why doesn't the SHIPPING CONTROLLER organise a Flying Squadron of dock-labourers?



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[Illustration: *Mr. BONAR LAW (to Mr. MCKENNA). "AS ONE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER TO ANOTHER, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE SEVENTY MILLION POUNDS OUT?"*]

*Tuesday, May 8th.*—The official reticence regarding the names and exploits of our airmen was the subject of much complaint. Mr. MACPHERSON declared that it was quite in accordance with the wishes of the R.F.C. themselves. But Sir H. DALZIEL was still dissatisfied. He knew of a young lieutenant who had brought down forty enemy machines and been personally congratulated by the Commander-in-Chief, and yet his name was not published. It is obvious that praise even from Sir DOUGLAS HAIG is not the same thing as a paragraph in *Reynolds' Newspaper*.

[Illustration: BEAU BRUMMEL BILLING GIVES THE "NO-STARCH" MOVEMENT A GOOD SEND-OFF.]

A request for an increased boot-allowance to the Metropolitan Police met with a dubious reception from Mr. BRACE, who explained that it would involve an expenditure of many thousands of pounds. It is rumoured that the Home Office is considering the recruitment of a Bantam Force, with a view to reducing the acreage of leather required.

*Wednesday, May 9th.*—If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should be accused of having taken advantage of his knowledge of the Budget-proposals to lay in a secret hoard of tobacco he will have no one to blame but himself. He solemnly assured the House that nothing has been brought to his notice to show that the trade is making undue profits. It is clear, therefore, that he has not had occasion to go into a tobacconist's and ask for his favourite mixture, only to find that his three-half-penny tax has sent the price up by twopence.

By prohibiting the manufacture of starch the Government has done something to please Mr. PEMBERTON-BILLING. The hon. Member, who has always affected the "soft shirts that Sister Susie sews," is flattered to think that he has set a fashion which must now become universal. When Captain BATHURST, falling into his humour, assured him that even BEAU BRUMMEL would accept the position with patriotic resignation, Mr. BILLING felt that he had found his true vocation as an arbiter of taste.

In moving a Vote of Credit for the unexampled sum of five hundred millions, Mr. BONAR LAW apologised for a slight error in his Budget statement. He had then estimated the expenditure of the country at five and a half millions a day. Owing to fortuitous circumstances, the amount for the first thirty-five days of the financial year had turned out to be seven and a half millions a day. Mr. MCKENNA, conscious of some similar lapses in calculation during his own time at the Exchequer, handsomely condoned the mistake. Still one felt that it strengthened the stentorian plea for economy made by Mr. J.A.R. MARRIOTT in a maiden speech that would perhaps have been better if it had

not been quite so good. The House is accustomed to a little hesitation in its novices and does not like to be lectured even by an Oxford don.

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[Illustration: THE SECRET SESSION.

WINSTON. "NO REPORT OF SPEECHES. IT HARDLY SEEMS WORTH WHILE."]

The debate produced a number of speeches more suitable for the Secret Session that was to follow. Our enemies will surely be heartened when they read the criticisms passed by Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT, an ex-Minister of the Crown, upon our Naval policy, and by Mr. DILLON on the Salonika Expedition; and they will not understand that the one is dominated by the belief that no Board of Admiralty that does not include Lord FISHER can possibly be efficient; and that the other is congenitally unable to believe anything good of British administration in Ireland or elsewhere.

For once Mr. BONAR LAW took the gloves off to Mr. DILLON, and told him plainly that more attention would be paid to his criticism if he was himself doing something to help in the prosecution of the War.

*Thursday, May 10th.*—I gather from Mr. SPEAKER'S report of the Secret Session that nothing sensational was revealed. The PRIME MINISTER'S "encouraging account of the methods adopted to meet the submarine attack" was not much more explicit, I infer, than the speech which Lord CURZON was making simultaneously, *urbi et orbi*, in the House of Lords, or Mr. ASQUITH would not have observed—again I quote the official report—that "hardly anything had been said which could not have been said openly."

That none of the Nationalists should have addressed the House was perhaps less due to their constitutional reticence than to the depressing effect of the South Longford election, where their nominee was defeated by the Sinn Fein candidate—one MCGUINNESS, and evidently a stout fellow. But it is odd to find that the debate was conducted without the assistance of Messrs. BILLING, PRINGLE and HOGGE. Their eloquent silence was a protest, no doubt, against the eviction of the reporters. Mr. CHURCHILL was probably suffering equal anguish, but with patriotic self-sacrifice he refused to deprive his fellow-legislators of the privilege of hearing once again his views on the conduct of War.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: *Mrs. Smith (to Mr. Smith, who has just been examined by Army Medical Board).* "WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY TO YER?"]

*Mr. Smith.* "'E SEZ TO ME, 'YOU'VE GOT A STIGMA AN' A CONGENIAL SQUINT.'"]

\* \* \* \* \*

JILL-OF-ALL-TRADES AND MISTRESS OF MANY.



[*The Daily Chronicle*, writing on women farmers, quotes the tribute of HUTTON, the historian, to a Derbyshire lady who died at Matlock in 1854: “She undertakes any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the barn, using the flail; but her chief avocation is breaking horses at a guinea per week. She is fond of Pope and Shakespeare, is a self-taught and capable instrumentalist, and supports the bass viol in Matlock Church.”]



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Though in the good old-fashioned days  
The feminine factotum rarely  
Was honoured with a crown of bays  
When she had won it fairly;  
She did emerge at times like one  
For manual work a perfect glutton,  
Blue-stocking half, half Amazon,  
As chronicled by HUTTON.

But now you'll find her counterpart  
In almost every English village—  
A mistress of the arduous art  
Of scientific tillage,  
Who cheerfully resigns the quest  
Of all that makes a woman charming,  
And shows an even greater zest  
For gardening and farming.

She used to petrify her dons;  
She was a most efficient bowler;  
But now she's baking barley scones  
To help the FOOD CONTROLLER;  
Good *Mrs. Beeton* she devours,  
And not the dialogues of PLATO,  
And sets above the Cult of Flowers  
The Cult of the Potato.

The studious maid whose classic brow  
Was high with conscious pride of learning  
Now grooms the pony, milks the cow,  
And takes a hand at churning;  
And one I know, whose music had  
Done credit to her educators,  
Has sold her well-beloved "Strad"  
To purchase incubators!

The object of this humble lay  
Is not to minimize the glory  
Of women of an earlier day  
Whose deeds are shrined in story;  
'Tis only to extol the grit  
Of clever girls—and none work harder—  
Who daily do their toilsome "bit"  
To stock the nation's larder.



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[Illustration: *Overburdened Mother*. "GIT A MOVE ON, ALBERT—KEEPIN' THE 'OLE BLOOMIN' WORLD BACK—AN' A WAR ON, TOO!"]

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ONE OF OUR DIFFICULTIES.

Under this title I refer to a lady whom I will call Mrs. Legion, for there are many of her all over the country, bless her conservative old heart. She has been in service as cook or cook-housekeeper most of her life (she is now getting on in years), and constant preoccupation with kitchen affairs has somewhat narrowed her outlook, so that the circumvention of the butcher, whose dominant idea (she believes) is to provide her with indifferent joints, is more to her than the defeat of HINDENBURG; and so far as she is concerned the main theatre of the War is neither Europe nor the Atlantic, but the coal merchant's yard, which disgorges its treasure so grudgingly. Not only is her first thought for her cooking, in order—the transition to her second thought is automatic—that her employer or employers may be comfortable; but it is her last thought too.

With such singleness of purpose to crystallize her, she cannot absorb even the gravest of warnings; not from unwillingness or stupid obstinacy, but from sheer inability to grasp any novelty. That her beloved master and mistress—either or both—should not have the best of everything and plenty of it is, at this advanced stage in her career, unthinkable. Even though she read it in print she would disregard it, for her attitude to them papers is sceptical; even Lord NORTHCLIFFE, with all his many voices, dulcet or commanding, has wooed in vain.



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I imagine that the milkman, from whom she heard of the War and whom she thinks (for his class) a sagacious fellow, has warned her against the Press. Anyway she has refused—and will, I fancy, never relent—to allow any extreme idea of food shortage to disturb her routine.

“Look here, Mrs. Legion,” you say, “really, you know”—you don’t like, or you have lost the power, to be too firm with her after all these years of friendliness—“really we mustn’t have toast any more.”

“Not toast!”

“No, not any more. In fact”—a light laugh here—“I’m going to do without bread altogether directly.”

“Do without bread!” This with much more alarmed surprise than if you had declared your intention of forswearing clothes.

“Yes; the Government want us to eat less bread. In fact we must, you know; and toast is particularly wasteful, they say.”

“There’s no waste in this house, Sir [or ‘M].” This with a touch of acerbity, for Mrs. Legion is not without pride. “No one can ever accuse me of waste. I’m not vain, but that I will say.”

“No, no,” you hasten to reply, “of course not; but things have reached such a point, you know, that even the strictest economy and care have got to be made more strict. That’s all. And toast has to be stopped, I’m afraid.”

“Very well, Sir [or ‘M], if you wish it. But I can’t say that I understand what it all means.”

And that evening, which is meatless and is given up largely to asparagus (just beginning, thank God!), you certainly see no toast in the rack, but find that the tender green faggot reposes on a slab of it large enough to feed several children.

Mrs. Legion may go to church, but her real religion is concerned far more with her employers’ bodies than with her own soul; and among the cardinal tenets of her faith is the necessity for dinner to be hot. You may have a cold lunch, but everything at dinner must have been cooked especially for that meal, all circling about the joint, or a bird, like satellite suns.

How to cleave such a rock of tradition? How to bring the old Tory into line with the new rules and yet not break her heart?

“And, Mrs. Legion,” you say, not too boldly, and at the end of some other remark, “we’ll have yesterday’s leg of mutton for dinner to-night, with a salad.”



“Cold mutton for dinner?” she replies dully.

“Yes—now the weather’s getting warmer it’s much nicer. It will save coal too. Just the mutton and a salad. No potatoes.”

“No potatoes!” Surely the skies are falling, says her accent. You have been eating mashed potatoes, done with cream and a dash of beetroot in it, with cold meat, at lunch, for years.

“No, no—we mustn’t eat potatoes any more. Haven’t you heard?”

“I heard something about it, yes. But aren’t we to eat those we’ve got?”

“No, we must give them away. Remember, just cold mutton and salad. And no toast.” You are getting more confidence. “Never toast any more”—another light laugh—“never any more!”



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And at dinner there are the cold mutton and salad all right; but to your horror you are asked first to eat a slice of salmon with two boiled potatoes.

“Good heavens!” you say, “what’s this?”

“Well, Sir [or ‘M], the fishmonger called, and as I felt sure the cold meat couldn’t be enough for you....”

Summoning all your courage you protest again, adding, “And another thing, Mrs. Legion; you mustn’t make any more pastry. The flour can’t be spared. It’s not only bread we’ve got to be careful about, but everything made with flour.”

“Then what’s the flour for?”

“That’s all right. But it’s got to be saved.”

“I don’t understand, Sir [or ‘M]. I can’t see why it shouldn’t be used if we have it.”

“No. The idea is that every one should go without flour as much as possible, and then there will be more and it will last longer. More for other people.”

“My duty is to this house, Sir [or ‘M]. But the flour’s so coarse and brown it’s hardly worth using, anyhow. I never saw such stuff. It’s a scandal. But I’m truly sorry if I’ve disappointed you. All I want to do is my duty.”

“You have, Mrs. Legion, you have. You’ve been splendid; but the time has come now to eat less and to eat more simply. Is that clear?”

“Well, I hear you right enough, Sir [or ‘M], but I can’t say I understand it. War or no war, I don’t hold with folks being starved.”

And there it breaks off, only, of course, to begin again.

That is Mrs. Legion!—one of the hardest nuts that Lord DEVONPORT has to crack. She doesn’t hold with Lords poking their noses into people’s kitchens, anyway. That’s not her idea of how Lords ought to behave. Lords not only ought to be gentlefolk, and be fed and waited upon and live in affluent idleness, but super-gentlefolk. But then she doesn’t hold with many modern things. She doesn’t (for one) hold with the War.

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[Illustration: *Sergeant-Major*. “AIN’T YOU GOT THAT BIVVY BUILT YET, ME LAD? GAWD BLESS MY SOUL, I COULD HA’ KNITTED IT IN HALF THE TIME.”]

\* \* \* \* \*



AT THE PLAY.

“WANTED A HUSBAND.”

You will easily guess that a comedy (or farce) in which a woman is reduced to advertising in the Press for a husband belongs to the ante-bellum era, before the glad eye of the flapper became a permanent feature of the landscape. Indeed Mr. CYRIL HARCOURT'S play might belong to just any year since the time when women first began to write those purple tales of passion that are so bad for the morals of the servants' hall. It was simply to get copy for this kind of stuff that *Mabel Vere* (most improbably pretty in the person of Miss GLADYS COOPER) advertised for a husband, for this post had already been assigned to the dullest and stuffiest of *fiances*. I dare not think how the theme might have been treated in French hands, but Mr. HARCOURT is very firm about the proprieties. My only fear was that the gallery might mistake his rather second-rate people for gentlefolk. In what kind of club, I wonder, do members reply to matrimonial advertisements and make bets about the result of their applications? I should be sorry to think that anybody attributes such conduct to the *habitués* of the Athenaeum.



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[Illustration: THE DISCOMFITURE OF A KITCHEN LOTHARIO.

*Captain Corkoran* ..... MR. MALCOLM CHERRY.

*Adams (a butler)* ..... MR. ERNEST HENDRIE.

*Mabel Vere* ..... MISS GLADYS COOPER.]

The types that came to inspect *Mabel Vere* were sufficiently varied. There was a masterful Colonial (finally ejected by a lady-friend, who performed a jujitsu feat which required a very palpable collusion on his part); a butler; an Army Officer (with a reputation for exploring); a gay naval thruster, and an old gentleman who ought to have known better. To most of them she opposed an air of virgin superciliousness very disappointing to their justifiable anticipations; but the butler promised copy, and she accepted an invitation to tea in his kitchen. This scene furnished some very excellent and natural fun, and there was really no need to introduce, and exploit over and over again, the hallowed device of a trip-mat, that last resort of the bankrupt farceur. The necessary complications ensued with the unexpected arrival of the master (one of the candidates for the lady's hand, I need not say), who makes sudden demand for an early dinner, a thing impossible to execute with the cook in a fit of hysterics induced by jealousy of the lady who had supplanted her in the butler's perfidious affections.

In the third Act we return to *Mabel's* flat and resume her interviews with the applicants for her hand. This revival of the situation of the First Act was a weakness in the construction. The original *fiance*—a wooden dummy set up for the purpose of being knocked down—is dismissed, and *Captain Corkoran*, the bold explorer, is appointed to the vacancy. He deserved his luck; but, if I wish him joy of it, I do so without a pang of envy, for she was much too good at back-chat for a quiet life, to say nothing of her taste in literature, which would want a deal of correction.

Of course Miss GLADYS COOPER made her seem much more desirable than she really was. (I speak of her personal charm and not of her agreeable costumes, which are for the pens of more instructed reviewers. I got nothing out of a lady near me, whom I recognised as a dramatic critic by a question that her neighbour put to her. "Do you know this frock," she asked, "or will you have to go behind?") Apart from the delightful picture which Miss COOPER always presents she has a most swift and delicate feeling for the details of her craft. She has the confidence that avoids over-emphasis, and she does her audience the compliment of assuming that they have intelligence enough to understand the least of those little nods of hers that have the true eloquence of an under-statement. Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY was at his best and easiest as *Captain Corkoran*. Mr. HENDRIE handled the broad humour of the butler with imperturbable restraint, and Miss BARBARA GOTT was as fine and human a cook as I ever wish to meet in her native lair. Miss MARGARET FRASER, a most attractive figure, was a model for any housemaid on whose damask cheek the concealment of an

unrequited passion for her master feeds like a worm i' th' bud. Altogether a really excellent cast.



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The humour of the dialogue was fresh and well sustained. Here and there Mr. HARCOURT permitted himself allusive refinements which deserved a better response, as when *Captain Corkoran*, discussing with *Mabel* the menu of the dinner that she fails to cook for him, adapts the language of SOLOMON and says, "Fritter me apples, for I am sick of love." This was lost upon an audience insufficiently familiar with the works of that great voluptuary.

O.S.

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TASTY DISHES.

(By Mr. Punch's Food Specialist.)

Mr. Punch considers it to be his duty at the present time to show how an abundance of excellent and nourishing food may be obtained from the most unlikely materials. In doing this he is aware that he is merely following the example set him by countless culinary experts, who have communicated their ideas to the daily press; but Mr. Punch is not to be deterred from doing a helpful action by any paltry jealousy as to precedence. His readers, he knows, will be grateful to him for his generosity.

NO. I.—FOR GENERAL USE.

Take two Committees—it is not absolutely necessary that they should meet more than once—and, having added to them a Chairman, stew on a slow fire until a Secretary emerges. Turn into an enamelled saucepan and set to simmer over gas. Then boil up twice into resolutions and votes of thanks, and let the whole toast for at least three hours. Sprinkle with amendments and add salt and pepper to taste. Then brown with a salamander and serve up hot in egg-cups.

NO. II.—FOR A HOUSEHOLDER IN STREATHAM OR CAMDEN TOWN.

To half a tennis-lawn add two ounces of croquet-mallet and three arches of pergola, and reduce the whole to a fine powder. Drench with still lemonade and boil into a thick paste. Add two hundredweight of dandelions and plantains together with at least three pounds of garden-roller and five yards of wire-netting carefully grilled. Let this be roasted and basted for an hour and then flavoured with vantage. Turn out into a mould, and serve overhand as fast as possible, having first shred into the mixture half a ton of daisies or buttercups, according to taste.

NO. III.—BEESTING JELLY FOR APIARIANS.

Catch one thousand bees and extract their stings. Then throw away the bees and lay the stings gently but firmly on a mash composed of the breasts of five Buff Orpington



cockerels. Sift the whole through a fine cloth and add the yolks of a hundred poached eggs. Beat up together for an hour and ten minutes. Flavour with coffee and dilute with elderberry wine. Allow the mixture to simmer in a hot oven and serve with fresh asparagus cut before breakfast.

#### **NO. IV.—PUNTPOLE PIE FOR RIPARIAN OWNERS.**



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Chop into small pieces three or four puntpoles, having first melted down the metal shoes, and spread thin over as many canoe paddles as can be obtained for the purpose. Immerse the whole suddenly in the river and dry before a quick fire. Add one boat's rudder and twenty-four dab-chicks, and season with three yards of grated swans' necks, six barbel, four dace and a dozen gudgeon, close time for these fish being strictly observed. Sprinkle with cowslips and willow leaves, insert in a pie-dish and cover with a thick paste of bulrushes and marsh grass. Then set to bake for three hours, and stick four pigeons' claws into the crust. Picnic baskets from which the salt has been omitted may be shredded over the surface instead of parsley.

Mr. Punch has many more recipes equally cheap and excellent, and is prepared to disclose them to those of his readers who may desire to practise a rigid economy and at the same time to enjoy an abundance of good food.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: *Recruit (with exercising party)*. "IF I LETS THE BLIGHTERS GO THE CORPORAL'LL CUSS ME INTO 'EAPS. AN' IF I 'OLDS ON TO 'EM I'LL BREAK MY BLINKIN' NECK!"]

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## THE END OF THE STORY.

"Will the soldier who assisted the Gentleman with a motor cycle and sidecar on the Downs on Tuesday communicate with him at Greenbank Cemetery."—*Bristol Evening News*.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Harry Wilson, milkman, of Devonport, has no connection of any kind with Woodrow Wilson, of United States of America." *Auckland Paper*.

HARRY is now sorry he wrote.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The daily rations of the shirkers are:—  
Bread . . . . . 9 oz.  
(uncooked, including bone)."  
*Daily Mail*.



The conscientious objector doesn't seem to be having such a soft time after all.

\* \* \* \* \*

TYRTAEUS.

When Sparta's heroes, tired of truce,  
The fires of battle woke,  
TYRTAEUS sang them golden lays  
And bravely on their marching days  
His queenly Muse outspoke.  
TYRTAEUS' name's come down the years  
And did deserve to do,  
For so he dried men's eyes of tears,  
So loosed their hearts from idle fears,  
Stouter they thrust their ashen spears,  
Their javelins further threw.

In those fair days TYRTAEUS' song  
Was all men had to trust,  
But while he hymned the coming fight  
They did not wail, "He can't be right,"  
They heard and cried, "He must!"  
When men of craven soul came in—  
Which now may Heaven forbid—  
Then stout TYRTAEUS would begin:—  
"Mere argument can be no sin,  
But whining is; we're going to win."  
And so, of course, they did.



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TYRTAEUS' heart has ceased to beat,  
But still his measures run,  
And still abides the British Press,  
Which men must credit, more or less,  
To tell how things are done.  
So by all bards with hearts of fire  
Cheerfully be it sung,  
That still our people may not tire  
In doing well, but yet aspire;  
Let these renew TYRTAEUS' lyre,  
Let others hold their tongue.

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(BY MR. PUNCH'S STAFF OF LEARNED CLERKS.)

A volume called *Curious Happenings* (MILLS AND BOON) can boast at least a highly attractive, open-and-see title; to which is added, in the present instance, a wrapper-picture of the most intriguing brand. Perhaps not quite all the contents of Miss MARJORIE BOWEN'S book of short stories fully live up to the promise of its outside (what stories could?), but they have amongst them one, from which both title and picture are taken, of very unusual and haunting quality. So, if you should only be able to snatch so much time from work of National importance as suffices to read a single tale, begin at the start, and be assured of having the best. Not that the others are without their attractions, though one is rather gratuitously revolting. Laid in the picturesque eighteenth century, they all exhibit Miss BOWEN'S very pretty gift for costume-drama at its happiest. The trouble is that, with a volume of such short tales, stories of situation, one gets too familiar with the method—as, for example, in "The Folding Doors," where a lady's husband and lover had played out their scene before the closed doors (with an alleged cut finger for the husband), and I knew only too well in what state the flinging open of the doors would reveal the lady herself. But perhaps I am exceptionally cursed in this matter; and, anyhow, a volume that contains even one story so good as "The Pond" is a thing for gratitude and rejoicing.

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I may have been wrong in turning to a novel for mental relief; anyhow, I have just come through one of the toughest bouts of relaxation I can remember, and my only solace for the slight weariness of such repose is the thought how much more tired the author, Mr. BASIL CREIGHTON, must be. With such a hail-storm of metaphor and epigram constantly dissolving in impalpable mist of mere words has he assaulted *The History of an Attraction* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) that the poor thing, atomised, vaporised and



analysed to the bone, lies limp and lifeless between the covers, with hardly a decent rag of incident or story to cover it. And there one might perhaps be content to let it rest, but for the fact that *Anita*, the lady of the "Attraction," is worthy of a better fate. The principal man of the book, who, after much wobbling consideration, and in spite of his quite fortuitous marriage with some one else in the meantime, discovers



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at last that he does love *Anita*, is the merest peg on which to hang endless philosophisings; and so is his impossible wife *Janet* herself, the lady who, after having accepted his dubious courtship for no particular reason, fortunately deserts him without any better excuse, thus clearing the way for a most decorous divorce and readjustment. Neither is the writer's inner thesis—the immoralness of ordinary morality, so far as I can make out—particularly agreeable; but *Anita*, though far from being the sort of person one would look to meet in real life, is intriguing after a fashion, and just possibly repays the hard work needed for the making of her acquaintance.

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Miss M.E.F. IRWIN, whose previous books I remember to have greatly enjoyed, has produced for her third a story of much originality and power, called *Out of the House* (CONSTABLE). The title may perplex you at first. It comes from the struggles of the heroine to wrench herself free from encompassing family ties and the tradition of intermarriage, in order to join her life to the outside lover who calls to her. You might therefore consider it, in some sense, a story of eugenics, but that its outlook is emotional rather than scientific. Yet the *Pomfrets*, as a result of family pride and over-specialization, had become a sufficiently queer lot to warrant a normal girl in any violence of house-breaking to be free of them. Therein of course lies the cleverness of the book; it is full of atmosphere, and the atmosphere is full of dust, *Pomfret* dust. You can feel how heavy to rebellious lungs must have been the air of the *Pomfret* houses, where lived *Philip*, the intriguing father, and his sons *Anthony* (a little mad) and *Charles* (much more mad, but with at least the instincts of a lunatic gentleman). It is not, you will guess, precisely a lively tale, but the force of it is undeniable. Miss IRWIN has now more than ever proved herself a fastidious and careful artist, with a touch of austerity that gives weight to a tale so frankly one of sentiment, and she will, I hope, continue to keep her work above the ordinary level.

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*The Wane of Uxenden* (ARNOLD) seems to be one of those novels which may be classed as worthy in intention without being exactly happy in execution. Miss LEGGE has a desire to warn us all against the perils of monkeying with spiritism, and she has chosen the method of making it tiresome even to read about. Well, it is a method certainly. *Uxenden* was a nice old family, which had come down to cutting its timber while a rich Jewish soap-and-scent-manufacturer sat rubbing his hands on a slice of the property, waiting for the rest of it to come his way. *Uxenden* eventually waned entirely, and without tears so far as I was concerned. I feel sure *Mr. La Haye* (*ne Levinstein*) would make a better landlord than the old squire, in spite of the prejudices of the countryside.... No, I am afraid it would be stretching a point to promise you any great

entertainment from this well-intentioned but rather woolly book. *Brother Jenkins*, the fraud, of the Society of Seven, is about the most entertaining of the marionettes.



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[Illustration: *Lady Customer*. "BUT ARE YOU SURE THAT THIS CHAIR IS GENUINE CHARLES II.? IT LOOKS RATHER NEW."

*Fake Antique Dealer (off his guard)*. "I'M SORRY, MADAM, WE HAVE NO REAL ANTIQUES IN STOCK. YOU SEE WE CAN'T GET THE LABOUR."]

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OUR KINDLY CRITICS.

"It is Mr. Wells's great advantage as a preacher that he has a prose style instinct with life and beauty. Somewhere he speaks of a cathedral as a 'Great, still place, urgent with beauty'; somewhere else he says, 'The necessary elements of religion can be written on a postcard.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Callisthenes" must look to his laurels.

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Extract from the letter of a lady who helps in parish work and is full of agricultural enthusiasm:—

"Next week I am going to start digging for the vicar."

Assuming that the reverend gentleman was inadvertently buried alive, we deprecate this delay.

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