

CHARIVARIA.

THE Higher Powers are, after all, not taking sides in the war between Italy and Turkey. While it is true that there has been an earthquake in the vicinity of Constantinople, it is also a fact that the volcano Stromboli is now in violent eruption.

A Suffragette has made an attempt to damage CORREGGIO'S "Head of an Angel" in the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery. Our Head of a Cabinet is said to welcome this distraction.

A secret message from the Lord Mayor of LONDON for the MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH is being taken to Inverness by Assistant Scoutmaster HARRISON of the Poplar Boy Scouts. It is rumoured that the message is an earnest appeal to the M. or M., who is in his element this summer, to be unselfish enough to use all his influence to stop the rain.

On the suggestion of the Admiralty all the men employed in the London County Council parks were invited to serve in the new class of Naval Reserve, but only two volunteered to join. Yet one would have said that the model shipping on our park ponds should have inspired them with the right nautical instinct.

A soldier charged at Kingston with being an absentee from his regiment had a flight of twelve birds tattooed on his chest. The facility with which he may be identified whenever he deserts is very discouraging to an illustrated soldier.

It is the fashion to run down the Territorials, but when motor-cars take to doing it it is time that the practice was stopped.

The enormous number of speaking parts in the forthcoming production of *Drake* is, we suppose, symbolic of the modern spirit. In *DRAKE*'s own time we were content with deeds.

At the Moscow Art Theatre, we learn from a descriptive article, the audiences are begged not to applaud. We, alas, have got no nearer to this ideal than to abolish the last of our paid *clagues*.

A thief in Philadelphia, *The Express* tells us, after filling his pockets with jewellery, stole a suit of clothes which he put on, and then forgot to transfer

his booty from the old suit before departing. And misfortunes never come singly. The poor fellow is said to have been arrested shortly afterwards for using foul language.

"An escaped bull near London, Ontario, recently charged a freight train, and the engine and eight cars were thrown from the track." The Americanisation of Canada evidently proceeds apace.

"During a thunderstorm at Binghamton, New York," a contemporary tells us, "lightning struck the ground near which a woman was standing, rendering her unconscious. When she recovered she found that her chronic rheumatism had entirely vanished." This prescription for rheumatic subjects



POCKET WIRELESS TELEGRAPH RECEIVERS ARE NOW IN USE; BUT AS YET IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO SEND A REPLY. GENTLEMAN, ON WALKING-TOUR AMONG THE WELSH HILLS, RECEIVING CONTINUATION OF A POLITICAL ARGUMENT FROM A FRIEND IN THE CITY.

who are standing near the ground should be used with caution, for it is apt to cure life as well as rheumatism.

Last week at Treviscoe, a village near St. Austell, fifty-seven persons were poisoned by flies. We had a feeling that the "Kill that Fly" campaign would call forth retaliation.

Harnessed to a tradesman's trap a smart little zebra is to be seen nearly every morning making the round of a South London suburb. Horses who meet the novelty betray little excitement, the unintelligent creatures imagining it to be merely one of their own number in bathing costume.

Statistics just published show that twins born in Ireland last year numbered 2,532, which was 276 more than in 1910, but there were only 30 triplets as compared with 39 in 1910. Children are evidently beginning to realise that two is company and three is none.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have on many an occasion given evidence of a warm corner in your heart for the children, and so we venture to approach you on behalf of the little victims of the recent Dock Strike in the East End.

Only last month you brought them very substantial help by your cartoon, 250 copies of which you had printed off for use on the collecting boxes of the Children's White Cross League, founded a few weeks ago to organise a street collection on behalf of the 300,000 starving women and children of Dockland, and more than once the contemptuous retort, "Let them starve," was turned to pity and practical sympathy on reference to your words to Charity, "Come, Madam: you will not ask where the blame lies; you will only ask how best you can help."

Now that the strike is over, the disastrous effects of ten weeks' privation are evident on the waxen faces of the children, and we are working hard to send as many as possible from the slums of Dockland into the country homes near London, where willing hearts and hands are ready to nurse them back again to health by a brief period of happiness under decent conditions of life.

Nearly 1,000 children have already got away, and many have returned with all the benefits of fresh air and good food obvious on their shining faces.

Five shillings will keep one child for one week in the paradise that the generous public has made possible so far for a few of the many thousands in urgent need of a change.

Will you help them, Mr. Punch? We are, Yours very truly,
JANE COBDEN UNWIN, *Hon. Treas.*
BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, *Hon. Sec.*
Children's White Cross League,
15, Adam Street, Strand.

Our Remarkable Summer.

Two cuttings from *The Daily Mail*:—

1. *The unbiased official report*: "CHELTENHAM.—The weather at this charming spa continues cold but fine withal, and outdoor pursuits are not impeded in any way."

2. *The prejudiced cricket-reporter's version*: "Less than an hour's cricket was possible yesterday in the first match of the Cheltenham Festival against Kent."

Commercial Candour.

"A man who starves his horse to save the price of provender is foolish; a man who starves his business to save the price of advertising is the reverse."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

THE HEIR.

III.—HE CHOOSES A NAME.

THE afternoon being wet we gathered round the billiard-room fire and went into committee.

"The question before the House," said Archie, "is what shall the baby be called, and why. Dahlia and I have practically decided on his names, but it would amuse us to hear your inferior suggestions and point out how ridiculous they are."

Godfather Simpson looked across in amazement at Godfather Thomas.

"Really, you are taking a good deal upon yourself, Archie," he said coldly. "It is entirely a matter for my colleague and myself to decide whether the ground is fit for—to decide, I should say, what the child is to be called. Unless this is quite understood we shall hand in our resignations."

"We've been giving a lot of thought to it," said Thomas, opening his eyes for a moment. "And our time is valuable." He arranged the cushions at his back and closed his eyes again.

"Well, as a matter of fact, the competition isn't quite closed," said Archie. "Entries can still be received."

"We haven't really decided at all," put in Dahlia gently. "It is so difficult."

"In that case," said Samuel, "Thomas and I will continue to act. It is my pleasant duty to inform you that we had a long consultation yesterday, and finally agreed to call him—er—Samuel Thomas."

"Thomas Samuel," said Thomas sleepily.

"How did you think of those names?" I asked. "It must have taken you a tremendous time."

"With a name like Samuel Thomas Mannering," went on Simpson ["Thomas Samuel Mannering," murmured Thomas], "your child might achieve almost anything. In private life you would probably call him Sam."

"Tom," said a tired voice.

"Or, more familiarly, Sammy."

"Tommy," came in a whisper from the sofa.

"What do you think of it?" asked Dahlia.

"I mustn't say," said Archie; "they're my guests. But I'll tell you privately some time."

There was silence for a little and then a thought occurred to me.

"You know, Archie," I said, "limited as their ideas are, you're rather in their power. Because I was looking through the service in church on Sunday and there comes a point when the clergyman says to the godfathers, 'Name this child.' Well, there you

are, you know. They've got you. You may have fixed on Montmorency Plantagenet, but they've only to say 'Bert' and the thing is done."

"You all forget," said Myra, coming over to sit on the arm of my chair, "that there's a godmother too. I shall forbid theberts."

"Well, that makes it worse. You'll have Myra saying 'Montmorency Plantagenet,' and Samuel saying 'Samuel Thomas,' and Thomas saying 'Thomas Samuel.'"

"It will sound rather well," said Archie, singing it over to himself. "Thomas, you take the tenor part of course: 'Thomas Samuel, Thomas Samuel, Thom-as Sam-u-el.' We must have a rehearsal."

For five minutes Myra, Thomas and Simpson chanted in harmony, being assisted after the first minute by Archie, who took the alto part of "Solomon Joel." He explained that as this was what he and his wife really wanted the child christened ("Montmorency Plantagenet" being only an invention of the godmother's) it would probably be necessary for him to join in too.

"Stop!" cried Dahlia, when she could bear it no longer; "you'll wake baby."

There was an immediate hush.

"Samuel," said Archie in a whisper, "if you wake the baby I'll kill you."

The question of his name was still not quite settled, and once more we gave ourselves up to thought.

"Seeing that he's the very newest little Rabbit," said Myra, "I do think he might be called after some very great cricketer."

"That was the idea in christening him 'Samuel,'" said Archie.

"Gaukrodger Carkeek Butt Bajana Mannering," I suggested—"something like that?"

"Silly; I meant 'Charles,' after FRY." "Schofield," after HAIGH," murmured Thomas.

"'Warren' after BARDSLEY would be more appropriate to a Rabbit," said Simpson, beaming round at us. There was, however, no laughter. We had all just thought of it ourselves.

"The important thing in christening a future first-class cricketer," said Simpson, "is to get the initials right. What could be better than 'W. G.' as a nickname for GRACE? But if 'W. G.'s' initials had been Z. Z., where would you have been?"

"Here," said Archie.

The shock of this reply so upset Simpson that his glasses fell off. He picked them out of the fender and resumed his theme.

"Now, if the baby were christened 'Samuel Thomas' his initials would

be 'S. T.,' which are perfect. And the same as COLERIDGE's."

"Is that COLERIDGE the wicket-keeper, or the fast bowler?"

Simpson opened his mouth to explain, and then, just in time, decided not to.

"I forgot to say," said Archie, "that anyhow he's going to be called Blair after his mamma."

"If his name's Blair Mannering," I said at once, "he'll have to write a book. You can't waste a name like that. *The Crimson Spot*, by Blair Mannering. Mr. Blair Mannering, the well-known author of *The Gash*. Our new serial, *The Stain on the Bath Mat*, has been specially written for us by Mr. and Mrs. Blair Mannering. It's simply asking for it."

"Don't talk about his wife yet, please," smiled Dahlia. "Let me have him a little while."

"Well, he can be a writer and a cricketer. Why not? There are others. I need only mention my friend, S. Simpson."

"But the darling still wants another name," said Myra. "Let's call him John to-day, and William to-morrow, and Henry the next day, and so on until we find out what suits him best."

"Let's all go upstairs now and call him Samuel," said Samuel.

"Thomas," said Thomas.

We looked at Dahlia. She got up and moved to the door. In single file we followed her on tip-toe to the nursery. The baby was fast asleep.

"Thomas," we all said in a whisper, "Thomas, Thomas."

There was no reply.

"Samuel!"

Dead silence.

"I think," said Dahlia, "we'll call him Peter." A. A. M.

TO ANTHEA,

WHO MAY (STILL) COMMAND HIM ANYTHING.

ONCE, in a fit of cruel mirth,

You thus summed up my case:
"I quite approve your solid worth,
But cannot stand your face."

From time to time your bitter sneers

Have shown how you despise
My brows and forehead, cheeks and ears,

My chin, my nose, my eyes.

And it were painful to recall

The taunts which you have flung
In my poor teeth . . . still, after all,
There yet remains my tongue.

To serve my lady this is quick

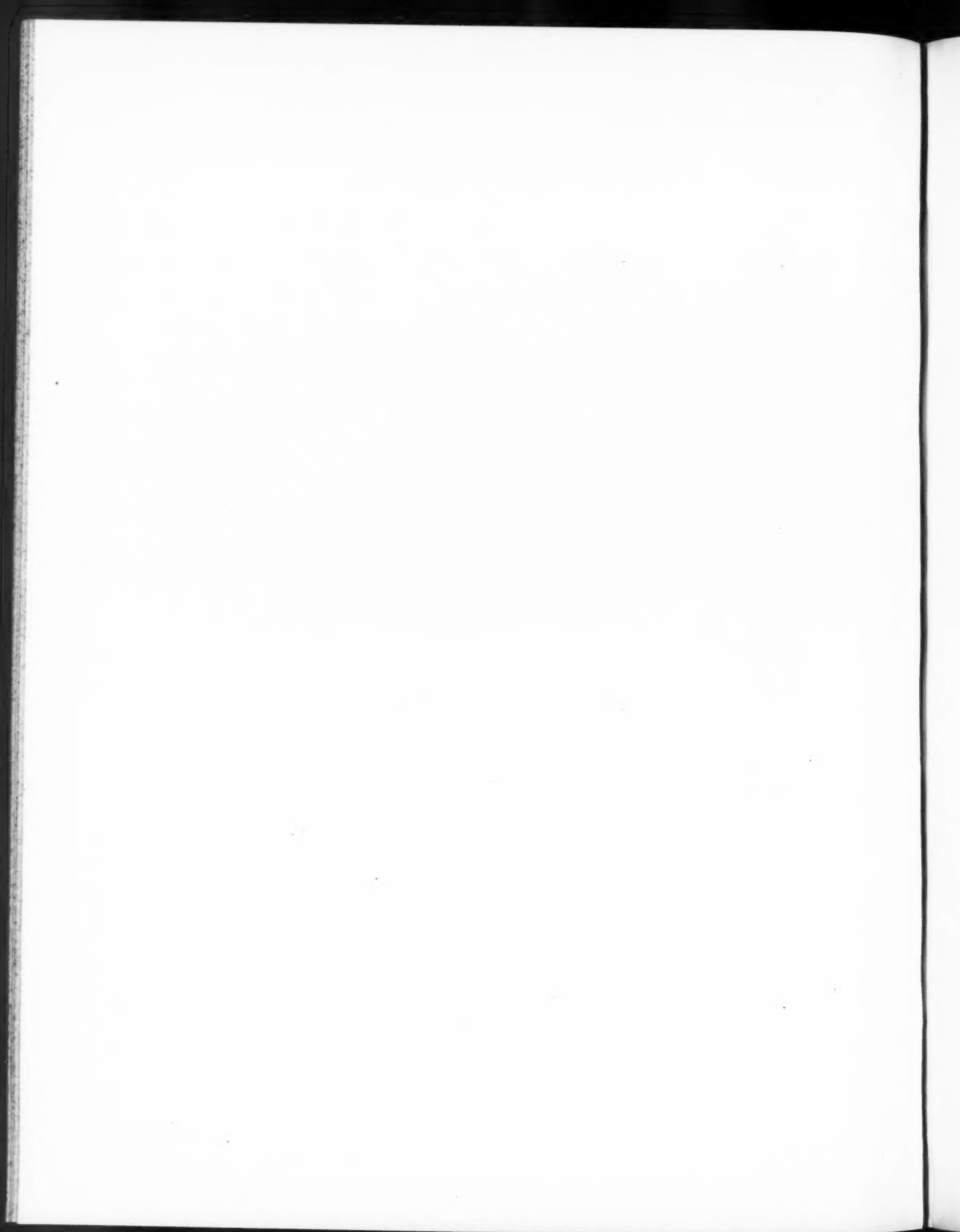
And, what is better, damp.
Bid me to lick and I will lick
Your Health Insurance Stamp.



THE TRIANGULAR FARCE.

SCENE—A blasted pitch.

CHORUS. "WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN
IN THUNDER, LIGHTNING OR IN RAIN?"





"WE'RE BACK AGAIN, COUNT; WE'VE HAD A SPLENDID DAY; WE'VE BEEN UP THE MOUNTAIN, YOU KNOW."
 "AH, YOU ENGLISH MOTHERS, YOU ARE ALWAYS AS YOUNG AS YOUR DAUGHTERS."
 "YOU FLATTER ME, COUNT; IT WAS ONLY MY GIRLS WHO CLIMBED. I WENT UP IN THE VERNACULAR."

THAT TIRED FEELING.

[The young people of a certain small commune have been accustomed to meet for the purpose of dancing and merry-making. It has been officially declared that "the noise they make frightens the cocks and hens of the village," and dancing has been prohibited "during the hours in which the domestic animals take their repose."]

LADS and lasses, you that nightly
 Gather to the nimble flute,
 There to trip it, not too lightly,
 On the broad, fantastic boot;
 Couples who with clumsy frolic
 Well-nigh shake the groaning floor,
 While the noise of your bucolic
 Laughter stays the local snore;
 Hushed is now that simple pleasure;
 Nevermore, when hours are dark,
 Shall you tread the artless measure
 Or indulge the rural lark;
 Not to man it greatly mattered,
 But the weary cocks and hens
 Found their constitutions shattered
 By your large-sized 8's and 10's.
 Chanticleer the early morning
 Once proclaimed with clarion bray,
 Giving all the village warning
 Of the coming work-a-day;

Then the hours he kept were early;
 Now awake till prime of dawn
 He feels far too slack and surly
 To do anything but yawn.
 Dorcas, too, the mothers' model,
 Once upraised a piercing screech
 When she saw her small ones toddle
 For one moment out of reach;
 Now she lets them roam neglected,
 Careless though the worst may hap,
 While she gives an unaffected
 Stretch and takes a mid-day nap.
 Now, again, the ready layers
 Wander dull and heavy-eyed,
 And, from being one-a-dayers,
 Calmly let the whole thing slide;
 While the sitter grows so jumpy
 That she leaps, all wings and legs,
 At a whisper from her lumpy
 Seat of chilled and ruined eggs.
 So do all forsake their uses.
 Pullets, thin as any ghost,
 Find their dried and sapless juices
 Quite unfit them for the roast;
 And, in short, where all was cheerful,
 Loud with honest cluck and crow,
 Dark Insomnia stalks with fearful
 Gait and lays the worker low.

Wherefore, be your rustic dances
 All suspended through the night;
 In the given circumstances,
 Best, perhaps, suspend them quite.
 If temptations come, resist 'em;
 Knowing this, ye soulless boors,
 Poultry have a nervous system
 Far more delicate than yours.
 DUM-DUM.

Commercial Candour.

From a Dutch Bulb Catalogue:—
 "Tulips in pans or boxes you plant 12 or more of one variety, which then is a very fine room decoration if they flower."

From the Local Rules of the Rhyll Golf Club:—
 "A player may ground his club in any hazard except sand, provided he does not improve his life by so doing."
 But inasmuch as it will improve his language it will improve his life, and is therefore illegal.

"Good old Mulay!" said an admirer familiarly to the new Sultan of Morocco.
 "Mulay Youssef!" retorted the indignant monarch.

THE PERFECT AIRMAN.

(Special for "The Daily Moil," by the Miracle-worker.)

Who is the perfect airman? What is he? So the great poet WORDSWORTH might have asked had he lived to this wonderful day. Let me answer his questions.

He should be able to fly.

He should be acquainted with journalistic "highbrows."

He should be brave.

He should have airman's hands.

He should understand machinery.

He should have nerve but no nerves.

He should advertise.

He should be still living.

But better than this list of requirements it would be well to take an actual perfect airman and describe him, and by a fortunate chance there is one in existence who, moreover, by a coincidence happens to have done some flying for *The Daily Moil*.

Onry Salmay is a perfect airman. He is also a born airman, although he was born before flying was possible. But that makes no difference; he is a born airman. Even in the cradle his little arms made the movement of wings; his little eyes continually looked upwards at the sky, or, since he is French, had I not better say *ciel*? He followed the flight of *oiseaux* (birds) with passionate interest. The neighbours clustered about him. "*Voilà l'aviateur!*" they would say, and little Onry would crow his delight. Well, they were good prophets, these neighbours, and Onry is now the finest aviator of the bunch, holding the proudest position possible to an aviator—airman to *The Daily Moil*.

You have heard of *tutoying*? For the benefit of those who have not heard of it, let me say that *tutoying* is saying "thee" and "thou," like Quakers. The French are very good at it; but no one was ever so good as *le bon papa* of Onry Salmay. Old Salmay was a commercial traveller, or bagman (*homme de culotte*), and he placed his son in a racing stable. "Go thou," said he, "to be a 'lad.' Such is thy immediate destiny. Good fortune be with thee!" Onry went, and it was well, for there is an affinity between horses and aeroplanes. Both are

ridden; both want guiding; both race; both cost money; both are unknown quantities. Onry's interest in horses still continues; often he stops and looks at one and cries, "What a beauty! Regard then how he steps! Ah, to possess a horse like that one there!" This speech, or rather cry, which he makes so often, I have reported verbatim. He speaks English like a Frenchman, you observe. And why not? All perfect airmen do. He and I are inseparable, you must understand.

with them, kisses the babies and becomes a famous bagman (*homme de culotte*).

He buys a motor-bicycle and, behold, it does not go fast enough. He makes it go faster, but he is unsatisfied, and then he remembers for what purpose he was born. To fly! He tells his *bon papa* of this ambition, and for once the old man forgets to *tutoyer* him. "You are mad," he says, such is his emotion.

But—and here the past mood sets in again—Onry persevered. His wonderful commonsense was his good friend. "If I am to be an airman," he said to himself (in French), "I must learn to fly; and if I am to fly with a machine, which seems to be the only way, I must understand machinery." This sagacious decision was the beginning of the end. He became a mechanic, then took flying lessons, and began to fly.

To-day he has fulfilled the highest desire that can animate and stimulate any airman—he flies for *The Daily Moil*. He is wonderful. He can fly even in the rain. He despises umbrellas. "Regard then," he often cries to me as the drops fall—"regard then the humidity? But do I mind? Am I downcasted? No. Up, up, Onry Salmay, to your proper sphere, the sky (*ciel*)!" So this brave perfect Frenchman talks, and I am proud of our intimacy and proud thus to pat on the back a colleague of the staff of *The Daily Moil*.



"'ULLO, BILLY! WHERE YOU GOIN'!"
"I AIN'T GOIN'. I'M JEST SEEN' OUF MY COLLEGE CHUM 'ERE."

Now let us pass into the historic present, it is so much more vivid. On leaving the stable, young Onry decides to become, like his *bon papa*, a bagman (*homme de culotte*). "Thou hast chosen well," says *le bon papa*. "Do thy level best. Good luck to thee!"

But Onry is not successful. And why? He dresses too well. His *bon papa*'s shrewd eyes detect the error. "Thou art too dressy," he tells his disconcerted son. "Thou suggestest swank. See that thy clothes are more like those of thy customers, and orders will overwhelm thee." Wise *bon papa*! He knows (*sait*). Onry takes his advice, dresses like the peasants, jokes

says that, with a bit of luck, I shall scrape through. Deputations from Chapel Liberals who object to Home Rule, from Church Liberals who object to Disestablishment, and from worldly Liberals who object to the Ninepenny Millennium. Rumours of Labour Candidature. Agent says we need a good cry, and suggests Land Taxes. Good! After all,

"Why should we be beggars with the ballot in our hands?
GEORGE gave the land to the people."

Wire to Liberal Whip, "What are the Land Taxes? Reply urgent."

Tuesday.—Liberal Whip replies, "Land-Tax Committee sitting next

A LAND-TAXER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Very awkward being Liberal candidate for a constituency with only 4,000 majority. But agent

week. Keep to Land Song at present." Very awkward. Still, agent has ten Land Song gramophones going and is arranging for it to be put on the piano-organs. That Labour candidate has turned up. Must the forces of progress and righteousness be divided? Mass meeting passed off very well. Insurance questions kept till very end, when grand Land Song chorus drowned them. Things a bit more hopeful.

Wednesday.—Labour candidate—a corrupt individual—is making a point of Free Breakfast Table. That is our policy. We've promised it for twenty years. Issue new bill: "A Penny Tax on Land Values will remove all Taxes from Tea, Sugar, Coffee, Cocoa, and Dried Fruits." That beats him by the dried fruits. Unfortunately Liberal Chairman proves to be landowner and threatens to support Tory candidate. Explain to him (in confidence) that the Land Tax would only apply to future owners, and that the election must be won somehow.

Thursday.—Tory candidate—a reckless Jingo—is making a point of eight more *Dreadnoughts*, and the cry seems to be popular. Issue new bill at once: "Vote for a Twopenny Land Tax and you get Twenty new *Dreadnoughts* every Year." That has taken the wind out of the Jingo's sails, I fancy. Deputation of Peace Liberals objects to new programme of twenty *Dreadnoughts* and points out that the money would be better spent in bringing the entire adult German population over here and entertaining them. Explain to the deputation (in confidence) that the yield of the Land Taxes being problematic, the *Dreadnoughts* would also be problematic, and that the election must be won somehow.

Friday.—The Tory candidate—an unscrupulous briber who ought to be hounded out of decent society—has announced that Tariff Reform will enable the Beer Taxes to be reduced. A gross appeal to the thirsty masses. Issue new bill at once: "A Threepenny Land Tax will abolish all Taxes on Wine, Beer, Spirits and Tobacco and in addition pay your Insurance Contribution." Deputation from Temperance Party, objecting to reduction in Drink Taxes. Explain to the deputation (in confidence) that the reductions can't be made till the Land Taxes are in operation, and that the election must be won somehow.

Saturday.—That Labour candidate—a blatant Socialist—has issued a most immoral appeal to the lower classes: "Vote for Bludge and a Twenty-Shilling Tax on Land Values. Free Meals for Everybody." Bit difficult to beat this. Try new move.



Driver (approaching Hyde Park Corner and pointing out the sights to country visitors). "ON THE LEFT'S THE STATUE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE GREAT DOOK O' WELLINGTON, AND THAT 'ERE ON THE RIGHT'S A STATUE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE PORE OLE 'OSS-'BUSES WOT'S BIN RUN ORF THE STREET BY THEM STINKIN' MOTORS."

Some of the workmen own cottages and allotments, so issue new bill: "Vote for Biggin and Reasonable Taxation, but no Confiscation. We MUST be HONEST."

Sunday.—Church in the morning. Vicar read with undue emphasis the commandment about coveting neighbour's house or land—prostituting his pulpit to help a political party. Gave address in Baptist Chapel in the afternoon. Subject: "Liberal Ethics." Very impressive when Land Song was sung after prayer. Think I stand a chance.

Monday—polling-day.—We are going strong. Nothing but Land Song to be heard anywhere. The thirty extra gamophones are doing fine work.

Later.—They are counting the votes. A bit afraid lest the wrong beggars should have "got the ballot in their hands."

The Mayor is coming out. . . . By his bold and unscrupulous promises the Tory has got to the top of the poll. . . . My supporters are gathering round me and singing the Land Song. Sick of the Land Song.

"He has accomplished some amazing performances, wickets falling to his prowess as thick as thieves in Vallambrosa."

Daily Express.

You want to keep your coat buttoned up in Vallambrosa (or Vallombrosa, as the natives call it), else they're on to your watch at once.

SEASIDE SPORTS AND PASTIMES

FOR

LITTLE ONES AND GROWN-UPS.

I.—MAINLY FOR LITTLE ONES.

BUILDING CASTLES.

This pastime is popular with all little ones who have constructive or artistic proclivities. (See my little book, "Bumps, and All about Them, or, The Home Phrenologist.") If you are a seriously-minded child and have read Mr. WELLS' articles on Labour Unrest, you will probably prefer to build comfortable Workmen's Dwellings. In that case the procedure is the same, but, instead of proclaiming that you are the King of the Castle, you will sing, "I am the Freeholder of this Attractive Workman's Dwelling."

II.—FOR LITTLE ONES AND GROWN-UPS.

WINKLING.

Great skill is required to bag a wrinkle. The best method of catching this sporting little crustacean is as follows:—Bait an ordinary pin with a sand-hopper (which may readily be caught with a large butterfly net) and hold it outside any cleft in the rocks that looks a likely place for a wrinkle's form. (None of the best wrinklers say "nest.") If our friend is at home, he will pounce upon the hopper, and impale himself upon the pin. You can then deal him a sharp blow upon the nape of the neck, which will render him insensible, when he may be safely transferred to your creel.

CRABBING.

This requires more courage and endurance than skill. Advance boldly upon the crab and, as it charges, present the fore-, or index, finger of the right hand to it, when the fierce creature will promptly fasten upon it. All that then remains to be done is to wait until the crab dies.

LOBSTERING.

The method of catching the lobster is the same, but more painful. You may die first.

LURING THE LIMPET.

For this sport some seecotine, a hammer (or mallet) and a geologist's chisel are necessary. Having sighted the limpet, stalk it cautiously from the rear. If you see it preparing to spring, the only thing to do is to retreat and try it on with another limpet. If, however, you succeed in getting to close quarters without awakening the fiery mollusc, seecotine it instantly to the rock, when it will be powerless to

attack you. The rest is simple. Take your hammer (or mallet) and chisel, and break off the portion of the rock on which the limpet is perched.

Alternative Method.

Blast it off with dynamite.

Note to Mothers.

No child under ten years of age should be trusted with this dangerous explosive.

SNARING THE SHRIMP.

It is considered unsporting to use a net in the chase of the shrimp. All the best shrimpers now employ a running noose, which should be dangled in a pool. When a shrimp enters the noose, strike sharply. A landing net or gaff is generally unnecessary. All shrimps under 3 dwts. in weight should be returned.

N.B. Thick leather gauntlets should be worn, as the sting of the shrimp has been known to be fatal.

POTTING THE PRAWN.

Proceed as above, but with a larger noose. The prawn needs more careful playing than the shrimp, from which it may be distinguished by its more sonorous cry when agitated.

Close Season: October 1st to June 31st.

OGLING THE OCTOPUS.

The octopus is not, fortunately, a common object of the sea-shore, at least not north of Clacton-on-Sea. If, however, you should espy on the sand a trail like that of eight wrinkles running round in a circle, you may be pretty sure you are hot on the slot of this denizen of the deep. When you have tracked it down, look it boldly and steadily in the eye. In its anxiety to avoid your gaze, it will retreat into itself, until it has turned itself completely inside out. It is then perfectly harmless, and may be readily handcuffed and presented to the Zoo.

BOOT SHOP.

THE Complete Sportsman has many things to learn beyond the mere handling of his gun and the successful pursuit of his quarry. He must try to remember what powder he is using, and why, so that he can answer questions on the subject without furtively looking at one of his cartridges. He is also very apt to be asked if he believes in Number 6 shot for grouse—and that is rather a trap in its way, because the larger the number the smaller the shot. And he must not mistake a young grey hen for a wild duck, or he will find himself unpopular. But above all he

must be able to talk about his boots. He will find that his companions by common consent reserve the "best hour of the day"—after lunch—for this one absorbing topic. And so eager do they become that they can with difficulty restrain themselves to listen to the breeziest anecdotes about other people's boots.

"... I have had this pair for seven years and they have been worn hard. Of course, I never let 'em put any blacking on them; but it's an absolute fact that they will take me through a field of wet swedes now without letting in a single drop. I got them from Pucklington's."

"... Well, these of mine were made by a chap in Dumfries, in a little shop in a back street. They cost me twenty-seven bob two years ago, and they are every bit as good as new. Pucklington charges you forty-five, and in my experience they nearly always crack."

"... I got this pair in Norway"—(sensation). "They are real ski boots—built for snow—and the only fault of 'em is that they are a bit hard. But I can stick my foot in a bog any time and be none the worse."

"... I wonder if it is a good plan having the seams outside like that?"

"... I always walk in shoes. Can't stand boots in hot weather. I've had these—let me see—"

"... Have you seen that new dubbin that Blake is advertising?"

"... Of course, if you wear gaiters with 'em—"

"... After all, you look at the boots these keepers wear. They are about as heavy—"

"... Not a bit of use having the nails—"

It is at about this point that I come in. I always say that mine were made by the village blacksmith, that I keep them under water when not in use, that they are thirteen years old, and cost three-and-nine.

But I believe I have discovered the reason of it. You have had a heavy morning, let us say, and you are lurching (late) in a gully on the moor. You are pretty certain to be sitting on a game bag with your back to a bank, and you have your cap over your eyes to shade you from the sun (I am speaking of ordinary years). After you have lunched (well), topped up with cherry whisky and lit your pipe, you slip down a bit till you are practically lying flat, with your vision restricted by the brim of your hat. You are feeling much too contented to move, and yet you want to talk, and the only thing you can see is your boots. Of course you have to talk about them.

INSULT TO INJURY.

O LITTLE blind god with your bow
And hovering feet, that now so long
Have fluttered o'er my fireside, no,
It shall not be—this latest wrong!

For she, whose laughing long-lost face
From fire-lit memories may not die,
Brought you—a birthday gift—to grace
That little flat in days gone by.

'Twas bad enough when Mary Ann
Chipped off those curls of golden hair,
And worse when I, a clumsy man,
Smashed one wing almost past repair.

But, now I've let my house and go
Seaward awhile, what do I read?—
"One china Cupid, faulty"—so
The inventory goes. Indeed!

"Faulty!"—the Philistine has missed
Your flawless charm. It shall not be!
I cross you off his drivelling list;
Dear little god, you go with me!

MR. PUNCH'S SILLY SEASON
CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY DO MEN MARRY?

SENSATIONAL REVELATIONS.

WHEN a man marries, is it, as is commonly believed by the person most intimately concerned, due to her great beauty, coupled with exceptional intellectual attainments? If not, what is the reason? The following letters would seem to throw some light on this most interesting of problems:—

DEAR SIR,—For years and years I had been giving wedding presents, but no one had ever given me one.

DEAR SIR,—It was like this with me. I never intended getting married. I was sitting out with a rather nice girl at a dance. We seemed to have come to an end of the topics which were mutually interesting, so, *merely to make conversation*, I proposed . . . It was very thoughtless of me.

DEAR SIR,—I married because I wanted someone to share my fortune with the CHANCELLOR.

DEAR SIR,—I married my wife because I disliked the woman so much. When I was young she jilted me. Then the other fellow jilted her. Years afterwards, when I was a crusty old bachelor with fixed selfish habits, she was still a spinster, so I married her. A pretty revenge, I fancy you will agree.

DEAR SIR,—I married as an example to my children.

DEAR SIR,—I married for peace. I am exceptionally handsome, many persons holding that I am remarkably like the late Apollo. I did it, hoping it would put an end to the unwelcome



"I WANT A BATHING-COSTUME. I DON'T MIND WHAT COLOUR, BUT, PLEASE—(shudder)—LET IT BE A WARM ONE."

attentions with which I was pestered by my lady friends. Unfortunately it has not done so, and I may have to grow a beard.

DEAR SIR,—Being penniless, I married because I loved her money. She married because she loved me. My love has proved to be more durable than hers, and I apologise for being compelled to send this letter to you unstamped.

DEAR SIR,—I married her because I loathe being sued for breach of promise.

DEAR SIR,—My marriage was due to a lack of frankness on my part. I got engaged to the lady at the seaside, and she did not understand that it was only for the Silly Season, nor did her great hulking brute of a father.

DEAR SIR,—I have only just done it, and I have done it to spite LLOYD GEORGE. He thought he was going to get threepence a week from me, and threepence a week from the poor soul who does for me, so I have just married her—to LLOYD GEORGE's rage, consternation, and surprise.

DEAR SIR,—I married because I did not like the idea of my name (Jones) dying out.

DEAR SIR,—Why did I marry? Frankly, you have me. I have been wondering for over thirty years, and I am dashed if I know.

"Lord Valletort was among those who yesterday morning had the honour of dining with their Majesties."—*Western Morning News*. An unusual honour, but we breakfast too heavily to grudge it him.



The Nut. "HADN'T WE BETTER LOOK AFTER YOUR AUNT A BIT?"

The Flapper. "OH! AUNTY'S QUITE GOOD AT AMUSING HERSELF."

A TALE OF TWO SISTERS.

MILDRED and Jane were sisters, but Mildred alone had style;
Both of them were good-looking, but Jane, who was void of guile,
Was a doormat as well as a saint, and her taste in dress was vile.

Jane from the first accepted the rôle of her sister's slave,
Cheerfully fetched and carried, cheerfully also gave
Out of her pocket-money whatever she managed to save.

Thirty summers have passed since I first encountered the pair,
And Mildred, who must be forty, is slim as well as fair;
While Jane, the virtuous drudge, looks rather the worse for wear.

For Mildred married a magnate who made his pile in mines,
And is widely famed for his motors, his *chef* and his
priceless wines—
There seldom passes a week but a peer at his table dines.

Her entertainments figure (p. 4) in *The Daily Mail*;
The sheen of her ruby tiara turns most of her rivals pale;
Her life is one long carnival of endless cakes and ale.

Jane married a struggling parson, who hadn't a single sou,
And, like the famous old woman we read of who lived in a
shoe,
She has so many children that she doesn't know what to do.

But, unlike the same old woman, whose methods were
harsh and crude,
Jane sacrifices her comfort to that of her graceless brood,
Who treat her, I grieve to say it, with gross ingratitude.

Mildred's daughters are pretty, but they simply haven't a
chance,
For their mother dances divinely and never misses a
dance.

The local milliner makes their frocks; for hers she goes to
France.

Yet Mildred's daughters, I know, of their selfish mother
are proud,

While Jane's despised by her children as a thorough-going
dowd,

Who could only be expected "to pass with a push in a
crowd."

The moral of this sad story I add in a brief P.S. :
O saints of the family circle, pray study the art of dress;
For a saint who is also a slattern will never achieve
success.

Human nature is snobbish, and boys and girls in the
lump

On the most unselfish parents are most inclined to jump,
Preferring a well-dressed tyrant to a tender-hearted frump.

The Things that Matter.

"Mr. James Bryce, our Ambassador to the United States who is on
a visit to Australia just now, tells a story of a lady who called on a
photographer."—*Cumberland Evening News.*

The rush to Australia to hear it might have been avoided
if our contemporary had only gone on to give us the story.

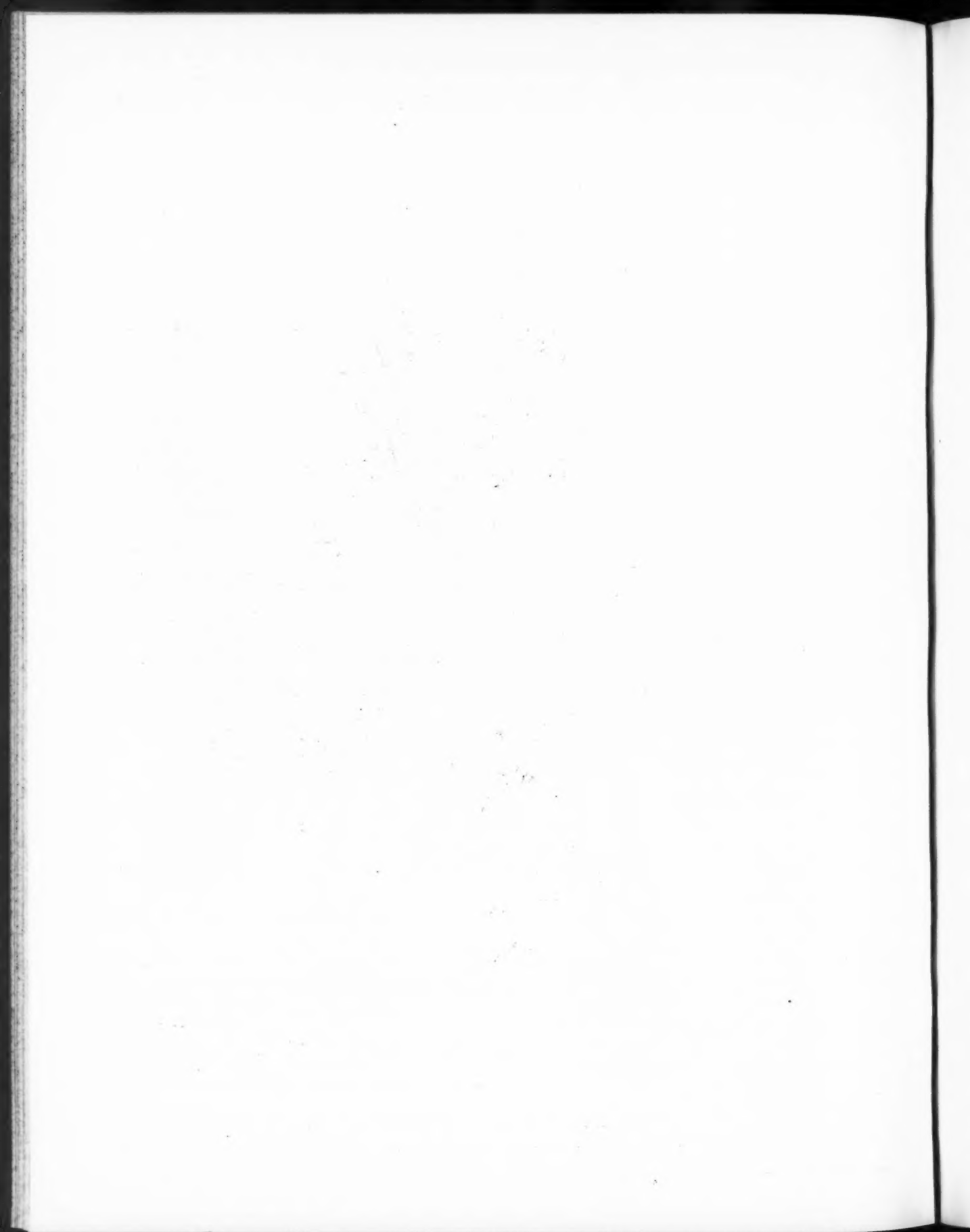
"He was dressed scrupulously in black with a little white face show-
ing at the wrists and neck."—*"Daily Mail" Novel.*

We shouldn't so much mind the one showing at the neck,
but the other two seem quite uncalled for.



ISTHMIAN GAMES.

EVENT No. 1.—EXTENDING THE COLD ELBOW.



THE REWARD OF SIMPLICITY.

I AM sick of the pride of the warders
Of Government goods in the town ;
Miss Smith does not serve postal orders,
And tells you as much with a frown :
Miss Thomson is tiring her hair at the
borders
And drives you away to Miss Brown.

They are pitiless adamant beauties !
Untouched by humanity's spark,
They are puffed by the pomp of their
duties,
But lo ! I have found me an Ark ;
I have fled to a land where the sun-
mellowed fruit is,
And Phyllis is post-office clerk.

Her rank has not spoilt her nor taken
One whit from her passion to please ;
Officialdom's glories awaken
No longing to snub nor to freeze ;
She also sells biscuits and butter and
bacon
And baccy and candles and cheese.

She is tender and kindly and willing,
She never compels me to wait ;
All telegrams strike her as thrilling,
Her eyes, as they read 'em, dilate ;
She is charmed when I squander as
much as a shilling
On the maw of a ravenous State.

At a time when so few things are sunny,
Such virtue shall find its reward ;
If I have to keep parting with money
To pile up the Treasury's hoard,
I will spend it down here, in this
hamlet of honey
And roses and peaceful accord.

Far away from the town and its orgies,
And the noise and the dust and the
lamps,
And those girls with their delicate
gorges
Who treat all enquirers as tramps,
I shall purchase a dozen of Mr. LLOYD
GEORGE'S
Preposterous sixpenny stamps.
EVOE.

A WEEK OF WINSTON.

Monday.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL addresses a three-column letter to Sir JAMES RITCHIE, rebuking Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE for advocating wholesale indulgence in chops. Such a frantic dietetic policy, he maintains, must inevitably tend to disintegrate the bases of the British character.

Tuesday.—Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE replies in a short letter to *The Times*, observing that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a good judge of chops and changes.

Wednesday.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL rejoins in a four-column letter to



PAST MASTERS.

Farmer's Son. "WOTEVER DE SHE DOING, FEYTHER?"
Farmer. "SHE BE COPYING, LIKE. YE SEE, SOME O' THESE 'ERE OLD MAISTER PICTERS BE WERY OLD, SO COORSE THEY 'AS TO REPLACE 'EM EVERY NOW AN' AGAIN, SAME AS WALL PAPER."

Sir JAMES RITCHIE, denouncing Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE for his resort to vile verbal quibbles, which are notoriously the last refuge of intellectual destitution and spiritual atrophy. Simultaneously *The Dundee Advertiser* publishes a statement to the effect that the Government is keeping a close watch on Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE and other advocates of dietetic anti-nomianism.

Thursday.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in a five-column letter to Sir JAMES RITCHIE denounces the Meteorological Office for its ineffectual control of the Gulf Stream, whose unbridled vagaries, he asserts, threaten to exert a fissi-

parous influence on the solid fibre of our island race.

Friday.—Sir HENRY HOWORTH takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Meteorological Office in an entire special supplement of *The Times*.

Saturday.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL rejoins in a six-column letter to Sir JAMES RITCHIE, attacking Sir HENRY HOWORTH for his unparalleled verbosity. *The Dundee Advertiser* issues a statement in leaded type to the effect that the Law Officers of the Crown have advised the Government to prosecute Sir HENRY HOWORTH for tautology.

Sunday.—Sir JAMES RITCHIE retires to a rest cure.

THE SEASIDE.

(Communicated by a Seaside.)

THIS time Mum couldn't come with us because she has had to go to America to see her mother, and she took Rosie with her to help her to bear up against the Atlantic. I'm afraid Rosie will want all her own help for herself, because she was sure she wasn't going to be a good sailor. The Solent finished her last year, and the Solent's nothing to the Atlantic.

There were six of us—Dad, myself, Peggy, John, John's nurse Julia, and Soo-Ti, the Pekinese dog; and Dad was in charge. He said he was determined to show that men were not the useless and ornamental creatures they were generally supposed to be, but that they could beat women on their own ground, and really do things if it was necessary. He said he knew well enough it was a difficult game to look after a family party on a journey, and to keep house in seaside lodgings, and then to bring them all back again, but he wasn't going to show the white feather, and he thought he could pull through. If kindness was useless with us he said he was quite prepared to employ sterner methods. He took a box of chocolates in his pocket in order to be prepared for everything, and he gave a big chocolate to John so as to get on good terms with him, because he said John was the one he was most afraid of. If he could manage John he thought he could bring the whole thing off successfully. Dad's always been pretty good at buying newspapers at stations and getting angry with guards and porters, but this time he had to do everything, and I must say he wasn't nearly so bad at it as we thought he was going to be.

The first thing that happened was that when we got to our own station, Soo-Ti wasn't there. Everybody thought everybody else had got him, and the consequence was he had been left behind with Dad's waterproof and the Thermos flask which had got all our hot tea in it. Luckily our house is quite near the station, and there was lots of time, so Henry, the footman, rushed home. He found everything, and got back five minutes before the train started. He had had to chase Soo-Ti twice round the garden because Soo-Ti doesn't like footmen, but he had wrapped him up in the waterproof and brought him like that. It made Soo-Ti furious, and he didn't recover the whole of that day. Besides, he hates his harness and his lead, and when they're put on he stands with his head down looking just like a bison; you have to drag him all over the place.

We had had lunch before we started. Last year we lunched in the train, and John swallowed a bit of pear the wrong way and got very red in the face. Rosie made a poem about it, but I can only remember one verse, which was this:—

"We took some lunch for the baby boy
Who finds in eating his chiefest joy.
We gave him a pear; he began to choke,
And choked all the way to Basingstoke."

This year our cousin Sylvia joined us at Basingstoke. If you can think of pink roses mixed up with strawberries and cream, and all smiling, that's what she looks like. Dad was glad to see her because he said the load was getting too heavy for him, and we were all jolly glad to see her too. We changed at that station, and Dad and all the guards and porters ran up and down the platform looking for an empty carriage for us. Dad said afterwards he had been quite surprised to find how near he was to his old form; but it was all no good. We had to get into a carriage where there was one old gentleman with a beard, and he didn't look at all pleased when he saw us all piling

in. He sniffed a good deal, and Dad and he glared at one another without saying anything. Then we had our tea, and of course there was a lot of paper and crumbs on the floor of the carriage, and some of the milk got spilt. Milk always does get spilt somehow, and when you try to rub it away with your foot there's always a white stain left and you can't disguise it. It really was very unlucky for the old gentleman, but I must say he bore it very well.

It was here that John distinguished himself and showed what good manners little boys can have when they try. He had been looking at the old gentleman when we were having our tea, and at last he got very pink in the face and leant across to Dad and said, "Daddy, you haven't given this gentleman any tea." At first Dad looked puzzled, but then he pulled himself together and said, "There's plenty of tea left, Sir; wcn't you have a cup?" and the old gentlemen said, "Upon my word, as you are so polite, I think I will. Thank you very much;" and then he said John was a Good Samaritan, and Dad and he got talking together and found they both knew somebody whom they hadn't met for years. So it all ended in a very pleasant way, and we didn't have any more adventures, and in the end we arrived safe and sound at our lodgings.

Next morning we went out and bought two spades and buckets, three shrimping nets and three pairs of sand-shoes, and then we got to work on the sands. In fact, everything's as jolly as possible, except the weather, and Dad says he's proud to be able to give himself an excellent report.

DEAD LETTERS.

I FEEL another man. Improved in temper
As the direct result of duty done
(A most unusual thing—*O si sic semper!*),
I'll back my morals now with any one.

I feel my cabin'd spirit burst its fetters,
I feel it soar aloft like billy-O,
Because I've polished off a load of letters—
Answered a dozen at a single go.

Unanswered letters are a constant menace,
I find they worry me an awful lot;
They simply spoil my back-hand drive at tennis,
And utterly upset my mashie shot.

Lucky it is my Conscience never wallows
In idle ease, but keeps severely spry,
Urging on me the manly course, as follows,
Which other people might do well to try.

When letters have been left six months or longer
Crammed in the rack, I answer them—cry quits
With Conscience, make my moral fibre stronger—
By simply tearing up the things to bits.

The Apt Phrase.

"All hands went ashore to stretch their legs."—*Morning Post.*

"Lady Gomme, lecturing at Startford-on-Avon games, said that these traditional games VI of Scotland and I of England. The cradle, museum. It is a beautiful piece of workman-douctions of almost every known portrait of the Devonshire. It is signed 'P. Oudry,' who is painted the picture."—*Manchester Evening News.*

"A few moments siver in in a dainty Webb's fancy showroopent in Mappin and select the exact phom will enable you to whether in sterling sito frame required, coloured leather."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

We have put the writers of the above two passages in correspondence with each other.



OUR MOTOR EMPORIUMS.

NO, YOU'RE WRONG. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS THE BUYER, TRYING TO STRIKE THE RIGHT ATTITUDE OF HUMILITY BEFORE THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN OF THE SHOP.

A SEASIDE SESTINA.

I've been down here a week—or, let me see—
Is it a week, or only half-an-hour?
Well, anyhow, it seems at least a week
That I've been sitting on this beastly shore;
I can't imagine now what made me come,
But this I know—I'll never come again!

Why do I say I'll never come again?
The reason's surely plain enough to see;
Could anyone who wants a rest—now, come—
Really enjoy himself from hour to hour
In pottering about a crowded shore?
Could anybody stand it for a week?

No doubt some people stand it for a week—
The Pierrots, for example, and again
The niggers who monopolize the shore
(Their humour I confess I never see,
Though crowds applaud their sallies by the hour.)—
But then these people for a purpose come.

If I remained I'm certain I'd become
A raving lunatic within a week.
I've watched that couple there for half-an-hour;
There—look at that! he's doing it again,
He's writing with his walking-stick, d'you see,
"I love you, Arabella," on the shore.

People declared this was a lovely shore,
"So bracing," and I really ought to come,
And so I came this morning, just to see
If 'twas a decent place to spend a week.
There's an express, thank goodness, in an hour,
And I shall soon be back in town again.

Here comes that ancient mariner again!
I wonder what he does when he's ashore;
"The Ship," I guess, accounts for many an hour
Of his spare time; a nose like that can't come
All of a sudden—no, nor in a week;
That's taken years to colour, I can see!

* * * * *
I'll never see thee, Ancient One, again;
I hope next week to find a quieter shore
Where you won't come to bore me by the hour!

"It was christened the Somass Queen, by Mrs. Stevens, who broke a bottle of wine over the stem, and slid gracefully down the ways into the water."—*Victoria Daily Colonist*.

In similar functions in England this last picturesque feature is unfortunately lacking.

"Tent pegging: Major Wilson, brought the sports to an abrupt conclusion caused great inconvenience and also did a good deal of damage to the tents."—*Bedfordshire Standard*.

The gallant Major seems to have lost his head rather, and to have mistaken the nature of the contest.

AT THE PLAY.

"READY MONEY."

I LEARN from one of our Photographic Weeklies that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is being played in Tokio, and I judge from the appearance of *Mrs. Quickly* and *Mistress Page* that certain features of SHAKESPEARE'S original design must have been lost in transmission. Something of this same kind seems to have happened with Mr. MONTGOMERY'S *Ready Money*, as made in America. In crossing the water and being translated into English it has sacrificed nearly all the essentials of local colour. Its geography is still American, but its native idiom and its native slang (I assume that they were there in the original) are gone, and the native accent with them. And if its commercial sentiments remain imperishably Transatlantic—if, for example, the passionate admiration kindled by the flashing of a bunch of thousand-dollar notes is clearly indigenous to the Western Hemisphere—the expression of these exotic emotions by British lips in British phraseology sounds strange even to the verge of incredibility.

Fortunately, however, the sea-change does not seem to have materially damaged the play. After all, a detective melodrama appeals to a class of mind not easily susceptible to the subtler pangs of outraged congruity. And the main idea—the exhibition of forged notes as a mere bluff to indicate a sudden access of solvency—was so fresh, the intrigue so arresting, the movement so smooth and rapid, that it would be ungracious to cavil at trifling improbabilities.

There was a pleasant novelty in the arrangement by which the villain and the virtuous hero were made to work together like brothers, hand in hand. So closely were their fates interwoven that we were almost indistinguishably glad at the escape of both, our blunted sense of moral justice being more than satisfied by the combined triumph of innocence and guilt over the New York Secret Service.

The villain, too, is an artist, and that counts for much. Not merely an artist in crime, but a connoisseur of decorative engraving. The forged notes which he hands to the hero to tide him over a financial crisis (never actually "passed" by the latter, for our tolerance could not have gone that length) are works of art; he prides himself on their superiority to the Government article; and when, after careful inspection by the detectives, they are taken for genuine notes, it is in the true spirit of affronted Art that he

destroys them, indignant that their finer quality should have escaped recognition.

The attraction of the play lay in its admirable blending of fun with serious melodrama. It was not the kind of humour which makes a burlesque of melodrama; nor was it introduced by way of relief to the tension; the changes from gay to grave and back again were of the very essence of the design.

Mr KENNETH DOUGLAS as the hero was extraordinarily good. His remarkable performance in *Dad* had prepared us for the almost total disappearance of his old air of indifferent detachment.



THE "DECORATOR."

Potter (alias Ives, alias Walker)
Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

Quiet and restrained, he was still always alert at moments when the slightest hesitancy would have ruined the situation. As the villain who incidentally found himself a philanthropist (taking 50 per cent. of the profits) Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH was thoroughly at home in his new house. The decorative dignity of the part suited him well. Never have I seen so many glossy silk hats on a stage, and his was the curliest of them all. The minor male characters were satisfactory, Mr. BENEDICT being particularly mobile, and Mr. HARRY CANE recalling pleasantly the manner of the late Mr. BLAKELEY.

There were a few *fiancées* scattered from time to time about the stage, with or without Miss MAY WHITTY to chaperon them; but they served no very useful purpose. They were supposed to act as incentives to the financial acquisitiveness of their young

men. But being Americans (as alleged) these young men could easily have done without any encouragement.

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH has been bold in starting his first managerial adventure in the very heart of the off-season, and most cordially I wish him the success that his sporting courage and the excellence of his production alike deserve. O. S.

ODE TO THE O. U. O. T. C.

[Composed by a member of the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps, who, having neglected his drill's while reading for Greats and been excused from Camp on account of his Viva, has been unfeelingly fined £2 "for not making himself efficient."]

Gods benign, I know, bestow you
On our Universitee
As a privilege; and so you
Get my loyal service free:
Thus we're quits on what I owe you,
O you
O. U. O. T. C.

Having lately to forego you,
Drills and Camp (an awful spree),
I exclaimed, "I'm loth to throw you
Over for my Greats degree;
Oh, to do the drills I owe you,
O you
O. U. O. T. C.!"

Now (to deal a nasty blow) you
Send a bill in, dubbing me
"Inefficient"; well, although you
Make demands for £ s. d.,
I won't pay you what I owe you,
O you
O. U. O. T. C.

Our alleged Decadence.

"Tossing sheep over cross-bar: 1, E. Proctor, Low Firth (with the record height of 22ft.)."
Ulverston News.

He ought to have this event absolutely stiff at the next Olympic Games; and he might easily train on into a champion at "Flicking hippopotamus between parallel-bars," hitherto held by America. There's nothing much the matter with England after all.

"The painters and decorator are in possession of Christ Church, Palatine-road, West Didsbury, and when finished will present a very attractive appearance."

Stretford Advertiser.

Very nice for the painters and decorators, but what about the church?

The Apt Phrase again.

"The augmentation of the Chagford water supply is still hanging fire."

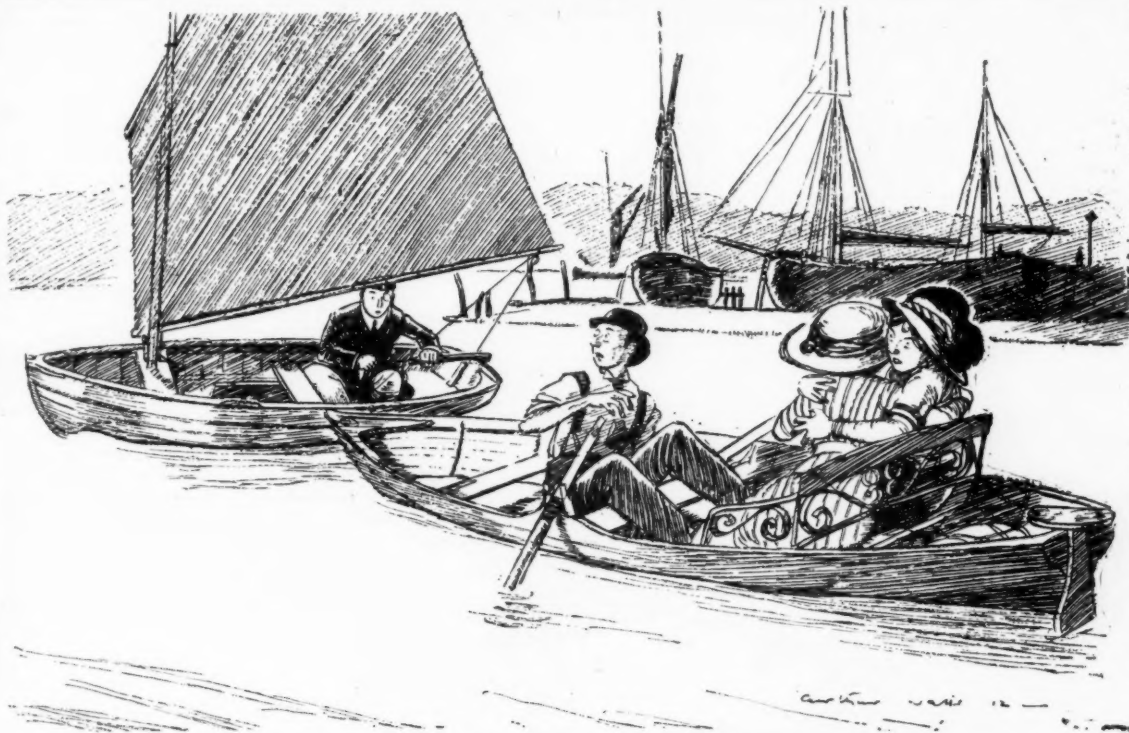
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

"PROTEST OF SOMERSET HOUSE CHARWOMEN.

SWEEPING DEMAND."

Daily Express.

But why should anyone object to their sweeping? What are they for?



Cockney Oarsman (to yachtsman who is tacking in sailing dinghy). "ERE! WY CAN'T YER SAIL STRAIGHT INSTEAD O' ZIG-ZAGGING ABOUT THE RIVER LIKE THAT? YOU 'LL RUN INTO US SOON, THEN YOU 'LL BE 'APPY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD holds a monopoly of a certain line in uncanniness. *Pan's Garden* (MACMILLAN) is a collection of shorter and longer sketches in which mainly some mystical and quasi-personal activity of the wood, the sea, the desert, the hills, the snows, is suggested with a singular skill, a subtly ingenious symbolism and a welcome distinction of phrasing. Perhaps "The Glamour of the Snow," a story in which some maleficent spirit in the form of a mysterious and coldly beautiful grey lady on skis lures a susceptible literary alpinist to danger and all but death, is the best in this kind; while "The Attic," in a different mood, is a finely drawn study in shadows. Mr. BLACKWOOD'S work stimulates one to an exacting standard of criticism; to a protest against the little shirt-sleeve phrases showing through the purple patches, against such mere fountain-pen pictures as "the moonlight falling in a shower of silver spears upon the slates and wires and steeples" (italics ours); against a drawing-out of the agony of mystification which is sometimes, it has to be confessed, a little wearisome. But I have the half of a horrible suspicion that a jaded, city-ridden critic hasn't the real entry to *Pan's Garden*; he can, however, heartily (and with a touch of envy), commend it to those more fortunate who have. Among Mr. GRAHAM-ROBERTSON'S drawings the beauty and directness of his illustration of "The Attic" seem worth any three or four of the more ambitious others.

WE all want to distinguish ourselves outside our own peculiar spheres, and Mrs. LEVERSON, like so many other natural humorists, is anxious to be taken seriously. And

I did so take her in *The Limit*; but in her new book, *Tenterhooks* (GRANT RICHARDS), which also deals with a love intrigue *manqué*, she is not quite so successful with her imported gravity. I was never really persuaded to believe in the vagaries of the husband, though the unconscious humour of this futile egoist was always acceptable. It is no matter for surprise that Mrs. LEVERSON knows more of a woman's mind than of a man's, and more of a man's attitude to women than to his own sex. Clearly—and I cannot blame her for this—she has never assisted at the confidences which men impart to one another at their clubs. She seems, indeed, to be less happy with the things that she invents than with those that she observes, and is at her best in those light and frivolous touches with which she seizes superficial eccentricities when she can find a subject to draw from life. The conversational gifts of *Captain Willis*, for instance, are realised in the very briefest sitting: "Do you know, what I always say is—live and let live, and let it go at that; what? But people won't, you know, they won't—and there it is." Her children, too, are most delectable. There is *Archie*, who declines to give direct expression to his revolt against the birth of a baby sister, but conveys it through a figurative medium: "'I had such a lovely dream last night, mother!' 'Did you, pet? How sweet of you! What was it?' 'Oh, nothing much. . . . I dreamt I was in heaven.' 'Really! How delightful. Who was there?' This is always a woman's first question. 'Oh! you were there, of course; and father. . . . Such a nice place.' 'Was Dilly there?' 'Dilly? Er—no—no—she wasn't. She was in the night nursery, with Satan.'" I could wish for more of this gay cynicism, which is Mrs. LEVERSON'S particular possession; but there is enough of it to repay

the reader of *Tenterhooks*, though it may not be the best thing she has yet done.

I am beginning sadly to think that I am more ambitious for Mr. PERCY WHITE than he is for himself. Each time I begin a novel from his fluent pen I say, "This is going to be it," and at the end I have to resign myself to another period of waiting. In *To-Day* (CONSTABLE) he proves once more that no point in the great (or little) social game can escape his eye or his irony, but it is, I hope, permissible to remind him that even the popular sport of snob-baiting may in time become a little tedious. Here he chooses a militant suffragette for his heroine, and decks her with bewitching beauty and charm. It may be argued that *Dulcie Ellice's* opinions were so very up-to-date that she required all the graces her creator could find for her, but all the same I should have respected Mr. WHITE more (even if I loved *Dulcie* less) had he handicapped her with a slight squint or a provincial accent. The way, in fact, is made too easy for her. It is, however, *Dulcie's* influence upon the life of her father and not of her fatherland that gives Mr. WHITE an opportunity to show his admirable sense of comedy. *Randal Ellice* was a pompous M.P., and the struggle between his self-importance and his love for *Dulcie* is told with a wit which has grown mellow and kindlier in the course of years. *To-Day* deals so vividly with topical questions that it is sure to be one of the successes of the season, and if Mr. WHITE is content with that perhaps I ought to be.

Those who lumber and had the good fortune to read that excellent yarn about lumber-jacks, *The Blazed Trail*, with its extraordinarily detailed working up of local colour, will expect in *The Cabin* (NELSON), which is a record of Mr. STEWART EDWARD WHITE's camping methods and musings in a Californian forest, the knowledge, sympathy and skill necessary to make a delightful book of outdoor jollineries. And they won't be disappointed. Mr. WHITE writes charmingly of his friends, man, mule and tree, finned things and feathered, in an unaustrere but, for the most part, authentic English, varied only occasionally by such explosions as "He snapped shut the book." The philosophy of old California *John the Ranger* alone makes the book notable. Of such simple things as an impatient intellectual, engaged in sawing through a log, he has profoundly wise things to say—the kind of thing that strikes you in a flash as significantly true. I should like to quote, but you'll find it in the chapter "On the Conduct of Life." As from all books written by folk who really know their ground, so here one takes not entertainment merely, but knowledge, knowledge specifically of the kind of work involved in that new task of forest conservation in America about which there has been so much controversy.

A confessedly "comic" novel is ticklish handling for the reviewer. To treat it severely is to expose oneself to suspicion of the gravest of all crimes—lack of humour. That is why I approached *The Barmecide's Feast* (LANE) with caution. It is also why I hasten to add about it that I did laugh several times. But not quite so often as the prefatory poem and the wholly delightful pictures had led me to expect. One might perhaps say of Mr. JOHN GORE's book that it apparently represents the savings of a lifetime. I picture the author, whenever he heard or invented a joke, rushing with it to his notes, and saying to himself, "Soon I must make a story that shall hold them all." What the story is that resulted it would be futile for me to attempt to repeat; irresponsibility and the art of talking nonsense, sometimes clever, often medium, and occasionally silly, have here been carried to their limit. It is humorous and original—but the two qualities do not always coincide. Thus to speak of a person who was hanged as having "fallen from

a platform while in conversation with a clergyman" is very obviously jesting of a superior vintage to "I accept your views en Belloc," or "rich beyond reams of averages." But I am growing analytical, an attitude manifestly unfair. Read the book for yourself, laugh as you may, and be thankful. To Mr. ARTHUR PENN at least, who has illustrated it, you will owe unmix'd gratitude.

Prophecy is so often a thankless and disappointing job that it has been a great pleasure to me, who foretold a future for Miss E. H. YOUNG on the appearance of her first novel, to find the promise of this fully sustained by its successor, *Yonder* (HEINEMANN). As a story, it is at once simpler and more kindly. The two families who between them contain almost all its characters are drawn with a most attractive sympathy. The household in the hills, especially, where *Clara Rutherford*, the mother-woman, tends and loves her two men-folk, weak husband and unforgiving son—this is something that I feel the earlier Miss YOUNG could not have created. The town home also, in which *Edward Webb* strives with circumstance to bring up his little daughters, is hardly less successful. There is certainly some quality of distinction in this author's work which everyone must feel, but probably most readers would find it difficult to define. The gift of phrase she has—I had got no further than page 3 when "the fierce steel fingers of the rain," in a mountain landscape, found my imagination, and stayed there. Character-drawing, too; though the chief personages of *Yonder* are hardly (I think) those of every-day life. One finds them over-sensitive, too given to emotional analysis, for that, though none the less interesting. Searching for impressions, I decide that the book has affected me much as a poem might have done; I can hardly describe its spirit of austere romance in any other way.



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.

IV.—AN AGENT TRYING TO INDUCE JULIUS CESAR TO INVEST IN A PATENT COMBINED DESK AND SADDLE FOR THE USE OF OFFICERS WITH A TASTE FOR LITERARY COMPOSITION.