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June 27, 1917, by Various and Owen Seaman**

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**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

Vol. 152.

June 27th, 1917.

CHARIVARIA.

The favourite reading of the Sultan of TURKEY is said to be criminal literature. A gift-book in the shape of a new Life of the KAISER is about to be despatched to him.

KING ALEXANDER

of Greece originally proclaimed that he would "carry out his father's sacred mandate." But when it was pointed out to him that, if this was really his desire, an opportunity of following in his father's footsteps would doubtless be granted him, he tried again.

During the last air raid we are told that the employees of one large firm started singing "Dixie Land." We feel, however, that to combat the enemy's aircraft much sterner measures must be adopted.

"The Huns' diet is low," says a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. But then their tastes are low too.

Writing of the recent Trentino offensive, Mr. HAMILTON FYFE says that several Austrian forts captured by the Italians were built of solid ice. It is time that London had some defences of this character.

The arrival of ex-KING TINO at Lugubrioso, on the Swiss-Italian frontier, has been duly noted.

The LORD MAYOR of London has decided in future to warn the City of impending air raids. Ringing the dinner-bell at the Mansion House, it is thought, is the best way of making City men take to their covers.

A new epidemic, of which "bodily swellings" are the first symptom, is reported by the German papers. And just when the previous epidemic of head-swellings was beginning to subside.

A Marylebone boy, arrested for forgery, told the police that he had made two complete £1 notes out of paper bags. Is this the paper-bag cookery of which we have heard so much?

A market gardener told the Enfield Tribunal that a conscientious objector whom he had employed was found asleep at his work on two successive days. People with highly-strung consciences very rarely enjoy this natural and easy slumber.

The American scientist who claims to have invented a substitute for tobacco cannot have followed the movement of the age. We have been able to obtain twopenny cigars in this country for years.

An applicant who said he had six children has been given six months' exemption. A member of the Tribunal remarked that the exemption would mean one month for each child. This great discovery proved too much for the poor fellow, who is said to have collapsed immediately.

A new ship is being fitted out for Captain AMUNDSEN, who is to proceed shortly with an Arctic exploration party. In case he should discover any new land, arrangements have been made to hold a flag-day for the inhabitants, if any.

Judging by the latest reports the Stockholm Conference is like the gun that they didn't know was loaded.

Because his wife accused him of not loving her, a farmer of Husavik, Manitoba, assaulted her with a pen-knife just to show that he did.

Special "storm troops"—men picked for their youth, vigour and daring, to carry out counter-attacks—are now a feature of the German Armies. Even our ordinary British soldiers, who are constantly compelled to take these brave fellows prisoners, bear witness to the ferocity of their appearance.

Taxes on watering-places, it is announced, will be a feature of the new French Budget. It is feared that this will bear hardly on breweries and dairies.

We are not permitted to publish the name of the Foreign Office official who strolled into a Piccadilly Bar last week and ordered a Clam-Martinic cocktail.

According to a report of the National Physical Laboratory the Tower of London is moving towards the Thames. The hot weather is thought to have something to do with it.

The Board of Agriculture advises the killing of all old cocks and hens. Lively competition between the railway refreshment rooms and the tyre factories should ensure a satisfactory price.

The High Court at the Hague has ordered a new trial in the case of the Editor of the *Telegraaf*, who was sentenced for referring to "a group of rascals in the centre of Europe." The rascality of the persons in question is now deemed to be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The announcement that there will be no more Sunday music at the Zoo has been received with satisfaction by the more conservative residents, who have always complained that the presence of a band tended to reduce the place to the level of a mere circus.

A well-known inn at Effingham having changed its name from the Blücher to the Sir Douglas Haig, it is further suggested that the name of the village should be changed to Biffingham.



"AY, POOR OLD BEN'S ROINED BY THE WAR. ALL 'IS YARNS WOS ABOUT ABOVE-SEA PIRATES!"

How to Cure a Wound.

"A wounded soldier jumped or fell from a passing S.E.R. Red Cross train between Swanley Junction and Bromley to-day. The train was running at about twenty miles an hour. When picked up the man was found to be uninjured."—*Evening Paper*.

TITLE AND HALF-TITLE PAGES.

With a view to economy of paper, the title and half-title pages of the Volume which is completed with the present issue are not being delivered with copies of *Punch* as hitherto; they will however be sent free, by post, upon receipt of a request.

Those readers who have their Volumes bound at the *Punch* Office, or by other binders in the official binding-cases, will not need to apply for copies of the title and half-title pages, as these will be bound in by the *Punch* Office or supplied direct to other binders along with the cases.

[pg 410]

ALGY.

Algy, it must be admitted, is no Adonis, but at least there is something in his great round pudding-face and his cheery idiotic smile which gives one the impression of a warm and optimistic nature.

Algy is humble and not ambitious; but for all that he is doing his bit, just as you and I are doing. He never goes on strike, and if he had any money, which he never does have, I know he would invest it in War Loan. Above all he is not a food-hog; not for him the forbidden potato or the millionaire's beer—no! Against all luxuries Algy has resolutely steeled his voluminous tummy. He has turned into the strictest of teetotalers, and, though a glass of Scotch may bring a wistful look into his eyes, yet he remains captain of his soul, unbroken as ST. ANTHONY.

His job is war-work of the steeliest order, such as very few men would care to undertake. All for the cause he stands, day after day, with a little band of comrades, facing uncomplainingly the most terrible buffetings, so that men may learn from him how to strike terror into the heart of the Hun.

Needless to remark, he is beloved by all the Tommies who inflict such pain upon the region of his gaudy blue waistcoat; he never seems to care and never grouses, but beams down on them undaunted with that quaint old grin of his.

'Twas a great and solemn day when we installed him. Conspicuous by his horrible suit of reach-me-downs, supported on one side by the sergeant-major, on the other by the sergeant, he was led gently but firmly out of his billet and initiated into his honourable task.

Algy has but one grievance. He wants badly to sport a few golden stripes on his cuff. He is modest and does not push himself forward, but as he has several times been severely wounded he thinks it only fair that he should receive the coveted distinction. But the authorities will not grant his simple request because, they say, he has shed no blood.

He has outlived all his compeers; lesser men may succumb but Algy goes on. One day, I suppose, he will meet the common fate; but may that sorry day be far ahead. For we could ill spare our Algy—our dear old bayonet dummy!

"INDIAN WAR LOAN.—The amount applied for in Rangoon yesterday was Rs. 00,000, making the progressive total Rs. 00,00,000."—*Rangoon Times*.

Nothing to boast about.

THE BAN ON RACING.

Dear MR. PUNCH,—In this bitter controversy I hope that a few moderate and impartial words from one, like myself, who sees clearly both sides of the question, may not be out of place. In any case I feel it is incumbent upon me to do all I can to avert the dire consequences of the frightful catastrophe that has fallen upon us through the mad act of an insensate War Cabinet. I can only say that if this is to be our spirit we are indeed defeated. Where is our devotion to manly sports, so potent in the moulding of our National character? What has become of our immemorial Right to Look On? Where is our boasted liberty, deprived as we are now to be of a chance to find the winner? What did WELLINGTON say of Waterloo? and MARLBOROUGH of Blenheim? and BOTTOMLEY of the Battle of the Somme? By what perversity of reasoning are we thus to asphyxiate the best instincts of our race?

We are said to be fighting for all that we hold sacred. Yet there is nothing that is held more sacred in every cottage home throughout the land than the Preservation of our Bloodstock. Let us not deceive ourselves. It is our supremacy in Bloodstock alone that makes possible the governess car, the milk van, the brewer's dray, the very plough itself. These are fundamental facts.

It has been suggested that, in order to avoid the assembling of frivolous crowds in war-time, races might be run in private. But that is quite impracticable. Only on the public racecourse can the lofty virtues of our British Bloodstock be displayed. The exciting presence of the crowd is absolutely essential to tune up its nerve and temper. Already our Bloodstock has suffered cruelly from gaps in the Grand Stand.

Then again there are some who actually complain that petrol is consumed in large quantities by those attending race meetings. Are we to put new heart into our enemies by letting it be known that we are short of petrol?

And finally there are some who so little understand the qualities of the Thoroughbred as to suggest that gambling should be stopped in war-time. The horse, unlike the Cabinet, is intelligent. Can he be expected to exhibit his priceless qualities of speed and stamina if no one puts his money up?

I need say no more. Such flippant legislation is bad enough at any time; during the Armageddon period it is little short of treason. One wonders when our Government will begin to realise that we are at war.

I am,
Yours helpfully, as usual,
STATISTICIAN.

THE DIARY OF A CO-ORDINATOR.

June 17th.—Flew in an aeroplane to Los Angeles and correlated the industrial functions of the East and West. Returned to the White House for dinner, and co-ordinated grape juice with lemonade and Perrier.

June 18th.—Breakfasted with HEARST and co-ordinated him for half-an-hour with the editor of *New York Life*, a task needing the highest diplomatic qualities. Flew to Harvard and delivered lecture on Mr. BALFOUR'S Theology as correlated with his style in golf. A great reception. Despatched report by wireless to London, Paris and Petrograd. Returned to New York in the afternoon and co-ordinated UPTON SINCLAIR, Colonel ROOSEVELT, TUMULTY and CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

June 19th.—In the morning dictated articles for the *Novoe Vremya*, *Matin* and *Corriere della Sera*, emphasizing the need of co-operative cosmopolitan co-ordination. Flew to Chicago to deliver supplementary lecture to that given by ARTHUR BALFOUR on ARISTOTLE. Took for my subject "Aerial Trade Routes, as co-ordinated with Terra-firma Routes for Motor-lorries." Enthusiastic reception. Co-ordinative cold collation at 9 P.M. at Philadelphia with GOMPERS, ROCKEFELLER, Mrs. ATHERTON and BILLY SUNDAY.

June 20th.—Dictated article on the New Diplomacy for *The New York Journal*. In the afternoon co-ordinated the tenets of Shin-Toism, Christian Science and Mormonism. A heavy day.

June 21st.—Much annoyed by report of CURZON'S extraordinary speech in the House of Lords. Called at the White House and the British Embassy to put matters right, and sent wireless to CURZON: "Nothing 'succeeds' like success."

“‘Another medical certificate, Sir; you can't read them,' remarked a solicitor to the chairman at the Devon Appeal Tribunal (Exeter Panel), as he sought to decipher the hand-mark, 'You won't be able to read it.' The handed to Lieutenant Stirling, with the re-viously in the day a certificate had been writing on one of those documents. Pre-resourceful military representative, however, thought he might succeed, and made the attempt.”—*Exeter Express and Echo*.

Standing on his head, we suppose.

Extract from a report of a sermon by Father BERNARD VAUGHAN:—

"They might as well go on to one of the main lines and attempt to stop one of the engines gorging from Euston to Edinburgh."—*Express and Echo (Exeter)*.

Perhaps it would be wiser to refer the matter to the FOOD-CONTROLLER.



A GOOD RIDDANCE.

[The KING has done a popular act in abolishing the German titles held by members of His Majesty's family.]



Bluejacket (on torpedo-boat that has only just avoided collision with a neutral steamer). "I KNOW YOU LOVE ME, ALFONSO, BUT THERE'S NO BLINKIN' NEED TO TRY AND KISS ME EVERY TIME WE MEET."

JUST SAILORS.

Betty, having made an excellent breakfast, thank you, slipped from her chair and sidled round the table to me. Her father's guests are, naturally and without exception, Betty's slaves, to do with as she deems best. To her they are known, regardless of age, either by their Christian names or as "Mr. —er." I had enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance for five years, but was still included in the second category.

Betty has an appealing eye, freckles, and most fascinating red-gold hair, and on the morning of which I write, after preparing the attack with the first, she gently massaged my face with the second and third, the while insinuating into my own a small hand not innocent of marmalade. Betty is seven or thereabouts. "Mr. —er," she said, "what shall we be to-day?"

"Let us," I replied hastily, "pretend to be not quite at our best this morning, and have a quiet time in the deck-chairs on the lawn." Betty very naturally paid no regard whatever to this cowardly suggestion.

"I'm not quite sure," she said, "if we will be pirates or soldiers or just sailors. What do you think?"

Pirates sounded rather strenuous for so hot a day. Soldiers, I felt sure, involved my becoming a German prisoner and parading the garden paths with my arms up, crying "Kamerad!" while Betty, gun in hand, shepherded and prodded me from behind. Just sailors, on the other hand, smacked of gentle sculling exercise in the dinghy on the lake, so I said, "Let's be just sailors."

But a sailor's life, as interpreted by Betty, is no rest cure. On land it includes an exaggerated rolling gait—itsself somewhat fatiguing—and intervals of active participation in that most exacting dance, the hornpipe, to one's own whistling accompaniment. At odd moments, also, it appears that the best sailors double briskly to such melodies as "Tipperary" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

It was only when we arrived by the lake-side that Betty observed my gumboots; instantly a return to the house in search of Daddy's nautical footgear was necessitated. This, though generous in dimensions, was finally induced to remain in position on Betty's small feet, her own boots being, of course, retained.

The dinghy was launched and, after a little preliminary wading in the gum-boots, the crew embarked. Betty's future profession will, I am sure, be that of quick-change artist. In less than ten minutes she had risen from cabin-boy to skipper, *viâ* ordinary seaman, A.B., bo'sun and various grades of mate. My rank, which had at the outset been that of admiral, as speedily declined, until I was merely the donkey-engine greaser, whose duties appeared to include that of helmsman (Betty is not yet an adept with two sculls).

Our vessel also changed its character with lightning rapidity. It was in turn a ferry-boat—imitation of passengers descending the gangway by rhythmical patting of hand on thwart; a hospital ship chased by a submarine—cormorant's neck and head naturally mistaken for periscope; a destroyer attacking a submarine—said cormorant kindly obliging with quick diving

act when approached; a food-ship laden with bananas represented by rushes culled from the banks; and a smuggler running cargoes of French wine contained in an elderly empty bottle discovered in the mud above high-water mark. It was breathless work.

The disaster occurred when Betty, against my maturer judgment, insisted upon the exploration on foot of a mangrove swamp on the shore of a cannibal-infested South Sea island. The immediate cause was a suddenly developed attachment on the part of one of Daddy's sea-boots to the mud on the lake-side. The twain refused to be parted, and the youthful explorer measured her length in the mire.

[pg 413]

Generously overlooking my carelessness in not warning her that we were traversing a quicksand, Betty, rather shaken, very muddy and with a suspicion of tears in her voice, bound me by a blood-curdling nautical oath not to breathe a word of the mishap to Mummy, Daddy or Miss Watt, her governess. The pledge having been given, Betty, the offending boots discarded, fled to her own room by way of the back-door.

It was then twelve o'clock, and in the hour that remained before luncheon I was fertile in excuses for Betty's absence from the scene; in fact, the necessity for concealing the calamity quite marred what should have been a time of well-earned relaxation.

At last we sat down to the midday meal, and the members of the house-party began to relate their morning's adventures. Finally some thoughtless person said, "Well, Betty, and what mischief have you been up to?"

Betty, quite recovered and with a radiant smile, replied, "Oh, Mr. —er and I had a scrumptious time on the lake. We were sailors—just sailors—and did all sorts of lovely things, didn't we, Mr. —er?"

I agreed, and Betty went on to her peroration:

"And at the very end Mr. —er was a tiger and I was a little small boy, and he jumped on me out of the bushes and knocked me down in the mud" [O Betty! O unjust sailor!], "and Miss Watt came in as I was changing my things. It *was* splendid, wasn't it—Reggie?"

Per ardua ad astra. I had won my promotion to the commissioned ranks of the Christian names.

WIMMIN.

Behind wi' the sowin',
An' rent-day to meet,
For first time o' knowin'
John Buckham was beat;
Torpedoed an' swimmin'
An' fairly done in,
When someone said, "Wimmin
Would suit ye at Lynn."

Dal Midwood, at Mutcham,
Who runs by old rules,
Said, "John, don't 'ee touch em—
A pa'sel o' fules
Aye dabbin' an' trimmin'
Wi' powder an' pin;
No, don't 'ee have wimmin,
John Buckham, at Lynn."

Well, back wi' the sowin',
An' rent-day to meet,
I had to get goin'
Or own I were beat.
The banks needed trimmin';
The roots wasn't in;
'Twas either take wimmin
Or walk out o' Lynn.

They came. They was pretty
An' white o' the hand,
But good-heart an' gritty
An' chockful o' sand;
Wi' energy brimmin'
Right up to the chin—
An' that sort o' wimmin
Was welcome at Lynn.

At ploughin' they're able,

Or drainin' a fen,
They'll muck out a stable
As well as the men.
Their praises I'm hymnin',
For where would ha' bin,
If it weren't for the wimmin,
John Buckham, at Lynn?

W.H.O.



Mrs. Green. to Mrs. Jones (who is gazing at an aeroplane). "My word! I SHOULDN'T CARE FOR ONE OF THEM FLYING THINGS TO SETTLE ON ME."

"The Cairo Governorate has engaged white-washers to whiten plate-forms of points from which streets branch which will be compelled by the end of next week, before the commencement of the gaz lanterns decrease take place."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

The Sphinx has been requested to furnish an explanation.

Our Indomitables.

"THE ENGLISH GIRL.

STANDING IN WITNESS-BOX WITHOUT A QUIVER.

Rose —, sixty-seven, — road, South Tottenham, a young girl, was a witness in a London county court when the boom of guns and detonation of bombs were heard."—*Daily Paper*.

Our English girls to-day are only as old as they feel.

"Mrs. A. Thomson writes a vigorous protest against the carelessness with which the W.F.L. resolution urging the Prime Minister to make Woman Suffrage an integral part

of the Bill, was acknowledged on his behalf. The acknowledgment was as follows:—

'I am directed by the Prime Minister to acknowledge the receipt of the resolution which you have forwarded on the subject of the formation of a Maternity Department in the new Ministry of Health.'"—*The Vote*.

But was it carelessness, or humour?

[pg 414]

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*Herr Schultze and Herr Müller, privates in a Prussian regiment of Infantry.*)

Schultze. Leave will soon be over now and we shall have to go back to the fighting.

Müller. Yes; it is not a very cheerful prospect.

Schultze. No; that is a very true saying. And, what is more, there seems no possible end to this War, though (*dropping his voice and looking round*) we all hate it from the bottom of our hearts.

Müller. Yes, we all hate it. Indeed the hatred between me and the War gets worse and worse every day. I don't care who hears me.

Schultze. Don't be too bold; one never knows who may be listening.

Müller. It is to become mad. Why did we ever let the ALL-HIGHEST MAJESTY begin such a war? We were all so comfortable, and then suddenly the Austrian ARCHDUKE gets himself murdered and, piff-paff, we Germans must go to war against Russia and France and England. I am very sorry for the ARCHDUKE, but there were other Archdukes to supply his place, and even if there had not been I do not think he himself was worth the four millions of killed, wounded and prisoners whom we have lost since the guns began to go off.

Schultze. It is terrible to think of. And the sausages get worse and worse, and the beer costs more and more and is not like beer at all.

Müller. And the English have good guns and plenty of them, and know colossally well how to use them; and they have millions of men—more than we have; and their soldiers are brave—almost as brave as our own soldiers. They have certainly won some victories, it seems.

Schultze. So it seems; but our Generals have not told us much about it.

Müller. And we all thought they had only a contemptible little army.

Schultze. Yes, that was what the ALL-HIGHEST said.

Müller. The ALL-HIGHEST has also said several times that our soldiers would be back in their homes before the leaves fell from the trees, and here are you and I doomed to go away from our homes in the third year of the war. It would be better, I think, if the ALL-HIGHEST did not always speak so much and tried honestly to bring us a good solid peace.

Schultze (with a deep sigh). Peace? I do not think we shall ever have peace again. And the winning of victories seems to push it always further away from us. At that rate what is the use of victories?

Müller. Then you don't believe that the U-boats can starve England into surrender?

Schultze. Certainly I don't. Do you know anyone that does believe in that fairy story? All that the U-boats have really effected up to the present has been to bring in America on the side of our enemies.

Müller. That doesn't matter. The Americans have no army.

Schultze. Wasn't that what we said about the English? You yourself said it as loudly as anyone else at the beginning.

Müller. The fact is this War has gone on too long. A war for six weeks, that one can endure; but when it goes on for years—

Schultze. Yes, that is not so pleasant, though the KAISER is always talking about hacking through and having an iron fist and being a wall of steel and other things of that sort.

Müller. Oh, he! I'm tired to death of his speeches and his prancing about. Again I say I don't care who hears me. We have done enough for glory; isn't there something we can do for peace?

Schultze. No, nothing—and you know it. It is more likely we shall end in prison if we talk like this.



"I WARN YOU, SIR! THE DISCOURTESY OF THIS BANK IS BEYOND ALL LIMITS. ONE WORD MORE AND I—I WITHDRAW MY OVERDRAFT."

"NAVAL APPOINTMENTS.

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE.

Mr. J.R. MACDONALD entered as Skipper (temp.)—*The Times*.

If this is how the Government hopes to get the Member for Leicester to Petrograd there is still the difficulty of enlisting a crew (temp.)

"Successful raids were carried out by us during the night east of Lagnicourt (two or three metres south of Bullecourt)."—*Evening Times and Echo*.

For the sake of precision we could have wished that the measurement had been worked out to inches.

"Thousands on foot and in every kind of vehicle visited the grisly relic. A Sunday school teacher marched the girls of her class to the place. Some 80ft. of her nose-end is stuck aslant in the air."—*Daily Mail*.

Not every woman is so well-equipped for showing contempt of the enemy.

"Wanted, Coachman-Chauffeur, 'Over-land' Car (Protestant), over military age."—*Londonderry Sentinel*.

Whatever its religion a car of this age must be almost past praying for.

"The sort of women who literally make ducks and drakes of their duty as the family administrator."—*Spectator*.

Having regard to the high price of poultry might not the new Food-Controller get these women to explain how they do it?

The Buffer's Vindication.

I haven't fought, I haven't dug, I've worn no special caps,
Too little has my country, sure, had from me;
But I've never talked of "strafe-ing" anyone for any lapse,
And I've never called a fighting man a "Tommy."



*Old Soldier (trying to "swing the lead"). "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T NEITHER EAT, SLEEP NOR DRINK, SIR."
M.O. (in a spasm of enthusiasm). "MY GOOD MAN! THE ARMY WANTS A BATTALION LIKE YOU!"*

THE WATCH DOGS.

LXII.

MY DEAR CHARLES

,—I've become so artful these days in disguising identities under assumed names that I'm hanged if I can remember myself which of my people is which. Still I daresay your own memory isn't too good, so we'll call him Ross this time, and trust to luck that that is what we called him last time. He is that one of my friends and fellow sinners who was plugging along nicely at the Bar in 1914, and was just about to take silk, when he changed his mind, came to France and got mixed up in what he calls "this vulgar brawl on the Continent." After nearly three years of systematic warfare in the second line he has at last achieved the rank of full lieutenant, which is not so bad for a growing lad of forty-five; and is running one of those complicated but fascinating side-shows which, to oblige Their Exigencies, we have to label Queer Trades, and leave at that.

Whether his department is or is not making history it is certainly one which calls for a vast amount of special knowledge in its *personnel*. Ross, having been at the Bar, knows nothing and knows that he knows nothing, but is able to pretend to know just enough to keep his end up with Thos. J. Brown, who, disguised as a corporal, really runs the business. "Our Mr. Brown," as Ross calls him, is one of those nice old gentlemen who wear large spectacles and cultivate specialist knowledge on the intensive system. Owing to his infallibility in all details and upon all occasions he was much sought after in peace time by the larger commercial houses. When War broke out our Mr. Brown disdained peace. He made at once for the Front; but his aged legs, though encased in quite the most remarkable puttees in France, were found to be less reliable than his head, and he was held up on his way to the trenches and diverted to the stool of Ross's office.

He began by putting some searching and dreadfully intelligent questions to Ross; dissatisfied with Ross's answers, he concentrated his mind on the business for twenty-four consecutive hours, at the end of which period he was the master of it in more senses than one. Since that time Ross has ensured the efficient running of his office by keeping out of it when it is busy. When for appearance sake he has to be there he does as his Mr. Brown tells him, and never wastes the latter's time by arguing.

In the Army, all fleas have bigger fleas upon their backs to bite 'em. Were this not so somebody would have to act upon his own responsibility, and that, as you will admit, would make war an impossibility. Accordingly in every department there is a series of authorities, starting with "other ranks" at the bottom, proceeding in an ascending scale of dignity and worth, and disappearing through a cloud of Generals into an infinite of which no man knoweth the nature.

Thus, with Ross's business (to take the tail end of it) the letter which the Corporal writes the Lieutenant signs on behalf of the Major. It is when the Major wants to do something more active that trouble arises. Let us take an incidental matter of administrative detail for example, setting it forth, as all military matters should be set forth, in paragraphs, separately numbered:—

1. Lt. Ross possessed a bicycle, motor, one. No. 54321 L/Cpl. Burt possessed feet, two, only. Ross had no occasion, ability or disposition to ride a motor bicycle. No. 54321 could neither do his business nor enjoy life afoot. Accordingly, No. 54321 rode the bicycle, while, for the purposes of what is known to better people than ourselves as Establishment, Ross owned it. But that was in the good old days, before Traffic and Police and all the Others interested themselves.

2. The first thing Traffic did was to say that all owners of motor bicycles must own cards, and produce them when demanded. That was easy: No. 54321 got the card. Then Police issued some vague but menacing literature with regard to the fate of people who stole other people's property or failed to stick to their own. There was no difficulty about this; Ross publicly fathered the thing.

3. Traffic, issuing new cards, said next that all owners of cards must also own bicycles. Realising the quandary, Ross was for saying he wouldn't play any more, but would declare a separate peace. His Mr. Brown however got up a long and intricate correspondence, at the end of which Ross was still owner and No. 54321 was still rider; both had cards, and all the authorities had, unknowingly, made themselves parties to the fraud.

Suddenly the Major declared his intention of putting the whole of Ross's establishment (including bicycle) on what he called a satisfactory basis by a series of orders which he proposed to draft himself. Ross, always ready to be put on a satisfactory basis by anybody, took note of the draft, and laid it before his Mr. Brown. The latter was aghast, and proved, by infallible reasons, the fatal results which would follow if the matter was stirred up. Ross made a careful note of the reasons, and laid them before the Major. The Major explained gently that discipline was discipline. And so Ross went to and fro between the two, until the Major said, "Really, Ross!" and his Mr. Brown said, "I'm very sorry, Sir, but there it is;" and yet Ross couldn't sack his Major, and he couldn't break away from his Mr. Brown.

He was between the Devil and the Deep Sea. What was he to do about it? Well, he just told the Deep Sea to keep calm a little longer, and went and waited outside the Devil's Mess. He saluted and asked the Devil if he'd care to come for a walk, and, the latter consenting, he led him to the Deep Sea. Then, when the Devil himself had been introduced to the Deep Sea itself, Ross slipped off and left them in his office to fix it up between themselves.

Ross dined with the Major that night, and the latter said he wasn't feeling at all well. The way Ross's Mr. Brown had licked his thumb and the lightning speed with which he had turned up exactly the right correspondence, office minute or Routine Order, had nearly given the Major heart disease. Besides, he'd lost the argument. "I was too heavily handicapped from the start," said he, "by not being in a position to lick *my* thumb or to stick *my* pencil behind my ear."

It was a good idea to introduce the Major and Mr. Brown, wasn't it, Charles? The Major says he was the first to suggest it, and Ross is careful to leave the credit with the Major, because he is sure that the idea really originated in the fertile and masterful brain of his Mr. Brown.

Yours ever,

HENRY.



MISS DAISY DIMPLE, THE REVUE FAVOURITE, SELLS FLAGS.

Another Impending Apology.

From a South African Parish Magazine:—

"Many thanks to the Rev. — and the Rev. — for coming to St. — during the past month. The Rector went off to Clifton and Park Town, and enjoyed the change almost as much as the congregation."

"A bird flew into Willesden Court yesterday and perched above the magistrate's head.

Alderman Pinkham: 'It's not often we 'get the bird' on the bench.'"

But the "Beak" is there all the time.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS: LATEST INVERSION.

{CONSERVATISM, LIBERALISM, LABOUR.} "DON'T FORGET, DEAR LADY, WHEN THE TIME COMES, THAT IT WAS I WHO GAVE YOU THE APPLE."

[pg 418]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 18th.—Arising out of the dethronement of TINO a cloud-burst of questions descended upon Lord ROBERT CECIL, who took refuge under a wide-spreading umbrella of official ignorance. Mr. LYNCH was annoyed because his question whether the Allies would oppose the foundation of a Greek Republic was dismissed as "hypothetical," but Lord ROBERT assured him that there was "nothing abusive" in the epithet. But is that so? Suppose he were to describe Mr. LYNCH as a "hypothetical statesman"?

A detailed history of a Canterbury lamb, from its purchase in New Zealand at $6\frac{3}{8}d.$ a pound to its sale to the British butcher at $10\frac{1}{2}d.$, was given by Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS. He threw no light, however, on the problem why it should double in price before reaching the consumer. This is engaging the anxious consideration of Lord RHONDDA, who declares that there is no adequate economic reason why Little Mary should have only a little lamb.

In the House of Commons as in a music-hall you can always get a laugh by referring to "the lodger." Whether the lodger, who is considered quite good enough to vote for a mere Member of Parliament, should also be allowed a voice in the election of really important people like town councillors was the theme of animated discussion. It ended ultimately in the lodger's favour, with the proviso that the apartments he occupies should be unfurnished. On such niceties does the British Constitution depend.

Tuesday, June 19th.—Mr. BALFOUR received a warm welcome from all sections of the House on making his first appearance after his return from America. Even the ranks of Tuscany, on the Irish benches, could not forbear to cheer their old opponent. Besides securing American gold for his country, he has transferred some American bronze to his own complexion, and has, if anything, sharpened his faculty for skilful evasion and polite repartee by his encounters with Transatlantic journalists.

In the course of the daily catechism on the subject of air-raids Mr. MACMASTER inquired, "Why is it that Paris appears to be practically immune, while London is not?" The answer came, not from

the Front Bench, but from the Chair, and was delivered in a tone so low that even the Official Reporter failed to catch it. That is a pity, because it furnishes a useful hint for Ministers. In future, when posed with futile or embarrassing questions about the War, let them follow the SPEAKER'S example, and simply say, "You must ask the KAISER!"



THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.
Sir Frederick Smith. "WHAT'S THE GOOD OF STRUGGLING?"

In a perfectly free division, in which Ministers and ex-Ministers were mixed up together in both Lobbies, woman's right to be registered as a Parliamentary elector was affirmed by 385 votes to 55. Some capital speeches were made on both sides, but if any of them turned a vote it was probably the cynical admission of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that he was as much opposed to female suffrage as ever, but meant to vote for it because it was bound to come. This probably had an even greater effect upon the average Member, who is not an idealist, than the nutshell novelette in which Lord



Literary Dame (at bookstall). "HAVE YOU ANY BOOKS BY THAT RISING YOUNG NOVELIST, LORD HUGH CECIL?"

HUGH CECIL lightly outlined the possible future of the female politician.

Wednesday, June 20th.—Military metaphors come naturally to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH. Yet I cannot think he was happily inspired when, in reminding the farmers of their duty to put more land under the plough, he compared the compulsory powers of the Board of Agriculture to a sword in its scabbard, and hoped there would be no necessity to rattle it. Everybody knows that the sword in question is a converted ploughshare, and that it rests with the War Office to turn it back again.

Last night fifty-five Members resisted Votes for Women. By this afternoon twenty-five of them had so far changed their minds as to protest against the limitation of the privilege to women over thirty. Major ROWLAND HUNT, convinced that women would soon vote themselves into the House, expressed a naïve preference for "young 'uns."

Thursday, June 21st.—During Sir EDWARD GREY'S long tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship he rarely visited the House of Commons more than twice a week. Until his voyage to the United States, Mr. BALFOUR was even less attentive to his Parliamentary duties and left most of the "donkey-work"—if one may so describe the business of answering the questions of curious Members—to Lord ROBERT CECIL. Since his return Mr. BALFOUR has developed a new zest for this pastime, and to-day for the third time in succession appeared in his place. Everybody is pleased to see him there, except perhaps the curious Members aforesaid, who find him even more chary of information than his deputy. Had not the PRESIDENT of the United States said something about Alsace-Lorraine? ventured Corporal LEES-SMITH. Mr. BALFOUR, fresh from the White House, blandly replied, "I do not propose to discuss President WILSON'S Notes."

The notion, prevalent at the beginning of the War, that every German waiter was an emissary of the KAISER, only awaiting "The Day" when he should return to take a full revenge for meagre gratuities, still subsists in certain minds. Mr. BROOKES was manifestly disappointed when Dr. MACNAMARA assured him that the aeronaut captured in the recent raid was not, as he supposed, one of these returned Ganymedes, but was making his first appearance on English soil.

"A small fire at a variety theatre burnt some dresses all up, but the revue went on as usual."—*Berrow's Worcester Journal*.

No need to worry over little things like that.



Long-suffering Sergeant. "WE GOT ANOTHER ARF-HOUR TO GO YET. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YER."
Rookie (suggestively). "THERE'S SOME TREES OVER THERE, SERGEANT."
Sergeant. "YES, I KNOW. BUT THERE AIN'T ANY ROPES."

TO FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

JUNE 19TH, 1917.

Sir, though in dealing with the strong and straight
 Of sentiment one cannot be too thrifty,
 Still, after reading your despatch—the date
 Chimes with your birthday, *ætat* six-and-fifty—
 A humble rhymer, though denied by fate
 Possession of the high poetic "giftie,"
 May yet express the hope it won't displease you
 To see yourself as one plain person sees you.

Some call you cold, because you are not prone
 To bursts of eloquence or flights of feeling;
 You do not emulate the fretful tone
 Of those who turn from boastfulness to squealing;
 Your temperament, I am obliged to own,
 Is not expansive, Celtic, self-revealing;
 But some of us admire you none the less
 For your laconic simple truthfulness.

No doubt you would provide far better "copy"
 To the industrious drivers of the quill
 If you were more emotional and sloppy,
 More richly dowered with journalistic skill;
 To make despatches blossom like the poppy
 You never have essayed and never will;
 In short, you couldn't earn a pound a week
 As a reporter on *The Daily Shriek*.

Frugal in speech, yet more than once impelled
 To utter words of confidence and cheer,
 Whereat some dismal publicists rebelled
 As premature, ill-founded, insincere—
 Words none the less triumphantly upheld
 By Victory's verdict, resonantly clear,
 Words that inspired misgiving in the foe
 Because you do not prophesy—you *know*;

Steadfast and calm, unmoved by blame or praise,
 By local checks or Fortune's strange caprices,

You dedicate laborious nights and days
To shattering the Hun machine to pieces;
And howsoe'er at times the battle sways
The Army's trust in your command increases;
Patient in preparation, swift in deed,
We find in you the leader that we need.

"The temperature in Berlin yesterday was 131 degrees Centigrade, which is the highest temperature since 1848."—*Daily Dispatch*.

Equal to about 268 degrees Fahr. and quite hot enough to keep the Imperial Potsdam boiling.

"A correspondent who knows a great deal about the coal trade says there is going to be great difficulty in obtaining coal during the coming winter."—*Torquay Times*.

This will confirm the belief that the shortage of fuel is not unassociated with the vested interests.

"We, on the other hand, are just as much entitled, under any sane code of morals, to bombard Kerman towns as to shoot German soldiers on the field."—*The Globe*.

We think, however, that the inhabitants of these Persian towns might reasonably object to such vicarious reprisals.

[pg 420]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

Our moorland novelists are of two schools. One of them depicts the dwellers on these heights as a superior race, using a vocabulary half Biblical, half minor-poetic, in which to express the most exalted sentiments; the other draws a picture of upland domesticity comparable to that found in a cage of hyenas. Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, though he is too skilled an artist to overdo the colouring, inclines (I am bound to say) so much towards the former method that I confess to an uneasy doubt, at times, whether any human families could maintain existence on the same plane of nobility as, for example, the *Holts* in his latest romance, *Lonesome Heights* (WARD, LOCK). These *Holts* were a race of farmer-squires, and in the book you see their development through two generations: the masterful old man and his twin sons. This is all the tale; a simple enough record, but full of the dignity and beauty which make the reading of any story by this author a refreshment to irritated nerves. Towards the end some space is devoted to the fight to abolish child-labour in the dale mills; there is also a scandal, and the fastening of blame upon the wrong brother; no very great matter. It is for such scenes as that of the death of old *Holt*, and his last words to the horse that has thrown him, that *Lonesome Heights* will earn its place on your library list.

The Dice of the Gods (HEATH, CRANTON) is not, as the title suggests, something rather thrilling in the way of romantic fiction, but one of those dispassionate novels in which the author, through the medium of his puppets, gently scourges the follies of society. *William van der Beck*, whose fictional house of clay very obviously clothes the spiritual essence of the author, Mr. LUCIAN DE ZILWA, returns to his native Colombo with a liberal education, to find that the life and thought of the strange Indo-European bourgeoisie to which he belongs by birth present no alluring features. In point of fact the ambitions and hypocrisies, pretences and prejudices of the Cingalese "burgher" with the tell-tale finger-nails are merely those of Bristol or Amsterdam evolved under Colonial conditions. *Jack van der Beck*, for example, the pompous medical ass with a flourishing practice among the local nabobs, can be found in every provincial town in Europe. *The Dice of the Gods* has no plot worthy of the name, but Mr. DE ZILWA has both satire and philosophy at his command, and a flair for atmosphere. His scenery and "props" too will be new even to the most hardened novel-reader. He paints a vivid Oriental background with which the semi-Western civilization of his characters alternately blends and contrasts rather effectively.

Mr. TRESIDDER SHEPPARD'S *The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan* (DUCKWORTH) is one of those half-sequels of which, while it remains true that You Can Start Here, you will get a better grip with some previous knowledge of the earlier story about the same people. Not that your hold upon the present book will, even then, be other than slightly precarious. For my own part I seldom met anything so elusive. I freely grant that it is original, thoughtful and provocative, but the effect it produces is rather like that of *Jaberwocky* upon *Alice* ("It fills me with ideas, only I don't know what they are!"). At first one seemed in for a comedy of disillusion. *Ledgar* and *Mary*, united, are met with in the process of living unhappily ever after. This is clear enough, human (unfortunately) and amusing. It was, for one thing, *Mary's* habit of misquotation that got upon *Ledgar's* nerves. "Alas, poor Garrick!" was one of her typical lapses. Nor was *Ledgar* himself more of a success with *Mary*, who found him (and here my sympathies went over to her) lacking in force and coherence. But as *Mary* eloped with somebody else at the end of part one she hadn't

my prolonged experience of *Ledgar's* incomprehensibility. Nor did the question of his semi-lunatic friend worry her, or the whole problem of what, if anything, was the motive of the book. Eventually he is shown pairing off with his earlier love, *Winnie*; and I am bound to say that she too has my sympathy. I should sum up by saying that the analysis of introspective egotism, however subtly done, can make at best only an exasperating story.

In *By the Waters of Africa* (ROBERT SCOTT) MISS NORMA LORIMER has described her British East African travels in a series of letters, in which she shows a very real sense of style and a delightful assumption of her own unimportance. To people suffering from the books of travellers who seem more anxious to air themselves than to give impressions of the countries through which they have passed, it will be a pure relief to find an author who suppresses herself and really gets on with her business. Thanks to her friends, whose kindness she frankly acknowledges, Miss LORIMER was able to see native life under conditions impossible to a less privileged traveller, and she misses no feature in it that is either humorous or enlightening. It is a model book of its kind, valuable up to a certain point and always pleasant to read. Some of the author's adventures might easily have excused a reckless use of notes of exclamation. But only once does she give way to this weakness, and this I pardon her, for I should always use one myself on the eve of starting for the Mountains of the Moon.



NEW SPORTS FOR OLD.
SNAIL-STALKING IN THE SUBURBS.

For the Honeymoon?

"Lady wants quiet summer accommodation; near bees."—*Scotsman*.



MR. PUNCH IN RUSSIA.

In the last Epilogue, where Mr. Punch was described as paying a call upon our brave soldiers in a German prison-camp, I confessed that I didn't understand how he got there in the body. To-day I have to report a far simpler enterprise. This time he has merely been on a mission to Russia. Anybody can do that, unless the Sailors' and Firemen's Union mistake him for Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and no one has yet made this error in respect of Mr. Punch.

His brilliant mastery of the Russian language is a harder thing to believe; but, as nothing is said of an interpreter, I must suppose that he had been quietly and painfully taking lessons in this very difficult tongue. Anyhow, you must picture him, at some spot not specified, addressing a concourse of enthusiastic Revolutionaries. I propose to give a brief summary of his speech, from which you will gather that he spoke to them like a father, and that, while he showed a cordial sympathy with the cause of Russian freedom, he did not hesitate to deliver himself of some very straight home-truths.

"Friends, Russians, Allies," he began; "I come on behalf of my fellow-countrymen" (you know his touching way of regarding himself as the medium of the best intelligence to be found in the British Empire) "to convey their affectionate sympathy with you in your triumph over the tyranny of Tsardom. At first we took the natural and hopeful view that your Revolution, supported by all that was noblest in all ranks of your society, was the result of bitter dissatisfaction with the conduct of the War, and with the secret and sinister enemy influences which were at work to ruin your chances in the common fight against Kaiserism.

"Yet it was immediately followed by wholesale desertions from the firing-line and a general disintegration of military discipline. It seems, then, that we were wrong; for otherwise it would be a curious irony that a movement designed for the better conduct of the War should produce a complete stagnation on your fighting fronts; or, to look at it from another point of view, that a Revolution which owed its success to the War, since, in such a war as this, the Army and the nation are one, should have, for its immediate consequence, an apparent failure on your part to remember the purpose for which the War is being fought.

"No doubt many motives were at work, and it was perhaps natural that in the joy of your new-found freedom you should be tempted to forget the conditions that had made it possible, and to regard the War as something outside and remote, and its importance as small compared with the achievement of internal liberty.

"Well, we have tried patiently to see things with your eyes, and now you in your turn must please make an effort to see them with ours. From the first, when we in England took on this War, we recognised that the country which was bound to get most good out of it was Russia. For her we

hoped that it was to be in the fullest sense a War of Liberation. Your Allies would win liberty from external menace, but you would also see the bonds of internal tyranny broken. The TSAR, the little father of his people, had a chance, such as falls to few, of giving to his nation something of the true freedom that we in England know.

"He missed his chance. We will not ask why, but he missed it. Yet by other means the War has been for you a War of Liberation, and, if you break your pledge to see it through, you do not deserve your freedom. Nay more, you run the risk of losing it; or, if, through the steadfastness of your sworn Allies, you keep it, then you keep it at the cost of sacrificing the friendship and sympathy of all free nations who are fighting in the cause of liberty; and, on those terms, your own freedom is not worth having.

"Some of you argue that Russia's pledge to her Allies was an Imperialist pledge and that you have the right to ignore it. Have you forgotten so soon that the prime cause of Russia's entry into this quarrel was that Austria had threatened to crush a free nation, Serbia, whose race and faith are yours? Besides, a pledge like that is still a pledge, though governments may change. Would you have it so that no people, from this time on, shall trust the word of Russia for fear that a new *régime* might repudiate it?

"We have been patient and made allowances. We know that a great nation like yours cannot overthrow an age-long tyranny without being shaken through every fibre of its being. Time was needed for you to recover your balance and to resume a sane view of your obligations to others than yourselves. So we have been patient, and are patient still, though the inaction on your Front and your withdrawal from your part in the common struggle have made our burden in France far harder to bear.

"If you fail us, we shall no less fight on, we others. 'We shall march prospering—not through your presence.' We shall fight on till the ideals of Kaiserism, your worst enemy, are crushed. America, that great Republic that loves peace as passionately as you, will take your place, will fill up the gap that you leave in the ranks of those who fight for freedom. And we shall fight till we get the true peace that we want—not the peace which some of you have advocated, fraternising with the common foe, listening to the specious pleas of those who shirk the one test of their honesty when they are asked to revolt against a tyranny as least as deadly as that which you have yourselves overthrown.

"But you will not fail us, I know. Your hearts, as a nation, were once in this War; heavy as our sacrifices have been, yours have been heavier still. Why should you change? Why should the birth of your own freedom be the death of your sympathy with the cause of the freedom of the world? No, you cannot fail us; you are too great for that.

"Forgive me," Mr. Punch concluded, "if, in speaking from a full heart, I have allowed myself an excess of candour. At home they have always been very kind and let me have a charter to say just what I think; and I have been doing it, without much distinction of persons, for seventy-five years and more. If to you, who have been dumb so long, this seems beyond belief, permit me to offer you, with sincere affection and regard, a visible proof of my privilege in the shape of my

One Hundred and Fifty-Second Volume."





Cartoons.

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD.

- Against Tyranny, 369
- Also Ran, 157
- Answer to Peace Talk (An), 9
- Blighted Prospects, 109
- Breath of Liberty (The), 211
- Cancelled, 183
- Catch of the Season (The), 225
- Comfort in Exile, 401
- Dawn of Doubt (The), 25
- Dead Frost (A), 77
- End of the Thousand-and-One Nights (The), 289
- Erin takes a Turn at her own Harp, 353
- For Services Rendered, 337
- Greater Need (The), 171
- His Latest, 321
- "I am the Man", 58-59
- Judgment of Paris: Latest Inversion (The), 417
- Last Throw (The), 125
- Price of Victory (The), 305
- Road to Victory (The), 93
- Snowing him under, 41
- "Swooping from the West", 257
- Victory First, 241
- Waning of Faith (The), 273
- Who Follows?, 141
- Word of Ill Omen (A), 385

PEGRAM, FRED.

- Plain Duty (A), 87

RAVEN-HILL, L.

- Alimentary Intelligence, 235
- Bad Dream (A), 315
- Breaking of the Fetters (The), 179
- Cannon-Fodder—and After, 267
- Central Isolation, 167
- Common Ideals, 379
- Donnerwetter, 299
- Dynastic Amenities, 251
- Freedom of the Sea (The), 151
- Good Riddance (A), 411
- Great Uncontrolled (The), 347
- Hoist with his own Petard, 395
- Hypnotist (The), 331
- Invaders (The), 191
- Playing Smaller, 363

Rational Service, 103
Retort Celestial (The), 135
Rumourists (The), 219
Self-Protection, 283
Short Way with Tino (A), 19
War-Savings, 119
White House Mystery (The), 3

TOWNSEND, F.H.

Apple of Discord (The), 51
Bankrupt Bravos (The), 35
Unmade in Germany, 71

Articles.

ALLEN, INGLIS.

Adjutant on Leave (The), 292

ANDERSON, Miss E.V.M.

Way not to pay Old Debts (A), 52

BARFIELD, A.O.

Air-Castles, 101

BERKELEY, Capt. R.C.

Jollymouse, 259

BIRD, Capt. A.W.

Edward, 79
Fruit Merchant (The), 214
More Discipline, 1
New Danger (A), 108
Over-weight, 24
Tragedy of the Sea (A), 134

BLAIKLEY, Miss Editha L.

Gems from the Juniors, 282

BLAIR, Miss F.K.

Romance of Rations (A), 150

BRAHMS, Miss M.

National Service, 317

BREHERTON, CYRIL

Back to the Land, 254
Charivaria, weekly
Food Question (The), 272
His Master's Voice, 10
Oxford Revisited, 130
Plot Precautionary (The), 187
Reventlow Ruminates, 334
To Smith in Mesopotamy, 373
To Towser, 92

BROWN, A. HILTON

Tyrtæus, 327

BROWNE, Miss

Forward Minx (A), 113

BROWNLEE, LEIGH D.

Signs of the Times, 123

BRYMER, CECIL J.

Two Constables (The), 318

CHANDLER, Miss BLANCHE W.

Hardships of Billets (The), 82, 122, 215

CHAYTOR, Rev. H.J.

Autre Temps—Autres Mœurs, 237
Fore and Aft, 276

CHERRILL, Miss A.L.

Lucid Explanation (A), 64

- CLARKE, E.F.
Infantryman (The), 76
- COBB, THOMAS
Broken Soldiers (The), 134
- COLEMAN, R.
Most important Thing (The), 268
- DARK, RICHARD
Emily's Mission, 358
- DARLINGTON, W.A.
De Profundis, 213
Three Augusts, 74
Ways and Means, 346
- DENNIS, G.P.
Diplomatic Notes, 298
- DOWN, Capt.
Personal Pars from the Western Front, 50
- DRENNAN, MAX
Meditations of Marcus O'Reilly, 372
Recent Truce (The), 112
- DRENNAN, W. ST. G.
On the Spy-Trail, 316
- DU CANN, C.G.L.
As Others see Us, 102
- ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR
Choking them off, 12
Docking the Drama, 301
New Note in Theatrical Advertising (The), 269
Problems for Pétroleuses, 139
Seasonable Novelties, 74
Snoop, 238
- ELIAS, FRANK.
Fashions in Book-wear, 37
Our New Army of Women, 78
War's Romances, 107
- ELLIOT, W.G.
Weighed in the Balance, 254
- ELLIS, D.C.
Lions at Play, 62
- FARJEON, MISS ELEANOR.
Nursery Rhymes of London Town, 11, 26, 79, 106, 121
- FISH, W.W. BLAIR.
Cautionary Tales for the Army, 252, 309, 387
Co-operative Advertisements, 228
Herbs of Grace, 165, 178, 212, 227, 240
Mab Dreams of May, 276
Songs of Food Production, 86, 105, 129, 150, 355
Wars of the Past, 8, 29, 54
- FOX-SMITH, MISS C.
Admiral Dugout, 224
'Ead-work, 55
"In Prize", 404
Jolly Bargeman (The), 320
"Let her go!", 205
Short way with Submarines (A), 378
Song of the Mill (The), 155
Tale of a Coincidence (A), 90
- FYLEMAN, MISS ROSE.
Best Game the Fairies Play (The), 377
Fairies, 341

GARSTIN, CROSBIE.
Château in France (A), 318
Dream Ship (A), 46
Mud Larks (The), 86, 178, 218, 308, 330, 364, 382
Regimental Mascot (The), 21

GARVEY, MISS INA.
Blanche's Letters, 234, 396

GLASGOW, EDWIN.
Personal Triumph (A), 278

GLASGOW, MRS. ROBERTSON.
Winged Victory, 184

GRAVES, C.L.
At Rest, 272
Booming of Books (The), 122
Classical America, 160
Diary of a Co-ordinator (The), 410
Flapper (The), 30
Fritz's Apologia, 222
Good old Gothic, 97
Hot Weather Correspondence, 362
House-Master (The), 357
Jill-of-all-Trades and Mistress of Many, 323
Joy-rider at the Front (The), 182
Maxims of the Months, 243
Ministerial Wail (A), 307
Missing Leader (The), 138
Musings of Marcus Mull (The), 381
My Watch, 162
Piccadilly, 384
Purified Prussian (The), 56
Random Flights, 330
Smile of Victory (The), 75
Song of Food-Saving (A), 173
Spiritual Sportsman (The), 14
Strife of Tongues (The), 278
To F.-M. Sir Douglas Haig, 419
To Mr. Balfour on his Return, 404
To my Godson, 193
Topical Tragedy (A), 213
To Stephen Leacock, 114
Travel without Trains, 81
'Twas Fifty Years Ago, 295
War's Surprises, 40

HARRIS, A.
Double Entente, 277

HERBERT, A.P.
Ballade of Incipient Lunacy, 382
Open Warfare, 400
Zero, 336

HOLMES, W. KERSLEY.
Apology of a Warrior Minstrel, 149
Only Steggles (The), 30
Vicarious Reprisals, 368

[pg 424]

HOWELL, E.B.
Muscat, 6

IMAGE, MRS.
Rations, 190

INCE, R.B.
Paper Problem (A), 275

JAY, THOMAS.
Charivaria, weekly

JENKINS, A.L.
Inn o' the Sword (The), 66

LANGLEY, CAPT. F.O.

- Watch Dogs (The), 4, 72, 120, 154, 192, 236, 286, 348, 415
- LEHMANN, R.C.
Fate of Umbrellas (The), 66
Francis Cowley Burnand, In Memoriam, 288
From Lord Devonport's Letter-Bag, 230
German Measles, 246
Hat and the Visit (The), 406
Heart-to-Heart Talks, 18, 70, 102, 118, 162, 185, 250, 356, 414
Helping Lord Devonport, 146
Hexameters, 375
Peas and Pledges, 342
Proper Proportion (A), 266
Recognised (The), 215
Recognition, 34
School, 310
Tasty Dishes, 326
Tipinbanola (The), 98
Ultimus, 13
- LETTS, MISS W.M.
General Post, 294
- LIPSCOMB, W.P.
Lessons of the War, 394
Weather-Vanes, 136
- LOCKER, W.A.
Essence of Parliament, weekly during Session
- LOUIS, EDWARD.
Follow-up Method (The), 44
- LUCAS, E.V.
Art of Detachment (The), 128
Compliment (The), 144
Dissuaders (The), 398
Earlier Food Problems, 229
Ella Reeve, 180
Everlasting Romance (The), 169
Favorite (The), 194
Fifteen Tridges (The), 359
First Lines, 253
God-Makers (The), 388
Hints to Grosvenor House, 302
Italian in England (The), 244
Law Courts Theatre (The), 334
London's Little Sunbeams, 6
Loss (A), 222
Misgivings, 46
Misnomer (A), 270
More News from the Air, 277
One of our Difficulties, 324
Our Correspondence College, 80
Political Notes, 53
Revivals and Revisions, 284
Solace (The), 152
Taxis and Talk, 94
Three Dictators (The), 104
What did Mr. Asquith do?, 28
Who shall decide?, 370
- LAFONE, H.C.
Just Sailors, 412
- MCCLELLAND, W.E.
Letters from Macedonia, 38, 64, 88
- McKAY, HERBERT.
Children's Tales for Grown-ups, 154, 173, 177, 193, 222, 240, 270, 288, 310
- MACLEOD, L.R.
Charivaria, weekly
- MANDERS, MRS.
Old Rhymes for Ration Times, 221

MARTIN, N.R.
Current Event (A), 260
Extra Special (An), 2
Great Investment (The), 130
Local Food-Controller (A), 398
Whitehall Whisperings, 304

MENZIES, G.K.
General (The), 258
Scotland Yet, 214
Super-Char (The), 90

MILNE, A.A.
From a Full Heart, 285
Gold Braid, 181
Hereinafters, 314
Miniature (The), 36

MITCHELL, MISS G.M.
"It", 254

MORROW, GEORGE.
Privilege, 161

NAISMITH, J.K.B.
Acting-Bombardier, 140

OGILVIE, W.H.
Bunny's Little Bit, 139
Call to the Cow Ponies (A), 349
Comrades, 237
First Whip (The), 168
Song of the Woodland Elves (A), 97
Top-o'-the-Morning, 22
Troop Horses, 302
Wimmin, 413

OVERTON, JOHN.
Pan Pipes, 398

PING, MISS LILIAN G.
Dolls that did their Bit (The), 340
Mon Soldat et mon Curé, 170
Tactics, 13

PLATT, F.W.
To France, 269

PLUMBE, C.C.
My American Cousins, 339
Sherwood Foresters (The), 351

POSTLETHWAITE, H.A.
Secrets of Heroism (The), 351

PRESTON-TEWART, A.
Emergency Rations, 244
Fleeting Detachment (A), 61

PUCKRIDGE, W.H.
Poultice (The), 205

RIGBY, REGINALD
Petherton and the Pluralist, 42
Petherton's Donkey, 106
Petherton's Publications, 350

ROBERTS, P.V.
Algy, 410

ROBERTS, R.H.
Flowerless Future (The), 220
Seed Potatoes for Patriots, 175

SEAMAN, OWEN
At the Play, 96, 186, 261, 326, 390
Faith and Doubt in the Fatherland, 34

- Food of Love (The), 166
 Golfer's Protest (The), 50
 Great Sacrifice (The), 266
 Hohenzollern Prospect (The), 218
 Little Willie's Opinion of Father, 362
 Mr. Punch in Russia, 421
 Place of Arms (A), 330
 Potsdam Altruist (The), 282
 Prophetic Present (The), 346
 School for Statesmen (A), 250
 Stomach for the Fight, 298
 Symposium of the Central Weaknesses, 234
 Tactless Tactics, 102
 T.M.G., 394
 To Germania, 134
 To Paris by the "Hindenburg Line", 190
 To the German Military Picture Department, 70
 To the Kaiser for his New Year, 2
 Vienna-Bound: A Reverie en Route, 18
 William v. the World, 118
- SHIRLEY, J.
 Vision of Blighty (A), 248
- SMITH, BERTRAM
 Ban on Racing (The), 410
 Hindenburg Line (The), 256
 Little Rift (The), 27
 More or Less, 150
 Not Wisely but too Well, 366
- SMITH, C.T.
 Wobbler (The), 239
- STEIN, CAPT. E. DE
 Sick, 291
- SWINHOE, R.
 Mammal-Saurian War (The), 145
- THOMAS, R.W.
 Infanticide (The), 405
 Told to the Marines, 300
- THOMPSON, PATRICK
 Appropriator of Tubers, 374
- THORP, JOSEPH
 At the Play, 14, 114, 174, 186, 292
- TWEEDDALE, MISS D.M.
 Knight-errant (A), 20
- WILKES, HENRY E.
 Excelsior, 270
- WILLIAMS, MISS HELEN
 Funeral of M. de Blanchet (The), 378
- WILLIAMS, R. LL.
 Convert (The), 38
- WOODWARD, MISS BARBARA
 National Sky-scraper (A), 166

Pictures and Sketches.

- ARMOUR, MAJOR G.D., 12, 31, 83, 99, 131, 163, 231, 263, 293, 311, 327, 341,
 371, 389, 407
- BATEMAN, H.M., 39, 199, 210, 303, 356, 367
- BAUMER, LEWIS, 15, 23, 42, 61, 121, 140, 153, 170, 182, 193, 256, 287, 352,
 368, 384, 416
- BELCHER, GEORGE, 7, 29, 37, 65, 111, 147, 161, 214, 261, 323, 351, 403, 413

BIRD, W., 10, 64, 173, 201, 208, 278, 281, 312, 344, 345

BRIGHTWELL, L.R., 52, 223, 246, 406

BROCK, H.M., 47, 53, 94, 104, 129, 136, 185, 200, 220, 247, 279, 285, 343, 370, 381, 405

BROCK, R.H., 245

BROOK, RICARDO, 4, 16, 28, 33, 49, 101, 120, 133, 188, 216, 217, 244, 260, 297, 316, 329, 358, 372, 408, 409

COBB, RUTH, 236

COLLER, H., 137

COTTRELL, TOM, 98, 364

DOWD, J.H., 67, 89, 115

DOWD, LEONARD P., 116

"FOUGASSE", 69, 97, 265, 284, 301, 313, 360

GHILCHIK, D.L., 392

GRAVE, CHARLES, 79, 373, 387, 412

HARRISON, CHARLES, 20, 80, 112, 294, 377

HART, FRANK, 88, 127, 200, 288, 340

HASELDEN, W.K., 14, 96, 114, 174, 186, 262, 292, 326, 390

HEATHCOTE, C.N., 17

HELPS, H., 396

HENRY, THOMAS, 117, 310, 348

JENNIS, G., 13, 139, 176, 228, 252, 276, 357

LUNT, WILMOT, 78, 230

MILLS, A. WALLIS, 258, 277

MORELAND, ARTHUR, 72, 107

MORROW, EDWIN, 44, 105, 144, 173, 213, 308, 332

MORROW, GEORGE, 32, 48, 68, 84, 100, 113, 132, 148, 164, 175, 204, 248, 264, 280, 296, 309, 319, 328, 335, 375, 383, 393, 420

NORRIS, ARTHUR, 232

PACKER, E.A., 85

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD, 1

PEGRAM, FRED, 195

PRANCE, BERTRAM, 233, 342

RAVEN-HILL, L., 36, 128, 196, 197, 206, 207, 271, 422

REYNOLDS, FRANK, 8, 21, 40, 56, 81, 91, 108, 123, 143, 155, 175, 181, 197, 203, 209, 215, 259, 307, 320, 404

ROUNTREE, HARRY, 178, 414

SHEPARD, CAPT. E.H., 166, 227, 240

SHEPHEARD, G.E., 213

SHEPPERSON, C.A., 5, 24, 45, 76, 92, 110, 124, 156, 174, 187, 190, 253, 272, 325, 336, 359, 365

STAMPA, G.L., 26, 43, 73, 145, 159, 181, 201, 221, 237, 249, 275, 291, 300, 324, 339, 380, 400

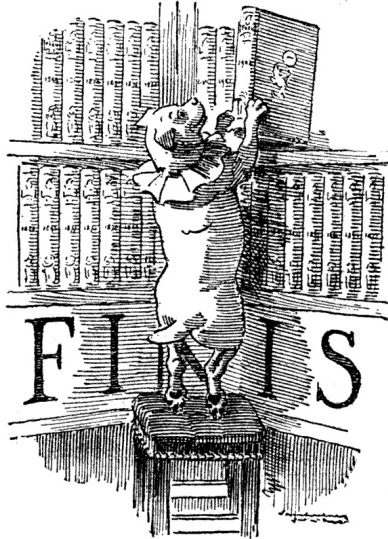
TENNANT, DUDLEY, 376

THOMAS, BERT, 55, 95, 160, 168, 180, 192, 205, 229, 243, 349, 388, 397, 419

THORP, J.H., 75, 268

TOWNSEND, F.H., 11, 27, 63, 126, 142, 152, 158, 169, 172, 177, 184, 194, 198,
202, 212, 224, 226, 239, 242, 255, 269, 274, 290, 295, 304, 306, 317,
322, 333, 338, 354, 355, 361, 386, 391, 399, 402, 403, 415, 418

WILSON, DAVID, 189



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