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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL 146

JUNE 24, 1914.

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CHARIVARIA.

The Cambridge University Boat Club has decided to spend £8,000 in improving the Cam. There is talk of making it into a river.

Says a writer in a contemporary, "Don't live in a houseboat during a flood." And yet NOAH always declared that he owed his life to having done so.

The gentlemen who formed M. RIBOT's Cabinet are objecting to being described as "The One-Day Ministry." They were, they assert, in office for some hours more than that.

The attack on M. RIBOT's Ministry in the matter of the Three Years' Service was led in the Chamber by three quite undistinguished Socialists; and the contest was described succinctly by an unsympathetic onlooker as "*Trois ânes v. Trois ans.*"

By the way, M. VIVIANI's Finance Minister is, we see, M. NOULENS. Is he, we wonder, any relation of M. Noulens-Voulens?

The KAISER has commanded that the Colonial War Memorial to be erected in Berlin shall take the form of an elephant. Presumably it is to be of Parian marble in order to signify that some of the German colonies are a bit like a white elephant.

A French squadron of eighteen vessels has lately been visiting Portland. It was perhaps a little unfortunate that Admiral CALLAGHAN's ship should have been *The Iron Duke*—but no doubt our tactful officers explained to their visitors that the vessel had been so named after a wealthy iron-master who had been ennobled.

The report that an airship expedition is being prepared against the MAD MULLAH is said to have caused keen delight to the old gentleman, as he has never seen an aeronautical display of any kind.

It is now suggested that when Mr. HOBHOUSE took possession of H.M.S. *Monarch*, he was labouring under the delusion that he was Postmaster-Admiral as well as Postmaster-General.

The publication of *The Best of Lamb*, by Messrs. METHUEN, reminds one that a literary butcher once complained that LAMB had not been issued in The Canterbury Poets.

Although Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR is severing his connection with *T. P.'s Weekly* the name of the paper will not be changed. This sort of thing is well calculated to confuse and unsettle the public. "T. P. or not T. P.? that'll be the question."

It is denied that the title of our newest magazine—*Blast*—was suggested by Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

"Old Spot Pigs," we are informed, are now being bred successfully once more. It surprises us to hear this announced as a triumph. One would have thought that in these days of beauty culture a clear complexion would have been the desideratum.

"If," says a contemporary, "the middle-class girl were regularly provided with a dowry, the matrimonial enthusiasm of young men would probably be stimulated." We cannot imagine how people think of these clever things.

Members of the Women's Social and Political Union are, says *The Daily Mail*, boycotting West-End shopkeepers and stores not advertising in the Militant organs. However, if the rest of the public will agree to boycott such firms as do advertise in these organs the matter should come all right.

A warning has been issued to pic-nic parties as to the danger from adders, which are exceptionally numerous this year. They are apt to bite if suddenly sat upon, and prudent persons are taking the precaution of sitting on their plates.

"I shall never," writes a journalist in *The Express*, "forget the shudder with which I saw a very well-known dramatist at a garden party eating strawberries with his gloves on." We ourselves sometimes have these sudden sensations, but, unlike the writer, are very prone to let them slip out of our memory.

A dress-designer, we read, went mad one day last week in Paris and fired a number of revolver shots at the police. To judge by many of the creations one sees there must be quite an epidemic of mental deficiency just now among designers of modes.

"Bags," we read in a lady's paper, "are going out of fashion." Men will, however, continue to wear them.



Examining Admiral (to naval candidate). "NOW MENTION THREE GREAT ADMIRALS."

Candidate. "DRAKE, NELSON AND—I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH YOUR NAME."

From a list of awards at the Horse Show:—

"Riding Jonies ... Shetland Jones ... Pairs of Pones ..."—*Morning Post.*

You see the animal they mean.

"Cutter wanted for ladies' and gentlemen's trade; city house; state experience, salary."

An ordinary enough advertisement, but *The Irish Times* imparts a certain melancholy humour to it by inserting it in the section headed "Yachts, Boats, etc."

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"GRAND NIGHTS."

O benchers of the various ancient Inns
 At whose so generous tables I have batted,
 Where potions of the best and fruitiest bins
 And fare on which LUCULLUS might have fattened
 Tend to reduce the awe
 Proper to laymen shadowed by the Law;

How good I find it, full of meat, to sit
 (The while Oporto's juice of '87,
 Served on the polished board with silver lit,
 Heartens me to postpone the joys of Heaven)
 And hear, *remotis curis*,
 The legal jest, the apt *scintilla juris*.

But most I compliment, with thanks profuse,
 The touch that gives your feasts their crowning savour,
 Whose absence must have marred the duckling *mousse*,
 Ruined the *neige au Kirsch*, and soured the flavour
 Of Madame MELBA'S peaches—
 I mean the pledge upon my card, "No Speeches."

There's only one I like, and that's "The KING"!

(I give the text in full—no superfluities);
Why should I have to hear some dodderer sing
Praise of the Government (whichever crew it is),
While some one else endorses
The obvious merits of our fighting forces?

If I have dined too well, to-morrow's cure
Shall be the fine for my excessive feasting;
But, at the night's tail-end, I can't endure
A punishment that bores me like a bee-sting,
Poisoning all the mirth
That should companion my distended girth.

For this relief from those who spoil the vine
(How oft have I refused, O learned Benchers,
For fear of speeches, other men's and mine,
The chance of feeding off the choicest trenchers)—
For this relief I rank you
High up among my benefactors. Thank you.

O. S.

HOW THE CHAMPIONSHIP WAS WON.

(A Story of 1918.)

The last match of the season was between Kent and Somerset. Kent and Surrey were at the top of the Championship table, with the following percentages:—

Kent 87.51
Surrey 87.23

Surrey had completed its programme. Thus all depended on the result of this Kent-Somerset match. To become champions Kent had either to win outright or to keep their percentage intact by the circumstance of both sides not completing an innings.

Play was impossible on the first day owing to rain. On the second day Somerset scored 157. Rain fell again and Kent were unable to commence their innings till the afternoon of the third day. Obviously they had to strain every nerve to accomplish two things: (1) to avoid getting out and (2) to avoid scoring more than 157. At all hazards they must neither win nor lose on the first innings. They could not win the match. There was no time. And either a win or a loss on the first innings would lower their percentage sufficiently to enable Surrey to go to the top. For in the matter of averages it is better under certain conditions not to have fought at all than to secure only a portion of the honours.

It was an extraordinary afternoon's cricket. The Kent batsmen were very careful, but two minutes before time there were 156 runs on the board and the last two batsmen were at the wicket. If a wicket fell or a couple of runs were scored Kent would lose the Championship. Strong men shivered like leaves as ball after ball was steadily blocked by the batsmen. Red-faced farmers wore their pencils to stumps in explaining the appalling alternatives. Somerset, in the most sporting spirit, were trying their hardest. A couple of deliberately-bowled wides would, of course, have given Surrey the championship, but Somerset were playing for the honour and glory of defeating Kent on the first innings.

The last two Kent men displayed wonderful nerve. The straight ones were carefully stopped and every ball off the wicket was left alone. Needless to say the softest long hop to leg would not have tempted them to hit.

When the bowler prepared to deliver the last ball of the day the very trees round the ground seemed to stop whispering. It was a good length ball, very fast and pitched slightly to the off. The batsman raised his bat, expecting it to fly past the wicket. To his horror it nipped in. Down came the bat in frantic haste. Heaven be praised! Just in time! The bat just nicked the ball off. It missed the wicket by an eighth of an inch and shot away to leg.

Then occurred one of those incidents that men boast of having witnessed, one of those strange happenings in sport that are recounted to generation after generation.

The ball had shot away to leg where there was no fieldsman. One of the slips immediately made after it. The batsmen naturally did not run as they did not wish to score. But suddenly it occurred to the striker that it might reach the boundary, that the slip field might not be fast enough to catch it up, and that, therefore, Kent would win on the first innings and in so doing lose the championship. The idea flashed across his mind almost immediately after he had hit the ball, and with a promptness of action that was really beyond all admiration he dropped his bat and ran like a madman in pursuit of the ball.

He easily outstripped the Somerset slip, who was rather a stout man, and fled like a hare after the little red devil that was scorching fast in search of the fatal four.

Men groaned in the agony of their excitement and women shrieked hysterically.

On flew the gallant Kent batsman. Nearer and nearer he got to the ball. He overtook it. He stopped it. Three inches from the boundary he fell on it and hugged it to his chest. The match was a draw, a glorious draw! Neither side had won or lost a point. It did not count in the Championship table. Kent were Champions!

In the mad excitement of the moment no one thought of appealing on the question of handling the ball or interfering with the field. Moreover both the umpires had swooned and were being removed on stretchers. The hero of the game was carried into the pavilion by two music-hall agents and a reporter.

Editorial Amenities.

"I have no fault to find with 'Towser,' except that it is very much like scores of other dog stories; that is probably why you have failed to place it. Have you tried the 'Manchester Guardian'?"

T.P.'s Weekly.

"What comes after Home Rule?—Mormons in Germany."

Vancouver Daily Province.

Fortunately we shan't mind that.

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"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The remarkable and altogether epoch-making article in *The Times* of the 16th inst., on the stimulating effect of the bath on unmusical people, has already borne notable fruit. Meetings of the Governing Bodies of all the principal Musical Colleges and Academies were held on the following day, at which it was unanimously determined, as one of the speakers put it, to effect a closer synthesis of harmony and ablution. Sir HUBERT PARRY, himself celebrated in his youth for his

prowess in natation, has offered to present the Royal College of Music with a magnificent swimming bath; Mr. LONDON RONALD has drafted a scheme for the erection of a floating bath in the Thames for the convenience of the Guildhall School, and Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE has offered the students of the R.A.M. an annual prize for the best vocal composition in praise of saponaceous abstergents.

Outside our musical academies the impetus given to musicians and composers has been equally remarkable. Professor Banville de Quantock, whose Oriental proclivities are well known, has at once embarked on a gigantic choral symphony, to words of his own composition, in which the whole process and procedure of the Turkish Bath is treated historically, dramatically and realistically in seventeen movements. The title has not yet been definitely fixed, but it will probably be known as the *Symphonie Bathétique*, to differentiate it from TSCHAIKOVSKY'S hackneyed work.

STRAUSS is reported by Mr. KALISCH to be engaged on a series of *Spritzbadlieder* of extraordinary beauty and complexity, in which a wonderful effect is produced by the employment in the orchestral accompaniment of a new instrument called the Loofaphone, which produces a curious hissing noise like that emitted by a groom when using the currycomb. Another instrument to which prominence is assigned in the score is called the Saponola and bears a resemblance to the spalacoid sub-family of mandrils, which have the mandibular angles in close proximity to the sockets of the lower cephalopods. The motto of the work is "*Das ewig Seifige*."

We may further note, as one of the most valuable by-products of *The Times* article, the announcement that an international Balneo-Musical Congress will be shortly held in the Albert Hall, with a view to discussing the best methods of promoting harmonic hygiene. The arena, we understand, is to be converted into a vast demonstration-tank, in which prominent composers, conductors and singers will appear. Miss CARRIE TUBB has kindly promised to preside. Amongst other items in the programme we may mention an exhibition of under-water violin-playing by Mr. Bamberger, and a game of symphonic water-polo between two teams of Rhine maidens, captained by Herr NIKISCH and Sir HENRY WOOD respectively.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE ENEMY.

IDEAL HOLIDAYS.

SOME FURTHER OPINIONS.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT.—There is no doubt whatever that the best holiday ground is Brazil. There one can have excitement day and night. When one is not escaping from a man-eating trout one is eluding a vampire bat. If the time is slow one can always seek the Rapids. Next to Brazil I should suggest the offices of the New River Company.

MR. HOBHOUSE (P.M.G.).—I know very little of holidays, having to keep my nose to St. Martin's-le-Grind-stone day and night, but I have thought that, if I did take a week or so off, I should choose to spend it on the Post Office yacht, roughing it.

SIR EDWARD CARSON.—Such time as I can spare from Ulster and my daily journey to and from London I should like to spend in explaining to REDMOND the duties of a War-lord.

MR. FRANK TINNEY (the famous American tragedian).—Ordinary holidays is just so much junk. Me and ERNEST don't hold with them. Our idea of a holiday is to go down town and hear jokes. The

more jokes we hear the bigger stock we have not to tell.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.—I have often wondered if a busy administrator might not get a very restful time by steadily refusing to fly.

MR. ASQUITH.—This talk about the constant need for holidays seems to me to be, if I may say so, one of the great illusions of the day. The wise man surely is he who, seated in his chair of office, welcomes every new complication and perplexity that the moments bring, and in labour finds the true repose.

MR. MASTERMAN.—I am spending my own holiday just now very agreeably in composing conundrums. This is my latest: "Why do I differ from my trousers?" The answer is, "Because they don't want reseating."

LORD WIMBORNE.—There is no place for a holiday like Meadowbrook.

A set of 12 Elizabethan "Apostle" spoons were recently offered for sale at Messrs. CHRISTIE'S. Only one actual Apostle (Saint PETER) was available, but excellent substitutes were provided in the persons of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, CHARLEMAGNE, JULIUS CÆSAR, King ARTHUR, GUY OF WARWICK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, JUDAS MACCABEUS and others.

"The fielding was particularly smart and the batsmen could not get the ball away, the only hit worth mention for several hours being a 4 by Tarrant off Bullough."

Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

A few more efforts like this and we shall suspect TARRANT of having read the "Brighter Cricket" articles.

"A wireless message has been received here from the liner, New York, reporting that while in a dense fog she was struck a glancing blow abaft the bow by the steamer Pretoria.

The New York was stooping at the time, and the shock was only slight."

Glasgow Evening News.

Showing the advantage of being caught bending.

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Sergeant (to new recruit who is grooming his horse very gingerly). "Now THEN, CULLY, JUST YOU BE CAREFUL 'OW YOU DUST THAT THERE 'ORSE; 'E'S A DELICATE PIECE, 'E IS, AND 'E SHOWS THE SLIGHTEST SCRATCH."

"WHEN OTHER LIPS ..."

The most original feature of the Opera-Ballet, *Le Coq d'Or*, given last week for the first time in

England, was the arrangement by which the actors were excused from singing, and the singers from acting. Chorus and soloists, dressed uniformly, without distinction of sex, in a nondescript maroon attire, were disposed on each side of the stage in a couple of grand stands, from which they saw little or nothing of the entertainment but enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the conductor. This left the actors free to attend to the primary business of miming, which, when it came to the distribution of applause, they clearly regarded as the most important element in the show.

I look for great things from this new departure. It is rare enough for an operatic performer to be capable of both singing and acting, or to be alike beautiful to look on and to listen to. Once we have accepted the convention by which an actor's lips are allowed to move in one part of the stage while the sound comes from a totally different quarter, we may go further and arrange for the singers to be put out of sight altogether. He (and more particularly, she) might be posted behind some sort of screen, diaphanous in respect of the vocalists' view of the conductor, but opaque to the audience. When I think of some of the rather antique and amorphous *prime donne* of German, Italian and French opera, I know that any scheme which would render them invisible and permit their acting parts to be played by young and gracious figures would meet with my unqualified approval. It would be necessary, of course, to consult them first (a task which I would not care to undertake), and this division of labour would no doubt entail additional expense, but I am convinced that the pure love of art for art's sake which is inherent in the nature of all operatic stars and syndicates would ultimately rise superior to considerations whether of self or *amour propre*.

O. S.

From a catalogue:—

"WELLS (H. G.) *Ann Veronica, a Modern Love Story*, cr. 8vo, *cloth (rather dull)*."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

[Another Husband Housekeeper, supplementing the information already published in *The Daily Mail*, reveals the system of housekeeping by enforcing which he saves pounds and pounds and pounds a year.]

When Sunday's heavy meal is done
Our joint's career is but begun.

Imprimis, undismayed and bold,
It reappears on Monday, cold.

And lo! the same on Tuesday will
Appear again, and colder still.

The odds and ends we keep in store,
Divided neatly into four.

A portion (No. 1) will do
For Wednesday's so-to-speak "ragoût";

A portion (No. 2) will be
The gist of Thursday's "fricassee";

A portion (No. 3) supply
The pith of Friday's "cottage pie";

A portion (No. 4) will play
The leading *rôle* on Saturday,

Entitled, may be, "*à la russe*,"
Or, better still, "anonymous."

Thus is economy attained,
For thus is appetite constrained.

"DRIVEN."

(*With a slight hook to it*).

SCENE—*The drawing-room of John Staffurth, M.P. Enter Staffurth and Barbara Cullen.*

Staffurth. Barbara, the doctors have given their verdict. My wife has only two years to live.

Barbara. John, but she looks so well! What's the matter with her?

Staffurth. Well, it's a little difficult to explain. But without being technical I may say that it is—er—not exactly appendicitis and yet—er—not exactly mumps. Anyhow, it's always very fatal on the stage.

Barbara. Two years! John, I'm not quite clear whether I'm *your* relation or Diana's, or, in fact, what I'm doing in the house at all, but as an old friend of *somebody's* may I give you a word of advice?

Staffurth (looking at his watch). Certainly, but you must be quick. I have to be back at the House in five seconds.

Barbara. Then, John, give Diana a good time for those two years. Ask her to recite sometimes, tell her about Welsh Disestablishment, at all costs keep her amused.

Staffurth (amazed.) My dear girl, do you realise I'm an Opposition Member? The Government may spring a snap division on us at any moment. (*Taking out his engagement book.*) Still, let me see what I can do. On July 15th, 1916— Oh no, that will be too late. November 25th, 1915—how's that? We might have an afternoon at Kew then if the Whips don't want me. (*Looking at his watch.*) Well, I must be off. Don't let Diana know she's ill.

[*Exit hastily. Enter Diana Staffurth.*]

Diana. I listened outside the door! Two years, and he won't even ask me to recite to him! He doesn't love me.

Barbara. He does, he does! But he's one of those men who never show it till the Last Act.

Diana. Well, I know somebody who doesn't mind showing it in the First Act. (*Goes to telephone.*) Is that you, Captain Furness? I've just learnt a new little piece.... Yes, don't be long.

[*She sits down to play the piano till he comes.*]

CURTAIN.

II.

Six months later. Captain Furness's rooms, 11.30 p.m. Enter Furness and Diana.

Furness. There, dear, now we can have a nice little supper together. You do love me, don't you?

Diana. I suppose so. I love talking to you on the telephone, anyway. I can't think what we should have done in this play without the telephone.

Furness. And you will come away with me to-morrow?

Diana. Yes. (*To the audience*) Oh, I've only got eighteen months— (*To Furness*) Excuse me, Philip, this is a soliloquy; would you mind not listening for a moment? (*He turns away and prepares the supper.*) Oh, I've only got eighteen months more, and I want to *live!* I want to talk on the telephone to people, and keep on changing my clothes, and recite—and—and—*Philip!* You *don't* mean to say those are *marrons glacés* you've got there?

Furness. Rather. Don't you like 'em?

Diana. How dare you? You *know* the doctors won't let me touch them.

Furness. My dear, you never told me what the doctors said to you. What did they say?

Diana. Well, anyhow, they said, "No more *marrons glacés*."

Furness. Really, Diana, how could I know?

Diana. You ought to have guessed. You've insulted me and I'm going home. And I shan't run away with you now. (*Picks up her cloak and goes to the door.*) Er—if I *should* change my mind in the morning I'll—er—telephone.

Next morning.

Furness (at the telephone). Yes—yes—no, Lorenzo—both ways. What? Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought it was—is it you, Diana?... You *will* come? Good.

Enter John Staffurth.

Staffurth. Good morning. (*Looking at his watch.*) I want a little talk with you if you aren't busy,

Furness. Certainly. (*Handing box.*) Won't you begin a cigarette?

Staffurth (taking out case). Thanks, I'll begin one of my own. (*Does so.*) Now then. My sister-in-law—or cousin or—anyhow, my friend Miss—or Mrs.—Cullen, Barbara Cullen, who—er—is still with us, told me some days ago that you were about to elope with my wife. Is that so?

Furness. Yes.

Staffurth. Yes. I ought to have spoken to you about it before, but I have been very busy lately at the House. The Government is bringing in its Bill for the Abolition of Telephones on the Stage, and it is necessary for the full strength of the Opposition to be there. As I said in my speech, any such Bill would, to take a case, ruin Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON'S new play at the Haymarket, and recent by-elections have shown that the country was— However, I need not bother you with that. The point is that I have at last managed to get away to see you, and I want to know what it is you propose to do.

Furness. I'm going to send in my papers and take your wife away with me.

Staffurth. Ah! Then perhaps before you ruin your career I'd better tell you what the doctors say about her, She is not—

Furness (impatiently). My dear chap, I know. She told me last night. But it's all right, I don't much care for them myself.

Staffurth.— not likely to live for more than eighteen months.

Furness. My God!

Staffurth. That's what we all said several times when we heard it. Well?

Furness. Well, I mean, this wants thinking about. I had no— My career—only eighteen months—

Staffurth (breaking out at last). You beastly egotist! You think of nothing but your rotten career. You cur, you hound, you dog! You—

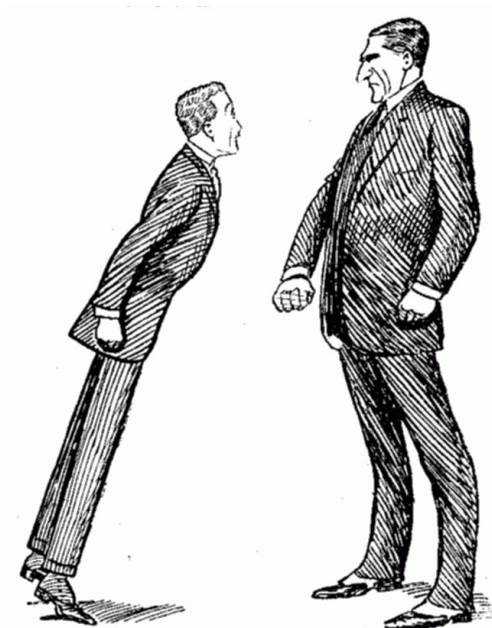
Furness (annoyed). Now I warn you, Staffurth, I may only be about half your size, but I shall have to thrash you severely if you talk like that.

Staffurth. You dog.

Furness (with dignity). For the sake of your wife, go before I climb up you and strike you.

[*Exit Staffurth.*]

CURTAIN.



A THREATENED STRIKE.

III.

The Drawing-room again.

Barbara (joyfully). Diana, I've got some exciting news for you. Guess!

Diana. You're going away?

Barbara. No!

Diana. Oh, well, after all you've only stayed with us six months. Er—you've got a new dress?

Barbara. No.

Diana. No; that was a silly one. Er—John's got a half-holiday?

Barbara. No. Well, I must tell you! Diana, you're not going to die after all! The doctors made a mistake!

[*Exit.*

Diana. Not going to die? But then I don't want to run away with Philip. (*Rushes to desk and seizes the telephone.*) I must let him know. (*With a shriek*) Help! the telephone's broken! Then I have nothing to live for. (*She takes out poison from poison drawer.*) I shall count three before I drink. One—two— Why doesn't John come? One—two— If he isn't quick he'll be too late. One—

Enter John quickly.

John (looking at his watch). My darling, I have just time to forgive you. Let us be happy together again.

Diana. But the telephone's broken!

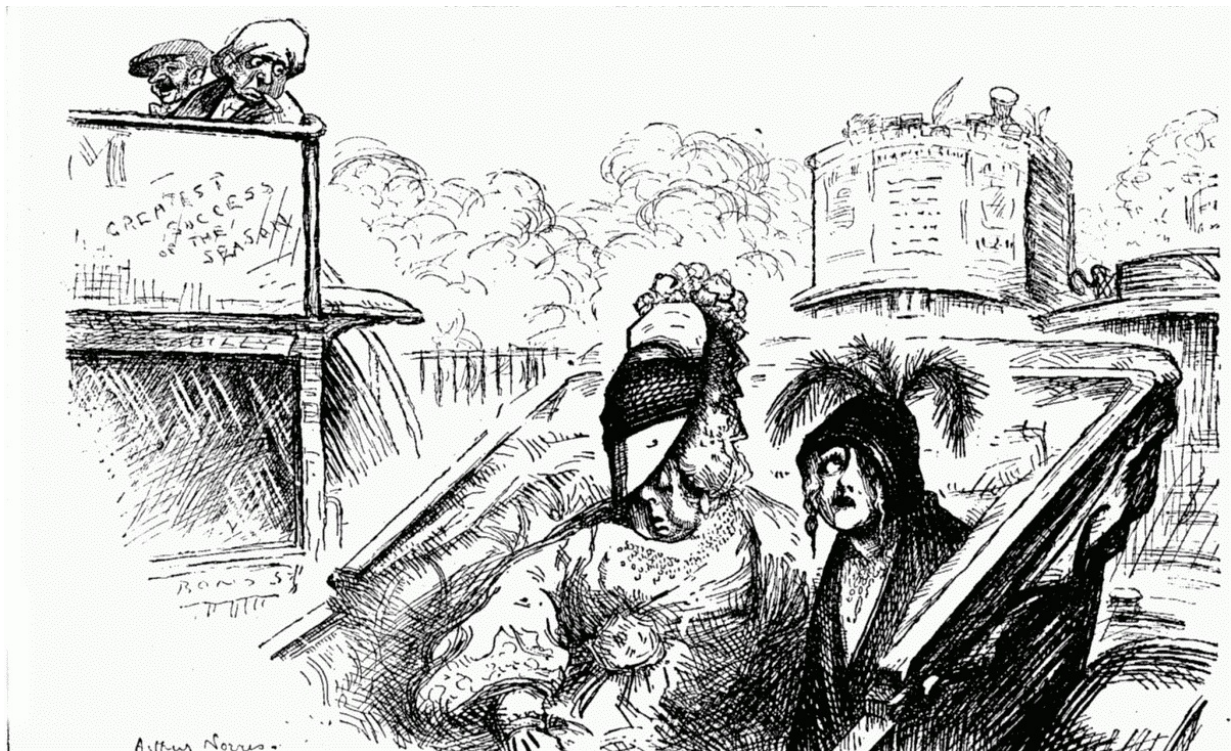
John (embracing her tenderly). My darling, I've sent for a man to mend it.

Diana (much moved). My husband!

A. A. M.

"Miss Gluck only arrived in London from New York after a tour in America earlier in the morning, and proceeded to Richmond to rest."—*Times*.

Which she must have wanted after her busy morning.



THE BIG TROUT.

Pull up the rypecks! Push her home!
It's roses all the way!
Let garlands lie on Thames's foam—
A trout has died to-day!
Room for the victor—ho, there, room!—
Who calls the gods to scan
No halfling of the lilied gloom,
But that leviathan.

Anew (with jostling words unstayed)
We fight it, inch by inch,
From that first moment when he made
The line scream off the winch;
'Twas so we struck, we held him so
Lest weed had triumph wrecked;
Thus to his leap the point dropped low,
And thus a rush was checked.

O sought-for prize! Full many a day
The old black punt has swung
Beyond his stance, in twilight's grey,
Or when the dawn was young;
What hopes were ours, what heart-beats high
Have thrilled us, when he rolled
Up from the jade-green deep, a-nigh,
Dull-gleaming as of gold!

Glide on, ye stately swans, with grace—
Ye ne'er again shall see
His headlong dash among the dace
Beneath the willow-tree;
Ye little bleak, lift up your heads,
Ye gudgeon, skip at score,
The run between the lily beds
Shall know its lord no more!

Yet, while th' exalted pulses stir,
Regret takes hands with Pride,
Regret for that most splendid spur—
The Wish Ungratified;
With hammering heart that bulk I con,
That spread of tail and fin,
And sigh, like him of Macedon,
With no more worlds to win.

Pull up the rypecks, can't you, Jim!
It's roses all the way!
But ne'er another fish like him
For any other day!
Room for the victor—lock, there, room!—
Who calls the gods to scan
No halfling of the amber gloom,
But that leviathan.

Commercial Candour.

"Avoid Income-Tax and Death Duties by investing in selected Canadian Securities."

Advt. in "Times Financial Supplement."

Motto for golfer who has fozzled his approach:—

"I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, Nor look upon the iron angerly."

King John, iv., 1.

A LEGAL DOCUMENT.

"There is," I said, "a guilty look about you. You are hanging round. At this time of the morning you have usually retreated to your fastnesses. Why has not the telephone claimed you? There is something on your mind."

"No," said the lady of the house airily; "I have a vacant mind."

"Where, then," I said, "is your loud laugh? I have not heard you shout 'Ha-ha,' or anything remotely resembling 'Ha-ha.' Something is weighing upon you."

"Not at all."

"Yes at all," I said decisively. "You have something to confess."

"Confess!" she said scornfully. "What nonsense is this about confession? We are not early-Victorians."

"Yes, we are. I insist upon it. I shall be busy with my writing. You will come and kneel unperceived at my feet with an imploring look upon your tear-stained face. I shall give a sudden start——"

"And," she went on enthusiastically, "I shall stretch out my hands to you, and you will raise me tenderly from the floor, and I shall then explain——"

"That appearances were against you, but that Eugene is really your brother by a first marriage ——"

"And I shall then call for the smelling salts and swoon like this"—she collapsed in an inanimate heap on the sofa—"and you will rise to your full height——"

"Yes," I said, "I shall forgive you freely."

"No," she said, "you will blame yourself for not having appreciated my angelic nature, for having treated me as a mere toy, for having——"

"Yes," I said, "for having married you at all. But I shall forgive you all the same, and I shall present you with the locket containing my grandmother's miniature. Come on; let us start at once. I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"All right," she said, "I accept your forgiveness. And now that we've cleared the ground, you'll perhaps allow me——"

"Aha," I said, "then there *is* something after all?"

"There always is *something*," she said, "so perhaps you'll allow me to ask you a question?"

"A question?" I said. "Ask me fifty. I don't promise to answer them. I'm only human, you know, but——"

"Surely," she said, "this humility is exaggerated."

"Anyhow," I said, "I'll do my best, so fire away."

"What," she said, "does one do with a legal document?"

"Isn't this rather sudden?" I said. "'What does one do with a legal document?' My dear, one does a thousand things. One buys land, or sells it—which is much better. One gets separated, or, rather, two get separated; one gets a legacy, generally quite inadequate; one executes a mortgage, but you mustn't ask me who is the mortgagor and who is the mortgagee, for, upon my sacred word of honour, I never can remember which is which or who does what. One leaves one's money to one's beloved wife by a legal document, or one cuts her off with a shilling and one's second best bed, like SHAKSPEARE, you know. Really, there's nothing you can't do with a legal document."

"How on earth," she said admiringly, "did you get to know all these things?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "One learns as one goes along. Men have to know more or less about the law."

"Tell me," she said; "do you feel paralysed when you see a legal document?"

"No, not now. They used to make me tremble, but I'm up to them now. I understand their jargon."

"And frankly," she said, "I don't."

"But that doesn't matter," I said. "You've got a man——"

"Lucky me," she said.

"You've got a man to help you. That's what he's there for—to help you with legal documents and to have his work interrupted and all his ideas scattered. But, bless you, he doesn't mind. He knows his place."

"Well," she said, "it's this way. A very dear friend of mine has taken a house at the seaside, and they've sent her a document."

"A letting agreement," I said.

"I suppose so," she said; "and they want her to sign it; and they say something about a counterpart which somebody else is to sign."

"That," I said, "is the usual way."

"What I want to know is, ought she to sign her document?"

"Is it the sort of house she wants?"

"The very house," she said. "She's been over it. Lots of rooms; nice garden with tennis-lawn; splendid view of the sea; drainage in perfect order; weekly rent a mere nothing. There's to be an inventory."

"Of course there is. It's always done. Does the document embody everything she requires?"

"Yes," she said, "everything; and they've thrown in two extra days for nothing."

"In that case," I said, "her duty is clear. She must sign it."

"Do you advise that?"

"I do," I said, "most strongly."

"Thank you so much," she said, "I'll do it at once," and before I could interfere she had sat down at the writing-table, produced a document, unfolded it and signed it.

"It is," she explained, "the agreement for letting Sandstone House, Sandy Bay. They made it out in my name."

"But this," I said, seizing the paper, "is madness. It is not worth the paper on which it is written."

"I did nothing," she said, "without your advice."

"I shall repudiate it," I said, "as having been obtained by fraud."

"Right-o," she said; "we leave for Sandy Bay on July 28th."

R. C. L.

A SECOND-HAND SERENADE.

(The modern youth, we are told, is content to hymn his Lady in the amorous diction of other bards.)

It is not mine, Aminta, to commend you
According to your merits. Miles above
My puny lyre were this; I therefore send you,
For reference, "The Classic Gems of Love."

Would I approve your tresses? See p. 7,
L. 2, for what I frankly think of them;
Your lips? p. 8; your dimples, p. 11;
Your teeth and ears and ankles? *ibidem*.

Your kisses? *vide* JONSON, B., "To Celia;"
See "Annie Laurie" for the way I greet
Your neck and voice and eyes (the song has really a
Trustworthy picture also of your feet).

But nay! It ill behoves the ardent lover
To turn your gaze to any single spot,
In every line, from cover unto cover,
My passion finds an echo. Read the lot.

"SIR BAT-EARS."

Sir Bat-ears was a dog of birth

And bred in Aberdeen,
But he favoured not his noble kin
And so his lot is mean,
And Sir Bat-ears sits by the almshouses
On the stones with grass between.

Under the ancient archway
His pleasure is to wait
Between the two stone pineapples
That flank the weathered gate;

And old, old alms-persons go by,
All rusty, bent and black,
"Good day, good day, Sir Bat-ears!"
They say and stroke his back.

And old, old alms-persons go by,
Shaking and well-nigh dead,
"Good night, good night, Sir Bat-ears!"
They say and pat his head.

So courted and considered
He sits out hour by hour,
Benignant in the sunshine
And prudent in the shower.

(Nay, stoutly can he stand a storm
And stiffly breast the rain,
That rising when the cloud is gone
He leaves a circle of dry stone
Whereon to sit again.)

A dozen little door-steps
Under the arch are seen,
A dozen aged alms-persons
To keep them bright and clean;

Two wrinkled hands to scour each step
With a square of yellow stone—
But print-marks of Sir Bat-ears' paws
Bespeckle every one.

And little eats an alms-person,
But, though his board be bare,
There never lacks a bone of the best
To be Sir Bat-ears' share.

Mendicant muzzle and shrewd nose,
He quests from door to door;
Their grace they say—his shadow gray
Is instant on the floor,
Humblest of all the dogs there be,
A pensioner of the poor.



Harold (who has had the worst of an argument with his father). "ALL RIGHT, THEN, YOU DON'T GET THOSE SIX STROKES I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS AFTERNOON."

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

(The New Indigence.)

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, double Blue and double First at Oxford, weary of gerund-grinding at a fashionable preparatory school for £500 a year, charming conversationalist, expert auction-bridge player, is open to accept partnership in well-established financial house on the basis of four months' holiday a year and genuine week-ends—Friday till Tuesday.

NONCONFORMIST, with open mind on the subject of gambling, but modest means and conscientious objection to hard work, is desirous of meeting liberal-minded philanthropist who will advance him £750 to operate infallible system at Monte Carlo.

VIGOROUS YOUNG MAN of titled family, who is sick to death of England, is prepared to undertake any duties of a sporting kind for unmarried heiress in America or elsewhere.

A LADY, whose income is only £4,000 a year, is greatly in need of a month's yachting, but cannot afford a yacht of her own and dislikes the mixed company to be met with on the ordinary advertised cruises. Will some kind friend be so good as to lend her a yacht and endow it?

UNIVERSITY MAN, strong, healthy, in early forties, who has never done a day's work in his life, but has suddenly fallen on comparative poverty, wishes to communicate with some person of means willing to save him from the pain and indignity of having to do without luxuries which have become second nature to him.

£2,000 WANTED, at once, for speculation by Undergraduate. A safe two per cent. offered; advertiser cannot afford more. No professional money-lenders need apply.

CHRISTIAN and Teetotaler, who has not yet been to Japan, would be quite grateful to any wealthy travel-enthusiast who would make it possible for him to see this fascinating country. Excellent references.



"NOW THEN, COUSIN EMMA, LET ME GIVE YOU A BIT OFF THE BREAST."
 "YES, PLEASE, I SHOULD LIKE TO TASTE THAT, FOR IN MY YOUNG DAYS THEY ALWAYS GAVE IT TO THE GROWN-UPS,
 AND NOW THEY KEEP IT FOR THE CHILDREN, SO I'VE ALWAYS MISSED IT."

REVELATION REVISED.

[A portion of "The Photodrama of Creation," a cinematograph enterprise hailing from the United States, has recently been exhibited.]

Oh, would I were a preacher or a prophet
 Of some wild pagan creed, I know not where—
 One of whom people said, "This man is off it"
 (But still I had a following sparse and rare),

That so, if cynics urged, "How hard to prove is
 The faith ye cling to fondly and so fast!"
 By favour of the men who work the "movies,"
 I might expound the future and the past.

Hiring a lot of lads with mobile faces,
 And all the world to tap for filméd scenes,
 Would I not set backsliders in their places
 And give my errant congregation beans?

Uprising in the darkened tabernacle,
 A canvas sheet across the stage unfurled,
 "To-night, dear brethren, we propose to tackle,"
 I should commence, "the Making of the World.

"Doubts have arisen lately if the cosmos
 Sprang as I stated; an egregious don
 Has published pamphlets asking if it *was* moss,
 Or something else, that formed the primal *On*.

"Well, to confute at once this creeping scandal,
 You shall behold the facts before your eyes,
 (If Mr. Potts will kindly turn that handle—
 Thank you) *and note, the camera never lies.*"

Yes, I would teach them; and if any scoffers
 Still weltered in the quagmire of their sin,
 If when I overhauled the monthly coffers
 I found the business part a trifle thin,

Choosing a model for the worst offender
 I should unroll a still more lively lot
 Of films depicting him in pomp and splendour,
 "Swift glories," I should say, "and doomed to rot;"

And then turn on "The Day of Retribution,"
 Shades of avengers in the world below
 Prodding my man with verve and resolution,

And broiling him on spits exceeding slow,
And flaying him, and squeezing him with pincers;
And whilst I pointed to his shrivelled shape
(These moving picture-men are rare convincers),
How I should thunder to the stalls agape!

"Look at yon sinner perishing *in toto*,
Take warning lest the same occurs to you;
Each fraction of each wriggle is a photo,
And therefore must be absolutely true."

Evoe

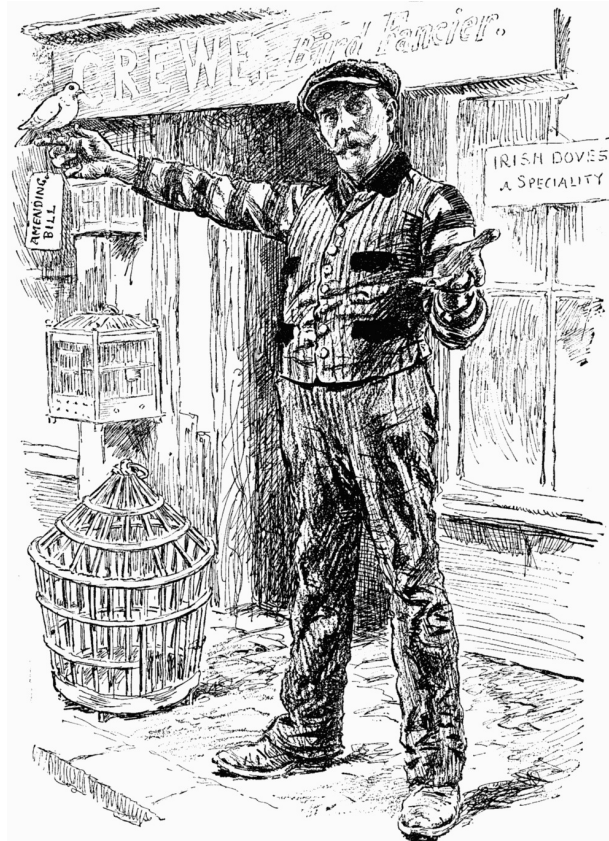
"At the short fourteenth Vardon was bunkered, and took an hour."—*Exeter Express*.

He should have read our book, "How to get out of a Bunker in Forty-five Minutes. By One who often Does."

"This move of the Powers, sending a rural gentleman from the Rhine to do the big stick stunt in Albania with a lot of blood-thirsty savages, is about as much use as putting a boy sprout in the room of Sir John French."—*London Mail*.

Personally we put an elderly artichoke in Sir JOHN'S room when he comes to stay with us. This, of course, in addition to the usual tin of biscuits.

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THE DOVE OF PEACE.

LORD CREWE. "I DON'T SAY HE'S A PERFECT BIRD, MY LORDS, BUT HE'S THE BEST WE COULD MANAGE, AND A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT MIGHT DO WONDERS FOR HIM."

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 15.—In the mid seventies, when dear JOHNNY TOOLE was at height of well-earned fame, he for a while played three several parts on the same night. Bold

advertisement announced "Toole in Three Pieces." Being just the kind of joke that has the widest run over the low level of mediocrity, it filled the gallery and upper boxes.

To-night it was recalled with fresh application. House privileged to see PREMIER in Three Pieces. For some weeks he has appeared at Question time in dual character as Prime Minister and Secretary of State for War. To-night takes on duties of absent CHANCELLOR OF DUCHY OF LANCASTER. His versatility as marvellous as his industry. In response to group of five questions addressed to him "as representing the CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER," bristles with minute information respecting number of livings in gift of the Duchy in West Riding of Yorkshire, together with amount of income of each benefice and nature of the security. Equally master of intricate case of the calamity overshadowing the Pontefract Cricket Club whose playing pitch has been damaged through subsidence caused by underground workings.



A GENEROUS RESTRAINT.

"I believe the Almighty has endowed us all with a certain amount of brains; but we don't all use them." (Cheers).—*Mr. TICKLER in the debate on the Plural Voting Bill.*

Situation raised nice questions as to responsibility of the underground leaseholder and the prospect of compensation from coal royalties. PREMIER as fully informed on these subjects as later he proved himself when by way of Supplementary Question AMERY, with pretty air of one really in search of elementary information, inquired "In whose hands is the government of Ireland at the present moment?" "In the hands of His MAJESTY'S Ministers," said ASQUITH.

All very well for Duchy of Lancaster. Its affairs in strong capable hands. But that does little to assuage grief of WORTHINGTON-EVANS. For months before the day when MASTERMAN, greatly daring, exchanged safe position of Secretary of Treasury for dizzy heights of Duchy of Lancaster, WORTHINGTON-EVANS was daily accustomed to pose him with questions as to working of Insurance Act. In MASTERMAN'S enforced



"The one thing borne home to me was what a genius the Irish people have for admiring each other."—*Mr. BIRRELL.*

absence from House WEDGWOOD BENN placed in charge of Insurance Act Department. Does a difficult business exceedingly well. Has earned approval from both sides of House. But WORTHINGTON-EVANS is inconsolable. His feelings find expression in couple of lines, learned at his mother's knee, descriptive of anguish of blind boy parted from his brother by ruthless hand of death:—

Oh, give my brother back to me;
I cannot play alone.

Visibly brightened up on eve of Ipswich election, which seemed to promise return of the wanderer. As to-night he sits forlorn in corner seat below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, gazing sadly at corner of Treasury bench opposite (once amply filled by figure of former Secretary of Treasury), STEPHEN GWYNNE, seated next to him, gently nudges BUTCHER, and with softened memories of *Peggotty* contemplating *Mrs. Gummidge* in exceptionally low spirits, whispers, "He's thinking of the old 'un."

Business done.—After brief unsparkling debate Plural Voters Bill read a third time. Hostile amendment moved from Front Opposition Bench negatived by 320 votes against 242. Bill passed final stage without division.

Tuesday.—Home Rule fills the bill in both Houses. The Lords, back from brief holiday, protest against delay in introducing Amending Bill. In vigorous speech LANSDOWNE insists on early day being named. CREWE, wringing his hands over unreasonable ways of some people, promises Tuesday next. Adds that, if upon consideration of proposed amendments noble lords should require longer interval before Second Reading of parent measure than is provided by original fixture for 30th June, there will be no objection to postponement.

In the Commons ROBERT CECIL, interposing in ordered business of Supply, moves adjournment with view of calling attention to "growing danger created in Ireland by existence of volunteer forces and failure of Government to deal with situation." It is plurality of situation that disturbs philosophical mind. As long as there was but one volunteer force, its locality confined to Ulster, its purpose to defeat Home Rule Bill, its commander-in-chief CARSON, it was well. Nay more, it was patriotic. But when Ulster's challenge, uttered by one hundred thousand armed men, is answered by the South and West of Ireland with creation of an army exceeding that number, whole aspect is altered. Now, as in the time when "Measure for Measure" was written—

That in the captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,

Opposition, to a man, stand up to support LORD BOB's demand that matter shall be discussed as one of urgent public importance.

In course of animated speech LORD BOB delighted House by equalling, if not going one better than, the late Lord CROSS's historic *jeu d'esprit*.

"I hear an hon. member smile," said GRAND CROSS on a memorable occasion.

"I wish," said LORD BOB to-night, sternly regarding hilarious Ministerialists, "those laughs could be photographed and shown throughout the country."

Suggestion will doubtless not be lost on enterprising purveyors of cinematograph shows.

There was another opportunity for the snap-shotter when, LORD BOB lamenting the "ingrained frivolity of the Radicals in this grave crisis," ARTHUR MARKHAM interposed with Supplementary Question.

"What about Satan rebuking sin?" he asked.

Turning upon Member for Mansfield more in sorrow than in anger, LORD BOB remarked: "I don't know whether the hon. Member regards me as a particularly frivolous person." General and generous cheering approved this implied disclaimer, and LORD BOB returned to consideration of "the characteristic vice of the Radical Government—fear of losing their places."



"I don't know whether the hon. Member regards me as a particularly frivolous person."

Lord ROBERT CECIL.

Tendency to introduce personal observations cropped up from time to time through debate, which occupied greater part of sitting. CARSON having genially alluded to main body of Ministerialists as "lunatics," NEIL PRIMROSE, turning upon the WISTFUL WINSTON, who hadn't been saying anything, denounced him as "a human palimpsest."

Perhaps most touching case was that of BYLES of Bradford. Having long remained silent under undeserved contumely, he suddenly rose at half-past ten and irrelevantly remarked, "I cannot understand how the myth has grown up in this House that I am a blood-thirsty ruffian. Why, Mr. SPEAKER, I would not kill a fly."

In view of proved inconvenience, not to say danger, of unrestrained plague of flies, this protestation was received with mixed feelings.

Business done.—On division motion for adjournment of House negated by majority of 65. After this, the House, nothing if not logical, forthwith adjourned.



POURING COLD WATER ON THE TROUBLED OIL.
(LORD CHARLES BERESFORD and Mr. DILLON.)

Thursday.—The Irish Members, long quiescent, suddenly resumed former habit of activity. House owes to AMERY the pleasing variation. He cited newspaper report of remarks recently made by Captain BELLINGHAM, aide-de-camp to the LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND. Inspecting and addressing body of National Volunteers, he exhorted them to ensure triumph of Home Rule.

Was this a proper thing to do? Certainly not. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, answering AMERY's question founded on incident, stated that when Lord ABERDEEN heard of matter he immediately called for explanation, and Captain BELLINGHAM frankly acknowledged error of judgment.

Irish Members recognised that in measure the error of judgment was slight compared with AMERY'S in stirring up this dangerously attractive pool. As everyone knows, and as House was promptly reminded, Colonel the Marquis of LONDONDERRY and Colonel Lord KILMOREY, aides-de-camp to HIS MAJESTY, have on more than one occasion, when inspecting Ulster Volunteers, urged them to stand indomitable in resistance to establishment of Home Rule in their Northern Province. Irish Members want to know whether these noble and gallant gentlemen have been called upon to make explanation of their conduct similar to that peremptorily exacted from Captain BELLINGHAM.

PREMIER not to be drawn into delicate controversy. Pleaded lack of notice of questions put to him. Irish Members will be delighted to provide it. Shall hear more on the subject next week.

Business done.—The INFANT SAMUEL, appearing in new calling as President of Local Government Board, carries vote for his Department by rattling majority of 127.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Oblate Spheroid."

SIR,—I congratulate you on your new departure. The time is ripe for Politics without Partisanship. I look to you for scathing denunciations of the arch humbugs who now wear the mantle of the once great Liberal Party.

Yours, etc.,

"PATRIOT."

SIR,—I hail with joy your abandonment of Party Shibboleths, and await your exposure of ASQUITH, LLOYD GEORGE and all such traitors.

Yours, etc.,

"IMPARTIAL."

SIR,—You will find it hard to live up to your professions, but the thinking Public will support you.

We need a judicial paper that will set truth above Party considerations, revealing, incidentally, the devilish character of the REDMOND-cum-Cabinet compact.

Yours, etc.,

"DULCE ET DECORUM."

"Pink Chestnut.—When ices are given at a dinner it is usual to have them, but not otherwise."

From "Etiquette" in "The Lady."

It is therefore incorrect, "Pink Chestnut," to produce a private Bombe Vanille from your handkerchief bag.

"The death of an infant from 'convulsions,' without further explanation, can never be wholly satisfactory."

Australian Medical Journal.

It takes a lot to satisfy some people.



Short-sighted Old Lady (to gentleman taking his morning exercise in the park). "Go AWAY, GO AWAY; YOU SHAN'T PUT A FINGER ON MY LUGGAGE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

All the world recognises Sir MARTIN CONWAY as a paramount peak-compeller and explorer of resource, while superior persons, like this learned clerk, know him as an effective *dilettante* in the realms of art. In *The Sport of Collecting* (FISHER UNWIN), with a general candour, but a specific, canny (and of course rather tiresome and disappointing) reticence as to prices, he gives us, in effect, a treatise on the craft of curio-hunting, gaily illustrated by anecdotes of the bagging of bronze cats in Egypt, Foppas and Giorgiones in Italian byways, Inca jewellery in Peru, and heaven knows what and where beside. The authentic method, apparently, is to mark down your quarry as you enter the dealer's stockade, to pay no visible attention to it but bargain furiously over some pretentious treasure which you don't in the least want; later, admitting with regret your inability to afford the price, to suggest that as a memento of your pleasant visit you might be disposed to carry off that odd trifle in the corner over there; then, bursting with hardly controlled excitement to see your priceless primitive wrapped in brown paper and thrown into your cab, to drive to your quarters, hug yourself ecstatically and boast to your friends and fellow-conspirators about it. Shooting the driven tiger from the howdah is quite evidently nothing to this royal sport of dealer-spoofing, especially when the dealer knows a thing or two, as Sir MARTIN bravely confesses he sometimes does. I wonder if this arch-collector, when he discovered his best piece, Allington Castle (of which he discourses with such pleasant and knowledgeable enthusiasm), turned a contemptuous back on the battlements and made a casual offer for the moat. A most diverting book.

The name of MADAME YOI PAWLOWSKA is new to me; but if her previous books were anything like so good as *A Child Went Forth* (DUCKWORTH) I am heartily sorry to have missed them. There have been many books written about childhood, and the end of them is not yet in sight; but I have known none that so successfully attains the simplicity that should belong to the subject. You probably identify the title as a quotation from WALT WHITMAN, about the child that went forth every day, "and the first object that he looked upon, that object he became." The child in the present instance was one *Anna*, who went forth in the Hungarian village where she was born, and saw and became a number of picturesque and amusing things, all of which her narrator has quite obviously herself recalled, and sat down in excellent fashion. I don't want you to run away with the idea that *Anna* was a good or even a pleasant child. Anything but that. The things she did and said furnished a more than sufficient reason for her father to threaten again and again to send her to school in England. The book ends with the realisation of this, which had always been to *Anna* as a kind of shadowy horror in the background of life. We are not told which particular English school was favoured with her patronage, nor how she got on there. I was too interested in her career not to be sorry for this omission; and that shall be my personal tribute to her attractions.

There are few persons who can write love stories with a surer and more tender touch than KATHARINE TYNAN. So I expect that many gentle souls will share my pleasure in the fact that she has just put together a volume of studies in this kind under the amiable title of *Lovers' Meetings*

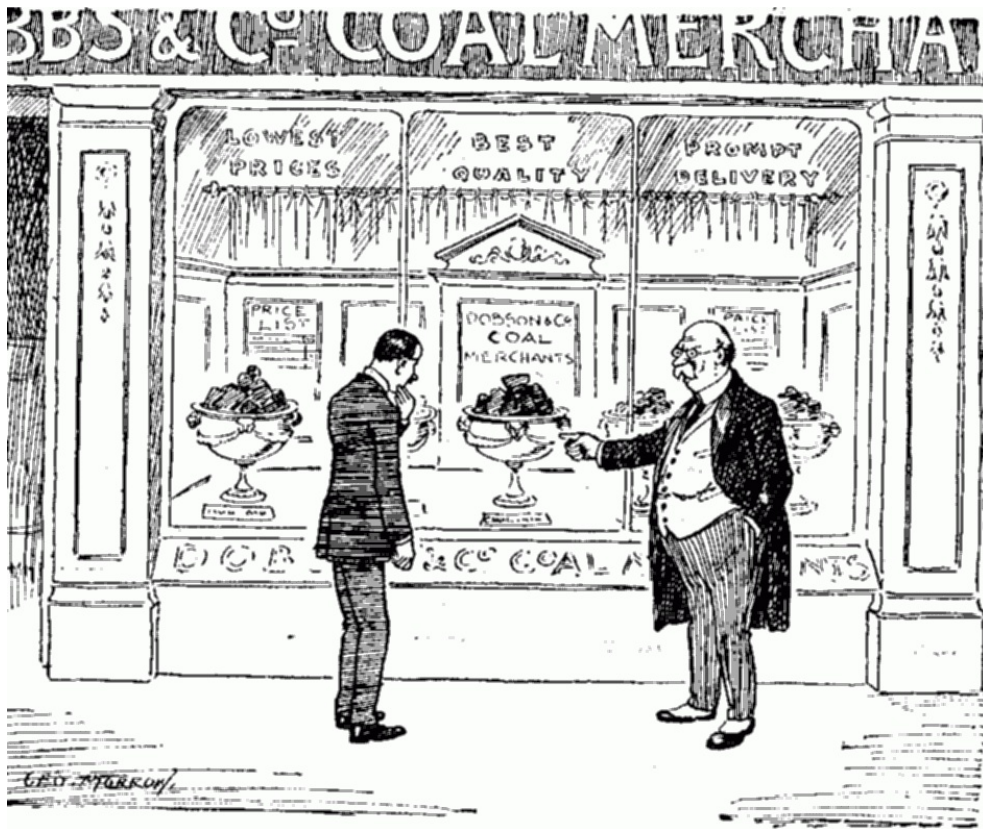
(WERNER LAURIE). Personally my only complaint about them is that in a short story lovers' meetings mean the journey's end, and I wished to spend a longer time in the society of many of the agreeable characters of Mrs. HINKSON'S studies. Take for example the first—and my own favourite—of the series. There really isn't anything special in it—and yet there is everything. What happened was that *Challoner*, a confirmed bachelor, went to the Dublin quay to see off a friend on the boat to Holyhead. The friend didn't turn up; but a young governess, with whom *Challoner* had only the slightest previous acquaintance, was going by the boat—so *Challoner* went with her, and they were married, and lived happy ever after. You may think that this doesn't sound very probable, and perhaps it doesn't; but it is so charmingly told—*Challoner's* growing delight in the initial mistake that confuses the pair as man and wife is so alluringly developed, and the whole little episode of twenty pages has such a way with it as to take your credulity a willing captive. This was my individual choice; but there are fifteen others of various styles; some mild detective studies, and a pathetic little ghost story that recalls to me one of KIPLING'S best. Altogether an attractive collection, very far above many such that have appeared lately.

Mr. WILKINSON SHERREN, in his new novel, *The Marriage Tie* (GRANT RICHARDS), is very serious about the hypocrisies of the virtuous and the injustice of our moral conventions. Other writers before him have been serious about these things, and I do not know that Mr. SHERREN has anything very new to say. I must also confess to thinking that a sense of humour would have assisted him greatly in his task. Nevertheless his readers are certain to sympathise with his beautiful heroine in her dismay at her unfortunate illegitimacy, and she is a good girl with a great regard for the feelings of all her friends, even though she expresses this regard a little stiffly. Mr. SHERREN uses his background well, and many of his scenes would be effective if only his characters were debarred from dialogue. It would be, I am sure, beyond *Johanna's* powers, were she limited to the deaf and dumb alphabet, to convey such a speech as this: "I wish you to consent to your father's suggestions, dear. By doing so you do not injure me, and you cheer his declining days. I am sure your dear mother wishes it." Her methods would become something much brusquer and more direct. I doubt if Mr. SHERREN is at his best in a novel. An essay on the confused issues of illegitimacy and the punishment of the children for the sins of their fathers would show him, I am convinced, at his ease; but dialogue and a beautiful heroine are an embarrassment to him.

In a volume of tales and sketches entitled *The Mercy of the Lord* (HEINEMANN) Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL revives pleasant memories of her Indian romances once beloved by me. In these new stories everybody dies—if Europeans, with the latest slang upon their lips; if natives, with a lusty invocation to Allah. Mrs. STEEL does not believe in letting the reader know what she is about, and there is generally something up her sleeve. Each story has its own little puzzle, and, if the puzzles are not always solved by the end of the tale, one can make all kinds of pleasant conjectures as to what really did happen, and Mrs. STEEL'S mysterious hints and shrugs and fingers on the lip do beyond question assist her atmosphere. I like best of the stories "Salt of the Earth," a most moving tale, beautifully told. Always Mrs. STEEL is interesting, and I hope these sketches are only little preludes to another of her thrilling romances.

If Mr. BERTRAM SMITH'S *Caravan Days* (NISBET) has not made me eager to take to the road at once, the reason is that he seems to delight in things that I most cordially detest. For instance, he likes cooking and he is "very fond of rain." With such tastes he has more facilities for enjoying himself than are offered to most of us, and I find myself wondering whether life in a caravan, always supposing that he was not there to do the cooking and admire the rain, would be quite as much fun as he would have us believe. I am confident that when next he goes upon his travels the majority of his friends will be anxious to share the attractions of his *Sieglinda*, that caravan of caravans, but I doubt if they will be ordering *Sieglindas* for themselves. Meanwhile, so human has Mr. BERTRAM SMITH made his *Sieglinda* that I can well imagine her sulking in her retirement because she wants to see Argyll, the only county in Scotland she has not yet sampled.

If you are a musical genius yourself and want to do a young composer a good turn, I implore you not to get his opera produced under the pretence that it is yours and wait until it has been received enthusiastically before you announce whose work it is. For that is what *Jess Levellier* did, and "Miss LOUISE MACK" tells us what a deal of trouble was brought about by this impulsive action. There are several love stories in *The Music Makers* (MILLS AND BOON). There is the affair of *Jess* and there is the affair of *Jess's* father; and in regard to the second of these I would say that I am a little tired of adventurous women who are first attracted by dollars and then find that they are head over ears in love with the man himself. But in case you are not adequately intrigued by either of these romances, I can also tell you that *Sir William* (big and burly) and *Trixie Harrison*, though married, gave considerable cause for anxiety before with "outstretched hands she went tottering towards him." Even the most jaded novel-readers will suffer thrills and surprises from *The Music Makers*, and occasionally, perhaps, they will wonder whether coincidence's long arm has not been stretched to the point of dislocation. However that may be, the book is breezy and its author is lavish of her material. Parsimonious writers would have made half-a-dozen novels out of the stuff of Mrs. CREED'S book.



THE ART OF WINDOW-DRESSING.

Shop-Manager (sternly, to assistant). "SURELY, MR. JENKINS, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO PUT THE KITCHEN COBBLES IN THE CENTRE VASE. REMEMBER IN FUTURE THAT IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY YOU SHOULD ALWAYS STRIKE THE KEY-NOTE WITH THE SELECTED NUTS."

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MORE MUNITIONS OF PEACE.

(An Episode in the Camp of the Nationalist Volunteers.)

Several further months had elapsed in the history of the scheme for the "better government of Ireland." The Home Rule Bill had been read for the third time in the Inferior Chamber, but, apart from this conciliatory action, no effective attempt had been made to avert the horrors of Civil

War.

Meanwhile two coups had been planned, of which the one failed and the other succeeded. And during the arrangements for the first coup (for it got no further than the preparatory stage—and even this was denied) it was revealed that British officers were not very greatly inclined to shoot down their fellow-countrymen for the sake of the *beaux jeux* of a political party. And for this the politicians of that party, selecting the worst name they could think of, described these officers as politicians. And the cry of "The Army v. the People," started by a Labour Member (who wore a large hat), and supported by the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (who wore a small one), was raised very high and then dropped, as likely to prove inexpedient.

But the other coup (which succeeded) was a very clever feat of gun-running on the part of the Ulster Volunteers. And, the law having been broken, the Government, as its guardian, determined to take no punitive measures—an attitude that was repellent both to Sir WILLIAM BYLES and to Mr. NEIL PRIMROSE.

And now there grew up in each political party a body of rebellion. For on the Liberal side there were those, notorious at other seasons for their advocacy of peace at whatever charges, who gave out that there were worse things than Civil War, and one of the worse things was the stultification of their own projects, or, as they put it, of the Will of the People; though they showed no strong anxiety to discover, by the usual tests, what the Will of the People might actually be in the matter.

And on the Unionist side there were those who said that they would do nothing to provoke Civil War, but that, since it took two sides to conduct a Civil or any other kind of War, and the British Army was apparently not available, there was no fear of Civil War, and they (the Unionist Party) could well afford to stiffen themselves about the lips.

And all this tended to embarrass the labours (if any) of those leaders who were still supposed to be holding communion together for the furtherance of a compromise.

Now, among the Ulster Volunteers, though perfect sobriety was exhorted and maintained, it was excusably felt that it would be a pity if so fine a force should have been raised and armed at such expense and sacrifice and then have no chance of showing what it could do. And this feeling evoked sympathy in the breasts of the Irish of the South and West; and they said to them of Ulster, "Rather than see your army wasted we will ourselves raise one for you to shoot at." And this they did, in part for sheer joy of the chance of a fight, and in part for admiration of the sportsmanship of a people that had defied a British Government. And though some joined the new Volunteers for love of Home Rule, and with the object of offering themselves as substitutes for the British Army, yet the promoters were content to allege, vaguely and inoffensively, that their object was just the protection of Irish liberty, whatever that might be taken to mean. And, being Irish, no exact logic was asked of them.

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But at first Mr. REDMOND, as a supporter of the law, and scandalised by its breach in Ulster, declined to approve this illegal development, which for the rest he regarded as negligible. But later, when it had grown too large to be ignored, he generously consented to overlook its illegality and to place it under official patronage. But his offer was received in a spirit of very regrettable independence. On reflection, however, this attitude was exchanged for one of sullen submission.

Now a private army is a dangerous thing when you know what it is for; but it is a very dangerous thing when you don't. And there were cynics—not too frivolous—who held that the best course for the Government would be to withdraw from Ireland for the time being and leave Ulster and the Rest to come to an agreement of their own, either with or without a bloody prelude. And there were other critics—not much more frivolous—who replied that, if we walked out of Ireland and left Ulster and the Rest to come to terms, they might get to understand one another to such good purpose that we should never have the opportunity of walking in again.

And the Government's only consolation lay in the thought that the Rest of Ireland lacked the munitions of war owing to the vigilant precautions taken to prevent the importation of arms into Ulster.

A thrill of emotion rippled over the tented plain. Into the camp of the Nationalist Volunteers had dashed a motor-car which was taken to be the forerunner of a great consignment of smuggled arms, for it contained a bulky wooden case with the label "Munitions of Peace" pasted upon its façade—a superscription that might well have been designed to mislead the wariest of coastguards and patrols. Its sole convoy was an old gentleman—evidently selected for the part, for by his air of simple benevolence you would have judged him the last man in the world to be suspected of nefarious practices.

A cry of bitter disappointment broke out on the discovery that the "munitions" consisted of nothing but books. But the uproar died down as the old gentleman was seen to assume the attitude of an orator. His words were at first received in courteous silence; then with sympathetic approval; finally with deafening applause.

"Nationalist Volunteers!" he said: "I come from performing a similar mission of camaraderie

among the hosts of Ulster. I am no partisan. I am like a certain philanthropist of whom I have heard who purveyed sherbet to the rival camps of the Sultan of MOROCCO and the Pretender. I trust that my fate may not be his, for he was the sole person killed in one of the noisiest battles ever fought in the environs of Fez.

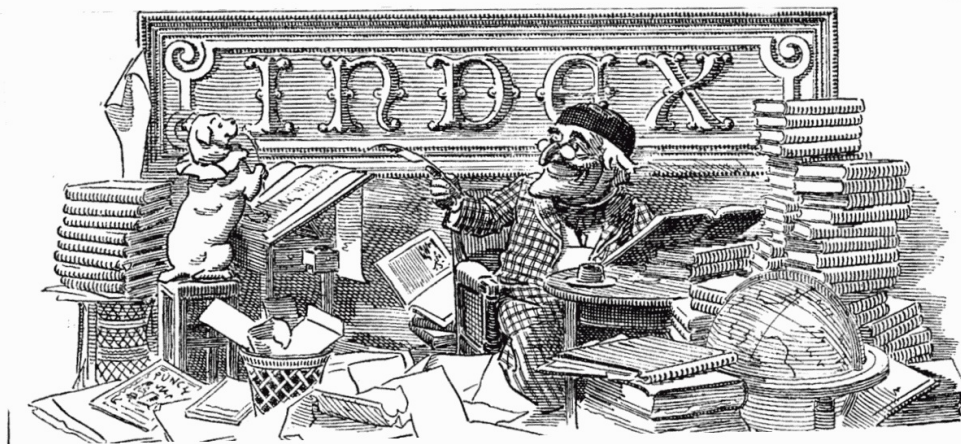
"This tome, identical with the rest of my munitions of peace, embodies (for I made the contents myself, and so ought to know) the highest wisdom mingled with the purest material for mirth. Its contemporaneous perusal in both camps should encourage a common ideal of humour and so promote mutual respect and affection.

"I would go even further and express the hope that here may be found a spirit of genial tolerance which, if assimilated by all parties, will infallibly lead to a solution of the Irish Question without the inconvenience of bloodshed. Gentlemen, permit me!" And thereupon he presented to the admiring gaze of his audience *Mr. Punch's*

One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Volume.



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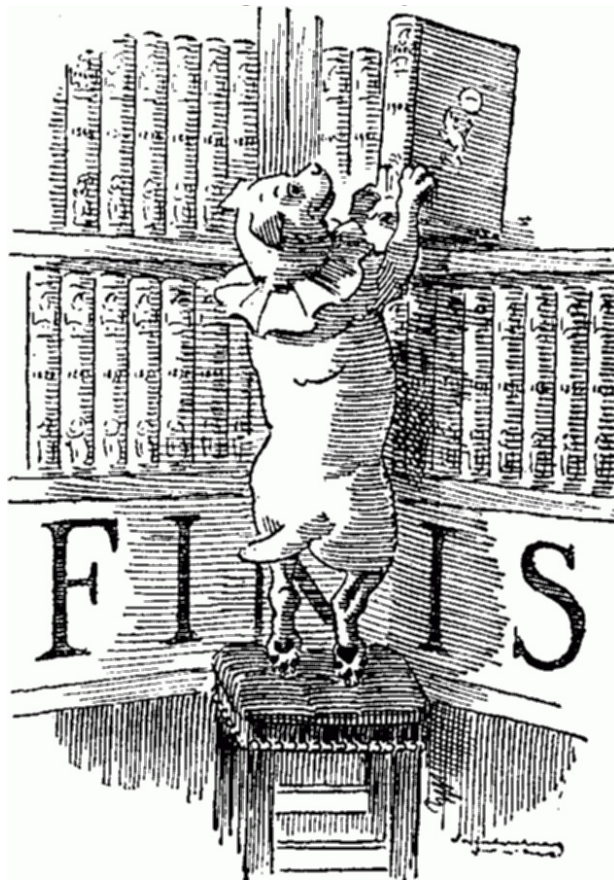
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