

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 146,
March 4th 1914, by Various and Owen Seaman**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Punch, or the London Charivari, Vol. 146, March 4th 1914

Author: Various

Editor: Owen Seaman

Release date: February 9, 2012 [EBook #38794]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Malcolm Farmer, Lesley Halamek and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 146, MARCH 4TH 1914 ***

[pg 161]

Punch, or the London Charivari

Volume 146, March 4th 1914

edited by Owen Seaman

CHARIVARIA.

According to *The Globe* Mr. YEO, in returning thanks after the Poplar election, shouted to a female interrupter; "Shut up, you silly cat, shut up!" To this, we understand, the cat retorted generously, "My-Yeo!"

The GABY DESLYS' tradition? MISS LOTTIE VENNE is appearing at the Criterion in a *Pair of Silk Stockings*, and MISS MARY MOORE is touring the provinces in *Mrs. Gorrings Necklace*.

The KAISER has forbidden the production at Herr REINHARDT'S Deutches Theater of a play called *Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia*, on the ground that one of the characters is a member of the Prussian Royal Family. We ourselves should never have dared to hint that this fact renders the play unfit for the public.

Cheery notice on the window of an insurance office in New Broad Street, E.C.:—

"GUARANTEES,
SICKNESS
COMBINED
WITH ACCIDENT."

Dr. DURHAM lectured last week on Explosives as an aid to Gardening; but many persons think that the quiet man who does not lose his temper gets better results.

Burglars, last week, broke into a synagogue at Newcastle-on-Tyne and removed practically all the articles of value, including a silver cup and a pointer. Surprise is expressed in some quarters that the pointer should not have given the alarm by barking.

Living artists sometimes complain that it is only the Old Masters who are appreciated nowadays. Authors would seem to be more fortunate. Take the following paragraph from *The Bedford Express*:—"On Sunday the well-known elocutionist, Mr. FREDERICK DUXBURY, visited Stevenage. He preached morning and evening at the Wesleyan Church, and in the afternoon he gave a sacred recital. His principal item on Sunday afternoon was Coulson Kernahan's 'God and the Ant,' but he

included one or two lesser pieces, including a chapter from the book of Job."

It was stated last week in the Marylebone Police Court that there is a gang of thieves in London who do not hesitate to steal motor-cars whenever they find them unattended in the street. These scoundrels are crafty enough not to pick up the cars and put them under their arm, for they realise that this might attract attention, but they just jump in and drive off.

We are glad to note a renewed outcry against the unearthly noises made by many motor-car hooters. If they must run over us, the least they can do is to let us die in peace.



Dad (who has brought his son to the links for the first time).

"IS IT A GOOD LIE, HAROLD?"

Harold (unconsciously ranking himself with the Great). "FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A GOOD LIE."

It seems a pity that so little is done to encourage the growing love of art among the criminal classes. The Italian gentleman who guarded "La Gioconda" so carefully has not been so much as thanked for his pains, and now it is stated that six persons have been arrested in Paris and Brussels for removing art objects from the admittedly unsafe custody of museums.

Stout residents of Cornforth, Durham, having protested against the narrowness of some of the gateways on the local paths, the parish council has decided to widen them. It was found that this would be more economical than to send these citizens to Marienbad to have their bulk reduced.

Publishers are continually making finds, and Messrs. DUCKWORTH AND Co. have been peculiarly fortunate. In their current list they announce the publication of "Lost Diaries" and "The Lost Road."

"Sale of Votes by Women.

Incidents in a Chicago Election."

Daily Express.

By a curious coincidence we have seen ladies selling *Votes for Women* in the streets of London.

Yet another example of the industry of the foreigner. A pamphlet issued by the Lincolnshire Chick Farm informs us that "On the Cyphers' Co. Poultry Plant, one flock of 400 White Leghorns shows an average of 185.2 eggs per bird in 36.5 days." This, we need scarcely tell our readers, works out at

Another Episcopal Scandal.

"KING AND NEW BISHOPS.

The King received at Buckingham Palace to-day the new Bishops of Chelmsford and St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich. The Home Secretary administered the oath.

FOUND TO BE INSANE.

Judgment was reserved."

Westminster Gazette.

"Much the largest of all the woodpeckers in this country is the great black woodpecker (*Picus martius*). This is a very rare species, occurring only in the wilds of the wooded mountain areas. It is about 18 miles in length."

Pekin and Tientsin Times.

As the crow flies.

England's far-reaching Influence.

"RESULT OF THE POPLAR ELECTION.

NO FOREIGNER SAFE IN MEXICO."

"Yorkshire Observer" Placard.

"SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY'S POSER STARTLES AUDIENCE.

Special Cable to the New York Times and Montreal Gazette.

London, February 4.—Sir William Ramsay raised the question whether the unfit should be left to die at the annual dinner of the Institute of Sanitary Engineers to-night."

The Gazette (Montreal).

There would, of course, be no difficulty about the "funeral bakéd meats."

IN MEMORIAM.

John Tenniel.

BORN 1820.

DIED FEBRUARY 25TH, 1914.

Now he whose gallant heart so lightly bore
So long the burden of the years' increase
Passes at length toward the silent shore,
From peace to deeper peace.

And we, his honoured comrades, by whose side
His haunting spirit keeps its ancient spell,
We bring our tribute, woven of love and pride,
And say a last farewell.

Yet not farewell; because eternal youth
Still crowns the craftsmanship where hand and eye
Saw and interpreted the soul of Truth,
Letting the rest go by.

Thus for his pictured pageant, gay or grave,
He seized and fixed the moving hour's event,
Maker of history by the life he gave
To fact with fancy blent.

So lives the Artist in the work he wrought;
Yet Nature dowered the Man with gifts more dear—
A chivalrous true knight in deed and thought,
Without reproach or fear. O. S.

THE PERFECT CONDUCTOR.

"GOOD MORNING, Sir," he said, as I boarded a leviathan one day last week. "What a beautiful morning, isn't it? What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" He daftly pulled half-a-dozen tickets from his stock and permitted me to inspect them.

"Fresh in this morning, Sir," he continued. "White, one penny; a great many people prefer them because they go well with any colour. For the blue ones we are asking twopence; they have only the same amount of information but take you twice as far. Sweet shade, isn't it?" He stepped back and held one up to the light for my benefit.

"Well, I really only wanted a pennyworth, but I *must* have one of the blue ones—they *are* attractive, as you say. I shall keep it in memory of you."

"Very good of you, Sir. You won't mind my making a little hole in it? A mere matter of form; and the bell, which rings to announce the conclusion of the operation, is, as you will notice, quite musical. A sovereign? I shall be delighted to change it for you." He gave me the correct change, bowed, and turned to answer a lady passenger.

"Have we passed Sloane Street?" she had enquired.

"We passed it at least five minutes ago, madam. Were you wishing to alight there?"

"I was," replied the lady; "but don't trouble—I can walk back."

He was horrified at the thought.

"Certainly not, my dear madam," he protested. Turning to the little ventilator-window by which he could communicate with the driver, he rapped. "William," he called, "a lady here desired to get down at Sloane Street. Do you mind...?"

"Charles," responded the driver, stopping the 'bus, "you know our one ambition is to please the passengers who so trustfully commit themselves to our charge. Mingle my regrets with yours, as representing the Company, that we should have omitted clearly to intimate when we were in the vicinity of Sloane Street. We will lose no time in correcting the error."

"William," said Charles, "it is only what I should have expected of you. It is the least we can do." William turned the 'bus carefully and ran quickly back, to the admiration of the other passengers, who murmured unanimous approval of such graceful courtesy.

"This," announced Charles, as we pulled up after a while, having recovered the lost ground, "is South Kensington Station. We stay here one full minute for the advantage of any person who wishes to visit the neighbourhood; after which we shall proceed, if all goes well, to Putney, taking with us perchance those who have business in that direction."

I prepared to alight, and Charles shook my hand warmly.

"Speaking for William and myself, Sir, representing the Company," he said with emotion, "we are indeed sorry to lose you. It would have given us both great pleasure could your presence have graced the remainder of the journey. Still, doubtless your private affairs compel you to sever this so charming acquaintanceship, and on some future occasion I trust we may again meet?"

"I trust so, Charles," I answered. "Farewell."

"*Au revoir*," said Charles, waving a hand. Sorrowfully I left him, hearing as I departed his dulcet tones addressing the passers-by: "If anyone would care to step on, we are going to...."

MANNERS FOR PARENTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Instead of writing all this nonsense about the behaviour of boys at school, why doesn't someone write about the behaviour of parents at school—at their son's school, I mean? That is a subject which really requires ventilation, for the behaviour of most parents at school is *positively mouldy*.

Of course it's very nice for your people to come down and see you and all that, but there's a good deal of anxiety about it which might easily be avoided, and I have therefore written out a few simple RULES FOR PARENTS AT SCHOOL which I hope you will publish.

(I.) Do not greet your son upon your arrival with "Well, boysie," or some such rotten

expression as that. It's the sort of thing that it may take him years to live down.

(II.) Do not insist upon attaching the son of your old friend Smith to the party. Old Smith may be all right, but young Smith may be in a House you can't mix with, or something like that.

(III.) Do not say to your son, of someone else's cap, "That's a pretty cap; why don't you have one like it?" because it's probably either the First XI. colours, or the cap of a House you wouldn't be seen dead in.

(IV.) Do not tell the House Master how well your son played in the boys' cricket match last summer holidays. Your son is probably a perfect rabbit, and the master is certain to know it.

(V.) Do not discuss such subjects as "The Public School and the Development of Character" with the masters in your son's presence. It's very unpleasant to have the development of your character discussed. In fact it's hardly decent.

(VI.) Do not treat a member of the XI. as if he were an ordinary person; and—

(VII.) For Heaven's sake don't walk across Great Green. Only fellows who have been in the XI. two seasons may do so, yet I've known parents wander all over it before their sons could stop them, and only laugh when told what they had done!

Hoping you will publish this, as I think you ought to do,

Yours truly, CHUBB Minor.

[pg 163]



THE NINE OLD MEN OF THE SEA.

RAMSAY MACSINDBAD. "WELL, WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE. THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN TEN OF 'EM."

[pg 164]

[pg 165]



MORE NEW BLOOD FOR OLD ENGLAND.

INTRIGUED BY THE ACTION OF THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY AUTHORITIES IN IMPORTING A NEW MANAGER FROM THE STATES, THE GOVERNMENT, IT IS RUMOURED, ARE ABOUT TO GO EVEN FURTHER AFIELD IN SEARCH OF PROMISING TALENT FOR THE FRONT BENCH.

MY HEROES.

Every day of my life I am more and more impressed by the genius of two men. These men are GUTENBERG and MORSE. GUTENBERG invented printing and MORSE was more or less in at the birth of telegraphy. What should we do without either?

It is morning and I turn to the paper. It happens to be *The Daily Graphic*. What do I find? I find GUTENBERG and MORSE once more in collaboration. Thus:—

"MR. BALFOUR LOSES HIS WAY.

CANNES, Monday.

Mr. Balfour paid a visit yesterday in pouring rain to Mr. Chamberlain at the Villa Victoria. Mr. Balfour lost his way, and passing the house strolled along the Fréjus road, scanning the name of every house until he found a chauffeur who directed him to the Villa Victoria. Subsequently Mr. Balfour returned to the Hotel Continental and motored out to dinner.—Central News."

What, privileges we enjoy, we moderns! Five hundred years ago, four hundred, the world would have been in ignorance of any event of this kind. Statesmen would have lost their way in foreign towns and no one at home would have known. Think of the privation! But now, not only, thanks to GUTENBERG, do we know it and think accordingly, but, thanks to MORSE, we know it the next day and our thrills are not delayed.

So much for the morning.

It is a few minutes later—evening. Not really evening, because it is before lunch, but evening enough for the Tenth Muse, bless her! I open *The Evening News* and what do I find? GUTENBERG alone; but how full of matter! Thus:—

"SEVEN.

The mystic number seven is curiously associated with the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knight, of Old Swinford, Worcestershire.

She was born at the Seven Stars Hotel at the seventh hour of the seventh day of the seventh month.

There were seven customers in the bar when her birth was announced, seven persons were present at the christening, and there are seven letters in her Christian name.

Her father is the eldest of seven children and her mother the youngest of seven. She has seven uncles."

There's for you! But of course this is not enough. The chronicler, try as he might, is but a

scamper after all. Not only were there seven customers in the bar, but each had had seven drinks. Whiskey (there are seven letters in whiskey, spelt my way) punch. Each had a slice of lemon and there were seven pips in the lemon. Of the seven uncles each had a watch, making seven watches, and a cigar case, making seven cigar-cases. So it might go on for ever.

Similarly the nine deported Labour leaders arrived in the Thames nine minutes after somebody else and nine minutes before somebody else. The term "dock-berth" has nine letters in it, and Nine Elms is on the Thames too. Whew!

"We find ourselves generally in agreement with the writer Dr. Figgis, so our enjoyment of his books is the keener and less critical. When we do criticise it is as though we found faults in a friend whom we know very well and regard very highly. This position Dr. Figgis has won for himself by the thoroughness as well as the cleverness of his literary work."—*Athenæum*.

Dr. FIGGIS must be a proud man to-day.

[pg 166]

INTERVIEWING FATHER.

SIR GEORGE is not a nice man. He is a mercenary, narrow-minded person. I never really liked him, but then he never really liked me. However, he is Miranda's father, so I decided to interview him. The interview took place at his office. He waved me to a chair, and, as it seemed all that I was likely to get, I took it.

"Well?" Sir George grunted.

His tone indicated an unfriendly spirit, so I retorted, "Well."

There was a slight pause. Then he said, rather aggressively. "I never lend money."

"I suspected it," I replied; "I practically never borrow money, but that is my misfortune and not my fault."

"Then what can I do for you?"

"You have a daughter——"

"I have," he interrupted.

"I knew we should find a common basis of agreement. Miranda is unmarried; I am unmarried."

"You suggest marrying my daughter?"

"I make no suggestion, but the idea had crossed my mind."

"Can you keep a wife?"

"I never lost one yet. I think that with a little tact——"

"I mean, have you any money?"

"Eighteen shillings and fourpence," I answered, producing that sum as evidence of my *bona fides*.

"That is not a very large capital on which to start married life."

"True, but I'm not mercenary. Yet perhaps, as we seem to have drifted on to the question of money, I might mention that I have property—house property."

"I don't believe much in house property in these days."

"I don't either. Though I lay no particular stress on the matter, I also have some mortgages."

"I don't care much about mortgages."

"I agree with you. Beastly things, I call them."

"What income do you derive from the property and the mortgages?"

"I don't exactly derive any income from either. You see, the two things go together—I mean the property and the mortgages. I don't fancy the mortgagees get much income from the property, though I suppose they try their best. Perhaps, strictly speaking, I can hardly call the property mine since the mortgagees took possession. The mortgages however are undoubtedly mine. I created them, you know."

Sir George rose pompously, so I went on at once:

"I have some shares. I should like your opinion on them."

"What kind of shares?"

"The usual kind—paper, but quite nice artistic designs on them."

"In what companies?"

"I forget the names of the companies, but I think that they had something to do with rubber."

"Then you can take my advice and sell them."

"Thanks awfully," I said, "if that means that you'll buy them. I always thought that I should eventually find someone to help me out."

"I will not buy your shares. But before I finally close this interview I should like to know, as a matter of curiosity, on what you live?"

"Meat and things, like other people. I'm no vegetarian."

"I mean, how do you obtain food and clothes? I see that you do wear clothes. At present I'm a little puzzled."

"It's a matter which has often puzzled me. I get them somehow. Sometimes I work and sometimes, but not very often, I get paid for my work. I believe that if I were married I could earn more."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, you see, I couldn't very well earn less."

"Then am I to understand that you have practically no income?"

"If it comes to that, has Miranda any income?"

"My daughter will have what I choose to allow her."

"And I shall have what I choose to earn, so it seems that we should be fairly well matched."

"Sir, I consider your request to marry my daughter an impertinence, and the flippancy with which you have conducted this interview an insult."

"Sir George," I said impressively, "be just before you are generous. If you think over the matter calmly you will recognise that I have made no such request. You are an older man than I, so I pass over anything that you may have said in the heat of the moment. I am willing to part friends."

For a moment I thought he would burst. He ignored my outstretched hand and almost shouted, "I don't care how we part, so long as we do part. You will oblige me by not seeing or communicating with my daughter again."

As I was passing through the door I remarked, "Without making any rash promises, I will endeavour to oblige you. I gather, as much from your demeanour as anything else, that you do not favour me as a suitor for your daughter's hand. As a matter of fact, I look with equal disfavour on you as a possible father-in-law. My real object in seeking this interview was to remove any misapprehension you might have on the subject."

When I was well outside the door, laughter really took hold of me for the first time since Miranda refused to marry me.



Underground Train Conductor (sulkily to passenger jumping in after train has started). "NAH THEN! IF YOU'D HA' FALLEN DAHN AND BROKE YER NECK I SHOULD 'AVE BEEN THE ONE TO SUFFER."

"Mr. Hartley is the proud possessor of the English championship belt for running broad jump, having cleared something over 45 feet."

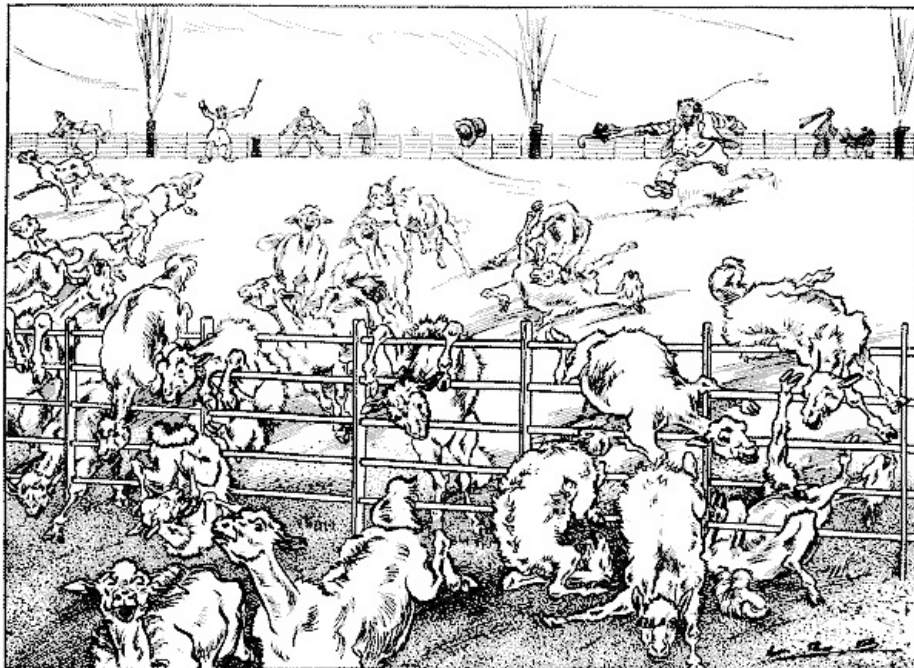
The Morning Albertan.

His pride is very excusable.

"In our day when many women consider the art of managing a home beneath the dignity of their supposed sex, not everyone knows how to make a pancake."

Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury.

"Supposed" is good.



MARCH WINDS.

Short-sighted Official (to gentleman pursuing hat). "CALL YOUR DOG OFF, SIR, CALL YOUR DOG OFF," ETC., ETC., ETC.

MOVING.

(A Suburban Elegy.)

WHEN I remember I shall tread no more
In such a short time now the well-known street,
And never to these ears shall sound the roar
Of Perkins' cart-wheels, dangerously fleet,
Bringing the boon of Ceres to the door,
Nor those of Batson (Batson is the meat);—

When I recall that in the hours to come
My eyes may never see the shape of Pott
Planting his fish down, then methinks it's rum
That mortal men should move and be forgot
By those that serve their household daily, some
Sending the right delivery, some not.

Full often on my homeward way I pause
Where Jones is standing at his shop-front trim;
We pass remarks about the nation's laws
And how it still keeps up, though skies are grim;
And Jones is most polite to me, because
We've always got our groceries from him.

But the old orders soon shall cease to be,
And I must pass into an unknown land,
And at the corner by The Holly Tree
Where now he lifts a ceremonious hand
Yon constable shall scarce remember me,
Not that he ever——Quite. You understand.

And alien lips from mine must move to swear
Over the mangled remnants of a shirt
Brutally done to death with fiendish care
By yon steam laundry. Last I come to Bert;
Bert's is the best known face in all the Square,
Being the milk, and something more—a flirt.

Yes, for not only bleeds this heart of mine;
There shall be tenderer spasms when we shift,
Such bits of cheek, such observations fine,
Such honied whispers have been heard to drift
From Susan at the casement of her shrine
To Romeo managing the tradesmen's lift.

Hers shall be all the loss; he'll soon forget.
Others shall ope accounts when we are gone;
Movings are all too frequent for regret;
Yet one methinks there is shall dream upon
Our name with soft remembrance, guard it yet
Like some pressed violet. I refer to John.

I know our postal service, know full well,
Though we have told them to what bourn we flit,
How many a missive shall obey the spell
Of the old false address inscribed on it.
And John shall bring them. And John's heart shall swell
For Harriet while he stuffs them through the slit.

EVOE.

OUR LITERARY ADVICE DEPARTMENT.

CANDID advice given to the literary aspirant on easy terms by an old journalist. His fame is world-wide, but he prefers to be known as THE OLD NIB. Anyone sending him threatening letters will be prosecuted.

Frankly, LANCELOT, your *Passionate Pangs; or, Heart Throbs of a Retired Government Clerk*, will never bring you in a large income. You say friends have praised them highly, and you point out that TENNYSON had to wait years for recognition. Well, you must do the same. You could not have a better precedent.

You have a strong grasp of a situation, BENJAMIN, and the scene where *Uncle Henry* slips on the butter slide is quite thrilling. But you must compress a little and avoid certain faults of style. "She

have a sigh" is wrong; and I do not like "'Pshaw,' he *shouted*"; I do not think it could be done. I tried myself in my bath and swallowed a lot of soapy water. Pray be more careful.

I certainly like to hear from such an enthusiastic reader as WIGWAM. His idea, of going to a fancy-dress ball dressed in a number of old copies of *Wopple's Weekly* is excellent and, if they let him in, ought to be a great success. I hope he wins the hair comb. As to his verses I have often seen worse. With a rhyming dictionary (for rhyming) and an ordinary one (for spelling) WIGWAM should go far.

ANGELINA'S poem shows a nice domestic feeling which I appreciate. In these days of Suffragettes it is not every authoress who will say—

"I like to see a familiar face
And I think home is a beautiful place."

But though "mother," as she says, is a very beautiful word it does not rhyme with "forever." "Other," "brother" and "smother" are the rhymes that I always recommend.

LEONIDAS has made a great improvement since I had to speak to him so severely last spring. *Sly Sarah* is quite a clever tale, and before very long LEONIDAS will find himself writing for *Soapy Bits* and papers of that calibre. Of this I am sure. His characterization is strong, his style is redolent of *bravura* and his general atmosphere is *fortissimo*. The character of the archdeacon might be improved; indeed, if LEONIDAS is going to send it to *The Diocesan Monthly*, I should say it must be improved. Why should he slap *Sarah's* face? No reason is given for this, and it is surely a very questionable action. Human nature may be human nature, but archdeacons are archdeacons. By the way there is only one *l* in spoonful.

HENRY must be careful. This is the third time he has sent me his epic. There are limits.

There is not much demand for tales of this description, HOPEFUL. But as you say you like writing them I do not see who is to prevent you. If you can get the permission of the local authorities by all means give a reading at the Home for the Half-Witted.

I have no doubt CLAPHAM ROVER means well, but he has a lot to learn. There are no events of any kind in the three tales he sends me. The only thing that ever happens is that the hero is kicked downstairs. Even then he lies prostrate in the hall for two days. Surely the maids might have swept him up. CLAPHAM ROVER must remember the great words of DEMOSTHENES when he swallowed a pebble on the sea beach: "Action, action, and again action." He was thinking of lawyers, of course, but his words have a lesson for us all.

INGENUOUS is the exact opposite of CLAPHAM ROVER. I rise from his tale an absolute wreck. "Splash, she was in the river;" "plonk, he was on the floor;" "whiz, a bullet shot past him." INGENUOUS must really go more quietly and make a little less noise. Why not write a few essays on some of our lesser known female didactic writers, or some such subjects as "People one is surprised to hear that Dr. JOHNSON never met?" It would do him a lot of good. But above all he must study that master of Quietism, the incomparable author of *The Woman's Touch, The Silent Preacher, Through a College Key-hole*.

PARSIFAL has pained me very much. He sent me a long poem, and after I had given him a very detailed criticism I discovered that he had simply copied out a poem of WORDSWORTH'S familiar to us all from our earliest childhood. I have lost his address, so I cannot tell him privately what I think of him, but it was a dirty trick.

CIUDAD RODRIGO (I don't know why he calls himself that; he writes from Balham) sends me an essay on GEORGE BORROW. It follows with great fidelity the line of established fact, never deviating into the unknown. After reading it I felt that I did not want to hear any more about GEORGE BORROW for a long time.

ARRIÈRE PENSÉE, TOOTLES, PONGO and HUGGING: see answer to CIUDAD RODRIGO.

I did an injustice to PARNASSIAN in my answer to him last week. Owing to a misprint I was made to say that "his poems were written" (which they were not, but typed, and very excellently typed too). What I meant to say was that his poems were rotten. Sorry.

THE MILITANT'S SONG.

EACH morning, vigorous and bright,
I sing my little song:—
"If I don't do the thing that's right
I'll do the thing that's wrong."

And if I chance to miss my aim
By slight miscalculation
I go on singing just the same
With equal exaltation.

So when I light my little sticks
To burn up "No. 8"
And find I've kindled "No. 6"
My joy is just as great.

And when my little stones I dash
At windows in a hurry
And hear the corner lamp-post smash
I see no cause to worry.

And when I take my little whip
To punish "Mr. A."
And find I've made another slip
I giggle out, "Hurray!"

And under lock and key I trill,
Although my cell's a strong one:—
"I didn't hit the right man, still
At least I hit the wrong one."

Bethnal Green and Leith.

We are asked to say that some of the best friends of the Government take a grave view of the acclamations with which the Liberal Press has been greeting the recent "moral victories" of the Party at the polls. A few more of these moral victories and the language of triumph will, they fear, be exhausted before an actual victory occurs.

"Lord Plymouth's donation of £30,000 completes the purchase of the Crystal Palace. The shortage was due to Mr. Camberwell's refusal to contribute, and also to a reduction in Mr. Pinge's contribution by £15,000."

Otago Daily Times.

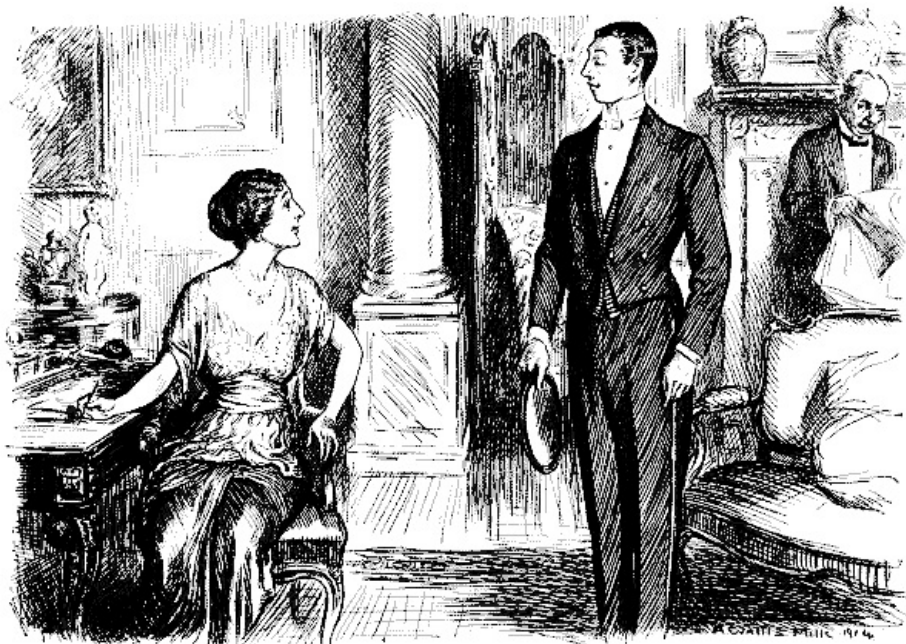
On the other hand we are glad to be in a position to say that Lord Penge, the Hon. Mrs. Sydenham Hill and the Dowager Lady Dulwich have behaved most generously.

"Respecting Ichthemic Guano, you can make use of my name, as it is one of the best fertilisers on the market."

From a Trade Circular.

We should like to know what our old friend Ichthemic Guano has to say about this. He will not like to hear that anybody else's name competes with his in the fertilising market.

[pg 169]



THE HOLY ESTATE: AN EX-PARTE VIEW.

Her Ladyship. "SO YOU ARE LEAVING TO GET MARRIED, THOMPSON? I MUST COME AND SEE

BELLES LETTRES AND OTHERS.

Most of us have been startled to observe how very far real life falls short of the standard of books. The realisation has come home to me with great force after reading *whispers of Passion*, a collection of love-letters by "Amorosa," which I could not refrain from comparing with certain authentic love-letters (as I suppose I must call them) which happen to be in my possession.

What a contrast! What a melancholy contrast!

Here, for example, is the tender opening of one of "Amorosa's" efforts:

"BELOVED,—This morning I saw the sun rise from behind the grey hills that rampart our secluded vale. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, as I watched, the sombre robes of the Night were irradiated and enrosed by the mysterious fires of the Dawn. And herein, my dear one, I seemed to grasp a deathless symbol of the awakening of Love between us, the first slow gilding of our grey lives by the roseate glamour of romance...."

And so on. Now read this, taken from one in my own collection treating of the same subject:—

"DEAR WOOGLES,—How *dare* you hint that I'm lazy? As a matter of fact I saw the sunrise only this morning, which reminds me of a story. I daresay you know it already. A small boy decided to keep a diary, and the first entry he made was: '*1st January—Got up at 8.15.*' His mater objected to this on the ground that *got up* was too slangy. 'Look at the sun,' she said. 'The sun doesn't *get up*; it *rises.*' The same evening, after the boy had gone to bed, she looked at the diary again. There was only one other entry: '*Set at 9.*'

Not much of a yarn, is it, Woggles? But still it's good enough for you...."

Or consider this beautiful conclusion:

"... Dear, I am all thine. My soul calls to thee across the night; the beating of my heart cries through the darkness—Thine, thine, thine!

Good night, adored one, good night.
AMOROSA."

And contrast it with the following:—

"... And now I must dry up or I shan't be in bed by midnight, and the old man will lose his hair and say I'm ruining my precious constitution. Ta ta. Be a good infant.
Yours, MADGE."

"Amorosa's" lover appears to have sent her a bracelet, and must have felt richly repaid when he received this:—

"... As I clasped the slender cirlet around my wrist I seemed to hear a voice which said, 'This is pure gold; let your love be pure. It is an emblem of infinity; let your trust be infinite. It is a pledge of fidelity; let your faithfulness be immutable....'"

But this is how Madge expresses herself on a similar occasion:—

"... Thanks very much for the bracelet. It seems pretty decent...."

Let me give two other extracts which happen to treat of similar themes. Here is the first:—

[pg 170]

"... I heard music surging in great waves of divine beauty from Belnobbio's 'cello, and, magically, wonderfully, it lured and compelled my thoughts, beloved one, to you. In all those immortal harmonies I heard your voice; the Master's rapt features faded into mist, and I saw instead your own grave, strong face. Tell me, what is this power which can so converge all beauties to one centre?..."

And here is the second:—

"... I went to hear Kranzer yesterday, and oh, Woggles, I tell you, he is the edge, the very ultimate edge! I *rave* over him day and night. I'm madly, head-over-heels, don't-know-how-to-express-it in love with him. I'm going to throw you over and follow him about all round the world, and whenever I get the chance just lie down and let him wipe his boots on me. So—resign yourself to it; you'll probably never see again,
Your fatally smitten MADGE."

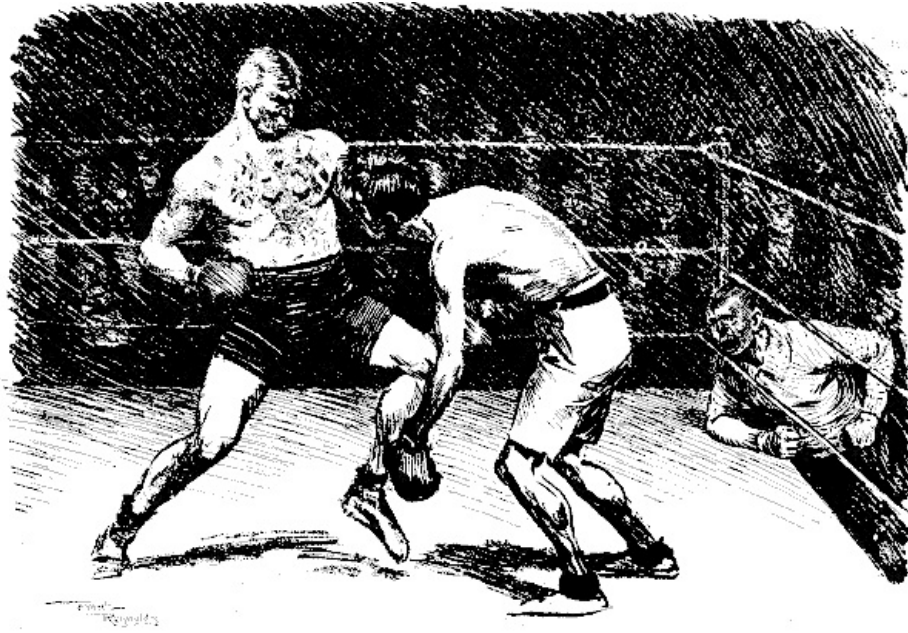
Occasionally, it is true, there occurs in these deplorable letters just a touch of sentiment, but how crudely, how prosaically expressed. Immediately after the passage quoted above, for instance, I find this:—

"P.S.—Dear old boy, you don't mind when I rag you, do you? Here's just a teeny-weeny
× for you. M."

How does "Amorosa" phrase such a sentiment?

"... My lips cannot touch your lips, but my soul seeks yours, and in that spiritual
embrace there is something of eternity."

And yet, after all—



THE TATTOOER'S ART.

Exasperated Backer. "It 'im Charley; don't look at them pictures."

GNOMES FOR GOLFERS.

In April when the cuckoos call
Glue both your optics on the ball.

In May avoid the water-ouzel
Whose warning note predicts a fozzle.

In Summer when the lies are good
Propel it smartly with the wood.

In August should the peacock shriek
Renounce the baffy for the cleek;

But if your stroke becomes too "sclaffy"
Give up the cleek and use the baffy.

In Autumn when the lies are clammy
Replace the brassie by the "Sammy."

But when the course is dry and grassy
Replace the "Sammy" by the brassie.

In Winter when the lies are slimy
Be up or in, or lay a stymie.

When caddies chatter on the green
Rebuke them, but remain serene.

But when they hiccough on the tee
Pay them their regulation fee.

Whene'er you chance to top your drive
Before you speak count twenty-five.

But if you slice into the rough
Thirty will hardly be enough.

When beaten by a single putt
You may ejaculate, "Tut, tut."

But if you're downed at dormy nine
Language affords no anodyne.

Where frequent pots the green environ
Take turf approaching with the iron.

No game is lost until it's won;
The duffer may hole out in one.

If down the course the pill you'd punch
Be careful what you eat at lunch.

A simple cut from off the joint
May cure your shots to cover-point.

But lobsters, trifle and champagne
May even prove the plus-man's bane.

The Nine St. Denys's.

"Thereupon the Labour party sang 'The Red Flag,' the deportees
joining in the chorus, bearing their heads during the singing."
South Wales Echo.

[pg 171]



A DEVOTEE OF "THE DOCTRINE."

[pg 172]

[pg 173]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

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

House of Lords, Monday, February 23rd.—Temporarily relieved from thoughts of Ulster or meditations upon Marconi, House gave itself up to bright debate on question not less attractive because of spice of personality. Spice acquired additional piquancy since it was not supposed to be there. Its absence was indeed formally insisted upon. "Oh no, we never mention him. His name is never heard." All the same, as debate went forward, names *did* occur. Glances, furtively shot from side to side of House, casually rested upon particular seats, whether empty or occupied.

SELBORNE introduced subject by moving Resolution condemning principle that a contribution to Party funds should be a consideration to a Minister recommending to the Sovereign bestowal of a titular honour. Subject delicate one to handle. AS SELBORNE admitted, WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and RIBBLESDALE in succession concurring, it was not a Party question. Notorious that since the days of

Lord NORTH both political parties are tarred with same brush. Through difficult circumstances SELBORNE adroitly picked his way in lively speech. Sorely handicapped by Resolution, the effect of which, even with assistance of other House, would, as RIBBLESDALE pointed out, be absolutely nil. "In the end," he said, "both Houses would be only expressing a pious, almost a Pharisaical opinion."

This conceded, the Lords, having no work to do, might have done much worse than devote sitting to breezy debate.

WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE at his best in his enunciation of principles upon which, were he dispenser of honours in the Radical camp, he would choose his peers. Whilst taking broad view of case on eugenic principles, he would be inclined to make selection in favour of childless candidates.

"The sons of newly-created Radical peers are," he shrewdly remarked, "almost certain to be Tories, while a Radical grandson of a Radical peer is a phenomenon never seen."

Incidentally the bold Baron took occasion to remark that his own title was conferred upon an ancestor in reward for active part taken in placing the Tudor dynasty on the throne. Some noble lords, whose patent to peerage is of rather more recent date, whilst agreeing generally with his views, thought this remark superfluous. Why drag in the Tudors?

WILLOUGHBY'S graphic account of an interview with the agent of a moneyed applicant for honours was capped by RIBBLESDALE, who confided to listening Senate particulars of occasions when, as a Whip he had from time to time been "approached."

MILNER, shocked by what he regarded as frivolity, proposed to treat the subject "with a slight approach to seriousness." Proposal cast a blight over proceedings which were hurried to conclusion.

Business done.—SELBORNE'S Resolution agreed to with verbal amendment.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Resemblance of House of Commons to the sea never more strikingly illustrated than at to-night's sitting. For five hours and a half deadliest calm reigned. Benches less than half full. Questions droned through appointed period. House got into Committee of Supply on Civil Service estimates. Votes for Colonial Service offered occasion for debate on Camel Corps disaster in Somaliland last August. LULU defended in detail the policy and action of his department. At half-past eight, talk still dragging slow length along, he moved closure. Division on proposal to reduce the estimate, equivalent to vote of censure, ran Government majority up to 125.

Suddenly scene changed. It was the mid-dinner hour, period at which House is as a rule dismally empty. The four-hundred-and-seventy Members who had taken part in the division, instead of fleeing in accordance with custom as if fire had broken out, made for their seats, whence rose the buzz of excited talk that presages a tempest.

The miracle was worked by Ulster. FALLE, having by favour of fortune at ballot-box secured portion of sitting as Private Member's property, moved Resolution calling upon PRIME MINISTER, forthwith to submit to House his proposals for alteration of Government of Ireland Bill. Opposition mustered in support. Ministerialists whipped up to last man. When, following mover and seconder of Resolution, PREMIER appeared at the table he was welcomed by shout of exultant cheering. Significant contrast with his reception when, a fortnight earlier, he stood in same place and seemed inclined to dally with proposal for exclusion of Ulster. Instinctively, or through whispered information, Ministerialists knew he was now, as they put it, "going straight."

Their most sanguine expectation justified. PREMIER in fine fighting form.

"Gentlemen opposite," he scornfully said, "seem to think we here can be likened to a beleaguered garrison, driven by the stress of warfare into an untenable position with failing supplies, with exhausted ammunition, with shaken nerves, and that it is for them, the minority of this House, to dictate the terms of capitulation that are to determine whether we are to be allowed to surrender with or without the honours of war."



Lord CREWE (to Lord SELBORNE on his way to the Debate on the Sale of Honours). "I trust we shall have no stone-throwing."

Lord SELBORNE. "I'm entirely with you. Too much stained-glass about, what?"

That sufficed to indicate his position. Whilst disclosure increased enthusiasm on Ministerial side it correspondingly inflamed passion on benches opposite.

[pg 174]

There was an anxious moment when fisticuffs seemed imminent across the table in close proximity to shocked Mace. CARSON making interruption (one of a continuous series), PREMIER thought it was WALTER LONG, and severely enjoined him to restrain himself. LONG hotly retorted that he had not spoken. Angry cheers and counter-cheers resounded in opposing camps. PREMIER, accepting assurance of his mistake, apologised. Fisticuffs postponed.

Warned by experience, PREMIER took no notice when MOORE OF ARMAGH shouted, "Why do you funk a General Election?" or when later he received from same source disclaimer of belief in his sincerity; or when another Ulster Member characterised forceful passage in his speech as "Tomfoolery."

Fresh roar of cheering broke over excited host of Ministerialists when by way of last word PREMIER declared, "We are not going at the eleventh hour to betray a great cause."

Business done.—Proverbially swift descent from sublime to ridiculous. Demand of Opposition for instant disclosure of Ministerial plan altering Home Rule Bill met by Amendment from Liberal side declaring confidence in Government. This carried by majority of 73. When put as substantial Resolution eleven o'clock had struck. No opposed business may be taken after that hour. House accordingly forthwith adjourned. Record of night's business in Journals of House prepared for perusal of posterity is comprehended in word "That—"

Thursday.—House puzzled by question on Paper standing in name of H. P. CROFT. Member for Christchurch desires "to ask the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he has received petitions in favour of immediate legislation dealing with imported plumage through all or any of the Prime Ministers of the States of Australia."

How, why and under what circumstances plumage should be "imported through" Prime Ministers of the Australian Commonwealth no one can guess. Generally agreed that, if such painful procedure actually be the Colonial custom, prohibitive legislation cannot be too soon undertaken.

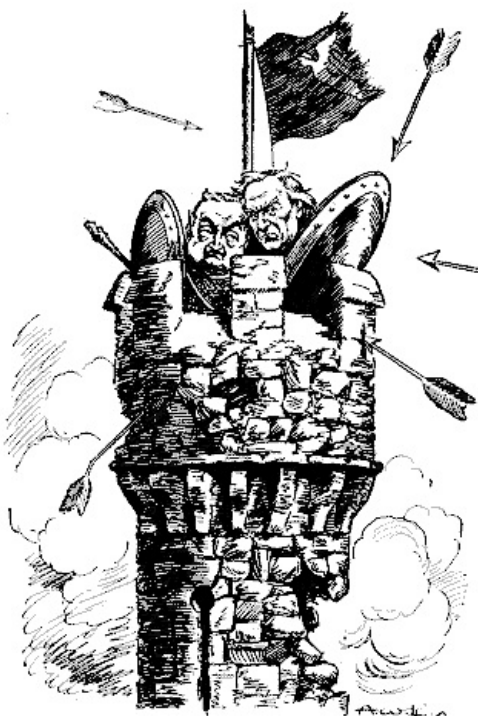
SYDNEY HOLLAND, for many years the prop and stay of the London Hospital, has taken his seat in the House of Lords on accession to the Viscounty of Knutsford. Apart from hereditary claim, he is the ideal type of the class of peer whom reformers on both sides look to for restoration of the prestige and usefulness of the Upper Chamber. Nevertheless it is hoped he will not give up to Westminster what was meant for mankind—the splendid devotion of capacity and energy to the service of the sick poor of London.

Business done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

The New Matrimonial Insurance.

"HUSBAND INSURED AWAY."

"Daily Mail" Heading.



"Gentlemen opposite seem to think we

here can be likened to a beleaguered garrison, driven by the stress of warfare into an untenable position."—*Mr. ASQUITH in the debate on Mr. FALLE'S resolution.*

The Land Campaign once more.

"Large Foot Path, very strong, reduced to 6s. 11d., less than half-price."

Advt. in "The Accrington Observer."

"Are we not having just a little too much London? A glance over our rapidly growing fixture list suggests that the predominance of the great Metrolopolis in matters of golfing is becoming rather too pronounced."—*Golfing.*

It's not fair to the privonces.

"Members of the Chicago Bachelor Girls' Club, who number sixty at present, say they must receive affirmative answers to this list of questions before they will marry:

... Have you bad habits, such as drinking or smoking to excess?..."—*Daily Mirror.*

"The answer is in the affirmative."

"Then I am yours."

A SIGN OF DECAY.

(A bull recently got into a china shop, but was coaxed out before any damage was done.)

WE cut but a decadent figure;
Our virtues grow sickly and pale;
Our forefathers' valour and vigour
Live only in poem and tale;
Our thews are beginning to soften;
No more are we sturdy and hard;
These facts have been often and often
Explained to the bard.

But still to despondent repining
He never consented to yield;
For comfort amid our declining
He looked to the beasts of the field;
Though others grew haggard with grief, he
Maintained a refusal to quake
So long as our bulls remained beefy
And a steak *was* a steak.

But now there *is* cause to repine, a
Dread portent of what to expect:
A bull has got loose in the china
And nothing, no, nothing's been wrecked.
Where fragments were wont to be scattered
Like forest leaves under a gale
Not even a saucer was shattered
By a flick of the tail.

Oh, say, can this care for the teacup
Proclaim that the common decay
Is busting the bovine physique up
And hastening the horrible day
When the bard, too, must take up the story
That the halo of England grows dim,
Since the beef, whence she gathered her glory,
Is void of its vim?

Honours Easy.

"£25 Reward. Lost, either at Folkestone Harbour or from a Pullman Car, a Gentleman's Fur Coat, lined with minx."

"Miss Trenerry, wearing a coat of rose charmeuse, with white fur collar, and several gentlemen."—*Express and Echo (Exeter)*.

"Young Man requires board and lodging in Carshalton; hot and cold bath preferred."

The Herald (Sutton).

He can't have it both ways at once.

"At the Gare de Lyon this afternoon Rolland was welcomed by General de Castelnau, who embraced him and took his arm to the buffet of the station, where a reception was held."—*Daily Telegraph*.

General DE CASTELNAU. "*Donnez-le un nom.*"

[pg 175]



Tommy (his first visit to Madame Tussaud's). "MUMMY, CAN'T THAT MAN TALK EITHER?"

THE TELEPHONE AGAIN.

TING-A-LING.

Patient Subscriber. Hullo.

Gruff Voice. Are you Bond and Lapel?

Patient Subscriber. I'm afraid you've got the wrong number. We're Gerrard 932041. The Society for the Prevention of Wet Feet amongst the Genteel Poor.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

Same Patient Subscriber. Hullo.

Same Gruff Voice. Bond and Lapel?

S. P. S. No, they've given you the wrong number again. We're Gerrard 932041. Ring off, please.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

S. P. S. Hullo.

S. G. V. Bond and Lapel? I'm Major——

S. P. S. My dear Sir, will you believe me that we're *not* Bond and Lapel? We're Gerrard 9-3-2-0-4-1. Don't let me have to speak to you again, there's a good fellow.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

Exchange. You're thr-r-r-rough.

S. G. V. }
S. P. S. } Hullo.

S. G. V. Bond and Lapel, dammit! I want—Don't you "tut" me, Sir. I TELL YOU YOU ARE.

S. P. S. Oh, all right. Well, what can I do for you?

S. G. V. EH?

S. P. S. I said, What can I do for you?

S. G. V. I'm Major Smith. I want you to make me—

S. P. S. Marjorie who? Speak up, please.

S. G. V. MAJOR, M-A-J-O-R, MAJOR. MAJOR SMITH. CAN YOU HEAR THAT? I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A BLUE SERGE SUIT BY TO-MORROW WEEK.

S. P. S. A little louder.... That's better. If you'll wait a moment I'll just jot down your measurements.

S. G. V. Measurements! What the—! I'm Major Smith.

S. P. S. Hold the line a moment and I'll see if we have them. Are you holding on?... Hullo. Major Smith, you said? Sorry, but the fact is we've got two Major Smiths on our books. Would you kindly tell me which one you are?

S. G. V. I'm Major—Smith—of—3—Mecklington—Gardens—Kensington.

S. P. S. Oh, yes. Close to the Oval.

S. G. V. KENS-S-SINGTON!

S. P. S. Oh, Kensington with an "s." Yes. I know. Well now, how would you like it made? Will you have the trousers to match? We're doing a very smart line in buff canary trouserings, just—

S. G. V. I said A BLUE SERGE SUIT, Sir!

S. P. S. Sorry. I was thinking of the other Major Smith. Then we'll say trousers to match. Yes, I've got that. Do you wear them turned up or down? Down. Trousers turned down and sleeves turned up. No, both down. Yes. Now what about box pleats? Shall we say box pleats?

S. G. V. Don't you put any of your new-fangled dodges on *my* clothes, young man, because I won't have it.

S. P. S. No box pleats. I'll make a special note of it. Then to-morrow fortnight without fail.

S. G. V. To-morrow WEEK. And if you don't send that dress suit of mine by six to-night—

S. P. S. Dress suit? Dress suit? What dress suit? This is the first I've heard of any dress suit.

S. G. V. WHAT?

S. P. S. It can't be done, old chap. You'll have to borrow one for to-night.

S. G. V. Y-y-you insolent p-puppy. P-put me through to the manager. At once.

S. P. S. Thanks so much. Then I'll put you down for a subscription. The Society for the Prevention of Wet Feet amongst the Genteel Poor, you know.

S. G. V. —! —! —! (Biff ... bang ... ting-a-ling ... buz-z-z-z-z.)

S. P. S. Exchange.

Exchange. Number, please.

S. P. S. Put me through to the Repairs Department.... Oh, Repairs Department. I'm ringing up on behalf of Major Smith, of 3, Mecklington Gardens, Kensington. Send someone round at once, please. His telephone has burst.

"ST. PAUL'S.

£70,000 WANTED FOR THE FABRIC."

Standard.

Another chance for Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY.

[pg 176]

THE WEDDING PRESENT.

"At last," I said, putting down my newspaper, "there is hope for England. Here is a man who announces his approaching marriage and hopes that wedding presents will not be sent."

"Pooh," said the lady of the house.

"Why," said I, "do you say 'pooh'?"

"Because," she said, "it's not a bit of good hoping for anything of, the sort. You might just as well abolish weddings at once. People won't go to one unless they have a chance of seeing their own present and admiring it so much that the detective begins to suspect them."

"Yes," I said, "isn't the detective splendid? Nobody ever fails to spot him, and yet there he is every time, firmly convinced that everybody takes him for the bridegroom's uncle or the bride's godfather by a former marriage, or something of that sort. I really do feel I couldn't do without the detective."

"There you are," she said. "You can't have the detective without the presents."

"Very well," I said, "we'll let presents go on a bit longer and chance it."

"And don't you forget," she said firmly, "that you've got to choose a present for George Henderson to-day."

"George Henderson?" I said dreamily. "Do you think George Henderson *wants* a present? Isn't he the sort which 'hopes that wedding presents will not be sent'? I've always felt he had a look in his eye which said, 'Dear old chap, I shall be married some day.—Whatever you do, don't send me a present.' Haven't you felt that about him, too?"

"No," she said, "I haven't. In fact George has always seemed to me the very man for a present. And now he's going to be married. It's the chance of a lifetime."

"Well, then," I said, "if you feel like that *you* ought to buy the present. You'll do it better. You'll put more real feeling into it."

"That may be," she said, "but you 're going to London, and I'm not. You'll have to do it this time."

"Oh, very well," I said; "have it your own way; but I warn you I shall buy silver candlesticks."

The two elder girls, who had been listening with eager interest, now broke in.

"Dad," said Helen to Rosie, "is going to try for his old candlesticks."

"Yes," said Rosie; "but you'll see he won't be allowed."

"Cease, babblers," I said. "In earlier and less conjugal days no wedding was considered complete without my silver candlesticks. It was all so simple, too. I called at Gillingham's, wrote out a card, gave an address, and away went the present. And what's more, they all wrote back and said it was the one thing they had been longing for."

"Oh," said the lady of the house, "they'll write like that about anything. At any rate, we won't have candlesticks. They're quite useless now, you know. Nobody has candles."

"And that," I said, "is what makes candlesticks so valuable. There's nothing base and utilitarian about them. They are appreciated for their beauty, and there's an end of them. Do, do let me buy a pair for George Henderson."

"No," she said; "the whole of the rest of the silversmith's art is open to you, but we will *not* have candlesticks."

"I told you so," said Rosie to Helen.

In the afternoon, accordingly, I wandered into the establishment of Messrs. Gillingham, jewellers,

goldsmiths and silversmiths, and heaven knows what besides. For a few moments I steeped myself in the glittering magnificence of the objects displayed around me. Then a polite and very well-dressed young man—not my usual one, but a stranger—spoke to me.

"Are you being attended to, Sir?" he said.

"No," I said, "not yet. I'm not quite ready for it. Still, I may as well begin."

"Yes, Sir."

"What," I said, pointing to a diamond tiara, "is the price of that?"

Two ladies who were making a purchase turned round and gazed at me with an awe-struck but approving look. The young man was evidently much impressed.

"That," he said, "is one of our newest designs. The stones are all specially selected. The price"—he studied the little tag attached to it—"the price is £1,050; very cheap for the value."

"It is," I said, "wonderfully cheap. I can't think how you manage to do it. I will think about it. In the meantime I should like to see something smaller and not quite so valuable."

"Is it a wedding present, Sir?"

"Don't," I said, "let us call it a wedding present just yet." If we do it's sure to turn out a sugar-sifter. Let's think of it as a mere gift."

"Yes, Sir."

"Of course we may find that the man to whom we're going to give it is about to be married, but that will be only the long arm, won't it?"

"The—I beg your pardon, Sir;"

"A coincidence, you know; and we're not the men to be put off by coincidences, are we?"

"No, Sir. Would you like to see the manager, Sir?"

"No," I said, "the manager would only confuse me. Show me some silver inkstands and some sugar-jugs—I mean some claret-sifters—that is, some silver decanters, you know, and some silver fruit-baskets."

"Yes, Sir." He went away and returned with an inkstand.

"This," he said, "is a very favourite pattern. It combines a large inkpot and a match-stand and a rack for the pens——"

"I know," I said; "they never stay in it."

"No, Sir. And there's a little candlestick for sealing-wax——"

"I'll have it," I said feverishly. "Put it aside for me at once. This is really a most remarkable piece of luck."

"Yes, Sir. Anything else?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll have a sugar-sifter, too. Any sugar-sifter will do. I'm only doing it as a concession."

"Yes, Sir. Where shall I send them?"

I gave the address with great gusto, and when I reported the result of my labours at home I said nothing about the little candlestick. The mere joy of having bought it was enough for me. Thus George Henderson received from us his fifth inkstand and his seventh sugar-sifter. He wrote and said that they were the two things he had most been wishing for.

R. C. L.

"He looked at her with infinite gentleness. 'I know all about it,' he said.

She covered her face with her hands and cried brokenly. But, coming closer, he put both hands on her shoulders, and lifted her tea-stained face to his."—*Tasmanian Courier Annual*.

Tea merchants are invited to compete for the advertisement.

"Hodgkins, however; drew ahead, and finally won as stated, the scores being: Hodgkins, 400; Sunderland, 367. The winner's best breaks were 24 and 17 (twice), and the doser's 32, 25, and 20."

He should have made the dose stronger.

[pg 177]



Dog Pincher (to possible purchaser). "I WOULDN'T SELL 'IM FOR FIFTY QUID, ONLY THEY DON'T ALLOW NO DAWGS IN OUR FLATS AT MALLABY MANSIONS."

FARES.

"Is that you, Herbert?" I said in surprise.

It was.

Strange how machinery can influence a man. The last time I had seen Herbert he was a rubicund cheerful gardener. He was now a London taxi-driver, with all the signs of that mystery on him: the shabbiness, the weariness, the disdain.

"Are you glad you gave up gardening?" I asked him.

"Can't say I am now," he replied. "There's more money in this, but the work's too hard. I miss my sleep, too."

"You can always go back," I said.

"I wonder," he replied. "I'd like to. This being at every one's beck and call who happens to have a shilling is what I'm tired of."

"What about tips?" I asked.

"I get plenty of them," he said. "In fact, if the clock registers tenpence or one and fourpence or one and tenpence I practically always get the odd twopence. That's all right. It's the people who don't want to tip but daren't not do it that I can't stand. And there are such lots of them. That's what makes taxi-drivers look so contemptuous like—the tips. People think we want the tips; but there's a time when we'd rather go without them than get them like that."

I sympathised with him.

"Then there are the fares who always know a quicker way than we do. They're terrors. They keep on tapping on the glass to direct us, when we know all about it all the time. It's them that leads to some of the accidents, because they take your eyes off the road."

I sympathised again and made some mental notes for future behaviour myself.

"But the pedestrians are the worst," he continued.

"The pedestrians?"

"Yes, the people who walk across the road without giving a thought to the fact that there might be a vehicle coming. The people that never learn. The people that call you names or make faces at you after you've saved their silly lives by blowing the hooter at them. Every minute of the day one is having trouble with them, and it gets on one's nerves. It's them that makes a taxi-driver

look old sooner than a woman."

"So you'll go back to the land?" I said.

"I don't know," he said. "I'd like to, but petrol gets into the blood, you know."

I suppose it does.

"Dr. Grenfell remarked that the tourist traffic [to Labrador] was beginning to grow. Life in winter was very attractive, and was enjoyed as people enjoyed winter in Norway. One of his few personal reminiscences was how he fell through the ice and expected to be frozen to death."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Us for Labrador, every time.

Paragraph in a petition addressed to a Government official by a Baboo who wished to protest against the conduct of another Baboo:—

"His hatred of me is so much that in the heat of his animosity he wilfully omitted to put in the formal epithet 'Mr.' to my name, which no man of honour would drop because not so much for disregarding me, but that he would be doing injustice to the European etiquette."

[pg 178]

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LAND OF PROMISE."

"I'M about fed up with God's Own Country," says the waster in the play, a youth who, after exchanging a safe thousand a year at Bridge for the dangerous delights of "Chemin-de-fer," had been invited by a stern sire to migrate to Canada. And even so he had not been present during the Third Act to see the things that we saw, or he would have learnt some more discouraging facts which are never mentioned in the philosophy of the emigration-agents; for example, that the solitude and wide spaces of the Golden West seem to induce, even in the honest native worker, a reversion to the state of a dragon of the prime. But he had already seen, in the case of *Norah Marsh*, whom poverty had driven to seek the shelter of her brother's roof on a Manitoba farm, how the drudgery and petty jealousies of a narrow Colonial *ménage*, the familiar society of hired hands, and the lack of life's common amenities, had developed a gently-bred Englishwoman into a sour-tongued shrew.

Worse was to follow when, as a sole escape from the bitter spite of her plebeian hostess, she consented to marry a barbarian who was looking for a woman-of-all-work to manage his primitive shack. Here, having already mislaid her feminine charm, she loses all sense of honesty. First, when ordered to do her household duties—which were of the essence of the contract—she declines to obey till he uses brute force; and then, when he demands of her the attitude of a wife (a very embarrassing scene), she protests that this was no part of the bargain.

I can't imagine what she supposed the bargain was about, if it didn't require her to be either wife or servant.

Terrorism was the man's simple solution; but those who looked, in the last Act, for a tamed and adoring shrew were to be disappointed. Brute force had only produced a patient obedience; and it was not till a damaged crop had brought them to the edge of ruin that she consented to become his ministering angel. But by that time we knew too well her distaste for Manitoban methods to believe in the sincerity of this sudden conversion.

Altogether, after what Mr. MAUGHAM has done to my illusions, I have given up any thought of going to God's Own Country in search of a larger existence.

The acting was perhaps better than the play, though the play was good up to a point. The Second Act, with its fierce jealousy and wrangling and the futile efforts of the farmer (admirably played by Mr. C. V. FRANCE) to intervene between wife and sister, was excellent. For the rest, it was the personality of Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, as the savage mate of the shrew, that dominated the scene. There is no better rough diamond (and he was really very



Extract from "The Prentice (Manitoba) Post":—"The wedding was quite an impromptu affair, the happy pair going straight to Mr. Taylor's shack, where they are spending the honeymoon quietly."

Norah MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
Frank Taylor MR. GODFREY TEARLE.

rough) in the whole stock of stage-jewellery. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, though no actress could have done more with her part, had less chance than usual of showing her particular gift of *finesse*; and *Norah's* character was too inconsistent to command our sympathy. Not that we necessarily gave it to the man. Indeed it was a flaw in the play that our sympathies were never thoroughly engaged by either party. We were, of course, prepared to range ourselves on the winning side, but there was no victory. The issue was decided by *force majeure* in the shape of a wretched weed that destroyed the crop.

The situations, though of a rather strenuous order, gave occasion from time to time for humorous relief. At first, when the English servant in the opening Act rudely interposed with a facetious comment on the sincerity of the grief of certain mourners, I feared lest the humour was going to be distributed loosely without regard to the propriety of its mouthpiece. But the rest was reasonable enough; and my only complaint about the best repartee ("There's no place like home." "Some people are glad there isn't") has to do with its antiquity rather than with its appropriateness.

I have never been to Manitoba (and, after seeing *The Land of Promise*, I am definitely resolved, as I said, never to go), so I cannot say whether Mr. MAUGHAM'S interiors corresponded to the facts; but their freedom from any signs of picturesqueness gave them an air of being the right thing. Life in these parts no doubt revolves largely round the simple joys of the stomach. Seldom have I seen so much eating on the stage. We began at Tunbridge Wells with a funeral tea (though perhaps I ought to pass this over as taking place outside the Dominion); then as soon as we get to Dyer (Manitoba) we had a mid-day dinner, with washing-up; and then at Prentice (Manitoba) we were regaled with a supper of black tea and syrup.

I am confident that there is a great opening for drama dealing solely with Life Between Meals. To see people smoking on the stage is sufficiently irritating; but, when you are assisting at a First Night after a sketchy repast from the grill, all this feeding on the stage, however frugal the menu, makes for exasperation.

Finally I must compliment Mr. MAUGHAM on his ironical title. For his play, too, is a thing "of promise" rather than achievement, if it is to be judged by the test of the Last Act. Still, if a play only promises well enough and long enough—as this play did—that is an achievement in itself.

O. S.

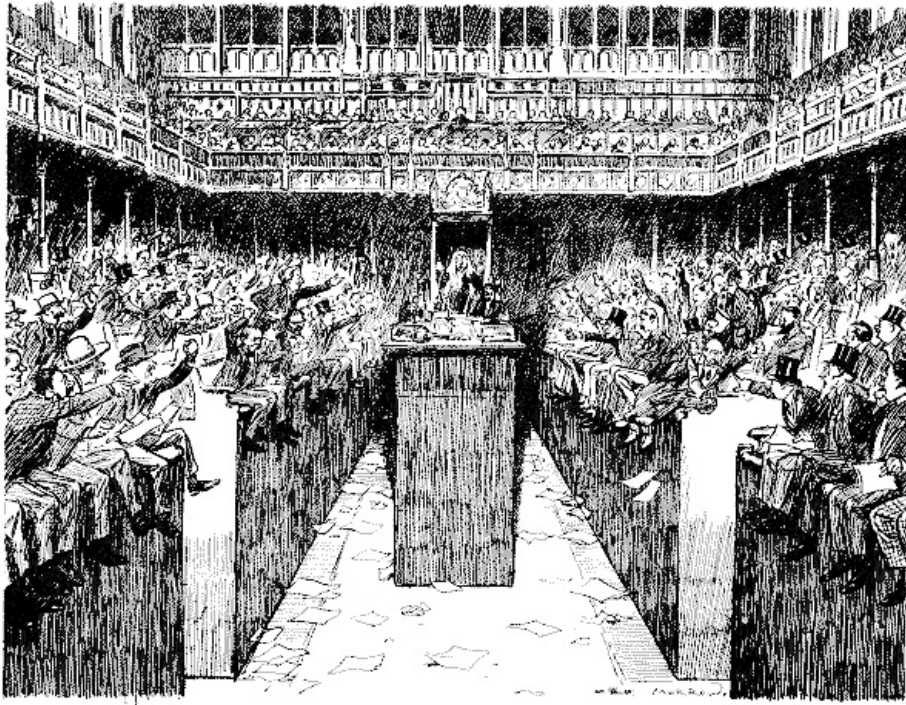
THE TORTOISESHELL CAT.

THE tortoiseshell cat
She sits on the mat,
As gay as a sunflower she;
In orange and black you see her blink,
And her waistcoat's white, and her nose is pink,
And her eyes are green of the sea.
But all is vanity, all the way;
Twilight's coming and close of day,
And every cat in the twilight's grey,
Every possible cat.

The tortoiseshell cat
She is smooth and fat,
And we call her Josephine,
Because she weareth upon her back
This coat of colours, this raven black,
This red of the tangerine.
But all is vanity, all the way;
Twilight follows the brightest day,
And every cat in the twilight's grey,
Every possible cat.

The Thrusters.

"The Ball given by the Ministry of Communications last night in the new Waichiaopu Building was a great success in every way. Although only 1,500 invitations were sent out, more than that number of guests attended the Ball."—*Peking Daily News*.



IN THE ALMOST CERTAIN PROSPECT OF A STORMY SESSION, WHY NOT ADOPT THE "TERRACE" SYSTEM AS NOW USED AT THE Zoo?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I think I could best convey my impression of Miss ETHEL SIDGWICK'S work by quoting the advertisement of a popular magazine which used to proclaim that "these stories are different." All of Miss SIDGWICK'S are this, though you might possibly be hard put to it to say exactly how. It is chiefly an affair of style; there is about all of them a certain dignity of utterance that combines with their humanity to produce an effect wholly individual and rare. Take her latest example, *A Lady of Leisure* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON). There is really very little to arrest attention in the story itself; the characters are persons whom you could meet every day, but in Miss SIDGWICK'S hands they become creatures of extraordinary fascination. The result is a novel by no means easy to criticise; partly because one is left with the feeling (of course the most subtle compliment to any author) that the characters have fashioned it themselves. Time and again one seems to observe Miss SIDGWICK working towards some inevitable *scène-à-faire*, when bounce! off go her people on an entirely unexpected tack, which you must yet admit to be the very one they quite obviously would follow. Never was a cast so incalculably alive. Naturally for this reason its vagaries (they are almost all in love and generally with the wrong person) would take too long to recount in detail. I can only state my personal preference for the group that consists of the heroine, *Violet Ashwin*, her father, the fashionable physician, and her brainless but quite wonderful mother. I plump for the *Ashwin* household in short as a really brilliant contribution to the homes in modern fiction. I don't say you will find their charm easy of assimilation. The society of such clever and elusive folk as *Violet* and her father is bound to be hard going at first for the general. But *Mrs. Ashwin*—oh, she is a joy, a marvel, an exasperation! You will delight to read about her.

The first thing I have to say about *Initiation* (HUTCHINSON) is that it might have been written by Dr. CLIFFORD. The nice people in it are all Roman Catholics, but a group of Huguenots or of Calvinistic Methodists would have served the author's purpose equally well. For ROBERT HUGH BENSON, the novelist, has (so to speak) told Monsignor BENSON, the priest, to mind his own business, and leave him to his, which is the telling of a story, and not the advocacy of any particular form of religion. The second point to notice in the book is that it divides its characters, and incidentally all characters, into those who are initiated and those who are not. The initiated are those who have learnt, chiefly by suffering, the lesson of life, which is that it treats us as it likes. Because they have learnt it, they trust, even when they do not understand, the purpose of the life-giver; because they trust they do not kick against the pricks. The young Catholic English gentleman, of whose initiation the story tells, suffers prodigiously under two of the greatest misfortunes, physical and mental, that a man may endure and live. And yet, when he comes to die, you feel, and he knows, that they are not misfortunes, but the opening up of the way of life. The chief cause of his mental suffering, a young girl of eighteen or nineteen, is described (well on in the book) as a practically insane egoist. She is, to my mind, the weak spot in the story. Frankly I don't believe in her. A girl of her age could not have been so selfishly cruel, and yet have taken in her world as she did. I will own that she took me in at first; but that was the author's fault. He ought not to have let me, as his reader, think her charming and particularly sympathetic when he knew

all the time that she cared for no one but herself. I don't think that is playing the game. All the same, I like his book.

Having read Mr. REGINALD BLUNT's book, *In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout* (MILLS AND BOON), I am now prepared to pass an examination in the history and the worthies (or unworthies) of Chelsea. I know that DON SALTERO was no Spaniard, but an ardent collector of childish curiosities who for a time kept a coffee-house and a smoking club of which "the ornaments and apparatus" were eventually offered to CHARLES LAMB. If I am asked about Dr. MESSENGER MONSEY I shall say that he "tried hard, but with indifferent success, to popularise his own method of extracting teeth by tying one end of a piece of catgut to the offending molar and the other to a perforated bullet, putting the latter with a full charge of powder into a revolver and then pulling the trigger." Then again there is BARTHOLOMEW JOSEPH ALEXANDER DE DOMINICETI, Lord DE CETE ET DE CORTESI, Knight of the Holy Boman Empire and Noble of Venice in terra firma. How did he with his resounding name come to be in Chelsea and there establish "baths, fumigatory stoves and sweating chambers" for the relief of distressed humanity? This question and a hundred others of a similar nature you will find answered in Mr. BLUNT's delightful book. Let Mr. BLUNT take you by the hand and guide you through his beloved Chelsea. He is the most urbane and the most agreeably gossiping companion. He will re-introduce you to Sir THOMAS MORE, Sir HANS SLOANE; to NEILD, the prison-reformer, and his son JOHN, the famous miser; to the CARLYLES and their servant JESSIE HEDDLESTONE, and a host of others. And he will remind you that Dr. JOHNSON endeavoured to manufacture Chelsea china, and that his *chefs d'œuvre* always collapsed in the firing. Take my advice and acquire Mr. BLUNT's book.

I suspect that *Mr. Simpson*, who gives his name to the story *Simpson* (METHUEN), can hardly have shared my own exhausting acquaintance with modern fiction, otherwise it is unlikely that he would have behaved as he did. What happened was this. *Simpson*, though on the wrong side of forty, well off and eminently lovable, was unmarried. Finding a charming old house in the country, he conceives the idea of renting it as a kind of bachelor residential club where he and other congenial cronies can enjoy the life of ease untroubled by any form of feminism. Well, that, to start with, one might fairly describe as "asking for it." But when I add that the old house in question was the property of a still young and charming widow you will probably agree with me that poor *Simpson* hadn't even a dog's chance from the beginning. It is possible that this fore-dooming may a little spoil your enjoyment of Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT's otherwise pleasant tale. Naturally, so far from women being banished from its pages, they simply abound; and the tale of the progress of the bachelor club resolves itself into a chronicle of proposals. There is however an attractive variety about the love affairs, of which I liked best that of the youngest couple. With two there is a note of tragedy; and though the courtship of *Gilbert Strong*, a respectable country lawyer, and the wild gipsy whom he marries may strike you as fantastic, the end of their romance is well told with a fine suggestion of inevitability. On the whole an agreeable and easy-going tale, though without any unusual claim to distinction.



IT WAS AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH WHO, WHILE TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT, WAS OFFERED THE CROWN OF ONE OF THE SMALLER STATES AND REFUSED IT, SAYING, HE "DISLIKED THESE BLIND-ALLEY OCCUPATIONS."

I quite realise that I have not the shadow of a case against Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. He frankly calls his book *Ten Minute Stories* (MURRAY), and that is exactly what they are. Nevertheless I did feel a little aggrieved when each of them stopped with a jerk just as I had become absorbed. One has a sense of having been cheated of one's rights. That is why, though many of these sketches are as good as they can be, I do not think that the book will be quite so popular as others of his.

But devout Blackwoodsmen will add it to their collections and re-read the majority of its contents again and again, as I propose to do. On second thoughts, indeed, I may say that perhaps Mr. BLACKWOOD is not so unfair to his public as I have suggested, for he is one of those writers who are not dead and done with after a first perusal. He can pack a vast deal of food for thought even into a ten-minute story. A good example of what I mean is to be found in number fifteen of the collection, "Ancient Lights." Even a scene-shifter at the Savoy Theatre would believe in fairies after one reading of that. And if, after studying "If the Cap Fits," you lightly steal a fellow-member's hat from your club, I shall regard you as a very reckless dashing fellow. With the awful example of *Field-Martin* before me, I would not do it for a fortune. I shall buy one of those frightful plush hats which you see in shops but never out of them, and I shall have my name in large letters on the inside band. And to the hat-waiter's insidious "This is just as good, Sir," as he offers me some sinister bowler or topper with a past, I shall reply with gestures of disgust and threats to write to the committee.

"Detached 7-roomed horse wanted."—*The Norbury Weekly News*.

Where is your one-stalled ox now?

Transcriber's Note:

Sundry damaged or missing punctuation has been repaired.

Corrections are also indicated, in the text, by a dotted line underneath the correction. Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

Page 161: 'Deutches' is as printed. (Alternative spelling). "Herr REINHARDT'S Deutches Theater"

Page 174: 'beleagured' corrected to 'beleaguered'. "likened to a beleaguered garrison,"

Page 174: 'lose' corrected to 'loose'. "A bull has got loose in the china"

Page 174: 'privonces' is as printed. (A 'Punch' joke: Metrolopolis).

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, VOL. 146, MARCH 4TH 1914 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any

part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written

explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.