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June 14, 1916, by Various**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 150, JUNE 14, 1916 ***

[pg 385]

**PUNCH,
OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.**

VOL. 150

June 14, 1916

CHARIVARIA.

The German IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR'S Reichstag speech with regard to the Battle of Jutland was, according to *The Daily Mail*, delivered with "an eye on Washington." Not GEORGE, of course.

According to the German official announcement, the sinking of the *Lützow* was concealed for "military reasons." It is only reasonable to assume that other and larger prevarications concerning the North Sea battle may be ascribed to "naval reasons."

A remarkable omission from the German account of the Naval battle off Jutland is observed. There is no mention of the destruction of H.M.S. *Blockade*.

According to the Croydon Public Library Committee, "readers are turning to Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and Jane Austen for relief from war worry." This authoritative statement will come as a great shock to Mr. BALFOUR, who appears to have been under the impression that WINSTON CHURCHILL was the popular author of the moment.

Under the heading, "Fish-shaped Zeppelin," *The Daily Mail*, quoting the Zurich correspondent of the *Nieuwe Courant*, describes a monster supposed to have been recently launched by the Germans, which fires an aerial torpedo weighing 420 lbs. a distance of nine miles. We ourselves would have preferred the heading, "Fish-shaped Story."

An A.B., fresh from the Naval fight, had read a statement in the Press that the KAISER had given three Hochs! for his Navy. "Well, I don't give a Dam for it!" said the British tar.

The President of the Republic of San Domingo has resigned, "to save the State from armed American intervention." We fear that somebody has been pulling the gentleman's leg.

The Pall Mall Gazette on the Jumble Sale at the Caledonian Market: "But there were bargains for everybody, whether it was an elephant or a daintily bejewelled carrier, a Paris hat or a three-year-old, or a motor-car, or an elephant." One of the lady helpers, discovering at the last moment that she had a duplicate elephant, appears to have brought it along just in time to catch our contemporary before it went to press.

In connection with the occupation of Fort Rupel by the Bulgarians it is announced that General SARRAIL is taking the "necessary steps." Yet we cannot be blind to the fact that it would have been better to have forestalled the enemy and taken the necessary front-door.

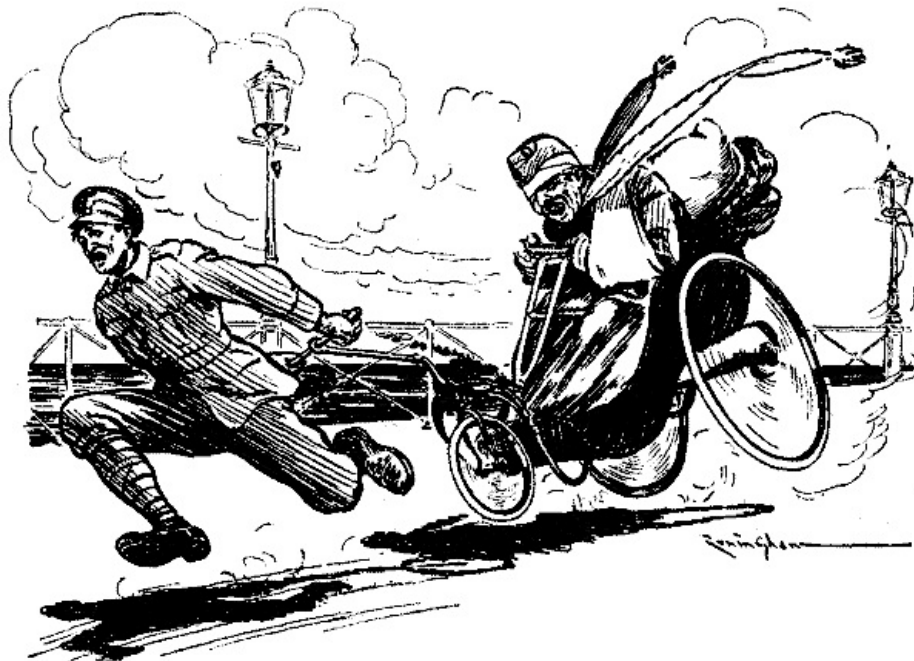
At a meeting of the Church Reading Union at Sion College, Sir FRANCIS FOX, J.P., said that a boy who was arrested for setting fire to a church had told him that he "had seen it on the cinematograph." This statement has drawn a spirited protest from a number of our leading film manufacturers, who point out that the thing could not possibly have happened, as in all their dramas they have always made it a rule never to burn anything less expensive than a cathedral.

An advertisement from *The Times*: "Very stout gentleman, ineligible Army, requires permanent engagement to act for Cinema. Had some experience in comedy pictures; fatter than any other movie actor; weight 22 stone; exceptional opportunity for British producers, but willing go abroad." What about an exchange, on a weight basis, with America, who might send us Sir HERBERT TREE and CHARLIE CHAPLIN?

At the Bow County Court a man who was questioned regarding his occupation said that he was a tinsmith, a carrier, a job-buyer, a milkman and a general dealer; that he was training about 120 carrier-pigeons for the Government and also did a bit of prize-fighting. There the matter seems to have ended, but one cannot help thinking that a really expert cross-examiner would not have let him go without finding out what he did in his spare time.

Reports from all the agricultural districts refer in glowing terms to the cheerful manner in which women workers on the farms are carrying on their duties. We are, however, informed that in one district a woman voluntary worker was heard to express the opinion that she would be more keen upon her part of the work if the ground were not so horribly far down.

The popularity of police passes is due to the fact that they can often be kept and used as a testimonial to character. Thus a well-known Irishman of county family, on applying for a pass to England, received the following: "Mr. — is known to all the police of the county, and they consider him a fit man to leave Ireland."



Member of the Royal Flying Corps (first day out of hospital). "SPEED UP, MAN—SPEED UP!"

The Decline of Chivalry.

"The Minister for Lands, the Minister for Agriculture, and the

Under-Secretary for Agriculture paid a visit to the old Zoo at Moore Park, and decided to adopt the suggestion that it be utilised as a horticultural college for women students. It is expected the animals will take up their new quarters by July next."—*Australian Paper*.

Headline to an account of German outrages in the Baltic:—

"HENS ANNOYING SWEDES."

Rand Daily Mail.

This quite takes us back to the LLOYD GEORGE of the old days.

"SWEET maid (experienced) for restaurant."

Scottish Paper.

We hope she knows her KINGSLEY:—"Be good, sweet maid."

A New Gas Attack?

"With whatever object, offensive or defensive, the German General Staff is concentrating all EGGS SEVENPENCE EACH."

Glasgow Evening Times.

"Kind Motherly Person wanted urgently to mind baby girl during day; easy distance from Reservoir:."—*Auckland Star*.

So, if the child becomes too troublesome——

[pg 386]

To the Memory of Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener.

BORN JUNE 24TH, 1850.

DIED ON SERVICE JUNE 5TH, 1916.

Soldier of England, you who served her well
And in that service, silent and apart,
Achieved a name that never lost its spell
Over your country's heart;—

Who saw your work accomplished ere at length
Shadows of evening fell, and creeping Time
Had bent your stature or resolved the strength
That kept its manhood's prime;—

Great was your life, and great the end you made,
As through the plunging seas that whelmed your head
Your spirit passed, unconquered, unafraid,
To join the gallant dead.

But not by death that spell could pass away
That fixed our gaze upon the far-off goal,
Who, by your magic, stand in arms to-day
A nation one and whole,

Now doubly pledged to bring your vision true
Of darkness vanquished and the dawn set free
In that full triumph which your faith foreknew
But might not live to see. O. S.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

(*HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG and FRAU VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.*)

She. You are late again, Theobald. How often must I——

He. Oh, please do not worry me, my dear Martha. After what I have been forced to go through it is a wonder that I am here at all.

She. What—have you been seeing *him* again? I thought he was away with one of the armies and you would be having a holiday.

He. So did I think; but it was not to be. Holiday, indeed! When do I ever get even a moment in which to think my own thoughts?

She. At any rate I hope he acknowledged what Germany owes to you. Where would he have been, I wonder, if it had not been for your constant devotion to his service throughout this terrible time? Does he realise what that has meant for him and his?

He. Kaisers never realise anything. That's my experience of one of them, at any rate. If you flatter them they smile on you and take all the credit of your work. But I am not cut out of that sort of wood, and the result is that he looks at me as if he had bitten into a lemon by mistake. You know that look, don't you?

She. Yes, my poor Theobald, I know that look. It makes everything black and uncomfortable. But if he is like that and does not consider your feelings, why do you continue to serve him? You should assert yourself, and if he does not improve you should send in your resignation. After all there are better things in the world than to be Chancellor to a man who does not appreciate your work.

He. Of course I have thought of that, but I have put the idea aside. If I were to resign now it would only give joy to my enemies, and they are the last people in the world to whom I wish to give joy. He won't get rid of me just yet, for he finds me too useful as a lightning-conductor. Still, I know that some day he'll give me a push by sending me a letter condoling with me on the state of my health, and then good-bye to the office of Chancellor.

She. And, for my part, Theobald, I hope that time will come soon, though I shudder to think what will become of the country when you go. However, we won't talk of that any more. Tell me rather what he has been saying to you to-day.

He. Oh, to-day he was displeased with my speech in the Reichstag.

She. Displeased with that beautiful speech so sun-clear and patriotic! Why, the man must be mad. Never in all my life have I read anything so patriotic and convincing. What *does* he complain of?

He. What does he not complain of? First, he is angry that I defend myself against attacks made in an anonymous pamphlet.

She. Then I am sure he wrote it himself or inspired it.

He. I have not the evidence to prove that, but it is, of course, possible. It would be just like him to play me a trick like that. But what chiefly provoked his anger was what I said about the naval battle.

She. Yes, I remember you said that England was not thereby defeated. If you will pardon me, Theobald, I myself thought that this was a rash statement.

He. So you're going to turn against me too, are you? It was a true statement, whatever he or you may say. They lost ships, yes, and we lost ships too, and we can afford to lose ships much less than the English can. What is the use of pretending that we've won the War and beaten down England because our sailors shot straight and fought bravely? So did the English, and they've got more ships left than we have, more's the pity.

She. But *he* has made a glorification speech about it, hasn't he?

He. Yes, he has. In another day or two he will have worked himself up to the point of believing that he commanded our ships in the battle. I know him; but he needn't think *I'm* going to encourage him in this laughable pretension.

She. Do not think about him any more, but go to bed and have a good sleep.

He. I will try, but the telephone will ring, I am sure, and he will command me to come and see him. (*The telephone rings.*) There, I told you so.

Is it true that the KAISER intends to confer upon Admiral VON SCHEER the title of Baron von Sheer-off?

Our Classicists.

"Another relic was a torpedo propeller. 'It came from a German submarine that got into an awkward place rather foolishly—but de

mortibus, and the rest of it."—*Provincial Paper*.

Never mind about the rest of it. "De mortibus" is enough, thank you.

"Deep down in the ship I came across a strange sight. Some twenty or thirty boys, seated at desks, were being taught the mysteries of compound fractures by a petty officer."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

As a preliminary to teaching the German Fleet the art of recurring decimation?

"Private Willie—has returned from France looking extremely robust and well. He will, I understand, enter for a course of instruction at Baal College, Oxford, before proceeding again to the front."—*Irish Paper*.

As this new foundation, originally intended no doubt for the German Rhodes Scholars, has apparently been diverted to better use, the authorities might now alter the name.

[pg 387]



UNCONSCIOUS CANDOUR.

German Father. "Can't we see our victorious fleet?"
Official. "No, you can't. Nobody can!"

[pg 388]



OUR WAR PHOTOGRAPHER ON THE CORNISH RIVIERA.

THE SALONIKA SENTRY.

Voice from the house. "IF YOU KEEP YOUR FATHER OUT TOO LONG HE'LL BE CATCHING ANOTHER NASTY COLD."

ON THE SPY TRAIL.

The milkman told Jimmy that the KAISER was like a gambler who had mortgaged his resources up to bursting point, and now with every tooth drawn was chewing the bitter dregs of remorse to the bone. The milkman says these things come to him whilst he is milking, and the reason is that when he presses his head to the cow's side the heat of the cow thaws the blood in his brain for a time.

He told Jimmy that he could make a speech with anybody when he had got his brain like that, and that he thought of addressing meetings, but that the cow would be uneasy on a public platform.

Then he looked round to see where Jimmy's bloodhound, Faithful, was. You see Faithful sometimes makes the milkman's horse try to get into the milk-cart and hide its head under the seat, you know, like an ostrich in the dreary desert when it is pursued by its enemies. But Faithful was chained up for the sake of the deaf-and-dumb woman who comes round once a fortnight. The deaf-and-dumb woman has a blind husband, who squeezes a concertina whilst she shakes some coppers in a tin cup at you. Jimmy's mother always gives her sixpence.

Jimmy says bloodhounds don't like coppers jumping about in tin cups; it makes them harbour resentment, and then you have to show people where the piece came out of your dress. The milkman told Jimmy that he had met the deaf-and-dumb woman that morning. She was all by herself in one of his fields, practising "Where is my wandering boy to-night" Her husband had enlisted, that was why, and she had sold the business. Jimmy wanted to see the woman, but she never came past, so he went down to the railway-station with Faithful to see if she were there. But there was only a man with a parcel under his arm looking about for a train.

Jimmy says that people often go to the station like that, just to see if there is a train in it; they want to use up their return tickets, Jimmy says. But there is only the porter to look at, Jimmy says. The man seemed to think the porter was hiding the trains somewhere, and asked him for a *Bradshaw*. Jimmy says the porter scratched his head so hard that Jimmy thought he would get a splinter in his finger, you know, like they tell you at school, and then he fetched the man a bradawl. "Didn't he ask me for a gimlet and didn't I bring him one?" the porter appealed to Jimmy.

Jimmy says the man was very rude to the porter; he said things you have to be sorry about when you have time to think them over. Jimmy says the man actually made the porter unlock the waiting-room door and throw open the window, although the porter told him that he had a hen sitting on some eggs there.

The man seemed very restless, Jimmy says, because he didn't stay long in the waiting-room. You see Jimmy's bloodhound wanted to see what the hen smelt like, and how it was getting on; but the hen was not quite herself that day, and would keep on flying about the waiting-room at Faithful, just to try and vex him.

Jimmy says Faithful did his best to get the hen to go back and be busy sitting on eggs again, but she wouldn't listen to reason.

Jimmy says the man tried to throw the waiting-room at Faithful and the hen, so Faithful came out through the window, until the furniture had settled down. Bloodhounds are like that, Jimmy says, they avoid a disturbance; Faithful is a very good avoider, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says he thinks one of eggs must have been addled, and come undone in the excitement of the moment, by what the man said. He didn't seem to like addled eggs much, Jimmy says, and he called Faithful an animal.

There was a luggage train due, and Jimmy thought he would just see it come in and then take Faithful away, when on looking round he saw that his bloodhound had suddenly thrown himself on the Spy trail. He kept sniffing at the parcel the man had placed on the seat, and then sniffed hard at the man; after that he sat down and scratched himself whilst he compared the sniffs. Jimmy says it is splendid to see a prize bloodhound sifting evidence like that; Faithful is a very good sifter, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the man picked up the parcel and put it under his arm; you could see he was anxious by the way he kept one foot drawn back at the ready. But Jimmy knows all about parcels under people's arms; you do it with a fishing-line, and it is a surprise to cure people when they have got the hiccough.

What you have to do is to get the fishing-line ready, and when the train comes in to the station you tie one end of the line to one of the railway trucks, and then, if you are lucky, you manage to hook the other end through the string of the parcel.

Jimmy says that when you see the parcel you are carrying suddenly jump from under your arm and go bumping along after the train as it goes out of the station, you forget to hiccough.

You can do it with buns in refreshment rooms or with the green baize on bookstalls—it only depends on who has got the hiccough, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says the man hadn't got the hiccough, but he was very surprised to see his parcel start chasing the luggage train; it was because of its activity, Jimmy says. Jimmy was on the bridge watching. Jimmy says the parcel gave a squeak every time it bumped, and Faithful followed the squeak all down the platform, and when the parcel burst he hurled himself at it.

It was the blind man's concertina! and when Jimmy saw Faithful emerge with the deaf-and-dumb label which the woman used to wear he ran for a policeman as hard as he could.

The man wanted the policeman to take Jimmy in charge for destroying his property, Jimmy says. He explained to the policeman about the concertina; he said he had bought it from a woman who did not know its value, and that it was a genuine "Strad."

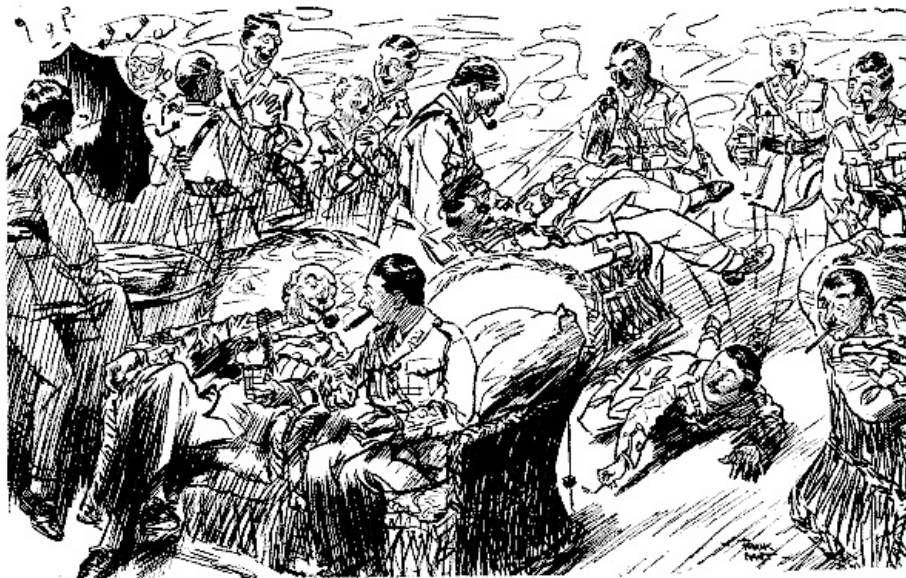
[pg 389]

Jimmy says the policeman might have let the man off if it hadn't been for the porter. You see when the man's parcel was bumping along after the train, the man opened his mouth so wide that some German words fell out, and the porter had heard them. The porter knows German, Jimmy says; he learned it before the War began from a German whose luggage he had put into the wrong train.

When the German spy was searched it was found that he hadn't much money, and the policeman said he must have bought the concertina and label to try to get people to give him money and so work his way to the coast.

It turned out afterwards that he had escaped from a concentrated camp, Jimmy says. When Jimmy told the milkman about it, the milkman said that it was "Ha, ha, one more feather plucked from the horde of German rats that pollute the air with their diabolical designs."

He was just telling Jimmy that the KAISER was standing on the brink of a deep abscess, when he heard Jimmy's bloodhound taking his horse home to put it to bed, and this disturbed his flow of thought.



The Mess Bore (innocent of small gunpowder plot). "DEPEND UPON IT, SIR, THERE'LL BE SOMETHING HAPPENING QUITE SOON NOW, AND NEARER THAN WE THINK FOR."

A testimonial:—

"I have much pleasure in recommending Mrs. D—— as a very efficient masseuse after breaking my wrist."

It was the least she could do to put it right.

THE SUPER-LUTHERAN CHURCH.

[*The Tägliche Rundschau* has published an article by Judge VON ZASTROW, of Berlin, on the Future National Church. It is to unite religion and love of the Fatherland; to reconcile the Sermon on the Mount with war; to make room for Pietists, Materialists, and Laodiceans; and to remove all sectional and sectarian differences. In short, the Church will bathe itself in "the new streams of German power, it will drink from the water which will make our German Will strong and healthy for battle. Our German piety, our German Christianity will assume an heroic colouring, in place of the sentimental tone which has hitherto characterised it."]

When the fighting is finally over,
And victory smiles on our land,
And we 're living in comfort and clover,
We must take our religion in hand;
We must make it heroic and German,
With "Fatherland-love" as its fount;
We must reconcile War with the Sermon
Once preached on the Mount.

'Twill embrace the disciples of HAECKEL'S
Monistic material creed,
The Mammonite worship of shekels,
The gospel of hunger and greed;
And the layman, so Laodicean,
No more his devotions will shirk,
But will kneel with the mild Manichean,
The amiable Turk.

In fine, there'll be nothing sectarian
In Germany's National Church;
And the pedants, Pelagian and Arian,
Will be knocked from their petulant perch;
All paltry divisions 'twill level
That tend to enfeeble the Hun,
And the worship of God and the Devil
Will merge into one.

"Miss — has a sweet voice.... Perhaps her greatest appeal was simplicity and an entire lack of effectiveness."

We have singers just like that in the old country, too.

"Lieutenant — is reported wounded by the War Office."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

He is not the only one who has been hurt by this agency.

"WANTED immediately for Boys' Industrial School (temporarily and possibly permanently), an All-round Tanner."—*Natal Mercury*.

There is evidently a good deal of leathering to be done.

From JACK LONDON'S *A Son of the Sun*:—

"She had been hung up by one arm in the sun for two days and nights."

Somewhere north of the Arctic Circle, we presume.

[pg 390]

UNCHARTED SEAS.

He boarded the 'bus just as it was leaving Piccadilly Circus. "Full ahtside," chanted the conductor, so the A.B. squeezed into a totally inadequate space between a girl of sixteen and an elderly and benevolent-looking lady. Squaring himself forward, he placed a hand like a boxing-glove on either knee and glanced genially up and down the 'bus. He was a large man, dark and hairy, and it was quite easy to associate him with pigtailed, tar and cutlasses. After the first impression there came to one a sense of something odd and un-nautical. Then one became suddenly aware that, instead of the regulation Navy cap, he was wearing a rough woollen tam-o'-shanter, which hung coyly over one ear.

A thin man in a top-hat was the first to notice it.

"Still pretty cold in the North Sea?" he ventured, with an eye upon the tam-o'-shanter.

"So I've 'eard," the sailor replied guardedly; "but this 'ere," he touched his headgear, "ain't an Arctic brow-mitten. I got this from a friend, 'avin' lost me own little 'at jest after the second torpedo was fired."

"Gracious!" ejaculated the elderly lady, and the occupants of the 'bus became magnetised to attention.

"Now that's extremely interesting," exclaimed the thin man with a nervous movement of his hand; "could you tell us the name of the ship?"

"Can't say as I can, Sir," was the discouraging reply.

"Of course not, of course not," spluttered a testy old gentleman in white spats; "a very injudicious question in a public conveyance." He glared at the thin man with intention.

"Sort o' fancy name she 'ad," the sailor continued, quite unmoved by this outburst; "fact she was a bit fancy all round."

"Ha! disguised, I presume?" exclaimed the old gentleman, his discretion for a moment overcome.

"Did she float for any length of time after being torpedoed?" The thin man put the question with a legal incisiveness.

"Went to pieces like a paymaster's digestion as soon as the second mouldy got 'er. Most unnatural."

He rubbed his forehead with the back of his hand and ruminated on the peculiarity of it.

"I suppose you got dreadfully wet?" the elderly lady asked feelingly.

"Well, Mum," he said gravely, "I wasn't exactly dry. Yer see, after the show sharp squalls set in from the Sou'-west, an' me 'avin' made fast to my mate's bow awnin', I 'adn't no claim to the umbereller. So I did get a bit soused round the superstructure, but not, so to speak, flooded right down to my propeller casins."

"Dear! dear! How truly terrible."

She relapsed into silence convulsively, while the old gentleman wheezed with great ferocity and muttered something about a good answer to a d—d silly question.

"A submarine, of course?" The thin man pursued his examination relentlessly.

"So we presoomed from events which 'appened later."

"Artful them blinkin'—beg pardon, ladies—pirits is," vouchsafed a man of toil from the far end of the 'bus; "my brother wot's—"

"All this occurred at night, I assume?" the old gentleman interrupted snappily.

"Yes, Sir, it was an evenin' performance." He glanced out into the murky night. "Put me down at Sydney Terrace," he said to the conductor.

"Wy, ye're there nah," grumbled that caustic individual as he jerked sharply at the bell-cord.

"Well," exclaimed the thin man as the sailor rose to go, "I congratulate you very heartily on your good luck—very heartily indeed!"

For the first time the hero of the incident seemed to exhibit signs of impatience.

"Good luck!" he repeated sarcastically. "Call it good luck to 'ave your cap pinched out o' the 'arf-dollar seats an' then 'ave to take yer best girl 'ome in this crabbin' *chappoo*. I'm goin' to see the brass-'atted owner to-morrow, an' if 'e don't pay out I'll wreck the 'ole bloomin' theatre. Good luck, yer call it!" He swung off the foot-board and disappeared into the gloom, muttering incoherently.

* * * * *

"He—he!" tittered the flapper. It was the only audible comment on the situation.

"A War Office statement this afternoon reports another successful operation by Australian and New Zealand mounted troops in Egypt.

At the enemy port of Barsalmana the enemy were compelled to abandon their camp, and were then combed by aeroplane."

Liverpool Echo.

An appropriate sequel to a brush with the Cavalry.

"If you stand the piano out into the room, you will want a cur-choke soup, mayonaise of lamb, macaroni with tomatoes."

Ladies' Paper.

In the interests of the cur it would be more merciful to keep the piano in the corner.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I.

"A GENTLEMAN seeking information for forthcoming book about the recent developments and inventions in Glass and Pottery manufacture, also Bottle-making, would be pleased to hear from anyone capable of furnishing such information."—*The Times*.

II.

DEAR SIR,—It is very fortunate that I caught sight of your advertisement, for I am just the man you need. You want to know all about bottles and things. I can tell you.

Let us begin with pottery.

Pottery is made in the Five Towns, a district in the Midlands to which references may be found by the industrious, using a microscope, in the works of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, the famous Caledonian Market salesman. How it is made I have not room here to indicate, but its effect on those who make it is to fill their lives with romance and excitement. Thus, if they don't become Town Councillors for Hanbridge they join the School Board at Hanley; and if they are not taking the new tram to Burslem they are catching the fast train to Manchester at Knype.

And now for glass.

Glass is an invisible substance made in some mysterious way. It is used for a multiplicity of things, but principally for windows and bottles. It is when used for windows that its special quality of transparency comes in so happily, for it enables you to see through. This, when it is the

window of a hat shop and you are out with your wife or fiancée, is not an unmixed blessing, but at other times it can be very convenient. Thus, when looking through the window, oneself being carefully concealed behind the blind, one can see undesirable callers approaching and beat a safe retreat. Windows can also be shut, both in houses and railway carriages, and thus keep the place warm and pleasantly insanitary and comfortable. It has been said that the pure air of many German towns is due to the fact that the Germans keep their windows shut.

Glass is also used for the chimneys of lamps, which, when the wick is turned up too high, as it usually is, break. It is employed furthermore in the manufacture of glass eyes, which, as all who have visited *A Kiss for Cinderella* know, do not always match the real ones.

[pg 391]

But the best thing that glass does is to become bottles. Bottles are of two kinds: one kind for medicine, and the less said about those the better; and the other for wine. It was a happy thought which substituted glass for the skin and leather of which earlier bottles were made, for one can now see, by holding it to the light, how little the bottle contains, and order another. The principal fault of bottles is that they are rarely big enough. A half-bottle does not contain sufficient for one, and a whole bottle rarely satisfies two. Some men are so lost to shame as to set only one bottle of wine before three or even four persons.

Before the War old bottles were used chiefly as targets in rifle saloons. Now that they have become scarce, and targets are made in Germany, they are worth money and should be carefully saved.

Glass is useful also for making glasses—the receptacles from which wine is drunk. Without glasses we should be hard put to it to consume our liquor and should have to resort to half-cocoanuts, cups, the hollow of the hand, or even sponges.

Just at the moment bottles—I mean the more genial variety—are under a cloud. It is a penal offence to sell a bottle before noon, between half-past two and half-past six, and after half-past nine at night. But they are expected to come to their own again when Peace is celebrated.

I think that is all.

Yours, etc.,

FIRST AID.



Niece. "HURRAH, AUNTIE! TED HAS BEEN MADE A LANCE-CORPORAL!"

Auntie. "I DO WISH TED WOULD BE CONTENT WITH BEING A SOLDIER, AND NOT GO IN FOR THESE FORMS OF NOTORIETY."

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

XIX.—HAYMARKET.

I went up to the Hay-market upon a summer day,
I went up to the Hay-market to sell a load of hay—
To sell a load of hay and a little bit over,
And I sold it all to a pretty girl for a nosegay of red clover.

A nosegay of red clover and a hollow golden straw;
Now wasn't that a bargain, the best you ever saw?
I whistled on my straw in the market-place all day,
And the London folk came flocking for to foot it in the hay.

XX.—THE ANGEL.

The Angel flew down
One morning to town,
But didn't know where to rest;
For they shut her out of the East End
And they shut her out of the West.

The Angel went on
To Islington,
And there the people were kinder.
If ever you go to Islington
That's where you will find her.

Those who *do* hold the victory—
BEATTY possidentes.

Commercial Candour.

"— & SON,
WINDOW-CLEANERS.
We spare no panes."

Our Optimists.

"As a result of Wednesday's battle the strength of the British Fleet is now greater, not relatively, but absolutely, than it was."

Daily Telegraph.

Ships in WOLFF's clothing: the "victorious" German Fleet.

"Villagers here are heartily congratulating Mr. Charles Gibbs on his marvellous escape from the great North Sea Battle, from one of our lost cruisers. He reached home on Sunday, and brings with him a portion of a shell that pierced his cap, and an engine of the vessel tattered in the conflict."—*Thame Gazette.*

"Some" souvenir.

"The Germans are using guns twenty-one centimetres in length, which can be fired from railway lines and transported with facility."

Westminster Gazette.

This appears under the heading, "Big Guns the Deciding Factor." But should it not have been "Pocket Pistols"?

"Talking parrots from 12s. 6d., 3 months' trial."—*Daily Paper.*

After that you get used to it.

"WANTED, MAN for Tipping Russian Army by hand, piece work."

Northampton Chronicle.

It should be rather a long job.



'AVE YOU FETCHED DOWN MANY ZEPPERLEANS THIS MORNING?'

U.A.

It is very odd how suddenly and completely a new idea gets about. Yesterday you had never heard of it, or not in any way to take notice of it; to-day you hear about it consciously for the first time, and to-morrow it is a commonplace of conversation.

It is so with U.A.

I had, of course, heard of U.A. as a menace, a hidden terror, the old man's dread, the *bon vivant's* heritage, and so forth. But only vaguely. No one had talked about it; I had seen the words in advertisements and had forgotten them again. I had never associated myself with them. Whatever might happen to me, U.A. would be unrepresented.

And then the blow fell. Suddenly U.A. became omnipresent. I met a friend who only last week I had found doing himself with his customary thoroughness at dinner. This evening he was dining again, but his sole companion was a chilly and depressing bottle of French natural water.

"What is this?" I asked. "War economy?"

"No," he said; "merely U.A."

I should have thought little of that were it not that half-an-hour later I overheard two men talking about the difficulty of getting rid of U.A. once it had established itself.

Another man, to whom I complained of some trifling discomfort, said it was probably U.A.

An hour later I was sitting at a farce which, like all the farces in London at the present moment, is the funniest thing ever staged—only this, if the management is to be believed, is more so; and the only thing I was able to laugh at was a joke about U.A.

The next morning I received a letter from a solicitous relation warning me to be more careful or I should be at the mercy of U.A.

And to crown all I went to see a doctor about something really quite negligible, and, after beginning by conjecturing that it was due to U.A., he ended by feeling certain of it.

He asked me a hundred questions about myself, and after every reply he said either, "That's U.A.," or "U.A. again."

"Almost everything that is wrong with people," he said finally, "is caused by U.A."

I came away feeling thoroughly fashionable, but also dejected beyond words, for he had condemned me to a *régime* from which every spark of happiness was excluded.

I have since become a source of embarrassment to my friends, for more than half the nice things that everyone else eats and all the nice things that they drink are denied me. U.A. forbids.

Wine—oh no. Spirits—not on your life. Underdone beef—poison. Tobacco—very unwise. And so forth.

As for my own kitchen, which does not think very quickly, it considers me mad; and after one of the melancholy meals that are now my lot I am disposed to agree.

The question I ask myself is, Which is it to be—a long life of joyless food and no U.A., or a shorter but merrier life with U.A. thrown in? And "What's the harm in a little U.A. anyway?" I say as I light a forbidden cigar.

However I answer the great problem, of one thing I am certain, and that is that with all this U.A. about there ought to be a restaurant with enough intelligence to provide an anti Uric Acid menu.

From a description of the German assaults at Verdun:—

"The last regiment, which attacked in ass formation, was terribly handled."

We understand that it was not led by the CROWN PRINCE in person.

"THAT the new Service Act will decimate the Hythe Town Band.

THAT when the call has been answered there will only be five members left."

Kentish Express.

The present strength of the Hythe Town Band appears to be 5 ⁵/₉: five men and five tailors?

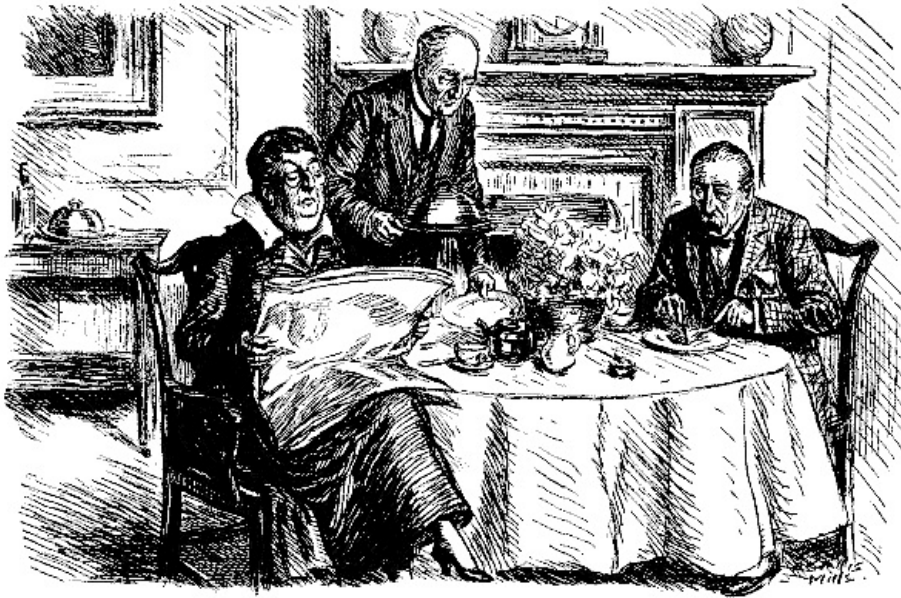
[pg 393]



THE LOST CHIEF.

IN MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER, MAKER OF ARMIES.

[pg 394]



Wife. "I *QUITE* AGREE THAT DISCHARGED SOLDIERS SHOULD HAVE A MEDAL, OR SOME DISTINGUISHING BADGE. IT REALLY HAS BEEN MOST UNPLEASANT FOR ME SOMETIMES WHEN I HAVE SPOKEN TO LIKELY-LOOKING MEN, ONLY TO FIND THEY HAVE ALREADY SERVED."

THE SAFETY-VALVE.

The trouble started a week ago, when the eagle eye of a Very Great Man chanced on a piece of paper lying in the neighbourhood of our camp. On being hastily summoned, I could not offhand give any reasonable explanation of its presence. To any lesser personage I should undoubtedly have proved it to belong to one of the A.S.C. people who live next door; but as it was I could only agree that it was a piece of paper, and as such was serving no useful purpose.

Two days later the blow fell. The V.G.M. would inspect the camp, and us in full marching order, the following day.

In the meantime we had learnt that several neighbouring camps had been tried thus, found wanting, and soundly strafed. From them we gleaned some useful hints:—

- (1) That any unnecessary oddments, human or other, left lying about in the camp would be certain to elicit caustic comment;
- (2) That tired or dissipated-looking animals, soiled harness or lustreless buttons would probably bring about atmospheric changes on parade; and
- (3) That pieces of paper would mean indefinite home leave for somebody.

It was still moonlight when our cloud of skirmishers was abroad. The camp is entirely on soft sand, so that burying is a beautifully simple operation. In every tent parties could be seen rapidly putting home-made chairs, beds, boxes, tins and cooking utensils below ground. Personally I was fastening my less sleek mules to a somewhat soiled waggon, collecting odd men who wouldn't be nice for the great to see, and despatching the lot behind a neighbouring wood. They looked very like a troupe of roving gypsies. A sentry was posted in case the V.G.M. should come round the wood, when the troupe would, with infinite stealth, track round in his wake.

Eventually the camp was an absolute picture—not a superfluous article in view; kits dressed with mathematical exactitude; cookhouse spotless, with a faultlessly attired cook fingering his implements in the manner indicated in the text-book. On the horse-lines were stablemen, assiduously raking away at wisps of straw previously laid down for the purpose.

He arrived about five minutes early, but the last tin of sardines was safely concealed, and we felt almost confident. We were inspected very minutely and asked seemingly ingenuous questions, each doubtless with a subtle trap for the unwary. I shivered when his horse pawed the ground and unearthed a bottle of Bass. I was also horrified to perceive the faces of several particularly grimy cook's mates continually popping round the edge of the wood. However, the inspection of the wagons concluded without untoward incident, and when the camp's turn came we felt we were on safe ground. We had that rare and comfortable feeling that nothing had been forgotten. I saw the Great Man start as his eye encountered the spotless scene. Then a look of grim determination was apparent as he began his tour, his glance, trained to an extraordinary pitch of perception, seeking its wonted prey. But no prey was forthcoming. Up and down the lines he went, peering into tents, digging at kits and deputing members of his retinue to test them for tooth-brushes. Exasperation gradually took the place of determination on his countenance. As he

neared the end of his tour he was swelling very visibly and muttering to himself. We saw that some terrible eruption was about to occur, and we played our last card. At a sign from me a stealthy figure emerged from behind a bush, dropped a piece of orange peel and disappeared again. As the procession turned the last corner a wild light broke upon the face of the Central Figure. His step quickened as he approached the orange peel. He turned and cleared his throat. "This piece of orange peel," he began, addressing our CO., and rapidly deflating the while. The situation was saved.

We have a great reputation now, and intend to do "Inspections Complete" at a reasonable figure, inclusive of harness, bright-buttoned soldiers, guard for presenting arms, diggers, a concealed spot for unsightly men and appliances, and—our special line—a safety-valve.



THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

"PLEASE, SIR, A GENTLEMAN CALLED WHEN YOU WAS OUT."

"OH! WHAT WAS HIS NAME?"

"DUNNO, SIR."

"WHAT WAS HE LIKE? CAN YOU DESCRIBE HIM?"

"NO, SIR."

"WELL, HAD HE A FAIR MOUSTACHE?" "DUNNO, SIR. 'E 'AD IS 'AT ON."

BEST SELLERS.

I have seen many flag-days and met many flag-sellers. Some were false (they had flags with rusty pins and jabbed them treacherously into my best blouse), and many were frivolous (that sort doesn't trouble about old-maid customers); but of those who were neither false nor frivolous Jack and Jill stand easily first.

I saw them coming up the garden path very early in the morning, Jack in a sailor suit and Jill in a minute white frock. Their combined ages might have totalled nine—at a generous guess.

There was a furious ring at the door, and when I opened it a small brown hand was thrust in, full of flags, whose pins must have been very prickly to hold, while he of the sailor suit addressed me eagerly.

"Look! This sort's a penny. It's paper. And this sort's thruppence. It's real silk. Which'll you have?"

The hand held two silk and four paper flags. I took a silk one, and the girl nodded approval. "I think," said she, "the silk ones will wear better."

While I found my purse the boy had a sudden idea, which he instantly communicated with the sincere intention of doing the best he could for me. Said he, "You'd better have the bofe. You'll want one for your—for the father." And then he had a brighter thought still. "And the childrens. This paper kind would do for them. It's no use buying *good* ones for them, is it?"

"No, they're sure to lose them," agreed Jill. "You see, they're rather loose on their pins," she added with commercial candour.

"Else they wouldn't waggle properly," put in the boy hastily, in case I might be thinking this a defect.

"I'll take the lot," said I, "if you can tell me what it's all for."

"You c'n see," said Jack, "it's on the back of them," and he poked one round. "'For Woun-ded He-roes,'" he read out with pride and great deliberation.

"*He* can't read very well," said Jill, who was a wee bit jealous. "It doesn't mean dead. It only means wounded."

But Jack smiled at me understandingly, refusing to argue with anything so small as Jill, and they departed, counting the spoil.

At the gate Jack turned and came back. "If you have more than four children," he said earnestly, "I could bring you some more paper ones."

I think they must have had a successful day.

"BAPTISMAL TROUSERS AND GOWNS

FOR MINISTERS.

Used throughout Wales for 40 years."

Baptist Times.

As the posters should have said, "It is worse than unpatriotic, it is bad form, to wear new clothes in war-time."

[pg 396]

THE EPIGRAM.

George and I had been discussing the prospect for elderly and slightly shop-soiled *littérateurs* under present circumstances. The result was not wholly enlivening.

"If I had a few hundreds clear," said George at last, "I'd give up Fleet Street and start a farm. I've always loved the country."

"My dear George," I answered, speaking slowly, "for a man to take a farm because he loves the country is to make a master of what should remain a mistress."

Just like that. Because I was going slowly I was able at the last moment to substitute the word "mistress" for "servant," which would have been merely banal. Not till then did I recognise the bright perfection of the completed remark. No wonder George stared enviously.

"What's that out of?" he asked.

"Nothing as yet." But I had already determined that it should not long remain unset. I mean, in these days one simply can't afford to go chucking gems about in gratuitous conversation. The difficulty was what exactly to do with it.

The sparkling *causerie* was my first idea. That evening I refilled my fountain-pen, opened a fresh packet of foolscap, and began:—

"AGRICULTURE AND ÆSTHETICS.

"It has been wittily observed that for a man to start farming because——"

But there the adverb began to worry me. After all, perhaps it wasn't quite so witty as I had hoped, or at least others might not think it so. And in any case I got no personal credit. Subsequent pages recorded other attempts, as—"Who was the cynical philosopher who——?" or "It may perhaps be objected by the prudent that for a man to start——"

After this I must have decided against starting at all, for nothing more came of the *causerie*.

My next attempt took the form of fiction. I resolved to enshrine the masterpiece in a short story. "The Farm that Failed" seemed to me, and does still, an attractive title. You see the idea of it?

Pastoral humour; George, as an amateur husbandman, scored off by sheep and confused by cows. Arrival of town friend, *Amber Dextrius*, on visit. Some sort of love interest. And finally the Epigram. "Ah, my dear fellow," said *Dextrius*, as he flung away his cigarette, "after all you have only proved the great truth that—" And so on.

It looked promising. I hardly know why I abandoned it. Perhaps the love interest proved an obstacle. Perhaps I feared lest George (that good sort) should detect himself and be hurt. Anyhow it got no further.

The inspiration that followed had even less fortune. It is represented by a sheet headed:—

"THE BUCOLICS.

(A Fantastic Comedy in Five Acts.)

[ACT I.—*Morning-room of Lord Amber Dextrius' house in Hill Street, W. A large luxuriously-furnished apartment. Doors in right and left wall. Two doors in back wall. Three windows also in back wall. The light is that of a brilliant morning in May.*]

Enter Lord Amber, a handsome faultlessly-dressed man of about five-and-thirty. He walks towards the door L."

But he never reached it. Perhaps an entire ignorance of what he should do when he got there paralysed him, as it did his creator. After all, you can hardly run a five-Act comedy on stage directions and a single epigram, though I admit that the attempt has been made.

So there the thing rested. From time to time I had wild ideas of advertising it in the literary papers: "For sale, original epigram, mint condition, wide application, never been used. Cheap; or would accept typewriter, or workable film-plots." But even then I might have no offers. I began to think that my little property was going to prove unrealisable.

But only yesterday something happened.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear," said Ursula, entering the study with an air of contrition. "It isn't my fault; but the Carter girls are here having tea, and the eldest one has brought her birthday-book." She held out the detestable little volume as she spoke.

"You know perfectly well that I never— Is the eldest the one with dark eyes?"

"Yes, that's the girl. She's going to be a lady-gardener."

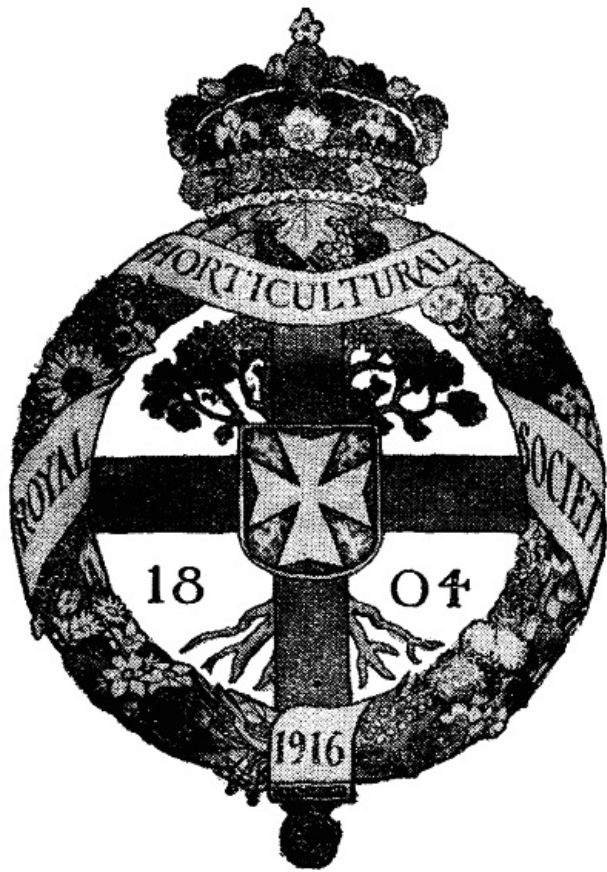
It was like a voice from heaven. "For this once," I said benevolently, "I will make an exception." I took the book, already open at some absurd date in April, and wrote in a clear hand:—

"The professional horticulturist should beware lest he (or she) make that a master which should remain a mistress."

Ursula read it twice. "It's awfully clever," she said, "and on the spur of the moment too! I can't imagine how you think of these things."

"Oh, they just come," I said. So it was not wholly wasted, though I own I should have preferred cash on delivery. Still we can't have everything.

FLOWERS FOR THE RED CROSS.



[Lines written for the Catalogue of the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition to be held at the Society's Hall in Vincent Square, on June 27, 28 and 29, for the benefit of the Red Cross.]

Think not that Earth unheeding lies
Tranced by the summer's golden air,
Indifferent, under azure skies,
What blows of War her children bear.

She that has felt our tears like rain,
And shared our wounds of body and soul,
Gives of her flowers to ease our pain,
Gives of her heart to make us whole.

O. S.

"A Swiss cinematograph periodical learns that the hissing of the Kaiser's picture occurred decently at one of the largest cinema houses in Berlin."—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

One of the few decent things the Prussians have done in this War.



Recruiting Sergeant (to Brown). "ARE YOU IN A CONTROLLED ESTABLISHMENT?"
Mrs. Brown. "YES, HE IS—AND HAS BEEN FOR TWENTY YEARS."

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

Essay-writing in my schooldays certainly was not my forte;
"Lack of concentration" always figured in the term's
report,
And my undistinguished diction made my worthy master
snort.

Now enlisted as an usher—so a freakish fate ordains—
I employ my best endeavours and the remnant of my
brains
Setting and correcting essays written by scholastic
swains.

"Whether they derive advantage from this mental
interplay,
Modesty, if not misgiving, makes it hard for me to say,
But I'm much inclined to fancy that it's just the other way.

Anyhow, from this experience I have learned a lot of
things
Hidden from the ken of scholars or Prime Ministers or
Kings,
Though revealed to youthful schoolboys lately freed from
leading-strings.

On the relative importance of the classics, "maths," and
"stinks";
On the charm of pink-hued ices, on the choice of gaseous
drinks;
On the special sort of sermon which induces forty winks;

On the various ways of pulling pompous seniors by the
leg;
On effective ways of bringing uppish juniors down a peg;
On the scientific mode of blowing any kind of egg;

On the forms of condescension which the human boy
insult;
On the picture-palace mania, on the CHARLIE CHAPLIN cult;
On the latest modern weapons which supplant the
catapult—

On these elemental matters, and indeed on many more,
I have now accumulated quite a valuable store
Of instructive, entertaining and authoritative lore.

And I hope, on my returning to my humdrum normal life—
When we've scotched the KAISER's yearning after
sanguinary strife—
Fortified by modern learning, to electrify my wife.

"VAN (sleeping), on iron wheels, to accommodate two men, not
under 12ft. by 6ft."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Such giants should certainly go in the van.

Resuscitation.

Extract from official memo.:—

"This man has been medically examined ... with the result that he
is believed to be feigning decease. The penalty attached to trial by
C.M. on this charge has been explained to him, and he has elected
to return to duty."

In the Line of Methuselah.

"In France the northern men were accorded high honours. Louis
had a bodyguard of twenty-four Scotsmen, and this band
continued in existence as a Royal guard to nine monarchs for one
hundred and fifty years." *The War Illustrated*.

What happened at this point of their interesting career we are not told—
possibly they went into the Reserves.

[pg 398]

WAR RISKS OF AN UNCLE.

I have been made a fool of by the Government. No, you needn't all hold up your hands at once. Mine Was different from yours. I have always looked upon myself as an efficient uncle, but now—well, one more incident of this kind and I shall be definitely *passé*.

The technique of being an uncle I mastered quite early. For instance, at stated seasons in the year I choose with some concentration two toys and two improving books. The toys I give to my nieces, Lillah and Phyllis; the books I send to a hospital. In the same spirit, when I take them for a treat and they over-eat themselves, I simply finance the operation and at the same time buy a large bottle of castor oil and send it anonymously to St. Bartholomew's. You see the idea? It is simply technique. I have explained this system to Margaret, their mother. But she is not one who sees reason very easily.

In spite of opposition, however, I continue to do my duty.

In this spirit I dashed into the nursery the other day and declared my afternoon and my finances at the service of Lillah and Phyllis. Margaret definitely forbade a cinema, from a curious notion that their patrons consisted exclusively of bacilli. So Lillah and Phyllis declared at once for CHARLIE CHAPLIN or nothing. This was only natural, so I bought two tickets for the latest exhibition of War cartoons and sent them to my Aunt Julia at Harpenden. Then I took the children to the Pictures.

This is just to show you that I know my job. But mark now how Fate rushed me on to destruction.

"Uncle James," said Lillah, "I love you!"

I braced myself up.

"So do I," said Phyllis.

It looked like trouble.

"Can we go and see the tin soldiers before they go to bed?" said Lillah.

"The horseback ones," added Phyllis.

Oh, this was too simple: a nice quiet look at the guardians of Whitehall, with perhaps a glimpse for the infant mind of the vast resources of the British Empire; a word in season, perhaps, from Uncle James; and a detailed report to Margaret of instruction combined with amusement.

Of course we went.

"This," I said, as Phyllis gazed round-eyed at one of the motionless warriors—"this is but a symbol of the dignity of that great Empire upon which the sun——"

"Soldiers," said Phyllis with a wisdom beyond her years, "like girls to look at them ever so long."

Then she went away to Lillah, and I saw them with their heads close together. A wonderful thing, the child-mind. Only beginning perhaps, but they were learning doubtless to think imperially. The foundation of that pride of race—? I broke the thread of thought and looked up. Instantly I was gibbering with horror.

Phyllis, standing on tiptoe and clinging precariously to his saddle-cloth, was dropping a roll of paper neatly into the jackboot of Hercules.

"Phyllis!" I gasped. "What are you doing?"

She turned to me happily.

"That's what Nannie does," she said, without a blush for her sex. "I put 'I love you.—PHYLLIS.' Do you think he'll be pleased?"

I seized both girls and hurried into the Park. My soul cried out for the open spaces. I stole a look at Hercules over my shoulder, but he was granite.

On Olympus the Olympians are above shame.

"Phyllis," I said gravely, "don't you think that was very naughty of you?"

"No," said that small Delilah firmly; "soldiers like it."

The even voice of Lillah broke in.

"And soldiers ought to have what they like, oughtn't they?"

"Certainly," I answered patriotically.

"Well, then," said Phyllis crushingly.

"If I had done that I should feel very much ashamed of myself," I said.

"Well, you didn't," said Lillah, and that finished it.

They evidently had an offensive and defensive alliance against this sort of thing.

"If your mother," I began.

"Sand!, Sand!" shrieked Phyllis.

"Sand,", echoed Lillah, and both children were gone.

They had just noticed the present possibilities of the empty lake as a substitute for Margate. Two best frocks! Essentially a moment for efficiency.

I stepped firmly across the railings. And there the British Government stepped in. I turned to regard a policeman (out-size).

"May I call your attention to this, Sir?" he said.

I gazed at the notice like a fish:—

"ONLY CHILDREN ARE ALLOWED
ON THE BED OF THE LAKE."

It is still there; you can go and see it for yourself. I argued, I entreated. Either the constable had a sense of humour (and should be reported) or else a perverted sense of duty.

A crowd collected. Out of the corner of my eye I could see those two best frocks.

"As usual," I said bitterly but with dignity, "the British Government is too late."

By the time I had persuaded the children that tea was superior to sand castles their clothes—but no, why repeat what Margaret said? I'm sure she regretted it when I had gone.

But my reputation as an uncle of any technical knowledge is finished.

I was so moved that I even forgot my gift to St. Bartholomew's after tea—and now I am writing a personal letter to Mr. SAMUEL about that notice in the Park.

THE ROUTE MARCH.

(*In Training.*)

We've got our foreign-service boots—we've 'ad 'em 'alf a day;

If it wasn't for the Adjutant I'd sling the brutes away;
If I could 'ave my old ones back I'd give a fortnight's pay,
And chuck 'em in the pair I got this morning!

We've marched a 'undred miles to-day, we've 'undreds more to go,

An' if you don't believe me, why, I'll tell you 'ow I know—
I've measured out the distance by the blister on my toe,
For I got my foreign-service boots this morning!

We've got our foreign-service boots—I wish that I was dead;

I wish I'd got the Colonel's 'orse an' 'im my feet instead;
I wish I was a nacrobat, I'd walk upon my 'ead,
For I got my foreign-service boots this morning!

We're 'oppin' and we're 'obblin' to a cock-eyed ragtime tune,

Not a soul what isn't limpin' in the bloomin' 'ole balloon.
But buck you up, my com-e-rades, we're off to Flanders soon,
For we got our foreign-service boots this morning!

"The full tale of the German losses is being sedulously concealed. Their battered ships are licking their wounds under the Kaiser's moustache, which has been badly singed."—*The Star*.

It is thought that by this time they have had quite enough of his lip.

"No further infantry attack had been delivered by either side in this area between June 3rd and June 5th. At least four battleships belonging to three different German regiments have been identified as having taken part in the original attack."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

Now we understand why the Germans were in such a hurry to get home from Jutland.

[pg 399]



Town Lady. "BY-THE-BY, SIR WILLIAM, DO TELL ME. I'VE BEEN WONDERING ALL THE AFTERNOON HOW YOU TELL THE TIME BY THIS SUNDIAL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

If you only like listening to a talker with whom you agree, who is of your type and school, then don't bother with *What is Coming?* (CASSELL), which purports to be H. G. WELLS'S forecasts of

things after the War. It's perhaps hardly so serious as that, but just good speculative talk, the kind that offers the first thing that is signalled to the lips from a quick reflective brain without pauses to consider objections by the way. Yet perhaps, after all, the author cannot be dismissed too lightly as a prophet. He did see further into the air than most, at the time when the experts were blandly proving all sorts of impossibilities; and, as he recalls, he made a lucky shot in foretelling the immobility of trench warfare. He still believes in the BLOCH deadlock, and gives victory to the Allies merely for better staying power. For British training and method he naturally has nothing but scorn, which takes him further than most of us can follow him. At least when he says that the university-trained class has been found "under the fiery test of war an evasive, temporising class of people, individualistic, ungenerous and unable either to produce or obey vigorous leadership," he badly needs to justify the confining of that diagnosis to *that* particular class. And when he further says of British administration of subject territories that "the British are a race coldly aloof. They have nothing to give a black people and no disposition to give"—well, it isn't an obvious truth. These are blemishes of a kind to which a quick-thinking man, a little too anxious to set everybody right by wholesale methods, is naturally subject. But you will miss a good deal of fresh-air sanity, of illumination (for the man *can* see and find the vivid phrase to express his vision) on war and peace and education and feminism and internationalism and citizenship, if you let yourself be alienated by such lapses. So please don't.

"If only those old things could speak, what stories, etc., etc.!" Most of us, at one time or another, have endured or inflicted that well-intentioned banality. And here is Miss MARJORIE BOWEN, most skilful of historical romancers, setting out to tell us precisely what stories. She calls her volume *Shadows of Yesterday* (SMITH, ELDER), explaining in a preface that is by no means the least attractive chapter that they are supposed to be the histories attached to a collection of antique oddments in a little Italian museum. No one who remembers with what persuasive charm Miss BOWEN has handled her long costume novels will be astonished at the atmosphere with which she manages to invest these little episodes; a ring, a jewel, a CHARLES II. jug—these are the materials out of which by aid of fancy she recreates the past. Of the lot, I myself should give the palm to the jug's story, a spirited little thing enough, in which a country maid, awaiting in a cottage the coming of a lover, whom she knows as "Lord Anthony," meets instead my Lady CASTLEMAINE, who tells her that the defaulting swain is really His Majesty, and explains that there exist (to put it tactfully) certain prior engagements of the royal affection. The end is a brilliant comedy stroke, which I will not spoil by anticipation for you. It is this capacity for the unexpected that saves Miss BOWEN from the danger, obviously inherent in her plan, of being too tightly bound down by the need of forcing her catalogue of relics into prominence. She has done larger work, but nothing more agreeable.

[pg 400]

I could not, if I would, apply quite the customary severities of criticism to *Twilight* (HUTCHINSON). It is too personal, and the death of its author, the clever woman who elected to be known as FRANK DANBY, is too fresh in memory for me to regard it with detachment. It is one of the tragedies of literature that only in her last two books, this and the one that preceded it, did the author give the world a taste of her true quality. There is evidence in *Twilight* of gifts that might well have raised its writer to a place among the greatest. But frankly it is not possible to consider it apart from the circumstances of its origin. Two stories there are in it: one personal, autobiography at its most intimate; the other a work of imagination. It is supposed that the writer, a woman novelist, wrecked with disease and the drugs that bring endurance, goes down into the country and there becomes obsessed with the history of another woman, in circumstances much like to her own, who had once lived and loved in the same remote house. So, side by side, you have the two tragedies, one of the sick bed, one of the soul, both told with an incisive and compelling art, and with a realism often painful. But, as at once a document of fact and imagination, the book is perhaps unique. Certainly no one can read it without feeling that the death of its author has left literature poorer by the loss of a personality whose real power was yet to be shown.

The demand for an eleventh edition of LORD ERNEST HAMILTON'S book, *The First Seven Divisions* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is no more than a deserved tribute to what has already taken rank as the best history, so far, of the most critical period of the World War. LORD ERNEST HAMILTON writes as one having authority. He tells the facts as he knows them—facts in many cases hitherto undisclosed, and given here with adequate detail and just; enough of explanation to make the account clear even to the most unmilitary reader. There has been no attempt by the writer to embellish his theme. It remains a simple story of sheer heroism, told in a straightforward soldierly manner—and the reading of it must make the most unemotional Briton feel the thrill of pride and pity and gratitude. "Nothing," says the writer, "can ever surpass, as a story of simple sublime pluck, the history of the first three months of England's participation in the Great War." This is what you can follow day by day in these pages. There are many new maps in the present edition, which greatly help to explain the situation, as it developed from Mons, through the battle of the Marne, to the trenches before Ypres. I can only say that I hope there will soon be few school libraries in which this most inspiring book has not an honourable place.



Elderly Gentleman (alone in a compartment with fully-armed soldier, next stop one hour). "EXCUSE ME, MY MAN, BUT YOUR FACE IS STRANGELY FAMILIAR TO ME."

Soldier (with meaning). "QUITE LIKELY, SIR, SEEM' AS YOU WERE THE GENT IN THE TRIBUNAL WHO MADE GAME OF ME BEIN' A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR. BUT YOU'LL BE GLAD TO 'EAR I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, AND I AIN'T NOW GOT ANY OBJECTION TO TAKIN' 'UMAN LIFE."

When Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE is not out to be funny I enjoy his novels, and *The Rise of Raymond* (HUTCHINSON) is pleasantly free from humorous intent. *Raymond's* father, a cheap house-furnisher by trade, was a terribly blighting person of peculiar religious views. By rod and rote he tried to instil his narrow creed into his son, and the latter's suffering during this process is revealed all the more forcibly because it is not unduly insisted upon. Though *Raymond* has his quiverful of virtues, one's powers of belief in them, though taxed heavily enough, are not super-taxed. It may seem curious that this young man, whose vocation it was during some of the best years of his life to handle and sell uninspiring things like linoleum, should have had artistic tastes; but as the reason for this endowment is not given away until the very end of the story I prefer not to give it away at all. In contrast to the scorn and ridicule scattered over the puritanical sect of which *Raymond's* parents were members, the Church of England parson, *Mr. Bosover*, receives a very warm pat on the back. "The tradition of gentleman is kept alive by the English parson. He is the only remaining interpreter of that ancient *culte*." So now you know.

A Woman in the Balkans (HUTCHINSON) is a book of which the publishers very properly observe that it "will undoubtedly make a wide appeal at the present moment." These are times when the records of anybody intelligent "in the Balkans" must be attractive reading; and Mrs. WILL GORDON (WINIFRED GORDON) is not only intelligent, but—what is even more important in the writer of a popular memoir—excellent good company. Her vivid account of her pre-War travels in Serbia, Bulgaria, and Roumania gives one the feeling of being the fortunate friend of a correspondent whose views on home-writing are not confined to picture post-cards. In short a pleasant, not too professional, record of adventure and observation. The many excellent photographs that illustrate it are in precisely the same style, being, many of them, the successful little snapshots of an artistic amateur, such as often convey a far better impression of places and people than the more ambitious products of expert science. Not all the pictures, however, are from the writer's own camera. Two, which, with a grim sense of drama, are placed next to each other, represent the Coronation of King PETER of Serbia, and the tragic ride of the Monarch from his invaded country. There is a whole tremendous chapter of European history in the contrasted pictures. Small wonder if books about the Balkans should make "a wide appeal."

From a trade circular:—

"Since the beginning of the War we have encouraged our men to enlist, and have filled their places with girls of military ineligibles."

But why not give the girls of our fighting men a chance?

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

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