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June 28th, 1916, by Various**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI,
VOL. 150, JUNE 28TH, 1916 ***

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

VOL. 150

JUNE 28, 1916.

CHARIVARIA.

Two sailors charged with stealing a barrel of beer from a public-house at Dover explained that it was only a joke. The prosecution however pointed out that when the defendants were arrested a large part of the joke was found to be on them.

An applicant to the London Appeal Tribunal asked for exemption on the ground that he was engaged in the business, previously monopolized by Germans, of filling Santa Claus stockings. The Tribunal however concluded that for the present he would be better employed in the business, also largely a German monopoly before the War, of filling a tunic.

Herr BETHMANN-HOLLWEG has explained to members of the German *Flottenvereins* that after the War Germany will require a strong Fleet to "guard the transatlantic lanes of commerce." This of course explains why they have refrained up to the present from annihilating the British Fleet. They expect to use it in their coming war with Portugal.

"The pair of swans on the lake at Hampton Court," says a news item, "have hatched out seven young cygnets." Ordinary swans of course only hatch out goslings or ducklets.

A defendant who was fined £1 at Woking for shooting a wild-duck pleaded that he was an enthusiastic ornithologist and wanted the bird for comparison with other specimens. We ourselves in former times were in the habit of mounting our wild ducks in sets, but since the outbreak of the War the exorbitant prices charged by the local taxidermist have deprived us of the pleasures of comparative ornithology.

A Bill introduced into the House of Commons last week enables the Crown to continue for a limited time after the War (three years, with a possible extension to another four) in possession of land occupied during the War for defence purposes. We understand that in the framing of this measure the feelings of TINO were not consulted.

The *Berlingske Tidende* declares that the British authorities are collecting vast quantities of coffee in Sweden which will be sent to Germany after the War. It is also generally believed, on

the strength of the reports of the Paris Conference, that equally large quantities of beans are being assembled in France and elsewhere which will be handed to Germany immediately after the conclusion of the struggle.

A Willesden man, charged with being disorderly at a music-hall, pleaded that the performance was so jolly that he had to dance. That sort of thing is all right in places like Willesden, but we trust that our West End managers will continue to eliminate from their programmes anything likely to be provocative of similar behaviour.

The report that Mexico has sent an ultimatum to the United States is probably exaggerated. The Mexican authorities are said to be of the opinion that a policy of firmness combined with moderation will bring their unruly neighbour to reason.

A turtle weighing a ton has been caught off the Scilly Isles. The animal, which made no attempt to resist capture, stated that it was tired of being mistaken for a submarine.



Sweep (who is to be called up in a few days, pointing to staff uniform). "I SHALL BE WEARING THEM THINGS NEXT WEEK, MATE."

From an account of the Russian advance:—

"The enemy is desisting furiously, particularly in the region of Torgovitsa."

Provincial Paper.

Just as the German High Seas Fleet did off the coast of Jutland.

THE SENIOR PARTNER.

As viewed by Franz Josef, Junior Partner.

I hate the horrid roller used by our offensive foe,
Which goes so very much more fast than most steam-
rollers go;
Just now it's got us in a hole particularly tight,
But HINDENBURG, brave HINDENBURG, is sure to put us right.

Some time ago it snorted up Carpathia's rugged steeps,
It tooted through Przemysl Town and Cracow had the
creeps;
And even in Vienna we were turning rather sick,
But MACKENSEN, good MACKENSEN, he saved us in the nick.

Our stout Ally's behaviour may contain a touch of swank,
But, when we leave a vacuum upon his dexter flank,
Although with simulated grief he'd chuck us if he could,
His HINDENBURG (OR MACKENSEN) has got to make it good.

Yet if I do my best to win a battle on my own,
And barge about Trentino, which is my peculiar zone,
Should anything occur to push my eagle off its perch
Then WILLIAM TWO, dear WILLIAM TWO, would leave me in the
lurch.

But now that I am knocked again on our united front,
Which incidentally disturbs his adumbrated stunt,
His heart (from quite a distance) yearns to soothe the
painful spot,
And HINDENBURG, old HINDENBURG, is sent to stop the rot.

O.S.

WHAT THE PRESSMEN SAW.

(BY OUR NAVAL EXPERT).

I have passed a week rich in experiences. The things I've seen! As one of a party of journalists accorded the privilege of a visit to the Trawler Fleet I am able to-day at last to lift the curtain and tell the public what is going on. It is true that there are some restrictions as to what may be published, but I think you will find that I am free to relate the best bits.

The Trawler Fleet! The Trawler Fleet is a power of great and diverse capabilities. But my visit was paid not so much to estimate its fighting value as to plumb its spiritual depths (which are not so likely to be interfered with by the Censor). The very heart of British sea power, the epitome of modern naval war, is to be found in a little port somewhere on the — Coast. Here cluster just ordinary little one-funnelled trawlers, grimy little every-day vessels. These are the real thing. They come and go, these trawlers, in and out, back and forth, up and down, round and round; but they are being wrought into the weft and woof of history, every one of them.

I contemplated them. On one I found an old tar cleaning his shore-going boots. We entered into conversation, the ice being broken by a friendly query of his as to whether the adoption of Summer Time had affected the prohibited hours. And I—with intention—asked him if he had been fishing.

"Fishing?" said he; and he looked at me and winked. There was heroism in his wink with a dash of humour, as is the way with men of our race.

On another I found a mere boy. His job, I gathered, was to help the cook and wash up. "The War," he considered, "adn't made no sort o' difference to 'im. His job went on much the same."

Well, I took off my hat to him—I couldn't resist it. Never have I been more thrilled at the thought of the indomitable spirit of our race. No difference!

I questioned him further, but he evinced all the admirable and impenetrable reticence of the Service in war-time.

Deeply moved by these experiences I next accosted a brawny stoker covered with the grime of his calling. "The life seems to suit you all right," I cried, and slapped him on the back. The result was noteworthy. He made absolutely no reply of any sort but spat over the side.

And finally I must tell the story of the trawler and the mine. We all heard it, and most of the best people are telling it. It reveals better than anything perhaps the spiritual depths. It was related by an officer who had taken charge of our party and who actually showed us a photograph of the mine in question in a little museum of relics he had established on the quay, which contained also a part of a chronometer, said to be German, and a loaf of potato bread, captured and brought home under conditions that will make a stirring story after the War. The mine had been towed in by a fisherman who had flung a rope round its horns. "Cool hand, that fisherman," the narrator concluded. (It is only fair to say that in some versions given to the public the expression is set down as "Offhand chap" or "Careless old card," but I believe these to be incorrect.) "He said it must be safe enough for he had towed it for fourteen miles." (There has been some little discrepancy as to the mileage also, one sensational writer in the Yellow Press even putting it as high as nineteen.)

S.O.S.

"We may indeed say with another meaning, *Sos monumentum requiras circumspice.*"—*The Builder.*

Hun Candour.

From a description of Czernowitz in the *Berliner Tageblatt*:—

"Since Saturday evening everyone wanted to go away, Christian, Jew, German."

"An Edmonton barber, who was given temporary exemption, stated that he had tried a female assistant, but she took half-an-hour to shave one man."—*Evening Paper.*

As the result, we suspect, of too much "chin-wagging."

The following letter was received from a Chinese store-keeper, in response to an order for benzine:—

"MADAM,—Very sorry we have no Benzine, but we have Ground Cloves, Nutmegs, Cinnamon and Ginger. Hoping to be excused for the trouble."

Victims of the petrol-census may be glad to know of these substitutes.

"Wanted good Navies. Several months work. 7d.—Apply Ganger, Northampton."

We suspect "Ganger, Northampton," to be a *nom de guerre* for "Admiral of the Atlantic, Wilhelmshaven," who is notoriously hard up both for ships and money.

"The evidence of the police was to the effect that about 400 people marched in procession through Dame Street and Westmoreland Street, followed by a crowd of 2,000 girls, who led the processionists."

Daily Mirror.

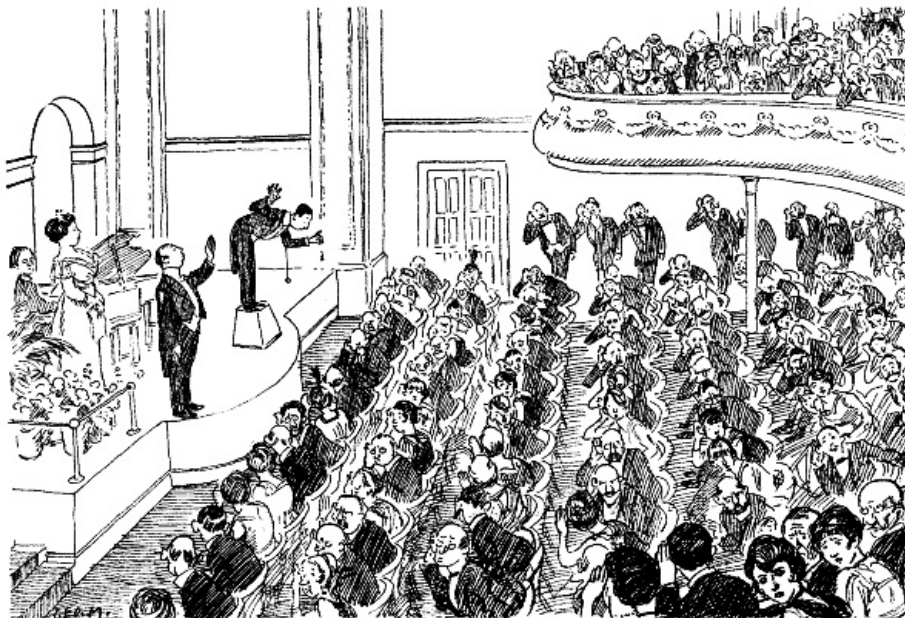
There is precedent for this in higher circles, where leaders have been known to follow the crowd.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

PARIS. "WE'VE DECIDED TO KEEP THE APPLE FOR OURSELVES."
GERMANIA. "THEN WHAT DO I GET?"
PARIS. "THE PIP!"

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TESTING THE HUSH.

YOU DO IT BY DROPPING A PIN AT THE SUPREME MOMENT BEFORE A GREAT SOPRANO'S OPENING NOTE.

KITCHEN RHYMES.

THE CROWNING ART.

It's fine to be a Bishop with a shovel-hat and gaiters;
It's fine to be an Author with a style like WALTER PATER'S;
It's very fine to be a Judge like DARLING or like AVORY,
But it's finer far to be a cook who understands a savoury.

TOO MANY COOKS?

The broth was spoiled, so said the ancient books,
By the employment of "too many cooks";
But nowadays we think the saying funny,
When cooks can not be had for love or money.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

I can't afford to send my sons to Eton;
The fees are now prohibitively high;
But I'll send my girls to study *Mrs. Beeton*,
And hope to reap the profits ere I die.

LOSS AND GAIN.

In good VICTORIA'S golden reign
Cooks were not lured, by love of gain,
From their professional domain
 To making war munitions;
But they had compensations too
Denied by law to me and you,
And used to supplement their screw
 By secret trade commissions.

FIRELESS COOKERY.

When I was young, in days far hence,
The heat of the kitchen was most intense,
But now, by the use of electric connections
Our cooks are able to keep their complexions.

A DIETETIC TRAGEDY.

Jack Sprat on nuts grew fat;
His wife ate nothing but prunes;
 The Butler drank quarts
 Of his master's ports,
And the Cook ran away with the spoons.

BEFORE THE WAR.

Master's at his broker's thinking of a flutter;
Mistress, she's out golfing, trying her new putter;
Cook is at a matinee, laughing at the songs;
Why keep a cook when you can feed at restaurongs?

DURING THE WAR.

Master's in the trenches with his only son;
Mistress manages the farm and keeps a poultry run;
Miss Belinda roasts and bakes and answers all the bells,
For Cook and House-and Kitchen-maid are all making shells.

"To-day we hear that the elevation to the Peerage of Mr. H. J. TENNANT, M.P. for Berwickshire, is certain. We hope the tile he assumes will be a local one."

Berwick Journal.

A Tweed Cap, we presume.

"The list of these Canadian doctors is a long one.... It includes ... Major Meakins and Captain Thomas Cotton, the distinguished cardiologists, who are now attached to the Hampstead Hospital for the study of the Soldier's Heart."—*The Times*.

This subject must be far and away the most popular at the present time, and we have an



Mother (to little girl engaged in grooming with a nail-brush a newly-born kitten).
"OH, MAISIE, I DON'T THINK THAT THE MUMMY-CAT WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU DOING IT THAT WAY."
Maisie. "WELL, MUMMY, I *COULDN'T* LICK IT."

HIS LADY FRIEND.

When the post came in Private Grimes was sitting alone, hammering a strip of metal with a stone. During the eight months that this solitary and silent man had been in Flanders he had not received so much as a picture-postcard, and he expected nothing now. But to the surprise not only of himself but of all the men who saw it, this post brought him a letter:—

"DEER HENERY she is in the best off helth i
thort you mite be wunderin' the wether
heer is shokin' As it leeves me at presant
BILL."

Grimes read it with obvious satisfaction and put it in his pocket; soon he took it out and read it again.

In the group round the fire that night Grimes was again working on his piece of metal.

"'Eard from 'is girl at last," said Private Brant to the others, indicating Grimes by a jerk of the head. "'Dear 'Arold, when are you goin' to send me the bewtiful ring you're makin'?' she says."

"Ring, is it?" said Parker. "Looks as if it would be more like a kid's 'oop, when it's finished. She must 'ave a finger like two thumbs. Grimes, old son, you can take it from me she won't give you a blanky thank-you for it. Lummy, look at the jools!"—and in the firelight they saw the glint of red and blue against the polished strip of metal.

"Is she young and fair, Grimes?" asked a humourist.

"If she was 'ere she'd teach you manners," said Private Grimes.

The jewels were pieces of glass from a shattered church-window. Grimes was pleased with them, and even whistled a note or two as he worked. "Won't give me a thank-you, eh?" he thought, with a bit of a smile.

Three weeks later he went home on leave. She was not at Victoria (whoever she was). His visit would be a surprise for her. He got off the tram at Vauxhall and turned into the narrow side-streets.

From the yard of a brewery in the distance a van was emerging. A big red-faced man was on the dicky, and on a barrel beside him was something white. Grimes whistled; and the white patch leapt into vigorous life, giving out glad barks and little impatient whines. "Wot cher, Grimey!" called the driver, as he pulled up to lower the wriggling patch of white to the road; and Bess, an ecstatic bull-terrier, with the gladdest of pink-rimmed eyes, came bounding towards the soldier.

He caught her up and took a good look at her. She licked his unwashed unshaven face.

"Looks all right, don't she, Grimey?" asked the other a little anxiously. "Never 'ad a thing to eat but wot you said, all the time."

"Looks a treat, Bill," said Bess's master; and Bill knew that this was high-praise.

"'Ere, Bess, 'ere's a sooveneer," said Grimes. He put her down and, taking her paw in his hand, bent and fastened into place that strip of waste war-metal, ornamented with bits of saints from an old church window in Flanders.

The Preparatory Course.

Application just received on behalf of a young lady who is anxious to do War-service as a teacher in an elementary school:—

"She has had some little test of her powers of discipline, as she has started and trained a pack of Wolf Cubs in the parish."

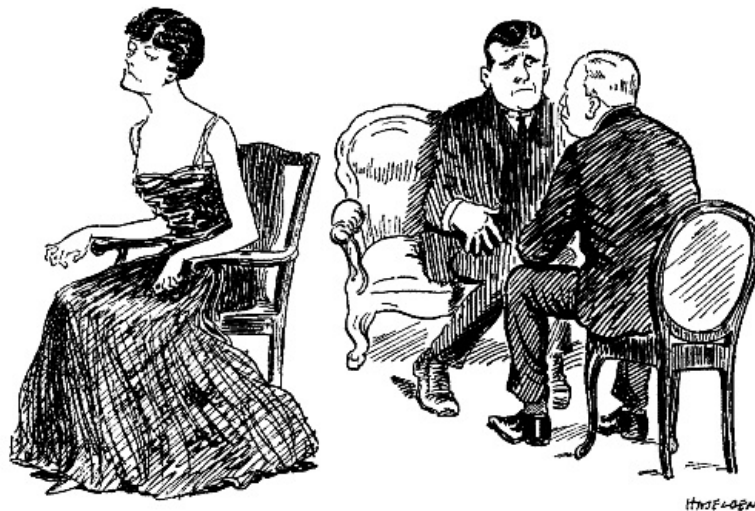
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Farmer. "NOW LET ME SEE IF YOU CAN MILK THAT COW."
Girl (by vocation barmaid—regarding the horns). "WHICH HANDLE'S FOR THE MILK AND WHICH FOR THE CREAM?"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RIDDLE."



THE WOLF AND THE RIVAL SLEUTH-HOUNDS.

Mrs. Lytton
William Rigg
James Stronach, K.C.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
MR. OSWALD MARSHALL.
MR. DION BOUCICAULT.

For a woman who has barely scraped through a charge of poisoning her husband and has had to change her name and dye her hair from yellow to sable (contrary to the customary order of

things) and lead "the wolf's life"—preying, that is, on innocent lambs—there might be worse hells on earth than the Sleeve Ard Hotel, Ardcastle, Co. Down, with its pleasant lake and mountain scenery, its golf and its real Irish waiter. And it was a cruel stroke of bad luck that into this quiet fold, teeming with woolly lambs of all ages in their crisp fleeces of fivers and tenners, there should have intruded (1) a vulgar blackmailer who knew all about her lurid past, and (2) a K.C. with a deadly memory for the details of *causes célèbres*. And (3) it was a heart-breaking coincidence that the youngest lamb of all should have borne such a striking resemblance to the lady-wolf's dead lover that she wanted to embrace him instead of fleecing him; and (4) that his betrothed should have been the god-daughter of the K.C. with the terrible recording tablets.

But what would you? We are not talking of life, but of a stage-play; and from the moment of the curtain's rise, when Miss Elsom sat down at the piano and sang, without any provocation, a little thing by Mr. LONDON RONALD, for the sole benefit of the Irish waiter, to the juncture when the K.C. and the blackmailer got through a game of billiards in about four minutes, we were seldom allowed to forget that we were seeing things in a light that never was on any land but stageland.

Like so many theatrical plays it was written up to what the profession calls a "strong scene." Even the weather was pressed into a shameless collusion; for it was a wet afternoon that gave the K.C. his opportunity, as it might have been in the house on the road to Fiesole, of narrating, with lavish detail and the whole hotel for audience, the story of the murder trial in which "*Mrs. Lytton*" (the wolf) had figured as the prisoner; and frankly indicating that, if he had been the prosecutor, he could have established her guilt. His object, more moral than humane, and more histrionic than either, was to confound the wretched woman, to expose her identity and so, by a sudden disillusionment, to restore her lamb to the fold. The end, as it turned out for the general good, did actually seem to justify the means; but at the time it was not a very edifying exhibition.

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"One likes to show the truth for the truth;
That the woman was light is very true;
But suppose she says, Never mind that youth!
What wrong have I done to you?"

"Well, anyhow" (as BROWNING also said) it was an effective piece of stage-work, and the result tallied with the best conventions by which youth is reclaimed from the snares of a baffled and repentant vampire.



Commercial Traveller. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WAR NOW, MRS. HAGGETT?"
Mrs. Haggett. "WELL, MR. SMITH, FROM WHAT I READ IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND FROM WHAT HAGGETT TELLS ME, I—WELL, I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK."

The staginess of things infected or seemed to infect even Miss IRENE VANBRUGH. In the first Act I found her a little spasmodic. And all through the play the authors were most arbitrary about the way in which they made her meet the various attacks that were sprung upon her. Thus, at a small shock, she would suddenly start and drop something; but when you expected her at least to swoon on finding that her true name had been discovered, she bore the blow with superb aplomb. And after enduring the K.C.'s interminable recitation with only here and there a sign of personal interest, she finally gave herself away in a loud and voluble protest against the idea that any woman purposing to administer poison to her husband could have been callous enough to try it first on a favourite dog.

There was inconsistency too in the pace at which the performance was conducted. All obvious things were taken quite leisurely; but the speed at which really difficult and complex details were

rushed, was simply torrential.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH had her own reputation to compete with in the kind of part in which we know her so well, and to say that she was equal to it is praise enough. She was best, perhaps, because most womanly and least wolfish, in the scene of her confession. As for Mr. DION BOUCICAULT I would not go so far as to say that his manner deceived me into supposing that he was a real K.C. I have mixed with many real K.C.'s on the parade-ground or in the trenches (home defence), but even in the disguise of a uniform, and under conditions that might tend to obscure the outward signs of legal distinction, I have always observed a certain manner which betrayed their high calling. That manner was not very saliently marked in Mr. DION BOUCICAULT. But he had an exceptional chance as an actor and grasped it firmly.

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The part of *Mr. Rigg*, blackmailer, the mystery of whose personality, aggravated by a *penchant* for "hovering" with intent, constituted a darker "Riddle" than that of "*Mrs. Lytton*," was played by Mr. OSWALD MARSHALL with admirable ease and reserve; and Mr. STANLEY DREWITT'S *Professor Beveridge*, an antique lamb who confided to the wolf his views on "discontinuous variations," and by way of reprisal was touched by her for a couple of ten-pound notes, had a pleasant air of naïve sincerity. The others were sufficiently sound on the old accepted lines.

The dialogue had too many long sentences for spontaneity, and when I say that the humour was largely confined to the vague inconsequences of the mother-in-law-to-be you will kindly understand that it was neither profuse nor sparkling.

I shall not venture to predict the length of *The Riddle's* run; but I suspect that the public may rise superior to the judgment of the critics. Plays that are purely actors' plays have a habit, however familiar their formulas, of coming home to the British bosom; and this one may stick there. O. S.



Mother (to Jack, who has drawn lots with his twin-brother and won the choice).
"WELL, DEAR, CAN'T YOU SETTLE WHICH YOU WANT?"
Jack (after deep thought). "YE-ES, MOTHER; I THINK I WANT THE ONE BOBBY WANTS."

By the courtesy of the directors of the Grand Opera Syndicate, Covent Garden Opera House will be lent during the week of July 3rd-8th for the use of those who are promoting, under the presidency of the Duchess of SOMERSET, "The Women's Tribute to the Soldiers and Sailors of the Empire." The scheme offers an opportunity to every woman to prove her gratitude to the men who have defended our honour and our liberty, and to assist in raising a fund which will not compete with, but be supplementary to, the recognised agencies for the care of our sailors and soldiers, particularly those who have been wholly or partially disabled on active service; bearing, in fact, the same relation to those agencies that King Edward's Hospital Fund bears to established institutions for the relief of sufferers by disease or accident.

The first three days of the Covent Garden Week will be devoted to a Patriotic Fair, with side-shows to be arranged by Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER; and the second three days to Music and Entertainments of various kinds.

THE CINEMIC TOUCH.

THE MEGALO MOTION CO. (U.S.A.) has the pleasure to announce the release of its latest triumph, a film version of the well-known nursery rhyme

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Stupendous production. Genuine British classic revitalised by American methods, featuring Miss EYLASH BLACK, the ten-thousand dollar screen star.

Short Synopsis: Mary at home. The old farm-stead. Five hundred specially trained Sussex sheep, with genuine shepherds. Mary thinking. "What is my lamb's fleece like?" Fade out, revealing real snow, two thousand tons of which have been specially imported from Nebraska for the purpose of this unique comparison.

"AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT——"

For the first time these lines have obtained, thanks to American enterprise, their full interpretation. See the world-voyagings of the Heroine. Watch Mary in the gilded salons of Paris and Monte Carlo, in Thibet and the South Seas, always accompanied by her pet.

N.B.: That lamb was some goer, but the film is out to beat it.

Five million dollars were spent on this unique picture-drama; but you can see it for 6d. upwards.

Released shortly. Have your local motion-manager order

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB,"

and insist that he gets it.

Jilted.

"Motor driver wanted, young man, ineligible for Amy."—*Shields Daily News.*

From an essay on "Daylight-Saving":—

"The clock at Greenwich has not been altered because the tide and sun all work with the clock and if they were to put it on the tide might not run right when it was put back."



"THE STEAM-ROLLER."

AUSTRIA. "I SAY, YOU KNOW, YOU'RE EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT!"

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IT IS WHISPERED THAT A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SARTORIAL PRESS IS TRYING TO INDUCE THE SPEAKER TO RECONSIDER HIS STATEMENT THAT HE (THE SPEAKER) "HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CLOTHES THAT MEMBERS CHOOSE TO WEAR."

Tuesday, June 20th.—Once again the House of Lords has forestalled the Commons by its elastic procedure. During the brief recess the Empire has been stirred to its depths by the tragic death

of Lord KITCHENER. Almost his last official act was to meet his critics of the House of Commons face to face, reply to their questions, and leave them silenced and admiring. Yet to-day the Commons could do no more than listen to the sympathetic messages from foreign Parliaments read out to them by the SPEAKER, and learn from the PRIME MINISTER that to-morrow he would endeavour to give expression to their feelings upon this "irreparable loss." The Lords, less fettered by formality, were able at once to pay their tribute to the great dead and to hear his praises sounded by a Statesman, a Soldier and a Friend.

The SPEAKER is no ALEXANDER seeking fresh worlds to conquer. Invited to rebuke an Irish Member for wearing a Sinn Fein badge he flatly declined, with the remark that he had nothing to do with the clothes Members chose to wear. In refusing to set up as an *arbiter elegantiarum* I think Mr. LOWTHER is wise, for the post in these days would be no sinecure. Time was when the House was the best-dressed assembly in the world. When the late Mr. KEIR HARDIE entered its precincts with a little cloth cap perched upon his luxuriant curls he created quite a shock. To-day no one, except perhaps the Editor of *The Tailor and Cutter*, would mind much if Mr. SNOWDEN were to appear in a fez or Mr. PONSONBY in a *pickelhaube*.

Wednesday, June 21st.—What struck me most in the PRIME MINISTER'S tribute to Lord KITCHENER was his evident sense of personal loss in parting from one with whom he had been in daily association for two strenuous years. So with the other speeches delivered. Each was touched with genuine emotion and illustrated some one or other of Lord KITCHENER'S outstanding qualities, Mr. BONAR LAW spoke of the sure instinct which caused him to realise at the very outset the gigantic nature of the present War; Mr. WARDLE of the absolute straightness which won for him the confidence of the working-classes Sir IVOR HERBERT, a personal friend who had occasionally differed with him, of the unflinching courage with which he faced alike Dervishes in the desert or critics in Parliament; and Sir GEORGE REID of the equally conspicuous humanity which he displayed as an administrator in repairing the ravages of War. Through all these varied tributes rang the note of Duty Well Done.

A singularly perverse fate obstructs the efforts of the Government to tax cocoa. As beer is notoriously the beverage which supports the pens of Tory leader-writers, so cocoa is supposed to be the appropriate stimulus of Liberal nibs. Until the War it got off remarkably cheaply, as compared with its rival, tea, being only taxed 1*d.* a pound. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE dared add no more than a halfpenny to the impost, but Mr. MCKENNA with sublime courage proposed to make the tax a round sixpence.

But this was before he knew as much about cocoa as he does to-day. At sixpence a pound, it seems, the imbibers of cocoa would pay a fraction more to the Exchequer for every cup that he consumed than would the drinker of tea. Such a dreadful anomaly in our otherwise equitable fiscal system could not, of course, be tolerated. So the tax has now been fixed at 4-1/2*d.*, and Messrs. CADBURY and ROWNTREE are grateful and comforted.

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Finding the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in this yielding mood, Mr. LOUGH thought he would try to get rid of the tax on sugar. But here Mr. MCKENNA was obdurate. We used far more sugar than any other European nation, and must be forced to reduce our consumption. Someone, remembering, perhaps, how a month ago Mr. MCKENNA had smiled approval while his colleague, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, defended Prohibition against Tariffs as a means of lessening consumption, suggested that sugar-consumers should be rationed instead of being taxed. But Mr. MCKENNA, without turning a hair, maintained that in war-time to raise the price by taxation was the only way. Political economy, once relegated by Mr. GLADSTONE to Jupiter and Saturn, is now, it seems, a permanent dweller in Mars.



OUR VILLAGE STORE.

Aged Man (to customer wanting a sandwich). "I'M SORRY TO KEEP YOU, SIR, BUT IT'S VERY AWKWARD, MY SON BEING CALLED UP AND ME NEW TO IT ALL. 'AM! 'AM! NOW: WHERE DID I SEE THE 'AM?"

Thursday, June 22nd.—The House of Lords welcomed a notable recruit in the person of Lord CHAPLIN. To his many remarkable performances in the field and the forum the newcomer has added another by gaining a step in the peerage before taking his seat. Last April it was announced that the KING had been pleased to confer upon him a barony, but it was Viscount CHAPLIN, of St. Oswald's, Blankney, who subscribed the roll this afternoon.

Out of 173 questions on the Paper of the House of Commons a large number related to Ireland; but Ministers were extremely economical of information. The anticipated settlement still hangs fire, and there are increasing fears that it will not hold water. Almost the only fact revealed was that Lord WIMBORNE is no longer Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His resignation has been definitely accepted. By Ireland, where he was by no means an unwelcome GUEST, he will be more regretted than some other Viceroy.

The extra income-tax on American securities again led to some lively exchanges. Sir FREDERICK BANBURY found himself in the unwonted company of Mr. D. M. MASON in resisting the Government proposals. These "Old Tories" were told by Mr. G. FABER that the world was upside down, and that the sooner they realised it the better. But even he thought the Government were using up these dollar securities rather fast. They ought to treat them as "pearls of great price" and not cast them away for American bacon.

Mr. McKENNA was not at all in a conciliatory mood, and startled some of his opponents by reminding them that under the Defence of the Realm Act the Government could take any kind of property at prices far below the market value. When other men had given up their lives for their country why all this boggling over shares?—an argument that the House as usual found unanswerable.

"At Colmar a merchant has been sentenced to a fine of £5 by a German court-martial for repeating in a public restaurant the well-known joke about ordering a sandwich at a Prussian railway buffet, and being served with a neat ticket between two bread tickets."

The Times.

Anyhow he deserved his punishment for spoiling the only Teuton joke.

"The bride's mother was costumed in black stain."—*Shepton Mallet Journal.*

Under the stress of War-economy we are evidently getting back to the days of woad.



"BLESS 'IM! AIN'T 'E A LITTLE PATRIARCH?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

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

I am a little puzzled as to the authorship of *Action Front* (SMITH, ELDER), which is stated to be written by BOYD CABLE, author of *Between the Lines*. First of all there was a Mr. BOYD CABLE, but he didn't last, for he soon turned into "BOYD CABLE" without the Mr., the inverted commas indicating, I suppose, that this was a mere *nom de guerre*. At or about the same time there was an author known as "ACTION FRONT," whose writings were hardly to be distinguished from those of "BOYD CABLE." And now *Action Front* becomes the title of a book by BOYD CABLE. For my own part I can only say that, whoever he may be, BOYD CABLE—let us try him without the inverts—has a most remarkable gift for the writing of vivid and exciting war-stories. He takes a phrase from the *communiqués* and shows you with a seemingly careless art, of which he holds the secret, what moving incidents, what heroism, what self-sacrifice and glorious endurance are concealed behind the bald official announcement. Moreover, he has a true appreciation of the reckless and humorous courage that characterises the British fighting man, the splendid human material out of which great events are fashioned. If you add to these high qualities a talent for making you visualise the scenes and the sequence of incidents which he describes you will obtain some conception of the methods of this most interesting writer. He holds you in his grip from the moment he starts, and there is no relaxation from then to the finish. Each little story is an admirable piece of literary architecture. If I had to class them I should place "Drill" and "The Signallers" by themselves in the first division of the first class. I will hint only one fault: it is too great a tax on one's credulity to be asked to believe that a French officer could have addressed an English private as *mon beau Anglaise*. Otherwise I have nothing but praise for *Action Front*, though I am still as far as ever from knowing who wrote it.

I feel I am beginning to know something of romantic Russia and the Russians from the perpetual and jolly spate of Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM'S books. Through *Russian Central Asia* (CASSELL) is the very latest to hand. I like his easy pace, his gentle universal friendliness, his fearlessness, his untidy but interesting mind. He is a tramp of tramps. With a thin wallet of notes and no weapon but a fountain-pen he travels a couple of thousand miles or so and back, faring on his own feet, steaming down stretches of navigable river, taking the rail for a space, begging a lift in some prehistoric conveyance, right from the Caspian, by magical many-hued Bokhara and storied Samarkand that holds the bones of TAMERLANE, on through the flower-starred highlands of the Seven Rivers Land to the Irtish river and Siberian plains, sleeping under the stars or in a Khirgiz tent of felt, or a riverside cave—surely a happy careless man. And he has made an interesting book of it, intelligently packed with admirable photographs. He still keeps to his fine theme, the interpretation of Russia and the plea for friendliness, trust and a large co-operation with her on our part over the problems of peace and power. Among such problems he drifts about with a disarming *naïveté*, a little out of depth and more than a little sagacious. An excellent specimen of the converted "Radical-Imperialist."

There used, I believe, to be an old controversy as to how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. Somehow, this antique problem is always brought to my mind by the short stories of Mr. BARRY PAIN, perhaps because he seems to have the power of marshalling more angels of pity and fear and laughter in the restricted area of a few printed pages than almost any other writer. How true this is you have now a fine opportunity of judging, since the first volume of his *Collected Tales* (SECKER) contains a baker's dozen of samples selected by himself. Of these the most considerable (in point of length) is "Wilmay," which might almost be considered a very short novel. It is also to my mind the weakest thing in the volume; not even Mr. BARRY PAIN can impart much freshness to the middle-aged guardian who remains, till the final chapter, blind to the obvious devotion of his attractive ward. Elsewhere, by way of compensation, we have several little studies of rare quality: "Ellen Rider," exquisite in its restraint and genuine feeling; "The Undying Thing," that small masterpiece of the unpleasant, and "The Night of Glory," a savage and utterly merciless piece of anti-sentimentalism with a moral. Mr. PAIN says in his preface that he has not included any example of his humorous work. Perhaps he was looking the other way when "Sparkling Burgundy" added itself to the collection. Anyhow, I am glad it eluded him, as it is one of the happiest things in a most attractive volume.

Miss MARGUERITE BRYANT, the author of *Felicity Crofton* (HEINEMANN), can thank the gods for two gifts which lift any novel of hers well above the ruck of fiction. One is a sense of style (let me beg her not to play careless pranks with it); the other such a knowledge of men as is vouchsafed to very few contemporary women-novelists. You will have to go far and get very tired before you find a more lovable heroine than *Felicity*. Even after you have begun to suspect that the bearing of her own and other people's burdens had grown to be a hobby with her, you never lose faith in her delightfully vivid and radiant personality. The danger of drawing so fascinating a character is that when she is off the stage one's attention is apt to wander to the wings; but Miss BRYANT, though she cannot quite defeat this peril, has not been overwhelmed by it. With one exception the minor parts in her story are excellently handled, and in the end I have to be grateful for more refreshment than I have gleaned for many a day.



WOMEN IN WAR-TIME.

Wherever he has wandered of late, Mr. Punch has been struck by the sight of a new and capable type of citizen, always in some responsible position and always alert and efficient.

He has found her, in various incarnations, everywhere. If he goes by the railway she sells him his ticket. When he passes through the gate she clips his ticket. When he leaves the station she collects his ticket.

When he goes by Tube she takes him down in the lift and up in it again. If he boards a tram or an omnibus it is she, this new citizen, in a trim businesslike uniform, who collects his fare.

At his club she brings him his lunch. At many a restaurant she handles plates once sacred to Fritz and Karl.

He has seen her collecting letters from the pillar-boxes and manfully shouldering the sack.

When he shops she opens his cab door and receives him, and if it is wet she holds an umbrella over him.

In countless Banks and Offices she does the work of clerks, released for the army.

Often he sees her driving a motor-car; often a waggon; often a motor-tricycle delivering goods. In smart leggings, tunic and cap she runs errands.

On flag-days (and they occur now and then) she collects money in the streets hour after hour, no matter how cold or tired she is. At charity matinées (and they, too, have been known to happen) she extracts vast sums of money from the audience for programmes and souvenirs. She sits on a thousand committees connected with War charities and alleviations.

At the canteens, which never shut, day or night, she serves soldiers with hot drinks, cheerfully welcoming them back to old England, or speeding them with equal cheer on their way to the War. Dressed in khaki, she meets soldiers home on leave, leading them to comfortable shelters. Never does she look so masterful as then, for she marches at their head like a real commander.

In Regent's Park you may see her guiding blind soldiers, and on Hampstead Heath Mr. Punch has found her pulling or pushing crippled soldiers in bath-chairs. Elsewhere she reads to them and writes their letters for them, thus helping to beguile the long inactive hours.

In the hospital dépôts she makes swabs and bandages by the million, quilts pneumonia jackets, pads the tops of crutches and sandpapers splints.

She has hardened her soft hands, through all weathers and seasons, in the labour of farm and field; grooming horses, tending cattle, guiding the plough, gathering the harvest.

And all over the country she is continually busy making munitions.

As for the myriad nurses in the hospitals here and abroad, who guard the precarious flame of life and dress wounds and cheer the sick—they do nothing new. That has always, been woman's

mission. But of course there are countless more nurses than there were two years ago, before the cataclysm.

Wherever he sees one of the new citizens, or whenever he hears fresh stories of their address and ability, Mr. Punch is proud and delighted. "It's almost worth having a war," he will say, "to prove what stuff our women are made of." But, always the most chivalrous of men, "Not that it wanted proof," he will add.

And then, the other day, finding several representatives of the new citizenship resting in their luncheon hour, Mr. Punch, taking all his courage into his venerable hands, ventured to chat a little with them (for of course he would not dare to interrupt them when they were at work), in order to find out how they would be now filling their time were there none of these novel and pressing War duties.

But the remarkable thing is that none of them quite knew. They could not remember. All they were certain of amid the haze was the very distinct conviction that, whatever it was, they would not then have been so happy as they now were.

"Well, my dears," said Mr. Punch, laughing, "never mind about what you might have been doing. The important thing is what you are doing, and when I think of that it makes my eyes glisten, I am so proud of you. Perhaps now and then in the past I may have been a little chaffing about some of your foibles, and even about some of your aspirations; but I never doubted how splendid you were at heart; I never for a moment supposed you would be anything but ready and keen when the hour of need struck. And I was right, bless your spirited hearts! I was right. For here you are, filling the men's places, so that they can be the more free to go and fight for us, and doing it all smilingly and cleverly as though you'd never done anything else. I think it's magnificent. I'm an old man and I've seen a great many things in my time, but I've never seen anything better or anything that gave me more pleasure."

"Oh, no, Mr. Punch," said one of the new citizens—rather a pretty one, too—"you're not really old."

"No! no!" cried the others. "You're very kind and sweet," said Mr. Punch, "but you're wrong. I am old, very old—in fact just three quarters of a century old; and in proof of that let me hand you my

One Hundred and Fiftieth Volume."





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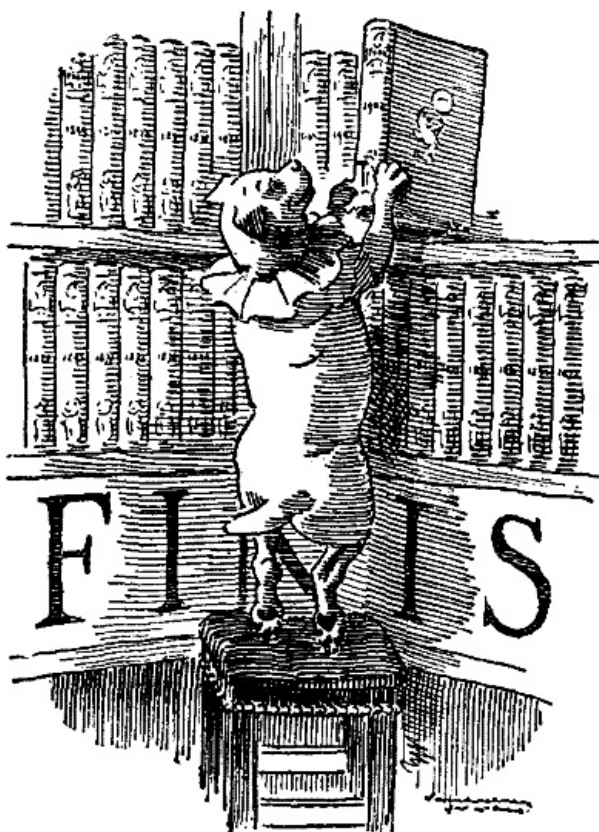
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